

# The Hales Newsletter

Motto: United Force is Stronger



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Old Series                      May 1974                      Vol. 5. No. 1.

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The Hales Newsletter contains current events, historical sketches and genealogical information pertaining to the Hales family. It is published by Kenneth Glyn Hales, secretary of The Hales Genealogical Society from 1970 through 1981 and The Hales Family History Society since 1995.

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This is a reprint. The original was scanned and the text corrected for spellings, something that was very difficult in the original mimeograph process. There is also some minor editing. The Hales Manuscript pages being developed during the publication of the Old Series of The Hales Newsletter have been deleted because the content is now found in The Hales Chronicles, now in its second edition with the third edition planned for 2005.

The Hales Chronicles can be found on the Hales web-page at [www.hales.org](http://www.hales.org) and at The Family History Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Salt Lake City, Utah; The Library of Congress at Washington, D.C.; The Library of The Society of Genealogists at London, England; and the Centre for Kentish Studies at Maidstone, Kent, England.

The Hales Newsletter is provided to the above cited repositories and the Allen County Public Library at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The Allen County Public Library indexes our publication and provides articles through their Periodical Source Index (PERSI).

Reprints of the Old Series of The Hales Newsletters are available at a cost of \$3.00 each.

## EDITORIAL

This issue of our Hales Newsletter begins our fifth year. With it we are well into publishing Hales Manuscript pages. If you cannot find the family group you are looking for it is because I do not have their information. If you have a family group that I do not have please send it to me so I can include it in our Hales Manuscript.

The cost of the Hales Newsletter is \$5.00 per year. If you have sent a donation that is larger than that I will consider it to be a donation in addition to your Newsletter subscription to further the cause of the Society, unless you send me special instructions.

The secretary of the Hales Genealogical Society is Kenneth Glyn Hales, 1951 Chateau Court, Walnut Creek, California 94598. Please use this address for all correspondence.

## NEWS AND VIEWS

This section of our Hales Newsletter contains the “happenings” that I am made aware of between issues. Contributions of articles for this section are requested and welcomed. If you see an item of information concerning someone named Hales, please send me a copy so that it can be included in our Newsletter.

**Monte Kim Hales marries Iivonne Charlaine Ketchum.** April 5<sup>th</sup> was the date selected by Monte Kim Hales and Iivonne Charlaine Ketchum for their marriage which was performed in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Announcement of the marriage was made by Mrs. Frances Ketchum and Mr. and Mrs. Monte Frank Hales, parents of the newly created Hales family.

A reception honoring the couple was held at the home of the groom at 1453 Colony Drive in Salt Lake City, Utah.



**Iivonne and Kim Hales**

**Jesse Duane Card birth.** Duane and Nikki Hales Card announce the arrival of their new son on April 22, 1974 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Jesse Duane Card weighed in at 9 pounds 1 ounce. Congratulations on the new arrival and addition to your family.

**Hales Newsletter back-issues.** Several people have written and asked about back-issues of Hales Newsletters. Since the mailing list has been reduced I no longer print a lot of extra copies – just too expensive.

Back issues are available in either Xerox copies of the original or in editions that have been scanned from the original and edited for spellings and other minor corrections.

The cost of the back-issues is \$3.00 each postpaid. Please let me know the type of the back-issue you desire (original or scanned) and the volume and number of it.

Back-issues are also available on-line on our Hales web-site. To read these newsletters review the index first and then go to the newsletter desired. The web-page is located at:

[www.hales.org](http://www.hales.org)

## IN MEMORIAM

**James Robert Hales.** A former Idaho Falls man and Skyline High School graduate, James Robert Hales, 23, died at a Seattle hospital Wednesday, November 7, 1973, following a brief illness.

Mr. Hales was born at Havre, Montana in 1950 the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hales of Pasco, Washington. He attended Skyline High School in Idaho Falls and was a senior at Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah, at the time of his death.

A member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he had served a two-year mission in Brazil.

Survivors are his widow, the former Barbara Jo Gerard; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hales of Pasco; two sisters, Mrs. Rodemond (Kayleen) Cookson of Denver, Colorado; and Mrs. Marvin (Mary Ellen) Reid of Midvale, Utah.

Interment was in Sunset Hills Memorial Park, Bellevue, Washington.

**Katherine Beagley Irvine Hales.** Katherine Beagley Irvine Hales, 84, 225 South 4<sup>th</sup> East, Salt Lake City, Utah died November 15, 1973 at her home. Born December 19, 1888 at Milfork, Utah to John and Eliza Edghill Beagley. Married William S. Irvine November 28, 1910 in Salt Lake City. He died December 3, 1918. Married Alma C. Hales May 3, 1922 at Salt Lake City. He died December 9, 1960. Member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

She is survived by a brother; Wallace Beagley, Spanish Fork, Utah; a sister, Pearl Peterson, Salt Lake City; a niece, Mrs. Bernice H. Ballard, Salt Lake City; and other nieces and nephews. Burial was in the Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

**Mable Gray Hales.** Mrs. Mable Gray Hales, 72, died Wednesday December 5, 1973 at Norman Municipal Hospital, Norman, Oklahoma after a long illness. She was born in Wayne and came to Norman in 1934 from Tulsa. She was a member of the Methodist Church, the Eastern Star and American Legion auxiliary.

She is survived by three brothers: J. W. Gray, Norman; John Gray, Midland, Texas; Warren Gray, Odessa, Texas; and four sisters: Mrs. Bess Burke and Geneva Gray, both of Norman; and Mrs. Doris Cadwell and Elizabeth Gray, both of Tulsa. Burial was in Lexington Cemetery. Lexington.

**Chester Romane Flanders.** Chester Romane Flanders died April 24, 1973 at Portland, Oregon. Born August 27, 1905 at Portland, Oregon the son of Romane Cecil and Henrietta Mae Holmes Flanders. Married Mada Leone Hales on December 19, 1933 at Salt Lake City, Utah.

He is survived by his widow, Mada Leone, Portland; a son, Arlo Rex; and two daughters: Carolyn Elizabeth Woodard and Jeanne Louise Sutherland. Burial was in Portland, Oregon.

## PARISH REGISTERE EXTRACTS

### Ospringe, Kent, England, 1611-1690

(1640-1662 missing)

Bap: 23 Jan 1637 Elizabeth, daughter of George and Elizabeth

Hales

Bap: 25 Feb 1638 George, son of James and ?Lure Hayles

Mar: 20 Sep 1663 Edward Wimster and Joane Hales, widow

Bap: 10 Oct 1660 Thomas, son of Thomas and Katherine Hales

(born 20 Apr 67)

Bur: 3 Nov 1671 Margaret, daughter of Joane Hales

Bur: 7 Apr 1684 John Hales, householder

Bur: 9 Sep 1689 James Hales, bachelor

Preston-by-Faversham, Kent, England, 1595-1641

Mar: 2 Nov 1603 Edward Hales, gentleman and Benett ?French

Bap: 19 Feb 1605 Benett, daughter of Mr. Edward Hales and Benett his wife

Bap: 31 Jan 1606 Mary, daughter of Mr. Edward Hales and Benett his wife

Bap: 6 Jun 1609 Edward, son of Mr. Edward Hales and Benett his wife

Bap: 8 Jul 1610 Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Edward Hales and Benett his wife

Bap: 19 Jul 1612 Margaret, daughter of Mr. Edward Hales and Benett his wife

Mar: 25 Oct 1613 John Saywell of Otford and Elizabeth Hale of Faversham

Bur: 27 Mar 1614 John, son of Edward Hales, gentleman and Benett his wife

Bur: 8 Nov 1629 Elizabeth Hales of Mr. Edward Hales, gentleman

Buckland, Kent, England, 1579/80, 1586/87, 1589/90, 1592/93, 1596/37, years missing in between up to 1607, 1608-1666, 1667-1669 missing.

No Hales entries

Bethersden, Kent, England, 1609-1700, 1611/12 some entries illegible, 1627/23 missing.

No Hales entries

Deal, Kent, England, 1723-1751

Mar: 24 May 1736 John Willoughby and Elizabeth Hales

Mar: 27 Mar 1738 John Hales and Sarah Brimstone

Mar: 13 Sep 1745 John Broad and Sarah Hales

Tenterden, Kent, England, Bap: and Mar: 1620-1660

No Hales entries

Preston-by-Faversham, Kent, England, 1651-1700

Mar: 30 January 1660 William Hale and Mary Benty

Sittingbourne, Kent, England, Bap: 1716-1775,

Mar: 1716-1754, Bur: 1675-1775

No Hales entries

Farnborough, Kent, England, Bap: 1612-1623, 1661-1682, 1687-1751; Mar: 1612-1623, 1662-1682; Bur: 1612-1623, 1661-1678 (Other entries missing and following years to 1812 not fit – damaged by fire)

No Hales entries

Bobbing, Kent, England, 1695-1730

No Hales entries

St. Sepulchre, London, England, 1801-1875

Bap: 3 Nov 1806 Eleanor, daughter of Thomas Hale and Faith

(Born 1 Sep 1806)

Bap: 6 Nov 1808 Esther Spark, daughter of William Hale and

Frances (Born 17 Jun)

Bap: 19 Jul 1812 Henry, son of Charles Hale and Catherine

Bap: 5 Jun 1814 Mary Ann, daughter of William Hale and Mary

Bap: 6 Feb 1816 Mary Ann Moore, daughter of Hannah Hale

Bap: 11 Feb 1816 Henry, son of Thomas Hale and Hannah

Bap: 25 Dec 1817 Philip, son of Philip Hales and Frances

Bap: 1 Mar. 1819 Maria Jane, daughter of Abraham Hale and

Alice

Bap: 28 May 1819 Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Hales and Ann

Bap: 30 Jan 1820 Eliza Martha Legg, daughter of William Hale and Mary

Bap: 1 Jan 1822 William Frederick, son of Abraham Hale and

Alice

Bap: 8 Mar 1827 Sarah, daughter of Stephen Hale and Sarah

Bap: 16 Jun 1839 Robert James, son of Robert Hales and Caroline

(Born 23 May)

Bap: 19 Feb 1843 William Henry, son of Robert Hales and

Caroline (Born 23 Jan 1843)

Bap: 19 Jan 1845 Frederick William, son of Robert Hales and

Caroline (Born 23 Dec 1844)

Bap: 4 Jun 1845 Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Ford Hale and

Elizabeth (Born 13 May)

Bap: 12 Aug 1846 Ford Robert, son of Ford

Hale and Elizabeth  
(Born 17 Jul 1846)  
Bap: 15 Mar 1848 Sarah Annie, daughter of  
Ford Hale and  
Elizabeth (Born 17 Feb 1848)  
Bap: 7 Mar 1847 Caroline Louisa, daughter of  
Robert Hales and  
Caroline (Born 9 Feb 1847)

St. Andrew, Holborn, London, England, Bap:  
1618-1637  
Bap: 23 Mar 1631 Patience, daughter of John  
Lansdon and Sara  
Hayle

St. Michael, Wood Street, London, England  
Bap: 1559-1662  
No Hales entries

St. Benet Fink, London, England, Bap:  
1533-1812  
Bap: 30 Apr 1540 Richard, son of Thomas Hale  
Bap: 21 Jul 1611 Sarah, daughter of Thomas  
Hayles  
Bap: 10 Jul 1615 Thomas, son of Thomas  
Hailes  
Bap: 10 Jul 1615 Nicholas, son of Thomas  
Hailes  
Bap: 10 Jul 1615 Elizabeth, daughter of  
Thomas Hailes  
Bap: 13 Jul 1617 Anne, daughter of Thomas  
Hailes  
Bap: 17 Mar 1724 Mary, daughter of Phillip  
Hailes and Rebecah  
Bap: 6 Oct 1726 Phillip, son of Phillip Haile  
and Rebekah  
Bap: 10 Feb 1792 ... of Stephen Hale and Ann

St. Bartholomew The Great, London, England,  
Bap: 1616-1681, 1736-1875  
Bap: 23 Sep 1655 John, son of Richard Hayles  
and Margaret  
Bap: 22 Mar 1656 Jane, daughter of Richard  
Hayles and Lucey  
Bap: 19 Sep 1657 James, son of Richard Hayles  
Bap: 13 Jul 1658 James, son of Edward Hayles  
and Elizabeth  
Bap: 27 Jan 1660 James, son of Waltar Hale  
and Sisley  
Bap: 27 Jan 1660 Charles, son of Waltar Hale  
and Sisley  
Bap: 27 Feb 1660 Thomas, son of John Hailes  
and Kathorin  
Bap: 11 Aug 1661 Richard, son of Richard Hale  
Bap: 20 Jun 1671 Thomas, son of John Hale  
Bap: 5 Apr 1749 John, son of John Hales and

Jane  
Bap: 9 Nov 1750 Jane, daughter of John Hales  
and Jane  
Bap: 5 Jun 1752 Ann, daughter of John Hales  
and Jane  
Bap: 15 Jan 1832 Elizabeth Charlotte,  
daughter of William James  
Hayell and Mary Ann

St. Bartholomew Exchange, London, England,  
Bap: 1558-1840  
Bap: 11 Mar 1567 Phebee, daughter of John  
Hale  
Bap: 25 Jan 1704 Mary, daughter of William  
Halles and Mary  
Bap: 21 Dec 1705 Stephen, son of William  
Hailes and Mary  
Bap: 18 Jan 1706 Mary, daughter of William  
Hailes and Mary  
Bap: 8 Jan 1707 Katherine, daughter of  
William Hailes and Mary  
Bap: 16 Jul 1709 William, son of William  
Hailes and Mary  
Bap: 17 Aug 1711 Anngemiah, daughter of  
William Hailes and  
Mary  
Bap: 5 Jan 1712 Sarah Margarita, daughter of  
William Hales and  
Mary

St. Andrew by the wardrobe, London, England,  
Bap: 1556-1875  
Bap: 3 Jan 1612 John, son of John Hales  
Bap: 1 Oct 1615 George, son of John Hale  
Bap: 21 Dec 1636 Susana, daughter of Thomas  
Hayle  
Bap: 14 Jul 1639 Elizabeth, daughter of  
Thomas Haile  
Bap: 30 Dec 1662 Susana, daughter of Robert  
Haile  
Bap: 13 Dec 1663 Grace, daughter of Robert  
Haile and Mary  
Bap: 27 Aug 1665 Robert, son of Robert Hailes  
and Mary  
Bap: 12 Jan 1672 Anne, daughter of Hugh  
Hales and Katherine  
Bap: 1 Dec 1676 Mary, daughter of Hugh Hales  
and Caterine  
Bap: 19 Mar 1692 Susana, daughter of Thomas  
Hailes and Jane  
Bap: 11 May 1692 Thomas, son of Thomas  
Hales and Jane  
Bap: 20 Jan 1694 William, son of John Hale  
and Elizabeth  
Bap: 25 Mar 1694 Mary, daughter of Thomas  
Hailes and Jane

Bap: 1 Aug 1790 Mark, son of Luke Hale and Sarah  
Bap: 11 May 1793 Sally, daughter of Luke Hale and Sarah  
Bap: 5 Apr 1795 Mattew, son of Luke Hale and Sarah  
Bap: 23 Dec 1798 John, son of Luke Hale and Sarah

## RESEARCH NOTES

In the Haile Family, by Whitley, page 5, we find: "William Brown came from England or Scotland about 1632.. His, son , or grandson, William, lived in Prince William County, Virginia and married a Miss Hales, daughter of John Hales."

The will of John Hales, dated 1727, Westmoreland County, Virginia, devises land in Stafford County, Virginia, to his grandson, William Brown, and to his, son, George Hales, and a daughter, Mary King, (Genealogy of the Brown Family, Prince William County, Virginia by James Edgar Brown, p. 18 – see also p. 54).

John Hailes was one of the legatees mentioned in will of Thomas Pollock, Bertie County, NC, 1792.

Halifax County, NC, 1797. Aris Hail mentions in his will wife Sarah and daughter Nancy. 9.14.

P. 5, Crozier's Virginia Colonial Militia: John Hailes, in Brunswick County, 1758, as pvt. p. 70; Militia of Surrey County, 1687, shows Nathaniel Hales, p. 102.

Greer's Immigrants to Virginia: Nathan Hales to Virginia 1653; Nathan Hales was living in Surry County, Virginia, 1687. (Wm. & Mary 25 :10.). John Hales living in Henrico, 1753; witness to will of John Cocke (Wm. & Mary

25:10).

American Heraldica, by Vermont, p. 82. Robert Hales, who belonged to the Hales of Tunstall, County, Kent, England, reached Massachusetts in 1632 and settled at Charlestown. His descendants dropped the final "s," which he himself did not constantly use. That mis-spelling brought some confusion in the researches concerning English ancestry of this family, which was often and wrongly accepted as descending from Thomas Hale (not Hales) who emigrated from Hertfordshire, England, and settled at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1635.

Will of William Thompson, Westmoreland County wills 45, 29 January 1785. 28 June 1785. Wife Ann; Children: Betsy, Richard, Lovell and Maria; son William; mother-in-law Margaret Thompson; daughter Margaret, land of her grandfather Hales.

Northumberland County, Virginia, 1658: To Thos. Hales and Thos. Sheppard, 300 acres.

Certificates and Rights, Accomac County, Virginia. p.21: Certificate is David Williamson for 3,000 acres of land due p. rights, underwritten, viz: William Hales, John Arris, John Hales (others) Feb. 16, 1665-6. p. 115.

Tax lists, Buckingham County, 1794. Peter Hales 200 acres, 4 slaves, 5 horses. Buckingham County, 1792. Richard Hales 1600 acres. Buckingham County, 1704-5. Samuel Hales 1600 acres.

Miss Courtney Hales, of Sheppard's Virginia, says in a letter to the compiler of the Ayres family history in 1923: "My grandma's name was Mary Hales Ayers. ... The first Stephen Hales was sent over to be Governor of South Carolina in Colonial days. ... Two sons: one settling in North Carolina, the other in Virginia, I am descended from the Virginia one. My grandfather was Dr. Peter Hales. He had two sons, both M.D.'s – Robert and Sam. Robert settled in Buckingham County. He was my father. Sam went to Halifax County, N.C."

From Maben Jones, Columbia, S.C., come the following notes given below concerning Dr. Samuel Hales: "Dr. Samuel Hales married first Miss Watson, or Watkins, of Prince Edward. Issue: a son who died and a daughter who married Coley Hamlett of near Hampden Sydney. Dr. Sam Hales married second Bettie (Edmonds) Jennings, widow of his uncle, Dr. Robert Jennings, of Halifax. She was the daughter of Henry Edmonds of Halifax and a sister to John R. Edmonds. By this marriage he had three children: Dr. Peter Hales, Sue Hales and Dr. Barksdale Hales."

Family tradition of the Ayres branch of the Hales family is that the Hales are descended from Pocohontas. (Note: This has proven to be incorrect).

Mr. W. D. Ayres, of Estey, Green Brier County, West Virginia, (since deceased) said in a letter dated July 25, 1919: "I am a son of Olive Salle Ayres, a son of John, and who always said he was named Olive for his grandmother, Olive Perry, so that Olive Perry must have been the wife of the Pioneer Matthias." The "history" from Dr. Robert Ayres says the wife of Matthias Ayres was Susan. The mother of his children was certainly a Hales, judging from the way the name Hales has been handed down in every branch of the family, but his wife's name in 1746 was Elizabeth.

The name Hales appears in all branches of the Ayres descendants.

The records of Buckingham county were destroyed when the court house was burned in 1869. This court house was designed by Jefferson, and modeled after a Greek temple. In "Old Virginia Clerks" p. 114, we read that it was built in 1825, and the writer says: "This building, with all the records, was destroyed by fire about midnight, the 26 of February, 1869, and the life-work of Colonel Bell, Rolfe Eldridge, Sr. and Rolfe Eldridge, Jr., passed away. There was not a paper left to bear witness to their skill and fidelity for 100 years."

Miss A. Mae Ayres, descendant of Peter Leake Ayres, son of Nathan, son of Matthias, stated that she got her information from letters which her father, Thomas Burge Ayres received from his brother, Dr. Robert Hales Ayres, of Eldridge Mills, Virginia. In a letter dated 1878, he said: "I called last week upon Patsy, daughter of Mathias, who was a brother of our grandfather," (note by Miss Ayres: "He refers to the Matthias who was a brother of Nathan and a son of Matthias first.") "She is 93 years old. Also upon Cousin Jack, son of Rev. John Ayres, and a brother of Nathan." (He refers to Colonel John B. Ayres, brother of Nathan W. Ayres.) "They gave me much of these facts. Matthias and Susan (Hales) Ayres came from

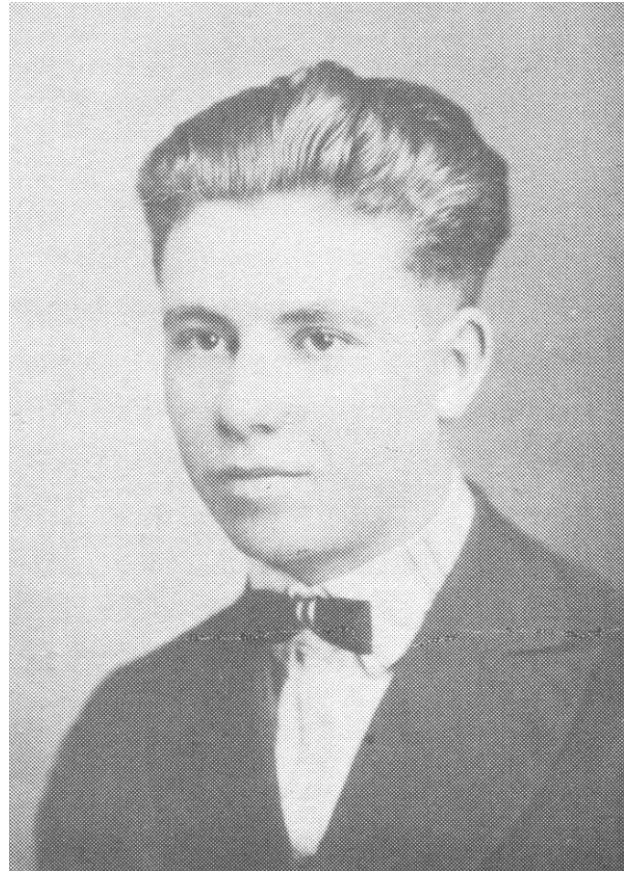
London, England, formerly from France, French Huguenots, he was a baker by trade. Brought a patent from the King entitling him to 4,000 acres of land in Virginia. Their children were Samuel, Ned, Matthias, John and Nathan.”

Will of Edward Maxey, Jr., Goochland County, Virginia 1740, wife Susannah Hales. Her will was probated in Goochland County, Virginia in 1743.

Samuel Dale Hales of 5622 Tahoe Lane, Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66205 says in a letter to the Hales Genealogical Society dated March 2, 1974: “I believe that Thomas Hales, born about 1604 in ... England, who was in the employ of Captain William Claiborne on Kent Island, Chesapeake Bay, as of November 10, 1631, and who had along a wife and a baby son named John, was the first Hales in America.” He would like to know if any information is available concerning this Captain William Claiborne such as: What he did in England before he joined the Virginia Company; Where he lived in England; When and how he arrived in Virginia; Who came to Virginia with him; How; when; whether he employed in and brought from England the persons who worked for him on Kent Island 1631-1635/6, or recruited them in Virginia. Captain Claiborne was clearly a man of some consequence and importance, from what is found on him in American history. If you have any information on this subject please send it on to Sam. I have nothing in my files concerning Captain Claiborne. Sam is working on a sketch of the Thomas Hales mentioned above and has promised a copy of his work to us.

## **FRANK AND EUGENIE PETTERSSON HALES**

*Written by Kenneth Glyn Hales, second son and third of seven children. Information gathered from relatives, personal knowledge and family group sheets in my possession. For a more complete version of this story, refer to my book “Windows – a Mormon Family.”*



**Frank Hales**

My father, Frank Hales, was born in the now extinct town of Winter Quarters, which was located approximately one mile west of Scofield in Carbon County, Utah. Winter Quarters was town where everybody's problems were everyone's concern; the town being so small that life was the same routine in everyone's home. The homespun entertainment





**The Hales Family in 1904  
Leona, Edgar, Bertha  
Vera, Afton, John Leland**

associated with the families and towns of this period is the one to visualize when on March 22, 1905 Frank Hales was born the third son and ninth child of Charles Harmon and Eva May Burgess Hales.

The calendar said it was spring, but the winters lingered long in the high mountain valley where Winter Quarters was located. Utah had been a state for nine years and only fifty-eight years had passed since the first pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley to make it their home. This new land had many challenges and hidden treasures. Soon settlers left the Salt Lake Valley and were pasturing their cattle in Pleasant Valley. Then in 1875 a Welch coal miner from Fairview led a small group over

the mountain to look for coal in the canyons of Pleasant Valley. Near Scofield they discovered what they were seeking. The severe winter that followed almost claimed the fourteen coal miners who camped there and named the camp Winter Quarters for their ordeal. Thirty years later the mountain flowers signaled the arrival of spring and Winter Quarters, now a thriving mining camp, welcomed the arrival of a new baby boy.

Aunt Vera said, "Frank was the ninth child of my dad's family, Charles and Eva Hales. He was born in a little log house, it was a four room log house that my father built. It was just across the road from where the doctor lived, and the hospital. When he was born there was a little old lady that lived down in Scofield that used to walk up every morning from Scofield to Winter Quarters to take care of Frank. Oh, I thought that he was a pretty baby; and she said, 'I'll let you take him if you don't fall him down.' And so I held him in a little chair by the side of the stove while she was taking care of mother."

Dad was born with red hair and his eyes were brown. The color of his eyes coming from his mother. His hair darkened when he was in his thirties so I remember him mostly with dark, almost black hair. He grew to be 5' 11" in stature. I recall him telling of being 145 pounds when he married mom although I remember him closer to 200 pounds, stout and powerful.

"I guess that he was named for my Uncle Frank -- Frank Nickerson," said Aunt Vera. "Frank Nickerson was Grandma Burgess's brother-in-law, and he married my Aunt Hat (Harriet Heath). I think that's where he got his name because my dad sure did like Frank Nickerson. He worked with him an awful lot when they were younger. He liked him real well." Frank Hales was named in the Pleasant Valley Ward at Winter Quarters on June 4, 1905 by John L. Perry.

The Hales family left Winter Quarters in

March of 1913 and moved to Storrs, Carbon County, Utah. "They named the town Storrs after George Storrs, the superintendent of the mine (it was Spring Canyon)," said Aunt Vera. "Sebring Golding was the principal of the school and he gave mother and dad one big certificate for us kids so when we went to Storrs to school we would be prepared. They had no school house there, but they had a big bowery up on the hill. They didn't even have a ward. We used to meet in a man's house, Brother Bennett's, for Sunday School and that's all we had. We didn't even have a church or anything.

Finally there was a big celebration. Jesse Knight, who was owner of the Storrs mine, Joseph F. Smith, the President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and several of the apostles came to Storrs. They met in the bowery. They organized the Storrs Ward and put in Orval Adams as the bishop. Aunt Vera said, "It was the funniest thing, he was so tall and skinny, and all the bishops I'd had before were fat. I said to mother, 'I don't think he'll make a good bishop.' And she said, 'Why?' I said, 'He doesn't even look like a bishop.' I thought they had to be fat. But he turned out to be a real good bishop."

When the Hales family moved to Storrs there were only six houses there and they had to live in tents. Aunt Vera said, "They were boarded up nice, just like houses, and they had a little canvas fly that was over the top of the tent so when it rained it helped protect it, the same way with the snow."

Later twenty-six new homes were built. They were made of quarried out rock and were four rooms. Small families were put two families for each house, two rooms for each family with a shared bathroom. The Hales family was large enough to qualify for the whole house. This good housing didn't last too long, however, because following some trouble at the mine the family moved to Standardville, and it

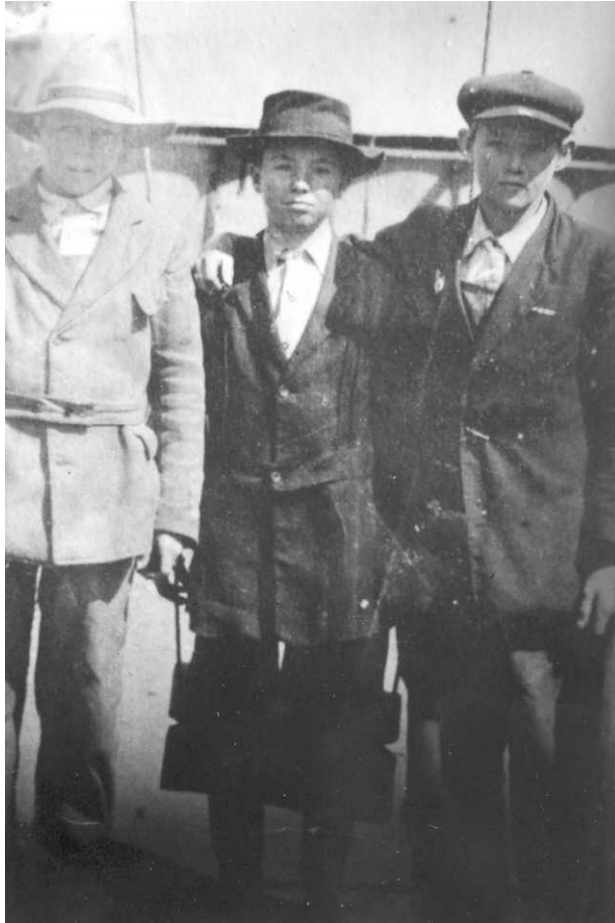
was back to living in tents again.

Standardville was located about a half mile up the canyon from Storrs, and was still in the Storrs Ward. The Hales family lived in this area at least until 1918 as traces of them can still be found in the Storrs Ward records. Ray and Roy Cowlshaw, twin sons of Reuben Ray and Bertha Hales Cowlshaw, were born on June 13, 1913 and blessed in the Storrs Ward on August 18, 1913. Fern and Ferron Hales were baptized by Newton Thorn and confirmed members of the church by Frank T. Bennett on September 9, 1917. Frank Hales was baptized and confirmed a member of the church while living in the jurisdiction of the Storrs Ward on March 8, 1914 by Abraham B. Leichty.

Again from Aunt Vera, "After we had lived in Standardville for a while, dad got sick. He took smallpox and, oh, he was so sick. The smallpox even came through the fingernails. Right on top of that, he just got better from that when that big flu epidemic went through the country taking all those lives and people and everything, and dad got the flu. He was run down and so then the doctor ordered him out of there and told him he better go to a climate where he could build up or he would die. So we went out to the Uintah Basin."

The Hales family stayed in the Uintah Basin for around six or seven years. Frank finished his schooling there. So did his brother, Ferron, and sister, Fern. Bert Hales Cowlshaw was raised there by his grandparents too; his mother, Bertha, had died April 23, 1916 at Storrs. Vera was off to Canada to help her sister, Leona, when one of the Conrad children was born so the Hales family was shrinking in size.

When Aunt Vera came back from Canada, after being away for two years, she said, "When I came back we got off the bus in Roosevelt Frank met us, and I didn't know him. He had grown up. He was a little kid when I left and in that two years time he was six feet. Oh, he was



**Frank Hales (about 1917)  
between two friends**

so long and tall and honestly I couldn't believe it was Frank, because Frank was kind of chubby when he was a kid."

Frank Hales was ordained to the various offices in the Aaronic Priesthood while the Hales family lived at Neola in the Uintah Basin. He was ordained a deacon on April 19, 1920 by John A. Olsen, a teacher on August 21, 1922 by Hugh Barnes, and a priest on October 5, 1924 by John A. Olsen. His brother, Ferron, was ordained a teacher there on August 31, 1924 by Hugh Barnes, and his cousin, Bert Hales Cowlshaw, was baptized there on August 2, 1924 by Lavel Horrock.

After living in the Uintah Basin for several

years, the Hales family moved back to Storrs. Grandma Hales was a good friend of Ellen Pettersson and back in Storrs this friendship was rekindled. Ellen and Nicholas Pettersson came down from Winter Quarters to Storrs to visit the Hales family. It was followed by a trip to Winter Quarters for a visit with the Pettersson family. It was the trip to Winter Quarters that started the romance between my father and my mother.

My mother was born on November 10, 1909 in Salt Lake City, Utah the second daughter of Nicholas Peter and Emma Jane Preston Pettersson. The Pettersson family had left Sunderland, Durham, England and arrived in Salt Lake City on October 17, 1907. Mom's sister, Emma Jane, was born at Sunderland on September 6, 1906.

Finding a job proved difficult so Grandpa Pettersson traveled with his family and took his first job as a railroad car clerk at Lynndyl, Millard County, Utah. He later returned to Salt Lake City where mom was born. Then he moved his family to Winter Quarters where he was mine clerk.

Eugenie Pettersson was named for her grand mother, Eugenie Marrington Pettersson, who was living at Salt Lake City then with her husband, Olof Niclas Pettersson. Her grandparents later moved to New York. Mom never really knew her mother who died shortly after the birth of Olof Nicholas Peter Pettersson on February 1, 1911 at Winter Quarters. Emma Jane Preston Pettersson died March 23, 1911 at Winter Quarters and was buried at Scofield three days later. Mom was known by the nickname "Genie" by her close friends.

Aunt Emma said, "I was just a little girl in Winter Quarters when momma and poppa got married. They came down here (Salt Lake City) to get married and they let me stay with Grandma and Grandpa Pettersson. When it was time for them to come home Grandma

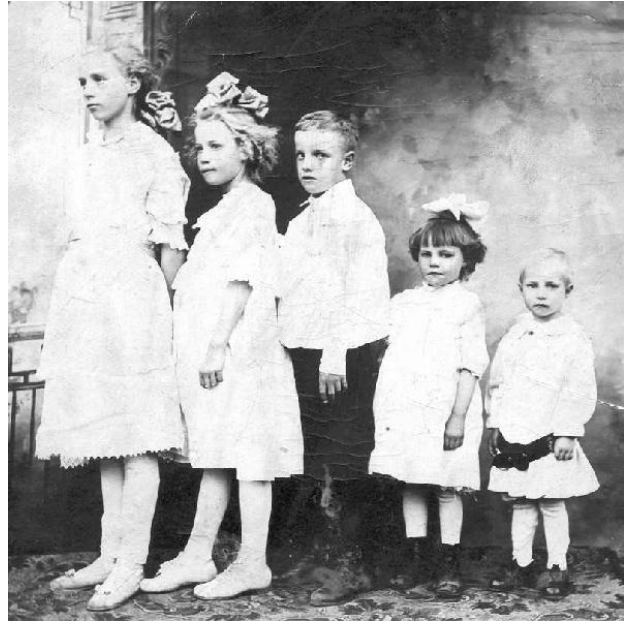
Pettersson took us in the bedroom and she told Genie and I that we were going to have a new momma, and we were to call her momma, and if we would be good to her she would be good to us -- and she was." (Nicholas Pettersson married Ellen Lydia Livsey on June 25, 1913).

"When momma and poppa got married we lived in a little three room house up by the tipple. Grandma Livsey came to live with us -- and Richard Dixon. It was grandma and Richard in one room and momma and poppa had a room and then there was a kitchen. It seems like Genie and I slept in this one room off the kitchen in a fold-up bed."

Richard Dixon's father had been killed in the big mine disaster at Winter Quarters in 1900. Even though Richard was in his teens he was a natural grandchild of Grandma Livsey and this caused some problems in the home until they were resolved. If anything the two Pettersson girls and their brother grew closer together because of it.

Soon other children joined the Pettersson home. The night that Vesta was born Emma and Genie stayed at the home of Mrs. Ella Nielson and the next morning she told them that they had a new sister. "But we couldn't go see her because she was too little. They put Vesta in cotton batting and put her in the oven to keep her warm. She was only a little over two pounds. The first time we went to see her she looked like a tiny doll. We had to stay at Mrs. Nielson's for a few days because momma was so bad and Vesta was so tiny that they couldn't let us in the house," said Aunt Emma. Later, Thomas Livsey, Charles Emmanuel, and Ellen Lorraine were also added to the Pettersson family at Winter Quarters.

Earlier, for a short time, the Pettersson family moved to Magna, Utah where Nicholas Pettersson got a job at the Arthur Mills. His brother, Matthew, lived there and it was nice to have some association with him and his family.



**The Pettersson family (about 1918)  
Emma, Eugenie, Nicholas, Vesta,  
Thomas**

Moving was a problem in those days and to move the hundred or so miles from Winter Quarters over the mountains to Magna meant that they had to hire a boxcar. So they loaded all the furniture into a wagon and reloaded it into a boxcar for the move. They had only lived in Magna a short time when they received word that Grandpa Preston had died at Sunnyside so the family moved back to Winter Quarters. Nicholas became weighman at the mine.

After a short stay at the "Boarding House" where Grandma Livsey and Richard Dixon shared their apartment with them, the Pettersson family, Grandma Livsey and Richard, moved into a little house up on the hill. The house was bought by Grandma Livsey from a Mrs. Rose. Mrs. Rose's husband had been killed in the mine in an accident and she was moving to southern Utah.

"Poppa was one of the first men that took care of the Weather Bureau up there in Winter

Quarters. It was one of the first stations that was put in the state of Utah. Because of it being up in the mountains they put it up there so they could get the measurement of the water in the snow and everything," said Aunt Emma. "He still took care of this after he became Postmaster. He took care of it all the time he was up there, from the time it was put in till the time they closed Winter Quarters down. (He got the job because he had the knowledge of arithmetic, was able to self-teach himself the instructions and was able to carry them out). He did this because he liked to do it, there was no pay for this job."

It was during these times that Nicholas Pettersson became Postmaster. (He was Postmaster from 1919 to 1922 when he resigned). I'm sure that he was pleased with this position, but can you imagine his dismay when the Post Office was robbed in 1921? Today's newspapers would headline **"POST OFFICE ROBBED – BANDITS TAKE \$766."** That doesn't seem like too much money these days, but back then that was a lot of money. It was even more so for grandpa, because since he was Postmaster, he was required to account for all that money. He and his family scrimped, worked, and paid back every cent.

Emma, now almost sixteen, and Genie, now almost thirteen, were required to work in the Post Office for grandpa with their wages going back to grandpa. Emma went to work there first and Genie later. This was not their first experience with work, however. Again from Aunt Emma, "We had to start working at a very early age, seems like, your mother and I, we just kept busy all the time. 'Cause we had to do it. When Grandma Livsey became janitress of the church your mother and I cleaned that every Saturday. We scrubbed it on our hands and knees and cleaned the windows. We had it in just shining order. We would go up after poppa built the fire to keep everyone warm to re-dust



**Eugenie Pettersson (about 1926)**

the seats so that nobody would get dust on their clothes." Grandma Livsey had jobs taking care of the amusement hall and a large office and they helped clean those as well. "They had a

hugh tarp that they used to cover the floor with so that the benches and chairs that were in this amusement hall wouldn't mar the floor. Your mother would come and help me cover the floor when they had dances with that big tarp. It was a big-big job."

About this time the Hales family went to Winter Quarters for a visit. Grandpa Hales was looking for work and also it was a good time for a visit to the Pettersson's.

Aunt Emma said, "I recall when they came back I was just sweeping the yard and a whistling to beat the band and, believe me, I really had a good time whistling. And your Grandpa Hales looked at me and said, 'You know, a whistling woman and a crowing hen is neither good for God nor men.'"

Grandpa Hales took a job in the car barn, where they repaired mining cars. He was a carpenter by trade. He never really worked in the mines.

When the Pettersson girls saw Frank Hales, Genie fell in love with him. "So did Emma," said Aunt Vera. "And Genie said, 'Don't you try to take him, he's mine.'" Aunt Vera continued, "While I was working in Salt Lake mother used to write and tell me all about Frank. She said, 'He sure is in love with that girl, he sure does like that girl.' And so they were married a year after Alfred and I -- just a year after."

Again from Aunt Vera, "I met Alfred in Winter Quarters when I was twelve years old. Mother and dad had two cows, and they sold milk to Ellen and Nicholas. They also sold it to Sarah, Alfred's sister, and there were two or three others. Us kids had to deliver the milk and I remember having four buckets in this hand and four in this hand, holding the bales. We had eight quarts of milk we'd deliver every morning. Sometimes when the cows didn't give the milk, we'd take it in the evening. We went to Ellen's, and we went to Alfred's sister Sarah's, and that's when I met Alfred. When I first met him he had

a big white collar, and a big bow here, and big cuffs on his sleeves, and velvet trousers. He was the cutest thing. When he started school they got new overalls for him and things like that like the kids were wearing, but when I first saw him I thought that he was sure a cute little English boy."

Frank Hales and Eugenie Pettersson were married on December 21, 1927 in the Salt Lake City Temple of The Church of Jesus Christ of



**Frank Hales and Eugenie Pettersson**

Latter-day Saints. They traveled from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake on the train. I remember mom saying that she weighed ninety-six pounds even when she had all of her winter clothing on.

She was only 5' 1" tall. Dad later joked that they picked the twenty-first of December because, "That's the longest night of the year." Grandma Hales helped make mom's wedding dress.

Following their marriage, Frank and Eugenie Hales planned to make Winter Quarters their home. Eugenie had lived in Winter Quarters for most of her life. Frank experienced his boyhood days there and was now back as a newly married young man. Frank had a job working in the mines. Eugenie began to make a home for her and her husband.

The parents of Frank and Eugenie also lived in Winter Quarters. The close family associations could be maintained. The future looked bright for a life in the high mountain valleys with family and friends.

The Charles Harmon and Eva May Burgess Hales family had shrunk in size now. Most of the children had married leaving only Fern, Ferron and Bert Cowlshaw at home. The Pettersson family was also shrinking. Emma Pettersson had married John Malowe "Jack" Labbe and Eugenie Pettersson had married Frank Hales.

Following their marriage Frank and Eugenie Hales returned to Winter Quarters. They loved that high mountain valley with all its memories. They didn't stay there long, however, because in 1928 it was abandoned. For many years afterwards the buildings stood mute in that mountain valley: windows boarded shut, roof shingles slowly falling away and walls rotting into dust. The school no longer heard the sounds of children laughing and there was no need for a janitor to clean the springtime mud from the floors. Eventually the buildings collapsed or were torn down by scavengers and today only grass-covered foundations remain of what was Utah's first coal mining camp.

For a while Frank Hales worked in the mines in Carbon County – first at Winter Quarters, next at Kenilworth, and then at Clear Creek.

Frank's brothers, Edgar and John Leland, his brother-in-law Jack Labbe, and Clay Larsen (who would later become my father-in-law) also worked in the mines. But dad was a dreamer. One night he had a dream that he was down in the mine sitting by the side of a mine car eating his lunch with a friend. His friend said to him, "I'm not very hungry today Frank, do you want this orange?" He said, "Sure," but when he reached for the orange in his dream, the roof of the mine collapsed. The next day when he was down in the mine eating his lunch by the side of a mine car his friend said to him, "I'm not very hungry today Frank, do you want this orange?" He said, "Sure," and, remembering his dream, rolled up against the mine car as a large section of the roof fell and lodged half against the mine car and the ground. He was saved and never went back into he mine again. His friend was killed.

Monte Frank Hales was born while the Hales family lived in the Carbon County mining camps. He was born at Kenilworth on February 26, 1929. While young he played with his cousin, Jack Labbe. Jack as born just ten days earlier than Monte at Castle Gate, but by this time the Hales and Labbe families lived in Clear Creek. John Pettersson Labbe, or Jack as he was called, was the son of John Malowe "Jack" and Emma Jane Pettersson Labbe.

Later Jack Labbe was killed in a mine accident. He was so safety conscious and practiced safe working so diligently that Frank Hales remarked, "If Jack Labbe can be killed in a mine accident then it can happen to anyone." He had so much respect for Jack Labbe's capabilities that mines were now considered too dangerous. This strengthened his determination to never work in the mines again.

Before Elva was born, mom traveled to Salt Lake City to be nearer the larger hospitals with better medical care. Grandma and Grandpa Hales lived there on American Avenue and she

could stay with them. After Elva was born it was back to Clear Creek where she was blessed. The Hales family lived in Clear Creek for a few years after Elva arrived, but the desire to find a safer means of providing for the family needed to be satisfied. It was time for some changes to be made.

After the decision was made to change occupations, the Frank Hales family moved to Salt Lake City where they remained the rest of their lives. Frank's parents had moved to Salt Lake City previously so he could associate again with them, as well as his brother and sister, Ferron and Fern, and his nephew, Bert Hales Cowlshaw. The Frank Hales family moved in with his parents until they could find a place of their own. Charles and Eva Hales lived at 321 American Avenue which was located a block south of Ninth South Street between Second (300 West) and Third (400 West) Streets. This house was located within the boundaries of the Fifth Ward in the old Pioneer Stake of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The Fifth Ward was organized in 1853 and was now in the capable hands of Jesse M. Drury. Bishop Drury, the seventh bishop of the Fifth Ward, resided there during the depression years of the 1930's. These were trying times. The spring of 1932 found over half of the membership of the ward unemployed. Something had to be done in their behalf to provide employment and the necessities of life. A fourteen acre welfare garden project was undertaken, putting to work the unemployed of the ward. This garden proved to be very successful, not only furnishing employment, but bounteous crops were raised. With its well-cultivated rows of vegetables and sugar beets, it was one of the show places of the city.

In June of 1932, the Pioneer Stake, under the leadership of President Harold B. Lee, Paul Childs and Charles S. Hyde, organized a stake welfare plan and opened a bishop's storehouse,

appointing Bishop Drury as manager. The Fifth Ward garden became a part of the stake welfare plan and operated as a successful stake garden project for a number of years. In September of 1936 the Pioneer Stake Welfare Plan was incorporated into the general church welfare plan which was started on April 6, 1936.

The Pioneer Stake Welfare Plan was greatly blessed of the Lord, not only in supplying the needs of the people, but also meeting the recreational needs, which were taken care of through an interchange system of ward budget cards. Members of one ward were permitted to attend the amusements and dances in all other wards, as well as the privilege to enjoy the stake recreational projects and dances.

As everyone enjoyed the privilege of association with the other members of the stake and enjoying together the joy of living, the members were drawn close together. These were days of great spirituality. As the people were subjected to the ravages of the depression, they worked together for their common good and were thankful for what they had.

During these times money was scarce and it had value. I remember hearing dad say that ten dollars would buy more groceries than could be carried out of the store. But earning money was tough.

Frank Hales tried several occupations during his period. He was a driver for the Utah Transportation Company and a laborer before he became a carpenter like his father. He drove a tour bus and gave the canned routine when passing the Beehive house, "Here is the home of Brigham Young, nineteen wives, eighteen mother's-in-law, fifty children and two adopted – a full deck." The statistics in the quote are inaccurate, but that is how I remember it. However, even though he could joke about the church, he was a faithful member of it.

One of my earliest memories is of a father-and-son's outing sponsored by the



Pioneer Stake. I was too little to hike up the mountain with the bigger boys and dads, however, I noticed with amusement that even though Monte went up the mountain he rode down – on the shoulders of Harold B. Lee. Monte was not much bigger than I was, but he chose good company.

We lived for a short time in the house at 321 American Avenue with Grandma and Grandpa Hales. I arrived while living there. Soon, because the little house was so crowded, we moved into a small house at 856 Washington Street, a block to the north and a half block east.

Each summer during this period a photographer would bring his props around and take pictures of the kids. Sometimes he would have a pony for the kids to sit on while their picture was being taken and sometimes he would also have a wagon harnessed to a goat. While we lived on American Avenue in 1934 I had my picture taken on the pony. About the same time Elva had her picture taken while sitting in the goat-drawn wagon.

I have often thought that the best job one could have would be a photographer of children, because he parents always want the pictures to look exactly like their child. They want the camera to record every detail. On the other hand the worst job one could have would be a photographer of adults, because the subjects of the pictures always want the camera to lie a little. They want the pictures to show them in an enhanced manner, which is very difficult for the camera or the photographer to do. In this book the camera records what it sees.

While living on Washington Street in May of 1936, dad received a telephone call. When he came back from answering it mom asked him who called and he said, “Your father called and said that Vesta just had twins and they are so small they put them in the sewing machine drawers.” Mom didn't believe him.

Aunt Vesta said, “Max had gone to Salt Lake

thinking I was there and Frank and Genie brought him to Clear Creek on Memorial Day, which was the thirtieth of May then, four days after Verl and Earl were born.” The twins looked so much alike when they were young that it was very difficult to tell them apart.

Aunt Vesta had come a long way since she entered this life. She started out herself at just over two pounds, struggling for life and now she was married and the mother of twins. She eventually had eight children including six sons and two daughters.

The Curtis family lived at various places in the Carbon County area, usually in the countryside on a small farm. Each year when we made trips to visit with Grandma and Grandpa Pettersson we would always visit with Aunt Vesta and our cousins. This was a high point of our trip for us city people. We could see some farm animals close up, feed the new-born lambs with a bottle, and watch things grow.

The Hales family always tried to keep close to their other relatives in Carbon County. As often as possible, usually during the holidays, we would take the long trip by car to Clear Creek or Price to visit the Pettersson's. With those old cars and bad roads it was a major undertaking to make the visit. More often than not the car would overheat going over the mountain passes and usually one of the tires would give out. What was usually considered to be a four and a half hour trip to cover the hundred or so miles often ended up being an all night affair on the return trip with some kind of car trouble or other. But we enjoyed the trips.

Some of my earliest memories are of Clear Creek. Monte remembers walking with dad up the canyon to visit the old mine sites where dad used to work. I remember mostly the Fourth of July holidays. The Fourth of July was a special time in Clear Creek.

Grandpa and Grandma Pettersson lived just

across the street from the park which was in front of the general store. It was in this park that the festivities were held. There were races of all types including sack races, three-legged races, and dashes. The kids were grouped by age and ran in the races with the distances for the dashes proportional to their ages. None of the young kids ever crossed the finish line because when someone got close to it someone would run up to each of the kids, give them a nickel, and say, "You won!" I remember that I never really won any of the races because I could see other kids ahead of me, but I always took the nickel and was proud of myself.

Uncle Charles always seemed to have some firecrackers hidden in the house at Clear Creek for use during the holidays. Seems like he hid them in the same place each year. His cousin, Carl Pettersson from Magna, remembers that each time they went to Clear Creek he would get the firecrackers and use them himself. Then when Charles would try to find them he would always be disappointed. But the next year he would hide them in the same place and Carl would get them again.

Don Loel Hales arrived on April 14, 1935 while the Hales family lived on Washington Street. The little house we lived in was located behind the large house facing Washington Street and was now too small for the growing family. Daddy started to look for a new place for us to live. One of the requirements was that the new place had to be in the Fifth Ward. That was where the Charles and Eva Hales family as well as our family attended church. Grandma and Grandpa Hales now lived on Gale Street which ran from Ninth South Street and ended at American Avenue.

Monte started school when we lived on Washington Street. He went to the Grant School briefly and finished his elementary schooling at Jefferson school when we moved back to American Avenue.

While we lived on Washington Street the annual visit was made by the photographer with the pony. Now it was Monte's turn to have his picture taken on the same pony that I sat on a year or two earlier.

I know that mom was not too pleased when dad told her that he had bought the house back on American Avenue next to the tracks. The plaster on the walls on the house at 355 American Avenue were always cracked because of the vibrations made by the trains that ran by its side. When the trains came by the whole house would shake and it sounded like they were coming right through the house. The house was generally run down, but Dad had become a carpenter and said he would fix it up. Besides, these were the ears of the Great Depression, it was all they could afford, and the whole country was having hard times.

Right behind the house was a great big field which proved to be a great playground for us kids. Also we had a neighbor with a barn next door, and here were several large cottonwood trees with one of them suitable to hold a swing. A block away was junk yard complete with all its mysteries. All in all the family shared many happy times there in spite of the trains.

Elva remembers, "This picture is a little later than at first, because at first we had no lawn. You could drive cars right up to the front porch." The street was higher than the ground in front of the house, probably because it was built up to the level of the railroad tracks that crossed it. Anyway, people who came to visit did drive down the little hill into our yard and park by the front porch.

Again from Elva, "There was some sort of rail by the back door and pantry so every time I tried to go out, when we first moved there, I ended up in the pantry."

About the time of the move from Washington Street to American Avenue in 1937 the Hales family included four children, Monte

Frank, Elva Eugenie, Kenneth Glyn and Don Loel.

The back room was made of plain boards with no insulation or plaster. There was little wooden step that led from it to the kitchen.

All of the children slept in the back room. Mom and Dad's bedroom was in the front of the house. Mice and insects from the field were a constant source of irritation, but when children are young they are ignorant of their surroundings and only fond memories remain of this house.

After the move to 355 American Avenue, and when enough money was available, the projects started to improve our home. Dad got busy and lowered the ten-foot-high ceilings and put up three bedrooms in the attic space. He dug out a cellar by hand and installed a furnace with forced-air heating, remodeled the kitchen and was always improving our living conditions. He even built an inside lavatory complete with bath, wash basin and commode so that we could get rid of the outhouse. The most unique thing that he did was build a garage out of 50 MM ammunition boxes that he acquired somehow following the Second World War. He nailed them together as if they were large bricks and they worked out very well.

Dad was a quiet, even tempered man, slow to anger. I don't recall him ever using profanity of any sort. He was always willing to listen to a story to get all sides of it before he made any decision. And he had a good sense of humor.

Elva remembers, "Once Bert Cowlshaw called while he was in the process of building his home and asked daddy which side of the windows to put the putty, inside or outside. Daddy told him, "Put it on the inside so the birds won't peck it out." He hung the phone up smiling and let Bert put all he windows in backwards."

One time Monte pretended that he was ill following dinner and said that he was going upstairs to bed. Somehow that didn't ring true so

dad watched closely. Monte opened the upstairs window, climbed down the porch roof, jumped over to a cottonwood tree and took off. Being a carpenter, dad simply went upstairs and nailed the window shut. When we went to bed all of the doors in the house were locked except the front door. In the night when Dad heard the window start rattling, he got up and waited by the front door in the dark. When it opened he switched on the lights and there was Monte, shoes in his hands.

Frank Hales loved cake and said that there were only two kinds that were any good – "hot or cold." When we went to Grandma and Grandpa Hales' house he would go straight to the kitchen without saying a word, look in the cake tin, then come back and say, "We may as well go, they don't have any."

Because of his sense of humor mom didn't take things seriously. Elva says, "Once one Sunday morning I got in bed with mom. I felt their bed as really big. We had an earthquake and I said, 'Oh, momma, what is that?' Mom said, 'It's just our dad up on the roof.'" She never did believe that there was an earthquake.

Even though Frank Hales had a sense of humor, when it came to his family he made sure, to the best of his ability, that they were happy and content. Don had a Teddy bear when he was young, and he was never without it. As the years passed it started to show its age, but Don couldn't give it up. Mom and dad waited until he was asleep one night and put a new one in his arms in place of the old one. When he woke up the next morning he soon forgot the old tattered stuffed animal and was happy with the new one. Little things like this that mean so much to a young one are what makes a house a home. Dad and mom were always considerate of the feelings of their young family.

Our family was growing and it was about time for another child. However, the next

child, a girl that was born dead, was the source of an experience or Frank Hales that he often recalled. The night following her stillborn birth he said that he was wakened and saw the spirit of a young woman walking back and forth at the foot of his bed. He said that she looked just like mom, only younger. He was so puzzled by what he had seen that he went to see Bishop Drury about the meaning of this visitation. Bishop Drury told him that he felt that the little girl's body that dad and mom had prepared was unsuitable for the spirit that dad had seen to accept, and that they would have to prepare another one for it. After several years dad and mom did have two other daughters, perhaps one of them was the girl he visualized.

The next child was a boy. Irvin Que Hales arrived in 1938 on the twenty-third of April. Que always seemed to be the accident-prone one in our family. He always seemed to cause himself problems. Once he fell down while running in the field behind our house and a piece of wire went through his hand. It went in through his palm, around some bones and out the back. The doctor had to remove it. Another time he stepped where a fire had been and some live coals burned him through his tennis shoes so badly that he had to have some skin grafts. But he was also a curious boy with an inquisitive mind. He learned the art of taxidermy when he was in his teen years and took pride in his ability to mount a bird and memorialize it.

It was a privilege to have grandparents and other close relatives within walking distance from the little house on American Avenue and we enjoyed our visits with them. About a block away in a small triplex two Hales families were located. Charles Harmon and Eva May Hales and their daughter Fern lived in the north unit at 915 Gale Street. Uncle Ferron and Aunt Marguerite Hales lived in the middle unit at 917 Gale Street. Immediately to the north of this triplex was the two-story Hansen home where

Aunt Emma and Uncle Walt Jacques lived in an upstairs apartment for part of this time. Behind the Hansen home was a small duplex facing the south. In the west part of this duplex lived Tressie Jane Heath Burgess and her daughter Huldah Saphrona (Aunt Fronie) Peterson. These older duplex and triplex homes are unique in Utah dating back to the time when plural marriage was practiced. Now they were commonly rented out as apartments. For a while Aunt Vera and Uncle Alfred Quilter lived in the Hansen home in an apartment, but now they lived four blocks to the north on Sixth South Street, just west of Fourth West Street (now called Fifth West Street). Later the Charles and Eva Hales family moved to the east side of the duplex behind the Hansen home.

At about six years of age I would get into my small peddle-driven toy airplane, which had very short wings, a tail and a wind driven propeller, and peddle it over to Grandma and Grandpa Hales house. When I would get there Grandpa Hales would say, "Let me hear you whistle." They chuckled as I made the attempt, and felt real accomplishment with the small, quiet noise I made.

Later Grandpa Hales would play checkers with me. I don't know how many times he let me win, but I know now that he was trying to built up my confidence. He also taught me how to jump the pegs in a puzzle board he made, leaving only one peg left in the middle hole.

My great-grandmother, sat in a chair all of the time because of a disabling leg injury and I spent hours with her listening as she told stories of her youth and ancestry. She told of her parents crossing the plains with the handcart companies in order to join with the saints in the Salt Lake valley. I wish that I had taken notes and could remember all the stories that she told. In school I water-colored a picture of Santa driving his sleigh and reindeer and gave it to

her. She kept the picture on the back of the front door near where she sat. For her birthday I gave her a handkerchief. I enjoyed my visits with her. I was ten years old when she was buried in 1944. When she was being buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery, Grandma Hales said to me, "How do you like seeing my mother being put into the ground?" When I replied, "I don't like it," she said, "Well, neither do I."

At Christmastime the Hales family would meet on the evening of the twenty-fourth at Grandma and Grandpa Hales home. We would have dinner and a program and enjoy each other's company. Grandpa Hales wrote the following poem which pretty much describes one of these occasions.

Christmastime, Circa 1944

It is the night before Christmas,  
So, I thought I would write  
And tell you the happenings  
On this Christmas night.

And are the kids busy,  
Well, I'll bet you can guess,  
If you could look at the house  
And see, what a mess.

There's Leland and Kenny  
Just as busy as can be.  
Then there's Sarajane and Verla  
Trying to decorate the Christmas tree.

Oh yes, there's the Christmas tree  
And it is a beauty too.  
It is just as tall as our house  
And sparkles like the dew.

I think everybody's happy,  
Although I feel quite jerkey.  
I think I overdone it some  
And ate a little too much turkey.

My vest, it will not button,  
And my pants, they fit me tight.  
I tried to pass it as a joke  
And say, "Oh, that's all right."

So, that's about all there is to tell,  
And I guess I'll close my letter  
Until I can think of something  
That can fit in a little better.

Did old Santa come to your house  
And make you tickled too?  
I'm sure he would not forget  
To make your dreams come true.

So I wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a New Year bright and gay,  
And hope the Star of Bethlehem  
Will guide you on your way.

Charles Harmon Hales 1865 - 1949

The program ended with a reading of the classic "The Night Before Christmas" followed by everyone joining in song with a chorus of Jingle Bells. Then each family left for their individual homes.

At the Frank Hales home, dad would begin his version of "The Night Before Christmas" which was very short.

A Frank Hales Christmas

It was the night before Christmas,  
And all through the garage  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even the Dodge.

The tires were hung on the  
Wall with care,  
In the hope that Saint Nicholas  
Would fill them with air.

Frank Hales 1905 - 1954

Dad would tell us that this might be the last Christmas we would have, because he was going to shoot Santa Claus if he didn't get any socks for Christmas. We would all chuckle because we knew what was in at least one package under the tree addressed to him. This Hales family tradition has carried on to at least some of the Frank Hales grandchildren's families and I'm sure that he smiles as he watches them from his vantage point on high.

Then it was off to bed for a sleepless night for the Hales children. We would go to bed singing the Frank Hales version of Jingle Bells.

Shingle Nails

Shingle nails, shingle nails,  
Hammer tacks and screws.  
Oh what fun it is to hammer  
Tacks in Santa Claus' shoes.

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Tacks in Santa Claus' shoes.

Frank Hales 1905 - 1954

About every hour during the night we would peek to see if there was anything under the tree. The gifts magically appeared about two in the morning. We would start asking if we could get up about four and finally would get permission at about four-thirty.

I'm sure that the gifts given in the Frank Hales home were not as lavish as those given in other homes, but we didn't know the difference. We loved those days and had happy times together. I am forever grateful to my parents for the heritage I have and for the home that they provided for me. I am also grateful that by their

example I was able to learn what love is, and by their devotion I was able to learn about the birth of Jesus Christ in a proper controlled environment. Along with the giving and receiving that is so important to young minds during the formative years, I learned to revere the Savior by watching my parents during the Christmas celebration.

The house on American Avenue did not tolerate winter well. Cold penetrated the walls and found the numerous cracks. The old wooden front porch often was covered with ice formed from the water drops seeping through the roof. We huddled around the coal heater in the living room or the coal stove in the kitchen for warmth. It was an ordeal if anyone had to go outside.

Once mom bundled up in her coat to go somewhere. She was expecting one of the yet to be born Hales girls. She slipped on the icy front porch and fell. We heard her fall. I remember the concern written on dad's face as he raced to the porch and carried her back inside. This incident proved to be no cause for alarm, but I'll always remember the protective care and responsibility that dad always had for his family.

Names of girls were talked about. There was an earlier reminder that the family was not yet complete, that a girl was missing. Mom wanted to name the promised daughter Nicole after her father. Dad did not like Nicole and the compromise was Nikki Mae if the child was a girl. Nikki after Nicholas Pettersson and Mae after Eva May Burgess Hales.

The winter passed. February first, groundhog day, came. Dad said that on groundhog day if the groundhog came out of its burrow and saw its shadow there would be six more weeks of winter. If it didn't see its shadow it would be just six weeks until spring.

As usual we planted a small garden in the back yard. It was our project – us kids – not

mom and dad's. As usual we had plenty of radishes, the birds got the beans and not much success was had with anything else.

When Nikki Mae Hales was born the doctor asked Frank Hales, "What do you want?" When he replied, "A little red-headed girl," the doctor said, "You missed it, she has black hair."

Nikki Mae arrived on her great-grandfather Olof Niclas Pettersson's birthday in 1945. The ninth of June was special that year. It was his ninety-fourth birthday and he would still be around for more than two years. Dad was pleased that he had a new little daughter. Was she the one that had visited him a few years earlier when the other little Hales girl was stillborn? He would now have chance to see if that earlier visitation had entered this world.

Then Julie Rae Hales was born – another daughter. Again the doctor asked Frank Hales, "What do you want?" Again he replied, "A little red-headed girl." This time the doctor said, "How did you do it?"

Julie had dad's red hair and he was quite taken with it. I remember one morning Julie skipped down the stairs and said to dad, "When I grow up I'm going to be Little Red Riding Hood!" Dad replied, "Yes, and I'm going to get a gun to keep the wolves away."

Mom had difficult problems with her legs when she was with child. She had to wrap her legs, but she had so much to do in running the home that she couldn't stay off of them. It was a tribute to her that she endured the trials to bring additional children into our family. Aunt Emma said that her mother also had problems with her legs and thinks that it may very well be one of the reasons her life was shortened following the birth of Uncle Nick.

Our routine continued. We visited with grandparents and other relatives as often as we could and we grew up attending church each Sunday. We were expected to attend all of our church meetings. There was no compromise or

even talk of not attending, we just went. Mom had a very good alto voice and could be heard above all of the others as she sang in the choir. Dad had a bass voice and sang more softly. Dad and mom were actively engaged in the work of the church all of their lives.

We continued to visit mom's relatives in Carbon County as often as we could. Sometimes we went there at Christmastime when work was slow for dad, and at other times we would visit during the Memorial Day or Fourth of July Holidays. It would never be more than six months before either they would visit us or we would visit them.

If we visited them we had to check the tires first and get the car ready. It seems like we always had a flat tire making the 127 mile trip over Soldier Summit to Price. After we checked the tires we would go to Pollard's gas station to fill up the car's gas tank. Gas at Pollard's was twenty-one cents a gallon for regular or twenty-three cents for Ethel (the name used for premium gasoline). I don't remember our car ever having a full tank except when we left for a trip to Price. Also, I don't remember paying the extra two cents a gallon for premium gasoline.

Once we learned that Grandma and Grandpa Pettersson had moved several houses north of where they had lived on Second East Street in Price and we left to see them in their new home not knowing exactly where it was. The address was left back in Salt Lake. While driving in Price about a block from their house dad saw Lorraine walking on the sidewalk. Dad called out the window, "Say little girl, where do you live?" Lorraine walked beside our car for the block directing us to their house not recognizing who was in the car until we drove in the driveway and got out of the car to go inside.

Then we had to find out where we would spend the night. Some of us would stay in Price

and some of us would go out to the Curtis farm with our cousins. These visits were always joyous occasions and were high points in our year.

We never locked our door on our house in Salt Lake when we left for a few days. We knew that no one would bother it. It was how people lived in those days. I only knew one family that locked their doors back then and I thought that they were odd because of it. Perhaps it was because people knew that there was nothing of value there for them to steal.

Finally Frank and Eugenie Hales had scrimped and saved enough so that they could build them a new home. They built it at 1138 Simondi Avenue, just north of the Fair Grounds, in Salt Lake City and moved into it during the summer of 1951. Monte was back from his mission to the Southern States and helped with it. So did Don, Que and myself. I only lived in it for a year, however, as I joined the US Air Force as soon as I graduated from high school.

Elva married Glen Norman and had three daughters by this time: Wendy Ann, Linda Leigh, and Iris Kathleen. Monte married Hanne Andersen and had a son, Monte Kim. These grandchildren were a source of pride and joy for Frank and Eugenie Hales and they were all that they ever knew of their posterity because of the tragedy that cut short their lives.

They were on their way home from the first real vacation that they ever had when the accident occurred. Dad was snoozing in the back with Nikki and Julie. Mom, Don and Que were in the front. Another car traveling in excess of one hundred miles an hour crossed the center line and hit the Hales family car head-on on US Highway Forty (now Interstate Eighty) approximately twelve miles east of Lovelock, Nevada. Mom and Don died instantly. Que died en route to the hospital. Julie died the next morning. Dad lived three days and died in Reno, Nevada where he was taken two days after the

accident. Nikki was given a two hundred to one chance to live. The accident occurred on Friday, August 6, 1954.

During the next few weeks over twenty-five newspaper articles were written about this accident including an editorial entitled "Murder on the Highway" and an editorial in the Deseret News entitled "Speed – Death's Ablest Partner." The Deseret News editorial is as follows.

Had Frank Hales, one wonders, ever heard this sort of talk:

"Boy, you ought to see the way that new buggy of mine goes! It'll do a hundred with the gas pedal still an inch from the floor-board."

"Dangerous? Naw! These new cars, brother, they're the real thing! Power Steering, power brakes – stop on a dime. Perfectly safe, no matter how fast you go. Long as a guy's any kind of a driver at all, of course."

Probably Mr. Hales had, and very likely, because he has a long record of safe driving himself, he had wondered about the sanity of a man who talked that way. Probably his sons, Don and Que, had heard that kind of talk, too, among their teen-age acquaintances. It's common talk these days. Likely as not, even Mrs. Hales had heard something like it because she was president of her ward Relief Society. When women get together they tend to discuss what their husbands talk about, only with a great deal of worry, because women are more sensible about these things.

Anyway, Mrs. Hales is dead and so are the two boys and their sweet little seven-year-old sister. Mr. Hales and another daughter are hanging on the edge of life.

And while one hesitates to say it about the other driver, who is also dead, it must be said: The kind of thinking that kind of talk represents is what killed all five.



The man who destroyed the Hales family – and himself – passed another car which was going seventy miles an hour, in the words of that witness, “Like I was standing still.”

Mortal man will never know just what was in the mind of that Midwestern driver in the minutes and seconds before he died out on that Nevada desert. But this much is almost certain: until the last split-second, he must have been supremely and pleasantly convinced that he was perfectly safe.

A "tragic mishap," the news report said.

But there are other, more accurate ways of describing it.

I was working in the communications center at Itazuke Air Force Base near Fukuoka, Japan that Sunday morning when I was told that the chaplain wanted to see me. On the way to the orderly room all kinds of thoughts raced through my mind. I waited for the chaplain in the squadron commander's office. Since a day is lost when the International Date Line is crossed, it was the morning after the accident in Japan where I was. When the chaplain arrived he produced a small piece of paper and started the following conversation.

He said, “You had a brother named Don?” I picked up immediately the past tense in his question and replied, “Is he dead?” He answered, “Yes,” and then said, “You had a brother named Que?” I said, “Is he dead?” The chaplain again replied, “Yes.” I asked him if I could go home, and when he said that I could I got up and ran out of the building. I didn't know all of the details, but I felt like running. I ran to the barracks where Bob Widerberg, the LDS Group Leader, lived. Then, with him, I went to Lieutenant Collins' home. Lieutenant Collins made some phone calls and at 2:30 p.m. I was on a B25 Bomber heading for Tokyo.

The note the chaplain handed me also said that mom was gone too. Why didn't the chaplain

mention that? And that dad, Nikki and Julie were in the hospital with critical injuries. I was grateful for the help given me by those I now left behind in Japan.

It took me from Sunday morning when I got word till Tuesday night at 10:00 p.m. to travel from Itazuke Air Force Base in Japan to Salt Lake City. There were two Mondays. One was used in the flight from Tokyo to Honolulu with a stop at Wake Island. The other was the all night flight from Hawaii to California. While waiting for a flight from Hawaii, I telephoned home and learned that Julie was gone too. I was told that they were waiting for me before going ahead with the funeral services.

I can still remember when I arrived at the airport at Salt Lake City. There was a large crowd of people to meet me. When I got to the gate, Glenda Prettyman, the girl that I was engaged to, got on my right side and Bishop Luker got on my left side. With one arm around each one I asked how Nikki was and was told that she was okay. I next asked how my dad was and they said that he died last night. My knees almost gave way then and was glad that I had the support.

I should have known how it would be because on Monday night, the night my father died, as I was en route from Hickam Air Force Base in Hawaii to Travis Air Force Base in California, a picture opened up in my mind and I saw five caskets in a room surrounded by flowers. I counted the caskets, said aloud, "five of them," and immediately the picture disappeared. I saw the same scene the following Friday when the funeral services were held in the Riverside Stake Center.

Nikki remained unconscious in a Reno, Nevada hospital as preparations were made for the funeral services for my family. She was severely injured with a basal skull fracture, crushed facial bones, several front teeth knocked out, and a jagged cut running from her

forehead back into her hair about two inches in length. Monte made most of the funeral plans along with Bishop Luker. On Friday the thirteenth day of August in 1954 we held the memorial for my family while Nikki unknowingly rested so very far away.

Among the speakers for the funeral services was Patriarch Jesse M. Drury of the Temple View Stake, long time friend of the Hales family. Patriarch Drury was the last speaker on that hot Friday afternoon, and, as he was concluding his remarks, he said, "I know Nikki will get better, I can feel it." The services were long and we noted that he made that statement at approximately ten minutes of two.

There were an estimated 1,200 people in attendance at the funeral services which were held in the newly completed stake center. I had never seen it before except for one small glimpse a few days before. The flowers surrounding the caskets in the Relief Society Room were as I knew they would be as we had our family prayer before the funeral services began. Following the services the cortege to the cemetery was over one mile long. Following the interment of my family in the Salt Lake City, Utah Cemetery, Monte, Hanne, Elva, Glen, Glenda and myself left for Reno, Nevada to see how Nikki was doing.

We drove all night to reach Reno. Expecting the worst we went to the hospital after we had stopped for breakfast – and to our surprise Nikki was conscious. She recognized me immediately as I walked in the door first exclaiming, "Ken!" The nurse told us that a "funny thing" happened yesterday at ten minutes of two: "Nikki sat straight up in bed as if a bolt of lightning had hit her." She continued, "When we rushed over to ask her what she was doing, Nikki told us that, 'I'm just watching that program on TV; I always watch it at home.'" We were pleased. Nikki was on the mend. She made a remarkable recovery and started school just three weeks later.

Nikki stayed in Reno for another week before we made arrangements to have her returned to Salt Lake City. She did not have any memory of the accident and we did not feel that it was wise to tell her about it yet. We waited until she was a little stronger and was in Salt Lake before she was told that her parents, sister and brothers would not be with her any more in this life.

It still didn't seem real to me. I had been in the Air Force for two years and in Japan for one year before the accident happened. It would be after I got back overseas in Japan and the letters did not arrive from home any more before the realization of what had happened really set in.

At the time of his death Frank Hales was serving a stake mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was a faithful member to the end and held the office of Seventy in the priesthood. Eugenie Pettersson Hales was president of the Relief Society for the Twenty-ninth Ward in the Riverside Stake. They never wavered in their testimony and commitment to the church.

So ended the lives of Frank and Eugenie Pettersson Hales along with three of their children. Frank Hales, a skilled craftsman in his trade, tireless worker to support his family, and valiant, humble church member. Eugenie Pettersson Hales, talented in the home crafts, working all of her life for her family and the church.

Frank and Eugenie Pettersson Hales, as well as Don, Que and Julie, were buried in the Salt Lake City, Utah Cemetery on Friday the thirteenth in 1954. They were laid to rest about one hundred feet or less to the north of Charles Harmon and Eva May Burgess Hales.

Perhaps this book will give the descendants of Frank and Eugenie Hales some small understanding of how they were and what they

felt and believed. They were good people and their memory should be cherished. Maybe one of the reasons I feel so strongly about completing this book and giving it to their family is because of my love for my family. I know that I miss them and wish that they had a chance to know all of their grandchildren before they were called home to meet their maker. But then perhaps they are permitted to look down at times and take joy in the achievements of their posterity.



**Eugenie and Frank Hales**