

A nightmare which was a reality.

THE GREAT FLOOD

I knew I must be dreaming, but after what seemed hours, I forced myself to wake up. I could hear the steady splash of running water coming from the kitchen. I went in to turn off the water faucet at the sink but the faucet wasn't turned on. Water was pouring from the ceiling of the newly papered room, and for the first time I realized that the drumming noise I had heard for so long was rain - rain coming down in torrents!

I looked at the alarm clock sitting on the table beside my bed. It was exactly one A.M. I went to the back porch to get a mop to clean up the water that was all over the kitchen floor. The light from the back porch shone out into the back yard. The sight that met my eyes was one that I shall never forget - water, muddy water was all around the house.

I ran back to the bedroom and awakened my husband. He dressed hurriedly and said he was going down to see how the creek looked and he told me to get the children up and have them dressed.

He was gone about five minutes. When he came back in the door I knew it was bad. We must leave as quickly as possible. It was 1:10 when we went out the door.

Our car was parked in front of the house. If it had been in the garage we couldn't have gotten it out through the water. It took about three or four minutes to get started. We crossed the railroad and drove through water in the street as swift as a river. It had risen to the running board of the car. As we drove past the Jayne home, the surging muddy water was beginning to run in on their porch.

By this time, the fire whistle had begun to blow and the plant whistle at Clearfield had begun to lend its eerie note to the confusion.

We drove directly to my sister's home about two blocks off Main Street - left the children with her and started back to get what we could from our house. This took about five minutes more. When we got back to Main Street the water was coming up in front of the post office. Houses were floating down between the railroad station and Main Street.

It seemed an eternity before the water started falling. I was almost afraid to look where our house had been. One

glance told me that it was still there, but it had moved about 30 or 35 feet. The only think that had kept it from washing away was a pile of foundation stone that was to have been used in raising the house. The house lodged on that stone.

I didn't realize such utter destruction could come about in so short a time. I have never seen anything to compare with the appalling sight that the coming of daylight unfolded before our eyes.

When we finally were able to get back to the house, the first thing we noticed was that both the front and back porches were gone, just as if they had been cut away by a huge knife. The house was sitting at an angle. The doors had to be forced open. Everything in the house had turned over and was piled in the floor in mud one-half foot deep. The water had been exactly seven feet deep inside the house.

There seems to be something significant about the fact that there was only one thing in the house that did not have a single drop of water on it - and that was a Bible. It had fallen on top of the bed when the chest that it was on turned over.

My clock had stopped at 1:25 A. M. exactly 25 minutes from the time I awakened.

Mrs. Margie Gullett