

The 'Pied Piper' Will Not Be Forgotten

A Plane Crash and Its Aftermath

By BOB TALBERT
Staff Writer, The State

Three miles to the east of the Aero Commander 500, Stone Mountain, Ga., stood majestically. The sun glistened off the airplane's wings as pilot W. Clive McAnis of Greenville dipped the wings slightly to let the passengers get a glimpse of the mountain.

Below on the Northeast Expressway near Norcross, Ga., 20 miles northeast of Atlanta, the Labor Day weekend traffic was heading home. It was Sunday afternoon, September 6, 1964 — a bright and beautiful afternoon.

At the Northwood Country Club, Russell Cutler missed a putt on the 18th green and lost a consolation match in the 8th flight of the club tournament. He watched a few more matches as they were finished then got in his car and headed home.

The Rev. J. Don Blake's weekend had been spent at the dedication of a new church in the mountains of North Carolina near Lake Lanier. He was returning to Atlanta where he's with the United Clothing Appeal of the Church World Service. In his 60's, the Rev. Blake was enjoying the countryside even though the traffic was heavy.

Gene Jackson, who operates a service station and wrecker service in Lawrenceville, Ga., had just hooked up his wrecker to a demolished car and was heading back on the Expressway toward Lawrenceville. The traffic was thick and Jackson could see the highway overpass of Indian Trail Road in the distance.

In the Aero Commander, some of the passengers, from Columbia — Jimmy and Sybil Jennings, Mabel Wayburn, Nancye Dunn — were sleeping. It had been a long trip since they had left Ft. Smith, Ark., where they had bought some horses and Shetland ponies at Buddy and Billy Walker's horse auction. Everyone was pleased with the purchases for the Jennings' JJ Ranch at Blythewood, S.C.

At Muscles Shoals, Ala., the 7-place airplane had taken on

some gas. This is where the plane had refueled on the trip out. It is approximately the halfway point between Ft. Smith and Columbia.

At Muscles Shoals, the passengers had changed around. Dr. Richard Wayburn was sitting in the co-pilot seat. Dr. Shepherd Dunn was behind him. Dr. Wayburn's wife Mabel was behind the pilot, The Jennings and Mrs. Dunn were on the back seat.

Pilot McAnis had mentioned earlier that the gas gauge was a funny one and had been acting up. It registered 100 gallons as Stone Mountain came into view. Dr. Dunn, an ophthalmologist, commented that it was a beautiful day. "This is the kind of day I like to fly," he said.

The two doctors were sight-seeing as the pilot pointed out various structures and buildings below as the plane's twin 270-horsepower engines purred along on the eastward flight.

As they looked at Stone Mountain, the engines quit.

"There wasn't much said," Dr. Wayburn, an anesthesiologist, remembers. "We went into a steep bank to the right to maintain our speed so we could land. It was around 4 or 4:30. We were going to have to land on the expressway."

"We looked down and could see the expressway below and the traffic on it. The pilot said, 'I think we'll get in over the bridge all right.' Then somebody said, 'Oh, God, there's a guy wire.'"

Jackson, the man in the wrecker, had seen the plane coming down. "I slowed up," he recalls, "and sort of blocked traffic to let the plane come on in for a landing. It looked like a perfect landing. Just before the plane got to this here bridge that Indian Trail Road goes over, it hit this guy wire. The landing gear hit it."

"It sort of jerked the plane sideways."

The plane continued forward, crashed into the side of the overpass bridge, ripping away a 15-foot section, and the fell onto the grassy



The Scene Where the Plane Crashed at Overpass

median, with about four feet of the tail section jutting into the inner southbound lane. The plane's fuselage was twisted upside down behind the cabin.

"I remember getting this sinking feeling when the plane hit the guy wire," Dr. Dunn said. "I woke up with the noise of the wrecker pulling the plane apart."

Jackson drove up to the

plane. "I waited a second or two, looking for flames," he said, "the I dropped the car I was pulling and got out and hooked up my cables to the plane to pull it off them people inside. There was an awful lot of screaming and hollering and blood all over the place."

By this time, Cutler and the Rev. Blake had arrived at the

scene of the accident. Several hundred people were around the site. Mabel Wayburn remembers when she woke up she thought it was night. "Everything was so dark," she recalls. "I remember people hollering. 'Please put out that cigarette! Don't light that match!'" She tried to look behind her to see the Jennings and Mrs. Dunn. She couldn't

see a thing. The Rev. Blake remembers "the wonderful teamwork of the people getting the passengers out. That anyone lived is an act of Providence." Mrs. Wayburn said Cutler crawled in the plane "and — he's a small man — literally lifted each of us out. There was no disorder."

The last thing Dr. Wayburn remembers was reaching back to wake his wife. "The next thing I remember is inside the ambulance," he said. "I was lying over the floor beside Sybil Jennings. I felt her pulse. It wasn't there and somehow I knew she was dead."

Sybil and Jimmy Jennings had died instantly. Dr. Dunn suffered severe injuries to his chest. All the ribs on the left side were broken. So was a hip and a leg. They were continued fractures. Dr. Dunn's wife Nancye suffered a concussion and severe lacerations and a fractured left forearm. Mrs. Wayburn had severe bruises and a fractured pelvis. The pilot had a concussion and fractured legs. Dr. Wayburn suffered a collapsed lung, six broken ribs, a broken nose and extreme lacerations below his knee.

They were rushed by ambulance to the DeKalb County General Hospital's intensive care unit, an extraordinary unit of medical personnel and equipment. Dr. Dunn was in the most critical condition and credits the intensive care unit as saving his life.

"I've never seen so many doctors and nurses ready to help," Mrs. Wayburn recalls. "No one lacked for immediate attention. I can remember fighting to stay awake in the hospital. It was shortly after midnight and I looked up and saw Dr. David Holler of Columbia standing there. I'll never forget that. I knew then I could pass on out — someone from home was there to help us."

Dr. Holler, a personal friend of the Duns, the Wayburns and the Jennings, drove straight to Atlanta when he heard about the accident. Dr. Holler's immediate concern represents the beginning of a series of warm and dramatic stories that have woven themselves around the tragic accident.

Mr. Wayburn said, "I am

astounded at the goodness of people. A goodness that I didn't know existed anymore. We are — all us — forever grateful for the kindness that has been shown to us in so many ways."

And in the telling of the story — before, during and now after — the dominant figure in it is James Tom Jennings, a man known to hundreds as Uncle Jimmy.

A cowboy, rough-edged and demanding, Jimmy Jennings tossed a lasso around those he came in contact with and each and every one was forever more a Jimmy Jennings disciple. He was a most unusual man. There are some who feel that Jimmy Jennings couldn't read or write.

"I never saw him read anything," said one close friend. "Even to telephone numbers. He'd claim poor eyesight and throw you the phone book, asking you to look up a number. And the only thing I ever saw him write was his name."

Jimmy Jennings taught Western-style horseback riding at the JJ Ranch which he owned. Several years ago Jennings and his wife and two children came to South Carolina with a load of horses.

Jennings once said, "I guess it began with me in Houston. One of the youth centers in a rough section of town was having problems with a group of tough kids. They asked me to lend a hand." Jennings took his horse and taught the rough kids how to ride.

"It worked wonders," Jennings said. "If you give a kid something to do, something to love and believe in, then you have given them a chance in life."

In Uncle Jimmy Jennings, the kids who came to JJ Ranch had something to love, to believe in. The ranch's 27 acres is something kids can become a part of under the right direction. The 75 to 125 kids who would go on the three overnight trail rides every summer thought Uncle Jimmy hung the moon.

Many a parent used Uncle Jimmy as a warning. "If you don't stop doing so-and-so, I'll tell Uncle Jimmy." The kids would stop, because the wrath of Uncle Jimmy was more than they could bear.

But kids weren't the only

people Jimmy Jennings influenced. Dr. Wayburn puts it this way:

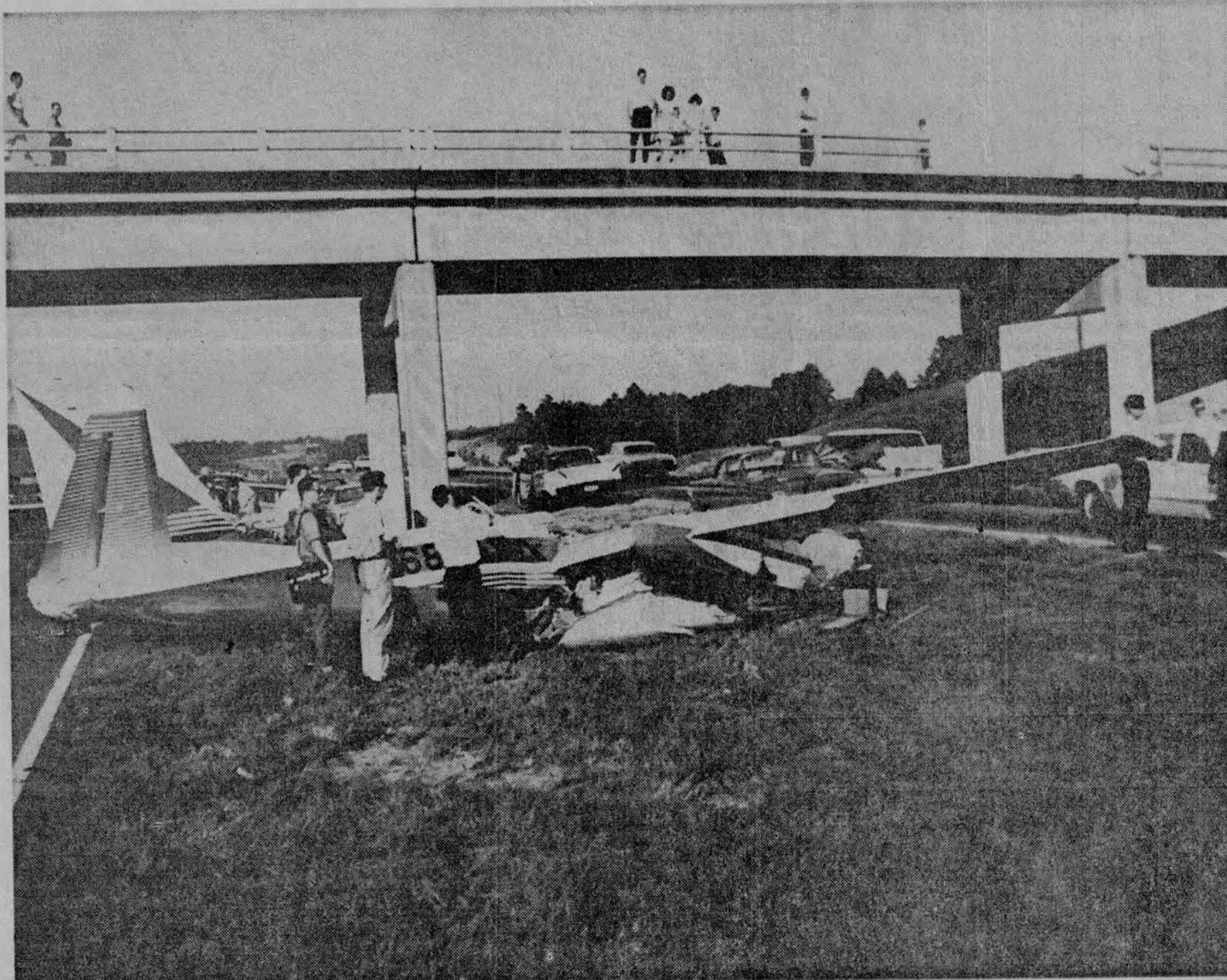
"Jimmy Jennings was the Pied Piper of Blythewood. He seemed to be able to mesmerize people — make them do what he wanted them to do, even when it was something they didn't care about doing. I'm a stubborn sort. I rebel at authority when it comes to someone telling me to do this and do that. When I would go up to the J. J. Ranch I always vowed I wouldn't run Jimmy's messages or act like one of his hands."

"I wanted to ride horses and my time was too valuable to wait for Jimmy Jennings to make up his mind. But after I got to the ranch I'd find myself standing around waiting for Jimmy to tell me when I could do this, or that. Most of the time I'd find myself cleaning up the stables and working around the ranch. Whatever Uncle Jimmy said do, I'd do."

"And the kids were the same way. Some very spoiled and very bad youngsters, would work like Trojans for Uncle Jimmy. And he used to have some of the most prominent women in the area, cleaning out the stables. Uncle Jimmy had a way about him. When you were around him and his horses, you knew he was the boss. You kept your mouth shut and did what he said."

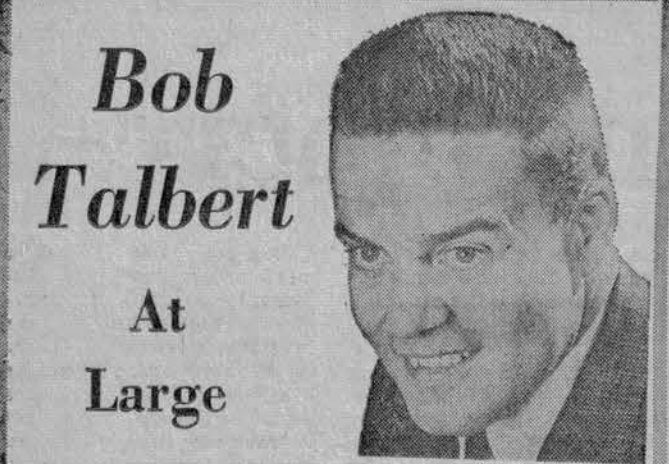
"And when you were through doing his bidding, you felt better for it. You felt that you had accomplished something. He had a great influence on the lives of everyone who knew him. He didn't try to influence you, he just did."

And in death Jimmy Jennings brought about many changes in many people. From his bed in DeKalb County General Hospital where he is in traction, recovering from his injuries, Dr. Dunn said, "The good Lord was looking out for us. The wrecker was there. An ambulance was close by. The intensive treatment center at this hospital was so good, so excellent, that it saved our lives. At other hospitals, I know, I would have died. The entire experience has given me a new and better outlook on life. For the (See PLANE, Page 2-D)



Close-Up of the Wreckage on Median

'Hamming' It Up Can Hook You



Bob Talbert
At Large

The Wash-and-Set World

They talk about neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet can keep the postal courier from his appointed rounds. Well, chum, the postman is a piker when it comes to a woman and her appointment at the beauty shop.

Nothing — and you can underline it in red, white-blond and champagne tones — can keep the American woman from her weekly appointment at the beauty parlor.

The world could be tumbling about us in the throes of nuclear warfare, but the ladies will be stepping up to the counter and the hairdresser will be with you in a moment, thank you.

Neither age, nor income, nor employment status seems to stop them. It doesn't matter one whit that the washing machine needs fixing, junior needs a new pair of shoes, or the bread box is empty, M'lady is going to get her hank of hair shampooed and set come high water flooding the River Styx.

\$7 Billion a Year

One Columbia lady actually planned the birth of her baby around her appointment at the beauty shop. In an Austin, Tex., salon, a beautician and her customer paid no heed to a fire in the rear of the building as they finished up the lady's hair-do.

There are over 10,000 cosmetologists in South Carolina who during a year's time will wash, set and style some 500,000 heads.

This business of keeping a woman's crowning glory glorious is one of the largest in the country. Hairstyling, directly and indirectly, is a \$7 billion a year business. You get some idea of the importance women place on their hair when you realize only \$3 billion is spent per year in the cosmetic field. Annually, women spend more on hairspray than on lipstick.

Today, 86 out of 100 women will go to the beauty shop for a session with the dryer at least once every three months. In 1947, only 36 of 100 women made the trip.

The average woman will leave \$3.53 behind her when she makes her weekly visit. But this is cheap enough for the "emotional fix" the women receive from a trip to the salon. There's not a woman who doesn't stand at least six inches taller when she walks out of a beauty shop and I don't mean because of a bouffant style.

A Necessity, Not Luxury

"The emotional lift is amazing," says Mrs. Betty Bagwell, owner of the Vogue Styton in Columbia. Mrs. Bagwell's husband, David, also a cosmetologist, says, "Most of the women today consider a visit to the beauty shop as a necessity, not a luxury."

A newly-coiffed female has a brighter outlook on life, feels years younger, and will go at least 24 hours without snapping the heads off offspring and mate. But let her hair get like a haystack and she is transformed into some sort of orge that breathes fire. How many husbands have heard, "But my hair!" when asking their wives to go somewhere? It has replaced "I haven't a thing to wear" as the No. 1 excuse for women.

I spent last Sunday through Tuesday at the 15th annual Carolina Beauty and Harvest Festival in Charlotte. It is the largest gathering of hairstylists in the Southeast — close to 6,000 — and considered one of the top five hairstyling competitions in the country.

Sponsored by the Columbia and State Beauty & Barber Supply Companies, the festival is almost unbelievable in the fierceness of the competition and the dedication the beauticians have to the styling of hair.

N. C.'s Top Convention

It fell to J. Mags McCulloch's lot to keep these 6,000 women happy. Think you'd like a job of keeping that many women happy? Have another think.

"I don't know why I do it," McCulloch moaned the afternoon of the final day. "Every year I vow it's my last. Every year I'm back." As director of the festival, the Columbia resident is in charge of a \$25,000 operation that is North Carolina's largest convention of any type. In 1963, the show was voted the country's most outstanding. It was also voted by Charlotte merchants as something special. The beauticians spent \$1.25 million during the three-day period.

South Carolina beauticians won 14 of 18 trophies given this year for hairstyling — the Vogue Styton shop taking nine of them. McCulloch said, "Women in the Carolinas are very hair-conscious, probably more so than the national average. We stage this convention to help educate the beauticians on the latest trends and developments in their business."

Columbia is perhaps South Carolina's "happiest" city with over 300 shops operating — and all seem to make money. Some beauticians in the city make as high as \$200 a week after taxes — but they work for it, taking customers every 15 minutes for eight to nine hours a day.

Have Another Think

The biggest winner of the Beauty and Harvest Festival was a five-foot redhead from Columbia's Vogue Styton, 23-year-old Miss Billiesue Hayes. Her model, Mrs. Phyllis Walters, was judged to have the most outstanding "head" in the All-American competition and in the coveted "Fantasy" competition. Miss Hayes also won the second-place trophy in hair-cutting.

Woody Ringler of Orlando, Fla., who runs one of the country's largest cosmetologist schools, was a judge at the festival. He said, "The progress made in this section in the last five years, is the talk of the entire hairstyling industry. Never has one section of the country had so many outstanding beauticians."

And if we men think the women are going to all this expense and trouble for us, we, too, can have another think. Women have their hair fixed for other women. For the very same reason they don't dress for men. They dress for other women. But having their hair fixed goes another step. They do it first and foremost for themselves.

Of all the "happiness isms" in the world, happiness is, for women, a trip to the beauty shop. Just let them miss their appointments and you'll see what I mean. World War III would be easier to live with.

By BOB TALBERT
Staff Writer, The State

Nothing lingers so long and so soothingly on the tongue and in the mouth as the taste of good ham. And the sound of good ham frying in just a smidgen of grease is a sound that starts the salivary glands to functioning as nothing else will.

A person addicted to the taste and sound of ham is a person hooked forever on this gourmet's delight.

But there is another ham that can hook you just as neatly, just as firmly and will send you back for more day after day. This ham is not concocted in the kitchen and on the stove, but in that spare room and through an elaborate arrangement of tubes, wiring and dials.

This "heroine of the hobby world" is ham radio.

And the 2,000 South Carolinians who go by various com-

binations of numbers and letters will tell you in no uncertain terms that ham radio is one of the most fascinating and satisfying pastimes a person can have.

There are 263,000 ham operators in this country today and the most famous of these uses the call letters "K7UGA." And any self-respecting ham will tell you, that's Barry Goldwater, the Republican Presidential candidate.

During the hectic moments of the Republican National Convention, when every politician and junior politician was rushing around counting noses, votes and credentials, Goldwater was relaxing atop his hotel, fiddling with his dials and talking to hams around the country.

A ham operation can cost anywhere from \$300 to \$2,000 and on up. Hams, to become amateur radio operators must take a rigid code test (13 Morse codes transmitted per

minute) and a 100-question quiz on electronics and theory. Passing these tests will give the ham a license from the Federal Communications Commission and a range within which he will operate.

L. Gene Clark and Paul Marsha of Columbia are two dedicated hams. Clark is currently president of the Palmetto Amateur Radio Club and Marsha is a trustee of the club.

Hams come from every area. One fifth of the S. C. hams are women. There are doctors, lawyers, engineers, professors, service station attendants, ministers — you name it — who proudly wear the title of ham in the Palmetto State.

There's even one ham operator who is blind — George Hallman, the vocational director at the Columbia Hospital.

While hams love to tell stories about talking with people

in every corner of the world, they are quick to point out ham operations have a very vital place in the world we live in.

During the Alaskan earthquake, hams were the first to make communication with the outside world. "When nothing else can get out, the hams can," they say.

In South Carolina, ham operators set up a special Radio Amateur Civil Emergency Service known as RACES, which is a big help to Civil Defense plans. When the hurricanes approach the S. C. coast, the hams are ready with a communication network that will enable state authorities to always be in contact with the trouble spots.

Hams assist weather bureaus, help in various community drives and projects and do some "for-free" public service work that is rarely publicized. When other means of communication have been

exhausted, people often turn to hams to try to locate people in other sections of the country in times of emergency.

Every night, the S. C. emergency net goes in operation to send messages all over the state, the country and even the world. At 6:30 every morning, Russell Smith in Union is on the ham net talking with his son, Russell Jr., a missionary in Paraguay.

Hams have a national organization called American Radio Relay League, which is the official spokesman for hams in all areas.

Through this league hams can win honors and prizes. For instance, there's a Work All States award for hams who have raised other hams in all 50 states. Marsha owns one of these cards and also a Work All Continents. You can also earn a Work All Counties card on a state level and a national level.

"It would be practically impossible to work all the coun-

ties in the United States," Marsha advises. "And the top ham each year usually has around 1,000 counties to his credit."

Marsha has talked many times with Russian hams. Once a ham makes contact with another, they exchange "confirmation of contact" cards. All cards confirming contacts with Russian hams are sent to one place — Box 88 in Moscow.

Some 800 to 1,000 hams will gather today in Rock Hill at Joclyn Park for the annual South Carolina "Hamfest."

This is an outing where the hams get to "eyeball" the other operators they have been talking to during the past year.

If you're interested in finding out more about ham operations, you can contact Marsha at AL 3-5338 or Clark at PO 5-1240. But they'll give you fair warning, once you have a taste of this radio-electronic ham, you'll be hooked for life.



The State and The Columbia Record—Sunday, Oct. 11, 1964

Mabel Payne's Byword

Preservation First

Mabel Bradley Payne could be called a "lady with a dream."

That title alone would bestow no particular distinction except for one thing: her dream is shared by many Columbians and it is a dream which has achieved a kind of official reality.

For a number of years a resident of Columbia (with interludes spent in New York, Washington, D. C., Alabama and Williamsburg, Va.) Mrs. Payne is community relations specialist for the City of Columbia's Department of Urban Development, a position which is helping her to make her dream an actuality: the

of Columbia could be moved into that section to form a real neighborhood of pre-war Columbians.

Mrs. Payne's practical nature comes to the fore at this point with the suggestion that such a center could well become a lucrative tourist attraction.

"We would have something here that is unique, Columbia has far too much in tradition and history reflected in many of its old houses just to throw away. They are things which give character and flavor to a city."

"The Boylston house and formal gardens, across from the Governors House could

this Columbian, however, for she has more dreams still to come.

"One of these days I want to learn some more about drawing and painting — not that I'm any artist, but I think I'm a good craftsman," Mrs. Payne says.

"There's the field of ceramics, and silver-work and leatherwork — ah, all sorts of things to do!"

Here is a lady who will always have a dream — and who will probably come close to fulfilling it!



preservation and restoration of Columbia landmarks.

"All my life," she says, "I've loved old houses. They don't have to be anything else but old, but if, in addition to age, they possess historical or architectural significance, that is all the better."

Even when she lived in New York, Mrs. Payne managed to find a home in the historic areas of the metropolis. Once she occupied the old home- stead of Clement Moore, author of "The Night Before Christmas."

Later, at Williamsburg, she acted as hostess to visitors and interpreted the regional history.

Perhaps it was at Williamsburg that her dream achieved real clarity.

"I remembered as a child, walking home from Columbia High School every day, mentally caressing the charming old houses and delightful little cottages along the way."

"Every now and then one of these 'friends' would be missing from its corner — being replaced by a filling station. It was a sort of hurt that I've never got over."

"Why can't we save those houses?" I wondered.

"When I returned to Columbia from Williamsburg, my work with urban rehabilitation brought me into even closer contact with some of the once proud areas of Columbia that were rapidly falling into decay and into eventual non-existence."

"There was even a rumor that we might lose the Governor's House. I suppose that set me thinking."

"Why wouldn't it be possible — and even profitable — to use the Arsenal Hill area for a sort of historic and architectural center? A sort of counterpart to what had been done at Williamsburg?"

"The whole area of Arsenal Hill lends itself to what may at first sound like a revolutionary idea—but I think it is a practical one," Mrs. Payne says. "Many of the landmarks

well serve as the focal point for such a center, with the gradual addition of other houses to the neighborhood.

Mrs. Payne pays high tribute to the work of the Columbia Garden Club, which is opening the Boylston house and formal gardens to the public this afternoon, and to the Historic Columbia Foundation, which recently conducted a successful campaign to save and restore the Ainsley Hall house.

"You see, all these people have the same dream I do, Mrs. Payne says. "It's not that I am the only one or that is only my idea. So many Columbians have been thinking along the same lines for a long long time."

Also drawing praise from this "save Old Columbia" advocate is the Columbia Historical and Cultural Building Commission, and William K. Marsh, director of Columbia's Department of Urban Development.

Lest it be thought that Mrs. Payne's enthusiasm denotes a monomania, we should add that this lady is also an actress of great ability who has appeared in both professional and amateur productions.

How she started in this activity is a story in itself, beginning with a timorous "recital" before former Town Theater director Dan Reed, and his wife, Isadora.

From then on, Mrs. Payne's interest in drama expanded. "At Town Theater she played in "Grand Hotel," "Silver Cord," and many others. In summer stock she played lead in "Coquette," "Silver Cord," and "Sun Up," and more recently appeared in about 18 professional television shows in New York, many of them under direction of another former Town Theater director, Fred Coe.

Some great philosopher once said, that nothing was sadder than to have a dream come true, for then there's nothing left to do.

No such bleak future awaits

Plane Crash and Aftermath

(Continued from 1-D)
first time I know what it means to be alive."

Dr. Dunn's condition was so critical — a flail chest that caused extreme difficulty in breathing — his life hung in the balance for nine days. His brother Dr. Ralph Dunn, a vascular and thoracic surgeon from Tarboro, N. C., was with Shepherd 24 hours every day during this period.

No one can remember when Ralph Dunn slept. Shepherd Dunn went through crisis after crisis. Along with Dr. Duane Blair of the DeKalb hospital, Dr. Ralph Dunn pulled his eye — surgeon brother from the brink.

While the staff at DeKalb worked to bring the five injured people back to health, things were happening in Columbia and at the JJ Ranch. The Jennings had two children — 15-year-old Josie and 10-year-old Michael. Mrs. Jennings' brothers in Batesburg came to take young Mike with them. But Josie wanted more than anything to attend Eau Claire High School.

A friend, Mrs. Marvin L. McCrory, said, "You have never seen so many offers for places Josie could stay. Josie didn't want to leave the friends she had here. We asked Paul Stephens, assistant principal at Eau Claire, what

he thought best. He solved our problem by saying, 'Josie has a home, Mine.' That's where she is."

Mrs. John R. T. (Madge) Major, Dr. Holler, Mrs. J. William Huggins, Mrs. McCrory, M. H. Padgett and E. Forte Wolfe got together and came up with the idea for the "J.J. Memorial Trust," which has been established at the First National Bank of South Carolina. The money collected by this fund will be used exclusively for the welfare and education of the Jennings' two children. Contributions are welcome.

Mrs. Major said, "In some small way we hope that this will make their lives happier and will provide for them as Sybil and Jimmy would have done."

And these people, these friends of the Jennings, didn't want to see the ranch Sybil and Jimmy had built into an institution become shuttered and run-down. The ranch had to be kept open.

Old friends volunteered their help. Uncle Mutt Padgett, Dr. Holler, Vivian Huggins, Doc Howard, Bobbie Stevens, Ceny Walker, Maria Blackstock, to name a few, have been giving their time to keep the JJ Ranch open every morning seven days a week, for riding (except for begin-

ners), boarding horses and horse trading.

"It has been amazing," Mrs. McCrory said, "how many people have given to the fund and how many people have asked to help in anyway they could at the ranch."

The way people have rallied around the JJ Ranch doesn't surprise those who knew Jimmy and Sybil Jennings.

"Sure, there were some things about Jimmy Jennings that weren't perfect," one person close to the ranch said, "but who in this world doesn't have faults. The Jennings gave us more than we ever realized while they were alive. It took death to uncloud the picture, to show us how dependent we had become on them."

The Wayburns are back home and in a few more weeks of rest they will be back to a normal routine. Mrs. Dunn is also at home and well on the way to full recovery. The pilot is mending well. Dr. Dunn will be in the DeKalb hospital for a few more weeks and says, "I'm so grateful to be alive, I would stay here six more years if they told me to."

The Jennings children have been taken into homes where there is love and affection. The JJ Ranch is open for business.



Falls in Flood Time

Upper Whitewater Falls spills a tremendous mass of water the morning after last Sunday's flood. The portion of the falls visible here represents a drop of about 200 feet, but they continue their drop about 250 feet more where they are lost from the camera's view in the gorge below. At the time of this picture,

about 11 a.m. Monday morning, the water had receded to about twice normal flow. Twelve hours earlier the river was so high that it washed out a tall bridge about 100 yards upstream from the falls. (Staff photo by Eugene B. Sloan)