

Santa Clara, Utah
February 2, 1938

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

My parents were John G. Hafen and Susetta Bosshard Hafen. Father came from Switzerland, county of Thurgau, town of Scherzengen. Mother came from Switzerland, county of Zurich, town of Turpentahl. They left their native country in the early spring of 1861. They were six to seven weeks crossing the Atlantic Ocean. From Council Bluffs, Iowa they came by ox team to Salt Lake City. From Salt Lake City they were called by President Brigham Young in October Conference to settle in Dixie with other Swiss emigrants. They arrived in Santa Clara on December 23, 1861 and settled up at the fort above the point. In the forepart of January 1862 they had a large flood which tore out the present creek channel, and the settlers moved where the present town site 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 houses, 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 Cemetary. 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 ten 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 his small farm. Mother did most of the clerking. She was a good 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; in some the girls took part. The games we used to play were; town bell, sheep, redline, pomp, woolie, devil on the shain, Sam Pete, steel sticks, leap frog, spat and spurs, a pussy wants a corner. When we wanted to go anywhere, our transportation was walking. We often walked up to the Big Rocks to hunt squawbush gum, then we would walk to St. George and trade gum for tame rabbits and pigeons. In our boyhood days they didn't have gun to sell in the stores and candy was a luxury to us, and we seldom ever had a nickel to spend. We used to make a lot of molasses candy and popcorn balls.

My first school teacher 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 for three years. If he caught us whispering, he would have us stand on one foot till school was out. If we let the other foot hang down a little, he would come by, give us a crach with a 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 a girl on each side to hold my arm. I fainted, fell down on my head, and was knocked out for some time. That did really give 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 career, one teacher taught all the grades with eighty to one hundred pupils. We had no promotions, very few books, and often went over the same work for two years. We had long wooden desks and eight or ten 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.

(Story continues as written by Lola McArthur, daughter of Adolph Hafen.)

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 a larger one.

Another time Dad and Theodore Graff had to stay in for talking. For punishment they had to write poetry. Dad wrote really big, filled his slate and was excused, Theodore wrote real 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 mantelpiece. Brother Reber didn't know what to do, but Father said, "Oh, we will just split the other bunch and make two small bouquets." This they did, and the lady never noticed the difference.

When Father was nineteen years of age, he got some chaff or trash in his eye while 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've always fed myself and I'll manage now." But after putting his hand in the coffee and knocking down a glass, he decided to let the nurse feed him. He was in the hospital three to four 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 should 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 the 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, President McKinley was assassinated in Washington, D. C.

This same fall he made a trip to California with three other men which is told in Lily Mae's theme.

AN INTERESTING TRIP, English theme, by Lily Mae Hafen Snow, daughter of Adolph Hafen.

"In the month of September, 1895, Bishop Thomas Judd of St. George, Bishop Edward Bunder, and Jesse Waite of Bunkerville, Nevada, and my father started for California in a buckboard drawn by two small ponies.

They camped in Bunkerville the first night and 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 five-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 couldn't 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 missed the old road and traveled down a gravel wash, supposing it to be the road, but to their regret the wash narrowed and they came to a big ledge so they were cornered. They unhitched the horses and lifted the buckboard around. They then traveled back up the wash to locate the old road. After finding it, they continued their journey.

They arrived at Callwell on the Colorado River about ten o'clock that night. The next morning the men found several sacks of mesquite beans, under a shed, that the Indians 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 on a hill about two miles away and wave his hat to tell the others on which side the road went. He was so far away that they couldn't see the signal so they called 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 the fork of two old roads. Two of them wanted to take the right hand road and the other two thought they should take the left hand road. At length they decided to lunch and then ask God in prayer that He might inspire them to take the right road. After prayer, they decided to take the left hand road. They traveled until four o'clock in the morning when they heard a dog bark on the side of a mountain, which was the happiest bark that they had ever heard.

There was an old prospector living there in a dugout. He told them that by going up the canyon about four miles. They unhitched the horses and gave them a drink. The next morning they went on and after two days of traveling they arrived at Vandervault, California.

Had they taken the right hand road 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 read or told Swiss and German stories and 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, Susetta Bosshard Hafen in Santa Clara. She would read the paper and then tell the stories to the children. They were always glad to get the papers as there were no newspapers printed in this vicinity at that time. After our grandparents read the papers, they passed them on to the 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, they gave it to other boys and laughed when it burned their mouths. He was quite a hand to pull pranks on others.

While attending grade school, the Friday afternoon spelling matches were really interesting. He said he and Alvin Graff Wittwer 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, 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 St. George forty to nineteen. The St. George team would not consider themselves beat, unless they played again on New Year's Day so they could practice a week. But when they played on New Year's Day, the students beat the St. George team worse than ever. Members of the teams were:

Students	City Team
Adolph Hafen	George F. Whitehead
Walter Graff	Adolph Whitehead
Ernest Reber	Heber Smith
Charles Whipple	Ashby Snow
Warren Cox	Wallace Keat
Frank Snow	John M. McQuarrie
Duncan McArthur	Alec Milne
Joe Webb	Joseph Webb
Wall Webb	Ephriam Webb

Father pitched a nine-inning matched game on Christmas and New Year in the forenoon at St. George, and a nine-inning matched game on both days in the afternoon at Santa Clara.

Father helped make molasses every fall for years while in his teens. They would walk up to the the Five-Mile place to cut sugar cane, where Guss 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, a half-brother, on a calf. The calf ran out in the middle of the Santa Clara Creek and threw Albert off. The boys had a good laugh.

Father left in September 1896 to fill a L.D.S. mission in Switzerland. He went by team and wagon to Milford, Utah, took the train there for Salt Lake and on to Philadelphia. While there, 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 dollars were made.

He left Philadelphia on a Friday and was a little over two weeks on the ocean. There were five L.D.S. missionaries and a Sectarian minister on board. The Captain asked the missionaries to hold services both Sundays while on the ocean, and didn't ask the minister to hold services at all. Father was a total stranger to the other four missionaries and has never seen them since he returned.

Zery 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, then onto Huff, England, from there he took a steamer at twelve midnight for Holland. He landed in Antwerp at twelve 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 from

there to Switzerland where he spent all of his missionary time.

Brother Bandley was Father's first senior companion. Brother Mertz and Brother Wallace B. Mathis were his other companions. Brother Bandley 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 they should visit. They walked the fifteen miles and administered to the boy. Father went out and sat on a rock. The scenery was beautiful, and when Brother Bandley came out he said, "Are you homesick, Brother Hafen?" Father replied, "No, but are all the places as dirty as this?" Brother Bandley said, "No, thank the Lord this is the worst one." But, Father said the wife of this family made the best elderberry jam he ever tasted.

Father's first converts were a man and his wife by the name of Smith. They were baptized in February and the willows along the bank were hanging low with ice. Brother Bandley 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 Smiths would freeze to death. Both of them were rather delicate people, but then when they came out of the water, Sister Smith said she had 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, rake it in bundles and tie it with last year's straw. So Father showed them how it was done in America with the fresh straw. He could tie ten 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 didn't join until later. He had been a very staunch Catholic.

In the town of Guben there were quite a number of investigators and members. The Elders arranged for a meeting and sent for the president of the mission to come hold a meeting with them. Father became very ill and didn't think he would be able to attend, but President 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. They did not suffer ill effects of the cold water, but decided not to take any more cut-offs.

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 quickly landed on the back of his head.

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, "Didn'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. A good number of missionaries had been banished from there. When arriving at Chur, he went to a German who was living there and asked 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 city and county 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 his papers without any further inquires and was never bothered at all by the officers. In fact he was highly respected by them.

Daddy did tracting every afternoon in the villages and had been to all except one, so 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, he didn't feel better so he went into the woods and knelt down and prayed. After that, he continued on to the village. When he got there he didn't feel any better and did not do any tracting

because he felt so depressed. Some time 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. On checking up he found that the child had died on the day he 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, we can feel the same sorrow that they do.

Father spent \$450 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.

When Father was about to be released from his mission, Harmon Wittwer 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 Wittwer said, "Tell her hello and give her a kiss for me." Father did, and fell in love with her. He returned December 10, 1898 and they were married February 22, 1900, while Brother Wittwer was still in the mission field.

On returning, Father boarded ship at Antwerp, Holland, went to England, crossed the continent by train to Glasgow, Scotland where he had to sail for home. They were about one hour late, the steamer had sailed, they hired a tugboat to catch up with the steamer, which took two or three hours. While crossing the ocean coming home, there was a terrible storm at sea. The Captain said it was the worst he'd ever encountered in twenty years. Everyone on board got seasick, except Father.

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

During their fifteen 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 black-top buggy, with one white and one black mule, to be married. None of their folks went with them. About one PM they returned to Santa Clara. The town band consisting of John and Frank Staheli, Jacob and William Tobler played band 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 violin, and John Staheli, our neighbor, played the cornet.

For the celebration for their fiftieth wedding anniversary, Frank Staheli and companions furnished the music for the dance after the program and refreshments.

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, and 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 22, 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 have lived ever since, and added to the two 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 fourteen years of age and kept accounts of all grain that was turned in on the Relief Society fund, which accumulated until there were about one hundred bushels.

The first real nice dress mother owned, she earned gleaned grain. Father remembers a really 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.

Mother was appointed Postmaster a few months after they were married and had moved to the Bunker home, and that job they had until 1918. The mail came daily, except Sunday, from St. George to Pine Valley by way of Gunlock. First it came 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 had it until September 1, 1945 when they sold it to Horace and Ethel McArthur.

In 1921, the grant for a "homestead" was approved and for six months of the year they lived on the homestead farm in the south fields. The older children, especially Lila and Lola, doing the clerking

much of the time in the summer and after school.

Our parents had the first "parlorset" 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 MIA President for three years, was in the Relief Society Presidency for a number of years with Freda Stucki and Esther Gubler. She was a Relief Society teacher many years.

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 Stucki's home. They had a good home and lived well. Friends of Mother's were: Jennie Huges, Freda Ence Reber, Eliza Reber Graff, Otilia Ence Tobler, and Rosella Whittwer and Mollie Graff Goyle.

Those baptized in the ditch in front of the meeting house the same day as Father were: Lorenzo Leavitt, Mary Wittwer, Albert Hafen, and Hermena Tobler Graff. They were baptized, then went to Brother Tobler's house and were confirmed by Brother Jacob Tobler. Father was ordained a High Priest by Apostle Melvin J. Ballard.

Father donated \$75 to Dixie College by hauling freight from Modena. 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 sinking 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 piped the water into town. He was a member of the board for Santa Clara and St. George Field Irrigation Company for twenty years. He was president of the Santa Clara Irrigation Company four years. He was put on the Old Folks Committee in 1899 and was still on in July 1948, but wasn't too active the last few years. He served as a Sunday School teacher, and was a Ward Teacher for sixty years.

When he was fourteen years old he went ward teaching with John S. Stucki and his first visit was to Samuel Wittwer, Sr. family. Some he especially enjoyed visiting with while ward teaching were: Aunt Mary Blickenstorfer and Sister Pollock, who would sing Swiss songs.

PEDDLING EXPERIENCES

In February, Father and Uncle Ernest went to Delamar on a peddling trip. On their way out a bad snow storm 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 didn't think it could be done. Father took the ax, knocked a limb from a dry tree, made some kindlings and started the tree to burn. They then 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 could make their beds and tie the horses where it was dry.

Brother Harmon, Willie Tobler and Father were traveling to Delamar another time. At Nelson's Ranch (at the time of writing, now Marty Larson's) Father became very ill, with a severe pain in his side. Brother Harmon and Willie put rocks in the fire and when very hot, wrapped them in burlap and put them on father. They were up most all night doing this. The next morning they resumed their trip, Father managing his team and brake from a lying position. When they returned, 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 and went home the third day.

Frisco, Utah was fifteen miles north of Milford and took ten days to make the trip with the same kind of load. New House was six or eight miles west of Frisco, Fay and Deer Lodge was a six day trip. State Line was eighteen miles northwest of Modena. Pioche, Delamar, Pioche, and Panaca were 10 day trips. Las Vegas was ten to twelve 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, so they went six miles out of their way to Hamlin's Ranch to try and get bread. They didn't have any either. Mrs. Hamblin said that 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. Mrs. Hamblin baked them enough baking powder biscuits to do them until they got home. Edward Hamblin was owner of the ranch and 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'd go to the houses they had been to before trying to sell for ten cents a pound. So he went to the same places and said he had some nice beans, ten pounds for a dollar. One lady said, "Weren't you here yesterday?" Dad said, "Yes, and we'll be back tomorrow unless we sell out." 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 dozrn but couldn't sell his. Dad told him where to go. He said, "I've been there and they didn't want any." Dad said, "They do too." So Jacob went back after dinner, but the lady wouldn't buy them, so Dad went back with Jacob. He went in and said, "I have a load of 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 from me?" Dad said, "Oh, you don't act like you want to sell very bad."

BRIGHAM'S HELPER, English Theme by Arlo Hafen, son of Adolph Hafen

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 from the sparkle and merriment in his one good eye that the humor of his earlier life still had frequent out-croppings. His life was not much different from that led by most of the early settlers who reared large families, and he was forced to keep adding to his house to shelter his ever increasing family. Even that old house, as well as it's sleeping occupant could tell many stories and give an accurate account of the growth of the family. It started out as a two-room house, but during the course of years and five remodelings and additions ended up with fifteen rooms and thirteen 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 those 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 not heavy enough on others? Who are we to day? "Judge not, that you be not judged" characterized his life and should be part of anything said 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 clean up. 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 Germany (Switzerland) and was about to be released. His friend told him to be sure and tell his girl friend 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 fair success. He owned the town's 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 of these endeavors to feed the thirteen hungry mouths and build room for them to live in.

He was a strict Church member; conservative and saving; authorative and demanding of his children. My sisters have often told the story of when they ran off and didn't help Mother. As a result Dad put cowbells on them and believe me they stayed close to home. In fact, they stayed under the bed most of the day. Even I experienceg the hot, burning flame of red pepper on my tongue when I took the Lord's name in vaid 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 unending jobs he planned for us to do. "Better to dig a hole and fill it up with rocks than stand idle," was a favorite saying. He would probably have better health today if he had slowed down with increasing age, but he always wanted to be doing something and wasn't happy unless he was. Too much work was his undoing and he finally broke a heart that doctors said was perfect for his age.

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. Our 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 anyother place. Our friends were always welcome there. We were never allowed to go out nights or stay out after dances. Father always said, "It's 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 freighting 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.

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've missed her greatly.

Father lived a lonely life for the next six years, staying on in his home, visiting around with his 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 of Father, seeing that he had his meals and that there was always clean clothes and bed. We all helped some, but she took the responsibility and 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 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.

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 do.

Father was born June 16, 1874. Mother was born October 12, 1880. They were married February 22, 1900.

THEIR CHILDREN

MARRIED

THEIR GRANDCHILDREN

Lila
Barbara

Lorin Reber

Clare, MacRae, Clark, Helen,

Paul Adolph

Helen Forsha

Pauline, Anthony Paul, Glenn

Lola
Arlene, Ramona,

Arnold McArthur

Ralph Arnold, Loretta,
Donald Arlo, Annette

Minnie
Jerri Lynn

Lorenzo McGregor

Annie Laurie, Lorenzo W. Jr.,

Olive
Carol Rose,
Michael Paul,

Clarence M. Moss

Erwin Clarence, Robert Hafen,
David Adolph, Ronald John,
Ruth Ann

Ruth
Jean

Elwood Romney

Jerry Elwood, Janice,

Ned Born June 10, 1912 Died April 20, 1921

Ethel

Horace McArthur

Douglas

Karl William

Leora Morris

Karlene (1941-1956), Howard

John, Kim

Lily Mae

Melba

Lee, Linda

Arlo John
Suzanne, Hans Adolph,

Daniel Roy
Bradley Jess,

George Snow`

Ralph Chelf (divorced)
Jay Kessler

Ramona Chamberlain

Alta Mae Neilson

Morris

Stephen (stillborn), Susan

Charleen, Vicky Lee, Becky

Kendrick John, Pamela,

Ned, Jill, Jennifer

Danna Mae, Roy Neilson,

Tona