

JULY 12, 1989

Dear Family,

Mom informs me that my last month's Hallmanac didn't get to her so that's why it's included here.

Summer School has started and since I'm teaching, John, Erin and Emily are taking classes; Emily and Erin to learn typing and John, just for fun. They take drama and music and arts and crafts. It helps keep them busy. I'm teaching first through sixth grade music and have an assistant who choreographs the music. We're having a good time, but I'm getting a sore throat from all that singing.

Marty took Greg and John to Lake Powell with other Varsity Scouts and their dads. He invited David, Steven and Mark to go along, also. One night a storm came up and Marty awoke to find his houseboat drifting away from the shore where they had been anchored. The anchor ropes became caught in the propellers, so he could not start the engine to get the boat back to shore. He was running around the boat in his garments, yelling for the boys to get up and help him. Some boys jumped into the speed boat, and went and picked up the other speed boat they had rented and somehow pushed the houseboat back to shore, where they untangled the ropes and reanchored themselves. John decided it might be a good idea to sleep in his life vest the rest of the night! Between all the boys and dads, they had two houseboats and two speed boats. Gasoline cost over \$800.00 for the week! Marty had estimated \$250.00! Except for the windy and threatening weather the first few days, they all seemed to have a good time.

Greg got his SAT and ACT test scores back and did very well.

He's still waiting to see if he passed the AP History Exam.

Greg is working (and spending his earnings) at a baseball card shop, four or five days a week. He opened a bank account to begin saving. We were at the Price Club yesterday, where Greg saw boxes of Fleer Baseball Cards for sale at \$10.99 a box. I thought he was going to pass out he was so excited. His shop sells the boxes for \$27.50 each.

There was a purchase limit of five, so we bought five, loaded them in the car, came back in and bought five more.

Greg then sold six boxes to his boss, who gave him \$12.50 a box; sold one box to another shop for \$15.00, which gave him enough profit to pay for the boxes he kept for himself. Marty also bought one box. Greg counted his cards last week, and thinks he has (roughly) 20,000! I thought he would tire of this hobby, but it has really become a big thing for him. He speculates with them, as one would the stock market! Marty is now buying up boxes to give our future grandchildren.

Looks like our new Yamaha piano has a problem with the keys. I noticed a few months after we bought it that the keys were very difficult to clean, and seemed to get a buildup of dirt or grease very quickly. I tried everything short of Comet on them, and finally called the owner of the store who said that there was a problem with this particular batch of "Ivorite" keytops. He said they will replace all my keytops, but I haven't heard from him for a few weeks. Meanwhile, my piano keys look like they're 100 years old and never been cleaned!

We're all doing well here (if you don't count fungal toenails) and hope you're all well there.

Love, Liz and Family