

Date: Tuesday, November 11, 1997 3:12:57 AM
From: HTHALLJR
Subj: phase rule

It's snowing hard right now, and if it keeps up, I'll be snowed in by morning! It was interesting to watch the temperature as I drove up the canyon. It was raining at the mouth of the canyon, at 42F, and when the temperature hit 35 F, about half-way up, it was sleet. As soon as it hit 32F, it was snow, and it stayed 32 F through the snow the rest of the way up the canyon.

Gibb's phase rule is being observed here: as long as three phases are present (water vapor, ice (snow) and liquid water, the temperature will be 32F. Only when all traces of water are gone from the snow -- i.e., when it is really dry "powder", can the temperature drop below 32F. Useless fact for the day.

In my day, before the the phase rule, snow was so hot you had to wear an asbestos snow suit!

Love,

Tracy

Date: Tuesday, November 11, 1997 1:45:52 AM
From: drb@itsnet.com
Subj: Fwd: In my day...
To: IRHall@aol.com
cc: HHallChem@aol.com, hthalljr@aol.com, neilfam@ix.netcom.com, nathan44@aol.com, bwie@hevanet.com, hthall@math.byu.edu, MMQCHall@aol.com, EXPANDEX@aol.com, osdhallb@spinach.msc.huji.ac.il, lbandbw@itsnet.com, en5@email.byu.edu, shall@pol.org, bartc@byu.edu, erik.brondum@m.cc.utah.edu, Ritafb@juno.com, RTanner@truman.edu, jenny.bart@juno.com, arb33@email.byu.edu, actuarybob@juno.com, Shirleen@juno.com, nnpope@hotmail.com, cobjwb@srv.net, Su@worldnet.Att.Net, mary_lee_call@juno.com, junebb@juno.com, Mat25@email.byu.edu, hs+2@email.byu.edu, etn2@email.byuu.edu, rKirby@itsnet.com, rulon@worldnet.Att.Net, Okiishi@aol.com

>From: HTHALLJR@aol.com

>Date: Mon, 10 Nov 1997 15:11:05 -0500 (EST)

>Subject: Fwd: In my day...

>

>Date: 97-11-10 14:28:11 EST

>From: kathryn@gr.ihc.com (Kathryn Bartholomew)

>

>----- Begin Included Message -----

>

>The Washington Post Report from Week 228, in which you were asked to tell

>Gen-Xers how much harder you had it in the old days...

>

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>

>**Second Runner-Up:

>
>/In my day, we couldn't afford shoes, so we went barefoot. In the winter we
>had to wrap our feet with barbed wire for traction.

>
>(Bill Flavin, Alexandria)

>
>
>
>****First Runner-Up:**

>
>/ In my day we didn't have MTV or in-line skates, or any of that stuff. No,
>it was 45s and regular old metal-wheeled roller skates, and the 45s always
>skipped, so to get them to play right you'd weigh the needle down with
>something like quarters, which we never had because our allowances were way
>too small, so we'd use our skate keys instead and end up forgetting they were
>taped to the record player arm so that we couldn't adjust our skates, which
>didn't really matter because those crummy metal wheels would kill you if you
>hit a pebble anyway, and in those days roads had real pebbles on them, not
>like today.

>
>(Russell Beland, Springfield)

>
>
>
>****And the winner of the velour bicentennial poster:**

>
>/ In my day, we didn't have no rocks. We had to go down to the creek and wash
>our clothes by beating them with our heads.

>
>(Barry Blyveis, Columbia)

>

>
> **Honorable Mentions:
>
>/ In my day, we didn't have dogs or cats. All I had was Silver Beauty, my
> beloved paper clip.
>
> (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
>
>/ When I was your age, we didn't have fake doggie-do. We only had real
> doggie-do, and no one thought it was a bit funny.
>
> (Brendan Bassett, Columbia)
>
>/ Back in the 1970s we didn't have the space shuttle to get all excited
> about. We had to settle for men walking on the crummy moon.
>
> (Russell Beland, Springfield)
>
>/ In my day, we didn't have days. There was only time for work, time for
> prayer and time for sleep. The sheriff would go around and tell everyone when
> to change.
>
> (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)
>
>/ In my day, people could only dream of hitchhiking a ride on a comet.
>
> (David Ronka, Charlottesville)
>
>/ In my day, we didn't have fancy health-food restaurants. Every day we ate

>lots of easily recognizable animal parts, along with potatoes drenched in
>melted fat from those animals. And we're all as strong as AAGGKK-GAAK Urrgh.
>Thud.

>

>(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

>

>/ In my day, we didn't have hand-held calculators. We had to do addition on
>our fingers. To subtract, we had to have some fingers amputated.

>

>(Jon Patrick Smith, Washington)

>

>/ In my day, we didn't get that disembodied, slightly ticked-off voice saying
>'Doors closing.' We got in the train, the doors closed, and if your hand was
>sticking out it scraped along the tunnel all the way to the Silver Spring
>station and it was a bloody stump at the end. But the base fare was only a
>dollar.

>

>(Russell Beland, Springfield)

>

>/ In my day, we didn't have water. We had to smash together our own hydrogen
>and oxygen atoms.

>

>(Diana Hugue, Bowie)

>

>/ In my day, we didn't have Strom Thurmond. Oh, wait. Yes we did.

>

>(Peg Sheeran, Vienna)

>

>/ Kids today think the world revolves around them. In my day, the sun

>revolved around the world, and the world was perched on the back of a giant
>tortoise.

>

>(Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

>

>/ Back in my day, '60 Minutes' wasn't just a bunch of gray-haired liberal
>80-year-old guys. It was a bunch of gray-haired liberal 60-year-old guys.

>

>(Russell Beland, Springfield, & Jerry Pannullo, Kensington)

>

>/ In my day, we didn't have virtual reality. If a one-eyed razorback
>barbarian warrior was chasing you with an ax, you just had to hope you could
>outrun him.

>

>(Sarah M. Wolford, Hanover)

>

>

>----- End Included Message -----

>=====

>

>And in MY day, we had to wait WEEKS for jokes to cross the country!

>

>Tracy

>

>

>

----- Headers -----

11/14/97

America Online : HHallChem

Page 5

Date: Wednesday, November 12, 1997 1:17:45 AM
From: HTHALLJR
Subj: stuck at 32 F and snow-bound

Dear (LIST),

Well, after my lie about how hot snow used to be in MY day, before Gibb's phase rule, I guess I got my come-uppance!

We got 16 inches of cold stuff here last night (2 miles above Sundance, as the drunken crow flies), and I am snowed in! I got into my non-asbestos snow suit, shoveled for an hour, and made hardly a dent in the driveway -- just cleared the huge pile in front of the garage where the snow slides off the roof.

Wet snow can be amazingly strong! There was a section of 14-inch thick snow that had crept slowly off the roof but had been prevented from dropping by its proximity to an inside corner. The slab was four feet long, hanging vertically under its own strength. I finally knocked it off by standing on a step ladder and jabbing at it with a 10 foot pole. (Had I not knocked it off, it would have eventually turned into a humongous icecicle and ambushed me.)

Finally I decided to try getting out without shoveling. The driveway is 1/4 mile long and has at least a 15% slope in places. In a high-center, 4-wheel drive Chevy Blazer, I only made it 1/3 way up. The underside of the car rode up on the snow and I lost traction. I started sliding sideways while backing down. In most places there are large trees to end my descent, but at the curve on the bottom I could have gone off the bridge into the creek. I had a good scare, but I brought the car to a safe stop. Then I shoveled a section of the drive where I could make a multi-point turn, tucked my tail between my legs, and retreated back to the garage.

My landlord pays a fee to the Sundance homeowners association for snow removal, but the storm took everyone by surprise, and the snow was pretty light at the lower altitude of the resort proper. Since another big storm is coming in this evening, they decided to delay plowing until early tomorrow morning.

As often happens with the first big storm of the season, the snow is heavy and wet, and the new growth from the summer hasn't yet been naturally pruned. The snow must have brought down a tree limb across a power line. Everyone above the resort has been without power since 3:30 a.m. It came on for one hour about noon, just long enough to get the refrigerator and freezer cold again and heat the house up a bit. (We have propane heating, but the forced water circulation depends on electricity). There is a gas log in the fireplace, though, and I have plenty of blankets, so I won't freeze. The power then went back off until dinner time. I had just set up a table under the eaves outside my front door and had fired up my gasoline stove and lantern to heat dinner when the power came back on again. Boy life is tough without electricity! Even though the phones were working, I couldn't go on-line, because my computer needs 120 volt power. A whole day without AOL!

As one of the northern-most residents of the 15-mile long Provo Canyon Ward, I've been asked to take Provo city's "CERT" training (community emergency response team) and be part of the emergency response team up here. North Fork, which includes Aspen Grove, Sundance, and Wildwood, has a volunteer fire department, and I'll probably be taking my cues from it. Last winter we had two houses destroyed by avalanches. They would pick the guy with one of the longest, steepest driveways for CERT. Guess I'd better get some chains, so that in an emergency they won't have to rescue the rescuer! However, I am located in an area that seems pretty safe from avalanches, and huge, ancient Douglas fir trees anchor the slopes above the house.

So, Emily, I'm really sorry I missed the BYU womens' choir concert tonight. I was really looking forward to it. I'm sure you did a wonderful job directing it.

Well, I love this place, adventures and all! Better log off now and keep my eye out for that St.

Bernard with his barrel of hot cider!

Sincerely yours, warmest regards, or love, (whatever fits)

Tracy

PS: I'll repent of my lie about hot snow by telling you a TRUE story. When we lived in California, we drove out one winter to spend Christmas with Grandma & Grandpa Hall. HT, our oldest, was 2 or 3 years old. He had a cold, and so he had to spend several days inside while watching his first snow fall outside the window. Finally he was well enough to play in the snow. After putting him in his (non-asbestos) snow suit, we opened the front door and cut him loose. He rushed out, grabbed a huge handful, froze in his tracks, and gave out the most pitiful cry. "It's COLD!"

PPS (WARNING: Math alert!):

The mathematical formulation of Gibb's phase rule is:

$$F = C - P + 2$$

(The degrees of Freedom for the thermodynamic variables of state which describe a system equals the number of Components, minus the number of Phases, plus two. Thus if there is only one Component (H₂O), but three Phases thereof are simultaneously present (vapor, liquid, and solid), $F = 1 - 3 + 2 = 0$. Until one of the phases completely disappears, neither temperature nor pressure can change, and we are stuck at 32 F.)

By adding another component, such as salt, one obtains $F = 2 - 3 + 2 = 1$, and the system is liberated! The temperature will drop, and some of the solid water will turn to liquid water. Isn't it great that salt and water know math?

In MY day, before Gibb's phase rule, adding salt to ice didn't work. We had to make home-made ice cream by cranking the dasher backwards, which made all the molecules slow down and freeze!

PPPS to whom it may concern:

I often use the "Blind CC" feature of the AOL software when I have a long E-mail "TO" list, by putting all the addresses in parentheses. That way you can't see the e-mail addresses of all my lady friends! So when you see only your own address behind a "BCC:", you can usually assume that I've sent the letter to a bunch of folks, including my children, parents, siblings, nephews & nieces, and friends, unless, of course, I'm gossiping about one of them in particular!

Date: Wednesday, November 12, 1997 3:49:36 PM
From: drb@itsnet.com
Subj: Sherlene's Family letter that started out as a response to Tracy Jr.'s
To: HTHALLJR@AOL.COM
cc: IRHall@AOL.COM, HHallChem@AOL.COM, drh@itsnet.com, neilfam@ix.netcom.com, nathan44@AOL.COM, bwie@hevanet.com, hthall@math.byu.edu, mmqcHall@AOL.COM, Expandex@AOL.COM, osdhallb@spinach.msc.huji.ac.il, lbandbw@itsnet.com, en5@email.byu.edu, shall@pol.org, kathryn@gr.ihc.com, bartc@byu.edu, erik.brondum@m.cc.utah.edu, Ritafb@juno.com, RTanner@truman.edu, jenny.bart@juno.com, arb33@email.byu.edu, actuarybob@juno.com, Shirleen@juno.com, nnpope@hotmail.com, cobjwb@srv.net, Su@worldnet.att.net, junebb@juno.com, Mat25@email.byu.edu, hst2@email.byu.edu, etn2@email.byu.edu

At 02:17 AM 11/12/97 -0500, you wrote:

Hi, Tracy (and the rest of the family--I just decided--I don't think I have Tracy's bcc feature),

I enjoy your letters (that goes for all of you). It's hard to believe, Tracy, that just twenty minutes away you are going through all that WEATHER, when down here we never even saw snow--at least enough to look white. Today we have lots of rain again, but no snow. I am glad to know you are all right, but worry a lot about your doing crazy things, climbing up on the roof, etc., or trying to rescue others, when you are the one who probably needs rescuing. Remember all that surgery you had and your bad leg/hip and etc. etc. and don't play the hero and climb ladders too much. Big sisters are such nags (and the horrible thing is they keep getting bigger--though I just went on another diet today. No sugar or fat until Thaksgiving when I get pie with all the trimmings if I behave myself--it's

awful being on campus with all that food staring me in the face all the time--I'm pretty good about resisting at the grocery store, so it will be good when I am off-campus again). We missed you at dinner (and the concert), though I must say Sizzlers was not as good as we anticipated. We ended up paying more than three times what we would have paid at Wendy's for a salad that was not as fresh or good, and Laura kept tasting food and putting it aside--she had a hard time finding anything she wanted to eat. But Brandon, who always so graciously humors our food tastes, finally got his steak , which he as a true Texan has been craving, so it was a fun night out, even though Dan had stake interviews and decided he had better not try to join us (he sends his regrets, Emily and Erin, that he could not attend the concert).

That might be our last fling in a long, long time. Our renters have not paid their rent this month and have not answered our calls (they have until the tenth to pay without penalty, so we only learned this after our "fling" was planned). Needless to say, we count on that rent each month to pay our two mortgages and may soon be out in the snow, too. We hope you will remember us in your prayers for a while. Dan and I are both under so much pressure right now (I had to put off my thesis until next semester because I just could not keep up with all my reading and research papers and still work on it), I don't know how we would find time to pursue this rental business, anyway. Accchhhhhh!!!@##! At times like this, we can at least be glad we have kept up on our tithes and offerings, including on the rental--it gives us a little more confidence in praying for some help in these situations. Wouldn't you know the market back there is now flooded with houses (I guess everybody was, like us, waiting for the capital gains tax break to come through), so if we end up having to sell, we won't do as well as we would have last year. Further, our realtor says they wouldn't

even want to try to sell it with delinquent renters in there, because with the law the way it is, even if they sold it, that doesn't mean the renters would have to go. I guess we could pack up and try to move in on top of them. Wouldn't that be fun? I'm sure there are even laws against that. In this society the victim is better protected than the victimized--that gets more and more clear all the time.

But this, of course, is not our greatest concern right now. Those planes flying over Iraq and the threats passing back and forth between Hussein and our American leaders has kept me tuned in to the news more than usual. Please pray for peace. We worry a lot, especially with Daniel so close to all the chemicals we might assume Iraq has been storing. I am grateful for the blessings of e-mail and that we can be in touch with him as much as we are. He is very enthusiastic about his classes this year and still seems to be having a very worthwhile experience. Another American (Mormon) family has been inviting him into their home and feeding him well, which always makes parents feel grateful. He has also been traveling six hours every Sunday to go pick up a Spanish family near the Gaza border (LDS converts), so they can attend services at the BYU Jerusalem Center. He is trying to get some others involved, so he doesn't have to do it every Sunday (he is accompanying the driver, so they are not out there alone). He has also been doing some volunteer work among Arab children at a hospital there and has been leading some guided tours at the Jerusalem Center, so he keeps busy and enthusiastic. By the way, Daniel, I forgot to mention that Huntington Tracy might be at Haifa this next summer, as part of a research opportunity. He was asking the other day if you will be there this summer. Send him an e-mail. Anyway, you out there, please pray for peace and for Daniel's safety and well being over there through this increasing tension.

Laura is pretty stressed out now with school and her internship, but is having marvelous success with her clients and knows she has found her groove. Usually therapists see a lot of migration, with clients coming and quitting, but Laura's just keep coming. She does have a gift for knowing how to help people--it's fun to see her finding so much satisfaction in what she is doing, even if it is a heavy load at times. Brandon is taking some stiff classes, but seems to be really enjoying learning some new computer languages and seems to have also found his groove, both at school and work. They are so much fun to have around--so happy in their marriage and so good to us. When I think on blessings like these, I really ought to be a little more patient with some of the other hitches along life's way. I've also been so grateful for Dan's help and understanding, while I've been tryinig to get this degree. He did more dishes than I did last week, with all he has to do--this warms my heart more than anything, since I know this is hardly his favorite thing to do in ALL his spare time. I am so grateful for my family and for all of you. THANKS!

Emily's concert was wonderful. She looked regal as any princess and didn't miss a well-guided beat that we could tell (I'm sure you all know by now that Emily and another graduate student directed the entire concert last night). She is really a pro--gets our vote for becoming our first female leader of the Tabernacle Choir. One of Emily's friends told me she saw one of Emily's old boy friends at the concert--she heard he could not resist coming with a bunch of friends. I'll bet he was eating his heart out all night for letting her get away! The chorus was excellent. The numbers they sang were often very complex, but not too dissonant and modern for someone with old-fashioned tastes like me (Erin sang in it, too, and looked beautiful, as well). You could tell the choir members loved

Emily's direction--really threw their hearts into the performance. I am continually amazed at the talent here at BYU and especially at that in my nieces and nephews on both sides. Seeing your progress really is exciting for us. Thanks for letting us in on your concerts, successes, and various activities. Marty and Liz had to fly in separately and rent separate cars and said the concert cost them a bomb, but it was worth it. We gathered and talked a long while down in the main hall, while they greeted a lot of California friends who came. Betsy, Robert, and Huntington Tracy joined us--they all look well and happy--it was fun to stand around and chat. Tracy Jr. had tickets and planned to join us, and those of you who got his letter know he got snowed in--fortunately his heat came back on--earlier in the day we thought Tracy would be coming here after the concert, until his power was up again.

While we were chatting after the concert, I told a story from Helon Henry Tracy's life that I was thinking about during the concert. He used to love leading his Sunday School choir out in Marriott, and the tale is that when the federal officials were chasing him down as a polygamist, he was in hiding all week, but could not resist showing up to lead his beloved choir, come Sunday, to the amazement of all, before he quickly disappeared again. Of course they did finally catch up with him, and he was in the penitentiary one sad holiday season and wrote about it in his journal. That excerpt from his journal is (I think--they never let me see the final galley) in a Christmas story I wrote that is going to come out in this "Holiday Issue" of "This People" magazine. I was going to send you all a year's subscriptions for Christmas so you could read that and other family tales that are in it (and to show off one of the rare occasions when I get published), but with this rent business, called them and said I had better take the cash, instead (not that it's all that much--I would starve in a

hurry as a writer, that's for sure).

Tracy, Robert told me again last night that he is very interested in doing Langford genealogy and wants to take those free classes at the HBLL every 2nd and 4th Sunday. Since you get to Salt Lake a lot, maybe you could drop him off or go yourself to the Family History Library there from time to time, too. You have such a good mind for remembering things and researching things--you and Robert could really be a team in this, if you decide to get involved. Mom says she is hot on the trail of the Evicks and Fishers--she says she already had most of the material in those books I gave her in her files and didn't even know it--so she is putting it together--it will be such a lark to finally see that big hole in the middle of our pedigree chart start to fill in. Virginia, how are you doing since your skin surgery? Is your back better? Were you able to look up any of those land records you were telling me about? I have found another distraction on the 4th floor of the HBLL besides genealogy. The other day I was so bombed out after getting up in the middle of the morning to write a paper, I walked into the Learning Center on that floor for the first time and found out I could just hand them my faculty spouse card and check out any video for free. I checked out a movie version of a Shakespeare play (with Emma Thomson--can't remember the name right now--these short-term memory glitches since my surgery are such a pain)--anyway, it was wonderful. Sat down, slid it in, watched it on my own TV-sized screen, with very comfortable headphones, and left refreshed and dazzled by the fact that I can do that any time I want. This week, they are showing the 4 hr. "Hamlet" film at the International Cinema, so Dan and I are planning to see that on the big screen. BYU pay isn't very great, but the perks can be pretty wonderful.

One of the joys in doing all this reading for this Hist. 561 class has been finding our ancestors or at least the places where they lived and information about their lives. This week one of the books I read and wrote a paper on was Labaree's THE BOSTON TEA PARTY--two of our ancestors (or at least relatives with the same names--I did not have time to track it for sure) are in there--Stephen Greenleaf and Roger Sherman. Some day I hope to write about our ancestors, a chapter at a time, and weave in all the historical data so all of you can feel some of the feelings I have been enjoying while doing all this study of early American colonial history.

It looks like we will be going to Mom B's again for Thanksgiving, along with the smaller families in this area--Reid and his new wife, Lynn, Ralph and Linda, Carol and Terry and Laura and Brandon (and the three children of Ralph and Carol). We invited our parents here, but Mom and Dad were already "taken" (by Nancy), and Mom B. likes a bigger crowd than we can accommodate here, without having to carry things down stairs to the basement. So we will all pitch in on the meal and do it at her place, which definitely makes my life easier while I'm in school. Next year, though, I plan to be through with my degree and to do Thanksgiving here for once, so you parents on both sides are invited right now--don't anybody say I didn't ask first! We are hoping Daniel will get invited by some Americans in Israel. Tracy already had plans when we called last week and does not get his turn with the children until the day after Thanksgiving, so also gets a break with the cooking. Let's hope he isn't snowed in again.

Well, I haven't even read the book yet for my paper that is due Friday (I did do the research on it at the HALL after the concert last night). Dr. York has a funeral, so canceled class today, which gave me extra time for this paper and made attending Emily's concert a lot more relaxing. If I

can just hang in there for a few more weeks, I'll be finished with all my classwork. I can hardly wait.

Happy Thanksgiving to you all!

Love, Sherlene

----- Headers -----

Return-Path: <drb@itsnet.com>

Received: from relay08.mail.aol.com (relay08.mail.aol.com [172.31.109.8]) by air12.mail.aol.com (v36.0) with SMTP; Wed, 12 Nov 1997 16:49:34 -0500

Received: from scratchy.itsnet.com (scratchy.itsnet.com [192.41.96.2])
by relay08.mail.aol.com (8.8.5/8.8.5/AOL-4.0.0)
with ESMTP id QAA07633;
Wed, 12 Nov 1997 16:04:52 -0500 (EST)

Received: from shb (89-227.dialup.cougar.net [192.41.89.227])
by scratchy.itsnet.com (8.8.5/8.8.5) with SMTP id OAA08411;
Wed, 12 Nov 1997 14:23:14 -0700 (MST)

Message-Id: <3.0.1.32.19960601125934.006bad14@mail.itsnet.com>

X-Sender: drb@mail.itsnet.com
X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Pro Version 3.0.1 (32)
Date: Sat, 01 Jun 1996 12:59:34 -0700
To: HTHALLJR@AOL.COM
From: Sherlene Hall Bartholomew <drb@itsnet.com>
Subject: Sherlene's Family letter that started out as a response to
Tracy Jr.'s
Cc: IRHall@AOL.COM, HHallChem@AOL.COM, drh@itsnet.com, neilfam@ix.netcom.com,
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junebb@juno.com, Mat25@email.byu.edu, hst2@email.byu.edu,
etn2@email.byu.edu
In-Reply-To: <971112021707_506979473@mrin54.mail.aol.com>
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"