

that an interesting image. I don't remember that he slept with her check in hand, but he may have.) He finished up by saying, "Whenever I hear the wind blow I'm going to say in my mind, 'I'm going to love my Grandma forever.'" Just today at the bus stop I pointed out the dogwood trees nearby that were beginning to be tinged with color. It was a little blustery out and suddenly a perfectly yellow leaf drifted down in front of us. Roland exclaimed, "Look Mom, wind rafts." Isn't that an original expression--wind rafts. How do you nurture a talent like that in one so young. I'm afraid that pointing it out to him might destroy the spontaneity of it all. I love his prayers, but see him growing out of his original ideas in prayers as he becomes more conscious of the rote nature of most of our prayers and begins to pick up words from other children and adults. I wish I could freeze him in time. Oh, one more Rolandism. Night before last he put his arms around my neck and said, "Mom, I love being six. I want to be six for a long time so I don't have to die." Now I'm not sure where some of that was coming from. Our friend Phyllis Kerby did die last July, and he has been asking why Grandpa Wood died. He's probably just coming to a realization that not everybody he loves or knows will be around forever, or maybe something came up in a Primary lesson about the Plan of Salvation. I can see his thoughts forming somewhere behind his eyes, and bubbling out his mouth. And I can never anticipate what it will be, though it's always original.

Sorry, I have another story about Roland. Barry, Roland and I were in the car headed to the top of Lee Highway where we typically disgorge Barry and his bike (it's mostly downhill to D.C. from there) and then Roland and I proceed on our daily errands. While in the car I mentioned that there had been a call on our machine from Hall's Trees (we have caller ID). I wondered aloud what Dad was doing out at the farm so early in the morning. Roland piped in, "I didn't know Grandpa had a farm." We reminded him of the times we'd been out to the farm and Barry mentioned that Grandpa raised Christmas trees. "You know what we should do, Mom," Roland interjected. "We should go on a plane and cut down a tree and bring it back for Christmas." We explained that it was a little expensive to get a tree in that manner and besides it was too big to bring home on the plane. "Well, says Roland. "We could just put it in a catapult and fling it to our home." (I think this may have grown out of the castle toys we bought him for his birthday. Included in the parts was a catapult.) When Barry commented that it would certainly not make it all the way here Roland said, "UH-HUH, they can fling 2,000 miles, you know!" He went on to tell us that catapults used to be used to fling flaming rocks into castles during battles. I asked him how they got the rocks to burn. He enlightened me by saying that all they had to do was strike the rocks together to make flames. Barry countered that you could produce sparks that way, but probably not flames or fire. He insisted it was so, but I suggested to him that maybe they tied bales of hay to the rocks and set the hay on fire. "Or maybe," I said, "they tied rags soaked in oil to the rocks and lit them on fire that way." "Mom," Roland intoned in a voice of disbelief, "rags weren't invented yet." "Roland," says his Dad, "rags are just old used up clothes, you know." "They are?" says Roland in amazement. Isn't life interesting?

I propose that we all send a poem to each other on birthdays. I confess to doing this on occasion and also confess to my lines being overly mired in meter and rhyme and triviality. Still, I think we should express ourselves in other mediums and actually miss reading the beautiful poetry that Barry used to write to me. He wrote a beautiful poem on a bit of a whim to

Dear Family,

Huntington Tracy here. I've been back for more than a month now from the University Singers' tour to New Zealand and Australia. It was a wonderful tour to wonderful places with a wonderful group of people. I'm in the group again this year; we'll be going to the Midwest this May. All of my other classes this semester are for the master's degree I'm starting in mathematics. I have four math classes, all in the same little classroom. I'm also teaching two sections of Math 110 (College Algebra). My current plans are to finish the master's in one year or two and go on to a doctorate somewhere else. I don't know yet where or in what specialty, but I'll be spending a weekend in Williamsburg later this month, at William and Mary. All in all, life is good.

Love and potato salad,
Tracy

Dear Charlotte,

Oct 6, 1946

Pretty soon, you and I will be one year older. Imagine that! I will be 77 and you will be 46 (I think). We have just finished listening to a great conference. Right now I am listening to the Relief Society Conference that is being rebroadcast on Channel Seven. The cousins are now arriving for Grandma Hall's dinner.

I'm still spending a lot of time at the farm with my trees. I'm only working eight acres now. Another farmer has planted the other 20 acres in corn and is now harvesting his crop.

I've had high pressure stuff in a storage shed in Oregon for about 5 yrs. at \$60.00 per month. I have now moved all this to my Columbia Lane shop. If I had been smart, I would have spent $60 \times 12 \times 5 = \$3600.$ and put a better storage shed on the farm.

Have a good birthday,

Love, Dad.

Hello everybody. Mary here. The news: I graduated in English from BYU in August and now I'm working in the library of an elementary school. It's fun. Life's pretty good. I saw my beautiful niece born on Sept. 25 and am currently of the opinion that Libby is the most perfect baby that has ever ~~been~~ lived. I'm still trying to figure out my future — wandering ^{what to do for graduate school} (probably next year) and when I'm going to meet Mr. Right. (I wouldn't mind if that were next year, too 😊) Love to all of you.

Elisabeth Malone was born Wednesday September 25, 1996 at 8:04 P.M. She weighed 7 lbs, 8 oz. and was 19 and $\frac{3}{4}$ " long. My water broke at 8:30 ~~am~~ that morning and they induced labor about 2 p.m. and she was born about 6 hrs later. She's beautiful.

Mommy's looking really good, too. She already fits into all her old clothes.

Patrick wrote that

Gr. Gramma's Comment:
she is beautiful + Susannah does look beautiful.

DEAR FAMILY,

THE LAST FOUR WEEKS
HAVE BEEN THE BEST OF MY
LIFE. I AM EXTREMELY HAPPY.
LAURA IS THE MOST WONDERFUL
LADY IN THE WORLD. RIGHT
NOW I AM STUDYING CHEMISTRY
AT BYU. I AM ALSO WORKING
WITH MENTALLY HANDICAPPED ADULTS.
MARRIED LIFE IS THE BEST!

I HIGHLY RECOMMEND IT TO
ALL THE SINGLES THAT IS
ALL NOW.

BRANDON WOODCUTT

Dear Family,

Life is going very well! Brandon
& I are loving married life!
We are grateful for all the love
we've been shown by the family
as we've gotten married!

We are both keeping busy
with work and school. Brandon's
decided to major in Chemistry
and minor in Physics! I
have just begun my Master's
in Social Work! In a couple
of months I'll be ~~going~~ given a
client which will be a bit
scary! This month has been
a blast getting married & all
& then going to Texas the next
week for another reception!
It's been a lot of fun! Daniel
is leaving for Jerusalem tomorrow!
Hope he's safe! That's all folks!
P.S. Greg Neill's hair. Love, Laura Woodcutt

Dear family,

Grandma Hall has us all over here for dinner and won't give us any food until we write something down. I resent this use of force and I demand liberation from this grandmotherly oppressiveness. Allah Akbar!

Just kidding. A brief summary of the news. My sister is now married to Brandon. He seems like a nice guy but by mistake I keep calling him Cameron for some reason. Actually I am very happy for them. I've never seen a better matched couple.

Tomorrow (Oct 7th) I'm going to Jerusalem. Netanyahu and Arafat have asked me to accomplish the peace. I'm happy to serve wherever I'm needed. Actually, that's a lie. I'm

going to Hebrew University because they have a graduate school that doesn't require I take the GRE.

I've also been studying Arabic and Hebrew for two years, and therefore feel a compulsive need to continue studying these languages. I hope to soon spread the Taliban movement from Afghanistan to the US.

Susana has of course had her baby and I played with her for a couple of hours during general conference, even though she was asleep. Libby is so cute. Congratulations Susie! ~~Are we still~~

Love,
Daniel

Hi There!

How are you all? I'm doing great. I'm studying Music Education at BYU and am in my sophomore year. On Oct. 25 I will turn 19. Yeah! Finally no more boys giving me a weird look and saying "Woah! you're young!" I'm living at Liberty Square Apts. and all my guy friends are around 23 & up. Usually I try to avoid the age question. During the Summer I worked at a private school teaching Music & Drama. It was so fun! That's one reason I decided to go into Music Education. I just love kids. They're so cute! My Dad was kind of disappointed I didn't go into Electrical Engineering (and I have to admit, I was tempted considering ~~the~~ ~~there's~~ there's about a 1:10 ration of ~~girls~~ ~~to~~ girls to guys) but I decided Music was more my forte (ha! get it?). Well, I don't have a boyfriend and I don't plan on having one for a while. I like kissing friends better anyway (just joking mom). School is awesome and everything is great and I'm playing way too much according to my parents. See you all later!

♡. Erin Neil

Hello Hallmanac readers -

When I was younger I thought Hallmanac was a real word. It was only recent that I understood the clever play on words. Pretty funny, huh? Well, I'm ~~back~~ ^{back} out here in Provo starting work on my master's degree. I'm ~~g~~ working on a Masters of Music in choral conducting. I really, really like it. I'm singing in Concert Choir at the Y, and I love it. The women of all the BYM Choirs got to sing at the Relief Society session of General Conference in the Tabernacle. It was a really cool experience.

I broke up with my cute boyfriend a month ago, I kind of miss him. I'll just have to find another.

I'm excited for my family parents to come out here for Homecoming Weekend. It's always so much fun when they come to visit.

Well, grandma's dinner is getting cold, so I'm going to go eat.

Talk to you all later,

Emily Neil

Dear Family,

I'll be frank with you. Grandma is forcing this letter from me under penalty of no dinner. (~~But~~ I'm happy to say "hi," But HALF A PAGE!) well, I've got a semester and a half left at BYU. Hooray. Right now in my market research class (taught by Ray Andrews) I'm in a group ~~of~~ doing a research project for the MTC, to help solve the problem they're having with teacher retention. Very time consuming. We kicked the bass player out of the band before we had a chance to sell a lot of CD's, so we're searching frantically for a replacement. It's hard, because he was good. You probably want to know about all my girlfriends, so I'll spend the rest of my letter telling you about them.

Love

Kevin Neil