

"Out," Miss Sterling commanded sharply and Big Sandy was first to the door. He snapped the latch several times and heaved his full weight against it but it wouldn't budge.

There were noises from everywhere; little children crying, girls screaming, big boys yelling, pictures falling, floor boards splitting, books and slates clattering to the floor and roaring wind in the world outside.

Then came a sharp snap and the school canted off its foundation and tilted its twisted structure to lean against a huge elm tree in the yard. There was a shower of plaster and the string of stovepipes opened letting out a sooty downpour. The desks, seats and stove being bolted to the floor served as anchors for the frightened children.

Then the big boys in fourth class took command. "This way out" and they each took a little one and put him out under the lowest log and over the foundation. The bigger girls scrambled out themselves and sheltered the little ones along the wall until the teacher, last to leave, said, "Everybody's out and nobody's hurt."

Fence logs were blowing across the road and there was a heavy rain but for the children the worst was over. They remained huddled close until quiet returned. They were dismissed and started for home.

Those walking by the O'Brey farm saw that the house and barn had been blown over the hill and settled against the woods. Others saw that the McConneghy house and buildings were demolished. The Johnson's stable roof and hay from the loft had blown across the river and landed in Quebec.

A few days later Mrs. O'Brey had her apron returned by the person who had found it in her yard in Quebec. She knew who owned it because there was still a letter in the pocket.

There were no serious injuries among children or adults in the neighbourhood. A new school was ready for September opening.

Miss Sterling did not return. The shock had been too much for her and she died a few months later.