

Dear Family,

I went downstairs to type a letter last week but it is so cold down there that I abandoned the idea. We have a wood burner downstairs but we need to put brick under it before we can use it.

I've seen the hunter's widow this past month (at least on the weekends) Bryan and his brother in law hunted for deer (they split a two point) and Bryan has been hunting ^{for} pheasants with friends this past week without any success.

I clipped a recipe for a ^{ground} venison casserole out of a local paper and I made it one day. The smell of the venison made me kind of ^(sp?) cautious and I didn't feel like eating it so I made some burritas. We ate it ^(the venison casserole) the following night - but it wasn't very good. Bryan marinated some venison, sliced it thinly, and broiled it - and it was delicious. I cooked a roast in the crock pot in barbecue sauce and it was very tender and delicious. These successes make me feel a little bit better about this hunting business. I still need to find some good recipes for the ground meat, though.

My neighbor ask me to teach piano to her 15 year old who has had about 2 years of piano. There's an excellent teacher in town but there is a long waiting list to get on with her. I told my neighbor that I was not qualified - but she insisted my arm. ~~is~~ During the first lesson I asked my student what key a piece was in that had one flat. She didn't know and then I drew a blank. Dad lent me some theory books and I'm brushing up on my theory.

That's about all from here. Love, Charlotte

Dear Family,

Yes, I still exist. (Though sometimes I wonder....)
There's this girl at the supermarket I see occasionally, and everytime I see her, she asks me where I'm working. Well, it almost seems that I have a different answer every time. From one spa to another, to selling security alarms, to selling professional beauty supplies to beauty salons....what next? Well, just about the time I decided to settle down and be a full time mom & house keeper etc...I received a phone call from a Simon Hodson. (Some of you might remember Harry Hodson who taught at the B.Y.U. as a Professor in Civil Engineering, and who lived by the Allred's in our ward.) He said he had been referred to me by someone, and said he was in need of an executive assistant/secretary (errand person basically) and was willing to start me at \$1,000. per month, and advance me to \$1,500. within 3 months, and possibly looking at 2,000. to 2,800. within 1 year. Well we met for an interview, and I think it would be a lot of fun. He helps inventors market their inventions, and he buys & sells businesses, and franchises businesses. He's pretty wealthy and successful. Doug wants very much for me to take this job, but somehow I just don't feel very excited about working like I used to. I guess after 7 years of full-time work, it wears on you, especially when you're trying to take care of a house, husband and children too. ...So, Sherlene, if you decide you don't want the new job you just started, and you want to move home, here's just the job for you!

Other news....Carli Anne brought home a note from the school nurse that said her vision was 20/70 and that her eyes should be professionally checked. So, now after a visit to the doctor, Carli is wearing glasses! ...No wonder she sat so close to the T.V. and complained of headaches... she's practically blind without them. The kids at school call her four eyes, but she retorts; "Four eyes are better than two!" She really looks cute in them. Chelsey is a terrible toddler. Doug calls her "Chain-saw" and "Monster". She is constantly into something she shouldn't be. She got into my fingernail polish while I was away one day, and the babysitter wasn't doing her job, and Chelsey poured it all over my living room carpet! Bright red! And when I got home and saw it... I about died! The babysitter hadn't even noticed that it had been poured on the carpet. She's really a lovable little monster though. She loves the cats (all 8 of them) as much as candy. She's usually quite gentle with them, however, at times she'll deliver one to me with both her hands around its neck, and the cat's eyes are bulging, and its body is just swaying back and forth, poor thing. They usually run when they see her coming. (Do you blame them?)
Doug is busy with the jeep as usual, getting it ready for the upcoming autorama at the Salt Palace. This time he's gone too far. He lifted the jeep so high, that it won't fit into our garage unless we cut at least a one foot hole in our garage door, and lift the garage ceiling too. He sold his old tires (his old, new tires with only 60 miles on them) and bought some 16x36" tires. Chelsey can walk under the jeep without ducking. I'm afraid to turn corners in it for fear it will fall over. Doug says that now the jeep is good material for Petersons Monster Magazine. By the way, keep an eye out for the jeep to appear in Petersons 4 wheel and off road magazine soon! (It should be the main feature.)
Well, that's about all the un-exciting news for now...

...until next time,

Bon appetite. (Isn't that all we housewives think about anyhow? f.o.o.d)

Love Doug, Nancy and Kids.