

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF CHARLOTTE HALL  
(AS TOLD BY HER MOTHER, IDA-ROSE L. HALL, March 10, 1958)  
(Excerpts)

Our cat must have know that that October day was a big day in our lives, because he had brought his offering for the occasion, namely, a full grown rabbit which my husband, H. Tracy Hall, stepped on as he stepped down the garage steps to get into the car to take me to the hospital early that morning. The occasion—the eminent birth of our sixth child. Five children had already come to live in our home. Sherlene Hall, born in Salt Lake City, Utah, May 9, 1943. Howard Tracy Jr., born at Hill Field, Davis Co., Utah, Oct. 19, 1945. David Richard Hall, born in Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb 15, 1947. Elizabeth Hall, born in Schenectady, New York, June 7, 1949, and Virginia Hall, born in Schenectady, Jan. 23, 1952. Our home at the time was located on Vly Road. Town of Colonie, Albany Co., New York. The boys had ordered a boy to even the score and the girls had ordered another girl in order to maintain their superiority in numbers.

Both my husband and I had been born and raised in Ogden, Utah. After finishing the graduate studies leading to the awarding of his PhD in Physical Chemistry in 1948, Tracy had come to work in Schenectady N.Y. as a Research Associate at the General Electric Research Laboratory in Niskayuna. We had been in New York five years when our sixth child was born on Oct. 20, 1953.

Our sixth child and fourth daughter, Charlotte Hall, was born at the Bellevue Maternity Home, which was just around the corner, roughly speaking from our home on Vly Rd. We lived in Albany County and the hospital was down the Troy Rd. in Niskayuna, Schenectady County. Our family Dr., Dr. Byrne W. Mayer, put in his appearance at noon on that beautiful October day, and then asked me if I wanted to go back home. I was astonished and indignant. “Certainly not!” I replied, “I’m having this baby!” He apparently didn’t think so, because he left an order for a large dose of castor oil for the following morning, and since he had no home calls to make decided to go for a short ride. Half an hour later, I was in the delivery room and several frantic nurses were trying to locate the Dr. At 1:45 p.m. in the afternoon Charlotte was born. She weighed 7 lbs. 5 oz. and was 19” in length. Her hair was a darker shade than most of the other children’s had been, and there wasn’t much of it—and she never was in much of a hurry to grow more.

The next day when an apologetic Dr. appeared in my room he said, “She isn’t a boy, but she’s surely cute!” Charlotte was born during a beautiful Indian Summer. I remember Tracy bringing me roses, chrysanthemums, and carnations from our own garden.

The Maternity Home had an excellent staff and facilities, and Charlotte and I received extremely good care, due partly to the fact that we practically had the hospital to ourselves. 1953 was the diamond anniversary of the General Electric Company and the company had announced well in advance that every baby born on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of October that year would receive the equivalent of about \$600 in G.E. stock. The hospitals in the area were very crowded the week of October 15<sup>th</sup>, but by the time Charlotte was born on

the 20<sup>th</sup> all those mother and their babies had gone home. This gesture cost G.E. a lot more than they had anticipated it would. Many of the doctors precipitated labor so that babies due within a two week period of time came on that day. However, Charlotte was not going to hurry her birth date for a mere \$600. and my Dr. and I felt that the welfare of baby and Mother was more important. As if to make up for not getting this legacy, Charlotte chose her father's birthday to be born. Tracy Jr. had tried this a few years earlier but had been born one day early, on the 19<sup>th</sup> of October. We named her Charlotte for her maternal grandmother. When it was time to take her home, Tracy brought all the children to the hospital to take part in the home coming. The Bellevue was less formal than the city hospitals and the nurses made quite a fuss over our "beautiful children."

Being so far from our relatives, we had become quite used to getting along with little or no help when the babies put in appearance. Members of the branch always brought in prepared food on the day the mother came home from the hospital, and there was always someone who would take care of the smaller children while I was in the hospital. Once I got home, I could not wait to get all the children together again because I had been so lonely for them. The children were always cooperative and with Tracy Sr. acting as chief cook and bottle washer, we always managed.

David, then 6 years of age, took a special liking to little Charlotte. He would feed her and play with her. When she was a little older, he would hurry home from school and play with her. She preferred his company over all the rest of the family's even my own, and would laugh delightedly when she saw him coming. We all enjoyed Charlotte. She had tiny bones, and was never very large or heavy. Even when she was three years old she was so light that she was no burden at all to lift—even for the children.

On Dec 6, 1953, she was blessed by her father, Howard Tracy Hall, in the new Schenectady Branch Chapel on the corner of Lexington and Grand Blvd. in Schenectady, New York. This was a special occasion because she was one of the first babies to have this privilege.

The new chapel was very close to the hearts of all the members of the Schenectady Branch. Tracy had spent 2,000 hours of his spare time in the small space of little over two years helping to build it, and I had spent considerable time, along with the other officers of the R.S. planning and arranging for the Interior Decoration. On the 20<sup>th</sup> of Dec, 1953, this chapel was officially dedicated by Elder George Q. Morris, former President of the Eastern States Mission and then assistant to the council of the Twelve Apostles. Meetings had all been formerly held in the Schenectady YMCA.

Charlotte's first year was a happy, healthy one. She was a good baby as were all the others before her. She walked when she was about a year old, and cut her teeth with no difficulty that we could notice. She was a fussy eater, however, and never ate enough to satisfy me.

Charlotte has always been a delight to all of us. We have indeed enjoyed every minute that she has been with us.