



Larry L. Golden

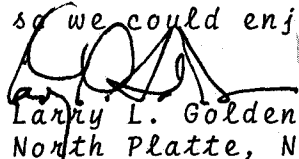
North Platte, NE

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Editor:

When the Blizzrd of '49 hit, my brother and I were in the north hills at Sidney trying to get a rabbit to set still long enough to shoot him. The clouds started to come in low and wind start to howl. Even at our young age we knew something was up.... "NEVER GET CAUGHT IN THE HILLS IN A SNOW STORM" We ran home and within an hour or so you couldnt see across the street. We lived at the north edge of Sidney and the snow piled up against the house. When the wind and snow finally calmed, my father said " If we have a fire, we cant get out of here" So we had double hung windows and my older brother and dad crawled out the top and scooped a path to the east door. It took all morning. After the highways were cleared, we took a ride to Gurley and Dalton. There were dead Pheasants everywhere. Sportsmens clubs all over Nebraska banded together and started raising pheasants so we could enjoy our beloved sport.

  
Larry L. Golden  
North Platte, Nebraska

p.s....Sorry 'bout the corrections...ran out of tape!!

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