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We're having family home evening at the Hall's house, and Dan and Sherlene and David and Karen are here from <sup>Chicago and</sup> New Jersey on vacation respectively and Charlotte and Nancy are here, Virginia is on her mission in Scotland and it's August 6, 1973 . We just finished asking the first six questions to Mom on the other <sup>And now we're letting her</sup> tape. Dad has <sup>catch her breath.</sup> just come back from a ball game with his Priests and now we're going to give it to him.

You have Mom on two sides on that other one? (Dad)

Sherlene: Just one side.

Dad: This is the other side of that tape?

Sherlene: No we decided to start another tape.

Sherlene: We made mom take a big oath that she'd tell all the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth unless it proved to be embarrassing.

Dad: They did?

Sherlene: Yes, we'll just assume you're not going to tell any lies

Sherlene: Let's start at the beginning. Why don't you tell us a little about your ancestry, and where they came from.

Tracy: Well, my Father, Howard Hall was born in Cedar Rapid Iowa June 22, 1887. His parents were Henry C Hall and Mary Ann Woodcox. and ofhand I have forgotten where they were born. Henry C.

Hall's father was also Henry C Hall and this first Henry C Hall In Ohion somewhere was the first (They used to have mule drawn streetcars and he was a driver of one of those first street cars with a mule and the Halls were sort of in the railroad busines from that time on. His son, Henry C. Hall, was working on the railroad and then came to Pocatello Idaho to work on the railroad and was transferred from Pocatello which was a railroad center to Ogden, which was a larger rail center and somehow later on this second Henry Hall who was the father of Howard hall got <sup>into the</sup> none Transfer business.



My father started work on the railroad too at a young age. He quit as many people did in those days school in the fifth grade/and worked as what was called a "call Boy" on the railroad beginning at age 11. Now what a call boy did was to go around and wake up the engine crews. You know ~~they would be~~ switching <sup>and</sup> railroad trains <sup>young in and out</sup> out of the yard. <sup>you all,</sup> Ogden was the largest rail center west of Omaha, Nebraska, and I guess they didn't have telephones in those days or they weren't common and my Dad would know the apt or the home where they lived and he would go there and wake up the crews. You would have thought they would have alarm clocks or something.

Someone: No, they didn't know when they would go out.

Dad. Oh, I suppose maybe that's it. There were unexpected calls and trains <sup>would be late and what not</sup> ~~xxxxxxx~~ etc. Anyway that was his first job on the railroad and he continued working on the railroad and moved up the line becoming brakeman and fireman and various things and this was what he was doing when he met my mother <sup>at age -</sup> around 31 or 32. 31 I guess.

I don't know why <sup>Dad</sup> they didn't get married earlier. <sup>I don't know why my</sup> well my mother had opportunity to get married ~~earlier~~ <sup>that</sup> --I remember her talking about, but she didn't like the guys who wanted to marry her. In fact, she had to <sup>run</sup> ~~move~~ away from one who chased her to Idaho and then chased her back to Salt Lake. She couldn't get rid of him. But I never heard my Dad talk about any former girl friends or anything--I never did. But my mother had become a book keeper. She <sup>is gone</sup> went to Henager's Business college or LDS business college --I think it was Henager's-- And had learned book keeping, she ~~had~~ also learned sewing in one of these sewing colleges--Maybe the business college. It was kind of a trade school they used to have in those days probably taught sewing. Anyway she ~~took~~ <sup>learned</sup> sewing <sup>and bookkeeping</sup> and bookkeeping both very well, and she did both for a living at various times. Ida-Rose: I didn't remember that she did sewing. Tracy: Oh Yah, she was a



a good seamstress she learned all the tailoring and everything. Maybe not like your mother but my mother made --as boys, see there were five of us and she made all our clothes, shirts, pants--the works. Up until well she made suits too. Matter of fact, Bishop DeMick used to give my mom his old suits --he worked --he was top salesman at Fred M Nye and he always looked well dressed ~~xxx~~ you know he always had on the latest suits and new suits and he would occasionally give his discarded suits to my mom and she would cut them down to size for us boys. until I was age 18 or 19. So she was a good seamstress.

(background) What a job! Tracy: Well, anyway, she was working in Wilson's grocery store which was on wall avenue at approx. this is a guess ) 27th street or 28th street, wall avenue. And at this time my grandfather and grandmother Hall were living on Binford street north side of the street, I have forgotten the number, about two houses from the corner of wall and Binford . This was a fairly nice home <sup>for the</sup> in those days but it was down in the railroad section of twon and negroes lived there negroe porters! <sup>and other people</sup> and ---my Grandfather lived next door to negroes all his life I guess <sup>and</sup> there was not all that much segreation --I suppose in that day that Negro porters were <sup>pretty</sup> high class people . I just read a reader's digest article about Negro Porters <sup>and they were</sup> where they sort of helped advance their people <sup>because</sup> and got out and saw what the rest of the world was like and in its own day that was a fairly high station in life, <sup>to be a negro porter</sup> but ~~the porter~~ they lived all around there <sup>the negro</sup> and people who worked on the railroad were just behind him and <sup>at the</sup> beside him. The negroes lived in <sup>houses just as</sup> fairly homes ~~as~~ just as nice as my grandpas as I remember ~~it~~ because I had been in some of those houses , but it was a much nicer house than I ever lived in as a kid <sup>my Grandpa's house</sup> My grandfather had moved there from Pacific avenue --they had first lived and had built a house on



Pacific Avenue but that was later overtaken<sup>over</sup> by all the rail road tracks they built in Ogden, and so they had moved to Binford.

Well somewhere along the line my Dad had save d most of his money, as a matter of fact in those days <sup>it all over</sup> he <sup>was</sup> still living at home <sup>you</sup> and gave allmost--gave all your earnings to your <sup>parents</sup> folks. I can remember my father saying that --and golly he must have been in his twenties-- that he would just bring his pay check home and turn it over to his mother, and one day he brought a friend of his a bottle of soda pop out of his pay check and his mother noticed the ten cents mission when he got home and he got a scolding for it.

But anyway I suppose my dad must have earned a lot of money between age 11 and 32 when he got married . And when he got married he didn't have anything because he had given it to his parents that whole time. But with that money <sup>I guess</sup> that Grandpa <sup>Hall</sup> had been saving at least some of what Dad brought home , my Grandfather formed a transfer business . A transfer business in that day was a trucking --local trucking mainly, moving. I guess it was not <sup>so</sup> local because I remember my dad talking about trucking into Idaho and trucking into Wyoming . Later they made my Dad a partner in the business but I guess he was non-owning partner . I have a picture --the business was located on 25th street--25th street never did have too good a reputation in Ogden/because it had drinking and prostitutes and those kind of things, but there were some respectable businesses along there. I know there was--I can remember there was a Murphy's curio shop-- there were businesses that catered to the railroad trade because the railroad station was at Wall Avenue and 25th street <sup>right</sup> at the foot of 25th street . There was a hotel there and other things. But I <sup>have</sup> forget<sup>ted</sup> the exact address but I think that this transfer business of Grandpa Hall was called City Transfer and storage--was located on the South side of 25th street and I believe it was between wall avenue and Lincoln.



probably/<sup>about</sup> in the middle of the block. And my Dad knew all the jewish people in the pawn shops and in the clothing business and he had some gentile, non-~~member~~<sup>mormon</sup> friends, too. I remember a fellow by the name of Murphy who owned the corner and ran a curio shop and I veleive a kind of a lunch counter or something. He was a nice man and my dad was friends with him all his life, but anyway my grandpa Hall (Henry C Hall) had the first model t truck--the initial business was with teams see horses pulling wagons with people's furniture and of course they were right by the railroad station and would truck stuff ~~from~~<sup>that</sup> the railroad cars--they would put it on thier wago and haul it to the customer in the area but as soon as trucks came along my grandpa Hall got--I beleive they call it a 3/4 ton ~~tone~~<sup>truck</sup> in those days maybe one tone model T truck . I beleive it was probabl the first in Ogden. And thissort of gave them greater range and they would truck stuff from the depot in ogden clear into wyo and other places. Dad told some us pretty good stores <sup>as through</sup> of the years on this trucking business . Question: Was it pretty successful. Tracy: Oh Year. MY dad ==my grandfather Hall by <sup>my</sup> our standards was rich . Questions: When did the business break-up? Tracy: Well, my Grandfather Henry C Hall of course was non-mormon. My Dad was the first to join the church and his mother <sup>and</sup> father opposed it .a great deal. gave him a lot of opposition to it. They changed just before their death, but before that they didn;t think anything of mormonism. Grandfather Hall drank --he used whiskey like a lot of people did w ho weren't mormons, and some who were, I guess. I s uppose it was getting the better of him in his older years when he approached 70, and that was probably <sup>partly</sup> the cause <sup>for</sup> of the transfer business sort of going down the drain. My Dad got out of it and MY Dad's brother, Sam, carried it on for a little while and <sup>but</sup> ~~can~~ it eventually just faded out. I guess it had lost anything that had been built up



I don't know exactly how it was finally phased out. I don't know whether grandfather owned that property or not I guess he did.

Sherlene: I think that is interesting, because when we were on a debate trip at Weber that was one of the big sights that we got to see was the --everybody got on the bus and they drove us down 25th street so everyone could see all the prostitutes and closed window and this was called gangster's alley. I can remember the creepy feeling I got going down 25th street. I was just sick the whole ride, but it was really interesting<sup>ed</sup>.

Tracy: Well, during prohibition days it was the street where you could buy the booze and where the prostitutes were, <sup>located</sup> Bishop Lofgren of the 18th ward once us kids. I suppose we were 15 or 16 years old down twenty-fifth street and pointed out where the brothels were --well he was just showing what to beware of and what 25th street was all about and he took us down an alley and showed us a pile of whiskey bottles --and now this was still during prohibition --and that pile of whiskey bottles was tall as this ceiling--just one huge mound of whiskey bottles. Question: What was the matter with the local garbage collector? I imagine the police were cahoots with everything that went on. (well, they still are from what we heard from what we heard when we were there) e police were the ones that were keeping things going.) (I don't know if it's true--)Well, what happened was that my grandmother used to shop at this Wilson's grocery where my mother was the bookkeeper, and sent Howard down to the store and he <sup>it was</sup> saw this pretty girl. Grandpa <sup>apparently</sup> Hall was kind of bashful --must have been <sup>to go</sup> to age 32, but he was always neatly dressed apparently, with a hat, you know, always neatly dressed according to my mother so he'd go down there and grandpa smoked cigars in those days and so they started eyeing each



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7other i don't know how the dating started but at least that's how they met and the beginning of things. But my mother of course recognized that dad was a really fine nice young fellow but of course he wasn't a mormon and he hadn't been raised in a LDS home, he had one or two contacts with mormons in one way or another somewhere in Wilson Lane . I heard him mention a contact with Mormons-- I don't know what the deal was-- Question: He wanted to go to the dances--I remember that, and his mother wouldn;t let him.

Dad: But anyway--Yeah, grandmother Hall was a little bit--I don;t know what you would say, peculiar in some ways she had five children herself but she somehow got the idea that it was sinful to have children and she didn't want Howard to have children and she didn't want her son, Sam, to have children. And Sam never did.

Sam got married late in life ,and so did my dad and I don;t know--

I suppose she must have been hanging on to my father, you know, to keep them away from girls and not let them date and what not--

~~xxxxxx~~until a late age . Strange, but in those days i suppose parents had more control you know, like taking all his money--

from the year 11 to 2up until the time he got married at age 31

or so. Comment: (I.R.) It's standard practice --you had to go out on your own and then you could have your money--anyway as time went parental home--you gave everything to the-- on my Dad started to see the light --by the way my Dad was a

socialist at this time--he'd get up on the soapbox and go to the park in Ogden and stand on soap box and preach socialism. He's the biggest capitalist that ever was. (Sherlene:But he wasn't immoral, or wild or anything like that?) Dad: I don't think so. Heused to

talk about the days in his youth when he was a socialist and a communist (Dad) *(Dad) He wasn't a communist - he was a socialist* ) and he would sort of contrast that with

Mormonism, but I don't get that picture of him. At least from

what my impression of grandmother, I don't think she would have



a man who was that way. (Dad: an idealistic type of socialist.)  
 Well anyway, I don;t know what discussions he and mother had but he  
 finally decided that the church was true and so having decided that  
 well, ya, I'll have to live the word of wisdom--I guess he drank a  
 little on occasion, I'm sure he didn't drink much but his Dad drank  
 and I guess his brothers did, so he said when he decided to quit  
 smoking there wasn't anything to it he just threw away his last  
 cigar and ~~didn't~~ use any tobacco from then on. Sherlene: He told  
 me he shook on his bed for three days , Dad: Did he? Sherlene:  
 Yes, when I was a little girl, I asked him if he gave up cigarettes,  
 he told me that he just shook for a few days. but he got over it  
 he said he never ate . Dad: he never tried to taper off or anything--  
 he just made the decision to quit and he quit. And of course he had  
 been drinking tea and coffee . *with his home all his life* Quit that and never touched it again.  
 and never touched any alcohol again. And then of course came the  
 issue of this railroad work--job--he'd been working on the railroad  
 for 20 years really worked his way up. with his idealism he said:  
 Well, if I'M going to be a member of the church i'm going to  
 have to take my family to church and so I can't work on Sundays  
 any more--like the railroad had you doing and so he quit his job.  
 discussion as to when he did that--before mg or after the war.  
 Tracy said he may have had gene and I--of course that's another  
 thing--he went into the war before I was born, I guess --MoM;  
 He was born while you were in the service--I used to know that  
 relationship(tracy) but i've forgotten. My father went to Camp  
 Lewis in Washington and was in the trucking group --anyway with  
 all his railroad and trucking exerieence he was in a truck battalion  
 but the war enede . *while he was in training in camp Lewis* His brother Ralph who had been shipped over-  
 seas in world war one and was in England, and we had this<sup>great</sup>  
 flu enpidemic where people died by the tens of thousands and Ralph  
 got this bad flu and died in England and was buried over there.

*more you*

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and things cleared away

Did they ship him home? Yes, after the war was all over , if you  
 wanted it, they would ship the body home. He's buried in Ogden City  
 Cemetery. Let's see, Dad had an older brother Eugene that's  
 where my broter, Eugene, get's his name, who died as a baby and is  
 buried somewhere in the pocatello Idaho area. Ida-Rose and I have  
 been up to Idaho trying to find a record of the birth and the  
 death and a cemetery and we could not locate anything. And I  
 think we must have asked Grandpa hall about the burial or something  
 and he knew nothing. Of course he was younger, so he hadn't been  
 born yet <sup>that's all</sup> when it happened. Then he had <sup>a</sup> Sam who was older <sup>than</sup> ~~than~~ <sup>bro</sup>  
 he--I don't know whether Sam was older than Eugene or not, I've  
 forgotten, Eugene may have been the first. Then there was Howard  
 and then there was Ralph and then the youngest was May. (Tracy is  
 supposed to look a lot like Ralph) When I was young walking around  
 the street of Ogden, when I was age 17 or 18 occasionally a man  
 would look at me and say, "Hi, Ralph," and apparently I looked  
 a great deal like my Uncle Ralph. It used to happen a lot--not  
 just isolated instances. Aa lot of people would think I was Ralph.  
~~When I was young walking around~~ His wife said that sometimes she would really have  
 a double take because he looked so much like Ralph. (I.R.)

Tracy: My Aunt Grace. She never did remarry. She is still living  
 she lives in Pebble beach Calif. and she has been a widow for approx  
 55 years. She never remarried. Someone: This is strange, I think  
 I met her once. Let's see. He never really did have a good job  
 after he quit the railroad. I went into insurance , he liked sellin  
 but he never was a good salesman. anyone could sell him anything.  
 He later <sup>on</sup> got a pretty good job in a creamery driving a truck i  
 think and then when the crash came in 1929 something happened to  
 that job--somewhere along the line he went back to work on the  
 railroad and once you've quit the railroad than you're back



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9 then you're at the bottom of the pile again in seniority.

So he took a job in Carlin NEVADA . I must have been 5 or 5  
6 years old--these are some of my earliest recollections. We went  
on the train. We had free passes on the railroad because he was  
working on the railroad and we went to carlin and we lived in a log  
cabin while we were there. We didn't stay there very long. Dad  
(I.R. :) We went there once. Tracy: Yes we went out and got a picture  
and got a picture of the old little tiny church that was there.  
Maybe Marty took it for us and mailed it to us. We forgot to take  
our camera. But we didn't stay there very long. They had one  
generator in town and they turned it on only one day a week. They  
used kerosene or <sup>candle</sup> gas lights and you did your washing the day they  
turned on the electric power. I remember some interesting things  
about that town. I remember a lady who smoked a corn cob pipe.  
That really seemed funny to me . In this little log house was a  
player piano. Some of the terrifying moments of my early life  
<sup>occurred</sup> were in that town. There were big bullies in that town. Mom;  
YOU had more big bullies. Tracy: Yes, while I was little. I was tiny.  
And I was really skinny and underweight and people thought I was  
going to die I was so unhealthy looking all the time when I was  
little. But I always got picked on by big <sup>guys</sup> boys. They look for a  
weakling to pick on. But they used to pick on Eugene and I alone <sup>both</sup>  
in that town and awful lot, being railroad town <sup>it was really something</sup> and the kids were  
really tough. One incident. One kid got up on his house with his  
22 and was shooting at his Mom and Dad and wouldn;t let his family  
members come near the house. That;s the kind of a town carlin was.  
But some kids --you now these metal culverts with spirals of  
galvanized pipe they put under a road? Well, there was one just  
big enough for a little <sup>four or</sup> five year old kid to crawl in. Real Tiny.  
Well these kids enticed me to crawl in from one side and Eugene  
to crawl in from the other side and then they built a fire on either <sup>each</sup>



Comment: Oh, No. Mother: Oh you should hear some of the tales he has to tell about his youth. But you couldn't turn around could you. Oh, No. It's a wonder we didn;t get killed because smoke came pouring in and we were choking and gasping. I'm not quite sure how we were rescued from that. Gene and I were in lotsof situation well, you know, kids will do things that they are going to scare you right up to the point of death and then they are going to rescue you. ~~They~~ some older boys may have come along or something, and put out the fire. ut we did get out. Little kids, you know, will get into anything. I can remember the railroad station, There was a crawl space underneath it that was held up by square posts maybe a foot and a half off the ground. and you could crawl under the station. And the entire area under the station was covered with matches. (that you could light? Yes. you could scratch them and light them. And I guess kids had just gone under there and strewn matches around for what mischief I don't know, but you could go under that station anytime and there were matches all around. We only lived there for a short while amaybe about six months and then we moved back to Ogden. That period was sometime around 1926. It may have been after that that he got the job with the nelson creamery. I could only have been six at the time (in reso ponse to questions trying to pin point the time. 9it was decided that it probably was 1924 and he was only 4 or 5. We were living on 16th street. He was bor on 16th street. And then my Mom and Dad purchased a lot--I can remember going to this cherry orchard in Ogden on about 15th street and Jefferson Ave. and walking across a plank across the mill creek. I remember that. They bought this lot in the cherry orchard <sup>development</sup> and we moved there and then we moved there and lived in a tent . I can remember our piano being in this tent . (question: The same piano that you always had? ) Yes.



Where did you get that piano, can you remember?

Tracy: My father bought that for his mother and his mother gave it to us. Where's hat now? Who has it now. I don't know.

I have a couple of questions you have answered. One: Maybe you can just describe your parents a little. What did they look like? Well both of them were reserved and retiring. and quiet. At least that/s my impression. Now grandpa lived with s her e in his older years you know, when he was around 83 and he seemed to be plenty utgoing them. When he was younger, I don't remember him as being that outgoing. Maybe he was and I didn't know it. But mother was kind of retiring . Both were short. My father --I don't know what his height was. He was dark. He had a dark complexion.

And youthful. Grandpa Hall looked youthful when he was 85 and he died. Grandpa Hall was strong--plenty strong. He was little, but he was strong. From his moving days in his transfer business, a man had to be able to lift a piano . My dad claims to have taken a Piano up the stairs to the second floor by himself on more than one occasion. I can beleive it. He was really strong. Comment: Maybe that was why he had a heart attack at 65. Another comment: Maybe that is why he was able to survive a heart attack at 65. When he was 85 and we would tell him that he had had a heart attack at 65 he couldn't remember it. I don't ever remember Dad as being sick. My mother was sick a lot. My mother's sickness never kept her from working--she worked constantly for us kids. She always worked late into the night. She was always up whenever any of us came home . If I came home at 2 o'clock in the morning my mother would still be up ironing or washing. So while she had goiter removed --her eyes were never very good, she had an eye operation. so her general health was never very good, but it never kept her from working, or she never took advantage of being sick.

*The wife he died of  
she worked at  
at*

*would take him for abt 85 extremely*



During the depression years she went out to work, too. She didn't work at good jobs--she worked as maid in the broome hotel for a long long time. Ida-Rose: I was telling the kids that my parents for a year or two worked for the wpa. Remember the WPA.

Question:

Tracy: My Dad never did go on it. Nope. Were they too Proud:

Yes, they were really against it. I.R.: I know that Dad got off it really fast. Sherlene: He wasn't a socialist any more:

Tracy: Actually, my Dad joined the church <sup>after</sup> socialism was out.

~~xxx~~ That's why I can't see how we have gone so far on the welfare system as we have because people took pride in their ability to support themselves, and to take care of their own and not have to have any help. a man who had to be on welfare and had to be taken care of was really looked down on. I think this was the beginning of that kind of a thing. Kind of the welfare syndrome.

Sherlene: You've described them a little it but what kind of an atmosphere was in your home while you were growing up.

Tracy: Well, I remember it as pleasant. I know we were poor. more so than other people around us as I can remember, but I can never remember /But I never resented it. I know that I would listen to things that myDad would tell me. I can remember he told me one time that I was real young, he said: Coca-cola has bad things in and you should never drink it. And I never did. I believed him you know, and I never tried it. I remember another lessso he gave me. He said: Don't ever envy rich people. And don't ever think it's bad for someone to have money , he said, it's o.k. That's our system. he said, Most people who earn money have got it because of hard work and then most people who have these big sums of money, put their money to work . They build businesses



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and make it so people can have jobs. Don't ever--in other words he was preaching me the opposite of socialism--which he had abandoned. Teaching me the free enterprise system. And telling me not to ever envy or feel bad because some people seemed to have more than I had-- there was nothing the matter with it. I remember those two things very well.

I know that our parents used to read the book of mormon to us and I can remember that. Five little boys. No sisters. No deaths in our family. But I think my mom had some miscarriages. Yes (ida0Rose ) She said she had quite a few between Wendell and Delbert.

Tracy: Our family members were pretty well behaved, all of them.

I.R.: They were all smart kids, every one of them.

TRacy: Eugene had a few strays, that I can remember. I can remember once he came at a very early age he came home with the smell of tobacco on him, and he couldn't have been more than five. I can remember my Mom adADAD really <sup>gutting him</sup> giving him the business . It's funny how you get into scrapes when --other kids teach you things you shouldn;t ever learn. I can remember a dirty joke that was told to me at age five. (Question: Do you want to tell it?) But you would think you would forget those things. That's the trouble with dirty jokes they stick with you. I can remember some of those early experiences-- usually older boys . I think they take great delight in <sup>making</sup> taking <sup>forming</sup> these young and innocent boys of all these things.

I can remember when the boys in my neighborhood (I could not have been more than five) started telling me about sexual intercourse. Only they didn;t use such high faluting terms--you know--I was shocked-- What are you talking about, you know? Well your mother and father do it, they said. And I said: and I said: Not my mother and father. I had no idea what a girl was like. I only had brothers, not sisters. Well, what do you do, you know? I thought the man must be putting his thing in the back part. I didn't know a lady had a front part.



But you'de be surprised how early in life big boys start telling little boys all this stuff that they don't even need to know. During this same period I can remember playing tag, you know, and the big boys would say: Now we play tag with all these girls, yo know, and it's the kind of tag where you tackle them, and the object is to tackle them and feel their bottom.

This was in Ogden, when I got out in the country it was really wild.d

Comments: I had a very secluded child hood. Another: Well girls have a more secluded childhood than boys. These older boys want to get these young, innocent boys and tell them all this stuff. Well anyway, Uncle gene had a couple of these scrapes with tobacco. and it was the older boys every time. The idea is that mothers really need to be on their guard they really do because at a very early age older boys can be getting their little boys into all kinds of mischief. If there was anyone who rebelled even a little tiny bit it was Eugene. And it wasn't a big rebellion at all. We all went to church regularly and did every assignment they ever asked us to do. completely faithful in church--the whole family. Parents and all the kids, never any problems. We could always be depended on. The whole family. What's your next question, daughter.

Sherlene: What are the names of your brothers. Describe each of them and tell us a little about each of them.

Tracy: In order of descending age? Howard Tracy, Eugene, <sup>melvin</sup> Wendell, Wendell Herbert, (after Herbert ancestors, not Herbert Hoover) Donald Ray, rey, Delbert Henry after his two great grandfathers.

My brothers, gene might be a hair taller than I. Delbert is tall, Wendell and donald a little shorter. Donald is tall . Wendell is the shortest. All have hair fairly dark. Except Donald and Eugene and Delbert. Mother and Father hair both Brunette. not real dark



16 bruneete==just moderate.

Both had blue eyes. Question: Did you get along pretty well as brothers? Ya. We didn't fight at all. I.R. I never saw the Hall boys fight. They still don't. Tracy: m There was a little antagonism between Eugene and I at times--because of our somewhat different personalities. I was always a goer--always exploring constantly, and Eugene preferred to stay home and read books--he was a great reader. He would be reading and I would be out seeing what was going on. All the kids were good students. Every one of them. Never any problems in school. Question: Why do you think they were good students: I.R. They were smart kids. Yes, but did your parents push it, or what? I.R and Tracy: Not a bit. we were never taught to go to college, never pushed for A grades, or anything. Never. It was the difference in the culture. I think that was one of the things (ida-Rose speaking\_ During the depression, and teachers would tell the kids, We;; there is one way you can get ahead: and that's be smart and get a good education. Nobody ever told told him to go to college until he got in high school. Tracy: Every kid in our family just automatically liked school. When the kids would shout: No more <sup>papers</sup> teachers, no more books, no more teacher cross eyed looks, and tear up all their papers and throw them away, "I would have mine carefully preserved <sup>hold them</sup> against my check to take <sup>them</sup> home and save them. <sup>my bro was the same</sup>

Out on the farm/we lived there when I was in the first and second grade in mound fort when we lived on 15th street and Jefferson Ave. in a half a house which my uncle Helon Henry Tracy built.

end of tape one, side one.



*type one  
Side II*

(There was apparently some of what Tracy said not recorded at the end of side one.) After discussion with him the essence of what was not recorded is: He went to the first and second grade at Mound Fort.

Then the family moved out to Marriott, Utah. If the kids at Mound Fort were rough, the kids in Marriott were terrible. Tracy said he came to church one Sunday early. There was only one other boy there. He was running around the chapel, kicking chairs apart. His special target, however, was a funeral door in the chapel which was joined at the top and bottom with some kind of fastener, but which had no central post. The kid would run up to it and with both his feet (like a karate jump) against the door try to break it down. Tracy said he couldn't believe anyone would deliberately do such things, especially in the church.

In his own words: Hewas running around as if the devil was in him, no fooling, he would run around, and throw himself against the door, with his feet. He would run and jump with both feetagainst the door, destructive little beasts--and that's how a lot of these country kids were. I just was abhored by such things, I thought it was awful. Sherlene: Well, you know that Stanger's son was my District Leader in Germany on my mission--good missionary. Tracy: Well, maybe the boy grew up to be O.K. too.

My parent's decided (that was my mom, I don't think my Dad wanted to do it too much) wanted to take the kids out on a farm where they thought it would be better. And it was in some ways, but in other ways I think it was worse. The kids were dirtier-mouthed on the farm.--and rough--and just sex all the time--that's all those kids thought about from the time they were six years old. But they smoked and did all kinds of things. That Stanger boy--his uncle or someone used to be a tobacco



salesman and he got a whole wooden case of chesterfields, and th  
 swimming hole for the whole marriot area was at the end of our  
 farm and course on the farm you go swimming in the nude all  
 the time, and then that's where they'd tell dirty stories and  
 smoke cigarettes, and all that kind of stuff. well these big  
 boys, they get hold of you and even Gene and I we smoked those  
 cigarettes, <sup>and</sup> then we'd go eat onions to go home so your mother  
 wouldn't know you'd been smoking. I hate to admit this, but I  
 started to get worried. I don't know how many I'd smoked, I  
 don't think I'd smoked very many, maybe six of them over a  
 period of a couple of weeks. My dad didn't tell me not to smoke  
 he just assumed I wouldn't. But anyway, I knew you could get the  
 habit and I started to imagine I had the habit and im sure I  
 hadn't smoked enough of them to get the habit and I didn't do it  
 willingly anyway. Question: Did it make you sick when you first  
 smoked? I don't think I ever smoked enough to get sick. I was the  
 kind of a guy --you got all these big bullies around --these  
 farm kids telling you to do it , and sitting around, and you  
 practically got to do it --you're socially coerced into it--and  
 i'm sure I would puff a little you know and then let it burn that  
 kind of a deal but anyway I got real concerned (they used to roll  
 up manure , dried manure and smoke that or bark from the tree,  
 or indian tobacco, all those things I'm sure they'd tried, but I  
 got concerned and felt guilty or something and finally I got  
 this one friend of mine ==a Dana Kid, and I said, we're not  
 going to smoke any more --they had this whole case of cigarettes,  
 probably a couple of hundred packages, and I think this stanger  
 kid had stolen them--they were hidden in this hollow tree and  
 by the <sup>from his under car to some</sup> swimming tree. Anyway I got this Dana kid and I said,  
 We're not going to smoke any more, I don't care what these other  
 kids do, we're not going to smoke. He agreed with me, so we



379  
Question: Swear it in blood? Tracy: Ya. So we pricked our fingers  
(I don't know where we got the idea) but anyway we got blood and  
we got a pen and we wrote on a sheet of paper on this date (you  
know) tracy Hall and Max Dana will never smoke again as long as  
we live and we each signed our name to that and put it in a bull-  
durham can and ~~put~~<sup>stuck</sup> it in a hollow tree and its probably still  
there. I never smoked again for the rest of my farm days and  
the rest of those kids kept on going and that Dana kid smokes to  
this day. He didn't ~~xxxxxxx~~ stick by it, but I did. Sherlene:  
I can remember when I was a little girl once I asked you, "  
Daddy, did you ever smoke at all, did you ever even try it. And  
when you said "Yes", boy was I ever disilusioned. Cause I thought  
you were perfect and how could my father ever even touch ,  
and then you told me about how you wrote in blood and made a  
covenant and never did it again even though thouse big bullies  
were always after you, and then I decided you were a hero after all."  
Daddy: Well, it's funny , I haven't tasted beer, I haven't taste  
alcohol, I haven't tasted tea or coffee . I tasted coke but I haven't  
really drank it --but I have tasted it. Mother: I remember  
one time I was at Woolworths and I always had --the first day of  
my period was always rough--I usually had to go home and go to  
bed. Abd U was working at Woolworth's as assistant manager,  
when I should have been at college, training as an assistant  
manger for a woolworth cafeteria, and I was so sick I wanted to  
go home, and my boss said (Mrs. Michael's): "What you need is a  
good cup of tea." "No," I'm a Mormon. This is medicine, she  
said, it won't hurt you at all." Oh, No," I said, and she said,  
"Get out on the other side of that counter ," So I got on the  
other side of the counter and (she was the kindest woman, but  
everyone was scared to death of her) but she was the personification  
of kindness and she brought me this cup of tea. I just tasted it



just let it go--didn't drink it."

We always had tea in our house because my grandmother Tracy being  
an old Englishman drank <sup>tea</sup> it to her dying day. (side comment)

I love the smell of coffee-we made it at woolworth and it smelled  
so good. It's interesting to me, (H.T.) that none of the kids  
took it up and not my mom and Dad <sup>neither</sup> either, but Grandmother: racy  
died in 1930 at age about 83 and Mom always had tea for her.

You mean Emma Maria Burdett. <sup>Tracy</sup> Tracy: Yes. Sherlene: But she  
was a member! Oh, yes. They didn't enforce the word of wisdom  
like they do today. It was lived as a word of warning. Not until

Heber J. Grant did they live it as a commandment. Lots of those

old Englishmen . general discussion (all at once) Lots of those  
old englishmen kept their tea and coffee. It was a choice you could

do it or not. Grandmother Hall when she transcribed Nancy Naomi

Tracy's diary she crossed out all references to tea and coffee.

And naddy went and redid it and left in all the original words.

Mother: Well, the church when the converts came across the ocean  
early they were issued --- Dad <sup>ly</sup> Rations-- of tea and coffee.

Tracy: Speaking of that kind of thing my Grandmother Tracy  
must have lived with us for five years and perhaps longer because

I can remember about that many years and of all the 14 kids in

my mother's family, my mother was the least well to do and she

took care of my grandmother and my Dad was always kind to my

grandmother. She was crippled --she died at age <sup>83</sup> 83 and how long

she had been a cripple, I don't know but she had lost <sup>the</sup> control of her

bladder for one thing and my mother had to keep her in diapers all

those years that I can remember . I suppose they have appliances

you can wear now but in those days --I know my grandmother's room-

she always had her own room in our house, always smelled of urine.

and I can remember one thing I regret to this day i think of it

on occasion Grandma would sometimes get a little stern at us and shake



21  
19 shake her cane at us you know for something we were doing as boys 81  
that she didn't like and she did that to me once and I made some stupid  
remark back "something about" You stink Grandma or something which was  
terrible , Did she hit you with her cane? If she could have reached  
me she probably would have . Sherlene; Describe her a little bit  
What was she like? Well, she was probably very good looking when she  
was young she had <sup>nicer features</sup> --my mother did too, my mother was a beautiful woman  
when she was younger , very refined cultured, english features. Real  
high cheek bones (sherlene) What was her personality like? Or do  
you just remember her as old and sick so you don't know? ATRacy:  
well, she died when I was 12 or 13 unfortunately kids don;t pay  
as much attention to things as they should . I know she darned all  
our socks . She used to sit in her rocking chair and darn all our  
socks and men's clothes . I know she did that for all of us five  
boys. Her rocking chair--the rockers were worn real flat because  
she had to be lifted out of bed into her rocker chair and then she ~~xxxx~~  
would pull it across the floor, you know., and after a few years the  
chair had flat rockers. Her personality I know was pleasant--she was  
not stern , oh this thing I mentioned, I probably was doing some-  
thing which deserved it, but I don't remember her as a stern person.  
I can remember the kids --her children, particularly Unice Harold  
coming to see her once in a while and Harold would leave her some  
money once in a while, leave her five dollars and would say :Now  
Mother, don't you pay tithing on this--I've already paid tithing on  
this, but she would pay her tithing on it anyway. Ida-Rose: He  
was the one who should have been taking care of her--he had the farm.  
Tracy: No, that was not Harold--that was Helon Henry . Harold was  
the one in Idaho. Harold was the last of her children to die. We didn't  
even learn that he had died until long afterwards. At the time they  
were living right out here in Orem, and we thought they were in Arizona.  
Sherlene: You told us a little about your childhood--what were your  
happiest memories?



Maybe some specific things will.

24  
20. Of my childhood? General things come to me right off. <sup>1</sup> The old swimming holedown on the farm. Man that was the best place on earth. Cigarettes and all, eh? Dad: Well, that was probably minor it looms big because of our church prohibition of tobacco . It may have been-- I just don't know how major it was. I may have only have only smoked a couple of those darn things I dont know--anyway . Sherlene: HOW about the time the big boys almost drown you? Dad: well, Yes, sometimes the big boys would get Eugene and I and hold us under until we just thought we would die. But I can remember two instances of that-- but other than that , but it was really a great old swimming hole.

Very pleasant memories of ranging around the country. It's a good thing my mother never asked me where I was--Ida-Rose: She really gave them a lot of freedom--Dad: I walked over the whole North end of Weber County --I knew where are the swamps were I knew the shapes of all the farms where trees were . I knew the whole works and then after i got my bicycle, I expanded my area . I just knew where everything was. Probably had some narrow escapes with death . Ice-skating--oh I loved to ice skate when I was a kid. I never did have a good pair of skates though. The skates were hand-me-downs from somebody and the bottoms wre always rounded so it wouldn't bite into the ice good and nver owned a new pair of skates in my life . We could get on the irrigation ditch at our farm and skate maybe a couple of miles down that irrigation ditc and onto an old swamp which covered acres and acres and just have the time of your life skating down there and the kids would build a big bonfire on the ice <sup>at night</sup> and I think I was the --one of the things I liked best when I was a kid was ice skating. But I remember a time when Max Dana who was a young red-headed kid about my age --we sort of took to each other --he was the one you made the pact with--ua-- we went skating down there and kids will do bad things to you and egg you on into dangerous things you know and I suddenly noticed the ice



~~24~~  
25

note: I sent Sherlene these 25 pp  
in Jan 5 1981 - she said she  
was transcribing Dad's tapes

bouncey

was kind of ~~hukking~~ and golly the ice in that areawas thsi(?) thick  
lots of times  
~~somet~~imes and we had g one out there where it was thin and I was a  
little scared, but this kid (he knows all about ice) Oh there's  
just keep going  
nothing the matter with that ice, just keep going , and he stands  
ther egging me on and i went out and the ice started to crack but  
I turned ad came back and it didn't break on me but I'm just sure  
that was the hairs edge of breaking and letting me into that .  
And knowing those country kids that Dana kid probably wouldn't even  
risk his neck to have tried to rescue me even though he was my friend  
to rescue me. Those farm kids they were funny. Another . I have  
seen boys do this even in our own ward. not on this major a thing bu  
if the situation had been the same they wouldn't have hesitated to  
egg the kid on to danger. (MOM's comment)

Tracy: There was quick sand in these swamps --there were  
huge swamps out in marriott, it's low lying land. Tremendous swamps  
And there was a Stanger boy who got caught in quick sand in one of  
these swamps and lost his life. (really?) Ya. Back before we ever  
moved to Marriott. And one of the Stanger boys was out exploring  
one of these swamps with me one time and he had me--we had gotten  
way out on peninsulas and islands that wander way out around -the  
Stanger kid says: Now let's not walk all the way back let's take  
a short cut across the swamp. Mother: Was he a brother to this  
boy. Tracy: Ya. But he knew about it--I didn't know about it at  
that time. So we took off our clothes, you know , and held them  
above our heads and then he had me go first you know. So I go first  
ahead of him through this swamp and man when we get across the swamp  
he tells me he had me go first cause he was wondering if there was  
quick sand there. Bounders. His brother had died in that same  
area in that swamp.. it was a huge swamp. Sherlene: Your mother  
must have been praying hard during those years. Mother: I don't



22: She was a nervous woman really, and I don't know how she could stand it. The kids used to have all kinds of freedom==and they never had to be home at any certain time for supper or anything. Tracy: Oh yes, we <sup>must have</sup> had to be home for supper, but I don;t ever remember being scolded for <sup>big</sup> not being home . But we had tree houses, and trees to climb and swings --the farm was really neat.for kids there's no doubt about mother  
~~Sherlene~~: Tell them about the junk heap. Sherlene: Knowing you your mother, knowing your inquisitive nature she should have been worried all the time. Well, we had --I guess I was kind of scientifically inclined to a very early age . I know things fascinated me at a very early age --I probably had fire crackers at age six and (David) Mother wouldn't let us have them. Mother: I inhibited you more than his mother did. Dad: My earliest remembrance of having an inquisitive kind of scientific kind of mind goes back to about age five or six. I had fire crackers--I don't know where I got them, but it wasn't enough <sup>or me</sup> just shoot off a fire cracker , I found a chunk of pipe and I put this pipe in the dirt (this was on 15th street) and then I would stick the firecracker in the end , light it and then bang it down to the end with a stick and quick put in a rock and I had a cannon. ~~stick the~~ see, and I can remember my Grandmother at that window (tracy) hollering at me to cut that out that was too dangerous. That's my earliest recollection of a scientific experiement. But then when we got out on the farm, we moved to the farm at my age of seven , we would go into town --I can remember the winter time--we did it with the wagon, in the summer time-- we didn't have transportation--the town was five miles away --I can remember my Dad and I and sometimes Eugene, walking along the Union Pacific Railroad tracks <sup>from 15th ST into town</sup> into town and get a two week supply of groceries. We pull them back home on a sleigh in the winter and in the wagon in the summer time. **B**ut my Dad would always take me to the Library-- I don't know whether he suggested it or whether I suggested it, but anyway I do know



23 I-d go to the library and check out a scientific book. And then two weeks later we'd take it back. I can remember Mom: What kind o a book would Gene get? Well, Gene liked <sup>Robinson Crusoe</sup> novels and stories :Mom: He liked literature. Yes. But I-d get scientific books. I can remember ~~this~~ getting books that were beyond me--I just could not comprehend the darn books. Later on when when I got to college I recognized that they were calculus. But I read what I could and got attracted to the factual things --I-d read about radios and thing like that. My first job at which I made money that I can remember w was in Marriott was weeding beets for mr Dana. And I got paid a quarter. A day? then later on I can remember Gene and I hoeing weeds in the garden for mr. Lorin for 25 cents a day, and we hoed for a mr. Hansen, and old dutckman for 25 cents a day . Boy was his land hard and rocky and dry. Later on we would pick beans and things like that. in a jar. And I can remember my first ten dollars --it was eight dollars, I didn"t make it