

## Memories of Paula Tressler

In about 1960, my neighborhood friend Kathy and I spent countless winter hours skating at the Saint Paul Winter Carnival ice rink downtown on 5th Street, between St. Peter and Wabasha. The Saint Paul Hotel rose in the background, adding to the magic of the scene. My great uncle, a dentist, had his office in the St. Paul Building on the same block, and we used it as our own personal warming house. That meant we could skate for hours, coming in only to warm up before heading back out onto the ice. A special treat was stopping at McLellan's five-and-dime on 5th Street for a hot roast beef sandwich. The rink was festive, bustling, and full of joy—one of those perfect winter experiences that has stayed with me ever since.

