

We lived eight miles northwest of Aurora. My father, Elton Elge, was determined to get me to high school. Heavy snow had fallen and been whipped into monstrous drifts. He attempted to bring me and the neighbor Berggren sisters, Janet and Barbara, to town by car but the snow-blocked roads forced us to turn back.

Dad had flown his Aeronca airplane to Aurora the day before for groceries. Both his field and the Maurice Kremer field south of Aurora had strips along the edge where the snow had blown off. He decided to warm up the Aeronca again and fly us to town. He had to make three trips as the plane could only hold the pilot and one passenger. The three trips required only forty-five minutes. Floyd Bagby met us and took us into town. We only missed one-half day of school. We stayed in town until the roads were finally opened.

Submitted by Carolyn Elge Solander, Aurora, NE

9-15-08

*This is one of my memories of the
Blizzard of 1948-49. I hope it can be
included with your other blizzard
stories.*

*Your magazine is wonderful. I have
saved every issue from its beginning
and enjoy going back to remind me
of our great state.*

Carolyn Elge Solander

Aurora, NE