

July 2. 1984

July 84 Hallmanack

Dear Family:

Well, we did not have a Hallmanack for June as Charlotte<sup>and Liz</sup> was the only one who sent a letter. Shame on you all, including me.

You probably all know that we had a flood which started on May 17th and for the rest of the month following there was a river running over our property most of the time.

And Doug

The first day, Tracy Sr., Tracy Jr., and a crew from the church, plus two BYU students which I hired to go out and help filled sand bags and got the flow of the water running from the front of the house at least. During the next two or three weeks, Tracy Sr. and volunteers, with the help of the little Kobota Tractor which Doug had kindly gotten out to the farm for Dad, channeled the waters from the well house, the septic tank drain field, and finally stopped it off from running on the farm entirely. Everyone in the area except Charlotte and Bryan got involved before the month was out. Even David's boys. The upshot of the whole thing was that we tore out the carpet in the South basement Apartment, and we are going to put down a vinyl floor. If tenants want a carpet they can get an area rug.

Our flood insurance was \$500.00 deductible, and there were operators out to get all they could of that, but we foiled them. We don't know how much the restoration will finally cost us, but it won't come to more than that total (plus a lot of work). The biggest problem is the rocks which the flood brought onto our south acreage. There are rock-pickers around (not human ones) which we hope to get to clear the rocks off.

The County decided to abandon the road (they finally had to put the whole road on the south border of our fence into the ditch, anyway, so it would carry the flow it had to carry) and continue it out straight south and down to deHart's just past the house across the road from us and along the border between the two farms. They took out the small culverts and are installing large ones.

I have

I have gotten tired of renting the little house. So I had Nancy make me a large poster, which we waterproofed and put on the front of the house. I am selling it for not as much as it is worth for even the land in a commercial spot, but if I can get my money back which I have in it I will feel fortunate.

To make the most use of my time and avoid running back and forth to show it-- at least for the summer--I am going to buy a business license on HTH Inc., and see if I can get rid of some of the crocheted goods Dad overstocked in Zimbabwe. I can do genealogy and work on my family history while I am waiting for customers for the crochet work and for the house.

Dad's health has been good and bad off and on. We get really encouraged when he is "good" and depressed when he is "bad". but at the moment we are optimistic. He felt poorly the first of last week, but was fine Friday, Sat, and Sunday when we went to Ogden for the 45th year reunion of the class of 39. Fortunately, they had cut pictures of us from the 39 yearbook (before pictures), so the "afters" could be recognized.

Again, it was a testimony to the value of living the word of wisdom. Those who smoked and used alcohol (at the reunion) looked older and less healthy.

Mom's letter cont

Out of approximately 600 or so graduates, 106 were dead. They flashed the pictures of those who had died on the screen during the assembly. I was surprised at how many of my old friends were no longer among the living. We are going to hold another reunion in five years and the officers made us promise that we would all be there. (?????) Among those deceased, was, of course, our dear Friend, Ray Behling. Barbara was on the committee, and it was not much fun for her, I guess.

There were a few gals who were still slim and chic, but most of them look like me 63--and getting fat. The men (blast them) seem to hold their youth and figures better than the women, but the women make up for it by outliving them. There were quite a few widows.

Sunday Afternoon, there was a reunion of the 18th ward male chorus and we went there, and then came home. Tracy gave the prayer and blessing on the food, and it was a beautiful prayer. It was in honor of the choir leader who was 75. She had quite an influence on those boys. Not as much as she would have liked-- she would have liked to pick their wives, too. She told Tracy once, she was surprised that he would go with a girl "like me". What ever that meant. I was certainly not "that" kind of a girl. The problem was she had picked her niece for his wife.

For the benefit of those who are as long winded as I am, I am extending the length of the letter limitations to two pages 8½ x 11 instead of one. It's hard for us talkers to say what important things we have to say in just one page.

Dad has a young 16 yr old boy working for us this summer. Full time. It is keeping Dad busy keeping him busy. Some of our projects: straighting the piece of concrete next to the public sidewalk on the south of the house. It sank when they put in the underground telephone cable next to it. We have laid brick in the six foot wide strip where we took out the arbae vitae on the north, dad has changed the underground wiring to my greenhouse (which needs to be insulated, too.) (another project), and we need to relay the bricks there which were disturbed and some others which sank with all the moisture Utah has had in the last year. Dad also is cleaning up his shed. He has put new shelves on the north of the carport, under the extension, so I would have room for all my flower pots etc., and then there is the general clean up from the flood. The South apt needs to have the walls washed and the new floor laid, which I may end up doing myself, or I may hire it done, depending on how much they want for the job. The tile alone was \$300. I try to keep the boy busy some of the time so Dad can get down to Mega occasionally or over to the Y. He still is frustrated because he has experiments he wants to run. Oh, well. Winter is coming and then we can get back (Hopefully) to living normally.

David will probably bring you up to date on what is happening at Mega, but I think we are all sitting around waiting for an offer to come about July 17. Slow.

We have forgotten the dismal spring. Summer is here in all her hot glory. The roses are rushing to get through blooming so they can rest from the heat, but the vegetables are growing visibly before our eyes. Especially the Zuchini. I only put in three bushes, but I still bet we'll keep everybody in squash.

Charlotte is coming up for the 4th, and it will be good to see her. They haven't been up for a while as they have been vacationing in California, and putting on "the Sound of Music" and they are involved in their wards now on Sunday which limits the "Week-end" possibilities.

Doug has given his family notice that they are to go to Church every Sunday from now on. Atta boy, Doug. The family always does better when the head of the house (which should be the man) sets the example. Carli will have her Daddy baptize her yet.

Love Ya all,

MomHall

Note: The women libers would really love the above comment. So?