

CHANGING Weather



THE
STORY OF
JUNE
BACON-BERCEY



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY

WRITTEN BY ASHLEE KLEMM | ILLUSTRATED BY VANESSA TOYE

June was born in 1928 in Wichita, Kansas. When June was a young girl, schools were unfairly divided, or segregated, based on skin color. African-American children were cruelly denied access to opportunities that some of their Caucasian peers seemed to take for granted. America had a lot yet to learn about equality, but this did not stop June.





June went on to study at the University of Kansas and later at the University of California in Los Angeles, where she was advised by a respected advisor to drop meteorology and pursue home economics instead.



It was not common for women to study science in 1950s America, and it was unheard of for an African-American woman to do so.

It was a few short months after being hired when she would be asked to fill the suddenly vacant weather position. On her first broadcast, she forecasted a heat wave which she calculated would arrive within the next 24 hours. When she was proven correct the next day, the permanent position—as well as a place in history as the first female African-American broadcast meteorologist—was hers.





June was a pioneer and trailblazer for women and minorities. About her accomplishments, she said, "Being a black woman, younger than my peers, everything I did I had to excel in, just to be on an even level.

"I didn't resent that," she continued. "I loved it."



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THE STORY OF JUNE BACON-BERCEY

June, a bright and motivated young woman, always excelled in school. The atmosphere fascinated her, so she chose to study meteorology. A person as intelligent and capable as June should be a welcome addition to any science, but that wasn't the case. June was African-American, and never before had an African-American woman earned a degree in meteorology. Undeterred, June persisted and blazed the trail for others to follow. This is the story of how meteorology and broadcasting pioneer June Bacon-Bercey forever changed the face of weather.



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THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL

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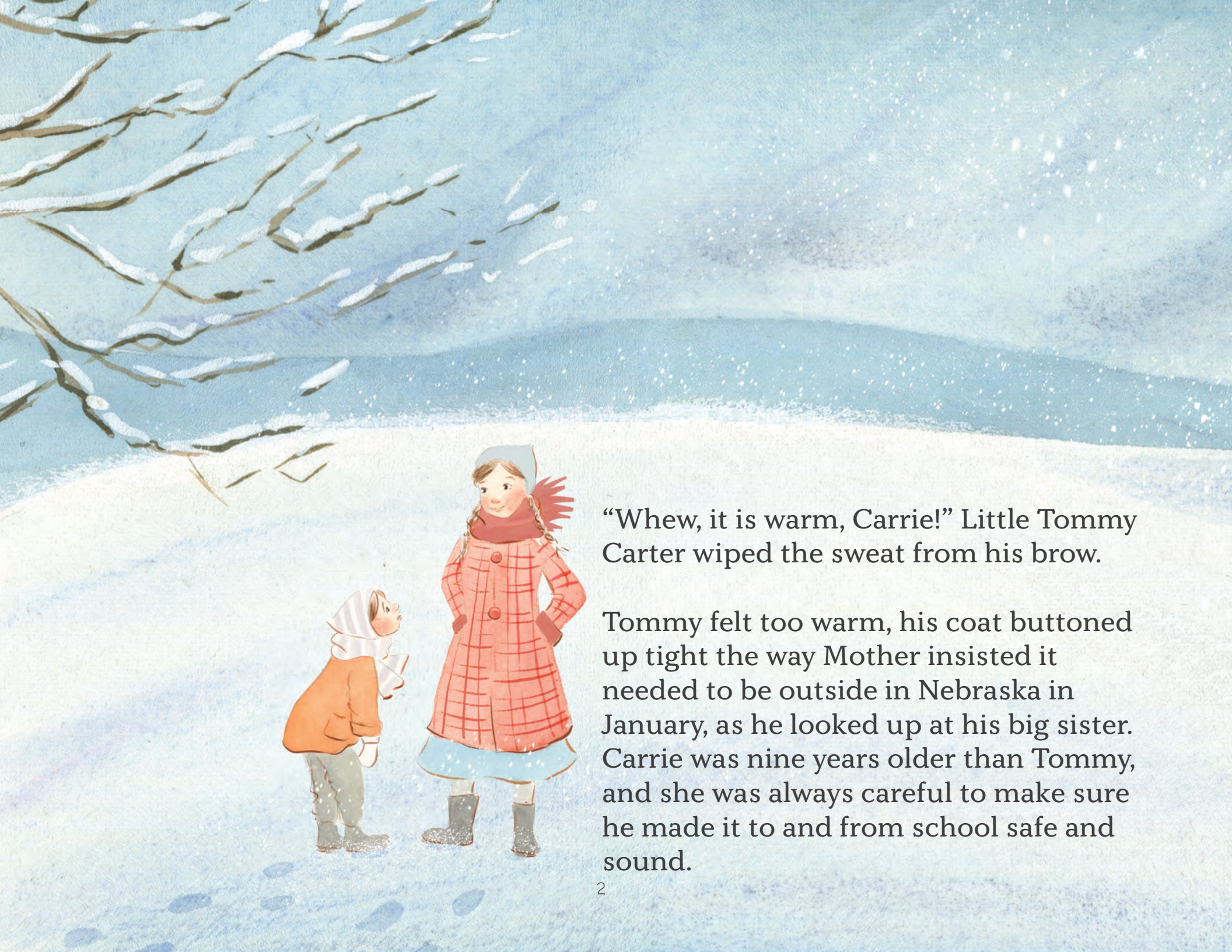
The background of the cover is a textured illustration of a schoolhouse during a blizzard. The schoolhouse has a brown brick wall and a white roof with a chimney. Snow is falling heavily, creating a white, hazy atmosphere. The title 'THE SCHOOLHOUSE & BLIZZARD' is written in a stylized font. 'THE' is in a small, white, cursive font. 'SCHOOLHOUSE' is in a large, red, serif font. '&' is in a red, cursive font. 'BLIZZARD' is in a large, white, serif font. The author's name 'BY SHANNEN YAUGER' is written in a red, cursive font in the bottom right corner. At the bottom, there is a red banner with a white circular logo on the left and the text 'THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY' in white, sans-serif font on the right. The logo features a stylized book and the words 'THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY' around it. In the bottom left corner, there is a small illustration of four children standing in the snow, looking towards the schoolhouse. One child is wearing a red plaid coat, another a blue coat, and two others are in darker clothing. A teacher figure in a dark blue coat is also present, holding a large white scroll or paper.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE & BLIZZARD

BY SHANNEN YAUGER

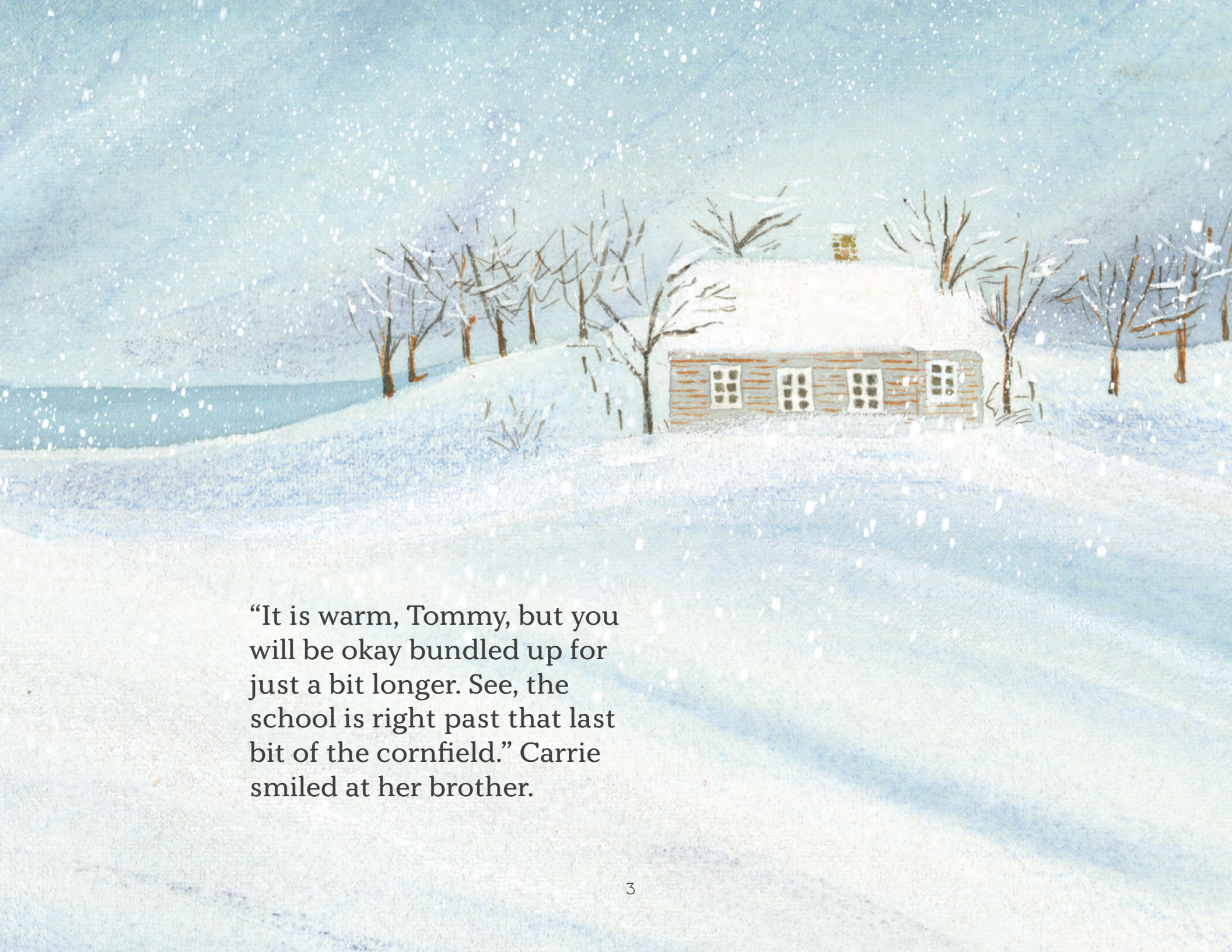


THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY



“Whew, it is warm, Carrie!” Little Tommy Carter wiped the sweat from his brow.

Tommy felt too warm, his coat buttoned up tight the way Mother insisted it needed to be outside in Nebraska in January, as he looked up at his big sister. Carrie was nine years older than Tommy, and she was always careful to make sure he made it to and from school safe and sound.



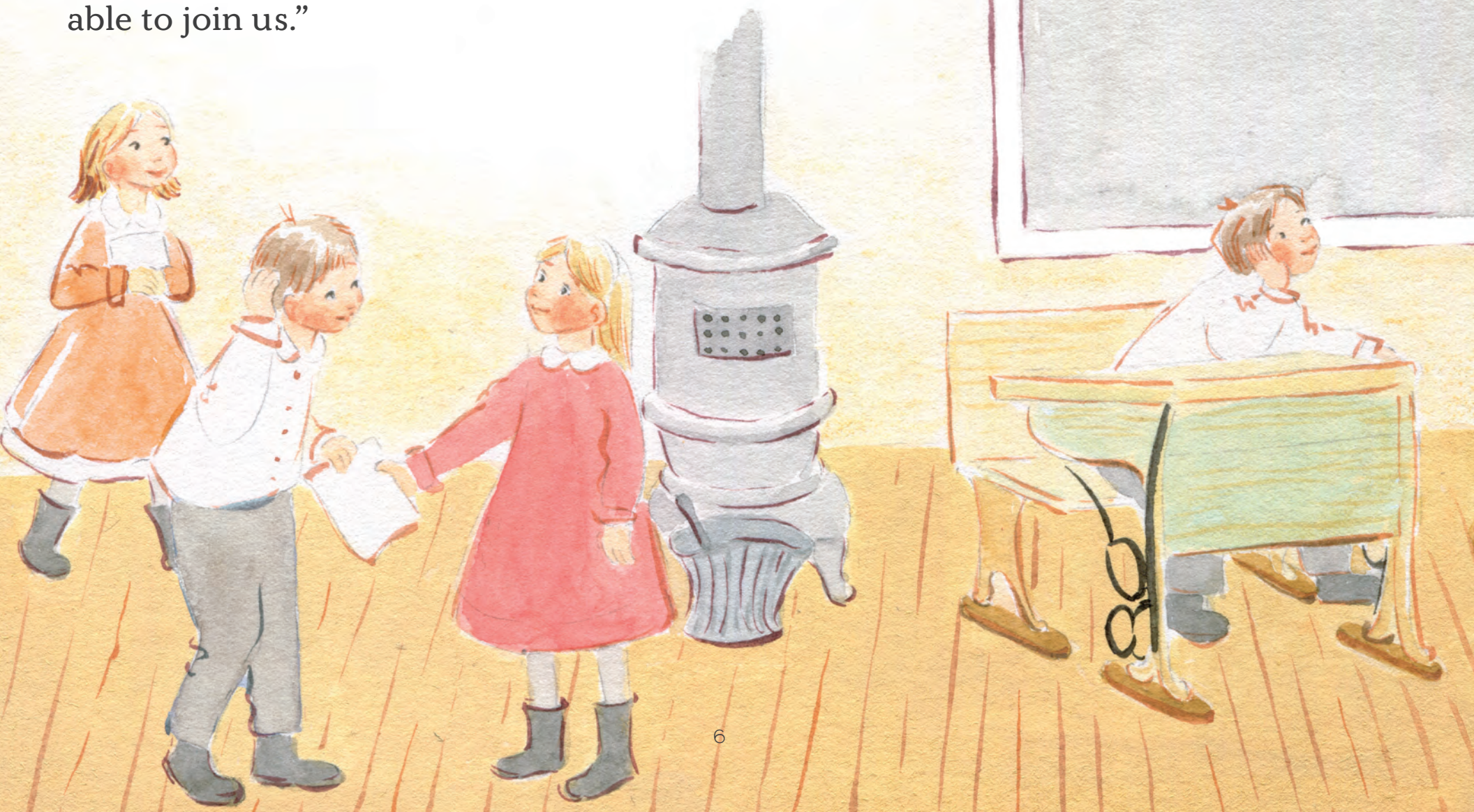
“It is warm, Tommy, but you will be okay bundled up for just a bit longer. See, the school is right past that last bit of the cornfield.” Carrie smiled at her brother.

Tommy was relieved to hear the welcoming sounds of children laughing and to see his schoolhouse. At just five years old, Tommy was the youngest child in attendance and always worked hard to keep up with the bigger kids. He loved to learn, and last week he was heartbroken when he had to miss school on account of an awful cold.

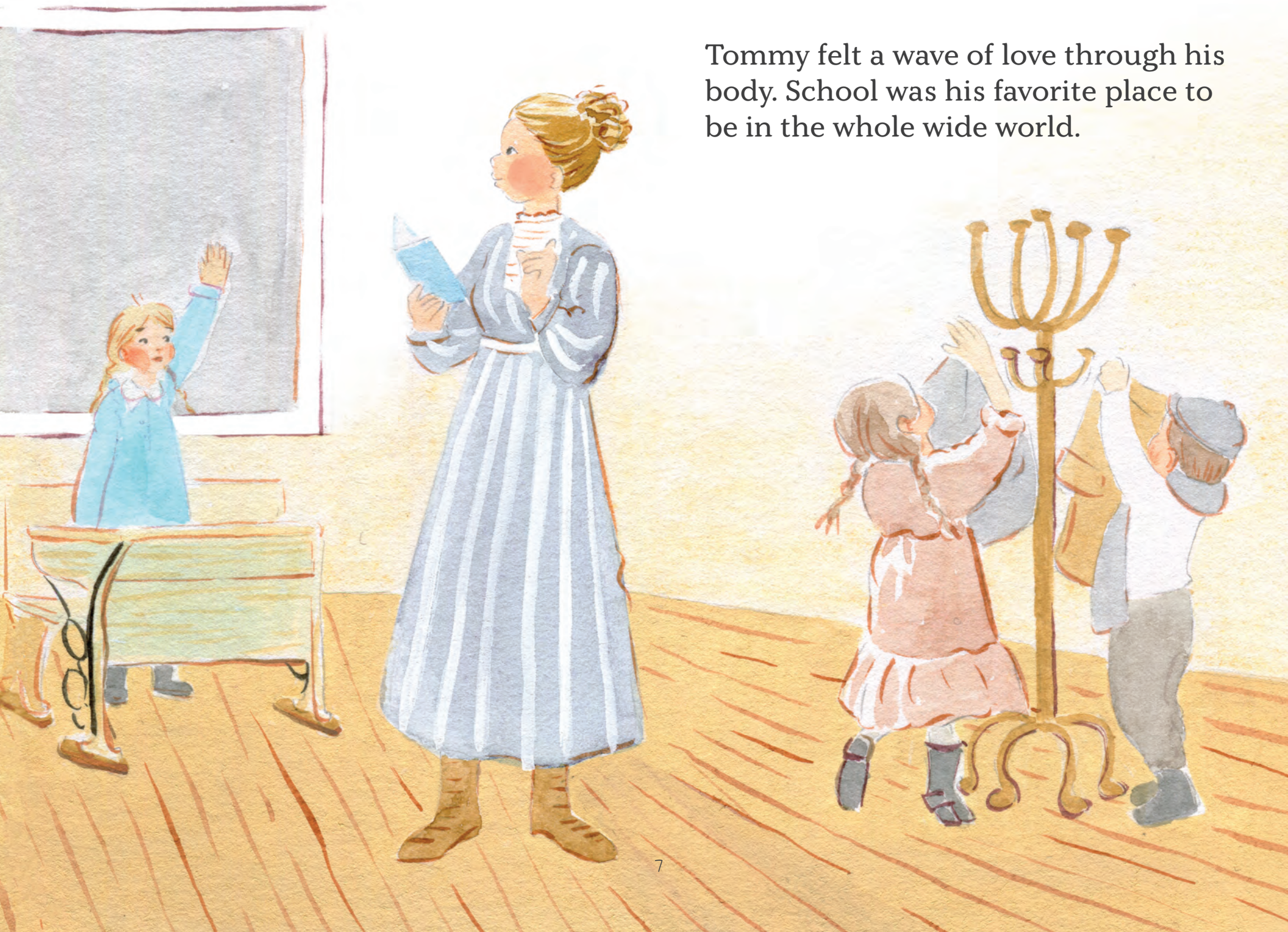




Sweating slightly under all of their layers, Carrie and Tommy entered the little one-room schoolhouse. There were fifteen children in their school, and once everyone had settled in, Miss Penny turned to them with a smile. "Let's start our day!" she exclaimed with happiness. "Welcome back, Tommy! We are glad you are well and able to join us."



Tommy felt a wave of love through his body. School was his favorite place to be in the whole wide world.



Wild, Wild WIND

Shannen Yauger

Saffir-Simpson
Hurricane Scale

Category	Speed (MPH)	Pressure (Millibars)	Pressure (InHg)	Storm Surge (Feet)	Damage
1	74-95	>980	>28.94	4-5 ft.	Minimal
2	96-110	979-965	28.91-28.50	6-8 ft.	Moderate
3	111-129	964-945	28.47-27.91	9-12 ft.	Extensive
4	130-156	944-920	27.88-27.17	13-18 ft.	Extreme
5	157+	<920	<27.17	>18 ft.	Catastrophic

Hurricanes are based on wind speed. Saffir-Simpson Hurricane Wind Scale measures these storms from Category 1, with five being the strongest, wind.

How different can you imagine winds over the ocean?



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY





“Quick, Sam! Get into the house!”

Thunder boomed overhead as Sam ran for the front door of Grandma and Grandpa’s farmhouse. He’d grown accustomed to the summertime storms here in Alabama, but this one had snuck up on him! Sam and Grandpa had been out with the animals, tending to the horses and laughing at the goats’ antics as they frolicked through the barnyard. The day had been warm and humid, but now the air felt heavy as the dark clouds rolled in.

“Looks like a downburst, Sam. Let’s get started rounding up the animals and cleaning up. I will explain more tonight,” Grandpa responded. Sam grabbed a pair of gloves that were shockingly still tucked into his box on the porch and joined his grandparents in the yard. He looked back at the house, peppered with leaves, but thankfully still solidly standing as the sun shone onto the mess around the farm. Cleanup took hours, much longer than anticipated, as some of the goats managed to sneak through the broken fence, and Sam had to chase them down. By the time the farm was restored to order and the long drive cleared of tree limbs, all Sam wanted to do was eat dinner, take a shower, and climb in bed.





The next morning, as Mom and Dad packed Sam's stuff into the car to head back home, Grandpa pulled him to one side. "I am sorry we didn't answer your question about downbursts, Sam. I will send you a letter explaining it all. I had a pen pal as a young boy. Would you like to be mine now?"

"Definitely, yes!" Sam hugged his grandpa hard. "We can continue our game!" Grandpa hugged him and smiled. He made sure Sam was buckled in before he shut the car door and gave one final wave.



Sam was quite interested in everything that Grandpa told him about downbursts. It was amazing that something as seemingly simple as wind could create that kind of havoc. He thought about the way the wind came down from the clouds and tried to understand that type of speed.

"I wonder what that kind of wind speed would do if it were swirling, like a tornado?" Sam said to himself. He pulled a book off his bookshelf and began to thumb through the pictures. The images of tornadoes captivated him, and he began to write a letter to Grandpa in hopes that he could tell him more.

Dear Sam,

Here it is, almost summertime again. In just a few more weeks, you will be back with Grandma and me on the farm. We miss you and cannot wait to see you! I have enjoyed our letters, but I am looking forward to talking about wild winds in person soon.

Let me tell you about derechos. "Derecho" means "straight" in Spanish. This long-lived windstorm is named as such because it is made of a group of thunderstorms that are in a straight line, one after another, and move quickly across the land. These storms have very strong winds, some up to 130 miles per hour, and come up suddenly with rain and lightning. In order to be categorized as a derecho, the path of the storms must exceed 240 miles long, though the width of the storm varies from 50 to 300 miles wide.

I have enclosed a drawing of a radar summary I saw for a derecho that went through the Midwest many years ago. This storm spanned 450 miles over a period of six hours and had sustained winds of around 75 miles per hour.





Wild, Wild WIND

When Sam experiences a downburst while visiting his grandparents, he can't help but want to learn more about wind and what it can do. Filled with facts that learners of all ages will enjoy, *Wild, Wild Wind* teaches about the power of wind without creating fear. Learn about tornadoes, downbursts, hurricanes, trade winds, and more as Sam and his grandpa exchange letters on these exciting topics.

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