

"Mother and Jim were alone. Jim said it never would come over the knoll, but Jim was wrong. It came over the knoll, with a lick and a swish and lifted the house as if it had been a match box and that was right about nine o'clock on Saturday morning. The house is strongly built and it rode the waters pretty good. It is a new house and it only has a canvas roof. It caught on a ridge at last, and that was all that saved them, but they knew if the waters got higher it would float off the ridge and go down the canyon. Mother said the night wasn't so bad at first, for the moon was bright and there was great big stars looking down at them and Mother said the moon was awful pretty, but before morning the moon clouded over and the stars went out and the cold water was harder to bear in the dark. The water was so deep they couldn't sit down. It was right up to their armpits. Overhead they could hear the planes huntin' for them, but they had no way of signalling . . . At two o'clock on Sunday afternoon a man got in his row-boat and rowed right over an almond orchard to get them and took them off. Mother said she was so stiff she didn't feel she'd be able to bend again and she was afraid all this standing in the water might bring on a cold. Mother is seventy-four yours old, and she was thirty-two hours in the water. After they got her out of the water it was four hours before she got any attention. It sure was funny to see mother lying in bed, for a full week, mind you. But she's thankful they're all alive and she doesn't complain. Course they lost their cows and the chickens and all their stuff, but they'll get back on the land and get it planted this spring, and this'll probably never happen again."

I walked up the aisle to get a good look at the speaker. She was her mother's daughter all right, fearless and resolute. She, too, had the proud look of a survivor.