

'Same thing with a little
larger print for Dad's eyes!



Thanks again for the
great trip! B B

Daniel R. & Sherlene H. Bartholomew (201) 766-9771
180 North Maple Avenue Basking Ridge, NJ 07920
November 2, 1990

Dear Family,

I can't believe it's Hallmanack time again. This has been a whirl of a month--I don't know if I've quit spinning enough to send a coherent digest of what's going on.

The big news is that after 21 years with AT&T, Dan lost his job as his division was closed down. The exit package they gave us was not exactly generous. I think I'll copy Dan's explanation of his doings in his letter to the Bartholomews, at this point, since I never explain his work very well:

Dan's Doings: Besides driving to FAA customer visits at JFK airport and elsewhere, I am now commuting to an NYC office. I drive to Newark and park, then take the PATH train to the World Trade Center within one block of my office. Office setup has been slow. One union member said he wouldn't wire offices for me and my salesman because we had unpacked and assembled our own PC's, apparently in violation of union work rules. I also can't seem to get answers or help with the primitive 2-line telephone set there or with NY Tel's centrex service. New York is at least a little different from other places I have worked. Most of the building services people are on the same floor & are helpful & available. If I need them, I can frequently find them eating and watching TV in their area of the 10th floor.

Now that my office has moved to NYC (not my wish, & much more expensive for AT&T), I find my job is about to be eliminated. Due to business unit budget & spending crunches). When we learned of this unofficially, Sherlene arranged for me to get a blessing. The Moen and Wood couples brought over their traditional Sat. night ice cream & shared it with us after the blessing. I generously passed the ice cream around for seconds and realized later that it was not ours.

The technical manager (my boss) and sales manager appealed the elimination of my job, and I later sent an appeal letter myself to the VP. Several weeks passed. I began to relax. Then last week came written notice. Sixty days to find a job internally or take an exit package. Instead of a year's pay and sweetened pension that I passed up two or three times before, this time its two months or so severance pay. On top of that, the sales and commissions for the old job are just starting to flow (I'm on 90% salary & 10% commissions), so I hope to hang around or negotiate for commissions, which are often delayed along with billing & customer payment. I should at least get one advantage out of the office move to NYC--a slightly higher NYC pay scale amounting to a temporary raise.

When I first switched to the computer side of AT&T, I became upset at the meager choice of application software available in the product line. I was told that AT&T was then negotiating with leading software vendors. During the last year or so, AT&T has announced strategic partnering with both leading hardware (Intel, Pyramid, Tandem) and software (Microsoft, WordPerfect, Lotus, Oracle, & more) concerns.

AT&T's leading edge software offering, called "Rhapsody," combines the graphical and object-oriented features of MS Windows & HP New Wave. Integrated within this environment are the customer's choices of leading

desktop applications (MS Word for Windows or WordPerfect word processor; MS Excel or Lotus Spreadsheet). Other applications can also be "encapsulated" into the environment. The environment supports automation or "recording" of task patterns not only within, but across applications. In addition, the package supports automation of workflows for workgroups, allowing one to specify and automate tasks, assignments, deadlines, & dependencies within a group, with prompting, reporting, revision, etc. through project or task launch through its completion.

Interested in this package, I left a copy of my updated resume with a "Rhapsody" marketer, though he didn't know of any openings. Friday I received a call about an opening. The job is to create and manage demos for Rhapsody marketing. I interview tomorrow.

I recently had a tour of another interesting AT&T product--an imaging processing system. With use of this system, huge paper filing systems have been scanned and stored as images in an image database. Accessing the image database, phone representatives now answer questions much faster, referencing the customer's file of letters, checks, etc. electronically as screen images, instead of having to pull and search the physical folder.

I expect the two systems may come together at some point. Maybe I'll get a chance to help it happen. I still need to come up to speed in the technical details of DOS, and in UNIX and LANs in general, and in all the other relevant applications. If I get the "Rhapsody" job, I'll try to get the basic system at home to learn & play with (fat chance).

Sherlene again: He had the first interview and also a second interview with the Bell Labs division he would interface with. The Bell Labs man welcomed him aboard and talked as though he had the job. However, there is a training course next week for this job which was mentioned in the first interview, and Dan has not received definite notice about this course, nor an appointment for the third interview and solicitation he left about it this morning has not been answered. This "hanging in the balance" is not much fun, but in general, we've enjoyed peaceful, happy feelings and a positive atmosphere around here.

Dan went to a trade show yesterday and found out about a Word Perfect managerial position which is open in Switzerland. This possibility gets me rather excited, inasmuch as I learned on this last genealogy trip that the Staleys came from there. Things are falling in place in exciting ways, and I suppose if I did not believe in ghosts, I wouldn't feel so excited about this Switzerland bit. I must truly be part gypsy. If I thought I could sell the house in this market, I'd pack and move to Switzerland in about one week. I love adventures like that! Laura doesn't like the idea one bit. She likes to think she could come home to a place that is a little familiar. There is also a Word Perfect eastern division job which Dan might apply for. He thought the deadline was Oct. 31 to send them a 5-minute video of himself answering the question "Why Word Perfect Should Hire Me!" I told him he should turn it around to say: "How you lucky dogs got someone like me to consider you remains to be answered!" He worked on the video all morning, only to learn they had shifted gears and would not be interviewing until January.

In the meantime, Dan has still been busy winding up work, trying to find jobs for all the other Elders in our quorum now out of work (it

IS scary around here how many people are being laid off and how many homes are NOT selling), and doing service projects for many needy in our ward. Dan has been a very devoted Elder's Quorum President. He truly loves the people he serves, and he does not discriminate in his concern and ration his time according to some spiritual caste system, as some might do. It touches my heart to see him caring so much about one man he home teaches who is dying of AIDS and several others with pain brought from breaking one commandment or other. I feel good about calling on the Lord's help because He has certainly been able to call on Dan day or night. I truly feel something very good is in the works with this job business and am trying to stay as level and cheerful with the uncertainty as Dan manages to do (not easy for me!).

As for me, I've been having a great time. Dan and I went back to Arlington for Sarah's baptism and the blessing of No-Name. Sarah's baptism was lovely. She looked like Snow White, with her dark hair, fair skin, rosy cheeks, and white dress. I kept looking around for a dwarf and actually saw quite a few of them! Dan accompanied Virginia and Barry, singing a duet originally planned for Virginia and Warren, but he chickened out last minute. It was lovely--made me cry. During "request" time, Sarah asked that the same duet be sung by all, so Warren got his chance to carry the refrain above the crowd and sort of redeem himself for skunking out. He has a delightful voice--he should have done it--the idgit!

Sunday morning, we enjoyed a hike with Mom and Dad, Virginia and Barry, and the girls, along the creek and up to a cliff overlooking the Potomac. It was a lovely day, and I won't tell you how Mom and Dan about killed themselves trying to be overly-adventurous.

Then that afternoon we savored marvelous blessings which Barry gave Sarah and Rowland David Spencer Wood. My heart truly soared with appreciation for that moment, watching my father, husband, and brother Barry worthily bless this beautiful new addition to our family. A moment for the angels, and I'm sure they were present.

When we got home, the porch was covered with helium-filled balloons neighbors had left for the children--made a colorful background for all our photos. Then we went inside for a great chow-mein dinner and about burned the house down lighting the candles on Virginia's divine carrot cake to celebrate Dad Hall's 71st birthday which we feared would actually occur while he was in Canada fixing the press. 'Turned out, he was back by then. I sat there at the table and thought how wonderfully healthy Dad looked--certainly a tribute to his good and honest life. Mom looked terrific, too. I kept looking at her in Church and at the table because I thought she had such a sweet, happy look. New grandchildren are pretty special!

Sunday night we attended a part of a concert at their Stake Center and then sneaked out to drive home, arriving about 1:00 a.m. Little did I dream that one week later I would be back in Arlington. Dad called when he got back from Canada and offered to foot all costs if I would drive there, pick them up, and go with them to Richmond to visit Uncle Delbert and Aunt Carlyn and do genealogy research at the Virginia State Library. I was there within 24 hours, with Dan's encouragement to "seize the moment," and we had such a fun time.

We had a wonderful trip, even if we did not come up with any great

discoveries. Actually, visiting with Delbert's family was a great discovery for me. Uncle Delbert looks quite a bit different than the other Hall boys--he has those same kind crinkles at his eyes, but has a nose reminiscent of Bob Hope--and you should hear him talk! A southerner, through and through! He has been bishop there for over a year now, and we had quite a time working out a visit around his bishopric meetings--but they fit us in.

Aunt Carlyn is a southern Belle who used to be a beautician and whose red hair is in one of those Beehive styles, without a hair out of place. She is very hard-working and has raised a fine family. She was very gracious and loving, and I liked her a lot.

With us at their supper table was their adopted son, Justin, and we also met their son David (who just returned from a mission). Later, their daughters Elaine and Denise brought over many beautiful children for us to see. Uncle Delbert and Aunt Carlyn are also building a cottage, weekends, so he was a little hesitant when Dad called about putting us up. We got a Motel 6 room because he indicated that Aunt Carlyn "doesn't keep house anymore," and was busy with full-time work (she is church custodian and also caters weddings, etc.) and helps him on the new house, weekends. Well, as I suspected, Dad didn't need to reserve the motel because Aunt Carlyn had arranged sleep with one of their daughters (we kept the motel room), and she said her daughter, Denise, came over (with all her kids) and cleaned house so we arrived to a spotless scene.

With all she had to do, Aunt Carlyn served us a marvelous breakfast, complete with Southern high, high biscuits and corncob jelly, baked cinnamon-apples and other amenities, and a supper of a potato salad with imitation crab in it, topped with chopped, fresh tomatoes and then Southern pecan pie ala mode. Mom and I decided to throw our low-cholesterol diets to the wind. When you're in the South, you eat SOUTHERN and love it!

We had a fun talk with their family. Elaine brought over a tape recorder, and we quizzed my Dad and Uncle Delbert about their parents, grandparents, and growing-up years. Elaine, my beautiful blonde, long-haired, blue-eyed, spunky cousin, brought me a copy of the tape the next day--which I very much appreciated. Then we saw a video of their last year's 4th of July Reunion which we are invited to attend next year--hopefully at Uncle Delbert's new cottage, which we did go visit. I did not get to meet Bonnie, who used to be part of these cousin's singing trio--I would love to hear them sing, but Aunt Carlyn says they don't sing much any more as a group.

One evening after the library closed, we met them at home and they led us to the cottage they are building. It looks like a little Swiss chalet and is about a 20 min. drive from Delbert's home and built on a place called "Liberty Hall Plantation." Uncle Delbert built it himself and paid for the materials as he went--so it will have no mortgage. Uncle Wendell is apparently doing the same thing in Utah. 'Must be in the Hall blood. It has a lot of charm and definitely looks like a lot of homes we saw from our bus, when as South-German missionaries we traveled to the temple in Bern.

I was very happy for the visit. Some of my younger sisters knew Delbert's girls out at BYU, but I never knew them. I saw a lot of love

in Delbert and Carlyn's marriage--lots of pulling together, hard work, and gospel living. They read scriptures before their meals and had family prayers which also reflected much caring, service and concern with "Building the Kingdom." Their daughters are beautiful and sons, handsome. Lots of redheads in their grandchildren! They quit school early and Uncle Delbert went into the Service. Now he is retired from that and works with computers at a bank. They've done well, but be sure you get your education--I think Aunt Carlyn has paid dearly for not wanting to make the necessary sacrifices to get through school.

Uncle Delbert had gone to great pains to draw a map of the land owned by William Hall and Hannah Richardson, his wife, which was very helpful as we searched deeds at the Library. Dad, in his meticulous, carefully-researching manner, checked out all the neighbors to the property and made a few corrections and additions to the map, while Mom searched wills and deeds and I grabbed anything I could find of a historical nature and copied it. But after 2 1/2 days in the library, we left feeling somewhat frustrated at not finding any major breakthroughs. I have been spoiled with much "new" information in my New England research--but this is end-of-the-line South and very difficult, and we decided to go home and get our notes together better, sift the copies I voluminously made of anything which even looked like it might connect, and go back with a little more organization and purpose some other time.

I think we got pretty tired doing all that research. Dad made some crack about swamps in the motel which hit Mom funny, and all of a sudden we were all laughing until we could hardly breathe. We'd just catch our wind and then get started again. Looking back, Dad's joke couldn't have been that funny. Genealogy can really get to you, after a while. Very dangerous stuff. Anyway, they say laughter is good for your health. We should all feel great until the next trip.

Well, after we took Mom and Dad to the airport, I stayed a couple of days and spent another \$40 on copies at the Library of Congress. Found some good leads. Then, Fri. night I went to see Jonathan's play at Cub Scouts. It was very important to him that I be there--first thing he said when he saw me Monday morning was "Are you coming to my play?" Well, he was definitely the best performer up there--ham seems to come with the territory in this family!

Saturday, my plan was to spend the entire day at the Frederick, MD public library looking at their Maryland collection. But I was kind of burned out and disgusted at not finding the big find I was so sure I was going to get on this trip. So, I allowed myself to stop at several garage sales along the way and at a craft show at a white chapel on Old Glebe road near their home. Garage sales are also in the blood. Someone tapped me on the shoulder at one of them, and I turned around to see Virginia and what's-his-name-Roly-David. She was probably scouting for Halloween costumes.

I got lost trying to find the library in that maze of one-way streets and got there to find out the Maryland room was closed and the small collection the library had would be available one hour until the library closed. By now accustomed to finding nothing monumental on these lines, I meandered over to the few available shelves and pulled off the first book I saw: Pioneers of Old Monocacy (The Early Settlement of Frederick County, MD, 1721-1743, by Grace L. Tracey and

John P. Derm, published 1987. I looked in the index and felt familiar chills as I saw many references to Jacob Staley and Richardsons and Simmons with very interesting first names. Well, there was a line of procrastinators like me by that one copy machine, and I had to stand in line three times, but the angels were waiting and I copied out every page with a reference and spent another \$5. at the copy machine. It is very exciting. Because for the first time I have real proof that the Simmons family and the Richardson family were Quakers and they settled in about the same time as the Staleys, and I am hot on the trail of these people now! It was very hard to leave that library. You had better believe I'm finding an excuse to visit Virginia and Barry again, soon. Well, maybe I'll give it a few weeks. I still have a few thousand copies to sort and get into the computer and organize so I know where I'm going, anyway.

I wish Mom and Dad had come home with me instead of flying back to Utah. The drive home was incredible. I took Rt. 15 out of Frederick to Gettysburg and Harrisburg and then went through Allentown (Rt. 81 in there somewhere) and then 78 West right past the Church exit at Lamington Road and on home. The leaves were spectacular! The blue hills, rolling farms, pastoral Quaker and Pennsylvania Dutch (Deutsch-German) farms settled and loved by your ancestors, little red barns, blue skies, white clouds--what a beautiful drive! You must go on a genealogy trip with me to Pennsylvania in the fall some time.

'Came home in time to iron Dan's shirts for his second round of interviews and realized more than ever how much I love my home, this ward, this area, and especially, my husband! I don't want to move--even to Switzerland. Kathy and her husband were here going through all the agony of making decisions about a move and putting in a contract on a home. It did not make me want to go through that again! I think I shall stay very put. I have enough genealogy to do right here--I'm finding lots of leads going guess where--NEW JERSEY! On an old map of the Staley plantations in early Monocacy, guess who lived nearby? The Orricks. These folks all spoke German. Now roll a good German "r" on that Orrick and pronounce it with a hard "k" sound on the end, and what do you get? EVICK, of course. I'm going to get that Clarinda parented yet! Another local pair was Robert Owings (Evick?) and wife, Rachel Hook.

Big news: this history I found in Frederick gave the parents of last-of-our-line Jacob Staley! More fun came at the Library of Congress when I was in the copy center copying out Pennsylvania marriages, and two Amish men on both sides of me were also copying. They saw I was doing Pennsylvania and asked what name I was searching. I said Steheli or Staley, and they told me that was an Amish name. One of them showed me a big reference book of Amish genealogy and three pages of Stehelis he had just noticed that afternoon. They had all our names and most certainly were descendants of our Jacob and our cousins. It was sad to see the deformed ears and hands of these Amish men who were so helpful and kind and obviously had suffered from so much inter-marrying in the family. Anyway, I copied out all that information and am anxious to do their temple work, as these ancestors were definite "Searchers."

I would tell you who Jacob's parents were and exactly where they were from, but my desk is stacked two feet high with unfiled copies, not to mention my bedroom chest-of-drawers! Wait, just found it: OK, quoting from the history: "Jacob and Melchior Staley, presumably brothers, also lived along the German Monocacy Road in the southern

area. With them later was a third namesake called Jacob Staley the Younger who very likely was a similarly named third brother. Their anglicized surname was used in official records, but in church records and wills they continued for a long while to call themselves Stehli or a variant thereof. They were Swiss and were the sons of Heinrich Stehli and Maria Steinbruechel who lived at Maschwanden, southwest of Zuerich." There is much more of much interest. I could type straight for the next six months and not get all the information I have collected into the computer nor have it prepared for temple work. I need to be sixteen persons!

I can't tell you how fun this all is! Another neighbor of theirs was Peter Shaver (spelled Shaeffer in other records). Sound familiar, Mom?

We have had incredible weather here. It feels more like early September than early November. Temperatures in the 70-80 range! I have been washing windows and airing out the house. 'Should have been out gardening, but my back is sore and I'm babying it. The leaves here are still not at their peak, but are almost there. It is a glorious fall!

We've had wonderful letters and photos from Daniel (much of it sent to Mom yesterday to share with you, too). He is so happy and busy in the work. I just thrill for him. Please continue to remember him in your prayers.

Laura had a bad experience last week. A friend took her to a party where all the rest were drinking. Even some she knew were LDS were drinking. She said in the East people knew she was LDS and respected her principles, but these people seemed only intent on getting her to take a drink. They called her "Molly Mormon," and told her they were insulted she did not join them. She left early and promised me the person driving (whom she would not name) did not take a drink, either. She is also full of questions she has not dealt with before--all that come from her philosophy class and associations with the non-Mormons in her dorm, who she frankly likes a lot better than most of the Mormons there.

Well, I told Laura it was good to question and healthy to question, as long as she continues her faithful habit of reading scriptures daily and praying intensely. But I feel for her. It is not easy to be a freshman. She is now deciding who her roommates will be next year (she has had three offers from friends who want to live off-campus next year for her to share an apartment). We are praying she will be blessed in all her associations and choices and are proud of her for maintaining her standards even when taunted by other LDS--must be the hardest of all!

We have had some sorrows here since coming back. Our Stake President's son is in deep trouble--started drinking and smoking at parties (and he has been elected Student Body President at Ridge High, too!), and now he is in trouble with the law. His father is also our town Administrator, read in the paper about some items stolen from a home and recognized them as having been in his son's room, and turned in his own son to the law. Now he also has to deal with Priesthood courts and other issues. It really breaks your heart--he was one of Laura's best friends last year. However, they also have two children on missions right now, another daughter expecting a mission call any

minute, and a daughter who just called with news of engagement and a planned temple wedding this December. This is a family on the move! Also attended the funeral of the mother of dear friends which turned out to be a genuine celebration of a woman who left her family to follow the prophet's voice and how generations of family (and also her parent family) have been blessed by this.

I've also thrown three dinner-parties this month. We've invited our boarders to them, as well as the missionaries, and Rev. Pepper. I also had a separate one for Marolyn Moen's birthday (really an excuse for all of us women in Basking Ridge to get together). Rev. Pepper visited Utah this summer and saw B.Y.U., attended the wedding (reception--waited outside the temple) of one of the Elders who first taught him, and is as filled with joy for the truth and the Church as ever. He told us some very inspiring tales of contacts he has had in his ecumenical groups and how he has been blessed to introduce them to different aspects of the gospel. He was instrumental in getting the Lord's Day Alliance, a hundred-year-old-plus organization that promotes observance of the Lord's day to approach the Church about producing some TV spots on the subject. The Church is going to do it and the Alliance is footing the \$250,000 bill. He also talked them into getting an LDS member on their board (and hopes to fill that position himself very shortly).

We are absolutely disgusted with the taxes rising, economy declining, and war threatening. All good reasons to live better, pray harder, and enjoy the moment--things certainly could get very much worse. I cannot say in words what the Church and gospel mean to me in my life and how grateful I am to parents and grandparents who pioneered the way for us to enjoy such blessings. Thanks, with all my heart!

Thanks, too, Virginia and Barry, for putting us up and putting up with so much with all else going on in your life at this time. Thanks, too, Virginia, for all the love put into finishing Laura's formal--she is determined to wear it for the Preference Ball, coming up. And the chocolates you and Mom dipped and shared were definitely dimpling! LOVE YOU ALL. Mom, I think five pages is good considering how many miles it covers! OK, I won't write next month! [I put larger print for our own records, making it eight pages--so, somebody abridge me!]