

CHAPTER V

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES OF MARGARET JANE WEAVER TORONTO 1964-1966

Prior to her mission, Jane had accepted a teaching position in Alhambra, California for the fall of 1963. In letters addressed from 135 N. 5th #J, Alhambra, California, she wrote to her mother, who was once again teaching in Franklin Park, Illinois.

Monday [undated]

Dear Mom -

Got your two letters when we got back from San Francisco last night. Yes, I did get the letter mailed in Cheyenne. I also got something forwarded from S. L., so I guess the Matthews have my address all right.

The trip was really fun. We left Wed. (I worked till 2) about 4 and drove to Stockton, 85 miles out of San Francisco and stayed with Joyce and Art Godi. Joyce was a roommate of Lynne's back in Heritage Halls days. Art is a real estate man and teaches evening school at the college. I think he joined the church about a year ago, before they were married. Anyway, they fixed us up with dates. I went with Tom Miller. He went to the Y (a Mormon). I didn't know him but had heard of him. He has a master's and is now a partner of his dad—lots of money. We had fun. He's supposed to be in L.A. this next weekend. Sure hope he calls. I'd like to see him again.

Friday morning we headed for San Fran. We got there about noon—saw some sights, rode the cable cars—fisherman's wharf—Broadway—the city view at the top of the Fairmont Hotel—and we stayed at Wendy's apartment. Saturday we toured the stores and also took a cruise around the bay—very good for \$1.25! Wendy got us dates for Saturday night—guys from South Africa (not black, of course!) And we had a scrumptious dinner at Fisherman's Wharf. The one I was with, Johan, is the vice-consul at the South African Consulate. How's that! He's coming down to L. A. in a couple of months and wants to see me. Sunday morning (foggy) we drove over to Sausalito (no fog—gorgeous)! I fell in love with the place! Then down the coast—Carmel, Monterrey—the Big Sur area. We got in about 9 last night. The coast route is longer, but well worth it. I hadn't imagined it could be so beautiful!

Yes, Mom, Marv is a Mormon. I knew him at school.

Well, school begins Monday! And I have meetings Thurs and Fri. And I sure have plenty of work to do!



Tonight I have rehearsal with Ken's group, so I must rush dinner and get ready. Hope you got my post card. I sent it to General Delivery. Do be good and write soon.

Sure do love you, Mom – Janie

PS: Glad to hear you're getting a new bed. What about a stove? Be good and WRITE!

PPS: The check is only \$45.68 because I subtracted half of the enclosed bill for long distance calls.

Margaret Weaver had sold her house in Chicago and built a lovely new home in Granger, Utah, and taught one year in Utah. However, she was disappointed in the salary there, so she rented out her new house and went back to teach again at her old post at the Franklin Park, Illinois elementary school.

Sept. 18, 1963

Dear Mom,

Sure was good to hear from you on Sunday. Thank you for calling. The first day [of school] was really hectic—so much unfamiliar routine that it was good just keeping my head above water. I hope this weekend I'll be able to plan ahead a week or so. Yesterday and today went fine.

There are very few troublesome kids at this school. The average IQ is 118. So far I've found their work not spectacular (IQ doesn't mean they work) but there certainly are more B students. It sure is nice to only have 4 classes—but the department is more closely organized and there is a lot more work here than at Granger—so the 4 classes about evens out. I'm determined tho, that once I get into the routine, I'm not going to spend all my time with paper work!

It's really cooled off here and has been raining. I've been wheezing a little, just last night. They say this weather is unusual. I hope so!

No new men—in fact no interesting men at all! And none at school, either. I'm the only single young girl, not counting the old maids! Sure hope I won't be another one in 10 years or so!

Must get things ready for tomorrow—have to register for night classes, too. Do write soon. Love you loads, Janie (Sorry this is so brief)

Oct. 17, 1963, Thursday

Dear Mom,

Well here I am under the hair dryer again. Seems like that's just about the only time I get to write you. And even then I'm always just snowed under with work! So that's why my letters are so brief and so sloppy!

The weather here has been cool enough to have heat – it's been raining and sunny off and on the last few days. I had a let-up on the headaches for a while, but now they seem to be coming about every day. When I get 8 hours of sleep and more on weekends I feel much better. But I can't get that much sleep!

Last night was English make-up and extra help (every Wednesday). We have to prepare extra work for every kid who got less than C- on our diagnostics test and they stay one hour—plus every kid who missed a test, etc. And last night was also PTA "Back to School Night" so I was really beat. No real parent conferences, but the parents go to all 6 classes for 10 minutes and listen to the

teachers explain what the kids are doing, etc., plans, etc. Afterwards we go have punch and have to mingle with the parents. I was lucky. I only got trapped a couple of times and got out of there by 10. One father had obviously too many cocktails before coming and when he introduced himself, said "Gee, I know I'm her father, but I sure can't think of her name!" Well, he finally did—he came to the wrong class—although his daughter was one of my students! What a panic.

One new teacher is featured in every issue of the school paper. I'll send you the big article, etc., when it comes out. *

Mom, I talked to the bishop here on Tuesday (his son Jay is in one of my classes—a good student) about going on a mission. He really encouraged me. I'm really thinking seriously about it and the more I think, the more I think I would like to go. It's a little frightening, I must admit, especially because I'd have to decide without knowing where I would be going. But if I go I want to go at the end of first semester, if that would work out. And I want to leave from Granger... What do you think of second semester? How could you work things out between semesters? Jackie and Lynn and I want to go up to the Y for Homecoming (Jackie has a VW) and if we go I could talk to Norman [Bangerter, her Granger Ward bishop] then and start things going. The semester ends Feb. 1st or so.

I've got to get on the ball and make reservations for plane or train at Christmas, but I hate to without any kind of invitation. What now? What have you heard from EC? I got a birthday card today, but no info.

You know, Granger sure seems like home. I hate the thoughts of giving it up. What do you think? Sure do miss you and wish I could see you, Mom. Wish I could leave here for good at Christmas, but don't see how that's possible. Let me know your thinking on all this - soon... Sometimes I'm sure what I want to do—then at other times I don't know. I wonder how my health will be on a mission, etc. Anyway I have tons of papers waiting so I'd better tackle a few of them, at least.

Mom, I sure do love you, and I love the gospel. I want to do what's right and what's best for me. I feel that I'm a good teacher (potentially) and could be a successful missionary. All I can do is keep praying, I guess. Will you pray, too? And do write again soon. Thanks for your letters (2) I got yesterday.

Love, Janie

PS: Gary once offered to support me on a mission. Do you think this still goes? I sure hate the thought of getting deeper in debt. But this kind of debt is worth it, I suppose. Sure love you!

From E.C. to Margaret:

Silver City, New Mexico

Oct. 30, 1963

Mother dearest,

I'm back in Silver City. Had a wonderful week in Tucson. I really enjoyed myself and we loved being with Weavers... We had fun shopping and sewing and making little Christmas things... We called Janie Monday night and all sang Happy Birthday to her. She has about decided to go on a mission and we are all for it and told her so. Gary said he would help support her and I feel sure Marty would agree to that too. We were about to call Norman [Bangerter] that same night when HE called. I told him of Janie's plans and not to send her [church membership] records to California and that she would be up to see him November 1st or thereabouts, as she said. She and her roommate are driving

up with someone to go to Homecoming. So it looks like the ball is really rolling and I couldn't be more pleased. Gary and Nana feel the same way.

I do hope your eyes and ears are better and that generally you are feeling better. I got a sweet note from Grandma.

We plan for you to be with us here in Silver City for Christmas, then drive over to Tucson.

Will that be satisfactory?

Got a piano student coming—must get busy.

Love, E.C.

Nov. 4, 1963

Dear Mom,

Just barely time to scribble a note to you. We got in at 11 last night—really pooped. Had a great weekend (and a lousy one, too). Great because of seeing friends at Homecoming and having interviews, etc., and lousy because of no sleep - and of all things a sprained ankle. And wouldn't you know it, my Blue Cross isn't effective till Nov. 20! Drat! Right now it's propped up on a pillow - still swollen, black and blue and sore. I did it Saturday morning walking across Pam's lawn, caught my heel in a little low place and twisted it good. I actually heard it rip! I got so dizzy I had to sit down right there. We went to Dr. Baker [who] took X-rays (\$16.00 rats), but nothing is broken, just a bad sprain. So the trip back was rather uncomfortable, but it's really much better. Lots less pain today.

And wouldn't you know the assistant superintendent would pop in first period to observe me, unprepared and hobbling around!

...I have completed my interviews and have only to send Norman my physical exam and blood tests and the dates I want to enter the mission home, then the date for my farewell and my program. What are your ideas about a program? I'd like you to speak of course, and Gary if he can be there. I may have Penny play prelude. Maybe E.C. can come and play a solo. The invocation and benediction have to be given by the Melchizedek priesthood-- Marty, for one, maybe, I hope, and what about the other? Maybe Lane Staples. What do you think....

Love you, Janie

Dec 1, 1963 [Sent from 135 N. 5th #J, Alhambra, Calif., addressed to Margaret Weaver, 2439 Maple St., Franklin Park, Illinois]

Dear Mom:

Well, here it is again Sunday night. I have plenty still to do to get ready for school tomorrow, so this will have to be brief... what a week this last one has been. It still seems inconceivable that President Kennedy could have been assassinated. And then Oswald murdered. We are truly living in an age of violence. I really feel that there isn't much time left and the Lord is going to shorten what time there is because of the wickedness of the people. And there is still so much to be done! I'm really happy I've decided to go on a mission, Mom. And I want to go as soon as possible. I haven't received my call yet. I've got to tell my school before Christmas that I'm going to be leaving at the end of the semester, Jan. 31st.... you said maybe we could go to Utah for spring vacation. That's in March or something. I won't be around then if I go in February like I'm planning. I told Norman (Bangerter, bishop of her ward in Utah) I could enter the mission home February 17 - my farewell would be Feb. 16 (tentatively—it all depends on what the call says—but

he sent those dates in to the Church). I wrote Gary a couple of weeks ago to see if there was any chance of their coming up and his speaking but I haven't heard a thing. Have you heard anything? And what about the Mesa temple? I haven't heard from E.C. either. Tell them to write!

...You mentioned something about announcements for my mission. The way it's done now is to get plenty of programs printed and send them out to people as announcements. Except I have to wait till I get my call to start working on them! Mom, I really must get busy now. I want to get to bed at a decent hour tonight. Do write soon and give me your thoughts on Christmas and mission plans, etc. Be good now, and take care of yourself.

Love, Janie

*Know Your Prof! [from undated news clipping]

Her object was "all sublime" as she danced through the "Red Mill" by Victor Herbert. In addition to this accomplishment, Miss Weaver, a new English teacher at SMHS, has also been in charge of choreography for the "Mikado" and "HMS Pinafore." "I have been the director of music and dancing for many musicals at the high school where I taught in Salt Lake City."

Miss Weaver was born on the outskirts of the bustling city of Chicago and attended school there. At college, Brigham Young in Utah, Miss Weaver did a lot of work with musical productions. She directed many talent assemblies, and did some work as a "background singer" in a few records made while she lived in Utah.

"I enjoy singing very much; I even had six years of singing lessons." Asked why she didn't go into [the] singing profession, Miss Weaver replied, "I get more satisfaction out of teaching."

Along with singing, she has done a great deal of modern dancing and enjoys it very much. She also likes doing most any other dance, like the "olde softie shoe," the fast stepping "Charleston," and even the "twist."

In her free time—and how much does an English teacher have—Miss Weaver likes to knit, sew and play the piano. She also likes to sing folk songs, and because of this she is now taking up the guitar.

Miss Weaver has traveled throughout the United States and Canada. Next summer she is planning to tour the European countries.

No mention was made of her impending mission. Perhaps at the time of the interview for this article she was still undecided.



One of the things Jane left behind as she entered her mission service was her beloved red Corvette. She had purchased the car from her brother, Gary, and she left it in Tucson when she went to Chile.

Jane's official mission record notes that she received her mission call from her home ward in Granger, Utah. Her mother's home was located at 2865 W. 3835 South, Salt Lake City, Utah and thus Jane wanted to represent the Granger 13th ward of the Granger Stake, Utah.

Jane was interviewed Nov. 2, 1963 by Bishop Norman H. Bangerter, and on the same date by K. B. Morgan, President of the Granger Stake. She received her mission call Dec. 12, 1963 to the Chilean Mission:

Office of the First Presidency
Salt Lake City, Utah
December 12, 1963

Miss Margaret Jane Weaver
135 North Fifth No. J
Alhambra, California

Dear Sister Weaver,

You are hereby called to be a missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to labor in the Chilean Mission.

Your presiding officers have recommended you as one worthy to render assistance to the Priesthood in the proclamation of the holy Gospel. As a missionary of the Church, it will be your duty to live righteously, to keep the commandments of the Lord, to increase your testimony of the divinity of the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ, to be an exemplar in your life of all the Christian virtues, and to so conduct yourself as a devoted handmaid of the Lord that you may be an effective advocate and messenger of the Truth. We repose in you our confidence and extend to you our prayers that the Lord will help you thus to meet your responsibilities.

The Lord will reward the goodness of your life, and greater blessings and more happiness than you have yet experienced await you as you serve Him humbly and prayerfully in this labor of love among His children.

We ask that you please send your written acceptance promptly, endorsed by your presiding officer in the ward or branch where you live.

Sincerely yours,
David O. McKay, President

In synopsis, Jane's farewell testimonial was Feb. 16, 1964 at the Granger 13th ward. She entered the Salt Lake Mission Home Feb. 17th 1964 and was there until Feb. 23rd. Her companion there was Sister Jolene Kalanick.

She was set apart for her mission Feb. 19, 1963 by ElRay L. Christiansen. She was at the Language Training Center in Provo from Feb. 24, 1964 until May 20. While there her companion was Sister Gerry Von Cannon. She left Provo May 20, 1964 via Panagra Airlines arriving at the mission headquarters in Santiago, Chile May 22, 1964, where she was welcomed by Elder Carl J. Beecroft, president of the Chilean mission.

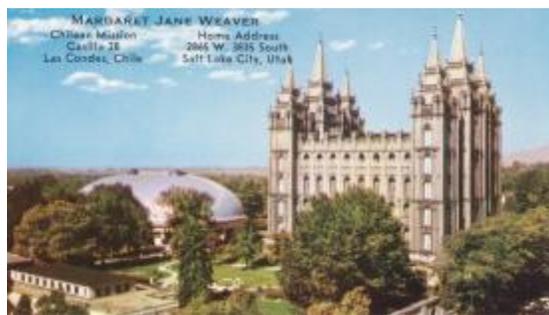
Her first companion in Chile was Sister Judy Gerber. Jane's first tracting took place in San Bernardo on June 24, and the first baptism for which she was responsible was Aug. 30, 1964 at the San Bernardo Branch, Santiago Sur, Cisterna.

From June 23, 1964 to September 21, 1964 her companion was Sister Judith Peterson. From September 21, 1964 to October 30, 1964 her companion was Sister Ninfa Lozano. She was then transferred to Talcahuano in the city of Concepcion. She served with Sister Olivia Dodson from October 31, 1964 to January 12, 1965, at which time she came back home to the United States in order to attend to her dying mother.

After Margaret's death Jane returned to Chile and was assigned to Talca Central stake. Her companion was Sister Nancy Robins from June 18, 1965 to August 20, 1965. She was reassigned to Macul, Santiago Stake serving with Sister Fern Koerner from August 20, 1965 to September 25, 1965 at which time she was again a companion of Sister Ninfa Lozano until December 18, 1965. She was then reassigned to Sister Ruth Palmer on December 18, 1965 and served with her until the end of her mission in February, 1966.

From the Jan. '64 church newsletter, "The Messenger of West Suburban Ward" of Chicago, we read that "Margaret Weaver flew to Arizona to be with her children and their families. While there she is going through the Mesa Temple with her daughter Jane who is getting her endowments preparatory to going on a mission to Chile."

Jane's card:



The following account of Jane's missionary experiences are taken from her missionary journal and her letters home, most of which were written to her mother. The journal entries were few in number but certainly were flavored with many expressions in Spanish. Journal entries and letters follow in chronological order:

Journal: Feb. 16, 1964

Tonight was my farewell testimonial, Granger 13th Ward, held in the new Stake House across the street from our home. Ellen Claire and the children were there, along with Mother and 377 other people! The Kaisers were very sweet and brought me a beautiful gardenia corsage and Mother an orchid. Lane Staples gave a beautiful opening prayer. Since Uncle Snow was sick, Grant Bangerter, just newly returned from the Brazilian Mission Presidency spoke. He told much about the wonderful things happening in South America with the gospel. Beryl sang two lovely songs - one, my favorite "O Rest in the Lord." It was wonderful to hear her beautiful voice again. Norman spoke, and said some very nice things about me and Mom spoke also. She was a real doll, and the only time she broke down at all was at the very beginning of the meeting when the Williamses came in—all of them. Somehow I got through what I had to say, too, and Roland Kaiser gave a beautiful benediction. After the meeting we had a wonderful and crowded open house, seeing many friends and relatives we hadn't seen for a long time. It was wonderful! Tomorrow begins one of the most tremendous experiences of my life, I am sure, and I only hope I can live up to and be worthy of all the faith and confidence those wonderful people, family, friends, and ward members alike, have in me!

Photo right: from Jane's farewell program



Excerpts from the benediction given by Roland G. Kaiser at Jane's farewell:

Our Father, who didst go with Thy Son, our Saviour, to the top of the mountain, lead us to Thy high places, that we as a people may behold the wonders and the magnitude of thy creation. From our own mountains, we see lands afar off, peopled by those who know not Thee, but whose yearnings are like our yearnings, and whose dreams are like our dreams. Mindful of the great love of Him who died on the cross, may we be touched by compassion and inspired by His purpose; may we see Thy children, of whatever color or whatever language, as members of thy family—hungry, lonely and without hope, here or hereafter.

Tonight we send forth a messenger; she goes from this land beneath the Northern Star to one that is beneath the Southern Cross. She seeks not glory for herself—only to proclaim the gospel of Thy son.

We pray Thee to pour out Thy blessings upon this talented and lovely girl who is going out to minister and preach in the name of Thy Son. Grant unto her new understanding—new courage. Cause her to have a deep affection for her work; place upon her lips the message of salvation. Give her a faith that will carry her through the long hours of homesickness and discouragement—a faith that she can tie to in her efforts to master another language.

Finally, Heavenly Father, when she has finished her labors in that far off country, place upon her head the crown of righteousness and success and return her safely back to us. This prayer we offer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



Feb. 20th, 1964

Dear Mom,

I'm sorry I haven't written sooner, but as you can imagine, we've been very busy. Right now we're listening to a lecture to the Elders on ordinances of the priesthood, so I'm listening with one ear. We have classes 10 or 10 ½ hours a day, and plenty of studying to do. Monday I never did get breakfast. We began right away with classes.

There are 215 missionaries here, 10 LM's [Lady Missionaries]. My companion is Jolene Kalanick from Montana, a very sweet girl. We get up at 6 each morning –groan– and eat our meals at a missionary cafeteria at the Hotel Utah.

We certainly have heard a lot of wonderful lectures so far. We've been to Welfare Square and yesterday we were each set apart. I was set apart by ElRay L. Christiansen. It was beautiful. Tomorrow we go to the temple at 5:30AM - two sessions in a row.

I've heard from Lynne and Jackie while I've been here – also Larry. Jackie and Lynne are getting a new apartment in a couple of weeks.

How was your trip home? Hope things are back to normal for you. Please take care of yourself, Mom.

I still have about \$200 left. I put it in travelers' checks. I'll let you know when I need more. Pam hasn't sold my car yet, but she's got a couple more leads, so I hope to get this taken care of this week.

Hi again - afternoon session now. I got your letter this noon. I also got a message from that fellow that looked at my car last weekend. He wants to buy it. Yippee!

No, I don't have a light-weight robe or mumu. Watch for a bargain. Well, must go now. I'm really enjoying this week. Mom, thanks so much for your letter. Please take good care of yourself–let me know what you find out at St. Lukes. [This was the first indication that Margaret's health was in question.] Be happy–and the Lord bless you.

Love, Janie

Journal: Feb. 24, 1964

My week in the mission home was an exhausting but enjoyable experience. My companion was Sister Jolene Kalanick, a very sweet girl from Montana. She is going to Brazil. Our time was completely filled with wonderful messages and instructions from the general authorities. On Wednesday we were all set apart. I was set apart by ElRay L. Christainsen. It was truly a wonderful blessing. He told me I would have health and strength and would find success in the work, both in proselytizing and in the church organization itself. He told me to pray always, and to work to combat discouragement. He also admonished me not to encourage attentions from men and to leave any relationships I would like to form until I return home. On Friday we had the privilege of going

through the Salt Lake Temple twice and also going up to the Assembly Hall on the fifth floor and having our questions answered by Elder Christiansen. On Saturday night we had a talent show in which I sang and played the guitar, and on Sunday we had very wonderful services. Sunday night we had our testimony meeting in the Assembly Hall, and I was especially happy because I got to bear my testimony. After the meeting and saying goodbye to friends, and also to Brother and Sister Brown, we (64 or so of us) boarded a bus and left for Provo and the Language Training Mission. Sisters going to Provo: myself, Sisters Kalanick, VonCannon, Collins, Hamblin, Davidson and Kelley.

In addition to her missionary journal, Jane kept a looseleaf notebook that was her daily handbook. It contained many handwritten notes and instructions for missionaries. One of the typewritten pages reads as follows and epitomized the ideal standards of her era:

WHAT IS A LADY MISSIONARY

A LADY Missionary is an unusual creature. She leaves her home and gives two years of her life to serve her fellow men and the Lord because of her great love for His word.

She opens the hearts of those she meets because she shares God's message with genuine love.

She enters the Mission field far in the minority, but sets a precedent all her own. She is a LADY. She sits prettily, neatly, with her feet and knees together, (skirt well over her knees). Her back is straight, and her hands are folded in her lap, or moving gracefully as she speaks.

She stands with her head held high and tummy in. She is neatly and cleanly dressed in conservative clothes.

Her hair is clean and shining.

Her make up is not extreme, yet it accents her best features.

Her expression is warm and pleasant, neither silly nor droopy.

Her actions are 'lady-like,' conservative yet animated.

Her voice is controlled, not too high, not too low and mournful.

She is alive, she is happy, she is dedicated, she is filled with the love of the gospel; and wants the whole world to have the same joy she has found.

She is a LADY MISSIONARY, ENGAGED IN THE MOST
WONDERFUL WORK IN THE WORLD.

May God bless her always.

* * *

*Provo, Utah
Feb. 24, 1964
Dear Mom,*

Well, here I am in the Knight Mangum Cafeteria. We've just finished one meeting and have a few minutes before the next. I thought the mission home was bad for no sleep—ha! This will be just as bad. I might get to Chile if I survive this! In two days we can't speak any English at all. Eeek. Yesterday we had a big testimonial in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square. We got here last night about 10:45 PM. By the time we got moved to our house and straightened out it was 12. Up

at 6. I can hardly pry my eyes open! The sisters here are all very nice. My companion in Salt Lake is not my companion any more since she is learning Portugese. Now my companion is Sister Von Cannon from North Carolina.

They will keep us pretty busy during the week, so I guess letter writing will be left till the weekends, and then there isn't much time either.

Right now I have 15 minutes before my next class. After it we take an aptitude test, then a meeting, then dinner. After dinner we are free tonight, so I'm going to bed early! Usually we have classes at night, too.

We have all our classes at Knight Mangum Hall here. The food is not regular BYU food. It's cooked here and it's good! Hope I don't gain weight! We live about two blocks from here. We take a shortcut through two fences and a field and over a ditch. Oh boy. There are two houses. Ours has 9 girls. You can either send mail to Knight Mangum Hall, Box 615, Provo or to 1001 N. 900 East.

I sure spent a lot of money last week—books—flanel boards—misc. Equipment. But I still have about \$150 left. Gee, it was great to talk to you Friday. The rules here are quite strict about visitors and phone calls. We do have some free time on weekends, and we get to go to April Conference, so I guess I'll get to see Gary and family then. My old roommate Sharon's fiancé, Sid Shreve, is my Spanish teacher.

Class is about to start, so I'll sign off. I'll write again at the end of the week. Please take care of yourself and let me know how things go.

Love, Janie

PS: Hi again. I'm home now and I'm just going to take a shower and pop in bed. It's been an exhausting day, but things look great. I sure hope everything's okay with you. I'm praying for you. Have faith.

Lots of love, Janie

Provo, Utah

Tuesday PM (postmarked Mar 4, 1964)

Mi querida Mama,

Como estas? I hope everything is okay with you. We just got home from class and I thought I'd write a note before I plop myself in bed. I got your two letters today from the hospital. I'm so thankful to hear you are feeling better. Do take care of yourself and follow doctor's orders! I'm sure you realize how important it is!

Did I tell you I got the highest grade of all the nuevos (new ones) on Saturday's test? Ole! I hope I can keep up the good work. However, at this point we are passing the Spanish I had in school. From here on it's new stuff, and it's not facil (easy), either!



But I do enjoy this. I just wish I didn't get so tired! We even pray in Spanish here in our family prayers. I think it's beautiful! And I can understand much of the simple stuff if it's not spoken too fast!

...Jerry wrote me a letter. He tried to see me, but they wouldn't let him in. He wasn't sneaky enough. The way to do it is not to go to the office! He signs his letter "with love." Oh, barff. Now what do I say? Guess I'll wait a couple weeks and write him a short note... Anyway, don't worry about me, and take care of yourself so I won't worry about you! Escriba usted! (Write!) Y vaya con Dios siempre.

Love you, Janie

Provo, Utah

Saturday, March 7, 1964

Mi querida Mama,

Que estas? Gee, I am sorry for not writing you sooner, but it seems we don't get much time. I got a letter yesterday and today, too, from you. Muchas gracias.

I love it here! Today was the end of our second week. We had tests today. I got 4 A's and a B+ in pronunciation. The average is C so I'm very pleased.

Last night the Spanish American branch in Provo had a big ward dinner-Mexican food and program all about South America. They even showed some slides! Great! And they had students (BYU) from these countries perform. I can hardly wait to go!

I haven't got the money for my car yet-any day now. I finally settled for \$1250. I plan on sending it to you since I owe you a wad. If you want it handled another way let me know...

Jerry sneaked (actually walked) right into the cafeteria last week to see me. I was a little surprised. He sure is a nice guy, but so far I'm not too interested. He said his dad just got 30,000 more acres of land. Now they own about 70,000!

There sure are a lot of cute elders here! And what's more, they are very gentlemanly. The hermanas (sisters) are all dolls. I love them!

I hope you are getting to feel better, Mom. Take it easy and don't feel like you have to stay the year! [meaning the school year, since Margaret was teaching school in Franklin Park, Illinois]. Gary and Nana are coming up for conference, I think. Why don't you come out then and then I could see you all before I go... I'm praying for your continued health-we all are-even all the hermanas here. I wish I could be with you now. If you need me, just let me know. Gee, I love you, Mom. You're just about the greatest Mom possible! Keep praying, have faith, and take care of yourself, and the Lord will do his part.*

I love you, Janie

* A biopsy showed that breast cancer was in the lymph nodes. The prognosis was that she could live from two to fifteen years. She lived only **one** year! It is interesting to note that the same dire situation was true for Daddy as well. We were told he could live from six months to a year. He died within three months, exactly half the shortest time predicted.

...Sunday

We just finished Sunday School and we are waiting for dinner. We really had a wonderful meeting. I certainly do love it here. I'm so glad I decided to come. I've never felt so much love and

happiness in my life. I just thought I'd add a note before mailing this. I sure do love you, Mom, and I know the Lord will bless you.

Vaya con Dios siempre. Love, Janie

Provo, Utah

Sunday March 15, 1964

Dear Mom,

I really don't get too much time to write letters, although I'd really like to write to all the family all the time so I think your suggestion about passing my letters around is a good one, especially when I leave the country. It will save on postage!

I sure love Sundays! It is terribly hard to get out of bed (big deal—we get to sleep till 7) especially this morning 'cause it is blizzarding again! I'm going to have to get myself a little fold-up umbrella. This weather is for the birds!

This past week has been really hard for me. As I told you when I talked to you, Mom, I have been feeling lousy all week with swollen glands and sore throat and a cold—and no time to go to bed. But I got a couple penicillin shots and feel much better now. As a consequence of feeling lousy I didn't do well this week in classes. I went from a B+ last week in pronunciation to a C+ this week. That was crushing. Generally my grades went down. I got 2 As, 1 A-, B- and C+. I really should have done much better. I can't afford to get sick! But I must say being shot down in the grade department has humbled me a little, and I need it, constantly!

Last week 25 nuevos (new missionaries) came in—three new hermanas (sisters) in our house. Tonight we are getting 70 more nuevos. They are adding the German missionaries to our language mission! And we are getting 2 more hermanas in our house. There are two houses of hermanas, about 21 in all—5 more tonight. We're bulging at the seams now—don't know where 70 more are going to fit! But it's great!

...I got a letter from Margaret Lowe yesterday. She is a supervisor and teacher in a school of 90 students in Santiago and loves it. They do some proselyting, too, and already she and her companion have had 4 baptisms.

She says the Lord really helps them to speak the language. That sure encouraged me, because this is no easy thing. I've always been smart enough to do well in school and not kill myself, but now I'm working, and not only that (I worked plenty then, too, and especially in teaching) but this can't be done without prayer and humility and the help of the Lord.

I'm so grateful to be here. We had a wonderful S. S. class this morning, and Relief Society, too. My companion and I taught the lesson in R. S. and I really enjoyed it. We talked on "The Understanding Heart." It's so important to preach with the spirit. The 6 lessons will never convert anybody unless we have the spirit of the Holy Ghost with us. We don't convert them, the spirit does. And we must have an understanding heart for all people or the spirit will not be with us. I'm really learning what love is, and what an understanding heart is. It takes humility, prayer and a desire to serve God.

I can't express how grateful I am to be here. I love it with all my heart and I want to be a good missionary.

I'm so thankful for you, Mom, and for such a wonderful family who have helped me so much. I couldn't ask for more wonderful parents – and brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews, too! I love you all so much, and I want you to be proud of me.

My testimony has grown by leaps and bounds since I have been here. I love my mission with all my heart. I wish everybody had such a wonderful opportunity!

Mom, I love you with all my heart and I appreciate so much your support and love. Do take care of yourself. Be happy and have faith and trust in the Lord. I'm sure everything will be all right. I certainly love to get your letters. Write when you can.

Love,

Janie

PS: Tell EC and Gary and families I love them and will write soon. Let me know when you will arrive!

Provo, Utah

March 22, 1964

Dear Mom,

Well, it looks as if Sunday is about my only letter-writing day. I can't believe 4 weeks have already gone past here. In 1½ weeks we begin memorizing the 6 discussions in Spanish. Eek! I'm scared to death! You just can't believe the pace we keep. But it's great.

The test yesterday was not too bad. I got 4 As and a B+. Yeah! But I hear the 5th week is pretty rough.

Calamity Jane has done it again. I fell on the stairs Wednesday and sprained all my toes on my left foot and broke my big toe. So here I am limping around again. They don't splint toes, just tape them together. So I'm wearing one shoe and one house slipper. It doesn't hurt much now if I don't bend it, but I can't wear shoes yet because it's too much pressure. Well, I guess if it isn't one thing it's three!

I hope you can read this. I'm having pen problems! I got a very nice letter from E.C. this week plus a \$25.00 check. That certainly was sweet of her. I have the \$1250 [proceeds from the sale of her car- not the Corvette] in the bank in the International Exchange Agency, so if you would like, you can deduct that from what I owe you. The bank will send me money each month. Also—raise a flag—I finally got the \$60 for getting the dent in my car fixed. So I guess everything will work out okay. I still have some unpaid bills, so if any bills come please send them on so I can pay them.

We had a temple excursion yesterday to the Manti Temple. Only about 60 could go, so my companion Sister Von Cannon and I were really thrilled to go. It certainly is a beautiful temple and it was wonderful to go again. I want to let you know I put your name on the prayer roll and it went through on the same session we did, and I even got to be in the prayer circle. It was certainly a beautiful experience. I'm sure you will have good health, Mom. I sure do love you.

Last night was our talent show. I sang and played a couple numbers. It sure was fun. About 5 of the elders and I got together with our guitars afterwards and had a real hootenanny going!

Well, dinner will be ready in a few minutes. I surely hope so—I'm about to starve! Say, what's the latest on your trip! What does your doctor say? I sure do want to see you before I go. There is a remote chance they might have us leave from the east coast with a stop in Chicago, but we won't know that till the last minute. We might just as easily leave from L. A.

They really work us to death here, but I love it. I'm so thankful I'm here doing the Lord's work and preparing myself to preach the gospel. My testimony is getting stronger every day.

Do be good now and write soon. Take care of yourself, and let me know what you plan to do at Easter. I've talked to Pres. Wilkins and he says I certainly can spend time with you if you come. Write soon, now.

Love always, Janie

PS: It's snowing again - rats!

Provo, Utah

Tuesday, March 24, 1964

Dear Mom,

*I'm in lab, so I thought I'd kill two birds at once. Boy, it is eternal winter here—it seemed to have let up a little today, but as I look out the window it's started in again! *Que lastima!* I got your two letters today... I'm still not sure what you plan on doing trip-wise. If you have been medically advised against coming here, how can you go to Tucson for a vacation! Isn't there some way I can get to see you? I wish I could take a weekend and hop to Tucson to see you.*

Three of four of the hermanas are leaving in three weeks for Peru. They are going through Chicago and have a short layover. If they will be going through when you aren't in school, I'll have them call you. I wish we would go through Chicago, but it's only one of about 5 ways to go, and we won't know till 2 or 3 weeks before, anyway.

I did tell you about my broken toe, didn't I? Well, it's doing fine, now. I can even wear shoes if they are roomy. I had cramps part of yesterday and today—not as bad as usual, but enough to be miserable. But I feel better now.

I guess I told you about the talent show. Nothing very exciting has happened since then. We've just been working hard. I can hardly believe next Wed. we begin learning the plan (6 discussions) by memory. Eek! How scary! I can hardly believe this is our 5th week.

Here I am in lab "otra vey" it's Wednesday. We had a great leadership meeting this morning. Gee, I'm feeling pretty good about my Spanish. It's mucho trabajo (work) but I can converse pretty well (with simple stuff of course)!

I sure wish you were coming. I'd sure like to show you around and show you what we are doing. I gave the opening prayer in zone meeting (all South American missionaries) this morning—in Spanish—I can bear my testimony too, and spout lots of memorized stuff in addition to simple conversation.

Well, lab is just about over, so I'll sign off. Must mail this now. Write soon.

Con amor, Janie

Journal: Mar. 28, 1964

This is the end of my fifth week at the Language Training Mission. Next Wednesday we begin on the "plan." I really love my mission. It certainly is a lot of work and is very tiring, (5 am - 11 PM sometimes, or rather often) but I can honestly say I've never been happier in my life! I've been getting good grades - my average is A-, and I feel I'm doing pretty well generally. After (or about) my second week I found out Mother has cancer in her lymph glands. They can't operate so she is

on medical treatment. She may very possibly go to live with Gary in Tucson. I certainly hope and pray everything will be all right.

My companion is Hermana Jeraldine Von Cannon, a sweet girl from Colfax, North Carolina, and I just love her. We get along very well. The Hermanas don't live at Knight Mangum but in two houses about 2 blocks away on 9th East. All meetings in the mission, with occasional exceptions, are in Spanish, and by this time I can understand most of what goes on.

On weekends there have been quite a few district parties at our house, and so my guitar and I have gotten some exercise, which I have enjoyed very much. A week ago we had a talent show in which I played and sang. We also had the privilege of going to the Manti Temple. I put Mom's name on the prayer roll.

Also, a week ago I fell on the cafeteria stairs, sprained all my left toes and broke my big toe! Since my foot was swollen and I couldn't wear a shoe, and it was snowing, Elder Atkinson and Elder Palmer offered to carry me home! Actually, however, since the mission car was not available, they borrowed (?) a wheel chair from the Health Center and gave me an exciting ride home. It's a wonder I only had a broken toe after my wild ride, but it was really fun. They literally delivered me to the front door!

Tomorrow is Easter, a very special day. Our Sundays are very special anyway, and I'm looking forward to this one. I'm so thankful to be here. I love this mission. My testimony has grown tremendously in just the short time I've been here. This certainly is a marvelous work, the Lord's work.

Journal: March 29, 1964

Today has been a beautiful Easter Day. The sun was shining and it was warm and wonderful. We had some wonderful meetings today. I bore my testimony in Spanish in testimony meeting today for the first time. It was very hard, but it was a thrill to be able to do it. President Bastian called on me to give the closing prayer in Spanish also. It was frightening, but I was happy to have the opportunity. I was even more thrilled when Presidents Wilkins and Bastian both complimented me on my Spanish. And it was really encouraging to have Elder Covington tell me yesterday I have exceptionally good pronunciations. The Lord has certainly blessed me here. We had a district testimony meeting tonight which was really wonderful. It sure helped to bring us all closer together. Those elders certainly are great guys, and my companion is just the greatest in the world! I'm so thankful for the opportunity of being a missionary and being here at this language training mission.

Provo, Utah

Wed. April 1, 1964

Hola padres!

Today is April Fools Day. We had a giant test today (before we begin on the plan) and boy, it was a real joke! I don't know what I got, but couldn't have been very good.

I gave my first talk this morning. Eek! Scary! But I did okay I guess. It sure was great to talk to you Monday. Sure wish I could see you all before I leave.

I just have a few minutes before class. (Just finished that darn test.) The weather finally has been getting better, however, today it's colder and cloudy again. It's about time spring came!

...I need a cute seersucker suit. I can't find anything here. I saw one of the secretaries in a little black and brown striped one--darling! That's really all I need. Something like this [drawing]. Maybe you could look around and see what you can find. I wear size 8 dress. It wouldn't necessarily have to be black and brown, just a cute, basic, color that would go with much--light color is okay but not bright.

Pues, es bora ya de estudiar! Have to get busy now. Do write soon and take care, etc. You especially, Mom! Be good now.

Love to you all, Janie

PS: Pres. Tuttle, president of all South American missions was here yesterday and we had a great leadership meeting. He really said some great things about Chile, too! I can hardly wait!

Provo, Utah

Thursday, April 10, 1964

Mi querida Mama,

Wow! What a week this has been. It was our first full week on the plan. I thought I worked hard on first level--ha! We learn two pages every day, plus have to retain all previous material and give it all every day with flannel board. We have two grammar classes daily plus a scripture class. The grammar doesn't require much outside work but the scripture does, about an hour a day. There is never a word of English spoken in scripture classes! Plus we have a test every class and we have to defend our answers in Spanish to get points!

But I do love it! I am somehow managing to survive on 5 hours or 6 hours sleep (not very well) and I'm sure learning a lot. Tonight I presented to a native escuchante (listener) for practice (we don't have to start giving them our lessons till next week). My escuchante told me I had "pronunciacion magnifico!" That's nice to hear--it sure is hard work! Four of our roomies are going to go through Chicago on their way to Peru next Tuesday, I believe. I'll have them call you at school to talk to you for a minute or two. I wish you could meet them!

Tonight our scripture class was canceled and just about all the second level missionaries went to a baptism of a Peruvian student that two of the elders (leaving for their missions next week) converted while here at the language training mission. Isn't that great? There were three others baptized at the same time--one Japanese boy--so the service was conducted in English, Japanese and Spanish. It was really a thrill to see how the gospel can bring so close together people so different.

Pues, I have to study. Thanks for the bills, etc., I've been waiting for that stuff and thanks for the check, too. I'm going to see if perhaps there is a possibility of our going through Chicago. I hope! Anyway, take care of yourself now! And be good. And write! I sure do love you, Mom.

Ave te va con Dios

Love,

Janie

Provo, Utah
Sunday, April 12, 1964
Dear Mom,

Just time for a note. We've just finished dinner and I'm going to run to the mailbox in about 5 minutes, so this will be short.

Big news – I'm now supervising sister of our house. I get sustained tonight in church. How about that?

Well, I know the first lesson—mas o menos. I've really got to hit the studies today, because we start presenting to escuchantes (listeners) tomorrow for grades. Eek!

Pam came down Saturday and brought Mike for me to meet. They are getting married May 8th. He's really a great guy...

Really must run now. Do take care of yourself and write when you get a chance. Sure do love you, Mom, and I'm so grateful for the opportunity of serving a mission! Write soon.

Love, Janie

Provo, Utah
April 24, 1964
Dear Mom,

What a beautiful day this is! It rained and hailed last night, but today it's lovely and warm. Spring is here!

My companion is sick, so I'm home with her this afternoon. The Dr. said she had an ear infection with a cold, and she's dizzy, etc. I might take a little nap today, too.

Big news! Our plane is going through Chicago! They even took it up with the Missionary Committee! And Pres. Wilkins put in the good word. So it's "YES!" I'm really happy. I won't know our exact schedule for at least a week, but I'll let you know. I've got to hurry to get this out before the mailman comes.

If the seersucker has some nylon or whatever it is, it probably wouldn't wrinkle as badly as cotton...

Must run—have tons of work to do. Write, and do take care of yourself. Don't kill yourself sewing or hunting for stuff, it's not worth it!

Sure do love you, Mom. And I'm so glad I'm going to get to see you—even for an hour or two—before we leave.

Love you, Janie

Provo, Utah
May 1, 1964
Dear Mom,

Thanks for your letter, and thank you so much for the package that arrived yesterday. The suit and dress are just perfect! Muchas gracias.

We will probably be arriving in Chicago May 20th at about 8 PM or so—leave again around midnight. I'll let you know for sure when we find out for sure.

The suit you got (seersucker) sounds a little big (around the waist should be about 23" or 24") Anyway, I told you in my last letter that I got a little seersucker outfit here—\$8.50— really nice. Yours sounds a little expensive, and I don't know how much room I'll have. But thank you so much. We've got two girls in our house with athlete's foot, oh brother. We are getting 6 new girls in Sunday night, so we'll be back up to seam-bursting capacity again.

Sure can't think of any news. I know three discussions now, what a job! Well, I have to prepare for scripture class, so I must go. Again, thanks so much for the suit and dress they are just perfect. I love you so much, Mom.

Less than three weeks now, and we leave! I'm so thrilled I get to see you! Write me soon, and take care of yourself.

Love, Janie

Provo, Utah

May 3, 1964

Dear Mom,

Just a little Sunday note to let you know I'm thinking of you. I wore the suede suit today. It really is beautiful, and it fits perfectly! Plenty big and a perfect length. I haven't worn the blue dress yet, but I tried it on and it's great too.

Yesterday we had a blizzard and 8" of snow! But this afternoon the sun is shining. I wonder when spring will come for good?

We have 9 hermanas arriving tonight, so our house will be full to capacity. They get here about 11, so I have to wait here to greet them. Guess I won't plan on much sleep tonight! Well, I know 2½ discussions! And only two weeks left! I can hardly wait to see you. I'll give you definite word when we receive the final instructions. Found a nylon sale yesterday—39 cents a pair—pretty good ones, so I got 10 pair (down to my last pair of the others). We can never go without them.

Must get busy, have much studying. Sure do love you, Mom. I'm anxious to see you soon. Take care now. Be good.

All my love, Janie

Provo, Utah

May 8, 1964

Dear Mom,

Well, only 1 ½ weeks left! Say, that seersucker outfit sounds better all the time. Sister Moon, the head resident at the dorm has a machine I could use if it needs alteration. Why don't you send it out? (If I wait till I get to Chicago I won't be able to pack it.)

Winter doesn't want to let go here! It still rains every day and snows in the mountains clear down to the bottom of the foothills. There is still quite a bit of last week's big snow all around. Ugh! And I get there [Chile] just at the beginning of winter.

I hope I don't have to stay with the elders in Chicago. I'll find out and let you know. We arrive in Chicago May 20, United Airlines flight #230 at 8:38 PM and leave on flight #DC 99, 12:15 AM. If the Nelsons ask you to have me take anything to Dave, I really won't have room and it's against the rules. So—

Really have tons of studying to do—must run. Do write soon, and why don't you send the suit soon?

See you soon, Love, Janie

PS: I sing in church this Sunday. Ole! The first time they've asked me.

Provo, Utah

May 15, 1964

Hi Mom,

Only one more day of class! I can't believe it! I sure have plenty left to do, though. We arrive in Chicago at 8:38 PM on Wed. May 20 and leave again around 12:15 AM. So make whatever plans you would like.

The weather is finally nice here—in fact now it's actually hot! I'm really getting anxious to go. This week has really been a dilly. Sunday morning I broke out in a rash. By Sunday night it spread quite a bit. So I went to the health center. They said hives—something I ate or touched I was allergic to—don't know what—but I got some pills.

Monday the rash was worse. I went back—hives—allergy—they said. This time it was a shot I got—cures everybody—for me it didn't do a thing except put me to sleep for 7 hours. The pills I got didn't work either. Then he said I might have a calcium deficiency, so I did everything I was told. Nothing happened. Today I went back. Two doctors, one a dermatologist decided it wasn't hives, but didn't know what it is. So I had a couple of blood tests and now I am taking different pills to cure the rash. This whole mess has cost about \$15.00 so far, and I itch like you can't imagine! Bathing in cold soda water helps, and I have lotion, too. Anyway, I guess I'll live!

Well, must run. I'm getting anxious to see you soon. Take care of yourself now. See you Wed. night. Love, Janie

Post Card: Florida Sunset - May 22, 1964

Hi Mom,

We are still in Miami. Our plane leaves at midnight. And boy are we tired! Today, in addition to no sleep, we spent a couple hours at the Chilean Consulate getting our visas and stuff and then took a Greyhound sightseeing tour and went to the Sea Aquarium. The performing dolphins, seals, etc.—great! It's so humid here it's like one giant indoor steamy swimming pool! We all feel like grubby messes. Tomorrow we're in Santiago. Eek! I'll write and let you know how things go. Sure do love you, Janie Some film is coming!

Mision Chilena, Iglesia de Jesucristo de los Santos de los Ultimos Dias

Casilla 28, Las Condes,

Santiago, Chile

May 23, 1964

Dear Mrs. Weaver:

On May 22 it was our pleasure to greet your fine daughter upon her arrival in the Chilean Mission. After a short period of orientation as to mission procedure, customs of the country, matters of health, etc., your daughter has been assigned to work in one of the branches.

Sister Beecroft and I wish you to know that we are grateful to you, and appreciate the fact that you have loaned us Sister Weaver to work with us in this great mission. We consider each and every missionary as though he or she were our own son or daughter while here in South America

We shall keep you advised from time to time as to her progress, and if ever she should become ill we will immediately notify you. Will you please feel free at any time to write us whenever you have a question relative to anything within our mission. We do appreciate the great sacrifice you are making, and we are sure that our Heavenly Father will bless you.

Very sincerely yours,

Carl J. Beecroft, President, Chilean Mission

PS: May 26, 1964

Yesterday Sister Weaver slipped on some stairs and her ankle, foot and toes have been swelling ever since. The doctor doesn't know yet if it is broken; meanwhile, we're taking good care of her, so don't worry about it.

May 24, 1964: Santiago, Chile

Hi Family,

Mom, I guess you'd better send this letter around since I don't and won't have much time to write letters. [This letter was typewritten.]

We arrived Friday about noon—and it took an hour to get through customs. They opened all our bags and examined everything! Some of the other missionaries here said that when they came through they didn't even open their suitcases. Oh well. As you can imagine, Mom, I really had a hard time with all that junk I had. But I made it! We stopped in Panama City for an hour—I slept right through it. We also stopped in Lima for an hour. We got off the plane and went into the airport. It was very smoggy—it was a rundown airport—and the place smelled so fishy it was gaggy (the air in general, not the airport). Santiago has a much nicer airport—and Santiago (the air) does not smell. It's inland a ways. As a matter of fact, it's really a lot like L.A. Same kind of hills all over the place—mostly to the east (and they are higher because the Andes Mountains start) but we can't see much of the mountains because it's smoggy here, just like L.A. They say it's pretty much of an Indian summer here. It's pretty warm in the days, and pretty cold at nights. Mom, you would like it. In fact, I think it's pretty nice—but it's going to get worse, because the houses here have no central heating—and the heaters they do have don't work very well.

Right: Jane at the flower clock [It looked much the same when Marty & E.C. were there in 2001.]

The mission home here is beautiful. It's a tudor style mansion in the nicest part of Santiago. On the ride from the airport we saw some of the poblacions—slums—and they are wooden shacks thrown together with next to nothing—and they seem to be no bigger than outhouses. Kind of like the stuff we saw in Tiajuana—remember? (This is a Spanish typewriter, and I can't find all the goodies on it. Please excuse the typing.) None of us have gotten sick yet. We probably won't until we leave the mission home. I leave tomorrow to go to La Cisterna—a suburb of Santiago, and



from what I hear, it's pretty much like the name might imply in English. But back to the mission home. We had orientation Friday with a testimony meeting, etc., and Saturday morning we had to go downtown to get our identification cards. What a rat race. Mario, a Chilean who works in the mission home, took us all down on the busses. The busses are a panic. The big ones are called autobuses or micros, and the little ones that look like VW busses are called liebres (rabbits). The busses run from old rattle traps that are literally falling apart (1920 school bus vintage) to fairly modern busses (not more than 10 years old) that we see in Chicago. They even have quite a few busses that run on trolleys like we had in Chicago. Anyway, we went through a lot of red tape, and since Saturday is a busy day, we have to go back tomorrow and finish up. They drive like madmen here and the police aren't very rough on them.

You really take your life in your hands crossing a street. Downtown the streets are not too wide, and the sidewalks are about ½ as wide as we are used to. And with a lot of people bustling around it's really something with the cars whizzing by. Everything is quite European here. There is very little trash anywhere, but the buildings are in general grimy and need paint. In the residential sections, if there is a section down the middle of the street, the city will plant grass and flowers and make it a park, but in front of the houses between the sidewalks and the streets it stays just dirt with trees planted in it.

All the houses are surrounded with a wall or high fence—and inside they have very nice gardens (usually—especially in the nice sections) so they don't much worry about what things look like outside that wall. There are a lot of beggars and rotitos (beggar children). The missionaries never give them anything, but I see a lot of people doing it. Maybe it's just tourists. And it's usually men.

The women dress beautifully here. They have beautiful wools, and their shoes are beautiful too (mostly heels—nothing in sturdy shoes). They wear their hair nicely, too—just as fancy often as women in the States. And there certainly are a lot of beautiful women here. The men, however, are a different story. They always look a little sloppy, generally aren't good looking or appealing in any way—and are usually horribly out of style. You see neat women with really grubby men. And there are more women in Chile than men, too. Sad situation.

Besides the mission counselors, Dawn Albach met us at the airport. By the way, the minute we stepped out of the plane and down the steps there were three or four camera bugs snapping pictures all the way to the terminal. They took at least 7 or 8 pictures of me. Later a photographer showed up at the mission home with big 10 x 12 enlargements of all the pictures for sale. What a panic. Margaret Lowe came in last night from La Cisterna with me. Rather I should say Friday night (she lives with the L.M.s there while teaching) to spend the night with me. Saturday we went downtown in the afternoon and went to the show—we saw “Charada” (Charade). It was in English and had Spanish subtitles. It was really good. I never got to see it in the States. Then I met Dawn and we went out to dinner. At the place we went they have huasos (Chilean cowboys) play and sing Chilean songs, in their typical costumes (a little like the gauchos) and they danced La Cueca—it's the traditional dance of Chile. It was really cute, and I really enjoyed myself. I would sure like to learn that dance before I come home.

This morning we went to Sunday School at Providencia Branch here in Santiago. There were about 80 people there, and we had a very good investigators class. Besides 3 hermanas, there were about 8 elders there. Sometimes I can understand quite a bit, and other times I miss everything completely. I understand more in church than I do anywhere else. The people here speak sloppy

Spanish and leave the s's off on the ends of words all the time, and the d's too. I'm sure it's going to take some getting used to.

They eat a lot of beans and rice. The meat is generally bad news, and has to be cooked well. They have maybe two supermarkets in Santiago (I have seen one and I hear it's not too marvelous)—a city of 3 million people. Everything else you buy in the little individual stores—the carnerias (meat markets) look absolutely horrid. The meat is hanging up all over the place and there are a million flies. It's not very good meat, anyway. The one good supermarket has U. S. cut meat. In some parts of Santiago you can get Pasturized milk. None of it is homogenized. Where I go tomorrow they drink raw milk (the brave ones—not me) or use powdered milk when they can get it. They have Pepsi, Ginger Ale, Orange Crush and Lemon Soda here. So the missionaries do a lot of drinking of that.

I haven't been bothered by fleas yet, but that probably won't happen till I leave the mission home. I haven't had Chile-itis yet either (in Mexico they call it Montezuma's revenge). There is quite a bit of amoebic dysentery here. I'm planning on not getting it if I can arrange it. Margaret tells me that in their apartment they wash lettuce with soap and water, etc. We will be doing our own cooking. The food here tastes strange to me, and they whip up strange concoctions—like something like a hamburger pie with raisins and grapes and sugar in it. Ugh. Their spices are weird, too. But I doubt that I will starve to death. (Yesterday I wasn't sure.) In addition, the L.M.'s apartment in La Cisterna has absolutely no heat at all. I can hardly wait.

Boy, do I love my robe, Mom! Also, yarn is cheap and good here, and Margaret says there is a lady in her branch who will knit a sweater (you furnish the yarn) for 10 escudos (about \$3.00). The yarn usually costs 15 escudos. So—if I get desperate for a sweater, I might do it.

A couple of the missionaries have guitars here. I don't like them. They are a little smaller than the regular sized ones like mine, and they don't have a very good tone. I guess I'm spoiled with mine. Even these cost \$25.00 American money. In Mexico or Brazil you can get a pretty good guitar for that. But I'm in no hurry. If I find a good one for a good price, I'll get it... By the way, E.C., my guitar is at home. It would probably be a good idea if you got a humidifier for it to keep in the case since Clovis and all of N.M. is rather dry. The strings I use are Augustine strings, in the case is an old set in case they break—the guitar, to sound good, needs a new set every 6 or 8 months. The ones on there are only a month old. I don't have a pitch pipe, but you can tune it to the E on the piano....

I really like Chilean music. Like in Argentina, they use a harp a lot—it's a different harp—it's a lot smaller and they pluck it a lot and it sounds sharp and brilliant like a mariachi guitar. It's really neat.

*Well, I have plenty to do and I want to take a nap today too—tomorrow after we go downtown to finish up our identification process and filling out ten thousand forms we all go to our assignments. I guess I won't be teaching at all this school year—it's half over here. But next year, yes, from what I hear. But I also hear there has been some problems in one of the schools. Sister Portie who is the supervisor is having a lot of problems with her work. She only had one year experience as a 1st grade teacher, so I can see where it would be hard. Margaret is doing okay—I think in high school the teachers are more used to supervising type work that would make it easier to fulfill an administrative position. Anyway, we shall see. I wouldn't want just to teach, either.**

*The Church had a long tradition of establishing schools throughout the hemisphere to provide elementary and secondary secular and religious education. The philosophy was that "literacy

and basic education are gospel needs... Education is often not only the key to the individual member's economic future, but also to his opportunities for self-realization, for full Church service and for contributing to the world around him..." (Annual Report, 1971). However, as the Church grew rapidly in South America, it became increasingly difficult to educate large numbers. Gradually the secular education was phased out while the spiritual education for young people was strengthened through Church seminaries for high school students and institutes of religion on college campuses. In 1964 there were Church schools in Concepcion, Santiago and Vina del Mar, Chile. They were run by professionally paid educators, volunteers and a few missionaries.

I'm enjoying my few days of luxury in the mission home—it's the last I'll see for a while (hot water, heat, etc.). I'll let you know soon how things go in our work in La Cisterna. I don't know the post office box there, so write me here at Casilla 28 until I let you know.

I'm sure glad to be here at last. It still seems incredible that I'm this far away from home. I guess it really hasn't sunk in yet that I'm really in Chile. La Cisterna will probably remove any illusions. But I'm looking forward to it. Everyone is very nice here, and I'm sure I'm going to like it here very much. This is a great work I'm involved in, and I'm thankful to be a part of it. I'll be sure and write soon and let you know how things go. Do write soon, all of you. I'll be looking forward to hearing from you.

*All my love,
Janie*

Wednesday, May 27, 1964

Hi Mom,

I'm still in the mission home, and I'm likely to be here for a few weeks. Sunday night I tripped on the stairs and really sprained my ankle. Chilean doctors really move slow. He didn't get here till Monday about 4:30. He hasn't taken an x-ray yet. He's coming back tomorrow to see if it needs it. Ha! Meanwhile I'm hobbling around on crutches that are 6 inches too long because that's all there is. Trying to hurry these people is an impossible job. And Pres. Beecroft is just as bad. He just keeps saying, "He's a good doctor," and I should have patience. So here I am. There is a piano and guitar here, plenty of books to read, my lessons to study, and my sweater to knit on, but I want to get out of here! My companion, Sr. Gerber, came in yesterday from La Cisterna. She's only got 6 weeks left before she goes home. We'll probably spend two or three of them in here. Rats! Incidentally, she's great.

I desperately need the standard works in English (we have classes every day). I'm sure my books won't get here for two months. Rats! I wish I hadn't put my Bible and triple-combination in it! There is a group leaving Provo for Chile in about three or 4 weeks. I'll let you know exactly. Maybe you could pick me up a little set and give it to them to bring down. I would get it fast airmail, too—that is, if they let it out of the Aduana (customs house - they are really bad news). If you take the books to the President's secretary she can get it to the missionaries leaving. I also left a couple things at the house. (Does it ever fail?) My snow boots and a scarf, I think. If and when you go down to Provo you could pick those up.

Even in here I see new things every day. Little vendors come by in rickety old carts drawn by horses, and they have chants similar to the "green arples 'n gripes" man. There are quite a few gypsies around. We saw some Sunday (just women). They wear bright colors and skirts down to

the ground-long earrings and usually headdresses, too. I doubt if they ever bathe. It's kind of bad news when you get downwind.!

Nobody gets up around here much before 7. How neat! Chileans go to bed late and get up late, so we have to adapt. The mission rules say we have to be up by 7. Businesses shut down between 1 and 3 or 4, nobody sleeps, but they still close down for a leisurely lunch, etc. They are open again from 4 or so till 7, maybe later. They are very leisurely eaters and engage in much conversation around the table. Even here in the mission home every meal takes at least an hour. Here you put both hands on the table too, always, and their spoons are a panic. The regular spoon is the size of a tablespoon and the desert spoon is like a shovel! What a panic!

I still haven't been sick, but things are really clean here. (Although I did find a bug in my salad the other day!) In every bathroom here they have, besides a toilet, a goodie that looks like a urinal. That's what I thought it was until I noticed it has a soap dish, hot and cold faucets, and a small drain with a plug. Also, the water sprays out all around the edge rather than from one spigot. I'm told they were originally used before toilet paper. You sat on it and sprayed yourself off after you were through with the toilet. What a panic. I'll take toilet paper, thanks, even though here it's kind of like Sears Roebuck catalog on a roll. The brand name is "Comfort." Ha! I forgot the name of those goodies [bidet], but now they use them for foot baths or to wash clothes in. The mission home has a washing machine—it's a rarity. Everybody else uses scrub-boards and bristley brushes—rather hard on clothes. And the maids always do dumb things like putting salt in the refrigerator (if you have one) and milk in the cupboard!

Well, such is life in Chile, or what I can see of it with my foot in a sling. You should have named me Calamity Jane instead of Margaret Jane! I got your letter okay. Keep them coming. I sure miss you and all the family. Write soon, God bless you.

Love,

Janie

PS: In that roll of film I sent home, there's one shot of Larry (alone, dark hair, taken on temple grounds). Get a print made and try sending it in a letter, okay?

Saturday, May 30, 1964

Dear Mom,

Here I am still in the mission home. I'll probably be here two more weeks. I saw a bone specialist yesterday. He says no walking for two days, very little for 10 [days]. So, here I am. Monday I guess I'll go to work in the office.

Help! Help! I have a problem, and a plan. I desperately need the scriptures in English. My box won't get here for two months, maybe three they say. So, there is a group of missionaries leaving June 10 or 11 (not sure—they get here the 12th). And since I could really use more than the two wool skirts I have, here's the plan: Get a little flight bag (from airport or Murdock Travel - [Murdock Travel was the agency that handled all church related travel.] here's my discount card) and in it put the books (get small inexpensive ones, or old ones we have) plus this: on my bed is the box of extra clothes I left. In it is my black knit vest and the grey sweater and skirt. That I really need. And, if you can fit it in, the white long-sleeved blouse with the lace front. It's got a button missing on one sleeve—maybe you could find one to match. This probably won't fit, but I sure would like that cranberry red wool dress, plus the green paisley scarf and red suede tie belt. If that won't fit, forget

it. But the other stuff I really need, and it will cost more to buy it here than to pay the overweight (Incidentally, it's \$2.91 a pound to Chile.)

The thing to do is call the mission in Provo (Language Training Mission), talk to the secretary and find out when the Chilean elders' plane leaves. If you go to the airport that will save you a trip to Provo. Weigh the bag and pay him the overage, then if they don't charge Elder Brown (Christiansen, Foltz or Miller) for it, he can give me the money here, or if you're right there when he checks in, you can settle it then. I imaging it won't weigh over 5 pounds... I sure would appreciate if you could do this for me... Hope to hear from you soon. Don't put things in letters that might look like money, or I won't get them! Sure do love you. Thanks so much for this. It's getting cold here!!

*Love,
Janie*



Mission Photo, winter (June) 1964

Jane is third from left, second row

Tuesday June 2, 1964

Dear Mom,

I hope this gets to you okay. I found out the flight schedule of the elders. They are leaving June 9 at 6:15 (PM I think). You had better call Provo to make sure and leave a message as to where you will meet them. Gee, I need that stuff! If you aren't going to be in Salt Lake, call Norman, or Pam Bawden and have them do it. I don't have Pam's phone, but her and Mike's address is 2055 W. 3500 S. Apt. 3, SLC... I sure would appreciate it if you would take care of this for me.

It's pouring today (the first time since I've been here). Sure am glad I don't have to go out today! My ankle is really improving. I can walk pretty well.

I had my hair done yesterday—trimmed about 1 ½ inches—wash and set—cost E4.50 which is not quite \$1.50! Great! And he did a great job! I went with Dawn.

Must get this mailed. This weekend is mission conference. I'm singing. Pres. Kimball will be here. Have a good trip west. Take care now (I'll send the discount card there, hope it arrives). Be good.

All my love,

Janie

June 9, 1964

Dear Mom and E.C.

I just got your June 1 letter from Franklin Park [Illinois]. Obviously you aren't going to be able to get the stuff I need to the elders who left on the 8th. (I just have a little minute here in the office, so this will be very short.) I believe I mentioned that Sister Ninfa Lozano is getting transferred here and will be coming down soon—you might not even get this before she leaves. If you haven't already called her, do call her or leave a message at the Training Mission in Provo as to when you will meet her at the airport in Salt Lake. (Also find out when they are leaving. I don't know.)

..President Kimball and Pres. Tuttle were here for a mission conference this weekend. It was really great. I saw Dave Nelson—he was up from the south for the conference. You would never believe how cold it is here—there is no place to get warm except in bed. I manage fine except my feet are always cold. We all sit in church with coats on, etc. Chileans too! Can't figure out why they don't have more heat. They freeze, too! Yes, I have a couple sweaters, but I sure need those others I asked you to send with the missionaries. Have to get back to work. I'll write a newsy letter soon. Write soon yourself!!

Love, Janie

Dear Mom:

What a mess this mail system is! I got your letter yesterday saying you wouldn't be in Salt Lake until at least the 9th, so I hurried and wrote you a letter to have you get the package to Sr. Lozano because I was sure you wouldn't get it to the elders in time. And the elders arrived today (just a few minutes ago, in fact) with the bag. I sure do appreciate it, Mom. Sr. Beecroft said the red dress isn't too bright (I was a little worried) so all is well. Thank you so much. You are

absolutely a life saver!! I know you must have gone to a lot of trouble to get it to the elders. Thank you so much!!!

Guess what!! You will be getting Christmas presents from me this year, if all goes well! Sister Nilda Pinto, a Chilean girl who works in the mission office as a receptionist and translator, is going up to school at Utah State and she is leaving the first of July. She is having some things shipped by boat, and she said I could send a package with her. So I will, if earthly possible. It probably won't arrive for two months or so, but whenever they arrive and she picks up her baggage, we'll make arrangements so she will drop you a line or something and you can get up to Logan to get the package. Just DON'T open anything before Christmas!! (I'll have everybody's labeled, and will try to scribble a note to tell you what they are. There are quite a few interesting Chilean things here.) So I'll be sure and let you know what happens.

We ought to start numbering our letters so we know if and when some are lost. It happens quite often, I guess, and some get delayed for a long time. The average letter, if it gets through, takes 4 or 5 days, usually 5. So this one will be #1. I sent Kay a postcard of Santiago because I thought the picture would be interesting. Let me know if it arrives, and I will send more picture postcards. Don't try and send the package of slides back when they are developed—they take months to get here and are hard to get out of Customs—and you have to pay to get them out, besides. But I occasionally would like a picture of the family...

Did I tell you we went to the ballet last week? We saw Swan Lake at the Teatro Municipal—a huge marble building with velvet seats and gorgeous chandeliers and Sistine-like murals on the domed ceiling. Fabulous! And it was only two escudos for a box seat!! (About 60 cents.) A candy bar, in contrast, a good one, costs 950 pesos, or about 29 cents. A package of American gum—Doublemint for example is 850 pesos at least—and then it's usually stale by the time they get it here from the States. So you can guess the kinds of things I don't buy. Film is also very expensive, but there is no way of getting around that.



here (I still use the bandage for support) but it aches a little with a lot of walking. I'll just always wear my most comfortable walking shoes and take it easy for a little while. Ill be glad to get out and get busy. Reference work is more profitable than tracting here, but since we don't have any references we will have to start knocking on doors! This country is really Catholic. Many people have signs on their doors "We are Catholics and don't admit

President Kimball's visit this weekend was just great. It was really wonderful to be here in the mission home and to eat dinner with him, etc. We had a mission conference Monday where I saw Dave Nelson, I believe I mentioned.

They are letting me out of the mission home Monday! My ankle is fine for walking around



visits of Mormons” (or the equivalent when it’s translated). But I’m anxious to get going. There is a lot of excitement about the elections in Sept. Their Communist candidate, Allende, is one of the two top candidates. If the Communists get in they could make things rough on us. A strange boy came up to Brother Harding on the street a few days ago and said (in Spanish), “I’ll sure be glad when Allende gets in, then we can kick you and your lousy Mormon schools out of the country.” They can’t kick the Church out, I don’t think, but they could nationalize the schools and make our lives miserable. San Miguel, a suburb is very Communist, and once or twice they had to take the missionaries out of there in a hurry. Frei, the liberal candidate, will win I hope. There really is nothing to worry about. Conditions are pretty good here in Chile, and the people aren’t barbarians. There are so many poor people they are numberless. They say (Brother Harding, the head of the schools) there are 5,000 children under 12 roaming the streets of Santiago without family or shelter. They absolutely break your heart!! They are sick and ragged and dirty. Some are delinquents, of course, but many are just poor little kids without a chance in the world.

Winter has finally arrived. It never quite freezes, but just about, that it’s really cold when it’s raining, and there is NO heat in the houses. The little heat there is in the mission home went off last night, and at the rate the Chileans work, it will be at least a week before they can get someone here to fix it. Such is life. I sure to appreciate my warm clothes and the stuff you sent me!!

You said my letter sounds like Mexico. From what I hear it’s a lot different—for one thing it’s a lot cleaner—not nearly so many bugs or as much disease. Although it’s still very possible to get amoebas (dysentery) and hepatitis, etc. And of course there is always good old common Chilitis. So far I’ve been lucky!!

This week we are going to hear the Robert Shaw Chorale—they are on tour here. I’m looking forward to it. I must get back to work now, so I’ll close. Please do have everybody write me a short note once in a while. Things are a lot different here—customs, etc., and it’s really nice to hear about things at home.

I’ll be sure and let you know how the first “field” experiences go! Be good and write soon, all of you. Again, Mom and E.C., thank you so much for the bag and the clothes. AND books. You are absolutely a life-saver!!!

May God bless you always.

All my love, Janie

#2, June 16, 1964

Hi Mom—

I just have time for a note—we are on our way out the door to go shopping for a couple things I need and my companion needs. We’ve had a change, and I will be going to Concepcion on Friday. My address will be “Casilla 1061, Concepcion, Chile” Look it up on the map—the land of eternal rain!!! It’s 8 hours south of here on an old rattle trap bus. It’s also much colder down there. Oh well. I’ll let you know what it’s like when I arrive. Everybody says it’s really miserable in the winter. I can hardly wait!

The real reason I wrote is because I lost a contact lens. Don’t ask me how—I can’t figure it out. I dropped it on the floor and it DISAPPEARED!!! Anyway, I have that spare that I can wear that doesn’t fit exactly—but it’s okay until I get another. I have already written to Daynes Optical in Salt Lake to get a replacement (it’s the left lens, green color). In a day or so check on them and

make sure they sent it—airmail registered, marked “lente contacto, usado—fragile.” I told them to send the bill to you—it will be a lot simpler. It’s \$12.50 for the lens.

I have to run now. I sure do appreciate all the trouble you went to to get the bag down to me. Don’t worry about anything else like snowboots. Maybe sometime in the future I’ll have you try one nylon at a time in a letter-sized envelope. Or rolled up in a newspaper like they mail newspapers (Chilean nylons are bad news!)

I like it better here all the time. Chile, the mission, the people—they are all great!! Sure do miss you all. Write soon. Did you get the film? Did E.C. take my guitar? Let me know.

Love you gobs, Janie

June 18, 1964

Hi Mom:

Well, guess what. I got changed again. I’m not going to Concepcion after all. I’m going to San Bernardo where I was going to go in the first place. I just found out tonight. The address is the Cisterna address above. I’m relieved in one sense—I won’t have to worry about asthma this winter now, I hope.

Guess what? The reason you haven’t gotten much mail from me is that I didn’t get there! Or I should say it got there and came back—I wrote you two letters to Salt Lake before you got there and I marked them “do not forward—leave at address” but they forwarded them to Provo anyway, and Sr. Lozano brought them down with her—plus a bunch of other stuff of yours that is enclosed. That’s why you haven’t got much mail from me, I guess.

Guess what! Larry got baptized about two weeks ago! How’s that for surprising and wonderful! I’m really happy for him. He was investigating more or less, I knew, but I didn’t know he was going to be baptized until after it happened. Lynn’s father baptized him.

Sure do wish I had a pair of long johns or thermal underwear. Here the stuff they call long johns are about the quality of the old cotton undershirts after they are almost all worn out, and then they cost about \$10 American money! I bought me a little Chilean hand dryer on a liquidation sale. It’s a good little one (they use different voltage here) and it puts out quite a bit of heat. I wish I had the hood and hose from my dryer—it would fit over the nozzle. Sr. Lozano says the snow boots and stuff (scarf, I guess) are ready and waiting at the house any time you can manage to get them. The snow boots you sent are too small. I can get into them, but they are uncomfortable even in my bare feet. The books are great, as are the other clothes. It would be nice to have the boots, long johns (tops and bottoms) and hood and hose to my hairdryer, but don’t try mailing it. Missionaries aren’t coming down for a month or so. But that is a lot of bother, so don’t do anything until I let you know I’m desperate...

Marty, they make handmade ski boots here, but they really aren’t any better quality than the ones at home (at least the ones I’ve seen) and they are just about as expensive...the mantas and ponchos are beautiful, the woolens too, and the wood carvings and copper—all types of metal work. By the time I come home I will have found neat things at good prices. They also make beautiful necklaces out of shells and seeds. The package you are getting now isn’t much—but they are Recuerdos de Chile. I hope you like them. Mom, yours is something I think you might like over the fireplace.

Really have to hit the sack now. It's very late. Do let me know the latest news. I always enjoy your letters—ALL of you, and that's a hint. You just don't know how much letters mean! Take care and be good.

Love, love, love, love, Janie

July 1, 1964

Hi Mom,

Got your letter to this address yesterday—thanx. I still haven't got the lenses. I imagine they will be here soon... How was the trip to Canada? You'll be home by the time you get this, I'm sure. Sure do wish I could have seen Grandma before I left. How is she? And how are you, too? How are you feeling?

We are really busy here—not all with proselyting, tho, unfortunately. The branches here really need help, and we are up to our ears in Relief Society (Sociedad de Socorro) work. Sunday is a conference and my companion and I are in charge of the Madres y hijas (mothers and daughters) chorus. What a job! In addition to that we've had to paint our kitchen. It was charcoal grey if you can imagine, plus 300 years of dirt over it. We have NO cupboards—we bought a bunch of apple boxes (they don't give anything away here—you even have to buy paper sacks!) and painted them too—so now the place is a little more livable. Now we need to get the toilet fixed so we won't have the pipes leaking water all over the floor—ugh. The plumbers here don't know much more about it than I do! And they come about a week after you expect them, if you are lucky. Egads.

The mission has a basketball team—last night was one of the big games in Santiago, so we all went after Mutual—we lost—but it was a good game (we rarely lose). The place was so cold I'm sure I have pneumonia. Things are considered warm here if you can't see your breath! Then to top it off—last night, to get warm I stuck my hot water bottle in bed. Chilean hot water bottles don't have screw lids—just push-in kind. Well, about 3 AM the cork flipped out—I was soaked! It took me a while to wake up and discover what was happening. By then everything I had on plus the bed was soaking. The minute I hopped out of bed I practically turned to an ice cube, too. So I put on dry clothes and slept with my companion. What a mess. I hope my sheets are dry by tonight! Today it's funny—last night it wasn't!

Don't worry about long johns. Elder Palmer, my branch president, is going home and is going to sell me his. I also have a pair of boots (they go half-way to my knee) I can wear heavy socks in—and they are warm...

Since this is winter the mission had a "Christmas" paseo last Saturday to Farellones—a ski resort two hours straight "up" from Santiago. Fabulous! I was green because I couldn't ski. It sure looked great. We all took inner tubes and had a great time tubing down some hills. They say Portillo skiing is even better than Farellones (but more expensive). Wow! It's wasn't very crowded—the snow was good—and those Andes are absolutely gorgeous! E.C. and Marty—sure do wish you could come down about the time I'm released—to ski—how fun! Just for the fun of it I'll find out what costs are. I believe the '66 Olympics are going to be in Portillo. Ole!

Things are expensive here! Clothes and cosmetics are more expensive than in the U.S. (Guess what I don't buy!) Food is usually cheaper—but it depends on what it is. We ride buses so darn much we spend a fortune—a couple of bucks a week! Those buses are a panic—this morning on

one bus we counted 8 people on the bottom step, or hanging from it, that is! You won't believe it until I show you pictures!

Monday is district missionary conference—all day. I'm going to sing a solo. Sure wish I had my guitar!!! We've been doing quite a bit of tracting—a lot of our meetings sure do fall through! But we keep plugging along! Cisterna, I guess, is about the awfulest (cringe-grammar) section of Santiago—lousy water—grocery stores the health department at home would blow up, I'm sure, but I've really been blessed—I haven't been really sick like everybody else with Chile-itis (it can really get bad) and the fleas don't bother me—at least yet—I've got my fingers crossed. The fleas about ate poor Margaret Lowe alive!

It's time for lunch. I must go. Have plenty to do before we take off again this afternoon. Boy, that first day tracting really was scary! Especially my first door! It sure is interesting, though, even though sometimes [it's] discouraging. In spite of all the bad news things—I love missionary work. Must rush. Write soon. May God bless you.

Much love,
Janie

July 7, 1964

Dear E.C. and Marty,

How sorry I am you have hepatitis, E.C.! I can't imagine how you could have picked it up, either. We had shots for it before we came. They last for 6 months. There's enough other stuff around here besides hepatitis, anyway. With this cold, wet weather and no heat I have a bad cold, of course. I periodically get a touch of Chili-itis, but I've been lucky and haven't had it bad—that's a miracle considering our raw milk and bad water. I think from brushing my teeth in the water I've got my million canker sores and sore mouth. I'm sure I'm going to live, tho. I haven't even had any asthma in all this damp weather yet! I've been blessed, I guess.

I guess Mom must have gotten a few more of my letters now. She knows I lost my contact lens and she has my new address—so—I guess the mail more or less gets through even if it's delayed.

Say! My friend, Larry, from Los Angeles, was baptized a couple weeks ago! Isn't that great? Did Mom tell you? Did she tell you about our mission paseo to Farellones, a ski resort? It was great! The skiing looked fabulous. They say Portillo—bigger—is really expensive—about \$20.00 a day! Eek!

Well, we've been out knocking on doors for two weeks. Up until today we've had 100% fall-through on all the meetings we've set up! It's disappointing, but we aren't discouraged! We've now had a couple good meetings and some very good prospects. Sure is work, though! In addition to all our proselyting and working in the branches in the organizations (they really need help) we have to cook for ourselves (it's better than a Chilean maid) but we have to buy everything in little grubby stores. The other day I found a fly baked into my piece of bread! And there's worms in the rice, etc. But it's great—we had good luck tracting today. And today was the first time I actually got a door slammed in my face! But the more I study and the more I work—the more my testimony grows. Sure wish I could understand the people! Sometimes it's not so bad, then at other times they might as well be talking Greek! But I guess it comes little by little.

Thursday the L. M.s here are probably going to La Ligua, a town a few hours north where they make a lot of wool and ponchos, etc. Stuff like that here in Santiago is really expensive. In fact, everything is expensive in Chile!

Yes, I got the stuff from the elders okay. I sure appreciate it, E.C. I sure do appreciate hearing from home often, too. So do write when you can.

Sure do hope and pray you'll be feeling better soon, E.C. Sure do miss you, both you and Marty and the kids, too! I'm so sleepy I can't see straight, so I'd better sign off now. May God bless you always. Be good and write soon. Letters from home are big events! So do write when you can.

Love, Janie

PS: When are Gary and Nana expecting? How exciting!

July 13, 1964

Birthday card:

Dear Mom,

A very happy birthday on the 20th! It's not just one more year making you older, but it's one more year that I can say you've been my wonderful mother! Felicitaciones en tu cumpleaños!

I got a sweet letter from Gram today. She sure did enjoy your visit. I wish I could have seen her, too. And you, too!

The weather here is still the same—cold. But it hasn't rained for a while and it's usually really pleasant in the middle of the day. I hope it stays this way.

The work is going much better—we have some pretty good investigators and we haven't had as many fall-throughs, either.

Lots of funny things happen to us—like I fell off the bus on my face yesterday. Today one of my nylons fell down in downtown Santiago!

I told you I got my contact lens okay, didn't I? And... I got a letter from Lynne today. She and Jo Anne are on their vacation. They have been back east and are going to Jamaica, etc. Wow! Bermuda, too, I think. She told me Sally Steimle died. She was being operated on for a kidney disease and died on the operating table. How sad. She married Dave Morrill—you remember—I used to date him.

Right now we are at the Mission Home, and we are in a hurry so we'd better take off. We have plenty to do before we have our meetings tonight.

Things are going fine here—sure do miss you—wish I could show you around Santiago! Keep those letters coming. They surely are welcome. Take care of yourself now, Mom. Sure do love you. Ave Dios te bendiga siempre.

Love, Janie

July 19, 1964

Dear Family [Gary, Nana and kids],

It's late and I'm tired—so this will be brief. Twelve people were baptized today! None were our investigators, but it was great nevertheless.

Let me know if the post card came through all right. I don't know why a Chilean would want to steal a post card, but they often do! The weather here has been pretty nice—not much rain and

usually sunny and fairly warm in the middle of the day. But the nights are really cold! Brr! Three cheers for long-johns!

I saw my first vino (wine) truck this week! They are huge tankers like oil tankers at home. They often back up to your house (or business) and fill up your vats—just like filling up the oil tank or coal bin at home!

They carry meat—whole beeves—in the back of an open truck in all the dirt—covered with flies—then we buy it at the butcher shop which has more flies! Ugh! They do make good bread here, though...

An Elder Gary Perkins, a good friend, is going home the 22nd of this month. He's from Mesa, AZ, and often goes to Tucson. So I gave him your address and phone number. He's going into dentistry. He's a really great guy. I'm sure you'd enjoy talking to him. Feed him some good American food—he'll love it. And don't tell him anything nasty about me. Gary, no funny stories! I'd like him to keep the good impression he's got—after all, I won't be there to defend it for 22 months! I'm sure he'd love to tell you all about Chile!

Say, I must hit the sack. Do let me know how Mother is—she minimizes everything, of course. If anything happens—telegram, or call or something! But I hope nothing does. Write when you can. Kids, how about writing me too?! Sure do miss you all—may God bless you all.

Love, Janie

PS: I'm sure Gary (Elder Perkins) will love swimming—it's been 2 ½ years! Tell him hi for me.

Sunday, July 19, 1964

Hi Mom,

I just have a few minutes this afternoon before we eat and then hop off to some meetings, so this will be brief. Happy Birthday tomorrow! (Last week, by the time you get this!) Thank you for the gum. And the cards. Keep them coming! I have my articles of faith cards, so I don't need very many of the others.

This Chilean girl seems very interesting. I'd love to talk to her. Be sure and send me her address, including the section of Santiago she lives in and when she's arriving. You said she had gone to Chicago. Are you going to see her again? I was wondering if she could bring down my guitar. It can't be checked, so it's kind of an imposition since it needs to be carried. But I sure do wish there was some way I could get it. I have been doing quite a bit of singing, and I might be singing on TV in the near future (church program). [This actually took place on more than one occasion, though the letters and journal do not mention it.] Chilean guitars are quite expensive and not very good. How about the Bernhardt elder? Is he transferred to Chile? I also wish I had the hose and hood to my hairdryer, 2 more pair of wool bobby-sox another bottle of contact wetting solution... And my red-plaid skirt... Do you know anybody who's coming down? The guitar is the most important.

I bought a pair of long johns from an elder who is going home this week plus some long thick ski socks. That's what I sleep in. When it's really bad I add a hot water bottle. I'm kind of cautious on that score, though. I told you about the night the lid came off, didn't I? I have no desire to get soaking wet in the middle of the night again!

Now it's after Sacrament Meeting. We sure don't have much time! I got a real nice letter from Jerry yesterday. He asked about you and asked to be remembered to you. Sure wish you could

spend a day here so I could show you around! You'd be fascinated! I've been in Cisterna long enough so that it's fascination has worn off completely—just the daily living is left. It's my turn to cook next week. I'd love to take you grocery shopping in our little 10 x 10 stores. Chileans only buy as little as they can at a time, and they shop every morning! They even buy sugar and flour ½ pound at a time!

Twelve people were baptized today. It was wonderful! The only sad part is none of them are our investigators. My companion and I have really been having an uphill grind! Chileans are afraid to be impolite and tell us “no,” so they often set up meetings and then hide or something—and waste our time when we go back again. We have a few good investigators—and a lot of out-to-lunch ones! But we keep plugging along!

We think one of the LM's here might have amoebic dysentery. She only has two months left. Guess she's pretty well run-down. Then, too, Cisterna is not the healthiest part of Chile. I'm glad I'm here first before I get too run down, etc.! I've been really healthy, considering.

We live close to the plaza. They had a local basketball game there. Sounds like now it's turned into a political demonstration. They're marching up and down the street chanting and shouting! These Latins are a panic!

I will be released on May 22, 1965. I'm sure I will have no clothes left of these when I am through (Chilean washing methods are murderous!) So I will need what I have at home. The stuff in the trunk in the basement I could probably do without—although I think there's some stuff recently put in I don't want to part with. The old blue bathing suit can be disposed of.

Don't kill yourself around the place, Mom! Take it easy! I sure do appreciate your telling me how you feel. Please continue to do so. I'm sure you'll enjoy working in the temple. I really do appreciate your letters, and your love and support. This sure isn't soft like the life at home! Enjoy it for me, too, okay? But in spite of it all, it's great! The Spanish is a real problem, there's so much I can't say, and understand! But that will come, I guess.

I'm falling asleep. I must go to bed. Sure do love you, Mom, and think of you always. Write when you get a minute. God bless you always.

Love, Janie

PS: Did Sr. Gerber call you (my first companion who went home)? Here are those cards. You can sign them too, or E.C.

July 24, 1964

Dear Mom,

Hope you don't mind if I have to write in bits and snatches—it's about all the time I have. Happy 24th of July! Did you see the big parade or anything? It seems hard to imagine that it's summer anywhere! And we have two more months of winter to look forward to. And it's going to get worse before it gets better!

I've been spending every penny of my \$90 a month—and really scrimp to get by on that! Things are expensive here! Food isn't much cheaper than it is at home (some of it), especially the stuff Gringos like! Sr. Pete gave me a perm this week. It's a nice soft one, but probably won't last too long. I don't want to get my hair all cut off, and the dampness here is a real problem, especially when it's foggy and rainy! It gets dirty really fast—this is a really dirty city (air)...

We still are tracting like mad. We go to Spanish class in about 10 minutes, then out to San B. to work. This is a typical schedule of our day (One week my companion and I cook and buy groceries, the next week conduct gospel class and do dishes):

*7:00 Get up, Fix breakfast, eat, prepare class, get dressed & ready for the day,
Study-if time
8:30 Gospel class
9:30 Go buy groceries (daily! - some things we can't get any other way) or do dishes
10:00 Go to San Bernardo
12:00 Be home for dinner (fix or do dishes)
1:00 Spanish class
2:00 Study or errands, etc.
2:30 Head back to San Bernardo
10:00 Come home and die.*

So as you can see we don't have much spare time.

Hi again - now we are in San B. at the elders apartment-taking care of administration duties for a few minutes. My companion is taking care of it, okay, so I thought I'd add some to your letter.

We've got some pretty good investigators, but we haven't got anybody past the 2nd discussion yet, so we can't be sure of any baptisms as of yet. But we keep working!

Here I am again-at a member's house-waiting for Roberto, 2nd counselor in the branch-we have to talk to him. He should be home from work any minute...

Foreign countries are fabulous and interesting at first-but the romance wears off. The daily life is nothing like home, sweet home! But it's not so bad when you can manage to forget all the conveniences of home. For example, you can't buy a can of soup here.

But of course there are compensations-because this is the Lord's work and it's wonderful to be part of it. I'm constantly learning something new-it's not easy-but it's great! Roberto just arrived-must sign off.

Sure do miss you, Mom. Take care of yourself. Be good and write soon. God bless you.

All my love, Janie

PS: What about the Chilean girl?

July 30, 1964

Dear E.C.,

Hope things are getting back to normal around your place by now. How are you feeling? That hepatitis is bad stuff! It's a good thing I had a shot for it when we arrived-they can't get any serum into the country, so plenty of missionaries here haven't had a shot for a year. In 6 months (4 mo. for me) the shots wear off. Hope I don't get it!

We still haven't had any baptisms. We keep plugging along, though. Some of our investigators are really characters. We had one guy last night who's seen Christ in vision and talked with him on numerous occasions, he says. What a kook! He's an Evangelista-don't know for sure what that is in English.

Man, it's cold here! The estufas we get our little bit of heat from are smelly and give me a sore throat. They are like giant kerosene lanterns, even run on kerosene. There is always water condensing and dripping down the windows to the ledge. The ledges are all mushy and an actual fungus grows on them! The bottom of my houseslippers are fungussy, too! It's not really too bad, especially considering what tropical countries are like!

There is an elder here who can really play the guitar. We might be singing on radio or TV soon for publicity. Hope so—sure would be fun. How I wish I had my guitar! Chilean guitars are SO expensive and not very good to boot!

I got a really nice letter from Jerry a couple of weeks ago. He asked all about the Shaeffers. He's a great guy.

Remember Sally, my old roommate, who finally married Dave (I dated him quite a while)? Well, she died about a month ago, or more, during an operation for kidney problems. It's really sad, but at least they didn't have any children yet. But I was really surprised to hear from Dave about a week ago. Don't know how he knew where I was. He says he wants to hear from me! I don't want to get involved. I'm not even going to answer his letter. Can you beat that?

As usual there is much to do, so, I'd better get busy. I still have a terrible time understanding people, but I'm learning all the time. And I'm learning more about the gospel all the time, too. It's great! I love missionary work, and I often get impatient with people because they're too busy or complacent or lazy to listen! But we keep working! Give the family my love. Write when you get a chance. And take care of yourself! God bless you.

Love you, Janie

August 1, 1964

Postcard

Hi Mom,

Just time for a note. Hope you got my letter I sent yesterday about sending my guitar with missionaries... in the guitar case put 4 or 5 sets of guitar strings, La Bella, Esterbrook pen nibs, 2 or 3 (fine), nylons, Penney's Arrest-o-run, 10 ½ suntan, eyeshadow, Max Factor stick, iridescent brown, Revlon fine line eyebrow pencil refill, Max Factor mascara refills, rubber gloves, blouse and skirt if you can fit them in, black flats and guitar chord chart.

I'll write soon. Sure do love you. Please do this, I NEED it!

Love, Janie

August 2, 1964

Hi Mom,

I got a note from E.C. yesterday. She's back in bed with a relapse of hepatitis, she says. Gee, I sure hope she'll be okay. With moving in the new house and everything I'm sure it's really a strain.

Sounds HOT up there! I'd like to trade you for just a couple days, then we'd both get a little relief! Hope you got my letter and card about sending the guitar. Just in case things are unclear I'll state them again... Mom, I know this is a real imposition, but I sure would appreciate it. Get Pam to help, or Penny. I do need the guitar, and we might as well fill the case with a few things I need.

These products are really inferior here and about twice as expensive, and I'll have to have them eventually, so I might as well get them from home. They're cheaper and better. Sister Wordle got her violin through Murdocks with no trouble, so I'm sure the guitar will work the same way...

Did I ever tell you I put flea powder in my bed? We all do. It's really funny. But it helps! Sometimes the dirt here really bothers me. Most of the people really don't care. You'd die if you saw their kitchens. They are a mess! Even the nice homes have horrid kitchens and usually bathrooms as bad. But it doesn't bother them. I guess Americans are fanatics on cleanliness compared to the rest of the world.

We went to Rancagua Saturday, 1 ½ hours south, to visit Primary and help them organize. The scenery was gorgeous on the way down. Even in the winter, without leaves on the trees, everything is fairly green. There is plenty of grass and moss that grows like grass. Sometimes the mountains almost look like home! They sure are beautiful...

It's time for class. I must go. Here's my discount card, it's good at ZCMI at least... maybe you could slip a couple rolls of Kodachrome X slide film in the guitar case. Sure appreciate your taking care of this for me. Write soon and take care of yourself. God bless you.

Love, Janie

Thursday

Hi Mom,

I have a few minutes before class so this will have to be a quickie. Yes, I told you the elders didn't have to pay on my stuff, they gave me the money. Margaret lives here in this apartment with us. I told you that too, I thought. There are 5 of us here. We work in San Bernardo, two work in Cisterna and Margaret teaches.

I hope you got my letter okay about the guitar. The complete list is in the last letter. Please do as much as you can. Prices are going up here, probably due to elections in a month. They are raising our rent from E120 to E150 a month!

I've done it again! I lost another contact lens! Can you beat that? This time it was the right one. I'm sure I would have found it if it hadn't have happened in the street (dirt, etc.). So I've already written to Daynes for a replacement. How about calling them in a couple days to make sure they got the letter? Thanks.

We're having a big Lady Missionary conference next week - 3 days - all the L.Ms in the whole mission. We're really looking forward to it. We're also going to have at least two baptisms this week or next? Ole!

Dawn Albach is engaged to a non-member! He's a dentist here—American citizen—originally from Germany. His family (Jewish) came here when they escaped. He's U.S. educated, too. But he's not quite ready to join the church. I haven't had a real chance to talk to her yet, but I hope there's something I can do. He's a great guy, but nobody's worth marrying out of the temple!

Must run. Write and let me know all the news. Sure think of you often and pray the Lord's blessings on you.

Love, Janie

Friday morning:

I found out last night that customs might not let the guitar through with all that stuff in it, especially cosmetics, if an elder is carrying it. Ask Murdocks (The set of guitar strings will go

through okay in the case, I'm sure). Then if they say no, see if the elder can take the cosmetics separately. It will be a small package (maybe shoes, too). Try to put the soft stuff inside the guitar. Make sure nothing rattles! Nylons, wool sox... I don't know if the skirt and blouse will fit or not—try—with the rubber gloves, and throw in the plastic applicator if you can find it (I've got a few gray hairs - quite a few!). Re-attach the guitar strings, make the stuff inside look unobvious, maybe slide the guitar chart under the strings so it covers the hole. But make sure nothing rattles! Ask Murdocks about slipping guitar in pillow case, to help protect it. Sure do appreciate all this, Mom.

An Elder Adams is going home on the 21st of August. He has a little present for you. He says he'd like to meet you, so he has the address. Should be around about the 23rd or thereafter. He's a great guy. Feed him, etc. You'll really like him, I'm sure. (Sure would be nice if he'd still be around when I got home!)

...Thanx for the address of Lenore. Did you by any chance find out the section of Santiago it's in? My books haven't arrived yet. Sure love my winter coat! And warm bathrobe! Sure do love you, Mom. Wish I could share some of my experiences with you, but I will in 22 months!

God bless you. Love,
Janie



Tuesday, August 11, 1964

Dear Mom,

Just got your letter. Yes! I want the guitar, even without everything else! By now you probably have my letter saying it's most important. So the guitar and strings and chord chart will come without any trouble... If Murdocks think it's too risky to send the other stuff, don't send it... Thanx so very much for all this. Sure do appreciate it. I'll write soon and tell you things a little more interesting.

Love you, Janie

August 18, 1964

Hi Mom,

Wow! Time does fly—next Saturday I will have been here three months! Well, our last Sunday's baptism fell through. They boy's mother changed her mind overnight and wouldn't give him permission. We have no sure baptisms for this Sunday, but we are hoping for 4 or 5 by the end of the month. Most of these people are so lazy I find it hard not to get mad. They're so "so" busy—and always terribly inefficient. We even have some investigators that are too busy in the day and too tired at night to pray! The Catholic Church really has a hold on them. Most of the

problems of South America are because of the influence of the Catholic Church. We call it the G.A. (Great Abominable.) One of the elders told us that on a recent trip to Concepcion, a priest told them (or tried to) foul jokes all the way. There is a lot of corruption here. The church really controls the country. It will be interesting to see who will win the Sept. 4th elections for President—the Communists or Catholics. Both sides swear they won't let the other take office if they win. We are staying home on election day—just in case. But I doubt there will be any trouble.



[Photo above: Jane is center, 7 from left]

We had a great L.M. conference last week. It lasted 1 ½ days and we stayed overnight at the mission home. There are 13 Lady Missionaries here in Chile. Dawn came too, she gave us a talk on the Peace Corps here. I don't get to see her very often, darn.

This Friday our trio performs our first show. We sang, rather impromptu, at the mission home last night for a group of American high school kids here as exchange students. They had been at the mission home to hear about the church, etc. They were all (are) really nice kids.

I got a letter from Penny yesterday. She has a little girl now! Maybe you know. She says she's called you and even stopped by with her mom, but you don't seem to be home very often. Give her a call occasionally.

It's been raining here. Ghak! My coat never dries out! We get chilled to the bone—no place to get warm except bath tub (if there is hot water) and bed. So as you can guess we have a hard time prying ourselves out of bed in the morning. Speaking of which, I'd better get in so I'll be able to get out!

We had a pretty good Mutual tonight. Two of our investigators came out. Ole! It's always an uphill grind, but it's worth it! We manage to enjoy ourselves, too, and learn a lot ourselves at the same time. My testimony is growing every day.

I must hit the sack! Thanks so much for your sweet letters, and all you've done about the guitar. Tomorrow I find out whether it arrives or not! Do take care of yourself, Mom, and don't work too hard!

Sure do love you, Janie

August 23, 1964

Dear Mom,

Wow! August is almost over! I can't believe it. This week has really gone fast! The guitar arrived great. Thanks so much. Elder Pomeroy was really nice. They didn't charge him anything, so I have the \$20. Thanks so much, Mom. Those wool sox are great—a little big but they probably will shrink a little when they are washed.

The nutty office elders had fun playing a joke on me. I found out my guitar had arrived, so we went in to pick it up Wed. night. They took everything out of the case and stuck in an old cruddy Chilean guitar, then tried to tell me somebody at the Aduana (customs, at the airport) must have stolen it all. They had a good story, and I almost believed them—but the mastermind of it all, Elder Riggs, is always pulling jokes, so I didn't quite trust him. They finally confessed and we all had a good laugh. And I got all the stuff, so all is well. Boy, that toothpaste sure tastes good! It's all great! Thanks a million times. You certainly are wonderful!

Last night we went to a guitar concert at the big municipal theatrt—a Chilean guitarist. Boy, he really played well. We also went horseback riding for an hour and a half yesterday. It was really fun. There is some beautiful country, hills, etc., outside of San Bernardo, to ride in.

Our singing program Friday went very well. You know, my books still haven't arrived—haven't even heard a word. Sure hope they aren't lost somewhere!

I haven't had time to contact Lenor Teran yet. I plan to do that very soon. Gee, I owe a lot of people letters! I wish you'd tell Norman [Bangerter] I really will write soon. I'm supposed to write my Bishop once in a while. [Norm Bangerter was not only her bishop but her brother, Gary's, brother-in-law.]

The weather most of last week was great—but today it's cold and overcast again. Darn. It almost seemed that Spring was here!

Thursday night there was a giant political rally out in the street in front of our apartment building. It was absolutely packed. We had a hard time getting home. Nothing riotous or anything happened, tho, thank goodness.

We also had a little earthquake tremor last week. It was hardly noticeable, but it was the first one I have felt.

We still haven't baptized anybody. We had two people last week stop us on the street and ask about the church. One woman, when we went to her house for a meeting, her husband told us not to come back. She couldn't have anything to do with us...

Sundays certainly are hectic days. In addition to investigator problems there are always branch problems. It's certainly not like at home where the members are raised in the culture or at

least have an idea of what should be done. They don't have much sense of responsibility here. But I guess that's what we are here for—to teach! In spite of all the problems, it's great!

We have a busy afternoon, so I must sign off. Do write soon and tell me all the news—how you are feeling, etc. And thanks so much for the family pictures! They are appreciated any time! Send a few every now and again. And what about the picture of Larry, too? Be good now, and write soon, and take care of yourself. I pray the Lord's choicest blessings on you.

Love, Janie

Monday, August 24, 1964

Hi again, Mom:

Just have a few minutes to start you a note. Got your two nice letters today. Thank you very much. Right now I'm in the mission home and I found an empty typewriter, so I thought I'd make use of it.

This morning I got a notice in the mail that my box arrived—so we went downtown to get it. We got it alright, and boy was the box a mess. I haven't checked everything out yet, but I think that it is all there. I had to leave it downtown at Fred's office (Dawn's dentist friend) while we came into the Mission Home. We had to go up to the third floor to get the box. There are rooms and rooms with stacks and stacks of mail, a lot of it marked U.S. mail, all unopened. The guy said some of it has been there two years. I think it is all mail that comes in by boat. Most of the airmail stuff comes through okay. Though sometimes some of it gets delayed and two letters or so arrive on the same day.

Hi Mom, (that was Elder Gill) He said he wanted to say hi to you. I really splurged and had my hair done this morning. You sound like you are thinking of moving. Let me know what the latest moves are. Hey, Mom, don't kill yourself off around the place. It sure isn't worth it. I guess Sister Peterson is here now so we can go. Whoops. She has one more errand to run. Gee, I sure appreciate the guitar and stuff. It sure is great to have it. I know you went to a lot of trouble to get it and I really appreciate it. I hope that is the last batch we have to worry about for a while.

Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1964

This letter is a botch, but I think I'll send it anyway. I've checked all the stuff in the box and it's all okay. I was thinking I put in the Carl Sandburg collection of folk songs (big red book), but I guess not. Check on it and make sure it's home and tell me. Darn, I wish I had it. Oh well. It sure is nice to have my books and music (some of it) and everything.

We had two great meetings yesterday (last night). One kid, about 14, is going to be baptized Sunday (we've got our fingers crossed) and he is a real sharpie—has all the right answers! We also had a first meeting set up with a little lady—when we went first she yelled through the window [that] somebody was sick and we couldn't come in—but then she came and let us in anyway. We had a great meeting with her and a friend who lives with her. They are both widows and live alone there. Most of the old ladies are very Catholic and so steeped in their ridiculous traditions they wouldn't consider listening. But these two ladies were both sharpies—recognizing the corruption in the Catholic church, etc. They told us during the meeting that it was late and they didn't want to be bothered and they weren't going to let us in, but then something told them to open the door. They said they believed we had a message from God for them. Things like that happen so rarely that we

get absolutely ecstatic when they do! We are messengers from God, and when we are doing what we should, then the spirit can manifest it to the people, if they are ready to receive it. But often even that isn't enough. Even in the short three months I've been here I've seen people I was sure knew it was true, and still deny it and not be baptized. Having people refuse to listen doesn't hurt half as much as having them refuse to be baptized and deny they know or knew it's true when we were sure they had that knowledge!

I'm glad you found the roll of film. Yes, please send the snap of Larry as soon as you can. As a matter of fact, I would like a regular (or smaller) snap and a 3 x 5 print too. They would both fit in a letter. (Protect them so they don't get mangled.) Pictures of family and friends mean a lot down here. I'll be interested in recent pictures of family from time to time. What about the ones we took at Tucson at Christmas? It's a nice surprise to get pictures once in a while.

I have tons to do plus I need to study too, so I'll sign off for now. Sure do love and miss you Mom. Be good and take care of your health! May the Lord bless you always. Write soon.

Love, Janie

PS: Did Elder Adams come to visit you yet? He's got a little package for you. I told him all about your good raisin pie—feed him some!

August 30, 1964

Hi Mom,

Got a letter from E.C. yesterday. She says you might be going down [to Clovis] for a visit. Hope so. Let me know how you like their new house.

We're at the branch this afternoon. We have a meeting in about ½ hour and then we have a baptism. Up to this morning we had three baptisms, now we only have one. It's a little discouraging, to say the least. But we hope our other two come through next week. We are teaching a lot of good people right now. Sure hope they come through!

Say, I never have received my contact lens! Will you call Daynes and check with them about it? It's been at least three weeks—I should have it by now unless it got lost... The other one got through fine but the people are real thieves if anything looks valuable in letters. Please check on that for me. I'm wearing the spare, but it doesn't fit quite right...

Has Elder Adams been by yet? Tell me about it. Gee, Mom, I sure do appreciate your letters and your wonderful support. I sure have a wonderful family and an especially great Mom!

Sure do love you, Mom, and I pray the Lord's blessings on you in everything you need. Be good now, write soon, and take care of yourself. Must run—not more time or paper. And be happy! God bless you.

Love from your happy missionary,
Janie



Hi Mom,

I just have time for a short note before we take off for downtown. This is diversion day (1/2 day) and we have some errands to run. Yesterday I wrote and asked you to check on my contact lens. Well, this morning it arrived! Isn't that the way it goes? Probably they wouldn't have come if I hadn't sent the S.O.S. to you! If you already called Daynes, just call them and tell them it finally arrived. They just took a little longer (according to the postmark, the S. L. place didn't send them off in any big hurry, either).

We had our first baptism yesterday! Sundays are going to make me a nervous wreck! I think we spent the whole day chasing our people - trying to get them baptized, etc. Whew. We have two more baptisms set up for next Sunday, too. In spite of all the trying moments, and there are plenty of those, it's great!

I actually caught a flea this morning, but just as I was about to scotch tape him to this letter, he got away. They sure are fast little buggers. He was one of my very own—on my p.j.s when I got up. Too bad. I'll send you the next one I catch.

Hope you make the trip to see E.C. Don't work too hard now, Mom. Just take it easy! There's not a reason in the world why you have to do any hard physical work! So don't!

Gee, I sure am enjoying my guitar. Sure do appreciate the trouble you went to to get it here.

Say, do you think you could send me a manilla envelope with a few pieces of music in it? Things in the book classification come right through the mail. I would like the vocal music, "The Black Swan," "Music When Soft Voices Die," a couple of Shakespearean songs (printed together), "23rd Psalm" and whatever you can fit in that's not bulky, but I want opera stuff only as a last resort. It shouldn't cost much to send it airmail, as books or music classification. I think it's all in the piano bench. Either that or in some of the boxes in my room.

Must run now. Sure do love you, Mom, and think of you always. Be good now and take care of yourself.

All my love, Janie

September 5, 1964

Dear Mom,

Lunch is simmering on the stove, so I have a little time to write to you. We haven't received any mail for a few days. I guess because of the elections yesterday. By the way, the Catholics won over the Communists. It's the lesser of two evils, I guess, but not much less, 'cause Frei, the victor, hates Mormons.

We stayed in the apartment all day yesterday. Things were really quite tense. From our apartment we have a wonderful view of the street. People milled around all day. There was a lot of chanting and hollering—a few heated arguments. But the Carabineros (cops) with rifles discouraged rioting. After dark there were a few more problems, and this morning we heard that last night around midnight when they announced the winner in San Miguel—a very Communist area—they had a few riots. Santiago on the whole is pretty pro-Frío—but up north and in the south where there are more Communists, there may have been more trouble. At any rate, the military and carabineros are behind Frei, so there won't be any revolution. We've had a few people yell, "Yankees, go home" and such things at us, but that's about all. These elections have really been interesting. The people really get emotional. It's like one giant football game. Even the little kids

shout and yell and argue! We are told to be careful for the next few days, in spite of the seeming quiet. We expect a lot of inflation, since the U.S. put in a lot of money to stabilize the economy till after the elections. Now they will withdraw it—even gradually will cause inflation. If you can believe it, butter is more expensive here than at home!

We had another baptism this week. The only font with hot water wasn't available, so we used the outside font at San Bernardo branch. The service was at 8:30 Thursday night, by candlelight—in icy cold water. The kid took it like a champ and came up beaming, although that cold water was such a shock he just about passed out. He's just 14, and a real sharpie. He was a real joy to teach. It certainly is a thrill to see people accept the gospel and witness the happiness they feel when they are baptized and confirmed. Have to finish dinner, so I'll finish this later.

Mon. Sept. 7

Hi again. Here we are downtown in the Investigaciones office. I have to get another carnet (ID card) since the first one I had was in my wallet that was stolen. So we will probably be here for hours!

Well, I'm at the mission home now. The carnet business took only about 1½ hours. We are just about ready now to take off for home and our meetings tonight.

There really isn't any more news. We have 4 L.M.s coming in in the next two weeks, so there will be some changes, and they might involve me. Hmm. Have to wait and see. Got your letter from Tucson yesterday. Hope you are having a good time. Let me know everything you are doing— [Margaret was shielding the truth from Jane about how sick she was. The prognosis of the breast cancer was dire. Because she could not take care of herself, Gary and Nana had installed her in a lovely mobile home not far from their house in Tucson.]

Gee Mom, sure do love you and miss you. Take care of yourself, and write soon. Give my love to all. May the Lord bless you always.

Love, Janie

PS: If you can send the music I mentioned, mark it "music - impresos" (that means printed material)

Journal: Sept. 8, 1964

A lot certainly has happened while my books were en route from the States! The second day I was in the Mission Home (the night before I was to go to Cisterna) I fell on the stairs and sprained my ankle and re-broke my toe. That meant a week and a half on crutches and almost three more limping around but keeping plenty busy in the office. Sr. Gerber came in and worked in the office, too. Sr. Lozano and most of her district came to Chile (transferred from Mexico). On June 22 Sr. Peterson and I moved to Cisterna to work in San Bernardo. We had no references and so have done quite a bit of tracting. We had our first baptism on Aug. 30, and our second on Sept. 3. Maria Teresa Armijo was the first (age 10) and Eugenio Rivera the second. He was baptized by candlelight in the icy San Bernardo font the night before elections.

Frei (Christian Democrats) won the elections. There was a lot of tension, but nothing happened. We made a little use of the elders sundeck on election day, but it was a little cloudy.

Despus del bautismo el Jueves, fuimos al cine con Elder Sylvester y Herr, las L. M.'s de Cisterna y lost eleeres de San Miguel. Despus del cine, tuvimos una fiesta aqui en nuestro departamento con los San Miguel elderes hasta cinco y media de la manana! It was great!

About two weeks ago our troupe, Elder Gill, Elder Kukaiko and myself put on a show (or rather sang in a show) at the Coca-Cola Company. The San Miguel elders used it for proselyting. We've had lots of fun with our trio.

The following paragraph in Jane's journal was written in shorthand, transcribed in 2002 by Sharon Hart:

For a while Elder Gill was quite nasty to me and it really bothered me, but then he told Sister Peterson that he is usually nasty to people he likes. I guess she was supposed to tell me. But that wasn't good news. When we went to the ... concert Elder Gill told me the same thing as we were walking to the bus. Then we went into the mission home and in about two days he told me the same thing again. He says I really bother him, etc. But I think he is just fickle. He and Sister Peterson are always talking about what she hears from Sister P. I take it Elder Gill and Sister P. have a big thing going. I don't know if it is quite like sister Peterson and Elder N., though. Elder Gill is pretty good with the guitar but he admits that I'm just as good. Actually, he can't win. Before Elder Perkins went home he said quite a few things about he just might wait for me, etc. But even though he was interested he was mostly just talking. He hasn't written, anyway. A lot of the elders here think that L.M.s are really neat and in the past a lot of them have gone home and gotten married. So, some of the elders think it is a good idea. However, most of them are too young for me.!

Larry joined the church about 3 weeks after I got here. Great! Every letter keeps getting better and better, too! He wants to marry me, but we'll see - hmm!

While we've been here in San Bernardo lots of funny things have happened to us. A drunk just about threw up down Sister Peterson's back, and a lady's parrot during a lesson kept us all in stitches - to mention just a few. We've even had a lady burst out crying in the middle of a lesson! I've just about had my nose cut off in a slammed door, and we've been told to "waste our time." It's great, tho!

September 11, 1964

Hi Mom,

Just got your letter mailed in Alamogordo, New Mexico. My, how I wish I could be there with you all for a few days! When I come home, Gary will have to take me with him on one of his Mexico trips. How would you like to go to Mexico, Mom?

I just have a few minutes before we take off for meetings this afternoon. Say, I'm getting a little tired of this Zion's Exchange Agency. Their money never arrives on time. It's also a bother to go clear to the mission home for it! Not necessarily their fault. I'm down to E1.55! That's about 35 cents! So pretty soon I want to switch to a checking account. Be thinking where you think it would be most convenient to have it—in a Salt Lake or Tucson bank... Maybe you'd rather have Gary take care of it. Let me know what you and he think.

Today really seems like summer. It's great! I've been wearing that big heavy coat so long I'm stoop-shouldered! Sure am tired of winter!

...The elections are over and things are quiet again. This picture was taken the day after—the losing party (Allende) officials—it's a tradition—went downtown and jumped in the Plaza Bulnes fountain fully dressed! Save the picture, okay? [newsclipping]

There really isn't much news since the last letter. I may be moved in about a week. We get four new L.M.s in the next two weeks. I hope I get to go to the coast for the summer!

We should be having some more baptisms in the next couple of weeks. This afternoon we've got 9 lessons set up! The last one at 9 tonight. We are going to be tired, I'm sure. Hope they all come through!

So I'd better get going. Hope you had an enjoyable trip. Write and let me know all about the Weavers and Shaeffers—new house, etc. Sure do miss you all, and I appreciate your letters. Be good now, and don't work too hard! Take care of yourself.

Love you, Janie

PS: We have funny experiences tracting constantly! My companion has a bump on her head. She untied a piece of rag, no lock, on a gate of a picket fence to open it so we could get in the yard. The gate didn't open, but the fence fell over and clunked her in the head!

Journal: Sept. 14, 1964

Sr. Markee has been gone since last Thurs. It's sure lonesome without her! Elder Hansen was transferred from San B. to San Miguel. We had a great party last night after church. Bob, Elders Smith, Kukie, Hansen and Udall, Miller and Gooch were here - and the four of us. We cooked pancakes and bacon and hot chocolate and showed slides, among them Elder Denham swimming and Sr. Peterson rather wet, too. We all really had fun. Sr. Peterson got a picture of me with Bob's arm almost around me! We fell in bed about one-ish.

September 16, 1964

Dear Mom,

I can hardly believe I've been here almost 4 months! Time certainly goes fast. We are having some L.M. changes this week. My companion, Sister Peterson, is going to the office. I am staying here and Sr. Lozano, who has been in Concepcion, will be my companion. I'm going to be a senior companion with only three months in the field! Eek! But she, of course, is of Mexican descent and speaks terrific Spanish, so we should have no problems. Probably when school here is out in December they will put Sr. Lowe and I together for the summer to work on the school for next year and proselyte in the evenings. We will probably live in the Harding home. Pres. Harding is the mission first counselor and is the head of the schools here.

Next week the mission is opening a new town—San Fernando. They are going to take our trio down (about 3 ½ hours from here south) in a few weeks to put on a couple shows for publicity. I'm really looking forward to it. In December they plan to open up much of the south—8 hours and more south of the furthest-south branch—Temuco and Valdivia, etc. I sure hope we get to go down! They say the south of Chile is absolutely breathtaking!

The day after tomorrow is the big 18th (Independence Day) celebration. It's bigger than Christmas, they say.

Say, I'm sick of having my check sent to me. It's a real hassle getting it. This month they sent it to my supervising elder and he carried it around for over a week before I got it! I would much rather have a checking account. Please decide soon where you think it would be best for me to have my account—in Salt Lake or in Tucson. If you decided you can handle it, it's really very

simple. Try Zion's. Call them and say you want my account changed from the International Exchange Agency to a checking account, the kind of account without service charges—you buy the checks instead. (It's easier to keep exact records on my end that way.) Have them deposit my balance in a checking account...

We've really been keeping busy with proselyting. We have one sure baptism set up for Sunday. Maybe more. We have an investigator with typhus! It's like typhoid. Did I tell you about our other investigator with chicken pox? For a while I thought I had it too, but if I did it was a mild case. I was all broken out but not sick. The spots could have been flea bites, but usually I don't get 25 all at once!

How was your trip? I haven't heard from you since the letter at E.C.'s and the rain bonnet. Thanks.

Books, get through the mail okay marked LIBROS SIN VALOR. So if you want to send a birthday or Christmas present, I sure could use commentaries on the standard works (we are studying Pearl of Great Price now and Bible next) and "The Great Apostasy" (this one I have in paper back at home). Whatever you send, tho, send airmail marked as above.

Must rush to prepare lunch. Sure would appreciate your taking care of the checks for me as soon as you can. Sure do love you and miss you. Be good now and take care of yourself. God bless you.

Love, Janie

PS: Did I tell you we had an earthquake last week? No damage, just scared us all to death!

Journal: Sept. 20, 1964

What a weekend this diez iocha has been! We started it out with a bang by the whole apartment going to the flick - no elders this time. We saw "Noche de la Iguana" and all enjoyed it immensely. Friday was the fiesta Patrai at Cisterna. Sr. Pete and I had to go to San B. to traer the torta and queque which weighed 14 tons at least, and I smashed one, incidentally, getting off the bus. We watched the Cisterna Mucipalidad parade - rather mickey mouse - with Elders Gooch, Miller, Winder y Pomeroy. We played volleyball for a few hours with elders and members. Elder Tolman came running to tell me Sr. Pete had been pushed in the pool. When I ran to see - before my eyes Elder Miller went in - and then me too! The members were shocked and every elder within 50 miles had a blast with a camera. Elder Stevie Smith also got wet up to the waist. Of course Lloyd Castleton was in on it, among others. It was quite an exciting day, topped off by dinner at the Bae, with Lloyd and Elders Tolman y Larsen, and a trip to San Cristobal to take pictures at night. Lloyd helped me take my time exposures. He's also trying to play cupid for Elder Tolman and I! Good grief Charlie Brown!

We dragged ourselves to San B. at 7 am Saturday—a few leftover drunks were barfing on the micro—and took off with Bob, Elders Price y Whiting for Laguna Aculeo. Fabulous! It's one of the most gorgeous lakes I've ever seen. We hitch-hiked most of the way. We had a royal paseo - riding horses - sunning - and fishing. We caught about 120 pesca reyes! We came back to San B. and had a fish fry. It was a most enjoyable day. The water skiing and swimming we saw really trunked us all out!

Today, Sunday, Soledad Vallejos was baptized and was ecstatically happy! How wonderful it is to find people who are thrilled to have the opportunity to become members of the true church!

*So many people in Chile - and in the world - need a kick in the fanny to get rid of their complacency!
I love it here - missionary work is great!*

September 23, 1964

Dear Mom,

The music arrived the day before yesterday. Thank you so much. I only have about 10 minutes before we have to leave for our afternoon meetings, so this will have to be short.

The weather here has been gorgeous. Hope spring is here to stay! Sr. Peterson went to work in the office Monday. Sr. Lozano is my companion now. Her family... is Mexican, so she speaks fabulous Spanish. We've really been working hard and should have 5 or 6 total baptisms this month (our goal is 4 and we already have 2).

Last Saturday we went on a paseo to Laguna Aculeo for our diversion day. We really had a good time. It's a beautiful lake about the size of Bear Lake but absolutely gorgeous with snow-capped mountains, green grass, pine trees, palm trees, cactus and maple trees all growing together. We rode horses, sunned, and fished from the shore—caught 120 five inch pesca-reyes fish - delicious! Needless to say we had a great fish fry! Things are going fine here. I really love missionary work. We fall in bed pooped every night, of course.



There really isn't any big news here. I guess I'll be in Cisterna for a while. By the way, I'm being very frugal with the picture-taking! How's the checking account business coming? By the beginning of October I will need money, either the Zion's check or the checking account. Let me know how it goes.

Do take care of yourself, Mom, sure to miss you and love to get your letters. Be good. God bless you always.

Love, Janie

Jane did not stop writing to her mother, but no letters after September 23 have been preserved.

Journal: Dec. 18, 1964

It's been a long time since I've written in my diary. Right after the diez-y-ocho Sr. Peterson went to the office and Sr. Lozano came up from Concepcion to be my co-senior. We spent a great month together - baptized two: Irene, Sanchez's neighbor and Miriam Sanchez. Then 1st of Nov. Koala Bear went to Talca and I came to Concepcion with a greenie, Sr. Dodson. We've been working in Talcahuano 1 ½ months now, and so far have baptized 5 - the Salgado family. The Exposicion we had here of the World's Fair was great. We have lots of baptisms lined up, and many references we haven't even looked up yet! I'm writing this in bed. The Dr. says my constant stomach pains are "microbios" and he's got me on a starvation diet and expensive pills! But I still hurt. I imagine I'll live, though.

In late December Jane's mother, Margaret Weaver, wrote from Clovis.

Dear Janie:

We got your letter written about getting the few things and the no baptisms for last Sunday, etc., and working hard with investigators. We also got the parcel sent on down from Utah to Tucson and to here from you. Thank you so much. We all liked everything. The big brass plate is beautiful and right now is over E.C.'s mantel. Gary called last night, but I'll get their things back to them some how. They are doing fine in Tucson so they said. But here the story is different and this letter may act as an alert to you.

E. C. is down again—hepatitis, still, so [she] must stay in bed 6 weeks; kids tonsils have been bad, are supposed to come out. But I can't help out at all and I'll tell you that the doctor said for me, this week or in a week, to decide where I was going to be for the next 6-8 months and the next week after, to BE there. I am on codine so I can rest—so much in my bones—especially rib case, like knives in two spots now. I can't plan on Tucson and moving again by hot weather and I cannot move again period.

The doctor took me right off this second hormone [treatment] through which I've only deteriorated and just different shots. Blood count too low for the one planned, and transfusions, I think, are out. So you know I need help desperately and I am asking you - could you be with me a few months - and under Martha's help (and others) do for us a while? [Martha was Margaret's sister, and a practical nurse.] I'd see that you could finish your mission. All I know right off is Bro. Beecroft in Santiago. I could find the address through Salt Lake, I guess, but please send a note soon. I did keep the telephone number in Santiago.

Gary and E.C. are not too favorable [about Jane's coming home] but the doctor says I should decide. I am ready now to go. I surely hate to distress you, but all is OK. We'll keep notes coming.

Love, Mom



Photo: Margaret in Clovis, ill at the time

Then E.C. wrote to Janie:

New Years Eve

Clovis

Janie dearest,

So sorry not to send you a better "report card." I'm down and the kids need tonsillectomies and Mother is not doing well. She has certainly gone down hill since she has been here. She wants you home—to care for her in Salt Lake. She is tired of knocking around and the strain of living with a young family is hard.

We (Weavers and us) have been discouraging her asking you to come home because we thought it wouldn't work, but I told Mama if she wanted to ask you to come home, I wouldn't oppose her any more. But you, also, must decide. It would not [illegible] ...and it would not be too long, if what the doctor indicates is so—a matter of months.

So Jane, you'll have to pray about it, discuss it with your president, then do what you think is best. Please keep yourself well and don't work too hard - or overdo.

We were so pleased with the wonderful package. The earrings are exquisite. Marty's cufflinks so nice, the kids were delighted with the little guitar and little tea set - just precious, and the record is wonderful.

We love you so—take care. The Christmas card was beautiful and unusual.
Love, E.C.

Jane *did* decide to come home to care for her mother. By this time Margaret was living once again in the house she had built in Salt Lake City. President Beecroft had advised Jane not to leave her mission, because the church could not pay for a second return trip. He told her that if she did go home that there was no need for her to return to Chile. Jane always said that in her heart she *knew* she had to go home and care for Mother. And she listened to her heart. Jane arrived home in January 1965. She recalled that though it was a sad time, it was the best time the two of them ever shared—a time of love, compassion, forgiveness and emotional healing. Margaret truly became “angelic,” according to Jane, in her last days. Margaret passed away quietly at home on Mothers Day, May 9, 1965.

After seeing to post-funeral business, Jane returned to Chile in June. She was surprised to learn that Mother had provided all necessary funding for her to complete her mission if she chose to. Bishop Bangerter told her that her mother had not wanted to sway her decision to finish her mission, so the money was to go to another missionary if Jane declined. However, she was determined to return to Chile to complete her mission, and President Beecroft welcomed her back with open arms.

Journal: June 28, 1965

I'm leaving this last page black to represent the gap the past six months has left in this book, and in my life.

Well, here I am trying to scribble a few pensamientos by candlelight. It seems the Talca Electric Co. is not very efficient. We paid the E170 overdue bill last week. Today they cut off the lights! It's enough to make a body pure mad. Tomorrow morning they are going to get a good sample of American temper!

If Sis. Robins and I live through the winter - we'll know we can live through anything. She's been there a month and she's lying in bed right now hacking with a lovely cough and sweating with the chills - flu I guess. Me, I'm scratching my flea bites and warming my feet on my gringo hot water bottle while I contemplate my bad plumbing (kidney infection) and bad knee (it screams every time we walk in the cold and damp). That's pretty good for only 1 ½ weeks back in wonderful Chile. I can't get used to the cold. I still have thin gringo blood, I guess. We finally got our estufa fixed today - a new mecha - and now we hear there's a strike on parafina! And these darned damp logs won't burn in the fireplace! We might freeze to death yet!

Enough of the complaints. I really like the branch. I don't really mind so much administration, although the sharp 4th we gave with Elder Walker to the Castillo's really make us feel like “that” was missionary work! Sis. Robins is a sharp companion and a good head. The members seem to like us, and it's great to have a companion who can give the lessons and speak Spanish well!

I'm going blind! I must quit! Besides, we're going to trade backrubs. Dee, I sure miss you tonight. We couldn't even find a decent flick to go to on D-day [diversion day] after we slaved all day cleaning house. Oh well. I take comfort in the thought that you are missing me too. That note on the back of Elder Hammer's letter is enough to keep me going for a while! Only a month and a half without letters! But then you'll be home and free! But this was my decision to come back. And I'm not sorry. But I know now it's impossible to leave loneliness when you leave a place. I am lonely and miss Mother, but it's better here. And it's nice to be near you, tu'. Someday I'll tell you all my thoughts and dreams of us. Good night, tu'. [At this time Jane was enamored of a fellow missionary, Elder Dee Tolman.]

Journal: June 30, 1965

Que dia mas fomi! Rain, rain, rain, cold, cold, cold! And my hot water bottle sprung a leak! Something's wrong with the termo, too, no hot water tonight. If this keeps up Sis. R. and I will end up sleeping together in spite of her T.B. hack! (Mine's getting pretty good, too!)

We sent to Sociedad in Curico. Wow. NO organization. And they have problems, the elders say. Well, asi es la vida de las misioneras. Mutual went okay tonight, and the choir is beginning to sound passable. Darned Elder Hammer keeps teasing me about the "good old days" in Volpo and all the things Tolman told him, but he won't come across with anything.

But! Neat Neat! Elder Gunter brought me my I.P. book from Dee at S. E. Conference. Of course I pored over it to discover all the little messages. Wow! You've made me so happy, tu'. And I can't tell you how great I felt when I read the article you put in on choosing an eternal partner by Pres. McKay. You're so wonderful in every way. How can I help loving you! I think of you every moment! Soy Tuya completamente - para siempre!

Journal: July 2, 1965

*Well, I'm all snug in bed after a rico bath, and I'm getting all trunked out listening to the Beatles and thinking of mi amercito *Que Esto en Valpo. El disco me hace recordar la pelicula Que vimos juntos en lost primeros dias de nuestro? Sister Robins is still in bed with her T. B. hack and flu. Hope I don't catch it! Terry Ortega and I went out tracting and visiting this afternoon. She's a very sweet girl, an elder-flirt, of course. She goofed and told me Evelyn says she's going to marry Elder Gunter! These girls! But wouldn't their tongues be busy if they heard about yo y mi unico! The sun shone all day yesterday and part of today. Que rico! And I got my first mail yesterday - Lloyd's announcement - also Dave Morell's and 3 cartas de E. C. It was fun tracting today. We had to quit when it got too dark to read house numbers.**

These Beatles are killing me! Man, I've never really been in love before! Estoy tan enamorada de ti mi amercito. Solo un mes mias y podermos escribir ortra vea! Cuando pienso en ti y tus qualidades tan maravillosas y tu amor para mi - si sin duda Que ut eres mi unico amor para siempre.

Letter to Ford Paulson, attorney for Margaret Weaver's estate, and long time family friend:

July 2, 1965

Dear Ford and Jean,

Greetings from the middle of winter! Wish you could send me some warm air! Talca is known for its cold damp winters. Wow. Moss even grows on the tile roofs here! I'm sure before winter is over it will be growing on my bones! It rains about every day, too. My companion is really sharp and we get along great, which is a good thing—because we are really out in the boondocks! Talca is quite a huaso (cowboy) center. It's really interesting.

I don't have much time, but I wrote to ask a favor, Ford....Would you check on this for me and have them [International Exchange Agency] do it soon? ...and have the cost of the checks deducted...

Say, I hope I didn't leave the house in too big a mess. I just barely made the 3:30 plane!

... Well, it's time to get dinner before we die of hunger. My poor companion is in bed with the flu and a horrible hack of a cough. Hope I don't get it. But a member is going to be my companion this afternoon. Wow! The sun is shining a little! Hope it stays that way. I hate tracting in the rain!

...The branch is sharp, my companion is great, so I haven't got anything else to complain about but the lousy living conditions! But I'm glad I'm here.

Yikes, I must run. Give my love to everybody. Hope you can get this account changed for me, Ford. Thanx a gob! Be good, you all, and drop me a line.

Janie

Journal: July 6, 1965

Guess I'd better tell the end of the "luz" story. When we went downtown to complain the next day the office was closed, ferrado, of course. As I was kicking the door and muttering a little man came from around the back. After I gave my speech he said they didn't cut off the luz, but would come to fix it. Finally they did - a blown fuse no mas. But I accidentally left one of the 1600 switches on off - a day later - no hot water. Gag. What stupid gringos! Then we ran out of gas Saturday - right in the middle of a pancake. So we cooked (?) Them over the estufa - 10 minutes a side - listened to the Beatles and were just as happy as if we had good sense!

Sis. Robins spent most of the week in bed. Terry Ortega has been my companion for the mediocre amount of work we did this week. Yesterday, Monday, we went to Santiago to see Dr. Perroni about my kidneys. We went to the mission home, of course. Elder Davis delivered the latest message. He told me enough nice little snatches to keep me going for another couple weeks! He's going to work on our big plot. Hope we can see each other before he goes. Davis says he's out of his mind - well, I'm out of mine, too! I can almost feel a physical pain when I think how much longer we'll be separated! Oh, just to see him for 5 minutes before he leaves! Hope Elder Hammer gets a letter soon! Como te quiero mi amor!

Journal: July 15, 1965

I'm beginning to think my back will break before my hair dries this morning. Bending over the estufa is going to kill me yet! Yea! The sun is shining! But it must be all a big hoax, it's colder than when it rains! But at least when it isn't raining I don't have to carry around that blasted short-handled umbrella. It gives us a good laugh, tho. "How old is the kid you want the umbrella for?" Oh, I will never forget that marvelous broom man! Robins and I really do have lots of laughs. And it's a good thing we can look back and laugh! Like Robins and the man who spit on the bus - Peterson and the drunk on the bus - me leaping on my face in the mud. I guess if we couldn't laugh we'd die! The correo situation is no laughing matter, however! I've never seen such a sad case of nothing! Nobody, not just me, has gotten a letter for days. I'm beginning to think Dee must hate me. He won't answer Hammer's letter. But then maybe he never got it. Sabotage! I'll send Clark a poison pen letter!

Robins and Terry Ortega went to Curico to Soc. ayer. Lios, or course. I stayed here to straighten out (ha) our stuff for the conferencia Sunday. Hugo was supposed to conduct Mutual and the baile - he didn't show till 9:00, the fink! What a night. And I broke my shades! But Hammer and I did get a little time to talk about Dee - and his belief in "mission inspiration and divine ayuda." Escoba! Como te quiero, amercito.

Journal: July 26, 1965

Well it's high time to catch up on the news. Conferencia went well, with a few of the usual last minute crises - like Sis. San Martin from Curico who was supposed to speak on "Como debo guior mi familia" and couldn't come because her husband blacked both her eyes! We've had steady rain all week. Wednesday I got really bad Chile-itis and asthma too-right during S. de S. - the practice song even! I was too sick to even go to AM - but one nice thing happened. Hammer got a letter from Dee! I've got it, of course. Was it ever sharp!

The downpour washed out the cayampas down by the river - hundreds are homeless - a few drownings. We collected food and clothing for the Soc. De S. to donate. The poorest families gave the most willingly! Our 24th of July fiesta went off fairly well in spite of the rain. Beecrofts stopped in (6 hours late on their way to Concepcion). I get to go to Santiago Aug. 9 to see Dr. Peroni and more important, Dee! I'm so happy I'm flying. I got the pulsera engraved today-sharp!

We worked with Elder Gunter today, tracting and gave a lesson of his, a sharp one. The gospel plan is so marvelous! And it's so wonderful when people accept it! I'm glad I'm here again, in spite of the cold and my rusty-hinge knees! Ajola que me espera, tu. Te quiero para simepre!

Journal: August 1, 1965

Oh the life of a lady missionary! We were late to church again this morning - had to pry the door open with a table knife! But at least it wasn't as bad as last week - the first day the sun shone after the rain everything was swollen tight as a drum! We had to work 15 minutes to even get a window open so we could yell "socorro!" The first girl that came along gave the door two good thumps, said "No se abre," and walked off. I finally got a joven to stop. After twenty times of playing battering ram it finally opened! Boy, Robins and I are pure Keystone Cops. In shutting the door she managed to fall in the mud, then I slipped on the stairs and fell on top of her bending over! Then

the other day when it was raining again I was being very careful to keep water out of my boots, then precisely clomped into a knee-deep hole! Mutter, mumble. But the elders planed off the door again. Hope it works okay!

Our Charla Casera at Navarettes went okay, with a few minor exceptions - like only Casillos came! The work's going about regular, I guess, but the Jr. S. S. and Primary are going to give us ulcers. Elder Hammer threw an hoye mayer kid in the pileta in Primary yesterday. Ole! I'm glad we were in Linaces.

PS: Te quiero, amorcito! Una semana mas!

Letter to Ford Paulson:

August 10, 1965

Dear Ford,

If you think I'm writing again to ask you another favor you're right! Here's the story. Before I left (the first time) Dr. Wendell R. Vance in Provo (you know him) gave me a prescription for asthma. With this lovely wet weather I'm going to run out of pills soonly. (It rains 7 days out of 6!) Since I don't have his address, could you do this for me? I don't know what they were, (the pills) but he does, I'm sure. Have him send me a bottle airmail, okay? And could you take care of the \$? Just put it on the bill, kid!

...The bank account is fine now - gracias! What's new? Is the house rented? I haven't heard one word from Gary, of course. How are our financial matters?

The work here is going fine. I'm glad I'm back. I love the branch here, but I hate the weather. Hey, I got to see my elder friend last week, the day before he went home. Things are great! Must run. Be good, drop me a note when you can. Love to Jean and the kids.

Carino, Janie

Journal: August 22, 1965

Well here I am soaking my feet in the bidet again, but in Nunoa this time. I moved up Friday. Sis. Koerner and I are working in Macul. The work looks good and it's great to meet in the new chapel. We even had some sharp investigators out to church! But I miss old Talca and especially Sis. Robins. When we came up to Santiago Aug. 9, Dr. Peroni told Pres. Beecroft [that the] Talca climate was bad for my rheumatism. I guess that's why I got moved so quickly. Our last trip to Santiago turned out fine! We started out in the middle of a temporal to catch a 2:30 AM bus - couldn't - so we ended up on the 3:30 train that left at 5 AM. We arrived wet and cold and got to the mission home a little before lunch. Lo and behold "he" came back from el centro in time for lunch. How fun that was when he walked in and I surprised him! We spent a great afternoon together. We now have a new favorite song, "I Can Only __That's All." And I sure have a neat pin I'm wearing now! He's got one too, and a bracelet ademas. Estoy tan enamorada de ti mi amorcito. Ave bendicion mas grande de verte!

Journal: Oct. 17, 1965

Well, I guess mumps and acute bronchitis is as good an excuse as any to write in my journal! Sister Lozano has been my companion now for about a month - no, three weeks. I love her dearly, but I hated to see Sis. Koerner go so soon. I feel rather like I failed her. I didn't do all I could to help her. Sis. K. is a nurse, two year variety, and a very capable person. She has a very sweet personality too, but practically no confidence in herself. Because of this she had a real fear of proselyting and quite obviously would do about anything to get out of a frustrating situation. Sometimes I found myself very aggravated at her pokiness and always being sick. I often felt very tired of carrying the whole load. It's very easy to love people we like, we become very smug and think ourselves quite Christ-like. But it's a real test to learn to love someone entirely different and alien to our own personality.

Sis Koerner and I had some great experiences together. We baptized Raul Ramirez, a 21-year-old joven - a real "Gomez." Our very sharpest family, the Montalvas, with their 5 darling little boys tubed out. ["Tubed out" either means failed or very tired, depending on the context.] That was really painful. It seems their worldly vices are more important to them than their salvation. We are finding this the case with our sharpest families now, too, Segura, Santander, Payacan. They just can't grasp the importance of it all. Maybe they just aren't celestial people! And what's just about as sad is to see a family like the Aranedas - she's really sharp and would be baptized today, except for her husband - he's too busy to give us 5 minutes! She is even teaching her two little boys (living dolls) how to pray. How sad to have a husband like that!

*How thankful I am to think I can be married someday in the temple, if I'm worthy. My patriarchal Blessing really promises me a lot of wonderful things. If I never convert anyone else on my mission, it will have all been of value, because I've converted myself! But oh, how much work I have to do on myself! We try to teach good qualities to these people, but how much more do I need them! Patience, kindness, love towards all, willingness to work, a happy disposition, a mind free from evil and low thoughts, a desire to always pray and study, "an eye single to the glory of God." More than anything I want a man of God for a husband, one I can love and cherish, and who will love and cherish me, and for the rest of eternity I want to make him happy and progress with him in the gospel of our Father. *Que piensas ut mi amorcito? Eres tu el mio, mi companero para las eternidades? Ruego a mi Padre Celestial que si.**

The 13th of every month Dee and I fast together. They sure are great days. Even though I was sick this time, I felt great, and felt very close to tu.

I came down with the black plague, or whatever it is, the day after the Road Show. We worked like mad fiends for a week on it. It should have been worked on for a month at least. Patricio and some of the other kids wrote the thing—it was corny but cute. Carlos Carrasco was the Gran Brujo, and Patti, the doncella to be sacrificed to the Gods to end the drought. Elder Graham and I recorded a "sound track" on Elder Osmond's gravadora with an Ima Sumac disco as Indian background. For a volcano they dragged a table around the stage -- for the well, blew water through a straw. It was very effective. The rehearsals were pure chaos. I ended up mas-o-menos as director of the whole shooting match. I was sure they'd never remember the dance steps! The scenery was even a worse mess, even after one entire D-day spent at the rama. But by some miracle things started pulling together at the last. The costumes got made, and were really sharp!

The members, mostly Pepe, Cartos y Patcho, changed all the backdrops and improved them 100%. The thing went off with hardly a hitch! And Sis. Caulquin and Elder Osmond even had real

fire and smoke saliring del volcan! And what was even better - we won 1st prize! We all went out to eat to celebrate - then I came home and collapsed in a happy blob! And woke up with the mumps y bronchitis!

I heard from Vicki this week. She is in Panama, but luckily doesn't have to have an operation. I'm really happy about that. Clede goes home in only a couple weeks. Sure hope everything works out okay for them.

Hace [sic] two Mondays we had a paseo to Aculco - Elder Price's district. I really was stiff from riding, but it was fun.

They are playing beautiful classical music this morning, the sweet elders lent me a radio and even brought me flowers! I really appreciate the elders. Last week we went to see the 44th with the whole district. It was really enjoyable. Elder Osmond seems to have a crush on lady missionaries in general. But me, I just have a crush on tu, mi amor! Que venga Junio!

Journal: Nov. 1, 1965

After two weeks out of commission with bronchitis and what have you, we're finally full steam back at work. We got 65 hours this week! I turned 25 years old in the mission home. The ladies all came in to visit me and brought me goodies, and Sis. Montoya and Pinto also came and brought me some gifts. Certainly do love those ladies. I also got a card from Dee that put me on Cloud 13, so I was really happy.

On Saturday Apostle Kimball and Franklin D. Richards arrived for a missionary conference and member conference. It was great. In Pres. Kimball's interview with Sis. Lozano he told her she would see a Lamanite prophet. Vicki came to conference, too. She and Clede sure are cool together. It was good to talk to Clede. He said he heard from Dee. He says he's even more in love now than when he left. He says BYU girls are cute, but nothing like what he's waiting for. That's why I can't understand why he hasn't written in almost two weeks. It hurts me terribly. I hope nothing has happened.

The member conference was really great. Sis Araneda came with Carlitos and Ivancito. They really enjoyed it. She's really great - and ready to be baptized right now, if it weren't for her finky husband. Monday we started rehearsals for our missionary choir, about three hours daily. After a week of exhausting but rewarding ensayos, the President came out and painfully told us we couldn't continue with our choir. That was the counsel they had been given in Uruguay. Maybe later. That hurt, but it's just about like everything else, you just swallow hard and smile and say yes. All in all it's been a pretty good week. We're working in a new Poblacion-Villa Elena-and it's never been touched! Last night we baptized Bro. and Sis. Valdivieso. That was really a thrill. We gave them a 4th [discussion or lesson] on Thursday and challenged them. They said yes! The two kids that are baptizable haven't had the lessons, so we hope to baptize them soon. The only thing I need now to make me happy is a good letter from tu.' I don't know, maybe it's not right. But if so, it's awfully hard to take. The last six months have worn me out emotionally. How will I be able to stand more problems?

Birthday card to E.C., January, 1966:

Hi birthday girl!

*Hope this gets to you in time, with your moves I'm not so sure. I'm anxiously awaiting news of the new addition. Has "it" arrived yet? [John Duncan Shaeffer was born January 14, 1966.] We're going to baptize two people on your birthday-how do you like that for a birthday present? Things are great here-hotter than the dickens. I'll write soon. Ave tengas un cumpleaños muy feliz! Have a happy, happy birthday. My thoughts and prayers are with you.
All my love, Janie*

Journal: Jan. 4, 1966

Well, I guess it's about time for Queen Floja to start writing in her diary to catch up! As usual, tons of things have happened in the last two months.

The Valdivieso kids, Carmen and Binko, also Nelly Rojas, the prima, got baptized. They sure are a great family! Bro. V. is really tremendous. His second week as a member he gave a great 2 ½ minute talk in the investigators' class. He is now a deacon. The family never misses a meeting. They were good people before, but they just have that "certain light" now. The gospel is so tremendous! And it's great to see results like that! Also in November Sis. Yanez was baptized. She's a widow who lives in Villa Santa Elena, has three darling children, Stella, Alejandro and Reynaldo Reid.

We went to the train to see Vic and Clede off when they went to Brazil. Boy that was trunky! A couple of days later I really metered la pata with Elder Dickerson. He didn't know she was gone - or with whom - or that she was getting engaged. Boy, I really felt bad.

Jane's journal ended before her mission did. However, much had happened in the last months of Jane's mission. She met Elder Allen S. Toronto and fell wildly in love with him. But it was tentative, since Dee Tolman was still waiting for her back in the States. It would then be Jane's turn to go home and wait for Elder Toronto. All in all, Jane's mission proved to be a turning point in her life. She was a successful missionary and always had fond memories of that time in her life. She once remarked that she loved those two years, "because I could forget about myself for a while, in the Lord's service." It had been very rewarding for Margaret that her daughter, Jane, chose to serve a mission. Margaret had served as a missionary to the Eastern States in the early 1920's and Jane had followed in her mother's footsteps. Much later, Jane's daughter, Carrie, would also become a missionary!

Al Toronto's assessment of Jane as a missionary was that she was possibly the best Lady Missionary the mission had at that time, and that most of the L.M.s were generally superior to the elders in their abilities. Of course, they were a bit more mature, as the women had to be 21 years of age to become missionaries, whereas the men were just 19. Al recalled seeing Jane for the first time. "We had gone to Macul for Sunday services and Jane was seated at the pump organ playing hymns and just pumping away with her feet. I noticed her cute legs before I even saw her face." The next

time they were together it was at a missionary picnic in Macul. “Somebody had a guitar and we ended up singing together.” It would get more interesting after that.



Al, center; Jane, right

One of the mission experiences described by Al Toronto was the conversion story of the Minos family:

Jane and Sister Peterson had tracted out Bro. Minos who was a Methodist minister. They had just happened across him while out tracting one day. He had a humble little house in Santiago and of course, being a minister, he challenged them, invited them in and started talking to them. Sister Weaver finally came to me, as I was her district leader, and said, “Elder, I need some help, because I have this Methodist minister, and every time we go over there we are there for 6 hours for discussion, because he questions everything and he reads everything, and he won’t let us go!” After the second discussion the four of us would go--my companion and I and the two sister missionaries. We went there, sort of as the authorities I suppose and we had long, long gospel discussions. Bro. Mino was SO sincere! He had been a minister for 20 years, had a congregation about 200-300 people. He’d built his church with his own hands. He truly defined the term, “honest in heart.” He was that. He was so humble, he said, “If this is true, I’ve been wrong, and I need to change. I really need to know if this is true or not.”

After each of our four or five hour discussion we would have a prayer. And he would pray for 45 minutes--while we were on our knees. It was misery. After about 20 minutes we were all praying that he would finish praying! He went on and on and on in his prayers--the most sincere prayers of an investigator I’ve ever seen. We finally finished the course of lessons with Brother Mino. Over the course of about three months he had read the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price, Jesus the Christ, A Marvelous Work and a Wonder and he had them all stacked up. He’d read them all. It was always a challenge to go there, to teach him and to have the prayer. We dreaded the prayer. It became a joke. But he was so sincere, and he prayed constantly.

One day we went to see him to tell him that we had to stop coming. But before we could tell him, he brought us all in and he said, “Come in and sit down, I have something to tell you.” He said, “I was praying last night about Joseph Smith and the truthfulness of the gospel and I just wanted to know so badly if it was true, and I opened my eyes and I looked over at that stack of books that I had read, and they were glowing in the dark with a spiritual aura around them. Now I know its true! And

I have decided to get baptized." So he and his whole family were baptized that Saturday. I baptized them. The next Sunday, he went to the congregation at his church and got up and announced to them that he had joined the Mormon church and bore testimony to them and turned the congregation over to his assistant and turned around and walked out the door and never returned. No job--no job prospects.

This happened right at the end of Jane's mission, right before she returned home. But Bro. Mino attended church regularly and in about six months was made branch president. So he fell right into his leadership role. And somehow he did find a job in order to survive. I wish I knew where he is and what he is doing now, but his conversion was a powerful experience for both Jane and me. We were there, Janie found him, and then we were together for the rest of the time teaching him the gospel. He had completely studied it out in his mind and was touched by the Holy Ghost. That was the most startling conversion that I remember, but there were several others.

When Jane bore testimony, people listened. She was able to get in doors that the Elders were not able to. All the lady missionaries could. As long as they would go out and work (some of them just didn't do it) they can open many doors. Jane was very effective as a missionary- VERY effective. And she dragged her dead-weight companion around--who didn't want to get out of bed, who couldn't speak Spanish, who didn't want to do anything.

Earlier, when President Beecroft called me in he told me he was calling me to be a district leader of a special district in Santiago. He was bringing all his dead-beat elders into one district so he could keep an eye on them, and he wanted me to be district leader. So there were about 12 sets of elders and a couple of sets of sisters. We sat down and hand-picked companions for each problem elder, so that they would have a strong companion. We chose Sister Weaver to come in and be a companion to Sister Peterson. At the time I barely knew who Sister Weaver was. He tried to solve his mission problems by putting strong missionaries with weaker ones.

Later, Pres. Beecroft advised Jane not to go home to care for her mother, because she would not be able to come back (at church expense) if she left. But she did it anyway. The story is that your mother went to Norm Bangerter and gave him enough money to send Jane back and if she decided not to go back, the money would go to another worthy missionary. When Jane decided to return to Chile, she didn't know how she was going to pay for it. When she went to her bishop, he said, "Oh, great. It's your lucky day. All the money your mother set aside for you is here." Her mom didn't want her to know that the money was there, in case she decided not to go back. Jane was surprised at all the money that was set aside for her. But the lucky one was me.

Jane was well loved in the mission field--the members--the missionaries. She had all kinds of elders in love with her. In that way, she was somewhat of a distraction in the mission field. She certainly was to me. She was very self-assured, very energetic--a fabulous missionary. She always had a full slate of lessons to teach and a long list of investigators. She was out early and in late every day. I probably baptized ten times more of her converts than my own. We had a group of exceptional lady missionaries and Jane was by far the best. Her grasp of Spanish was deep. When she had to give a talk one time at a missionary conference she was asked at the last minute to speak in English. She had to translate it back from Spanish, and she recalled "butchering" the English, because all her thoughts were in Spanish.

Most missionaries exchanged photos. Jane's mission photo album was filled with photos of other missionaries. There were several hundred missionaries in the Chilean Mission at that time and most, if not all, were personally known to each other. Some of the photos in her album had notes penned on the back of them. A few are below:

Janie Weaver,

You are about the best lady missionary I ever ran across. It has really been great knowing you and being with you here in Macul. May the Lord bless you always Will see you again soon. Your buddy,
Bob Howard

Dear Sis. Weaver,

What a privilege to know such a character. I really appreciate everything you have done for me. May you have a very happy life and stay as lively as you are now. Be good to you-know-who and don't be falling until you fall into his arms. Sister Deana Bethers

Dear Janie,

Love and kisses to a sweet LM. I really appreciate your example and the good spirit you have about you. We'll see you at the "Y." Save me a date. Chao, Bill Hammons

Dear Sister Weaver,

I do want to wish you the very best of everything after you complete your mission. I do know that you have expressed your love for the world through your music and I do pray you will rise to great heights in that field. Love, Sister Howard.

Dearest Janie,

I thought we had fun at the "Y" but it has been more fun to get to know you better here. Thank you for your friendship. You are a talented, beautiful young woman. May Heavenly Father bless you with joy...Much love to you. Sincerely, Ginger

Sister Weaver,

I'm sure glad you came to Chile and I did too. It has really been fun. And thanks for sharing all your myriads of talents with us. May God bless you always. Lots of love, Sr. Sharol McUne

Sister Weaver,

Although we lived together for only a very short time I feel I truly know you spiritually. The Lord has blessed you with many special talents and I admire you because you use them for Him. May His choicest blessings always guide you. Mucho amor, Sis. Parry

Sister Weaver,

Do you realize that I've gone 2 1/2 years without spraining my ankle, until last week (my last week in Chile). Thanks a lot for being such a good friend. You're sharp and I'm sure will have a very successful mission. I'll think of you when I hit Tahoe!

Sincerely, Elder Winkel

Dear Weav,

You are a blast and a half and I've sure enjoyed knowing you!! I wish I could have known you longer, but asi es la mision. Maybe some day I'll get to see you again. Good luck with your work and also with your extracurricular activity! (He's mighty sharp!) Hope everything goes well. Chao, Sandra Jones

Dear Sister Weaver,

Well, here's hoping that the rest of your mission is as successful as your mission was during the time that you've known me. Ha, ha. Please keep that sharp personality and voice in shape so you can sing to everyone when you return to us. Yeah! But this still doesn't let you out of our fight or the dance! Que Dios te Bendiga Siempre. Elder Fred Martin

Dear Sistah Weavah,

Can't imagine this mission without you. Glad you came back! You've probably got one picture, but I feel that I want to express my appreciation for your outstanding example of a missionary. Thanks, Love, Sister Grigg

Dear Sis. Weaver,

I was sure happy to know that someone else from the windy city was down here pushing "the work" along. Keep happy, and best of luck for the rest of your mission. Sept. '65, Dave

Dear Janie Weaver,

It's been a scream! Along with your fantastic Spanish and your enthusiasm you're going to be a good teacher and missionary. But remember: Discretion is the better part of valor. Love, Judy

The Chilean Mission had seen amazing growth during the time of Jane's tenure. It has seen even more rapid expansion since her time there. A recent news article from the Deseret News' *Church News* section explains:

April 13, 2002, p. 2:

Today, Chile has more than 520,000 Latter-day Saints. Elder Parley P. Pratt visited Chile in 1851... [missionary] work began in that country May 26, 1956, when Chile became part of the Argentine Mission. The Chilean Mission was organized on Oct. 8, 1961 with 1,100 members. When the first stake was organized 11 years later, membership had grown to more than 20,000. When the Santiago, Chile Temple was dedicated Sept. 14, 1983, there were some 140,000 members of the Church in Chile. On Oct. 29, 1988, Chile became the fourth country to reach 50 stakes.

At the 10th anniversary of the dedication of the Santiago Chile Temple in 1993, it was noted that Chile, with the fastest growing Church membership in South America, had doubled in members and in the number of stakes during that decade... On Apr. 25, 1999, Pres. Hinckley spoke to some 57,000 members in Santiago, the largest gathering of members in South America.

Jane left the mission field in Chile with a great sense of accomplishment, having fully completed her original mission plan. She also went home with a great sense of excitement, and perhaps a little apprehension, as she prepared to meet one suitor while leaving another behind.

On her flight home from Santiago, Chile, Jane met Ellen Claire in Mexico City for a few days of sight-seeing. The original plan was for Margaret to meet Janie in Mexico City. E.C. felt that it was her duty as well as her pleasure to fill her late mother's shoes by traveling to greet Jane and spend some quality time with her. E.C.'s new baby, John Duncan, was just 6 weeks old at the time and she recalled how homesick she was for her baby. The pain of separation was almost too much for her! However, the two sisters had a wonderful time in Mexico City for five days. That was when E.C. first heard about Elder Toronto. She could see that Jane was totally smitten!

* * *

Mission Photos

There are a number of slides that have not been scanned as of this writing. Of the prints that were scanned, Al Toronto made mention of several:

The Elder on the left is Elder Eckman –my toughest case. I got him when he was 13 months out, and he said he didn't believe in God. He wouldn't pray or read or teach or work. That fun district group in the photo helped convert him, and he finished the last six months of his mission with honor. He even got a greenie the last three months of his mission.



The elder behind Jane is Elder Howard, and he was hopelessly in love with Jane. It's all he ever talked about. And, oh, he was jealous of me, because I got most of Jane's attention. He even looked her up when he got home to assess his chances with her.

On the back of this photo is inscribed: "The General." (See explanation, next chapter)

Sisters Palmer & Weaver
at Vina del Mar



Jane and companion in central square of
Valparaiso

Below is one of my favorite memories of my mission—Easter morning 1966. It's in front of the big soccer stadium on the outskirts of Santiago. If you'll notice in the background, there's a large black statue wearing a jock strap. This statue was a source of local controversy because it was totally nude and anatomically correct. I was District Leader. Our district, mostly Jane and I, decided to get up early, about 5 AM, for our choral concert in the adjoining square and place the jock strap on the statue. I provided the strap, cut it so we could get it around the statue and Jane got up there in the dark with needle and thread and sewed it on. She was standing on our shoulders. We went to the concert and then back to the statue for this photo. I've never seen a photo with such genuine smiles. We were all laughing like crazy. A huge crowd gathered that day as people discovered the prank. Finally, a Carabinero, military policeman, pulled out his sword, climbed up on the pedestal and cut it off. The incident was mentioned in the local newspaper the next day, attributing the prank to university students. This was a wonderful, crazy moment in the mission field. Jane and I were in love and goofing off. Jane's companion is Ruth Palmer. On my right is Elder Breton and then Elder Coulum. I have forgotten the other two names.



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