First Kenneth


Mom and Ken

My heritage reaches back in the dim past to Adam and Eve. Some of their posterity are remembered in earlier pages of this book. From this point onward, from the nearly six thousand years since time began to be measured, this book will be concerned with one of the billions of their mortal family, Kenneth Glyn Hales.

A peculiar phenomenon of my era I call compression. Television, radio and motion picture technologies make it possible to quickly portray the highlights of a human life. Indeed, in an hour and a half scenes can flash by of a child maturing to adulthood, along with a thread of the content of that life. The young people see this and believe that things can be obtained without the toil, strife and time required. They see the surface and miss the depth, what life is all about. While it is not possible to compress a life within the pages of a book, this book shares some, but not all, of my experiences and hopes.

I was born in that period of time known as the great depression. Work for hire was scarce. Money was in short supply. People lived from day to day in obtaining shelter and subsistence. The joys of life were simple. The problems were severe. Utah, in the

western part of the United States where the members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (the Mormons) fled to escape religious persecution, was less than one hundred years old. The houses in the section of Salt Lake City where my parents lived, along with my grandparents, were primitive and poorly constructed. Indeed, it should be noted that there were few, if any, places in the city which were more impoverished than where we lived when I was born. In this environment I was born in the middle of the summer of 1933 at forty-five minutes past noon on the twenty-fifth day of August.

My earliest memories begin at about age four. I dimly remember living on Washington Street in Salt Lake City. My memories are clear and even more vivid as I recall the events that happened when we moved to the house on American Avenue where we lived as I aged from four to seventeen years. We did not have many material things. We amused ourselves and invented things to do. We may have been poor, but my memories of those days are of happy contentment. I cherish those days and the memories they hold. What was put into my memory then, of family associations, of church, school and play, is what makes my personality.

As far back as I can remember I have always been involved in doing things. It was much more fun being an active participant rather than a spectator as far as I was concerned. I was interested more in the technical things, wanting to know how things worked. Once I found a pipe while walking home from school and took it apart. When I got home I reeked with the smell of tobacco. Mom was concerned. She listened to my story explaining why I carried that scent. Then she cupped my small face in her hands and smelled my breath. When she was satisfied that I was still on the

straight and narrow pathway, she told me that there were some things that would be better left alone. She said that I didn't need to know how some things worked.

Jefferson Kindergarten 1938-1939

I enjoyed school. In kindergarten at Jefferson School I vaguely remember playing the drum in the rhythm band. That was an honor because there was only one drum. Jefferson Elementary School was located on the east side of West Temple Street at Fayette Avenue, about a half mile from our home. It was close enough that we could run home for lunch and run back before classes began. Usually we had to run to get there in the mornings as well, before we were late. At Jefferson the school day started with the flag ceremony and pledge of allegiance. Monte played in the drum and bugle corps as the flag was raised and lowered each day. The love of country was instilled in each of us. The country entered and finished the Second World War while I attended this school and everyone had the desire to support our country. It

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would have been unthinkable to desecrate our flag or to be unpatriotic.

One of the teachers at Jefferson School that left a lasting influence on my life was Silas Brady, the mathematics and physical education teacher. He knew how to motivate students. How hard I tried to be the first in the class to finish the multiplication exercise so that I could start recess early. We folded a piece of paper into a ten by ten matrix and put the numbers from one through nine across the top and down the left side. Then we filled in each square with the product of the numbers at the top and side in each column and row. Recess began as soon as the paper was completed. I usually finished within the first three in our class of thirty. As many times first as second or third.

There were two ways we could get to school. We could go down the tracks to Brooklyn Avenue or we could take the short-cut through Jacobsen's Store. Garnet Jacobsen could tell the time of day by our walks

through his store. On the way to school it was in the back door and out the front, and the school day ended with our march through the front door and out the back.

When I was eight years old I was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the baptismal font in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on Temple Square. During these years all of the baptisms in Salt Lake were performed there on Saturday evenings. The tabernacle font was down some stairs at the southwestern part of the building. Priests were assigned from one of the stakes to do the baptizing and the next day confirmations were done in the wards by the elders.

Sunday School and Primary, the meetings for the young people of the church, left lasting impressions. I was taught that when prayers are said, arms should be folded, heads bowed and eyes shut tight to show respect. And everyone was taught to sing. One favorite I enjoyed, to the music of E. 0. Excell, with words by Nellie Talbot, was.

Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam

Jesus wants me for a sunbeam,
To shine for him each day;
In every way try to please him,
At home, at school, at play.

A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam.
A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
I'll be a sunbeam for him.

Jesus wants me to be loving,
And kind to all I see;

Showing how pleasant and happy
His little one can be.

A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam.
A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
I'll be a sunbeam for him.

I will ask Jesus to help me,
To keep my heart from sin;
Ever reflecting his goodness,
And always shine for him.

A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam.
A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
I'll be a sunbeam for him.

I'll be a sunbeam for Jesus,
I can, if I but try;
Serving him moment by moment,
Then live with him on high.

A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam.
A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
I'll be a sunbeam for him.

We were also taught to revere our pioneer heritage and take pride in the fact that we were different from the rest of the world. A "Mormon" boy was something special as expressed in the song we loved to sing by Evan Stephens.

A "Mormon" Boy

Kind friends, as here I stand to sing,
So very queer I feel,
That now I've made my bow,
I fear I don't look quite genteel;
But never mind, for
I'm a boy That's always full of joy
A rough and ready sort of chap –
An honest "Mormon" boy.

A "Mormon" boy, a "Mormon" boy,
I am a "Mormon" boy;
I might be envied by a king,
For I am a "Mormon" boy.

I'm proud to know that I was born
Among these mountains high.
Where I've been taught to love the truth,
And scorn to tell a lie;
Yet I'll confess that I am wild,
And often do annoy
My dearest friends, but that's a fault
Of many a "Mormon" boy.

A "Mormon" boy, a "Mormon" boy,
I am a "Mormon" boy;
I might be envied by a king,
For I am a "Mormon" boy.

My father is a "Mormon" true,
And when I am a man.
I want to be like him, and do
Just all the good I can.

My faults I'll try to overcome,
And while I life enjoy.
With pride I'll lift my head, and say,
I am a "Mormon" boy.

A "Mormon" boy, a "Mormon" boy,
I am a "Mormon" boy;
I might be envied by a king,
For I am a "Mormon" boy.

Most of all I was taught who I was. I was sent here for a purpose and I knew where I was going. The words of Naomi W. Randall set to music by Mildred T. Pettit beautifully describes this belief:

I Am a Child of God

I am a child of God,
And he has sent me here,
Has given me an earthly home,
With parents kind and dear.

Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,
Help me find the way.
Teach me all that I must do
To live with him some day.

I am a child of God,
And so my needs are great;
Help me to understand his words
Before it grows too late.

Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,
Help me find the way.
Teach me all that I must do

To live with him some day.

I am a child of God,
Rich blessings are in store;
If I but learn to do his will
I'll live with him once more.

Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,
Help me find the way.
Teach me all that I must do
To live with him some day.

While I knew no different and was happy in my circumstances, the country was desperate. Believing that he knew what was best for the country, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt embarked on a course of deficit spending to put the country back to work. It took several years to get the sluggish economy moving. The government began to change from its natural role of protecting the rights of the people to one of distributing wealth. Through a system of graduated taxation and mortgaging the future, money was created to stimulate the economy. Mom and dad, as well as most of the rest of the people, saw this as a sign of hope. The president's program was popular.

Working in the mines had convinced dad that trade unions were the champions of the people. Along with most people of those days, he aligned himself with the Democratic party. His parents were Republicans, and that caused some discussions at times. Mom's parents were Democrats in their political persuasion. But at this age I was too young to understand what was happening in the policies of our government. I continued growing, oblivious of our humble circumstances, and enjoying my youth.

At about age seven, along with Ivan Brimhall, I started a large project. We decided to make a real airplane. We gathered some pickets that had fallen out of the back fence and helped some of the others to fall. Our old picket fence provided materials for many of the projects the Hales children did. It was cold out, snow was on the ground, so we took them into the house and nailed them together on the kitchen floor. Some discarded cardboard boxes provided the material for the covering and we tacked it into place. We felt pleased with the results of our efforts and visualized the thrill we would have when we would soar over the neighborhood. It was small, but we felt that it would be sufficient for boys our size. We carried it outside and used some rope to hoist it to the garage roof. I was to be the test pilot. The snow covered roof was slippery. I tried to climb aboard, and, half on and half off, went over the edge of the roof. My dream of flying ended when the ground abruptly broke my fall and I ended up with a sprained ankle.

Ivan moved away and other neighborhood boys became my playmates. My brother Don, Johnny Luckau and I passed some of the summer days away fishing in the drain ditch near Sixteenth South and Fourth West (now Fifth West) Streets. On the way there we walked by the old Geis home on Fourth West fearing that the boy we saw there would come charging out after us. When we walked back with our catch of perch and minnows we feared he would take them from us and dump them out. Our fear was unfounded and I later became good friends with LeRoy Geis. LeRoy enjoyed fishing too, and had caught a large catfish that now swam in the large drum that held their artesian well runoff water. I was happy that I didn't have to carry water in each day like he did.

Johnny Luckau, LeRoy Geis, Boyd Anderson, Jackie de Holt, Tommy Monthey and Robert Raby were the boys that I associated with most during this period of my life.

When we wanted to satisfy our desire for something sweet we asked mom for some money. She always seemed to have a penny or two for us kids. Seems like we went to the store for candy every day. Jakie's (Jacobsen's Market) had an assortment, but the biggest selection was across American Avenue in the postage stamp size store named after it's owner, "White's." For two cents you could get a candy bar, but the big ones cost a nickle.

We usually went to the movies downtown on Saturdays. They cost nine cents for kids and fourteen cents for big people during the day. Mom and dad usually were big spenders and went at night when it cost twenty-one cents. Sometimes mom had money for the movies, but many times we would pick up rags in the field and sell them to Pepper's Junk Yard to earn money for the day. The ritual was very somber, watching the man weigh the gunny-sack full of rags to determine the price. We hoped there would be enough. Extra pennies were treasured. If we had a dime extra we could go to Douglas Models on Second South near State Street after the movie and buy a model plane to put together – ones made with balsa-wood and tissue paper with rubber band propellers. The bus was five cents for kids and ten cents for adults. We took number "21 WARM SPRINGS" to get to town. It was number "14 SOUTH SECOND WEST" when it came back to take us home. The bus stopped on the corner of American Avenue and Second West (now Third West).

Bread was nine cents a loaf at Jakie's, and we had

tax tokens, which were subdivisions of pennies, to support the government. The tax tokens were in one mill and five mill increments, which translate to tenths and halves of a cent. In fact, you could cash in ten mills for a penny, which we did at times.

On December seventh in 1941, when I was eight, mom and dad went to Ogden. I was later told that the bicycle that I received as a gift for Christmas that year was purchased on that trip. While they were gone I heard strange reports on the radio of the Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. The announcer mentioned the use of torpedos for bombs. The next day I learned that the country had declared that a state of war existed with Japan. While I was interested in the news reports, I was interested in many things and I was much too young to be involved in the war.

My interests included everything that was scientific. I absorbed details about light years, jet engines, and electricity. A piece of galena dropped from a boxcar provided the materials for a crystal radio. Copper wire seemed to be plentiful. If I didn't have what I needed, Pepper's Junk Yard was only a block to the west. I could probably find an old radio with the part I needed. From my bedroom window at the back of the house I strung an antenna and ground wire for my experimentation. The other boys on the block considered me their educational leader.

For one short summer Jim Lloyd lived with his aunt on Second West a few houses south of Jacobsen's Market. During that summer we decided that we would build a telegraph set between our houses and learn how to use them to communicate with each other. Neither of us knew exactly how to do this, but we knew that one of the requirements was a single wire stretched between our bedroom windows. The train

tracks blocking the way was a problem we had to solve.

We started at my bedroom window and strung a single copper wire to the cottonwood tree directly behind our house. From there it was routed to the cottonwood tree in the field that held our swing, to a telephone pole by the tracks, down the pole and under the tracks (buried a few inches deep), up a telephone pole on the other side, and to whatever tree or pole we could find until we reached Jim's bedroom window. All in all the distance from window to window was nearly 500 feet.

No matter how hard we tried we couldn't make the keys and clickers we made from tin, wires and nails work, so we decided to hook up our earphones. The keys still wouldn't work, but Jim claimed he could hear voices on his earphone. Through some experimentation we found that we could talk into the earphone on one end and hear through the earphone on the other end. Our wire also acted like an antenna and had the ability to receive police calls. Our new toy was great fun. Jim played his trumpet to me over it and we could talk to each other while we were supposed to be sleeping in bed. Mysteriously no one knocked our wire down for a couple of weeks and we used it until the novelty wore off.

The summer ended and Jim moved away, never to be seen by me again. Johnny Luckau also moved. My playmates now became Jackie de Holt and Robert Raby. Jackie and I continued to build things. With Robert it was mischief.

Robert Raby was a unique individual who always seemed to find things that dared boys. It is a marvel to me as I reflect back on those days now that Robert ever lived to adulthood. I have seen him light the fuse on a

stick of dynamite which he held in his hand and then calmly throw it into the surplus canal. Readers of this may think that I am describing simple fireworks, but these were real sticks of dynamite about a foot long and an inch in diameter. The water bellowed up when the dynamite exploded with its sharp report. Soon afterwards we could see the carp float up to the surface of the water, killed by the concussion.

Once Robert swiped some signal caps called torpedoes from the back of a caboose at the railroad yards. The torpedoes had a piece of flat malleable metal strap extending from each side which was used to clamp the cap to the railroad track. When the train ran over the torpedo the noise was a signal to the train engineer. I told Robert that if one torpedo made a loud noise then three of them together ought to make a real loud noise, so we clamped three of them together on the tracks. Then we hid ourselves in the weeds in the field and waited and watched. Instead of a train, the next thing that came down the tracks was what we called a put-put, a one cylinder, one manned machine used by the workers on the railroad. We saw the driver spot the torpedoes. We saw the alarm register on his face. We saw him pull hard on the brakes, but it was too late. He wasn't going very fast when he hit them so he was not injured. The noise was very loud as expected. We were very quiet as we listened to the profanities that he used when putting his machine back on the tracks. The stories told about Robert are legion and deserve a special volume dedicated solely to him. That book, however, is for Robert to write.

Jack de Holt was my closest friend. Jackie and I built project after project. Once it was boomerangs with our own special design that resembled a cross. Each wing spanned twenty inches and had a width of

one and a half inches. Each blade was shaped in the form of an airplane wing. The airfoil of the blades when spinning provided the lift that caused them to return. We could make them fly a fifty foot circle and land at our feet. We experimented with different sizes and shapes and even made some from discarded venetian blind slats. We practiced with them for hours.

Once Johnny Florez wanted to try to throw one of our boomerangs. Since Jackie's were shaped for a left-handed person, Johnny used mine. He threw it and it hit Jackie in the head. Jackie was wearing one of the old aviator hats made popular by Charles A. Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic Ocean. Nothing happened to the hat, but Jackie didn't fare so well. He had to have several stitches to close the wound in his head.

We put nails on the train tracks. The train flattened them and we made little swords. We stretched a piece of copper wire from one track to the other to activate the train signal. We dug underground rooms in the hard clay soil in the field. Covered with boards and dirt to hide them. They were our private huts with long, low, narrow entrance passage tunnels that one had to crawl through to use. Marbles, tops, yo-yo's, hit-the-bat, softball in the field, and kick the can occupied our time. We had a rich, full childhood.

Jackie's parents were vaudeville troupers. They always thought that they could make it big in show business if they were given the opportunity. Perhaps they could. They were talented enough. They just lacked the money to acquire the props they needed for the magic they did. Herman de Holt was a sheet-metal worker and tried to make the illusions he used in his show. They were just not quite as professional looking as those used by the big names of the day.

When I was thirteen years old, Jackie de Holt's father performed for the kids in the neighborhood with his dummy. I heard about it but was not there to see for myself. Jackie was a very close friend but he would not satisfy my curiosity about how ventriloquism was done, so I sent away in the mail for a course on ventriloquism advertised in Popular Mechanics magazine for the price of two dollars.

The course arrived and now I had a new way to spend my time – practicing what I read in the typewritten pages I received and dreaming of owning my own ventriloquial figure.

After several attempts at making a figure myself, my father learned that Clarence "Junior" Thompson had one that had belonged to his deceased father. Daddy borrowed it for me to use at a ward talent show and the next thing I knew it was mine. I heard that it had been purchased from the Thompson family for ten dollars. At any rate it has been with me now for over thirty-five years.

Johnny originally had the string for moving his mouth coming out of the back of his neck. To turn his head and make him talk required grasping his neck and working the string at the same time. After a couple of years I reworked him and put all of the controls on the inside of his body. The head was attached with a piece of broomstick.

A typical performance.

Johnny: Say Ken, it's gone, it's gone.
Ken: What's gone, your money?
Johnny: No! No!
Ken: Your car?
Johnny: No! No!

Ken: Your brains?
Johnny: No! No!
Ken: Then what in the world is gone?
Johnny: Yesterday.
Ken: Feeling real smart as usual, would you mind telling all these people your name?
Johnny: My name is Johnny.
Ken: Well Johnny, how are you feeling today?
Johnny: Not so hot.
Ken: Why not?
Johnny: I was out in the rain last night and caught cold.
Ken: That's too bad.
Johnny: Say Ken, what good is the rain anyway?
Ken: What good is the rain? The rain my boy has a tendency to bring things up out of the ground.
Johnny: I hope it don't bring my old lady up.
Ken: Johnny, do you mean to tell me that you're a married man?
Johnny: I was married once.
Ken: Only once?
Johnny: That's enough for any sensible man.
Ken: You're not a man, you're just a boy.
Johnny: I'm older than I look.
Ken: How old are you?
Johnny: I'll have you know I was born over thirty years ago.
Ken: You've a nerve to tell me that you were born over thirty years ago.
Johnny: Was you there?
Ken: No, I wasn't there.
Johnny: Well, I was.
Ken: Johnny, did you ever go to school?
Johnny: Yes sir, I went three years last summer.

Ken: What did you study?
Johnny: Reading.
Ken: Reading, anything else?
Johnny: Yep, writing.
Ken: Writing, anything else?
Johnny: Yep, arithmetic .
Ken: Arithmetic, anything else?
Johnny: Nope, just reading, writing and arithmetic.
Ken: Johnny, when you went to school, didn't you study grarnrner?
Johnny: She's dead.
Ken: Who's dead?
Johnny: Grandma.
Ken: Who said anything about grandma?
Johnny: You did.
Ken: Johnny, lets see how good you are at spelling. I want you to spell RATIFICATION.
Johnny: I can't spell that.
Ken: I say you can.
Johnny: I say you lie.
Ken: What did you say?
Johnny: I said, "I'll try."
Ken: That's better. Now you spell it right after me: R -A -T, rat.
Johnny: R- A- T, rat.
Ken: I, rat-i.
Johnny: You rat you.
Ken: Johnny, I said I didn't I?
Johnny: Well, didn't I say you?
Ken: Lets see how good you are in arithmetic. If you should have six dollars in your pocket, and I should ask you for three, how many would remain?
Johnny: (Does not speak. Looks around room

slowly.)

Ken: Johnny, you don't seem to understand. If you should have six dollars in your pocket, and I should ask you for three, how many would remain?

Johnny: Six dollars of course.

Ken: Johnny, you don't seem to grasp my meaning.

Johnny: You don't seem to grasp my three dollars either.

Ken: Lets go back to spelling. I want you to spell CONSTANTINOPLE. You spell it right after me. C- 0- N, Con.

Johnny: C- 0- N, Con.

Ken: S- T- A- N, Con-stan.

Johnny: S- T- A- N, Can't stand.

Ken: T- I, Con-stan-ti.

Johnny: T- I, Can't stand tied.

Ken: N- 0, Con-stan-ti-no.

Johnny: N- 0, Can't stand tied you know.

Ken: P- L- E, Constantinople.

Johnny: P- L- E, Can't stand on an apple.

Ken: Johnny, I'd like to know how long a person can live without brains.

Johnny: I don't know. How old are you?

Ken: Listen young fellow, I'll have you know that I come from a very intelligent family.

Johnny: Oh! Were you disinherited?

Ken: Johnny, you sure are some imitation of a nut.

Johnny: Say, Ken!

Ken: What is it Johnny?

Johnny: I ain't no imitation.

I toured the city with the Salt Lake City Boys and

Kenneth Hales, Johnny and Patricia Saynes
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Girls Club entertainment troupe and performed allover the valley. Many times I performed several times a week. My parents were accustomed to my travels and

learned to sleep when I was out at night and came home late.

My picture appeared in all three of the Salt Lake Newspapers and in the Children's Friend magazine. I performed on television on KSL's channel five and on the KDYL radio station's Children's Friend of the air.

By this time I had finished my elementary education at Jefferson School and was attending Lincoln Junior High School. It was a few blocks farther from Jefferson School at Thirteenth South and State Streets. Caleb World, who taught mathematics there, kept my interest high in that subject. He was born on Columbus day and joked that when Columbus discovered America a new World was born. He took pride in giving a problem to his algebra class which he claimed had not been solved in the last four years. He said that if anyone could come up with the solution they would get an "A" grade for the course and wouldn't have to take take the final examination. It took me all of the spare moments that day to solve the problem at the expense of my other classes, but I claimed the prize and got the reward. I think that I would have received an "A" grade for the class anyway, but it was with a great amount of satisfaction that I watched everyone else take the examination while I amused myself.

Priesthood meeting was held one evening during the week. All of the boys twelve years and older of the church went. Sometimes we were not there to learn. Once Clarence "Junior" Thompson brought an electrolytic capacitor to church. It had been charged to 150 volts. The wires were neatly dressed on each side of its two inch long, half inch diameter cylinder. Carefully Junior gave it to me saying, "Go give this to Leland Gentry." Junior knew that I realized what he

handed to me. He knew that I would exercise the proper caution. When I approached Leland he grabbed it from me saying, "Hubba, hubba, what's this?" Just as fast he dropped it as he felt the charge. That evening one of the speakers talked about bringing toys to church.

Talking things always intrigued me. I enjoyed animated cartoons at the movie theaters as well as the myna birds and parrots at the park. Then one day in my science class at Lincoln Junior High School we studied talking birds. The teacher, Aleen Ivie, claimed that even magpies could be taught to talk. Fred Arbogast and I discussed it and over the Memorial Day Holiday in 1949 Fred found a magpie nest, robbed it of its young and gave one to me.

I wanted to raise it and teach it to talk. Mom helped. At first we fed it bread soaked in milk. Later we fed it canned dog food. As it grew it stayed in our back room behind the kitchen most of the time, but at times it also had the run of the house. We found early that it would not wander away. It seemed to feel that the back room was its property.

Maggie matured and became very cunning. She would wait until our cocker spaniel was eating, then pull or peck at Toni's stubby tail until the dog turned around, and then Maggie would steal bits of food from Toni's dish. Once the canary got out while mom was cleaning its cage. Maggie caught it within ten feet. Mom was fast enough to retrieve the canary from Maggie and saved its life, but she was not so willing to let Maggie run free anymore.

During the winter of 1949 Maggie stayed in the back room. There was just a thin door between this room and the kitchen. In the cold months ahead most of our activity was centered in the kitchen. The radio

was there, we didn't have a television set in those days, and the room was warmer. Before central heating the kitchen stove provided most of the heat for the house. We were used to being in the kitchen with our conversation and with the radio for amusement. Soon we noticed that Maggie was beginning to mimic the voices that she heard coming through the door from the kitchen. We soon caught on and the lessons began. At first we heard only sounds, but in a few weeks there were words. A game was played through the door and Maggie learned phrases like, “Don't you get smart with me."

Grandma Pettersson was especially taken in by my performances with Johnny. She could be within a foot of me and still she thought that Johnny talked, even if I moved him to arms length. She never did think that Maggie could talk. She always claimed that it was me throwing my voice. I had developed a routine where I talked with an imaginary person upstairs or in the basement. Later when mom would call to Don who was upstairs and he would answer, Grandma Pettersson would say that he was not there, that's just Ken throwing his voice.

Each supper-time it seems that one of us would always have to be reminded several times to go to the store for last minute needs. Once, while we were playing softball in the field beside the house, mom came marching out for about the third time and almost ran into Maggie. Maggie was startled and blurted out, "Don, you get to that store." Mom stopped in her tracks, turned around and went back into the house. Of course it broke up the ball game.

After some kids teased Maggie with sticks and she turned on them we had to cage her. She developed what we called a pile driver peck and could drive her

beak half way through a pencil held by her claws against her perch. She learned to say, "You'll be sorry" listening to us as we cautioned against putting fingers into her cage.

Elva claims that Maggie learned some shoddy language from the workers a block away at Milne Truck Lines, but I can't remember any of that. Maggie had visited them earlier when she was allowed to run free. Now that she was caged her life changed. Maggie could not adjust to the new location when we moved in 1951 to Simondi Avenue and she died shortly after the move.

A half mile to the south of Lincoln Junior High was South High School. It was located almost at the corner of Seventeenth South on State Street. Monte and Elva graduated from South High School and I went there as well. It was a very progressive school and had a large selection of classes.

At South High School my electricity and radio teacher, Roland L. Olson, used to put eight penny (two and a half inch) nails into the wall outlet and grasp them between his thumb and index finger. He told the class that there was nothing there, or at least he couldn't feel anything. He was right. His skin was so calloused on his hands he couldn't feel anything. Once when he was out of the room, Gordon Pocock and I wired up his desk chair with a Model T Ford ignition coil. I never will forget his mouth opening about a half inch, his cheek muscles sag, and how he raised up about six inches from the chair when he returned to class and tried to sit down at his desk. He felt that. He was a good sport about it and said that he asked for it, but he never did discover who wired up his chair.

I continued to enjoy mathematics. with the instruction of Kenneth W. "Pat" Ryan, some sense was

Kenneth Glyn Hales – 1950

put into geometry. Charlotte Schroeder taught me intermediate algebra and trigonometry. Along with physics and chemistry the mathematics classes provided me with a good base for the future. perhaps the most important class I took was typing, a fill-in class taught by Edna Brande. The typing skill I acquired helped me in my military obligation as well as in most of the other things I have done in life.

During my sophomore year in high school I began to have severe headaches. Several times I had to leave classes and walk home. The only cure it seemed was to go straight to bed and rest until I felt well again. Soon the conclusion was reached that I needed glasses. That summer I had my eyes tested and

selected a pair of horned-rimmed glasses as a result. Monte was away on his mission to the Southern States at this time and remarked when he returned that it was hard to get used to seeing his brother in glasses.

During the spring of 1950, Dale Taylor invited me to spend a weekend with him visiting his relatives in Coalville. The trip began Friday after school, and the next evening four of us decided to go to Morgan to see what was happening at the high school dance. At Morgan one of Dale's friends knew the girl checking coats at the door, introduced us, and I began corresponding with Annette Compton. Always having a big smile and full of fun, Annette was my first love. I thought more of her than anyone else for a long, long time.

My first job, other than working for dad on Saturdays pounding nails in sub-flooring of houses or other trivial construction tasks, was ushering at the South-East Theater. Dale Taylor was an usher there too. I kept this job from within my eleventh year of school until school started again in the fall.

When the Hales family moved to 1138 Simondi Avenue in the summer of 1951, I had all of the credits necessary for graduation except one. So, during my senior year, I only had to attend classes for a half day. In the mornings I attended my three classes and during the afternoons and on Saturday mornings I worked for General Office Supply as a delivery boy. Don and I both attended West High School following our move to the northwest side of town and the move also meant a change of schools for the younger members of the Hales family. Que was now in Jackson Junior High while Nikki and Julie attended Onequa Elementary School.

Every opportunity I had I went to Morgan to go out

with Annette. Sometimes it was very early in the morning when I got back home. But mom and dad never really knew when I got home because they were so used to me being out performing with Johnny. The Saturday before Christmas in 1951 I took the Greyhound Bus to Morgan. It was snowing. After the movie I tried to get back home on the bus, but found that Wyoming traffic was stopped due to the storm and the bus to Salt Lake did not arrive. I slept that night in the bus station on a cold, hard bench. The next day I hitchhiked back home arriving about ten-thirty. Everyone was at church. Don came home first and said, "Mom called you three times before she found out you weren't there." Dad came home next and said, "Where were you?" I explained what had happened and dad said, "They've got telephones up there haven't they?"

That's all that was ever said, but I learned my lesson. Later Annette's cousin in Bountiful, Dixie Rogers, introduced me to her friend, Marianne Wood, and I started dating her. Now I was confused. Marianne was a beautiful girl, exciting to be with. I still thought that Annette was very special, but Marianne was fun to be with too.

I never dated too many different girls, only a few, but I was very serious about the girls I did date. For some reason I am one of the sentimental types of people that seem to need a sense of security and belonging. I was looking for someone to share my thoughts and to build plans for the future.

One Saturday I discovered that Marianne had a date to a dance and not with me. I talked my brother Don's girlfriend into going to the same dance with me. Marilyn Burt was a very attractive girl and we had a good time dancing around Marianne and her date. She

tried very hard to ignore me, but she was well aware of my presence. When I got home Don was angry. He cornered me and said, "That's the last time you'll take Marilyn out."

I scheduled as many solid courses as I could during my high school years which really helped me later as college had to be put off due to the Korean War. I also continued to perform with Johnny as often as I was asked to do so and by now I was taking him with me on my dates. I sat him in the back seat and used him as an attention getting device. It seemed to work. The girls always seemed to be interested in a doll.

I really didn't perform with my doll for the dates I had. I just took him along. Annette asked me several times, but I resisted. I dated Annette for several months before she saw me perform at a church party. She said she was beginning to think that I didn't know how. I think she was impressed by the performance.

Chell Coffin was my date for the graduation dance at West High School. I had never dated her before and never dated her again. The evening of the dance the telephone rang. A girl's voice said, "Guess who?" I wasn't very brilliant and started a list of names beginning with Chell. After about ten names the voice said, "No, its Annette." She was visiting with her cousin Dixie Rogers in Bountiful. If I had known she would be able to be so close I would have preferred to take her to the dance. Chell was an attractive and nice girl, but I really didn't know her very well and Annette was my favorite. I know that Annette was crushed when I answered with all those names. I have often thought that this incident cooled our relationship.

Eighteen was a full and complex year for me. It was that age when I felt that I wanted and needed to make my own decisions. It was an awkward age when

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parent and child did not often see things from the same perspective. For example, I had made a date with Annette for the Fourth of July holiday and the family made plans to go to Price to visit our grandparents. Dad felt I should go with the family and I felt I should be allowed to stay home and keep my date. I had to go with the family. Early on the morning of the fourth I got up, hitchhiked to Salt Lake, went out on my date with Annette, and hitchhiked back to Price. I got back the morning of the fifth. No words were exchanged. My

parents knew where I had gone. Dad said that I was not twenty-one yet and had to obey the rules of the home. I felt that I was old enough and ready to make my own decisions. I was out of high school now and needed to find my way in the world. However, the prospects of earning my way through college seemed unreachable, so I joined the United States Air Force. It seemed the right thing to do. The Korean War was in progress and I felt that I would probably be drafted. I enlisted without their knowledge and I know that mom and dad were not too pleased with my decision.