

The ABC's (Absolute Best Characteristics)

of

H. Tracy Hall

by

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Affable

Daddy was friendly to everybody. Easy-going and generous, he was approachable and not judgmental.

Brilliant

He was in a league of his own. He had original ideas, things only he think! Daddy always kept a little note card in his shirt pocket on which to jot down new ideas.

Cheerful

When I think about Daddy, I see him with a smile on his face. I still remember his huh-huh chuckle and wish I could pick up the phone and hear it again!

Dutiful

He was a dutiful son, husband and father. He and Mom cared for Grandpas Hall and Langford in their home for many years. He served faithfully and well in his duties as a Hometeacher and Bishop and in all callings he held in the LDS Church. He was a man worthy of his hire.

Educated

I loved Daddy's stories about his youth. I think much of his success in life grew out of his love for reading. I associate his years in Marriott with a little red wagon and the free Carnegie library he and his brothers regularly visited. He appreciated the education he was able to get and encouraged all his children to love learning.

Frugal

Daddy counted his pennies, but still knew how to be generous. I could always talk him into giving me a little pocket money. He kept gas logs, reminded us all to turn off the lights, and was "green" before it was a movement.

Gentle

Daddy was always a port in a storm—kind and consoling when it was needed most. He spanked me only once—when I was rude to Mom.

Humble

Ask anyone who knew him well to describe Tracy Hall and they will use this word.

Inquisitive

Daddy's curiosity extended into every corner of his life. He wanted to know the whereofs and whys of everything.

Judicious

Daddy made decisions with careful deliberation. Trips were well planned. Major purchases were well researched. Options were carefully considered.

Kind

The only thing Daddy ever did I might think was unkind were his occasional farm-bound trips made with our pet cats. He wasn't very fond of our cats.

Listener

Daddy was a good listener! He was such a good listener that he sometimes had a hard time getting a word in edge-wise. This was especially true if Mom was in the room with him.

Musical

Daddy was musically self-educated. He sang in a young men's' choir in Ogden and played a jazzy piano for The High Hatters during his late teens and early twenties. I can still picture him lying on the couch with his head in Mom's lap listening to Joan Sutherland sing Madame Butterfly while Mom stroked his brow. He would occasionally bribe us to continue our music lessons.

Noble

This old-fashioned word isn't used much anymore, but it perfectly describes my father. Born into the poorest of circumstances, he worked hard to get an education. His ingenuity, integrity, and reliability earned him a place of honor and respect among scientists and industry leaders all over the world.

Organized

Daddy's desk area was his sanctuary in a busy and sometimes chaotic household. He had a specific place for everything. We knew to ask for Dad's help if we needed a pair of scissors, a pen or a chocolate orange stick.

Polite

Daddy held doors for women, never used bad or foul language, and was a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Quiet

Introspective and quiet, Daddy needed time to contemplate and reflect. It's easy to visualize him in his office; chair tipped back, hands clasped behind his neck, and a far away look in his eyes.

Resourceful

When something couldn't be done in one way he found another way to do it. This was true in his work and at home. He believed that he could find a way to get to his goal—sometimes in unusual and unexpected ways.

Successful

He was a successful scientist and businessman. When his salary as a university employee didn't meet his growing family's needs, he found ways to complement the family budget. He consulted for other companies and scientists, founded a company, built and sold high-pressure apparatus and left us all better off financially.

Truthful

Daddy was a fan of the unvarnished truth. He professed it, practiced it and valued it. He sometimes ended up as a witness for companies defending patent infringements. They always got the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth from him.

Unselfish

My father valued his time. There must have been some occasions where he preferred his quiet science lab to his noisy household, but he always came home for dinner promptly at five p.m. He helped us with math and science homework and attended our concerts, plays and games. He loaned Barry and me money when we hit financial bumps in our budget and patiently waited until we could pay him back. We will always be grateful for his generous contributions to our children's educations and missions.

Virtuous

Morally excellent and righteous, Daddy was everything that the 13th Article of Faith attests that we believe. He endured to the end in spite of challenges that belied the intellectual gifts that he enjoyed for most of his life. His was a life worth emulating!

Wise & Wonderful

I thought him the wisest and most wonderful Dad in the universe. Every girl loves her Daddy, I think, but mine was the best Dad of all the Dads. He took us to Yellowstone and hired a guide to take us to where we could each catch a fish. It's the only fish I've ever caught and he paid good money to make it happen. He found so many ways to make our lives happier, easier, nicer, and more meaningful. I miss him .

Xenophilous

Daddy was interested in other languages and cultures. He spent time memorizing poems and foreign words. I remember him making a long list of Russian words he wanted to learn. He and Mom left a comfortable life and home to take the Gospel to the people of Zimbabwe. They embraced that culture and loved the members with their whole hearts. He traveled to China, Japan, France, Hawaii, Alaska, Switzerland, Zimbabwe, Canada, India, and many other countries in spite of the fact that he didn't much like to fly.

Youthful

Everyone agreed that Daddy always looked at least ten years younger than he was. Mom wasn't too happy about that. She was worried that if she died first some younger woman would come after him.

Zany

Old home movies attest to the fact that there was a wild and zany side to Daddy. He loved to jitterbug, play honkey-tonk, mug for the camera and most of all, have fun with family and friends. I have fond memories of real glass, ice-cold mugs of Frosty Root Beer, huge ice-cream cones, glass monkeys atop our hot fudge sundaes, Fourth of July parades and fireworks, hot Spudnuts, and Daddy helping to dry the pots and pans for me after a long stint in the kitchen. I look forward with considerable anticipation to seeing my father endowed once again with the vigor of youth.