

February 8, 1994.

Dear Robert, Barbara and family,

Well it has been along time since I wrote any letters and I must apologize most heartfeltly. It seems as I get older I get less done in more time. Can it be that my usual good organizational abilities are disappearing like my memory. I seem to diddle around and before I know it the days waft by carrying all my best intentions too. Charlie got me, or us, this computer for Xmas. Here it is well into February and this is the very first of anything that I've used it for (marvellous sentence that). I was preparing for retirement in asking Santa for a computer and now I have it, both that is, I am now officially retired as of last week. I'm not sure yet how I'm going to take to this whole new life after well over thirty years in the trenches. My head said 'do it now while you still have the energy to begin again' so here I am having given up my exciting and challenging job for an opportunity to be more self-motivated at the superannuated age of 63. I think I'm glad but will know better in a year or so. I know I'll miss our graduate students and the hustle of the University and of course the travel and opportunity to work in so many parts of the world, but we shall see.

Barbara, I can't tell you how much I enjoyed the tape of your singing. You have a fine talent, one that brings much pleasure to everyone else as well. I understand that singing takes a lot of training to control the muscles of the diaphragm and throat. Do you have exercise and a training program etc. I understand that Domingo has to go back to the dressing room to lie down between some of his more demanding arias. Sounds like a real athletic endeavour to me.

Thanks for the hot plate mat. I love the brown tones and the blue corn flowers. It has, and will get much use in our household of wooden tables. We had our usual busy Xmas with two dinners, one for Charlies kids and one for mine with all the accompanying grandchildren. I'm always glad when it's all over though and I can get on with some semblance of order and routine.

We also enjoy the game 'Set', so much so that I went out and

bought one for Linda, Jennifer and the cottage which has yet to be built. We plan to start sometime in May. We now have the well in place and the sewage system installed so we are truly ready. The contractor didn't want to start with serious plans till we were sure of a water supply, being high on a cliff and all. The village of Parrsboro has about 2000 souls and is five miles away. It has live theatre on a boat, sunday shopping at the grocery store, a nine hole golf course, a small hospital, a dinosaur museum and some very nice people and of course the sea is a great attraction. Linda ended up in that hospital a couple of summers ago when a deer ran into the side of her car. She suffered a broken jaw and a lost tooth which they are still trying to correct with an implant.

Linda is now teaching criminology full time in a tenure track position in the Sociology Dept and is publishing lots of stuff and needless to say is working her backside off, at least till she gets tenure. The kids spend most weekends with us especially in ski season. Lila is a keen skier and can now navigate most of the trails at our Mountain. Jason enjoys the visits because of the computer but he'll come along skiing if pressured. He has his own computer at home but seems to enjoy getting this one organized especially with his myriads of games tucked here and there. He has set up directories and locked stuff up with passwords in strange places. As most kids in this generation, he is light years ahead of me in understanding the inner mysteries of the machine.

I hope I'll get to visit Jennifer more now that I've retired. Last time I was in Montreal was on my way to Ontario in October. That's when I saw Uncle Clifford for the last time. I am so grateful for that last smile and hug. He was very frail and I knew he wouldn't be with us much longer. It's the passing of a generation and I have so many questions remaining. Perhaps that's as it should be since I'm not sure that I trust answers anymore in my advanced years having discovered that answers are often found in the eye of the beholder.

Robert, you sound as though you are as much of a computer enthusiasts as Jason. I fear that I am of the wrong generation though I shan't give up. I am dickering for an E-mail address here

at home which will depend on how well my previous boss can convince the University that I'll be beaming valuable information into the lab. Otherwise the whole thing becomes too expensive.

We are planning our usual pilgrimage to Wyoming and Utah for a month's skiing again this year, leaving on the 24th of February and returning the last week of March. We'll be at Day's Inn in Jackson the first week, then down to Southern Utah for a week of golf with the Elderhostle, then back up to Salt Lake (the Econo Lodge) for the last two weeks. I'll take a week-end to go down and visit with Evelyn and Erkki, probably around the 20th. If you are anywhere nearby Barbara, on your ski holiday be sure and give us a call. We might get in a few runs at Alta or Snowbird. We love the half price tickets at Snowbird now that we are old enough to collect.

I'm very concerned about James's health. Colon cancer is one of the more curable ones, or so I understand, and they were so sure that they had it all after the first operation. We should all have another twenty or thirty years. This just cant be happening..We cant start to break down yet, its too soon. I hope I get a chance to talk to him during our one-hour stopover in Minneapolis on our way our west. I priced a stop over of a day but for some obscure reason Northwest charges hundreds of dollars for that endeavour so maybe next year God and Northwest willing something can be arranged.

We've had a desperately cold winter so far without much snow. Now that I have time to ski with the matrons in the afternoons, heaven preserve us, it's been too cold.

Love to everyone.....As always,

Betty
Charlie