

M O T H E R

LENORA KNIGHT HAFEN

February 8, 1862--November 7, 1913

SENTIMENTS AND MEMOIRS IN LOVING TRIBUTE

by

HER CHILDREN
1960



Mother, Arthur, Guy, and Jessie

Picture taken 1898 or 99 while father was on his mission

To My Mother

"In the heavens above
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, amid their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of 'mother'."

Edgar Allen Poe

PREFATORY NOTE

As Mother's children, we feel that we would like to have our children know of her fine traits. None of the living grandchildren knew her. Her first grandchild, Kay Woods Hafen, was the only one she ever saw, and he was only three months old when Mother died. My own children never knew either of their grandmothers, but their cousins were more fortunate. As grandparents, we realize the joys that come through association with our grandchildren. Thus, we regret that Mother could not share her love with her grandchildren, and with her children for a longer time.

Likewise, the only in-law to come into the family before Mother's death is Orilla. We are sorry we do not have a tribute from Jessie, as she was, naturally, closer to Mother in her work than we boys were. However, I have asked Orilla to write her impressions; also, each of the other sons has contributed some memoirs. So, we have collected some characteristics that should help all of us to remember and appreciate Mother

Arthur

"Over my heart in the days that have flown,
No love like mother-love has shown;
No other worship abides and endures, .
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours."

Elizabeth Akers Allen

Mother died before she was fifty-two. She died as she lived--at work. Records state she was born in Santa Clara, February 8, 1862, the third of six daughters born to Samuel and Caroline Beck Knight. At what place in Santa Clara I do not know, as the home of her parents had been at the Fort since they were married until December of 1861, when the flood washed the fort away, and the new town-site was located and dedicated on the twenty-second of December. Settlers were given their building lots. Grandfather's home was at the west end of the town, about one or two blocks east of the Jacob Hamblin home. Perhaps a temporary dwelling had been made at that place.

A recent sketch of Grandfather is available to all of the members of the family, so little more of his life need be said here.

Grandmother Knight is the daughter of Herman and Kirstine Due Beck. She was born May 12, 1831 in Orter Larkster Bornholm, Denmark. In 1853 she heard Mormon missionaries preach, and, as a result, was later baptized. In November she started for Utah with her brother, his wife, and daughter, and the wife's cousin. They left Liverpool, England, January 3, 1854 and reached New Orleans February 10th. Joining the Peter Olsen Company in Kansas City, they started for Salt Lake City the latter part of June and arrived October 5, 1854. She worked on the Church Farm on the Jordan River and there became acquainted with Samuel Knight. They were married May 23, 1856 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

The children and their families, and the children of Grandfather's second family and their marriages are listed in the sketch of Grandfather's life.

Grandmother, evidently, endured many hardships. To adjust to frontier life among strangers and the warm climate, and the prevalence of malaria with

little medical help and lack of nutritive foods, required faith and courage. Aunt Mary, her daughter, writes: "It was a great journey for this Danish woman to leave her home and go to a new country where she had to learn a new language, then to go down among the Indians. When her first child was born, she took cold from the lack of care and help. She was sick the rest of her life, thirteen years. All that time she was not able to sit up a day at a time. Notwithstanding her sickness, she was cheerful and pleasant. It would have been difficult to find a woman with better management in the home than she. For the first few years she had no help but an Indian girl whom she had raised. She died in Santa Clara in 1870, leaving six little girls, the oldest thirteen."

The struggle of the settlers in Santa Clara is a long and interesting story. In 1861, a Swiss Colony, who had been called by President Brigham Young to raise cotton and grapes in Dixie, settled in Santa Clara. By previous arrangement the original settlers who had lived at the fort, called Fort Clara, west of the present town-site, agreed to sell their land to the new colony. Grandfather and Lemuel Leavitt of the early missionary group remained. Marius Ensign, called to serve as bishop of the ward, and later the Alexander Findlay family, joined the community and lived among the Swiss families. The Bunkers lived there for a time, but in 1877 some of the Leavitts and the Bunkers moved to Nevada and established the town of Bunkerville. The Bunkers remained devoted friends of the Knight family, and often visited with them as occasion required them to make trips to St. George.

Grandfather married about two years after the death of Grandmother. He married Laura Melvina Leavitt March 4, 1872. Their children are Carlos, Edward, Melvina, Edith, Wilford, Thomas, Delmay, and Inez. Others died in infancy.

For a year or two after Grandmother's death, Grandfather and the girls, though young, carried on the household tasks. Caroline, being the oldest, assumed the greatest responsibility. As grandmother had been an invalid,

Caroline had already learned to carry responsibility. The work was organized and each of the girls helped as she could. As the second family increased in numbers, and as the girls grew older, adjustments had to be made. The home was now under management of the new mother, and, naturally, some friction would result. Grandmother was cultured, but she never complained about the crude life of the frontier she was forced to meet. She was cheerful about it all, and her daughters met the new situations without too much complaint. I never heard Mother speak of "Aunt Laurie", as we called her, or of her children, in any way but respectful. I remember as a child going to their home for family dinners and gatherings, and of the pleasant associations we had with the children, some of whom were about our age.

Aunt Laurie served as a midwife in the town and spent much of her time away from home giving aid which today is given in hospitals and by doctors. Mother and the girls worked for other families to earn a few sorely-needed dollars. They were given the elementary education the day afforded, and were also taught at home by their mother.

Mother was frugal and neat. She must have enjoyed her girlhood days, as none of her friends had much more than she. They provided their own amusements in groups and in community gatherings. Self-respect and honor were emphasized in all their teachings. In school very strict discipline was used. Some of Mother's girlhood friends have told me how neat she was in her dress and in her work. I know how she worked to make a pleasant home for us and keep us dressed properly.

Julia Roulet, who married Emil Graf, was one of Mother's closest and dearest friends. "Aunt Julia" told me of their life in Santa Clara and dictated some memoirs to her son, Grant, from which some thoughts are gathered. Children, as soon as they were able, had to work thinning cotton, picking cotton, watering fields, cutting grain (by hand), stripping cane, gleaning grain, herding cattle, and doing all kinds of work there was to be done.

Food was scarce, and children were always hungry. Their bread was made from bran and shorts, or cane seed, or corn. They ate wild cabbage stalks, sour dock stalks, sago bulbs, tender young willows, squawbush (shumack) berries, and pout berries.

Education was limited. The teacher would board round with families as pay for teaching, according to the number of pupils he taught--one day per pupil. Sometimes the parents couldn't afford to have all the children go at the same time, so those who couldn't go one winter were allowed to go the next. There were no grades, and often one book had to do for the whole family. Discipline was rigid. Willow after willow was worn out on unruly pupils--usually boys. Some of the teachers were: Josh Crosby, (Sam?) Miles, Mr. Peck, Mrs. Mc Clellan, Mr. Church, Mr. Berger (Bergen?), and Kate Granger. Mr. Berger was the cruel one. When Mother and "Aunt Julia" were grown girls Levi Harmon was their teacher. He often told me of his teaching in Santa Clara and of the regard he had for Mother. "Aunt Julia" said he went with Mother some, as his best girl friend, but as she didn't pay too much attention to him, he would often be critical of her school work.

Amusements were provided at home by the group. They would often go caroling on a wagon with several spring seats. Sometimes the girls would sit on the cows while herding or on the fence and sing. She lists the group of singers: Mother, Julia, Selena Gubler, sopranos; Mr. Nieder, Traug Graf, George Staheli, and Mr. Frehner, bass; John Staheli, tenor; Emma Graf and Barbara Staheli, alto. They would often ride calves in the field. Mother went with Julia's brother, William, to Silver Reef to get Julia, as she had been working there for some time. They stayed in Washington on returning, for a dance and danced all night. The dance closed just at daylight, and they went to the home of one of their friends there for breakfast. Mother at that time was nineteen; Julia was eighteen.

Cousin Caroline F. Roundy tells of an incident Grandfather told her of Grandmother. When she came to Santa Clara she had two pairs of shoes. The women in Santa Clara wore moccasins, so Grandmother bought some moccasins, too. The shoes were kept for special occasions, such as dances, and then they were worn by each of the women as needed and as they could be made to fit their feet.

Some of the customs of our home life might be interesting. The home was lighted at night by kerosene lamp. Around it we would gather to tell stories or to listen to Mother read such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "Black Beauty", and others. To have light in any of the other rooms we would carry the lighted lamp. Cooking was done on a stove with wood for fuel, polished by hand and moved outdoors in the summer where it would be cooler to do the cooking, then back into the kitchen for winter, where it also furnished the heat. Small heaters were used in the other rooms at times, but the open fireplace was usually preferred. Irons to do the laundering were heated on the stove. The soot underneath the stove lids furnished the polish for our shoes. Saturday night, rows of shining shoes were made ready for Sunday. Mother usually did this for all of us.

Another interesting feature was the Saturday night bath. Most homes had no bath tubs except the regular wash tub. Our home had a built-in bath tub, so we could, at least, get into it. The water for bathing was heated outside in a large kettle hung, or set over, a wood fire. Water was carried to the tub in buckets where it could be tempered with cold water carried from the ditch. Mother usually saw to all of this for each one of us, so we could have our weekly bath without any effort on our part. Perhaps it was easier for Mother to do all these menial tasks than it was to see that we did them for ourselves.

A few years before Mother's death, Father, Grandmother Hafen, and others of the family went to California to visit Grandmother's people in Los Angeles.

They went by team in the white top buggy to Moapa and there took the train, leaving the team of mules in a pasture until they returned. Telling of some of the wonders in California, Father told of the home with running water, both hot and cold. For a bath all that they had to do was turn the tap and the water was ready for them. Mother facetiously said, "Well, Johnie, you don't even have to turn a tap at home."

Another thing I remember, with chagrin, is lying in bed early in the mornings and hear Mother get the milk pail and go to the corral to milk the cows and feed the pigs and chickens. She wanted us to rest if we could and thought she would like to wait on us as much as she could. This wasn't always the case, for we felt duty bound to help part of the time.

Mother spent her life in service to her family and to others. She was kind to us. I never remember her whipping one of us, although it was deserved many times. She died suddenly one sunny November afternoon while sweeping the door yard.

She was thoughtful of others. Many times she would go quietly to the back door of her sister or other relative with a small gift which she would bestow with the least demonstration, usually tossing it inside the door or handing it without a word. She thought of those in need. One summer she and Father lived at the ranch in Bull Valley. When I went out to see them she asked me to take twenty-five cents with me and buy a package of tea for one of the neighbors, an English woman, used to drinking it while she lived in England, but whose husband couldn't and wouldn't afford it for her. Many neighbors told of little acts of kindness of which no one but she and they knew.

She tried to have some delicacies in the home which she prepared for us. Most of our food we raised and prepared in the home. Purchasing bread was unknown in that day. Each household kept yeast and mixed and baked bread. It was a common custom to borrow a loaf of bread or get a cup of yeast from a neighbor when the supply at home was exhausted. We always had our own milk,

eggs, fruit, vegetables, and pork and beef. Curing ham and preserving other food stuffs was a tedious task. One favorite desert was pickled grapes, kept by placing the grapes in vinegar with certain flavors and preservatives added. Drying fruit was a common method of preserving it.

Mother usually had the boarders, such as the school teachers and workmen who came from outside communities to work in Santa Clara.

There were no labor saving devices. Washing was done largely on a wash board. When a washer was introduced it had to be turned by hand, as there was no electricity at that time. Floors were cleaned in the hard way. I think of one of the annual tasks of being the most boresome. That was house cleaning. The old rag carpets were taken up and cleaned and fresh straw was brought from stacks where the grain had been threshed, then came the stretching and fitting the carpet before it could be fastened with tacks driven with a hammer. Minor items, such as churning the butter, mending the clothes, and all the household tasks called for time, patience, and skill. It seemed there was no time for rest and not much for recreation for Mother. Vacations, as such, were rare. Outings on holidays and socials in the evenings were enjoyed by all members of the town, old and young associating together. It seems now in retrospect that Mother's joys and pleasures came from seeing the rest of us having a good time.

Father went on a mission to Switzerland when three or four of us children were under eleven years of age. He was gone two years, but Mother managed some way as she always did when there were adjustments to be made.

One experience came into our home which affected Mother more than any one else could realize. It was the tragic death of little sister, Carrie. She was about ten months old, so could not walk, but she could crawl. One evening Mother put her on the floor on the rug in front of the fireplace while she ran to do outside chores. The pig pen and the chicken coop were not far from the house, so she hurried to give the pigs and the chickens their feed.

She thought she heard me come in, so she hurried across the lot to the hay stack to get hay leaves for the pigs. When she returned to the house the little girl had crawled into the fire place where live coals were smouldering and where her little legs were burning. The baby lived a day or two and suffered intensely. Mother blamed herself for the tragedy, and suffered for years as a result. She was naturally one to assume more than her share of responsibility for anything that went wrong.

Her third child had died when she was but two weeks old, and the next baby after Carrie died when he was nearly a year old. Father was in Switzerland at this time. The family members as of this date, December, 1960, are herewith listed.

Mother's Family

She married John Hafen (in the St. George Temple) February 10, 1887.

Children all born in Santa Clara.

Name	Birth	Died
Arthur Knight	January 14, 1888	
Guy	November 3, 1889	
Susette	January 20, 1892	February 5, 1892
Jessie Lenora	August 3, 1893	November 15, 1953
Carrie	May 20, 1896	March 24, 1897
John Weston	August 14, 1898	August 10, 1899
Maxwell	November 16, 1903	
Orval	November 16, 1903	Twins

Marriages and Grandchildren

Name	Married To	When	Where
Arthur	Orilla M. Woods	September 11, 1912	St. George Temple
Guy	Althea Gregerson	December 26, 1917	Later " "
Jessie	Vivian J. Frei	June 10, 1914	" " "
Max	Estella Bowler	June 4, 1930	" " "
Orval	Ruth Clark	August 17, 1932	Salt Lake Temple

Grandchildren	Living	Dead	Total
Arthur's	11	3	14
Carma, Ferrel, Ada, Herschel, Harold, Ruth, Lenora, Eldon, Erma, Kelton, Donald		Kay, Linford, Kenneth	

Guy's	8	1	9
Elaine, Earl, Ralph, Norman, Valorie, Gregerson, Gloria, Richard		Reginald	
Jessie's	6	0	6
Landon, Howard, Shelby, Victor, Dorothy, Phyllis			
Max's	4	0	4
Kent, Gary, Bryan, Douglas			
Orval's	3	2	5
Bruce, Ruth Ann, Margaret		Jan, Michael	
	<u>32</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>38</u>

Great-grandchildren

Arthur's	43	1	44
Guy's	16	1	17
Jessie's	18	0	18
Max's	4	0	4
Orval's	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>1</u>
	82	2	84

Great-great-grandchildren

Arthur's by Carma's son, Stanley	2	0	2
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"The instruction received at the mother's knee, and the paternal lessons, together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside, are never effaced entirely from the soul."

Lamennais

"A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it."

W. D. Howells

Memoirs of Mother
By Guy

In writing of Mother, I will necessarily repeat some things my brothers have written. If a person was ever too good, my mother was that person. At least, she was too good in the sense that she did many things that she should have shifted to others, to her own children especially. Oft times when I think of things that happened, I find my eyes filled with tears; so, I am warning you I may break down and bawl in relating some of these incidents. As I think of our life at home, it seems to me that our parental relationships, our problems in raising a family, our obligations, one to another, are pretty much the same one generation after another. I hope, then, in these few pages to suggest something that will be helpful to you all, parents and children, as well. Indeed, each of us, if we are to achieve our goals in life-must look backward to learn from experience, and then forward to see how we will apply this learning to our daily living.

Mother died at the early age of Fifty-one. Here am I a man of 71 years looking back on childhood incidents. I can hardly think of myself as an old man, and Mother never attained to near my present age. Of our many God-given faculties, memory is one of the most remarkable. Our experiences of the past truly help us chart our future.

I sometimes wonder how children can be as inconsiderate of their parents as they are; yet if there ever was an inconsiderate, unappreciative, spoiled brat of a child, I was that. Father was away from home a good deal looking after the cattle on the range, hauling produce to the mining camps, and when I was nine years old he went on a 2½ year mission to Switzerland. We did not have any of the modern conveniences in the home; no electricity, no water piped into the house. The washing was done on the scrubbing board until we got a washer, which had to be turned by hand. The water ran down an open ditch in front of our place. Drinking water must be dipped each morning during the

hour before the cows and horses were turned out to drink. Some people had a 'drinking barrel outside by the ditch,, but ours was not quite so handy. We had to carry the water inside to where the barrel stood in the shade. With two buckets it didn't take too long to fill the barrel. Aside from the housework, there were chickens and pigs to feed, cows to milk, and calves to nurse and pen up again; horses and cows to feed. In the summer time, sometimes, green feed had to be cut for the cows. When peaches ripened, they had to be hauled from the field, cut in two, and put out on sheds and roofs to dry, before the time when we had trays to put them on. When the peaches were dry, they were gathered in and sacked and later taken north to market. Several families joined together on this peach-drying project. There was work for men, women, and children.

I can see my mother as she hurried all day long with these many things to do. She went on a fast walk, or even on a trot, some of the time. The shame of it was that I could lie in bed in the morning while Mother hurried about these chores before getting breakfast. Or, I could stay away in the evening and play when Mother had all these things to do. And, furthermore, I had a brother, nearly two years older, his name is Arthur K. He, too, could stay in bed while Mother ran about. The shame of it was that she let us do so. That's not all. How we must have annoyed her with our fighting. Of course, as Arthur was older, I always felt that I could elicit my parents' help when things got too tough for me. If some one had asked me on one of those occasions, when he had me underneath him, whether I would ever sustain him as a patriarch in the church, they would have got a howling No! I didn't visualize him then as a professor, either.

I am telling you my mother was too good to me. It was "Guyly" this, and "Guyly" that, until "Guyly" felt that he was really important. Even to this day I sometimes have people remind me of something I said as a child, which, of course, was awfully cute.

One day a photographer came to town and Mother wanted to have a family picture. She dressed us all up in our finest. Of course, I could see how anxious Mother was to have this picture, so I said, "No", I won't be in it." I threw a spunk-pout we called it. This was really an opportunity to be coaxed. But try as they would, no inducement could bring me in. So, finally they set me up in the group and took the picture. My puckered face showed well.

Some day I would have to learn the lesson of obedience. The show down came one evening when I was asked to bring in the wood. I think Mother asked me in the first place. I paid no attention, but Father was home this time, and, I guess, he had decided that I would have to be brought to time. "If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now." After I was told and asked a few times to bring in the wood, with no results, Father got a willow (branch of a grapevine--Editor's note) and took me right over to the wood, all nicely chopped, and on a pile. "Now, you carry that wood in." I said, "No". He began to apply the willow, not too severely at first, but increasing the power as I continued to refuse. It was a test of endurance, neither party wanting to give up. I guess they heard me scream all over Santa Clara. Mother said, "Now, that is enough". But, Dad had considerable determination himself. My brother, Arthur K. came and offered to carry the wood in. I had never known him to offer to do any of my assignments. Grandpa Hafen, Father's father, came to the rescue and said, "Johnny", but Dad seemed to think he was in the right, and finally, he won out.

Now to those who are bringing up my grandchildren I will say, "I think you are doing a pretty good job of it. Parents are entitled to obedience. It can usually be had by love and persuasion. If disciplining is necessary, depriving them of something they want is better than whipping. But if worst comes to worst, those old tamarisks are still growing at home that were there when you grew up."

Little incidents that come to mind after many years, sometimes have more significance in the light of years of experience and having made the attempt of raising a family. On one occasion we had some company at home. Dad, being the nice host that he was, passed some fine fruit around to all the guests, but passed Mother right by. Mother felt really slighted and hurt. She got up and left, and later, brought Dad to task about it. "Oh, you know where the fruit is", he said. "You can help yourself any time you want some." "But, that isn't the point", Mother said. "I don't like to be treated that way."

I can recall hearing Dad and Mother counseling and planning, after we had all gone to bed. Mother in her gentle persuasive way, planning for the best good of her children.

I was approaching nine years of age when Dad went on his mission to Switzerland. How bad I felt when he left. Some one said, "Think how happy you will be when he comes back", but that seemed awfully far away. This was a great responsibility for Mother to be left with the outside chores of garden and livestock, and the household duties, and keeping us kids well, and in line of duty. After the day's work was done, she gathered us around her and read to us. It almost brings tears to my eyes yet, when I think of the story as told in "Uncle Tom's Cabin". We found it difficult to find a stopping place, even though it was past bed time.

One of the saddest things that I have ever experienced was during this time when Father was on his mission. Mother went out to feed the chickens and the pigs, and left our little sister, Carrie, on the floor back from an open fire in the fireplace, tied in a little rocking chair. The little girl fell into the coals of fire while Mother was out and burned herself so severely that she died from the burns. Mother was almost beside herself with grief. I think physical suffering is not as great as suffering mental anguish. Mother blamed herself for this accident and could hardly be pacified. Of course,

if we boys had been attending to the chores, as we should have been, this may never have happened.

It was a happy day when Father returned from his mission, and he carried on a thrifty livestock business. Arthur or I often went on the range to ride with Father, and we began to assume duties of responsibility, even as young boys.

One day in November when Father was out on the fall drive, Max and Orval made their arrival. They wrapped the little three-pounders in cotton to keep them warm. There were no incubators in Santa Clara then. I was on my way to the school room when Dad came riding down the street. Uncle Harmon had gone up to the round-up to relieve him.

Mother really had plenty to do with the care of these two little fellows. I will hurry along over the next few years. Time soon came for me to go away to high school, 3 years at Cedar City and 1 at Provo, and I returned to become principal of the school. Mother was quite proud to have a second son return to take over at Santa Clara. Arthur had already had a year as principal, two years ahead of me.

By this time the little twin fellows had grown some and were admitted to the early grades in school. They were not chagrined at all when they were sent up to the principal for disciplining. In fact, they felt it rather a distinction to go up. The principal couldn't by any means lay on the lash to such innocent-looking young chaps. I think Max managed to rate several visits.

It was fine to be home and take part in everything that was going on, both socially and in the church. On one occasion a group of us young folks put on a burlesque on the Relief Society quilting party. I dressed in Mother's clothes, even wearing her shoes, and as we quilted, we talked. We talked of our likes and our dislikes, and quoting Mother I said, "Well, I like a cup

of tea, but I want it to be a quart cup." I think no one enjoyed the burlesque more than Mother did.

In this town of Santa Clara, there were a few old maids, and some young maids of my pupils, but the pickings were pretty slim for a young school principal. In either event, if I went with anyone it was not to my parents' liking. Father would scold and threaten, as good fathers do. But Mother was always patient and waiting for the opportune time to say her word of advice. One night when I came home in rather the wee hours, Mother was up waiting for me. She didn't scold, but said how glad she was that I had come home. She said she had had an unpleasant dream, and couldn't go to sleep again. Therefore, she waited until I came home.

I started my school teaching in Santa Clara in the fall of 1910. I taught two winters, and then in the spring of 1912 I answered the call to go on a mission to the Eastern States, New York City was headquarters. After I had been in the States a year, I made a request to be transferred to the Swiss-German Mission, where my father and three of his brothers, as well as Grandfather, had been. To make this transfer it was necessary to have the sanction of my Stake President at home. Mother, in this case, as in all her life, was anxious to have every legitimate wish of her children gratified. I have two letters before me now, which I have saved, among many others, that were written to me in May, 1913. One of these letters was from Mother, and one was from my sister, Jessie. Mother found a chance ride with Ed. Knight to St. George to call on President E. H. Snow in person, with reference to my transfer to Germany. President Snow said, "Yes, I'll write to the church presidency." He said when he was on a mission in the Eastern States he wanted to transfer to England, but did not, as he thought the expense would be too much for his folks.

I will quote a sentence from Jessie's letter: "Alice Knight is about the same. I was up Wednesday night with Lena Frei, and Ma was there alone last

night." That was my mother, work all day and sit up with the sick all night. Mother in closing her letter to me signed off: "As ever, Ma." Then she added "Orval is flipping birds." I guess she never once thought that they would be calling that bird flipper Senator Hafen.

About six months after this time, I was in Biellfeld, Germany. I quote from my diary of November 26, 1913: "Today came the saddest news that has ever been written to me, that of the death of my mother." In August, 1914, World War one broke out in Germany. Soon after this I was released to come home. Father met me at the railroad in Modena, and, of course, loaded back with a load of freight. We got home a little after dark, and while Father was putting the team up, I went into the house and struck a light. The home was dark and no one was there. Believe me this was a sad homecoming for me.

My parents were religious. Not so much for the ceremonies, or formalities. But, they were of the type who believed "in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men."

"A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us."

Bovee

A Tribute
By Orval

I have been asked to write down what I can remember about my mother, whom we lost just before my 10th birthday in 1913, 47 years ago this November. Many of my recollections are vague and fragmentary and it is hard to be specific.

In trying to recall situations involving my mother, I think of her father, Samuel Knight. I can remember two incidents concerning him. He died in 1910 at the age of 78. I recall the "big flood" which I am told happened in 1910 when I was six years old. This must have been before my grandfather's death,

because I recall we rode in a buggy up around the point of the hill just west of the Jacob Hamblin home where we could watch the raging waters tear away the precious farm land and the little orchards. My grandfather was present and was so concerned, along with the rest of us, as we saw the angry waters swirl and carry the trees away.

Grandfather Knight had a white beard, and he seemed old and feeble. He used a cane, and I recall that one day he came to the house and sat on a chair in the kitchen and visited with us. I recall his home in the west end of town, south of the road. It had at least two levels, and must have been built on a side-hill. That is about all I remember about it.

I recall our home where my step-mother now resides, before it was remodeled. The kitchen was in the back, as it is now, but on the west there were two small bedrooms, which have since been taken out. Mother cooked with a wood stove. We had one of the few bath tubs in town. We had to go out the back door of the kitchen and into the bath from outside, the bath being just east of the kitchen. Our tub was a built-in tin tub, and we had to heat the water and carry it in to the tub. I remember sometimes when she bathed me and my twin brother, Max, she poured a little kerosene, as I recall, into a bottle lid and dipped her fingers in it to get them oiled up to dig some of the dirt out of our ears. I am still impressed on how thorough a job she did on my ears. I recall once that when I said a naughty word, she chased me through the house, caught me upstairs and made me open my mouth while she dashed in a generous helping of pepper to make my mouth clean again.

I recall once some of my friends and I were sitting in front of the fireplace while mother was preparing supper. We were anxious to demonstrate how tough and grownup we were, so we made some homemade cigarettes of bark and lighted them up. Mother didn't seem to notice; she just went on quietly setting the table and we soon decided the project was not worth pursuing.

Our bedrooms were not heated. In the winter-time we sat in the small kitchen and were warmed by the big, friendly wood stove. We used to chop green wood day after day to keep the old stove satisfied. One evening in the winter-time mother had mixed some bread and had it in a pan by the stove to rise. Max and I had gotten ready for bed, but were playing about on the floor. Max accidentally knocked the lid off the bread pan. When mother asked him to put it back, a twinkle came in his eye and he refused. Mother turned the situation over to father; he asked Max to put the lid on the pan, and again Max refused. Father threatened to go outside and whittle a little switch from one of the trees, but Max still refused. Father got up, got out his pocket knife, went outside and cut the stick and came back in. He gave Max one more chance and again Max refused. Father twitched him gently and Max still felt that he had the situation well in hand. The next twitch was sharper and surprised Max, but he still held out. The next one meant business, and Max decided to put the lid on.

My father sought to establish range rights for himself and his associates in Bull Valley, about 50 miles west of St. George. For several summers, I think it was three, before mother died, we lived on a homestead out there. The details of those summers stand out in my memory better than some things at home. We would go out with a team and buggy or wagon each spring when school was out and return in time for school in the fall. We had to haul our bedding, utensils and supplies back and forth. It seems to me we usually got as far as Diamond Valley the first day, to Enterprise the next, and to the ranch the third day. Now we go to the ranch in less than two hours. On one trip we got in a rainstorm and were late at night getting as far as Diamond Valley. We had no shelter and so moved in with the family living on what was then, or later, the ranger station. I remember we had to bring out wet mattresses from the wagon and we all slept on them on the floor. The road to the ranch was fairly good up to the Enterprise Reservoir, but from there on we pretty much

had to make it. I remember we would go ahead of the wagon picking rocks out of the road, and we had trouble getting through at all in the canyon just below the ranch house. I can recall a number of rather inconsequential incidents during our summers there, but that is not the purpose of this sketch, which concerns my mother, and not me. I will take the liberty of relating two incidents. One evening when father and we boys came home from riding, mother said that during the day some strange animal had jumped over the fence and was eating the lettuce in the garden. She went down and threw rocks at it and frightened it away. After she described it, father explained that it was a deer, which we seldom saw in those days. Now hundreds are killed each year in that territory.

The fellows from Santa Clara who were associated with father in the cattle business would come out to ride, and, of course, made the ranch their headquarters. On one occasion, E. R. Frei, Jr., had a rifle, and I think he had gone down to the pasture to try and shoot some sage hens. He came back and was just outside the kitchen door unloading his gun. A shot was accidentally discharged, and the bullet went right through the pine door and dropped on the floor at the feet of my mother, who was preparing breakfast.

I don't recall that mother ever scolded us or used a hair brush on us, although I suppose she did. I know that with twin boys under her busy feet all day she would have ample occasion for doing so.

I recall vividly the day mother died. It was on a Friday afternoon after school, November 7, 1913. Max and one of his friends found her where she had fallen in the yard, with a broom in her hand. I believe Jessie was in the house playing the piano. For some reason, I had gone down in the fields with someone after school on a horse, and on our way home a fellow came galloping from town to tell us what had happened. That night Max and I went down to Aunt Eva's to sleep, and I recall that it was hard for us to sleep in a strange bed with the growing knowledge of what had befallen us. We awoke

several times in the night and found ourselves crying and clinging to each other. At her funeral I was impressed with the fact that the members of Jessie's class came over from high school in St. George to attend.

I lost my mother when I needed her a great deal. The same thing happened to her and to her father. I have felt a great sense of loss all these years, and I miss her, even now. The memory of her sweet, wan face and what she meant to me in those long-ago days has been a source of strength to me. I sense great pride and satisfaction in trying to recall her and tell what I can remember about her.

We have two pictures of mother. One in her younger days with her hair in curls. That does not seem natural to me; the other must have been taken shortly before her death. She wore her hair pulled back rather severely and wound in a bob. As I recall her, she was rather frail of build, but with enough energy and vitality to keep her "on the run" during all her waking hours. My impression of her is that she was modest and gentle and kind, rather retiring and self-effacing, keeping out of the limelight. Looking at her picture and trying to connect it to my memories of her, I see a real lady, in whom there was no guile. It seems to me that her whole life was dedicated to her family and her friends, as is so often the case with a mother. In spite of the poverty of finances and schools and social life in which she was raised, she developed into a compassionate, charitable, understanding woman. In her I see someone who had developed more character and personality and Christian qualities in her 51 years than most of us could do in a much longer time. Every memory and recollection I have of her bears out this judgment, and I am glad to leave it with you.

Incidents
By Orval

I made a trip to Salt Lake and Provo with Mother in 1909 or 1910, when I was 5 or 6 years old. It was a rare, exciting trip with Mother.

Arthur K. and my sister, Jessie, were to school at the B.Y.U. in Provo. Father took Mother and me in a buggy to what was then known as Hamblin, a little town at the Mountain Meadows which no longer exists. There Uncle Steve Bunker met us with his wife, Aunt Mary, who was Mother's sister. They had come down from Grass Valley, and she was to go along. We went on to Modena, 60 long miles from home where we were to catch the train, something I had never seen before. When we got to Provo, we missed our connection with Arthur K. at the station, so we took a taxi to our destination. I can not recall whether the taxi was a car or a buggy.

At the house where Arthur K. was staying in Provo they had electric lights which were something new and strange to me. Another thing that amazed me was what I thought to be a closet proved to be a toilet. I was flabbergasted and ran to tell Mother they had their "backhouse" right in their house! In Salt Lake I had my first taste of banana. I remember I didn't like it. I do not recall any of the details of the trip back. There could never again be a trip like that one with Mother.

"Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten, a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years."
Rufini

Sentiments
By Max

Being only ten years old at the time of Mother's death, my memories are rather limited. The most impressive thing I remember is finding Mother dead. Clyde Graf, a cousin, and I were playing marbles in the back yard of our home, in the path leading to the corral, making a right angle turn at the chicken run. Clyde went to toss his marble to begin the game, after we had been playing for some time, when he saw Mother lying just inside the open door of the chicken run. He said, "There's your Ma." I turned to see Mother lying dead. I ran to the house to tell my sister, Jessie, so she ran to see, but thought Mother

had just fainted. Jessie ran to the neighbors and to the home of Edward R. Frei, where the only telephone in town was had, and called the doctor. She returned with many of the neighbors and removed Mother to the house. The doctor, from St. George, came soon and pronounced her dead.

Father was out to Modena delivering steers the cattlemen had sold. As he was one of the most heavily-interested cattlemen, he often assumed the greater part of the responsibility of the sales and the round-ups. He was relayed by team and buggy from Modena to Enterprise; then to Chadburn's Ranch; then home.

As Orval has said, we twin boys slept at Aunt Eva's that night, and when we returned home in the morning Father was brushing his hair in front of the mirror. We paused at the door, and it seemed minutes before he turned around to greet his motherless boys.

About all I remember of Mother is that she was tall and slim, and seemed to be energetic. She did everything for us from shining the shoes to the preparation of the Saturday bath. I remember she sent me up to Aunt Laurie's (Grandmother Knight) for butter, and as I was returning home I was swinging my arms forward and back, and had the money in my right hand. The money left my hand and landed in the ditch, which crossed the street near the George Tobler home. I never did find the money, and when I told Mother she never even said one word.

I also remember picking up apples from the ground in the Findlay field. Mother tried to encourage Orval and me to help, but Mother wound up picking up most of the apples.

One time when we were out to the Ranch, homesteading, Father was gone, and Orval and I decided to go fishing in the Enterprise reservoir, a few miles away. Mother helped saddle the horse, and we took off on a sorrel horse we called Bird, one we had recently acquired from Wittwers. We started off all right, but when we had gone about one-fourth mile the horse sidejumped

and we both fell off. We were not hurt, but Mother had been watching from the ranch house and was soon at our side, nervously inquiring whether we were hurt. We did not make the trip to the reservoir that day.

While at the ranch, we milked many cows, kept the calves in the pasture, and turned the cows out to graze during the day. Mother made cheese and when she returned home in the fall, many neighbors were given some of the cheese.

I recall Mother's buying a small open stove from a lady in St. George to help the lady out with a few dollars. Father was rather disgusted when he heard of the deal, but I know we used that stove instead of the fireplace, and it turned out to be Father's delight to light up that stove. (Mother never could stand to use the open fireplace after the tragedy of Carrie's death--- Arthur.)

Sentiments
To My Second Mother
By Orilla

"Hands ever eager for deeds that were kind
Ready to help, or to heal, or to bind;
Feet never tiring by night or by day,
Of helping God's weaker ones over life's way.
Eyes in whose depths always lingered a smile,
Seeing through love only good things worth while,
Heart always ready with comfort for others,
All these are hers----best and dearest of Mothers."

My life was made better and richer for having associated with her--all too short a time, only about two and one half years. She had such wonderful qualities of culture, patience, wisdom, and love. She was quiet and reserved. She believed that "An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut beats a ton of explanation". She enjoyed good witticisms, and often repeated some for which her father was known. There was no place for suggestive jokes. She knew

true happiness by making others happy. She was always thoughtful of others, especially those in need--never boasting nor letting any one know, not even the person to whom she gave, if she could help it.

She loved her family and her home. Dear Jessie said to me one time: "Mother would be so proud of her daughters-in-law." And I know she would be. Althea, Estella and Ruth are just the kind of wives she would want her sons to have, and I am certain she was happy to feel that Vivian would someday be her son-in-law. (He and Jessie were married seven months after her death.)

Speaking of Jessie, I wish to pay tribute to her. She was as dear to me as my own sisters. She was the first of the Hafen family for me to become acquainted with. This was in the fall of 1910 when we were on our way to school at the B.Y.U. She was the one to introduce me to my future husband, her brother. I will always miss dear Jessie. Whenever a joy or a sorrow comes my way, I always find myself thinking I must tell Jessie.

Mother Hafen would have enjoyed her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren. She knew only one of these, our own little Kay who was only three months old when she was taken away. She was proud of him. On her sewing machine, the day she died was found a little ~~pillow~~ pillow and two little white slips with embroidery ruffles not quite finished, that she was making for his crib. She was a wonderful mother, therefore, her four wonderful sons possess her good qualities. They, I am sure, are happy to have had such a mother.

Sentiments
By Althea

I have been asked by Arthur to relate a few incidents of Lenora Knight Hafen. Before she was married, she worked for my mother, Althea Gregerson, at Silver Reef. My mother used to like to tell me what a good manager Lenora was--how quick and tidy and of the delicious food she cooked.

Mother had two children, and as she took care of them and played with them, Lenora said, "I wouldn't mind getting married and having children if I thought I could love them as you do yours." Mother said, "Now, go ahead and get married, for you surely will love your children."

A crowd of us young girls went horseback riding over to Santa Clara in winter time. We called on Jessie at her home. As we sat laughing and talking, Jessie's mother brought in a large pan full of big yellow apples. How good they tasted! We visited a while with the mother and enjoyed our stay so much.

Our class of 1914, called the Dolphins, went to the funeral of Sister Hafen. We were given the choir seats. After the services, Jessie came and stood before us and thanked us for coming. I remember thinking how brave she was.

Mrs. Joseph Empey, Sr., was a close friend of Lenora, and she went into great detail telling of her ability in managing--how all the kettles in which the food had been cooked were washed as the food was taken up for a meal.

I'm thinking of what a mother gives to her children--attitudes, inspiration, love, kindness, ambition, habits of work, respect for good, etc. The children of Lenora Knight Hafen received this legacy. The in-laws in the family have forever been thankful to this lovely mother for instilling these great qualities in her children as each has made a family circle.

Sentiments
By Vivian

As I remember Lenora Knight Hafen, she was a woman of medium height, very slender, with a brownish freckled complexion. To me she had an unending supply of energy, for she was always busy either in the house or in the garden. Her quiet shy manner was something I never quite solved. She apparently believed that it was the wife's duty to be a helpmate to her husband to the extent of not only taking care of the house, but also hoeing the garden and

milking the cows, to say nothing about carrying her husband's water in and out of the bath tub. She was very firm yet gentle with her children as illustrated by this circumstance. When Jessie thought the twins needed a little disciplining and would reach out to slap one of them, her mother would exclaim, "Don't you strike that child with your ten pound hands."

On one occasion I remember being slightly embarrassed. As a shy, frightened young lover in the home one evening, visiting with Jessie (and the family) Sister Hafen was working on some pillows. Jessie said, "Who are you making them for?" Sister Hafen replied, "I am making them for you, dear." A statement which caused quite a stir in the family--showing a mother who was far ahead of her daughter in thinking about what she would need in the future.

Sister Hafen had one habit which really provoked her daughter. At the end of the meal Sister Hafen would always have a little boiling water in the teakettle with which to warm up her tea after drinking her first cup. When Jessie went to wash the dishes there would be no hot water. Jessie became so disgusted at this procedure that she vowed to her mother that she would never, never drink tea, which she never did.

Sister Hafen was a faithful, dutiful wife; a quiet, patient, loving mother; a truly wonderful woman.

LENORA KNIGHT HAFEN

Washington County News---November 13, 1913

Santa Clara, November 9.---Again our little town is grief-stricken by the sudden death of Mrs. Lenora Knight Hafen, wife of John Hafen, which occurred Friday, November 7, 1913. While Mrs. Hafen had not been in perfect health for some time, having occasional fainting spells, she appeared to be in her usual state of health when last seen alive, which was previous to going out to sweep the back yard. A few hours later she was found lying dead in the yard with the broom lying on top of her. In the meantime those of her children who were at home supposed her to be visiting a relative or neighbor; the shock to them under the circumstances can well be imagined. The cause of death was the bursting of a blood vessel in the head. Members of the family were scattered at the time death called; her husband being at Modena, one son, in Germany fulfilling a mission; her daughter, Jessie, and two twin boys

being at home. Another son Arthur K. was at Toquerville. Her husband, four sons, and one daughter survive her, three children having preceded her to the great beyond.

Sister Hafen was born at Santa Clara, February 8, 1862, a daughter of Samuel and Caroline Beck Knight, and was married to John Hafen in the St. George Temple, February 9, 1887. She was a true and devoted wife and mother, and a faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in the auxilliary organizations of which she was a willing worker.

Funeral services were held at the meeting house, Sunday, November 9, the house being beautifully decorated for the sad occasion. The largest congregation that was ever in our meeting house, numbering 265 souls, came to pay their last respects to the dear departed. Among these were Academy faculty, the Academy 4th year class, of which Miss Jessie Hafen is vice-President, the Stake Relief Society officers, members of the 70's quorum, President D. H. Cannon and a great number of others from St. George, besides a number from Washington, Gunlock, Bunkerville and other places, which shows the esteem in which Sister Hafen was held.

The services were opened by Elder Joseph T. Atkin and closed by Elder George F. Whitehead. The speakers were Elders Jacob Frei, D. H. Cannon, George W. Worthen, H. M. Woodward, Thomas P. Cottam and Edward R. Frei. Their remarks were of a consoling nature to the bereaved, and they bore testimony to the high esteem in which the deceased and her family were held by all who knew them. The Santa Clara choir furnished beautiful music, a quartet, "Nearer My God to Thee", being splendidly rendered. Twenty-five vehicles and a number of people afoot followed the remains to their last resting place, and the grave was literally covered with bouquets of choice flowers. The bereaved relatives sincerely appreciate the kindness of those who came from outside points to pay their last respects to the departed.

POSTSCRIPT

In his sentiments, Guy refers to titles two of his brothers are given. He himself, and the other brother, are just as worthy and just as successful as we in their respective fields of endeavor. We all join in the tributes to Jessie, our only sister to grow to maturity. Mother's reward, whatever it proves to be, is found in the success fo her children.

We realize it is difficult to reveal Mother to you. Even among us who have written, she is, perhaps, not exactly the same to any two of us. We hope the fragmentary bits of her life here written have accomplished the purpose for which we wrote.