

Monday 7/11

Dear Jim and Jenifer:

I'm sorry my stationery doesn't illustrate all the marauders in my garden. The best I can come up with after the bunnies is the deer who annually denudes the apple tree. I inspected it a couple of weeks ago and it was promising a bountiful harvest of nice summer apples. Yesterday it bore but one, and that one the birds have been feasting on.

While I was visiting with Harold's mother in Wilmington, Del., and catching up on all those soap operas I don't see away from there, the weeds in my garden grew apace and it was not until last week that I was able to vanquish the last of them. But all those weeds had given shelter to a groundhog who had made his home in the middle of the plot, constructing for himself several exits, and from which he dined on everything available, including the garlic, with the sole exception of the swiss chard. As of now, the only things of promise in the garden are the tomatoes and peppers. The cantaloupes which started blooming much earlier than I expected now look suspiciously like cucumbers.

Harold went out for a walk. Amazingly, our lane seems to veer to the north when he is walking. He tells me he is walking to the end of the lane, but when I call him to answer the phone, he is across the back lot visiting with one of the neighbors.

We have had several rainy days the past week, up to and including today, but the next rainfall has been less than we could use. Our pond is getting lower every day. While the goldfish we stocked it with earlier are growing, at the rate the water is vanishing their growth may stop. It is fun, though, to see them swimming around. Some of them are silver, some are striped, some gold on top and light on the bottom, but most are gold. As they grow, they are developing a brighter hue, and I saw one the other day with a decidedly red cast. The ones we had before were bright red with huge white tails.

Our Chinese friends reopened their restaurant in their new location. They had a ribbon-cutting ceremony at which they announced a change in the operation. They would have a cafeteria, complete with salad bar and sandwiches, three days a week and dinner service three days. I asked their lawyer if he had ever had a Chinese sandwich, to which he replied, No, but he'd had a Japanese one and it tasted just like an American sandwich. ... The cafeteria idea hasn't worked out too well, so it was closed for an additional two days last week for a revamping of the menu and dinner service 6 days.

On Thursday, Jackson, No. 2 son, had to appear before the Immigration Service in Baltimore with sponsors. We were the first on his list, but Harold couldn't go so we missed out on that. We're hoping we'll be able to make it for Danney, No. 3. Both boys have been elected president of their classes, Jackson unanimously. We're very fond of the entire family.

Harold is now talking to one of his telephone pals from Chicago wh o
said to me before Harold picked up the phone that he didn't know how
H. could find time to walk since he spends so much time on the phone.
I agreed.

I'm sorry I can't come up with anything more interesting or exciting
than the foregoing but I guess I'm just not the literary type.

The chief purpose of this is to let you know we're thinking of you .

Our best to you both.

Sincerely,

Lel .

*I guess when the new postage rules
go into effect I'll have to start addressing
letters in longhand - With my
mailing list, won't that be a chore!*

TREE'S A CROWD



A Dunsmuir Shop Original
WESTFIELD, MASS.