

*Dartmouth*

my room, which meant I couldn't set up the overhead projector (for some old ones I dug up), which she had promised to have set up for me, but didn't. I thought my first session was LOUSY--so of course that was the one that was filled to the brim. The second session, for some strange reason, was much smaller, and of course that was the one that went much better. Dan, bless him, arrived on time to help me get all my stuff cleared out of there in the ten minutes I had before the next teacher came in for the next session. I did not stay for the rest of the conference. I did stay long enough to meet a cousin Jackson who was in my second session. He said roots were from Parowan and Toquerville and that his father had done Jackson research for years and had traced them far into England. Sort of exciting. I left a message on his father's machine, but haven't heard from him yet. <sup>11</sup> That turns out to be a good lead, I guess it was worth all the agony. But I came home swearing I shall never, ever, ever get involved in these speaking engagements again. I did not even try to go anywhere Sunday. I stayed home and slept until about noon--at which time I got interested in copying off materials for Michael and, since I had borrowed that album I put together for Mom and Dad's 50th 'Wedding celebration to show the BYU students (their request was that I talk about family history-in-the-making), I decided to type excerpts from all the letters into Mom and Dad's PAF notes, before I returned it. Of course I got carried away and was typing until 1 a.m. this morning and only got half through--but now you will all have that the next time I distribute disks. Those letters were wonderful. I got quite homesick typing all the memories from the Schenectady people.

Dan and I watched "While You Were Sleeping" Saturday night, after my big collapse. That's cute one--especially the part about a certain pencil stabbing. But then there has to be a little violence in every movie that doesn't show a lot of navel. This Friday Dan and I are going to the Fine Arts Ball being sponsored by Virginia and Barry's old friends, the Christensens--he is now dean of the school. If it's as good as last time, it should be a real smasher of an evening. We are also looking forward to Emily's senior recital in a couple of weeks and to Mark and Leah's Logan Temple wedding and, thanks to David and Karen's generosity, the accompanying hotel stay and family reunion.

I did have a major genealogical find this month. I had never been able to find Thomas Burdett Sr. and family in the 1841 British census. This was important, because I had two birth certificates for two daughters of theirs, both as "Mary Ann," but born three years apart--yet both indicated the parents as Thomas Burdett and Elizabeth, formerly Shenton. Was this a clerk mistake or did one Mary Ann die, or was this one of those cases (that do exist often there) where two children had the same name because one was named after a blood grandparent and one was named after a godparent with the same name (or the other grandparent, also with the same name). This is a pain, but I decided I had to do a 10-20 mile radius search, which meant I went through the parish register of every town. It meant a couple of days and nights in the library, but guess what I found: Thomas Burdett Sr., wife Elizabeth, Thomas Jr. at age 13 (he's the older man sitting down in that five-generation photo we have that also shows our ancestress Emma Maria sitting down) and the other children--and their ages proved that one of those Mary Ann's was actually Maria--so one of my Mary Ann's was a clerk copy error or a father so shaken he reported his daughter's name wrong. Guess where they were? In the Enderby parish poorhouse. No wonder I couldn't find them in Countesthorpe. This is wonderful because if they are in the poorhouse, that means there are Enderby poorhouse records that will tell lots (that we probably don't want to know) about this family. The films are not at BYU, and I have been anxious to go to Salt Lake to check this out, but couldn't last week with all those talks to worry about. Next week. Anyway, the very next class period, Dr. Pratt starts talking about the different social classes and concludes by advising us that "of course, the lowest of the low were those in the poorhouses" (called "Workhouses"). When I told him about what I found at the end (really) of a street called "Beggar's Lane," he told me they never would let a whole family like that, with seven children (the youngest only one year old) stay together. It was the policy of these workhouses to make it as miserable as possible to be there, so people would only go there as a very last resort (because the parish that admits them has to sponsor them). They would take a family like that and divide them up into some seven camps, depending on their condition and ability, and then proceed to work them to death for a few crumbs of bread. Dad says his father told him that Thomas Burdett Jr. (the man in the 4-generation photo) was the kindest man--he would give the shirt

caught the attention of people all around me. Very embarrassing, but I did not totally lose consciousness--just thought I would. Then, I'll be darned, if a similar incident didn't happen that afternoon when I got some crumbs in the wrong throat and choked until I vomitted all over everything and had to shower again and change clothes, just after I had got all ready--early I thought, for my presentation. When I sat down at the computer, all I could see were spots before my eyes, and for a minute worried that all that choking had detached a retina or something. I prayed all the way to the talk that I could just make it to their bathroom in time. It was awful. So, I was carrying out this load of materials that reached up to just beneath my eyes, when I learned that because of construction, I was going to have to balance my way on only two thin boards, half way around the "Pizza Hut" conference center in the middle of those apartments, after climbing a flight of stairs to get up there. I felt so weak and shaky, anyway, that was the final blow. I was sure I would faint and fall off that platform. I took a deep breath and played the balancing act and was only able to make it through the door because of someone about knocked me off the board, opening it in my face. Maybe the scare dried up my abdominal upheavals. I didn't have any more symptoms until the talk was over, and the kids seemed so interested and excited--they swarmed around afterwards, asking all sorts of questions. It was really a miracle and wonder. Then I went home and was sick again all night and got hardly any sleep.

By Saturday morning I was a total wreck. I had a test Friday that lasted until noon and, after sick night, was studying at 5 a.m. for that. Friday afternoon I just finished my outline, thinking I had left two hours to go make overheads for my presentation at the "Fair," and then started seeing spots in front of my eyes again. So I went to the phone, which I had taken off the hook so I could concentrate, to call Dan to ask if he could come and give me a blessing (instead of going to basketball after work) and, as I picked up the phone, a man's voice said, "Please hang up your phone so your daughter can call you. She has been in an automobile accident.

To make LONG story short, Laura had been crossing three lanes of stopped traffic to go over the D's, two lanes making room for her to get across, with the drivers waving her on--giving her the impression that the third lane, which looked clear from where she was, REALLY was. Needless to say, she met another car quite dramatically. Our Nissan had been in the shop a week and a half getting a new, used transmission (at \$1600), and the first day we had two cars again, this happened. The other car could drive away, but our Honda was crunched on the passenger side, and the right tire bent, it had to be towed away. I kept telling myself that Laura and the mother and child in the other car could have been killed--but then took care of Laura, anyway, once I got my hands on her. Thanks be for insurance and a deductible that is only \$200. Just the same, it's another week or two with one car and four drivers. And, needless to say I did not get those necessary hours of talk preparation, as planned. The police wanted to know where to tow the car, so they could clear traffic and I paged Dan at the Richards building, where he by then was in the middle of basketball, to ask where to take it. He suggested I call an auto body shop to order a tow and to ask their opinion. They gave several alternatives, and after that I could not reach Dan for two hours. I assumed he had got dressed and gone down to help Laura and look after the car. FAT CHANCE! He went back to his basketball. I am happy to report that he got his just desserts and got smashed in the nose for going off to play and leaving me to handle this whole mess. So now we need to do bodywork in more places than one. Laura, fortunately, was able to get a roommate to take her home, and I went to pick up Dan to bring him home and found him with a bandaged face, which did not deter him from wanting to drop by a wedding reception then starting. I sat out and steamed in the car while he, under threat of death, did not go in more than three minutes--long enough to wave between guests at the bride and groom. By then more than just my intestines was in commotion. When I got home, I found out that in my anxiety over the accident (and also while using a new system of exiting, since my hard disk went dead and Dan loaned me his system), I had somehow lost my whole talk outline, quotes, notes, somewhere inside the computer. Dan stayed up until two a.m. trying to help me retrieve it, and then I had such a headache, I decided to get some sleep and get up early. Fortunately, I got ready first, because when I was finished at 7, the insurance people called (by then Dan had gone to the temple with his mother), and so instead of preparing my talk, I got to deal with the insurance people all morning. Dan, bless him, came back in time to help me set up at the Church, but during my quiet time before the conference began, the director of the "Fair" decided to hold a conference in

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