

28.12.67 Recd

The activities of this past year have included such things as: much, much studying, running Kev back and forth from Little League's football practice, our first experience playing parental supervisors of a giggly, girl slumber party, Doug's switch from cub master (on behalf of Kevin) to Y Indian Guides due to Donavon's influence, Doug's successful growth of a beard (no, he didn't become a hippie nor did he move to Haight Ashbury), a goodly amount of beach combing, salmon fishing, and sightseeing which oftentimes led us on repeated trips to San Francisco.

San Francisco has a special, special atmosphere which has completely captivated our hearts. We are finding that each jaunt there ends with a glimpse of something else which we just must see; consequently, the end of a trip there is the planning stage for another trip back. And that's not the worst, we've even gone and established a family traditional ending for each trip. Little did we realize this until one evening upon announcing that it was time to return homeward, the children expressed their amazement, because we hadn't, as usual, gone to Fisherman's Wharf for clam chowder. Then, too, Doug had neglected to buy them the usual and favorite munching material, sour dough bread. So you see a trip to San Francisco has gradually grown into a commitment to clam chowder and sour dough bread. Hence forth, we've been quite careful about setting traditions. For instance, although we had the delightful, but somewhat chilly, experience of sleeping on the beach, we don't think we'd care to make this a habit.

Off to the beach we went with sleeping bags, food, and cooking utensils for dinner and breakfast in hand. Kev and Doug gathered drift wood and built a big fire which we used to cook our dinner by and later used to keep us warm. We sang, chatted, and watched the lights of the lighthouse and of passing ships until droopy eyed we each resigned ourselves to sleep. Oh, speak of misery, next morning we had it. We were cold - miserably cold. Our hair was damp. The firewood was damp. Our spirits were soggy. In order to alleviate ourselves from that clammy feeling, we jumped, charged, and slid down the sand hills to the beach where we ran and ran. At six in the morning, the beach exclusively belonged to the birds and to us. It was all glistening and strewn with treasures (shells) washed up from the night before. The beauty warmed our spirits while running took care of bodily warmth. Before we knew it, we, carried away with the beauty and gait, were splashing in the water. That's right - cold again - wet again - run again. Trips such as this and numerous other sightseeing trips kept us busy during the summer and fall.

Thanksgiving found us at Pinnacles National Monument and later at Morro Bay. Pinnacles is unique in regards to its rock formations. The huge boulders look as though a giant had been juggling them, and he had suddenly left his game. These monstrous hunks of rock are scattered in every which direction. The trip to Morro Bay involved looking for clams by flashlight at ten o'clock at night . . . found some too.

We're quite in the spirit of Christmas. There has been holiday bread baking, pinata making, window decorating, and two very proud parents watching with unstiffled pride as their oldest son did his job, master of ceremonies for the school program for Christmas, in great style. Friday evening before Christmas will find us, if philosophy, history, English, and French term papers and assignments are polished and bundled so that they can be turned in the first day back from Vacation, heading toward a ski area where we'll stay over Christmas. After Christmas, we'll visit friends in L. A. and San Diego.

May the remainder of 1967 and the coming year, for you, be the best yet.

Best regards,

Doug & Ruth