

June 10, 1979

Dear Family:

It's been so long since I wrote, I can't remember what's happened. Only one thing, for sure, there are no new Neil's. Congratulations to the new Hall and Wood.

Marty is away in Europe for three weeks and three days. Left me behind again. He had a heck of a time getting there. The plane was late into New York, so he missed his connection to Frankfurt. It was Memorial Day weekend, so the airports were crammed. Finally some guy got him a connection to London, where he was supposed to get on a flight to Hamburg, but when he got to London he didn't have a reservation, so had to buy a whole new ticket. When he finally got to Hamburg, his luggage was somewhere else. He was so depressed he called me as soon as he got to his hotel. He'd been on airplanes and in airports for 24 hours, and had no clean clothes or shaving gear to freshen up. The next day he called me again, to say he was feeling better since his luggage arrived and he had slept a long time. Those two phone calls cost him \$150.00. He loves me.

Anyway, I have one more week of widowhood. Thanks to all of you for your cards and phone calls on my birthday. It made it a whole lot less lonely, (diagram that one!)

Marty received a nice raise in May and is starting on a new job now. He is assigned to a new product that looks like it could become really a big thing, so he is hopeful his career will go places on it. HP has to be good to Marty or his eyes will start wandering to greener pastures. We keep hearing about how great things are in other places and how much more house you can get for the price in other states, and the crowds here are getting to us. Maybe someday we'll transfer to another state, but still stay with HP. We don't know. Things are great like they are now, but the grass is always greener.....

My life seems so much busier now than last year. I'm starting to be a chauffer already, running this kid to pre school, and this kid to piano lessons, and all three kids to swimming, etc. I may have to quit teaching piano and voice lessons, because of the demands of my own family.

Greg is now taking piano lessons from someone else (not me) and is doing very well. He picks concepts up so quickly and has a natural "ear". Mama is too proud. I'm going to start Emily soon. The Sunday School chorister tells us our children are the best singers, and are always picked for special occasions, like the Primary program and Mother's Day program. Marty and I have a good balance; he teaches them math and reading and I teach them music. Our kids will have real couth!

I'm in such a dumb mood tonight! I found some bubble gum on top of the refrigerator (unchewed), and had a great time blowing bubbles whild I did the dishes. I felt like a kid again.

Teaching the Beehive II class makes me feel like an old lady. Last week some Laurel kids came in to teach my girls disco dancing (church style), and I was dancing right along with them, until they started laughing at me. I guess it didn't seem right for an old lady like me to be a disco queen. *(They were just jealous)*

We took Emily to the gold and green ball with us last month. I sang the traditional song "turn around, you're a baby, turn around and you're grown, etc." while our Laurel II girls were "presented", so I sang it to Emily with my guitar. She had a great time dancing with all the priests from our ward. She still talks about it. Then we took her to get some ice cream afterwards.

Early morning seminary is over for this year and Marty says he's probably going to take another year, if they'll take him. He's done it for two years already, up at five, studying every evening. Sometimes it gets him down, but the rewards are good. (not the pay. I can't figure out his last check, it was for 88¢)

I had a really fund<sup>y</sup> time making a bottle band for the ward variety show. I adapted "When you're Smiling" for bottles (variation on a theme) and got together sixteen people to create the Cupertino Pops Orchestra. We used 24 pop bottles (including two litre) all tuned to different pitches. It sounded really neat when we got it all together. We played it really straight like a real orchestra, all seated with formal clothes and music stands and conductor. I was the concert mistress, cause I tuned all the bottles. It's going to be a ward tradition, cause we hope we can do it next year, too. !Cracked everybody up! Mi gramer shir is gettin bad. Must be Calerfornya!

We'll probably go to Arkansas this year to visit Marty's parents. I hope the gas shortage isn't too bad. We usually travel long hours and get gas late at night or early in the morning, and stations in California, at least, are generally open from 10 to 5 o'clock. The crunch has eased a bit here; the lines are mostly gone. I guess people have stopped topping off, but I paid \$1.00 a gallon for unleaded last week!

My back aches all the time, mostly from lifting Erin. She is a really tall baby, and not really thin (weighs a ton). But worst of all, she's really squirmy and hard to hold. I miss Marty especially during Sacrament meeting! He always holds Erin, cause I really don't have the strength to handle her, and she knows it! We both come home from church exhausted! Even if we take her out to the foyer, we refuse to let her down. Someday, we figure, she'll learn to sit still? Got any good advice?

Well, guess I'll sign off. Toodleoo for now and hope to hear from all of you. We need to keep in touch more often to keep our family close. (That's advice to me, mostly).

Love,

Liz-tiz-magiz