

4 Dec '48

Dear Aunt Eva & Uncle Henry,

Here we are in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This is our first year in a long time spent in the snow country so we have a whole list of new problems to solve, beginning with clothing and weatherstripping somewhere along the line. I am working for the New Mexico State Highway Department in the drafting room.

How did we get here? We sometimes wonder ourselves.

Last August, after our business folded, I started to work for an architect. He had worked for other architects for twenty-four years but was just starting out for himself. He was quite bewildered but hadn't found out yet that he was (one of the dubious advantages of having been in business for yourself is the ability to sniff economic trouble before it happens). I wanted to get a foreign job but Tedi wasn't enthused. She said, "Let's take a cruise through Arizona. If we find something, we stay in the US. If not, I'll go with you."

So, last August 11, we packed our car (inside and on top) with luggage and kids and started in a general southeasterly direction.

Our itinerary was leisurely. Whenever we saw anything interesting we stopped and examined ... national monuments, parks, quaint towns. We cooked and slept on the roadside. The Prescott Chamber of Commerce provided us with a great deal of literature and information. We almost decided to stay there. But we wanted first to see the Grand Canyon so we pushed on. What a marvelous sight that was! While there we heard of the three-day Inter-tribal Indian Ceremonial in Gallup to start Aug 19. On we went to Gallup. We entered Gallup Aug 17. While strolling through one of the Indian shops in Gallup, Tedi's eye was caught by some hand-woven fabric. Inquiring, she was told it was made by the Santa Fe weavers. As she was intensely curious we decided to run up to Santa Fe, have a look, and get back in Gallup by the 19th. We never got back to Gallup!

We all fell in love with Santa Fe at first sight (Did you read the Saturday Evening Post article on Santa Fe, Sep 18 '48?). We made it the focal point for a several ~~xxxxx~~ days cruise of the surrounding country. Tedi visited all the local weavers, meanwhile (she has had an idea about building certain things right into the woven cloth; this would eliminate certain assembly operations). I applied for a job at the State Highway Department and was hired immediately (I like the job, the people, the country).

For a while things were quite rough. Finding a place to live was the usual No. 1 problem. Tedi and Bruce took the train back to LA to close up our residence and forward our furniture. Kim took care of me while they were gone. Now, life is settling down a little bit. Tedi and Kim are learning to weave. I am

studying structural engineering again -- aiming at the bridge department. Tedi has an arrangement with one of the weavers whereby she provides them with a production model and supervises putting it into production -- setting up the work room and training the girls in the operations (they do not do much needle work here, only weaving; hence, they are not acquainted with factory methods).

I have made a comeback physically, and I am very happy here... the ~~xxxx~~ happiest that I can remember. I get plenty of sleep (laze in bed until 7 a.m.), exercise (I walk to and from work ... 1.1 miles each way), breakfast with the family (never before experienced), lunch with the family (never before experienced), leisure in the evening for study and relaxation, the pleasant companionship of congenial friends (who live either just around the corner or a little way down the street -- not an inaccessible 25 miles across a congested metropolis). There are only two disagreeable situations: 1) the \$100 a month rent -- apparently the local minimum; 2) Tedi's suffering from the cold. But I think a little time will cure the former and a suit of longies would cure the latter.

Love from us all

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Jim', written in a cursive style.