

Loveland, CO
March 14, 2008

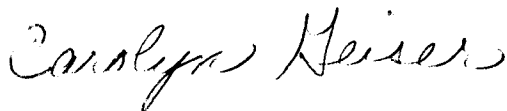
Nebraska Life
202 Norfolk Ave.,
P.O. Box 819
Norfolk, NE 68702

Dear Friends;

These are my memories of the Blizzard of '49. It probably needs some editing (I am not a professional writer) Anything you need to do is o.k. with me. The picture is of my dad, Roy Cole, and I setting out across the pastures for the highway. A friend, who is more computer savvy than I, scanned the original for publishing and I can email it to you if you decide to use my story and want the picture. Or, I can send the original for you to use.

I have a friend here that grew up in Colorado and since I have lived here the last 11 years, we have traveled all over the state. I decided she needs to see more of Nebraska that the interstate, so in April we are going to travel the southern, eastern, and northern parts of Nebraska and then home. If you feel that any of my observations would be of interest to your readers, I could write something about the trip. I enjoy your magazine very much and have sent it to others in my family. Nebraska is more interesting than most people realize!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Carolyn Geiser".

Carolyn (Cole) Geiser

Loveland, CO

When the blizzard of 1949 hit, I was a junior in high school at Arnold, Nebraska. I was one of the 'country kids' who boarded in town during the week and went home to the farm on weekends. Usually, we boarded with a widow lady, or anyone who had some room and needed the extra cash. I was staying with a widow lady (I thought she was old at the time, but she was probably around sixty or so) and just like teenagers today, I wanted to be with my friends if we were going to be snowed in, so I headed out in the storm and walked the length of Arnold to stay with Le Etta and Arlene Johnson who boarded at their Grandma's house. I could only find my way by staying close to the buildings and street light. I stayed with them until the storm was over.

After the storm settled, people came into town in any way they could to help. My boy friend's family owned a jeep which could be driven up the railroad tracks (no trains were running) so he came west a few miles to help deliver baby chicks. During the 1940's, farmers ordered baby chicks in the mail and the post office had many boxes of them (all cheeping, of course) that needed to be delivered to people to feed and water them. It was fun to walk into the post office and hear them all cheeping. The people who worked there were eager to get rid of them. I rode with my friend as he took them up and down the railroad tracks. People would come to meet us in sleds and wagons, etc. No roads were open.

After we finished, I was very anxious to go home, so he drove me the seventeen miles to my home. There were not washers and dryers then, so I needed to get home to wash clothes. The jeep didn't need the roads open. We couldn't even see the fence rows, the drifts were high, so we just drove over the drifts (and over the fences) to my farm home. After the storm, the cows came wandering home with ice hanging from the hair on their faces. I was home until the main highway finally opened but there were no roads to the farm. A neighbor agreed to let me ride back to Arnold with them, but I would have to meet them about a mile and half from where we lived. So Dad & I set off across the pastures to the highway with my large cardboard suitcase full of clean clothes. My Dad was mischievous and there was one big hill to climb. He had been carrying the suitcase and he said to me, "I'll bet you can't carry that suitcase to the top of the hill without setting it down!" Always ready to take a challenge, I carried it all the way to the top and sat down to rest on my achievement. I said, "O.K. What did I win?" He stood grinning at me and said, "You set it down!"