

Dear Friends,

Thanks to a cold, I should be able to get my Xmas update out before Christmas (an improvement over the year it took a volcanic eruption).

This is the first year in a long, long time that I haven't been out of the country for any reason. I have managed to hit ABQ, ATL, DCA, MSP, SAN, & SLC for various adventures. Though I'm still based in Oakland as B-727 F/O, I continue to only see it at night as I travel between Boise, Denver and Indianapolis. Memphis with its wide body pay still hasn't been able to entice me away, though the new Airbus bid is tempting.

The big event was Inauguration Week in DC. It was such a surprisingly good time, with great weather and serendipitous excitements. My sister, Nona, was also there, and with our friends, we dove into the social whirl — drinks with (or at least in close proximity to) Gregory Hines, Hilary Clinton, Sigourney Weaver, Woody Boyd and Steve Guttenberg. I even went to the Texas Inaugural Ball (sneaking in to take Nona's picture).

On the flight home, I got such a tooth ache — you can't imagine what it's like to be trapped at 35000' in pain. Vodka does not help! This agony turned into a root canal which became a broken tooth which had to be pulled which is why I now have a bridge.

More along the line of "you're not a spring chicken anymore," I broke a rib while rock climbing and broke my foot learning to skurf (water-skiing on a surf board). I have completely healed so I continue my disregard for my age. I'll save any discussion of my bowels for when I pass 50. (Can't wait for Xmas '97 now, can you?)

One of my trucks was broken into when I was at LAX then I had a blow-out on the freeway. The other truck was backed into by a water truck. Both have recovered and have been improved in the process.

I was on jury duty for an armed robbery of a Bank of America — four guys from Oxnard who came here with guns stolen in the LA riots. It was very interesting to see how little you're allowed to hear before reaching a verdict. As foreman, I had to sign the guilty verdicts which put these guys away for a minimum of 15 years with no parole. Later we found out from the FBI just how bad these guys were — all Crips, also drug dealers.

In July, we went backpacking to some hot springs in the eastern Sierras near Mammoth Lakes. What a great adventure! It took us three days to get to the springs by going over almost an 11,000' pass where the snow was still up to seven feet deep. It was worth every step.

The big change this year was Roger and Mitzi selling the farm in Pennsylvania and moving to North Carolina. After going there for 18 years, it was a little strange to go to the auction and seeing the old manure spreader sell. Their new place is on 34 acres with a pond and stream amidst lots of trees so there will be plenty of projects.

The good doctor who was staying at my condo was confronted with capital gains from his old house and so bought a place a bit west of here. For those of you who have been putting off a visit, my place is now available. I'm still not here much but if I know of your plans before the 15th of any month, I can always bid for a get together.

My family is all doing well. We celebrated my Aunt Lu's 95th birthday at Thanksgiving. She just passed her driving test with a 100% and a "good driver" so she's still out there. Pat and his wife are having boy #2 in January so there will be a few more Tobin genes in the pool.

1993 disappeared with a speed that is no longer surprising, leaving in its wake the usual gamut of emotions, diversity of events and mixed bag of experiences. For many of you, this is my sole contact anymore yet this annual rekindling of memories provides a reminder that each of us carries all these histories to color our decisions in the future. I look forward to that unknown, thanks to times we have shared. Welcome, 1994!