

The other day I talked to a friend who'd recently returned from Alaska where he had been hunting. He said the hunting was poor because the winter is hanging on: even the bears were still hibernating! I commented on *our* late winter, then caught myself, it's not a late winter, it's the absence of spring. Even though summer is just around the corner, spring hasn't stirred, let alone, gotten out of bed!

I don't know how the gloomy weather affects you, but being from sunny southern California, it makes me depressed! If you think the weather's bad here, I lived in northern Scotland for three cold years and learned a term the Scots have for enduring cold, miserable days, "Dreich!" It means "long, drawn out, tedious and dreary." Too many 'dreich' days would make even the Scots depressed, and you could hardly blame them for inventing Scotch: cause, unless you're into ice climbing, on a "dreich" day there is little else to do.

Sooo... where is global warming when we need it? *I* think global warming could work to our advantage here: gaining a few degrees each year--soon we'd have a Santa Barbara climate. Of course, the seas might rise, which is too bad for those who live at Samoa. But, since I live in Cutten, I'd have coastal property and a Mediterranean climate; we'd have million dollar homes, just like coastal SoCal. So, gimme that hydrocarbon filled So Cal air that you can taste in your mouth and cut with a knife—greenhouse gas has to be good for something!

Well, global warming is not likely to happen soon enough for my frozen bones; so, until it pushes our temps up, we'll have to fend off seasonal affective disorder, by all means possible. Personally, I can make it through the month of December because there is Christmas, January, because there is a new year, and February, because there is good skiing and the President's Holiday. But when it is still cold and windy in April, May and June, that's it; my fragile Southern California soma-psyche goes into meteorological shock—I curse the weather gods and threaten to move to Palm Springs. It's empty threat, but the catharsis is soothing.

Another tack in countering the Humboldt blues is to get into the car and drive east. Many a day we have left ^{The coast} ~~Humboldt~~ under gloom and fog at 55 degrees and going up the hill watched the temperature climb every mile, arriving at the Trinity River to sunshine and ninety degrees! But Memorial Day we left Eureka at 59 degrees and driving up to Hwy 299 found the thermometer going down, and down. At Berry summit it was 47 windy and cloudy. Certain that Old Man Winter was laughing at us, we almost turned around. But no, with steely determination we pressed on and down into Willow Creek where it was only partly cloudy, and partly windy. Indeed, it was too cold to go to the river, unless you like sun bathing in 7 mil wetsuit. So we stayed at the park and with time, slowly we began to un-peel our pile jackets. In a couple of hours the temp was about 65 degrees, which is almost enough to send Humboldt natives into paroxysms of heat stroke. Not me; I bowed to the sun, cursed the clouds and every particle of airborne H₂O. Alas, at around 5:00 ^{we} headed back to Eureka. Still depressed? Heck no! I'm filled with the hope that whether or not our weather knows it, summer is coming!

This has been Dan Price for Community Comment.