Marian and Jack Wisberg 203 Jefferson Sandpoint, Idaho, 83864 October 11, 1985

Dear Wendy and Bob,

We were worried about the big storm hittingyour part of the country last month and were relieved when it petered out by the time it arrived in New Hampshire. I guess you pulled the boat out of the water and battened down the hatches of your home in anticipation of the worst.

We could identify with the activities you enumerated in your last past pard: we've been going through the same kind of push this fall: furnishing a 3 bedroom house and fixing up a warm place for Jack to work on projects this winter. I haven't written a sentece on my novel for months but I'm gradually getting caught up with refinishing furniture, altering drapes, making winter clothes, cooking and freezing the last of the vegetables from the garden and fruit from the landlord's trees so I'll get back into the old routine one of these days. I must admit it is pleasant to have lots of physical projects to work on for a change. Its great to have ROOM to spread out and closets to put things and a bathtub to soak in every day in the late afternoon. I'm enjoying watching programs in the evening on two educational TV stations. I'm not worrked about getting hooked on these luxuries. Each situation has its own pleasures and pains.

It's been great fun going to garage sales and second hand stores to find furniture for the house we're renting. About the only big things we bought new were a pair of upholstered lazy-boy chairs (That's one I'm sitting on in the pitture.) Found some great bargains at garage sales including a power lawn mower, an electric sewing machine, a wood stove and a black and white TV--each from \$7.50 to \$25.00. The house is almost furnished now except for some minor things. I'm looking for a second-hand secretary's chair and a rug for my writing room. The landlord lent us an old oak teacher's desk which I refinished. He wouldn't sell it to me. I found a hardwood typing table at a yard salefor \$3.00 and an oak chair I'm using bemporarily for another \$3.00.

The house has electric heat and we missed a woodstove so Jack bought a barrel stove at a moving sale which he installed in the middle of the garage. What a difference it made in our feelings--changing the house into a home. I enjoy visiting Jack in his workshop now on nippy days, sharing a cup of hot tea and a philosophical discussion in front of the warm stove. It's downright cozy out there surrounded by all the odds and ends of our getting-more-complicated-life hanging from walls and rafters. Jack built himself a sturdy workbench and shelves for his hand tools. Half the garage is stacked with fire wood, some of which we cut ourselves. We got a late start this year so ordered a cord, but when the weather permits we drive up into the mountains (the ones you can see behind our house) and cut birch and larch and hemlock from slash piles left by loggers.

So far we are enjoying the contrasts in the weather. Hotter than normal August. Colder than normal September. The leaves are golden now and remind Jack of kindergarden when he cut out autumn leaves from orange and yellow and red colored paper.

We probably will rent here for a couple of years and try to rebuild our savings for our next move out into the country. We hope to find a neat place to rent on the lake next. The rent al situation here is excellent. Lots of decent houses at reasonable prices. So there is no rush to get involved in looking for a place to buy until rentals get harder to find or higher or the cost of living begins to excellerate so that it would pay to own property for the appreciation.

I haven't read much lately but this summer when we were living in the trailer I read Judith Krantz's <u>Scruples</u> and <u>Minstral's Daughter</u>. I hate to admit that I thoughly enjoyed both and had to admit that the plot and the characterization and the style was much better than I could ever hope to achieve on both books. Hard to admit that a popular writer was a good writer or maybe my standards are slipping.

Hope all is going well with the three of you and that New Hampshire life agrees with you and provides you both with new inspiration.

Jacksends his greetings. If you're ever out in this neck of the woods, especially in the summer, we'd like to show you around a bit.

dore Ave. Marian