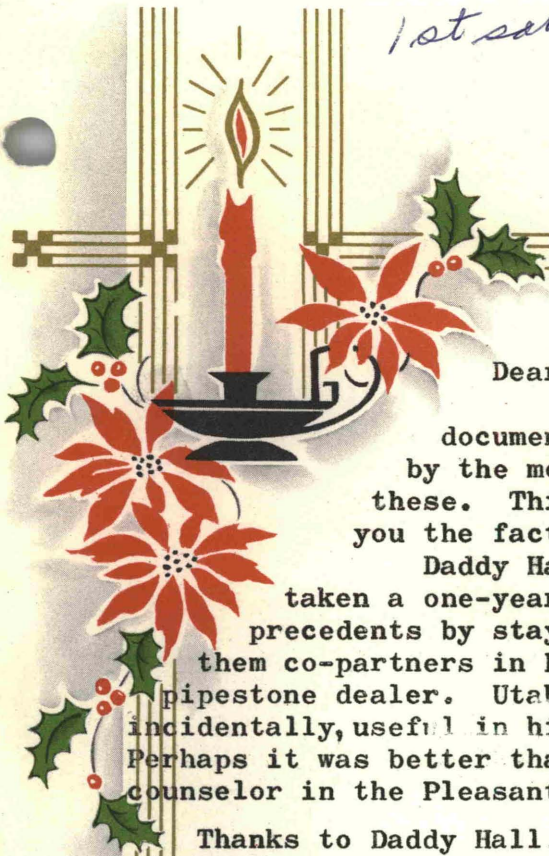


1st sabbatical, 1962 - Card written by Tracy Jr.



Dear Friends,

Every Christmas you've received a glowing documentary on life at 1711 No. Lambert Lane written by the mother of the brood living at same. Please disregard these. This year, we children have formed a tribunal to give you the facts. Brace yourselves.

Daddy Hall (who claims to be the head of the family), has taken a one-year sabbatical leave of B.Y.U. and has broken all precedents by staying home! He comforted his two sons by making them co-partners in Provo Pressure Products Co., your friendly Utah pipestone dealer. Utah pipestone makes excellent peace pipes, and is, incidentally, useful in high pressure-high temperature research. Perhaps it was better that he stayed home, because he's been made the second counselor in the Pleasant View Ward bishopric.

Thanks to Daddy Hall, Mommy Hall was released from the Relief Society presidency so she could be a Trekker teacher; then she was put in charge of the R.S. bazaar. As usual, she is up to her ears (and back many years) in geneology. If you know the name of Walker Langford's father, please contact her immediately. (Walker Langford is not unknown; he was the first man to operate a still in Clay County, Indiana.)

Thanks (?) to Daddy and Mommy Hall, Children Hall are still slaving away at their instruments every morning at 5:00. (If you don't believe us, just ask our neighbors.) Despite our best efforts, our music is becoming bearable. (Please don't ask neighbors about preceding statement.) Our orchestra includes two violinists, a cellist, violist, three pianists, and a sour-note-detector..... Mother. Nancy is exempt, but she plays percussion with the furniture.

We two boys, being strong of body but unsound of mind, have been forced to do more and more of the (groan) manual labor about the house, including digging, lifting, lawn mowing, sweeping, snow shoveling, etc. Those five !*@#!!!#* girls get away with dishwashing, dusting, and mattress-testing.

Activities of the girls include, in order of descending age: Mirror-looking, date-going, bathroom-hogging, day-dreaming, letter-writing, radio-listening, candy-eating, fast-talking, hut-building, skip-roping, fist-fighting, and last, but not least, brother-teasing.

Aside from four or five major epidemics, we've had excellent health, and wish you the same. Whoops!

Yours Truly,

P.S. MERRY CHRISTMAS!
P.P.S. HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

Shirlene Hall
Tracy Jr.
David R. Hall
Elizabeth Hall

Virginia Hall
Charlotte Hall
Nancy Hall

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