

Father Taylor wrote this  
account of the flood, and  
Pep copied it out into a book.



August, 1933

~~It~~ had rained for three days, beginning with a strong North East wind on second day. Belle & Georgia peaches were at their best, and we had planned to put a hundred baskets in cold storage.

Second Day for the roadside market.  
As the storm seemed likely to continue  
several days, we picked them in  
the rain and put them in storage  
wet.

On Third Day, as the rain  
had slackened a bit after dinner,  
Joe and I with a man or two picked  
about a hundred and fifty baskets  
of Ellberta.

Fourth Day morning we felt  
we must pick peaches even though  
it was raining much harder than  
before. Going out in the Junior  
truck, we picked about twenty  
baskets for the market. By seven

o'clock, as the rain was coming in a deluge and the wind was increasing its violence, we decided to quit.

We learned the next day that it had rained nearly four inches.

While eating dinner we watched the sail boat fill with water in the high sea and turn over on her side. Joe, Pepper, and I went out in the canoe and bringing her ashore, bailed her out. The wind was of almost hurricane violence, but, nevertheless, we went back on the river to ride the big waves out near the bar. We were in our bathing suits, and the rain beating in our faces felt like hail. It was

lots of fun.

Water stood everywhere on the farm. Even on the light, sandy ground, where it usually sinks in immediately, there were great pools of water, and the ground was mucky.

At bedtime Uncle Will Roberts phoned, asking if we were flooded out. I explained that the river would not get dangerously high while the wind was from the North East, but if it should swing around to the south, that would be a different story. Grandmother was worried too, and had been talking to Pepper during the afternoon

about the probable high tide. However,  
the wind was still a hurricane from  
the North East, and we all went to  
sleep peacefully.

Pepper had a cold and at

Three o'clock sat up in bed to blow  
her nose. As she looked out the  
window on the river side, she saw  
that the yard looked silvery and  
realized that it was full of water.  
She called me, saying that there must  
be a flood.

One look out of the hall  
window and I knew that the river  
was all around us. For thirty years  
no water had come over the banks  
and I thought it was coming there some-  
where. I was sure that there must  
be a break, from the high waves I saw,  
and immediately supposed it was at  
The Point, where a big ash had been

uprooted earlier in the summer, -  
greatly mashing the bank but not  
lowering it.

Joe and I jumped into our  
bathing suits and started into the  
water just below the Terrace. Carrying  
a flash light we started to hunt for  
the three canoes which we had left  
turned up in the yard at the foot  
of the bank.

We soon realized that we were  
to have a long hunt. The river was  
pouring over the bank at the end  
of the path a foot deep - a white  
layer of roaring water that beat us  
back and kept us from getting on top



of the bank.

The current in the yard was very strong up stream, and we were sure the canoes must be in the clubhouse yard or beyond. Joe tried to walk in that direction but as he got closer to the cabin, a much stronger wall of water forced him back. He then worked his way through the sugar corn in the acre lot, while I came up to the barn and went over from there.

I met a terrific current by the corner of the packing-shed but forced my way through it and over across the clubhouse yard, holding the

flash light high and looking everywhere for the canoes. It was very dark and I could see nothing but water and more water.

Back of the Tennis court an automobile had been left parked for the night. The water then was half way up the windows and was pouring in through the open glass — up about to our shoulders. Within an hour they rowed boats over the top of the car — and wouldn't tell where it was.

Every little while great black logs of wood and stumps would hit us in the back as they bore

down on us in the current —  
bobbing up and down as though  
they were alive. The floating obstacles  
and the deep water made it difficult  
for us to keep our feet.

Wink soon joined us and we  
moved the cows up on the barn floor.  
As the water was too deep to take them  
through the barnyard, we knocked  
the boards off the pony stall, led  
them out the entry door on the river  
side, and around the south end  
of the barn. Applesauce and the  
Burr followed next — then the  
horses, which by this time were in  
water about knee deep. The water

was up to the top board of the barnyard fence, and floating corn stalks and manure made mean walking.

Wink had walked to Aub's house through water waist deep to get the Dodge truck key. On his return, however, the truck could not be moved as it was blocked by the Junior truck, which was water logged. The motors of both trucks were entirely submerged.

We went next to the chicken yard and found the hen roosts still a foot above water, which was three feet deep. Going to the brooder houses we found some

young chickens floating in the corners,  
though a few were perched on the  
window sills. Those floating had  
wings and necks stretched out and  
looked about done for. We put them  
in crates and carried them upstairs  
in the barn, where they gradually  
dried out in the straw. A few  
chickens were either washed out of  
the houses or had been roosting  
outside, for we found several floating  
about on debris. As we were walk-  
ing around in water waist-deep, a  
log sailed past me with a chicken  
perched on one end and a rabbit  
clinging to the other. We got them

both with one grab. We caught another rabbit trying to climb up on a basket under the shed at the barn.

High water mark was about three inches over the floor of the entry in the stable. About one ton of feed was in the feed room - thoroughly soaked.

May had been up since three - and while boiling coffee and getting some breakfast had been watching some of our slopping around. By five-thirty we were easily persuaded to come in and warm up for a few minutes.

It was now beginning to get light;

we now had a chance to see high water marks. The water came up to within a few feet of the cement path to Mother's house — but we could walk between the houses with dry feet. The water was eighteen inches deep where the Nash stood underneath the shed. It was about a foot deep on the top of the river bank in front of the house and just up to the floor of the cabin; nothing inside got wet. The floor was just damp in two corners. In the old fish cabin it was nearly two feet deep, and some short weather boards in front were washed off. There was a lot of damage to the river

banks by The washing of the water  
as it poured over — cutting holes here  
and there where the sod didn't hold.  
At the South-West end of the cabin  
the foundation was slightly undermined  
and the bank cut there about four  
feet deep. Below the fish cabin  
there were several nasty gullies,  
nearly as bad. The biggest break in  
our bank was at the end of the  
sand-bank next to Bellevue. There  
the water came across the field  
back of the woods, cut a gully about  
twenty feet wide, and carried a good  
many tons of sand out of the Bellevue  
field over into our grass field —



raising it up a couple of feet. The good soil, however, was covered with yellow sub-soil. This part of the bank was probably the last to give way, as also was the big break at the end of Parry's cross bank just across from our tenant houses. The men now think they remember the roar of the water through this bank about four thirty A.M. At the two tenant houses the water level was over the porches and up to the thresholds, but no water came over the floors inside the houses. Ewald Chambers had two inches of water over his front porch.

Water came in and out  
the big break in Parry's bank for  
nearly a week because it was  
deep and difficult to fill sufficiently  
strong with sand — the only material  
available. They filled several hundred  
of our fertilizer bags with sand and  
wheeling them to the edge of the bank  
on wheel barrows used them — along  
with logs as re-enforcements. After  
that break was filled, it took  
several more days for the water  
to go out of our sluice. When the  
tide was low, there were two columns  
of water going out the pipes with  
terrific force — washing away the

end of the gravelly knoll outside the gates which Grandfather Taylor used to call "Sandy Hook".

Several weeks went by before we could get a horse on the ground which had been covered with water, and we were unable to sow any grass seed where we had it plowed and disced at the time of the flood. We did sow a couple of acres in the Point and Avee lots but not until October.

Canteleups, egg plant, Tomatoes, etc. planted along the lane above the Tenant Houses were almost entirely drowned out and were abandoned as

were also peppers, cabbages and  
celery growing near the barn in the  
lower ends of the rows. The sweet  
potatoes growing next to the young  
peach trees rotted in the ground. An  
extra lot of our pole lima beans were  
at their best in the third week  
of August. During the high water we  
picked about a half dozen baskets  
from canoes paddled between the rows.  
Near the last of September we also  
picked a few baskets from some poles  
on the higher ground - and were  
just able to get enough seed from  
the top of the poles for next year.

Two bad gullies were washed

in the young apples in the Point Lot — one on this edge when a Guimes tree was undermined and fell over in the hole. On the bar edge — next to the woods — a big hole, about four feet deep and ten or twelve feet across, was washed out. The sand and gravel from the hole were washed out into the meadow. Roots were exposed and bad gullies were cut between every row.

Just before daybreak (the morning of the flood) the high south wind broke a limb off the black walnut tree in front of the house.

and broke the electric light wires.

For the next several days we were without lights, refrigeration, running water, and all else that electricity brings. Strange enough, the telephone service was not interrupted.

One of our first thoughts was of the cellar filling with water, and early in the morning we disconnected the electric motor. A good many jars of vegetables stored in the cellar were carried upstairs before the water got too deep also. In the big cellar there was about a foot of water, but nearly two feet under the pitchen.

As the well was flooded, we had to carry water from Woodside for several weeks, using all manner of buckets, cans, and kettles. Grandfather Roberts brought us many gallons from Moorestown.

About the end of the week we brought the orchard sprayer to the cellar steps and lowered the water by pumping. We then put the motor back in place and at last had running water in both houses. Tho it was unfit to drink, it was fine for washing. The sprayer was started several times a day to keep the motor from being flooded.

and it had to be watched carefully at high water for several days. Over at Ewaul Chambers' the flooded cellar was a disagreeable mixture of wine, vinegar, and kerosene. They used a spray rig to pump out the smelly mess, and the road was flooded for a long time with purple goshok. Pumping the men's cellars we soon found did little good as the water level raised with every tide.

Difficulties of farming were many. We milked the cows on the barn floor for two or three days, and Ewaul was seen rowing his boat with his milk bucket to his



row on the island around the Club house. We could get in and out the lane with cars and trucks at low water only. The first mail delivered farther than the tenant houses was on Saturday, when it happened to be low water at noon. Public Service trucks got thru on the same day, although we had brought a man and his supplies over first.

On the night of the flood there was much excitement in the cabins down along the river. Joe Slaven had taken his wife and baby out at two o'clock, and his was the last car to go out the lane until the water

subsided.

Frank Mischehorn's voice could be heard above the rush of the water calling directions and instructions to everybody at once.

Old John Bohn (Pick-up-the-dead) had been called early in the morning and told to get up before he was washed away. He replied that he guessed everything was all-right — but when he got out of bed he found the water only four inches from his mattress. In these cabins people were awakened in various ways. One by his dog swimming around in his bed room —

another by hearing his kerosene can  
pounding against his bed. Neither  
water nor kerosene were helpful to  
the furniture.

Becca, who had been with  
Howard Darnell, in Baltimore at  
Nancy Parker's houseparty, arrived  
home Saturday nite to find the back  
lane blocked off by barrels.  
Backing out they went around to the  
front lane, where Joe and Pepper  
met them with a canoe.

We tried to keep a canoe on  
each side of the water - and  
many folks came to see the  
unusual sight of canoeing across

ordinarily dry land. We used the  
sailboat to ferry both people and  
produce back and forth also.