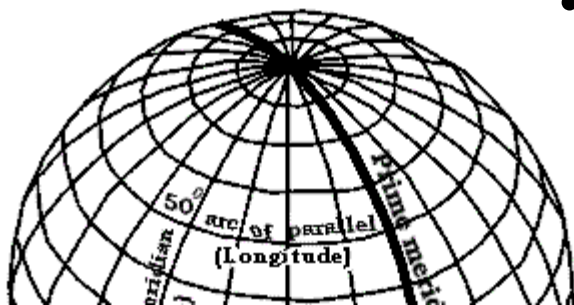




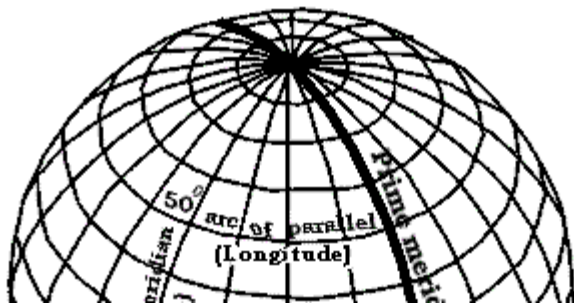
Wind picking up soil from a fallow field



- Black Sunday April 14, 1935. The dust storm that turned day into night. Many believed the world was coming to an end. Dodge City, KS



- A black blizzard over Prowers Co. CO. 1937



June 4,
1937, at
Goodwell,
OK



Dust storm approaching
Stratford, TX April 18,
1935

Father and Sons Walking in the Face of a Dust Storm, Cimarron County, Oklahoma. Beginning late in 1933, years of extreme drought and high winds further afflicted the depression-plagued farmers of the Great Plains. The worst-hit area, centering around the panhandles of Texas and Oklahoma, eastern Colorado and New Mexico, and western Kansas, came to be known as the "Dust Bowl." "Only those who have been caught out in a 'black blizzard' can have more than a faint conception of its terrors," Lawrence Svobida, a Kansas wheat farmer, has written. "The dust begins to blow with only a slight breeze. . . . The wind increases its velocity until it is blowing at forty to fifty miles an hour. Soon every thing is moving — the land is blowing, both farm land and pasture alike. The fine dirt is sweeping along at express-train speed, and when the very sun is blotted out, visibility is reduced to some fifty feet; or perhaps you cannot see at all, because the dust has blinded you, and even goggles are useless to prevent the fine particles from sifting into your eyes."— Lawrence Svobida, *An Empire of Dust* (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, 1940). (library of congress)



Garden City, KS at 5:15 PM (*note the street lights photo 1*) and compare to photo 2. Photo 2 was just 15 min. later after the dust blotted out the sun.





Drought Refugees Stalled on Highway, New Mexico, 1937. Between 1935 and 1939, drought and depression drove some 350,000 Dust Bowl farmers to California, to seek precarious seasonal employment in the fields and orchards. John Steinbeck in *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939) wrote a moving saga of their migration along Highway 66 across the plains, desert, and mountains, and their disappointing life in the great valley of California: "The people in flight streamed out on 66, sometimes a single car, sometimes a little caravan. All day they rolled slowly along the road, and at night they stopped near water. In the day ancient leaky radiators sent up columns of steam, loose connecting rods hammered and pounded. And the men driving the trucks and the overloaded cars listened apprehensively. How far between towns? It is a terror between towns. If something breaks—well, if something breaks we camp right here while Jim walks to town and gets a part and walks back and—how much food we got?" (New York: Viking Press, 1939). (library of congress)

