

I've known for a long time what I would choose as a topic for this particular week. But, I didn't realize until recently how appropriate the subject would be. 2/22/22—or, as my niece said, “it is twos-day!” As weather forecasts this past week have become more ominous in regard to temperature and precipitation, I couldn't help but think back to stories I have heard since childhood. And, I guess I don't need to explain at all; I need only print here the entire article from *The Tustin Times* from that time that tells most of the story. Here it is:

*The most severe rain and sleet storm this generation ever dreamed of raged all day last Wednesday. That was February 22, 1922. One can easily remember the date as it was on the second month, 22nd day, and year 1922. It can be written with five 2s. Thus 2—22—22.*

*This small village in this section did not suffer as much as many other towns and cities. The Pennsylvania railroad was able to give two trains a day as far north as Cadillac, although the telegraph wires were down. The first train north of Cadillac to Mackinaw was on Tuesday, that section being marooned for one week.*

*The telephone lines are down and the local exchanges in Tustin and Leroy are out of commission, and it is learned that it will be a long time before service will again be resumed as the linemen will have to repair the toll lines first and the exchanges in the cities..*

*As this section had no electrical lights or power, excepting from individual plants, the citizens did not suffer any from the want of lights as they did in Cadillac and other places, as gasoline supplied the light and power for the smaller places.*

*The greatest damage was done to trees, especially fruit trees. The damage to these is irreparable. Wm. Fuller, residing in Sherman township, has a fine orchard which he has cared for for over 45 years. Wednesday of this week he brought in a small branch, about the size of a lead pencil and fifteen inches long which contained nearly eleven pounds of ice. This will give a faint idea of the weight that would be on a tree, which would be considerable over a ton, and as a result of this great weight Mr. Fuller's fine orchard is ruined, as the trees are broken down, and this orchard is only a sample of many others, in fact all trees in this section are like his, simple ruined.*

*Full telegraph and train service has been resumed, the sun is shining brightly, the ice is disappearing fast, and in a short time the storm will be history.*

My dad told us about damage here on this place as well. He was most upset about a fine stand of yellow birch, a tree he particularly favored, that was nearly totally destroyed by that ice storm of 2/22/1922. But, like the newspaper article emphasized, there were yet no power lines in our area, and though telephone lines were down, the impact of technological failures was minimal.

Just as it is for us on 2/22/22 today, it probably required some extra

care by those who had to go to the barn and take care of livestock. We relied on the metal screws Runo turned into the soles of our barn boots and also on the Swedish kicksled he had made years ago to safely traverse the distance from the cabin to the barns. It was a quick and entertaining trip to the mailbox at the end of the lane, too.

We won't be around on 2/22/2122, but I hope someone keeps a good eye out for an ice storm on that day. And today, as ice continues to build, we will think of history and hope that this centennial weather event does not build and become worthy of 2/22/1922.