

Snow and cold provoke varied reactions among people. To the skier, snow means fun. To the resort owner, a good white cover means money. To many centers of population, a snow winter means next summer's water supply. But, to drivers, snow may be a nuisance, and sometimes a dangerous one. And, to a lot of older people, snow is a hazard with which to contend or one that is avoided by traveling to a warm climate for the winter months. To kids, snow is sliding, snowmen, snowball fights, and pure enjoyment.

It is interesting that a group of people, all endowed with good eyesight, can assimilate visually identical experiences with totally different reactions. One might think that the same scenes would also look the same to all of us. This certainly isn't true.

What would be the thoughts that run through various minds upon meeting a load of logs on the highway? A truck enthusiast might note the make and model of the truck. A logger would estimate "board feet" of the load and note whether it was saw timber, pulpwood, or firewood. A small child would probably exclaim, "Look at that Big Truck!"

A whitetail buck with an impressive set of antlers would elicit a different response from a hunter than from a nature photographer. And a gardener whose carrots, broccoli, and beets had been devoured by a creature leaving big deer prints could have the same murderous impulse as the hunter, but for an entirely different reason.

Weather is especially subject to varying reactions. The golfer and the farmer might be on the same page during a rainy summer when the weather made both playing golf and baling hay a chancy affair. But, in a very dry year, the attitude of the tourist and the farmer would be in direct contrast. Clouds in the sky might be a worry to the people planning to spend a day at the lake shore or picnicking, but a symbol of hope to farmers and gardeners viewing their parched crops.

We seldom take the time to look at life through the eyes of others who are not just like us. Maybe we should make the attempt.

That said—it is above zero now, the snow looks good, and I am sure there could be nothing nicer than an afternoon on my cross country skis. And, yesterday morning, when it was -17F. when I went into the nice, animal-warmed barn, it was a pleasant place to be, and I had no complaints. Runo, in Carhart insulated coveralls, leather chopper mittens with felt mittens inside, wool cap and heavy boots, riding the tractor into the field to feed sheep? I'm not sure how he looked at the morning.