



MEMORIES OF ELVA GRAF HAFEN

WRITTEN BY HER CHILDREN, GLORIA, DARRYL, LeGRANDE, AND CRAIG
HAFEN WITH THOUGHTS FROM OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS

SOME MEMORIES WRITTEN BY ELVA GRAF HAFEN

I used to memorize many poems such as "The Barefoot Boy," "In School Days," "Somebody's Mother," and "I love you mother said little John," etc. This was when I was in the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades and J. Claud Frei was my teacher. I might add that he was one of the best teachers I ever had and he taught me more than any other teacher I ever had. He was quite strict and some times I used to get quite provoked at him. If you whispered to the one sitting next to you, he'd say, "Go put your name on the board," and that meant you had to stay a half-hour after school was out which was quite a punishment we thought at that time.

When I was in the 4th or 5th grade, I learned to sing alto and our music teacher, who was Earl J. Bleak from St. George, taught us lots of songs and they needed alto singers so he used to come in our classroom and asked for my neighbor and life-long friend, Carrie Graf and I to go in to the older students' room and sing with them when they were practicing operettas and other programs. We thought we were really smart to be picked out of our class to do this.

I also remember about this time we were putting on a Christmas program and our class pantomimed "Silent Night." I was chosen to sing this song alone while the rest of the girls in my class pantomimed it. I'll never forget how scared I was. I never sing it to this day but what I think of that experience.

I also remember in Mr. Frei's class in Hygiene or Health class he asked us to write an essay in Health and he promised us a prize for the best essays. Mine was one that was chosen and I received a book of poems called, "Rhymes of Childhood" by Edgar A. Guest, which I still remember.

My childhood days were happy ones. I used to look forward to the summer time when I could go barefoot. I used to love to go to the creek (I still do!). I used to like to go swimming in the St. George Ditch, as it was called. There was a place where it was deeper than other places when there was a headgate that was raised every day or so to wash out the sand and that left a deep place probably four or five feet deep where we could swim. We didn't have swimming suits in those days so we wore an old dress. Sometimes we put a safety pin in it to keep it from coming up over our backs when we were swimming. Like young boys used to bother us. They'd take our clothes and hide them or throw them up in a tree while we were swimming. Sometimes they'd put them where there were cockle burs or

grass burs. We'd get them in our feet when we'd go to get them. We never were sure there wasn't someone watching us when we'd go to dress.

HISTORY AND MEMORIES OF MOM BY GLORIA HAFEN KEZOS

Our Mother, Elva Graf Hafen, was born in Santa Clara, Utah on March 7, 1912 to Hermina Tobler and Karl Albert Graf. She was the seventh child and the fourth daughter in a family of eight. Her siblings were Clara, Elmer, Gideon, Virginia, Arvilla, Sylvan, and Raymond. They were an exceptionally close-knit family and loved each other deeply and enjoyed spending most of their time together. Their mother died at an early age and left their father to raise the last three children. Elva was only 13 years of age when her mother passed away; Uncle Ray was only eight years old.

Aunt Clara took over as the mother of the family. She was such a dear, special young woman. She hadn't married and was teaching school in Santa Clara. She felt it was her duty to help her father with the family and gave most everything she earned to help support them. Grandpa worked hard on his farm, was a shoe cobbler and hauled wood for a living. In the summer time, he drove a team and his wagon out of Ely and Caliente, Nevada, and other surrounding towns to peddle the fruits and vegetables he raised. Aunt Clara supplemented his income with the money she earned teaching school. Money was scarce in those days, but they got by and they seemed very content and happy. Grandpa was a faithful Church member and taught his children to love the Lord and stay strong in the Church. They had had a firm testimony and love the gospel of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Aunt Clara later taught school in Hurricane, Utah and took Mother with her to attend school there. Aunt Clara felt responsible for her and didn't want to leave her and Grandpa was happy with the decision they had made. Mother had a good time in Hurricane and was young and very pretty and the boys there thought she was a real catch. She was popular and had many fun times while living in Hurricane.

Mother was very close to all her sisters and always enjoyed their many good times together. They loved to sing and harmonize together as they were doing dishes and cleaning around the house. Mother had a talent for music at a very early age. She loved to sing and was very good at it no matter who she was singing with. She and Uncle Ray played their ukes and banjos and sang together often as they grew older. Some of the happiest times together were having the family meet on

Sunday afternoons at the old fame home in Santa Clara. They looked forward to visiting and singing and reminiscing about the "good ole' days."

Our Mom was very close to her brother, Sylvan. They were only 13 months apart and grew up together and she respected and loved him very much. They spent a lot of time together and she talked very highly of him and the good example and special brother he was to her.

After Mother graduated from Dixie High School in St. George, she worked awhile and helped take care of the family. She helped bottle fruit in the summers and worked in the fields with Grandpa and did just about anything she could to help out.

She lived all her life in Santa Clara. She never went away to school or to find a job. They went with the boys who lived around the area and she had one boyfriend she quite liked. His name was Ellis Reber. They went together for a time. One night, at a ward party, Mom had to give a poem or story and had left the copy at home. Grant Hafen grabbed her hand and said, "Come on, let's go get it," so they did. That's where it all started and the rest is history!

Dad was smitten by her and they started dating after that. He and Uncle Sylvan were good friends and went away to school together. They went to BYU in Provo, Utah and later on to Flagstaff, Arizona to college. Mom kept in touch with Grant and they became serious and decided to get married. They married in Provo, Utah on August 23, 1933.

Shortly after, Grant got a job teaching school in Carp, Nevada and that's where they started their married life together. Mother often said those years in Carp were some of the happiest years of her life. Dad taught school for the next three years there. Mom was a good helper for him. She enjoyed helping him out when and where she could. They lived in a little apartment attached to the old school house right along the side of the railroad track. Mom says it got pretty noisy some times whenever the train went by and rattled the dishes in the cupboard.

On August 25, 1934, their first child, Gloria, was born. They came back home each summer after school was out so Gloria was born in the old St. George Hospital. Mother tells of that hot August day and that there was no air-conditioning or fans going. They were very happy and proud of their new little daughter.

When school started in September, there were three of them heading to Carp. They were a happy family. They tried to get home for Thanksgiving and Christmas to spend with their families in Santa Clara. One of their times coming home, Dad bought a nice horse for his dad and rode it the entire way from Carp to Santa Clara while Mom came ahead in the car with Gloria. It was a long trip for Dad, but he said it was a moonlight night and he just kept on coming. He was a real horseman and one of the best cowboys in the whole area.

Dad got a job teaching school in Utah so they were able to move back to their beloved Santa Clara.

On October 4, 1938, Darryl Grant Hafen came into the world. Dad was so happy to get a son. He had a teaching job in Veyo, Utah at this time and moved the family there. He taught the 5th thru 8th grades in a little two-room schoolhouse. Barbara Ray was the other teacher and taught grades 1-4. They enjoyed this experience and grew to love the people of Veyo; however, every weekend found them back in Santa Clara. Mom had the suitcase packed for the weekend and they headed out as soon as Dad got home from school on Fridays and changed his clothes.

Most of the weekends were spent with Grandpa Graf. We did go visit Grandma and Grandpa Hafen also. Mom cleaned the house for Grandpa and tried to make him some nice meals for the week. They did their grocery shopping and errands and were on the road again Sunday evening to head back to Veyo.

SQUAWBUSH GUM HUNTING

One of my favorite memories of my Mother is spending time in the creek and up to Big Rocks going squawbush hunting. We had some good times doing that together. Some times we would just go below our home and Ballard's field and look in those bushes there. There were better ones further up the creek though we soon discovered. Some times we would find a lot and get a nice big wad, and other times it was pretty well picked over. We went clear up to Big Rocks quite often. Some times Sherin, Mariam, Pat, and I would go with mom and other times it was just my Mom and me.

Mom loved the out-of-doors and being in nature and watching the birds and seeing all the little animals around the creek. We would like to go on picnics and just sit on the bank of the creek and dangle our feet in the water and visit awhile. We had some good chats sitting there and watching the creek go by. Most times there

wasn't much of a stream. The calmness and peacefulness of being out doors was very relaxing.

I can remember we almost always had a little wad of squawbush gum in our kitchen cabinet in the corner. Some times it was mine and some times mom had a chew. We had a little box we kept it in most of the time, but some times we just put it on the shelf itself. We didn't dream of throwing it away until it couldn't be chewed anymore. It never lost its flavor and it was hard to come by, so we kept it as long as possible. I guess it was a "Santa Clara thing" and kind of a tradition of the Swiss and early settlers. They never had gum in those days so it was quite a treat for them. I know the St. George kids in school always thought it was stinky and couldn't understand why we Dutchmen liked it so much, but we did, and often shared it with each other right out of our mouths to theirs!

THINGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME BY EXAMPLE AND MUSIC IN HER LIFE

My Mother and I have always been very close. I felt that she was my very best friend. I enjoyed being around her so much. There was nothing I couldn't tell my Mom! I was so lucky to have a mom so sweet and special. I just adored her.

There are a lot of adjectives to describe my Mom. Some of them could be kind, thoughtful, fun-loving, friendly, loving, religious, thoughtful, dedicated, good-natured, tender, caring, understanding, and intelligent. The list could go on and on.

She taught me many things. One of them was to be true to your friends and those you loved. She had many friends and was a good friend to many. Everyone loved my Mom. I've never heard a bad thing about her through all these years. I'm sure she had her faults, but not in my eyes. She was such a special and dear mother to me.

Some of my fondest memories are how we used to sing and harmonize as we were doing dishes or working around the house together. She taught me many of the songs of her era and also the ones that were current with the times. I can remember most of the words of the songs she used to sing from the 30's and 40's. They were her favorites. She has sung many of them with her sisters and also Uncle Ray as they sang while they were working together and also at family gatherings. She loved to sing.

Mam was in a trio and sang with Vella Ruth Hafen and Analiese Ence for over 50 years. Olive Moss or Ramona Hafen accompanied them. They harmonized very well!

together. Mom sang second soprano and her voice blended very beautifully with theirs. They sang at weddings, funerals, bridal and baby showers, church and just about everywhere they were asked to sing. "Beyond the Sunset" in funerals was a real tearjerker. They also sang, "Oh, My Father," "In the Garden," and many others that I can't recall at this time. Mother and Vella Ruth also sang a lot with their ukes at showers and town functions and made up the words to songs to fit the occasions.

She also sang a lot with Uncle Ray with him playing his guitar. They blended well together and were asked often to sing in church functions. Often on Sunday afternoons, the family would meet at Uncle Ray's and Aunt Deane's to get together and visit and sing. Uncle Elmer and Aunt Emmorene Graf, Aunt Arvilla and Uncle Grant Langston, Uncle Sylvan and Aunt Sylva, and Aunt Clara would sit on the lawn under the shade trees in the summer and have a watermelon or dish of ice cream and have a good time visiting with each other. When they were young, the kids would come and play together while the older folks visited, but as they got older, and the kids grew up and moved on, those who could come still did. They loved each other dearly and were best friends to one another. Aunt Virginia and Uncle Gid both lived in Nevada and couldn't be there except on special occasions.

My Mother and her sisters were extremely close. They usually called each other every day if they could just to check in a few minutes and chat. Mom wrote letters quite often to Aunt Virginia in Las Vegas as neither one could afford the long-distance phone calls. Mom thought so much of Aunt Deane and said she was just as close to her as her own sisters. They enjoyed spending a lot of time together as well. Mom would walk down for a quick visit every chance she got and they exchanged a lot of good food back and forth over the years. Aunt Deane was a good cook and so was Mom and they liked to exchange back and forth every once in awhile.

Mom tried making me a formal for a special occasion one time and didn't know a lot about taking on such a task. Aunt Deane came to her rescue and helped her get it finished. She was also a good seamstress. We thought Uncle Ray found a jewel when he married Aunt Deane. She was a real sweetheart.

FAVORITE FOODS AND FAMILY DINNERS

Mom was a good cook and her family enjoyed whatever she placed before us. Some of the things we looked forward to were white beans and homemade bread when we came home from school. This was one of her favorites on wash day and she was busy doing the laundry all day while we were in school. It smelled so good

when we got off the bus and walked in to the house. Other of our favorites were homemade noodles, her dumplings were always a big hit with us growing up and later on as her grandkids came along. She usually fixed green beans with bacon and onion when she made that or made macaroni.

Her Parker House rolls were simply delicious. Don't think I have ever tasted any better. The neighbors got a treat when Mom made her rolls and cinnamon rolls. They looked forward to her baking almost as much as we did. Betty Colton and LaNyle both raved about her cooking over the years as she often took samples to them. Dad loved her homemade pies—any of them, but his favorites were lemon meringue, apple, cherry, chocolate and coconut or banana cream—he enjoyed them all!

She usually fixed a nice beef or pork roast on Sundays. They were simply wonderful! My friends stopped by one time and ate and from then on they always remarked about how good "Elva Hafen's Sunday dinners were." She always had mashed potatoes and gravy, a nice fresh salad, veggie, and her good dinner rolls. "Fit for a king," Dad would say.

She did a lot of canning her own fruits and vegetables in the summer. She did can more peaches than anything else though—they were the family favorite. She bottled anything from tomatoes, currents, berries, cherries, apples, apricots, plums, green beans, dill pickles, and some times venison or beef when she needed to. Later on, when home freezers came in to our lives, she had a freezer full of food. Mom was proud of her fruit room in the basement with every shelf full by the end of the summer. She felt as though she was ready to feed her family during the winter months.

One of the recipes I have used for most of my cooking years is one Mom gave me called "Noodle Bake Casserole." It is a simple recipe—just noodles, a mixture of hamburger and pizza sauce, sour cream all mixed on the layers and topped off with parmesan cheese. My grandkids love it—especially the Polatis boys. They asked me often to fix it. I think of my Mom whenever I make it.

EASTER OUTINGS AND TRADITIONS

Easter was always a fun time and provided a lot of good memories. Mom usually made certain we did the old traditional Santa Clara Easter eggs like the Swiss people did who came here in the old pioneer days.

She saved her onionskins all year and also dug red roots out of the bank by our house to use as the dye for the eggs. Onion skins in one pot, red roots in another. She would boil the skins and roots and put the wrapped eggs in to cook. She would wrap the eggs in things we found in the field and the garden such as lilac flowers, daffodil leaves, myrtle flowers, peach blossoms, dandelions, and just about anything available that would make color on the eggs. She would soak the egg first in water, then apply all the green stuff and wrap good with thread so that it wouldn't come off while it was cooking. She would then drop the egg in the coloring and let it boil till the egg was done. Then, she would take the wrappings off and see the delightful design on the egg. We loved to do it! It was a lot of work, but the results were very rewarding. We didn't color eggs with the dyes like they do today, but this was just the way Mom and all the other ladies in town did their Easter eggs.

We usually went to Sunday school and then we would pack the car and go to Beaver Dam along the creek side where the early spring grass and trees and come to life. It was usually a little early to picnic in Santa Clara, but in Arizona the weather was warmer and it was great place to go and be outside.

I remember Mom would fix a delicious lunch and take her blanket and tablecloth and we would spread it on the ground and proceed to enjoy a picnic. We nearly always went with Preston and Vella Ruth Hafen and Uncle Sylvan and Aunt Sylva and their families. It was fun! There was usually a softball game or horseshoes or something to entertain everyone after the picnic.

Later on, when Dad was in the bishopric and Uncle Sylvan was bishop, we started picnicking on Saturday or Sunday closer to home and usually just our family as we grew up and had families of our own.

Mom would make her good macaroni salad, deviled eggs, and a lot of good things and the guys would fix the hamburgers. I remember going up on the 40 acres near the cemetery some years—across the creek under the cottonwood trees and also on the church picnic ground close to the downtown chapel.

When we lived in California, our kids looked forward to coming to Grandma's and Grandpa's to spend Easter and Christmas with them. They loved seeing and playing with their cousins and just having a good time being together.

MOM'S TRIPS TO CALIFORNIA

Mom loved to come to California for a visit and spend time with her grandchildren there. We would have a good time when Grandma came to visit. Some times we would take her to Knott's Berry Farm, Disneyland, or Sea World to spend the day. She enjoyed them all and the kids loved to go with Grandma on the rides and show her around. I think she especially liked Disneyland. She often would bring Craig when he was just a little guy; they would ride down with Uncle Sylvan. Uncle Sylvan made a trip each week to bring cattle to Producer's Stockyard in Los Angeles and then take a load of shrubbery back for the Rose Garden Nursery in Santa Clara, which he owned.

Mom enjoyed riding along with Uncle Sylvan and catching up on all the family news with him. They remained very close friends all their lives and loved sharing good times together.

She came down one time and stayed with our kids while Ted and I went to Hawaii on a vacation. Grandma Kezos came and spent a couple of days also and the kids enjoyed the time with their grandmas. Kyle was only a year old and I hesitated leaving, but knew he'd be in good hands with his grandmas.

Mom made Shauna a cute pink quilt with a nightgown to match for Christmas one year. Shauna loved it! She made Kevin a yellow quilt with cowboys and Indians on it and he loved that quilt. They both kept them on their beds for many years. I think they kept them as one of their treasures. Wouldn't be surprised if they still have them today!

When I would tell the kids that "Grandma is coming to visit," they would ask, "Is it the quilt grandma or the toy grandma?" Grandma Kezos worked in a toy store at the time and would often bring them a toy that wouldn't sell or needed to be fixed and they loved that too.

Once in awhile, Dad would bring her down. We loved to have him come, but he was ready to go home about the next day or so. He never wanted to stay long. He had too much to take care of and to leave the cows for a few days was almost unthinkable! We could relax and have more fun, usually, when Mom came by herself. She loved seeing new things and going new places and shopping. Dad could care less about any of that. After he'd seen the kids, Aunt Audrey in Rosemead, and had a couple of good meals, he was ready to hit the road. We tried to keep him entertained, but it was difficult to do. When he was ready to go, he was ready to go! Mom had to have a lot of patience at times to keep up with him.

Mom went home on the bus one time and we took her to down town LA to catch it. She had never seen so many homeless people, all the crowd and congestion and couldn't believe such a place existed. We took her to Clifton's Café to eat. She had heard Uncle Sylvan talk about it often when he ate there while trucking and how beautiful it was with waterfalls and plants and fish. We had Kevin in a stroller at the time and went all through Pershings Square and saw all the beggars and homeless people lying around and it made her very nervous. She was glad to catch the bus and head back to Clary. Bless her heart—how we loved her!

MY FRIENDS AND MOM

One day, Helene, Jo, and I decided we'd like to go to Cedar City and spend the afternoon shopping and just have a good time. The girls said to me, "Why don't you ask your Mom to come with us. She's a lot of fun and we'd like to have her along." I asked her and she agreed to come. She was always ready to have a good time. We really did have a good time laughing and carrying on and being our usual crazy selves. Mom mentioned several times that she had had a good time with my crazy friends and me that day.

She loved my friends and they loved her as well. Helene's mother, Luree, Jo's mom, Anna, and my Mom all knew and liked each other and thought they had some pretty crazy daughters. They never quite knew what we would come up with next. We liked being together and spent a lot of time scheming up wild and crazy things to do. I always came home and told Mom about some of our escapades and she would get a kick out of my stories. Some, I think she didn't think were quite as funny as we thought they were. We did not do anything bad, but were just a little on the mischievous side, I suppose.

LeGrande came along on January 1, 1944. We almost lost our Mother at this time. She went in to labor and her doctor was in Pine Valley at his cabin. It had been snowing and the weather conditions were very bad, but he finally got to the hospital and Mom wasn't doing too good. The baby was in stress by this time and they had to do a C-section on her right away; they thought the baby wasn't going to make it. At that very time, Dr. Alpine McGregor's brother walked in; he was a surgeon in California. His name was Dr. Lorenzo W. McGregor and he helped with the operation. Dad always felt he saved the baby by being there and taking over with LeGrande while Dr. Alpine was working to save Mother.

It was quite a story and when Dad came home to relate it to Grandpa Graf (that's where we were living at that time), he broke down in tears telling Grandpa, Aunt