

From Misawa to Incline Village

18 Feb., 1985

Dear Kelly and John,

Well, how's the weather? That seems to be a hot topic in the papers at least. Ours here is WEIRD. We still haven't had any really big storms, when it snows at night it finishes off by raining in the morning, and you can still see the grass in front of our house, and it's still tinged with GREEN. Absolutely unbelievable. It snows in an inverse relation to the amount of interest I have in winter sports. The Japanese probably do it intentionally. Oh well, the golf course ought to be open April 1, instead of May 15. How are your golf plans coming? The season is almost upon you, better get on it. A really nice thing about where you live is that you can drive two hours and get to somewhere they give golf lessons year round. We are very interested in a place like that.

As you have probably noticed, I'm a hooked skier now. Not a GOOD skier, but addicted. Wayne and I have entered into the Graeat Stidolph Accord, in which he only has to go skiing one day a weekend. Last weekend, we were going to Appi with the Ski Club Saturday, so I talked one of the other sickos into riding down with me on Friday and skiing for the day. Lyle is the only other person that is as compulsive as I am: I picked him up after he had stood a mid watch, and he had another that night! I was really happy he would go, though, because he knows all the short cuts down there, to change it from a 210 minute drive to a 120 minute drive. (I used minutes because I can't figure out how to do fractions with this program, and I didn't feel like typing the words out. That will probably be a convention from now on.) About an hour from Misawa, the wind started blowing. By the time we got there, it was blowing so badly they had closed all the chairs, and only had 2 Poma lifts and 2 T-bars open. When we got on the T-bar, Lyle got on the one in front of me. As we ascended the hill, I LOST SIGHT OF HIM. We're only talking 30 feet, and I couldn't see him. Skiing was a riot: you couldn't see anyone coming; you couldn't see the terrain that was coming; left turns were real easy, but I'd go to set up for a right turn, and, if I managed to stay upright, I'd come to stop about 2 yards into my traverse. It actually worked out well for me: it was too crummy for Lyle to go zooming around, so he stayed and coached me. I made great progress toward mastering the Dreaded Parallel Turn. The drive home was interesting: the already inclement weather was complicated by darkness. Lyle fell asleep out of self defense, and I drove into the darkness. I never got tired, my adrenalin kept pumping as I expected to see ISUZU, at eye level, framed by headlights bearing down out of the snow. In any case, we made it back, and I'm ready to go again under any circumstances: the worst has happened.

We were really demoralized by not being able to get Wayne's boots, but I talked him into going out looking on Wednesday night. I didn't have much hope, since he's hard to fit and also, uh, picky, I think is the word I'm looking for. However, wrong again. He really liked the first pair of boots he tried on, a pair of Nordica air system ones. They have air bags that you can inflate to fit, and various internal cables that can be loosened or tightened. They were fairly expensive boots, but we got them for 30% off, so it was a good deal all around. As I mentioned before, we went skiing on Saturday with the Ski Club, and I think the Stidolph Accord will not survive the winter-he got REAL fired up-he says that these boots are actually better boots than his Raichles, and that the fit is not as comfortable, but the new boots hold his heels down better-high praise indeed. In any case, we had planned to work on Friday, but we are going skiing. We think that his bindings are waiting for us at the PO-we have an insured package from Sacramento, if they are we will buy him skis, have the bindings mounted, and WAYNE WILL HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO SNIVEL ABOUT!!!

And that is about all we are doing. Our darts even got postponed until tonight, so I can't even tell you about the outcome of that. We are talking a lot about what happens when we go home, I think it really doesn't matter to either of us whether this contract gets renewed or not. The money would be nice if it did, but we're both hot to trot on getting something started. We have just about decided on the Reno/Tahoe area, now we just have to figure out how to do it. Could you send us the classified real estate ads, and any of those giveaway "Homes in _____"? We would like to start making some concrete plans. Wayne also wants some data on businesses and population and stuff like that, but he also knows the names of the specific documents he wants, so I will let HIM beg that favor. We also want to talk to a good accountant or someone who advises people about starting businesses-do you happen to know any names? We are going to write Dean-Witter, but we would prefer someone who was recommended by a PERSON, if that makes sense.

Maybe in September,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Donna".