

Interview with
RUTH (HAFEN) SQUIRE

January 12, 2016

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RUTH (HAFEN) SQUIRE

Ruth (Hafen) Squire was interviewed on January 12, 2016 in St. George, Washington County, Utah by Heber and LaRee (McAllister) Jones. She related her life experiences.

RS: I was born in St. George in the home that is still standing at 148 East Tabernacle [Street]. My parents were Arthur Knight and Orilla (Woods) Hafen. My birthdate is March 16, 1922. I will soon be ninety-four [years old] and have lived in St. George almost all of my life. I dearly love St. George and the people I grew up knowing. [They were] some of the most wonderful people in the whole world.

HJ: Who are your siblings?

RS: I came from a fun loving family of fourteen [children]. My siblings were Kay [Woods], my oldest brother. He was killed from a fall from a wagon that broke his neck when he was five years old. Then Carma, Ferrel [Arthur], Ada, Herschel [Woods], Harold [John] and then me, LeNore, and we lost a baby [Linford Lamond] after LeNore. He died when he was a few months old from quick pneumonia. Then Eldon [Eugene], Erma, Kenneth [Ernest], [Lawrence] Kelton and Donald [Ross]. There are six of us still living. I am the oldest and "Don" is the youngest. [He is] eighty-two [years old]. We still enjoy one another so much and feel so blessed to think there is still the six of us around.

HJ: Who were your grandparents?

RS: My [paternal] grandparents were John and LeNore (Knight) Hafen. They lived in Santa Clara [Washington County, Utah]. My [maternal grandparents were] Lamond [Cresson] and Elizabeth (Terry) Woods. I didn't ever know either of my grandmothers. They were both gone when I came along. I had wonderful grandfathers [who] were as special to me as could be, but I always felt like I missed out on not having grandmothers.

HJ: When you grew up, who were some of your friends?

RS: We had a lot of neighbors who were good friends. In [the] first grade I started going with my special girlfriends, Sylva (Snow) Swapp and Jane (Foremaster) Sullivan. We stayed good friends through school. As we got a little older, Vivian (Prince) [Swapp], Evelyn Smith, Marie (Higbee) Gardner, Helen (Miles) Jacobs, Helen (Cannon) Madsen, Erdra Rae (Gardner) Frye, we formed a group of eight of us to be in a club [ADQ] which we kept going even after we married. Our husbands all enjoyed one another so it made it possible for us to stay together. Of the eight, Vivian, Sylva, Marie, the two Helen's, Erdra and I are the only ones still alive. She lives in Brawley, California and we still talk on the telephone. When she comes here we have good visits, love to reminisce and be together.

HJ: Who were some of your teachers as you went through school?

RS: [For teachers] I had Miss Emily Harmon, Miss [Bernice] Benson was second grade, Miss Worthen was third grade, [Florence] “Flo” Foremaster was fourth grade, Misha Seegmiller was fifth grade, Israel Neilson and Ken Cannon were sixth grade, “Aunt Lein” [Lein] Nelson, she was aunt of some of the [students], was seventh grade [and] Vivian [Jacob] Frei was the eighth grade. Vernon Worthen was the principal at the time. We really liked him, but were kind of afraid of him if we ever had to go in [to his office]. One time some of us girls decided that we would wear slacks [to school]. One of my grandchildren said, “What are slacks?” How do you describe pants that we wear all the time? We were not allowed to wear those to school. So we were sent in to Vernon Worthen and he sent us home. We all had to change and come back in a dress.

Karl Fordham was the music teacher. I thought he had a lot of pets because a lot of the [students] could sing. Deloris (Sullivan) Seegmiller, I don’t know if I mentioned her with the group of girls [in] the club, she had a nice singing voice and Gertrude Worthen, another classmate had a singing voice. Noma Andrus could sing. We thought they got to do everything.

HJ: Where did you go in the ninth grade?

RS: We stayed at the Woodward Junior High [School]. We were to have gone over to the high school and Junior College, but they didn’t have room for us, so we stayed at the Woodward [School] for another two years. Then we went over Dixie High [School] for two years and then to Junior College for two years. I just graduated from Junior College and didn’t go on to anymore school. At the time, we were in the high school and college together. We knew every student! We were so thrilled when [students] came from Kanab [Kane County, Utah], Fillmore, Scipio and Delta [in Millard County, Utah]. We thought that was wonderful! They were pulled into our classes just like everyone else. Because we knew everyone, it was fun to associate with all of them. We had B. Glen Smith, Linna (Snow) Paxman, John T. [Taylor] Woodbury, my father A. K. Hafen, and I can’t think of some of the other [teachers]. I never had H. Val Hafen or [Leland] “Lee” Hafen [as teachers]. They taught mathematics, but I took drama from Beth Schmutz because I wasn’t smart in arithmetic and I am still not! [Laughter] Those are some of the teachers at the time. We felt very close to all of them. They knew every student by name, too. Glenn [E.] Snow was the president [of the college]. I knew Joseph K. [Kelly] Nichols when he was president because he had a daughter, Virginia, my age. We were [very] good friends.

HJ: Did you meet “Phil” [Phillip Ervil Squire] going to school?

RS: That is interesting. We met when his father [Lorin Delance Squire] was a [Utah Highway] patrolman and [they] moved to St. George from LaVerkin [Washington County, Utah]. [“Phil”] was in the seventh grade and I was in the sixth [grade].

We went to a birthday party at Ervin Pace's place and played Spin-the-Bottle. We had to run around the house and hold hands. After the party, the boys started to chase the girls home. "Phil" fell in a ditch over by the Woodward High School. He told everyone that he fell for me really hard then. I don't remember seeing him anymore at school. He was only here one year and went back to LaVerkin. When he came down to [the] college, we got acquainted again and he took me to the Get Acquainted Dance for our first date. I [know] that date, but I can't remember it. Seems like it was in September of 1939. I had been going with someone else for a few years, but ["Phil"] and I started going together. I kind of decided that "Phil" was [who] I wanted. I have said many times, he took me to LaVerkin and I saw how he treated his mother [Amelia Squire], so respectful and kind. She was so sweet and so much like my mother. They were living under very, very humble circumstances at that time, but that little home was spotless. They had woven rag rugs. The sheets on the bed were made from flour sacks, but everything was clean and she had bread baking. After I had been to his home, I decided that I liked him. We started going together then.

["Phil"] was in the [Utah] National Guard and they were stationed in California. They were called up to go one year, so a lot of the fellows from St. George [were] gone. Pearl Harbor was in December [1941], the year they went, so he didn't get a furlough for two years. He didn't graduate from [Dixie] College until after he was [discharged] from [military] service in 1956. Then he went back to college and graduated.

HJ: Where were you married?

RS: [We were married] in the St. George Temple. Harold [Stafford] Snow did the Sealing for us. ["Phil"] came home on furlough, [arrived] on a Friday. His dad let him take the pickup and we rode up on the Red Hill. He proposed to me. I had been going with somebody else while he was gone those two years. It just so happened that two days before "Phil" came home, the [person] I was going with left for [military] service. I have always felt like that was meant to be, because I really didn't think that I could get married in [the] few days that he had furlough. I came home and mother really liked "Phil." We had one of Grandmother Hafen's sister, aunt Mary Bunker, [who] was living with us at the time and she liked "Phil" real well. She would [say], "Are you going with the right one?"

I came home and told mother, "We can't get married." She said, "Yes, you can. You plan to get married and we will take care of things here." We were married on March 24, 1943. We didn't want to stay at my place. My sister, Ada in California, called and said, "Why don't you come down here." We got on the bus and rode down all night long and stayed at Ada's place. McKay [Neilson was going to dental college. Ferrell and Vilda [Hafen] and LeNore and [Raymond] "Ray" [Leon Hobbs] lived down there. That night they took us to Clifton's [Cafeteria] for dinner. We thought that was the most elegant place. It had a waterfall in the [dining area] and an organ was playing. Ada requested they play,

I'll Be Loving You Always. We kind of adopted that song because we thought it was for us.

“Ray” was in [military] service also, as a flight inspector. When we were coming back to Las Vegas [Nevada] with LeNore and “Ray,” they had been trying to get in touch with him. There had been an airplane accident. We needed to be back Saturday night, this was Saturday morning, because the folks were [having] a reception for us. There wasn’t a bus coming and we had no idea how we would ever get back to St. George for that reception. We saw a Utah license [plate on a car] and “Ray” ran it down. It was a mother and son from Hurricane [Washington County, Utah] in a little Model-A. Those seats were not big enough for the mother and son, but they let “Phil” and me come with them. We [had] the windows rolled down because it warm. It was long before freeways.

We [arrived] here just in time for the reception. I didn’t have time for a shower, fix my hair or anything. I didn’t have a wedding veil, but I did wear my sister Ada’s wedding dress. We had the reception over at the Institute [of Religion] Building across from the college. I have a write-up that Mabel Jarvis put in *The Washington County News*. You would think it was the most beautiful wedding reception anyone had ever had. She had a lace tablecloth and my sister, Carma [(Hafen) Staheli] poured the punch from the punch bowl. May Pace played the piano. My aunt Jessie [(Hafen)] Frei played the piano. Marion Bowler sang *When the Lights Come on Again All Over the World*. Irene Everett played her violin. My girlfriends sang *The Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang Of Mine*. That was a wonderful reception. Daddy had taken invitations to the post office and put them in everybody’s box because we had a good turnout. Everything was rationed. We [received] Pyrex [bowls]. I still have beautiful dishes that were given to us that were too fancy and I didn’t get a chance to use them.

“Phil” had to go back to [military] service [the] Sunday after we were married on Wednesday. I was working at the telephone office and had [to] have someone replace me before I could go. I worked two weeks before I went. Then he was at Camp White in Medford, Oregon. Montrue and Herman Larkin were going [on] business in California and they took me down as far as California. Ada met me at the bus station and I got a ticket to go to Medford. We had to stay in someone’s home and “Phil” rented a bedroom. We had to go through the people’s bedroom that we were renting from to get to the bathroom. Which was not handy at all! [Laughter] Another interesting thing was: Max Gentry and Weston Seegmiller were on [LDS] missions in Medford at that time. There was a huge, huge chapel on every corner. We met in a little old home that was really kind of old and not very suitable. The missionaries lived there, but that is where we held [The] Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints services]. We were not in Medford very long until “Phil” was sent to Fort Lewis, Washington.

Once again, I got on the bus and went to Fort Lewis. I think back [on] these times now, I wish I knew then what I know now, but I had never been out of St. George.

That was really an eye-opener for me to try and take care of myself. [“Phil”] told me that he had a room quite close to the bus station. So I went. Of course, he wasn’t there and I didn’t know what to do. I got on a bus and went out to Fort Lewis and couldn’t find him. I don’t know why I thought I could go out there and know where he was. There was a line of soldiers waiting to get on the bus. I went to the front and they told me to go to the back. I didn’t have any privileges! [Laughter] By that time, “Phil” had gone in to the hotel and was all upset because he didn’t know where I was. [Laughter] To start off, that wasn’t very much fun. He had rented a home in Tacoma [Washington], one room, an upstairs bedroom. I don’t know [if] I need to have this recorded, but we called it a “beelzebub.” They just had a pot under our bed for our bathroom! [Laughter]

Another couple in the same [Army] outfit that “Phil” was in, his wife’s name was Helen. I can’t remember their last name. [Helen and I] looked for a job and [found one at] Point Defiance [Washington]. We had to go out, get on a truck with windows real high and we couldn’t see out. They would take us to this place and we rolled gun powder. We had to change into shoes that they furnished for us, like a tap shoe. They had a cover over the toe and on the sole. We had to keep our hair up in a bandana and wear coveralls. We didn’t ever know where we were or even what we were doing. We weren’t there very long until the [fellows] were [sent] overseas.

From the time we were married in March until July, I came home and stayed with the folks and went back to work for the telephone company. As soon as I was out of junior high, I started [working] at the telephone office. I had worked there about a year when I married. “Phil” was overseas for twenty-seven months. I worked at the telephone office during that time and lived at home with the folks. LeNore’s husband, “Ray,” was a pilot in [military] service. She and her [young] daughter, Marilyn [Hobbs], were living with the folks, too. During the years of [World] War [II], all the fellows were gone, so the girls in town made our own entertainment. We would get together. There used to be matinees on Sunday and we would go. There really wasn’t much going on at that time [for] entertainment. We were all in the same boat so it worked out just fine.

HJ: What were some of your experiences in the telephone office?

RS: I had some [very] good experiences in the telephone office. At the time I was working, we didn’t even have to have a telephone book because we knew everyone’s number. [People] would call in and say, “Can you ring so-and-so’s number?” We would know which one to ring. At noon we would ring the siren to let people know it was noon. They would call us when there was a fire and we would [turn] on the lights [on top of the St. George Tabernacle]. They had [an] all volunteer fire department. [Inaudible] [Hyrum] “Hy” Atkin was the night watchman. He would walk around the block and check each door to make sure they were locked. Sometimes he would walk the girls home from the Big Hand Café or Dick’s Café when they got off [work] at night. If we ever needed “Hy”

Atkin, we would flip a light on just outside the door of the telephone office. He would see that and check with us to see who needed him.

We had one line going into Gunlock [Washington County, Utah]. That was an OR12 or 3. It was a line that when we would ring in, anybody [who] heard the ring could lift up the telephone and they could run messages. We would ring long-distance to Mesquite [Nevada]. We had a dial on the switchboard that we could dial numbers over in Hurricane. As a rule, they had long-distance. It was only one or two; very, very few long-distance calls. When people would call us, we would write down the person's name and who they were calling. We had about four circuits out of St. George. If those were busy, people would have to wait for a long time before they could get their long-distance [call] through. We would have to build up that circuit from Cedar [City, Iron County, Utah] to Provo [Utah County, Utah] to Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah] to wherever we were to call.

My very first long-distance call, all by myself, and I was frightened to pieces, was to Picabo, Idaho. After I had built up that circuit, all the way up and into Idaho, a little voice finally came on the line. I could barely hear it. They say, "Picabo." I said, "Oh, Picabo yourself!" [Laughter] The lady I was putting the call through for, had come to the telephone office. She was standing right there while I was going through all of this. [Laughter]

Another experience I remember: we had to ring Virgin [Washington County, Utah] for long-distance calls. Operators would always giggle when they would call in and ask for Virgin. One operator called in — it didn't happen to me but one of the other operators — and said, "Would you ring the high school at Virgin?" The girl who took the call said, "Virgin doesn't have a high school. The Virgin girls go to Hurricane." [Laughter] Those were some of the funny [experiences]. When we put through long-distance calls, especially if they were from the pay phone, we had to time them and tell them when their three minutes were up. If they wanted to [talk longer], we had to have them deposit more money. There was a certain sound for a quarter, certain sound for a dime and certain sound for a nickel. We had to learn to distinguish those sounds from a pay phone.

Other funny [situations]: May Pace was going to call her daughter, Jane, who lived in northern California. The price there was different than southern California. I said, "Where in California are you calling?" She said, "That is none of your business. You just tell me how much it is." [Laughter] I have always remembered that one. Milne Truck Line and Reber Investments [received] lots of long-distance calls. They would call for the Mil-ne Truck Line and we would delight in saying, "We will ring Milne's for you." Or they would call for the Reeber Investments. We would say, "We will ring the Reber's number." [Laughter] Those are some of the memories that I have.

I have worked off and on from 1942, when I first started, until they went dial. I quit some and when “Phil” came home I quit working. They wanted the trained ones to work before they went dial, so they didn’t have to train new [operators]. I worked the night they went dial. We had some people [who] we thought were special citizens, but on the telephone they thought we were just a face. Some were very, very rude to us. In fact, some of the girls [who] started training would have to get off the switchboard and cry because of the way some people talked to them. Just before they went to dial at midnight, we plugged in a telephone to all those that we had had trouble with and pulled back on the keys that would ring just before it went dial. When it went dial, the whole switchboard lit up like fireworks. It was quite an exciting thing! But we were glad that at midnight we could wake some of those ornery people up! [Laughter]

HJ: When “Phil” came home, where did you live?

RS: When he came home, I got a little apartment over on the third floor of Snow Apartments. We lived there [while] he finished college. I was expecting Bonnie [Squire]. Eric Snow had made the Snow home into apartments. So I wouldn’t have to climb the steps, Eric had us move into one of the Snow Apartments. “Phil” started working for [Snow’s] cleaners. Virgil Goategs was running it at the time. He wanted to start a cleaners over in Hurricane. We lived over in Hurricane for a few years while “Phil” ran the cleaners over there. He was working at the cleaners and still a member of the [Utah] National Guard when the Korean [Conflict] broke out. He was called back to Korea.

I moved back to St. George. Joseph E. Olsen was starting homes on the 400 block of Flood Street. We could afford that cheaper than rent. We bought a little home at 623 South 400 East [Street]. By then, I had Bonnie and Phyllis [Squire] when “Phil” went to Korea. Phyllis was just a few months old. Once again, I went to work for the telephone office. My sister Erma [Syphus] tended the girls for me. I lived so far out of town on Flood Street that I couldn’t get a telephone. Every time I would back out the car to go anyplace, I would pick up a nail. They were building homes [in the area]. At the time that I lived there, all that was a field of tumbleweeds. I didn’t have any neighbors for a long time. The closest one was up on the hill where the doctor’s offices are now. I was down there pretty much alone.

“Phil” was gone for over a year. When he came home there weren’t jobs — when he came home from World War II or Korea. One time, to have a little work, he worked on the Fifth and Sixth [Ward] Chapel. They were just going to build and he dug the footings and took half-pay and half for the chapel. Then he started to work for the [United States] Post Office. He was working there when my brother, “Ken” was killed. “Ken” was going to go in the O K [Tire Service] with [my] father and brothers as a bookkeeper. When he was killed, my father asked “Phil” to come and be the bookkeeper. So he went to work for the O K Tire store until he retired.

HJ: Were you at the telephone office when they had the strike?

RS: I wasn't working there at that time, but I well remember it. I worked while "Phil" was in World War II and again while he was in Korea. I was mighty happy to think that I had work, because there wasn't any work for him. Over the years, off and on, I worked periods of time which really helped out.

HJ: Where did you do most of your shopping?

RS: [At] Mathis Market [and Supply Company] or the O K Market.

HJ: Where were they located?

RS: The Mathis Market was on Tabernacle [Street] and the O K Market was [on what] is called [St. George] Boulevard now. It was Highway 91. [There was] a JC Penney. There were that many places [for] us to shop. The O K Market was run by [Harold] Miles.

HJ: Was that the Sprouse Reitz place there then?

RSL: I can remember how soon [Sprouse-Reitz] came, but I remember it well. It wasn't too long after that it came [to town]. O. P. Skaggs came after [the] Market Basket, O K Market and Mathis Market. Pickett Lumber was up there. Those were about the only [businesses]. They did have an ice cream place [where] they made lucky nobbys. We were so tickled when we would get a pink lucky nobby. Then we could get a free one! They had Reickers Malt Shop. Along there was the garage. What was its name?

HJ: [Inaudible]

RS: No, it was before that. I think it was the [Albert E., William, Earl and Frank] Miller Garage. There was the Liberty Hotel and Café.

HJ: Had they torn down the rest of the old Snow house at that time?

RS: No, it was still there. That is the one I lived in when we moved out of the Snow Apartments, the Erastus Snow home. There was the Dixie Drug [Store] and the Gaiety Theater, Mathis Market, and the Arrowhead Hotel on the corner.

LJ: You could always go to church in the Tabernacle.

RS: We went to church in the [St. George] Tabernacle, yes. There was the East Ward, the South Ward and the North Ward when I was growing up. The East Ward always met in the Tabernacle. The North Ward met in the Woodward School building. I don't know where the South Ward met, probably they went to the Tabernacle, too.

- HJ: When you were growing up and your mother had all these [children] at the house, did she have help with them? How did you handle them?
- RS: Girls [who] came to school lived with us and helped mother out. I can even remember [their names]. One of them was Dessie Jones' older sister. I knew Dessie because she was a friend of my sister Ada, but I don't remember her name.
- HJ: Lillian.
- RS: Lillian Jones? She helped. At one time we had an older lady. I can remember who she was, but I do remember that we used to have to bathe by the fire in the kitchen in a tub. We finally got a bathtub. Mother used to put two or three of us in at the same time. This older lady didn't like that. She didn't think we all ought to be in the bathtub together. [Laughter] So she put a stop to that. We had one bathroom and we never lived in our home without someone else living with us. My uncle Orval and uncle Max Hafen lived with us and different ones [while they were] going to school. We always had extra people. We were close to the hospital so when people would come from out of town and bring their sick person to the hospital, we would move over a little ways and make room for them. I remember sometimes sleeping on the floor because we had people [who] needed a bed. We were [very] close to town and it was easy to get any place we wanted to go. We walked every place we went. [Our home] was a good stopping place. We very seldom sat down to a noon meal that we didn't have to push over and put another plate on because [there] weren't cafes for people then. Sometimes we would get tired of all the dishes we had to do, but they were always welcomed. Mother always had enough for them to eat.
- LJ: [Inaudible]
- RS: Yes, uncle [Adolph] "Dolph" [Hafen]. He lived with us and went to the [St, George] Temple. He would have peppermints in his suitcase loose. We were tickled to death when he would come from the temple and give us a peppermint! [Laughter]
- UV: [Inaudible]
- RS: Daddy had a nice garden at east side of the house. We always had good radishes, onions and corn. The federal office wanted to put a [inaudible] there. The Bakers were our neighbors when we were growing up. There was plenty of space for a big garden. The federal people wanted to take part of that lot, so he didn't have near as big garden. We had watering turns to take care of the garden. We had pomegranate bushes and grape vines. We had the corrals in the back of the yard.

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

RS: [Inaudible] she was a nurse at the McGregor Hospital. She used to call mother quite often and tell her to get her “dum” [children] out of the backyard. One day Ada took Mary [Whitehurst] a little bouquet of roses. Mary jokingly said to her, “How come you didn’t bring me more?” Ada said, “My cousin, Elaine Hafen, died and we had to take them to her.” [Laughter]

HJ: [Inaudible]

RS: Most of them were family members who would bring their sick people to the hospital. I remember [one] who came from Bunkerville [Nevada]. He had a great big goiter growth on his neck. He stayed with us quite a little while because they had someone really sick in the hospital. Daddy was bishop a lot of times. People would come to the home to be married. We would have been in bed for awhile, but we would have to get up and get dressed to be the witnesses. We called it the parlor in our living room. We would stand as witnesses while he performed the marriage. We never really ever were alone. We had somebody living with us, a lot of the time, even at temple time. [Inaudible] grandfather, uncle [inaudible] would come and live with us and go to the temple. Aunt Clara (Terry) Woods lived out in Beaver Dam [Arizona]. She would come in to do her shopping. She would always get there at noon and then have to go do her errands. [When] we [children] were at someone home, we would say, “We are going to play Aunt Clara” and we would get up and leave the dishes for somebody else to do! [Laughter]

At conference time, we always had one of the general authorities come. We used to have some of them come to our place to eat on Sunday. I remember [inaudible]. He was the one who [inaudible] M. Russell Ballard. The other one was [Melvin A.] Ballard. I remember him having Sunday dinner with us and Anthony Ivins. We had quite a few who came to dinner with us. For Sunday dinner, if we didn’t have someone from the church, we would have some people from Santa Clara who would come over. They would have conference in the morning and afternoon. We could bring [youngsters] home from school. Mother would have us move a chair and put another plate on the table. Our home was so handy to shopping places and to the hospital.

HJ: [Inaudible]

RS: We always had some; uncle Orval and uncle Max lived with us. They were living with us when I was born. Mother waited to get everybody off to school and told daddy to wait for a bit. [She] sent him over to get the doctor. I came before the doctor got [there]. At one time, we brothers and sisters were together and we were trying to remember all the people that lived at our house. I think that Roxie [(Lund) McAllister] and Grace [(Lund) Cox] stayed with us some, but their father [Alfred Lund] stayed with us when he went to the temple. I can’t remember now, [but] Mae McGregor lived with us for quite awhile. The folks added a room on to the back of the house and put a bathroom back there. We had aunts — aunt Mary Bunker was my grandmother Hafen’s sister [and] aunt [Lydia] “Libby” Winsor

was my grandmother Wood's sister, she lived with us and her daughter, Pickering from out in Enterprise [Washington County, Utah] when her mother came, she lived there. Eventually, the folks built a little home on the back for relatives. There was always someone who either lived with us or school [students] lived with us who helped mother with extra work.

It was kind of a gathering place because it was handy and we didn't have that many people who had cars. When I went to college there was one car parked out in front and it belonged to Earl [J.] Bleak. He was the music teacher and lived out in the east end of town. He was about the only one who had a car.

HJ: Did your folks keep horses in the yard?

RS: I don't remember them being in the yard, but they must have been. They always had a team of horses and daddy hauled the loose hay every year. He had a place down on Price Bench, which is Bloomington now, and we would get stuck every time we would go on the wagon down where the bridge is now to Bloomington. He tried to raise melons and they failed. Everything failed that he tried to raise. [Inaudible] We had what we called the Winsor Farm down where the City Center is now. That was all fields. Down across from where the [Dixie] High School is now was all fields and we kept the cows there. Mother never drove. Daddy was away at summer school, so Ferrel would drive the Model-T down to milk the cows in the pasture down there. My mind is wandering from one place to another! [Laughter]

HJ: Can you think of any tragedies happening in your life?

RS: Not right off. When Bonnie was eighteen months old we were living over in Hurricane on the road that took everyone out to their fields. It was quite busy. There was a cement ditch that people got their water from. I had gone over across the street to visit one of the neighbors, Annie Hirschi. She was tending her little grandson who [was] a year older than Bonnie. We were visiting in the house and all of a sudden something as plain as could be said, "Check that child." Right in the middle of talking, Sister Hirschi said, "My golly! I wondered why you ran out of the house." Her little grandson was standing there and I said, "Where's Bonnie?" He pointed and I saw about that much of her little green pants that she had on floating down that ditch. She was going faster than I could [reach her]. I would reach in and she would slip right out [of my grasp]. She went almost a block [to] a culvert over the ditch for people to get into their lot, before I pulled her out. If I hadn't, she would have gone under that culvert, and I would have never got her. That was really a dramatic [situation].

The only car accident that we ever had was when Bonnie was little. The [children] could stand in the back of the car. We were on our way to Zion [National Park, Washington County, Utah]. A big truck full of gravel came around the turn on our side of the road, went to switch and dumped some of the gravel through the

window. A big piece of it hit Bonnie in the head and she was kind of out of it for a couple of days. We learned on her. Everything that happened, happened to her. She put her finger into a rabbit pen. I drove down to St. George [to get the finger] sewed back on. I can't think of anything really drastic.

I look back now at things that happened to "Phil" in Korea that he didn't tell me [about], could have been [very] bad. Some of the wives would come down and tell me all these horrible things that were going on in Korea. When "Phil" came home, I said, "You didn't ever tell me anything negative." He said, "It would take two weeks for my letter to be there and [it] would have been over by then. There wasn't a thing you could do about it." So he didn't worry me with all that was going on. Later, I learned of some of the close calls that he had. In World War II he didn't have that many close calls. He was a mess sergeant so he was in the kitchen most of the time fixing meals. He was there for the Battle of the Bulge, but he wasn't right in it. We were mighty blessed with that.

HJ: Is there anything you haven't done that you would like to do?

RS: The thing I am trying to do now is to catch up on reading. I never did think I had time to read. I had to have work done before I sat down to read. Now, I am doing a lot of reading. I am so glad that I can. Most of it is the lessons for church, the church news and *The Ensign*. I don't like to get into a great big book. I have never been a reader. So I have really missed out, but "Phil" read constantly. He never sat down [but what] he had a book in his hand. I have run across where he has kept books that he read. Sometimes, in a year he had read many of them. Now, I think I need to catch up so I can keep up with him someday. Anything else? I have kind of switched from the hospital to this, to that and the other.

HJ: Have you written your history?

RS: I have thought several times about putting on a tape and telling them my desires and my biggest desire is that we can be a family forever. The more generations that go down and the competition that the [youngsters] all have now, it is getting farther away from the way we were brought up. I have always taken the church for granted, I guess, but the [youngsters] have so much competition now and I really would like them to have a testimony of the church. And I think if I may talk just for them, I would give them several faith promoting things that happened to me. I just want them to remember how much I love all of them and family means more to me than anything. The [grandchildren] and my [children] are so good to me. They are so thoughtful, kind and do so much for me. I hope they get that same kind of treatment when they need it. We had the privilege of helping mother out and "Phil's" mother and they were very choice experiences. I look back on them and think if I could as kind and considerate as they were, then my [children] wouldn't feel like I was a burden. I never did think mother or "Phil's" mother [were]. "Phil's" mother stayed with us quite a bit. She lived to be ninety-seven

[years old] and was as sweet a lady there ever was. Just like my mother. They were kind and thanked you for everything.

I have thought several times of things that I would like to say to the [children], but they sound better in my mind than they do when I try to say them.

HJ: Do you have a favorite movie?

RS: Right off I can't think of any. *Magnificent Obsession*. What was the one? *It Happened One Night*. Shoot! I have drawn a blank. He came here to St. George to do a movie. When I was working at the telephone office, we put calls through and we could stay on the line to make sure they made the connection. He had such a foul mouth that I lost respect for him. It was Clark Gable.

HJ: Did the atomic fallout affect you?

RS: We were living in our place down here at 623 and we wanted to [move] the living room out a little further. We had knocked the wall out to take it out to the front porch and extend the living room a little bit more. For a door we had a canvas flap. When the atomic bomb went off, of course, we all went out to see it. We didn't think it was that dangerous. I remember that the front part of our home down there was kind of open. [Inaudible] I don't remember too much about all the write-ups in the newspaper. But I did help when they came to the school to check the thyroid of the [students]. For a memory of that, I just remember how open our home was to it.

HJ: Did you have any experience with the CCCs [Civilian Conservation Corps]?

RS: I sure did! My good friend, Silva Snow, they had a place up in Pinto [Washington County, Utah]. There was a CCC camp up there. Her dad used to take us in the pickup over to Enterprise to the dances. There were two [fellows who] rode in the back of the pickup with us. We called them "Whitey" and Blackey" because one had such white hair and the other had black hair. We were good friends with them. Silva's sister, Maxine Snow married Alex Spivak. He was with the CCCs. We [were] acquainted with quite a few of them out there. One of them came over one time [while] I was sitting out in the pickup visiting with one of them. Silva's dad came out and told me it was time to come in. I have been so thankful to him because they were a little more advanced than we were around here. [Laughter] I don't remember the CCC camp over in Leeds [Washington County, Utah]. A few weeks back, when Stephen [Snow] was here, he is so interested in the history, we drove over where they have the marker over in Leeds and read [it]. It brought back a lot of memories, but I don't remember any of them especially. Quite a few of the St. George girls married the CCC boys.

HJ: [Inaudible]

RS: I look back and think I must have had a dead brain when a lot of things went on because —.

HJ: [Inaudible]

RS: I don't get too much involved in politics. I listen [to] the news and I get confused. In fact, this morning I woke up about 2:00 and couldn't get back to sleep. I turned the television on and listened to the pros and cons of Hillary [Clinton and Bernie] Sanders. He is gaining and I thought that was interesting. I shouldn't give my opinion, but I think really and truly think we don't have much of a choice for anyone. I can't see anyone that I think is going to get us out of the mess we are in. [Laughter] We, my brothers and sisters, have found that we just love to be together and visit, but we don't ever bring up politics because we want to stay friends. We just visit and try not to get off on anything that will bring disagreements. We would all rather stay on the pleasant side! [Laughter]

HJ: What did you do for recreation?

RS: We used to look forward to Saturdays to get the work done and hike up to the Sugarloaf. That used to be our outing. We spent more time on the Red Hill, going up, hiking and viewing. When we [were] in high school, especially, we used to go up there a lot for our weenie roasts and just for fun times. But I don't have one special memory. We used to go up by uncle Guy [Hafen's] and pick up his [children] and all of us hike up on the Red Hill, all over the rocks. It has always been a special place for me.

HJ: What memories do you have about school?

RS: I might share about how we had "D-Day" up on the Black Hill under the "D" for our picnics and skits. We didn't have cars. I guess we all just walked up and probably carried our lunch. To me, those are happy memories to be with the [students] and spread our lunch out, eat and have skits. That was always fun to go up under the "D." We always loved to look up to the "D" and to the Sugarloaf and see the [word "Dixie"] on that. I have always had such a special spot for St. George. As you get older, your memories of people — I don't know where you could find people where we could go to anyone's home and be welcomed. [Youngsters] could come to our house. We never had to call and make an appointment. We didn't have to call the mothers to see if it was alright if the [youngsters] came.

Sometimes it would start to be winter and dark outside, if I went very far from home, I always remember it was always kind of scary coming home. If I went to play some place after school, before coming home, we used to take turns. When I was in third grade with Pauline Snow, she was crippled and needed help getting home after school because her mother was working at the beauty shop. Her mother expected us to [help Pauline]. Pauline was heavier than I was, I was

always kind of skinny. I would walk her home and then it would start to be dark. They had the old jail house up above the courthouse. I would just cringe as I came down past there. Sometimes there would be somebody looking in the window. It frightened me to pieces to have to come down past there! Lots of happy memories growing up.

On Saturday, mother would always let one of us go to either Mathis Market or O K for a \$.50 roast. That would feed our family, a \$.50 roast. I don't know if it was beef or pork. We would just go to the meat [counter] and say that we wanted a \$.50 roast. We used to have Jell-O on Sunday. Boy, that was a treat! Jello, meat, potatoes and gravy!

HJ: Did your father play much with your brothers?

RS: No, dad, even years later, commented to me that he felt bad that he always thought he had to work and he didn't do things that my brothers liked to do. My brothers liked to hunt, but daddy never did plan a hunting trip or go with them. They picked peaches, they cut hay [and] did things like that. Daddy said, "If I had it to do over I would have made more time for recreation." He didn't know what recreation was. We were thrilled when they got a little older that they could have some good trips together. He belonged to the Sons of Utah Pioneers and they did a lot of [activities]. Growing up, it was kind of keep your nose to the grindstone, especially when [Dixie] College was having a hard time. They had to make ends meet by finding food, but I never, ever remember of us not having plenty to eat.

My grandpa Hafen had an orchard. I don't remember how he ever got from Santa Clara because he didn't have a car. He would bring a little bucket full of potatoes or peaches or whatever they had. I know daddy and the boys used to go over there to pick fruit. Then daddy would peddle it to Enterprise [for] cucumbers and potatoes and put them in the cellar. In the cellar would be our winter supply to eat. We had it a lot better. I look back now and I thought everybody lived the very same, but I am sure there were some times when [youngsters] came to school hungry. Mother always had mush or something for us. What was really a treat was when we got Corn Flakes! I don't remember doing a lot of that. We kept a lot of things down in the cellar. We called it a dumbwaiter. They could pull it up and down. That is how we kept our milk. We milked our cows. We had our barn in our backyard with our chickens. It was really quite a blow when the city insisted that we couldn't have all the animals in the street. [We] grew up happy and always had extra [youngsters] to play with. Everyone in the neighborhood [youngsters]. At night, when we [were] a little older, we played out under the one [street] light post on the corner. The whole neighborhood would gather [to] play. If there were bad situations, I just remember the good.

When we wrote memories of the folks for our fiftieth [anniversary], daddy said, "They are all happy ones, and every day wasn't happy." I said, "They outweigh the others for us. Isn't it good that we can think of the happy times and wish that

others had had happy lives, too?" I just figured that everyone came from a happy family and lived the way we did. I remember one of the girls in my class saying years later what a hard time she had and how hard it was to [fix food] for the table. We didn't realize that. Maybe it is a good thing that we didn't. I have had [very] good growing-up years with real special brothers, sisters, parents and relatives. "Phil's" family was the same. We enjoy his brothers, their wives and families as much as I enjoy my own. So I have been doubly blessed. To me, life is kind of a bunch of roses instead of a bunch of weeds! [Laughter]

I do have happy memories and in the night when I can't sleep that is [what] keeps me going, thinking back. I go around the blocks in St. George and say, "The Baker's lived here, the Foremaster's lived there, the Stratton's, and everybody around the blocks, the Morris' on the corner. So I sure shouldn't complain, but that is human nature, isn't it? [Laughter] If you don't have any other questions, I hope that I have covered a little bit of territory.

[END OF RECORDING TWO. END OF INTERVIEW.]