

David R. Hall's
March 3, 1978

Dear family,

I just finished reading all your letters and loved everyone of them. I just wish that all you neat people lived near us. Did you know that Dad Hall has been hard at work splicing his old movie films together on rolls? He has one roll that shows continuously all the wedding films of the Hall children starting with Liz and ending with Charlotte. We had a family home evening over at Mom and Dad Hall's and they showed it there. What a treat. I think all the films were new to me including the one of David and me. We all looked so young then. I hope you can all see them sometime.

I'm sure you've heard that there are two presidents in our family now. David is President of DBT and I'm president of our Relief Society. I had hoped that David would write you about his new job himself, but he says it's my turn to write so it's up to me. This is certainly not a job that David has aspired to - though many would believe otherwise. He really would rather be working on his rock drill. David is working eight hours a day, five days a week and will pull in \$30,00 a year if he continues to work at it full time. David is really aiming at working it into a part time job. He does have to do a little traveling with regards to the marketing end of things. He's using his engineering background in keeping the presses running. And he should be using some of his management training in handling the personnel down at DBT. (David is not your average run-of-the-mill boss. I think it will take awhile for the DBT employees to get use to him.) He doesn't enjoy having to work with personnel problems.

My new Relief Society job came as a real surprise. Although I had been homemaking counselor I had substantial reason to believe that I would not be in the new presidency. And I had prepared myself for it. Having almost finished my basic genealogy course I was really excited about diving into research. And after several thwarted attempts to get into the League of Womens Voters over the past several months I was determined to get going in that as soon as I was released as Homemaking Counselor. Ah, the best laid plans of Mice and Men.... Well now I'm president of a Relief Society of 285 women with more moving in. We are not only a growing ward as a result of the new rental units they are building, but we are a very very transient ward. I need that trial run in Princeton to prepare me for the Orem 30th ward. We also seem to have more than our share of church welfare cases and divorcees. But I can say that I really enjoy the work and I have two good counselors and a great secretary. (Secretaries are key people in wards where you have 12-25 changes in rolls each month).

Now that you've heard about mother and father I must tell you about Mark. Mark is a smart little kid. About a month ago Mark helped me make short-bread cookies. And several days later he kept hounding me to let him make some more. I kept telling him that I didn't have time to help him make cookies, and he kept insisting that he could do it himself. So I finally decided to call his bluff. I thought it would be a good lesson

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for him on "things won't turn out if you don't know how to do it." So I told him to go on in the kitchen and make the cookies. I wouldn't tell ^{him} what ingredients to use or even where anything was located in the kitchen. I told him that if he was going to make cookies all by himself, he would have to figure it out. Would you believe that he did. Somehow he made the dough, formed it into lumps on the baking sheet, and then came and asked ~~me~~ to set the oven. I put them in and told him what time they would be done. He watched that clock like a hawk and when the time came he came and reminded me to take them out. And those cookies came out tasting just about as good as the ones I had baked the week previous. Mark was as pleased as can be, and I couldn't believe my taste buds. Maybe it was beginners luck and maybe not. Mark has a very sharp memory for those things that matter most to him, and I would say that sweets is number one of his list. Mark seems to be quite competitive (like his mother I'm afraid). He also seems to take great pleasure in planning and anticipating things to come.

In contrast Stephen takes great pleasure in things ~~as~~ they happen. He is also a very compassionate child. He plays the part of big brother to Michael quite well. Stephen seems to be having a slight problem with his speech and so we are now taking him to a therapist once a week. He has been checked by several different specialists and they all seem to agree that he just needs a little help with some of his sounds. Stephen is a bright kid and really a delight to work with. I work with ^{him} a couple of times a day on his sounds, and the therapist works with him once a week. Mark and Stephen are still talking about when we go to camp. Mark has it all figured out about how many months ^{there are} before camp, and Stephen likes to show us the date on the calendar (though we haven't even marked it).

Michael, my "pumpkin", as I have always called him, is finally saying his first words. I think he finally figured out this week that words are used to identify things. Although all he says is Mama, oo for shoe, and cocoa for cookie I think he is finally getting the hang of it. He thinks that he's big enough to be one of the boys now which causes all kinds of problems for Mark and Stephen. None of their little projects are safe with Michael around because he thinks that he has to be right in their helping.

One last item I forgot to mention - we are buying another condominium unit just one street down from ours, just for investment purposes. We will rent it out. We are assuming a mortgage and buying it for 39,300. As soon as we get approval from the Savings and Loan we will close on it. This unit is just about as large as ours but is the rambler model. Ours is a bi-level. I think we got a good deal - the unit next to it which has a finished basement - the one we are buying has an unfinished basement, just sold for \$47,000.

Karen