



AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF

Arthur K. Hafen
&
Orilla Woods Hafen

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF
AURTHUR KNIGHT HAFEN AND ORILLA WOODS HAFEN
ST. GEORGE, UTAH
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART ONE	PAGES
Before Marriage.	1-25
Sketch of A. K. Hafen	1-13
Sketch of Orilla W. Hafen	15-25
Photos ² preceeding 1 and 15	
PART TWO	
Married Life	26-43
Service to Country	43-46
Our Golden Wedding	46-48
Our Family	48-49
Recognitions and Citations	50-52
Memories by the Children	52-70
Photos	25,48
ADDENDA	
ERRATA.	

PREFACE

These sketches of our lives, though incomplete in many ways, were written primarily for family members. It is hoped others will find some interest in life as lived a generation or two ago.

Some changes have occurred since we began writing these sketches, so we are adding names of family members born in the meantime, and are making some changes to make the material accurate as of this date.

Lacking literary merit or other acclaim, these sketches might be interesting and inspirational to those for whom they were written. We feel that the memories written by the children have added to these sketches. Our children are our greatest joy and our greatest reward. We therefore dedicate the book to our children and our children's children with apologies for errors. My impaired vision has made it impossible for me to proof read the copy and eliminate typographical and other errors...

Affectionately,

Mom and Dad

Remeniscing Together

"We've been more than wedded people,
Living hapless year by year,
Bound together in a union
Of convention or of fear;
We've been partners, pals, and sweethearts,
And we're more in love today
Than we were so long ago
When we started out this way."



Santa Clara home. Facing camera- right, Max on yellow mare; left, Orval on Billy. At gate, Father (John Hafen) and Elsie and son Gerhardt (visitors at home)



John Hafen



Lenora Knight Hafen



Clover Valley home



Lamond C. Woods



Elizabeth Terry Woods



Home in St. George, Grandpa (Lamond) Woods sitting on porch.



FAMILY TREE 1962
(Mom and Dad)

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ARTHUR KNIGHT HAFEN

PART 1 Before Marriage

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view". Woodworth

Why should I desire to write of my life? Perhaps just for my own "amazement". Yet, in 74 years some interesting things should have happened. I have not kept a diary nor filed any letters or clippings of written incidents that might have proved helpful. So, in depending upon memory, very much of what might be interesting is likely not recalled.

I was accepted, for better or for worse, as the first born of John and Lenora Knight Hafen, and the first grandson of John George and Susette Bosshard Hafen, on January 14, 1888, in the small town of Santa Clara in Utah's Dixie. The follies of my nature, thus, cannot be attributed to my parentage, for the Hafen family bears the stamp of a reputable and honorable name. Neither can the environment in the quiet, serene, hollow nestled among the hills, under clear blue skies, where I grew to maturity, be responsible. The people, largely of Swiss descent, practiced frugality, thrift and devotion to an ideal of achievement and success.

The homes, modest and humble, were adorned with flowers, trees, and shrubs. A garden of vegetables, corrals and pens with horses, cows, pigs, chickens, and perhaps other domestic animals, characterized each home. Independence marked the way of life. Much of the pioneering was done before my day, but a glimpse of Santa Clara in my youth shows marked contrasts in some ways to the life there today.

A small one-room adobe building in the center of town served as schoolhouse, church, town hall, and recreation center. Large cottonwood trees grew along the ditches on either side of the principal street. Water in these ditches supplied irrigation for the gardens, drink for the animals and humans, and culinary purposes in the homes. The bell in the old town building summoned children to school, everyone to church, and announced joyous occasions frequently.

Everyone arose early and was at work. Recreation was confined to holidays and an occasional evening. There was time for visiting neighbors and friends, and groups of men often gathered at a convenient meeting place for a few hours each day to discuss current happenings. I can still picture some of the older ladies, too, sitting and chatting in their native tongue as occasion brought them together. Sunday was regarded as a day of worship, and, as there wasn't much to detract, it was accepted as such, except for the proverbial ox in the mire.

Family Members

Sketches of my parents have been written rather extensively, and the names of my brothers and sisters are there listed. However, I would like to characterize each one briefly. Guy, born November 3, 1889, was, of course, naturally more closely associated with me as I grew up. Congenial, somewhat determined, yet kindly, he grew to be an example of honesty, trustworthiness, and dependability. This I could say of the other brothers and sisters. Guy, in many ways is outstanding, though he has not been in the limelight so much, yet his daily acts have gained for him many friends and admirers among those with whom he most closely associated.

Max, with his easy-going, happy ways, developed into a leader among the people with whom he lived, in his chosen and successful career as a farmer and livestock man, including dairyman. He whistled his way to success, perhaps in spite of the concern his twin brother had for him in earlier years.

Orval, impetuous and far-seeing, undertakes big tasks and usually sees them successfully through. He represents the family in politics and is widely known for his contribution as a law maker and attorney.

Jessie, the only sister to grow to maturity in Mother's family, was lovable and kind; took an interest in her brothers' families and made friends wherever she was known. She was talented in music and contributed much with her singing and accompaniment.

The others of Mother's family died in infancy. Children of Father's other families are making good records and carry a good name. Marriages and the families of all of Father's children are recorded in the sketches of our parents.

Uncle Ern

Uncle Ern seems more like a brother than an uncle. Although he was a few years older than I, we were together very much. Being the youngest of his family, and I the oldest of mine, we were often assigned work together. Grandfather's first family owned all the property in common and shared in all the work and the income until Ernest was married.

We worked together at the chores, in the fields, and especially on the range. I appreciate greatly his influence and the help he was to me. He was kind, perhaps never grew angry, and was an example in thoughtfulness for others, in the use of language, and in doing thoroughly any work assigned to him. He was witty and always joked at everything that came along. I remember some of the horses he rode and his daring bravery in the roughest parts of the mountains when he undertook to handle wild cattle or horses. We ate together, slept together, and almost lived together.

Childhood Memories

This year for me should be a harvest year. It is twice a golden year--the fiftieth anniversary of my graduation from college and of my marriage. These two events indicate the beginning of my career as a teacher for forty years, and a man with a home and a family. But childhood memories are too important to be forgotten. Sketches of my parents have been written, and I needn't say more here, except to say our home was a happy home where devotion to all members of the family was shown.

The home where I was born and reared was built on a lot near the center of town on the south side of the main street. Some modifications were made to enlarge the original kitchen. A cellar and an attic served largely for storage. During the summer we slept out-of-doors, and our kitchen was a grapevine arbor where the food was cooked and the meals were eaten. The corrals were east and south of the home on property owned by Father's family. A lane from the street to the corrals provided access to the barn, and an outlet for the stock to get their drink three times each day from the running stream. A large cottonwood tree at the head of the lane afforded shade and a place to hang harnesses, collars, bridles, etc. A granary down the lane was a storage place for wheat and barley after threshing. Outdoor toilets were used for many years.



Group 1: Father, Mother, myself and Guy. Group 11: Mother, myself, Guy, Jessie
Small one taken 1907; next--1910; cap and gown 1912.

Chores

As children we shared in the household chores: feeding and milking the cows (by hand), feeding the other animals, dipping our drinking water, chopping and carrying wood, and running miscellaneous errands. We helped with the farm work, too. I have sickled grain, bound it by hand, and gleaned the heads from the edges and from bits strewn on the ground while the grain was being harvested. When green feed was to be had we sickled or scythed grass and lucern, and gathered weeds in a sack for the cows and pigs. As Mother needed our help she would have us churn the butter, assist with taking up the carpet and again tacking it down at housecleaning seasons, and help with the numerous daily tasks. Cows were taken to the hills for feed in the spring. We helped with the butchering and the preparation of the meat for food, and, in general, learned the art of caring for ourselves to have a supply of food on hand and clothing mended and repaired as needed.

Amusements

We had our amusements, too. Sometimes they were provided at home and sometimes at the homes of our friends, for the door of each home was always open, and we shared our time in the homes of others as well as in our own. Dancing was the chief enjoyment. At a dance I would try to dance with each girl present so that every one who came could share to some extent in the enjoyment. Mayday outings and other field days for the entire community were days that we will never forget.

The most popular gathering place for May Day outings was at Dodge's Spring, a mile or two northwest of St. George near the highway to Dameron Valley, Pine Valley, etc. The water from a spring was ponded for bathing and boating. Boats on the pond, and the bathhouses at the edge of the pond were enhanced by the beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers on the property owned by Charles Dodge. He kept the place clean and attractive. Beautiful roses and a spacious picnic area with swings and other provision for games made it most inviting.

People would ride in wagons with several spring seats so as many as a dozen could ride in one wagon. Sometimes the spring seats were left off and groups filled the wagon. Some could afford buggies, and many of the youngsters rode horseback. Riding to and from was also fun-packed.

The thrills we would get in the evenings when the crowd played: pomp; steal sticks; run, sheep, run; town bell; and such games. Holidays we would have tilting matches on our horses, horse races, foot races, sack racing, egg racing, and nail driving contests. Scalp hunting was great sport.

Scalp Hunting

Scalp hunting consisted of dividing the men and boys of the town into two groups, usually the north side of Santa Clara in one group and those south of the street in the other group. For a designated period, usually two weeks, the groups would seek to kill rodents and predatory animals and birds. Points were awarded for the scalp or for the tail of the animals and counted at the end of the period. The side with most points were treated to a public dinner and a dance by the losing group.

Corn husking, peach cutting, and other group activities, brought boys and girls together in innocent fun. Hunting, trapping, swimming and watching for rabbits while farmers mowed their hay gave us great thrills. We would set our steel traps at night along the trail and sometimes be rewarded in the morning with a coyote, a bob cat, a fox, or a "coon" (raccoon?). Quails were numerous in the fields. We would make a trap by laying short pieces of willow parallel, with cross pieces to raise the trap to a height where quails could stand in them. For triggers we had a standard (short stick to hold one side of the trap up) an over-flyer-one end fitting the standard and the other somewhat more pointed reaching to a spindle, a longer stick, which when touched would trip the trap and the quails were held. We used seeds from weeds for bait, and many times I was thrilled to find the trap "down" with quails in it.

I remember ordering a twenty-two from a drummer from Ogden who came periodically to Grandfather's store with a load of goods that had been ordered, or which might be ordered from samples he carried. He brought the gun I had ordered from another company with his orders, and Father put it together and brought it up to the field where I was working. I still remember the thrill as I saw and felt the shiny new gun. Playing marbles and testing the strength of Easter eggs as a means of acquiring a supply, possessed me to a very great extent, perhaps because I was so eager to win them. When I would go with Father or Grandfather on a peddling trip I would go to a saloon and ask for an empty cigar box, then proceed to trade for marbles. The beautiful spangles or a flint, I got at Pioche, I will always remember. That was the crowning part of the trip for me.

We roamed the hills and fields for hiking, or to gather berries, or gum, or wild flowers which grew so profusely on the hills. Sometimes we would gather dry cactus for fuel. When sheep herds were moved from winter to spring range, there would often be a stray sheep lost, or some lambs too young to follow the herd, which became the property of the one who found them and captured them first. Much of our roaming was on horseback, for a boy's life then was hardly complete if he did not have a pony.

I have picked cotton, cut and stripped cane, and helped grind it in preparation for making sorghum, a process I watched my Father and many others carry on late into the night hours.

Our Domestic Animals

I well remember the first pony to be my very own. Jim was a small black horse with a snip nose. I must have been about eight years old when we traded a pistol to the Indians for him. He was half-starved and abused until he was mean. It took some time for him to realize we would be kind to him. I rode him many years as my sole mount on the spring and fall drives, as well as for rides to the fields and feed lots. When his usefulness was gone, due to age, Father took him to the boneyard and ended his life with a gun. We had many horses, both work horses and saddle horses, and I could tell of many of them. We often traded for other horses, but there were a few we kept as long as they could be used.

Perhaps one other should be mentioned. Billie was a short stout-built chestnut sorrel with a small star in the forehead. (See picture of the home with Orval astride him). Billie was a small colt when his mother, an unbranded mare on Camp Spring Flat, was roped by Uncle Ern. She was shaggy and poor, and the little colt was thought to be worthless. We gave it to Henry Graf, but his mother wouldn't let him keep it. When he brought it back we put it in a field of alfalfa in the fall of the year, and in time it grew to be a favorite, not only with us boys, but with the men. Father, rode him

perhaps more than any other horse he owned. He was nervy, quick, and fleet. He was many times the champion race horse during our holiday festivities. He could climb the hills with such ease and had such endurance that he was well known in the cow camp. His life was ended as Jim's was.

One of our favorite workhorses was "Old Suse". She was purchased from a band driven in from California. She was black with a strip in her face. Family members grew attached to her, and she served us long and well. One trait she developed was to run away when frightened, and this sometimes proved to be serious. She was still our property when she died, and her death was mourned.

Tread, a bay horse, was another brought in from California. He was nervy and seemed to be made of steel. He would run away at the drop of a hat. It would take pages and pages to tell of the horses I rode and of the teams I drove. I could tell of dogs we owned and how much they meant to us. Some of the cows we milked for years and years played a prominent part in our possessions. Cows had their names, too, usually for their color, but other reasons were found for naming them. Best remembered in my early years is "Old Red". There was Roan and Brin and a host of others, all with long horns, and some developed the art of kicking.

Miscellaneous Activities

Our farms were small plots owned by the brothers in Grandfather's first family. One piece was at three-mile place (three miles west on the Creek); another in the South-field; another east of town where Ballard's home now is. There was one we called the Vineyard east of town and another south of it across the creek. Findlay's was purchased before I was grown. We raised wheat for our bread and for the chickens, barley for the horses, and alfalfa for all the livestock. The straw from the grain crop was used for winter feed for the cattle. The stack was across the creek south and east of town. Each evening straw was fed, and during the day, the cattle would browse on the south hills, going up the Keller Wash and on south over the hills. Feeding was my job after school. The winter I taught in Santa Clara this feeding was a bit of recreation, as there wasn't much else to do. Most of the young people were away to school, so I had to entertain myself largely.

Another winter pastime was cutting and trimming trees, then hauling the wood and chopping it into lengths for the fireplace or the stove. Great piles of green wood were stacked and chopped for summer use. One day each winter was a community day when men and boys were assigned by the bishopric to homes of widows or others needing help, and the day would be spent chopping wood. A good dinner was furnished and in the evening a public dance compensated for the day's activities. These days were enjoyed and were helpful in promoting community spirit.

Most of the fuel was provided in this way, but sometimes we would go to the hills for dry wood. The "New Cedars" and the "Old Cedars" were not so far from town, and a load could be hauled in a day. Wood was soon depleted in these areas, and it became necessary to go farther west and take two days for a trip. I remember going to the Jackson area several times. One trip Ensign Gubler and I each took our outfits and camped this side of Pawcoon Springs, west of Shem on the Jackson road. On this trip I drove a team of mules, Tobe and Dock. When I hitched them to a chain, the other end of which was fastened to a dry tree, they pulled the tree over, but it was longer than the chain, and the end of the tree hit the mules and they ran away, tearing the harness to pieces. We found wire around our bales of hay and patched the harness as best we could with it. I remember Ensign's saying, "Wire is about the handiest thing they be."

Peddling

Peddling fruit, vegetables, and other commodities in the mining camps in Nevada, was a common way of getting some money, as it was very scarce in our local communities. As a boy I went along with Father, or mostly with Grandfather to Pioche, Delamar, and adjacent towns. When I became old enough to make the trips by myself, I hauled many loads over the usual routes. I made the money to take me to high school the first year by hauling a load of grapes to Delamar. Uncle Dolph took a load, too, and we traveled together. The grapes were sold to the Italians to be made into wine. They were unloaded into large tubs, and the men took off their shoes and tramped the juice from the grapes. This was rather a primitive type of wine press, but it seemed to suffice. I remember getting a twenty-dollar gold piece on this trip, and it nearly took care of my expenses the first winter of school at Cedar City. I did chores for my room and board, and was used to getting along without much spending money.

One of my early trips was with Uncle Dolph to the White Hills in Nevada. Mother let me go along with the understanding I would stay at Aunt Mary (Bunker's) in Bunkerville until Uncle Dolph returned. I soon got lonesome and asked him to take me with him. I remember being ferried across the Colorado at Bonelli's Ferry. While Indians were rowing the boat across the river a wind came up and took us down stream. We were frightened, but Uncle Dolph helped row, and we reached a landing along the bank down stream and went on our way. I think I was five or six years old then.

Some of the old camp grounds along the roads could be the source of many stories. Crowds often camped together, and a big campfire called for tales of experiences late into the night. Some of the best remembered camp grounds are: Diamond Valley, Chad's Ranch, Cane Springs, Holt's Ranch, on the edge of the desert, the Grade (now Crestline), Panaca, or Bullionville just west of Panaca. On a road used for a number of years leading west to Acoma, camps were made at The Forks (of the Beaver Dam Wash), at Nelson's Ranch, Brock's Ranch, Adair's and Hamblin's Ranches. From Acoma the road took us west to a wash leading to Caliente and on to Delamar. Returning from Delamar we sometimes went down the Meadow Valley Wash by Cannan's and Bradshaw's ranches, then across the desert to Terry's Ranch on the Beaver Dam Wash.

Frisco and Newhouse, west of Milford, were thriving towns for a time. The route from Holt's ranch followed the foothills on the edge of the desert northward to what is now Newcastle, on to Antelope Springs, and northwest to Newhouse and Frisco, then east to Milford. For a long time Milford was the terminus of the railroad, so loads of freight for the stores could be hauled on the return trip. The route homeward from Milford was over to Minersville, across south by Rushlake, on to Enoch and Cedar City over rough and heavy roads home. One stretch of road to be remembered was near Grapevine Springs, east of Leeds. Here the road was so sandy it was difficult for one team to pull the load. Hence, a toll road was maintained for the distance of one mile and was often used by those whose conscience would allow them to part with twenty-five cents for the privilege.

Range Areas

Ranges for the cattle and horses extended over long stretches of country; in the winter as far south as Beaverdams or Mesquite and in the summer into Bull Valley, west and south of Enterprise. Cattle were trailed all these distances. Unknown today, except by those old enough to have been on the trails of long ago, are such camping places as: Magotsu, Bigelow or Bowler's Ranch, The Wire Corral, near junction of Mago

and Santa Clara Creeks, Sand Corral, about four miles below Gunlock, Summit Springs, Welcome, and the mouth of the Beaver Dam Wash, about where the Lodge now is built. It was a boy's delight to be among the group around the camp-fire and listen to the stories told.

Other Reminiscences

About 1900, when Father was on his mission, I went on the spring round-up. I was then about twelve. Uncle Ern and Uncle Harmon were among the group. Some of the McQuarries had purchased a bunch of wild cattle ranging near Welcome and they joined forces with us. After leaving the Beaver Dam area we camped at Summit Springs and turned our horses out to graze for the night. One morning the wranglers came in without one of our horses, and I was sent out to get it. It was cloudy and rainy. After I found the horse I was mixed in the directions because of the fog. I wandered all day and gave the men considerable concern. In my travel I made for the top of a high point to get a view of the country. I thought I had been going southwest and would soon come to the slope west of the mountains. When I got to the top of the hill I could see the Red Mountain and the Pine Valley Mountain ahead of me. I made for the highway, and down in a wash among the cedars I could see a smoke. It was from a cabin of a prospector. He let me dry my clothes by his fire and gave me a warm meal. I reached camp just at dusk, much to the relief of the men, especially Uncle Harmon who felt he should be my guardian.

Another time I was to take hay and provisions to the men returning from the Wash with cattle to Jackson Springs. I had also planned to chop a load of posts to take home. I took a little excursion into the hills south of the camp and met up with a bunch of mustangs. I couldn't resist; down came the lass and I soon had the noose around the neck of a fine two-year-old colt. I was rid Billie. He was gaunt as a rail, and when I wrapped the rope around the horn of the saddle, the saddle was pulled nearly off the horse. I jumped off, gave the saddle a push, then rushed to a cedar tree where I tied the rope and went in pursuit of Billie. I found the blankets, then the saddle, but no Billie. When I returned to the colt after losing Billie, I found it choked to death by the slip noose around its neck. The next day I tracked Billie by way of Inman, Bitt and Welcome to the highway and found him at home.

I have fallen from a horse many times and in other ways narrowly escaped serious injury or even death. One evening I was riding from the three-mile farm with Uncle Harmon on a load of stripped cane to be taken to the sorghum mill. It was after dark when we reached the gate at the entrance of town. Uncle Harmon got off and opened the gate and I held the lines. Going through the gateway a wheel struck a post, the wagon tongue struck the legs of one of the horses, and they were off in a flash. Dashing down the street a wheel struck a rock and nearly overturned the wagon. At the lane leading to our corral the horses turned still at a fast speed, and came to a board gate at the corral. What kept the wagon from overturning or kept me from being thrown off I must leave to you. That was another time Uncle Harmon was praying earnestly for me.

I am sure it would be best not to reveal my disposition and conduct as manifest in the early years of my life. Aunt Eva has told me I was the meanest little devil that ever lived in that town. She should know. An incident or two might characterize me. When Mother and I were returning home one evening

I loitered along and she went on, as we were nearly home. Because she wouldⁿt wait for me I picked up a few rock gravels and put them up my nose. I can still see Mother's anxiety as she tried to get them from my nostrils with a hairpin.

One morning I was with Uncle Ern while he milked the cow. Something came up between us, and I became peeved. I picked up a handful of dry manure and threw it into the brimming full bucket of milk. Uncle Ern cried and reported me to his mother. I always got by without punishment. Perhaps that is why, with a temper as mine, I did so many things that I hope now are forgotten.

One of my teachers when I was very young disciplined with a ruler. If I had been out of order he would walk casually down the aisle to where I was seated and say, "Art, hold out your hand". I thought it best to conform to his request and receive a good hard whack with the ruler. He was partially bald, and we spoke of him as "Old Balley". I succeeded well with him in reading and spelling. We would earn our place in the class row by spelling or misspelling words in the lesson. One spelling a word correctly, which others in line above him had missed, moved ahead toward the head of the class. When he gained this place he was put at the foot of the row and contested to see if he could again get the head position.

One incident shows the strictness used. We evidently had to form in line outside the door immediately after the bell rang for us to enter, either at the close of "recess" or at the beginning of school. One time our playground was used to dry sun bricks, and a barbed wire fence was strung around the area to protect them. I have been reminded by one of the fellows of my getting tangled in the wire when the bell was ringing and saying, "Balley, quit ringing that bell".

The teacher allowed me to try a grade ahead one day and see if I could handle the reading. I recall the word neighbor which was new to me, and I told the teacher he had made a mistake. It should be night bar.

Some of our pranks seemed like fun to us. We used to ask for the bladder of pigs or cows when they were butchered. We inflated it and had a balloon to toss about. One day Ern and I tied one to our dog Keno's tail. He took off frightened nearly to death as it bounced from side to side. We were afraid he might never get back, but in time it was freed from his tail and he returned home.

"Stealing Grapes"

I was arrested with other boys for "stealing" grapes. Henry Graf, Karl Fordham, Mart Gubler, and I went swimming on August 19, 1901 at the head of the St. George Field Canal where a shutter could be used to back the water to make it deep enough for good swimming. After the swim we walked through the lot of John S. Stucki and picked some seedless grapes and stopped in what was then 'Knights' corral to eat them. Along came Brother Stucki and asked us where we got the grapes. He told us he had a mind to make them pretty dear grapes, and he did. He reported to Jake Frei and had papers served on us. Jake Laub acted as deputy constable and rounded us up on horseback and took us to court to plead. We were fined two dollars each. I think it was a good lesson for us.

Karl Fordham and I hid behind a clump of trees when old man Bauman was coming along. When he got close to us we jumped out, shouted, and clapped our hands and his fat little team took to the road as fast as they could run. This story better end here. We had fun in our gang going about at night fastening a thread to a window, unraveling the thread from a spool until we got at a safe distance, then running rosin along the thread and watching the frightened inmates in the house. We had fun putting "high life" on the backs of horses, dogs, and other animals and watching them buck. We often cached eggs to have a supply on hand for Easter, or to take to the store where we found a ready market for them. We liked to torment widows or some innocent rather helpless person by throwing rocks to frighten their horses in their corrals.

Mother told me how I embarrassed her one Sunday. I remember the incident well. I had sat by a friendly old man who let me tickle him and play with him in church. One Sunday I was at it again, but it happened to be a different man--his brother and I didn't realize it, I think. Instead of cooperation I got a frown and with my second attempt, he arose, took me by the ears and led me down the aisle and out the door, then locked the door. I remember saying to him, "I wanted to go out anyway". Mother said we had visitors that day and she was humiliated. She tells me that I would hang on to the sacrament cup when wine was passed to me. More embarrassment!

The wine must have been unfermented. I liked the sweet wine, but whenever I had fermented wine I liked to add sugar and water. That I have never drunk liquor is no particular credit to me, for I abhorred the taste of it. Even beer seems to taste so much like yeast that it is repulsive. I never drink coca cola or pepsicola, and many other soft drinks. They don't tempt me at all. When I wanted to show off I would smoke a cigar, or in gangs we took mesquite roots or drift wood that was porous and lighted one end and puffed away on them. I like to smell the smoke of a cigar. I have never formed any such habits as smoking or drinking liquor.

I am thankful for the moral standards upheld in our home and in our community. Sex education was completely out. I think that it had its advantages. Work and compensating for what I obtained, along with scarcity of money and not too much leisure, are attributes of a life I would like to see reinstated in place of dole, frowning on work, frugality, and saving. I think some of the qualities of life of my earlier years would strengthen society today and preserve our country.

Schooling

I went to ungraded schools until I was in the seventh grade. Menzies McFarlane was our teacher that year. Graduating from the eighth grade was a great occasion. We were required to pass uniform examinations sent out from the state office. I graduated from the eighth grade in 1904 with Henry Graf, Alfred Stucki, Ed Tobler, and Karl Fordham. Leo A. Snow was our teacher. Graduation exercises for all graduating students in the county were held in the Tabernacle in St. George.

The next fall I went to Cedar City to attend the B.N.S. I lived at the home of Mrs. Thorley, the first generation there. I did chores and helped Saturdays with the work for my room and board. This was just south of the school campus. The next year I boarded with Mrs. Porter in a home she rented

across the street east of the campus. Other boys boarded there also. The next year Guy went to school too, and with Caddie and Josie Bunker, our cousins from Bunkerville, we kept house at John Parry's on Main Street and Second North.

My thoughts were more on the range chasing cattle than on subject-matter I was reading in the library. Why I chose school teaching as a profession I hardly know. I got along well with most of the subjects. I didn't do so well in mathematics or art, but reading and spelling and history were more to my liking. Once at the county fair in St. George when I was rather young I was induced to enter a spelling match and an oral arithmetic contest with James Cottam and Angus Woodbury. I did myself proud in such work.

We were returning from our Christmas holidays to Cedar after New Years in 1907. There was a large group of us, as several from Bunkerville had also been attending. We went to Leeds the first day and had a dance there that night. A storm came up and we stayed at Bellevue (Pintura now) the next night. There were sixteen of us bedded down in one room. The storm prevented us from getting up the Black Ridge (the road was then on the east side of the canyon) so we turned back. A few days later Henry Graf and I went back horseback, and others came a little later. Some of them didn't return at all.

I graduated in 1907, and as the B.N.S. was a branch of the University of Utah, normally I should have gone to Salt Lake City to complete my training. It was rather a coincidence that I decided to go to the B.Y.U.

Going to the B.Y.U.

Two professors from the B.Y.U. came through the southern part of the state in the fall and told of the school and its advantages. After the meeting in Santa Clara, Father said, "Why don't you go to Provo?" I thought some of it, but when I went to Cedar on my way the teachers there discouraged me, so I was undecided. I rode the stage from Cedar to Lund and was still undecided when Reuben Gardner from Pine Valley drove up with a load of students headed for Provo to school. They persuaded me to buy with them a group ticket which made it possible to stop off at Provo and investigate the courses and certification given there. It proved satisfactory and I stayed. A few others from Santa Clara, Ern Tobler, Will Staheli, Herman Stucki--were also to be there. We roomed and boarded together. Most of my classmates graduating from B.N.S. went to the U. of U. that winter. After finishing high school at the Y, I decided to go there for my college classes with results told of elsewhere in this sketch. I completed my course that year and was given a teacher certificate qualifying me to teach in the public schools of Utah. The year 1908 and 1909 I served as principal of the Santa Clara schools, teaching 6th, 7th, and 8th grades. Effie Frei and Cecelia Ence were the other teachers. I was paid \$65.00 per month as my salary. The next year money was made available, so a raise of \$30.00 a month was offered me, but I wanted to go to college. I received an A.B. degree in 1912 and an M. A. degree in 1926 from the B.Y.U.

I bought a trombone at the B.N.S. and played in the orchestra there one year and in the band at the B.Y.U. I played some at Dixie while I was teaching, but I was not much of a musician. To earn my M.A. degree I attended summer schools at the U. of U., and the B.Y.U. in Aspen Grove, and in 1918 I attended the University of California in Berkeley. Returning by way of Los

Angeles I visited with some of Grandmother's family members briefly. Later when I attended the University of Southern California I visited some of the relatives often and became well acquainted with them. It was a pleasant experience to go to their homes and visit with them. In 1932 I attended the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque to study Spanish. I lived at La Casa Blanca, which was used as a sorority house during the regular school term.

In preference to a summer school I took a trip to Mexico City in 1936. P. D. Spilsbury, his wife and son and Eleanor S. Smith and one of her sisters and I went in a touring car with a trailer attached to carry our luggage. We went by way of Kanab, Navajo Bridge, St. Joseph, Eager, Arizona, Silver City, New Mexico, Deming, New Mexico, to El Paso, and on down to Nuevo Laredo, where we crossed the border. The drive through Mexico was interesting. We stopped often to talk to the people as I was looking for an opportunity to use Spanish. We visited Xochimilco, the Pyramids, and many other interesting places in and around Mexico City. On returning we went through Arizona to Mesa, and Phoenix and by way of Las Vegas, Nevada. It was an interesting and a profitable trip.

For my Master's Thesis I made a survey of the reading material in the homes of several of the towns in Washington County. I was elected Superintendent of Schools in Washington County in 1914 and acted in that capacity for one year in connection with my teaching at the St. George Stake Academy. In the summer of 1915 I attended the N.E.A. Convention in New York. I made the trip from Salt Lake with several other educators from Utah. We stayed at the McAlpin Hotel. During my term as superintendent, schools in Utah were consolidated and that meant full time for the office. As I had cattle, I preferred to teach and look after the cattle in the summer. I thought I would like teaching better than administrative work, so I declined the appointment which was offered to me. W. O. Bentley was appointed as soon as he could qualify. I visited all the schools of the county that year, traveling in a small black-top buggy pulled by two small bay mares.

Visiting Schools as Sup't

As I recall, there were no high schools except the Academy in St. George, and each small district had its school with a local board of Trustees in charge. As I recall Robert P. Woodbury was teacher at LaVerkin; Joseph T. Wilkinson, Principal at Hurricane and Hannah Crosby one of the teachers. I think it was Clinton Burt at Virgin, Edna Cragun at Rockville and Estella Jacobson at Pine Valley; Marcus Tegan was the teacher at Pinto. I think this was the last year a school was held at Pinto. Some incidents in connection with the visits help me to remember some of the teachers, but I cannot remember them all. I think there was a school at Bloomington also.

The year following my teaching at Santa Clara, Guy went to the B.Y.U., so Father needed my help on the fall round-up and on the farm. I stayed until the winter quarter then returned early in the spring. I went to the U. of U. the next summer to complete the year's work. After summer school I worked at Salt Air until school time in the fall. I went back to Provo and found my sister, Jessie, and others from Santa Clara who had come up for school. On the train they saw Orilla and her sister Ada, whom Will Staheli had met, and they thus became acquainted. Jessie told me she wanted me to meet the two girls, who were there also to go to school. We were together often in groups with other Dixie

students. Will began dating Ada. The next year she taught the school in Clover Valley, and Will taught music at the St. George Stake Academy. Orilla and I went back to the B.Y.U. Guy taught school in Santa Clara that year, and Jessie went to school in St. George.

At the B.Y.U. I participated in debating. There were two societies, the Athena, to which I belonged, and one other. I was selected with James B. Tucker to represent our society in a debate before the entire school. Dave Wilson and Arthur Beeley represented the other club. I was given a gold medal in oratory for the oration given on Washington's Birthday. This was in one of the programs before the entire school also.

Our classes were on the lower campus, Fifth to Sixth North and College Avenue to First East until 1912, when Maeser Memorial building was completed. We had a few classes in that building, the only one of the upper or present campus at that time. The school was not large, as we think of it now. We knew our teachers intimately, and knew the students in our classes and many of the others. There were eighteen of us graduated in May, 1912, receiving A. B. degrees.

Miscellaneous Items

First trip to the Ranch---I think our first trip to the ranch in Bull Valley was in 1899 when Father was on his mission. I was then about eleven, but Uncle Ern was along to look after me. It was a tedious and tiresome trip. Cattle were poor and foot-sore, and we thought it was necessary to take them right to the cabin before they were left to graze. Instead of leaving them in the Bull Valley corral area, or even in the Maple Canyon, we pounded them along up the trail over Maple Ridge and on down to the ranch house. We had to carry some of the calves, as they were worn out. Those in the group besides Uncle Ern and me, as I remember, were Uncle Lorenzo Leavitt, John M. Stucki, George Graf, and Rob Frei. There may have been others. We trailed the cattle through Gunlock to Biglow Ranch, then up Moody Wash which was rough and rocky. This was the route used for many years thereafter.

A Summer in Pioche

As so much produce was being hauled into Pioche by peddlers, merchants there demanded anyone selling produce to buy a license. This would have been a hardship for each one to purchase an individual license, so it was decided to form a cooperative and establish a business there. Harmon Gubler, Jr., and I were hired to stay there and handle loads brought in. We rented a room for our store and for sleeping and had our meals at two restaurants, he at one and I at China Dick's. We would take orders from cafes and homes and make deliveries in a small one-horse buggy. I took old Dobbin, one of our saddle horses, also used to the harness, out there and in the fall when I came home to teach school, I drove him and had Will Carter for a passenger. We camped the first night in Panaca at George Edwards' yard where travelers were often accommodated. This was in 1908. I little thought at that time I would be brought close to the family, but his wife was Orilla's aunt.

Trip to Clover Valley

I was often curious about Clover Valley as we traveled to Panaca and Pioche when I was young. At White Rock Wash a road leading southward aroused my curiosity and when I asked Grandfather what road it was he said, "It goes to Clover Balley".

I had my first opportunity to go down there when Vivian Frei and I were noon-ing there, and Marion Laub, whom I knew, told us they were hungry for fruit and tomatoes in Clover and would like someone to go down there. My tomatoes were ripening too fast, and I feared I would lose them before I got to Caliente, as it would be at least the next day. I decided to go to Clover and told Vivian to go on and camp out on the summit and I would be along some time and camp with him. I didn't see Orilla that time, nor did I go to their home, as her sister, Ada, came over to one of the neighbors where I had stopped and got what they needed. I, ofcourse, didn't know her.

Another trip there was by train from Provo in 1911 at the close of school. I knew Ada and Orilla, but not the rest of the family at that time. I had stayed to go to Charleston and buy some hereford bull calves for the cattle-men of Santa Clara. I left them at Modena where Father and others were waiting, as they had just delivered a shipment of steers. I made friends with the conductor on the train, handed him a dollar, and asked him to put me off at Clover.

There was another trip that fall. Jessie went with me and we brought Orilla down to attend the county fair. The next summer after our plans had been made, I wanted her Father's consent, so on another peddling trip I went to Clover. Orval was with me. We left the wagon at the forks of the Panaca road and let the team have their noon-day meal while we walked on down. Orilla walked back up the rail road track with us. On her way back home she found Marion, her little brother, waiting for her. He had followed unnoticed, wondering if she would come back home. That fall when I brought Orilla home Marion came with us.

We were married September 11, 1912, in the St. George Temple, by President David H. Cannon. Mother went with us. A reception was held that evening in the dooryard east of our home. Father acted as Master of Ceremonies. He began the program with the announcement, "We have waited twenty-five years for this event." He seemed to be quite happy about it.

During the previous winter at the B.Y.U., President Brimhall called me into his office one day and asked me if I would go to Bingham Canyon as a substitute teacher for two weeks. The teacher there became ill with some contagious disease measles, I think, and my teacher had recommended me to go and teach classes in German and history. I went and with the money I earned I bought a diamond ring. I'm sure it didn't cost as much as such rings cost today.

I had courted Orilla for two years, so we felt we knew each other pretty well. I had not gone steady for any length of time with any other girl, but one. In high school I didn't do much dating. During holidays at home I had a partner and occasionally a single date or two. I went with Rhoda Reber for some time. She was younger than I and seemed to be attractive. In time we decided our dispositions were not compatible with each other. Mother was quite concerned because I seemed to fall for the "butterfly" type, and I did favor girls with red hair. Now Orilla and I started our course together.



About 1 year old



About 4 years old

About 20 years old



AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ORILLA WOODS HAFEN

MEMORIES

"I am growing older, and when all is still at close of day,
 Memories, tender memories of my childhood days at play,
 Come in to keep me company. My planning for tomorrow
 I leave for those sweet yesterdays, before my heart knew sorrow.

"I see a neat cottage, with whitewash on the wall;
 A pretty carpet made of rags, the patchwork quilts and all;
 I hear the frogs croaking in the meadow down the lane.
 And smell the scent of sage brush as a breeze blows 'cross the plain;

"The tinkling of cowbells as the cows push 'gainst the bars,
 The little children playing while the big folks did the chores;
 Then the good, delicious suppers, with the creamy milk and bread,
 And the crackly, crunchy sound of straw, as we tumbled into bed.

"The old nest's long been broke~~d~~ up, we're scattered far apart,
 But the memories of those old days are burning in my heart,
 And sometimes when I'm weary of the struggle and the strain
 And waves and waves of problems surge within my weary brain,
 I long to be back---to cuddle down 'neath patchwork quilts
 And listen to the frogs."

Adapted from Fanny Gudmundsen Burnt's "Memories"

CHILDHOOD DAYS

Many memories come to my mind as I contemplate how to write my life's story---just what shall I put in? and what shall I leave out? I was born in beautiful Clover Valley, Nevada, in the county of Lincoln, on October 13, 1891 in a neat new little four-room home built on the hillside where my six brothers and two sisters were born. I am the oldest child of Lamond Cresson and Elizabeth Terry Woods---wonderful people who spent their lives in service to mankind. If I can only serve my fellow men somewhere near as consistently and unselfishly as they did, I will feel I have not lived entirely in vain.

My father was born October 31, 1866 in Provo, Utah, the fifth child in a family of ten. His father, Lyman Lafayette Woods, was born July 23, 1832, in Fredonia, Chautauqua County, New York. His mother, Maribah Ann Bird, was born June 13, 1837 in Southport, Schamong County, New York. My mother was born October 1, 1870 at Terry's Ranch, the tenth child and ninth daughter of Thomas Sirls Terry who was born October 3, 1825 in Briston, Bucks County, Pennsylvania--and Mary Ann Pulsipher, born November 20, 1833 in Scott, Courtland County, New York.

Clover Valley is a beautiful, peaceful green valley almost deserted now, but a place very dear to me. When I was growing up there were Grandpa and Grandma Woods and four of their sons and their families, and the Hamblins, Adairs Carsons, and Pratts living there. There may have been others I do not recall. I roamed the hills and meadows gathering wild flowers and pretty rocks. I spent

many happy hours building play houses, making doll houses with furniture and people to live in them. I remember one piece of furniture that I prized, a stove made from a tin can, that Lazell Carson made for me. He made his sister Mary one just like it. We cut paper dolls from the catalogues and had such fun playing with them.

Horseback riding was so much fun. I can't remember when I first started riding horses. I have heard my father say many times that he took me on his horse with him when I was only a month old. So, I grew up with it. It seemed a terrible thing to me if I couldn't go horse back riding every day in the summer time. There were always plenty of horses to ride, and Father had good work horses also and kept them all in good condition. He also had good wagons, and later a nice whitetop buggy.

Mother could bridle and saddle a horse, or harness a team and hitch them to the wagon as well as any man could. Many times she has gone alone with us children to Grandma Terry's, a distance of twenty-five miles. Almost every summer we went somewhere on a trip. Father always went with us. The ones most outstanding in my mind are those to Panguitch Lake. The first day's journey would take us to Terry's Ranch where we would spend the night with Grandma. The next day we would travel to Pinto and spend the night with Aunt NoraTullis, Mother's sister, and her family. Sometimes Aunt Nora, Uncle Tom, and their children would go on with us. We would go on to Paragonah and visit with Aunt Susie and Uncle Alf and family, and they would go on with us to the Lake. We had such fun traveling up over the mountain and camping at the Lake where the men would fish, the women prepare the meals and tend the babies and visit, and we cousins would have the time of our lives playing together. They were happy times with loving parents and kind uncles and aunts and fun cousins.

Two summers I remember so well were spent in a big tent for a home at the saw mill on Mill Mountain up in the tall pines with a nice spring of cold water near by. I will always love the smell of pine lumber and a chew of pine gum, for it reminds me of those happy days.

CHRISTMAS AND TRIPS TO THE TERRY RANCHES

I like to think of Christmas--the big community tree on the stage in the school house. We would all gather on Christmas Eve and sing and give readings and hear the story of the Christ Child. How thrilled I would be when the curtain was pulled back and there stood the beautiful tree with dolls and toys, and Santa there to give each one his gift and ask if he had been good all year. On Christmas morning we would find a stocking filled with goodies.

One Christmas in particular when we went to Grandma Terry's at the ranch west of Hebron, we children were put to bed on the floor in front of the big fireplace, and on Christmas morning we awoke to find a big tree loaded with gifts in Aunt Roxia's kitchen. How it was ever managed I'll never know. I can see now the big toy cook stove and the set of cooking utensils that were on the floor under the tree with my name on them. There was also a big doll with blond hair and a red dress Mother had made. Oh the good dinner that day at Grandma's when uncles and aunts, and cousins all came from Hebron. We had such a good time.

When I was a little older, ten or twelve, Mother let me go a few summers to help Grandma Terry on the ranch. Grandma was always so kind and patient. She let me help her dip the whey off the curd, and then put the curd in the press, always handling it very carefully so the cheese would not be tough. When she took the cheese out of the press I always got the trimmings. The little rock cellar was so clean and cool. There were rows and rows of shelves where the cheese was put to cure and where dozens of shiny pans of milk were set for the thick cream to rise, then be skimmed for butter. We always did the churning in the cellar.

Grandma always had a good garden, and I helped her gather the ears of corn, and husk it getting it ready to be dried. By the time winter came there was enough dried corn for everyone and my it was good! Grandma taught me how to crochet and make quilt blocks. She was never idle. She would say, "Now while we rest let's sew these carpet rags, or let's make these quilt blocks. I wished often she would tell me I could run out and play for a while. I got really homesick. One time I especially remember I had eaten too many gooseberries and became ill and Uncle Tommy wasn't very sympathetic. He said it served me right. How I longed to be home with Mother. Towards evening I decided to walk home and went up the road about a mile then changed my mind and walked back, just as it was getting dark.

We were always so happy when Grandma and Grandpa came to visit us. I wondered why she shed tears every time when she arrived. One time I asked her why, and she said, "Because I'm so happy to see you all."

Grandpa Terry had a ranch on the Beaver Dam Wash where he raised the most luscious fruit. He would bring loads of it out to Clover, and a few times we took our bottles and went and stayed for a week or two and bottled our winter supply. The route was by Hebron to Hamblin, (Mountain Meadows), down Magotsu and Santa Clara Creeks, then west toward Jackson Springs and on down to the Wash. When a road was built from Shem to Acoma we would go by Acoma and down the West Fork by Nelson's Ranch, then down the Beaver Dam Wash to Grandpa's. In the late fall he would bring us a big barrel of molasses and a sack or two of dried grapes, and bottles of most delicious grape juice.

I went to first grade in a room of the Mark Pratt home, in the block where the little white school house now stands. Miss Alice Trembuth was my teacher. She taught all the grades. My cousins, Clarence and Carlos Woods, and my friend Bertha Hamblin were in my class. Others in this one-room school were other cousins, Maribah, Laphel and Dora and the friends, Carsons and Hamblins.

In the summer of 1898 the new school house was built, and I finished the grades there. My outstanding teacher was my uncle, Lafayette Woods, who taught me in several grades. I don't remember just how long he taught. Effie Smith, Mary Jensen, Miss Durrant, and Miss Burrows were other good teachers. Mr. McCauley was another teacher, a young man from the East and very green to western living. I used to feel sorry for him when Marion Laub and some of the other young fellows would have fun at his expense. He kept a little bundle of switches under his desk--"Dumb Gads", he called them that he would use if the children were unruly. He got by with this all right until one day he willowed Lamar Empey about the legs, and Lamar went howling home, just across the street. His father came raging into the school room and gave the teacher a black eye. He said he would have him fired right now. Father was president of the board of trustees. He called a meeting and we older students were called in to testify.

There were more who felt the teacher was justified in doing what he did, and that Mr. Empey was entirely wrong in doing what he did, so the teacher stayed on, but he didn't do any more school teaching after that year, that I know of. He went to Salt Lake and got a job as conductor on a street car, then finally went back East.

I love that little white school house with the bell in the steeple that rang to call us to school, to church, to dances and parties, and gatherings of all kinds. One gets a beautiful picture when pausing on the hill top and looking down into the valley with the little white school house nestled in its midst and our old home on the hill on the other side of the valley with the railroad track running through near Grandpa Woods' old home on the other side. This is all very dear to me, as I am sure it is to all who have lived there.

There were only a few of us, but we were very close and very dear to each other and always will be. We had such good times together. We had to make our own entertainment, and we could get up a party or a dance on the spur of the moment. Uncle Jasper or Johnny Adair made the music with their fiddles, and we would dance until the wee hours. Young people would come from Hebron, Enterprise, and Panaca and would often stay for two or three days. It seemed that any one who came once always wanted to come again because they were always so welcome. We usually had company, my people were so hospitable and friendly.

CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS

There were never enough people in Clover Valley to organize a ward. We were a branch of the Hebron ward, then later of the Enterprise ward. Grandpa Woods was branch president. We held Sacrament Meeting, Sunday School, Relief Society, M.I.A., and Primary.

When I was twelve years old I was secretary in the Primary; later secretary in M.I.A., a counselor in the M.I.A., and finally president. I have one of the old M.I.A. minute books which is very interesting to read. We had very good meetings. Once a month we had Elders and other ward visitors. Brother George A. Holt was our bishop for many years and came often to see us and give us encouragement. He was a very busy man and often would leave his home on Saturday night after a hard day's work on the farm and ride horseback all night to be with us on Sunday, then ride back home that night to be ready for his work Monday morning. He was such a good man; I always admired him.

Clover Valley was in the St. George Stake until a few years ago when the Uvada Stake was organized. As a child I remember how I enjoyed the Stake visitors, especially Brother Thomas P. Cottam of the Stake Presidency; Sister Woodbury of the Primary, Sister Rosie Jarvis and Eva Cannon of the M.I.A. I remember Martin L. McAllister, what a handsome man he was and how he could sing. He sang, "The Lessons I Learned on Mother's Knee." Then there was Brother William Gardner. All the children loved him, he was so jolly.

EARLY EXPERIENCES

As long as I can remember Aunt Roxia has been my favorite aunt. It seems to me I must be her favorite niece, she has always been so good to me. Father says when I was just a baby anything I wanted I got if Aunt Roxia was around.

If I didn't feel well she could comfort me more than anyone else. When I was about three years old we were spending the day at Aunt Lizzie's. I think Mother was helping her with some sewing. Anyway, we were eating dinner there and I was helping to put the chairs around the table. As I went to take a chair between the table and the stove, the chair caught the long handle of the kettle of chicken and the hot chicken and soup spilled over me, burning me badly. Mother grabbed me and ran to Grandpa. He always kept a bottle of lime water and linseed oil mixed to use for burns. He plastered me all over with the ointment, and I remember Aunt Roxia was the only one I wanted. She was so soothing and quiet while everyone else was so excited and noisy. She carried me around all the rest of the day and held me and rocked me all night. This experience is about the first one I remember, at least it is the best remembered. Another time when I was older, twelve or thirteen, perhaps, I was walking alongside Old Bally holding my little brother on so he could have a ride from the barn to the house when the horse put his big hoof down on my left foot. Mother doctored it faithfully for weeks. She poulticed it night and day and never seemed to tire. If she tired I never knew it. She was a good doctor. She and Grandpa Woods were the only doctors we ever had. I would like to write this little poem to them:

"When we were little children
Grandpa and Mother were close at hand
They were always there when we were sick,
They seemed to understand----

"Exactly what the trouble was,
They would make their diagnosis,
Our kitchen then became a 'lab'
For fixing stuff to dose us.

"Sometimes their balms were hard to take,
And often made our tummies ache.
But we were threatened, coaxed, or bribed,
'Till we took the stuff that they prescribed.

"They'd purge our alimentary tracts,
Put plasters on our chests and backs,
When all those homey things they'd do,
They'd ask the Lord to pull us through.

"It seemed that He was very near
To those who had to pioneer,
Nine of us to adults grew,
Grandpa and Mother the only Docs we knew."
Adapted from "Pioneer Doctor" by F.G. Brunt

We were a long way from a doctor in those days and we did put our trust in the Lord. Many times, I know, miracles were performed through prayers in our behalf.

"There were no set patterns to our prayers,
No set time or place
No uniformity in length---
No special words or rhyme:
But there was one characteristic

That is a part of every prayer,
 It's a feeling of humility
 And faith, that just out there
 A very little way perhaps, or
 Very close at hand,
 Was one who knew our every thought
 And who could understand.

Adapted from "Pioneer Doctor" by F.G. Brunt

My dear mother taught me to pray. It seems that I've always prayed about everything. However, a few times, it has been hard for me to believe the Lord had heard my prayers. For He did not answer as I thought He should. But I have humbled myself and prayed that I would be made to understand, and I always have even though it has taken a long time, sometimes.

October 3, 1908, just ten days before my sixteenth birthday, my mother died. She had been ill for three weeks with typhoid fever and had developed pneumonia. I was very ill in another room at that time with typhoid myself, but I could tell by what people were doing and saying that Mother was really very serious. I prayed so hard for her to recover and my faith was entirely shattered when she passed away. For a long time I thought the Lord was very unkind. It was a real test for me.

I like to remember the many times I prayed with the great faith when I was but a little child. One time when I had borrowed Mother's only pencil and taken it to my play house I was so worried when she asked me to return it and I couldn't find it. I knelt down in the dirt and prayed for Heavenly Father to help me find it, and when I stood up there it was on the ground right where I had been kneeling. I was so happy I dropped on my knees again in a prayer of thanksgiving. Mother went to Grandma's on an errand one afternoon and left my sister Ada and me to care for Albert, about two years old. We got to playing and forgot all about the baby. When we did think of him, we couldn't find him anywhere. We were really frightened. I said, "Let's pray". We knelt by the bed and said a little prayer, and when we went to get up, there was Albert under the bed sound asleep.

My faith has been strengthened through the sincere faith of little children---my own children, and children I taught in Primary. One time I had borrowed Clara Terry's quilting frame clamps and couldn't find them when I wanted to return them. While I was searching for them, Donald, then about four years old, was following me around and could tell I was getting worried. Finally, he said, "Mother, why don't you look in this big drawer?" I asked Heavenly Father, and He said that is where they are." I looked, and there they were.

Father married Caroline Rich Atchison, widow of Daniel Atchinson, in June, 1917. They had one son, Richard LaFayette, born Nov. 12, 1918. He married Phyllis Bragg, April 11, 1945; they live in Las Vegas.

TRAITS OF MY PARENTS

Mother was a good housekeeper, a good cook, and she made all our clothes. She was a good organizer and seemed always to be prepared for any situation that arose. She went often to help others who had sickness or sorrow. She did sewing for others besides her own family. She taught us to work. If we

didn't do a thing right the first time we had to do it over, sometimes several times until it was done right. This seemed pretty severe, and my sister Ada and I used to think Mother was really mean. But since growing up and having a large family I've been thankful so many times that she taught me as she did.

She had a wonderful influence on my life. Had I not heeded her advice and counsel conditions might have been different today. She and Father were always concerned about the kind of people with whom we associated. When we would go to a party or other place Father would say, "Remember, I trust you. I know you won't do anything you wouldn't want your old Daddy to know." I just couldn't do wrong; they were both so kind and so wise. I am so blessed to have had them for my parents. I loved my Father. He governed his children with kindness, yet with firmness. When he spoke we knew he meant what he said, and we minded him. Only once do I remember his willowing me. I deserved all he gave me and more, for I talked back to my Mother.

Father freighted between home and Pioche and home and Delamar. It took many days to make these trips, so he was gone a great deal. Many times it would be after dark when he would return. We children would listen for the sound of the wagon and Father's whistle as he came down the canyon. Sound travels so clearly at night, and we would know long before he arrived that he was coming. We could hardly wait for him to drive through the gate. There was always some good "pone" bread or lean ham or some other "left overs" in his grub box. He always brought a big sack of candy, mostly hard tack or stick candy. It would be portioned out so it would last several days.

MEMORIES BY OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS

Here I would like to insert some of the memories sent to me by my sister Erma and my brothers. Erma remembers well how she liked to comb Father's beautiful, black, wavy hair, and how he would sing to us. When he would sing, "Two Little Girls in Blue", she would ask him if there weren't three little girls. How grown up she would think she was when Father would dance with her.

We both remember how frightened and worried we would be when he rode broncos. He broke many wild horses. They would buck so hard and run like fury up over the hill. But Father would stick to them and after while ride them back quietened down and ready to submit.

Albert remembers Father's giving thoughtful advice, which if he followed he never went wrong. Father was always ready to give a helping hand to any one in need. He never said unkind things about any one, and taught us if we couldn't say good about a person, not to say anything. He always thought of him as the most honest, truthful man he ever knew. He was always kind, but firm.

Grant remembers how kind he was; remembers going to Crestline with a beef for a railroad crew and falling from the wagon seat. Father picked him up and kissed him and told him he was a big boy. Grant's wife, Gladys, says she loved him because he was always so kind to her sister Peggy. Grant's son Lamond remembers how much he enjoyed going with Grandpa in the hills for wood and what good bread he baked in the Dutch oven. Grant's daughter, Irene, remembers the good letter Grandpa Woods wrote to her and Pauline in 1951 in which he said, "Always be interested in a happy home. Love at home is happiness, and happiness is heaven."

Fred remembers Father taught if a person has done you a wrong, do not retaliate. If you do you are as bad as you think he is or worse. Better go and talk with that person; you may find you are at fault also.

Marion remembers his father's saying, "There are two things we should learn to forget; the good we have done to others, and the evil they have done to us."

Gene tells of his father's taking him along when he went to Sheep Springs to ride after cattle. Gene was so attached to his little puppy dog he begged to take him along, so his father let him carry the dog in front of him. When Gene would get tired his father would carry the dog, never scolding, but always patient.

Gene says his father could also discipline when necessary. One time he and Marion were fighting over a rope. Gene was taking his turn more than he should, and Marion finally objected. Just as Gene was going to strike Marion, his father was there to give Gene some of his own medicine. He also spanked Marion. The result was two better boys.

Another time Gene was unruly in school. When his father heard about it, he sent a bunch of switches to the teacher and told her to use them if Gene caused any more trouble. Again, Gene knew enough to be good.

Gene's Wife Ruth recalls many kindnesses he did for other people, but nothing was said about it. He didn't let the right hand know what the left hand did. She says all little children loved and respected him, and she is thankful their boys have memories of the best grandfather in the world.

Dick has these memories. I like to think of the many hours I spent with Father in his blacksmith shop, sometimes helping, but more often just getting in the way. It seems to me he could make anything he put his mind to, especially if it was of iron. He showed me how to weld; how to grind an ax, and how to put a point on a plowshare. I always like to be around him when he was working, he was so patient with me.

Arthur and I are thankful, too, that Father spent some time in our home just before he passed away, so our children and grandchildren could know him and enjoy his love and kindness.

In the evening of January 4, 1952 Father ate his supper and visited until about ten o'clock with his niece, Edna Terry Horsley and her husband Dick, then went to bed and seemed to rest well until about five o'clock in the morning when he called me. Arthur and I rushed in to his room and could tell he was very ill. We did what we could to make him comfortable, but he passed away in a few minutes. It was a great shock, but a wonderful way for him to go. He said many times he didn't want to be sick and waited on. We all feel that the Lord was very kind to him. We took him to Panaca where funeral services were held, then to Barclay (Clover Valley) where he was buried beside Mother, January 8, 1952.

GOING AWAY TO SCHOOL

For many years he was both father and mother to his children and did a wonderful job. We all miss him. Two years after Mother's death, it was Father's desire, as well as ours, that Ada and I should go to school. So Father hired a woman to come to the home and help him care for the family. We left in October, 1910 for the B.Y.U. We had been planning all summer to go to Beaver to the Murdock Academy. Aunt Mary Ann Huntsman was going to keep house for us and her son, Lamond, and our cousin Zanetta Winsor. Just a few days before we were to leave, two letters came that changed the plans. One letter was from Dr. William J. Snow, a teacher at the Y, and good friend of Father's, asking us to come to the B.Y.U., saying he had a good place for us to rent at the home of Mother's cousin, Minnie Pulsipher Thomas. So we decided to go. We went by train to Provo. At Modena some students from Santa Clara got on the train and traveled with us. Ada knew Will Staheli, and he made us acquainted with the others. Among them was Arthur's sister Jessie, whom I learned to love so much. We met Arthur later in Provo. He and I had our first date to a Lyceum program in the Stake Tabernacle. The number was Shakespeare's, "The Taming of The Shrew". That was the beginning of our courtship which has lasted all these years, and I think will last forever.

I met Arthur's parents and twin brothers, Max and Orval, in Enterprise, July 4, 1911. They came down from their ranch at Grassy Flat to join in the celebration. Enterprise became a convenient place for Arthur and me to have our dates, especially on holidays. We went back to school the next winter, and in the spring in April, Arthur gave me a diamond ring, and I was happy to write and tell Father about it. No definite plans were made until Arthur talked to Father about them. I remember Father's saying, "Arthur, I give my consent provided you will promise always to be good to my girl." He has kept that promise. If every wife could be as happy in her marriage as I have been, there would never be any contention, nor never any thought of separation.

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

I was just sixteen months old when my sister Ada was born, February 18, 1893. We grew up like twins, we were always together. Mother dressed us alike. My color was blue, and Ada's was pink, for I was light and she was dark. She was more attractive than I, for she was always so plump, and I was skinny; her hair was wavy and her eyes were brown. She was beautiful, and people told her so. I was never jealous of her, for I loved her so much and was so proud of her. She had a beautiful alto voice and we often sang together. She never had music lessons, but played by ear any tune she ever heard. She was married to William Charles Staheli May 18, 1912. She died Aug. 26, 1913, several months after childbirth at which time their baby died.

Lyman, the first boy in the family was born April 21, 1895. He was always backward; never had much to say. He was thoughtful of others and easy to get along with. I used to help him make bows and arrows and traps to catch birds. We would make little stick corrals on the ditch bank and fill them with "bol," horses and cattle and play for hours in the shade. As he grew older he and Erma were close companions. They went in the same crowd to parties and outings.

He married Isa Chadburn October 13, 1914, and lived in Enterprise for some time then moved to Clover Valley (Barclay), where they reared a family of three boys and three girls. It was a great sorrow to both of them when their son Wilford was burned to death on March 19, 1949. Isa passed away in the hospital in Caliente, Nevada, May 9, 1954. Lyman passed away in January, 1959 at the old home in Barclay. They were buried beside Wilford in the cemetery there.

Erma, my youngest sister, was born Dec. 11, 1896. She was rather a serious little girl who got lots of teasing from Leonard, Frank and Marion Laub, nephews of Mother's, who lived with us. I can yet hear her telling them, "Well it's nothing to laugh at." She liked to climb trees and ride horses. After Ada and I were married, Erma took over the responsibility of the home and did a wonderful part in caring for Father and our brothers. She was married to Heber M. Holt March 27, 1918. Their home, for the most part, has been in Enterprise. They have eight children, five living.

Albert, born August 29, 1898, is the most handsome of all my brothers. When he was a little fellow he had a quick temper that got him into serious trouble at times, for which he afterward repented. On June 25, 1925, he married Monta Neilson, a very lovely person who made him a good wife. His life was very much saddened when she was called by death March 3, 1933, leaving him with two little daughters, Helen and Clara. He married Lula Johnson Tobler January 6, 1938. They had one daughter, Alberta Sandra. They were divorced, and on Sept. 2, 1944 he married Lydia Belman Case. They live in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Grant, a steady, deep-thinking person, when about a year old surprised us all by getting up and walking all by himself, without any previous preparation. He always went about his business without troubling anyone. He was born July 7, 1900, and married Gladys Sparks, Nov. 24, 1927. They have lived in Northern California, so far away that we haven't seen them nearly often enough. They have a fine family. Their first child died at birth; their other son and three daughters have made a wonderful record in education.

Fred, born August 26, 1902, was sickly, but an ambitious little fellow. He was my first blond brother. Father jokingly said he was about not to keep him because he was so blond. Fred has always been a hard worker, very often working beyond his strength. He gets along well with everyone.

He married Orpha Hardy February 26, 1926. They are the last of the Woods family to stay with the old valley. I love them for it. They have seven children, all married with families of their own.

Marion, the eighth in the family, born May 21, 1904, is my independent brother, who never wants help from any one, but would do anything in his power to help any one needing his help. I have never heard him complain, no matter what the circumstances. Because of Fred's sickly condition, Mother gave most of her attention to him, and I had almost the entire care of Marion nearly from the time he was born. So, we became attached to each other. I have always felt a special interest in him.

Gene (Eugene), the youngest, was born April 18, 1906. Because of his congenial disposition and his hearty laugh, he has friends wherever he goes. He was more than two years old before he started to talk. I was worried and asked Dr. Ross if he thought Gene was tongue tied. He asked Gene to show him

his tongue; he ran it out full length. Doctor laughed and said, "He will talk plenty when he gets ready".

Gene is a good conversationalist. I like to visit with him. He married Ruth Schumann June 12, 1934. They have two fine boys. Their home is in Panaca, Nevada.

CLOVER VALLEY IS NEARLY A GHOST TOWN

Because of limited opportunities, some of Grandfather's sons moved away, as did most of the other early settlers. With a disastrous flood in 1910, some of the land was washed away and opportunities became more limited. Uncle James moved to Provo some years after he was married. Uncle Albert left for Arizona where the family stayed a few years then came back, but moved again to Springerville, Arizona, where he lived the remainder of his life. Uncle Jasper had moved during this time to Junction in Piute County, Utah, where he lived until his death. The girls went with their husbands to new homes when they were married. Aunt Roxia and Aunt Malinda moved to Terry's Ranch, and later Aunt Malinda's home was in Enterprise and Aunt Roxia's in St. George. Aunt Maribah (Minnie) lived in Panaca, Nevada.

Father's boys, Albert and Marion, left to work on the railroad. Only Fred and Lyman remained at Barclay. Father later left to make his home in Panaca where he remained until shortly before his death. Lyman's boys found employment on the railroad and his daughters moved away when they were married. Now our old home where Lyman lived has been sold and only Fred remains. He spends his summers in Clover, and his winters in Mesquite, Nevada. He has range rights for his cattle in the summer in the vicinity of Barclay. The life of former days and the appearance of the valley have given way to the demands of nature through the years. I think Oliver Goldsmith felt as I do when he expressed in his poem, "The Deserted Village," his feelings as he reminisced of the past.

"How often have I loitered o'^{er} thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene"

.....

"Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain."

But I am glad I could take my first children back to my home and let them know of its charms, and later as we gathered in our family groups each or the others could see and hear what had been, but is no more.



Baby Kay, 1913



Our Family in 1951



"Dad"



"Mom"

PART II Married Life

Our Home

We rented for three winters, first in the Morris House until March, when it was sold to become a hospital on the block where we now live. We then moved to the A.B. Andrus home on the northeast corner of First West and First South, while Father and Mother were homesteading in Bull Valley. The summer of 1914, after Mother's death, Orilla and I lived on the homestead at Grassy. During the two winters we lived in part of the home of Charles and Jennie Foster on First West and First North.

and lived in Santa Clara that summer

We bought our home in the fall of 1915 from M.M. Snow, Jr. I had bought four lots on Tabernacle Street 400 and 500 East, from the County Treasurer who had bought them for delinquent taxes. Mr. Snow had a team and needed employment and I needed a home and didn't have much time to build and work on such a program. The location was ideal for me, and we have been happy with the home for more than 45 years. The large home wasn't completed, but a few rooms were livable, and we added to and completed as we could. The pantry was enlarged to make our kitchen, and the upstairs rooms were plastered and the floor put down. The front room on the northwest was not completed and there was no porch in front. We added the screen porch upstairs and finished the store room north of it. We also dug a basement under the kitchen, then later a porch was added on the back. We rented the upstairs rooms a few winters to students, making the rooms accessible by building a stairway on the south side of the house on the outside.

In 1939 we built a room on the back and extended the basement. This room was built to be rented to Aunt Mary Bunker. She lived there for several years. Later Sister Burgess rented it, and when Grandpa Woods needed a home he came to live with us and occupied that room from late summer in 1951 until his death the next January.

We built a small cottage in 1942 just south of the home, as we had considerable space previously used for woodpile, wash house, and corrals and stack yard. We have had renters until the past few months. Both Ferrel and Erma lived there a few years while their children were small.

We had an outdoor toilet, a chicken coop, and a pig pen in connection with the corral where several cows were kept. We had flies along with the rest that goes with animals near the house. When we remodeled the house and put a bath and indoor toilet inside, Uncle Dolph, when visiting one day, said to me, "That's a terrible thing to do, have a toilet inside the house". A lady acquaintance from Santa Clara said to Orilla, "A privy right in the house! But, maybe that would be better than to have to go outside in the cold and put your hind end in the snow".

We had a cess pool built to care for the needs until a sewer line was installed in the street.

TEACHING

I was a teacher most of my life, as I spent forty school years in that profession. All but one year was in the Dixie College. I was a faculty member there for more years than any other teacher in the school. I think that

record still maintains. I taught several subjects for only a few years, as courses in history and some preparatory courses in the first years of the school. I was head of the English and Modern Languages Department most of the time and was Director of the Division of Humanities. My committee assignments were with credits and graduation, so I had close contact with many of the students. My English courses were in literature, composition and rhetoric, and journalism. I taught German all during the years and studied Spanish in summer schools, so taught that many years. German came rather natural for me, as I had heard Grandmother speak the Swiss language in her home when I was young. At the B.N.S. I noticed some German writing on the blackboard in one of my class rooms, so I thought next year I might study it. I did, with a teacher who was rather a fly-by-night type. At the end of the first semester there were only two of us left in the class, Rena Sargent from Panguitch and I. There wasn't a second year class that year, but there was a third year. So, we joined the third year class and earned two units of credit in one year. The teacher, evidently, thought I succeeded, for he gave me a grade of 95 in German A and a grade of 90 in German C, as they were then designated. I followed through at the B.Y.U. in college with Professor James L. Barker, and the last year with A.B. Christian, a thorough and technical teacher. Many of my teachers stand out in my life, as I became well acquainted with them, and honor and respect them for their character. I worked intimately as a teacher with many students in my classes and in extra curricular activities, forming life-long and close friendships. To me, teaching was a wonderful career. It was not difficult to discontinue, as I had other activities to keep me busy.

SIDELINES

As I grew up and helped with the work I naturally became interested in the cattle and acquired a few head. When Uncle Earn sold I bought his interests. The brand was ~~H~~ on the right ribs. I had a pretty good start, having a few big steers to sell each spring. I could help with the spring drive and ride some during the summer, but it divided my interests and was hard work as I was not robust enough to keep on. I sold the cattle and the range rights to Paul Hafen in nineteen twenty-five.

We kept milch cows, sometimes as many as six or seven, in our corral near the home, and did a little farming to raise feed for them. We kept a pony to ride, so the boys had some interests at home helping to supplement the income. For many years my school check was paid in eight monthly payments, so we looked to other income during the summer. The cows and a garden, with help from Father's orchard in Santa Clara, together with a few peddling trips each summer, helped us with the living costs.

In 1917 when a project on Price Bench was completed and water could be put on the bench land, I purchased ten acres and cleared and planted the ground. I was brought into the company partly because they wanted me to be secretary of the company. Stock owners were William and Joseph Webb, Joseph J. Milne, Athole J. Milne, and a few others, besides some men from Bloomington who were farming a few acres of the Old Price Field, which could now be irrigated from the new canal, heading on the Fort Pearce Wash and following around the point of the mountain. It was quite a struggle for a small company to maintain a long canal, especially around the mountain where slides often occurred and on the bench there were stretches through gypsum, which dissolved and took the water to unknown depths.

We kept the little farm until 1934, when it was sold to Clare Sturzenegger. It was quite a struggle to go so far, and crossing the river gave us a great deal of trouble during the high water. Also there was quicksand to deal with.

We often went over the white hills east of the bench to Fort Pearce Wash where there was a bridge and on to the Virgin River bridge, using about half of the day traveling to and from work. After we bought our car, the first one in 1926, we could take this route in much less time, but loads of wood or hay had to be hauled by team. We had a grape vineyard down there and raised good melons, both water melons and cassabas.

I acted as secretary for the company for several years after I sold the farm. During this time I acted for some years as secretary of the St. George and Washington Canal Company, as the Price Bench Company had stock there, from which source most of the water for the bench farms came. I later was secretary of the St. George Valley Irrigation Company, as I had some land and water shares in the valley for some time. As secretary, I was also director in the companies which gave me opportunity to become pretty well acquainted with the farmers and their farms in the area.

After selling the Price Bench land I bought a ten-acre farm in the valley below town and later sold it to the St. George Center Ward. I bought a tract of fenced ground with a silo on it near the farm, which property had been sold for taxes. It had previously belonged to Vernon Snow. I let this tract go with the farm when I sold.

I had several other small plots in town and in the Valley, but when I could sell at a small profit I let them go. The first piece I bought after moving to St. George was a fourth block, four city lots, east of the block where the Memorial Hospital is now built. This was on Fifth South and Fifth East. I sold it to Guy, and he later sold it to Omer Bundy, who built a home on one of the lots. The ground east of the Temple and north to 300 South was farmed in small scattered plots. There were few homes until recent years.

I own one city lot on 1st West between Fifth and Sixth South. I acquired it from Harold, who made a foolish venture for land near the Washington Field Dam, then traded it for this lot. It is poor soil, and has no water right, so it has not been very profitable.

Had I held on to each piece of property I owned it would have increased greatly in value, but under the circumstances I think I shouldn't regret. I haven't gone in debt for any of my personal investments or adventures, except as we set up our O.K. Rubber Welders business. My way of life was different than today's method of buy, buy, buy, and pay later. We got along well; at least we were satisfied with what we had. It was not difficult to resign ourselves to what was our own. We have owned our home nearly all our married life. We have added on, improved, acquired furnishings as time went on, as we could afford. I was trained to save and not spend unless necessary. Orilla has been frugal and careful and used good judgment in asking for what was needed.

I supplemented the income somewhat in writing as correspondent for many years for the Deseret News. From 1945 to 1948 I sold Investors Syndicate of America stock (now Investors Diversified Services). I got a good start in the work and did some business. Demands got to be pressing for time and sales and I knew I would have to choose between salesmanship and teaching. A good Salesman for that company could make good money, and I might have made more had I so chosen, but I liked teaching better and with the prospect of retirement I left the company.

OTHER INVESTMENTS

My earliest investment in a business corporation was with Pickett Lumber Company. In 1923 a few of us with small capital organized with W.O. Bentley, Ellis J. Pickett, W.W. McArthur, Henry Pickett, and I as board of directors. I have been a director practically ever since. I acquired more stock as time went on until I owned one eighth of the outstanding stock. It has been a good investment and a satisfaction to help build one of the nicest stores in Utah south of Provo. I was instrumental in bringing Father and a few other men from Santa Clara into the company, as stockholders.

For a time I had stock in a company organized by Orval and a few local men. We called it Pioneer Protection and Investment Company. The garage with car sales and the Pioneer Building on Main Street were parts of our interests. In time Orval felt he should own and direct the business, so we sold to him.

Shortly before retiring from teaching I became interested in the O.K. Rubber Welders organization. Harold started the business, but thought he could do better working for wages, and Eldon picked up the work.

Harold rented a place for the business, first in the middle of the block East of Main Street on highway 91, then on Main Street, south of the highway. We soon saw we couldn't be premanent by renting, so we set about to buy a location and build. We started on a small plot bought from Donald Schmutz, just south of the Spilsbury Mortuary, but didn't go far with the plans. What a fortunate circumstance that Mr. Schmutz asked to have the deal cancelled. We were disappointed, and when we bought the present site in 1946 between 3rd and 4th West on the highway we thought it was too far out to be profitable. We bought a two-rod front with 8 rods depth and built a small room to house the business. Soon we added a room on the back and with a basement under the first room we got along for a few years. We later added a room on the east for storing tires, and when our neighbors, Adams & Pendleton, adjoining us in business, offered to sell we were glad to expand. About the same time we bought Lee Empey's home and property on the east and built a service station which we leased to the Continental Oil Company for a period of ten years. The added purchases have meant succeeding in the business, for we needed much more room to house the business and especially room for parking. The business now is well on its way, with most of our financial obligations paid. It has been a fine experience to be connected with the O.K. group. We have met many fine people and have had interesting meetings in Littleton, Colorado, where the home office is located. We have had district and regional meetings, too, which afforded us vacations and helpful instruction.

In 1953 we moved into Nevada, setting up a shop at Henderson with Herschel managing the business. The business is a partnership with Herschel and Eldon as partners. The business there has grown and expanded with two additional stores in the Las Vegas area: one on highway 91, near Nellis Air Base, and one on the Tonapah Highway in West Las Vegas. The first one has been leased with an option to buy to Eldon Hardy who worked with us in the business for several years. Part of the business on the Tonapah Highway has been purchased and eventually the franchise and the property will likely be sold. Hardy and L.W. McGregor (Mackie) are conducting the business now. Both seem to be doing good business, especially the one first established near the Air Base.

In our efforts to expand we ventured into Kanab. We thought the potentials were good as Glen Canyon Dam was being built and that, with the area around Kanab, should make for good business. We were sorely disappointed. We rented a building but didn't have much equipment there, as capping could be done in St. George. Transportation was poor, especially after the mail route was changed. We decided to put in a capper and see if business couldn't be made to pay. It didn't. We lost several thousand dollars in that investment before we finally closed it out.

I retired from active participation in the business last year, when we organized as a small corporation. I have been president of the organization and, of course, director, but Phil, a son-in-law, assumed my work, and Eldon, Kelton, and a grandson, Stanley, worked at the store. Another grandson, Dennis, is working with Herschel in Henderson.

HEALTH, ACCIDENTS, SICKNESS

I do not remember much of my early years, but I suppose I had the usual diseases of childhood. Our diet was somewhat limited to what we could produce, and courses in health and nutrition were not given on a scientific basis. My first affliction was when I was two months old, and through infection from some cause, I lost the sight of my right eye. I remember mean boils on the calves of my legs each spring and some lesser ones on the back of my neck. I suffered with severe headaches in my youth, but neither the boils nor the headaches have recurred in many years.

I recall having a broken leg when I was school age and gained the interest of my friends especially after I was able to hop around and go back to school. It seemed rather like a privilege, because I attracted so much attention.

One instance of sickness was in the spring during the cattle round-up. I was riding Carton, a nervy bay horse full of life and fresh from the range. We rode from Littlefield, Arizona, eastward through the Virgin Narrows into Big Valley. I was throwing the rope to catch a calf, and the horse slowed up. I dug the spurs into his side as a matter of habit. Down went his head, and he began to plunge. He certainly gave me a churning. Trying to anchor myself with the spurs in his ribs gave him added incentive to dislodge me. The next day some of the other riders in that valley saw a hole dug in the sand recently and were telling us there must have been a bull fight as they could see where the sand had been pawed. I set them right on what made the hole in the sand.

I went on riding a few days until we got to Bowler's Ranch. I had terrible pains in the bowels, and at home in Father's bedroom, I remember being very delirious. He had a group of Elders come in and annoint and administer. Orilla had gone to Barclay to spend the summer, as I had planned to go to summer school when the riding was done. This was in 1914 when Kay was our only child. She and the baby were relayed home by team, her father bringing them to Terry's ranch, Marion Laub driving them to Enterprise, and Art Lytle taking her to Hamblin (Meadows). Gene Fordham met them there with our team and buggy and drove to Diamond Valley where they stopped a few hours to let the team rest. They arrived home just before daylight. Orilla remembers her anxiety in Diamond Valley where she should have had some rest, but didn't. Summer school was canceled, and we spent the rest of the summer at the ranch in Bull Valley.

I think I had never been hospitalized until about twenty years ago. I had heart trouble and had my tonsils removed which operation caused me almost to pass out. Had it not been for a shot by the nurse I might not have rallied. I was in bed several months resting largely because of my heart. Glen E. Snow was president of the college and was so kind. Some of my classes were cared for by others, but after a while I was able to teach the classes with only a few students by having them come to our home for class periods.

In about 1939 I had all my remaining teeth removed at one time. That was a pretty rough deal. We rented a house in Pine Valley and spent the summer there in the cool where resting was enjoyed. We lived in a home west of Rex Gardner's home, in the house now owned by Dr. Reichmann.

Orilla has taken the burden of hospitalizations. As a girl she was frail even into her early teens. Her mother worried about her, and especially if she should have a family. Her sister Ada was robust and healthy, but she is the one who lost her life in giving birth to a baby. Orilla had a severe attack of typhoid when she was sixteen, at the time her mother died of the same disease. In her later teens and throughout many years she was healthy and strong, rearing a large healthy family with the care of good doctors. However, she has had several major operations. The first one, due to thyroid trouble, which made a fast and dangerous inroad, nearly cost her life. Dr. Clair Woodbury, assisted by Dr. D.A. McGregor, gave her every attention, and Mary Whitehurst, the nurse stayed by her and watched her constantly. The first night was a night of great anxiety. Sixteen years later, in 1940, another operation of the same nature was necessary. Ada was working in Zion National Park, preceding her anticipated marriage. We drove up to visit her, and when she noted Mother's condition she decided to come home and discontinue at the park. This was the latter part of June. Ada was married the next August. This operation was very severe. Mother was blue and worried. Elder Harold B. Lee was here at the time and I took him in to give Mother a blessing. We felt eased and our anxieties lessened thereafter. Grandpa Woods and Fred came to be with us during the operation.

A third serious ordeal was an operation--three-in-one-bladder, hernia, and repair of conditions connected with childbirth.

Another experience which came to her was a fall in the home breaking her arm and dislocating her shoulder in May, 1960. She has not recovered fully from the effects of this fall, and likely never will. Her patience and calmness through all of these experiences has helped greatly.

The children all had measles, chicken pox, and whooping cough, at their various times. We had tonsils removed from three of them, Herschel, Ada, and Ruth, the same day. Herschel suffered with his. Ruth later went for a second tonsilectomy. Others had their tonsils removed and Ruth and Donald were down for some time with heart trouble and rheumatic fever, respectively. Herschel, too, was kept out of school for some time causing him to loose out in school and repeat the grade the next year. Erma had measles so long we were afraid after a relapse, she was going to lose her hearing. Kelton suffered severe burns about the neck when he was less than two years old. How it happened is a mystery. He must have found a match on the floor and struck it. He had a greasy flannel about his neck after rubbing his chest with oil. Mother had stepped outside for a brief moment and when she came in he was all ablaze. Lenora gave us many a scare as she held her breath until she was black in the face, and had to struggle so to get her breath again. She was susceptible to

pneumonia. One time she was seriously ill, and when the doctor's remedies failed to help, even with the most attentive care, we called Rosena Blake to prepare her remedy--hot potato plasters, one after the other, and the pneumonia finally broke, much to our relief.

There were three experiences with broken bones. Ferrel climbed a tree in front of the hospital near our home on July fourth. After the sports on the square a group of boys went in search of bird nests. He fell from a tree and broke his collar bone. I was away to summer school, but I was not notified as Mother thought it would worry me too much.

Ada fell from a horse which she and Evelyn Snow were riding, also in front of the hospital, and broke her arm. Donald, high jumping during the noon hour at home, fell and broke his arm. He insisted on going back to school that afternoon, as he could be the object of so much sympathy. Harold and Kenneth were hurt playing football. Ken's knee was injured, but Harold's neck was broken and he was in a traction stretcher and a cast or brace for months.

A little more than a year after we were married my Mother died suddenly. This was a sorrow to us all. The first death in our family occurred when our oldest child, Kay W., was five years old. He and a playmate, Mac Morris, climbed on a wagon passing our home. Kay got Mother's consent to go because it was Mahonri Snow driving the outfit. He was the man from whom we bought our home and he had always been very friendly with the children. The boys rode on a trail wagon loaded with ore until they reached 4th East Street, and Mac got off to go home. Kay tried to follow him, but tripped and fell between the two wagons, and broke his neck. In this, as in other sorrows, we have had, we were glad we could share them together, as we have been glad to share our joys with each other.

Our baby Linford Lamond died on his mother's lap when he was nearly three months old. He was sick only a few hours, quick pneumonia, it was called, took him rather suddenly. As the doctor was out of town, there was not much we could do to help him. The nurse, Mary Whitehurst, again came to give us what help she could.

Kenneth's death was by accident also. He was twenty-five, but unmarried. He was driving alone from Veyo the night of July 22 when his car wrecked in swerving to miss an approaching car. He had been working with Herschel at Henderson and came home for the week end. Mother and I were in Pine Valley in a trailer house in the canyon. Before daybreak I awoke and heard a car approaching. I wondered if someone were coming so early to go fishing. As the car approached nearer and nearer, then stopped near us, I feared some bad news. When a knock came on the door I thought some one had been injured, but Ferrel gave us the shocking information. He and Eldon and Phil came to tell us.

Our first grandchild, the only one of our 47 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren to die, was killed in an accident. Age 20, husky and strong, a football captain, Kay Staheli was killed May 8, 1953 when the truck he was driving overturned and crushed him.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

I have always been associated with church work. As I grew up in Santa Clara we always attended Sunday and other church meetings. I remember Thursday

evenings we held priesthood meetings in the old church and school building. We boys had our games around the old cottonwood trees until the minute for starting. The bishopric made an impression on our minds because of their sincerity and their interest in us. Sunday night we held religion classes, and here as in sacrament meetings, and the auxiliaries, especially Primary, we were impressed with religious ideals. I am not naturally over religious. Much of my activity has come about as regular procedure and my early training has left its stamp. I taught in the Stake Academy which was under church supervision and theology classes were part of the curriculum. I taught several courses in theology, but largely New Testament, in the school.

I was appointed Superintendent of Religion Classes, later called junior seminaries, in 1913 and kept this position for seventeen years. I was in charge of teacher training classes, so I have been in ward or stake positions mostly stake, during all my married life. I was ordained an Elder Sept. 20, 1908 by Grandfather, John G. Hafen; ordained a Seventy June 15, 1913 by Elder Joseph W. McMurrin, and Anthony W. Ivins ordained me a High Priest Sept. 20, 1930. At this time Brother Ivins set me apart as first counselor to Bishop Wilford J. Reichmann of the St. George East Ward. Arthur Cottam was second counselor and H. Roy Bentley was ward clerk.

I was ordained Bishop of the St. George East Ward December 4, 1932 by Elder David A. Smith. A letter dated December 28, 1932 from Presiding Bishop, Sylvester Q. Cannon, states: "The presidency of your stake has notified this office of your appointment and ordination as bishop of St. George East Ward, St. George Stake of Zion.

"You will find enclosed certificate #2183 of your appointment and ordination signed by the First Presidency of the Church. The filing of this certificate transfers the title to all ward property, held by your predecessor, to you as a corporation sole, without further legal process." My administration began January 1, 1933. We used the Stake Tabernacle as our chapel, remodeling the basement for class rooms. During my administration the bishops of the St. George wards were in charge of building the Stake Recreation Hall, southwest of the Tabernacle, and the Seminary Building east of the college main building. I acted as treasurer in financing these two projects.

My counselors were Arthur Cottam and E. Eric Snow. H. R. Bentley was ward clerk. We served together until June 23, 1940 when the Center Ward was created and we were released.

I was ordained a member of the St. George Stake High Council by Elder Joseph F. Merrill September 28, 1941. I was released when I was ordained a Patriarch of the stake by Elder Stephen L. Richards March 19, 1944. I have given over 500 blessings.

Before Grandfather Hafen died he asked me to take care of the temple work for names he had paid for in research in Switzerland, but which he had never received. In 1929 these names came and I took care of the work and the records. I have not done as much temple work as I might have done. Currently I try to go at least once a week, I have directed some fund raising among the family members in connection with a Hafen organization formed in Salt Lake and through which research is being done. I also have found much of Grandmother's record incomplete which was begun by Grandfather while he was waiting for his own family records. I have had Salena Hafen Leavitt help me to get the records in order for sealings and other unfinished ordinances.

I have had opportunities to do speaking throughout the stake and participate in many funeral services, as speaker, or offering one of the prayers.

I was given a Patriarchal Blessing March 20, 1913 by Patriarch Thomas S. Terry, Orilla's grandfather. I marvel at the blessing now and wonder how such promises could have been made at that time. I didn't think much about it until later years.

Orilla had her blessing also by her grandfather. It was given before she was married. Her life's pattern was pretty well told. It has been a source of comfort to us.

Orilla and I served as guides once each week during the summer months at the Bureau of Information on the Temple grounds. We had this assignment several years.

As Orilla has said in the first part of her sketch, she participated in church serving from the time she was young. During her married life she worked much in the organizations of the church, as she could, when family duties did not require her time. She was a teacher in the Bluebird group in 1923-24 and in the Blazer Group 1935-37 in the St. George East Ward.

She was called as counselor in the Ward Primary in 1937 and became president in 1940. In September of 1940 she was set apart as Stake Blazer adviser. She was called to be counselor in the Stake Primary in 1942, and became Stake President in 1943. When asked how she could find time to work in the Primary she replied, "Why not? I have more Primary boys and girls than any other mother in the St. George Stake. It is my duty and my pleasure to work where they are." It was not uncommon to see her with her three smallest sons hurrying along to Primary. She was released as Primary President in 1950. She has worked in all the organizations and enjoyed the work. Some of the young men today recognize her as the outstanding teacher in their lives, making a profound impression upon them.

She has been a member of the Stake Relief Society Board during the past five years. In my work she has helped faithfully which has taken time and patience, especially while I was bishop, and now as I give blessings she helps in every way she can.

MISCELLANEOUS ACTIVITIES

I have never cared to go fishing, perhaps because I never did it when I was young, and too, it seems too tiresome to sit for hours just waiting. In my younger years I liked to hunt rabbits and quails, but I don't care for the deer hunt. I have been a few times, but I was not thrilled with the experience.

I didn't succeed well in athletics. In ball playing and skills depending on vision I found myself handicapped because of my eyesight. Had I started earlier to use my left hand I might have succeeded better.

As a sort of hobby I have done a little writing. My first effort was a biographical sketch of Grandfather Hafen, published in 1929. As correspondent for the Deseret News I wrote a full page, including pictures, for Picture Travelogues of Cities and Counties in the State; ST GEORGE under the heading

'Know Your Utah. This was in July, 1934. I wrote an article for the Utah Educational Review in December of 1936. This was titled Vitalizing the Teaching of Modern Languages. It dealt with realia material used, and accounts of the trips to Los Angeles by the Spanish classes. I have written several articles for the local school bulletins.

THE COLLEGE SONG

Early in the school a song which was an adaptation of the A.C.U. song, was sung, then in 1913 two of the lady faculty members wrote a lively marching song, "We Are Cheering for You Dear Dixie". Though this song was popular and is still sung, it was thought a song expressing the spirit and the tradition of the school should be written. Accordingly a prize of twenty-five dollars was offered for the song selected. I think about fifteen songs were submitted, having a wide variety of sentiment and music. Five were retained after preliminary judging, then two. The song I presented has for its music two trio strains from band selections. I hoped the words with the music would express what was desired, as I included the school name, the colors, and the emblem on the hill, the contribution of the pioneers, and loyalty. The song was selected as the school song, and I had it published about 1924, I think. Evelyn Thurston, piano instructor at the college, arranged the music for piano. It is still used, although other songs are popular for special occasions.

Mother and I jointly compiled the little booklet, Sketches of the Lives of Lyman Lafayette Woods and Maribah Ann Bird Woods, in 1953. In 1960 I wrote a sketch of the life of Grandfather Knight and a sketch of Mother. In 1961 I directed the sketch of Father. His children contributed articles. As I was a member of the central committee for the St. George Centennial, I wrote articles for the local paper on the folklore of Dixie and of some of our pioneers. The articles on Folklore combined with stories of pioneer experiences was published at the time of the celebration and met with good success. I had a second edition published. as the 500 copies of the first publication proved insufficient. I had the major responsibility in the publication of the Souvenir Program edition by the Centennial Committee.

We are writing sketches of our own lives to date.

Currently I have the major responsibility of having the Rotary Club bulletin published. Last year the committee members did nothing about getting a bulletin, so when the year was about half gone I was asked with Lavoy Esplin to have a bulletin published. He was busy with his school work, but assisted as he could during the remaining months. For 1962-63 Merrill Stucki and I are appointed as bulletin committee. We have the paper published monthly.

I have not taken a lively interest in politics. It came natural to affiliate myself with the Republican party, as Father maintained he could get better prices for his steers during a Republican administration in office. In those days the tariff was an issue and it was an item with cattlemen. Today there seems to be no policies dividing the parties. It has resolved itself largely into choice of candidates, but party loyalty still takes precedence.

When we moved to St. George in 1912 I was induced to run for the office of county assessor. I knew with teaching I couldn't handle the office alone and shouldn't have accepted the nomination. There had never been a Republican elected to office in Washington County up to that time. Next election, in 1914, things were a little more favorable. I ran for the office of county superinten-

dent of schools and was elected. Alex Andrus on the Republican ticket was elected county commissioner, so the Republican party got a start. Charles B. Petty of Hurrican had been superintendent of schools and ran again for re-election. Perhaps some of the school authorities in St. George thought it would be helpful to the Academy here to have me elected. At any rate, I drew votes of some Democrats. Santa Clara gave me a solid vote with one exception. This lady feared to vote if she scratched the ballot. I have never liked the way things are done politically, in some respects, so I have left it to others who find more satisfaction in it. I have always been interested in voting. For some years our home has been the precinct voting place with Orilla as registration agent.

TRIPS WE HAVE TAKEN TOGETHER

There were some interesting short trips in connection with my teaching Spanish. We would leave at Thanksgiving time for Los Angeles to get a bit of the atmosphere of Spanish life. Olvera Street, near the Plaza, afforded entertainment and glimpses of life in Mexico. We visited the concessions, heard their music, ate some of the food they served and listened to the language. We visited the San Gabriel Mission, attended a movie with spoken Spanish, and obtained some newspapers printed in Spanish. All in all, these were interesting trips. We stayed at the Barclay Hotel on about Fourth Street.

The first two trips were made in private cars, but the next ones were by bus. A jolly crowd made traveling interesting, too. One trip was especially interesting. Before leaving St. George a visitor called on our class. He edited the Spanish page of a Los Angeles daily paper. Learning of our anticipated trip, he was most obliging and promised to meet us at the hotel when we arrived. He acted as our guide and took us to many interesting places. We had our picture with the bus, and a good write-up in the paper. He took us to a night club, "El Rancho", on Vermont Street where we were guests and acknowledged on a radio broadcast.

Mother and Ada went with us that time. It was about nineteen thirty-five. These projects proved to be helpful in creating interest in the study of Spanish.

When I was connected with Investors Syndicate of America as a salesman, I had an interesting trip to Portland, Oregon to attend a convention. It was a beautiful drive through country I had never seen before, and I had Ada and McKay join me in portland at a banquet meeting. They were stationed in Bremerton, Washington, in connection with McKay's service in the Navy.

An experience happened on the way home I will never forget. We were traveling at night over road with which the driver was unacquainted. In a canyon near Buhl, Idaho the road was snow covered and icy. The car skidded and jumped out of control entirely. We headed for a plunge toward a deep ravine and were saved only by a guard rail which one end of the front bumper caught and stopped the car.

Another such trip was to Yellowstone. Mother went this time and we had with us Ferrel, Vilda, Kenneth and Herschel. Ferrel had just returned from the service.

TO CUMORAH

Our trip to Cumorah was a memorable one. For a number of years Mom had expressed a desire to go to the pageant at Hill Cumorah. I hadn't been too much impressed with the idea, but in 1956 we made reservations to go with a group sponsored by Mrs. Losee of Provo. Sunday, July 29, we rode with Don and Elva to Provo and stayed with Ben and Ellora Knudsen. Monday morning a group of 45 boarded a Greyhound bus, and traveled through Provo Canyon to Craig, Colo. on to Cremlin where we were delayed several hours because of bus trouble. We reached Denver about 4:00 A.M. and stayed at the Shirley-Lavoy Hotel. We traveled by Goodland, Kansas to Salina where we had a good hotel. The group was organized with me as bishop. Two counselors, two clerks, a recreation leader, a sheriff, and a chorister were selected. This gave me responsibility and opportunity to conduct much of the activity on the trip. The trip across the prairie land with farms and dairy herds was interesting. We went to Topeka then to Kansas City, where we stopped for bus service. Here we enjoyed a melon feast, paid for by money collected in fines for "unruly" conduct during the day's travel. We stayed at Independence, Mo. that night at the Holiday Inn Motel. Brother and Sister Leo Knight shared a room with us because the motels were crowded. We visited the Central States Mission Headquarters with President Dyer in charge. We went on to Liberty Jail where a guide gave us an interesting account of the arrest and confinement of the Prophet Joseph. We went on to Carthage Jail and were told there of the martyrdom. We were conducted through each room and visited the cemetery where a monument to the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon was erected.

We stayed that night in Springfield, Illinois, and stopped for a tour of the Lincoln Monument. Across Ohio we saw many lovely farms and fine cattle. The crops were mostly corn and soy beans. We stayed at a hotel in Columbus. The drive the next day into West Va. and Maryland into Washington D.C. was a long drive. We ate lunch together in a park near a crossing of the Ohio River. The drive was through densely covered hills with few inhabitants dwelling in that area. We took a tour of Washington, going to the capitol where we were taken to the Senate Chamber, the meeting place of the House of Representatives, the President's room and rotunda, and a room where the busts of a prominent man from each state was housed. We ate lunch at the George Washington House in Alexandria, Va., then went to Mt. Vernon and returned by boat up the Potomac.

The next day was rainy, so we went direct to New York and stayed at the McAlpin Hotel. We took a sight-seeing tour going by many massive buildings to China Town, a boat trip to Liberty Island and Statue, then to the Empire Building. That evening a small group of us took the subway and went to Coney Island. We had a jolly time. The next day we went to Boston, most of the way along the sea board. The landscape was beautiful, with thick foliage and forests of trees, rivers, ponds, and small streams. In Boston we took a tour to places of historic interest including Paul Revere's Home, Old Ironsides, Bunkerhill, Longfellow's Home and other educational points. We saw Harvard University, the Agassiz Collection of glassed plants and other items in museums. We spent the evening with Valorie and Gene, enjoying a delicious Chinese dinner.

The trip across Massachusetts to New York was interesting. The scenery was beautiful with wooded hills, many streams, farm lands with thrifty and green crops, dairy herds, and many fine gardens. We traveled on a speed way most of the way. We stayed at the Seneca Hotel in Rochester. We went sight-seeing in Rochester to Lake Ontario and to Palmyra where we ate lunch at an L.D.S. chapel. In the afternoon we drove to the Sacred Grove for a meeting,

The Joseph Smith Home, the Martin Harris Farm, and in the evening, to the pageant at Hill Cumorah where we met many friends. The pageant was very impressive. The next day we drove to Cleveland, Ohio, making a stop at Niagara Falls. Near nightfall we drove over to the Kirtland Temple and were taken through on a directed tour. We stayed at the Statler Hotel in Cleveland and went on to Chicago the next day. The trip, much of it on the freeway, was pleasant. We saw industrial centers in Ohio and Indiana. The drive around the Lake was the most beautiful on the trip. We stayed at the Atlantic Hotel. Chicago impressed us much more favorably than New York did.

August 14th we left Illinois, and entered Iowa, stopping at Davenport to buy groceries; danced on pavement to music by Mrs. Baird's harmonica. We attracted the attention of a reporter for the City Paper who gave us a write-up. All of us together ate dinner in the park, cafeteria style, from long tables.

We drove through farming lands; saw markers of pioneer trail along the way. In Iowa City there were beautiful homes and large business buildings. We arrived at Omaha, Nebraska, and stayed at the Hotefontello Hotel. We crossed the Mormon Bridge to Council Bluffs. Here we visited the Winter Quarters Cemetery where 600 pioneers were buried, some were relatives of members of the group. In Omaha we saw the stockyards, and Cudahay Packing Plant; drove out to Boys' Town and on to Grand Island then across the Platte River to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where we had our farewell banquet and program. We stayed at the Plains City Hotel. We went to Rawlings for dinner, then on by Laramie, Rock Springs, Green River, along the pioneer trail by Fort Bridger to Little America where we stopped to do a bit of shopping. Many attractions were pointed out in Echo Canyon. Some left for their homes in Salt Lake, but the rest went on to Provo to conclude an eighteen-day trip.

Among the group on this trip were Everett Syphus and L.B. Jennings and their wives. We made friends with some fine people, especially Brother and Sister Leo J. Knight, relatives and wonderful people. We enjoyed the trip and felt good about going, although we thought of cancelling out after we had made reservations because of Ken's death a week before we left.

CLASS REUNIONS

One of the fine things that comes from attending school is the association with good people and the friendships thereby formed. In fifty years these become hallowed. I attended, and Mom with me, some of my class reunions fifty years after graduating. In 1957 I attended and joined the Fifty-year Club at the old school in Cedar City. Of my graduating class of 28, 8 had died and 8 attended the meeting. Others I knew in school, graduating before I did, also attended, and in succeeding years some at school graduated later and were in attendance. I have served as historian of the club for several years.

In 1958 we attended the reunion of my high school graduating class, at the B.Y.U. (I was with that class only one year). It's a wonderful experience to meet classmates and renew acquaintance. Some of us had not seen each other in the fifty-year period. It is interesting to note the names and learn of their life. Of this class the report showed there were 90 members, the largest normal graduating class to date. Of these 35 were women and 55 were men. More than 25 were in attendance and a dozen more sent regrets that they were unable to be there. Thirty of the 35 women, were living but only 27, of the 55 men, according to information available.

We had looked forward with anticipation to the Jubilee commemorating my graduation from college to be held in 1962. Everything worked well for our going. We decided to spend a few additional days visiting. So, Tuesday, May 20th, we were on our way. We stopped a few minutes in Parowan at the Peter Gurr home and made our usual purchase at the Dairy of a five-pound brick of new cheese. We visited in Paragonah with Myrtle and with Laska, widows of our cousins, Sam Abbott and Merlin Hunt, and with Ethel Stones Robb and her husband. Ethel was a member of the class in Cedar and graduated with me. We then went to Milford and visited with Lamar and Lerlene Lund and with Mary and Dee Simkins, Orilla's cousins. From Milford we drove to Delta and stayed at a motel there. The next morning we visited Ben Bunker and the Winsors, cousins of Orilla's. We took Ben and his wife with us to Sutherland and visited Josie and Winn Walker, cousins. From here we drove to Holden to visit Myrla and Lucille. We stopped at Spanish Fork to say hello to Warrington McAllister and Kate, his wife, who were old-time school friends of mine. We stayed at a motel in Provo although we had several invitations to stay with relatives or friends. We enjoyed visiting there too, but thought a room of our own where we could come and go independently was best. We even bought groceries and ate our meals in the motel part of the time.

We made several social calls at the homes of Joseph K. Nicholes, Will Staheli, Ben and Ellora Knudsen, Willard Lund and by telephone to Leo J. Knight.

At the program there were quite a number of acquaintances, but only four of my college graduating class attended. Of the eighteen graduating, ten or twelve had died. Of course, there were quite a number of high school graduates of 1912. A marvelous change had taken place in the fifty years. The extended campus with many large buildings, the thousands of students from all parts of the world, and the faculty numbering more than the entire student body of fifty years ago, was a marked contrast. In 1912 there were 50 college students, and eighteen graduates. Today there are over 15,000 college students with about 11,000 graduating this year.

In spite of the physical changes, we found the same old B.Y.U. spirit. We were deeply touched by the pictures, stories, and songs depicting the history of the school.

We drove to Salt Lake by way of Heber City and made a few visits. Harold and the children came down from Roy and spent the forenoon with us. We ate dinner together, then drove home with scarcely a stop. I have never done extensive driving, but we got along fine and gained appreciation for the little Ford Falcon.

The B.Y.U. is a great school, and I am glad to be an alumnus and to become a member of the Emeritus Club.

Thursday, May 31, we attended the meeting of the 50-year Club at Cedar City, Don Schmutz and wife, James Cottam, and Harmon Gubler rode with us. We enjoyed the day. There were only three of our '07 class there: Clara (McAllister) ? , Jim Henrie, and I, but there were quite a number from other classes, graduating earlier. It is a fine organization.

We have had some wonderful experiences in attending the Congresses and Schools for O.K. Rubber Welders members. The drive to Denver (Littleton, where the home office is located, is just out of Denver) is a lovely drive,

and the association of fine members of the O.K. system makes a wonderful vacation and a profitable trip. Sometimes District meetings are held. One year we went to Monterey, California for a lovely outing. The drive in the spring of the year from Bakersfield by Paso Robles to Monterey then down the coast returning is one of the most beautiful sights we have seen. We toured in the vicinity of Monterey to Salinas, Fort Ord, Carmichael, and Carmel, by the Sea.

Another meeting was in Merced, California. Meeting the personnel of the great O.K. company and of some divisions of the B.F. Goodrich Company is a wonderful experience, and we and the boys have made some very good friends through these contacts. In a meeting in Boise, Idaho, we were cited for the type of business we had done, and received the greetings of the president of the Goodrich Company.

CENTENNIAL TREK

Another interesting trip, and one long to be remembered, was the Centennial Trek from Salt Lake to St. George, in 1961 commemorating the call to Dixie and the journey of the pioneers of a hundred years ago.

It was a motor cavalcade of covered vehicles with oxen made of ply wood attached to the car in the moving caravan. It was assembled in Salt Lake at the Fair Grounds and moved to the Church Offices where the Church Authorities and hosts of friends assembled to give their blessings. Stops were made en route in many of the cities along the way. A noon-day stop in Provo at the park brought many friends and well wishers. We were dressed in pioneer costume and danced pioneer dances to entertain those who came to see us. At Nephi we camped for the night and held a community program. We made short stops the second day on the journey to Cedar City where we again met with the citizens of the town for a program. The climax was arriving at home. In Washington the streets were crowded with people and cars where we received a jubilant welcome. Then in St. George near the Court House on the main highway great crowds had gathered. A radio broadcast of the program there was heard in many surrounding towns, as far as Las Vegas. I had directed the dancing during the summer months, in an effort to reinstate some of the old-time dances. It was a great experience, as we had other occasions to demonstrate the dances, to help bring to mind the nature and the spirit of the earlier days in Dixie.

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL AT LOS ANGELES

Saturday morning, 5:45, June 2, 1962, a group of nineteen Rotarians and our Anns, left by chartered Greyhound bus for the Rotary International Conference Convention at Los Angeles. It was a jolly crowd. We made an hour's stop in Las Vegas and another in Barstow. Here we visited with Bill and Dorothy Mosley, old-time Dixie friends. In Los Angeles we stayed at the Mayfair Hotel on 7th and 1200 West. All of us stayed together and were transported by bus to our various entertainments and programs. We arrived at 3:00 p.m. then spent the rest of the day and evening in Disneyland. Sunday morning the group registered and went sight seeing, but we went to Ada's for dinner where Don and family, Lenora and family, Ruth and family, George and Kathy, and Merle and Jack Starr (adopted members of the family) met together. In the evening we joined the group in a lovely outstanding program

in Hollywood Bowl. The meetings were all good with thousands from all parts of the world attending. We had fine entertainments along with the sessions.

Mother and I were able to spend some time at the home of each of our children down there. Their cooperation and kindness to us couldn't be excelled anywhere in the world. Everyone enjoyed the trip and expressed a desire to have other trips we could make together.

We are glad to enjoy some of these fine things together. In our earlier married life she was deprived of some of these things because of her duties in rearing the children. One trip, I know, was very disappointing to her when I went to Mexico City and she had to stay at home.

OUR CHILDREN

Naturally, our greatest hopes and our greatest desires are associated with our children. Mention has already been made of the three deaths. Two were young when they died, but Kenneth was twenty-five. He had a fine physique and a congenial nature. He was friendly and kind, so had many friends. He had several girl friends, at different times, but did not marry. He served in the army and had college schooling at Dixie, where he was prominent in athletics and as a student body officer. He attended the B.Y.U. and anticipated returning to graduate the winter following his accident.

Carma was born when Kay was less than fourteen months old, so for a while we raised two babies together. This was not an isolated case, for our fourteen children were born within a twenty-year period, the first July 31, 1913; the last July 19, 1933. With the last three, boys, Kenneth was 16 months older than Kelton, and Kelton was 14 months older than Donald. So, we have many memories of "the three little boys".

Carma was a good mixer socially and spent a happy childhood with her playmates and classmates. Many of them came to our home often and we became closely attached to them, as we did with the friends of our other children. Carma has always been the leader type and has participated in activities in school and in the community. Throughout her married life she has been active in her home town of Washington. She has shared the experiences of her children in their activities--the boys in their ball games, for they have been outstanding athletes, and the girls in their activities. She was married young, but has a wonderful family of five boys and three girls. Her oldest son was killed in an accident when he was twenty years old. Carma graduated from high school.

Ferrel was born Dec. 26, 1915, a large husky baby. He married Vilda Jolley June 11, 1937. They have two sons and a daughter. He has been an entertainer with his witty ways, both in the family and in crowds where he associates. Big hearted and kind, he makes friends easily. He graduated from high school and served in World War II. He carries on a successful business in floor covering. He is a good workman and well spoken of by those whom he serves.

Ada, always attractive and dynamic, was born June 7, 1917. Her arrival was typical of her later ways--getting things done ahead of time. I was away looking after cattle and Mother had been washing. She thought she

would lie down and rest when a signal was given. Her brother, Gene, was with her at the time. She sent him to the nearest neighbors for help and they in turn called Mrs. Harradence, the nurse, as Dr. Woodbury had gone to the Indian Farm on a call. Mrs. Harradence came immediately, but Ada had made her appearance. The doctor came a bit later to find his services weren't as necessary as might have been supposed. Ada was named Popular Girl at Dixie College when she was only a high school student. At the B.Y.U. she was elected Y. Queen. She taught school at Lincoln High School in Orem. Her girls were winners in a popular Posture Parade Contest.

She was married to McKay Neilson, now a doctor of dentistry in California. They have two children, Janet Ruth and Richard McKay and live in a beautiful home in Arcadia.

Next in line is Hershel, the quietest one of the group. He graduated from high school and later had a long and wearisome term in the army. He has succeeded well in business, operating an O.K. Tire store in Henderson, Nevada. He is rather reserved, but gets along well, using good judgment in his dealings. He married Ramona Sproul March 26, 1948. They have 4 sons and one daughter.

Harold was born August 23, 1920. He is rather impetuous, but sociable and friendly. He is the only one in the family to follow the occupation of his father in teaching. He has rated well in his work among the teachers who gave him recognition for his work as principal in San Juan County, and also by administrators who have given him a good rating in the Merit system in Weber County where he now lives and teaches. His first marriage ended in divorce after two lovely children were born. He later married Lorena Brown March 17, 1952. They have two sons and two daughters.

Ruth is full of zest; well liked and has many friends. She graduated from junior college, then was married to Phil E. Squire, March 24, 1943. They have four daughters and one son.

Lenora was born November 16, 1923, graduated from high school May 23, 1942 and was married to Raymond L. Hobbs November 29, 1942. He is a college graduate in engineering and has a successful business in California. Their home is in Garden Grove. They have three daughters.

Lenora's attractiveness was first recognized when she was Queen of the May Festival for our ward in Primary program. She was later chosen as Campus Girl at Dixie College.

Eldon was born Feb. 27, 1927. Like Herschel he waited with his marriage a few years beyond the usual age. Thoughtfulness of others before self, has always seemed to characterize him. This pays off in his business as far as public relations go. His friendliness and sense of humor make for many friends.

He married Maxine Pymm Sept. 12, 1953. They have five children, three girls, and two boys. He graduated from junior college and is manager of the O.K. Tire Service, Inc., and during the fifteen years as its policy maker has succeeded in building up a good business.

Erma, youngest of the girls, seems to have inherited her mother's qualities of kindness and patience to quite a degree. Somewhat reserved and quiet she has a host of friends and admirers. Like the other girls, she is a lovely mother and neighbor.

She married Leo Syphus November 26, 1948. They have two sons and two daughters.

Kelton (Larry Kelt) emphasizes the less serious side of life's experiences. He succeeds well in entertaining whether on the stage or in groups along with the daily routine work.

He married Peggy Ruth Neilson November 2nd, 1954. They have three children, two boys and a girl.

Donald, youngest of the family, crowded his marriage a few years ahead of his younger brothers and several years earlier in age than his older brothers. He started young to work in the local J.C. Penney Store and had to forego much of the extra curricular activity in school and devoted full time in the business after graduating from high school. He has succeeded remarkably well, having been promoted in rank until at present he is Assistant Manager of one of the large stores in Southern California--West Covina.

He married Elva Asenath Jones July 18, 1952. They have two sons and a daughter. Their home is in LaMirada, California.

All the children have lovely homes. Some are more active than others in civic and church work. One son and one son-in-law have filled missions for the church. A son-in-law has been bishop; a son-in-law and a son are members of the bishoprics now and others engaged in work in lesser capacities. The girls have rather followed the pattern set by their mother in their organizational work. Their mother was a worker in the Primary organization, both ward and stake, for more than forty years, barring the years she was needed with her family. At one time Mother and all the daughters and daughters-in-law were officers or teachers in Primary at the same time. Most of them have been stake officers. Today some of them are officers in the Relief Society.

We are happy with the families of our children. Our grandchildren bring a great deal of joy into our lives. We like them to come to our home and hope they will always like to come as they do now. We have had sorrows and disappointments come into our lives, but we have had many joys, also. Birthdays are not too common to be forgotten. Mother and the girls now unite to buy a birthday present for each other in turn. The other children and grandchildren are also remembered with a gift on their birthdays.

SERVICE OF COUNTRY

Guy was the only one of Father's sons to serve in World War I, and Ballard to serve in World War II. Five of our sons and four sons-in-law were in the service of their country. Harold, due to a neck injury in football practice, was exempt, and Donald's name was never called. He married young and moved to California.

Herschel, the first to go, had a long rough deal, as he was sick for a long time with some form of chills and fever, or Malaria. He entered the army Nov. 3, 1941 at Fort McArthur, California. After he had been in the army 13 months he was sent over seas, Dec. 12, 1942. He arrived in North Africa and remained there until the next August. He was sent to Sicily for three months and then to Italy where he remained 6 months. In April he went to

Corsica and stayed a year when he was again sent to Italy where he remained until he was sent to the States Sept. 16, 1945. He arrived Oct. 3, and was discharged on the tenth of October. This was a total of 3 years, 11 months, and 8 days that he served in the army.

Ferrel

Ferrel entered active service May 30, 1945 and was separated at Fort Sheridan, Ill., August 8, 1946.

He served 16 weeks at Camp Maxie, Texas, for Infantry training. He then went to Germany and spent 9 months as a member of C. Battery of the 571st A A A Automatic Weapons Battalion (S.P.). Four months were spent as Squad Leader and five months as Section Leader. He instructed all the men in the Battery on the use, disassembly, and maintenance of the 50-Calibar Machine Gun.

Eldon entered the service with him, and they were together all the way. Ferrel came home two months before Eldon did.

Phil

Phil was inducted March 3, 1941 and left for Camp San Louis Obispo, California March seventeenth. He had joined Co. C. 115 Engr. Combat Bn. of the National Guard of Utah in June, 1939. In December he was assigned to Camp Cook, California. In June he was sent to Fort Lewis, Washington. In 1942 to '44 he was in England and France and worked on air strips and hangars, and repaired docks, and helped build hospitals. In July, 1945 he was transferred to 49th Engineers with points to come home. He traveled through Switzerland and left for America. He was given an honorable discharge Oct. 7, 1945 and arrived home October eleventh. He received three battle stars.

He also served in the Korean War, being called into Federal service August 19, 1950 and landed in Pusan, Korea, Feb. 16, 1951. He left Korea for America Jan. 17, 1952 and docked at Seattle, Washington Feb. 22 and received a 30-day furlough. Ruth was waiting for him at Seattle. He was released from active duty May 26, 1952 and was discharged from the National Guard a few months later.

Ray

Ray entered the Navy Air Corps in 1940 and was given a medical discharge that same year. He was a flight instructor for C.A.A. in 1942, and was a regional supervisor for C.A.A. in 1943, and in 1944 he entered the Army Air Transport Command in Deming, New Mexico. He graduated at Douglas, Arizona. He flew from Hamilton Field to the Pacific Islands, to Japan, and hump in China. He was discharged in November, 1945.

Eldon

Eldon joined the army in the spring of 1945, and with others from St. George and other parts of the county went to Fort Douglas and spent several days in preparation for shipment to Fort Maxie, Texas. Ten weeks here were rather trying because of heat, insects, strenuous training and homesickness. He was glad to be with Ferrel. From Maxie he went to Camp Wolters, Texas, to finish basic training. Conditions here were better.

After a two weeks' furlough, which brought him home for deer season, he returned and was sent to Fort Ord, California, to prepare to be sent to Japan. However, orders were changed and they entrained for New York, then by ship to France. A miserable trip in box cars took them to Germany where they were sent for occupation duty. The first assignment was in Munich. Most of the St. George fellows had been put in other battalions, but Ferrel and he were allowed to stay together.

They were put in an Anti Aircraft Battalion with good headquarters. Eldon was fortunate in being assigned to be the Battery Commander's jeep driver. After three months in Munich he was sent to Karlsruhe on the Rhine. With the assignment of civilian police he patrolled a small area of about ten small villages. He had time to hunt and fish some. He and Ferrel were given furloughs into Switzerland, but not together. Soon after, Ferrel was released.

Two months later Eldon was released and returned home October 1, 1946, and entered school in Dixie College.

Kelton

Kelton was drafted into the army October 1, 1952 with nine others from home. They reported at Fort Douglas, and were shipped to Fort Ord, California. There were 40 from Utah; they were all assigned to K Company 63rd Infantry Regiment and given 16 weeks basic training. After a short furlough half of them, Kelton among them, were sent to Korea. They spent two days at Camp Drake in Japan, and landed in Korea April first.

Harold Schmutz, Don Sorenson and Kelton were assigned to 45th Infantry Division, he and Harold to 179th Regiment. Kelton was put in "G" Company. He and Harold saw each other occasionally, usually on Sunday. G Company was on a line overlooking Nunp-Dun-Ve Valley, just to the left of Heart Break Ridge. They formed a stationary line, one long trench the width of Korea. There was not much fighting there, but they were up all night on either guard or patrol duty. They were given a weeks' rest on outpost Texas. When they had been there a week a cease fire was signed July Twenty-eighth. They used the ammunition on hand for a grand display of fireworks.

The next day Kelton was notified he was a P.F.C.; two weeks later he was made a corporal, and a month later a sergeant. He flew to Tokyo for a week's vacation. He enjoyed his visit in Japan. He met Gary Mathis and a brother-in-law, McKay Neilson at Camp Drake where he spent two days. About the middle of February the 45th Division was sent home, and Kelton was transferred to an Artillery outfit in 2nd Division. A sergeant, he sailed for home April First. After a two-week's furlough he was stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington to finish four and one-half months.

McKay

Upon graduation from Dental School, McKay was taken into the Navy and sent to Farragut, Idaho. Ada was with him. In October he was transferred to Bremerton, Washington to help at a Discharge Center, as Japan had surrendered. They spent about ten months there and enjoyed it very much. In May he was discharged and went to California where he set up a dental practice

and bought a home in the Los Angeles area. Things were going fine until he was again called back into service because of the Korean War. After two months training in Texas he left for Japan and the Far East. He experienced much loneliness, but also many funny and interesting things during the next two years.

Two months before leaving Japan, Ada joined him and they enjoyed the time greatly. Because of the privileges of the Military they could travel and have social parties and fun. His dental duties afforded many opportunities to study Japanese methods and ideas.

He and Ada came home together in August, 1954 aboard a troop transport and arrived in San Francisco for discharge.

Leo

Leo was with the Army Engineers and spent his time in the Pacific. He left in May 1943 and went to Camp Abbot, Oregon. He spent a year in New Guinea, six months in the Phillipenes, and six months in Okinawa. He was discharged at Fort Douglas in January, 1946, having spent two and one-half years. There were no boys from home in his company. Most of the fellows were from the East.

Ken's Military Service

Ken's Certificate of Service Armed Forces of the United States reads: "This is to certify that Pfc Kenneth E. Hafen US 56 061 943 honorably served on active duty in the Army of the United States period of active duty from 21 August 1951 to 20 August 1953.

He was sent to Camp Roberts, California where he trained nine weeks, and was then sent to Fort Bliss, Texas. Several boys from this locality were with him, among them his cousin, Greg Hafen, Clair Snow, Karl Snow, Deloy Slack and a Sullivan boy from Beaver Dam Wash.

He was assigned to the anti-aircraft division. At Christmas time, 1951, he came home for the vacation, and while here broke his arm. He returned after the holidays having had his arm set by a local physician. However, it was determined it should be adjusted, so was broken again in order to have the bone set properly. He was allowed to come home in March while the arm was mending. The other boys went over seas at this time, but Ken was never sent over. He returned to Fort Bliss where he finished his enlistment.

Our Golden Anniversary Sept. 11, 1962

We had anticipated ~~from~~ some time this significant event and had given some thought as to the place and nature of the celebration. We held it on the eighth of September rather than on the 11th, to get a week end for those living away to be here without missing school. We had a dinner in the Washington Ward Building and a program there after the dinner. The following program was enjoyed: The Song, "Our Grandparents", words by Eva L. Miles sung to the tune of "I have two little Hands"; piano numbers by Sindey, Lana Kay, and Carolyn; "Jack and Jill" by Brent; A poem by Lyman; Song "Grandma and Grandpa" by the grandchildren, words and music by Karen; vocal solo "Have I told You Lately That I love You?" by Gayla Dawn, accompanied by Mary Esther; accordion numbers by Vallerie "Anniversary Waltz",

See Page 71

"I Love You Truly", and one other piano number by Kent; vocal solo, "Golden Wedding Bells", by Mary Esther; piano and violin "Melody of Love" Janet and McKay, with poem, "Why do I Love You?" read by Ada; responses by Grandma and Grandpa; and the following tribute by Carma:

Dear Mother And Dad

When you were married fifty years ago,
 And your hearts and minds were with love aglow,
 Did you think that the years would so swiftly go?
 And you'd have a golden wedding and all this posterity to show?
 You probably couldn't see into the future then and look ahead to this day.
 But, now it's here you can look back and you can proudly say,
 "The years have been good to us, and we have tried to do
 All that is required of parents and make our Patriarchal blessings come
 true.
 Yes, you were promised many blessings if you would do your share.
 You have surely kept the faith, although 'twas many times hard to bear.
 You were promised a large family, and that has surely been fulfilled.
 Also positions of responsibility which you have done faithfully as God
 willed.
 Those years of bringing us into the world and caring for our every need
 Were years of sacrifice and service and many hardships indeed.
 Now that you are older and celebrating your golden wedding day
 We are trying to express our love and gratitude to you both today.
 I speak for us all when I try to tell you we love you
 And are proud to have such parents. Everyone else loves you too.
 We hear nothing but good of you where ever we go
 And may we by our lives and actions in some way try to show
 Our appreciation for all you've done and all you mean to us.
 But it's hard to find words and hard to make a fuss
 But with your understanding nature, we know you understand
 That we feel that we are blessed with the most wonderful parents in all
 the land.
 May all that's good and wonderful be yours from day to day;
 And please accept all the love and best wishes we have tried to convey.

Orval and Ruth graciously offered their home for the reception. It was a beautiful setting on the brow of the hill, and a spacious yard with trees, shrubs and flowers for a background. We had the figures 1912 and 1962 cut in ply board, gold sprayed, standing in the background. We had tables displaying some of our wedding gifts of 50 years ago, photos of past years, and booklets and pamphlets I had written including the College Song.

One of the attractive features was the family tree. Phil got a lovely manzanita shrub from the hills, sprayed it white, and put it on a stand. On the branches we hung individual pictures of uniform size arranged in family groups. There were approximately 83 pictures.

Many came to extend their greetings, although there were many other activities going on that evening. Besides signatures of those attending, we have a book filled with cards and letters mailed by those away, or unable to be at the reception.

Pictures were taken at the noon day program and we thought others would be taken in the evening when we were more appropriately dressed for such an occasion, but time didn't permit. The children arranged flowers and tables for serving and seats for those who cared to stay and visit. All the children and grandchildren except George and Kathy, Sharon and Lynn were present.

Our Family

We were married September 11, 1912 and our children were born and married as here recorded:

Carma, born Sept. 17, 1914 was married to Woodrow W. Staheli April 20, 1932. Their son, Kay, was born March 22, 1933 and died May 8, 1953. Franklin H. was born March 24, 1935 and married Mary Esther Gardner July 7, 1962. Stanley A. was born Dec. 14, 1936 and married Gayla Dawn Ivie June 29, 1957. George R. was born April 10, 1941 and married Kathaleen Neilson Dec. 16, 1961. Ralph was born August 10, 1942 and married Katherine Gardner. Carma Jean was born September 9, 1944. Sandra was born November 2, 1946. Carma's grandchildren are: Kip born Nov. 8, 1957, Kory Don born Feb. 24, 1959, Kole W. born April 23, 1962, and Cynthia born July 16, 1962.

Ferrel was born December 26, 1915 and married Vilda Jolley June 11, 1937. Their son, Dennis A., was born Nov. 30, 1940 and married Kathleen Huff. Their son, Dale J., was born December 16, 1947. Their daughter, Mary, was born June 5, 1951. Their grand-daughter, Denise, was born June 11, 1962.

Ada was born June 7, 1917 and was married to McKay Neilson August 16, 1940. Their daughter, Janet Ruth, was born January 1, 1947. Their son, Richard McKay, was born June 10, 1949.

Herschel was born Jan. 22, 1919; married Ramona Sproul March 26, 1948. Lowell was born February 17, 1949; Jeffrey Kent was born November 11, 1951; Andrew A. was born April 22, 1954; Kenney Sue was born January 5, 1957; Mazel Kenneth was born April 12, 1960.

Harold J. was born August 23, 1920 and married Colleen M. Atkin August 15, 1944. Sharon Dawn was born June 11, 1945. Lynwood was born May 30, 1948, divorced, and then married Lorena Brown March 17, 1962. Carolyn was born Dec. 12, 1953; Sydney J. was born June 2, 1955; Lana Kay was born Nov. 8, 1957; and Conrad was born March 16, 1959.

Ruth was born March 16, 1922 and married Phil E. Squire March 24, 1943. Bonnie was born Feb. 14, 1947; Phyllis was born April 10, 1950; Jan H. was born Sept. 12, 1953; Sharlene was born June 20, 1955; and Amelia Ann was born Oct. 3, 1960.

Lenora, born Nov. 16, 1923, was married to Raymond L. Hobbs Nov. 29, 1942. Marilyn was born October 2, 1943; Valorie was born December 4, 1952; Alison Jayne was born October 27, 1959.

Eldon E. was born Feb. 27, 1927 and married Maxine Pymm Sept. 12, 1953. Kristine was born June 13, 1954; Shauna was born April 12, 1956; E. Brent was born Oct. 23, 1957; Sheryll Ann was born May 4, 1960; and Scott P. was born July 18, 1962.



BOTTOM ROW: Left to right- Kory, Alston, Shyrl Ann, Brent, Linda, Kip, Lana Kaye, Sharlene, Kinney Sue, Andy, Lyman Sidney, Michael, Conrad. SECOND ROW: Shauna, Kristine, Eldon, Baby Scott, Ada, Lenora, Ferrel, Carma, Kole, Orilla, Arthur K., Herschel, Mickey, Kelton, Kennie, Ruth, Harold, Erma, Susan. THIRD ROW: Ralph, Cynthia, Katherine, Maxine, McKay, Ray, Vilda, Janet, Lowell, Bonnie, Ramona, Elva, Peggy, Phil, Amelia Ann, Lorena, Gayla Dawn, Stanley. FOURTH ROW: Karen, Carolyn, Michelle, Gary Don, Mary, Sandra, Marilyn, Carma Jean, Dennis, Kathy, Denice, Mary Esther, Ricky, Phyllis, Dale, Kent, Nancy, Vallorie, Lamond, Jan. NOT PRESENT: Frank, Woodrow, Leo, Sharon Dawn and Lynn.

Erma was born Dec. 5, 1928 and was married to Leo T. Syphus Nov. 26, 1948. L. Lamond was born October 31, 1952; Karen was born March 13, 1955; Michael T. was born Feb. 27, 1958; and Susan was born November 6, 1960.

L. Kelton was born May 16, 1932 and married Peggy Ruth Neilson Nov. 2, 1954. Lyman K. was born Sept. 2, 1955; Linda was born June 19, 1957; and Kenneth N. was born June 30, 1961.

Donald R. was born July 19, 1933 and married Elva A. Jones July 18, 1952; Gary Don was born Nov. 29, 1952; Michelle was born Jan. 29, 1955; and David R. was born Feb. 26, 1961.

Deceased---Kay Woods born July 31, 1913 and died October 7, 1918. Linford L. was born Dec. 6, 1925 and died March 1, 1926. Kenneth E. was born Jan. 10, 1931 and died July 22, 1956.

Summary

Children		Living	11	Dead	3	Total	14
Grandchildren	Carma's		7		1		8
	Ferrel's		3				
	Ada's		2				
	Herschel's		5				
	Harold's		6				
	Ruth's		5				
	Lenora's		3				
	Eldon's		5				
	Erma's		4				
	Kelton's		3				
	Don's		3				

Great Grandchildren: Stanley's 3; Dennis 1; Ralph.1 5

RECOGNITIONS AND CITATIONS

In the spring issue of the Southern Quill, a literary pamphlet by local students, the following dedication was written.

"We the students and faculty of Dixie College, dedicate this spring, 1953, issue of the Southern Quill to Mr. Arthur K. Hafen, retired Dixie College faculty member.

"We do this because we honor and respect Mr. Hafen as one of the men who have helped to make Dixie College what it is today. We feel that we honor all of the founders and builders of Dixie when we honor such a typical 'great man of Dixie' as Mr. Hafen.

"Mr. Hafen has devoted a lifetime to Dixie College and to the humanities and liberal arts program at the college. At the time of his retirement, he was Director of the Division of Humanities.

"Now that he has retired, he still maintains a lively interest in affairs at Dixie, particularly in regard to student journalistic and creative efforts.

"We dedicate, therefore, our 1953 Southern Quill to Mr. Arthur K. Hafen, Dixie 'builder', Dixie supporter, and a true son of Dixie."

A few years after my retirement I was awarded the following plaque at Commencement Exercises of Dixie College

To

MR. ARTHUR K. HAFEN

Who joined the staff at Dixie College on the second year of its existence and remained longer in service than has any other teacher. As he grew with the school, he served in many capacities, contributing his talent to the band, assisting with publications, and helping to form policies.

Throughout the years he was an inspirational teacher of English, and languages, one who by his own enthusiasm cultivated in the hearts of his students a genuine appreciation for the beautiful. As Director of the Division of Humanities, he used his influence to raise the cultural standard of school and community.

Perhaps his most enduring contribution was made when he composed the official song. In the heart of the graduate away from home, as of the student in assembly, the rousing introduction and the lines, "We Love You, Our Dear Dixie School," revive all that is finest and best of his experience at Dixie College.

We have been recognized for success in our business by personnel from the head offices. In Boice at a school and congress Mr. Daniels of the B. F. Goodrich Company cited us publicly for the amount of business we were doing. In Littleton I was presented a brief case as a token of recognition for the goodwill created in our places of business.

Mother, too, has come in for her share of recognition as we have met at the home office or in regional meetings. I think it is her pleasing personality that captivates, as it does nearly everywhere she goes. Being such a mother of a large family earns praise. In Littleton at a meeting of hundreds of operators and their wives a spokesman paused to pay tribute to the women. He mentioned his wife, and his secretary, and the wife of the president of the O.K. organization. Then he said there is one other he would like to recognize. He asked Mother to stand and be introduced. Many of the recognitions and compliments we get come from the things the children do.

In recognizing special citations we mention some that are better known than other achievements off stage in the quiet regular work of the day. Mention could not be made of the work each one is doing as a benefactor in his community and the contributions there made. Our son, Harold, and a grandson, Frank, and a son-in-law, Leo, are all of the family group who have gone on missions for the church, but many others are workers in responsible ward and stake positions.

Kelton was voted Popular Boy one year at Woodward High School. He was given a medal and citation by his commanding officer in the Korean War.

The medal was a bronze star and the citation was for bravery and performance of duty, near Heartbreak Ridge.

Perhaps the finest recognitions come from students taught in school and in church organizations. Later in life the impressions bear fruit. Mom deserves special recognition for her work with boys in primary. As they grow to maturity and go on missions or assume other positions of responsibility, they pay tribute to her. Let Longfellow say it:

"I breathed a song into the air,
If fell to the earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

"Long, long afterward I found the song again
From beginning to end,
In the heart of a friend."

Our greatest recognitions come from the total activities combined to make our lives what they are, but special recognitions indicate the esteem and the worthiness of those of us to whom they are extended.

This letter written by Ada when she was away to school is typical of the expressions of the other children on special occasions. Birthdays, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Christmas, and such special days always bring cards, letters, sentiments and gifts until we are almost embarrassed to accept so much.

132 East 5th North, Provo
Jan. 12, 1939

Dearest Daddy,

I'm so glad you're having a birthday so I can take time to write to you, and tell you what a grand Dad I think you are.

I hope you'll be very happy on your birthday and wish I could be there to give you a big birthday kiss--maybe Mother could give it to you for me. Don't

you think? I wish you weren't such a busy man and could take time out to do some of the things you enjoy doing. But I realize if it weren't for all the things you're doing that I wouldn't be here having this grand experience; it's because you are such a wonderful provider that we have the things we do, and I know we older ones realize that we have got a pretty "smart" Dad--and we all love you very much. Perhaps we don't do much to show you how much we really do think of you, but feel it just the same. How are you getting along with all your work? Do you find much time to do your writing? There is very seldom any news in the Tribune from St. George. Have you had Price Bench Canal elections? You were talking about it while I was home--- If so, "did you get it?"

Daddy, what shall I do about writing for a school? Do you think it wise to write Paul Thurston and Mr. Moody? I'm wondering just what to do. If McKay gets a school he wants to get married. I haven't said what I would like to do--teach or be married. I feel it so strongly that I could probably help so much there with the financial side there at home and partly pay back for what I have been having. And I'm sure to teach would be a wonderful experience. Yet, I know it isn't the best thing to go steady for such a long time.

I'm sure I'm going to enjoy my training very much. I believe the class has reached its maximum amount, there have been new girls entering every day and yesterday there were 95--that's such a big class for trying to accomplish very much in a gymnasium--so far there are no other trainers in my section, so that will be quite a job. She has given me the week of Leadership alone, as she has to do other things. So I'm planning now for my week alone. I'm still a little "green" at making lesson plans, but enjoy making them.

I received Kenneth's cute letter today and the pictures of the little boys--- They weren't so good of them, but I'm glad to have them. I had to cry a little. I guess I'm still a baby, because I still get homesick, but I suppose it's because I love my family so much and miss them very much.

I hope you like your tie, and think of me when you wear it, will you?

This has tried to be in my humble way, a birthday wish for the grandest Daddy a girl could have, and one who loves him, oh so very much.

Write to me.

Take good care of yourself---

Love,

Ada

MEMORIES OF HOME

FERREL

I remember my home life as a child as a happy and busy life. We all had much more to do then than people do today, such as milking seven cows every day, doing chores, putting up hay and grain for us and for Grandfather Hafen.

We used very little money then. Milk and other produce were traded for credit at the stores and barber shops.

Sometimes I worked on the canal and one summer I worked for the Hafen and Frei boys in Nevada. These jobs paid cash and I felt pretty important when I was paid. Although today a dollar and a quarter wouldn't seem much for a day's work, it meant a lot then.

Father was always generous when something important came up such as the time he bought me a shot gun and another time he bought me a bicycle. One time when I was quite young I wanted a black cowboy hat with a bright red hat band on it. I spent hours looking at it in Mr. Herman's store and wishing I could have it. When I asked my folks if I could have it and my first pair of levis they told me I could make a choice; I could either have them or go to Salt Lake with my folks to buy a new Model T Ford. I chose the hat and levis thinking they would take me to Salt Lake with them anyway. I really kicked up a fuss when I couldn't go, but I had the prettiest hat in town, that is when the Navajo Indians weren't in town because they wore hats just like it.

I remember well the cold winter nights after we all had our lessons. Mother would read to us and we would have homemade candy or raisins and pine nuts. Mother was always the first one up and the last one to go to bed, and what a hard time she had staying awake when she read to us.

I remember, too, the Saturday night baths and dad's cutting our hair. Quite an operation with twelve of us, but my folks seemed to manage as well with twelve as we do with three.

CARMA'S

So many, many things come to my mind when I look back and think of the years I lived at home with my parents and brothers and sisters. I always think of the security I felt at home--the good meals served on a clean tablecloth; how good was that hot tomato soup on a cold evening! Usually on wash day we had a big pot of beans and baked potatoes and nearly always a good dessert. We always had good clean beds. But best of all was knowing that if I needed anything or wanted it bad enough I would get it. I realize now, that some of the things I asked for were not easy on the folks, but they sacrificed or schemed in order that I might have it. If I ever needed a costume or a dress or anything in a hurry, Mother always saw to it that I had it. As for new shoes, spending money, and such, Daddy managed that. I'll bet Dad's "Deseret News" check bought hundreds of pairs of shoes.

We had good times together. I remember so well the winter nights we gathered around the "heater" in the dining room and Daddy read to us. How we loved those stories! We always begged for just one more chapter before we went to bed. I don't think the younger ones in the family had that privilege as we older ones did. Daddy used to play marbles with us, too; at night we would play on the kitchen floor. We used to go to Price Bench and wade in the river or play on its banks then ride home on a big load of hay. The sugar cane we used to "suck" was part of summer diet. Sometimes we would break it into joints and peel it and chew it, but we liked to suck the juice out and twist and suck some more. After Edith Pymm went to Salt Lake to live she wrote and asked me to send her some sugar cane. I cut it up in joints and mailed it to her. We used to play house on the back porch and make mud pies and have them lined all the way up the steps that went up the back stairs.

I always liked to play house right after Christmas so we could have the Christmas tree in our play house and play it was Christmas. I also liked to play under the old shed where mother used to wash. It was fun to sit down by the washing machine and turn the wringer and play it was a player piano and sing while the rollers went around. One time a whole group of kids in our neighborhood were sitting on our big wood-pile singing to the top of our voices and Mary Whitehurst came out the back door of the hospital and yelled "Shut up you dumb kids, you're disturbing my patients". I remember many of Ferrel's projects such as digging under-ground houses, making air planes, building corrals for "bone horses" and making traps to catch birds. I liked to help out with these projects, too. Another thing that was fun was playing games on summer nights on Baker's corner under the light pole.

I remember playing so much I guess I didn't do much work. Probably it was easier for Mother to do it herself, or ask Ada to do it, than it was to get me to do it. When it came to washing dishes I always spoke to dry and if there was any opposition I chased Ada around the house a few times with the dish towel. When I look back now and see how lazy I was and think of some of the dirty tricks I pulled on Ada in order to get what I wanted, I am so ashamed I can hardly stand myself. Like the time I made her get off our horse and get on behind Evelyn Snow and then have a race with me. Ada fell off and broke her arm. Then there was the time when she and I were out with boys and she wanted to go in and I didn't, I was with Woodrow. Daddy had turned the porch light on and we knew we should go in, but I talked her into staying out. Daddy came out with a razor strap and Big Me, I said, "I wanted to come in, but Ada wouldn't" So she got the licking. We went to bed and both cried half the night. Another time--I talked her into going with a big, homely boy so I could go with the cute little one. I honestly don't see how I could have been so selfish and mean, and I don't see how Ada can be as good and sweet as she is to me. I wouldn't blame her if she hated me. The only thing that wasn't my fault was the time she slid down the slivery board and got her seat full of slivers--I wasn't even there.

I must have been the ring leader in all the mischief. I know what a big job it was for mother to get us all ready for a family photograph. When Johnny Stewart came to do the picture we scattered in all directions, we hid in the barn, on top of the shed, up in a tree, and all over the place. Then when they got us all together another time and we knew they meant business I said, "Let's all look ugly". When I see that picture now I wish I hadn't looked quite so ugly.

When we canned peaches it was a family affair. I can see those bushels and bushels of peaches on the back porch. It was hot weather and the peaches were fuzzy, but everyone helped. I did love to eat them, though. Nothing ever tasted so good as those good ripe peaches and many times I picked them off the tree at Grandpa's orchard in Santa Clara.

When we were kids there were two camp grounds in town, one where the Post Office is now, and one where the D U P building is now--behind the court house. Tourists used to camp on public camp grounds and we would sell milk to them. We would stand on the corner and wait for a car to drive in, then we would run and ask them if they wanted to buy some milk. We would get their order and then go home and get it and bring it back. It was interesting for us to talk to people from everywhere, I liked to go in their tents and look things over. Besides the "campers", as we called them, horse traders would come to town every so often. They usually had families and maybe the children would go to school awhile and then they would move on. I was quite interested in this group too.

When I was in grade school I would go over to the college building after school and clean the blackboards in Daddy's room, then ask for a nickel and usually get it. I will always remember the large pictures that hung on the walls above the blackboards. The four years I went to high school I walked to school many mornings with Dad and I continued to go to his room and ask for money or take my other problems there. A lesson I learned that has stayed with me was taught to me in that room, at least it had its beginning there, and I always remember it. I went there one afternoon and asked for money to go to the Opera House to a matinee. Daddy reminded me that I wanted to go to a certain show that was coming and he said I couldn't go to both; so to decide which I wanted to go to most. Naturally I said the matinee. I remember thinking that when the time came to go to the show I would probably get to go anyway. So when the time came I ran gleefully and asked for a show ticket. Dad said, "You went to the matinee, remember? and promised not to go to the show." I said, "Oh, that doesn't matter, give me the money so I can go." "Yes, it does matter," he said, "You are going to learn to keep your word, and learn that I keep mine, we made a deal and we are sticking to it." So I stayed home and I learned a lesson. I learned another lesson one time when I went up on the red hill after school and played till dark. Dad whipped me when I got home for not helping Mother. I told him she said I could go, and he said I should have sense enough to see how much she had to do and I was old enough to take a little responsibility.

I went to the Woodward school for the first eight years of schooling, then to Dixie College building for four years of high school. High school was a wonderful time of life. I enjoyed school and was having a good time with my crowd---dances, parties, ball games, dates, and such. Woodrow and I were married about the time I graduated from high school and started a home of our own. I still have and always will have fond memories of home. I still love to go home and feel very fortunate to have Mother and Daddy still there and enjoying as good health as they do. My prayer is that they will enjoy many more than these fifty years they have had together.

ADA

When asked to write my childhood memories I plunged right in, thinking it was no task at all, but I soon realized it was not easy. Things that are so close to one are very hard to express. Each year that passes and we become more adult we realize just how wonderful our heritage is.

Our family seems to fit the explanation made by a boy when asked, "What makes a happy family?" His reply was, "A happy family reminds me of a baseball team, with Mom pitching, Dad catching, and the kids fielding, with each one taking a turn at bat." Yes, ours was a happy, busy and noisy family, where learning to share was taught early--sharing the numerous inside and outside duties as well as material things that weren't as prevalent, nor important, as the daily chores in an ever-increasing family. True, not all of us shared the same; so some had extra things to do, but every one shared equally in love and security, which are the most important things to make a house a home.

I remember asking often, "If you were to give one of us away, which one would you give?" Always the same answer was given, "Not one of you. We love you all the same." This same question came to mind when Kenneth was killed and my sorrow was eased somewhat when Daddy and Mother said they felt Kenny could be spared best, as that particular time he was the only one without a family to care for. Even then I know how hard it was for them "to give one of us away."

There are so many things that come to my mind as I reminisce that I find it hard to choose which to write about. I am sure it was a disappointment to Mom and Dad when they provided an opportunity for me to learn to play the piano and the violin. How I wish now I had learned. I was "costly" in other ways also: a broken arm caused from a fall from a horse which I had been told not to ride. Also, I've been scarred for life when the temptation to earn a nickel resulted in a trip to the hospital to have many slivers removed when I successfully ran up a board propped up against a fence and slid down it. Many days were spent sitting uncomfortably on a pillow.

For a family the size of ours, we really didn't have many accidents. Harold's broken neck and Kelton's burns were the most serious. I prayed so hard for many nights that nothing would happen to my "Larry Kelton" he was one of my "three little boys". I'm not sure whether our church had instituted home night or family night as we have now, but we had wonderful home evenings. Reading, "Beautiful Joe", "Hippo, The Hippopotamus", "Jumbo, The Elephant", "The Little White Indian Boy", and ever so many other books stand out in memory. Of course, refreshments were most important: Winter Nelly pears, and apples cold from the basement, pinenuts, molasses candy and honey candy, or pop corn popped in a large pan covered with newspaper held on by clothespins. What a wonderful sound as the popping began. Sometimes we had a special treat of mixed candy given by our groceryman when the monthly bill was paid. Much planning was done to keep that monthly bill in the fifty-or-sixty-dollar range. Long gone are the days when we used to go every Saturday and ask for a fifty-cent roast for our Sunday dinner.

Christmas was an exciting time when the large packages would arrive from Sears Roebuck Company or Montgomery Ward. Mother would secretly show me some of the presents bought for the younger brothers and sisters. This was not, however, until after I had seen the toys under the old back porch that were hidden until we all were in bed, then out they came to be placed under the Christmas tree. It is a sad time in a child's life when he finds Santa doesn't come down the chimney, but that his parents and George Harmon are Santa Claus. Christmas wasn't Christmas without the red and green stockings Mom would make by staying up late into the night. I shed tears the first Christmas Mac and I spent away from home when in our package were two of the sacks filled with candy and nuts.

The excitement of our first car, a Model T, will never be forgotten. I sat in it all day long announcing to everyone that walked by, "This is my Daddy's car." I said we were a noisy family, but there were times when we could be quiet. That was when a peddler was in town, and as he approached our home, Mother would gather us together and lock the doors, pull down the blinds, and caution us not to make a sound. I still feel that pounding in my heart as the knock would come to the front door, then the back door, and finally all was clear. I never did understand why it wasn't as easy to go to the door and say, "No, thank you, I don't want anything today." Anyway, it was consolation to know we could be quiet.

Then there were those evenings I sat in the kitchen while the Price Bench Canal meetings were being held, waiting for an eternity for the meeting to end so I could ask, "Did you get it, Daddy?" This meant did they elect him again as secretary. Of course, I always knew he was the best man for the job, and so did the members, because this voting went on for years.

Our summers were busy. If a count were made to date, I wonder how many thousands of quarts of fruit lined the kitchen windows to cool before they were taken to the basement. The finished product was always very rewarding to me, but I'm sure I did my share of complaining, knowing the job had to be done. Spring

house cleaning I loved, as we went from room to room, from ceiling to floor, cleaning wall paper with those balls of red something, varnishing floors, furniture, etc. I wonder whether there is a house in St. George with more coats of varnish than ours. Summer also meant hay hauling from Price Bench, and I could make the trip occasionally. The real thrill was crossing the river. Summer also meant that campers would be pitching their tents behind the courthouse, and that meant we could sell milk to them. This extra money really meant something.

Togetherness makes a happy family, and ever since I can remember we have been a close "familyfied" family, taking every opportunity to be together. Thanksgiving always meant a gay time; Christmas was for family reunions, as Easter at Mesquite, was. I thought these things were something every family did, until the few years I've lived away from home and find neighbors and friends who actually don't want their family around. I've always felt sorry for them.

I recall the thrills of the Barclay trips with family beds all over the floor and the anticipated arrival of the trains with our plots to derail them by placing the poor little slippery fish we caught on the tracks, only to find the train go whizzing by, whistling as it rounded the bend. Grandpa Woods was always so kind to all of us. His visits to our house weren't too often, but they were always a special event when he did come. He was such a handsome man. His mustache was always so fascinating.

Santa Clara trips were first made in buggies or wagons, before the Model T. Grandpa Hafen, with a rose in his mouth and always whistling, was never unkind to any of us. Always there was a bucket full of something luscious for us. The walnut trees and peach trees took quite a beating when we all descended on them. Sometimes we were taken for short rides on the horse with Grandpa. I always admired him because he rode so well. He was a short man, yet with no apparent effort, those short legs were astride the saddle, and he was off.

Dear Aunt Jessie was so sweet, kind, and generous. How thankful I am for the short visit she had with us here in Arcadia. How fortunate our children are to know both their grandfathers and their grandmothers. I've always felt regret that I never knew either of my grandmothers. I know both grandfathers loved us all, but I think more affection would have been shown if the "real" grandmothers had been living.

I was especially privileged to be one of the older members of the family. It was always thrilling to make the trips out to Mrs. Harradence's to see the new brother or sister, and to kiss Mother, who was missed so much those few days she was gone. I realize now how much the little rest she got while there was enjoyed, away from her noisy, demanding "brood". And dear Daddy, I know of all the extra jobs he had to feed, clothe, and educate us. True appreciation doesn't come until we are older and know what it takes to own a home and rear a family.

Our home was built and still stands on the strongest foundation a home can have-wonderful parents whose ideals and examples have never changed. These are my guideposts and maps that charted the route I should take. I've been weak in many respects, and detours have been taken, but always the desire to get back on the right route is there.

Our home was, and still is, always open to everyone, family, friends, neighbors, everyone always welcome and Mom and Dad never too busy to be hospitable.

I haven't the words to express my love for all my brothers and sisters, their husbands, wives, and children, but let me assure you it is there.

RUTH

I've had lots of thoughts go through my mind, wondering just how to put into words the things I like to remember of my childhood and home. It has been fun reminiscing. Most of my memories aren't of any certain age or time, so I'll just put down the things as I think and remember them.

First of all, I'd like to say how proud I am to belong to the family I do. I feel so fortunate to have parents as I have and this opportunity to help them celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. It takes a while to realize what parents go through for us; also to know and be thankful for the name they have given to us, for which we can be so proud. I find myself comparing the way I do with my children and the trend of life now as compared with what it was a few years ago when I was a child. I am the seventh of fourteen children, so there were seven younger.

Memories I have are of the way we bottled fruit, washed our dining room table at meal time; the Model T Ford; the relatives and friends who were so welcome in our home; our trips to Enterprise and to Barclay's the barn and cows; games we enjoyed; school days; the noise we'd make after we got into bed. I'll probably remember more as I go into more detail about each of these things.

We had a shed about where the little house is now. The washing machine was out there and we had a black tub to heat water, just below the wood pile and on down the path toward the corral. The barn was so much fun to play in when it was full of hay. We could climb around on top of the hay and even high enough to see the pigeon houses the boys had on the barn. The hay was a good place to keep melons also. There was a shed in the barn for the Model T. Ford. I had lots of fun make believe I was driving it.

We had a coal and wood stove on which we bottled our fruit. We did peaches and tomatoes by the bushels. They are fun memories, though. There were enough of us to help peel peaches, so we had good visits while we worked. We had the privilege of having Aunt Mary Bunker (a sister of Grandmother Hafen's) help us ^{see} laugh so much at her funny stories we'd almost forget how many peaches we had to peel. Aunt Mary later lived in the back bedroom. We didn't know either Grandmother Hafen or Woods, but we did have their sisters, Aunt Mary, and Aunt Lydia Winsor in our home often, so we had a little idea of what our grandmothers were like.

Our dinner table was always set for a crowd. It wasn't anything different to have relatives or friends drop in at meal time, and there was always room for one more. I brought my friends home without letting Mother know ahead of time, and they were always welcome.

One of the things I liked to do so much was play "out". We didn't have street lights as we have now. There was a small light on Baker's corner, and the whole neighborhood would get together and play "Run, sheep run"; "no bears are out tonight"; "hide and seek"; and sometimes we'd put a string across the street and then hide to see if cars would run through it. The neighbors I remember so

well were then the McFarlanes, Nelsons, Harris kids, Willie Thompson, the Bakers, and Norman Marshall.

We had lots of fun playing with bony horses. Our yard had little corrals and roads all over. Another thing I enjoyed doing was being in little programs Ada and Beth McFarlane would make up. No matter how busy Mother was she'd take time to come and see the plays we'd prepare. As I look back now I know why Mother used to fall asleep as she'd be telling us stories or singing us to sleep at night. I never hear the song, "Froggie Went a Courtin'", without thinking of Mother. I never remember getting home after school and calling, "Mama" when I'd open the front door that she wasn't there to answer.

I have memories of our all getting into the Model T and wending our way to Enterprise. The road was dugway and real winding. We'd have sweet rolls and a nice cool drink by a stream of water or under a tree. It was after the "Horseshoe Turn" and just before what seemed to me to be a steep hill. The roads and cars are so improved now I wonder how we made it, especially when Lenora got so car sick. What a happy sight it was to us to see the old windmill just before entering Enterprise, because we knew it wasn't much farther to Aunt Erma's. Right here also comes to my mind the Thanksgiving dinners with the Hafen side of the family. One time when I was riding over to Aunt Jessie's in a box wagon with Uncle Guy, I put my foot into the pumpkin pie. They made quite a joke of it. I felt really bad to think I had done it. I'm thankful Daddy and Mother have felt the importance of family ties, and that we've had so many get-togethers on both sides of our family. Easter at Uncle Max's is something none of us will ever forget.

I don't remember anything special about school except I had mumps when I was in the second grade, and Carma was home with a broken ankle, so she kept me company. Then during the 5th and 6th grades I spent most of the time at home taking mineral oil, drinking malted milk, and trying to find out what was wrong with me. I had measles in the 6th grade and had ear aches so much. Mother spent lots of nights up with me.

When Daddy was bishop of the East Ward, it wasn't unusual to have people come to pay their tithing on Washday and Mother would have to stop and visit with them. Daddy had an office in the basement of the Tabernacle. It was the first door around the corner on the south side. I always liked to go to help him because he would let me get a candy bar at the Dixie Drug to eat while we worked. As the grandchildren have come along they've enjoyed Grandpa's sweet tooth also. They know where the num num drawer is.

The front porch has memories for me also. That is where I first remember of hearing frogs at night and wondering about their sound. It was where I was told about the Bible. I asked Daddy one night how we got here and about the world. He told me there was a book that had the story about the world in it. I don't know how old I was, but I remember it made an impression on me. I lived in the same house until I was married, and then the two years while Phil was over seas, so no wonder I got homesick the first time I went away to work and stayed very long, then again when I left to be with Phil in Medford, Oregon.

The store room up stairs was our play house, and I've spent many hours playing up there. One day when I had made my play house, I started a fire in an old stove that was up there, and it didn't have a pipe. The roof caught on fire and I was really frightened. It was put out with our hose before it

burned too much. I think the hole is still there. I always liked to play that I was a milkman delivering milk to our house. I'd put bottles out for it. We had milk to deliver when I was little, so I always thought it would be so much fun to have it come to us in a bottle instead of having to milk our own cows.

Our home was always open for parties. We used to come after the dances and have something to eat. We didn't have cars or money to go to drive-ins to eat. No matter how cold or how hot, we'd walk to everything. A little later some of the boys I went with had pick-up trucks, so we did get to ride once in a while. But I always knew I could bring my friends home to have parties. Our up-stairs wasn't heated, so we'd warm our pillows on the coal stove in the dining room and then run real fast to bed so they'd still be nice and warm. Then we'd like to visit long after we'd gone to bed and Daddy would call and call us to settle down. Lots of times we'd hide something to eat under our pillow, and that was always fun. When I was still small we'd like to get up early and go down stairs and get in bed with Mama and Daddy. Their big white bed held quite a few at times. We'd all try to be first so we could lie by one of them.

It could get as hot up stairs in the summer as it got cold in the winter. Sometimes it would be half the night before it would cool off enough to sleep. It seemed we'd always have questions to ask Mother when she'd be rockin; one of the little ones to get them to sleep. She'd sing the answer to us: "Go out until I'm through, and I'll see."

Now that we're all married, home is still the place we all like to be and bring our children. We're always welcome and enjoy each other's company. Family jokes and stories are so much fun to talk and laugh about. So, once again, I want to say I am so very thankful for my parents and brothers and sisters and for the home life I remember.

LENORE

Memories of home means homemade bread, baking, sitting on the back steps eating pomegranates on a crisp November afternoon, and apples from the basement on winter nights; finding room at the dining room table along side other family members to do homework; standing over the coal stove to warm the pillow before dashing upstairs to a cold cold bed; sharing experiences and daydreams with Ruth long past the hour to be asleep, a father with a very busy schedule who found time to whistle "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" to Mom and call her Orilla when he needed underwear and socks brought to him; a mother who massaged my tired legs at night, even though hers were aching from lack of rest; a #3 tub beside the kitchen stove on a cold Saturday night for each of us to have a warm bath, and rows of shoes polished from the brown and black shinola bottles.

It was a thrill to walk down to Sister Harradence's to see "our new baby" and the anticipation of having Mom and the baby home again. ~~Remember~~ remember how disappointed we were when Mom had to make three trips down there before Kelton was born. Later when Kelton was burned I came home at noon to see Mom holding him bundled in gauze and we were much concerned for him. Many nights for years she massaged the oil into the scars.

Birthdays for each of us meant a large round cake baked in a special milk pan, with raisins and nuts decorated with colored candies and always candles.

April was a month of disappointment because it was the only month without a birthday in the family.

Monday was wash day and we could always plan on a dinner of navy beans and baked potatoes. Other meals I remember so well, consisted of dried corn in the winter with bottled fruit from the basement, and most always there was whipped cream to go on the peaches. Summer's garden dinner was best of all, with corn on the cob, string beans, tomatoes, and a "just ripe" casaba melon.

Early memories of playing with bony horses, looking for doodle bugs, riding old Babe on summer days, are still vivid in my mind. Sometimes we were allowed to take an egg up to McArthur's bakery to exchange for candy, or take hikes to the Red Hill to look for hidden treasures; and have family suppers at the foot of the Sugar Loaf.

The Fourth of July meant homemade root beer, sleeping outside and trying to stay awake all night to hear the martial band and the booms at an early hours. Races on the Tabernacle lawn, a program at Wadworth's theatre and a balloon filled with helium characterized the day.

Riding down Temple Hill with Mom in the "Model T", to milk the cows, and look for wild flowers; trips to Price Bench with Dad and riding home atop the hay; going to Santa Clara in the wee hours of the morning to pick peaches and then getting them ready to put in the jars will long be remembered.

I was a great one to offer mother's services to bake cookies or make costumes for any special event at school; she never disappointed me in any of my projects. Friends were always welcome at our home. Many fun parties and after dance snaks were enjoyed at our place.

When Dad was Bishop there were manv callers at the house. Mom always had time to visit with them and make ther feel welcome. Dad gave love and understanding to many worried people with problems. The most exciting part of his being bishop was the marriages performed in our living room. Later when he was given the office in the basement of the tabernacle, I spent many hours helping him with the bookwork for the canal companies. We always had a "Best Pal" candy bar to make the work go faster.

When I was 16 and Mom was ill with thyroid trouble, I realized what a deep love existed for her, not only in our family but also friends and neighbors alike. I have always been glad I could make her more comfortable by brushing the beautiful curls on her head.

Mom and Dad have always been very understanding. During my later teens they helped me solve many problems and help me plan for my future.

Beauty is the word I would like to use to describe our home. Beauty is synonymous with truth, goodness, harmony, unity and tranquility. Cheerfulness also, is an expression of beauty. In our home there was spiritual beauty. Kindness was there, also good-humored tolerance of each other. It was a home made up of encouraging words, loving deeds, sympathy expressed, songs to make us feel light-hearted, free and glad to be a member of a familv where all these linked together made a golden chain of beauty around our door.

ERMA

As I sit here and think back over the years I wonder where to begin because I have so many memories. Perhaps I should begin with my very early childhood. I must have been very young when I slept in the white iron crib in Mother's and Dad's bedroom. I remember at nap time the older kids playing the old wind up Victorla which was in the bedroom. I also remember one time when I was lying in the crib and Mother was trying to get a big sliver out of the bottom of my foot. I made such a fuss about it I don't think she got it out. I was a bashful child and would duck my head when people would speak to me. I was told many, many times how much I looked like Carma. I didn't mind looking like her, but I didn't like to hear it every place I went.

How I loved the summer time. Quite often we would put a quilt in the back of the pickup along with some cold milk and homemade bread and butter sandwiches and go to the field or over to Washington for a swim and supper. Summer time usually was reunion time out to Barclay and how we all looked forward to seeing Grandpa Woods, the big old house, the well with the good water, the little white school house, and the trains coming down the track. I loved to go under the bridge and wait for a train to pass over; also to run to the gate and wave to the engineer as he passed by. Some of my summer vacation was spent out to Enterprise at Aunt Erma's house and how homesick I would get after being there for a day or two. When staying at Aunt Jessie's house I would hate afternoon to come because that meant nap time. The afternoon would drag on and on because I could never sleep. I liked to stay over to Carma's place at carrot bunching time, because I could tend her kids and earn some money for the Fourth of July. The summer Dad rented the red rock house in Pine Valley will be remembered by us younger ones as a wonderful summer. I liked to go over to Grandpa Hafen's peach orchard with Dad & the the boys and also go peddling with them in the pickup.

On cold winter nights we liked to put our pajamas and pillow on top of the dining room stove while we huddled around it to get undressed. Then we would make a dash for the bed before our pillows got cold. I slept with Ruth most of the time and could curl and snuggle up into a little ball and be warm in no time. When I slept with her she would recite "The Village Blacksmith" when I would request it. We often put candy under our pillow to eat before going to sleep. While we were small our Saturday night bath would be in front of the kitchen stove in a big No. 2 tub. I remember wearing long brown stockings held with elastic above the knees, pink knit undershirt, and long pink knit pants that came to the knee.

Many enjoyable hours were spent upstairs in the store room playing house, dress up, and paper dolls. Some of my girl friends still mention the good times spent in the store room. There were tree houses, underground houses, play houses in the garage, and hideouts in the barn, but none could take the place of the store room.

Dad was bishop of the East Ward most of the years while I was growing up. I was proud that my dad was bishop and my mother was Primary president. People would come to the house to pay their tithing and oh, how many times Mother would have to stop her work and write out a tithing receipt. There was one old faithful tithe payer who would come each month to pay his tithing, but before he came in he would leave his cigarette out on the gate post and then pick it up again when he went back out. I watched Dad perform many marriages while he was bishop and sometimes when there was a wedding in our front room at night I would stand in my pajamas and watch. At conference time we could usually plan on Grandpa Hafen and several other guests for dinner.

When we were small Mom or Dad would read to us at night. Usually we would gather around the dining room table while one of them read to us. I can still see Mom reading along and dozing and mumbling some words that had no connection with the story. We would giggle and that would awaken her so she could go on for a few more lines before shutting her eyes again.

At the time Kelton was burned so badly I was very sick with the red measles. I remember that morning Dad wrapped me up on a blanket and brought me out in the dining room to sit in the big chair so I could see how our baby brother was all bandaged up. Every time I smell "kip" salve now I think of that morning.

I was eleven when I took my first long trip from home. I spent six weeks in California and most of that time was spent with Ferrel and Vilda. It was the summer before Dennis was born. How royally they treated me. I came home with the same dollar I went down there with besides a big box of things they bought for me.

The year Ada graduated I had the privilege of going to Provo for the event. I really thought I was big stuff. How proud I was of my sister.

Birthdays were always special occasions--a party, and a big birthday cake with candles at dinner time.

Although there was plenty of house work, big washings and ironings, and tubs and tubs of fruit to bottle in the summer, there was always time for friends and leisure time.

Having brothers older and younger than I made quite a problem as for getting teased. But it was quite an advantage to me to have them as we got older, because they became quite fun to chum with and they made very good dance partners.

DON

The pleasant and happy memories I have are times spent with the family and relatives. We would always enjoy Thanksgiving at Uncle Guy's and Aunt Althea's and Easter at Uncle Max and Aunt Stell's. Being the "Baby" of the family I sometimes feel I have missed many of the good times I hear the older brothers and sisters talk about, but I have many happy memories, also.

I remember we would always enjoy going to Barclay. Sometimes we slept in the barn on the hay and listened to the trains for hours. I especially remember washing my face in the ice cold water from the well. There was an old wagon we would pull to the top of the hill and ride down. We would put pennies on the train track or make our initials with wire and wait for the train to flatten them out. I'm sure we will always remember Uncle Gene's laugh; whenever he would laugh we all would laugh with him. I think one of the things I treasure most as a boy was the pocket watch Uncle Gene gave me.

It was always so much fun to go to Enterprise, even though I would get car sick. We were always welcome at Aunt Erma's.

By the time I was old enough to help Dad, he had stopped farming but we helped in Santa Clara hauling hay or picking fruit for Grandpa Hafen. Dad would have us all go to help, he said, "Many hands make labor light". We would

also help Uncle Guy with his hay in the summer. Uncle Guy would make the work easier by keeping us entertained with his little stories and songs, and we always stopped at McCoard's for "Burpie".

I enjoyed school very much. I remember getting a book in the first grade from my teacher, Miss Graf, because I was never late nor absent.

In remembering the things from my childhood, I feel I would like to be able to relive those days again. I think when a person feels this way it means he must have had a happy family life. I am very thankful and proud to be a part of such a wonderful family and to have parents who are so thoughtful and kind.

HAROLD

Write? I would rather not. The "gift of gab" comes naturally, for talk, talk, talk, I can easily do. Writing is sheer punishment. I would almost rather be horse whipped. But since we have all been asked to put in writing some of our memories and experiences of home and growing up in St. George, I will attempt to do so.

My thoughts and memories of home are 99% pleasant, and bring much joy in recalling--reliving really. The ability to remember is a great gift to the human race. I am convinced that a clear remembrance of life on earth; the joys and sorrows will rate high in the judgment of each in the life hereafter. With no regard to time, season, or sequence I will recall some of the memories of home. One request I ask is that the critic of written English not look at these pages.

Foremost in my memories is coming home after school, or at any time, to a fresh-baked batch of bread---filling up on bread, butter, honey, jam or preserves and cold rich, sweet (raw) milk. We always felt free to bring any or all of our friends home with us and to share with them the contents of fridge and cupboards. I even remember (just barely) back beyond the day of the refrigerator the wire "dumb waiter" that was where the fridge now stands in the kitchen.

This brings to mind the large tin cups that we took to the corral and filled to overflowing with "milk right from the cows". Warm as it is, I think I would like to try it right now. Remember the garden where we would go to pull a fresh sweet carrot, wipe off a little dirt on our levis and thoroughly enjoy every crunchy bite? Also the radishes, lettuce, peas and corn; the grapes, figs, pomegranates; remember the Price Bench with its vineyard, cantaloupes, and water melons? And, of course, the cassabas that were kept in the hay until Christmas and even after?

I remember going to Price Bench for a load of cottonwood and Dad and Ferrel (believe it or not) had to cut the ice in the river to roughen it up for old Doc and Don to walk across. That is perhaps the one and only time we had so much ice on the Virgin River near St. George. How about the new axes that were purchased for wood chopping? I knew I was really a man when I could use the big ax and chop through a large cotton wood log without even stopping. Of course, the wood pile and the coal bin by fall were huge to me. Herschel, remember the time we took the Sears and "Sow But" catalogue and a good supply of cedar bark and went over behind the pomegranate bushes and proceeded to manufacture all sizes and shapes of cigarettes and cigars? Shortly after we lit up and created a smoke screen we saw, very dimly, through the haze that Mother was standing there with a pomegranate

willow. Herschel headed for the barn and clambered to the top. As I listened to the whistle of that willow as it moved through the air, and felt the sting when it stopped, I thought, you lucky boulder. But when Dad came home and called Herschel from his perch the whistles of the willow made me feel that I was the lucky one.

I remember the razor strap, but the pomegranate willow I remember best, even though I remember only two lickings. Many more, I'm sure, were deserved. I remember when Earl and I spent a long anxious day at school and then took off on one horse up over the Red Hill to catch up with a sheep herd that had gone through the east end of the valley that day. We got our dogie lambs and headed for home; but too soon it got dark. As I rode light in the saddle, almost carrying Old Babe down the lane to the corral gate, I thought Boy, I made it! But as I slipped from the saddle to the ground the whistle of the willow assured me 'twas not so. Ferrel and Herschel had done most of the chores, so I had only one cow to milk and milk to Carter's and Snow's to deliver. I guess the dogies were worth it, though.

There are two reasons for not forgetting a trip for wood to Paucoon. First, a steer track as big as a tub really worried me about sleeping beside the wagon. During the night I woke up, put my arm around Dad and cuddled up. When he patted me on the shoulder I settled down to sleep, thinking how good he was to keep watch against that big old steer. The other reason was we saw a band of wild horses going down the side of the hill on the trail to water.

Remember, Herschel, when we went for wood on the new road that was being built from the St. George water source over to Oak Grove? You and I were to bring the wood down where it could be loaded on the pick up and trailer for Ferrel to bring home. I hope I was fourteen, not sixteen, for I was so frightened of rattle snakes. It was a half mile to water, then back to camp. Well, I bawled like a baby, much to Herschel's disgust. My, that was a miserable night! I knew there were rattle snakes, cougars, and everything else that one could imagine, just waiting for us to get to sleep. Many more are the wood-getting memories. I suppose the coal hauling from Zion will also be remembered.

More memories. I was to take milk to the Dixie Hotel, on the corner of First North and Main, where the Standard Station now is. Was it Mabel McFarlane who worked in the kitchen, and John "Boomer" the star boarder? One night I insisted on Ferrel's going with me because I had had words with Clark and Francis McArthur, and they said they'd get me when I delivered milk. I made a wide detour and stepped on a thorn. Ferrel carried me home "piggy back", and as we were passing the hospital Ferrel said if I didn't stop crying they would take me in and cut the thorn out. I didn't start it up again until we rounded Morris' corner.

Was it Simpson's that lived up on the hill by Congers? Anyway, I was returning one morning with my arms full of milk bottles when Celia Conger came out (I'm sure she had a butcher knife) and was very angry over something. I was terrified. Sister Cox, coming from her home toward us, called to me to run. Believe me I did, all the way down the steep hill and on home. Mrs. Cox told me later that someone had turned the water down the ditch during Celia's turn, and Celia thought I had probably done it.

Along with the Adams boys, the Milnes, Nelsons, and many others, I must mention Clarence Ward, for he made me the best airplane I ever owned--a red monoplane. The propellor really wound up, and the doors to the cabin opened. I remember, too, the punch powder his mother sold and the free drinks I got whenever I tagged along with Ferrel and Clarence.

Perhaps some shouldn't be mentioned, but I'll venture two. I delivered milk in a 3-gallon can to Grover McGhee at his bakery, by carrying it on the withers of Old Babe (the pony I rode), and Mr. McGhee would take it from the horse and carry it into the back room and rinse the can. Once I helped myself to a few pieces of candy and he saw me. He said he didn't think that of me and that he wouldn't tell my father, but I would have to go with him in the back room while he took care of the milk. After what seemed ages he said, "I don't think it will be necessary for you to come in the back room with me". I surely felt relieved, and nothing could have made me touch anything in that store again.

Once I decided to go down to Reuben Stratton's cane patch. I filled my pockets with joints of cane, then heard a wagon coming. In my haste to take off I straddled the wire fence and as the horse ran I dragged my leg along the wire. A scar on my leg still reminds me of this experience.

Bill Thompson and I took our cows to the river bed to graze during the day. We worked up quite a business getting the neighbor's cows, too. We herded for 25 cents per week per head. One day Arvel Webb's big Jersey bull came across the river toward us. Try ~~was~~ as we could we couldn't get him to go back. He changed our minds, and to this day I can recall "Big Bill" literally throwing me up the tree and almost beating me to the top.

A man was helping us clean ditch to help pay the water assessment, a hitch hiker, I think. When he didn't return at the close of the day's work Dad sent me to check up on him. He was still digging away long after the others left. We had eaten our evening meal, but Mother had food for him on the table. He couldn't thank her enough, nor stop expressing how good it was and telling of the clean table cloth and napkin. I have always been proud of Mother's table, and that night was no exception. In fact, even with a large family, there were more times than not that others were there to share meals with us. Mother would fix a good meal any time for anyone.

I'll never forget the neighbors. I remember the nights we played out under the street lights with the whole neighborhood. Among the best things are the memories of our evenings at home with apples, grapes, popcorn, home-made candy, a warm fire and the stories, mainly "Black Beauty", "Beautiful Joe", "Thunder Cave", "The Little White Indian Boy", and many more.

ELDON

My earliest recollection of home is when I was in the little iron baby crib with Mother helping me to say my prayers and telling me stories. We used to go in the Model T to the pasture below the Temple to milk the cows. I tried hard to avoid the little blue flowers which, according to my older brothers and sisters were reason~~able~~ for wet mattresses. Whenever a certain flying insect, we called "darning needles", came near I would hold my fingers far apart so they wouldn't be sewed together.

The barn was my favorite place to play. We had a swing in the top of the barn where many hours were spent swinging from rafter to rafter and jumping on the hay. I have often wondered why Dad allowed us to abuse the hay so much, but I think he knew how much fun we had and overlooked the loss of the hay. Also the pigeon loft was in the barn. After Herschel was no longer interested in the pigeons he gave them to me. I was the proudest boy in the world and checked every day in the loft to see how the young pigeons were coming along. At one time I had about forty pigeons and knew each one by sight and its family pedigree.

One fall Dad bought five milk cows from John T. Woodbury. We already had three or four, and how well I remember that winter milking those cows each cold morning before school. Alfred Stucki, Stanton Schmutz, and I spent much time on the Red Hill hiking and discovering new places. We used to build underground houses and little board ^{shakes} in our back yard. Many times I went with Harold and Bill Thompson to herd cows below town. I rode with one of them on Babe, our half-Shetland pony, while the other would walk. Sometimes the days seemed long; all we had to drink was river water.

One winter during the Christmas holidays Harold and I took the team, old Roany, a favorite of all of us, was one of them, to Price Bench field where we left them to pasture. We walked back and waded across the river. Then Ferrel met us in the old Ford. It was dark by the time we got to the river and it frightened me to wade through the cold water which seemed deep. Harold took my hand and when we got in the middle of the stream I dropped one of my shoes. My heart sank, but Harold recovered the shoe. I shall always remember him as a hero for that act.

It has been wonderful to be a member of a large family such as ours, having so many fine brothers and sisters whose association I could enjoy. Each one has contributed much to me during my life by his support, and his example and advice. Mother and Dad had to work extra hard to support all of us. Besides his regular job as school teacher, Dad had to figure other sources of income, such as peddling fruit to Enterprise. Sometimes he would trade the fruit for potatoes; sometimes he would buy potatoes and sell them to the markets. We had a small farm and a few milk cows. It goes without saying that Mother had plenty to do, caring for the milk and the dishes used in caring for it. When she would sit down at nights to read us stories, she would scarcely get through the first paragraph before going to sleep.

One time when there was a carnival and a circus in town, Dad gave me a silver dollar to spend. I didn't see how I could possibly spend that much in one day, but after an hour at the carnival, I found myself completely broke and couldn't buy a ticket to the circus in the big tent. I went home and again approached Dad for more money. It took a long time to wear him down, but I got to see the circus. This turned out to be a better lesson for me than if he had given me a good old-fashioned spanking, which I deserved.

Mother took me up to Penny's once to buy school clothes. After she had bought what I needed, and probably more than she could afford, she asked me if there was anything else I wanted, I said, "Yes, I would really like that hat", and she got it for me. She asked me again if I wanted anything else. I thought this was great, so I picked out a nice belt. Soon my conscience got the better of me, and I'm sure Mother wondered if I really had one.

I have enjoyed staying with Carma, Ada, and Ferrel in their homes. I have always been grateful to Ferrel for my experience with him in the army. It has been a privelege to spend many hours working with Herschel, Harold, Ken, and Kelton. I have appreciated Ruth and Lenora and their interest in me as a younger brother. I am even glad to have been able to run errands for them, although at the time I was not especially enthused about it. Erma's friendship has been appreciated, especially in our high school days together. I was glad to be able to befriend Don when a neighbor bully was picking on him.

There are many other things that come to my mind as I think of my home and family, but many have already been mentioned by others. I must say, finally, that I am happy to be a member of this family and to have been priveleged to have such wonderful parents.

KELTON

Dad has been after me for two years to write some of my memories of home and my younger life. It is one of my characteristics to put things off as long as I can, and he said that definitely tomorrow he is going to finish them up and if mine can't be in, I'd be left out, so I had better get it done.

I feel like being a member of a large family is a real advantage. I appreciate the association I have with all of my brothers and sisters.

One of the first things that I remember, I must not have been more than three or four years old, is Ken and I ran away to our field below town. On the way down, I hid a little truck under a bush, the folks seemed to know where to find us. It seemed like we had just got there and here they came. We tried to hide in the lucern but they found us. The paddled our butts, took us home and tied us up in the back yard. I remember Beulah Smith coming out on the back porch and laughing at us, and I didn't think it was very funnv. I felt pretty bad because I was never able to find the exact place I hid my truck.

I remember several things about kindergarten. Ada put me in the tub, scrubbed me and got me all ready to go for my first day of school. She always sings me a little song to remind me of it. With just five days left of kindergarten, I tried to talk Mom out of sending me; would rather stay home and play. But she reasoned with me that there was just five days left and I had better go. Although it seemed like a long time, I made it through.

In the first grade we were putting on a Christmas program. I was going to be an angel. They told us we could either wear white socks or go bare footed. I didn't have any white socks. While we were in our room getting ready I saw a nice little pair of white socks on the table, so I figured I had better put them on, but when one of the other kids got to bawling for his socks, I had to give them up. It spoiled my whole evening.

When we were quite young I remember playing in the hole that was to be the basement of the post office. I saw Dad coming home from school and decided to hit him up for a penny. I was so happy with my penny that I ran right over to Mathis Market and put it in the gum machine, before I realized the machine was empty. I believe I felt worse about loosing that penny than I would have done if it had been a million dollars.

When Ada and McKay were married they had their reception out on the front lawn. They had a ladder up to one of the trees to take the lights down. I climbed up that ladder and fell off and was laid up for a few days.

In the third grade during noon hour, I was out in our back yard high jumping. I made a dandy jump and lit out of the pit and broke my arm. They took me up to Dr. Reichman and patched me up, and then I went on to school. I was pretty proud to burst into class in the middle of the afternoon and display my broken arm.

When I was young we always had several cows around to milk. I remember John T. Woodbury parading his Jersey bull around town with a ring in its nose. I never did know what for. We had a cow die once. Our corral was just behind the hospital. I was down trying to milk the dead cow. Mary, the nurse at the hospital, saw me and didn't think I should be doing it; she phoned the folks and told them they had better get down to the corral and put a stop to it.

Eldon and some of the older boys used to get quite a kick out of covering some fresh manure with dry in several piles, then telling us there was a quarter in one pile, and the one that found it could have it. They would line us all up, have us run to the pile, and dig in.

All during the time that we were growing up we would spend alot of time helping Dad in the garden or going over to Grandpa Hafen's to help put up hay or pick fruit. We helped Uncle Guy up on Ivins Bench with his hay quite alot of the time. Once, while putting up hay on the bench, we found a nest of rotten pheasant eggs, and while riding home on top of the load, we saw one of the Santa Clara boys riding his bike; he was a Mason boy and we pretty well peppered him with the pheasant eggs. From that day on they called him skunk Mason.

When building the little house behind the folks place, we would haul adobe from down to the old adobe yard. Eldon had a dog then that we thought alot of, and while going home with a load of adobes right by the cemetery the dog jumped out of the pick up in front of a car coming the other way and was killed. We all felt pretty bad about that.

Just a few days before I was to start the seventh grade at the Woodward High School, I was helping Uncle Guy haul a load of rocks down to his field. I jumped off the pick up while it was moving, stumbled some how, and the hind wheel ran over my foot and broke it. During our gym class at school, I wasn't able to participate with the others. So I spent all my time practicing on the chinning bar and got to where I could do more chin ups than anyone else in school. I felt pretty good to think that the older boys couldn't do as many as I could.

During the summer when I was 12 years old, Karl Stucki and I worked with the John Schmutz's old threshing machine, driving slip. A slip is a big board pulled by a team that we would load the shocks of beets on and then pull them up to the threshing machine. We earned a few dollars and thought we were entitled to a vacation, so we packed up and went to Salt Lake for a few days. One of our chief means of entertainment while there was riding the busses all over town. At one bus stop we couldn't decide whether to get on or not, the bus driver was getting quite impatient waiting for us. Just as we decided to board he shut the door and almost caught me by the nose.

The following summer I worked for George Seegmiller on his farm. He had quite a few experiences with some of the other help. He would hire most any body going through that needed a few days work.

The next four years I worked for David Foremaster; milked his cows after school, and worked on the farm during the summer.

Many summers I would spend a week end or two in Enterprise with Uncle Heber and Aunt Erma which I enjoyed very much.

I remember several trips out to Barclay. I remember especially the smell of Aunt Carrie's coffee in the kitchen. I also remember Grandpa sitting in his rocking chair. I was quite impressed with the trains. I thought that was the most beautiful spot in the world. We used to push a buggy up the hill, climb on it, and ride down again. Once it hit a bump and threw Ken off and ran over him, cutting his arm quite badly. You can see the bandage in a picture with eight of us on Clyde Simkins' old mule.

When I was on the Woodward basketball team, someone said if we would eat apricotes, we would win. So, I took the entire ball team home and we opened several quarts of apricotes and won our ball game.

When I was growing up, it seemed that as a family we were able to get together more than we do now. The married kids with their families would be able to gather around for parties or special occasions. I always enjoyed these things very much.

I have always been interested in horses, cows, farming, and that type of thing. Once, up to Uncle Guys, we were playing cowboys and some of the fellows were going to be Roy Rogers or Gene Autrey. I said I'd be Arthur K. Hafen when he was a cowboy. Uncle Guy over heard the conversation and seemed to get quite a kick out of it. Every so often he would refer to Arthur K. Hafen when he was a cowboy. Just the other day I was talking to Uncle Guy about the cows down on the slope and he referred to the way they used to do it when Arthur K. Hafen was a cowboy.

Thinking back through the years and realizing what I have with my own three children, it is amazing to me that Dad was able to provide so well for us and mother was always able to be so kind and considerate and never lose her patience. This little verse sums up my feelings towards my home and family:

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

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

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

ADDENDA

Other experiences with sickness should be added. Nearly a year ago, Orilla was stricken with a severe heart attack. She spent two weeks in the hospital and has been convalescing since that time. Today she is much improved in health, but needs to be careful and not overdo.

For some time my (Dad's) vision has been impaired and has been quite a handicap due to a cataract. It is imperative that an operation be performed soon.

On page 25, it is mentioned that Fred Woods is the only member of the Woods family to hold property in Clover Valley. He has since sold the property to three of our sons; Herschel, Eldon, and Kelton. So, the property remains in the family, but not in the Woods name.

~~On page 4, I mentioned our pony, Billy, and mentioned the picture, but I have not been successful in finding the picture I had in mind.~~
~~Finally found~~

Another recognition for Mom, page 50, should be included. She was chosen Orchid Lady of the Year by the Literary Arts Club in October, 1954.

Also, the first edition of the Quill at Dixie College, put out by some of my students, was published unknown to me and dedicated to me.

In the large group picture, the names of Don, holding David, after the name of Mickey on the second row and before the name of Kelton should be added.

In Carma's family on page 48, add the name of Nancy, born September 21, 1952; and grandchildren Franklin George, born to Frank and Mary Esther June 27, 1963 in Viet Nam; Wendy Lynne, born to George and Kathy December 14, 1962; Berkely Ralph, born to Ralph and Catherine September 6, 1963; and Bradley Sproul, born to Herschel's family June 30, 1963.

Errata

Page 46, last paragraph of the program: insert in line 8 a line after "words and music by" Eva L. Miles; dance, Side By Side, Lamond and Karen.

In "Memories" by Ruth, page 58 fifth paragraph, line 4 "Aunt Mary Bunker, a sister of Grandmother Hafen" help^{ed} us to forget how much we had to do. She came to visit us and always made us laugh.