

## Mildred Adams' Dust Bowl Story

Day and night, week in, week out the wind kept blowing. It was the years of the "Dust Bowl". Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma were hardest hit. Dry clouds of dust swept Kansas and Oklahoma, completely covering houses. It filtered into homes, people wearing masks in order to breathe. Many left their farms and homes, and moved to other states.

Although the wind was not severe in Colorado Springs, yet the dust from the other states swept into the city over the mountain range and fell like fine snow. The atmosphere was darkened, and much of the time the daylight hours were like dusk. The fine silt covered the pavements. Marvin had sinus and asthma attacks, and breathing the dust-laden air only aggravated his condition. It became so bad that he could not lie down, but sat in a chair to sleep. Marvin's doctor told him if he wanted to live he would have to leave and live somewhere else. He had a sister Lucille, who lived in Los Angeles and he thought to go there to live.

We locked up our house and business, left unpaid bills to creditors, and our home for sale. We packed up all our worldly possessions we could carry, and loaded up the car, our 1933 Chevy, including Joann's crib.

I was still wearing a steel brace from my back injury. I really did not want to leave Colorado Springs, but to save Marvin's life, I consented.

Our first stop was on the west slope of Paonia, Colorado, at the home of Forrest and Pauline Motts. It was April 1938. H. G. was a nickname given to Forrest. He wanted to plant a peach orchard, but he was unable to find someone to help him. We agreed to stay while Marvin helped to plant the trees. This took about two weeks.

Loading up the car again, we continued toward California. We drove to the Great Salt Lake in Utah. We could drive only so many miles each day because of my back brace, which was so uncomfortable.

Joann was in the back seat, and had a little spot where she could move around.

We arrived in Los Angeles, May 1, 1938. We were very tired, but happy to see Lucille. The very next day we went to Long Beach, Cherry Beach, to see the ocean. I expected to see it from a long distance away, but the buildings obstructed our view.

Marvin immediately plunged into the breakers head first, enjoying a good swim. When he came out of the water he said, "This is the first time in many years that my head feels clear, and I can breathe with ease. I haven't felt so well for a long time."

Excerpt from "Providences of God in True Life Stories" by Mildred Adams, 1984.