

HISTORY OF THE LAFAYETTE HINCKLEY AND
ALSINA ELISABETH BRIMHALL HOLBROOK FAMILIES

by L. H. Holbrook
(1962), Salt Lake City, Utah

Part 1, the Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook Family



Alsina Elisabeth Brimhall Holbrook

Dedicated to a wonderful wife, and a truly great mother.

PREFACE

Our Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints teaches that the resurrection is real, that life is eternal, and that it can be lived in continuing progressive stages if our conduct merits it; that marriages solemnized in our temples by those having authority are binding in this life and through all eternity when lived righteously. It also admonishes us to keep our family records and histories.

As the oldest child in my parent's family, and the first grandchild in the Ira Nathaniel and Angeline Wilcox Hinckley family, I feel a responsibility and a keen desire to record for our immediate family and posterity some of the splendid achievements and fine characters of some of our ancestors. I have known all my grandparents and two of my great grandparents rather intimately. Gathering the material has broadened my acquaintance and increased my veneration for our progenitors. Their sterling qualities and great contributions have humbled me in the light of what they accomplished with the tools they had. Though dimmed by remoteness and limited acquaintance, I hope to open the door wide enough to show visions of ancestral excellence of sufficient luster and merit to motivate and inspire our determination to keep unsullied and untarnished for our posterity the fine heritage bequeathed us.

A further incentive is found in the invocation at Lafayette Holbrook's funeral (my father) by his son-in-law Alma O. Taylor, now dead. "This good man, like the grain of the field, has gone to the harvest fully ripe. Through 90 years he has fought the fight, and he has kept the faith with man and with God. He has been faithful to every trust, to the duties and responsibilities of every office. He has filled his days with benevolent deeds, and has not ceased to find opportunities to help and to lift. And now, O God, we ask thy benediction upon his record, that it may continue everlastingly to produce in others similar virtues."

I hope others not of our immediate family will pardon me if what is written centers around Sina and me, our experiences, and the lives of our children. Much is in the first person owing to close association.

My dear wife, Alsina Elisabeth Brimhall Holbrook, and our children were anxious we endeavor to write the book. While living, she did most of the research in our genealogy in particular, also in assembling much of the historical material, and cooperated gladly in every way. She died July 26, 1960, in her 84th year, midway in our effort. Working together was delightful and compensating. Her inspiration and wishes have motivated my efforts toward its completion.

She was anxious our children find a place in it. All of them have been very helpful. In conformity with her wishes, I have asked for and received treasured contributions from our nine families. As of August 15, 1961, we have 58 living grandchildren and 28 great grandchildren.

Tributes were used in terminating the Lafayette and Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook section, my parent's family history. Of necessity, all have been brief. I am sincerely grateful for them.

From the first, the book was intended for our own family. I apologize for so much of it being in the first person, but it came about because of my memory and close association with those mentioned. I gladly share the authorship with all whose contributions are the important part of it. We make no claim for its literary value, but we do hope it will help motivate a sincere effort to perpetuate the good heritage bequeathed us.

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PART I

The Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook Family



SOME HOLBROOK GENEALOGY

The name is thought to have attached to its first bearers because they resided near a brook, originally called "Holy Brook." In ancient records it is spelled in various ways, some of which are: Holebrok, Holebrooke, Holbroke, Holbrok, and Holbrook--the one most generally used, and by which we have been known.

The earliest known record in England is that of Richard de Holebrok of Suffolk County, in the eleventh century. From then on it appears frequently in different counties. Records indicate they were for the most part of the landed gentry and yeomanry of the British Isles.

The coat of arms generally accepted is that described as follows: "Arms--Argent, sometimes, or a Chevron between ten, sometimes three crosses, crosslet gule. Crest--A lion passant guardant, tail extended proper." (I have one my sister, Angeline H. Taylor, obtained while visiting in England.)

Our line is traced to Thomas Holbrook, born about 1530 at Glastonburg, Somersetshire, England. He married Constance Thayer, February 19, 1560, at her home, Thornburg, Gloucester, England. Their son William Holbrook, born about 1562 at Broadway, Somerset, England, married Edith. He died February 1, 1626, at Glastonburg, Somerset, England. This William is the father of our emigrant ancestor Thomas Holbrook, named after his grandfather Thomas.

Emigrant ancestor Thomas came to America with his wife Jane Powyes and five children in 1635 and settled in Weymouth, Massachusetts. Their oldest son, Captain John Holbrook, is the next in our line. His first wife, Sarah, had two sons, John and Samuel, who is the next in our line and who married Lydia. Captain John's second wife, Elisabeth Stream, had Sarah, Hannah, Elisabeth, Abiezer, Grace, Lois, Eunice, Experience, and Incabod. His third wife, Mary Loring White, was a widow with one child, but bore no children to Captain John. (The foregoing is taken from the book, Holbrook and Allied Families, by Annett Cummings Holbrook McMaster, Thesis Publishing Company, 1942.)

Our male line descent as shown in L. D. S. records is: Thomas Holbrook, born about 1530 in Somersetshire, England, married Constance Thayer; their son William Holbrook, born about 1562, at Broadway, Somerset, England, married Edith; their son Thomas is our emigrant ancestor--he was born at Broadway, Somerset, England, in 1594, and married Jane Powyes; Captain John, son of Thomas; Samuel, son of Captain John, born about 1643; Samuel, son of Samuel, circa 1688; John, son of Samuel, born September 21, 1721; John, son of John, born October 21, 1751; Moses, son of John, born May 15, 1779; Chandler, son of Moses, born September 16, 1807; Lafayette, son of Chandler, born in Salt Lake City, Utah, September 7, 1850; Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook (myself), born in Fillmore, Millard County, Utah, July 15, 1877.

Descendants of these early Holbrook Americans have moved to many parts of the United States and contributed to its rise and expansion as did

their progenitors in its founding. Their record in America is that of a sturdy, energetic and conscientious race, possessed of shrewdness, self-reliance, and perseverance. Some serving as officers in the Revolutionary War were: Ensign Benjamin Holbrook of New Hampshire, Lieutenants Ichabod and Nathan of Massachusetts, Captain David, and Surgeons Amos and Silas, all of Massachusetts. A few of those attaining distinction more recently are: John Edward Holbrook, 1794-1871, naturalist of South Carolina; Arthur Tenney Holbrook, born 1871, surgeon and author, of Wisconsin; Elmer Allen Holbrook, born 1881, educator and writer of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; and Lucius Roy Holbrook, born 1875, army officer of Wisconsin and Idaho.

A more comprehensive genealogy of our later families follows: Chandler's great grandfather, John Holbrook Sr., married Patience Fisher, born July 15, 1725 or 1726. Chandler's grandfather John married Lucretia Babbit, born January 21, 1759. They were married December 9, 1776. To this union ten children were born. Moses, Chandler's father, was the second oldest and their first son. Moses was born in the township of Sturbridge, county of Worcester, Massachusetts, May 15, 1779.

In about 1804 ^{Moses} he emigrated to New York in quest of a homestead of his own. He married Hannah Morton in 1805. She was born March 15, 1788, in Vermont and was reportedly an active, lively spirited woman. Her father was Abraham Morton and her mother Phebe Langford. Hannah's sister, Phebe Morton, married James Angel. They were the parents of Mary Ann Angel (later President Brigham Young's wife), Solomon, and Truman Angel, the architect of the Salt Lake Temple and other early buildings. Abraham Morton's father was Benjamin and his mother Mary Dexter. Phebe Langford's father's name was Northrop and he married Mary Stanford, whose brothers were John and Peter Stanford.

Moses and Hannah Morton Holbrook had three children: Joseph, born January 16, 1806; Chandler, born September 16, 1807; and Phebe, born March 16, 1810. Joseph married Nancy Lampson, Hannah Flint, and Caroline Francis Angel. Nancy died, leaving four children, July 16, 1842. Joseph attributed her death to the drivings, persecutions, and exposures that had been their almost constant lot since becoming Mormons. From these three marriages Joseph has left a large posterity. They have lived for the most part in Davis County, Utah, north of Salt Lake County. They have been very active in the religious and civic affairs not only of their community but in the state of Utah. Charles R. Mabey, former Utah governor and Major in World War I is a grandson of Joseph's.

Phebe married Dwight Harding. They lived in Willard, Box Elder County, Utah. They also had a very fine posterity. Dr. George Harding, prominent Los Angeles doctor and counselor in the first Los Angeles L. D. S. Stake Presidency was their grandson.

Chandler, my grandfather, married Eunice Dunning June 22, 1831, in Weatherfield, Genesee County, New York. Chandler was born September 16, 1807, in Florence, later called Annsville, Oneida County, New York. Eunice Dunning was born in Scroon, Essex County, New York, April 6, 1810. Her father was David Dunning and her mother Susannah Colvin. Their children were: Diana, born October 27, 1833, in Weatherfield, N. Y. She married Horace Drake. She died in January, 1906. Mary Mariah, born May 17, 1836,

in Liberty, Clay County, Missouri. She married Jesse C. Little and died April 23, 1906. Eunice, born April 6, 1839, in Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri, married Gabriel Huntsman. She died in June, 1903. Orson Chandler, born November 2, 1841, in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, married Virginia Ray. He died August 24, 1917. Joseph Hyrum, born September 22, 1844, in Nauvoo, Illinois, married Rhoda Johnson. He died April 15, 1900. Lafayette Holbrook, born September 7, 1850, in Salt Lake City, Utah, married Emily Angelena Hinckley. He died January 1, 1941. Erasmus, born December 7, 1852, in Fillmore, Utah. He died in boyhood on October 2, 1863, of inflammation of the bowels (ruptured appendix). All of Chandler's children who reached maturity reared families and died in Utah.

Lafayette and Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House October 9, 1876, when Mother was twenty and Father twenty-six with President Daniel H. Wells officiating. To this union the following children were born: Lafayette Hinckley, born July 15, 1877, married Alsina Elizabeth Brimhall, May 15, 1901, in the Salt Lake Temple, Apostle George Teasdale officiating; Jean Clara, born November 14, 1878, married Clarence Sylvester Jarvis; Eunice Angeline, born March 30, 1881, married Alma O. Taylor. The above three Holbrooks were born in Fillmore, Utah; Ora Lavern, born in Provo, Utah, June 12, 1884, married Bines W. Dixon; Emmet Gordon, born in Frisco, Utah, March 23, 1886, died January 14, 1891; Ava Lucile, born in Fillmore April 1, 1889, died January 4, 1891; Florence Irene, born in Provo November 23, 1891, married Czerny Anderson and later Dr. A. N. Hanson; Lillian Minerva, born in Provo May 14, 1896, and died June 18, 1896; Ruth, born in Provo March 22, 1899, married T. Lowel Gerard; Paul Lincoln, born in Provo May 24, 1902, married Alice Jensen. Later he married Sarah Virginia Bryson. He died August 13, 1960.

Lafayette H. and Alsina B. Holbrook had the following children: Raymond Brimhall born March 16, 1902, in Raymond, Alberta, Canada (the first boy born in the new town), married Esther Ruth Hamilton; Rachel, born December 6, 1903, in Raymond, Alberta, Canada, married Robert Clair Anderson. She died June 17, 1946; George Blaine, born in Provo, April 8, 1906, died August 2, 1924; Jennie, born in Provo March 3, 1908, married Delbert Valentine Groberg; Mary, born in Provo March 2, 1910, married Benjamin Alva Maxwell; Ruth, born in Provo January 8, 1912, married Francis Ray Brown; Elisabeth, born in Provo February 9, 1914, married Alonzo Kay Berry; Jean, born in Provo October 7, 1915, died August 26, 1923; Helen, born in Provo July 8, 1917, married Carlyle A. Dahlquist; Vera, born in Provo October 29, 1918, married Maurice King Heninger; Alsina Elaine, born in Provo August 11, 1920, married John Arnold Haymore.

Our nine children that reached maturity all found their life mates while attending the Brigham Young University at Provo, and all nine were married in the L. D. S. Temples. All have three or more children to date.



FROM THE DIARY OF JOSEPH HOLBROOK
(CHANDLER'S ELDER BROTHER)

For this copy I am indebted to Phylis Hodgson Holbrook, wife of Leroy, great grandson of Chandler. It is the only material I have of our Grandfather Chandler's early life. It covers an epoch-making period that has largely shaped and influenced our lives. All paragraphs and material in quotations are transplants from the diary. L. H. H.

Moses Holbrook was a rather small man and a farmer. He held the deeds to 155 3/4 acres of land of Seile's patent, dated September 30, 1807, executed by George Seriba, New York merchant. It was in a new and heavily timbered country. Often the snow was so deep it covered the fences, and it would stay from early November to the middle of April. He labored hard in clearing the timber. He had not affiliated with any church, but was a strictly moral man and kind to his family. He came to his New York homestead when 25, and met and married Hannah Morton in 1805, reportedly a lively, active, spirited woman. Moses and wife settled in Florence, now called Annsville. In this new land the people were poor and deprived of most of the so-called comforts as they were buying their land on credit. Hannah was not quite 18 at Joseph's birth. Joseph, Chandler, and Phebe, their three children, were naturally robust and all was well.

"Father was away most of the time getting out logs for lumber to finish his barn 30 by 40 feet, the first built in the country. Sawmills were scarce. He returned one night about 9, being very cold with a chill. It lasted three days when he died - February 28, 1813, age 30 years and 9 months. Thus, in their infancy, Joseph, Chandler, and Phebe, were left without a father - kind and generous, and their mother without the strength and support of a loving husband." Moses was buried in the common graveyard about a mile from their home (distance and mode of traveling then made the presence of some loving relatives and friends impossible at funerals and times of crises). The Priest who preached the funeral sermon died 3 weeks later and, at his own request, was buried beside Moses.

"Mother rented the farm and lived in the house Father had built. About 38 or 40 acres was under cultivation. Father was not in debt, and left Mother a span of horses, 12 sheep, a few cows, a yoke of oxen, and some young stock - enough to keep her comfortable if handled well. "

"In June Grandfather John Holbrook came from Massachusetts to see the fatherless family and aid in settling the estate. Upon his dying bed Moses had requested that his father, a highly respected, influential and wealthy man, take the children into his home for rearing, as there were no schools in this new land. This was also agreeable to the mother. She would not be alone. Her sister and brother-in-law, the Clarks, were living on Moses' farm. Hannah was a young woman of 25. Moses realized she most likely would and should marry again, and the children would be given the school advantages in his father's home. Joseph returned with his grandfather, riding behind him on the saddle horse the 250 miles. A year later, the grandfather came again and took the other children back with him. "

The three children grew to maturity in their grandfather's home, helping with the chores and essential work on his large farm. Joseph recites: "The main farm was about 700 acres and some out farms. There were five 30x40 foot barns and some sheds that we filled each year with hay and grain, and often stacked out other pens of hay. On the farm were nine large orchards. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, quinces, and currants were all there. They attended school two miles away three or four months each winter. We studied reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, a little history, and grammar. Grandfather always treated us well."

When they reached young manhood, singly and together, they visited their mother and the place of their birth. She had married Alvin Owens and they were living in the home Moses had built. Joseph and Chandler had made good records in school and qualified later for teaching. Both arriving at manhood and now on their own, they worked at some odd jobs and taught school in which they gained a very favorable reputation for their ability and good characters. The pay then was \$7 to \$9 and keep per month for teaching or labor.

Speaking of his grandfather, Joseph says: "He was a moral man, never indulging in any kind of vice, and brought us up to go to meetings every Sabbath." While he did not belong to any church, he prayed regularly with the family and would not allow profanity in the home or on the farm. His home was theirs till they were 21. They were then given a few dollars to go into the world for themselves. They retained through life fond recollections of the years with their grandparents, of the flocks and herds, the streams abounding with all kinds of game fish, the large turtles, and most of the wild game then found. "There is not a nook or corner that we do not know. Arriving at manhood, all these we are now to leave."

After saving a few dollars from teaching and performing a few odd jobs, Joseph and Chandler again visited their mother intent on selling the farm. They left the farm with Ebenezer Mackey to sell and moved their mother and large family of children 200 miles to Genese County where her husband had gone.

The brothers went again to the place of their birth. Mackey had not been able to sell the farm. They gave him full power of attorney to sell it after he posted a bond to pay to one or either of them the receipts from the sale. The brothers now went West and both bought farms in Weatherfield, about six miles from where their mother was now living. Joseph's contained 100 acres - 50 under fence, 35 tillage, meadow, etc., with a 20 x 28 frame house, a 30 x 40 foot barn, and a good orchard. For this he paid \$812.50 of Holland purchase money and had four years in which to pay an additional \$400. Chandler's was half the size and less than a mile away. Chandler taught school that winter.

Joseph went East and again visited their relatives. While in the home of his Uncle and Aunt Angel, their daughter Mary Ann was anxious that Joseph get religion. He told her, "When the right kind came along he would embrace it but was not interested in any other." In December, 1830, he married Nancy Lampson. Then in the depths of winter, with his wife and only sister Phebe, he went back to his farm.

That summer there were vague rumors of a people called "Mormonites." In September, 1832; the Angel family came west to Genese County. Joseph recites: "I went to a Mormon meeting about four miles distant. A messenger brought word Elder Green would not be able to attend. He brought two papers, 'The Evening and Morning Star.' They contained the Articles of the Church, and the prophecy of Enoch, which Mr. Charline, a universal preacher read to those present. A few remarks were made which gave some light on Mormonism. I asked where I could get a copy of the Book of Mormon, offering to walk 50 miles the next day if directed where I could obtain one. I left my address and told them I would welcome elders at my home any time. Hearing my anxiety, cousin Mary Ann Angel whispered she had one she would lend me in two weeks, but it was promised until then. Going home with her I saw it for the first time and read the testimony of the witnesses and looked at some of the Gospels. I felt much rejoiced to think an angel had come and brought the good tidings, and thanked my cousin for the favors she was doing me."

"Two weeks passed and brought Mary Ann, her father, Elder John P. Green, and the PROMISED BOOK." Joseph began reading the Book of Mormon and became so absorbed that he left his work and farming and read day and night. His wife became so disturbed at his unusual interest in what she considered nonsense that she took their baby and went to Chandler's. Joseph prayed that he might be directed aright. In the meantime he had two dreams which, along with the book, so impressed him that he was determined to learn all he could about this new doctrine. He returned the book to his cousin Mary Ann, who later became the wife of President Brigham Young, and told her that he thought it was true "and that God was at the bottom of the work." She believed also but had not said much about it. A later visit Joseph had with John P. Green greatly strengthened his belief.

His relatives became greatly alarmed over his intent to join the Mormons. "Grandfather Abraham and Uncle Benjamin Morten called to get my views on Mormonism, and were told that 'I believe it as far as I have gone'." They felt he was bringing disgrace on him and his family and that he could do better in some other religion and not follow delusions. He promised to remain silent two or three weeks and then test his feelings. "When the time was up I knew it was true."

"While going to a mill, I met Elders Aron C. Lyon and Leonard Rich." ^{ps.} They invited him and his family and all others who would like to attend an L. D. S. meeting to be held January 6, 1833. "With my wife, Aunt Phebe ^{Angel} Angel, and daughter Mary Ann, we drove in our cart with my oxen to the home of Aron C. Lyon on Saturday in order to be present for the Sunday meeting. We were given a cheerful welcome."

"In the morning I told the Elders I would like to be baptized, if they felt I was worthy. After breakfast Leonard Rich baptized me and Aunt Phebe Angel, and we were confirmed by Elder Lyons January 6, 1833. Mary Ann was baptized the week earlier. About 11 a. m. I attended my first L. D. S. meeting. Different elders occupied the time in the day and evening meetings. My wife became fully converted. Monday my wife was baptized and confirmed by the same elders, and I was ordained a teacher under the hands of Elder Lyons, a High Priest, and directed to teach the principles to all willing to hear. I was rejoiced to think my wife was with me."

Joseph at once became an ardent advocate, first to his own relations. On January 14, 1833, Chandler and his wife were baptized and confirmed by Elders Green and Lyon. Sister Phebe and husband Dwight Harding, mother Hannah, Alvin Owens, and their children were all soon added. Joseph was rapidly advanced in the Priesthood. Within a few months there was a branch with 85 members. March 18, 1833, Joseph went on foot to Kirtland, Ohio, to visit the Prophet and other leaders. He was pleased and strengthened with the interviews. The trip covered 400 miles.

In April, 1833, with cousin Truman O. Angel, Joseph filled a successful Eastern States Mission.

In June, 1833, Joseph was made President of their branch. Orson Hyde and Orson Pratt came with a message to the branch. A revelation had been given for as many as could to come to Kirtland preparatory to assembling to "Redeem Zion" and to be there not later than May 1, 1834. Joseph, Chandler, Solomon Angel, and their families all sold their farms at a great sacrifice and arrived in time in response to the call.

May 1, 1834, they went to Portage about 50 miles distant. Here on May 6, 1834, the Prophet organized "Zion's Camp" to go to Missouri to redeem Zion. "Every man gave the means he had for the journey, except those with families. They were left to provide for themselves so far as they had means to do so. Captains were set over each Ten, each Fifty, and each One Hundred, according to the ancient order of Israel. The Prophet was the leader. They pitched their tents by the way and had most perfect order. At the sound of the bugle, prayers were had night and morning in the tents of each Ten. Menial tasks were organized and distributed, and good instructions given along the way."

Some days they progressed as much as 40 miles. On Sundays interesting and instructive meetings were held on the camp grounds. Sometimes they remained three or four days, washing and cleaning up. Many members joined along the way. Strangers often asked where they were going and what their intentions were. They said the camp had raised a standard with "Hell on one side and Death on the other." It was changed to read "Peace on both sides." At a Fishing River camp, near a church, and at some others, they were confronted by their enemies who swore they would send them all to hell before morning, not leaving one to tell the story.

The threat was most alarming at Fishing River camp. The Prophet said, "STAND STILL AND SEE THE SALVATION OF GOD." That night a deluge of rain came with hurricane proportions. Both forks of the river were impassable, making it impossible to execute the threat. While there, Judge Nyland Cole Voonce, and Sheriff Neil Gillem of Clay County, Missouri, promised them protection in Missouri. It was here "the revelation concerning the redemption of Zion was received." Here also cholera first broke out. Joseph's wife was among the first to have it. After being administered to by Brigham Young and others, she quickly recovered.

Soon a number of others were seriously ill. "It frightened our enemies and they avoided all contact." The camp was abandoned to meet one week later at Colonel Lyman Wight's. The Holbrooks left the camp June 25, 1834,

and traveled a short distance to where some church members were employed by Mr. Michael Arthur in building a flour mill. Joseph and Chandler undertook cutting some house logs, but had become so weakened they had to give it up. Brother Lyn Daniels, one of the workers, said he had rented a stable and corn crib they were welcome to use.

The next morning Eunice, Chandler's wife, became very ill with cholera. It was raining heavily and was impossible to get houses, so they accepted the kind offer. By noon, Eunice was cramping "with the most violent spasms for life." Cyrus Daybucks and Carkus Branger took her into their home and nursed her with the greatest attention so that in a few days she had recovered. Chandler and family occupied the stable and Joseph and family the corn crib. In ten weeks, the brothers had built a house on a piece of Congress land and both families moved into it.

Hannah, their mother, died. She was buried on the north end of the 80 acres where Joseph's home was at this time, one mile north of Sheal Creek. From the diary, her death occurred near the middle of October, 1836. *Clay*

Mob violence in Clay County increased. Mediators from both sides made an arrangement where the Mormons were to sell out in Clay County and buy the scattered settlers out in Caldwell County, but under no circumstances were they to plant any more crops in Clay County. It resulted in their taking what they could get in Clay County while being forced to pay what the Caldwell people wanted for theirs. The only result was a very brief period of peace.

In the summer of 1838, a military company was organized with Amasa Lyman, Captain, and Joseph Holbrook, First Lieutenant. It was commissioned by Governor Lilburn W. Boggs. "Any organized attempt for protection only further angered the mob. Mormons were denied the right to vote at the August election in Davis County." Joseph was wounded and his arm fractured in the "Hahn's Mill massacre" in which David Patton and other Mormons were killed and wounded. *→ Battle of Crooked River, Mo.*

The following illustrates the extremes to which man's inhumanity to man can go when passion and ignorance go unrestrained. Joseph relates: "The mob, or so-called militia, burned my house, stole a good horse, killed my fat hogs, drove off my stock, fed my carrots in the stack, destroyed my hay, and left everything I had in a state of desolation." Soldiers searched homes trying to capture him, swearing they would shoot him when found. His family was forced to find shelter wherever they could. He fled at night in the depth of winter to save his life, and was only able to leave his wife fifty cents for their protection. His arm was far from healed. He was unable to write or receive mail for fear of detection and was unable to hear the fate of his homeless family.

He and Jacob Gates, also fleeing, made their way on foot in the deep snow to Quincy, Illinois. They later found work splitting rails in the winter weather. After acquiring a few dollars, they could no longer endure hearing nothing from their families and decided to return, risking capture. Arriving at Quincy, Joseph unexpectedly bumped into Chandler, who had brought Joseph's family in his wagon as far as the Fabius River but was unable to cross till a

ferry was built. Truman Angel's family was also at the Fabius and his wife was very sick in her wagon. Joseph knew where Truman was working and went that night a distance of six miles, wading streams on the way, and found him. "A joyous reunion was had even if snow and mud were a half a leg deep where their wagons were." Joseph's family had fared better than expected. For the first time he saw his little daughter, Nancy Jane, born one week after his flight and now two months old. Joseph's only offense that made him a wanted man was that he had become one of the Mormon leaders. (I deeply regret not having Chandler's early diary depicting their trials and romances. Knowing his were similar to Joseph's, for this small portion of Joseph's diary I am most sincerely grateful. L. H. H.)

Joseph and some others campaigned for the Prophet's candidacy for U. S. president. He was making speeches in a southern state ten days after the Prophet had been assassinated. This illustrates how difficult communication was then.

CHANDLER AND EUNICE DUNNING HOLBROOK

For a few brief years, our L. D. S. people enjoyed peace in Nauvoo. It quickly became one of the most important cities of Illinois. Orson Chandler and Joseph Hyrum Holbrook were born there during this era, the first boys in Chandler's family. Our above grandparents were well acquainted and closely associated with all the leaders of the Church, including the witnesses to the Book of Mormon, during this early period. They were endowed in Nauvoo in January, 1846, President Brigham Young officiating. Those early years in Nauvoo were happy and prosperous ones. Their fast growing power soon alarmed their enemies. Once again they became victims of mob persecutions. The martyrdom of the Prophet, his brother Hyrum, and the wounding of others in Carthage Jail June 27, 1844, brought no change.

They were forced to make a choice of renouncing their religion, suffering repeated mobbings with threatened extermination, or fleeing to a remote unsettled part of the United States. Our grandparents and most of those early converts were made of too heroic material to buy respite at the cost of denying their faith. We of the present generation can little understand the sacrifices they made and the price they paid in providing us with our present blessings and heritage. Many lives were lost through direct persecution and many more terminated far short of their rightful expectancy as a result of the inhuman exposures and fatal diseases that followed. A line of wilderness graves marked the trails of their migrations.

Our Holbrook grandparents were forced to accept a mere pittance for three or more homes in fleeing from mob violence. Lafayette Holbrook, my father, in a letter says: "Chandler, wife, and five children left Nauvoo in a wagon drawn by oxen and cows, leaving a comfortable eight room home and 160 acres of choice farm land. They sold it all with the house furnishings for \$200. It was that or nothing. They arrived in Salt Lake in the fall of 1848." Their first five children were born during these trying and shifting scenes.

Church history and Chandler's diary state that in 1846 a company under Newel Knight, Joseph Holbrook, and a Mr. Mikesell, were the first that left for the West. Messengers from President Young overtook this company telling them not to cross over the mountains owing to the lateness of the season but to remain with the friendly Pawnee Indians at their village till further notified. A strong bond of friendship grew between our people and the hospitable Indians.

Late in the fall of 1846, a council of this company's leaders decided, "It was indispensably necessary that some of the brethren return east to the settlements, securing corn and wheat, for meal and flour for the winter, while others explore the country west as far as Fort Laramie." Chandler, Dwight Harding, and others returned for the food supply, while Joseph and others did the western exploring.

From Chandler's diary: "The winter weather was cold and the going slow. At Winter Quarters we found much sickness, including our Angel relatives." They continued on their mission. Late in November and December



Chandler and Eunice Dunning Holbrook

through working, barter, and purchase, they secured their loads. In bartering, Chandler used two of the family's feather beds and a rifle. About the first of January they arrived back at the "Running Waters." It was frozen over. They attempted to draw their wagons over by hand. The ice after a short distance was so rough they attached a long chain to the end of the wagon tongue and the other end to their oxen. "We had not gone far till the ice gave way. The oxen were in three or four feet of icy water and the front wheels of the wagon in still deeper." Joseph, coming in search, found them. They carried most of the load over on their backs and rescued their oxen and the front wheels of the wagon, losing only the chain. One of Chandler's cows died the next day.

The provisions were equally divided between Joseph, Chandler, and brother-in-law Dwight Harding. The corn and wheat were ground in a mill erected at Ponca Village by Newel K. Knight. He died a few days later on January 10, 1847. Shortly before dying, he baptized Chandler's youngest daughter, Eunice.

✓ Chandler mentions that in their westward journey there were buffalo, deer, antelopes, wild turkeys, geese, ducks, and prairie chickens in great abundance, and that sometimes they were killed for food. He also states that while they were living in Ponca, Apostles Lorenzo Snow and Ezra T. Benson told them, "If any wished to turn back because of the privations they were facing, they had the full consent of the Church and were welcome to do so." None are mentioned as having turned back.

On the final journey to Utah, Chandler and family were traveling in a Ten under Edwin Wooley in the company commanded by President Young. Heber C. Kimball was in charge of a company further back. There were some deaths enroute, a few accidents, the loss of some stock by marauding Indians, and some wounded in a skirmish with the Indians while attempting to recover the livestock. "We had prayers and meetings along the way in which President Young and others gave timely instructions." There is no mention of the personal hardships endured by the family.

I have no data of happenings after their arrival in the fall of 1848 until Chandler was called to move to Fillmore because of his surveying ability and education to help lay out the settlements in the South. Their son, Lafayette (my father), was born in Salt Lake City on September 7, 1850.

For the remainder of their lives, our Holbrook grandparents had a good home near the center of Fillmore. (Just recently the home was sold and is now replaced with an up-to-date garage and service station.) Chandler at once played an important part in the development of Millard County, and was soon a man of affairs in his community. The records indicate he must have done a large part of the surveying in laying out the townsites of Fillmore, Utah's first state capital, Holden, Meadow, Kanosh, Corn Creek (sometimes called Haton), together with farms, pastures, roads, water diversions, etc. He performed a similar service for some of the settlements northeast of St. George. There were other surveyors in these undertakings.

He was among the largest contributors in building Fillmore's first church and first two school houses, and of those who continued to make their

to make their maintenance possible. He was a member of the school and water boards. His journal indicates he may have been the early assessor and collector. It records taxes collected for one year. In it his name appears first and the amount he paid, nearly three times that paid by the next highest. He was a stockholder in the Co-op store and the Co-operate herds of Fillmore. He soon was a large owner of horses, cattle, sheep, and large farming interests six miles west of Fillmore, in addition to a number of city lots. Reportedly, his may have been the first sheep herd in southern Utah.

Through his entire life he recorded in his four large journals, which I have, loans and philanthropies, not only to members of his family but to many others. They include money, livestock, store goods, farm and orchard produce, and services. The records show some of these were never paid and only in part in many other accounts.

Theirs was an open house for the presiding authorities in their trips to and from the St. George country, and their large sandstone barn a place to quarter, rest, and feed their teams. To others not of our people, their home was a wayside inn with a modest charge.

Records show a number of cattle and horses were turned in to the United Order by parents and sons, including Lafayette. (Father never mentioned this to me.) One journal contains a careful copy of the Constitution and By-laws of this branch of the Order. It also contains a deed, or rather a copy, conveying 20 acres of his farming land to President Brigham Young as trustee. There is no record of what became of the stock or land when the Order was dissolved. As a boy of ten, I would go to their home and help with the chores and other work at Father's request. They were very feeble then.

The grandparents were faithful subscribers and readers of the Deseret Semi-Weekly News. Articles of real import bearing on the validity of the Church or pertaining to matters of nation and state, Chandler laboriously copied in his journal. This also included deaths of the leaders in each. For example, the paper recorded two different visits by different parties to the home of David Whitmer, and the testimonies he reportedly bore of the divinity of the Book of Mormon in each visit years after he had left the Church and was never again a member. These he carefully copied in his journal.

Chandler was ordained a Seventy by President Brigham Young in 1836. When the quorum was organized in Fillmore, he was set apart as one of its presidents. A later letter from Joseph Young, then Church President of the Seventies, suggested "Owing to the few in number a mass-quorum be formed of all Seventies in Millard County with Chandler Holbrook becoming the presiding president, and that they meet every two weeks." The recommendation was approved unanimously.

Many copies of the minutes of these meetings are in his journals. They show that he was highly regarded and respected, and that he served faithfully until severe deafness and old age intervened.

During his life, frequent visits were made to the homes of his relatives. To the end there was always a strong tie of love between the three children left without a father in their infancy. Distance and mode of travel then required days to make a visit. The Holbrook grandparents made a number of trips to the Endowment House and the temples by teams in behalf of their dead. Chandler and daughter Diana did 38 sealings in the Endowment House at one time. He made contributions toward the construction of the St. George, Manti, and Salt Lake Temples. He helped in the immigration of other Church members. He personally paid the fare for some young men converts to come from England. They remained in his home and helped him in payment. Some I personally knew who grew up in Chandler's home were almost as near to our grandparents as their own children, and later became splendid citizens and fathers of fine families. His journals show that sons Orson Chandler and Joseph Hyrum were ordained Seventies December 29, 1870, and were assigned to the tenth quorum, Chandler being mouth for Orson and Nathaniel Baldwin for Joseph. His father, Moses Holbrook, died 17 years before the Church was organized.

While many of our kin were above average in size, our Holbrook grandparents were small when I knew them late in their lives. They were always the personification of thrift and frugality. They lived well, had plenty for their own need, and some to spare, often used generously in aiding others. They were united in their ideals and aims in life, living and working harmoniously, and always devoted to the welfare of their children. They prized education and progress. Both were well read for their time and the opportunities they had. They would have made the supreme sacrifice if required for the religion of their choice. They remained solid to the end in the one they chose. They endured and pioneered, ignoring hardships and sacrifices, in achieving freedom to worship as their consciences dictated. They loved the homes and lands mobocrats had forced them to leave and loved even more their final homes in the valleys and mountains of Utah. They forgot their persecutions and forgave their persecutors and always ✓ were 100 percent loyal and staunch Americans.

In disposition, Grandmother was quick, dynamic, of high voltage, inclined more than Grandfather to explosively resent a wrong when not restrained and controlled. She was a top housekeeper and a past master in preparing and serving meals. Her energy and endurance seemed limitless. Grandmothers Brimhall and Hinckley told me "they never knew a woman that could accomplish so much and do it so well and in so short a time as Eunice Dunning Holbrook." She had the ability to make money go a long way without sacrificing the essentials.

Chandler was more of the deliberate order, more restrained, and slower in actions and responses, but just as indefatigable a worker. It took more to arouse his resentment and his reactions were given full consideration before being expressed. He never hesitated to share with others when he felt the other parties were in need. He may have been easier to convince than Grandmother that there was a need. Father often quoted her as saying, "Chandler, we work ourselves to the bone and nearly to death to get something and then you lend or give it away." There may have been more truth than poetry in what she said, if one is to judge from Chandler's journals. ✓

They were good counterbalance and complements of each other. Both maintained their pace till literally worn out. Grandfather Hinckley once said to me: "Your grandfather Holbrook keeps going so late in life, it is often said that every bone in his body has been broken but his neck and head." He did meet with many accidents later in life when less able to handle his teams and do the strenuous things he still tried to do.

I retain a vivid picture of his last few years. These were tragic if heroic years. With the use of a crutch and cane, it would take him thirty minutes to walk a Fillmore city block, and he had become extremely deaf. Still, he grew one of Fillmore's best gardens in the fine soil south of his barn up till near his final illness. Supporting his weight on the crutch, he would do the cultivating with a hoe. Near the end, several times he fell in the garden and was unable to arise till found and assisted.

Our Holbrook grandparents believed and taught that waste was akin to sin. It was a religious duty to get the most out of each item and penny with which they were blessed. When it came to sharing with others in greater need, in donating and cooperating in attaining worthy goals, they established precedents and set examples worthy of our emulation. What now may be viewed as extreme thrift and frugality was the obvious result of having lost their homes and all they had, not once, but several times. This was further abetted by the trying trek to Utah and, when here, the struggle required in overcoming and converting the primitive wilderness found here into splendid homes, gardens, orchards, and farms, these transitory events coming before their later security had consumed the major part of their productive lives. The wonder is that they endured and did so much for us who are reaping the blessings they made possible.

I shall ever be grateful for my boyhood stay with them, for the lessons learned, and the inspirations their memories bring. In the final fading years, Grandmother's memory sometimes was short circuited. At this time of near physical exhaustion, her thrift was working overtime. Nothing must be wasted. Concoctions from leftovers had now lost their appeal. It was hard for me to consume them without my countenance registering the effort. Loyal Grandfather, still mentally alert, would eat his without wincing or a word of complaint. *Like my parents*

A few instances of their fortitude may be worth mentioning. I have been told he was imprisoned because of his religious conviction, but told they had no real charge against him and that he was at liberty to walk out of the jail if he would recant his religion but there was no other present way to regain freedom he replied, "Then I shall remain here until the vermin carry me out through the keyhole." Several have told me this.

The following I know to be true. One of his toes had distressed him for a long time. It failed to respond to home treatment and there were no doctors to be had. Deciding to end the constant annoyance, he took a sharp chisel, placed his foot on a block, and with one swing of the hammer severed the ailing toe. Grandmother became the professional nurse, stopping the blood and giving the needed attention. With the loss of little time, he was again more happily at work.

While I was with them, Grandmother became seriously ill. I was alarmed and anxious to get some skilled help. She said: "No Fay, while in Zion's camp and other migrations, I was sicker than I am now. President Young and others administered to me and I was soon well . . . If the Elders administer to me, and I am not appointed unto death, I will again get well." In a few days she had recovered.

Grandfather passed away in Fillmore September 8, 1889. Grandmother followed September 3, 1890. They were buried side by side in their burial lot in the Fillmore cemetery. Thus ended two well-spent lives. Let us cherish with profound gratitude the memories of these two wonderful pioneering grandparents.



A BRIEF SKETCH OF OUR HINCKLEY ANCESTORS

Emily Angelena Hinckley, my mother, descended from English emigrants who were among the very early settlers of America. Bryant S. Hinckley, my uncle, with the assistance of Nicholas G. Morgan, succeeded in having our Hinckley family admitted to the "Mayflower Association." (One more large family now included in the already overcrowded ship, a highly prized honor.) Most of the following data showing our lineage ten generations back was obtained from my mother and cousin, Robert H. Hinckley. His was corrected by the New England Historical and Genealogical Society and kindly passed on by Robert to my mother.

Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook. Born July 15, 1877, Fillmore, Millard County, Utah. Married Alsina Elizabeth Brimhall, born December 16, 1876, Spanish Fork, Utah. Son of Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook, born March 31, 1856, Salt Lake City. Married Lafayette Holbrook. She died February 17, 1947, Salt Lake City.

Grandson of Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, born October 30, 1828, Bostard Leeds, Upper Canada. Married Angeline Wilcox Noble. He died April 10, 1904, Provo, Utah.

Great grandson of Erastus Nathaniel Hinckley, born December 5, 1794, Connecticut. Married Lois Judd. Died September 8, 1830, Canada.

2nd great grandson of Nathaniel Hinckley, born July 12, 1769, Catham, Massachusetts, married Rhoda Barber. Died March 22, 1849.

3rd great grandson of Nathaniel Hinckley. Baptized July 30, 1738, Harwich, Massachusetts. Married Mary Nickerson.

4th great grandson of Thomas Hinckley, born March 11, 1709, Harwich, Massachusetts. Married Ruth Myrick. Died 1769.

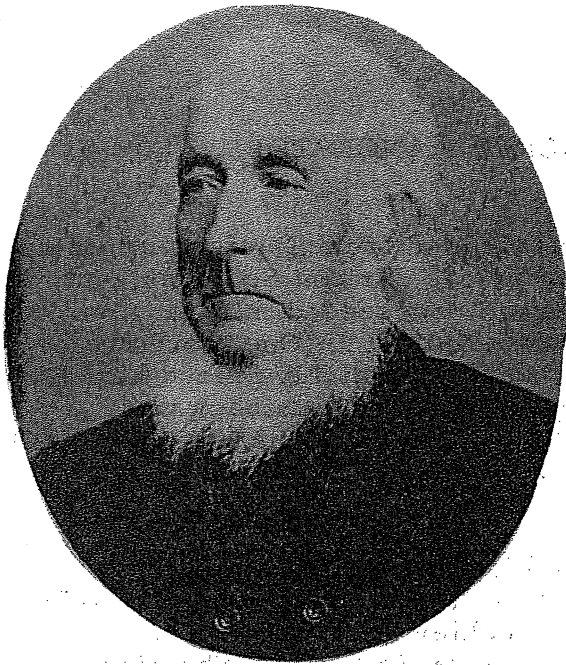
5th great grandson of Thomas Hinckley, born March 19, 1681, Barnstable, Massachusetts. Married Mercy _____, died before April, 1710.

6th great grandson of Samuel Hinckley Jr., born February 14, 1652, Barnstable, Massachusetts. Married Sarah Pope. Died March 19, 1698.

7th great grandson of Governor Thomas Hinckley. Baptized March 19, 1619-20. Hawkshurst, Kent, England. Married Mary Richards. Died April 25, 1706.

8th great grandson of Samuel Hinckley. Baptized May 5, 1589, Harrietsham, Kent, England. Married Sarah Soole. Died October 31, 1656. Sarah was baptized June 6, 1600, Hawkshurst. Died August 18, 1656.

9th great grandson of Robert Hinckley. Born Harrietsham, Kent, England. Married Katherine Leese, a widow. Buried March 27, 1606. (This may be wrong.)



Lucian and Emily Wilcox Noble -- Great Grandparents



Ira Nathaniel and Angeline Wilcox Hinckley -- Grandparents

10th great grandson of John Hynckleye. Born Harrietsham, Kent, England. Married Johanne. Died June, 1577.

"The record of the Hinckleys in America is one of an alert, keen-minded and sincere family, possessed of prudence, sound judgment, and an understanding nature. Some lines of the family have displayed marked artistic ability." The Hinckleys have pioneered and colonized in many places of the United States. They took an active part in the early Indian wars and the War of Independence. Our seventh great grandfather, Thomas Hinckley, was the distinguished Governor of the Plymouth Colony from 1680 to 1692. He is said to have been "a man of worth and piety." His father, Samuel Hinckley, is believed to be the ancestor of most of the Hinckleys in America. Through Mary Richards, wife of Governor Thomas Hinckley, we are related to the Richards, prominent leaders in our L. D. S. Church. Bryant Hinckley has also told me that through early pioneer marriages we are related to John Adams, second U. S. President, and to the Delanoes, mother of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Bryant was given a book on Hinckley genealogy.

When our fourth great grandfather, Thomas Hinckley, married Ruth Myrick, he introduced Indian blood into our line. This was of sufficient interest for Alsina B. Holbrook, quite a genealogist and the author's wife, to trace the line which follows: "Thomas Hinckley, born March 11, 1709, married Ruth Myrick. Her father, Nathaniel Myrick, married Alice Freeman. Nathaniel's father, William Myrick, married Abigail Hopkins. Abigail's father, Gile Hopkins, married Catherine Wheldon. Catherine's father, Gabriel Wheldon, married Margaret, full-blood Indian daughter of Quadaquina, younger brother of Massasoit. Quadaquina was said to have been a very personable Indian. Gabriel Wheldon and Indian wife Margaret lived and reared their family among the white colonists in Barnstable.

Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, My Grandfather

Ira's parents came from Rochester, New York, to Canada. His father, Erastus Nathaniel, was a farmer, a shoemaker, and a mechanic, as well as being a boatman on the Great Lakes. Erastus was born in Connecticut December 5, 1794. Ira's mother, Lois Judd, the seventh of ten children born to Arza Judd, Sr., and Lois Knapp, was born in Leeds, Canada, on September 15, 1805. Ira was born in what is now Ontario Province October 30, 1828, the youngest of the four sons and one daughter. When Ira was two, his father Erastus Nathaniel died at age 35, leaving Lois with the five children. The two older boys went with an uncle to the United States. They were never heard from again. Arza, just older than Ira, went to the home of the Judd grandparents. When Ira was four, his only sister died leaving Ira and his mother alone. She later married Levi Judd, a cousin and had other children.

Elders Sherwood and John E. Page brought the L. D. S. gospel to this family in 1835. Two years later when Ira was nine, they moved to the United States. With a light wagon and team they crossed the St. Lawrence River on the ice, traveled across New York to Springfield, Ohio, where they remained four years. While here, he drove a horse and cart when the national turnpike was being constructed between Dayton and Columbus, Ohio. Ira was so small his mother had to bridle and collar the horse.

From here, the family moved to Springfield, Illinois, where they were once again united with just older brother Arza and their Judd grandparents. While Ira was thirteen, he became so ill for a time that he was given up for dead. His only formal education thus far was three months schooling while in Canada. In Illinois he worked for a Mr. Lanterman in turn for school and clothing, but only for a short time. When fourteen, his mother died.

A year later, with stepfather and new stepmother, he went to Nauvoo. Here he heard Joseph and Hyrum preach in the Grove. The Saints were preparing for their western migration. He returned to Springfield where he and Arza got an outfit ready for their Judd grandparents to make the exodus. Owing to their advanced age, the grandparents decided not to go. Ira knew little of them afterwards. He and Arza walked the 120 miles back to Nauvoo in four days with forty pound packs on their backs. Daily mobbings were now occurring. Ira became a guard.

Ira had learned the blacksmith trade, and he made wagons for the Saints. He built a complete one for his aunt and her husband, Benjamin Boyce, who was seriously ill with consumption. Ira went with them into Iowa where, at the end of the day, his Uncle Benjamin died. Eighteen-year-old Ira dug the grave and buried his uncle on the prairie without any assistance. He and his Aunt Constance continued on to Mt. Pisgah where her son Benjamin was born. A team was hired to go on to Winter Quarters. Here he built a house for his aunt with her help. To get food and the essential provisions, he helped build a gristmill. In the winter, he split rails in Missouri and worked in a blacksmith shop at Estelle Mills, Platte County. While working in this last place he met and married Eliza Jane Evans in August, 1848. Their daughter, Eliza Jane Hinckley, was born in July, 1849, at Estelle Mills.

He continued to build wagons and traded for oxen and older wagons in which he and his wife packed the needed provisions for an eighteen month journey to Utah. Half-brother Joel Judd was with them. They were in the company led by father-in-law Captain David Evans which had been organized by Orson Hyde. After going 250 miles, Grandfather and others were stricken with cholera. He soon recovered, but his wife of less than two years and brother Joel died with the disease June 15, 1850. They were buried on the prairie just south of the Platte River. With his eleven month old daughter Eliza Jane he continued on, arriving in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1850.

December 11, 1853, he married Adelaide Cameron Noble. July 22, 1855, he married Angeline Wilcox Noble, the Noble's oldest child, who is our grandmother. Little Eliza Jane is the mother of our Robertson relatives.

When she was married, Grandfather had not favored the marriage but said: "Eliza, if you ever should need us, your father's home will always welcome you." While I was living with the grandparents, a message came: "Father, I am dying. Come and get me." At once Grandfather, son Elmer, and youngest daughter, Sarah, in a white top buggy and team hastily drove to their home near Ely, Nevada. They arrived before her death, but she and the newborn baby soon died. There was evidence of intense poverty. The bodies, the husband, and four living children came back with Grandfather. Eliza and infant were buried in the Fillmore cemetery. It was a never-to-be-forgotten tragic time for all relatives. Addie and Grace grew to maturity,

married and have families. Willie later went with his father. The other child died.

7
These Noble grandmothers, daughters of great grandparents Emily Wilcox and Lucian Noble, are from sturdy New England stock. Their migrant ancestor, Thomas Noble, came from England to Massachusetts in 1653. The Nobles were very active in the early growth of our country. Many fought in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Civil War. Lucian lived for a while in Detroit, and then in Lavonia, Wayne County, Michigan, where these daughters were born. In 1846 they moved to Nauvoo. They went with this first company that stopped at the Ponca Village. They became well acquainted with the Knights, Myers, and Holbrooks. Soon after arriving, their third daughter, Emily Noble, was born in one corner of their tent near the same time their only son was dying in another corner. Traveling with the William Snow company, they arrived in Utah in the fall of 1850, about the same time Ira N. Hinckley reached Utah.

As a boy, I visited the Nobles in their Salt Lake home several times and retain a vivid memory of these splendid great grandparents. They had a number of acres on which they grew a fine orchard in the southeast part of Salt Lake City. Their talking parrot amused both young and old. They were a fine looking and successful couple, loved and respected by all who knew them.

Grandmother Angeline was goodlooking, naturally aristocratic, with a well-shaped, rather prominent nose, large blue eyes, a high forehead, and brown hair. She was about five feet four inches tall. Reportedly, she would never appear before others until well groomed. She was a faithful L. D. S. mother and the gospel principles were taught and lived in her home. She was a wise and good wife and mother, a homemaker, capable, and a splendid seamstress. She found time to help her children in their schooling. Her son Bryant told me she was an early Salt Lake school teacher.

I and my older sisters lived with her for a number of years while attending the Fillmore grade schools and the Millard Stake Academy. There were no suitable schools in the Frisco mining camp where our parents were in business. The years spent with our Hinckley grandparents were in every way helpful and constructive and remained a valuable influence in our later lives. Family and individual prayers were said night and morning. She was levelheaded and genuine in her religious adherence and a real help and support to grandfather Ira N. Hinckley while Stake President.

Arriving in the valley, grandfather Ira N. Hinckley continued working as a blacksmith. Later he operated his own shop on the north side of Seventh South between Seventh and Eighth east. He was also a Salt Lake City policeman from 1851 to 1857. In rescuing the stranded handcart company, he furnished a mule team.

At the April General Conference in 1857, President Young called grandfather to take charge of a group of men sent out by the Young Express Company to guard the U. S. mail from the Indians and assist in building forts for that purpose about every 25 miles. "I want you to go for nothing, board yourself, and turn something in." For this mission, he was set apart by A. P. Rockwood, April 21, and then departed.

The mission lasted about five and one half months. He was made Captain of the Guard and given a horse at Fort Bridger. They had some harrowing experiences with the Indians who were bent on stealing their horses, but bloodshed was averted. A trying time came when they went to join a small group of men in building a fort at Horseshoe Bend. The men there were without anything to eat but flour. Grandfather's group shared their provisions with them. Later, all of them had to live on bread and water for three weeks till they could trade with the Indians and do blacksmith work for the immigrants passing through. By shoeing horses, repairing wagons, etc., Grandfather made and turned in some money, fulfilling to the letter the call he received. The horseshoes and nails he made out of scraps of old iron. On the 450 mile return trip home he was seriously ill with a sort of distemper.

Five years later another call came to assist in guarding the mails and telegraph line. This time it came from President Abraham Lincoln through the Army for Utah to muster a volunteer cavalry company who were to guard the lines from the North Platte River below Independence Rock on the old Mormon Trail to Fort Bridger. A company of 106 men who were to furnish their own horses and equipment were soon mustered in and were to receive the same pay as the U. S. troops. Grandfather was selected as a farrier-- "a veteran horse shoer." It was a hard journey with floods, mud, snow, and cold weather. After a 600 mile journey requiring 20 days, they joined with another company at the North Platte River. For this service, a small pension went to wife Margaret after his death.

In 1862 he was called to go to Coalville and supervise the building of their first meeting house. He responded with his usual promptness and, at age 35, moved his family there. He became one of the incorporators of the Coalville Library Association. April 12, 1867, a messenger on a horse brought a letter for Grandfather reading: "We wish to get a suitable person to settle on and take charge of the Church ranch at Cove Creek, Millard County. Your name has been suggested for this position. As it is some distance from any other settlement, a man of sound practical judgment and experience is needed . . . If you think you can take this mission, you should endeavor to go south with us. We expect to start a week from Monday. It is not wisdom to take your family until the fort is built. There is a mail and telegraph station. Let us know by the bearer of this letter. If you conclude to start, come with conveyance to accompany us. Your brother in the Gospel, Brigham Young. P.S. The object is to afford protection from the Indians to the mail and telegraph line, and travelers who are almost constantly on the road, including food and protection to this latter class. There is farming and hay land, plentifully, also herding facilities and good firewood in abundance close by."

When the messenger arrived, Grandfather was in the process of building a permanent home. After carefully reading the letter he said to the bearer: "Say to the President I will be there on the appointed day with conveyance prepared to go." Within an hour all the home plans were changed. Though sudden and unexpected, the entire family united in carrying it out. The Church archives record: "Responding Brother Hinckley arrived in Cove Creek April 27, 1867 and commenced building immediately."

It was necessary to stake and measure the ground, build a saw and shingle mill to process the lumber, gather and shape the volcanic stones used, and build a kiln to burn the lime for mortar. The Church Historian's Office records: "The fort at Cove Creek is a very creditable place, being one of the finest in the territory. It is built of black volcanic rock, laid with lime mortar and is 100 feet square, 18 feet high, 4 feet thick at the base, narrowing to 2 at the top. Through the upper part are port holes for protection against the Indians. Within are twelve nice large rooms, six on both north and south sides. "

Within the short space of seven months the fort was ready to be occupied by the Ira N. Hinckley families. Grandfather was a natural born leader. Soon everything was working orderly. It was said not a rock was out of place. The Indians soon learned they could trust Ira and often came to him when they were in trouble. "Life at the fort was varied and exciting. The telegraph line kept them informed. The overland stage coaches with their passengers made frequent stops for fresh horses and meals. Many notables stopped at its doors; and others used it as a temporary haven. Within, love and unity prevailed. Religious services and schooling were a real part of the life." Mrs. Dodson, a cultured southern convert was hired to teach the older children. I believe she or her husband operated the telegraph station.

Adelaide and family were in the fort longer than Angeline, our grandmother: who moved to Salt Lake City, then to Provo, and later to Fillmore, to maintain a home for the older children of both families while they attended the John Morgan College, the Brigham Young Academy, and the Millard Stake Academy. The lack of schooling for Ira may have been responsible for his great urge to have his own children and others who it was his privilege to influence get the best education possible. Grandfather sacrificed much toward that goal and Grandmother was a great helpmate in it.

When Grandfather was 49, he was called to be the second president of the Millard Stake with headquarters at Fillmore. He served in this capacity for 25 years and was a promoter of every move, religious and civic, for good. He was mayor for several terms, although reticent about holding public offices. He was one of the founders of their academy and one of its best supporters, devoting much of his time and means to it.

As before stated, we older children lived with our Hinckley grandparents a number of years while attending school--so long in my case that I have felt like son and grandson. My mother, before thinking, throughout her life would occasionally introduce me as her brother. Impressions gained there have remained to profoundly influence my life. The stay was during my early most formative years. Many of the qualities of that home linger as ideals worth striving to attain and perpetuate--to be a father like Grandfather Hinckley, loved, honored, and still revered, who governed easily and with apparently little effort, yet grandly. He hardly ever resorted to force, tempering dignity and firmness with love unfeigned; so fair and just in requests that compliance followed easily as the only right course; to rear a family, united, loyal, patriotic, devoted, and exemplary as were his, has always been my ideal concept of the best in parenthood.

After an illness of a few months, Ira Nathaniel Hinckley died in Provo April 10, 1904, in his 76th year. Angeline Wilcox Hinckley, our grandmother, died April 28, 1912, in the home of her oldest son Ira Noble Hinckley in Salt Lake City. Both were buried in the cemetery at Provo.

Some Remembered Characteristics

In Grandfather's life ready cash was scarce. Tithing was paid in kind. In his case, the best of his flocks went for tithing. He was a great admirer of fine horses and cattle. He contributed much by importing better sires in raising the quality of horses and cattle in Millard County. I vividly remember one of his famous shorthorn durham sires and some of its progeny. He was a wonderful judge of livestock and a past master in selecting, mating, and training outstanding driving teams used in covering all of Millard County then included in his stake. I remember how we felt when some of the teams in their zenith were turned in as tithing. Soon others equally as good were developed.

He was a pre-Manifesto polygamist. The deputy marshals made numerous attempts to capture him but were never able to. Years later, when the arresting ardor had cooled and he was visiting in Provo, my father suggested he turn himself in, which he did and was fined \$50. (I believe father paid it.) This ended his seclusion. Through a sensible compromise between church and law authorities, pre-Manifesto polygamists were not asked to forsake their families if no new marriages were entered into. His last years were spent peacefully in their home in Provo, going with sons Lucian and Edwin to their large farm, or spending time in any way he desired.

Gleaned from Son Bryant's Tribute

"Nearly a half century has gone since Father passed. I am years older than he was at his death. Time has revealed the strength and splendor of his character, the tenderness and affection of his heart, the steadfastness of his faith, and unfaltering loyalty to family, friends, country, and his God. To think of him is always an inspiration to do better. To honor his name is the first duty of his children and his children's children. Doing this will always remain the highest expression of their gratitude.

"Father stood six feet one inch in his stocking feet and weighed 175 pounds. He was able to do more work than most men. He was a sinewy man with strong fibered muscles. His eyes were blue and kindly, and he wore a rather light chin beard. His was a refined face. He was goodlooking, well-dressed, always affable, and always wore a white shirt even when working."

* * * *

A rather amusing incident occurred while I lived with our Hinckley grandparents. Every family in the rural villages had one or more milk cows. Milk not consumed at the meals was heated in pans a foot or more in diameter. It was then placed on shelves for the milk to sour and the cream to rise. At the proper time, the cream was gathered and churned for the butter in the old dasher churns. There were three shelves constructed for milk storage in the eastern section of Grandmother's kitchen.

As Stake President, the visiting authorities often were entertained in Grandfather's home. Grandmother was a splendid cook and took pride in having something special for the distinguished guests. Pies were a luxury enjoyed by all, even when made with dried apple filling. After baking they were often stored till served on the shelf above the milk. The milk pans were wider than the shelves, protruding a few inches further out.

A stake conference was in session. Two visiting apostles were having their dinners with our grandparents. The day before, Grandmother had made a choice pie for the occasion and placed it on the top shelf above the milk. I came into the kitchen when the pie, still warm, was sending out a very inviting aroma. No one was present. Grandmother was napping after working hard to have everything just right for the Sunday dinner. Curiosity, abetted by the enticing aroma, led me to the source. I must see what kind of pie was coming up. It was a little beyond my firm grasp even when standing on tiptoes. Fingering it forward it keeled over and disappeared, taking the cream with it to the bottom of the pan.

The Apostles arrived promptly on schedule. The main course of the meal and conversation were enjoyed by all. At the right time Grandmother remarked, "I have something special for dessert I hope you will all enjoy." She took her choice china wedding plates from the cupboard and went for the pie. A new layer of cream had formed hiding all evidence of the accident. After looking carefully over the shelves and in her cupboard, she was both embarrassed and frustrated. She came to the table and explained she had made a choice pie for this special occasion and was sure she had placed it on the shelf. In some inexplicable and mysterious way it had disappeared. If all would overlook the mishap and be patient she would serve some fruit. All accepted the substitute graciously.

Once again I began to breath normally. If she had any suspicions, and she must have had, she generously refrained from embarrassing youngest son Elmer or me, for which I am still grateful. Elmer and I kept no secrets from each other. This time I had not even told him the fate of the pie. Tuesday was the cream collecting day. The mystery would soon be out. From the day of its immersion, I was deeply concerned and inwardly searching for the best way to reveal the facts.

At the last minute, just before skimming time, timidly I approached Grandmother and said, "If you will promise not to scold me or tell Grandfather, I'll tell what happened to the pie." She was very cooperative. Pointing to the pan, I continued. "Take a fork and you will find the pie in this pan." It came up completely covered with a heavy layer of sour cream. Instead of castigating me, Grandmother laughed heartily. It remains a happy memory of the characteristic wisdom of my Grandmother Hinckley. The happy ending reveals the best way to handle difficult situations. Ever after if I wanted a piece of pie or something rather special, I told Elmer. Being the youngest of Grandmother's children, he seldom failed to get the desired result. (L. H. H.)

A few years after our marriage, Sina and I were living in part of Grandmother Angeline Hinckley's home in Provo while she occupied the other part. On one occasion Grandmother said, "Fay, do you know you have

married into Indian blood? Some Indian blood is good blood, and George H. Brimhall is a wonderfully good man. " She was so certain of her statement I took it for granted. President Brimhall's eyes and complexion were very dark. It in no way lessened my love and appreciation for my marriage-acquired Brimhall relatives.

Some years after Grandmother's death, Sina and I were spending some months in Washington, D. C., with our Brown family. Archibald Bennett, enthusiastic, newly appointed Church genealogist, while relating strides being made in research in an evening meeting in our Washington chapel that Sina and I were attending, said: "We now have a splendid record of the genealogy of all general authorities of our Church, including the latest apostle Alonzo A. Hinckley. He is a direct descendant of Pocahontas."

This was news to Sina and me. When we moved to Salt Lake City, Sina dug into the matter. With access to the Church records and some eastern correspondence she came up with the real facts. The Hinckleys on the paternal side are direct descendants of Margaret, full Indian daughter of Quadapina, younger brother of Massasoit, and not Pocahontas. Still some years later a question had been raised about President Brimhall's blood line. In answer, the Deseret News made a careful search and in their published findings reported there was no trace of Indian blood in George H. Brimhall's veins.

I often smile when wondering what Grandmother Hinckley's answer would be if I were able to tell her, not I, but she and Sina had married into Indian blood. I fancy she would say, "Well, it's good blood and your grandfather Ira N. Hinckley was a wonderful man." With this we heartily agree.

LAFAYETTE AND EMILY ANGELENA HINCKLEY HOLBROOK

Lafayette Holbrook was born September 7, 1850, in Salt Lake City, two years after his parents came to Utah. He was the youngest child of Chandler and Eunice Dunning Holbrook who reached maturity. Answering a call from President Brigham Young, his parents moved to Fillmore when he was two years old.

Life in this pioneer home was one of great activity for all and "Lafay" was soon doing his share. All his sisters were older, married, and in their own homes while he was still a small boy. He was six years younger than his next older brother. While the two older boys worked in the fields with their father, Lafayette helped his mother milk twenty or more cows night and morning, chopped wood for the stove and fireplace, cared for the domestic stock, weeded the garden, and helped with other household duties. This left little time for mischief or idle-forming habits. This early close association with his mother could have emphasized his inherent similarity to her in speed, action, disposition, and physical endurance.

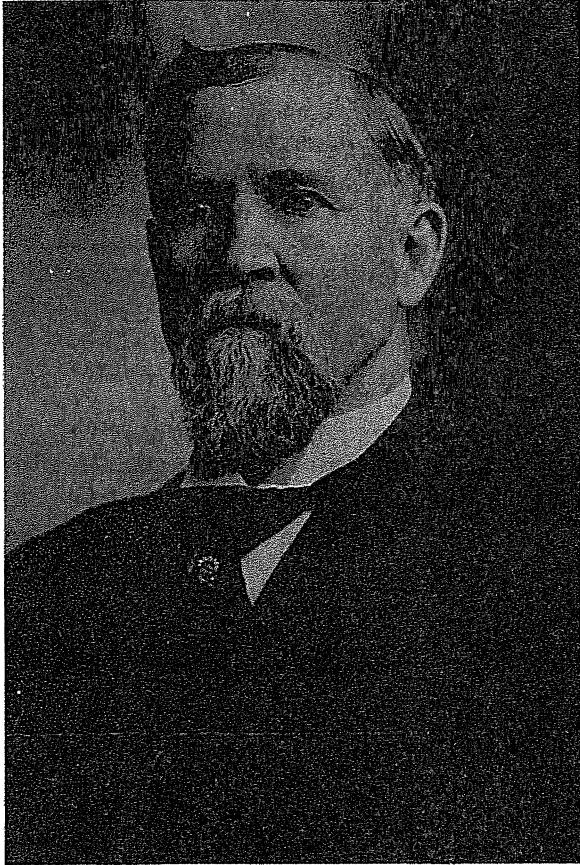
He was blessed with unusual vigor and stamina and well endowed for the rugged pioneer life of those early days. His family was up at the dawn of day and maintained the pace till twilight and darkness intervened. This remained his routine the rest of his life. He told me that when morning duties were finished sometimes he walked and trotted six miles to their farm west of Fillmore to aid there and then often walked back to be on hand for the evening chores without really being seriously tired. He was always a sound sleeper in nearly any position or bed.

He attended school from six weeks to three months each year, depending on the weather. Reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, some history, grammar, and geography were taught. He studied around a table lighted with homemade candles or he sprawled on the floor to get the light from the fireplace.

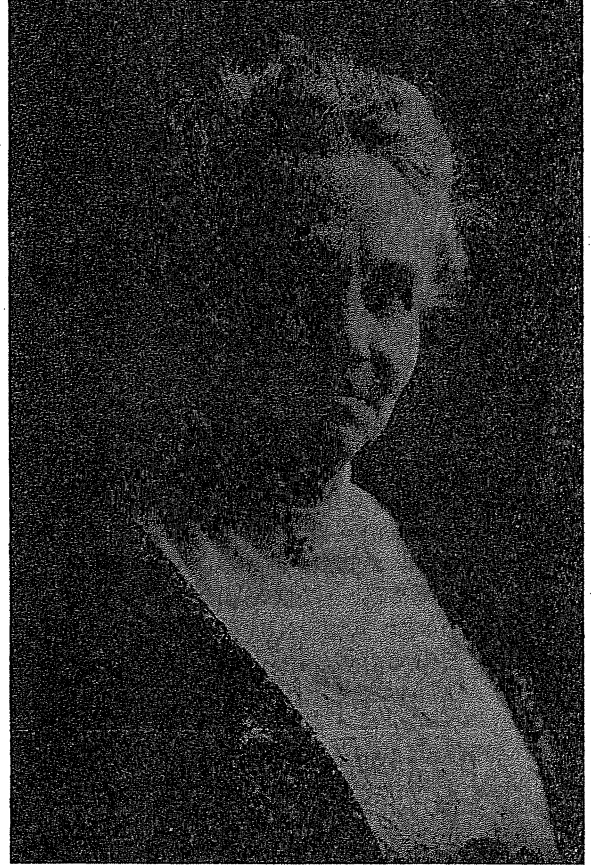
For a few brief terms he attended the Deseret University, the first school of higher learning in Utah and the parent of our University of Utah. The 150 mile trip from Fillmore to this school was sometimes made on foot with other boys, their clothing and other essentials on their backs. Sometimes the return home was made the same way.

Father grew up with saddle horses, riding equipment, a "Six-shooter" and a rifle. He made his own ammunition. He was a good rider and bronco-buster and what was often called a "dead shot." These were real assets in the long trips made to purchase cattle in new and unpopulated regions. Cattle rustling was common then, and smoldering hostilities still existed among the Indians. The wild game along the routes were often needed for food.

Later, as a man with a family, he became an almost unbeatable marksman. I remember when a patron of father's store challenged him to shoot for a dollar a shot. A white gum wad was tacked to a board with a black tack in the center and placed 25 paces away. While father insisted that the other man



Lafayette Holbrook



Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook

ake "dead rest," he shot off-hand. Father centered the tack eleven times and hit the wad every time, winning thirteen dollars before the man gave up.

Marksmanship contests were then popular. Experts came from far and near to one staged in Frisco. This time the stakes were high and consisted in breaking glass balls with a shotgun, each participant having a set number of trials. This was an entirely new experience for Father and he was soundly beaten. All other contestants but he both drank and smoked. Coming home after the contest he said, "I don't think the man lives who is a victim of these habits who can beat me when I become accustomed to this type of shooting." Before the next match he purchased a shotgun (which I now have), a barrel of glass balls and the trap to throw them and practiced faithfully. He won every sweepstake and never again lost in those matches. As a small boy I witnessed these matches.

Father was raised in a spiritual home. His parents had sacrificed their all, not only once, but several times for their faith. It was a definite part of their life. These early impressions remained, influencing and largely shaping his later life. In his parental home he had been so busy and occupied with the essentials there had been little time to cultivate wrong companions or to become the victim of destructive habits. He grew up with a profound appreciation of the moral values, including a single standard of clean living for both men and women. His ideal was to "keep his word as good as his bond" and to be absolutely fair with others in all dealings. He regarded time as his greatest resource and its wise use the predicator of his future. It would be hard to think of him as an idler or at loss for something to do. When one goal was reached, he quickly found another. These characteristics will be illustrated in later stories.

As a child, he saved the money his folks gave him for helping and that received for errands, etc., for others. When he had enough, he gave it to Daniel Thompson who made trips east to buy merchandise. He instructed Thompson to buy for him cloth and the things Indians liked. These he exchanged with the Indians for buckskin, pinenuts, and the things they had to barter. Buckskins were in great demand for making gloves and other articles. With money from this and that his parents gave him, he bought calves. He added these calves to those his folks gave him and before long an embryo cattle business became an absorbing outlet for his youthful energy.

Grain binders first appeared in his early manhood, increasing greatly the number of acres that could be farmed per man. He bought and operated profitably the first one that came to Fillmore. Others have told me of the fabulous crops grown in the virgin soil on the Holbrook farm such as 125 bushel of barley and more than 700 bushel of potatoes per acre. Destructive insects and pests were very rare then.

Naturally, his first choice of business was livestock. His father's diary recites, "At 21 Lafay was buying cattle in Abilene, Kansas, for \$8.50 per head and drove them overland to the Bear River country in Wyoming and Utah and sold them for \$15 per head." The next year he bought cattle in Millard county, Utah, and sold them in Pioche during the mining boom, cleaning up 3000 on that deal. The same year he bought hogs in Illinois and Missouri intending to ship and sell them in California, but instead sold them at a splendid profit when he arrived in Ogden.

Thompson

farm

✓
Lafayette
Sales

While coming from Belton, Texas, with a large herd of purchased cattle in company with a close, personal friend who also had made a large purchase, Father received a message stating he had been called to fill a mission in Great Britain. He had but two weeks to make all preparations and join a group of missionaries. This could be done only by leaving the slow plodding cattle with his friend and hastening home with some of his best saddle horses. The trusted "friend" assured him the cattle would be delivered and handled as were his. That is exactly what happened but in an entirely unexpected way.

He succeeded in meeting and leaving on time with the other missionaries. He was a good sailor and enjoyed the voyage, the scenery and beauty of England, and the sterling quality of the people of the British Isles. He disliked class distinction, but thought their nobility the most cultured and best trained people found anywhere. I am sure his was a successful and happy mission. John Henry Smith and Marion Lyman presided while he was there.

A few months after arriving, a letter came from his father stating the trusted friend had sold all of the cattle, including his, and absconded with the proceeds. No one knew where he was. Father had invested all of his life savings and borrowed an additional \$3000 for the cattle.

His good parents advised him to go ahead and fill his mission, offering to take care of the obligation until he returned. This loss was a stunning blow and his confidence in others rudely shaken. He soon fought it off and sailed into his missionary work with renewed vigor. It may have helped develop his later philosophy, "Don't waste valuable time and energy brooding over spilt milk. Conserve your strength to sail in again, determined to avoid similar mistakes and to make good in a bigger and a better way."

After a full-time mission he was honorably released. Returning home, with untiring efforts he soon retired the obligation and, in addition, built and established a credit reputation lasting through life of more value than mere money. Several prominent men said to me, "It was a pleasure to lend money to your father. Without fail, he always paid the principal and interest a day or so in advance." He was always solicitous that we children keep our word of honor and credit as a sacred trust, free from any stain, and assured us if this were done, it would prove to be our protector and best friend in any emergency. (Years later the man who absconded with the money from the sale of father's cattle and his sons were imprisoned in Mexico for stealing cattle. I saw this in a newspaper when I was grown.)

Emily Angelena (Known as "Jean")

My mother, "Jean" as she was called, was born March 31, 1856, at Salt Lake City, being the first born to Ira Nathaniel and Angeline Wilcox Hinckley. Their home then was at the southeast corner of Seventh South and Seventh East streets. It was a story and a half with a number of rooms. Her girlhood home was on the corner of Third South and Fifth East. It later became the first home of the St. Mark's Hospital.

Mother and Aund Adelaide's daughter, sister Minerva, just a few months older than mother, were close companions from infancy through life. She

remembered vividly the many walks they took together under the shade trees Grandfather always planted along the sidewalks. They attended their first school together on the east side of the block in which they lived. For some forgotten misbehavior in that first school year the teacher kept them after school till near dark. "With approaching darkness they cried so loud their father, still working in his blacksmith shop more than half a block away, heard them. He came and placing a daughter on each shoulder carried them home--a common occurrence when the snow was deep" as Mother told Sina.

Mother also told Sina that in their Hinckley families there were a number of girls before any boys. Their father, Ira N., was away much of the time on church calls during their early life and youth. "Father's ideals of womanhood were very high--the lighter work for the women, the heavier for the men. He was against women working in the corrals and fields."

Play and recreation were neither emphasized nor organized then. Mother was very good at jacks, jumping the rope, hop scotch, the common outdoor games. Her father was a good dancer, approved supervised dances, and often took his daughters to them, singly or in groups if they had no escorts. After dancing with all of them, he would always go home early. The girls would come home in groups or with those who had escorts. He disapproved finding escorts at the dances, loitering at the gates, or roaming about after the dances or parties.

Jean was eleven years old when they moved to Cove Fort. Often as many as 75 people were entertained in a single day there. The Indians often called and were fed and treated kindly. President Young, on one of his many stays there, left a \$5 gold coin in her hand as he shook hands with her. She later had a gold ring made from it which she gave to me later in life. This ring and some other jewelry were stolen from our home when we were absent. L. H. H.

As the Hinckley children reached school age, Angeline, our grandmother, went to Salt Lake City and kept house for them while they attended the John Morgan College. Emily Noble, Mother's aunt, was one of its regular teachers. She later married Dr. David, who may have been one of the first trained and certified doctors in Utah. Mother grew to her full height of 5'8" when 15 and weighed about 120 lbs. She had large blue eyes and plentiful brown hair to go with an erect, well-proportioned body and was always dignified and attractive looking. She had a splendid voice for reading and speaking but never had any musical training. Both she and Minerva were outstanding students, becoming part-time teachers in their last year and full-time in their last quarter. They graduated at age 16.

In addition to her school activities, Jean performed an important part in their home work. Grandfather Hinckley told me, "At school and later in the Fillmore home, while teaching there, she would arise early in the morning and do the family washing before going to school."

While still 16, she taught school for one year in Murray to a mixed group of 125 students, many of them much older than she. She was offered \$3 per day if she would teach another year. This was far in excess of the average pay then. Grandfather wanted her to return and be with the family who were

now in Fillmore. She became a regular teacher in Fillmore until some time after marriage. She taught in the little sandstone schoolhouse that may still be standing on the block in which Utah's first capital building was constructed and is now maintained as a museum. She was the first teacher for Uncle Bryant S. Hinckley and others of her brothers and sisters. This was the same building grandfather Chandler Holbrook had helped to construct and the one in which I, Clara, and Angie first attended school.

Mother attended the Church functions regularly and was a good and faithful Sunday School teacher. She said, "The Hinckley families were always a happy, united group, enjoying the company of each other and devoted to their parents. Our home life was never dull, always full of interest and good cheer, never needing to go beyond it for healthful, stimulating entertainment."

Many warm friendships were formed and held in high esteem, but they went no further until she met Father. While he was on his mission, Mother recalls his mother asking her to "wait until Lafay comes home before becoming engaged." Commendable parental interest! (She had not met Lafay at this time.)

Soon after Father's return their courtship began. She often found notes from him at her school desk. After months of happy courtship, the blessings of the respective parents were gladly given and preparations for marriage were made. The mothers and younger brother Elmer went with them to the City in a buggy drawn by a span of black horses. The marriage ceremony was performed in the Endowment House October 9, 1876, when Mother was 20 and Father 26, President Daniel H. Wells officiating. Not only was a happy marriage the aftermath, but bonds of lasting admiration and love between Father and Grandfather Hinckley which extended to and embraced the entire Hinckley families.

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

Their first house was a two room adobe, situated on the southwest corner of a large lot on Fillmore's main street. It is a block south and just across the road east from Chandler's house. There were two garden plots, an orchard and berry bushes Father had planted. Father enclosed his lot and also his father's with some pickets he sawed by hand and then painted white. With Hans Hansen as mechanic and father as assistant, a large barn was built in the north part of the lot and painted white. Some said it was the best and most attractive barn in Utah south of Salt Lake City. It later burned.

Not long after completion of the barn, the mechanic had a very serious illness which resulted in spells of delirium. Father was one of those who took turns staying with him. In one of the spells, the sick man jumped from his bed and grabbed a dangerous knife. Father seized the man, but before he could retrieve the knife the patient struck, inflicting a deep wound from in front of Father's ear straight down his cheek and into his neck. With the blood spurting, Father was forced to hold the man until neighbor help came. He said the ailing man seemed to have super-human strength. Fillmore had no doctors then but Grandfather Hinckley, through extensive experience, had become a fair veterinarian. Not wishing to shock Mother, Father had Grandfather sew up the wound before going home. It healed surprisingly well and quickly, but the scar was very noticeable the remainder of his life. The ill man recovered and their friendship remained unimpaired.

Father built a bowery lean-to on the northeast section of the house which served as a kitchen in the summertime. Yellow roses and other decorative flowers grew around the east and south part of the house. A variety of birds nested in the orchard and bowery. Hummingbirds, wild canaries, and bluebirds were numerous. Swallows, meadow larks, and blackbirds were plentiful in their season, and robins were there most of the year. Clara, Angie, and I who were born in this first home were fond of these birds, and if any met an untimely death it was given a ceremonial funeral with flowers and mourning.

After marriage, Mother continued to teach school until approaching maternity intervened. Father then took over and finished out the term.

Father and Mother were the same height (five feet eight inches). He weighed from 140 to 160 pounds, was well proportioned, quick in action, and unusually strong. He dressed well and was particular, neat, and clean about his person and also in seeing that everything was in its proper place. His hair was fine in texture, rather light in color, with a tinge of yellow. It thinned with age but he was never bald. He wore a well kept mustache and chin beard during all his mature life.

For a few years Father was county assessor. After returning from his mission, he was employed by the John Lowell Pioneer Implement Company and made an excellent record not only as salesman but for his speed and ability in assembling binders and machinery. Although he was getting a splendid salary and was offered a substantial raise, he felt he must be an employer and not an employee.

Back he went to his first love of cattle raising. He became a partner with his father-in-law Ira N. Hinckley and Joseph E. Robison (L. D. S. stake counselor to Ira) in the cattle business. Although much the youngest, he became the active manager. Cattle were bought in Utah, adjoining states, and Texas in a progressively larger number and sold to eastern buyers. "There was more grass and less sedge than at present." Cattle, driven slowly, gained weight coming to Utah and going to markets.

With these drives, in addition to the needed men, there was always a bunch of saddle horses, some still not broke to the saddle. Uncle Lucian Hinckley, who Father always regarded as one of the best of his help, once told me:

"Your father would allow us to pick our horses from those already tamed to the saddle, but he would often select an outlaw and break it. I never knew or heard of him being thrown but once. He had fallen asleep while riding a gentle horse. A gust of wind blew a paper under the horse. It jumped with fright and off came your father."

Father never mentioned riding feats in my presence but Mother did say, "Your father's daredevil stunts with bucking horses worried me so much it may have marked you." (At any rate I am an inherent coward of bucking horses and never rode one knowingly, but have fallen a number of times from gentle ones.)

Constitutionally, Father was ideally suited for the rigors of these long and trying trips. He could eat heartily and sleep soundly while in the saddle. When night came, a soft bit of ground, a saddle blanket in the saddle for a pillow, another blanket or overcoat for the cover sufficed for a sound night's sleep.

On one of these drives east, they arrived at the Green River when it was at flood stage from the spring run-off. It was customary in fording rivers for a man on a horse to go ahead, then if one of the cattle could be forced in, it and the herd would follow. Owing to high water they were unable to push a leader in. Father became impatient. He had them line one up near the bank and, with a running plunge, tried to knock it in. The animal jumped and Father lit well out in the river. He had about everything needed for these trips except knowing how to swim. Fortunately he kept his presence of mind. He had observed some willows on their side downstream. Rather than trying to swim, he clung to the bottom and went downstream veering to the right where he hoped the willows would be. Luckily that's where he came up and, grasping them, he climbed out. He must have been under more than a minute. His men were happily surprised. One or two men had drowned in attempting to cross this river the previous day.

Once when Father, Mother, and I were in my auto enroute to California between Beaver and Paragoonah (about 10 miles north of the latter), Father related the following: "I once had a written contract to buy cattle for a Kansas firm. I had made arrangements for cattle to be delivered about where we are now. While here receiving them (and they were coming from all directions--some from long distances), a messenger came with a telegram which read, 'Market off. We are cancelling contract.' I was unable to pay

for the cattle already coming. A quick decision had to be made. I gambled on the only honorable thing and wired back: 'Partial payments have been made. Cattle are being received. Your wire too late. I hold your valid, written contract. Cattle will be shipped and you will receive and pay for them or stand suit.' It was a bold gamble. They paid."

The cattle business prospered for the first few years and the profits were invested in ever bigger herds. Finally they arrived in Fillmore with their largest herd. The previous winter had been ideal and the cattle had made a splendid growth and wintered well, adding to the profits. The partners discussed running the risk of another winter with this really large herd. Father said he favored selling and Grandfather was deeply concerned about the risk. A record-breaking cold winter came early and lasted late and killed all but a remnant of their cattle. For the second time the cattle business ended disappointingly, first through the betrayal of a trusted friend and then from gambling with the vagaries of the weather.

Our early pioneers followed President Young's advice "to not forsake their farms for the uncertain lure of mining." When the food supply was fully assured, the attitude changed. The non-Mormons had already made rich mineral discoveries and locations. Salt Lake was fast becoming the center of a great and vast mineral empire. Bingham, Park City, Tintic, American Fork canyon, Frisco, and Pioche were soon famous for their fabulous mineral production.

Father, by temperament and daring, was made to order for this type of adventure. He had seen some of the mining centers in his work as assessor. Their lure as a means to quick wealth lingered. There was little ready cash in circulation. The mines were soon the best cash markets for the farmers' produce and for those hunting employment. Many of the stores accepted livestock and produce in exchange for their goods and then sold these in the humming mining camps. Frisco, with its Big Horn Silver Mine, became an attractive Mecca for these sales. The co-op store owners (both grandparents, Father, and others) built a store in Frisco which was sold to Father after unfavorable operation by others.

In 1881, Grandfather Holbrook moved Mother and we three oldest children to Frisco in his covered wagon--a 75 mile trip requiring two days. Fillmore was a Garden of Eden in comparison to what we found in Frisco. The only water came from deep wells on pump and was far too brackish for culinary use. All drinkable water was brought in, peddled, and sold by the gallon by Frank Morehouse. Our milk came from mixing water with Eagle Brand condensed milk. Later, Father bought a fine cow. Feed for it and for "Old George" (now the transformed delivery horse but formerly Father's gray saddle horse) was brought from Minersville or Beaver, 35 and 45 miles distant, and exchanged for store goods.

Frisco was strictly a one-street town. Most of the buildings lined and faced this street from both sides. Our home and each of the stores Father had operated were on its eastern extension. The Big Horn Silver Mine, at the base of the Frisco mountain, was less than a mile west. It was a typical wild-west mining town with its feared gunman and all that characterized those early frontier mining towns. There were more men than women, more

saloons, gambling and other questionable resorts than there were legitimate businesses. The mining company owned the only other store, which was housed in a large stone structure. It controlled all the payrolls and tried to channel all trade of their employees through their store, so competition was tough. Those attempting to meet it had failed. There were no churches, and part of the time no school and but few children. For a brief time there was a denominational Sunday school which gave we older children pretty cards for attendance. We were the only active Mormon family living there. We had one of the better homes and also hired help for Mother while there.

To get a foothold, Father contacted the sheepmen, ranchers, and prospectors for miles around. Soon many of these and a number from the nearest towns came with their wagons and hauled sizable purchases back. The square dealing and sound character of our parents soon gained for them the patronage of some of the mine employees and the store did very well.

Our uncle Alonzo A. Hinckley (later an Apostle) and George Hansen (son of the sick man and later a U. S. Consul), both adolescent young men, were splendid help in the store. While we older children were attending school in Fillmore, our Uncle Bryant S. Hinckley was teaching in Frisco. Mother's oldest brother Ira Noble Hinckley, after returning from a New Zealand mission and just prior to his marriage, worked in the slag dumps Father had leased. Father did very well in these leasing operations besides furnishing profitable employment. It was there as a mere youngster that I got my first introduction to a phase of mining.

On a day off, I and the son of another worker, Orwin by name, while rummaging around in the abandoned smelter building had a serious, and what could have been a fatal, experience. We were very thirsty and discovered a large glass casket nearly filled with a sparkling, clear fluid we thought to be water. While I was hunting a receptacle in which to get some, Orwin took off the lid and tipped the casket, instantly screaming for help. In righting it some splattered on his shirt and wrist and a large drop got on my cheek. It was nitric acid. We ran some distance to a well pump and tried to stop the burning by washing it away. It had little effect. We soon knew we were in real trouble and could not conceal our folly, so we dashed for our homes. By this time, Orwin's shirt sleeve had fallen off all the way to his elbow and a sizable part of the arm was blistered. The spot on my cheek had grown considerably and was heading for my eye. Our washing had stabilized the smaller spots. The parents were as frightened as we. There were no doctors. Every suggested remedy was tried and finally halted the progress before my eye was affected. No scar remains. Our parents were angrier that such a death trap should be left in an abandoned building than they were with our folly.

While operating the Frisco store, Father and an eastern man became owners of one of the finest sheep ranches in our land. It was called White Rock and was about 65 miles west of Frisco straddling the Utah-Nevada line. Some springs of running water and the home camp were near the white rocks from which it was named. The mountain part was ideal summer range and the long north-south valley just a few miles east and below was good winter range. Distance from markets and the presence of predatory animals were the only drawbacks. I shall always remember my one and only trip there with

father. We took provisions out and brought some sacks of wool back. With team and wagon the trip took two days each way.

Before going to sleep in our bed in the wagon the night of our return, Father said: "I have grained the horses but did not hobble them. When free they graze better. Sometimes when through feeding and rested, horses will light out for home. I will get up early in the morning and again grain them. If they are gone I may follow them all the way back to Frisco and, in that event, be gone two days. If that happens, there is plenty of food and water in the lunch box. Stay close to the wagon and don't worry."

After the admonition he was soon sound asleep, while I spent my first-remembered sleepless night listening to the chilling wails of the marauding coyotes. I was a small boy but felt sure I could walk all the way to Frisco with Father better than I could stay there miles from anybody and perhaps fight off the hungry coyotes. Fortunately the horses were at the camp next morning and I slept compensatingly all that day.

Later owners of White Rock became wealthy while operating it.

Frisco's gunman came to Utah with soldiers stationed near Beaver and married a lovely young Mormon girl. After giving birth to three or four boys she died while still very young. The boys became fine men. The father sometimes drowned his sorrow in drinking and then was a town terror.

To our parents, Frisco was a means or quick stepping stone to a permanent home in a locality ideal for rearing their children. They worked side by side strenuously and successfully in attaining the goal. Ora Lavern was born in Provo and Emmett Gordon in Frisco while it was our home. Clara had the first serious ill spell in the family while there. During this residence, Father invested \$3,000 in some prospects and loaned a brother-in-law \$7,500 (or \$10,000) to install machinery on his prospect. These were total losses. They saved \$35,000 to \$40,000 however. We children had reached an age when they felt a move should be made, so they sold the store and what they had in Frisco to Reuben Dodson.

We were all soon back in our first home in Fillmore. Father quickly added the much larger and up-to-date addition. In the strenuous packing and moving to Fillmore, Mother's health had been impaired. We were in Provo for some weeks while Dr. Pike treated her. Upon recovery we again went back to Fillmore.

It was during this illness that I received my only remembered, but fully deserved, sound thrashing from Mother. She had been trying unsuccessfully to get me to help with some of the heavier jobs. She finally said: "Fay, I am not well enough to do some of these heavier things alone and you are the only one strong enough to help me. You must help me or I'll have to whip you." In answer I said, "You'll have to catch me first," and started to run. For the instant the sickness was forgotten. The speed with which she caught me was surprising, and the force of the thrashing more impressive. Then very quietly she said, "You are the only one I have that could help with these heavy jobs. If that is all you think of your mother you can go and play while I try to do the things that should be done." She was very pale; I was crushed.

Slowly I walked to our barn and cried for a long time, not from the whipping but from deep down remorse for ingratitude to a mother, now ill, who never hesitated under any condition and knew no limits in caring for me. This whipping was an unadulterated blessing for me.

We were close now to all our near relatives and quite contented, but Father felt the business opportunities were not too promising. While investigating possibilities further north, George A. Snow, Father, and a few others incorporated the Consolidated Wagon and Implement Company. From its inception the business grew and prospered. Father took me with him to open a branch in Logan. Whether it was for company or to make it easier for mother I never quite knew. That year I attended the B. Y. College in Logan. We lived in the small Brown Hotel across the road south from the stake tabernacle. The first A. C. U. building was then under construction. While there, Father and I heard Joseph Smith, Jr., then head of the Reorganized Church, preach two sermons in the tabernacle. We often visited the homes of Apostle Moses Thatcher and a few other prominent Logan families. Father spent long hours in firmly establishing their Logan branch and with gratifying results.

One day a message came stating baby Lucille was seriously ill. We at once boarded a train for Juab, hired a team there, and spent the entire rainy night driving the fifty miles to Fillmore. We were soaking wet most of the night. Lucille was some better and continued to improve. Father was anxious for me to be back in school and to have the hired team returned to Juab. The following morning he handed me the lines to start back alone, saying all I needed to do was to follow Lyman Robison's buggy. (He was a salesman for Z. C. M. I. returning to Scipio.) All went well until I started down the Scipio divide. The heavy rains the night we came had cut a number of new gullies across the unsurfaced road. I tried to keep up with Robison who went down at a fast clip. Every time I would hit one of these new washes, I would be bounced from the seat over on the dashboard. Finally, I popped it off but succeeded in hanging on to the lines.

I was a happy, rather large and heavy, 11-year-old boy when I reached Juab in ample time to board the caboose of the northbound freight train. Father had given me what he thought would be enough money to pay my fare back to Logan, but had not reckoned on the accident. Mr. Taylor refused to take chances on catching father when he returned and demanded the money for the broken dashboard. That left me with enough money to get as far as Salt Lake City and about thirty cents. With the thirty cents I bought a large can of salmon and some soda crackers and ate both. I had foregone some meals but this was a big measure for a boy my age. My appetite was nill the next day. About 9 p. m. that night, after wandering for some time, I finally located the home of my Noble grandparents and Aunt Em Davis in Salt Lake City. They laughed at my experience, entertained me overnight, gave me a good breakfast (now that my appetite had returned), and sufficient money to get back to Logan without further trouble.

Early in Father's business life, he made a trip to Provo and paid \$800 for a small business lot in the very heart and center of the business section. He rented it as a barber shop until rent receipts had more than paid the original cost and then sold it for \$8,000. He sold too soon. Had he held it until later years it would have brought more than double what he got.

LIFE IN PROVO

After its successful establishment, Father resigned from the implement business to be in business for himself and to again have his family in a permanent home. Provo was selected as the place, probably because of the B. Y. Academy and Karl G. Maeser as its head. In a trip of inspection, Father bought a large home and lot from John Deal on University Avenue just across the road east from the Hotel Roberts.

In the summer of 1889, Elmer, Mother's youngest brother, moved our family to Provo with a team and wagon belonging to Grandfather Hinckley. We were soon located in the largest and best home we had known. In 1898 or 1899, Father moved the home further east and remodeled it into a duplex facing south. Just north of the home he built a very attractive brick barn, more expensive and better than some homes. The Grecian style architecture of the home made it at once among the most attractive in Provo. Later when the family moved to Salt Lake City, it was sold to Dr. Fred Taylor, our neighbor, for a little more than one-third its actual cost. It was converted into a medical clinic and occupied by a number of doctors. The west portion of the lot became very valuable and is now covered with expensive business buildings.

Quickly after coming to Provo, Father leased both the Roberts and Cosmopolitan Hotels. Both had been taken over by the Provo Commercial Bank owing to defaulted payments on borrowed money but the mortgages had not been foreclosed. The population of Provo was not more than 5,000. It soon became evident that one properly managed hotel was all Provo would support and the Roberts was chosen. Both parents cooperated to their utmost in its operation and it quickly gained a splendid reputation. The family ate their meals at the hotel but slept in the home. The hotel was successful right from the beginning. We had the opportunity of meeting people from most of the states and some from Europe.

Hotels of necessity entertain people from all strata of society. Our parents did all in their power to maintain the Roberts' reputation on a high moral level. Mother spent most of her time with Father in the operation and the older daughters took over the major care of the home. (At best, hotels are not ideal places in which to rear families.) With the consent of the bank, Father built a large addition on the west. The bank offered to foreclose the mortgage and sell the hotel to Father. Not wishing the original owners to lose it, he declined the offer; he was anxious to operate it until the mortgage was sufficiently liquidated so that the owners could again possess it. That is what happened. The Roberts family again operated it and through life they were splendid friends.

While I lived with my grandparents and attended the Millard Academy, the first deaths occurred in our family. A very fatal epidemic hit Provo. For a time there were as many as seven or eight deaths a day. Ava Lucille, about two, contracted it first and died January 4, 1891. Ten days later Emmett Gordon, the only other boy at that time, died. Observing tears in Mother's eyes he said, "Mama, don't cry. I'm not going to die like little Lucille." Five minutes later he was gone. Neither seemed seriously ill until

moments before death. Fear of the epidemic kept me in Fillmore. The courageous attitude of our parents in meeting this heavy calamity was faith promoting to all of us. November 28 of the same year Florence Irene was born, weighing less than three pounds. There were no baby incubators, but after strenuously following the advice of Dr. Heber John Richards she finally grew and at maturity is above average height with a very good figure.

Five years later Lillian Minerva was born. In the first three weeks she contracted whooping cough and died June 8, 1896. Ruth, the last of the daughters, was born in Provo March 22, 1899. Paul Lincoln, the third boy and the tenth and last child, was born in Provo May 24, 1902, on the same date as former Queen Victoria, when Mother was in her 47th year.

There were no other deaths among their children until Lincoln's on August 13, 1960--a span of more than sixty-four years.

When returns from the hotel made it safe, Father, Colonel Ed Loose, Senator Reed Smoot, George Q. Cannon, and a few others organized the Grand Central Mining Company, a Tintic, Utah, property. They assessed themselves to do the development work and spent \$125,000 before finding any ore. Then they struck a tremendous ore body, and the company went on to pay about one and a half million dollars in dividends during their ownership. Father was the second largest owner and may have raised the most money of any individual in its development. Most of the time Father was president and for a short time he was also the manager. It became involved with the adjoining Mammoth Company in one of the famous mining law suits lasting over a period of more than ten years. In the many trials and retrials the Grand Central won each decision and final damages which, however, paid little more than the cost of the litigation. Father sat in as representative of the company in all of these trials.

The same men, plus a few others, formed the adjoining Victoria Mining Company which also turned out to be a top dividend payer. With the dividends from these and a few other investments, Father (reaching the acme of his financial career) may have had a book value at that time of \$400,000, which then would buy more than a million and a half at present times (1960).

Father, with Fletcher Mount and Allen G. Campbell, became the owners of the IbeX Gold Mining Company in the Drum or Detroit Mining District, Millard County. It was later leased with an option to buy to an Eastern company. They shipped considerable ore but later defaulted. The owners then operated it several months and I, as a teenager, worked in it. Several shipments were made and the ore was good grade, but the distance from water and railroads and all hand work made it unprofitable. All hauls to the railroad were made by teams and wagons. Later the Knight interests, with Senator Smoot and Colonel Loose, bought the control and with it other surrounding properties, all of which were later patented, increasing the company to one of forty-two patented claims. Some royalties have been received from successful leasors, but otherwise it has remained mostly dormant. Most of Father's stock was sold to this new company. I gave him \$1200 for 4000 shares and on the open market have bought several thousand more. I still consider it a very attractive property for diamond drilling.

Father had an almost identical experience in the Nevada or Silver Park situated near the Nevada line in Millard County. The Knights obtained the control of this property and have since been paying the taxes. What stock Father had in the Ibex and the Nevada Park was divided equally among the heirs of our parents at their death. (I own about one-tenth of the stock of the Nevada Park and about 20,000 shares of the Ibex. L. H. H.)

During this time of growing interest in mining, the Knights and others opened up large mines over a vast section of western United States and the biggest mining boom in my memory resulted. Father may have saved me from losing my home and all in one of these hysterical booms. I had arranged to mortgage our new clinker brick home and in addition borrow all the money I could and put it all in one of these "sure things" that would forever end our financial hazards. Fortunately, at the last minute I consulted Father, explaining the merits of the proposition. He said, "Fay, I too have heard all about this property and it does have about all the earmarks of a good thing. However, if I were you, with your large and oncoming family, I would not put more than I could afford to lose in these seemingly 'sure' things, and never mortgage your home where there is even a vestige of hazard." I accepted his judgment and I never did mortgage our home. Occasionally debts may be fully justified. While I stayed out, Father took a flyer in this same proposition but it never blossomed. The tremendous ore vein came within a few feet of the property we expected it to enter where a fault formation cut it off, and to date it has never been picked up.

During this mining fever, ten Utah men--five from the Knights, a Provo lawyer, two Salt Lake mining brokers, Father, and I--for \$50,000 in cash, purchased from L. A. Friedman a one-half interest in the Seven Troughs Gold Mining Company situated 35 miles northwest of Lovelock, Nevada. Mr. Friedman, when he came to Utah, brought with him some of the greatest gold specimens any of us had seen.

We were given a 60-day option in which to develop the property before making the payment. I went to the property representing the Utah interests. On arriving, I found a shallow hole not more than four feet deep with a well-defined vein about 18 inches wide between walls of porphyry. In it, at intervals, were unbelievably rich samples. Within the sixty days we sank a shaft to the 55-foot level. The vein was still there with little variation in size and the tremendously rich specimens sporadically persisting.

J. Will Knight came out to the property to make final inspection before rendering our decision. When he and I walked from our bunk house to the property the following morning, none of the miners had showed up for work because of a heavy snow. With a hand windlass I lowered Will to the bottom in an ore bucket. With a pick he was soon working like a mad man. We had been following a layer of talc as the footwall to the vein. The heavier blasts of the preceding work shift had blown away this talc and exposed another quartz vein two or three inches thick. Will picked off and put in an ore sack about 25 lbs. of ore mostly from this new vein. When I pulled him to the surface and we exposed the contents of the sack to the light, we were amazed. It had broken in rather small pieces and most of the pieces by weight were nearly half gold. The whole affair was bewildering. It was not salted nor fixed to trap us, but was unmistakably genuine. It was not a secondary

deposit as is often the case in rich specimens. The gold was integrated with the quartz and deposited at the same time indicating permanency. Together Will and I returned to Provo.

When Will emptied the contents of the sack on the table around which the stockholders were assembled, checks were immediately written for \$50,000 to pay for our half interest and \$50,000 more was subscribed at \$1 per share for development work. Few mining ventures have ever been launched with more enthusiastic and promising a future. It may have been one of the factors in producing the unwarranted mining boom referred to. The two brokers were the main benefactors, working it for all it was worth on the Salt Lake Mining Exchange. These unbelievable samples continued to occur at intervals, at least as far as the 600-level where I last visited it. The vein, apart from the samples, would only average \$7 or \$8 per ton not then profitable to market, while assays of the rich samples went more than \$300,000 per ton on the old price of gold. Many of the samples were half gold by weight and some were made into jewelry. I have two cuff buttons Father had made from some samples. Reportedly, L. A. Friedman received \$3000 from one solid rock. I personally retrieved about 40 pounds that was thrown over the dump with the waste in which I feel certain there must have been at least \$3,000 in gold. I gave it to Mr. Friedman, the biggest and controlling owner. The miners who worked in it stole much of this rich ore. While we were in, no shipment was ever made.

The Knights, Father, and I, while still believing it would be okay, were alarmed at the way the brokers and Friedman were using it while selling their stock when we knew its worth had never really been established. Only 300 shares of my stock were ever sold for more than \$1 per share and but very little of Father's. Father and I eventually sold most of our stock personally to Mr. Friedman for a very modest profit. He may also have acquired much of the Knight stock on about the same basis.

This same group, plus a few local Nevada men, purchased for \$80,000 the Kindergarten, a mile further north and supposedly on the northern extension of the same vein. It also had some very rich samples but not comparable with those found in the first property; however, the vein itself was far more consistent. The one small carload shipped from it while we were owners netted \$8,000. Father and I sold this new stock to Friedman for a small gain. He and others built a mill and operated both properties successfully according to his report.

We never really knew the actual facts after selling our interests. Father considered both to be good properties and gave John Cleghorn \$20,000 in cash for control of the Seven Troughs Consolidated. In addition he spent a sizable sum in securing patents for this property. He had me take charge of the essential development work required before a patent could be issued. This property joined the Seven Troughs on one end and the Kindergarten on the other. There was a plainly indicated surface vein extending throughout these properties. Some rich samples were taken from this property, but neither we nor the lessors found any commercial ore in shipping quantities.

There was nothing stagnant in Father's nature, he just had to be doing things. His life reveals a diversity of activities in which all his capital (in

excess of minimum family needs) and borrowed money were working overtime. His courage and ability to accept the "downs" as well as the "ups" always amazed me. Through it all no shadow or stains clouded his credit rating or marred his good name.

During this period of heated mining activity, Father became interested, with some Spanish Fork men, in the Inyo Gold Mining Company situated in the treacherous Death Valley district in California. At the time, he was past the meridian of life. A brief trip of inspection was made. Leaving the railroad a short distance beyond Goldfield, they hired burros and packed bedding, food, and water on them and walked through the scorching heat to the property. He liked what he saw but very little development work had been done. Owing to the hazards of the trip he saw it but once after this, and still very little development work had been done. Father was soon made president of the company. In paying for patents and development work he had \$40,000 invested in it, very likely more in cash than all the others combined. For many years he paid the taxes with very little assistance from others, and never accepted a penny for his services as president or in any other capacity. The same was true in the case of the Seven Troughs Consolidated Company he bought from Cleghorn.

On one of my visits from Provo to the parental home, Father came into the room where Mother and I were with his stocks in both of these companies in his hands and said, "Fay, I am giving you all my stocks in these two companies. I am getting little help from others in paying the taxes, and am at an age when the worry and burden should be relinquished. They are all endorsed and are yours. Take them and do what you wish with them. I never want to see or bother with them again."

Appreciatively I accepted and added that I would try to pay the taxes and relieve the worry. Aside I told Mother, "The gift really does not make me feel any richer." With my own large family I was apprehensive of my own ability to pay the taxes and protect the property. It was so difficult and embarrassing to solicit help from the other stockholders, and when I did the result was so small I soon abandoned that method and paid them personally.

A few years later I sold each of these properties. I had purchased considerable stock in each and in adding my stock to that given me by Father I had the control or, in other words, more than half of the issued stock. While searching for some mining properties to exploit, the buyers, unknown to me, examined the Inyo and liked it. They went to Inyo County seat. The records showed that I was paying the taxes, that the property was patented, the title clear, and all taxes paid to date. The main party immediately wrote and asked me if it was for sale and if so to please state the terms.

At that time the mining boom had been largely deflated. Even though I had never seen the Inyo I sincerely thought it to be a good prospect. None of us were in a position to develop either of these properties. Because of my uncertain ability to pay the taxes indefinitely, we could lose both properties for taxes. Inquiries had reached me in the past and been answered, but nothing had materialized. This time I concluded to make a bedrock offer and with the offer demanded a \$1,000 down payment, enclosing a purchase option and contract to that effect. I told them in the letter the price was final and

but a small fraction of the cost to the owner, that the small price resulted from our inability to develop the property. In Father's case at least, the price would represent not more than ten cents on the dollar he had put into it.

Much to my surprise the signed option with the initial payment came promptly, and the option contract was placed in escrow in the Knight bank. The same party also purchased the Seven Troughs Consolidated in Nevada. Four years and a number of trips to California were involved in selling. I insisted the purchasers examine the Nevada property before we made the deal. They claimed they did and bought it on that basis.

It was more than a year after the option of the Inyo that I met the purchasers and discovered they were not as I had been led to believe or as they had represented themselves. They used both properties as a basis in organizing new companies and were selling stock at an out-of-reason price before actually acquiring title to either. This had been going on for some time unknown to me. There was never the least violation of law or code of honor or ethics on our end nor the slightest misrepresentation. Just how the original purchasers at that end escaped the law and being hailed into court, with me as a possible witness, may never be known. Should any questions ever arise, the records are in my files. There were a few stockholders in each that we were never able to find even after advertising in the papers and doing all the law required. Just a few years ago the Inyo was completely liquidated according to Utah laws, relieving me of all further responsibility. My latest advice is that Nevada had no similar law. This history of these sales, if well written, contain material that would be as exciting reading as the tales of the Arabian Nights.

Father made very profitable investments in the Colorado and other Tintic mining properties. The Good Springs and Big Indian, in which he had approximately \$10,000 invested, were total losses. Paradoxically, the Big Indian is near the center of the late uranium and oil excitement.

He also lost money in the Poker Brown prospect in Nevada, about 15 miles distance from the Seven Troughs. He had been made the president of it without ever seeing it. Again I was in charge of some exploration work. I gave a contract to some young Spanish Fork men to run a tunnel. On one of the shifts the blasts to fire their drilled holes prematurely exploded in their faces. How they escaped death or serious injury remains a miracle and a mystery to me. It came about from an imperfect running fuse. The surface showing and the assays were both good in this prospect, but the values had completely disappeared at forty or fifty feet depth where the tunnel intersected the vein. I told Father this and he came out at once and personally paid all the debts amounting to \$3,000 and liquidated it. He demanded that he never again be made president before seeing a property. None of our stock had been sold.

Late in life Father spent a few thousand dollars with a Mr. Halverson on some East Tintic claims. I believe this was his last mining venture and from it there was no return.

The summer of 1905, Father and I made a prospecting trip as far as Tonapah, Nevada. On the way we stopped at Mr. Swallows' home, for whom Chandler Holbrook had paid the immigration from England to Fillmore. He had grown up in the home just like a brother, but had left to go on his own when a young man and now had a large family and a wonderful ranch near Ely. We also stopped at the Nevada Park which favorably impressed me.

From here we went to the property for which Father had loaned the relative the aforementioned money. The wife and children of the borrower were close and dear to our own folks. There once had been some sort of a home but nothing now remained to indicate it. The nearest neighbors were two old bachelors nine miles distant. All others were miles further away. There was no evidence of any machinery on the place. A shallow ten foot hole with a slight copper stain was all that indicated any mining interest. Father had been duped. There was no evidence there had ever been culinary water. The bachelor neighbors gave us a tragic report of the life of the family. Father gazed quietly at the hole and said, "Evidently my money was never used for what it was obtained. If it went to feed the mother and children who lived here I am fully repaid and have no regrets." The only thing we heard as we slept there that night was the howling of the starving coyotes.

We continued on as far as Tonapah and found a wild frontier mining town that had quickly mushroomed to a population of 5,000. Gambling casinos, stock exchanges, saloons, houses of ill fame and legitimate businesses all were apparently thriving. It was reported that in the gambling it was not uncommon for the losses to exceed \$100,000 in a single night. Both Tonapah and Goldfield had an astonishing rise, a rather short life, and a sudden demise. Both are now little more than ghost towns. Father and I had seen enough. We had no desire to see a repetition in Goldfield which had been our intended destination. I sold the team and wagon and prospecting outfit for more than they cost and we returned home on the train. The gala day for the prospector was about over. It has long since become the province of the trained mining engineer and the individual or company with large capital.

Father took some flyers in the oil stocks. The losses were not serious. The mining is given in detail because it was his greatest business success, and may have fascinated him most.

His business acumen, along with his integrity, were quickly recognized after coming to Provo. He was elected and served two terms as Mayor. In the first term he turned his salary to maintain the few city street lights in Provo and during the second term, mainly through his efforts, the city water was extended to the Provo cemetery. He personally contacted the would-be users of the water along the way to the cemetery and found many glad to pay in advance so that the extension would not be an added burden to the city. He worked in the trenches with the men in this project. He told me he had never accepted a penny for civic or church services since his marriage. With the beautified cemetery, he applied for perpetual upkeep for his burial lot.

During one of the re-occurring land booms, Provo became ambitious to have a streetcar system. This was long before the advent of autos. Always strong for civic betterment, Father subscribed for a small amount of stock, but at the time did not feel Provo was ripe for this innovation. Much to his

surprise he was made president of the company. A small line from the depot north to center street, and from there west to the Utah Lake resort, was constructed. For a time the people were jubilant and rode the line out of curiosity and excitement. This was short-lived, and the system was in financial difficulty. The usual method of financing railroads was adopted. Bonds were floated, and, as president, Father became the first signer. An experienced man was selected to sell the bonds in New York. He sold them, but neither he nor the money they brought ever returned to Provo. The gloom now was intense. All signers were liable for the original debt plus the bonds. All struggled for a time to meet the obligation. Only Father and one other man survived until final settlement was made; most of the signers had to drop out early. It was a real test and once again proved the mettle of our father Lafayette Holbrook.

During his prosperous days, some boyhood friends came and borrowed \$7,000 from the bank with Father and another friend endorsing the note. It was purportedly to buy sheep, but the money was never used for this purpose, as explained to the signers. The fraud was evidently with an unknown third party. The other signer, when he got the report, at once had all his property put in the name of his wife which, at the time, I believe exempted it from attachment. Father also got the report. He refused to take that course. On the advice of his lawyer the matter went to court, resulting in several trials and costing Father about \$4,000, but in each trial he won. Wishing to save me from like disasters he gave the following advice, which I pass on to my posterity:

"In endorsing notes you may be forced to pay their face value plus interest and cost as a signer, with no possibility of protection or gain, as you hold no security. The forced collection could come when you are not prepared to meet it, and consequently could ruin you. If the borrower is someone you really wish to help, and you are able to, you make the loan and hold the security even if you have to borrow to do it. If you are not in a financial position to do this, then you have no right to assume the responsibility for others doing it by signing." Early in married life this advice saved me several hundred dollars.

It was in the 1890's, before the tremendous potential of electricity began to be comprehended. No economical way had been found for distance transmission. L. L. and P. N. Nunn, two brothers, were making some successful experiments at their small plant at Telluride, Colorado. Senator Reed Smoot and L. Holbrook were largely responsible for these brothers investigating the hydro-electric potentials in Provo and Logan canyons. The rate of fall as the water gushed from the high mountains in so short a distance to the cities below at once convinced them these were excellent sites for economically sound ventures. The Nunns, Senator Smoot, and Father were the principal factors and officers in launching successful operations in these two cities. Father aided in the financing and worked unceasingly for their success. Soon many others joined. These early installations formed the nucleus of the present Utah Power and Light Company. With its formation, Father sold his stock for \$40,000. This venture had been pleasant and profitable to the incorporators and of lasting benefit to our state.

In building the highline for the Provo installation, when it came to a tunnel the workmen struck for higher pay. Father was the go-between for the workmen and the company. He presented their grievance to the company and their request for higher pay, but after deliberation the company turned it down. This created a great deal of unfavorable comment in which Father was the "goat," often in my presence. I had just returned from a mission. The bitterness towards Father was hard to take, so I went to him and he answered as follows: "As my son you are entitled to all the facts. I'm keenly aware of being the object of all their bitterness. There are two sides in misunderstandings. In this case there is much to support both sides. I thought it should have been granted and voted for it. As a matter of loyalty and justice to my associates, who are sincere and honest men, I cannot reveal how each voted. If you ever do important and especially public things you will have to endure criticism, much of which may be unjust and unfounded. If you are to succeed, valuable time could be wasted in attempting to make full explanation." The reader should understand the transmission of electricity was still an experiment and not an assured success.

Statehood for Utah may have been long delayed because of the bitter rivalry between the People's Party and the Liberal Party or, in other words, the Mormon and non-Mormon parties. For years Father felt an alignment with the national parties would be best for all, but had always been loyal to the church and its political party. When statehood came he was already a dyed-in-the-wool Republican and took an active part financially and otherwise in supporting his party.

The year the silver-tongued orator William Jennings Bryan made his first run for the Democratic presidency, Father was nominated as Utah's then only representative to Congress on the Republican ticket. When in Provo, Bryan stayed at our hotel and we all admired him very much. His "free coinage of silver" platform, which won for him the nomination embodied the one thing Utahns, including Father, because of their mining interests, wanted. From the beginning, Father knew he had no chance of winning but felt honored in the nomination. William H. King, the Democratic nominee for Congress, won and went on later to be senator. He grew up across the road from Father in Fillmore and his sister had married Ira Noble Hinckley, Mother's brother.



CHURCH, SOCIAL, AND BUSINESS ACTIVITIES

The Knights, Holbrooks, John Twelve families, and a few others were the original incorporators of the Spring Dell Summer Home resort. It is a choice location, eight miles from Provo and two miles from the west entrance into the wonderful and majestic Provo Canyon. In it Father built a swell clinker brick home and, in addition, a smaller one superimposed on the garage, first used as quarters for horse and buggy. The soothing cool summer breezes, the clear and sparkling Provo River that meanders through the canyon then abounding with trout and herring, and the unmatched scenery at once made this a popular resort. Many enjoyable summers entertaining family members and friends were spent at Spring Dell. All we children and the older grandchildren retain happy and grateful memories for the days there. After moving to the city, when our parents were content with less moving and change, they sold their summer home.

With their keen interest, perception, and appreciation of real values, our parents kept well abreast of the advancing educational tide. Their lives were dedicated to providing every educational opportunity within their power for their children. Father once said to me, meaning every word of it, "Fay, if you will choose a worthy profession, determine to succeed, I will gladly see you through the best university in our land, even if forced to sell my coat in doing it." (For his sake in particular, I regret not having done more. L. H. H.) For his means, he gave liberally in supporting higher education. At one time he gave \$5,000 to the "Y" and substantial amounts on other occasions. Very late in life, with much more limited finance, he gave \$1,000 to the University of Utah which had been his alma mater when known as the Deseret University. (As a result of these gifts, he was given two "Y" scholarships which for a time helped to pay the tuition for our older children while attending the "Y".)

Father became a member of the "Y" local board soon after Sina's father George H. Brimhall was made president, and served until a board composed of Church General Authorities took over. Franklin S. Harris, the succeeding president, said Father served for 38 years. Speaking at Father's funeral, the President read the following, "During his entire life he gave freely of his time and means. Near the top of practically all donors is found the name of Lafayette Holbrook who, not only contributed generously, but induced his fellows to follow his example." (May I add, to the present time--1960--the Jesse Knight family are by far the largest individual contributors. Their gifts are said to have amounted to more than \$1,000,000. At a time when this family's circumstances were much less affluent and even strained, I heard some members of its family remark, "The money given to the "Y" is the best investment Father and our family ever made. It will go on and on, helping later generations to higher and fuller living." I am sure this same feeling was shared by Father and his family. L. H. H.) The various meetings and functions of the "Y" were looked forward to and rate among the happiest social contacts of our parents. They were always accorded every courtesy and consideration. | B

Both parents gave life-long devoted service to our L. D. S. Church and were always desirous that we children do likewise. They gladly financed our

missions--mine to New Zealand, Clara's to England, and Ruth's to the Eastern States. While on her mission, Clara attended The International Council for Women in Warwick Castle, and with others enjoyed hearing and shaking hands with Queen Victoria. At the end of my mission, Father made possible a six months tour of parts of Australia, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, Europe, the British Isles, Eastern Canada, and the United States, and the completion of a globe-circling trip. My trip began with the Presidents of two missions. Later Angie, Ora, and Florence were privileged to tour parts of Europe, the British Isles, and the United States.

Three family marriages were consummated while the family home was in Provo. Sina and I were married May 15, 1901; Clarence and Clara December 16, 1903; Bines and Ora May 6, 1909. After the move to the city, Alma and Angie were married October 26, 1915; Czerny and Florence September 7, 1914. Later she married Dr. A. N. Hanson. Lowell and Ruth were married June 9, 1926; Lincoln and Alice 1925. Later Lincoln married Sarah Virginia Bryson and they have since had a temple marriage and their children sealed to them. All but two of the first marriages were temple marriages.

Service in Official Church Capacities

June 13, 1901, L. Holbrook was set apart as second counselor to President David John with Joseph B. Keeler as first counselor in the Utah Stake when it included all of Utah County. During this service, Father took an active part in remodeling and redecorating the Utah Stake Tabernacle. He got a real thrill in trips to the wards and branches in a buggy hitched to his fine speedy mare "Nell." Other stake or family members joined in these rides. Our parents on many occasions entertained the visiting authorities, often accompanied by their wives, and felt the example and influence of these fine people was extremely helpful.

Father would hardly be rated a magnetic speaker but certainly was a wise and able counselor. This was demonstrated in acquiring a long needed tabernacle organ. A very good one had been offered for \$10,000 which represented a worthwhile discount. Father felt they should buy it and suggested the quickest and best way to get it would be to solicit those best able to contribute and volunteered to do the soliciting. He made a list with the suggested amounts opposite their names of those he felt best able and most likely to contribute. As habitually happened, Brother Jesse Knight's name headed the list and for the largest amount of \$1,000. Father's followed, then Senator Reed Smoot, Ed Loose, a non-Mormon, and a few others. Brother Knight and some others gave checks for their full allotments. Some fell below. Rather than re-solicit, Father made up the difference. His was second largest and near \$1,000. The money was speedily raised and the organ installed. With its installment the stake choir, under the direction of J. R. Boshard, gave many fine concerts enjoyed alike by Mormons and non-Mormons. The tabernacle, in addition to housing religious services, was also used for civic functions and community concerts. The new organ awakened new interest and contributed in advancing Provo's cultural life.

When President John retired because of age, J. B. Keeler became president, L. Holbrook first counselor, and J. Will Knight second counselor

in the stake. These Church affiliations and experiences were fruitful and happy ones. Father once told me, "it had given him an opportunity to more intimately know J. Will Knight, and that he came as near personifying what a true Christian should be as anyone he had ever known." October 29, 1911, Father was honorably released because of serious progressive deafness and preparatory to establishing his home in the city. This terminated his public service in any official capacity. He continued as an active High Priest in the South 18th Ward, Salt Lake City, and was a regular attendant till age and extreme deafness intervened.

He never relaxed his financial support to the Church and worthy projects. He kept neat and systematic records of all his affairs. They reveal aids to family, relatives, Church, education, civic benefits, and all types of charities were generously substantial. Check stubs reveal checks were handed the Bishop each month for \$50 for tithing and the Church programs. This was at a time when his income had been greatly reduced. He believed in striving for and enjoying the best, if accepted modestly, and within consistent limits. He was critical of attempts to live beyond ones means and referred to it as "trying to satisfy a champagne appetite with a beer income" or "trying to keep up with the Joneses."

Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook, our mother, was serving in the Utah Stake Relief Society about the same time Father was in the Stake Presidency. My wife, Alsina B. Holbrook, copied the following, "July 15, 1904, Emily A. Holbrook, and Delilah Booth, were sustained as Utah Stake Relief Society missionaries and set apart by President David John. In a meeting called by the Stake Presidency to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Mary John, Martha A. Keeler was set apart and sustained as Relief Society Stake President, with Emily A. Holbrook, as first and Inez Knight Allen, as second counselors." It also recorded that Mother was very active in visiting the wards, aiding in some new innovations, and had represented her stake as one of the speakers in one of the General Conferences. She always gave her best in church services and formed many deep and lasting attachments. Because of the move to Salt Lake she was honorably released October, 1911.

Soon after coming to the city, she was made first counselor in the Ensign Stake Relief Society with Catherine R. Stewart as second and Cecilia Barker as secretary to President Elsie B. Alder. With these officers she was released November, 1925.

Two national catastrophies occurred during their incumbency--the First World War and the deadly flu epidemic, responsible for more than one million deaths in our nation and 22,000,000 in the world. All relief organizations were greatly overtaxed in these dilemmas. Public gatherings, including schools, were suspended during the crest of the flu. Few families escaped its ravages. Doctors Plumer, Gowans, and many others rendered yeoman service in alleviating the suffering.

On the brighter side of this era, women of the United States gained their franchise. Sina again gleaned from the Church recorded minutes, "In February, 1920, Sister Emily A. Holbrook gave an account of a national meeting celebrating the women's victory and counseled with each new blessing comes added responsibilities." Their Ensign Stake Board personally

furnished mirrors and glass tops for the tables for the girls' home at Brighton. While Mother was an official, classes in home economics and literature were added to the Relief Society curricula.

After the termination of her official services in the Relief Society and maturing of those unmarried in the home, Mother spent five years as a regular Salt Lake Temple worker and was never late for a single session. They were years full of joy and satisfaction and happy associations. It was always a thrill for her to meet the young brides who came to be married in the Temple, and very often she was assigned to be with them as they went through. She would leave for the Temple after breakfast and then return late in the afternoon. Father was now very deaf. Returning one day she found him lying on the sofa. Sitting up he said, "Jean, what am I to do when I am so deaf? I can never hear the phone or the doorbell ring when visitors come." Once again Mother felt she was needed most in the home. She explained the condition to President Smith and was honorably released.

More Business Adventures

During his prosperous mining years, friends from boyhood induced Father to buy a reservoir site and some farms in Snake Valley near the Nevada line. It was at that time 85 miles from the nearest railroad station and about as far from the nearest town. The storage site was excellent but the water to fill the reservoir entirely misrepresented. Most of the water came from a large spring 20 miles distant. The ranchers along the course of the stream became fearful of losing their rights through failure to make beneficial use of the water. The intent was to use the surplus stored water on much better virgin soil below than was being farmed up the stream. Father paid approximately \$35,000 for the reservoir site, one large splendid farm, and two not so good small ones. The good one had half interest in an independent stream below the dam.

He at once sold the two smaller farms but retained the larger one. Fortunately, the resistance of the old settlers was manifested before contracts were let. Land was very cheap in this remote locality. As I recall, there were about 240 acres of choice land in the retained farm with the essential buildings, fences, etc. Father's oldest brother Orson and his son Frank, who had married Senator King's sister and had three swell little boys, at different times operated the retained farm. Orson operated in connection with cattle purchased with money borrowed from Father. It was a losing venture for him. Frank operated on a crop share basis and did better.

Some years later when Orson's note amounted to about \$3,700, Father marked it paid in full and sent it to Orson on one of his anniversaries. He was much older than Father and having a struggle to meet it, while Father was comfortable and wished to end Orson's worry. Orson was in every way honorable and fully intended to pay. I saw him shortly before his death. He still wanted either Father or me to take enough of his Fillmore farm to pay the debt. Father refused to think of it.

Father and I made several trips to the Snake Valley farm in my model "T" Ford. On one of these trips, he offered to give me this fine farm if I wished to make our home there. In answer I said, "This is an excellent farm

ther, but in the wrong place. I could not feel right in bringing Sina out
re to rear our big little family if I were given the entire valley, but I do
preciate the generous offer." He smiled as though he enjoyed the answer
l said, "I don't blame you."

The ranch was sold to Tom Deardens and was made to order for them.
hard and prudent work, they added many more acres to it, bought out
st of the ranchers upstream giving them a lot of pasture, bought cattle,
i reportedly at one time were rated to be worth a million dollars.

The last time we went to Snake Valley was to dispose of some small
dings Father still had. Only a small part of the \$35,000 ever came back.
ere may have been some compensating value in the relaxation and diversion
the trips. In all the previous trips in my Ford, Father had never asked to
perate the wheel. On this last return trip he said, "Driving this thing looks
sy. When we come to a good place I would like to try it." We soon came
an alkali flat, devoid of vegetation and ideal for the attempt. Pulling onto
flat, I started the motor, moved over, and gave Father the wheel. We
de a lunge forward, turned and headed back toward Snake Valley followed
a few more zig zags and figure eights, and then again back toward Snake
lley. All had been very quiet, not a word spoken. Suddenly Father called
; "Take this damned thing! It doesn't seem to have the slightest idea
ere it wants to go." We were never in danger and the experiment carried
; in a wilderness all by ourselves. He never again asked to drive an auto
; reportedly in early life was daring and fearless in breaking outlaw horses.

humor
LM 5-22-30

Soon after coming to Salt Lake to live, Father, Senator King, and a few
er prominent businessmen incorporated "The Guardian Casualty and
urance Company." Successful in their various fields, none of the
orporators had intimate knowledge of the intricacies of the insurance
usiness but all believed they were investing in a sure-shot protection against
eir declining productive years. A glib and smooth talker from the East
d them on this venture. He became their manager at a salary of \$10,000
r year. Father took a \$50,000 cash bite in this to begin its launching. He
t so sure of it, later he invested all of Angie's savings in it amounting to a
v thousand dollars. (I am certain he intended guaranteeing her against
s. L. H. H.) He really felt this would prove the ultimate in security. The
mpany was well-financed and launched. Meetings were held regularly and
; manager's reports were always glowing, satisfying, and full of promise.
erations quickly took in other states.

Suddenly like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky, and without the
ghtest warning, a letter came from the California Insurance Commissioner,
ting their license to operate in California had been abrogated. A similar
ter was sent to the Utah Commissioner who enjoined them from doing
usiness until further check. The reason given--"the policies as written
re liabilities and not assets." The Utah Commissioner then came to
ther and stated, "If future policies were written as they should be, and
ditional money was raised to protect the deficit ones already written, their
arter to operate would again be given clear sailing. He said he had
proached the other stockholders and all were favorable and the amount of
oney to be raised already prorated. Father's share was \$7,500. He
mediately wrote a check for this allotment. Within the next day or so, and

no further word to Father, he threw the company into receivership. Others may not have responded but no part of Father's rescue check ever came back. This was the unkindest cut of all. The cash investment, including Angie's, was about \$60,000. The manner in which the last check was obtained was questionable.

Father nurtured the wish to make some lasting contribution to his native Millard County. He, with McCormick, at that time Utah's leading banker, and F. D. Kimball, branch bank manager for McCormick, united in an effort to revive the defunct Sevier River Land and Water Company. The bankers had money tied up with the original defaulted undertaking. Ira N. and Alonzo A. Hinckley, Father's brothers-in-law, were victims of the failure and left facing financial ruin. The intent of the company had been to store more water in the reservoir, strengthen and raise the height of the "U B" Dam, and water thousands more choice virgin acres in that section of Millard County.

The Hinckleys were given a large construction contract by the first incorporators, and in turn sublet smaller contracts. Considerable construction work had been done, but no payments received for doing it when the failure was announced. The Hinckleys, in addition to what they sub-contracted, retained a large section for their own teams and hired outfits. Receiving no money, they were unable to pay their men or their subcontractors.

Their plight and the wish he had long nourished for Millard County to come in to its own were responsible for his joining in the attempt to revive the project. Certainly he expected it to be a success and profitable, but I am sincere in believing that was not the major inducement. (May I inject my reactions. In Canada I had spent several years in a much better pioneer irrigation project and had a fair appreciation of some of the accompanying hazards and time involved, having helped some with the bookkeeping. I made three separate trips from Provo trying to persuade Father at his age not to get in it. I felt sure he was joining from sentimental urges rather than from a careful appraisal. My efforts were futile. The Hinckleys first brought it to Father's attention. They had visioned a much smaller and safer project. When it evolved into a much greater undertaking, their alarm was equal to mine. L. H. H.)

Son-in-law C. S. Jarvis, a highly rated college degreed civil engineer, made a hasty investigation of the water possibilities for Father but lacked the time he had wished for a more careful check. Reportedly, he cautioned Father about undertaking it because of his age, the time involved, and its size.

I arranged for others to run our successful dairy and joined Father when it became evident he was going ahead. He would have many times more invested than was represented in our dairy. My motives were not entirely altruistic. If wrong in estimate, I would be in a position to take advantage of its success; if correct, I would be where I could help protect or possibly help extricate him.

Mr. Kimball and Father jointly became the managers, Mr. Kimball's son Lleland, the Hinckley brothers, and I the salesmen, and C. S. Jarvis the managing engineer. Under Jarvis the dam was enlarged and greatly strengthened

by inserting a metal core. This was a real contribution to all users below the dam. The Hinckleys again became construction contractors with me an added partner.

I authored a prospectus. Together we made a number of sales locally and some in California. The Hinckleys were extricated from their financial crisis and we salesmen made fair wages for the time involved. The Hinckleys, Jarvis, and I all contracted for large farming acreage. It was not long before the company had expended more than a million dollars. The best arable sections could be reached only through long laterals often passing through extensive stretches of almost perpetually drifting sand. Maintenance was a serious problem, not given prior full recognition. The established settlers under the project were greatly benefited as a result of its revival.

An air of apprehension began clouding the early optimism. A. A. Hinckley (we all called him Lon) and I on horses attempted to make a realistic appraisal of the sections that could be irrigated economically by avoiding the drifting sand. We were surprised and astonished at the limited number. While pausing to make the estimate Lon said, "I am terribly worried about your Father. I feel Ira and I are responsible for him getting in it." In answer I said, "I have always been worried and wished he was out of it." Then and there we both vowed, if an honorable opportunity came, we would do all in our power to extricate him.

The opportunity was not long coming. The principals themselves concluded their chance of survival rested on their ability to interest new blood with more money. To do this it was decided that either Kimball or Father was to turn his stock in the company to the new party and step out. Mr. Kimball found the willing parties which meant Father was to go. Father had never quit an unfinished undertaking. I never remember a decision more painful to him. It took all the persuasive powers Lon and I could command to get him to finally withdraw. He was really worn out from the long strain and physically upset.

To aid in making this new adjustment, Father and Mother left at once for their resort home in Ocean Park, California. Two or three days after their departure a letter came from Mother asking me to join them there prepared to spend some time. Father was still having a struggle. Time and sleep are great healers. It was a real relief to all of us when one day Father said to me, "It was for the best that I got out of the company when I did." This was the beginning of Father really making me a close confidant the remainder of his life. He still cherished great and sincere hopes for the company's success. His greatest loss in it came when forced to sell his Cement Securities Stock to meet a payroll for \$100 a share less than it sold for one year later.

Neither manager received a penny in cash for years of exhausting service. Father received 200 shares of water stock. At his request I sold it to established farmers for \$10,000 net, taking interest bearing notes in payment. He told me later every note with interest was paid in full. John Evans, one of the purchasers, helped me in the sales and we both were given a modest commission. The 174 South Temple home came as part payment for his interest when he surrendered it and withdrew from the company.

The Intermountain Casket Company

This was the last important enterprise Father launched. It came from a keen desire to leave something of real value for his children that would be profitable and an avenue of employment. He could have retired comfortably any time after age fifty, but kept going anxiously trying to fortify the security of we children.

In this final organization he enlisted some very strong and successful businessmen who also were living years beyond the accepted retirement age. Alma O. Taylor, who had married daughter Angie, was made manager. Father became president. Mr. Sharp, Mr. Eldredge, L. Holbrook, L. H. Holbrook, and Alma O. Taylor were the directors. Alma, aside from school days and nine years spent in opening the Japanese L. D. S. Mission and translating (with some help) the Book of Mormon into the Japanese language, had spent his active life in the casket and undertaking business with his father Joseph William Taylor, best remembered Utah pioneer mortician. He was well prepared to act as manager: His qualification could have been responsible for the business Father selected.

The strain and failure of some earlier adventures in no way seemed to lessen Father's courage in going all out for anything he undertook. He supervised and had built at First South and Third West, Salt Lake City, a very fine brick and concrete fireproof building to house the business. The building and ground cost \$80,000. Facilities for manufacturing caskets were roughed in but never completed or used. The room for displaying and wholesaling caskets reportedly was the finest west of the Missouri River. The business was limited to wholesaling. It was built, equipped, and launched with but a single thought--expansion and growth. The overhead with the cascading taxes imposed a heavy burden on the capital. Father subscribed and paid for a majority of the stock and then gave Mother and we children a generous amount. There was no bonus or watered stock in the promotion. None was offered the public. The essential money to begin operations came from payments for the stock subscribed. There was one price for all stockholders.

Business began in October, 1919. From the very inception, competition was terrific and even worse during the great depression years of the Thirties. Another real drawback came in the war years. Metal caskets were our best line. During the Second World War years, with the Government tightly controlling scarce metals, the manufacture of metal caskets was almost eliminated. The business was ethically, economically, honestly, and efficiently run in all respects. Directors meetings and reports were held regularly and the books were always open for inspection. The only remuneration the president and directors ever got was \$5 for each meeting attended. Father even refused to take that and never received a penny for any of his services. We were never in debt, and without exception took advantage of cash discounts in all purchases of our caskets. We just happened to be operating through all the depression years when the failures in business may have been unprecedented. Dividends averaged a little more than 2 1/2 per cent during the operation. Of course this was disappointing to the stockholders, but none of us ever came up with suggestions that promised any betterment. Father's hearing and even his health had now become seriously impaired.

For the brief remaining period of our corporate existence, I was made president. In one of our last meetings, all stockholders present voted to sell or liquidate the business and almost all the stock was represented. The history of liquidations was far from promising, too often resulting in giveaways. Alma and Lincoln had been employed during the entire operation. In addition, as manager Alma was secretary and treasurer.

A special meeting for all stockholders was duly appointed and held to decide on some final action. Our building had now been depreciated to little less than half its cost. We had accumulated some obsolete stock but not an excessive amount. The balance of the stock was in excellent shape, but we were still limited in our ability to get the number of metal caskets we wished. Our bills receivable was quite large, but very few were considered risk accounts. Our taxes had mounted steadily and had become a really restrictive factor. In this meeting Alma submitted a cash bid provided he, wife Angelina, and Lincoln Holbrook were the exclusive purchasers. Under favorable conditions we all felt liquidation could bring more, but there was the time element, often long drawn out, and a large element of uncertainty influenced by the status of the national economy. In our voting we family members also were influenced by Father's often expressed wish that it remain in the family. After a thorough discussion and time for consideration, Alma's cash bid was unanimously accepted. All family members leaving the concern got for our stock exactly the same price per share as was received by the non-family members.

At the time of purchase there was no real assurance the buyers had made a wise purchase. We who sold had our choice and took what we got willingly. I am sure I express the feelings of all who sold in saying, "We are happy good fortune outdid itself in favoring the buyers." The inflation that followed created a market for all the caskets, including those marked obsolete, and may have doubled the price of the property when sold with respect to the price it may have brought at the time they purchased it. We rejoice that it helped in providing security for Angie in the early and unexpected death of Alma, and in helping Lincoln and family in again establishing themselves in business of their choice.

While Father was daring, he never risked our welfare. There was always a sideline bringing in the necessities. In Frisco there was the store, in Provo the hotel, and in the City the apartment, operated mainly by Lowell and Ruth, and the White Cottage operated by Florence. For the time operated, these furnished homes and employment plus profit for Father.

As a small boy Father manifested skill, ability, and real interest in the use of tools. When a child he made two wooden chests and painted them that I now have. The morticed joints of each made with the crude tools of his father are as near perfect as the expert craftsman with the up-to-date equipment of today can produce. As a man he loved to build and remodel to his own taste the houses that were our homes. These and some business buildings he constructed remain as testimonials of his ideals and mechanical ability. While he owned them, the buildings were always well painted and kept in good repair and the grounds kept always attractive and inviting for the ensuing owner. The homes he built and those he remodeled were sold for about half their cost. Few in his life were able to buy homes so well built and costly as were his. The few having the money preferred to build their own.

Father got compensation and a real boost in building and maintaining them. Their last home at 174 East South Temple Street reportedly was built by Sister Grant while the then Apostle Grant, her husband, was presiding over the L. D. S. European Mission. The White Cottage, just around the corner south and facing east, he had purchased years earlier. As a young man President Grant built it for his widowed mother. While living in it he used to practice throwing baseballs, incidents often mentioned in the President's sermons. Father spent considerable money remodeling each. The home was made into upper and lower apartments. The parents occupied the upper and our Dixons the lower most of the time. The Holbrook apartment, the second building west of the home, was always neatly painted and well kept during their ownership.

Our Parents Health

No incident in pre-adult life of any illness of either parent was ever mentioned to me. Many were told evidencing splendid physiques, and that each reached maturity healthy, strong, well-proportioned, and fortified to meet life challenges. There were times during childbearing and in over-doing when Mother needed and received medical help and occasional periods of recuperative rest. Father was always anxious and prepared to meet these stresses and provide the needed home help. Mother's health, well-being and happiness in all their phases were of prior concern with Father. Fortunately, he was always in a position to meet them, even to buying rest homes on the beaches of sunny California. As for Father, I never knew him to spend a day in bed except after operations very late in his life. I grew up believing he was so free from the common ailments, and even from getting tired, that he may not have understood or fully sympathized with those less favored. I shall never forget how he kept me trotting as a boy trying to keep pace with him when going to places together. It was way late in life when he first admitted being tired. He had a splendid appetite, flawless digestive system, and would quickly fall into sound sleep most any time, place, or position. He always mixed vigorous outdoor work and exercise with the mental and confining efforts in a health giving proportion. Both were "Word of Wisdom" exemplars. Both were always very early risers. Summer and winter, late in life Father could be seen out tidying their home grounds in the early dawn. Father enjoyed good meals well cooked. In Mother he had a rare gem in selecting and preparing them, and best of all, she always claimed she enjoyed doing it. Worries may be the most debilitating of all the ills that encompass us. Father had ample occasions for heavy doses of these vitality sappers. I am sure they got in some heavy daytime blows. At night he seemed to have the prized ability to cast them aside.

Father had two hernia operations late in life when the tissues had become too weak to hold, forcing him to endure the discomforts of a truss. His last affliction from which he never fully recovered appeared after spending a very pleasant Father's Day at his home with the members of the family living in the City. The next morning he was unable to urinate and in real distress. Specialists were summoned and he was rushed to the hospital. With all available catheters they were unable to release the urine or relieve the pain. Fearing a rupture, his bladder was tapped. If he had previous warning of prostrate trouble, he had not revealed it. He was 87 or 88 years old when this occurred. Tapping the bladder is a critical operation at any age. In his

case it was successful, but the prostrate must be removed as soon as the swelling permitted. Unfortunately, that could not be done in the more modern and safer way. The surgeon had to enter from the outside and remove the gland with the knife. Much to the surprise of the doctors and all of us, no complications followed. The healing was as perfect as in a youth. For both operation and convalescence he was confined to the hospital for a few weeks, for him an entirely new and trying experience. He wanted to go home but was not permitted to go. He made several attempts to dress and escape unobserved but was detected and forcibly returned and at least on one occasion was strapped to the bed. He had pleaded for days to be allowed to go home. (At the present time his plea would have been granted. He may have been sent home before making any plea.) The long confinement and forcible restraint may have been the straws that finally broke his health. He lived three or four more years in relatively good health except for the memory short circuits.

When finally he was permitted to come home, I came to the City with our auto and for ten days took him and Mother for daily rides. Lincoln and auto were always ready to take them whenever they wished to go. Other family members with autos also welcomed an opportunity to do likewise. We family members will always remember with sincere gratitude the way President and Sister Grant came often and took our parents for long and happy rides in their fine auto. Father's memory and all seemed quite normal much of the time in these remaining years. He always knew and welcomed his children and grandchildren and never quit planning for their welfare. Through these remaining years Mother was more attentive than ever, if that were possible. The markets were searched for the best in the food items he preferred, and they were served in the way he relished them most. The mutual devotion of our parents through their entire lives set a pattern we cherish and would love to emulate.

In these late years of our parents, all children living near enough visited them daily and considered it a privilege to render what aid and comfort they could. Our Jarvis family were still living in Washington, D. C., during Father's last illness. They had entertained our parents royally in their own home. Ora and Angie, living near, were on hand for the emergencies and night vigils more than the rest of us. In addition, there was hired help rating from very poor to very good. After Father's death, the Grants continued the wonderful auto rides for Mother till a few days before the President's death.

Late in December Ora phoned us in Provo stating, "Father had a slight cold, something he scarcely ever had, and for the first time in memory preferred remaining in bed." This, rather than the cold, was giving them concern. He seemed free from pain. Sina and I at once drove to the City. He had only preferred the bed a day or so. His conversation, while a little more subdued, was about as usual. About 2 a. m. on January 1, 1941, daughter Ruth peeled a Delicious apple. He conversed some with her while eating about half of the apple and apparently enjoying it. This was Wednesday, New Years Day 1941, and about 11 a. m. he died without a sign of distress or a single convulsive movement.

In the mission field, in our own home, and on other occasions I had witnessed death but never where the parting seemed so easy, like quietly and

contentedly slipping into a restful and welcome sleep. It was as though he had completed this life's projects and of his own volition retired to his bed, relaxing and resting, while easing into restorative sleep in preparation for his next new adventure. Death could not have come in a more comforting way. All of the immediate family were present but the Jarvises, still in the U. S. Capital. We could not escape feeling he welcomed the call and merited in the fullest rest from his labors well done. Death had left no sting. A door had opened gently and he had been welcomed home to continue as our paternal pathfinder in the more glorious Hereafter. None would claim perfection for Father. All who really knew him would say without dissent, "He wrought exceedingly well with the tools he had, left little worthwhile undone, and had few if any regrets." For 87 or more years he enjoyed marvelous health and contributed much. Life had been satisfying and the end not unwelcome.

Extracts from Lafayette Holbrooks's Funeral

The services were held in the chapel room of the Larkins Mortuary, 260 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Sunday at 12:30 p. m., January 5, 1941. Patriarch Thomas A. Clawson, his former bishop, presided. The program follows: Solo, "In My Father's House are Many Mansions," sung by Alfred Schmidt, accompanied by Harold Miller; Invocation by son-in-law Alma O. Taylor; Resolutions of Respect from the B. Y. U. by its president Franklin S. Harris; Remarks by J. Will Knight; Solo, "The Lord's Prayer," sung by Virginia Freeze Barker, B. W. Dixon's niece; Remarks by B. S. Hinckley, a son-in-law; Closing Tributes by Patriarch Clawson; Solo "Going Home," sung by Mrs. Barker; Benediction by Ira N. Hinckley, Mother's oldest brother.

The funeral cortege proceeded to the family plot in Provo. A number of relatives and friends had assembled for the brief graveside services. After solemn music by a brass quartet from the "Y", President Harris again referred to Father's contributions and relations to the "Y". Amos N. Merrill, patriarch and a faculty member, offered the dedicatory prayer. The remains were lowered into a vault near the three children who had preceded him. The plot Father had selected and taken so much pleasure in maintaining is beautiful, located at the northwest corner of the road leading from the central or main entrance to the cemetery.

Some brief extracts from the funeral service--a part of the invocation by Alma O. Taylor became one of the incentives for the attempt to write these biographies. From President Harris' concluding remarks, "I have become closely associated with the children and grandchildren of the Holbrooks and the Hinckleys and congratulate them for their fine achievements." From J. Will Knight, "My association with Brother Holbrook was over a period of many years. With President Keeler we spent many hours around the council table planning what would be best for the people of our stake. He had the ability to lead and provide the means to help others. He headed the petition that raised the money for our beautiful pipe organ; his credit was superb. He never let a creditor worry about any obligation he owed. It was always paid in advance." He then read a tribute from the Provo Herald, eulogizing Father for his civic contributions and fine citizenship. "There is no finer woman living today or before than Sister Holbrook, a brilliant beautiful character, full of love and interest for everybody." From Bryant S. Hinckley, "All that

has been said is true, nothing overdrawn. I have great love and respect for my sister, who has walked by this man's side for more than 65 years. She has not only been a second mother to me but always my ideal of motherhood and womanhood. She has been able to complement the strenuous life of her husband most perfectly, giving sunshine, peace, poise, and sympathy wherever they were needed. She has played her part grandly. It required intimate and direct acquaintance with Lafayette Holbrook to fully appreciate the great qualities and tenderness of his heart. I am permitted to say a few words for my brothers particularly and for my father's household. Holbrook, as we affectionately called him, next to to our earthly father, was our best friend. When we needed help we knew where to go. He was willing and able to help and helped us always. He was no ordinary man. In this generation a sounder piece of manhood has not been put together, not an unsound spot in him. Born and reared under the rigors of pioneer days, he was bred to hardships. He was taught to work, to save, to do without, to rely on himself and fight his own way, and he did it all his life. No one ever heard a complaint pass his lips. He was a soldier, equal to any situation. This face now white in death, never grew pale in the face of any danger. He was a stranger to fear. The storms, the floods, the cold of winter, the heat of summer, come what may he faltered not. He took it as it came. He had an iron constitution. He could do more work than the ordinary man. His endeavors were concentrated and intelligent. All his days he lived in a good home and it was paid for. He never did a sham job. He was efficient to his fingertips. Anything less irritated him. "

Next to his own family, Bryant may have known Father better than any other person. He had lived in our homes while teaching school in Frisco and while attending the "Y. " He concluded his tribute to Father in the following words, "No one will miss him quite like our own family. God bless his memory, his household, his children. They are not only of our flesh and blood, but we are kindred in spirit and ideals." (May I inject here a sample of Bryant's loyalty. When Father emerged from the Sevier Land and Water Company badly bruised, Bryant feared he might be facing financial ruin and at once wrote him a letter. In it he had listed all his property and then said, "I have listed all my possessions having little ready cash. You are welcome to use any part of all of it if needed in your emergency." Father passed the letter to me to read but managed to get by without Bryant's securities.)

From Brother Clawson's remarks, "I was gratified when he had his membership in our ward. I knew he was a man of sterling qualities, who could counsel and advise with judgment and the spirit of the Lord. He had been a stalwart in Provo and became one of our pillars of strength and power in our South 18th Ward. I feel honored that I am associated with the Hinckleys and Holbrooks through blood relationship." (It may be through the Judds. Grandfather Hinckley's mother was a Judd.)

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data. The text also mentions that regular audits are necessary to identify any discrepancies or errors in the accounting process. It suggests that a robust internal control system is essential for preventing fraud and ensuring the integrity of the financial statements. Furthermore, it highlights the role of technology in streamlining accounting operations and reducing the risk of human error.

In addition, the document addresses the challenges of managing cash flow and controlling expenses. It provides practical advice on how to monitor the company's liquidity and ensure that there is always enough cash on hand to meet its obligations. The text also discusses various cost-cutting strategies that can be implemented without compromising the quality of the company's products or services. It stresses the importance of staying up-to-date with the latest accounting standards and regulations to avoid any legal or tax-related issues. Finally, it concludes by stating that a strong financial foundation is crucial for the long-term success and growth of any business.

The second part of the document focuses on the importance of effective communication and collaboration within the organization. It argues that clear and concise communication is essential for ensuring that everyone is on the same page and working towards the same goals. The text suggests that regular meetings and open lines of communication can help to build trust and foster a sense of teamwork. It also emphasizes the need for active listening and the ability to resolve conflicts in a constructive manner. The document concludes by stating that a culture of transparency and accountability is key to achieving organizational success.

THEIR FINAL YEARS

In the evening twilight of September 14, 1941, when the lights were getting low, Mother and Florence walked from the home to visit their Gerards who were managing the Holbrook Apartment. Mother fell on the last step down to their apartment fracturing her left ankle. The shock and pain were intense. A son-in-law, Dr. A. N. Hanson, came at once and had Mother taken to the hospital and placed the fractured foot in a cast. This occurred in Mother's 86th year. It healed rapidly for one her age and so well the fracture was not noticeable.

(Sina and I sold our Provo home and moved in with Mother after she had recovered from her first leg fracture. Our children had all married and moved away from Provo. Three were soon living in the City. L. H. H.) While there, we purchased her home and White Cottage in a cash deal. Mother was to remain in the home as though it were her own as long as she lived. The Dixons, who for years had occupied the lower apartment, were to remain there as long as they wished with no change in the rental terms.

Some months later, Clara came from Washington, D. C., for a visit. Mother was so elated with the healing of the fracture she started to walk around the dining room table to demonstrate the progress and the right leg gave way, fracturing just below the hip joint. (We were now living with her and present when this happened. L. H. H.) The shock and pain this time was so severe her life hung in the balance. One of the doctors told me there was little chance of her living longer than six months under the most favorable conditions. It did seem that fracturing both legs so late in life and much less than a year apart might be signaling the end. Dr. Hanson was again in charge. He at once called in Dr. Baldwin, an elderly top-rated consultant. This time a cast was not advised. A fracture specialist was called and the fractured parts held together by inserting a metal pin. A special hospital bed was installed in the living room for the convalescence in preference to a hospital. For a time, shifts of three specially trained nurses were on the job. Mother's brothers, Ira and Bryant, came and administered to her on more than one occasion. Youngest brother, Dr. E. E. Hinckley, joined with Dr. Hanson in seeing that she had the personal interest and skill that would give her, with the administration, the best possible chance of recovering. Combined with these was her will to live, the constant presence of loved ones, and being in her own home. All these united to again win the battle for life in an almost miraculous recovery. The healing this time was longer and the mending not so perfect, but still left us all grateful for her extended life. The daughters again were vigilant and self-sacrificing in seeing that Mother had the best of care. Those living nearest were called on most.

Before the accidents, Mother had exceptional freedom of movements for her age. It was a real disappointment to find her leg about two inches shorter as a result of the last fracture. Adjusting to never again walking without the aid of gadgets or human help took courage. A chair on rollers that she could stand behind and push proved best for the inside and the customary wheel chair, gladly pushed by one of her children, for the short outside excursions.

Son-in-law C. S. Jarvis reached retirement age a year or so after the accidents and again moved to Salt Lake City. With the arrival of him all children were now living in Salt Lake City. As a unit, all joined in doing their best to make Mother's remaining years happy ones. Her life had always been rich and full, free from restrictions and financial worries, and she lived much as she wished. If she was ever depressed or drooping in spirit, she kept it a closely guarded secret. Her theme was, "All that has happened has been for the best, still is, and what is yet to come will be still better." She was thrilled with life and living. Even now with the restrictions and limitations she could always find the brighter side and lived in it. She grew older in years but never in spirit or interest in others and the world about her. Her always scintillating conversations never lost their sparkle and exhilarating effects. At one of their late wedding anniversaries held at the Lion House, President Grant remarked to me, "I have never known any one your Mother's age whose attitude remains more buoyant and young. She is truly wonderful."

She continued to read the papers and keep abreast of the times. She read and enjoyed a good novel with romance in it and was always ready to be wheeled to a good movie. Had television been on the market, she would have had one of the best installed and would have enjoyed it immensely. From infancy, she and sister Minerva Ray were very close. As long as Aunt Minerva lived, Mother would have me take her in my auto to visit her.

Now more than ever she enjoyed the auto rides with President Grant and wife who came often and picked her up. In these last years their strong chauffeur would pick Sister Grant and Mother up in his arms and set them gently and comfortably in the auto seats. This graciousness on the part of the Grants was not limited to our parents, but accorded to many others. Autos came too late in Father's life for him to learn to drive or ever own one. Family members and friends took them for many enjoyable rides. During their last illnesses, Lincoln's devotion in this respect was certainly commendable.

Mother respected and loved her in-laws. Almost without missing, Bines after coming from his office and having his supper, would join her in her upstairs living room. For a half hour or longer their quips and running conversation (banter back and forth) was enjoyed by all present. It was a tonic for both and became so much a habit that these evening visits were anticipated with pleasure. Bines said she really kept him surprised and on his toes with her wit and keenness. Doctors Hinckley and Hanson were both very considerate and attentive during all this last illness. They called our attention to a progressive heart weakening, indicating the approaching end. Mother may have been aware of it. Often as we sat by her bed, sometimes holding her hand, she would repeat her love for her children, her grandchildren, and her great grandchildren. When I happened to be the privileged one holding her hand while she poured out her soul in gratitude for her many blessings, for her posterity, and their never-failing loving care and goodness to her, there was indelibly painted in my memory a picture of gratitude and satisfaction for the life now ebbing and a serene confidence in the new birth now dawning that can never be erased. I am sincerely grateful for those moments with Mother. (L. H. H.)

Those conversations were so inclusive and their breadth and depth so expressive of her great love, I regard them as her benediction for her posterity and feel that her narrative would be incomplete unless retold to those who read her story.

"I do so enjoy the visits of Sarah and Lincoln and their sons, Paul and Gordon, and am so happy the older children are all doing so well. Those three sons of Lowell and Ruth's have surely grown to be fine and handsome young men. Heidi is so good looking and her mother is certainly talented. 'Bunny' and 'Boy,' are well trained and such joys to their parents and grandparents. I am proud of the service of David Jarvis, Richard Holbrook, and Richard Taylor for our country. The Jarvis children and their parents have outstanding literary ability. They have promising grandchildren whose fathers are splendid men. Fay, you are blessed with a wonderful wife and mother, a big and promising family, including the in-laws and grandchildren. I can hardly explain what a lift Rachel gives me when she comes to the City in her capacity as Republican State Vice Chairman and always calls. I am happy for Raymond and Esther, their children, and their successes; for Delbert and Jennie and their very wonderful family."

On down the line she would go, careful to omit none though I may be doing so unintentionally. "I love every one of my children and grandchildren and in-laws." I trust none will take offense if overlooked for Mother played no favorites and repeated her love for every one. (L. H. H.) "You and Sina, are very fortunate and abundantly blessed in your in-laws without exception." (With this Sina and I heartily agree.) May I be pardoned for remembering more of what was said of ours, largely because of our numbers. We all know Mother was never one to show partiality. All of my last conversations with Mother were centered around her loved ones. She enjoyed repeating her love for them and knew it was reciprocated. She was intensely interested in their future and confident of their worth and success. It seems natural that those nearing the end are concerned most with their posterity--their greatest contribution. In these references I never heard a disparaging word pass Mother's lips, all were constructive.

In these final interviews, I could not escape feeling Mother was delegating me to convey her last messages of love and gratitude along with her stimulating faith and confidence that we will act our parts well in life's drama. In some instances she gave me special assignments and outlined what she hoped would be accomplished. The goals she had in mind are of unquestioned soundness and steps toward the best life has to offer. It is a pleasure to report that some of her most ardent wishes have been realized to an extent that must make her very happy and in which mine has been a very minor part. Best of all the incentive came almost entirely from within the family.

Here are Mother's last words to me, "Fay, your Father was a true and good man. He was always devoted, very considerate, and took excellent care of you children and me. I miss him and his strength. I hope you children will all remain good Latter-day Saints and that all will be sealed in the Temples to their life's companions with their children. As the oldest, I would like you to do all in your power to see that this is done. It is wonderful to have all our children living here in the City and all coming to see me nearly every day. I am surely greatly blessed. Goodnight and thank you for coming."

Death and Funeral of Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook

Our mother died in her home at 174 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, in the early morning of February 17, 1947. She would have been 91 the 31st of March. Angie, Ora, and possibly others were present. I had spent the evening before with her but Sina and I were not notified till after her death. Youngest brother, Dr. E. E. Hinckley, came during the night and administered a mild sedative. While Alma and Lincoln were still operating the casket company, a nice and suitable casket had been selected and paid for and left in her name with the Larkins Mortuary.

The funeral service was held at noon February 20, 1947, in the same Larkins' chapel room as was Father's and was under the direction of their Bishop Rulon Howells. Invocation was by nephew Rulon Hinckley. Thelma Reiser was organist. Again Mrs. Barker was the vocalist and sang beautifully the "Lord's Prayer" and "Goin' Home." Again J. Will Knight was a speaker. His fine tributes were from the heart, satisfying and consoling. He and wife Jennie B. had called and cheered Mother often. President George Albert Smith, who voluntarily had paid Mother a heartwarming visit just a few days before, was the next speaker. He got excused from a meeting of the First Presidency to come and be one of the speakers. His inspiring remarks were directed to the mission of our Savior, to the necessity of death, and the certainty of the resurrection. He concluded by bearing his testimony and in admonishing we children and all present to hold fast to the truth. Timely closing remarks were made by the Bishop. The benediction was by nephew Parnell Hinckley. The pallbearers were Don Ray, Eugene, Arza, Ira, Gordon, and Waldo, all Hinckleys, and all were Mother's nephews. Again the Larkins furnished the conveyances needed for the trip to the Provo Cemetery where a large group of relatives and friends had assembled. First son-in-law C. S. Jarvis very ably expressed the family's appreciation for those present and added some well chosen remarks. Raymond B. Holbrook, first grandchild and our oldest, offered an inspirational dedicatory prayer in concluding the brief graveside service.

From the time of President Woodruff until Mother's death, our parents had known the presidents of our church, some rather intimately. They had entertained them in our home and visited them in theirs. Mother, I know, and possibly Father, spent several days with the Woodruffs in a summer outing in the upper Weber River country.

By Way of Summary and Conclusion

Much happened in the long and illustrious lives of our parents that should be recorded and remembered. Their more than 65 years of happy and successful married life, complimenting and helping each other in the best way, is a stimulating example worthy of emulation. They pointed the way and served as guide posts. I am sure other members of the family have memories and experiences that may have more value than those given. These biographies were primarily undertaken hoping to benefit most of all our children and posterity.

Father wisely left most of the childhood tutoring and guidance problems with Mother while he made sure the temporal essentials were forthcoming.

Both were masters in their respective fields and a fortunate combination for meeting life as it came. By example and precept, Mother was ideally qualified. The test of time and experience but confirms the intrinsic soundness of her philosophy. In matters of religion or others of importance she never left us uninformed or made compliance unpleasant or compulsory. As children, we were taught understandable prayers to be said night and morning. As we grew older, she was careful not to cramp our initiative or free agency, feeling if she could keep the weeds out, right would prevail. We were taught that order is the first law in Heaven and that it should be in the home, that there must be organization and accepted authorities, leaders, and followers. When these are in proper balance, our freedom and well-being are best protected and preserved. In matters of religion, Father suggested, "when in doubt it may be best to hold in suspension while praying and seeking the right answers rather than make hasty and unwarranted decisions."

Mother and Father had enjoyable trips together in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. They had a wide circle of friends and well wishers and always associated with choice people. Mother was what is commonly called a splendid mixer and was blessed with a rare genius as a conversationalist. She seemed to be right at home in meeting people from every strata of life and of all ages and could engage in mutually enjoyable and interesting conversation as equals and with perfect ease. I am sure both parents died with few regrets but may have felt, in some respects, they could have done better. Late in life Father said a number of times, "If I had it to do over again, I would take more time from business and take more outings and closer associations with our children."

Doubt of the existence of a Divine Providence who rules all things for the good of those willing to be guided never entered their minds to annoy and weaken their serene faith. They seemed to hold no fears of death. May we and our posterity always be grateful for our heritage and manifest our appreciation by keeping it unsullied is my sincere wish. (L. H. H.)

Mother retained through life some of the letters Father wrote to her, beginning with their courtship and extending years after marriage. She passed them on to youngest daughter Ruth who loaned them to me for the purpose of this sketch. Copies were made for which I am very grateful. All of them are real gems and portray our Father's true qualities, the depth and genuineness of his love, and all around soundness in the best possible way. All would be inspirational and interesting reading. Space will only permit inclusion of a very few. This history of our fine parents is terminated by including some letters written during courtship and one written ten years later. (L. H. H.)

May I inject here before passing to the letters--hired help for Mother of a companionable type was an essential after Father's passing. Securing it was not easy. In the lapses, the daughters valiantly did the pinch-hitting. Mother had a chance acquaintance with every grade and strata of available help. Among the fine women who will always be remembered with gratitude were Mrs. Goates, Mrs. Bunderson, Mrs. Christenson, Mrs. Wilcox, and Mrs. Olsen, also a few specially trained nurses. There may have been others.

Manti August 5, 1876

Miss E. A. Hinckley

My Dearest Beloved E. :

Write what I will it will be but a poor miserable answer to the dear kind letter just received. Had Heaven blessed me with abilities sufficient to address you in the noble language your true love and virtue merits, how proud and vain I would be, but such is not the case. Oh Heaven, forgive me, should I ask for that which is not my prerogative to enjoy. But to be blessed with appropriate language that I might the better disclose the sentiments of my heart to you dearest, in whom my whole life, hope, and joys are centered, is my constant and sincere prayer, yet while I ask for this great endowment, I do not wish to be misunderstood, or to have anyone in heaven or on earth, think for a moment that I wish to find fault with my lot, or envy the position of someone else - no, far from it. I feel proud to think that I was privileged to come forth upon this earth when I did. Also feel very grateful to God for the many blessings and privileges I have enjoyed. The longer I live the more manifold they are. It seems the greatest blessing Providence ever bestowed upon me, is to address you in such familiar language and claiming you as my own, which claim I hope ever to be worthy to retain throughout time and all eternity.

In your company I have ever been happy, and when alone surrounded by nothing but the productions of nature (where duty has thus called me) the thoughts I entertain towards you are of such a nature, that my very soul seems enraptured and all seems peace and joy.

I must desist writing in this strain. But I do wish you were here to take with me the little drive of 22 miles I have to make yet this evening. I am sure we would so enjoy it. Never mind, the present must be sacrificed, but the future is ours. Hope you will have a nice time Election day. Would be pleased if could be there. I hope the contemplated Ball will be a financial success as I consider the cause commendable. I suppose your Father is with you and you are having a good time. Should he be there when this reaches you please remember me to him, also to your Mother. Write and let me know if your Father has said anything to you about the girls. I do really hope that they will be made happy and in being so that the happiness of your Father will not be diminished. His anxiety and love for his daughters is very great. I can assure you this I learned more particularly when last I saw him. I hope we may always prove a comfort to him. May Heaven watch over you by day and guide your dreams by night.

Your true and loving

Fay

(Written about ten years after marriage.)

Frisco Beaver Co., Utah

Mch. 31st, 1885

Mrs. L. Holbrook

Present

My Dear Wife

Please accept on this your 30th Birthday: "This watch and chain" as a small token of love and affection. Consider however, not its small intrinsic value, but, the incentive that has prompted the giver. The feeling with which this little token has been presented, cannot be explained in language; neither can its value be estimated in figures. It is that feeling of love, duty, and honor, that can be realized and appreciated, only by true and undaunted hearts! True in prosperity, or adversity. Constant! at home, or abroad! true in life, or death! And may we live that our hearts may be as closely as inseparably, and harmoniously linked together, as your monogram on the outer case of this watch. And may our affection remain and continue as unblotted as the inscription on the inner case. With this exception that as we grow in years and wisdom that our love and affection will also become more perfect. That we may live lives of usefulness, honoring all to whom honor is due. That in our consultations together that God (the Great Motive Power of the world), may acquiesce in all of our conclusions thus giving accuracy and validity to our acts in life. That our erring footsteps may ever be found plodding on the path of virtue, honor, and integrity. Together never deviating one from the other, and neither from the path of God.

God grant that our dear children (His precious gifts to us) may prove true and honorable not deviating from the "Rod of Justice. That their comforts and joys may ever be in "doing what is right." That we may ever set before them examples worthy of emulation. That we may all live amicably together and when we are called home to our Father (from whence we came) that we may have such a reunion as mortals cannot conceive of, and none but the faithful can enjoy.

Permit me Dear Wife in conclusion to subscribe myself your affectionate husband.

L. Holbrook

Mathematical Induction

Let $P(n)$ be a statement involving the natural number n . To prove that $P(n)$ is true for all natural numbers n , we use the principle of mathematical induction. The principle consists of two steps: the base case and the inductive step.

Base Case: We first show that $P(1)$ is true. This is the starting point of the induction.

Inductive Step: We assume that $P(k)$ is true for some arbitrary natural number k . This assumption is called the inductive hypothesis. We then show that $P(k+1)$ is true based on the inductive hypothesis.

If both the base case and the inductive step are proven, then by the principle of mathematical induction, $P(n)$ is true for all natural numbers n .

Mathematical induction is a powerful tool for proving statements about natural numbers. It is often used to prove the correctness of algorithms and the validity of mathematical formulas.

The key to using mathematical induction is to clearly define the statement $P(n)$ and to carefully prove both the base case and the inductive step.

By following these steps, we can ensure that our proof is rigorous and that the statement $P(n)$ is true for all natural numbers n .

Mathematical induction is a fundamental concept in mathematics and is essential for understanding the structure of natural numbers and the properties of mathematical statements.

Through the process of mathematical induction, we can gain a deeper understanding of the natural numbers and the power of logical reasoning in mathematics.

TRIBUTES TO LAFAYETTE AND ANGELENA HINCKLEY HOLBROOK

Jean Clara Holbrook Jarvis - Oldest Daughter

One could not know Father and Mother without recognizing their sterling qualities--loyalty, honesty, sincerity, love of order, ability to make a home, etc. I know that they were great and filled the full measure of their creation.

Mother and Father started out with prayer and a determination to make theirs a happy married life. To do this, they must have a family. Fay came along within the first year of their marriage; Clara came 16 months later. Then came Angie, Ora, Gordon, Lucille, Florence, Lillian, Ruth, and Lincoln--ten of us; and each as welcome as was the first. Father's idea was that two of the most beautiful things in life are an expectant mother and the fulfillment of the blessed event. This gave Mother the necessary morale builder to continue with her family.

They gave us love and a home. The honeymoon cottage, though only one large adobe room with a lean-to kitchen, a yellow rose at the front door, and an orchard at the back, was a place of love, harmony, and prayer. After our return from Frisco, it became three bedrooms, dining room, kitchen, pantry, and large living room, one of the finest and most up-to-date homes in Fillmore at that time. The Frisco home had the same number of rooms and was one of the best kept homes in that mining camp. The 15-room home in Provo later became a modern duplex, with 9 rooms on the west side and 8 on the east. Father later bought President Heber J. Grant's home at 174 East South Temple in Salt Lake City and converted it into two comfortable convenient apartments. Here they spent many happy years; here they spent their last days. All of these domiciles would have been mere houses had not love, prayer, order, hospitality, a "know how," good management, and the happy prattle of children made them into real homes.

There was generally peace and a spirit of well-being in these homes. Father's favorite hymn, "Nay, Speak No Ill," copied in his missionary diary, and Mother's favorite hymn and slogan, "Count Your Many Blessings" pervaded these homes. Also, family prayer and the gospel laws taught by both example and precept did their part.

Father's and Mother's ability to laugh at and with each other at the right times, giving each other first place in both their hearts and minds, contributed to a happy home life and atmosphere. Father always held Mother as his ideal of womanhood and hoped that we girls would be like her. And Mother frequently said, "Your Father comes first."

They worked hard to give us a good education and I am sure they were sometimes disappointed in our failure to make the most of our opportunities, but their love for and faith in us helped us over many rough places. I cannot think of Father without Mother or vice versa. They were such complements to each other; they were as one--a perfect unit. Their homes radiated contentment and joy of living.

I see a similarity between Andrew Jackson and his wife Rachel and Father and Mother. The columnist Sokolsky wrote of Jackson as "an uncommon man, a heroic creature of ability, means, and character, who lived by building." To my mind, that describes Father.

If Father could read Jackson's epitaph for his wife Rachel, I am sure he would agree with me that it describes Mother. "Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22nd of December, 1928. Age 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich, an example; to the wretched, a comforter; to the prosperous, an ornament; her piety went hand-in-hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, a slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

And so Mother and Father lived and worked guided by faith and prayer, and bore a family of ten children and gave them a home and love. May we be worthy of them.

Clarence S. Jarvis - First Son-in-Law

At the close of a football game with zero scores, and being one of the loneliest lads to don a football uniform as tackle, I was invited to ride in the Holbrook surrey to participate in the Thanksgiving dinner at their home, the final one of the nineteenth century. The cordial invitation by the stately lady, with the warm welcome in the Holbrook home, were but the opening chapter to a memorable relationship between Mother Holbrook and the undersigned. For the next forty-seven years and until her passing from this life on my birthday February 17, 1947, my love and appreciation grew as her unselfish service, counsel, and devotion helped us all toward faithful performance of our duties and striving for the better life.

Both Father and Mother Holbrook were so thoroughly grounded in the basic principles of honor, integrity, and fair dealing as to avoid any approach to violating such trusts. Their charities and benefactions were broad and varied, but preferably unheralded. Friends and relatives in distress, as well as many beyond this classification, were given prompt material aid with very few questions asked, and often with small assurance repayment would ever be made.

From our home in Washington, D. C., where they spent some prolonged and very happy visits, Father Holbrook enjoyed watching the construction of the annex of the Library of Congress, and sometimes made some constructive suggestions. The final years of both Father and Mother Holbrook seemed to be dedicated to the cause of peace and good will, naturally centering in the homes of loved ones, but it also seemed to encompass in some degree all of God's children so broad were their understanding and sympathies. May we all emulate them.

Ann Jarvis - Granddaughter

Real pleasure to meet, honest loves to greet,
The Holbrooks helped make society complete.
Both were dainty, handsome, clean and neat,
Quick to reciprocate, so fresh and sweet--
Our visits with them were distinctly a treat.

Expertly directing the irrigation stream,
Seed-sowing, tilling, making gardens gleam,
At carpentry, building, or shaping a beam
Grandfather led his own faithful team
At supplication to the Power Supreme.

Grandmother was so willing to create--
At sewing, planning, rearing she was great;
And her home cooking, the best we ever ate.
She never was late for a single date--
In all things, Lafayette's perfect mate.

Angeline Holbrook Taylor - Daughter

Father's ideals and moral code were so high, he was hard on himself. His unselfish and loyal devotion to us and his causes was such that he never considered anything he did for either a sacrifice, and he even dodged gratitude and praise.

Once when I saw a sign of age in Father's walking my heart sank. In the back of my head I had always felt the world couldn't treat me rough because Father wouldn't let it. Now I knew he couldn't always protect me. When I graduated at the Utah University, Father was the one that came from Provo to Salt Lake for the important occasion. When I went on trips, Father always saw me off and welcomed my return. When all my savings went in the Guardian Casualty crash Father wanted to make it up, but neither I nor Alma, my husband, would let him. Father loved flowers and gardens and kept them up perfectly.

He loved jokes and surprises. It was he who kept the surprise angle up even on Mother at Christmas. He was deeply sentimental. It was hard to take our troubles to Father. They hurt and worried him so and he tried to carry them all. Alma said he was the fairest man he had ever known--a great tribute from a son-in-law. I shall never forget his cute remarks and sweetness and innate refinement in his last years of broken health. He was always a true gentleman.

Mother was the comfort and idol of my childhood, the joy and inspiration of my maturity. Even through her last illness, she charmed and fascinated me. She was never common or sordid. She never lost her sense of humor. She slept with her hair in curlers so she could look her best the next day. Her spirit was never broken. I think the source came from absolute faith that God accepts the best one can give and guides such efforts to right ends. This was her philosophy and it led her to seek the good in experiences and in people,

no matter how adverse they seemed. Living this philosophy was the secret of her unfailing poise in the presence of both the great and the meek. To both alike she gave her best. This way of life kept her humble and at the same time queenly. Add to this an unusually keen mind and judgment and one can see why courage and hope flowed from her to uplift those bowed down with sorrow as naturally as water running from a spring to a wilted desert flower lifts its head heavenward. So often she said to me, "Angie, you have done your best. Now leave the rest to the Lord and don't worry."

Mother was an excellent cook and it always seemed easy for her. Late in her life the city's industries sponsored a cooking school contest. Mother, not I, suggested we attend. At the end prizes were given for the best pie and cakes. Mother phoned, "I guess I will make a few pies just for the fun, and besides I would like to give them to the needy." She did and out of hundreds of contestants won second prize. For days flour, sugar, cooking utensils, even ground gripper shoes, were delivered as her prize. She and Father had a good laugh.

Every yearly anniversary celebration she would say, "Don't fuss over this one. Wait until I am ninety," not expecting to be here then. When this great date actually arrived, Mother was just over flu pneumonia. We feared to have more than the immediate family. As the list of relatives and friends were gone over Mother wanted them all. "I would surely like to see them." So on her ninetieth birthday about two hundred came and marvelled as she gaily chatted and visited with each one.

At the end we daughters were fagged. Mother looked fresh and beaming. The phone rang. Willard and Florence Grant Smith hoped it was not too late for they so wanted to come. "Of course have them come," Mother said. I listened and never heard anything cuter. All of them just roared. This is one response: Florence said, "You are older aren't you than father?" (President Grant) Mother laughed, "I once told your father I was older than any of the General Authorities. To this he answered, 'How long have you been one of the General Authorities'."

Life seemed easy and rich for Mother. The only in-law or other trouble for Mother was that each tried to outdo the other in her service.

Ora Holbrook Dixon - Daughter

To me Mother was ageless. All of her life she was as vitally interested in the young people around her as if she had been one of them. She cooked the best and the easiest of anyone I have ever known, and she loved it. As a rule, after she had prepared a meal she would like someone else to do the cleaning up. However, Mother always washed up her cooking utensils as she cooked. She just loved to feed everyone who came into her home.

How well I remember when we first moved into the lower apartment of the parental home so to be near them if needed. Each morning about seven thirty Mother would open our door to see how we were and what shopping she could do at Z. C. M. I. for me, which opened at eight. She loved to get her shopping and work done early. She could sew or do anything on a machine or

by hand and write a letter with such ease it amazed me. Bines and Mother were always very close and seemed to understand each other perfectly. Their love and respect for each other meant a great deal to me. Bines also loved Father deeply and appreciated him. Bines was grateful for his business advice such as, "Protect your credit. It will be of great value to you over the years. Never wait till notified by the bank to pay your note, but arrange to pay or renew your note before the due date." Whenever Bines carried a note at the bank, he followed this advice.

When quite young, I used to drive old Dick for Father on his stake missionary trips. Dad would doze, wake up suddenly, look at his watch, and then doze again. He always was happy and relaxed on these trips. When old Dick died and Nellie was the horse, he did most of the driving. She was speedy and Father enjoyed driving her, but I still liked the trips.

At times Father seemed quite strenuous and technical, but it was because he was over-anxious and very ambitious for all of us. He showed no favoritism. When Angie and I came home from our European tour he had sponsored, our bedroom had been completely redecorated. Father had bought a new rug and a new bedroom set. It was beautiful and a wonderful surprise.

As Father aged he mellowed and grew sweeter and less tense. Father and Mother's devotion to each other was a wonderful and a beautiful thing to me. How often I have seen Dad bring in a lovely rosebud or other choice flower from the garden he always cared for and give it to Mother. Sometimes it would be walnuts from the soft shelled walnut tree he had planted at the rear of the home. He was always very sensitive, sympathetic, and loveable.

Florence Holbrook Hansen - Daughter

The paramount characteristic of my mother was her innate and fundamental understanding, love, and interest in people regardless of age or position. This interest kept her always young and made her forever tolerant. She had the heaven-bestowed ability to see all the angles of the question clearly and so present a completely unbiased solution. Her father, grandfather Hinckley, called her "his peacemaker." Her friends called her a true aristocrat and diplomat. I called her "my pal and my best friend."

Father was strength and energy itself--always untiring, always strong. He held a sharp line that divided right from wrong with never an inbetween. He was sincere, definite, and honest. He was most precious to me. To Mother he was an ideal husband.

Elna Jean - Granddaughter (Florence's Daughter)

Together Grandfather and Grandmother caught the true meaning of life. They worked and played and laughed and cried together, always together. What one had the other had also. Apart they were wonderful, as the parts of any good whole are, but together they were the complete whole of earth and heaven. Yes, they caught the pulse of life.

Dr. A. N. Hanson - Son-in-Law

Roman Emperor Vespasian tried to measure life's values with the idea, "Count that day lost who low descending sun, views at thy hand no worthy action done."

Lafayette Holbrook lived this. He was uncompromising in his condemnation of sloth, laziness, subterfuge, and immorality. Loyalty with generosity were his outstanding characteristics. He was loyal to his church, his home, his community, his country, his friends, his family, and his God. Unostentatious were his generousities, never letting his left hand know what his right hand had done. Truly he was one of God's noblemen.

Ruth Holbrook Gerard - Youngest Daughter

The things I remember about Father and Mother are too numerous to be written in words. There are some words of advice, however, that have been invaluable in helping me over life's bumps.

First from Father, "Always keep your name and your credit untarnished. Don't buy things you cannot afford. Do not encourage a champagne appetite with a beer income."

From Mother, "When you think you are right about something, do not get discouraged if you fail the first or second time but try your level best three times and you will nearly always succeed. Don't ever stoop to self pity. It never pays dividends. Keep smiling. Keep busy. What a blessing it is to be able to work." From both always came the teaching and admonition to always "KEEP THE FAITH."

Paul Lincoln Holbrook - Son

I cannot think of Mother without thinking of Deity, of Christ, of spirituality, and of Mormonism's plan of eternal progression, and of her the wife of a ruler of some future kingdom.

Mother's most successful method in disciplining me was this final statement after she had endured an exhaustive period of coaxing on my part, "Now son, my better judgment says that you should not do this. If you still insist, go ahead, but remember that it is against my will." After this statement, I was actually afraid to pursue my desires, and this fear was not man made.

Mother was proud of her religion, of her parents, of her brothers and sisters, of her husband and children, and of her good fortune of being selected to live in this dispensation. Her high intelligence and unusually keen sense made it easy for her to stay abreast of the times and make the needed adjustments in a world of revolutionary changes during her life. She never grew old mentally or physically. She was a woman that all relatives were proud to claim, that all acquaintances were happy to know.

Thinking of Mother and Father together as a married pair for more than sixty-five happy and full years confirms one's belief in foreordination. Father to me was the beginning of the Holbrooks. I cannot remember him telling me anything of his Holbrook family. He was a man of rare and great standards and high ideals, overly honest, if that is possible, and merciless on himself in maintaining these ideals. He was stickler for principle, quick tempered but short lasting, and with great forgiveness. He was very charitable to those less fortunate, a very modest and affectionate man devoting his life to his family. As a physical worker he was the greatest I have ever known, never seeming to tire and just as energetic with mental problems. He had splendid muscular coordination, keen sight, exceptional nerves, especially under pressure, great speed and strength, and a rare sense of fair play with the will to win, the dream type of modern coaches for any sport.

Sarah Virginia Bryson Holbrook - Daughter-in-Law (Lincoln's Wife)

Mother Holbrook had a heavenly and earthly light around her at all times. Many times my cold tired heart would be soothed and warmed just by being near her. She was a woman that one could worship easily. Just thinking of her now helps me with many problems. I regret my years of knowing her were so few.

Father Holbrook was always the perfect gentleman. The brief time I knew him was near his end, when his health was not the best but his eyes were full of sparkle and kindness. They radiated the great man he was. If I had one wish given me, I would wish my family could have had the privilege of growing up in their presence.

Dr. Elmer E. Hinckley - Mother's Youngest Brother

A number of thrilling experiences in association with my sister Jean began back in early infancy. Before becoming four years old, I remember well when she and L. Holbrook took Mother and I along as guests when they drove from Fillmore to Salt Lake City with a black span of fine horses and a white top buggy to be married in the Endowment House. The thrill of that three-day trip was marred only when arriving at Grandpa Noble's one of the horses was ill and Holbrook lanced its mouth. Having driven the team, via the lines passed through the armpits of Holbrook to me, I became a very proud back seat driver and developed a strong affection for those horses. On seeing that horse bleed from the mouth, I hid in the haystack and wept profusively.

On numerous occasions in early infancy sister Jean used to doll me up with a shining face and curly locks and very fine apparel she had made for her baby brother whom, she expressed shortly before her death, was an exceptional baby--believe it or not.

To me she was always a wonderful sister and a noble wife and mother. It was difficult to know who mothered me most up to and some time after her marriage, she or Mother. It can be said truly and fortunately that we, and the brothers and sister between, were well born and raised.

Bryant S. Hinckley - Mother's Brother

Your Father was no ordinary man. In all respects he was well endowed. He was a wiry, rather short compactly built man, and as tough as nails. He was always well groomed and well dressed. He did everything well. Lafayette Holbrook never did a shoddy job in his life. He had the greatest physical endurance of any man I have ever known, and he was the most efficient worker I have known. Consequently, he could do as much work as any two ordinary men.

In our native town of Fillmore the people hauled their winter wood from Clear Lake Cedars. It would take the ordinary man a day and a half or two days to get a load of wood. Your father drove four horses attached to two wagons and would leave at four o'clock in the morning. At night he would be back with two big loads without help from anyone. He did this not only one day but several days in succession. When he was remodeling his home in Fillmore, sometimes he would work till five o'clock in the morning, and occasionally all night and all day. I'll tell you he worked every hour. How he could do it I do not know, but if he was not working he would be sleeping. He told with a good deal of merriment about walking from Salt Lake to Fillmore after attending school in the city during the winter. Thomas Callister and some of the other young fellows started out with him, but he walked them to death. Their feet would blister but his never bothered.

When he sold mowers and reaping machines for an implement company, he would work almost night and day and sold twice as many as the next fellow. He, as you know, loved to hunt and was a remarkable shot. I recall one time after a snow storm in Fillmore, he went up into the east hills and shot seven deer. He took a wagon, loaded them in, and brought them home. That was about half of one of his day's jobs. If you had turned him loose without anything, he would have made a good living where many men would starve. He knew how to do it.

Lafayette Holbrook was a born businessman. I have often thought if he had gone to Chicago or some other large city, he would have made a place for himself in the financial world. He had a superior mind; few men could do the mental work he could. He would have made a great soldier. He had rare judgment, great courage, and was fearless. I think we were all agreed that he was the best friend Father's family ever had. If the boys got into financial difficulties they went to him. He could show them their mistakes and, after giving them heck, gave them everything else necessary to help them. No one questioned his honesty. Integrity is the word that best describes him. He met his obligations with promptness; he was a good provider. Your mother never wanted for anything. He was a good husband, a good father, a consistent Latter-day Saint.

Now a word for your mother. She belongs to the nobility of the earth. She was my ideal of a woman and a mother; beautiful, intelligent, wise, and a leader of ability. She was a good housekeeper, a peacemaker, and a devoutly religious woman, inheriting much of Father's characteristics, a woman of faith and cheerfulness. Your father was greatly devoted to her and he gave her everything a man could give a woman. There is an inherent genuineness in all her children.

In conclusion, it is so nice to say a word to you. I have known you from the day of your birth. You are as honest as the sun and square as men ever grow, true and self reliant, with an unusually brilliant family and a very remarkable wife. I shouldn't do as hurried a job as this, but one thing after another consumes one's time. I commend you for gathering this material. Write it all down. It will mean so much to those who come later. With great respect and affection.

Your uncle,

B. S. Hinckley

Taken from a sketch of Lafayette Holbrook's life in the Deseret News. Written by Ben Hite after an interview with Father Friday, July 21, 1922. Father was one of a number of early Utah men attaining prominence and success who Hite interviewed and sketched their lives in his decidedly different style than the usual stereotyped way.

Quoting Father, "I pause in wonder of the young men of today. They toil little and they spin a plenty."

From Father, "A good part of my life I have spent going after metals in Utah. I made money out of it. I haven't got much, because I put it back in the ground and other enterprises, but I have had a lot of personal satisfaction and have added some wealth to the world." He helped to get wealth off the top of the ground and underneath.

At about age 8 he did some herd-riding for which he received \$14. He gave it to Daniel Thompson who went to the Missouri River to buy merchandise to buy articles the Indians would like for him. He traded the articles for buckskin to the Indians and tripled his money in the deal. He got \$20 for piloting a cattle buyer through part of southern Utah at age 12, and for helping his mother in the dairy business and with the chores for a number of years he received \$200. Being born and reared in the days of scarcity, he believed the money you earned was to be saved and built upon rather than to be spent for pleasure pursuits. In 1871, he bought cattle at Abilene, Kansas, for \$5.50 per head and sold them on the Bear River in Wyoming for \$15 per head. In '72 he took cattle from Millard County to Pioche and cleared \$3,000 on his first herd. In '73 he bought cattle in Belton, Texas. (These were the ones his friend sold and absconded with the money.) After returning from his mission in 1876, he worked for John W. Lowell Implement Company and had Sanpete and Sevier Counties. In 1877, he, Ira N. Hinckley, and Joseph Robison went into the cattle business. The article says he knew Utah and the roads so well that he piloted President Young on some of his trips of inspection.

Allen Campbell, Mat Cullen, Tom Ryan, and Green Campbell reportedly bought the Horn Silver Mine from Hawkes, the locator, for \$25,000 and sold it for \$5,000,000 and five million in stock. It was one of the greatest discoveries of rich silver ore of that time. He left Frisco in '87 and went to Provo in '89.

Tributes that follow are from the family of L. H. and Alsina B. Holbrook.

Raymond B. and Esther H. Holbrook

Grandfather Holbrook had little formal education but he was a distinguished looking and well informed man. He achieved considerable eminence in business and political circles and held high positions in the Church. Grandfather associated with successful people. He read widely from good books. As a boy I enjoyed browsing in his library. He possessed an excellent vocabulary and encouraged his grandchildren to use and pronounce words correctly. When a youth, in a conversation with him I referred to adaptation to climate as "climated." In a kindly way, Grandfather said he believed the proper word was acclimated (a-kli'mat-ed). I checked with Webster and learned Grandfather was correct.

Grandfather expressed satisfaction when his grandchildren reached a goal. When I completed my course at Stanford Law School, he and Grandmother, Angeline Holbrook, came to Palo Alto for the graduation exercises.

Grandfather loved his country. He urged his grandchildren to become informed about our form of government and to participate in its democratic processes. On my 21st birthday, he gave me a book entitled "The American Government." He wrote the following statement on the fly leaf:

"To Raymond B. Holbrook from Grandfather Holbrook,
March 16, 1923. Twenty-one years old and now a man.
A useful book containing valuable information of our
glorious and beloved country. It is worthy of careful
study."

Grandfather believed every family should own its home and be a taxpayer. When I started to practice law in Provo, he loaned me the money to purchase a home.

Grandmother called Grandfather "Holbrook" and he affectionately addressed her as "Jean." She was tall and stately, had expressive hands and shapely ankles, and was so much a lady. Her hair was always neatly waved back from her face.

Grandfather and Grandmother's home was a mecca for relatives and friends. It was furnished for the comfort of guests and Grandmother served delectable meals. They were gracious and charming hosts and stand tall in the memory of all who knew them.

Tributes from our Andersons for Rachel Who Died in 1946

Rachel's grandparents, Lafayette and Angelina Hinckley Holbrook, were most gracious and wonderful people. Their home, less than two blocks east on South Temple, was a very convenient location. They made us most welcome. Grandmother was certainly more than blessed with the "Hinckley"

charm. I remember the many times she invited us to dinner. She was an excellent cook and one of the meals I recall best featured baked ham and pineapple.

At one time Rachel and I stayed there while I was convalescing from a minor nose operation. Rachel had to attend a meeting during this period and was scolded by Grandmother for leaving her husband.

I was interested in their library. It was unusually comprehensive.

Grandfather was always getting something fixed over at the apartment or somewhere, and everything was fixed right up to the minute. There was no disintegration anywhere. They seemed happy and adjusted people.

Grandfather and Grandmother Holbrook have left their landmarks throughout the state. When we go to the medical clinic in Provo we find the sturdy walls of their former home. There is the Holbrook block, a main business building in Provo. As I look north on West First South in Salt Lake I see that strong and beautiful building which was the Intermountain Casket Company.

Once "Father" Holbrook went with me to Milford to load wool. We went on over to Frisco where he showed me the foundation of the store which Grandfather Holbrook had owned. The main building had been taken away or burned down. The town of Frisco, built near the Horn Silver Mine, at one time boasted a population of 6,000 and was known as the "wildest camp in Utah." No one else ran a store in a mining camp without selling whiskey or beer. I have heard too that Grandfather could do some fancy shooting and one day showed a cigarette smoker who had the steadier nerve. The shooting was at glass balls thrown in the air.

It particularly gratified me that Grandfather Holbrook had been the Republican nominee for Congress. Grandmother did not claim the known relationship of the Hinckleys to Franklin D. Roosevelt, but would admit it to Theodore.

They were good friends of President and Sister Heber J. Grant who called to take them for evening rides.

Jennie Holbrook Groberg - Granddaughter

President Heber J. Grant had come to Idaho Falls for the dedication of our Third Ward chapel and to offer the dedicatory prayer. I introduced myself to him and told him I was a granddaughter of Mrs. Lafayette Holbrook. He took hold of me and looked very deep into my eyes and said, "My dear, do you know your grandmother is among the noblest of the noble." The words seemed to impress themselves indelibly upon me, and I felt so grateful that I was her granddaughter.

Shortly before her passing, while she was in a wheel chair, I called to see Grandmother. As I went to leave she took hold of me and said, "Jennie you are wonderful, just wonderful, and I love you, I love you, I love you." It made me stop to consider that perhaps she would not be with us too long for

it seemed she was sort of bidding me farewell with a benediction of love and confidence which I shall always remember with gratitude.

About a year before Grandfather Holbrook's death, I called on them with a baby in my arms. A taxi had brought me from the train and the driver had carried in my suitcase. When it was time for me to go to Provo on the Orem, I wanted to call a taxi. Grandfather objected. He just simply would not trust me and my child to any taxi. He carried my heavy suitcase and walked with me clear to the Orem railroad station. I was so concerned over what I realized was too much for him that it was difficult for me to keep up a pleasant conversation. When I recall this incident I realize again how kind and considerate and lovable he was and how anxious and concerned he was for those he loved. I always enjoyed visiting with him and always felt he was very dear to me.

Mary Holbrook Maxwell - Granddaughter

I have many happy memories of Grandfather and Grandmother Holbrook. One incident occurred when I was about fifteen years of age. I had been left in charge of our home and family in Provo. All other older members were away at the time. Very unexpectedly the grandparents arrived for a short visit from Salt Lake City. At the time our home was heated with a coal furnace which occasionally needed more coal. I was performing that duty when they arrived. Before they left I tried to impress them by playing a piece on my violin, on which I was just a beginning student. As always they seemed to have a fine time.

Imagine my delight when a few days later I received the following letter from Grandfather Holbrook and with it a five dollar bill. The letter speaks very well of the characters of the grandparents.

Salt Lake City April 5, 1928

To Dear Mary Holbrook:

The Girl for a Home. At ease from the furnace in the basement to the violin in the parlor. Who, someday will be the lucky winner of your true heart? May he be worthy. You certainly are appreciated more and more by your affectionate grandparents.

L. Holbrook

(Younger sister Ruth and I spent one summer helping these grandparents manage their Holbrook apartment. The experience was very valuable.)

Ruth Holbrook Brown - Granddaughter

Grandmother Holbrook was beautiful. She walked like a queen and talked with wisdom and understanding, endearing herself to all who knew her. The summer which I spent near her was a wonderful one. I have always thought that it was one of those rich experiences with which I was particularly

blessed. She had the rare ability of having everything in her home so well planned that confusion and disorganization were completely absent. Everything moved on schedule and yet no one had the feeling of being held to a rigid plan but rather had the comfortable feeling of a peaceful home routine. Her love and appreciation of Grandfather and his every wish and need was particularly beautiful.

How proud I was to walk with her to market in the morning. I felt like a princess because of the respect and warm friendly greetings all we met extended to her. Everyone seemed anxious and more than happy to accommodate her in any way and held it an honor to do so. I felt like calling out, "See her! She is my Grandmother."

Grandmother was wise. She had a marvelous way of getting people to do what she thought was right without that person becoming aware of her having affected the act at all. She was understanding and tolerant, particularly of young people, and her opinions were appreciated and respected. We loved doing what would please her.

One of the choicest evenings I remember was one in which she sat and talked with me of her childhood and early family life and of her experiences as a young woman. That evening I really felt as though I knew Grandmother and I loved her more dearly than ever. I have always been proud of her ever since I can remember, and my love for her has grown with the years. She was truly a noble Grandmother.

Grandfather and Grandmother Together

In my youth, I regarded Grandpa and Grandma Holbrook as pillars of strength and security. The summer I stayed with them in Salt Lake City I began to know them better as really loving grandparents. I used to marvel at the early hour they would rise in the morning and the systematic way in which they lived. The house was always spic and span and the meals, etc., on time and everything apparently in perfect condition. I think the running of their home was a real art.

One of the loveliest things I remember about them was the high regard they had for each other and the consideration they always showed. The way Grandfather walked up the hill to the 18th Ward every Sunday to church was marvelous. He almost never missed and yet he seldom heard a word, except a greeting from friends who took pains to see that he heard. I am sure he must have felt a spirit there he loved, but I am also sure he felt it a duty, and that alone was enough of an incentive for Grandfather.

His love for honesty and right living was apparent always. Grandfather was a marvelous provider and loved to have things lovely and comfortable for his family. How much time he used to spend keeping things in perfect operating condition only those who lived with him can appreciate.

Elizabeth Berry - Granddaughter

When I think of Grandma Holbrook there is always a flood of happy memories that envelops me. I recall the many times she opened her door wide to a host of eager, clamoring Provo grandchildren who came to spend the day in the "City." She was always enthusiastic about our coming, although I know we usually took her and Grandfather quite by storm. She was always cheery and patient but occasionally dropped words of wisdom upon our ears which usually took hold and held fast--a lesson was easily taught and learned well. I think her greatest lessons probably were taught by her own example. I often think of how sweet and kind she was to Grandfather. Even as a child, I was impressed by her devotion and loyalty to him. I am sure that he appreciated her for it and loved her most because he knew her best.

She had a zest for living that was stimulating to both old and young and never lost it even in her retiring years. I remember how I enjoyed eating meals in her home, for she was a good cook and a gracious hostess. There is one occasion that I particularly remember. She said she would like to have a wedding luncheon in honor of Kay and me following our wedding in the Salt Lake City Temple. We felt that it would be too much for her but she insisted and said that she wouldn't fuss but would keep it simple. She went through the temple with us on that day, and we were so happy to have her with us and to call her "Grandmother" for she was a well-known and beloved temple worker. When the family wedding party arrived at her home, everything was ready and beautifully prepared. I don't know how a bridal luncheon could have been more lovely. Even though I was a new bride and floating in the clouds, I came down to earth long enough to partake of the tasty morsels of food she had prepared and to enjoy her gracious hospitality in our behalf. We left her home feeling that our marriage was off to a good start.

I will always be grateful to Grandmother Holbrook for her influence for good upon my life and I hope that in some small way I may live to merit the fine heritage she has left me and my children.

Helen Holbrook Dahlquist - Granddaughter

My conversations with Grandmother are treasured because it seemed to me that she had that rare quality of keeping her graciousness of years and yet always being able to converse in the language with which you spoke to her. I remember once taking one of my girlfriends to Grandmother's for a little while, and when we were ready to leave the friend remarked how wonderful it was to talk to Grandmother because one could talk to her just as she would to another young person of her own age. I think that was characteristic of her, she always seemed interested in your problem and you could talk as freely to her as you would to one of your young friends and yet be sure of receiving bits of advice tempered by the wisdom of her years.

So often as people grow older in years, there is a tendency for them to gradually draw a net around their own lives and withdraw from the lives of others. This was surely not a failing of Grandmother's. Up to the very end she evidenced an interest in the life around her and the problems and activities of others. I remember not so very long before she left us when I brought out

first baby to see her and put her on the side of Grandmother's bed so she could get a good look at her. The affection which Grandmother showed for the baby and the gentle and interested way in which she got the baby to respond was a picture I shall not soon forget. There was no doubt that she was sincerely thrilled that we had the child and that she was interested in her welfare, and this at a time when her own suffering would have absorbed the thoughts of many others.

I have always been proud of the fact that I was a grandchild of Grandmother and Grandfather Holbrook because I knew the characteristics they displayed in their lives were ones which I would be proud to perhaps inherit. I have a very fond memory of Grandfather Holbrook. To me he was a very distinguished elderly man who had a gentle and humorous way with children. I never remember hearing him speak crossly to one of us children, but I can see him standing at the top of the stairs calling a humorous greeting with that twinkle in his eyes or seated at the dinner table wittily responding to some remark. Impressed with his immaculate dress and fine carriage, we nevertheless found him very approachable and loved to have him pat our heads and listen to his remarks on his visits to Provo.

Vera H. Heninger - Granddaughter

As I look back on my early life, some of my pleasantest memories are associated around Grandma and Grandpa Holbrook. I respected and loved them. As a small child I remember our trips to Salt Lake to visit our grandparents was always a treat to look forward to. Sometimes Grandpa would have a little difficulty remembering our names, but he was always sweet to us even though we were probably a nuisance following after him as he tidied up outside. I visualize Grandpa most often walking with the Board of Trustees of the B. Y. U. at commencement. We were always proud of him. Grandma was a very good cook and many a delightful meal we shared with her and Grandfather. It was a rare treat when we were able to stay overnight. As I grew older, I still always enjoyed my visits with the grandparents on South Temple.

After my marriage, I was in Salt Lake for just a few hours, but one of the things I wanted to do was visit with Grandma Holbrook. Grandpa Holbrook had passed on and Grandma had broken her leg and it was very hard for her to get around, but she was still as much fun to talk to as any girlfriend and so much wiser. Her enthusiasm for life had not lessened at all. To me that was one of her outstanding characteristics--her eternal youthful outlook. Just to visit with her was an enriching experience. Grandma was always cheerful and, coupled with a world of common sense and an understanding heart, she was truly a choice person and will always have a place in our hearts.

Elaine Holbrook Haymore - Granddaughter

I can close my eyes now and see Grandfather Holbrook marching in the Founder's Day parade of the Brigham Young University. He was a member of the local Board of Trustees. I marched behind with the Training School; how proud I was. He stood erect, trim and neat, and there was always a

twinkle in his bright blue eyes. I felt it exciting to kiss him because of his immaculate yellowish beard.

I always felt assured of a warm welcome from Grandmother too. I received a lift in her presence, felt proud of my heritage as her granddaughter and felt that I could accomplish much. So youthful was her outlook on life, that I can never think of her as growing old. How happy it made us, the way she enjoyed our first son Daniel. He was our baby when she passed away.

Note:

PART TWO, L.H. and Alzina B. Holbrook and their families (pages 99-167) is omitted from this copy.