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Well, here are some of the things that I remember. I looked for my book that fellow from Hastings wrote about the blizzard but for some reason I cannot find it. I am wondering if it may not be with some of my things in Ord.

Our parents were going somewhere and they took my sister and I to our neighbors to spend the night since the next day was a school day and they did not want us to be up too late. Well, it started snowing that night and as I recall it snowed and the wind blew for the next two days. We did not get home until the morning of the third day when our father walked over to our neighbors and we all walked home. During the storm we could not leave the house. I do recall that our neighbor had gone out to do his chores and while walking back to the house which could not have been more than 100 feet, when the snow cleared he discovered that he was walking up on the roof of their machine shed. If he would have fallen off of there it would have been a real disaster. So, he did not go back out and attempt to do chores again until the snow quit. All of the roads were closed so no one could get out to go anywhere. Our father still had a team of horses so he hitched them up and we cut across fields and went to town to get groceries, and the mail. The livestock really suffered because it was nearly impossible to get feed to them. We had to dig a tunnel for our hogs to get out to the waterer. I remember watching the cargo planes flying delivering hay to the cattle in the sandhills. There was a snow drift that must have been at least 40-50 feet high right east of our farm and since it blocked the road that was the mail route, several neighbors came over and they cut

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through that drift using scoop shovels. All of the county and private snow moving equipment was tied up. I remember hearing of men who were driving caterpillars staying on their equipment for days. People brought them fuel and food and they just kept moving snow. We were extremely fortunate that our father had a good supply of coal to burn in our furnace and in our cook stove in the kitchen. As I recall, it was several days before they finally got the main roads open so that they could deliver our mail and everybody could get to town. We had to remove the snow from our driveway and every place using scoop shovels since we did not have any mechanical snow moving equipment. One other interesting thing happened. The snow had drifted so that it was as high as the roof of every building, including our chicken coops. I had gone out to collect the eggs and I discovered that nearly all of our hens were dead and there was a horrible smell in the chicken coop. I got our father and he took a rifle and we went back out and discovered that a skunk had walked up a snow drift and had got through a broken window and fallen into the coop. He had a real field day killing chickens. The skunk had been hiding behind one of the nests and when it stuck its head up, father shot it. My it did smell. One other thing that I do remember is that neighbors helped neighbors. Where ever there was a need there was always someone there to help. Our father and his horses were in big demand because horses were sometimes able to go where tractors could not. We were also able to let fences down and drive across fields. I can remember seeing airplanes fly over with skis on instead of wheels. We found pheasants that got caught in the storm and froze to death. In fact, some of us boys took a frozen rooster pheasant and set it up in a corn field right across from our rural school. It was not long before we heard shots as somebody shot at our pheasant. One of our neighbors, who fed a lot of cattle had a herd walk over the fence and get out. They rounded up cattle over a wide territory including the golf course which was approximately three miles away. It was virtually impossible to keep cattle inside a fenced in area since all of the fences were under huge snow drifts. We built a lot of snow forts, snowmen, etc. Since we did not have snow tires we could not drive without putting on chains. Most farmers put chains on their tractor tires also. I must have celebrated my 12th birthday sometime shortly after the blizzard.

Too bad I do not have a better memory.