

The Brickyard
H. Tracy Hall
November 1, 1995

In 1932 our family moved from a five acre farm in Marriott, Utah to an old house located at 664 thirtieth Street in Ogden, Utah. This house was located on the north side of the street in a brickyard. The dividing line between the Ogden 18th Ward and the Ogden 9th Ward was thirtieth Street. Somehow, I did not know any of the people on the south side of the street. Later on, of course, I came to know my future wife, Ida Rose Langford. The Thirtieth Street pavement ended at the bottom of Madison Avenue which at that time dead ended at thirtieth Street. From this point eastward it was uphill. High tension power lines were on the north side of this street.

Being the experimenter that I have always been, I took some of the very fine wire from the wooden boxes that supplied the spark to each of the four cylinders of an old Model T Ford. Then, I took a coil of the wire, attached a heavy weight and threw it over the high tension lines. The fine wire uncoiled, fell across the lines and emitted a lightning-like flash. A man across the street came running out of the house to see what had happened. But I ran for cover the instant that I could see that the fine wire was going to cross the high tension lines. After awhile the man returned to his house.

Later on I told my Bishop (Grant Lofgren) about what I had done and he chastised me. He worked for Utah Power and Light and said that I could have electrocuted myself in addition to bringing down the power lines.

The Great Depression was still in force at this time and good jobs were scarce. My father worked in the brickyard for three dollars per day. I also worked in the brickyard for twenty five cents per day. My task required me to keep poking a heavy iron bar into a funnel-like mechanism to keep the clay from clogging up. A rapidly rotating wheel was at the bottom of the funnel and broke up the clods of clay. Often, my bar would strike against the wheel which was very disconcerting. Later on, I was put on a small pedestal where I had to shake a screen by hand since the pulley to do this job was broken. I was a scrawny kid and was not up to such hard work. I asked for a raise to fifty cents a day and got it.

Interestingly, the clay came from a pit located adjacent to the Ernest F. Langford family home. From there to the brickyard was about five blocks. The clay was transported by a team of horses and wagon.

Mr. Leak was the owner of the brick yard. There were old fashioned beehive kilns on the square block that the brickyard encompassed. Additionally, a completely modern *state of the art* continuous kiln had been partially constructed at great expense but was never put into operation. One of the features of this equipment was a long heated tunnel down which the unfired brick was to move slowly toward the end where the completely fired brick was to be

JAPAN

3 March 1986

Dear family, I started this letter on the 18th of February 1984 and have just found it to you regarding the latest. Well, the day after tomorrow is Presidents day. It so happens that this is also Mom's birthday (February 21st).

She often jokes that all the important people are born in February ^{16 and} but it's no joke. At least in the case of George, Abe, Ida-Rose, . and David who are very important people to me. We are seeing a lot of the Japan Olympics now. I've been wondering if George still holds the record for the Potomac Coin Toss? I bet he does , and I'll also wager that Abe has not been surpassed in the Rail Split. I know for a fact that Ida-Rose still holds the record in the "Child Call", although, Donna Hill is a very close second in the above category.

Take for an example that great lady, Ida-Rose. She long ago won the Gold in making ^{being} a happy life for me. Just yesterday I was thinking happy thoughts all day long as I kind of reminisced on our adventures

together

WE are grateful to our children for letting us escape once in a while to go on a genealogical trip or some other function.

making
happy for