John Knowles Hales and Jeanette Rebecca Porter

A Family History

by Shelley Dawson Davies

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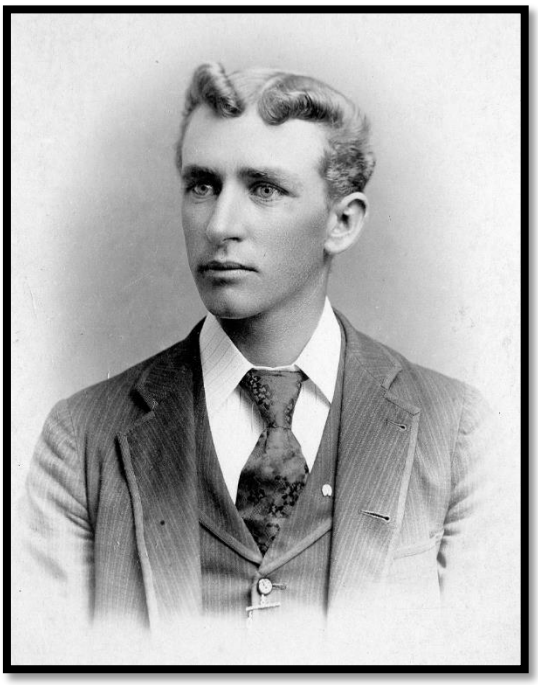
Chapter 1

Born in the Covenant

John Hales



Johnny Hales around 1890.

"If you want to come as near to flying as we are likely to get in this generation, learn to ride a pneumatic bicycle," touted the author of an 1895 article on "wheeling."[1] In an age when travelling from one place to another meant hitching up a horse or setting off on foot, the bicycle seemed as much of a miracle as sprouting a set of wings. For the first time people could go where and when they wanted, all for the price of a good "wheel," which was well within reach of most middle-class wage earners.[2] The relative ease of covering ground coupled with "an independence …that one doesn't feel in driving [a horse]"[3] created a bicycling craze that swept the nation in the 1890s.

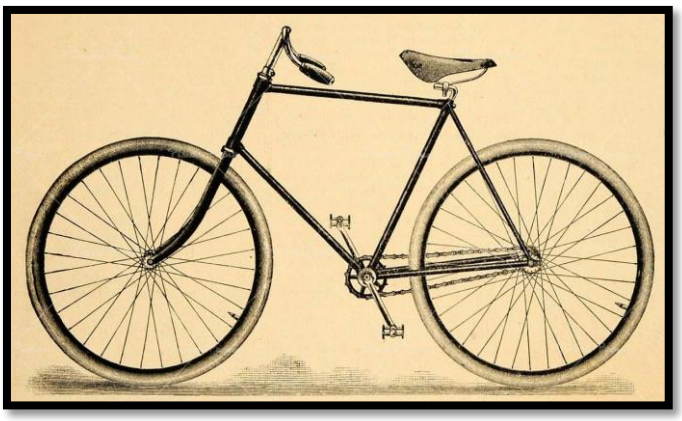
Twenty-year old Johnny Hales,[4] "a handsome lad with curly light brown hair and clear blue eyes,"[5] was among the many young men who could be seen pedaling up and down the streets of Bountiful, Utah, during the summer of 1894. Large groups of cyclists were a

common sight; it seemed almost everyone was anxious to take advantage of the new "health-giving and pleasurable pastime for people of all ages."[6] *The Salt Lake Tribune* regularly reported on bicycle races and statistics in a column entitled "Wheel Notes," and riding was promoted as "an economical touring device…providing easy access to the great outdoors."[7]

Johnny and his friend Joe Atkinson decided to embark on a great outdoor adventure of their own that very summer. Johnny and Joe "left on their wheels for the Yellowstone National Park," in July, according to *The Davis County Clipper*,[8] a three hundred and sixty mile journey one way on modern highways that was no doubt longer on the primitive roads of the day. Roads were rough at best, little more than dusty trails which quickly turned to into a quagmire in any rainstorm. Johnny and Joe had to carry their bikes over flooded or muddy patches of road, and pushed their wheels down railroad tracks and trestles where no roads existed.

The young men no doubt had a copy of "The Road and Hand-Book" in their packs, a touring guide issued by The League of American Wheelmen which included many "never-before published maps, inns and places of interest along the way."[9] According the handbook, it was possible to cover as many as fifty miles a day on a bicycle, passing by uninteresting tracts of country twice as fast as anyone could travel on foot. By pacing themselves, the boys could make thirty miles by lunchtime, "getting off to walk up all hills that deserve the name, and stopping to pick a flower or admire a view whenever the spirit prompts,"[10] before pressing on until it was time to set up evening camp along the road. It was easy enough to put up a primitive tent of light weight canvas, using their pair of bicycles for support. If they were lucky, they might find one of the few inns scattered along the route. Their guidebook suggested bikers "carry handkerchiefs, a toothbrush and a change in underwear," warning that "the condition of sheets in some country inns might well necessitate sleeping in one's underwear."[11]

Johnny and Joe spent the rest of the summer touring through the untamed country of southeastern Idaho, "wheeling quietly up and down hill and across the valley, miles away from so-called civilization,"[12] visiting Uncle Frank Hales[13] on his ranch outside of Rexburg, where Johnny caught a glimpse of his future. Johnny took note of the wide open country stretching out before him and talked with the cowhands about Idaho's reputation for fertile farming. Later that fall, he took the advice of a fellow wheelman, "counting up how many glorious days, how many bits of scenery and of adventure are well worth remembering,"[14] and determined to someday have an Idaho farm of his own.



The popular 1894 Union model.

Bike Benefits

"As any bicyclist knows, walking seems intolerably slow after the wheel," wrote a biking enthusiast in 1895. Part of the appeal of cycling was the speed and distance a rider could cover in a relatively short period of time. Young men vied with each other to see how fast they could pedal, earning the name of "scorchers" for the way they blazed down the roads. Racers were called "cracks," and the impromptu sprint races between riders meeting on the street were called "drags." The experience really did become a drag if an unwary cyclist happened to encounter one of the many bike-breaking, tire-punching obstacles on the unimproved roads, such as deep puddles, wheel ruts and sharp stones. Although short-lived, the cycling mania helped launch a movement for road improvement, ultimately leading to today's nation's system of paved streets and highways.

One of the stereoscope photos taken by Stephen Hales of his own home and family. John is standing on the right; the hanging portrait is of John's grandfather, Stephen Hales (1820).

Bountiful Childhood

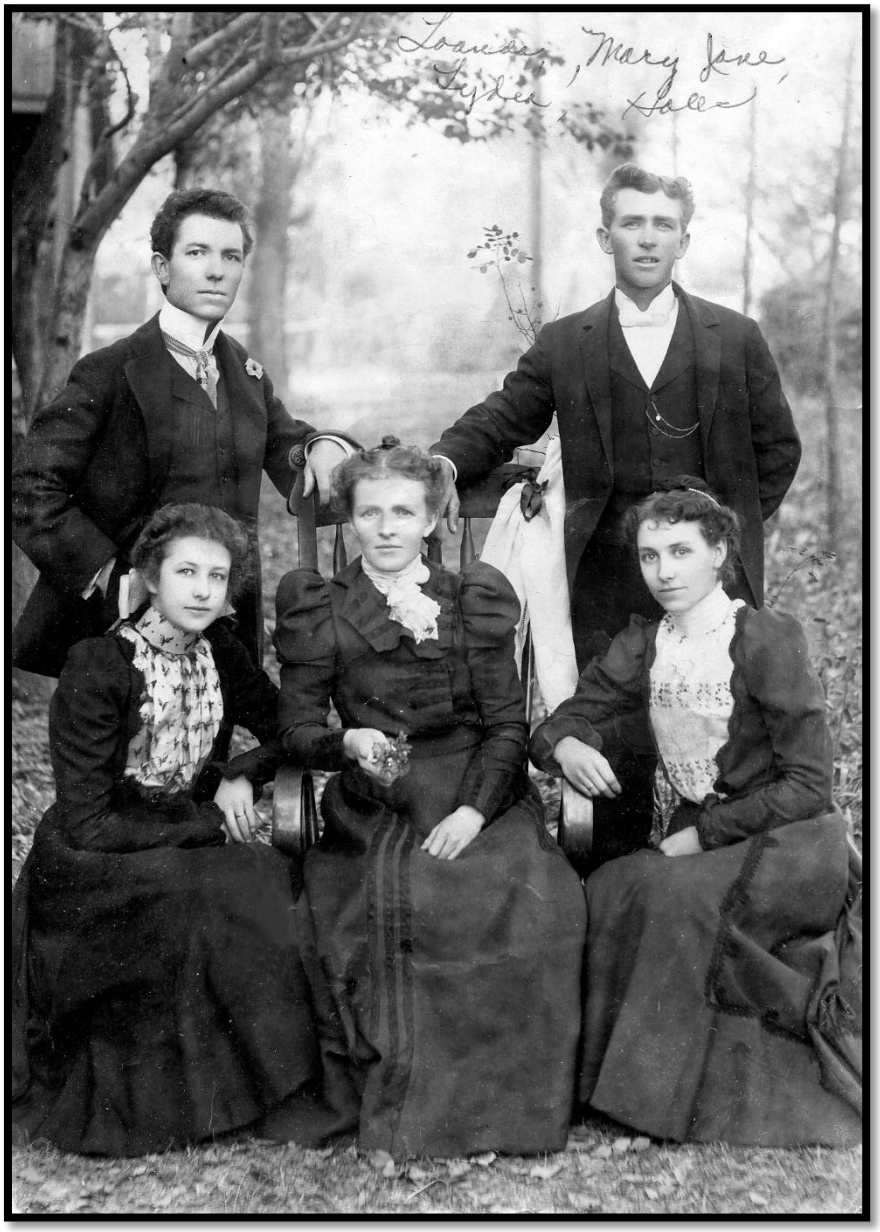
There were three generations of the Stephen Hales family living in the big frame house along Salt Lake City's North Temple Street[15] in 1874: Stephen Senior,[16] who had joined the church in Canada thirty-eight years before; Stephen Junior,[17] who was born in Garden Grove, Iowa, just before the family crossed the plains; and little Stephen,[18] the first of his generation to be born in the Salt Lake Valley. The two Hales men were stone cutters, employed at the temple worksite just across the street, where they spent the better part of each day except Sunday sizing and dressing stone blocks hauled out of the canyon by ox cart teams. Stephen Jr. and his wife Jane Alice[19] had gratefully accepted the offer to share living quarters with the Hales family so they could save enough money to eventually build their own home. Jane was glad she had the comfort and support of Mother Hales[20] for the birth of her second child, John, who arrived on November 15th that year.[21] Stephen and Jane were able to move to their new home at 530 South 200 West in Bountiful[22] by the time Mary Jane[23] was born two years later. Jane gave birth to four more children in their Bountiful home: Irvin,[24] who died as a toddler, Lydia,[25] Loanda[26] and little Walter,[27] who died the same day he was born.

Stephen worked hard at a number of jobs to support his growing family. For a while, he continued toil at the temple site in Salt Lake, and "hauled freight from Salt Lake City to Black Rock Canyon, then changed to Eagle Rock, Idaho, and later to Idaho Falls from Rapids on the Snake River," according to granddaughter Veta May Brown.[28] For her part, Jane cultivated a large kitchen garden and kept a cow for milk and cream. In addition, the Hales family had a "fine orchard of all kinds of fruit trees," said Veta May. "Fruit was dried and sold over what was needed by the family, taking it to Salt Lake City to Teasdale's dry goods store in exchange for clothing and other things needed."[29]

The Hales home was strategically located at the intersection of two of the more important and well-traveled roads in town, a bit of luck that came in handy when the city of Bountiful decided to move a branch of the post office to "more convenient location" in 1882, and appointed Stephen as postmaster.[30] With the post office now located in her front hall, Jane helped sort the mail in her kitchen while eight-year old Johnny and ten-year old Stephen A. carried the mail pouch daily to the Wood's Cross rail station.[31]

Not long after Stephen became the postmaster, he set up shop as the first photographer in Bountiful.[32] It was miraculous to watch him capture images of friends and neighbors with his huge camera, and Johnny enjoyed helping his father set up the shots, then print the resulting photos on special paper. Many of the Hales photos of local scenic spots were backed with cardboard and offered for sale in Salt Lake City shops,[33] and Stephen eventually cultivated a loyal clientele for individual and family portraits.

John's father took this photo of him around 1889.



The Hales children (left to right, back to front):
Stephen, John, Loa, Mary Jane and Lydia.

The main entrance to Hales Hall, facing Fifth South Street.

Hales Hall

Johnny was ten years old when his father decided to build a large dance hall just north of their home. Since the railroad ran along the east side of the Hales property, Stephen saw an opportunity to capitalize on the passing traffic. "The train brought people from Salt Lake, many whom joined their Bountiful friends in a variety of entertainment," according to Johnny's daughter, Cleo.[34] Hales Hall began as a small room with portable benches where local programs and gatherings could take place, but due to its success, Stephen was soon able to enlarge the operation to include a large stage and beautiful hardwood floor he installed himself. "My father was a very good carpenter, so did a lot of the work at odd times," said Mary Jane.[35] Stephen enlisted his boys in building and painting the scenery, while Jane and the girls sewed costume and fed the guests and players. "Many a good play was presented there," said Cleo,[36] such as *The Mistletoe Bough*, *Rip Van Winkle* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as well as a selection of operettas, vaudeville, ventriloquists, and minstrel shows.[37] Dancing and roller skating were also regular events. The Hales children owned their own skates and often joined in the fun. "About twice a week the young came to spend the evening skating, twenty-five cents for each person. Wonderful times learning to skate with many with sore heads and skinned knees, but going happily home," said Mary Jane.[38]

With so much activity at Hales Hall, keeping up with the place became a family affair. Everyone who was old enough helped in its care and upkeep, which included cleaning and filling the numerous coal oil lamps hanging around the room. Johnny and Stephen A. were especially helpful when it came to the strenuous job of polishing the dance floor and preparing it for the next event by sprinkling sawdust and candle wax over the entire surface.[39]

Refreshments such as sandwiches, cookies, cakes and other treats were sold, along with a variety of refreshing drinks, both before and after the scheduled events. At some point, Stephen made the dangerous decision to offer alcohol to his customers in addition to the standard selection of soft drinks. In such a strict LDS community, the sale of any type of liquor was frowned upon, but it was a particularly scandalous event in a family setting like Hales Hall.

Stigma

Johnny's father had for some time privately drifted away from the church, and not long after he offered alcohol for sale, Stephen was excommunicated "for apostasy." Everyone in Davis County knew about it as the bishop court's decision was published in *The Deseret News* in January, 1885.[40] In a time when the church was the very fabric of community life, excommunication meant more than being excluded from Sunday worship. The entire Hales family felt the repercussions as whisperings about "the apostate" and his dance hall circulated around town.

At the same time, federal polygamy raids were being conducted throughout Utah, with the aim of destroying what was seen by the outside world as the wicked practice of having multiple wives. Bounties were offered for capturing polygamists, and more than a few locals turned in their neighbors for the cash. When several Bountiful men were arrested and charged with cohabitation, as polygamy was often referred to, Stephen was suspected of betraying them. He was called a "tattler" and falsely accused of aiding the marshals, according to Mary Jane.[41]

Meanwhile, Jane remained faithful and continued to attend church with the children. It was a strain on the family when Stephen enrolled Johnny and the other children in the Bliss School, one of the protestant schools launched in Utah by outsiders to "save" the Mormons through their children. "Other churches were sent out to Utah to convert us. People who did not belong to the [LDS] church went to the Bliss School. Many who left the church sent their children

there," remembered local resident Alvin Moss.[42] Johnny completed grammar school in the small, rock-faced building,[43] only too aware of the social stigma attached to him and his fellow students. All of the Hales children grew up under the shadow of disgrace brought on by their father's excommunication, a shame that lasted well into their adulthood.[44]

ENDNOTES

[1] Philip G. Hubert, Jr., "The Bicycle: The Wheel of To-Day," *Scribner's Magazine* (June, 1895), page 692.
[2] Mass production made a bicycle purchase possible for anywhere from $40.00 to $120.00. By 1898, less expensive models cost only $20.00.
[3] Hubert, "The Bicycle: The Wheel of To-Day," *Scribner's Magazine*, page 702.
[4] John "Johnny" Knowles Hales (1874-1933), #KWCX-P77, www.familysearch.org where verification of all vital dates can be found. Also see family group sheets at www.DaviesDawsonHistory.weebly.com
[5] Cleo (Hales) Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[6] Oscar Osburn Winther, *The Transportation Frontier* (Chicago; Holt Rinehart and Winston, 1964), page 150.
[7] *Ibid.*
[8] *The Davis County Clipper*, 18 July, 1895.
[9] Winther, *The Transportation Frontier*, page 150.
[10] Hubert, "The Bicycle: The Wheel of To-Day," *Scribner's Magazine*, page 700.
[11] Winther, *The Transportation Frontier*, page 150.
[12] Hubert, "The Bicycle: The Wheel of To-Day," *Scribner's Magazine*, page 702.
[13] Franklin Alexander Hales (1859-1935), #KWZY-VHF, was John's great uncle, son of Stephen Hales (1820), #KWJW-3CT and Eveline Lydia (Carter) Hales (1821-1898), #MLNZ-C1L, www.famiklysearch.org
[14] Hubert, "The Bicycle: The Wheel of To-Day," *Scribner's Magazine*, page 702.
[15] Page, "Personal History," 1976.
[16] Stephen Hales (1820-1881). #KWJW-3CT, www.familysearch.org
[17] Stephen Hales (1849-1916), #KWNK-188, www.familysearch.org
[18] Stephen Anthony Hales (1872-1942), #KWVG-13V, www.familysearch.org
[19] Jane Alice (Crosby) Hales (1853-1901), #KWNK-18D, www.familysearch.org
[20] Eveline Lydia (Carter) Hales (1821-1898), #MLNZ-C1L, www.familysearch.org
[21] "Stephen Hales-Jane Alice Crosby family group sheet," supplied 1979 by Cleo (Hales) Page. This sheet offers only a generic list of materials consulted.
[22] Page, "Personal History," 1976.
[23] Mary Jane (Hales) Atkinson (1876-1968), #KW69-8KB, www.familysearch.org
[24] Irvin Orlando Hales (1878-1880), #KWVG-1Q3, www.familysearch.org
[25] Lydia Eveline (Hales) Larsen (1882-1947), #KWZC-S3G, www.familysearch.org
[26] Loanda Janet (Hales) Burningham (1884-1971), ##KWD7-113, www.familysearch.org
[27] Walter Hales (1886-1886), #KWVG-1QM, www.familysearch.org
[28] Veta May (Atkinson) Brown (1896-1975), #KWZZ-STQ, www.familysearch.org Veta May Atkinson Brown, "History of Stephen Hales," undated typescript. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.

[29] Brown, "History of Stephen Hales," undated typescript.
[30] Leslie T. Foy, *The City Bountiful* (Salt Lake City: Horizon Publishers, 1975), page 289.
[31] Bishop James. E Burns, "Funeral address for John K. Hales," typescript, 3 September, 1933. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[32] Janice P. Dawson, "*An Economic Kaleidoscope: The Stephen Hales Family of Bountiful*," Utah Historical Quarterly (Winter, 1993), page 65.
[33] Interview with Janice (Page) Dawson, 3 July, 1998. Transcript held by interviewer Shelley Dawson Davies.
[34]Cleo (Hales) Page (1906-1989), #KWZ8-T4C, www.familysearch.org Cleo H. Page, "History of Stephen Hales," undated typescript. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[35] Mary Jane Hales Hulse, "Hales Hall," undated typescript. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[36] Page, "History of Stephen Hales," undated typescript.
[37] *Ibid*.
[38] Hulse, "Hales Hall," undated typescript.
[39] *Ibid*.
[40] *The Deseret News*, 26 January, 1885.
[41] Hulse, "Hales Hall," undated typescript.
[42] Interview with Alvin Moss (Bountiful, Utah), by Janice P. Dawson, 2 August, 1983. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[43] 170 West 4th South.
[44] Even many years later, Loa refused to acknowledge her father's excommunication. "Aunt Loa wouldn't admit he was excommunicated," according to Cleo's daughter, Janice Dawson. "She would always say, 'Oh no, he was just disfellowshipped." Interview, Janice (Page) Dawson, 3 July, 1998. .

Chapter 2

Surrounded by Family

Jeanette

Jeanette at the age of two in 1879.

Little Nettie Porter[45] was surrounded by family. In the small village of Centerville, five miles north of Bountiful. With the population hovering around six hundred,[46] it was difficult to find someone who wasn't somehow related to one of Nettie's grandparents or great-grandparents.[47] Not only were they among the early settlers of the town back in 1849, but both of her grandfathers were polygamists: Grandfather Porter[48] had two wives[49] and thirteen children, while Grandfather Poole[50] had three wives[51] and twenty-eight children. Even after Grandfather Poole and his families left for Idaho in 1880, there were plenty of aunts, uncles, cousins and second cousins to be found around Davis County.

Nettie was given the name of both her Grandmother Poole [Jeanette[52]] and Grandmother Porter [Rebecca[53]] by her parents, who went on to have ten more children over the next twenty-two years, the last one only a few months after Nettie was married and was herself a mother.[54] Although Nettie had one older and four younger brothers,[55] she was closest to her sisters Ethel,[56] Susie,[57] and Edna.[58] Nettie and her sisters were well-known for their fashion sense and were often

referred to around Centerville collectively as "The Porter Girls."[59] One of Nettie's granddaughters, Gayle Anderson,[60] later recalled how the Porter sisters "had a reputation in our family of always being very 'uptown.' They liked to dress and were a bit snobbish. When anyone in the family was acting uppity we would say, 'Well, that's the Porter in you.'"[61]

Like all babies in that time and place, Nettie was born at home with only a midwife to help her mother, Rebecca,[62] through the labor. Fortunately, there was plenty of help from family members while Rebecca rested in bed after the birth. Grandfather and Grandmother Porter lived only three blocks west[63] of Nettie's comfortable home on Main Street.[64] Her father, Aaron,[65] had built the two-story house himself from fired red brick on a large lot surrounded by fruit trees and a large vegetable garden. [66]

The Porter home in Centerville, Utah.

The Centerville Coop where the Porters sold their dairy products.

Daily Duties

Even though Centerville was located strategically between Ogden and Salt Lake, it remained a quiet agricultural town all through Nettie's childhood, with "a single school house, a single church house, one house of amusement, one store, one blacksmith shop, one flour mill, one Justice of the Peace with his Constable, still with nothing to do," according to her uncle Nathan,[67] although there was a daily mail service and even a practicing attorney at law, right there on Main Street. The Centerville Coop dry goods and grocery store carried a variety of interesting items recently available from big cities back east, as well as local items such as the milk, cream and cheese the Porters produced for sale on their large dairy farm.[68]

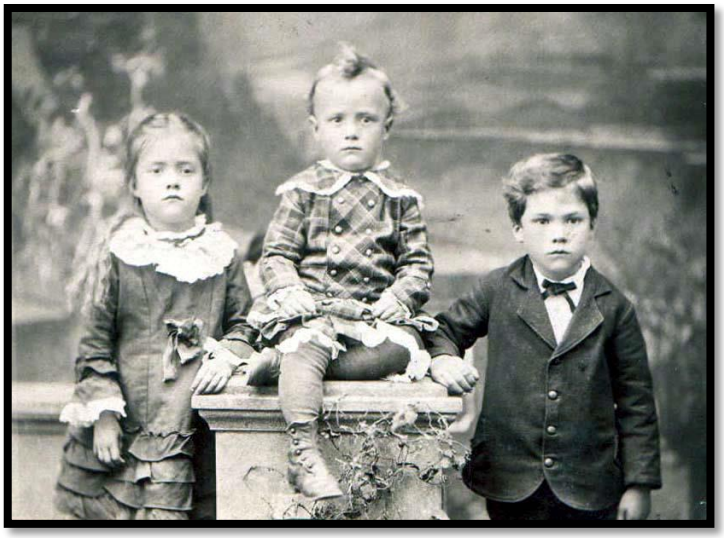
Aaron ran the dairy farm and orchards for many years with the aid of his growing family. All of the children worked at cleaning stalls, feeding and milking the cows and helping their mother skim milk and make cheese. They also took turns manning the road side stand each fall after the fruit was harvested, selling baskets of peaches, apricots and ruby red cherries. Sometimes the older children accompanied their father on trips to the wholesale Grower's Market in Salt Lake City to sell wagon loads of fresh fruit.[69]

Chores were assigned as soon as the children were able to follow directions, usually around the age of four or five.[70] Ethel recalled washing the dishes when she was still so small she had to stand on a chair to reach the sink, and setting the dinner table with plates and silverware before leaving for church on Sundays. "It was always set for thirteen because Father, who was the bishop of the Centerville

ward, would always bring home an extra person for dinner, someone who may have been lonely that day," she said. All of the girls helped keep the house neat and tidy, but the children were never allowed into their parent's bedroom, even to clean.[71]

Rebecca Porter was a very neat person, and she saw to it that everything in her home was just right. On wash days she required the girls to hang out the long row of laundered stockings matched, mated and evenly placed over the fence to dry or they had to go back and neaten them. All of the family's shoes were shined on Saturday night before bath time with Vaseline or shoe polish, then lined up in a row for Sunday morning. Rebecca reminded her children that even though they were somewhat poor and did not have new shoes, there was no excuse for not being clean.[72]

Nettie "grew up learning all the fundamentals of good housekeeping from a wonderful mother," said Cleo, which included sewing to perfection on the dependable old treadle machine, turning out the frilly white shirtwaists and tapered walking skirts popular at the time, and knitting her own wool sweaters and mittens. She also tatted decorative lace for collars and handkerchiefs.[73]



Nettie, left, and her brothers William and Aaron Porter.

Sabbath School

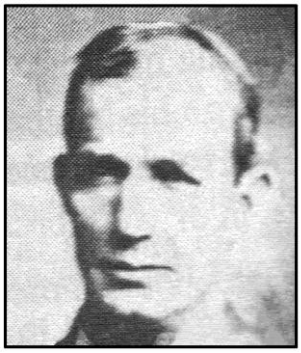
Bishop Porter was well loved and respected during the ten years he directed the Centerville ward, a notable accomplishment in the days when the church influenced almost every aspect of life, especially in such a small town. Some of Bishop Porter's greatest challenges came as he struggled to help families affected by the federal government's efforts to stamp out polygamy. By the time Aaron was set apart for the job in 1888, the very existence of the church itself was in doubt.

For as long as Nettie could remember, many of her family members and neighbors had been forced underground, moving from place to place to avoid arrest. Grandfather Poole had gone into hiding for several years, and one of his sons, Hyrum Poole,[74] was falsely arrested even though he himself was not a polygamist. In Centerville, even Grandpa Porter, who had lived in peace with his two wives for almost thirty years, was under the watchful eye of the federal marshals.

Uncle Nathan Porter recalled as many as "half score of our villagers in peril. The highly respected involved. In our village, only apostates would betray a neighbor."[75] There were several apostates in Centerville, men who had left the church and were viewed by the rest of the community with a mixture of suspicion and distrust, especially after three local polygamous men were betrayed and spent six months in prison.[76]

Nettie was thirteen years old when the persecutions finally ended in 1890, after the church declared an end to the practice of polygamy. The memories of unjust treatment at the hands of the gentiles would remain fresh for many years, both in the Porter family and the larger community, surfacing again a few years later when Nettie was considering marriage. But for the time being, the Porter family, like others in the village, continued on with their worship, strengthening their families and faith with scripture reading and "always the kneeling at the bedside altar."[77] Under the influence of her parents Nettie "learned the gospel which she always loved, and gaining a strong testimony of its truthfulness," according to Cleo.[78]

Formal church meetings were held a small chapel where every Sunday morning at ten a.m. the Saints gathered according to "somewhat puritan" customs, with "the male members of the congregation sitting on one side of the church and the female members sitting on the other side. It was very uncommon then to see a man and wife sit together in church," noted local resident David F. Smith.[79]



Two of John R. Poole's sons, Hyrum Evington Poole (1858-1944) and William Micajah Poole (1858-1955).

Unjust Persecutions

Nettie's uncles, Hyrum Poole, son of John R. Poole's second wife, Jane, and William Poole, by Poole's first wife, Jeanette, were having a late supper one evening in Menan, Idaho, when "there was a loud knock on the door, and as Hyrum opened it a gun barrel was rammed through and the intruder shouted, 'Let us in or we'll break the door down!' Hyrum grabbed the gun barrel and threw his weight against the door as his brother and two hired men came to assistance. Finally, the persons forcing admittance condescended to explain that they were deputies with a warrant to search the premises for N.A. Stevens. They were permitted to enter at once, but Hyrum reprimanded them for attempting to force their way in 'like a band of cutthroats.' Whereupon the leader, one William Hobson, an Eagle Rock saloonkeeper, partly intoxicated at the time, swiped him across the face with his rifle and said, 'Consider your selves under arrest for resisting an officer.' The search proved futile, and as the men withdrew they ordered Poole to come along. As he stepped outside into the dark, Jobson mashed him over the head with the end of his rifle, which cut him badly and knocked him down. Poole and another prisoner were taken to Blackfoot and thrown in jail, where they remained two days without food, medical attention, a hearing or bonds." [See M.D. Beal, A History of Southeastern Idaho (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, 1942), page 86, 312-13]

Nettie was petite with soft brown eyes and long brown hair.

Making the Grade

As soon as Nettie was old enough, she was enrolled in classes at the rock school house built just north of the church. It was only a single room with one teacher for the all the students, but Nettie was eager to trace out her letters on a folding slate at her desk and practice sums on the large blackboard up front with "crevice lines to align the pupils' markings."[80] Reading, writing and arithmetic ("history and geography mere deserts"[81]) were taught "by rule or strap. If learning was low, discipline was high—high by painful application."[82] A few years later a graded school with a pair of teachers was opened several blocks away on Second South and Second East,[83] with "more subjects to study, more beyond the village school. Going to the university was a growing idea."[84]

Aspiring to higher education was a novel idea even for young men of the day. Most graduates of grammar school took up a trade to support their families, while young women typically married soon after receiving their diplomas. For an eighteen-year old young woman such as Nettie, attending college was almost revolutionary, but because she was intelligent and hard-working, her parents were willing to finance her advanced studies in Salt Lake City. "She had a good education for

her day," said Cleo. "After finishing school at Centerville, she went to the University of Deseret, which later became the University of Utah. She rode to school on the old 'Dummy,' which was later called the Bamberger Electric Railway."[85]

The arrival of the Bamberger Railroad line in 1894 not only made travel easier between Centerville and Salt Lake City, but it made possible a quick ride into neighboring towns along the Wasatch front to attend the many social activities organized for the benefit of the younger generation. The youth arm of the church held many choir concerts and musical contests between communities, and there were yearly oratorical contest for the young men and young women. Dances were another popular entertainment, and it just so happened that it was at one of the Bountiful dances where Nettie met Johnny Hales.[86]

The University of Deseret in Salt Lake City.

ENDNOTES

[45] Jeanette "Nettie" Rebecca (Porter) Hales, #KWCX-P7W, www.familysearch.org
[46] Nathan T. Porter, *The Village* (self-published, 1947), page 29.
[47] Sanford Porter (1790-1873) #KWJT-VMZ, and Nancy (Warriner) Porter (1790-1864), #KWJT-VMH; Aaron Benjamin Cherry (1801-1864), #KWJR-FDX and Margaret (Yelton) Cherry (1811-1898), #KWJR-FD6; William Bleasdale (1795-1885), #MPGZ-XNX, and Margaret (Moss) Bleasdale (1798-1877), #LV69-CYH, www.familysearch.org
[48] Nathan Tanner Porter (1820-1897), #KWCV-XNL, www.familysearch.org
[49] Rebecca Ann (Cherry) Porter 1830-1922), KWV9-F82 and Eliza (Ford) Porter (1841-1912), #KWCV-XN2, www.familysearch.org
[50] John Rawlston Poole (1829-1894), KWNK-31C, www.familysearch.org
[51] Jeanette (Bleasdale) Poole (1826-1921), #L412-WYC; Jane Evington (Bitton) Poole (1836-1921), #KWJZ-4PJ; Harriet (Bitton) Poole (1846-1929), #K2MQ-VR2, www.familysearch.org
[52] Jeanette (Bleasdale) Poole (1826-1921), #L412-WYC, www.familysearch.org
[53] Rebecca Ann (Cherry) Porter (1830-1922), #KWV9-F82, www.familysearch.org
[54] "Aaron Benjamin Porter-Rebecca Margaret Poole family group sheet," supplied 1979 by Cleo (Hales) Page. This sheet offers only a generic list of materials consulted.
[55] Aaron Benjamin Porter Jr. (1875-1964), #KWCX-QGF; William Leroy Porter (1879-1947), #KWCJ-84J; Rawlston John Porter (1889-1950), KWVC-SWJ; Milburn Wyatt Porter (1891-1970), KWZV-31Y; Nathan Tanner Porter Jr. (1899-1993), #KWCT-DNC, www.familysearch.org
[56] Ethel Sarah (Porter) Johnson (1881-1969), #KWZW-R1M, www.familysearch.org
[57] Susan "Susie" Adeline (Porter) Clegg (1884-1940), #KWVC-SWL, www.familysearch.org
[58] Edna Margaret (Porter) Hegstead (1886-1959), #KWZ1-S15. Two more sisters were added to the family in later years: Dora (Porter) O'Brien (1893-1975), #KW63-51G, and Vera Leona (Porter) Taylor (1895-1978), KWCR-JPN, www.familysearch.org
[59] Interview, Janice (Page) Dawson, 3 July, 1998.
[60] Gayle (Page) Anderson (1939-), #LKC3-QQX, www.familysearch.org
[61] Interview with Gayle (Page) Anderson, 25 June, 1999. Transcript held by interviewer Shelley Dawson Davies.
[62] Rebecca Margaret (Poole) Porter (1855-1935), #KWCT-DNG, www.familysearch.org
[63] The Nathan Tanner Porter home at 370 West 400 South (Porter Lane) has been restored as a private residence.
[64] 281 South Main Street. The house "stood as an old landmark for over one hundred years," according to daughter Cleo (Hales) Page, but has since been replaced by a commercial building.
[65] Aaron Benjamin Porter (1851-1904), #KWCT-DNK, www.familysearch.org
[66] Cleo H. Page, "Aaron Benjamin Porter," undated typescript. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[67] Nathan Tanner Porter Jr. (1865-1953), #KW89-6YC, www.familysearch.org Porter, *The Village*, page 29.
[68] *Ibid*, page 15.
[69] Elaine Brinton Poole, *Ancestors of John Rawlston Poole* (self-published, 1989), page 30.
[70] Porter, *The Village*, page 6.
[71] Poole, *Ancestors of John Rawlston Poole*, page 30.
[72] *Ibid*.
[73] Page, "Personal History," 1976.
[74] Hyrum Evington Poole (1858-1944), #KWJZ-CW2, www.familysearch.org Hyrum was the son of John R. Poole's second wife, Jane.
[75] Porter, *The Village*, page 19.

[76] *Ibid*.
[77] *Ibid*, page 8.
[78] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[79] David F. Smith, *My Native Village: A Brief History of Centerville, Utah* (self-published, 1943), page 33.
[80]Porter, *The Village*, page 8.
[81] *Ibid*.
[82] *Ibid*.
[83] http://www.centervilleut.net/government.history.html
[84] Porter, *The Village*, page 8. During the 1880s, an alternative school "run by outsiders" was offered in hopes of "converting" some of the LDS families. Enrollment was "a half dozen in number, these all children of the unchruched," according to Mr. Porter, whose mention of the school underscores the mistrust of those outside the Mormon church.
[85] Page, "Personal History," 1976. Nettie's enrollment at the university was news. *The Davis County Clipper*, 26 September, 1895, reported her attendance along with several other local residents.
[86] Page, "Personal History," 1976.

Chapter 3

Idaho

A New Home, A New Life

The Salt Lake temple in 1897, four years after its dedication.

Johnny and Nettie made an attractive couple as they attended dances and other social events around Davis County in the summer of 1897. By that winter, they were engaged to be married. The announcement was not well received by the Porter family, who were unhappy about their Nettie marrying a Hales boy. The Porters were highly respected in the tightly knit LDS community of Centerville and the stigma of Stephen's excommunicated thirteen years earlier was a factor in their feelings against the match.[87]

Aaron and Rebecca Porter "invited Stephen and Jane Alice Hales over to dinner because it was the social thing to do," according to Janice Dawson,[88] Cleo's daughter, who heard the story from her mother. "Grandpa Porter had been the bishop there for eleven years and was thought of very highly. Grandma Porter cooked and served the dinner, but would not sit down and eat with them. She felt the Hales weren't good enough for her daughter."[89] Johnny and Nettie pressed ahead with their wedding plans despite the social prejudice against them and were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 16 March, 1898.[90]

Main Street in Rexburg, Idaho, 1911.

Forty Miles from Nowhere

John had nurtured the dream of owning his own place in Idaho ever since he had passed by Uncle Frank's place on his bike ride to Yellowstone. Just a month after he married Nettie, Johnny and Joe Atkinson left for Idaho once more, this time to scout out farms for sale.[91] Johnny took every penny he had saved and threw it into a place he found five miles southwest of Rexburg in the small community of Burton.[92] People back home told him it would be tough to make it as a farmer, but he didn't care. "There was much talk of the fertile farmlands up there and Father, being an adventurous young man, decided to take a whirl at it," explained Cleo. "His folks gave him the money to buy a beautiful span of horses and a wagon to start out in life and he was soon on his way to Idaho." [93] Nettie boarded the train to join him in Rexburg a week later in April, 1899.[94]

Even though Johnny and Nettie were moving to "the wilds of Idaho,"[95] they did not find themselves alone in the greater Rexburg area. In addition to Uncle Frank Hales, Nettie's Grandfather Poole and his large family of three wives and twenty-one children had settled twelve miles away in Menan, Idaho. Even though John R. Poole had died six year earlier, Nettie was happy to have Grandmother Poole, and her grandfather's other wives, Aunt Jane and Aunt Harriet, to visit with, along with her many "cousins."[96]

Whatever reservations Aaron and Rebecca initially had about Johnny Hales, it didn't take long to put them aside. After all, Bishop Porter was known for his "big heart, often helping those in need."[97] Ironically, it was the very quality of generosity which put Aaron into such a precarious financial situation that he lost his Centerville property a little over a year after Johnny and Nettie left for Idaho. "He signed a note with a lady who worked in the post office," said family historian Elaine Poole. "When the note came due, she could not pay, so Aaron had to assume the debt."[98] There was nothing left to do but sell the dairy farm and home the family loved so much, and with nowhere else to farm in Centerville, Aaron and Rebecca agreed to pack up their family and join the Hales in Burton.[99]

Aaron, Rebecca and their ten children arrived at the Rexburg rail station near dusk one evening in the fall of 1899, where Johnny was waiting for them with a wagon. Ethel later recalled her family was forced to live in a dug out "all that winter,"[100] but the 1900 U.S. census taken in January shows both John and Aaron owned their own homes next to each other in Freemont County.[101] Nettie was delighted to have her family living so close by. "They were such a comfort to her," said Cleo.[102] Nettie's first child, Rulon,[103] had been born the previous year and Rebecca had given birth to her last child, Nathan,[104] a few months before leaving Centerville, giving mother and daughter much to share with each other that winter. Aaron was willing to contribute toward the Hales' success however he could. In July, 1901, he deeded forty acres to Johnny for "one dollar and other valuable considerations,"[105] and Johnny prepared to expand his harvest of potatoes and sugar beets. [106]

Farm Wife

South eastern Idaho was an isolated, empty country where Nettie's "Yoooooo-hooooo!" calling the family in for meals was heard all across the fields, and the children could see their mother standing on the distant bluff, one hand shading her eyes and the other holding her skirts in the blowing wind as she scanned the horizon. The nearest neighbor was miles away, and the only communication with the outside world meant hitching up the horses and taking the wagon into town. "To show how isolated they were out on the farm, one Thanksgiving they invited all the family, both Father's and Mother's, to Thanksgiving dinner," said Cleo. "After cooking and preparing for days for the big event, everything was ready, but no guests arrived. The next day someone stopped at the farm and she was telling them about it and they said, 'Thanksgiving is not until next Thursday.' Well, the family all found out about it, and on Thanksgiving Day they all came, bringing something for the feast. The communications were a bit lacking in those days, to the least."[107]

Farm fields awash in grain near Burton, Idaho.

Nettie had been raised in a refined home and educated at the university, and she wasn't about to accept living in a primitive log cabin without trying to improve the situation. She set about right away to soften the rough edges around the place. "My parents' first home was only a log cabin, but Mother made it look like a little dream home," said Cleo. "She told how she covered the ceiling and the walls with unbleached muslin to keep the dirt from sifting in through the cracks in the logs. She sewed the muslin into strips and tacked it up to look smooth and neat. How proud she was of her job, curtains at the windows, rag rugs on the floor. Then came the rain and the mud pouring through the pretty white ceiling. She sat down and cried."[108]

It was in this remote log cabin where Nettie gave birth to her first child and only son, Rulon, in March, 1899. "We can hardly imagine the hard times they had to get a doctor, and many times she went without," said Cleo. "The doctor was so far away and it took so long to get to town in a buggy. Mother had all her children at home, some without the help of either a doctor or an anesthetic, sometimes with just a midwife."[109] Five girls followed at intervals of approximately two years: Thelma[110] arrived in April, 1901, followed by Leona[111] in December, 1902; Dorothy[112] in 1904; Cleo in 1906, and Loa[113] in 1908.[114]

Nettie worked hard at home keeping the house clean, the family fed and the children in line. The day began at five a.m. when Johnny left the house to feed and milk the cows. She needed to have a good breakfast on the table by the time he returned from the barn, as he wouldn't be back from the fields until supper time. She packed thick meat sandwiches and a large slice of cake or a handful of oatmeal cookies for his lunch. If Johnny left before she finished wrapping the sandwiches in a moist cloth to keep them from drying out, the girls would take the lunch pail to him out on the back hill at noon. [115] Every meal was made from "scratch" on the wood-stoked stove and could take several hours to prepare, cook, serve and clean up. There was also the kitchen garden out back to tend to, but it was worth the effort as the neatly planted rows provided fat, red tomatoes, leafy lettuce and stalks of sweet corn for dinner. The garden always produced more than the family could consume right away, and the extra vegetables were shared with friends or bottled for winter use.

The children were assigned small chores around the house and yard, such as gathering eggs and feeding the chickens, but they were still too young to help in the kitchen with the heavy work of straining and skimming the milk, churning the butter, and baking the day's bread. Then there was the heavy work of weekly laundry, ironing and housecleaning. Any "spare" time was allotted to sewing and mending clothes and a host of other, smaller tasks such as splashing water on the dirt floor to harden it and keep the dust down. Evenings were spent helping the children with their studies. "When any of us needed a story for school, Mother could come up with a good one, full of suspense," recalled Cleo.[116]

Rulon, Thelma and Leona around 1906.

Life and Death

Idaho seemed to be a good place to get a fresh start in life, so when Hales Hall was finally forced to close in late 1900, Stephen Sr. saw an opportunity to set up a photography shop in Rexburg, five miles northeast of Burton.[117] He brought along his teenage daughters Loa and Lydia; Stephen Anthony joined them in late 1901, but remained only a short time before returning to Bountiful.[118] How much contact Johnny had with his father and siblings during this time is unknown, but several years after he arrived in Rexburg, the elder Stephen closed up his photography studio and left town without his children for points east. He apparently failed to find reconciliation with either the LDS community or his family and severed all contacts by the time he died in Georgia in 1916. Johnny received a letter notifying him of his father's death six months after it had taken place. The letter was sent to Rexburg, special delivery, but by then John was living in Salt Lake City. Cleo said that John "hadn't heard from his father in all these years."[119]

Not long after Stephen's departure from Rexburg, Nettie lost her father when Aaron contracted a bad case of pneumonia and died at the early age of fifty-two, on 15 November, 1904. Twenty days later, Nettie gave birth to her fourth child, Dorothy.[120] "This was a hard blow to her as she depended on her father so much," said Cleo. "She often told how difficult it was to go on without him and his wonderful faith. She depended on her father so much to administer to us in those hard times."[121]

Move to Lyman

Johnny continued to expand his farming operations with a purchase of sixty acres in June, 1905.[122] This was dry farming land, high on the bench in Lyman, where grain could be grown without the aid of irrigation. Johnny added two more forty-acre parcels to his land holdings in the fall of 1909.[123]

Nettie, now busy with six children, managed to keep up with household and farm chores and plant decorative gardens, as well. "Where ever she went, the old yard was made into a beautiful flower garden and the house a lovely home," said Cleo. "If there was on old shed or something unsightly, she had a pretty vine covering it up. She often spoke of the fertile soil in Idaho and how easy it was to raise flowers and vegetables in spite of the short season.

Cleo and Dorothy in 1907.

"Mother's life was not an easy one. In fact, it just seemed a series of troubles and hard times, but she always picked herself up and went on the best she could. Father would go off to the timbers for wood and she would be left alone with six little ones and seventeen cows to milk. She told us how she would worry when she was out to do the milking about the children in the house around the fire and the coal oil lamps. One day she was coming back from town [Rexburg] in the buggy and as she came over a little rise in the road she saw what she thought was her house on fire. How she beat that old horse until she reached the top of another little hill and could see that the fire was an old haystack beyond the house."[124]

Farm life was hard in Idaho, requiring every member of the family to lend a hand. Children who were old enough were given work, which increased their risk of injury. "There were a lot of run-a-way horses in those days and people were either killed or badly hurt," remembered Cleo. "It's a wonder my mother didn't go gray early. One day, she looked out and there was Rulon, eight years old, on a big harrow with two large horses pulling it. Father thought Rulon could do most anything. He went to make the turn and turned the horse too short and the harrow tipped over. Mother ran screaming into the field, but couldn't see Rulon for the dust. She fainted away. Luckily the horses didn't become frightened and start to run as they usually did. Rulon jumped clear and all was well."[125]

It seemed like everyone was subject to mishaps and misfortunes of some sort on the farm. Leona remembered being chased through a field by a bull when she was a child. “She was tossed over a fence and lit in a ditch,” according to her daughter Barbara,[126] and Rulon was once badly cut with his own knife while thinning sugar beets.[127] “Mother always said it was through faith and prayers that we recovered from lots of happenings. There were always the little accidents. For example, Rulon was throwing some long, slivery weeds through the air to see them sail and I came around the corner of the house just in time to get one in the eye. For a long time they thought I would lose my sight, as my eye was full of infection caused by those awful slivers,” said Cleo.[128]

In the Saddle

Johnny had a special love and talent for working with horses and soon added breeding to his farm duties. “Father had some of the best breeding horses,” said Cleo, who remembered how much time and care her father spent on his stock. “Father was a regular vet. He didn’t have any special training, but learned to take care of all the horses’ troubles. He would take on an old broken down nag and really make a good horse of him. He often brought in wild ponies from the range and broke them to sell or make a trade for another horse or a buggy.

“Father had some exciting things happen on the farm. He was a hard working man and always kept things in tip-top shape, but he was just another worry for Mother, as he was always around those wild horses trying to tame them. He had three large stallions, Lexington, Arnold and another, whose name I can’t remember, that he used for breeding. He had one that was an outlaw. Rulon said he wondered which would last the longer, the horse or Father. One day, he was trying to get a harness onto the horse, which he would drop on from above, and Father became so mad he picked up an axe handle and bashed the horse over the head and the old mean thing dropped dead.”[129]

A Happy Christmas

"There were some hard times during those years on the farm and the money was plenty scarce," said Cleo. "They told us of one Christmas Eve when Father was in town to get a few groceries and had spent all his money. As he was getting into his buggy to go home, downhearted and sad, for there were six little kids at home with no Christmas, an old friend hailed him and gave him ten dollars that he had owed Father for some time. Ten dollars in those days was ten dollars. Needless to say, we had a great Christmas with a tree and all the trimmings, and presents for each of us. Hearing Mother tell this story, I believe she was the happiest of all."

ENDNOTES

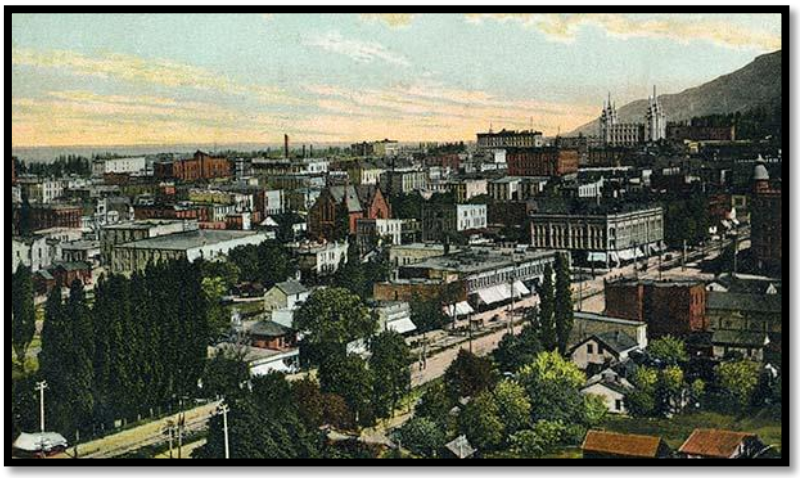
[87] According to Nettie's granddaughter Barbara Fickinger, Rebecca Porter remained bitter over the polygamy persecutions for many years. "Mother [Leona] spoke of her [Rebecca's] bitterness once, the separation of the family during the persecutions." Letter from Barbara (Ashton) Fickinger to Janice P. Dawson, 7 February, 1995. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[88] Janice (Page) Dawson (1931-present), #LNDN-5DB, www.familysearch.org
[89] The stigma of Stephen Hales' excommunication was felt by the family for years afterwards. "Aunt Loa would never admit her father had been excommunicated," according to Janice Dawson. "When my mother [Cleo (Hales) Page] told her she had found the excommunication record, Aunt Loa said, 'Oh, no, he was just disfellowshiped.' It was a sad thing in Aunt Loa's life that she didn't want to admit to." According to Janice, "the Idaho branch of the Hales family wouldn't talk about it either." Interview with Janice (Page) Dawson, 25 June, 2000. Transcript held by interviewer Shelley Dawson Davies.
[90] Hales-Porter marriage, 16 March, 1898. Utah State Archives and Records Service; Salt Lake City, Utah; Utah Marriages, 1887-1914; Series: 23384.
[91] *The Davis County Clipper*, 15 April, 1899.
[92] Cleo Hales Page, "John Knowles Hales Identity Chart," undated typescript. Held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[93] Cleo (Hales) Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[94] *The Davis County Clipper*, 22 April, 1899.
[95] Elaine Brinton Poole, *Ancestors of John Rawlston Poole* (self-published, 1989), page 30.
[96] Cleo H. Page, "Aaron Benjamin Porter," undated typescript. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[97] *Ibid*.
[98] Poole, *Ancestors of John Rawlston Poole*, page 30.
[99] A farewell social was held for the Porters in Centerville on 25 August, after which the family boarded the train for Idaho. *The Davis County Clipper*, 1 September, 1899.
[100] Poole, *Ancestors of John Rawlston Poole*, page 30.
[101]1900 U.S. census, Fremont County, Idaho, town of Independence, district 55, page 24A, roll T623-233.
[102] Page, "Aaron Benjamin Porter," undated typescript.
[103] John Rulon Hales (1899-1986), #KWCX-P73, www.familysearch.org
[104] Nathan Tanner Porter (1899-1993), #KWCT-DNC, www.familysearch.org
[105] Warranty deed no. 26, Freemont County, Idaho; 1 July, 1901, between Aaron B. Porter and John K. Hales. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[106] Interview with Robert D. Hales, 14 September, 1983, by Janice (Page) Dawson,. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[107] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[108] *Ibid*.
[109] *Ibid*.
[110] Thelma (Hales) Brown (1901-1976), #KWJ8-98N, www.familysearch.org
[111] Leona (Hales) Ashton (1902-1991), #KWCZ-3FJ, www.familysearch.org
[112] Dorothy (Hales) Snow (1904-1981), #KWZ1-LF9, www.familysearch.org
[113] Loa (Hales) Smith (1908-1944), #KWJZ-184, www.familysearch.org
[114] "John Knowles Hales-Jeanette Rebecca Porter family group sheet," supplied 1979 by Cleo (Hales) Page. This sheet offers only a generic list of materials consulted.

[115]"Mother [Leona] remembers she and all the girls taking lunch to their father every noon on the back hill." Letter from Barbara (Ashton) Fickinger to Janice P. Dawson, January, 1995. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[116] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[117] *The Davis County Clipper*, 5 April, 1901.
[118] *Ibid*, 23 May, 1902.
[119] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[120] Dorothy (Hales*)* Snow (1904-1981), #KWZ1-LF9, www.familysearch.org
[121] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[122] Warranty deed no. 9159, Freemont County, Idaho; 20 June, 1905, between Evan Lewis and John K. Hales. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[123] Warranty deed no. 28819, Freemont County, Idaho; 15 October, 1909, between Joseph Arnold and John. K Hales. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[124] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[125] *Ibid*.
[126] Letter from Barbara (Ashton) Fickinger to Janice P. Dawson, January, 1995.
[127] Interview with Robert D. Hales 14 September, 1983, by Janice (Page) Dawson. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[128] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[129] *Ibid*.

Chapter 4

Return to Utah

City Living



Downtown Salt Lake City in 1900 when the Hales arrived.

John and Nettie were heading into their eleventh year on the farm when "the hard life began to tell on my Mother," said Cleo. "After years of all the hard work on the farm, pulling water up out of a well to wash for six kids during those old winters, and with no other conveniences, cooking for threshers, and all the hundreds of demands of a woman on the farm, her health gave way. It was at this time the doctor told Father she must go to Salt Lake for a serious operation, and that she must leave the farm."[130]

Nettie took the train to Salt Lake City where she spent the early autumn of 1909 under the care of doctors at the LDS hospital. The nature of her operation is unclear, but Nettie's condition was further complicated by an unfortunate incident which occurred while she was recovering at the hospital. "A nurse was bathing her and she was called away to another task and left Mother in bed, wet and cold. As a result, Mother got pneumonia and was very sick. I guess that was the nearest we ever came to losing our Mother, and there were other incidents, too," said Cleo.[131] Rebecca made the trip to Salt Lake as soon as she could to help nurse her daughter back to health. It wasn't until October when she felt comfortable returning to Idaho. Nettie, "improving slowly," was released from the hospital under the care of her sister Susie Clegg, who lived in the city.[132] With their mother in

Utah and their father working the fields, the Hales children were "all farmed out: Thelma, Loa and I stayed with Grandmother Porter," said Cleo. "Leona and Dorothy were at Aunt Lydia's and Rulon stayed at Aunt Ethel's, Mother's younger sister."[133]

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It was clear that Nettie was in no condition to return to farm life. While his wife was recovering in Salt Lake City, John made arrangements to move the family back to Utah that November.[134] "When Mother was feeling better and was well enough to keep house again, Father sold the farm and his horses and brought us all down to Salt Lake on the train," said Cleo. Leona's memory of seeing the bustling city as they rode down the wide streets stayed with her all of her life. "We drove down the street so Father could show us all the lights," she later told her daughter Barbara.[135] It was a far cry from the fields of Idaho.

The Hales stayed with the Cleggs until John found a suitable home at 222 West Twelfth South [now Twenty-First South]. While Twelfth South was considered to be "a long way out in the country" in 1910,[136] it was still an exciting change from farm life. A horse-drawn grocery wagon came down the wide, dirt road[137] twice a week and an ice wagon delivered blocks packed in straw and sawdust for families lucky enough to have iceboxes in their kitchens. The home itself was "a nice red brick house, with a large front porch. Father rented it from a Mr. Winters, all furnished," said Cleo. "Of course, it wasn't 'modern,' which meant the water wasn't in the house and the privy was in the backyard. The house did have electric lights, which most homes didn't have in those days. There was a summer kitchen and a big, flowing well with a large stream of cold water built right in the back porch. There was a cupboard built around it, or water box as it was called, which served as cooler for our milk and butter. There was nice furniture, rugs and curtains and with Mother's touches we had a lovely home."[138]

Jeanette gradually settled back into her homemaking routine upon returning from the hospital and life continued on in a hectic and happy manner until she managed to acquire a sliver in her hand while bringing wood for the stove. "Her hand became infected and she had to go uptown to the doctor," remembered Cleo. "Blood poisoning had developed and the doctor said there was nothing they could do but amputate her arm. I remember Father bringing her home in the buggy and how she was suffering to be at the hospital the next morning for the amputation. That night, the elders were called in and we all knelt around her bed and a blessing was given to her. Even as a child I felt the spirit that was with us. The next morning she went to the doctor and he thought it looked a little better and said, 'Let's wait another day.' She kept her arm thanks to her faith and all our prayers.

“Another sad experience happened about that time. Mother would fix Father’s dinner and send it up to him at the stables when he couldn’t get away. She was warming the food up in a large black kettle that fit down into the coals of the fire in the stove. There was a cloth in the bottom and some water. In the rush of getting us all off to school, the pot had boiled dry and steam had formed under the cloth, and when she raised the lid it all blew up in her face, burning her terribly. It was a long, sad time before we had our mother back in the kitchen. This was another miraculous healing. The doctor came each day and peeled the skin away from her face as it grew back on. This left her with no scars. Another story of faith and prayers.”[139]

Stylish Ways

Being a “Porter Girl” with an eye for style, Nettie worked hard to make sure her own girls were always well dressed. “Mother was an expert seamstress and we kids looked just right whenever we left home,” related Cleo. “Our Porter aunts from Centerville always gave Mother their old clothes, and it was from these things she made us the best dressed kids about: coats, dresses, hats. She could do anything. I remember her sitting up nights getting all our clothes made, even our under things, and two or three petticoats and panties with yards and yards of lace and ruffles. She even made our hats. She made us all new outfits for the last day of school, for the big Field Day celebration at the Wandermere amusement park in Salt Lake.[140] I was a big kid before I had a store-bought dress

“We always wore long white stockings (black stockings for everyday), buttoned to a panty waist with long garters and black satin bloomers. Our long underwear was neatly folded at the ankles under our stockings, then high-topped shoes buttoned up over our ankles. What a circus it was when we were all getting ready for school in the mornings and we couldn’t find the button hook! There was a special nail for it, but with six of us using it, it didn’t seem to get back to the same place. We would end up using one of Mother’s hairpins. Many were the times when she would sit down after we all left with her pretty long hair streaming down her back because she had used her pins to fix some stray lock or button shoes. She had such lovely long hair and my favorite pastime was to brush it. It was long enough for her to sit on. She always caught rain water off the roof to wash our hair.”[141]

This view of Broadway Stables shows its location in an alley off First South Street, perfect for attracting Main Street business

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Broadway Stables

John, now a farmer without a farm, tried his hand at many jobs to support his family in Salt Lake City.[142] With many acres of fields still owned under his name, he styled himself as a real estate agent with "a specialty of Idaho reality" in several *Clipper* ads over the winter of 1909-10.[143] By February, John had a place at Dowse and Morris Real Estate office at 332 South State Street, where he also dealt with properties in Davis County[144] and made it known that he was "pleased to meet old friends and acquaintances"[145] to discuss business.

Real estate sales must not have gone well for John, who had abandoned his efforts by December, 1910, when he opened Broadway Stables at the end of an alley between Main and State Streets on First South in Salt Lake.[146] City transportation still relied heavily on work animals and John figured his skill and experience with horses would pay off in this new venture. Since he had attended business school some years before,[147] he knew what he was doing when he acquired a small office next to a set of barns behind the Main Street storefronts. "Father had many fine horses and rigs and rented them out to everybody: businesses, riding clubs, parades, and private people," said Cleo. "It was always a thrill for us to go to the stables, especially if we were allowed to go on the street car alone. The stables were just behind the Paramount Theater[148] and the actors would come out the back way and maybe rent a horse and buggy or just visit, so Father usually had passes to the vaudeville shows.

Nettie wore a snappy riding outfit whenever she rode with family and friends.

"Mother did a lot of riding then. I remember how cute she looked in her riding habit with her jaunty black hat on one side of her head, black leather boots and her whip. Women never wore pants then. The riding skirts were pants underneath with a split skirt over them. There were women's riding clubs, parades and different things she took part in."[149]

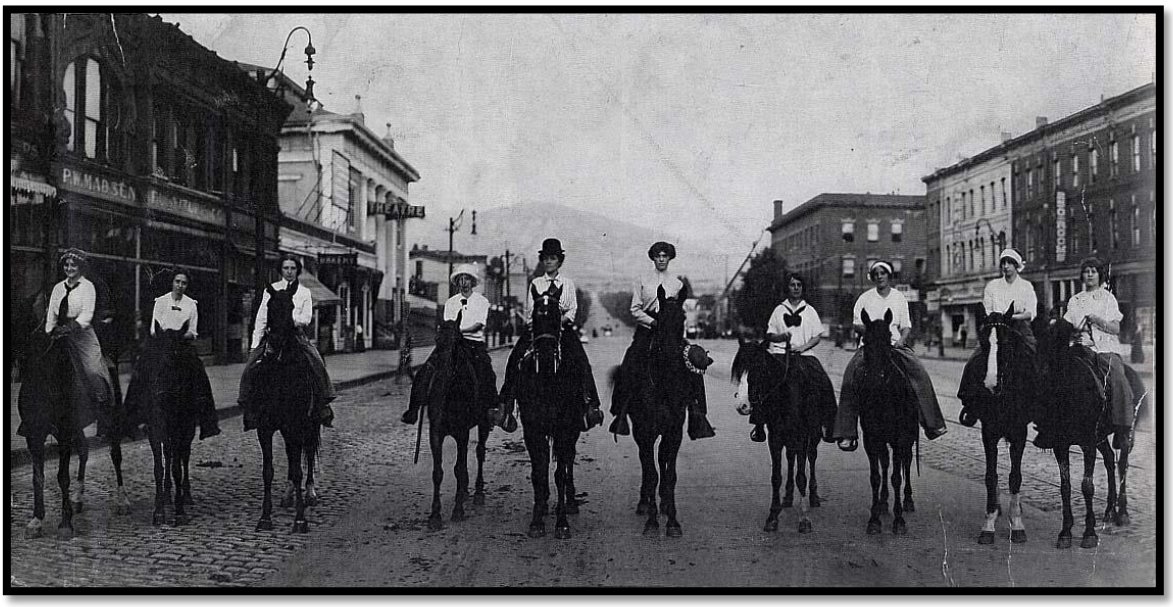
John was skilled at bartering and often did business by trading, especially when he ran the stables. "One special Christmas, Mom and Dad surprised us with a beautiful player piano," recalled Cleo. "A piano transfer company was using one of Father's best horses and somehow injured it. The horse was Cap, a beautiful, big black horse with a white star on his forehead. I used to like to see Father ride him, as he held his head so pretty and was quite a prancer. Cap had to be shot and the only way Father could get anything out of the company was to take the payment for the horse as a piano."[150]

Although horses were his business, John could be seen driving around town in "an old Reo touring car, with no top and high seats, brass lanterns hanging on the front and you had to crank it to make it go. It was something when we went for a ride on Sunday," said Cleo. "Again, he acquired this by trading some horses, harnesses and trappings. That's the way he did most his business, always bringing something home he got on a trade. Some good, and some not so good."[151]

Rulon, who helped out at the stables, remembered how his father was a perfectionist who liked the wagons lined up at the end of the day with their stays in a straight line.[152] "One day Rulon wanted to drive the Reo, for he thought he knew how, so Father said, 'Go ahead,'"

recalled Cleo. “Well, he got it started, but stopping it was something he hadn’t learned, so there he was pulling frantically on the steering wheel, hollering, ‘Whoa! Whoa!’ and at the same time mowing off the shafts on the long row of buggies and wagons in the barn. Father jumped onto the running board and turned off the key.”[153]

John wasn’t the only Salt Lake resident driving one of those new horseless carriages. By 1915, automobiles had taken over the transportation business and John was forced to shut down the stables. “It was a sad day when he closed the doors of the old Broadway Stables,” said Cleo. “I remember him coming home with a load of things he had salvaged from the business. Everything else was either sold or traded off. He sold out and we moved up on Capitol Hill, 367 Wall Street, just west of the new state capitol building.”[154]



Nettie, center, and her riding club on Salt Lake City’s Main Street.

Jack of all Trades

John always had a hand in one business venture or another, trying to bring in a few more dollars whenever he could. By 1920, John had made an arrangement with Salt Lake City's Grower's Market, where Davis County famers gathered during the week to sell produce from the back of their wagons. "Everyone at the market took their horses to him to care for and feed them during the morning," said Cleo's husband, Bill Page, who accompanied his own father on weekly trips to Salt Lake from their Bountiful farm. After closing the stables, John worked several years as a driver for the Porter Walton Seed Company, and by 1918, he was employed as a carpenter at Utah Copper's Magna Plant. John also worked as a miner (1922-23), a yard master (1924-25) and a salesman (1927). The older children pitched in by doing whatever they could; Rulon earned money delivering groceries around the neighborhood after his father rigged up a wagon on the back of his bike. "He paid for his sisters' first party dresses from the money he earned. They always liked him for that," said Rulon's son Robert D. Hales. A few years later, Rulon had a paying job as an artist, Leona was a cashier and Thelma was working as a telephone operator.

The Hales living room decorated for Leona's wedding in 1924.

Moving into Mid-Life

John was able to move his family to a larger home at 167 South Twelfth East in September of 1922, when Rulon was twenty-one, Leona was eighteen, Dorothy was seventeen, Cleo was sixteen and Loa was fourteen.[155] Thelma had married Clarence Brown[156] several years before in 1920. It was a challenging time for everyone. Nettie had been taking care of Grandmother Cherry, who due to her frail condition and advanced age of ninety-two, had come to live with the family. At the end of November that year, Grandma Cherry was suffering from an infection on her neck, according to Leona, who remembered a doctor being called to her bedside. "The doctor lanced the infection," Leona's daughter Barbara was told. "Mother used to say, 'I can still hear her screaming.' I'm guessing that somehow all that infection entered her blood stream. She died two days later. Grandma Hales always blamed the doctor's bungling."[157]

By the spring of 1923, Nettie was busily preparing for the two upcoming marriages of Dorothy, who had a traditional June wedding to Jay Snow,[158] and Rulon, whose marriage to Vera Holbrook[159] in September was celebrated with a reception for four hundred guests at the bride's home in Bountiful.[160] The very next September it was Leona who was to be married to Jed Ashton.[161] Nettie took particular care to decorate the Hales home for Leona's fancy reception, which

was held in the living room. The last two children to leave home were married four years later in 1928. It was another busy summer for Nettie, who accompanied Cleo and Bill to the Salt Lake temple on the 13th of June, and Loa and Ace[162] to the temple exactly one month later on the 13th of August.[163]

Not long after all of their children were married, John and Nettie experienced a mid-life crisis in their own marriage. Cleo once confided to her daughter Janice how her parents had gone through a difficult period. "Mom told me there was another woman involved with her father at one time," said Janice. "When Mom and Loa were working at the Paris department store on Third South in Salt Lake City, a woman came in and tried to make points with them. It really upset them. It made Mother so mad, she said, to have that woman come in and flaunt herself to the daughters of the man she was cozying up to." [164]

Whether or not there was an official separation, John and Nettie were living apart while John worked in southern Utah in 1929,[165] and Nettie took the train east where she stayed with Rulon and Vera on Long Island for some time.[166] Eventually, John and Nettie resolved their problems, and John agreed to join Nettie in New York the next year.[167]

The Hales men (left to right, front to back): Burdette Brown, John Hales; Jay Snow, Rulon Hales; Ace Smith, Jed Ashton, Bill Page. The Hales Women: Loa Smith, Leona Ashton, Vera (Holbrook) Hales, Nettie Hales, Dora Snow, Cleo Page, Thelma Brown.

Members of the Hales family swimming in the Great Salt Lake.

Left: Leone and Nettie with the Hales automobile. Right: The Hales enjoy their first grandchild, little Jay Snow.

Nettie with her mother and sisters (left to right, back to front): Nettie, Edna; Ethel, Rebecca Porter, Susie; Dora, Vera.

ENDNOTES

[130] Cleo (Hales) Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[131] *Ibid*.
[132] *The Davis County Clipper*, October, 1909; Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[133] Both aunts were living on nearby farms in Idaho.
[134] *The Davis County Clipper*, 12 November, 1909.
[135] Letter from Barbara (Ashton) Fickinger to Janice P. Dawson, January, 1995. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[136] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[137] "Mom said the road by their house was dirt." Letter from Barbara (Ashton) Fickinger to Janice P. Dawson, January, 1995.
[138] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[139] *Ibid*.
[140] Wandermere was located at 2700 South between 500 and 700 East in Salt Lake City.
[141] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[142] John was out of work for sixteen weeks in 1909. 1910 U.S. census, Salt Lake County, Utah, Salt Lake City, Ward 4, district 136, page 3B, image 525, roll T624-1607.
[143] *The Davis County Clipper*, 3 December, 1909; 4 February, 1910; 18 February, 1910.
[144] *Ibid*, 18 February, 1910; *Salt Lake City Directory, 1910* (R. L. Polk and Company, New York, 1910), page 350.
[145] *The Davis County Clipper*, 4 February, 1910.
[146] This area is now part of the City Creek Mall complex at 50 South Main Street.
[147] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[148] 53 South Main Street.
[149] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[150] *Ibid*.
[151] *Ibid*.
[152] Interview with Robert D. Hales 14 September, 1983, by Janice (Page) Dawson. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[153] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[154] *Ibid*.
[155] *Ibid*.
[156] Clarence Burdette "Brownie" Brown (1892-1964), #KWJ8-98V, www.familysearch.org
[157] Letter from Barbara (Ashton) Fickinger to Janice P. Dawson, 16 February, 1995. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[158] Jacob "Jay" Gates Snow (1903-1898), #KWZ1-LF9, www.familysearch.org
[159] Vera Marie (Holbrook) Hales (1901-1983), #KWCX-P7Q, www.familysearch.org
[160] *The Davis County Clipper*, 9 September, 1923.
[161] Jedediah "Jed" Lindsay Ashton (1898-1985), #KWCZ-3F6, www.familysearch.org
[162] Asael "Ace" Jenkins Smith (1903-1970), #KW8T-XS7, www.familysearch.org
[163] "John Knowles Hales-Jeanette Rebecca Porter family group sheet," supplied 1979 by Cleo (Hales) Page. This sheet offers only a generic list of materials consulted.
[164] Interview with Janice (Page) Dawson, 25 June, 2000. Transcript held by interviewer Shelley Dawson Davies.
[165] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.

[166] Interview with Robert D. Hales 14 September, 1983, by Janice (Page) Dawson. Transcript held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[167] Interview, Janice (Page) Dawson, 25 June, 2000.

Chapter 5

Coast to Coast

From New York to Los Angeles

Nettie stands under the rose trellis at the main house in Peekskill, New York.

Rulon and Vera had moved to the New York City area in 1928, where Rulon found work as a commercial artist in Manhattan. After joining Nettie at Rulon and Vera's home in 1930, John decided to remain in New York and found work as caretaker of an estate in Peekskill, fifty miles north of the city along the Hudson River. "It was a lovely place," remembered Cleo. "They had a little cottage all to themselves."[168]

The main house was quite large, sided with wooden shakes and surrounded by extensive gardens, which John and Nettie enjoyed tending. In addition to a vegetable and flower cutting garden, there were rows of huge hydrangeas and bright tulips. White trellises thick with red roses adorned the walks. Loa and Ace just happened to be living in Washington, D.C., and in the summer of 1931, they joined Rulon, Vera and their young children Gerry[169] and Janet[170] for a visit at the estate. The Hales family spent an entire weekend enjoying the fragrant gardens, picnicking by the small lake on the property and taking photos of each other.

Above: The caretaker's cottage. Center (left to right): Nettie, John, Gerry Hales, Loa Smith, Vera Hales, Rulon holding Janet Hales. Below: Gerry, Janet, Loa, Vera and Nettie.

Nettie and John enjoy the gardens with grandchildren Gerry and Janet Hales.
Back row: Vera Hales, Loa Smith and Nettie.

John's Death

By this time, whatever marital problems John and Nettie had in the past had been remedied, and they "were doing fine when Father took sick," said Cleo.[171] Somehow John had developed a femoral hernia, probably through overexertion on the estate. Although this type of hernia was often easily treated under normal circumstances, John's intestine became looped and developed life-threatening gangrene. Nausea, vomiting and severe abdominal pain alerted John to the seriousness of the situation, and his doctor immediately scheduled him for surgery. It was not soon enough to save his life, however, and John died in a Peekskill hospital after an operation on 29 August, 1933. He was fifty-nine years old.

"Mother and Rulon brought Father home on the train. It was such a long, hard trip. It took them four or five days," said Cleo.[172] Nettie arranged for a viewing to be held at the home of John's sister Loa in Bountiful.[173] Funeral services followed at the Bountiful Second Ward building.[174] John was buried next to his mother in the Hales family plot in the Bountiful City Cemetery on 4 September, 1932.[175]

Nettie remained in Utah for several months after the funeral, dividing her time between Cleo's home in Bountiful and Leona's family in Salt Lake City. It was while she was visiting at the Ashton's home that she was "sitting in a chair, resting with her head back and eyes closed," said Barbara. "She felt a presence and a head against her knee. Someone was sitting beside her on the floor. She thought it was Bonnie or me and reached out to pat the head, but it was a large head. She said, 'Is that you, John?' and then she opened her eyes and no one was there. She told me Grandpa had come to visit her and that he was alright, so he must have loved her despite his transgressions."[176]

Moving to California

Salt Lake City's high altitude bothered Nettie and so did the cold winters, now that she was middle-aged, so Nettie boarded a train for Los Angeles that December.[177] She spent the next few years living alternately with Dorothy, Thelma and their families in Los Angeles. In 1936, Nettie moved in with Loa and Ace in Oakland to help care for their new baby, Marilyn.[178] Nettie stayed on with the Smiths for some time, enabling Loa to work, but it was a difficult arrangement, since she and Ace did not get along well. "She had a hard time with Ace, but endured it to help Loa and Marilyn," said Janice.[179]

Another reason Nettie stayed on in the Smith household was Loa's failing health. The breast cancer she had developed as young woman of eighteen was never properly treated by the doctors of the day. "If they had known then what they do now, we could have saved her," said Cleo. Loa's condition in June, 1944, was obvious and the rest of the family made the trip to Oakland to be at her side. "Leona and I and Gayle [Cleo's daughter] [180] went down on the train. It wasn't easy to get a ticket on the train during the war, but we made it," recalled Cleo. "Thelma and Dorothy came up from Los Angeles and we spent the last few weeks with Loa. She insisted on having a family picture taken. It wasn't long after that she passed away, on 26 July, 1944."[181]

Left to right: Rulon, Thelma, Leona, Nettie, Cleo, Loa, Dora. Inset: John.

The Hales family in 1943, shortly before Loa's death. Standing (left to right): Dora Snow, Jay Snow Sr., Jay Snow Jr., Edith Smith, Asael Smith, Leone Ashton, Rulon Hales, Thelma and Burdett Brown, Vera Hales. Seated: Cleo Page holding Gayle, Nettie, Loa, Marilyn Smith.

The bad feelings between Nettie and Ace finally boiled over after Loa's funeral. "Asael threw Grandma out after Loa's death. They didn't like each other," said Barbara.[182] Once again, Nettie headed for the greater Los Angeles area. "Her health dictated that she remain in California, so she became a live-in nanny to two young children in the family of a distant relative in Huntington Park, near Los Angeles," said Cleo. "That way she could be near Dorothy and Thelma and visit them on her days off."[183] Nettie's duties included light housework, such as making the beds, which she liked to air out for several hours before pulling the sheets and blankets tightly into place.[184]

Her situation wasn't perfect, since she was "a bit scared for her safety" as she travelled around town by bus,[185] but Nettie was often comforted by occasional visits and regular correspondence with Rulon, Cleo and their families. "Grandma made an effort to keep in contact with her family who lived in Utah and New York through letters and cards. Back then, we did not make phone calls lightly. Communication was kept up by post," said Janice. "I highly prize the few letters and cards I still have from Grandma and my aunts. I recognize their handwriting and enjoy still sharing a few details of their lives, if just for a moment."[186]

Nettie's letters were full of daily details, such as the care she was giving Dorothy for a cold ("I have tried to keep her in bed as much as I could"), her laundry routine ("I have just sprinkled down the clothes") and her sewing projects ("Thelma wants me to help her quilt a quilt, so we are going to put it on the frames").[187] She was always willing to help anyone who needed her, and felt particularly bad when she was unable to serve. "If I had wings and could fly I would be there to help you," she wrote to Cleo, who was ill at the time. "I was just talking to Dorothy; I wish I were twins or triplets. I do hope you can get some help and please don't get up too soon."[188]

Nettie was careful to remember each grandchild's birthday, "never failing to send us cards and gifts," said Janice. "Her beautifully wrapped gifts were something I always looked forward to receiving. Even though I don't recall now what she sent, I will never forget the wonderful wrapping paper with matching tags, something we never saw in Utah." [189]

Bill Page Jr.[190] was also impressed by gifts from his grandmother. "She remembered my birthday and always sent me something," said Bill. "In fact, last year I ran across a little book she had sent me. It's called *The Tree and the Trail.* Grandma's name is in the front of it with the inscription, 'To her loving Billy.'"[191]

Gift card sent by Nettie to granddaughter Janice (Page) Dawson.

Nettie loved dressing up and always wore stylish hats.
Right: Posing with an unknown friend.

All Dolled Up

Nettie went everywhere with a stylish flair, wearing gloves and an attractive hat, often set a bit jauntily to one side. "She was always well dressed and groomed," said Cleo's daughter Gayle, who remembered her grandmother's "wonderful purple jewelry" whenever she came to visit.[192] Also memorable was the way Nettie traveled to visit family in Utah. "Grandmother Hales visited with us in Bountiful every few years, and it was quite exciting to think she flew here from California in a real airplane, even if it was a small one," said Janice.[193] In the days of trains, travel by air was both exotic and Spartan. Twin-engine propeller-powered aircraft landed on a small tarmac west of Salt Lake City where waiting friends and relatives could walk right up to the chain link fence outside the simple building serving as an airport. "One of the most vivid memories I have of Grandma Hales is meeting her at the old Salt Lake Airport," said Bill Jr. "The airplane pulled right up to the other side of the fence and it was so loud it scared me to death. Those old propeller planes made an awful lot of noise for a little guy like me. I remember her walking down the stairs and waving to us, looking very fashionable with her fancy hat."[194]

Even as she aged, Nettie had "a lively air about her and a certain way of cocking her head, and she always wore the most darling hats," said Janice. "Even though Grandma had a slightly rounded back and a few gray hairs and wrinkles, there was nothing sloppy looking about my grandmother. She was a dresser. I remember her getting ready in my mother's bedroom one day. She was a rather short woman and was a bit ample through the middle. Mom helped her lace up her peach-colored corset, which had numerous hooks down the back. Mom tightened it up by pulling the strings tighter and tighter and then tying them firmly.

"Life in Los Angeles was a bit more progressive than it was in Bountiful, and often Grandmother Hales brought wonderful new things with her. One year she had pancake makeup,[195] something we had never heard of. It came in a small round case with a mirrored lid. She wiped a dampened sponge across the surface and then applied it carefully to her face. Wow, what will they think of next?" reminisced Janice.[196]

Left: Nettie was always dressed with flair. Right: Modeling her new coat.

Hard Work and High Standards

Nettie was known for her dedication to family and her strict work ethic, both of which were the result of her upbringing and early days on the Idaho farm. “She had a hard life and was a hard worker. Work was her life,” said Janice.[197] Nettie had raised her children the same way, with strict attention to doing everything correctly. Not all of her daughters were eager to pass along her standards, however. “My mom [Leona] never pushed housekeeping at Bonnie[198] and me,” said Barbara. “She said that Grandma Hales was so rough on all of her girls that she wasn’t going to give her own her girls as hard a childhood as she had.”[199]

Nettie paid particular attention to tidiness and detail. “One year when visiting all of her grandchildren, she offered a prize to the one with the neatest bedroom. She let me know that cousin Janet Hales in New York was the neatest so far. I don’t recall getting the prize,” said Janice,[200] who did, however, manage to pick up Nettie’s concern over having a clean and presentable butter dish. For many years while raising her own family, Janice transferred any leftover butter to a clean plate, all the while saying, “Grandma Hales always insisted that the butter look fresh!”[201]

All of the Page grandchildren looked forward to Nettie’s visits, even though she had strong opinions about how things should be done. “She was very nice, but very strict,” said Bill Jr. “She made me put on my big, heavy snow suit to go to school and I didn’t even think it was cold outside.”[202] Janice was also unhappy about having to wear “winter underwear and long brown socks when she came to visit.

Once when Grandma Hales was staying with us, I wanted to wear knee socks to grade school, as spring was coming on. She quickly scuttled that wild idea, so instead I wore the usual heavy, brown cotton socks that went up past my knees and were held up with garters hanging from a panty waist, an interesting under item that hung from our shoulders."[203]

Even while visiting family, Nettie kept busy. "It was typical of both my mother and grandmother to have a project at hand while they chatted," said Janice, who recalled the pair working on a blue satin baby quilt together before Gayle was born in 1939. They also made crochet rugs from old nylon stockings and rags. "Grandma Hales always flew up to Salt Lake for her grandchildren's weddings, including mine," said Janice. "Grandma took the time to pad up my first ironing board. I don't know how many layers of flannel she used to build it up, but it was perfect when she finished it, and I still use it sixty years later. She also bought me a cream-colored tablecloth and napkins that had machine-stitched hems. She carefully picked out the hems and then blind stitched them by hand so they looked nicer." [204]

Nettie hand stitched this baby blue quilt for Gayle's birth in 1939.

Convictions and Customs

Despite the hardships in her life, Nettie "seemed rather an optimist," according to Gayle, who remembered her grandmother as "kind and sweet." She was also faithful and committed to the gospel, making sure the children went to church even when she was unable to attend. Nettie saw to it that any tramp who appeared at the back door left with a full stomach, and often told the story of hobo who simply disappeared after receiving her charity, leaving no footprints in the fresh snow. "Grandma always thought he must have been one of the Three Nephites," recalled Janice.

Although she drank Sanka (an early brand of decaffeinated coffee) in her later years, she remained active in the Wilshire Ward of Los Angeles and regularly attended the temple. "I once overhead Grandma telling about a temple recommend interview she had with her bishop," said Bill Jr. "She was totally outraged that the bishop had asked her at her age if she was living a moral life."

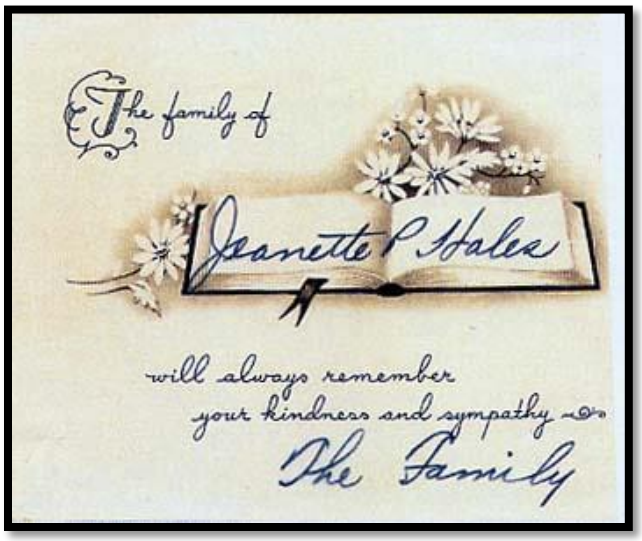
Nettie's Death

Nettie flew to Utah as usual in the summer of 1951, but she suspected it would be her last time. "Grandma said she didn't think she would ever make it up here again," said Janice. "She had visited all her relatives in Idaho and said her goodbyes, and had a feeling that this would be her final trip."[205] On the last day of August, Nettie worked hard as usual, making the beds, baking bread and watching the children. That night she wasn't feeling well and called her doctor. "He came to her house, but couldn't get in, as the door was locked," said Cleo. "Somehow, the doctor got her to crawl to the door and open it. She was taken to the hospital, but she passed away about two in the morning, of a heart attack. She really died with her boots on, working right up to the last. I was so glad that she didn't have to suffer long."[206]

Thelma and Dorothy accompanied their mother's body back to Salt Lake City, where a viewing was held at the Larkin Funeral home. "Some of her children wanted to kiss her, while others just wanted to remember her as she was," said Gayle. "But the biggest problem at the viewing was Grandma's fingernails. They had painted them bright red and she always wore pink. This upset my aunts a lot. They thought she would be very unhappy about that, as she cared so much about how she looked."[207]

Funeral services were held under the direction of Cleo's husband, Bishop Bill Page, and involved many family members and friends: remarks were given by John Longdon and Bishop LeGrand Richards; prayers by Clifford Ashton and Jesse J. Porter; dedication of the grave by Aaron B. Porter. Pall bearers included Larry[208] and Mark Ashton,[209] Robert D. Hales, Richard Dawson[210] and Dee Parkinson and Bill Page Jr., who "was amazed at how heavy the coffin was, but I was only about twelve or thirteen years old at the time. I remember people saying what a hard worker she was all her life, and what a hard life she had had in Idaho." [211]

Nettie's death left a void in the family. "She was a wonderful mother, always there when we needed her to give a helping hand. Everyone loved her sweet spirit. It was hard to go on without her," said Cleo. "She was buried at the side of my Father in the Hales lot in the Bountiful cemetery." [212]



John and Jeanette are buried in the Bountiful City Cemetery.

ENDNOTES

[168] Cleo (Hales) Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[169] Gerald Rulon Hales (1924-1990), #KW8C-8CH, www.familysearch.org
[170] Janet (Hales) Clark (1929-).
[171] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[172] *Ibid*.
[173] Loanda Janette (Hales) Burningham (1884-1971).
[174] *The Davis County Clipper*, 8 September, 1933.
[175] Grave B-1-34-4. www.namesinstone.com.
[176] Letter from Barbara (Ashton) Fickinger to Janice P. Dawson, January, 2000. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[177] *The Davis County Clipper*, 22 December, 1933.
[178]Marilyn (Smith) Fotou (1935-2011), #KWCH-2WZ, www.familysearch.org

[179] Interview with Janice (Page) Dawson, 3 July, 1998. Transcript held by interviewer Shelley Dawson Davies.
[180] Gayle (Page) Anderson (1939-), #LKC3-QQX, www.familysearch.org
[181] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[182] Letter from Barbara (Ashton) Fickinger to Janice P. Dawson, February, 2000.
[183] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976.
[184] Janice P. Dawson, "Jeanette Rebecca Porter Hales," undated typescript. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[185] *Ibid.*
[186] *Ibid.*
[187] Letter from Jeanette Hales to Cleo Page, 1938. Held by Janice P. Dawson.
[188] Letter from Jeanette Hales to Cleo Page, 1938.
[189] Dawson, "Jeanette Rebecca Porter Hales," undated typescript.
[190] William Hales Page (1934-), #LKC3-Q3S, www.familysearch.org
[191] Interview with William Hales Page, 5 October, 1997. Transcript held by interviewer Shelley Dawson Davies.
[192] Interview with Gayle (Page) Anderson, 25 June, 1999. Transcript held by interviewer Shelley Dawson Davies.
[193] Dawson, "Jeanette Rebecca Porter Hales," undated typescript.
[194] Interview, William Hales Page, 5 October, 1997.
[195] Initially developed for film in the late 1930s by legendary Hollywood makeup artist Max Factor, the compressed cake face powder was sold commercially in compacts and applied with a damp sponge.
[196] Dawson, "Jeanette Rebecca Porter Hales," undated typescript.
[197] *Ibid.*
[198] Bonnie Mae (Ashton) Dibble (1927-2011), #KWCZ-3F4, www.familysearch.org
[199] Letter from Barbara (Ashton) Fickinger to Janice P. Dawson, June, 2000.
[200] Dawson, "Jeanette Rebecca Porter Hales," undated typescript.
[201] Personal knowledge of Shelley Dawson Davies.
[202] Interview, William Hales Page, 5 October, 1997.
[203] Dawson, "Jeanette Rebecca Porter Hales," undated typescript.
[204] *Ibid.*
[205] *Ibid.*
[206] Cleo (Hales) Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976. Copy held by Shelley Dawson Davies.
[207] Interview, Gayle (Page) Anderson, 25 June, 1999.
[208] Larry Jed Ashton (1932-).
[209] Mark Hales Ashton (1936-1979), #KWZH-LYR, www.familysearch.org
[210] Richard Rex Dawson (1927-), #LNDN-56L, www.familysearch.org Richard is married to Janice (Page) Dawson.
[211] Interview, William Hales Page, 5 October, 1997.
[212] Page, "Personal History," typescript, 1976. Grave locations are B-1-34-4 (John) and B-1-34-5 (Jeanette).

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