

[Handwritten, black ink on folded typing paper]

April 4, 1971

Dear Folks,

Another Sunday coming to an end. The kids are watching Walt Disney and eating popcorn. I made fudge so everyone is extra happy tonight. They made their own dinner today, as I worked and eating at the hospital isn't so much of a treat for them anymore. They cooked Lipton's Beef Stroganoff dinner. They all said it was yummy and it must have been. It was all gone. They played restaurant again. Yvonne was the chef and Neal was the waiter and they had a menu and all. They had cleaned up pretty good, too.

Last week was report card time, although the girls didn't get cards this time. We had "Parent-Teacher-Kid" conferences as Karen called them. They are both doing okay, both having trouble in the same area, handwriting. Yvonne's teacher showed us her Iowa Basic Skills test report and she is doing real good according to that. Her reading skills were at nearly 8th grade level, and overall she's working at a 6.5 grader. We had a conference about Neal, too, but after his report card. It was terrible. He dropped from an A to F in language arts. Some other things weren't too good either. His counselor told us he was flabbergasted too when he looked at his report card after Bill made the appointment. He had talked to all of Neal's teachers and the story was the same throughout, "He's got the ability but can't seem to get organized." He was supposed to hand in a notebook of stuff for language carts and just didn't get it done, and then to top it off, didn't take the final test because he thought he couldn't until he'd finished the other work. Anyway, we are on an "organization campaign." He also lost his long hair because I had told him when we let him grow it out that if the grades slipped the hair came off. Don't know if there is really any correlation, but he found out his parents mean what they say. He was really shook up. (So was I, incidentally, and I think the barber did a rotten job. I didn't dare do it myself. I might have scalped him.)

We had a short spring, 1 day. Wednesday it got up to 70 and the next day it was cold, windy, and snowed. It was 24 when I walked to work this morning.

I started working on Easter outfits for the girls yesterday. I'm sure I'll finish them, too, because they are real slave drivers. I'm making polyknit skirts with long vests. Later, I'll make slacks they can wear with the vests. I have Easter off, but the way things stand now Bill will be gone from Saturday until Monday night. He was going to see if he could wait and go to the churches early Sunday morning. That way he'll get in on a little of the Easter fun.

We were pleased to see that there is going to be a Kentucky Fried Chicken place in Sunnyside. S'pose it'll be open by August?

Bill's been working on our income tax and if you don't think that isn't a complicated affair this year ----- Wow!

The girls didn't have school last Monday and Tuesday because of the conferences so I let them stay up to see Carol Burnett. Told them they could if they'd get their room cleaned up, and my, such activity. Nothing like a little bribery.

Forgot to tell you about Neal's Iowa Basic Skills. His vocabulary and reading skills were in the 99 percentile. Over all, he was in the 93 percentile. He's reading at 11.5 grade-level. Another indication that he's got it if he can just produce so the teachers know it.

The girls are drawing Palm Sunday pictures, but they are using chalk so I can't fold them up and send them. Now, Karen says she can make a copy with crayon.

Last Tuesday they made chocolate chip cookies by themselves. It sure smelled good when I came home. They did pretty good; some had more flour than others, but they were okay. They were using the Betty Crocker Girls and Boys Cookbook and of course, the recipe called for "Gold Medal Flour" so they opened a new sack of flour instead of using the Pillsbury that was already open. I wondered what they would have done if I hadn't had the Gold Medal.

Finally got Drowsy fixed. Don't know if I ever told you that her head came off before

Christmas. I found some pink flannel with white flowers and Karen accepted it with reservation. I just didn't get it done and finally Karen wanted me to do it so I did. She looks cute again. Also made a nightie for Pat-a-Burp. If two dolls were ever played with and loved, those two are the ones.

The art work is done, so I'd better get everything together and get ready for mailing.
Have a Happy Easter.

Love,
Marilyn

[Enclosed: two crayon drawings by Yvonne and Karen. Karen's has a letter printed in pencil on the back:]

Dear Grandma and Grandpa, How are you. I am fine. How do you like my picture. I think it's nice. So dose mommy. The rest of the famly is fine.

Love Karen