

Dear Children:

Dear Children and Grandchildren:

The Hallmanack, I guess, is dying a natural death, although I hate to see us lose touch of each other all together. Surely the (yes, Tracy, even extended) family is at least of some importance. From now on I will only send a Hallmanack if I have any letters. You children are my immediate family and while we become "extended", I guess, when you have your own children, we still like to keep in touch. Since we keep in touch by phone, usually with those away from Utah, and see those who live in Provo enough to keep up somewhat with what is going on, perhaps the Hallmanack is now and obsolete method of keeping in touch.

I do realize that your lives are becoming increasingly busy--and time, contrary to popular opinion, does not increase with increasing age. At least not as long as a person's health remains good enough to allow a person to do all the things which one want to do.

I am at present waiting for Conference to start five minutes from now, so this will have to wait until conference is over.

5:10. Quite a bit later. After we had lunch, dad suggested that we take a ride and listen to the afternoon conference. This we did. We went this time into Payson Canyon instead of the Scenic loop, and it was beautiful. Even more beautiful, if possible. We were especially impressed by President Oak's talk about integrity in business dealings, etc. and Elder Howard W. Hunter's talk near the end of the session. In the canyon there was still a lot of evidence of the flood which wrecked our farm, and one of the dams on the Payson Lake had washed out. I can tell them where all the rocks in that dam went.

Health. I guess you are sick of me talking about my health, so I will just give you a brief run-down for those who may not have heard and for the record. Oct 1985 I had the first symptoms, with my right side going numb. We were afraid of a stroke, as were the doctors. After about two or three weeks the numbness went away, and I continued with my classes and my job as relief society president. In June, after signing up for a cruise to Alaska, I had another one. I was in the offices of Merrill Lynch adding some money to a mutual fund I'm in (which has paid better interest than money

market this year) ,I had another attack. Still suspecting stroke although all the tests Dr. Moody (internist) had made when he put me in the hospital for about three days in fall of 85 had been negative, I was afraid to drive for fear I would black-out, so I called David and Tracy and they took me to the emergency room, because Dr. Moody was supposed to be making rounds at the Hospital. He never answered the page, and when they finally got hold of him he was back at his office. I did not feel up to going over to his office, so he had the emergency room Dr. exam me and he told me I should see a neurologist. As we were leaving to go on the tour in about two weeks, the only neurologist that could see me before that time was Dr. Julia Meyers, who specializes in children's neurology. She made a thorough examination in her office of my reflexs, coordination, etc., and ordered a series of tests at the hospital including a cat scan. For some of these I was in the hospital again.

She wanted to do a spinal tap and an MRI, the latter of which had to be done at the University of Utah hospital. I told her to wait until we got back from our trip. I did great while on the trip, and did not have any more (I think) of these episodes until after I returned. Since then I have had quite a few. The MRI and the Spinal test and all the other myriad tests I had were all normal except the MRI showed some bright spots on the white lining of the brain, which triggered a look for multiple sclerosis. In this the spinal fluid protein count is usually higher than normal.. It was normal when she took it.

So we don't know what I have, except symptoms. And they seem be increasinly frequent, but still seem to go away in several days. I had one today after I started this letter.

By the way, Virginia, do you remember Ann Swenson. She was in the office when I had a test where they put electrodes on the head and test you visually, and then retest you with your eyes closed. Normal. She married a guy who was a contractor, and building being what it has been in the past few years, she went back to school and now has a Phd in some kind of therapy. Sorry I didn't get it down clearly. She said to say "hello", and told me that she was at "wild slumber party we had one new Year's eve."

End of health. I am not about to drop dead, but am finding out all I can about Multiple Sclerosis. A book sold by the society came in the mail today, and I think the neurologist is on the right track.

I forgot to tell you Sherlene, but when we went to Alaska we went three days early and saw the fair. One of the couples we went with was the Jens Jonssons and the other was a new couple in the ward. The man is a widower who married a divorcee. Don and Jean Smith. Jean's daughter

and son-in-law met us at the world's fair. The son-in-law's name was David Harmon and he thought he had dated you--or at least one of our daughters. He said you didn't give him a tumble. (while he was at the Y). He was a whiz. He had all the exhibits scouted--knew how to get tickets, where to get tickets, when to get tickets, and how to get into the displays if you didn't have tickets even if you didn't hear or see the ticketed spiel. He is now a dentist who lives in Washington. He and his wife have seven children, and she had to be rushed home from the fair with a miscarriage, and they almost lost her she lost so much blood. She is fine, now, however. Of all your possible choices????????????????????

David is working himself to death working two jobs, Mega and his computer business. Enclosed is a brochure which he is passing around when he goes to meetings to give pitches for financing. He is going to incorporate and have a board and everything. He has to attract money. Anyone want to invest? He needs several million. This paragraph is designed to get Karen or David to write explaining what I didn't.

Virginia and Barry and Elizabeth and Marty have gone up and down. Up in invested real estate (bigger homes) and down in available cash. Back to the budget. Elizabeth has been working like crazy to get their new house looking like "them" and Virginia and Barry have the contractors tearing up the place. Both couples were extremely fortunate. They both sold their homes within a week. Barry and Virginia got someone who could pay cash. They were also able to get a contract which allowed them to remain in their house until the new house is habitable which might be as many months as three. We had Barry stop over at our house with Rose Ellen (what other man would have taken a 17 month old baby on a business trip?) while on a visit to S.L. on business. It was good to see them. I wasn't much of a hostess as I had just had the spinal tap and had to stay in bed.

The next day, contrary to our Dr's orders (the tap was done on Friday, and I was supposed to stay down all day Sat AND SUNDAY). We were scheduled to go to L.A. on a reunion of the editors and editorial staffs of inorganic Chem magazine held in conjunction with the Am Chem meeting in Anaheim. Tracy put the seat back as far as it could go with me in a seat belt and a pillow, and a blanket, and wouldn't let me drive at all on the way down. We left late Sunday afternoon and drove to St. George. As usual we shopped at Stewart's in L.A. for some orchids and brought five new ones home. Three Phalaenopsis and two Cats. (Not the feline variety.)

I had no more episodes while in LA. Maybe I just need to go on trips constantly.

We had some excitement last Saturday. Tracy suggested we just take a day off (he's working too hard, too) and just bum around. Bum around to me eventually comes up with genealogy, and this was no different. I had found Hans Nadrian Chlarson listed in the 1863 directory of Salt Lake City (He arrived in S.L. in 1862) (If he had waited until 1863, he would not have been considered a bona fide "pioneer" as the railroad brought all the pioneers from then on. He came in a church wagon train.) He lived in the 20th ward and was listed as a Photographer. In the next available directory which we looked up in the S.L. Gen. Library he was listed as a "miner" and lived in the 10th ward--undoubtedly in his great big fancy house. This I understood was on 10th avenue--but I was wrong. It was on 10th East between 4th and 5th or 5th and 6th (I'm too lazy to go up and look it up), but we went up to where it must have stood. He had a good spot. He probably owned the whole block, and his house would have looked over the entire "then" valley. They lived in the 10th ward, and having looked up the address of the 10th ward in another old directory, and hoping it was still standing, we then went to see if we could find it. There was a plaque in front of the building saying it was the only one of 19 original ward blocks where the original church buildings were still standing. It was a state historical place, but we couldn't get in because it was closed. Apparently originally, the block contained a ward house, a school, an amusement hall and a grocery etc. It also probably contained a tithing house which collected the tithing "in kind" brought in by surrounding farmers. The meeting house and the school and a store with a house for the store-keeper was still standing, in addition to another "ward" added in 1909 or so.

After Hans was burned out he moved to Granite where he would have been closer to the "mine" in little cottonwood canyon. We knew we would not be able to find his home there, but maybe the granite ward would be still standing and we could find and photograph it. Just past 39th South as we were going along 13th East, at an entrance into St Marks? hospital a woman turned in front of us into the entrance to the hospital and Tracy hit the rear of her station wagon in spite of hasty braking. A shaking experience to say the least. No one hurt, but the other car had seven children in--non in seat belts. A baby was thrown to the floor in the collision. That woman probably got several citations, but that did not help us. We are now waiting for the radiator and the front end of our car to be fixed. We are feeling sorry for ourselves because we only have one car. We really do live in a plush economy, don't we?

It has been raining and cold for a week or more. The tomatoes are not frozen here, but there was frost in Payson. However the squash

looks good. Want us to bring you some when we come for Thanksgiving, Ginger?

Nancy and Doug are considering going to a convention for the parents of blind children which is being held in Dallas the first week in November. It should give them some good help hints for helping D.J. D.J. is now rolling all around. that's his way of crawling. He also gets around in a walker. As far as I know he has not gone down the basement stairs like his mother did at his age. Knocked all the sense out of her.

Don't know what's going on at Tracy's. It's not easy to get through the answering system--as I usually just leave messages and so they don't answer and I don't get to hear the news.

Mega has a new President, but Dwayne is still in there agitating. Tracy is being held responsible for his replacement--if so Rah! Rah! for Tracy.

Every year (at least for the last two years), David has held a conference for his mega group on a house boat atDam. This year he took his three boys, too. (down south --what is the name of that dam?) They have fun, but also have some good science interchange. Doug arranged for food, and went along. I don't know how much of the cooking Doug did but Nancy says he doesn't do much cooking at home!

Sherlene is running a mass sleep-in house. She has about six guys from Peru (painters) living in her one room apartment for about 3 months. In return they are to paint the other three sides of her house. Hilarious. Living with Sherlene is like living with Tracy Sr., except on HIGH --Never a dull moment. I told her that now she could write that book she has always been threatening to write. She should have some humorous anecdotes to share with us at Thanksgiving.

It's a thrill to see David and Tracy Sr. and Mark and Stephen all heading for the Marriot center to go to general Priesthood meeting. I'd rather that than see him make a million on his new company, but I hope he does that, too.

Charlotte and Brian are settled into a rented house in Washington and Bryan has several leads out for jobs, which they hope materialize before their unemployment compensation runs out in December. They will be glad to have you remember them in your prayers, as you all probably already due.

Oh, I remember some of Tracy's family happenings. In late August (I think) Zina and Mary went to California and then to Washington to visit the maternal grandparents. And then Betsy has been to California to visit friends, too, and I am dying to hear about all their trips. Come and see us, Tracy, we don't live too far away. We've been to see you several times, but usually not when either you or Betsy are home. We may make it when you're there, yet.

I have greatly appreciated your love and concern in my recent problems. It looks like they are here to stay, and we may even get used to them.

Love, Mom