



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 campfire 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 wouldn't 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