

Let me tell you a little about my grandfather in regards to Horse-Drawn Street Cars. Before street cars were electrified, the cars were pulled by horses along wooden rails that were capped with a thin strip of steel. This enterprise, which spread from city to city beginning in the 1850's was a major operation. The Vanderbilt family wealth was generated, initially, from their horsecar holdings.

Following are some statistics concerning horse-powered street car lines in the year 1880.

Number of Horsecar Railways.....	18,000
No. of horses.....	100,000
Hay consumption.....	150,000 tons
Grain consumption.....	11,000,000 bushels
Miles of track.....	3,000
Passengers carried.....	1,212,400,000
Employees.....	35,000
Investment.....	\$150,000,000.00

Some mules were employed on the railways.

They had their advantages and disadvantages. The disadvantage was the mules stubbornness. Mules would often just lie down and refuse to work or would head for the "car barns" where there was food and shelter. On the positive side a mule could be toilet trained. Horses could not be trained in this respect. Consequently, their accumulated excrements were knee deep in some areas of New York City. This was the era of the long skirt and you can well imagine Madam's problems in "keeping her skirt clean".

My grandfather, Henry Charles Hall was the first man to drive the street railway car when it was introduced in Cedar Rapids, Iowa in 1882. Cedar Rapids employed mules in their operation.

My grandfather, of whom I speak, was born in LaFayette, Allen County, Ohio on October 11, 1858. My great grandfather whose name was also Henry Charles Hall owned a store in LaFayette. Unfortunately, he died on October 20, 1858 leaving five children including my grandfather. Worse still, my great grand fathers's wife, Elizabeth Staley died two years later. The orphaned children were sent to live with relatives. The youngest, my grandfather, was sent to live with his grandfather, William Hall.

My grandfather, Henry, obtained his majority



Henry C. Hall

at age twenty-one and upon obtaining his inheritance bought a team and wagon and headed west.

Great grandfather's will was probated and gave an interesting account of over one hundred people who owed him money. Most of the delinquent accounts were obligations of his relatives.

My father and mother, while engaged in genealogical research in 1949, made a trip to the store's location only to find that it had been torn down one day before they arrived at the site.

Grandfather continued west, buying junk along the way and selling it at a higher price the farther west he went. My wife Ida-Rose blames my grandfather for handing down junk genes to me. It's true, I look for used steel first in junk yards before buying new to build my high pressure machines. I'll bet that you didn't know that railway axles make excellent high-strength tie-bars for

presses. I've bought thousands of pounds of ductile iron steel from a Canadian company that went bankrupt. I probably have 50 tons of steel rusting away in the open air in front of my opaque fence. Neighbors don't mind my junk because they can't see it.

Returning to my narrative, my grandfather reached Mount Vernon, Iowa after a trip of about 500 miles and stopped there to rest. While there, he met Mary Ann Woodcox and, after a short courtship, they married. A rumor in the family indicates that Mary Ann's parents did not appreciate the sterling qualities of my grandfather. Consequently, he had to steal his bride with the help of a ladder to a second story window. Soon after, they moved a little west to Cedar Rapids, Iowa where he sold the rest of his junk and his team and wagon. With the proceeds, they purchased a home on Second Avenue (also called Eagle Street). I have not been able to locate this home on the old time maps.

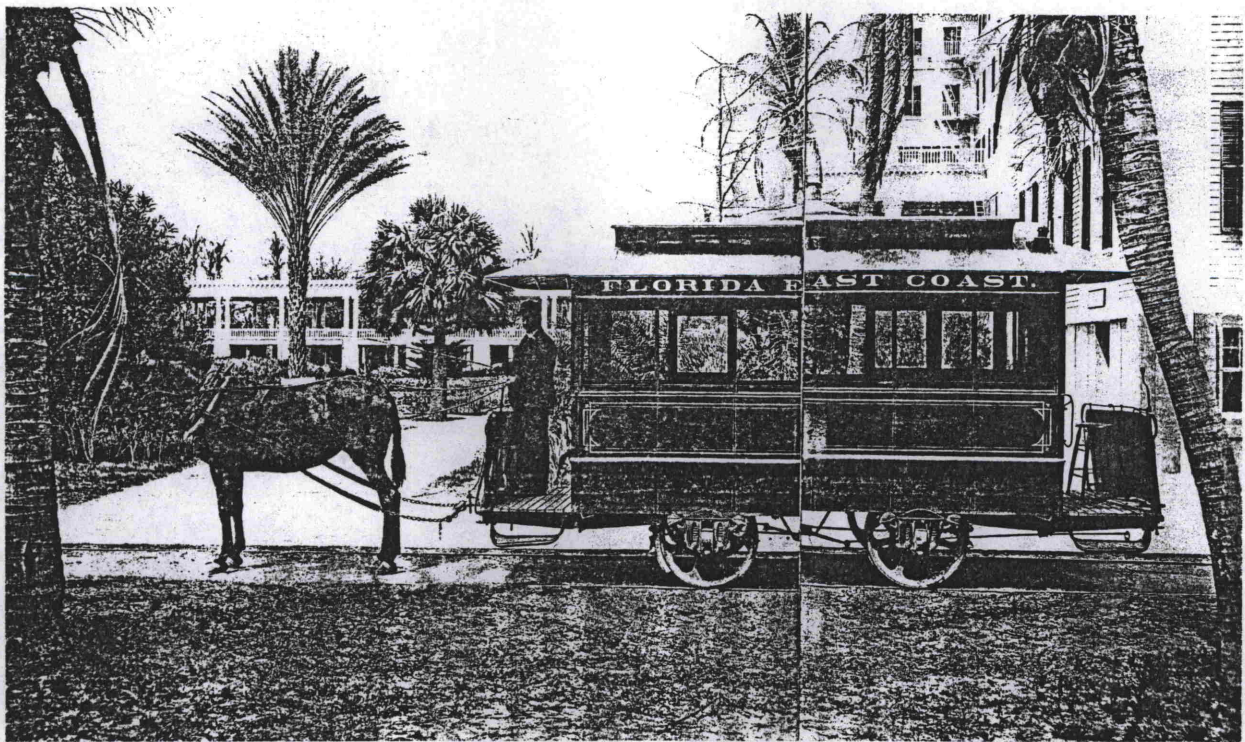
My father, Howard Hall, and my uncle

Sam were born in Cedar Rapids. This is also the place where my grandfather drove the first mule-drawn railroad carriages.

After several years, however, Horace Greely's admonition, "Go West, young man, Go West" got in his blood and he headed for Pocatello, Idaho where he went through all of the ranks in railroading from the Call Boy who woke up the engine crews to Engineer. My father, Howard Hall, continued in the same line of work, beginning at age eleven.

He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1918 and eventually quit railroading in order to better fulfill church and family responsibilities.

As an aside, my mother's maiden name was Florence Tracy. I was their first born and they named me Howard Tracy Hall to distinguish me from my father. Over time they just called me Tracy. My father's life and his posterity were dramatically changed after he joined the church. But that's another story yet to be told.



A Typical Horsedrawn Street Car