

Jan 28
Hallmanack, Jan 1987

Dear Family:

First, in case you don't read further. Sherlene is making some kind of a family tree for her house and called me for pictures. A couple of years ago I started to go through all our pictures and sort them out and get them into an organized form. I didn't get very far, but I did get my genealogy negatives into plastic slots that David brought home from the Y when they were changing systems while he was working for the photographic studio. Now I wonder if that plastic will hurt the negatives. I know they say that you should only put your pictures under a certain kind of plastic, and I wonder if the same is true of negatives?

In looking for the negatives, however, I had to flip through the other books of pictures which I have, which contain the pictures which you have sent me of your own families over the year, and I was struck with a singular fact.

There is going to be a whole generation of Americans without genealogical pictures--yours. All these beautiful colored pictures have a short life.

Many of the ones of your babies are already discolored, and the colored ones WE took are even worse. I would suggest that you go through your pictures and choose the ones which you want to preserve for posterity and have them copied in black and white and printed on paper which will last. Get the negatives. Otherwise in another generation your pictorial records of your families are going to be defunct. When I was collecting the genealogical pictures, Allen's would make me a 35 mm negative for 25 cents and a print for 10 cents. Allen's is still probably the cheapest place to get it done but I think Sherlene said a negative is now 80 cents.

Fortunately, most of the genealogical pictures of worth I have reproduced are in the Langford genealogical book, and any family who has one of those has reproductions of the pictures. Maybe I should go through the negatives and reproduce the pictures which are Not in the book, and send you all copies of them, with the people identified as far as possible while I am still alive. Grunk. Another project to add to my already overcrowded agenda. None of which projects, however, I seem to get around to.

Someone may have to do that project after I am gone. Correction: My genealogical book does not contain the Halls or other allied lines unconnected with the Langfords.

That project which I suggested is indeed a good project. Hmm--

Anyone want to undertake it? Maybe one of you would like to produce a book about the descendants of Howard Hall, or Henry C Hall or take it back (really a research project) to the descendants of William Hall, Englishman, of Berkely County Virginia, tracing down through the generations, the descendants of all of his children.

Thank you for all of your lovely Christmas presents. The only thing I regret is that we were not all together in Provo to see each other, but I am very glad that Elizabeth and Marty and family were here. Elizabeth and Marty, I appreciate the sacrifice you make to be with us on Christmas. Dad took all the grandkids on a hay ride. The horse was the tractor and the sleigh was the tractor trailer, but the kids had fun anyway, scattering straw all over the neighborhood. I think John got his fill of snow, as we had plenty this year.

Indeed, we have had snow perpetually on the ground and frozen since Thanksgiving. And that is some kind of a record for us. I think the snowpack is back to normal, but the dams are all low so I doubt if the effect of the last two years of drought has been completely replaced.

Jan 1989 Hallmanack

We had the usual treasure hunt, but this year I did not have time to make out clues from place to place until the treasure is reached. I told them I had hidden it, it was in plain sight, they could open drawers and closets but not to rifle through them, as the treasure would not be covered up wherever it was. They had to come back to me to give them some clues (hot and cold) which produced the treasure, but only after they had opened the drawer it was in and closed it again without seeing the treasure. No wonder young people can't find lost shoes.

Nancy and Doug's house has officially been started, but the cold weather is certainly hampering things. Dad says the 26th of Jan is traditionally the coldest day in the years, so cheer up, Nancy, the weather can only (we hope) get warmer from here on out.

Big decisions are going to be made in 1989. Our sons and sons-in-laws are nearing the times in their lives when decisions are life-time affairs, usually. When you are 25 you can make a decision and if it is wrong you can change course. When you are 40 to 45 you might be making a life-time decision.

(2 yrs)

I guess you have heard that Uncle Wendell has accepted a call from the church to become the director of a missionary MTC in Argentina. The church is forming MTCs around the world instead of bringing the missionaries all into the one in Provo. This will save the church money, and still give the missionaries that good start they need to go into their field of labors. He is going to send me a copy of the letter he sends to his family each month and I will send them on to you. I regret that I did not see that you children were exposed more to your Uncle Wendell. He hasn't been translated yet, but I think he is an example of what living the gospel can do to a person. You can just feel the love in that man in his letter.

It doesn't seem possible that Huntington Tracy is approaching missionary age. He will be 19 in May and every year after that for awhile (quite a while) the granddaughters and grandsons will have the opportunity to accept calls to serve missions throughout the world. We hope that most of you will accept that opportunity. At Christmas Tracy said he was going to the Y winter semester, and I haven't heard since if that is what he is doing. I'm going to have to make a new chart which shows the places the grandchildren serve on their missions. Boy, wait until the church gets those special missionaries. Wilford Woodruff move over. It's only just, when you stop to think of it. Annis Bedford, James Jackson, Mary Chippendale, Thomas Burdett, Marie and Jane Herbert, were all fruits of the early missionaries of the church who went into England and gleaned such an enormous harvest. It is only natural that many of their descendants will reap harvests in many new and equally rich fields of labors. And this does not count the harvests which yielded Hans Nadrian Charlson, Johanna Charlotte Scherlin, and progenitors of the maiden and maternal lines of our sons and daughters-in-laws which really adds to the heritage and to the debt of gratitude which the collective bloods owe to those who served before.

I get excited thinking about it--but I guess you mothers and fathers are not too anxious for the time to come. Parting from a missionary is not easy. Usually, I think, it is easier for the missionary than for the parents--at 19 leaving a parent is not the hardest thing in the world for a young person. Not at least until two weeks after they are gone.

We love you and appreciate your phone calls. I am going to send Wendell our monthly Hallmanack and see if you can get someone in your families to write once a month. You older kids should be good at that by now, too.

I am looking forward to sending the Hallmanack to missionaries, along with the sage??advice from doting Grandparents. (Ha!)

Love you
Grandmother Hall

New presidents called to lead missionary training centers

New presidents for missionary training centers in South America, Japan and Samoa have been called by the First Presidency.

Called are Vernon A. Bingham, succeeding Rex N. Terry in Buenos Aires, Argentina; Elmo Turner, succeeding Melvin H. Morris in Sao Paulo, Brazil; Wendell Hall, succeeding John A. Davis in Santiago, Chile; Bruce Gibson, succeeding Leon R. Walker in Lima, Peru; N. Ralph Shino, succeeding Roy I. Tsuya in Tokyo, Japan; and Eldon Puckett, succeeding Ralph L. Sharp in Apia, Samoa.

Pres. Bingham, 63, of Liberty, Idaho, a retired high school teacher, was president of the Honduras Tegucigalpa Mission from 1982-85. He and his wife, Mary Bernice Powell Bingham, have five children.

Pres. Turner, 64, of South Jordan, Utah, is a regional representative and former stake president, and was president of the Brazilian South Mission

from 1964-67. The retired educator and his wife, M. Lois Evans Turner, have five children.

Pres. Hall, 64, of Orem, Utah, a retired BYU Spanish professor, presided over the Argentina Buenos Aires North Mission from 1981-84. He and his wife, Merrill Evelyn Watkins, have six children.

Pres. Gibson, 67, of St. David, Ariz., is a retired school superintendent and former stake president. He was president of the Chile Santiago South Mission from 1977-80. He and his wife, Rowene Robinson Gibson, have seven children.

Pres. Shino, 63, a retired Salt Lake City, Utah, banker, is a former regional representative and president of the Japan Tokyo Mission from 1974-77. He and his wife, Lily Yasuda Shino, have four children.

Pres. Puckett, 62, of Laie, Hawaii, is a former bishop and high councilor. He is a professor at BYU-Hawaii. He and his wife, Pat, have seven children.

Church News, Jan. 14, 1989

Centro de Entrenamiento Misional
Provo, Utah 84603

18 de enero (cumpleaños de la Carolina, ¡qué los cumpla feliz!) 1989

THE NEVER-ENDING NEWS There's always something! Things keep happening!

My word!, has Merrill made a conscious decision to take part more or has she just been caught up in the enthusiasm of our group? She speaks right up in our classes and makes some very perceptive remarks. I find myself thinking, "Wish I could have said that!" Makes me proud of her.

Our group is great and we share lots of things together, often with good humor. A funny one: Vernon Bingham (an old friend, going to Argentina), trying to get some interaction, asked a missionary who apparently was just barely paying attention to comment on the scripture "Cease to be idle." "Well," he said, "it's, it's, like, a stone statue." "Excellent!" Vernon exclaimed, complimenting him: "Just like a statue, sitting there doing nothing." Then it dawned on him that the elder was confusing "idle" with "idol."

Bruce Gibson (Perú), the most extroverted of our companions, comes up with some good ones. I liked his remark in a discussion on mortality: "That's what was brought about when Adam and Eve partook of the white sugar and white flour." I don't know if he is a complete health nut, but suspect that he would never put gravy on his bean sprouts.

Brother McPhie (Church Missionary Dept.), in a session on special problems, told of a missionary who moped around after his arrival and continued to mope around until his mission president, observing this, said "O.K., O.K., I'll make an exception and let you call your girl friend." "What girl friend, president? It's my horse."

After our group fireside the other night, Bro. Shino (Japan), at our side, hugged us around the neck in his joyousness until our heads touched and we bobbed around and up and down feeling a closeness seldom experienced. "Wait a minute," I said, "Sister Shino got left out." (She was conversing with someone else.) So we included her in our multiple hug and repeated the routine like a bunch of giddy teen-agers. Not in the same league, not nearly as overwhelming as Ammon's experience (Alma 27:16-19), but we were decidedly welcomed just the same. We really love each other.

25 January 1989

.....
Ya empezó nuestra misión y ya me cuesta escribir en inglés (Our mission's under way and it's already hard for me to write in English--especially on this old manual typewriter in my MTC office. We just arrived a few minutes ago and have assumed responsibility for all kinds of things. For example: Special arrangements for transporting a Bolivian missionary from the airport tomorrow who is a cripple and uses a wheel chair. At the MTC in Provo we were impressed by the large number of handicapped persons who are called on missions nowadays. A mission appears to do wonders for them and we're eager now to help this young man prepare for his great adventure, forgetting himself and his problem in the service of others. At the moment Mom is going through the papers of all the missionaries arriving tomorrow, looking at their photos and getting pre-acquainted... Now Pres. and Sis. Davis have left for the airport, together with one of their daughters who has been here a week and will do some traveling with them. The MTC has a Mitsubishi van that is similar to Sandy and Wendy's Toyota... I'm just writing a line or two as I have a second in order to get a letter off this week. We find Chileans to be the same friendly, gracious people as always. As soon as we've rested a little from our long, tiring trip, we want to take a walk, for exercise and to have a look at Santiago again--almost exactly 27 years after we first arrived here in 1962.

Two more interviews: A retired couple from Cochabamba. (these interviews are so nice!)

Back from our walk... So far, Santiago looks and feels just the same. Of course we didn't walk as far as the new subway system and other new construction farther downtown. We bought a few things at a nearby supermercado and have already enjoyed some real bread (marraquetas) and delicious Chilean fruit (best in the world!) Just now Pres. and Sis. Schmidt, Santiago North Mission, stopped by to greet us. They are excellent people. Answering a question on the political situation, Pres. Schmir informed us that one of our stake presidents is a personal friend of Augusto Pinochet the president of Chile. Some people in the U.S. have been very critical of Pres. Pinochet, but it seems to me that he has provided a period of stability in Chile, with a minimum of repression, and has avoided serious pitfalls by ~~not~~ steering Chile clear of leftist influences. Consider the example of Argentina. The U.S. itself must be blamed in part for much of the anti-Yankee feeling in Latin America, because of certain attitudes and policies, but unfortunately some countries, to emphasize their independence and snub the U.S. have turned to the "East." As a result, much of Argentina's equipment for generating power was obtained from Russia and Czechoslovakia. Now the country is experiencing a terrible crisis. Power plant breakdowns throughout the country have left vast areas without electricity. Factories are paralyzed, food is spoiling for lack of refrigeration, and water is scarce (with pumps not working and also because of a prolonged drought). Our hearts bleed for our dear friends in Buenos Aires, Rosario, and just about everywhere ^{in Argentina}.

Speaking of water, we are back to boiling it again, but so far I've only remembered once not to brush my teeth with tap water. I'd better get with it! Last time, my State Department physical exam at the end of our four years here turned up three types of parasites (worms, ugh!) plus amoebas.

1-26-89. Two Chilean missionaries have already arrived, 2 days early and 1 day early. Both are from Arica, far in the north--a 3-day bus ride in stifling heat, a good part of ~~the~~ the way through the Atacama Desert, where it never rains. This afternoon I went to the airport early to get my computer out of the aduana (customs) where it has been impounded. I'll be able to get it out without paying "los derechos" (duty/taxes) but... "mañana." Our Bolivians arrived late and without six of their number, who had visa problems. I still don't know this building ~~very~~ well (with its many church offices), but with the help of three church employees, each of us at one corner of the wheelchair, we managed to get Elder Marcos Equino up a back way where there are fewer stairs. I admired and loved him at first sight. His body is so crippled, but here he was, so handsome and fine, wanting to serve his Savior on a mission. He looks very Bolivian, so at the start of our interview my mouth dropped wide open when he said he'd like to speak English. After a few words, he began to look 100% American to me, so perfect was his pronunciation. ~~Imagine~~ Imagine, learning such faultless English in a U.S. hospital, ^(after 4 years) confined to beds and, later, wheel chairs. Amazing! When he returned to Bolivia, he found that his parents had met the missionaries and joined the Church. After careful study and prayer, he joined too. He has paid his way in life teaching English at home and has studied accounting. He can program in Applesoft and has used various software programs ~~for~~ for accounting. As a result of ~~the~~ polio, his right hand is very small and shriveled, but his left is normal. He can type O.K. Both legs are very short and cripple. His humble testimony to me was so sincere and spiritual I couldn't keep tears from my eyes. What a great young man! If I ever complain about anything--especially about my lot in life--give me a swift kick where I deserve it!

Well, I'm less than half-way through my interviews, so I'd better get back to it. There's only time for 5 minutes each, but they have such fascinating things to tell--about how they joined the church, etc., that I'm averaging about 20 minutes each. We feel so blessed we can't stand it! Miss you! Love you!
Ever-loving ~~M...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~

Missionary Training Center
Provo, Utah
January 10, 1989

THE NEVER-ENDING NEWS

There's always something! Things keep happening!

In the first words he spoke at the MTC devotional tonight, Elder Tom L. Parry mentioned your mother by name. All six area MTC presidents and wives were sitting on the stand--Mom on the front row, across the aisle from the visiting apostle. He said Sister Hall would have to get the recipe for the cinnamon roles Sister Davis, whom she replaces, has always made for him on his visits to the MTC in Santiago. We'll improve on that. She'll use the same recipe brilliantly rolled out over the holidays by Teresa. Each area MTC couple was introduced and asked to stand at the beginning of the meeting. Afterwards Merrill and I were surrounded by excited young missionaries on their way to Chile and a couple of them had their picture taken with us. It was a joy to see what enthusiasm a call to Chile evokes. We are such a blessed and favored group!

Yesterday I worked on the cabin from 5:00 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. Spoused to be back at 2:00 at the latest. Mom was very composed and patient. Not a word of reproach. iImaginense! (Just imagine!) She truly has the spirit of her new calling. I accomplished a lot that last day but wasted two hours tracking down a wiring problem. Frank, who believes he providentially came to our aid, who talks more than he works and works in slow motion, had spent an entire day wiring four ceiling lights. When I installed the corresponding switches by the front door, the fan of the fan-light combination wouldn't work. After tracing all the connections, a mess of tangled spaghetti, I climbed up a long extension ladder, removed the cover of a junction box and the nature of the problem plainly appeared. Frank, who likes to disparage others (there's no lack of things to criticize) while constantly praising himself, had joined four pairs of wires with such large, over-size wire nuts that no contact was being made. So there went my precious time correcting something so obvious a child would know better than to do. Anyway, there was a certain satisfaction in seeing the fan rotate for the first time, at variable speeds, and the lights go on, controllable also from dim to bright. For over a week I'd been working up to 16 hours a day (Mom, too, on some days) and was about to collapse. Today I was so tired I could barely stay awake, but now (9:30 p.m.) I feel just great! As I did yesterday morning at Wallsburg when the sun at last came over the mountains. Exuberant and exhilarated, I shouted out to the dawn: ¡BUEN DIA, DIA! (Good day, day!/Good morning, morning!)

Frank wanted to make me part of a faith-promoting story featuring him as our inspired benefactor sent to finish the cabin before our departure. Nothing promotes my faith more than seeing a job done quickly and well at a reasonable cost. When someone charging \$13. an hour works so slowly that the effective rate is well over \$26., I definitely don't feel benefacted. Well, except for the deck and siding on the basement, the cabin is basically completed. John will take over now, and with the help of an honest, efficient man who has been seen in action, the cabin may be ready for renting by May. John will be in Minnesota for about a week defending his doctoral dissertation. We'll all be pulling and praying for him at this critical moment when he is about to receive his Ph.D.

Wed., Jan. 11. Shoddy, slip-shod workmanship everywhere, even at the MTC! The plumbing in our room (with private bath) is so bad that in disgust, despite our super-busy schedule, I had to get out my Swiss Army knife, equipped with a regular and a Philips screwdriver, and fix an annoying drain. My latest contribution to the harmony of the

universe. The tub, spouts, pipes, and senior citizen supports are all out of plumb, and in this world of falling expectations I've seldom seen anything so bum. Etymological note: "Plumb" comes from Latin "plumbum" (lead). A "plumb bob" is a piece of lead suspended from a string used to determine whether something is vertical. By extension, something is "plumb" if it fits right and is squared off. The Romans used lead for their water pipes; hence, "plumbing" and "plumber." In Spanish lead is "plomo" and a plumber is a "plomero," except in Chile, where he has the distinction of being a "gasfiter" (gas fitter), another dazzling British contribution to the lexicon of the world on a par with the Chilean navy's expression "lucau" (look-out). Historical note: The famous fall of the Roman Empire is attributed by some not to moral decadence (they were always plenty immoral, though their excesses did become increasingly incredible), but to lead poisoning from their pipes and pots and pans.

I'm so lithe and lean after working so hard on the cabin that my pants fall down with my belt in the last notch. All sleek rippling muscle. No fat. When I turn sideways I'm as invisible as Wendy used to be coming down the street in what looked like a driverless car. Now she sits tall in their Toyota van.

Sung for Charlotte Sunday: "Oh, Charlotte, dear Charlotte,, Thy deliverance is nigh, Off to Chile we'll fly, And thy bedroom shall ever be thine." She and Cheryl and all the Brookses were so good to us for days that became weeks and months! Their love makes my heart flutter like the wings of a dove.

Monday, Jan. 16. Tonight we were set apart by Elder Lloyd P. George. John and Sarah, Richard and Jeannie were there with 11 adorable grandchildren. Elder George was very effective in speaking to the children and establishing a spiritual atmosphere for what was to take place. Merrill remembers especially that he blessed her that she would have a calmness. Amazing confirmation that Rule # 1 (Be calm!!!!) is assuming an amazing new importance in her life. I was blessed with the gift of speaking uncommon things--something I've always wanted and never had.

In our training, we essentially are practicing the very things we'll be doing in Chile within a few days, with the exception that everything is in English and the groups are smaller. We just heard that as soon as we arrive in Santiago a group of 55 will arrive for training--most from Chile but quite a few from the La Paz and Cochabamba Missions in Bolivia. 55! With at least 10 minutes per missionary, I'll be spending one long day just interviewing. When will I have time to eat a chirimoya and some lúcumá ice cream? The groups we teach here have numbered from 6 to 10, no more. It's a joy to be with these young missionaries and we're learning a lot from them. All the groups are great but we especially love one. A short time after our presentation to them, we found a pile of beautiful, flattering "thank-you" notes they had written for us. Evidently they felt that we could profit from lots of encouragement.

Next Tuesday morning at 9:18 a.m. we leave Salt Lake for Miami on Delta Airlines. After a 5-hour delay we take off for Santiago non-stop on LADECO, a private Chilean airline, and arrive at 9:30 a.m. Pres. and Sis. Davis, whom we replace, leave 4 hours later. I hope we have time to write next week. We're going to be so busy it will be overwhelming. Bless my heart, I tell myself, we're going to enjoy every minute. Before we know it we'll be back with you again. Meanwhile, our deep love for each of you will be in our hearts always. We thank the Lord at all times for the great blessing you have been and are to us, praying that he will brighten your days and lighten your burdens, and your hearts.

Ever-loving Mom and Dad

Mom & Dad

*Merrill & Merrill
Elder*

note: David & Dad sat by Tom & Parry at the Sempenogas Club dinner last Thurs.

see how long it's been since a Hallmanack.

Bryan Weight: 1575 Laburnum Way, Lake Oswego, OR 97034 * (503) 697-0641

November 6, 1988

I am making this entry in my office of our new house. We have been here since the 30th of September. We had several nuisance complications in moving, but nothing serious. After an hour filling out Ryder truck rental forms, etc.; I got the truck home and I discovered that there was no ball on the back of the frame to tow our car. I had to take the truck back, get a ball, go to a welding shop and have the ball welded onto the frame. In addition, a good part of the day before we left was wasted chasing around trying to buy a new radiator hose for the Chevy wagon. There was a big leak that had to be fixed. None of the auto part stores in Snohomish had the right size hose needed. I never did get the right hose until the day we left. I had to drive to Everett to find the part. When I replaced the hose, I discovered it was the radiator housing that was cracked and not the hose. I had to tear out the radiator, take it to a shop, get the crack soldered and put the radiator back in the car before we could leave. Finally, I broke the passenger side window of the Honda when loading the racks by dropping the handtruck. We were very glad to get everything moved in one load. We finally got on the road at 3:00 p.m. and arrived around 10 o'clock that night. We unloaded the sleeping materials that were packed in the Chevy wagon and went to bed without trying to do anything else.

Last Tuesday I gave my first real estate presentation and slide show. It was very well received. Everyone said that it was the best presentation on inspection services that they had ever seen. I received one phone call later that same afternoon to do a moisture penetration of the crawl space and settlement inspection the next day. The object of my presentation is to establish competency and significantly raise the level of professionalism available. The presentation is educational rather than promotional. I have nine additional slide presentations scheduled with real estate offices and some others tentative. I am very aggressive in marketing my services.

Without the slide presentations, I will not receive very many jobs. The real estate agents hold considerable power in that most home buyers do not know any inspectors. In this area 1 out of every 10 homes get inspected. Thus far, work has been very hard to get. The real estate agents are reluctant to recommend an inspector they do not know and have not met; especially when my fees are twice as much. The competition does not know how cheap they are compared with the rest of the country.

Sarah, Hannah, Hyrum and Willis all have lots of playmates on this block. Willis tends to wander about too much. Hannah was invited to a Halloween party by a church member family. Charlotte took the rest of the kids out trick-or-treating. I stayed home to feed the goblins who came to our door. I was very surprised; we only had 15 come. We live on the end of an uphill culdesac and the density of houses is better just two blocks away. I think that our street was skipped by everyone except for those who live on our street. When only three persons had come to our door and it was 6:00 pm; I started giving out triple treats just to unload the candy. We still had lots left over.

I can hardly believe that we finally got a kitty. The children have been