

North College loomed up as a ghostly gray-white wall, with peep-holes where the green shades of nickel-plated student lamps mockingly projected their feeble rays into the swirling mass of snow. The south door had disappeared under a huge drift that reached to the second-story window. As he tried to duck around the corner, to a side door, our heroic football storm center found himself vigorously opposed by the storm center of the blizzard. Finally, he found a hole in the line and made the goal of old North College through the side door. He stood for minutes in the hall until normal breathing permitted the negotiation of two flights of stairs.

That night water was at a premium, for the old reliable pump was hopelessly buried out of sight. One or two venturesome spirits essayed the short trip into the basement of adjoining South College and secured a pailful of water there. This was sadly diminished in quantity in the course of the short return passage. Sleep, amid the howl of the wind, the slash of driven snow on window panes, and the all-gone feeling of lightly filled stomachs, was a bit disturbed. The halls of old North College were awesomely quiet.

Tuesday morning brought hopes of a let-up. Raymond and Dwight attempted a horse-drawn snowplow campaign along the campus walks. That was abandoned when the storm renewed its attack Tuesday afternoon. Class schedules were disrupted, the boresomeness of the four walls of a student's room was never so apparent, while even singing and card games were listless. Would this beastly storm never end?

Early Wednesday, relief came. By afternoon, ox-teams appeared from Durham and ~~points~~ points south and west, dragging huge rollers over the snow-filled streets. Raymond and Dwight and old Dobbin renewed their attempts at campus clearance. A tunnel was dug through the huge drift that covered the south door of old North College, and under this archway of gleaming crystals passed the eager, bright-eyed student body so long pent up. The life-giving pump was exhumed, classes were once more on schedule, but news from the outside world was missing.

New York papers had arrived on Monday morning. They were not seen again until Friday morning. Mail neither came or went for five days. New Haven, the nearest Weather Bureau office, reported some 40 inches of snow on the level as the storm's deposit, with below-zero temperatures and gale-force winds. Tales of snow-bound trains, wrecked ships, wire communication prostration which produced the anomaly of telegraphing from New York to Boston via cable to London and thence via cable to the Bean City, were some of the astounding features that were revealed.

New York City, Long Island, Connecticut, and Central Massachusetts were in the track of the blizzard which approximated the hurricane track of 1938. New York was paralyzed for days with huge drifts that defied removal and gave some unknown wag long-lasting fame when he planted on top of one of Broadway's biggest drifts a hand-scrawled sign reading:

This Bliz
Knocks Biz.

Wesleyan suffered little, if any, serious damage, however, and a spring sun, with vernal temperatures, accomplished wonders that outdid the ox-teams of Durham and points south and west, as well as the trinity of Raymond, Dwight, and Dobbin. Base ball practice was soon renewed in the old barn-like gym on the back campus. By late March, out-door practice of the game was going on merrily.

The Great Blizzard had been forgotten. It was recalled vividly, however, when the base ball team visited Williams in May and viewed from the car windows the vast stretching remnants of the mountains of snow that still lingered on the slopes of the Berkshires.