

Note: I found this while cleaning of the typewriter desk. It is not in my copy of the May Hallmanack, so I will include it in this Hallmanack just in case you haven't received it. Sorry Liz. That was just too crazy a period in our lives.

May 16, 1984

Mom

Dear Family:

I am here in Provo for a visit right now. We loaned our kids to some friends for five days and Marty took off for Denver for a "manager's retreat" and I came to Provo for a "mother's retreat!" Marty will fly into Salt Lake on Friday and we'll go home together Sunday. I am enjoying the peace and quiet.

Mother and Daddy are in Payson fighting the flooding of their farm. The entire farm was under water on Sunday and Monday, some getting into the basement apartments, whose tenants had to leave quickly. Much of the top soil has washed away across the freeway and lots of large rocks have washed onto the farm. The well house nearly washed away, but because daddy built it so well (no pun intended) it held despite the swift waters racing around and through it. Daddy is getting over a strep throat and Mother is ill with a cold, but they're right out there working harder than I have ever worked. The home is protected with sand bags, now, and the creeks are shored up, but we're just waiting to see what the next heat wave will bring. (Today and tomorrow will be cool, which has slowed the runoff.)

We've had a warm Spring in Cupertino, with little rain. Fortunately, we had an unusually rainy fall, so we have plenty of water for Summer use, but will not have the horrible flooding and mudslides we've had in the past.

The earthquake a couple of weeks back was something to remember! Our house rocked for about 45 seconds. Emily and I had to hold onto the door frame to keep our balance, and we were very frightened, but no damage was done to our home, as far as we can tell. Verrrrry scary stuff, earthquakes! Erin talked about it for days afterward.

Daddy says this flood on the farm has made him appreciate the forces of nature more. That water was rampaging by and there was virtually nothing he could do about it. The water was deliberately run through his farm, for reasons unknown. The dikes built along the drainage ditches seemed to be holding just fine, when along comes some guy with a large tractor and breaks a hole in the dike sending the water onto Daddy's farm. DeHart's farm was under water also.

We took a brief trip to Gold Country and Yosemite during the kid's Spring vacation in April. That sure is beautiful country up there. We have lived in California for eleven years and that was the first trip to Yosemite we have taken--only three to four hours away! There was still snow on the ground at Yosemite Valley, so the kids got to romp in the snow--John for the first time.

The kids have been pretty healthy this Spring, with no major illnesses, just the normal colds and such, although we did have that flu that lasts for over a week. Emily and Erin were home with fevers for eight days. I just recently began having allergy shots again, and combined with that Nasalcrom spray (for hayfever) I have had a very good month. Normally this is my most miserable time of year, and I've had very little discomfort, so I am much encouraged about my allergies. I hope this "Nasalcrom" stuff has no long-term effects that the doctors don't know about, like my nose falling off ten years down the road.

Marty likes his new job, we're happy and hope you are too. Love, Liz

Dear Family,

June 2nd, 1984

The activities for our family during the last month have been quite varied.

Big yard
We decided that the backyard lawn was just too dead to revive. I decided to rip it out and start over. We hired a neighbor boy with a tractor to use his roto-til attachment. It did a real good job on what would have been an impossible task. All I had to do was spend 40 hours raking out the large tufts of dead grass roots. This was still hard work, but cutting through the original mat of dead grass would have been even more difficult. I am almost finished. So far I have filled 38 large garbage bags with roots and dead grass. I have so busy with the yard and another project that the garden never got planted until Charlotte took responsibility for it. The garden was planted yesterday.

My other major project this passed month has been building the forms for a walk and two porches. This was the completion of a welfare project from last year. We helped build a new house for an older brother whose house was destroyed in the flood last year. He was retired and had no insurance. Our elders quorum built the foundations for the pre-fab house last year. Last winter was too cold to do any more concrete work without special protection. We finished the form work yesterday after our regular jobs. I designed the forms and drew up the plans.

Memorial weekend Marian (my sister) and family with ours went to Lehman's caves. That is just over the Nevada boarder. We had dinner at our house on Friday before heading out. We camped out in the mountains near the caves that night. I must mention that this was Charlotte's first experience with roughing it. Where we camped there was no water and no facilities. She did very well in putting up with the inconveniences. I helped with a normal share of assisting the children. We are glad that we bought that extra tent last Christmas with "gift money". The night was warm and the children enjoyed the camp fire. I cooked breakfast the next morning. We had bacon, hash browns, scrambled eggs with cheese and orange juice or milk. Following breakfast which was very filling, we broke camp and drove to the caves. The caves were very deep into the mountain. The forst-service sponsored guided tours for a fee. There are no tours nor can you go through the caves without paying. The tour lasts an hour and a half and starts every half hour. The stalagmites and other formations put Mt. Timpanogous to shame. There is no comparison. It is really worth seeing.

Charlotte is quite involved in the community. This weekend is the annual Renaissance Fair. Charlotte is assisting in one of the several booths. Charlotte has also been practicing for the Sound of Music. The play goes on at the end of this month. She is one of the nuns. She does have a singing part but it is not a solo. She really is enjoying getting out while I get to enjoy the kids.

Love, Bryan, Charlotte, Sarah, Hannah & Hyrum

We love you Sherlene, but we really are going to restrict you (and myself) to two pages.
If we all write 2 pages it will equal 16 pages. Enough.
July 3, 1984 White Plains, NY (914) 949-0606

Happy 4th of July everybody!

We have been busy today making plans for our picnic tomorrow at Camp Liahona and Whaley Lake near Pauling, NY (about 45 min. drive from here). Daniel is at Scout Camp there for the week, and Dan went up this evening to help the leaders carry out the program. We're picking up our Scoutmaster's family (the rest of them) and joining preparations and also inviting the Valencias. As a fund raising project, they're "renting" hours of instruction in water-skiing, and Dan signed us for an hour. The first time I ever water-skied, I got up and stayed up half-way around the lake. It was fantastic. The first time I ever bowled, I hit a strike, the first roll. I won't tell you what happened the second time I tried both sports. It will be interesting to see what happens tomorrow after 25 odd (!) years. Maybe I should just stay on the beach and say I'm afraid of the turtles (an investigator we brought to our last ward outing got bitten by a turtle in the water--then there are the snappers!). However, county spraying a couple of years ago got rid of all the bugs--there aren't even any mosquitos! The water is wonderful. They just put down more sand to make more beach--and it is one great place to play. So you all come and see us. New York is getting more and more beautiful and the weather more pleasant every year. Next week we are taking the kids on a boat cruise up the Hudson to West Point and then on up to Bear Mountain. We'll take a picnic and climb and explore around both places and then take the cruise back and the whole ticket is only \$10. each. Not bad for a whole day. Come and join us.

Our happy news is that I have a helper around here! Karen Hoogland is a convert since October from Holland. She came here to work for a Jewish family as a Mother's helper a month ago and had a miserable experience. She called to ask me for help with her genealogy, as she wanted to get that worked on (her grandfather was possibly an American) and she wanted to get something done before she went back home. In exchange for room and board, she is helping me with my work so both of us have more time to go do genealogy. She has been here since Sunday, and for me it has been a real pleasure. She is slightly taller than I, 22 yrs. old, speaks four languages (including German--we are brushing up on our German at meals and any time we don't want the kids to understand us), and she is a health hound. Loves whole wheat, whole grains, fresh foods--is sickeningly skinny and has marvelous self-control (never eats anything with sugar in it). Just what I needed for my diet (have you ever tried to eat half a dozen cookies in front of someone who won't eat even one?). We have been jogging every morning together, and I feel she is a blessing direct from heaven. So far, she also seems happy with the arrangement, as she has cancelled her flight home and is talking about becoming an American and staying here a year and preparing to go to the temple.

The bad news is now that I'm home for the summer, I have to face all the filing, mending, and unfinished business that piled up while I had the excuse that I was a working mother. What a shock. However, Liz will be pleased to know I finally found a janitorial supply outlet (45 minute drive) and bought myself \$100 worth of equipment following the advice of Don Aslett's IS THERE LIFE AFTER HOUSEWORK? And I have it all planned that my spring cleaning, with the help of some new and old hands will take all of 20 or 30 minutes (ahem!).

The most exciting news is that I found three more generations on the SPENCER line. I gave the lesson in Relief Society two weeks ago on "The Worth of a Soul" and I used my night-blooming Sirius (sp.?) plant that I started 12 yrs. ago from one leaf of Mom's plant as my visual aid. It was absolutely the most successful lesson I've ever given--one of those times when you know it isn't your lesson that's being given at all.

I think I learned more than anybody and was as excited as anybody, watching the lesson unfold. One of those magic moments, I wish I could capsulize for a replay. Anyway, I had finally trimmed the plant with all those straggles and had eight or ten big leaves to show them. I told how the plant works--takes seven years to get big enough to produce that white, amazingly perfect, huge, and fragrant one-night-only-opening bloom--how the rest of the time, it's just my ugliest houseplant, but I keep it around because I love to be there and invite in all the neighbors for a party when it gets ready to bloom at 2:00 a.m. Then I ask the class to make analogies about what we can learn from this plant as regards the worth of a soul. Then they gave the rest of the lesson while I cut up the leaves to give them all a start so they could grow a plant (I tossed in a few comments as we went along). I always get side-tracked. What I started to say, is that in the middle of that lesson, I noted that I'll pray day after day, pounding the heavens for an answer to some problem I think is so great; and then when I give up and say a two-bit, half-hearted, half-spoken prayer that has to do with something I should be doing in genealogy or missionary work or my visit-teaching, or just helping someone else--and THAT'S when the miracle blooms start falling from the skies.

I got anxious recently because I didn't think I was getting enough time for genealogy (I only averaged one-half day a month last year while I was working)--and I prayed that I could see some progress and that the Lord would help compensate for the time I couldn't put in. I had been disappointed because Dan had scheduled a meeting the night I thought I had the car to go to a Westchester County Genealogy Mtg. dedicated specifically to special problems in New England Research. Well, I walked in the copy shop to copy off that history of Nathaniel Merriman (one of your ancestors) which I sent Dad for Father's Day, and at the door I met Ann Carson, a fellow member of the Society. She offered me a ride, so I could go, after-all. I was there five minutes, when I got in a discussion with Thelma Smith, who is writing a book on the Spencer family. Sure enough, it turned out it is our SPENCERS (Ensign Gerard Spencer was the last one I had) and she proceeded to give me three more generations back over the ocean into England. She just mailed me a packet with all the documentation and more information. Now that kind of experience is not just happenstance.

We are making some big decisions now. Dan's project is getting wound up at work, and there are rumors that after this project is done, the company is going to phase-out his whole department. So he just might be job hunting when he comes out to Utah. Hackley School had talked about giving us some financial aid with the kids' tuition--but we were sad to learn they could only offer us 2,000 off the \$14,000 it costs, with bus fare, fees, uniforms, etc.--and I am not totally convinced, after one year of this experience, that it is worth the stress of my working 9-10 hr. days and then coming home to another full-time job and a recalcitrant family when it comes to helping. However, if I have Karen here--I could pay her a salary and maybe handle it--we'll see. It was interesting that when Mr. Bridges, admissions head at Hackley heard me muse about the possibility of sending them to a parochial school or some other school, he suggested another alternative--that I be the secretary at their crazy office there (he said they can't afford to hire at the going rate for the skills they need--my boss had to pay a \$6,000 agency fee and starting salary of \$23,000 to replace me) but maybe they could work out a package deal, including some tuition for the kids or something. I haven't called him back on that one--it would save \$2,000 bus fare and at least be a more interesting environment than the business one--but I don't want to be ANYBODY'S secretary next year. I want to write and publish something significant (how about a searing romance to send Mom for Christmas?)

Page Three
Bartholomew Blab
July 3, 1984

Our daylilies are blooming in such wondrous florifications--it is such a thrill to go out every morning and see nature's miracles. We are hoping they hold strong through Monday. We are having a barbeque here for about 30-40 people, including all the ward seventies (Dan is group leader), the missionaries, and some hot investigators.

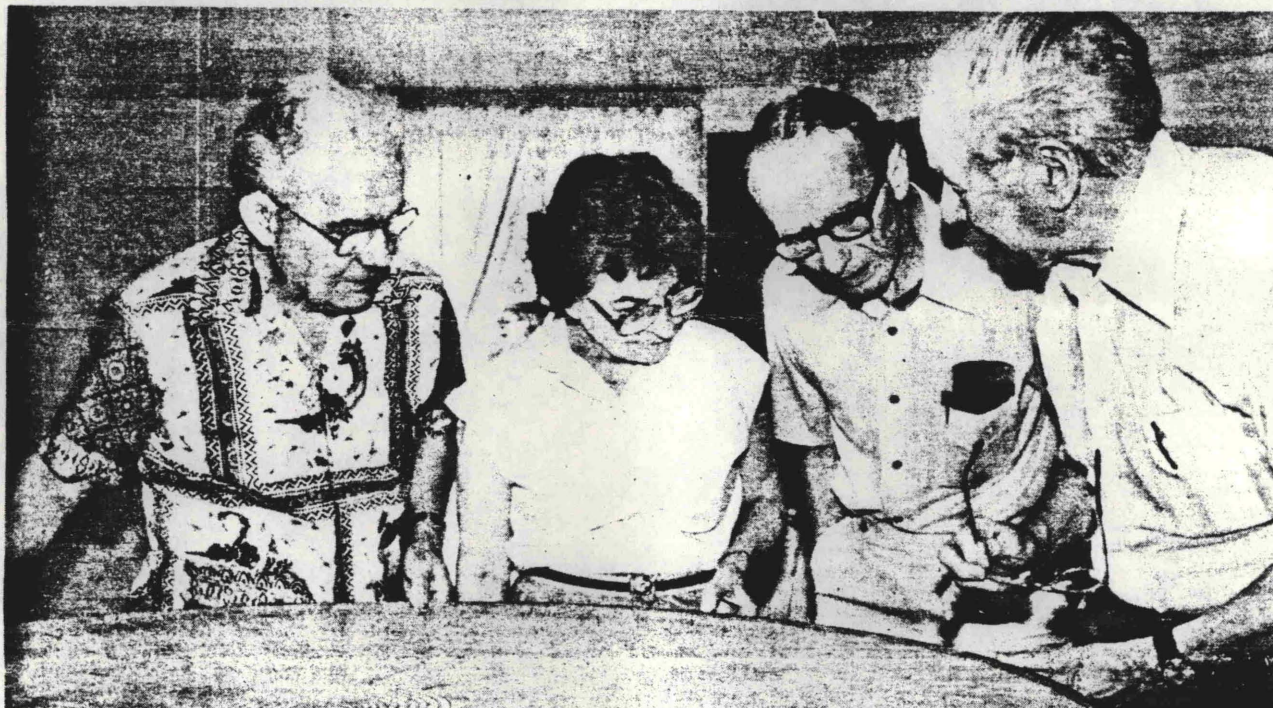
Laura is getting bored to death here at home. Her camp opportunity turned out to be with a bunch of disturbed kids, and 20 minutes there and she and I decided at the same time to withdraw her. (So she is sitting around while Daniel had a week of basketball camp and now a week of Scout camp. Her friends are off to exciting places, and Daniel's seem to be sticking close to home--so she is feeling very sorry for herself. Mom has been a bore and hasn't taken her all the exciting places she hoped to--so she claims she is going out to Utah early so she can get to know her grandparents and cousins again and get away from her pesty brother. Grandma and pa Bartholomew have invited her to stay with them--but she would like very much to spend a few days each with her grandparents' Hall, Doug and Nancy, Charlotte and Brian, Tracy and Betsy, David and Karen, and also Cal and Karen and Bob and Rita and Jean and Richard on the Bartholomew side. If that's all right with you guys and you have days that would be better than others' please coordinate with Laura when she gets there. Otherwise, Bartholomews say they'd like to keep her the whole month. We are still debating the rest of the program. Dan might come out with Laura, July 11 (as now planned--who knows what tomorrow will change!). Daniel and I may come later--or Daniel may go with Laura (they should be kept in separate residences, though--they need a break from each other--and so do you!), and I feel a great need to get a rest from my family for a while. I'm going to stay here and do genealogy with Karen (while catching up on all the projects around here) and then, when the family gets back, I'll come out ALONE for a week or two (oh, that sounds good!). I might come a little early, so we can do a few things together. We'd love to go to California and meet Marty and Liz at Disneyland--but we're not too confident we can swing it financially. We just paid our Hackley Bill and that doesn't leave much soup for the rest of the summer.

We miss you all and love you and pray for your safety and happiness daily. As the 4th of July approaches, I feel such gratitude to live in this promised land. We do have our problems. But after talking with Karen about what goes on in Europe (her parents have to pay 75% taxes in Holland!), I think we had better count our blessings. I feel a desire to do more to honor those ancestors who so bravely forged the way for us to enjoy such rich blessings now. And I am deeply moved when I think about my own parents and brothers and sisters and all the love and service each of you represents. Thanks for always being there--even when I don't deserve it. I love you so much and look forward to seeing you soon. I also love my husband and kids, even when I can't stand them. You'll love them, too, when you see them--especially the way they go through your refrigerator. I am offering food-budget boosts--you'll need them!

Love,  and Company

If this letter doesn't sound like one that could be written by a future prize-winning author--well, it is so! And you better read A-L-L of it. I stayed up past my bedtime to bore you.

Bill - Amy Halls in your line? Wallingford - Meriden - Cheshire



staff photo by MARGE DOUGAN

Dr. Robert Norton, left, and Charles Clulee, right, help Ruth Mansfield Eitel and her husband, Alfred Eitel, find the names of her ancestors on a geneology chart of one of Wallingford's original

families, the Halls. The Eitels were visiting from South Greenwood, S.C.

Decendants trace ties to town founder

By MARGE DOUGAN
Staff Reporter

One of the town's founding families has its own "wheel of fortune."

Stored for many years in the attic of the Wallingford Historical Society headquarters at 180 South Main St., the wheel is actually a spiraled

WALLINGFORD

geneological record of the Hall family from the day John Hall settled here in 1670 through July 20, 1943.

The chart was done by Lydia Bushnell Smith Hall, a wife of the late Linus Hall, and contains "hundreds and hundreds" of names of the descendants of the Halls, according to Charles Clulee, president emeritus of the Wallingford Historical Society.

The names are carefully inscribed on a sheet of window-shade material 50 inches in diameter and mounted on wood.

It was wrestled down from the attic by Clulee and Robert Norton, a Hall descendant, who hope to restore the faded writing and preserve the relic.

John Hall and his family were the first Halls to settle here, coming from New Haven with several other families in 1670.

Clulee recalled that in 1934 during the Depression, the Public Works Administration surveyed the Center Street Cemetery.

PWA workers were able to identify the grave markers of 500 Halls, and had reason to believe there were many more that they couldn't decipher.

"They could only find 140 Cooks," (another founding family), so you can see how many Halls there really were," said Clulee.

The wheel was "resurrected" at this time because of interest expressed by a Hall descendant who lives in Greenville, S.C.

Ruth Mansfield Eitel and her husband, Alfred, wanted to search out her ancestors while they visited this area.

Probably the two most famous members of the family are Lyman Hall, a governor of Georgia and signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Winston Churchill.

Churchill's mother, Jenny Jerome, an American, was descended from the Halls, according to Clulee.

But Clulee thinks John Hall might have argued that he, not Lyman Hall or even Churchill, was the most important member of the family.

For Hall, one of a handful of men who founded the town, was the patriarch of a family whose roots now reach every part of the country.

The wheel's creator, Lydia Hall, lived in a house still occupied by Halls on Williams Street.

The house, of Georgian architecture, was built by Nathan Hall in 1833 of local "shaped" brownstone.

Builders put one over on the owner, Clulee related, by placing stones carved in the shapes of a diamond, spade, club and heart into the south outer wall.

Strict Congregationalists, the Halls at that time frowned on card playing.

Clulee said he's eager to preserve the wheel and see that the historical artifact doesn't deteriorate further.

But for now that has to take a back seat to plans for the celebration of the tercentenary of the Center Street Cemetery.

The Lyman Hall monument, given to the town by the state of Georgia, where the one-time governor is buried, usually stands in the center of the cemetery.

It is being restored for the tercentenary by a local memorial works.

Invitations have been sent to descendants of the founders of the town, including the Halls, and replies have already begun to come back indicating acceptance to the Sept. 18 celebration, Clulee said.

This John Hall "wheel" is our ancestor - We saw this table in Wallingford - you all should come and see it, too. Sherlen