

## Memories of Past Winters

*By Kay Mauser*

I grew up during the Depression in a large industrial city, Cleveland, Ohio.

All our neighbors had coal furnaces and because of this our snow was always covered with a brown color, although we were told over and over in school that snow was white.

The sidewalks were never shoveled. The residents spread clinkers left from their furnaces to cover slippery spots on the sidewalk.

Humidity was high so we had to dress warm. Our cloths were never warm enough, and occasionally my father would call from the firehouse and tell mother it was too cold for us go to school.

There was one street that had houses on a hill. For some reason no one ever shoveled or covered the icy spots with clinkers. This gave us a great place to go down the hill on our sleds.

We would try to build a snowman while the snow was still white, but the next morning we would see he was turning an ugly brown color. But we were young and this never bothered us. We were always playing outside even if it was cold.

And now I live in the present, the sun shines in Colorado more days than not. Now the snow is white, a beautiful white. I feel that I have something many do not have. I can compare my two lives, and I am a very lucky women to be living in Denver, Colorado.