

FLOOD SCENES ARE TERRIBLE

It is an impossibility to produce a word picture of the awful devastation at Perry and Willard, caused by cloudbursts Monday evening, that will give the reader the actual facts as to what really happened that fatal night. Not only was Willard, six miles south of Brigham, almost wiped off the map, but down at Centerville and Farmington was as bad and some say even worse.

Two bodies were recovered at Willard, Mrs. Mary Ellen Ward, wife of Alfred Ward, deceased, and her daughter, Mrs. Agnes M. Ward and wife of Earl Ward who lost one arm in the mixing plant while employed by the Phelps Construction company last year building a concrete highway. Sylvia Ward, 11-year-old daughter of Earl Ward, was removed from the wreckage in a serious condition and rushed to the hospital in Ogden. V. M. Graser who resides north of Willard and whose home is submerged in mud to the window sills, is reported in a critical condition as a result of heart trouble. He completely collapsed Monday night when the torrent came down, filling the house with mud and water.

The scene in Willard about 8:15 Monday evening was most pathetic. There were four sections, or divisions of the flood. Between these were citizens of Willard standing in groups and in death silence except for an occasional scream of some unfortunate individual. They were terror stricken. Never had they witnessed such a sight—torrents of water, boulders, trees, houses, barns, livestock and all moving down thru the streets and blocks, taking every thing. They did not know what moment they would all be washed away.

The havoc wrought by the storm is tremendous and is one of the greatest calamities that has yet befallen the state of Utah. It will be months before traffic is possible throughout the town of Willard. Added to this will be the menace to health through unsanitary conditions. However, Dr. T. B. Beatty was on the scene for a short time yesterday getting a view of conditions and will personally supervise that situation. He believes this can be handled safely but as an extra precaution against typhoid he has recommended that as many as possible be inoculated right away.

Utah national guard troops have been held in readiness for service in the flood districts. Troop "F", One Hundred and Sixteen cavalry of this city went on duty at Willard early Tuesday morning and have rendered efficient service there since, in charge of Captain Ruel Eskelsen. Sheriff John H. Zundel was soon on the scene to render assistance as well as hundreds of citizens from Brigham, Ogden and other sections of Utah.

The writer arrived on the scene of the extreme north section of the flood, the home of Thomas Young, three miles south of Brigham Tuesday morning. The flood waters divided above the barn and passed down on both sides of the residence tearing out fruit trees, leaving thousands of boulders all over the farm, a complete wreck.

Going on south and just around the point of the hill we came to the home of V. M. Graser, a beautiful little cottage submerged to the bottom of the window sills, filling all the rooms with mud and water two feet deep. The yard and ground to the south where melons and garden stuff was thriving is now a mass of mud and boulders from two to four feet deep. On the cement highway in front of the Graser home was a large touring car, license number 48-207, fastened to the mud that reached to the top of the wheels. The horse we were riding had difficulty in getting through. This car was abandoned in the road Monday

ed. They knew it was a cloudburst but did not realize the seriousness of it. The Graser and Nebeker homes were right in the path of the torrent. Above the Nebeker home something changed the course of the stream and sent the full volume north and then west down on the Graser property. When Mr. Graser saw what was coming he said, "It's here, we can't do anything." A moment later he took one of those spells he has been subject to recently because of a weak heart and was removed to the home of Melvin Nebeker where he is still seriously ill. In the fields west of the home are hundreds of melons and squash scattered everywhere.

Going on south to the extreme north end of Willard we witnessed a sight that would make any man's heart ache. At the left or east side of the road is the home of Dan Parry. Opposite, across the street is the home of his son, I. L. Parry. The flood waters come within ten feet of his red brick house. On the cement highway are hundreds of huge boulders and tons of earth three to four feet deep—mud and rocks making it impossible to get thru even with a saddle horse. Just south of the home is the old creek bed that was 15 to 20 feet deep, but now is level with the rest of the premises. These boulders, trees, roots, boards, logs and rubbish cover hundreds of acres in that vicinity, where Monday morning, in many places, were alfalfa fields, orchards, gardens, etc.

In conversation with Mr. Perry he stated that about 8:10 Monday evening, just after dark and following thunder and lightning, he heard a noise like it might be an on-coming flood and stepped out side to investigate. To his horror, at that moment, a flash of lightning revealed what resembled sea foam all over the large cliffs high on the mountain side. He knew it was a cloudburst and notified his family. In a moment a car went by, going south. Mr. Parry said he stepped out to the front gate when another flash of lightning disclosed the horrible fact that the flood was upon them. At the same time he witnessed this same car that had just passed his place on the cement road near the old creek bed and water and boulders rushing by. Then it was darkness again. He rushed into the house to take his family over to his fathers, fearing that his own home was going down with the flood and then they heard screams. He knew the people in that automobile were in trouble. A second later and all was deathly silence except for the roar of the water and tumbling rocks. He believes that car was washed off the road and dropped down into the creek bed. If it did they are buried under all that mud and boulders. It is said by others residing still further south that the car did not come thru. Fortunately Mr. Perry's house did not go down but the flood piled up stone within ten feet of the south wall—plenty close enough to be comfortable.

Unable to get any further south with the black steed we were riding—borrowed from Roy White of Perry—we came back a short distance and then went west across the electric car tracks, down to the Short Line track and followed the main line south to Willard station.

About a quarter of a mile north of the station is a deep gulch that permitted a lot of the flood waters to pass on down to the lake. Nearer the station the water on the east side of the railroad grade come to within about eight inches of going over the top of the main line track. The agent's home, a short distance north of the station, was surrounded by water.

Coming up into Willard City between sections of the flood and to the corner of the Joseph Mason home we