

Hallmanack
Letter from Zina
June 25, 1889. Sunday.

Dear family,

As you can see, I can type if I really feel like it. Sometimes I can even find typing paper to type on, but today must not be my lucky day, and I've had to content myself with the graph paper that I usually use to write notes to my friends on. Actually, I meant to say friends, but friends sounds more exciting, don't it?

Grandma, I only recently read your letter to us grandkids about planning for the future, spending our money on education, etc. Sometimes I feel very confused and anxious when I think about that future out there, and jobs, education, and all that adult stuff, so I am glad to listen to advice from any adult who seems to be happy with their life, and I am glad to know that you're concerned about me during this decision-making time in my life.

Thanks for the Fielding Langford book of genealogy. How overwhelming it is to me -- to know that it's possible to do that kind of research and to have success with it. The first person I wanted to read about was my great-grandmother, whose name I've inherited. Great-grandmother is a word that sounds like a very -- wait, this sentence isn't turning out well. Allow me to start over. I was surprised to realize that my great-grandmother, Zina Charlotte Chlarson Langford, was not so very ancient of an ancestor as I had sort of assumed. Why, she was your mom, grandma, yet it's never occurred to me to ask you what she was like. It says in the genealogy book that she ~~was~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXGXXXXXXXXXX~~ was a fine seamstress, and enjoyed gardening. I don't particularly like gardening; it

seems to be a "family trait" that's passed me by. I do like to talk and I hear that's a Langford/Hall trait.

I haven't got a lot else to say today. I'm not really liking this typewriter right now because it keeps playing mean tricks on me, which is my excuse for being lazy with my grammar today. I'm kind of using this as a test, too, to see whether my relatives will still accept me as a family member if my grammar, or grammer, however you spell it, is not always excellent. That was supposed to say always.

Oh, ~~Ma~~ Daniel and Laura: Hi! You're mother's been bragging about you again, but that's okay with me because she obviously has a lot to brag about. Danny, won't you tell us the story of that nickname, WUMP (is it like a cool version of wimp?) (I think the corrective tape in this machine is running out) Is it? Yes, it's gone. Laura-la-belle, did you enjoy yourself magnificently at the prom? I hope so. (I did.) Are you thinking about ~~XXXX~~ (I miss that corrective tape) going to BYU in a few years?

I'm going to quit before I think of anything I wanted to say that takes a lot of typing. Until next time, ~~xxxx~~ may happiness follow all of you. Thanks for all you've done for me (If I was ever neglectful of thank-you notes when I was littler, thank you now) Hugs & kisses & all that mush,

Hugs & kisses & all that mush,
Zina

P.S. ~~XX~~ I forgot. Nicer mind, and never mind, too.