Summary Sheet

IDTO	ID Number	:693907
AUTH	Report Author	:
TYFU	Tornado Type & Fuji Code	:c0
TITL	Report Title or Location	:Eagle Lake
PROV	Province	:Ontario
COUN	Counties	:
REFS	References	:Peterborough Examiner
ZOTO	Touchdown Zone Number & Easting	:17695000
NOTO	Touchdown Northing	:5000000
LOVA	Touchdown Error Value & Code	:40000o
DADA	Date of Data Entry	:21/06/1990
ZOLO	Liftoff Zone Number & Easting	:
NOLO	Liftoff Northing	:
UPVA	Liftoff Error Value & Code	:
DEAD	Number of Fatalities	:
HURT	Number of People Injured	:
HERT	Injuries Code	:
DATA	Date of Tornado	:13/08/1939
DAVA	Date Error Value & Code	:
TITO	Time of Tornado	:1200
TIMR	Time Meridian	:75
TIVA	Time Error Value & Code	:35s
AXDA	Maximum Path Width	:
AXVA	Max. Path Width Error & Code	:
AVDA	Average Damage Width	:
AVVA	Avg. Damage Width Error & Code	:
SADA	Sample Damage Width	:
SAVA	Sample Damage Width Error & Code	:
INTO	Initials	:JAM
DFTO	Detailed Report Flag	:n
JUNK	PRDA & DIMO & DALE	:
CODA	Property Damage Code	:
MISC	ORDE,PICS_TYPE,PICS_AVAIL,COCO	: 1
MANY	Multiple Event Flag	:y

MEMO:Trees uprooted and one boat swamped.

PHEN	Associated Phenomena	:
TSHP	Townships	:

JAM, 21/06/1990

PETERBOROUGH EXAMINER, TUES. AUG. 15 1939. 693907.
STORM DATE. ABOUT MID-DAY. SUN. AUG 13.

Twister Hits Loon Lake Tourist Area

Cuts Wide Swath Through Forest Wrecks Cottages

(Additional Pictures On Page 5)

Cottagers and farmers are today recovering sufficiently from their utter amazement at the twister that smashed its way Sunday through Loon Lake's west district, and are wondering just how it happened they are still alive.

"Old Nick was in the saddle around here on Sunday," was the way one cottager described the fierceness of the hurricane that lasted so briefly and did so much damage. For 500 or 600 yards in a zig-zag path this worst of all storms in the district's history laid nearly every tree big and small flat on the ground. The force of its corkscrew centre was so terrific that in places it wrapped smaller trees completely around larger ones, and all over the area it seemed as though some mad giant had flung his way through the bush.

That there was no loss of life from the hurricane is a mystery that defies explanation unless it was because the entire disaster took place in such a short time. "It was all over in two minutes," declared Allan MacNab and other cottagers backed him up, although the estimates of still others ran as high as half an hour.

Describes Storm

Here is the way Alpine MacNab of Peterborough described the storm as he saw it from his Loon Lake cottage in the path of the storm. He sat calmly down and typed out this description a few minutes after the storm had sent a tree crashing through the roof of his kitchen and littered his grounds with fallen timber.

"The sky was overcast at daylight and it did not clear during the early forenoon except for an occasional blink of sunshine. Toward eleven o'clock it looked as though it might clear and turn out an enjoyable day for the holidayers. Then the sky began to darken, the breeze strengthened from west southwest and indications of a gathering storm increased. One of our party ran down to the tent with the intention of fastening the front curtains against rain. Just then those looking out from the screened lounge saw the terror break over the treetops of the woods across the little bay, and shouted to her to come back to the cottage. Just in time. Five minutes later the tent lay crushed under the glistening trunks of three giant poplars, and these would have fallen upon the roof of the cottage had their descent not been arrested by a magnificent specimen of the silver birch which stood close by it.

"Those who witnessed from the lounge the aproach of the tornado across the bay are not likely to forget the sight so long as they live. The rain, falling in terrific volume, was caught by the gale and converted into a solid wall of white mist. Across this white wall a great poplar was seen to bend over so far that it was not possible it could ever rebound; and then the white fury enveloped the cottage, blotting out all sight. Only the sound reaching our ears told the tale of trees crashing to the earth all about us—giant pines, poplars, hemlocks and silver birches which for years had reared their glorious heads sixty to seventy-five feet into the air, were going down before this onslaught like clay pipe stems, and every moment seemed like hours as we waited for the destruction of the cottage. Then came the impact of a heavy body, the splintering of wood, and the crackle of glass: the back windows were darkened and we saw from the living room the foliage of a tree pressed against the panes. A monarch of the forest had fallen on the roof of the kitchen, but the rest of the building remained intact."

600 Yards Wide

The path of the tornado was not more than five or six hundred yards and its severest damage was confined to an area of less than five miles. But within that area there was havoc. Worst of all were the trees and property damage — because there is little property there —was comparatively small. The man who fared perhaps worst from the storm was Philip Tanner who lost the roof from his barn, his entire orchard, and a cottage. At Scott's Landing Robert Scott found his farm with scarcely a fence standing. The wind blew the tops from several small buildings—pig pen, chicken coop, garage—but left the main ones intact. It took eight men with a team of horses all the rest of the day to clear the roadway from his house half a mile to the Apsley road.

By Monday the road to Apsley had been cleared as far as the Scott's Landing turn, but beyond that trees were uprooted every few feet and tossed across the road. Across the abandoned continuation of Highway 28 to Chandos the storm passed in all its fury and trees were down like matchwood. Sideroads leading to cottages on the bays of western Loon Lake were all blocked and some inhabitants were imprisoned at their summer homes until late Monday. One of these unfortunates was City Engineer Parsons, whose home was not damaged to any extent.

Buried Under Trees

Half a dozen cars were buried under fallen trees in the district, but apparently no one was in them at the time of the storm. Two of them were at the home of N. L. Paterson, 748 George street, Peterborough. One was his own, the other belonged to George Black of Boston, who arrived for a visit on Saturday night, just ahead of the tornado by a few hours. The man spent the remainder of Sunday and all day Monday digging the two cars out from their heavy topping. Mr. Paterson's beautifully shaded grounds were chaos after the storm with dozens of trees fallen all around, but his cottage was unscathed.

Two men and two women huddled in a corner paralyzed with fear when the twister ripped the entire roof from above their heads as they stayed at Jack Johnson's new log cabin. Worst damaged of all the cabins, it was stripped past the third log from the top of the walls. The roof and walls were hurled for 200 feet into the next-door property of R. H. Parsons. The four frightened occupants were Mr. and Mrs. Art Levan, Glen Donoghue, and an unidentified woman, all from Cleveland, Ohio. They departed from the district as soon as they could dig their car from beneath trees. The entire top of the car was caved in, but they pushed it up high enough to sit under, so eager were they to leave Loon Lake.

Dan Galbraith found four umbrella tents on his property torn to shreds, but there was little other damage done on his land.

Luckiest escape of all was that of Mrs. C. W. Kirkpatrick of Oshawa. Mrs Kirkpatrick was resting in a tent a hundred yards from the cottage she and her husband have just had completed, when the storm broke. She was uninjured, although a huge elm toppled down over one corner of the tent. The Kirkpatrick property was damaged considerably, many fine specimens of pine and birch being uprooted.

COE HILL, Aug. 15. — The 13th proved very unlucky for some here Sunday morning when a severe storm struck. A barn containing 35 loads of hay was struck by lightning and burned down, four cows being lost in the fire. The barn was owned by David Willson, postmaster. A large tree in front of West Ferguson's home broke off low down and crashed into his car.

Trees were uprooted around many of the cottages on the shores of Eagle Lake. One boat was swamped but those aboard were fortunate to make a little island in safety.