

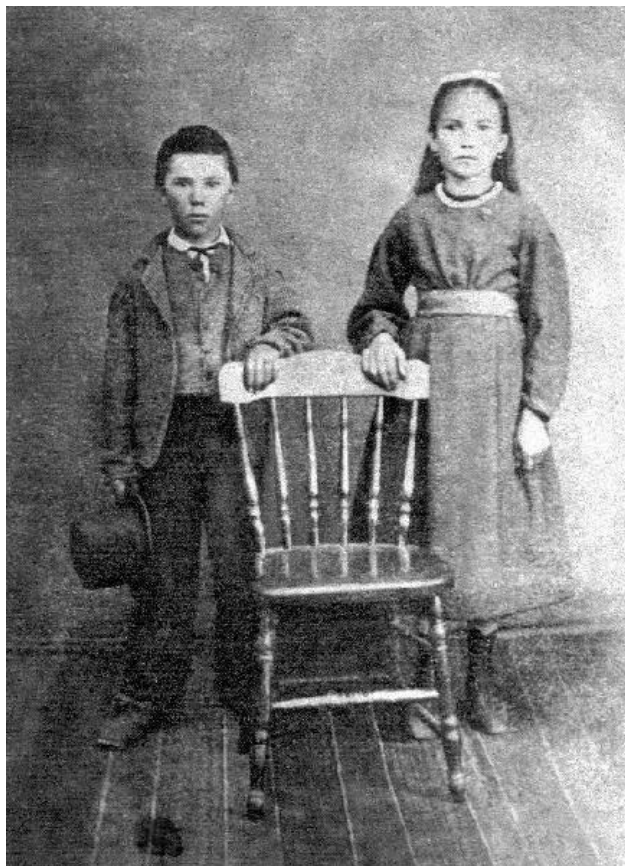
Charles and Eva

Aunt Lizzie said, "On your grandfather's birthday, when your Uncle Edgar was about five, your grandmother made a special dinner and said to him, 'Charlie, do you know what day this is?' And when he said, 'No,' replied, 'I believe it's your birthday.' Charlie said, 'Well, I believe it is.' Then Edgar got under the table and started crying and Charlie said to him, 'What's the matter with you?' Edgar said, 'I never have any birthdays,' And Charlie said, 'Well, you can have mine.'"

Charles Harmon Hales was born March 26, 1865 at Beaver, Beaver County, Utah the tenth and last child of George and Sarah Ann Gregory Hales. He lived in Beaver, Spanish Fork, Salt Lake City, and Huntington, Utah while growing to manhood."

He went to school in Beaver" said Aunt Vera. "The schools were much different then than they are now. He sat on a bench made from a split log. The teacher had the school in one side of the room in her house and cooked and ate dinner in the other. Sometimes one of the teacher' boys would be eating breakfast while the teacher had the children read their lessons. One time while going to school the children had to read the Bible. The topic was on Job. The Lord smote Job with sore boils. One little boy who was a poor reader and cross eyed read, "The Lord shot Job with four balls."

"Once when he was a boy in Beaver," continued Aunt Vera, "his brother, George, told him that if he went to the store to get some cream of tartar he would take him to Buttermilk Fort (now Cove Fort). This was a Fort that the pioneers built for protection from the



Charles and Clara Hales

Indians. He was told to say 'cream of tartar' all the way to the store so he wouldn't forget it. On the way he met an old Indian woman who was considered to be a witch. He was frightened and started to run. He fell down and when he got up he started to say 'Buttermilk Fort.' When he finally got to the store he asked for Buttermilk Fort. The store-keeper laughed and told him that they didn't sell any of that. He had to think of what it was he was sent for and was gone so long that his brother went to Buttermilk Fort without him."

When he was just a small child, his father was called to Salt Lake City to work at the Deseret News.

“While living in Salt Lake the children, my father and his sister Clara, did many things together,” said Aunt Vera. “One day as they were passing President Brigham Young's home, President Young called to them to come and see him. they did and he filled father's cap and Aunt Clara's apron with peaches. They learned to love their prophet and he loved little children.”

Aunt Vera continued, “My father loved sports and was very athletic. He could do any of the sports they do now – high jump, pole vault, sprint, discus, baseball. I remember one trip he made when I was little, (he played baseball for the Scofield team at Saratoga Springs in a big game against Provo) he came home in his baseball uniform. I had never seen him in his uniform or even knew that he wore one. We were sure pleased.”

He spent some time trapping up and down the Colorado River and told of being in water waist deep. His life was in danger many times when his boat would capsize going over the rapids. He spent some time at his brother's home in Huntington. His mother moved there after the family separated when the Edmunds-Tucker Act forced the issue and she lived with her son, George. Then he met Eva May Burgess.

“He must have fallen in love with my mother at first sight as he didn't stay away from her for very long after they first met,” said Aunt Vera. “When he went away to work he would write to her. He was a poet. Most of his letters were written in poetry. One day mother came home from town and found a quilting party going on and Grandmother Burgess was reading my mother's letters to them. She was so angry. When father came to visit her she told him all about it. He persuaded her to get married and they did.”

Eva May Burgess was born on May 1st, 1872 in



Charles and Eva Hales

Pine Valley, Washington County, Utah the daughter of Wilmer and Tressie Jane Heath Burgess. She was the second child and eldest daughter of a family of ten children. Her grandfather was one of the original settlers of Pine Valley. Her father's family had lived in Pine Valley where the oldest six children were born, then they made their way north about 1881. They were in Huntington when Eva May met Charles Harmon Hales.

Again from Aunt Vera, "They run away and were married on October 24, 1887. She never said a word about it. I never knew she could keep a secret like that. I didn't know that was how they got married until

I married and had all our family. Grandmother told me.”

Charles Harmon and Eva May Hales had a great love for their family. They did their best to raise them according to the plan laid out by the Savior. Aunt Vera said, “We had many a home night where we would sit around our dining room table listening as father would read to us from the Bible and explain what it meant.” They showed their love. Again from Aunt Vera, “He was a wonderful father and showed his love for mother. He was so good to her. I often saw my mother sitting on my father’s lap. Many times he would call me to the window and say, pointing outside to her, ‘Look at that beautiful woman.’”

Charles and Eva made their home in Huntington after they were married. They looked forward to the time when they would have children and be able to teach them the values that were given to them from their pioneer heritage. They also experienced the problems of the primitive land in which they lived. Shortly after Trissie Ann was born on August 6, 1888, Eva May Hales contracted typhoid fever. It left her so



Trissie Ann Hales

weak that her husband had to be both father and mother. When Trissie Ann was two and a half years old she died of diphtheria. Her loss was mourned terribly by her father and mother. Trissie Ann was born in Huntington, but the family moved several times in the next few years to Price, Scofield, and Winter Quarters.

Eva May arrived while the family lived at Price in 1890. Two years later Leona arrived while the family lived in Scofield. Still at Scofield, Charles Edgar joined the family in 1893. Then it was back to Price where Bertha was born in 1896 and John Leland followed two years later. The Hales family was growing in size and there were lots of little mouths to feed. Next the family moved to Winter Quarters.

They moved to Winter Quarters for employment. Life was not easy in the western part of what is now known as the United States. Gone were the days when Brigham Young called families to move to settle certain areas. Now the children of these families, the first born generation of the pioneers, were concerned with building and rearing their own families. Utah was transforming into statehood, and with the discovery of coal, Winter Quarters was becoming important.

When the quantity of the coal in Utah's first commercial coal mine became known, more people began moving to the small mountain valley and a thriving town was established. A narrow gauge railroad from Springville was built and named the Calico Road which was later purchased by the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad and extended into their system. The population of the town grew to near 1,800 people at the peak of its activity at the turn of the century.

The mine was considered the safest coal mine in the region, free from gases which plagued other coal workings. However, on May 1, 1900, an errant spark touched off the finely dispersed haze of coal dust deep in the mine, which exploded throughout the mine. One hundred men were killed outright and the poisonous gas afterdamp killed another ninety-nine in one of history's worst coal mine disasters. The town boarding



Winter Quarters in 1900
Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

house, church, school and barns were cleared out to receive and identify victims. Every casket in Salt Lake City, plus a carload from Denver, were brought to town. One hundred and fifty bodies were buried in Scofield

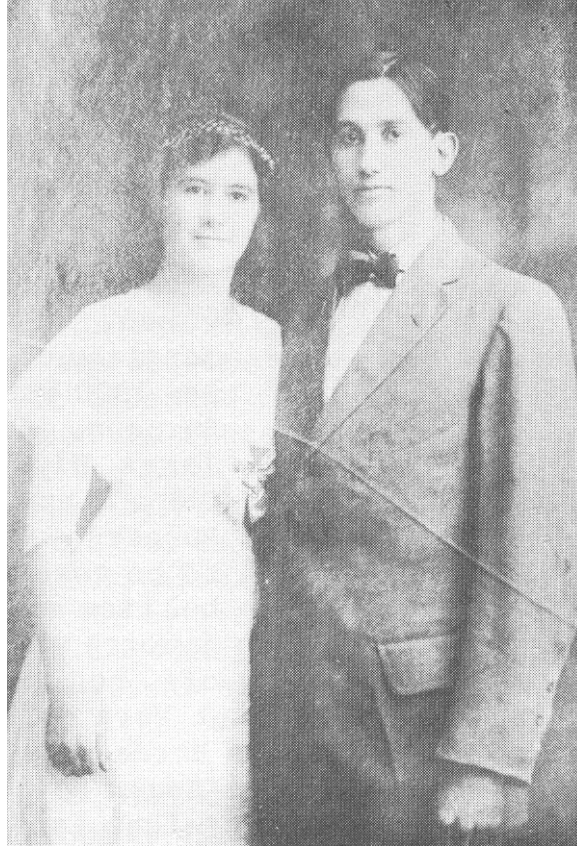


Eva May Hales

and two funeral trains took the remaining caskets to various locations in Utah and other states. Scofield cemetery has been placed on the state and national registers of historical sites and the marked graves of the dead miners are still in prominence in the old graveyard.

The first daughter of Charles and Eva Hales died when she was only two and a

half years old, and now another daughter, Eva May, died at the early age of twelve while the family lived at Winter Quarters. She was born on February 27, 1890 at Price, Carbon County, Utah. She learned to play the organ and when she died Charles Hales found it difficult to listen to anyone play the organ.



Leona Hales and Lewis Conrad

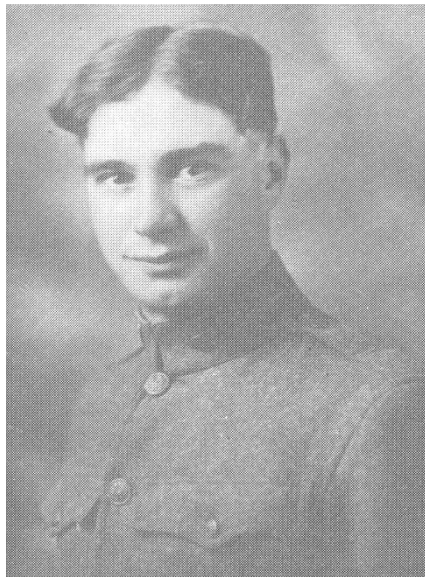
While at Price, the third child, another girl, named Leona, was born on February 6, 1892.

Leona was a beautiful young lady with piercing brown eyes. Aunt Vera told me that she danced beautifully when she was young, but in later life she hobbled about because of some kind of crippling hip

injury. She married Lewis Alexander Conrad on May 20, 1912. For a number of years the Conrad family lived in Canada and later in Spokane, Washington. Now the children of this couple can be found in the states of Arizona, Utah and Washington.

Leona Hales Conrad loved her parents and bought a home for them to live in when they were advanced in years at 140 West Sixth South Street in Salt Lake City. Leona spent her last years living with her daughter, Eva LaRue Dickson, in Seattle, Washington.

Leona Hales Conrad died in Seattle, Washington on January 15, 1980 and was buried on January 19, 1980 in the Provo, Utah cemetery.



Charles Edgar Hales

Next Charles Edgar Hales was added to the family. He was born on October 2, 1893 and was so small that a sewing machine drawer would make a big bed for him. He joined the army while a young man and traveled with it to the orient and often told of his experiences. He was a large man of near six feet in height and 200 pounds in weight with a good sense of humor. He inherited his father's talent for rhyme,

and, coupled with his humor, recited verse to the delight of those around him and to the chagrin of his wife, Ruby.

Edgar, as he was known, married three women. The first marriage on December 24, 1920 was to Vera

Burgess, daughter of James William and Diane Elizabeth Crow Burgess. She proved to be something of a hellion and caused a divorce when she ran off to California with a man named Gentry. Aunt Vera told me that when they went dancing, Vera Burgess Hales would say to her, "I'm going to get Edgar so damn drunk tonight that he can't see straight, and then I'm going to have a good time." Edgar Hales was not pleased when he found his name associated with that of Vera Burgess Hales after their parting and it is difficult to find or hear any mention of their marriage. It did happen, however painful for the rest of the family to remember.

Edgar Hales married secondly Mary Zella Sherman on August 11, 1924 at Preston, Franklin County, Idaho. she died of a heart ailment of three years duration on June 9, 1933 at Kenilworth, Carbon County, Utah and was buried at Huntington, Emery County, Utah on June 11.

The third wife of Edgar Hales was Ruby Robbins. Impatient with her husband's slow and deliberate speech, he could begin a paragraph and she could join in half way through and yet finish talking about the subject before him. They were married on December 13, 1934 at Salt Lake City. She was born on March 12, 1900 at Huntington, Emery, Utah the daughter of Orson Robbins and Annette Burgess Robbins. She was previously married to Fred Pleasants.

Edgar Hales was not an active church member until after the accident that took the lives of my parents. It affected him so much that he sought out the church and began to make his life right in the sight of the Lord. He was ordained a Priest on March 13, 1955 by Drannan Seely, an Elder on May 15, 1955 by Drannan Seely, a Seventy on October 27, 1957 by LeGrand

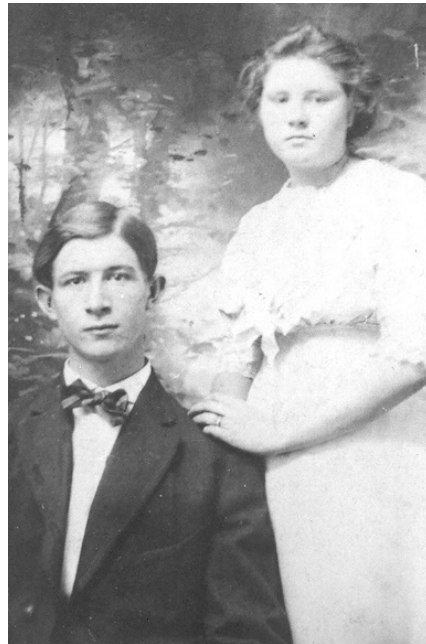
Richards, and a High Priest on November 2, 1958 by Frank L. Hall. He received his endowments at the Manti Temple on June 21, 1955 and his wife, Ruby, was sealed to him there the same day.

Uncle Edgar worked in the mines for many years, but somehow lacked a few months from qualifying for a retirement benefit. He kept busy by purchasing a loom and using it to weave throw-rugs. Prior to his death Uncle Edgar and Aunt Ruby lived for a while in Huntington and then in American Fork. Edgar Hales died on January 23, 1965.

Bertha Hales was born next while the Hales family was still living at Price. She was born on April 16, 1896. She married Reuben Ray Cowlshaw. She said that she was not going to be married to anyone named Reuben, so her husband always went by his middle name of Ray.

Bertha died on Easter Sunday, April 23, 1916, while in childbirth. She left a family of three small boys. Bert, the youngest, went to live with his grandparents, Charles and Eva Hales.

Next John Leland Hales arrived on May 14, 1898 at Price. He always went by the nickname "Jack." He married Virda Undine Mower on February 19, 1930 at Manti, Sanpete, Utah. She had been previously married to Walter King in San Francisco and had three children by him who assumed



Ray and Bertha Hales
Cowlshaw



The John Leland "Uncle Jack" Hales family

Back row: Utahna, Barbara, Mary

Front row: Leland, John Leland, Virda, Sarajane

the name of Hales when she married Uncle Jack.

Whenever Uncle Jack and Aunt Virda came to town all of the Hales family gathered at Grandma and Grandpa Hales' house. In the evening all of the adults put the chairs around the sides of the living room and the stories began. I listened in awe as Uncle Jack told of the airplane that he built when he was a boy. It was a type of hang-glider with a stick body and a bicycle seat. He and his friend would jump off a hill and coast

across the canyon. About his second trip across the canyon the wings folded up and he landed in the briars and come out somewhat skinned up. My Uncle Jack was always some sort of hero to me because of this story. Jack Hales could do many things and he was known as a jack-of-all-trades. He was continually involved in correspondence courses to improve his abilities. His life was cut short by diabetes, however, and it was his wife, my Aunt Virda, that I would learn to love and know better in later years.

The John Leland Hales family made their home for many years in Sacramento, California in the south-eastern part of town know as Fruitridge. The home was at 4609 Parker Avenue. Aunt Virda took pride in her garden in the back of the house where she grew vegetables for the family. There were also grapevines along the fence and the grapes were used for jams and jellies. Aunt Virda loved to can food produced in her garden or fruit from the orchards of California. Uncle Jack enjoyed working in his shop building things. On the southeast boundary of the city of Sacramento, it remained the central location of the family until after the death of John Leland in 1947 and Virda in 1976. John Leland Hales and Virda Undine Mower Hales are buried side by side in the Sacramento cemetery.

Vera Hales was born next in Winter Quarters on August 10, 1900. Her quotes can be found throughout this book. Aunt Vera has always had a keen interest in genealogy. It was her work that I first became acquainted with when I was fourteen that kindled my desire and motivated my efforts in genealogy.

Vera Hales married Alfred Powell Quilter on October 6, 1926 and raised a family of two sons and two daughters. Her two sons are very talented artists and this talent was identified early. My father referred



Vera Hales

to them when he told me that if you are the best in your field you will always find work. They have proved this to be true.

Charles Quilter, the oldest son of Vera and Alfred Quilter, does line art and is the painter. He is a commercial artist for the Newspaper Agency Corporation in Salt Lake City. His brother, Karl, works with clay. Karl Quilter helped with the sculpturing of the oxen which carry the baptismal font in the New Zealand

Temple. He has done many other individual works including a likeness of the Prophet Joseph Smith made from the death mask casting. His latest sculpturing efforts can be seen as the gold-leaf covered angels that adorn the new temples of the church.

Verla and Jo Ann are both red-haired girls with Verla being the older of the two. Both of these girls have kept close to the church and their heritage and have raised good families. Verla and Jo Ann spend many hours emulating the example of their mother as they search through the records of the genealogical department in search of their ancestry. There are many cousins in these families that have served and are serving as missionaries for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to help carry the gospel of Jesus Christ to all the world.

Aunt Vera and Uncle Alfred are proud of their

children and they have a right to be. Their high ideals and training have shown through to their family. Because they honored their parents, their lives were extended, Vera being in her eighty-fourth year as I type this chapter. Uncle Alfred, concerned to the end about his righteousness, went to prepare a place in the hereafter for his family early in 1984, also in his eighty-fourth year. Aunt Vera is the only living child of Charles Harmon and Eva May Burgess Hales.

Little Afton was born next to Charles and Eva Hales. She was born at Winter Quarters on June 19, 1903 and lived fourteen years when she died on January 26, 1918 at Standardville.



Frank Hales between two friends in the Uintah Basin

My father, Frank Hales, was born next to this couple and is the subject of much of this book.



Fern Hales

Ferron Hales

Next were the twins. Fern and Ferron were born October 21, 1908 at Scofield, Carbon County, Utah. Fern married Michael Snider on June 14, 1935 and raised a family of boys including Kempton, Keith, Steven and Joseph. She died on January 2, 1957 and is buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. Ferron married Marguerite Ruff on April 5, 1934 and raised a family of boys including Blaine, Lynn, Marvin and Roger. He died on December 12, 1959.

The last child, Clarence, was born and died on January 9, 1911 at Scofield. He died when he was born.

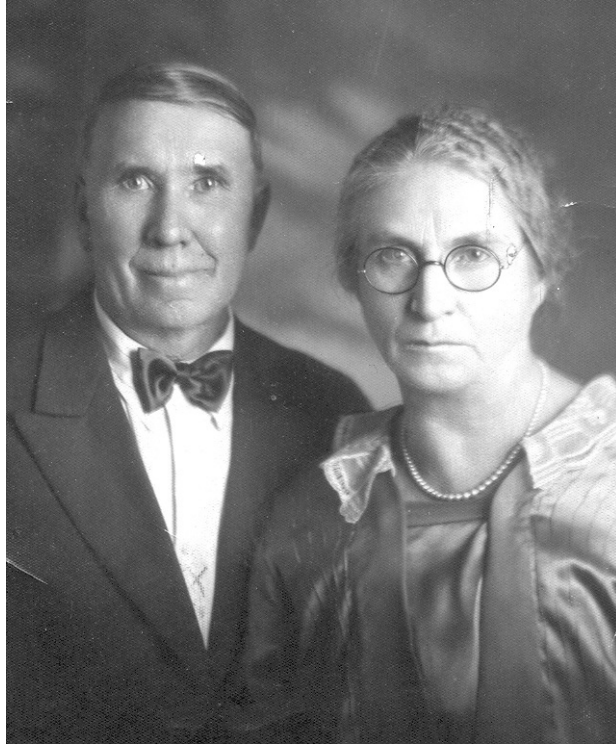
Charles and Eva Hales were happy in their home on Sixth South in Salt Lake City. He wrote Utahna, a granddaughter, "We have five rooms; a big front room and also a dining room and two nice bedrooms, kitchen and pantry, bathroom with a thirty gallon hot water tank, and nice lawns and surroundings. Oh boy, we

are really city folks now.”

The night before Charles Harmon Hales died he told Aunt Vera that he was going to die. He died on October 22, 1949 at Salt Lake City and was buried on the twenty-fourth in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

During the funeral services for Charles Harmon Hales, Jesse M. Drury said, “Here lies before us today a man who has lived a righteous life. One who has lived to a ripe old age. One who has experienced every phase of life and activity. It has been my good pleasure to know Brother Hales for about twenty years, during which time I knew him as a neighbor. He lived in our vicinity next door to us. I have had the opportunity to associate with him and his good family. I have felt the warmth of his friendship and the spirituality he possessed. I have been in their home a number of times and felt the hospitality and love and the faith which they manifested in the gospel. I have listened many times to the testimony of Brother Hales and his wife. It has also been my pleasure to hear other members of his family bear testimony. I know Brother Hales lived the gospel and to the best of his ability he served the Lord and magnified the priesthood which he had. I have known Brother Hales as a fellow employee having been privileged to work with him. I have found him to be conscientious in his work, one determined to do a good day's work. He was willing at all times to make his contribution toward that which he was working for.”

Patriarch Drury continued, “I was coming from conference crossing the street of Ninth South a few weeks ago when I heard the voice of Brother Hales. He called me over to invite me to see his home. He took me into every room and showed me things that they had done and told of the joy they experienced. He was



Charles Harman and Eva May Hales

happy and joyful. Even right up to the end I feel Brother Hales enjoyed life and feel he got out of it what we all should. I have never heard any disrespectful word from Brother Hales.”

I, along with five of the other grandsons of Charles Harmon Hales, had the privilege of helping to carry his casket to his final resting place. We were called upon again to perform the same service for Eva May Burgess Hales just two years later.

Perhaps his poetry is the best remembrance of Charles Harmon Hales. His granddaughter, Verla Quilter, read his words, quoted on the next page, at his funeral service.

I Do Not Claim To Be A Scholar

I do not claim to be a scholar,
No, I'm simply just a common man
Striving to earn an honest living,
And I'm doing the very best I can.

Although our path is rough and rugged
And from that path we oft times stray
Yet we look for a brighter future,
Yes, for a brighter happier day.

But perchance our lives are blighted
Yet we work with strife and pride
Although we may not gain the victory
Until we reach the other side.

In the depths of meditation
On that river life so wide,
We are drifting, onward drifting
To that shore the other side.

While on this voyage we have to battle
With the ways of strife and pride,
Yet over wafted, farther onward
To that shore the other side.

Then when our voyage is at an end
And we meet our loved ones on that shore
We'll shout HOSANNAH to our maker
And sing his praises ever more.

Charles Harmon Hales 1865 - 1949

Eva May grieved terribly upon the death of her husband, Charles. It seemed that she had lost the desire to live. About a year after he died she had a stroke that caused her left side to be paralyzed and she had difficult talking. She had to be cared for continually from that point on and Aunt Vera and Uncle Alfred moved into the little house on Sixth South so that Aunt Vera could care for her mother.

One night Grandma Hales regained the use of her limbs and speech and was very excited. She said, "I saw that terrible accident. I was standing by the side of the road with Trissie in my arms and I saw that terrible accident. Was Frank hurt?" This puzzled the family because Trissie had died when she was only two and a half and there hadn't been any accident. However, she couldn't be calmed down until my dad, Frank, got up out of bed and went over to see her. After his visit the paralysis again took effect. She died the next year.

Four years later the Frank Hales family was involved in an automobile accident which took the lives of him, his wife, and three of his children. I have always wondered if Grandma Hales, with Trissie in her arms, witnessed that event.

Eva May Burgess Hales died August 17, 1951 at Salt Lake City, Utah and was buried beside her husband in the Salt Lake City cemetery on August 20, 1951 not far from the graves of her parents.

At her funeral services Patriarch Jesse M. Drury remarked:

"It has been my good fortune to have known the Hales family for over twenty years. They lived in our neighborhood and were very, very close neighbors. I saw Brother and Sister Hales and

some members of their family almost every day. I had occasion to go into their home almost every week and visit with them and partake of their fine hospitality. I had the privilege of performing two marriages in this family and have also had the opportunity to speak at farewells for some of the grandchildren and to participate in the funeral services of some of their loved ones. I have felt the faith, love and devotion of this family.

“Sister Hales was a woman of faith, love and devotion. She loved the gospel more than anything else in her life. She was a diligent worker in the Relief Society. She was either a President or an active worker in the presidency. Through that position she was able to do a great work in the coal mining camps where this family made their first home. Particularly at Scofield when over 200 miners were killed. She acted as a ministering angel.

“Sister Hales greatest calling in life, I would say, was that of motherhood. She was a devoted mother and loved her children. She loved to talk and praise any good which they did. Although they had seen a great deal of sorrow and grief in their lives, and knew what it was to toil to make ends meet, yet they looked back upon the days they were rearing their family as a great blessing.

“She has experienced her calling of motherhood and accepted every ordinance in the gospel and devoted time to the best of her ability to all she was asked to do until her old age. As we review her life today, it should be an objective for us to strive day in and day out to live as she did. She was a living testimony that it pays to live the gospel no matter what troubles and trials we may have to endure.

And if we survive, great will be our joy.

“If you were to see her today, you would see her a beautiful daughter of God in her prime of life. While she will miss you and you will miss her, still she is very happy and the only worry she will have is whether or not her children, grandchildren and posterity will follow in her footsteps.

“May her memory be sweet to all of us here, and may it be a living testimony to us when we see someone who has reached out and lived the gospel all the days of their lives.”