

"I feel, over a week has passed now since our
 escape from the flooded area of Louisville. Our
 situation was not near so bad as thousands of
 others, who have nothing to return to.

We are so thankful to have thoughtful friends
 and loved ones and after so much needed rest and
 "comforts of life" and on dry ground I can now feel
 something of an excitement in leaving Louisville for
 a "haven of rest."

We were taken out by boat - an improvised
 bridge had been fixed from window to porch next
 door (as the fence around yard prevented boat coming to
 our door) The rain was coming down in torrents, but
 even so, we were ready to endure most anything.

The motor boat plied its way through bet to Broadway,
 to 4th, thence to Chestnut St. where we were unloaded
 & escorted to Seelbach Hotel. We were quarantined in
 lobby of hotel for several hours, but ~~our~~ dry ground and
 [the sight we saw there few hours would feel a work]

Finally we were taken to Army, and into Army Truck
 and then to "Pontoon Bridge" ~~for a new little walk across~~
 After standing some time, (an eternity to me) we
 walked across 10 feet apart & seemed more than a
 mile to me, then ~~escorted~~ a private conveyance to

to first station of Gas & Electric, where our "good Samaritans"
were waiting for us. Camille Gerard never did look
so good to me as then and to think, she was
the first person we contacted there after her long
wait of about 36 hours. ^{for us} Bowling Green sure did
look good to me. I loved the people that I was
associated with while living here and now, when
I return to Louisville, if the refugees ~~with~~
with whom I come in contact, do not land her
to the skies, for her untiring work during these
trying times, well, I'll tell them something they shall
never forget - I have felt so entertained & welcome
in your home, Camille & I will never forget what
you all have meant to me. It takes some special
experiences some time to bring us together.

So now, call me a refugee, no longer sister;
Southern hospitality defines the word as a visiting friend

12/1

AFTER 5 DAYS RETURN TO

Camilla

Add to or take from as you choose.

10-1

Well over a week has passed now since our "exit" from the flooded area of Louisville. Our situation was not so bad as thousands of others, who have nothing to return to.

We are so thankful to have thoughtful friends and loved ones and after so much needed rest and "comforts of life" and on dry ground I can now tell something of our experience in leaving Louisville for a "haven of rest."

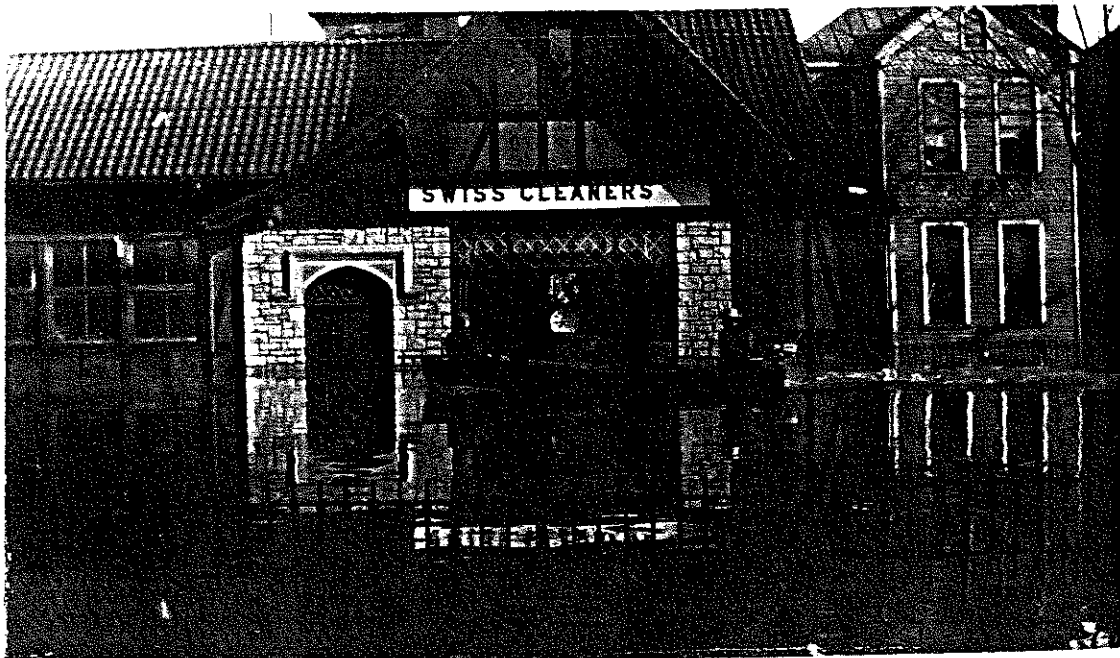
We were taken out by boat = an improvised bridge had been fixed from window to porch next door (as the fence around yard prevented boat coming to our door) The rain was coming down in torrents, but even so, we were ready to endure most anything.

The motor boat plied its way through 6th to Broadway, to 4th, thence to Chestnut St. where we were "unloaded" & escorted to Seelbach Hotel. We were warmed in Lobby of hotel for several hours, but on dry ground and (the sights we saw those few hours would fill a book)

Finally we were taken to Armory, and into Army Truck and then to "Pontoon Bridge," ~~for a nice little walk across~~ walked across 10 feet apart & seemed more than a mile to me, then escorted in private conveyance to

to Sub-Station of Gas & Electric, when our "Good Samaritans" were waiting for us. Camilla Gerard never did look so good to me as then and to think, she was the first person we contacted there after her long wait of about 36 hours. ^{for us} Bowling Green sure did look good to me. I loved the people that I was associated with while living here and now, when I return to Louisville, if the refugees ~~with~~ with whom I come in contact, do not "laud her to the skies", for her untiring work during these trying times, well, I'll tell them something they shall never forget = I have felt so entertained & welcome in your home, Camilla & I will never forget what you all have meant to me. It takes some awful experiences some time to bring us together.

So now, call me a refugee, no longer Sister;
Southern hospitality defines the word as a "visiting friend"



Photos in Ky. Library, Gerard Photo Coll.

Where Tyler storm
in water at Smith Dyer
& called for boat, after
working as before all night.