

on file in receipt (Utahns please take note) I'm not retyping this letter to my folks, since it ~~has~~ covers most of our recent adventures. Talking about Nathans birth (which happened since the last Dear Mom and Dad, Hallmanack) would be too stale by now. ^{2311 N. 18th St., Arl. Va 22201} ^{16 October 1977} ^{Nathan Spencer lived - also a Quaker} ^{21 Oct 77}

friend from law school

The wind is howling and we have had a cold rain this evening. Paul Barber is in town from Albuquerque so I picked him up at the Washington Hilton and we had him to dinner with John and Carol Warnick. Virginia made some delicious lasagna, so that turned out pretty good. Then Paul went with us to Church, where Jan Van Orman was put into the bishopric to replace Roger Shields, who is moving to New Jersey. Van Ormans were the ones who put us up those five days when the heating was being fixed here.

Saturday a week ago I had planned lots of things, but didn't do any of them because of what happened Friday afternoon. It was a splendid day weather-wise, so I took the afternoon off work and we planned to go to Waterford, Loudoun County, and enjoy a tour of the Quaker homes and crafts there-- a big annual event.

We were coming down the hill towards Broad Run on the Leesburg Pike when we heard a wrenching sound and then rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. There was really nothing to do but drive the few remaining miles into Leesburg, where we entrusted the car to the car of the Merchant's Tire place, who (said they would see if they could fix it as soon as they did a transmission.) Loudoun County seat

We went on foot into town, where I perused some deeds at the courthouse and then went on the Walking Tour of Leesburg and looked at the historic buildings. They had said the place where the car was closed about six, so we walked back out to it but when we got there discovered they had closed early, for our car was there--locked inside a deserted station. Fortunately, one of the mechanics ("Charlie") saw us banging on the door from the shopping center across the street where he had gone.

He explained that the U-joint (rear) was what had made the noise, and indeed was shot, but that the button-like things holding the yoke to the front U-joint were loose and might come out at any time. Thus he thought it would be best to fix both at the same time. I agreed, but how to find a driveshaft then? I called Macdonald's to tell them we wouldn't be able to make it to the Sunday School class party at Rodas' that we were going to ride with them to, but of course couldn't ask them to come and get us, so I told Charlie I'd try to locate a driveshaft Saturday and we started hitchhiking. I still can't believe Virginia went along with this.

So we got out on the pike with Nathan, and about the third car that came by picked us up. She turned out to be an employee of the Loudoun County Times, who lived in Sterling Park. She wanted to take us all the way into Arlington after she heard our story, and we didn't have the heart to resist at that point. However, she had to pick up her kids in Sterling Park, and it took us about an hour to find the 11 year old at soccer practice. By the time we got home we didn't have any wheels to make it to the party, so we just crashed.

Saturday dawned a brighter day, and I started calling junkyards. Luckily Beric^{Berick} showed up about this time--picking up some things to move into the apartment they had rented for the return of his wife and daughter from Germany, which was to occur the next day. So he had rented a car to go get them with. (His Volkswagen bus is still inoperable)

When a junkyard in Brandywine, Maryland (not too far from Indian Head) said they had one, Beric said he knew where it was so off we went. Of course, the original driveshaft was still in Leesburg so we didn't have it to compare. The guy at Brandywine said there was a blue Mustang out in the lot that he had stripped that had the right driveshaft in the trunk. I found such a Mustang on the lot, but the driveshaft looked different, and Beric took one look at it and said it was for a automatic, so we kept on looking. After touring the whole lot, we went back to the office and said we hadn't found it. They sent us back to look again, which was fruitless, so finally the guy who said he had stripped ~~it~~ went and found the car--the same one we had already rejected. But since he swore that it was a 6-cyl. stickshift, I supposed my memory must have been faulty, and I paid the \$20 and even got the appropriate universal (\$9).

You might say we "got the shaft" from Leon

By the time we got to Leesburg (3 p.m.) and found out that it was the wrong driveshaft after all, we were somewhat dispirited. The proprietor of Merchant's Tire ~~said~~ he got all his parts in Culpeper, however, and suggested we go there. Culpeper is 60 mi. SW of Leesburg, and the junkyard ("Leon's") 8 miles beyond that, so I wasn't in a mood to go there without some assurances, so they called Leon and asked him if he had the right shaft. He had four or five of them, he said, so off we went. By the time we got there, it was pouring rain and Leon had sent his men home, except Leon Jr. So we set off over hill and dale looking for Mustangs. The guy had 50 head of cattle pasturing the junkyard to keep the weeds down, so you had to be careful where you stepped. He must have had 50 Mustangs, but only 3 were 67 6 cyl. 3 spd. The driveshaft was out of two of them, but we went back to the office and told Leon there was one in the third. He sent a toothless peasant out on a tractor to take it off for us, but after grunting and groaning for 15 min. said peasant discovered that the shaft was bent. So much for that. By now it was starting to get dark, and by the time we got home (7:50) it was too late to get out to Bethesda to the law school reunion we had planned to attend, particularly with no transportation. Fortunately we were able to get a ride to the reunion of our prenatal class Sunday afternoon. (They were all agog over Nathan, who is the biggest and best-natured of the lot.)

It seemed funny to see all the women un-pregnant. They asked us (and about 4 others) to bring a bottle of wine. We came with lemonade instead - and it was gone long before any of the wine bottles were dry.

45 min. south of here on I-95
segregated junkyard in Prince Wm County

I hooked up the battery charger to the Chrysler and we had it going Monday morning, so Virginia and I found another place that said they had one--I wanted them to be sure and they swore they did--so away we went to Dumfries, Va.--Skip's Auto Wrecking. They had all their driveshafts on a rack, but didn't have what we wanted after all. So I got directions to the next nearest place--Bank's in Woodbridge, which turned out to be a black-run outfit, very disorganized. But we went out among the mud with a big old black guy, who seemed to know where everything was. Finally he pulled the right shaft out of a sandpile. We were truly amazed. Off we went to Leesburg. By the time we got there, Charlie had punched out but stayed to put the new shaft in--which had the rear U-joint already intact so we ended up paying only Charlie's labor: \$5. So the whole thing could have been worse as far as money went--but pretty much shot our 3 day wkend. Virginia followed me (only getting lost twice) home.

Beric borrowed the Chrysler the next day to move some things, but had trouble with the transmission not going into 3rd, etc., so I guess we're back to one car running. But that's a whole lot better than none.

Yesterday we had a nice time going to Annapolis--a beautiful day. On the way I got my money back from the Brandywine yard and we visited Charlie Estep, a coworker at the FCC, who has a 2 year old who was fascinated with Nathan.

Nathan is 15 lbs. 4 oz. at last weighing and is turning into a very smiley little baby. I finished the roll in my camera so hope to get some prints to you as soon as I can get it developed. Of course, we haven't been able to photograph him as cute as he really is; we just don't think of it quick enough.

Gladys Hufford sent a cute outfit for him, which just fits him. He wore it to church today. Also Arlett sent a nice reddish-orange playsuit which he'll grow into in about six months, I guess. He has plenty of things that fit him now, but not much for the 1 year size. He's holding his head up quite well, but doesn't sit up very steadily yet. Yesterday he was mimicking Ginger talk by moving his lips but not making any sound. Then sometimes he makes these gurgling noises and thinks he's talking. He's contemplated himself in the mirror a couple of times, and still prefers his Dad's finger to any other type of pacifier. But pacifier he does need--his desire to suck would have him drain the Atlantic if he had a stomach big enough for it. I don't think I was like this when I was a baby or you wouldn't have been able to stand me. (At his fussy times he has to have a finger or pacifier OR ELSE.)

*my mother's 3rd cousin in western Pa. (winters in Fla)
my mother's brother's wife*

Brent and Enid Smith had an engagement Wednesday night which prevented them from using their tickets to the Bernstein concert at the Kennedy Center. So I switched my night for going with the missionaries to Tuesday and we left Nathan at Margot Van Orman's. President Carter and Rosalyn were there. It was a treat to see Rostropovich conduct and then play the cello while Bernstein conducted the premiere of two of his own compositions. Last chair cello in the National Symphony is occupied by Loran Stephenson of our ward.

Today for SS we had the parent education class, taught by Janice Christenson, whose son was in my ward at BYU. This one concerned worldly influences in the home, and we had a big debate over TV, Loran maintaining that it had never been shown that violence on TV caused violent children. Well---his little boy is the most violent one in the RS Nursery, constantly knocking other children down and being a general nuisance. Maybe Nathan will turn out like that and other people will discount what I say accordingly--but I don't think so.

Paul Brown is quitting the FTC in two weeks (after 3 yrs.) and is going to work for Sen. Hatch on some committee, but really to keep an eye on anti-trust legislation.

Virginia is looking at the house around the corner, which is like this one except for a smaller lawn, better insulation, and a garage, which the owner is talking about renting for a mere \$250. It would be a big saving, but the job situation will have to be decided first.

The Commission refused to adopt Rick Brecher's item denying the Por Favor application in San Antonio--just because they propose Spanish programming and have 20% Spanish ownership. It's really just political grandstanding. (Wiley's farewell was Friday and I'm sad to see him go. Also Friday we had the big showdown with Bob Marmet and client Sylvia *Chairman*)

co-worker

(KPAT-FM in Sioux Falls, S.D.) I think I won, amazingly enough. The Division Chief Dave Landis is a real waffler.

We have a new attorney in the branch, Felix Torres from Berkeley, Calif. *affirm. action.*

I rode my bike in Friday, but it started raining very heavily, so Virginia tried to come and get me at 6:30, which we thought would be after the heavy traffic. It turned out to be a mess. She got locked into a left-turn lane that suddenly became legal for parking, and walked a couple of blocks with Nathan to get me. Also water had splashed in one of the front brake drums, so the car was pulling sharply to the right when she braked and she thought the brakes were failing. Then coming through Georgetown there was a fire on M St. just west of Wisconsin Ave., and a wreck at M and Key Bridge, so it took us over an hour just to go the half mile from Rock Creek to the Bridge. By the time we got home the evening was shot.

One nice thing--these rains have saved the Fairfax County water situation, and the flow of the Potomac is approaching normal. Of course, it comes too late to save the garden, but the lawn has greened up a lot.

We're planning to go up to New York the week of the ~~23rd~~^{30th}, but need to get some winterizing things done here first--like replacing two window panes, nailing the window up in the attic, etc.

Hope everything is OK in ~~Richland~~.

*San Jose
N.Y.
P.A.
Pru.*

*Love,
Barry + Virginia*

Sure missed your letter, Liz!