

# Third Kenneth

I served as scoutmaster for the four years we lived on Gunderson Lane, first in the Valley View Third Ward and later in the Valley View Ninth Ward when it was created. I had the privilege to work with many fine young men including young Tom Monson. It was interesting to observe young Tom. Because his father was a high church official the other boys wouldn't let him do anything wrong. If he even hinted at something that was out of place the other boys challenged, "You're supposed to be an example, Tom."

I continued learning at work and took advantage of each opportunity that presented itself. At times there were schools for new products and I made sure that I kept current. I remembered my earlier experience with receiving training and then waiting for something to happen. Advancement don't come to those who wait. Advancement must be made to happen. I knew that the select positions were obtained by those who have the basic talent, were aggressive and asserted themselves as the leader.

At work I was advancing rapidly. I was named as one of the first Senior Customer Engineers in the country when that position was created in 1963. The next year I was promoted to Field Engineering Specialist. Then I had the opportunity to receive training on a new storage device. I remembered my earlier experience with new products and made sure that I was active instead of passive in taking command of it.

The San Francisco management knew who I was. They began sending me on trips to solve problems.

The first trip was to Honolulu. I thought that I might not have another chance to see the islands so we made arrangements to have the kids taken care of and Judy and I had a chance to see the islands for the first time. The problem was not too difficult to solve.

Other trips followed. I always had some anxiety about them. I wondered if I would be able to solve the problems. I always said a little prayer as I got on the airplane that I would be up to the task and be successful in my effort. I feel that I had some help. One week I solved problems in three cities across the country. First in Denver, then in Milwaukee, and then in San Francisco. I didn't get to bed until three in the morning at San Francisco and at six the telephone rang. The technical support manager for the San Francisco area wanted to meet me for lunch. At lunch that day he offered me a position as one of the few System's Specialists in the United States. Based in Salt Lake, and with my manager in San Francisco, I began a new career supporting the Pacific Northwest and the military accounts in the far east.

At the awards conference at Boulder, Colorado in 1965, I was invited to sit at the head table for dinner with the IBM executives. At the table was Thomas Watson Jr., Chairman of the Board of IBM; O. M. Scott, President of the Field Engineering Division; Joe Whalen, Vice President of the Field Engineering Division; and three technical people including myself that were attending the conference. I was not told why I was selected for this honor, but the next day I was surprised when I was called to the front of the auditorium and presented with an Excellence In Service award. The award included a thousand dollar check, a large amount in those days.

The travel continued. For a two year period, the

longest stay that I had at home was eighteen days and the shortest stay was ten hours. One day I flew from Salt Lake to Honolulu and returned to Salt Lake. The next day I was on a plane to Taegu, Korea. I was usually on a plane somewhere every week and was usually gone for a week. To cut down on my travel I suggested to my manager that perhaps I should move to the San Francisco Bay area. He agreed. After ten years working in Salt Lake City, we moved to Concord, California in 1967.

We lived within the boundaries of the Oakgrove Ward in the Concord Stake of the church. I was called to serve first in the presidency of the mutual and later as the cubmaster. We had a lovely home at 1800 Ryan Road with a large walnut tree in the front yard.

In November of 1968 I became a field manager in the San Francisco Finance and Insurance Branch Office. I enjoyed the change from the technical environment. My awareness of people increased. I learned how to deal with complex people instead of complex electronic products. Working with people awakened new insights. I was successful in this assignment. A year later I was appointed field manager of the San Francisco Central Branch Office, a second shift operation requiring a work shift of 5:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Again I had a successful assignment.

While working in the evenings, and because there was not too much to do with my free time during the daytime, I started renewing my interest in genealogy. After a few months I had collected some data and reasoned that others with my surname might have the same interest in it that I had. I extracted names from the telephone books found on eight shelves of the University of California library and mailed a letter expressing the desire to start a family organization.

The return mail was favorable. I hired a researcher in England, purchased a mimeograph machine, and started printing a newsletter. I mailed it to everyone I could identify with the surname Hales. I assumed the title of secretary of the Hales Genealogical Society. I continued publishing this journal for over eight years, having a good deal of satisfaction and performing a good service to my relatives.

In 1970 Judy took out her endowments in the Oakland Temple and we were sealed the same day as an eternal family. Since I worked in the evenings, I served in the temple four sealing sessions and an endowment session each week for several months.

We had a nice vacation that year. Judy's parents accompanied us on a trip to Osaka, Japan to see Expo 70. From there we went to Hong Kong for a few days, to Bangkok, back to Tokyo, and then back home. Later we made our annual visit to Salt Lake.

When we returned from vacation during September of 1970, IBM asked if we would be willing to relocate to Bakersfield. There were some personnel problems there and I had a reputation of being able to solve those types of problems. The previous field manager was inexperienced in the workings of the company and had to be replaced. Judy and I went there on a survey trip and decided to make the move. After a little freshening up, our home in Concord sold in one week and we realized a nice profit from the sale. We returned to Bakersfield to purchase a home and contracted to have one built. We rented an apartment and I moved in with a sleeping bag and a few utensils until arrangements could be made to move our family. I needed to start trying to solve the problems at the office.

In the evening during the week I visited the ward

to get acquainted. Bishop Stewart met me in the foyer. To introduce myself I showed him my temple recommend. He took it into his office and called Bishop Heaton in Walnut Creek on the phone. A few minutes later he came out and told me that he and his counselors had been praying for help in their ward and I was the answer to their prayers.

The next Sunday I was called to be the priesthood leader for the adult Aaronic program in the ward. The records given to me had been neglected in the past and needed attention. I discovered that people were on the rolls that should not have been. One person still in the records had been dead for over three years. In a short time I reduced the population of the ward by nearly two hundred people by making the records more accurate. When I went to have my temple recommend renewed, President Richards said, "I was going to divide that ward until you came." The records claimed the ward population was over 750 when in reality it was less than 550.

While living in Bakersfield I decided that I would become a good home teacher for the church. Having to give stewardship interviews with home teaching supervisors, and observing the state of the records in the ward, led to this decision.

The house at 4113 La Mirada Drive was only a mile and a half from where I worked and about two miles from the ward. Because it was so close to work I was able to go home for lunch each day. It only took about five minutes to travel to or from work. That gave me extra time during the day and I was able to work on the business of the Hales Genealogical Society each day and much good was accomplished. I'm sure that I was guided to Bakersfield not only to help the ward, but also to give me time to do some genealogy.

I published my Hales Newsletter quarterly and tried to meet the goals that I set for myself. Once, when printing the newsletter, Terry said, When I grow up I'm going to get a mimeograph so I can do newsletters too.. The circulation grew to about two thousand. The living room was full as we sorted out the newsletters into piles by state and zip-code order. It was a big production with the boys walking around the table collating the pages that made up the newsletter and putting address labels on them.

The home in Bakersfield was a beautiful place. It had a winding stairway that led to a Galleria by the bedrooms. The large living room sloped from the front door upwards to the second floor. It was a perfect place to entertain. Our home was used for many fireside meetings as well as Project Temple. Several temple sealings resulted from the training given there. Once one of the families in the ward came to visit. Their very young daughter exclaimed as she entered our home and looked up at the sloped ceiling, "Hello church!"

We enjoyed the association of John and Suzanne Jennings who lived only a couple of blocks away. John was a counselor in the bishopric and an excellent dentist. He was very talented and good with his hands. John was from the St. George, Utah area and had won several tennis championships in his high school years. This young couple was just beginning to have their family and it brought back memories of how much joy it was to have little children. It was this association that motivated us to have another child. However, he was born after we left Bakersfield and had moved to Walnut Creek, California.

Our boys had been taught how to work well. Once a neighbor hired them to mow her lawn. When it

appeared that a long time had passed, she went out to see what they were doing. The lawn was all mowed and neatly edged. Then the boys weeded her flower bed. They were almost finished. She was amazed that they had not stopped with just mowing the lawn. They told her that they always edged and weeded at home. The Hales boys had a reputation for being good workers and I was proud of them.

While we lived in Bakersfield, Que asked for some money to subscribe to a magazine which was required for one of the courses he was taking at West High School. I watched him fill out the subscription card and commented when he listed the school as his mailing address, "Why don't you have it sent home?" He replied, "They don't want them sent home because they upset the parents too much." I told him that because of that remark I wanted to see them and he was to bring them home. That started the chain of events that led to our removal from Bakersfield.

The magazine was titled Senior Scholastic and was published in New York. The editor had a Russian name. The first issue that was brought home was devoted to religion. It began with the Protestant-Catholic conflict in Northern Ireland. Then it made subtle comparisons with that to how Christianity was forced on people during the crusades. It concluded that Christianity was bad because it created unrest. It ended with an item in poor taste concerning Jesus Christ. The school was right, I was upset. I found that I had to work for a week in the home to combat the yellow journalism it contained.

The second issue was every bit as bad. It was about the family. It discredited the traditional roles of parents. It expounded the doctrine that young people should get married later in life in order to allow

maximum time for experimentation. Again I was upset.

We tried to have his class changed and found the magazine was school district curriculum. I took several issues to work and asked Ross Jantz, a practicing Baptist and the Office Products Division Field Manager, to look them over. I explained that maybe I was biased. The next day Ross came to work and was very angry. It seems that his son was also getting the magazine. Within three months both Ross and I were no longer living in Bakersfield.

By this time I was the ward membership and statistical clerk, being released from the adult Aaronic Priesthood program when the church named them prospective elders. Judy worked in the Primary Association and was called to be president a few months before we left.

The Sunday evening before we left Bakersfield the telephone rang. It was Bishop Heaton in Walnut Creek. He said that he had heard a rumor that the Hales family was moving from Bakersfield back to Walnut Creek and wanted to verify it. We confirmed the rumor.

The next Sunday we attended sacrament meeting in the Oakgrove Second Ward in Walnut Creek. Judy and I were both called to positions in the ward our first Sunday, before our membership records had arrived. I was called to be the scoutmaster and deacon's quorum advisor while Judy was called to a position in the primary.

We had been absent for two years and the boys in the deacon's quorum were new to me, although I knew several of their fathers. Brother Jackman gave me a list of the boys names and said that it was my responsibility to select one of them to be deacon's quorum president and senior patrol leader. The church had just consolidated those two positions to insert

more spirituality into the scouting program.

I didn't know the boys. I made the selection for the wrong reasons, based on my knowledge of their fathers, and gave it to Brother Jackman during priesthood meeting. While setting in the living room following Sunday School, I had a spiritual experience. I heard a voice. Instantly I recognized that it didn't come through my ears, yet the words were perfectly formed in my head. A well modulated, pleasing male personality said in a matter of fact, non-threatening way, "John Van Woerkom is supposed to be deacon's quorum president." The message was clear. I called Brother Jackman and told him that I had made a mistake. I told him that Jon Van Woerkom was the correct choice and asked him why his name was not included on the list he gave me. He replied, "Wasn't his name on the list? That was an oversight." And so that evening, Jon Van Woerkom, called of the Lord, was sustained as deacon's quorum president. I watched Jon during the year. He was the right boy for the job. The other boy would have been a mistake.

IBM asked me if I would accept a temporary assignment at the San Jose plant to help develop a maintenance package for an IBM product. The day I was supposed to report I had to telephone and say that I would be a day late. Judy was ready to give birth, and our son, David Clay Hales, arrived on March 26, 1973.

While working at San Jose, Bob Wilson of the Boulder, Colorado IBM plant walked through the area. He remembered me assisting him with problems when I was an area specialist. He stopped and said, "I thought that you were a field manager in Bakersfield." I said that I had decided to change back to the technical area of the business again. As soon as my assignment

at San Jose was finished, a request was waiting for me at the office to work for a year on a temporary assignment for Bob Wilson at Boulder. I began this assignment in October of 1973 and rented one of the Gunbarrel apartments half way between Boulder and Longmont near the IBM plant.

I took some of my genealogy materials with me so that I would have something to do during my spare time. On one of my monthly trips home I also carried my typewriter back with me on the plane. One Saturday, not having anything to do, I picked up the telephone and called the first person I could find in the Denver directory named Hales. "Is this Ed Hales," I asked? When the reply was affirmative I responded, "This is Ken Hales." Ed said, "Well, the name sounds familiar." I asked him if he had ever received any of the Hales Newsletters from California. He said that he had. I told him that I wrote them and he invited me over to his home. An hour later I was visiting with him in his home. He was able to tell me who his grandparents were, but that was as much as he knew. With just the materials I had in my car, I was able to take him back two more generations in the United States, two generations into Canada, and two generations in England. He was impressed and we had a good visit.

Thanksgiving was spent in Salt Lake. Christmas was spent in Walnut Creek. We decided that Judy would fly to Colorado for a week in mid-February for our next visit. I grew a beard during the six weeks we were apart. When Judy arrived at Denver and saw me at the airport, she said, "Well, hello Brigham!" The first part of May I shaved it off at Walnut Creek and have not grown one since. I had a wedding to attend in the Oakland Temple and I wanted to look normal for it.

Judy and the boys joined me in Colorado for the

summer vacation. After the summer vacation, we returned to our home in Walnut Creek. We picked up a car in Salt Lake for Kenny. Kenny, Que and Rick left Salt Lake in Kenny's car following us.

A few miles to the west of Wells, Nevada I saw a cloud of dust in my rear view mirror and said to Judy, "They're off the road." Fortunately there was a gully where they went off the side of the road and the car followed it down ending up about a hundred feet lower than the highway and a hundred feet or so to the side. A few feet either way and they would have been killed. There must have been some guidance for the car that was not apparent. The car was damaged and barely driveable. Since school started the next day I sent the rest of the family on ahead and Kenny and I limped along, tried to get the car fixed at a couple of places along the way, and finally arrived in Walnut Creek just before dawn the next morning.

The next day, after everyone had enrolled back into school, the telephone rang. IBM offered me a permanent position in the Boulder IBM Laboratory as a Staff Engineer. I declined the offer. A few minutes later the telephone rang again. The offer was increased another hundred dollars a month. I accepted. I said, "I need some time off. I've been gone for nearly a year and the weeds are eating up my back yard fence. Also, I need some time to get my house ready to be sold." A week later I returned to Boulder, Colorado, leaving my family in Walnut Creek.

I purchased a home in Longmont, Colorado on Collyer Street. This was my fourth move with IBM. Judy and I decided that we didn't want to be separated more than necessary so I purchased a home that was nearly completed. This was the second home that I purchased without Judy seeing it first. We scheduled

our move from California and took possession of it in October of 1974. Judy saw the house for the first time when we moved in.

In March of 1975, six months after accepting the transfer to Boulder, I was called to Hugh O'Brien's office. He said, "you are now a manager again, here is your new group." So I became a peer manager with Bob Wilson, the one who brought me to Boulder.

Kenny received his call to serve in the Mexico Veracruz Mission a short time after we moved to Colorado. He had studied Spanish in high school and was very pleased when the call came for a Spanish speaking mission. We shared in the joy of getting him ready to serve. He received his endowments in the Logan Temple. I asked him what he thought of the endowment ceremony. He said that his thoughts were, "How Catholic," because of the symbolism. However he learned what the Catholic Church was when he went to Mexico. Elder Kenneth Gregory Hales began his mission at the mission home in Salt Lake, but before the first day was over he was taken to the Language Training Mission in Provo.

Rick left home the day after school ended in 1975. He had just completed the tenth grade. The move to Colorado was not a good move for Rick. He made friends with a boy in the church that did not honor his priesthood and soon there were problems. Rick decided on his own that he would rather live with his natural mother, one he had not lived with for twelve years, so that he could stretch his legs a bit and make his own decisions. I would have preferred another course. Rick completed eleventh grade in California and enlisted in the navy during his twelfth school year on his eighteenth birthday.

In August of 1975 I mailed out a newsletter

designed to try to create interest in genealogy on my mother's side of the family. I called it the "Pettersson papers." Soon after mailing it out the Pettersson family in Magna called a family reunion. I was given the job of keeping the newsletter going. Matthew Marrington Pettersson was appointed president, Thomas Livsey Pettersson was appointed vice president and I was appointed secretary. I worked on this newsletter for several years, but it died of news starvation. Aunt Emma was diligent in sending me the news, but I had little support from the others. I did hire a researcher in England and we received some good information from him which is published in the newsletter. The last issue published was in June of 1981.

I helped start the branch genealogy library at Boulder and within a year was appointed the head genealogical librarian of the Boulder, Colorado Stake. This church calling was one in which I had satisfaction, interest and dedication. We did a great deal of good in the library we created out of a classroom there. While there I submitted almost a thousand names to the genealogical society for clearance for ordinance work. During 1975 one thousand names were submitted from the Boulder Colorado Stake. I submitted nine hundred of them. Brother Boss of the High Council and President Allan seemed intimidated that an elder was doing more name submissions than all of the rest of the stake, including the high priests.

On Sunday, the twenty-second of August in 1976, three days before my forty-third birthday, I was sustained by the members at stake conference in Boulder, and, following the meeting, was ordained a high priest. As the Savior felt virtue leave him when the woman touched the hem of his garment, I had a spiritual witness while I was being ordained.

President Allan, President Rawson, Bishop Ariel Brent Christensen and Brother Charles Brady joined in that circle and laid their hands on my head that day in the Relief Society room. When President Allan said, "I ordain you a high priest," a pleasant, peaceful sensation entered my head, under their hands, and progressed down my body, arms and legs, and filled my whole soul. It was as if I could feel my insides from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet as the pleasant wave progressed, taking with it the slight complaints of my middle-aged body. It was, I feel, my witness that the ordination was efficacious. I yearn for a chance to feel again the peace of the spirit.

Following my ordination, I conferred the Melchizedek Priesthood on my son, Jeffery Que Hales, and ordained him an elder. President Nels Hansen, Marion Woodmansee and Kelly Jones of the elders quorum presidency joined me in the circle along with President Allan, President Rawson and Bishop Christensen. Que was preparing for his mission.

It was lunch time when Que's call came in the mail and he was apprehensive. He had never been far from home before and felt uncertain. He told Judy that he would open the letter that evening after work. She said, "You'll open it now or I won't take you back to work." Que was called to serve in the Germany Frankfurt Mission.

Que received his endowments in the Salt Lake Temple and began his mission when we checked him into the new Missionary Training Center (MTC), formerly the LTM, in Provo. For the next six months we had two missionaries from our family serving in two different countries of the world.

Now our older three boys were all away from home, our children at home were reduced from six to three,

and it seemed that our family was small. However, we were pleased with our family and enjoyed the mail from those so far away.

The navy tried to get Rick to change the career path to one different than his enlistment choice. He had completed basic training at San Diego and submarine school in Connecticut. He did not want to make the change and was honorably discharged from the navy after serving for a little more than six months. He chose to come back home to Colorado because Kenny was almost finished with his mission and he hadn't seen him for three years.

When Kenny returned from his mission we took him to Provo so that he could attend Brigham Young University (BYU). Kenny and Rick both shared the same apartment. Rick planned to attend the vocational school there. However, Rick didn't last there long and returned to California.

Sister Marie Ballard, a single sister and one of my home teaching families, died about this time. I had the opportunity to help arrange her funeral services and gave an address in honor of her memory. This address is included on later pages.

In the fall of 1977 IBM announced that a new development and manufacturing plant would be built and would be located in Tucson, Arizona. All of the General Products Division, of which I was part, would be transferred. Judy and I went to Tucson and located a new home for our family. We decided to make the move the first of April.

In March of 1978 Kenny telephoned from Provo and introduced us over the telephone to the girl he had selected for a companion. Vicky Lynn Kehler was also at BYU and worked with him during the morning hours cleaning one of the buildings. During April, after

school was out that spring, they went to Minneapolis so he could meet her parents. Then they flew to Denver on the day that I was leaving Colorado for the last time. The three of us drove from there to Tucson.