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Article Title: A Ballad on Nebraska Fuel

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Article Summary: This verse in praise of cow chips first appeared in the *Hooker County Tribune* (Mullen, Nebraska) in 1934.

Cataloging Information:

Photographs / Images: chip pile near Hyannis, Nebraska; two small boys lugging a tub of chips



A B a l l a d o n N e b r a s k a F u e l

*How dear to the eyes in the land of Nebraska
Where coal can't be bought and wood isn't found;
Where ozone is fresh as it is in Alaska,
Are the big piles of cow chip that lie on the ground,
The fire kindling cow chips,
The hash cooking cow chips,
The corn-saving cow chips that scattered around.*

*How ardent we seized it, with heads that are glowing,
And say to ourselves that it cooks very well.
And then when we're waiting and punching and blowing,
How rich are the fumes that arise to the smell.
The needful old cow chips,
The odorous cow chips,
The hash cooking cow chips so rich to the smell.*

*When we think of old woodland with hills that are "yaller,"
Where folks must be taught to toddle around,
We turn with disgust from its "agery" pallor,
Right back where both climate and cow chips are found,
The soggy old cow chips,
The rich scented cow chips,
The hash cooking cow chips that out here are found.*

*When crops are a failure and stock is adying,
And corn for our fuel can not then be found;
When hauling our water we're freezing and crying,
How welcome the cow chips that out here are found,
 The genuine cow chips,
 The bonafide cow chips,
The pure blooded cow chips that out here are found.*

*In this glorious country with water below us;
Where ozone, in short, takes the top off the ground;
Where hail storms benumb us and blizzards o'ercome us,
Are the soul-cheering cow chips that drop on the ground,
 The time-honored cow chips,
 The homesteader's cow chips,
The fume-giving cow chips that drop on the ground.*

*Hooker County Tribune (Mullen, Nebr.),
September 13, 1934*

