



**ELEANOR MCALLISTER HALL
1996**

Eleanor McAllister Hall

24 May 1910 – 17 November 2000

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Eleanor McAllister Hall

The two most important days of your life were the day you were born and the day you found out why!

PROLOGUE

I recently received some great understanding into why my Mom was born. It is my hope, that by sharing this understanding, I might be able to help our life long friends, relatives and immediate family members know not only why Eleanor McAllister Hall was born, but also more of why they were born.

On the evening of 16 November 2000, I returned from downtown Salt Lake City, where I had spent several hours doing research on my Young-Huff ancestry. I leisurely prepared some supper, ate it and listened to the voice messages, which had been left that day. One of the messages was from the Highland Care Center, where my Mom was receiving excellent care to allow her broken hip to heal. The message told me that my Mom had been taken to the hospital with “unresolved chest pains.” Although there was no mention in the message that she had passed away, I did consider that could have been the case. So I made three phone calls, one to our Bishop, one to our home teacher and one to our Relief Society president. In two cases I left messages and in the third, I was actually able to talk to our Relief Society president, Nancy Watson, and explain the circumstances. I told each that I would call back after I had been to the hospital and knew more of my Mom’s condition.

Since I was mentally preparing myself for the worst, I was pleasantly surprised to find my Mom out of pain and greeting me with a smile as I entered the emergency room. So I was able to sit down by her and have a pleasant chat about my day’s research activity. As I explained to her the lack of success in my searches, I was suddenly struck by a wonderful idea and I said to her, “Some day, you will be taken beyond the veil. Would you please do me a favor? Would you find out what the rules are and come back and give me whatever information you are allowed to relative to our Young-Huff search?” She very pleasantly assured me that she would. In fact, it was less than twelve hours when she passed to the other side. She had been taken back to the care center and we received a call from the staff there, about five o’clock the next morning. She had been escorted through the veil shortly before that time.

From my perspective, it was a peaceful passing. However, considering the monumental tasks she accomplished on behalf of our kindred dead, “Her work isn’t over yet,” by any means. I will paraphrase Abraham Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address for a statement about my Mom’s mortal mission, as follows, “It is for us the living...to (now) be dedicated to the unfinished work, which (she) so nobly advanced...to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us...that from (our) honored dead we can take increased devotion to the cause that she gave the last full measure of devotion... That we here highly resolve that (our) dead (ancestors) shall not have died in vain.”

My Mom left us a magnificent legacy of love and devotion to our ancestors, and thus they were honored. She set a marvelous example for us and fulfilled her sacred mission with dignity, love, and a great deal of fun. That we could also do likewise is my sincere hope and prayer with the telling of her story.

The life of Eleanor McAllister Hall

Period I 1910 –1926 Home in Kanab (see Bibliography #1 & #2)

Much has been written about this period of time by my Mom herself. This is found in the Richard Samuel McAllister book. I have added the following observations from my personal knowledge, to enhance this period.

Although she had inherited McAllister running genes, she felt she had been by-passed relative to the McAllister musical genes. Consequently she would never sing the hymns in congregational singing in church or even at home. I believed she could sing, because she could talk, and several times tried to help her. However, whatever happened in her childhood to suggest she could not sing, and she would not speak of this, the perception left in her mind was so powerful she could never overcome it.

This perceived lack of musical talent seemed to intensify her motivation to relate to her living grandparents and she spent a great deal of time with them during this period. They grew to trust her with their sacred documents. In later years, she became a true scholar in the family history research area. I believe the seed for this had been planted in her mind and heart by these beloved grandparents.

Her patriarchal blessing of 1926 found on page two hundred and two in the Richard Samuel McAllister book also gives insight into her destiny regarding family history research.

Period II 1927-1933 Education (see Bibliography #3 & #6)

Beginning in the summer of 1927 at the age of seventeen, my Mom worked in the national parks of Utah and Arizona to earn money to support her education. She was able to attend the University of Utah for four quarters, eventually completing an associate (normal) degree at Dixie College in St. George, with her graduation in May 1933. Her change of residence from Kanab to Salt Lake City to St. George to pursue an education makes it natural to consider all seven years as a unit.

My Mom worked at Kanab Lodge, during the summers of 1926-1929. At that time, the Kanab Lodge was part of a tour circuit developed by the Union Pacific Railroad, which brought their guests from Lund, Utah first to Cedar City, then on to Cedar Breaks, to Zion National Park, to Bryce Canyon National Park, to Kanab, and finally to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

She had graduated from Kanab High School in May 1928. Since she had established herself as a conscientious worker for the Union Pacific system, she was sent to Cedar City and other places on the tour route, to help with an extra large and important tour. This experience resulted in her being offered a job at the Lodge of the North Rim of Grand Canyon to finish the 1929 tour season.

She took the job because it increased her income since she was able to wait tables for three meals per day instead of one. This greatly magnified her chances to earn tips. More importantly the increased exposure to more people raised her sights to educational opportunities as well. She met many University of Utah students on these jobs, who gave her incentive and courage to attend her first year at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. In some of her writing and picture albums she specifically mentions some of these friends by name.

My Mom states she attended the University of Utah for a combined four quarters. She attended the winter and spring quarters of 1930 and the same quarters in 1931. She worked as

long as she could during the tourist season to earn money, before traveling north to participate in classes at the university.

Late in the last tour season she worked, she broke her leg while playing softball, and could not wait tables, but had to stay in Arizona, at the Grand Canyon Lodge. She wanted to build income for an eventual pension. However, because of the broken leg, she was not able to save enough money to attend the university for the winter and spring quarters, and the pension was a fragmented dream.

To overcome this lack of sufficient funds, she thought about taking a job for the Union Pacific nearer their headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, after her leg had healed. Apparently she discussed the matter with her mother. However, a visit from her mother's uncle, Charley Lewis, changed her plans. Uncle Charley did not want her to go to Omaha. It sounded too worldly to him. So he offered to give her the money she needed, to attend the University of Utah for one year, providing she was willing to do house work for her board and room.

One of the results of this willingness to do house work was an opportunity to live with Emily Smith Stewart, daughter of George Albert Smith, who became the President of the LDS Church in 1945. That house where mom lived and worked is now a historical landmark.

The receipt for her registration for the winter quarter of 1931 really intrigued me. The receipt was for \$41.00 and registered her as "Eleanor Belle McAllister." The second registration receipt for \$25.60 is dated 23 March 1931, and once again she gave her name as "Eleanor Belle McAllister." Her report card also bears that name. I never knew her to have such a name, but she had an ancestor named Elizabeth Eleanor Bell McAllister. Already her devotion to her ancestors is showing.

My Mom spent part of the fall of 1931 in Salt Lake City. She said, "When I went home from Salt Lake City, my parents were on their way to St. George and their Temple Mission. Her parents were set apart for the St. George Temple Mission in January 1932. Mom was needed to tend her brother Mark, and help take care of Marcia and Nettie, her younger sisters, while her parents were in the Temple all day, five or six days per week. She worked nights at the Big Hand Café, did house work occasionally, and helped out in the OK Market, which was owned by her older sister, Elma and her brother-in-law, Harold Miles.

She was very frustrated in not being able to complete her education as originally planned. She said that she planned on going on a four year course at the University of Utah, but changed to a two year course at Dixie, so she could teach. Then we have a statement made by her in the summer of 1932. "I just got registered when appendicitis hit." Her broken leg and appendicitis provoked a great deal of physical stress, which caused her usual good spirits to plummet. Her grandmother Ida Francel Lewis Young, wrote to her encouraging her to "not worry, but have faith."

Of this period of time Eleanor wrote, "Today, I met a crisis in my life. My health has not been good for several years and for the past year a general physical weakness has almost won in its fight to lower my mental and physical resistance. Two months ago, I borrowed money to attend summer school. My father did not approve of this act, but I had the money, so I came any way. I am very desirous of finishing school and having a way to make my living independently."

Unfortunately, the borrowed money was not enough to allow her to finish her studies. Then there is reference to a letter home telling of the necessity of the above mentioned appendectomy. A return letter from her parents told her to come home. Her next letter to them

said she had no money to “come home.” After a two week wait, she did receive some money from her parents, and she returned to St. George.

During the time she was waiting for the money to go home, she answered an advertisement to join a “Road Show.” This type of entertainment was organized by a theatrical troupe. Joining the “Road Show” was for her a statement of rebellion against her moral upbringing, because of the indifference she felt her family was showing toward her. She wrote more about her struggle with herself in the decision making process, but eventually her better judgment took control.

She said, “I had been home about a half hour and prayed more humbly than ever before that my vision should become cleared and I would be led to do the right thing.” Her prayer was answered by a friend named Noel, who suggested she get a Mormon bishop to administer to her. She and Noel then went together to the home of Bishop Burke of the Highland Park Ward. Bishop Burke encouraged her to tell him the whole story, which she did. He then gave her a blessing. Of this experience she wrote, “I left his place feeling rested in body and satisfied in spirit and feeling that peace of mind is happiness and that is far greater than riches.”

She wrote to her sister Luetta to tell her about her appendectomy. She and Luetta had a very close relationship, and Eleanor wanted Lue’s advice and comfort. The convalescence after the surgery was rather difficult and Lue’s sympathy and understanding helped Eleanor immensely. At the time Luetta and Vern were living in Wyoming with their two little boys, Howard and Charles.

Finally in her diary, Eleanor makes a statement which shows she was seeing some hope of graduating from college. She said, “I can graduate with thirty hours more work.” Then she adds that these credits would allow her to specialize in supervising art in elementary schools and she expected to be able to pay for the credits when she got a job. Well, as she had hoped, she did graduate in the spring of 1933 from Dixie College with a “Normal Degree.” This was a degree that qualified one to teach school and as a matter of fact, she had a job prospect just over the state line in Nevada. Actually, the job never materialized, but after a miserable year in St. George, because of her health problems and not being able to return to the University of Utah, she at last felt she had some hope for her desired independence.

From my perspective, what happened next, in her life, was a part of the answer to the prayer she had offered at her point of deepest depression, as well as being related to the blessing Bishop Burke had given her. Of course, I am now seventy seven years old, rather than three years old, so the trauma I must have felt at that young age is over and I can view things much more objectively and more from an eternal perspective. I am only beginning to understand how much my Heavenly Father blessed me by those events of seventy four years ago. My father, brother, and I were incredibly comforted and strengthened by Eleanor’s love and devotion to family, and her willingness to put her own life goals aside. No one could have loved us more.

My mother, and Eleanor’s older sister, Luetta McAllister Hall was killed in a car accident on 3 September 1933 near Rawlins, Wyoming. My dad and mother with Howard and I were on our way to a new job for dad. This tragic accident left dad and Howard and I shaken and grief stricken. We returned to St. George, and stayed with the McAllister family while we prepared for the funeral. When the funeral was over, dad had to return to Wyoming to his new job. Howard and I were left in the care of our McAllister grandparents. We clung to Aunt Eleanor and she loved us dearly. She was tender and compassionate with us. Every day she helped Howard who was five and me, a little almost three year old, deal with the sudden loss of our mother. Even though grieving herself for the loss of her dear sister, Eleanor quickly began her

life's work of loving and soothing the Hall boys. We looked to her from then on as our mother. There was pain and sorrow, but Eleanor had enough love in her heart to assuage the grief we all felt. She opened her arms and we snuggled inside her circle of love.

The "Whirlwind/Pony Express" Courtship

(see Bibliography #6)

Since my father had to return to Sundance, Wyoming and his new job immediately after the funeral, correspondence between him and Eleanor began quickly. Those precious letters have been saved. At first they wrote mostly about the welfare of Howard and me. On reading the letters recently, I broke down and sobbed as I reviewed their courtship. Howard later described this courtship as having been done by pony express mail. It may have been quick, but it was certainly enduring.

Over the course of two months they began to express their love for each other. They had known each other for several years, and as Eleanor's love for Vern's sons deepened and she began to think of herself as their mother, the letters reflected this growing relationship. Her letters began with "Dearest Dad," "Hello Sweetheart" and "My Dear Sweetheart".

She was twenty three years old, and two of her younger siblings were already married. She was only ten years younger than our Dad. In her letters, her maturity is surely obvious. In one letter, she talks about their letters becoming "gushy" and tells what happened as she was reading his letter. She wrote, "Mama was singing an old ballad 'My Dear Sister and I.'" Upon hearing this Eleanor was reminded of her close relationship with her sister Lue.

She counseled Dad that he shouldn't "try to get over it dear, you never will, entirely. Of course, it will get easier all along. But there will be times, even after we're married that you will miss her and it will be perfectly natural. You can always tell me about it."

In another letter she said, "You know, I used to think I could never be a second wife or in any way share the affections of my husband with another. But now, I can't think of any thing nicer than our love, shared with Lue. There is not a jealous atom in me, as far as she is concerned. I have found, that it isn't love shared, but loved multiplied. It's beautiful and lasting."

Of course in St. George we were interacting with her every day, and she liked to include stories of the communication between Howard, myself and her. She said, "Today, Charles came in to me and said, 'Are you going to marry Dad and go to Sundance with us?' I guess Howard has been talking to him."

She shared information with Dad from a book she had been reading, entitled Life after Death. She said the book had to do with temple and genealogy work. She related the book to their particular situation and wrote, "We are well mated. We're in love. I've never felt that Lue was in any way opposed. I rather think that she wants me to take her work here and carry it on. And so, the sooner we're married and settled, the more we can accomplish in the work of our church, the more satisfied Lue will be that all is well with you and her boys. I really believe that the time we have to act is short. So, let's get right at our work, regardless of people and opinions."

And so they did get right at their work. She packed up Howard and I and we got on the bus in St. George traveling to join Dad in Newcastle, Wyoming. From there we had to go on to South Dakota to satisfy marriage license requirements. On 27 November 1933, my third birthday, they were married. She later wrote an essay titled "Stay Put" where she describes this courtship and marriage. This is such vintage Eleanor writing, I am including it in its entirety.

“STAY PUT!”

By Eleanor McAllister Hall, 1991 (see Bibliography #7)

We were waiting in front of the Dixie Drug Store in St. George, Utah, for one of those old double-decker busses that connected Los Angeles, California to New York City, during those sad depression days of the 1930's. These busses had Pullman like compartments that made up into beds at night and flipped back into seats for day time travel. We could travel the two nights and two days it would take us to get to Alliance, Nebraska, where we would take a train north to Newcastle, Wyoming to meet Vern without getting off the bus. The point of the trip was to marry the boys' father and become their legal mother.

My dad was pouring on the advice. “Now Eleanor, you must settle down. You can't up and go every time a chance comes along. You'll have responsibilities now. You'll have to learn to stay put.” I dropped my eyes and said, “Yes, Father.” I always obeyed. I was scared not to. I wondered if he was warning me not to be like his mother, the grandmother I wanted most to be like. She was certainly “a goer”, too.

The bus pulled out, and Howard, Charles, and I “stayed put” all the way to Alliance. There was no chance to do otherwise. Soon after midnight the second night of our journey we took a train, that wandered around in the darkness of northern Nebraska and finally wandered back into Wyoming, where we spied Vern waiting on the depot platform at Newcastle, tall, handsome, with an anxious stance, ready to take all three of us in his arms at once.

I soon learned the wedding ceremony was not going to be immediate. That silly state of Wyoming had a pious law that a marriage license had to be aired ten days before it was legal. We did have a courtship fifty miles long; wherein we talked over some things that had to be said as we drove to Deadwood, South Dakota. We got a hotel room and cleaned up. Vern wanted to get a Rabbi to perform the ceremony, but I failed to be a good sport about that. Our marriage was performed right there in the court house, and all the employees got in on it. Our line, professionally arranged by one of the lady typists, was perfect. Best man, bride's maids, everyone. Howard and Charles wanted to “marry Eleanor, too”, so they were worked in, and the Justice of the Peace even worked their names into the ceremony. It was a gala affair, arranged by complete strangers. We went back to the hotel for a dinner, then gathered our gear and began the fifty mile automobile ride to our future home in Sundance, Wyoming. It was past midnight so we put our kids to bed, and actually formed a plan for our courtship. We've laughed a lot about that since.

Vern's job was labeled, “Emergency County Agent.” He had attended summer school in Laramie, the past summer, where he had been recruited to work as an agricultural agent in the counties that didn't have a regularly employed county agent. It was in support of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal Welfare Program for farmers. It was a good job. It paid \$170.00 per month, which was almost double the wage of school teaching. Albeit, he did not get a wage check for four or five months. The depression was so severe even the government couldn't keep up their wage payments. The back pay came all at once. What a lot of money it was! We took a tour of the town and paid service stations, grocers, newspaper, just everyone, except our back rent on the Episcopalian church parsonage where we lived.

The minister lived over at Bel Fouche, South Dakota and came to Sundance only once each month. He ranted and raved, when he heard we had received money and paid it all out before he arrived. Besides, we had paid a couple of months' rent from our savings when we moved in. Others had had no money at all and deserved their stipends.

We experienced a glimpse into the regions of Satan, administered by a minister. A couple of months later, when other delayed checks arrived we paid our rent in full and moved

into a fine old house right on the bench of the beautiful Sundance mountain. We were able to rent the upstairs to school students from out in the country. The parsonage stood empty, down in the town center as long as we remained in Sundance.

The Sundance job finished, and Vern was transferred to Rawlins, to be assistant county agent there. What a fine experience that was. There in a strong L.D.S. Branch, we had missionaries who lived in the church building, but came to our house twice a week for baths and a meal. Vern's work was heavy, but the regular county agent carried the responsibility. It was almost sad when times improved and that program was ended because of improved national conditions.

Vern went back into the school room, which had improved somewhat in recompense, but facilities and interest had dwindled. We went to Big Piney, Wyoming, where he taught agriculture and biology, and was also the coach, because no other teacher would take that position. The best thing that happened then was his team beat the basket ball team from Mountain View, where he had previously taught. We lived near the school, so Vern and first grader, Howard, always came home to lunch.

One day in March, Vern came to lunch with the news that three cases of polio had been reported in Big Piney. A quarantine would fall at midnight. The town had only about two hundred residents, one store, and a post office. The high school students came from surrounding ranches. Nobody could leave or enter the town for three months. Then we would have to finish the school year, during the summer months. This was a fatal blow to us. School teachers had to work in the summers to make a full year's income. There was nothing at all we could do in that small town during the quarantine period.

Little old Eleanor always gets ideas, however questionable their merit, when emergencies come up. I plumb forgot my Dad's advice to "stay put". I said, "You and Howard go back to school. Charles and I will pack, and when you come home you can load our four wheel trailer and we'll be out of this town before the county sheriff can get here to start the quarantine."

We stayed in a hotel at Lyman, Wyoming that night. We awoke next morning to eighteen inches of snow. The snow plows came along soon after breakfast and we followed them to Salt Lake City.

We found a little house to rent on Fort Union Avenue, 7200 South, and State Street. We put Howard into school at East Midvale. Vern rustled for any kind of work he could find. He landed on the tracks at Bingham Copper Mine. When spring broke he was transferred to the Parks Department, a position he enjoyed for several years. He did landscaping, and kept up the parks and grounds of the homes of the high company officials. That was a very pleasant position.

We weren't too happy over our Fort Union-State Street property. It was too public and required a lot of farming utensils that it wasn't large enough to pay for. We began to look for another home location. We found a small new house on one acre of ground at 4944 Lincoln Street in Murray, Utah. We thought we had really found the spot where we would "Stay put!" We planted fruit trees and berry bushes, made a garden spot, and a patch of alfalfa to feed a cow. We turned part of a native cow shed into a chicken coop, and added a pigpen. We were beautifully set up for fine comfortable family living, when Pearl Harbor was attacked. I think that changed most American lives. Our nephew Keith Hall was a builder. He persuaded Vern to go into contracting the framing up of homes in housing developments with him. They worked on that a year or two with much increase of income.

Soon the nation was deep into World War II. The young men were gone to battle fronts and everyone was upset or displaced. A neighbor was building a house next door and a great storm was threatened. They were frantically trying to get the roof finished before the rain came. Vern saw their situation. He grabbed his hammer and went to help. That's where he met Superintendent Hirshi from Bancroft, Idaho. He was a brother of the builder who happened to be visiting when this emergency arrived. He soon learned that Vern was a past educator. He haunted our house each evening of his two week vacation trying to hire Vern into his school system. I was working as a research specialist at the Genealogical Society of Utah, now the Family History Library. He was still there one evening when I came home and I smartly decided to get rid of him. I said, "If you hired him, you'd have to hire me too. I only had two years of college and my teaching certificate wore out seven years ago from disuse." That threat kicked backwards on me. He almost doubled Vern's wage offer and also offered me more than I was getting at the Genealogical Society. We did succumb.

A funny thing happened about that time. A real estate agent was showing a house across the block and an empty alfalfa field from us. The prospect refused to buy it. As they were leaving the house, the customer looked across the field to our house and remarked to the agent, "If you could get that place for me I'd buy it in a minute." The agent brought him over, knocked on the door and asked if we were interested in a sale.

We received twice the price we had paid ten years before, packed our belongings and went to Bancroft, Idaho. The students there called it "Bank-rupted." We taught in Bancroft only one year. Howard was now eighteen and was already recruited to enter the service in September. He wanted to know where he was coming home to. We thought our savings were sufficient to buy the ranch Vern had always wanted. We began looking.

We found our place to retire near Oakley, Utah, on the Upper Weber River in Summit County. Vern bought a dozen dairy cows for our monthly income, and six purebred Columbia ewes for the foundation stock to work into the ideal job for a retired agricultural wool specialist.

We arrived in Oakley on Saturday, went to church on Sunday, and must have been talked about, because on Monday Vern was offered the job of teaching "Veterans on the Job." The war was now over. The youngsters who missed school because of their service were now returning as family men, working their own farm businesses. Vern was to teach them on their own farms, and use our farm for a laboratory. What a great job that was.

During his last illness I would often drive him up to that old stomping ground. He knew every farm in Kamas valley and what its special production capability was worth. The boys he taught, now mature men running their farms and the communities would gather round to visit should we stop in a café or any public place. What wonderful visits. It did him a world of good.

When we sold the ranch we bought a home at 157 North State Street in Salt Lake. This was near the Genealogical Society. We also bought two rental homes, and began our retirement career of genealogy and research work. At first we just worked for ourselves, but we gradually became over burdened with customer work. We stopped all that when we were called to serve a proselytizing mission in 1975. Upon returning home in 1977, we bought the little home out here on Butler Hill in South Salt Lake Valley, and truly did retire.

Vern has left us now. I don't think I'll move any more, at least there are no present plans. I will some day be laid beside Vern and Lue in the Hurricane, Utah cemetery. There, dear father, I shall expect to "Stay put!" (Actually, she moved twice more after Butler Hill.)

Period III 1933 – 1935 Wyoming Adventures (see Bibliography #1, #7 and #8)

Although the preceding section, entitled “STAY PUT!” ends in 1991, the first pages are devoted to my Mom being launched into her Wyoming Adventures. Howard’s Mother’s Day poem, following the Midvale-Murray Period, also begins in the Wyoming Period, but has more to do with the period it follows. The same is the case for his “Fiftieth Anniversary Essay.” This anniversary essay is found on page one hundred and ninety nine in the “History of Richard Samuel McAllister” and pages fifty one to fifty three in “The Book of Jared Volume Three”.

Howard started the First grade in Sundance. Dad assigned Mom so many miles a day to put on the car, while he was at work, so she could learn to drive. We enjoyed the trips this involved. Howard said his knuckles were often white, in the wake of our traumatic experience outside of Rawlins, when our mother was killed. But practicing each day helped our Mom improved dramatically. Those were some rather anxious times, but I don’t remember much about them being only three. We moved to Rawlins in the fall of 1934. Mom was an asset to the LDS Branch there, especially to the youth and full-time missionaries. Again at Big Piney, Wyoming, Mom was a positive influence on the community and great with the young people and children of the town.

Since I am almost three years younger than Howard, the memories I have of the Wyoming period are vague. However, in July of 1999, Mom and I were traveling with our friend, Alice Schiesswohl. We were helping Alice move back to the home of her birth in Michigan. Alice had rented a truck to move her belongings, and when we got out into Wyoming, we had all kinds of trouble with that truck. It was fortunate that Mom and I were following Alice in my van, also loaded with Alice’s stuff. When the rental truck totally broke down we were able to put Alice in the van and return to Rawlins to arrange for a different truck to continue the journey. Eventually, we found ourselves stuck in a motel in Rawlins, until the truck company could substitute a different truck for the one which had broken down.

My van facilitated our nostalgic tour of Rawlins while we waited. My Mom became our tour guide and did a marvelous job of it. She showed us where the car wreck had happened on the third of September in 1933 which killed my mother and her sister Luetta. Mom also showed us the street corner where she found me riding my trike. When she asked me, “What are you doing here?” I answered, “Just hangin’ around town, not a spendin’ a dime.” Those were some precious moments of 1934, which were re-enacted in 1999.

Period IV 1935-1945 Midvale, Murray and Maturing (see Bibliography #1, #7, #8, #9)

Although the problem of not being able to bear children probably bothered her during the Wyoming period, it seems to have reached its peak during this Midvale-Murray period. However, what we see from the following quoted or excerpted letters is that when the efforts to get pregnant failed, Mom poured herself into professional genealogical research to overcome frustration. She wanted to have a baby, and I believe that Howard and I wanted to have more children in our family also. One time when Howard was visiting me in 1993, I began singing a ballad, mentioned on page seven, which begins; “My Dear Sister and I.” Although I only remembered the first line of the ballad, Howard sang the remainder of the song. I think we separately speculated about the possible spirit half sister, who had been waiting to be born into this family about 1942.

The basis for my commentary and quotations regarding this period are from nineteen letters, written by Mom in Murray, to Dad, in one of three locations in Tooele County, Wendover, Dugway, or Skull Valley, in 1942 or 1943. These were World War II times and

although there was gas and food rationing, there was also much money to be earned at the military related projects in Tooele County. My cousin Keith and his wife Wazel, had come to live with us. Keith and Dad were able to get jobs on building projects which took advantage of the healthy economy. From the letters, I am reminded of the status quo in our Murray home life. Although Murray city was rapidly acquiring a predominantly urban atmosphere, our life style was obviously rural. At one time or another, we had several sickly lambs, a litter of pigs, several calves and cows, some registered Jerseys and a horse. One letter tells that we gathered, from our two coops full of chickens, seventy nine eggs in one day and seventy eight eggs the next day. Along with selling eggs, we also often sold milk to neighbors.

Howard and I were each in a 4-H club and in a scout troop. We even showed our animals at the Salt Lake County Fair. We also earned money on our paper routes. Howard was a real dynamo, and he taught me much about hard work. He rewarded my diligence by passing paper routes on to me while he went on to better jobs. In her letters, Mom was very complimentary of our conscientious milking of our cows and delivering our newspaper routes.

At one point, while we were living in Murray, Howard got into the car ownership stage with his yellow and green, 1934 Dodge. Mom sometimes worried about him, but on the other hand she admired his good common sense. She bragged about how well her boys were doing in her letters to Dad. She and Dad were such hard workers, they were doubly proud when their sons showed the same diligence.

There was another phenomenon, which was characteristic of the Midvale/Murray period. We experienced an almost constant flow of cousins and occasionally Mom's younger siblings, staying in our homes. For the most part, these visits were a very positive influence on us.

Keith and Wazel, his wife, stayed with us about three years. They were the greatest positive influence on us. Keith was a wonderful carpenter, so he helped Dad and eventually even Howard and I get jobs. While the men were in Tooele County, Keith's wife, Wazel was good company for Mom.

During this period, Mom seemed to be feeling fulfilled in her roles as wife, mother and aunt, even though she had still not been able to carry a baby full term. She gave herself credit for coming a long way with nine years of married life. She was feeling much more stable than she had previously.

One of her coping strategies, during this period, was to express her feelings on paper. For example she wrote, "I'll end this swell day, writing my disappointments away." One day she was visited by a friend from Dixie, Maurine Whipple, who had become a nationally famous author. As my Mom wrote about Maurine, I sensed she envied Maurine's fame. She also seemed to envy her sisters, sister-in-laws, and friends as they were able to give birth.

She mentions failing to get a substitute teaching job and then says, "Oh, it's just as well. I might be pregnant before school is out anyway." It is obvious Dad was concerned about her success because she says to him, "I'll try to obey your suggestion that I rest more." "Going home to Dixie" was very important to her, but she even that she is willing to put that off as she says to Dad, "I may not go down home with you. There is a possibility I'm pregnant." By April, 1943, she must have been pregnant, because she hired my cousin, Glenna Hall, and paid her bus fare from Hurricane to come to Salt Lake City and help her. She even details all of her expenses to get the help she felt she needed.

During this period of wanting to become pregnant, she contacted an organization called The Child Service Society which helped unwed mothers get temporary care for their babies until they could stabilize their lives. That is how Mom and Dad acquired Norlyn, whom we

nicknamed “Bucky.” His birth mother was Lola Allred of the Uintah Basin. Norlyn came to live with us in August of 1940 when he was three weeks old. He was our baby brother until July of 1945, when Lola married Reed Sessions and was ready to take Norlyn to their new home in Ogden.

There were advantages to the Child Service Society system over adopting. One was the absence of legal fees. The second was that we actually received income for keeping Norlyn. However, it was extremely difficult when we had to give him up to his birth mother. We had become very attached to “Bucky” and corresponded with him until he graduated from Ogden High School. I think my mom’s heart had an empty place when his mother took him to live with her. One day while Frankie and I were living in Provo attending BYU, I met Norlyn on the street and put him back in touch with my parents, who had moved from Oakley to Salt Lake City in early 1959. Mom and Dad were happy to have him back in their lives, and he eventually rented an apartment from them at 157 North State Street. However, because of the life style he had chosen, the relationship eventually deteriorated to the point that he was encouraged to move out in 1968.

My parents were a great missionary team. While on their stake mission in Murray, they held Cottage Meetings with some of the neighbors on their own street and took some of them to musical programs at their local ward. Although they were called and released from their stake mission together, Dad took some “leaves of absence” from the mission to earn money by working in Tooele County. During these times, Mom had a companion named Donna. However, she still kept Dad abreast of their progress. In her letter of 3 April 1942, she reviewed a whole Sacrament Meeting point by point. In a letter of 1 December 1942, she praises one of Dad’s missionary ideas, as follows, “Sell yourself first and don’t bust into the scriptures without an opening.” Then she adds one of her own, “I’m convinced that we must touch the hearts of the people before we have a chance at their minds.” After this quote, she goes on for a page and a half, bearing her testimony and finally ends up composing a poem.

Her stake mission experience was causing her to think deeply about the solemnities of the Plan of Salvation, the three degrees of glory, and other gospel doctrines. She related the above mentioned doctrines to the attitudes of certain of our ancestors. This missionary spirit in our home was intensified by the missionary experiences described in letters we received from some of my cousins, which Mom told about in letters to Dad. Finally, it was gratifying to note that she expected four of their neighborhood contacts to be baptized before 1 January 1943.

She told Dad about a letter from Joseph P. Lewis. The letter said much about Lewis genealogy and a proposed trip to the Genealogical Library downtown for some follow up research. While she was interested in family history at a very early age, Mom’s big thrust into genealogy came a little later. However, by October 1944, she was quite involved in doing genealogy work. That would have been when Norlyn was four years old and I was almost fourteen. At that time, Mom began working a full schedule for the LDS Church Research Department under the inspired leadership of Archibald Bennett.

I have decided to include in this period the poem that Howard wrote for our Mom. It covers so much of what we experienced as we were growing up.

MOTHER'S DAY POEM

By Howard G. Hall, 1994

I'm about to write a poem for my Mother, now that's a switch
She's the poem writer, the talent and inspiration with which
She's guided my young life when I've needed it most,
As well as writing poems of which I can boast.
It's Mother's Day you see so I can turn the tables,
And write her a poem filled with truth (and a few fables).

So, Mother, give ear and find your best seating,
For no matter how bad it gets, you must keep on reading.
I'll never forget some of the strange, lovely things
In my young life you were a part of, and still in my dreams,
I reflect on nowadays when time and nostalgia allow-
Like the time down in Murray when we had a cow,
And Dad was off working and I had a route,
I thought I was "big," but I had it figured out.
Without my Mom to have faith and in me trust,
I'd have bombed the whole job, or at least got real fussed.

Or how about the times we used to go bike riding,
Or play fox and geese, now that was exciting.
I recall once out in Big Piney for fun
We sprinkled water on the snow to make a slick sled run.
Later hooked up the sleds behind the old Chevy
And did the whole town, then stopped at the privy.
(We didn't need to stop at the privy, I guess,
But it rhymed with Chevy, so we saved a mess).

And speaking of messes, remember that night
I came in from skating?
I was really a sight.
You washed all the blood from my face and my eye
And made me feel better and gave me some pie.

Do you recall the blood-poisoning bit?
Or the strings on the door knobs to give you a fit.
And the phone bell that sounded like your alarm clock,
When rung in the bedroom it gave you a shock,
To find the line dead, but my laugh betrayed me.
You're a good sport not to have slayed me.

Marshmallows on the lamps, wet clothes on the stoves,
A deer in the granary and fresh bread by the loaves
A cold trip by Jeep to Ogden and back,
A boy on a Mission; try to keep in the black.

That's not the whole story. It only gets worse,
Or better, depending on your viewpoint, of course.

I'd ask the Lord to Bless you, Dear Mother of Mine,
But the last time He blessed you with kids, you got nine,
Or ten or something. I can't keep count.
Anyway, it's sure that your blessings will mount
As long as you, and good Father Dear,
Insist on being parents to all, far and near.
And if you get lonesome, I'll send you some more.
I've inherited your traits, and we also have a store,
Of children and friends and friends' children too,
And relatives, ancestors, and other loved ones true.

Whatever you are you were for sure meant to be.
To measure one's creation takes obedience you see.
And you folks have done it, are doing it what's more.
In the end of life's game you'll have rolled up a score.

So stay in there kicking and having your fling,
We'll be out here helping and doing our thing.
Stay close to the Gospel, we know that you will
And you and your people will never stand still.

Period V 1945-1946 The Bancroft Adventure (see Bibliography #1, #7 and #8)

As Mom told the story in her "Stay Put" essay, she and Dad had been lured from their comfortable little home in Murray to teach school in Bancroft, Idaho. It had all started when Dad went to help a neighbor with a roofing job. The neighbor's brother, the superintendent of schools in Bancroft, was visiting and was looking to hire new teachers. Thinking to put him off, Mom said that if they hired Dad, they would have to take her also. Superintendent Hirschi was totally happy to do that. So we packed up and moved to Bancroft, selling the house and acreage in Murray before we went. Howard was a junior in high school, and I was a freshman. Dad was going to teach agriculture and Mom would teach art and study hall. We only lived in Bancroft for one school year, and of course didn't write letters to each other while living under one roof.

Despite the short time we were there we made some wonderful friends, I have met many people from Bancroft in far flung places who always remember our family. Especially if they had anything to do with family history, they are long time fans of my parents. No matter what else Mom and Dad did, they always managed to lead out in family history. The good news for our family being in Bancroft was that teachers' wages in Idaho were very much better than teachers' wages in Utah. However, the situation of being the teachers' son in a very small school was stressful to our family relationships. Still Mom and Dad provided a good home to Howard and I and we were able save some money.

For several years they had wanted to own their own place where they could make a living from the land, and where Dad could use his university training in the agricultural field. At the end of the school year they had saved enough to be in good shape to buy the ranch in Oakley, Utah and reach a goal they had long dreamed about. From their wages for the year, plus the sale

of the house in Murray they were able to pay \$9,500.00 for the ranch with some left over to get set up. My mom was a dedicated “fixer-upper”. She knew how to make the most of what she had. So she was able to turn a house that had been used as a barn into a comfortable, cozy home. Both of my parents were strong individualists, and wanted their sons to be such also. As evidence of this is the permission and encouragement given to me to ride my bike for the trip from Bancroft, Idaho to the ranch in Oakley, Utah, a distance of one hundred and seventy five miles. I was fifteen, and my Mom must have believed that I was entirely capable of such a challenge. Thanks to her, I believed it myself.

Period VIA 1946-1959 The Ranch in Summit County (see Bibliography #1, #7, #8)

These years were particularly joyous in my Mom’s life. The hard work of the first thirty six years of her life began to pay big dividends. These dividends were economical, genealogical, and geographical. She and Dad traveled much as they were able to search out and visit many ancestral sites in the eastern United States and in England. Physically, she was healthier than ever before. It was also a time of great spiritual growth. She and Dad attended the temple in Salt Lake often. They had great success in motivating others to work on their family history and attend the temple also. She enjoyed the addition to the family of Howard’s wife, Raona. Five of their children, Michael, Joseph, Richard, Peter, and Jacquelyn were born during this period. Frankie and I were also married and since we were living all over the world it was a period of voluminous letter writing, which extended into Period VII A, B and C.

Howard attended Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City, met Raona, and went on a mission, during the first four years of this Ranch period. I finished my last three years of High School at South Summit, attended Brigham Young University, and prepared for my mission to Norway, during the same time.

I found only three letters written to me by my Mom, while I was in Provo. They show that Mom had gotten well involved in life in the community and was quite pleased with her involvement. The third letter indicated that she had already become a frequent speaking partner, on the subject of genealogy, with Dad in his High Council assignments around South Summit Stake. This third letter also tells of ideas she had gotten from her missionary son, Howard, and elsewhere, to be used as examples for her sacrament meeting talks. One of the ideas she had gotten was being devoted to the concepts of Zion. Another alludes to the responsibility of being a Mormon in our times compared to that responsibility in pioneer times.

Themes from Mom’s letters of this time are Thanksgiving and other holiday preparations, the weather, the cow and sheep businesses, the Oakley art club, genealogy classes, church meetings, and construction projects.

But the prime number one theme of our correspondence, for the two and one half years I was on my mission, November 1950 to June 1953, was the Nils Hansen research. Actually, my Mom and I had a very positive orientation session regarding the research, complete with the map she had drawn of his probable travels, before I even went into the Mission Home in Salt Lake City. Then in some of the first letters I received from her, in January 1951, she reviewed and analyzed the “Nelson Hanson, Nilson Hansen, probably Nils Hansen” problem and the income from relatives to fund further research. She also did quite a bit of speculation on possible names for Grandpa Nils’ parents and the “Bergenstift” geography.

Here are some sample excerpts from her letter of 3 February 1951. “Having missionaries out does help the ward. There were one hundred and twenty five out to Sunday School yesterday.” Then she comments on the affect of the military draft, due to the Korean War. “We

can't send more missionaries out without a statement from their draft board, so I guess the mass repentance is at an end." Then, later in the letter, another quote, "Too many of us go happily on, thinking we are saved by the grace of God, without feeling we have to do much ourselves. I'm afraid a lot of us will wake up and find we were supposed to work our way back to our Heavenly Father, by exercising our free agency."

Here is another precious quote from her 11 February letter, which accurately expresses her feelings, "The purpose of this life is that we may learn to live together. Some few attain it fairly smoothly before death." Then on the 18th of February, she writes, "...we have felt the blessings of your prayers here at home, and we have great faith in the accomplishments of your mission."

As I said, before I left for Norway, Mom had given me a crash course on family history. She and Dad were sure that my mission call to Norway was because our Norwegian ancestors needed to be found. All that was known of my Dad's grandfather was that he was from Bergenstift, Norway. Bergenstift was a large area, divided into several counties. Mom prepared me before leaving with everything she knew about research in a Scandinavian country. It was one of the greatest blessings of my mission that I was able to find a competent researcher. The letters to and from Norway were exciting. In mid March, the fervor about the progress of the Nils Hansen research began to build.

The letters of 25 March and 26 April show what an intense and thorough genealogist she was as she made suggestions to guide our Norwegian researcher. Then we have the totally awesome letters of 2 and 5 May, 1951, when all of the notes of the chord came together with one grand crescendo. Incredible success! The birthplace of Nils Hansen had been found, and then five generations behind him on his parents' lines. There was one line that even went back nine generations. What an amazing discovery!

After the great genealogy successes mentioned above, the letter of 2 June 1951, still found Mom on a spiritual high. Although she got back to giving some local news, most of the news she gave was genealogy news, and that was not only news about the Norwegian research, but news on all of our family lines. She and Dad were preparing to go to the temple and do the saving work for these beloved ancestors.

In the letter of 10 June, one can see the spiritual high carry over to a project of getting many Kamas Valley couples to the temple and she listed all of these couples by name. The 17 June letter was a response to their receiving a large envelope of the material I sent them, containing the extended research done by Egil Iversen. The day they received it, Dad was doing some work on our ditch, so Mom took the big envelope to his work place to open it. As they reviewed the contents there on the ditch bank, they were overcome by the spirit and shed many tears of joy as they observed how the hand of our Heavenly Father had blessed our efforts. As I read their letter describing the scene, I thought of the sons of Mosiah meeting Alma in the wilderness and rejoicing in the marvelous harvest of souls with which the Lord had blessed them. As I reread these letters, fifty seven years later, I heard in my mind a heavenly chorus. The chorus was our Norsk ancestors, singing a stirring anthem of praise as they came forth from their prolonged confinement in the spirit prison. Mom and Dad had taught me well, and I knew that the words of our Eternal King as he spoke to His prophet in Doctrine and Covenants Section 128:19-24 were true.

Shortly before I boarded the train in Salt Lake City after my stay in the Mission Home my parents and I had an altercation about a hair cut they thought I needed. I didn't agree. I must have written something about my sorrow over this. I am tempted to enter an entire letter here,

but will resist the temptation in favor of this quote, “Son, don’t grieve for a minute over past troubles at home. If there were things to forgive, it has been done long ago. Love goes deeper than surface discord. However, those troubles should be brought out in the open and faced, that they may be more surely and completely erased.” Bless her heart, and her ability to forgive. We can all try more diligently to follow her example of “becoming like a little child” so that we too “may enter the Kingdom of Heaven.” I can almost hear her saying, “Offences? What offences? I don’t remember any offences.”

The letters of 24 June through the end of August gave much family reunion news. Mom also told a great deal about her siblings and their children and about other visitors to the ranch. There was mention of my buddy Dick Frazier, of her brother John and his wife, Roxie being separated, of their daughter, Cleo, a very special cousin, doing well, of Howard going to Officers’ Candidate School and then to Korea as a Second Lieutenant. Mom mentioned that she and Dad had begun corresponding with Hansen relatives in Iowa. Amazingly these relatives in America were found due to the volume of data they had received from Egil Iversen. Mom and Dad were both gifted in meeting people and writing to new relatives was a thrilling experience for them.

The letter of 4 November gave a significant update on the Norwegian research. Egil Iversen had exhausted the information in the church records to which he had access and Mom encouraged me to find someone who had knowledge of local histories of Etne and adjoining towns. The man I found was Axel Wicklund. So what she did in this letter was to coach me on how to direct Herr Wicklund in further searching. This letter is a sample of how I was able to capitalize on her coaching to get many additional ancestors to those Herr Iversen had sent.

Period VI B 1953-1959

More Ranch Time

(see Bibliography #8)

We have searched our memories for indications of my Mom’s influence on our lives from a distance, during this period. Mom was helpful to us in many ways. During our college years we did receive letters from my Mom, and Frankie was able to become acquainted with her. She says, “I found your mother very welcoming, when you first took me to visit her at the ranch. We had a lot of fun with each visit. I noticed, as I got better acquainted with your Mom, that she met all strangers well. Your Mom raised some incredible flowers and as we were planning our wedding, I became aware of her talent in arranging flowers. She used this talent to turn your house into a lovely place for such a grand occasion as our wedding celebration. After our marriage in the Salt Lake Temple, she and I went over to ZCMI and where she bought an orchid bouquet for me. I was also completely amazed at your Mom’s talent with poetry. When we drove together for long distances she would recite poems non-stop. Her memory was fantastic. At least each Christmas she composed a special poem that detailed the past year and celebrated the season as well.”

Frankie was also amazed with Mom’s ability to capture a group’s attention at a social gathering by telling fortunes. Although Mom could not sing, she could surely entertain an audience by fortune telling. I know one more talent to add to Frankie’s list, from my personal experiences. She and my Dad were also very effective as a public speaking duo. The subject was usually Family History. Since Dad was on the High Council, he needed to have a speaking companion each month. Who better to take along than his own wife? Mom could always be trusted to give an excellent talk about something that would stir the souls of the congregation. People around the stake remembered these special talks and later spoke to me of them.

We had a wonderful experience combining both Frankie's and Mom's talents, before Frankie and I even got engaged. Mom offered to pay for voice lessons, if I would sign up to be taught by her cousin Jay McAllister. I was pleased to have the additional credit, so agreed to the lessons. Jay asked me to go find myself an accompanist and I was very blessed to find Frankie willing to take on that assignment. When told about Frankie, one of my aunts asked another, "Is she good for Charlie?" The answer came back, "I don't know if she's good for Charlie, but she surely is good for Eleanor."

Period VII A 1959-1979

Salt Lake City “R Kids” (see Bibliography #7, #8 and #10)

In 1959, Mom and Dad decided to sell the ranch for three reasons. First, they had the promise of a five hundred percent increase on their 1946 real estate investment. Second, making a profit in their dairy and sheep businesses had become increasingly difficult. Third, they saw their future in down town Salt Lake City near the temple, the Family History Library, and commercial printing establishments.

Going into the property management business, just seemed to be the best thing to do with the money they had to invest. They bought three houses within three blocks of the LDS Church Office building, which could not have been a better location for attracting quality renters. They fixed up the apartments in all three of these homes, including the one they lived in themselves. In the process of the fixing up, Mom brought some flowers from the ranch to be planted around the yards of these three homes, thus capitalizing on her talents for landscape decorating. She also gave Frankie and me some flowers to help with the landscaping of our Springville house. She worked diligently to clean, paint, and furnish the apartments to make them inviting to the type of renters they hoped to attract.

When my parents first began administering their rental units, they were kept very busy maintaining full apartments, collecting rent, making rules to govern the apartments and enforcing the rules they made. As time went by, they realized they needed a better way to manage their renters. They needed to become and remain well acquainted with these young people. So they set up a Family Home Evening once per week and invited all of their renters, especially singles, to attend. They found much talent among their renters, which gave the Family Home Evenings a special attraction for possible attendees. In Howard's Mother's Day poem, he captures some of the spirit of these Family Home Evenings and the influence they exerted.

Several in the group first began attending the Family Home Evenings as singles, met their mates and when they were ready to move on they left as married couples. This is how, in referring to these young people, my parents coined the term "R Kids." So when speaking of these renters it was like they were referring to their own children. Howard and I really have gotten close to some of these young people and have treated them as siblings.

My Mom and Dad had a very special activity they used to bond with their own genetic grand children. They took their grand children with them on their field research trips to the eastern United States and to the British Isles. I know they took their oldest grandchild, Howard's son Mike, on a field trip in 1966. Then they took Howard's youngest son, Wes and our oldest child, Kathy on a trip in 1978. There were many others in between, although Wes and Kathy were the last.

Frankie and I were living in Salem, Springville, and Provo during this time, from 1958-1960 while attending Brigham Young University. Because of the geographic closeness, we visited my parents often. This gave Frankie and my Mom an opportunity to develop a deep friendship, which over the years was a source of comfort and happiness to both of them.

Period VII B July 1975 – February 1977 Mission to Pennsylvania (See Bibliography #10, #11and #15)

My Mom and Dad's mission to Pennsylvania for eighteen months was undoubtedly one of the greatest experiences of their lives. I will here explain why I would make such a superlative statement, considering some of the exciting things they did in their ninety years each on earth. In fact my Mom was sixty five when they left on their mission and my Dad was seventy five. Since I am now seventy seven myself, I know they had to be in good shape physically.

The Lord surely called them to the right place, and at the right time for the skills and experiences they had to offer. As far as I was aware, their ability to combine family history and missionary work was unique in the LDS missionary system at that time. Being in Pennsylvania during the bicentennial celebration was exciting to think about, even before they left home, and to be given the assignment of using genealogy as a missionary or proselytizing tool, added to the excitement.

They began their adventure by meeting the local newspapers and radio stations, and publicizing classes they taught on genealogical research in the two areas they were assigned, Berwick and Sunbury. They made some wonderful friends among the media and received some excellent press both before and after the events. They also made friends with the local historical societies, to very good advantage. Of course, since they were full time missionaries they received some much appreciated support from the LDS wards and branches in the area. Because of my professional involvement at the time with German genealogical research, and the books and pamphlets I had published, Mom and Dad were able to use these aids to great advantage as they worked with many people of German descent.

The following letter of appreciation written to their mission president shows how popular they became with the local genealogists.

President Pinnock
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania Mission
352 Sporting Hill Road
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

120 Catawissa Avenue
Sunbury, Pa 17801
2 June 1976

Dear President Pinnock:

We wish to thank your mission for sending Elder and Sister Hall to our area. Although we are not of your faith, we have profited from the work of these missionaries. They have been teaching a genealogy course as a bicentennial project in our town. They have been perfect examples of Christian brotherhood. They have been excellent teachers, but they have also been nice people. They are the kind of people I would want to represent my own church on a mission.

Thank you once again for sending this lovely couple to our area. They have been much more than teachers or missionaries. They have become very dear friends.

Sincerely yours,

Sandra E. Strine
Patricia A. Wynn

Although most of my parent's missionary activity was related to genealogy, in the case of the Seigfried family, the genealogy led to gospel conversions for the whole family. Not only that, but even now, thirty plus years later I still have e-mail contact with the Seigfried family. They have held a number of important positions in the LDS Church. Through the Seigfried's

dedicated service they have been able to influence and even change for the better the lives of many people.

One evening in a rain storm, Mom and Dad were on their way to a teaching appointment and could not find the right house, so they just knocked on a door to get directions. The people not only let them in, but asked to hear the missionary discussions. This was the kind of experience they had during the time they spent in Pennsylvania. They experienced spiritual growth and exciting classes and interactions with the people they met and taught. They were able to complete their assigned time, but unfortunately near the end of their mission Mom became very ill with diverticulitis and needed some time after they returned home to recover her health. They always spoke of their mission time as a magnificent highlight of their service to the Lord.

Period VII C 1959-1979 Publications (See Bibliography#1, #8 and #16, #18, #19, #20, #21, #22)

My Mom liked to write and she was very talented in that respect. She made her greatest literary contributions in the family history area. There were six main publications that she compiled. I will add a few details about each of these. Her grandson, Mike Hall, is in the process of scanning these publications and posting them on the internet, so we may all enjoy them even if there are no longer printed copies available. The URL to see the Book of Jared and other publications is:

<http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~goodoldhg/>.

The Book of Jared: Volume 1, 1963; Volume 2, 1981; Volume 3, 1986.

Over time, The Book of Jared became the most important of all her literary works. This is a collection of stories, pictures, family group records and historical data of the relatives and descendants of Rhoda Byrne Jared, Mom's maternal great-grandmother. Originally my Mom planned it to be only one volume, but after she had visited many relatives in Tennessee, Texas, Oklahoma, and other states, received return visits to Utah from some, corresponded with others, and gathered materials or data, she had to declare an end to the first volume and start on the second one. In spite of that, she actually ended up with almost seven hundred pages in volume one. As she distributed the books, interested buyers ordered more or requested the second volume, or contributed more material to be published. Well, the book's popularity escalated to the point of requiring a third volume.

We are really amazed when we think of my Mom doing all of the work she did on the Book of Jared and the other things she wrote with only a typewriter. Not only did she collect and type the materials, but she also created excellent indexes. What a dedicated and devoted worker she was. If you do not have time to read all three volumes, I recommend you read the introductory pages and pages forty-eight to sixty-eight of volume three. Volume one was not only unique because of its size, but it also had a logo, printed in gold, of a broken wagon wheel. In time, a Jared relative, David Abernathy, living near Seattle, Washington, created a Book of Jared web site. He introduced the web site by a colored picture of the wagon wheel on the first page followed by a picture and a biographical sketch of my Mom written by myself. This can be found now at

<http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~bookofjared/index.html>.

The See Family As I See It: The Story of the See Family, 1984.

The See family is a branch of our McAllister family. Although I did not get directly involved with my Mom on the research which developed into this book, I did follow the geography of our Huguenot ancestors from Picardie, France to Mannheim, Germany to New York. One year when I was doing research for another family in East Germany, I came across a book on the Sees who migrated eastward, with the help of Friedrich the Great. I immediately recognized the book was also about our Sees. When I returned home and told Mom about the book, she was frustrated that I had not been able to make a copy of it and bring it home with me. However, on my next trip to East Germany, I went to the French Reformed parish near where I saw the See book the year before. The parish minister actually gave me a copy of the book. When I got home from my trip, my Mom was ecstatic.

The McAllister Family Reach Utah, 1995.

Although this is just a short book, the following McAllister web site is expanding and has much more information about the McAllisters, including a scanned copy of this book.

<http://mcallisterfam.com>

Samuel Lorenzo Adams: Stories of his Life and of his Ancestry, 1970.

This is a compilation of the stories of Samuel Lorenzo's life. My Mom did some research on the Adams family, but the main thrust of the book was on Samuel Lorenzo who is her great-grandfather. After joining the LDS church he came to America from the Shrewsbury area of England. When I was returning home from my mission in Norway, Mom sent me to Shrewsbury, where I was privileged to walk where our family had walked. A copy is available on the McAllister web site.

<http://mcallisterfam.com>

The Young Story: Report of Research Done for Young Ancestry, 1970.

There were only a limited number of these research report books printed. Many Young researchers have quoted it as a reference for their own research. We have included materials from it on the Leonard Huff web site, and the "Mac n' Huff" blog site. My Mom created the foundational work on which we and others may build.

<http://www.leonardhuff.bravehost.com>

<http://macnhuff.blogspot.com>

Young's History 1744 – 1924 Compiled and written by Eleanor McAllister Hall.

Organized into a book by Charnelle M. Manson, 2000

This book begins with the birth of William Young, in Virginia and ends with the death of his great grandson, Brigham Lawrence Young, in Kanab, Utah. Although my cousin Charnelle Manson does not list herself as the author, this book would never have been published without her dedication and skill.

Period VIII 1979-1992 Butler Hill "Golden Years" (see Bibliography #11, #12, #13)

Actually, there is a bit of overlap between Period VIII and Period IX, because Mom's widowhood period started while she was still on Butler Hill. I have saved writing about this period until last, because of the challenge it involves. In 1979 my parents had recently returned from a successful couple mission to Pennsylvania. Shortly after returning they decided to sell

their home in Salt Lake and move south to Butler Hill. This put them within about a mile of Frankie and I and our family. Thus we were able to spend more time with them. I have extracted notes from my own journals from each of the years between 1981 and 1990, but some of the years had much more to draw from than others. There were also some random notes Mom had made in diaries. I had many notes from this period including Mom complaining that old people have it tough and certain male members of the family made it tougher by their behavior; her husband, her second son, a grandson, and a great grandson. However, although she complained about the challenges in her life, she also found plenty of positive things to tell about.

She really liked to correspond with Kathy Jenine, because Kathy was attending BYU, working hard and doing well, and that reminded Mom of some happy times in her own life. Her pleasant interaction with Jeanette and Juli came when they hosted her at events such as a grandparents' day at Cottonwood Heights Elementary. However, what made her even happier was when she was able to take Frankie, Jeanette and Juli to a Dick Mac Reunion which included the descendants of Richard Samuel McAllister. I was in Europe on a genealogical research trip, so I missed all the fun.

Mom tells about her correspondence with James, in Switzerland and France, and with Howard and Raona in Alabama where they served a couple mission. These missionary letters and experiences reminded her of her mission to Pennsylvania. She considered the reading of these letters to be special spiritual experiences. She and Dad had some great experiences tending a couple of families of Howard and Raona's grand children. Along with enjoying visits with Howard and Raona when they came to Salt Lake, she loved to have their children and grandchildren visit. She also recorded enjoyable visits from the "R-Kids," young people with whom they had grown so close while providing a home and hearth for them at 157 North State Street. Now these young people were married with families of their own, and Mom loved to be considered part of their families.

There can be a challenge to a marriage as the partners grow old. As my Dad's health declined, Mom had to assume the responsibility for many things around their home. As the time passed, in spite of the burden my Dad's health was to Mom, she really did her best to be a compassionate care giver. For instance, on 14 January 1987, Dad had a heart attack. Then a week later she tells of bringing him home from the hospital. Sadly, four days later he was taken back to the hospital. At this time she wrote an entry in her diary about being behind in her work. Included in her work was the sales and shipping of her publications. She carried on a huge amount of correspondence, and felt obligated to continue to contact and reply to relatives. Not too long after this though, she tells about giving all of her professional genealogical clients' research materials back to them, indicating that she was getting out of the business. So we see that a big part of her problem was trying to do too much. Further evidence of this was some statements she made after easing her work load such as, "Dad is weaker, but still able to make us laugh every day." She also gave him credit for obediently taking his seven pills daily. They built their compatibility level by listening to conference rebroadcasts every day.

Still her health took a toll as she continued to care for him at their home. Finally he became so weak, and she so fatigued that he had to be put in the Sandy Regional Medical Center in August, 1990. It was only a short time later that he passed away. She records that "her dear Vern" passed away on the 21st of September shortly after a blessing given to him by their bishop, Terry Roylance. The blessing described the joyous reunion of his long departed wife, Lue, his parents, brothers and sisters and the McAllister family whose love and respect were great. Mom notes in her journal that "she added to the scene the hundreds of ancestors, whom he

has researched and seen through to completed temple ordinance work. I doubt that many have achieved the welcome on the ‘golden shore’ with more enthusiasm, honor, and gladness than he.” We know that he couldn’t have done it without her, and we’re sure that she was greeted with the same kind of joy and rejoicing when she passed on ten years later.

Period IXA 1990-1996 Widowhood I Salt Lake City – St. George (see Bibliography #14)

It is encouraging to see, as this period begins, Mom is moving on with her life. In fact the first activity she notes in her diary after my Dad’s funeral is working with Howard and Raona to help Mike and family move to Orem. Then I was involved with her in the second activity. She and I took our Hungarian friend, Ilona Gyorgy, for a ride up to our old ranch in Oakley. We also had time to visit the new dams in Summit County. Ilona’s profession was hydrology, and she was intrigued by the way the Mormon pioneers had controlled the water in this high desert region. Mom was always a gracious host to visitors.

Our days were filled with pleasant activities which often seemed to be directed by divine intervention. For example, Mom and I drove to the airport to pick up my mother-in-law, Helen Taylor, who was flying in from New York where she had been visiting her son Tom. Then on the 19th of October, we were kept busy and entertained by the events of James and Angie’s wedding.

A couple of days later, Mom came to our house for dinner. We had also invited Naomi Armoni an Israeli Esperanto guest who was spending time in Salt Lake doing research at the Family History Library. I had taken Naomi to visit my Dad at Sandy Regional Medical Center, before he passed away. Naomi was very friendly and Mom enjoyed getting to know her. Later Mom gave Naomi’s address to Andrea Hall, who she thought was going to Israel to study. Mom seemed to be watching for opportunities for us to do things together that she had not been able to do because of Dad’s declining health.

A wonderful opportunity presented itself when Brother Boud, who had been their mission president in Pennsylvania, called Mom and invited her to bring me and come to their weekly sealing session at the Jordan River Temple. I was very pleased to be able to do that with Mom. I knew I would benefit as much as she would. It was a precious spiritual activity that we could enjoy together.

By the 9th of November she was starting to organize her schedule according to the clock and hence was able to work more effectively. Right after Christmas, we even went down town to the Family History Library, and worked together on the Huff research problem. Although we did not get to do this kind of thing together very often, it was a great source of joy for both of us when we did.

In 1991, Mom and I were very consistent at going on sealing sessions together at the Jordan River temple. She also was able to enjoy an endowment session with the Relief Society sisters from Butler 1st Ward. This temple attendance cheered her, and strengthened her spirituality.

At the beginning of 1992, Mom’s journal entries indicate that she is thinking of moving to St. George. In February, Frankie wanted to attend a Principals’ convention in St. George, so Mom and I went with her. While we were there, Mom explored the possibility of moving. She thought it would be satisfying to live close to her sisters Nettie, Marsha, and Annie. Perhaps she could also get some help from these sisters, and nieces and nephews, in completing her writing projects and distributing the publications she had on hand. She thought she would have many interactions with them to fill her lonely hours. St. George also held the attraction of being her

home as a young woman, and maybe the thought of living there was idealized because of that. At any rate, she was anxious to go.

When we returned to Salt Lake, Mom consulted her niece, Karen Jensen, who was a realtor. They decided on \$55,900.00 as the price for the house on Butler hill, and set the target date for her move as the 1st of May. That was just a short two and a half months away. But as we review back to the "Stay Put!" segment of this history, we see that once Mom got an idea in her head, it was usually only a short time, before she was on her way! She was excited about the move, and noted in her diary, "Charles is helping me prepare to move. Our preparations are coming along nicely!" With our help she did meet her proposed moving date, and by mid-June she was settled in her new home in St. George, and ready to go on a tour of "Color Country" with Victor and Louise Hall, a nephew and his wife, and Howard and Raona.

In August of 1992 Frankie and I attended the McAllister reunion in Pine Valley with Mom. The John McAllisters represented by LaRee and Kathy and the Luetta/Eleanor McAllisters represented by twenty three descendants of Howard and myself were in charge of the reunion. This kind of thing made Mom very happy, not only by the numbers representing her, and the fun had by all those who attended the reunion, but also that the reunion was being held in Dixie.

The day after the reunion, Howard, Raona, Frankie and I had a tense discussion with Mom about the management of her finances. Then we attended the Sunday meetings in Mom's ward with her and later had a special prayer about her future. We parted in a much better mood. The change in the atmosphere seemed miraculous to me. Two weeks later we got a positive answer to our prayer about Mom's future. She was successful in obtaining a renter to share expenses with her in the condominium. This person was Evelyn Stout who was a relative on the Young side of the family. Mom and Evelyn had many stories and experiences in common. They enjoyed one another, and with Evelyn being about fifteen years younger than Mom, she was somewhat of a care giver to Mom. That was not the arrangement at first, but it became that way as time passed. Evelyn took over the cooking, which was a wonderful benefit to Mom's health. Evelyn even assisted in the organizing and writing on the Brigham Lawrence Young story that was so important to Mom. Through the year Mom and Evelyn worked together to make their living arrangements in the condominium compatible, and to share stories related to their common ancestry.

In October of 1993, I stopped in St. George on the way to a genealogical conference and book selling experience in California. We got on to a very special subject as we were talking. I asked her about a paragraph in her patriarchal blessing. I told her that I remembered a statement about her role in building up the center place of Zion in Missouri, if her "desire to do so was pure." She seemed to have a great interest in fulfilling that promise. Later that year, in December I drove to St. George and brought Mom back to Salt Lake City to celebrate Christmas with our family.

In December of that year, she and Evelyn gave up the condominium and moved to Evelyn's house that had been occupied by some of Evelyn's children. This was a disastrous move for Mom as she felt that some of her most precious papers had ended up in the garbage rather than being carefully moved to the new location. She was especially upset thinking that she had lost most of what she had previously written on her grandfather's story. She wasn't able to concentrate to organize her materials again, and she felt sad and distressed. However, with her enviable good cheer she did eventually set to work to recoup what seemed to be missing.

As time went on, we noticed when we visited with her, that Mom was beginning to get confused. At first we thought it had to do with the poor nutrition she had provided for herself before Evelynn moved in with her. But over time, the confusion became more and more obvious and related more to age than nutrition. The harder Mom worked on writing the Brigham Lawrence Young story the less she seemed able to accomplish. For example, she noted one day, "I spent the morning organizing the B. L. Young History." Two days later, she mentioned writing on the "Book of Jared," and making good progress. In my notes I write that she must have meant the Young history, because that was where her emphasis was. A short time later she noted that "This day I wrote about the Nauvoo period of the Young story." When we visited her, she would show us what she had written, and also all her "Piles and Files." She had several tables, and small piles of papers covered every inch of them. Even though it was getting harder for her to keep organized, she always had more ideas of family stories she wanted to write and publish.

She began her diary in 1995 with, "Have piled and filed genealogy and book material and will work toward finishing the Young book." A few days later she notes, "It's been a great day." She had attended church and enjoyed Dick Miles, a nephew, and his wife Katherine speaking in church prior to leaving for their mission to Washington D. C. Couples going on a mission brought back to her so many wonderful memories of the exciting time she and Vern had spent in Pennsylvania while serving their mission.

It was during this year that she was hospitalized twice for angina attacks. Since it seems quite natural that someone who is eightysix years old would have various health issues, it was not surprising that Mom would have some problems. What is amazing, however, is the way she continued to bounce back until her mission here on earth was completed. The hospitalizations and some concerns with her short term memory caused Frankie and me to realize we needed to be more a part of her life, so we invited her to come to Salt Lake and live with us. Evelynn told us that Mom was thrilled with this invitation and we began to make arrangements.

Period IXB 1996-2000 Widowhood II Salt Lake City (see Bibliography #11 and #17)

In November of 1996, our son James and I met Howard and Raona in St. George and packed Mom's possessions for the trip back north. This would prove to be the real "Stay Put," although even then we moved her from the upstairs, to the basement when James and Angie moved to Clearfield, then back upstairs when she needed us to be able to hear her if she called out in the night. In her notes she said about the move, "Came up here to Salt Lake to live with Charles and Frankie. I'm lodged in Charles' office room upstairs. When James and Angie get their new home built in Clearfield, I will move into the basement. This is a very good arrangement for me."

From November until April my Mom lived upstairs while James and Angie and their two children lived in the basement. To help avoid confusion for the great-grandchildren, James and Angie referred to my Mom as "grandma great". As always, my Mom loved being around people and was pleased to play with the busy little children. They especially enjoyed being buzzed in the tummy by her imaginary bumble bee, which was actually her slightly bent index finger.

It was a good arrangement for all of us. The last four years of her life were filled with many special experiences. This portion of my Mom's history comes from extracts of my personal journals and from random entries she made in some notebooks she used as daily dairies. In the parts of this history where we are quoting my Mom's diaries, letters, etc, we have used her words. However, in this final period, we will only occasionally have quotes from her.

Mom loved to travel and so did I. We went on many trips together. We attended funerals, receptions and other gatherings all over Utah. Even the first week in December after she moved up to Salt Lake to live with us, I took her back to Kanab to attend her sister Annie's funeral.

Mom began the year of 1997 on a special outing with our friend Alice Schiesswohl and her blind friend Mariane Fisher. They took Mom to a slide presentation on the Book of Mormon. Mom noted, "I learned many new ideas about the Book of Mormon last night." Later that same year Mom and I spent some quality time with Alice and her grand daughter from Michigan. We were able to visit the family history storage vaults carved out of solid granite up Little Cottonwood Canyon. On one occasion, Mom used her old skills to read palms, and she told Alice many intriguing things about her life.

In March of 1997, I was planning to go to Prague, Czech Republic, for a conference on families. Since Mom loved to travel, she very much wanted to go with me. I was worried, for I was certain she wouldn't enjoy such a long trip. Being in a place where she would have no one to converse with in English wouldn't be enjoyable for her. Finally, I got the idea of offering her an alternative. I said, "I don't think Prague would be a good idea. I will be speaking very little English, all the time I am there. But when I get home, let's plan a church history tour for the summer." That was exciting to her, and on my return home, we did just that. In fact the first trip was so wonderful that we went for four summers in a row. We had just returned home in September of 2000 when she broke her hip, and began the decline that eventually led to her death in November of that year.

Before we left on our first church history tour in the summer of 1997, Mom and I decided to go to Yuba City, California, to visit Howard and Raona. Howard was in the hospital, and not doing well. He was suffering from a brain tumor. Mom was not debilitated with such a long driving trip, and we had some wonderful conversations as we traveled along. We were so glad that we had the opportunity to visit with Howard, because as we stopped in Hurricane, Utah to visit with Victor and Louise on our return home, we received news of Howard's death. We continued home, and then flew with Frankie back to California for the funeral. It was very hard on Mom to have her son pass on before she did, but true to her positive nature, she prayed diligently and was resigned that Howard was better off. He had suffered so much in the last years of his life from the phantom pain where his leg had been removed. Back in Salt Lake after the funeral, Mom and I spent many hours reading the scriptures together. We began to plan our summer trip, and focused our reading on Doctrine and Covenants Section Forty Five, and Mom's patriarchal blessing that promised her participation in the building up of the center place of Zion in Missouri.

Yet before we could go on our longer trip to Missouri, we went to Orem to attend the wedding reception of Mike and Martha's son Andrew, and to Ft. Bridger, Wyoming to enjoy the sesquicentennial activities there.

Then we left on the 15th of July and flew to Omaha to begin our first church history trip. We rented a car, and then toured Winter Quarters, Nebraska, and Kanesville, Iowa. Then we headed for Adam-ondi-Ahman. We planned to meet Alice Schiesswohl there. When we arrived at that very sacred site in church history, Alice suggested that we read Doctrine and Covenants Sections one hundred and sixteen and one hundred and seventeen aloud. We did, and it had the desired affect. We felt the spirit powerfully. From Adam-ondi-Ahman we followed Alice to Far West. There again we strongly felt the Spirit. Our next stop was at Liberty Jail. There we took one of the organized tours, and the spirit of the occasion moved us to tears. Finally, we drove to

Grandview, south of Independence, where Alice had arranged for a motel. The next morning, I helped Alice unload her books and display to get set up for the genealogy conference where she was selling books, while Mom rested from our traveling. At the end of the day, as we were leaving, one of the conference organizers said to me, "Well, we'll see you next year." Having no intention of returning, I mumbled, "Yeah, I suppose."

After leaving the conference, Mom and I drove to St. Louis, where we stayed with a Jared relative that Mom had contacted. Being in St. Louis was special, since the temple there had been dedicated just a month earlier. We first saw it as we came over a rise on highway forty. It was breathtakingly beautiful! We arrived in St. Louis on a Saturday, so we did not get to go into the temple. On Sunday we attended church in a chapel located near the temple. The atmosphere in the meetings was charged with a wonderful temple enriched spirit. As we returned to Salt Lake, we basked in the spiritual aura of what had happened, and we began almost immediately to plan our next trip to Missouri for the following summer.

We still continued to go some place almost every month. If I mentioned visiting someone, or if Mom did, we were off. In November we went to Escalante to visit Richard and Victory Crawford and family. Richard and Victory were some of "R Kids" mentioned earlier in this history. There was a love and closeness between them and Mom that was precious.

Other than heart problems and angina pains Mom was amazingly healthy. The angina was treated with nitroglycerin pills, which mostly controlled the pain. During these times, Jeanette was especially helpful because of her training to become an occupational therapist, and her work as a nursing assistant at Holladay Health Care. Mom's spiritual nature was assuaged during these challenging times by priesthood blessings which I was privileged to give her. However the day before Christmas she had to be hospitalized because of the pain. Her blood pressure was very high, and the doctor determined that she had had a heart attack a few days earlier. Still while she was in the hospital she talked about going on another Missouri trip the next summer. I noted in my journal, "Who knows?" She bounced back and was home from the hospital before New Year's Eve. We left shortly after that to go to Richfield for her niece Lucy's funeral.

I found a note Mom had written in January, 1998. "Charles is delivering Jeanette to her work. Frankie is at her work, as a principal. I'm working on piles and files in my basement. I'm still grieving over Lucy's death. Charles and I went to Richfield for her funeral and burial. Three of Merrill and Annabelle's children have left this year. The family must be involved in a great project over there."

Early in March we went to St. George to her sister Marcia's funeral and later that month we went to California. I arranged for Mom to stay with my nephew, Wes and his family, while I drove on to San Francisco to help Alice sell books at a genealogy conference.

While we drove on these trips and during our time at home, Mom and I reviewed our first trip to Missouri and began to plan trip number two if all went well. Although I had doubted that we would actually go to Missouri in 1998, some family excitement changed my mind. Our daughter Kathy was about to deliver her first daughter, in Plano, Texas. Kathy had decided to name her Helen after Frankie's mother. Frankie and her mother were flying to Dallas to be there for the birth of little Helen, and my Mom wanted to be there also. We decided to drive this time, and chose a different route than we had ever used before. We drove through Moab and Monticello, seeing the new temple, then through Cortez, Durango and Pegosa Springs, Colorado, and on through Santa Fe, New Mexico. We stayed in Santa Rosa, New Mexico. The next day we drove through the Amarillo part of Texas, and stayed with our Choate cousins near Seminole,

Oklahoma. The following day, we stopped in Chekota, Oklahoma and had fun getting acquainted with some of our daughter Juli's Beaird family relatives.

We stayed in a motel in Oklahoma that night and drove to Grandview, Missouri, where Alice was staying. Since I was now close to where I could help Alice sell books, we repeated the previous summer's experience at the genealogy conference. At the end of the seminar, Mom and I did some more touring around the northwest part of Missouri, the center place of Zion, then drove on to Fulton, Missouri, south of Kingdom City. We were ready to stay in a motel, but they were all full in Fulton. So, we had to be creative. We drove to the LDS Ward building, and asked some of the neighbors, "Do you know anyone who attends church here?" They gave us the name of Ruth and Spencer Palmer. We called the Palmers, explained our situation and asked if we could park in front of their house for the night. They said yes, but when we knocked on their door, they just invited us in to sleep in their beds.

As we drove away from Fulton, we stopped and visited a couple of extraction missionaries in Jefferson City, who were copying Missouri State Court Records. That night, we stayed with Cousin Melvin Hall's son Dennis, who lives near Rolla, Missouri. Then we proceeded on to Plano, Texas. It was great to visit our own family, the Felts, including the newborn Helen, and also to be with Frankie and her Mom. After resting up in Plano, we drove home via the usual route from Plano to Salt Lake City. I was sure after this trip that we had made our final excursion to Missouri. But this would prove to be wrong!

As long as there was breath in her lungs, and beats in her heart, and not too much pain, Mom was ready to go traveling. So in August we went to the Richard Samuel McAllister reunion in Kanab. Mom was never happier than participating in a reunion with beloved relatives. She always had stories to tell and books to sell.

Then in December, Frankie and I, and Mom flew to Dayton, Ohio, where James picked us up at the airport. The next day some of us attended Jeanette's graduation with a Master's degree in Occupational Therapy from the University of Indianapolis. Because James' truck broke down, he and I did not make it to the graduation. In spite of that, it was a happy celebration that Mom enjoyed. Mom had many choice experiences with Jeanette during the four years Mom lived here in our condominium with us.

Frankie and I had wanted Mom to move to Salt Lake with us because we knew she needed more help both physically and mentally. After James and Angie completed their new home and moved to Clearfield, we set up our basement as Mom's personal apartment. She had her own furniture, and other materials surrounding her. In January of 1999 we realized that Mom was spending many hours alone and were considering having her go to an adult care center during the day. I was working on finishing a publication, and of course Frankie was gone long hours at Valley Crest where she was the principal. I had someone come from the Garden Terrace facility and interview Mom. Thinking that all was well, I took Mom over to Garden Terrace so she would have company and something to do during the day. But after three days, she decided that place was not for her. She had more important things to do besides make sock dolls.

So Mom came up with an alternative idea and talked to Jeanette about it. She would hire Jeanette to help her "put her stuff in order to turn over to someone else." Jeanette needed money and was very agreeable to help. The concept went very well. Jeanette got a feel for what Mom really wanted kept, and got rid of all the rest. Jeanette also did some typing and created picture albums as part of this project, which was a great help to Mom. With a trust in Jeanette that Mom seldom gave to any one else to handle her papers and pictures, they worked together to bring order out of chaos. They found more material on the Brigham Lawrence Young story that Mom

thought she had lost. So besides planning and participating in trips, Mom was able to begin writing again.

We had an eighty ninth birthday party for Mom in May. It was a great success! We were going to wait until she was ninety, but we did not want to risk her not making it another year. Many friends and relatives came to wish her well, and Mom was energized by the whole affair. Later in the month we went to Dixie for Memorial Day. We planned the trip in detail because we had several stops to make, St. George, Hurricane, Kanab and Escalante. We bought flowers and decorated the graves. We even purchased some black paint to use on the headstones of my father and mother to emphasize the letters that were fading.

The end of June we traveled to Fredonia, Arizona. There I dropped Mom off at her niece Ida Lue's place and I drove on to Gilbert, Arizona to pick up Tyler, Alyssa and Hayden, my son Jonathan's children. The next morning, the four of us left very early and drove to Kanab where my cousins, the Broadheads, let the kids play in their yard, while I continued on to Fredonia. As we were driving up Long Valley, my Mom entertained the kids by encouraging them to count horses, cows and dogs. From Panguitch to Marysvale, the kids slept. By the time we got to Scipio though, the children were very restless. We stopped in a park and unloaded the car. While Tyler took Hayden for a walk, Alyssa helped me reload. Then I suggested that we have a prayer for the final leg of our trip. Alyssa gave a beautiful prayer and we rode the last one hundred and twenty miles without trouble.

Several people were care givers for my Mom during the time she lived with us, though it was primarily Frankie and I. Frankie helped with her personal care, and I was in charge of scheduling and transportation. On occasion we needed help from others. In September of 1999 Frankie had some major surgery, and Mom was very helpful to her. Sometimes we got our two mothers together, and often had other family members over for dinner. Mom always enjoyed family parties of any kind. Also Frankie and our daughters took Mom shopping, to visit her sister, Rue, and go on other errands. They had fun with her. My Mom left no doubt about the fact that she loved her grand daughters and her daughter-in-law.

Earlier in this history I have talked about my Mom's 1926 patriarchal blessing found on page two hundred and two of the Richard Samuel McAllister book. In that blessing she is told she will help to build up the temple in the center place of Zion if her heart is pure. In my own blessing I'm told I will help our Heavenly Father carry out His divine purposes and fulfill the promises He has made and will yet make to his patriarchs and prophets. The combination of these two statements in our patriarchal blessings and because of the two trips we had already made to northwest Missouri, caused us to develop the statement, "Our Mission to Missouri." I also adopted the self-imposed challenge "become pure in heart in order to be worthy of our mission." All of this motivated us to think about and plan our trips to Missouri. I feel this explains some of the miraculous experiences we had on those trips.

On the 10th of July as part of the preparation for our third trip to the center place of Zion, I made a pilgrimage up Big Cottonwood Canyon. I needed the Lord's help in making this trip a success, so I went to the canyon fasting and praying. As part of the trip we were going to help Alice move back to Michigan and then go on to Missouri ourselves. Mom and I planned to follow Alice in our van and she drove the moving truck.

We were in our van, which was also loaded with Alice's belongings. It was a good thing we followed her, because the heavily loaded rental truck developed problems early in the trip. We only made it to Green River the first night, and the next day within seventy miles of Rawlins, a radiator hose blew up, and we had to spend the day in Rawlins waiting for a different truck.

The day in Rawlins turned out to be just one of many special moments we had during the thirteen day trip. Mom was our tour guide that day, and she told many interesting incidents from my young life. It was just outside of Rawlins where the accident occurred that took my mother's life when I was three years old.

Once again in Missouri the most spiritual experiences we had was in Adam-on-di-Ahman. We had hoped to feel a deep and powerful spirituality there. We began our worship with hymn number forty nine which is about Adam-on-di-Ahman. I sang and then Mom read the poetry from that hymn and several other hymns. We were elated as the spiritual feelings we had prayed for washed over us. Because we had helped Alice in Michigan, we didn't have any more time to spend in Missouri. However, as we drove home, the spiritual high stayed with us.

When we were returning home from that trip, we had no plans for a fourth trip. However, a short time later there was a fireside held in our Big Cottonwood Stake on the subject Adam-on-di-Ahman. As a result of this fireside, my Mom and I prayed that we might make some meaningful commitments relating to our "Mission to Missouri," and we began to talk about our fourth trip.

In August I took Mom and Frankie to Kamas to participate in the fiftieth reunion of the Class of 1949. Then in September one of the items on our fast list was that "Grandma Great" would have the strength and mental clarity to prepare for whatever we might do for our mission to Missouri. Later in September we went to Price for the funeral of Frankie's sister's husband, Curt Jenson. Mom and I continued on to Dixie after the funeral. She stayed with her niece Charnelle while I went to California for a genealogy conference. While Mom was there, she and Charnelle worked on the Brigham Lawrence Young material which Charnelle published the next year as Young's History. This was the answer to many heartfelt prayers about the Brigham Lawrence Young story.

Frankie and I went to Geneva, Switzerland early in November 1999, for an international conference on families, and Juli and Jeanette took turns staying at our house to care for Mom. During this time they had to take her to the hospital for angina pains and chest pressure. She was diagnosed with congestive heart failure. When they brought Mom home, they moved her upstairs so we could hear her during the night if she called out to us.

On Thanksgiving Mom was having difficulty breathing, so we took her to St. Marks' Hospital. This time she had a urinary tract infection, so the doctor felt Mom should stay in the hospital at least until the next day. Jeanette came down from Park City and helped me bring her home. On our December fast list, we express our thanks that "Grandma Great" was released from the hospital to continue to prepare for her mission to Missouri.

In February of 2000 Mom was hospitalized again for the same angina pains and chest pressure. But this time she also had pneumonia. We called a neighbor who was a home health care nurse. When she took Mom's vital signs she said, "Call 911." I made that call and the paramedics took her to St. Marks' hospital. We were blessed to get her to the hospital quickly where she could get the treatment she needed. Once again, she recovered rapidly and soon was ready to travel again.

The first of May we went to Hurricane for my Cousin Keith's funeral. We did some other visiting while in Dixie, and as we returned home we stopped at the Zaleski's in Parowan. They put a candle on a cupcake, and we started the ninetieth birthday celebration. We had hoped to have a really wonderful party for her for her ninetieth birthday and we did. It was even more fun and better attended than the previous year's party.

But in mid June we had to take Mom to St. Marks' hospital again. It appears I had overdosed her on a fiber supplement. She was in the hospital at least two days. Since Jeanette was employed on the fifth floor, she checked in on Mom often. One time when I went to visit Mom, our Bishop Mac Peterson accompanied me. Mom was happy when the bishop and I were able to give her a blessing.

It wasn't long after she returned home before she came down the stairs and wanted to plan our next trip to Missouri. We decided to go in September that year to miss the oppressive heat of the Midwestern summers. So we had time to go to Grantsville and Fillmore in July and to Kanab for a funeral and reunion in August.

On the 5th of September we flew to Kansas City. My second cousin Su-Li Young picked us up at the Kansas City airport and took us to her house to spend the night. The next day, she drove us to Kidder, Missouri where I pushed Mom around in her wheel chair. We stayed in the Bed and Breakfast Inn, owned by our friend Dave McEwen on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. Dave took us on a personal guided tour of Church History sites in Caldwell and Daviess Counties. On Sunday he took us to church in Cameron Ward, and then to the Kansas City airport on Monday.

While attending Cameron Ward, I met a member who gave me the following statistics. There were sixty five active members of the ward in 1993, and two hundred and twenty-five members in 2000. We also met Sister Angeline Krueger, a single sister who lived in an assisted living facility in Cameron, and she took Mom with her to the Relief Society meeting. Sister Krueger was willing to help Mom get established in her assisted living facility, but Mom was not ready for something like that. Nor was Frankie ready for Mom to move to Missouri, no matter what we thought our mission was.

While we had been with Dave McEwen, we had learned that he had building lots to sell in Kidder, Missouri. My Mom and I were very interested in that and wanted to buy three of them. Mom had some money in an investment account in St. George. One day shortly after our return home, Mom came into our bedroom, obviously ready to start the day, and announced, "I have made a decision. I want you to take that \$20,000, which belongs to me and do whatever you think is best, with it." So we did buy the three lots in Kidder. I guess we were idealistically imagining a life in Missouri, each day filled with the spiritual highs we had felt on our summer trips.

However, it was only a short time after our return from this fourth trip to Missouri that Mom walked across our living room on her way upstairs to bed and her hip broke. On that Monday evening, the second of October 2000, she fell silently to the floor. Frankie and I put her in her wheel chair and got her upstairs and into bed. We should have called the paramedics right away, because about midnight Mom called out in severe pain. At that point we quickly called the paramedics, and she was taken to the hospital. There it was determined that her hip had broken. I was given the opportunity to decide whether she should have surgery to put a steel ball in her hip. My first response was, "No, not on my ninety year old mother." Then the next question I asked was, "If I say 'no' to the surgery, how much pain will she be in?" The doctor said, "Probably quite a lot." So I told him to go ahead and do the surgery. Sadly, Mom ended up being in quite a bit of pain anyway.

At this point, Frankie and I sought the advice of our daughter Jeanette, who told us we would need to choose a rehabilitation center for when Mom got out of the hospital. Since Jeanette knew a lot about these different centers she recommended Highland Care Center. That proved to be an excellent choice. It was close enough to our home to be an easy ride on my bike

so I could visit Mom often. So on Tuesday of the next week, Mom was moved to the Highland Care Center and Bishop Mac Peterson helped me give her another blessing.

On Thursday of the first week of November, Mom was moved from the Highland Care Center to St. Marks' hospital. Her hip had come out of its socket. With help from Jeanette, we chose a Dr. Gordon to redo the surgery, put the hip back in place and get my Mom out of pain. The following Wednesday, we had her back in Highland Care Center. She was comfortable there until she passed away. However, the evening before she passed on, she was taken to St. Marks' again with "unresolved chest pains." When I went over to see her, I expected that she might not be alive when I arrived. However, from her position on a gurney in the emergency room, she greeted me with a cheery "Hi!" We had a pleasant chat. I had been working on the Huff family research downtown, and I asked her if she could, when she crossed the veil, to please come back and tell me something of the Huff family. I think she has.

I was with her almost every day during the time she was in the Highland Care Center. I would ride my bike to visit her and do what ever I could to help the staff better serve her. As I have written about her last day on earth, I have come to the conclusion that for all she had suffered, she had a pleasant passing. No one deserved that more than she did.



EPILOGUE

It would be foolish to think that my Mom and I got along perfectly all the time. While we did have many times of wonderful compatibility, I want to mention some of our struggles as they were marvelous learning experiences. The fact is we had interacted with each other for sixty seven years, not just the four years between November 1996 and November 2000, while she lived with Frankie and me. So, whatever weaknesses or idiosyncrasies we had, that got on each other's nerves, these would have been of a long standing nature. The challenge to me and to her in her final four years was to learn to avoid reacting to each others' weaknesses. As she told me in a letter while I was on my mission in Norway, "Son, don't grieve for a minute over past troubles at home. If there were things to forgive, it has been done long ago. Love goes deeper than surface discord. However, those troubles should be brought out in the open and faced, that they may be more surely and completely erased." She was so eternally right.

There were situations where I was not really the cause of her problems, but because I considered her to be my number one responsibility, I felt I should help her understand the situation. Not too long after we moved her up from St. George, James and Angie, as new members of the ward, were asked to speak in Sacrament meeting and she was not asked to speak. Most people her age would not want to speak, but she was an excellent speaker and always loved to tell a story. She was hurt by the omission. There was not much I could do for her then, but when there was a change in the Bishopric, I was able to take the new Bishop with me to give her blessings, which helped her attitude a lot.

On another occasion, when she was feeling unaccepted, she started to "run away from home." I felt the hand of God guide me to follow her and eventually get her to stop while I went back and got the car. Then I picked her up and gently talked her into going back home and chat our way out of the problem. She was a great example of overlooking others' weaknesses, and being willing to forgive.

In time, I came to establish a goal for myself, "Try to see her as Jesus sees her." Of course I realize there is a big gap between how He sees her and the way I see her. One of the times Frankie and I were on a temple session, I was reminded that I could and should do my best to close that gap. As I continue to work on achieving this goal, I will be better prepared to meet her, when I cross the veil. And I do look forward to meeting her, and sharing our love of family.

She was so devoted to her ancestors and valued the connections between the living and the dead. She might have preferred to have been blessed with other talents, but she did a truly admirable job of developing the talents with which she was blessed. Those talents are very important to the work of our Heavenly Father. One of the biggest factors is to be able to serve Him by serving our fellow men. She was so competent in serving in this way and we have learned from her, especially as we have written about her life.

One of the primary ways we know about the gravity of the great family history work is the way Joseph Smith expresses his excitement about it when he says in Doctrine and Covenants 128:22-25, "Brethren shall we not go on in so great a cause? Go forward and not backward. Courage, brethren; and on, on to the victory! Let your hearts rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. Let the earth break forth into singing. Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Immanuel, who hath ordained, before the world was, that which would enable us to redeem them out of their prison; for the prisoners shall go free. Let the mountains shout for joy...Behold, the great day of the Lord is at hand...Let us, therefore, as a church and as a people, and as Latter-day Saints, offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness...! This then, is our offering about the righteous life of one of His wonderful daughters, Eleanor McAllister Hall.

Details of the Life of Eleanor McAllister Hall

Born: Kanab, Utah on 24 May 1910. Eleanor (Spelled Elinor on her birth certificate) was born at 8:00 a.m. to Richard Samuel (age 34) (Laborer) and Ida Young (age 28). She was delivered by John Moir, MDE.

Blessed: Kanab, Utah, on 7 August 1910, by her father, Richard Samuel McAllister.

Baptized: 24 August 1918, in Kanab, Utah, by Edwin E. Ford.

Confirmed: 24 August 1918, in Kanab, Utah by I. H. Chamberlain.

Endowed: 16 June 1933, in the St. George Temple.

Married: Henry Vernon Hall on 27 November 1933. Eleanor was 23. The marriage was performed by County Justice, C. S. Stirrett in Deadwood, South Dakota. Witness: David F. McGill.

Sealed: Henry Vernon Hall on 27 December 1934, in the St. George Temple. The marriage solemnized by George F. Whitehead. Witnesses were Josiah Leavitt and Frederick Reber.

Children: Howard Gallatin Hall, born 6 Feb 1928. He married Raona Richards 27 Oct 1950. Charles McAllister Hall, born 27 Nov 1930. He married Frankie Jane Taylor, 11 Oct 1957. These boys were born to her sister Luetta McAllister Hall and lovingly raised by Eleanor after Luetta's death in 3 September 1933.

Grandchildren:

Parents: Howard and Raona Hall

Michael Dean, Joseph Ben, Richards Lee, Peter Lin, Jacqueline, Steven Jon, Wesley Dee, Suzanne.

Parents: Charles and Frankie

Kathy Jenine, Jonathan Karl, Jared Kent, James Keith, Kari Jeanette, Kristine Julianne.

THREE POEMS BY ELEANOR

Christmas

1957

*Greetings to our many friends
And loved ones far and near.
We hope the year's been good to you
And filled your life with cheer.*

*As Christmas season rolls around,
The climax to the year,
We love to count our blessings,
And send greetings far and near.*

*Halstedt Ranch is quiet again--
It's earned a needed rest
From all the year's activity--
I'm sure it's been our best.*

*Our family grew again this year,
In Charley's branch you know.
When he brought home his lovely bride
The Ranch was all aglow.*

*Neighbors, friends and kinfolk came
To help us celebrate.
Then Charley sailed to foreign lands
With Frankie for his mate.*

*Howard's family visited home
--He is the Bishop now---
Raona, with her hands so full
Gets through it all somehow.*

*She sees Michael off to school
A manly little chap,
Then takes their Daddy to his work
With Peter on her lap.*

*Dick and Joe come in between
To keep things on the hum.
Then she teaches in the ward
When all her home work's done.*

*There'll be holly in their windows,
Popcorn on their tree,
Four pairs of shining eyes
Brimful of Christmas glee.*

*Halstedt Ranch is snow-bound still,
With sheep tucked in the shed
Perhaps we'll let it rest this year,
And visit Howard instead.*

My Mother 1962

*If I could speak to you today,
Dear father on the other side,
I'd ask you to be very kind,
To treat my mother as a bride.*

*She was constant, careful, sure
In teaching us the way
To live our lives on this fair shore.
Be good to her today.*

*She couldn't stand a word of strife,
Bickering was for smaller minds.
Her philosophy eased each life
With simplicity one seldom finds*

*I ask you, take her as your own,
A fragile, exquisite tool,
Gather up the deeds she's done.
You'll find a polished jewel.*

God Made Most Everything

*"God made most everything,"
My grandson said to me,
"But I saw a robin guild her nest
In yonder tree."*

*God made most everything.
It has always been so,
But someone planted seed
In every furrowed row.*

*Someone sewed the seam
That fashioned Jackie's dress
Someone helps with all God's work
Upon this earth, I guess*

*Thank you father up above,
For blessings given me,
That I thy child, may daily help
To form eternity.*

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