

50th Anniversary Notes

Ida Rose was loud and strong in managing of youth.
Tracy is the quiet type, a well-known truth.
When the children were unruly or kicking up a storm,
Mom's the one who took the lead with words that would alarm.

Then if her orders were ignored or not considered well, She would turn her voice to Tracy to
tell him what to tell. Now Tracy, deep in solemn thought, immune to things like that Had
implicit trust in her to use the right sized bat To settle quarrels or arguments in any game
they're at.

Now Ida Rose had a way of getting his attention
While he pursued his patent work for his last good invention.
He heard her adamant call, "Tracy, make them mind!"
Tracy turned around, surveyed the field to see what he could find,

And while in stoic pose she fumed, he looked serene and kind.
The kids pursued their present course of noisy fight and fun Unaware of the storm and stress
in Mother's soul had run Until they heard another sound, the clear voice of their father,
Enunciation clear and plain, "You all, Mind your mother!"

Sherlene and David heard, Elizabeth also,
Junior and Virginia too, Nancy—I don't know—
The other five reacted fast to mind their Mom and Dad.
Nancy is the youngest one. For discipline, that's bad.

P. S.
Charlotte, we know you were there. You must have been the perfect one.

Thomas and Lorna Cheney

Perhaps a few mental pictures can become verbal pictures for this scrapbook. They even have
sound effects in my memory. Ida Rose walks briskly from kitchen to front door with a clear,
"come in," heard in assertive and welcoming tones by her home teachers. I was always told
"happy to see you" by smiles, voice inflexion, and the respectful attention of the whole Hall
family. These remain precious moments relived in writing. Ida Rose moves naturally among
the books and machines at the Family History Library at BYU, confidently extending
information and recording it. She welcomes new information on ancestors with the same
smiles that greeted visitors to her front door. Neither Tracy nor Ida Rose think of short-
changing the Kingdom, for their path has always been consistent commitment to the daily
duties that make the Church run well. They will be first in receiving the Lord's love and
blessings, for they have never been last in serving him and their fellow men and women on
earth.

Admiration and affection, Richard L. Anderson

Ida Rose was always my choice to sit by at our "faculty wives" meetings. She always had
funny little quips that "made" my evening out!! I've always enjoyed her company.

- Gayle Dudley and Duane

One of my earliest memories of Ida Rose was in her role of visiting teacher. Soon after I moved into the neighborhood over 34 years ago, she came to my house to "visit teach" wheeling Nancy, who was a wee baby, in a buggy. I remember her remarking that this baby was her "bonus" child.

One morning when Relief Society was held during a week day morning, Ida Rose had been assigned to give a major part of the lesson. When Relief Society was about to start and Ida Rose had not yet appeared, a nervous Relief Society Counselor went to the telephone to call her. Ida Rose had completely forgotten it was Relief Society day and the telephone call had interrupted the process of washing her hair. She didn't say "Oh, I can't come now as I'm in the middle of washing my hair" but instead she came immediately "as is" wearing her house dress and with dripping wet hair to carry out her assignment. I remember wanting to give her a big "hurrah" as she came in for to me her appearance before a large group of women looking anything but her best showed real strength of character. It showed courage and a lack of vanity and false pride which plagues so many of us. She trusted that we all loved her regardless of how she looked and it endeared her all the more to me.

Once she drove me to an orchard where we picked peaches to can. I think my mouth must have hung agape with amazement when she told me she had 7 bushels of tomatoes she was going to bottle. Where, where did she get so much energy! Well, she has always put it to good use sewing for her family, getting them up at the crack of dawn to practice their music, having a host of callings in the church, among them Primary President, Relief Society President, etc., etc., and being an avid genealogist. Bearing her testimony, I remember she said as a young girl she always included in her prayers a plea that the man she would marry would be a good father to her children. That prayer was answered in full, pressed down and running over, for who has a more gentle and kind spirit than Tracy! Tracy so brilliant and yet so unassuming, and with a generosity that matches that of Ida Rose. I appreciated him first as a counselor in the Bishopric, then as a Bishop, and also as a farmer, for he came one day, unannounced, and rototilled my garden plot; also a number of times he has left produce on my front porch anonymously. And now I enjoy his "Ward Newsletters." – Barbara Taylor

One of Myrtle Joy's fun experiences was the night she could hear a tape playing at Halls. Often Ida Rose would laugh joyously - as she listened to stories told by relatives, especially older ones, of their early days. She was doing the wonderful task of working on Family Histories.

Another times when summer was here and doors open, we would hear the Hall children practicing on the piano and on their violins, and sometimes Elizabeth and Sherlene as they practiced singing. It was always a pleasure. Even occasionally Tracy, the dad, would sit at the piano and play with gusto the old time songs of our youth. Fun, fun, fun.

Again as Myrtle Joy was struggling with tasks, saying, "Lory, Ida Rose can do it well. She can do everything, sew, finish furniture, raise beautiful flowers, do genealogy, etc. Why can't I?" "But Joy, Ida Rose is Ida Rose, and you are you." – Lory M. & Myrtle Joy

When Dean first accepted a position at BYU in 1958, our good friend Duane Dudley told us of the renowned scientist Tracy Hall, with whom he worked. He even pointed out the Hall home just north of campus. Here at BYU, Dean had the good fortune of collaborating on a research project with Tracy, so the Halls were some of the first people we knew in Provo. The Physics/Math Department had an organization of the faculty spouses known as Square Root Club. Because Tracy was BYU director of research, Ida Rose was a member of this group and was president one year soon after we came. I was also an officer and remember accompanying her to visit new members. I was surprised to find this wife of a famous scientist so friendly, genuine, common, and down-to-earth. Many times we were invited to the Hall home for friendly get-togethers, when scientists were visiting Tracy, or just to see their seven-year amaryllis bloom. They always made us feel very much at home.

When we were ready to build a house in Provo, we tried to buy a lot in the same subdivision as the Halls and were finally successful. We had seldom left our children with babytenders, so the Hall children—including the boys--became our first sitters. We always felt good about having them because their parents had reared them to be so responsible.

If there is one word that describes Ida Rose, it is *dependable*. Over the years I have watched her capably fulfill any responsibility given her, including both Primary and Relief Society presidents. Nor is Ida Rose "wishy washy." You always know where she stands on any issue. She amiably but forthrightly expresses and defends her convictions. I have often been relieved someone was willing to speak up in a meeting or class and realistically "tell it like it is." I also greatly admired both Tracy and Ida Rose for their willingness to service as missionaries in Zimbabwe. – Joan Barnett

In my eyes, Ida Rose is a gem—genuine to the core. I recall a small incident that took place a number of years ago. Ida Rose stopped me in the church parking lot and inquired, "Dean, have I done something to offend you?" I was surprised at the query and had no idea of anything to which she could be referring. Apparently I, being a very insensitive creature, had made some thoughtless remark, and she was making the effort to see that the situation was made right. She was asking for forgiveness. She taught me a great lesson.
Dean Barnett

Ernie, Jim, and Heber were younger than all four sisters, Ida Rose being the youngest girl. One day when Ida Rose was a young girl attending Washington School, she saw a school mate beating his dog with a stick and Ida Rose could not stand to see this. She offered to buy the dog for 25 cents and the medium-size brown dog was hers. He was part collie with a stub for a tail and very gentle.

Ida Rose brought him to the family home on Orchard and they loved the dog. He brought joy to the family. He spent much time on the ten acres with the three boys and also with Jim's mother at Camp Lomondi every summer where she was the cook for the many girls there.

Gradually Brownie as they named him became Jim's dog as Jim was the one who loved to be out in the hills and always took Brownie with him. When Jim went in the Navy, Brownie would go and lay his head on Jim's bed in loneliness. One day Brownie just walked off and no one saw him again. When Jim came home, his dog was gone.

Ida Rose did a wonderful thing. She not only saved a dog's life but gave all of them and especially Jim a wonderful friend. Brownie was with the Langford family for about twelve or thirteen years as Jim was about six or seven when Brownie came to live with the family. No one knows how old he was when Ida Rose bought him. This is a fond memory for Jim. – Jim & Melba Langford

Ida-Rose-you are that no-nonsense Aunt who gets things done and is the one to make sure. My dad used to sing a peculiar song when I was growing up "Oh Ida-Rose don't pick your nose it only makes it grow"-don't tell him I told you! But that is not what really stands out in my memory. For Me Ida Rose is synonymous with Genealogy. A thousand blessings on your head for the book you compiled. I remember a Christmas party at your house where all the Langford's seemed to be there. I think you were in the kitchen most of the time serving people.

In regards to you not "inheriting the Langford beauty" you are beautiful physically and spiritually. You are honest and forthright and we love you! – Julie Langford Peterson

When we think of the Schenectady days, you and your family always come to mind. I have often laughed about meeting Ida Rose in the foyer at church one day and finding out you were expecting another baby. I thought to myself - how could

anybody have so many children? This must have been number five or six! Well, it wasn't long until we caught up with you, and I didn't wonder any more. Then I really realized that each child is so special, and that #7 or #8 is just as welcome as #1 or #2.
(Mary)

One time I remember going to your house and it was more than sparsely furnished. As I recall there were mattresses and box springs on the floors (no bed frames) and a nice dining room table and chairs. That's all I remember in the house. Ida Rose said, "I guess our Heavenly Father just doesn't intend for us to have any furniture."
- Mary and Irving Christensen

Once on a business trip to Provo, Bud called your home and Ida Rose answered. While he was simply checking in, Ida Rose insisted he come and have dinner that evening. On his arrival, he found the Halls had had one of those overwhelming, overloaded days, but they bought pizza and it was a wonderful, unforgettable time. – Norma & Bud Spencer

A few years after the Halls left Schenectady I **was** called as the Schenectady Branch Relief Society president. Among the challenges I faced was Verna Mae Burnett's frequent reminders that "Ida Rose did it this **way!**" I finally wrote to Ida Rose and asked her to tell me exactly how she ran the Relief Society. She wrote back and said, "Do it your own way." Hurrah! – Woodbury's

We remember your strength, Ida Rose, as you served as Relief Society president while caring for "all those kids!", while Tracy was "just enjoying himself making diamonds".

When you left one of your kids at Church one Sunday we said, "How could they do that?" but we under-stood a few years later when we left one of our two kids there. So much for a little growth and experience. – Walt & Bernice Heinz

Congratulations! Fifty years together – wonderful! We would like to thank you for the kindness and thoughtfulness you have extended to us over the years. We were especially grateful for your help at the time of Donna Rae's illness and passing. Thank you for your visits to her grave and the flowers each Memorial Day. We look forward to your interesting Newsletters enclosed in your Christmas card. We enjoy learning where each "Hall family" is and what they are doing. Thanks for adding a little more sunshine in our lives. – Lova Coy

The story I think of when I think of Ida Rose was a time when she ran out of dishwasher soap and used liquid dish soap – long before liquid dishwasher soap was ever invented. It clogged up her dishwasher and took practically forever before she was able to clean it out of her dishwasher. – Marge Holman

Dear Ida and Tracy

You are two of the choicest people we have ever known. Ida Rose with her smiling face and joyful laughter, and Tracy coming along so quiet and all knowing. I remember once when we held Sunday class in the cultural hall of the old church and

Ida Rose took Nancy's shoes off so she could run around without making a noise. Just this summer Ida Rose and Tracy walked me home from church, me in between them holding on to their arms laughing and talking all the way home. Their example is great and I love them very much. – Leah Gleason

A VISIT WITH THE HALLS

By Barbara J. Moore

It was a warm Sunday afternoon, October 8, 1978. The scene was Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio.

Since I am a nurse, I had to work that day, while my husband John and two children, John W. (aged 10) and Jenny (aged 8), went to church at Greencastle, Ohio. Before we left in the morning, I suggested that since we would both be coming through Circleville at about 3:00 p.m., and I would probably be worn out, that we stop in town for some lunch.

We met at the Blue Drummer at about 3:15 p.m. and went about our business of saving the starving. After I had gotten my tray, I headed for the farthest corner of the very large dining room. Whenever we ate out, we liked to sit way back in the corner so we could have a little privacy and the children didn't disturb others with their talking and moving around. As I went through the dining area I noticed that there were only two other tables occupied—so I remember thinking: "it's nice to have the place almost to ourselves."

When we finally got everyone settled down to eat, I noticed a man and woman sitting at the very next table—just as close as they could get to us. I said to John, "Look at that! Why did they have to come way back here with us?" He said, "Just eat and don't worry about them."

So the kids and John started telling me all about what happened at church today. After a while I said, "Look at that woman—she is listening to everything we are saying."

John again said, "Just eat and don't worry about her."

Considering the fact that Jenny often sneaked away from Primary and went into Relief Society, whether mom was there or not (she "liked to hear the old women sing") my next question was, "Did you go to Relief Society today, Jenny?"

That did it! The lady at the next table turned around and asked, "Are you folks LDS?" Well, that did it, too. The hunger pangs instantly vanished and the rest of the time there was just talk, talk, talk!

They introduced themselves as Tracy and Ida Rose Hall from Provo, Utah. They have children living on the East Coast whom they visit at this time each year. For the past four years, they have been stopping for a few days in Circleville to do some genealogy research. They said they felt like they had found everything available in this area. Tomorrow they would be leaving and did not plan to come here any more for this reason.

I said, "Well, have you found everything you wanted?"

She replied, "We have found a great amount of material in the Court House, Genealogical Library and places like that, but we can't find any grave sites. Do you know of any old graveyards around here where we can look for some family names?"

"What name are you looking for?"

"Hall."

"How do you spell that?"

"H-A-L-L!"

I said, "Gee, there are lots of old graveyards around here—I wouldn't know where to start!" I said that but immediately I strongly felt as if something was trying to tell me, "Yes, you do! Here we are! Find Us! Come on!"

The subject of conversation changed, but I still had this really strong feeling in my head.

Later, I said, "When do you want to go look at graveyards?"

Mrs. Hall said, "Right now, we are ready!"

I said, "Excuse me," and left the table. I went to the manager's office and asked to use his phone. He became extremely defensive but agreed when I told him it was most important.

I called my mom who is never home on Sunday afternoon and why am I calling her anyway? I really didn't know, but I just felt that I had to call her. Well, she answered the phone. I said, "Mom, are you going to be home for awhile? If so, we are coming out and we are bringing some people we just met at the Blue Drummer."

My parents William and Marguerite Barthelmas raised five children on a large farm in southwestern Pickaway County where Mom still lives. Mom has a large collection of antiques and also many Indian relics found on the farm. The house is registered in the National Registry of Historical Homes. At least, this might be interesting to the Halls, I thought.

When we got there I said, "Mom, I want you to take us to see the tombstones that are on the farm. I haven't seen them for years."

So we loaded back into the car and drove about a mile down the road and parked in the ditch. We all got out and Mom led us through this rickety old gate, held together and in place with gobs of bailing wire.

This gang must have been a beautiful sight to passersby—three adults and two children in Sunday best church clothes and a nurse in uniform being led through a cattle feed lot by a little lady. Our trek took us around the grainery and the big barn, across a lane, down a creek bank, across the creek and up the opposite bank, around the inground silo and out across another field.

I kept thinking, "This is so stupid!" These stones probably are not even here. Why am I taking these people out here? They are going to kill me—after all this, but it is too late to turn back now."

Mom led us to a far corner of the field. She said, "Those stones are in this corner under the tree, but how are you going to find them?" The weeds were matted together and so thick you could hardly see the fence.

But we started pulling weeds and scratching around looking. Finally we uncovered one small sandstone marker, then another, then another. Mom said, "Three, that's all there are!" Then we had the task of cleaning them off to see if maybe we could read the names.

The first name uncovered was William HALL. Oh, my gosh, I said. This went through me like a shock wave. I had absolutely no idea what name was on these stones or even if they had names on them.

The second stone had wife "Mary Hall;" the third stone was inscribed with "Infant Hall." Each stone also had the birth and death date under the name.

Then Brother Hall pulled a piece of paper out of his coat pocket which contained a list of some of his relatives who lived in this area. About the third name down the list was William Hall, wife Mary, and infant Hall. Dates on his paper matched dates on the stone except for the fourth number of one of the years.

We were all so flabbergasted, we could hardly speak. We could not believe our find. The spirits of those folks were there so strongly that you could almost reach out and hug them.

Brother and Sister Hall were almost overcome with the joy and excitement of the trip. The children were busy digging in the brush to find more.

All I could think was, "How did this happen?"

Brother Hall wrote down every little detail about the place and how we got here and who was in attendance.

We stayed there for probably about an hour just basking in the joy and spirituality of the moment.

I have not seen those little stones since I was about six years old when my older brother and I tried to dig up the graves with sticks, but I have thought about them many times. These thoughts always make me rather sad because the little stones always seemed so deserted and forgotten. Doesn't anyone care?

Now I feel great relief and happiness because there is someone out there who thinks about them and does care. And, I found them. Another amazing fact about this story is that I am the only member of the Barthelmas family who is an L.D.S. member, and also, I am one of only three or four people in the world who knew about these little stones.

Since that time my mother and brother have taken steps to preserve the little stones and assure them that they will enjoy a view of the sky each day.

After we left there, we visited a couple other small old cemeteries in the area and finally drove into the graveyard where my father and older brother are buried. The caretaker just happened to be there. I asked him, "Are there any HALL people buried here?" He said, "Oh no, all the Halls are buried in the Hall cemetery over in Mead."

Mead is a little wide spot in the road near where we live, east of town. So, off we went again, back to town, and out the other side. Sure enough, there behind a church is a cemetery and indeed most of the stones were inscribed HALL.

By this time, it was getting dark so we could not investigate the stones real closely. We looked around for awhile and decided to call it a day. We really hated to say good-bye to our new friends.

Sister Hall said, "We have prayed about these genealogy trips, but I never dreamed they would bring all this, on our very last day here."

I looked at her and said with a big smile, "That's just like us Mormons."