Souvenir Flood Edition

The Benkelman Post
and News-Chronicle

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Souvenior Flood Edition of The Benkelman Post and News-Chronicle Combining Flood News From Regular Issues of June 7-14-21, 1935.

Death Rides Flood Waters

13 Known Dead and 6 Still Missing

Raging Torrents Sweep Down Without Warning; Hundreds Trapped While They Sleep

Death List Mounts to 168 in Valley With Many Still Unaccounted For

Know Dead In Local Area

James Robbin Pettit, 52.
Mamie Laumann Pettit, 44.
Edward Walter Pettit, 18.
Albert Pettit, 13.
James Pettit, 11.
LaVeta Alice Pettit 9.
Lee Pettit, 6.
Adolph Thomas Pettit, 4.
Lois Burke, 4.
Art Duvall, 61.
Mrs. Harvey Barnhart, 45.
Mrs. Blanche Harding, Hale, Colo., 45.
Ora Davis, 60.

Missing and almost certainly lost:

Johanna Osborne, 74.
B. D. Faylor, 48.
Mrs. B. D. Faylor, 45.
Bud Faylor, 19.
Merna Faylor, 15.
Pete Courtright, 15.

Heavy rains, downpours and cloudbursts last Thursday night and Friday morning united in bringing about the greatest flood in all Republican valley history and with it the destruction of life and property on a scale never before equalled in Southwestern Nebraska.

Estimates of possible loss of life in Dundy county alone will reach fifteen and possibly twenty persons. It is even more difficult to estimate the destruction to lands and live stock that the floods caused. Amidst all of the uncertainity and confusion, one thing is sure and that is that Nebraska has never seen anything that even approached it before.

The thing that brought about the loss of life and destruction of live stock to Dundy county was the suddenness of the flood and the extent to which it was unexpected. Thursday was an almost perfect day and the Republican valley landscape had never been more beautiful as peaceful herds grazed over its luxuriant, grassy meadows. As the evening shades began to gather, dark clouds assembled in all direction and by eight o'clock the skies were overcast with a black denseness that the eye could not penetrate for a distance of even inches. Shortly after that a heavy rain began falling. Large hail stones were received in considerable numbers but within themselves did little damage. By ten o'clock torrents of water were flowing in from all the hillsides approaching town and the drainage system was taxed to its full capacity to handle it but it was kept in tow and little real damage resulted in Benkelman. By ten o'clock flood waters were crossing the highway from the Magnani filling station building to the Joe Krug farm dwelling at a depth of from 18 inches to two feet. The waters were moving swiftly and it was not long before all traffic was stopped in that direction. Despite the fact that the end was not yet for many of them everything was well in tact, there seemed to be a sort of premonition among many Benkelman people that the end was noe yet for many of them continued to stay up and cars were milling around all night. The approach of the flood became apparent at near eleven o'clock when Burlington passenger train No. 6 limped in at a snail's speed behind a hand car carrying warning lights. The train took a siding and still remains here. About one o'clock distant roaring of the flood's approach became apparent and night watchman H. K. Martin called up a number of people who had stock in the lowlands, giving them warning. At two o'clock the head waters of the raging torrents reached Benkelman and by four o'clock the bottoms were covered. The water continued to rise gradually from that time until it almost reached the railroad tracks at the depot and extended across the North Fork, South Fork and Big Timber valleys, almost to the J. T. O'Brien farm house nearly five miles distant. It was a vast sea of water and it raged and tore and leaped and bounded as debris, fences, telephone poles, channels and uprooted trees seemed to vie with each other in adding terror and desolation to the vast panorama of dirty, yellow water which seemed to have a stronger resemblance to a sort of yellow fluid than it had to water. Panic stricken people watched from the higher ground as the tide weaved and leaped. Thousands of objects were apparent across the broad expanse of waves. Some of them looked like people on roofs, bridges and even on rafts and no doubt some of them were. Mr. and Mrs. Pringle at Parks were sure they saw three people going down the North Fork on a roof or a building and then as they watched, it struck a tree or a deep current and capsized. Later the craft was seen but no one was riding it. There were dozens of cases like that.

At noon the flood waters began to recede and hope was felt that the worst was past, but in less than an hour, the second crest was upon us and the water rose to a new high. And still new territory was engulfed and with it new hazards created. By four o'clock the waters again began to recede and continued until on Saturdav morning it was possible to walk to the bridges on the North Fork south of Benkelman where volunteers began their laborious work of stretching a cable from the bank to what remained of the bridge in order to make it possible to tow a boat across the channel and bring about the safe rescue of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Higley, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Woods and her daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Adkinson and daughter who had been marooned in the Woods, Higley and Campbell farm dwellings between the two rivers during all of the flood period. Searchers were also then conveyed across and dozens of volunteers began the search for lost bodies that has continued ever since, although their success has been greatly handicapped by hundreds of tons of debris, washed holes from which trees were uprooted, quick sands and a dozen other deterring influences.

While the floods were raging, rumors were being circulated in unending numbers, telling of the breaking of dams, new deaths reported, other houses having collapsed, of tragedies and losses in Parks, Max, Stratton and other points in the flood area. It was the tenest 48-hour period that the county ever lived thru. Every source of communication was cut off. Hundreds and hundreds of people lined up on the highland south of the rivers were watching every move on the part of the crowds scattered along the Benkelman side and wondreed what was happening, the extent of the loss of life and who was involved whereas on this side the same thoughts were entertained for those on the other side.

At near four o'clock Saturday afternoon Henry Admire, Dewey Gerdes, Jim Pettit and others left the south side to swim the South Fork. It was a hazardous undertaking but they were successful. They came to the North Fork bridge and crossed over on the boat and this was the first word brought from the South side. They said that at two o'clock Friday morning Manilla Merklin had watched a light in her mother's house on the

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Aged Couple Ride House Roof Eight Miles to Safety

Land On Island South Of Benkelman and Are Rescued At Near Noon Saturday

As J. A. McDonald and his family were watching the progress of the flood early Friday morning, they discovered a man and a woman coming down stream on a sort of a board platform. They were moving very swiftly in the very center of the current and when their raft hit the island east of the McDonald farm where trash from town has been dumped for several years past, the craft hit the island squarely and lingered there for a minute or two. The couple grabbed some tree branches and crawled onto the island. As soon as the waters had lowered so they could reach the river, Mr. McDonald and Lyle went over and found both were safe. They were rescued from the island about noon Saturday and taken to the McDonald farm where they remained until the first of the week when they were able to get to the home of their son in the Hackberry district. They were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson and had been living on the old Charlie Wilson farm, the house being located near the South Fork bridge at the Merklin and Case crossing. Mr. Ferguson said that he heard the roar of the flood waters only a few minutes before it reached the house Friday morning. Seeing they were trapped, he raised a window and had no more than done so when the building began to sink and finally collapsed. He and Mrs. Ferguson climbed to the roof and had about reached the chimney when it sunk down and divided the roof. He tore enough shingles loose to make a hand hold about the center of it which provided a firm grip on the boards supporting it. Then they settled down and wished for the best. And the best certainly came to them because their craft proved sea worthy and held its place in the very center of the channel. Occasionally it struck debris that threatened to shake them off but they were able to cling on until their almost miraculous safe journey came to an end on the island. It is about eight miles from the Merklin-Case bridge to the island in question and Mr. Ferguson said that he believed that it required no longer than thirty minutes to make the trip, which gives one some idea of the speed that the waves were making. Mr. Ferguson is 65 and Mrs. Ferguson is 64 years of age. Friday was Mr. Ferguson's birthday anniversary and he said it was without doubt the most exciting one he had ever experienced. Likewise he felt that it gave cause for a spirit of thanksgiving that he had never felt before. Despite their years and the harrowing experience thru which they passed, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson did not seem greatly affected or unbalanced by their experience nor did it seme to have a marked effect on their physical condition.

One of the fair buildings was moved from its foundation and carried a distance of several yards and the J. P. McDermott dwelling occupied by the Forbes family was carried a distance of several hundred yards. There are several members of the Forbes family but they moved out while it was still possible to reach higher ground. The Littlefield vegetable house and headquarters for Mr. Littlefield's fleet of trucks was submerged several feet but the trucks were moved out before they were damaged. He had a heavy property loss, however. J. V. Ireland had considerable damage at his sale headquarters on the fair grounds but thru effective action, no live stock loss was reported.

TRAPPED IN ATTIC OF HOUSE FAMILY OF EIGHT DROWN AS BUILDING SINKS INTO HOLE

Local Men Had Discovered Their Plight Friday Morning and Were Almost Ready to Attempt Rescue When Flood's Second Crest Hit.

FUNERAL HELD MONDAY AT THE LYRIC BUILDING

When all reports are compiled and the real facts known, we believe that the Benkelman community will have suffered a greater death toll than any section in the entire flodo area and one of the saddest and most pitiful of all will be the tragedy of the passing of Mr. and Mrs. James Robbin Pettit and their six children who were trapped in the attic of a small house on the river bottom on the Caster farm and who went to their death, the eight as one, without the least shadow of a chance to save their lives . And there was heriosm there too, and plenty of it, because Mr. Pettit and his eldest son Edward, 18 years of age, could no doubt had a good chance to leave the family and perhaps get to high land before the flood reached its crest. When Heinie Frenzen and Arthur Shaver swam out to their little home, Mr. Pettit said he didn't want to leave his family—"that they were so badly scared and afraid." He said they had tried to get out when the water was first discovered around their house but that the waves were so high that he feared that most of the younger children at least would drown. He said that they had been in the attic all night and that it was only three feet high and that they were badly cramped and were very uncomfortable. The fact that they were both wet and hungry added greatly to their discomfort.

Surveying the situation, Shaver and Frenzen realized that it was impossible for them to effect a rescue as it was only thru holding hands and using their every physical resource that they were able to get out to the house. They decided to go to town or seek help from whatever source possible. When they reached high ground again, about twelve men had gathered but there was nothing in the way of equipment with which to do anything. Rescue plans were under discussion when a three-foot raise in the crest of the flood struck the house and it appeared to either collapse or disappear. This happened no longer than fifteen minutes after they had left the house.

A rescue squad had previously been organized in town and a raft and a rescue devise of oil barrels had been formulated and cable and rope had been secured and loaded into a truck and near thirty men who are rated as good swimmers assembled but the flood's progress had been too rapid and the relief crew arrived on the scene about fifteen minutes too late.

The building had completely disappeared from view in a hole that the water washed near it and it was not known until the next morning what had really become of it. At dawn the next morning Frank Walsh organized a crew that removed the bodies. They were brought to town and placed in the Lyric theatre building just as the seven o'clock whistle blew.

Heinie Frenzen, Arthur Shaver and Joe Owens started to Parks at near five o'clock Friday morning upon receipt of news that the town was in distress. At the Pringle ranch they learned that the road was out. Joe walked on into Parks and Heinie and Art remained at the Pringle ranch where they were told of the possibility of the Pettit family being marooned. Mr. Pringle had sent his men down to the house earlier in the morning to find out if they were there. The water was rising rapidly and they did not quite get to the house. They shouted several times and not being able to get a response, concluded that the family had vacated before the flood waters reached them. The same theory was held at the Caster ranch. But after getting to the house and talking to the family Frenzen and Shaver found that because of the fact that they were lodged in the attic, it was impossible to hear or be heard at any distance.

Funeral services were held at the Lyric building by Rev. Frank Woodward Monday afternoon, at the conclusion of which the eight caskets were all loaded into J. M. DeWester's large truck and taken to the Benkelman cemetery for burial.

It was one of those pitiful, sorrowful occasions that challenges the power of words to describe.

The James Robbin Pettit family were good people, they lived unpretentious but useful lives. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pettit were reared here and their children were born here. A large familyin the midst of the country's greatest depression had tried their very souls but the same courage sustained them then as it did in the last tragic minutes of their lives when the father said, "I can not leave my family. They are so afraid."

Art Duvall whose body was recovered on the south side of the river Monday was of a rather eccentric nature. He had lived for some time in a camp at the Earnest feed lots and slaughter house adjoining the east side of the East North Fork bridge. He was a great lover of dogs and it was said that he owned something like 25 of them. They were mostly of the hound or running type variety but no dog was refused his friendship because of its breeding standards. He was between fifty and sixty years of age and it is said that he spent his young manhood on the Ough Divide. Few knew his real name when it became know that he was lost. Those who knew him knew him by the name of "Dog Shorty."

Flood Waters Sweep Valley Second Time Sunday Night

Cloud Burst on South Fork and Torrential Rains West Bring Rivers to Flood Stage

For tne second time since May 31st, flood waters swept the Republican valley last Sunday night and in the Benkelman section carried two more lives with it in its wild rampage. But so far as we have been able to learn, Mrs. Harold Mosier and her little daughter Betty June were its only victims in the entire valley.

Sunday forenoon was extremely warm and shortly after noon clouds began to gather and continued to deepen until the skies were completely covered. The clouds were extremely black and it was readily apparent that we were in for another terrific rain storm at least. This began reaching different sections of the county at near four o'clock but Benkelman was not effected until after six o'clock when a steady, consistent rain reached us which lasted until midnight. The government rain guage here recorded the precipitation at one inch and a quarter. The flood waters had their beginning on the South Fork west of St. Francis where a cloud burst was reported. It rained heavily all the way from St. Francis to Benkelman and on the divide sections on either side which filled the creeks and canyons which drained into the South Fork with such speed that it soon became the raging, wild stream that had so much to do in marking the Republican valley flood of May 31st as the greatest and most destructive in all Republican valley history. The South Fork crest reached the junction at Benkelman shortly after seven o'clock and soon covered the former flood area, following all the newly created river channels and sweeping all of the newly constructed railroad grade east of town before it and burying ties and rails, not alone undoing everything that had been done in the Burlington's efforts to re-establish train service but adding to their troubles in forcing them to build a temporary road bed further up, using part of the highway. At Haigler it swept away the river bridge which was the first one to be rebuilt in the county. It also washed out three hundred yards of the railroad fill at the Parks bridge, and in other ways interfered with the reconstruction program, but in Dundy county it added little damage to lands as they had already been so badly torn by flood waters that they are almost immune from further damage. At McCook the light plant was put out of commission temporarily, but is now again in operation.

While the South Fork was at its ful heighth, word was received in Benkelman that a heavy rain at Haigler, Wray and Parks had brought the North Fork to flood stage and warning was sent out to abandon the low lands. At Parks the entire population again evacuated their homes and all along the valley people did likewise. At Benkelman, folks carrying bundles of clothing and driving their live stock were continuously moving to safer territory until every home on the low lands was abandoned. This same program was carried on all the way down the line to McCook. Marshal Martin and dozens of local men stayed on the job until they were certain that no person was left on the low lands and that the danger of further loss of life by the floods had passed. The North Fork crest reached Benkelman at about eleven o'clock and covered much of the territory that had been covered in the May 31st flood but not nearly so deep nor were the waters so wild and vicious. The fact that there were so many new channels cut by the big flood and that there were no obstruction in the water's course to hold it back, helped much in averting further damage. The waters began receding by one o'clock and have been rapidly receding ever since. Sunday's flood nothing like compared with the flood of May 31st but at that it was perhaps the highest water the valley had seen in many years with of course the exception of the disasterous flood of May 31st.

The weather cleared Monday and has been ideal for both reconstruction work and growing crops ever since.

The precipitation Sunday varied from one inch to as much as four inches in some sections. Considerable hail fell south and west of Benkelman and north of Max. J. E. Morehouse, living southwest of Benkelman, reported Wednesday that the best wheat prospect he had in many years had been badly damaged by the hail. Simliar reports came from south of Benkelman and north of Max.

On A Marooned Train Thru the Terrors of A Flood

WRITTEN BY H. RAYMOND BLAND, FEATURE WRITER. PUBLISHED IN THE KANSAS CITY STAR

This story goes back to 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, May 30, Memorial day, when the fast Burlington passenger train, The Aristocrat, left Denver, on its Denver-Chicago run. There were upwards of 100 passengers aboard, and a train crew of fifteen or twenty. Little did any of us know when we climbed aboard The Aristocrat that we all would, within the next few hours, be menaced by flood and barely escape with our lives.

Darkness was coming on shortly after leaving Ft. Morgan. And with darkness the impending tragedy which was destined to bring death, loss of property, and destitution in the peaceful valleys of Western Nebraska and Eastern Colorado.

Outside my window a black cloud was approaching. It seemed a premonition, a warning of a cloudbrust that was to transform the Republican River Valley into an area of horror, leaving death and desolation in its wake.

The rain is beginning to come down in solid sheets, drops that beat against my car window with the force of hailstones. There is a little restlessness among the passengers, but the conductor seems calm enough. He has watched the approach of the dark cloud, but he dared not let the passengers know his fears. At Wray, a motor car is put on to go ahead of us and investigate the roadbed. The rain is falling harder and harder, and passengers begin to realize we are likely to encounter trouble. Slowly we creep along. Faces are pressed against window panes. There are lakes of water forming on the outside; the ditches at the sides of the roadbed are carrying roaring streams. The black fury above us is rent from time to time with streaks of lightning, and the thunder becomes deafening to us.

There is much talk in the coach, the conductor answering all sorts of questions. The passengers are wondering what is going to happen. Will we all land in the ditch? Will we reach Benkelman? Will we go on from there? This is beginning to look bad.

Can't Go Past Benkelman

It is now about 2 o'clock. We are standing on the main line at Benkelman. A few hundred yards ahead is a bridge. The water is gradually creeping over it. The main street of this little village is a river itself. The rain beats harder and harder. Will we attempt to go on?

The conductor and other trainmen hold a conference. Can the train go through the water ahead?

No, we cannot proceed, the conductor tells us. It will not be safe. We are just head of the onrush of water that soon will turn the river into a raging, whirling flood that may destory everything animate and inanimate in the Republican River valley.

It seems that we are in the very center of the flood zone. This fast passenger train, with fifteen coaches and better than 100 persons aboard, is marooned on its main line in this little village of about 1,000 persons. We were due in McCook, fifty-four miles east of here, about 10:30 p. m. We did not reach Benkelman until after 2 a. m.

The rain still tumbles in sheets from lightning-spilt clouds, while this crack passenger train stands helpless. This is a flood! Oldest residents, according to the conductor, never have seen anything like it. They are worried. The river bed is fully half or three-quarters of a mile away. Will it rise out of its bed and overflow the town? Ditches alongside the track are now overflowing with dark, muddy water.

Now there is a distant roar, ominous and increasing in volume as it comes nearer. From somewhere there is a wall of water rushing down the valley, becoming turbulent and destructive as it gains momentum. There's going to be hell to pay before morning in this valley, and we, who sit in the train in comparative safety, may be included in the payoff, whatoff, whatever it is to be. The seriousness of the whole situation is beginning to be appreciated at last. We can't take our minds away from the tragedy we feel certain to come before many hours elapse. The deadly storm now is lashing the countryside. We try to be calm, but know there are men, women and children out there in the valley, many of them now sound asleep, who will drowned because they have received no warning. And yet the futility of any attempt to try to warn the innumerable inhabitants is sickenly apparent.

Spectators Unable to Aid.

Yet . . . why don't some of us in this train get out and attempt to go down the valley with the message of oncomming disaster? Perhaps we are afraid. Perhaps most of us are too well aware of the odds against us. Perhaps some argue that it is necessary to let every fellow take care of himself. At any rate, we do not go.

The stage is set. The flooded Republican River is charging angrily down upon the valley, death and destruction written in the intensity of its effort. The conductors, brakemen and porters have waded through water knee deep, getting passengers on and off the train. They smile and carry on, but I can see they feel that some thing out of the ordinary is going to happen. It is not often that a fast passenger train is marooned in flood waters of a small curving river like the Republican.

It is daylight now, a gray dawn with a passing fury of wind and an increasing roar of muddy water, dawn after a sleepless night for the Aristocrat's passengers. Some of us snoozed a little. I have sat here listening, thinking, wondering, yet putting down these scant notes on my typewriter, which I have propped up against the window of my car seat. I have been afraid for the dawn to come, because of what I know I am going to look out of this window and see on my right.

Conductor Gets Details of Disaster.

As the dawn breaks, things begin to take shape, and I can see it only in bare outline, because of the gray murkiness of the atmosphere.

The conductor comes through our car. He tells me that a message has come through in some unknown way from Parks, a few miles up the river, from whence we came. Homes are . . . people are taking to the highlands . . . driving their cattle . . . children are crying in their arms.

The river flows parallel with the tracks here. Now we can see better. The water is rising fast, very fast. It is rising and falling in turbulent, rushing crests, like ocean waves in a storm, and they are laden with lumber, houses, parts of motor cars, fences, boxes, highway bridges, railroad bridges . . . The water is rushing, rushing. It won't be long now!

And now at 8:15, the river is gradually creeping out towards us here at the railroad tracks. It is muddy and foamy, and carries with it a smell that is nauseating, sickening. It must be a mile and a half wide now. People are fleeing from the valley, panic-stricken, as they come wading, stumbling through the rushing waters, their eyes set on the distant hills, the look of anguish on their faces.

A Boy Marooned in a Tree.

The foaming waters bend the green trees almost double, and there comes to my ears the cries of little children, the wail of lost sheep and cattle, the pleading call for help of a boy over there in a treetop, whence he has managed to get from his housetop.

Yonder is a young fellow in overalls wading out into the rushing water. His eyes are set on a house several hundred yards away. He is frantic almost grief-stricken. Without though of self, he stumbles forward through the waters, his eyes ahead. He almost falls, jerks himself together, stumbles on deeper and deeper into the whirling waters.

The water is too deep. He turns suddenly and calls back to men lined up on the shore: "A boat! Get me a boat! Quick.

Two or three men start off in a run and the man in the water goes on towards the house. He has told the man that two women and four children are out there and they'll drown unless some one gets to them. Several of the men tie themselves to each other with a long rope, and start for the man already far out in the water, and who looks as though he may be swept under any moment. All finally reach the house.

The Rescuers Return.

Meanwhile, the muddy water is swirling nearer and nearer to our train. There goes another and another house down the river. Someone tells me several people were seen down below us, standing on a little island of ground, waving frantically for help. At another place, a number of cattle, the informant said, were huddled together on a little rise, trying to stay clear of the rising flood waters.

The lad still cries from the tree-top, and now a mother stands on shore pleading for someone to go out after him. But he is safe just now, if he will remain quiet. Look! Someone is volunteering to go out, and still another and another offers to help in the rescue.

We have been watching for the men who have gone, tied to one another, to the white house out there after the women and four children. Now they reappear from around the house (the house has been turned half around by the flood waters since the men entered) and four of them are carrying four children in their arms and two other men are holding up two rather frail women who have been frightened into numbness by the long, wondering wait for their men, and thought of the loss of all they possessed, perhaps even their own lives and those of their precious little ones.

But the men reach safe ground at last with the women and childern, and a little later someone tells me that the lad has been rescued from the tree, although there was so much excitement at this time, I could never quite get at the truth of the thing.

A New Rise Is Coming.

It is midafternoon now. A new rise is coming. The water sweeps higher and higher. The river spreads havoc like a mad nightmare, and we can see only a little of what is taking place. Up the river, it must of been terrible, and the floodwaters will do their dirty work here and then sweep on down, for miles and miles, destorying, bring-death and sorrow, taking all these people have spent years in building.

A house comes bobbing, spins for a moment, rushes on, its door and windows splotches against a void. In a pig-yard here by the tracks pigs squeal, as men remove them to safety. I hope the big white barn out there doesn't go; I believe its built on a firmer foundation than most of the houses. A man just went by on a raft. Several others have been reported going down the river on rafts.

Then Comes a Dust Storm

Now in the afternoon. Dull gray. Foggy. An ugly wind is blowing. The sky has turned to a dusty red. Some one says its another dust storm. It is. It's growing. This country must be cursed!

Later in the afternoon: Somewhere out in the beautiful valley, six in one family are believed to have drowned. Another family of five was rescued from a rooftop, we are told. We hear that a mile of railroad track is out ahead of us; that the turbulent river has gutted the earth beneath the tracks twisted the rails and taken complete possession.

But thank God, the rain has stopped! Little groups of villagers and farmers gather in the streets of the village. Benkelman is a beehive of activity. Tragedy after tragedy is told—houses sweept away, cattle lost, loved ones drowned, poverty worse than ever, destitution beyond belief, farms and livestock completely gone.

We are cut off from the rest of the world. Wires are down, bridges are washed out, roads are under water. There is no way of sending messages to our friends and relatives from the train. A radio station probably by now has broadcast that we are all lost. But we hope that some time Saturday, perhaps Sunday, we may be taken from this devastated area by bus or motor cars to Ogallala and put on the Union Pacific for our various eastern destinations.

Early evening: Twenty-[illegible] [illegible] cars, we hear, have just transported the entire population of Parks to Benkelman and to safety. Their homes are reported all washed away.

River Rapidly Recedes.

Friday night: The stars come out. Saturday: The dawn is beautiful at last, a good omen. The sun casts a golden sheen over muddy waters. The river is nearly back in its banks. Maybe we will all get out of here by night. We keep up a laughing conversation, joking and pretending that nothing has happened. The conductor says we're noble, and that he's going to show us the way out of here very shortly. He's a prince, and so are all the other members of the train crew.

Afternoon again: Just now the waters are receding faster and faster, and are yielding up some of the dead. A family of eight, drowned in their home, have been brought in and laid on benches in an old theater building. Rescue parties, on land and in the air, scour the ravaged countryside. It is believed that sixteen lost their lives in this part of the valley. Word leaks through twenty-three were drowned at Trenton, a short way down the river; that a little girl was swept into a wall of floodwater and lost from her rescuing father at Parks. Three more bodies, that of the little girl, a man and a woman, have just been brought in, eleven in all. We wonder how many more there will be. But the waters recede, and we wait, we who have been on the Aristocrat for what seems an eternity, watching a tragic contortion of nature.

It is now 8:30 in the evening. I take out my little typewriter and write these last lines. For the conductor has just gathered us all together where the main street of the village comes down to meet the train, and told us smilingly that the trainmaster of this dividon has fifteen motor cars lined up to take us across to Ogallala, and that the road is dry, and we will leave immediately. He points to the cars, and then looks away from us, as though we had been his children for these past hours, and he is sorry to see us go.

A family living in a wagon in South Benkelman, sought refuge in the Magnani house out near the Carlin property with another family who had but recently moved into it. As the water arose, the men waded and swam for help. Nine men, holding to a long rope, went to the rescue and helped the women out and carried the children. One baby was only three weeks old.

So far as we have been able to learn the Haigler section escaped without any loss of life and with only a minimum of property damage in the town proper. Haigler, like Benkelman, is setting on higher ground, and was only effected in the lower sections nearest the river.

Frontier County Hit By High Winds

More than thirty farm homes were destroyed and two lives were lost in a tornado which swept thru Frontier county last Friday afternoon. The storm dipped down from the clouds near the southwest corner of the county at about 4:30 in the afternoon and swept a destructive path of three and four miles wide across two-thirds of the county. It will be remembered by residents of this section that on the Friday of the flood the sudden cold air and the dust condition sent a great many of the Benkelman folks to their storm cellars in fear of high winds. The Frontier county disaster took place at the same time that day.

The two victims of the storm were Mrs. John Schmidt, 30 years of age and Robert Lee Schellas, ten-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schellas. The Schmidt home was south of Curtis and altho the home was destroyed the son and husband were not seriously injured. Mrs. Schmidt died Saturday morning at a neighbor's home. The Henry Schellas home is northeast of Curtis and no other member of the Schellas family was seriously injured. A peculiar circumstance surrounded the Schellas tragedy. Mrs. Schellas was preparing a hot fire in the family cook stove for the purpose of baking a birthday cake for the unfortunate ten-year old son Robert Lee. When the tornado struck the house the little boy was thrown against the stove and scalded with boiling water. He died of the burns on Saturday night in a Farnam hospital.

Several freaks of the tornado were reported in the Curtis Enterprise. Among them was an incident concerning a horse. The horse was tied to a manger in the barn at the T. J. Murrain home. When the high wind struck the barn was blown away and the horse was found 200 yards away from the site still tied to a piece of the manger, unharmed, and the saddle was lying near the animal with the cinches still fastened and unbroken. A motor was torn from an automobile at the Fred Smith home and turned crosswise in the car frame.

Curtis reports five and one-half inches of rain in thirty-hours and also consequent floods and high water. All canyons and creeks were rushing currents and highways, railroads and farms suffered inestimable damages Flood waters in the town proper washed into basements of business houses and homes.

The Curtis lake, a twenty-acre power purpose lake, was washed out by the terrific flood waters which covered that territory. The lake and dam withstood the pressure of the flooded lake bed for [illegible] hours, until about 5 o'clock Saturday morning, when a twenty-foot gap was washed thru the dam on the south side. At near noon the lake was practically empty and thousands of fish floundered in the shallow water all over the mud filled lake. Men and boys waded waist high in the mud picking up the fish for their family larders. It is estimated that several tons of fish were captured. The lake was used to furnish power for a mill owned by the Crete Milling Co. It has only been washed out once since its construction and that was on June 1, 1895—just forty years previous to the present flooding. Silt from farms and pastures filled the lake bed to the extent that it is believed that it will have to be dredged in order to be of value as a source of power.

So great is the destruction to the Burlington railroad tracks in the flood area that officials will not even venture a guess as to the time that might be required to rebuild the tracks to the point where service may be continued. It is said that the track is all washed out on the Oxford-Kansas City line from Oxford to beyond Red Cloud, a distance of over a hundred miles. The damage to the main line reaches all the way from west of Haigler to Oxford. The company has placed every available man on the job and are asking farmers along the route for the use of whatever possible teams and equipment than can be spared.

The condition of highway and bridges in the flood area is also very bad and everything possible is being done to rush the time when some semblance of traffic can be restored in order to avert the possibility of a food shortage in the flood area. Trucks are already in service hauling in supplies but they are greatly handciapped by being forced to travel great distances following roundabout routes.

All day long Friday the eyes of Benkelman were glued on the Higley, Woods and Adkinson dwellings between the rivers as the waters surged, plunged and plowed around them. They watched the Woods barn and smaller buildings collapse and then drift down the raging waters. But the three dwellings, the only hope of their occupants stood. When the flood waters began to recede that evening, the terrible suspense began to lighten and at about three o'clock Saturday afternoon, the entire group was taken from what was left of the bridge and brought across in a tow boat. For a time Friday it did not seem possible that the houses would hold to their moorings and continue as the only hope between life and almost sure death in case they had yielded. The three families had plenty to eat but practically nothing to drink during the almost forty-eight hours of their imprisonment.

FAMILY OF SIX DROWNED AS FLOATING HOUSE SINKS IN FLOOD

Culbertson Family of Six Die After Riding House For Several Miles

Culbertson casualties are reported to be six in the Republican river flood last Friday. The Bernard J. Wallace family of five perished after a brave attempt to ride their floating house to safety. The Wallace house was south of Culbertson and many of the Culbertson citizens watched it struggling on the raging flood waters. The house left its foundation and traveled on the waters as far as the watchers could see but according to watchers stationed near the Blackwood creek bank east of Culbertson the house crashed against a tree and the family perished. The Wallace family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, and four children, Virginia, 6; Martha Jean, 4; Bernice, 2; and Lorraine, 1.

The Tom Moore family of four who live south and east of the river bridge at Culbertson barely escaped the ravages of the flood when the high water struck them Friday. Water was flowing into the house to a depth of four feet when the house gave a sudden lunge and started floating down the stream. It floated for about forty rods to higher ground where it stranded, remaining there all during the flood and the tornado, successfully resisting the battering waves and the hard winds. Searchers found them the next day digging out the mud and drying their clothing.

Little damage was done in Culbertson proper but with the previous Tuesday's flood damage their railroad and highway bridges and right-of-ways are in bad shape.

NINE PERISH IN FLOOD WHEN REPUBLICAN SWEEPS TRENTON

Nine lives were lost and inestimatable damage to farm and city property is charged to the diabolical waters of the rampant Republican as it rushed thru the town of Trenton on its history making surge to the Missouri.

Those to perish were: E. C. Clover and son George, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Murtha, Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas and son Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith.

The Clover family lived at the gravel pit in a wagon house, west of Trenton and when the river began to rise they took refuge on top of the gravel hoist. High winds and the water wrecked the hoist and Mr. and Mrs. Clover and their son were thrown into the river. They were able to get hold of a bridge plank and with its assistance they floated down stream. Something struck Mr. Clover, who was on one end of the plank, and he lost his grip on the plank and was washed down stream. High waves washed the little boy from his mother's arms and he was drowned. Mrs. Clover fought to retain her hold on the plank for several hours until she was able to climb onto a huge pile of refuge which was lodged against a tree. She remained there until 36 hours later when Pete Johnson and a group of farmers on the south side of the river launched a stock tank on the waters in an effort to rescue her. The stock tank sank but Johnson swam the rest of the way and while on the refuge pile he built a raft and brought her to safety on the south bank of the river.

The Howard Smith family lived in a house wagon close to the Clover wagon and have not as yet been accounted for. Both Smith and Clover hauled gravel from the pit.

The case of the James Thomas family is most unusual. When warned of the high water the sons of James Thomas left their homes and drove to the home of their parents to assist them in moving out before the flood waters arrived. The father, James Thomas, wouldn't leave the house, so one son returned home and the other remained to try to persuade his parents to leave the river bottom. In the meantime the flood waters came and now Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and son Spencer are reported among the unaccounted for.

The Owen Murtha family lived on the river bottom and are believed to have left their home for the higher ground in a buggy but were caught in the flood waters before they arrived.

A great deal of damage is reported in Trenton. Mud has washed into business houses and homes from an inch to three feet deep. Sidewalks and lawns were covered with two inches of slick mud. During the tornado in Frontier county the dust was so thick in Trenton that the city lights had to be turned on. Several farm buildings were destroyed in the high winds that struck a part of that section in the afternoon.

FIVE PERSONS ARE KILLED AS TORNADO RIPS THRU PERRY

High Winds Add Another Threat To Flood Stricken People Near Culbertson

Flood stranded refugees who had taken to the trees in effort to escape drowning were faced with a problem of grave importance last Friday afternoon when high winds threatened to blow both themselves and their protective trees into the raging torrents of the Republican river.

The high winds struck the territory at about 3 o'clock which was the same time that the second raise of high water was adding another threat to the harrassed people.

The greatest loss of life took place at Perry, near Culbertson, with five persons killed and a score injured. Those killed were: Mrs. Frank Zander and two children, Delbert, 11 months old and Franz, Jr., 3 years old; Evelyn Ross Stratton, 1 week old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Stratton, all of Perry; Pauline Rhodes, 2 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Rhodes of near Miller.

A great deal of destruction lay in the wake of the tornado from Trenton thru the thickly farm populated Perry district to a point near Culbertson and then up thru Frontier county to near Curtis. The tornado left the ground before it passed thru the Culbertson area and then dropped again near Quick in the southwestern corner of Frontier county to continue its path of destruction to a point southeast of Curtis where it again left the ground and disappeared.

Were Marooned Across Rivers for Two Days

The Benkelman ball team went over to Bird City to play a game of ball with the Bird City club Sunday. A truck was sent from Bird City and met the boys on the south side of the rivers and took them across but it wasn't so easy getting back. When they reached the South Fork the boys were confronted with the view of another roaring, surging river and were forced to stay on the other side with the Clyde Ketler family and other friends across the line until Tuesday noon. They spent the rest of the afternoon Tuesday in helping the volunteer crew restore foot bridges and got on the Benkelman side that night. Willie Hardwick parked his car on the north side of the North Fork Sunday morning. When he got back to it, it showed all signs of having passed thru a flood immersion. Some of the boys from town went to the river bank Sunday night to recover it before the flood but it was locked and they didn't have time to get a wrecker to tow it in. In spite of the fact that the Benkelman boys made quite a sacrifice to meet the Bird City club, they lost the game to the home lot crew.

ANOTHER DUNDY COUNTY LIFE IS CLAIMED IN FLOOD WATERS

Clarence Gunderman Loses Life While Working on the Colorado River in Texas

Mrs. D. F. Shaw received the sad news that her son Clarence Gunderman had lost his life at Austin, Texas, at near 11 o'clock Monday night while stringing a telephone cable over the Colorado river which was in flood stage. He fell from a cable and his body was submerged in the flood waters and he was drowned. At the time the telephone message was received Tuesday morning, his body had not yet been recovered.

Clarence lived in Benkelman as a boy several years before he accepted employment with the Bell Telephone Company and he has been with the company ever since. He had made good in the work and had been a foreman in charge of a large crew of men in construction work for a long time and was steadily advancing.

He was a splendid young man and was generally liked by everybody and his heart-broken mother and other relatives have the tenderest sympathies of all in their sudden loss and sorrow.

Clarence is a brother of Will Gunderman, Mrs. Jesse Walsh, Mrs. Clifford Lambert and Mrs. Lawrence Beeson, who reside in Dundy county.

Lein Dean received a bad cut on his right leg when he swam the river while helping get a raft across Monday morning.

Souvenir Flood Edition of The Benkelman Post and News-Chronicle Combining Flood News from Regular Issues of June 7-14-21, 1935.

MANY FORMER CITIZENS ARE HEARD FROM SINCE FLOOD

One-Time Residents Write for Post's Description of Flood Damage

The Post has received many inquiries from former residents for copies of the paper giving the story of the recent flood and among the list are names that had almost been forgotten, so long had it been since any of them had been heard from. Particular among this latter group was Louis J. Vollers, 200 Baltimore Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Mr. Vollers was Dundy county's first county clerk and is now an abstracter in Oklahoma City. He is now 81 years of age. Mr. Vollers writes:

"I am not so sure into whose hands this will reach as I do not know who lives there now, but I am sending it in kindly feeling towards all there. I have known your town and the ground on which it stands for years—in fact long before the railroad was built thru on its way to Denver. I extend to you all my heart-felt sympathy in this hour of your worry and trouble. Stand firm, have courage and ever look to Him who doeth all things well.—Louis J. A. Vollers."

Other letters received by The Post, were as follows:

"Herewith find $2.00 on subscription. Your flood edition was worth a year's subscription alone.—L. C. Logan, Long Pine, Nebraska."

"So sorry to hear of the great loss of life and property in Dundy county and on thru the Republican valley. Would you please send me a copy of this week's Post.—Mrs. S. G. Barr, 1416-8 St., Greeley, Colorado."

"Will you please send me a copy of the paper about the flood. We are so anxious to know more about it.—Mrs. Esther Herbert, Oelind, Texas.

"An enclosing $1.00 for The Post and will you please send it to me from May 31st on. We are formerly from Benkelman. We left there in 1926. I was Dreeman on the West section at Benkelman. We are very much interested in all our old friends there so wish to get the news of the storm about which we can't get it straight in our papers here. We are sending our best wishes to our old friends and The Post.—George R. Allen and family."

"Enclosed I am sending stamps for which I wish you would please send me this week's edition of The Post. The papers out here are filled with news of the flood back there in the Republican valley and I am naturally very much interested as that is my home. My parents are Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Hardwick.—Mrs. Chas. A. Perkins, San Jacinto, California."

"I herewith enclose stamps for which I would be glad to have you send me a copy of The Post containing account of recent disasterous flood. I am a brother of Charley McConnaughey whom you undoubtedly know and once lived just east of the Oak ranch.—I. C. McGonagle, Rockwell City, Iowa."

"In reading the Oregon Journal, Portland, Oregon, I saw where there had been a terrible flood and thought I would like to get full particulars of it as I have relatives there. So will you please send me the paper for three months? I was born and reared south of Benkelman, being the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Gilbert and before my marriage was known as Dell Gilbert to my friends. I am now at Lyle, Washington, my husband is a logger which is the chief industry here. He averages $10 per day thru the summer months and there is little work in the winter months as the snow gets from 3 to 5 feet deep. My two eldest girls are married and I became grandma on the 13th of May which of course convinces me that I am growing old even though I don't feel like it. Will be looking for the good old home paper in the next few days.—Mrs. Ora (Myers) Hewitt, Star Route, Lyle, Washington."

"Will you please forward us a copy of The Post with account of flood? We were among the early settlers in Dundy county and still have many friends and relatives at Parks and Benkelman so would like to have the account from the home paper.—Mrs. Sherman Owens, R. 2, St. John, Washington.

"I am enclosing dime for first Post after the flood. You know we were in Benkelman thru many of the early years. In July, 1883, the water spread all over the valley from heavy rains. It stopped—or nearly all of it—at the railroad tracks. The only house north of the track was Scott's hotel, Dr. Way's office and living room, all in one, and the section house. There were two small stores, blacksmith shop and saloon, all frame buildings. There were also four families in sod houses. The water stood for several hours in all the buildings but none moved. Building north of the track began that summer.—Mrs. S. Gilbert, 405 Maple Street, Atlantic, Iowa."

"Just received the Benkelman Post today. It was a few day's late but from what your community has gone thru within the last ten days, I can understand the delay. I have tried to picture the flood but from all reports we have no idea of how bad it was until one really has seen it. Having spent several years of my life in Dundy county, it still seems like home to me and I just can't help thinking of the people out there and what they have gone thru with. I want to take this means of expressing my most heartfelt sympathy to all that have had their loved ones taken away from them and likewise to those who have lost their homes.—George Hamburg, Jr., Marysville, Kansas.

When I was principal of the schools in Benkelman 1901-02, your town paper was then the Chronicle and as I remember it, it was managed by Lee Ketler. I am greatly interested in the big flood, so will you kindly send me a paper?—Wm. A. Williams, Postoffice box 287, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

Post Want-Ads Bring Quick Results.

ABILITY AS A SWIMMER SAVES DOCTOR'S LIFE

Swimming ability developed in the streams of his native county home as a boy saved the life of Dr. A. V. Wortman, Curtis physician, when he was swept from his foundering horse on which he was attempting to ride across the flood waters to reach the tornado victims Friday night at about seven o'clock.

Accompanied by several men the doctor walked to the railroad bridge a half mile east of town. A mare belonging to Charles Schaaf and ridden by him was tied on a knoll south of the track and across one channel which could be negotiated by wading with some difficulty. Dr. Wortman mounted the horse and started across the main channel, the mare reaching the strong current in deep water about 50 feet from the shore, the horse and rider being entirely submerged in the surging waters. The rider was swept from the animal. Dr. Wortman then started to swim toward the north bank. He was making good headway when the frightened horse swam after him and attempted to put his head on the swimming man, ducking him three times and almost fatally hampered his efforts to reach safety. The doctor, now ever succeeded in reaching the bank where he was lifted out by the horrified men who had helplessly watched the struggle.—Curtis Enterprise.

WALTER EDWARDS PICTURES PIONEER SCENE

Walter Edwards said Tuesday that he remembered coming to the Cox ranch forty-five years ago after horse which his father had bought and of crossing the east bridge and then going to the Cox farm between the rivers. There were then the two east bridges then. Walter said the river bottoms then were almost pure sand, such as some sections are now, following the flood waters. He thinks that if most of the meadows are disked before it takes too much, the alkali grass will come thru before fall where the sand is not too thick. He says that it is practically impossible to kill alkali grass and though it seems that the job has really been done, it just won't keep down. He says he is a life-long resident, thinks that there have been times when as much water passed down the Republican valley as during the recent flood but that its progress was impeded by bay tree fences, hedges, heavy tree growth and other obstacles that impedes the flow of water. He says that those same fences, hedges, heavy tree growth, high road grades and ditches all have a tendency to hold the water back until a flood condition is created. He is further of the opinion that an equal amount of water would have gone down Republican now without rising to any thing like the level it was Friday. The old channels are clean and there are hundreds of new ones have been created. And most of all, the hundreds of miles of heavy woven hog wire that criss-crossed the valley are gone.

SEARCHERS BRAVE MANY HAZARDS AFTER FLOOD

Saturday morning the flood waters had receded a great deal and the work of bringing about organization of searching parties took form. The original purpose of the searching parties was to hunt bodies of flood victims investigate possible marooned persons and to list dead livestock. At a meeting at the sheriff's office Friday night "Slim" Hagenson, Jack Hollinger, Clifford Tuler and Roy Toler were made the crew captains and given authority as deputy sheriff's. Homer Davis was selected to act over the captains. Late in the evening the crew captains organized their crews and called for the men to report at 4 o'clock in the morning Saturday. Saturday morning the crews met on main street and left town on the various directions from about 5 o'clock. Every crew was equipped with rope and each man used a long staff as protection in going sand and during river wading and searching about the accumulated trash. The west group in charge of Clifford Toler went at once to the Doane district in search of the Pettit family but a crew under the direction of Frank Walsh had already dug the house out enough to remove the bodies of the flood victims. The Toler group assisted the Walsh group in carrying the bodies to trucks which brought them to the temporary morgue at the Lyric theatre building.

The crew under the direction of Sling Hagenson began searching at Max and worked to the county line east of Max but were unable to uncover any bodies. Jack Hollinger, in charge of the Benkelman to Max group reported no bodies and Roy Lingo on the Parks to Haigler area gave the same report.

The searching parties worked under a severe strain all the time. Quicksand and gumbo soil made the footing perilous and difficult for anything but a slow advancement. Snakes were numerous and of all varieties. The giant piles of drift material lodged against the trees held the bodies of livestock and possibly some of the flood victims but the terrific strength of the flood waters had twisted the bridge timbers, backwater and phone wire, trees and sections of barns and houses into such a compact mass that it will be a long and completely disengage it and satisfactorily disclose its secrets. The bodies of livestock are hundred yards from each other, so completely covered two cattle that one would only be noticed by the horns of its tail down thru the brush and timber. The other animal appeared to be crushed to death and the head would be a large white face bull and all that sticking out of the giant mass of river drift. The bodies of livestock found by Friday and by the files and hundreds of them could be seen making their way down the Republican woven covering down to the carcasses.

The searchers were the first to witnessed the great inundation. Flood marks which have for years guided the river stroller no longer existed. Farms and ranches that had been known for fortably resting in the cool shade of the giant cottonwoods, no longer murk the landscape. May land of yesterday is today a river bed with rushing currents dashing thru the valley like a mill race. Tree growth, which for years bordering the leisure river, are today bent down and beaten, lying like weeds in a garden after heavy weather has had passed over them on the way to the lowlands. Trees whose might has kept the timbered thrives some of years, are washed away. Giant shaders whose green bows welcomed the pioneer settlers are crumbled and broken. Where stood a mighty forest of trees, today a river bed with rushing current. Trees grown to mighty heavy weather has had passed over them on the way to the lowlands. Trees whose might has kept the timbered thrives some of years, are washed away. Giant shaders whose green bows welcomed the pioneer settlers are crumbled and broken. Where stood a mighty forest of trees, today a river bed with rushing current. Trees grown to mighty proportions from other afflicted sections and took messages to radiocast. Clinton's station was the first directly wired to the Denver officials of the whereabouts of passenger train No. 6 marooned here. He also handled dozens of messages for passengers and local people. The station operated by R. E. Olmstead at Wauneta likewise rendered a valuable service to the public. That station sent out forty-two messages for marooned people and received as many. It was the hopeful of conveying word of their safety to relatives in all sections of the country. Mrs. Ripley, mother of Mrs. Lester Kline, who was visiting her daughter here, helped in assembling and forwarding the messages and entertaining piece of community service and one that was deeply appreciated.

At 68. Francis a diesel powered tractor was used to rescue more than a dozen people from sure death in the lowlands. The machine was driven right into the flood waters and the people taken from their houses. Sometimes the waves went over the top of the giant tractor but because of the fact that there is no electric wires in the diesel type motor, it continued to function under every condition. It was of the caterpillar treed design.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH IS SENT BY SHORT-WAVE RADIO

State Editor Is Pleased With Authentic Radiocast of Flood Description

During the slow passing, hetic hours following the flood waters last Friday and Saturday and amid the hundreds of rumors that were current everywhere and with the Dundy county section of the state being almost completely cut off from any kind of communications with the outside world, Clinton Darrell of Enders and the Olmstead station at Wauneta were the only hope of getting word in or out of Benkelman and the hundreds of people stayed on the job and unselfish part they played in trying to make life more bearable for the people was a picture that will not soon be forgotten.

On Saturday night Clinton showed up at "The Post and told us of the many unfounded stories that he had picked up during the day on his amateur receiving and sending stations in the flood area and of the consternation that would be felt on the part of relatives and friends outside the district. The writer thereupon suggested sending a radio report to the Associated Press and Clinton said that he would use every effort possible to get it thru, even if it took all night. He said he was a detailed report of actual conditions was prepared and Clinton took it to Enders and after working thru the static that had subsided, began the task of radiocasting it between the hours of 2 and 3 a. m. Sunday. He was in twenty thrus to North Platte and from there it was carried to state Associated Press headquarters. The story was then appeared in practically all western dailies served by the Associated Press beginning morning. It occupied a column and a half of space in the papers and was as accurate as though sent by telegraph which reflect the high credit of Mr. Darnell in detailing and the North Platte operator who picked up the story. We understand that the dispatch was the basis of a special street edition of the Denver Post Monday morning.

On June 6th the Post editor received the following letter of acknowledgment from Associated Press headquarters: "Thanks for some fine service under severe difficulties on the flood news. We got your report Sunday after it was relayed from Enders to North Platte by short wave radio and then sent here from North Platte by regular telegram. Thanks again for your cooperation. We appreciate it. Sincerely yours, Dwight E. McCormack, State News Editor."

Tuesday morning, Ed Pahl, of Cambridge found a bottle on the right of way just east of Cambridge which had been washed up by the river. Upon opening it he found a small note on heavy wrapping paper, something similar to the wrapping which comes around bolts of roofing or tar paper. On it was the name A. C. Teel, Parks, Nebraska. It carried a date on it which we could not make out but it was April 16, 1920.—McCook Tribune.

MINISTER IS LOST IN FLOOD AT CAMBRIDGE

T. M. Bragg, 65, minister and wheat farmer, was one of the victims of the Republican Valley flood that cost many lives Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Bragg were trapped in their home on the highways south of South Cambridge, and Mr. Bragg died while standing in water around his waist.

Mrs. Flora Carpenter's house was moved off of its foundation and went northwest across the block and hit the Bragg house. The impact moved the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bragg off of its foundation up against some cedar trees and the house then began to swing on down floating down through the raging water, taking a course to the northwest, and then swinging back and then going east to the old Medicine creek bed southeast of the stock yards. There the upper building and Mrs. Bragg believes that the house had moved that far before Mr. Bragg dropped down into the water.

All the time the house was floating the water became higher, and when the house came to rest, Friday night, Mr. Bragg was standing in the center of a room with his arm around his wife. He said, "Mattie we are done" and fell down into the water. It is thought that he was stricken with a heart attack. Trees and other wreckage surrounded the house and Mrs. Bragg stood upon this debris until she had finally reached the shore. Mrs. Bragg said she had to be tilted while against the ceiling of the house so that she could breathe. In that position she was found about o'clock Saturday morning she was trapped with trash and mud all around her body.

She was rushed to the hospital immediately after daughter, Hazel, arrived a few minutes later in an airplane from Republican City.

Mrs Bragg was so nearly exhausted that she remembered nothing of the men rescuing her arrived at the right time. Had it been a little later Mrs. Bragg may not have been able to stand the exposure.

It required about twenty-five men to rescue Mrs. Bragg from the house which was lodged in the treacherous and dangerous water. A long rope was tied to a tree and a rescue rowed a boat to the house while many were hanging onto the rope, ready to pull the boat out as soon as it could negotiate an hour to make the rescue. Hundreds watched the men work work fast and cautiously around the house. One man out from behind a house the boat appeared carring with them Mrs. Bragg and then they knew that she was safe. It was a very dangerous job that required both skill and nerve. So many helped that it is impossible to name them all, but Justin Hollingsworth and Eldon Simon were the two who took Mrs. Bragg out of the house. They were in advance of the other men, and were facing danger all of the time.

When the news reached Denver and inquired about Mr. Bragg she pointed to the floor and told them that he was in the mud and water of the house. His body have been futile, although the house has been thoroughly searched.—Cambridge Carion.

Stories and rumors filled the air at almost every turning of the day Friday and Saturday. Some of them appeared fantastic but with the flood waters raging as they were, it seemed that anything and everything could be possible. But some of the rumors were too ridiculous to receive credence under any condition and a few had a humorous tinge.

Post Want-Ads Bring Quick Results.

BURLINGTON OFFICERS ARE PLEASED WITH BENKELMAN

Passengers and Officials Are Loud in Praise for Many Courtesies Shown Them

Burlington Agent W. C. Hanson informed a Post reporter Wednesday that Benkelman had won a lasting appreciation in the heart of Burlington officials for the many courtesies shown both company men and passengers on the Aristocrat while the train was marooned here. QuoTha one of the officials with the train, Mr. Hanson said: "It was a tough spot for everybody but good judgment prevailed and there was little signs of hysteria and no one forgot to be considerate and courteous of anyone else. Many of our passengers remarked time and time again of the fine treatment and the community accorded them and made it plain that it was a fortunate break for them that they were stuck here when the flood peak was reached. Many of the passengers personally complimented Mr. Hanson on behalf of the company and on the whole for their cool headed attitude and tolerance shown generally in the crisis. The passengers disaster ever visited on the area and the state as a whole. The men in charge of the train were likewise pleased with the way their passengers conducted themselves. There was no grouching, no faultfinding, no complaints of anybody. The only man who showed any spirit of agitation further than the necessary fact that they were tied up was a German who was enroute to New York to board a boat back to Germany. Tuesday was its sailing date so that it was not surprising that he was a little worried. Some of the passengers indicated a preference for staying in Benkelman a few days longer rather than brave the possibilities of fresh flood hazards on other routes.

But with it all and thru it all the passenger list on the Aristocrat that night made a perfect night to be agreeable and tolerant and during the last forty miles of their run before reaching Benkelman, they were in mighty dangerous territory perhaps more dangerous than most of them realized.

LOCAL RED CROSS BEGAN RELIEF WORK AT ONCE

The local county officials Red Cross and relief officers have been carrying out an active campaign to restore health conditions and combat dangerous possibilities since the flood waters subsided. Hundreds of sacks of lime have been scattered over infected places and dangerous looking pools. Other health measures have been carefully attended to. Red Cross officials reaching Benkelman Tuesday congratulated the local organizations and individuals for the prompt action taken. They said that few communities had taken care of their health problems so thoroughly as had Dundy county organizations.

PIONEER CAMBRIDGE RANCHER DROWNED IN FRIDAY'S FLOOD

STRANDED PASSENGERS TAKEN TO OGALLALA

The passengers from marooned train No. 6 were loaded into cars and hauled to Ogallala Saturday night where they were entrained on a Union Pacific train. Cars were sent from Ogallala and Grant to convey them thither. Passengers of the Aristocrat that they almost objected to leaving safe territory because of the fear of being cut into new flood hazards. They finally were persuaded to go and got out of Ogallala just in time as a new flood crest on the Platte caused authorities to wreck the earth approaches Monday night in order to save the town. Among the passengers Dr. Frenser, Ray Quinn, Rev. Foster and others were in Ogallala that afternoon and got back across the flood zone in time to prevent being marooned there. Mr. Frenser had intended going to Omaha and Lincoln and from there on to Crete to hear his brother John deliver the commencement address and to remain an important degree from Doane college. He got in touch with him and was advised not to attempt coming as flood conditions were very bad at Crete.

LOCAL MEN HELP IN RESTORING TELEGRAPH SERVICE AMID FLOOD HAZARDS

Don Whitley, Vernand Gummere and Dick Edwards had a big part in restoring Western Union telegraph service last Monday. With the conductor of the freight train which was marooned here the night of the flood, they started in to string wires from Benkelman to the Arikaree west of Haigler and although they had to wade both the Republican and Arikaree, they got the job done Sunday night and then worked east. Two wires were tied to railroad ties which were used for poles and since that time the telegraph force at the depot have been working night and day in handling the avalanche of flood telegrams that have been received and sent out.

FAMILY OF THREE DROWNED IN HAXTUN CREEK FLOOD WATERS

George Sayer Loses Life In Effort to Reach Stranded Family of Nine

George Sayer, who will be remembered by Benkelman readers as a pioneer Cambridge rancher who drove a large herd of cattle from Cambridge to his ranch near Haxtun, lost his life in the flood near Cambridge last Friday.

The tragedy occurred when Mr. Sayer attempted to reach his family who were marooned on a bridge south of Cambridge. The Sayer family had been unable to watch the flood waters of the Republican and when they started home they found the waters of Haxtun creek running about two feet over the highway. They left their car when it stalled and walked thru the water to the bridge where they remained until rescued on Saturday.

In the meantime a farmer near the bridge, fearing for the safety of the family, called Mr. Sayer. Sayer borrowed a mule and rode as near to the scene as he could. He waved to the family to stay there and then it is believed that he started to swim out to them but he was overpowered by the swift waters. His body was found on last Wednesday about a mile and a half from where he last seen.

The family, consisting of Mrs. Sayer and eight children, suffered little hardship exposure during their stay on the creek bridge as they were all dressed warmly and as they had been built a fire which added to their comfort.

The Sayer farm land on the river bottom was rented and the family home was washed full of mud. Fortunately for the family, however, Mr. Sayer had purchased a home in a much higher pasture ground for his cattle during the rainy spell and all the cattle were unharmed by the flood waters.

The Sayer brothers own the old Williams ranch north of Haigler and have lived there for many years in that section. George's recent project of moving a large herd of steers from Cambridge to Haigler received statewide notice as a novelty reminiscent of the old cattle days.

BURLINGTON PLANNED TRUCK MAIL SERVICE

Mail service in Benkelman will probably be re-established Thursday night or Friday morning. The Burlington is arranging to truck the mail in and out until the tracks have been repaired so that regular train service can be reestablished. The trucks will haul it to the depot where it will be turned over to the postoffice thru regular channels. Just what the truck schedule will be has not yet been announced but it is expected that there will be brought in and taken out at least twice a day.

There has been practically no mail service at all in Benkelman since last Thursday. An army plane from Omaha piloted by Lieutenant Frank Brook first from North Platte Tuesday and Wednesday and brought a few letters and took out whatever outgoing first-class mail as was available but this service has given away to the truck system.

The first Burlington bus since Thursday arrived Tuesday, following a routing zig zagging between here and Cheyenne and then to Denver. We understand that the Burlington will operate two buses daily as soon as road conditions are more favorable.

Car Is Washed From Bridge As Family Returns From Church Rally

Three members of the Earl Lewein family had gotten out to church on Sunday, May 26th, when they were swept from a creek bridge south of Haxtun, Lewein, as he left the car turned over in the swift current and was unable to assist any of his family but later was able to find his way to the creek bank. The bodies of Mrs. Lewein and daughter Irene were found by searchers the next day but the body of the six-year old son Donald was not found until a week later when searchers found it seven and a half miles down the creek from the scene of the tragedy. Only a portion of his elbow was exposed, the remainder of the body being buried in a lister row of a corn field.

RECONSTRUCTION WORK NOW UNDER WAY OVER THE COUNTY

Construction of Temporary Bridges East of Town Is Among First Projects

Reconstruction activity got under way pretty generally in the county during the week but up until this time most everything is of course on a temporary basis. With a sort of a co-operative tendency between the town and county, repair work on the east North Fork bridge got under way Monday with William Roach, manager for the electric light and water plant in charge. Fred Turman, also of the light force, is helping in the work. Mr. Roach and his brother Charles of Haigler were at one time among the best known bridge firms in this end of the state and as contractors, built many of the county bridges in this and adjoining counties, and Will's knowledge of bridge building came in mighty handy at this time when there are few available bridge men in the state. It's a slow process because it is necessary to put the piling down thru the sand pumping process but it is effective and will eventually get results. Because of the threatened flood waters on Tuesday night and the consequent rise in the water in the river Wednesday, work had to be suspended entirely. In fact the river arose so rapidly Wednesday morning that the equipment was removed from the bridge at about two o'clock. Work will be resumed as soon as the water lowers enough to permit it. After the North Fork is repaired, there will be several days work on the South Fork bridge before traffic can be resumed and then a lot of road work will be necessary before the path between the two rivers can be traveled with any degree of satisfaction.

On Monday a wagon and team piloted by Willard Bowers went into action between the two bridges and both rivers were forded carrying folks to and across one river to the other, and at the North Fork a taxi operated by Vernard Gummere brought them to and from town. It is a slow, unsatisfactory system but it was the best arrangement that could be made until the bridges and roads became passable again which will be just as soon as is humanely possible. After the bridges east of town are repaired we understand that it is the plan to repair the bridge on the Benkelman-St. Francis road. Most of the material used in the repair program has been salvaged from the river valleys.

The progress being made in repairing the Burlington tracks is remarkable and it is not impossible that trains will be passing thru Dundy county within the next ten days. Repair crews have been at work at different points thru the county ever since the Monday following the flood. At one time there were as many as 150 men in one crew working east of town. The rails have been laid over the highway on this side of Blue Point and the road crosses the railroad track twice in a distance of one hundred yards. That was the only way possible for the railroad to get their trains moving and at the same time not interfere seriously with highway traffic. The Company's most sought goal is to get work trains and heavy construction machinery on the job. Then after the proposition of re-establishing train service over the main line has been accomplished, the attention of hundreds of workers will be directed in building a permanent road bed which we believe will take the railroad over higher land in the hills for a distance of perhaps a mile at the point where it is now low and in constant danger of floods. It was at this point where train No. 2 was so badly wrecked in 1923. Practically all of the railroad heads from Omaha and Chicago have been on the job ever since reconstruction work begun on the McCook division. Even First Vice President Edward Flynn has been in the territory almost constantly and all available office room at the Benkelman depot has been requisitioned for the use of officials and their secretaries.

On Wednesday two ten-ton trucks passed thru Benkelman loaded with heavy timbers for use in rebuilding the Parks and Arickaree highway bridges which is necessary before traffic can be resumed on highway No. 3. These bridges are in line for consideration first in the federal schedule in the entire flood district.

The CCC camp from Fort Crook involving eighty boys, reached Benkelman Tuesday noon in trucks and pitched their camp on the McDonald ground in West Benkelman. We understand that their first work will be in searching for the six lost bodies yet unaccounted for and in emergency work at Parks. Other men will be added in this work as soon as available.

Because of a lack of equipment, materials and men, things are naturally moving slow but the big work machine is being tuned for action and it won't be long now before it will be thrown into high gear and results will be greatly speeded up.

CITY WATER GIVEN A GOOD BILL OF HEALTH

A sample of water from the Benkelman water supply has been reported free from contaminating bacteria and given approval as safe for human consumption by the health laboratories at Lincoln. Samples were forwarded there last week for analysis but because of slow mail service, the report was not received until this week. The Benkelman light and water plant was well above the flood level. Samples will be forwarded regularly for several weeks now for analysis. Up until this time there have been no reports of typhoid sickness.

COMMISSION FIRM AIDS WITH CHECK FOR RELIEF

The Dundy County Red Cross was strengthened to the amount of $25 this week when the Byers Bros. and Co. Live Stock Commission Company, Omaha, thru its secretary-treasurer and Manager, H. G. Kiddoo, forwarded a check to Shurtleff & Jones with request that it be used personally to alleviate distress or that it be turned over to local Red Cross authorities, and in connection with the enclosure, Mr. Kiddoo wrote: "The enclosed $25.00 check is part of our contribution for the relief of suffering caused by the flood in your section of the country. You may give this direct to the Red Cross or use it in any way that you see will do the most good for those afflicted by the recent disaster. We believe you and yours are safe and sound—at least I have no word to the contrary. Very sincerely and with deepest sympathy for the distressed."

The funds were turned over to the Red Cross organization and the Byers Company have the appreciation of the community for their thoughtfulness and generosity.

It is planned to stage a Red Cross drive June 24. Particulars next week.

LOCAL MEN NAMED IN FLOOD RELIEF WORK

At a meeting of representatives from counties in the flood area at McCook last Thursday, at which Governor Cochran and Roland Haines, state relief administrator were present, the following men were appointed for Dundy county: Jacob Bauer, Chamber of Commerce; Victor Westermark, Red Cross; James V. Ireland, farmers; Roy Lingo, labor and Leon L. Hines, relief committee. The men returned home and went into action in their various divisions at once.

Governor Cochran brought with him from Washington the assurance of liberal financial consideration for reconstruction purposes and for the relief of those in need. The National Red Cross organization showed a splendid spirit of cooperation with all agencies in carrying many of the grave responsibilities the crisis entailed and the federal relief administration gave every assurance that it would expert every effort to bring the powerful influence of the department into the work on a hundred per cent basis. There has been exceptional fast action in this flood disaster from all departments that perhaps has seen no equal in the history of the state.

TYPHOID INOCULATION CARRIED ON UNDER RED CROSS DIRECTION

Schedule Is Announced For Various Towns In County Flood District

The Red Cross is carrying on a typhoid inoculation program for Dundy county people living in the flood area, the work getting under way Wednesday upon receipt of the necessary serum. According to Elizabeth Reynolds, in charge of Red Cross activities in Dundy county, the schedule has been arranged as follows:

Wednesday forenoon—Parks.
Wednesday afternoon—Haigler.
Thursday forenoon—Max.
Friday forenoon at court house—Benkelman.

Both Doctors J. F. Premer and N. H. Lewis will assist with the inoculation and it will be necessary for three treatments for each person, so that the above schedule will be carried thru on dates and at places indicated above for three consecutive weeks.

Everyone in or close to the flood area should avail themselves of this opportunity to protect themselves and their families against the possibilities of the typhoid epidemic which is so probable following the flood waters. According to Doctor Premer the typhoid danger will last all summer.

According to Miss Reynolds, satisfactory progress is being made but there is much to be done and time will be required to carry out the Red Cross program which has been planned for Dundy county.

Miss Beulah Wiedman, Red Cross nurse, has been called to the local area and arrived here the first of the week.

Mrs. O. N. Smith, Red Cross social worker, also arrived here Sunday and is doing her part in bringing order out of the chaos the flood brought with it.

WAS WORST IN HISTORY SAYS EARLY PIONEER

Old timers are still discussing flood records over the more than half a century that some of them have been familiar with Republican valley history and all seemed to be agreed that last week's disaster eclipsed anything they had ever known. William Hill who has been intimately acquainted with Dundy county history for fifty-two years, says that it broke all records and the McDonald family, Bert Ostrom and Mrs. Oirt who have likewise lived here for the past fifty-two years, agree with him. Bill followed a bunch of cattle into the Benkelman territory in 1883 and remained here more or less until the coming of the homesteaders and then he joined the agricultural movement. He still owns his original homestead northwest of Benkelman. He said, however, that he did remember a flood in the South Platte section that was equal to it or even surpassed it from the point of volume of water but that there is not nearly the fall in the Platte that there is on the Republican and that the water moved much slower. He said that in the early eighties that water reached from bluff to bluff on the South Platte west of Ogallala and that there were fifty thousand head of cattle moved to higher ground without much loss. "But there's a lot of difference in floods," he said. "I have seen quite a few rivers on the rampage but all of them were tame compared to the Republican flood waters and more especially as it applies to the South Fork section. That branch was always a treacherous, dangerous stream when the almost eighty miles of drainage it carries from the plains and hills west empty flood waters into it. But last week's performance was a new high level for even the South Fork. It surely carried death and destruction in its path, and what a path it made."

SURVEY OF FLOOD DAMAGE BEING MADE BY FARM BUREAU

In co-operation with the Rural Rehabilitation Division and the Red Cross, a survey of damage to farms and farm lands by the flood is being made by the Dundy County Farm Bureau. The information thus obtained is to be used by all existing organizations which are working on flood relief.

A preliminary summarization of the data being obtained, as taken from about 85% of the valley farms, shows the following figures: 70 buildings were lost and 29 damaged; about 2000 acres of cultivated land was completely ruined; approximately 5000 acres of pasture land was ruined; 2500 chickens were lost and other livestock suffered large death losses.

TAKES BIG CHANCES BUT GETS RESULTS

In making the trip across the South Fork on Saturday afternoon following the flood, Henry Admire and his comrades had little difficulty but on the return trip Henry almost lost his life when he floundered in the quick sands and for more than a minute he fought defiantly for his life, not being so sure whether he or death were to be the victor. To add to the complications he was confronted with an automobile body rolling and tumbling directly above him and he was in its immediate path. He finally extricated himself but not until the fast moving debris was close upon him. In his efforts to free himself it seemed that he stretched the ligament of his legs and that his knee joints had almost been pulled apart for he could walk only with difficulty for several days afterwards.

EMERGENCY CCC CAMP TO HELP IN REHABILITATION WORK HERE

Eighty CCC Boys and Officers Establish Camp In City. Will Work Entire Area

Colonel S. J. Sutherland, of the 17th Infantry and District Commander of the Nebraska Civilians Conservation Corp, and Lieutenant Leo Paquet, District CCC Adjutant arrived in Benkelman Tuesday to make preparations for the establishment of a CCC camp in Benkelman. With the assistance of L. L. Hines, James DeWester and Jacob Bauer the J. A. McDonald lots northeast of the swimming pool were chosen as the camp site. On Wednesday eighty CCC boys in charge of Lieutenant R. L. Whelpton arrived by truck in Benkelman and began setting up their camp at that place. Lieutenant F. C. Nelson, of Omaha, is the camp surgeon and Homer Noar is mess sargeant.

The detachment is from the base at Fort Crook, near Omaha, and was sent here to do special reconstruction work in the flood area. The present arrangement is to detail a greater number of the boys to the Parks sect[illegible] to assist in the general rehabilita[illegible]n work there. All types of work rela[illegible] to the restoration of things to the pre-flood condition will be handled. Both public and private properties will receive attention and the detachment will concentrate on the complete restoration of that area before other work will be considered.

Farmers in the entire flood area in Dundy county are asked to prepare a written application and statement of land damage to present to County Agent Noyes which will entitle them to a portion of reconstruction work on their farm in the effort to restore it to pre-flood condition. This application is to deal with the clearance of refuge and the recovery of destroyed buildings, and must be approved by the Rehabilitation Approval Board consisting of County Agent Noyes, Rehabilitation Supervisor R. E. Casey and Miss G. Elizabeth Reynolds, Red Cross Representative, before any work is ordered. All this work is to be gratis but applications must be written and placed in the hands of the board before any work can be done on any property. The present plan also calls for a number of FERA men to work with the CCC boys.

According to officials in charge it is estimated that from two to three months will be required to handle the Dundy county flood situation.

QUICK SANDS MENACE WORK OF SEARCHERS

One of the most dangerous elements that confronted searchers for missing bodies along the river valleys last week was the quick sand meanace which formed in holes where trees had been uprooted and at points where the water had sort of formed a vacuum center during its mad rush for freedom in its tributaries below. On several occasions searchers contacted quick sand beds before they knew it and it was very difficult for them to extricate themselves from its grasp notwithstanding the fact that they were aware of its dangers and were keeping a keen look-out for it. Several cattle that were mired down in quick sands were discovered thru the days of search and were rescued from it. Another menace the boys were forced to confront was that of rattlesnakes. This particular specie of reptile is not often found on the river bottom, they being more inclined to the warmer retreats near bluffs and on high grounds. But thousands of them were washed from high ground to river channels in the flood waters and when the water lowered and left them on the sand, they took temporary refuge around tree roots and other points where debris had gathered. Dozens of them were killed but as the days passed their numbers became less on the lowlands as they apparently drifted to the highlands again. Spreading vipers were also found in considerable numbers by the searchers but water snakes, bull snakes and water moccasins were extremely numerous. Most of the reptiles did not seem to be inclined to be vicious, having had only the common purpose of preserving their lives.

STYER SAYS TERRIFIC FLOODS HAVE SWEPT VALLEY BEFORE

Former Benkelman Citizen Bases Conclusion On His Past Observations

Jacob Bauer this week received a letter from our old townsman E. B. Styer at Lincoln in which he attempted to describe the anxiety of Lincoln folks having relatives in Dundy county when the report came over the air that practically every town in Dundy county had been swept from the map in the flood waters and by tornado. And this report applied to practicially everybody living in the valley as well as to many on the higher lands. He picked up one radio report that said that there were 12 dead at Benkelman, 22 at St. Francis, 8 dead and 23 missing at Parks, etc. "It was certainly bad enough," wrote Mr. Styer, "but we are all mighty thankful that it was no worse. I certainly hope that time will not divulge a more gruesome story than present indications disclose." And then Eber begins writing in his usual old-time style and says in part: "But I believe the flood and its work will verify some of my observations made during the twenty years that I was doing missionary work in furnishing pure water to the thirsty in earlier Dundy county history. In digging wells I found that the original river bottom at Max was about fifteen feet under the present surface and that the second established soil surface was about six feet below the street grade, indicating that such floods had taken place at least twice since your great grandpappy lived in a tree. Despite contention to the contrary western flood waters always hit the last of May or during month of June. And here's hoping that you folks will not be troubled further this year."

A THOUSAND PEOPLE AWAIT FOR SWIMMERS

During the Saturday following the flood, hundreds of Kansas people came to the water line of the South Fork and watched the crowds scattered along the North Fork banks near Benkelman. They had no idea of what had happened, who was lost or what was going on. Some of them had relatives living on the river banks and at Parks, Max and all over the flood area and some of them were almost hysterical. In a few instances it was only thru the vigilance and watchfulness of some of the cooler heads that they were restrained from attempting to swim the treacherous, quick sand debris ridden South Fork channels. As the day wore on, Henry Admire, Dewey Gerdes and Jim Pettit undertook the herculean task and succeeded. When they returned about three hours later, a thousand people were grouped to receive the news. It was the first news of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Robbin Pettit and their six children and cars were at once dispatched to carry the word to the various families living on Big Timber. Other families, fortunate in receiving more favorable news from loved ones, returned to their homes to rest after the longest period of their lives spent in the atmosphere of abject doubt, fear and hope.

THREE RESCUED WITH A TEAM AND WAGON

Mr. and Mrs. John Peterson and Mrs. Mary Rogers were at the Rogers farm Thursday night and when Mr. Peterson arose in the morning, he discovered the house completely surrounded by water. A few minutes later it was necessary to close all the doors and as the forenoon progressed, the rise continued until water was covering the floor to a depth of several inches. The Rogers farm is located more than half mile from high land and it began to look to Mr. Peterson as though their end was rapidly approaching. However, as the waters receded at near noon, a rescue party was organized and hitching a team of horses to a wagon, they succeeded in driving in and rescuing the party which was none too soon for an hour later the water had risen to the point where it came thru the windows and one cattle shed was submerged to the roof on one side. But the house held to its moorings and being out of range of the channel waves, was not badly damaged.

POST'S FLOOD EDITION IS SENT TO EVERY STATE IN THE UNION

850 Extra Copies Plus Subscriber's Re-sent Posts Go to All States

Although 850 additional Posts were printed to take care of the anticipated demand for flood copies, the demand was greatly underestimated and our supply of extra copies was exhausted Wednesday. The demand would have justified at least a thousand extra copies. According to the boys at the postoffice, practically all of the 1100 regular copies mailed to subscribers were sent to friends and relatives at distant points. Although the regular issue of The Post reaches readers in at least half of the states of the Union each week, last week's edition touched the entire United States and some were sent to foreign countries including, Denmark, England, Autralia and Canada. And they were all sent to people who at one time lived in the Republican valley. One of these was Mads Anderson, at one time well known in the Max and Benkelman sections. Mads was the first one to go to the Klondyke from this end of the state when the gold strike was announced. He was always a great traveler and perhaps knew more countries better than any other resident of the state. He is now living in his boyhood home in Denmark. Being a prospector by nature, Mads explored this section of the country for gold many years ago and said that although the river bottom carried a small gold content, it would be impossible to recover it successfully with present day mining equipment. But we doubt if Mads ever suspicioned that there could be a flood of such damaging proportions as visited us on May 31st.

Railroad Tracks Almost Repaired

Burlington Plans Return to Main Line Schedules by First of the Week

Reconstruction work in Dundy county got a serious set-back with the coming of Sunday's flood waters. This applied particularly to bridge work and the temporary rebuilding of the main line of the Burlington in Dundy county. The Parks bridge lost a long section of new fill and the tracks east of Benkelman were completely washed into the newly formed river channel. But Monday morning things down that way looked like a human beehive. Around two hundred men were put to work and on Tuesday night a drag line was moved from the Parks sector and began to eat its way thru the high bank on the north side of the highway and by Wednesday night a new road bed was finished and the track was in readiness to receive a work train. Two work trains arrived during the day and although they moved mighty slow, the sight of a steam locomotive in Benkelman again was really a refreshing sight to the local folks even though they knew that it couldn't go anywhere. Burlington officials are hopeful that repairs will be completed so that the regular main line schedule may be resumed Monday but it is possible that this may not happen before Tuesday.

The present track arrangement is only temporary. According to Agent Hanson, no one knows exactly where and how the new main line will be rebuilt. The railroad officials have but one immediate point in view and that is to re-establish the regular train schedule over the main line. After that is accomplished, plans and work will go forward in the building of a permanent roadway east of Benkelman.

BODY OF ORA DAVIS RECOVERED EAST OF MAX ON LAST SUNDAY

Body Missing for Ten Days. Funeral Services Are Held Immediately.

The body of Ora Davis was recovered on the Foster farm east of Max Sunday morning by H. H. Hosick who farms the place and who was looking over his potato patch. Only one shoe was visible and it was only thru a casual glance that Mr. Hosick noticed it. He reported to authorities and the body was returned to Benkelman that afternoon and was buried in the Benkelman cemetery following short services at the grave by Rev. Frank Woodward.

Mr. Davis and Art Duvall were washed from the Earnest slaughter house location on the morning of Friday, May 31st. Al Mathis who saved his life by climbing in a tree which fortunately stood the assault of the flood waters, said that he saw two men riding a section of bridge going down stream, and it is believed that these men were Davis and Duvall. Duvall's body was recovered west of Max last week. The body of Davis was found about three and one-half miles further down.

Ora Carl Davis, only child of Emily and John C. Davis, was born February 24, 1883, at Albany, Gentry county, Missouri, and moved to Percival, Iowa, with his parents when still small, where he attended school and grew to manhood. He then moved with his parents to Kinsley, Kansas, at which point both of his parents are buried. He was married in 1908 to Altha Johnson at Wichita, Kansas. His wife passed away in 1920. They had no children. The deceased was a member of the Methodist church.

FOLKS LEAVE HOMES WHEN RIVER RISES

Since the flood waters claimed many lives and did almost inestimable damage to farm lands and property in their recent mad rush to the Gulf of Mexico, "Old Man River" has had the public eye focused on him with a watchfulness that he never knew before and when the report comes down stream to the effect that the water is rising it has an almost maddening effect on the population.

Such a report got in circulation Tuesday and not without some basis of fact. At six o'clock Tuesday evening a report from a reliable source said that the South Fork was on the rampage above St. Francis and was a mile wide west of that town. The report also reached here that the North Fork was rising rapidly. While the North Fork did show a steady rise all day Wednesday, it did not get out of its banks. But it did roar and threaten enough that at two o'clock Tuesday morning, every single Parks citizen vacated their homes and sought homes on higher ground. The South Fork also began a steady rise Tuesday afternoon and reached the crest at near eight o'clock Wednesday night. It was pretty high for several hours and folks were plainly disturbed as the roar of the waters could be heard for more than a mile at Benkelman when the two streams junctioned and the river extended to several hundred yards in width. But the water began subsiding at near ten o'clock and has gradually been going down ever since. Both rivers and many of the newly formed channels are flowing full at this time, however.

Tuesday afternoon Frank Resseguie, of Cambridge, found a sign in some debris which has the name of a Benkelman lumber company on it.—McCook Tribune.

BURLINGTON INVITED TO BUILD ITSELF A NEW MAIN LINE WEST

Holyoke Commercial Club Invents Idea and Submits It to Ralph Budd; Draws Courteous Reply

What Do You Think of This? It Is From the Holyoke (Colo.) Enterprise

In response to a telegram sent last week to President Ralph Budd of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railway, suggesting that the company change its route, Guy L. Blincow, secretary of the Holyoke commercial club, received a letter from President Budd that the suggestion would receive due consideration.

The telegram to the president was the result of a resolution passed at the meeting of the commercial club last Thursday evening at which it was thought that because of the heavy damage to the tracks of the main line of the Burlington from Haigler, Nebr., to Oxford, Nebr., a telegram to the company might not be amiss.

The recent flood which swept through the Republican valley from Haigler to the mouth of the Republican river at Manhattan, Kans., was the most disastrous in the history of the valley, and it will require millions of dollars and several weeks to replace the railway alone. After ten days of labor the Aristocrat, crack train of the Burlington is still marooned near Benkelman, Nebr., where it has been since May 31.

Following is the letter from President Budd, who was at Oxford, Nebr., at the time.

Mr. G. L. Blincow,
Secretary, Holyoke Commercial Club
Holyoke, Colorado.
Dear Mr. Blincow:

Your telegram of the seventh relative to routing the main line of the Burlington from Holdrege via Sterling to Denver, has been received and we appreciate the suggestion. You may be sure that it will have due consideration.

Yours very truly,
Ralph Budd.

HOLYOKE MEN MAKE NEIGHBORLY GESTURE

By way of sympathy the progressive business men of Holyoke have kindly suggested the idea that they take the main line of the Burlington up their way so that the flood-torn Republican valley will not be bothered with it further. It is a beautiful, friendly, neighborly idea but there are a lot of folks down this way that would rather have them volunteer to take the Republican river up that way. We have never had cause to be afraid of the Burlington. In fact we have lived with it so long and have learned to like it so well that we just don't know how we could get along without it.

WHEN NATURE RUNS RIOT

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOLLOW

The above picture of the flood was photographed from the top of the Benkelman depot by R. D. Druliner on Friday, May 31st at the time the flood had reached its crest. The water extended from wtihin ten feet of the south passing track of the Burlington at the crossing immediately east of the depot to the J. T. O'Brien farm across the line in Kansas, a distance of more than three and one-half miles. It reached a depth of twenty feet in the channels and the waves arose to a heighth of fourteen feet in their mad rush to the Gulf of Mexico. This was the point where the waters from the North and South Forks of the Republican river and Big Timber creek came together and here the flood waters were no doubt the widest in the Dundy county area.

SOUTH FORK MOST VICIOUS OF TWO REPUBLICAN RIVERS

River Has Fall of Between Seven to Twelve Feet Thru Cheyenne County

After the first flood crest had passed on Friday, May 31st, people began to breath a sigh of relief but it was only for a short time before the second and highest flood crest appeared. The South Fork river was terrific in both volume and power. It was almost unbelievable. It rolled and tossed and roared and boiled, it appearing that each oncoming wave was more vicious than the one that had just passed. Although the North Fork was at the highest flood stage perhaps ever known, and its flood waves were crowding its north shore with terrific force, the side-sweeping effect of the South Fork flood waters swept it to the northeast and seemed to assume the power of mastership, adding to its plunging, rasping, weird, roaring, never-to-be forgotten cyclonic like speed as it covered the river bottom and fought defiantly the obstruction that higher ground placed in its path. The water had a deep, yellow liquid appearance. It carried a most repulsive stench with it. It writhed and surged and twisted like a giant serpent, bent on the double purpose of destruction and then escape to lower ground to continue its withering trail of disaster and death.

The South Fork is without doubt the most destructive river entering Nebraska territory. It drains more than eighty miles of land from the Kansas line into Colorado. According to the St. Francis Herald cloudbursts at Seibert and Flagler, Colorado, sent the South Fork on its debauch when between 18 and 20 inches of rain fell in a few minutes. Harry Scoby, Cheyenne county engineer, was in the section at that time and gave the Herald the information. According to The Herald the flood waters moved thru Cheyenne county at the rate of from eight to nine miles per hour. The crest of the waters at their highest stage going past St. Francis Friday was fifteen feet above the water when the Republican is at its normal, placid flow. The water was five feet above the surface of the new concrete highway bridge washed out at the middle of the valley on Highway 36 near St. Francis. Referring to the bridge situation there the Herald said: "Strong concrete bridges seemed to suffer the same fate as the wooden structures. The concrete bridge on highway 36 just west of here and about the middle of the valley washed away completely. There is no sign of it on the spot. The water either dug a grave for it and buried it or washed it far down stream from the original site. And buildings that started floating into the current were smashed to smithereens in no time."

The South Fork is not without reason for being the wild, unwieldly, treacherous stream it is. The Herald quotes engineers who have surveyed the valley as stating that the South Fork averages a fall of seven feet to the mile thru Cheyenne county and that there are some places where the fall is as much as twelve feet to the mile.

OHIO RIVER BOATSMAN COULDN'T MAKE GRADE

One of the amusing incidents connected with the rescue of the south side folks at the bridge approach Saturday was when one of the passengers from the marooned train came down to the shore of the river where E. D. Taylor, W. F. Fallert, the Follett boys and others were attempting to get a cable over to the bridge and explained that he was from Cincinnatti, Ohio, and had lived on the Ohio river all his life and knew the why and wherefors of putting cables across really big streams and said that this job would be no job at all if the boys cared to have him do it. They more than welcomed his assistance and assured him of their full cooperation in carrying out his plans. He thereupon ordered the boat taken up the river 150 yards at which point he boarded it and attempted a zig-zag crossing with Gene Taylor in the other end of the boat holding the rope. He showed fine progress until he reached the channel and then some high waves shot the boat down stream like a bullet and he hit the north bank about a hundred yards down, the boat jumping and bucking like a broncho every inch of the way. It was about the hottest boat ride that Taylor had ever had, but despite this he was mighty glad when the visitor brought it ashore and reluctantly admitted that it was the toughest water he had ever attempted to ride after which he proceeded to return forthwith to the seclusion and comfort of his Pullman car. The rope was finally landed on the other side thru the expert swimming of some of the younger men with the aid of the older group holding it above the current.

LIGHTNING PLAYS PART IN A NEAR TRAGEDY DURING FLOOD

Hundreds of chapters could be written on the flood and the threat it brought to human life in the Republican valley and yet the story would not be fully told because it involved so many people and so many desperate situations. Among this number would be the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lewis and their infant son who were living in the house on the Magnani farm at the further side east of town. Mr. Lewis had rented some of the grazing land on the Magnani meadow some weeks before and stocked it with dairy cows. The family shortly after that moved to the dwelling in question. During the first heavy rain, a bolt of lightning struck and shattered the chimney but at first did not seem to apparently effect any member of the family seriously. Later in the night, however, Mrs. Lewis heard the flood waters rising and attempted to awaken her husband. But it seemed that the effect of the shock had made him groggy and it seemed impossible for her to arouse him to the situation. She continued her efforts constantly from midnight until near two o'clock when he started to return to his normal self. Finally a full realization of the dangers besetting them seemed to come to him and carrying their little son Vance, they started for the railroad tracks, battling the flood waters waist deep. Taking Mrs. Lewis and Vance to the Doctor Lewis home, Jerome and his father attempted to get back to the Magnani place to salvage clothing and wearing apparel which had been left but they found it impossible as the waters had then risen to the point where it was absolutely impossible to cope with them. Jerome fully recovered from the effects of being stunned by the lightning but it will take him a long time to forget how nearly he and his family came to joining the unfortunate number who lost their lives in the flood waters.

BOB CATS AND SNAKES ADDED TO REFUGEE'S NIGHT OF HORROR

Island Refuge Offered Plenty of Wild Animal and Reptile Company to Refugees

The horrors of the night almost equaled that of the day last Friday for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson who rode a roof from the old Wilson farm to the island east of the J. A. McDonald place on the crest of the South Fork flood waters. The island provided welcome shelter to Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson but it likewise proved to be a place of security for wild life of various kinds. There were all kinds of small animals lodged on the island but the only thing that gave cause for serious thought was a huge bob cat that at one time became so friendly that he came within six feet of them. He didn't seem to be a bit vicious nor yet again was he afraid. "In fact," Mr. Ferguson said, "he seemed to be in a stupor and wasn't much interested in anything further than keeping out of the water. " Opposums were quite numerous on the island and there was at least one skunk. The thing that worried Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson most was the presence of snakes, especially those of the water variety. "They seemed to be everywhere," Mr. Ferguson said, "and I killed several of them to keep a spot clear. Dozens of them were clinging around the trees and entwined around the bushes and smaller trees. It got terribly chilly during the night and there was no way of helping it. All one could do was to set still and watch for the dawn. But even all of these things were better than the howling, gurgling waves that were around us on every side. When the sun came out all we had to do was to wait for the rescue which was begun shortly after day break, and to keep from stepping on snakes."

DUVALLS' DOGS HAD NO PART IN THE RECOVERY

The recovery of the body of Art Duvall brings to light another secret the rampant Republican hides in the annals of its destructive career. But the solving of the Duvall fate has thrown no light on the possible fate of his companion, Ora Davis. According to Al Mathis both Duvall and Davis were on the North Fork bridge as it passed by the island upon which he perched in a tree. When the body was found about a mile and a half west of Max by Glen Stute, Carl Selby, Albert Barker and August Gunther, it was in the north channel of the river and the North Fork bridge was on the south on the higher ground but not far away. This gave the searchers faith that the Davis body could be found in the territory near but a much larger group of men returned to the spot and searched it in vain. Contrary to previous rumors there were no dogs or any other thing that might have suggested that he might have been there. Duvall's watch was stopped at three minutes until four o'clock. A large number of the dogs belonging to Art Duvall were found by a searching party between Benkelman and Max. They were tied to a fence and apparently all perished early in the flood. This led friends to believe that Duvall and Davis were confronted with the proposition of trying to save their own lives at a time when they doubted their ability to reach even the bridge, otherwise "Dog Shorty" would have surely untied his dogs before leaving.

The Scheer farm near Max was cleaned of every building. The cattle on the place had been moved to safety and no one was in the house at the time it was destroyed.

CHILD IS LOST DESPITE THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF FATHER

Four-Year Old Lois Burke Is Lost As Flood Waters Cut Off Family's Retreat

One of the crushing blows that the heartless flood visited upon the Parks section was the death of little Lois Burke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Burke who resided in a dwelling close to the creek near the Horn filling station. When it became apparent that it would be impossible to stay in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Burke each took one of the children and with Mr. Burke leading, attempted to reach the Kuhlman store. But the power of the waves was so great that it swept Mr. Burke almost from his feet and 4-year-old Lois was torn from his grasp. He recovered her the first time but in his struggle with the waves, she was torn from his grasp the second time and despite everything that he could do, he could not recover her again before she went over the bridge and into the raging torrents below. For hours he searched, hoped and prayed but it was of no avail. The child was lost. When he was rescued from the bridge he was wedged against it with his legs and arms wrapped around the banister. In the meantime and for the same length of time Mrs. Burke was clinging on to a gasoline pump near the filling station with one hand and fighting to save the baby she held in the other. It was a brave fight, a gallant fight on the part of the parents to save their children but one in which the odds were desperately arrayed against them and how tenderly indeed does the sympathy of the community go out to them in their hour of irreparable loss and deep sorrow. While their grief is crushing, they still have the realization that they gave everything they had to save their loved one and their efforts were heroic, even though they failed. Although the search has continued almost constantly during the daylight hours since the tragedy, the body has not yet been recovered.

A small grip was found at Bartley Tuesday which appeared might be the property of one Wm. Lorimore, Benkelman, Nebraska. In it were some letters, some insurance policies for both life and real estate and some personal correspondence.—McCook Tribune.

Men Spend Night and Day on Roof Top During Flood

South Fork Floods Herring Home and Drive Occupants To Refuge on Roof

Tom Herring and Marion Hudson had a thrilling experience when the flood waters hit the Tom Herring house in the Herring grove on the South Fork about six miles southwest of Benkelman. The little flood which took place earlier in the week left its mark on the valley and made the Herring home a little disagreeable because of the debris which filled in the river bottom and had began to leave an undesirable odor. The river was considered a little dangerous anyway and Mrs. Herring stayed up at the old Herring stone house and Marion and Tom were sort of batching at the lower house in the trees. The wind and the rain made it very disagreeable Thursday evening and hardly conducive to good sleep so the two men were very reluctant about retiring. Late at night a wall of water high enough to completely cover the windows hit the house. The men held the door of the room they were in for a short while and when they realized that the great pressure of the water was too strong to resist, they made a dash for the attic—grabbing a lantern and a sack of flour and some tobacco. Almost at the instant they made their way to the attic the water burst thru the door and windows and the whole house was filled with water. A hole was cut in the roof immediately and preparations were made for a hurried exit if the occasion demanded it. The water remained at the top of the windows for several hours and at last went down slowly. When the next raise came it went over the window mark and the boys began to wonder what was planned to be next on the program. All the buildings on the farm had taken a hurried ride to the river channels and were soon out of sight. Marion and Tom stayed on top of the house all day Friday and Friday night and were rescued on horses by Ray Magnani and Clarence Pursley Saturday afternoon. After the water had gone down the channel of the river had changed to nearly the north side of the Herring grove of trees. A great number of trees were destroyed and the Herring house today stands with mud up to the door knobs, inside and out.

THREE STRATTON PEOPLE ARE DROWNED WHEN BOAT SINKS

Tow Rope Breaks In Center Of River and Women Are Drowned

Heroic efforts of a rescue squad to rescue the Stonecipher family of Stratton from the raging currents of the Republican river last Friday failed and Mrs. Alva Stoneipher, Mildred Stonecipher, 14, a daughter and Ethle Black, 18, a niece, were drowned. Mr. Stonecipher and a son, Cleo, were rescued.

According to the Stratton News, Mr. Stonecipher and son Cleo were feeding stock on their farm five miles east of Stratton when the flood waters hit. Mr. Stonecipher waded and swam to the house and Cleo took refuge on the barn roof. Rescue workers reached the son first and he was taken to safety. The boat was then sent back to the house and Mrs. Stonecipher and the two girls were put in the boat. In the process of towing the boat back to the bank the tow rope broke and the boat floated a few feet in the angry waves and then capsized and the three women drowned.

Jim Merrill, Stratton village marshal is given credit for saving the lives of many of the occupants of the lower end of Stratton when he waded and swam the flood waters to warn them of their peril.

Stratton was without lights for a short time Friday and Saturday in order that the water codled engines might be stopped as a water conservation measure. One of the Stratton wells was damaged considerably and the other one was not capable of supplying enough water for the city purposes. Consumers are warned to boil the water in prevention of typhoid fever.

TWO MEN ESCAPE BUT LAD IS DROWNED IN SOUTH FORK FURY

Peter Courtright Is Missing After South Fork Destroys Kansas Line Gas Station

At the Kansas filling station on the St. Francis road, Chris Courtright and son Pete were trapped in the station and Eli Courtright, brother of Chris Courtright, met a similar fate in a shack close by. All of the men were asleep. Eli was the first to discover the flood condition but had scarcely gotten dressed before the station building left its foundation and then collapsed. Eli waded, swam and plunged for some distance before he was caught in a current and after a terrific effort was carried near enough to the base of the hills that he could walk. He started back up stream when Chris suddenly appeared from the torrents, directly in front of him. Chris said that Pete, who is 15 years old, first left the building after they had succeeded in battering a hole thru the walls but the hole was too small to let his body thru. He started to batter the wall again when it suddenly collapsed and he was thrown into the torrent. Like Eli, he plunged, swam and waded for some distance until a giant wave picked him up and when he landed, the ground was high enough to walk on. He never saw his son after he succeeded in getting out and he has not been seen nor heard of since and like the rest of those reported missing, the likelihood of his body being recovered lessens each day.

FLOODS TEST EFFICIENCY OF THE NEW ROCK CREEK DAM

Small Drainage Area On the Creek Raises Water but Little at Dam

During the flood stage all day Friday the report continued to circulate that the Rock Creek dam had gone out and many local folks felt grave apprehensions as to whether or not it would hold. But the report did not disturb H. P. Runion or J. F. Haskin who had studied the Rock Creek site for many years. They contended that in the first place, there was little drainage into the lake. In fact that was the strongest feature it held, other than being supplied with pure, cool water from the springs which feeds it. They likewise felt confident of the quality of the workmanship and materials that had gone into the construction of the dam. During all the flood period only one of the spillways were open which had been prepared for contingencies such as these. When the flood was over, the guage showed that the water level had only reached eight inches above the normal level. The construction of the dam is of sufficient heighth and power to withstand several feet more water, so that it can be safely estimated that Rock Creek dam will prove efficient under almost any flood condition.

Although 4.67 inches of rain fall was recorded at the government rain guage in Benkelman Thursday night and Friday morning, and Benkelman's drainage system was taxed to its full limit, but little actual damage resulted in the town proper. As has been the case before the drainage system at the Uphouse garage corner and in front of the school house, along with the big drainage ditch north of the cemetery, Benkelman was spared a tremendous loss thru flood damage. And this especially applied to our light and water system which was not affected in the least. All thru the period of our county's greatest disaster Benkelman's light system worked perfectly which greatly aided thru the hetic hours of Thursday and Friday nights.

Something like 150 men are working on the roads south in an effort to replace some of the bridges and rebuild roads sufficient to permit traffic from the south and east sections. Roads in that section will probably be open in a few days.

MRS. HARVEY BARNHART WAS VICTIM IN SOUTH FORK FLOOD

South Fork Woman Drowns In Attempt to Reach High Ground and Safety

Mrs. Harvey Barnhart, well known South Fork woman living on the Hackberry about midway between Benkelman and St. Francis was a victim of flood waters last Friday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart and their children attempted to reach the barn and higher ground when the flood waters enveloped their dwelling and it appears that the unfortunate woman stepped in a hole which the waters had created and of which she had no knowledge and sank from view before her husband could catch her. She never appeared in sight again and when the waters receded her body was found in the lower part of the barnyard lodged in a wire fence, according to reports reaching Benkelman. Being located between the two rivers and completely surrounded, it was with great difficulty that word could be communicated to St. Francis when a plane came from that town to carry the body to an undertaking parlor.

So far as we have been able to learn, Mrs. Barnhart and Pete Courtright, 15-year-old lad who was caught in the avalanche of water and hurled to his probable death at the filling station on the Benkelman-St. Francis road, were the only two lives lost on the South Fork from St. Francis this way.

E. B. FAYLOR FAMILY AND MRS. OSBORNE ARE BELIEVED DEAD

Homes on River Bottom Are Washed Away and No One Has Found Trace of Them

As the days go by and the search for lost bodies continues, it becomes more evident that Mrs. Johanna Osborne and the four members of the E. B. Faylor family have perished. Mrs. Osborne was both an aged lady and was quite infirm. Her house was located near the riverside on low ground. Although flood waters had been cause for alarm before, Mrs. Osborne really did not fear such a disaster as spread over the Republican valley last Friday. She had known the country for a great many years, and like hundreds of the older settlers, could scarcely conceive of such a possibility. She loved her home and since the death of Mr. Osborne lived there alone despite the entreaties of her children who felt that it was not safe for her. But no matter how many had been with her that night, they could have given her no protection. Instead they would have added to the flood casualties. The Osborne house was among the first to go and Mrs. Osborne was no doubt carried into the swiftest and most vicious flood currents of the South Fork river within a few minutes after the house began to move.

The Faylor house, located a mile south and a half mile east of Benkelman was in one of the most precarious spots in the entire flood zone. It was known as the C. A. Hester home for years and it was only about a year ago that Mr. Hester and daughter Orpha moved to town and rented it after living there for many years. The dwelling was at the end of a long curve in the river and close to the river shore. It was surrounded by a heavy growth of trees and the river shore was lined with stately cottonwoods, some of them fifty to seventy-five years old. When the torrents left the regular river course and cut a new channel in its haste to join the wild flood waters below, it directed the flood squarely at the house. Trees were uprooted by the dozens and rolled and tossed and the Osborne house and other buildings no doubt followed the immediate course to crush everything in its path and the Hester house was in the center of the path. Joe Krug, Dick Stitt, Postmaster E. V. Barger, William Richards, and scores of others heard terrorizing cries for help from the direction of the Hester farm where the Faylors lived, at shortly before six o'clock but even at that time nothing could be seen of the Hester buildings. Whether the Faylor family was riding a raft or marooned in trees is not known but there was no doubt as to the degree of danger to which they were being exposed or to the desperation they felt. It is very evident that they were swept into the channel and drowned shortly after their cries were heard. The Faylor family moved to the Hester farm several months ago. Having been reared in a section of Iowa near the Missouri river where floods were frequent, they had expressed some hesitancy in moving there because of flood hazards but this fear had apparently vanished when they found that the Republican valley had never had a major flood disaster and that no one here ever considered such a thing seriously. Mrs. Faylor was apparently still skeptical, however, for at the time of moving there she told a woman friend in Benkelman that she still doubted the safety and wisdom of the move.

SCHOOL BUILDING TO HOUSE FERA WORKERS

The high school building is being turned into an emergency headquarters for the new FERA camp of 100 men expected here next Sunday. The different rooms in the top floor are being transformed into a dinning room, kitchen and sleeping quarters. Tools and other necessary equipment will also be kept there. According to Harold Pope, director of the work, two different groups of men will do the work in the flood area. The first group will work for a month and then be replaced with another group. Both groups will be from the Omaha division. A foreman will be locally employed and all work will be directly accounted for to Harold Pope, work director. The present plans call for a search of the flood area for stock which will be buried. Bridge lumber will then be recovered and then the FERA labor will be united with the CCC detachment in the general clean-up work in the valley. All private work to be done is passed upon by a special board who examines written applications presented to County Agent Noyes.

Loss of Life Reported in Most of Adjoining Towns

Reports from other towns are plentiful but there are so many stories that it is practically impossible to establish authenticity. The death report at Stratton is reported at three. Several were drowned at Trenton but no loss of life has been reported at Culbertson. With telephone and telegraph communications cut and practically all highways out of commission, press dispatches were restricted to mere rumors. One authentic report from McCook was that the Miller house south of Perry collapsed under the strain of the flood and that four of the twelve people who were in it lost their lives and that the three Miller children are still unaccounted for. The known dead are Fred Swanson, McCook contractor, Elizabeth Shooker, rural teacher in the Chase county schools, Mrs. Charles Miller and little daughter Virginia. Miss Shooker's body was found on an island at Bartley. Her pocket book was still hanging over her arm. It contained more than a hundred dollars in currency and her teacher's certificate. Dale Miller, city councilman, had gone to the farm to warn the family of the approach of the flood and was trapped in the house with the rest. He was rescued from a tree as was Nels Nielson. Others rescued were Clyde McKillip and six-year-old Charlotte Miller.

The South Fork flood waters came upon the occupants of the valley with such speed that its presence was not known until it had covered the valley almost completely. The George Zicke family, living on the river near the old Wilson farm, were forced to the roof of their house very soon after the first wall of water had struck. They remained in the attic and on the roof during the entire flood period. They lost several of their outside buildings and suffered a great deal from the washing of the land. The channel of the river was changed and it comes much nearer their home than before They expect to leave the valley as soon as possible.

FARMERS IN FLOOD AREA ASK FOR HELP IN THE CLEAN-UP

Over Sixty Apply for Free Clean-up Service in Dundy Flood Area

Over sixty farmers in the flood area have applied to County Agent Noyes for clean-up labor which is to be furnished free by the government in the effort to assist in re-establishing the flood area to as near as can be accomplished pre-flood condition. Most of the applications on file are for soil erosion and re-claiming fences and buildings which have been washed away. Over a hundred miles of fence has been washed away in the valley and 70 buildings have been lost. In a great many places the wire has lodged on trees amid the debris and a part of it can be recovered. Buildings have been washed away and broken apart and sections of them are scattered over a large section. There are 29 buildings to be repaired and approximately 7,000 acres of land to be checked and the holes and deep washes to be filled up.

The Approval Board in charge of consideration of applications for clearance work consists of County Agent Noyes, Rehabilitation Supervisor R. E. Casey and Miss Elizabeth Reynolds, Red Cross representative. All flood-farmers in the flood area who wish gratis clean-up work on their places are asked to submit a written application to County Agent Noyes for consideration of the Approval Board. No work will be done on any property without the approval of the board and the owner. The labor will be furnished by the CCC and FERA and will be gratis.

BUTHERUS BUILDINGS WASHED AWAY IN FLOOD

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Butherus, parents of Mrs. Harold Mosier who lost her life in the flood waters last Sunday, are well known to Benkelman people. Mr. Butherus has been employed with the Burlington as a section foreman for many years and in 1901 was located at Max. This was where Mrs. Mosier was born. Mr. Burtherus later served the Burlington at Otis, Bartley and other points and lived in Benkelman with his family in 1916. While here he bought the Clyde farm near Colfer but sold it shortly after that and returned to Bartley to resume his old position with the Burlington there and at the same time repurchased his old farm located on the river valley near Bartley and had lived there since until the flood of May 31st when every building excepting the house was washed away and they were forced to seek higher ground to save their lives. Mr. Butherus had made many extensive improvements on his little farm and only recently refloored his dwelling with hard wood floors. He is planning on moving his dwelling into Bartley now and says that although it will take a long time to get his farm back to its former state of production, he believes that it can eventually be done thru the right kind of treatment.

Every available man is being sought in road construction, both as it applies to highway and farm to market roads and in other types of reconstruction work.

PARKS HARDEST HIT TOWN IN DUNDY COUNTY FLOOD AREA. BABY BURKE IS FLOOD VICTIM

Flood Waters Covered Town Almost Before Any One Realized it and Heroic Measures Alone Saved Many Lives. False Report of Rock Creek Dam Break.

MANY HOMES SWEPT FROM THEIR FOUNDATIONS

With night watchman Harry Martin on the beat all night Thursday and various persons remaining up until late, the coming of the flood was not as great a surprise to Benkelman folks as it was to Parks which suffered the loss of one life and the greatest acutal property damage of any town in the county. But had it not been for the presence of mind of Merle Standish and his men, the death loss might have mounted into dozens of lives. Awakened by the roar of the approaching flood waters at near two o'clock Friday morning, Mr. Standish aroused the family and all of the ranch help. He sent the men on horse back to cut pasture fences and then came to Parks. He loaded his family in a wagon and drove to the lake where he got a boat and then headed for Parks, awakening many from their slumbers and organized a rescue program. Sixteen men—eight at each end of the boat—wading in water almost shoulder deep, fought their way from house to house, rescuing family after family. It was a gigantic struggle between man and elements as they fought to retain control of the boat while the waves plunged hither and thither, trying every fiber of their endurance in retaining its human cargo. This rescue work was continued until every citizen, save the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Burke had been rescued. When the work was finished, and even before, houses began to move from their foundations down stream. It is doubtful if any town in the flood area had graver possibilities for almost complete extinction of human life than did Parks and few towns suffered smaller causalities. But it was a gigantic test of both human endurance and human courage and Parks manhood qualified one hundred per cent. Although the town was practically homeless Friday night, the fine spirit of courage and self reliance that had characterized the lives of the early pioneer, parents and relatives of many of these same people, lived again and although they had no place to lay their heads that night, few showed signs of weakening or being afraid of the future or what it had to offer them. Some went to farm homes north of town to spend the night and many were brought to Benkelman but bright and early Saturday morning they were back on the job to begin the work of reconstruction. Being the hardest hit by the flood waters, Parks likewise has one of the most dangerous health problems to meet. Every effort is being made to fight a probable typhoid fever epidemic which may follow the town's contaminated water supply. An army airplane brought a supply of chloride of lime from North Platte Monday and this is being distributed for use in treating the water. Doctor Premer has requisitioned typhoid serum thru government channels and as soon as a sufficient supply is received it is planned to inoculate every person in the district so far as it is possible. The same system will be followed in other flood districts. In the meantime doctors are warning people of the typhoid danger and asking them to thoroughly boil every drop of water for human consumption.

When rescue parties reached Parks early Saturday morning, fearful of what they might be forced to view in the form of loss of life, relieved indeed were their minds when they found that the Parks folks had met their problem so efficiently and that there was nothing that could be done to improve conditions in that respect. With the fine community building almost ready to leave its mooring, residences floating and the school house the only safe spot of refuge, it was a sickening and desolate sight at best. Parks folks and people surrounding the town and volunteers from Benkelman have since been busy in the hope of reestablishing order to some extent at least. But in the Parks section, as in the entire flood area, many years will elapse before the results of the work of this unprecented condition have entirely disappeared from view. There is scarcely any way to accurately estimate the property damage alone that was inflicted upon the Republican valley district. It extended from the sources of both the North and South Forks of the Republican rivers in Colorado to their tributaries and the entire valley was completely flooded from Colorado to Kansas City.

MULE TEAM PROVES EQUAL TO TASK IN FLOOD EMERGENCY

Purl Newman Family Finds Safety After Hectic Night Spent Amid High Waves

S. P. Newman was in from his South Fork ranch Monday for the first time since the flood and although Purl's ranch was terribly damaged by the high waters and some lands that were beautiful meadows before are now foundations for hugs drifts of blow sand and much of the fertility of his fine farm grounds have given away to sand drifts, ugly cuts and ravines caused by water erosion, and all that Purl was nevertheless feeling pretty good if for no other reason than that he and his entire family escaped with their lives because they were all in a tough spot for hours with scarcely an even chance to get out of the trap in which they found themselves when they were awakened early Friday morning to find their home hemmed in by water on every side with the roaring and churning of the flood waters far above, indicating that there was still much greater danger close at hand. Purl surveyed the situation pretty rapidly and concluded that the only thing to do was to load the family into a wagon and get to higher ground before what was left of the road was gone. But there were many handicaps standing in the way. It was with great difficulty that a team of mules were rounded up and harnessed and hitched. And even when this was done, they didn't like the idea of launching out into a sea of boiling, bounding flood waters ridden with trees, bridges and other dangerous contingencies staring them in the face. But they were large, powerful mules and once they did make the start, they did a great job of it. Sometimes they struck holes deep enough to submerge them and again they were confronted with drifting debris but they stayed right in there and fought for their lives and in so doing also fought for the lives of their human cargo. Purl said that he had met up with circumstances before that gave him cause for fright and temporary uncertainity but that the flood situation was the first thing that ever completely challenged his ingenuity and put him so completely on the defense that he didn't know which way to turn or what to do. "The rise of the waters, the roar of the thundering waves, trees being uprooted like weeds, buildings, live stock and even people floating down the river painted a picture in our minds that was horrifying and so terribly depressing," he said, "and as the wall of water approached, it didn't seem that any living thing in its path could survive." To add to their fears was the knowledge that their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Workman were living at Parks and although they had no definite information as to conditions there, they realized that there was little hope for the town to avert the disaster which did befall it and the people there. While in town Tuesday, Purl went up to Parks to see his daughter and said that as great as the flood damage was on the North Fork between Benkelman and Parks, it did not even approach the damage that resulted from the South Fork flood waters.

Between 150 and 200 hundred men gathered on the streets at six o'clock Tuesday morning when the fire whistle was sounded and under captains spread along the river valley to bury carcasses and search for lost bodies. A group from Benkelman went down the river until they reached a Max group which was following the same schedule. No bodies were rocevered from east of Max to west of Parks, the sections covered. Something like fifty men were sent to the Parks district. They buried 26 head of cattle and several sheep in one hole west of Parks. Practically every carcass between Max and Parks was buried and the atmosphere cleared up considerably in the river sections that night.

Joe Krug came near losing his life while trying to release his cattle from the Rogers pasture at about ten o'clock Friday morning. Joe had been at the pasture earlier in the morning and moved the cattle to higher ground. But as the water continued to rise, he concluded to cut the fences and try to get them off the meadow. He almost reached the Rogers house when the current took him off his feet and the fact that he was close to a barbed wire fence and grabbed it, saved his life. His hands were badly torn by the barbs. Those watching him enter the water, feared that he was lost when the flood submerged him, but he finally regained his feet and followed the fence out. He lost few, if any, cattle.

Little Post Want-Ads Bring Results.

FOUGHT RAGING TORRENTS ALL NIGHT WITH RESULT DOUBTFUL

Jack Miller Staked His Life On Keeping Truck Out of River and Won by Inches

One of the most vivid pictures of the flood's approach was given by Jack Miller of Benkelman who was returning from west of Haigler with his large freight truck Thursday evening. The rain caught him far back inthe hills and he said it seemed that it came so fast that it actually crowded the breathing elements out of the atmosphere and the air became stifling. He crossed the highway bridge over the Arickaree and as he saw another roaring river on somewhat lower ground he stopped his truck, afraid to go farther. He set the brakes and prepared to wait for the water to recede. But instead it continued to rise. "I actually believe it rose five inches in ten minutes," he said. He hadnt' been there long before the water began shooting thru the opening of the floor boards around the gears and brakes. When the waves struck, it would shoot the stream of water up thru these small openings clear to the top of the cab. Then debris began to settle behind the truck and it began moving towards the raging channels. Finding a stick in the truck Jack got in the rear of it and fought the debris from accummulating. But even then the truck moved at times, gradually getting closer to the channel. The water reached the top of the truck bed at last and it seemed a losing fight to keep it from skidding but Jack stayed on the job and fought for his life. From 9:30 Thursday evening until seven o'clock Friday morning he continued the battle and when the water receded sufficiently to wade and swim, he went to Haigler where help was given him later in the day and thru the use of a caterpillar, the truck was finally brought to high ground. Had it been left there until the second high crest in the afternoon, it could not have been saved. "But it was a terrible experience," Jack said. "Sometimes I didn't think I could stand it longer and watched always for something heavy to drift by that I could jump on to. Once a tree came almost close enough but it was caught in a whirling eddy back of the truck that seemed to detour all of the heavier debris, and was carried too far away for me to reach it. I watched it as it hit the channel of the Arickaree and the force of the current dashed it fifteen feet high and then submerged it for a distance of over fifty yards. Nothing in the world could have stuck to it and furthermore it headed straight for the center of the main Republican river channel. The night was intensely dark but almost constant lightning illuminated the skies so that one could see for long distances at a time. As I set there and waited, Burlington passenger train No. 6 passed going east. I could have walked almost as fast as it was going over the Arickaree bridge. A hand car with lights was a few yards ahead of it. Doors and windows were open and people were peering out watching the flood. As the heavy train passed over it seemed to me that I could see the track settling and scarcely had the wheels of the last coach passed over the bridge before the water began surging over it in boundless torrents. "I wonder," said Jack, "how many of the people peering out of that train realized how close they had been to death. There was enough water there to have submerged the entire train in ten minutes had the bridge and track given away with them at that minute. Then the train moved slowly into the Haigler yard, stopped for a minute, backed up a few feet and then returned to its snail-like movement down the tracks with the hand car still leading it. After the train had passed a group of section men came to the bridge and apparently began cutting a way for the water to get thru. I knew there was no way for them to rescue me but still the power of hope grows stronger with desperation and I thought I would call to them and attract their attention. Never before in my life had I any conception of what actual fear really was—the fear of almost certain death. Time after time I tried to shout. I could open my mouth but could not utter a sound. Realization of my condition seemed to add to the terrible fear I felt. Minutes passed like hours, hours like days. Finally I could see signs of dawn breaking. The pounding, roaring, ceaseless plunging of the waves had effected my ears. Somehow I wondered if I had lost my sense of hearing entirely. As it grew lighter it was apparent that the water was receding although that roaring sound got louder and louder. From four o'clock to seven the water went down rapidly and when I was sure of this I left my place in the water filled truck bottom and climbed on to the cab and remained there until I could get out. "People told me about seeing folks riding roofs and things and shouting as they went down the river," Jack said. "I can fully understand the living death they were passing thru mentally, but I can't understand how they could shout. It seemed so impossible for me," he said.

At Haigler Jack joined Bert Medlock and the two of them attempted to drive to Benkelman but were forced to leave their car at the Cottonwood ranch where the bridge was out and walk to Benkelman between the rivers, coming across the North Fork south of Benkelman on the boat.

13 KNOWN DEAD AND 6 ARE STILL MISSING

(Continued from page 1.)

riverside but that it suddenly disappeared. At near four o'clock it got light enough that she could see that distance but the house had disappeared. Thus it was evident that the house collapsed and washed away at between two and four o'clock Friday morning, taking Mrs. Osborne with it.

And it is believed that the Hester house which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Faylor and their 18-year-old son Bud and 15-year-old daughter Merna, was torn from its foundation and wrecked in the maddening torrents at about five o'clock in the morning. Horrified cries for help were heard by residents in east Benkelman at between five and six o'clock Friday morning. The shouts were almost terrifying in their desperation but it was impossible to judge exactly as to the location from which they came and still more impossible to render the assistance which was so greatly needed to save the unfortunate ones from the death which it has since been so evident that they suffered.

And during all of this harrowing turmoil, cattle, horses, hogs and other live stock floated down the maddened waters. Occasionaly an animal could be seen to light on an island but as the flood raised, these were soon submerged and they again started in quest of higher ground.

The railroad and highway roadbeds were soon washed out in the lower grounds and east of Benkelman the railroad is washed out for a distance of at least three miles in one strip. Five long strips of track were washed out between Benkelman and Parks.

When the call of distress came from Parks many Benkelmanites found their way there thru pastures on the higher ground north. And the same thing was true of the Max section. There was a burning urge to do something, help somebody, but there was little that could be done or few lives that could be saved. Had one been caught in the bounding, plunging, swirling mass of debris ridden waters only a miracle could save them, no matter how great the desire was to help. To approach the depth of a channel meant nothing sort of suicide and even if it had been possible to heave reached the channels, there was nothing that could have been done in the form of rescue work. The ordinary small boat was as helpless as a cork on the raging, writhing torrents. Sometimes the waves were as high as fourteen feet and they were moving with such terrific speed that they would throw debris ten feet in the air when they struck it right. There were no particular channels—channels and cross channels were everywhere.

The North Fork seemed to be the most destructive Friday morning until the full force of water came down the South Fork, when it became the most vicious of the two streams and when they came together about a mile east of town and the full force of the two crests met, the impact was terrific. The South Fork left its course and cut across to the North Fork before it reached its natural course. So great was the force that it forced the regular channel clear to the railroad roadbed at the spring and Blue Point and when the flood subsided the main channel of both rivers was over the right of way. But there was little left save twisted steel to mark the railroad grade at one point. The steel rails were snapped and twisted like ordinary wire. A part of the new channel is also over on the highway.

Those who have crossed over on the South Fork valley south and east of town report that much greater damage has resulted to the land than is the case on the north side. At the location of the old Merklin bridge, on the south side, the entire roadway has been swept away and in its place is a ravine twelve feet deep and reaching almost to the high land. Henry Admire said that there were places on the South Fork valley that much more resembled a minature "Hell's Half Acre" than anything he had seen in a long time. More live stock was caught in the South Fork flood waters than was the case on the North Fork and it is said that hundreds of carcasses were scattered along the south side, to add to the horror and danger of the situation.

Truckers report a lot of tolerance shown on the part of farmers in hauling supplies to the flood areas. One trucker said Tuesday that in order to get to Benkelman it was necessary to leave McCook on the north and sort of search for a road between there and the Grant highway. From that highway they travel to Enders and Benkelman over No. 61, new state highway which is the only decent road entering Benkelman. "We have cut across corn fields, wheat fields, pastures and anything else that was necessary to get across and no one has uttered a word of complaint. Ordinarily we'd have been mobbed for doing what we have done to pastures and fields. I doubt if they'd say anything if we'd drive over their lawns and flower beds. Folks are surely o. k. when it comes to conditions like these," said the trucker in question.

REV. WHITE HOME FROM FLOOD AREA; WAS REPORTED DEAD

Marooned On Train With Nebraska Flood Torrents Lapping at Tracks

TELLS GRAPHIC STORY

Swirling, Roaring Waters Awesome but Fascinating Picture, Says Bishop

Back at Zarepath after an experience of two nights and three days marooned in the flooded area of Nebraska, the Rev. Arthur K. White, junior bishop of the Pillar of Fire Church, yesterday wrote a graphic first-hand story for readers of the Messenger-Gazette. He was among those reported drowned in the torrents.

By REV. ARTHUR K. WHITE

Last Thursday I left Denver at 5 o'clock in the afternoon on the Burlington flyer, known as the "Aristocrat," for Chicago en route to New Jersey. I retired about 9:30. We were somewhere near the Colorado line when a heavy rain began to fall. Estimates of the amount of precipitation vary from four and a half to eight or nine inches. One man in Benkelman, Nebraska, told me he had in his backyard what he thought was a 10-quart pail, somewhat shielded by a tree, which he found the next morning filled with water to within an inch of the top. But it was more because of cloudbursts in the upper reaches of the valley that caused the Republican River, along which the Burlington main route from Denver to Chicago is constructed, to rise to such proportions as to alarm the conductor. In 1923, during a similar flood, not far from this locality, a passenger train had attempted to venture over what seemed to be a fairly firm roadbed, but the ground was so badly water-soaked that the track sank, the locomotive and three cars turned over, and the fireman lost his life. Our conductor concluded that if he could possibly get his train into the town of Benkelman he would be reasonably safe. His anxiety was greatly relieved when he managed finally to do this.

Part of Town Submerged

I slept through the night and arose about 6 o'clock to look out upon a scene of great excitement and confusion. The townspeople had come to the station and were lined up along the tracks to look at a raging sea of water lapping at the railroad ties. The lower end of town, between the railroad and river, was submerged, and citizens had abandoned their homes. Ahead of us a freight train going west had been partly submerged but managed to come up on dry ground. Sticks, straw and other debris clung conspicuously to the trucks of the cars.

The swirling, roaring torrents presented an awesome, though fascinating picture. Spectators with glasses declared they saw some victims clinging to trees; and I heard reports that early in the morning a man on a raft had gone down the river screaming for help. Many cattle seemed to have been washed away. I took a picture of about 25 cows on an island not far from the tracks when hope of saving them was about given up as the river rose higher and higher. It was expected that the wheels of the passenger coaches would soon be submerged. The water, however, did not come over the treaks in the immediate neighborhood of the Benkelman station where our train stood.

A feeling of general helplessness prevailed. In such a situation often ludicrous things occur. One man grabbed hold of an old sow's tail and endeavored desperately to steer her across a pond to high ground. Others aided in shooing and driving her eventually to a place of safety. The cows bawled disconsolately, but the pigs simply kept on rooting in the mud.

It seemed to be a jubilee day for innumerable frogs, that made the whole valley ring with their croaking.

Busy Taking Pictures

One cannot sit still in the midst of such scenes. I was invited by a resident, Mr. Druliner, who saw me taking pictures, to take an automobile trip of about four miles in the country around to a point a mile and a half east, where from high ground we saw that the channel of the river had changed. The floods had completely washed out the roadbed so that the ties of the track were standing on end. While we were looking at the torrential rush of water, a large telephone pole fell over breaking its lead cable. A roily, vicious surge jerked it free of its telegraph wires and tumbled it downstream.

I took a trip west where, a mile or two out of town, the water, having carried away the roadbed, was rushing underneath the tracks, leaving them suspended in the air. We were very thankful indeed that the train stopped exactly where it did.

On the rear end of the observation car of this crack Burlington flyer was the large nameplate on which was lettered "Aristocrat." The aristocracy of this splendid train seemed very much humbled and helpless in the face of nature's cataclysm. There was, too, a little something pathetic of the aspects of the monster freight locomotive and the high-speed passenger engine, both steamed up,—dressed up, so to speak,—with nowhere to go.

Realizing that highways were washed out, railroad gone, and all telegraphic and telephone communication with the outside world destroyed, one could not help but have a strange feeling of lonesomeness. Naturally, we wondered what our friends and relatives might be thinking. Not until about Saturday noon did any airplanes fly over Benkelman to relieve us with the thought that possibly news would be taken by the flyers to anxious relatives.

Watched From Box Cars

We were subject to all sorts of wild rumors. It was current that in Denver the main floor of the railroad station was submerged under six feet of water and that many Denver people had lost their lives. It was also rumored that the Associated Press had reported our train was lost. In the afternoon of the first day there was still another rumor that a dam had given way, above somewhere, and that the river was expected to rise higher. One man came along by the train, exclaiming, "She's a rasin'!" There was a rush of water which made the situation on the south side of the tracks begin to look even more precarious and we climbed to the top of the box cars to watch houses and barns battle the tide. A large frame bungalow finally decided it was time to move, and we watched it float down the stream a hundred yards or more where it appeared to be caught on a ledge.

One saw all sorts of things floating down the river. A townsman exclaimed, looking at a box-like object not far away.

"What's that? A pianny?"

But I don't think it was.

We had some misgivings going to bed in our sleepers that night as there was a great dust storm gathering overhead. Somebody declared it was a tornado, and so it proved. It struck near McCook, about 50 miles east, with a vengeance. I understand there were many casualties with a disastrous situation developing there far worse than we were experiencing at Benkelman.

A raging flood underneath an ominous sky black with a hurricane of dust was a strange anomaly. However, I think most of us slept peacefully and early the next morning, as one native explained smilingly, when I passed him on the street,

"It's turned off naize."

"Yes, indeed," I said, and was glad of it.

Rescue Squads Labor

The river had receded. I got my rubbers out of my trunk in the baggage car and started out through the mud toward the river to see what the flood had done. It had carried away a large bridge, of course and filled the yards of houses and meadows with all sorts of debris. Rescue squads were now going out to try to find missing farm folk marooned in houses still standing or to search for the bodies of those they were most certain had perished.

Everybody was very much concerned about a poor crippled woman, Mother Osborne, who lived in the bottoms. She had been through several floods, but this capped the climax in the memory of all old-timers. Would it be possible that she could come thru this also? One man declared he had lived in the neighborhood since 1880 but had never seen anything like this. Unfortunately, when the rescuers returned they said nothing could be found of poor old Mrs. Osborne's house; evidently she had been carried away with it to her death.

A merchant, Mr. Grimmeiss, gave me a ride along the river and told me he had been out with a rescue party that morning and had helped to bring in the bodies of the entire Pettit family—father, mother and six children, who perished clinging to the rafters of their humble frame dwelling that had collapsed or turned over in the flood. These were laid out in a temporary morgue.

It was estimated that in the immediate neighborhood of Benkelman about 19 people perished.

Odd Bits of Humor

One hears all sorts of odd expressions during an occasion like this. One old lady in the train was very uneasy, but declared she felt reasonably safe since she had her lodge pin with her. After standing for hours and hours, except when the train moved a hundred yards or so for water to replenish the car tanks, the everlasting inertia became somewhat monotonous. A passenger came through our car and explained good humoredly.

"The train runs so smooth we can hardly tell we are moving! I never saw the like of it!"

Friday evening a tense but generous little lady, Mrs. Ward Higley, came into the observation car and announced that she had come from Wauneta, 35 miles away, where a friend had a shortwave broadcasting station. She said she was interested in our plight and would be glad to take messages to be sent to our friends free of charge. She declared that the telegraph company would deliver them free. Everybody seemed to doubt this but we all wrote our messages, and we understand that the short-wave operator stayed up until 5 o'clock in the morning broadcasting them. I learned later that practically all of these were delivered. I sent one to Denver and one to New Jersey. We were indeed grateful for this man's services and the kindness of the lady who took our sheaf of messages to him. This so-called "ham" operator, Roy Olmsted of W9FA, performed a distinct service which resulted in considerable consolation for my family in Denver, and I am sure for the friends and relatives of most of the stranded passengers.

Natives Retain Hospitality

When the sun shone Saturday morning and we were watching the rescue squads, one young lady passenger made rather undiplomatic remarks, in the presence of a townswoman, concerning her dissatisfaction in being held up in such a town. Overhearing her, I ventured the opinion that Benkelman was a very nice place. The poor townswoman, a grandmother, Mrs. Herring, wondering about the safety of her son who lived on one of the bottom farms, observed that it was indeed too bad that people should come at such a time, "when you get a bad impression of the town." I remarked that this was just such a time as would reveal the generous and hospitable character of the people. They took me, at my rate, for car rides and, I am sure, did everything in their power to ease our situation when they themselves were so troubled about the loss of life and property.

One may read about these devastating floods, but it was something of a privilege to observe at first hand such a disaster and become acquainted with the human fears and woes that belong to it. We may scarcely give a second thought to a tragedy that takes a great toll of life and property far, far away, but our sympathies for our fellow men in distress are deepened when through close proximity we share with them their feeling of helplessness in the face of inexorable and overwhelming odds of nature, when she goes on a rampage of rebellion against man and all his inventions.

Saturday evening we were taken in automobiles to the Union Pacific railroad 85 miles away, where a flood was said to be coming down the Platte Hiver. The mayor of Ogallala was ordering his men to bank the river with sandbags to keep as much water as possible out of the town. Perhaps we were just a little selfish in wanting to get away quickly, but we could not help but experience a fine feeling of relief as the Union Pacific sped us on toward Omaha.

Read of Plight

A traveler friend called his wife in Denver on the telephone, for he had expected that he would find his family considerably worried over his situation. By this time it seems the short-wave messages had calmed her fears so that she went to a program of some kind at the city auditorium. The maid at his home took the message however, and told him that though there had been a great storm there was not six feet of water on the floor of the Denver station. This friend instructed the maid to call Mrs. White and report my well-being. The result of this telephone conversation was that our heroic sensibilities were slightly affronted. However, they were restored to proper dignity later, when on the train, we procured from a porter a Denver newspaper and found our names in an article which described us as among the "Many Denverites Trapped on Train," with a description of the "frightful flood conditions around Benkelman" where about a "score of people" had lost their lives.

To arrive in New Jersey on the afternoon of a nice rainfall and hear people telling how much rain is needed to save the lawns and crops was to say the least a little bizarre, if not rather difficult to appreciate.—Somerville, New Jersey, Messenger-Gazette.

FAMILY MAROONED ON ROOF TOP FOR EIGHT HOURS FRIDAY

Family Battles High Waves to Keep Grip on Flood-Stricken Home

That Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson and 3-year-old daughter May, barely escaped drowning is one of the miracles of the flood. The Andreson home is located on the south side of the Republican river a mile west of the Max bridge and during the highwater was entirely surrounded by the river for over a mile. All the Anderson farm buildings, with the exception of the house, were entirely washed away. During the earlier stages of the flood the Andersons took refuge in the attic of their house and remained there untill the second rise at near 4 o'clock Friday at which time they broke a hole in the roof and took refuge on top of the gable. They had hardly established themselves on the gable until the house turned again and dropped into a hole some three hundred yards from the original home sight. The hole was deep enough to lower the house so that the gable of water. The water flowed over the roof and around the Andersons almost up until the time they were rescued. It was a bitter fight for them to retain their grip on the house and several times the little girl slipped from their grasp and almost floated away in the angry waves. At near midnight Lewis Warning, Fred Gunther, Ted Schwartz, Anders Hoff and Carl Gunther tied themselves together with a rope and were able to wade and swim close enough to the house to facilitate a rescue. All of the Andersons suffered considerably from the long exposure to the cold night winds after being thoroughly soaked by the flood waters. George suffered bruises and cuts, sustained while making a hole in the roof with a butcher knife and a flat iron. Mrs. Anderson is suffering from a hip bruise sustained while making the ascent from the attic to the roof.

Anders (Batch) Anderson, who lives a miles west of the George Anderson home, took refuge in a tree during the high water. All his farm buildings and his livestock were destroyed. His house, a rock structure, was also destroyed. Mr. Anderson stayed in his tree until the water had receded considerably Friday night and in an effort to escape further chilling in the night aid he retired to the house site only to find a plaster wall which served as a wind break for some time but which failed to afford him the comfort he badly needed so he started his trek to the south in search of the new river banks. He arrived safely several hours later.

DRIVE HUNDREDS OF MILES TO REACH FAMILY ON SOUTH FORK

Peter O'Brien Family Make Long Drive Over Pastures To Reach Home on River

Mr. and Mrs. Peter O'Brien and the three older boys went to Imperial last Thursday to spend Memorial day, returning to Benkelman Friday morning only to discover the flood waters and the fact that the wildest flood in all Republican valley history had extended itself from the railroad tracks in Benkelman almost to their home on the South Fork five miles distant. They were frantic with fear because of the fact that their daughter Mary and the younger children were at home and that the water must be up to the house at that time with the crest of the flood yet to come. There seemed little they could do nor neither could they stand and watch. They quickly decided to attempt to drive around it and armed with shovels and a hammer they started northwest, driving clear to Fort Morgan and angling across country nearly two hundred miles west, finally getting to North Forty highway and coming back over the Goodland highway to Bird City and then home over the Bird City road. They left Benkelman before noon Friday and reached home at about nine o'clock Sunday morning. They found that the water had surrounded the place but that the lives of the children had not been endangered. Neighbors had taken a kindly interest in their welfare and Miss Mary, who is past 18 years of age, had exercised splendid judgment in using such precautions as were possible to the end of safety. It was a terrific strain on both the mental and physical resources of the entire family, but was only a sample of the tragic tenseness that grappled with hundreds of people during the flood's progress. Several families are still groping in the shadows of grueling uncertainity as the hunt continues for missing bodies.

There wasn't a single bridge on either North or South Fork of the Republican river left in Dundy county and many of the smaller creek bridges have been washed away. Suspension bridges for foot travel were placed over the bridge wreckage east of town Saturday and folks are driving to the South Fork and walking across the valley to Benkelman, a distance of a mile. Men and trucks began gathering bridge material over the valley Wednesday morning and there is plenty of it to reconstruct temporary bridges, work on which will be begun at once. It is planned to rebuild both the North and South Fork bridges east of town and the St. Francis bridge near the Hollenberger farm south. Temporary bridges will also be built in other sections of the county. While the road beds are mostly washed away east of town, it will be possible to make a road that is passable between the two bridges. The road bed on the St. Francis line is in fair shape and a temporary bridge can be constructed without any great amount of expense. Most of the old bridge is still intact there but was washed a hundred yards down the river. In the meantime the county commissioners hope to secure federal assistance in rebuilding permanent bridges over the county. Dundy county has a very acute bridge problem at best and it will require a tremendous amount of money to handle it. The federal government has assured Governor Cochran of liberal consideration in all matters pertaining to rehabilitation and has given him power to direct the expenditures of federal funds in reconstruction work.

Post Want-Ads Bring Quick Results.

MIKE ALLEN WILL NEVER FORGET SOUTH FORK FLOOD EXPERIENCE

Stay On Roof-top During the Flood Of The South Fork Made Lasting Impression

Mike Allen accumulated a lot of memorable experiences during the flood Thursday night and Friday while on his farm on the South Fork east of the Shurtleff-Jones ranch. Mike had retired early and was headed for a good night's rest when his horse stuck his head in the window and whinned. Mike couldn't think what the horse had in mind for a minute but when he heard him splasing as he walked thru the yard he didn't stay in the house long thinking about it. He made a dash for the back door and when he opened it the water flowed in on the kitchen floor. He ran to the cow yard to let his stock out and before he could get them started out of the gate it was deep enough that the hogs were swimming. He started wading to the house as quickly as he could when a wall of water struck both he and the cattle and forced them all into the corner of the fence. He hand-over-handed it along the fence to the house and then tried to go past the house in an effort to get to the high land but the wire broke and he floated back to the house. He grabbed a blanket and made his way into the attic. He stayed there a few minutes and then tried to open the window and climb onto the roof. The window had swelled and was tight and it wouldn't open. Allen thought that he wouldn't break the window unless the water got a lot worse and then he would swim out. After staying in the attic for some time the house gave a slip and moved about three feet. Allen made a lunge for the window, broke it and was on top of the roof and ready to dive off if it made another move. What he saw in the next few minutes made him think twice about swimming to shore. Huge trees floated by the house and several strong cattle came down the stream fighting the current but without much success. Every so often a certain water action would turn the critters head over heels and all they could do would not help them a bit. Finally a section of a bridge came floating down and Allen figured that if it came anywhere near the house he woud make a try for it and then ride it to what he hoped might be safety. Fortunately for him however, the bridge struck a swift current and was carried out of his reach. All day Friday he sat on his roof with only a blanket to protect him, and no food. He could see the power of the raving river and feared all along that his house would be next to share the fate of the many buildings he had seen crashing into the trees as the swift waters carried them to destruction. At nine o'clock Friday night he decided to forsake his lofty perch for a warm fire, food and clothing. He slipped down into the stream, which altho much lower and possibly a great deal less destructive, was still very dangerous and treacherous. All that evening before Allen decided to leave, he had been watching a light to the south of him and he knew that if he could get to the south bank of the river before the light went out he at least wouldn't be in any danger of getting lost. He waded and swam, fording quick sands sloughs and running blindly into giant tree roots until he reached the high safe ground. Mike has been around a lot and has seen a good many things but this night and day on the Republican will stick in his memory a long, long time.

BODY OF COLORADO WOMAN RECOVERED HERE ON SUNDAY

Body of Hale, Colo. Woman Was Found On The South Fork by Local Searchers

The body of a woman was found on the sand near the K. W. McDonald farm by a searching party comprising Willard McDonald, Lyle Carlin and George Follett Sunday afternoon. Her body was practically nude. The boys moved her to the McDonald ranch house, two of them remaining while the third went for help. A team and wagon was secured and the body brought to the North Fork bridge where it was taken across in the boat. It was then carried to town and turned over to Miss McEvoy for embalming. Doctor Peck of St. Francis, who came to Benkelman with Dale Fallert that afternoon to ascertain the extent of loss of life, indicated the belief that it might be the body of Mrs. Blanche Harding of Hale, Colorado. The flood had swept away the Harding dwelling and with it Mr. and Mrs. Harding and their four children. Three children were later recovered alive but the parents and one child were still missing. Relatives of the deceased woman later identified her as Mrs. Harding and her body was taken to Hale by airplane sent from that place Monday afternoon. We understand that the missing child has been found dead in the river bottom but that Mr. Harding is still unaccounted for. Hale is 80 miles from Benkelman and there were indications that Mrs. Harding had made a terrific fight for life as she probably floated down the river on debris for many miles before being overcome and lost. She was about 45 years of age.

AL MATHIS SAVED IN TREE TOP AT HIS RIVER ISLAND HOME

Benkelman Friends Feared For His Life But Lofty Perch Held Safely

Al Mathis, who lives on the island north of the Fred Walker farm east of town, saved his life from the raging waters by perching in a tree for two nights and a day. Mathis has been living on the large island for several months and when the waters began raising the people of Benkelman feared for his life. The island is below the South Fork inlet and was almost in the center of the torrential river. With bridges floating down the river among uprooted giant trees and hundreds of drowned livestock, it was generally conceded among the onlookers that if Al Mathis came out of the flood alive it would be truly a miracle. After the waters had subsided considerably, searchers ventured across the North Fork of the river and proceeded to the old island site in search for Mathis. The search for the living Mathis was fruitless and was abandoned and replaced with the search for his body. The search was more fruitful than the search for the living body inasmuch as a watch and other identifiable materials were found and plans were made for a more thorough search the following day. In the meantime Mathis had crossed the South Fork and the North Fork river and was up town shaking hands with his friends and telling them of his nights in the tree. It seems as though on Thursday night Mathis, first knowledge of the flood came after the water was high around his bed. He kicked out a window and advanced to a tree with a convenient three-prong crotch he had previously decided upon if an occasion demanded such action and climbed it to remain until Saturday morning. Mathis claims to have seen Duvall and Davis riding the North Fork bridge, which had spanned the river near the Earnest yards. The bridge floated on past his island and down the river. This was the only clue local searchers had to the possible location and fate of these two men until the body of Duvall was found near Max. Mathis says that he has lived on rivers a good share of his life and has been in a large number of floods, "But," he remarked, "this was the fastest, dirtiest dam river I've ever seen."

TELEPHONE SERVICE MADE POSSIBLE THRU TO SOUTH

All communication from the south was cut off early during the flood and every possible effort was put forth to get a phone line across the river. The radio reports which pictured Benkelman as a horrible spot of destruction and desolation brought relatives and friends of the people in every section a great deal of worry and it was much desired by everyone to establish suitable communication as soon as possible. The amateur radio stations on the north side of the divide at Wauneta, Enders and Imperial were sending messages as quickly as they could but the situation had not as yet been satisfactorily solved. On Sunday morning a group of volunteers were called together and a line was started from Benkelman to the Harper switch on the other side of the South Fork bridge. Salvaged wire which had been torn from lines in other sections west was taken from drift piles and set on temporary poles about six feet high. The line from the Harper switch had already been brought to meet the Benkelman line at the South Fork bridge and it wasn't long until a hook-up was made. The Harper switch was then hocked up with the McDonald board and the Bell lines and communication to the south was facilitated. Through a long series of switches it was possible to communicate with points east of Lincoln and Topeka. The line was in constant use for some time by communicative relatives. Repeating the messages was necessary on account of the long distance and inefficient equipment. Henry Admire stood at the phone for two hours repeating messages for relatives who were communicating with those in the flood zone. Henry had a personal message to Ashland, Nebraska, and stood for 40 minutes answering eagar queries about people in the valley whose safety people along the line were worried about, before he could talk to his party.

Flood Waters Claim Lives of Mrs. Harold Mosier and Daughter

Caught In Torrents Ten Feet Deep as They Sweep Down South Fork Canyon Sunday

(From Issue of June 21, 1935.)

Death stalked again on the Republican valley flood waters last Sunday evening and this time claimed the life of Mrs. Harold Mosier and her 5-year-old daughter Betty June. Their deaths brought the total death list up to twenty-one persons in the Dundy county flood area. This number are positively known to be lost, despite the fact that seven bodies are yet to be accounted for and included among this number is the body of little Betty June.

There are many ways in which the cold, clammish hand of death may be inflicted on human kind but it seems to us that none are more tragic, more pitiful or heart-rending than is that type of death that rides the flood waters for it gives the victims so little chance to save their lives and before engulfing them in its arms of eternal sleep, it portrays to them the full panoramo of the method of its procedure before sweeping them into its' death torrents.

This was the fate that befell Mrs. Mosier and her child and which came so near claiming the life of the husband and the four remaining children.

Mr. and Mrs. Mosier and their five little girls had spent the afternoon at the home of their neighbors, the John Ramsey family. They had returned home about thirty minutes before the rain began falling. Their house is on the ledge of a large canyon. Behind this, and on the same level is a cave. The dwelling is an old one and none too substantial and after the rain began falling, a terrific hail storm developed and beat against the roof with such force that it wrecked the roof and in order to find protection from the hail stones and water, the family all moved back into the shelter of the cave. They remained there until the rising waters began to alarm them. For some time they debated as to which was the wiser move—stay in the cave with the water waist deep or to emerge and try to seek higher ground in the midst of the beating hail stones. Finally they chose the latter course. Harold carried the baby and one of the larger girls clung to his overalls on one side and held her little sister by the other hand while the third little girl clung to the leg of his overalls on the other side. Mrs. Mosier was holding on to Betty June and was nearby. In their path was an old road and as they climbed to the high side of it leading to the hill above, the earth near it collapsed, letting Harold and the children fall in the current below. As he fell Harold tossed the baby higher up on the bank and grabbed for the other children. He regained his footing and was again attempting to climb out of the road when the water began carrying the baby away. Grabbing the eldest daughter and helping her up on the bank, she was able to reach the baby in time to escape the rising torrents. Then Harold started to follow the same procedure with the rest of the children who were clinging to him. Suddenly came the sound of his wife's voice, "Oh, Daddy," and as he turned he saw the ground give away and the form of his courageous wife carried into the torrents. He never saw Betty June. Perhaps she was torn from her mother's grasp as the earth gave away under her or perhaps Mrs. Mosier had attempted to rescue her little girl after she had been torn from her arms. Harold knew not which way to turn. To leave the children meant sure death to them, not to leave them left only doubt and uncertainity in his mind as he gazed into the ten foot waves that had so heartlessly engulfed his wife and child. Rapidly he helped one child after another to higher ground and then he began the one-sided battle that confronted him in the hundreds of acres of water ten feet deep that unfolded itself before him. During all the period of rescue efforts and for several minutes afterwards a blinding rain storm, so dense that one could scarcely see, was reinforced in its horrors by a beating hail storm. The flood waters were so filled with hail stones that it was nothing less than a floating mass of slush and ice. But Harold went into this maelstrom of almost certain death in the search for his wife and little one. Somehow he felt that their bodies might have lodged against a board fence below and although the waters on the highest ground at the canyon's mouth submerged him to the shoulders, he continued his death defying search. When he got to where the fence should be, he found it was gone. In fact, everything was gone except a lone tree. When he got into the current far enough, he lost his footing and started to drift with the flood waters. The tree was in his path and as he reached it and grabbed a safe hold, the force of the water forced his feet so high that he was practically standing on his head for the moment. When this happened the children completely lost sight of him and believed that he too was lost. They were panic stricken and were suffering intensely from the battering hail but they had the presence of mind to retain their position on the high ground. They watched and watched, and then headed by the older children, the little group began a slow trek to the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Mosier, living on higher ground about a half mile distant. But they didn't go far alone as their grandfather and some other parties who were marooned at the Mosier home, were on their way to the Harold Mosier place and soon met them. After climbing into the tree, Harold tried desperately to attract the children but because of the roaring of the rain and hail he was unable to make himself heard and the foliage on the tree was so dense that he could scarcely see or be seen. After seeing that the children were safe, Harold again left his temporary haven of safety and continued his search for his loved ones until the darkness of a dark night and the ever rising flood waters forced him to give up the search. The next morning at dawn he resumed his search with others and he himself found the body of his precious wife lodged on a sand bar on the Republican river bed near the K. W. McDonald farm about three miles down the river. And here again is challenged the power of words to express the heart rending sorrow that the tragedy of the floods have brought to so many of our people during the past few days. Silent in their approach, colossal in their power, relentless in their purpose and terrible in their consequences. What a black cloud of sorrow they have cast over our community! How irreparable is the loss in human life they have taken. Entire families have been claimed and fragments of families have been left to mourn the passing of brave, heroic and courageous loved ones. Death at best is sad but loved ones swept away in tragedies such as these are so heartless that it seems almost impossible to bear the grief that was thus so ruthlessly cast upon loved ones and the dear friends who are left.

Although search was continued all day and has been continued each day since, the body of little Betty June has not yet been recovered.

After the recovery of Mrs. Mosier's body it required the efforts of dozens of men to get it across the river which was accomplished shortly after noon Monday thru use of a boat and improvised rafts.

The funeral was held at the M. E. church in Benkelman Wednesday and interment was in the Benkelman cemetery. The burial rites of the Eastern Star lodge were used and were conducted by members from Bartley lodge and the services were largely attended by members of the Benkelman E. O. S. order. Rev. Frank Woodward conducted the services at the church.

Mrs. Mosier, like her husband, was mostly reared in the Benkelman community and everybody liked and admired her. Not alone was she a woman of high ideals but she was a splendid wife, a wonderful mother, a kind neighbor, a considerate friend. She was devoted to her children, to her husband, to her home, to every lofty purpose in life. Not alone is her tragic passing an irreparable loss to her family and loved ones but to the South Fork and Benkelman communities as well.

Kansas Cattlemen Here To Salvage Their Herds

Many Kansas ranchmen who had sought pasture for their flocks over the Republican river valley sections have been searching the river bottoms ever since the flood in quest of whatever animals that might have survived the disaster. The search extends clear from Haigler to McCook. Some have lost heavily while others were more fortunate. William Jones was grazing more than five hundred head on the Morse ranch and for a time it appeared that most of them were lost. But since the first check-up, hundreds of head have been recovered and it now appears that his total loss will be less than fifty. About thirty-five or forty were found mired down Saturday morning. One animal in particular was mired down on the railroad right-of-way almost up to the point of the slag ballast. Kansas cattlemen were driven to seek pasture away from home following the drouth last year and the dust storms this spring when much of their grass was covered up.

CORDWELL HOME WITHSTANDS FLOOD WATERS

Max people believed for a time that Mrs. Cordwell and her children living in the Brethower dwelling on the south side of the river east of Max were lost last Friday afternoon as the torrents ripped around the dwelling and threatened it every minute for hours. They watched the oldest boy make an attempt to ride a horse out. Both he and the horse disappeared for the moment and later the horse showed up again but nothing was seen of the lad further. But the house seemed to defy the raging torrents and stood like a rock thru it all. When the flood receded and it was possible to get into communication with the family it was found that the lad had swam to a window on the other side of the house and got in safely after leaving the horse. It was then further recalled that J. B. Brethower, now deceased, who built the house, had taken extra precautions to make it safe in case of flood waters. He reinforced the basement walls and placed dozens of bolts in the concrete to which the frame work was anchored. While the effects of his judgment in these precautionary methods were not apparent during the years that he and his family lived in the house, his thoughtfulness was no doubt responsible for saving the Cordwell family from almost sure death in Friday's unprecedented flood. The flood had almost subsided when George Mills recalled having supplied the necessary bolts and steel to carry out his flood protection measure.

SMALL LOSS OF LIFE AT PARKS SEEMED ALMOST MIRACULOUS

Only Thru Good Judgment, Careful Action and Sheer Courage Was the Big Task Accomplished

As the days go by the damage to the little city of Parks becomes more apparent. There is scarcely a building within the corporate limits which has not been damaged and some of them approach the point of complete ruin. Those who have observed the situation there believe that the extent of the flood waters were somewhat due to the collapse of the bridges west of Parks which for a time held back the flood waters and then carried them over the track to the north side and then on into the little city. Parks is likewise at the point of a large water shed from the north and northwest. The fact that but one life was lost seems to have been the outstanding point when one considers the possibility the situation held for Parks. But if there is any particular reason why such should have been the case, it lies in the efficiency of the men who gathered as quickly as possible and did heroic work in the rescue of entire families. The first warning of the flood's approach perhaps rested in the action of the Burlington section crew who had towed No. 6 to Benkelman and were returning home near four o'clock in the morning. When they reached the Castor farm, the water was already going over the railroad track. At Parks Foreman Levi Nicholson reported to railroad headquarters and then the crew extended its way west but had gotten only about a half mile when they heard the roaring of the oncoming flood waters. They immediately returned to Parks and the men were sent to the different sections of the town to awaken people. They were practically all aroused but by the time they were ready to leave, their homes had already been surrounded by the flood waters. Merle Standish of the Kara Cattle Company ranch was among the first to get into action. While his men were cutting pasture fences to release the stock, Merle drove his family to the Frank Knepper ranch in a wagon and at the Knepper home a line call was sounded and farmers responded immediately rushing to Parks in cars, wagons and on horseback. One bridge was already out but one still stood and they were able to get across with a team and wagon. Mr. Standish, with others, secured a boat. Every precaution to avert the loss of life was taken. A rope was suspended from each end of the boat and a string of men clung on to this from each end as an added precaution. Then from twelve to sixteen men took hold of the boat and thru sheer force, moved it from one house to the other, rescuing the marooned families. The team, driven behind a man on horseback, moved in as close to the Workman garage as the water would permit and as folks were rescued they were taken in the boat to the wagon and unloaded and hauled to a point of safety, thus averting the loss of time that would otherwise have been required in towing them to higher land. It was necessary to keep informed as to the depth and course of the channels that were rapidly cut right in the streets and this feature of exploring was carried on all during the rescue period. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Finney and family and Mr. and Mrs. Levi Nicholson were the last to be rescued from the depot as the building appeared to be on sufficiently high ground to withstand the force of the flood longer than the others. Mr. Nicholson was trapped at the section house and found it difficult for he and Mrs. Nicholson to reach the depot. Folks were then taken to the home of Mrs. Tom Ballard on higher ground who sought to supply their needs with dry clothing so long as the supply lasted. Then the matter of feeding the more than 200 people who were assembled together became the second barrier to mount but Mrs. Ballard and her genial husband, with the assistance of the neighboring ladies, attempted the job and put it over in a big way for from Friday noon during the flood until the following Friday noon the Tom Ballard home was the community dining hall, serving three meals a day with sometimes as many as two hundred people to participate. Many of the Parks residents could cook nothing in their homes before Friday following the flood and even then it was under the most grueling circumstances. At night neighbors in the country and homes in town not so seriously effected by the flood did all they could to supply sleeping quarters and even the basement of the Ballard home was filled with sleepers. And Mrs. Ballard and her husband were able to do this even in the face of the sorrow that so filled their hearts thru those trying days. Mrs. James Robbin Pettit, victim of the flood at the Caster ranch, who with her husband and six children went to such a pitiful death while trapped in the attic of their home, was Mrs. Ballard's eldest sister. The memory of that terrible disaster will live thru the course of the lifetime of the generations now living and will become the greatest tragedy of the century, perhaps, in our county's history, as will the courage shown by the Parks people in their heroism so unselfishly shown amidst the great tragedy which has claimed no less than nineteen lives and the loss of homes and property running into an almost inestimable figure.

The Parks folks are digging out as best they can although they are terribly handicapped thru lack of water and other things essential to the job at hand. Red Cross workers are active in the community and we understand that the CCC boys recently ordered to Dundy county will direct their first efforts to helping in the huge task.

Henry Kehr, 65, and afflicted with rheumatism so badly that he has to walk with a cane, pushed his wife who weighs 275 pounds into the attic from the top of their stove, through a hole three feet by fifteen inches. Henry has not worked for two years because he has lost his strength.—Cambridge Clarion.

Sereum Rushed Here By Plane

Associated Press Survey in Hands of Lincoln Red Cross Brings Needed Sereum

The efficiency of a great news-gathering organization such as the Associated Press was never better exemplified than it was on Monday of this week when, upon receipt of the news of the second flood Sunday night, they phoned their local news representative here with the request that he contact the local health officers with the request that a complete survey of health conditions in the Dundy county area be furnished, along with the supply of vaccination and inocculation sereum on hand ready for the emergency. The request was turned over to Doctor J. F. Premer, county health physician, who conferred with both Associated Press and Red Cross headquarters by phone. Doctor Premer had used up what small pox vaccine he had on hand and had secured what was available in McCook and none was available in this section. He also advised that the supply of typhoid inocculation sereum had been exhausted with the need of sufficient sereum to inocculate at least 250 persons this week. Shortly after that Lincoln Red Cross headquarters phoned him that a plane had been chartered and that it would leave at four o'clock the next morning to bring the nedeed sereum to Benkelman. It arrived at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning with sufficient sereum to take care of practically any typhoid or small pox emergency and work in vaccinating was begun at once. While local physicians were practically out of sereum they had plenty of it in transit but with both railroads and the mails tied up, it was difficult to guess when it would get here although this condition did not lessen its need.

Benkelman physicians believe that the disease situation is well in hand and that unless unforseen difficulties arise, the Dundy county flood area will be spared a typhoid epidemic.

Quarantine has been established in homes afflicted by small pox.

The Republican Valley Flood

BY JAMES E. LAWRENCE
Editor of Lincoln Daily Star

For the editor of the Star, every line of type describing the flood conditions in the Republican, Arickaree, and Frenchman valleys in the extreme corner of southwest Nebraska held special interest.

A year ogo last November, he covered those beautiful and extremely productive valleys as a member of the Nebraska PWA advisory board. He trudged miles on foot and rode several hundred miles in an automobile along the water courses while inspecting the projected irrigation projects embraced in what is known as the applications of the Benkelman-Haigler-Arickaree district and the Frenchman district.

The sparking waters of the upper Republican as they tumbled down thru the canyons near Wray, Colo., it was proposed should be impounded in a season of flood, such as has been transpiring this past week and approaching a frightfully destructive and appalling climax late Friday and early Saturday. And over to the southwest, across the Kansas boundry and the Colorado line, it was proposed to build another big reservoir, creating a lake fully fifteen miles long, from three to five miles across, and one hundred feet in depth. Ordinarily, the Arickaree is a limpid sluggish stream, carrying not to exceed from six to twelve inches of water, and from twenty to thirty feet in width. There are 1,200 square miles of steep slopes, carpeted with buffalo and prairie grasses, an area productive of appalling floods, because of the quick runoff of the waters.

On the upper Republican, an even more extensive watershed aggravates the flood situation, because of the rocky character of the soil and the great hills down whose sides rush torrents during a cloudbrust.

The Frenchman stretches north and west from McCook, emptying into the Republican just above the town, and reaching for a distance of more than 200 miles through semi-mountainous sections which terminate in a flat level valley several miles in width of the most fertile soil. In addition to these streams, there are innumerable creeks. And that is the condition which produced the costly flood that will entail the loss of millions and millions in property and, it is feared scores of lives.

Thus it will be seen that the irrigation program planned for southwestern Nebraska has two objectives—the first to conserve waste and flood waters for the inevitable dry period when additional moisture is needed; and second, to avert staggering losses through flood control. It is impossible to ignore the fact that had these great reservoirs been in existence, they would have held back the rushing and swirling torrents which wiped out two towns, swept away farm homes and other buildings by the score, drowned hundreds and hundreds of head of cattle and hogs, destroyed fields of grain, and produced a human death toll which relief workers estimate may reach as high as 250.

It has been a discouraging task to arouse the people of Nebraska to a full appreciation of the magnitude and the importance of this water conservation program in Nebraska. Any man or woman who has lived in this state any length of time recognizes that while today we are deluged, two months hence we may be crying for rain and crops may be damaged by lack of moisture. That is the sum total of experience in Nebraska. There never has been a year back over a stretch of the last half century that some time or another in the twelve month period, the great quanities of water stored in these reservoirs could not be used to advantage, to add to the safety and security of agriculture and to the happiness of poeple. But Friday and Saturday, a shallow stream, sometimes half dry, never more than one hundred and fifty feet in width, with low banks stretching back as a level table for four to ten miles on each side, upon which nestle bustling towns and cities and in which may be found hundreds of fine farms that have been operated for fifty years, became a raging and roaring sea two and three miles in width, carrying destruction in its path. In the city of McCook alone, the damage was estimated in excess of a million dollars. And yet, this entire proposed program of development called for an outlay of less than 2½ million dollars. It would have been realized largely in all the river valleys except for indifference and for the activity of politicans and selfish interests.

And what we have said with regard to the Republican and the Frenchman valleys, likewise holds true of the North and the Middle Loup valleys, the Blue creek, and the great Tri-County area in the lower Platte valley.

Fortunately, there have no such catastrophic floods on the Loups as are being experienced in the Republican. Great quantities of water have been carried down to the sea in these streams which empty into the Platte, later the Missouri, and then the Mississippi. But at Fullerton there was damage, and other sections, including the Loups and their tributaries have suffered.

At Scottsbluff Sunday morning, it was reported that the Platte showed a flow of 15,000 second feet, as compared with the normal of less than 1,500. There are great walls of water rushing down both the North and the South Platte through Wyoming and Colorado to join at Brady Island, and the lower Platte valleys will be fortunate indeed if they escape menacing floods.

And those who know Nebraska will realize how badly waste and flood water will be needed four and five months hence. Stored in the great reservoirs projected by the Tri-County, it would be worth millions of dollars to the state of Nebraska in conserving the soil, in raising the normal water levels, in returning somewhat the conditions which existed in early days, but as it is, this flood, the occasion of anxiety and alarm, flows swiftly on, to be lost to any utilitarian purpose.

This is a comprehensive program for Nebraska—a plan which involves irrigation in the periods of the year when needed, the development of power to give Nebraska cheap electrical current, and finally, flood control under the circumstances as they exist today. Other states have projected vast programs and have rallied the united support of their people. There is Boulder dam, involving the expenditure of more than 153 millions, to control the unruly waters of the lower Colorado and to provide for irrigation of lands that never heretofore had been farmed. There is the Grand Coulee on the Columbia river, representing an expenditure of 63 millions, to irrigate virgin lands, in marked contrast to these settled farm valleys in Nebraska colonized for more than half a century.

That is the fight which that gallant old warrior and far-seeing statesman, Senator George W. Norris is making on behalf of his own state. Can't he have the support of Nebaskans? If he succeeds, and he has labored tirelessly in this direction, he will leave a heritage for the sons and daughters of Nebraska for the next hundred years, surpassing richness.

ESCAPE OF FERGUSONS WAS OUTSTANDING IN ENTIRE AREA

Aged Pair Review Terrible Experiences As They Rode To What Appeared To Be Almost Certain Death

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson who drifted eight miles down the river from the Wilson farm to an island in the South Fork east of the McDonald farm tasted neither food nor water for thirty hours after their perilous flight down the raging torrents. The McDonald family tried to get coffee and a lunch to them but the river channel was too wide. They said that they had not suffered from either hunger or thirst during all that time but that strong coffee tasted mighty good to them after the rescue. In a conversation with Benkelman friends later, Mr. Ferguson said that the roof was reduced from its original size to less than one fourth at the time of striking the island. Constantly hitting floating trees and wreckage on its mad flight down the river was weakening it rapidly and he said he doubted if it would have held together much longer to serve as the only possibility between life and death for them. He said that it was caught in high waves and submerged at intervals of several seconds at a time for as many as ten times in the eight miles they rode it. "Whenever it hit wreckage or a cross current I would yell to my wife to hold on and then under we would go. Sometimes it seemed like a long time before we came to the surface again and each time relief came to me in unexpressable terms when I discovered that Mrs. Ferguson had been able to hold on and that we were both safe again, at least for the moment. When it hit the island, outstretched limbs of friendly trees seemed to be extended to us and when we got a firm hold on them and found ourselves safely on the island, it was far above the power of words to express the feeling of gratitude for the almost miraculous escape from almost certain death that came to us both. The reptiles, hundreds of them, and wild animals that had reached there first, seemed not to fear our presence a bit although it was necessary for me to kill several snakes which were crowding too close to us. A large bob cat came within six feet of us at one time, raised its right front paw, much as does a cat watching for a mouse to come out of its hole, and then stood and peered at us for almost a minute. We stood as still as he did and watched his every move. We couldn't figure out whether he was getting hungry or was merely curious. At any rate he didn't do anything and we were not scared for after riding those river currents for eight miles, there wasn't any more scare left in us."

An advertisement in The Benkelman Post is always a good investment.