

From the perspective of a kid in grade school the blizzard of '47-48 was glorious & wonderful plus the extra bonus of another week out of school. My father, Albert Mason was the superintendent at the school in Harrison NE and we got hit hard. After days of howling wind and spitting snow we awoke one morning to dead silence. The front door opened but the screendoor was socked in solid, so were all the windows, nothing but white. Dad opened the back door and same thing, a solid wall of white. We had a potbelly coal stove in our small 4 bedroom house so using the coal shovel dad started digging away. Mom and I hauled the snow with mom's big pots into the bathroom and dumped it in the tub. When dad got a big enough hole to go out he started digging upward and as the snow would fall on him he'd tramp it down with his feet which eventually got him to the top. The whole house but the roof was completely socked in with snow. He reached down and grabbed my arms and pulled me to the top and we were able to look down at the railroad and actually look DOWN on the train smokestack. Since the ground there is pretty level it gives you an idea of how high the drifting was. Our garage was totally covered.

One of my classmates, Don Whittaker, who's family owned the western clothing store in Harrison had gotten this huge (to my eyes) toboggan for Christmas, it held 5-6 people. Some of us also had "strap ski's" so we spent out days out south of town on the snow hills having a great time, mostly tumbling around in the snow cause nobody knew how to ski or toboggan. It was during that time that I decided there was nothing better or more beautiful - I can still remember standing roof high and seeing all that snow shimmering and sparkling like diamonds and the air so crystal clear you could hardly breathe it in - that I became a life long "snow bunny". I have lived in southern CA since 1962 and I still hit the slopes as often as possible when there is snow to be found.



Peggy Jo Himmelberg

Dana Point, CA