

**ANNETTE MARIE ROSS**

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TARZAN 10-12-14-22



MELHOPAMENTS

Sister Annette Ross

All Elders + Sisters at my  
Welcome Home Party - Secreta Prisco

May 6, 1966

in Brazil

I entered the Mission Home on the 26th of April and have been on the go ever since.

True missionary life is something else again. The first week I was so tired.

All I wanted to do was sleep and I couldn't stand the food. It all seemed so flat in taste. Now, however, I pretty much have decided that I eat as starve. And now there are some foods that I really enjoy. (I love chocolate)

My companion is sister Renee Beywater from Idaho. She is real nice and we get along splendidly. She really is a hard worker. She tucks all day and all night. Every night I feel like I can't walk another step, but the next morning we're up and off again.

Before I start expressing some feelings, I'd like to expound on some of the things that have impressed me thus far about Brazil.

I suppose I must mention first the filth. But what can I say about that. Only a picture could describe that. Of which I'm taking many, not necessarily to show the filth but to show Brazil for what Brazil is -- a backward country. It has improved much, but the Catholic Church has caused so much ignorance among the people. They've been "snowed" and are just now beginning to throw the yoke of Catholicism off their backs. Their culture is backward and tragic. There is so much deformity due to mixed

marriages, lack of sanitation  
and just plain neglect. The  
dirt isn't so much in the  
houses as on the streets,  
in the shops and in the restaurants.  
We have to be extremely careful  
where we eat. Flies are so  
thick you almost breathe them.  
But for a person who once  
had an obsession about flies  
I'm almost used to them.

There are approximately  
5 million people in São Paulo.  
Next to Los Angeles it's the  
largest growing city in the  
world. We live in a suburb  
called Santa Amara. Actually,  
from what I understand and  
from what I've seen elsewhere,  
it is rather a nice part of  
São Paulo, but no matter where  
you go there are the rich and  
poor. Very few middle class.

The Mission Home is beautiful. Very modern and very Brazilian. The Brazilians have a style all their own. I hope I can get some pictures of both inside and out of the houses of the rich and the poor. That may prove tricky but I hope I can.

We arrived in São Paulo the night of the 26th of April. (Tuesday) The Elders went to the Elders apartment and I stayed in the Mission Home until Friday. Apostle Spencer W. Kimball came the same day. This weekend marked quite an event for São Paulo indeed for all of B. South Am. That being: The first State was organized here. The people have much to be proud of. There were six

wards organized. While staying in the Mission Home, I had several occasions to eat meals and chat with Apostle Kimball. He certainly is a marvelous person. About Thursday Franklin D. Richards and his wife arrived in São Paulo for the conference. So I was able to become personally acquainted with them also.

That Friday my companion came and that night I was able to get my first taste of missionary work which I shall write about later.

As I mentioned the food was really something for me to get used to the first few days I was here. The lady that cooks where I'm staying really has been



Americana by the Elders.

We have a lot of American dishes such as pancakes, french toast, stew, apple pie, etc. One other day she made a Cannona pie.

Not at all like the Cannona pie in the states however.

The water is really a problem here. From the tap it's not drinkable, however I brush my teeth with it every day. Generally, for drinking water, the water is boiled and put in jars and put in the fridge. Many families have tanks (small) in the kitchen which filters the water for drinking.

Probably one of the first unusual things I noticed was the driving and riding on a

Plus the latter being the most unusual experience I've ever had. In São Paulo, in fact in all of Brazil (a probably all of South Am) there are basically no traffic rules. Everyone fend for himself. There are no speed regulations either. And to see the cars roar through the middle of town is something else again. The pedestrians have no rights of any kind and the drivers are no respecter of the pedestrians. Pedestrians weave traffic almost as bad as the drivers do. There are just a few lights even in the middle of town. The first one to the corner honks and plumps on. However, per capita, there aren't as many cars as in

the states.

Then the bus rides.

You get on at the rear of the bus and have to pass through a rotating wheel and pay a man whose job it is to sit there and take money. The buses are king of the road (I suppose they're the biggest) (This is literally Volkswagen city. That's all you see. There are however many real old chunkers. Collectors of such cars would go wild down here. There are some, but very few American cars.) and they know it. The ride is fast and jerky. I'm almost used to it by now.

Around 5:00 p.m. they just get jammed and I'm hoping to get a picture of that. The people are just hanging out the rear

door (literally) It used to scare me to death to ride on one, but now I'm becoming quite calm.

The next problems I found I had to contend with were the roaches and fleas (mostly the latter). At first, every morning I had a couple more bites but I bought some pulgax powder so that problem is pretty well solved.

The spiders here are huge! It makes me shudder just to think of it, but then everything here is bigger than normal, except the people.

In stature they're quite a small race. I feel like a giant giant.

While I was in the Mission Home Mrs. Beck and I went downtown. I couldn't help but notice the prices

on the clothes. They're terrifically  
high. For example a \$2.98  
states sweater here sells for  
\$10.00. I've only seen one  
sweater so far that was less  
than that. And as yet I'm not  
wild about the style. Their  
clothes seldom look really  
clean or really pressed. I  
feel so American in the  
clothes and I'm sure, I shut  
out like a sore thumb.

The fruit here is very  
good, but different from that  
in the states. The ~~honey~~  
are the most delicious I think.  
The tangerines are eaten real  
green and those I like much  
more than the ones in the  
states. Maybe it's because  
they ripen so fast that you  
can't buy them green. They  
have papaya which they call

Mango. I just plain don't like it. But the other day I had it with lemon juice, sugar, and hormones and that was really good.

Last Sunday Sister Bequater and I ate out and had a scrumptious shrimp dinner. The shrimp here are real large, larger than I've ever seen. But they taste the same. With it we had a drink called vitomina. It was the best thing I've tasted in Brazil. They put different fruits in a blender. Mrs Beck is instigating a cook book which has many of the common foods of South Am. I can't wait to try some of the things on the people in the States. I'm getting row so I really crave some things. Their bread and cookies, however, are awful.!! They are real flat (the

Cookies) and taste awfully  
stale. I have found one  
kind however that really  
is good. I should say 2  
The other night Leticia Bywater  
and I found some in a  
Candy store and their called  
"Pão de Mel." or Bread  
of Honey. They're small  
powdered cookie. I think  
I've tasted them before.  
I hope I can get a hold  
of the recipe somehow.  
They're kind of a cake cookie  
with powdered sugar on  
them. I just love them.

The bread is nothing like  
Lila Maria. She could  
come down here and make  
a fortune on her bread  
alone. I don't know what  
they do, but I'm sure  
I could make better

bread on my first try.  
It's real heavy and always  
tastes a little dried out.

Next on my list are the  
street markets. They generally  
come to a certain neighborhood  
once a week. They are on the  
side of a Relief Society Bazaar  
or set up like the booths in  
a carnival. And everything  
is sold from jewelry to cow's  
tongues. The latter is most  
sickening to see. It's just  
hanging from a wire along  
with the gizzards and  
the hearts. When you go  
past the meat or fish  
stands, the smell about  
knocks you over. They  
usually cover a territory  
of about six blocks. And  
are opened for half a day.  
And it is jammed, just  
jammed-packed with people.  
Almost as hot as a crowded



has to get through. I plan to take many pictures of the markets. They are a real education. Too bad I can't get the smell also.

The mess they leave is really awful. I'd hate to have one of them in front of my house every week. They are a real honey out for the beggars. Just last week we saw a woman sitting in the middle of the street with 2 little children. She was showing a scared leg. I understood that some of them actually cut their legs, let them get infected then keep them irritated all the time. It really is gruesome to look at.

They grow the spiders here  
terribly large. They just  
scare me to death. I've  
seen three or four of them  
and I just shudder. They  
really are bigger than a  
big daddy long legs. They're  
not all ~~grey~~ either. Their  
bodies are huge and hairy.  
I think I'll just drop  
this subject.

One of the real different  
monnerisms they have here  
is greeting other members. When  
the men greet they shake  
hands and put the other hand  
on the other man's shoulder.

When the women greet each  
other they kiss each other  
on one cheek (at the same time)  
then change to the other cheek,  
then go back to the first  
cheek. It looks strange and

I feel foolish when I do it but everybody does. They also go through the ritual when they part.

The weather is turning cold now as winter is here. It only lasts for a couple of months. With the humidity it makes it rather chilly but not real cold. None of the homes have any kind of heating system. You just dress a little warmer.

The flowers here are really beautiful. They are all much larger than the flowers in the states. Right now they have in bloom a tree, well, it's a poinsettia tree. They really pretty. I hope to get a picture of one in full bloom. The flowers are really large.

May 15, 1966

There are many other things  
but I think I'll just jot them  
down as I come to them.

The first night I was  
with John Bywater we went  
to teach a family. How different  
it is from what I thought it  
would be. The family was/is  
very poor, but they seemed  
very sincere and very humble.

We have taught them up  
to the 4th Lesson. They are  
very old people and hesitate  
about being baptized. We're  
having a hard time encouraging  
them so far. They agree with  
everything we say but for some  
reason are fighting baptism.

Just tonight we visited two  
families and they were both  
real receptive. The first was  
a couple from England. That,  
of course, was nice for me.

They said they really belonged to no church, but were looking for the right one. Of course we know we have the right one for them. We're hoping and praying for them.

The other family is very poor but they were real receptive also. They have 9 children and the whole family seems just awfully nice. I started the lesson on both of them and that can really humble you.

I'm really looking forward to the time I can give the whole lesson and understand them. Almost every question we asked has to be re-asked or an example used.

I'm sure thankful for companions.

While we're tracing, I've  
been reading a Marvelous  
Work and a Wonder. by  
Richards. That book is great.  
I've learned so much from  
it.

June 6, 1966

I can see being caught  
up in this is going to be a  
real chore. I'm so tired when  
I come home at night that  
I can't wait to just sleep.  
This past week I've been down  
with a cold.

On the 18th of May I  
had a companion change.  
One of the sisters left for  
home. My companion now  
is sister Balster from Fall Lake.  
We have a real good time  
together, we are so much  
alike. She only has 4 months  
left to go. In fact by January

1967 there will only be 2 sisters left. They've been crying for new sisters but as yet none have been assigned to Brazil. So as of now if they did and come to Brazil we wouldn't get them until the middle of September. Sister Gurnow and I aren't looking forward to being the only 2 left to keep 8 other new sisters in line. In fact, see Chringo to think of it. She has been here six months longer than I have.

July 5, 1966.

Well another month has  
passed by. I cannot believe  
how fast the time is going.  
I've been away from home  
five months now. & in  
Brazil 2 months.

This month I'm going  
to see my first Baptism.  
One day while teaching  
we found a girl just  
up the street who had been  
ready, with her mother,  
brother & sister to be baptized  
& her father absolutely forbid  
it. This was about 8 years  
ago. She feels her father has  
mellowed quite a bit since  
then. And she wants to be  
baptized right away. We're  
going to give her the lessons  
again however.

We're also teaching an Inca



family also. I don't really  
feel too strongly ~~about~~  
about them. But they  
are real nice. In fact,  
We're having dinner  
with them next Sunday.  
A couple of weeks ago we  
met a girl 29 years old  
named Edna. She lives  
with her mother & with  
them lives ~~the~~ a little girl  
9 who is the niece of Edna.  
Sister Balster is pretty  
sure they have the house  
so they're just kind of  
dangling on them. They  
are really sweet people.  
The niece is named Iris.  
She is a beautiful girl  
& we have a lot of fun  
together. I taught her to  
count to 100 & she thinks  
that's pretty neat.

Sunday night after we  
got home while we were  
getting ready for bed &  
pulled a real good one.

The light was off & I  
~~stopped~~ stopped down to  
put some dirty clothes in  
the dirty clothes bag. Well,  
I knew the table was  
there but just didn't see  
the chair. There was a  
loud crack & when I  
came up, which I did  
in a hurry, I had a  
tooth completely  
snapped in half. It  
was the one with the  
gold ~~fitting~~ cap. I'm  
glad it was that one  
because at least  
it held my tooth on.  
Otherwise there would  
have been a large

gap. We had to wait  
till Monday afternoon  
to get it fixed. The  
best ones is a good  
one I was in the chair  
for 2 hours & had  
absolutely no pain  
whatever. He took out  
the nerve, filled that  
space & put on a  
temporary tooth. Friday  
I had to go in &  
get the permanent ones.  
I took a little different  
without that gold. I've  
decided not to tell my  
family. Just surprise  
them. They probably  
won't even notice.

In the 2 months that  
I've been down here  
I've gained about  
17 lbs. It's a real

light squeeze to get me  
into my clothes. But I  
can't go on a diet because  
the food is too good. When  
I left I weighed 119 lbs &  
my measurements were  
approximately 34-35-35.

Now I weigh 136 & my  
measurements are 36-38-38.  
My stomach seems to be  
the major problem. I've  
never been this fat before.  
Not even near it.

A couple of weeks ago  
all the sisters went to  
Jortas to clean up one  
of the chapels for dedication.  
During the lunch period  
we went to the beach.  
Oh, how beautiful & fun  
that was. I took a lot of  
pictures & I sure hope  
they turn out. The Atlantic

soon on this side of  
the equator is alot prettier  
than the beach in Florida.  
It was so warm + beautiful.  
We couldn't go swimming of  
course but we did go  
waddling. I think its a  
good thing I don't labor  
in shorts. I'd be at the  
beach every noon hours.

One thing that I really  
do like about Brazil <sup>is</sup>  
the hair styles. They are  
just beautiful. Sister  
Balster + I have ours  
done almost every week.

It's sure relaxing. I've  
been trying to find a  
picture. I don't know  
what I'll do when I  
go home. I really like  
the way she does my  
hair. To get you

Hair done down here costs about 75¢. There are almost as many beauty shops in São Paulo as there are in the States.

Sister Balster is really worried about what she is going to do when she goes home in September.

She really is trunky.

And it doesn't help me a great deal. I still have a tendency to get awfully homesick. Especially since I've decided what I want out of life & what I want to do in life & who I want to do it with.

My heart & mind have come completely at last about Hugel. I was thinking about seeing him the other

day. And into my mind  
just flashed a picture  
of an old man worn  
by the ruins of the  
world & I just realized  
that I just didn't want  
that. More than anything,  
I want what God has  
outlined for those who  
would do as he has  
commanded. I can  
only hope I'm not too  
late.

Right now I feel that  
Allen would be the one  
whom I would accomplish  
this with & I ~~hope~~  
hope with all my  
heart that it "works  
out" when I get home  
Enough of a future  
that is at the present  
a long way off.

Med. Sister Bolster & I  
love to go for an audition  
to see if we can be on  
the program for the party  
they are having for the  
outgoing party for President  
Beck & the incoming party  
for the new President &  
also the State & Ward  
Officers. I sure hope  
one of us makes it.

Oh, before I forget I  
want to put the recipe  
for pancakes in here. I  
really make the best  
pancakes. It's the only  
thing I can make well.

I feel really sorry for  
the man who marries  
me.

1 $\frac{1}{3}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ c flour	1 egg
2 Tbs sugar	1 cup milk
2 tsp. Bk. Powder	2 Tbs. Oil
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt	



July 7

Well, I'm doing a little better.  
Wed we went into the M. O.  
and I'm going to sing a  
duet with one of the Elders  
(a Comedy, I've never tried  
that) & Sister Palster is  
doing a reading. I think  
it all sounds like a lot of  
fun. The party is on the  
23rd of this month.

Yesterday I went in  
and spent a painful hour  
in the dentist's chair &  
still have another appointment.  
All last week I had a  
temporary tooth glued in.  
I have it this week too. I'm  
almost used to not having  
my gold tooth. It's going  
to cost me 170 mil which  
is a lot of mil but - - -

The weather is continuing to stay nice. If this is winter down here, I'm all for it.

July 16, 1966

What an interesting week! For one thing we've taught just some neat, neat people. I would love to see all of them in the Church. While it's still fresh on my mind I'd like to tell about the one we had tonight. Last Sat. while waiting on doors we met a man who said he was very interested in Miami, about the Church. Then he proceeded to tell us that he was the President of one of the Catholic organizations & that he'd like to invite some of

his amigos once. We  
made the visit for  
the following Sat. which  
was today. When we  
got there he gave his  
desulper because his  
friends would come,  
but when we got in  
the door, there sat the  
Padre. I about died. After  
greetings, etc. We commenced  
with the lesson. The  
investigator Sr. Lorno  
was really interested  
but the Padre was  
going all around &  
throwing in an argument  
every now & then. Of course,  
his big argument started  
when we said Joseph  
Smith asked Christ which  
Church to join & he said  
none of them for they were

all teaching false doctrine.  
I had been sitting there  
sincerely praying for Sr.  
Balster that she'd have  
a clear memory. And  
she really handled him  
beautiful. Finally she  
brought up the scripture  
"Of any of you lack  
wisdom . . ." Then a  
strange thing happened.  
Sr. Loren & the Padre  
weren't agreeing at all  
on the scripture. The  
Padre said it was wrong  
to ask Christ if the Catholic  
Church was right & you  
knew it was & Sr. Loren  
said you should ask to  
re-offer it. While the  
service in the middle of  
that the Padre had to  
leave. We were able to

finish the lesson in  
Pleau. Sr + Srta Barons  
seemed to accept all we  
said even to the baptismal  
commitment. But much  
as I hate to admit it  
alot of them do that.

One interesting thing happened.  
During the course of the  
lesson while the Padre  
was there, he tried to  
give the sign of the  
Cross to "cast out"  
sister Balster's evil  
spirit. She saw him  
and just kept right  
on testifying. I took him  
up. I'll bet.

July 13, 1966.

Sunday, From Albrecht  
come to Church in Porto  
Bomaro. He had been  
contacted by 2 other sisters  
about three months ago  
since he lived alone they  
didn't enter but gave him  
the Joseph Smith pamphlet  
and invited him to church.  
Because the electric lines  
(Borde) didn't work all  
the way to Porto Bomaro  
he didn't come to church  
till Sunday. (They just fixed  
the Borde last week) He  
was very impressed with  
the people & we were glad  
to see the Priesthood members  
take him under their wing so  
to speak.

Monday we went to see him  
to give him the first lesson but  
as he had alot of questions

About spiritualism and death we decided to give him the gift.

Monday & today (Wed) we found <sup>out</sup> a great deal about he & his life. He's sixty years old and twice a widower. He's an engineer and designs houses & housing developments. He apparently fled the Communist regime in Russia with his second wife. He is a Count, his father having received the title from Alexander III for absolving a falsely accused Duke. At the time his father was President of the Tribunal of some Russian State.

As a boy he lived on a farm with his father

and step-mother and  
her children from another  
marriage. He was  
always being blamed  
by one of her daughters  
for the mischief she had  
made and punished  
accordingly. To escape  
he fled his house when  
he was eleven. From  
then on he worked hard to  
get ahead and got two  
diplomas (I guess from  
Universities) on his own  
steam.

In 1920 he was the  
forest Superintendent in, I  
believe, Siberia where he  
had a little difficulty with  
one of his employees. He  
had sent him to get some  
tools for the work they were  
doing, but he didn't bring



it back & instead  
fought with Dr.

Frost about it.

Something about every-  
thing being the property  
of the state.

In the course of the  
fight or one following  
this, employee threatened  
to take him to the City  
and have him killed.

The employee was  
sent again and again  
returned empty-handed.

Again the guard. This  
time either his wife come  
in or the employee saw  
a picture of her. He asked  
Dr. Frost if ~~he~~ she was  
his wife & Dr. Frost  
replied, "yes" to which  
the man said he was  
going to stay with her.

Mr. Frosty saw red, took  
out his gun & shot him.  
He aimed for the heart  
but hit just below the  
heart & the man ~~only~~  
mortally wounded ~~was~~  
left the office seat  
out on the street &  
yelled, "The Forest  
Superintendent murdered  
me" and fell dead.  
Realizing that he would  
probably be killed with-  
out so much as even  
a trial Frosty fled from  
the office and into the  
wood. Later 30 horsemen  
were sent to follow him  
and bring him back dead  
or alive. One horseman  
found his hiding place  
and was about to shoot  
him, but Frosty beat him

to the draw. Another  
horseman came up &  
seeing the empty horse  
assumed that the other  
had jumped off to get  
Fronzy. "Did you get  
him?" he yelled. "Yes I  
did and I'll get you too"  
replied Fronzy and  
killed the second one also.  
He then fled to another  
Russian state.

The threat on his life  
was apparently not an  
idle one the Iron had  
already killed 25 other  
men.

After escaping from  
that state he became  
Forest Superintendent in  
in another state. There a  
woman accused him of  
being a corporal in the

Cozars army that had at one  
time stayed at his house.  
He was imprisoned &  
later after much ill  
treatment & lack of food  
they brought a paper to  
him to sign. It entitled  
him to his freedom if he  
agreed to do everything they  
told him. He refused!

That day or later he  
was called with several  
other men, put in a  
truck, taken to a spot,  
pushed out of the truck  
& shot at. One left for  
dead. Meanwhile in the  
city an investigator's secretary,  
whose family <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~  
previously saved from  
starvation, was passing  
in front of her office. She decided  
to go in & see what work

could be done so she could sleep in later the next day. On her boss's desk she found the list of men to be killed which included Franz Albrecht. She immediately told a friend of hers & the 2 of them went to get his body. They found him with 2 bullet wounds. Yet still alive (the only one still alive) The girl took him home & nursed him back to health. He married the girl & fled to another state.

In this state he read a report on his life which consisted of 423 pages. Dr. Henry did the official a favor & the officer told him about the report he had and let him read it. On

the last page of the report he read this order.

"Any little thing out of line - I'll (or kill him).

Late Gray asked him about it. The man told him not to worry he'd let him know. About the end of August or the 1st of September the man told him he'd better leave Russia his execution date had been set for Sept 30. He went to China then Brazil.

Jul

Joseph was ready to  
be baptized; but the father  
said No. But he  
consented this time.

She's a real cute  
girl & they have her  
as Primary Secretary  
now. She told us  
that it was quite a  
coincidence that we  
met her that day. She  
is a lady surgeon  
& had just decided  
to stay home that day  
which is something she  
rarely did. We, that  
day, had gone home  
in the middle of the  
afternoon & Sister Belter  
just decided to finish out  
our street.