

price of sin. Most of the more well-to-do Cubans were cattlemen, who lived in the city with their legally-wedded wife, and had a querida (concubine) on every cattle ranch they owned. Of course, all children born to either a common-law wife or a concubine had to be recorded as illegitimate.

This breaking away from the Catholic Church left something of a religious vacuum, and many of the Protestant Churches took immediate steps to fill the vacuum. They established missions, and built both churches and schools. The Catholics did everything they could to hinder the Protestants, even to following them around and picking up the literature they left. In at least one case I knew of, they interfered in a funeral till the Baptist preacher had to leave the pulpit and go out to get a policeman to take the priest out of the church. When they found they couldn't keep the Protestants out, they reversed their tactics. They began putting in schools, themselves, and they were good schools, too. I became quite well acquainted with the Priest who was Professor of Chemistry and Physics at the San Francisco School in Camaguey. He invited me in to go through his laboratories, and I must say they were much better equipped than the ones where I studied.

Today, Cuba is counted a Protestant Country.

General Wood took a big hand in abolishing illegitimacy. He passed a law that all marriages must be recorded in the Civil Registry at a fee of only two dollars. He licensed all duly accredited ministers, whether Catholic or Protestant, to solemnize weddings. I knew one couple that was married under that law, who had been living together so long they had grandchildren who attended their wedding.

As further evidence of their inherent honesty, when I first went there I lived for eight months in a palm-leaf shack that could not be locked up. I had one of the only two wells in the entire neighborhood, so about half the people came there for water. On one occasion I was gone for an entire week. Yet in all the time I lived there, I never missed a single thing. Few places in the U. S. could show as good a record. As to getting along with them, I found most of them very easy to get along with if you treated them decently.

Chapter 21

FLORIDA, U. S. A.

Many times through life it is much easier to decide to do a thing than it is to do it. That is what I soon found out about going back to the U. S. When I went to Cuba no passport was required. Now, a war was on and passports were required. To get a passport you had to have a birth certificate. I was born away out on the plains of Kansas long before the Kansas authorities ever heard of such a thing as vital statistics. Father was living, but I couldn't get a birth certificate on his word alone. I had to have at least one more witness who could swear that I was born, and where and when. I wrote to Father to see if he could tell me the names of some of our old neighbors who might be living after thirty-nine years, and who could help me out.

He wrote back something I did not know before. The Quaker Church, ever since its beginning, has kept records of the births, deaths, and marriages of its members. He told me to write to the clerk of the Monthly Meeting at Friendship, Kansas. At the time of my birth, Friendship was only a Preparative Meeting—hence no records. But the clerk very obligingly contacted the clerk of the Timbered Hills Monthly Meeting where my parents had their membership when I was born. She, in turn, got me a certified copy of the record. Then I had to send the birth certificate to Washington, D. C., to get the passport. All very simple after I learned how; but, including the learning how, it took an awful lot of time and I didn't start to the States when I thought I was going to.

In the meantime, the question arose, "What part of the States are we going to?" Every part I knew anything about was in the cold, cold North. I remembered the intense pain of the inflammatory rheumatism with which I had suffered so much and from which I had now been free for fifteen years, and decided it must be in the South. But where? Through Dr. Mosley, head of the Baptist Missions in Cuba, I contacted a real estate man in Mississippi, who offered me what looked like a pretty good proposition.

At the same time, through a neighbor in La Gloria, I contacted B. L. Steen, a real estate man in West Palm Beach, Florida. He assured me that they had an osteopath there that was one of the best. Otherwise his real estate proposition didn't look as attractive as the one in Mississippi. After all, getting to a good osteopath was one of the main reasons for our going to the States at all. Considering the distances to the two places, it would be much cheaper to go to Florida. If we found we had made a mistake, then go on to Mississippi later, rather than to go to Mississippi; find out we had made a mistake and have to come back to Florida. We headed for Florida. They say that back-sight is always better than foresight. With thirty-nine years of back-sight, and in spite of some very tough breaks, I am quite sure we made the proper decision.

We went by way of Camaguey and spent a couple of days visiting. While there our ten-month-old baby, Robert, got quite cross and began running a little temperature. He was teething, so we blamed it on that. We had to get our passports visaed the day before sailing, so had to spend one night in Havana. Robert was no better. We spent a night in Key West by choice, so we could go over the oversea railroad in the daytime. It was awfully hot in Key West and Robert kept us awake most of the night. Mr. Steen had a furnished house waiting for us and met us at the train. Next door to our house was a doctor's sign and "Child Specialist". In the middle of the night, Robert's breathing became so difficult I took him to the doctor, and discovered the doctor was a lady. She said he had tonsillitis; rubbed his throat with something; gave him a dose of medicine and told me to get some camphor and rub his throat in the morning.

"Why not tonight?"

"Fine, if you can find a drug store open, but I doubt if you can." I went all over town and didn't find any.

We had already contacted our Osteopath, Dr. Freeman, though Birdie had not started her treatments. We were not satisfied with the child specialist's diagnosis, so took Robert to Dr. Freeman the next morning. He said, "You have a very sick baby. If you want an M. D., feel free to call one."

"We are strangers here. Who is a good one?"

"Doctors here have almost all gone to the army, and the only one who would work with me has gone into the army." I asked what he had and he said, frankly, that he didn't know, but it was something like membranous croup. When we left, he told us not to bring the baby back. He would call at the house, which he did again that afternoon and again after supper. When he came in at night he said, "There is a new doctor in town named Van Landingham. I don't know him, but I have made some inquiries about him and he is well recommended. Do you want me to get him?"

"I wish you would."

He had gotten the doctor's new telephone number; gave it to me; told me to go to his house and his wife would call for me. When Dr. Van Landingham came in, he asked Dr. Freeman what was the matter with the baby. "That's why I sent for you." They talked about symptoms a few minutes then Dr. Van Landingham turned to Birdie and asked for a spoon. He depressed the baby's tongue and looked down the baby's throat and I saw the color of his face change. I knew something was very wrong.

"What is the matter, Doctor?"

"Diphtheria, and I am afraid we are too late."

"Oh, Doctor, don't tell me that."

"I am going to do everything for your baby that I can, but these little bodies just don't stand much and, frankly, there is very little hope. I believe in telling the truth as I see it and don't try to build up hope when I know that but little, if any, exists." He went at once to the telegraph office and wired Jacksonville for some anti-toxin; then returned and worked with Robert some more.

The baby could breathe better when held upright, so Birdie and I spent the night alternately walking the floor with his head over our shoulders. The doctor met the train from Jacksonville and got his anti-toxin. He loaded his needle to inject the baby; then looked at him a few seconds and shook his head. "It's too late. He is too far gone. The pupils of his eyes are enlarging. I am not going to make him suffer the prick of the needle." He injected all the rest of us, then went to a nearby telephone and phoned the County Health Officer. He came and put us all in quarantine. Shortly after the doctor injected

me, I was watching the baby as he lay on the bed. He struggled to turn over on his stomach and get to his hands and knees. His voice was completely gone. He murmured in a whisper "Da Da" and looked at me so pleadingly as much as to say, "You have always helped me. Why don't you help me now?" And he rolled over dead.

Never in all my years have I had anything to tear me like that scene did. My own precious son, pleading for help, and me powerless to do a thing. The doctor had the undertaker come for the body and bury it. No funeral, and we were not even allowed to go to the cemetery. We are still wondering where he got the disease. He could not have got it before we left home, for we knew everybody, and no one had it. Did he get it along the way? If so, why didn't someone else get it? My guess is, and it is only a guess, that somewhere along the way we contacted it. He was the youngest and his system was weakened from teething, so the disease took hold while the rest of us were able to throw it off.

Jobwise I was lucky. The first day I was in town I wandered around looking for a job and saw a sign "Wills and Sons and McCarthy, Contractors for the Lake Worth Drainage District". I went up and interviewed them about a job. They didn't need any engineers right then, but would bear me in mind. Within about an hour after our quarantine was lifted, Jake Wagen, Assistant Engineer of the Lake Worth Drainage District, came to see me. The District needed an engineer, and the contractor had told him about me. He couldn't pay what I was used to getting, but I didn't expect that much in the States, and considered myself very lucky to get a job at all on such short notice, when I was a perfect stranger.

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Florida was ceded to the U. S. in 1819; organized as a territory in 1822 and admitted as a State in 1845. Its public land was promptly surveyed into sections and quarter-sections and opened up for homestead, just the same as the rest of the public domain. When homesteaders began to arrive, they soon learned that the Everglades and what is known as the Flat Woods were both far too wet for agricultural purposes. Between the two, they occupied a very large part of the state. I never learned whose idea it was, but

someone introduced a bill in the U. S. Congress to cede all the "Swamp and Overflow Land" in Florida to the state if she would drain it. Congress passed the bill. The State of Florida accepted it and went valiantly to work to drain the Everglades. Florida Legislators were not engineers, and I very much doubt if there was an engineer in the entire state with enough drainage experience to make anything like an estimate of what it would cost.

The State Legislature formed the Everglades Drainage District and sold millions of acres of land to speculators to get money for the drainage. With the sale went agreements that the State would drain the land. It turned out that the price they sold the land for would pay only a very small fraction of the cost of drainage. The drainage was started; the money ran out and the land remained undrained. The firm of Bryant and Greenwood bought a very large tract in Palm Beach County; divided it into five and ten acre tracts and sold it to "Suckers" all over the United States, Canada, and some parts of Europe.

I am not sure whether it was Bryant and Greenwood, the State of Florida, or someone else, but someone undertook to drain a portion of the Flat Woods over near the East Coast. They dug several drainage canals. All that land is almost pure sand; and they learned, to their sorrow, that when the water is drained out of it, it is worse off than when the water is in it. Nothing would grow. Their money had been worse than wasted.

Then someone got the essence of a good idea. If they would build dams with gates in them in their main canals, they could let the surplus water run out and hold enough to keep the plant roots moist. They spent several thousand dollars to build such a dam in the Boynton Canal, their main outlet canal. It was not properly designed and lasted just eight minutes after they turned the water against it. That dampened their spirits for some time.

The State Legislature passed a law authorizing landowners to form Drainage Districts; elect Trustees; float bonds to pay for construction works and levy taxes to pay off the bonds. A sufficient number of Bryant and Greenwood's victims got together and formed such a District under the name of The Lake Worth

Drainage District. It extended from West Palm Beach on the north to the Hillsboro River on the south—a distance of about forty miles—and from the Coastal Ridge on the east varying distances—six to ten miles west—and containing some hundred and fifty thousand acres. They elected trustees and hired Orin Randolph as Chief Engineer. Orin had read of the so called "floating dams" designed by the British, and used in the Aswan District in Egypt where there are no foundations and where soil conditions are much the same as here. Using what data on these dams he could get hold of, he designed a dam to be installed near where the other one had gone out—and there was where I came into the picture.

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They were just ready to start the construction of this dam and installed me as Resident Engineer to see that the contractor put it in according to plan. I had had no experience whatsoever with dams, drainage nor hydraulics but had had plenty of experience at installing almost anything according to plan. We had worked a week or so on preliminaries when the trustees got cold feet. There had been one catastrophe on the project and they could not afford another. They didn't trust Orin's dam. It is well they didn't. I didn't know it then, but I know now, that it would have gone out just as certainly as they put it in.

Somehow they contacted a German engineer named Teichman who had worked on the Aswan Project and paid him \$50.00 a day to come and design one. That was an enormous salary in those days but it turned out to be the best spent money on the whole project. All earth is porous and water seeps through it on what is called a hydraulic grade. The flatness or steepness of that grade, where the water has a free get-away at the lower end, is governed by the context and compactness of the earth it flows through. We had an earth dam in our canal to hold the water back so we could build the concrete one. The first thing Teichman did when he arrived was to take a tape line and level out to that dam and measure the distance—both horizontal and vertical—from where the surface of the water in the canal touched the dam to where it was seeping out on the downstream side of the dam. Those Aswan dams are called floating dams, because they are built so they will float like a battleship if you get enough water

around them. The water flows down along the sides of the structure on the above mentioned hydraulic grade. It is the designer's job to make the structure long enough, and load it down heavy enough, so that the water flowing down along the sides will not get high enough to float it.

Our Boynton Canal was the only outlet direct into Lake Worth. It had its origin in a canal running north and south on the west boundary line, and intersected three more north and south canals on its way east to Lake Worth. These four were called equalizing canals because they equalized the water level all over the District. They all four discharged, with water controls, into the Palm Beach Canal on the north and the Hillsboro River on the south. Over the entire District there were smaller east and west canals, called laterals, every half mile emptying into the equalizing canals.

While I waited for Teichman to design his big dam and several smaller ones for the equalizing canals, they gave me the first office job I ever had. I took a map of the District to the Recorder's office in West Palm Beach; looked up the name and address of every landowner in the District; then took that information to the Lake Worth office and wrote up a legal description of every piece of land we needed for right-of-way for our canals. When that was done, I went out in the Flat Woods and staked out laterals until they were ready to start building Teichman's dam. Then I resumed my job as Resident Engineer.

In the meantime, Randolph had resigned as Chief Engineer and Wagen had been named in his stead. When we got ready to build our side walls, Wagen wanted to put vertical pipes in the north wall down into the sand below so we could watch the rise of the water when we turned the water against the structure. Teichman insisted that it wasn't necessary, as he had designed it with an adequate margin of safety. Wagen insisted and the pipes went in, a few feet apart, the full length of the structure and eminently proved their worth, saving the District from another catastrophe. Teichman was a very able engineer, but his work had been entirely in desert country. He designed this dam on the same basis, overlooking the fact that here in Florida it rains.

When all was done, Wagen said, "I don't want to

turn the water against this dam all at once and if something goes wrong lose the whole thing before I can do anything about it, as they did before." So, instead of opening the gates and digging out the earth dam as they had done before, he had us close the gates and put a siphon over the earth dam so we could shut off the flow at any time; and raise the water gradually. He had me read all the pipes every hour.

It just so happened that there had been several big rains shortly before we started our test and the water table over the whole neighborhood was very high. This water coming in from the sides, added to the natural hydraulic grade, raised the water around our dam to the danger point long before the pond above the gates reached its maximum level. When the water in the pipes indicated that the danger point was near, I stopped the siphon and phoned Wagen. He came down; looked things over; checked my readings and computations; then took things under advisement for a few days to decide what to do next. He finally had the carpenters put a wooden bulkhead across the lower end of the pan. We loaded the thing down with water and started our siphon again. This time we filled the pool as full as the siphon would fill it and read our pipes so we could determine the weight we would have to add to the structure to keep it from floating away when we let the water out. We extended the walls between the gates clear down over the pan; put a concrete slab over them and loaded it down with sand. It has now been in operation for 38 years and is still functioning perfectly. (It was dismantled before my return to Florida in 1967. GLW) That was the first one of that type ever built in the U. S., but we built several of them a few years later on the All American Canal project in the Imperial Valley, California.

In Cuba, we did all our local traveling on horseback. When we got to West Palm Beach there wasn't but one horse in the whole town and he worked on the ice wagon. A few people had automobiles, but by far the greater part rode bicycles. One of our neighbors said that West Palm Beach was the bicycle-ridingest town in the whole United States. Maybe he took in too much territory, but anyone watching the parade going to work in the morning, or returning in the evening, would not have thought so.

My young horseback riders all wanted bicycles right now. The first day I was out of quarantine, I went to town on an errand. Naturally, being in a strange place and having been cooped up for nine days, all four of them had to go along. I stopped at a bicycle shop and bought a second-hand lady's wheel. I led it home and immediately Elizabeth and Gordon both wanted to ride. To prevent quarreling, I told them they could take turns—a half hour each. Whichever one was riding, the other sat and watched the clock to make sure the rider didn't ride too long. I had to get up at four the next morning to go to my new job. That night Gordon begged me to call him when I got up next morning, so he could get an early start riding. I was gone the rest of the week, and when I came home Saturday evening, I met all four of them coming down the street on the wheel. I don't know how they ever got mounted, but Vera was riding on the handle bar, Elizabeth was standing up on the pedals furnishing the motor power, Gordon was sitting on the saddle, and Kenneth was astride the fender. I thought that was quick learning.

When I left Cuba, it had not yet recovered from the Chambelona and I couldn't sell my cane-plantation at any price. On account of the continued European war and the high price of sugar, it made a pretty quick comeback; and, in just about a year, I sold it to Bodley Anderson, my brother-in-law's brother. Then I took stock and figured up to see how I had fared financially. I went to Cuba alone and had nothing but the \$400 I had invested in land and enough cash to get me there. In fifteen years of hard work, I had acquired a wife and five children, and had added \$2,200 to my original \$400. Had I sold before the Chambelona, I would have received several thousand dollars more. Had I waited fourteen months longer to sell, I probably could not have sold at any price, as I will explain later. So, I think I was lucky to get out so nearly at the psychological moment as I did. I invested it all in the down payment on an \$8,000 home. The house was big enough so we rented rooms to tourists in winter to help make the payments.

While working with the Lake Worth Drainage District, I went before the State Board of Engineering Examiners and got my license to practice Professional Engineering in the State of Florida.

After the big Control was built, we built a smaller one farther up the same canal. I worked all over the District, staking laterals; cross-sectioning bigger canals; taking up the estimates behind the digging machines—in short, doing whatever needed doing any place—till late June, 1920.

Then I got another letter from Ames, in Cuba. That was during the time of what the Cubans later called "The Dance of the Millions". He had another sugar mill to build and offered me \$350.00 a month and all expenses if I would return to Cuba as Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Construction. That was a bigger salary than I had ever had; and, as it turned out later, it was the biggest salary I ever did have. It was entirely too big to turn down. I cabled acceptance; turned in my resignation; and left for Cuba just as soon as I could close up my work and get a passport. I left the family at home.

This new mill was for Francisco Sola, one of Cuba's new millionaires, and was located on our new railroad only about five miles from La Gloria, where we last lived. Naturally, the mill also called for a town and both were named Sola for the owner. I met Ames in Camaguey. He went with me over to the job and introduced me to Don Leopoldo Diaz, Manager of the whole plantation. The three of us looked over the ground and picked out a mill-site, then Ames returned to Havana and I was on my own.

Next day, Diaz took me to a big outcropping of limestone on the place, and out over the plantation and showed me more or less where he would need railroads to haul his cane. About the first thing needed for the construction of a sugar mill, is crushed rock for the foundations. Sola had already bought a rock crusher and Diaz had shown me the rock. So my very first job was to locate and build a railroad, connecting the North Coast Railroad with both the mill-site and the rock-quarry, and set up the crusher and get to crushing rock. While the laborers built these railroads, I located the roads to the cane-fields and put men to building them.

It was during this time that I had the most peculiar close call I ever had. Before I went there, Sola had put a well driller to drilling a well—to get water for the rock crusher—in the same ledge of rock where we opened our quarry. Not very far from

it was a sinkhole where all the rain water for considerable distance around went underground. It dropped seventy-five feet straight down, then turned to one side. We were only about seven or eight miles from the sea; and, while I didn't have any levels, it didn't look like we were very much above sea level. When our driller had drilled two hundred feet in solid rock and found no water, I thought he must be about to sea level—if not below—and just had not hit any water-bearing cracks, and maybe I could do something about it. Though the water turned off at seventy-five feet, if I followed it a little way it would probably turn down again soon, and at or before sea level I would find a permanent pool of water. By a little engineering, we could move the drill over this pool and be sure of a permanent supply of water.

With no thought of possible bad air, I stuck a flashlight in my pocket; threw a strong pole across the top of the sinkhole and started lowering myself into it. I had quite a long rope, and it never occurred to me to measure the depth of the well and the length of the rope. It is lucky I didn't, for if I had, I would undoubtedly have tied on more rope. When I was something like half-way down one of the men said, "Look out. I am going to throw the end of the rope down." When he did I saw that no more than about three feet lay on the bottom, which showed me I hadn't enough rope.

I started climbing out and suddenly became very weak. I succeeded in getting out, but getting so weak made me suspicious that there might be bad air down there. I lit a palm leaf and threw it down. The blaze went out long before it hit the bottom. Then I got a torch and let it down on a rope. It, too, went out.

Next day I got a blacksmith's bellows and blew air down in the hole all day. Late in the afternoon I was able to let a torch down without its going out. Instead of taking chances, I got a block and tackle and tied myself into it so that if anything happened to me the boys could pull me out. At the bottom I found that it was not just a turn, but this hole opened into a natural tunnel, showing that water also came from other sinkholes. When I tried to explore, and got more than about ten feet from the air pipe, I couldn't breathe, showing the presence of very bad

air. I decided that my life was worth more to me than Sola's water was. I was barely able to get out of that hole when half way down. Had I gone to the bottom, there was no way on earth I could ever have come out alive. Any attempt to send someone else down to help me would have multiplied the tragedy. There is always something to be thankful for. This time it was a short rope. I fixed up a tank car and we hauled water for the crusher from the well at the batey.

I got things going with a full head of steam. Had my railroads to the mill-site and rock crusher completed, and others under construction. Had my rock crusher running and several cars of crushed rock at the mill. Most of the steel for the building was on the ground; the mill was staked out and most of the excavation for the foundations was done when Diaz got a telegram from Sola and passed it on to me. "Close down all work except the rock crusher and maintenance crews until further orders."

Sola came out a few days later and explained what it was all about. Many banks had loaned speculators as much as seventeen cents a pound on sugar. The price of sugar had now gone below seventeen cents and these banks were in a jam. President Menocal had issued a decree closing all banks on the Island, temporarily—as he said—to give them a chance to put their finances in order. He said he closed all banks so the strong ones would not have a chance to take advantage of the weak ones. I don't know what kind of reasoning he used to figure that a bank could adjust its finances in any way when it was closed tight and could neither receive nor pay out any money. Sola said he had a lot of money in the bank, but he couldn't get it out while the bank was closed. He was quite sure things would be straightened out in two or three months so he could go ahead. He told me to just sit tight and do what I could find to do till things loosened up. My salary would go right on.

The banks could not open in two months—nor in four. When the President finally gave them permission to open, the Royal Bank of Canada and the National City Bank of New York were the only banks on the whole island that could open. All the rest, including the one where Sola had his money, were flat broke. The one little out that Sola had was, that inasmuch as

sugar mills use a lot of lumber for houses, etc., he had bought a whole schooner load in the U. S. and paid for it. It came after the Moratorium was on. It gave me work for a while, checking it. Since he couldn't use his lumber now and needed money, a little at a time he sold it to people who needed the lumber and could pay cash for it. Thus, he was able to keep his cane-fields clean and his maintenance work up.

In the meantime, the conditions in the country suddenly became appalling, particularly, among the laboring class. The country Cubans had largely quit planting vegetables and gone to the sugar mills to work to get money to buy store groceries. Fortunately, platinos, yuca, yams and sweet potatoes are long-time crops and are not usually exhausted overnight. Then, too, some of them had a few pigs, a few chickens, a cow or two, or a few hives of bees. The Cubans are good to share. Those who had, shared with those who had not and all jumped in and planted foodstuffs. Although they were hard up for a little while, they soon had plenty to eat, but were really hard put to it for enough clothes to hide their nakedness.

It was different with the foreigners, of whom there were thousands. Their situation was really desperate. They had no relatives, no friends, and no place to go. Cuba had imported laborers from all over the world. They had been working for high wages ever since their arrival. The work was suddenly stopped and any money they had coming to them was paid to them by checks on closed banks. If they had put any money in the bank from previous wages, they couldn't touch it. When all work was stopped, everybody suddenly wanted to go somewhere.

The railroads in Cuba had very few ticket offices. The Ticket Agents rode the trains. With all work stopped, these people, naturally, went to the trains and got on. When the Ticket Agent came along they presented their checks—many of them big ones—hoping to get them cashed. The Ticket Agent had no choice but to stop the train, and have the Rural Guards eject all who did not have cash to pay their fares. The train men soon got wise and locked all doors except those they had Rural Guards to cover. Then everyone who sought to get on had to show cash for his fare before he was allowed to do so. The ejected ones had no choice but to start walking.

They would walk to a restaurant, order a meal and after they had eaten, pull out a big check to pay for it. The restaurant men, also, got wise. When a man ordered a meal he had to show enough money to pay for it or he was promptly shoved into the street. After all, people must eat. Stores, restaurants, and even private houses were broken into nightly; and, if there was even a suspicion that a man had any money, he was promptly murdered. Things stolen were usually food, money, liquor and cigarettes and a man rarely took more than he could consume or put in his pocket. By morning he was miles away, and the country was full of transients.

You just can't arrest everybody, so very few of either burglaries or murders were ever solved. Many of these men had big checks and quite sizable bank accounts, yet were desperately hungry. Lucky were those who had sent their money home. They, at least, had something to go to if they could only get where it was. When the men finally accepted the condition they were up against, they began flocking to their country's nearest Consulate and the Consuls sent them home. All outgoing steamers were loaded, and the Consul paid board and room for those who could not get passage until they could. The trouble for those far inland was to get to the Consulate. It was a very long walk—with nothing to eat for many of them.

This Moratorium is the reason I could not have sold my farm at all had I held it fourteen months longer. You couldn't sell anything.

Early in May, Sola threw in the sponge. His bank was completely sunk with his money in it. So it would be impossible to build his sugar mill. He managed to get me money enough to pay my way home, but lacked a lot of being able to pay all my back salary. He wrote down my States address and told me he would pay me just as soon as he could. It was two full years before I heard from him. I had written the account off as lost, when I got a letter from him stating that he was paying out everything at seventy-five cents on the dollar and that if I would send him a receipt in full he would send me a check. Things were pretty tough in the States by that time and the money sure came in handy. Besides—although I had stayed at his request—I hadn't been able to earn nearly that much.

Growing cane in Cuba was no longer profitable, but that two cents a pound duty made it profitable in the southern part of the U. S.; and a little experimenting showed that the part of the Everglades which had been drained would grow cane very prolifically. A brother of the Bryant of Bryant and Greenwood who sold so much land in southern Florida and a Mr. Rostan of Lake Worth got a few friends together and decided to go into the sugar business. They incorporated under the name "The Florida Sugar and Cane Products Corp." and proceeded to sell stock in their Company with quite a little success. They bought a "pocket-sized edition" of a sugar mill in Louisiana and prepared to ship it to Canal Point, Florida, and install it there. I got back from Cuba just in time to get the job of installing it for them, but couldn't talk them into paying me but about half as much as I was getting in Cuba. A half-loaf is better than no loaf at all. Just at that time, loaves were very scarce, and I had no loaf at all. I accepted. The Everglades is all peat (or muck) land and no foundation for anything.

I went with Bryant and Rostan by speedboat up the Palm Beach Canal to Canal Point to look the ground over and decide where to build. About two miles downstream, southeast of Canal Point, the excavation of the canal showed a limestone ledge only about four feet below the surface of the ground. When we saw that, we decided right then and there that that was the place for our mill. It was the highest known foundation and right on the canal bank. We could bring in our mill, construction material and cane by barge. The closest railroad was forty miles away. My first job was to get scrapers and strip the muck off of the mill-site down to this rock. I found that it was a kind of rotten coral with many big holes in it; and, while it was much firmer than muck and would support the building all right, I was afraid it would not support the mill foundations. There was a well drilling machine in the neighborhood that wasn't working. I sent out to the woods and got a lot of piles; borrowed this machine; drilled holes the depth of the length of my piles and dropped my piles in. This reinforcement was just under the mills, not under the building.

I had all my piles set; had a lot of construction

material on the ground and was pouring the mill foundation when the treasurer of the Company called me aside one morning. He said that it seemed like all the unpleasant things were handed to him to do. Then he told me the bad news. The heaviest stockholder in the Company had just retired and had come to Florida to spend the winter. He wanted something to do, so had volunteered to take over the construction of the mill—gratis—and save my salary. So he was paying me two weeks salary in advance in lieu of two weeks notice, and I could consider my services as no longer required. That was a jar. The man had made his money by inventing, building, and operating coal washers in the north. He was amply competent to do the job; and, being the biggest stockholder, he was saving his own money as well as that of the other stockholders. It was a mighty fine thing for the Company, for they didn't have any too much money anyhow, but it sure hit me hard. I hadn't the slightest idea where to look for another job.

The Everglades was being drained. A few thousand acres right near the lake was dry enough to farm and some of it had been farmed in vegetables for the last three or four years. Some of these farmers had made big money, considering the small size of their farms and the amount of money invested. I decided to try farming. I rented some land and planted ten acres of beans. It didn't rain. My land was high and dry, so when my beans were ready to harvest they were short and inferior. I scarcely got enough out of them to pay expenses. I had already paid the rent for the season on that land so planted it in tomatoes. Since that land was high and dry, I decided to split my gamble, and rented some lower, wet land. I planted more tomatoes and an acre of cabbage. It was a very dry year and the water was the lowest in Lake Okeechobee it had been since they started keeping records. It was so low it hampered navigation and the War Department sent a man down there to see that all spillways out of the lake were kept closed and that the gates were opened just long enough for the passage of boats. The man did his duty all right, but he just couldn't stop evaporation, and the lake went down to the lowest level in history—up to that time.

My highland tomatoes just about dried up and

didn't pay expenses. My lowland tomatoes were fine, but the price was low. I never saw finer cabbage anywhere. When it was ready to ship, I wrote to the Commission house about shipping, and they wrote me that cabbage was still coming in from farther north. Just hold till that got out of the way. They would advise me when to ship.

When I got word to ship, I made arrangements with a sternwheel steamboat to come to get it on a certain day and haul it to Okeechobee City. I bought hampers; hired men to cut and pack it and a wagon to haul it to the beach. There was no communication and the boat didn't come. I camped right there on the beach with my cabbage for forty-eight hours before the boat finally came. It had broken down out in the middle of the lake and it had taken them that long to get it repaired. With two days out in that boiling sun, my cabbage was pretty well wilted but I shipped it anyhow, hoping to get something out of it. I did. After paying freight and commission, I got a check for just nine dollars, which didn't pay for the hampers I shipped it in—to say nothing of the labor of cutting and hauling it, land rent, and a whole season's work tending it. I let the rest of it rot in the field. My lowland tomatoes just about paid the losses on my highland tomatoes and my cabbage. A whole season of hard work and my board while doing it were gone down the drain.

As the land was being drained, new land was being cleared. It had been a long time since the Government survey. Many of the corners were lost. Many subdivisions had been made on paper but never put on the ground. Many people had a little surveying they wanted done, but getting a surveyor from West Palm Beach was such an expensive proposition for a small job, that they hadn't had it done. I got me a set of instruments and found enough work to keep me busy till I was rained out in the late summer.

Among my jobs was laying out the first subdivision in the town of Pahokee. When school was out that spring, my oldest son, Gordon, wanted to come out and be with me. Intelligent labor was very hard to get. I got the idea of teaching him to pull the head chain and I would have a head chainman, at least in the summertime. I was mistaken. Pulling the head chain is entirely too much like work for a twelve-year-old

boy, at least for that particular twelve-year-old boy. Then I got a better idea. I was staking out the Pahokee sub-division, and my transit had telescope legs. I set a foresight; shortened the transit legs to Gordon's height; set the instrument up for him; showed him how to keep the telescope in focus and centered on the foresight, then I took the head chain. That was different. He was directing the whole show and watching the rest of us do the work. We went places that way. Not many days afterward he said, "Daddy, I know now what I am going to be when I grow up. An engineer. I want to go places and see things."

"All right, son, if that is the way you want it, but you have chosen a hard road."

"Well, I like it."

* * * * *

He had some pretty hard breaks, but never lost sight of his goal. He graduated from college in 1932, right at the height of the Depression. I was working on Hoover Dam and got him a job there. He went on from there on his own. His next job was on the Coast and Geodetic Survey. He went into the Denver office of the Bureau of Reclamation for two or three years and they sent him out to California in charge of aggregate production on Shasta Dam. When we got into World War II, the Powers that be decided that TVA was more essential to the war effort than Shasta, so he was shifted over there. Next he got a job in Brazil, where he spent seven and a half years. He returned to the States to educate his children and got a job with a company of consulting engineers in Chicago who do jobs all over the world. They sent him for consulting missions to three or four countries in Central America, then to Teheran, Iran, on a dam-building job. Now at this writing in 1957, he is Construction Engineer on a dam near the ancient city of Bagdad, in Iraq.

* * * * *

The year I was in the Everglades (1922) was a year of extremes. The water sank to the lowest level in history. When it began to rain, it never stopped till the lake overflowed the whole country—just as it did before drainage began. I stayed out there till the water got too deep to get around and find corners. Seeing the extremes, I said when I left that I would

never again attempt farming in the Everglades until I had water control in both directions.

Very soon after that the farmers around Belle Glade formed the Belle Glade Conservancy District; built dikes all around it and installed big two-way pumps. The same pumps that pump the water out of the fields when it is too wet, when reversed will pump the water out of the canal back into the fields. By far the larger part, if not all, the agricultural land in the Everglades is now under two way pumps. It is by far the most fertile land in Florida; and, because of its proximity to the warm water in Lake Okeechobee, it has become the Winter Food Basket of the whole eastern part of the United States and eastern Canada.

My next job was at Hialeah where the horses and dogs run. Glen H. Curtis of aviation fame and a man named Bright were owners and promoters and Daniel Clune was Chief Engineer. Clune was a fine man to work for. I rarely saw either Curtis or Bright, but my job there—as a whole—was more peeve than pleasure. In the first place, there was no one boarding at my boarding house but a bunch of dog chauffeurs—or would "dog nurses" be a better term? Every morning you would see them out leading about ten dogs each on leashes, giving them their morning walk. Their business was to train those dogs to chase an electric rabbit. Generally speaking, the dogs couldn't catch the rabbit, but the juice went off one day while I was there and the dogs tore that electric rabbit to shreds in just about nothing flat.

When the dogs never get to catch a rabbit, they get discouraged and quit trying their hardest. So they had jack rabbits trapped in the West and shipped in. Every few days they would take one out and turn him loose for the dogs to race after. They would let the dogs tear him to pieces when they caught him to give them encouragement. My whole being revolts at such cruelty in the name of sport. How much have these people advanced in humanitarian lines since the days of ancient Rome? All these men could talk about was their dogs, and why this dog or that had not won a certain race. In all the time I was there I can't recall a single conversation that wasn't about the dogs or the races. Aside from the cruelty of the training process, I can't think of an occupation of less benefit to the human race than training dogs to

chase electric rabbits.

My other peeve was the kind of engineering we were doing. In my engineering course, we were taught that an engineer was a man with good common horse-sense and enough technical knowledge to back it up. Who could do efficiently and economically what any ordinary man could do—after a fashion—if you gave him enough time and money. In mountainous or heavy rolling country, it is necessary to crook streets around more or less with the contours of the land. In flat country, there has never been a system of street design as economically constructed nor as efficiently operated as the checker-board pattern.

Here Curtis and Bright had hired a city planner to design a practical city. This was perfectly flat country; and, instead of laying out his streets checker-board fashion and devoting his time and energy to locating schools, churches, parks, residential areas, business sections and manufacturing zones in strategic locations, he had taken French curves and bent his streets around in all kinds of fantastic designs—as he said—to make a beautiful lay-out. That is, they were beautiful on paper. French curves have no mathematical formula, hence there is no basis by which an engineer can put them on the ground. It took all of Clune's time in the office, with scale and compass, reducing the French curves to mathematical curves so I could put them on the ground. The stakes had to be close together and each one lined in with the transit to show the exact location of the curve and where one curve ended and another began. Then all construction forms had to be flexible enough to bend around the curves. Even then they couldn't be made to fit. The pressure of bending was so great that but few of them lasted for more than two or three settings.

The engineering was costing several times what it should have cost; the construction much more than it should have and we were foisting on the neighborhood a headache it would have from here on out. If you don't believe it, just go into a strange town with beautifully curved and inter-twining streets and try to find a given address in the night. Yes, I know they are beautiful on paper, but I have always been much more utilitarian than artistic. Give me the checker-board city with the streets running in

one direction, the avenues in the other, and both either named or numbered in some kind of sequence.

My next job was for H. S. Kelsey and his East Coast Finance Company. As a young man, Kelsey started in the restaurant business and made more than a million at it in a very few years. He came to Florida on a vacation; liked both the country and the climate; so bought a lot of land. He incorporated under the name "East Coast Finance Corporation"; hired a famous city planner to design a city for him; named it "Kelsey City" for himself and set out to develop both the city and his other land. He wanted several sections of his other land surveyed and I got the job. One day, in conversation with Gordon Ware, one of Kelsey's salesmen, I was telling some of my experiences in Cuba and mentioned Ames. He said, "Why, I have met him."

"Well, I worked for him off and on for several years, and have a fine letter of recommendation from him."

"Would you mind letting me read it?"

"Not at all. I will bring it out tomorrow."

After he read it, he said, "That's a very nice letter. Do you mind if I show it to Mr. Kelsey?"

"Not at all."

A few days later, Kelsey waited for me to come from work and told me he was going to be doing a lot of construction work there. He could use a man with the qualifications Ames had mentioned I had. Right then and there, he offered me the combined job of Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Construction. I hadn't anything else in sight, so I, as promptly, accepted it. Along with his land, he had bought a big beautiful house fronting on Lake Worth. A few days later he invited me to move into that so I would be on the job.

There were several small houses scattered around over his land. He didn't think they would look very well next to the nice houses he hoped his patrons would build. Every town in the South has its Negro Quarters. The first job Kelsey assigned me was to lay out a Negro Quarters just southwest of his white town; assemble the necessary equipment and move all those houses there to sell to Negroes. I must say those houses, at a reasonable price and on easy terms, sold much faster than the lots in the white part of town.

With my house-moving and other activities, I

didn't have much time for running survey instruments, so hired Harlan Kimball as my assistant. He had been two years a Lieutenant in the Philippine Constabulary, then for a time in Ceylon with an oil company. He had just returned home and was looking for a job. He was not a full-fledged engineer, but could run the instruments. He was a splendid draftsman, which I was not, so we made a very good team. For the most part, he ran the survey crew and did the drafting and I did the computing and supervising.

The town had been laid out and every lot staked before I went there, but that is flat country and the city had a few ponds in it. Kelsey told me that storm sewers cost a lot of money and asked me if we could drain the streets without them. I dug one open ditch from Lake Worth to the biggest pond, which I figured could be tiled later, then laid street grades that by just a little grading would drain the whole town into this ditch and Lake Worth. One day Kelsey told me he was having the town incorporated and was putting me down as Commissioner of Public Works. I was elected to succeed myself two years later, and held the office as long as I lived in the town. Naturally, I resigned when I moved away.

Kelsey's sales didn't go as rapidly as he hoped. We had to slow down our street and sidewalk work. We kept going—but at a snail's pace. Finally, business picked up a little and we were increasing our work. One day Madam Wesley, one of Kelsey's sales agents, called me aside and told me that Kenyon Riddle, a newly arrived engineer in West Palm Beach, was doing every underhanded thing in the book to undermine me and get my job. She said she would hate very much to see that happen and thought I should be warned. I thanked her both for her interest and her warning and watched my step.

Riddle had been City Manager somewhere in the West. I never learned why he left—probably fired. Not many days after the warning, the City Commission got a letter from Kelsey. He said it would give Kelsey City more prestige to have a City Manager. Kenyon Riddle, an experienced City Manager, had kindly volunteered to accept the post without salary. Since it would cost the city nothing, would the Commissioners please elect him. Thanks to Madam Wesley, I saw the "fly in the ointment" and told the other two commis-

sioners what she had told me, and that I was opposed to it. S. J. Blakely, City Clerk, suggested that we might give him the Chair, then make it so hot he couldn't sit down in it. I felt like my job would be a whole lot more secure if he didn't get his hands on the Chair, so got the others to vote with me and we turned the proposition down unanimously.

Kelsey didn't like it very well. We were all three employees of his. He may have thought we were a bunch of ingrates, but we were also City Commissioners, elected by the people and we were doing our duty as we saw it. I never learned if either of the others ever told him it was I who blocked the deal or not.

Sometime later, he called me aside one evening and said, "Mr. Williams, I want you to meet Mr. Steed. We are going to increase our work here now, and I haven't been wholly satisfied with your supervision, so have hired Mr. Steed as Superintendent of Construction. Everybody here speaks well of you and your family; and, if you care to stay as Chief Engineer you may, but Steed will be Superintendent of Construction."

I had about seven children by that time and jobs were very scarce. I had no choice but to stay and was glad for the chance even though I was sure there would be trouble. It was Riddle who had recommended Steed and got Kelsey to hire him. Since Riddle had got half of my job for Steed, it was now up to Steed to get the other half for Riddle, and—believe me—he went to work to get it. He made annoyances and threw in road blocks everywhere.

One morning I was working in the office when a messenger came in and told me that the horses and scrapers were all over in a certain part of town to go to grading and there wasn't a grade stake for them to work to. I immediately got hold of Kimball and his crew and we all went over and put in some stakes. You don't put in grade stakes in nothing flat, so the whole grading outfit lost about half of the forenoon. That evening Kelsey came up to the office where I was working and he was not in a sociable mood at all. "The whole grading crew lost more than half of the forenoon this morning because they had no grade stakes. If you can't keep grade stakes in for them, I will get an engineer from downtown who can."

"Mr. Kelsey, there are plenty of grade stakes in

over in the part of town where they have been working and nobody told me they were going to jump clear across town. If you will take it upon yourself to tell me where they are going to work twenty-four hours in advance, they will have plenty of stakes."

As time went on, things got pretty rough. One day, quite by accident, I met Clune, who had been my Chief at Hialeah. I told him my troubles and asked him if he couldn't give me a job. He studied for a little while, then said, "I can give you work for a little while but it would only be temporary. My advice to you is to stick right where you are."

"There are two of them fighting me and I don't think I can stick."

"Put up a fight; and, if you have to go down, go down fighting. I had a situation somewhat like yours some time ago and a friend of mine gave me exactly the advice I am giving you. I put up a real fight and I have a good job now. Stick to it. You will make it."

Things were pretty rough for a while, and I was taking Clune's advice—sticking and fighting. One Sunday evening Gordon and I were out milking the two cows I kept and Kelsey came out there. He seemed in a much better mood than he had been the last few times I had seen him. He went up to Gordon and said, "Let me milk. It has been a long time since I have milked a cow." He sat down and went to milking; talked a little while on general topics; then said, "You may take full charge again in the morning. Steed isn't with us any longer and you may put yourself down for a fifteen dollar a week raise in pay." I continued to work for him in one capacity or another until the bursting of the Florida Boom put him out of business. When I went West, he gave me a very fine letter of recommendation to take along.

Before I was demoted, I had my concrete finisher acting as foreman of the whole outfit. Steed promptly put his son in as concrete foreman, over my man, and paid him a big salary even though he didn't know half as much about concrete as my man. He also fired one of my truck drivers and replaced him with a man from his own town. Among the first things I did next morning after Kelsey gave me the go ahead, was to go to the concrete mixer to tell young Steed that his services were no longer required and to tell the concrete finisher to resume command of the outfit. Then I went

to where the trucks were loading. I told Steed's truck driver that I knew Steed had put him there; that Steed was no longer with us; but the man the driver had replaced had another job. I needed a truck driver, so if he cared to stay and would do honest work, he might stay. He said he would be only too glad to stay.

Sometime later I was meeting him in the road and he stopped his truck to talk to me. He asked me what I knew about Steed. I told him what little I knew and asked why he asked. "I haven't been married very long. My wife worked for him before we were married. When he got this job here, he offered me a job. I didn't know it at the time, but he did it to get her down here. Now he is trying to break us up. I sent you word the other morning that I was sick and couldn't come to work. I wasn't sick. Steed had arranged to take my wife with him to Miami and I stayed at home to see that she didn't go. He really has me worried."

The Ku Klux Klan was very active in Florida at that time, and was doing a good job of reducing both bootlegging and moonshining. I thought they might help in this situation if given a chance. I knew that both Kimball and Dart, my timekeeper, were members for they had been putting pressure on me to join. I, also, knew that neither of them had any love for Steed and would just delight in having an excuse to really do something to him. Without making any explanation, I said, "My assistants and I eat our lunches in the office. You come up there at noon today and tell me what you have told now just as if you were telling me for the first time. I am not promising anything but suspect something might happen that would help you." He did as I suggested and a few days later he stopped his truck to tell me something must have happened. "My wife met Steed on the sidewalk yesterday and he looked the other way. Didn't speak to her nor even act like he saw her."

Kimball took great delight in telling me all about it. He reported the affair to headquarters and they wrote Steed a typed letter telling him what they knew and telling him to desist. In the meantime, they kept an eye on Steed. He didn't desist. On the contrary, he met the lady on the street and read her the letter and laughed about it. Next day he met the head of the local Klan, a man weighing about two hundred

and fifty pounds and well built. The Klansman asked if his name was Steed. When told that it was, he asked if he had received a letter from the Ku Klux Klan.

"I got a letter that purported to be from them. I know where it is from and who wrote it. It doesn't scare me one bit."

"Well, I am the head of the local Klan. You are being watched. If you have any regard for your health or any doubts about the authenticity of that letter, just continue your present course. Good day."

Steed gave them no more trouble. The last time I saw the truck driver he was a successful automobile salesman. He and his wife were very happy and had a new baby.

After I had been with Kelsey about a year and a half, I got a chance to trade my house in West Palm Beach for a dairy farm at Monet, about three miles north of Kelsey City. There were only forty acres of the farm but there were two or three hundred acres more fenced in that I could pasture rent free. It had a fair two-story house, two tenant houses, and a dairy barn plus sixty head of milk cows that went with the deal. It was close enough to Kelsey City that by hiring a dairy foreman I could live at the farm; do my supervising night and morning; and still hold my job down at Kelsey City.

The year 1924 has gone down in Florida history as the wettest year since the development of South Florida began. That was, also, one of the peak years of the Florida Boom. People were flocking into South Florida, literally, by the thousands. There was only one sixteen-foot road leading into southeastern Florida and no way to go across the state south of Melbourne. I was just getting my new dairy well started when the weatherman began making me trouble and he followed up by making trouble for all of southeastern Florida. My dairy and home were on an east-west, dirt road about a quarter of a mile east of the Dixie Highway. There was some very low land between the farm and the highway which became impassable very soon after it began to rain. A very little investigation convinced me that that had happened before. There was a gate into the pasture just west of the house and another out of the pasture into the highway about a quarter of a

mile north of our road with a winding car trail on the high ground between the two.

Originally, there was a sawgrass swamp of a few thousand acres between Monet, where my farm was, and the present site of Kelsey City where I worked. The swamp collected the rainfall of many thousands of acres of what is known as Flat Woods, which lay to the west. There is a ridge all around the west side of Lake Worth and on up the ocean front to the Jupiter Inlet. So the swamp swung around in a wide arc to the northeast and slowly emptied its water into the Loxahatchee River, just west of the Jupiter Inlet. The Inlet is some twelve or fourteen miles north of Kelsey City. For the Florida East Coast Canal, the engineers were looking for low ground so dug it through the east side of the north-south part of the swamp, automatically draining a part of it. When The Florida East Coast Railroad was built, the engineers searched out a narrow place and crossed it with a high fill and a pile bridge. Later when the Dixie Highway was built, they built it just west of the railroad and with similar construction. Later still, a bunch of enterprising capitalists bought all that part of the swamp which lay east of the railroad; drained it; sub-divided it and sold it to settlers under the name of Prosperity Farms. Their main drainage canal began at the railroad bridge and ran due east through the ridge and emptied into Lake Worth. They named it Earman River, for an old settler who lived nearby. When Kelsey was buying land in Florida, he bought all the unsold land in Prosperity Farms and bought out some of the farmers. He then put in a big, up-to-date dairy.

I had a Model T Ford, from which the body had been removed and replaced with a light, home-made truck body, that I used to haul my men and surveying instruments out over the Flat Woods. When we got stuck in the mud, which was quite frequently, the men would get out and cut some palm leaves. Two of them would take hold of a hind wheel and lift it up and hold it up while a third put some palm leaves under it, and we went on out. Shortly after Kelsey named me as his Superintendent, I took a blueprint of the country with his holdings marked on it and set out in my stripped down Ford to familiarize myself with what

I was to superintend. Driving over one of the roads built by the Prosperity Farms Co., I came to a bridge more than one hundred feet long over a kind of estuary where a drainage canal emptied into the East Coast Canal. It was plainly marked "Condemned" at both ends. I got out; walked over it and had a good look at it. It looked pretty rotten. I could plainly see that other cars had been over it recently so I drove over, but decided I would not do it again. It was too risky. A few days later I was riding with Kelsey in his Buick when we came to this same bridge. I said, "What? You are not going to drive over that bridge are you?"

"I drive over it every time I come this way."

"Well, there will be a last time some of these times. I won't cross it even with my stripped down Ford."

"You can get out and walk if you want to."

I did.

The above-mentioned rains became very intense. One morning on my way to work I found that the Earman River bridge had gone out during the night. That really complicated matters. I was milking fifty or sixty cows and bottling my own milk. Now this bridge was out and there was no other road; and, apparently, no possible way of getting my milk to market. Fortunately, my milk delivery man lived in West Palm Beach and had the milk truck at his home, and my little Ford was on my side of the river. I parked it beside the road; crossed the river on the railroad bridge and walked into Kelsey City. I hunted till I found a rowboat I could rent and a man to operate it. Then I flagged my milkman as he went through; told him what had happened and we loaded the boat into the truck and headed for the river.

I got permission from a farmer to launch the boat in his pasture, far upstream from the washout. We loaded the empty crates into the boat. I warned the boatman to be sure to cross the current far upstream from the washout. I told the milkman to take my Ford and haul his empty crates to the dairy and haul the milk back. If he couldn't haul it all at one trip, he could make it at two or three. I walked back to Kelsey City to look after Kelsey's work. The flood made us a lot of extra work all the way around, but, nevertheless, things moved along fairly smoothly for a

few days. I always took a load of milk to the boat as I went to work, and the boatman could haul it across by the time the milkman arrived.

One morning when I reached the landing I found a plumber named Rocker, who had been working for Kelsey under my supervision, and a neighbor woman, Mrs. Whiddon, with her five or six year old son, waiting for me. They wanted to cross in the boat and ride to West Palm Beach on the milk truck. Naturally, I told them they might. While the boatman and I were loading the milk, Rocker seated himself in the boatman's seat. When we were loaded, I asked him to let the boatman have the seat. He said, "No, he was an experienced boatman and he would row it across to pay for his ride." He knew how to row a boat all right, but he didn't have good judgment. I told him to go far upstream in the still water before starting across. As he rowed, I noticed that he was getting too close to the current and asked him to pull farther from it. He was one of the smart kind who knows it all. He knew more than I, so instead of obeying me, he headed straight across the current for the other side. The current caught the boat broadside, and we went through the gap almost as if we had been shot out of a cannon. The water was too high for us to go under the railroad bridge sitting up. I grabbed the boy. Told them all to be ready to grab the bridge and get onto it. Not to bother about the boat. We could hope to catch it downstream; but, if anyone missed the bridge, he hadn't a chance in that current. By the Grace of God, we all got onto the bridge! The boat was not so lucky. It was traveling broadside to the bridge. It hit a pile bent, about two feet from the stern, with such violence that it started to capsize, then broke in two. I eventually found all my crates but some were more than two miles from the bridge. I lost 120 quarts of milk, including the bottles, both of which were high priced those days and had to buy the wrecked boat. Rocker, who caused the catastrophe, didn't pay one cent. After that we had to carry all our milk, one crate at a time, across the railroad bridge until traffic was restored.

A part of my work for Kelsey was building a golf course on the north side of Earman River, on the ridge near Lake Worth. In order to get to the golf course

from Kelsey City, I built a pile bridge. I built it of light construction because I didn't think it would ever have any heavy traffic and it costs less that way.

As I mentioned before, the highway bridge went out right at the peak of the Florida Boom when many thousands were trying to get into South Florida. Many turned back. Many more just camped by the roadside and slept in their cars, waiting for something to break. The cars backed up on the highway for many miles. Normal men of ambition, when they meet a road block, don't just sit down by the roadside and wait for something to happen. They begin trying to do something about it. That is just what some of these men did. They crossed the river on the railroad bridge and went downstream on the south bank till they found my bridge to the golf course. They crossed that back to the north, then began scouting for a road that would lead them back to the highway. They found that by crossing Kelsey's unfinished golf course and cutting a road through a few hundred feet of rather light brush, they could connect with the farm road that crossed the aforementioned condemned bridge. They then followed a dirt road west to my pasture and out diagonally across that to the highway.

Then began one of the strangest processions it has ever been my privilege to witness. There were many mud holes along this route where cars could not go through on their own power. The men organized in groups of eight or ten cars to the group. Then, with women at the steering wheels, the men waited beside the mud holes. When a car came by, they dropped in behind it and waded right through the mud to push it to solid ground on the other side. They then waded back to do the same for the next car. When all the cars of their group were through, they went on to the next mud hole. They came through our pasture; followed the Prosperity Farms road; went over the condemned bridge; crossed Kelsey's unfinished golf course and my lightly constructed bridge and re-entered the highway at Riviera, between Kelsey City (now Lake Park) and West Palm Beach. This procession continued all the daylight hours until the highway was reopened to traffic. We estimated that something like 2,000 cars, some of them very heavy ones, passed over that

route—including the condemned bridge. My heart was in my throat every time I saw a heavy car pass over, but they all passed safely over without incident.

A few months later, Kelsey was driving over the condemned bridge in his Buick. A whole span let loose at both ends and dropped him—car and all—into five feet of salt water. As soon as I heard about it, I called him by phone and asked him if he was hurt.

"Nothing more than a severe wetting, but it sure was a queer feeling—both me and my car dropping down through space. I remembered what you had said."

I had forgotten our conversation on the subject, so asked, "What did I say?"

"You said, 'There will be a last time some of these days'."

His car stayed in the water several days before he could find a wrecker big enough to pull it out. He took it to a garage and had it worked over. The upholstery was all soaked up and salt water was in all the bearings. They got it so it would run but it was never much good afterward. He used it a little while and traded it in on a new car.

The Highway Department went into action as soon as they could assemble a pile driver and bridge material. The water was so deep and so swift they couldn't hold the piles in place to drive them until the rains stopped and the water went down. Seeing the Highway Department was helpless, the West Palm Beach Chamber of Commerce went into action. They went to the railroad company and got permission to build temporary bridges across the side ditches and up onto the railroad track. They then laid plank on the bridge for the cars to run on. They put a traffic cop at both ends of the bridge—twenty-four hours a day—to direct traffic and look out for trains. They ordered all trains to slow down when approaching the bridge. This arrangement continued until the water went down and the highway got its bridge built.

The dairy was making me just about as much money as my salary. Between the two I was really getting ahead. The Boom was on in earnest and real estate was moving fast! Some eight or nine months after I got my dairy going good, Kelsey said to me, "Williams, you had better let me sell your farm for you. By paying a ten per cent commission, I can get you eight hundred

dollars an acre for it."

"But I don't want to sell it. My dairy is really making me money."

"Yeah. But you can milk money out of that land a whole lot faster than you can milk it out of your cows. But if you really want to milk cows, I can sell you all the land you want, farther back in the Flat Woods, for a whole lot less money. It is just as good for pasture and you will have the rest of the money to do something else with." He handed me a blueprint of a lot of the country west of there on which he checked off his land and said, "Go look at this land and then tell me what you want and I will put a price on it. I assure you it will be much less than you are offered."

I took the map and went to look the land over. A lot of the land was all right; but there wasn't a road running to any of it till you struck the Indian Town road, running west from Jupiter. A dairy must have a road to get feed in and to get milk out. Four miles west of Jupiter, Kelsey owned a half section of land—three hundred and twenty acres—with the Indian Town road running right through the middle of it. He priced that to me at one hundred and fifty an acre and told me I could take all my buildings with me. The buyer wanted my dairy land for a subdivision, and the buildings would just be in his way. I sold my land. As I couldn't depend on pasturing someone else's land, I bought two hundred and forty acres and, at once, set about to make it a dairy farm. I fenced the 160 acres north of the road and then moved one of the tenant houses. It was small but we squeezed into that while we moved the big house. Things move remarkably fast in boom times. We got the big house moved; and we had just moved in and were preparing to build the barn, when a man came along and offered me four hundred dollars an acre for the eighty acres lying south of the road. I figured that that priced land was just too valuable for pasture land so sold it to him. I, then, advertised my cows for sale. The man who bought my land paid \$2,000 cash and would pay the rest when I got him an abstract. There were so many real estate transfers that the Abstract Office was months behind with its work. My ad. brought a buyer for my cows. He made a small down payment and was to pay the rest in monthly payments. I bought a new house in Kelsey City and moved back there where I would be close to

my work.

Moved by the Boom—as millions of others were—Birdie's brother-in-law, Chester Weekes, came down from Nebraska. His father was a grain dealer and he had grown up in that business. It isn't a very big jump to switch from selling grain to selling real estate. He talked me into renting an office and going into the real estate business with him. So Kelsey City had another business—Williams and Weekes, Real Estate. He ran the office and I stuck to my engineering. Among the first properties we listed was my other 160 acres. At the same price I sold the 80, together with the notes for my cows and my house in Kelsey City, it brought my present worth up to well over \$100,000. The Real Estate Office did a lot of business till the bubble burst, but did not sell my land. The Abstract Office was so slow that the bubble burst before they got my abstract for the 80 acres. Although the buyer had paid me \$2,000, he told me I might keep my land. For \$100 he would give me a quit claim deed to clear my title. I accepted his offer. As things turned out later, I had better have kept my money.

During the Florida Boom there were just three ways to get into Southern Florida—none of them adequate. The Dixie Highway, a sixteen-foot wide road, so jammed with cars and trucks going both ways, that for miles at a time there was no chance for one car to go around another. All traffic had to take the speed of the slowest truck and hold it. The Florida East Coast Railroad—a single track road. They managed to get their passenger trains through, but they were frequently quite late. Freight had to give way to passengers. Consequently, the warehouses in Jacksonville were piled high with freight and all the railroad yards in or near Jacksonville were crammed with loaded cars headed south.

On Florida's East Coast there is a series of shallow lakes and bays inland from the Atlantic Ocean. In some former time an enterprising company dredged a channel connecting all these, deepening them where necessary, and labeled the thing The Florida East Coast Canal. (It was eventually extended to New York making an Inland Water Way from New York to Miami.) Some freight was probably shipped on it at one time,

but its principal use was for tourist yachts. It had shoaled up to such an extent that even the larger yachts had difficulty getting through in some places.

Kelsey was a very enterprising man and thought that canal should be put into some practical use during this time of great need, so bought it—lock, stock and barrel. He bought a small dredge and put Kimball in charge of it to deepen the shallow spots. The principal need of the canal was for hauling freight but he had nothing to haul it on. I told him I thought I might be able to do something about that. John Felton, who had been Superintendent of Construction of the Lake Worth Drainage District when I worked there, had built the barges for the floating dredges so should know how to build them and how to estimate the cost. I hunted him up and took him to Kelsey. We had a long talk about barges.

Kelsey had a big tract of timber land up in Georgia. It was in the southeast part of the State and lay south of the Satilla River. The Atlantic Ocean was its eastern boundary. A big part of this land had belonged to General John Floyd of Revolutionary fame. After the Revolution, he and his descendants had a lot of slaves and raised a lot of cotton. Being on deep water—the Estuary of the Satilla River—they had convenient shipping to any part of the world and this became one of the most prosperous parts of Georgia. The Civil War freed their slaves; the railroad passed them by; the descendants scattered and the whole plantation reverted to woods. We cut many pine saw logs on land once in cotton. Kelsey gave Felton and me a letter to his representative up there and sent us up to see what we could do about building barges out of his lumber, cut off his land. We made a thorough investigation, then came back and signed a contract to build him 100 barges—each one of which would carry one hundred tons and would draw only four feet of water.

On the bank of the Satilla Estuary there had been a very large sawmill served by a narrow gauge railroad with many of the buildings still standing. We found one, that by patching a few holes in the roof, was good enough to live in. We utilized the lumber of others to build us a big shed. We got a tractor for power and bought a planer to set up in this shed.

We then made deals with two natives who were operating portable sawmills to move over onto Kelsey's land and saw for us. We got the lumber coming through the mills and running through the planer; hired carpenters; built ways; got everything running smoothly; built and delivered one barge and had another on the ways and about half built when we got a letter from Kelsey. The Bubble had burst! He wouldn't be able to pay for any more barges and couldn't get any freight to haul on them if he had them. Return our planer (at a loss); pay our bills and figure up all of our expenses. He would pay all the expenses we had incurred and pay both of us salaries for the time we had worked. We thought that was mighty nice of him under the circumstances, for he had been hit awfully hard. It left both of us out of a job. We had almost enough lumber sawed to finish the barge we had on the ways, so we went ahead and finished it on our own. We rented it to a road contractor for a while and eventually sold it. Then we dissolved partnership and Felton went home.

In my running around through the woods, I had seen a lot of ash in the swamps. I learned that there was a carriage factory not too far away that was buying ash, so I wrote to Kelsey and got permission to cut his ash on a stumpage basis. I put the sawmills to sawing ash instead of pine and put in several months there. I didn't get rich at it but did make a pretty fair salary and had a job.

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My family were all Republicans, so just naturally I grew up in the same faith. My first vote came while I was in college. At that time, the Prohibition Party was at the height of its activity and many of the college boys were Prohibitionists. I cast my first vote with them. All the years I was in Cuba I couldn't vote. One of the first things that impressed me, politically, in Cuba, was that barbed wire was selling in Cuba for just about half what it sold for in the U. S. where it was manufactured. Every shack in the country—many of them not as good as a northern hog house—had a Singer sewing machine. All very fine for the Cubans. I reasoned that if the American Manufacturers could meet European competition and sell so cheap in Cuba, they could sell just as cheap

at home if they wanted to. The only reason they didn't was because the high Republican tariff shut off European competition. They could charge more. All the difference between what they sold for in Cuba and in the U. S. was just money extracted from the general public and put into the pockets of the rich manufacturers. From that day forth, I ceased to be a Republican.

When I came to the States, I registered as an Independent. Later I learned the hard way that the only place a vote counted in the One Party State of Florida was in the Democratic White Primary. So I changed my registration to Democrat.

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In 1926, several of my friends urged me to run for County Commissioner. I ran; was elected and served my two-year term. When I ran for reelection in 1928, A. A. Poston of Kelsey City ran against me. The County Commissioners appoint the Election Boards. By common consent each Commissioner names the members in his District. On the day we were to make up the list for the Primary Election, Poston and two of his friends came up to the Commissioners' Meeting and asked if the Board for Kelsey City had been made up. He was given a copy of the names and at once protested that one of the members was a Republican. I called his attention to the law that one of them must be a Republican. He wanted a certain man on the board. I suspected skulduggery and was inclined to stand pat. The other Commissioners asked if I knew the man they wanted. "Yes, I know him. He is a nice old man; but he is old and election work and counting ballots far into the night calls for younger men." One of the Commissioners said, "Don't be contrary. If the old man is all right, drop another and put him on." So, reluctantly, I did.

On election morning the old man didn't show up. Sent word he was sick, just as I suspected he would be—for he wasn't very rugged. But Poston was there with his friend, the local druggist, and a lawyer clear from West Palm Beach. The lawyer had his law book along. The lawyer read the law to the other members about the procedure when a member can't serve, then proceeded to swear in the druggist to take the old man's place.

In the Primary Elections, Commissioners were voted on only in their districts; in the General

Election, county wide. There were three precincts in my district. During the counting, I and a couple of my friends went to all three precincts. While the Board was counting other votes, we looked over their shoulders and counted the votes for County Commissioner. The vote was very close, but I won by six votes. When the votes were published next day, I had lost by four votes and the difference was all in Kelsey City. Both the other precincts checked with our count. A day or two later, Mr. Hull, one of my neighbors, came to me and said, "You are not going to let them get away with that are you? If you will fight it, I will help pay the lawyer." I talked to others who felt the same way, and also offered to help pay the costs to fight the case.

I hired a lawyer and we went to bat. All we asked for was a recount of the votes in the Kelsey City Precinct. Poston and the druggist each hired two lawyers to fight the opening. Why would they do that if it was an honest count? The case was tried before Judge C. E. Chillingsworth, the youngest judge that ever sat on the Bench in Florida. One of the questions he asked the druggist, who had acted as Clerk of the Board, was if he had sealed and initialed the ballot box according to law. He hesitated a moment, then decided that he had. The judge sent down to the vault and had the box brought up. It not only was not sealed, but there was no sign of glue nor torn paper on the lock—indicating it had not been sealed. Nevertheless, one of the opposing attorneys said, "Your Honor, the Clerk has told you he sealed that box. It has been tampered with and a count now would not show the vote cast; therefore, I move the box be not opened." The judge granted the motion; sealed and initialed the lock; sent it back to the vault and ordered that it not be opened until after the general election. His order was carried out, but immediately after the general election the County Commissioners opened the box and found the vote just as we had counted it on election night.

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Incidentally, it has nothing to do with this case, but Judge Chillingsworth sat continuously on the Bench until 1955. He became one of the rich men of Palm Beach County and had a beautiful home over on the

Ocean Beach. One morning he did not show up for Court. When they tried to phone him, there was no answer. A messenger was sent to investigate and found the light over the front door still burning and blood on the front doorstep. Both the Judge and his wife were missing. Down on the beach, in front of the house, there were marks where a boat had been drawn up on the sand and beside it more blood. Between his family and Palm Beach County, they offered more than one hundred thousand dollars for any information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of their abductor. That has now been more than two years and they have not had a word from anyone—nor have they found any motive. My private guess is that someone he had sent to the penitentiary had served his time; and, when released, had taken this method to get revenge for his sentence.

* * * * *

Getting back to my story—a man just naturally hates to be cheated out of anything he sets out to get. In this particular case and in these very trying times, later events proved that I was far better off losing than had I won. The County Commissioner's job is only a part-time job and doesn't pay enough to live on. After the break of the Boom and the 1928 hurricane, there just wasn't any engineering in this part of Florida. Every engineer I knew, except the County and City Engineers, had to leave Florida for "greener pastures" or go on WPA. The general depression was on and those "greener pastures" were few and far between. The "pastures" I found by getting out when I did—though not all that could be desired—were much "greener" than many of my fellow engineers found.

After the Judge's ruling, Mr. Hull came back to me and said, "We don't want a man for County Commissioner who is crooked enough to do what Poston has done. Won't you run against him as an Independent?"

"According to Florida Law, I can't do that. The only way we can beat Poston now is to find a good Republican; get him to run against Poston; then get out and get enough votes to elect him. A very big order in the Democratic South."

After more conversation, we decided to try it and set to work searching Republican ranks for a good man. We finally decided on A. B. Wilson, an electrician

living in Jupiter. He was a Northerner and had not been here long enough to learn the ins and outs of Florida Law, so registered according to his convictions. When he learned the law, it was too late to change. I went to see him and he was very much surprised. He was no politician; had never run for any political office and had no intentions of doing so. I explained the need and told him we had decided that he was our best man. He asked if I thought he could be elected. I told him that the only thing I could promise him was that I and several of my friends would do everything possible to help him. I, supposedly a Democrat, took him down to Republican Headquarters and introduced him and asked them to run him for County Commissioner—a very unusual proceeding. The man in charge said, "We have been very well satisfied with your services the past two years and had no intentions of running anyone against you. However, since things have turned out as they have, if you recommend him, we will put him on our ticket." The fact that Poston and the druggist hired four lawyers to keep the ballots in Kelsey City from being recounted put a lot of people to thinking. With the help of friends, Palm Beach County had a Republican Yankee County Commissioner for the next two years—most likely, for the first time in its history.

When I finished getting my ash lumber out up in Georgia (prior to the 1926 election) and came back to Florida, the Bubble had burst in a big way. I not only had no regular job but found very few little jobs. The first of the year, 1927, I took over my duties as County Commissioner. That gave me a little to do, but not enough to keep me busy nor to feed my family. So I moved back to my farm west of Jupiter and started farming between my other jobs. The man who had bought my cows had paid a little along, but only a very small per cent of what he was supposed to pay. He said he didn't see how he would ever be able to pay for them, so suggested I take them back. I borrowed money; built a barn; took the cows back and was in the dairy business again. As if I hadn't already had enough trouble, my cows suddenly commenced dying. The veterinarian had never seen anything like it. He started searching his doctor books and eventually found a tropical disease in Africa that had the same

symptoms. How a disease from Africa could ever get over here, we had no idea. Nevertheless, he injected my entire herd with the recommended medicine and it did the trick. In the meantime, I had lost several cows.

In July, 1928, my sister, Luella, and two children from Cuba stopped for a visit on their way to Indiana to put her daughter in school. When two women get their heads together, you never can tell what will come up. Birdie hadn't seen her mother for two years, so decided this would be a good time to go and pay her a visit. Result, two women with seven children, ranging in age from eighteen months to fourteen years, set out for Indiana in an Oldsmobile touring car that was well past its prime and had a leaky radiator into the bargain. Only one woman and the fourteen year old boy could drive, and he wasn't supposed to.

A few days later I got a wire from Rome, Georgia. The water had run low; the engine had heated and burned out some bearings and they were tied up till they could get some parts from Atlanta. Please wire money. But that wasn't the end of their troubles. Things went fairly well till they reached Richmond, Indiana, only about forty miles from their destination. There, right in the heart of the city, about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon when everybody was rushing to get home, the old car died. Birdie phoned my sister, Zona, at Charlottesville, and her husband drove to Richmond and brought them in with a rope. Then she wrote me that they had had so much trouble that if I wanted her back I would have to come and get her.

Later that summer one of my hired men and his sister were driving to Indiana in a Model T Ford and I rode up with them. The next Sunday I went over to my old home north of Westfield. It was a rather sad and lonesome homecoming. It had been just thirty years since I left home to go to North Dakota, and I had never returned to live; and it had been twenty-two years since I had been home on a visit. In the meantime, Grandfather and Aunt Ruth had both passed on, so the center of gravity of the whole tribe was gone. Aunt Julia, with whom I lived for six years, was bedfast on what proved to be her dying bed. She barely knew me but was unable to carry on any conversation. On Sunday morning, members of the tribe from

far and near assembled at the Chester Meeting to give me a welcome home. To my surprise, aside from my relatives, most of whom had assembled for the occasion, I knew very few people. After church I went out into the cemetery. There I found far more of my acquaintances than I found at church. After all, thirty years is a long time—more than a generation. We had an uneventful trip back home and reached there just in time to get the three oldest children off to college; Gordon and Vera for the first time and Elizabeth for her second year.

Just one week to the day from the time we got the children off to college, on Sunday, September 16th, 1928, the worst hurricane that ever hit the East Coast of Florida, hit us. Radios had just been invented and were not yet in common use. On Saturday afternoon I was down in West Palm Beach. The latest report was that it was headed straight for there and had winds of tremendous velocity. Men were standing around in groups discussing it and wondering if it would hit there. They were guessing which of the big buildings could withstand it and which ones would go down if hit and all were hoping it would change its course. On Sunday morning I took my milk, as usual, to the bottling plant near Kelsey City. Owners of buildings in town were out boarding up their windows. They said that according to the latest information, the hurricane was coming right at us. When I got home, instead of getting ready for church, as I usually did on Sunday morning, I got some boards and went up on the roof and nailed them on to hold the roll roofing down so the wind would not tear it off and boarded up the windows. It was wasted effort.

A big fruit company had erected a high-power radio station in Jupiter so they could communicate with their banana plantation in Central America. At three o'clock in the afternoon a neighbor came in and said the radio station had sent him out to warn people to flee for safety. They recommended that we go to the new \$160,000 schoolhouse in Jupiter. He said the hurricane had gusts of wind up to two hundred miles per hour, and was preceded by a tidal wave fifty feet high. I had run levels over a lot of the country around there and knew that the Coastal Ridge was only twenty-five feet high, so I said, "If the wave is that high, it will top the Coastal Ridge. We are more than

five miles inland here, so the water will have that much room to spread itself in. This house isn't too strong, but the barn is new and well-built. I think we would be safe there; or, if we run at all, we should go inland. The trouble there is, there is no protection at all against the elements."

One of my tenants said, "I have a hunch that those people have figured this thing out and know what they are talking about. I think we should do what they say."

I went to the barn. The men had just put the first batch of cows in to milk and fed them. I told them the bad news. Then I told them to fasten the barn door open so it couldn't blow shut and to loosen the cows in the stanchions so they could come and go at will. We would all go to the schoolhouse. I had a screen-side truck that had been worked over into a school bus. It had better curtains and would hold more people than the touring car. Birdie gathered up a lot of bedding and pillows; and, between the bus and one milkman's car, we all went to the schoolhouse. The road ran straight east and had a very high crown. The wind was already so strong from the northeast that I was afraid to drive on the right side of the road for fear the wind would turn the bus over, so drove on the left. There was no one going west at that time.

About five-thirty the wind and rain hit with all their fury. I stood by a south window and watched lumber from houses and big tree limbs go by and big trees snapped off like toothpicks. I saw a dog standing in the lee of the building. He suddenly took a notion to go somewhere and started off on the run. When he got out where the wind could hit, it just rolled him. He half rolled and half crawled back into the lee of the building. He was still standing there when the darkness shut down till I could no longer see him.

As the night advanced, the wind intensified. Windows, transoms and doors on the windward side gave way. The carpenters had very conveniently left some two-by-fours and two-by-sixes inside the building. When a door gave way we got enough men ahold of it to force it shut between gusts. We then nailed a brace in place to hold it shut. All we could do with the windows and transoms, was to move things away from

in front of them and let the rain blow in. When those strong gusts hit, they shook the building from stem to stern and we feared that the next one would bring down the building. There wasn't a thing we could do but pray. Strong men prayed who had never prayed before. Strange to say, those who were not in the habit of praying, prayed the loudest. Those who were in the habit of praying were more trustful. Many of them did their praying in silence. Birdie spread the bedding on the floor and put the children to bed, just the same as she did at home, except that she didn't undress them, and for the most part they slept. Some other children slept too, but many of them cried in panic till the storm abated. Did the children who slept do so because they had their beds, or was there a deeper reason? Did the children who cried do so because they didn't have their beds, or did they get fear from the attitude of their parents? I can't answer.

About one o'clock in the morning the wind abated a little, and I stretched myself on the floor for a little sleep. At two the janitor called me. They wanted help. An elderly couple lived in a two-story garage apartment near the schoolhouse. The stairway was outside. I don't know whether they had not been warned, or didn't take the warning. Be that as it may, they stayed in their apartment until they were afraid it was going to blow away, then came down and started for the schoolhouse. The wind was so strong it blew them down. They managed to crawl back and sat down in the lee of the building under the stairway. The apartment blew off the garage and the garage careened over to such an extent that it pinned them down. Eventually he was able to free himself. Just as soon as the wind abated a little he crawled over to the schoolhouse for help. Enough men went over to get the stairway off of her and carry her to the schoolhouse. She was badly injured. By that time, the wind had pretty well died down but the rain was coming down in torrents. A carload of us set out to see if we could find anyone else in distress. The destruction was terrific! Many times we had to turn back because the road was blocked with fallen trees and other debris. Where we went no one had stayed at home except those with houses strong enough to stand.

We got back to the schoolhouse just at daylight.

I called my son, Kenneth, and two of my dairy hands to go home with me. When we got to the first bridge, it was out. The tidal wave had not topped the Coastal Ridge but it had shoved enough water through the Loxahatchee Inlet to raise the water in the bay and its tributaries to wash out some of the nearby bridges. We turned back to the schoolhouse and found about one hundred and twenty-five people who wanted some breakfast. In times like that most people are helpless. They need a leader. Whether it was because I was County Commissioner or not, I don't know; but they promptly appealed to me. I went downtown to see what I could find. We found a store that had blown away. Most of the goods that water would damage were ruined but there was a lot of canned goods. When the owner heard that the hurricane was coming, he turned the key in the door and fled north. We loaded all the usable goods in my bus and took them over to the schoolhouse, where I had them all inventoried so they could be paid for. The Red Cross paid for them later.

Just as there was no leader in getting something to eat, so there was no leader in the kitchen to prepare it. It is no small job to feed 125 people, especially when your facilities are so meager. Finding no head cook, Birdie turned the care of her children over to others and she took over the kitchen. She didn't do the work. There were plenty of willing helpers. She did the planning and directing.

After breakfast we started for home again, by a longer road. Half a mile before we got there, we passed where had been a two-story concrete block house. Several of the immediate neighbors had assembled there thinking that, being of concrete, it would stand. It had gone down, killing four on the spot and another died later. Men were at work taking out the dead and laying them out on the ground with nothing over them. A ghastly sight!

When we came in sight of home, it didn't look like home at all! Our dwelling was blown about ten feet off of the foundation and broken off at the upper story! All the upstairs furniture was strewn over the landscape! The north wall was blown out as if there had been an explosion, and the whole north side of the upstairs floor was just hanging. I hunted a 2 x 4 and propped it up. The roof and the sides to the upstairs looked like they had been picked up and shaken to

pieces and were scattered out in a fan shape to the northwest.

The tenant house nearest our dwelling was treated even worse. The south side was blown clear across the highway to the southwest. The roof was picked bodily up; hit a pine tree to the west and broke the tree off about fifteen feet above ground and landed wrong side up some thirty or forty feet away. The other three sides and the floor went very much as the roof and upper part of the dwelling and went in the same direction. The longest piece of flooring I found was about eight feet long.

The sleepers were lying around with the nails sticking out of them where the floor boards had been ripped off. One sleeper was near a dead cow, some five or six hundred feet to the northwest of where the house had been. She was my biggest Holstein cow and just happened to be dry at that time. She was the only animal I had killed out in the open. The rest were killed right in the barnyard. I figured this cow was killed by that sleeper and the rest by flying timbers from the barn.

The other tenant house was located northeast of the barn and suffered least of anything. It was well enough built that it didn't fly to pieces. It got up and started all in one piece! When it was about ten feet on its way, a big pine tree about twenty inches in diameter hooked it; brought it down and held it. The fiber of the tree was twisted off about stump height. It had caught the house just as it was leaving and the only damage to it was a few roof boards broken where the tree fell and some of the roll-roofing torn. The furniture in the house was damaged very little. The foundation was concrete blocks. It was easier to move the blocks than the house, so we jacked up the house; put the blocks under it; mended the roof and the tenant moved back in. The windmill and water tank were down. The milk house and chicken house were scattered far and wide. The barn wasn't exactly gone. It had too much concrete in it to get away. The stanchions were set in concrete, but the roof was gone. Eleven head of my cows were lying dead in the barnyard. The fences were down in many places and about half the cows had wandered away. (The hurricane was on Sunday night. We didn't find them till Wednesday afternoon. They had been so long

without milking that the udders on the heaviest milkers were spoiled.) We milked what cows we could find and took the milk to the schoolhouse for consumption there.

When I got back to the schoolhouse and told Birdie how things were, she insisted on going right out to see for herself. When she saw the wreckage, she sat down and cried like a child. "For twenty-three years we have worked and slaved to get something ahead. We got it and now it's gone in a night." I told her I didn't feel like crying. I felt much more like being thankful. We had been hit very hard financially. I didn't yet know how hard. Many people had been killed. Four of them I had seen within half a mile of home and not a one of us had received a scratch. It turned out later that several had been killed within just a few miles of us. Out south of Lake Okeechobee, more than two thousand people, two of them our very dear friends, had been drowned. They took draglines into the cemeteries and dug trenches to bury the corpses as they were brought in.

How right Birdie was! Our entire life savings, amounting to more than thirty thousand dollars, was gone. I thought I could save some of it, but I could not. I had mortgaged the cows to build the barn. When I was forced to sell them, it took all I got for them to pay the mortgage and a few back bills. I tried to sell my land. I listed it with several local real estate firms, and advertised it in northern real estate magazines. After the break of the Boom and the hurricane, people just weren't buying Florida. I couldn't pay the taxes. It took the County eleven years and a new tax law before they could sell it for the taxes—and I didn't get a nickel out of it.

I got a truck and salvaged all our household goods possible and hauled them to the schoolhouse. All trains were stopped and no mail either out or in. We promptly wrote to the children and assured them that we were personally all right, but that the property destruction had been terrific. We sent the letter by the first person we found going north. They all three wrote right back and offered to leave school and come home if they could help. I wrote them that there wasn't a thing they could do. Elizabeth and Gordon had their tuition paid till mid-year, and Vera had a

scholarship for all year. They should stay right there and make the best of it, but they were on their own. I couldn't help them any more. They all three went through. Vera had a scholarship. Gordon had worked a year after high school and found work to do in school. Those two went straight through. Elizabeth had to stay out a year and teach.

It was time for school to begin, so we had to vacate the schoolhouse, with no place to go. Near the schoolhouse was a small house. It had been shoved off of its foundation, and some of the roll-roofing blown off, but aside from that, it was in pretty good shape. The owner was in the North, so I got some material and repaired the roof. We moved in without even so much as a "By your leave" to the owner. It was small, but we crowded in.

We often hear discussions as to which is the better organization to help you out in time of need—the Red Cross or the Salvation Army. I have heard the Red Cross very severely criticized but have never heard any criticism of the Salvation Army. My answer is that they are both great organizations but their functions are different. The hurricane hit us on Sunday night. About three o'clock Tuesday morning, two truck loads of cots, bedding and food rolled in—sent by the Salvation Army. It took several days for the Red Cross to get into action. When they did, they spent dollars on relief to where the Salvation Army spent dimes. They rebuilt our buildings and rehabilitated the people so they could go on and earn a living. They rebuilt my house, barn, windmill and water tank. In other words, the Salvation Army relieved immediate hunger and suffering. We would have starved before the Red Cross got into action. When it did, it put us on our feet so we could go on alone.

All the milk I got right after the hurricane, I took to the schoolhouse to supply the folks there. After the folks scattered to their homes, I had to do something else. The Bottling Plant near Kelsey City, where I had been selling, was scattered over the landscape and was never rebuilt. My milk production had been cut down so much by the cows that died of disease; those that had just been killed; and those whose udders were spoiled, that I didn't have enough to justify the twenty-seven or eight miles haul to the West Palm Beach Creamery. Trains were running again. I tried

shipping, but the trains were very irregular. The milk frequently had to sit long periods on the platform, and, consequently, soured. I had to throw up my hands! The Red Cross was buying cows to rehabilitate other dairies, so I sold them all of mine except enough to supply ourselves and Jupiter.

I turned back to farming. I reasoned that the Everglades was drowned out, so beans would sell high this year. I plowed up a large part of my pasture and planted beans. My reasoning was all right, but the rains all fell during the hurricane—then quit! My beans didn't make half a crop. I also planted a few watermelons. They did just fine and the price was good! I had gambled on the wrong crop and lost. My job as County Commissioner expired about three months after the hurricane. My sad experience at farming convinced me that farming was too hazardous, and that I should look for an engineering job.

Because of my knowledge of Spanish, I figured that Latin America was my best field. I subscribed for the Engineering News Record, and wrote to every company that advertised as doing construction work in Latin America. I didn't know it but the depression was world-wide. Nothing doing anywhere.

Sola, my last employer in Cuba, was an engineer—a graduate of Rensselaer in New York. After he went broke in the sugar business, he went back to engineering. My sister, Luella, wrote me that he was Provincial Engineer for Camaguey Province on the Cuba National Highway. I wrote him about a job. His reply was that Cuban law forbade him hiring foreigners, but he thought he might be able to get me a job with the contractor.

I got a letter from C. P. Bedford, Chief Engineer of the Kaiser Paving Company—neither of which I had ever heard of. He wanted to know what I could do and asked several questions about my engineering experience—which I answered. The answer to that letter was that they had found a man already in Cuba who seemed to be handling himself pretty well. They didn't need any more engineers just now, but he would put my name on file for future reference. That reference was much shorter than I feared. Not many days later I got a cable offering me \$200.00 a month and traveling expenses—which I promptly accepted. I didn't take the family with me.

The later famous Henry Kaiser was head of the Kaiser Paving Company. Warren Brothers had a contract with the Cuban Government to build a highway from the City of Pinar del Rio in the West to Santiago de Cuba in the East. Kaiser had taken a subcontract to build it across Camaguey Province. The contract was to do the grading; build all the bridges and lay a six-inch concrete slab with a two-inch Warrenite Asphalt wearing surface—a multi-million-dollar job. Most of the grading was done. They were just getting a good start building bridges and laying the concrete pavement. They had six big paving concrete mixers, distributed fairly evenly over the entire province. At first, they used me as a kind of roustabout, sending me anywhere in the province that there was any engineering work needed. Then they sent me to Gaspar to keep the final grade prepared for the pavement. After I had been there a month or six weeks, I got a long distance telephone call from Bedford to come back to Camaguey. They had a more important job for me.

A given amount of sand, cement, and crushed rock—when mixed together—should make a certain amount of pavement of a given thickness. They were buying their sand and crushed rock by the cubic meter and cement by the sack. The Government was paying them by the square-meter of finished paving. The given amount of ingredients was falling far short of making the amount of finished pavement it should, hence Kaiser was losing money—and lots of it. My new job was materials engineer. I had to go to every paver every two weeks to get the record of all material bought and all material used. Then measure the stock piles of rock and sand on hand and count the sacks of cement. I had to balance the amount bought against the amount used and balance it all against the amount of finished pavement. When everything didn't balance out as it should—and none of it did when I took on the job—it was up to me to find out why and to correct it and see that it stayed corrected.

My first snag was getting from one paver to another and personal maintenance. There were six of them, spread out fairly evenly over approximately 150 miles. There wasn't an automobile in the whole province except a few in the City of Camaguey. Kaiser furnished each of his Superintendents a Model-A Ford. He would gladly have furnished me one, too, but there was no

road for it to run on. I usually took the train to the railroad station closest to the paver I was going to, then got to the paver the best way I could. Some of the little towns had horse-drawn taxis, in which case it was easy in dry weather. I simply took a taxi. Some of the stations had no taxis. Where they did have, they couldn't get very far into the country in the rainy season. Where I couldn't find a taxi, I had to look around for somebody with two horses to take me out. Failing that, I had no choice but to walk. Sometimes it was several miles. When I finished my work at a paver, the Superintendent always found some way to either send me back to the station or on to the next paver.

As for food, I bought what was offered and ate it whether I liked it or not. I slept in the so-called hotels. In these small towns all the hotels were small, too. Many of them were pretty crude. I remember one night, in a very small place, all the beds were occupied. The hotel proprietor kindly spread a couple of sheets on a billiard table for me to sleep on. The sheets were nice and clean but that billiard table got awfully hard before morning.

When the highway was located, it entered the city of Camaguey from the west on one street; then made a right-angle turn right in the heart of the city and went out to the south on another street. The streets were very narrow for their present local traffic, without turning all the through traffic onto it. The Higher-Ups were utterly opposed to right angles anywhere. The houses were built one against the other on both sides of the street. To widen the streets would mean the destruction of the houses on at least one side of the street clear through the city. Of course the Government would have to pay for all of those houses, and that would be very expensive. While they were deciding what to do there, Kaiser went ahead with his other work. About the time I got down there the Government engineers decided they wouldn't go through the city at all, but would build a permanent detour around the southwest side of the city.

Billy Ralston, who was running level for Ames when I first went to work for him and was later Chief Clerk at Guayos when we built the sugar mill, was installed as Superintendent of the grading work. A few

months later Ralston had a heart attack and had to go to the hospital. In the meantime, I had located all the material leaks; plugged them; and, in some cases, fired the ones responsible for them; and had things running pretty smoothly.

When Ralston got sick, Bedford had no one to take his place. He told me to tell all the paver Superintendents where to watch for leaks and put the material problems in their hands. Then he gave me Ralston's job and with it went his Ford. The work was all right around Camaguey and I could use it there. That was just routine work—keeping men and equipment working to capacity and building grade to specifications.

That lasted about five months. Before it was done, Bedford told me they would have no more work for me when that was done. Then, a few days before I was through, he told me that he had heard that Warren Brothers needed another engineer in Oriente Province. He gave me a letter of recommendation and told me I could take time out and the car to drive over to Las Tunas to see about it. The boss, a Mr. Roberts, gave me a job and told me to report for work on the sixteenth of that same month. I cleaned up all the work I could and turned the rest over to another. When I was closing up my affairs in the office, Bedford told me that Roberts had just phoned up that they had no car for me and that I would need one. Would Bedford please let me have one. Bedford told me to just take the one I was using. Roberts put me to preparing the fine grade ahead of one of the pavers. I had worked just about two weeks when Roberts came by where I was working one morning and asked if I had seen Bedford.

"No, is he looking for me?"

"Yes. He says they have just signed a contract for a lot more work and he wants you to come back."

"Well, what about it?"

He studied a few moments, then said, "I suppose you had better gas up and go on back."

It wasn't just one big job, but a whole lot of little jobs and repairs, strung all over the province. All the Superintendents but two had finished and gone. Those two knew their jobs all right, but were not very proficient in Spanish. That made it very difficult for them to hire men and explain how to do these little

jobs. They soon finished and left me alone to finish up the work and turn the accounts into the office. Even Bedford left for another job before I got through.

During the month of May, my second daughter, Vera, a college student, wrote that she had looked for a summer job, both at Tallahassee and at home, but had found none. Couldn't I get her a job cooking for me and some of Kaiser's men? I wrote her that I was sorry but Kaiser's Americans were scattered—not more than one or two in one place—and they would very soon be finishing and heading for home. His Cubans, for the most part, were working where they boarded at home. The next Sunday I was visiting out at Kinsey's, friends of long ago. I told them of Vera's letter and my reply. Myrtle, their second daughter, spoke up and said, "Why don't you let her come down and teach English? I mean give private classes."

"Do you suppose she could get any pupils?"

"That is what I do, and I get more applications than I can handle. I will get her some pupils."

Next day I asked some of the men in Kaiser's office if they wanted to study English. Some of them did. I promptly wrote Vera of Myrtle's suggestion and of my talk with Kaiser's men. Then I told her I couldn't guarantee anything; but, if she wanted to come, I would send her the money to come on. She was born in Cuba; learned both languages at the same time and studied it in school in Cuba. Children learn a language much more readily than adults. They also forget very rapidly. She was making good headway at forgetting when she entered college, but had now studied it for two years in college; had made a splendid come-back and was naturally by far the best in the class. She was tickled pink with the opportunity and wrote immediately that she would come.

Just before her arrival, I rented an apartment for us and moved in. Myrtle Kinsey, the one who suggested her teaching English, was boarding in Camaguey while teaching. She promptly moved in with us and the three of us kept house together. It saved Myrtle money and kept Vera company. Also, Vera had Myrtle's help with any teaching problems. Vera didn't get all the pupils she could have taught, but did get some. In order to teach a language a teacher must be able to speak the language of the pupil, and just naturally

talks more in the pupil's language than in the one she is teaching. With her classes, Vera was talking Spanish most of the time. With the start she already had, she learned more Spanish in three months than one would learn in three years in school without practice. Her scholarship was in Home Economics. Two years later when she was finishing college, a call came in for someone to teach Spanish and Home Economics—a very unusual combination. She was the best qualified and got the job.

During the last two or three months of my job, I again wrote all over Latin America looking for work—but found none. There was absolutely nothing back in Florida. The only possibility seemed to be Boulder Dam, which was to open up in a few months. I decided to go there. When I wrote that to Birdie, she wrote that she wanted to visit her mother. It would be just as easy for me to pick her up in Indiana as in Florida. I agreed. She sold the remaining cows; let a family move into the house—rent free—to be sure it didn't burn down; loaded the five younger children into the Model-T Ford and went to Indiana. Elizabeth got a vacation job in a fishing camp at Jupiter. Gordon got a job with the County Engineer in West Palm Beach and kept batch with his Uncle Chester Weekes who was farming in the country nearby. I was lucky enough to wind up my work just in time to take Vera back to college.

The highway to the west was all completed except one section next west of Kaiser's section and I wanted to have a look at it. One of the office men took Vera and me by car to the end of Kaiser's work, where we took the train past the unfinished section. We then took the bus on into Havana. We spent one day sight-seeing in Havana—visiting Moro Castle, Cabanya Prison, Tivoli Gardens, and other places of interest. The following morning, we took the boat to Key West and the train home.

Gordon met us at the station and took us out to his Uncle Chester's. He had found a big Willys-Knight car for sale at a bargain and bought it. Now he had found a good motorcycle for sale cheap and decided that would fit his needs better than such a big car. I knew the Model-T Ford was too small to take all the family West, so bought his car and let him buy the

motorcycle. I spent a couple of days straightening up business affairs, then headed north—taking both girls to college in Tallahassee enroute.

I was very much amused when we reached the college. As we drove up, two girls were standing in the door of the dormitory. I heard one of them call to someone inside, "Oh, here comes Vera." Without waiting for the car to stop, one of the girls called out, "Oh, Vera, did you go to Cuba?" But her tone of voice implied, "I knew all the time that you were lying; you weren't going anywhere."

Vera very soberly and without elaboration, said, "Yes." When she went to get her luggage out of the car, the first thing she took out was her grip. She very carefully set it out where all could see. She had taken great care to see that none of the Customs House nor Hotel stickers, officially put on, had been removed. In addition, she had gone to some of the hotels in Camaguey to get their stickers to put on, too. The grip was pretty well plastered over and showed for all to see that she had really been places.

I reached Birdie's mother's place two days later at eight o'clock at night. Esther, the four year old, was quite sick and running a fever. Birdie said she had been sick for two or three days and she had taken her to a chiropractor. That this fever had come up just since supper. She seemed to be getting rapidly worse, so we took her to the chiropractor again that night. Next morning she was much better and played most of the day. Toward night the fever returned and we took her back to the chiropractor. This went on for two or three days while we visited around Winchester, Indiana.

We wanted to visit my brother, John, at Knightstown and asked the chiropractor what about it. "Bring her in in the morning before you start, and I will give her a treatment. I am sure she will be all right, but if she does have fever again, a very good chiropractor friend of mine, Dr. Thompson, lives in Knightstown. He can fix her up." We did just as he told us and she had no fever that day. Next morning her fever was higher than ever! I decided to try an M. D. We took her to an M. D. in Charlottesville. He took her temperature and found it 103½. He listened to her heart and lungs and said she had a cold and gave

her some medicine.

On the road back to John's, she fussed most of the time. Her legs hurt; her arms hurt; her neck hurt! Before we reached John's, Birdie said, "Let's go right on into Knightstown and see Dr. Thompson. The chiropractor always has relieved the pain and reduced the fever. This medic has done neither."

We told Dr. Thompson the way she had been doing. Then he asked, "Did I understand you to say she complains of pains first in one place, then in another?"

"That is exactly what she does." He looked at her closely for a moment then asked, "Did either of you parents ever have Infantile Paralysis?"

"Why? You don't think she has Infantile Paralysis, do you?"

"She has some of the symptoms."

"Infantile Paralysis isn't hereditary, is it?"

"The medics will tell you that it isn't, but I defy them to prove it. Neither is tuberculosis, but the tendency is. Well, I am not going to do a thing for this child till I have an X-ray of her spine taken through her open mouth." While the X-ray was being developed, he put her on an electric analyzing machine and said her principal infection was in her neck. When he looked at the X-ray, he said, "Infantile Paralysis!"

"Oh, Doctor, don't tell me that!"

"It may not be too bad, but I am glad I have her today instead of tomorrow." He laid her on his table and I never saw anyone take more care in getting his fingers of one hand placed just right, then with the other hand he gave her head a quick twisting jerk. Then he stood back and looked at her a little bit and said, "That's all I am going to do to her today. That neck is awfully sore. Let her rest a few minutes and bring her again tomorrow."

Before we reached John's place the fever was gone, and it never returned. We took her back, daily, for treatments for a few days; then the doctor said, "I think you can now go safely on your way. If you can find a good chiropractor in Iowa, get her another treatment there."

She is now past thirty years old and has never had a recurrence. Some people have told me that she didn't have Infantile Paralysis, or she could not have been cured so quickly. I am not a doctor. I can't

argue the point. This I do know — she was a very sick little girl, with a very high fever, and Dr. Thompson jerked her out of it almost like a miracle.

When the doctor told us we might go on, we returned to Birdie's Mother's; sold our Model-T Ford; built a very large, homemade luggage carrier onto the rear end of the Willys and prepared for the long trip. Boulder Dam is a long way from Indiana! We didn't know if we would ever get back, so we thought we had better visit as many of our relatives as possible on the road. (We didn't get back for another visit for fifteen years.) We visited my sister, Ruth Anna, in Wabash; Birdie's uncle in Kokomo; two of my nieces, Esther Sexton and Mildred Voss, in Chicago; and my Alma Mater, Penn College; my sister-in-law, Jessie, and some of my old friends in Oskaloosa, Iowa. Then we visited one of Birdie's brothers, Lee Pickett; in Norfolk, Nebraska, and the other brother, Ross Pickett, in Topeka, Kansas. From there we went down into the southeastern part of the state where I had lived. In Labette County, Kansas, where I was born, some things looked natural; others had changed. I didn't find a person I knew. I had been gone thirty-eight years from Cherokee County, yet I found several people I had known and they gave us a very warm reception. We spent our last night in Kansas in Coffeetown, scene of the Dalton Brothers' last bank robbery, in 1892. That was before the word "Motel" had been invented. We spent the night, and many succeeding nights, in what was then known as tourist cabins. They all had full cooking facilities, beds, and mattresses—but little else. We carried our bedding with us.

Chapter 22

THE WIDE OPEN SPACES

From Coffeetown, we went southwest into Oklahoma—more or less where Highway 169 runs today. At that time it was not a highway at all but just a succession of section-line roads to Tulsa. There we took Highway 66, a road later made famous by John Steinbeck in his book, "The Grapes of Wrath". In Chapter 12 of that book he gives a much more vivid description of the country and the road than I know how to write; and our trip over it was only a very short time before his. It was such a joy and comfort to drive over that smooth pavement after so many miles of deep dust on the dry, dirt roads.

Our joy was short-lived. Soon it began to rain; and, about a dozen miles beyond Oklahoma City, the pavement ended. The road had been very hard and dry with a deep coating of dust on top. The rain had soaked the dust into a soapy solution and the ground underneath remained hard so cars slid everywhere. I am not quite clear if the exodus from Arkansas and Oklahoma that Steinbeck describes had already begun, or if this traffic was of local origin. This I do know. Never in all my life, neither before nor since, have I seen so many cars in serious trouble in so short a distance as I saw between the end of the pavement and El Reno, Oklahoma, which was the first town. They were all headed west. The rain was pouring down; the road was graded; cars were sliding everywhere and many of them were in the side ditches with no hope of getting out without help. There was very little possibility of help that night. Many of the cars were drowned out. Fortunately, the traffic was all going my way. I drove very slowly and very carefully right in the middle of the road. The car did a lot of skidding and sliding but I managed to get into El Reno before dark. It was not a very large place at that time and every tourist cabin in town was already occupied. Through a filling station attendant I found a private house where the owner was glad to take us in and earn a little extra money.

It rained most of the night and the next morning