

Dear Friends and Relatives:

Holiday Season, 1960

We just couldn't sign our names and let it go at that, and the pressure of time does not allow the individual message writing we would prefer to do at this time of year. So we have composed this "form" letter to give our news to you, and we hope you will forgive us and realize that to each of you this message is as "personal" as if it were "individual."

We have had a happy, busy, year. We only wonder where the time has gone, and marvel that we accomplished so little when we intended so much.

The children are growing like weeds, except for Sherlene who has decided for several years that 5'7" is tall enough for her, and that if she can't "look down her nose" at her mother, she can at least see "eye-to-eye" with her. While enjoying her last nostalgic year of high school, she still casts longing eyes at the BYU campus where she hopes to be next fall. Her glances manage to keep several masculine segments of that same BYU student body ringing our telephone and front door bell. Tracy Jr. is now 5'6 1/4" tall, and his shape is losing that "boyish" quality and assuming more of a "manly" contour. He finds this handy in keeping his kid brother in line (they both have always been the same size until now--and of what value to be a "big brother" if you can't give a little superior-size guff now and then!) Tracy is now in the 10th grade and enjoying his high-school experience very much.

David is our only Jr-higher at present, although Elizabeth will join the ranks before 1962 comes around. David is enjoying manual training to which he has been introduced this year. He's getting a few hand-me-downs from Tracy, now, for the first time in his life and can hardly wait for nature to take care of this "thorn" in his side.

Our younger crowd are pushing to "grow-up" too, and while we want them to do so, of course, we can't see why they have to be in such a hurry. Liz is rapidly replacing her father as the family accompanist for our string quartet (which never plays as a quartet) the two violins, the viola, and the cello. We're hoping the "growing-up" will bring added enjoyment of these instruments and less growling about them. The 5 to 6 p. m. practice session in our home is becoming much more pleasurable as the children become more proficient at their instruments (especially when the doors are closed!). Charlotte, however, has expressed the desire to play "no" instrument. As her friends take it up, however, she is weakening, and we expect she will join the rest of the "miserable" lot.

The parents of this lusty crew enjoyed a too-brief trip to Indiana this year to meet some of the lovely people Mother has been writing to. While not too much was added to our general "genealogical" store of knowledge, since our Indiana friends have been busy for years gathering and sending it to us, we are so grateful to have become more personally acquainted with these kind friends.

We're satisfied with grades, life, health, and fortune--all of which we continually strive to improve and increase, however. We hope that 1961 finds you well, not too content with what you have, and determined, as we are, to have 1962 find us improved in all respects.

Your friends,

The Tracy Halls

We just couldn't sign our names and let it go at that, and the pressure of time does not allow the individual message writing we would prefer to do at this time of year. So we have composed this "form" letter to give our news to you and we hope you will forgive us and that that "form" letter is as good as "personal" as it is warm. We have had a happy, busy, year. We only wonder where the time has gone and marvel that we accomplished so little when we intended so much.

1960 Xmas letter

The children are growing like weeds, except for Shariann who has decided for several years that "TV" is tall enough for her, and that if she can't "look down her nose" at her mother, she can at least see "eye-to-eye" with her. While enjoying her last nostalgic year of high school, she still casts longing eyes at the BYU campus where she hopes to be next fall. Her glasses manage to keep several messages separate of the same BYU student body during our telephone and post box calls. Tracy Jr. is now "Dad's" kid, and the phrase is losing that "boyish" quality and assuming more of a "manly" contour. He finds this handy in keeping his kid brother in line (they both have always been the same size until now - and what value to be a "big brother" if you can't give a little superior-size gull now and then). Tracy is now in the 10th grade and enjoying his high-school experience very much.

1960 Xmas letter

David is our "prince" at present. Elizabeth will join the ranks before 1962 comes. David is a young man to whom we have been introduced this year. He's getting a lay hand-me-down from Tracy, now, for the first time in his life and can hardly wait for nature to take care of this "beard" in the side.

Our younger crowd are pushing to "grow-up" too, and while we want them to do so, of course, we can't see why they have to be in such a hurry. As a rapidly replacing her father as the family accountant for our string quartet (which never plays as a quartet) the two violins, the viola, and the cello. We're hoping the "grow-up" will bring added enjoyment of these instruments and less growing about them. The 5 to 6 p.m. practice session in our home is becoming much more pleasurable as the children become more proficient at their instruments (especially when the doors are closed). Charlotte, however, has expressed the desire to play "the instrument". As her friends take it up, however, she is weakening, and we expect she will join the rest of the "miserable" lot.

The parents of this merry crew enjoyed a too-brief trip to Indiana this year to meet some of the lovely people Mother has been writing to. While not too much was added to our general "genealogical" store of knowledge, since our Indiana friends have been busy for years gathering and sending it to us, we are grateful to have become more personally acquainted with these kind friends.

We're satisfied with grades, life, health, and fortune - all of which we continually strive to improve and increase; however, we hope that 1961 finds you well, not too content with what you have, and determined, as we are, to have 1962 find us improved in all respects.

Your friends

The Tracy Family