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Nebraska Life
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Dear Editors:


I read with interest the stories about the "Blizzard of 1948." My husband, Rod (now deceased) and I were married Nov. 14, 1948 in Ragan NE., (where we graduated from high school). We left for Denver (in our 1946 Ford), for our honeymoon, planning on returning Nov. 18 for our home in Holdrege. The weather predicted a "major snowstorm" for that day. However, my husband, who was motivated by "challenges," said we would be OK.

We headed for Holyoke, CO., as the highways to the east were already closed. However, after arriving there after a hard full day's drive, all motels/hotels were filled. Residents were opening their homes for the stranded travelers, and we ended up with a sweet little old widow, who was thrilled to have us newlyweds, on our honeymoon, occupying her spare bedroom.

The next day, we headed east and spent all day travelling through pastures, closed roads, and getting stuck many times. I have no idea why my husband happened to have a snow shovel in the trunk, but it came in handy numerous times. All we had to eat were some candy bars we happened to have in the car.

When we arrived at Cambridge, NE., a state Patrolman asked us, "You came through that road? It has been closed for hours." The only place to stay that night was in the county jail, so we hunkered down on a couple of bunks, listening all night to a motor that went "chachunk, chachunk, chachunk."

After three days of travelling, we arrived in Holdrege, our home town, however, we couldn't get anywhere, because the entire area was snowbound. It was a "honeymoon to remember."


Mrs. Rod (RoseAnn) Swanson
Holdrege, NE.