

Monte's Story



Monte Frank Hales

A little more than five months after my parents were married, the coal mines at Winter Quarters closed down. Dad had to find work elsewhere so he and his brother Edgar moved to Kenilworth. The mine at Kenilworth provided the work dad needed for his new family. It was while my parents lived in Kenilworth that I arrived. I was born on the twenty-sixth day of February 1929 in Kenilworth, Carbon County, Utah to Frank and Eugenie Pettersson Hales. I was the first

born of seven very handsome children. (One could expect no less from two such attractive parents).

within two months after my birth we moved to Clear Creek, Carbon County, Utah. We lived in this area from two to four years and there are very few first hand memories of this time. I do remember brief glimpses of living in a tent at a coal mining camp west of Clear Creek called Black Diamond. This camp was about two miles up the canyon. The tent had board slats on the floor and was very large to a small boy. Grandma and Grandpa Pettersson lived in Clear Creek while we lived there.

I can remember in the wintertime going with some older children to one of the few houses or cabins and borrowing an ash pan from the stove to use as a sled to ride down the slag pile. I didn't get as many turns on the pan as I would have liked so I started to slide down without it. I can still picture dad walking up the trail and me calling for him to watch.

When Elva was born mom went to Salt Lake because they had bigger hospitals. Mom had type B RH negative blood and sometimes this was a problem when children were born. After Elva was born mom returned to Clear Creek where we lived and Elva was given her name and blessing there in the Clear Creek ward. Soon the decision was made to leave the mines because dad and mom didn't feel that the mines were safe, so we moved to Salt Lake. Ken was born after we moved to Salt Lake and while we were staying with Grandma and Grandpa Hales at 321 American Avenue. As soon as we could we found a place of our own on Washington Street a little over a block away. We visited our grandparents in Clear Creek as often as we could.

Later, after we had moved to Salt Lake, we visited

Grandma and Grandpa Pettersson and I walked to Black Diamond with dad. He pointed out to me the mines that he used to work.

There were three houses on Washington Street just north of the vacant lot on Ninth South, one behind the other, and we lived in the middle one. The last one, the third house, was the Up dyke's. Danny Up dyke lived there; he was the one I played with.

I started school while we lived on Washington Street. I went in the morning during the first year at Kindergarten and that's all I had to go. I started in the first grade, but when I was let out for lunch I would go over and play with some kids. I never went back in the afternoon. It was too much trouble and I didn't like it that much anyway. I was supposed to go all day to the first grade, but I went the first half of the day and sluffed the last half. When they finally caught on to what I was doing it was too late and I was held back in the first grade. Finally we moved to American Avenue and I finished the first grade again at the Jefferson School.

American Avenue has a lot of pleasant memories for me. Grandma and Grandpa Hales lived about a block away on Gale Street where they moved after leaving American Avenue. Dad bought our home at 355 American Avenue for \$500 during the historic great depression. We moved in and he started to remodel it. I have been told about the extreme poverty we lived in back then, but I don't remember that at all. I was having too much fun.

We used to have a path and a two hole out house in the back yard. Later the WPA came in and put in a one-holer a little closer to the house. It was built on a little cement slab. Then there was a septic tank right behind the house. The water from the house ran into it

and no grass would grow over it. We used to play marbles over the top of the septic tank. We could draw our circles and play marbles or dig holes for games of pots. Growing up in that area with the big fields all around the yard was a child's delight. We could chase for miles and have a good time. There was a ball diamond over by the Rees' house on the far end of the field near the big tree. On another big tree next to our home Elva put a big swing so we could swing out like Tarzan.

Don was born before we moved to American Avenue. Que arrived after we got there. Later Nikki and Julie would be born while we lived there.

Grandma and Grandpa Hales moved to Gale Street and lived in a duplex behind the Hansen home. The Hansen's owned the duplexes too. The Quilter's lived in the Hansen home upstairs. Grandma Burgess lived in the front duplex and Grandma and Grandpa Hales lived in the back duplex. We visited them quite often. I would go to the store for them when I needed something so I could borrow a nickel from them. I wasn't very old and a nickel went along way in those days.

Often grandpa took the ashes out of the ash box from the coal stove that they used in the front room for heat. He took them out in the alley to dump them in the holes in the alley to keep the holes filled up. One day, not watching what he was doing and not meaning anything intentionally, he carried the ashes out while Mrs. Monthey was hanging out her clothes. The wind blew some of the dust on some of her clothes. Whether it soiled them very bad or not the fact remains that they were upset that he dumped the ashes there. She came over and started to hit grandpa with a stick. Mr. Monthey came over with a rock. Grandpa was trying

to move around to keep from getting hit with a rock. Then the son came over and all three of them were after grandpa when dad and Bert drove up. Dad took Mr. and Mrs. Monthey off of grandpa and chased them away and Bert took after the son and they fought. Up and down the alley and out into Ninth South. In the process Bert really beat up on the Monthey kid. Bert convinced himself that he was the loser. He went home and thought it over and felt that he had the worst of the battle. All of a sudden he jumped up and said, "He can't do that to me." He said to his wife, Mary, "Do you want to see a fight?" So he took her with him and knocked on the Monthey's door again. When the boy came out Bert beat him up a second time.

We were still having fun growing up. We used to make sling-shots and we got to be pretty good with them; not so much in accuracy, but in distance. We used to stand on Brooklyn Avenue, a block to the south of our house, and flip rocks over the barn in Ballard's yard. We used to shoot at the train driver with BB guns. We would lie in the weeds till the train went by and then shoot. Once Fred Luckau, Ken and I were laying in the weeds when the train went by. Ken popped up right when Fred Luckau shot his gun and it hit Ken right in the temple. Ken thought he was killed. The BB was embedded under the skin. It could be pulled out easily, but he ran home howling. We were chastised severely and the BB guns taken away for awhile.

On the corner of American Avenue and Second West (now Third West) was White's Store where they had all of the penny candy. I don't think of Jacobsen's store much because it was a grocery store. I did play for a little league ball team which was sponsored by Jacobsen's store. All he gave us was a ball hat with a

"J" on it for Jacobsen's. After a ball game he would let us all have a drink of soda pop out of his machine. They were only a nickel then.

I enjoyed playing ball. It was one of the things I thought I was exceptionally good at at the time. I caught for the little teams that we had. It was baseball. I thought that softball was sissy. Edgar Matern pictured himself as a potential big league pitcher. We played catch all the time. Gus Oplus would come over and pitch. Gus organized a couple of ball games with some other people. He would take me along as his catcher. Finally I ended up playing American Legion baseball. I liked baseball, I thought that it was a special sport.

While going to Jefferson School we were rough-housing across the street to the south of the school in the field. I sprained my ankle quite badly on a couple of old logs there. Fred Luckau and Edgar Matern helped me home, one on each side of me. I was holding on to them and limping home. I got across the tracks away from home and dad saw them helping me home and walked across the tracks. He lifted me up like a little child and carried me home. I was impressed with his strength.

Dad had some very spiritual experiences. Some of these he described to me as follows.

About 1937 mom had a still-born baby girl. A night or two later dad woke up and saw a woman standing at the foot of his bed. He asked her who she was and she said, "I'm baby Hales. I'm the spirit that should have been for that body. You'll have to make another body for me."

Dad told me about a dream that he had concerning, Emma, Jack and Pauline. He had a dream that there was a mare and two colts trying to pull a wagon. The

mare was pulling one way and the two colts were both pulling in the opposite direction. Nothing was happening, they were all pulling against each other, they couldn't go anywhere. A voice said to him, "You're the only one who can handle them." Not too long after that Aunt Emma, Jack and Pauline came to live with us. They lived with us on Washington Street for a while and then again when we lived on American Avenue.

I've always believed that visions and dreams come on a need basis. His dreams were because he had something to do. He had to build anew body for a baby. With the dream about the coal mine when he was eating lunch, I'm sure that was because it was not his time to go and he had to have a warning to save his life.

Dad would send me over to Bishop Drury to pay his tithing. He would always give me a dime so that I could pay mine. There has never been any greater training than that.

The Pioneer Stake had an annual father and sons outing. I believe that this is where the church wide father and sons outing came from. On my first father and sons outing with my dad the men were washing their faces and hands in the creek when they woke in the morning. They had some water heating for the younger children to wash in. Harold B. Lee, our stake president, and some of the men were kidding me about having to wash in that cold water. I asked them if my dad washed in it. They said that he had so I did too. I learned later that this was of some pride to dad to know that I would follow his example even to wash my face in that very cold water. We went hiking up to a lake, about five miles round trip, and I was worn out. The lake was full of little salamanders. They called the

lake Dog Lake because the salamanders had a little head that looked like a dog. On the way back dad and Harold B. Lee took turns carrying me on their shoulders.

Just after I turned sixteen I had a dance band. We practiced our music at our house one day during February of 1945 and after the practice I needed to get the band members to their homes. It was snowing outside and I had just barely turned sixteen and I didn't have my license yet. I could drive even though I didn't have a drivers license and dad said I could use the car to take them home. There were four of us in the car with Jimmy Bench's full set of drums in the back seat. JoAnn "Jodi" Nelson played piano, Dick Mock played the saxophone, Jimmy Bench played the drums, and I played the saxophone. They were all in the car with me. Rather than taking them home a conventional way, down a main street, because I didn't have a drivers license I went down the back streets to take them home. I went south to Brooklyn Avenue, down it to First West (now Second West) where the Salt Lake and Utah Railroad train went down the center of the street. The windows on dad's car never worked. They wouldn't roll up and down. I pushed the fly-window open and leaned forward to stick my arm out and signal that I wanted to make a turn. It was snowing hard. As I turned off Brooklyn Avenue on to First West heading south, I made a wide turn and the back wheels went onto the track. I never saw the train. The train hit the back of the car and knocked it about a hundred feet at kind of an angle, twisting the car sideways and ramming it into a telephone pole on the drivers side. The door caved in and all of us were flipped out into the field. My head was cut open and a few of the other kids were hurt, but none of us were hurt seriously. It

didn't hurt any of the drums but it demolished the car. I got a ticket for driving without a license and violating the right of way of an electric train. We went to court over it and the Salt Lake and Utah Railroad ended up paying all of the damages and doctor bills. It broke up my dance band and I never had a dance band of my own again. But I played in several of them.

I played in the high school band and in the highschool orchestra. I also played in several dance bands, one for Lloyd Martin on a regular basis. I took my music lessons from Johnny Rosell.

I ended up working for Johnny Rosell at his service station and getting my music lessons free. His station was near the corner of Second East on First South. I had several jobs during my teen years doing various things. I worked at Pollard's service station at Ninth South and Second West for a few months. For a few months I worked at Kelly Office Supply as a delivery boy. Vernon Chapman worked there at the same time. One of my major jobs when I was young was my job at Swanner's planing mill glazing windows and sanding furniture and doors. Another job was with the Salt Lake Terminal Company. The Salt Lake Terminal Company was a combination of the Salt Lake and Utah and Bamberger Railroads. I worked in their freight office. I quit while I was still in my teens during my junior year of high school. During my senior year I worked for dad doing carpentry work. I also nailed some boxes together for a short period of time for Engh Floral. Mrs. Engh still remembers me even today. Earlier than that I had a paper route while in grade school.

In the Fifth Ward I went through the Aaronic Priesthood and was later ordained an Elder. Just before my mission I was made second counselor in the

Elder's Quorum presidency. Then I left on my mission.

Dad was a little upset because Garnet Jacobsen ordained me an elder without calling him in. He felt that he should have been the one to do it. I was not familiar enough with the procedure to insist on him doing it. The three members of the bishopric ordained the few of us that were being ordained. Dad was president of the choir but that is the biggest job he had in the Fifth Ward.

Once Mom and Dad gave me a surprise birthday party. They had fixed me up with a double date and gave them instructions to bring me over to our house at a certain time. I had been dating Joy Bartlett and Clara May Rio Williamson had just broken up with Clara May so they arranged a date for me. I don't know if I was concerned about whether the house was in condition for a party. Mom always used to say the corners were clean. There may be newspapers laying around, but the corners were clean. The house was dark. I walked in the front door and went to the kitchen through all of those people without seeing them. I said to mom, "Mom, they want to come in." When she said that it was okay I walked back out through all of the people to get my date. When they came in the lights were turned on and I was really surprised.

I left for my mission on the train from Salt Lake to Atlanta, Georgia. Grandma and Grandpa Pettersson met the train in Price and gave me a quart of milk and some other things to sustain me until I got down there.

Elder Skow was my first companion when I arrived in Griffin, Georgia. He met me in Atlanta and we went down to Griffin together. He was my companion for about three months. Elder Tingey was my supervising elder. I spent eleven months in Griffin, Georgia. My companions were Elders Skow, Brock and Hardman.

My first junior companion was Elder Donald M. Sanders. When I was out three months the supervising elder and the mission president decided that we were going to go for a week without purse or script on the way to a conference in Macon, Georgia. Elder Sanders came to me one day and the next day we started out in the country without purse or script. After the first couple of days I think he was about ready to go home. The morning we left we had nothing to eat all day. That night we had no place to sleep. We found a protestant church with the front door open so we went in and slept on the floor of the church. We went another day without anything and slept out another night. The next morning we lost all of the pride that we had and told the lady at the next house that we were missionaries without purse or script and were depending on the generosity of the people for our meals. We told her that we hadn't eaten for a couple of days. She invited us in and gave us a plate of cold biscuits and a cup of coffee. We told her that we couldn't accept the coffee. We ate the plate of biscuits and jelly and they were delicious.

My companion and I served as assistant scoutmasters of Troop Ten in Griffin, Georgia. The scoutmaster was a highway patrolman, but he never showed up. He showed up about once every three months and just stood there and gave the kids a hard time. After returning from our week without purse or script, we had the more pleasant experience of taking the boys to summer camp for a week. It was a pleasant camp in a wooded and hilly area with a small lake. All of the water front merit badges were available. Some of these we were able to work on ourselves. It was a very pleasant week. We had a good time in summer camp and I think that's what

saved Elder Sanders. He was about ready to go home after that week in the country.

We lived in several places in Griffin, Georgia ending up in a little two room apartment outside the city. The bedroom was up above and the kitchen was down below. We shared the bathroom with the people in the next apartment. We had to ride bicycles to get around.

While living in Griffin, Georgia the mission had a Book of Mormon contest. The idea was to go to the business district of the city that we lived in and sell copies to the business managers. We did it to get copies of the Book of Mormon distributed where someday someone would pick one up and look at it. At the end of the allotted time our district was ahead in the contest in placing copies of the Book of Mormon. This won us a trip to Atlanta to sell them there. Ten missionaries in eight days sold 842 copies of the Book of Mormon. Unfortunately we would end up giving away a few copies and they cost us a dollar apiece. A couple of times ran out of money and had to write home for a little more. We traded companions during the selling of the books and I ended up with Elder Foster. As we were selling, our district took us to both of the newspapers. We decided we would go into the newspapers to sell them. We tried to go to the Atlanta Journal, but we couldn't find anyone there. So we thought we would try the Atlanta Constitution, which was the other Atlanta newspaper. It was about six at night, we were on our way home, and the editor wasn't there. A man coming out of the office told us that the editor wasn't in. We turned to walk away and walked about a hundred feet when he hollered at us and asked us to come back. He was one of the feature writers for the Atlanta Constitution. He asked us if we were

missionaries. He asked us to come into his office and talk to him. We give him our little Book of Mormon pitch and sold him a copy. We sat and visited with him for quite a long time. He asked us where we came from and all sorts of things. It was a very pleasant conversation, we enjoyed it. We left with good feelings. About two days later an article was printed in the Constitution about us. It told all about how we had visited him. He said it was like a ghost from the past because the missionaries had visited his mother years ago. The article was sent to the Deseret News and it was printed there as well. The next day we went to the Atlanta Journal and the editor was very polite to us and bought a Book of Mormon also.

Mom and dad had sent me money a couple of times. It was in the early part of the year and unknown to me dad was out of work. I had also borrowed some money from my supervising elder. Being concerned I prayed about it. I spent several times in the bathroom praying about this. Right after the contest was over we had a district conference in Atlanta. Henry D. Moyle, one of the twelve apostles, was there. We had a testimony meeting where each of us stood up and bore our testimonies. Elder Daniel Faust stood up and mentioned that he knew Elder Moyle and they were close friends in the Holiday area of Salt Lake. Not meaning to be facetious I mentioned to him that I too had a connection to Elder Moyle. Mom and I used to clean his office in the Newhouse building in Salt Lake. After that he interviewed each of us. He asked how we were and how our folks were. About three weeks later, just before I was supposed to get some more money from home, as we played games in a Mutual meeting in a members home, the supervising elder arrived and handed me a letter from Henry D. Moyle. While I was

standing in the circle I opened the letter and a \$100 check fell out. My first inclination was to return it, but they all told me that I couldn't do that, he deserved that blessing. As far as I was concerned the money was an answer to prayer. Dad thought so too when I wrote and told him that I wouldn't need any money that month.

I played for two winters in a dance band for the mission. Our mission president, Elder Choules, organized a dance band. He had seven of us come into Atlanta. We traveled for three months at a time playing for the Saturday Gold and Green Balls. During the other days we played for high school assemblies, radio stations, lion's clubs and anything we could get as publicity for the church. I enjoyed that because we got to see every major city in the five southern states. Places that I would have never seen in any other way. At one place they publicized the band and listed our names. At the railroad station there were many kids waiting to see Monte Hale the cowboy movie star. They were disappointed when they found I wasn't him.

I finished my mission in Mississippi. First in Newton and then in Philadelphia. I came home in 1951.

Soon after I returned home from my mission Vernon Chapman, who was dating Benda Jergusen, arranged a date for me with Hanne Andersen. Bishop Jacobsen had introduced Vernon to Benda, who along with Hanne worked with him at the Deseret News Press. It didn't take too long after I came home to become engaged. I came home in February and on April First I gave her a ring. That December we were married.

At our reception, without knowing she was being watched, Julie got up on the stage and danced. She opened the curtains, came out and danced and then she closed. Everyone else was milling around, but



Hanne Andersen Hales

Julie was in the limelight.

While I was on my mission the Korean War began and when I returned it looked like I might get drafted, so I joined the Utah Air National Guard. I enlisted in the active Air Force from the National Guard so that I could have as short a term of duty as possible. I went into the active Air Force on April first, the same day I became engaged to Hanne. The first six months or so I was stationed at the Salt Lake airport. At this time Hanne and I got married. Less than a month after we were married I was transferred to Clovis Air Force Base, New Mexico.

Within two months Hanne came down to Clovis and we lived in the base housing area. We had some very pleasant memories there too. The people that lived in the base housing area were all our age. We socialized with them. We would get together and play cards and go to movies together. We made a trip down to Carlsbad, New Mexico and went through the caverns together. I was a senior air operations specialist working at base operations. It was shift work, but I liked my job. It was interesting enough that I enjoyed it. We had a good enough time that I was all ready to reenlist, but the recruiting sergeant had too many other things on his mind at the time. As far as I'm concerned he blew it and I got out of the Air Force and came home. While we lived there and I finished my active duty in the Air Force, we bought a 1949 Ford. It was a two door car with a back seat, rusting and falling apart, and had bald tires. When I was released from the Air Force we drove it down to El Paso, Texas, into Juarez, Mexico, and clear back to Salt Lake on bald tires. I have too much sense to do that today. We had the back seat loaded with everything we had.

After I got home I needed a job so I went up to the union and told them I was a carpenter. They knew dad and said, well, he should have taught you something." They gave me a chance and sent me out on a trial basis to work on the Park Stake Center under Frank Lilliard. After a month I went back for a review and they gave me my journeyman card as a carpenter. I worked off and on as a carpenter until 1959.

Kim was born in 1954. Hanne had gone over nearly a month. Dad was going to pour a slab for his garage on a Saturday and had asked me to help him. Don and Que were also going to help but they were young. Dad

told Hanne that she could have that baby anytime but Saturday. I went over early in the morning and we got the forms all set. The cement truck backed in and had just dumped all of the cement in when mom came to the door. I was in knee boots and was pulling the cement with a rake. Hanne had called and asked to talk to me. She didn't want to tell them that she was in labor. Mom tried to have her wait till I was out of the cement, but Hanne started to cry. Mom told me, "Monte, you better go home." Kim was born about four that afternoon while dad, Don and Que finished the cement.

Bert Cowlshaw thought of dad as his brother. When he heard of the accident he jumped in his Hudson and flew low, arriving at the hospital in Lovelock ahead of us. Bert was extremely upset. He ran in without thinking. Dad asked him how the rest of them were and he told him they were all dead. When I got there dad knew that everyone was gone except him and Nikki. He was thrashing around. He had a broken leg, they were trying to make him lie on his back and he was trying to rollover on his side because he was uncomfortable. I don't think the leg hurt him because he had too many other things wrong. We took turns staying with them, the women would stay with Nikki and the men would stay with dad. Glen and Elva were there. Charles and Leola were there. When we first went there we were told that he had a fifty-fifty chance of making it and Nikki had only one chance in ten. Nikki was in a coma and it was more comfortable being with dad. Dad thought that Nikki was gone too and that he was alone. He told me, "They're all gone aren't they?" I think that was half of why he gave up. That first day was the only time I was able to talk to him. The rest of the time he was out. He was getting

weaker and weaker. He had a ruptured spleen and was bleeding internally. He died two days later from loss of blood. It was because of dad's condition that we went to Reno. Hanne and I rode with him and Nikki in the ambulance. Dad died within an hour or two after we got there.

I've always taken pride in the fact that when they were killed mom was president of the Relief Society and dad was on a stake mission. Dad had served as the president of the Mutual before his mission and they couldn't have been more active.

Following the accident, we were living in a duplex that was quite pleasant and it was big enough for the three of us, but there were mortgage payments that needed to be made on the house on Simondi Avenue. I felt that if we were going to be making payments we ought to live there. Glen and Elva had a house and Ken was in the Air Force so as my part of the inheritance I took the equity in the house. Elva used her part of the inheritance as a down payment on a new home at 2710 East 4135 South.

In 1958 after one cold winter day, I decided that carpentry work wasn't much fun. I talked to Glen Cahoun, one of my missionary companions in Mississippi, who was now a policeman. I tried to get a job with the police department, but they had a height limit and I was too short. In January of 1959 I took the test for the fire department. After the written and agility tests I placed number two on their waiting list. They didn't hire any one that year. The following February, another cold winter day, after I thought that they had forgotten about me and I had given up, they called and told me that they wanted me to go to work with the fire department. I was promoted to lieutenant in September of my twelfth year on the fire department.

Five years later I was promoted to captain.

In September of 1964 after doing the carpentry work on a home for Peter and Dagny Olsen, I purchased a lot and built a new home at 1453 Colony Drive. We had sold our home on Simondi Avenue to Tom and Lois Pettersson and moved into our new home before it was completed. Hanne was discouraged. She felt she was losing all of her friends. Now she would be lost if we were anyplace else.

Kim was eleven, Frank was nine and Lisa was four years old when we moved, so essentially they all grew up in the home on Colony Drive. All three went to Meadow Moor Elementary School, Bonneville Junior High School and graduated from Cottonwood High School. All of the schools are within two miles of our home on Colony Drive.

The ward in the area is the Cottonwood Tenth Ward, formerly of the Salt Lake Cottonwood Stake, but after a division, now in the Salt Lake Big Cottonwood Stake.

While in the Cottonwood Tenth Ward we have had five bishops. Bishops Burk, Christensen, Robertson, Burton and finally Butterfield. I served as cubmaster for two years, and then was called as assistant scoutmaster to Al Dye. He was getting ready to take the boys to Camp Ahsai, New Mexico. We rented a bus and I drove the bus down there, spent a week and drove the bus back. There were twenty boys that went on this trip. Al Dye quit as scoutmaster when we returned. I had been his assistant for less than a year and was asked to replace him. I have been a scoutmaster for almost seven years. I spent at least seven of my vacations from the fire department at boy scout camps. Hanne thought that she was never going to have a summer vacation. I attended some scout

camps that the kids will always remember and I had a good time. During this time both of my sons have achieved the rank of eagle scout. Once Bishop Christensen called up unexpectedly and presented me with an award for my service as scoutmaster. Some of the camps that are remembered by the boys more than anything else, and they tell me about them even today, were those at Camp Hunt on Bear Lake. We spent a week during three summers there. We went to a camp at the East Fork of the Bear and once we went to an unorganized camp. After I was released as Scoutmaster I was called to serve on the stake cubbing board and served in that calling for about three years.

I was ordained a seventy by Robert Barker and called on a stake mission which finally released me from scouting. Following my stake mission I served in the quorum as chairman of the move-in committee. On May 23, 1982 I was ordained a high priest by Stake President Craig Vincent.

I had taken several first aid classes from the American Red Cross and had become a first aid instructor. The fire department let me attend these classes on fire department time. I would teach Red Cross standard and advanced first aid to the fire department along with seven others. In 1970, the charter year for national registry of emergency medical technicians, the first emergency medical technician class in the state of Utah was scheduled. The fire department asked for volunteers and I was one that was selected. There were forty in the class from all over the state of Utah, seven from the fire department. At our ten year reunion of that class there were only eleven left that were still certified. I am certified as a charter year member of the national emergency medical technicians. I have become an emergency

medical technician instructor and teach for the fire department.

When Frank reached nineteen years of age he applied for a mission. He was called to serve in Denmark. While there he was able to visit with some of his relatives from his mother's side of the family and learn more about his Danish heritage. He served a successful mission of two years duration and was honorably released.

While Frank was on his mission, I was asked to be the coordinator for the emergency medical services for the Salt Lake City fire department. I was the first coordinator for emergency medical services. I also started the CPR classes that are being taught to the citizens of Salt Lake and taught the first one. I organized them and formed the teaching schedule that is still being used. At the present time half of the firemen are trained as emergency medical technicians and we expect to have the other half trained by the end of the year.

In priesthood we had a lesson on physical fitness in 1970. They took our pulse in class. I became concerned and started running around the block. I would run around the block once and was puffing and panting so much that I thought my heart was going to pound out of my chest. I went deer hunting with Kim and George Thornton and I began to realize how out of shape I was when climbing the hills. Kim and George would take off up the hill and I would try to keep up with them. I decided I was in terrible physical condition. The fire department was also thinking of fitness and supplied each station with the book *Aerobics* by Dr. Kenneth Cooper. I had tried to get in shape and run with no real plan and failed so I read Dr. Cooper's book. I put myself on the plan in the book and

it worked. In sixteen weeks I could run two miles in the seventeen minutes the schedule indicated.

I took a great deal of pride in what I could now do. I gradually worked myself up to where I could run three miles and was satisfied with this for several years.

In the early months of 1977, while serving as captain of the Number Five Fire Station, the battalion chief stationed there, Louis Brown, said, "Lets train together and run the Deseret News Marathon." All marathons are races of twenty-six miles three-hundred and eighty-five yards. I told him that I didn't think I could do it.

The following year, after talking with several people and reading about marathons, I decided I would try. I told battalion chief Brown that I was ready, but by this time he was having foot problems and he couldn't. I made the mistake of telling everyone in the kitchen in Number Five Station that I was going to do it so it was hard to back out. I trained hard and finally the race day came.

On July 24, 1978 I lined up in East Canyon with about one thousand two hundred other runners for the twenty-six plus mile run. I felt good for the first nineteen miles and then the bottom dropped out. All of my energy was gone. I finished the last seven miles by walking and running. My time for the race was four hours forty two minutes. The time wasn't very good, but it was good enough for credit for finishing. You must finish in under five hours for credit.

I was proud of myself. I was the first man on the Salt Lake City Fire Department to ever run and finish a marathon. George Sumner decided to try to run it as well. He said, "If that fat captain can run it I can too." I passed him about the fourteen mile mark and asked him how he was doing. He said, "Not good, my legs

are rubbery.” He quit within the next mile after I passed him.



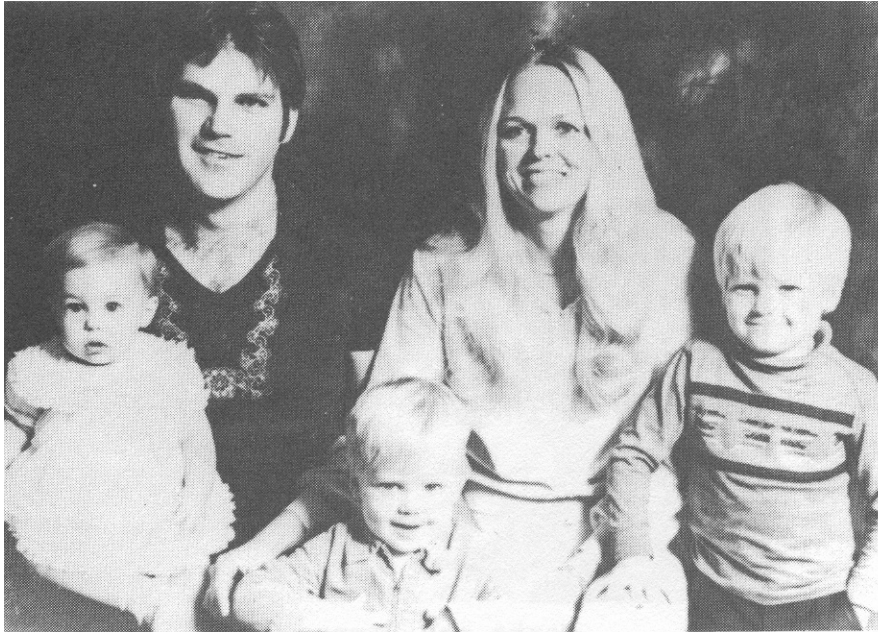
Monte and Hanne

The following year I ran three more marathons, each one faster than the one before. In May I ran the Golden Spike marathon. My time in the Golden Spike marathon was four hours and thirty-four minutes. This marathon starts about six miles to the east of Promontory Point and goes to Brigham City.

I wasn't going to run any more that year, but some other firemen decided that they were going to try it. I decided to run with them so there were four firemen

that finished the Deseret News marathon in 1979. I did the Deseret News marathon in four hours and twenty nine minutes.

That fall Hanne and I went to Las Vegas and I ran in the Las Vegas Classic or Celebrity marathon. I again improved my time finishing in four hours and nineteen minutes without walking.



The Monte Kim Hales family

Kim and Ivonne
Desiree, Kasey and Eric

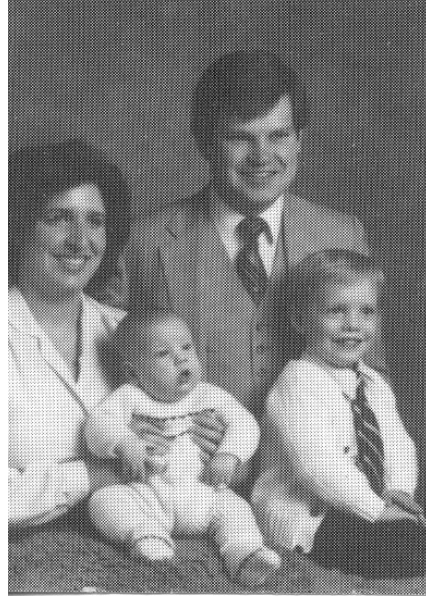
Our boys have both married. Kim married Ivonne Charlene Ketchum on the fifth of April in 1974 at our home in Salt Lake. He worked with me for awhile doing carpentry work, but now he works for the Salt Lake City fire department as a fireman.

Kim and Ivonne have three children: Eric Kim, Kasey Frank and Desiree Laraine.

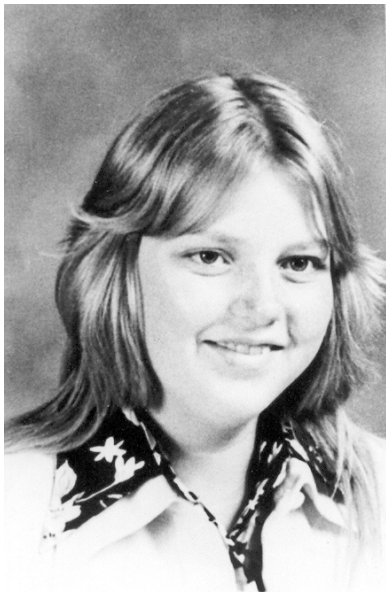
Frank married Kriste Baxter in the Salt Lake Temple on the fifth of July in 1978. Frank was the first of the grandchildren of Frank and Eugenie Hales to graduate from college. He received his bachelor's degree from BYU and later earned his masters. Frank received his certified public accountant(CPA) title and works as an accountant.

Frank and Kriste have two children: Niclas Dean and Camron Frank.

Lisa still lives at home.



Kriste and Frank
Camron and Niclas



Lisa Hales

I had some problems with my knees as a result of many years of running, so I don't run anymore. To keep myself in good physical condition I swim as often as I can at the University of Utah pool.

I try to maintain my weight at 165 pounds through exercise and by watching what I eat. I'm pleased with my good health.

I have five grandchildren now and they all think that their grandpa is something special.

In a few more years I plan to retire from the fire

department. Hanne and I have purchased a new car and we have already enjoyed taking trips in it to Lake Tahoe and to California. We want to take another trip to Lake Tahoe and to travel some more when we have the chance.