

March 16, 1978

Dear Family,

Receiving the Hallmanack today was a pure joy--a real soul lifter! Just after I read Mom's letter, my ride arrived and I had to leave. Four of my friends in the ward arranged (with me included) to have Judy Houston who works at the National Collection of Fine Arts give us a private tour. Judy also teaches the Home Beautification section of the Homemaking Lesson for Sunday Session attenders. (I go to both as I have to take the Nursery during the Tuesday Session.) There was a special display of watercolors and pastels by Mary Cassatt. I found especially drawing. I just kind of filled up my soul for a while this afternoon. Cassatt does beautiful, unsentimental mother-child portraits. Then I topped off my afternoon by finishing your letters when I returned home.

I was so refreshed by this afternoon, that I ought to make it a weekly practice to get out one afternoon a week to visit one of the galleries in D.C. I must admit though that walking through a gallery with someone who has a working knowledge of the artists and history of art makes quite a difference! The National Collection is 90% American artists, though they do have some European paintings on the ground floor (including a beautiful Rubens).

I'm ready for spring!!! My old bones are just aching to be warmed by some spring sunshine and my eyes long to see the first bright yellow daffodil. We had one day this week when I thought Spring might actually be here--and then snow today. Garbage!

I finally started to do some sewing for Nathan today. He's getting too tall for all the trousers my neighbor gave me when he was born. They had a Nathan who was seven months old when our Nathan was born. They also had two adopted children and decided that three was more than enough. So--she gave me all the clothes her Nathan had outgrown. Unfortunately, they've now moved to Maryland, so Nathan's hand-me-downs have ceased. I was so proud of the little outfit I made (I made up my own pattern) and then ruined it all by putting the snaps on the wrong side. Have you ever unpicked eight sets of snaps!!!

Dad, I think that's the first thing I've read that you've written, since I Xeroxed the letters from Sherlene's B of Remembrance that you wrote while on her mission. They were written at the time for Grandma Hall's death. I was so moved and inspired by what you had to say. I know what I'll talk about in church if the Bishop ever corners me. And I know that I personally need to do a lot more thinking about the number 3. I'm going to put a big 3 on my bedroom mirror, my bathroom mirror and over the stove. I hope this is the beginning of a good habit on your part. I shall expect to see an inspirational message in every Hallmanack from now on from you Dad!

Thanks everyone for your letters and for the pictures. There are sure a lot of beautiful girls in your family Bryan. Liz, does Erin indeed have Tracie for a middle name? Somebody referred to her as Erin Tracie. She's a real cutie. Nancy, I'd love to see a picture of Carly Ann. I'll bet she's cuter than a bug's ear.

Well Karen, good luck. That's one Church job that requires real devotion and an extra ten hours in every day. I got quite close to our former R.S. President and got quite an education about how much time goes into a Church calling of that nature. I'm quite thankful for my once a week Nursery calling in the Relief Society. Everyone lets me know that my job is not one they would ever desire, but I really do enjoy it. However, after Brian Keith spilled two quarts of lemonade on the floor of the J.Sunday School Rm. (fortunately uncarpeted) I was ready to retire. Especially as Nathan scooted right over in his walker and proceeded to walk all over in it and spread it around.

Well, we're all healthy (and I wish I could add wealthy and wise). In any event, we're sure grateful for the inspiration we receive from our families. We love and miss you all and look forward to June with great anticipation.

Lee, Virginia

Bryan - How do you know "Char" is a good wife, even when she's pregnant? I mean, she's been pregnant practically all the time you've been married! (N.+ really) Maybe she's a good wife only when she's pregnant!

11/22/16 11/18

You Mommy he loves - but kiss me I need

Nathan has been climbing up on Virginia and giving her hugs and very slobbery kisses. No lie! I know you think I'm just prejudiced, but he genuinely is the cutest baby that ever lived. As Hazel Brown (a 50-ish lady in the ward) said the other day, "I know you aren't supposed to make distinctions between other people's children, but Nathan has to be one of the sweetest babies I've ever seen." So there.

Not that he doesn't have his crabby moments--when he's tired or hungry. OR when there's another baby his age or younger getting attention from HIS MOMMY. When we are eating, he likes to eat--or pretend to. Watching him with a spoon and empty bowl is hilarious--he bangs the bowl a couple of times with the spoon and then sticks it in his mouth, gives it a couple of chews (the spoon, not the bowl), and repeats the process. After all, isn't that about what he sees Mama and Dada do? *Baby see, baby do.*

Thanks, Tracy, for sharing those choice interviews with us. Unlike HT, I have never noticed that you need a mouthwash. Thanks, Sherlene, for being so energetic. Thanks, Liz, for being Liz. Thanks, Nancy, for learning all about houseplants so you can give us lessons. Thanks, Charlotte, for taking the time to record the details of your courtship that we missed out on. Thanks, Mom, for making me feel good about that Kincaid stuff I found, which is really probably worthless. (For those who weren't in on it, I found a deed in Washington Co., Pa., on the western edge of the state, mentioning a Kincaid "of Lancaster Co., Pa." (This was in a book at the National Genealogical Soc. library, about 2 blocks from my office, where I sometimes repair during lunch hour.) Then I found some Kincaid baptisms about 1750 by a Scottish covenanter minister in Lancaster Co.) Thanks, Dad, for setting down in writing some feelings that we need to hear. Thanks, Bryan, for writing to us. Funny that I haven't even met you but have sort of a testimony that you're the right man for Charlotte, and will make a terrific brother-in-law-in-law. Thanks, Karen, for taking on your ward Relief Society. I'm sure you're doing an excellent job not only administratively, but also on the human relations front (as if they could be separated). Just don't repeat the mistake of our new R.S.Pres., who lately announced in Tuesday morning R.S. that there shouldn't be so many baby showers in the ward, ~ (None of them were Relief Society functions anyway, so it's none of her business, and it's just that we have lots of new ^(first time) mothers. If she didn't want to come, she didn't have to--and usually didn't.) ~ and that a new mother didn't need compassionate service when the baby came; after all, she had nine months to get ready and if she wasn't, it was her own fault. So in five minutes she managed to alienate the entire under 40 population of the ward, and most of the rest--but we will forgive....

And, last but not least, thanks, David, for straightening out DBT etc. (But now that you've won, don't forget (as my Dad would say) TACT, tact and DIPLOMACY. Not so much with Bill Pope, since it may be too late for his feelings, but for the employees. OK. Tell me to mind my own business.

I have written this sort of stream-of-consciousness, so I hope you can muddle through it. It's the best way to get something done quickly, and I hope we can get this on its way tomorrow. *YES - WE DID IT - THE HALLMANACK'S STOP IN ARLINGTON WAS ONLY 19 hrs.*

After interminable winter, spring sprung on Sunday, and we had several days of sunshine in the 60's. Now it's snowing again, but at least not sticking. Even with thermostat at 55 at night and 60 in the day, we have virtually financed another stately Arab pleasure dome this winter. Ah, for an insulated (or insulatable) house.

I'll leave the rest of this to Virginia.

Love, Barry

March 10, 1972

zebigbos

back to them by March 1. Fine. Martin Levy, the Deputy Bureau Chief, passed (w/10 Feb) the memo to the administrative deputy Chief of the Broadcast Bureau (do-nothing Franz) who had it xeroxed for the Division Chiefs, who were to have the required statements prepared. Our Division Chief, Dilatory Dave Landis, never read the memo or did anything else about it until March 2 when they started asking where our part of the effort was. Then he told Dennis Williams, the new Deputy Division Chief, to start work on it. The next day (Friday the 3rd) Dennis called me into his office and outlined what had to be done--but didn't indicate it was very urgent. So I read the court case and briefs and wrapped up a couple of other urgent projects. About 4:00 it became obvious that the Chairman et al. were upset, and a meeting was called at 4:30 (my quitting time). It was a real debacle, as some of us tried to educate Franz on the realities of the situation--i.e., there was no way he could have a finished product by Monday afternoon, since the typists "Word Processing Center" were (a) incompetent and (b) not working that weekend. My boss, John Morgan, who was going to have to do the engineering part of the processing of construction permit applications for new radio stations and major changes in existing stations (I was to do the financial and legal), wanted at least to make sure that if his people (namely me) were going to work the weekend, they would be authorized compensatory time. Franz (who spends most of the day reading the Washington Post) said "Are we professionals or aren't we?" That really burned Morgan. I mean it's one thing to work the weekend to do what you have to, but another to work thanklessly just because someone else blew it.

So all of us worked Saturday, and I turned out about 24 pages on this typewriter. Dave Landis, whose 1 we were all saving by doing this, arrived at 9:15 Monday morning not even having thought about his part--the general statement of benefit. As it turned out, it took the typist (the best one the Word Processing Center has) the whole week to turn out the final product--64 pages, and, as I had predicted, it wasn't really a life and death matter to have our tome to the GS'c office by Monday afternoon. I am more convinced of the Peter Principle than ever. The only person anywhere up the chain that I really respect as a manager, John Morgan, can't take this forever. Or maybe he can, I don't know.

Morgan is getting married Saturday. They took up a collection, to which I had mixed feelings about contributing when Ken Salomon (my reviewer) decided to use it to buy a wine rack and six bottles thereof. When we presented it to him (before he opened it) Morgan said "Just so it doesn't have anything to do with children." I'll have to see what I can do about changing his attitude on that. It's not universal here--to the eleven attorneys and analysts in our shop (of which all but one are married) there have been four births in the last year, and three more are on the way.

I don't know why I'm boring you on all this shop talk, but maybe it's because I feel I should record my feelings someplace, and this is the only recording I've been doing for a while. So I'll continue.

Another project I've been working on is putting all the standard paragraphs used by the engineers in our Branch to answer outside & Congressional inquiries, and those used by the lawyers and analysts in writing deficiency letters and memorandum opinions and order, on standard disks. This will allow the Word Processing people to pull these paragraphs out of memory letter-perfect, insert whatever is desired in the variable spaces, and produce documents that require much less tedious proofreading and correction. What a job. I sent the first disk (60 paragraphs covering 22 pages, plus index and instructions) to the printer today, after circulating a proposed version for comments. They've also decided what I wrote for the fee business will be very valuable, and having that printed; no one had ever written down in detail just what we do. *an*

Virginia doesn't smile page from Ward News in. But I mean can on his wife can he The bassinet cover was pink w/ ruffie eyelid eye BDM

VIRGINIA WOOD has been busy with good works this month! First she got the idea to put together a quilt for out-going Relief Society president MARGO VAN ORMAN and supervised the whole thing. Each sister created a quilt square and then they were all put together. As if that wasn't enough, Virginia took care of days-old CELESTE RICKS while new mother BETSEY was in the hospital for minor surgery; and in her spare time, Virginia made a beautiful pink basinette cover for the new baby!!

Despite bouts with flu, tonsilitis, and strep throat, ELDERS ADAIR and GRIBBON baptized four people into the ward in February. JILL and SUE HANSEN are daughters of SHERRIE HANSEN, who was baptized in January. JILL AND SUE will be in Primary. SID HALL, husband of WANDA, also joined the Church. He is a foreign car mechanic, and the Hills have a little baby daughter, ROSEMARIE. The fourth baptism in February was TOM GILLS, a young man from Baltimore serving here in the Navy.

LAURIE KIDD and BETSEY BLAYLOCK were the unfortunate victims of a car accident while en route to the Stake conference. Betsy broke her nose and Laurie had some minor injuries also, when the VW Laurie (with her weeks old driver's license) rolled twice. They were very lucky to have had no worse injuries.

New Babies!! NORMA AND PHIL MAESTRI are the proud parents of another baby boy. GARY AND JACKIE REED had a baby boy also in February.

Some interesting things have been happening among the singles in the ward: CYNTHIA HILTON has become a home owner (and the new house is in the Ward boundaries! Not easy to find....) She will be moving in March. LYNDA MAGUIRE, Ward genealogy expert, will be moving to Cincinnati the end of March to accept a new position with General Electric. We'll miss her. And, as most people know, STEVE BRADFORD will be leaving for a mission in Spain very soon. *↑ Bishop's son*

PAM AND HOMER KNUDSEN had a wonderful time during their vacation (leaving their four little boys home) in England recently. PETER WOODMAN got his heart's desire for Christmas (a Polaroid camera), and if you visit the Woodman home, he just might take your picture! JOANNE HANSEN is back after a semester at BYU and is trying her luck at professional modeling here. Did you know that ward member JOHN KEITH is a U.S. Marshall?