

March - 2008

At the time of the 48-49 blizzard in Nebraska I was an 8th grader and attending a one room school, which was 1 mile from my home. My younger brother, Dick, who was 4 years younger than I also attended.

This one morning our teacher had driven out from Sargent, which was 9 1/2 to the school and weather ok and road passable. But shortly the weather started to turn bad and so lot of the students didn't come to school.

Usually my brother Dick and I walked to school, no matter what the weather was, but my older brother, Paul said he would take us to school, being Dick didn't have any overshoes. I guess he had either lost them or out grew them. He hitched up our work team of horses, named Dan and Dolly to the farm wagon and took us to school. When he got back home he told my parents that he should not have done so as weather getting worse and might be hard to get back to get us.

Another older brother decided he want to go see his girl friend at a town about 30 miles away and in getting his car ready he cut his hand badly, so Paul went with him to make sure he got to the doctor. After hand was stitched up he head to see the girl friend and left Paul to find a ride back home. By this time Paul realized the road had blown shut and he could not get home.

He called my mother to tell her, so since my father was ill with the flu, she called the neighbors who lived a half mile from the school that the teacher and us kids were still at school and no way to get us. The teacher often boarded at their house when she was not able to get home. So Mr Young hitched up his team and wagon and came to get us. Both the teacher and I still after all these years remember hearing the clanging of the chains on the hitch of the wagon. We went to their house and stayed for a couple of days until Paul could walk out 8 1/2 miles home and come get us. After that every time we went to school and it started to snow I was afraid we might not get home and have to impose on a neighbor to stay in their home.

Being we lived on a farm we always had plenty of food, My mother had chicken and eggs. We had milk cows, so plenty of milk, cream and butter. She raised a garden, so the cellar was full of canned vegetables, fruit and other produce. Only thing lacking was flour, sugar, yeast and salt for baking.

The biggest delight was to get a call from a neighbor saying they could hear the snow plow coming as everyone was on a party line, as soon as it came my parents headed to town for supplies and back home before the wind blew the road shut again.

Sincerely,  
Joyce Strong

Northglenn, Co