

The Great Snowfall of '67

by Kern Hagg

(#22 in a Series)

I do not remember the exact number of inches that fell on that one occasion in 1967, but it was like nothing I had ever seen before or since. I was a sophomore at Northern Illinois University, and I drove home on the weekend (roads were plowed), but I could not believe my eyes when I pulled up to 112 S. Derbyshire. The driveway had snow 4' deep. I will never forget the sight of my younger brother, Steve, shoveling the sidewalk between our front door and the driveway. He had started up at the door, and he worked his way down. The snow he was throwing just increased the height of the piles of snow on both sides of the sidewalk. Dad took a picture which showed only the top of Steve's hat and the aluminum shovel in the air throwing another load of snow. Snow from the roof had slid down onto the bushes in front of the house, and the snow completely covered the first-floor windows. A few of our neighbors had snowblowers, but they were ineffective with snow that deep. The snow would collapse on top of the motors, and it made forward motion impossible. The only way to clear the snow was to chip away at it with snow shovels and taking turns working, my brother and I eventually accomplished the task.