

## DorleLettersB L0005 (English)

Aug 3/58 Vancouver, Aug. 3

Dear Mother, How are you? Do you have help for the summer? Is the helper still there? How is the weather over there? I heard that there's a big drought in northern Germany. The weather here has been very strange this year. Summer is at least a month late. The snow in the mountains just would not melt. Even now there is still a lot of snow above 2000 meters. We went skiing again last weekend on Mt. Baker. It was glorious. Up to 2000 meters everything is green and in bloom, only the glacier comes down between the flowers. The glacier "speaks," as they say here. It groans and rumbles and thunders; it's moving. Huge crevasses furrow through it. Above 2000 meters, everything is white, except for the protruding rocks. And out of those grow the most beautiful mountain flowers. Not like in the Alps, more like in rock gardens. One of us is taking pictures with a telephoto lens and a Leica. I lowered him down the rock face on a rope, where the colors were even more vibrant and the blossoms even larger. It's funny, the higher you go, the worse the living conditions, the more beautiful the flowers become. The most beautiful is the "Indian Paintbrush," a fire-red blossom. We climbed up over the glaciers, right up to deep glacial crevasses whose depth you couldn't estimate. We had ice axes and crampons with us, which makes it easier and safer. It was a glorious ski down. You had to be very careful, though, because you could only see the crevasses when you were right in front of them. We jumped over some of the smaller ones on our skis as we went. I received a letter today from my Australian friends, who are now