Mr. Dunn

**Great Depression – Photo Analysis** (Example)

1.

* The sky is clear and the land is flat
* The temperature is comfortable because they’re wearing long sleeve shirts, but no jacket
* Maybe they’re in the great plains
* It’s a typical clear day on the road

2.

* Each person is dressed in long-sleeves, boots, jeans, a hat, and a suitcase or bag
* They have their heads slightly tilted downwards and their shoulders a bit shrugged

**3. DETAILS DETAILS DETAILS! – Make sure to answer all of the questions with details. Make sure your story is based on the photograph!**

I’m strung-out, tired, losing hope, but holding on.

I see the open road meeting the horizon in the distance- nothing but dirt, grass, telephone lines and the dirt road.

The billboard that reads, “Next time try the train – relax” is mocking me as I walk an eternity

I inhale the dirt through my nose and taste it as it’s kicked up by my boots.

I hear the wind blow and the sound of my boots crunching the dirt beneath my feet. I hear my own inner voices arguing with each other about my fate.

I feel fatigued, a burn in my legs, back and neck. I’m Absolutely exhausted. The strap of my bag has been digging in to my shoulder.

The day’s been long and tiresome. I desperately need water. I’ve learned to fend off hunger, but the dehydration never gets easier. My last drink was 12 hours ago.

I’m waiting for a train that hasn’t come to take me to a place I do not know.

Before all of this I was a teller at a bank – nothing fancy. I just handed people their money when they’d ask for it. It paid the bills – mostly the mortgage- and it put food on the table for my family. But times changed and they changed quickly. It was only three years ago when the bank went under. After we lost all of the money I left and never returned. I didn’t need Mr. Ester to tell me I had lost my job – we all kinda knew the bank was done for.

The next year things change. My wife left me after our house was seized…Guess I was only ever just a source of money for her. She ran off with my neighbor Joe. He’s got a grocery store that was still in business. I hope his store goes under. That bastard doesn’t deserve anything.

Nothing was left for me in Chicago so I jumped on the nearest train headed west to look for work. I didn’t know how wide spread the Depression really was. I now know there’s no escaping the tragedy and the suffering.

Since then I’ve been relying on odd jobs – cleaning out gutters, cutting down trees, walking dogs – whatever! Oh, and charity. A hungry man has no use of pride. Pride will get you killed these days.

Life is uncertain. Where I end up tomorrow I don’t really know and, truthfully, I don’t really care as long as it’s got food and water.

**4. Summarize the experience you outlined in #3 for your grandchild. You may do this in paragraph form or create a dialogue between you and your grandchild.**

 When your grandfather was a younger lad he had to deal with some terrible hardships, sonny. The times were different. There were no e-phones or fancy computers. There weren’t even any jobs. You youngsters are always complaining today about how hard your lives are, but you have no idea.

 Take a look at this picture. That’s me there on the right with the bag. The other guy? His name was Bill or Fred? I can’t remember. I came across so many different wanderers those days that their names and faces have faded with time.

 Everything was a struggle. Here in this photo I was twelve hours without water and quickly losing hope. I had walked that day – as I had many other days – for what seemed to be an eternity. The worst part? I didn’t even know where I was walking to and I didn’t even care. I just wanted to be able to feed myself.

 And that darned sign! How could I relax? There was no such thing as relaxation in those days, sonny…

 Y’know, before all of this your granddaddy was a banker. I had a nice house in Chicago with my first wife…