

1862

John Hafen

1946

Pioneer
Prominent Stockman,
Civic and Religious Leader
of
Santa Clara, Utah



Picture shows grandson, Steven

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by
His Children

Prefatory Note

Father's characteristics are pretty well revealed in the short sketches written here by the members of the family. Diaries, journals or other written records of his life's activities are not available. Our recollections and impressions are recorded in part. To include all each one has written would, of course, be repetitious. However, each one's characterizations add to the life of Father, and, as far as practicable and helpful, these sketches are included.

Many of his grandchildren knew him. Some were too young when he died to remember him, and some, of course, have been born since he died. So, some of his posterity will know him only as they are told of him, or as they read of his life. It is our hope that what is here written will reveal Father to his posterity, and that they will appreciate their heritage and his contributions to their lives.

A.K.H.

LIFE OF FATHER

By Arthur

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts...."

Shakespeare

"Dad". How the connotative significance of the word has changed. When we grew up the term would have seemed undignified, even disrespectful. To us it was "Pa", an appellation now almost archaic.

Dad grew up with the pioneers of Dixie who are being honored in this, their centennial year. He didn't span the entire century, but he began it and spent eighty-four years of it pioneering, developing, building, and contributing to the marvelous changes.

The Dixie Mission was hard--hard to the point of backbreak, and heart-break, and Santa Clara was no exception. Pioneer dreams of hope coupled with faith and courage were realized. A few became discouraged and left for better opportunities. Some contemporaneous settlements in Washington County are now ghost towns or mere ranches:- viz: Hebron, Hamblin, Pinto, Harrisburg, Duncan's Retreat, Grafton, Shonesburg, Dalton, Bloomington, Price, and perhaps others.

Despite integrity and perseverance, other factors brought about the deterioration and decadence of these towns, but settlers in Santa Clara, too, saw their farm land and their orchards swept away by raging torrents. One of the most beautiful towns in Utah today is Santa Clara. The homes, trees, shrubs, and flowers bespeak integrity, determination, and progress--the heritage left by the people amongst whom Father grew up. His parents were prominent in the conquest of the aridity of the soil, sickness, and discouragements in the town in its infancy and growth.

The community was predominantly Swiss, a people trained in frugality, thrift and honesty. They came from Switzerland for the sake of the new religion they had recently espoused. Conduct based upon the principles of this creed governed them. They were methodical and careful in observing minutest details prescribed by the tenets of their religion. Some eccentricities, however, cropped out occasionally, as hauling a load of hay to Silver Reef for sale, became more profitable by shoveling sand into the load before weighing it, or, in a horse trade, perhaps, not all the traits of the animal to be traded need be revealed. Their course is run; their lives are reflected, in part, in their posterity. We honor them, as we honor Dad, for the heritage they left us.

Dad's parents and all their children were honorable, upstanding people in the Santa Clara community where they were raised and where they all made their homes after they were married. They established a good name and maintained it. It has been handed to their posterity to uphold.

Some of the Swiss Company called in 1861 to settle at Santa Clara, were in dire poverty when they arrived. Some had come with handcart companies to Utah, so they weren't able to bring any furnishings for a home. Others had little more. Grandfather was a little better off financially, but it was only through struggling and saving that he made any headway. Father's parents spoke their native Swiss language in the home, but the children, evidently, didn't learn to speak it. Father, as the oldest child, would naturally be given responsibility

when he was very young. His leadership in family matters carried throughout the time they operated affairs together as a family unit, which was until after their youngest son was married.

When Grandfather went on a mission to Switzerland, his second family was entrusted to Father's care. A daughter, Mary, told me recently of her Father's asking my father to look after them while their father was gone, and she spoke of his kindness to them.

Father was born nearly a year after the Swiss Company settled in Santa Clara and lived there most of the eighty-four years of his life. He liked his home town and often said he had been to the largest cities in the world and to the old country, but he liked none of the cities as he liked Santa Clara. It was always his home, and except for short intervals away, he helped in the development of the town and all its varied activities. It was a life of pioneering in many respects. The place had been settled a few years previously by Indian Missionaries who had established a fort west of the present site of the town. With the destruction of the fort by a flood, a few weeks after the arrival of the Swiss Company, the new town site was surveyed, and developments began. Homes were to be built. Some were merely dugouts on the side of the hill; others were log cabins. More substantial and permanent homes were built as conditions permitted. The farms, the roads, the irrigation canals, and all developments were to be started. True, Father was young when much of this was begun, but it took years to complete the work, and he would have knowledge of it. Thrift and conservation of whatever resources were available had to be practised. Hard work, little money, scarcity of food, and few tools with which to work, characterized that life. Disease had to be combatted by primitive methods. Mosquito-infested swamps, improper diet, and exposure took their toll of human lives, especially of infants. Several of Father's brothers and sisters died in infancy.

When the lots had been platted, corresponding numbers were written on slips of paper and placed in a hat. Numbers drawn from the hat were allotted to the various families. Grandfather's lot was across the street south of the present public school house, later owned by the Tobler family. The adjoining lot east was given to his father, and the next one east to his sister and her husband. On his lot Grandfather built a small log house in which he lived for a short time. His father first built a lumber shanty on his lot. Later he built an adobe house which became the property of Grandfather, and today is the home where Father lived and raised his family. Grandfather bought the lot and home where his sister lived, after Bosshards had purchased it and they moved to California. In which one of these homes Father was born I do not know, but likely in the little log cabin.

In his youth he grew up with limited opportunity for schooling. A few months each year in elementary grades completed his formal schooling. Most of his social activities were within the community. Little association with boys and girls from other communities was possible, because most of the time was devoted to work. Travel in those days did not permit much contact with towns as nearby as St. George.

In addition to improving their individual property, members would co-operate in community projects, such as building a school house, a meeting house, or other public building. The old adobe building on the public square, white-washed on the outside, about where the present chapel is located, served both as school house and meeting house and recreation center. First it was a one-room building; then a second room was added. A meeting house was later built south

of it facing the street. This was a brick building, constructed when I was old enough to remember the kiln where bricks were burned for the building.

Church influence dominated the life of the town. Social laws were largely the laws of the church. The judicial authority consisted of the ward bishopric with a higher court--the High Council of the Stake. Severest punishment was excommunication, or being disfellowshipped from the church, which rather isolated the offender until he was restored by formally asking forgiveness of the Bishopric, or for public offenses, he asked forgiveness of the public assembled in mass meeting, usually in the Sabbath service.

The authority and supervision of the Bishopric extended over all social functions, as dances, or parties. The Bishopric was often represented by a person or a committee appointed to act for it. All functions began with prayer and closed with prayer. Dances were strictly supervised. No rowdiness was tolerated. Dances, now obsolete, were largely the quadrille, schottisch, polka, waltz, two-step, and many others, "Round dances", where body contact was made, (such as waltzes and two-steps) were limited to three dances per male person per evening. "Square" dances, such as quadrille or Virginia reel, were most used, music was chiefly by a fiddler and an organ accompanist. Some other instruments were added such as a cornet or some string instrument. Theatricals, ward dinners, programs for special occasions were all held in this same building.

Outdoor social activities were on a community basis also. The community was small, so, participation by all, or nearly so, was essential. May Day outings in the fields or at Dodge's Spring (a mile or two northwest of St. George) were great occasions. Boys and girls grouped together Sunday after meeting or gathered in a home to spend an evening and each used his talents to entertain. Commercial recreation was unknown. A "ticket" was exacted at the dances to pay the musicians and the rental of the building. These tickets were sometimes paid in produce--fruits, vegetables, or other commodity. Little money was spent for amusements or living needs, such as food, fuel, or clothing, for most of the food was produced by each family, and fuel was obtained from trees in the hills or along ditch banks or the creek bottom. Outdoor games in the evening, ball games, horse racing and other public sports afforded activity for everyone. Holidays, such as Christmas, New Year's, July 4th or 24th, and others, saw the entire community grouped on the public square or other recreation spot to participate in games, races and a variety of sports. These sports were not restricted to a few. All ages, both boys and girls, and men and women took part. At the dance a young man seldom danced more than two or three times with his partner. It was his aim to dance with every girl present during the evening, or nearly so, governed by the time and the number present.

Horseback riding, even though some of it was on regularly-assigned duties, afforded recreation, too. The cows were driven to the fields, to the pasture, or to the hills in the spring of the year where green feed grew. Often the hills were covered with beautiful wild flowers, and roaming the hills to pluck the flowers, or follow the creek bed in search of swimming holes, or for "squaw bush" gum (sap on service bushes) or for the berries on these bushes, afforded projects for groups of school children, or for boys or girls in their gangs.

But recreation accounts for only a small part of the time. What recreation was afforded was enjoyed. Making a living was the chief concern of the families and opportunities were limited. Money was not easily obtained. As there were no local payrolls, money had to be obtained from such commodities as were produced beyond the necessities. The livestock industry was developed as years went by. Produce could be sold at Silver Reef, and later in mining towns in Nevada,

chiefly Pioche and Delamar. Uvada, Fay, Deerlodge, Stateline, Panaca, and some ranches in Nevada afforded markets for a time on a small scale.

Father's responsibility in carrying on the family program was largely looking after the cattle. There were times when he could assist with the farm work, or take a load of produce to the market, or haul a load of freight to obtain a little money to meet needs. Grandfather did most of the peddling, as he was bishop of the ward for many years, and he had items of every kind to dispose of which he had accepted from ward members as tithing. Tithing was paid in kind, and grandfather felt obligated to turn these items into cash and avoid any waste, so he could account for all over which he had been made steward.

The brand used on the livestock was G H, with the right bar of the H broken off, on the right ribs of the cattle and on the left thigh of horses. The earmark on the cattle was simple and effective, being merely a swallow fork in the left ear. Cattle were not bred for best grades. A big fine-looking calf was kept for breeding regardless of his color. So, mixed breeds and colors were found among herds--some were roan, brindle, black, white or spotted.

The public domain was unrestricted for many years, so numbers needn't be curtailed. Sales took unprofitable cows and only the grown steers. I recall going to Clover Valley in 1912 and the cowboys there telling of the poor grade of cattle the "Dutchmen" had, and how they were rejected by the buyer. I answered, "Father had fifty-five head of three-year old steers lined up and not one was rejected." So, I concluded they were not as inferior as reported. However, the types found on the range today show an upgrading of the stock and, of course, a reduction in numbers.

Horses were ridden to the range where the cattle were to be rounded up, not hauled in trucks as they are today. Cattle were trailed long distances, requiring much more time and a severe tax on their strength. There was a string of saddle horses which foraged on the range when not needed on the roundups.

A good dog was important to a home. I think there was always a dog in our home. Corrals for horses, milk cows, pigs and chickens were an essential thing. Cows from the range were brought in to be milked when they had young calves. Father butchered and cured the meat from the pigs and butchered the beef. It was usually an old cow, fattened for the purpose.

REMINISCENCES

I have forgotten nearly all my early childhood experiences. Life must have been pleasant, for unpleasant things might be impressed on one's mind. I don't remember Father's whipping me. I'm sure I needed it many times to discipline me, but perhaps a harsh word was usually sufficient. I was with Father a great deal of the time in the field, or on the road, or on the range where we ate together and slept together. I don't recall any unhappy experiences, but I do remember the pleasant times we had together. He was jovial and made the best of what came along. He kept a supply of materials on hand such as nails, bolts, and many odd items which might be needed to repair or mend broken parts of machinery or wagons or household articles. It was his policy to put aside straight poles from the wood pile as we chopped the wood. They would be peeled and trimmed and kept for further use. I would often ask what he was going to do with them. His reply would be, "Sometime they'll come in handy." The truth of it is, they did come in handy, and he was always handy in putting them to use.

One day our dog, Sport, went along on the roundup to the west mountains. A

prospector working there put in a blast near the camp and alerted the fellows before igniting the powder. Sport didn't get the signal, or at least didn't heed it, and when the blast shot dirt into the air Sport went with it. He was frightened nearly to death and took off for home running the distance of about twenty miles in little more than an hour. Mother couldn't understand his strange actions when he reached home. He scratched furiously at the door to let then slunk under the bed and couldn't be induced for a long time to come out.

Another experience Father remembered happened when he and Elgin Graf were driving a bunch of cattle homeward from the river below Bloomington. Going westward up the slope they saw a large tom bob cat. They circled it and drove it into a wash. One stationed himself above it and one below. They threw their lassoes over its head a number of times, but each time, rather complacently, it threw the rope from its body with its front paw. Finally Elgin's horse, out of curiosity, I suppose, walked nearer to the cat and it leaped at the horse and fastened its claws and its teeth securely in the horse's nostrils. The horse began to rear and plunge. Elgin's jumper sleeve caught on the horn of the saddle which helped to keep Elgin from being thrown from his horse. This was a real circus. Finally the sleeve loosened, and Elgin was thrown from the horse. At the same time the horse shook the cat loose and ran away. Father thought he should pursue the horse, but Elgin said, "Let him go; don't leave me with this thing facing me and me on foot." His horse went only a little way and stopped. They took on another round with the cat and caught it with their ropes. They killed it and carried its skin home as a trophy of their victory.

Time wasn't as important as it is today. I went with Father and other freighters to Modena with a load of bullion, bars of smelted copper ore, from the smelter at Shem, on the Santa Clara creek. To make the trip profitable they were to load coke on the return trip. There was no coke at Modena when we arrived, so the operator telephoned to Carbon County to have it shipped. During the day or two we waited, we drove out on the desert to let the horses graze on grass to save buying hay and grain at Modena.

On one occasion Father's thinking and mine differed. With other riders we were trailing a herd of cattle over in the Cove area in Bull Valley, when a stray sheep came blatting and running into the herd. Seemingly glad to find some company, the sheep followed along in the herd and some of the fellows talked of the mutton we were to have for our meals. I protested, saying we had no more right to kill another man's sheep than he would have to kill one of our cattle. The sheep was branded and marked, but the sheep herd had gone and the lone sheep would likely not be found, as a coyote, or other wild animal, would soon devour it if left to wander by itself. Care was taken that it didn't leave our herd and so it was driven to our camp spot and slain. I vowed I wouldn't eat any stolen meat, but Father tried to show me that it was not dishonest under such circumstances.

In the early days in Bull Valley a deer was seldom seen. If one appeared, it was considered anyone's right to kill it, perhaps for the same reasoning used in the case of the sheep. It is surprising how rapidly the deer increased after the game preserve was established and the deer were protected.

Father's religious training in the home where he grew up left its impression. Family prayer twice daily was reduced fifty percent in his own home as he raised his family. The place of religion in the family is shown also in missionary work. Grandfather fulfilled two missions for the Church, and all of Grandmother's four sons and two sons-in-law fulfilled two-year, or thirty-month's missions. Two of Father's sons and a son-in-law were likewise missionaries. Others of his

children have held prominent ward and stake positions.

"The evil that men do lives after them...." Shakespeare. But the good lives after them too. This is surely true as evidenced by the remarks of each one of us contributing to this sketch. Archie Gubler expresses his appreciation of Father for the interest he took in him. As a fatherless boy, he grew up close to Father. Their two corrals joined, and while doing chores daily, he and Father visited, and Father's interest in him was expressed by the advice and help he gave him.

Later, when Archie's cattle herd was increasing, he needed a feed yard. Such a place close in was hard to find, and a suitable place they found was not for sale. Later on, however, Father learned from a man living in St. George, who owned the ground, that he would sell it. He advised Archie to hurry over and purchase the property. Archie will be forever grateful to Father for the help he gave.

With each of us, when an emergency arose and we lacked money to meet the situation, Father was on hand to help us. I recall, rather regretfully, the time I signed a note for a loan at the Bank of St. George with a relative who was enthusiastic about a land purchase. The venture didn't prove successful, and I was left to pay the note. I was struggling along to keep the family and didn't find it possible to accumulate enough to pay the amount owing. Father came to my rescue and, later as I tried to make small payments to him, he would not accept it.

Another act of thoughtfulness impressed me greatly. When we were keeping house at Cedar City while attending school, Father came up and left a box of grapes he purchased in Leeds. I enjoyed them so much, and as I hadn't thought of grapes, for I knew there would be none at home at that time, I was impressed with his thoughtfulness, knowing as he did how much we would enjoy them.

When his papers were examined after his death, there was found in the deposit box in the Bank of St. George, government bonds made in the names of his children.

GUY'S SKETCH

The Swiss group was transplanted from the old world where culture and development had been for centuries, to a new, raw, undeveloped world. Father was of the first crop to grow up in this new environment. He was more than just an individual growing in a new land. He could be thought of as an institution, or as representing an epoch in this period of time. He helped in the development of church, civic and industrial enterprises. As he grew to manhood he was for many years superintendent of the ward Sunday School. Later he was chosen a member of the ward bishopric. He filled a mission to Switzerland from 1898 to 1900. He served as justice of the peace, president of the St. George-Santa Clara Bench Canal Company, and as director of the Bank of St. George. He was the chief man in Santa Clara in establishing the cattle industry. When he started in the business, the range land was unsurveyed, undeveloped federal ground. The first man to locate some range and water might be considered to have some rights there if he could hold them. Harmon Gubler had set himself up at Summit Spring in the west mountains, but other Santa Clara cow men had no watering place there, except down on the Virgin River.

Someone prospecting in the mountains told Dad about a little spring of water about three or four miles west of Summit Spring. In company with others, Dad found this little trickle of water. They dug the spring out, put in a watering trough, and called it "Welcome". Since that time, with government help, the water

has been piped nine miles down on the slope reaching into Arizona to service that whole area for livestock grazing.

With a holding in the west mountains and Beaver Dams, they were still lacking summer range. Some of the Leavitt men had a piece of meadow ground fenced out in the Bull Valley Mountains. They offered this ground for sale for just a few hundred dollars. Dad and some of the other men purchased this ground just previous to the time that Dad went on his mission (1898). This little purchase set them right in the heart of the Bull Valley Mountain range. When the U. S. Government set up the Dixie Forest Reserve in about 1905, this portion of the Bull Valley area was allotted to the Santa Clara group who had been operating there.

In about 1934 the Taylor Grazing Act came into effect. The range about Santa Clara and west into the west mountains, and south almost to Mesquite, Nevada, fell into the Santa Clara community allotment. Thus, those early purchases and developments that were made by Dad and a few other men, have established a holding which now provides range, both summer and winter, for the Santa Clara Cattle Company.

Dad developed the largest individual herd in Santa Clara. None today reach near the number he had in his time. He knew all the marks and brands in the entire area, and he made it his business to see that every stray critter got to its rightful owner. If anyone was missing a certain animal he would come and ask: "Johnny, did you see such and such?" If someone had even one head to sell he would come to see Dad and when sale time came, which was always in the spring, Dad would ride into the corral with the buyer where all the cattle were, and everyone knew that he would get a square deal as Dad negotiated with the buyer. The steers were sold by their ages--yearlings, twos and threes. Anything over three years old didn't bring more than a three-year-old. If there was a dispute as to the age of any animal, it could be settled by throwing the animal and looking at its teeth. After the steers were classified they were driven to the railroad for delivery. Often large herds were trailed to Modena, or previously to Milford or Marysvale.

The Iversons in Littlefield had a mark and brand very similar to Jacobson's in Pine Valley. One time the Pine Valley boys were delivering a herd of steers to the railroad. Dad discovered a steer in the herd with the Iverson P I brand which had been sold for a Jacobson P J. Dad made certain that the Iversons got the money for their steer. The Iversons were always grateful to Dad for this deed. But this was Dad--honest and fair. You see why I call him an institution rather than just an individual.

Dad took me along on the range and acquainted me with the trails and the passes in the mountains. But now Dad and practically all those men who sat at the campfire with him have passed on. I look upon those same mountains and plains. Very little change in them in one person's lifetime. The sun rises and the sun sets as it did in my Dad's time. Yet, probably no two sunrises or sunsets present exactly the same landscape picture.

On the roundup last spring, I decided one day to take my ride in the very highest tops of the mountains--in those mountains where Dad had ridden. I realized in the very nature of things, I might not ride these hills again. I have already extended my time in the saddle more than a dozen years older than Dad was when he quit riding the range. So, time marches on. The mortal span is very short; the everlasting hills remain. But, surely, the hills are not more everlasting than intelligence which created them. And, certainly it behooves us to live well this little mortal stretch in the great eternal plan.

When my Dad grew up in Santa Clara wine-making was an industry. Many cellars were filled with barrels of wine in the fall of the year. My Dad never acquired the drinking habit, as did many of the young men of that time. Some of them utterly wasted their lives, slaves to the habit. It was rather common to serve a friend a drink of wine.

Orval calls Dad's religion a practical religion, and so it was--not so much for the ceremonial, but for the good honest, fair dealings with his fellowmen. He was considerate of everyone, old or young. No child was too unimportant to be noticed by him. I doubt whether Jacob Hamblin was any greater friend of the local Indians than Dad was. Many a time one of those old natives riding through Santa Clara would ask, "Happets, you got a biscuit?" while Mother supplied something to go with the biscuits, Dad would chat with the Indian.

Dad enjoyed a satisfaction in work well done. He aimed to accomplish something every day. He enjoyed raising a good fruit crop and sharing that crop with the rest of us. One day after he was unable to get up to the fruit orchard himself, he called our place and said, "Althea, the fruit is nearly all gone on the young orchard, and I want you to have some of it." In haying time that tromping job was one we boys didn't like. About the third cut of hay there were often a lot of grass burs. But, there was a pleasant intermission when Dad would slip down to the melon patch and bring up a good melon.

Dad was frugal but not stingy. One day when Norman was over to help him and was just ready to come home Dad called to him and said, "Here are two nice wool blankets, one for your mother and one for Orilla. I've just been reading that the price of wool is going up."

When I came home from my mission in the fall of 1914, Dad came out to Modena to get me and, of course, bring back a load of freight too. Mother had died while I was in Germany and I remember at the mention of Mother how we both broke down and cried as we were coming across the desert.

That same fall I went back to the B. Y. U. for my college work, and even though Dad had kept me on a two-year mission, he still furnished the money for me to go to college. I graduated in the spring of 1916, but before coming home I purchased a new Chevrolet car, Dad again furnishing the money. Cars were few and far between in Dixie in those days. I gave many a person his first car ride. One time when we were crossing a wide open space we thought it would be a good time for Dad to start to learn to drive the car. I'll say he made those prairie dogs hunt their holes. So, Dad never did care to do much car driving. Anyway, why should he bother with a car that might quit any old time. When he had old Pacer at home he could jump on him and pace over to bank directors' meeting in nothing flat, and never had to be concerned about re-fueling.

The United States became involved in World War I in 1917. I was teaching school in St. George. One day I said to Dad that the men who get married before June 1 of that year would be exempt from military service. "It wouldn't be right", he said, "to rush up a marriage to avoid a call to duty." Althea and I were married in December of that year and a few days later I enlisted in the air corps.

Dad was good to Althea while I was gone and he always was, and also to our children. It was a splendid thing that they had the years of acquaintance with their grandfather. I regret that they did not have a chance to know my wonderful mother.

When I came back from the service in 1918 Dad said he was ready to give up

his hard work riding after the cattle and caring for them. If I cared to take over I might do so; otherwise, he would make some other disposition of them. So, for nearly half a century I have been riding the trails my Dad once rode. Some of those trails have given place to roads and some of the roads have given place to oiled highways.

Dad grew up with the cattle industry from its infancy in Santa Clara. I think he would have been disappointed if someone in the family had not carried on. He still took care of the Findlay field and some of us would help put up the hay. The Bench and the Three-Mile Place he turned over to me. How he hated to give up that three-mile plot. Finally the flood was kind enough to take away enough of the farm ground and ditch that there was nothing to care for.

Dad saw the transition from the pack horse to the truck. He saw the old scrubbing board give way to the washing machine; the coal oil lamp give place to the electric lamp. He saw the sickle and scythe and cradle give place to modern combine harvesters. He saw old Mode and Kid walk off the field for the tractor. Dad did not drive the tractor but he furnished the money to buy the first tractor I ever drove.

My father was a part of this period of time when great changes took place. He met each challenge as it came along, bringing the new conveniences into the home and onto the farm. He was a cog in the transmission wheel, transmitting energy into farms, vineyards, and orchards, and turning wastelands into grazing lands for cattle. He was an institution converting raw material into products of use. So, now we live in memories, not only memories of the past, but thoughts of the present and of the future. "And everlasting life is no more a miracle, no less possible, no less real, than this life we live." R. L. Evans

I can see in myself, in some of my children, and possibly in some grandchildren, little characteristic traits of my father. Surely, personality, truth and intelligence are perpetuated.

"O Time and Change!

How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;

We turn the pages that they read,
Their words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!

Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

Whittier's Snowbound

"Memories, memories.....
O'er the sea of memory.....
I am drifting back to you.....
In my beautiful memories."

MEMORIES EXPRESSED BY ALTHEA

I would like to pay tribute to my Father-in-law, John Hafen, whom I respected and honored. As the years entwined a closeness grew that caused me to grieve when he grieved and happy when he was joyful, and shared confidences and bridged the way to love and understanding.

Grandfather was schooled from pioneer training to work, worship, and to make use of opportunity. Work was not a burden but a means to achieve. A field of waving golden wheat, an orchard in full bloom, a thrifty garden with its promise of food were the satisfying rewards of toil and sweat, and a grandfather whistling happily.

Guy and I were married December 26, 1917 in Salt Lake City. We rushed home as there was so much work to do during Christmas vacation. Guy had bought a sheep herd and was teaching school in St. George.

The night we arrived in Santa Clara, "The Town Bloods" gave us a shiverree and demanded a dance. As the noise and clang went on, Grandfather's and Guy's "dander" went up. "They would not promise them anything if they were going to demand like that," said Grandfather.

The next morning early, Guy rushed off to take care of his sheep up at Red Mountain. Not long after the Town Boys jumped on their horses and followed, racing and yelling.

The older men counseled that the ruffians might do Guy harm. So Grandfather, Uncle Adolph, Bishop Frei, and Uncle Lorenzo went to protect Guy. One remarked, "Why this is as in the days of the mobs." The group assembled, There was much loud talk and shouting. Finally, Grandfather told them he felt the manner of their demands was most discourteous and unruly but since a wedding dance was a precedent "we will give it."

I soon learned in this house of my father-in-law that the work planning was done by him. Each boy seemed to accept uncomplainingly. There were Guy and the twins. (Orval and Max)

There were the chores to be done; manure to be hauled; land to be plowed, cottonwood trees in the creek to be cut down so the cattle could bark and eat the buds; ditch cleaning and a cow to slaughter. Grandfather explained to me if one could get a poor cow fat the meat was extra sweet. A hog was taken care of and wood for heat and cooking was sawed. Now, all this work was just a "catch up" before the Spring work came. Also, if one was to have fun it was to be at night at the Town Hall where dances were held nearly every evening during the vacation. Young and old stepped trippingly to the music of guitar, violin

and piano. Grandfather's good cheer kept up all day as the work progressed and did not seem to wane as he danced with his bride of October 11, 1917 (the lovely blue-eyed Ida Gubler). Everyone seemed to be sociable, shook hands and were merry. Bishop Edward Frei had a sharp eye for anyone that was wavering or weaving and smelled of the grape. The culprit was called aside and asked to go home.

The extra company and so much doing seemed to bewilder Ida, but Jessie was in the home with her little boy, Landon, and in her wonderful way seemed to throw the world around and piece it together again. Viv was on a mission.

The house seemed ice cold. A few pieces of orchard wood were in a little stove in the dining room and a range was in a little kitchen. Later, however, the three little rooms were made into one big kitchen with lovely big windows filled with blooming plants which made a cheery place. Grandfather used to like to rest in his easy chair near the warm range. It was this kitchen that the family enjoyed so much. When the water system was established you may be sure the bathroom had a toilet and also running hot and cold water; and a new sink in the kitchen.

Guy was called to serve in World War I and joined the aviation. Grandfather could never see the sense of war and rebelled against it as from time to time his sons and grandsons marched off to serve their country. Yet, if they were called he wanted them to do their duty. While Guy was at Dallas, Texas, he was stricken with the awful 1918 flu. Four different telegrams arrived telling of his serious condition. Jessie and Grandfather came over to St. George to comfort me almost each day during this time. It brought us so close together in our great anxiety. I got to know how really tender and kind my Father-in-law could be as we went through this period. I seemed to lean on him for strength and counsel. I was not too far off from the birth of my first child.

The war ended and we moved by ourselves. Grandfather insisted that Guy take over the cattle or he would go out of the business. Enough to say the business has been carried on.

The Roundup drives would take two weeks and more. Guy often looked like one of the Mountain Men. So long was his beard and hair. Calling at his father's place on his way home he usually got a shave and a haircut from his father. Haircut was a matter of getting the hair off, no notice of nicks and notches or contour of head, but for sure, short enough. One thing I must admit. Grandfather felt good in money saved as well as did Guy. I sat behind Guy in Sunday School once and lo and behold his head was the most peculiar looking "dome" I had ever seen. I advised a new barber, but Guy held out. His Dad had always cut his hair and likely always would.

Grandfather had another frugal trait which was one of his crowning glories. He purchased a shoemaker's kit and was always on the lookout to make it useful. He did his own and Grandchildren's. Earl told him, "I like the sole but don't like that fringe of Bossy's hair left on." Grandfather said, "Well it will take no time at all for the hair to wear off, and you have a shoe that will wear a long time."

At the time our little Reginald, three years old, passed away with pneumonia, a young fellow that was living with us came down with diphtheria. So we could not have anyone come to the house and could have but graveside services. I remember Grandfather's offering to pay for the casket.

Shortly afterwards, our whole family came down with septic sore throat and were still in bed Christmas morning. I had not been able to get any shopping done. Grandfather came Christmas morning with a doll buggy for Elaine and a toy each for Earl and Ralph and some oranges for all of us.

He stayed and talked to us. We were so blue and down-hearted with the passing of our little boy and with our being so sick. Grandfather was cheerful; he told us many stories and was so kind. I never will forget this as long as I live.

Orilla's front screen door sagged from the hinges, also there was a broken screen. Grandfather came over with proper equipment and did a fine repair job. He then came up to Guy's and did the same. He remarked that he did not see how Arthur and Guy could let such things go in fly time.

Grandfather remembered us with a fine skillet, wool blanket and five dollars on Christmas. We bought some nice little things that we had a yearning for.

Earl was among the first to set up a fruit stand in Santa Clara Street. Grandfather furnished the fruit. At evening they would count the money earned and how they would laugh. Grandfather never took any of the money but encouraged him to come early and attend to business. Grandfather admired this young boy's venture and did all he could to help him, and would continually remind him to take care of the nickels and dimes and the dollars would take care of themselves.

Grandfather loved all our children and welcomed our babies. He was polite and would talk to them. They liked to be near him. I remember so well Grandfather sitting in his high back rocking chair with little Landon, three years old, at his back combing Grandpa's hair while he slept.

Grandfather wanted his children united and to love one another. He loved the Easter outings and the Thanksgivings when we were all together. Through the years close association gave birth to a true family loyalty--We have been together in great happiness; we have been together when deep sorrow arose. We are together in our faith of our Lord, and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Grandfather wanted us to share in the abundance of his garden and orchard. It made him happy for us to have the security of food in our cellars. The last words Grandpa ever spoke to me were over the telephone. Heaven only knows how he made it there in his weakened condition. He said, "Althea, the peaches on the young trees are fast going. You must come and get your share."

Grandfather's religion was in his living. He loved Sunday and Church Services. It was sweet to hear him whistle and sing the songs of Zion as he went about his work.

I think the temple work was not quite practical enough for him. Yet, he believed in the sacred temple ceremony and was true to his covenants.

Now, in memory our Grandsire abides with us, a towering example of industry, thrift and integrity.

Tender as a quivering willow,
Yet mountain strong in will and determination.

OTHER SENTIMENTS

Dad was short, stout-built, and had a strong mind and ability to endure. He was not easily tempted. It was said he rode all day horseback and carried an apple in his pocket, and at the end of the day he gave the apple to one of the men with whom he had been riding.

Father bought for me a long-tailed smokey horse about three years old, unbroke, but very gentle. I liked to ride, if Father helped me mount the horse. When we went to summer at the ranch home in Bull Valley, Father got plants from Arthur Crawford near Enterprise and they became a part of our summer garden. They consisted of egg plant, strawberry, gooseberry, and pie plant. He went on the range and got a cow for us to milk. One day Orval and I went along with Father and Mother to the Enterprise reservoir to do some fishing. On the way Dad shot three sage hens and put them into a white sack and hung it in a tree, leaving it until we returned. We got some good trout, so we were well fed for a few days.

When I was courting Estelle in Gunlock, Dad thought I had it pretty bad, as I would go as much as twice in a week. However, when he wanted to attend the dedication of the Navajo bridge across the Colorado, I was to drive the new 1928 Chevrolet Coupe, so when I asked him about taking Estelle along, he readily consented. We camped among the pines on the North Rim the first night. We made the return trip via Cedar Mountains.

After I was married and was living at Mesquite, Dad liked to come down and note the progress on the farm, look at the cattle, and the slab corrals. He used to say, "We're going to Mesquite for Easter," a custom we have observed annually since. The children, especially, like to attend, as was evidenced this year, 1961, when there was an attendance of ninety-two family members.

Dad was honest and well respected, as John Wittwer puts it, "He had very good judgment, and usually gave people advice they could wholly rely upon." He was considerate of people in need and often gave them produce and food, though he was careful with his hard-earned means. He was not extravagant, yet he was liberal to those in need.

Max

Jessie had great love and respect for her father and never to my knowledge openly disobeyed him, or did he ever in her life punish her physically. As she often told me her Dad was always kind but firm. She knew that when he said no he meant it. She had implicit faith in his judgment and was willing to abide by it, as she knew he was a man who did not argue. He was quick to see through a problem and usually came up with a sound decision. She also knew that an appeal to her mother was of little use, as she too was obedient and trusted her husband's decisions. Jessie also knew that her father had ability and good judgment in handling money matters and from him learned to manage well.

Perhaps I can best illustrate with an actual happening, which involved me, her respect for her father's judgment.

We had been going together some, and had been corresponding during the second year Jessie was at Provo going to school. During the latter part of the year she met a young fellow at school and went out with him to the point where she thought she was in love with him. When she came home in the spring she told

me that she thought he was the one and that we had better stop going together. She also told her father about the problem and he soon let her know what he thought.

"Why, you're not going to give up a steady young fellow like Viv for someone you hardly know; you forget him right now." She soon decided her father was right.

I, too, had great respect for his judgment and honesty. I lived in his home with the family for nearly two years and should know. He was a wonderful father who was respected and revered by his children; a man of sound judgment not only with money matters, but in every way; a man of whom everyone can be proud.

Vivian J. Frei

When I was born Father was about sixty years old, so by the time I was old enough to spend much time with him, he was about seventy. One of the most impressive things I remember was his ability to ride a horse so well at his age. One time he went to the Indian farm to get some cattle, and as he was crossing the oiled road his horse slipped and fell. In spite of the fact that several ribs were cracked he rode home, and as he came in it was hard for him to breathe. His ability to survive this with no help indicates the ruggedness of his constitution. We spent most of our time together on the small farm where we raised alfalfa for feed for the cattle and some varieties of fruit. I well remember the many hours we spent cleaning ditch, hoeing fox tail and Johnson grass, fixing fence, and irrigating.

He was very patient in fighting the weeds which seemed to be a hopeless job. The ditch along the sand bank where the gophers liked to dig was always washing out. He raised fruit and seemed to take pride in growing things. Because the land was unlevel we were required to do much more work irrigating than normally would be the case. It was hard for Father to do this hard work along with putting up hay and picking fruit. Arthur and his boys helped with the hay and peaches. I'll always remember how I looked forward to their coming, because it seemed so much easier and not an impossible task. I'll never forget how Ferrel and Herschel would pitch the hay up with so much ease. Father always insisted, however, on getting every stem. All the older people in town were very much the same, when it came to being careful and not waste anything.

If Father could come back today and see the farm maybe he would be pleased, and maybe he wouldn't, but I have spent quite a bit to have the land leveled and have a concrete ditch made. I have also brought in a little more land for farming. One hay crop this year produced 270 bales which is good considering the shortage of water. I am sure that would please him, because he was always concerned about having enough hay for the weaner calves each fall. Also, if he could be here to irrigate the field, it would be no problem.

Father never refused me when I asked for money, and although he disapproved of many things I did, or didn't do, he was always ready to back me up. For example, when I was learning to fly an airplane he opposed it. After a friend of mine was killed Father thought I would quit. But I finished the course, and Father financed a part interest in an airplane so I could get more training, and perhaps, become an instructor. Father was always concerned about me during the three years I spent in the army, and I must have given him a lot of unnecessary worry while I was flying as a gunner. When I was sent to radio school for ten months he seemed more relaxed about my future in the army.

It is too bad that a person doesn't have the mature sense of values as a child, that he has when an adult. If so my association with Father would have been more enriched, and his association with me would have been less of a headache for him. I would have liked very much to have known him in his younger years.

Ballard

Even though Grandpa Hafen was eighty years old when I knew him, he could still put in a full day's work in the field. He was always busy working at something, except for an hour or so right after lunch when he would read the paper and have a short rest in his favorite chair in the kitchen. He loved little children and always had some dried fruit in his pockets for them. He also enjoyed taking visitors to see his grape vineyard in the back yard for a sample of the grapes he raised there.

He was a happy person, and he usually whistled as he worked. He also liked flowers and I noticed that he often picked a rose to carry with him on his walk to the field.

He expected obedience from the members of his family, but he loved them very much. I remember the tears that he couldn't hold back as he welcomed Ballard home from a furlough from the army, and how very happy he was to see him. All of his family loved and respected him down to the youngest grandchild. Grandpa Hafen was a happy and contented man at the time I knew him. He kept busy working during the week on his farm and went to all his church meetings on Sunday and was at peace with himself and the world.

Arvena

"The best portion of a good man's life ---

His little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

Wordsworth

My husband was a good provider, was thrifty and naturally cheerful. He was a kind and considerate husband who did not use profane language and did not smoke or drink, or believe in going in debt.

He was a cattleman and farmer and managed a prosperous business. He made a few foolish investments in which he lost several thousand dollars. He said his best investment was to lend money at 8% interest.

He loved his first and second wives dearly and was bereft at their deaths. When he asked me to marry him I hesitated because I felt I was physically unfit to be a mother and stand the rigors and trials of life. I had a gloomy outlook on life because of insufficient vitality and poor health. But, I am happy to say, I've lived through it all and am still hanging on like the last leaves upon the trees.

I have made many mistakes but I am glad I did my bit in helping to raise his motherless children. His last request was that each one of us would attend church regularly. He was faithful in attending to his church duties---was more religiously inclined in his later years.

Rose Ann

John Hafen was a kind and loving father. My earliest recollection is of my going with him to the corral to milk 'old Brin'. He seemed to have a name for all his cows. I also remember my first day of school. It was Father who took me by the hand across the street to the school house. He has always shown a great love and concern for his children and grandchildren. He seemed to have time to say a kind word and give an apple or some other goodie to the child on the street.

I always enjoyed his company; he always had something interesting or entertaining to tell. Fault-finding and self-pity never had a place in his life. He was happy and content and whistled a song as he went about his daily tasks. I have never known him to indulge in idle gossip. He was not one to brag or boast of his accomplishments, or of his children. He was up early. I spent much time in the field with him, hoeing, picking and packing tomatoes, peaches, pears, etc. He showed much initiative and persistence in disposing of surplus fruits and vegetables. He was always busy working in the field at one job or another---irrigating, haying, and with the fruit. He raised the best sugar cane, too; when he was at home he spent his time reading the newspaper, current magazines, and church books. He would often read aloud impressive and upbuilding articles. He attended his church meetings, setting a fine example in this respect. He expected his children to attend also. As long as I was at meeting he said nothing, but if I missed he knew it, and I heard from him. He gave us to understand he wanted and expected us there. There was no excuse.

The few times he has had to correct me seemed to draw me closer to him rather than cause resentment. He had a way of calling older or younger members of his family on their behavior and getting the desired results. I remember overhearing his talking to Max. I also read a letter he wrote to Orval advising him when he was thinking seriously of moving to California. It has impressed me very much the influence he seemed to have on the members of his family. I do not remember Father's raising his voice; he seemed very patient and in complete control. He did not make comparisons where his children were concerned. They were all given the privilege to grow and develop in their own right as individuals.

I don't believe he ever turned down anyone who came to borrow of his means. He was quite a fixer-up. If our shoes had holes in them he could always mend them. Anything that needed fixing he would give it a try. I remember when I broke my arm, Father was willing to try his hand at setting it. This was one time he was out-voted.

To me, Father was a wonderful good man. He took a firm stand in his beliefs and lived accordingly. I have several letters Father wrote to me while I was away and one he wrote to Mother after they were married.

Lucille

Evan, her husband, writes:

"It was not until January 16, 1945 that I was privileged to meet and converse with Lucille's father. This first meeting, I believe, was a character analysis from the standpoint of each of us. I was favorably impressed with Lucille's father, and I sincerely hoped to be accepted as a full-fledged son-in-law of this man. There were not too many times that we were able to meet and talk together before his death, but the following statement sums up what this good man impressed upon me most. 'Huge oak from little acorns grow.' John Hafen did not lament the fact that he was small in stature, but within a short time became an intellectual giant for good among us all."

INCIDENTS I REMEMBER ABOUT MY FATHER

I remember my Father as a kind, friendly, pleasant, hard-working man. He was always kind to children and usually had fruit or nuts in his pockets to give them as he was coming home from the field. He was a cheerful man and had a brotherly feeling toward his fellowmen. He liked animals and took good care of the ones he had.

There was something about Father that made you respect him, and when he asked you to do something you did it without any thought of disobeying him. It was always a pleasure to run errands for him or to go to the field with him.

I remember when my girl friends and I decided we wouldn't go to church one Sunday. The blame was put on me for keeping the girls away. When Father found out he gave me a good talking to, and I never stayed away from Sacrament meeting again.

Another time I remember was when some of my friends and I were tormenting a girl whose mother had died and she wasn't as neat and clean as she would have been had her mother been alive. My Father found her crying along the sidewalk on his way home from the field. He stopped and asked her what was wrong. When he found out that I was one of the persons that had made her cry, I got another talking to, and I don't remember of ever being mean to her again or to anyone else.

My Father was a conservative man; if there was anything he could fix or patch to make it last a little longer, he was doing it. He taught us to save our money. He was a good provider and we had nearly every kind and variety of fruits, vegetables and nuts that could be grown in Southern Utah.

He didn't like us girls to wear lipstick or shorts. He always set a good example.

Myrla

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

By Geraldine

When I was born, father was getting along in years. I was born just about one month before his 68th birthday. By the time I was old enough to remember much about him he was rather an old man. I remember how I used to worry and was afraid something would happen to him. As long as I can remember, he went to the field and worked every day. Every noon I used to go to the gate and look up the street to see if he was coming; he would usually be on his way home. I remember once or twice when I went out to see if he was coming and when he wasn't in sight it got me rather upset.

Two of the things that stand out in my mind are his happy whistling which he always did wherever he went, and walking with a rose in his mouth. I believe that red was his favorite choice of rose. He read the daily paper every day, and kept well informed on the news; he also read in the Bible every day. I remember so plainly his sitting in his old rocking chair in the kitchen by the window and reading the Bible. He always went to sleep sitting in the rocking chair. I remember him as an extremely healthy man. The only times I remember his being sick were once or twice with some intestinal upset, and when he got a terrible pain in his eye. I remember his riding a horse when he was eighty years old, and he was so spry and active that I was amazed that anyone as old as he could be so active when most others of his age were retired. His

mind was also well preserved and clear.

I came along when he was rather scarce on boys to help him with his farm work, so I came in handy as a farm helper. I remember the long hours of picking up pig fruit from the ground. Everything was cleaned up and things were taken care of in a very economical and thorough manner. I also remember of picking pears, peaches, apples, and tomatoes. I was also handy for a hay stomper. This wasn't such a bad job except when I had to stomp bur grass. Everything was mowed and kept neat, even between the rows of peach and other fruit trees. Father would manage to keep up with his hay pitching as good as any. I remember when Guy and some of his boys used to help with the hay hauling, and each time they would come into the barn with a load, mother always sent me down with some delicious drink to give to the thirsty men. I also used to ride the horse while Father would make rows with the plow. This was rather a fun job. I used to hate to hoe weeds, but I remember Father's trying to reason with me, and going along with me helping me, and making it interesting for me by telling me stories of his life, and how he had started the cattle industry in this part of the country. In the spring, when the weather threatened to freeze, I remember Father's getting the older ones up about four in the morning and going to the field to set the smudge pots to burning.

Father used to bear his testimony quite frequently on Fast Sunday. Once I remember his talk was on the song "Don't Kill the Little Birds," he thought it was terrible for boys to shoot the birds with their guns. Sometimes he used to sing a solo on fast day; this was done sometimes instead of speaking. I remember one definite time when I played the piano for him to sing. He always went to his church meetings, Priesthood, Sunday School and Church. He was a good man, and staunch, and his opinion was valued highly by many. I remember how proud I used to be because everywhere I went people knew him, and held him in high esteem.

One of the few times I ever saw him show emotion was when Bishop Edward Frei died. He seemed to feel pretty bad and had tears in his eyes.

He always used to make the best of everything. I remember when I was twelve years old and was going on a trip to California to see my sister, Lucille. I went to the field where he was working to tell him goodbye before I got onto the bus. He was so pleasant and happy about it and had accepted the fact that I was going and gave me some good advice. It made me feel bad at leaving.

He was always good to lend money to people who needed his help. Seems like there was always someone coming to see him and many men of business visiting him. He usually gave his older children something to take home each time they came to visit us, some fruit or something from the farm. He was proud of them and liked to have them come and visit.

He used to think so much of Evan (Myrla's oldest boy), when they were living at home while Orien was in the army. I remember once when he was sick and he asked mother if Evan wasn't their little boy, and she said, "Yes, he was their little boy."

I remember once when Mother went to Logan to attend a funeral and I was quite young, but used my experiences as a cook to take care of Father. He seemed to enjoy it very much and liked what I cooked for him. He always enjoyed his meals and was always satisfied with what was cooked for him. He would be glad whenever Mother made apple pie for dinner. It stands out quite plainly in my mind the method he used to correct my table manners, or when I used my fingers

to push the food on my plate, he would hit my hands with the handle of his table knife. This seemed to be quite effective. A favorite saying of his was "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may die."

He always demanded me to respect my mother, and required me to mind her. He was always quite even tempered, as I remember. I don't recall his losing his temper very often. I have never heard him profane; he was against profanity of any kind.

I recall his helping with the bottling in the summertime, and how he used to sit and peel peaches for hours, peeling them and putting them into a bucket of water. Practically as soon as he would bring them from the field, he would sit down and start to peel. He always wanted to get the job over with.

When I was fairly young, I started kissing father goodnight, and I remember how he used to look forward to this. One night, when I neglected to do this, he noticed it and mentioned it to Mother.

I remember the night when he had his stroke. He had been to the field working all day as usual and was sitting in the living room waiting for supper. When I told him supper was ready he didn't come right away as he always had done. He just sat there; after I told him the second time, he asked me to help him up which was unusual, and I did, only to have him fall sideways against me. We realized then, that he had had a stroke. He was so sick and miserable for such a long time, and I always found it hard to understand why a man who had been as good as he, had to suffer so.

Father made two requests of me before he died. They were to be good to my mother and to go to church every Sunday.

I am sure Father would be pleased with my choice of mate and know that they would enjoy each other very much. I feel that Carlyle, and my children have been cheated in not knowing him. I know that he would be pleased to know them and associate with them, and they would receive joy by their association with him.

Geraldine

ORVAL'S SKETCH

We buried Father yesterday, November 24, 1946, and I would like to think about it a little, today. The Salt Lake Tribune reports, "He was a prominent Dixie cattleman, financier, and churchman". Then are listed civic and church services performed, which are mentioned elsewhere in this booklet. Survivors, but not their names are given. They would include his last wife, Rose Ann and his children: Arthur, Guy, Jessie, Max and Orval; Lucille and Ballard; Myrla and Geraldine; also two brothers--Herman and Adolph, and two sisters, Mrs. Emma Graf and Mrs. Lorenzo C. Leavitt; also, several half-brothers and sisters, and 30 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

We held the funeral at St. George in the Tabernacle because of the rainy day, thinking that many who could have stood around on a clear day, could not do so if we held the services in the small meeting house at home. I believe Dad would have preferred the services in his home town among the people he loved best. The speakers were F. J. Bowler, Jacob Frei, John and Harmon Wittwer and William Tobler, a cousin. Nellie Gubler gave a tribute. Theodore Graff gave the opening prayer, Fritz Reber the closing one, and Christian Stucki dedicated

the grave.

What can I say about Father that will help my children to know him better? Jacob Frei said in the services that he was the "main man" in their infant cattle industry, and I am sure he was. He did the negotiating with the cattle buyers. He rode into the corral with them when they went to "cut" the cattle out. He had good judgment. He was a good "cow man". Even in my day as a kid I was proud of the fact that the other kids and some of their dads spoke a little jealously of Father as "the cattle king". He did succeed at it better than anyone else in Santa Clara had ever done. Jake said he had never heard Dad profane. I don't think anyone ever did. He had no use for liquor or tobacco. He helped a lot of folks by lending them money. Helen Gubler told me recently, John Wittwer told it in the services, and F. J. Bowler told me after the services, as did Julius Wittwer, how much they appreciated the way father had treated them in lending them money. I don't think he ever lost anything to speak of in those loans, although some of them were unsound from a banker's point of view. I recall he did lose some money, both in his prime and in his later years in some mining stocks, Uko powdered soap, some oil wells, some "rubber" plantations, etc. I recall, too, that conservative and cautious old codgers like Frank Foster did, too. I know it because I handled his estate and had to look over some of his worthless certificates.

Father loved children and flowers. Almost every youngster who passed received a friendly greeting, and it was a common sight to see "Uncle Johnnie" with the stem of a rose or blossom in his mouth while he went about his chores.

Father was a good man. My own children will remember him because he always had a few apples or grapes or peaches or nuts or vegetables for us when we came over and if we didn't get over about every so often, he brought some over to us. Jessie will miss him greatly. She loved and respected him and he loved her dearly for many reasons. When mother died and left the little ten-year-old twins, Jessie stepped into her shoes and was mother and sister both. Even wife No. 2 and No. 3 could not be expected to replace our mother or Jessie. I think, although father was never a hand to say much or to be very sentimental, and even though there were times when Jessie wondered how much he cared for her, his appreciation of her care and love during his last months re-assured her, if she needed any re-assuring.

Arthur will miss him because Arthur was the first-born son and Father was proud of him for all that he was. Guy will miss him because he, even more than Max, stepped into Father's shoes with the cattle. They had many problems in common and many discussions about plans. Max will miss him, because he is more like father than any of the rest of us. He has more of father's characteristics and natural qualities, the most unique is that of whistling aimlessly and for hours at a time. Rose Ann will miss him because he was her husband. She was 30 when she married him and he was over 60. He needed her to take Ida's two young children. I think it worked out with many satisfactions for both of them. The younger children will miss him even though he must have seemed more like a grandfather to them. And I will miss him, too. I think as his two motherless twin boys grew up, he was pleased on the one hand that one took to his work like a duck to water, and he must have been a bit disappointed that the other, though dutiful, did not have his heart in it. But I know he thought a lot of me. He must have done, to wrap up the local paper and send it to me each week while I was away to law school. A special subscription for me would not have cost any more than the postage each week to send the old one, but somehow it was more like word from home than if Dad hadn't thought about sending it. He wrote to me regularly and he was interested in what I was doing. He offered me money when

I went away in July of 1926, but I was determined to go it on my own, and I did until I transferred to Berkeley in 1928 on a scholarship. I needed about \$300 in the spring of 1929 to see me through. I asked him for a loan and he sent it at once. When I came home in the summer and told him I would plan to pay it back as soon as I could, he told me he wanted me to forget it, that he wanted to do that much for me. When we lost our boy in 1935 I can't forget that when I went to pay for the casket he had already taken care of it. When I was ill in 1940, I owed him some money and at Christmas time the note was mailed to me with a short message that he wanted me to tear it up and to have a merry Christmas. I tried later to pay him but he would not hear of it. Later on in some of my business ventures, without any hinting on my part, he lent me money on my own terms.

Father was cheerful and optimistic. When the day looked dark and dreary, either actually or figuratively, he was sure the sun would shine tomorrow. He was religious in the right sort of way. I don't think he ever got down to the point of making absolutely sure his tithing was an exact tenth, and I think sometimes it wasn't, but his conscience was clear on what he paid. He didn't try to cheat the Lord. He paid liberally and cheerfully, and he contributed to many things - not large amounts, because he was naturally conservative and cautious and frugal. But he was not stingy. I remember when I was a kid it was hard for me to understand why he kept half-soling and patching my school shoes instead of buying me new ones. I knew he was financially able to do it and I was sometimes tempted to think he was stingy, but as I grew older I knew better. His whole training and background and philosophy was to save and conserve. He couldn't see why he should buy anything he didn't really need and he couldn't stand to see anything wasted. I remember when mother was still with us, out in Bull Valley one summer when we were homesteading. A government man had been building trails and camped in our yard. The morning he left father was looking around where he had camped. He found the man had thrown a can of raspberry jam away with a little jam still in it. It was just natural that he picked it up and brought it in for mother to use.

Father was persistent and courageous. I recall many occasions when he nursed along some poor cow that the rest of the group had given up for lost. He would rig up a harness to hold her up to get circulation in her legs. He would carry water and hay to her for weeks and in such cases he usually pulled her through. He farmed on the bench and up to the three-mile for years without getting enough out of the crops to pay for the effort-but he just hated to admit defeat and he kept hanging on with the idea that it would finally work out. I think that is why it was hard for him to die. I believe, mentally, he was reconciled to go months ago, but the body that had stood him in such good stead all these years couldn't quit so easily. A lesser character would have checked out last spring when he was down. But he hung on and in the summer he got so he sat up most of each day in his wheel chair and he tried to walk with a cane. When he went down in September again, we all knew it was for the long count, but he hung on then for two months in a helpless condition. For the last two weeks he wasn't able to take any nourishment at all and I marvelled at his ability to cling on. I am grateful that I spent the last night with him. I prayed that he could go and I knew he would go within a day or two. Now he is gone and he has left a place that can never be filled. The old home won't have the same drawing power anymore. The pillar of strength we all found in him won't be there to lean on anymore. But he isn't really gone. We will always have our memories of him. His influence can never leave us. He has left his mark on all of us children, and it will be easier for us to stand for the things he stood for.

He was not a long-faced theologian but he did have a simple, abiding faith.

These last years his greatest pleasure was in reading the Bible and the Church Section of the Deseret News and of contemplating and discussing the things he read there. He never could see much need of going to the Temple to save the dead and I don't think he cared much about what the records showed regarding his activity, but I have no doubt of his faith and fidelity. He felt sure about the "next world" and I don't suppose he ever even questioned that God was at the helm and knew what he was doing.

Dad was of the "salt of the earth". Men like him and Jacob Frei and Theodore Graff and Fritz Reber and their associates had a generous share of the old, enduring virtues. They are either gone, or going. I don't know whether we raise men like them now or not, but I do know that the world is better for their having lived in it.

Orval

RUTH'S TRIBUTE TO JOHN HAFEN

The first memory I have of my father-in-law, John Hafen, was when I came to Santa Clara for the first time in June, 1928. Max had been released from his mission and Orval was transferring from the law school at George Washington University in Washington, D. C. to the University of California at Berkeley. When Max met Orval in Washington they bought a used car and drove across the country. They stopped in Provo, and Orval persuaded me and mother that I accompany him and Max to Santa Clara to meet his folks. Although I stayed at Jessie's, Orval's father and his wife, Rose Ann, were very wonderful to me. I remember that we had a lovely dinner at their home and a table was set up in the living room, the only time I ever remember seeing a table set up there. I felt as though they were all studying me and I was never quite sure that they approved, especially Orval's father.

A few years later, when Orval and I were married and held a wedding reception in Provo, none of Orval's folks came to represent his family. It seemed strange to me and my family then that they would let Orval go off to be married without any of them accompanying him. But after we got back from our wedding trip to California, his folks went all out to give us a big family party, which was held on the lawn at Guy's. I could see that they approved of our marriage. In fact, I felt warmly welcomed into the family.

John Hafen, or "Grandpa", as we always called him, was a man of some importance in this valley, being a director in the Bank of St. George. When he came to St. George to a directors' meeting he usually "took the day" and sometimes came to our place to eat. We always felt honored when he would accept our invitation, because with Arthur and Guy living here also, he sort of took turns coming to each place to eat at conference time or when he came for the bank meetings. My children often remarked at the methodical way Grandpa went about eating a meal. If we had a salad which was set on a separate plate, he would not eat this with his main course, as we did, but would eat the meat course and when his plate was clean he would set his salad plate on it and continue his meal by eating the salad. He seemed always to relish his food and would always compliment me on the cooking, which made me feel warm and good.

Although grandpa was not a demonstrative man, we knew he loved us and took pride in the fact that Orval was in the St. George Stake Presidency and that I was active in the Relief Society and M. I. A. At the time of Jan's death we felt he was sorrowing with us, though he didn't have a great deal to say. However, a few days after the funeral we learned that he had gone to Pickett's and taken care

of the funeral expenses--the little casket and the mortician's fee. This touched us as no great verbal sermon could ever have done. That was more than 25 years ago, but my gratitude to him for this simple, generous act has never been diminished.

And always, whenever we dropped in at his home, as we did nearly every Sunday and sometimes during the week, he felt that our visit was not complete unless he could send us home with some little offering of eggs, or fruit or nuts in season. I doubt if we ever called that he didn't find something, winter or summer, for us to take home.

Because he was so frugal and at the same time so generous, it was not surprising that he was very modest. One time he had purchased a new suit. He had told us about it and it was a real event in his life. So one Sunday soon after, we drove over to Santa Clara to see him in the new suit. When we got there he had just returned from Sacrament meeting, but the pants he wore matched not at all the coat and vest he had on. We asked him why and he said the trousers were part of the new suit, but the coat and vest were from his old suit. "I didn't want to come out in the new suit all at once," he said simply.

When it came time for Lucille to decide whether to go on to college after she had finished at Dixie, or to go to work, she asked me if I would help persuade her father to let her go on to B.Y.U. I remember I worked on him for many weeks. He'd never come right out and say what he thought. But when the time came for school to start, Lucille was given the money and the permission to go to Provo. I was asked if I would help her find some suitable clothes. I remember arranging to meet her in Provo soon after school started and helping her select some nice dresses and a coat to wear while at the "Y".

During Grandpa's last illness, our children, who were still quite small, were allowed just to go into his room to say "hello" then go right out. They loved him so dearly and missed his cheery presence on the front porch where he often had sat when we dropped in to see him. And they missed his whistle as he had puttered about his tool shed or out to the barn or in the garden where they liked to follow him. Santa Clara was never the same to any of us after Grandpa was laid away in the stark but beautiful hill where the cemetery is.

I'm grateful to John Hafen for many things - for the tenacity with which he upheld things that were right - for the heritage he gave my children and for the simple, undemonstrative affection he gave them and me. I am proud to be a daughter-in-law of such a man.

Ruth

ORILLA'S RECOLLECTIONS

It was on Sunday, July 23, 1911 that I first met John and Lenora Hafen, two people who later became a wonderful part of my life. At that time they were spending the summer at their cattle ranch near Enterprise and had come down to Enterprise to spend Sunday afternoon and Monday, the twenty-fourth of July. Arthur had come from Santa Clara, and I from Barclay.

After church Arthur took me over to Uncle Jeff and Aunt Rosette Hunt's to meet his folks. Max and Orval were there and I was made acquainted with them also. They were such lively little eight-year-old fellows. On July 25 Arthur took his mother and the twins and me by team and wagon to the ranch, his father having gone earlier on horseback. That evening I enjoyed listening to Grandpa sing. He asked

me to sing, but I was too frightened to do so.

In September of that year Arthur and Jessie came to Barclay in the "white top" and took me to Santa Clara. We went by way of the ranch and took Mother and the twins home with us. I stayed a week and enjoyed becoming better acquainted, and right then I found John Hafen to have the little touch that added to the stamp of character and worth. He always seemed so happy as he whistled about his work. He always took a firm stand for the right. If he felt he was right there was no way of changing his mind.

One day soon after we were married, Arthur had been out in the hills looking after the stock. That evening at supper he told his father he had seen a certain cow and his father said, "You did no such thing," and there was no way of changing his mind. I felt that Arthur had seen the cow and his father was as much as calling him a liar. Arthur wasn't seeming to care. Mother and Jessie could see that I was upset and said to me, "Don't pay any attention to it. He always thinks he is right."

Grandpa was always kind to me. The many summers Arthur was away to summer school he would come to help me with the outside work. He always had good fruit and vegetables for all of us, and at Christmas time he always came with a big box of apples, winter pears, walnuts and a Christmas card with a nice "fat" green-back tucked inside, which we "were to spend as we saw fit". We always bought something all the family could enjoy.

He worked hard, was very thrifty and took care of all he had, so was able to help many people other than his own. He loved his grandchildren. He, as well as my own father, was so proud when our son, Kay, was born, he being the first grandchild for both. Grandpa was very much concerned about his sons and grandsons during their time in the army.

When he was taken ill in March, 1946, there were three of our sons overseas, and he seemed so anxious for them to return. They all did return, the last one, Eldon, in October, before he passed away in November. Even though he couldn't talk, we knew by the expression on his dear face that he was very happy when we told him they were all home.

It has been fifteen years since he passed away. I still miss him. He has a wonderful posterity. I am sure he and dear Mother are proud of them all. Bless Their Memories!

Orilla

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game;
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a dad with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way,
Silent whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad but he gives his all,
To smooth the way for his children small,
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen;
Only a dad, but the best of men.

Edgar A. Guest

THOUGHTS FROM ESTELLE

I will always remember Grandpa Hafen as I saw him so many times (as we drove up) sitting on the front porch in his rocking chair, glasses down on his nose, reading the newspaper. He always seemed so glad to see us and made so much fuss over our boys. One day when we visited him the roses were in full bloom and Grandpa was proud of the roses and loved them. I made so much fuss over the red rambler rose that the next spring he sent me a root from this bush and it is still growing in our garden and every spring is a mass of blooms. Every now and then the mail driver would stop by our gate and honk and we would find a box of peaches, piece of beef, or some vegetables that Grandpa had sent from his garden or orchard.

Grandpa liked to have his family get together and for several years was with the family at Easter here at our place.

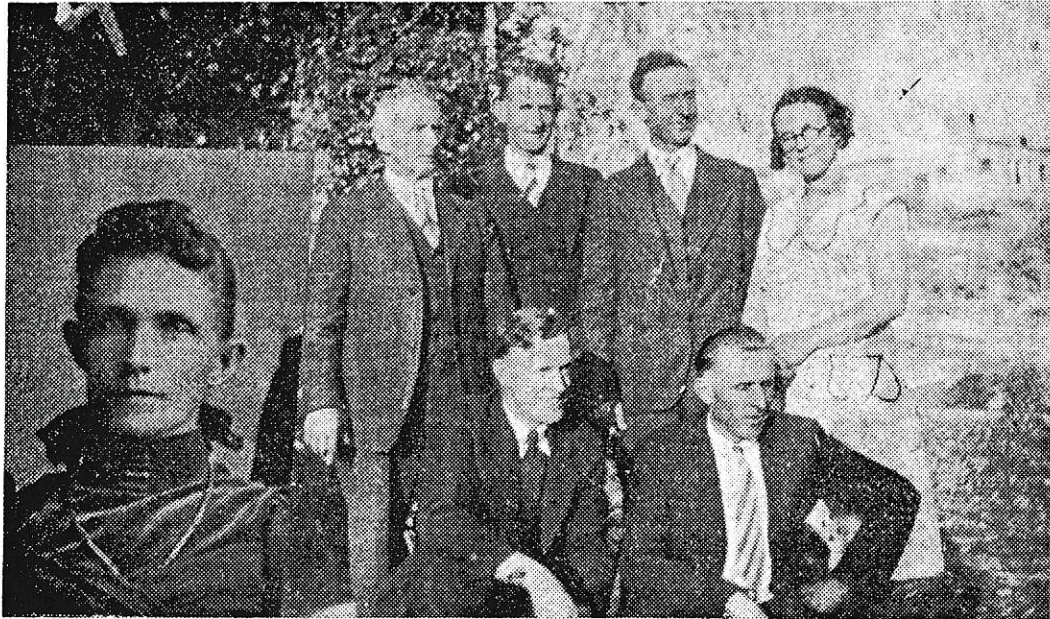
I went with Max and Grandpa to the dedication of the Lee's Ferry bridge. This was quite a trip. I sat between them and Max whistled in one ear and Grandpa in the other, so I tell my family we had a whistling good time. We arrived at the bridge. It was dusty and hot. We parked our car walked to the bridge, looked around a little and Grandpa said, "Let's go home".

Grandpa was proud of his family and their accomplishments. He was interested in their welfare. On his visits with us he enjoyed going over the farm, looking at the livestock, etc.

Grandpa was kind and soft-spoken. He had many friends and everyone spoke well of him.

It could well be said of him that, "he lived in the house by the side of the road and was a friend of man".

FATHER'S FAMILIES



Top row: John, Arthur K., Guy, Jessie
 Insert: Lenora Seated: Orval and Max



Insert: Ida Top row: Geraldine, Ballard, Myrla
 Seated: Lucille, Steven, John, Evan, Rose Ann
 Grandsons: Steven and Evan

FATHER'S FAMILY

Father was born in Santa Clara, Utah, November 26, 1862, the eldest child of John George and Susette Bosshard Hafen. They had come from Switzerland the preceding year--he from Scherzingen, Canton Thurgau, and she from Turpenthall, Canton Zurich. They were married October 18, 1861, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Father's nine brothers and sisters are: Emma, Edward, Herman, George, Adolph, Hermina, Susette, Mina, and Ernest. Four of them: Edward, George, Hermina and Mina died young. The others had families.

Father's father, in keeping with the teachings of the church, married other wives and reared families as follows: November 24, 1873, he married Mrs. Annie Marie (Mary Ann) Stucki Reber. Their seven children are: Albert, Mary, Bertha, Selina, Wilford, Lovina, and Leroy. Wilford died young; the others had families. Their home was in Bunkerville, Nevada most of the time and most of the children, after marrying, settled in Bunkerville or Mesquite, Nevada.

He married Anna Mary (Annie) Elizabeth Huber November 13, 1884. Their eight children are: August, William, Joseph, Heber, Franklin S., Eliza Anna, Jennie, and Walter. August, William, Heber and Jennie died young. The others had families. This family lived in Littlefield, Arizona, Washington and Santa Clara, Utah. Joseph died in 1927.

His fourth marriage was to Mrs. Rosena Stucki Blickenstorfer, February 8, 1885. Their two children are Charles and Ella Viola. They lived in Santa Clara.

Father and Mother, Lenora Knight, were married February 10, 1887 in the St. George Temple. Eight children were born to them: Arthur K., Guy, Susette, Jessie, Carrie, John Weston, Maxwell and Orval, twins. Susette, Carrie, and John Weston died in infancy. Mother died November 7, 1913.

Father married Ida Florence Gubler October 11, 1917. Their two children are Lucille and Ballard. Ida died September 12, 1922. Father married her sister, Rose Ann Gubler November 8, 1923. Two daughters, Myrla and Geraldine, were born to them.

All of us children were born and reared in Santa Clara in the home Father moved into some time after his first marriage. He had lived at the home of his parents before moving into his future home.

Father's brothers and sisters married as follows: Emma married John Graf; Herman married Helen Francis Wilson; Adolph married Nellie Atkin; Susette married Lorenzo C. Leavitt, and Ernest married Selina Gubler.

In Grandfather's second family Albert married Ellen Leavitt; Mary married D. Henry Leavitt; Bertha married Edgar D. Leavitt; Selina married Frank S. Leavitt; Lovina married Parley Leavitt, and Leroy married Annie Woodbury.

Marriages in the third family are: Joseph married Emma L. (Amy) Truman; Franklin S. married Ivy Graf; Eliza Anna married Edmond Gubler, and Walter married Martha Empey.

Children of the last marriage were married to Ada Blake and Clyde Eugene Perkins.

Children of all these families are to be listed in a large family history book edited by Dr. Leroy R. Hafen, where further acquaintance with some of Grandfather's large posterity, Father's relatives, can be made.

The marriages of all of Father's children were solemnized in a temple. Arthur Knight, born January 14, 1888, married Orilla Minerva Woods, September 11, 1912. Their 14 children are: Kay Woods, born July 31, 1913; died October 7, 1918. Carma, born September 17, 1914; married Woodrow W. Staheli April 20, 1932. Ferrel Arthur, born December 26, 1915; married Vilda Jolley June 11, 1937. Ada, born June 7, 1917; married McKay Neilson August 16, 1940. Herschel Woods, born January 22, 1919; married Ramona Sproul March 26, 1948. Harold John, born August 23, 1920; married Colleen May Atkin August 25, 1944; married Lorena Brown March 17, 1952. Ruth, born March 16, 1922; married Phil E. Squire March 24, 1943. Lenora, born November 16, 1923; married Raymond Leon Hobbs November 29, 1942. Linford Lamond, born December 6, 1925; died February 7, 1926. Eldon Eugene, born February 27, 1927; married Maxine Pymm September 12, 1953. Erma born Dec. 5, 1928; married Leo T. Syphus November 26, 1948. Kenneth Ernest, born January 10, 1931; died July 22, 1956. Lawrence Kelton, born May 16, 1932; married Peggy Neilson November 2, 1954. Donald Ross, born July 19, 1933; married Elva Asenath Jones July 18, 1952. Totals:--- Living --- 11. Dead --- 3.

Guy, born November 3, 1889; married Althea Gregerson December 26, 1917. Their children: Elaine, born November 17, 1918; married Maurice A. Briggs Dec. 9, 1944. Earl Guy, born July 8, 1920; married Joyce Welker June 29, 1943. Reginal G. born August 29, 1923; died December 6, 1926. Ralph J. born February 16, 1925. Norman Eric born July 3, 1926. Valrea Althea born January 21, 1929; married Jean Irl Francis King September 5, 1953. Gregerson H. born May 1, 1930; married Patricia Ann Durette May 26, 1951. Gloria Marie born May 9, 1932; married William H. Sample June 28, 1958. Richard Burke born October 3, 1934. Totals:--- Living --- 8. Dead 1.

Jessie Lenora, born August 3, 1893; married Vivian J. Frei June 10, 1914. Children: Landon H. born January 19, 1916; married Wanda Graf October 16, 1936, Howard V. born March 19, 1920; married Ora Nell DeLang May 11, 1942. Shelby Dean born November 16, 1921; married Jewell Gubler June 13, 1941. Victor R. born June 10, 1924; married Gwendolyn Kemp December 27, 1948. Dorothy born May 17, 1929; married Denzil Loghtner January 15, 1947. Phyllis Joyce born August 9, 1934; married Lorraine Wittner March 27, 1953; married Robert Yelinek December 1960. Totals:--- Living 6.

Maxwell born November 16, 1903; married Estelle Bowler June 4, 1930. Children: Maxwell Kent born April 17, 1932; married Eleanor Cox September 4, 1950; married Jacquelyn Hibbert February 26, 1961. Gary B. born February 2, 1934; married Monta Woods September 11, 1954. Bryan K. born April 10, 1938; married Dawn Nelson March 14, 1959. Douglas M. born August 2, 1943. Totals:--- Living 4.

Orval born November 16, 1903; married Ruth Clark August 17, 1932. Children: Joseph Clark (Jan) born December 2, 1933; died March 25, 1935. Jon Michael born March 22, 1937; married Diana Brunson July 12, 1956. Bruce C. born October 30, 1940; Ruth Ann born January 14, 1943. Margaret Claire born December 13, 1946. Michael died February 11, 1959. Totals:---Living 3. --- Dead 2.

Lucille born October 14, 1919; married Evan Bert Stevens June 15, 1945. Children: Elaine born November 19, 1946. Lee H. born January 15, 1948. John Robins born Nov. 10, 1949. Ida born December 16, 1952; died December 17, 1952. Edward Evan born November 19, 1953. Roger Dee born May 1, 1956. Eloise born November 15, 1960. Totals:--- living 6. Dead 1.

J. Ballard born December 10, 1921; married Arvena Graf May 21, 1943. Their child is Steven B. born January 18, 1944,

Myrla born October 29, 1924; married Orien L. Ballard April 15, 1944.

Children: Evan O. born April 3, 1945. John H. born January 7, 1949. Marsha Eleanor born July 21, 1950. Christine born March 7, 1952; died at age 5. Orien died in December, 1953. Myrla married Elbert Merrill Stephenson December 13, 1958. A child was born to them November 23, 1961. Totals:--- Living 4. Dead 1

Geraldine born October 31, 1929; married H. Carlyle Stirling April 12, 1951. Children: Mack C. born May 16, 1952. Lloyd John born October 16, 1953. Colleen born June 20, 1956. Curtis J. born March 14, 1958. Carol Ann born July 26, 1959. Totals: --- Living 5. Total grandchildren living 48. Dead 8. Children who died in infancy - 3: Susette born January 20, 1892; died February 6, 1892. Carrie born May 20, 1896; died March 24, 1897. John Weston born August 14, 1898; died August 10, 1899.

Great-grandchildren - Arthur's grandchildren: (Carma's children) Kay W., Franklin H., Stanley A., George R., Ralph H., Carma Jean, Sandra, Nancy. Totals: living 7, dead 1. Kay died May 8, 1953. Ferrel's children: Dennis A., Dale J., Mary. Totals: living 3. Ada's children: Janet Ruth, Richard McKay. Total: 2. Herschel's children: H. Lowell, J. Kent, Andrew A., Kinney Sue, Mazel K. Total 5. Harold's children: Sharon Dawn, H. Lynwood, Carolyn, Sidney J., Lana K., Conrad. Total 6. Ruth's children: Bonnie, Phyllis, Jan H. Sharlene, Amelia Ann. Total 5. Lenora's children: Marilyn, Valorie, Alyson Jane. Total 3. Eldon's children: Kristine, Shauna, E. Brent, Sherrill Ann. Total 4. Erma's children: L. Lamond, Karen, Michael T., Susan. Total 4. Kelton's children: Lyman K., Linda, Kenneth N, total 3. Donald's children: Gary D., Michelle, David. Total 3. TOTAL 46.

Guy's grandchildren: (Elaine's children) Robert H., Brent J., Beverly E., Keven B., Richard M. Total 5. Earl's children: Gregory E., Alyson, Mark W., Merrilee Kim. Total 4. Greg's children: Laurie Ann, G. Gilbert, Daniel D. (deceased), Julie Blythe, Ruskin Ralph. Total 5. Valrea's children: Kimmel H., J. Earl, Gabriel G. Total 3. Gloria's child: Rebecca Hope. Total 1. TOTAL 18

Jessie's grandchildren: (Landon's) Loretta L., Vicki J., Dennis L., Bryce G. Total 4. Howard's children: Lowell H., Terry Duane, Kelly D. Total 3. Shelby's children: Leone S., DeAnne, Kent G., Teresa. Total 4. Victor's children: Daniel K., David H., Randy Arthur. Total 3. Dorothy's children: Janice, Lorraine. Total 2. Phyllis' children: Toni Lynn, Julie Ann. Total 2. TOTAL 18

Orval's grandchildren: (Michael's) child: Joni Michelle, total 1.

Max's grandchildren: Kent's): Gregory Tim, Vicki Ann, Jane Marie. Total 3.

Gary's child: Bradley Woods, total 1.

Bryan's child: Nelson Eric. Total, Max's 5. TOTAL great-grandchildren 88
(86 living-2 dead).

Summarized: Arthur's 46 (1 dead); Guy's 18 (1 dead); Jessie's 18; Orval's 1; Max's 5. There are 2 great-greatgrandchildren, Arthur's great-grandchildren, Stanley Kiplin and Korey Dawn, sons of Stanley A. and Gayla Dawn Staheli.

Summarizing Father's posterity we have 12 children; 56 grandchildren; 88 great-grandchildren; and 2 great-greatgrandchildren --- 144 living, 14 dead. This does not take into consideration the number married into the family.

The Tribune reported, at the time of Father's death, survivors as follows: Two brothers: Herman and Adolph; two sisters, Emma Graf and Mrs. Lorenzo C. Leavitt. At present only Aunt Susette is living.

Of nine living children then, now eight are living. There were 50 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren reported. Nine children, 30 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren, make a total of 54 descendants. Now in November, fifteen years since his death, his posterity, as listed above, totals 144 living

and 14 dead. This suggests contemplating what the number might be in a century after his death, and by extending it on into several centuries, how numerous his posterity would be.

On the eve of his centennial we might look at Father's record as it pertains to his family. All have good bodies and clear minds. They take prominent places in civic and religious activities in the communities where they reside. The daughters and in-law women are excellent housewives and mothers. Many of the men in the group have followed Father's occupation of farming and stockraising. Among his descendants are school teachers and principals, lawyers, legislators, business men, dairymen and tradesmen. In religious capacities there are bishops, stake councilmen, members of stake presidencies, patriarch, and those who have filled missions. In stake and ward auxiliaries many, both men and women, have served. Some have been in the service of their country. Girls have reigned in royalty as queens and attendants in social, collegiate, and civic capacities.

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APPENDAGES

Tribute to John Hafen
November 23, 1946

"As the leaves falling one by one, so are our pioneers."
Another soul has left our midst, another one has fled
Unto that far-off distant shore--the land that we call dead;
But where they're very much alive to what is going on,
'Tis just the body that's asleep, the spirit hurries on.

Dear Uncle Johnnie's gone to rest---a rest so well deserved
Because he's been a friend to all, as you have no doubt heard.
Each daybreak found him up and dressed and whistling a tune
To start the day off happily from early morn 'til noon.

The neighbors loved to hear his voice, 'twas music to their ears,
A very pleasant man he was through eighty-four long years.
The children loved to see him come, 'cause he'd stop on his way
And speak a cheerful word to them as they were at their play.

He'd bring them apples, pears, and grapes, or cherries rosy red,
He liked to hear their happy shouts--'Tis good to hear, he said.
He plucked the flowers on his way and carried them along,
They matched his happy temperament and blended with his song.

Throughout his very busy life he held positions many,
From mayor to the bishopric---he never turned down any.
He knew contentment, joy and pain--both good and bad luck, too,
No matter if 'twere sun or rain he knew just what to do.

He was an honest, upright man, intelligent in thought,
Both old and young folks came to him and for his counsel sought.
He was an independent man and thrifty in his ways,
Dependable and kind to all throughout his many days.

He helped to pioneer this land--build ditches, roads and schools.
He farmed the land and rode the range and lived the golden rule.
He helped his neighbors when he could, was interested, too,
In folks about him day by day, as everybody knew.

He read the Bible every day and kept up on the news,
Was versed in scripture very well, could quote when'er he'd choose.
He loved the early pioneers and what they did for us.
He went to church and took his part and never made a fuss.

A loving father was this man, a loving husband, too,
Was not afraid to compliment--gave praise where it was due.
In fact, we all could emulate the traits of this good man.
Dear Uncle Johnnie, may you rest as only good men can.

---Nellie M. Gubler

(Written for John Hafen's funeral. He died at his home at Santa Clara,
Utah, on November 21, 1946 at 4:30 p.m. after eight months of illness)

Santa Clara, Utah
May 22, 1936

To my dear son, Orval and Wife:

Before your departure to seek a new home, I want to leave with you some of the sentiments of a father.

You are living in a goodly land, blessed in every way that you could desire: a beautiful home that should be the pride of your hearts, and friends on every hand and blessings with more than you can do, living in the land of your birth, the home of your kin, and yet you seek a land of strangers wherein to dwell. Why should this be so? Is it for wealth or fame that you are thus lured to seek a better place? The good Master gave His life among his own, and thus obtained a fame divine, and why should you seek to leave home, country, kin, and friends? Is it because their worth to you is less than strangers yet unknown? No, it must not be so. Your father, mother, brothers, sister all bid you stay to share their joys and woes. Will your happiness be greater to be separated from your kin and friends forever? Consider well this matter. Our people in this part of the country have need of you more so than any where else, and the grave of your infant son will have to be cared for by others. These sentiments, and many more, I want to call to your attention.

Father