

David

During the transition time from Tracy's release from the service until he started his work on his Ph.D. under Dr. Henry Eyring, I was having our third child, David Richard. On February 15, 1947, he was born at the Latter-day Saint Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. I thought he was going to put in a hasty appearance, but after I arrived at the hospital the pains stopped and did not start again. When Dr. Skidmore came in at three o'clock in the afternoon, nothing much had happened, so he gave me a shot to start the contractions again and went home. At 5:45 p.m. David was born. Dr. and Mrs. Eyring kindly took us to and from the hospital, and sent me a beautiful knitted blanket for David.

I marvel at the differences in God's creations. There had always been a strong family resemblance in my own family, but there didn't seem to be this strong resemblance among my own children. David had a small head, with white hair and blue-blue eyes, and long legs and arms. I spent his childhood trying to put some weight on him—but never succeeded. In this respect he resembles the Langford side of the family. My father's nickname for me was "slats," and my friends always called me "Lanky," partially from my last name, Langford, but mostly from my personal appearance—tall and lanky.

When I went to the hospital, I took Tracy and Sherlene to stay with my sister Irma, who also lived in Salt Lake City. Sherlene did just fine, but Tracy didn't like the transition at all. When Irma brought him back after I came home from the hospital, Tracy went back to his father's arms, but he would have nothing to do with me for two weeks. He acted as if he were angry with me for "giving him away," so to speak.

David was a good baby and did not fuss hardly at all. In fact, when he did cry, he was so indifferent about it that his father once said, "You'll have to yell louder than that to get anything around this place, son."

David was his daddy's boy, and at an early age preferred his father's arms to my own. This was partly because while he was still very young, I was asked to be the Jr. Sunday School Supervisor for the Stadium Village Branch, which had just been organized. Tracy took over on Sundays with David, and often David would go to sleep on his father's shoulder during the adult class while I was coping with the huge Jr. Sunday School. He also saw more of his father during his baby days, because Tracy would often come home to study.

One day Tracy arranged to have delivered to the apartment a brand-new BENDIX washing machine. All we did for the next few days was watch that miracle of a washing machine. The endless washing was taken over more efficiently than by me. From that time on my hands began to clear from the incessant eczema I had been battling for years. And, I had more time to spend with the children.

On May 4, 1947, Tracy gave David a father's blessing, and named him David Richard Hall.