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# Wendell Herbert Hall oral history interview by Michael Hirsh, January 25, 2009

Wendell H. Hall (Interviewee)

Michael Hirsh (Interviewer)

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[Transcriber's note: The Interviewee's personal information has been removed, at the request of the Interviewer. This omission is indicated with ellipses.]

**Michael Hirsh:** Could you give me your name and spell it for me?

**Wendall Hall:** Okay, it's Wendell, W-e-n-d-e-l-l, and the middle initial H for Herbert, if you want that, Hall, H-a-l-l.

MH: Okay. And your address?

WH: Pardon me?

MH: Your address?

WH: Oh, I'm sorry; my hearing is not that good. It's....

MH: And your phone number is ... and your birth date?

WH: April 10, 1923.

MH: Where were you before you went in the service?

WH: Let's see. I was a student at Weaver College, now a university. At that time, it was just a two-year junior college, but Weaver College in Ogden, Utah.

MH: What year did you go in the Army?

WH: Boy, I have to think back. Forty-three [1943].

MH: Forty-three [1943]. Were you drafted or did you enlist?

WH: No, I enlisted. I was—as a student, we had that opportunity. They promised that we would become officers. (laughs) And I could have, actually, but the circumstances changed, and I opted for ASTP, the Army Specialized Training Program instead, officer training.

MH: So, you went into ASTP, and then they did away with it.

WH: That's correct, yes, and here I was in the anti-aircraft, relatively safe, and went directly to the infantry from ASTP. That was an advancement, though, in reality, looking back on it. I survived.

MH: Where'd they send you?

WH: I was at the University of Oklahoma in ASTP, and they sent me down to Camp Howze, H-o-w-z-e, Texas, near Gainesville, Texas.

MH: And the division—that was the—

WH: That was the 103<sup>rd</sup> [Infantry] Division.

MH: How long did it take before they sent you to Europe?

WH: Let me think. It was in 1944, let's see—I try to keep my dates—

MH: After D-Day?

WH: Yes, right. Yes, the landing in Normandy had already taken place, and we were the first unit to arrive in Marseille. The French Freedom Fighters had just liberated Marseille from Nazi control, and our convoy was the first one to enter.

MH: What was your MOS [Military Occupational Specialty]? What was your job?

WH: I was—this is sort of comical, because [in] the Great Depression days, we didn't have a car. I couldn't even drive, but you know the Army. (laughs)

MH: So, you became a truck driver.

WH: That's right.

MH: Of course.

WH: My official designation was truck driver. (laughs)

MH: I could see it now. "But, sir, I type really well." "That's okay, we need truck drivers today."

WH: Okay.

MH: And you were carrying what? An M1 rifle?

WH: An M1 and a .45, and all the grenades we could handle, and trench knives, bayonet.

MH: What was your first introduction to combat?

WH: Well, it wasn't a real introduction at Marseille, because when we landed, a Nazi plane just buzzed us, but we weren't strafed or bombed. And also, I don't remember how this radio broadcast was picked up, but Axis Sally welcomed us to France. Just like there was a Tokyo Rose, you've heard—

MH: Yes.

WH: There's Axis Sally, too.

MH: Gave you great confidence in our ability to keep things secret.

WH: Oh, yeah. (laughs) Anyway, we went to a bivouacked area, a very barren place near Marseille, just a tent city, and we were there just a brief time and then up the beautiful Rhône Valley. I could appreciate it somewhat, since—I was going to say I was upfront, but that wasn't too often, because naturally an officer preferred that seat up by Joe Potter Barry, the truck driver. I was just the assistant driver, so I usually rode in back.

MH: At what point did you know anything about the concentration camps or the Holocaust?

WH: I didn't know until we arrived in Landsberg. I was absolutely shocked. I had no idea that such horror existed, to come on those dead bodies sprawled out everywhere and the stench of it. I just—what is this? It was incredible.

MH: How far away did you begin to smell it and know something was there?

WH: Well, I wish I had a photographic memory. I can't even recall whether we drove by. It seemed like we were marching; that is, we didn't march, you know, parade ground. Went past. It seems that we were on foot when we went by there, which made it—yeah, we did. I'm positive of that, because otherwise we wouldn't have been able to take it in to the extent that we did.

MH: At what point did the 103<sup>rd</sup> get there? Do you remember what date?

WH: What date did the—?

MH: 103<sup>rd</sup> arrive there?

WH: I tried to write everything up. Have you seen my reminiscences?

MH: I actually have it printed out. The armored units had gotten there before you, right?

WH: Oh, boy, let me think now. Well, hmm, I know we weren't the first at Dachau, that's for sure, but it seems like we were the first at Landsberg, I could be mistaken.

MH: Actually—

WH: As I point out, what do we know, right?

MH: Actually I'm looking at a list, and it has you, the 10<sup>th</sup> Armored, and the 12<sup>th</sup> Armored arriving on the 27<sup>th</sup> of April.

WH: Oh, okay.

MH: Did you ever ride on their tanks or were you following behind them?

WH: I never had that joy. We were an anti-tank company, and that meant, basically, we were out ahead of the tanks to protect them as they arrived.

MH: So, you could've been there ahead of them.

WH: It's possible, but what do we know no phone, no radio.

MH: This will be another silly question: do you remember where you were coming from or going to when you found Landsberg?

WH: Well, let's see. I wish I had written this up sooner. It was years after these things took place that I wrote it up, because my grandkids were saying, "We've got to report,

blah, blah, interview a World War II veteran.” So, I wrote things up the best I could. In my letters home, we hardly had any opportunity to write home at all, and then when my mother passed on, nobody saved those letters. Pity. Didn’t even save my uniform.  
(laughs)

MH: I got rid of mine, because I couldn’t fit into it. But my mother did save all my Vietnam letters.

WH: Your name rings a bell with me. Were you in the 103<sup>rd</sup>?

MH: No, I was in the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division in Vietnam. I’m—sixty-five years old.

WH: Oh, for some reason that Hirsh rang a bell.

MH: There’s a Michael Hirsh, who was the senior editor with *Newsweek* magazine.

WH: Oh, oh, that must be it.

MH: And then there’s me, and I’ve written—this will be my sixth book.

WH: Oh, congratulations.

MH: Oh, thank you.

WH: I’ll have to look up those books. Are they available at—

MH: Yeah, the one that I’d recommend is called *None Braver*, I was embedded with Air Force pararescue guys in Afghanistan.

WH: Wow!

MH: To write a book about what they were doing there.

WH: I'll look you up; you're on the internet, I guess.

MH: You can find it, yeah, on the internet, but you'll get my books confused with his books. I've been introduced at speeches with the list of both of us, and I have to stand up there and say, "I'm not the renaissance man you think I am."

WH: The one who wrote those good ones.

MH: Yeah, I'm the one who wrote the ones that are readable. Anyhow, back to World War II.

WH: Okay.

MH: So, you think you were probably walking at that point?

WH: I'm just about positive we were.

MH: When you're walking, just single file down the side of the road?

WH: Well, yeah, roughly two by two.

MH: Two by two.

WH: In other words, no close-order drill or anything like that.

MH: Then what happened? Somebody smelled something?

WH: Well, in my write-up, I mentioned that three of my very best buddies in the squad of ten were Jews, and such great young men. I admire them to this day. And I guess they realized that these skeletal living corpses—well, many of them were dead, of course—they seemed to realize that they were Jews, and they were just shocked. Their faces went pale. And that was one of my first impressions, is the reaction of those buddies at my side.

MH: Do you remember their names?

WH: Yes. There was—I want to call them by their nicknames.

MH: That's okay.

WH: (laughs) Let's see, what was Finkels? Marvin Felds—not Marvin, Martin. Martin Feldstein. We disrespectedly called him Finkle. I don't know where the name came from. And then there was Harold—no, I'll never forget them or their names, but at this very moment—oh, my other best friend, my wife is here prompting me, but Harold Howe was a Quaker. Three Jews, a Quaker, and a Mormon. (laughs)

MH: That sounds like the beginning of a really bad joke.

WH: Yeah. It does. (laughs)

MH: Three Jews, a Quaker and a Mormon jump off a deuce-and-a-half—

WH: Yeah, we were in a plane, or—I forget, but anyway, the others were Southern Baptists, good guys.

MH: So, you see them turn white?

WH: That's true—they just went pale. Well, I did, too, I guess, I was so shocked.

MH: What goes through your mind when you're seeing that?

WH: I thought, "What is this?" because you mentioned the stench. Well, I'm sure we didn't have to get too close to smell that—just terrible, rotten. Boy, our Army medics, of course, went there as soon as possible, started tending to those who could survive, have any chance of survival. Weren't too many of those. Did you notice the huts they were in?

MH: Yes.

WH: Just terrible. Oh, it was so sickening.

MH: Did you go into any of those huts?

WH: Yes, I came back out quick, though; it was so horrible.

MH: What prompted you to go in?

WH: Curiosity. Well, and I thought—in fact, this is the reason I wrote it up. This has to be remembered, so that we can do our best to prevent such things happening again. I took a quick look.

MH: To get in there, it looks like the doors on those things are only about, what, five feet tall.

WH: That's right. You had to stoop in those things. Imagine.

MH: Were there electric lights inside?

WH: Not to my recollection, no.

MH: So, it's pretty dark in there, then.

WH: Yeah.

MH: No windows?

WH: No. Sunk down in the ground the way they were.

MH: And it's just a dirt floor?

WH: Yeah.

MH: And shelves on both sides.

WH: Wow, I wish I had photos or something.

MH: I've looked at pictures, which is why I'm saying that. So, you go in there. How far into this thing do you walk?

WH: Oh, I just peered in and came back out.

MH: Do you gag?

WH: I mean, there was so much horror outside—I could hardly take that.

MH: Do you know which camp you walked into? I mean, there were eleven camps at Kaufering.

WH: That many?

MH: Well, number IV is the one they burned.

WH: Did I put VI in my write-up?

MH: I'm not sure, but I wouldn't—

WH: I thought it was VI. That's when I wrote it up.

MH: I wouldn't worry about it. You weren't at the one where they had burned everybody.

WH: No, no.

MH: Just as well. What kind of contact do you have with the people who are in there?

WH: Well, actually, we were at the front right or approaching. We just had to continue; our officers, the non-coms, didn't let us linger. And I guess they were eager to get out of there, anyway.

MH: What was your rank at that point?

WH: I was a private first class.

MH: How long do you think you actually stayed inside the wire there?

WH: Oh, it couldn't be more than, just a rough guess, ten, fifteen minutes. Quite possibly less.

MH: Could you ever have imagined that the impact that ten or fifteen minutes would have on your life?

WH: Oh, I tell you, this is one of the most dramatic—if you can call it that—moments of my whole life. I mean, in terms of impressions that stick with you. Just unbelievable. Inhumanity to man, I didn't realize it could reach some low depths.

MH: Lou Lifson, Paul Yesenow, and Martin Feldstein.

WH: Pardon me?

MH: Lou Lifson, Paul Yesenow, and Martin Feldstein. L-i-f-s-o-n, and Paul Y-e-s-e-n-o-w.

WH: Oh, yeah, sure. Yeah, they were all terrific, like all my buddies. Lou Lifson, especially, so intelligent.

MH: When you came home, did you talk about what you'd seen?

WH: Well, I really didn't. I had a boyhood friend; we were in junior high and high school together, and he turned out to be a—what should I call him?—very popular individual. He was a radio announcer and very well known, and when I came home, his name was Douglas Stringfellow, and they paid a lot of attention to him. I was hardly noticed, it seems. And it's strange, because Stringfellow—maybe you've heard of this story. He—I'm LDS [Latter-Day Saints], if you know what that means.

MH: Yes.

WH: I'm excommunicated, but with a Mormon heritage and background.

MH: I was about to ask you about that next.

WH: And I admire the people, don't get me wrong, very admirable all. But I just can't accept the Book of Mormon as the word of God and so on. I'm a linguist, and I noticed certain things. But, in any case, they made a lot about Doug Stringfellow; and, strangely, he had a right to feel honored and respected, but he made up all kinds of fabulous stories. He was behind the German lines. In the LDS church, they generally have speakers, nonprofessional clergy, and he gave a talk. And what? He went behind the lines, and he was even—what were the islands there where the Germans developed the atom bomb? Anyway, he claimed to have been in on that, and I thought, "What?" Eventually, he had to confess to Senator Arthur Watkins<sup>1</sup> of the City of Provo, Utah, that it was all fraudulent; he'd made it up and apologized on TV. So, getting back to what brought this on, Doug received a lot of attention. I didn't particularly want any, but I got it from my family. That sufficed.

MH: What I'm looking at is a letter that you wrote to the editor of the *Provo Daily Herald* on May 5, 2004. Were you excommunicated before that or after that?

WH: Oh, let me see. Two thousand four, and we're now in 2009. It seems like it was before that.

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<sup>1</sup> Senator Watkins was a Republican Senator from the state of Utah from 1947 to 1959.

MH: So, I haven't—

WH: I could look it up.

MH: So, I have it in the transcript. You were writing about Mel Gibson's movie, *The Passion*, and you wrote, "Mel Gibson's *The Passion* has engendered debate over whether it fosters anti-Semitism. What could be more infamously anti-Semitic and anti-Native American than these words from the Book of Mormon: 'For these people, the Jews, shall be scattered and shall become a dark, a filthy and loathsome people beyond the description of that which ever hath been amongst us, yea, even that which hath been amongst the Lamanites.'" And you said Book of Mormon 5:15.

WH: Right. Well, I've always been a great friend and admirer of the Jewish people, and I couldn't put up with anything like that. But I was excommunicated because of a—well, it seems that the position, besides mission president and other higher positions that I had most of my life in the church, was what's called a clerk, a ward clerk and a state clerk, to take the minutes of meetings. And I was also a financial clerk. And one day—well, if you've come across the Caractors, C-a-r-a-c-t-o-r-s, that Joseph Smith claimed to have copied from the gold plates?

MH: No.

WH: Well, you don't have to be a linguist to see that these are not in reformed Egyptian or Assyriac or Chaldaic or Arabic, except for the Arabic numeral seven and another one that appears to be an eight. So as a linguist, well, that decided it. I loved my parents, all my friends and relatives, but "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." I couldn't put up with living a lie, and so I called my bishop and said I didn't feel I should continue as ward clerk because I didn't believe the Book of Mormon was the word of God. And then first thing I knew, I was called up before what's called a high council court, and of course they didn't want to hear anything from me. I shut up. And I was soon excommunicated.

MH: What was the reaction to the letter? Because the letter goes on to say, "As a World War II infantryman, I faced serious injury or death as my regiment fought toward Landsberg and liberated the six concentration camps there. At war's end, I was stationed for seven or eight weeks at the equally horrendous Dachau. Three of my best buddies in our squad of ten were Jews. How I admired these wonderful and amazingly resilient people to whom the world owes so much." What was the reaction to that letter?

WH: Well, actually, there wasn't too much. Let's see. I've written a number of letters to the editors, and they're generally not too well received. People think I'm unduly critical.

MH: Are you surprised that they're printed?

WH: Oh, you should see the ones that haven't been printed. I have them on my website under letters.html.<sup>2</sup> A lot more are unpublished than published.

MH: I assume the *Provo Daily Herald* is connected with the church.

WH: Well, not directly, but undoubtedly most of them belong to the church, and they're favorably disposed toward it. Well, I am, too. It's not the people or the righteous living, it's just doctrinal matters. Not even doctrinal. I mean, just the pretense of gold plates and brass plates and all the rest, Urum and Thumum.

MH: How old are you now?

WH: I am just about—well, let's call it eighty-five, and eighty-six in April.

MH: At the age of almost eighty-six, can you say whether your experiences, seeing what you saw in the war, are still impacting your life?

WH: They definitely are, and sort of kept alive as I have mentioned. I receive inquiries even now. Well, mainly from grandchildren. It'd be great-grandchildren now. But then, well, they're just experiences that are so prominent in your life, have a larger effect than almost anything else.

MH: Do you have nightmares as a result of what you saw in the camps?

WH: No, I don't think I've particularly been bothered that way. Maybe at first. Who can sleep anyway when you're in combat, not right at the front but near the front. And mainly, as I said, as an anti-tank company, we were always right up there. I could mention this, that every young LDS person is expected to serve a mission. When I returned home, my bishop, a wonderful old Dutchman that I loved—Demick was the

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<sup>2</sup> <http://www.nuspel.org>.

name—said, “Well, I suppose you want to go back and preach to those people, the former enemy.” Actually, that was a great idea, but since my childhood, I wanted to be a missionary. You don’t know about the Book of Mormon, perhaps, but I wanted to be a missionary to the Lamanites, meaning the American Indians, Ammon in the Book of Mormon. So, off I went to Argentina, where they have a few reservations like in the U.S., and the remainder are mainly Spanish and Italian descent. Best pizza in the world down there, better than in Italy. Anyway, so yes, I wanted to go back, and I eventually was able to with a scholarship to the University of Vienna: a high point of my life.

MH: What was it like living there? The German accent is so pronounced that if you spent a couple years with that accent being your enemy, how do you live among them and be comfortable?

WH: You mean the Viennese?

MH: Viennese, German.

WH: Yeah, well, the Viennese are the most relaxed of all Germanic people, I guess. It was really a pleasure. I was just today, in fact, listening to *Che gelida manina* from *La Boheme* and Puccini. Oh, Vienna was just marvelous, going to the opera for a dollar—

MH: That’s nice.

WH: —as a student. But the Viennese, of course, they were forced into the war, right? That was the story always, and to a large extent, they were.

MH: I tend to put that in the same category as the people who said, “We didn’t know, *nicht Nazi*.”

WH: That’s right, that’s true.

MH: Let me ask you, what did you do at Dachau?

WH: Well, by the time I arrived there, the place had been sanitized quite a bit. But just the sight of the ovens there—I had the impression that it was one big oven, but actually it

was a number of smaller ovens that they just—oh, I’m looking at our oven here in the kitchen. Not too much bigger: just large enough to shove a body into.

MHL Right, I’ve seen the photos.

WH: And, as I say, it had been sanitized by the time we got there, but not totally.

MH: Were they still burying bodies, or had that been done already?

WH: Well, let’s see. When we got there, I think all of that kind of activity had ceased. But just the sight of the empty ovens was bad enough.

MH: What about the survivors? Were they still there being treated?

WH: Yes, some of them were. Our medics, boy, I felt for them, the jobs that they had to do. With our wounded and then with these victims, they were kept very busy.

MH: I’ve interviewed nurses at one of the evac hospitals sent to Dachau, some of the female nurses, and they talked about what it was like in the early days, how many people were dying every day.

WH: Yeah.

MH: When did you get to Dachau?

WH: Let me think, now. I was assistant truck driver—or, pardon me, the term is “weapons carrier”—and I made several trips with Joe (inaudible), my great Croatian friend. I mention in my write-up that he was able to converse with the Russians because Croatian is a Slavic language. It was great being with Joe, and I mention how he took some prisoners all the way to Sarrebourg, into France, where they were eventually repatriated to their sorrow. Stalin thought they should’ve fought to the death, never surrendered, so I understand they went to Siberia. So, let me try to put this together. That seemed like it was after Joe and I went to Sarrebourg, and then we had to find our regiment, our company after that, because they’d moved in the meantime. Or maybe I’m confusing that with when I got an opportunity to visit my brother Donald in England and came back and they’d moved. But I’m trying to piece this together.

MH: If you had to pick one memory of the Holocaust from your own experience, what memory is that?

WH: Just the ghastly sight. We couldn't believe our eyes what we were seeing, and also the horrible stench as well. I should have nightmares still over that, it's so horrible. The pictures alone make you shudder, and the real thing, oh! I suppose you've seen the pictures.

MH: I've seen hundreds of pictures.

WH: The ones in our division?

MH: Yeah, and you almost have to guard against becoming accustomed to them that they don't have an impact. I've interviewed about 160 men who saw various camps, and after the twentieth person talks about "bodies stacked like cordwood," the phrase begins to have no meaning. I've had to force myself to back up and say, "This was a twenty-year-old kid seeing this for the first time." And I've got to keep seeing it that way. And it's difficult to do, because if the unbelievable becomes so common, it's difficult to deal with. Do you have a photo of yourself from your World War II days?

WH: I think the only photo I have is with my brother Donald when I went to England. Right after the war, the notice on the bulletin board said, "If you have relatives in the ETO, European Theater, apply to visit them," which I did immediately, and I was soon on my way to England. So, I do have that one photo with Donald, my younger brother.

MH: But it's over there?

WH: That's right, in England.

MH: And you don't have a copy of it?

WH: Of course. We weren't allowed to have cameras, so there were no photos.

MH: Okay, what about a current picture of yourself?

WH: Um, Meryl, do I have a relatively current picture of myself? Not too current. Oh yeah, I'm looking at a photo here. I look quite young there. (laughs) Maybe I ought to have a current picture taken.

MH: Um, at some point, if you could send me a current picture—and I'm in no rush for it because I'm still—my deadline to finish the manuscript isn't until May 1. So, I've got time. Do you have e-mail?

WH: Yes, I do.

MH: What's your e-mail address?

WH: ...

MH: I'll send you my address and the information about the book that I'm writing, and if you are able to get a picture taken that I can use in the book, I'd appreciate it. I'll also attach a release form to it that lets me have permission to use it.

WH: Okay.

MH: All right.

WH: Now, I appreciate your doing this, not for myself but for the whole idea of have a record of this, making it known.

MH: Well it was important to talk to, you know, you guys because you guys are disappearing day by day.

WH: Yes, we are. (laughs). I'm young and vigorous in heart. I have projects going all the time. The latest one is a totem pole interrupted by the snow. I'm a great fan of mountain west sports, so this totem pole has all the mascots. Naturally, since I was a professor at BYU [Brigham Young University], there's a cougar at the top. Also studied and taught at the (inaudible) on the other side.

MH: That's the one thing I didn't ask you, what did you teach?

WH: I'm a professor of foreign languages. I started out in chemistry, following in my eldest brother's footsteps. He's a renowned chemist, the first to synthesize—to make real diamonds in his laboratory. H. Tracy Hall is his name. And so I was going to be an alchemist like Tracy. In fact, through my junior year, and then having served a mission in Argentina for three years, I thought, "Oh, chemistry's great, but I just love these people and their culture," so Spanish it was for me, ever after. Other languages, too.

MH: How many languages do you speak?

WH: Well, I speak Spanish well and German quite well, but the other languages, I just love French but I haven't been able to spend much time in France. I handle German and Spanish quite well, speaking, understanding, reading, writing. But French, Italian, and Portuguese, I read them all the time; in fact, I make a habit of reading the Bible in a different language every week, so this week I've been on Italian. Next week, it'll be German or Portuguese.

MH: So you could say you're reasonably—

WH: I keep on them in reading, not so much writing anymore except in Spanish.

MH: But you're fluent in six languages?

WH: Well, I say six, with pig Latin. (laughs)

MH: (laughs) That's the sort of thing I'm likely to include in the book.

WH: Well, let's see—oh, I just wish I knew more languages. They're so fascinating, and the culture, so that's my big thing, actually.

MH: Did you teach in Utah your whole life?

WH: No, I actually started out at Northland College in Wisconsin, Ashland, Wisconsin. How I love Wisconsin. Well, you could say I started in Michigan as a teaching assistant, but my first job non-teaching assistant was Northland College in Ashland, Wisconsin.

MH: Where is Ashland?

WH: It's right on Lake Superior.

MH: Oh, okay. The woman who types my transcripts and who will be typing this lives in Door County.

WH: Yeah, I love Michigan and Wisconsin, our years spent there. And then from Northland, well, I got a job there, because they wanted someone who could teach Spanish and German, which fit perfectly with me. So I stayed there for two years, and then decided I better finish up my Ph.D. If I'd only known—they didn't even make it known to me at the time. The University of Michigan would've accepted my master's thesis as my dissertation. So, years later—it was years later before I got my Ph.D., because I had all the requirements except the dissertation. I had to get busy supporting my family and couldn't finish it up.

MH: Where'd you finally get your Ph.D. from?

WH: It was, believe it or not, University la Americano, speaking Spanglish, Los Americanos Saltillo [Mexico]. A good friend of mine said, "Well, don't bother. Go down to Saltillo and get it." He's a good friend. I followed in his footsteps all my life, it seems. I used to say to him, "You going to heaven, Sid?"

MH: And you retired from Brigham Young?

WH: That's right.

MH: How many children do you have?

WH: We have six children—and little Alice died in infancy, so seven altogether. And, from a family of five boys, no sisters. So, when John was born, I said, "(inaudible). Here we go again," and after that, nothing but wonderful, beautiful daughters.

MH: Okay, all right. Well, I think you very, very much for your time.

WH: Well, I appreciate your taking this interest.

MH: I will send you an e-mail, and if you can come up with a photo that'd be great.

WH: Okay, will do.

MH: Okay, take care. Happy New Year to you, too, sir.

WH: Same to you.

*End of interview*