

(THE SNOWS WILL COME CON'D FROM PAGE 1)

for all those who can appreciate it.

August is just around the corner with her floral displays, rainy, humid days, and cool nights. There is refuge here for those adventurers from the flat lands who seek to escape the sweltering August heat of their own locality and who desire the unique experience of sleeping under blankets in August.

In September, many of us will have to hit the trail to our homes or jobs elsewhere.

Personally, I look forward to the opening of school with enthusiasm. You who do not teach will never know the joy of viewing a new class of thirty, forty, or fifty confused little ones on that important opening day. Here, you see a new species of flowers which could be called "blooming idiots." They "bud" slowly and some fail to "bloom" at all. But then, we must think of the joy it gives us when one does "blossom out." Great is our reward in Heaven. We will be there soon for no living organism can go without food forever.

As you can see, I'm mad. . .no, not really at the children or the world, but at those lucky "stiffs" who are still roaming over my native stomping grounds back in the hills. I know that during September and October they are viewing the most breathtaking display of color that God ever intended for man to see, and I am green with envy. If you have never seen these mountains ablaze with every color of the rainbow, stick around for the fall season and you will get a glimpse of Heaven on earth.

Come November, most of the "flatland tourists" will have departed and the businessmen and merchants will count their money. If they haven't made it, they join the other "locals" in the rush to gather in their potatoes and corn---especially the corn. You see, a man must live somehow.

The cold blast howls in from the North in the latter part of November and with it comes the snow. Those who are financially able buy up a winter supply of coal or oil. Some still use wood for heat and cooking purposes. Those who can't get wood slowly freeze. This serves a useful purpose, because the body processes are slowed down considerably, and those so affected, age slowly and consume less food. Spring always comes in time to thaw them out again.

This should explain a lot to some of you early comers. I suppose you have noticed that it is very hard to get a plumber, electrician, or yard worker when you need them. "Well, they aren't thawed out yet." Seriously, the winters here are not so bad. As a matter of fact, they present an opportunity for the people here to slow down and enjoy living in true mountain tradition.

There is plenty of time for deer hunting, trout fishing, ice skating, and fussing with the old lady.

It is tragic that we cannot find time to live and to appreciate life for what it

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can be. If you have never awakened and found yourself in a whiter-than-white winter wonderland, you have truly missed something. Nothing can be more beautiful than the firey glitter from the ice and snow under a rising sun. Nothing can be more soul-refreshing than walking alone down a snow-covered path on a windless day. There is no noise except the crunch of dry snow under your feet. Truly, no quietness in the world can equal this.

If you have never scaled one of the 5,000 foot mountains in Standing Indian Refuge, before daylight, in ten or fifteen degree weather, in pursuit of "Old Mossy Horns," you have missed something. If you have never thrown a plug in the mouth of a battling rainbow trout in cold, blue Lake Glenville on a beautiful fall day, you have missed even more. If you have never ice skated in your life, you would  
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