

August 8, 1984

August Hallmanack:

We were pleased to get letters from Virginia, Charlotte, and Tracy this month. Sorry to not have heard from the rest of you. I believe Sherlene sent one which was written by Dan in June and not mailed. Since she is visiting us, I might get a letter from her as she moves in to visit for a couple of weeks tomorrow. I can threaten her with shortened sheets, or something maybe. Nancy? David? Liz? We miss your adventures or something.

This has been a busy month. We have Stephen Browning working for us this summer and it has been a job just to keep him busy--not that we don't have enough things to keep him busy, just that we have to be there to supervise, and it is somewhat tiring. Right now, while Charlotte has been with us with her kids for a week, he has been gone since Wednesday to Yellowstone with the young people from the church. Before Stephen left this week we got my bedroom washed with all the windows and the ceiling. I had previously cleaned out the closet, so that helped. When he comes back next week I am going to put him washing to Kitchen ceiling (really dirty) and the main bath. My bath was cleaned in conjunction with the bedroom.

I almost forgot. Was it last week or the first of this week that we cleaned out the cupboards in the kitchen, washed the shelves and the woodwork, took off the hardware, gave the wood a coat of Varathane and polished the pulls and coated them with a finish to ward off discolorations, and restored the dishes and supplies to their proper place. That was last week. It went on almost all week.

Before that or during the same week, we washed the woodwork at the farm in the two apartments and put a coat of varnish inside and out. I mean varathane. They had reached a point that they would need to be stripped etc., if I had waited any longer. I will do almost anything to avoid that. Hopefully we will not have to do that again for a while.

Dad fixed plumbing and other things at the farm in the apartments, including having to rewire the thermostat in one of them. This was tricky, but then, so is Tracy. We now have the one apartment rented, and the other up for rent.

I decided this month not to rent my little house anymore but to put it up for sale. I also decided to ask little enough for it that I would be able to just get my money back, hoping this would make it an easy sale. I have a young man interested in it, but I doubt if he will qualify for the loan. We were going to carry the mortgage ourselves (17 years) which, overall, would have given us a little more for the house, but the young man and his wife have balked at a credit rating, so we will have to see. Meanwhile, I am planning to go into the house with the crocheted goods and see if we can sell a little of that before we sell the house. There are a lot of houses on the market in Payson--it's not exactly a boom town, so it may take a while to sell it. I went before the Payson Council last night and was granted a business license for a year. At this stage I don't know whether to hope the young couple qualifies or disqualifies. We'll have to see what they do about the credit rating.

Weight--page 2

I stood there for a moment debating on whether I should climb all the way to the top of Nellie's Mountain. I was a little concerned that it was getting later than breakfast. Also I had no watch with me. Just then the wind picked up a little. The trail to the top was lost entirely in the foliage. I knew that the wind on the very top would make my wet clothes cold. I chose to head back. I retraced my steps and arrived back at the cabins at 8:15 am. My parents had already left for home but no one else was up. I began to fix breakfast on the porch in my soggy clothes. I was very content.

We left the ranch, a place that I love, after breakfast. We came home and made the house ready for Sunday. We also put away all of our gear from the trip. I was very glad to have gone.

Love Bryan + Family

Wood Family, 3804 N. 18th St., Arlington, Va. 22207 (703) 243-3690 August 3, 1984

Dear Family,

Well, we're at long last somewhat back to normal around here. Normal means Barry's back to working until 9 and 10 p.m. His earliest arrival last week was 8 p.m.

I had some flu bug last week and didn't get much laundry or cleaning done. On the other hand, neither did I get much rest. My dryer is broken and the laundry really backs up when I have to hang everything out to dry and we have rainy and humid weather. I've got an old Speed Queen gas dryer and for some reason (broken or worn flints probably) the flame isn't lighting when the gas turns on. Time to get out the yellow pages. Nathan's allergies are acting up again. His greatest allergies are feathers and house dust, but I think it's pollen allergies this time. I've refrained from going on shot therapy as he had such a good year last year, but it's so bad right now, maybe I'll reconsider.

This is a cheerful tome, eh? We sent some money to the Birnies last year when we thought the dollar couldn't ever get stronger against the pound (HA) and asked them to stop in at the Royal Doulton factory on their next temple trip (which we offered to pay for, but which those stubborn Scots wouldn't accept) and have the factory ship my serving pieces of china.. We got a letter in May from the company saying that production was delayed on my china and I would probably receive the shipment sometime in July or August. Unfortunately, with the dock strike in England, we're still waiting. With air fare so cheap and the dollar so strong, I'm tempted to just go and pick it up myself. Unfortunately, it would probably be by myself truly as Barry's court dates are sprinkled throughout the rest of August and the kids start school Sept. 4th.

Well, the radio sale is on the skids, in spite of the fact that Barry appeared as the buyer in a trade magazine last week. Wiley and Rein represent another client who owns a station in the same market in Oregon and he is claiming conflict of interest, in spite of the fact that he himself can't buy the station. He wants Barry to just buy the AM (It's an operating AM with the licence to build a class C FM station), and "give" him the FM. The AM is losing about \$4,000 a month and (the real potential for the station lies in the FM. This client can't buy the AM as the FCC will not allow someone to own two radio stations in the same market area. (Two AM stations, or two FM stations, though you can own one of each.) The other investors Barry has lined up are of course interested in the package deal and the two of us can't afford to take on operating losses of \$4,000 a month. So, Barry's trying to find other buyers for Don and is backing out of the deal himself. So, the specter of poverty for the next few years has lifted for the time being and I'm thinking of all kinds of ways to spend the little bit of savings we've accumulated.

Mother: (2)

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I have seemed extra short of breath lately, so I succumbed to suggestions from a couple of you to have a stress EKG. Sorry If I have problems, it's not my heart. What heart? you knew that all along. My blood pressure is 132 over 70. No danger there, either. I still should lose some weight--so what else is news.

Betsy showed us all the doll museum in Provo this Thursday. Afterwards, Charlotte and I and Hanna, Hyrum, and Sarah all went wading in the tempting flowing water in the gutter outside of the doll museum. it was cold and refreshing and I think it stopped an attack of the hives for me.

Daddy has had a bad sore throat this week, but has ~~reached~~ responded to an antibiotic and a short and is now (after 4 days getting up to do some things he needs to do that are not too strenuous. The fact that he will still be recuperating next week, will give me Stephen to do some badly needed cleaning around here.

We now have another computer--I haven't learned how to use the other one--. A Mackintosh. Dad's had fun with it. We got it two days ago.

The summer is almost gone. David and Karen went to Yellowstone with their family this week. Tracy and his family went to Washington for Jason's wedding, and Tracy and HT have been floating (?) down Rivers. Just call them the River Runners. Char. and Bryan went to Dishey Land, and Doug and Nancy have gone down t o Lake Powell, and plan another trip there this month. Liz and Marty have gone to the -----can't remember the park-- and will take their kids to Disney land about the 20th of this month. Dan and Sherlene are visiting from New York and plan to go to disney land, too, but the two couples couldn't coordinate their visits.

Dad said to tell you that each of you will have about 1900. income to report on your 1984 income tax, but you will not get anything to cover it--it is going to remain in retained earnings. We issued you and 80% dividend last year--hope you have enough left to pay the income tax on the remainder. Dad says the business needs the cash.

The farm is still covered with rocks from the flood this spring, and these aren't seen so much now through the weeds. Dad is considering buying a cutter for the tractor to cut them down.

We love you all. Your lives and ours seem endlessly busy. You need to pause long enough to write down special events and happenings--for posterity and for us. REMEMBER. FAST DAY IS HALLMANACK DAY. PLAN TO SEND YOUR LETTER THE NEXT DAY SO THAT I CAN GET THEM ALL AND MAIL THEM BY THE NEXT SATURDAY,

Love, Mother

Weight--page 2

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T.Jr.
Aug 10, 1984

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Dear Family,

All you get this month is a report on our big adventure. From July 31 to Aug 3rd HT and I went down the Snake River with his "Varsity Scout Team" (the name grates me-- why don't they just call them what they are-- juvenile delinquents! The acknowledged ring leaders in the group are several boys with divorced or permissive parents who have "street smarts" and long or non-existing leashes.) Since we in Wyoming, they all bought firecrackers, rockets, and other fireworks illegal in Utah. HT & I spent 3 bucks on them, too, and we let them all off in a gravel quarry outside of Evanston. None of the other boys would let theirs off--or even admit they'd bought any, but I've been hearing a lot of midnight fireworks activity in the neighborhood. H.T. seems like an odd duck in the group. Fortunately the ward is not the whole world, and he has some good friends on the "outside"-- among them Hans V. Anderson III, who with his father, by odd coincidence, went down the Snake with their juvenile delinquents just the day we arrived. Hans (Jr --the dad), of course, had to fully warn us about the terrors to expect. I asked him to call Betsy when they got home to tell her he'd seen us alive, and he told Betsy they'd been swamped 5 times. Interestingly, Hans (III) and another of HT's good friends, Billy Swineyard, who is presently in Singapore, have been home schoolers, although Billy's dad "put down his foot" last year and made him go back to school because, I think, he was enjoying life too much.

With some of the memory of our tragically-aborted trip to Hole-in-the-Rock lingering, I had been wary of going, but I'm glad Betsy talked me into it. The cost, including meals, was \$80 each-- cheap by comparison with any commercial outfit (considering three days on the river, with guides, lodging and meals!), but a little hard on our present budget. HT, bless his heart, paid his own way. This river tour is sponsored by the Salt Lake Council of B.S.A. and, unlike any other Scout-run camp I've visited, the youthful staff (mostly college-age kids) were respectful, courteous, capable, and actually dedicated to helping us have an enjoyable and safe time. There was no ritual or ceremony (not even reveille or a flag-raising)-- they cooked all the meals (we helped with KP-- on a strictly volunteer basis), and on the first and third nights, we slept in cabins with hot showers and flush toilets. About the only thing they didn't do was heat the river. I had the time of my life.

The drive up took us through the high overthrust belt of Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho, where there is presently so much deep drilling for natural gas (It's all sour --contaminated with poisonous H₂S, which must be removed in a huge processing plant built near Evanston, and which, if a well blew out, could create a wide-spread disaster.) The country is beautiful but sere, capable, when irrigated, of supporting only one crop --hay-- and all settled by the only people who could imagine they could live in such country-- the Mormons. The pass over the mountains to Star Valley was particularly beautiful. I was interested to see, for the first time, the new technique for gathering and storing hay. Instead of baling it, they have a hay-wagon sized gadget that gathers and packs it into a rain-resistant mound shaped like a loaf of bread, then picks the whole "super-bale" up and moves it to a yard from which the livestock are fed.

For our first day on the river, they bussed us from the base camp about 50 miles upstream to Jackson Hole National Park, at a point about 15 miles downstream from Jenny Lake, embarking in 10-man rubber rafts at "Dead-Mans Bar" (a sand bar where an employee of three gold miners who had been beaten by them murdered his bosses in retaliation). The idea for the rafts was to get us used to the river in its more gentle part, learn how to steer by paddling, how the currents go, how to avoid snags and whirlpools, undertows, etc. The first obstacle on the river is known as "Scout Rock". From the river we had a glorious view of the Grand Tetons-- a range of granite mountains so rugged you can't believe they're real. The rules in the national park were: no noise, no water fights, etc.-- so as not to disturb the wildlife. There are several areas where no shore activity at all is permitted, because of bald eagle nesting (it's a fishing bird), and indeed we saw probably half a dozen bald eagles, and also saw a peregrine falcon harrassing a bald eagle. We stopped for lunch at a museum featuring artifacts and history of the mountain men-- trappers who first discovered the area while searching for beaver. Did you know that the whole era of the mountain men, which led to discovery and mapping of the West, was because of a male fashion fad --the beaver felt hat-- and that when someone discovered how to make a better felt from silk, the whole trade collapsed? The mountain men, were, in the main, a pretty crude lot. For example: "Grand Tetons" translates directly from the French as "big tits".

The first afternoon we paddled into a narrow, meandering side branch of the river just wide enough for the rafts, and just outside the park. We negotiated several miles through the forest --it was enchanting, like something out of Huck Finn-- and reached our "island camp", where we enjoyed dutch-oven chicken and found large tepees set up for sleeping. The tepees, however, were a bit too crowded, and HT and I slept under the stars until 1:30 a.m. when a cloudburst sent us running for cover. We were drenched.

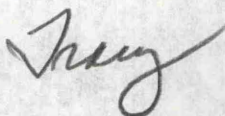
That morning, which was the first time I'd been in a canoe in my life (HT had worked on the merit badge at camp Maple-Dale and practiced with the "team" at Deer Creek the week previously), the sun never did come out, and it continued to

rain intermittently. Three of the first five canoes to set out swamped right at the first bend in the stream, but Tracy & I learned by their example and got out into the river ok. (You launch headed upstream, permitting the bow to swing out into the stream while you paddle vigorously forward). We did quite well (with me probably barking too many orders at HT, who as the lighter man, was in the bow and got the brunt of the action) until our guide led us into another side channel. Jay Adams and Tom Frankowsky got swamped under a willow just ahead of us. Jay was able to stay with his canoe, (the first principle in surviving a swamping) but Tom got stranded behind, and we stopped at the bank and picked him up. When we later tried to stop to let Tom off where their canoe had lodged in a bend, we all three got swamped. When your canoe gets sideways in the water, you have to lean downstream, which is against instinct, and try to maintain balance without grabbing the side of the boat, which is also against instinct, or else the current will grab the upstream edge, and pull you under. Needless to say, we followed instinct! We managed to stay with the canoe and hang onto our paddles (the water was only about 3 feet deep here but very swift), getting our shins and knees banged up on the rocks before we got over to the side. (In the deeper and wider parts of the river, the guides, one going before and one after a group of about twelve canoes, would just paddle up, right your canoe, and help you climb back in, all while drifting downstream. I was amazed at their competence. One of them liked to show off tourists on the rim of the canyon by doing a handstand in his canoe.) But on this occasion we just pushed over to the bank. It was still overcast and windy, and we thought we'd freeze to death. We finally stopped for lunch where some campers had built a fire, got dried out, and the sun came out, and the rest of the day was warm, and increasingly exciting, as we headed into the canyon, passed under several bridges, and negotiated increasingly turbulent waters.

After our third night (back at the base camp) we were ready for the King Rapids, which we negotiated, I must say, quite skillfully. A bald eagle flew right over our canoe. We stopped at a rock where the foolhardy could jump twenty feet into a deep pool, and watched them. I don't think I'll ever get that foolhardy. HT and I speculated about which members of our family might jump, given the opportunity: Dad, Mom, HT: probably never. Zina: probably, after much vocalizing. Mary, we thought: yes, if her friends went (when I asked her later, she said never.) Robert: 50/50. Alex: quinq ho. Susanna, Elizabeth, Anthony: never. Spencer: you bet. (We wore lifejackets throughout the trip, of course-- the only danger was getting pinned under something or colliding with rocks.) After the King Rapids, our guide told us the rest was easy, and so we relaxed, got into major naval engagements (water fights), and enjoyed ourselves-- then hit a the worst rapids of the trip, with 3-4 foot swells that nearly swamped us, as a sideways canoe ahead of us drifted back into us. To our credit, neither of us grabbed the sides, we made the right moves (breakdancing would have been good training), and got through safely. We left the river before the real rapids began, where the commercial outfits use rubber rafts and the experts use kayaks, but where no one in his right mind will use a canoe.

This experience was really good for my me and my boy. Four days away from our everyday cares, spent in incredibly beautiful surroundings, and involved in a physical activity which really challenged us, scared us a bit, but which we were able to overcome together. By the time we had drifted 70 miles down that river, we were a smooth-running team. When Betsy asked Tracy if he had been scared (I freely acknowledged it) he said "Well, let's just say-- I was extremely alert". And we only swamped once!

Love,



Tracy Jr.

Weight July 1984

Bryan's journal entry July 21, 1984

I got up very early. The sky was starting to get light. I went for an early morning hike. The sky was blue with lots of clouds. Every blade of grass, all the flowers and the trees sparkled from the drops of water on their leaves and petals... I knew from the start I was going to get wet. The air was cool but not cold. I declined to take a jacket knowing that the hike up the mountain would warm me sufficiently. I picked my way up the trail that led to the spring on the north side of Nellie's mountain. The trail was well over grown with Timothy grass and wild flowers. My pant legs wiped every blade dry as I passed through. It would be easy to track me if anyone else got up early. I was soaked up to my thighs before I reached the last fence where the woods begin. I stopped several times to watch a prairie dog run up the trail ahead of me.

When I reached the beginning of the woods, the gate was open. I took out the field glasses and looked back at the cabins to see if anyone was awake. No movement. The family slumbered on. The woods beckoned to me and in two steps I disappeared into the shade of the forest. The trail was steeper here but also better defined. The undergrowth did not get as much sun. I moved slowly and carefully up the trail as the mud stuck to my feet. I saw one deer track where the animal had slid and fallen. All the tracks were fresh. As I climbed higher the trees and scrub oak yielded to pines and aspens. The aspen leaves glittered like silver dollars as they shook off the water droplets in the gentle breeze. My clothing absorbed the drops that were fortunate enough to find me. Still I was warm.

I arrived at the spring and took a long deep drink out of the tree trunk that had been hollowed out years ago. It was the same trough that I had seen as a very small boy. I have been here many, many times. It is good to be back. The trough is quite picturesque with the green moss growing on the sides and underneath. The origin of the spring is about five yards up the mountain. It has been capped so that all the water flows down a pipe which empties into the Trough. The trough is about chest high and is lodged between four giant pines. A trickling, faint, little stream emerges from the base of the trough where the water spills over onto the ground. There are lots of deer tracks on the ground, all very fresh. I drank like a horse.

I decided to keep my body warm and moved on. Not very far beyond the spring the trail virtually lost itself. The under brush and wild flowers became more prolific as I moved upward and westward. Several times I wasn't sure I was on the trail at all. All the while my clothing is getting a good drink from the previous night's rain and heavy morning dew. My socks began to slosh in my boots. The wild flowers are lovely dressed in violets, yellows and red. A woodpecker began to get his breakfast out of one of the snags still standing. I am drinking in the beauty and grandure of God's creations. The undergrowth is up to my elbows. I know this mountain and the surrounding area well. I am glad to be back.

Finally, I broke through into a small clearing. The heavy scrub oak is growing densely just a ways off. Way down the valley is another ridge called "white Rock." It has one face which drops off leaving a cliff of white rocks exposed. Down further and up the other side, several miles away are a group of snow capped creggs. The view is marvelous. I could not see any deer with the aid of my field glasses. They must have gone back into cover. The morning was coming on strong. It must have been 7 am.

I retreated back into the woods. There I found a portion of the trail and knelt down to enjoy my morning prayer. I was up to my neck in wild flowers and other under growth. I had a wonderful prayer. Following my prayer I got up and within 60 seconds the sun shone over the mountains on the east and peaked through the trees onto my face.

Weight--page 2

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