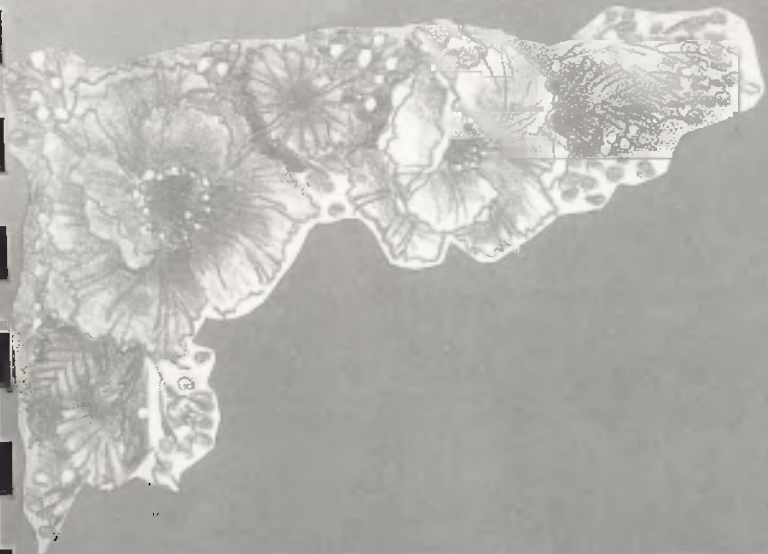


*Arthur K.  
and  
Orilla Woods  
Hafen  
Family*



### Hafen-Woods

Married.-In the St. George temple, Wednesday, September 11, 1912, Mr. Arthur Hafen and Miss Orilla M. Woods.

The bride is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lamond Woods, of Barclay, Nevada, and the groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hafen of Santa Clara, a highly respected young man who is employed on the St. George Stake Academy staff as instructor in German.

A reception was given at the home of the groom's parents.



Born of Goodly Parents



*Grandma Hafen, Grandpa Hafen  
& 1st Child Kay*



*Kay and Carma*



*Ferrel, Carma and Kay*



Carmie Hafen

17 September 1914



"I remember the house of my childhood--  
It was a magic house, for love built it,  
Furnished it, and sustained it.

"There was no room for loneliness in our house,  
Each room was filled with companionship  
And ready laughter.

"And I remember that the magic in our happy house  
Came from the heart and the hands and the lips  
And the prayers of my wonderful parents."

Kelton Hafen



Howard McFarland, Eldon Hafen  
Ken, Kelt, and Tony Hafen  
1938



# The house on Tabernacle Street

An island of memory in a sea of change by Lyman Hafen

Only one house remains on Tabernacle Street between First and Second East in St. George. Once it was just another home in a long row of beautiful residences along a tree-lined avenue. Now, surrounded on both sides of the street by modern office buildings, it stands resolute and somewhat lonesome in the middle of a bustling downtown, an island of memory amid a sea of progress. It is the house from which my grandfather walked to his classroom at Dixie College, just a couple of blocks away, every morning for 40 years. And it is the house where my grandmother patiently and competently raised the 12 of her 14 children who grew to adulthood. It is a house that for much of the 20th century brimmed with the kind of simple joy that could not be bought with money. And it was a house that, through it all, ached with the underlying pain of unbearable loss.

My grandmother's name was Orilla Woods Hafen. She was born in 1891 in a pine-board cottage at the foot of a hill next to a lush meadow in Clover Valley, Nev. Her Mormon pioneer grandfather had settled that green carpeted valley in 1869, and built the one-room school/church where she studied and worshiped as a bright and beautiful girl. When she was a teenager, a boy peddling fruit from Santa Clara chanced his way into the valley. He was handsome and charming and she was quite taken by the slender young man at the reins of a wagon bearing bushels of luscious peaches. In the fall of 1910, after she had ridden the train to Provo to attend college at BYU, the two crossed paths again. Grandma's long courtship with Arthur Knight Hafen began that year.

They were married in the fall of 1912. By 1915, they had moved into the handsome gabled house on Tabernacle Street and were the parents of a boy named Kay, a daughter named Carma, and another son named Ferrel. Grandpa had embarked upon what would become a distinguished career as a professor of the humanities at Dixie College, and Grandma was well on her way to becoming the mother of the century in St. George.

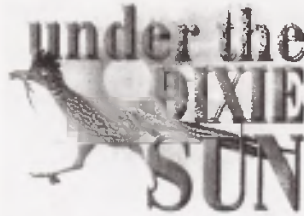
In the summer of 1917, my Aunt Ada joined the family. In less than four years Grandma had given birth to four children. Her childbearing years would continue through the Great War, the Roaring Twenties and into the Depression when my father, Kelton, was born in 1932 and the baby, Donald, finally arrived in 1933. Nine of those siblings are still living, most of them in St. George. If you chance to visit with any of them, they will tell you of a mother who loved them unconditionally, who cooked for them over a wood stove, the same stove next to which she bathed them in a number two tub. They will tell you how she washed a perennial stream of diapers, kept a large and bounteous garden, celebrated every birthday in high style, entertained a parade of guests from all walks of life at her dinner table, cleaned and shopped and tended the neighbors' kids. They will tell you how she did all this and much more, and still managed to read to them at bedtime, though she often dozed before finishing the first page. And they will tell you how they never heard a bitter word fall from her mouth.

I remember visiting Grandma and Grandpa in that house on Tabernacle Street. They were elderly by the time my memories began taking shape. On perfect summer evenings we would sit out on the porch and visit in the still, close air. On dark winter nights we would sit in the front room as a fire crackled in the cast-iron stove. I would sit quietly and listen to my grandmother's musical voice and swell with joy at the sound of her unique, clucking laughter. That laugh, which for me is the sound of pure compassion, still vibrates through my heart. I recall often looking up at a picture on the wall of the front room. It was a softly tinted portrait of a little boy standing in a pastel blue suit with short pants. The sandy-haired boy is profoundly handsome. He stands in an earnest pose, as if yielding to the wishes of his mother, an ever so slight grin on his face. It is Grandmother's first-born child, Kay. He is maybe 4 years old and I realize that this may well have been the last photo ever taken of him.

On Memorial Day each year I try to visit the St. George Cemetery. There I can walk to the grave of my Grandmother Hafen and read on her stone that she died in 1983, 12 years after my grandfather, who lies next to her. Nearby is a little white stone with a lamb sculpted upon it. The stone is weathered and chipped by the many decades that have passed since it was lovingly placed there.

It happened on a crisp October day in 1918. Little 5-year-old Kay and his friend were playing in front of the house on Tabernacle Street. A team of horses pulling two large freight wagons lumbered down the street. The boys caught the driver's attention and convinced him to give them a ride on that wonderful big rig. The driver stopped and allowed the little adventurers to climb aboard. The boys gleefully rode the wagon down Tabernacle Street until it turned abruptly at Fourth East, just north

Orilla Woods Hafen and Arthur Knight Hafen in front of their family home on Tabernacle Street in the 1960s. The home, which has been remodeled into professional offices, is the last residence still standing between Main Street and Second East



of where the Sun Bowl would later be built. They must have realized by then how far they had strayed from home and suddenly felt compelled to turn back. Kay's friend jumped first and easily cleared the wagon's giant rear wheel. When Kay jumped he did not clear the wheel and the huge arc of iron rolled over him. His precious life ended in an instant.

I cannot imagine the grief that engulfed the house on Tabernacle Street through the ensuing cold fall and winter. I only know that somehow, through a miracle of faith and sheer courage, my grandmother arose from her bed of anguish, put on her apron, and went back to her calling as mother. Graciously and gloriously she continued in that calling through all the long days of the next six decades.

There would be more days of loss and sorrow, but there would be even more days capped with the joy and satisfaction of raising a fine and solid family. As new parents ourselves, my wife and I often visited Grandma during her final days on earth. Each time we walked out of her presence filled with grace and good advice - and renewed hope that we would somehow be able to face whatever lay ahead.

SGM



Season's  
Greeting  
From our Home  
to Yours



## Bicentennial restoration

# House holds many memories



The old A.K. Hafen Home has been remodeled and is now for lease for commercial purposes. Dr. Larry Staples has spent the past eight months in working with contractors in the restoration of the century-old house.

ST. GEORGE -- The walls echo the laughter and tears of a large Dixie family growing up through years of sharing and sacrifice.

Fourteen children grew up in the old pioneer home in central St. George. Students at Dixie College lived there and made friends with the members of the family which occupied the home.

Arthur Knight Hafen and his wife, Orvilla, moved into the Mahonri M. Snow home at 148 E. Tabernacle in 1914. Before moving there, they had been spending the summer months in Santa Clara and the winter months in St. George. Mrs. Hafen told her husband, "I never want to move again until I have a home of my own where I can stay."

The Hafens had some property north of the city cemetery. The area was then largely unsettled and the Hafens had planned to build a home there.

The Snows decided to sell their home, and the Hafens chose to buy it. They traded property—the home for the land to the east of town.

The Hafens had two children when they made the move. The Snows stayed for the winter of 1914 in the house with their five children until they finished their new home.

While the Hafens were living in two rooms of the home, their third child was born. "We didn't lose any time getting our family," Mrs. Hafen said.

After the Hafens moved

into the house, they added a larger kitchen, a basement, a bedroom and the front porch.

Remodeling was done on the home over a number of years, Mrs. Hafen said. Her husband never went over his means in improving his home.

Hafen was an instructor at Dixie College. He had an acute interest in history and wrote some books on the history of Utah's Dixie—"Devoted Empire Builders (Pioneers of St. George)", "Beneath Vermillion Cliffs" and "Dixie Folklore and Pioneer Memoirs."

The income was small as it is with teachers, Mrs. Hafen. But the family had enough and got along very well.

"The children perhaps didn't have everything they wanted," she said, "but they had everything they needed."

All but five of the 14 Hafen children were born in the house. The first two were born before the family moved, and the last three were born in the hospital.

The screen porch and oak room in the upper floor of the home was rented to college students. The tenants used the "outdoor conveniences" and the number two wash tub for baths. Sometimes they would use the bath tub downstairs.

Mrs. Hafen said she has many wonderful friends from the people who lived in the old home so many years

ago. They still visit her and share their love with her.

A.K. Hafen died in November, 1971, in his home. Mrs. Hafen remained there until October, 1975, when she moved to a smaller, more modern home adjacent to her daughter in St. George. She said the old home needed repairs, and she wanted to do it until her decision to move.

The decision to leave the house in which she had spent nearly 62 years of her life came hard for Mrs. Hafen. She gave it a lot of thought and prayed about it. The people she talked to about moving encouraged her to do it.

Mrs. Hafen is now happy she made the move. Her family is close to her where she lives now. "I tell you, I'm blessed," she said.

Mrs. Hafen said she still loves the old home, but it no longer belongs to her. After moving from it, she sold it to Dr. Larry Staples, a St. George dentist.

"When I sold the house," she said, "I asked Dr. Staples to promise to wait until I was dead before he tore it down." But Dr. Staples didn't want to tear it down; the structure was too good to destroy. Instead, he restored it.

The old A.K. Hafen Home has been redecorated. Mike Dobson, the man who painted the woodgrain in the Brigham Young Winter Home, painted the woodgrain in the Hafen Home. The woodwork has



It looks like a knot in the natural oak wood, but it is really paint. The grain in the woodwork of the house has been handpainted by Mike Dobson. Dobson did the same sort of work in the Brigham Young Winter Home.

been made to resemble oak, and the old wooden fireplace has been painted to look like marble.

Staples said the house is close to 100 years old as far as he can ascertain. Mahonri Snow moved into the home in 1894, and the house was already standing when he moved in.

Staples said he chose to remodel the house rather than raze it because "I

thought there was too much history and too much value in it to see it go."

Staples said when the Hafens bought the home it was valued at about \$1,000. Today it is valued at about \$100,000.

"This is a bicentennial restoration of a centennial house," Staples said.

Mrs. Hafen hasn't been back to the house since the restoration has begun.



**MORNING PRAYER BEFORE A MEAL** and evening prayer were rigid Mormon practices in the old days. Now, they have been abandoned by all save a few

families such as that of Arthur K. Hafen (glasses), who keeps the old custom, teaching his children to take turns praying. An instructor of English and mod-

ern languages in Utah's Dixie College, Brother Hafen has led a characteristic Mormon life, raising 12 children, continuing his education, filling a Church job.

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# LOOK

MARCH 10, 1942... 10¢ 12¢ IN CANADA