

Gilliam United Methodist Church

The bodies were taken near the bank of Black Bayou and there buried, near where the Southwestern Gas & Power Co. has a power station. When they were putting in this station they dug up several skeletons which they quickly reburied, so I believe they are still safe.

Our method in getting them buried was a bit high-handed, perhaps, but what else would be done, as the authorities did nothing. The local people had to take over and this, by the way, is the highest type of American local government, the verdict of the town meeting.

**SOME DAYS AFTER THE CYCLONE**, I got two letters that are worth recording. One was from a very able man in Waldo, Ark. arriving late one evening he was out in the pasture driving up the milk cows. The evening was quite cloudy but no wind and looking up he saw various objects floating down out of the sky. When they reached the ground they proved to be a hat, a pair of overalls and various other objects with my name on them. He realized then that there had been a terrific wind, and no doubt many had been killed, bringing much suffering. He would like to do something to help. But as he was very poor and had nothing to give he sent his sympathy.

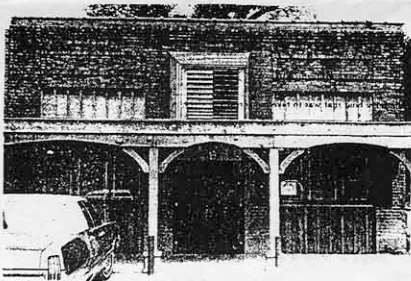
I replied to this by saying I appreciated it very much but everything had been provided for as the general public had been very generous.

The other letter was such a contrast. I had a note by a local party that had a partial payment. It was lying on my desk under a weight when the wind came, and it too had been blown away. This second party found it, described it in detail and proposed to send it back to me if I would remit him one half of its face value. I did not reply to this one, as the note was not collectable, the giver having lost everything he had including his wife.

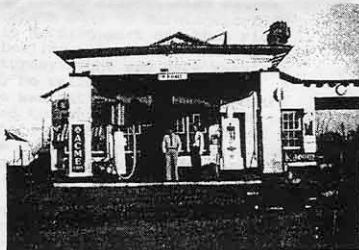
My home was utterly demolished. It was well built but that didn't seem to matter much as the walls were broken in two parts, even the sills were broken. In the hall there was a settee that was full of bricks. The top had evidently blown open just in time to receive a part of the chimney. There was a pile of firewood in the side yard left over from the past winter and not a stick seemed to have moved, but there was something else worthy of note. We had considerable silverware in the drawers of a side board. The frame of the side board was gone but the drawers were on top of this firewood. Much of this silver had been wedding presents but it seemed to be all there. I got a jute sock, put all the silver in it, and took it down to the Noel's put it under the bed there it stayed until needed.

There is nothing so bad that something good can not come out of it. I had been trying for years to get a road from here to the river but without success. Will Mercer was on the W. T. Taylor plantation, Havana, with no public roads and most of the land was owned by the Cavett's whose head, the older Jimmy Dick Cavett, lived in Cullingsburg. The cyclone came along and wiped out all fences from here to the river, so Mercer again approached Cavett on the subject of road right-of-way. The old man was so disgusted with the whole situation that he told him to go ahead and take what he wanted. Mercer did not lose any time and in a few days had staked off the road and secured it all the way to the river.

At first, it was only a dirt road, then graveled and finally black-topped and today (April 15, 1959) the whole road is being worked over. Cavett has long since passed on, Mercer has moved away, but the road is serving another generation and will continue to do so for many who will come after.



W. E. Adger's General Store



SERVICE STATION AND CAFE - D. A. Hall and an unidentified friend stand in front of his 1938 Service station-cafe in downtown Gilliam.