

We would get 50 cents each for a nights work (9 pm-12 midnight), and would donate it toward the purchase of the Ward's Hammond Organ for our service project.

One day Salter told me he had to go to L.A. to straighten up his business. On January 24th I talked to him about how we would run the orchestra while he was gone. He said that he would probably let Wayne use his drums. He left on January 26th at 2:00 o'clock and I wondered what would happen to our orchestra.

Wayne became our Mutual teacher and "Bub" (Burt) Carr, a joint friend of Salter and Wayne, became Wayne's assistant. Salter returned on March 11th, just in time to play a dance at the Wilson Lane Ward five miles west of town. We were getting better at our work and were going farther away to play. We also began to play for organizations other than our own LDS wards such as the W.O.W (Woodmen of the World, a fraternal lodge) and we were getting \$1.00 each per night.

I was quite sick for about 10 days the latter part of March and recorded this on Saturday, March 21st: I thought that by today, at the most, I would be out of bed, but I'm not. No one at all came to see me to-day so I had to amuse myself. I read another chapter in Phisics [sic](I read two yesterday), read my dancing book, trying to learn something about a Fox Trot, & played the Mouth Organ. I read all about the Charleston & practiced it in bed. I guess no one was around to-day because it rained. I listened to the "Ogden-Granite" game to-night. Score: O-16, G-21.

I had one pleasant evening on May 12, 1936, despite severe complications, when we played a job at the Marriott Ward, before my old friends. My diary says, "What a day. Lane & Jack stayed out of school all day and I got sick in Algebra and stayed home the rest of the day. Aunt Myra died this afternoon. I guess our dance was alright even if our playing was lousy. After many complications we got to Marriott [five miles northwest of Ogden]. All my girls sure have grown up. Blanche [Slater] was a peach. Frank Hodson complimented our playing & the girls mine.

Salter got a job selling Chevys [Chevrolet] automobiles] on May 2nd. May 7th was the closing night for MIA, and school was out. On June 3rd, my diary says, "I wonder what is keeping Salter so busy? I've been there a dozen times lately and he hasn't been home once." From then on Salter just faded away. June ended and I never saw him again!

Glen Salter, some might say,  
Was only a teacher in the MIA.

Bishop or Stake President? No, not he.  
 Yet he was something all could see.  
 Salter was a point of light for a teen age boy!  
 And for that I would enjoy.

To June, Mary, and Joy,  
 I give three cheers.  
 God, bless you volunteers  
 For working without pay  
 To help this soul on his way.

Epilogue to "Only A Teacher"

After Salter was gone, the remains of the orchestra fell to me and I became its leader. We had to go outside our ward boundaries to get the talent needed. As things progressed, the orchestra personnel consisted of the following:

- Tracy Hall-piano
- Jack Barrett-Bass Fiddle
- Prentice Agee-1st Trumpet
- Lane Compton-2nd Trumpet
- Roy Salerno-1st Trombone
- Max Cook-2nd Trombone
- Jay Cook Tenor-Sax
- Don Wilson-Alto Sax
- Jack Deamer-Baritone sax
- (all sax players doubled on clarinet)
- Lamar Shreeve-Drums

I was not only leader but manager. Our parents were too poor to have a phone so I paid for one. Its number? 3819J. We had a business card printed which said "The Hi-Hatters, Highbrow Music at Low-Brow prices." We built professional music stands, along the lines of what you see on the Lawrence Welk Show on KBYU and had powder blue suits made, again something like Welk's. We also purchased a sound system with microphones. We were good enough now for the Music Union to take note. The union claimed that it was illegal for us to play ASCAP music without belonging to the union and they pressed us to join but we didn't.

The 10 piece ensemble as constituted above was the standard dance orchestra of the day.

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Going to a dance job kept you going from about 7:30 pm to 1:30 am because you had to transport and set up all the equipment, play for three hours, and then take it down and haul it home again.

We were playing somewhere once or twice a week. Every ward at that time had a Friday or Saturday night dance, year round. We probably played every ward in Weber County in addition to the High School and Weber College. We ventured as far north as Arco, Idaho and as far south as Camp Williams and once played on Ogden Radio Station KLO.

For two years, in addition to the orchestra, I simultaneously carried a 21 credit hour load at Weber Junior College and worked the college's morning janitorial shift which was from 4:00 to 7:00 am. I received 15 cents per hour pay at first which was raised to 25 cents later. My job consisted of cleaning the women's toilets, a couple of men's toilets, the swimming pool and, additionally, sweeping hallways. The load eventually led to a breakdown in my health and I had to quit. It was now 1939. My "professional" musical career had come to an end but I will never forget it! Prentice Agee, our superb trumpet player took over.

I got a job at Checketts Photo working six days a week at 25 cents per hour as a photographer and photo-finisher. Incidentally, Checketts was always short on money and would pawn some photographic equipment to a Loan Shark on Ogden's infamous 25th street to get money to pay his bills. Then he would need his equipment back and would borrow from me to get it out of pawn.

After working for a year, he owed me \$20.00, almost two week's pay, which I badly needed to continue my schooling. I was never able to collect this debt. If I could collect from him today at 10% per annum interest, he would owe me \$2,907.00.

After a year with Denton Checketts, my long time friend, Frank Davis, got a better job for me as a Chemist's assistant at the Sperry Flour Mills located at the bottom of 30th street. This job paid 50 cents an hour. By fall of 1940, I had earned enough money to register at the University of Utah as a Junior in Chemistry. I found an upstairs room with a hot plate and a shared bath on S street in *at* the avenues for \$7.50 per month, and continued to work at Sperry Mills on week-ends.

Every Friday after my last class, I would take the overhead electric trolley (which cost 4 cents for a student with a strip-ticket) to Beck street at the north end of town. Then I would hitch-hike to Ogden, and work until mid-night. I would then walk to my parents home on 26th street, just above Adam's Avenue and get some sleep. Next morning (Saturday), I would return to the mill and work

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from 8:00 am until midnight. Sunday was spent going to church with my family and seeing my friends.

Immediately after Sacrament meeting, which was in the evening those days, I would hitch-hike back to Salt Lake. When school ended in June, 1940, I returned to work full time at Sperry Flour. At the close of summer, I had saved \$300.00 to return to the U of U, and had enough left over to buy Ida-Rose a diamond engagement ring for \$50.00. On July 18, 1941, I slipped it on her finger while sitting under a large tree in Lester Park opposite Weber College. We were married on September 24, 1941 and had a reception and dance the following evening at her ward (Ogden 9th).

The Hi-Hatters played for the dance without financial remuneration.

Over the years, I wondered, "What happened to Salter?" I found out in the Provo Labelle store at Riverside Plaza in 1988. If you have shopped there, you know that you first select your merchandise, then a clerk calls your name to pick it up and pay for it. I thought I heard the name Salter called. I watched a woman approach the desk and followed her. When her purchase had been taken care of I asked her if she knew of a man named Glen Salter. She said yes, he was her husband but he had died in 1975 here in Provo! We did not have an opportunity to talk further at that time.

In February of this year (1990), I decided to look into what happened to all of the four music teachers who were my benefactors.

I located Mrs. Salter in Orem and went to visit her. She (Marvel Beckstead Salter) was a jolly-good, friendly person with a lot of sparkle. She was a widow of many years before becoming Salter's second wife. They met in Salt Lake where both were working at "The Optical Shop." Glen and Marvel moved to Provo in about 1969 where he took up work at the Provo branch of Standard Optical. We had a good time talking about Salter for a couple of hours. On departing, I gave her a couple of orchids and a couple of hugs, one for her and one for Salter.

He was buried in the Ogden City Cemetery. Ida-Rose and I are the "Grave Decorators" in our family. We take flowers to American Fork, South Jordan, Kaysville, and to the Chapel of Flowers Memorial Park in Ogden (Formerly Altorest Cemetery) and also to the Ogden City Cemetery on memorial Day.. On that day, this year, we will add one more grave to our list.

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I was quite sure that I could find my mother's cousin, Mary Butler, in Kuna Idaho, a small farming community about 5 miles from Boise. We had visited her there many years ago. I hoped that she was still among the living. Long distance information quickly retrieved her telephone number. I called her. She remembered the piano lessons. I thanked her and told her of my appreciation for her efforts in my behalf. She was now 89. Her husband, Harvey, passed away two years ago at age 90. The next day, I had Jeppson's Floral telephone some flowers to her with the message, "Love, Tracy."

*telegraph*

Locating June Larson and Joy Hibbert proved to be difficult. I had to resort to some of the genealogical skills that have rubbed off on me from Ida-Rose to find them. I searched for June first but will write about her last. Some of the genealogical procedures used in my quest to find June were also employed in finding Joy. I almost gave up on Joy. No wonder! After finding her, I learned that she had moved more than thirty times since she lived next door to us on 30th street in Ogden.

I spent a week in the Library searching documents that might relate to Joy. I can't explain what propelled me onward. Just plain, old, bull-headed stubbornness, Ida-Rose says. But I prefer to think of myself as a determined, resolute, persistent, unshakable, perspicacious individual.

My biggest problem was the fact that I did not know Joy's married name. Additionally, of course, I did not know if she had ever married and, worse Still, I had to consider the possibility that June and Joy had both joined Salter in the Spirit World. Consequently, I searched the obituary records of the Deseret News and the Salt Lake Tribune that are indexed and available on microfilm. They were not there.

Ward records indicated that the extended Poulter family consisted of William E. Poulter whose wife was Annie S. Landon, and daughter, Irene Poulter Hibbert (widow), whose daughter, in turn, was Joy Naomi Hibbert.

They moved from the ninth ward to the eighteenth, then back to the ninth, and then to the Idaho Fall's 2nd ward. This ward's records indicated that William E. the grandfather of Joy, died there on December 20, 1939 and that the remainder of the family had moved elsewhere. As I mentioned before, the clerk is supposed to find out where elsewhere is and make an entry of it in the record, but he didn't.

I searched the LDS census records for 1940, 1950, 1955, and 1960. The 1950 census showed Irene Poulter Hibbert to be a member

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of the Ogden 5th Ward living at 2414 Madison Ave. Neither her daughter, Joy, nor her mother Annie were listed as living with her in the census report. This was interesting information but was of no help in locating Joy.

I felt that the library resources had been exhausted so I started making telephone calls. I called almost every Poulter and Hibbert listed in the telephone books from North Ogden to Santaquin. Fortunately, Poulter and Hibbert are not common names so my phone bill was quite manageable. I found a Joy Hibbert in Mapleton! But her maiden name was Thorpe and she knew nothing of another Joy Hibbert nor anything concerning the Poulter family. I also found that every Poulter I talked to was a descendent of a Frank Poulter.

At this juncture, I decided to focus my sights on the Idaho Falls area. I went to the BYU Library to their phone book collection which comprises the actual phonebooks of many cities and is also on microfiche. As luck would have it, the Idaho Falls phone book was missing and so were the microfiche file copies.

So, I decided to call long distance information to obtain the names and telephone numbers of all the Poulters listed in Idaho Falls. There were six of them. At the head of the list was Carl. I called him and explained that I was trying to find the whereabouts of one Joy Hibbert. He said, "What a coincidence! Just today, I was examining some Idaho Falls High School Class Year Books and ran across her picture." He further explained that he was the manager of a museum in Idaho Falls where the Year Books reside and that he knew that he was related to Joy. But he had no idea of where she might be found. Then Carl referred me to Virgie Prestgard, the Poulter family genealogist who was now in her eighties, and found her telephone number for me. I called and told her my story. She did not know right off where Joy might be but would be willing to check her genealogy papers. I gave her my telephone number and asked her to call me back, collect. About three hours later, I received a non-collect call from Bunny Goodwin, who lives in Riverside California, who happened to be visiting with Virgie, who was her mother. They had both been searching the records together and had the following information for me:

- (1) Virgie and Irene (Joy's mother) are first cousins.
- (2) Joy married Kenneth Ervin Gunnarson October 10, 1942 in Tuscon Arizona.

At last, I had her married name!

- (3) They had three children; Robert, Kerry, and Candy
- (4) In 1957, they were living in San Antonio, Texas.

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I protested their not calling collect, but <sup>they</sup> said they were as much interested in finding her as was I. So forget the fact that they did not reverse the charges and just let us know if you find her.

Next morning, I was ready to head for the Library and search San Antonio Ward Records. Ida-Rose said, "Don't go, I've got a hunch they are still <sup>in</sup> in San Antonio. Call long distance information for a listing of Gunnarson surnames in that city. Gunnarson is an uncommon name and there will probably not be many." There were only two names: Joy Gunnarson and Kenneth Gunnarson. I asked for the telephone number for Joy Gunnarson. Why did each have their own telephone? The situation at this point called for some thinking. Were they divorced? Was he deceased and there had been a fourth child born who was given his father's name?

Well, I made the call to Joy. Joy had a separate phone for an interior decorating business that she was operating out of their home. We talked for an hour about old times and brought each other briefly up to date on events in our own lives and, of course, I thanked her for the free piano lessons, something that I am sure I did not do as a teen-ager. She was excited for the call and wondered how I had found her. I gave her a brief digest of the process. They had lived in many places because of World War II. Kenneth was an aviation cadet and remained in the service after the war was over. They had moved from San Antonio sometime after 1957 and had been in many places including England, Alaska, Florida, etc. but eventually had returned back to San Antonio. We ended our conversation by taking each others addresses and <sup>giving</sup> giving her our phone number.

Finally, let me tell you how I found June. As a starting point, I knew that we both lived in the Ogden Seventh Ward way back when. So I went to the BYU Family History Library to begin my search. First, I looked in the book, "Register of LDS Church Records", compiled by Gloria Chaston and Laurine Jaussi. Incidentally, Gloria

and her family were contemporaries with our family during our years at General Electric (1948-1955). They left Schenectady and moved to Provo sometime after we did and have been living in the Pleasant View Second Ward.

All Wards, Branches and Missions of the Church are listed alphabetically in this book and each have a code number. I turned to Ogden and ran my finger down the page to Ogden 7, Utah. The following information was there:

No.	Date	Record Type	Serial No.	Part No.	New
	1908-1940 25,656	Mem	6175	6	
	1931-1941 25,663	Mem	6175	13	
	1908-1948 25,657	E	6175	7	

The New No. is the number of the microfilm film where you will find the Ogden 7th Ward information. The films are stored in special, indexed cabinets and are readily accessible. The "Date" heading indicates the period of time covered by the records. The "Record Type" heading indicates the type of record. Mem or M indicates that the records are membership records. Membership records are listed alphabetically, A to Z, but are not alphabetical within A, B, C, etc. As an example, the Surnames Allen, Ackerman, Albertson, and Ahlander are not listed in alphabetical order but all are all to be found somewhere within the category of surnames beginning with the letter "A". The same is true for surnames beginning with D, E, F, etc. The membership record also indicates a number whereby additional information about an individual can be found later in the records. For example, my father Howard Hall had numbers 1387 and 613. My mother had the number 1388. Under my father's 1387 number, I found myself and my brothers with birthdates, etc.

The Record Type "E" gives summary information such as lists of ward officers, statistical data, priesthood ordinations, baptisms, confirmations, blessings, marriages, births, deaths, etc.

Listed in the "L's", near the middle of the film I found:

- Larson, Emil C. #1
- Larson, Addie Stewart, #2
- Larson, June, #3



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Larson, Jack, #4

My task , now, was to pursue #3 further along in the record. I found that June Larson was born May, 29, 1915 in Salt Lake City and that she married John Paul Brown November 21, 1934 in the Salt Lake Temple and that they had removed to the Ogden 4th Ward on February 13, 1935. My detective work seemed to be going very well. The next order of business would be to search the Ogden 4th Ward records.

I cranked the microfilms of the 4th ward back and forth for hours and never found a trace of June Larson Brown or her husband John Paul. When a family moves into a ward and has been accepted into the ward by a sustaining vote, the Ward Clerk is obliged to enter into the record the date of acceptance from the former ward and the name of that ward. There were no entries for June and her husband. The link in the chain was broken due to the negligence of a ward clerk.

So, I turned to the IGI (the International Genealogical Index) which is on Microfische at the BYU Library. My IGI search gave me a June L. Brown living at 1330 Henderson Drive in Ogden. Hallelujah! How could I be so lucky so soon! I got the telephone number from information and called it. Foiled again! The lady's name was June Labrum Brown, not June Larson Brown.

June had a famous brother, Jack Larson, who was a top notch tenor who sang in the All Faces West productions held each year on the old Indian Mound Fort at Washington Avenue and 12th Street. I have searched and found Indian arrow heads there myself as a young boy. I knew that if Jack could be located, then June could be found. I called my two brothers, Eugene and Donald in Ogden. Jack was not in the Ogden telephone directory and neither brother had any knowledge of where he might be.

Then I called Ena Barnes, former Sunday School teacher and Boy's' Choir director at the Ogden 18th ward, another point of light for a large number of young men. She is now 80 years of age and never married. She sang in the Ogden Tabernacle choir and was very knowledgeable about people musical. She referred me to Myra Bingham Frost, now living in North Ogden and gave me her telephone number. The name Myra Bingham sounded somewhat familiar and after some introductory exchanges on the telephone, we became reacquainted. She lived in Wilson Lane and I lived in the adjoining town of Marriott. She only knew that June Larson was still among the living and that she and her husband lived in the Salt lake City area.

I belong to a Club organized before World War one, called the Timpanogos Club. President Ernest Wilkinson sponsored me for membership thirty or so years ago. It meets nine times a year on the fourth Thursday of the month at 6:00 pm and held its meetings in the Church President's Room in the Hotel Utah until the church closed this beloved edifice. The club is patterned after one founded by Benjamin Franklin for fellowship, dinner, and topical discussion kicked off by a speech by one of its members. Members rotate in being the speaker according to their seniority in the Club. Meetings last two hours.

Thinking it was Thursday, Ida-Rose and I, in our blue Ford Taurus, headed for the Salt Lake Family History Library and the Timpanogos Club, respectively. I dropped Ida-Rose off at the Library and drove to the Alta Club located on South Temple and first East. We now hold our meetings there. It is also an old, famous club formed by the wealthy mining men of early days in Utah. There are two distinct differences between the Alta and Timpanogos Clubs. Alta Club members drink alcohol and don't have a blessing on the food. A number of General Authorities and other prominent Utahns have belonged to Timpanogos Club down through the years.

After parking the Taurus, I went up to the banquet room and learned that I was 24 hours early for our meeting. I decided to use the time suddenly available to me to locate June Larson. I walked over to Temple square, located a pay phone in the Visitor's South Center and found three John P. Brown entries in the telephone directory. The first John P. Brown called knew nothing of a June Larson. But my second call hit pay dirt. John Paul Brown answered the phone and his wife was June Larson. An animated, female voice came on the line telling me that mental telepathy had occurred. She had been thinking of me today. After a few minutes of talk, I arranged a meeting with June and her husband for Saturday, February 24th at noon for lunch and conversation. I asked for their favorite place to eat. She said Chuck Wagon. Well, we eat at the Provo Chuck Wagon every Friday; so selection of a place was easy.

On Saturday we met a 75 year old, white haired, refined lady and her husband, John Paul at 1257 East Stratford ave. who, unfortunately, was suffering from Parkinson's disease. We had hugs, gave her an orchid corsage, and talked for a couple of hours.

Then she gave me, of all things, a homemade valentine. It was a fold-over from the top, heart type with a heart cut-out at the center which exposed a hand drawn bust of a little girl. Butterflies and flourishes adorned the front in peach and blue colors. Under the

girl, it said, "To My Love." When the valentine was opened, it said, in peach colored hand printing:

I like you so  
But do not know  
Just how to tell it  
But seems to me  
L-O-V-E would be  
The way to spell it

I turned the valentine over on its back and there, in my own seven year old cursive hand-writing, were the words, " To June, From Tracy 1927 "