

April 10, 2008

Blizzard of '49
Nebraska Life Magazine
P.O. Box 819
Norfolk, NE 68702

Dear Ma'am or Sir,

This letter is in reference to your advertisement in the Nebraska Life Magazine, March-April issue, page 7: "Wanted: Blizzard Memories of 1948-1949." I do remember it well.

My husband, Pete Nansel, and our children, Marguerite, Betty Anne, Joe Pete, Keo, and myself, lived on the "Jensen Place," Arnold, Nebraska. Arnold is approximately 40 miles east of North Platte, Nebraska.

Pete, dealt in horses, mostly. Additionally, he had a nice, truck and did commercial trucking.

I remember, when we woke up the morning after the blizzard, we could not see out the windows. We had an out-of-doors toilet and needless to say, everyone was in dire need to use it. The front and back doors to our home, would not open. We used a broom and the children's "play spade" to dig snow away from the door. We finally got one door open enough, so one person at a time, could go outside. Pete dug a path to the out-of-doors toilet, which was completely covered in snow.

I had forgotten a quilt on the clothesline, by the house. The snow was higher than the clothesline and you could not see the quilt or the clothesline. Nothing was visible. The quilt stayed frozen many days, before I could pry it off the line.

The Village of Arnold sought men to go four miles south of Arnold, to bring a lady in who needed to be in the hospital. Pete went with a group of five men to get her. The men left shortly after lunch to go the four miles. It was night time before they made it to the hospital with the lady.

Most of all, I remember the cattle farms and ranches in the surrounding area, who had their cattle drift into the river or in bunches, and they froze stiff. Pete was one of the truckers who went to their aid. With the assistance of a wench, the frozen cattle were loaded into the trucks, upside down, with their stiff legs pointing toward the sky. The truckers hauled frozen cattle to the Packing Plant in North Platte, Nebraska, for many weeks. Much time was spent locating the frozen cattle that had drifted from their farms or ranches.

Leon DeLosh
Arnold

At the time, I wanted to cry. It is something I never want to see again and don't believe I will.

Those hardy Nebraskan's around Arnold, Nebraska, made do; took their losses, and walked on. They did not have the time nor the desire to complain.

Lillian Nansel

Sutherland, NE

I am now 87 years old. I've forgotten a lot, but I will never forget "The Blizzard of 49."

Lillian Nansel

(These pictures are not very good, fading away. Don't need to return them to me.)