

DorleLettersA L0004 (English)

Mt. Baker, Washington

Dearest Mother,

I wish you all the best on your birthday, and health and happiness for the coming year. Do you remember how we used to go boating and sometimes even swimming? And today we are here on Mt. Baker, in the middle of the snow. We were already here for eight weeks, but had to turn back at 7,500 feet because of a blizzard, which is a snowstorm. Then we were in a cloud where we all lost our balance, meaning we couldn't feel whether we were standing upright, sideways, or on a slope. Everything seemed level, and then suddenly you'd find yourself sliding backwards downhill. So this morning we are here again. The ascent is done from the other side, and we were able to drive the cars to the end of the road, as the snow had already melted away. Then we had to climb uphill on skis for about two hours with our heavy backpacks to get to the Kulshan Cabin. It's a wooden hut that anyone can use, where the wind and snow are whistling outside. But we are cooking a nice warm meal, so it's not that bad. We will get up tomorrow morning at 1 a.m. and set off on our skis at 2 a.m. We are at an elevation of 5,000 feet here, and the summit is 10,750 feet high (about 3,600 m). The ski season is still underway, although many people are already out rowing their boats on the lakes now. The blossoms are actually already gone. Sometimes I almost wish for yesterday, when I go away every weekend, and yet I'm still tired and worn out. But even if I were to help out for a year or so, that wouldn't be a solution either. Medi wrote to me about the plans for a possible lease or sale. And also regarding Ursel, if we are supposed to pay so much money anyway, then surely a private individual could be found who would be willing to take her in and whom we could pay. Somewhere on a farm, perhaps, or something like that? I don't know for sure, but Ursel doesn't need nursing care, even if she can't work. An institution, which can't really help her anyway, is just terribly oppressive. I bought myself a backpack, a very good one, with a frame and with pockets to stick my skis in, and it's also easy to carry. I hope you like the record with the Australian folk songs. In any case, I imagine it will be interesting for you to hear what the folk songs are like there. We sing the songs a lot in the evenings in the ski huts. Inge has a baby girl, Ursula. I am her godmother, too. The little fellow from next door is a darling child, whom I've seen. He's always laughing and crowing with delight. Please excuse me for writing in pencil, but I don't have anything else here in the hut. The wooden folder is meant for Alarich to file things in. An album with a few winter pictures from here will also be coming. I wish you all the best once again and hope that a solution for the business has been found. With very warm greetings, from your Dolf.