

# Winter memory

Western Washington is not known for snow. Its winters are the fertile soil for Seasonal Affective Disorder, with an endless sequence of short, gray days. But every few years a rogue storm cell gets lost on its way along the Aleutian chain from Vladivostok to Juneau, wanders south, and dumps a few inches of the white stuff.

One of these, coming sometime in my grade-school years, dropped more than a foot and left Tacoma paralyzed for days. This was the snowfall that introduced me to the concept of a “snow angel”. That storm was known for years after as The Blizzard.

You would think that our family, who took lots of “Kodaks” would have recorded something from The Blizzard, but if so, the 3x5 black and white print with the deckled edges — remember drugstore prints made from your Kodaks? — that print did not survive 70 years to my collection.

But another one did. The Blizzard would have been in the early 1950s; this picture is from the mid-40s. It shows me as a toddler, being pulled on what is very probably a hand-made sled, by my father. I would imagine he had cobbled the sled together from scrap lumber just to make it easier to bring firewood for the stove from the woodshed, 100 feet to the left in this picture, to the house, 100 feet to the right. That's the sort of thing a skilled handyman does after a sudden snowfall.



