

LET IT SNOW
LET IT SNOW
LET IT SNOW



Bizzell Memorial Library's mistletoe-laden trees take on a layer of snow.

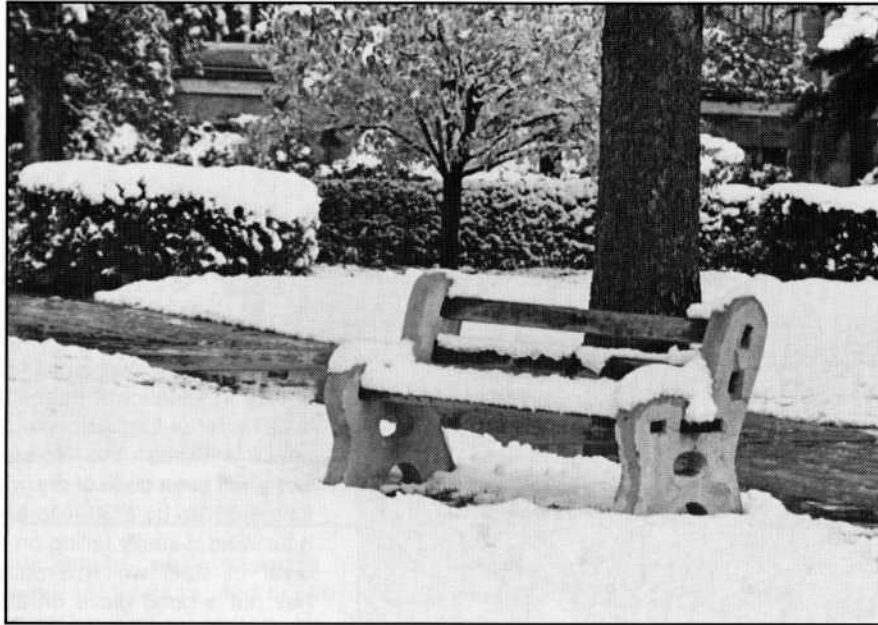
Those "Ski Oklahoma" sweatshirts notwithstanding, snows in Oklahoma normally aren't a lot of fun. A couple of times a winter, the Sooner State will get a dose of dry, icy flakes driven by a 30-mile-an-hour wind, usually falling on a layer of sleet which already has put a good glaze on the roads. Traffic skids to a standstill as fair-weather drivers try desperately to dust off their winter driving skills. Cars stall, pipes freeze, plumbers and auto body shops prosper.

Rarely do Oklahomans get a crack at a "real" snow, a Robert Frost kind of snow that sends parents scurrying out to buy sleds and snow boots and find the recipe for snow ice cream. We're talking big, moist snowflakes here, the free-floating kind pulled out of windless gray skies by their own weight, but so slowly that you can catch them on your tongue. The kind that hang on your eyelashes and melt on contact with the pavement. The kind that stack up on tree branches until gravity asserts itself, and the whole mess plops on your head and down

Continued

LET IT SNOW

It was a "real" snow, not the icy, wind-driven kind Oklahomans usually see, but the kind that brings out the kid in us all.



The right kind of snow almost causes time to stand still. Students stroll down wet sidewalks as moist, hard-packed snowballs fly and creativity runs rampant. The benches are covered with snow, but no one wants to use them anyway.



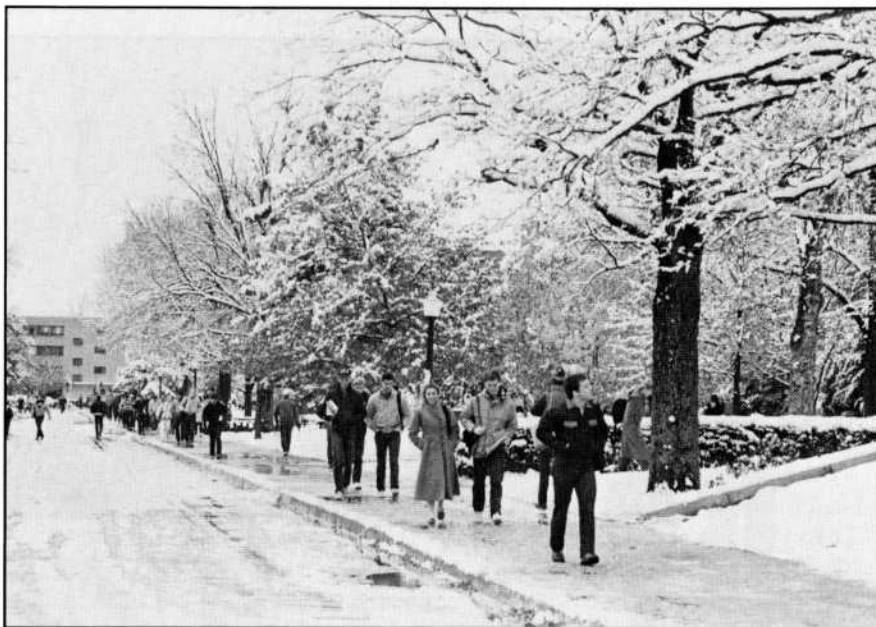
your coat collar as you hustle to class. The kind that make their own snow sculptures on the shrubbery and fountains and statues, that you can mold into snowpeople or the classic snowball that just has to be thrown.

The first snow of the '84-'85 season was such a snow. After just a trace of that glorious white stuff on the day before, Sooner students awoke to nearly 3½ inches on December 5 — nothing to write home to New England about, perhaps, but made-to-order for relieving pre-finals tension. By afternoon creativity was running rampant, the prize going to a great snow dinosaur in front of the geology building.

The snow-clad collegiate Gothic buildings on the main campus looked like a page from Dickens. Dorothy Hamill should have been skating on the Duck Pond. Driving in the South Greek area was especially risky as College Street became an undeclared battle zone with students from all over the campus assembling to do combat with the fraternities, who belted each other and anything else that moved.

Sooner Magazine photographers Gil Jain and Betsy Baker weatherproofed their cameras and braved the cold to capture the beauty of the moment — and not a bit too soon. Two days later it was all gone.

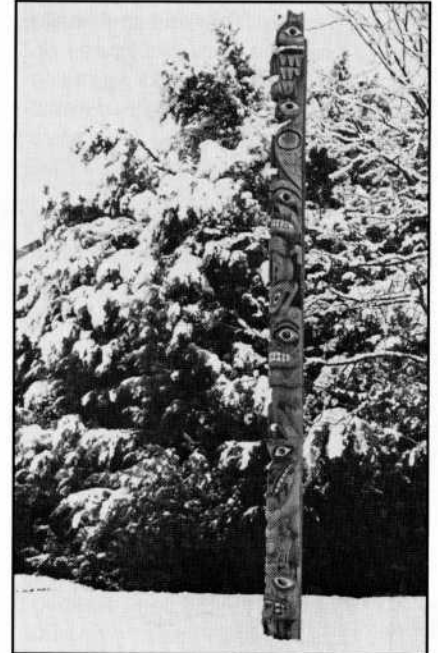
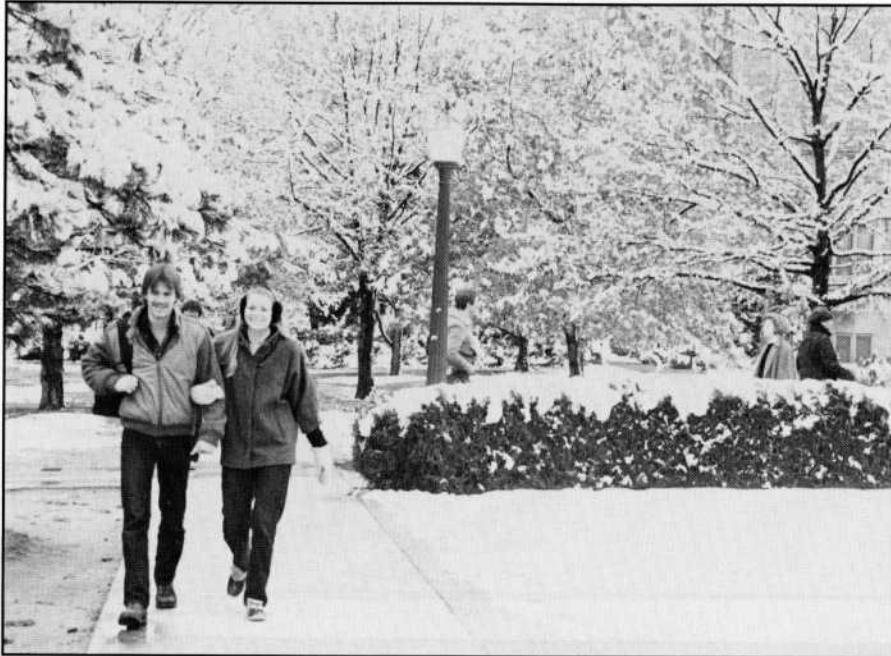
— CJB



Continued

LET IT SNOW

Sooners know to enjoy a snow like this while it lasts. In typical Oklahoma fashion, two days later it was all gone



As the snow-topped totem pole stood sentinel by the Stovall Museum, OU students donned their gloves and earmuffs. Fortunately, President Bizzell's statue already had been dressed in his holiday red knitted cap and muffer.

