

I missed sending my letter in about the 48-49 blizzard. I grew up in Crofton on the K-H Ranch, and I wanted to tell you about the moats around the hay-stacks in the spring snow-melt caused by the Nat'l Guard moving snow away from them, the cattle tanks lower than the snow depth, and all the hardships my folks experienced and many of the same things that others did write about. But instead I'll mention an amusing incident of the blizzard. As a 13 year old not getting home for 6 weeks while attending Mt. Marty High School, we were required to wear white blouses (I probably had two) and one blue "jumper" and one pair of nylons. I had never, before that, washed anything by hand at that age, and the nylons had so many "runs" the only thing left was the seam up the back. Some girls even tried to pencil a seam up the back of the leg to pass for nylons. They didn't get away with it though.

Another very memorable event of 48-49 was a tour with our family of visiting the two hermits that lived on the Nebraska Bluffs of the river near the Acorn Ranch. Hans about 50 years old with one foot crippled was very proud of his vegetable garden. Carrots were a foot long. (At least that's what a 13 year old perceived.). The most impressive to me was the dug-out he lived in. It had dirt floor, with boards and post holding up the dirt ceiling. The only structured wall on the north had a small window where to my surprise he painted beautiful water-colors of flowers and India Ink drawings of water fowl. We talked him into selling us three of his pieces. I'll always cherish the border of "Four Roses" I have.

The other hermit lived in a shack he built from bridge timbers and wood dragged in by boat from washed out bridges from spring floods. He made his livelihood seining /fishing. Their homes and bottom land with all the good-level farm ground is all under water now. But I still have my memories.

*Jeanette Kube Lammers*

*Yankton, SD 57078*

*P.S. Great Magazine !!*