

Christmas 1959, with the Kearls  
in Kentucky.

This year we've raised a dog,  
a little green snake, a bowl of  
guppies, a cat, two white rabbits  
and we've lost or ruined a miscell-  
aneous assortment of toys, bicycles  
and baseball mitts--our family is  
growing up.

Our year again has been full of  
blessings. Ed(12) is now in Junior  
High--made all star guard in his  
little league. He's anxious to be  
a star scout so he can go to the  
Jamboree this next summer. He  
switched from piano to oboe and is playing in the high school  
orchestra.



Gary (9) is playing a violin with violinist Dad's help.

He's interested in science and astronomy. Yesterday he educated  
us to the fact that our year is really 365 days, 5 hours, 48 min. and  
46 seconds long.

Marty (8) is busy with cub scouts and swimming. Sometimes he  
does each quite well. Someday he'll find himself.

Jamie (7) is always busy. Right now she's sure she should  
be knitting and cooking.

Alan (20 Mos) his favorite entertainment--our desk drawers,  
pencils and pens mostly, a future journalist no doubt.

This summer we made our usual trip to Utah. Mary drove five  
children and the car out. Cy flew out later--we saw no one but our  
families. We arranged to meet with the earthquake in Yellowstone  
on our way home.

Most of the time we burn the candle at both ends, but we do  
want to take the time to wish each of your dear friends, a very  
Merry Christmas and best New Year ever.

Cy, Mary and family