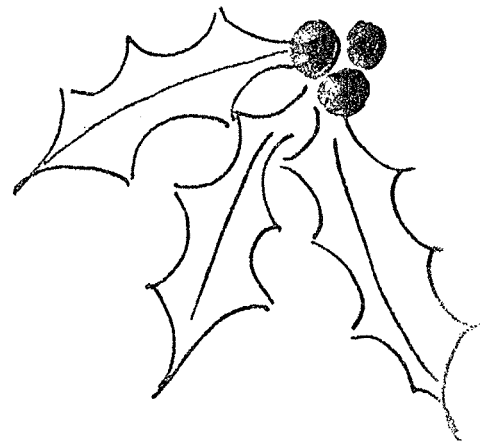


FROM
121 RIDGEMONT COURT



Here's our Christmas conglomeration.
From our home here mid in the nation.
It shows the confusion,
Caos, revolution,
That should accompany our salutation.

Our boys are not quite as grim
As the cartoonist's conception of them.
But, these sketches do show
What makes each of them "go",
Even tho the resemblance is slim.

Greg is no longer a boy,
He still gets most of his joy,
From working at school
(Among the best as a rule)
And with girls he remains very coy.

He started piano this year.
Now that is all that we hear.
From 6:30 in the morn,
Till we're all quite forlorn
Cause it still sounds a little bit queer.

Brad was Santa in the school play.
For him a red letter day.
Mom made him a suit.
He really looked cute.
Things at school are now going his way.

Brad has started to settle down.
He no longer must be the clown.
He up in his class,
But alack and alas,
He has girl friends all over town.

Scotty continues to be
A bundle of pure energy.
He now writes his name.
Can play any game.
And his slogan is "LEAVE IT TO ME".

He works harder than any of us,
And still he continues to fuss.
Cause he feels he should do
Everything we do too
All we do is sit back and cuss.

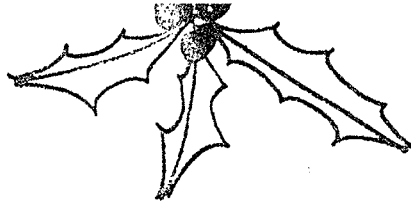
Matthew, the fourth in the fold,
Came out of the very same mold,
He climbs up the stairs,
On tables and chairs.
For a yearling, he's really quite bold.

As the youngest, he's master you see.
He "dictates" what the whole family
Will do every day
In both work and in play,
But he's as pleasant as one child can be.

The family didn't increase in size.
But, Matthew has kept his blue eyes.
Of all of the brothers,
Only his match is mother's.
Took four for this trait to arize.

MOBERLY, MISSOURI





The winter has hit here quite hard.
A blanket of ice covers the yard.
Ice skating and sledding
And a little more bedding
Are normal events on our "card".

The hill in front of the house
Is as slick as the "fur on a mouse".
The boys like it that way.
It's great for their play.
But dad salts it for driving. "The louse"!

With a skate pond just cross the street,
Not really too far from the heat,
The boys are quite good,
(From the bruises they should)
But Mom's still the best one you'll meet.

Tho our visitors have been but a few,
It has given us plenty to do.
Missouri's historic,
And quite atmospheric,
From here to historic NAUVOO.

We've visited Carthage, and "Zion,"
Haun's Mill and there's deny'in,
There's so much to see,
From St. L. to K. C.
We have just begun to start try'in.

Missouri is very impressive.
And the names of it's cities excessive.
There's Memphis and Mexico,
Peculiar and Puxico,
And Potosi the city progressive.

With out ever leaving Old Mo,
You can visit Paris, Versailles and St Jo.
California, Centralia,
Louisiana, Sedalia.
And we cannot forget Neosho.

We'd like to show this to you.
If you will only come thru.
Come see us this year
And while you are here,
We'll throw in Humansville too.

We all look forth to this season.
And this time there's a special reason.
Cause Grandma and Grandpa
Will arrive here from Utah
For a Yuletide exceedingly pleas'in.

Once again we wish you our best.
For this Season and all of the rest,
Of the forthcoming year,
From all of us here,
May it prove to be fruitful and blest.

OUR BEST
WISHES,

JACKIE
JOHN

GREG

BRAD

SCOTT

AND

MATTHEW