

Mrs. James R. Trotter
10855 Darby Avenue
Northridge, California 91324

Sept. 4, 1973

Dear Jane:

Or should I say Dear Your Excellency, a la Kissinger? Belated congratulations on your job and title. I hope that it doesn't involve too much more hard labor.

At long last, League hereabouts has an upcoming event of sufficient interest to encourage me to invite you to it. Our opening L.A. session is to be a luncheon on Monday, Sept. 24, at the Sheraton Universal. It was originally planned as a debate on the governor's tax initiative but the governor declines to appear and since Bob Moretti declines to debate any one at a lower level, we'll be one-sided--the side the League is on anyhow--against the initiative. We co-sponsored a debate between Watson and Moretti last fall on the Watson measure. I'm sure Moretti will be glad to skip the pro-claque which came with Watson last year!

We're meeting at 10 but lunch isn't scheduled until 12, so if you can come, come anytime before 12. I'm going to write Eve, too, and certainly hope you can be my guests. It is too long since we have gotten together.

We have had a wild summer, starting calmly enough with a visit to Omaha for Jim's parents' golden wedding celebration. We drove south to Mexico City, retracing Jim's bike route via Laredo, and ran into enough rain and flooded roads to last any country several years. Of course, matters have grown much worse in Mexico since our return. We managed to miss the earthquakes but

were routed in the wee hours by a fire in our hotel. Despite our difficulties, we enjoyed the trip; Jamie didn't miss a pyramid.

Since coming home, Jamie has had one ailment after another. His doctor sent us to Children's Hospital to check out his eventual diagnosis and the tentative verdict is that he picked up something the doctors there say they've seen only once before in a child: Reiter's syndrome (?) He is rapidly being hooked on aspirin for his arthritic symptoms, and seems to be picking up steam otherwise. Perhaps it's his new bike. We feel like something on a TV medical drama.

I'm back in the writing game again. I swear I worked harder on a four-page monthly publication for LWVLA than on a 48-page paper filled with market ads! It was my first experience with paste-up and dealing with ~~expensive~~ commercial printers. I trust ~~the~~ future issues will come easier.

~~Bye~~ Say hello to Dan. Maybe we can all get together when we all retire. In any case, I do hope you can come down for the Moretti lunch. Let me know by Sept. 14, if you can.

Fondly,

Betsy