

April 24, 1996 - 1062 E 1010 N Orem, UT 84057

Dear Family,

We had a wonderful time in Logan at Mark and Leah's wedding. It was a blessing that most of you were able to be there--missed you, Nancy and Doug, but understand Nancy is dealing with some BIG family developments right now. We are praying all will go right with your delivery. Since we students were all dealing with end-of-term papers and finals the following week, we had planned to drive back from the reunion a day early, but since our kids were able to hitch rides back, Dan and I weighed the options and decided not to miss a ride with Barry and Virginia to see Logan Canyon, Star Valley, the Idaho Falls Temple, and Ricks College for the first time.

It was a great ride. Fresh snow covered all the trees, but not the road; we stopped in Star Valley and browsed for antiques (no buys) and bought some fabulous local cheeses to spread thick on wheat crackers; saw a canyon I must admit outshines what we have around here (no small feat); wondered at the turquoise beauty of Bear Lake; saw more cows, horses and sheep than I've seen in a long time (I found this very refreshing--they all looked so RELAXED); and learned frightful things about the lives of the Woods--like what Virginia teaches her Primary class about the resurrection. Rather unorthodox is all I can say--I'll leave her to explain her way out of that one. The van they got instead of the compact they ordered provided us all with lots of space, great views, and surround-sound classical music we were able to access on a local radio station.

Most of the homes rolling by were small, rural, wood structures, many of them painted in colors vibrant as the lake. We were amazed at how many of these small-townners sported satellite dishes big enough to shade several new-born calves--and their lovely churches and stake houses also said a lot about community values. We sat back, while Barry did the driving, soaked up Pavarotti's exulting, munched on curdles from the world's most-contended, stopped and stepped-out to view whatever caught our fancy, caught up on each other's wild experiences in recent times, and basked in our memory of that feeling in the Logan temple when we saw one more radiant couple start a celestial family. Thanks to you young couples and their parents for valuing this most precious of all our family traditions and inviting us to share in your joy. Thanks, David and Karen, for thinking to reserve that marvelous inn and hold a family reunion--it was great fun, the food was great, and the reception almost as lovely as the bride. I think there was only one family tragedy at the event--when Liz and Marty decided to have a mud fight--but I think they've repented and forgiven each other. (I didn't for a minute believe that story they cooked up about getting their car stuck on a forbidden path--did you?) Seeing Liz tripping up the stairs, holding up her gown, hoping the mud wouldn't drip onto the carpet and Marty holding aloft his mud-soaked shoes did not exactly rival that staircase scene Scarlet and Rhett pulled off. Oh, well. Maybe Daniel will bring home a Southern belle from Atlanta who will teach this family some class.

It was fun to see Nathan--for sure he is turning a few heads around campus--what a tall, good-looking young man--good kid, too. Getting ready for a mission call this summer--I wonder where? Which reminds me--that packet about ancestors near Nantucket that I sent Elder Michael got sent back because he got transferred. Don't they ever forward in that place? I was going to send it back to him with Tracy and forgot to pass it on. Tracy--call me the next time you're here and you can both read it--even though Michael isn't in that area anymore--darn! Fun, though, that you two can be in the same ward--at least for now. Ricks has some beautiful new buildings and impressed me as the kind of place I'd be happy to send my children. While we were greeting Nathan when he came down from his room, we heard a girl's voice call, "Aren't you the Bartholomews?" --turned around to see an attractive young woman we used to know in North Branch ward in New Jersey, now also a frosh at Ricks. Not one to miss a chance to introduce two gorgeous froshes from two BEST families, we introduced Janelle Blodgett to Nathan, and we expect him to

recognize this opportunity for what it was--arranged by angels. I had already figured out in a conversation with Janelle's sister (who I saw two days later on BYU campus) that their ancestor Blodgett was the one who kindly made a coffin for a child our ancestors Moses and Nancy Tracy buried on the plains.

As part of my thesis project, I've collected four or five different life sketches Nancy wrote at various times in her life and for different reasons. Here is one of her accounts of this event: "We had not as yet an organized camp, but we went on until we neared Council Bluffs and camped one afternoon on what was called Mosquito Creek. Our second son, eleven years old, took his fish hook and line as he always did when we camped on a stream and went to the creek. He caught quite a string of fish and came up to the wagon and gave them to his older brother. Then he came to me and said, 'Oh, mother, my head aches so it seems all on fire.' It was about the middle of July and whether it was a sun stroke or brain fever, we could not tell. Of course, we could not travel on. We did everything we could under the circumstances, but he died on the third of August. This was indeed a trying ordeal to have to bury our dear boy here in the wilderness. There were four families who stayed with us. It was night when the boy died, and we were alone in the wagon except my husband's cousin, Orlin Colvin. I happened to have some fine bleached cloth, and I made his clothes and dressed him. Brother Blodgett took the side boards of our wagon and made him a decent coffin. We had funeral services, and he was laid in the silent grave on a little hill not far from where he caught his last fish. There was one other little grave there where someone had buried a child but the grave was not marked."

Coming back was not so much fun. We made it back to Logan about midnight, where Betsy--bless her--was waiting to make sure we got all the keys we had managed to leave around--so we could get home. Tracy, you can thank us for not waking you. We got out of the car at crest of a climb, about 11 p.m. and scoured a clear, black, star-studded sky for the new comet and couldn't find it. But what a view of what was there. Really something. Anyway, we heard Tracy was bringing a telescope, and figured he was going to show us the sky when we arrived at midnight. DON'T EVER SAY WE NEVER SHOWED YOU ANY MERCY. Next time you get jostled out of bed. I felt bad that I didn't get to talk with Tracy more--he arrived about when we left. Dan had very early Sunday morning meetings to attend to (he was set apart by Jack Welch in a beautiful blessing at Alan Ashton's home the week we left for Logan. Dan is now Pres. Ashton's executive secretary for BYU 145th Stake--he has been on the high council this past year, but was released with these new responsibilities. That same week Dan and I went to our local Republican County Convention, and I nominated Dan to be a county delegate. If I might say so, he made what was absolutely the best political speech there--they were asked to each stand up and talk a few minutes about what they stood for--and although he was the most liberal one there, he got elected (if you can believe anybody could get more conservative than Dan--there are some rednecks out here in Orem--I was pretty amazed at what I heard in that meeting. This might now be an international Church, but we certainly don't have an international mentality. All I heard was these three words: "SAVE OUR DOLLARS." Translation: No new technology in Utah; no new transportation; no Olympics; no NAFTA; no foreign aid; no United Nations; no big corporations coming in; no immigration (even into Utah from other States); preserve the status quo (turned back a few years); preserve local government (meaning in the neighborhood--all other government--county, state, interstate, national, international--you name it--it is of the EVIL EMPIRE! I'm pretty conservative, and I'm for strengthening state government and lessening national governmental power; but the more I sat there, the more and more liberal I felt. So now Dan has to represent these people. He actually got up and spoke for NAFTA, as guided by improved free market ideology, and he raised a few hackles, but they still elected him. I figure that's because he was the only one who could see over his stomach to his feet and the only one still dressed in a suit and tie--so he looked official. After all, if you don't have a flat stomach, how can you tell when a tax is good and flat. So now he gets to go to more meetings.)

We were so tired coming home from Logan. We tried every trick in the book to keep from going to sleep at the wheel. What seemed to work best was singing rousing songs together (we stayed away from

"Abide with Me" and such). Too bad you couldn't have been around to be kept awake, too, with our creative renditions of "I've been working on the railroad," and etc. We stopped several times to nod a little--which I hope Daniel and his cousin Nathaniel Tanner are doing now. They left yesterday afternoon to drive the fifteen hours to Nathaniel's home in Kirksville, MO, after both of them got about two hours' sleep that night and the week before--with all the papers, finals, packing, cleaning-out, saying goodbyes, etc. I got about that much sleep, too--catching up from being gone--but it sure was worth it. I tried to talk D & N into staying at our home at least a day and getting rested before they left, but Nathaniel only has a couple of days with his family before they get to drive another nineteen hours to get to Atlanta, where the two cousins will work as salesmen.

The way I understand it, they sell contracts for one year's worth of guaranteed pest control, and for each sale, they get a \$50 commission. I thought, when I heard about it, "Who would buy a whole year's pest control?" Well, we would. Last week we had to pay an exterminator \$200 to give us a year's guarantee, after he sprayed literally mounds of wasps that were swarming all over our New Jersey home. Our renters called and said when they came home from Church, they didn't dare get out of their car to go into the house--there were so many wasps enjoying the sunny side of our house, they could not even see through them to the wood. They were supposedly also crawling under the shingles to build nests. Gives you a very confident feeling about the future of your life's savings. Theoretically they are all now very dead. Now if we had got a year's guarantee last time when we had to pay them to go through and patch our kitchen ceiling to rout out bees that drilled through from outside, we could have called back the same outfit. I think we spent \$300 on that other job. That's \$500 this year, just on bees--that would have bought a lot of hoiney. Nathaniel had a job with this outfit last summer and says they are absolutely legitimate, have offices all over the nation, it is NOT a pyramid scheme, and they pay their employees--who they seem to like to recruit from BYU--and that, in general, they keep their customers happy. I read their literature, but can't remember their name--they are a marketing firm and are hired by Ortho. Last year Nathaniel earned \$18,000 in one summer--enough to buy a used car and support himself in school. He says he'll teach Daniel what he learned, and the both of them aim to make even more this round (Nathaniel says his goal is \$30,000.) This company provides their apartments at about \$250 a month--which is a great blessing, since with the summer Olympics there, Virginia was telling me nobody can find housing and those with houses are leaving them because they can make such phenomenal profits renting them out.

As you probably know by now, Daniel needs to earn a lot because he was accepted at Hebrew University and plans to enter a program of Near East and Language study--it started out as a one-year language experience, but he can apparently switch over to their two-year master's program. This should be quite an adventure. He will go to church at branch meetings held at the BYU Jerusalem Center, which is a short walk from the University. Bruce Van Orden, who was a missionary in my So. German Mission and has been teaching Church History at the "Y" is leaving with part of his family this June to teach at the "Y" Jerusalem Center, and Daniel already knows the director--so it is great to know he will have those contacts. Jerusalem Tour Guide Daniel Rona's son married a Jewish (non-religious, but very good and kind) woman named Claudia, who lives in Salt Lake and has been former teacher and a good friend to Daniel, and helped coach him on the essays he wrote to get into the school, telling him what she thought the professors at Hebrew U. might be looking for in a Mormon from Utah.

Speaking of fortuitous friendships, it was not all that long ago that Daniel told me he had decided his roommate of a couple of years, Dean Wheeler, would make a good match with Zina. That's one way to arrange future convenient connection with your two best friends. By now I'm sure you've all heard the two are engaged and a late June wedding is planned (which Daniel probably will not be able to attend). Daniel once told me that in all the time Dean was his roommate, he did not see one thing he did not like. 'Hard to get a better reference than that! And of course, Daniel thinks the world of Zina. They have been such good friends. It was funny when Dean and Zina broke up--because while they were temporarily not anxious to spend time together, Daniel couldn't see them both at once--so he was alternating spending time

7  
with one and then the other. Tricky business being in the middle of that one. Well, we are thrilled for both and think the world had better watch out for this couple. Dean applied to Berkeley and MIT, could have gone to either, and accepted the offer from Berkeley, which gives him full tuition and \$20,000 to live on next year--or something fabulous like that. They will also be in the Near East--I think the following summer, when Daniel plans to stay--close enough for a visit or two, if I remember correctly (big IF).

Laura was absolutely thrilled to get accepted by the BYU grad program, but is in a quandary now, since she learned she was also accepted by the #1 Social Work school in the country--Columbia. She has always loved New York and is finding this a very difficult decision. She went in to counsel with a prof. at BYU who was educated at Columbia, who at first tried to give some ideas but not express a swaying opinion, but later thought better of it and called up to say Laura would be nuts to pass up such an opportunity. An expensive opportunity, I might say. An old friend of ours is president of New York Stake, so we had Laura call him, and he referred Laura to their single ward's Relief Society President, who is a student at Columbia. From her Laura learned that the tuition is \$10,000 per semester, that most of the women are in their late twenties and most of the men, in their mid-twenties, that some of the LDS men there are gay (surprise, surprise), which makes the men/women ratio even less-equal in terms of dating and marriage opportunity, that Laura can expect to pay \$550 a month rent, if she wants to live in a safe place--so should count on at least \$1,000 living expenses beyond tuition per month and several thousand dollars in travel if she plans to come home at Christmas or summers. That racks up to about \$70,000 for the two-year graduate program. If she gets a degree from BYU, she will probably get a job at the prison or state mental for about \$15,000-20,000 a year. A degree from Columbia would get her a job anywhere for at least \$10,000 more starting salary--but it would take 7 years to pay off the debt, if she can get a student loan backed probably by some sort of lien on the future sale of our New Jersey home. We told Laura to make the decision that is best for her, and we would hope to some day help her pay off the debt. I share all this as a warning of what the rest of you might expect if you are contemplating applying to Ivy League schools. Not cheap. It cost \$50 just to apply--probably the most expensive \$50 we've ever spent. Then there are such issues as personal safety--Columbia is in the middle of one of the worst crime areas of New York. How much does it cost to hire two body guards? Laura has to make the decision this week, so we are praying with her that she will make the right decision.

It's hard to know what to say when Laura asks my advice in this. Part of me wants to keep her safe at home and part of me can see what a contribution she could make with that kind of background (I just this week read in U.S. News and World Report about Dr. Laura Schlessinger's radio talk show. Our Laura just sponsored a homemaking meeting in her "Y" ward, where they reviewed one of Schlessinger's books about 10 misconceptions women have and mistakes they therefore make. This Dr. Laura is a religious Jew, with a Columbia Ph.D. in I think psychiatry, who has achieved quite a following with her no-nonsense approach to the whiners and "victims" in this world, who spend their life blaming others and worrying about the status of their own self-esteem. She says we need more emphasis on character, work, responsibility, and commitment, with less focus on self-esteem, self-fulfillment, and self-indulgence. Some kid called into her radio show, to say he had been married two years, had a baby, and was tired of his wife and wanted to get out of the marriage. She told him he should have considered that possibility before he made the commitment and that he should be man enough to realize the child meant more than how happy he was in his marriage and that his own happiness had more to do with his own attitude than anything his wife did or did not do. After that episode with Alan Trachtenberg, I was glad to read about someone who calls herself a "religious Jew" and to hear a sermon worth hearing from such an influential pulpit. So maybe we should send another Laura to Columbia. On the other hand, from all I hear, BYU has a wonderful Social Work program that certainly is not easy to get into. How wonderful that it's a win-win kind of a choice, if agonizing at this point.

One factor that might fit in here, somewhere, is a new boyfriend Laura actually likes. They've been going out every night on group dates (her roommates and his) for about a week--water-fights, canyon

parties, bowling, movies, and such--but last night he took her out without the others and actually SPENT SOME MONEY on her--which is a novelty around these parts, where the women spend money on the men. He took her to dinner at the Olive Garden and, afterwards to a movie. I don't talk about my kids' social life, so I'll just say he's blond, six foot two, medium build, a returned AP missionary (to Japan) from Texas putting himself through school, a conservative Mormon without being a self-righteous bigot, (Laura's terminology), has a great family, is a chemistry major, and is a year younger than Laura, but "doesn't seem that way." After the movie, they drove around and talked half the night, but he didn't try to stop the car once (you can be sure I asked about that!). One of those kinds she is almost afraid to start dating, she says, because they've been having such a good time friends, then she'd rather keep him as a friend that lose that friendship by engaging in a failed romance, if you get what she means. Sounds good. This is the Laura who has only liked one guy who asked her out all year. I just interviewed him, by interviewing Laura for about half an hour and guess I'll agree to let them go out again (since she always asks my opinion and permission--fat chance). At least a continuing "friendship" is possible, since he will be here this spring and summer. Laura wanted to know if I'd foot the bill if she invited him to Lasagna at her place (and here I thought she just called to talk) and also asked to borrow my Bundt, since he likes pound cake. Laura cooking? Columbia was a gem o'er the ocean. I told her Lasagna sounded cheaper than New York schooling any day--got to sponsor this relationship. Then, again, he might even eat that cooking . . . Tonight they're going to Salt Lake. This guy does not sound boring. Laura's best friend and roommate, Tiera, also got into BYU's grad. Social Work program, and they've found a better (more expensive, unfortunately), but nearby apartment for next year--so there's another incentive to stay. Tune in next month, folks.

Daniel had to leave so fast for his job, which starts Monday, he didn't even get to go to his own graduation. No cap, no gown, no announcements--and only two photos, as he stared at us, unshaved and bleary-eyed, standing by Nathaniel's car, just before they took off for the trip East. We did take them to Brick Oven for lunch before takeoff--that was his big celebration. We are so broke right now, he didn't even get a graduation gift--but he assured us that our putting him up in the Arabic House, so he could learn Arabic--at \$500 a month for the past year-- was reward enough. If I had the money, I would love to give both our kids a lap-top for graduation. Many of the graduate students in our Kennedy program had a lap top and most of the law students do--they are so quiet now, the students can type away right in class, taking class notes--it is the best way to go for any student tackling graduate school. Just one more little expense for students and parents to keep in mind as they plan for the future. I say we send them all to UVSC and teach them how to be plumbers. Then they can actually earn a living with their education!

I got a surprise at the Skyroom Kennedy Center banquet last week, to which our spouses or friends were invited. They gave two awards: one to the best student--which went to Zina's roommate this year, Andrea Du Bois--a convert to the Church from Canada, who for her thesis is constructing a theory of ethics for international relations, based on Emmanuel Levinas (you should read him--VERY interesting and very much in tune with what the gospel teaches). And I got the merit award (translate that to "the geriatric-case, sympathy, we-didn't-think-she'd-make-it-award.") I got up there to collect my \$50 check and for that they asked me to say a few words. I guess they didn't get enough (I guess it was my flat stomach), so at the end of the evening, they also asked me to say the closing prayer. We had a fun time at our table--really great conversation. Got to know the dean of our college and his wife--they told us about all these way-out places to explore in Utah, where we've never been. They seem to be quite the gad-about. If I hadn't had finals, we could have joined them on a trek they had planned for the next day. Anyway, it was very sweet of Sister Valerie Hudson, director of the program, after all the argument I gave her (especially about having to study statistics and quantitative analysis for her class) to give me that way. She joked about it being a token of acknowledgment for my appreciation of the joys of statistical analysis. That got a laugh. She probably considers it the achievement of her life to get me through. Actually, I'm not through. I still have one three-credit class next fall and six credits of thesis, three of which I'll tackle

this summer. I also hope to accredit in British research with the Family History Library this summer. I had thought it might be fun to advertise that I would do research in Leicester county (for pay). That way I could sift out our own people while doing research for others (and of course deduct any time spent extracting it). But Dr. Pratt gave me a dose of reality by assigning me several projects this term that were similar to searches a client might request. I could never charge anybody for all the time this takes. And I can't see that anybody other than a Jon Huntsman could afford to pay even minimum wage for the little bit of information that comes from the hours and hours--even when the researcher knows what he is doing and has a mentor at his shoulder like Brother Pratt.

I got a letter signed by Maren Mouritzen and Pres. Merrill Batemen last week, inviting me to become a Y Group Leader. I was flattered to death and got in my acceptance within the week. A week of training by Church leaders at no cost to me at Aspen camp and then another week with the kids at the end of August up there in the mountain air sounded wonderful to me and wonderful to Dan (no nagging for a full two weeks). However, Laura did not think it sounded wonderful at all. She was horrified. "Mother! Don't you know? They send those letters to EVERYBODY, you know--I got one, too. Do you know what they do? They climb to the 'Y' and stuff like that. Mom, do you think you could even MAKE it to the Y? Trust me, Mom [I am always suspicious of people who start out a sentence with 'Trust me'. The students want slightly older handsome peers to be their leaders. This is a chance to meet the young, bold, and beautiful." I was deeply hurt. I guess I have spent so much time with these kids on campus, I keep forgetting I'm not so young, bold and beautiful. Fortunately, I take the advice of my children. I had them pull my application--BUT NOT BECAUSE I CAN'T MAKE IT TO THE Y ON THE MOUNTAIN, MIND YOU. It has to do with the fact that I do good to those who DESPITEFULLY use me--so I will probably be helping Laura pack for Columbia (she graduates in August); and Daniel has since then said he'll come home for a couple of weeks, end of August, before he goes to Jerusalem for probably two years. They'll need my help pulling them up to the "Y," because by then I'll have lost ten pounds, including adding five pounds of muscle. I'm going to start a strict exercise routine. Tomorrow. Or the next day.

Finals were awful. I had been on medication for bronchitis a week before I went to Logan and it came back with a double-whammy when I got back--along with another miserable bladder infection--some people have an Achilles heel--I have an Achilles bladder--spelled Ach! Killee." Mom says she used to get a lot of bladder infections before she found out she had kidney problems (nephritis) which were sparking the bladder infections. So, since this is at least my fourth round this semester, I'm going in for kidney tests. I only mention this delicately delightful subject, so if any other of you females start having these problems when you get to my age, you'll think "Kidney." If you think that's indelicate, just realize I could have told you about some other problems associated with the joys of menopause. Mom says it took her a long time to get a specialist who could solve it and they put her on sulfa for about four months and she hasn't had the problem since. Anyway, combining that with finals, final projects, and papers--I'M SO GLAD SCHOOL IS OVER. I'm taking spring off so I can clean this house (which is why I'm writing this letter--anything to get out of spring cleaning). I am also putting off calling a member of the bishopric who says he has a church call for me as soon as my finals are over (I've returned to my home Orem ward because Dan goes to a different "Y" ward each week, depending on which meetings he has with the Stake presidency--which ties him up most of Sunday--and I'd rather have the stability of going to the same ward, same time, each Sunday. I followed him to the "Y" ward last year, and it was fun--but at least it was the same ward, same time to meet him each Sunday.

Well, the time has come for our Most-Wanted Ancestor spotlight. Since I've introduced you to the wife-beaters and poorhouse victims, this week we'll get armigerous. Dr. Pratt gave us an assignment that took me two days' library research, where we had to fill out a pedigree on an armigerous family, for which he gave me a card with one fact about the family and from that I got to research a whole bibliography of sources he gave us. We also had to find out the coat of arms for this family, as is often blazoned [written

description] in these histories of the more-landed and more-aristocratic types, and both hatch (draw it with lines and dots going in different directions to show what the colors would be--but in black and white) and trick (draw again, this time just drawing lines out from each charge and abbreviating the Norman-English words for the colors). I had a prejudice about coats of arms as something usually bogus (true) and that has made a lot of money for quacks selling so-called family achievements to non-heirs. But Dr. Pratt showed us that it is quite a science to interpret real ones and is the key to many genealogical/lineage clues. So for a week I studied this heraldry, with all its signs, symbols, codes, and other mysteries and thought I was ready to take the exam, then gleefully forget it forever. I came home from that absolutely awful final and collapsed, but couldn't sleep. So I got up and started extracting into PAF some extra generations back on the Wilders, which connected into our Wilders from a book of compiled New Hampshire genealogies I browsed through when I got bored, studying for finals. Wouldn't you know, this researcher (who provided impressive documentation) found an armigerous ancestor of ours named Nicholas Wilder, who had a manor in Sulham, Berkshire, England. He fathered a whole string of John and Thomas Wilders, who married ancestresses of ours named Eames, Sawyer, WHEELER [Zina, you can't marry Dean--he's a cousin: Thomas Wilder, b. 14 Sep 1644, of Charlestown Massachusetts, died 7 Aug 1716 in Lancaster, MA and married Mary or Marie Wheeler (RIN 2810--those of you who have my PAF disks); Thomas and Mary or Marie Wilder parented Mary Wilder who married Capt. Jabez Fairbanks [Tracy this is the Fairbanks family that built the home in Dedham that is the oldest standing colonial in America that I wanted you to visit while you're in Boston]. Jabez was the son of Jonas, son of Jonathan, son of George. Jonathan built the colonial home. It has a secret tunnel for hiding from Indians, who killed his son Jonas (our ancestor) and another son of his. His son Jabez (our ancestor), who married Mary Wilder, was only five years old when his father was massacred in the attack on Lancaster, 10 Feb 1676. Jabez fathered Thomas Fairbanks, who fathered Joseph, who fathered Mary, who married Francis Jones Jr., a farmer. Francis fathered Betsy, who married Aaron Alexander, who fathered our pioneer ancestor, Nancy Naomi Alexander. Heh, Zina. When you typed her autob. sketch, you didn't know she had an ancestor named Wheeler. Now let's see if it is THE Wheelers in Lancaster. Nice place to visit on a honeymoon.

Here's the abbreviated scoop on these Wilders, as taken from Burke's Landed Gentry, which Helon Henry Tracy says in his mission journal he consulted in a library in England, while looking for his ancestors. Was he looking for the Wilders? I didn't find much else there that can be directly linked: WILDER, Frederick, Esq. of Purley Hall, Sulham, Berks, J.P., b. 2 July, 1832; s. his fa 2 July 1836; . . . but has no issue. Lineage: NICHOLAS WILDER, Esq., living 15 Apr [wouldn't you know, my copy is cut off--I'll have to go find it again]. Anyway, he lived during the reign of Henry VII, 1497, and was father of JOHN WILDER, Esq., who had (with a dau., Agnes, m. Edwards, Esq.) a son and heir, JOHN WILDER, Esq. of Nunhide, in Sulham, Berks, gave Sulham House (lately belonging to John Kent) to son, William, by deed of entail, dated 12 Dec 1582. His will was dated 14 Oct. 1588. By Alice his wife, who, as executrix proved her husband's will 16 Nov. following, he left four sons John, Nicholas, William, and Thomas . . . and so on and so forth.

The Wilder coat of arms is blazoned both in Burke's Landed Gentry and in his book, The General Armory, as follows: "WILDER (Nunhide, Purley Hall, and Sulham, co. Berks; descended from NICHOLAS WILDER, temp. Henry VII.). Gu. [means the background color is red] from a fess or [gold], charged with two barrulets az. [azure] a demi lion ramp. [means it has two paws raised, ready to fight in "rampant" position] issuant of the second. Crest--a savage's head affrontee, couped at the shoulders, the temples entwined with woodbines all ppr. [means "proper"--in natural color]. Motto--"Virtuti moenia cedant." I don't know Latin. This will bear another day at the library--I'll see what I can do to figure this out and produce you a family crest for the next letter, with a translated motto. I like the part about a savage's head--appropriately dignified for such a family as ours. Won't Charlotte be glad when we've all figured out how to hook into e-mail and I can transmit this direct to all of you, instead of expecting her to

copy off all this stuff. Maybe I'll mail this myself in a fit of repentance for being so long winded. Anything but housecleaning and all that.

Our prayers are with you all. 'Got a call at 1:40 p.m., while writing this letter, from Daniel, saying they arrived safely at the Tanners, where they will stay at least a day before taking off for Atlanta. They left about this time yesterday from Provo and took a few naps along the way. Wouldn't that kind of speed have blown the pioneers' minds! 'So glad they're safe.

Everybody pray for Dad. I dropped by yesterday and they had decided not to go to Pres. Bateman's Inauguration Concert because Dad's heart has been skipping a beat in a way that makes him cough each time, and he was feeling very tired. Mom and I looked through calendars and finally found that it was five years ago, in April 1991 that he had his heart-balloon surgery. They told him it usually only lasts two years, so he's way overdo to have it checked out again--which they will do soon. Mom said that when Dad gave his talk last week in Florida to all those people who made so much money off the diamond-making process Dad didn't make any money at, they gave him a rousing, standing ovation. There was one other speaker after Dad, and Mom said when his talk was over there was a long silence, and they they slowly stood up, thinking they had better be kind and stand for him, too--but Mom said it was very gratifying to see the enthusiastic response Dad so well deserved. His model of his new press is done now and is beautiful to look at. Dad demonstrated it to me--it really is neat--it sure does look different to me than his other models. He thinks if he shows this model to this patent guy, he'll finally get the picture that this is a process that is dramatically different and deserves a patent. Hope it works.

I am in mourning right now because Erma Bombeck died. Did you know she wrote a column once in response to a letter I wrote her? I was really mad one year that the family expected us to come west every other year and wouldn't ever vote to come east for a family reunion (this is after we came out several times). So I wrote Bombeck, telling her I figured she was the only person in the world who could put a smile on this problem. She wrote me a letter back and told me it hit a responsive chord in her, as she had had the same experience when she lived away from her home roots, and to look for her column. I looked and looked and never saw it. About fifteen years later, after we moved from New York to New Jersey, I was visit teaching a woman who was griping about a horrible family reunion she had just gone to out west (apparently her home-town sister sat around and read novels, while she got stuck doing the cooking and dishes, etc. at some cabin they rented). She declared through her tears that she wasn't going to another reunion until the family came east, and they were the ones who, for a change, could deal with a week's packing, a week's driving one way, two exhausted weeks' getting used to the high altitude and getting jostled from place to place, a week's return drive, another week's unpacking, and a month's recovery upon return--not to mention the expense. I told her about my experience writing to Erma, but that I had never seen the column. Turns out this visit-teehee had seen that column, clipped it, saved it all those years, could actually find it, and after all that time I got to see it. Funny. By then our family had come east at least once, and I wasn't so frosted anymore--but it was still fun to put in my scrapbook. Of course Mom and Dad were at that earlier point in time flitting all over the world, and it was a little hard to swallow when David said things like, "Well, it's too hard on Mom and Dad to have to travel--we owe it to them to come where they are." Today that might be true. Of course they made it to Florida all right, last week (only set Dad's heart going putty-pididdle). HOWEVER, now that I'm in Utah, I clearly see that David and the rest of you so close at hand were absolutely right. You all out there can just keep coming here for every family event. Poor pity you Erma's not still around to give you solace.

Love, Sherlene

*P.S. Congrats to Emily on her graduation.*

*P.S.S. The Doc says Dad's OK - heart great - skip not to worry. He went from the Doc. direct to the farm! 😊*