

Chapter 8

Adolph Hafen and Nellie Atkin (Parents of Olive Hafen)

Early Life of Adolph Hafen

Adolph Hafen was born on 16 June 1874 in Santa Clara, Utah, to his parents, Johann Georg (John G.) and Susette Bosshard. His parents were emigrants from Switzerland and had been sent to Santa Clara by Brigham Young, as part of the Swiss Colony Mission. Adolph's father was born on 17 October 1838 in Scherzingen, Switzerland, and was 35 years old at the time of Adolph's birth. Adolph's mother was born on 31 May 1841 in Turbenthal, Switzerland, and was not quite 31 years old when he was born. Adolph passed away at age 81, on 15 April 1956.

Adolph was the 7th of ten children born to his parents – of the ten children only six of them lived to maturity. Adolph's older siblings, with their approximate age at the time of his birth, included: John, 12, (1862-1946); Emma, 10, (1864-1947); Edward, deceased, (1866-1866); Harmon, 6, (1868-1952); George, deceased, (1870-1871); Hermina, deceased, (1872-1873).

His younger siblings included: Susetta, born three years after him, (1877-1970); Minnie, born six years after him - died as an infant (1880-1881); and Ernest, born eight years after him (1882-1929).

Adolph was baptized and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints right before his 9th birthday on 3 May 1883.

Early Life of Nellie Rosetta Atkin

Nellie Rosetta Atkin was born on 12 October 1880 in Santa Clara, Utah, to her parents, William Atkin and Rosetta Stucki. Nellie's father was born on 23 March 1859, in Ashland, Pennsylvania, and was 20 when Nellie was born. Nellie's mother was born on 6 June 1856, in Hochstatten, Switzerland, and was 23 when Nellie was born.

Nellie's parents were married on 2 October 1878 in St. George, but shortly after Nellie's birth they separated and were divorced. Nellie was initially raised in her Grandparent Stucki's home with her mother.



Nellie Atkin (Age 8 or 9)

Nellie was baptized and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was 8 on 1 November 1888.

History of Adolph Hafen

On 2 February 1838, Adolph wrote of some of his life experiences:

“I, Adolph Hafen, am writing a sketch of the happenings and experiences of my life by request of my daughter, Lola MacArthur.

My parents were John G. Hafen and Susetta Bosshard Hafen. Father came from Switzerland, County of Turgan, town of Scherzengen. Mother came from Switzerland, County of Zürich, town of Turpentahl. They left their native country in the early spring of 1861. They were 6 to 7 weeks crossing the Atlantic Ocean. From Council Bluffs, Iowa, they came by ox teams to Salt Lake City.

From Salt Lake City they were called by President Brigham Young at the October conference, to settle in Dixie with other Swiss emigrants. They arrived in Santa Clara, December 23, 1861, and settled up at the fort above the point. In January 1862, they had a large flood which tore out the present creek channel, and the settlers moved where the present townsite of Santa Clara is located. They worked under the hardships of early pioneering and had many attacks by Indians. Father went on guard several times out to the herd horses, which was the natural way for the Indians to get away with their cattle.

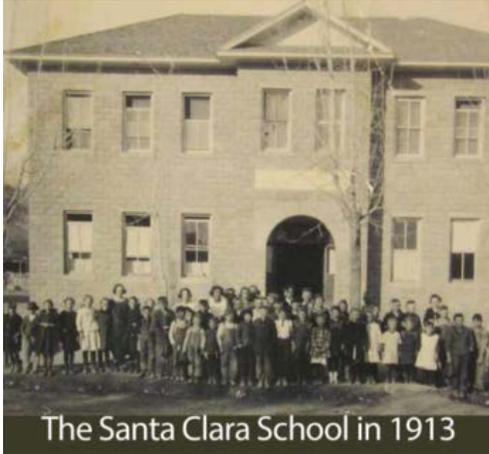
Father only had one sister and no brothers. She and both of my grandfathers are buried in the Santa Clara Cemetery. My Grandmother Bosshard; three uncles, Harmon, Jacob, and John; and three aunts, Pauline, Mena, and Hermina moved to Los Angeles in the year 1870. My parents had a family of 10 children, I being the seventh child.

Father was Bishop for 28 years. He spent a big portion of his time peddling for a living. He took wine, molasses and dried fruits north and exchanged them for flour, grain, and groceries. Father also ran a small store in connection with this small farm. Mother did most of the clerking. She was a great reader and always told us interesting stories from the Bible and from German papers that my grandmother used to send us in a large bundle every week from Los Angeles.

We had to make most of our own entertainment. We played many games; and some of the girls took part. The games we used to play were: town bell, sheep, redline, pomp, woollie, double on the chain, Sam Pete, still sticks, leapfrog, spat and spurs, and pussie wants the corner. When we wanted to go anywhere, our transportation was walking. We often walked up to the big rocks to hunt squaw bush gum, then we would walk to St. George and trade gum for tame rabbits and pigeons. In our boyhood days they didn't have gum to sell in the stores and candy was a luxury to us, and we seldom ever had a nickel to spend. We use to make lots of molasses candy and popcorn balls.

My first schoolteacher was an old gentleman Jones from Gunlock. He used to go to sleep in school. When we wanted to know what a certain word was that we were reading, we would go and touch him on the end of his nose to wake him up. My next teacher was old man Peck; he was similar to Jones. Then came Josephine Jarvis Miles, a very nice teacher. Next in line was Levi Harmon. All

his students will always remember him for the apple willows he wore out on them. Any black and blue marks on our backs were tokens of his remembrance. He taught three years. If he caught us whispering, he would have us stand on one foot until school was out. If we let the other foot down a little, he would come by, give us a crack with the willow and tell us to hold it up. He tortured us in many other ways by making us dance a jig, and he would keep time with the willow over our backs.



I was a very bashful sort of lad. On one occasion he had me on the stand with the girl on each side to hold my arm. I fainted, fell down on my head, and was knocked out for some time. That really gave the teacher a scare and he never tried it again.

My next teachers, John T. Woodbury, Edward H. Snow, Arthur Miles, and John Stillman Woodbury were all fine teachers. The last year I taught two classes a day under John Stillman Woodbury for he had a very large school and no help.

During my school year, one teacher taught all the grades with eighty to 100 pupils. We had no promotions, very few books, and often went over the same work for two years. We had long wooden desks. Eight or 10 pupils would sit at one desk. We generally had a spelling match every Friday. I quite enjoyed it for I was a fairly good speller and generally I stayed until the last or about last.

I then went to St. George to school for two winters in the basement of the Tabernacle, under Nephi M. Savage and John T. Woodbury. The first winter Walter Graff and I rode over in a two-wheeled cart. Albert Graff, Ernest Reber, and Vern Graff rode over the same winter on horseback. We would run races with the boys on horseback. We really did have some fun.”

Adolph’s story continues, as written by his daughter, Lola McArthur. (All of the italicized paragraphs below come from Lola’s history of her father unless otherwise referenced to someone else.)

“One day Levi Harmon sent dad out for an apple willow, he brought a small one, the teacher grabbed it, hit him over the hands, broke it and sent him out for larger one.

Another time Dad and Theodore Graff had to stay in for talking. For punishment they had to write poetry. Dad wrote real big, filled his slate and was excused. Theodore wrote really small and had to stay longer and write more poetry.

One year while attending school in St. George, father and Ernest Reber were boarding with a lady who was deaf and dumb, but a real good cook. One morning Father got up, struck a match to see what time it was and set a vase of colored pampas grass on fire, which was on the mantel piece.

Brother Reber did not know what to do, but father said, 'Oh, we will just split the bunch and make two small bouquets.' This they did, and the lady never notice the difference.

When father was 19 years of age, he got some chaff or trash in his eye wall threshing. He went to Salt Lake by wagon and team to the holy cross hospital. When they operated on his eye, and had his whole head bandaged, the nurse said, "Shall I feed you?" Father said, 'of course not; I have always fed myself and I will manage now.'

But after putting his hand in his coffee and knocking down a glass, he decided to let the nurse feed him. He was in the hospital 3 to 4 weeks, and they fed him soft cooked eggs three times a day. He got very tired of them and told his nurse so. She said she would ask his doctor about it, which she did not do, but traded his eggs to another patient in the ward who complained of having too much meat. Dad later found out that the eggs were given to him to keep down the inflammation which that meat would not do. Father lost the sight of his eye, but it was not disfigured, and no one could ever tell he was blind, unless they were told.

While he was in the hospital, July 1895, Pres. McKinley, was assassinated in Washington DC.

This same Fall, he made a trip to California with three other men. In the month of September, 1895, Bishop Thomas Judd of St. George, Bishop Edwards Bunker, and Jesse Waite, from Bunkerville, and my father started for California in a buckboard drawn by two small ponies.

They camped in Bunkerville the first night and the second night in St. Thomas. The next morning, they prepared to cross a strange desert. They filled two sacks of hay for the ponies and a 5-gallon keg of water. They traveled on a very dim road until noon, where they came upon a bitter spring. The water was so bitter they could not drink it. After lunch they continued on their journey while the road grew more dim. Toward evening two of them walked to try and find the road. They miss the old road and traveled down a gravel wash, supposing it to be the road, but to the regret the wash narrowed and they came to a big ledge so they cornered. They unhitched the horses and lifted the buckboard around. They then traveled up the wash to locate the old road. After finding it they continued their journey.

They arrived at Callwell on the Colorado River about 10 o'clock that night. The next morning the men found several sacks of mesquite beans, under a shed, that the indents harvested for winter use.

They were now among sand ridges and there was no sign of a road. Mr. Bunker started out on foot and said he would go to a hill about 2 miles away and wave his hat tell the others on which side the road went. He was so far away that they could not see the signal they call to Mr. Bunker but they received no answer, so Mr. Waite and my father went in search of him. They found him under a bush resting.

The three men made their way back to the buckboard and continued up a sandy wash. At noon they cut grass with their pocket knives for the ponies and gave them what little water they could

spare. As they drove on, the road became hard, rough and dim. At sundown they came to a fork of two old roads. Two of them wanted to take the road to the right. At length they decided to have lunch and ask God in prayer that he might inspire them to take the right road. After prayer they decided to take the road to the left. They traveled until 4 o'clock in the morning when they heard a dog bark on the side of a mountain, there was an old prospector living there in a dugout.

He told them by going up the canyon about 4 miles they would find a small spring. They unhitched the horses and gave them a drink the next morning they went on and after today's a traveling arrived at Vanterbuilt, California.

Had they taken the road to the right, it would have been certain death to them, because they never would have been able to reach water. Thus, through prayer they acknowledged the inspiration of the Lord.

As a boy, father attended Swiss school meetings with his parents. Here they heard or read Swiss and German stories and were taught Swiss songs. He learned to speak the Swiss language which he used during his mission to Switzerland. His Grandmother Bosshard who moved to Los Angeles always sent the Swiss newspapers, which were published there, on to his mother. She would read the paper and then tell the stories to the children. They were always glad to get the papers, for there were no newspapers printed in this vicinity at that time. After our grandparents read them, they pass the papers on to others in Santa Clara to read.

Father used to like to make molasses candy. Once he made two batches and put red pepper in one, and then gave it to other boys and laughed when it burned their mouths. He was quite a ham to pull pranks on others.

While attending school, the Friday afternoon spelling matches were really interesting. He said he and Alvin Graff were always the last ones to be spelled down.

As a young man, Father really liked to play baseball and said it was not uncommon for him to pitch two full nine inning games in one day. On holidays, such as Christmas and New Year's, they would play matched games with St. George teams. One year the students of John T. Woodbury and Nephi M. Savage challenged the city of St. George, for a game of baseball on Christmas day. They would not accept the challenge from 'such kids', so the students said they considered the city team beat because they would not accept the challenge. So, they played and beat the St. George team 40-19. The St. George team would not consider themselves beat, unless they played again on New Year's Day, so they could have practice for a week. But when they played on New Year's Day, the students beat the St. George team worse than ever.

Father pitched a nine innings matched game on Christmas and New Year's in the forenoon at St. George and a nine innings matched game on both days in the afternoon at Santa Clara.

Father help make molasses every fall for years while in his teens. They would walk up to the five-mile place to eat sugar cane, where Gus Hardy, father of Bert Hardy, made molasses. He

remembers one day they stopped at the three-mile place to ride calves. They put Albert Hafen on a calf. The calf ran out in the middle of the Santa Clara Creek and through Albert off. The boys had a good laugh.”

Adolph Serves Mission to Switzerland

“Father left in September, 1896, to fill an LDS mission in Switzerland. He went by team and wagon to Milford, Utah, and took the train from there to Salt Lake and on to Philadelphia. While there,



Adolph Hafen as a
Missionary

he saw the ‘Liberty Bell,’ and the chair and bedroom suite used by President George Washington. One of the most interesting things Father visited in Philadelphia was the U.S. Mint, where all the silver coins were made.

He left Philadelphia on a Friday and was a little over two weeks on the ocean. There were five other missionaries and a sectarian minister on board. The captain asked the missionaries to hold services both Sundays while on the ocean, and did not ask the minister to hold services at all. Father was a’s total stranger to the other four missionaries and has never seen them since he returned home.

Zary Terry, one of these missionaries, was a regent of the University of Utah in 1949 and asked Leland Hafen if he was any relation to his old missionary companion, Adolph Hafen.

Father landed in Liverpool, England, and went on to Hull, England, and from there he took a steamer at 12 midnight for Holland. He landed in Antwerp at 12 midnight the next night. He got permission to sleep on the ship that night, and the next morning took his grip and started up the street asking about a dozen people for directions, but no one could understand him. Finally, an officer took him to police headquarters, where they were able to help him. From there he took the train for Brussels, and then to Switzerland, where he spent all of his missionary time.

Brother Bandlay was father’s first senior companion. Brother Mertz and Wallace B. Mathis were his other companions. Brother Bandlay met father when he arrived in the city of Chur, and said there was a family in the mountains, who had a sick boy that he should visit.

They walked the 15 miles and administered to the boy. Father went out and sat on a rock. The scenery was beautiful, and when Brother Bandlay came out, he said, ‘Are you homesick Brother Hafen?’ Father replied, ‘No, but are all the places as dirty as this?’ Brother Bandlay said, ‘No, thank the Lord this is the worst one.’ Father said the wife of this family made the best elderberry jam he had ever tasted.

Father’s first converts were a man and wife, by the name of Smith. They were baptized in February and the willows along the bank were hanging low with ice. Brother Bandlay had not made any

converts and wanted to do the baptisms, which had to be done at night, because of the persecutions. When he stepped into the water he said to father in English, that the Smith's would freeze to death. Both of them were rather delicate people, but when they came out of the water, Sister Smith said she never felt better in her life.

A Miss Cochernahs, a member of the Church, invited Father for dinner on Monday. When Father got there and sat down to dinner, the whole family got up and left the table except the one girl. The mother of the family was dead. The young lady said she wanted to invite Father to dinner again, but her brother said, 'If you do, I'll throw him out.' Father replied, 'Don't worry about that, he is not big enough.' Father was invited again on Sunday for Monday dinner. Nothing happened. After dinner they all went out to harvest grain with a scythe. They raked it in bundles and tied it with last year's straw. Father showed them how it was done in America with the fresh straw. He could tie 10 bundles to their one. They were surprised that a minister knew how to work. Father also accompanied the young man to the forest to gather wood and carried a larger bundle home than the young man.

Two years later this young man joined the Church and immigrated to America. He settled in Idaho. He wrote a letter to father apologizing for treating him so badly. Father felt he was mostly responsible for the man joining the church even though he did not join until later. He had been a very staunch Catholic.

In the town of Cuben, there was quite a number of investigators and members. The elders had arranged for a meeting and sent for the president of the mission to come hold a meeting with them. Father became very ill and did not think that he would be able to attend, but Pres. Bowman administered to him. He was made well and was able to attend the meeting.

Brother Wally Mathis and father were walking to conference to be held at Winterthur, when looking at the map they decided to take a cut off, instead of following the road. After going for a long way they came to a river; they didn't have time to turn around and go back so they undressed and waded across - big chunks of ice were floating in the water and would hit them. But they did not suffer any ill effect of the cold water, but decided not to take any more cutoffs.

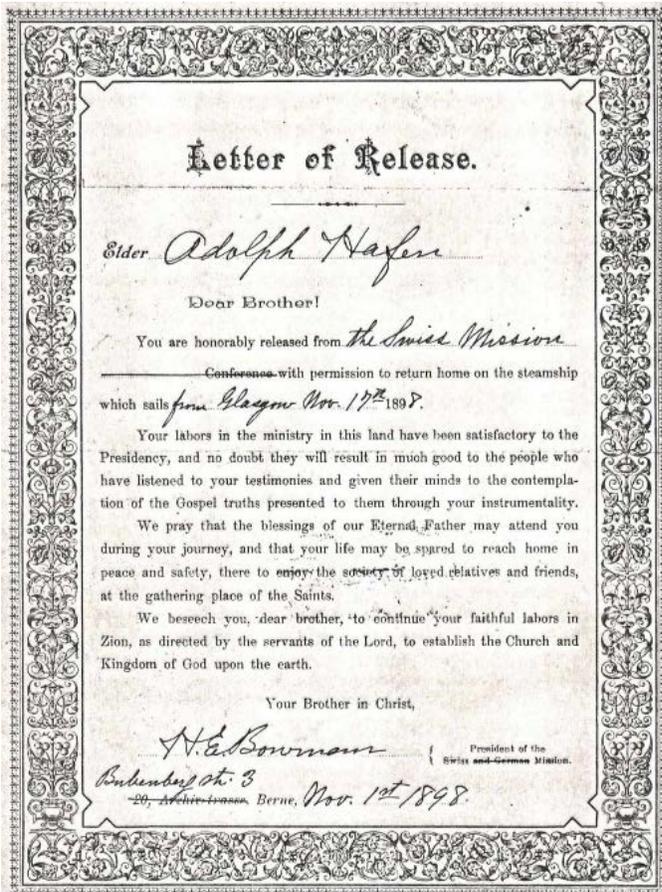
While on his mission, one day he saw a group of children skating, so thought he'd skate down the hill. He tried it, but landed on the back of his head quickly.

Traveling between communities during his mission he knew of a lovely fountain, so one time he took his lunch and planned to eat there. While doing so, an officer came and said, 'What are you doing here?' Father replied that he was eating. The officer said, 'Don't you know the café is to eat at?' Father replied, 'Isn't this a free country?' And he answered, 'Yes,' and left.

When father went to headquarters, he was told to be careful at Graubenten County, town of Chur, where he was assigned to labor, because a good number of missionaries had been banished from there. When arriving at Chur, he went to a German who was living there and ask for room and

board for a while, and asked the German if he would help him get his city and County papers. The German told him not to worry he'd see to it. So the two of them went down to the office. The German told the officers he had an American friend who would like his papers. They asked what his business was, the German said he was just a traveler over to see the country and for his health. Father got the papers without any further inquiries and was never bothered at all by any officers. In fact, he was quite highly respected by them.

Daddy did tracting every afternoon in the villages and had been in all except one so he decided to go there. After leaving headquarters he had a very depressed feeling come over him, but decided to go on anyway as it was six miles and he thought he would feel better by the time he arrived there. As he walked on and didn't feel any better, he went into the woods and knelt down and prayed, after that he continued to the village. When he got there, he didn't feel any better and did not do any tracting because he felt so depressed. Sometime later he received word of the death of a small daughter of his oldest brother. The child happened to be one he had a special liking for and he had named her. When checking he found that the child had died on the day he had had that terrible depressed feeling and was unable to go tracting. He said that it was a testimony to him that no matter how far from our loved ones we are, that we can feel the same sorrow that they do.



Father spent \$450 while on his mission, but other missionaries spent much more. Father was instrumental in converting and baptizing eight persons, and others he helped convert, were baptized later.

On returning, father boarded the ship at Antwerp, Holland, and went to England, crossed the continent by train to Glasgow, where he was to sail for home. They were about one hour late, the steamer had left and so they hired a tugboat to catch up with the steamer, which took 2 to 3 hours. While crossing the ocean coming home, there was a terrible storm at sea. The captain said it was the worst he had ever encountered in 20 years. Everyone on board got seasick, except father.

When he got home, he worked with his father and brothers, farming, peddling, and stock raising."

Courting and Marriage of Adolph and Nellie

“When father was about to be released from his mission, Harmon Whittwer, came as a missionary to Switzerland. He had been keeping company with Nellie Atkin. Before father left, he asked Harmon, ‘What shall I tell your girl?’ Brother Whittwer said, ‘Tell her hello, and give her a kiss for me.’ Father did, and fell in love with her. He returned home on December 10, 1898, and they were married on February 22, 1900, while Brother Whittwer was still in the mission field



Nellie and her mother, Rosetta
(Unknown Date)



Nellie Atkin

During their 15 months of courting, Dad and Mom, attended many parties and dances. There was a large swing on the public square where they and other young people spent quite a bit of time, and then they would sit on an old foundation and sing songs.

They journeyed to St. George in a blacktop buggy, with one white and one black mule, to be married. None of their folks went with them. About 1 PM they returned to Santa Clara. The town band, consisting of John and Frank Staheli, Jacob and William Tobler, played music before and after the wedding dinner.

The dinner was prepared by Grandmother Hafen. Six chickens with noodle soup, two hams furnished by mother’s Grandfather Stucki, and all the trimmings was served to all the grown-ups of Santa Clara.

A wedding dance was held that night in the old schoolhouse. Ernest Reber played the organ, Frank Staheli played the violin, and John Staheli (our neighbor) played the cornet. (For the celebration on their 50th wedding anniversary, Frank Staheli and companions furnished the music for the dance at the program refreshments.)”



Adolph and Nellie on their
wedding day

Adolph's and Nellie's Life after Marriage

“Grandfather, John G. Hafen, owned and ran a mercantile business, and the boys were all in together, farming, raising cattle, and freighting, when father was married the property was not divided until about 1904.

Mother, Nellie Atkin, started teaching school in the fall of 1899 and was teaching when they were married February 22nd, 1900.

The first few months they lived in part of Grandfather Hafen's home, and then moved to a two-room rock home, built by Bunkers, where they had lived ever since, and added to the original rooms as their family increased.

In July 1900, a few months after they were married, mother accompanied father on a peddling trip to Delamar, in company with Harmon Gubler, Sr. Mother visited with a Mrs. Bush while father peddled his load. Father said this was the nearest to a 'honeymoon' that they had.

Mother was secretary to the Relief Society when she was 14 years of age and kept accounts of all grain that was turned in to the Relief Society fund, which accumulated until there was about 100 bushels.

The first real nice dress mother owned, she earned gleaning grain. Father remembers a real nice red dress mother had for several years and looked very nice in, but doesn't know if her father gave it to her or if she earned it herself.

Father was appointed Postmaster a few months after they were married and had moved to the Bunker home, and they had that job until 1918. The mail came daily, except Sunday, from St. George to Pine Valley by way of Gunlock. First on horseback, later by a cart pulled by one horse, and still later by buggy, pulled by two horses.

In 1918 they got rid of the post office and took over the mercantile business and kept it until September 1, 1945, when they sold to Horace and Ethel McArthur.

In 1921, the grant for a 'homestead' was approved and for three years, six months of the year, they lived on the homestead at the field. The older children, especially Lila and Lola, did the clerking much of the time in the summer and after school.

Our parents had the first 'parlor set' in town and were among the first to have an organ, piano, and automobile. They also had the first phonograph in town.

Mother served as M.I.A. President for three years, was in the Relief Society presidency for a number of years with Freda Stucki and Ester Gubler. She was a Relief Society teacher many years.

One year, father planted the whole lot in wheat and mother and Helen Gubler, scythed it all in one day.

Mother was a hard worker, and an excellent manager, cook and had great ability to sew.

Mother's parents, were William Atkin and Rosetta Stucki. They were separated when mother was a small child and mother and grandmother lived in part of Great Grandfather's Stucki's home. They had a good home and lived good.

Friends of mothers were, Jennie Huges, Freda Ence Reber, Eliza Reber Graff, Otilia Ence Tobler, and Rosella Wittwer and Mollie Graff Coyle.

Those baptized in the ditch in front of the meetinghouse the same day as father, were Lorenzo Leavitt, Mary Wittwer, Albert Hafen, and Harmena Tober Graff. They were baptized, then went to Brother Tobler's house and were confirmed by Brother Jacob Tobler. Father was ordained an elder by Thomas Judd, ordained a Seventy by Seymour B. Young, and ordained a High Priest by Apostle Melvin J. Ballard.

Father donated \$75 by hauling freight from Modena to Dixie College. He hauled the big steel beams used in the ceiling of the auditorium. He also hauled the big bell for the Presbyterian Church from Modena.

Father was a member of the School Board of Trustees for nine years. He started the fund which went to build the present school building.

He served as mayor two terms, 1932 to 1936. While in office, he bought the water springs from Mrs. Scotty Grey and pipe the water into town. He was a member of the board for Santa Clara and St. George Filled Irrigation Company for 20 years. He was president of the Santa Clara Irrigation Company for four years. He was put on the old folks committee in 1899 and was still on the committee in July 1948, but was not very active the last few years. He served as a Sunday School teacher and a ward teacher for 60 years.

When he was 14 years old, he went ward teaching with John S. Stucki, and his first visit was to Samuel Wittwer, Sr. family. He especially enjoyed visiting to include Aunt Mary Slickenstorfer and Sister Pollock, who would sing Swiss songs."

Adolph's and Nellie's Family

Family was very important to Adolph and Nellie. They had 13 children born to them and worked very hard to support their large family. (See Appendix B, Olive's Siblings, for a full list of the family. Also, some more of their story is contained in Chapter 1, Clarence and Olive Moss.)

Their daughter, Olive, wrote this about her parents: *"They had a good life together; he was a good provider and hard worker, who work from before sunrise until dark. Besides being a hard worker, he loved his wife and children and would do anything for them.*

I remember my mother telling of gleaning wheat when she was a young girl and buying material for a dress. My mother was a very hard worker. She ran the post office for years. I remember they sorted the mail and arranged it all on the floor. The office was a small room that we used for a bedroom later on. There was a slot in the door where people dropped their letters.

Adolph and Nellie Hafen History

Mother took in borders, worked at the store, which father bought from his father, John G Hafen. I never remember my mother saying a swearword. She never spanked or spoke ill of anyone.

Father had an apple orchard, pear trees and walnuts. The apples were gathered and stored in the screen porch against the staircase. They were one foot deep or more and when it was cold, quilts were put over them to keep them from freezing. Every night as we went to bed we would reach over the railing and pick the choicest apples to eat and every morning there were cores in every window

We had a wonderful home life. We had a very nice home with two floors. It had a living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, and two bedrooms downstairs and five bedrooms and a big hall and screen porch upstairs. Mother and dad slept downstairs, and one bedroom was used as a post office.

Dad was a hard worker and a great storyteller. Dad always had a lot of experiences to tell us about when he went on peddling trips to the mines at Delamar (nicknamed The Widowmaker, is a ghost town in central eastern Nevada along the east side of the Delamar Valley. During its heyday, primarily between 1895 and 1900, it produced \$13.5 million in gold), Pioche, Ely, and other places and also his experiences on his mission in Switzerland. He told us the people kept their animals in the same building as they lived in. He traveled alone and went without purse or script part of the time.



We had wonderful home evenings. Mother would peel apples and make popcorn. Mother played the organ and we would all sing. Dad would get down on the floor, being the horse and we would climb on his back and have a bucking ride. I spent many happy hours with Dad traveling two miles to and from the field. He made a lot of peddling trips to Delmar, Pioche, Ely, Cedar City, and other places. I went

with him on several trips. I remember once we stayed in Enterprise with his friends, the Emmett's, and then we went on to Modena where I saw my first train. He put me on his shoulder so I could look in the train as it went by and saw people in plush red seats. I thought it was wonderful.

Dad was good at sports. He loved baseball and basketball. He was always on the sports committee for the 4th and 24th of July. He was on the Old Folks Committee and was always planning programs in plays for their enjoyment. We had to have our own entertainment or we didn't have anything. He really liked plays, and the ward had one or two going on most of the time."

1918 Influenza Epidemic

In 1918 there was a worldwide flu epidemic, which was the deadliest in history. It is estimated it infected 500 million people worldwide—about one-third of the planet's population. It killed an estimated 20 million to 50 million victims, including some 675,000 Americans.

“In 1918, Dad took out a homestead about two miles from town, which meant that someone from the family had to sleep there six months out of the year. Dad bought a big block tent large enough for three beds, a table, cupboard, and a stove. During the summer months, most of the family just lived there, except to come home for Sunday.

During the flu epidemic of 1918, Mother and Dad decided the younger children should stay at the farm and be safe from the dreaded disease, so they moved us down. Minnie was 12 and the oldest, and Ethel, the youngest, was four. Karl, being the baby was kept at home.”

Small Pox and Measles Epidemic

“When small pox broke out in town, Ruth and Ethel were among the first to come down. Mother and Dad decided they would have to be confined to one room to protect the rest of the family. Knowing they would probably be quite ill, they decided Dad should stay with them while Mother took care of the rest of the family. It must have been a trying time for Dad to be confined to one room with two sick girls, but he never let on. Fortunately, both of them had a light case but small pox can be very itchy and whenever either of them would start to scratch, Dad would stop them, then tell stories, sing songs or start games to keep their minds occupied.



Ned
(Unknown Age)

The older children didn't get exposed, being away to high school, (they would stay in St. George during the week) so they were all vaccinated. Ned, Karl and Lily Mae, however, took the disease in a light form. Everyone was just out of the seven-week quarantine a few days when we got the measles. We were all quite ill but Ned was very bad, then he caught a cold and got pneumonia. Mother and Dad did everything for him and two doctors did their best, but to no avail. Ned died on April 20, 1921, at the age of eight. There were ten children at that time, but Mother was inconsolable.”

One humorous experience is shared about their daughter, Minnie, as recorded by Minnie's daughter, Annie Laurie, for a Family Reunion held August 31, 1996. Annie wrote this about her mother, Minnie: *“When she finished her first year at Dixie she was called on a mission to Omaha, Nebraska. The story Mac tells, is that the bishop came and talked to Grandpa about sending Paul. Grandpa said there was no way he could spare Paul, he was the only boy old enough to help with the farms, orchards, and ranching. ‘Well’, said the bishop, ‘What about Lila?’ ‘Not Lila’, he said,*

'She is too much help for her mother, with all of these kids we just couldn't do without her helping with the cooking, cleaning, and washing.' 'Well, then,' said the bishop, 'What about Lola?' 'Oh, no,' said Grandpa, 'She does all the sewing for the whole family there is no way we could get along without her.'" 'Well said the bishop, 'what about Minnie?' 'That will be okay,' Grandpa said, 'We can get along fine without Minnie.' She served two wonderful years as a missionary."



Peddling Experiences

"In February, father and Uncle Ernest went to Delamar on a peddling trip. On their way out a bad snowstorm came up. It was necessary for them to put all four horses on one wagon and pull it to the summit, where they nooned. A foot of snow had fallen. Father said, 'We must make a fire.' Brother Ernest did not think it could be done. Father took an axe, knocked a limb from a dry tree, made some kindling, and started the tree to burn. They ate, took the horses and returned for the other wagon. When they returned the tree was still burning and had melted the snow far enough so they can make their beds and tie the horses where it was dry.

Brother Harmon, Willie Tobler, and father were traveling to Delamar. At Nelson's ranch (now Marty Larson's), father became very ill, with the severe pain in his side. Brother Harmon and Willie put rocks in the fire and when very hot wrap them in burlap and put them on father. They were up most the night doing this. The next morning, they resumed their trip, father managing his

team and break from a lying position. When they return, Dr. D. A. McGregor said it was a ruptured appendix, and that the heat had absorbed the infection and saved his life.

Father accompanied his brother, John, on many trips to Silver Reef, with vegetables, beef, eggs, and butter to peddle at stores, restaurants and homes.

Silver Reef was a three-day trip. They always stayed at Harrisburg the first night, then peddled back to Harrisburg the second day and went home the third day.

Frisco, Utah, was 15 miles north of Milford and took 10 days to make the trip with the same kind of load. New House was six or 8 miles west of Frisco. Fay and Deer Lodge was a 6-day trip. State Line was 18 miles northwest of Modena. Pioche, Delamar, Caleinte, and Panaca were ten-day trips. Las Vegas was 10 to 12 days. Later in a truck it took three days.

John Ence, Jacob Laub, and father were returning from Delamar and went to Acoma where they always bought their bread, but they didn't have any, as they went 6 miles out of their way to Hamblin's Ranch to try and get bread, but they did not have any either. But Mrs. Hamblin said if they would stay over to a dance there that night, she would bake them some biscuits. They did and John Ence was the caller for their dance, and Mrs. Hamblin baked them enough baking powder biscuits to do them until they got home. Edward Hamblin was owner of the ranch and a brother of Jacob Hamblin.

On one trip to McGill, father and Paul were all sold out except for two sacks of string beans. Paul wanted to throw them out, but Dad said he would go to the houses they had been to before, trying to sell them for \$.10 a pound. So, they went to the same places and said he had some nice beans, 10 pounds for a dollar. One lady said, 'Weren't you here yesterday?' And dad said, 'Yes, and will be back tomorrow unless we sell out.' So, she bought some and they sold out really easy.

One trip, Jacob Laub and father were together. Father had eight dozen chickens and sold them. Jacob had three dozen, but could not sell his. Dad told him where to go. He said, 'I've been there and they don't want any.' Dad said, 'They do too.' So, Jacob went back after dinner, but the lady would not buy them, so dad went back with Jake. He went in and said, 'I have three dozen nice chickens for you.' She said, 'Drive around to the back and unload them.' Jacob said, 'Now, why the hell will they buy from you, when they won't buy from me?' Dad said, 'Oh, you don't act like you want to sell very bad.'"

50th Wedding Anniversary

On 22 February 1950, Adolph and Nellie, were married 50 years. They had a grand celebration with many of their family and posterity attending.



Mr. and Mrs. Hafen

Dinner Marks Gold Wedding

SANTA CLARA, Washington County, Feb. 26—A golden wedding celebration that brought together a dozen brothers and sisters and their families, as well as scores of other relatives and friends, recently was held in Santa Clara. It was that of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Hafen, lifelong residents of this southern Utah community.

A family dinner at the Hafen home was followed by an evening program and dance in the recreation hall of Santa Clara chapel, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mr. and Mrs. Hafen were married in the St. George LDS temple Feb. 22, 1900, and made their home in Santa Clara, where they have engaged in the mercantile business, farming and livestock raising.

The 12 of their 13 children reared to maturity are all graduates of Dixie college and are married.

As a feature of this celebration, Frank Staheli, who conducted the orchestra for the Hafens wedding dance 50 years ago, though near age 80, conducted and was violinist for the dance orchestra, although his orchestra members were different.

The 12 Hafen children are Paul and Karl Hafen, Mrs. L. W. McGregor and Mrs. Arnold McArthur, St. George; Mrs. Lila Reber, Mrs. Clarence Moss, Mrs. Horace McArthur, Arlo and Dan Hafen, Santa Clara; Mrs. Elwood Romney, Salt Lake City; Mrs. George Snow, Enterprise, and Mrs. Melba Kessler of Los Angeles.

Adolph and Nellie Hafen History



Family Photo taken on Adolph's and Nellie's 50th Wedding Anniversary

Back Row from left to right: Arlo, Olive, Ethel, Melba, Daniel, Lily Mae, Minnie, Ruth, and Karl
Front Row from left to right: Lola, Adolph, Nellie, Paul, and Lila



**Extended Family Photo taken on Adolph's and Nellie's 50th Wedding Anniversary
(Taken in Front of their Home)**

Reminisces of Father Adolph

Son, Arlo Hafen, wrote this about his father: *“He laid there, stretched out in a big easy chair, his chin resting on his chest, his face unshaven and wrinkled. The corners of his mouth were pulled down as though he never smiled, but if his eyes had been open you could have told him the sparkle and Merryman in his one good eye, that the humor of his earlier life still had frequent outcroppings.*



His life is not much different from that led by most of the early settlers who reared large families and were forced to keep adding to his house to shelter his ever-increasing family. Even that old house, as well as its sleeping occupant could tell many stories and give an accurate account of the growth of the family. It started as a two-room home, but during the course of years and five remodeling's and additions, ended up with 15 rooms and 13 yelling kids to fill it. Perhaps this man's story could be told by the eight daughters and five sons who wore out these floors and probably added their share to these heavy lines on the old man's face.

He's not perfect, he has his faults. Is he average? Does he step too heavily on some things and I have enough on others? Who are we to say? 'Judge not, that you be not judged,' characterized his life and should be part of anything set of him.

That four-day growth on his face also characterized his life. One of the biggest jobs his wife has had was to get him to shave and cleanup. She has to clean and polish his shoes as he would be content to go to church with outward signs of the cow corral showing. His wife has often said that he was more trouble to get cleaned up than any of the children.

He grew up in the same town with his wife, but it took the interest of a friend to make him aware of her. Dad was on a mission in Switzerland and was about to be released. His friend told him to be sure and tell his girlfriend back in Santa Clara hello for him. Dad did, and about a year later married her.

Dad tried a lot of things, all of which met with at least some success. He owned the town store, ran the post office, peddled and freighted out to Delamar and Caliente, and had a farm and a

ranch with cattle. Perhaps it took all these endeavors to feed the 13 mouths and build rooms for them to live in.

He was a strict Church member; conservative and saving; and authoritative and demanding of his children. My sisters have often told the story when they ran off and didn't help mother. As a result, dad put cow bells on them and believe me they stayed close to home. In fact, they stayed under the bed most of the day. Even I experienced the hot burning flame of red pepper on my tongue when I took the Lord's name in vain and dad heard me.



Perhaps the one single thing that was most characteristic of father was his fervent belief and addiction to hard work. 'An idle person is the devil's workshop,' was his reason for the odd and end jobs he planned for us to do. 'Better to dig a hole and fill it up with rocks then stand idle,' was a favorite saying. He would probably have had better health today, if he had slowed down with increasing age, but he always wanted to be doing something, and was not happy unless he was. Too much work was his undoing and he finally broke his heart the doctor said was perfect for his age."

Lola writes: "Mother and dad made a good home for their numerous children. We always had plenty of everything that was necessary, but dad didn't think some things were necessary, such as jewelry, and we never had any, until we were old enough to buy it ourselves.

We were taught to work, to be thrifty, to be honest, dependable, and always to attend our Church meetings and pay our tithing. Her parents always set a good example. We were never allowed to swear in our home.

As young people, we had more parties at our home than any other place. Our friends were always welcome there. We were never allowed to go out nights or stay out after dances. Father always said, 'it is late enough when the dance is out, and we expect you to come right home.' We did.

We had many good times as a family and we all enjoyed going on trading and peddling trips with dad. He always kept us well entertained.

If we don't do right, it is because we didn't heed their counsel. We were taught to do good and live righteously."

Nellie Atkins Passes Away

“On Saturday morning, May 27, 1950, mother suffered a stroke and died the following Friday morning, June 2, without ever gaining consciousness. It was a great loss to all of us, and the closing of a good, loving, industrious life, one we could all emulate. We have missed her greatly.” (Nellie was 69.)



Nellie with her children: Ethel, Lily, and Melba



Nellie with her children: Arlo and Dan



Nellie with her eight daughters (Back row: Melba, Ruth, Lily Mae, Ethel, Minnie, and Olive. Front row: Lola, Nellie, and Lila)

Mrs. Nellie Atkin Hafen Dies; Service Held In Santa Clara Ward Chapel

SANTA CLARA—Mrs. Nellie Atkin Hafen, 69, died at her home in Santa Clara Friday at 8:30 a. m., following a cerebral hemorrhage suffered the previous Saturday morning.

Born in Santa Clara, Oct. 12, 1880, she was a daughter of William and Rosetta Stuckl Atkin. She had her schooling in Santa Clara, and from her parents and grandparents, learned many of the pioneer arts and crafts.

She married Adolph Hafen Feb. 22, 1900, in the St. George temple Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and has spent her entire married life in Santa Clara, where for many years she and her husband had the post-office and until recent years owned and operated the Santa Clara Coop store, now Santa Clara Mercantile.

She has always been an active member of the L.D.S. church in her ward, serving for many years as president of young women's Mutual Improvement association, as counselor in the ward relief society presidency, and as an officer in children's Primary. For the past several years she has been a Relief society visiting teacher, completing the visiting of her district the day before she was stricken.

Mr. and Mrs. Hafen celebrated their golden wedding anniversary February 22 of this year, enjoying their many friends throughout this area.

Surviving with Mr. Hafen are 12 of their 13 children; four sons are Paul Hafen and Karl Hafen, St. George; Arlo and Dan Hafen, Santa Clara; Mrs. Lila Reber, Mrs. Olive Moss, Mrs. Ethel McArthur, Santa Clara; Mrs. Lola McArthur, Mrs. Minnie McGregor, St. George; Mrs. Ruth Romney, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Lily Mae Snow, Enterprise; Mrs. Melba Kessler, Los Angeles; 33 grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; three brothers, William Atkin, Jr., John P. Atkin, St. George; Roy Atkin, St. Ignatus, Mont.; two sisters, Mrs. Hazel Lake, Buttonwillow, Calif.; Mrs. Bessie Doman, Orem, Utah.

Funeral services for Mrs. Hafen were held in the Santa Clara ward L.D.S. chapel Sunday at 3:30 p. m., with Bishop Sylvan Graff conducting.

Music numbers included a violin solo, "End of a Perfect Day," by Irene Everett, accompanied by Mae A. Pace, both of St. George; vocal duet, "In the Garden," by Melba Baker and Ruth Miles, St. George, accompanied by Mrs. Pace; male trio, "That Wonderful Mother of Mine," Robert Moss, Leo Reber and Charles Willis; ladies' trio, "That Wonderful Mother of Mine," by Vella Ruth Hafen, Wanda Frel, Elva Hafen, Vivian Palmer of Cedar City accompanied both numbers.

Speakers were Vivian J. Frel of Santa Clara and Patriarch Arthur K. Hafen of St. George, both of whom paid high tribute to the excellent life of Mrs. Hafen, in her home, her church, and her

Adolph and Nellie Hafen History



Nellie with her Santa Clara Home (1940s)



Nellie and Adolph Loved Flowers



Nellie shortly after 60th Birthday

Adolph without Nellie for Six Years and His Death

“Father lived a lonely life for the next six years, staying on in his home, and visiting around with his many sons and daughters, and his loving sister, Aunt Susie Leavitt, we all love her too.

After mother’s passing, Ethel took most of the responsibility for father, seeing that he had his meals and that there was always clean clothes and bedding. We all helped some, but she took the responsibility did much more than the rest of us. I know daddy appreciated what she did very much.

On Monday morning, April 16, 1956, Daddy passed suddenly and quietly away at the Dixie Pioneer Memorial Hospital, Lila being the only family member present. Two days before, he had suffered a heart attack, after returning from Salt Lake where he had been for two or three weeks for medical care.” (Adolph was 81 years old at the time of his death.)



Lola concludes with this great tribute to her parents, Adolph and Nellie Hafen: *“If we, their children, heed their counsel and live as they taught us, we won’t go very far astray. Let us try to honor them by living as they would have us live.”*