

CHAPTER VII

FAMILY LIFE 1968 - 1983



As Jane and Al began their life together, working and raising a family, their first residence was in Utah as Al finished his undergraduate schooling. It was during this time that their first daughter, Carrie, was born. When Al was accepted into the graduate program at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, they moved to the Chicago area, where Amy was born. After earning his doctoral degree Al accepted a teaching position in San Marcos, Texas, where Cindy was born. Then, after winning a teaching post at Brigham Young University, they moved back to Utah, where William was born. The best record of these times is in the form of letters that Jane wrote to her sister, Ellen Claire. They provide glimpses into the busy, happy life of the young Toronto family, and they

open a window to a time of work and widely varied activities. Most of the letters are addressed to E.C., but there are a few to others. An occasional response has been included to provide a framework for some of Jane's comments.

Granger, Utah

August 23, 1972

Dear E. C. and gang,

I can't believe we've been here a week already and I'm just (finally) getting this off to you! Al and I (and Carrie) enjoyed ourselves so much in Clovis. Thank you so very much for your wonderful hospitality! It was too short! How I wish we lived closer to you! Our visit with you was without a doubt the best vacation we've ever had!

We had a nice trip to Salt Lake. We stayed overnight in Albuquerque with Ilene and her husband. We stayed the next night in Kanab and then spent a morning leisurely driving through Zion's Canyon. It was gorgeous! I didn't even remember it from when I was a kid!

Right: Carrie, Al & Jane in Ruidoso, NM



We've been busy visiting with Al's family since we've been here, and now Al is up to his eyeballs in paint. Today he and his friend, Mike, finished the upstairs and tomorrow will tackle the basement—the new carpeting—a two-tone gold (fairly dark) short shag will be put in Friday and Saturday.

I guess you know—we heard from Gary [Weaver, her brother]! (He said he talked to you.) It was so great to talk to them. They want us to come up to Vancouver. We would really love to, but it's 1,000 miles from here and would take three extra days of driving, so I don't know if we'll make it. September is getting pretty close! [They were going back to Evanston, Illinois to resume studies at Northwestern University.]

Saw Geri Bangerter for a few minutes today. Grant has been re-assigned as district representative to your district. Maybe you'll get a chance to see him at some of your stake or district meetings!

Al's Mom and Mike are doing great. Carrie is really cute with them. She is finally warming up to "Grandpa" and he is warming up to her.

We went to see "Fiddler On the Roof" with Carol (Al's sister) and Gene. It was really great! See it when you can.

Well, I'm falling asleep—all my muscles ache, too. We went waterskiing a couple of days ago. Al is more achy than I am. He really skied! It was really fun.

I'm going to close this now. I'll write my first "monthly epistle" when we get home—this one is just a thank-you note! By the way, Carrie is still saying, "Let's go to Aunt E.C.'s house," and "Let's go find Dan Shaeffer-wafer!" Needless to say, we had a ball with the Shaeffers!

Again, thanks so very much. We love you all so much! Now you owe us a visit! Drop us a line—

Love you,

Janie

PS: I forgot my other pillowcase--white with a blue floral border—if you find Carrie's sunglasses, throw them in with the baby stuff sometime!

Clovis, New Mexico

Sunday, Nov. 5, 1972

Darling Janie,

It was so good to talk to you the other night. Your view helped me so much. You are such a brilliant girl. And I do lean on you for moral support even if we aren't together very often. I treasure the time we had together last summer.

I was telling Janet about our talk the other night and what you had said about the church—that despite all our differences it's amazing that we all believe alike throughout the church, and if the gospel weren't true we would be widely divided like most churches are.

Janie, I hope you do well on your exams. I know you'll be glad when they're over... I hope I can encourage you to stay home during your pregnancy and slow down. It'll be difficult, but it would be so good for you, and for the babies, Carolynn and her brother??

I think I hit on exactly our problem—yours as well as mine: high motivation and low energy. Sometimes it spells out like laziness, other times frustration. Mother had tremendous energy to accompany her motivations, but I only inherited a portion of that energy. Another thing that has bothered me is that my interests are broad, and I spread myself too thin—just skimming the surface on

many important things. But I'm gradually learning to say NO to things—at least trying to become more realistic about my ability to carry out ideas and obligations...

I must go see why Dan is still fussing around. It's late and he should be asleep. He's so active, almost hyperactive, and it's getting increasingly difficult getting him to go to sleep.

Love you so—keep well and happy,

E.C.

PS: Hugs and kisses for Carrie and “Uncle Sick” [Al had been quite sick with dysentery when he and Jane spent a few days in Mexico. Dan Shaeffer, age 2, started calling him Uncle Sick.]

When Al was accepted into the Speech Pathology Department of Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, Jane found employment in the translation field. She translated academic papers from Spanish to English. E.C. recalled that Jane was nonplused at the way the Jewish girls in her office knew more about what was going on in Israel than what was going on in Chicago. Later she got accepted in the graduate program at Northwestern herself. Al recalled:

It had a lot to do with our financial situation. I was on a grant with my doctorate which paid us a stipend every month and she had to work part time, almost full time, to make ends meet. But if she could get into graduate school she, too, could get a stipend which would pay her more than what her part time job was paying. Not to mention that she was really interested in special education and wanted to go into that field. The problem was that she had goofed off at BYU and her grades didn't measure her abilities. She had a C+ average in college. Here she was, a straight A student in high school (and in graduate school once she got in), but she'd played around in college. She did very well on the GRE, graduate record exam, which is mostly verbal and she excelled in that. So her application to Northwestern was rejected. I was in the speech pathology department which is in the same department with special education. They had her application but she failed the screening. The very day school was to begin I got a call from the head of the special ed. department asking if Jane was still interested, because they just had had a cancellation. It would be a full scholarship with a full stipend, and she could have it. I said, “Let me call her.” Of course she jumped at the chance. She got in at the last minute and we were truly grateful. And the department was thrilled with her. She got a 4.0 average in class and she rose to the top. In the letter of recommendation from the department for her first job they said that she was one of the top ten students they ever had in the history of the school.

Jane's master's thesis was titled, “Number Concepts of Young Children; Development and Disorders” and was submitted during the summer of 1972.

Evanston, Illinois

Nov. 13, 1972

Dear E. C.,

I've decided the only way to get a letter off to you is to do it in installments, if I have to! So at least this is a beginning. It took me the weekend to recover from the shock of comprehensive exams last Friday. I finished about 6:30 PM in a daze. I think I passed, but I won't find out until Thursday or so. In retrospect I think the anxiety and the cramming were really worse than the comps themselves—and I felt very little of what I studied really prepared me for the questions—but then, I had to study everything to be prepared to write on anything! But it's over. And as a matter of fact I'm having a hard time gearing up to try to do a good job



on my 2 remaining classes. Statistics I couldn't really care less about. Good old Al really helps me with my assignments, and since the final is optional, and I've "opted" not to take it, I have little motivation to study the ghastly subject.

My other class, clinical teaching, is going quite well. I teach two kids: Kevin, a 5th grader, and Matt, a 3rd grader. They seem to be progressing well and my supervisor thinks I've zeroed in on their problems very well. (At least I've got her fooled!) Matt is really a case - I wish you could see him. He should be in 4th grade, and he reads about 1st grade level—a classic dyslexic—but with both auditory and visual problems, so he has trouble with both phonics and a sight approach. I bribe him with pennies as points, and if he gets enough pennies at the break time (he gets a 2-hour session—poor kid) he can trade in his pennies for nickels, dimes, etc., for the Coke machine. Boy, does he work! Al came and watched me last week—the first time since I began last fall. (He saw my 1st session with a child last fall and told me I was a nervous ninny!) But this time he couldn't praise me enough. I guess I've learned a lot and I really love this work. Besides two supervisors, 4 others were observing, Al said, and they all thought I was great. (I wasn't really, they just didn't know that much about it!)

We have a Dr. Goldstein visiting this quarter. He's a psychiatrist and neurologist who's interested in learning disabilities and he's fascinated by Matt! He watches every lesson, I think. We have one-way mirrors, but the new building is so new only some of the rooms have sound installed!

Interruptions - Al just came and read me his convention paper - again - about the 5th revision! Sure wish I were going to San Francisco with him. He'll be gone 6 days. He gets his way paid, but we just can't afford to pay my way. Boy, having to pay \$865 tuition this quarter really knocked us out!

Did we tell you we haven't got any baby insurance? We have student Blue Cross, but it excludes maternity, and you can't even buy it extra! Plus, they wouldn't give Al faculty insurance since he isn't full time faculty. But I doubt it would have worked anyway, as I was probably pregnant before it would have gone into effect! Besides, it costs \$50 a month! And believe it or not, we're too rich for the maternity clinic at the Evanston Hospital! (It's practically like welfare, and they treat you about the same!) But my O. B. is really good and is giving us a fantastic rate—only \$250 instead of \$400—but the hospital we can't do much about. Rooms alone for mother and baby are about \$100 a day! Dr. Bird said if I had help at home perhaps I could get home in two days—we'll have to see. [EC did come to help when Amy was born.] At any rate it will cost us between a thou and \$1500, I'm guessing! Eek! Chicago babies are expensive!

Well, Carrie is finally quiet. It's 10:30. Boy, is she ever a night girl! She turns on after dinner and literally runs wild till bedtime. I only let her have a nap about once a week, and on those days she's even worse! On Tuesday and Thursday mornings I take her to play group at the clinic. She's the only normal with 3 little L. D. boys. She's very shy and reserved—just not herself—even after 3 weeks! Part of the problem is she's the only girl, and there is such a difference by age 3 in play preferences, sex wise, plus the 3 boys don't interact much among themselves, either. But I bet if she played with the boys at night she'd be much more open and boisterous! Everybody who observes the group—me included—finds the situation very interesting. Carrie's attention span is so much longer than the boys. If they paint for the last 15 minutes it's murder trying to get her to come with me. The boys couldn't care less about finishing, but not Carrie! She's a finicky little miss, "I have to finish," everything. Of course, we love her to death. What a change it will be to have a new one! Daddy told her "Mommy has a baby growing in her tummy," so now she's telling everybody!

A good example of how children learn grammar: She crashed into a chair at the babysitter's and bruised her cheek. She kept talking about her "bru." Al asked her if her bruise hurt and she said, "No Daddy, I only have one "bru!"

I'm getting tired and I think this letter is getting boring so I'll close for now and finish tomorrow. Did I tell you my due date is May 31? I'm going to give Al a birthday present on his birthday, June 2 if I can! Dr. Bird says that's just as good a due date anyway!

Tuesday—where has this day gone? I took an anti-nausea pill last night before bed and I was so wiped out this morning I still feel groggy! They affect me like sleeping pills, I guess. Al stayed home working till noon. Carrie played around while I zonked out in her bed till noon. I don't even know what went on! Boy, no more of those pills. It's 2 PM and I'm beginning to feel among the living again. Carrie seems glad to have me home today. She's being so good! It's fun to be lazy for a change.

I got a belated birthday card from Lynne Clark Yates today with some sad news. Do you remember her? She was one of my bridesmaids—my roomie at the Y and we lived together in Los Angeles. Anyway, she married an L. D. S. divorcee about a year after Al and I got married. She just informed us they got divorced last August. Poor gal—she really sounded devastated. I'm pretty darn lucky to have Al! I told him I still like him, even tho I have to pick up after him!

...Have you seen the last issue of the Church News? There's an article about Bro. and Sis. Cifuentes from Chile—the first Chilean couple to go through the temple! Al and I were so thrilled. They've been saving for years to get the money to come and then couldn't bring their children. When they have a stake in Chile he will be the first stake president, I'm sure. Such a wonderful family! Al and I want so much to go back someday. Our dream is to get a job in Mexico or another Latin country in Al's field, and be able to do more missionary work, too.

We've heard there's another job opening at Tucson this year. They wrote to Northwestern University asking them to recommend someone, so Dr. Canter is recommending Al! Al likes his work here, but he's anxious to leave and so am I. We're hoping he gets some good job contacts at the convention next week. Chicago winter is really on its way—with mixed rain and snow and miserable cold and wind. Yuk. I hate it! I'd love to be in Tucson or Albuquerque right now! Maybe next year!

I'd better close now and Carrie and I will walk to the mailbox if I can find the energy!

Al and I are really enjoying teaching our Sunday School class. So far he's done most of the work since I've been so busy. Our class size grows each week. I guess that's a good sign!

Gee, I miss you, E.C. Wish you weren't so darned far away. I need you! You really are my best friend! When are you going to come and see us? Sounds like you are doing great in your church work—just keep in there pitching!

I'm glad you liked the Beadle book. We're going to send you Al's dissertation soon—plus my paper—but you'll probably find them more than a little boring!

Think I'll rouse myself to go pick up Carrie's new shoes and try and get something done this afternoon.

Hugs and kisses to everybody. Carrie remembers everybody and wants to go and stay with you!

We love you all—

Love, Janie



Jane and Al enjoyed performing together whenever they were invited to do so. They were in demand for school and church functions.

Al enjoyed recalling some of their experiences in that first apartment in Evanston. It was a third floor walkup brownstone:

I had a lot of problems with dysentery for about 10 years after my mission. I had a lot of stomach problems but eventually it went away and now I'm "iron guts"-- I can eat anything.

One day Jane and I were sitting there in the kitchen and I got up and ran into the bathroom but I couldn't get my pants off. I was in there cursing out loud because the zipper was stuck and I could not get my pants down and I was just in misery. So I ended up just loading my pants. She just sat there and laughed and laughed. She thought it was the funniest thing she'd ever seen.

Another time when I was getting out of the shower, same bathroom, I slipped on the linoleum and fell down and cut my nose on the metal strip between the bathroom and the hallway. I slid clear out into the hall just buck naked and wet. She happened to be standing there looking at me. Again, she laughed and laughed.

I have fond memories of living in that brownstone in Chicago. Jane also broke her ankle at that house--again. She had that glass ankle. She was always breaking it. She was going down to do the laundry and she slipped on the bottom step and broke it. She broke it once going out to the mailbox.

We were skiing one time and she skied up to me and sat down in the snow, kind of falling backwards and said, "I hurt my ankle." I said, "No way!" So I made her ski down to the bottom, and then I made her push on the car's clutch while I pushed her out of a snowbank. And it turned out that her ankle was shattered.

January 29, 1973

Evanston, Illinois

Dear E.C.,

I've started a letter to you a couple of times, but that news is so old by now that I decided to start over and save time by typing, as long as you don't mind the mistakes I won't correct! We just had a week of almost spring-like weather, and now we're back into winter again. It was so nice--Carrie was out riding her bike and playing in our yard and the neighbors swings (and getting good and muddy) every day, and having a wonderful time. All the Chicagoans are remembering the winter of '68--there was a big spring-like thaw in January then, too, right before the 6 feet of snow hit that shut down the whole city for three weeks! So far, no sign of a repeat performance, thank goodness, although it's cold and we do have an inch or two of snow this morning.

We have a new addition to the family! Al finally got his puppy! Egads. I've never heard such a little thing bark so loud! She's a cute little thing, thank goodness, or I couldn't stand her. Even though she's only 6 weeks old, she's learning what "No, Maggie!" means, I think. So far, only a couple of minor accidents on the living room rug—but only because we have been watching her like a hawk! Her favorite place is the middle of the kitchen floor—she doesn't even pick the kitchen rug! But I must admit about 50% of the time she decides on the papers. I suppose that's pretty good for a pup that little. All the books say they really can't be housebroken till around four months old (if I live that long)! She has black and white splotches—about half and half—with one white ear and one black ear. I think she's mostly terrier with some cocker—but mostly Heinz 57 variety, I suppose. Anyway, Al is crazy about her—now he finally has something he can really tease, and the dog loves it!

Carrie is another story, however. She has always been afraid of animals, and she just barely tolerates this one. She likes her fine, as long as Maggie is sleeping. But the puppy is so playful when awake that it scares poor Carrie to death. And when Carrie squeals and starts to run, the pup thinks she wants to play, and so of course she chases her and nips at her shoelaces. Carrie will hardly make a move around the house without knowing where Maggie is! The other day I had Maggie in the kitchen with the door closed so she wouldn't get in the living room, and I went upstairs to put away some clothes. Carrie didn't hear me go, and she went from her bedroom to the kitchen to find me. She went in, closed the door, then discovered she was alone with the beast. I heard her screaming like she was being torn limb from limb, and the pup barking like crazy, so I ran down—and there was Carrie, backed up against the cupboards, terrified, tears streaming down her face, her little knees wobbling, while the pup was about a foot away, between Carrie and the safety of the nearest chair, wagging her tail and barking. Carrie saw me and sobbed "Mommy, save me!" Such a pathetic sight you have never seen!



Since then Al and I have been careful not to let the pup bother her—and we keep her in the playpen in the basement at night and whenever Carrie really starts to worry about her.

But Carrie is enjoying watching Al play with Maggie now, and as long as Carrie feels safe on a chair or the couch she will laugh and tease Maggie a little, too. But Maggie is learning to climb stairs already, so it won't be long before chairs won't be safe for Carrie. Boy, does that pup hate the playpen! The first night she was quiet till 5 AM, then yowled solid till we got up. She's getting better, but she still yelps in the pen, especially when we first put her in.

Did I tell you we traded in our rabbit? (Can you believe a rabbit trade-in?) José was getting so big all he did was eat, wet and mess in his cage—and he filled up the whole thing when he stretched out. And whenever we let him out—he left a trail of rabbit droppings all over the basement. Yuk. And was he hard to catch! He thumped, and snorted, and was quicker than greased lightning

to hide behind the furnace! But what finally did it for me was a lingering odor I couldn't find—it turned out to be a saturated corner of the braided rug—along with a piece of low-hanging tablecloth—under the couch—that had been moldering for probably a week before I found it. And let me tell you rabbit piddle is 20 times more potent than dog piddle! So—we traded in Jose' (and I didn't even feel a twinge) for a little white bunny—he's only half as messy and more friendly, and is still little enough to stay in his cage! Besides, when we let him out Maggie worries him to death! So I got Al to shampoo the rug Saturday, and we put it up in our bedroom and put the round (washable) gold rug in the basement. I also got Al to mop the whole basement and kitchen for me—how about that! I'm getting so paunchy [pregnant with Amy] he even has to light the oven for me! It's the kind you have to light through the broiler, then get down on your hands and knees and blow on it to make sure it's all lighted!

Maybe I should have single-spaced this letter—it's getting pretty long. Hope you had a happy birthday and got the package okay. We sure have been enjoying that book. I think I told you Al and I together are teaching the Family Home Evening class, or Family Relations or whatever you want to call it, and that is the book we are using primarily. It's a good experience for us. Did I tell you I saw Beryl [our former boarder in Chicago] at Stake Relief Society board meeting? She told me they will be moving to the L. A. area in the spring. Do you remember the Knapps? I didn't know they were still around, but they have moved out to the Northwest Ward, and I saw her at the same meeting. Remember Ellen (my roomie at the Y for a year)? She is now in Green Bay, Wisc. She had two boys—one of them was hit by a car and killed just recently—I guess Ellen has been having a hard time since then. Judy Grover (Collingwood) just keeps adding on the pounds—and she has a nice, slim, good-looking husband, too. Boy, is she a blimp! Carol Whittle looks great—but we don't see them too often now since we changed wards. Joan Matheson Stevens just had her 5th last week—a little girl—Veldron is very glad it's a girl (her two boys are holy terrors) and thinks Joan has too many kids!

The Chicago schools were on strike here for three weeks but it's over now. It slowed Al down temporarily in his research, but things are picking up again now. We took an afternoon last week and went to the Art Institute with Carrie. I was surprised that she was so good—she lasted about three hours, which was about all I could stand, too. It was the first time for Al, and he really loved it. The Thorne collection really thrilled him—and Carrie loved all the little dolls, etc., although it wore off fast. Some paintings really impressed her, but she enjoyed running around just as much!

We took Carrie to her first movie last week, too—"The Sword in the Stone." She did pretty well for the first time, I guess—only wanted to go home the last half hour. She loved the fun parts, but the fighting and scary parts frightened and worried her. She's a little young, I guess. But Al and I enjoyed it, anyway! We've decided that we're going to have to do the museums, etc., before I get too much fatter, and before the baby comes, because if we leave Chicago at the end of the summer, we will not be doing much sightseeing with a new baby! I'm really feeling a lot better these last few weeks. It's nice to be human again. I was really depressed about having a baby for quite a while—all I could think about was all the lost sleep, crying, and messy diapers. But I'm over that now, and actually looking forward to it! Feeling better makes such a difference! I go back to the doctor this week—I'm five months along now, and this baby is really active! I've decided this time I'm going to be all ready with the crib up, etc., at least two months in advance! I was so unprepared for Carrie—I don't want another surprise like that!

Al still hasn't heard from Colorado and he's getting a little worried, since he really has his eye on that job. Since then he has had letters from Denton, Texas (again), Stillwater, Oklahoma, and even Tallahassee, Florida. They all seem very interested in him, but no firm offers yet. There is even a possibility of Santa Barbara, California. So we shall see. We have friends here who just moved from Dallas who told him Denton is almost a suburb of Dallas and is very nice. I guess Stillwater is not too far from Tulsa—and not too far from you, either, is it? I hate to be so unsettled. I can hardly wait to get somewhere and feel like I can relax and put down my roots for at least 5 years—and have a house of our own!

Did I tell you our upstairs renters in Granger moved out? We decided to put the house on the market and see if we can sell it before spring comes and everybody can see the rotten lawn! The basement is still rented, but I hope it doesn't sit for long, because those monthly mortgage payments keep adding up! I have a sneaky feeling Marge and Joe probably helped themselves to some of our stuff in the basement, too, when they left. We got a long distance call from the basement renters just a couple of days ago—Marge and Joe moved out, turned off all the gas and threatened to turn off all the water, too. For some reason they didn't get along with the people downstairs, though we got along with them fine when we were there—the same couple has been there for 4 years! Anyway, I was really burned—since that could do a lot of damage to the house with frozen pipes, etc., plus leave the other renters without water or heat, so I called the gas and water companies to straighten everything out long distance. What a pain. I'm glad to be rid of Marge and Joe—they always paid the rent two weeks late, but at least they always paid it!

Well, I really do have to close now—it's almost lunch time, and I want to get this to the mailbox before pick-up time. I wish we weren't so far apart. I think of you so often and wish I could talk to you. I really have to resist the urge to just pick up the phone!

Did I tell you I'm working for Al a little in his research project? I'm helping him take language samples from children (that's what we use the rabbit for), then I transcribe the tapes. And when they all talk at once, it gives me a giant headache to listen to it and try to decipher it! But he pays me \$5 an hour, and he needs somebody to do it! It's been somewhat of an adjustment for me to unwind from such a hard and tense pace in school for a year and a half—now that I have my masters, sometimes I feel like, "so what?" But I think that wherever we settle I'll try to do some tutoring or something—strictly part time—to keep me from going stale. I do miss the stimulation of school, but I sure don't miss the work! I'm busy sewing, and I'm enjoying that, since I haven't been able to for so long! Wish I was a little LESS busy as a zookeeper around here, though!

Well, Carrie is too quiet—have to go see what she is doing with the Play-doh, then I'll get this in the mail.

Drop us a line soon. We sure do love you all. By the way, our new bishopric (just changed bishops last week) spoke in church last night, and Bro. Mathews, who is first counselor, and who has been a counselor for years now, spoke about how he went inactive for so many years, even after his mission and temple marriage. I wish you could have heard him—he really is a great guy, and a very active and strong member now. Keep faith, my darling sis—you're the most wonderful gal I know! We love you all so very much, and hope to see you again, one way or another, this summer.

Carrie and Al always talk about you and the kids and Mart and what a great time we had with you this summer!

All our love, Janie and gang

PS: Carrie is sending you a "Shaeffer family portrait!"

Other recollections of Al during their time in the Chicago area:



When Carrie was learning how to talk, about age 2, we were talking to her about the plural form of words. "You have one shoe, two shoes." She had fallen down and had a bruise about the size of a quarter on her cheek. I was helping Jane put her to bed one night and I said, "Let me see your bruise." She said, "Daddy, I only have one bru." We thought that was so hilarious and so cute.

I was a serious sleepwalker. In that particular apartment we had an angled ceiling. I would end up on my knees holding up the walls and ceiling. About every other night she woke to find me doing that. In fact, I scared Jane to death one time when she woke up as I had my hands on her throat. She woke up another time and saw me getting ready to jump out the window. She found me half way out the window. I did a lot of sleepwalking in those years. She teased me often about holding up the walls in that room.

I was at school one day (at Northwestern) and I got a panicky call from Jane. "Where are you? Are you OK?" She said someone called her anonymously and told her I'd been kidnapped for a million dollars ransom. We never figured out who it was, but she was pretty upset about a prank phone call like that.

*Evanston, Illinois
February 24, 1973
Dear E. C.,*

Here I sit on a Saturday night while my sweet husband is vacuuming and mopping. I came down with a dandy kidney infection this week. Boy, do I feel like death warmed over. I can stand up about long enough to make half a bed or wash 5 dishes. You can imagine what havoc this un-housebroken puppy has been wreaking around here. I simply can't keep up with her messes, and her chewing things up. And her howling at 4 in the morning doesn't endear her to me very much, anyway. About 5 this morning Al finally agreed to give her away! The way I feel I can hardly keep up with Al and Carrie! Just three more months. I can hardly wait till this baby gets here!

Job prospects for Al are as unsettled as ever. No word from Colorado. Evidently he's not their #1 choice. Meanwhile Al is submitting a proposal here for a three year training program for Latin American therapists—with him as director. The faculty are all for it so far, but the problem is government funding. There have really been big cutbacks in federal programs. It doesn't seem likely that the University would underwrite the whole program and hire him outright, though (about \$100,000 a year). I sure hope we find a job for next year!

We had Stake Conference last week. Marvin J. Ashton was here, and he was great. They had a Saturday night meeting that was really a bomber, though. They sent out letters and invited all the adults in the Stake—non-member spouses, too, and then they had 4 speakers before Bro. Ashton who used up all but 15 minutes—disgusting! One lady who was supposed to take 5 minutes took 25 minutes—she even brought her flannel board and dollies to teach us all how to teach our children. It was a regular Primary in-service lesson by a real ding-a-ling. She insulted my intelligence, at least! And on top of that, the 1st counselor in the Stake Presidency gave us all a 45 minute harangue on tithing—and I'm sure that offended more than a few people when he said that

even though we could be counted as full tithing payers if we paid tithing in one lump sum at the end of the year, we would only get the Lord's blessings from the 23rd of December, for example, instead of all year! Can you believe that? There were a lot of inactive members and non-members there, too. We usually have better quality meetings here! And the Sunday meeting really was great, but of course most of the non-member or inactive spouses weren't there! So we have our problems here in Chicago, too!

Al and I talked in church the week before Stake Conference. We also sang "Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief" with the guitar. Al told about his dad in Czechoslovakia as examples of service. Wish you could have heard him. We're still hearing how much people enjoyed the meeting! Al doesn't think he's a very good speaker, or teacher—but he really is! His successes in our Sunday School class we teach jointly and his speech class at Northwestern University have given him a lot of confidence of late. It's really been good for him. With one day's notice Al was asked to give the same talk at the Spanish branch. He was really worried about his Spanish, but he did beautifully! The Spanish branch meets at Logan Square Ward. It was the first time I've been back since we've been here! It looks almost the same, but with new benches and pulpit. The meeting was quite depressing—very few people—poorly run—terrible reverence—parents making no effort to shush their kids (just like the mission)! And the biggest offender of all was the wife (American) of the Stake's advisor to the branch! Since she didn't understand Spanish I guess she took little interest in the proceedings and didn't realize how much her three loudmouths were annoying. (I made the mistake of sitting in front of her!) Her oldest was Carrie's age and kept trying to talk out loud to Carrie. Her two-year-old boy kept up a constant babbling, as did the baby. She even said out loud to me, "I can't believe how well-behaved your little girl is!" No wonder the Spanish members didn't keep their kids quiet. What a terrible example! I'm sure I'm not always such a good example, and Carrie certainly isn't always an angel, but we try—or we leave! Oh, well—enough of my church criticisms for tonight! The gospel is marvelous and I'm so grateful for it! I'm going to head to bed now and try to sleep with my kidney pains—I'll finish tomorrow night.

Hi again.

It's Sunday night and I'm about ready to hit the sack. I went to Sacrament meeting because I felt a little better. It about did me in! They made Al the ward scoutmaster today. Was he surprised when they asked him! It's a big job, but he'll be good at it, I'm sure. They will probably release us from our Sunday School job sometime before the baby is due, especially since scouting is such a big job.

Raise a flag—we finally got some decent bedroom furniture! We went looking at new stuff. Boy, prices of good quality pieces were a real revelation! Everything we liked was in the \$1,500 - \$2,000 category—so we went to house sales instead! Of course, nobody is selling Spanish style at house sales—it's too popular—but we found a beautiful 4-year-old Italian set—fruitwood, big dresser, mirror, chest, headboard and night stand. Not a scratch on it, for \$500. I even checked the store where it was bought. It was around \$1,200 new. So I'm proud of my bargain! And it's so nice to have some drawer space! This north shore area is great for house sales—lots of rich folks who get tired of "old" furniture!

Boy, I'm tired of winter! I can hardly wait till spring. Gee, it would be fun if you could come—I'll bet if you brought Dan he and Carrie would have a ball! We have a yard—and a park a

block away, too! But we'll see how things work out. Al's brother Bob and wife, Ellen, just had their baby—a boy. They're naming him Aaron Toronto. (Every 3rd Jew in Chicago is named Aaron!)

By the way, Carrie has been saying lately she's going to run away and never come back—and she's always going to Aunt E. C.'s house! Going to hit the sack now. Drop a line! We all love you! Love, Janie

PS: Monday AM

Thought you might get a kick out of the latest trauma at the Toronto house. Today was the day Maggie was going to the pound—we couldn't find anybody to give her to. I was really feeling guilty—she's so darned cute—and she is almost housebroken—or paper trained, anyway. But Al took her out for one last walk around the block while he warmed the car up. Carrie and I said goodbye to Maggie, and they left. All Carrie does is scream at the pup who licks her and plays with her toys—so Carrie wasn't too sorry to see her go. My mistake was in shedding a tear or two. I hated to see her go to the pound. Anyway, 5 minutes later Al was back—with Maggie. And the sorriest puppy-dog face I've ever seen! He said he just couldn't do it. She was so cute and so smart, etc., etc.—so what could I do! Anyway, Al promised faithfully to do my floors and clean up messes and papers. So we shall see. Al rigged up a line in the yard to hook her chain on so she can run. He wants to fix a dog run outside too. So right now Maggie has a two-week reprieve! Al the dog lover! You should have seen him—just like a little boy! When Maggie came back Carrie announced again,

“I'm gonna run away and never comin' back! Let's go to Aunt E.C.'s house, Mama!”

Sounds like a good idea to me!

Have to get this in the mail.

Love to you all!

Janie

In June of 1973 Amy was born. E.C. came to help. She brought Dan, almost 3, who enjoyed playing with Carrie, while John Duncan, 7, went to spend 10 days with Aunt Bobbie Jo in Milwaukee, where the Irwins were living at that time. Mart and Jo Ellen stayed at home with their dad in Clovis.

Soon thereafter Al accepted a teaching position in Southwest Texas State University and the Torontos moved in August, 1973, purchasing their first house. It was a very nice home on a lovely wooded street in the charming town of San Marcos, Texas. Jane accepted a part-time teaching post at Texas Lutheran College in Seguin, Texas.

Clovis, New Mexico

January 20, 1974

Janie darling,

Tomorrow I'll be 38 years old, and as I told Jo Ellen, the only gift I need or want is to be a successful parent. Everything else I have already or never will get, so I am contented with this one desire for the present. Oh, the pain when you see your own shortcomings reflected in your kids...

I am so delighted with your new job. Just twice a week for a short time is perfect. Just enough to keep you stimulated and get you out for a while, but not so much that it will take away from the family. Please don't get burdened down with too many irons in the fire. Choose wisely how you

spend your time, even your at-home time. Too many commitments spoil the fun, because time is never allotted for the unexpected, which actually is the usual thing!

I am so grateful to have you for my sister. It won't be long now, I hope, till we come and really visit.

Love you,
E.C.



San Marcos, Texas

January 21, 1974

Dear E. C.,

In spite of dirty dishes, a dirty house and dirty clothes, and dinner approaching, I'm determined to get a note off to you. We had gorgeous weather this weekend—darn you guys—wish you could have come! Hope Marty can get uninvolved some weekend! But I think I know now why you haven't made it yet—you were waiting for us to buy a boat! We went to the San

Antonio boat show and do we ever have boating fever! This is the climate and country to have it in, that's for sure! We just might do something ridiculous and actually buy one! I think we must be crazy! But I like it!

Did I tell you I had cortisone shots in my back? I was miserable for a couple of days, but I think it's beginning to help. My back and shoulders feel lots better! But I still have trouble sleeping at night. Got any good advice for insomnia? I'm not worried or depressed about anything, but it takes me forever to fall asleep—and I wake up a dozen times, too! I just had a thought—I wonder if it could be the thyroid I've been on the past two months! But I think the thyroid has helped. My periods are now regular. I've lost 5 pounds and my hair seems to have stopped falling out! Enough about my aches and pains!

The girls are fine. What a baby that Amy is! So good I can't believe it! She's creeping now—chews on absolutely everything! Carrie is doing fine. She has her jealous moments. She's very sweet sometimes and sometimes a belligerent stubborn 4-year-old! Typical, I guess. Wish her appetite would improve. She looks like a war waif! How we love these two!

I'm nervous about teaching a college class. I'm sure I'll feel better about it once I get going. But it should be fun and good experience! I better start dinner so I'll say chao for now. Drop us a line and COME! Maybe we'll have a boat when you arrive!

Thanks so much for all the Christmas goodies! Al wears his jacket constantly, and the Levi purse is perfect—it's all I use! Carrie is wild about the doll blanket and crocheted top (and she wishes she could wear Amy's moccasins.) The baby's scarf and hat are great, too! And we love the place mats and puzzle! We love you all and miss you! Hope to see you soon!

Love,
Janie



San Marcos, Texas

February 1974

Dear E. C.,

I should start preparing for tomorrow's lecture, but I think I'll put that off till tomorrow a.m. I had my first class yesterday. I was very nervous at first, but it went well enough. So far I have only 7 students. A few more may register. I was hoping for around 15 or so. We're thinking of changing it to a night class just once a week. That will cut driving expenses in half. Also will mean Al can be with the children. I don't know—a three hour lecture—even with a break is a long haul! At any rate, I won't have to quit Primary—so that seems to be the wisest way to go. The students seem agreeable, and the brass say OK, too. I hope I enjoy it. Right now I feel overwhelmed at all the work.

And tonight I'm so mad at myself for the way I handled Carrie. After about the third "I'm still thirsty," tantrum (almost) I exploded and yanked her out of bed with a swat on the behind, filled a huge glass of water and made her drink every drop, tears and all! I let her cry in the bed while I cooled off, then we talked and she went to bed happy, but I sure need more patience with her. I'm sure she's every bit as stubborn as you say I was!

We had a cold snap yesterday and today she bugged me for at least 30 minutes to go outside in thongs and only a sweater—with a cough and runny nose. I could have cheerfully wrung her neck. What am I going to do when she's 14? I am very kind and firm, then I'm firmer and louder, and finally I find myself yelling. I feel like a failure! It seems like 20 "No"s in a row isn't enough unless it gets a shaking or a swat for emphasis! At least part of this is her 4-year-old stage—at least I hope. I can hear her now, "Mama, I wanna talk to you!" Daddy was just in there two minutes ago! Oh, boy. And I feel even worse—are you ready for this?—they screened hearing in nursery school yesterday and Carrie failed! She has a conductive loss (like John's) in her left ear! She's due for a complete work up in about a week. But she has a cold, too, so this could be temporary—we hope.

Then there's Amy. I find myself wishing she'd never grow up! I can't imagine how she could be cuter or happier or a better baby! But she's teething, I guess, though no teeth are in sight, and she won't eat solids! Carrie is very good with her. I've been putting them together in the tub since Amy cannot sit alone (and push up to sitting). She drowns us all with her exuberant splashing! I was so glad to get your letter. I'm so ashamed I let your birthday slip by! Please forgive me. I feel so frustrated sometimes—I feel like time is racing by and I'm just standing in one place, stirring in a mess and getting nowhere! It's that time of the month too—so I guess I have to concede I'm really a female and afflicted by monthly grouchiness or something! I find Relief Society really depressing me, too. 8:45 is so early for prayer meeting with two little ones—when we have to be ready to stay till 1 or 1:30! And for the past 3 or 4 Sundays I've ended up being the babysitter. Yuk. The lessons and teachers are great—it's just the organization. I think now that I'm teaching I'll ask to be released. I enjoy Primary and want to continue that.

Did Marty's mom tell you I called? I envy your trip to Aspen. Hope you had fun, you bums! Al's mouth really waters when he thinks of skiing! Tell Marty if he can find time for Aspen he can find time for San Marcos! By the way, we decided not to buy the boat. Now I can't think whatever possessed us! Simonsens really talked sense into us. Their boat gets very little use. So we're going to share it. Store it at the lake and use it whenever we want! (They can only get away about two Saturdays a month—so that give us plenty of time to boat!) But it looks like we won't have much time after all, because we're going to be doing some remodeling.

We're really excited about it. I've enclosed a plan and outlined in red the changes we're making in our garage. We're opening up the front entry—go R. to the living room (move the water heater to a closet) and left to the family room (present living). Where the garage door is we'll brick in a prefab fireplace—maybe a heatilator—with a raised hearth. Would you send me a sketch of your fireplace wall? I'm not so sure we'll be able to build in the bookcases, but we'd like an arched window, like you have, on either side. On the outside, eventually we'll tack on a carport over the existing driveway. I've tried to draw the front elevation of it so you could get an idea of what it would look like. Any ideas? Help! We're also going to pour more cement for a larger patio and sidewalks around to a new back door. (We're roughing in the existing small garage porch for storage area.) Tell us what you think. We'd like some nifty ideas for our fireplace wall. We thought we'd use rustic flat beams on the ceiling (family room is vaulted and beamed) and put a rustic beam over fireplace as a mantle. What would you do? We have Mexican brick on the exterior but Al doesn't want to use that on the inside—it's crumbly. He's not too confident in working with stone! So we may use another beige brick—similar to our exterior, but more finished (at least not crumbly!) We may panel the back and side wall of living room with a fairly light rug. Wish you were here to help design! Virgil Sayre, our friend who's a builder, came by tonight to help Al figure out what we'd need in materials. We figure everything minus the carport for \$1,500 maybe \$2,000 tops. We asked the original builder to come and give us an estimate, but they haven't showed up yet! This will give us a lot more house. I hope it doesn't take forever to do! Al thinks he can do it all! I hope so! [He actually did it all. He went to the library and read about the various aspects similar projects and did all the work himself!]

Gary called—he's back in "sunny climes" as he put it, and hoping to move the family back down [from Canada to the U.S. He had decided to face the music with the IRS]. It sounded a little as if their situation was getting desperate. He wanted me to send him some forms, which I did. Do you know about this? He said, "Don't breathe a word!" I hope things work out!

Do you remember the Shallbetters? Well, Ray Shallbetter (the son, Al's age) and wife just moved into our branch. I didn't remember him, but I recognized the name. He and his wife were about to get a temple divorce (she was divorcing him for adultery). She's very bitter toward the San Antonio bishop who never would talk to her about their problems, but they seem to be working things out beautifully. Seven months ago Ray asked to be excommunicated as a first step for repentance. He can't hold a church job, or pray in church, but he faithfully attends and they seem as happy as they can be. They have an adopted 5 year old. I'm sure they've been through a lot. It's nice to know people can make it against some pretty bad odds. He's planning on re-baptism within a year.

You know, I sure have a lot to be thankful for. I look at Carrie and Amy and in spite of all our tempests in teapots, I know our troubles are such little ones! And I couldn't ask for a better man than Al! (A tidier one, maybe, but not a better one!) I don't always try as hard as I should to make him happy and keep things running smoothly. What a job it is to be an L.D.S. wife and mother! Boy, do I love that guy!

I admire you so much, E.C. and love you! I wish I could be the kind of mother and wife you are! You have so much ability and talent and smarts, and you use it and accomplish things! Or do you ever feel like me—like the knight that got on his horse and rode off in all directions? I sure do love you—and all your wonderful family—and I'm so glad you're my sister!

How are you getting along with Jo? Carrie seems a lot like Jo to me. Sometimes I even think she looks like her! I must close and get to bed. Tomorrow starts early! Let us know what you think about the "great remodeling." Hugs and kisses–

*Love,
Janie*

PS: Before we decided to remodel we looked at some land for sale. Boy, is there gorgeous hilly, wooded country around here! People are buying from as far away as Dallas and Houston. Oh, well. When we get rich! Hey! We expect to see you SOON!!!

Clovis, New Mexico
April 3, 1974
Darling Janie,

I have rejoiced over and over again that the Lord has given me a sister like you. You are everything the word sister stands for. I get a warm feeling all over when I think of how wonderful you were to me and to the kids on our last visit. I love your family. I love your house. It was so good to see Mother's things. I am glad that you cherish them and have preserved them. You did me so much good–you'll never know– my anxieties all seemed so dissipated after unburdening myself to you, and as I told Marty, you never looked better or seemed happier or more contented–more all-put-together yourself.

Janie, Al Toronto was the best thing that ever happened to you and I am so glad that the Lord made it all possible... Al is a great role-model for Mart...

How is your room addition coming? We are contemplating a remodel and adding a bath, but inertia grips us, or indecision, because it is contrary to all the advice we give our clients, "build, don't remodel," but we shall see.

Hope your class is going well. I wish I were one of your students!
Love,
E.C.

The following letter came after the funeral Don Richards, Al's brother-in-law. As a bishop in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, Don and others had taken a group of Young Men and Young Women in their ward on a church outing. On the return trip a big storm came up. They stopped in a riverside town for the worst of the storm to pass, then decided to proceed. But the storm was not really over. Don's vehicle was plucked up by a tornado while on a bridge over the Mississippi River and thrown into the water. One girl who was asleep in the back of the van was thrown clear and survived. All 5 others were drowned. Don's body was found 10 days later and 80 miles down river. Judy Toronto Richards, Al's sister, was left a widow with 5 young children, including a newborn. Jane and Al flew to Salt Lake City for the funeral, leaving baby Amy with E.C.

*San Marcos, Texas
Sunday - April, 1974
Dear E.C.,*

It's hard to believe that it's been a whole week since we flew home! My apologies for not writing sooner. It seems like all the work was just waiting to pounce on us when we got here–but oh, boy, was it good to get home. I had a migraine headache that started when we couldn't get a

flight out Saturday and it lasted until Wednesday morning, when I finally finished preparing my lecture for class. Yuk. At any rate my main purpose in writing is to tell you how very much we appreciate your taking Amy. I'm certainly glad Marty caught you before you drove clear to Lubbock, Saturday. We imposed on you enough without having you make a trip for nothing besides! I love you so much, E. C. Your last letter was so sweet—and I'm certainly not as good a sister as I should be—but you are! And I admire you so much and wish I could be more like you. When I try to be my very best self, I try to be more like you.

I don't know how long this letter is going to be. Everybody is napping for the moment—but Amy has had an earache and cold since last night—so she is bound to be unhappy when she wakes up. I kept her home from church today—Al came home from Sunday School (to stay with her) and I went to Sacrament meeting. Since Simonsens are leaving they are practically reorganizing the whole branch! (They are going to Austin, by the way, definitely, and are leaving the boat where it is indefinitely—at least for the summer—so Mart can rest assured he can water ski when he comes!) Anyway, Al is going to be the new Sunday School Superintendent—boy was he relieved at not being in the branch presidency—and he's excited about it, so I'm happy too. I'm glad they didn't ask him to do something he really didn't want to do. I'm the new Primary President—that wasn't much of a surprise. And they are going to release me from Relief Society, thank goodness! Helga is leaving us with the Sacrament Meeting program to put on in 3 weeks, but in our little branch things don't have to be very fancy, so I think it will go off okay. Not only will we miss Rod and Helga in the branch, but we will miss their three Primary-aged kids! They know all the songs!

Our corn and beans were knee-high when we got home—and we have lettuce and radishes coming out of our ears. Next year I'll know not to plant all the radishes at once! Our garden is coming along fine—I need to plant more corn and beans, but it's been too wet the last few days. Sure wish we could get berries to grow. Our blackberry bushes aren't dying, but they don't seem to be growing, either. And this is the wrong kind of soil for raspberries and strawberries, they say. Crumb.

We went boating yesterday afternoon—in the rain. Ben and Cory have been hinting for weeks—so we finally got together and went anyway, in spite of the weather. Al and Ben both skied—at least it was warm rain, and not too windy. Then we went to a "University Newcomer" faculty family picnic at a big ranch and lodge the university owns in Wimberly on the edge of the Blanco River. Such gorgeous scenery! We'll have to take you all next time you come. The river widens out over some weird flat rock formations—you can wade all the way across in 3 to 6 inches of water—as long as you watch out for an occasional crevice in the rocks! The kids had a ball.

Well, they are all awake now. Amy is feeling a little happier, thank goodness. I wanted to tell you a little about the funeral. It really was wonderful. And Judy, instead of the grieving widow, was a strength to everybody. Her mother-in-law, Minnie, however, was something else. It was really her show. It's really too bad—she was absolutely no help at all to Judy. She's quite a character. But I shouldn't criticize—I don't know what it's like to lose a son. But then, Judy and Don lost their son three years ago—and Minnie acted worse than they did, too.

Don's was such a bizarre accident. The tornado that ripped through the little town killed only 8 people—5 of them in Don's VW bus. There were other cars on the bridge, too—but they were only blown around. Just the bus was sucked up into the eye—about 30 or 40 feet, and the wheels were tangled in utility wires, witnesses said—then the tornado hurled them about 100 feet into the

water. How the one girl was thrown clear and lived with only a few bruises was a miracle. They think they probably all died instantly in the bus, then were washed out. The bishop who identified Don (and his own daughter) advised Judy not to see him. He said he identified Don by his hairline, and his rings, etc. They didn't open the casket for the funeral.

Don had the whole Laurel class in his bus—the boys were a few cars back with another adult. The other man said both cars had stopped in town to wait out the storm and were parked by some buildings—and then suddenly felt that they should move. Just seconds after the second car pulled away from where they were parked, a building fell on their parking spot! Don drove out of town, and onto the bridge. The other car decided to stop before they got to the bridge—they didn't see the accident.

Don's body was found Saturday—and Sunday morning Judy remembered that that was the day Don was going to bless the baby. Al's Mom was there and told how bad Judy felt when she remembered. And then she said later Judy came running in and said she remembered that Don had blessed the baby after all. While they were still in the hospital, the day before she came home, Don was visiting and said he thought he would like to give the baby a father's blessing. They both thought it would be nice, so he did, and never thought much about it, until Judy remembered it that Sunday. In fact, it seemed with a lot of little things that Don was really prepared. Just six months before they had spent a full month or more—alone—in Europe at the end of his sabbatical. It really touched me when Al's Mom and Judy told us about the blessing.

I feel convinced that there was some purpose to this accident that only the Lord knows. If any woman could take such a thing, I think Judy can. It's so sad, and yet so comforting to have our knowledge of eternal life. I liked so much the poem "Night" in the book I gave you by Carol Lynn Pearson. I think I'll send Judy a copy. The Lord says he won't give us burdens greater than we can bear—and I guess He alone knows how much we can bear!

Well, that's enough of my moralizing for this Sunday. Amy is driving me nuts trying to get at the typewriter. Hope you had a good visit with the Daileys. It was so nice to see Jeanne. Everybody is clamoring for food, so I must sign off.

Just four more weeks and my class is through. Whew! It's fun, but work! Al has the outside brickwork up almost to the top of the windows. It's going slow but sure! Hope you are all well and happy. Wish we could have a nice long talk! Al and Carrie send their love—Amy, too!

Love,
Janie

PS: Judy is definitely moving back to Salt Lake. Elder Richards told her "Come on up to my office when you get discouraged, Judy, and I'll introduce you to a dozen single young ladies your age who would gladly trade places with you!" What a nice thought at a funeral! (LeGrande Richards spoke at the funeral—very simple and beautiful. Marvin Ashton was there too. I was thrilled. Salt Lake people [illegible])

Clovis, New Mexico
May 4, 1974
Darling Janie,

I can't tell you how much your phone call helped me the other night. Wow! I was so low! And you were the answer to my prayers. I needed comfort at the moment, more than just at the moment really, but what you said helped immeasurably, and actually helped to verify some things I dreamed about recently..

Sometimes I wish I didn't take life so seriously—things may be a lot easier. I don't know. I don't think it is possible to change one's basic makeup, only one's experiences can modify it—change the outlook, etc... I finally realized that the church literature always showing a model family or sermons full of "we should's" are really meant to be substitute models or improved images, NOT just trying to make everyone fit a mold—my mistaken idea, and I felt pressured and hemmed in because I didn't or couldn't fit the mold...

Hugs and kisses for the girls.

Goodnight dearest.

Love you so,

E.C.

PS: Al we are so proud of you. The Chilean project sounds fantastic. Would be quite an honor for you!

Young Marty Shaeffer spent several weeks during the summer of 1974 (he was 14) in San Marcos attending a summer session at the San Marcos Academy and enjoyed lots of water skiing with his Uncle Al. Reminiscing about it in 2002, Mart said he remembered the wonderful music of Jane and Al—singing their cute and funny songs.

Clovis, New Mexico
June 9, 1974
Darling Janie & Al,

Enclosed is the fare for Mart's trip home. He had such a great time. Thank you both for being so great, really wonderful to him. Al especially. That water skiing meant a lot!

...I enjoyed our conversation so much the other morning, Jane. You help me so much and give me the honest perspective I need.

Love ya SO much,

E.C.

San Marcos, Texas
July 30, 1974
Dear E. C.,

I'm embarrassed it's taken me so long to get a letter off to you! It was so great to see you. Thanks so much for a wonderful visit! I just can't tell you how great it was to be with you. I wish we weren't so far apart!

Amy is well again. She had her year check up (and ear check) last week. He told me to cut her milk to 16 oz. a day. When she demands a bottle other times, give her juice. Her appetite is better already and I think she's about ready to get two top teeth. Carrie has sure been lonesome for Dan and Joey. Every night it's "I want somebody to sleep with!" She's still telling everybody about our Clovis trip!

How's your remodeling coming? Ours is so slow! Poor Al tackles it after a day of teaching and lays rock till 10 or 12, but he's about 2 or 3 rows from the top and it really looks sensational! Not that I'm partial, you understand, but it's the most gorgeous rock wall I've ever seen!

Joanne Sayre and I are going Visiting Teaching in the morning—about a 150 mile round trip. Ugh! And I have to take both kids! My college babysitters are in school and my high school girl is out of town! And the only available friend (mother-type) I could take them to lives in Kyle, which adds 30 miles. Forget it! School starts in a month. In addition to getting my class in shape I need to find me a girl to clean and babysit one or two days. I'd better get busy!

It's been so hot here! I try not to drive anywhere in the afternoon with the children—just too miserable since this town has no such thing as a one-stop shopping area.

Three baby cats have adopted us. We found them living in our rock pile yesterday. They are at least three or four weeks old—I guess their mom abandoned them, or maybe she's a libber who left them with the old man! We have a tom who's recently "come of age!" Smart ol' gal!

Well, I've got my notebook, paper, etc., for my genealogy, but haven't begun working on it yet. I'm going to try for a regular Sunday afternoon session!

Have to hit the sack—again—we had a great visit. I miss you!

Love,

Janie and gang

PS: Helga Simonsen had her baby—a boy—9 lb.3 oz., named Thurston (guess what his nickname will be, poor kid)!

PPS: I got Joey's stuff mailed off today finally! Hope it doesn't take too long!

Clovis, New Mexico

November, 1974

Darling Precious Janie, Al & girls,

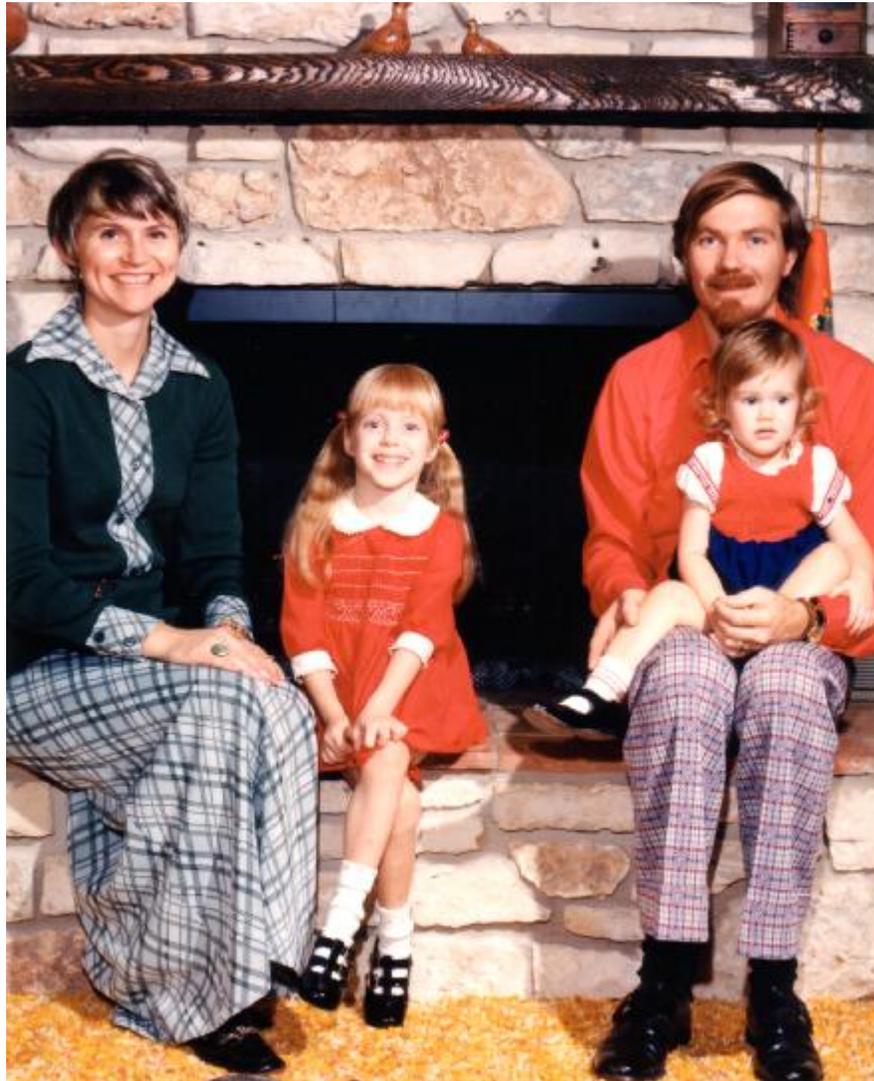
It's impossible to keep up with everything or to keep you well posted. Im having a hard time keeping my resolve to write to Gary regularly so I thought I'd begin carboning my letters to him and send them on to you. I have kept a good file of your correspondence and his, and I know some day the files may interest some of the children.

We plan to spend one night in San Marcos on our way to South Padre Island, Texas. Its too far for a one day trip. Then 1 or 2 nights coming the other way.

The folks [Nanny and Pappy Shaeffer] are coming to dinner tonight. Then Mart is having some of his young friends over for a party. Oh, the joys of being a parent of a teenager! Tomorrow I teach my inservice lesson as well as my genealogy class, so I'm not even planning a big meal. But I do need to plan something for Family Night! I wish we could see you at Thanksgiving. Janie I am so thankful for you. And I am so thankful you have Al and the girls.

Harvest loads of love,
Bushels,
Pecks,
Box car loads of love,
E.C.

Jane was always clever and inventive when it came to holiday greetings. The 1974 letter included the following photo:



*CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM THE TORONTOS 1974
T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS -TEXAS STYLE*

*'Twas the night before Christmas in hill country green,
But to us Yankee city folk it was a strange scene!
For our boots, not our stockings, were lined up in a row,
And outside were flowers and green grass, not snow!*

*Baby Amy was nestled all snug in her bed,
While Carrie was dreaming of a snowman and sled.
The last minute gifts were all finally wrapped,
And Janie and Al were ready for naps!*

*When all of a sudden from out the still night
There came such a queer noise it gave us a fright!
Al ran to the window and scanned the dark sky
To see if a plane or a comet had whizzed by.*

*The moon on the meadow shone down clear and bright,
But there, in the gully, something leaped in the night!
"It's a rattler! Or rustlers!" yelled Janie, "Get the gun!"
But, immobile, we watched the thing come on at a run.*

*"It's a wagon!" cried Al, and then we could hear
"Vamos Pancho! Come on Buck!" as the horses drew near.
We stood there astonished, and then rubbed our eyes,
As the driver jumped down in red shirt and Levis!*

*He wore a sarape and ten-gallon hat,
And the spurs on his boots were as big as a cat!
"Howdy M'am!" he exclaimed, as he grabbed a big sack
And marched in the house with that pack on his back*

*He filled all the boots with presents galore,
Then under the tree he piled up some more!
He laughed as he worked, "Here's one for the Prof!
And now Carrie, Amy and Mom, Ho, ho! Ha, ha!"*

*"W'all, that about does it!" he boomed in his drawl,
Then turned when he heard a faint noise in the hall.
There stood little Carrie, eyes wide as could be.
"Are you Santa Claus?" she whispered wonderingly.*

*He laughed a huge laugh, then said "What do YOU think?"
And he tipped his sombrero with a mischievous wink.
Then he leaped to his wagon, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all clattered through the live-oak and thistle.*

*"Daddy," said Carrie, "Is this Christmas in Texas?"
Al just scratched his beard and said, "Who would have guessed it!"
Then from out moolit hills echoed back the clear drawl,
"Adios muchachos, and Merry Christmas, you-all!"*

*Love, Janie, Al,
Carrie & Amy*

San Marcos, Texas

Jan. 6, 1975

Dear Gary,

I know I've really been rotten about writing lately. Seems I've been rotten about everything. We've all had our turn with the flu over the holidays. It never fails! Nana said you had been sick too, and so had she. Hope everybody is okay by now!

The Shaeffers were here for two weekends (just E.C. and kids, not Marty). We really enjoyed the visit. They went on down to Padre Island for Christmas and we were going to meet them the day after but the weather turned so awful and so did our flu, so we never made it down. I imagine E. C. has filled you in all about the beach. They said they had a great time for the two days the weather was nice. We were really sorry we didn't get to go and missed seeing Marty and his folks and the Irwins. E. C. and kids came back for a couple more days before heading home. In spite of all the nose blowing, it was a great visit!

The day she left (Sunday) we had a scary experience with Amy. While I left the kitchen for about three minutes she managed to climb up on the counter and get into a package of decongestant tablets. I came back to find her sitting in a pile of about 40 pills she had spilled out of their cellophane wrap. Panic time! I tried to be calm and count all the capsules. She maybe had eaten 4 or 6 which probably wouldn't have done too much, but to be on the safe side, with doctors advice, we hurried to the local hospital emergency room to give her a dose of "whatever it is" to make her throw up. She was happy as a lark for about 5 minutes, then blowie! Poor thing—upchucked off and on for about an hour! But in a few hours she was a good as new. The hazards of family life, I guess!

[Not long after this event Amy was again into trouble. She "singlehandedly painted the new office – paneling, floor, walls, herself, everything except her eyeballs." Her dad did not think it so funny when it took him 4 hours to clean up the mess and re-stain his moldings.]

Al starts back to school this week and now that vacation is over we are starting to feel good again and the sun is finally shining after weeks of cold drizzle. Yuk. I will be teaching two classes this semester. I hope it won't be too hard on ol' PG me, but it's the last I'll be teaching for a while.

We need the money! I don't start until Feb. 5, tho, so I have three more weeks to get over the blahs.

Al spent maybe half of last week sitting on the roof in the rain. No, he hasn't gone bananas, at least not yet. He just got fed up with our old TV and the lousy reception. So he put up a 10-foot extension, etc. etc. One day I went out to get the mail, looked up and there he was, sitting on the roof under a tarp with a portable color TV fiddling with the antenna and TV. Anybody driving by would have thought he was a nutty professor for sure! Who watches TV on the roof in the rain? But we solved it. We bought a new TV! (Our couch is falling apart, our mattress is broken and lumpy, the truck won't run—so what did we buy? A new TV! And we're glad! Poor, though, and crazy maybe!)

Well, I have to throw the kids in bed. Amy has a temp and runny nose. I hope it's not her second turn with the flu! Hope you all had a nice Christmas. We think of you always, and pray for you. That's rotten about the parole. Any news about anything else? Have you made any kind of plans yet for the future? Wish there was something we could do. I guess the least we could do is write more often, and we will! Have to go now, Gary.

All our love,

Janie and gang

San Marcos, Texas
About January 1975
Dear E. C.,

I thought I'd use your idea of making a carbon of my letters to Gary, so you get the carbon! Hope you can read it! There really isn't much news. I'm really getting tired of winter and the cold. I must have poor circulation! I could hardly believe our electric bill was \$90 this month—only \$40 for electricity and \$46 for “energy adjustment.” Inflation is eating us alive, especially since college professors seldom get raises! Oh, well.

Primary starts again this week. Looks like I'll be losing my only counselor. Zelma said she has to take a class that's only given at that time. Hmm, maybe I'll change Primary day and outfox her! I've been waiting over two months for the branch presidency to get me another counselor. Nothing has happened and now I'm losing the one I have! Oh, boy.

I just read my Relief Society lesson for next month. It's on abortion and birth control. Should be interesting! The birth control part is going to be rather tricky to present. My interpretation may not be what others interpret the brethren to mean. It seems to me the church isn't adamantly against all birth control, because isn't using “self-control” as they suggest, a form of birth control? Read it and give me your ideas. I feel I will emphasize the last part of their statement: that a husband and wife should decide together how to solve marital problems and raise their children. I was chatting about this to Wilma Stone. She said, “I never had to worry about birth control. I got pregnant twice and had two children. Guess I wasn't very good at conceiving!” I feel it would be very wrong for anyone to criticize Wilma or others like her for “limiting” their family to one or two. Likewise, it would be wrong for those like Wilma, who never needed birth control, to criticize someone like Nana for having a tubal ligation after her 8th! It's a touchy subject, and I'm wondering if birth control the same as family planning? I'm “planning” to have mine at least two years apart! And as a matter of fact, the way I've been feeling physically lately, if I have more than three, the next one is going to be Al's turn! Actually, it's not all physical feeling—I'm still kinda generally depressed, even though my cold is clearing up. I resent being tired all the time, being stuck at home while “daddy plays” (and he's not always playing!)—and the sibling rivalry is driving me nuts! I just chewed Carrie out royally. She's been in bed for half an hour, “I wanna drink,” and so on, and on. I guess it's late and my patience is thin. I'm not enjoying life much lately, but maybe it is mostly physical. I lose at least one meal a day in spite of my anti-nausea pills. I can't get to my sewing or reading—just no energy. By the way, I did finish the Orrin Porter Rockwell book and will send it off to you.

Tomorrow I'm spending most of the day in Austin. I see the O. B. plus the dentist is going to start on my crowns—a two hour session! Hope I have enough energy to find a new pair of shoes I need!

Amy is running a temp. today and has a runny nose again. She got another tooth through yesterday. I start teaching Feb. 5th. How I wish they were daytime classes! Oh well, it's only till the middle of May! It will be my last teaching for a while!

Have you talked to Gary or Nana? Guess I'll call Nana maybe tomorrow.

Well, have to finish paying bills and hit the sack. It was so good to see you all. We miss you! We didn't get enough time to talk!

Love you so much! Janie

PS: Thank you so much for all the Christmas goodies! We love them all!

San Marcos, Texas

January 1975

Dear E. C.

Well, you can see I'm putting your note pad to good use by writing you a note while I'm waiting for Al to get through with his Stake Priesthood meeting. Thanks so much for sending the dress and purse and notebook! You are such a doll, and so thoughtful! I just finished a two hour stake preparation meeting for Relief Society and it was great. At the beginning of the lesson I was a little disturbed at how she was presenting the abortion-birth-control issues, but by the end of the lesson I felt she was right! She emphasized presenting the Church's position and not allowing free rein for discussion, opinions, "confession time," from the sisters. Sister Wright, who is our stake leader, related how she had a very sleepless night about the lesson, woke her husband (the stake president) and asked him for a blessing. He got up, dressed with white shirt and tie and gave her a blessing, counseling her to "present the position of the Church." She gave us some very good ideas on how to lead the discussion to avoid contention. I hope I can do it!

When we were discussing lesson #6 she told us a very interesting story told by Elder Mark E. Peterson I wanted to tell you. There was an active L.D.S. woman with an inactive husband, who was almost at the point of divorce in trying to solve her religious conflicts and live the gospel. She came to Bro. Peterson and asked for a blessing so that her husband would become active in the Church. He said to her, "If I give you my counsel, will you obey it?" And she replied, "Of course, that's why I'm here." And then he told her to go home and ask her husband, even though inactive, to give her a blessing. So she did and Bro. Peterson said the story had a happy ending, though Sister Wright didn't know any details. The point being, I think, was such a blessing was her husband's right basically, not Bro. Peterson's, tho perhaps the husband was unworthy at that time. It really brought tears to my eyes and made me think of you and how thankful I am for you and your good example. You are doing such a wonderful job with your family, and I wish I could be more like you in your consistent studying and improving yourself!

Well the meeting let out, and we're home now. I told Al the "Br. Peterson" story and he said a man who is inactive really shouldn't be giving blessings, but perhaps if we knew the details of the story we would find a chain of events other than an actual blessing at that time that led to his reactivation. I guess you never really know what small thing will touch someone, and I'm certainly not suggesting you should do a similar thing. I just thought it was an interesting example of how the Lord works sometimes. [In margin:] I guess what I want to say is I think you are very wise in not trying to take away, even unconsciously, Marty's position as spiritual and temporal head of your family in deferring to him in all ways possible, not hiding your feelings, etc. Do I make sense?

It's Sunday night now—what a day! Amy was a terror in church. "No" has become her favorite word, and she has learned that fussing means she gets to go out, and then run around. Al took over today—took her out, sat her in his lap in the foyer for all of Sacrament meeting. Boy, was she mad! She screamed for 45 minutes and fell asleep. I would have been too tired to persevere. Three cheers for Al! A few Sundays of that and she should learn, I hope. Carrie went through it too, don't they all? But Amy won't be two for five more months! Egads—she wears me out at church!

I start teaching in two more weeks. Egads! I'm feeling generally better lately, though today was tiring. I have so much I want to do before school starts! It snowed today—miserably cold and

windy! Yuk! Almost like Chicago! I must get Carrie in bed and write a note to Gary. Sure do love you. Wish we were nearer. I lean on you so much.

*Love to you all,
Janie*

Not too long after Jane and Al arrived in San Marcos they decided it was time to buy a new car. Al said:

We'd had the old Pinto station wagon, which had been a good car, but now I was the college professor with the beard and tweed suits. College professors drive Volvos was the image. So we decided to go splurge and get a Volvo. I think it cost 7-8 thousand dollars then. We went down to Austin and bought a brand new blue Volvo station wagon, and it was a lemon from the day we got it. In fact it rates as the worst car I've ever had. It rained on the way home and the windshield leaked. Brand new car, and we had rain pouring in around our feet. So we took it back and they fixed it, but things kept going wrong with that car.

Then we took a trip to Big Bend National Park. We took off and were out in the middle of the desert part De Rio, Texas and the car quit. We had Carrie, Amy and Cindy, who was a brand new baby. I was beside myself. We had reservations in Big Bend, but we never made it. I got out and looked at the engine and cranked it, and just nothing was turning. I had to tow it to the nearest little town. They wanted so much money to tow the car to San Antonio, I ended up rigging up chains and pipes and I made my own tow bar. Jane drove the rental car and I drove the Volvo behind it the next day after staying in a crummy little motel. The timing gears had completely stripped out on that brand new car. And we had to wait for it a couple of days. The dealership repaired it, but I saved all my receipts of the added expenses and I finally wrote a letter to Volvo and sent the receipts which came to over \$700, and I told them what a lemon I had and what it cost us and how our vacation had been ruined. They sent me back a check with a nice letter that said, "we don't cover these kinds of things, but here's a good will check." It turned out that it was the first year of a new model.

Jane got stuck on the freeway in it a couple of times. We finally sold that car, but it was a terrible car!

Jane loved life, and there were very few things that she really disliked, but she truly hated that car!

In June of 1975 Jane made the following entry in Amy's baby book: "...Amy developed a runny nose in only one nostril and wouldn't let anyone touch her. Sure enough, she had something stuffed up her nose. It turned out to be peanuts. And it took two visits to Dr. Smalley to get the darn things out! She didn't like Dr. Smalley or his office for quite a while, but she didn't stuff any more peanuts up her nose!"

*San Marcos, Texas
Sept. 5, 1975
Dear E.C. & gang,*

Well, are you getting all settled by now? How are things going for you? We sure have been thinking of you. I can't mail this till Monday (no stamps-P.O. closed on Saturday) but I have a moment of calm so I thought I'd drop a line. Al has the big girls at the pool, and the baby is

sleeping. Whoops! Just heard her. I spoke too soon. She'll be a month old tomorrow. I must admit I'm glad that month is over! I feel so much better, but Cindy sure does have her fussy times! (Like now - 6 or 7 PM till midnight) But she's gaining well—two pounds in two weeks! Carrie loves school and riding the bus. But I miss her, she's gone so much! Amy is generally happier so we are all getting along fine. How about you and the kids? Are you working with Gary, or what? I'm sure it took a lot of courage for you to take such a long "vacation" and I'm sure things will work out for the best! You certainly deserve the best and you shall have it! (I'd settle for a few unbroken nights of sleep right now!) If you are still in Arizona at Thanksgiving we may drive over. No more room. Drop us a line.

*Love,
Janie, etc.*

San Marcos, Texas

Sept. 1975

Dear E. C.,

It was sure good to talk to you and Nana yesterday—glad you're getting along so well. [E.C. was in Tucson, working for Gary temporarily.] Keep up the good work! I'm certainly glad to hear the clinic business is finally getting straightened out. It's about time!

Al and I went to the "big game" last night—Southwest Texas vs. Texas Lutheran—and TLC is the best in the country for small colleges. They usually wipe out SWT, but it was a good game and TLC won 21 to 20—and we didn't even mind the occasional drizzle. It was so good to get out! I really needed that, but would you believe Cindy fell asleep the minute we left and was still asleep when we got home! When Mama's home she's fussy all night! No justice!

I'll have to finish tomorrow—time to pop kids into bed!

Monday—

Well, I've been so busy I've missed the mailman this morning, but while I have a calm minute I'll add some more. I've been feeling down today—baby got me up at 2, of course. When I don't get enough sleep I have trouble coping—plus I never seem to be able to nap—either to find an opportunity or to sleep when I get a rare opportunity! This too shall pass! But today I feel tired, old, fat, tied down and a failure as a mother. Plus I feel guilty for even thinking I don't want to go through this again. And I sense Al's displeasure about my feelings. He's quick to criticize when I handle the children poorly or blow up over trifles, but he's slow to help. He can sit and read the paper with all three screaming at once, then look surprised if I suggest he pick up the baby. Men—they just aren't mamas, I guess, and not even mama's helpers very often! I'm discouraged about breast feeding—it's so hard to satisfy Cindy—and I have to stuff her with cereal at times she adamantly refuses a bottle. Maybe I'd feel less drained if I quit nursing. Plus I wonder if getting rid of the nursing hormones would help me cope better emotionally—and feel less tried physically. I guess all I really need is a good night's sleep! Sorry to unload on you like this—I'll survive, I'm sure! I love my kids and husband terrifically, and I wouldn't trade them for the world, just have to pull myself together, I guess! Any advice? Guess I'll just have to hang in there!

Well, it's 8:15. Amy's down, Carrie is on her way—Cindy is fussing but not too bad. Hope she sleeps all night! Al will be home from teaching soon. One more round with Cindy and I can hardly wait to hit the sack! Actually, I feel pretty good for not getting any nap today! I have my 6-

week check with the OB tomorrow—plus Inservice and Branch Council. Whew! Got letters from Godfrey and Myron, too [the Holmes uncles]—in response to Cindy's birth announcement. Good to hear from them. No more room. Give the kids a big hug for us! Drop a line—your old silly sister sure loves you!

Love, Janie and Gang

San Marcos, Texas

Sunday PM, [Nov. 1975]

Dear E.C.,

I was glad to get your new address [1752 Fairway Terrace, Clovis, New Mexico]-- did Joey tell you I called the other night? How are things going for you? She says the new house is great. What I want to know is how are you? And how's old Shaef? [E.C. had left Tucson and Gary's projects. She took the children and went home to work on her marriage.]

My 24 hour flu lasted almost a week—ugh—5 sleepless nights (and days) in a row. I was about ready for the glue factory, but only lost 4 pounds, darn it! I'm trying to get Cindy on a relief bottle so we can have her almost weaned when we go to Washington, D.C. in three weeks—what a battle! The days I was the sickest she absolutely refused a bottle. After a two hour battle I gave in and nursed her. What a stubborn little cuss! I was really getting depressed over the little tyrant, but Friday I won the battle. She drank a 4 oz. bottle right down. Yesterday it was a battle again, but I persevered and won. Today was a draw, I guess. Maybe I'm confusing her by offering just one relief bottle, but I remember how easy it was for Amy! Wow, I'm determined to go to D. C. with Al. I really need to get away.

Amy is quite a two year old. She is so exuberant and wild sometimes she even dominates and infuriates (and reduces to tears) Carrie! Amy is up at 6 and goes non-stop, no nap till 8 PM! Keeping her up doesn't help either. But we took away the bottle though—had a big “throw-away” party—bottles in the garbage. She did beautifully! Only 10 minutes of tears one night! Boy, does she wear me out!

No real news. Al and I are getting restless in San Marcos. Empress is really getting to him at school. This place is really getting too small for his private practice to go very well. Maybe the convention will turn up some interesting job possibilities! Have to turn in now. I haven't been sleeping well. I need to get more exercise! Do write or call. I'd love to hear from you. We think of you and pray for you always!*

Love you!

Janie

* Empress Zedler was Al's first boss. She was chair person of the Special Ed. Dept. at Southwest Texas State University and one of the old time founders of the Speech Pathology movement. She was a legend in Texas, a 5 x 5 dynamo who could also be a tyrant. She loved Al to begin with, but later turned on him when he started dealing with gold and silver in addition to his duties at the university.

San Marcos, Texas

January 14, 1976 Sunday

Dear E. C.,

Just wanted to let you know what a good day I had today—a special fast Sunday—in spite of Cindy being sick! This was the first time since before I was pregnant that I fasted a full 24 hours—and I felt great! We found the Ensign in our mail when we got home. I finally got to read a little last night—on prayer—and thinking about you—and fasting—I’ve had a really good feeling ever since I talked to you. I know things are going to work out for you—that whatever you do will be the right thing. Tho I don’t know what that is, I’m sure you will, when the time is right. You are the best and you deserve the best! Keep faith!

It was so good to talk to you—I was about to call you and thank you for such a great visit—for the gorgeous skirt—and the Christmas gifts. The kids love them—and Cindy actually can grab her jumping jack—it really surprised her when she did it today! Poor little thing—more vomiting today and her cough is worse—but the penicillin should start to improve things soon. Al came home after Priesthood and let me go to Sunday School and Fast Meeting. A good Sunday!

Carrie starts school tomorrow—back in the routine again, but Al has part of the week. He’s going to look into the prospects of building a 6-plex, etc.

Eek! It’s bedtime. I’ll sign off and pop this in the mail in the morning. I’m going to lose 10 pounds this month—just one of my resolutions for ‘76! Love you so much! Keep smiling!

Love,
Janie



San Marcos, Texas

April 5, Monday, 1976

Dear E. C.,

It was good to talk to you the other day. I’m giving my other midterm tonight, so I thought I’d drop you a line while I wait for the students to finish.

We’ve had a rainy week. The farmers need the rain, but our garden is getting waterlogged! Our “well spell” appears to be broken. Amy has a cold and terrible cough—the baby isn’t eating—apparently (not sure) getting a tooth—fussy. I hope that’s all! The semester is over half gone—the pace really picking up—hard to keep up with everything! Our Primary Sacrament Meeting program is next Sunday. It’s giving me nightmares! (I have to be the accompanist, too!) Thank goodness for Dana—the 5 or 6 hours a week she comes, keeps the house livable and me sane!

Al and I began reading "Jesus the Christ" together last night. We're making it our current daily reading project. Conference has spurred us to get busy and do more consistent studying! Added to my list of projects, (for Al, too) is a religion file--by subject matter. We're going to get a 2nd subscription to the Ensign and cut it up along with Church News, random notes, etc. and file for future study, referenced for lessons and talks. (We'll also use non-church articles we want to save--like Time's last issue on pornography.

E.C., I had a thought after I talked to you--getting along so well with Marty lately may make things even harder on you. I hope it doesn't. I hope he doesn't try to "use" it to sway you. But as long as you are aware of how things really are--that's the important thing. Could this "last trip" be an attempt to patch things up? Maybe he's unconsciously thinking that. But maybe I'm meddling too much! Go ahead and do what you really want to and what you feel is right! The Lord will help you!

We got our tax refund today! \$1600! Whoopee! It feels like a gift, instead of really our own money. (They withheld too much.) But it sure is nice to have it! I can think of a hundred fun ways to spend it! But I think we'll be sensible and use some of it to beef up our year's supply!

Class is about over--will add a note later. Love you loads!

Well, it's Wednesday AM. I spent all day Tuesday visiting and observing my two student teachers--drove over 100 miles. Whew! We went to a faculty recital last night. Carol (our friend) played and accompanied a saxophonist and a trombonist, too. It was fantastic. One of their pieces was a sonata for piano and saxophone that John, her husband, wrote. It was fantastic!! Even Al, who usually doesn't like modern music, loved it!

Have to run to beat the mailman.

Love you!

Janie

San Marcos, Texas

April 20, 1976

Dear E. C.,

Well, the rains have finally stopped! We've had quite a bit of weather this past week--a rainy (almost flooded!) Easter, but a nice one. Hope you had a nice one too! It was so good to talk to you Saturday! You sounded so good! Hope things continue to go well for you. We're praying for you!

E. C., I think the spirit is prodding me to get busy on genealogy. It's really been on my mind lately--conference talks I've read, etc. We had the Sayres to dinner Sunday. Joan wants to set a weekly date with me this summer to have a day to do genealogy and let our kids play. She doesn't really know how to get started. I'm not quite sure where to start. I need to bring all my records up to date. On our trip I've decided to bring my book so we can compare sheets, then I'll know what of yours I need to copy. Think we can manage a few hours to "audit our books" etc.? The other night I had a thought come to me almost like a flash of inspiration--maybe it was--when I read the new scripture about the spirit world I thought: both Mother and Daddy are on the other side, and if I'll do my genealogy, they will help me. Even now, thinking about it, I get the same strong feeling. I feel urgently, we need to clear up Grandma Meldrum's missing information. I have no sheet

showing Daddy as a child, do you? What have you heard from Aunt Lucille? Perhaps she can be of help and bring us up to date on Daddy's family.

Al's mom called Saturday night. She's finally getting busy on her history. I urged her to do it five years ago. She wants me to help her edit it, etc., and Al is planning a book on his Dad. We're trying to begin locating existing records from his Czechoslovakia days. The communists confiscated all his very detailed diaries, but Al's Aunt Norma thinks she has many letters saved that were written during that period. Al's mom is finally fired up about writing. I'm so glad. When I think of our children and their children, they need to know about their ancestors! I know next to nothing about Daddy's family from the Weavers! I wish Aunt Lucille would write a history of her parents and brothers and sisters growing up. It would be so valuable and enjoyable! Are we still keeping each other's letters? I'm keeping yours. They will be a good diary if we never get any other history written! Speaking of histories—Cindy is 8 months old and her book is still blank! I have a pile of things to put in it – have to get at it! We're so glad we got a sound-movie camera. The kids are precious. We got some terrific footage of Carry, Amy, John and Dan in the spa! Such fun!

I'm excited about the Mexico trip! Hope it works out! With or without Al! (He would hate shopping with four women!) [E.C. and Jane took Jo Ellen and her young friend, Sarah Langwell, to Mazatlan, Mexico, for spring break.]

Cindy is getting over her ear infection finally, but Amy has a cold now and a little temp, and the school nurse just called: Carrie has an earache, but no fever. Always something! At least the sun is shining today!

Wait till you see the old cedar chest! Daddy would be proud! We cut it down just 2 inches in height—stripped it, sanded out most of the gouges and refinished it a light fruitwood—matches our new end tables! Al did a beautiful job. It's now our new coffee table in front of our new velvet couch! A nice rustic touch, and I love it 'cause Daddy made it. (New lamps, too. We went wild, stingily tho, with our IRS refund.)

Did I mention my thought about a canoeing trip for Al and Marty this summer? Think he would enjoy that for a weekend? If so I'll find out about neat trip possibilities. Al has a less hectic schedule this summer. Yeah! See you about May 13—I think—will let you know!

Love you loads—

Keep smiling!

Janie

April 1976 ALUMNI TODAY magazine of Brigham Young University item, page 19:

Jane Weaver Toronto '62 is currently an instructor in learning disabilities at Texas Lutheran College. She completed an M.A. in learning disabilities on federal graduate scholarship at Northwestern University in 1973. She is married to Dr. Allen Toronto, professor at Southwest Texas State University in San Marcos, and they have three daughters.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS 1976
Glory to God in the highest,
And of earth peace, good will toward men.
Luke 2:14

Dear Ones,

As the joyous holiday season approaches, we are reminded of all our blessings, and we want you to know we are grateful for you. We have had a satisfying year and hope things have gone well for you too.

Our annual Utah trip was one of the highlights of the year, and it was such a delight to see far away family and friends again! We've managed to get a little better acquainted with Texas this year too, with trips to historic Galveston, camping on Padre Island, and a convention trip to Houston.

Carrie has just turned 7 and is thrilled with first grade, especially reading and math. She's crazy about piano lessons and loves to perform for family night. Amy at 3 ½ is Mommy's little shadow and Daddy's helper – our happy, busy preschooler hurrying to “grow up like Carrie.” Cindy, our toddler of 16 months, is a whirlwind of happy energy and curiosity, and we're all busy chasing her.

Janie is busy as ever with home and family, church responsibilities and part-time teaching. Al, too, is busy with teaching and research, new publications and consultation trips, family and church.

It's been a wonderful year for us. May the Lord's choicest blessings be with you during this holiday season and throughout the new year.

With love, the Torontos - Janie, Al, Carrie, Amy, Cindy

San Marcos, Texas

4 April 1977

Dear E. C.,

It was so good to talk to you the other night? (Or day?) Before I say anything else I want to thank you so very much for that marvelous trip to Mexico! It really did a lot for me, and I appreciate you so much! I really needed some R and R too, and it was so delightful being with you! Joey and Sarah were such dolls, too! I appreciate so much your generosity—and more than anything else, your love. You're someone I can count on—you're really special and important to me. I love you!

I just got the April issue of Prevention magazine, and I thought you might find this little article on Vitamin E interesting so I made a copy. You and I have this same problem—and share the family history of cancer. It will be interesting to see what other developments they come up with, but in the meantime I'm going to be taking my 600 units of E! (I've been taking about 200.)

As I was going through old family home evening manuals looking for pictures for my Relief Society lesson tomorrow, I came across this page on prayer, and I wanted to share it with you. I don't know how I can work it into my lesson (if I have time), but I'm going to try. It really struck me. I know I've heard similar things before, but when I read this, I just can't describe the good feeling I had. E. C., I want to ask your forgiveness. I feel that maybe in our recent talks I came across as trying to prod you or push you into action and that this has perhaps contributed to your anxiety. The last thing I want to do is to be preachy, to make you feel more guilt, more anxiety. I think you and I have the same personality trait of sometimes tending to be indecisive, or agonizing over decisions, and perhaps our discussions of this led me to come out pretty strong (too strong) on the DO IT NOW attitude. I felt so good about what you told me of your visit with Allen Young. (All of a sudden that name sounds strange—is that his name?) Our time is not the Lord's time, and like he said, there is

nothing wrong with your timing. Perhaps some things would have been easier a year ago—but perhaps also other things will be better this year! I tried to tell you a little bit—and I really did come home feeling this way—that I didn't do enough to tell you how really wonderful you are, how much I admire you, how important you are to me, to you, to your family, to the Lord. You are a very special person, worthy of the Lord's most choice blessings. And you will receive them, I know. When I think of the people I admire most in the world, you are right up there at the top of my list. You are intelligent, gracious, charming, spiritual—where do I stop?—with integrity, character, faith, and a determination to serve the Lord. Many women in similar circumstances drift into inactivity or semi-activity in the Church, but they don't find happiness there. You know that, and that's why you've chosen the harder path of clinging even tighter to the iron rod, teaching your children, being an example to your husband. And you're a wonderful example to me, too. As part of the conclusion to my lesson tomorrow, I'm using a quote from Brigham Young: "I thank the Lord for my temptations..." meaning, that he was grateful for the opportunity to grow and develop through overcoming temptations and problems. Whew. I have a long way to go before I can thank the Lord for my temptations!

Well, I think this may be beginning to sound maudlin, so perhaps I'd better stop. I asked Al what he thought about Marita and the elders' situation, and he thought about it for a while and then said he thought you'd done your duty by calling the mission president and you don't need to worry too much about it. That's easy to say, I know, and you know Marita and we don't—have you really sat her down and talked with her about what would happen to that missionary if things really got out of hand? If they had an affair he would be excommunicated and sent home in disgrace, and it could ruin his life. If she cares about him and his best interests she will cool it. Even if things didn't progress to the point of his being excommunicated, he could still be sent home for his foolishness. Perhaps you could talk to the elders too—gently—to try and open their eyes a little. I don't know. Whether you leave things alone or put your 2 cents in, the results may be the same—just do what you feel best. As far as giving Marita a blessing, etc., that's between her and the elders. I've started to read Satan is Alive and Well and Living on Planet Earth, by Hal Lindsay. It's very protestant, of course, but he discusses the Satanists and those "into the occult" and she sounds very much like some of the people he describes.

Well, you won't believe how late it is, so I won't tell you. I must say goodnight. Dear sister, I love you very much and pray for your welfare and happiness. I know the Lord loves you too, and he will give you all the righteous desires of your heart, and you will find happiness and contentment and love. Please forgive me if I have offended you or made you feel bad. Our prayers are with you—and with Marty too. God bless you both.

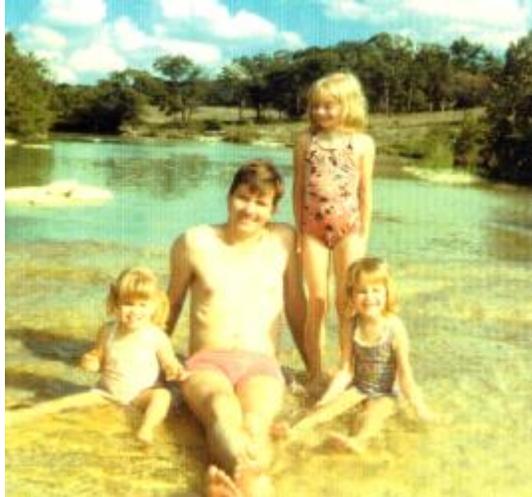
All my love,

Janie

PS: Still haven't sold the Volvo – ! We had hail last night—as big as my thumb! Small branches are all over the ground. We almost expected broken windows! It battered the garden, but not too bad, considering.

Have a happy day!

A favorite activity of the Torontos was to visit the Aquarena Springs water park on the San Marcos River. It was spring fed by warm waters deep in the earth, and was one of the main attractions for visitors to the area.



Ouray, Colorado

June 1977

Postcard:

E.C. and Dan and gang-

We had such fun in Pagosa. Thanks so much! The skies began to clear at Durango, so we drove to Silverton-gorgeous! And Ouray is even more beautiful! We loved the box canyon falls-we're spending the night here, on to Salt Lake tomorrow. Carrie has been a little sick with vomiting-poor thing. See you next week. Be happy.

Love you so much!

Janie and gang

PS: We've fallen in love with Ouray. Al would love to move here in the summers. The place is growing and needs businesses. You guys wanna move to Ouray? Such fun!

September 1977

San Marcos, Texas

Dear E. C.,

Well, we're back in the grind again. Wow, how time flies! I tried to call you Sunday but missed you. Carrie and I sang Happy Birthday to Dan and chatted with him and Claudia. She said little Mart [Mart and his friend, Chris Johnson, went on a month-long survival course] came home in good shape. How I'd love to hear all about it!

E.C., thanks so much for everything! We just loved our visit at Pagosa, and it was so great to see you again! Now that we're home I wish we'd left Utah earlier and spent more time in Colorado and with you! We appreciate your hospitality so much!

I felt punk for a few days after we got home-Cindy, too. I finally took her completely off milk to try and cure the diarrhea. She's doing better today. Now Al's coming down with it! That's life!

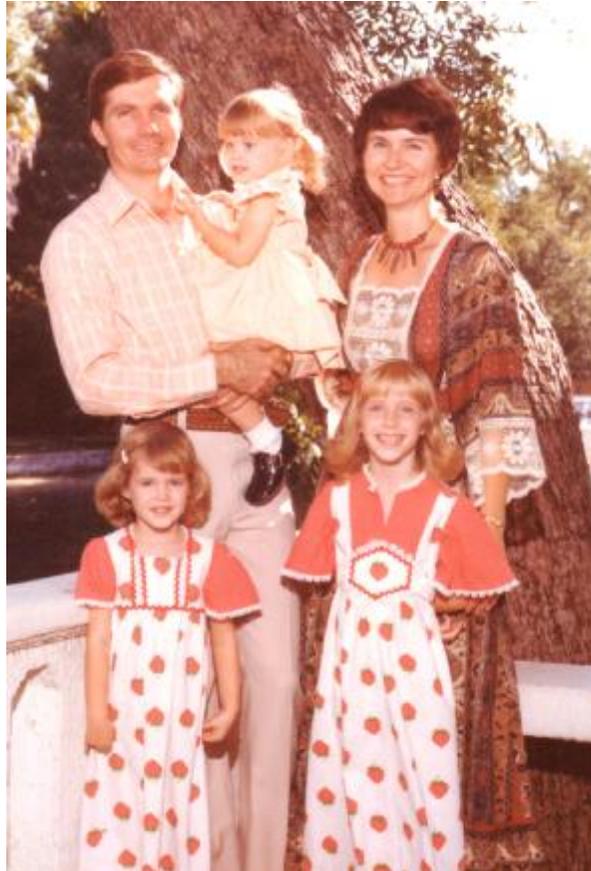
Is Mart settled in Las Cruces by now? I suppose Claudia is on her way home. Tomorrow I'll find out how many students I have. I begin teaching next Monday. I have Amy lined up for nursery school three mornings, but Cindy will have to go on their waiting list. We shall see.

It's nice to be home, but wish we weren't so far away! How are you doing, my darling sister? I think about you always, and pray for you every day! Keep smiling!

Any new ideas on the family history? I want to get a letter off to Aunt Lucille this week! My first genealogy lesson's this Sunday—wow!

Love you a whole bunch!

Janie



From Jane's personal journal:

October. 22, 1977

This has been a special day. Thirty seven years ago on this day my mother brought me into the world, and 8 years ago today I brought my first child, Carrie, into the world. She was a wonderful birthday present. Today I had wonderful presents, too, and the best was seeing Carrie baptized and confirmed by her father!

We're all happy and tired tonight! Carrie had a roller skating birthday party with Cherie Sayre, Andrea Whiteside, Andrea Brannan, Tammy Kulen, and Holly Crowell. Typically, I finished sewing the pants to her new outfit 5 minutes before her guests arrived!

We hurried to be in Austin at 6 for the baptism. Holly and Judy Price came with us too. Zelma Shallbetter gave a lovely talk on baptism and presented Carrie with a record book to begin keeping her journal. Lloyd Wright spoke about the gift of the Holy Ghost. Carrie was beaming after the baptism, and Al gave her a lovely confirmation blessing. I wish I had recorded it!

Our family and the Shallbetters, too, went to Kyle and had a nice visit with Judy and Tim Price and family. Judy has been bringing the children to Primary and Sunday School. I hope and pray Judy was favorably impressed tonight. When we got home, too late, Carrie wrote her first “story” in her new journal about her party and baptism. She is such a sweet girl – a real joy to us. What a thrill to see our first one baptized! I’m so grateful for my testimony of the gospel and for this lovely spiritual experience tonight.

Again from Jane’s journal:

January 1, 1978

What a better way to begin the new year than to start keeping my resolution to write more consistently in a journal! We had a good Sunday today. I taught my Spiritual Living lesson. Cindy and I didn’t stay for Sacrament Meeting. We both felt punk – and missed Ray and Zelma Shallbetter’s talks. Al and Judy told us it was an outstanding meeting. The Shallbetters are going to San Diego next week. We will miss them in the branch. Zelma had a fantastic Christmas present – they found out she’s pregnant! They are floating on air – we’re all so tickled for them. After 10 years and all the tests they were ready to adopt again. What a choice blessing!

This past month has been very eventful for us. On the night of Stake Conference, Nov. 27, we had a phone call asking us to come talk to Pres. Wright in Austin. Al and I both had a feeling he was going to be called to be Branch President. On Tuesday night, Nov. 29 we drove to Austin and were interviewed by Pres. Wright. Al was called to be the Branch President! We had a good session with the Stake President. He is a great man. Al and I were both awed and humbled at the thought of such responsibility. Of course we could say nothing until the counselors were called. It was an interesting week – keeping our “secret.” The next weekend, the 3rd of December, Pres. Kimball came to San Antonio. Since Al wasn’t officially called and set apart yet we weren’t invited to the dinner with Pres. Kimball on Friday – darn! E.C. came down for the weekend especially to see the prophet. We had Carl Crowell with us for the weekend and we all went to the coliseum in San Antonio. There must have been 10,000 Mormons there! We had to sit very far away and the sound system was very poor, and with all the noisy kids we could hardly hear a thing. It was very disappointing. Then it took 45 minutes to get out of the parking lot!

On Sunday AM the whole Stake presidency arrived to interview Joan and Virgil Sayre and Craig and Donna Campbell. It really seemed as if Joan and Virgil were expecting Virgil to be Branch President! They appeared to be surprised – maybe a little let down? But Al felt very good about his counselors, Virgil and Craig, and Al Lewis as Executive Secretary. We had a terrific testimony meeting, and we were very grateful for all the great things said about Al. The whole branch seemed to be pleased. Al was set apart (also his counselors) after the meeting, and President Wright gave him a wonderful blessing. He blessed him to be successful in his professional pursuits, and to have peace and harmony at home, in addition to being successful in his church work. He gave him much good counsel.

While Judy and Tim Price were in Colorado Springs, Judy made another trip, “pilgrimage,” to Salt Lake City and Temple Square. She stayed over night with Al’s mom and had lunch with Mom and Judy Richards. She came home glowing! On Dec. 10th we went with Judy and Tim to hear the Messiah in San Antonio. I gave her a triple combination with her name on it. I included our family picture and my testimony. I really agonized over what to write. She’s such a good friend – I would love to see her be baptized! And I think she will, eventually. She was touched by the gift. I think it was just right. Tim is uncomfortable about her being so active, and has asked her not to get baptized – at least not now. On the 20th we had a great family night with the Prices here. We showed the slide set they gave us for Christmas from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was lovely. All the kids were super good and we had a great time! Tim was rather quiet, but I think he enjoyed it. Then we planned our “Secret Santa” mission with the kids. The Prices, Sayres and us all gave cash, and the kids contributed a good toy for each child. I prepared and wrapped grocery and gift boxes for the Guillens – and also Sis. Juarez and Alma Sue. Al played Santa and didn’t get caught! It was really fun. When Al visited Sister Juarez on Christmas as her home teacher and took her some banana bread, she cried and thanked him for everything he had done for her!

We had a good Christmas – enjoyed the children tremendously. How precious they are – and such a challenge! It promises to be an interesting new year. I’m very proud of Al – he’s a good Branch President! (I don’t know if he’s going to release me as Primary President, though!)

San Marcos, Texas

March 13, 1978

Dear E. C.,

I’m visiting my teachers today—the ones I supervise – and I have about 15 minutes before I go back so I thought I’d drop you a line. I just finished a hamburger at the local Dairy Queen in La Vernia, Texas, population 805. This afternoon I’ll go to Smiley (30 miles further), population about 200! It’s very interesting.

The check came finally, on Friday, and so did the book. Thanks! Al got another call from BYU [Brigham Young University] Friday. They are lacking a little paperwork, so it wasn’t about setting up a formal interview, but they set up his schedule for fall, and summer – so it looks like a foregone conclusion that we’re leaving! But we’ll have to have contracts in hand before we can put the house on the market. We’re tentatively planning on an interview trip next week (it’s spring break for us), and we hope to look at houses. When school is out in May we’ll go back, find a house and/or move. Al will teach a three-week summer session here in June, then his BYU summer session starts about June 29 or 30. If he teaches here all summer, we’d have to move in one week or less at the end of August and the baby is due soon thereafter. I guess it all hinges on how smoothly we can sell this house—and find one in Provo! So how are we going to canoe the San Marcos River on the 4th of July!? Boy – hate to miss that!

Do I remember right – are you still planning a Hawaii trip over your spring vacation? Just last year we were in Mazatlan! Ole! Wish I could go back this year – that was terrific!

Judy [Price] has set up her baptism for the end of March. Ellen and Carl will be baptized, too. We’re very excited and pleased about it! We’re planning (Al, Judy and I) a special fast day this Thursday PM to Friday. Did I tell you Judy is taking organ lessons again and has bought herself

a \$7,000 organ (something she's always planned on). It's gorgeous. She certainly is enjoying playing at church. It's so nice to hear someone play well!

Have to go. Drop us a line or give us a call. Love you whole bunches. Hugs and kisses to the whole gang!

Love, Janie

Jane's journal continued:

Monday, April 24, 1978

It's been a long time since I've written anything to include in my journal, and a lot has happened recently.

Al flew up to Utah the beginning of March (or end of Feb.) for informal job interviews at BYU. There were mutual good impressions, and they offered him the job and invited him back for a formal interview.

Judy Price and her kids finished the missionary lessons and Judy and Carl were preparing to be baptized the end of March. However, the night before her baptism she was interviewed by a Brother Moore, one of the Presidents of the Seventies in the Stake, and he told her she should wait a while, study and pray some more. Apparently they did not communicate too well, and Judy was reticent to say "I know the Church is true without doubts." But she did say she accepted it and believed it. She and I have talked before about the definition of the word "know" and how Mormons use it so freely. At any rate, she felt totally rejected, and we were all stunned. I was literally sick about it all weekend, knowing how Judy would react. I could see no reason for it – and still can't – and felt it was a terrible mistake. So did everyone else in the Branch who knew about the baptism – including Al – but he tactfully (?) reminded me that Bro. Moore was entitled to inspiration in the matter and we could and should do nothing. Even Bro. Walsh, our high councilman, was upset by the incident. Judy attends meetings faithfully, is organist for Sacrament Meeting, and has been paying tithing for 4 or 5 months!

Judy was very depressed the few days after the interview. I could hardly get her to talk to me at all. But Monday morning I ran into her and Ethelene at the Cornucopia, and she was her old cheerful bubbly self. I knew something must have happened – and it did. She showed me a package E.C. had sent her – a copy of Beginnings, poetry by Carol Lynn Pearson – with a lovely note inscribed by E.C. That seemed to really cheer her up, and the hurt is slowly fading away, it seems. But I still feel it should never have happened. Tim has had second thoughts about her getting baptized and so has Judy, I'm sure, and it may be quite a while before she does. I pray for her and worry about her a lot!

San Marcos, Texas

June 7, 1978

Dear E.C.

It was so good to talk to you Monday night. You really cheered me up! I needed it. I was up most of the night with Carrie. It seems she got Cindy's bug – then along about 6 yesterday morning Al and I got sick together! Yuk. Such togetherness! At least it didn't last long and today we all feel good.

We're giving Amy her first birthday party next Monday. She's really excited about it. Carrie is helping with the planning and is excited too!

E.C., I just can't thank you enough for keeping the kids while we were in Utah. We just couldn't have done it without you! Like Al says, we owe you a big one! Hope things are getting back to normal for you by now. Just keep praying that we'll find a buyer for our house. That's what we need now! Have to run. Love you so much and miss you! Talk to you soon!

Love, Janie

From Jane's journal:

July 9, 1978 – Sunday

I wrote my last journal entry, as I recall, in between visiting my student teachers in La Vernia, Seguin and Smiley, Texas, and I never finished all I had planned to write! This was my last semester teaching at Texas Lutheran College in Seguin. I've enjoyed my two classes each semester the past 4 ½ years, though I would have preferred day time rather than evening classes!

On April 11th Al and I flew to Utah for 4 or 5 days for his "official" job interviews at BYU. Things went very well, and he decided to accept the job. We visited some with Al's family and with Gary and Nana and stayed with Ed and Norma in Provo. Wednesday evening of that week we were invited to a dinner party at Parley Newman's home where we met most of the faculty, wives and husbands. It was very pleasant – a good Mormon atmosphere, yet I felt terribly homesick. We spent as much time as possible house hunting, and made an offer on the McKell house in Provo. I had second thoughts about it because of the small yard and corner lot, but Al loved the house and the fact it was close to school and he talked me into it. I was quite depressed about moving during the whole trip and was grateful to get home to Texas and the kids! We originally planned to move June 1st, but we were unable to sell our house in April or May, making closing on June 1st impossible. We decided it would be in our best interests to stay the summer here and make more money, plus sell the house. We were grateful to get out of the contract on the McKell house, and we planned another house-hunting trip in May when school was out.

Carl Crowell, Judy's boy, was baptized on May 6th. Judy seems to have weathered the trauma of her interview and "rejection," as she terms it, and is still attending regularly and playing the organ. Judy asked me to speak at Carl's baptism, and Al baptized and confirmed him and it was a very happy occasion. Tim came too, which we were all pleased about. We all went out for dinner afterwards. Tim doesn't seem threatened by the children being baptized!

On Friday May 19, after Al and I finished final grades and went to Nancy Kinsey's wedding in San Antonio, we took off for a Clovis–Utah trip. We took Carrie out of school a week early, and left the three girls at E.C.'s after a day's visit. We drove on to Utah and began house hunting – a grueling experience! We made an offer on the Mutch house, which they refused and were insulted over. We were disappointed but kept looking for something with some land that we could afford. At the last minute – literally – we finally got to see the Atkinson house on Canyon Rd. – and fell in love with the house and acre! We offered them full price, \$79,000 – and signed a contract the next day! We drove back to Clovis much relieved and very grateful! We took a day to unwind in Ouray, Colorado, and enjoyed our stay and the beautiful drive through the mountains. Wonderful E.C. kept our kids for a whole week and they all got along fine. They (the kids) were apparently on their good behavior – and she even had Amy embroidering and Carrie hooking a rug!

We felt much better about moving after this trip, at least I did, though I still have really mixed emotions. I hate to leave Judy more than anybody – she really is a special friend!

What a time to be pregnant! We're really excited about having a new baby, due Sept. 24th even though I'll be almost 8 months along when we move! I felt quite good – very normal – till June – and since then I've developed heart palpitations – “cardiac arrhythmia,” as the heart specialist diagnosed it – which should clear up after the baby is born. I haven't slept well at all since it began – and the various medications haven't helped much – plus the latest combinations seem to have side effects of headaches and backaches. I had bad chills last night – even in the air conditioning – and it took Al 2 big blankets and 15 minutes of tucking and back rubbing to stop the shaking! Even Al said last night we didn't need to put me through this again – especially at my age – if we want more we can adopt! I was grateful to hear him say it. I have been more uncomfortable much earlier with this pregnancy. Judy says I should write it all down so I won't forget and be tempted to get pregnant again! I'm so grateful for my kids and love them tremendously, wouldn't trade any of them! But realistically, I guess, this better be it!

We sold our house a couple of weeks ago at a good price - \$61,250 – to the parents of Dr. Livingston. So things are going well for us, and our move is scheduled for August 15. It's a long, hot summer, but I'm grateful to be in the branch – and in my house that I love – as long as possible.

Airborne over New Mexico

July 13, 1978

Janie, Al and girls,

What a wonderful time we had at San Marcos. Thanks for everything! It was really a super 4th! And everyone loved it. Nanny had a great time, too. She and B.J. got in late Wednesday, after a long hot drive. The air conditioner clogged up but Mart has fixed it.

It has been wild getting ready for this back-packing trip and getting everything else done, too. I went to work Wed. when we got home, then had John's scout awards ceremony that evening. Thursday was my day to drive and to staff the genealogy library in Roswell. We have a new librarian and hopefully we can make some forward strides now. I didn't get time to tell you much about the new extraction program but I'm hoping we can get involved soon with it. We want to get set up in Clovis so the volunteer workers or genealogy missionaries can work in town without making that two-hour drive to Roswell every time...

Yesterday was my day to get ready for the trip but I had so many other things to do, like a dental appointment, office appointment with a new homeowner and teaching my inservice lesson. I fell into bed exhausted but slept well and we finished up this morning and got all the packs packed and loaded.

Mart and Daniel drove, and the rest of us are flying. We'll spend today at the trailer and then take off tomorrow hiking. We'll be out for five days, then spend a few more at the trailer, then back to Clovis.

I had wanted to call this morning before we got away but Shaeffer was in a big hurry so I'll call when we get back.

I love you so darn much, Janie. Please take very, very good care of yourself. We all need you!

Love,
E.C.

San Marcos, Texas
August 7, 1978
Dear Jane,

Writing you a thank you note for your excellent work in Primary is definitely not enough. You know I appreciate you all to pieces, and hate like everything the fact you won't be with us next year. There will be a vacant spot – a someone missing everywhere I turn. I think what I'll miss most is not being able to give you a call and know whatever I way won't shock you or put you off, but that I can depend on your friendship through thick and thin and get a straight answer to whatever I ask. Honest people are hard to find. I can think of one person besides you that I've felt was beyond reproach in just about everything – and 2 people in a lifetime is not very many. I think the Lord produced a masterpiece in you. You're an asset wherever you go.

Love, Joan

*San Marcos, Texas
Aug. 8, 1978
Dear E. C.,*

I'll just take a minute to jot a note and get this slide and photo off to you. I found this slide the other day and thought you would like it. [?]

So good to talk to you the other day. Hope all is well. We are all fine here. I'm trying to organize and clean, sort, some every day. I tried hefting a few boxes—that's a no-no! I'm just getting too big. I can pack a box, I just can't move it!

Today my project was the freezer. It's all empty and clean now. Hooray. The back hall is stacked with stuff to go to the Good Will. I've even been through all the baby clothes! Boy, I'll be glad when this move is over. Yuk!

Al was released Sunday as Branch President. Virgil Sayre is the new one. It really surprised us! But he will do a good job – and of course, Joan, his wife, is super! Craig Campbell, Al's other counselor, will be counselor again. He's very relieved not to be B. P! Anyway, we had a very emotional testimony meeting, and thinking about leaving had me practically bawling the whole time! I think being pregnant makes me more emotionally "labile." I cry over anything and everything! We have to talk in church Sunday. Boo. I'm not looking forward to that!

Nana called yesterday to let us know about David's wedding on Sept. 21st and to ask us to sing. That will be neat – if I'm not in the hospital! It will be neat to be closer to Gary and Nana. Just wish we were going to be closer to you!

Al and kids are planning on leaving on the 16th and spending the night with you. Wish I could see you, too! (But I'm glad I'm flying!)

Talk to you soon. Miss you! Love you so very much, sis!

*Love to all, too–
Janie*

Jane's journal entry:
August 11, 1978 – Friday

The house is quiet for a little while this evening. Carrie is staying overnight with Andrea Whiteside, and Al took Cindy and Amy to the park and to run a few errands. I thought I'd stop packing boxes for a few minutes and jot down a few thoughts. A new chapter in our lives is going

to begin very soon. At this point – I hate it. The movers called tonight to let us know there’s a chance they can’t have a van on Tuesday – they may be delayed 2 or 3 days – and they won’t know for sure till Monday! What a pain. I guess I’m feeling kind of down.

Al was released as Branch President Sunday – he said it was a kind of let-down feeling, and I had to agree. Virgil Sayre is the new Branch President (which surprised us a little) with Craig Campbell and Lynn Kramer as counselors, and Tom Luna as clerk. But they will be terrific! We had a great testimony meeting, but I was close to tears and did not bear my testimony. Thinking of leaving was awful! Pres. Hurst interviewed me for my temple recommend and he was very comforting and I felt quite a bit better.

Last Saturday the Branch had a party at Blue Hole in Wimberley. It was delightful and we took lots of movies and snaps. The Branch presented us with a cake that said “Torontos – Deep in the Heart of Texans” and an embroidered tablecloth – each square done by a sister in the Branch, depicting “Texana.” It was very thoughtful and touching.

Virgil asked us to talk in church Sunday. I wish he had forgotten. I don’t know what I’ll say or how I’ll keep from bawling! I need to think positive!

We had a delightful experience a couple of weeks ago. Nancy Robbins Lund called. They were in Austin enroute to Mexico City for a year. She and Kit and their 4 kids stopped by for a delightful visit on a Wed. morning. She’s put on a lot of weight – made me feel skinny! But she’s the same neat Nancy. Kit teaches at Rutgers in New Jersey. It was fun catching up on the news. We also got a wedding announcement from Ruthie Palmer – hooray! (Here come the troops home – crying!)

Sunday 10:30 PM
(in the air)

Dear E. C.,

Boy am I tired. One more hour till my plane lands in Salt Lake, but we gain an hour. It has been a super weekend, but I feel a little drained. Can’t wait to get home. I started out tired, though, with Primary Thursday and trying to leave things shipshape–plus company at 9 PM (“only going to stay a minute”) who stayed till 10:30!! I was at the point of rudeness–quite exasperated–very unkind feelings toward total boors who knew I was tired and very busy and had to leave at 6 AM! Al was kindly–thank goodness.

My first Primary class went very well. I was pleased. And Cindy loved Primary–the first time! The bay window looks super–now all that remains is the texturing to blend it in (the wall) and painting. I love the light and the view!

How are you doing? We never get to visit often enough or long enough. No, I haven’t started my SDB* diary. (Should I add procrastination to my list of SDB’s?) Judy is interested in the home study course. Do you think this journal carbon is okay? I’ll slip this in the mail in the morning.

Love you!

Janie

*E.C. had taken a correspondence course from BYU’s Dr. Jonathan Chamberlain called “Eliminating Self-Defeating Behavior” which she was very enthused about. The SDB diary would have been the Self Defeating Behavior journal.

Jane wrote in Will's Baby Book: "This book was presented to William by his good friends, Judy and Tim Price and family, of Kyle, Texas - Christmas, 1978." Continuing, she wrote:

Our move from Texas to Utah was fairly difficult, but all went well. I was 7 and a half months pregnant, with constant, annoying, but apparently harmless, heart palpitations. After weeks of cleaning, sorting and packing, I flew to Salt Lake while Al drove with the three girls. We moved into our home at 9700 Canyon Road, Manilla, on August 20. Amy fell off her bike at Warner's next door on moving day and broke her arm!

We worked hard to get unpacked and settled before the baby came. I even canned tomatoes and made peach jam. We sang at David and Linda Weaver's wedding on Sept. 21st. I wasn't sure I'd be there!

What would this baby be? A Katherine or Margaret? Or a David or William? Oh, how we longed for a son! But after 3 girls we thought a 4th was inevitable and we contentedly awaited daughter #4. We were kept busy selling our home in San Marcos, Texas, and planning our move to Utah in August so Al could begin teaching at B.Y.U.



September 24, 1978 at 1:22AM – 7 pounds, 12 ounces, 20 inches long. On Saturday evening the 23rd we were visiting with the Weavers in Sandy when I began labor in earnest. We drove home, settled the girls, called Claudia to come, then left for the hospital about 10:30 PM. The nurse who checked me said I had a long time to wait—not much was happening. I knew better! She came back in an hour and then did she scurry! Dr. Rowley barely made it at the last moment—and there was no time for any anesthetic! But joy of joys—a boy! Pain was quickly forgotten in the wonder of a new little life—perfect and healthy—and a boy! Al was tickled pink. I was delirious! I was so excited I couldn't sleep all night. I called E.C. and Judy from the recovery room with the good news.

He's such a beautiful baby. He looked just like all our others—sandy hair, blue eyes—perfect! Will's dad and Grandma and Grandpa [Al's mother and her husband] were allowed to visit us in the hospital. E.C. came and stayed with the family while we were in the hospital and for a few days after we got home. Great help and great company! Judy came for a week when E.C. left – marvelous!

From E.C.'s journal:

September 1978

Returning from Janie's: The baby has arrived. Hooray, it's a boy! Jane and Al are ecstatic. And is he well, healthy and strong. Janie nurses him and is feeling much better than she did the last few weeks of her pregnancy. What a blessing—especially when sad evidence of tragedy is all around us. The girl in the next bed in her hospital room lost her baby. Then word came that Teresa Brown's baby came, but only lived a few hours. Jane is so fortunate to have four healthy, beautiful babies.

I really enjoyed Carrie. She is really growing up—is ever so much more cheerful than I remembered her. The new Toronto house in Pleasant Grove is most charming, but may be sitting on "shifting, drifting sands" so if they stay there, they'll need some work done to solidify the foundation and certify it.

Al loves his new job at the university [BYU]. The atmosphere is really different. He says there is much more academic freedom and no fear that the government will stop funding because there

are no government funds accepted. The university has vowed to become the best in the world. Al thinks it can, within as short a period as 10 years—and everything is moving in that direction. “The Church really does things right,” says Al.

From Will’s Baby Book:

“On Fast Sunday, November 5, 1978, Will was blessed by his father at the Manilla 3^d Ward (Training School Chapel). Uncle Gary and Aunt Nana came down from Salt Lake. It was a very special blessing—a very special day!” [Gifts were noted from 29 couples and individuals.]

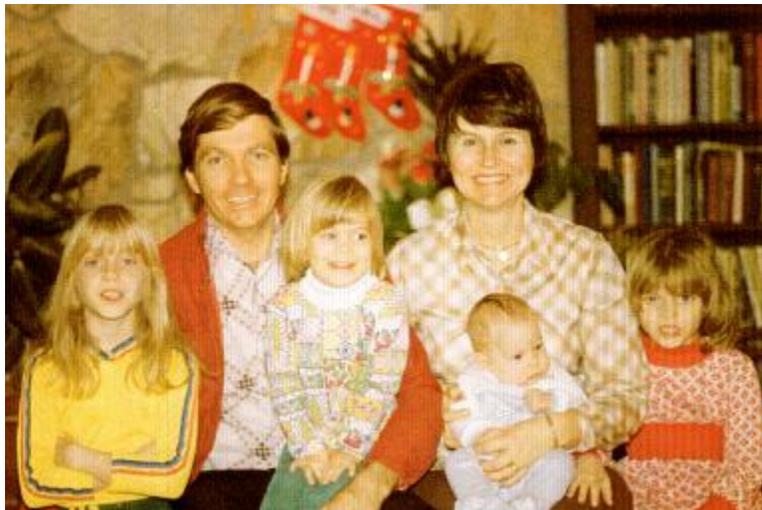
Again from Jane’s journal:

November 19, 1978 – Sunday

My journal has been packed away for a long time! I decided to try and find it this morning and amazingly enough – among the jumble of disorganized stacks of boxes in the basement – it was in the first box I opened. It almost jumped out at me! The house is quiet for a little while. Sweet baby William is napping – and Cindy, too. She was up most of the night, temp. of 103 and vomiting. Amy and Carrie have been sick, too, but they were feeling good enough for me to send them to Sunday School this morning. Al is out of town at an ASHA convention.

The past three months have been very eventful – and trying. The movers came as scheduled on Aug. 15 – we stayed with Judy and Tim those two nights. I’ll never forget turning the corner of our street and seeing the moving van at our house – boxes and furniture everywhere – loading up. It was awful. Judy was with me – we both bawled. Al and the kids left the next day, driving, and I stayed till Friday and flew to Salt Lake. Thursday night Judy and I went to dinner at Moss Cliff with Donna Campbell and Donna Locke. We had a marvelous time and it was so hard to say goodbye! But it was even harder to say goodbye to Judy at the San Antonio airport Friday morning! The man in the seat next to me must have thought I was strange. I wiped my eyes all the way to Denver! I

stayed with Al’s mom. The cold front in Salt Lake was a welcome relief from the heat in Texas (especially with the Price’s air conditioning out for 3 days!) I finally got some sleep! Al and the kids arrived Saturday evening – so good to see them again! Monday we cleaned our new house and shampooed carpets. Tuesday the movers arrived!



The movers were just going good at lunch time and ... [from Amy’s baby book] Amy was riding her bike on the steep driveway at the

neighbors and fell and broke her arm. It was dislocated, too. What an introduction to our new home!

Highland, Utah

January 1979

E. C.,

I'm slow, as usual. This will never arrive in time for your birthday! SO, hope you had a happy day! So glad you're my sister. Don't know what I'd do without you!

It was so great to talk to you the other night! You really cheered me up. Don't know what I'd do without you! I'm working on the babysitter situation and have a few leads to check out. And I feel good about things!

We're enjoying the album you sent so much – the best Christmas present ever! Thanks so much. Love the outfit you sent for William, too.

E.C., do you know how neat you are? Love and appreciate you so much! Sorry I missed your birthday, but glad you had a good weekend in Vegas. Can't wait to see you in March! So glad you're my sis!

Please forgive me! Loads and loads of love, Janie

Highland, Utah

Tuesday Feb. 6, 1979

Dear E. C.,

I wanted to get a note off to you yesterday but didn't get to it. I finished wallpapering the bath about 11:30 last night! It's so nice to have it done! (Al's Mom helped Saturday and yesterday, too!)

I'm sorry I sounded so down Sunday night when I called. A good night's sleep helped put things back in perspective and I'm doing great! Al and I decided I seem to have established a pattern of "Sunday night-end-of-the-week blues." Must work on that!

It's snowing again. We're all so tired of winter and fighting that white stuff! We have about 10 inches on the ground–no sun to melt it! The girls all have colds but are doing fine. I'm doing fine, and taking your good advice! I count on you so much and appreciate you. Just wanted to tell you how much I love you! Have a good day!

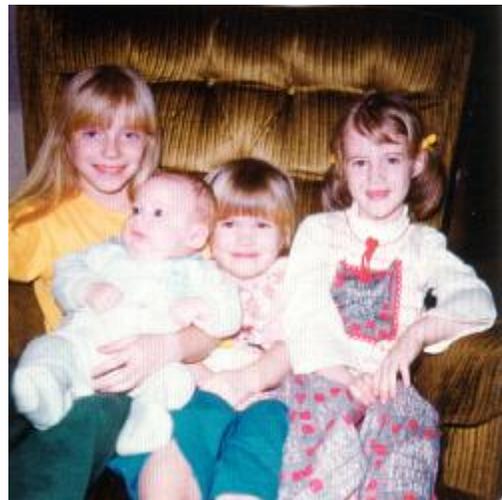
Love, Janie

Highland, Utah

Tuesday Feb. 27, 1979

Dear E. C.,

Just had to take a minute to jot you a line and send you some recent pictures of my gorgeous kids! (Don't I sound like a doting parent? I am! At least sometimes!) It was so good to get your note – and I enjoyed reading your book review. Great! Now I just need to get really into Nibley's book! There always seems to be too much to do!



I lent my tape of "Depression and Mormon Women" to a friend today who hadn't seen it, so I'll pick it up tomorrow and get it off to you. Like I told you on the phone, the quality is not the best, but I think it's all intelligible. At the very end of the tape it sounds like I cut her off in mid-sentence (the tape ran out), but by the time I flipped it over, she finished that short sentence, and that really was the end of the show! You'll see what I mean when you get it. Pardon my rotten typing.

The partial eclipse we saw yesterday was really terrific! The clouds broke away long enough to get some really good glimpses of it. Amy and I made a "camera" with a pinhole on a piece of cardboard, then watched the shadow of the eclipse on a piece of paper. Did you get to see much of it? Our kids were all thrilled—Carrie especially. She is really loving her school science units on the solar system. William is finally getting over his ear infection and bronchitis. I took him back to the doctor Saturday – he was really wheezing and having trouble breathing, and not eating. The doc was ready to hospitalize him if he got worse – but he got better instead! He still has a terrible-sounding cough, but that's to be expected. It's so nice to see him happy again!

We're so excited to see you in a couple of weeks! Can hardly wait! Talk to you soon.

Love,

Janie

PS: The head of programming at KSL said they are going to be deciding soon about making a movie or videotape available of the program – they have had lots of requests!

May 3, 1979 - from Will's Baby Book:

"I walked into Will's room to get him up from his nap this afternoon and he was sitting up in his crib! This was the first time he pushed up to sit alone – he's 7 months old."

Rolled over—tummy to back – 5 months

Rolled over—back to tummy – 6 months

Began creeping – 6 months

Sat alone – 7 months

Began crawling – 7, 8 months

"Will went through a stage of being terrified by men with beards. Once a bearded repairman came – he was terror-struck! (about 8 or 9 months)"

"Extremely loud noises and motorcycles scared Will around age two.

He would frequently run in the house, announcing, 'Dat motorcycle scare me!'"

Jane returned to her personal journal with the following:

May 24, 1979 – Thursday

I've decided to place this page first in my journal and use it as a sort of preface to my writing. I've resolved to be more diligent about recording the events and thoughts I want to remember! Family records are so important!

Al and I had a delightful experience at the temple yesterday. Sister Myrtle Smith of San Marcos, Texas, arrived in Salt Lake on Tuesday and is staying with us for a few days. We went to the Salt Lake temple with her where she received her endowments and we acted as proxy for her parents, Lula May Bingham and Joseph Jefferson Smith. I enjoyed so much being with her in the brides' room and hearing Sister Curtis, the temple matron, lecture. We performed the sealings for

Myrtle's family, too, and that was a wonderful experience. It was a real spiritual experience to kneel at the altar with Al and Myrtle and participate in sealing her to her parents and her parents to each other. Myrtle was really thrilled by it all – she really is a sweet lady! Afterwards we went to the Pagoda for dinner – wonderful Chinese food!

It was a good day from start to finish. Myrtle went with me to BYU. I dropped her at the library while I went to my Church History class. We're covering the Ohio period now – such sacrifices the early Saints had to make! I'm really enjoying the class, though it's often difficult to keep things running smoothly at home, and get there! I feel so fragmented sometimes. But this class is worth the effort! Today Myrtle is at the Genealogy Library in Salt Lake. She rode up with Lyman Platt, a neighbor who works there. I'm going to catch up on washing and cleaning and attention for the kids – 3 with colds, 2 ear infections, and one case of chicken pox (Carrie)!

Will's Baby Book - July 24, 1979:

"Will is 10 months old today. He couldn't be a better or more delightful baby! He's so happy and good natured! We spent the holiday at home today working in the yard. William loves to be outside these gorgeous summer days. I let him out of the playpen while I was pulling weeds. In about 10 seconds he was half-way to Jones' house, scurrying on his hands and feet, bottom in the air, down the sidewalk as fast as he could! He likes grass better than he used to, though he still feels it gingerly at first. Such funny, prickly stuff!

"Will weighs about 20 pounds now. He's been very healthy all summer – no ear infections! He's so cute! (His mother is a very objective observer!) He's round and sturdy and beautiful – and constantly going! It won't be long before he's walking!"

Highland, Utah

August 19, 1979

Dear E. C.,

It's such a beautiful cool day. A storm a few days ago brought us welcome relief from the heat. Al and the girls are at Sacrament Meeting. I must admit I'm enjoying the peace and quiet at home. Will has a cold and was a super crab at Sunday School, but he's a happy little toad now. Has pulled out all the Tupperware and is trying it on, etc.

A little peace and quiet help my equilibrium so much! This is the first summer I've said I'll be glad for school to start! Our new Highland school will open on time – Tuesday, the 28th – but unfinished. Just one more week. Fall is about here!

Tim and Ellen [Judy's daughter] left Thursday. It was great to have them here. But I'm still tired! Tim and Al had a great time [they had backpacked into the high Uintas] – had a couple of dandy storms – one while walking out. That trek was a muddy mess, apparently, but they loved it! Tim (Al, too) was ecstatic about the mountains! Tim and Ellen planned a day at the Grand Canyon on their way home.

While the guys were gone the Kellys "dropped in" on us – moving to California. They are friends we met in San Marcos, then went to Tennessee. Now he's going [illegible]. I probably told you about their two wild little boys – anyway – they were pulling 2 U-Haul's to California. They stayed part of a day and overnight. Their boys (Carrie's and Cindy's ages) are more pleasant

(growing up) than they ever were in Texas! It was nice to see them. Ben was disappointed not to see Al. Of course, Al was, too, when he got home.

Well, the troops are home. I'd better finish this and throw some supper on the table.

Hit a good garage sale Friday and found some good kids clothes – even a pair of shoe skates (\$2.25) for Carrie. She was thrilled! I also found a White Mountain ice cream freezer – like new – never been used, for \$25 (instead of \$80 new) – and it works super!

Wish we weren't so far apart – so many little things it would be fun to visit about every day! Nobody understands me like my sis E.C.! Sure glad I've got you!

Love you so much! Janie

Sunday nite: So good to talk to you this afternoon. We went to a High Priests fireside tonight. Bro. And Sis Owens, a visiting professor from Wales living in our ward, spoke. It [illegible]... their small branch, etc. A family in our ward they knew at Harvard about 13 years ago, the Tullises, were instrumental in converting them, though it took 10 years. (So there's hope for Tim and Judy!) They are from North Wales. Aren't our people from South Wales?

William is in bed – objecting! His cough woke him up. I got him up to give him another dose of cough medicine, then he decided that the being up business was fun. He's a cute little stink (but such a cute one!) Now Carrie, his roomie, is awake and trying to be patient!

Must say goodnight. I'm looking forward to Education Days (on BYU campus this week). Hope I get there!

Been thinking about you a lot lately – sure do love you and appreciate you. I've been down on myself lately. Can't seem to get anything done but “kid around.” But I guess that's an occupational hazard. I need to be more patient – with them – and me – and Al, too.

Hope you had a good evening with your company. Tomorrow starts a new week – all kinds of possibilities! (If I can get that baby to sleep!)

Keep smilin' -- love you so much! You are super-special – so great! Thanks for being you! Love, Janie

Jane returned to her journal with the following entry:

September 4, 1979

My journal entry of Nov. 19, 1978 was interrupted, so I thought I'd use this space to summarize the months following our move from Texas in August. With the passage of time details are sure easy to overlook and forget! About noon on move-in day (Canyon Road house) Amy fell off her bike on the steep hill at Warner's and broke her arm. Al took her to orthopedic surgeons in Provo, thank goodness. It was dislocated, too!

On Sept. 19 we had a cold snap and 2 inches of snow! The freeze broke a water pipe to the cooler (undetected for two days) then the house began moving! Big cracks appeared – doors binding, etc., and old damage reappeared. We got worried – called engineers – they said it was serious – maybe \$20,000 to repair. Thank goodness we hadn't closed on the house!

Our boy was born on Sept. 24th – no anesthetic – but a fast recovery and no heart problems! A perfect baby – our darling William Duncan. Judy came – then E.C. Neat! Fall was gorgeous, too.

We house-hunted, then moved the day before Halloween – bad feelings with Atkinsons and the realtors fighting over the new house! I was an emotional mess. Will was barely 5 weeks old! I liked our Manilla ward better – felt totally isolated and friendless! Cried a lot!

Judy, Tim and Ellan came for Thanksgiving. We had an open house with all the Torontos and Weavers. E.C. and kids camp up for skiing after Christmas – that was the winter's highlights! I hated so many months of so much snow – felt trapped! And lonesome. Spring was so welcome! The Ulvogs visited, then Roy and Zelma. I can't forget my San Diego weekend with Judy April 1st. Marvelous! Then Myrtle came, then chicken pox – then the Shaeffers! Chicken pox stayed the longest – 6 weeks with all 4 kids!

Jane's journal entries:

Clovis, New Mexico

July 9, 1979 – Monday

We're here at the Shaeffers – relaxing and visiting on our way home from Texas. We've been gone almost two weeks – and we've had a wonderful time. We're tired, though. The baby is teething and the girls have been running fevers. It's time to go home.

We left Utah on Wed. June 27th about 5 AM. William was scabby but no longer contagious with chicken pox. Now they've all had it – hooray! It's over! We pulled into Clovis around 11 and were all beat – too far for one day with little ones! Will was super crabby from Santa Fe on! Thursday we relaxed – went to dinner at the club with E.C. and Marty to celebrate our anniversary – 11 years!

Friday we left Clovis about 10 – picked up Carl Crowell in Olton, Texas and headed for San Marcos. The Shaeffers van was marvelous for traveling – so nice of them to trade us for a week! We stopped in San Angelo to visit with the Allens for an hour. Katherine Beall was visiting her grandparents there. It was a marvelous surprise for the girls! They picked up right where they left off. Same old Katherine and Carrie! I had a delightful visit with Mrs. Allen while Al and Mr. Allen searched for a gas station. We arrived in Kyle, Texas late – about 11 and Judy and Tim had David's house all ready for us. We tucked the kids in, visited a little then crashed.

Saturday – So great to see Judy and Tim and the kids. Lots of catching up to do! In the afternoon we headed to Blue Hole in Wimberley to a Branch picnic – super! (They almost called it off, but when they heard we were coming they held it anyway.) The river was wonderful – those gorgeous old cypress trees! Al and Tim and the big kids had a ball swinging off the ring. William was a big hit with everyone. It was great to see everybody.

Sunday – July 1st – Fast Meeting at the Branch and even Tim and Ellan came to church! The Branch has grown. In so many ways it felt like we never left! Al and Carrie and I bore our testimonies. I got only a little misty! Sunday night Ellan babysat and we went out to dinner with Tim and Judy to Los Tres Bobos in Austin – good food – better company!

Monday – Al spent the day with Lloyd. I kidded around and in the PM Judy and I took kids to Aquarena. It was as gorgeous as I remembered. The kids were in heaven. And William loved the

baby pool! We went to Wrights for dinner and met Nina, Lloyd's new wife. We had a very nice evening, but I was a little miffed when Al told me to take the kids home. He wanted to stay for more chess with Lloyd! (Same old Al and Lloyd!) Oh, well.

Tuesday, July 3 – Judy and I had our day while Al babysat and took kids to Burger Chef and the movies. We hit “Sticky Sticky Stombo” a new children's consignment shop and Second Time Around – and found lots of neat bargains! We had a gourmet hamburger for lunch – yum – more shopping, then finished off our day with a frogurt sundae, of course. We got home just in time to collect the gang and head to Canyon Dam for water-skiing with the Donnells and Leedom's. Everybody had fun – especially Al – but William had a blistered bottom (neglected perhaps?) and was miserable by the time we got home. I wondered if the outing was worth it!

Wednesday – July 4th – River day! We relaxed in the morning and started about noon after dropping William and Cindy off at Wilma Stone's. Judy and I had a little trouble getting our act together in the canoe at first, but we soon got used to it and did fine. We had fun at the chute – Judy got some dandy bruises – the water was great and it was a gorgeous day! Later I canoed with Amy and Carl. We got under some trees, and in trying to maneuver and lean out a branch cleaned me right out into the river – wearing the camera! I had a little trouble chasing the paddle, but I got it. The current was faster than I thought it was. Al came along and helped me clamber back in. Yikes – ruined the camera! We were all tiring by the time we reached the dam. Al dove off it, of course. Clouds blew up and sprinkled on us a little. We got to Pecan Park about 5 – pooped! Big kids (and Al) swung off the rope into the river for one last time – such a neat day! We picked up the little ones and headed out to Prices for dinner – it tasted marvelous to all us famished canoeists! The men took all the kids to Zilker Park to see the fireworks about dusk. Judy and I enjoyed the quiet, the baby, and a good relaxing visit – then fell into bed early!

Thursday, July 5 – Awakened to a rainy day – neat! We headed out to Laurel Estates to visit the Jones's and the Schiegg's. Gracie's new baby, Trent, is a doll! Dawn came over and we all had a good visit while the kids played. The Colemans invited us to see the house. I had to fight back the tears. The house and yard looked marvelous. How I miss it! We headed out to Deer Run and dinner at the Sayres. Campbells were there too – a very nice evening! Carrie spent the night with Cherie. Such good friends are hard to find!

Friday, July 6 – Getting ready to head north tomorrow – more rain! Al spent more time with Lloyd. Judy and I did a little shopping and had lunch at Moss Cliff. Super! Al and I ran up to Austin to talk to the consignment places (should I start one in Utah?) We were to go to the Oles for dinner, but they had complications at the photo studio (typical!) so we went swimming at Prices and then back to Judy and Tim's when Marion and Henry arrived. We had a great visit and lots of yummy peanut butter ice cream! A delightful evening. The girls were very sad at the thought of leaving, so they slept over one more time. Cindy and Johnny came with us to David's for the last night.

Saturday, July 7 – packed up – had breakfast at Prices, said our good-byes and headed out. It was hard to say goodbye. Judy is such a dear friend (and I wish she would get baptized!) We all had a wonderful time! We arrived in Clovis about 9:30 mountain time – exhausted – with a fussy baby.

Sunday night late we packed up ready to head out about 10 PM, planning to drive all night and get home in one day. All the kids woke up when we gassed up in Albuquerque. Amy was very feverish – but all calmed down soon. We made it to Cortez by breakfast, Price at lunch – home about 3 – a relatively hassle-free trip. We were tired – nice to be home!

Summer summary 1979

I had intended to get so much done this summer! We got the basement wallboard all up, then moved Carrie and Amy down. So nice to have the room! We decided to start the yard – sprinkling system and sod, plus trees. So much work! After our trip to Texas (and all the chicken pox) we started in again. The girls enjoyed gymnastics and swimming lessons, lots of playing with neighborhood friends. So nice to be on a dead-end street with lots of nice kids around! I started finishing furniture for the little girls' room. Al spent most of his time finishing his truck. He finally got it painted candy apple red - gorgeous! He's proud of his neat toy. (I have to admit that at times I have resented it!)

We've progressed on the house, too. We put big double doors off the entry and made an office and music room out of Will's bedroom. While I went to Education Week in August, Al put the bay window in the family room. What a marvelous difference the light and view makes! It seems there's no end of projects with a new (almost new) house! I was actually glad for school to start. Things were seeming a little chaotic! Carrie is in 4th – Amy in 1st – in the new Highland School. They love it. Things are settling into a routine. Al is teaching again. Indian summer is gorgeous. My attitude has improved a lot since last year!

Continuing in Jane's personal journal:

In flight: Dallas to Salt Lake

September 9, 1979

Diary entry:

What a super weekend this has been! Judy was baptized last night! Actually it began Wednesday morning when Judy called with the news. She was going to be baptized. Tim felt comfortable about things at last. I cried, and called Al with the fabulous news. We talked about it late Wednesday night. Al quietly announced, "Jane, you have to go." I hadn't dared hope – thought it out of the question financially, but I wasn't about to argue! When I called her back Thursday she was ecstatic! What a neat hubby. Not only to let me go, but to pay for it and to babysit!

Friday I took off at the crack of dawn and caught a 7:15 flight – arrived San Antonio at 12:30. So great to see Judy! We had lunch on the River Walk and browsed in La Villita. I had forgotten such heat and humidity! Had dinner and a pleasant evening visiting with Tim and the kids. Judy, Ellan and I stayed up late talking. Then slept in Saturday morning! I missed Highland's cool breezes!

We did our typical routine of a special day's fun on Saturday: Lunch at the crepe place on the patio, stopped at the Second Time Around, finished off with frozen sundaes. Then back to Kyle. After a brief rest, back to Austin with the family for the baptism. I gave Judy a copy of Spencer W. Kimball with a note I agonized over. She cried! The baptism was most interesting. The elders were there and the Donnels, Sayres and Stones (the only ones Judy invited). She asked me to say a prayer

with her in the dressing room—a most special experience! Shuck Donnel conducted and asked me to give the opening prayer. There was no talk. He announced the baptism immediately. Judy had said she wanted it short and sweet, but that short? Shuck baptized her. It was perfect! So marvelous! I was so grateful to be there! Next came the confirmation and instead of Shuck confirming her, Virgil assumed he was to do it and Judy, afraid of hurting his feelings, said fine. I cringed (ungracious me) and sure enough my worst fears were realized. He stumbled repeatedly, “We con... Con...” and Shuck whispered “confirm.” Then he got it out and went on. Oh, I wanted it to be so perfect for her! The rest of the blessing was okay, but not nearly what Al would have said, or even Shuck! But she came back to her seat beaming. I was a little disappointed – but ashamed of my feelings. I asked her why she didn’t make it clear she had asked Shuck to also confirm her. She said it was so obvious Virgil wanted to do it. She wouldn’t have hurt him (and Joan) for the world! I thought she handled it beautifully. I think she might have been more impatient, more curt, a year ago!? When we called Al she told him Virgil’s stumbling was the perfect touch, and she meant it kindly – and added that it counted just as well – it didn’t matter at all. Super Judy!

We went out for pizza afterwards. Shuck and Ann treated. And we had fun. Then back to Kyle for homemade peanut butter ice cream! (Too much eating this trip!) We called E. C. with the news, then crashed.

Sunday we sneaked out early for a breakfast taco at The Texan (yummy) – then church. It was great to see everybody and surprise so many people! Myrtle cried – everybody hugged. Lynn Kramer about broke my ribs! Judy’s organ is at church now, but a good instrument didn’t make Wilma’s playing sound much better! Frances Lewis R. S. class and Paul Ulvoy’s S. S. were – well, consistent (bluntly – boring as usual)! But I love that branch anyway! I especially enjoyed visiting with Donna Campbell, Donna Locke, Rae Kramer and of course Jean and Ann and Dawn Schiegg.

I tried to call Lloyd (not home). They are almost totally inactive, I hear. I enjoyed a good chat with Gracie. She said she didn’t know Mormons baptized. Well I may get a point, for Judy (a small one), but I sure didn’t share the gospel with Gracie – at least actively!

Judy and I had a good visit driving to San Antonio. My flight even left through the same gate as last year when I left! Saying goodbye and leaving will never be that hard again – plus we have Thanksgiving to look forward to! Now I’m in flight. Dallas to Salt Lake and we’re about 25 minutes late. I’m ready to go home to my Al and my kids. I really had the poor me’s last week – threw a real pity party – but a good talk with Al restored my equilibrium – and now this super weekend. I’m so glad Al insisted that I go. It was every bit as important as Judy coming to Utah when I had William – maybe more! I still can hardly believe it – Judy really got baptized – and I’m all misty again. Thank you, Lord, for letting me be a small part of this and sharing in it this weekend!

The above was a carbon copy of her journal. On it she penned a note to E.C.:

Monday morning:

A glorious morning – so good to be home! Al and kids got along fine, but oh, the laundry! The carpet people came and measured the kitchen for linoleum. It’s going to be a pain ripping up the kitchen carpet. We may have to put down a new subfloor to get it smooth! (They charge \$17.50 an hour to rip it up because they don’t want to do it.) Have to get this out for the mailman. Judy really did it! Isn’t it neat!

Love you, sis!

Janie

Highland, Utah - from Will's Baby Book:
September 24, 1979:

"I came home from class tonight to find Will happily scooting around the kitchen, wearing his favorite hat, the colander! We celebrated his birthday yesterday (Sunday) with a family dinner and carrot cake. He likes the icing only! He had a great time ripping open his presents. Cindy loved showing him how! His favorite present is the xylophone – he's been banging on it all day!

"This has been a wonderful year. Will has been a delightful, loving, happy, absolutely perfect baby! He loves to hug – and really snuggles and hugs our necks tight. He usually tackles anybody on the floor, mugging and hugging. He turns his dad's heart to putty—and the girls dote on him! So does his mom, though she's a little leery of those sharp little teeth since he bit her on the neck in the middle of a hug!



"Will began taking steps about 10 months. He scoots so fast on hands and feet (usually no knees) that he's not much interested in walking.

"By 12 months Will can take 5 or 6 steps or more before sitting down. Sometimes he'll go half-way across the room, grinning ear to ear and crowing, very proud of himself. He often gets up all alone in the middle of the room and starts walking, laughing and talking, as if to say, 'Hey, look at me!'

"By 13 months Will was confidently walking alone – though a bit unsteadily at times. By 14 months he was running – and climbing on everything reachable!"

Highland, Utah

Wednesday October 3, 1979

Dear EC,

So busy lately it seems. Always 29 more things to do – and this class is really keeping me busy – and I'm really not learning that much. Maybe someday I'll run a clinic and really turn it into something.

I thought you'd enjoy this article – maybe even pass it around. It's about time people talked about these things! (By the way, I've met Carol Lee Hawkins – the R. S. teacher mentioned who developed lesson material on depression.) She says many local R. S. groups are clamoring for copies of her stuff – but when she offered it to the General Board in Salt Lake – no dice! They are not interested. They want to ignore the whole thing – just sweep the problem under the rug and pretend it isn't there! Hmmm. Interesting!

Have to run – I'll pop this into the mail. So good to talk to you the other night.

Love you! Hugs and kisses to all!

Janie

[Attached to this letter was the article "Mormon Women and Depression" from the Sunstone Magazine for March-April 1979.]

The Toronto Christmas letter included the photo below:



CHRISTMAS 1979

Dear Ones,

Life is more joyous in sharing. Had we written a book about 1979, here are some of the titles we could have chosen.

Fiction: How to Make a Million in Commodities by Allen S. Toronto

Nonfiction: Raising a Family on a Professor's Salary by Jane and Al Toronto

Adventure: Backpacking in Utah's High Uintas by Al Toronto

Humor: How to Survive Your Own Cooking While Camping by Al Toronto

Yes, You CAN Go Back to Graduate School with Four Small Children, by Jane Toronto

Travel: Running the Rapids on the San Marcos River by the Toronto River Rats

San Diego Weekend Adventure: or How to Leave Daddy Home with the Kids, by Jane Toronto

Academic: The Thrill of Learning to Read, by Amy Toronto, age 6

Music: Your First Piano Recital, byCarolynn Toronto, age 10

Sports: How to Win at Racquetball on Your Lunch Hour, by Al Toronto

The Joy of Skiing by Carolynn, Jane and Al Toronto

Child rearing: Bringing up Parents: That Exciting First Year, by William Toronto, age 1

If I Ran the World: of It's Fun to be Four, by Cynthia Toronto, age 4

Health: How to Catch Chicken Pox One at a Time and Drive Your Mother Nuts all Summer, by the Toronto kids

History: Its Been a Wonderful Year, by the Toronto family

*Have a wonderful Christmas and a Joyous New Year
Much love from the Torontos
Al and Janie
Carrie, Amy, Cindy and Will*

From Will's Baby Book

June 10, 1980:

"Al took Will (20 months) with him to the B.Y.U. barbershop. Daddy took a baby, and brought home a boy! He looked so grown up his Mom almost cried! Al said he was super good—even all the barbers were amazed at him—he sat so still. Of course he loved the sucker they gave him! What a boy!"

August 18, 1980:

"Will is almost two and he's making sure we don't forget it! This morning I couldn't find my contact lenses. After 10 minutes of ransacking the bathroom I got a little suspicious. Amy said she thought she had seen the case downstairs, and sure enough—there it was among the toys—and empty! We went over the whole house on our hands and knees and found one in the bathroom! What a pill! A new pair is going to cost me \$80.00! It's a good thing he's cute 'cause he sure is a pain sometimes! He's into everything!"



On August 24, 1980 Jane resumed her journal writing, this time with a typewriter:

The last day of summer –

School starts tomorrow for the kids – Where has the summer gone? At the risk of waking everybody this morning I'll try typing a journal entry. Maybe if I can find a more convenient method of writing I'll do it more often! I've been awake since 5:30 with a bad headache – it's finally starting to ease up now – so I might as well do something relatively useful. I think the hectic pace of the last week or two is finally catching up with me.

It's been a good summer – I hate to see it end – but I'm also looking forward to getting some order back into my life and having the kids back in school! Carrie will be in 5th grade (can't believe it!), Amy in 2nd, and Cindy will start Kindergarten. They are all very excited about school – especially Cindy! It's going to be hard for her to watch the girls leave to catch the bus in the morning and know that she has to wait until Thursday! And Will – I'm sure he is going to be lost without his sisters around so much!

On April 29th classes started for me. I began teaching at BYU part time – “Introduction to Education of Children with Learning Disabilities,” Ed. Psych. 426. I really enjoyed it – all my preparation at Texas Lutheran really came in handy! If I hadn't taught essentially the same thing there I would have had a lot of work! As it was I think I probably worked the students (and myself) a little too hard, but I tried to keep it consistent with what Betty Harrison required when she taught it. All in all it was a terrific experience, and I think most of the students learned a lot. Some, however, complained most vociferously when I asked for evaluations after the final! Guess you can't make everybody happy! Lisa Cameron came a couple of times a week to clean for me – she really helped me keep my head above water!

The week after Easter, before school started for me, we took a quick California vacation with the girls when Al had to go to Los Angeles to consult. David and Linda Weaver stayed with Will, and we drove down with the three girls and took in Disneyland, the San Diego Wild Animal Park and Sea World. I took lots of pictures and wrote up the trip in our “Toronto's Travels” book. Lots of fun!

On the weekend of May 16th Al and I left all the kids and drove to Clovis on a combination get-away/business weekend. Ken and Barry flew in for a meeting with Shaeffers to explain the money programs (which went very well) and we had our first weekend alone in literally years! We spent a day in Santa Fe on the way home – terrific! Lots of fun shopping – and it was so nice to put a little romance back in our “get-in-a-rut” lives! (I'm really crazy about that man I married!)

I finished teaching the end of June – and I immediately signed up for Al's Dynamics class summer session. That proved to be a mistake, since I was tired from teaching and the summer was getting hectic. I ended up taking an Incomplete, even though Al disapproved.

Judy arrived for a week on July 23 – it was so great to see her! She had put on weight but was feeling better on her thyroid (etc.) medication. We took a little get-away weekend in Park City, even though Al grumbled. We shopped, relaxed, ate, and took in the bluegrass festival. (Loved the music – was disgusted at the drunks!) Sunday we drove over to Midway and I gave Judy the scenic tour. She was impressed – and approved of our plans to move there. We got home in time for church so Al didn't have to teach my class after all! He was relieved!

Continuing with her journal, Jane wrote:

October 22, 1980 – my fortieth birthday –

I can't believe I really am 40 today. Writing it down is worse than saying it out loud! I'm really silly, I know, but I'm just not ready for this. SweetCarolynn is 11 today – that's a nice thought! E.C. called early this morning – I was really feeling blue. I went with the Primary presidency to clean the kitchen at church – a rather fitting activity for one's fortieth birthday, I thought! Judy called in the afternoon – really cheered me up! Al came home early and brought me some lovely flowers, a hilarious card, and some gorgeous earrings. He really was sweet! He said, "I don't know why this is such a big deal – you're only one day older than you were yesterday." Very true, but it's a milestone, and I wonder what I've really accomplished up to this point in my life, and what lies ahead. My kids are too little for me to be 40 already! And then, too, I think about what happened 40 years ago, and my dear parents, and I long to see them and hug them and talk with them. How I wish they could know Al, and these four little ones! I might wish to be a few years younger, but I wouldn't trade places with anybody else in the world!

Carrie is eleven today. Since she had an orthodontist appointment (yes, she is going to have braces) and I had Chorale rehearsal tonight, we opted for a birthday party on Monday afternoon (it was a holiday for deer hunt, of all things). We took 14 little girls bowling at the BYU games center. They absolutely loved it! And Al and I enjoyed ourselves too! We came home for hotdogs, cupcakes and ice cream – and the new pinball machine in the playroom was probably the biggest hit of the day! We're so proud of Carolynn – she really is a terrific kid! She is doing great on the piano, loves gymnastics, and is doing great in school, too. She's really growing up. (She's also starting to develop and is very embarrassed about it!)

My last journal entry on Aug. 24th got interrupted and never finished (typical). The summer went by in a flash, it seemed. We had a great garden this year – our first one in Utah – and I still have tomatoes to can in October! E.C. came for the genealogy conference after the Prices went home – so good to see her! Bob and Ellen [Toronto] came out for 2 weeks (only spent three days with us), so we had lots of company in August.

We hiked up Timp and had a great time. I got brave and auditioned for the Ralph Woodward Chorale – I talked Marie Nelson into going with me. We didn't hear anything for a week, but then got the word that we both made it! It is so great to sing with a group of that quality! I love it! Betty Harrison asked me to teach a class this fall, which I was going to do, but there weren't enough students after all, so it was cancelled. I was relieved. Just too much to do!

Well, It's late and I'm tired. Al went to bed an hour ago, and I had a rare urge to write something. This new typewriter is terrific! This is the start of a new decade for me. I hope I can make it a good one. What are some of my goals?

To get more control of my life – to act, not react, to direct, not be directed.

To find time for myself in enriching activities – singing, etc.

To cultivate and maintain a satisfying relationship with my husband – vibrant, growing, alive – and avoid getting in our same old rut.

To love and teach my children as much as I possibly can – and not just get bogged down in the daily necessities of clean clothes, food, etc. – provide them with opportunities, such as piano [lessons], etc.

To find a satisfying place in my profession – teaching part time, etc. – and make a meaningful contribution.

Accomplishing all that will take me a lifetime, not just a decade! I'll feel like my day is a total success tomorrow if I can just get Amy off to school without any tantrums and having practiced the piano agreeably!

Journal notes on hotel stationery:

November 16, 1980

Sunday PM, in flight

What a delightful weekend we've had! Thursday the 13th Al and I left home early (leaving Dave and Linda Weaver in charge of the kids) and flew to Austin, Texas. Judy and Tim Price met us at the airport – so great to see them! Judy and I took off for San Antonio while Al and Tim headed for San Marcos.

After a brief pilgrimage to Second Time Around and the frogurt shop (of course), we headed south. The warmth felt marvelous and the trees and the green were a visual feast! We checked in at the Four Seasons hotel by the river in San Antonio - very nifty place! Red carnation in the bathroom – the works! (\$75 a night – but as Judy says – we're worth it!) We had dinner at the hotel – on the patio – then headed up to a mall for a little shopping and a movie, "Oh God, Book II" – very juvenile, a disappointment.

Back at the hotel we talked till the wee hours – then slept till we woke up! No kids to wake me! Neat! Breakfast in the dining room was very nice – "a real class joint" – even a bowl of fruit on the tables. Judy introduced me to kiwi fruit – delicious!

We got to the mercado just as it opened – browsed and had fun – but didn't find much we couldn't live without! It was fun to see La Villita again, then we hit the hotel boutique and I spent plenty on two outfits with embroidered panels from Columbia! Nifty!

We headed back to Kyle in time to meet Tim, Al and Lloyd and Nina, Marian & Henry for dinner. As I went to get changed it dawned on me – no suitcase! I had left it standing in the hotel lobby in San Antonio – dumb! So I went to dinner in my jeans, feeling a little foolish. It was a very pleasant evening – so nice to see the Wrights and the Oles again.

Al got up early and drove to San Antonio to retrieve my suitcase in time for the groundbreaking at 10 on Saturday. We arrived on time, only to get lost. By the time we finally found the site we missed half the program and they were ready for our song! We were so embarrassed! Every eye was on us, but smiling! The wind was gusting and it was cold. I held on to the music with both hands and decided to forget about my skirt blowing in the wind and trusted that my straight slip would stay put! I sang "Love One Another" – the wind was at our backs so the sound carried – and the guitar sounded good, too! After we sat down I got all teary as I listened to the mayor and looked at all the branch members there! Such good people! Finally going to get their building!

Saturday night Sayres' had an open house for us and for the branch. It was great to see everyone. Randy and Kay Hamilton were there – so neat that he's a member now! Donna Locke filled me in (of course) about her divorce and the Campbell's divorce – Donna's excommunication. Donna J. and Craig are an item now – amazing how people's lives can get screwed up! On the way home we stopped to see Donna C. – a nice visit, but superficial with the kids there. She and Craig seem to have aged – how could she give up so much? So sad.

Saturday night Al and I slept at David's in the king-sized bed – much more comfortable – and private! Sure love that man I married!

Church was interesting – the chapel was just about bursting at the seams – lots of new faces, but same old branch in lots of ways. Virgil invited us into his office and very nervously asked us for a donation – even named a figure of \$5,000! It took the wind out of our planned donation a little. Al gave him \$1,000 and he was surprised!

Highland, Utah

January 1981

Dear E. C.,

Great minds think alike. Joey told me she sent you this same card! Anyway, now you have 2! Al gave this same one to me on my 40th birthday and I got such a kick out of it I thought you'd appreciate it too! I'll have some house plans ready to send you soon. We're excited to begin! How is your new house coming?

Wish I could see you! I miss you so much – so glad you're my sister!

Much love!

Janie

From Jane's "occasional" journal writing:

Utah Valley Hospital, January 29, 1981

Cindy is having her tonsils out this morning. In spite of our preparation for the hospital – books, talking, etc., she screamed and fought when the nurses drew blood and cried as they carried her off to the operating room. It's scary for a five-year-old!

Cindy's out now. She was gone about an hour. She came back crying, too – and mad! "I'm not ever coming back to the hospital! My throat hurts!" It's 10 AM now and she's fitfully sleeping. I kept Carrie home from school today to babysit. I hate to do that, but Amy can't go to school with chicken pox! I can't believe she got it twice, but that's what Dr. Griffin swears it is! It never rains but it pours!

It's been a busy winter so far. We had a quiet Thanksgiving – just Mom and Mike for dinner – very pleasant. We had a delightful Christmas Eve dinner and visit with the Weavers – then home to do our own thing. Santa brought way too much for the kids, of course, but they loved every minute of it! We went to Jones's for Christmas morning breakfast – very nice visit! Christmas night we went up to visit Al's mom – then started getting ready for our Hawaii trip – our Christmas present to each other! We left for Hawaii – in the fog – on Dec. 27th – returned to fog on Jan. 7th – a fantastic trip! I'm writing it up in a special "Hawaii book."

The kids got along fine while we were gone, but they all started getting sick when we got home! Cindy's awake now – and fussy!



About 1981

Valentine's Day card to E.C.:

Valentine's Day is the perfect time for sending you a world of love

And for telling you how much it means to have you for a sister.

Happy Valentine's Day With Love

Added note: "Words can't express how much I love you - how much I count on you - and how grateful I am for everything you do - and are - All my love, Janie"

In 1980 Al and Jane had bought a piece of property in Midway, Utah, and started building their dream house. In charge of construction was Jane's nephew, David Weaver. It was a beautiful



two-story log home and it was in this house that Jane spent the last five years of her life. Jane and Al loved Midway and it's quaint charm. They were welcomed into the community and took part in church and civic affairs.

Jane's journal:

Highland, Utah, September 2, 1981:

A lazy day - my sprained foot propped up on a pillow! Nerts! I fell in a chuckhole jogging with Al last night - really sprained it a good one! Al took me for x-rays this morning before he went to faculty meetings. Will has been a pill today - hard to chase on crutches! While I was talking to Nana on the phone he escaped just after going potty. I looked out the window and saw him on Ritchie's front porch - clad in his shirt only!

The troops have just marched in from school. They bounced in to check on my "broken foot" - now I hear them making snacks in the kitchen. What sweet girls - such fun to have them come home! But I must admit was so glad for school to start!

The new house wasn't done in time for the girls to start school in Midway - about three more weeks, Dave says! We're crazy about the house we're building - can hardly wait to move in! Finances have us nervous, though. This house isn't sold. Walker has postponed repaying Al the \$30,000 a half dozen times and ICH is having problems!

The summer seemed to go by so fast! Amy's 8th birthday was June 12th - she was baptized on the 4th of July - a wonderful experience! The Chorale sang in the Freedom Festival - a fun experience - also fun to see the Osmonds and work with them!

Carrie spent almost two weeks in Texas with the Prices - was gone over the 4th - we missed her! She sure had a good time! Cindy's 6th birthday was on August 6th. Then we took off for Clovis for the big wedding - Jo Ellen Shaeffer married Kevin Olsen on August 8th at E.C.'s house. A big champagne brunch followed at the country club - quite a bash - complete with ice sculptures - the works! We sang at the wedding and the reception - hardly a dry eye anywhere! We picked up tile for the house in Santa Fe - neat!

The house turned out to be a beautiful and wonderful home for the Toronto family.



They loved living in Midway, even though there were too many trips down a canyon road that was often difficult in winter. Actually, there was an extra month of winter at that high elevation. Everyone except skiers lived for the summers. They were glorious. Jane was ambitious enough to plant a large garden to the south of the house. It provided many wonderful vegetables in season. The annual Midway Swiss Days were a lot of fun for everyone, including the Torontos. Al said that:

Swiss Days have been going on for about 30 years now, and it started out as a little home town breakfast festival and it has turned out to be one of the biggest events in Utah. In fact Suzy and I did an art show there at Swiss Days last August. It was one of the best shows we've ever done. We saw everybody! In fact we are going back again next year. Swiss Days is a big fair with food and arts and crafts and about 100,000 people come up from Salt Lake City and around. The church has all the food concessions. When we were there, the wards actually took various food booths. Our ward had the sauerkraut and knockwurst booth. That's what Jane and I did at Swiss Days for years. They made the kraut by hand. They'd get together a couple of months before and they'd chop that cabbage and they'd put it in somebody's root cellar and let it rot for a couple of months. They were famous for their homemade sauerkraut. It really made your eyes water!

Members of our ward then served sandwiches for two days, and Jane and I always helped out. It was fun! The wards used to be able to keep all the money they made. We often would make above \$10,000 –but now it goes to the general missionary fund of the entire church.

There were many trips down the canyon road to Provo. There were music lessons, doctor and dentist appointments as well as shopping, a favorite activity for Jane. Also, Jane and Al attended the temple regularly. They usually drove to the Provo temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints where they could worship in reverential beauty and quiet. Al recalled, "Jane and I never had any disagreements. But it did seem like we had an occasional argument on the way to the temple. Any time we argued it was usually about my not doing enough with the kids. Typical."

Jane was invited to sing with the Wasatch Community Choir. She also began singing with the renowned Ralph Woodward Chorale in Provo. Early in December 1982 Jane sang two of the solo contralto numbers with the Chorale as they presented Handel's *Messiah*.

CHRISTMAS 1982
THE TORONTO FAMILY CHRISTMAS QUIZ

*Directions: Sharpen a #2 pencil. Choose the answers you like best—all are winners.
Ready. Begin.*

We're sending this Christmas Quiz because:

- We're lazy.*
- We like to steal ideas from creative friends.*
- We're too poor to send cards.*
- Writing 50-100 letters right now would send Jane to the funny farm.*

Our passive solar log home is:

- smack dab in the middle of a 3-acre former cow pasture in Midway, Utah.*
- one year old and still not finished.*
- marvelously warm, bright and cheerful—when the sun shines.*
- too big to keep clean.*
- too small for four wild kids who can't go out to play in a blizzard.*

Midway is:

- a quaint small town nestled in the mountains in beautiful Heber Valley, Utah.*
- far enough away from Salt Lake and Provo to have no smog, no crowds.*
- too far away from shopping malls, cultural events, excitement.*
- too cold in the winter (-40), too cool in the summer, too many flies.*
- the best place in the world to live.*

Al is:

- enjoying freedom from teaching since he resigned from the BYU faculty.*
- now an entrepreneur—you-name-it-he'll-sell-it—metals, coins, guns, cars, real estate, etc.*
- alternately exhilarated or depressed, depending on the national economy and our own.*
- teaching Sunday School, boys' youth leader in MIA, playing the guitar and skiing or snowmobiling every chance he gets.*

Jane is:

- teaching learning disabilities part-time at BYU.*
- singing in the Ralph Woodward Chorale, doing the alto solos in the Messiah, leading the music in Primary.*
- trying to keep it all together with growing kids, housekeeping, gardening, chauffeuring.*
- putting off the diet till after Christmas.*

Carolynn is:

- a 13-year old 7th grade A-student at Wasatch Middle School who loves math, skiing, snowmobiling and water skiing.*
- becoming a real musician—studies piano at BYU, practices 2 hours daily, and plays flute in the school band.*
- a TEENAGER—moody, bossy, noisy—with curling iron and brush permanently attached.*
- sweet, kind, even-tempered, delightful, helpful—Mom's right hand with kids and house.*

Amy is:

- a 9-year old 4th grader at Midway Elementary who loves art, writing and dawdling.*
- a reluctant piano student who plays well but usually only under duress.*
- taking art lessons and loving them—she writes and illustrates her own stories.*
- argumentative, stubborn, can't stand a clean bedroom.*
- sweet, kind, helpful, easygoing, loves 4th grade jokes and riddles—a joy.*

Cindy is:

- ___ a 7-year old 2nd grader at Midway Elementary who loves reading, roller skating, bike riding and Barbies.
- ___ a good piano student who likes to practice and loves to perform.
- ___ stubborn, bossy, teases her pesky little brother and fights with her sisters.
- ___ loveable, sweet, kind, helpful and neat—a delight.

William is:

- ___ 4 years old going on 8 who thinks he should be going to school right now!
- ___ all boy! He loves cars, trucks, motorcycles, airplanes, guns, playing with friends and dirt.
- ___ noisy, bossy, whiney, stubborn, willful, manipulative—the center of the universe.
- ___ sweet, cooperative, even-tempered, obedient, delightful—the apple of all our eyes.

Significant events of 1982:

- ___ We didn't buy a new (or old) car.
- ___ Al finished the greenhouse and hooked up the spa (can a blizzard be all bad when you're soaking in a hot tub among the geraniums and tomato plants?)
- ___ Getting snowed in at Targhee ski resort in February (Jane & Al).
- ___ Houseboating on Lake Powell (running out of gas in Davis Gulch can be exciting).
- ___ The 4th of July at Jackson Hole, Wyoming—the whole clan roughing it in style.
- ___ White water rafting on the Snake River—and surviving.
- ___ Spending the summer with your arm in a cast (Carolynn), then taking 2nd place in the Wasatch Piano Clinic Competition anyway.
- ___ Thanksgiving in Texas—a great trip and a great visit with family & friends.

We wish you:

- ___ A Merry Christmas!
 - ___ A Happy New Year!
 - ___ Many blessing and much joy in 1982!
- Love from the Torontos – Janie & Al, Carrie, Amy, Cindy & Will*

Jane loved her new house, but it was a challenge to keep up a large house, and occasionally she would get someone to help her. She would rather spend her time outdoors in her extensive vegetable garden than inside cleaning. Of course, much time was spent supervising the children's activities and meeting the many demands of family life. Jane and E.C. each needed a break from their many responsibilities, so a trip was planned for just the two of them to run off to San Diego for a few days.

E.C. wrote:

February 3-6, 1983

Jane was waiting for me when I got off the plane. Our planes were scheduled to land two minutes apart (which later she admitted to a passing fear of a mid-air that could take both our lives—the thought never occurred to me) but my plane was almost an hour late...

Friday evening Jane and I ate Mexican seafood and headed for a movie, only to find it sold out... We really didn't need many activities. We had so much conversation to enjoy - so many topics to cover: church, children, husbands, in-laws, clothes, health, education, the women's movement, music, men, women, everything. Jane said, "If I thought the Lord regarded women like some of the men in the church do, I'd apostatize right now!" I laughed and told her I'd found more chauvinism outside the church than in it. It's really a cross-cultural phenomenon. But I think I see gradual improvements being made. We had both brought our latest issues of *Dialogue* to read and discuss.

Jane is very bogged down right now with too much housework and child care so this trip was just what “the doctor” ordered for her to alleviate some of the stress and help change her perspective on her role in life. I had a strong feeling that she was harboring a serious problem, but when I finally asked her about it, she couldn’t name it. [I really believed she had a secret and wouldn’t tell me.] We parted with plans to celebrate our sisterhood again in a similar fashion next year.



There actually *was* a secret problem that even Jane did not know about at that time. And it turned out to be very serious indeed.

* * * * *