

sap, shone white in the broiling sun.

"We're going to miss that tree," Anson said sadly, sitting on his front step sipping iced tea, the now-bright sky sending down stifing heat as if to underscore the loss of shade.

"It's going to be hotter'n hell without it," he said.

Better plant another one, someone suggested.

"I'm going to," he said.

GLEN AND MARY SMITH,

2304 Ave. K, weren't home but their 13-year-old daughter Tobie was.

As the storm hit Tobie herded two family dogs into the basemen but then realized she had forgotten the cat. She was upstairs when the kitchen window blew in. Tobie made her way back to the basement and safety. The cat survived under a bed.

Walls of the home were torn away and gone in the wind or



Jim Athay, 1510 N. 22nd St., burrowed into the tangle of fallen trees to rescue his neighbor, Don Mace's 11-month-old chocolate Labrador, which was unhurt but "shaking like a leaf." An aluminum-sided shed that had been in Mace's yard ended up a crumpled mess in Athay's. The row of trees behind the Mace and Athay homes were "picked up and laid over like a window," said another neighbor, Don Bart. — Photo by Joe Arterburn.

bulging off the foundation.

As the Smiths gathered up their scattered belongings, a freshly spray-painted sign on the totalled house proclaimed "One Hell of a Party."

PATTY WALKER, a 19-year-old baby sitter, gathered the four children in her care into a first-floor closet. The mother of one of the children, Shirlee Villarreal, had phoned a warning from Jennie Edmundson Memorial Hospital where she works as a nursing assistant.

When the tornado warning sounded, Villarreal, 26, went through the hospital's evacuation procedure to see that patients were prepared before calling her home where Walker was babysitting with 2-year-old Ashley Villarreal, Nicolle Rodriguez, 8, Brent Bell, 5, and Samantha Hansen, 8.

As the house exploded around them, walls and doors and furnishings ripped away, Ashley Villarreal was nearly picked up by the wind and swept away but another child grabbed her by her ankles and Walker grabbed them both and pulled them down and shielded them from flying debris with her body.

When the wind had passed, Walker and the children were huddled in the rain on a piece of carpet on the house's concrete floor, which had been swept clear of walls, furniture and any standing structures.

When Mrs. Villarreal and her husband, Francisco, who was on his way home from work when the storm hit, arrived they found their home demolished. A stuffed toy parrot, a gift from a grandmother in Florida, lay rainsoaked atop the twisted wreckage of their home.

Flattened, torn apart and spread across empty lots, the scattered debris marked the line the storm took, its four reported funnel clouds spinning down as it smashed into the Holiday Inn and the North 22nd Street

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