

Nebraska Life Magazine
PO Box 819
Norfolk NE 68702

Dear editor,

I missed sending in my storm story before your January/February issue, but would like to relate the following story. I very much enjoyed reading the stories in your magazine.

On Sunday, January 2, 1949, around 7pm, a strong snowstorm started at our home, a farm 10 miles North of Chappell, in the Nebraska panhandle. On Monday afternoon, my Dad and brother started outdoors to feed livestock, but just outside the door was a drift straight up and the wind so strong it sucked their breath away. When the storm receded, we went out to inspect the huge snowdrifts and saw an Army boxcar plane, dropping bales of hay to sheep, stranded below at barbed wire fence.

My Dad later made the trip into Chappell for supplies for us and neighbors. The ten-mile distance took 32 miles of travel, finding a way through fields between drifts. This route changed, as future storms moved drifts during January

By the end of January, we had only eight days of school. We were surprised on the morning of January 17th, when a small plane landed on the road. Out stepped our teacher and the pilot, a relative who was the Texas sheep rancher who owned the sheep in winter pasture. Two sheepdogs were also on the plane but of no use since the sheep perished after drifting against fences. We only had school on days when the pilot could fly our teacher there, although she boarded with our family several days.

The last of January, the storms abated and snow began melting, so much so that one day our rural schoolhouse was surrounded by water. My Dad drove the tractor from our house a mile away and ferried the children to their parents cars.

Sincerely,


Mary A. Beiriger
Hastings

