

it before she comes home. If all goes as planned, she'll be home at 7:30 p.m. on Friday, January 21 and will report on her mission in Sacramento meeting on January 30.

Dad Hall treated all the Halls in the Provo area to dinner at Chuckarama again this year. Mom Hall didn't feel up to coming to the dinner, but she was able to come over to Nancy's afterwards for the family get-together. It was good to see Charlotte and Bryan and their children, who were here for Christmas this year -- they stayed with Doug and Nancy. Bryan ran into Robert once at the Portland temple and gave him and his companions some names for proxy work which he was doing for someone in his ward. One of Doug's friends or neighbors played Santa Claus and was pretty funny. He made each of the kids sit on his lap and answer whether they'd been good and say what they wanted for Christmas. When he asked Lili if she'd been good, she said "don't you know?" And when he asked what she wanted, she said "didn't you get my letter?" Have we raised a bunch of smart-alecks, or what?

On Christmas Eve Betsy, HT, Susanna, Alex, Andy, Spencer, and I all took turns reading the Christmas stories in the New Testament and the Book of Mormon. I guess we've outgrown putting on a pageant -- or maybe it's just because we didn't have our Mary. When Alex read about the angels praising God and singing he got choked up, and that got me choked up. How blessed we are to have children who are sensitive to the Holy Spirit!

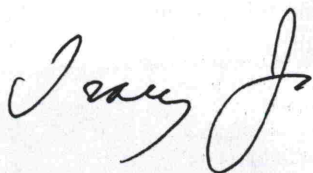
Betsy not only did all of the Christmas shopping this year -- she provided the Christmas budget, too, from her job at the Library. I really am grateful to her. (I've reduced my hours -- and taken a corresponding pay cut -- at Novatek in order to give me time to work on cold fusion.) I guess the biggest deal was a CD-ROM drive for the computer. However the outfit from which we ordered a bunch of CD-ROM software messed up our order, and it still hasn't arrived. Also, most of the software for CD-ROM requires a high-resolution video mode under Windows, and it took us two days to figure out how to get that running. The one game we got on Christmas proved to be a dud, but Betsy was able to return it for one which the kids seem to be really enjoying. The game has something like 1800 high-resolution video screens. The production crews for some of the computer games that are coming out now appear to be as large as those required to produce a movie.

My first series of cold fusion experiments produced no excess heat, and it's taken me several weeks of study, but I've finally figured out the next approach to take in my cold fusion experiments. I hope to get the experiment put together and running this month. After reading a bibliography of some 1600 articles and papers published in the field I'm gratified to know that my ideas haven't been entirely pre-empted, and that there is still room for me to make a contribution. The people I approached for funding have been waiting for a detailed proposal from me, and I'll be submitting that to them soon. I'm really grateful to Dad for giving me some of his scarce space at the shed for my experiments. I'll move out as soon as I secure funding.

I'm looking forward to teaching from the Old Testament in gospel doctrine class this year. The first lesson in my new manual reminded us that Pres. Benson has asked us not to read the Book of Mormon only once every 4 years, but to read from it daily. When I started again last week in First Nephi, I was surprised by a real outpouring of the Spirit. I really know of no way to get closer to the Lord than in feasting from the Book of Mormon. (I've been using Robert's marked-up copy, and it's been an added treat to share his experience with that wonderful book).

It's no secret that Pres. Benson is severely afflicted with the ravages of old age. Since his wife has passed away, I've wondered if it hasn't been his greatest desire to join her. I've wondered why the Lord won't release him. Are we holding him here with our prayers? Does the Lord need him alive because he wants Pres. Hinckley and Pres. Monson to continue in their present roles? Or is the Lord just waiting for us to really follow the counsel Pres. Benson has given us? Perhaps part of President Benson's calling is to hang on until we've shown that we are really willing to follow him. Whatever the case, I've just had my testimony of the Book of Mormon renewed in a wonderful way, and I thank the living prophet for putting me in touch again with those ancient prophets.

Love,



Tracy Jr.

Dear Family,

Friday, January 7, 1994

(This letter is adapted from one I wrote to Zina, Mary, and Robert).

Happy new year! It was really great to talk to each of our missionaries at Christmas. I just wish we could have found a way to enable them to talk to each other, too. Maybe next Christmas? Here's a bit of what I remember from each:

We spoke with "Mary Christmas" Eve our time, which was Christmas morning in Japan. She had been called in to Nagoya to sing "O Holy Night" for a special Christmas program but was then back in Takaoka. The program was going to have been televised, but that didn't materialize. She told us that she didn't feel like she sang very well, but Elder Brown, who had called us the previous day from the mission office at the instruction of her mission president to tell us where we could reach her on Christmas Day, volunteered that she had sung at the program and that she had really sung beautifully. (Mary had called us earlier to give us the phone number and time where we could reach us, as she was going to be transferred, but then her mission president held up the transfer for a few days so that she could attend a baptism in her first area). Her new senior companion is native Japanese, and I hope that she's able to help Mary with the language. Although the elders have worked in Mary's new area for some time, they will be the first sisters to work there. It's in a mountain valley, and it looks like she's in for a cold winter. Her mission president has expressed a lot of confidence in her and has challenged her to learn all the lessons in a hurry, because he'd like to see what she can do before he returns home next summer. Her new address is:

Hall Mary Shimai [Sister Mary Hall]  
I-304 Itakadai  
Meito-ku Nagoya-shi  
T465 Japan [You should write a bar over the T]

Without Santa's usual helpers (a/k/a Zina and Mary), Betsy had to dig to the bottom of the barrel, so I wrapped presents for Betsy on Christmas Eve, and we actually got to bed not long after midnight. Incredibly, Andy and Spencer slept in Christmas morning. So who awakened us on Christmas morning? Robert! (Actually, I was already awake: I just had to rib him.) Members had invited him and his companion to breakfast, so I hope we didn't make him miss breakfast by keeping him on the phone so long. (We ended up speaking about an hour to each of you.) Robert said one of the things he misses most is not having anyone who will listen to his deep thoughts. I pray that the Lord will bless him with companions that will be more like brothers to him. He had been working in an area adjacent to Beaverton known as "Aloha," which was split off from his first area, but just after Christmas he was transferred to Milwaukie (Robert's spelling) to replace an elder who couldn't get the spirit of missionary work and was going home. He spent that last day with that missionary and his companion and really felt a lot of grief for him. Robert had to have additional surgery on his in-grown toe-nail last month but says it's doing fine now. He prefers that his mail be sent to the mission office:

Elder Robert L. Hall  
13635 NW Cornell Rd. Ste. 100  
Portland, OR 97229

We spoke to Zina Christmas night (her time). She had been transferred to Brussels. She and Soeur Thatcher were really working well together and her mission President had told her he would probably leave her in Namur for the remainder of her mission. But she was really happy because she had always wanted to work in Brussels. Things can change fast in the mission field, can't they? In Brussels she at first had a brief caretaker assignment with a sister who was recovering from a nervous breakdown, but she now is with a different companion. We learned about the latest change last week when Mom called her. Zina's tried so hard not to be "trunky" -- I hope we haven't made it too hard for her. But we are REALLY eager to see her. She still hadn't gotten her Christmas package from us, and her letters from us lately have taken more than two weeks to arrive. There's been extensive flooding along the Rhein rivers and its tributaries, and this may have been holding up the mail. Or maybe the Christmas rush always causes a big slow-down of the mail in Belgium. Hope she gets

know what I was doing, so how could I counsel anyone else, but she seemed to think I was going to get that all figured out by the time the Conference starts. Let's hope so.

Reminisce magazine actually wrote saying they hope to someday publish one of the two articles I sent them. I haven't heard yet on the Gold Standard article, though they've sat on it five or six weeks. Also, the editor of New Era has expressed interest in an idea I queried with them, so I've been invited to write that up. I wrote a long article about Dad's diamond-making experience, since we had about given up hope that that author of the book on diamond-making was ever going to actually publish. I just about had Dad's permission to go ahead with it when this author called, saying the book was now in print. So, I got scooped--but I'm glad--better from someone else than his daughter. Though, some day, mind you, a daughter's insights will be sought after. I might do up a piece my teacher liked about Dad's acorn-scavenging activity and suggest the "Y" Magazine print it up alongside a review of that book. Dad, don't you dare say "No." I would have had that other article published, if he'd been more cooperative. When my article writing teacher called my write-up a "gem," Dad changed his tune a little. Heh, heh.

I haven't seen the book yet, though I ordered two copies from Dad, but Mom says the author said G.E. missed out by handling the diamond-making as a "team" effort, because he felt Dad would have received the Nobel Prize, had he been given credit. Also, in talking about future achievements at G.E., the author always made it a point to mention that the work was done in "Tracy Hall's belt apparatus." He also documented how that "seed" of Herb Strong's was a natural diamond chip, all along, and not the first diamond synthesized by man. Hurrah! About time the truth was out.

I hope you all had a joyful holiday. I'm sure you heard we had a fun Christmas party at Nancy's, complete with a visit from Santa. We missed you outof-towner's, Vir and Liz, with your families. Mom did not come to the dinner at Chuckorama, because she was still being careful after that blood clot she got when she visited Elizabeth. But she did come to the party, and we elevated her legs--she seems to be doing fine. This weekend, Mom and I are going to hear a BYU Women's talk by Chieko Okozaki, which should be marvelous. I gave Mom her book, Lighten Up, which Liz recommended to me--so now I can go read it, now that she is through. I bought Lund's 4-vol. set, The Work and the Glory for our family. It is a fictionalized story based on carefully researched and documented church history. I'm enjoying it especially as a view into the lives of our ancestors who were in Kirtland, Nauvoo, Missouri, and then crossed the plains. Mom has read Vol. I, I've read II, and we're exchanging soon.

I drove Mom to Salt Lake last week, so we could visit a Turnbaugh cousin of hers. This cousin told of a visit her husband received from a deceased sister, who told him Barbara Ann Robinson's maiden name was McClain. This cousin says she knows Barbara Ann was married first to an Isaac Turnbaugh, but can't document it. We had a lovely visit. Mom is really off on the Turnbaughs. I am having a ball going to school, but severely miss being able to do more genealogy. There are not enough hours or years in this life.

The neighbors here are wonderful. We received holiday treats from all over the ward--it took me a whole day just to write all the thank-you notes, not to mention the month it will take to lose all those calories (who's complaining?).

We look forward to your letters. HAPPY NEW YEAR! Love, Sherlene & family

January 9, 1993 - 1062 E 1010 N - Orem, UT 84057 - (801)223-9911

Dear Family,

All is well here. Daniel and his quite-serious girlfriend have put things on hold--both deciding they should play the field a little more, with her helping that decision by going out with an "old friend." So, he has lined up dates with two new interests this weekend. I'm glad I'm through with the dating "game." Laura is having a marvelous experience in Ecuador. She called day after Christmas, and she sounds enthusiastic, healthy, motivated, and happy. She got a rash on her arm that needed treatment--otherwise she is fine, so far as we know. She sent a photo of her companion and her, and I thought they both looked like angels. She has lost ten pounds already, though--we are hoping this does not continue. They experience at least two baptisms a week and are now teaching a married couple, both dentists. The problem is keeping them active and involved after baptism. Zina is coming home soon. Daniel has already chosen what he hopes will be her first date.

Dan is still very busy with work, and I have signed up for more classes than ever. I am taking New Testament (from Acts on) from Richard Anderson, Family History from George Durrant, LDS Lit. from Eugene England (it cost a small fortune just to buy all the books he requires), a continuing Writing Your Family History Course and also an editing internship course from Don Norton, Fitness and Weight Control from Garff Babcock, and an evening writing course for a total of 12 credits. It's more than I can handle, but I can't stand to give any of it up. Last term I got 3 As and a B+. Not bad for an old fogeylike me. This term I'm already a week behind.

I was also just called by our bishop to teach the Family History Class in Sunday School. We had planned to meet in the bishop's large office, because he said eight people usually sign up for this. But 24 signed up, 30 showed up, and now we are in the R.S. room--the gospel doctrine class moved over to the cultural hall. I taught the first time this Sunday on the new schedule. Our bishop held Sacrament Meeting to a full hour and a half, and by the time everybody meandered into class, I had about 20 minutes to cover an hour's worth of material. It's too short! But I gave them so many hand-outs, they can get most of it on their own time, if necessary.

I cried about their decision not to leave me with my CTRBs, though. I had assumed that with the New Year, I would move up with the same class, which had several disturbed children in it, but by getting a team teacher in there, we were able to keep order, win them over, and turn it into an involved and meaningful class. I had an interesting Primary counsellor over me in this Primary position. She tried to turn the Primary board into a social club or something with all these cute little activities for the adults, which I ignored. She didn't like that. It bugs me when politics gets into the Primary. Murmur, murmur. They lost a darn good teacher. Humility and all that. They wanted me to take the large, incoming nursery group. I volunteered for quite a bit of nursery in the East, and since I had only had this class a few months, after three other teachers quit within the previous year, it just made sense to continue when we had a good thing going. Rather than take the nursery group another round, I volunteered for this family history class, but the bishop at first said, "No." He was going to tell this Primary counselor who the bishop was and insist that I stay with my seven-year olds. So I was a little surprised when the Family History class call came, which he insisted was a call uninfluenced by the Primary situation. I didn't ask for details--maybe I should have. When you know you're indispensable, it's hard to get dispensed. Bahumbug!

Last week they asked me to be a "presenter" at the upcoming BYU Women's Conference. A friend, Jeannie Inouye, is chairman of the event--she knew I was lying low; and I had already told Sydney Reynolds to do me a favor and get me off their list, so they had an old friend from way back, Bobbe Tanner Graham, call me. We were on the Beehive manual Writing Committee a hundred years ago and both got married on the same day. I told Bobbe I already had a turn and to ask someone new, but she persisted. I am supposed to discuss the topic of what a woman does at my age when her children have left the nest. How do I know? I told them I didn't

January 11, 1993

To: All of You

From: All of us at the Neil's

Doesn't it feel good to have all the Christmas decorations put away? I love having them out, but nothing beats the great feeling of having them all boxed up and put away, and getting the house back to normal. (Kind of nice to send the kids back to school, too.) It was fun having Greg and Emily home, though. Tough to send *them* back to school! I tried to nag them just enough so it wouldn't be too hard for them to go back.

Emily is preparing for her Sophomore Recital. You Utah people, please set aside the evening of March 8th (Tuesday) at 9:00 p.m. to come. She would love to have all of you there to pack the place with a friendly audience! She was playing some of her pieces for us when she was home--sounded pretty good. Marty and I will be coming up for a day or two then.

Greg sold some of his good baseball cards to Marty so he could buy a four-track tape recorder. He wants to record all his rock music compositions. Some of his songs are quite good, and he enjoys it as a hobby. Pretty handy to have a dad who likes baseball cards, I'd say--'specially since Forbes Magazine says that the bottom has fallen out of the card market!

I figure I made about 25 pounds of chocolates this year. I have quite a bit of dipping chocolate left, so I plan on making more for Valentines. They were very good, if I don't say so myself. Gained a few pounds because of them. Fattening hobby. I should take up ceramics, like Nancy.

The Los Altone's concerts went very well this year. We had big crowds both nights. We did a "Family Night" concert on Monday evening, which was really well attended. We figured that at least a quarter of all the audience were non-members, too. The tough part about having the concerts over is that I have to find something useful to do with myself now. Not that I don't have projects that need doing--it's just tough to get up the gumption to get at them.

Erin is taking singing lessons now, and is talking about how she thinks she wants to major in vocal performance in college. Don't know what to do about all those violin lessons--which she doesn't want to quit. Maybe she could sing and fiddle at the same time. Erin has made her bed every day since the new year has started, gone to Seminary every morning (with dry hair, too!) and is doing more practicing. I'm not sure what to think--or how to act. I don't know if I can stand it, not to be able to nag any more. What are mothers for, anyway? Well, I guess there's still the laundry and cooking.

Hope all of you are well. We've managed to avoid the flu, so far. (Knock on wood.) Have a great month!

Love,

Jan 8, 1994

Dear Family:

I hope the rest of you haven't been as absentminded about writing your monthly Hallinanack. Tracy and I have the excuse of age--what's yours?

Update: When we got home from California we came directly to the lab at the Central Utah Medical Clinic to draw some more blood to test its thinness for Dr. Wynn Hemmert, our internist. I saw him the next day and I am now on 2.5 mg of cumarin, a blood thinner. Dr. Hemmert first had me take 2.5 mg once daily and then an extra dose of 2.5 on Sunday, but this made my blood too thin and so I am back to 2.5 daily.

Dr. Hemmert says this often happens after a long airplane ride (the ride to San Jose wasn't that long--it was just waiting to happen.)

Apparently SITTING IS HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. The only time I could think when I had been doing a lot of sitting was trying to get this John Turnbaugh line straitened up. So--if you are in a job where you sit a lot--get up often and move around. Don't sit longer than one hour. If you go on a trip, wiggle your toes and feet during the ride and get out and walk around every hour, especially if you are the driver. If there is more than one driver in the car, change every hour.

This is especially true if you are over 30, but you younger ones can be subjects too.

I feel very blessed. Tracy and Marty gave me a blessing and before that happened I was quite anxious, but after the blessing I didn't worry.

The nurses in the hospital were all very nice and the service was good. We haven't received any of the bills yet--Ignorance is bliss.

Good news on the John Turnbaugh line. There is a man in S.L. who I haven't met personally, but have talked on the phone with. He is descended from Isaac, son of John Turnbaugh and Margaret (the first couple on the line) and has done extensive research trying to get info on John and Margaret. We are descended from the brother of Isaac, John Turnbaugh and Barbara Robinson. I did some work from the material he sent me and ruled out the John Turnbaugh who stayed in Pennsylvania, John Mathias, who came from Germany in 1944. However, there was another, unidentified (wouldn't you know) John

Turnbaugh who came on the same boat as John Mathias. I will probably contact one of the authors of the book I bought last spring when we visited Virginia as soon as I do a little more digging.

We had a wonderful Christmas. Thank you for your gifts. And thanks, all you grandchildren, who have sent Thank you cards. We appreciate them--it's an extra Christmas gift to hear from you personally. One thing that is not hard to find in your home now, is a multitude of flashlights.

I will have to be on cumarin for a few months. Hope it takes care of the clots in my leg. I am thinking of taking up water walking (in the BYU pool) instead of at the BYU track.

Love Ya.

Grandmother Hall

Weight Family, January 18, 1994

Dear Family,

I apologize for getting the Hallmanac out so late this month!!

Hannah played juror #5 in the play "Twelve Angry Men". There were 14 performers in the play and they did a great job. It is a serious play, takes place in the juror room and has a lot of dialog. It was incredible that the kids knew most their parts as they only had a few cues outside their lines. There was very little on/off stage movement. Hannah played a young, slum born woman. She kept her character very well and will probably always be remembered for a frightful scream she let out when a fellow juror pulls out a switch blade.

Hyrum started basketball practice and his first game is this week. We gave the children a basketball standard for Christmas and they have been out in the driveway shooting baskets.

Our trip to Utah was very enjoyable!! Nancy, Doug and family put us up comfortably and made us feel at home. We really appreciate all they did for us while we were there! It was great to visit with all the Utah families and attend Grandpa and Grandma Hall's Christmas party. The dinner at Chuck-A-Rama was delicious and the party at Nancy's house was great fun! Nancy and Doug arranged for a visit from Santa Clause and each grandchild sat on his lap. It was delightful to hear their exchanges with Santa! Bryan took a picture of each grandchild that was there and I will enclose them in this letter.

That's about all for now. Thanks for your letters!

Love,

Charlotte