

Dorothy's Hobbies

Reading
Doll collection/and making doll clothes
Stamp collection
Foreign coin collection
Music
Art
Archeology
Astronomy
Writing poetry

Dorothy's School Activities

Art
Science Club
Acapella Choir
Concert mistress of the High School orchestra for three years.
Attended BYU music clinic in the summer of 1960
Played the violin in the Utah Valley Symphony Orchestra
Snow College Theater 1981-82
 Play: "Where's Charley" -- Assistant costumer/Wardrobe mistress.
Fairview 2nd Ward Dinner Theatre - "Oh Albert, You Promised"
 She played Mrs. Arnold (Ma)

The lowest grade that she ever received throughout all of her schooling was an A minus.

In Junior High and High School (Springville) our English teachers had each student choose a painting from the yearly art exhibit and write about it.

One year, Dorothy's teacher, Mrs. Huntington, received the following note from the artist, Maurice Kish, regarding her art theme.

"Please forgive me, but I was moved to tears of the poetic description of my painting, "Hills of Sorrow", by Dorothy Hall. She really has a soul of an artist."

Following is a copy of her art theme.

"Hills of Sorrow" (April 1961)

(Received First Honorable Mention on art assembly)

Based on an oil painting
by Maurice Kish

Night has come, bleak and unbidden, adding its darkness to the gloom of the day. The big moon casts an eerie light over the valley. Barren trees reach up their skeleton fingers and try to grasp the wispy clouds as they float over head. The cold frame buildings are roughly silhouetted against the night sky, and gently rolling beneath them are the ancient hills that seem as black as the coal they shelter.

Around the mine entrance huddles a silent and dejected group of people. Occasionally from the women comes a sigh of anxiety or a smothered sob. An eternity of time has passed since the explosion, and those who must wait can no longer stay away from the terror of the hill.

The minutes and seconds drag on, one by one, until another hour has passed, then two. Suddenly the sound of voices can be heard inside the mine. Some of the waiting people press close to the mine tunnel; others hang back, afraid that news may bring what they do not want to hear.

Slowly the men emerge from the entrance, their faces haggard with grief and weariness almost beyond endurance. One, two, three, four,--- five! Five white-shrouded stretchers are born from the blackness by the grim miners. A woman sinks against the supporting arms of her companions as her fear becomes a reality.

Those whose loved ones are dead seem frozen by the shock of the tragic hours; they cannot even find relief in tears. Gently they are led home and comforted by loving friends. Tender hands assist the injured miners, easing their pain and suffering.

Tomorrow the mines will be silent as respect is paid to the dead and the injured are cared for. But then the miners will come back to their toil. With faces more sternly set they will return again to these hills of sorrow and to an unceasing struggle with the black rock that is their life.

Following are samples of Dorothy's poetry

Sonnet - 1963

When winter's white chill winds again hush land,
When live/dead things are once more swept with snow,
Will any from that other winter know
Why life was shattered by a modeling hand?

Will any of that life time from the mind
Blot out the searing memory of the flame?
One love and grief, or nation's all the same
In emptiness when waking, left behind.

But as with heirs, these must not now forget
That life was lived and loved in spite of pain;
As with the gift of laughter life was met,
Now bitterness shall not make life be vain!

That smile and courage which gave vision then,
Must now be graven in the hearts of men.

A Christmas Hymn

Sing! Rejoice! Our Lord Has Come!

Rejoice all men of earth this day!
The babe, soft-cradled in the hay
Is sent from God, His first-born Son.
Sing! Rejoice! Our Lord has come!

Rejoice! This child of innocence
Has come to make full recompense
Before the law for all, not some.
Sing! Rejoice! Our Lord has come!

Rejoice! He'll suffer pain for all
Who in humility will fall;
Forgiveness is through sorrow won.
Sing! Rejoice! Our Lord has come.

Rejoice! and worship Him above
Who sends to us, in Godly love,
To conquer sin and death, His Son.
Sing! Rejoice! Our Lord has come!

A Christmas Rhyme

In Bethlehem long years ago,
In Israel's land across the sea,
A child was born in lowly state,
A Savior for humanity.

The child - beloved Son of God,
Jesus Christ, our Lord so dear;
A star his birth announced on high,
A sign to men both far and near.

The shepherds with their flock close by,
To wise men countless miles away,
The star its wondrous news revealed,
The babe now in a manger lay!

The shepherds, hearing angel's psalms,
Went down into the town that night.
They saw the newborn King of Kings
And worshipped Him mid radiant light.

Soon, through the desert's endless miles,
All following the bright new star,
The magi with their caravan
Came riding from their lands afar.

To Jerusalem they sped,
Straight to Herod's throne of gold;
"Where is the newborn King of Jews
Whose birth was prophesied of old?"

At first to them came no reply,
Then Herod spoke in jealous fear;
"The place foretold is Bethlehem,
King David's home that we revere.

"When you have found the Royal Babe,
Come tell his whereabouts to me."
There was not in their midst a one
But knew he'd answer not the plea.

Discovering the tiny child,
They worshipped Him on bended knees
And gave three gifts of kingly rank
To the infant Prince of Peace.

Now we give thanks to God above,
In songs of joy at Christmastime,
For this most glorious gift to us,
Jesus Christ, His Son divine.

Memories

(by Audrey and Dorothy while still kids)

Elnor was afraid of snakes,
And when she'd see one she'd shiver and shake,
And yell and scream with all her might,
Until one dark and stormy night,
Theron crept up to her bed so neat,
And placed a cold cucumber under her feet.

"Oh mother, mother, help me quick!
This snake is awfully slimy and slick!"
Her mother went running up the stairs,
And Theron ran to say his prayers.

And that's the end of our story true,
Of Theron, of Elnor, the cucumber too.
Elnor's afraid of snakes to this night;
But Theron eats cucumbers with delight.

THE LITTLEST STAR BY DOROTHY HALL Jr.

I.

Once upon a time in GOD'S home up above there was a ~~littlex~~ tiny star called the littlest star. Every night he would shine just as hard as he could and every day he would sleep.

All the time you couldn't see the littlest star because the other stars that were bigger and brighter made the sky so bright at ^{night} that you ^{couldn't} see the littlest star at ^{all} all.

Now one time GOD called all the stars together for ^a meeting. He told them that HE was going to have a contest. He said that the star that was the most friendly, kind, and shone with love could do a special job for Him, and would be remembered for it down through the years.

All the big stars shined themselves up and strutted around like a bunch of peacocks.

But all this ^{time} the littlest star was very sad. HE could see little children starving in the streets.

Every time a cloud got in front of him he didn't ~~get~~ get mad like the other stars did but he smiled at them instead.

Now GOD had been watching all the stars and HE saw how the big stars shone and glittered but most of all He saw the littlest star.

HE saw how it loved everyone and everything and He saw how friendly it was and how sad it got when it saw people starving. And He saw that it shone with love for all mankind.

So GOD called the stars together once more to choose the one for His special job.

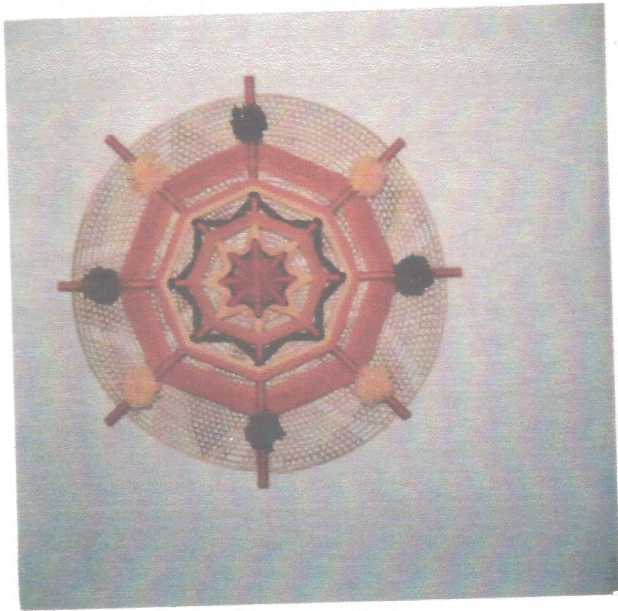
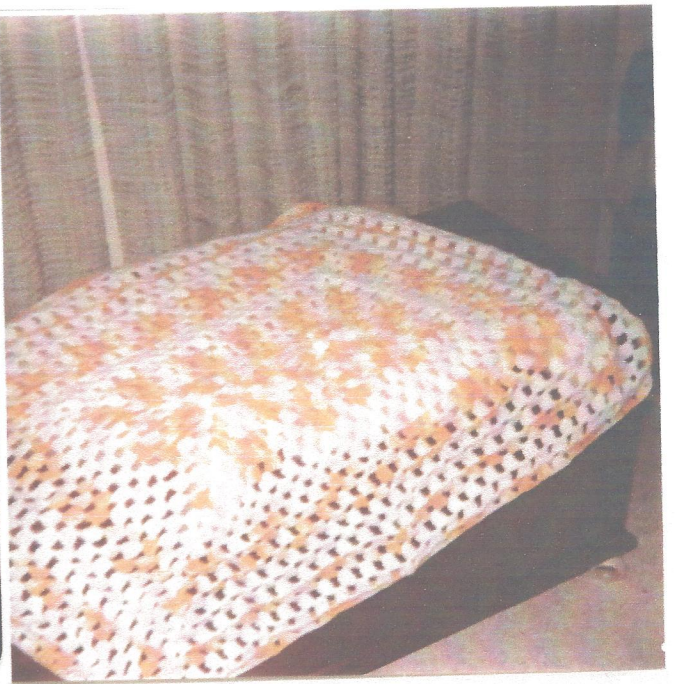
III.

Not one of the stars was more friendly, loving, or kinder than the littlest star. He shone with love and lovelight is the brightest light of all.

GOD chose the littlest star for His special job and that was to shine in the sky over the stable where the infant Jesus laid in the manger .
HE led the SHEPHERDS and the WISE MEN to the baby JESUS.

So now every Christmas when we think about Jesus we remember that little star that led the Shepherds and the Wise men to the baby JESUS.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE SAMPLES
OF DOROTHY'S CRAFTS AND
HER ARTWORK





14 Your creative talent

Make an original drawing or picture of any subject you wish in the space above — *not on a separate sheet of paper*. It can be a figure, a landscape, a still life, an animal, a cartoon, or anything else you choose. Use pencil or pen and ink or water color. Your drawing will indicate your imagination and originality. Don't be concerned if your drawing doesn't have a "professional look" — just have fun doing it.

Grade B-

Your over-all

Talent Test Grade is Superior

On the basis of the evidence submitted in this talent test, the admissions committee wishes to advise you as follows: You do qualify for admission as a student to the Famous Artists Schools.

By H. E. Bennett



