

September 8, 1970

Dear Folks,

Day off and the washing machine is running, so I'll write while I wait. I overslept this morning so things were a little busy around here for a while. Neal has to be at school by 8:13 and I woke up at 7:30. I had heard the alarm and know it went off at 7:05, but didn't pay any attention. Then, Neal didn't have any clothes and couldn't find anything. I think we get ready the night before better when we now that I won't be around in the morning. I hope so, anyhow. Neal's main problem is that he puts on clean underwear every day even over the weekend and holidays because it's easier to get it out of the drawer than to pick up what he wore the day before from wherever he threw it. Then, he couldn't find any pants, he was looking in his drawer, and his school clothes are hanging in the closet. Last week he wore his old overalls two days. Apparently he forgot all about the new clothes he got for school. I guess he'll grow up, but maybe it's just as well that I'm working and not here to nag constantly.

They all seem to be enjoying school although Yvonne was a little guarded in her opinion the first couple days. She missed the getting acquainted activities of the first two days, but Friday things sounded like they went better. Here, I hadn't been worried at all about her because she makes friends so easily, but she has seemed to be the most upset by the differences. Don't think it will last, though. Hot lunches have made a pretty good impression so far, but expect them to start announcing "I want to take my lunch tomorrow because I don't like what's on the menu." Neal even liked the green beans they served the first day. They were all excited to day because they were supposed to have pizza for lunch.

We had a real thunderstorm on Sunday. I was at work so I called the church where the kids have been going to S.S. and asked if someone could go pick them up and they took care of it and got them home, again. When I go to the evening circle, I'm going to see if someone will pick them up every Sunday. It's not a bad walk when the weather's nice, but that won't be forever.

Bill ended up taking just two courses besides the German he'll be taking for no credit. He'll only be in class 5 hours a week but his advisor seemed to think that would be enough. He's taking "20th Century Theologians" and "The Psychology of Group Process." He starts classes tomorrow at 10. The earliest he starts any day is 10 so he'll be able to get the kids off to school every day except the Mondays every other week when he goes to the churches on Saturday and stays until Monday p.m. The other week he'll go Friday noon and come home on Sunday. He said he really enjoyed this past weekend. Maybe he feels single again. I sure don't, that's for sure!!

We, the kids and I, hiked downtown to see a drum and bugle corps parade last Saturday. It was a good parade but took a long time because they had to have big spaces between the units because drum and bugle corps are pretty loud. We got down there plenty early so we could get a good place to see, so we got a treat to help pass the time. We stopped at a snack shack called "The Popper." I said, "Nobody can get cotton candy. It's too sticky." So Neal got popcorn and a popsicle and we girls got caramel apples. Well, you can imagine what happened. In the first place Karen couldn't eat an apple if you paid here because of her teeth, or lack of them. But, she got all the caramel off and all over herself and I had only one "Wash 'n Dri." Fortunately, Neal asked what an "apothecary" was and that made me realize that I could buy those things at a drug store, so I sent him to get some and the day was saved.

I'm about to start some bean soup cooking. We had ham last week and I saved the bone for soup. Right now the weather is cool, but suppose it could get hot again. Yesterday it was hot and humid, but by the time we got to the park for our picnic it was almost cool. We were in a real shady place and the sun was pretty low. I noticed one maple tree starting to turn red. It won't be long till I get "Fall Fever." I get it every year, anyhow, but it's worse when the trees are colorful. That's one thing I've looked forward to ever since we started planning this adventure.

Yesterday, when we were getting stuff for our picnic things were getting under my skin because the kids couldn't agree on what they wanted, naturally. Then we got to the dessert section and Karen wanted to get some Sara Lee something because "Everybody doesn't like something, but nobody doesn't like Sara Lee." She said that and more or less saved the day. Then she said, "We're going on a picnic, we're going on a picnic" all the time we were getting checked out and gave the store employees a chuckle, too. Such a kid!

Love,
Marilyn