

Station HOSA (Howard & Sawyer) News flashes Bulletin of March 25th, 1936

We have much to cover in this bulletin. It is hard to know where to begin, but we are going to go back to Town Meeting day, March 17th when things surely did hum.

Tuesday, March 10th. The Big Day. A record vote for the town was cast and the day ended with but two democrats left with their scalps intact—Aubrey Langley as tax collector and Thomas Grabay for Town Treasurer. John K. Stearns went down to a terrific defeat his name^{inc} appeared on the ballot ~~on the ballot~~ three times and even Carl Brown defeated him for surveyor of wood and lumber. Of course (then) we were pleased that Dad won out with a vote of 128 to 71 against John K. (Since the flood and the washouts we wonder if we are as pleased.) Mrs Campbell was elected town clerk against Arthur Seavey. Mum won again as Police Officer. Myron Langley and Robert Fowler tied for Road Agent and after much fighting on Pa's part Myron has been appointed—Walter Morgan and Seavey, both democrats, holding off for not appointing him. Clarence was running for town auditor against Norman Davenport and he lost along with the rest as did his father for road agent against Crouse. 'Twas definitely a day when the people expressed a desire through their votes that we get a New Deal in the Selectman's chair.

Wednesday, March 11th. We settled down to earth and went our various ways. It started to rain during the night and how it rained.

Thursday, March 12th. Mildred's birthday. We arose as usual and got ready for work. We discussed plans for getting to North Wilmot for Mildred's party. Clarence offered the opinion that it would be impossible to which Lois and I replied that we would get there if we walked—bitter words that had to be swallowed later. We started for work to find that we could get no further than the Ragged Mountain Fish and Game Club Road, water over the road and road washed out so no cars could get through. We retraced our steps back to the Flat and I began to worry about Dad, Chan, and Curt. Dad was due to get to Concord with the other two selectmen that day for a meeting with the tax commission. After much ohing and ahing at the way the water was rising, we went home, did a bit of housework and I had just started dinner then in rolled the Chevie with the three wanderers in it. They had been from 6 until 12 getting to my house and had been all over the lot, finally getting stuck and the motor dying because the distributor got wet. Curt got to a garage and got a wrecker and they pulled the car in (through 4 to 5 feet of water near the Potter Place station) to a garage and got it dried out and came on up to my house as they found out

there was no road open to Concord. Dad slipped on the ice and fell on his back and I was afraid from the looks of him he had hurt him pretty bad. They had all been soaked. We ate dinner and Dad and the boys, to say nothing of Lois and yours truly (we want to be there when the fun takes place) started for North Wilmot via camp ground. We intended and fully thought we could only get to Wilmot Center where Dad was going to call out men to fix culverts and where we would leave Chan and he was going to try and get home on my snow shoes to take care of the cattle—Mother and Arlene being up there alone with the 2 kids. When they came down the water from John Gills to the culvert at the foot of Lucien Morrill's hill was 4 to 5 feet deep and when they turned the car down the South Danbury corner the current carried them right along by MacIntire's house. We got to Wilmot Center and kept on to find that the culvert at Morrill's has partially drained itself and we reached North Wilmot after going through quite a bit of water. We then of course found we had to get back so Curt turned around and brought us back and stayed overnight.

Friday, March 13th. We talked about the water and the awful rapidity with which the snow was disappearing. I had Faculty meeting that night and drove home alone from Andover..what fog.

Saturday, March 14th. Lois and I got to Concord but only in a roundabout way.. What water down there. All roads leading from the left of Concord main street were closed and the Page Belting factory was flooded.

Sunday, March 15th. We all got up home including Doris and had the birthday party for Mildred. Had a good day. Practically all the snow was gone but there were a few patches in the field so that I got some pictures of Mildred on her skis. I had been meaning to take some all winter but never had a film when I thought of them. (Note: 'Twas a good thing I got them last Sunday for now all we have is bare fields.)

Monday, March 16th. Nothing much happened. Work as usually and dreadfully rushed with term examinations.

Tuesday, March 17th. It started to rain in the night.

Wednesday, March 18th. It was raining when we came to work. We had loads to do Term Examinations began and plans for the banquet in Boston and the vacation kept us busy all day. The water started to rise so that at 5 o'clock the road was cut off to Franklin just below the Proctor Academy garage. The peak of the water over the road by Thursday in this place must have been 15 feet. News came that the bridge at Cilleyville was missing so that by night we could

not get home. Night found Lois and I here in a room in our boys dormitory—Janice and Bob in Franklin and Arlene and Clarence in Wilmot Flat with the rest of us up home. It continued to pour and the water began to flood our shop. At 11 o'clock on Wednesday we had to turn the heat off in Carey house at 8 o'clock that night we had to dump the fire in the boiler room and that left us without heat. About 11:30 we went down by Emerson's to the bridge over the railroad track here in Andover and the water and ice coming down the cut where the tracks are just as they were down the river, flooding and going right through the railroad station and on down into the river. What a sight and it still rained. At 12:30 the water had reached the light switch in our boiler plan so that the men had to go in to shut it off fearing it would short circuit the line and they found the motor charged with electricity. Perhaps you can recall the first set of rock steps that go to Cary from the School Building. They were submerged and the water went over the wall before morning as well as over the road so that we were isolated in Carey House from getting over to the office to work.

Thursday, March 19th. The morning found us absolutely isolated. No electricity for refrigeration, absolutely no way to get out of town, practically no gas for cars. In town, no Western Union and no communication with the outside. What a fix we were in. Vacation was due to start Friday and we had this banquet scheduled at the Hotel Commander in Cambridge for Friday night to which we had sold some 125 tickets. We went ahead and that afternoon the water subsided a bit on the road below the P. A. Garage—we had no heat and the buildings began to get cold. About 7 that night the water got down in that place so that Mr. Gulick and Mr. Dresser (one of the teachers) started out to see if they could find a road that we might get to Cambridge. Not having radios we had no idea of conditions outside (the current being gone). We were overjoyed to have them come back at 8 to say they managed to get through to Franklin and what a sight they found there. Mr. Dresser, Mr. Farrell and 3 of the older boys then started out to see how far they could get toward Cambridge. Mr. Burbank (another teacher) took Lois and I up to the Cilleyville bridge and we walked across on a plank to meet Clarence to get home to get some clothes and if possible get our Ford out so we could have it in case they found a way through. Mr. Dresser and Mr. Farrell made Portsmouth, N.H. At 2 A.M. In time to flag a milk train to Boston and put the 3 boys aboard to get word down to Boston that we were going to try and get through for the banquet. They returned to Andover arriving at 5:30 Friday A.M. Lois and I got home packed our clothes and went to bed.

Friday, March 20th. We were up early and by taking down a fence we got the Ford through around by West Andover so that I got down just as Mr. Gulick was leaving for Boston with the first load of boys. We needed another car and Bob had planned to go. We had not heard from Bob since Wednesday and report had it the bridge at Sulloway's was covered, dams were out and that there was 14 feet of water near Elliotts Garage. Mr. Dresser took my car and Lois and started out looking for Bob. She found Bob and Janice alive but what a sorry sight also greeted her. The water had come up to the window sills of the first floor of her house. The children's toys were ruined, perhaps her washing machine motor (we won't know until it is dried out) and plenty more damage. They discovered Bob in mud up to his knees working in the mill and he said he would be in Andover in an hour with his car. They came back to Andover and I started with my car—5 people in it and 8 suit cases to get to Cambridge via Portsmouth, What a ride it was. I got going about 11 and we went to Franklin, Laconia, Alton Bay, Rochester, Portsmouth and from there we had good going, no water down the Newburyport Turnpike to Cambridge arriving at 4:30 in the afternoon. I barely had time to change my clothes and start greeting the banquet people and selling tickets. The banquet began at 6:30—Bob, Lois and Arlene arrived with 3 boys at 6:20 having been delayed because one of the other carloads of boys was broken down on the road and she stayed to hire a car to get them through. Anyway we had a small banquet, 140 present, speaking and food excellent and a good time even if we were dead. We were the only New Hampshire school that got out of the flood district and started the vacation as scheduled. We had to do something as we had no heat at the school plant to keep the boys. I went up to my room in the hotel at 1 but simply couldn't get to sleep as it had begun to pour at 10:30 and I imagined all kinds of things as to the trip home. Lois and Bob left the banquet at 10:30 to drive back that night as Bob had to be to work at 7 the next morning. When they came over the drawbridge at Newburyport the police were watching it and I guess they were the last car about to get over it. Arlene stayed to come with me and I also brought back Gladys MacPhee.

Sunday, March 21st. I never saw it rain harder. I paid the hotel and we got going just as fast as we could. It was 10 of 11 then we started from Cambridge and we were told we couldn't possibly get through as there was 5 feet of water over the road in Newburyport with it rising all the time. We started, got there and found the road closed, were told to detour and we did. We came upon 2 bridges near Amesbury over the Merrimack we had to cross and when we went over you couldn't tell where the water ended and the bridge began. The bridge was lined with police. "Twas a weird day. Everywhere National guard out. Legion men serving as cops and what water and rain. We finally got to Portsmouth and I knew we had the worst to come. We made Rochester and between there and

Farmington we met our waterloos for a while, there was 300 feet of water over the road, but I got a truck to pull the car through and came on. In several places we went through water up to the running board with the road washed so you could barely get the car through and on and on we came arriving back in Andover at 7 that night. Was I tired – I got in 178 miles that way to get to Cambridge when the other way down the D,W, Highway it is no more than 100.

Sunday, March 22nd. I was determined to get up home. We found Curtis very sick with a raging fever the previous Sunday. Chad had been sick and Pa as a result of their wetting the Thursday before. Our last word from them had been on Wednesday when Chan said Mildred was coming down with the same thing Curt had. How relieved we were to find them, especially the children happy and well. Curt still looks pretty shaky—has developed ear trouble from it.

Sunday and Tuesday this week we have spent reading and looking at flooded areas. The New Canada road is gone entirely. The bridge at the foot of Pleasant Lake is out, completely twisted about, they say They have fixed it temporarily. The bridge in the flat washed but they have filled it in. The Camp Ground road is a mess and the new road up the mountain was closed for several days, but with all this Wilmot isn't as hard hit as a lot of places. The town of Webster only has one bridge left out of six. Franklin is a sight. Four houses and a barn were swept away on this side, horses and cows are hanging up in trees and everywhere it is that filthy mud. Lois and Bob tried to clean up some in their house Sunday.

I am enclosing some pictures and will send some papers (rather I'll have to send the pictures as I haven't them from the photographer as yet), The papers are being sent today. There was some question as to whether Sulloway Mills would open but guess they are going to. The damage there was terrific. The water there was terrific. The water was over 1-1/2 feet in their office so they lost their time cards and could not pay off last week. The water situation is bad as the filters were flooded and everyone is drinking boiled water or going without (the latter in my case as I hate boiled water). On down into Concord, Hooksett and Manchester the summering is even worse—no one can ever realize it unless you have seen the water at its height and after it has receded. It is beyond any conception. They thought 1927 was bad but this is worse only they have been most fortunate in the number of lives lost. Nearly everyone had warning enough to get out of houses, although Bob had to go out the shed window onto the garage roof and climb a bank in order to get out of his home. 10 minutes after they blew the alarm that the dam had broken. 1 hour after a dam broke in Ashland, N.H. (near Plymouth) the water was in Franklin.

That old house above Cilleyville bridge and the blacksmith shop below the bridge were swept away.

A bridge and several lengths of track were washed out in Danbury.

It will be 6 weeks and more than 3 months before we have a train through direct from Boston to Andover as our railroad bridge having gone in Hooksett, N.H. The Boston milk train is being sent from White River to Intervale and Dover and then down on the Portsmouth route to Boston. Some freight to get into Concord is coming from Boston up through Portsmouth clear to Woodsville and then down in a round about way to East Concord and that is as near to Concord as they can get over the Plymouth line.

We are getting mail now once each way, once a day, 11 A.M. southbound and 5 P. M. northbound.

For others who haven't other means of transportation by way of cars the B & M is running a bus which arrives from Boston at 8:05 in the morning and goes on up through and comes back at 4:39 in the afternoon and that is the only passenger service we have.

Huge trucks carrying all kinds of supplies and produce are going by every minute day and night. A ban was put on gasoline but it has been lifted.

The situation is really acute in places. We have enough to eat and are comfortable here.

Lois and Bob would like to move but they jumped the rents in Franklin twice and they couldn't find a place they could afford. Janice has to be out of school and Lois' house is posted and they can't live in it until it is dried out, cleaned and fumigated to the Board of Health's satisfaction. In some communities they are making wholesale inoculations but they haven't started that in Franklin as yet. From the odor of the stuff washed in, no wonder they get typhoid.