

Friday night 9:30 PM - Nov 9, 1984

My Dear Chris,

One week and 29 minutes and I will see & hold you again. I probably won't mail this, but I seem to want to talk to you so I'm a gonna write my thoughts to you & give this to ya later. Unless I do decide to mail it!

This has really been an exciting evening. I did my laundry. Yes... I did it all myself... no dropping off & picking up... all on my own stamina. It would have cost me a small fortune because I had all my towels because I used them & soak up water when my air conditioner... no when my toilet leaks. (I was thinking air conditioner because my landlord is coming to repair the leak in the kitchen ceiling from my air conditioner tomorrow morning at 10 AM!)

Anyway... my clothes were all dirty because it had been two & a half weeks since I washed (I always say ~~scrubbed~~). With Mary Anne having stayed her maid of my sheets were dirty. (Isn't this all very interesting?) To make a short story longer I had five overloaded washes & four drier loads.

I'm tired and I miss you! In fact it is probably this total exhaustion that brings on more deep and meaningful thoughts. It is in this condition that I confess..., even though I have known you only a short few weeks. (Gee to be exact... one of which

(2)

I'm not sure counts or not because you are not here. You are in fact frolicking in misty old England. Well this is off the subject.)...

As I was saying it is moments like this that I drop into deep analysis and tend to express things that otherwise would never be revealed.

Chris, I know we have not shared deep dark secrets, but tonight something came & haunt me once again. I am unable to fold sheets by myself. I try. I truly try to do it right, but everytime they come out in a wad. I attempted to fold two sets of sheets four times at the laundromat... a crowd had slowly gathered around me, and small children were running and hiding behind their mothers. I finally stuffed them in pillow cases and began to fold towels. None of my towels looked the same. Everyone of them was a different size and shape when I finished. Now people were going and getting others from the 7-11 next door to come and watch. I left. I brought everything home and tried once again in the privacy of my own home to fold sheets & towels. Nothing worked. I even looked through the phone book to see if some service ~~my~~ might make home visits, but no... I was alone, all alone with

This mass of cloth stacked on my bed.
Luckily one set of sheets needed to go on my bed and
a set of towels in my bathroom.

I had no problem folding my underwear or
hanging my clothes, but no one cared.

So now you know. If I don't hear from you after
you read this letter I'll know why... and I'll
understand. How can I face you if I have
failed at sheet and towel folding...?

and that's not all...

- my large plastic cups never stay up-side-down
in the dish washer. They always turn over and fill
with water.
- I hoard paper bags. There are more paper bags
under my kitchen sink than in most of the
Safeway and HEB stores in Austin. I save boxes
too... I can always find a reason to keep empty boxes.
I even have large empty boxes to hold smaller boxes.
- My socks with holes now outnumber the ones
with out. (you probably already know this!)
- I worry about wax build up on my kitchen floor...
I worry about worrying about that because my
kitchen floor is carpeted. I also worry about
wax build up in my cars. (they are not carpeted!)
- I never dust my light bulbs. I wonder if my rooms

would be that much brighter if I did. (4)

- I still wonder why refrigerators have lights in them and freezers don't. Maybe no one sneaks into the kitchen & gets something out of the freezer, because it would have to thaw... thaw?... thaw?
- I collect pens too. Just now I count 13 pens in my briefcase (13... my lucky number again!) I have all different kinds and colors. Most of them have probably dried up because I haven't used them.
- I keep yearly calendars too. I have weekly business calendars in my desk at my office from 1971. I kept some larger ones too. Snoopy etc.
- I never throw away business cards. A drawer in my desk is committed to saving business cards. You never know when you might need one! (Even someone else's!)
- In my entire life I have only sewn... that's not right... I have only attached three buttons to shirts. I used so much thread, you couldn't see the button. (I've never darned anything either. I've used "gray" tape. a lot though!)
- As you can tell, spelling is not one of my strong suits either (I'm not sure if that means two or three piece suit...)
- There are a lot of foods I've never tried either, although you have influenced me to some extent there.
- I don't normally write letters, but you also seem:

(3)

& have impacted me in this area too.

All in all I'm actually pretty happy with all of this. I can buy or buy just about anything. I'm going to start rolling my towels into cylinders and rolling my sheets into balls. I may stop washing plastic cups. They don't get that clean anyway when they turn upside down. High bulbs are always too hot & dust and most people seem to understand me when I write. If they don't, that is probably to my advantage also!

I'm having passing thoughts of never letting you see this. ☺ There is a possibility I'm slowly going crazy missing ^{you}, maybe that explains the content of this letter!

Well... tomorrow I plan to clean house, work on my car and cycle, and maybe make a practice run to the airport.

I received a notice from the local Audio Engineering Society (to which I belong) that their next meeting is at Tracor Thursday night and they are going to look at aircraft monitoring devices. Sounds neat. I'd like to you to go with me some time.

Hi again. It is now Saturday morning. The air

conditioner man just finished. He drew on the ⑥
upstairs unit clogged up and he blew it out.
He also serviced the units so they are in good shape.

By the way the current issue of National Geographic
has a neat article on chocolate. IN FACT... it
has a neat chart that shows average consumption
of chocolate per person in various countries. Would
you believe England is one of the highest. The
English consume over 16 pounds of Chocolate
per person per year. WOW! That is compared
to an average of from two to ten pounds in the U.S. It is
a neat article. I wonder how the countries compare on
consumption of pigs and chickens. My friend Bruce
would probably like to know.

Well, I've reread this letter and I think I'll run &
mail it. Otherwise I may never let you see it. Also if
it gets lost in the mail it will be okay... or if it arrives
after you leave England, it will be awhile before it can
be forwarded to you and I can claim temporary insanity!

HEY!! I miss you! The Webster dictionary
defines miss as 1: to fail to hit... no.... 2: young lady,... NO
3: MISS: to discover the or feel the absence of... Ah yes!! I miss you!!

Chris have a good week and a fun, safe return. I love you!!

P.S. It is 11:AM Sat. November 10th. I will
see you in six days, ten hours and
59 minutes, no 58 minutes and 50 seconds, no 40, 30, 20, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5

Love Martin

