

We went without lights or outside news for two days & nights. (Sat & Sun)
Only news thru aeroplane.

Nov. 10, 1927

Thurs. Night



Dear Mother:

In response to your telegram am writing you. Evidently my other letter didn't get thru or was way laid.

See, there certainly has been a lot happened since I last wrote, I hardly know where to start.

Just off, you remember the letter I wrote you telling about the trip to Northfield and how I left the Packard of Powells in Montpelier? Well the car has been lost or washed away in the flood. A perfectly good Packard Str. 8 Sedan.

(Sat. afternoon) I went down with about fifteen other fellows to try and save the Winooski Bridge, the only one that connected Burlington with the outside world. They had every truck in the city collecting rocks to pile along the sides and save the bridge from being completely

wiped away. We, about eight fellows and myself, worked about three hours unloading the rocks from the trucks and putting them at the end of the bridge. You remember the bridge that I mean, the one we ~~were~~ went over when we went into Mt. Mansfield, about a five minutes walk from the college. Well, I was within a foot of the bridge piling on the rocks when the whole thing suddenly went. It tore up the tracks, the road and the sidewalks and as I was so near it knocked me down, or rather it knocked us all down, then three telephone poles right near the bridge fell down and believe me when I got to my feet I did some mighty tall busting. They said that one of the college fellows went over with the bridge but I couldn't see we were missing any from our bunch. No way of checking up though.

The fellows in the "frat" mostly all live in Vermont and some of them were pretty badly hit by the flood. One of the seniors, Mitchell, had his home washed away with 25 head of cattle. Another fellow who graduated about four years ago, Bill Randall, had his drugstore

worth \$15,000 swept entirely away, his house,
a new Chrysler car and he and his wife just
escaped with their two kids with their lives.

He was down at the house tonight and
he said he was going to start right over again.
He said he'd just cleared his last debt and
was beginning to make good headway. It didn't
seem to phase him a bit. He's in the next room
sleeping the first time he's been in bed for a week.

Naturally they called for students to do
~~some~~ rescue work. One of the fellows in the house
has used up five Jords trying to get to ~~Bolton~~
Bolton where the 21 workmen were drowned. He
hasn't succeeded yet but's going to try again
tomorrow.

Tonight we, the "fat", got a telephone
call asking for 17 men to go up and recover
the bodies of the workmen in Bolton and clear
up the rubbish. They say it will take all day to
even get the debris away from the house. They start
out tomorrow a 6.30 A.M. Tomorrow is a
holiday, Armistice Day. I thought I ought to
do something so Hank Powell and I offered
to drive a truck for them. Guess where we're
going tomorrow! We're going to take a Jord

truck to Waterbury to help a woman try and locate her two children and bring up some red cross stuff. Hank and I went over today to look the ground over in his Packard coupe. We got stuck three times (we didn't have chains) and had to turn around at Richmond, about six or eight miles out of Burlington. Waterbury is 30 miles from Burlington. We asked a special cop before we turned around if the road was like this all the way. He said, "Boys, you haven't begun to see the real flood yet." He told us the ^(River is now back to normal or almost) Main Street of Waterbury was 18 feet under water!! When we went to Richmond, after we got out of Burlington today, we couldn't even find the road, it had all been washed away, we went across fields, down gulleys, it was some exciting. Well, tomorrow it's Waterbury or bust. The woman is a good driver, and she says she'll ~~get out~~ do the driving and Hank and I'll get out and push where it's necessary. Will write and tell you about it in my next letter. Well there's one consolation, I'd rather be driving a truck to Waterbury than digging for or hunting for corpses in Bolden. Phil is going to Bolden tomorrow with the gang. Must close and get some sleep as I'm up at 3. To tomorrow let you know how we came out. Goodnight. P.S. Don't worry, it's only a case of whether we get stuck or not. With love, as ever, Al