

Nebraska Life  
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I enjoyed so much reading the stories of the Blizzard of 1949. I had just turned 15; we were living about five miles east of Mullen Nebraska, in the center of the Nebraska Sand Hills. We had just finished our New Years dinner when my Dad and my Uncle went out to take a look at the sky. My Uncle, who lived on a ranch about eight miles southwest of Mullen, said "I think I had better get home and look after my cattle." That evening the storm rolled in.

There was two houses on the place where we lived, they were about 30 yards apart, and for three days we could not see the other house for the blowing snow. When the blizzard stopped I could step out of my second floor bedroom window on to the snow bank on the south side of our house.

The deep cuts along Highway 2 were drifted so full that the snow plows could not get through, so the state highway maintenance folks hired High school boys to shovel the drifts down to a point where the snowplows could plow through. The snowplows made such a crooked path through the long drifts that a gasoline tanker truck got wedged in a few days later and closed the road again.

The Army came into our area with Bulldozers, Helicopters, and some small two-man vehicles they called weasels. These were tracked vehicles with skis on the front to steer them. They used them and the Helicopters to make emergency runs and deliver groceries and mail to the people on the stranded ranches. The bulldozers would plow roads out through the country one day and the wind would drift them full the next. This went on for months.

Many cattle were drifted under, the lucky ones would be spotted by the steam coming out of the snowdrifts, and could be saved but thousands of carcasses would later be hauled away by the Simi load.

There was a picture on the front page of the Omaha World Herald of a steer stranded on top of a steam locomotive. As the steer walked across on the snow his feet broke through the crusted snow and he was hung up there. You could just see the smoke stack and the top of the engine cab.

I wasn't even aware, until I read your coverage, that the blizzard had covered such a large area of the state.

Richard H. Boyer  
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