Dear Mother:

In response to your telegram, I am writing you. Evidently my other letter didn't get through as was way laid.

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

First 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 4½, 8 sedan.

[Paragraph cut off]

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 float along the sides and save the bridge from being completely
wiped away. We, about eight fellows and myself, worked about three hours unpinning the rocks from the tracks and putting them at the end of the bridge. You remember the bridge that I mean, the one we (we) 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 falling 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 hustling. They said that one of the college fellows went over with the bridge but I couldn't there were missing any from our bunch. No way of checking up though.

The fellows in the 'flat' 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 dung-stake
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 soon again. He said he was 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 rescue work. One of the fellows in the house has used up five roads trying to get to Bolton where the 21 workmen were drowned. He hasn't succeeded yet but's going to try again tomorrow.

Tonight we, the "frat," got a telephone call asking for 17 men to go up and recover the bodies of the workmen at Bolton and clean up the rubbish. They say it will take all day to even get the debris away from the house. They start out tomorrow at 6:30 A.M. Tomorrow is a holiday, Armistice Day. I thought I ought to do something so Bob Dowell and I offered to drive a truck for them. Guess where we're going tomorrow? We're going to take a Ford
truck to Waterbury to help a woman try and locate her two children and bring up some red cross stuff. Hands and I went over today to look the ground over in his Pickard Coat. 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 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 gullies, washed away, we went across fields, down gullies, washed away, we went across fields, down gullies. It was some exciting. Well, tomorrow it's Waterbury or bust. The woman is a good driver, and she says she'll do the driving and I'll get out and push where it's necessary. Really and I'll write and tell you about it in my next letter, Well there's some consolation! I'd rather be driving a truck to Waterbury than digging for corpses in Bolten. Phil is going to Bolten tomorrow. With love, as usual.