

June 8, 1980

Dear Family:

Yesterday we went to an auction where all the office equipment of a mortgage company that had gone out of business was being auctioned off. There were five IBM electric typewriters and we got this one for \$162.00. We're not sure how old it is, but it appears to be in good condition. Seems that all it needs is a new ribbon. We think we got a really good deal. It has a long carriage for our genealogy work. Anyway, I wanted to try it out, and I thought a family letter would be just the thing! (I just discovered that this typewriter doesn't have an exclamation point--you have to type an apostrophe, backspace and type a period! Must be an older model. I'll have to have it serviced to find out if we got a lemon.)

John Patrick is growing so fast. Already he is six weeks old. He is just beginning to sleep through the two o'clock feeding, letting me get some much-needed rest. I am still in shock about our family. (Betsy will laugh at me). Here I am, only eighteen years old and have all these little children running around. Me, with four kids!

Of course, we are thrilled he was a boy! Marty said "It's a boy!", even before the doctor had a chance to look and see what sex it was. You never saw such a proud papa! Greg, too, is thrilled and takes every chance he can to change his diaper. He can't seem to handle diaper pins, but he's great with pampers.

For those of you who didn't hear my "war story", as Marty calls it, I woke up in labor at about three in the morning. I wanted to make sure it was the real thing (I've never had a spontaneous labor before--always been induced), so I waited until 5:30 to wake up Marty. We took the children to three different locations and got to the hospital at 7:30, only to have the doctor tell me nothing much was happening since the baby was presenting posterior (as had all the others), but to stick around the hospital anyway and walk around to help labor. I had pains two and three minutes apart all morning, and finally around 2:00, things started to speed up, the doctor broke my water and took me to the delivery room. The baby never did turn around, so forceps were used to bring him around to be delivered (ouch). He was born at 2:43 p.m. The doctor said my pelvic structure must have something to do with the reason all my babies are turned around (back of head to my spine).

Anyway, I recovered very quickly, as I had no anesthesia. Marty took a few days off work to take good care of us, and we had lots of help from the Relief Society.

John Patrick was born with an extra piggy (as in "This little piggy went to market") on his left foot. Emily is particularly fascinated by this and goes up to complete strangers saying, "See my new baby brother--he has six toes on his left foot!" If you don't stop to count, you wouldn't notice the difference. The pediatrician

is very unconcerned about it, saying it's not worth the risk of putting him under anesthesia to remove it. Some day when he is older, it will probably be removed. Emily is seeing a foot doctor about some toenails that have fungus on them, and Marty said he really perked up when Emily told him about John's six toes--said to "keep me informed." He is new in practice and is looking for business.

We're looking forward to Greg's baptism next month--our first child going through baptism. He has a terrific primary teacher this year who has helped to get him really excited about it.

The kids are in school for one more week. Then ~~xxx~~ mama's vacation ends. My only consolation is that the high school students are out of school, too, and that means babysitters. We've got a wonderful babysitter who says she "just loves our kids," and the baby is so cute and "the kids never give her a speck of trouble." We weren't sure she was for real until I talked to her mother and found out it is all true. I refuse to tell any of my friends about her--she's all mine! It's such a pleasure to ask a girl to babysit and hear her say she'd "just love to."

We have had the coldest weather the past few weeks. We still haven't seen summer. We planted our garden a few weeks ago, but it is standing still, because of the cold. We have been very successful with our boysenberries this year, though. We planted three twigs two years ago, and now we have a "patch!" We've given away quarts and quarts and had zillions for ourself, too. Marty has baked two pies that were really delicious. (He wanted a pie and I said I didn't have time to bake one, so he did it himself; enjoyed himself, too)

Marty just received a promotion. He is now a "Product Manager" and has two people working for him. He also has two personnel problems. One is a female engineer who has a chip on her shoulder--thinks Marty is chauvenistic--and is lazy, and a male engineer who thinks he should be the boss himself. (That's the girl who is lazy, not Marty). When Marty was given the promotion, he was asked to think about going to Scotland to champion his product for a year or two. Next year at this time we may be able to go to Scotland. That's when his new product will be introduced. Marty discovered very quickly, that no matter how hard the boss works to be a good guy, the boss is still the boss and no one likes the boss. I like the boss (but then, I don't let him know who really is the boss!)

Emily is all set to go to first grade next year. We received her SRA test scores last week, and her reading and math are up to second grade levels. Despite that, her kindergarten teachers recommended that she stay back in kindergarted for another year, because they are worried about how she will fit in socially with older kids. They say she is a little shy and gets scared when puppies are brought to class and can't take the kids teasing as well as the older kids. Well, I'm 31 and still get scared around puppies and don't like too much teasing. Anyway, I've observed Emily around this teacher, and she acts that way because the teacher speaks condescendingly towards her and is over-protective of her. We think Emily has the teacher "buffaloed", because she doesn't act that way in church or around the house. And she gets along so much better with the first grade children than the little ones who are going to kindergarten next year. Besides, we are much more worried that she will become bored in school because she is so far ahead of the others, than we are worried that she might get her feelings hurt once in a while. Is that mean? I think we've made the right decision.

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San Jose and Santa Clara County just voted down the "Gay Rights" legislation, restoring my faith in California. Unfortunately, they also voted down an income tax cut--Jarvis Proposition 9. The state put out a huge propaganda campaign, saying that it would benefit the rich and hurt the poor, and people got scared that this tax cut was too soon after proposition thirteen and thought the state would retaliate by ~~xxxx~~ cutting essential services and educational benefits (which is probably true.)

Hooray for Illinois. The big ERA rally and anticipated celebration sort of fizzled there! I hope the anti-ERA legislators hold out!

Where in the world is the HALLMANAC? We haven't seen it here for months? I hope somebody is feeling guilty right now! Let's have some letters. I'm feeling homesick.

Hope everyone is well. We're looking forward to Aspen Grove and hope you are too. The kids are already talking about climbing Mt. Timpanogas and seeing all the cousins. Can't wait to show off our John Patrick and see Warren!

Love,



Marty, Liz, Greg, Emily, Erin & John Patrick

Just received your picture. Thanks a million. It's really nice. You shouldn't have put "please do not bend" on it, though. Our postman bent it right in half and left it in our slot. I couldn't believe it! It had to have been done deliberately! There was plenty of room for the envelope to fit through the slot. I guess he had a bad day or something. Anyway, the picture isn't ruined.