

# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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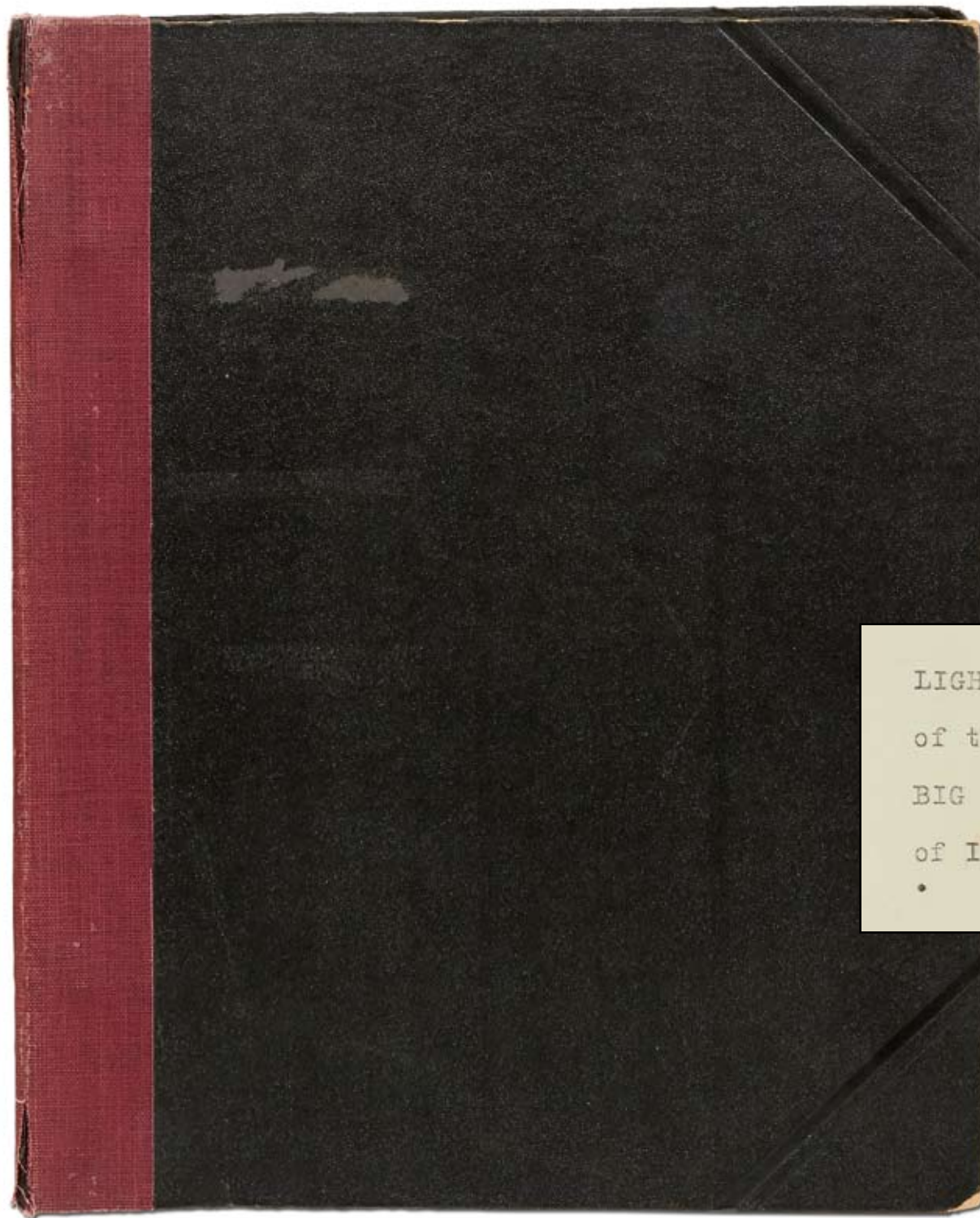
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**Charles T. Walter**

*[Manuscript]: Lights and Shadows of the Big Flood of 1927*

Vermont: 1927

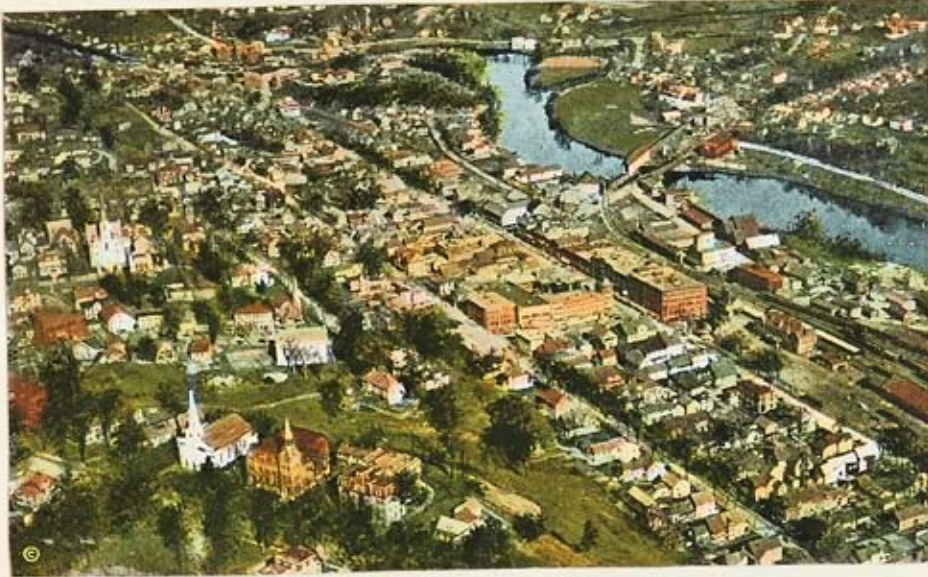
\$500



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS  
of the  
BIG FLOOD  
of 1927.  
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Quarto sized two-ring binder measuring 8½" x 11". 64pp. 12 sepia toned photographs. Bowing on the boards, tears on the spine fold, and some creasing else about very good Signed by the author on the dedication page.

"THE LILY & WHITE TOWN" FROM THE AIR.



This is from an airplane picture by Jenks, the St. Johnsbury photographer. In the center, the red building is the old Republican Block; at the right is the junction of the Passumpsic and Moose rivers; and at the left, the South Church and St. Johnsbury Academy. That considerable part of the town known as "The Plain," as well as Fairbanks Village, does now show in the picture at the left. It is a fine town, I say!

A manuscript, including some annotations, for what would become Charles T. Walter's *Lights and Shadows of the Flood of 1927: Vermont at Its Worst; Vermonters at Their Best* published in 1928 by The Cowles Press. Walter compiled poetry, first hand accounts, and 12 photographs to tell the story of the devastating flood that hit Vermont in the fall of 1927. A paragraph under a photograph of a burning bridge reads "Burning one bridge to save another: It was found necessary, in order to save the new iron highway bridge, over Portland street, to burn the old wooden Maine Central Railroad bridge just above it. It was a spectacular occurrence, and a big crowd stood in the pouring rain to witness it." Historically the flood is considered "the worst natural disaster to ever strike Vermont in modern times" covering the state with 8.71 inches of rain. According to the National Weather Service, "1285 bridges were lost as well as countless numbers of homes and buildings destroyed and hundreds of miles of roads and railroad tracks washed out." The book shows the results of the rainfall: rising water, destroyed railroad tracks, and leveled houses. Although Vermont suffered Walter discusses how the natural disaster brought out the best in Vermonters ending his narrative with "we are not discourage by the multitude of water, and all its attendant consequences. It is not the Vermont way to repine and whine. Out feet are on the ground and our faces are toward the sunrise!" A wonderful manuscript displaying the affects of Vermont's greatest tragedy. [BTC#393994]



BURNING ONE BRIDGE TO SAVE ANOTHER.



It was found necessary, in order to save the new iron highway bridge, over Portland street, to burn the old wooden Maine Central railroad bridge just above it. It was a spectacular occurrence, and a big crowd stood in the pouring rain to witness it.

AT EAST BARNET.

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It was not that the people at East Barnet had forgotten the Volstead Act, but because they had had too much water and they were not used to it. Helen Hoffman Newell's home was tipped over and when they went in and tried to go up stairs they had to reverse the process and go down stairs. It was impossible to work there but a few minutes at a time without getting dizzy. Note some one's "spare tire" at the right of the picture.

At Passumpsic.



The wreckage below the falls at Passumpsic made a picture that was duplicated at several points up and down the line.



ABOVE LYNDONVILLE.



At the right is the office building of the Lyndonville Creamery. The view shows why it was difficult for a while to bring in milk and cream. Four horses were drowned here. The road to East Burke shows at the upper right. Warren Drown, on the old Folsom place, when he saw this picture, laughed right out, for he said he supposed all the wreckage from up East Burke way was all on his meadow.

Our Roller-Coaster Railroad.

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We had no need of going to Coney Island for a roller-coaster railroad. This view is from in front of the Vail electric plant, looking toward the iron bridge, and on to the Red Village and East Lyndon. The "Swimmin' Hole," in the foreground is one of the legacies of the flood. I "walked the ties" from Riverside to St. Johnsbury a day or so after the flood, and felt as if I had been hiking the long trail. I went all the way along the railroad, and this scene was many times repeated. I felt when I got home that night as if I had been having a night-horror!