

Date: Friday, July 17, 1998 4:24:14 PM  
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Hi All! [Now Zina, you might want to read this, because you never know--maybe daylilies would do quite well in your laundry room!--she wrote me a note when I forwarded some recent jokes and said if she read all the e-mail that came her way, her laundry would turn into a garden (among other local disasters). Besides, Uncle Wendell was just complementing me last night on my ability to write terse, unadorned, undetailed, short messages.]

Last night Dan and I crashed the Wendell Hall family reunion at their cabin in Wallsburg (they actually invited us, after some of my subtle-as-usual hints). It was wonderful because I do not have enough family memories of time spent with cousins--and since Uncle Wendell is so much younger than Dad, it almost seemed as though our family had moved back in time an entire generation--made me nostalgic about those days of old, when we were all up at Aspen Family Camp with all these little tow heads running around.

If you have not seen Uncle Wendell's cabin, you have got to go visit them some time (I'm inviting you). It is really something. They had it built, with Wendell doing much of the finish work--it is gorgeous. They had originally planned a reunion someplace else, but the family voted to have it at their cabin--the main attraction for the grandchildren being the



three computers he has down in their finished basement--not to mention the comfortable, relaxed atmosphere--I can't imagine anybody ever wanting to get away from such a perfect reunion spot! It is a large two-story A-frame (I think) built of Cedar (looks like a log cabin, except the finish is flat--not round), and all the inside is also finished with cedar--warm, woodsy, natural, but also with a modern kitchen and baths--the best of all worlds--what a place to retire! I told Dan I think I would love living in a cabin up there during our retirement years.

We passed them up, got a little lost, and had to circle back, so were fifteen minutes late and missed part of the program, but got there in time to see performances of many of their 31 (I think) grandchildren. What a talented bunch! I would guess by all the Clinton jokes (told by

grandchildren for their talent part) that there were not too many Democrats

(even 1?) in the audience. Besides jokes, we enjoyed performances of singing, musical instruments (even drums), dance steps, and (one) scriptural recitation. All of the living family were there, except Sandy Peterson (Wendy's husband--the one who creates computer games), who had

work responsibilities, Jim Marriott (who was flying in), and two missionaries. John's boy (who looks to me just like John did at that age) just returned--good looking, outstanding young man! Counting adults there

were about 45 persons there, with about 50 total, counting those not present and two who are buried (remember baby Alice?--and there is also another stillborn grandchild who was remembered). They had a Bingo "get acquainted" game that helped us get to know the family: all the family names were called out, and we wrote them in whatever square we wanted on a

preprinted game-page. As names were called out, along with detailing of that person's talents/interests, everybody guessed, and then Apple Jacks were put on the square of that person, until someone called "Bingo." Bingo kept going until all the names had been identified. Then there was wonderful food (steak, chicken, and wuerst were being grilled all during the talent program by Sarah, Uncle Wendell, and Aunt Merrill), for which I gladly set aside my diet. We would have sat around and talked a lot, but



I was of course intent on being a good Hall, so just sat there reading a good book, hardly ever even bothering to look up, never mind open my mouth.

Actually, I enjoyed our animated conversation very much. I thought the whole experience was wonderful. I was impressed with the way everybody carried out their rotating assignments, with the general atmosphere of sweetness, kindness, and cooperation, and the comfortable, relaxed way everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. This is a family of outstanding parents and what sure looked to me like cooperative, beautiful, talented, brainy, and well-mannered children. They are just reaching that point where some of the children are going on and coming back

from missions, but none of them is married yet, so far as I could discern.

I was fascinated to see how Anna turned into a gorgeous young woman with an impressive head of auburn hair--the last time I saw her she had no hair, and we were all trying to figure out how that happened. You should see her

now, with her lovely family! Sarah (John's wife) and I have a lot in common, so enjoyed a great chat, later joined by Wendy, who is still as perky and fun as ever. We had enjoyed a good conversation with MarJean and

Richard when they brought the photos by, so we did not talk as much this round--I wish I had been able to spend a little more time with them and some of the rest, including Denise (?) who lives about a block away from David, with her husband and children. Carolyn (Marriott) is pretty as ever, but had to leave with her children to go pick up Jim at the airport. I wish I had had some time to talk with her--the last I heard she was home

schooling all their beautiful children--I fell instantly for their redhead, who recited a scripture for his part on the program--what a joy of a boy! After a tour of the cabin, we left about 10 p.m. and enjoyed a restful, peaceful drive back, as we watched the mountain profiles against the darkening sky and drove by the glistening reservoir--higher with water than



I've ever seen it.

It takes about 35 minutes to get to Wendell's from our home. I came home feeling so grateful they shared this family experience with me--they made me feel so welcome and so much a part of the family. This family is something we can be so proud to claim as our own--I hope our two families can have more interaction in the future. They all asked about the rest of you and send on their love and greetings. I had fun reminiscing about how good Uncle Wendell was to me, growing up--at family gatherings he always seemed to have time to play checkers with me (and let me win), and even as a poor student, he somehow managed to send me postcards from his studies abroad, which I certainly cherished.

I was just coming alive about 9 am this morning, turned to the newspaper, and saw an article titled, "Daylily Garden Tours Begin Today in County." The tour had already begun at 9, and I did not get there until 10, but got in on two tours and thoroughly enjoyed it. I had no idea there was a whole organization here in the Valley, full of gardeners who are even more fanatic about daylilies than we. About every three years the Region 9 American Hemerocallis Society takes a bus tour of area daylily gardens (that involves regional club membership), and they take a local tour every year. It actually started yesterday. Today they are doing Utah Valley area gardens, and tomorrow taking tours in Salt Lake City. I started out at the one highlighted in the paper at 55 E 1000 S, Orem. Wow! You want to see a bit of heaven, go there in the next couple of days, starting at about 10 a.m. The owner is the son of Mel Wallace, who has been breeding daylilies for about 40 years (Mel has), and who helped get the BYU Arboretum collection going and shares hybridization with them. Every specimen is labeled, and they (the Wallaces) also have a price list for those who want splits from either the father's or son's gardens--with the most expensive at \$100. I saw some great ones--it made me homesick for the show we had in White Plains and Basking Ridge, but that we were not able to



transport, hard as we tried (though we do have a couple of gorgeous blooms showing right now).

I tried to hitch into their bus tour, but they were filled to the top, so I settled for following them over to the BYU Arboretum over near the Kiwanis

Park. Dr. Sheldon Nelson said he is out of town most of the summer and apologized that he was using the field more for hybridizing than preening it as a show garden, but we still saw a lot of lovely blooms. He said with this weird weather, the leaves are turning brown with a rust (I think that's what it was), so we can get some splits (if you want to risk transplanting the disease) in the next little while, because they're going to mow the thing whole field down, remove the plant debris--then perhaps cover it with plastic for two months to bake it sterile, then replant it

all. What a shame! I walked around a while, but then saw Melbourne Wallace sitting there in the shade, and joined him to get a half hour's private consultation about daylilies, while the rest of the group walked around in the hot sun. He said this is the first year they have had this kind of a problem--in the past their main problem was mites. Dan and I never had any kind of problems with our lilies in the East--the more we ignored them, the better they seemed to do. They grew like wild grass. But I guess it's a little more challenging here in the West. Here are some tips he gave:

1) daylilies prefer sprinkling to root, drip-watering (this was confirmed by Dr. Nelson, who says they tried drip watering this year at the Arboretum, and the daylilies didn't like it nearly as well). Wallace turns on his sprinklers for 30-45 minutes every other day and sometimes gives them a good spray with the hose at about 7:30 p.m. daily (on these hot days), and it makes them very happy. He says they like lots of humus, but will grow everywhere, though you need to be careful in clay soil not to overwater them (the BYU lily garden used to be a junkyard--no topsoil, and only about 4" of junk soil over hard rock--but the lilies have done very well there up until this year). In early spring, when they first come up, he puts down a good, dry garden fertilizer (16-16-16)--about 1 T per plant, and puts it out about a foot from the plant, where the root tips have spread (he says that's how you fertilize a tree--the root-spread reaches



out as far as the longest branch, and that is the circle you should use for fertilization--not try to put it up close, where it will do nothing).

When the buds are about 1" long (they are wonderful to eat, steamed--taste

like an exotic version of asparagus--actually all parts of the daylily are edible--I used to invite guests to dinner and decorate their plates with the edible blooms)--he puts one of those packets of Miracle Gro in the bottle, attaches the hose, and foliar feeds the lilies, ten days apart, for about three applications. He plants his seedlings in rows about 14" apart and about 8" apart within the row, and when they grow large enough to place

in big beds, puts them 30" apart, placing lots of organic matter into the soil, as he transplants them (only in September, if you want them to bloom

the next Spring). He says that if the leaves are yellow, they need iron--to just get it at the garden shop and follow the directions. He only fusses about watering daylilies during their blooming season, though they prefer regular watering throughout the year (can do well in sun or shade). He knew Dad at BYU and invited us all to come over to his place Saturday after next to see his home "Mahogany" gardens in Pleasant Grove (part of the closed tour now). They have 3,000 of Mel's own hybridized seedlings in

that garden and are also doing a lot of experimenting with companion plants

for daylilies. Any of you want to join us, let me know.

I dropped by Mom's (she is with Dad at the Payson farm mornings, helping supervise their workers, but usually gets back around noon). She said we should all go out to Payson to see the daylilies they have planted--they're just starting to finally bloom this year, and she has some nice ones. I looked around her yard at some of the daylilies they have (some of which we

sent them or brought from New Jersey), and then Mom and I went back to the

Arboretum, so she could detail the ones she might want a split of, as follows:

Timeless Treasure by Kirchhoff 88 (peach medley, with some rose, about



15

rows W, on the N end)

Festive Art X Ida's Magic (abt. 12 rows from West end in the middle)

Femme Osage (whatley 85) - 7 rows from E 1/4 row from So.

Mona Loa Roberts 76 (Mom's favorite--a bright orange)--8 rows from East end

(middle of row)

Orange Prelude McEwen 74 (10 rows from # end--about 1/3 from N of row)

Right On (Stevens 8) far SE corner by tree

Papaya Parfait (Kirschhoff 95) - SE corner (7 rows around from Right On in the far SE corner by tree)

Anyway, Uncle Wendell, if you don't have some daylilies there in Wallburg, we'll have to introduce you to them. They are easy-care plants if there ever were such. It is a constant source of wonder and amazement to see

such exquisite blooms spark forth from what looks like plain old grass. They're not particularly fun to look at the rest of the year, but we put up with that for the show that comes on about this time of year. I can't see them without thinking of Jesus' parable about who God so clothes the lilies of the field . . .

I told Mom I'd type up the detail about caring for daylilies for her, and hope some of the rest of you find it useful. There are open gardens (public) in Bountiful and Salt Lake from 9 a.m. to 7 pm, Saturday and Sunday, if any of you are interested--call me, and I'll give you details.

One sad note: Do the rest of you know that Sis. Hill (lives next door, up the hill from Mom and Dad) is dying of cancer? Her back started aching after she endured surgery for breast cancer, and they learned it had spread to all her bones (even her head). Her last child is getting married in August, and she is enduring daily radiation treatments, just so she can survive to witness the wedding. Mom says she is so weary with the treatments, they have organized visits, with one reporting to the rest, so she can get as much rest as possible, so they can keep touch with her. And I guess you know another neighbor, Mel Hartvigsen died of a stroke recently--both of them are quite a bit younger than Mom. I told Mom not to let that scare her, we of this particular pioneer stock are

all going to live to be at least a hundred. I have spoken.

Tonight we are going to dinner with Laura and Brandon and Tyra Fahsbender and her boyfriend (Laura's dear friend and former roommate) to help celebrate Brandon's twenty-fifth birthday! Imagine, a QUARTER CENTURY OLD.

How scary! Dan put together a card for him this morning with a new American Greetings Creatacard Plus program--pretty amazing stuff--then sent

it to him via e-mail. He might get a little something more than a card, if he behaves himself (can Texans do that?).

'Bye for now,

Love,

Sherlene

----- Headers -----  
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0400  
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