

Vassar College
Tues. M[ar]ch 13, '88

My dear papa,

By the time that my letter reaches you, you will know all the particulars of the famous snowstorm as it came upon us here. It snowed all Sunday night, all day Monday it came howling down through the gale. Tuesday morning. This morning, it had ceased. I have nothing in my experience to compare it too. We are snow-bound cut entirely off from the world. All Monday no one could get out

from town, no mail, no Prof. Cooley to his classes, no anything. Today it was the same.

Quite early in the morning the men began to make a path to the lodge. The snow is 4 ft or 3 1/2 on a level but the wind was so strong that in some places the ground is bare. the biggest drift is outside one of the dining-room windows. It is more than 12 feet high, the men say. Another tremendous one is by the door leading to the Museum. They have made a path through it now. It is like walking through a tunnel. The banks are high

above the head and you can only see in front of you. All in front to the lodge it is deep. The men first had to cut the way with their bodies then the horses & the plow came through but so slowly. The men had to shovel first. One man fell into it and it was sometime before he could get shoveled out.

[crossed out] This morning in Po'keepsie not a single snow-shoe

This P.M. a number of the girls were out with snow-shoes, walking to the tops of these mountains of snow. The snows so loose that they went down quite a little

Wednesday -

Last evening another installment of snow was sent down. But the world could not look whiter than it did yesterday. The tunnels (the paths) are filled up quite a little that is all.

We have no mail yet. But someone brought out a Po'keepsie paper. It seems the snow is more if anything in town. It is impossible to cut a horse-car track through the streets for what can they do with all the snow. There is a track for sleighs -- that is a tunnel.

After all this, letters won't go today even no trains have

yet left Po'keepsie. People in the little country villages about here are in want, so the telephone dispatchers say. This certainly is the most exciting weather I ever saw. I wonder if it will be a big storm in Beauford.

I am sorry that my letter looks so badly, but my pen is not to be trusted. Not it won't write, soon it will blot again, I expect. So before it does, I will stay,

Your loving daughter,
Julia