

PART TWO

L. H. and Alsina B. Holbrook and Their Families



Wedding picture of L. H. Holbrook and Alsina E. Brimhall Holbrook

L. H. AND ALSINA B. HOLBROOK FAMILIES

My first intent was to terminate these sketches with the brief histories of Lafayette and Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook, my parents. My dearly beloved wife Alsina Elisabeth Brimhall Holbrook died July 26, 1960. She was my inspiration and helper in the attempt to preserve for our numerous posterity brief sketches of our ancestors. Owing to the size of our own family, at present (August, 1961) already more than 120, Alsina's wonderful motherhood and unusual life and the extent of her life for good, I and others before her death felt the book would be incomplete without a sketch of our own lives. The book primarily is for our own family and posterity. Of necessity all of it is brief and incomplete.

The foregoing sketches were terminated with two letters my father wrote my mother. This sketch begins with two more he wrote to Mother, or rather extracts from them, portraying first impressions my arrival made.

Cove Fort Aug. 8, 1877

My Dear Wife:

Your two long letters just to hand. I assure you they were perused with peculiar feelings. I had been led to believe all the long time I did not hear from you that you were getting along so nicely, also our darling baby. Getting this opposite news quite changes my feelings. I still have hopes and sincere faith that you are much better now. Does not any one know what makes him cry. Maybe he is sick, or could it be because he has such a nice even temper. Of course if he has cried ever since he was born his temper is very even indeed, and his will very resolute. I do not see how you can stand it, to be broken of your needed rest so much nite after nite. It seems to me if you had a good trusty woman in the home to help instead of a little girl you would get along faster. Maybe you could get sister Poulter, if so I believe she would be a good nurse. Please do not spare the money if it will add to your comfort while I am away from home. You know your happiness and that of our baby is all I have to live for. To hear that you are not happy makes me feel a way I can not describe. We already have branded 1450 head of cattle and have 260 more to brand. We are getting along splendidly and tomorrow will be moving the cattle east. The Indians are not making trouble and the rivers are safe. Please do not worry.

Time will not permit writing more. I will close by asking the Lord to bless you and our darling boy so he will rest better nites. Be comforted dear wife and I will return home as soon as possible.

Yours forever,

L. Holbrook

(The cattle business took him from home most of the time that first year of my hectic life.)

The following brief note was written the next morning, just before starting east to deliver 1710 head of cattle.

My Loving Wife:

Just a line before starting. I was up this morning at 4 and started the cattle soon after daylight, and anticipate nothing but a pleasant and prosperous trip, and trust in three weeks I will again be home enjoying your dear company and playing with our nice son. I do want to see him so much, and when looking at him, I could also glance at his dear ma. I am looking forward to when we can all be together. I never in my life was so anxious to be at home. Take good care of yourself and do not fret if the babe cries. He is alright. You say the neighbors think he looks more like me all the time. If so it accounts for his crossness.

Again goodbye.

L. Holbrook

Salt Lake City Sept. 1/77

My Dear Angelena:

I am again back in the City of my birth, well and hearty after having a very successful trip. I feel the hand of the Lord has been with me, and that he will continue to be, if I but do my part, which with his assistance I hope and trust to ever do.

This City is filled with people, almost as many as during a general conference. I was struck with wonder when I heard of the death and demise of our beloved leader and prophet, Brigham Young. Flags were to be seen at half mast, and crape hanging on many doors, showing the respect the many friends had for him. The remains were conveyed to the new tabernacle this morning, so his many friends could see him. The funeral will be tomorrow, Sunday at noon. I shall attend and very much wish you could be with me. Such men passing away brings many reflexions, of both the living and the dead. It seems to me, dear wife, that death should not be an unpleasant experience to those who have tried to live to the best of their ability, and honorably. I want to live to be worthy of a better world beyond the veil, not that I am finding fault, far from it. Never was a man more contented with his position on this earth than I am with mine. I have everything to make me happy--a kind and loving wife, that is to good for me, and the mother of my nice son. May the Lord bless you both and make you happy forever. He knows, if any one on this earth merits happiness, it is yourself.

I shall be pleased to get a cloak, a crib and a carriage, for our darling cross baby, and of course on receipt of all these nice things hope that he will cease crying. Please tell him so for me.

Your loving husband,

L. Holbrook

(Mary Ann Angel, one of President Young's wives, was my grandfather Chandler Holbrook's full cousin and, as noted in an earlier sketch, the first of the Holbrook kin to be baptized into our L. D. S. Church.)

These excerpts are inserted to assure our posterity that I was born of patient, loving, and goodly parents. My failure to reach higher goals can in no way attach to them. My wonderful mother assured me that when I learned to walk, in spite of this infant reputation, I rather suddenly ceased crying which was fortunate for both parents.

Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook

I was born in Fillmore, Millard County, Utah, July 15, 1877, the first in the family of Lafayette and Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook and the first grandchild of Ira Nathaniel and Angeline W. Hinckley reportedly weighing 9 3/4 pounds. Mother often told me that during waking hours for my first 9 months I bawled incessantly. Beginning to walk at that age, the howling, to her great relief, lessened. Ill health was in no way responsible for Mother said when six months old I weighed 30 pounds. The old type scales may not have been reliable. The ill temper, in addition to nearly driving Mother to distraction, made a lasting impression on the community. When a man with a family, I returned to Fillmore for one of their traditional "Homecomings." The only way the elderly matrons could remember me was when they were asked if they remembered "Jean" Hinckley Holbrook and her crying baby. "Oh yes" was the invariable answer. One went so far as to say, "Who could ever forget that bawling brat," and then to rub it in asked, "Is that angel mother of yours still living"? So far as I know, this is the only impression I ever made beyond my own household.

Fortunately I was blessed with a rugged body and strong lungs that my temperamental tendency may have aided in developing. In self defense, I am referring to those distressing infantile outbursts as a "tendency" rather than a characteristic; the former offers more hope that a cure may yet be found. No wonder remedy equivalent to the biotics in medicine has been found, but at this late age I am still battling and hoping.

Pasteurization methods were crude in my infancy, but its benefits were appreciated. Fresh milk in large pans was placed on the wood stoves and kept at a simmering heat for a few moments before being placed on the shelves for later use. A niece of father's was living with us while helping mother. As she was removing one of these pans, I ran and grabbed her soon after learning to walk. The sudden shock caused her to drop the pan of hot milk, burning me over a large portion of my body. The burned part was packed in cotton and oil for six weeks. The only scar is on my left leg.

At age three or four Santa Claus brought me a set of cube blocks with letters of the alphabet and different animals and colors on each face of the blocks. I was intrigued and spent hours playing with them till I had acquired a very distinct mental picture of each face. Mother possibly and Father for sure thought this quite an accomplishment. I very often became Exhibit A of the great potential latent in the Holbrooks. When company came, he would often pick up one of the blocks with me blindfolded and then say what was on

one face and have me give colors and tell what was on the other five faces. Reportedly, the answers came with alacrity and rare mistakes. The parental chests would swell with pride and happy anticipation.

After extended years of parenthood, I can better understand how doting and gullible parents grasp the slightest hint of precociousness in their always unusual and exceptional progeny. They may fan the slightest glimmer into portentous and fantastic dreams, most impossible of attainment. This may be more pronounced if it accidentally twinkles in their first-born. May I be pardoned for clinging tenaciously to the vague memory of infant promise. The potential is still dormant and the memory about all I have to bolster a faltering ego.

Wisely parents retain and nourish the catching things their children may have accidentally uttered in their interesting infant prattle. Late in life Mother related this to me: "For some real misconduct I tanned your legs real hard with a little willow. Instead of crying you looked at me real soberly and said, 'Do you think the Lord gave you my legs to whip'." I have no memory of this, but it must have lingered with Mother. The recital must not convey the wrong impression. While Mother insisted on obedience, she never made unreasonable requests and rarely resorted to corporal punishment. She was an ideal disciplinarian.

There was no running water in our first childhood home. The drinking and culinary water came from the irrigating streams that formed the boundary between sidewalks and roads in Fillmore. The stream passing our home would overflow to form quite a pond on the east part of the road just beyond our gate. It was an ideal incubating place for "pollywogs" or embryo toads. In high water season, this pond was alive with them. It was a favorite play resort for me, often joined by Clara. I vividly remember how we would build small laterals and impound dozens of these creatures. One incident stands out in particular. Mother was entertaining company. She had carefully dressed Clara and me in our best and requested us to go out and play while she prepared the dinner for the guests beginning to arrive. For this occasion I had on a light colored waist and my first pair of pants and was I proud to now be dressed like other boys. We amused ourselves in the usual manner. By the time the last guests arrived we were very hungry and made our way into the front room where the guests were all assembled and which was also our dining room. Mother gazed at me with a look of anguish and said, "What on earth have you got in your pockets and how did you get so dirty?" I asked her to put her hand in and see. This she did and got quite a shock when she touched the wiggling mass of pollywogs; I in turn got hustled out of the room.

It was not in the cards for me to grow up without some trying incidents. At age four, two friends, Father and Mother, and Clara and I were on the way to visit relatives and friends in Deseret in a buggy drawn by horses. The buggy was much like present auto bodies, but instead of a motor there was a seat out in front for the driver, who this time was Father. The day was hot and the road dusty and slow requiring seven or eight hours for the trip. The water we carried was soon gone. I became very thirsty and fussy. To pacify me I was allowed to get in the seat with Father. As we neared Deseret, the mirages from the alkali flats resembled water but would always keep receding. With my eyes riveted on these illusive ponds, I went to sleep

and toppled off the seat. The horses went about thirty yards before Father could stop them and put on the brakes. He sprang from the seat but was afraid to release the lines as my fall had startled the horse and then called out, "Jump up and come a running." This I did with the blood streaming from my mouth. Father was frightened. He put his finger in my mouth and said, "My God, his jaw is broken in three places." Mother made me as comfortable as possible and we hurried to the home of Uncle Will and Aunt Minerva Ray.

There were no doctors in Deseret. A huge man weighing about 250 pounds who was said to have had some veterinarian training was called. There were no anesthetics available. Without it, and by main force, he tried for some time to unite the fracture parts but was never able to keep them in place. Mother finally came in and said she could not stand my screaming any longer. She and I were placed in the caboose of the slow moving freight train that made trips between Milford and Salt Lake City. My pain had been intense during the attempts made in Deseret. The memory still remains. I have no memory of later suffering on the journey or while staying in Aunt Em Davis' home while her husband Dr. Davis and Dr. Benedict did an excellent job in repairing the lower jaw fractures. Both doctors were rated highly and were among the first accredited in Utah. Aunt Lavern Hinckley, then living at Aunt Em's, took over when the danger had passed and Mother returned to Fillmore. I don't recall being confined to a bed during any of the convalescence but for a time was fed with a spoon by Aunt Lavern. While here, I first remember my Noble great grandparents and their home.

Uncle Lon, later Apostle Hinckley, was also living at Aunt Em's while working in Auerbach's, a clothing store. When I was ready to be sent home, having made a quick recovery, after having his dinner Lon took me back to the store with him. While he was busy with customers, I was still busier tearing off the little white cards from the numerous suits and articles wherever I could find them. When he discovered my activities he was horrified and embarrassed. I was too frightened to await results when he explained to the owner I had removed many of the price and size tags from suits and other articles. I lit out for Aunt Em's alone.

Both Grandmother Hinckley and Auntie Grandmother Hinckley told me I almost annihilated their crops of little chicks as they would come out from the triangular coops that retained the mother hens, and in some hatchings removed the chick prematurely from their protective shells. A re-examination of my early childhood indicated I was far too busy doing the wrong things when not restrained by accidents or strong disciplinary measures. It may be best to reveal no more misdeeds for fear others in my blood line may find umbrage or take license for their missteps.

It was just a few years after moving to Frisco that I and the Orwin boy fortunately escaped without being maimed or scarred from the nitric acid burns mentioned earlier. I had at least two narrow escapes from injury while riding or rather falling from old George, the delivery horse. Things happened with such regularity, Mother became comforted with the sustaining conviction that Providence was sparing my life for some good reason. She may have gone through life without discovering the reason or compensating achievements on my part.

As earlier related, we three older children went to live with our Hinckley grandparents while attending school in Fillmore. Our first schooling was in the rock school house Grandfather Holbrook was a big factor in building and supporting and in which Mother and Father had taught school. It was the first to be built there and may still be standing as a relic on the same block occupied by Utah's first state capitol building, now a museum. I was the first to go and went to Fillmore from Frisco with a returning peddler. My first experience in school was not uncommon. As the newcomer, the home boys had me thoroughly cowered with their belligerency. I stayed close to the teacher during recesses and the noon hours. A few days later, I mustered enough courage to venture out during the recess but started to run when a menacing gang of boys was coming my way. I was far from a fleet runner. The lead boy quickly overhauled me. I turned and threw him in the mud with comparative ease and repeated the performance for the benefit of the gang as they came. That did it; then and there I was accepted. I may have lacked courage and did manage to escape any real fights, but I was blessed with unusual strength. I never excelled as a runner or jumper but recall no one my size or age bettering me in the side-holt wrestling during all those youthful years. I was also above average in baseball and marbles, the most popular games in my youth.

All of my elementary schooling and years in the Millard Stake Academy, then the equivalent of some high schools, were spent while living with our Hinckley grandparents in Fillmore. My school record was above average and life with the grandparents profitable and memorable. When I left, my teachers complimented me and left me feeling I had done well.

Corporal punishment was not yet obsolete. I had been held after school a number of times and chastised occasionally but had escaped intentional thrashing. One of my loved lady teachers became so exasperated with my seat mate that she came where we were with a long supple willow intending to give him a thorough thrashing. The unbending part of the willow was hitting him with force, but the stinging part was reaching me. I am sure she did not realize or intend it to be that way.

From the blocks given me, I had learned the alphabet and how to spell a number of the more simple words from the sound before beginning school at age 7. As a result, I rushed through those beginner classes at a rapid rate. I was older and larger than classmates as a beginner, but smaller and younger when promoted to the Academy. In the Academy the lessons were more exacting and required some thinking as well as an alert memory. For example, in spelling before all that had been required was to get the right letters in the proper order. In the Academy, it was doing this and in addition giving the proper accentuation and syllabication. In thirty given words it was possible to make ninety mistakes. I should remember this. To begin with I made an all-time record for the number of errors in a single lesson and the number of hours spent rewriting the words after school. The double-timing eventually paid off. Before leaving at the end of the year, and while only a first year student, I spelled down the entire school.

From my story thus far related, my readers may assume that early in life I nourished an overgrown ego. Really, these early achievements are about all I can boast and are retold to reinforce a vanishing ego. After the

family moved to Provo I was enrolled in the "Y" for the major part of my schooling and was soon among students much older. They not only had the answers, but also the reasons for arriving at their conclusions and an all-round broader and better approach than I could muster. For some reason I rather withdrew into a shell but managed to get promoted, possibly because of the good reputation of my parents. My early promises came from a flashy memory rather than a sound grasp of the materials. I never did get measured for a cap and gown, but was a member of two classes that graduated without me. My mission was partly responsible and the number of subjects I took had something to do with it. In the later years, my scholastic recording was again more promising and the mission and extensive traveling sponsored by my parents did much in preparing me for life. I recall no evidence of genius essential to the successful specialist showing up.

Aside from this rather mediocre scholastic report, I shall always be grateful to the "Y" in particular for it was there I found the wife and companion best suited for me. Now in my eighty-fourth year and with a limited number to go, I feel the greatest blessing that comes to individuals is to find and marry mates that nurture and bring out the best in their respective lives. This has been my good fortune, and I shall forever be grateful to her alma mater and my adopted school, the Brigham Young University.

TRAVEL
My mission was among the Maoris of New Zealand, a truly wonderful primitive and generous people with a great potential. I have high regard for them and the other splendid European members and friends there. The mission was a great and satisfying experience as most missions are. They are all much alike and, understood by so many, little more need be said. At the conclusion, it was my good fortune to have parents who sponsored six months traveling, completing a circle of the globe in company with Ezra T. Stevenson, my president, and much of the way with Brother Barker, president of the Australian Mission, and later meeting Sina and sister Clara in London.

When I first entered the B. Y. Academy, it was housed in the old Z. C. M. I. warehouse and Karl G. Maeser was still the president and had been from its inception. He was esteemed and loved by all for his character building ability and the way he inspired and aroused the latent potential in the students. He was never my teacher, but I had the good fortune of visiting in his home. His youngest daughter Eva soon became, and through our lives remained, one of our dearest friends.

My first teacher there was George H. Brimhall. He and N. L. Nelson were strong and excellent teachers. It was often said that the then Professor Nelson seemed to inherit the characteristic abilities of the grand old master Karl G. Maeser and was the one most likely on whom, at some future date, his mantle would rest.

Brief Sketch of Brimhall-Wilkins Families
by Alsina B. Holbrook

As this book was being written the author said, "You write a brief account of your ancestry and of your own life up to the date of our marriage. As the book is written at the request of our children, it would be most incomplete without that contribution." So Alsina (his companion) wrote the following.

First, may I express gratitude for our children's Holbrook-Hinckley ancestry. You Moses and Hannah Morton Holbrook--we are grateful for your exemplary lives. You were industrious, honest, and charitable. You were even a part of the beginning upon which was founded a government of the people, by the people, and for the people on this western hemisphere. You were lovers of freedom. Thus you helped to make possible the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ here in America. You are the great great grandparents of our children.

To Chandler and Eunice Dunning Holbrook, we are grateful that you heard a prophet's voice and turned your faces in the direction he pointed. Persecution, hardships, and the threat of imprisonment did not tempt you to deny your testimony of the gospel. You were pioneers and builders under the direction of another prophet, President Brigham Young, who had married your cousin Mary Ann Angel. The first State House of Utah knew the touch of your hands. Your names shine brightly on the records of our church. You are our children's great grandparents.

To Lafayette and Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook, you have moved on with high goals ahead. You have been loyal to your leaders through the years. Spurred with a zeal to give your children the best in education, you moved to Provo where the great school of Zion welcomed your children. There you found the kind of education you sought for your children. There your son met his future wife Sina Brimhall. You sanctioned our marriage and blessed our life together through the years when we were building our kingdom. Proud we are to be the first branch of your family tree and proud we are of our eleven children--your grandchildren.

I will now sketch the maternal or my side as requested. My Father's name is George Henry Brimhall. His first ancestor in America was James Brimhall. He and his wife Lady Florence Temple came from England. Their son George made a home on one of the two hills upon which the city of Portland, Maine, now stands. In your travels on the highway thereabout you may see a signboard with an arrow pointing to "Brimhall Hill." This son whose name was George was killed there by the Indians. His son George moved to Massachusetts. It was from here where a goodly number of the descendants of this George and his wife Ann Baker became soldiers of the American Revolutionary army. It is not strange that a little further down the line we have another George, whose full name is George Washington Brimhall, my grandfather. Incidentally, may I mention a son of the second George who married Keziah Lincoln, my third great grandmother. Thus came to us a sprinkling of the blood of the great emancipator.

My grandfather George Washington Brimhall bore in one hand the banner of universal liberty and in the other the banner of religious freedom. In vision

he saw himself crossing the mountains of Colorado as a Mormon pioneer. He knew he must give up all and go; he had to go, his testimony could not be quenched. His first big assignment from the leaders of the valley was to go as a colonizer to Iron County. From there he was elected to the House of Representatives of the First Territorial Legislature of Utah. Before returning home from this session held in Salt Lake City he married Rachel Ann Mayer, with President Brigham Young officiating. These two pioneers paid full price for a permanent place for their names on the rolls of our church. It is of interest that my grandfather and Fay's, my husband, was born in the same New York county, that is George Washington Brimhall and Chandler Holbrook.

George Henry Brimhall, my father, came to George Washington and Rachel Ann on December 9, 1852, in Salt Lake City and he was their firstborn. Continuing down the line to the present we find the name of George in many Brimhall families. My father was a lifelong defender of the church his mother and father had nourished him in. To him it was the receptacle for all truth, the truth that makes all men free. All four of his Patriarchal Blessings predicted he would be the wielder of the sword of truth for Zion's youth. Uncle Bryant S. Hinckley, a fellow member with Father on the M. I. A. board for many many years proclaimed him as having won an immortal place among the teachers of his day. May I say my father was a staunch friend and admirer of the Hinckley families. His diary speaks of having enjoyed some of their family reunions.

During Father's many years as president of the B. Y. U., he felt the strength of trustee Lafayette Holbrook. One day the Board had their picture taken. Father then said to this special board member, "Now let us have our pictures taken together for our grandchildren." No doubt this picture will find a place in their Books of Remembrance. Edwin S. Hinckley, younger brother of Bryant was not only a teacher at the "Y", but an assistant to Father in many of the years of his presidency.

We find that from England comes another maternal ancestor surnamed Wilkins, but first or given name as yet not known. Through him the blood of American patriots runs again in our veins. Our great grandparents, Abraham and Mary Emmons Wilkins, named one of their sons George Washington Wilkins. He is the father of Alsina Elisabeth Wilkins, my mother. I am proud to be named for her. Grandfather George W. Wilkins' testimony came to him instantly of the divinity of the restored gospel through a song his ears caught as he walked along the streets of Petersborough, New Hampshire, his birthplace. His wife Catherine Augusta Lovett chose the Fourth of July for their wedding day. They became eager workers and leaders among the Mormon pioneers of Utah and California. They had seven children of their own and an adopted Indian baby boy who grew to maturity in their home and upon dying was buried in their family plot in the Spanish Fork, Utah, cemetery. On this brave couple's return from San Bernardino where they had been pioneers, their infant baby Charles died and was buried on the desert. They then made their home in Spanish Fork where my Mother was born May 7, 1856. She was reared in a home where the father always worked in the church. He prospered about the same as most of those settlers. Their molasses mill and other produce raised was not always perfect but was shared with the Lord in tithes and all the people saw to it that no one went hungry.

The Brimhall and Wilkins families, upon returning from testing colonization experiences, became community builders in the same Spanish Fork town. This was fortunate for us for the association of Father and Mother here ripened culminating in their marriage in the Salt Lake Endowment House December 28, 1874, Daniel Wells officiating. Alsina W.'s mother died two weeks before their planned wedding date. She called them to her bedside and asked them to go right on with their plans for that would please her most. This they did. Both my parents and my husband's parents, while enroute to the City to be married, had stayed overnight at the same home of a Brother and Sister Andrus and later were both married by Daniel H. Wells. These happened about two years apart in time. The home has become a point of interest to us as we pass it in our journeys.

George Henry Brimhall made the adobes, hauled them to town, and built their first home. It still stands on the bench land where Lucy Jane Brimhall Knight, my sister and their first child, was born. Father used to say she was the only child he ever walked the floor with at night. It was an unselfish act when they moved from there for a while and lived at Grandpa Wilkins' home to help with the motherless children while their father went on his second mission. That is the reason I was not born in our one room home, but some of my brothers were. Both lines of my ancestry were born of noble parentage, and their lives are worthy of emulation. The more recent ones were especially blessed, having received the gospel and standing on the vantage ground of being born under the covenant which their parents and grandparents had made and kept.

My Life Up to Marriage. I had a happy childhood. Father told me as an infant I had a miraculous healing under the power of the priesthood in his hands. He said he never quite understood why I was so preserved until he thought about my becoming the mother of eleven beautiful children. As little children, Jane and I had a lot of time to play with our dolls and cousins on Sunday. As girls a little older, we had trips by teams to the canyons where the teachers and their families would go. Our mother left us early in our lives. We were cared for by other mothers and a watchful father on these trips. Father had a cutter and delighted in gliding over the snow with us children in turns beside him. We loved the jingle of the sleigh bells. Later father married again a mother-heart who gave to us nine other brothers and sisters. Father taught us there were no half brothers and sisters with the same father. We, it seems to me, did not yearn for too much in a material way. We felt like Father knew best in all things and was one of the workers with our Heavenly Father and we were clothed "as the lilies of the valley."

Father became a student and department head of B. Y. Academy very early, where we also became students at an early age. Sister Jane graduated from the "Y" in 1895 and I in 1897. Jane tells how Father sold a cow to buy cloth for her graduating dress. She taught school and purchased the cloth for the pretty one I had.

This brings me to some important personal items. My life companion and I met at the B. Y. A. as had Jane, or Jennie as we called her, and Will before us. The summer after my graduation my boyfriend left for his New Zealand mission. We corresponded steadily during the nearly three years of our separation and in which time each gave "a promise true." After teaching

grade school for three years in Springville and Spanish Fork, I met my missionary in London, England--the native land of most of our forebears. Fay and President Ezra Stevenson, in returning from their missions were completing a circuit of the globe. Clara, Fay's sister, was a London missionary at this time. We four were now to visit England, Scotland, and a portion of the European continent at the time the 1900 "Century of Progress" World Fair was being held in Paris, France. While enjoying the great fair, we walked along the banks of the Seine River. Gazing in all directions at the amazingly beautiful settings of the fair, our eyes rested on the white statue of George Washington, the father of our beloved country, and the Stars and Stripes floating over the all white American building. With leisurely tread, thoughtful conversations, and inward contemplation, we knew that it was something more than the work of man alone that had wrought upon the quickened beginnings of this new century then in progress.

We knew that in 1820, in answer to the sincere prayer of faith offered in a grove in secret by a boy in his 15th year desiring to know which of all the religious sects was true, a new revelation of light and truth came to the world. Although all the centuries of the past had "poured their offerings of knowledge and treasure into the lap of this one, yet in many respects all these put together were almost as nothing compared with the discoveries and advances beginning to operate in the day in which we are living." One prophet describes it this way:

"The morning breaks the shadows flee,
Lo, Zion's standard is unfurled.
The dawning of a brighter day,
Majestic shines upon the world. "

We saw the artistry of France, the unexcelled mountain scenery of Switzerland, the thrift and industry of Germany, the quaintness of the Dutch, the charm and beauty of the British Isles, and many other fascinating things, including eastern Canada and our own United States.

Our future was full of hope. A tender welcome was ours upon returning to our homes in Provo. May 15, 1901, we entered the Salt Lake Temple. Father said to the brother at the desk, "Here is a young couple come to start a kingdom." We had both had our endowments. As we walked through the halls to the stairway leading to the altar Apostle George Teasdale, noticing our party, asked if he might marry us. We were pleased to be so favored.

Looking back 57 plus years, I see it all plainly and quite fully. The festivities that completed the day surrounded by our families and friends form now sweet memories. The wedding dress made by sister Jennie with its ruffled skirt, with its fifty yards of baby ribbon, was folded away with the delicate silk shawl, a gift from my missionary sweetheart until it should be used as a christening shawl when our babies came, and then again gratefully stored for our Golden Wedding day.

Our parents were happy with our marriage. When Grandmother Brimhall was first made aware of our prospective alliance, her enthusiasm became contagious as she contemplated her friends of Ponca Village days may now become relatives. She vividly remembered Chandler and Eunice Holbrook--Eunice the indefatigable worker and he so kindly a man. She also remembered the Noble sisters by name and nature dignified and not easily turned by obstructing tides.

SINA'S RELATIVES AS I KNEW THEM

I am deeply grateful for her splendid sketch of my relatives. Her grandmother Wilkins, patriarch grandfather Brimhall, her mother, and two Brimhall aunts left them before I knew Sina. With our marriage, her relatives became my relatives. During our courtship I read the blessing given her by patriarch grandfather Brimhall. I was impressed with its promises. It remained a source of strength through life and created an urge on my part to help bring its fulfillment. Sina felt it was literally realized in our lives, and it certainly was with respect to our first two children.

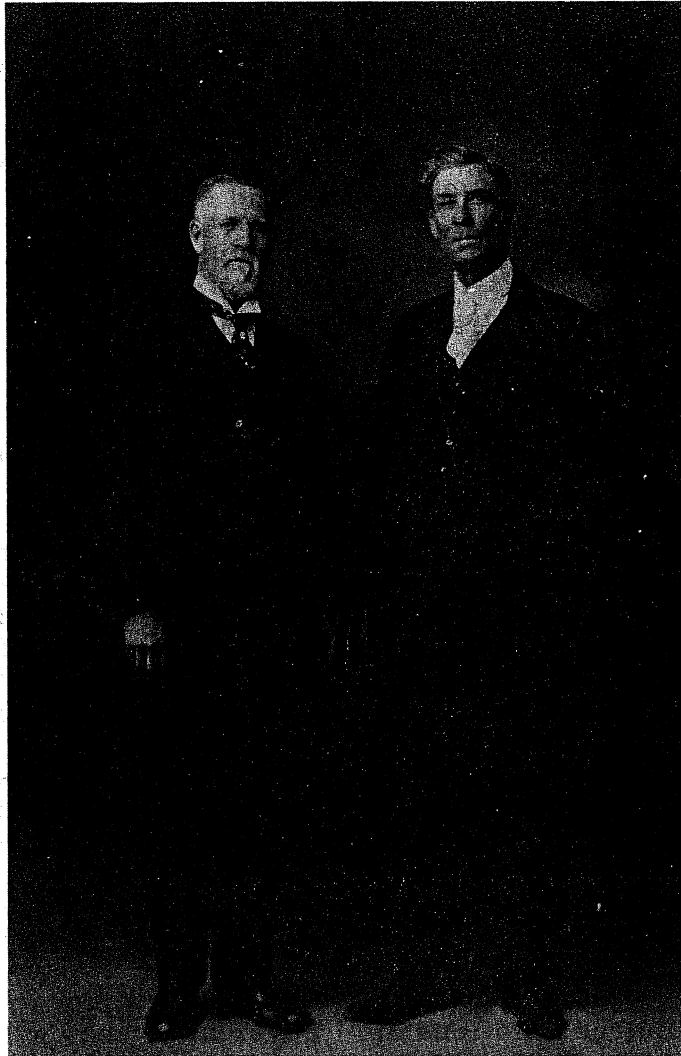
I had several visits with Grandfather Wilkins late in his life when he had again married and had a younger family. He was a refined, likeable, and intelligent typical pioneer and reportedly always was a good speaker and active church member. I knew all but one of the children of both families and most of the grandchildren. All were highly respected and some prominent in the affairs of our state.

Grandmother Rachel Ann Brimhall I knew rather intimately. Sina lived with her and helped her with the housework during the two years she taught school in Spanish Fork prior to our marriage. This was sufficient occasion for my many visits to the grandmother's home. She was another of those strong pioneer women who sacrificed much for her religion and a heritage in Utah. It was there I first discovered she had known both my Holbrook and Hinckley grandparents in the Ponca Indian village intimately and favorably. She was sincerely interested in her granddaughter's love affairs. Fortunately, in her I had a true and warm friend who guarded my interests during my missionary absence. To know her was to admire and love her for her fine qualities and strength of character. Conversations with her were always stimulating and profitable. She remains an inspiration in my cherished memories.

I knew the living children of this pioneer family quite well and feel fortunate for the acquired relationship. Physically, they were rather large with conspicuously strongly marked personalities. Today there is a numerous posterity contributing in a healthy way to our society.

George Henry Brimhall, Sina's father, was the first Brimhall I knew. With our marriage he became in the finest way a second father to me. It would be presumptuous for me to attempt to detail his benefactions and outstanding contributions. He was widely known for his many church lessons and sermons that were distributed throughout the church and surrounding educational areas, some in book form. Extracts are often quoted from his writings. His real life story should be written by someone able to do it a measure of justice.

I remember well my father taking me sixty-five years ago, when in my early teens, to hear a sermon by George H. Brimhall in the Provo Stake Tabernacle. His clear-cut remarks and vivid illustrations on choosing the right and mastering our self-control remained a goal for life. He was the most impressive teacher I have known.



George H. Brimhall, B. Y. U. Pres. & Lafayette Holbrook Member of the Board

President Brimhall said to Board Member Holbrook, "Let us have our photo's taken together for our grandchildren."

Sina and I came from Canada to Provo for our permanent home to share life with our parents and loved ones under the Stars and Stripes and hoping to have our children educated in the B. Y. A. These hopes outweighed the mere accumulation of money. We feel the move and hopes have been justified in the lives of our posterity. Through the remainder of Grandfather Brimhall's life scarcely a week passed without him dropping in on us, always with vitalizing and stimulating conversations in which we were both happy listeners and participants. Without fail he left us uplifted and anxious for the return visits. His closeness, love, and interest in us and our children was a tremendous help and factor for good in rearing our large family during their formative years.

When time permitted with teams and wagons, nothing suited Grandfather Brimhall better or pleased us more than the wonderful summer trips to Strawberry valley with all the families who could go fishing and relaxing for days. The fishing was good and the air wonderful--this before we had autos--but continued later with them. We also made some trips with family members and autos to California when Raymond graduated from Stanford (Sina and I with Grandfather and Flora) and at least one other time when I was the chauffeur. I served in a similar way with him and Flora on one Idaho trip. He was in great demand as a speaker at graduating exercises. It was my good fortune on a number of these occasions to be his chauffeur. I recall no repeats in all these sermons and each gave me compensating thrills.

His love and loyalty for all members of his family was sincere, genuine, and of the highest order. Several of our children had the good fortune to be his secretary. I and our children owe him an unending debt of gratitude for his daughter, my wonderful wife and their truly great mother. I have always loved him as another father. His profound influence was always good and a real factor in shaping our lives.

His children became my brothers and sisters with our marriage. While I never knew Sina's mother, I admired and honored Flora for her splendid and impartial motherhood of two families and for being a wonderful wife and companion to Grandfather. In every way she did a splendid job. Time will only permit mentioning the children with whom I was closely associated. Mark has always been the personification of honor and dependability. My close association with him in business for a few years was both pleasant and rewarding. Wells had an unusual ability to attract and hold friends. He loved to do things for others. I retain happy memories of hunting and fishing trips with him and sometimes his family. He was a real scout and the life of these outings. As a family we never can forget how he came to Salt Lake to get Sina and me when we were bringing Rachel from the Idaho Falls hospital. His early death was a great loss to all of us.

J. Will Knight and Wife Jennie Brimhall Knight

To us and our children always, Uncle Will and Aunt Jennie B., our history could not and should not be written without paying sincere tributes to them. From the onset of our marriage, their love and interest was of immense value. When I first entered the "Y" in the old warehouse, Jennie was the main topic of conversation of the young men seated near me. Her attractive and alluring charm was infectious. She and the young men were

older and more sophisticated than I. While I could not resist admiring her, I was keenly aware of having been born too late and being too immature to be another suitor, but I did hope there were younger sisters in the family. A year or so later when the school had moved to the lower campus, Jennie entered Room D with a smaller and evidently younger but equally attractive and charming young lady. No time was lost in learning she was Jennie's sister. From then on my love quest was found, but our courtship did not begin till more than a year later. As I became acquainted with these alluring sisters, I discovered an almost unbelievable close bond of love between them. With the unfolding of our lives and our expanding experiences, this sister devotion grew richer and even more beautiful to share, and it persisted without a ruffle to the end of their lives. Grandmother Brimhall told me she had never heard Jennie and Sina quarrel in their childhood years while living with her. I bear witness that to the end both had ideal dispositions.

A few days after our marriage, we went to Canada where the Knight family was building a sugar factory, buying vast tracks of land, stocking some of it with thousands of cattle, with a new town to be established near the sugar factory. At first we lived with them on the Bar-K-2 ranch, but a few months later we were among the original colonizers of the new town of Raymond, named after Raymond Knight, older brother of Will.

With very little help I built our first three room home. Our two children mentioned in Sina's patriarchal blessing were born in it. All eleven children were born in our homes. Raymond was the first boy born in the new town and was given its name. About twenty-one months later Rachel arrived and was already named in Sina's blessing. Both births were without the aid of a doctor or midwife. Jennie and Will and a competent lady friend were there and all went well.

Jennie and Will remained in Canada longer than we did and then returned to Provo and built a very fine home three blocks south of ours. As before, they continued being wonderful to us and were about as close and near to our children as were we and again were present when some of our later children were born. After leaving Canada, there was always a doctor.

Raymond was talking before we left Canada. We who were present remember when, for some misbehavior, Grandfather Brimhall gave him a dour look and Raymond called out, "Stand by me Jennie." Our children were about as welcome in the Knight home as ours, and they sometimes preferred theirs. In all respects, Will was a big brother to us. The Knights received permits for their tremendous contributions to the "Y". Will and Jennie passed some to our children. Their bounties went unheralded to many others. Our families had many happy fishing and hunting trips together and Will and I a number of mine inspection trips--one long one to the Inyo after it was sold.

We were glad to name our second daughter after her Aunt Jennie. Sina and I made many trips to Provo during the last illness of both Will and Jennie. In their passing, we all lost two wonderful people who helped shape our lives.

OUR EARLY MARRIED EXPERIENCES

In Raymond, Sina was the first Y. W. M. I. A. president and I the first Ward Clerk, Sunday School Superintendent, and later served as first Sunday School Stake Superintendent in the newly organized Taylor Stake. Uncle Will was the new town's first Bishop and Aunt Jennie the first Relief Society president. We all were very happy in these pioneer assignments.

Father had given us about 100 head of cattle and 8 or 9 good horses. We made payments on approximately 1400 acres of choice land closely adjoining the town. For a time I held three jobs and all was well. I became over-ambitious and borrowed nearly \$8,000, with the bank asking only a mortgage on the Utah cattle. This was more than their actual worth. With this I went to Manitoba and bought about 200 head of choice cattle. Father, after a visit, considered the land safe but thought cattle hazardous. His fears were well founded. Calamity struck before getting home with the cattle. A month or so later, the heaviest snow storm known there then or since literally covered up and decimated mostly the Canadian cattle. This obligated me to sell all I had, which I did and paid every debt with interest in full. Had I escaped this calamity I may have been later a well-to-do Canadian. From the first I never intended giving up my U. S. citizenship. I was then the only living son and my parents hoped we would return to Utah. From the wreckage, after all the debts were paid, I salvaged \$3,400, much better than our friends felt possible. With this, we were again back in Utah.

In many ways, our Canadian experience was rewarding and we were in the truest sense pioneers in a group of mostly young people. The one thing that we missed in particular was a good doctor. The need for this and a sincere desire to please parents who had done so much for us were the incentives for our being back in St. Louis; I enrolled in its medical university. We were in the same apartment with Elmer (Mother's youngest brother) and his wife. We had been together through much of our early lives and figured some day we would be partners.

My first year in medicine was reasonably good and my credits were satisfactory. Next year, hoping to get in a better recognized school, I attended the Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia for a time, with Sina remaining in Provo. It was a truly great school, but work in St. Louis did not jibe with second year classes there. In addition, both there and in St. Louis I would be sick when witnessing blood and smelling the anesthesia. Time failed to bring any cure. Absence of Sina and the children may have contributed. This allergy has persisted through life. While I loved the theory of medicine and the good a doctor could do, I made the hardest decision of my life in concluding the medical profession was not for me. The World Fair was held in St. Louis the year we were there. It tested my courage to again return home and face what would be interpreted as another failure.

Father came to our rescue. For \$3,000 he bought a home and about 12 acres of land, 6 irrigated, directly east of the Provo cemetery from Solomon Walker. For a few years we and the Walker family occupied the home. Their sons Orin and Vance assisted in the operations. Theirs was a small orchard. I soon planted fruit trees in the irrigated portion except some left for garden.

While the fruit trees were growing, I went rather extensively into the dairying and poultry business. We grew some of the finest peaches I ever remember seeing, but marketing them made it unprofitable. The poultry in the main was confined to fancy breeds in which many blue ribbons were won in exhibitions. It was pleasant and relaxing, but not rewarding financially. The dairying was a real success, netting about \$400 per month. The inspector told me he would rank our dairy herd second or third best in the state.

Vance Walker grew up while helping in the dairy and in every way was dependable and excellent help. I did very little milking. Shay's Cafeteria, then the leading restaurant in Salt Lake City, took the major part of our product. Vance became so efficient he was given the full responsibility of milking and placing the milk and cream on the train each morning to go to Shays. He was never late or missed a shipment, and I was free to buy and sell dairy cattle and other enterprises.

While living in this farm home, Blaine, Jennie, and Mary were born. It was there also where Raymond had the severe case of scarlet fever in my memory, but he later made a full recovery. Sina never had to wash the dairy utensils. Kity Roe from Scotland and Truce Von Merse from Holland, both L. D. S. converts, were with us for some time. We had paid the transportation for Truce. Later it was a lady neighbor who helped and we feel was responsible for the scarlet fever attack. Her children often came with her and at the time had a rash.

The farm life was in every way pleasant and rewarding. George Carrol, late in our operation, became my partner and bought the property for \$12,000. He was the sole operator, living in the home. We had moved to our new clinker brick home at 3rd East and 3rd North in Provo. For some time I rode back and forth on a bicycle and helped with the operations. A few days after Carrol signed the purchase contract, he became frightened and asked if I would take it back. We had mutually agreed on a \$12,000 price on a give or take basis, and he took it. While living on the farm I had become associated with The Seven Troughs Gold Mining Company and the Sevier River Land and Water Company while Vance Walker was still with us. Now for some time we had been living in our new home. His request presented a real problem, but I felt the property was worth the \$12,000 we mutually agreed on. I returned the payment he had made, did the milking unaided for two weeks, and sold it for \$12,500. The sale to Mr. Stewart went through without a hitch. I offered to return the \$3,000 purchase price to Father, but he refused it.

Ruth, Elisabeth, Jean, Helen, Vera, and Elaine were born in the new home. We had efficient medical and other help with the nine born in Utah. In addition, for most of these births Jennie and Will were near.

We built a barn on the lot for the three top cows from our dairy herd. On the lot we also had some fancy chickens and from year to year a good garden. The neighbors paid a good price for our surplus milk. These, with some rentals to "Y" students, about paid our grocery bills.

While living in the clinker brick home, I had a stone removed from my right kidney. The treatment at first was for Brights disease, then considered fatal. For some time I had spells of excruciating pain. On my first trip to Dr. Taylor's home there was a robust and much younger man awaiting examination with the same symptoms. Both of us showed albumin indicating Brights. He died on schedule. I was on bread and milk diets for some time. Aside from some acute painful attacks, I remained normal. The first x-rays were installed in Salt Lake City at about this time. A picture taken revealed a stone and not Brights. Dr. Ralph Richards in the L. D. S. Salt Lake hospital did the successful operating. I made a rapid recovery and have had no return of the ailment. As I recall, this was in my 37th year.

Near this time we bought our first Model T Ford. With it our family joined the Brimhalls, Knights, and others and went to Strawberry, Fish Lake, and other hunting and fishing places. While in this newest home, all our children at some time were enrolled in the "Y." Rachel had her two year Normal diploma and taught for two years in Shelly, Idaho. Just prior to Christmas holidays of the last year, while living with the Bishop Kelley family, Rachel had a ruptured appendix. She was operated on by Dr. H. Ray Hatch in the Idaho hospital. Then most cases were fatal. The skill of the doctor, the administration and love and prayers of the Shelly people combined to bring her recovery so that she completed the teaching year.

Raymond completed a successful mission in Colorado. In our autos, we and Grandfather Brimhall visited him. About this time Jennie, at a very good salary, became typist and stenographer for the pump company (age 15.). The growing children worked gathering berries, and Raymond worked at some jobs and raising prize winning Barred Rock chickens which sold at fancy prices. All made splendid records at the "Y."

In addition to our mining interests, already related in the sketch of my Father's activities, for a number of years I handled woolen goods purchased largely from the Knight Woolen Mills. Mark Brimhall, Sina's brother, and I were associated together in selling the mill's output. Sina and Elaine, our youngest, went with me on some of the trips during the time I worked alone. This was a paying venture netting about \$30 per day for time spent. It terminated when the mill operation changed hands.

Another profitable but short-lived venture was in the hay, grain, and produce business. For the time spent, it was more rewarding than the woolen goods. This was undertaken with the view of developing it into a wholesale and brokerage business. Some trips to California were made with that in view. I later abandoned this feeling my capital was insufficient and the mining and other interests were more important.

During the First World War, Father visited us and gave this advice, "This is or may be the biggest war of all time. No one can yet tell just what the outcome will be, or the effect it will have on the future. If I were you with your big family I would get out of debt and stay out." At the time I was doing some speculating and plunging and paying interest on borrowed money at the rate of \$2 per day. Some of it had gone into mining and other stocks. His advice in the past had always been good, and again I accepted and followed

his suggestions. I had run into no serious losses and had a fair showing for the borrowed money. In 1914 while the war was still raging, I sold enough of what we had to pay all debts and still had enough to become a small time lender instead of a borrower. From that time on, we bought only what we could pay for. We saved some through cash purchases, received interest from a few borrowers, and have had none to pay. I recommend it, though debt sometimes may be okay. I had read Shakespeare's Hamlet and Polonius' address to his son Laertes, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be, for lending oft losses itself and usury, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry." The loans in most cases have been to those near me who I had hoped to help. None was ever foreclosed.

Except for the brief period I was in the medical school, we have never had to pay rent and have lived in and owned our homes. We did pay interest for a short time on the clinker brick home prior to the resolution just mentioned. Father once said to me, "This fine business building (one of the best then in Provo) I had built with the aim of it becoming a merchandising establishment which I would stock and you would manage and operate. I feel you can do it successfully." This was the second time, first the fine Snake Valley farm and now the business building, that Father had provided me with good opportunities. Both were outstanding offers. I was a little fearful of the confinement. I answered, "Certainly, again, I appreciate your generous offer. You have rescued me and kept my head above water more than once when help was really needed. I believe it would be better now to let me sink or swim while paddling my own canoe. If I find anything really good, let me invite you to join." The answer may have brought sorrow to Father, but he appreciated my view. It was a turning point in my life.... realizing more fully the welfare of my family should be my personal responsibility.

I recall reading early as a young man, "Some clouds must form and rain fall in the best of families" or words to that effect. Ours was no exception. For more than twenty years we had had some serious sickness but in the main we experienced good health, and we had no deaths until 1924. Sina and some of the younger children were returning from a Timp Hike with Will and Jennie while I remained to bring those still on the hike. They stopped at Spring Dell for a few moments. Jean and others ran to the swings, all hilarious and happy. The uprights in the one Jean was in had rotted and gave way; the heavy cross beam struck and fractured the basal part of her skull. From all appearances she was dead. Will administered to her and miraculously she revived. Her mind was not affected. For five weeks she gained strength and was again up and around. We were very hopeful. While she in a mild way was helping her mama something gave and in about 48 hours she left us. She was a child of great promise, with large brown eyes and she was dearly loved by all who knew her. Her death was responsible for the first illness of any kind in Sina's married life other than when our babies were born. Time and faith are great healers. Life would be some different but must be lived in the best possible way.

About a year later George Blaine, our second son, very suddenly was taken. After Jean died he had told his mother and the man he was working for, "In less than one year he would not be here." He repeated the statement to his mother. Both Sina and Mr. Litchfield told these conversations with

Blaine to me and others some time before Blaine's death. I had no prior warning other than these conversations and will not attempt to analyze them, leaving it for the readers to form their opinion. Within the year I took him to a picture show while Sina was entertaining some Relief Society officers. Usually he got a thrill from the shows. This time he was soon in real pain and distress and we started for home. He thought he could walk, but I had to almost carry him. Dr. Garn Clark, my earlier school chum, was called. The next morning, the doctor was again called. He said he had never seen anything like the rapidity with which his lungs were filling. The day of his illness he had been playing football with the neighbor boys in plain view of our window. We had noticed a group of them occasionally piling on him, but thought little of it. The doctor thought quite likely a blood vessel had been ruptured accounting for the rapid filling of the lungs. He died in my arms soon after the doctor made the second call.

We built our last Provo home on the north half of our lot. It was a duplex, with a lower and upper apartment. We occupied the upper and rented the lower to "Y" students. When we moved to this later home, we sold the clinker brick one for just a little more than half its cost. This sale was typical of the older used homes sold with respect to their cost prior to World War II.

Raymond, Rachel, Jennie, Helen, and Vera all graduated from the "Y." Raymond was studentbody president his last year; Rachel and Helen were studentbody secretaries, and Jennie was valedictorian of her graduating class. Marriages intervened before graduation with Mary, Ruth, Elisabeth, and Elaine. Mary graduated after marriage. Raymond, Rachel, Jennie, Mary, Helen, and Vera all were successful teachers before marriage, and Mary again resumed teaching after their four Maxwells were nearing maturity and at present is still teaching. All our children reaching maturity were married in the L. D. S. Temples to "Y" students and all moved from Provo.

When needed and our children were all small, we had hired help. At an early age, all our children were efficient and willing helpers. Sina in all respects was truly a wonderful wife and mother, a great and confidential pal with our children, and a true genius in the way she organized the home living and the ease with which the responses never failed to come. Often in retrospect I return to the time when there were thirteen, including we parents, to provide meals for, and very often in addition relatives and children's school friends. A big undertaking for any mother, especially for one whose average weight was not more than 105 pounds and who physically appeared delicate. Sina always seemed to truly enjoy every moment of the rearing period. She, with the help of the daughters, would put up eight or ten bushels of peaches and a like amount of the other fruits for our winter storage. For the major part of her life, her fingers in writing or other uses were remarkably speedy and efficient. (Later when the joints of her fingers swelled, possibly from arthritis, the major part of our washing was always sent to the laundries. Even then, her writing was good, speedy, and voluminous and she said her fingers had not been painful.)

While Rachel and Jennie were still small and in the grades, we bought a new top grade Baldwin piano for which we paid more than \$900. We turned our driving horse and surrey in as partial payment. We were pleasantly

surprised with the alacrity and speed in which both Rachel and Jennie became proficient players of both piano and organ. Both were ward organists. When they became mothers, the music interest carried over. The children of each have real music ability and the mothers have been part-time teachers. Our other children were also given music opportunities and have fostered it in their respective families. For a time we had piano, violin, cello, mandolin music in the home, and Raymond often sang. The music investment paid big dividends. Rachel and Jennie being the oldest, early in their lives became second capable trustworthy mothers when their mother was absent welcoming our grandchildren as they came in Utah, Idaho Falls, Arizona, California, Canada, or for any other reason was away from home. The years spent rearing our large family with Sina their mother were so free from problems or serious worries that I love to live them over and over again. Now, with the mother gone and my years numbered, these memories, together with our own children and grandchildren coming on, are the stimulating satisfactions making life still joyful.

SINA'S TALKS

Given in Stake Relief Society Conference, Utah Stake Tabernacle, 1933
"Dangers on the Horizon"

I feel the General Board was inspired to give us an outline on a subject so vital to all of us.

There is a story told of a grandmother who was making a trip to the Chicago World Fair on a bus. One of her children had given her a pair of dark glasses. The afternoon of the first day she put them on. Presently, she began worrying everybody about the storm that was brewing, but she got no sympathizers. Finally, a young college student shouted, "Grandma, I believe if you would take off your smoked glasses you won't see so many clouds." Well, we are not wearing smoked glasses, but neither are we wearing pink roses.

We lift our faces in gratitude for the splendor of the horizon of our children's lives, but we do not close our eyes to the dangers on it.

Three of these dangers have been pointed out for us to consider--motion pictures, intemperance, and lawlessness. I have chosen to speak on the first, with the hope that we can catch some impulse to act.

This summer we visited Chicago. The first night there we walked up Michigan Avenue with its brilliant lights, artistically decorated windows, and people hurrying to and fro. One of our daughters said, "Mother, this doesn't seem new. I've seen it so much in the movies." So it is they are not only the outstanding form of American recreation, but one of the greatest educational forces affecting children. And yet they are like fire that cooks our food, but also may be a source of great destruction. We attack the daily town shows with their weekly attendance (77, 000, 000) because in every third seat is a child. We claim these shows are injurious to this child audience first, when they are inappropriate and undesirable; second, when they give wrong ideas of life; third, when the sordid and base are shown in a setting of luxury and beauty; fourth, because they condition behavior; fifth, physical because of eye strain. Super generated excitement that disturbs sleep and cause other emotional upsets.

As proof, I shall use the findings of the National Moving Picture Research Committee. They have been making investigations for four years through psychologists and sociologists of great universities. One of their workers took a young boy to the show "Union Depot." In one of the scenes a violin was opened and shown to be full of bank notes. The audience gasped but the boy was unmoved. "What's the matter, doesn't that money bother you" asked the investigator. "Naw, I expected machine guns in it. They all got typewriters in them." "Who is your favorite actor?" "James Cagney." "You like his acting?" "I eat it." "You learn something from the acting"? He shows you how to pull off a job, how he bumps off a guy, and a lot of things."

One mother says, "I only let my child go to shows that are children's." It was claimed there was one such show produced in 1930. Our research committee took 500 films each for three years. In the 1500 films it was shown that crime, sex, and love occupied 80% of the subjects. Another mother lulls her conscience thus, "I don't believe my child gets all the screen presents." How is it that one-fourth of all boy movie fans prefer to go to shows alone, sit and think and dream in the dark, and that most children remain to see the second show.

As to how much the children remember, the committee took 3,000 young people to a certain performance ages 5-6 and 8-9, high school pupils, and young adult professors and their wives. Then they were given a memory test. "The result was a sweepstakes for the kiddies. They remembered everything in each category, both good and ill, with the accuracy of little cameras." The sad part of it is that these children are not able to discount like adults with a larger experience in life so they get erroneous ideas of life. One writer calls it "cockeyed views."

The committee took 115 representative plays. In them was shown no poverty, no workers except the servants of the rich, the wild westerns, no manufacturing, no agriculture, usually the hero was wealthy, and formal dress figured heavily. There was a high percent of intoxication, assault and battery, kidnaping, and holdups--442 crimes in all. Punishment played a minor role. Among the goals for the actors there was not one found such as inspired the lives of Pasteur, Madam Currie, Abraham Lincoln, or our beloved pioneers. A modern boy may take a movie star such as Jack Holt as his ideal, then he is cast as a leader of a gang of outlaws. A girl may take Marlene Dietrich and she is cast to carry on gaily outside the law. This is hard on the children. The injury that comes to young people seeing the sordid and base in a setting of beauty and luxury is baffling. That is always the Tempter's way. A beautiful girl on the billboard pours from a bottle into a glass selling beer, smoking her cigarettes, and luring others to buy. How much of that shown on the screens is really put into life's attitudes and actions.

In a town of 57,000 where no child had seen a negro, the children were tested and found to have no race prejudices. Then the anti-negro play was shown. They were tested again. Race prejudice had grown like a weed. As to behavior, listen to these confessions coming from prisons, reformatories, and individuals. (1) "Movies have shown us the way to steal automobiles, the charge for which I am serving sentence." (2) "We not only got the idea and technique of robbing from the movies, but were so fired up by what we had seen that we went out at the end of the show and tried it on a neighborhood store." (3) "Some of the movies I saw showed me how to jimmy a door and use a glass cutter and master key." (4) "I learned how to not leave fingerprints and how to drown a shot by backfiring a car." (5) "I would see in a picture 'a big shot' come in a cabaret. Everyone would greet him with a smile. The girls would crowd around him. He would order some wine and food for the girls and tip the waiter \$50 or more. After dining and dancing, he would give the girls diamonds and bracelets, rings, and fur coats. Then he would leave and go to meet his gang. They would all bow down to him and give him the dough that was taken from the different rackets. When I would see people like this I would go wild and say, 'someday I'll be a big shot that

everybody is afraid of and live like a king without doing any work'. " (6) "When I saw John Gilbert make love to Greta Garbo I observed, and there is no doubt I will use his technique when I make love. What is more, I think girls copy movie actresses in the same manner. "

As to physical injuries, we will dwell somewhat on the excitement part. One doctor says that where it is very strenuous it has the same effect as shell shock. It disturbs sleep as shown by restlessness. Our committee took a group of children to a show. After being put to bed, a machine called a hypnograph was attached to the bedsprings and the record of each child's restlessness was recorded on a ribbon. In the morning, the hypnograph told the story. There was a difference, but all the children showed some effect. In some cases, the needle fairly jittered. The age of puberty registered most and the girls more than the boys. By the use of another machine, the committee measured through the pulse the intensity of the emotion right at the time of the performance. Adolescents were found to register twice the excitement of adults. One girl went as high as 192. A young man admits that it took him four years to overcome the fear of a dark place inspired by a boyish view of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." A lady in charge of a string of theaters in Chicago said while Lon Chaney's "Phantom of the Opera" was running there was an average of four faintings a day, usually children from 6 to 8 years of age. Doctors explain it thus, "Boys and girls are sitting quietly with no way to work off the emotion in exercise, yet they are being stimulated. That is a very bad condition for health and may result in habits of nervousness. If boys and girls can work off the emotion in exercise or play in fresh air that is splendid; not so in a darkened theater; that is far from splendid. "

In the light of these investigations we have five questions to answer. (1) President Hoover says, "Children are born to be happy. " Have you ever noticed the pinched, puzzled faces of children as they file out after seeing an undesirable performance? (2) How different will our efforts be in teaching life is a mission with constructive goals along the way if we are to compete with the ideals of this powerful commercial institution? (3) How long will our young people hold that truth is beauty, beauty is truth, if the screen repeatedly associates the lovely things of life with the sordid and base? (4) Do we in any measure feel condemned by our silence as we listen to the confessions of shackled youths? (5) Are our children's nervous systems worth preserving? Then what may we do?

This summer I visited the Kellogg cereal factory. On the wall of the reception hall were hung the pictures only of children. I remarked about it to the guide. He said they had been Mr. Kellogg's inspiration. He thought if he could produce food healthful for children, it would do no harm to grownups. Could we demand that movie producers do likewise as they feed our boys and girls from the screen? If so, it will be necessary to study shows, organize groups for Relief Societies, M. I. A. 's, and Parent Teachers all to correspond with the producers. Only then can we await the happy day when the daily use of enough films to encircle the globe will be for the making of men and women of our children and not criminals.

In the meantime, let us vitalize our home, schools, and church activities for the satisfying of the urges of our boys and girls recreationally, educationally, and inspirationally. The home offers so much for the beginning and

ending of each day. Have you ever been awakened by "Home Sweet Home" played by one of your own children with the chairs placed with their backs toward the table in an invitation to prayers that unlock the day. A dainty breakfast beautifully served by one of your own girls may stimulate a half hour of wit and humor. The dinner could be filled with relating experiences and expressions of encouragement. The give and take of this group all through the day is interesting and developing. Don't forget the home evening approved by our church. Sometimes go to the mountains in the auto in the autumn days and enjoy the beautiful coloring and fresh air nature provides, or go scouting with those who know how. Family reunions where the married children come with their babies to recreate and love and be loved by a circle from which they have been geographically separated but are linked firmly by heart strings. There are sweethearts and weddings. So much in the home of fun and fiction--sometimes emotions run high and tears are shed.

The schools are so closely linked with the homes. Every night there are hours for the children on wings of thought. During the day there is stimulating competition mostly with themselves, social contacts, supervised play, orchestras, bands, dramas--so much that fills the hours joyfully and busily.

The church--the supreme plan given us so that we might reach our highest possibilities. Here everyone has an appropriate place. The primary boy does not go to the Gospel Doctrine class. The junior genealogy class is made more interesting than the crossword puzzles; the great Mutual Improvement programs with such slogans as, "Through the refining influence of Mormonism we will develop the gifts within us." A call for individual expression in art, poetry, literature, dancing, everything constructive. After all, have our children any time for questionable shows?

May our Father in Heaven help us to do many good things in life that we are not commanded to that all may be well in Zion is my humble prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Experiences in Motherhood

(Sina had been asked to write this article for one of our L. D. S. magazines which has almost a world circulation. Just prior to the writing, daughter Jennie had invited us, as parents, to sit with the critics while she read her play "The Melting Pot" for the Mask Club at the "Y." We were thrilled with the rendition and with her attractive loveliness as she went through her play. The mother pays her a glowing tribute for her rendition as a prelude to this article. Time and space will only permit this reference to it. Jennie was still in her teens. Sina comments, "I as a mother of such a girl as this, have one responsibility, and that is to keep myself in tune with what is lovely and lofty, if I would enjoy the further unfolding of her rich young life.")

This article is to be a story of real experiences in motherhood, with the aim it may breathe an atmosphere of loving attraction to its glorious privileges.

Having been born of goodly parents, I was in my youth taught the gospel of Jesus Christ to the extent that I had great faith that by obedience to its laws

"I would have sufficient wisdom to make no serious mistakes in life. And that wherein I was weak I should be made strong, and wherein I was strong I should be made mighty unto the fulfilling of my destiny," thus realizing my heart's desires in righteousness.

Like all girls when somewhat along in adolescence, my first heart's desire was to be made sure of my life's companion. An anchor to which I clung was given to me before the age when this had grown uppermost. My grandfather, being a patriarch, one day all unexpected to me said, "I have a blessing for you. Come in now and I will give it to you." My faith guided me to obey the patriarch. He, with prophetic vision, made certain the finding of a choice companion who "should be like unto King David of a rudy countenance and for his faithfulness, wise in teaching the children of men the ways of life and salvation in the gospel." Following close upon this promise was one that my firstborn should be a son and spoke of his life's work. "Thy second shall be like unto Nephi's eldest sister, meek and lowly of heart; ever diligent with her hands and her mind, and thou shall name her the same as Jacob's first love." Being young, I was loath to let anyone read this blessing and was glad that my grandfather, the scribe, and myself were the only witnesses. But with what the ripening years brought, how I clung to those promises.

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While attending the great matchmaking institution, the B. Y. U., I met my likeness of David. His departure for a New Zealand mission brought the test of time. Among the box of treasured letters can now be found the one wherein he asked my hand in marriage. One of his missionary companions said, "With stick in hand he wrote my name upon the sand and ruthlessly the waves washed it away. With confidence secure they could not efface the one engraved upon his heart." With this proposal came the desire to know of a surety that my parents approved. In answer to my inquiry came these words, "I think your choice is a good clean elder in Israel, full of fidelity, worthy of the love and companionship of one of Zion's daughters, and you are a fit lady in every respect to become his wife. You can both always be lovers, wedded as well as before. Answer him with your heart, your head has done its part."

Lover

It was his privilege on being released from his mission to complete the circuit of the globe, and mine to meet him in London. On the last night before our meeting, after a separation of more than three years, as I lay alone in bed in the mission home in Liverpool I felt in full the significance of the time, the place, and purpose of my being there. It seemed that a heaviness mixed with anticipation and anxiety was almost to overcome me. I arose from my bed and offered a second prayer to my Father in Heaven to give me that peace and surety that I had when, with a prayerful heart, I had sought council when the great decision was to be made and I was permitted to make it. I asked Him to tell me beyond any doubt whether or not we were for each other. The answer came unmistakably that it was alright and also that the path we should trod would not be all roses. I slept with satisfaction born of gratitude and joyfully the next day met my future husband with a knowledge that has never known the shadow of a doubt through the 27 years that hath fledged by since our wedding day.

Our pre-marriage honeymoon about over, we sailed for home. With the president of his mission accompanying us on board, we could have culminated the romance with a wedding in mid-ocean. The ideal of a temple marriage was not to be so easily set aside. Not quite one year later, we were introduced to the keeper of the temple door "as a young couple who had come to start a kingdom" by my father George H. Brimhall.

Ten months from that day, the king and queen welcomed their first subject. Their promised son received his earthly tabernacle. Just how his father felt is not my privilege to say. As for his mother, I recognized that never before had I known real joy. That first little cry called forth a spontaneous prayer of gratitude that I would have been glad to have all the radios in the air catch for was he not as his Grandfather Brimhall expressed later:

"A star of the morning
Heralding day
A planet of promise
On its orbit way. "

"An ego eternal
Onward to soar
Up to the God's state
And then ever more. "

One night in early December this little two-year-old was sitting on his Uncle J. William Knight's lap taking in the anxious faces and subdued voices of relatives and nurse. He suddenly broke forth with a shout of glee and clapping of ready hands. He had heard a tiny cry and seemed to feel a companionship that he had known before. Sure enough, she had followed him-- his little sister.

A little while before she came, my father placed his hands on my head and blessed me saying, "By the power of the priesthood which I hold I recognize that your mission here upon this earth is to be a mother in Israel." The testimony came to me at that time that not only were we to have the two spoken of by the patriarchal blessing, but there were many more waiting to come. This was a new solace to me for so sweet, so thrilling, so joyful were these two experiences that I wanted to be assured that our kingdom would be enlarged according to our righteous longings and our prayerful, purposeful manner of living.

There are volumes that open to my view that might be interesting about the kinship of these two precious children. How when able to lisp the words she would go about the house singing, "Oh, I do love my boy." How he was a guardian angel to her, but another claimed our attention. He was a bonny boy with blue eyes. A short time before his birth I went, as was my custom, to a Relief Society sister to be washed and anointed. In the blessing given me she said, "The one whose tabernacle you are preparing will be known for his sweet and lovable disposition." No words were ever spoken more truly. He has now preceded us back to our Heavenly home. Can you wonder at the confession I now make--that after the eleventh child I am still longing for just one more, for as a last wish he said several times, "Mother, I can't make it, but I wish I had a baby brother. "

On our fifth wedding anniversary we now had two pairs of brown eyes and one of blue to watch and pattern after our every word and act, and we began to realize as never before that we must watch our step. Two years more welcomed a mate for our blue eyed boy. She it was who gave us the stirring of our souls in her rendition of the great "The Melting Pot." In the coming of our seven other lovely daughters, be assured we felt our cup of joy was overflowing. When our last baby girl came and my sister Jennie was asked to explain why so many girls came to our home she said, "I think the Lord knows they will be willing to have children when their turn comes." Willing....I say, yes....willing, anxious for the glorious privilege of motherhood.

For the benefit of our children, seven years ago today I put away a manuscript which I now reproduce for it may show that motherhood is not all anxiety and care for it is entitled "The Fun of Being a Mother." The subject matter in it is taken from our daily family life. I prepared it to give to our Sunday School on Mothers' Day addressing it especially to the Kindergarten class who seemed by their attention to find in it their own family life.

The Fun of Being a Mother

Oh, its fun to be a mother! When you wake up in the morning you look to your right and there in the cradle beside your bed are two bright eyes looking directly into yours. You smile and take the little one up under the arms. It grabs your scolding locks and it hurts, but you don't scold; you just smile and smile holding it tighter and tighter. It coos and kicks its little legs as if it were so happy it could fly. You look to your left and little blue-eyed two-year-old is waiting her turn to feel the touch of baby's velvet skin. With arms outstretched she begs to hold it, "dist till mama gets dressed." Your face now takes on two smiles.

To get a joke on mama little four-year-old is already in the kitchen beaming with the desire to get daddy's breakfast all alone. Is there room for another smile. There is no way out of it. You smile again. Soon little six-year-old brown eyes makes her appearance. She is already to take the milk to the customers. On her way she passes Sister H....'s and says after coming home, "My, I'd like to live there. They keep everything so shiny." At this desire Mama smiles anxiously. After breakfast the warning was heeded, and each and all lent a hand on shining things up a bit. When the one who had reached eight years came home from school with the same book to read each night when she should have handed it in and gotten a new one, you ask her why she did so. She replied, "I like this one so well I want to read it over and over again." You smile and think how like motherhood; each experience leaves a longing for it over and over again.

There's R.--her motto, truth. No matter what the day has brought to us all sometimes it has brought tears to her, but smiling through them before she goes to bed she says, "Goodnight Papa, goodnight Mama, here's a kiss" and the whole day ends with this. You do nothing but reflect her smile as you look at each other again. Then one day when Papa and Mama had not seemed to understand each other, a little girl of twelve comes from school with an

apple blossom bouquet and says, "Mama, it is for you to give to Papa." When he comes home the bouquet bears witness "that a little child shall lead them."

Sometimes Mama and Papa go away for the evening. On returning home they first of all go to the bedsides of their babies. There they get a vision of the future. This older girl with a little one on each arm is beautified with the smile of motherhood. Then their fears grow small and they say to themselves that no power of deception can make way here. The vision will come true. The child mother stirs, rubs her eyes and says, "Oh, you're back. I'm so sleepy, but oh they are sweet." She did not have to go about the streets with an empty baby buggy to pick up stray babies to satisfy her longing to love and care for them. An occasion again bids you kneel in gratitude that you have faith in the ultimate triumph of right.

Now in this house of girls, the boys are not forgotten. The Halls of Congress or even the presidential chair are thought of, but far greater is felt the privilege of holding the priesthood, thus becoming delegates for our Father in Heaven and through which power only are the doors of eternal progression open to them to the accomplishment of becoming fit subjects to dine with our Savior.

Now, this is Mothers' Day. The mothers here who have had the greater privilege of mothering their own offspring must know that all who have a mother's heart shall someday have that longing satisfied. Perhaps that desire will reach to the great millenium, but until then let us appreciate the work of mothering the orphans. Who knows but what the veil is very thin and the mothers who gave them birth are choosing some favored ones to make the sacrifice of apparent barrenness that their babes might be mothered. We do not see clearly all things, but till we do let us as fathers and mothers say to the young whose lives are just opening to life's responsibilities--just fearlessly, prayerfully, take the path of parenthood. Take note of the signboards along the way for they read "Keep smiling," and by and by you will come to the end of the road--the aim of your existence--"For a man is that he might have joy."

LIFE IN SALT LAKE CITY

A year or so after my Father's death January 1, 1941, and after our children had all married and moved from Provo, we again sold our Provo home for a little more than half its cost and for a time lived with Mother in her 174 East South Temple home. While we were there Mother's second leg fracture occurred. The attending doctor personally told me that at her age and with the seriousness of the hip fracture, he could not see how she could possibly live more than six months. She lived several years. While there we bought for cash both the home and White cottage and later sold both too soon, but both sales were profitable and for more than anticipated when purchased.

After all our children left their parental home for those of their own, Sina spent almost the entire part of her spare time in temple work, genealogy, and gathering in the minutest detail all available written material of her father's (George H. Brimhall) wonderful life and noteworthy contributions to be used in a book she expected to be written.] ✓

Life with Mother was in every way pleasant and the location within a few minutes walk of the Temple and the Church Historical Office where Sina spent many hours. Our children felt less free to make their usual visits and Sina was not as happy as in her own homes, but there was never the slightest friction of any kind. Sina's welfare and happiness came first.

After looking at a number of homes, we bought the one in which we lived happily until her death at 1448 Browning Avenue, Salt Lake City, from Vern Coggle and wife. The price was right but the house was termite infested and the rear on the verge of collapsing. Rebuilding, with remodeling and alterations in making it into an upper and lower apartment, doubled the cost to us. We were able to rent the basement apartment with scarcely a vacancy as often as we wished to rent it. Much of the time it was occupied by our Anderson grandchildren, and we were happy to have them near us. After Sina's death, it was sold to our Maxwell family with an arrangement for me to live in it. For me thus far, April 6, 1961, it has been ideal and the best possible for my situation.

On the 17th of June, 1946, our oldest daughter Rachel Holbrook Anderson died. This was death number three of our children and for the third time our hearts were filled with grief and deep sorrow. Her death resulted from a cerebral hemorrhage that struck unheralded and unexpectedly two days prior to her death. Her life in all its details sustained and confirmed our belief that she came to our home as a child of promise with a special mission.

Her ruptured appendix while teaching in Shelley, Idaho, and splendid recovery at a time when relatively few outlived such attacks filled our hearts with deepest gratitude and the hope she would be with us all our days. From the first, she seemed different from the average child. She was so easy going and always sunny and pleasant to live with, apparently a born helper, leader, and second mother in our home. As the oldest of our nine daughters, she set a pattern in cooperation with Sina the others followed. Her life

seemed dedicated to helping and making others happy. She had a sparkling personality that attracted and held friends wherever she went. She was good in school, graduating from the "Y" with honor and as a school officer. She was good in music and used it in church service and in teaching her children and others.

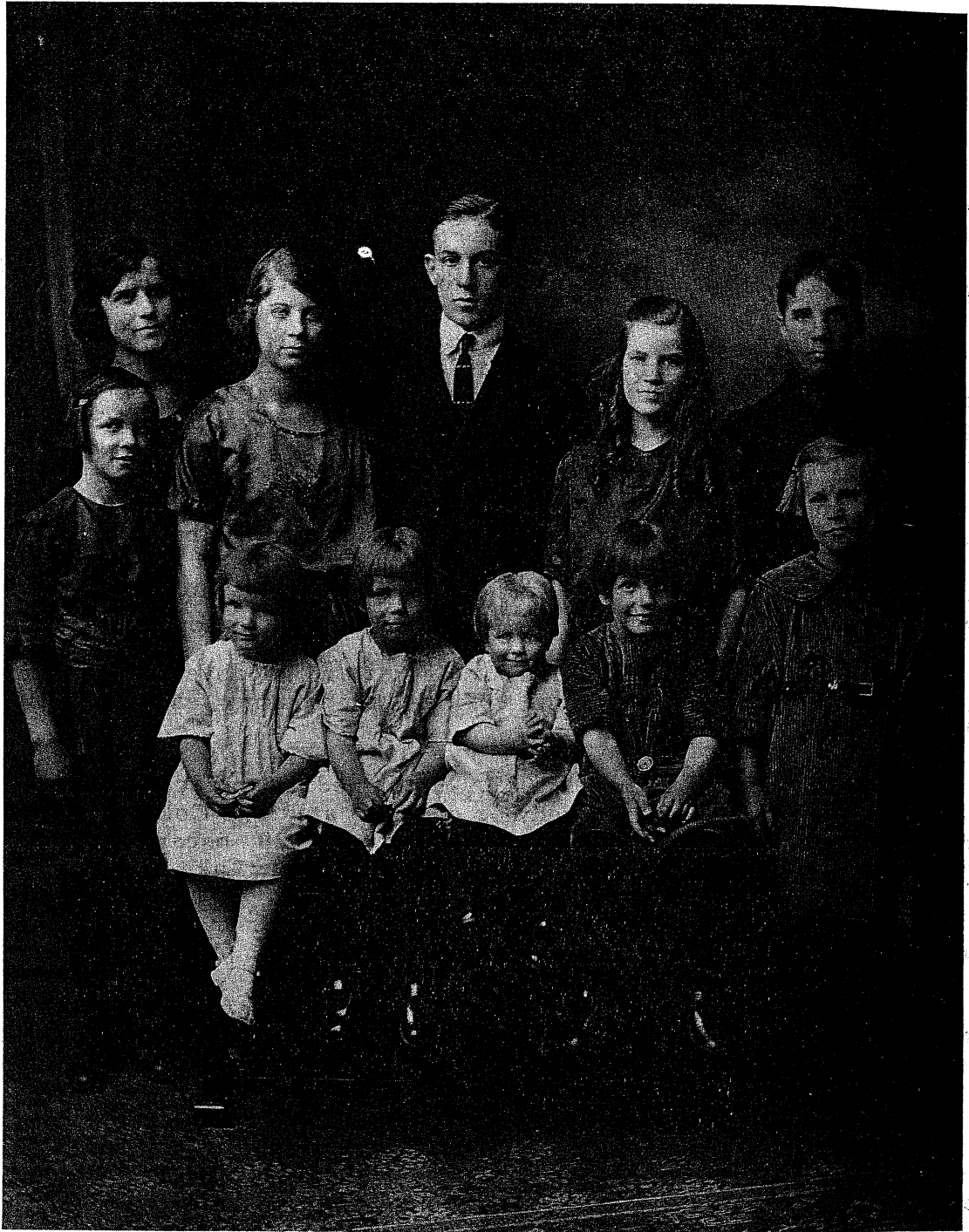
She married Robert Clair Anderson in the Manti Temple May 25, 1927. The following children were born to them: Reed, he died a few days later, Robert, Jane (from Aunt Jennie), Ruth, and William. All are college graduates. She served in most church activities, as head of a parent teacher group, as Republican State Vice-Chairman for a number of years to two Republican state chairmen, and was a Utah delegate to the National Convention that nominated Dewey. It was always a joyful outing when we visited our Andersons in their homes in Manti or in fishing trips to Fish Lake. They were wonderful hosts and our visits and relations with them stimulating and happy memories. We are very proud of our Anderson grandchildren and great grandchildren. We have always loved every one of them and are happy with the lives they are living. We are grateful to Mable for the splendid part as wife and mother she has taken since Rachel's death. We know she was Rachel's choice in the event of her death and she has also been ours.

From childhood, Rachel was always an inspiration to me. In many ways she influenced and helped shape my life for good. She was genuinely and deeply religious and always in such a sweet, attractive and wholesome way that it inspired hope and confidence.

Delbert, Raymond, and I bought a 160 acre farm with a home and splendid barn on it near Idaho Falls in a cash deal. Son-in-law Delbert Groberg and family are in the real estate and insurance business in Idaho Falls. For a few years he managed the farm for us, and both purchase and sale were made through him. It paid 10 percent while we operated it and it was sold for more than double the cost. Other than some savings profitably invested in stocks, this about tells the story of our business life.

We were never very far ahead of our actual needs nor never lacked the essentials. We always lived modestly but reasonably well, and our children had fair educational advantages and some travel experiences. Sina never complained or seemed dissatisfied. At some stage of their education or start in life, we were able to help our families in a small way through loans which was enjoyable to us and we hoped profitable to them.

We have had many wonderful visits in the homes of our children. In return we looked forward with pleasure to their visit in ours. We have always felt unusually fortunate in our in-laws and wonderfully blessed in our grandchildren and now beginning to be numerous great grandchildren. We have been nearly as interested in them as we were in our own. Thus far we are very happy with the lives of all these additions. Grandfather Brimhall once said "he often wondered just why Sina's life was spared when in infancy she had what they believed was diphtheria, but when he saw her nine daughters he got the answer. They would all be good mothers in Israel and willing and qualified to rear families." He had a photo of the nine made and put in the Era while all were living. We are happy in feeling this wish and prediction is being realized.



Group photo of our 11 children

HISTORY AND TRIBUTES TO OUR PARENTS

Raymond B. Holbrook

HISTORY. It was June of 1925 that Raymond B. Holbrook and Esther Ruth Hamilton were introduced to each other. The occasion was M. I. A. conference in the Latter-day Saints' Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Raymond had just returned from a mission to the Western States. Esther, whose home was in Sugar City, Idaho, had just completed her junior year at Brigham Young University.

They met again that summer when Raymond's father, Rachel, and Jennie stopped at Sugar City enroute to Yellowstone National Park. Following dinner at the Hamilton home, piano and string music was played by the young ladies of both families.

Esther, needing but two quarters of credit to graduate, did not return to the "Y" campus until winter quarter. She found the Holbrook family well represented in all extra-curricular and social activities of the school. She actively participated, along with Rachel, in electing Raymond studentbody president for the next school year.

June, 1926, brought graduation for Esther and goodbyes. She returned to her home to prepare for her new work as homemaking teacher at Ricks College.

Raymond graduated in June, 1927. He signed a contract to teach seminary at Shelley, Idaho. Esther renewed her contract at Ricks College. They started seeing each other regularly in February, 1928, became engaged July 1, and were married August 28, 1928, in the Salt Lake Temple.

In September, 1928, Raymond and Esther made their first home in Palo Alto, California, where Raymond registered in the Stanford Law School.

November 28, 1929, Lafayette Hamilton Holbrook was born. Hal H., a premature baby, was born to Raymond and Esther April 21, 1931. He lived but six hours.

In June, 1931, Raymond graduated from Stanford Law School. His parents, Grandpa Brimhall and Aunt Flora, Uncle Wells and Aunt Fern, and Great Grandfather and Grandmother Holbrook came to Palo Alto for the occasion. After Raymond's graduation from Stanford University, he brought his family to Provo. These were depression days. His parents provided a comfortable basement apartment for him and his family while he spent the next few months preparing to pass the Utah Bar, which he did in October of that year.

Raymond began to build a law practice by collecting accounts and shared office space with Judge Martin Larsen. He took part in politics, became Provo City Attorney, and formed a partnership with Judge A. V. Watkins.

On July 30, 1933, a daughter Diane was born.

In 1937, Raymond bought the old Mabey home on 6th East. He and Esther found good artisans who completely remodeled it. They enjoyed living there only one year. He was offered and accepted a position with United States Smelting Refining and Mining Company in Salt Lake City. In May, 1938, the home in Provo was sold and he moved his family to Salt Lake City to be near his work. While living in Provo, Raymond was second and then first counselor to Bishop W. O. Facer in the Provo Fifth Ward.

John Hamilton Holbrook was born September 17, 1940.

Lafayette H. left for a mission to France July 1, 1949. He had attended Brigham Young University one year and had one year at the University of Utah. Fay returned from his mission December 30, 1951, and entered the University of Utah. He took his A. B. degree at the U. of U. August 27, 1954, and graduated from the U. of U. Medical School in June, 1957. On August 25, 1956, Fay married Adeal Rasmussen from Fairview. They have two daughters Marianne and Catherine. Fay took one year of pediatric internship at the Salt Lake County Hospital, one year of residency at Little Rock, Arkansas, and one at Seattle in pediatrics. He is now serving two years in the Air Corps, and then will be ready to practice in his chosen field of pediatrics.

Diane graduated from the University of Utah in homemaking June 7, 1956. After completing two years at the University of Utah, John left August 22, 1960, for a two and a half year mission in Austria.

Following graduation, Diane worked as a secretary for Stanolind Oil Company in Salt Lake City. She then went to Washington, D. C., where she worked on the staff of Senator A. V. Watkins and then on the staff of Congressman Aldous Dixon until her marriage to Dr. Gaylen L. Brown February 17, 1961. They live in Cedar City, Utah.

Raymond taught the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School for 12 years and was then appointed a member of the General Board of the Sunday School where he has served for the past six years.

TRIBUTE. Father and Mother were devoted to the manifold problems of rearing and training their eleven children. All efforts were directed toward providing for them a well ordered home, nourishing meals, excellent educational opportunities, and thorough spiritual training.

Mother had implicit faith in the patriarch's assurance that her husband would be a good provider. Though Father had neither a profession or assured income, he was an excellent provider. Each child was given the opportunity for scholastic training that would lead toward a college degree. Each had the privilege of taking music lessons and some of them training in other arts. From early youth I was encouraged to seek a profession. When that decision and a proposal of marriage were made simultaneously, Father and Mother assured me there was no reason for delaying either marriage or school as they would be happy to assist while I was attending Stanford Law School. The assistance was in part a gift and part a loan.

Father and Mother were close to their children. We "felt" wanted. When ill, they were constantly at our bedside. When in difficulty we confided in

in them. One morning I was sent for groceries. At the store, some red apples not on the grocery list looked so good to me that when the groceryman turned his head I put one apple in my pocket. As I walked toward home eating the apple, it tasted sour. I could not forget the incident and that night told Father what I had done. He suggested that I call the merchant and tell him I had taken the apple. I called him, the merchant forgave me, and I was repentant.

Mother's interest in her children approached indulgence. In my dating years she would often suggest that Father milk the cows in the morning and permit me to make up the lost sleep. He would usually do this, sometimes after stating a boy should not stay out so late he could not arise in time to do his chores.

Father and Mother encouraged hobbies. When I was a boy, Father took me to many athletic contests and on fishing trips. These were excellent opportunities for father and son to become acquainted and to learn the rules of sportsmanship.

Father and Mother were very interested in whom their children were dating and what they were doing on dates. All social activities had to conform with Church standards. When we were in the eighth grade, Rachel and I invited a few classmates to our home for an evening. It seemed to me a good occasion to learn some card games and I purchased a deck of playing cards. As we sat around the table and the cards were slowly dealt for the first game, Mother came in and looked the situation over. She left without comment but Father soon followed. He asked who owned the cards. I replied that they were mine. Father walked to the table, gathered up the cards and tossed them into the fire in the fireplace. Amid silence he calmly remarked that our Church leaders instructed us not to play cards. Father handled the situation in a way which did not embarrass anyone.

One morning after I had been on a date, Father asked me the name of the young lady I had dated. When I told him, he stated that he did not like her father. Father did not comment about the young lady and I had observed nothing which would discredit her, but I had no inclination to date her again.

I once said to Father that I would like to compensate him for some of the things he had done for me. He replied that the only consideration parents expected was for their children to accord their progeny the same opportunities. This Esther and I are undertaking to do, and it is no mean task.

R. C. Anderson and Family, Manti

HISTORY. The Holbrook-Anderson branch of the Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook family came about May 25, 1927, when Rachel Holbrook (b. December 6, 1903 - d. June 17, 1946), daughter of Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook and Alsina Brimhall, and Robert Clair Anderson (b. January 8, 1902), son of Lewis Robert Anderson and Clara Maria Munk, were married in the Manti Temple by President Lewis Anderson, grandfather of the groom.

Clair had spotted Rachel's smile on the "Y" campus and a deep friendship had soon commenced. Two years later he left for the mission field and Rachel, the second child and oldest of nine girls, also interrupted her college work. She taught school for two years in Shelley, Idaho, and then returned to graduate from the B. Y. U. Just prior to her marriage, she was Primary supervisor for one year in Vernal, Utah.

Although Rachel was extremely active in areas outside the home, she was a very devoted wife and mother. An observed once remarked that while there was much else to be done, it was not unusual to see her playing a game of Pollyanna with the children.

She was the first chairman of the Girls' Program in South Sanpete Stake. Under her leadership, the stake was the first in the Church to qualify 100% for the Standard Group Award.

She was state vice-chairman of the P. T. A. In the 1940's, she outlined the program and the "Challenger" theme of the state convention which was held in Manti with Dr. Adam S. Bennion as the main speaker.

In 1940 she became especially interested in politics and was co-author, with Miss Lucy Phillips, of the dramatic pageant "Liberty Speaks" which was produced throughout Utah and broadcast on the Pacific Coast. In 1942, she and Miss Phillips wrote another dramatic pageant, "Our Flag and This Land," which was well received. In 1943, she was elected state vice-chairman of the Republican Party for Utah. At one of the Eleven Western States Conferences she presented an outstanding program in the Hotel Newhouse which included a choral reading by Jane and Ruth. Letters received spoke of the inspiration of her leadership.

She was delegate-at-large to the 1944 Republican National Convention and announced Utah's vote for the Honorable John W. Bricker, nominee for vice-president. Enroute to the convention, as the delegate train left Omaha, the dining car was cleared and the delegates gathered for a program. Her speech, made while standing on top of a table, was easily the hit of the day.

Rachel's "sparkle" extended to younger children whom she taught to play the piano. Each course was finished with a neighborhood recital, which often included dancing and dramatic readings. One was held in the South Ward meeting house.

When Rachel was 42 years old she suffered a cerebral hemorrhage, and after a three day illness she passed away. Her death came as a great shock, but there were a number of individuals who had spiritual experiences concerning the event which were a great comfort to the family. Although her years on earth seemed cut short, still her life had been full and her accomplishments many.

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Robert Clair Anderson has been engaged mostly in the oil distribution business in Sanpete County but was for a number of years in the automobile business. He has held many positions of a civic and church nature. He has

twice been a member of the stake presidency of South Sanpete Stake and has served eight years in the Utah State Legislature, including both the House and Senate. He is a member of the Sons of Utah Pioneers and the Sons of the American Revolution.

On October 6, 1948, he remarried a close friend of Rachel's, Mabel Margaret Luke. She is beloved by all the family and has made a unique contribution to the circle.

Mabel is a graduate of the Brigham Young University. She excels along artistic lines and her writings have appeared in national magazines. She is also very active in the Relief Society and other church work.

The Anderson-Holbrook children are as follows:

Reed Holbrook Anderson, b. May 2, 1928, Manti, Utah; d. May 8, 1928.

Lafayette Robert Anderson, b. March 19, 1929, Provo, Utah.

Robert is a graduate of Manti High School where he was valedictorian, Snow College, and the University of Utah Law School, where he was editor of the Law Review and one of two to receive the Royal Order of Coif. He filled a mission to the Northern States, as did his father, and is now a practicing attorney at Monticello, Utah. He is a member of the San Juan Stake High Council.

Robert was married to Madge Caroline Greaves March 19, 1951, in the Manti Temple by President Lewis R. Anderson, his grandfather. Madge is a native of Ephraim, Utah. She graduated from the Brigham Young University and has taught school in the elementary grades. She is an excellent seamstress and enjoys church and community activity. Their children are:

Rachel Gwen Anderson, b. December 30, 1951, Mt. Pleasant, Utah
Lynette Anderson, b. October 25, 1953, Salt Lake City, Utah
Lyle Robert Anderson, b. October 6, 1955, Monticello, Utah
Peter Greaves Anderson, b. October 6, 1956, Monticello, Utah
Andrew Greaves Anderson, b. June 8, 1958, Monticello, Utah
Samuel Greaves Anderson, b. October 5, 1959, Monticello, Utah

Jane Anderson, b. June 5, 1930, Provo, Utah

Jane is a graduate of Manti High School, Snow College, and of Brigham Young University. She majored in dramatics and is a trained musician.

On July 18, 1952, she married Wilbur T. Braithwaite. Jane's grandfather, President Lewis R. Anderson, performed the ceremony in the Manti Temple.

Wilbur is a graduate of Manti High School where he was studentbody president and valedictorian, Weber College, and Utah State University, where he served positions as sophomore and senior class presidents respectively. He has his master's degree from the University of Michigan in physical education. Now he is a coach at Manti High School and is also interested in his father's grocery business. He is a veteran of World War II and was awarded the Purple Heart. Their children are:

William Burke Braithwaite, b. May 16, 1953, Mt. Pleasant, Utah;
d. May 18, 1953

Janet Braithwaite, b. July 15, 1955, Mt. Pleasant, Utah; d. July 16,
1955

JoAnn Braithwaite, b. June 8, 1956, Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Paul Charles Braithwaite, b. November 26, 1957, Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Susan Braithwaite, b. May 23, 1959, Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Ruth Anderson, b. March 31, 1932, Provo, Utah.

Ruth is a graduate of Manti High School where she was studentbody secretary and vice president, Snow College where she was program chairman, and Brigham Young University. She has taught school for three years. She is a talented musician, playing both piano and organ.

Ruth was married to Karl Alexander Keller July 27, 1956, in the Manti Temple by President Lewis R. Anderson, her grandfather.

Karl is a graduate of Manti High School and the University of Utah. He edited the University of Utah Utonian, Chronicle, and Penn, 1952, 1953, and 1957. He was elected to the University of Utah honorary: Beehive, 1958. His graduation was cum laude. From 1953-56, he filled a mission to East Germany. Later he was a member of the University Third Ward bishopric. He has training in music, speech, and writing.

They now reside in St. Paul, Minnesota, where Karl is an instructor at the University of Minnesota. He is working on his doctorate in English. Their children are:

Kristen Keller, b. June 15, 1957, Salt Lake City, Utah

Karl Michael Keller, b. March 31, 1959, Salt Lake City, Utah

Chad Thomas Keller, b. April 17, 1961, Minneapolis, Minnesota

William Elliott Anderson, b. March 27, 1935, Provo, Utah.

William is a graduate of Manti High School, Snow College, and Brigham Young University. Although business is his chosen field, he has a decided interest in sports and politics. In younger years, he was a tennis "star" winning state honors. He filled a mission in the East Central States where he was supervising elder during the latter months of his tenure.

TRIBUTE. "Father and Mother" Holbrook have been and are a great and inspiring influence in all of our lives. They have shown a real interest in our affairs. They have always stood by us in time of need. Their home has always been "our home." Despite the fact that there were 13 mouths to feed, it was not unusual for them to invite in friends for Sunday dinner. There is something stimulating just to belong to such a family.

At general conference twice a year, the headquarters for us were at Father and Mother Holbrook's. No matter how many there were, they could always put on another plate or find a bed somewhere. There was always a bouyant air about these gatherings. To the Holbrook family and those closely

associated with them, the way of life centered around the home and the church.

Father Holbrook's physical endurance is legendary in the family. When we went to Fish Lake, we had to run the platoon system on him. Even though over fifty years old to our twenty-five, he could wear any one of us down so we arranged to alternate. When Mother Holbrook thought he was playing tennis too long and strenuously for the new son-in-law and Raymond, she asked him why he didn't pick on someone his size such as Bishop Murdock.

Some years ago, the oldest grandson Lafayette Robert Anderson gave a talk in quarterly conference at Manti. His Grandmother Holbrook had been staying at the Anderson home while the parents were back East. He told the people how his Grandmother had taught family prayer each day and had him, as the ranking priesthood bearer, call on the family members. When President E. T. Reid talked in this same conference, he said he had known this grandmother for many years and that when he went to the B. Y. U. they knew she was President Brimhall's daughter and they called her "the little divine."

One thing that seemed wonderful was the bonds of affection between the large families connected with the Holbrooks. There was the interest of Uncle Will and Aunt Jennie in all the Holbrook children. And there was the endless discussion of the sport fortunes of B. Y. U. athletes between Father Holbrook and Uncle Will, who could always be seen together at a sports contest. There were the stock market discussions with some interest centering around the two brokers in the family, "Uncle Wells" and "Uncle Bines." There was the interest in the church which after all had brought the families together. In the journeys west from Nauvoo, the first two companies had been captained by Joseph Holbrook and Newell Knight.

It is, and has been, a rich and abundant life with the Holbrook family.

Jennie Holbrook Groberg

HISTORY. I, Jennie Holbrook Groberg, was born March 3, 1908, at Provo, Utah, in a little farm home "on the road to Springville." After a happy childhood centered around a wonderful home and parents, I met and married in the Salt Lake Temple Delbert Valentine Groberg. We are raising our seven sons and four daughters in Idaho Falls where Delbert is well known and highly respected as a member of the Church and of the community. He is owner and manager of the company which bears his name. They do business in real estate, insurance, loans, appraising, and business counseling. Our eldest son, John, is associated with his father in this business. Delbert has held many stake and ward positions and has been called from Bishop to High Councilman to Stake Patriarch. I have also always held some positions in the ward or stake, although my biggest church job is my family.

Our fifth missionary, Delbert Holbrook, is now serving in Japan. Richard Holbrook just returned from Finland where, at the close of his mission,

his father joined him and they toured Europe. When John completed his mission in Tonga, his father also met him in New Zealand and they toured that part of the world. When Mary Jane completed her British mission, I joined her for a quick look at Europe. David served as a missionary in the Southern States. Our four oldest have graduated from the B. Y. U. I graduated from there in 1929 as valedictorian. An experience which brought an equal thrill was receiving from President Heber J. Grant in the Salt Lake Tabernacle an award for winning second place in the All-Church Speaking Contest. I was organist in the old Provo Fifth Ward before my marriage and have enjoyed serving as organist here also.

At present, Mary Jane is employed by the Deseret News' Church Section Department. Julia, expecting her fifth child soon, was married to Robert W. Blair of the B. Y. U. faculty in the Idaho Falls Temple. John and Jean Sabin Groberg were married in the Los Angeles Temple. Their two children bring us much joy as do the other grandchildren. David's marriage to Lorraine Herring was sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. They and baby Kimberley are at the University of Utah. Today Richard is attending Ricks College and Delbert H. is in Japan on a mission. Joseph Holbrook will graduate from high school here in June; Elizabeth, 16, is much in demand as a musician; Lewis Holbrook, 14, just won honors in a science fair as did also George Holbrook, 8; Gloria Jean, 11, enjoyed making her display without any recognition. She is a beautiful dancer. We have been greatly blessed in all ways.

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER. When the Savior was visiting the Nephites "he went again a little way off and prayed unto the Father . . . so great and marvelous were the words which he prayed that they cannot be written, neither can they be uttered by man."

This is the way I feel about attempting to write a tribute to my mother. So "great and marvelous" is her affect on my life and on the lives of others that words to adequately express it "cannot be written, neither can they be uttered by men."

Inspiration does not always come at once because of desire, and in this task inspiration is essential. So I turn to the scriptures and to the prophets to help describe her. This is natural. Mother was always so close to both that she seemed a part of them. President McKay has often quoted this verse from Tennyson. How well it fits my mother.

"She of whom you speak,
My mother, looks as whole as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves."

Although I have never known of them, Mother must have had some wee faults, but her flawless faith, her super wisdom, her perfect love were so constant and so all-encompassing that her faults would be like tiny streaks of grey cloud in the brilliant, penetrating warmth of a noonday sun, unnoticed or ignored. This faith, wisdom, and love radiated from her (as from all who

live close to the Lord) so naturally and so abundantly that it was a joy to be near her. And when apart from her, the beautiful influence lingered to enlighten and strengthen all our endeavor. It also brought a keen and constant desire to return to her presence as often as possible to enjoy the refreshing sunshine of her spirit. It is even more so now that she is no longer with us except in treasured memory and in spirit.

She was tiny in body, majestic in spirit, and exquisitely beautiful in both. So occasionally when someone says to me (as I am sure they also say to my sisters), "How much you are like your mother," I think, "What a compliment! What a challenge! What a responsibility!?" Incidentally, people sometimes also say, "How much you are like your Aunt Jennie," Mother's dearly beloved sister. It is said we grow to be like those we love and strive to emulate. I can think of no greater women than these two, Mother and Aunt Jennie, to hold as ideals.

Often when faced with problems pertinent to motherhood, I have turned from the philosophies of men with their well-intentioned but confusing offers and said to myself, "What would Mother do? What would Mother think? Would this make Mother happy?" In answering these questions correctly, I have found my problems answered correctly. If only I could be more like Mother.

Mother's letter-writing was typical of Mother. Her letters never failed to come and never failed to uplift. So we were hardly surprised when one came a few months after her departure from this life, one written thirty years before anticipating when we received it she would no longer be with us. In it she reminded us in her gentle, persuasive, and masterful way never to relax our vigilance and, referring to the best place in the next life, saying, "We must all be there, everyone." I am sure from what she was, what she did, and what she said, particularly in the closing hours of her life, that she is there, that she has a great and important calling there which even now she is serenely magnifying with her faith, her wisdom, and her love. And I think the great and important calling has something to do with us and others of our family. Dear Mother, because what you want and expect of us is always right, we are trying very hard to make sure that we will all be there, everyone. It just wouldn't be heaven unless we could be where you are.

A tribute to Mother would be incomplete without mentioning Father because Mother would be incomplete without Father. I am sure one would look in vain for such an example of devotion as was expressed between them during the last year of Mother's life. But this was typical. Their love for each other revolved around their love for the Lord and was deep and true. How I wish all others could have the loving guidance, the practical and sane approach to problems, the firmness of discipline, the sparkle of humor, the keen interest in what's happening in the world and in all the people that make it happen, the sincere appreciation of efforts and worth of others, the pride in an honored family name, the reputation in integrity, the painstaking care of garden, yard and home, the insistence of doing all the hard work himself, and the love of life that my father exemplified for us. No matter what nor when a real problem arose, we could always come to Father and get a clear, accurate analysis of it and what we should do about it. When he unexpectedly left our home after a three-week visit, one of the children voiced the feeling

of all as he returned and found no Grandpa here. "Why did you let him go? I thought it was just great to have him here. Why, its been the most fun we've had around here. How soon will he come back"?

We are indeed grateful for our wonderful Father and for his efforts in writing this book.

Mary Holbrook Maxwell

HISTORY. I was born March 2, 1910, on a farm on the Springville road. When I was three weeks old the family moved into a new home on the corner of 3rd East and 3rd North in Provo and later built a new house next door north. My first two years I went to the Parker Public School. From the third grade on through college I attended the B. Y. U. I graduated with a two year normal degree in 1930. The next two years I taught first and second grades at the Page School in Alpine District.

I met my future husband, a young returned missionary, B. Alva Maxwell at the B. Y. U. Ruth and I had many happy times together during our courtship days and were married in a double wedding ceremony in the Salt Lake Temple May 27, 1932.

Alva finished his college training at the "Y" working as night watchman at the school. Our first home was in the basement of B. T. Higgs on 5th North between 3rd and 4th East in Provo. We paid \$12 a month rent. The folks often lent us a helping hand during these "lean" years.

Our first daughter, Carol, was born April 25, 1933, in the Crane Maternity Home in Provo, Utah. Father gave us \$50 to pay the hospital bill. As Alva graduated during the "depression" we were very happy when a part-time seminary job was offered to him in his home town of Eagar, Arizona. Philip H. was born while living here. The following summer, we spent in Washington, D. C. Our next home was in Circleville, Utah. Harold was born here on December 12, 1936. The next seminary assignment took us to Richfield, Utah, where we bought our first home. Here Mary Jean, our second daughter was born January 4, 1940. Alva undertook some extensive remodeling to make our home more liveable and Father joined us to lend his assistance in this project.

In the spring of 1942, Alva gave up teaching and we moved to Salt Lake City where he worked at the Walker Bank and Tanner Jewelry. He then opened a small jewelry store in Sugar House, which we operated for a little over a year and then sold at a fair profit. His next work was at the Utah Taxpayers Association, where he is presently employed.

We bought forty acres of land with a large home in Taylorsville. We all loved this place.

As our children became older, I felt a desire to go back into teaching and so I completed my 4 years of schooling, graduating from the "Y" in 1958. At present I am teaching second grade in the Jefferson School in Salt Lake City.

Since Mother's passing, we have purchased Father's home on Browning Avenue and he is living with us.

Our children all attended the Brigham Young University. Carol graduated from there and taught school in Midvale, Utah, while waiting for her missionary, Roy E. Christensen, to return home from the Danish Mission. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple September 11, 1956. Roy also graduated from the "Y" and is now a Certified Public Accountant. At present they are living in California and have three children, Cory, Kelly, and Kathleen.

Philip graduated from the "Y" in Animal Husbandry. He and Caroline Roberts, a "Y" student, were married in the Salt Lake Temple March 21, 1956. They are now living in Mt. Pleasant and have two children, Philip Roberts and Marla.

Harold served two years in the armed services, part of which was in Germany, two years in the West Central States Mission, and is now attending the "Y."

Mary Jean also attended the "Y." Prior to her marriage to E. Cecil Albrechtsen, she worked for a short time for the F. B. I. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple August 26, 1959. Cecil graduated from the University of Utah and plans to teach speech and English in the Jordan School District. They have two little girls, Sandra and Lisa.

All are active in the church and have held various positions in it.

TRIBUTE. "The Lord hath been very mindful of thee since thy departure from the spirit world, and before your departure gave you the privilege, through merit, of selecting your parentage. . . ." I am quoting from my patriarchal blessing given when I was 19 years of age.

Thus I have always felt I came into this life with a very special blessing and responsibility, not only to be born of such goodly parents but through them to be given the close association and love of ten other such choice spirits as my brothers and sisters. Being counted one of such a group has given innumerable opportunities to learn the happiness gained from sharing and the true meaning of love. It has been and always will be a challenge to live up to the expectations of this group. This challenge does not stop here but goes beyond this immediate group to my beloved grandparents and to Aunt Jennie and Uncle Will. How could a person go far wrong with a knowledge that to do so would be hurting them as well as yourself. I am so grateful for their influence in my life. How proud I have always been to claim close relationship to such people. I remember as a small girl feeling very jealous and indignant because a friend of mine also claimed Aunt Jennie and Uncle Will as her uncle and aunt.

Again I am reminded of a Christmas day after Santa had filled each one's stockings and "chair" to capacity, including lovely new dresses and dolls (such beautiful dolls) from Aunt Jennie and Uncle Will, how we formed a line headed south up the street of 3rd East to stop at Grandpa Brimhall's, Aunt

Jennie and Uncle Will's, and on to Sister Jessie Knight's to wish them a "Merry Christmas." Mother and Father proudly led the parade.

To know Mother was to love her. So many have told me this. At a family dinner honoring our oldest son and his wife at a wedding breakfast, one guest commented afterward to her mother that she would give anything if she could be "just like Sister Holbrook when she became her age." She touched and enriched the lives of so many people. Living here in her ward at the present time, it seems everyone in the ward had a special place in their hearts for Mother. So many have said, "Your mother gave the sweetest testimonies I have ever heard and we miss them so much now that she has left us."

Mother's beauty from within seemed to radiate without. As Grandfather Brimhall used to fondly say to me when I was his secretary at school, "You are all lovely daughters, but not one is as beautiful and sweet as your mother."

Mother, though slight in figure, was mighty in her convictions of right. As long as I knew her, I have no knowledge of her ever wavering in this. Yet I have never known a person who was so understanding and sympathetic with others. I think one reason Mother was so beautiful was because she sought only for the beauties in life. I remember so well the pained and hurt look she would get on her face if we made unkind remarks about others.

To Mother the material things of life were secondary in importance to living the principles of the gospel. She always said she knew Father would provide a good living as she had been promised so in her patriarchal blessing. And she was right; he always did. I'm sure this was not an easy task with thirteen hungry mouths to feed and to provide the opportunities in education and music that Father was so desirous each one of us have. Father fully realized the importance of such a background if we were to choose wisely the true values in life. How grateful I am he chose to live in Provo where we could gain the spiritual and cultural development offered at the B. Y. U. and where we were most likely to meet our companions for life, which we all did. Many were the lyceum programs we attended there, with Father reminding us to take full advantage of the opportunities of hearing such fine artists while we had the chance.

I smile as I recall the times Father used to take a group of us down to McCoard Brothers and outfit us with new shoes. I suppose they were "cheaper by the dozen."

A tribute to our Mother wouldn't be complete without recalling her supreme joy whenever a "new life" was brought into this world. She was always there to lend a helping hand, which in itself was no small accomplishment coming as often as they did. Sometimes it was quite a race to leave one in time to get to the next one, as was the case when Harold was born and then Louine Berry. Because she always made us feel that to be there to help on such occasions was a privilege to her, I don't think we fully realized how much patience and physical energy these experiences required.

We have all felt the strength of Mother's complete faith. It always seemed that if Mother was praying for us in time of trial we just knew things

would work out right. She seemed to get closer to the Lord than anyone I have known. This simple, unwavering faith brought Mother great peace of mind. A close friend said to me, "Your mother is the best example I know of complete serenity."

As each one of us moved away and made new homes, Mother kept in close contact with us through her letters. So far as I know she is unequalled in her letter writing, both in quantity and quality. As our oldest daughter said, "I always keep Grandma's letters with my 'Treasures of Truth' because she can express her thoughts so beautifully and I think this is because she has such beautiful thoughts."

Mother, though quiet by nature, had a good sense of humor. I remember the time when she offered me water for breakfast because I insisted on giving my baby water until the exact 4-hour period was up and time for the next feeding according to schedule. She put over her point.

Another time, as a girl I remember coming home to a "huge" dish pan of dishes waiting to be washed, only to find a nickel in the bottom of the pan when I had finished. And still another time to find the ever-dreaded dish pan full of dishes neatly covered with a clean dishtowel, only to discover when the towel was removed all the dishes sparkling clean and dried. What a pleasant joke to a girl of ten.

How like Mother are the memories I have of our trips home when she would gather all the little grandchildren around her and entertain them so we girls could get some "good visiting in." How the little children loved these precious hours with "Grandma." Many were the stories she made vital and alive as she retold them from the Book of Mormon or the Bible.

I believe, as our missionary son wrote home at the time of her passing, "I'm sure Grandma is very happy and very busy where she is, as she was in this life, doing what she can for others."

Father's true nature was truly exemplified in his complete devotion and self-sacrifice in the loving and devoted care he gave to Mother in her last illness. From past experiences, I have felt Father is the best medicine one can have when needing encouragement and added strength, and I am sure Mother felt this deeply.

Ruth Holbrook Brown

HISTORY. I was the middle child in the family, there being five older and five younger. Following the pattern of the others, I attended Brigham Young University beginning with the first grade and ending the second quarter of my third year of college in 1932, when I was 20 years of age.

During that third year of college I met Francis Ray Brown, son of Dr. Francis Wiley Brown and Martha Whiting Brown. He had recently returned from a mission to Germany and had moved with his family from Mesa, Arizona, to Provo where he also attended Brigham Young University. We had

some wonderful times there together. Mary, my next older sister, had met her future husband Alva Maxwell and the four of us enjoyed our courtship days together. Both couples were married in the Salt Lake Temple May 27, 1932, by President Christensen of the Temple presidency. That day in the Temple was one which produced beautiful memories and a strong feeling of assurance that our marriage was right and as it should be.

Ray had a similar background to mine, having come from sturdy pioneer families who had been both able and willing to sacrifice their own comforts to help settle the wilderness wherever the leaders of the Church sent them. His Grandfather Whiting left a profitable business, lovely home, and friends in Mapleton, Utah, to go to northeastern Arizona and help build that area. They made their home in St. Johns where in time they prospered and have been a great influence for good throughout the entire state. It was because of this Whiting branch of the family that we decided to go to northeastern Arizona to make our first home in a small town called Holbrook, where we spent our first two years.

During the summer of 1934, we went to Washington, D. C., where Ray studied law and received his LLB degree. It was a wonderful experience to live four years in the Nation's Capital. My parents and sister, Helen, spent about nine months of our first year there with us. We had many happy times sightseeing both in the Capital and in the surrounding cities. After they returned to Utah, my father's sister Clara Jarvis and her husband who lived there continued this sightseeing with us and in their car we traveled to most of the points of interest in that area.

In June of 1938, we returned to Holbrook, Arizona, where Ray practiced law for three years. We enjoyed living in Holbrook even though aesthetically it was not attractive but a windy, desert town. There were many fine people, a good L. D. S. ward, and some dear relatives.

In October of 1941, we moved to Salt Lake City. My parents and Ray's parents helped us get a good financial start there by each loaning us \$1,000 to invest in real estate. Both of these ventures proved profitable and beneficial to us. Our years in Salt Lake City were wonderful. We enjoyed especially living near so many of our relatives on both sides of the family. All of our parents lived there and the children had many cousins and friends. We enjoyed our church activity near the headquarters of the Church. Ray served in the High Council of the Park Stake part of that time.

In June of 1947, we moved to Alhambra, California, and this has since been our home. Here Ray has served on the High Council in Pasadena Stake and, after its division, in the East Los Angeles Stake and then in the Stake Presidency for six years. My own church activities have been mostly in Relief Society, both ward and stake. At present I am in my sixth year as Stake Relief Society Educational Counselor. We have both almost continuously served in some church capacity and have greatly enjoyed and profited by this wonderful experience.

Nora Mae, our first child, was born in Phoenix, Arizona, at the home of her paternal grandparents June 2, 1933. She attended college two years at Brigham Young University where she met Raymon Hatton Brown, son of

Arthur C. and Nona Hatton Brown of Cedar City, Utah. They were married in the St. George Temple September 16, 1955. They now have two children, Michael Raymon born June 18, 1956, and LeAnne born December 3, 1957. Raymon graduated at Brigham Young University and will receive his Doctor of Dentistry degree from the University of Southern California in June, 1961. With Raymon's assistance, Nora Mae has successfully carried on a wedding catering business to assist financially while Raymon has been in dental school. During this time she also acted as Relief Society President in the Lynwood Ward for over a year. Nora Mae sings beautifully and also plays the piano, both of which talents have been used in the various wards in which they have lived.

Floyd, our eldest son, was born August 13, 1935, in Tacoma Park, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D. C. He filled an honorable mission in the Eastern States. He graduated from the Brigham Young University where he gained honors as a debator and was active in student affairs. In June of 1961 he will graduate from the University of California Law School at Los Angeles. He is currently Vice-President of the Law School and has done outstanding work in representing the school in Moot Court competition. Floyd married Stephanie Sherline Webster, daughter of John Henry and Sherline Jensen Webster, in the Los Angeles Temple January 28, 1961.

Keith, our third child, attended two years of college at Brigham Young University where his scholastic record was outstanding. He earned membership in the Lifetime Scholarship Society in high school and was on the Honor Roll all six quarters at B. Y. U. He is currently serving as a missionary for the Church in the Andes Mission. He plans to continue his education on his return.

Albert, now 18 years of age, is completing his first year at Brigham Young University. He is in the Honors Program there and is receiving a fine education. He has a genuine love for good music and plays the piano beautifully. He looks forward to a mission and more education.

Annette, our youngest daughter, has been blessed with a warm, friendly personality. She loves to participate in all activities at school and church. She is in her third year of high school and plans to attend B. Y. U. later.

Wayne, our youngest son, is in his first year of high school. He plans to also attend B. Y. U. and to fill a mission when he reaches the proper age.

Our three oldest boys have achieved the Eagle Award in scouting and Wayne is working toward that goal. They have all spent several summers in St. Johns, Arizona, in the home of their Grandpa Brown's brother, J. Albert Brown, and his wife, Elda Whiting Brown (a sister of their Grandma Brown). This wonderful couple have had a real influence on their lives and the experience has taught them much about the value of work and getting along with people. They have been able to work on the farm and have many other experiences which the average city boys do not have.

Up to the present time, we have been greatly blessed. Ray has been very successful in his practice of law and we have had many fine friendships and experiences. All six of our children have been blessed with good health and

keen intellects and a strong desire to live righteously. They prize their membership in the Church and recognize that it is of inestimable worth to them. We have all been blessed with a wonderful family background and heritage which is a constant inspiration.

TRIBUTE. Pausing to write a line about my mother my mind goes back to my teenage days and times when, coming home from a date, I would find a beautiful rosebud, long stemmed, exquisite, perfect, in a lovely vase on the chest of drawers where Mother was sure I would see it. Close by, usually in the leaves of the rosebud, was a note carefully penned. I knew that getting the rosebud meant that she had probably walked to town, unknown to anyone else, and tenderly brought it home. This was the way Mother did things--the beautiful way. As exquisite as the rosebuds were, the love notes meant much more. Many problems faded away because of the wisdom of those messages.

She gave us a feeling of complete security. We all had perfect assurance with Mother around everything was all right. We knew that no matter what happened "Mother would understand." I believe that knowledge kept us wanting to do that which would keep her faith in us alive. She did always understand and give help when and where needed.

On one occasion, when I had asked advice about one of my children she said, "Ruth, you are his mother and you are entitled to inspiration for your own children. Pray for that guidance and you will receive it." This taught me a great lesson which has meant much in rearing our children.

FAITH

Mother was one of the very few who completely lived as she taught. Her example was marvelous. I believe this genuineness was one of the characteristics which so endeared her grandchildren to her. They too were sure of her love and knew it was so strong and true that it would always be there lending strength and support. Even now that she is gone, we all still feel that love and faith which was such a part of her.

Even as a small child, I remember always being very proud of my father. Some of the most precious moments of my childhood were spent when, on rare occasions, he would take me to the picture show. To me it was a great event. I can see us now as we walked along having a wonderful visit. I thought that if everyone could just see things the way Father did all would be right in the world. He was always so tolerant and understanding. I remember too the times when he would bring home a car full of new clothes, just like Christmas. It was so much fun to try them on and see which ones fit. They must have nearly all fit because only once do I remember seeing anything returned and it was just exchanged.

Father taught us well the importance of honesty and dependability by both example and precept. We always had reason to be proud of anything he did. He taught us to respect the rights of others and to be tolerant of everyone. He taught us to value our good name and to be on the side of right always.

There were many times when we realized how tender and understanding Father could be. I remember listening to his prayers as the father of our family, particularly when there was sickness in the home. His prayers gave

me a perfect assurance of his awareness of and belief in God's power and goodness. I always felt close to Father; he understood our problems. He was wise yet youthful in his thinking. We knew his advice would be good. Even today, at almost 84 he still has that ability of combining wisdom with youthfulness and is keenly alert and aware of what is going on in the world. He is truly an inspiration to me.

Elizabeth Holbrook Berry

HISTORY. Elizabeth Holbrook and Alonzo Kay Berry are the parents of six children, three girls and three boys, namely: David Kay, Alsina Louine, Alan Holbrook, Rosalee, Julie Ann, and Douglas Howard.

Kay and I were married September 19, 1934, in the Salt Lake Temple. We moved to California following our marriage where all of our six children were born. We started our married life during the depression when both money and jobs were hard to get, but this didn't bother us. The first few days of our stay in California was with Whiting relatives. We had \$300 when we were married and were reluctant to let it slip through our fingers; it was to give us the start we needed in California. Kay was confident and full of enthusiasm and I had a lot of faith in his ability to make good.

He decided to try his skill in the grocery business and with his brother-in-law Elbert Hamblin found an opportunity in Beverly Glen, a little canyon area near Beverly Hills. There was a small neighborhood grocery store combined with a gas station and the owner was tired and wanted a rest and a vacation. He liked the looks of these two young men and agreed to let them take it over for a month or so. The store had a two-room apartment which was just right for Kay and me, and Elbert and Maree took a house a short distance away. Every other day one of the boys went into the Los Angeles wholesale market for meat, fresh fruits and vegetables, and canned goods. They also delivered grocery orders to customers' homes upon request. After about a month it was obvious that this little store could not support two families. The owner returned rested and decided to take over his business again and we were agreeable. It was an interesting experience but we could see that it had no future.

Kay and Elbert broke their partnership and Kay leased the service station from Uncle Lyn Whiting on the corner of 36th and Main in Los Angeles. The station was pretty run down but Kay was confident he could clean it up and build up the business. He wasn't afraid of hard work and long hours. An apartment was rented for \$13 in a nearby court and became our first real abode.

Kay's brother, Lee, arrived home from his mission and came to live with us and help run the station. During the year we went to Arizona where the Berry parents had purchased rights to remove petrified wood from private property. Several loads of wood were taken out of there and some was hauled to Los Angeles and displayed in front of the station. A cutting machine was concocted and some of the wood was cut and polished there. This project was interesting and brought in a little extra money. We only drew \$40 a month

from the station during the time we had it, but then round steak was only twenty-five cents per pound.

We experienced the biggest event of our lives when David Kay arrived October 29, 1935--and then we were three. Grandma Holbrook was on the job to welcome him and to give me a hand with this new and wonderful experience. David was always a good baby and always a joy to us.

Since we were now family people, we were desirous of improving our situation. We sold our interest in the station and with the money created a new little malt shop on Broadway in Los Angeles just north of Olympic Street. It was new and clean and painted white with black trim and bore the name "It's the Berry's" Malt Shop. We sold giant malts for ten cents and hot dogs for six cents. What a bargain! No wonder we didn't get rich. The first day we opened there was a line up of customers and one of the first ones asked for a milk shake. Now Kay had been told how to make a malt but a milk shake--no. The customer, seeing his confusion, told him it was just like a malt but without the malt. Wasn't that simple? The malt shop went fine and business was good. Elaine stayed with us for a while and tended David while I helped in the shop. I believe she worked in the shop some too.

Kay began considering the future and realized that a man with an education has the advantage. He had already learned that after the next year there would be two years of pre-dent required instead of one. If it was to be dentistry he would have to decide now. He finally decided to go to school and was admitted to S. C. School of Dentistry but had to make up deficit credits at night school. His first year in dental school he was carrying a full course, going to night school, and managing the malt shop. We hired a girl to run the shop during the day and Norma came over from Arizona and helped us for a while. Also, Lee's wife Virginia worked some. About the middle of the freshmen year Louine was born, and what a welcome little ray of sunshine she was. But she came when we were at an all-time low financially. Grandma Holbrook was there and helped us save hospital bills, our doctor was wonderful and only let us pay about \$15 on his bill. I finally wrote a letter to my father and he came to the rescue and helped us over the hump. As I remember it was only about \$50 what we needed, but we needed it bad.

Louine was good company for David and they were real pals. At this time we were living in a cute little rear cottage with a fenced yard on University Avenue close to S. C. and Exposition Park. Kay's parents sent us \$70 a month for living expenses which was later paid back. We ate hot dogs on Thanksgiving and our entertainment generally consisted of having the Wrights, Lloyd and Marie, over for a real fun game and then climaxed it with a round of ice cream which was about ten cents a pint.

While the four years at S. C. were hard in many ways, they were satisfying because we felt we were progressing toward a better life for ourselves and our family. We found enjoyment and relaxation in simple things and ate simple foods and made our clothes do. We felt pretty blue though the day our landlady told us that she wanted to move into our little house. She had hated to tell us but had no choice. We hated to move; we had enjoyed it there and it was convenient to everything. We had long since sold our jalopy car but our very good friend and dental student Howard Malan came to the

rescue and offered his car to us to look for a place to rent. After much discouragement we finally found a clean place on Denker Street in Los Angeles. The landlady didn't want to take children but agreed to let us live there until we could find something else. We later rented a place in conjunction with Lee and Virginia. We found a home that had a cute little rear cottage. Lee was working and so he and Virginia took the front house; we took the rear house and it worked out fine. Lee and Virginia had Norma Jean then and the three little cousins had good times together. Our place was cute and compact and had a big kitchen that I loved. Everything went great until it rained and our roof leaked like a sieve. We had pots and pans setting everyplace and finally ran out of pans and had to take refuge at Lee and Virginia's until the rain eased up. The landlord promised to fix that leaky roof but he never did. However, we stuck it out until Kay graduated in June with his D. D. S. degree. That was the day! Both the Holbrooks and Berrys came for the great celebration. I guess they were as thrilled as we were.

Kay made Mother's first dentures in his senior year. They went to a lot of trouble to give him the business and we appreciated it.

All through school, Kay planned to practice in Arizona with his father but providence changed our plans and Kay started practice in Alhambra with Dr. Fred Bringhurst. He didn't get paid much and we were broke. Uncle Earnest generously let us live in one of the apartments in his home in Boyle Heights. I was so happy when we finally rented a nice two bedroom furnished home on San Marino Street in Alhambra within walking distance of the office.

Alan was born while we were living here and also World War II broke out. I remember one night I had fallen asleep nursing Alan and the light was on. The air raid warden came banging on our door and shouted to get the light out. We didn't ever have an air raid but lived in constant fear of one. There was also the worry of Kay's having to go into the service, but fortunately he didn't have to go.

Kay could soon see that if he was going to get ahead he would have to get out on his own. He bought a small home on Garfield Avenue in Alhambra, remodeled it into a dental office, and set up his own practice. This proved to be a good move and he has added on and improved this office until it is now one of the most modern and fine looking offices on Garfield Blvd.

We purchased our first home on 1140 S. Stoneman Avenue in Alhambra. When the Browns moved to California, they moved across the street from us. We spent many fine years there. Rosie was born while we were in this home and became the fourth little young berry. We enjoyed the Alhambra Ward and the people there, and Kay served as counselor to Bishop Julius Madsen and later became bishop.

With four children we felt as though our home was bulging at the seams and so we found a lovely large family home in San Gabriel. Kay fell in love with it and would go out and sit under the oaks and dream of owning this lovely estate. Finally we got up the courage to buy it. We are living in it today. It is a fine home. The children all love it and we are presently bringing it up to date by adding a swimming pool. It was after we moved into this home that Kay briefly went into the chinchilla business, but that's a story in itself.

Upon moving to San Gabriel, we became members of the Las Flores Ward in Temple City. Kay served as counselor to Howard W. Hunter in the Pasadena Stake Presidency for six years. It was a most pleasant and rewarding experience for all of us. We had the privilege of having many of the general authorities to dinner in our home and had a fine association and friendship with other members of the presidency. I have been active in M. I. A., Relief Society--both ward and stake, and am presently serving as ward Relief Society president. This is a big job but very rewarding.

David graduated from Alhambra High School, Brigham Young University, and served a two year mission for the Church in the Central Atlantic States. He is presently studying dentistry at S. C.

Louine graduated from Monrovia High School where she was active in student affairs. She frequently entertained with her dancing while in high school. She graduated from B. Y. U. in elementary education and is qualified to teach. She married John J. Hunter, a childhood sweetheart, and they have Robert Mark and are expecting their second child.

Alan graduated from San Gabriel High School where he was active in athletics. He is presently attending B. Y. U. and looking forward to going on a mission.

Rosalee is preparing to graduate from San Gabriel High School this June. She is one of the leaders of her school and head of the pep squad.

Julie is now twelve years of age and a joy to all. Dougy is eight and ready to be baptized. He would like to wear his life jacket when he's baptized.

We are all grateful for our wonderful heritage and hope to carry on in a worthy manner.

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER. Some people say they were born under a lucky star but I say I was lucky because I was born unto Alsina Elizabeth Brimhall and Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook. To be born of love and to parents who understood the purpose of life and who appreciated the responsibility and opportunity of parenthood is a blessing that becomes more significant with each passing year.

While our beloved mother is no longer with us in person, her influence still penetrates and motivates our lives. A love such as hers knows no bounds. I believe that her desire, knowing that she could not remain with us, was to leave her love and peace with us. I feel that she has done this.

Mother truly patterned her life after the Saviors and I believe came as near to perfection in this life as one can become and still remain mortal. She loved being a mother and dedicated her life to the successful fulfillment of this obligation. She set a perfect example of motherhood for her daughters and I believe that each of us have not only been guided by her example but have tried to use similar techniques in rearing our own children.

Mother's love extended to her grandchildren and great grandchildren. She loved the little ones and the big ones and they loved her. Each was special to her and they knew it. We were all anxious to have our children associate with her because we knew that some of her goodness would naturally rub off onto them. She took the opportunity when visiting in the homes of her family to get acquainted with each grandchild and her interest and patience endeared her to each one. Mother had a rare gift for winning the love and admiration of her "in-laws" and I think here again the key to her success was in her genuine love for them.

She knew that time was precious and limited and always used it constructively to accomplish the things our church leaders asked of us. She was never too busy though to help any of us when we needed help and our needs seemed to come first with her. She always made us feel that our happiness was her happiness. She never seemed to want anything personally, but I am sure it was because the needs of so many others always came first.

Mother always recognized Father as the head of the home and loved and honored him. She had great confidence in him and faith in the priesthood which he holds. She always upheld the church authorities and those in positions of leadership and taught us to do the same. I don't ever remember her saying an unkind word about anyone and she abhorred gossip.

She inspired us to reach for the spiritual things in life. She rejoiced in our successes and felt our disappointments so keenly that on occasion she actually became physically ill from a sympathetic reaction. She often reminded us of her love and interest by leaving little notes, a flower or some other remembrance to encourage us in our success or failure or to help us keep our eyes fixed on our goal.

While I believe there must be an angel on high to bid the spirits farewell as they venture forth from heaven, in our family we always had another angel right here on earth to welcome these choice spirits to this mortal life. Grandma Holbrook was always present to extend the hand of love and faith and to help them cross the bridge. We always felt that Mother had special priority on having her prayers considered, I guess because we knew there was a close bond between her and our Heavenly Father and because she had a deep and abiding faith and lived worthy of receiving the blessings she desired.

Mother taught us the gospel by word and deed and prepared a fertile foundation and planted the gospel seed. Even after we left the home nest she followed us with her wonderful letters and helped the seed grow and mature until a full-blown testimony had developed. This, I am sure, was the great desire of her heart and for this and many other things we shall always hold her in grateful and loving remembrance.

TRIBUTE TO FATHER. We are so blessed to have Father with us still and it is through his efforts that the family are writing something to be included in the book he is compiling which will be a treasured family history.

Father has always been the symbol of strength and stability in our family. His wisdom and sound judgment have been a steadying influence in our lives. His counsel has been sought by many others as well as his own family. I

learned very young that his name was one that was held in honor and esteem by the people of Provo. He was known for his honesty and integrity and I have always been grateful for this and proud to bear his name. He taught us the importance of developing these qualities in our own lives and of building a good name.

Now that I am a parent, I value even more than I did as a child the security I felt in knowing that I did not have to wonder or want for the necessities of life. He was always an excellent provider which was no small task for a family of thirteen. We even enjoyed many luxuries, more than many of our friends and neighbors. He gave us many opportunities to broaden our horizons by taking us on trips to see other parts of the country. He was always delightful company on these trips and so energetic that it was often difficult to keep pace with him. These trips were invaluable in helping us to know Father better and for their educational value. I also felt secure in the love and devotion Mother and Father had for each other and in our close family ties.

Father is very sympathetic by nature and a wonderful judge of character. He is generous and kind and sensitive to the needs of others. He is deeply religious and puts his beliefs into practice. He is versatile in his interests and can enjoy a good joke, a fine concert, or a deep philosophical book, and is a real sports fan. Even though he is in his eighties, he is in good health and maintains his youthful spirit and zest for living and is interested in everything and everybody. He is a virtual storehouse of knowledge and has a remarkable memory and an impressive vocabulary. He has rare literary ability in writing and some of his letters to Mother and the family are precious gems of humor and wisdom.

He is greatly to be admired for his patience in living in a household predominantly female, and I am sure there must have been times when he felt overwhelmed and greatly in the minority. Yet his importance around the home was felt by each of us and he administered a good balance there.

We have profited by his guidance and counsel in our married life and have appreciated his financial assistance in time of need and in knowing that we did have someone to turn to in a crisis. We are grateful for his continued love and interest and his continued impact for good upon our lives and the lives of our children.

I shall always cherish the memory of the tender devotion and constant care he gave Mother during her illness and until her passing. She seemed to draw strength from having him near and wanted him near her all the time. They were truly devoted to one another and a beautiful example of eternal love and companionship.

Father is the patriarch of a great posterity who love and hold him in high esteem and we pray that he may continue to find joy and happiness in life and be assured of our devotion.

Helen Holbrook Dahlquist

HISTORY. On August 1, 1941, the last daughter left the Holbrook home when I, Helen, became united in marriage to Carlyle A. Dahlquist in the Manti Temple. This culminated a romance which had lasted through Carlyle's mission and the completion of his college work at Brigham Young University. In the meantime, I had received my degree and taught two years in Provo.

We came almost immediately to California where Carlyle had accepted an appointment to study and work as a medical technician in the Los Angeles County Hospital. We located in Alhambra close to Elizabeth and Kay Berry and had a happy year there.

The following Fall, Carlyle enrolled in the University of Southern California Dental School so we moved to Los Angeles near the university. These were war years and necessarily full of tension and some anxiety, but also full of wonderful associations and good times. There was an exceptional group of young married people in Adams Ward, many of whom were also students, and we had some memorable times as a group.

Since we had one disappointment in starting a family shortly after we were married and I had been under the doctor's care for the following several years, you can imagine our joy when we found out that we were at last to become parents. Our first tiny daughter arrived July 30, 1946, in Los Angeles. We named her Kathleen and smiled at her pretty little features and alert ways. Her first six months caused us occasional anxiety when she had difficulty swallowing water and breathing at the same time, but for the most part she was pure joy.

Carlyle's degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery and Kathy's arrival came at about the same time, so after Carlyle had passed the Utah and California Boards he began work in his chosen field in Los Angeles. For a short period he practiced part time with another dentist in Los Angeles and part time with Dr. Kay Berry in Alhambra. Since Alhambra was where we desired to live, we moved back to that city where Carlyle practiced full time with Kay. Carlyle became a member of the Pasadena Stake High Council at the same conference that made Ray Brown also a member and Kay Berry president of the Stake High Priest's quorum. At that time the Stake President was unaware that these three were brothers-in-law.

On March 30, 1948, with the Easter bells ringing throughout the city, our second little daughter arrived at the Alhambra Hospital. Her round little face and lovely intelligent eyes soon revealed the happy disposition that was always to be hers. Kathy and Nancy were soon inseparable, and it was reassuring to see with what admiration Nancy looked up to Kathy and how sweetly Kathy guided and protected her.

When we found a third addition was on the way, we started looking for a home of our own with a little more room. June 30, 1950, Carlyle Holbrook arrived weighing in at nine pounds and was twenty-three inches in length. His inquisitive mind and active body soon made us know he was every inch the son we so desired. The following Halloween we purchased our first home on Third Street in Alhambra, and not long thereafter Carlyle moved to his own office.

Exactly three years from Carl's birthday, now June 30, 1953, Helen Marie arrived on the scene at a Pasadena hospital. When I looked at her tiny face and alert eyes I thought, "I would know you anywhere." She surely looked as if she belonged to our family, and Carl was happy to welcome her as a birthday gift.

Shortly after Helen's birth, Carlyle entered the U. S. Army, per request, with the rank of Captain to serve as a dentist. We were fortunate to have him stationed at Fort McArthur (San Pedro, California) where he could commute back and forth frequently. This was during the Korean police action.

About six months before Carlyle's release from the Army, I made an important trip to the Army base to welcome another pretty little daughter, Mary Lee. This was the first one of our children who did not have the physical presence of Grandma Holbrook to help welcome her. Mother, however, kept us warmed with her frequent letters. In June, 1955, Carlyle was released from Army service and once more resumed his career as a civilian dentist.

Scott Holbrook appeared April 24, 1958, in Alhambra. With seven of us now to love him, this brown-eyed and curly-headed boy was proudly displayed on all occasions.

We were now bursting at the seams in our Alhambra home and began to look around for a little more room. We found it in Arcadia where we now live with almost an acre of ground and a house large enough to make us all comfortable.

We have found that wherever we have gone there have been good neighbors, wonderful church people, and work to do in the church to keep us happy and straight in our thinking. A constant source of strength has been the words of encouragement and wisdom from our dear parents and the knowledge that their love and interest has always been with us. Their testimonies have helped ours to grow and we find their influence being carried on down to our children. We are proud of the fine way our children have been progressing both in school and church. Watching them unfold and develop their talents is especially rewarding because our parents taught us long ago that there is no greater joy than this.

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER. From the time I was quite small I had the feeling that Mother was just loaned to us for a period of time to act as our guiding light. I sensed that I should listen to her because she didn't seem to just know about God but to know Him, and that was the highest authority possible. She tried to follow Christ's teachings more closely than any other person I have personally known, and seeing that His ways brought such happiness showed me their value. She truly lived deeply and richly and kept important and unimportant things in their proper perspective.

I could always tell Mother exactly what was in my heart without fear of her misunderstanding. In fact, most of the time she seemed able to read what was there without my even saying it. Always she lifted me up.

I cherish memories of early morning walks with Mother, stopping to look at flowers along the ditch banks; of being in the berry patch three miles from home and seeing Mother appear at noontime with homemade ice cream and words of wisdom having walked all that distance by herself. I remember having her drop her ironing or cleaning and going clear down to North Park with us so we wouldn't be alone when we swam; of waking in the morning and seeing Mother finish the cleaning of bathroom shelves or kitchen floors begun while we were still asleep. I remember the rosebuds found on my dresser with a little note whenever I performed in some manner; stories from the Book of Mormon and sessions of reading and underlining together impressive passages; the way she made our prophets live by quoting from them in her everyday conversation; and the way she always looked for and found the good in people.

It was always fun to walk down the street with Mother because people obviously had great love and respect for her. Many many times people went out of their way to tell me what a wonderful mother I had. She quietly went about doing good, and others recognized her as genuine.

She typified selflessness, yet she had great respect for herself and never allowed others to talk her into eating or doing something which she did not believe was good for herself. She saved her strength for the important things and by doing so truly accomplished her mission.

TRIBUTE TO FATHER. My love for Father has increased with each year because I have learned to appreciate him not only as a father, but also as a person. I am more and more aware how well he exemplifies the meaning of integrity. Promises have never been lightly given by Father, but once given we could rely that he would do all he could to keep them. One of his favorite sayings has been, "Keep your word as good as your bond," and he has truly lived by this code. He has taught me that nothing is more important than keeping straight with myself.

Father has taught us to be open minded and fair. He has always encouraged us to look at both sides of a question before drawing conclusions and to face the facts squarely. I can never remember him being unfair in his distributions or favoring one of us over another. We all got equal opportunities in different ways.

Whenever I think of Father, I feel the warmth of his love. I have always felt that the things we said and did were important to him. He listened to us when we talked as if we were worth listening to and was proud when we performed with some competence in different fields. He helped us to step up by not accepting slipshod work, yet he was not over critical.

Father has always been so much alive and interested in people and things about him that he helped to spark our enthusiasm. Whether it was world events, new discoveries, or sports, the issues were interesting and vital. He loved to travel, and made it a point to tell us interesting things about the various places we visited and saw to it that we made side trips to museums, factories, stockyards, etc.

I cannot think of him without recalling his gentle sense of humor. Everyone enjoys talking to him because he has the ability to laugh at himself and find the humorous things in life. This helped to make our home life so much more fun and exciting. Visitors were frequent and interesting conversations were usually going on.

When I think of Father, I think of the priesthood because we always knew he was a worthy bearer of it and had respect for him as such. Both of our parents gave us the knowledge early that their testimonies of the gospel were real and a basic part of their lives. It has been wonderful to have parents who loved us and could say by their example, "Do as I do."

Vera Holbrook Heninger

HISTORY. I was the tenth child born to Sina and Fay Holbrook and another girl. I grew up in a home that knew love, understanding, and high ideals. I met my future husband at the B. Y. U. and after a year and half of courtship, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple June 5, 1941. Both our parents before us had also been married in the Salt Lake Temple.

The first summer of our marriage we spent on a farm in Raymond, Alberta, Canada, preparing to go East to Montreal Medical School. Maurice was a citizen of Canada, and the first ten years of our married life were spent in Canada. Four years were spent in Montreal earning an education to be a doctor. I worked for the first two years until Susan, our first born, made her appearance. With a doctors degree came a year's internship and then a term of service in the Army. Part of this service was spent in a prisoner of war camp in northern Alberta where Maurice was the doctor for the camp.

At the end of the service period, we settled in Lethbridge, Alberta, to practice general medicine for a year. That year decided us to take up a specialty instead of general practice and we chose Vancouver, B. C., as the place. For three years Maurice studied radiology, and we added Launa Gail to our family tree.

With this period of training over, we looked around for a place to live and raise our increasing family. We chose Idaho Falls as the ideal place. Maurice joined the staff of the L. D. S. Hospital as Radiologist and later became an American citizen, making our family completely American. Here we both became active in church work and welcomed each addition to our family with loving hearts. Four new members came to the Heninger family during our Idaho Falls days. We are proud of our heritage and hope to be able to fill a needed place in our own time.

Susan Heninger, July 27, 1943, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada

Launa Gail, November 7, 1948, Vancouver, B. C., Canada

Rebecca Ann, November 11, 1950, Idaho Falls

Steven Holbrook, March 9, 1955

Barbara Jean, August 24, 1957

David Maurice, December 17, 1958

(After graduation but before marriage, Vera taught in the Provo High School. L. H. H.)

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER. Mother--how clear the face and the beauty of spirit is of the one we were privileged to call mother. The thoughts of her are always filled with so much beauty that it is an opportunity to write a tribute to her. Mother was so close to each of her children, so understanding and wise in her counsel. As children we always felt free to talk over our problems with her and there find the right solution. Looking back over the years, I marvel at the foresight and wisdom she showed in solving so many knotty problems that came her way. I think there must have been some "divine inspiration" there, and truly she lived so close to perfection that she was entitled to that inspiration. I think Mother was the most completely unselfish person I have ever known. Perhaps that is why her love was so great for others. She was always completely loyal to her husband, her family, and to all she felt was right. There was absolutely no "swaying" where a principle was involved.

Dear Mother--as I sat in your room that last afternoon silently saying my last farewell to you in this life it was hard to control the tears, and yet I knew you wouldn't want us to be unhappy but rather to know that this was nature's plan and that you had fulfilled beautifully your mission here in life and it was your time to go. Your sweet unselfishness was and still is always there. You would want us to be happy and carry on with our own missions in life. You prepared us well Mother dear; you taught us to treasure the gospel and its teachings above all else. You left us a wonderful heritage in wisdom, ideals, and example. Thank you! I am sure that we shall all try to do as you would have us do. The word "mother" will always hold much beauty for me, Mother, because it means you.

TRIBUTE TO FATHER. Shortly before Grandmother Holbrook's death, I was visiting her in her home. During the conversation she commented on our family and how proud she was of them. "Sina has been such a wonderful mother and your father, Vera, he has been wonderful too. He has always been very special to me, and I am proud of what he has accomplished." I am sure if we could all express our sentiments they would echo Grandma Holbrook's. Steadfast, wise, and loving, our Father has always been a bulwark to whom we could take our troubles in time of need--our wise counselor and friend. How many times have Father's calm, sensible, down to earth words been just the answer we need.

In our home, there was never any doubt of the love and fundamental unity between our parents. During the times when Mother would be away helping to welcome another heavenly spirit to this earthly home, Father became both mother and father to those of us at home. There it was so amply demonstrated the unity of their ideals and goals. Father's unselfish, tireless, loving and patient care of our Mother during her last illness will always be held close in our hearts. As the years have passed, I have come to appreciate more and more this strict adherence to ideals and of things we were to do and not to do.

Alsina Elaine Holbrook Haymore

HISTORY. I was born August 11, 1920, in Provo, Utah. On December 21, 1938, I married John Arnold Haymore in the Salt Lake Temple. Our children are:

Valerie Elaine, born January 12, 1942, in Los Angeles, California. She is a student at B. Y. U. Brown-eyed and lovely, we are all proud of her. She enjoys her studies, church, housekeeping, and dating at B. Y. U.

Daniel Holbrook, born March 22, 1943, in Salt Lake City. A graduate from Granite High School, he plans to go to the "Y" next year. He is interested in sports, work, science, and friends.

Gloria, December 27, 1944, in Salt Lake City. She is brown-eyed, efficient, and cheerful. She loves to make people happy and is in lots of activities, being a sophomore at Granite.

John A., November 8, 1946, in Salt Lake City. He is in the eighth grade at Evergreen; paper carrier for the Tribune in the early morning hours. He is efficient, trustworthy, and lovable, and an Eagle Scout.

Douglas Holbrook, September 6, 1948, Salt Lake City. He is a seventh grader at Evergreen; four "H's" on his report card; honor citizenship. He and John are pals and excel in scouting, school, paper route, work, and home cooperation. They are a joy to have around, especially when they are not in the "wrestling mood."

Sylvia, June 29, 1950, Salt Lake City. She is a fifth grader at Libbie Edwards. An enthusiastic dancer, piano and violin player, and "A" student, she is cheery and full of smiles.

Bruce Holbrook, November 15, 1952, Salt Lake City. He is in the second grade at Libbie Edwards. He is cheerful, enthusiastic, and wholehearted in all he does--real good company.

Rosalee, May 19, 1954, Salt Lake City. She is a first grader at Libbie Edwards. With blonde hair and blue eyes, she looks like her mother used to. She is a good reader, helper, and dependable.

Joseph Holbrook, October 15, Salt Lake City. He is sweet in disposition and a good worker. He takes good care of Carolee. He likes Primary and Sunday School, his scrapbook, and picnics.

David Holbrook, November 16, 1958, Salt Lake City. He is very affectionate. Gives his Father and Mother much loving and takes good care of his little sister.

Carolee, August 5, 1959, Salt Lake City. She is our darling, loved and enjoyed by all; blue-eyed and full of charm and all smiles.

New expectation, August, 1961, Salt Lake City.

(The expected arrived July 22, 1961, since receiving this contribution and is another daughter. They now have twelve--six sons and six daughters--the most of any of our children. All twelve are living and promising children. With this latest arrival, we now have 58 living grandchildren. L. H. H.)

Arnold and I are thankful for our family and we are striving to teach them the joy of living the gospel as Father and Mother taught us. I believe as Mother wrote, "It's fun to be a mother."

Some things I remember:

When Father bought me some skates I wanted so badly and Mama let me skate by her in the kitchen while she made bread.

When I began school at B. Y. U. Training School and preferred staying home because it was so cozy and secure there.

When Mother and I accompanied Father on trips while he sold "woolen goods". Mother and I would get prospects and the housewives would let down their oven doors to warm my feet.

What good times we had at mealtime--delicious food, interesting talk, and leisureliness. Sometimes Mama followed menus by the week--ham on Monday, finnan haddie on Tuesday, gingerbread and cream Wednesday, etc.

What fun I had with my sisters and brother and how good they were to me, especially when Mother was away on trips with Father.

Hikes and walks with Mother who was never too busy for her children.

Home nights--musical numbers and dramatic numbers. Rachel used to play "De-ooly-ay" while Raymond sang. Father and Mother each knew a piano selection we begged them to play.

Trips with Father as chauffeur and guide and Mother who slept while we traveled. Fishing, California, eastern states--we saw most of the United States.

Weddings when cherished sisters and brother left, but mighty fine brothers and sister joined. What fun I had tending the grandchildren and how we "three little kids" enjoyed having the married ones home to visit. The time the married ones visited the Chicago Fair and tending the children wasn't so funny.

When I married at Christmas time, finished my freshman year at B. Y. U., and moved to Los Angeles.

Father and Mother still helped out by being "on hand" when the babies were born, Valerie in California and the rest in Salt Lake.

Father helped the Haymore's on Highland Drive and 64th South with chicken farms.

We have resided at 1656 East 3350 South for the past eleven years with the children having the opportunity of enjoying Grandpa and Grandma. Father's loving care of Mother during her illness before her passing was a testimony to all of us. How gently, tenderly, and patiently he looked after her every need. He strove for wisdom in deciding the best thing to be done for her. He engaged the best doctors, sparing no expense. Because of the nature of her illness, we children could do little for Mother, and Father had grave responsibility night and day; Mother appreciated him. It was thrilling and satisfying to see such devotion earned over a lifetime of mutual consideration and love. Surely "love is eternal!"

TRIBUTE. I have a kind and wise Father, and a Mother to whom raising her children in the gospel of Jesus Christ was life, a joyous life. We are currently studying the New Testament in Sunday School, with Arnold as the teacher. Each lesson about Jesus reminds me so of Mother. Realizing that thought prompts the act, Father and Mother taught us to want to know and do the right, then the wrong just wasn't any fun. They loved all of us eleven children equally and wanted only one thing for us--joy that comes from right living.

Of course, being the youngest it was easy for me. I had such a fine example to follow. Sometimes I think I slipped through school too easily on this "reputation" of which I was so justly proud. Work, play, study, food, home nights, trips, celebrations, graduations, illnesses, though some were sad we were united and had faith and my memories are all good. What a really loving, peaceful, and fun home life we had. We felt true security without realizing it. So Father and Mother guided us all along through church and school (B. Y. U.) activities and eventual temple marriage.

The first section of the report is devoted to a general survey of the situation in the country. It is followed by a detailed account of the work done during the year. The report then discusses the results of the work and the conclusions reached. Finally, it contains a list of references and a list of names of the persons who have assisted in the work.

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CONCLUDING SUMMARY

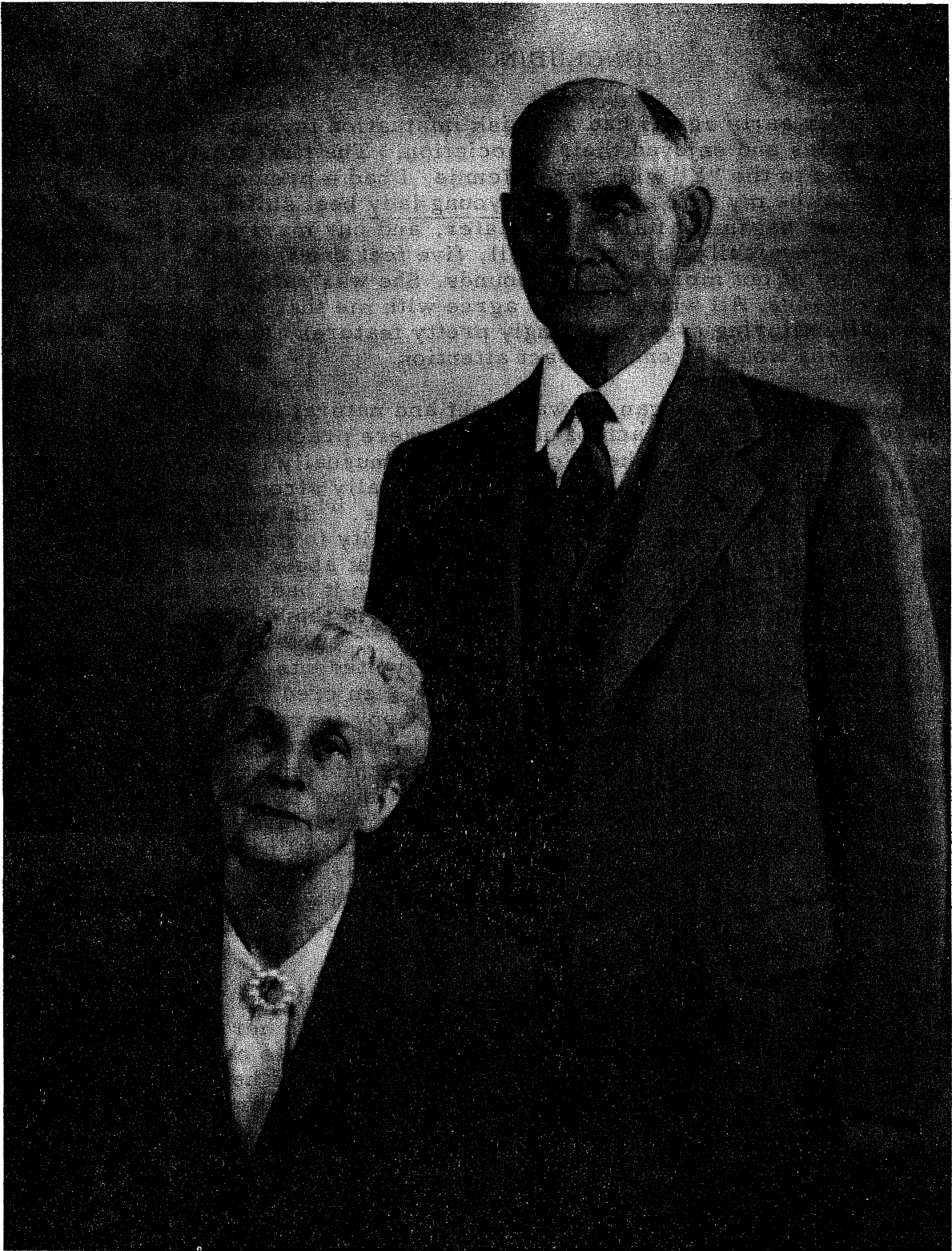
At a rather early age, I had a boyish infatuation for two or three very fine young ladies and enjoyed their association. The first time I saw Sina when she came to the "Y" with sister Jennie, I had a premonition that in due time she would be my wife and the one young lady best suited for me. Our courtship never began till fully a year later, and our marriage was about five years later. Physically, she was small, five feet one inch tall, and an average weight of not more than 105 pounds. She was rather frail and delicate in appearance. All who knew her agree with me that she was endowed with unusually alluring eyes, strikingly pretty features, and rare charm. In any group she would at once attract attention.

When our courtship began, it was right and natural for our respective parents to be interested in each of us. Mine were practical. After meeting her they remarked to me, "She is certainly an unusually lovely and likable young lady. Our only concern is if she is physically strong enough to endure the rigors of motherhood and life's usual stresses." Later in our courting, Sina asked me if I had ever thought about her ability to meet these responsibilities. In answer I told her I had not only thought about it but prayed about it, and the answer came to me as vividly as though it had been spoke, "she will be, and there will never need be reluctance in this respect."

Some matter-of-fact people, and especially students of modern philosophy, will scoff at the foregoing statements and may even credit them to over-sentimentalism. After nearly sixty years of happy married life in which Sina gave birth to our eleven children and was in all respects and at all times a wonderful wife and truly great mother to all our children, how could I question the validity of the premonitions. All were born in our homes, the first two while pioneering in Canada where we had no doctor nor even a trained midwife. Until her last illness, with the exception of the births, I have no memory of Sina being in bed a full day or needing a doctor other than the one time when our little girl Jean died. In all these years and with what they brought, I have always felt, and still do, that we were guided to each other and that our temple marriage had pre-existent divine approval.

I never ceased to marvel at the many things she did and how well she did them. She was exceptionally quick and efficient with her hands and fingers up to her last illness. While our children were small, we had hired help when needed. At an early age our children were splendid help and seemed to enjoy it. The two oldest daughters, Rachel and Jennie, were second mothers to those younger. They set a pattern and those who followed carried on.

Sina was a good sleeper, a devout believer, and a "Word of Wisdom" exemplar. Her church affiliations were real, deep, and genuine, and always a source of strength and comfort to her. Through life her unsurpassed faith was a great blessing to her, to me, and to our children. Her devotion was not something assumed, but as real as life itself. As lived and exemplified by her, it was illuminating and helpful to all who through association came under its sublime influence. It gave force, purpose, and meaning to her entire life. From the time of her early patriarchal blessing, she was fortified with the assurance that her greatest mission was to be a good wife and a wise, devoted,



Late photo of Alsina B. and Lafayette H. Holbrook

and successful mother in Zion. Her life was dedicated, concentrated, and built around these two noble goals. I never knew her to be moody or despondent, but always buoyant and satisfied in the assurance she was filling the measure for which she was created. I feel she came about as near as mortals can in doing it.

When we were first married, she often quoted beloved Brother Maeser's advice for successfully living, "Remember the best way to meet life is to bear and forebear." We in our church believe life can be successive stages of eternal progression. If this be true it appears reasonable and wise that no two persons or things are created exactly alike. It is quite possible in every marriage differences of opinions will protrude. Happiness or failure in marriage may largely depend on the ability to bear or forebear as the occasion demands. In other words, be able to compromise differences through the process of giving and taking. Those able to do it without squelching the individuality of the other are most likely to live happily ever after. This is applicable in all life's problems.

TOLERANCE

Some of Sina's Fortunate Qualities

Her abiding and unshakable faith in the divinely restored gospel of Jesus Christ as enunciated in our church and in her personal life mission.

The easy and proficient way in which she mothered and reared our children. With her it never seemed a task nor ceased being among her greatest joys and satisfactions, even carrying over to our grandchildren.

Her ability to attract and keep friends wherever we went or lived. This was true alike with relatives and acquaintances. In all our life I never heard or heard of an unkind or unfavorable remark about her.

In reverse, I cannot recall ever hearing an unkind or derogatory comment about another person coming from her. If it was uttered by a member of our family she refused to participate and vocally disapproved speaking ill of others. A human soul was always the greatest creation.

Her love and loyalty to our own and to all members of our respective families was truly remarkable. Until a month or two before her death, she never quit writing inspirational and uplifting letters to our children and grandchildren. When time permitted, some relatives and others were included. She was a good and exceptionally speedy penman. She wrote my blessing in longhand as fast as Patriarch Evans gave it. Letter writing for her always seemed easy and an enjoyable diversion.

Her life was devoted in serving others. It was free from any phase of personal selfishness.

I never remember her being dissatisfied or complaining of her lot while we were pioneering or living in pleasant circumstances. She was hopeful and cooperated in every way to give our children the educational and needed opportunities for successful living. The only demand I remember her making was that a door be cut making access easier to the small children's bedrooms.

In all, she prized her individuality and regarded marriage as a partnership in the truest sense of the word. She was so fair and just in all her relations as wife and mother that it would be next to impossible not to respect and honor the sacredness and dignity of her position.

With all this almost angelic goodness, Sina and I did not always see everything alike. For example, I loved the outdoor games, athletic contests, fishing, hunting, picture shows, social games, and everything classed as popular diversions and was anxious she share them with me. She made a heroic attempt to be with me in some of these. She soon discovered she could not go all out in my excessive diversions without sacrificing the things she enjoyed more and considered more important (and they really were) and even jeopardizing her mission dreams of motherhood. Going often alone was not tops for me, and knowing my feelings in this respect was not pleasant for her. Fortunately in this and a few minor things, our love for each other and for our children was far too deep and genuine to allow any of these natural differences to make a serious rift at any time.

As I gaze in retrospect, the picture is not in all respects perfect. All in all, with Sina, our children and grandchildren, relatives and friends, for me it has been a good and wonderful life. After this mortal existence, if privileged to choose, I can think of nothing better than the renewed life with Sina, our children and grandchildren, relatives and friends, and the same binding marital relations. Of course with an awareness of and profiting from our earthly failings, we become participants in eternal progress still reaching for perfection. It is my fondest hope and sincere prayer that in our family reunion beyond the veil none will be missing, that all will be there, and then it will really be heaven. Of course, in-laws are the same as our own children.

July 15 and 16, 1961, we held our family reunion. Each family was well represented coming from Idaho, California, and remote parts of Utah. The B. Y. U. kindly let us use some of their buildings as it was held in Provo. As on previous occasions, the program and all were surprisingly good and stimulating. Sharing the loyalty, love, unity, and interest so vibrant in both young and old was truly a heartwarming and satisfying experience for me, and I feel sure for Sina also. It was timed to celebrate my eighty-fifth birthday.

Near Sina's eightieth anniversary, we became apprehensive owing to her losing weight. A careful medical check up revealed nothing alarming. Some mild medicine to help her digestion was prescribed. The loss of weight was retarded but still persisted. A year or so later we again went for a check up. After 14 weeks of the most searching checking and x-ray pictures, the doctor said the picture showed tuberculosis. This was a real shock. It meant isolation in order to safeguard and protect others. Each time she was checked, I was also, but was given a clear report.

This diagnosis was very likely the hardest physical ailment that could come to her. Owing to its reportedly infectious nature, she no longer could mingle freely with her children or loved ones or attend our church functions. The things that had so happily and completely filled her life at best were now limited. For some time we had lived in our 1448 Browning home alone. The doctor and family felt her age was against putting her in an isolation hospital

and the home would be the best place for the treatment we were now anxious to begin. With recent medical advances, we were both hopeful.

All our children were marvelous in their love and helpful interest and came from near and far to visit often. Because of its nature, she was always fearful to have them come much nearer than her bedroom door. The small children were to stay away. She was medicated heavily and must have had more than 100 hypodermic shots. Until late in the illness she prepared or helped me with the meals, and for a time we took daily auto rides. Most of the time nurses came three days a week performing their professional duties but spent less than an hour on each call. The children came often and rendered valuable aid. The doctor thought we were making progress; I hoped so. Sina tried to keep the outlook bright, but I feel from the first felt the end was nearing. She continued writing loved ones till near death. Her mind and memory remained remarkably good, even though from the beginning of the medication she mentioned an increasing and annoying dizziness. The end came early in the morning of July 26, 1960.

Very consoling and well attended services were held in our Wasatch Ward chapel. As in the case of my parents, the Larkins Mortuary were in charge of the remains and the funeral cortege to the Provo City Cemetery. She was buried in a very pretty casket placed in a vault in our cemetery plot near Jean and Blaine, the first to leave us.

She was tested a number of times during treatment and I also, but only the one preceding the treatment showed T. B. She scarcely ever coughed or had a cold, even during this course of her treatment. When queried she always said she had never felt shortage of breath or pulmonary pains. Had it not been for the x-ray photos it may never have been discovered. While there never was occasion for optimism during the treatment, I had always felt so assured she would be with me to the end that I did not sense it was so near till just a few days before it came. I gladly did my best to avert it.

Adjusting late in life seems harder than at an earlier age. I am sure life here never again can be quite the same. I am living in our same home with our Maxwells and am being treated so wonderfully by them and all our children. I have reasonably good health, age considered, and have every reason to be grateful for I know I am indeed fortunate. Though Sina was small and apparently frail in stature, her very being exuded strength and confidence to all she associated with, and to me in particular. With her, I always felt we would be equal to the call; without her I am wondering. In honor and justice to her and to the splendid family she so ably mothered, I must carry on and do the best I can, hoping not to become a burden.

My prayer is that we remain united and interested in each other throughout life and be true to all things that have been proven to be for the best with an open mind and a hopeful outlook. To this end you have my blessings.

Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook

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 we 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.