

## ABE IN THE FLOOD.

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ABE POSEY WRITES FROM WICHITA, KANSAS, GIVING A DESCRIPTION OF THE FLOOD WHICH PREVAILED IN THAT TOWN FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND CAUSED A GREAT AMOUNT OF DAMAGE TO PROPERTY.

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Wichita, Kansas, July 10th, 1904.

To the Gazette:—

I thought I would write you a few lines about the flood. The water began to rise July 6th at about 7 o'clock a. m. and continued until 8 p. m. when it began to go down and we thought the flood was over but when we got up July 7th it had raised about six inches and kept on the rise till it was two feet deep around the house and we were located on high ground. The only trouble we experienced was in getting groceries. I had to wade three blocks up to my waist to get them. There is one thousand families that had to move to higher ground in this city and there has been some laughable sights as well as some sorrowful sights. There is one grocery store that the boats run right into and get their groceries without getting out of the boat. The store is on Main street so you can imagine what the rest of the town is like. There are lots of the houses that just the top of the roof sticks out. The flood at this point is three miles wide and averages from one to fifty feet deep. At one of the hotels where the water is five feet deep they have a placard hung out which says "No Fishing Allowed in my Lake" and in another place the card says "Keep off the Grass." There are some sitting on their porches fishing and there has been a lot of fine fish caught here since the flood. There has been five deaths since the flood occurred and they had to charter a train to take the dead to the cemetery as the track runs over the highest ground in the city. I don't think there could be an estimate made of the amount of damage done in this city. The gardens are all rotten.

The water is going down tonight and it is now six inches lower and still falling. I don't know when this will reach you as all of the railroads are out of business, but if you feel disposed to print it all right and if not throw it in the waste basket.

Your friend,

Abe Posey.

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