

Frank and Eugenie

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.



Emma and Jack Labbe
Monte and Eugenie Hales

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 1930s. 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



Elva Eugenie Hales

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 the 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



Kenneth Glyn Hales

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 Earl and Verl 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



Vesta with twins
Earl and Verl

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 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



Emma, Pauline and Jack Labbe
Lorraine Pettersson
Eugenie, Elva and Monte Hales

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.



At Clear Creek

Ken, Don, Monte and Elva Hales

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

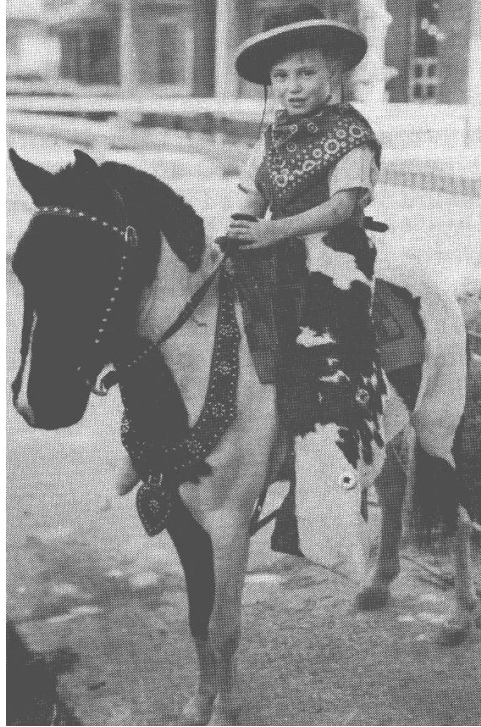
young kids ever crossed the finish line because when someone got close to it someone would run up to each of the kids, give them a nickel, and say, "You won!" I remember that I never really won any of the races because I could see other kids ahead of me, but I always took the nickel and was proud of 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.



Monte Frank Hales

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 years 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



355 American Avenue

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 a little wooden step that led from it to the kitchen.

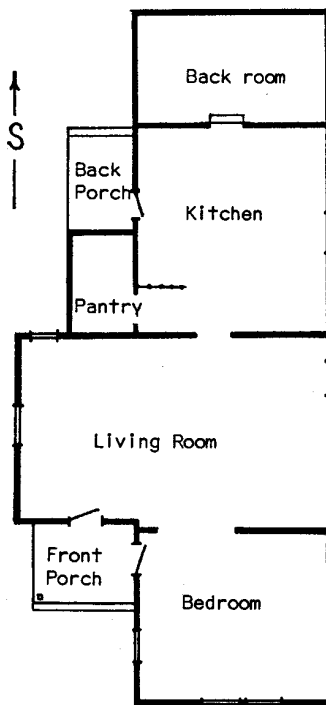
All of the children slept in the back room. Mom and Dad's bedroom was in the front of the house. Mice and

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



Elva Hales

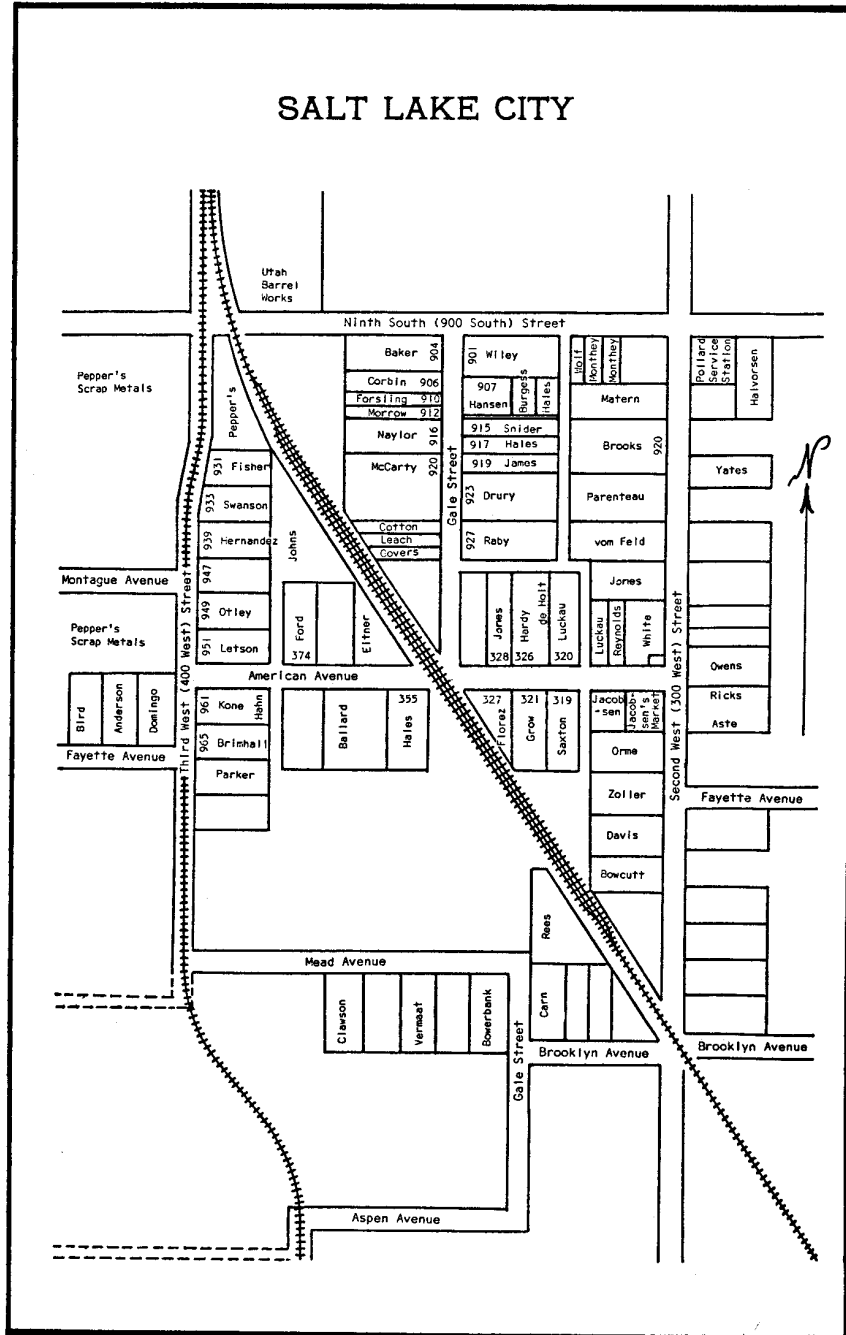


355 American Ave.

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.

SALT LAKE CITY



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 the 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,



The Hales Family
Monte, Elva,
Ken and Don
in 1937

“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, mamma, what is that?’ Mom said, ‘It's just your dad up on the roof.’” She never did believe that there was an earthquake.



Kenneth Glyn and
Don Loel Hales

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 for 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.



Irvin Que Hales

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.



Four Generations
Vera, Eva May,
Tressie Jane and
Verla

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, Tressie Jane Burgess, 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 he 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 others 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.

Shingle nails, shingle nails,
Hammer tacks and screws.
Oh what fun it is to hammer
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 m 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.

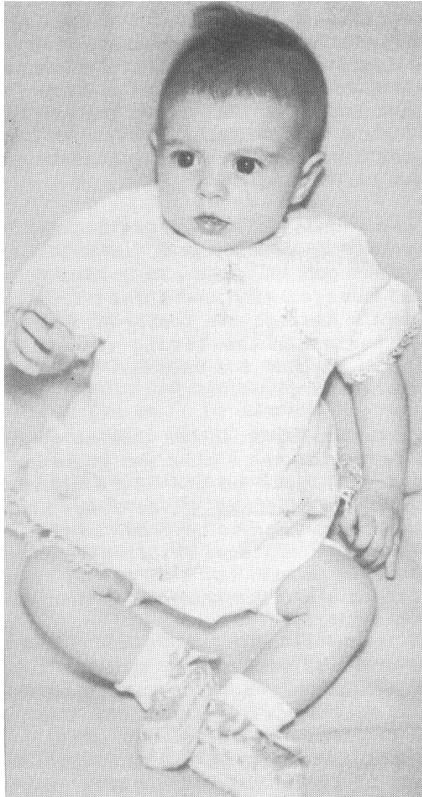
Once mom bundled up in her coat to go somewhere. She was expecting one of the yet to be born Hales girls. She slipped on the icy front porch and fell. We heard her fall. I remember the concern written on dad's face as he raced to the porch and carried her back inside. This incident proved to be no cause 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.



Nikki Mae Hales

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.”



Julie Rae Hales

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.



Julie and Nikki Hales

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



The Curtis Family
Back row: Earl, Verl,
Front row: Marvin, Karen Ann
and Leon



Happier Days
Don, Que, Nikki and Julie

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



The Hales Family Car in 1954

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 as 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 he 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,



Julie, Que, Don, Mom and Dad

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



Eugenie and Frank Hales

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 who 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.