

**Lafayette Holbrook
1850-1941**

and

**Emily Angelena Hinckley
1856-1947**

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

The main source for this volume is Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook's Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook & Alsina Elisabeth Brimhall Holbrook Families. Other sources are noted in the text.

I'm indebted to my two aunts Jennie H. Groberg and Elaine H. Haymore, and my mother, Elizabeth H. Berry, for faithfully answering my letters and supplying pictures and details. Jennie not only gathered together a large number of portraits and snapshots for her volume Holbrook Heritage -- Recorded, Remembered, Renewed (a picture supplement to her father's book), but went on a tour of Holbrook homes and historical buildings, taking photos of each, then made these treasures available to all in her book. Some of Jennie's pictures are contained in this new volume.

Many years ago Jennie asked her mother (Sina Holbrook) to interview her mother-in-law (Jean). This was while Fay and Sina were living in Mother Holbrook's home, after Father Holbrook's death. Sina conducted a fine interview, then produced a summary of her findings. Jennie recently sent me a copy, which adds several stories and details.

EDITOR'S PURPOSE

I started this project because I have the only copy of grandfather's book in my immediate family, and wanted to provide my children with a record of these great-great-grandparents. I wanted to preserve and pass on accounts of exemplary family life, business experience, and community and church service. If one takes the time, even the details of Lafay's mining operations are fascinating.

Another goal was to gather into one volume all the information and photos available about this couple.

The table of contents, sub-titles, time-line format, and editing make the text readable, reliable, and easy to refer back to.

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1. LAFAYETTE HOLBROOK -- EARLY LIFE

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

Physical Stamina

"Lafay" was blessed with unusual vigor and stamina and was well endowed for rugged pioneer life. Life in this home was one of great activity for all, and he was soon doing his share. Up at the dawn of day, the family maintained the pace until darkness intervened, which remained his routine for the rest of his life.

When morning duties were finished he sometimes walked and trotted six miles to their farm west of Fillmore to aid there, then often walked back to be on hand for the evening chores, without really being seriously tired. He was always a sound sleeper in nearly any position or bed.

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

School

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

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

Marksmanship

Father grew up with saddle horses, riding equipment, a rifle, a "six-shooter," and made his

own ammunition. He was a good rider and bronco-buster, and a "dead shot." These were real assets in the long trips made to purchase cattle in new and unpopulated regions where cattle rustling was common, smoldering hostilities still existed among the Indians, and wild game along the routes was often needed for food.

Later, as a man with a family, he became an almost unbeatable marksman. Marksmanship contests were then popular. I remember when a patron of father's store challenged him to shoot for a dollar a shot. A white gum wad was tacked to a board with a black tack in the center and placed 25 paces away. While father insisted the other man take "dead rest," he shot off-hand -- centering the tack eleven times, hitting the wad every time, winning thirteen dollars before the man gave up.

Experts came from far and near to a contest staged in Frisco. The stakes were high. The contest consisted of breaking glass balls with a shotgun, each participant having a set number of trials. This was an entirely new experience for Father and he was soundly beaten.

All the other contestants but he, both drank and smoked. Coming home after the contest he reflected, "I don't think that man lives, who is a victim of these habits, who can beat me when I become accustomed to this type of shooting." Before the next match he purchased a shotgun (which I now have), a barrel of glass balls and the trap to throw them, and practiced faithfully. Thereafter, he won every sweepstakes. As a small boy I witnessed these matches.

Parental Values

Father was raised in a spiritual home. His parents had sacrificed their all, not only once, but several times for their faith. Sacrifice was an important part of their life. These early impressions remained, shaping his later life.

He had been so busy and occupied with the essentials, there was little time to cultivate wrong companions, or become the victim of destructive habits.

He grew up with a profound appreciation of moral values, including a single standard of clean living for both men and women. His ideal was to "keep his word as good as his bond" and to be absolutely fair with others in all dealings.

He regarded time as his greatest resource, its wise use the predicator of his future. It would be hard to think of him as an idler or at loss for something to do. When one goal was reached, he quickly found another. These characteristics will be illustrated in later stories.

Holbrook Farm

Grain binders first appeared in his early manhood, increasing greatly the number of acres that could be farmed per man. He bought and operated profitably the first one that came to Fillmore. Others have told me of the fabulous crops grown in the virgin soil on the Holbrook farm,

such as 125 bushels of barley, and more than 700 bushels of potatoes per acre. Destructive insects and pests were very rare then.

The Cattle Business

As a child he saved the money his folks gave him for helping and for errands, and when he had enough, he gave it to Daniel Thompson, who made trips east to buy merchandise, instructing Thompson to buy for him cloth and the things Indians liked. These he exchanged with the Indians for buckskins, pinenuts, and the items they had to barter. Buckskins were in great demand for making gloves and other articles.

With his earnings he bought calves. He added these to the calves his folks gave him, and before long an embryo cattle business became an absorbing outlet for his youthful energy.

His father's diary recites: "At 21, Lafay was buying cattle in Abilene, Kansas, for \$8.50 per head and drove them overland to the Bear River country in Wyoming and Utah and sold them for \$15 per head."

The next year he bought cattle in Millard County and sold them in Pioche during the mining boom, cleaning up \$3,000 on that deal. The same year he bought hogs in Illinois and Missouri, intending to ship and sell them in California, but instead sold them at a splendid profit when he arrived in Ogden.

Mission Call

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

Mission to Great Britain

He was a good sailor and enjoyed the voyage, the scenery and beauty of England, and the sterling quality of the people of the British Isles. Although he disliked class distinction, he thought their nobility the most cultured and best trained people found anywhere.

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A few months after arriving, a letter came from his father informing him that the "trusted

friend" had sold all the cattle, including his, and absconded with the proceeds. No one knew where he was. Father had invested his life savings, plus \$3000 of borrowed money, to purchase the cattle.

His good parents advised him to go ahead with his mission, offering to take care of the obligation until he returned. This loss was a stunning blow and his confidence in others rudely shaken, but he soon fought it off and sailed into his missionary work with renewed vigor. It may have helped develop his later philosophy:

Don't waste valuable time and energy brooding over spilt milk. Conserve your strength to sail in again, determined to avoid similar mistakes, and to make good in a bigger and a better way.

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I am sure his was a successful and happy mission. John Henry Smith and Marion Lyman presided while he was there. After serving the full-time, he was honorably released.

Debt & Credit

With untiring effort he soon retired the obligation while building and establishing a credit reputation of more value than mere money, which lasted throughout his life. Several prominent men said to me, "It was a pleasure to lend money to your father. Without fail, he always paid the principal and interest a day or so in advance."

He was always solicitous that we children keep our word of honor and credit -- as a sacred trust, free from any stain -- and assured us if this were done, it would prove to be our protector and best friend in any emergency.

(Years later the man who absconded with the money from the sale of father's cattle, and his sons, were imprisoned in Mexico for stealing cattle. I saw this in a newspaper when I was grown.)

From Employee to Employer

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

Back he went to his first love -- cattle raising, and became a partner with his father-in-law Ira Hinckley and Joseph E. Robison (a counselor to Fillmore Stake President, Ira) in the cattle business. Although much the youngest, he became the active manager.

Cattle were bought in Utah, adjoining states, and Texas, in a progressively larger number and sold to eastern buyers, "At a time when there was more grass and less sage than at present." Cattle, driven slowly, gained weight coming to Utah and going to markets.

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

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

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

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

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On one of these drives east, they arrived at the Green River when it was at flood stage from the spring run-off. It was customary in fording rivers for a man on a horse to go ahead, then if one of the cattle could be forced in, it and the herd would follow. Owing to high water they were unable to push a leader in. Father became impatient. He had them line one up near the bank and, with a running plunge, tried to knock it in, but the animal jumped and Father lit well out in the river. He had about everything needed for these trips except knowing how to swim!

Fortunately he kept his presence of mind. Having observed some willows downstream, rather than trying to swim, he clung to the bottom and went downstream, veering to the right where he hoped the willows would be. Luckily that's where he came up, and grasping the willows, he climbed out. He must have been under more than a minute, so his men were happily surprised when he surfaced. One or two men had drowned in attempting to cross this river the previous day.

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Once when Father, Mother, and I were in my auto enroute to California between Beaver and Paragonah (about ten miles north of the latter), Father related the following:

I once had a written contract to buy cattle for a Kansas firm. I had made

arrangements for cattle to be delivered about where we are now. While receiving them (and they were coming from all directions -- some from long distances), a messenger came with a telegram which read, "Market off. We are cancelling contract."

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

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The cattle business prospered for the first few years and the profits were invested in ever bigger herds. Finally, they arrived in Fillmore with their largest herd. The previous winter had been ideal and the cattle had made a splendid growth and wintered well, adding to the profits.

The partners discussed running the risk of another winter with this really large herd. Father said he favored selling. Grandfather was deeply concerned about the risk. [But the herd was not sold.]

A record-breaking cold winter came early and lasted late, and killed all but a remnant of their cattle. For the second time the cattle business ended disappointingly, first through the betrayal of a trusted friend, and then from gambling with the vagaries of the weather.

2. EMILY ANGELENA HINCKLEY -- EARLY LIFE

Salt Lake City

"Jean" as she was often called, was born March 31, 1856, at Salt Lake City, the first-born of Ira Nathaniel Hinckley and Angeline Wilcox Noble. Adelaide and Angeline Noble were sisters. Adelaide became the first wife of Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, and Angeline, the older sister, was Ira's second wife.

Jean's girlhood home, built by her father, was in the 12th Ward, on the corner of 3rd South and 5th East. (It later became the first home of St. Mark's Hospital.)

The later Hinckley home was in the 1st Ward, located at the southeast corner of 7th South and 7th East. It was a story-and-a-half, and had a number of rooms.

Sina Brimhall Holbrook:

Emily Angelena was a lucky baby, for both her mother and Aunt Adelaide, the first wife, had an adoring watch-care over her. The summer of her second year she did not see her father, for he was away on the Young Express Company work. It is quite likely the letters he wrote, and also received, from his loved ones, were made safe because of the project going forth to protect the mail.

Mother and Aunt Adelaide's daughter, Minerva, just a few months older than mother, were close companions from infancy throughout life. They often took walks together under the shade trees Grandfather always planted along sidewalks, and walked to school together.

Although play and recreation were neither emphasized nor organized, Mother was very good at jacks, jumping rope, hop scotch, and the common outdoor games.

Emily Angelena:

"Nervie" and I, hand in hand, would pass father's blacksmith shop under the full block of trees he had planted and try to get to school on time. A Mr. Foster was the teacher. He was a Scotchman and the children used to make fun of him. One day the Nervie and I were kept in after closing time because of this.

With approaching darkness we cried so loud that Father, still working in his blacksmith shop more than half a block away, heard us. He came, and made it clearly understood to the teacher as well as to us that it must never occur again. Then, placing a daughter on each shoulder, he carried us home. When the snow was deep he often carried us to the school-room door.

Coalville

I was in my seventh year when the call came for father to build the first meetinghouse at Coalville, Summit County.

Cove Creek Fort

I was ten when the family left Coalville at the call of Brigham Young, to go to Cove Creek, Millard County, to build a fort there. Aunt Adelaide's family remained in Coalville longer as they had a big ranch to look after.

I remember when we were crossing the Provo River, a roll of bedding fell off and with it, our featherbed. Father got out and caught it with a pole. It didn't get very wet. There was a big family of us that went, the children of two mothers. Then there was the hired man Father paid wherever we stopped, costing him \$20 a day. It took five days to make the trip.

We were at the Fort five years. We children had a private teacher.

In the two Hinckley families there were a number of girls before any boys, and our father was away much of the time on church calls during our early life and youth. But Father's ideals of womanhood were very high -- the lighter work for the women -- the heavier for the men. He was against women working in the corrals and fields.

The Hinckley families were always a happy united group, enjoying the company of each other and devoted to their parents. Our home life was never dull, always full of interest and good cheer, and we never needed to go beyond it for healthful, stimulating entertainment.

Sina Brimhall Holbrook:

Angelena early sensed her responsibility as a princess who must work -- and help rear the brothers and sisters she loved, for her mother was not too strong. They all say she raised them.

"Where did you come from baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here?
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as you came thru?"

Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook:

Cove Fort was a way station where they often entertained as many as seventy-five people in a single day. The Indians often called, and were fed and treated kindly.

President Young, on one of his many stays there, left a \$5 gold coin in her hand as he shook hands with her. She later had a gold ring made from the coin. (Later in life she gave the ring to me, but this ring and some other jewelry were stolen from our home when we were absent.)

.....

Mother grew to her full height of 5' 8" by fifteen, and weighed about 120 pounds. She had large blue eyes and plentiful brown hair to go with an erect, well-proportioned body, and was always dignified and attractive looking.

She had a splendid voice for reading and speaking, but never had any musical training.

Sina Brimhall Holbrook: *[To eliminate confusion, it should be noted that Sina refers to her mother-in-law as Mother.]*

Recreation

Her father was a good dancer. He approved of supervised dances and often took his daughters to them, singly or in groups if they had no escorts. After dancing with all of them, he would always go home early, leaving the girls to come home in groups or with those who had escorts. He disapproved of their finding escorts at the dances, loitering at the gates, or roaming about after the dances or parties.

Education, Salt Lake

These growing boys and girls were the greatest concern of their father and two mothers. Their education must not be neglected, so it was decided that Angeline would take the children of school age and return to Salt Lake and put them in school. This they did after living three to five years at the fort. Emily Angelena, then thirteen, went to the John Morgan Academy. She must have gone there three years for she says she was sixteen when she began teaching."

Emily Noble, Mother's aunt, was one of the regular teachers at the college. Both she and Minerva were outstanding students, becoming part-time teachers in their last year and full-time in their last quarter. Mother then became a teacher at the Morgan Academy for one term.

Early Riser

In addition to her school activities, Mother performed important functions at home. Grandfather Hinckley told me, "At school, and later in the Fillmore home while teaching there, Jean would arise early in the morning once a week and do the family washing before going to school, and would iron after coming home."

School Teacher

Emily Angelena:

I taught a winter out in Cottonwood which now is Murray. Here I had 101 pupils of all ages, with two of the older ones to help me. The first term I boarded where I taught, and the second term I went back and forth. At the close of the school year the trustees offered me \$3 per day if I would teach another year, which was far in excess of the average pay, but my father objected, he wanted me to be with the family who were now in Fillmore, the county seat."

Fay H. Holbrook:

In Fillmore Mother taught at the little sandstone schoolhouse, the building Grandfather [Chandler] Holbrook helped construct, where Clara, and Angie and I first attended school. (The little school may still be standing on the block where Utah's first capital building is maintained as a museum).

She was the first teacher for Uncle Bryant S. Hinckley and others of her brothers and sisters. Mother attended Church functions regularly and was a good and faithful Sunday School teacher.

She says she liked to teach. Today many of her pupils declare there was never a teacher like her. Alice Merrill Horne, the artist, went to her school. She continued teaching until she was married and "for six months after."

3. COURTSHIP THROUGH LETTERS, 1875-6

Sina Holbrook:

In the town of Fillmore there lived a family by the name of Holbrook. Their home was two-story adobe, and stood on the corner, fairly close to the fence and narrow sidewalk. The rooms upstairs and downstairs were large. At the rear of the lot, which was a quarter of a block, was a huge red rock barn of enduring workmanship. This was the dwelling and premises of Chandler and Eunice Dunning Holbrook. Lafayette was their youngest son."

The Holbrooks had come to Fillmore eleven years before the Hinckleys, but they were not strangers to each other... Jean's mother [Angeline Wilcox Noble Hinckley] said Lafayette was the first baby she saw after arriving in Salt Lake.

Fay H. Holbrook:

Mother was the daughter of the president of Fillmore Stake. She formed many warm friendships which were held in high esteem, but they went no further until she met Father. She recalls his mother [Eunice] asking her to "wait until Lafay comes home [from his mission] before becoming engaged." Commendable parental interest! Father was on his mission at this time and she had not even met him. But soon after Father's return their courtship began. She often found notes from him at her school desk [where she taught school].

Mother retained through life some of the letters Father wrote, beginning with their courtship and extending years after marriage. She passed them on to her youngest daughter Ruth, who loaned them to me for the purpose of this sketch, and copies were made for which I am very grateful. All are real gems and portray our Father's true qualities, the depth and genuineness of his love, and all around soundness, in the best possible way. All would be inspirational and interesting reading.

Father did not meet Mother until after his return from a successful mission to Great Britain in 1875. This [following] may be his first letter to her.

My Dear Jean:

Fillmore City, December 15th, 1875

Pardon me for calling you by so familiar a name, but you must know you are a great friend of min, and as such I hold you. I want you to come here after school [Mother was teaching school]. Don't say one word against it. I want to see you badly. Be sure and come after your duties are

over.

The truth is dear Jean, I am leaving you tomorrow and to go far away without seeing you, I can't. Do come. I know you are busy and hate to trouble you but this once. I promise never to ask you again to call and see me in Fillmore.

With love, believe me your ever-loving friend,

Lafayette

P.S. I am in such a hurry and so puzzled and bothered. Excuse my hurried writing. You will know someday how it is.

.....

Fillmore, Positively

January 14th, 1876

Miss E. A. Hinckley

Dear Madam:

Your welcome "note" to hand, and will say in answer that I will be indescribably pleased to assist you with the Arithmetic this evening, on conditions that you won't refuse to accept of my company to the Ball, which I feel perfectly confident you will do without the slightest scruples. And I will come say, half past the corner or thereabouts in order that a great deal may be accomplished in a long time.

In the meantime believe me to remain,

Ridiculously,

Lafe

Mona

June 22, 1876

Miss E. A. Hinckley

.....

My Dearest Beloved:

The hour is late but nevertheless I feel that I cannot kiss the pillow with my cheek without penning you a word or two. I trust you will pardon me for not writing sooner. Intended to have written last evening but when my work was over did not feel very well. In fact, felt nearer sick than have for a long time but am well now.

I had a pleasant drive to York today with Mr. Sharp Walker, wife, and daughter of Salt Lake. Shall go to Nephi in morning and on Saturday all being well shall go to Fountain Green.

You cannot imagine how slow the time passes away. It seems almost an age since I saw you and it is only three days. I can stand it now and will be comforted by thinking of the happy times we have had and will have again. I can assure you in your company I have never had anything but happiness. We will pray and ask God to make us ever happy -- our lives always spring.

I have just written your Father and Mother short notes. I am so anxious to know with what feelings they will be received. Please write me as soon as you learn and don't wait to learn that before you write but write without ceasing.

It is so late I must kiss you good night and go to bed but ere I do so must in humble prayer ask God to watch over the idle of my heart.

That you may be happy through the day, and while in slumber may dream dreams that will cause you to wish them recalled, is the sincere wish of

Yours forever

Fayette

P.S. Direct to Ephraim,
Sanpete Co. -- quick or I
will get very lonesome.

One kiss, adieu

Fay

.....

Manti July 9, 1876

Miss E. A.

My own Dear Angy,

May heaven guide my humble and simple pen while attempting to address her who is dearer to me than all the world besides! Tis known to God, that to pen a word to you, dearest friend, or to utter one syllable that would not give you joy and real happiness, is the remotest of my thoughts, hence should a word be dropped at any time that is out of place please excuse it and attribute it to

the actual cause, my ignorance.

Today is the Lord's, one that He has set apart for man to rest from his labors and worship Him. A day that to me has ever been, and hope will ever be, held sacred. Not that one should be better on the Sabbath, but just as good, six days to work and one for divine worship completes the week as God has divided it. To work, or play the seven days would be violating the divine law of God which may I never have any inclination to do.

I feel that true religion aids materially in calming the many ruffles in the rugged and stormy ocean of life, that by its influence we are able to move smoothly along the path of life, and when our mortal career is ended and our eyes, by God, are closed in death's embrace, the guardian angel will kiss our lips goodbye, and in love and peace we pass from mortality to immortality where bright laurels await the righteous. May our lives ever be devoted and consecrated to God and his great Latter-day work.

Were it possible, how I would wish to have a little chat with you this evening, but as it is not, will content myself as best I can by trying to cultivate righteous and noble thoughts, that when time permits us to meet again it may be sweet to us, and pleasing to our Heavenly Father.

Well do I know the Lord is pleased when He sees His children humbly enjoying themselves; as much so, yea more than our earthly parents are in seeing their offspring happy. The world is given us, and if all would try am sure could be made to appear quite different, not that it would in reality be different, but the mist that seems to appear between us and the design of God would disappear, and we could more clearly see our real mission upon the earth. I further believe that it is within the power of everyone to live so near God as to be ever guided aright by consulting their own feelings.

It is now dark as usual and thinking you will be tired ere you reach the end will close, by sending kind regards to your mother, love and kisses to yourself, sealed with a prayer to God for your welfare.

Ever yours, Fay

P. S.

Should you have time
and feel disposed, write me
at Gunnison, Sanpete Co.

.....

Mount Pleasant July 13th, 1876

Miss E. A. Hinckley

Dearest J.

Think not that I speak untrue, or other than the true sentiments of my humble heart, when I say that nothing in this wide world, but your presence, could afford me the comfort that I have just

realized in pursuing your sacred letter of the 6th inst.

It is but reasonable to suppose that in perusing the penned sentiments of one so pure and noble, and in whom my whole heart is centered, that it should fill my very soul with joy unalloyed. May heaven spare you to thus comfort me while I shall remain on this mortal earth.

I have but just reached the town, and were I to say had done two days work today, would not speak wide of the truth, and after receiving your dear letter, feel perfectly rested with the exception of my head feeling somewhat muddled. It will be all right in the morning and I will be able to go on rejoicing.

Shall be very busy until my return home, when I hope to have a day or two's rest, and in the meantime will be so pleased to go with you in the canyon. If it meets your mind and no unforeseen obstacle should hinder us, say we start on the 25th inst. and return the following day. Should all be agreeable we will have such a nice jolly time, in fact, it seems we have never had anything else since we became acquainted with each other. I speak for myself. I have often thought my life since returning -- almost like a dream, have been so very happy.

God has blessed me and I feel to give Him the praise for it.

I want ever to live in his favor.

I know of no news that will be of interest to you so if you will excuse me this time I will not prolong this poor disconnected scribble.

Farewell for a time
Sincerely Yours

Fayette

P. S. Enclosed please find an addressed envelope into which if you will be kind enough to place a letter and post it so I can get it on the 22nd I will ever consider myself obligated. I address the envelope that the girls may not know who it is from.
Good night

.....

Gunnison July 18th, 1876
Miss Emily Angelina Noble Hinckley

Dearest Angeline

It becomes my happy privilege to once more raise the pen in answer to your kind loving letter. Pardon me, for saying "in answer" for I feel as unqualified to answer it, as I would to perform any duty that could be imposed upon me. The phrase "once more raise the awkward, but humble pen, to scribble a few of my uncultivated thoughts to my dearest, and truest friend" would much better disclose the truth.

My peculiar notions stimulate me to believe that the English vocabulary is as inadequate to express one's feelings upon all occasions, as a blind man's eyes are to discern the diversified beauties in the great phenomena of nature. Still, words can be uttered that will pierce the heart, as the deadly enemies dagger does his foe; or that will invigorate and animate the very soul as the refreshing showers does the withered and dropping flower. Sentences may be written that will leave stains that can never be obliterated in this mortal life, or on the other hand, as the crystal fountain to the famishing desert wanderer, be a never ceasing fountain of joy and satisfaction.

Taking this view of mortal beings, and what they have to do with, I conceive there to be a world of study and discretion for all who would be respected by God and man, hence I scarce ever lift the pen but I do so with fear and shame. Fear that an unwise word might be dropped, and shame that I cannot better express my feelings.

Each day that God spares my life something is learned. My mind seems to slowly expand. The wonders of God's creation appears to be slowly unwinding which makes me appear so simple that at times I am utterly disgusted with myself and almost wonder why I was born.

There is always one comfort left, namely do the best we can and all will be well. I was sorry to hear that Mrs. ___ should say anything that would cause you a moments trouble. Remember the little piece once recited in Sunday School "People will talk you know" and be comforted. It has been my determination in life to let false reports go by unnoticed and to live them down. I feel that this is the wisest course to adopt. Do not dearest friend allow anything to trouble your mind, but be consoled by feeling that God sees and knows your course through life, and you are not ashamed of it, but on the contrary have no fear to come before the throne of justice, which will sooner or later be the position of all, there to answer for the deeds done in the body.

This sheet is full so much conclude by wishing you peace, comfort, composure of mind, and all the blessings a kind Providence can bestow. I may possibly get home Saturday, will try. In the meantime believe me to remain your devoted

Lafayette

.....

Gunnison August 3, 1876
Miss E. A. Hinckley

My Own Dear Angy,

When I think of the rough mean scribble written you from Cove, I blush for shame, and still I fear this will be no better, as have but a moment as had then, to scratch it down. Still if you feel as

I feel, a note ever so brief, if it contained but the words "am well, and the spark of love implanted in me by you, continues to burn brighter and brighter each succeeding day, increasing rapidly in power," would be as welcome to the humble soul as food to the hungry innocent babe.

Am pleased to state that just previous to leaving Cove, had a pleasant chat with your Father for two hours upon what I consider our future welfare and happiness depends. I mean mine.

I told him plainly my wish and sincere desire. The answer was he had no objections, only he felt like scolding me a little for not asking the privilege of keeping your company before. You will remember I have often said that I ought to speak to him about it. In fact, it is different from the course I have generally adopted, and I expressed myself so to him, when he expressed his experience and they were so near alike that I think the wrong was made right.

He was very free to talk. Said he regretted the courses two of his daughters were taking. Neither had ever said a word to him. He had great respect for the man courting one of them, but feared he was a natural Gentile which he said could not help grieving any father whose whole soul was in Mormonism as was his. He will however, say nothing further than express his feelings, and let the girls do as they feel best, which course I believe to be just and all that a father can do under similar circumstances.

God forbid, dearest friend, that I should ever cause your parents one moment's trouble, but on the contrary to do that which will please them and make you happy shall ever be my object in life.

I must quit writing. I am so hurried it is now 5:30 p.m. and I still have 16 miles yet to go tonight. I do not expect to have a moment to spare while I am from home this time, so dearest you will I know be so kind as to overlook bad writing and mean letters generally. The heart is true and unshaken if the marks are crooked.

From your loving

Fay

Direct Mt. Pleasant and oblige.

L.

.....

Miss E. A. Hinckley

Manti, August 5, 1876

My Dearest Beloved E.:

Write what I will, it will be but a poor miserable answer to the dear kind letter just received.

Had Heaven blessed me with abilities sufficient to address you in the noble language your true love and virtue merits, how proud and vain I would be, but such is not the case. Oh Heaven, forgive me, should I ask for that which is not my prerogative to enjoy. But to be blessed with appropriate language that I might the better disclose the sentiments of my heart to you, dearest, in whom my whole life, hope, and joys are centered, is my constant and sincere prayer. Yet while I ask for this great endowment, I do not wish to be misunderstood, or to have anyone in Heaven or on earth think for a moment that I wish to find fault with my lot, or envy the position of someone else -- no, far from it.

I feel proud to think that I was privileged to come forth upon this earth when I did. Also feel very grateful to God for the many blessings and privileges I have enjoyed. The longer I live the more manifold they are. It seems the greatest blessing Providence ever bestowed upon me, is to address you in such familiar language, and claiming you as my own, which claim I hope ever to be worthy to retain throughout time and all eternity.

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

I must desist writing in this strain. But I do wish you were here to take with me the little drive of 22 miles I have to make yet this evening. I am sure we would so enjoy it. Never mind, the present must be sacrificed, but the future is ours.

Hope you will have a nice time Election Day. Would be pleased if could be there. I hope the contemplated Ball will be a financial success as I consider the cause commendable. I suppose your Father is with you and you are having a good time. Should he be there when this reaches you please remember me to him, also to your Mother. Write and let me know if your Father has said anything to you about the girls. I do really hope that they will be made happy and in being so that the happiness of your Father will not be diminished. His anxiety and love for his daughters is very great. I can assure you this I learned more particularly when last I saw him. I hope we may always prove a comfort to him. May Heaven watch over you by day and guide your dreams by night.

Your true and loving,

Fay

.....

Moroni August 27, 1876

Miss E. A. Hinckley

My Dearest Angy:

It seems so long since I heard from you that cannot wait any longer but must write, and by so doing feel that will at least get a little revenge. If I cannot have the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, will bother you with some of my scratching, and next time know you will write.

Today is Sunday and to say that it has passed slowly by would but be a repetition of that which you already know. You cannot but be sure that time spent other than in your presence drags. I believe that for most boys of my age passing a day as I have today would be pleased and happy. I might say that I am happy, and dearest always try to cultivate a spirit of contentment, which I consider one of God's most precious gifts, and the privilege of all of us to enjoy.

The day has been passed about as follows: At 9 a.m. meeting at Sunday School, at 10 a.m. meeting, and after dining had a carriage drive with a young lady, father, and mother. In the meantime calling on a kind Brother, who furnished us largely with watermelon and while eating the watermelons can assure you enjoyed them very much.

But the pleasure was of but short duration. The reason of which (were my correspondent anyone but my Dearest Jean) I believe could at once be given, and don't you guess more than once because it would not be fair. Trusting that you will guess but once, will proceed, having full confidence that you will be mistaken.

Why don't you write more often? I think you are so afraid. I left word at Manti (where had expected a letter) to have my mail forwarded to Mt. Pleasant but no letter comes. What is the cause? There must certainly be one, as there cannot be an effect without a cause, so said one of the fair sex -- you know when.

I am going to give you a good scolding when I get a good chance, not by letter, but with my unruly tongue, and hope and trust that it will not be long before shall have this happy privilege. So prepare for the worst.

I really hope to be released so as to be at home Thursday or Friday. Go to Mt. Pleasant in the morning where may receive my release at once.

I learned through Mr. Burdick that Father Bartholomew is no longer among us. We are frequently reminded, by seeing friends and even relatives pass away, that all must die. Good night and God bless you always.

Your true

Fay

4. EARLY MARRIED LIFE, 1876 -- 1881

from combined writings

Marriage

Lafayette was now 26 years old and Jean 21. After months of happy courtship, the blessings of the respective parents were gladly given and preparations for marriage were made. The mothers and younger brother Elmer went with them to the City in a buggy drawn by a span of black horses.

The marriage ceremony was performed in the Endowment House October 9, 1876, Daniel H. Wells officiating. Not only was a happy marriage the aftermath, but bonds of lasting admiration and love between Father and Grandfather Hinckley were formed, which extended to and embraced the entire Hinckley families.

Fillmore Home

Their first house was two-room adobe, situated on the southwest corner of a large lot on Fillmore's main street, a block south and just across the road east, from the Chandler Holbrook home. There were two garden plots, an orchard, and berry bushes Father had planted. Father enclosed his lot and also his father's with some pickets he sawed by hand and then painted white.

Father built a bowery lean-to on the northeast section of the house which served as a kitchen in the summertime. Yellow roses and other flowers grew around the east and south part of the house.

A variety of birds nested in the orchard and bowery; hummingbirds, wild canaries, robins, and bluebirds were numerous, and swallows, meadowlarks, and blackbirds were plentiful in their season. Clara, Angie, and I, who were born in this first home, were fond of these birds, and if any met an untimely death it was given a ceremonial funeral with flowers and mourning.

Two Schoolteachers

After marriage, Mother continued to teach school until approaching maternity intervened [at six months]. Father then took over and finished the term. He was also the Assessor and Collector for the city of Fillmore.

Father's Appearance

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

Facial Wound

With Hans Hansen as mechanic and father as assistant, a large barn was built in the north part of the lot and painted white. Some said it was the best and most attractive barn in Utah, south of Salt Lake City. It later burned.

Not long after completing the barn, the mechanic, Hans Hansen, had a very serious illness which resulted in spells of delirium. Father was one of those who took turns staying with him. During one of his spells, the sick man jumped from his bed and grabbed a dangerous knife. Father seized the man, but before he could retrieve the knife -- the patient struck -- inflicting a deep wound from in front of Father's ear, straight down his cheek and into his neck. With blood spurting, Father was forced to hold the man until neighbor help came. He said the ailing man seemed to have super-human strength.

Fillmore had no doctors then, but Grandfather Hinckley, through extensive experience, had become a fair veterinarian. Not wishing to shock Mother, Father had Grandfather sew up the wound before going home. Although it healed surprisingly well and quickly, the scar was very noticeable the remainder of his life.

The ill man recovered and their friendship remained unimpaired.

JEAN'S VERSION OF LIFE IN FILLMORE

We started married life in a two-room shack, too low for me to stand up in -- one large room and a lean-to.

About the first trip after I was married, I went with Holbrook to Snake Valley, Nevada where my oldest sister "Lide" (Eliza) and her husband lived. Lide was the daughter of my father's first wife, Eliza Jane Evans, and had married a Mr. Robertson. My husband had invested \$40,000 with Mr. Robertson for the building of a smelter.

When we arrived there, the smelter wasn't built. We went in a buggy to Ketchum's ranch where we changed horses and went on to Big Spring, Nevada. When we stopped to water the horses they refused to go down into the water to drink, so Holbrook put the reins over their heads, and standing in front of them, tried to pull them into the water -- but he fell in. We had to remain there two hours to dry his clothes.

Parenthood

Our first baby [born 15 July 1877] was named Lafayette, the second. Parental eyes saw in him a baby of great promise -- but he cried most of the time until six months old -- after that you couldn't make him cry. For many years friends would say, "Oh, this is the baby that used to cry so

much."

At six months he weighed thirty pounds. His father used to tell his grandchildren about his skills as he played with his first set of Christmas blocks -- he was sure he would be an intellectual giant. This little boy had few setbacks, there was the great out-of-doors and rabbits to chase.

Two sisters came while we still lived in the Fillmore home: Jean Clara [14 November 1878], and Eunice Angeline [30 March 1881].

.....

[The following letter from Lafay was dated when baby Fay was about three weeks old, and his father was away on cattle business.]

Cove Creek August 6, 1877

My Own Dear Wife:

Your two long letters just to hand and I can assure you that they were perused with peculiar feelings, such as I wish not to describe, for I had been led to believe all the long time that did not hear from you, that you were getting along so nicely, also our darling babe, and to get opposite news quite changes my feelings.

I still have hope and sincere faith that you are much better now. Does not anyone know what makes the babe cry? Maybe he is sick, or is it 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 rest so much night after night.

Cannot you get someone to help you that will do better than a little girl? It seems to me if you were at home with a good trusty woman that you would get along faster. Maybe you could get Sister Poulter. If so, I believe from what I know of her that she would be a good nurse. Do not spare money, if it will add to your comfort while I am from home, for you know that your happiness and that of our babe is all I have to live for, and for me to hear that you are not enjoying this spirit makes me feel in such a way as pen cannot describe when driven by my hand. I must drop this subject.

I did not expect to come by the Fort until yesterday, but everything has been moving so nicely that thought could as well come as not. We are getting along splendidly. Everything seems to be in our favor. We already have branded about 1450 head of cattle, and have about 260 head to brand here today, total 1710, which will complete our herd. Tomorrow I start with the 260 over the mountain to intercept the other herd at Joseph City. From there we go down the Sevier Valley and up the Sanpich [sic] River.

There is no more danger of Indians than there would be from Fillmore to Salt Lake, so do not let the Indian question trouble you anymore, and with regard to the rivers, they are safe and would not drown a chicken. In fact, I do not see any obstructions to mar the happiness of our journey. It is only a little matter of time. The work is not hard. Have to do a little night work

sometime, but that is not much.

Arrived here last night at 11 o'clock. Folks are, I believe, tolerably well.

Time will not justify in writing more at this time so I will close by asking the Lord to bless and comfort you, and help our darling boy so he will rest better nights. Be comforted dear wife, and I will hurry home as soon as possible.

Yours forever

L. Holbrook

P. S. Do not forget to
write me at Manti, Sanpete Co.

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Cove Creek August 7, 1877

My Loving Wife:

Just one line before I start. I was up this morning at 4 and started the cattle soon after daylight. Everything is moving smoothly and I anticipate nothing but a pleasant and prosperous journey, and trust that in the short space of three weeks I will be at home and enjoying your dear society and playing with our nice son. I do want to see him so much and when looking at him I would take a glance occasionally at his dear Ma.

I am looking forth, dearest, with bright hopes to the day when we shall meet each other. The time cannot be too short to suit me. I never was so anxious to be at home in my life, or at least it seems so every time I leave. Be careful and take good care of yourself and do not fret if the babe cries. He is all right. You say the neighbors think he looks more like me than he did. If so, it accounts for his crossness. Time is up.

Goodbye

L. Holbrook

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Salt Lake City September 1st, 1877

My Angelina:

I have at last arrived in the city of my birth well and hearty after having made a very successful trip. Feel that the hand of the Lord has been with me and that he will continue if I will but do my part, which by his assistance I hope and trust to ever do.

This City is filled with people, almost as many as at general conference, the cause of which you well know. I can assure you that I was struck with wonder when I heard of the demise of our dear beloved Prophet and leader, Brigham Young. On reaching the city, what had before almost seemed a dream, had changed to reality. Notwithstanding it was a late hour, flags were to be seen at half-mast, and crepe hanging on the doors of stores, thereby showing the many friends the late departed left behind, -- or rather the respect that his friends had for him.

The remains of our esteemed President were conveyed to the new Tabernacle this morning for the purpose of having his many friends see him. Tomorrow (Sunday) at noon the funeral services commence. I shall attend and wish very much that you were here to go with me.

When I think of such men as the President passing away, cannot help but have many reflections about both the living and the dead. It seems to me, dear wife, that death would not be an unpleasant pill, especially to those that have tried to live this life honorably to the best of their ability.

All that I want is to live so that I may be worthy of a better world beyond the veil, not that I feel like finding fault, far from it, for never was man more contented with his position on this earth than I am with mine. I have everything to make me happy, a kind loving wife who is too good for me, and the mother of my nice son. May the Lord bless you both and make you both happy forever. God knows that if anyone 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 shall expect on receipt of all these nice things that he will cease to cry. Please tell him so for me.

Your loving husband

L. Holbrook

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Fillmore City Dec. 25, 1877

Mrs. E. A. Holbrook

My dear loving wife:

Please accept of this, but trifling token of respect for your loving kindness as a wife and a mother. Look not at its intrinsic value but the loving spirit with which it is given, on this the Natal Day of our Lord and Savior. May his guardian angels ever watch over you, and may you never fail to find in your humble partner, that love and affection that should ever predominate in the bosom of every honest man sweetened by true Savior's love, and may we live harmoniously together until we shall see our family grow up honorably around us. When the measure of our creation is finished on this earth, and the curtain of death of sleep is drawn, may it fall sweet and unfeared as a babe that sleeps in its mother's arms.

Your devoted husband,

L. Holbrook

P. S. If I wasn't so cold I would try and write something

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Robinson March 3, 1897

Mrs. L. Holbrook Provo, Utah

My dear wife:

Your welcome letters of yesterday and today were each received. You cannot imagine how much pleasure each afforded me. To know that you are feeling so well, and that you had rested so nicely the night I left, were to me words of joy and comfort.

Please write me everyday and I shall receive it every evening before retiring, so that I may have a testimony that my prayers have been answered, for you are carefully remembered both night and morning in my secret prayers offered up to the Lord regularly.

I had expected to return home tomorrow. This morning when I could see so much to do, concluded that if I could get good news from you I ought to remain over. The news came and I have considered it wisdom to remain until Sunday. We are getting along nicely with the work and the mine is looking well.

The weather here is about the same as there. I never felt better in health in my life. Kind love and God bless you all, is my constant prayer.

Your loving husband,

L. Holbrook

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[The above letter was written when Father was President of the Grand Central Mining Company. He was there doing some supervising work when the mine was still just a prospect. The ore was not found until a year or more later. LHH]

5. FRISCO, 1881-1887

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

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Father, by temperament and daring, was made to order for this type of adventure. He had seen some of the mining centers in his work as assessor, and their lure as a means to quick wealth lingered.

There was little ready cash in circulation. The mines were soon the best cash markets for the farmers' produce and for those hunting employment. Many stores accepted livestock and produce in exchange for goods then sold these in the humming mining camps. Frisco, with its Big Horn Silver Mine, became an attractive Mecca for these sales.

The Co-op Store owners (both grandparents, Father, and others) built a store in Frisco, which was sold to Father after unfavorable operation by others. [This was Bennett-Holbrook and Co.]

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In 1881 [when baby Angeline was two months old] Grandfather Holbrook, moved Mother and we three oldest children from Fillmore to Frisco in his covered wagon -- a seventy-five mile trip requiring two days.

Fillmore was a Garden of Eden compared to what we found in Frisco. The only water came from deep wells by pump, and was far too brackish for culinary use, so all drinkable water was brought in, peddled, and sold by the gallon by Frank Morehouse.

Our milk came from mixing water with Eagle Brand condensed milk. Later, Father bought a fine cow. Feed for it and "Old George" (now the transformed delivery horse, but formerly Father's gray saddle horse) was brought from Minersville or Beaver, 35 to 45 miles distant, and exchanged for store goods.

There were no churches, but for a brief time there was a denominational Sunday school which gave we older children pretty cards for attendance. We were the only active Mormon family living there.

There were but few children and for part of the time no school. While we older children were attending school in Fillmore, our Uncle Bryant S. Hinckley was teaching in Frisco.

We had one of the better homes, and Father also hired help for Mother while there.

Frisco was strictly a one-street town. Most of the buildings lined and faced this street. Our home and each of the stores Father operated were on its eastern extension. The Big Horn Silver Mine, at the base of the Frisco mountain, was less than a mile west.

Frisco's Gunman

It was a typical wild-west mining town with its feared gunman and all that characterized those early frontier-mining towns. There were more men than women, more saloons, gambling, and other questionable resorts than there were legitimate businesses.

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

Business Tactics

The mining company owned the only other store, which was housed in a large stone structure. It controlled all the payrolls and tried to channel all the trade of their employees through their store, so competition was tough. Those attempting to meet it had failed.

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

Our uncle Alonzo A. Hinckley (later an Apostle) and George Hansen (son of the sick man in previous story, and later a U.S. Consul), both adolescents, were splendid help in the store.

Slag Dumps

Mother's oldest brother, Ira Noble Hinckley (after returning from a New Zealand mission and just prior to his marriage), worked in the slag dumps Father had leased. Father did very well in these leasing operations besides furnishing profitable employment.

It was in the slag dumps, as a mere youngster, that I got my first introduction to a phase of mining. On a day off, I and the son of another worker, Orwin by name, while rummaging around in the abandoned smelter building -- had a serious, and what could have been a fatal experience. We were very thirsty and discovered a large glass casket nearly filled with a sparkling, clear fluid we thought to be water. While I was hunting a receptacle in which to pour some of the liquid, Orwin

took off the lid and tipped the casket, instantly screaming for help. In righting it -- some spattered on his shirt and wrist and a large drop got on my cheek. It was nitric acid!

We ran some distance to a well pump and tried to stop the burning by washing it away, but it had little effect. We knew we were in real trouble and could not conceal our folly, so we dashed for our homes. By this time, Orwin's shirt sleeve had fallen off all the way to his elbow and a sizable part of the arm was blistered. The spot on my cheek had grown considerably and was heading for my eye. Our washing had stabilized the smaller spots.

The parents were as frightened as we. There were no doctors. Every suggested remedy was tried and finally halted the progress before my eye was affected. No scar remains.

Our parents were angrier that such a death trap should be left in an abandoned building than they were with our folly.

Losses & Gains

During this Frisco residence, Father invested \$3,000 in some prospects and loaned a brother-in-law \$7,500 (or \$10,000) to install machinery on his prospect. These were total losses. They saved \$35,000 to \$40,000, however.

6. WHITE ROCK SHEEP RANCH

While operating the Frisco store, Father and an eastern man became owners of one of the finest sheep ranches in our land. It was called White Rock and was about 65 miles west of Frisco, straddling the Utah-Nevada line.

Some springs of running water and the home camp were near the white rocks for which it was named. The mountain part was ideal summer range and the long north-south valley just a few miles east and below, was good winter range. Distance from markets and the presence of predatory animals were the only drawbacks.

I shall always remember my one and only trip there with father. We took provisions out and brought some sacks of wool back. With team and wagon the trip took two days each way.

Before going to sleep in our bed in the wagon the night of our return, Father said:

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

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

Later owners of White Rock became wealthy while operating it.

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We children had reached an age when they felt a move should be made, so they sold the store and what they had in Frisco to Reuben Dodson.

To our parents, Frisco was a means, or quick stepping stone, to a permanent home in a locality ideal for rearing their children. They worked side by side strenuously and successfully in attaining this goal.

**Letter from Father to Mother
After Almost Ten Years of Marriage**

Frisco, Beaver Co., Utah
March 31st, 1885

Mrs. L. Holbrook

My Dear Wife,

Please accept on this your 30th birthday: "This watch and chain" as a small token of love and affection. Consider however, not its small intrinsic value, but the incentive that has prompted the giver. The feeling, with which this little token has been presented, cannot be explained in language, neither can its value be estimated in figures. It is that feeling of love, duty, and honor, that can be realized and appreciated, only by true and undaunted Hearts! True in prosperity, or adversity. Constant! at home or abroad! true in life, or death!

And may we live that our hearts may be as closely, as inseparably, and harmoniously linked together, as your monogram on the outer case of this watch. And may our affection remain and continue as unblotted as the inscription on the inner case -- with this exception that as we grow in years and wisdom that our love and affection will also become more perfect.

That we may live lives of usefulness, honoring all to whom honor is due. That in our consultations together that God (the Great Motive Power of the world), may acquiesce in all of our conclusions, thus giving accuracy and validity to our acts in life. That our erring footsteps may ever be found plodding on the path of virtue, honor, and integrity. Together, never deviating one from the other, and neither from the path of God.

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

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

L. H. Holbrook

Jean's Version of Life in Frisco

When baby Angeline was two months old we moved to Frisco where Fay opened up a store, "Bennett-Holbrook and Co." Each partner took his turn at managing the business for a period of four years. He purchased his partner's interests in that length of time and took over the business himself, remaining there for eight years in all.

Living conditions and the environment for rearing a family in this mining camp were disastrous. I helped in the store. It was very hard to get proper help in the home. Fay was of school age, so these three children spent much of those years with their grandparents in Fillmore.

However, some of the memories of life at Frisco still remain with them. Fay played a prank and escaped by hiding in the store's sugar bin. He could hear the alarm go out to search for him, so that, and his cramped position, brought him out. When asked why he didn't eat some sugar, he answered, "I did, till it didn't taste good any longer."

My Mother had a boy [Elmer] not much older than Fay, so he thought it was more fun to live at Fillmore than to be "just with girls" at Frisco. But one evening [at his grandparents in Fillmore] he chased the rabbits so long and hard that darkness overtook him, and the town bell called the male population out to search for him -- and he was returned to his grandmother. She scolded, "You better hurry and go upstairs to bed before your grandfather gets here." So he went to bed. The next morning a fifty-cent piece was under his plate.

.....

[Ora Lavern was born during the Frisco years in Provo, Utah, on 12 June 1884.]

.....

While in Frisco another son was born, Emmett Gordon [23 March 1886]. There was no medical help. My husband was away much of the time just before and after Gordon's birth. He said, "If you ever have another baby here, I will be somewhere else." However, as soon as I was strong enough, I again worked in the store.

.....

Lafay had become a charter member of the Consolidated Implement Company with headquarters in Salt Lake and was a director in the company, so I boarded [in Frisco] with a family that had seven little boys. Little Gordon was welcome there, but there were some things that got on my nerves: there was little order, and the children were allowed to run wild, often until midnight.

Selling Out

My health was not too good so we decided to sell out our business in Frisco, a job that fell mostly to me. I had to show the store to prospective buyers; at the same time the sale of goods had to go on, and my mind was on my baby.

A Mr. Dobson decided to buy us out. One night I went all over the inventory with him. When morning came I was tired. I looked out the window and could see the boarding house children with some of my clothes, dragging them along the dusty sidewalk. They had been into my trunk.

While getting ready to move, the packing was too heavy for me. I was glad when it was all over.

We decided to try Provo, because of its educational advantages. It was good to get our family together again.

7. PROVO AND FILLMORE

Emily Angelena:

An accident happened to Fay when we were enroute [from Frisco] to the north. He sat with the driver on a high seat in front. He got thirsty and reached to get a bottle of milk I was handing him -- when he overbalanced, fell out, and the wheel went over him. His father jumped out and exclaimed, "His jaw is broken!"

We stopped at Deseret where the doctor spent one and a half hours pulling and trying to get the jaw back in place. I could hear his screams and finally said I could stand it no longer. We went on into Salt Lake where more efficient assistance was secured.

.....

We came to Provo to see if we would like it, but Fay cried so much about leaving Fillmore that we went back there. (In 1889 or 90, when he was in his 13th year, we did establish our home in Provo.)

Lafayette H. Holbrook:

My Only Whipping

In the strenuous packing and moving to Fillmore, Mother's health had been impaired and we were in Provo for some weeks while Dr. Pike treated her.

It was during this illness that I received my only remembered, but fully deserved, sound thrashing from Mother. She had been trying unsuccessfully to get me to help with some of the heavier jobs. She finally said: "Fay, I am not well enough to do some of these heavier things alone and you are the only one strong enough to help me. You must help me or I'll have to whip you."

In answer I said, "You'll have to catch me first," and started to run. For the instant the sickness was forgotten, the speed with which she caught me was surprising, and the force of the thrashing more impressive. Then very quietly she said, "You are the only one I have who can help with these heavy jobs. If that is all you think of your mother, you can go and play while I try to do the things that should be done."

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

FILLMORE AGAIN

Fay H. Holbrook:

Upon Mother's recovery we again went back to our first home in Fillmore, where we were close to all our near relatives and were quite contented. Father quickly added a much larger and up-to-date addition to the house.

Clara Holbrook Jarvis:

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.

Character Study of Lafayette

Bryant S. Hinckley (Jean'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 had rare judgment, great courage, and was fearless.

Lafayette Holbrook 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.

Hauling Wood

In our native town of Fillmore the people hauled their winter wood from Clear Lake cedars. It would take an 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 also several days

in succession.

Remodeling House

When he was remodeling his home in Fillmore, sometimes he would work until 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 were not working he would be sleeping.

Deer Hunting

He loved to hunt and was a remarkable shot. After a snowstorm 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.

A Born Businessman

He did everything well. Lafayette Holbrook never did a shoddy job in his life. He 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.

Hinckley Family's Best Friend

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.

8. LOGAN, UTAH, ABOUT 1888

Consolidated Wagon & Implement Company

Father felt business opportunities were not too promising in Fillmore. While investigating possibilities further north, George A. Snow, Father, and a few others incorporated the Consolidated Wagon and Implement Company. From its inception the business grew and prospered.

Bryant S. Hinckley:

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.

A School-year in Logan, Age Eleven

Father took me with him to open a branch of the company in Logan. Whether it was for company or to make it easier for Mother [who remained in Fillmore], I never quite knew. That year I attended the B.Y. College in Logan, while we lived in the small Brown Hotel across the road south from the stake tabernacle. The first A.C.U. building was then under construction.

While there, Father and I heard Joseph Smith, Jr., then head of the Reorganized Church, preach two sermons in the tabernacle. We often visited the homes of Apostle Moses Thatcher and a few other prominent Logan families, and Father spent long hours in firmly establishing the Logan Branch, with gratifying results.

Unexpected Adventure

One day a message came stating baby Lucille was seriously ill. We at once boarded a train for Juab, hired a team there, and spent the entire rainy night driving the fifty miles to Fillmore. We were soaking wet most of the night. Lucille was some better and continued to improve.

Father was anxious for me to be back in school and to have the hired team returned to Juab, so the following morning he handed me the lines to start back alone, saying all I needed to do was to follow Lyman Robison's buggy. (He was a salesman for Z.C.M.I., returning to Scipio.)

All went well until I started down the Scipio divide. The heavy rains the night we came had cut a number of new gullies across the unsurfaced road. I tried to keep up with Robison who went down at a fast clip, and every time I would hit one of these new washes, I was bounced from the seat over onto the dashboard until finally, I popped it off, but succeeded in hanging on to the lines.

I was a happy, rather large and heavy, eleven year-old boy when I reached Juab in ample time to board the caboose of the northbound freight train. Father had given me what he thought would be enough money to pay my fare back to Logan from Juab, but had not reckoned on the

accident. Mr. Taylor refused to take chances on catching Father when he returned -- so he demanded the money for the broken dashboard. That left me with enough money to get as far as Salt Lake City and about thirty cents.

With the thirty cents I bought a large can of salmon and some soda crackers and ate both. I had foregone some meals, but this was a big measure for a boy my age, and my appetite was nil the next day.

About 9 p.m. that night, after wandering for some time, I finally located the home of my Noble grandparents and Aunt Em Davis in Salt Lake City. They laughed at my experience, entertained me overnight, gave me a good breakfast (now that my appetite had returned), and sufficient money to get back to Logan without further trouble.

.....

After its successful establishment, Father resigned from the implement business to be in business for himself, and to again have his family in a permanent home. Provo was selected as the place, probably because of the BYU Academy, and Karl G. Maeser as its head.

Provo Lot

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

9. PROVO, 1889-1911

Home on University Avenue

On a trip of inspection, Father bought a large home and lot from John Deal, on University Avenue just across the road east from the Hotel Roberts.

In the summer of 1889, Elmer, Mother's youngest brother, moved our family to Provo with a team and wagon belonging to Grandfather Hinckley. We were soon located in the largest and best home we had known.

Hotel Roberts

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

Hotels of necessity entertain people from all strata of society. Our parents did all in their power to maintain the Robert's reputation on a high moral level. Mother spent most of her time with Father in the operation, and the older daughters took over the major care of the home. (At best, hotels are not ideal places in which to rear families.)

With the consent of the bank, Father built a large addition on the west. The bank offered to foreclose the mortgage and sell the hotel to Father. Not wishing the original owners to lose it, he declined the offer; he was anxious to operate it until the mortgage was sufficiently liquidated so the owners could again possess it. That is what happened. The Roberts family again operated it and through life they were splendid friends.

JEAN'S VERSION

In 1889 or 1890, when Fay was in his thirteenth year, we established our home in Provo, taking over the Roberts Hotel and later the Cosmopolitan for a short time. We purchased the upper part of the Roberts but sold the Cosmopolitan.

Little Gordon, at the hotel, drew the attention of the traveler-guests. He was around two, unusually polite for a child, and would "let ladies go first." He used to ride with the deliveryman to the Cosmopolitan and when they came to it he would point and say "Cosmopolitan." There was something about him that seemed to give foreboding of his being here but a short time.

Hotel life was too much for this mother even though help was not so hard to get. One Sunday morning while my husband was at Priesthood meeting, I had a hemorrhage. I thought I was dying and as I lay there I figured out this epitaph: "Here lies Emily Angelena Holbrook who died of over-work." I sent for my husband -- who brought the elders -- so I didn't need the epitaph.

Realizing that hotel life was not the best for our family, we abandoned it. It was good for the family to all be home together and have home-cooked meals again.

10. MAYOR OF PROVO

Father's business acumen, along with his integrity, was quickly recognized after coming to Provo, and he was elected and served two terms as mayor, four years in all. In the first term he turned his salary to maintain the few city streetlights in Provo.

It was mainly through his efforts, during his second term, that city water was extended to the Provo cemetery. He personally contacted the would-be users of the water along the way to the cemetery and found many glad to pay in advance so the extension would not be an added burden to the city. He worked in the trenches with the men in this project.

He told me he had never accepted a penny for civic or church services since his marriage. With the beautified cemetery, he applied for a perpetual upkeep for his burial lot.

Streetcar System

During one of the re-occurring land booms, Provo became ambitious to have a streetcar system. This was long before the advent of autos. Always strong for civic betterment, Father subscribed for a small amount of stock, but at the time did not feel Provo was ripe for this innovation. Much to his surprise he was made president of the company. A small line was constructed from the depot north to Center Street, and from there west to the Utah Lake resort.

For a time the people were jubilant and rode the line out of curiosity and excitement, but this was short-lived, and the system was in financial difficulty. The usual method of financing railroads was adopted. Bonds were floated, and, as president, Father became the first signer.

An experienced man was selected to sell the bonds in New York. He sold them, but neither he nor the money they brought ever returned to Provo. The gloom was now intense. All signers were liable for the original debt, plus the bonds. All struggled for a time to meet the obligation. Only Father and one other man survived until final settlement was made most of the signers had to drop out early. It was a real test and once again proved the mettle of our father, Lafayette Holbrook.

.....

[History of Provo, by J. Marinus Jensen, A. M., 1924, p 332, within chapter discussing effects of "the national panic of 1893" upon Provo, adds this note:

[January, 1893: The Provo City Street Railway having ceased to operate its cars, the Council also forfeited that company's franchise.]

Financial Advice

During his prosperous days, some boyhood friends came and borrowed \$7,000 from the

bank, with Father and another friend endorsing the note. It was purportedly to buy sheep, but the money was never used for the purpose explained to the signers. The fraud was evidently with an unknown third party. The other signer, when he got the report, at once had all his property put in the name of his wife which, at the time, I believe exempted it from attachment.

Father also got the report, but refused to take that course. On the advice of his lawyer the matter went to court, resulting in several trials and costing Father about \$4,000, but in each trial he won. Wishing to save me from like disasters he gave the following advice, which I pass on to my posterity:

In endorsing notes you may be forced to pay their face value, plus interest and costs -- as a signer, with no possibility of protection or gain, as you hold no security. The forced collection could come when you are not prepared to meet it, and consequently could ruin you.

If the borrower is someone you really wish to help, and you are able to, you make the loan and hold the security -- even if you have to borrow to do it. If you are not in a financial position to do this, then you have no right to assume the responsibility for others doing it, by signing.

Early in married life this advice saved me several hundred dollars.

Utah Power & Light Co. Beginnings

It was in the 1890's, before the tremendous potential of electricity began to be comprehended. No economical way had been found for distance transmission.

L. L. and P.N. Nunn, two brothers, were making some successful experiments at their small plant at Telluride, Colorado. Senator Reed Smoot and L. Holbrook were largely responsible for these brothers investigating the hydroelectric potentials in Provo and Logan canyons. The rate of fall as the water gushed from the high mountains in so short a distance to the cities below, at once convinced them these were excellent sites for economically sound ventures.

The Nunns, Senator Smoot, and Father were the principal factors and officers in launching successful operations in these two cities. Father aided in the financing, and worked unceasingly for their success. Soon many others joined.

These early installations formed the nucleus of the present Utah Power and Light Company. With its formation, Father sold his stock for \$40,000. This venture had been pleasant and profitable to the incorporators and of lasting benefit to our state.

In building the highline for the Provo installation, when it came to a tunnel -- the workmen struck for higher pay. Father was the go-between for the workmen and the company. He presented their grievance to the company and their request for higher pay, but after deliberation the company turned it down.

This created a great deal of unfavorable comment in which Father was the "goat," often in my presence. I had just returned from a mission. The bitterness towards Father was hard to take, so I went to him and he answered as follows:

As my son you are entitled to all the facts. I'm keenly aware of being the object of all their bitterness. There are two sides in misunderstandings. In this case there is much to support both sides. I thought it should have been granted and voted for it. As a matter of loyalty and justice to my associates, who are sincere and honest men, I cannot reveal how each voted.

If you ever do important and especially public things, you will have to endure criticism, much of which may be unjust and unfounded. If you are to succeed, valuable time could be wasted in attempting to make full explanation.

The reader should understand that the transmission of electricity was still an experiment and not an assured success.

.....

[History of Provo, p 332, continues with this interesting paragraph regarding Lafayette's term as mayor:

The city government likewise felt the pressure of hard times, and in August, 1893, ordered the street lights to be discontinued at the expiration of the contract with the Woolen Mills Company. Mayor Lafayette Holbrook, however, came to the rescue, and offered to light the city for one year without compensation. The offer was accepted.

.....

Political Parties

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

The year the silver-tongued orator, William Jennings Bryan, made his first run for the Democratic presidency, Father was nominated as Utah's then only representative to Congress on the Republican ticket. From the beginning, Father knew he had no chance of winning but felt honored in the nomination. William H. King, the Democratic nominee for Congress, won and went on later to be senator. He grew up across the road from Father in Fillmore and his sister had married Ira Noble Hinckley, Mother's brother.

When in Provo, Bryan stayed at our hotel and we all admired him very much. His "free coinage of silver" platform, which won for him the nomination, embodied the one thing Utahns (because of their mining interests), including Father, wanted.

11. FAMILY LIFE

Lucille & Gordon, January 1891

Fay H. Holbrook:

While I lived with my grandparents [Chandler & Eunice Holbrook] and attended the Millard Academy, the first deaths occurred in our family. A very fatal epidemic [diphtheria] hit Provo. For a time there were as many as seven or eight deaths a day.

Ava Lucille, [twenty-one months old] contracted it first and died January 4, 1891.

Ten days later Emmett Gordon [four and a half years], the only other boy at that time was sick. Observing tears in Mother's eyes he said, "Mama, don't cry. I'm not going to die like little Lucille." Five minutes later he was gone. Neither seemed seriously ill until moments before death.

Fear of the epidemic kept me in Fillmore. The courageous attitude of our parents in meeting this heavy calamity was faith promoting to all of us.

Emily Angelena:

When Gordon was 4 1/2 years and Lucille 21 months, they departed this life just ten days apart. This was in the brown house across the way. Baby Lucille was ill, desperately ill, with what was called bronchitis, now called diphtheria. Five children had died in one day in Provo.

Soon Gordon came in from outdoors with what seemed to be a cold, and he too became very ill. While Clara was out caring for Gordon, Lucille died. Gordon heard me cry as I was leaving for the funeral and said, "Don't cry, Mama. I am not going to die like Lucille did."

The anxiety for Gordon was heightened. A good friend, Sister Moroni Pratt, came and helped nurse him. She said, "By the way you take care of your children make me feel I have neglected mine. You think of so many things I never thought of." A doctor was called in, the first time we ever had one. Nothing was spared in faith, care, or means -- that Gordon might remain with us, but the Father willed differently. Ten days after his little sister, he died.

I could not even bear to see their toys or clothes about, so I sent them away.

Florence, November 1891

Fay H. Holbrook:

November 28th of the same year, Florence Irene was born, weighing less than three pounds. There were no baby incubators, but after strenuously following the advice of Dr. Heber John Richards, she finally grew, and at maturity is above average height with a very good figure.

Emily Angelena:

Then [on November 28th of the same year] Florence came along, so tiny. We kept her in a room on a down pillow summer and winter. She weighed less than three pounds when born. This birth was very hard. We had Dr. Pike who had had many years of experience, but the position was wrong and the adjustment wasn't made before birth, one little leg coming some time before the little cry of life was heard.

One day our neighbor, Dr. Richards, took notice of her, so I asked of him some advice. He said, "There is no use me telling you what to do, you wouldn't do it." I replied, "Will you tell me what to do?" So he ventured this: "Wrap her up warm and put her out-of-doors and keep her there." We tried this and it proved to be good medicine.

One day the doctor saw us taking her downtown and noticed a veil tucked snugly over her face and said, "Cover the ears, but never the nose." So interested did he become in his little "taken-over patient" that he asked, as she grew old enough to walk by herself, if he could buy her shoes. I remonstrated, but then relented. He purchased a pair of high-tops for her. I said, "Wouldn't it be better to wear rubbers?" He replied, "But you won't put the rubbers on."

When Florence was 4 1/2 years old she got whooping cough but pulled through all right.

Lillian Minerva, 1896

Little Lillian Minerva [born 14 May 1896] came to us only to stay a tiny while. [She died of whooping cough 8 June 1896.]

Ruth, 1899

Ruth was born March 22, 1899, our last daughter, with Dr. Pike in attendance. My brother Edwin was there also. [This was when Fay, Junior was in

New Zealand on his mission.]

Paul Lincoln, 1902

Fay H. Holbrook:

Paul Lincoln, the third boy, and tenth and last child, was born in Provo May 24, 1902 (the same date Queen Victoria was born), when Mother was in her 47th year.

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

Sina Brimhall Holbrook:

Death had taken three of their jewels. They had come, sparkled, left the warmth of the contact with their family, and passed on to await their arrival later.

Emily Angelena contracted diphtheria herself, but she couldn't remember just when it was. It seemed to have been just before or just after Florence's birth because she was telling about her birth when she mentioned it.

Fay & Sina

Emily Angelena:

In the spring of 1897 Fay sailed for the island of New Zealand to remain three or four years as a missionary. While he was away Clara was set apart for a mission to England and was invited to attend the International Council of Women at Warwick Castle, where she sat at dinner with Queen Victoria in 1900.

When Fay's release time came we provided the means for him to come home across the Atlantic, and as he had gone over on the Pacific route, so he thus circumnavigated the globe. Upon his arrival in London he was met by Clara, and shortly after came Miss Brimhall [Sina], who met them there -- to travel the continent for a month or so [as a foursome, which included Fay's mission president]. The tour through Europe was romantic and good for the memory chest.

When Fay and Sina returned to America and Provo in August of 1900, Clara remained in England to finish her mission. Upon his return Fay could scarcely believe the tall, fair-haired sister was Ora, and that the chatterbox was baby Ruth when he left. [He was also introduced for the first time to baby Ruth.]

.....

In May of 1901 we had our first in-law when Fay and Sina were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

That summer they moved to Canada where Brother Jesse Knight had started to build a young, ideal, growing commonwealth.

First Grandson, 1902

In March of 1902, I received from Raymond, Alberta, Canada, a letter telling of the birth of our first grandson, Raymond Brimhall Holbrook. A short time before this event, Raymond's Aunt Jennie Knight had visited me in Provo in our new home (now the Provo Medical Building). I told Mrs. Knight that I would like to send some baby clothes back to Canada with her for Fay and Sina's baby, but I too was expecting a new promise!

Tenth Child, Paul Lincoln, 1902

So, in fulfillment of a blessing given me, our youngest child was born, Paul Lincoln Holbrook [born 24 May 1902, Provo]. So when I was forty-six years old I became a grandmother and a mother all within two months.

.....

In the fall of 1902 Fay and Sina made a trip to Utah with their prize. Arriving in Salt Lake they went to Aunt Nervie's for the night. Angie was there. The next morning they were walking down the main street and met the baby's Grandfather [Holbrook]. He often said he never saw so beautiful a baby.

Fay gathered up cattle, and his father gave him assistance in the gift of some horses and they returned to Canada.

Angie

Sina Brimhall Holbrook:

Emily Angelena, through the years, always felt a tie to the city of her birth [Salt Lake] and when Angie wanted to go there to school, she was permitted to do so. They had plenty of means. Miss Babcock, the speech and dramatic arts teacher of the University of Utah [originally known as Deseret University], was a special friend of theirs. Angie lived with her a number of the years she was studying at the University, and with Miss Babcock. She also lived some of those eight years with Aunt Nervie Ray.

Clara

Clara had returned from her mission. She had graduated from BYU and taught school some. She was at this time teaching and keeping house for her father while her mother went to California with the two younger children. We were in the home when she was getting packed to go. When she said goodbye to me and her grandson she whispered, "Sina, I love you and always have," a cherished memory.

Fay H. Holbrook:

Marriages

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

12. PROVO HOMES

Fay H. Holbrook:

In 1898 or 1899, Father moved the home farther east and remodeled it into a duplex facing south.

Clara Holbrook Jarvis:

The fifteen-room home in Provo later became a modern duplex, with nine rooms on the west side and eight on the east. The Grecian style architecture of the home made it at once among the most attractive in Provo. Just north of the home he built a very attractive brick barn, more expensive and better than some homes.

Later when the family moved to Salt Lake City, it was sold to Dr. Fred Taylor, our neighbor, for a little more than one-third its cost. It was converted into a medical clinic and occupied by a number of doctors.

The west portion of the lot became very valuable and is now covered with expensive business buildings.

These domiciles [including the later ones in Salt Lake] 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. 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.

13. SPRING DELL SUMMER HOME

Fay H. Holbrook:

The Knights, Holbrooks, John Twelve families, and a few others, were the original incorporators of the Spring Dell Summer Home resort. It is a choice location, eight miles from Provo and two miles from the west entrance into the wonderful and majestic Provo Canyon.

The soothing cool summer breezes, the clear and sparkling Provo River that meanders through the canyon then abounding with trout and herring, and the unmatched scenery at once made this a popular resort.

Father built a swell clinker brick home at Spring Dell and a smaller one superimposed on the garage, first used as quarters for horse and buggy.

Many enjoyable summers were spent entertaining family members and friends at Spring Dell. All we children and the older grandchildren retain happy and grateful memories for the days there.

After moving to the City [Salt Lake], when our parents were content with less moving and change, they sold their summer home.

14. COMMUNITY, SCHOOL, AND CHURCH

Education Supporters

Sina:

The great objective in moving to Provo was realized when their children were enrolled in the public schools of Provo and the Brigham Young Academy. Fay attended the Academy when the old warehouse was its home and left when it moved into its new home in 1893."

Fay:

With their keen interest, perception, and appreciation of real values, our parents kept well abreast of the advancing educational tide. Their lives were dedicated to providing every educational opportunity within their power for their children. Father once said to me, meaning every word of it, "Fay, if you will choose a worthy profession, determine to succeed, I will gladly see you through the best university in our land, even if forced to sell my coat in doing it." (For his sake in particular, I regret not having done more.)

Brigham Young University

For his means, he gave liberally in supporting higher education. At one time he gave \$5,000 to the "Y" and substantial amounts on other occasions.

As a result of these gifts, he was given two "Y" scholarships, which for a time helped to pay the tuition for our older children while attending the "Y."

Sina:

They were magnificent donors to the Institution. It was a source of great pride when any of their grandchildren graduated, and Emily Angelena always accompanied her husband to the commencement exercises. 1926, the year their first granddaughter graduated [Jennie Holbrook], was their golden wedding anniversary."

BYU Board of Trustees, 38 Years by Fay H. Holbrook

Father became a member of the "Y" local board soon after Sina's father, George H. Brimhall, was made president, and served until a board composed of Church general authorities took over. Franklin S. Harris, the succeeding president, said Father served for thirty-eight years, said to be longer than any other BYU board member.

At Father's funeral the President read the following, "During his entire life he gave freely of his time and means. Near the top of practically all donors is found the name of Lafayette Holbrook who, not only contributed generously, but induced his fellows to follow his example."

(May I add, to the present time, 1960, the Jesse Knight family is by far the largest individual contributors. Their gifts are said to have amounted to more than \$1,000,000. At a time when this family's circumstances were much less affluent and even strained, I heard some members of its family remark, "The money given to the "Y" is the best investment Father and our family ever made. It will go on and on, helping later generations to higher and fuller living.") I am sure this same feeling was shared by Father and his family.

The various meetings and functions of the "Y" were looked forward to and rate among their happiest social contacts. They were always accorded every courtesy and consideration.

BYU Commencement, 1934

(picture notes)

Until the Joseph Smith Memorial Building was constructed in 1941, commencement exercises were held in the Provo Tabernacle. The procession formed at the Education Building and marched south on University Avenue to the Tabernacle, a distance of six blocks. At the head of this academic procession in 1934 were President Franklin S. Harris, left; President Anthony W. Ivins, counselor in the First Presidency; President Heber J. Grant, Elders David O. McKay, Reed Smoot, and John A. Widtsoe (apostles), Stephen Chipman and LAFAYETTE HOLBROOK of the Board of Trustees, and Sylvester Q. Cannon of the Presiding Bishopric (tall man in hat).

University of Utah

Very late in life, with much more limited finances, Father gave \$1,000 to the University of Utah which had been his alma mater when known as the Deseret University.

Missionary Supporters

Both parents gave life-long devoted service to our L.D.S. Church and were always desirous that we children do likewise. They gladly financed our missions -- mine to New Zealand, Clara's to England, and Ruth's to the Eastern States. While on her mission, Clara attended the International Council for Women in Warwick Castle, and enjoyed hearing and shaking hands with Queen Victoria.

Later Angie, Ora, and Florence were privileged to tour parts of Europe, the British Isles, and the United States.

Utah Stake Presidency

June 13, 1901, Lafayette Holbrook was set apart as second counselor to President David John, with Joseph B. Keeler as first counselor in the Utah Stake, when it included all of Utah County.

During this service, Father took an active part in remodeling and redecorating the Utah Stake Tabernacle. He got a real thrill in trips to the wards and branches in a buggy hitched to his fine speedy mare "Nell." Other stake or family members joined in these rides.

Our parents on many occasions entertained the visiting authorities, often accompanied by their wives, and felt the example and influence of these fine people was extremely helpful.

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

These Church affiliations and experiences were fruitful and happy ones. Father once told me it had given him an opportunity to more intimately know J. Will Knight, and that he came as near personifying what a true Christian should be, as anyone he had ever known.

October 29, 1911, Father was honorably released because of serious progressive deafness, and preparatory to establishing his home in the City. This terminated his public service in any official capacity.

Provo Tabernacle Organ

Father would hardly be rated a magnetic speaker but certainly was a wise and able counselor. This was demonstrated in acquiring a long needed tabernacle organ. A very good one had been offered for \$10,000 which represented a worthwhile discount. Father felt they should buy it and suggested the quickest and best way to get it would be to solicit those best able to contribute - then he volunteered to do the soliciting.

He made a list with suggested amounts opposite the names of those he felt were best able, and most likely, to contribute. As habitually happened, Brother Jesse Knight's name headed the list and for the largest amount of \$1,000. Father's followed, then Senator Reed Smoot, Ed Loose, a non-Mormon, and a few others. Brother Knight and some others gave checks for their full allotments, but some fell below. Rather than re-solicit, Father made up the difference. His contribution was second largest and near \$1,000. So the money was speedily raised and the organ installed.

With the installment of the organ, the stake choir, under the direction of J.R. Boshard, gave many fine concerts -- enjoyed alike by Mormons and non-Mormons. The tabernacle, in addition to housing religious services, was also used for civic functions and community concerts. The new organ awakened new interest and contributed in advancing Provo's cultural life.

Relief Society Service

Mother was serving in the Utah Stake Relief Society about the same time Father was in the Stake Presidency. My wife, Alsina B. Holbrook, copied the following:

July 15, 1904, Emily A. Holbrook and Delilah Booth, were sustained as Utah Stake Relief Society missionaries and set apart by President David John.

In a meeting called by the stake Presidency to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Mary John, Martha A. Keeler was set apart and sustained as Relief Society Stake President, with Emily A. Holbrook, as first and Inez Knight Allen, as second counselors."

It recorded that Mother was very active in visiting the wards, aided in new innovations, and represented her stake as a speaker in one of the General Conferences. She always gave her best in Church service and formed many deep and lasting attachments. Because of the move to Salt Lake she was honorably released October 1911.

15. MINING VENTURES

by Fay H. Holbrook

The following letter was written when Father was President of the Grand Central Mining Company and was there doing some supervising work when the mine was still just a prospect. The ore was not found until a year or more later:

Robinson, March 3, 1897

Mrs. L. Holbrook
Provo, Utah

My dear wife:

Your welcome letters of yesterday and today were each received. You cannot imagine how much pleasure each afforded me. To know that you are feeling so well, and that you had rested so nicely the night I left, were to me words of joy and comfort.

Please write me everyday and I shall receive it every evening before retiring, so that I may have a testimony that my prayers have been answered, for you are carefully remembered both night and morning in my secret prayers offered up to the Lord regularly.

I had expected to return home tomorrow. This morning when I could see so much to do, concluded that if I could get good news from you, I ought to remain over. The news came and I have considered it wisdom to remain until Sunday. We are getting along nicely with the work and the mine is looking well.

The weather here is about the same as there. I never felt better in health in my life. Kind love and God bless you all, is my constant prayer.

Your loving husband,

L. Holbrook

Grand Central Mining Company, Tintic, Utah

When returns from the hotel made it safe, Father, Colonel Ed Loose, Senator Reed Smoot, George Q. Cannon, and a few others organized the Grand Central Mining Company, a Tintic, Utah, property. They assessed themselves to do the development work and spent \$125,000 before finding any ore. Then they struck a tremendous ore body, and the company went on to pay about \$1,500,000 in dividends during their ownership.

Father was the second largest owner and may have raised the most money of any individual in its development. Most of the time Father was president and for a short time he was also the manager.

Grand Central became involved with the adjoining Mammoth Company in one of the famous mining lawsuits lasting over a period of more than ten years. In the many trials and retrials the Grand Central won each decision and final damages which, however, paid little more than the cost of the litigation. Father sat in as representative of the company in all of these trials.

Victoria Mining Company, Tintic

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

Ibex Gold Mining Company, Millard County

Father, Fletcher Mount, and Allen G. Campbell, became the owners of the Ibex Gold Mining Company in the Drum or Detroit Mining District, Millard County. The mine was later leased with an option to buy, to an Eastern company who shipped considerable ore but later defaulted. The owners then operated it several months and I, as a teenager, worked in it.

All hauls to the railroad were made by teams and wagons. Several shipments were made and the ore was good grade, but the distance from water and railroads, and all hand work made it unprofitable. Later the Knight interests, with Senator Smoot and Colonel Loose, bought the control, and with it other surrounding properties, all of which were later patented, increasing the company to one of forty-two patented claims.

Some royalties have been received from successful lessors, but otherwise it has remained mostly dormant. Most of Father's stock was sold to this new company. I gave him \$1200 for 4000 shares and on the open market have bought several thousand more. I still consider it a very attractive property for diamond drilling.

Silver Park (Nevada Park), Millard County

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

During this time of growing interest in mining, the Knights and others opened up large

mines over a vast section of western United States and the biggest mining boom in my memory resulted. Father may have saved me from losing my home and all in one of these hysterical booms. I had arranged to mortgage our new clinker-brick home and in addition borrow all the money I could and put it all in one of these "sure things" that would forever end our financial hazards. Fortunately, at the last minute I consulted Father, explaining the merits of the proposition. He said:

Fay, I too have heard all about this property and it does have about all the earmarks of a good thing. However, if I were you, with your large and oncoming family, I would not put more than I could afford to lose in these seemingly "sure things," and never mortgage your home where there is even a vestige of hazard."

I accepted his judgment and I never did mortgage our home. (Occasionally debts may be fully justified.) While I stayed out, Father took a flyer in this same proposition but it never blossomed. The tremendous ore vein came within a few feet of the property we expected it to enter -- where a fault formation cut it off, and to date it has never been picked up.

Seven Troughs Gold Mining Co., Nevada

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

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

J. Will Knight came out to the property to make final inspection before rendering our decision. When he and I walked from our bunkhouse to the property the following morning, none of the miners had showed up for work because of a heavy snow.

With a hand windlass I lowered Will to the bottom in an ore bucket. With a pick he was soon working like a mad man. We had been following a layer of talc as the foot wall to the vein. The heavier blasts of the proceeding work shift had blown away this talc and exposed another quartz vein two or three inches thick. Will picked off and put in an ore sack about 25 lbs of ore mostly from this new vein.

When I pulled him to the surface and we exposed the contents of the sack to the light, we were amazed. It had broken in rather small pieces and most of the pieces by weight were nearly half gold. The whole affair was bewildering. It was not salted nor fixed to trap us, but was

unmistakably genuine. It was not a secondary deposit as is often the case in rich specimens. The gold was integrated with the quartz and deposited at the same time indicating permanency. Together Will and I returned to Provo.

When Will emptied the contents of the sack on the table around which the stockholders were assembled, checks were immediately written for \$50,000 to pay for our half-interest and \$50,000 more was subscribed at \$1 per share for development work. Few mining ventures have ever been launched with more enthusiastic and promising a future. It may have been one of the factors in producing the unwarranted mining boom referred to.

The two brokers were the main benefactors, working it for all it was worth on the Salt Lake Mining Exchange. These unbelievable samples continued to occur at intervals, at least as far as the 600 level where I last visited it. The vein, apart from the samples, would only average \$7 or \$8 per ton -- not then profitable to market, while assays of the rich samples went more than \$300,000 per ton on the old price of gold.

Many of the samples were half gold by weight and some were made into jewelry. I have two cuff buttons Father had made from some samples. Reportedly, L.A. Friedman received \$3000 from one solid rock. I personally retrieved about forty pounds that was thrown over the dump with the waste in which I feel certain there must have been at least \$3,000 in gold. I gave it to Mr. Friedman, the biggest and controlling owner. The miners who worked in it stole much of this rich ore. While we were in, no shipment was ever made.

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

The Kindergarten, Nevada

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

Seven Troughs Consolidated, Nevada

We never really knew the actual facts after selling our interests. Father considered both to be good properties and gave John Cleghorn \$20,000 in cash for control of the Seven Troughs

Consolidated. In addition he spent a sizable sum in securing patents for this property.

He had me take charge of the essential development work required before a patent could be issued. This property joined the Seven Troughs on one end and the Kindergarten on the other. There was a plainly indicated surface vein extending throughout these properties. Some rich samples were taken from this property, but neither the lessors nor we found any commercial ore in shipping quantities.

There was nothing stagnant in Father's nature, he just had to be doing things. His life reveals a diversity of activities in which all his capital (in excess of minimum family needs) and borrowed money were working overtime. His courage and ability to accept the "downs" as well as the "ups" always amazed me. Through it all no shadow or stains clouded his credit rating or marred his good name.

Inyo Gold Mining Co., Death Valley, California

During this period of heated mining activity, Father became interested, with some Spanish Fork men, in the Inyo Gold Mining Company situated in the treacherous Death Valley district in California. At the time, he was past the meridian of life.

A brief trip of inspection was made. Leaving the railroad a short distance beyond Goldfield, they hired burros and packed bedding, food, and water on them and walked through the scorching heat to the property. He liked what he saw but very little development work had been done. Owing to the hazards of the trip he saw it but once after this, and still very little development work had been done.

Father was soon made president of the company. In paying for patents and development work he had \$40,000 invested in it, very likely more in cash than all the others combined.

For many years he paid the taxes with very little assistance from others, and never accepted a penny for his services as president, or in any other capacity. The same was true in the case of the Seven Troughs Consolidated Company he bought from Cleghorn.

On one of my visits from Provo to the parental home, Father came into the room where Mother and I were with his stocks in both of these companies in his hands and said:

Fay, I am giving you all my stocks in these two companies. I am getting little help from others in paying the taxes, and am at an age when the worry and burden should be relinquished. They are all endorsed and are yours. Take them and do what you wish with them. I never want to see or bother with them again.

Appreciatively I accepted and added that I would try to pay the taxes and relieve the worry. Aside I told mother, "The gift really does not make me feel any richer."

With my own large family I was apprehensive of my own ability to pay the taxes and protect the property. It was so difficult and embarrassing to solicit help from the other stockholders and when I did, the result was so small I soon abandoned that method and paid them personally.

A few years later I sold each of these properties. I had purchased considerable stock in each and in adding my stock to that given me by Father I had the control or, in other words, more than half of the issued stock.

Selling the Inyo and Seven Troughs

While searching for some mining properties to exploit, the buyers, unknown to me, examined the Inyo and liked it. They went to Inyo County seat where the records showed I was paying the taxes, that the property was patented, the title clear, and all taxes paid to date. The main party immediately wrote and asked me if it was for sale, and if so to please state the terms.

At that time the mining boom had been largely deflated. Even though I had never seen the Inyo I sincerely thought it to be a good prospect. None of us were in a position to develop either of these properties. Because of my uncertain ability to pay the taxes indefinitely, we could lose both properties for taxes.

Inquiries about the Inyo had reached me in the past and been answered, but nothing had materialized. This time I concluded to make a bedrock offer and with the offer demanded a \$1,000 down payment, enclosing a purchase option and contract to that effect. I told them in the letter the price was final, and but a small fraction of the cost to the owner, that the small price resulted from our inability to develop the property. In Father's case at least, the price would represent not more than ten cents on the dollar he had put into it.

Much to my surprise the signed option with the initial payment came promptly, and the option contract was placed in escrow in the Knight bank.

The same party also purchased the Seven Troughs Consolidated in Nevada. Four years and a number of trips to California were involved in selling. I insisted the purchasers examine the Nevada property before we made the deal. They claimed they did and bought it on that basis.

It was more than a year after the option of the Inyo that I met the purchasers and discovered they were not as I had been led to believe or as they had represented themselves. They used both properties as a basis in organizing new companies, and were selling stock at an out-of-reason price before actually acquiring title to either. This had been going on for some time unknown to me.

There was never the least violation of law or code of honor or ethics on our end nor the slightest misrepresentation. Just how the original purchasers escaped the law and being hauled into court, with me as a possible witness, may never be known. Should any questions ever arise, the records are in my files.

There were a few stockholders in each that we were never able to find, even after advertising in the papers and doing all the law required. Just a few years ago the Inyo was completely liquidated according to Utah laws, relieving me of all further responsibility. My latest advice is that Nevada had no similar law.

This history of these sales, if well written, contain material that would be as exciting reading as the tales of the Arabian Nights.

The Colorado, Good Springs, & Big Indian

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

Poker Brown Prospect, Nevada

He also lost money in the Poker Brown prospect in Nevada, about fifteen miles distance from the Seven Troughs. He had been made the president of it without ever seeing it.

Again I was in charge of some exploration work. I gave a contract to some young Spanish Fork men to run a tunnel. On one of the shifts the blasts to fire their drilled holes prematurely exploded in their faces -- which came about from an imperfect running fuse. How they escaped death or serious injury remains a miracle and a mystery to me.

The surface showing and the assays were both good in this prospect, but the values had completely disappeared at forty or fifty feet depth where the tunnel intersected the vein. I told Father this and he came out at once and personally paid all the debts amounting to \$3,000 and liquidated it. He demanded that he never again be made president before seeing a property. None of our stock had been sold.

East Tintic Claims

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

Prospecting Trip to Nevada

The summer of 1905, Father and I made a prospecting trip as far as Tonapah, Nevada. On the way we stopped at Mr. Swallows' home, for whom Chandler Holbrook had paid the immigration from England to Fillmore. He had grown up in the home just like a brother, but left to go on his

own when a young man, and now had a large family and a wonderful ranch near Ely. We also stopped at the Nevada Park which favorably impressed me.

From here we went to the property for which Father had loaned the relative the aforementioned money. The wife and children of the borrower were close and dear to our own folks. There once had been some sort of a home but nothing now remained to indicate it. The nearest neighbors were two old bachelors nine miles distant. All others were miles further away.

There was no evidence of any machinery on the place. A shallow ten-foot hole with a slight copper stain was all that indicated any mining interest. Father had been duped. There was no evidence there had ever been culinary water. The bachelor neighbors gave us a tragic report of the life of the family.

Father gazed quietly at the hole and said, "Evidently my money was never used for what it was obtained. If it went to feed the mother and children who lived here I am fully repaid and have no regrets." The only thing we heard as we slept there that night was the howling of the starving coyotes.

We continued on as far as Tonapah and found a wild frontier mining town that had quickly mushroomed to a population of 5,000. Gambling casinos, stock exchanges, saloons, houses of ill fame and legitimate businesses all were apparently thriving. It was reported that in the gambling it was not uncommon for the losses to exceed \$100,000 in a single night.

Both Tonapah and Goldfield had an astonishing rise, a rather short life, and a sudden demise. Both are now little more than ghost towns. Father and I had seen enough. We had no desire to see a repetition in Goldfield which had been our intended destination. I sold the team, wagon, and prospecting outfit for more than they cost and we returned home on the train. The gala day for the prospector was about over. It has long since become the province of the trained mining engineer and the individual or company with large capital.

Oil Stocks

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

16. SALT LAKE HOMES, 1911-1941

Sina Brimhall Holbrook:

Grandfather [Father Holbrook] had much of his business in Salt Lake, so in 1911 they sold their Provo home and moved to Salt Lake.

Senator Rawlin's Home

When at home in Salt Lake they lived in apartments, until they purchased Senator Rawlin's large and beautiful home. From this home Ruth and Lincoln went to the Lowell School and then to the LDS College.

When Florence was married to Czerny Anderson on September 7, 1914, the nuptials were held at this remodeled home that had a wonderful and big yard. They were still in the Rawlins home when Angie married Alma O. Taylor in the Salt Lake Temple on October 26, 1915.

Ruth graduated from the University of Utah. The grandparents were proud of that. Grandfather had been a student there [known as Deseret University at the time] and had given liberally of his means for its expansion. Ruth, after graduation, became a teacher in homemaking. After fulfilling a mission in the Eastern States she married Lowell Gerard in the Salt Lake Temple. Lincoln also had a mission and married Alice Jensen, and later, Sarah [Sarah Virginia Bryson].

Grandmother always had her meals prepared on the dot. She used to say that when Holbrook saw her set the table, he always thought of something to do outdoors, so he was sometimes late for breakfast, but she usually ate on the dot.

They believed in maintaining the tradition of family prayer. She has a very reverential manner in her approach to her maker.

Grandfather's health was usually good, but his hearing became less and less efficient.

At the time World War I [1914 to 1918], Grandfather purchased war bonds for all of his grandchildren. They used to make frequent visits to their children's homes and were always interested in the accomplishments and problems of their grandchildren. One Christmas their daughter-in-law [one can only supposed Sina is speaking of herself] received a letter with a \$50 check and this greeting, "In appreciation for your lovely motherhood," and signed "Lafayette and Emily A. Holbrook."

After its [the Rawlins Home] sale they lived for awhile in Clara and Clarence's home while they [the Jarvises] were away. Then they purchased the home where Emily Angelena now lives. [Sina was referring to the years 1942-1947, at 147 East South Temple Street].

California Winters

Sina B. Holbrook:

The mother and two younger children spent many winters in California as it was better for Angelena's health.

Emily Angelena:

For twenty years of my life we went down to California a few months each year. I was in the change of life until fifty-five and the low altitude was better for me. We owned four homes in Ocean Park, and often went to the home Fay owned in Glendale.

Elaine Holbrook Haymore:

Aunt Ora and her daughter June lived in one of the homes in Ocean Park in their later years. Ora died there... Father always had a fondness for southern California and maybe it came from the vacations in his youth. Helen remembers a home in Santa Monica.

174 East South Temple Street, 19 -1947

Fay H. Holbrook:

Their last home at 174 East South Temple Street, reportedly was built by Sister Grant while Apostle Grant, her husband, was presiding over the LDS European Mission. Father spent considerable money remodeling this (and the White cottage). It was remodeled as a duplex and they lived upstairs. Our Dixons [Ora and Bines] occupied the lower apartment most of the time. (It now serves as a business office.)

The 174 South Temple Home came as part payment for his [Father's] interest when he...withdrew from the company [Sevier River Land and Water Company]. [p 65]

[After Lafayette's death Fay and Sina moved into this home to help with the care of Mother Holbrook. They later purchased the home and the White Cottage from her, with the provision that she continue living there until her death. After her death both homes were resold.]

Elaine Holbrook Haymore:

Our grandparents lived at 174 E. South Temple as far back as we [Holbrook sisters] can remember. It is still standing and used for offices. I visited the home the other day [1998] and reminisced. Bines and Ora Dixon lived in the main floor duplex and the grandparents upstairs. Now it is the office of E. Craig Smay, Attorney at Law.

They purchased the home from President and Sister Grant, their close friends. In their older years the Grants would often pick up the Holbrooks for drives in their auto (remember LH didn't drive).

Ora Holbrook Dixon:

How well I remember when we first moved into the lower apartment of the parental home -- to be near them if needed. Each morning about 7:30 a.m., Mother would open our door to see how we were and what shopping she could do at ZCMI for me, which opened at eight. She loved to get her shopping and work done early.

Mother 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 until 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.

The White Cottage

Fay H. Holbrook:

The White Cottage, just around the corner south and facing east, he [President Grant] had purchased years earlier. As a young man, President Grant

built it for his widowed mother. While living in it he used to practice throwing baseballs, incidents often mentioned in the President's sermons.

Elaine Holbrook Haymore:

The White Cottage is long gone, but was in back of the South Temple home... Their daughter Florence (divorced) and her daughter, Elna Jean (my age) lived there and supervised it as a rooming house.

The Hollbrook Apartments

Fay H. Holbrook:

The Holbrook Apartments, the second building west of the home, was always neatly painted and well kept during their ownership.

Elaine Holbrook Haymore:

The Holbrook Apartments are still standing [1998] and in operation. Address is 150 E. South Temple. They are called "The Annex" now. The sign says, "Contact Carlton Hotel." The hotel is right west of it.

We sometimes went to the apartments with Grandma to visit their daughter Ruth and her husband Lowell Gerard, who lived there and cared for the apartments. Our grandparents...loved to have their children nearby and helped them financially this way. Ruth and Lowell had twin boys and that was a big drawing card for the grandparents to visit.

I remember Grandma was very friendly to the renters and had one of them sing for us, "If what you say is the positive truth, then death where is thy sting."

17. MOTHER & FATHER by Children and In-laws

Lafayette H. Holbrook
Oldest Son

As a small boy Father manifested skill, ability, and real interest in the use of tools. I still have two wooden chests he made and painted for me. The morticed joints of each, made with the crude tools of his father, are as near perfect as the expert craftsman with the up-to-date equipment of today can produce.

As a man he loved to build and remodel to his own taste the houses that were our homes. These, and some business buildings he constructed, remain as testimonials of his ideals and mechanical ability. While he owned them, the buildings were always well painted and kept in good repair, and the grounds kept always attractive and inviting for the ensuing owner.

Father got compensation and a real boost -- in building and maintaining his homes, but they were sold for about half their cost. Few in his life were able to buy homes so well built and costly as were his. The few having the money preferred to build their own.

.....

During World War I, 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, 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 I again accepted and followed his suggestions. I had run into no serious losses and had a fair showing for the borrowed money, but 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. Nothing was ever foreclosed. (The loans in most cases have been to those near me who I had hoped to help.) 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 loses itself in usury, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

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. 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 sixteen 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 fifteen-room home in Provo later became a modern duplex, with nine rooms on the west side and eight 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 where 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. 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 lies 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 a 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 that 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 was their understanding and their sympathies. May we all emulate them.

Angleine 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 who 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."

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 even known, and she loved it. She just loved to feed everyone who came into her home. 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.

How well I remember when we first moved into the lower apartment of the parental home -- 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 until 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 a lovely rosebud or other choice flower from the garden he always cared for, and gave 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 in-between. He was sincere, definite, and honest. He was most precious to me. To Mother he was an ideal husband.

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
Youngest 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.

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.

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 all relatives were proud to claim, that all acquaintances were happy to know.

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 a 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 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.

18. GRANDPARENTING YEARS by Grandchildren

Raymond Holbrook:

Grandfather 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.

Grandfather expressed satisfaction when his grandchildren reached a goal. When I completed my course at Stanford Law School, he and Grandmother...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 process.

He 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."

Their 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...

.....

[Excerpt from Christmas letter of Dec 22, 1979, from Raymond & Esther Holbrook]:

Turkey and Grandpa Holbrook reminds us of another Christmas, this time in Palo Alto, California [where Raymond was in law school]. Baby Fay was a month old and that was reason enough for Grandma and Grandpa Holbrook to come to California for his christening.

They came and brought along President Brimhall and wife Flora. In fact, it was Grandpa Brimhall who pronounced the baby's name and blessing. When told the name would be Lafayette Hamilton Holbrook, he commented that it was a noble name, and may be a burden for a child to manage, but he was sure he could grow into it.

Following the meeting, Esther served turkey dinner to the family group.

Late in the afternoon Grandpa Holbrook approached Esther saying, "I noticed a partly eaten date pudding and a half-cup of dip sitting on the counter in the kitchen; would you mind if I ate it?" Esther told him she would be happy to have him eat the pudding and anything else he may want.

A few minutes later Grandpa Holbrook came into the living room wiping his mouth with a paper napkin. Said he: "You know, that date pudding and dip didn't taste nearly as good now as it did at dinner, hic hic!"

Sometime later Esther went to the kitchen to find the date pudding gone -- but the cup of dip was sitting on the counter. However, a cup of turkey fat she had put there to cool, was empty! Grandpa claimed he gobbled for three days after that episode.

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[Both the Holbrook and Brimhall grandparents returned later for Raymond's law school graduation.]

.....

Jennie Holbrook Groberg:

Grandma said I could walk down to the tabernacle with her...to General Conference, and she would show me the Prophet of God who would be on the stand -- who was really a prophet for the whole world. I could hardly wait.

I was...about [old enough] to start school and she held tightly to my hand, and we visited on the way. She spoke of how wonderful it was to live when the true Church of Jesus Christ was again on the earth, and how it made folks so happy. So I was a very eager child as we entered those doors; it wasn't crowded then as it is now.

When the prophet entered (with others) and she pointed him out to me, I couldn't believe what I saw -- but I didn't tell Grandma. I had expected the Prophet to be dressed in white -- and beautiful -- and sort of 'alight,' different than other men.

I was so happy just to be with Grandma and I knew when we returned to her home we would have yummy food, and more visiting...with Grandpa too.

.....

When I was selected to give the valedictorian speech at my BYU graduation in 1929, I was told that both grandparents were coming from Salt Lake and bringing some of their grown children to also enjoy hearing me. They felt it was an honor to them all to have their granddaughter giving the speech. I felt so honored to have them come and hear me... Remember, Grandpa Brimhall had

been the BYU President and Grandpa Holbrook was a former member of the BYU Board of Trustees

At the Alumni Banquet that evening Grandpa Brimhall told how someone had complimented him on having his granddaughter give the talk; he thought it so fine he thought President Brimhall must have helped me. Grandpa replied that it was all my own, that he had nothing to do with it.

The Alumni Banquet was attended by the graduating class as well as alumni. Richard R. Lyman [announced] that BYU Alumni had a privilege of contributing to the alma mater, and he would like responses...

Grandpa Holbrook responded, but he talked so long before he announced how much he would donate that Grandma and other were a bit nervous -- but he ended by saying he would donate \$1,000. Elder Lyman then announced that anyone else who would contribute \$1,000 would be welcome to talk as long as Brother Holbrook had. My father then stood and said he would not talk as long as had his father, nor would he be able to contribute as much, but he would give \$500.

.....

About a year before Grandfather's death, I called on them with a baby boy in my arms. A taxi drove me from the train [to their house] and the driver carried in my suitcase.

A day later, when it was time for me to return to Idaho Falls via the train, I wanted to call a taxi, but Grandfather objected. He simply would not trust me and my child to any taxi; he would walk with me to the Union Pacific Station.

He was old, always dignified, perfectly attired and groomed, but not too well -- from 174 E. South Temple Street he carried my heavy suitcase, and I carried my baby -- several blocks. I was so concerned about it being too much for him that it was difficult to keep up a pleasant conversation, as I could feel his strenuous effort to install me safely in my seat. Oh, how grateful I was to arrive safely at the station and see him on his way back home. I am sure he felt the same about me.

Mary Holbrook Maxwell:

I have many happy memories of Grandfather and Grandmother Holbrook. One incident occurred when I was about fifteen. 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

.....

A Summer Visit

Ruth Holbrook Brown, Granddaughter:

In my youth, I regarded Grandpa and Grandma Holbrook as pillars of strength and security.

Grandmother Holbrook was beautiful. She walked like a queen and talked with wisdom and understanding, endearing herself to all who knew her.

The summer [Mary & I] stayed with them in Salt Lake City I began to know them better as really loving grandparents. I have always thought it one of those rich experiences with which I was particularly blessed.

Grandmother had the rare ability of having everything in her home so well planned that confusion and disorganization were completely absent. Everything moved on schedule, 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 extended to her by all we met. Everyone seemed anxious...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 saw and talked with me of her childhood and early family life, and her experiences as a young woman. That evening I 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.

I used to marvel at the early hour they would rise in the morning and the systematic way they lived. The house was always spic and span, the meals on time, and apparently everything was in perfect condition. I think the running of their home was a real art.

One of the loveliest things I remember 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, 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 can only be appreciated by those who lived with him.

In later years Grandpa's deafness was a real problem and so he communicated less as time went by, but continued his regular attendance at all of his Church meetings.

Elizabeth Holbrook Berry:

Wedding Luncheon

Grandmother said she would like to have a wedding luncheon in honor of Kay and me following our wedding in the Salt Lake 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 of 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:

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 we could talk to her just as we would a young person our own age. I think that was characteristic of her, she always seemed interested in your problems and you could talk as freely to her as you would to one of your young friends -- yet be sure of receiving bits of advice tempered by the wisdom of her years.

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

Elaine Holbrook Haymore:

Sometimes Father, Mother, and I (not yet in school) would travel to "the City" and stay overnight with these grandparents. (Such events were about the only time we used the Hudson.) I remember lying in bed and hearing the ding of the bell on the streetcar as it passed the house on South Temple...

This home was small. A summer porch in the back was closed in and used as a bedroom. A second bedroom was in front of the summer porch, and the dining room had an "in-wall bed" that was let down at night. The compact kitchen was super small. But the home was sufficient, and a very handy location for the

grandparents. Grandma did her grocery shopping at ZCMI every day except Sunday, and she usually carried her purchases home.

Many of Grandma's Hinckley relatives lived in Salt Lake. Their own children: Clara, Angie, Ora, Florence, Ruth and Lincoln, lived nearby with their families much of the time.

Grandfather spent his later years repairing and overseeing his properties: the White Cottage, apartments, and home. I have enclosed a tiny photo of him in his caretakers attire.

He was delighted to see his grandchildren -- but could not hear us, as he was so deaf. I don't recall him wearing a hearing aid and Grandmother spoke very loudly to him to get him to hear. She called him "Holbrook" in those days. It is hard to speak so loudly and still make it sound like "love," and I remember being fearful until I realized why she was speaking so loudly.

Grandmother was a temple worker in the Salt Lake Temple, where I work now, so it is fun for me to think about. What a great location they had to reach the Temple!

Ann Jarvis:

My Grandparents

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.

Elna Jean (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.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: These are excerpts. For complete text see Chapter 28, "Tributes."

19. SERVICE TO CHURCH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

by Fay H. Holbrook

Father continued as an active high priest in the South 18th Ward, Salt Lake City, and attended regularly until age and extreme deafness intervened.

He never relaxed his financial support to the Church and worthy projects. He kept neat and systematic records of all his affairs -- which reveal that aid to family, relatives, church, education, civic benefits, and all types of charities were generously substantial.

Check stubs reveal that checks were handed to the Bishop each month for \$50, for tithing and the Church programs. This was at a time when his income had been greatly reduced.

He believed in striving for and enjoying the best, if accepted modestly, and within consistent limits. He was critical of attempts to live beyond one's means. He referred to it as "trying to satisfy a champagne appetite with a beer income" or "trying to keep up with the Joneses."

Ensign Stake Relief Society

Soon after coming to the City, Mother was made first counselor in the Ensign Stake Relief Society to President Elsie B. Alder, with Catherine R. Stewart as second counselor, and Cecilia Barker as secretary. All were released November 1925.

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

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

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

Salt Lake Temple Worker

After the termination of her official services in the Relief Society, and the maturing of those unmarried in the home, Mother spent five years as a regular Salt Lake Temple worker and was never late for a single session. She would leave for the Temple after breakfast and return late in the

afternoon.

These were years full of joy, satisfaction and happy associations. It was always a thrill for her to meet the young brides who came to be married in the Temple, and very often she was assigned to be with them as they went through.

Father was now very deaf. Returning one day she found him lying on the sofa. Sitting up he said, "Jean, what am I to do when I am so deaf? I can never hear the phone or the doorbell ring when visitors come."

Once again Mother felt she was needed most in the home. She explained the condition to President Smith and was honorably released.

20. MORE BUSINESS VENTURES

by Fay H. Holbrook

Snake Valley Farms & Reservoir

During his prosperous mining years, friends from boyhood induced Father to buy a reservoir site and some farms in Snake Valley near the Nevada line. It was at that time 85 miles from the nearest railroad station and about as far from the nearest town.

The storage site was excellent but the water to fill the reservoir was entirely misrepresented. Most of the water came from a large spring twenty miles distant. The ranchers along the course of the stream became fearful of losing their rights through failure to make beneficial use of the water. The intent was to use the surplus stored water on much better virgin soil below than was being farmed up the stream.

Father paid approximately \$35,000 for the reservoir site, one large splendid farm, and two not so good small ones. The good one had half-interest in an independent stream below the dam. He at once sold the two smaller farms but retained the larger one.

Fortunately, the resistance of the old settlers was manifested before contracts were let. Land was very cheap in this remote locality. As I recall, there were about 240 acres of choice land in the retained farm with the essential buildings, fences, etc.

Father's oldest brother, Orson, and his son, Frank (who had married Senator King's sister and had three swell little boys), at different times operated the retained farm. Orson operated in connection with cattle purchased with money borrowed from Father. It was a losing venture for him. Frank operated on a crop share basis and did better.

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

Father and I made several trips to the Snake Valley farm in my model "T" Ford. On one of these trips, he offered to give me this fine farm if I wished to make our home there. In answer I said, "This is an excellent farm Father, but in the wrong place. I could not feel right in bringing Sina out here to rear our big little family if I were given the entire valley, but I do appreciate the generous offer." He smiled as though he enjoyed the answer and said, "I don't blame you."

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

The last time we went to Snake Valley was to dispose of some small holdings Father still

had. Only a small part of the \$35,000 ever came back, but there may have been some compensating value in the relaxation and diversion of the trips.

Father Tries Driving

In all the previous trips in my Ford, Father had never asked to operate the wheel, but on this last return trip he said, "Driving this thing looks easy. When we come to a good place I would like to try it."

We soon came to an alkali flat, devoid of vegetation and ideal for the attempt. Pulling onto the flat, I started the motor, moved over, and gave Father the wheel. We made a lunge forward, turned and headed back toward Snake Valley, followed by a few more zig zags and figure eights, and then again back toward Snake Valley. All had been very quiet, not a word spoken. Suddenly Father called out, "Take this damned thing! It doesn't seem to have the slightest idea where it wants to go."

In early life he had been daring and fearless in breaking outlaw horses, but he never again asked to drive an auto.

Guardian Casualty and Insurance Company

Soon after coming to Salt Lake to live, Father, Senator King, and a few other prominent businessmen incorporated "The Guardian Casualty and Insurance Company." Although successful in their various fields, none had intimate knowledge of the intricacies of the insurance business. All believed they were investing in sure-shot protection against their declining productive years.

A glib and smooth talker from the East sold them on this venture. He became their manager at a salary of \$10,000 per year. Father took a \$50,000 cash bite in this to begin its launching. He felt so sure of it, he later invested all of Angie's savings, amounting to a few thousand dollars. (I am certain he intended guaranteeing her against loss.) He really felt this would prove the ultimate in security.

The company was well financed and launched. Meetings were held regularly and the manager's reports were always glowing, satisfying, and full of promise. Operations quickly took in other states.

Suddenly, like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky, and without the slightest warning, a letter came from the California Insurance Commissioner, stating their license to operate in California had been abrogated. A similar letter was sent to the Utah Commissioner who enjoined them from doing business until further check. The reason given, "The policies as written were liabilities and not assets."

The Utah Commissioner then came to Father and stated, "If future policies were written as

they should be, and additional money was raised to protect the deficit ones already written, their charter to operate would again be given clear sailing. He said he had approached the other stockholders and all were favorable, and the amount of money to be raised already pro-rated. Father's share was \$7,500. He immediately wrote a check for this allotment.

Within the next day or so, and with no further word to Father, he [the Utah Commissioner] threw the company into receivership. Although others may not have responded, no part of Father's rescue check ever came back. This was the unkindest cut of all. The cash investment, including Angie's, was about \$60,000. The manner in which the last check was obtained was questionable.

Sevier River Land & Water Company

Father nurtured the wish to make some lasting contribution to his native Millard County. He, with McCormick (at that time Utah's leading banker), and F. D. Kimball (branch bank manager for McCormick), united in an effort to revive the defunct Sevier River Land and Water Company. The bankers had money tied up with the original defaulted undertaking.

The intent of the company had been to store more water in the reservoir, strengthen and raise the height of the "U B" Dam, and water thousands more choice virgin acres in that section of Millard County.

Ira N. and Alonzo A. Hinckley, Father's brothers-in-law, were victims of the failure and were left facing financial ruin. The Hinckleys were given a large construction contract by the first incorporators, and in turn sublet smaller contracts. Considerable construction work had been done, but no payments received for doing it when the failure was announced. The Hinckleys, in addition to what they subcontracted, retained a large section for their own teams and hired outfits. Receiving no money, they were unable to pay their men or their subcontractors.

Their plight and the wish he had long nourished for Millard County to come in to its own, were responsible for his joining in the attempt to revive the project. Certainly he expected it to be a success and profitable, but I am sincere in believing that was not the major inducement.

May I inject my reactions. I spent several years in Canada, in a much better pioneer irrigation project, and had a fair appreciation of some of the accompanying hazards and time involved, having helped some with the bookkeeping. I made three separate trips from Provo trying to persuade Father -- at his age -- not to get in it. I felt sure he was joining from sentimental urges rather than from a careful appraisal, but my efforts were futile.

The Hinckleys first brought the project to Father's attention, but they envisioned a much smaller and safer project. When it evolved into a much greater undertaking, their alarm was equal to mine.

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

size.

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

Mr. Kimball and Father jointly became the managers, Leland Kimball (Mr. Kimball's son), the Hinckley brothers, and I were the salesmen, and C.S. Jarvis was the managing engineer.

Under Jarvis the dam was enlarged and greatly strengthened by inserting a metal core. This was a real contribution to all users below the dam. The Hinckleys again became construction contractors, with me an added partner.

I authored a prospectus. Together we made a number of sales locally and some in California. The Hinckleys were extricated from their financial crisis and we salesmen made fair wages for the time involved.

The Hinckleys, Jarvis, and I all contracted for large farming acreage. It was not long before the company had expended more than a million dollars. The best arable sections could be reached only through long laterals often passing through extensive stretches of almost perpetually drifting sand. Maintenance was a serious problem, not given prior full recognition.

The established settlers under the project were greatly benefited as a result of its revival.

An air of apprehension began clouding the early optimism. A. A. Hinckley (we all called him Lon) and I, on horses, attempted to make a realistic appraisal of the sections that could be irrigated economically by avoiding the drifting sand. We were surprised and astonished at the limited number. While pausing to make the estimate, Lon said, "I am terribly worried about your Father. I feel Ira and I are responsible for him getting in it."

In answer I said, "I have always been worried, and wished he was out of it." Then and there we both vowed, if an honorable opportunity came, we would do all in our power to extricate him.

The opportunity was not long coming. The principals themselves concluded their chance of survival rested on their ability to interest new blood with more money. To do this it was decided that either Kimball or Father was to turn his stock in the company to the new party and step out. Mr. Kimball found the willing parties which meant Father was to go.

Father had never quit an unfinished undertaking. I never remember a decision more painful to him. It took all the persuasive powers Lon and I could command, to get him to finally withdraw.

He was really worn out from the long strain, and physically upset. To aid in making this

new adjustment, Father and Mother left at once for their resort home in Ocean Park, California. Two or three days after their departure a letter came from Mother asking me to join them there, prepared to spend some time.

Father was still having a struggle, but time and sleep are great healers. It was a real relief to all of us when one day he said to me, "It was for the best that I got out of the company when I did." This was the beginning of Father making me a close confidant the remainder of his life.

He still cherished great and sincere hopes for the company's success. His greatest loss came when forced to sell his Cement Securities Stock to meet a payroll for \$100 a share less than it sold for one year later.

Neither manager received a penny in cash for years of exhausting service. Father received 200 shares of water stock. At his request I sold it to established farmers for \$10,000 net, taking interest bearing notes in payment. He told me later every note with interest was paid in full.

John Evans, one of the purchasers, helped me in the sales and we both were given a modest commission. The 174 South Temple home came as part payment for his interest, when he surrendered it and withdrew from the company.

THE INTERMOUNTAIN CASKET COMPANY, 1919

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

In this final organization he enlisted some very strong and successful businessmen who also were living years beyond the accepted retirement age. Alma O. Taylor, who had married daughter Angie, was made manager. Father became president. Mr. Sharp, Mr. Eldredge, L. Holbrook, L.H. Holbrook, and Alma O. Taylor were the directors.

Alma, aside from school days and nine years spent in opening the Japanese L.D.S. Mission and translating (with some help) the Book of Mormon into the Japanese language, had spent his active life in the casket and undertaking business with his father Joseph William Taylor, best remembered Utah pioneer mortician. He was well prepared to act as manager. His qualification could have been responsible for the business Father selected.

The strain and failure of some earlier adventures in no way seemed to lessen Father's courage in going all out for anything he undertook. He supervised and had built at First South and Third West, Salt Lake City, a very fine brick and concrete fireproof building to house the business. The building and ground cost \$80,000. Facilities for manufacturing caskets were roughed in but never completed or used.

The room for displaying and wholesaling caskets reportedly was the finest west of the Missouri River. The business was limited to wholesaling. It was built, equipped, and launched with but a single thought -- expansion and growth. The overhead with the cascading taxes imposed a heavy burden on the capital. Father subscribed and paid for a majority of the stock and then gave Mother and we children a generous amount. There was no bonus or watered stock in the promotion. None was offered the public. The essential money to begin operations came from payments for the stock subscribed. There was one price for all stockholders.

Business began in October 1919. From the very inception, competition was terrific and even worse during the great depression years of the thirties. We just happened to be operating through all the depression years when the failures in business may have been unprecedented.

Another real drawback came during the World War II years. Metal caskets were our best line, but with the government tightly controlling scarce metals, the manufacture of metal caskets was almost eliminated.

The business was run ethically, economically, honestly, and efficiently, in all respects. Directors meetings and reports were held regularly and the books were always open for inspection. We were never in debt, and without exception took advantage of cash discounts in all purchases of our caskets.

The only remuneration the president and directors ever got was \$5 for each meeting attended. Father even refused to take that and never received a penny for any of his services.

Dividends averaged a little more than 1 1/2 percent during the operation. Of course this was disappointing to the stockholders, but none of us ever came up with suggestions that promised any betterment.

Father's hearing and even his health had now become seriously impaired.

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

A special meeting for all stockholders was duly appointed and held to decide on some final action. Our building had now been depreciated to little less than half its cost. We had accumulated some obsolete stock but not an excessive amount. The balance of the stock was in excellent shape, but we were still limited in our ability to get the number of metal caskets we wished. Our bills receivable was quite large, but very few were considered risk accounts. Our taxes had mounted steadily and had become a really restrictive factor.

In this meeting Alma submitted a cash bid provided he, wife Angeline, and Lincoln Holbrook were the exclusive purchasers. Under favorable conditions we all felt liquidation could

bring more, but there was the time element, often long drawn out, and a large element of uncertainty influenced by the status of the national economy.

In our voting we family members also were influenced by Father's often expressed wish that it remain in the family. After a thorough discussion and time for consideration, Alma's cash bid was unanimously accepted. All family members leaving the concern got for our stock exactly the same price per share as was received by the non-family members.

At the time of purchase there was no real assurance the buyers had made a wise purchase. We who sold had our choice and took what we got willingly. I am sure I express the feelings of all who sold in saying, "We are happy good fortune outdid itself in favoring the buyers."

The inflation that followed created a market for all the caskets, including those marked obsolete, and may have doubled the price of the property when sold with respect to the price it may have brought at the time they purchased it. We rejoice that it helped in providing security for Angie in the early and unexpected death of Alma, and in helping Lincoln and family in again establishing themselves in a business of their choice.

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

21. FIFTY YEARS TOGETHER, 1926

Sina Brimhall Holbrook:

1926, the year their first granddaughter graduated, was the year of their golden wedding anniversary.

Your Golden Wedding -- fifty years
Of comradeship, through smiles and tears!
Through summer sun and winter sleet
You walked the way with willing feet.

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(News clipping)

DAILY HERALD, Tuesday, June 26, 1951, Provo

WELL-KNOWN FORMER PROVOANS HOLD ANNIVERSARY FESTIVITIES

A series of events commemorating the 50th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook, now of Salt Lake City, but former well-known Provo residents was culminated Saturday evening with a turkey banquet served for family members at the Wasatch LDS Ward recreation hall in Salt Lake City.

All living members of the family and all grandchildren, with the exception of one who is serving an LDS mission in France were present. Other guests present were immediate relatives and their families, including assistant Apostle Thomas E. McKay and Pres. Bryant S. Hinckley.

Musical numbers were furnished by grandchildren and toasts given by Mrs. J. William Knight, sister of Mrs. Holbrook; Mrs. Clarence Jarvis, a sister of Mr. Holbrook, Mrs. Elaine H. Haymore, a daughter; Dr. A.K. Berry, a son-in-law; and L. Robert Anderson, oldest grandchild. Raymond B. Holbrook was master of ceremonies and special remarks were made by Pres. Hinckley. A highlight of the program was a skit presented by grandchildren under the direction of Mrs. D.V. Groberg and Mrs. Carlyle Dahlquist, depicting the married life of the couple.

Other events of the anniversary included family attendance at the Salt Lake LDS temple on Friday evening followed by a buffet supper at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Holbrook and a family party at Fairmount park in Salt Lake City prior.

Lafayette H. Holbrook and Alsina Elisabeth Brimhall were married in the Salt Lake LDS temple May 15, 1901. They are the parents of 11 children, nine of whom met their husbands or wife at Brigham Young University. The couple has 44 grandchildren.

Mr. Holbrook, the son of Lafayette and Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook and was born in Fillmore, July 15, 1877. He attended Millard Stake Academy, BYU, and spent one year in the

east furthering his studies. He filled a mission in New Zealand and upon its conclusion completed a trip around the world in company with his fiancée and other members of his family.

Mrs. Holbrook was born in Spanish Fork, Dec. 16, 1876 to Pres. George H. and Alsina Elisabeth Wilkins. Upon her graduation from BYU she taught school in Springville and Spanish Fork.

As a young married couple, the Holbrooks pioneered in Raymond, Alberta, Canada, where they took an active part in the first LDS ward and stake organizations. Their oldest son, Raymond B., was the first male child born in the town of Raymond. The major part of their married life was spent in Provo where the family was prominent in church and civic activities.

Family members include, Raymond B., Mrs. B. Alva Maxwell and Mrs. A.J. Haymore of Salt Lake City; Mrs. D.V. Groberg and Mrs. Maurice K. Heninger, Idaho Falls, Ida.; Mrs. F. Ray Brown and Mrs. Carlyle A. Dahlquist, Alhambra, Cal.; the late Mrs. R.C. Anderson, Manti and Mrs. A.K. Berry, San Gabriel, Cal.

22. SIXTY YEARS OF MARRIAGE, 1936

(news clipping)

CHILDREN WILL HONOR MR. AND MRS. LAFAYETTE HOLBROOK AT LION HOUSE SOCIAL FRIDAY EVENING

Commemorating the completion of sixty years of happy married life, Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Holbrook, of 174 East South Temple Street, will be honored tomorrow from 5 to 9 p.m. at a social in the Lion House, given by their seven living children.

Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook were married October 9, 1876, in the old Endowment House, Elder Daniel H. Wells performing the ceremony. Ten children have been born to the couple, who now has 24 grandchildren and 21 great-grandchildren.

Children Now Living

The seven children now living are Lafayette H. Holbrook, of Provo, and Paul Lincoln Holbrook, of Salt Lake, and Mrs. Clarence J. Jarvis, Mrs. Alma O. Taylor, and Mrs. Bines W. Dixon, all of Washington, D.C., and Mrs. Florence H. Anderson and Mrs. Lowell T. Gerrard of Salt Lake City. All of the children will be present at the social tomorrow. All friends and relatives of the honored couple are invited to attend.

Mr. Holbrook, now 86 years of age, is very well known throughout the intermountain states. He is of early "Mormon" pioneer stock, born in Salt Lake City, and has resided in Utah all his life.

He has taken a prominent part in the development of the West. Farming, stock raising, merchandizing, mining, and real estate have in turn held his interest and flourished under his management.

He has given liberally, in time, energy, and treasure, to community and social responsibilities. Always a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he has given it sustained devotion both at home and abroad.

Mrs. Holbrook 81

Mrs. Holbrook, now in her eight-first year, was Angelena Hinckley, daughter of Ira N. and Angeline Noble Hinckley, prominent in this state's history. Dignified and always cheerful, Mrs. Holbrook has been and is a worthy partner of her husband in the roles of parent, homemaker, neighbor, and citizen.

Since their marriage they have lived in Fillmore, Frisco, Provo, and Salt Lake City, following their varied enterprises. But wherever they lived, their home at once became notable for hospitality and good cheer.

23. FATHER'S LAST YEARS

by Fay H. Holbrook

I grew up believing Father was so free from the common ailments, and even from getting tired, that he may not have understood or fully sympathized with those less favored. I shall never forget how he kept me trotting as a boy trying to keep pace with him when going places together. It was way late in life when he first admitted being tired.

He always mixed vigorous outdoor work and exercise with the mental and confining efforts in a health-giving proportion. Whether summer or winter, late in life Father could be seen out tidying their home grounds in the early dawn.

He had a splendid appetite, flawless digestive system, and enjoyed good meals well cooked. In Mother he had a rare gem in selecting and preparing them, and best of all, she always claimed she enjoyed doing it.

Worries may be the most debilitating of all the ills that encompass us. Father had ample occasions for heavy doses of these vitality sappers, and I am sure they got in some heavy daytime blows, but at night he seemed to have the prized ability to cast them aside.

Failing Health

I never knew Father to spend a day in bed -- except after two hernia operations very late in his life -- when the tissues had become weak, forcing him to endure the discomforts of a truss.

His last affliction from which he never fully recovered, appeared after spending a very pleasant Father's Day at his home with the members of the family living in the City. The next morning he was unable to urinate and was in real distress. Specialists were summoned and he was rushed to the hospital.

With all available catheters they were unable to release the urine or relieve the pain. Fearing a rupture, his bladder was tapped, which is a critical operation at any age. In his case it was successful, but the prostate must be removed as soon as the swelling permitted. Unfortunately, that could not be done in the more modern and safer way. The surgeon had to enter from the outside and remove the gland with the knife. Much to the surprise of the doctors and all of us, no complications followed.

If he had previous warning of prostate trouble he had not revealed it. He was 87 or 88 years old when this occurred. The healing was as perfect as in a youth. For both operation and convalescence he was confined to the hospital for a few weeks, for him an entirely new and trying experience.

He wanted to go home but was not permitted to go. He made several attempts to dress and

escape unobserved but was detected and forcibly returned, and at least on one occasion was strapped to the bed.

He had pleaded for days to be allowed to go home. (At the present time his pleas would have been granted. He may have been sent home before making any plea.)

When finally he was permitted to come home, I came to the City with our auto and for ten days took him and Mother for daily rides. Lincoln and auto were always ready to take them whenever they wished to go, and other family members with autos also welcomed an opportunity to do likewise. We family members will always remember with sincere gratitude the way President and Sister Grant came often and took our parents for long and happy rides in their fine auto.

The long confinement and forcible restraint may have been the straws that finally broke his health. He lived three or four more years in relatively good health except for memory short-circuits --but his memory seemed quite normal much of the time in these remaining years. He always knew and welcomed his children and grandchildren and never quit planning for their welfare.

Through these remaining years Mother was more attentive than ever, if that were possible. The markets were searched for the best in the food items he preferred, and they were served in the way he relished them most. The mutual devotion of our parents throughout their entire lives set a pattern we cherish and would love to emulate.

In these late years, all the children living near enough visited them daily and considered it a privilege to render what aid and comfort they could.

Our Jarvis family [Clara] were still living in Washington D.C., during Father's last illness. They had entertained our parents royally in their own home.

Father's Passing

Late in December Ora phoned us in Provo stating, "Father had a slight cold, something he scarcely ever had, and for the first time in memory preferred remaining in bed." This, rather than the cold, was giving them concern. He seemed free from pain.

Sina and I at once drove to the City. He had only preferred the bed a day or so. His conversation, while a little more subdued, was about as usual. About 2 a.m. on January 1, 1941, daughter Ruth peeled a Delicious apple. He conversed some with her while eating about half of the apple and apparently enjoying it. This was Wednesday, New Years Day, 1941, and about 11 a.m. he died without a sign of distress or a single convulsive movement.

In the missionfield, in our own home, and on other occasions I had witnessed death but never where the parting seemed so easy, like quietly, contentedly, slipping into a restful and welcome sleep. It was as though he had completed this life's projects and of his own volition retired to his bed, relaxing and resting, while easing into restorative sleep in preparation for his next new adventure. Death could not have come in a more comforting way.

All of the immediate family was present but the Jarvises, still in the U.S. Capital. We could not escape feeling he welcomed the call and merited in the fullest -- rest from his labors well done. Death had left no sting. A door had opened gently and he had been welcomed home to continue as our paternal pathfinder in the more glorious Hereafter.

Sina Brimhall Holbrook:

When he was operated on, the anesthetic was hard on him. Grandmother saw that he had the best of care. No means was spared or time either, in making him comfortable. He could not give up."

Clara had spent the summer before in nursing him faithfully and he responded well to her care. [Clara had recently returned to her home in Washington, D. C.]

Ora and Angie, living near, were on hand for the emergencies and night vigils more than the rest of us. In addition, there was hired help -- rating from very poor to very good.

His wife and children stood by his bedside when the end came on New Year's Day, 1941. Ruth, his baby girl, had kept the night vigil as the old year passed and the new came. She said that in the night she prayed that her dear father could live until the New Year.

Emily Angelena seemed to know exactly how she wanted his funeral and so it was done her way. The services were held in the Larkins Mortuary Chapel.

She saw him laid away beside their children in the Provo City Cemetery. The BYU wind quartette played music in the distance as friends and loved ones came and went to and from this hallowed spot.

Almost ninety years journey won by her companion. Now she continues her travels alone, except as her children and her friends sit beside her and listen to her story.

After Father's death, the Grants continued the wonderful auto rides for Mother until a few days before the President's death.

24. NEWS CLIPPINGS, LETTER

(See Appendix for complete funeral text)

HOLBROOK FUNERAL THIS AFTERNOON

Brief graveside service for Lafayette Holbrook, former mayor and member of the board of trustees, Brigham Young University, for many years, will be held Sunday afternoon in the Provo Burial park, about 3:15 o'clock. The funeral will be held at 12:30 today at 260 East South Temple, Salt Lake City. Mr. Holbrook died Wednesday at his home in Salt Lake City. He was ninety years old.

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FORMER PROVO MAYOR DIES AT AGE 90

Lafayette Holbrook
Among Best Known
Citizens of Region

One of Utah's best-known citizens, Lafayette Holbrook, former mayor of Provo, died Wednesday 11:15 a.m. at his home, 174 East South Temple street, of causes incident to age. He was 90 years old.

A son of Chandler and Eunice Dunning Holbrook, early converts to the L.D.S. Church who arrived in Salt Lake Valley in 1848, Mr. Holbrook took part in many of the activities that brought Utah from a barren desert to a great state. He was born September 7, 1850, in Salt Lake City.

Was Provo Mayor

During his lifetime he was active in many fields. In addition to serving two terms as mayor of Provo in the 1890's he was the Republican nominee in 1896 against Senator William H. King for Utah's representative seat in Washington, D.C.

He was active in the colonization of southern Utah, engaged in widespread business activity in stock buying, mercantile and mineral fields, served on the Brigham Young University board of trustees for many years, and was active in the L.D.S. Church.

When his parents were called by President Brigham Young of the L.D.S. Church to help colonize southern Utah, Mr. Holbrook who was still a boy, assisted his father surveying settlements.

Became Cattle Buyer

After performing an L. D. S. Mission in England, Mr. Holbrook returned and engaged in extensive

cattle buying operations between Texas and Colorado. He was a skilled rider and excellent marksman.

During boom times in Frisco Beaver County mining center in the 1880's, he entered the mercantile business, closing out in 1889 to move to Provo where he operated the Hotel Roberts and with Senator Reed Smoot, the late colonel Ed Loose and others, organized and operated the Grand Central and Victoria mines.

With Senator Smoot and the Nunn brothers, he incorporated the former Telluride Power company. In 1911 he returned to Salt Lake City and assisted in founding the Intermountain Casket Company of which he was president until recent years. He also directed irrigation work in southern Utah.

Active in Church

For many years he served in the Utah L. D. S. stake presidency and was active in installation of the present Provo Tabernacle pipe organ. He was an ardent supporter of Brigham Young University.

Surviving are his widow, and the following sons and daughters: L. H. Holbrook of Provo, Mrs. C.S. Jarvis of Washington, D.C., Mrs. Alma O. Taylor, Mrs. B. W. Dixon, Mrs. Florence Anderson, Mrs. Lowell Gerard, and Paul L. Holbrook, all of Salt Lake City.

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(Editorial in the Provo Herald, January 1941)
LAFAYETTE HOLBROOK -- COMMUNITY BUILDER

In the passing of Lafayette Holbrook, former mayor of Provo, a notable career has been concluded.

Mr. Holbrook was a stalwart pioneer, a community builder, a true westerner, as well as a staunch churchman and an exemplary citizen and father.

One of the pioneer builders of provo, he is responsible for the erection of a number of fine buildings, which stand as a credit to his integrity and ability. While serving as mayor of Provo, he was instrumental in championing a number of important improvements. It was characteristic of him that he refused to accept any salary while serving as mayor, turning the money over for community improvement.

As a trustee of the Brigham Young University for a third of a century, he became one of its devoted benefactors and donated liberally all through his life to the church educational institution. He was also one of the leading figures responsible for the purchase and installation of the pipe organ in the tabernacle, serving many years in the Utah Stake presidency.

Lafayette Holbrook's contributions to the building of this commonwealth have been of great and lasting value, constituting an achievement of which his posterity might well be proud.

**FUNERAL WILL BE SUNDAY
FOR LAFAYETTE HOLBROOK**

Following funeral service here on Sunday, the body of Lafayette Holbrook, 90, will be taken to Provo for graveside services and burial.

Mr. Holbrook, prominent pioneer mining and business leader, lived for many years in Provo and was twice elected mayor of that city.

Mr. Holbrook died last Wednesday at his home, 174 East South Temple Street. Services will be conducted at 260 East South Temple Street, at 12:30 p.m. on Sunday, with Patriarch Thomas A. Clawson presiding.

Friends may call at 260 East South Temple Street tomorrow afternoon and evening and Sunday from 10 a.m. until time of the services.

He was born Sept. 7, 1860, in Salt Lake, a son of Chandler and Eunice Dunning Holbrook, early converts to the Church who came to Salt Lake in 1849. When his parents were called by Pres. Brigham Young to help colonize southern Utah, Mr. Holbrook assisted his father in surveying settlements.

He served on a mission in England and returned to engage in extensive cattle buying operations between Texas and Colorado. In the 1880's he entered the mercantile business in Frisco, Beaver County, closing out in 1889 to move to Provo, where he operated the Hotel Roberts, and with Senator Reed Smoot and the late Col. Ed Loose and others organized and operated the Grand Central and Victoria mines.

With Senator Smoot and the Nunn Brothers, he incorporated the former Telluride Power Company. He returned in 1911 to Salt Lake and aided in the founding of the Intermountain Casket Company, of which he was president until recent years.

Besides serving two terms as mayor of Provo in the 1890's, he was the Republican nominee in 1896 against Senator William H. King for Utah's representative seat in.....

He served for many years in the Utah Stake presidency and was active in the installation of the present Provo Tabernacle pipe organ. A strong supporter of Brigham Young University, he served on the institution's board of trustees for many years.

He married Emily A. Hinckley, Oct. 9, 1876. Survivors include his widow and the following sons and daughters: L. H. Holbrook of Provo, Mrs. C. S. Jarvis of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Alma O. Taylor, Mrs. B. W., Dixon, Mrs. Florence Anderson, Mrs. Lowell Gerard and Paul L. Holbrook, all of Salt Lake.

LETTER FROM ELIZABETH HOLBROOK BERRY TO HER PARENTS

Dec 5, 1941
415 W. San Marino
Alhambra, Calif.

Dear Father,

I received Mother's card telling of the passing of Grandfather Holbrook. It took me a few minutes to realize it, and yet as I thought about him and what a wonderful life he has lived, I could only think of him as carrying on his good work in a better land. Yet he will live on in our most tender memories, and his life will be sighted as an example of what we should all strive for.

As I taught my little Sunday School class about "Father, the protector and companion," I could not help but think of him as among the truly finest. I think the most outstanding of his fine qualities to me were his generosity, sincerity, and his capacity for working so hard.

He and grandmother have been such a devoted and admirable couple. He will surely continue to provide a home and place for her.

I hope someday his life will be written, as Jessie Knight's has been. I think it would be equally fascinating and inspiring.

The Berrys were asking about Grandma and Grandpa Holbrook and remarked over their fine lives. Mother Berry remembered having the Holbrook barn pointed out to her when a girl at school.

I imagine the funeral services were lovely. I would loved to have been there. Love and appreciation for my heritage,

Elizabeth

25. EMILY ANGELENA, AFTER LAFAY'S DEATH (CONCLUSION OF INTERVIEW)

by Sina Brimhall Holbrook

August 1942

Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook is the mother of ten children, thirty grandchildren, and thirty-seven great-grandchildren.

The two accidents that crippled her by falling twice, breaking first her leg and secondly her hip, makes it impossible for her to move about by herself.

She enjoys her children and her friends and they enjoy her. No doubt she is often lonely for her companion who is gone, and other loved ones "over there."

She says, "When my children died I dreamed I had the privilege of going to see them -- and they were playing in the garden and Grandma Noble was taking care of them. Once in a while I look out and see Mother and when I look more she is gone." (Her eyes filled with tears.)

TRAVELS

The following is a verbal account of some travels she and he enjoyed as they journeyed together.

Emily Angelena:

How I Got Started Going on Business Trips With My Husband

A gentleman happened to ask me why I didn't go too. (He had some connection with making the convention arrangements.) He said, "I'll see that you get a ticket," and he did. Holbrook was not at home at the time. When he came home I had my trunk packed and ready.

I went in a very plain dress. My first breakfast meal in the diner was in a plain red bathrobe. When I got to Denver, I went downtown and purchased a blue suit and blue silk waist with white dots in it. Brother Cannon asked his wife why she didn't buy one like it.

Trip to El Paso

I had a trip to El Paso with George Albert Smith's Company. He paid all expenses. We came back on the Colorado side of the Grand Canyon by the big Roosevelt Dam. At the restaurant I first tasted cassava. I ordered some for dinner, but the waiter said they didn't serve it at dinner.

I had my first experience with elevators. [When we got on] I told Brother George A. Smith (of St. George) that it was my first experience on one and he said, "You just stand by me when we start to go down."

Trip to Denver

I had a trip to Denver with Holbrook and Brother and Sister George Q. Cannon, to a Land and Water Convention of some kind. We stayed at the best hotels.

Our husbands were busy all day, so we women had to find entertainment for ourselves. We used to go to the parks and crochet. I used to do Sister Cannon's hair for

her every day and Brother Cannon liked the way I fixed it.

Senator Kearns happened to be staying there, also a Mr. Hamm. One day they asked us to go to the theatre with them. Mrs. Cannon said, "Yes," and I said, "Well, if you can, I can too." When the husbands came to the hotel for dinner Brother Cannon immediately saw the Senator and cancelled the appointments.

Trip to Los Angeles

Another Convention trip was with President Joseph F. Smith's family to Los Angeles. We had a car all to ourselves.

Trips to Canada

We made three trips to Canada. The first one was to the Bar K 2 Ranch where you and Fay were with Jennie and Will Knight. The second was when you were in your home in Raymond. The third was just before you left to go to Utah, when you were in a little shack after selling your home.

World Fairs

World's Fairs: I went to two in San Francisco, one in San Diego, and one in St. Louis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Two accounts have already been included in this history, and will not be

repeated here.

FRIENDS

One morning when her newspaper was handed to her, she read of the death of an old friend, Judge George Sutherland. During the day she listed some of her friends. Of course these are only a few of the hosts she has:

PRES. HEBER J. GRANT
PRES. JOSEPH F. SMITH
GEORGE Q. CANNON
PRES. WILFORD WOODRUFF (stayed at his home)
APOSTLE REED SMOOT & WIFE
PRES. & MRS. FRANKLIN HARRIS
JOSHUA GREENWOOD
THOMAS CALLISTER
MARION LYMAN & SON RICHARD
J.B. KEELER & WIFE
J. WM. KNIGHT & WIFE
JESSE KNIGHT & WIFE
GEORGE H. BRIMHALL & WIFE
JOHN MORGAN (Morgan College)
KARL G. MAESER
JOHN PETERS
MR. & MRS. JOHN JACKSON
ANNIE K. HARDY (a young girlfriend)
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH
THE NUNNS (Telluride Co.)
 (gave me "Ben Hur")
 (gave me a nugget from which a nice ring was made)
BISHOP CALLISTER
JAMES MELVILLE & SON (attorney)
WILLIAM A. RAY
APOSTLE OWEN WOODRUFF & WIFE.

She told a story about Owen and his wife. Mrs. Owen had wakened and thought there was a burglar in the house, so she arose and was going in search of him when Owen heard her and got up, put his arms around her to lead her back to bed -- she thought it was the burglar and screamed louder than ever for him to release her. (Helen, the wife, told this at a party they attended together.)

DON COLTON (congressman)
DANIEL H. WELLS (squire) & WIFE HANNAH
ORSON F. WHITNEY & WIFE LOUISA

WILSON DUSENBERY & WIFE
STUBBS FAMILY
BROTHER & SISTER MORONI PRATT (Provo)
REED SMOOT'S MOTHER
DAVID JOHN & WIFE
BENJAMIN CLUFF & WIFE
NELSON JOHNSON & WIFE
BISHOP BERG (Wyman's father)
MENDENHALLS
MRS. KITCHUM OF PASADENA

As she gave this list she sat knitting in her chair. In only a few moments time these many names of friends came to her, only a very tiny number named, from a collection of a lifetime. Then someone came in to visit.

.....

Tribute By Sina

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 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.

26. MOTHER'S FINAL YEARS

By Fay H. Holbrook

No illness in pre-adult life of either parent was ever mentioned to me. Many incidents were told evidencing splendid physiques and that each reached maturity healthy, strong, well-proportioned, and fortified to meet life challenges. Both were "Word of Wisdom" exemplars. Both were very early risers.

There were times during childbearing and over-doing when Mother needed and received medical help and occasional periods of recuperative rest. Father was always anxious and prepared to meet these stresses and provide the needed help in the home. Mother's health, well being and happiness in all their phases were of prior concern with Father. Fortunately, he was always in a position to meet them, even to buying rest homes on the beaches of sunny California.

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

Broken Ankle

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

Sina and I sold our Provo home and moved in with Mother after she had recovered from her first fracture. Our children had all married and moved away from Provo. Three were soon living in the City.

While there, we purchased her home and the White Cottage in a cash deal. Mother was to remain in the home as though it were her own as long as she lived. The Dixons, who for years had occupied the lower apartment, were to remain there as long as they wished, with no change in the rental terms.

Broken Leg

Some months later, Clara came from Washington, D.C., for a visit. Mother was so elated with the healing of the fracture she started to walk around the dining room table to demonstrate the progress and the right leg gave way, fracturing just below the hip joint. We were living with her

and present when this happened, [around New Years of 1942].

The shock and pain this time was so severe her life hung in the balance. One of the doctors told me there was little chance of her living longer than six months under the most favorable conditions. It did seem that fracturing both legs so late in life and much less than a year apart might be signaling the end.

Dr. Hanson was again in charge. He at once called in Dr. Baldwin, an elderly top-rated consultant. This time a cast was not advised. A fracture specialist was called and the fractured parts held together by inserting a metal pin.

A special hospital bed was installed in the living room for the convalescence in preference to a hospital. For a time, shifts of three specially trained nurses were on the job.

Mother's brothers, Ira and Bryant, came and administered to her on more than one occasion. Youngest brother, Dr. E. E. Hinckley, joined with Dr. Hanson in seeing that she had the personal interest and skill that would give her, with the administration, the best possible chance of recovering. Combined with these was her will to live, the constant presence of loved ones, and being in her own home. All these united to again win the battle for life in an almost miraculous recovery.

The healing this time was longer and the mending not so perfect, but still left us all grateful for her extended life. The daughters again were vigilant and self-sacrificing in seeing that Mother had the best of care. Those living nearest were called on most.

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

Her life had always been rich and full, free from restrictions and financial worries, and she lived much as she wished. If she was ever depressed or drooping in spirit, she kept it a closely guarded secret. Her theme was, "All that has happened has been for the best, still is, and what is yet to come will be still better." She was thrilled with life and living. Even now with the restrictions and limitations she could always find the brighter side and lived in it.

She grew older in years but never in spirit or interest in others and the world about her. Her always scintillating conversations never lost their sparkle and exhilarating effects. At one of their late wedding anniversaries held at the Lion House, President Grant remarked to me, "I have never known any one your Mother's age whose attitude remains more buoyant and young. She is truly wonderful."

She continued to read the papers and keep abreast of the times. She read and enjoyed a good novel with romance in it and was always ready to be wheeled to a good movie. Had television

been on the market, she would have had one of the best installed and enjoyed it immensely.

From infancy, she and sister Minerva Ray were very close. As long as Aunt Minerva lived, Mother had me take her in my auto to visit her.

As companion, partner, and mother of ten children, I do not know how anyone could have filled these positions better. She was always an inspiration to father and the children and to the last maintained a spirit of youth.

President Grant remarked to me, on one of our late anniversaries, "I do not recall having met anyone who keeps and looks so youthful and is more pleasant to meet."

Mother and Father had enjoyable trips together in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Both died in their ninety-first year after having lived nearly sixty-six years of happy and successful wedded life.

Friends

Mother was what is commonly called a splendid mixer and was blessed with a rare genius as a conversationalist. She seemed to be right at home in meeting people from every strata of life and of all ages, and could engage in mutually enjoyable and interesting conversation as equals and with perfect ease.

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

Now more than ever she enjoyed the auto rides with President Grant and wife who came often and picked her up. In these last years their strong chauffeur would pick Sister Grant and Mother up in his arms and set them gently and comfortably in the auto seats. This graciousness on the part of the Grants was not limited to our parents, but accorded to many others.

Autos came too late in Father's life for him to learn to drive or ever own one, but family members and friends took them for many enjoyable rides. During their last illnesses, Lincoln's devotion in this respect was certainly commendable.

In-laws

Son-in-law C.S. Jarvis reached retirement age a year or so after the accidents and again moved to Salt Lake City. With his arrival, all the children were now living in Salt Lake City, and as

a unit, all joined in doing their best to make Mother's remaining years happy ones.

Mother respected and loved her in-laws. Almost without missing, Bines, after coming from his office and having his supper, would join her in her upstairs living room. For a half-hour or longer their quips and running conversation (banter back and forth) was enjoyed by all present. It was a tonic for both and became so much a habit that these evening visits were anticipated with pleasure. Bines said she really kept him surprised and on his toes with her wit and keenness.

Doctors Hinckley and Hanson were both very considerate and attentive during all this last illness. They called our attention to a progressive heart weakening, indicating the approaching end. Mother may have been aware of it. Often as we sat by her bed, sometimes holding her hand, she would repeat her love for her children, her grandchildren, and her great grandchildren.

Mother to Son

When I happened to be the privileged one holding her hand while she poured out her soul in gratitude for her many blessings, for her posterity, and their never-failing loving care and goodness to her, there was indelibly painted in my memory a picture of gratitude and satisfaction for the life now ebbing, and a serene confidence in the new birth now dawning that can never be erased. I am sincerely grateful for those moments with Mother.

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

I do so enjoy the visits of Sarah and Lincoln and their sons, Paul and Gordon, and am so happy the older children are all doing so well. Those three sons of Lowell and Ruth's have surely grown to be fine and handsome young men.

Heidi is so good looking and her mother is certainly talented. "Bunny" and "Boy," are well-trained and such joys to their parents and grandparents.

I am proud of the service of David Jarvis, Richard Holbrook, and Richard Taylor for our country. The Jarvis children and their parents have outstanding literary ability. They have promising grandchildren whose fathers are splendid men.

Fay, you are blessed with a wonderful wife and mother, a big and promising family, including the in-laws and grandchildren. I can hardly explain what a lift Rachel gives me when she comes to the City in her capacity as Republican State Vice-Chairman and always calls. I am happy for Raymond and Esther, their children, and their successes; for Delbert and Jennie and their very wonderful family. I love every one of my children and grandchildren and in-laws.

You and Sina are very fortunate and abundantly blessed in your in-laws without exception.

With this Sina and I heartily agree. (May I be pardoned for remembering more of what was said of our [family], because of our numbers.)

On down the line she would go, careful to omit none though I may be doing so unintentionally. I trust none will take offense if overlooked for Mother played no favorites and repeated her love for every one.

We all know Mother was never one to show partiality. All of my last conversations with Mother were centered around her loved ones. She enjoyed her love for them and knew it was reciprocated. She was intensely interested in their future and confident of their worth and success.

It seems natural that those nearing the end are concerned most with their posterity, their greatest contribution. In these references I never heard a disparaging word pass Mother's lips, all were constructive.

In these final interviews, I could not escape feeling Mother was delegating me to convey her last messages of love and gratitude along with her stimulating faith and confidence that we will act our parts well in life's drama. In some instances she gave me special assignments and outlined what she hoped would be accomplished. The goals she had in mind are of unquestioned soundness and steps toward the best life has to offer.

It is a pleasure to report that some of her most ardent wishes have been realized to an extent that must make her very happy and in which mine has been a very minor part. Best of all the incentive came almost entirely from within the family.

Last Words to Me

Fay, your Father was a true and good man. He was always devoted, very considerate, and took excellent care of you children and me. I miss him and his strength. I hope your children will all remain good Latter-day Saints and that all will be sealed in the Temples to their life's companions with their children. As the oldest, I would like you to do all in your power to see that this is done.

It is wonderful to have all our children living here in the City and all coming to see me nearly every day. I am surely greatly blessed. Goodnight and thank you for coming.

Mother's Passing

Our mother died in her home at 174 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, in the early

morning of February 17, 1947. She would have been ninety-one the 31st of March. Angie, Ora, and possibly others were present. I had spent the evening before with her but Sina and I were not notified till after her death. Youngest brother, Dr. E. E. Hinckley, came during the night and administered a mild sedative.

While Alma and Lincoln were still operating the casket company, a nice and suitable casket had been selected and paid for and left in her name with the Larkins Mortuary.

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Sina Brimhall 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.

--NEWS CLIPPING--

UTAH EDUCATOR, 90, DIES IN S. L.

Mrs. Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook, 90, prominent Utah educator and active church woman, died of a heart ailment at her residence, 174 E. South Temple, Monday at 11:40 a.m.

A daughter of Ira N. and Angeline Noble Hinckley, she was born March 31, 1856 in Salt Lake City. She attended schools in Salt Lake City, and was graduated from the old Morgan College. She later was a teacher at the college and also taught at Fillmore. She lived with her parents in historic Cove Fort, built by her father under the direction of Brigham Young.

She was married to Lafayette Holbrook Oct. 9, 1876 in the Salt Lake endowment house of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mr. Holbrook died Jan. 1, 1941.

A life member of the LDS church, Mrs. Holbrook had served in the Utah LDS stake and Ensign LDS stake Relief Society and was an active temple worker for many years.

Mrs. Holbrook lived in Provo for about 25 years where her husband served a

term as mayor and was a member of the Brigham Young University Board of Regents for many years.

Survivors include two sons and five daughters: Lafayette H. Holbrook, Mrs. C. S. Jarvis, Mrs. Alma O. Taylor, Mrs. W. W. Dixon, Mrs. A.N. Hanson, Mrs. T. Lowell Gerrard, and Paul L. Holbrook, all of Salt Lake City; the following brothers and sister: Bryant S. Hinckley, Dr. Elmer E. Hinckley and Frank Hinckley, all of Salt Lake City; Mrs. Nellie Robison, Loganville, Nev.; Lucian N. Hinckley, Southerland, Millard County, and Mrs. M. F. Pack, Santa Monica Cal.; also 25 grandchildren and 48 great-grandchildren.

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FUNERAL SERVICE

The funeral service was held at noon February 20, 1947, in the same Larkins chapel room as was Father's and was under the direction of their Bishop Rulon Howells. Invocation was by nephew Rulon Hinckley. Thelma Reiser was organist. Again Mrs. Barker was the vocalist and sang beautifully the "Lord's Prayer" and "Going Home."

Again J. Will Knight was a speaker. His fine tributes were from the heart, satisfying and consoling. He and wife Jennie B. had called and cheered Mother often.

President George Albert Smith, who voluntarily had paid Mother a heartwarming visit just a few days before, was the next speaker. He got excused from a meeting of the First Presidency to come and be one of the speakers. His inspiring remarks were directed to the mission of our Savior, to the necessity of death, and the certainty of the resurrection. He concluded by bearing this testimony and in admonishing we children and all present to hold fast to the truth.

Timely closing remarks were made by the bishop. The benediction was by nephew Parnell Hinckley. The pallbearers were Don Ray, Eugene, Arza, Ira, Gordon, and Waldo, all Hinckleys, and all were Mother's nephews.

Again the Larkins furnished the conveyances needed for the trip to the Provo Cemetery where a large group of relatives and friends had assembled. First son-in-law C. S. Jarvis very ably expressed the family's appreciation for those present and added some well-chosen remarks. Raymond B. Holbrook, first grandchild and our oldest offered an inspirational dedicatory prayer in concluding the brief graveside service.

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FOR COMPLETE FUNERAL TEXT, SEE APPENDIX B

27. CONCLUSION

I am sure both parents died with few regrets but may have felt, in some respects, they could have done better.

Much happened in the long and illustrious lives of our parents that should be recorded and remembered. More than sixty-five years of happy and successful married life, complimenting and helping each other in the best way, is a stimulating example worthy of emulation. They pointed the way and served as guide posts.

I am sure other members of the family have memories and experiences that may have more value than those given. These biographies were primarily undertaken hoping to benefit most of all our children and posterity.

Father wisely left most of the childhood tutoring and guidance problems with Mothers while he made sure the temporal essentials were forthcoming. Both were masters in their respective fields and a fortunate combination for meeting life as it came. Late in life Father said a number of times, "If I had it to do over again, I would take more time from business and take more outings and close associations with our children."

By example and precept, Mother was ideally qualified. The test of time and experience but confirms the intrinsic soundness of her philosophy. In matters of religion or others of importance she never left us uninformed or made compliance unpleasant or compulsory.

As children, we were taught understandable prayers to be said night and morning. As we grew older, she was careful not to cramp our initiative or free agency, feeling if she could keep the weeds out, right would prevail.

We were taught that order is the first law in Heaven and that it should be in the home, that there must be organization and accepted authorities, leaders, and followers. When these are in proper balance, our freedom and well being are best protected and preserved.

In matters of religion, Father suggested, "when in doubt it may be best to hold in suspension while praying and seeking the right answers, rather than make hasty and unwarranted decisions."

Doubt of the existence of a Divine Providence who rules all things for the good of those willing to be guided -- never entered their minds to annoy and weaken their serene faith. They seemed to hold no fears of death.

May we and our posterity always be grateful for our heritage and manifest our appreciation by keeping it unsullied is my sincere wish.

28. TRIBUTES

By 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 so 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 profusely.

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 (See also his remarks at Lafayette's funeral)

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 until 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 were 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 snowstorm 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 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

Excerpts From the Deseret News, written by Ben Hite,
After an interview on July 21, 1922.

NOTE BY L. H. HOLBROOK: Father was one of a number of early Utah men attaining prominence and success that Hite interviewed. He sketched their lives in his decidedly different style than the usual stereotyped way.

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

plenty."

"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 eight 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 twelve, 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. 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.

29. TRIBUTES BY L.H. HOLBROOK FAMILY

Raymond B. & 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. 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...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 titled "The American Government," and wrote the following statement on the flyleaf:

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.

Their 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.

From Our Andersons, for Rachel Who Died in 1946

Rachel's grandparents, Lafayette and Angelena 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.

Frisco

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 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 steadier nerves. 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.

Holbrook Groberg, Granddaughter
Collected writings

How I loved my Holbrook grandparents. I always enjoyed visiting them in their Salt Lake City apartment at 174 E. South Temple Street. When, as a child, I slept there; I would listen to the streetcars go by and get so excited just because I was visiting these dear grandparents. How happy we grandchildren would be, first anticipating the visit and then having it happen. I knew they loved me just as I loved them.

.....

Once when I was there Grandma said I could walk down to the tabernacle with her and we would go to General Conference, and she would show me the prophet of God who would be on the stand, who was really a prophet for the whole world. I could hardly wait, I was probably just about ready to start school, and she held tightly to my hand and we visited on the way. She spoke of how wonderful it was to live when the true church of Jesus Christ was again on the earth and how it made folks so happy, so I was a very eager child as we entered those doors. It wasn't crowded then as it is now.

When the prophet entered (with others) and she pointed him out to me, I couldn't believe what I saw -- but I didn't tell Grandma I had expected the Prophet to be dressed in white -- and beautiful, and sort of `alight,' different from other men. I was so happy just to be with Grandma and I knew when we returned to her home we would have yummy food and more visits with her and then, later, with Grandpa too.

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When I was selected to give the valedictorian speech at my BYU graduation in 1929, I was told that both grandparents were coming from Salt Lake and bringing some of their grown children to also enjoy hearing me. They felt it was an honor to them all to have their granddaughter giving the speech. I felt so honored to have them come and hear me.

This was a challenging time for me as I was also vice-president of the class and also working part-time -- but in spite of all the pressure of the occasion I was elated that my grandparents were coming to hear me. Remember, Grandpa Brimhall had been the BYU President and Grandpa Holbrook was a former member of the BYU Board of Trustees.

At the Alumni Banquet that evening Grandpa Brimhall told how someone had complimented him on having his granddaughter give the talk -- he thought it so fine he thought President Brimhall must have helped me. Grandpa Brimhall replied that it was all my own, that he had nothing to do with it.

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After the graduation there was an alumni banquet attended by the graduating class as well as the alumni. Richard R. Lyman was in charge. He said that BYU Alumni had a privilege of contributing to the alma mater and he would like responses to that matter.

My Grandpa Holbrook responded, but he talked so long before he announced how much he

would donate that Grandma and others were a bit nervous, but he ended saying he would donate \$1,000. Elder Lyman then announced that anyone else who would contribute \$1,000 would be welcome to talk as long as Brother Holbrook had. My father then stood and said he would not talk as long as had his father nor would he be able to contribute as much, but he would like to give \$500.

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About a year before Grandfather's death, I called on them with a baby boy in my arms. The grandparents convinced me he was the most beautiful, perfect, baby; they seemed as thrilled as I was. A taxi had brought me from the train and the driver had carried in my suitcase. A day later, when it was time for me to return to Idaho Falls via the train, I wanted to call a taxi, but Grandfather objected. He simply would not trust me and my child to any taxi. He would walk me to the Union Pacific Station.

He was old, always dignified, perfectly attired and groomed, but not too well -- but from 174 E. South Temple Street, he carried my heavy suitcase and I carried my baby, several blocks. I was so concerned about it being too much for him, that it was difficult for me to keep up a pleasant conversation, as I could feel his strenuous effort to install me safely in my seat. Oh how grateful I was to arrive safely at the station and see him on his way back home. I am sure he felt the same about me.

When I recall this incident I realize again how kind, 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.

.....

I recall visiting them when they had just returned from a ride up American Fork Canyon with President and Sister Grant and Emma Lucy Gates (a very renowned singer at the time). They had asked her to sing to them as they enjoyed the scenery. When they suggested she sing "Oh Ye Mountain High" she had responded that she would sing it, but insisted on singing the original words at one place that had been changed to "Without fear of thy foes thou shalt tread," and she sang instead "On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread."

.....

I well recall visiting my Holbrook grandparents in Salt Lake just after President and Sister Grant had been there. Grandma said that President Grant told her he was pleading with the Lord to allow her brother, Alonzo (of the Council of Twelve), to be spared (he had cancer), as he was such a great apostle and so needed by the Church. He was called to the next life a short time after this. (He served as an apostle only two years and two months before he died.)

.....

President Heber J. Grant came to Idaho Falls for the dedication of our Third Ward chapel

and offered the dedicatory prayer. I was the organist for the occasion and afterward introduced myself to him, saying I was a granddaughter of Mrs. Lafayette Holbrook. He took hold of me and looked very deep into my eyes and said, "My dear, your grandmother was 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.

He had told me as I played the prelude music that he might decide to sing a hymn and would want me to accompany him, but play it two tones lower. I was petrified because I didn't know how to do that, but I was saved as after the meeting he explained there had not been time for him to sing the song.

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Shortly before her passing, while she was in a wheelchair, 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.

Harold R. Clark Recalls

When I was a happy student at BYU, about 1926, I was one day hurrying across the campus towards a class when a professor, Harold R. Clark, called me: "Miss Holbrook, I want to tell you something!"

I stopped, smiled at him as he joined me and listened. As we proceeded forward he said:

I knew your grandfather Lafayette Holbrook very well. He was a very unusual person. I remember a few deals your grandfather made that proved him to be so honest that folks sort of laughed at him, said he even outdid Abraham Lincoln in being honest. (Recalling how Abe walked some miles to return nickel.)

I know your father very well also, see him often at the ball games. He is just like his father -- so honest that folk nearly laughed at him, thought he overdid it.

Then he paused. We were nearly where we would each go our separate ways. We both stopped for a moment, then he continued:

Miss Holbrook, I hope with all my heart that every one of their numerous posterity will be just as honest, as strictly honest, as were these two great friends of mine, your grandfather and your father, Lafayette Holbrook, and son Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook -- so honest they're laughed at.

I have never forgotten that experience, and recalling it now brings a smile of deep appreciation, as it did those many happy years ago.

Grandpa's Golden Rule (Written 1993)

When I was helping Father write his book, he told me some stories he wanted me to hear -- but did not want to put in the book because, "The children of certain men involved with questionable practices, had turned out to be excellent folks, and did not need to know of these matters. The men themselves would not like it, probably had regrets, etc. So I will not mention names, but I feel the incidents are correctly recalled, and reveal the amazing character qualities of this great man whom I have always loved and appreciated.

But first I shall copy what is written in a wee notebook by Delbert, about Grandpa Holbrook: "He was a business man in a business world. He had to cope with all the obstacles of a rough and ready West. He was a horseman, an expert shot, and a straight-shooting businessman. He had to live in the world to be engaged in mining, politics, business, banking, etc., but he had to live at peace with himself and he did, by using the Golden Rule."

1. He had been mayor of Provo City, in the presidency of the Utah Stake, and a director of the bank at Provo (also on the BYU Board of Trustees), but had moved his residence and business interests to Salt Lake City and had lost touch with his investments in the bank. As he wanted to liquidate his investments which were not under his direct supervision, he sent his stock in the bank to a broker at Provo with instructions to sell.

Before the stock had been sold, word reached him that there was some question about the condition of the bank. He thought it had been guilt-edged and paid high dividends in the past, but it was not as good as the public thought it to be. What did he do?

He called the broker and instructed him to send his stock back; he did not want to take chances on an innocent purchaser getting the stock and losing on it. He put the stock back in his deposit box. Some years later, when effects of the true condition of the bank became known, he paid a high assessment on this stock, which had been sold during preceding years for \$600 a share. He was happy he had been at peace with his conscience, and thought it good business that no innocent party suffered because of him.

2. Five men in Salt Lake put in \$10,000 each and formed a corporation. Later one became involved in huge farming operations in the Upper Snake River Valley and was spread so thin he needed some cash to go on, needed it badly.

He took his ten shares of stock for which he had (a few years before) paid \$10,000, to a bank in Salt Lake and wanted to borrow \$5,000 on it. The stock was very closely held and had no market; the bank would not loan anything on it.

He went to Grandpa Holbrook and was told to sign the stock and he would get him the \$5,000, so he went to the bank and gave his own note for \$5,000 and insisted that the bank take the security.

As interest became due it was not paid, so Grandpa Holbrook paid it and finally wrote him: "The interest must be paid. If you need time I'll give time on the principal."

The reply was: "Can't pay anything. If you'll be kind enough to take the stock and pay the note I will be very appreciative." Grandpa Holbrook figured the value of the corporation and paid off the \$5,000 note and interest, and sent a check to Webster for over \$3,000 and said that was the balance of the value of his stock, that if he were to sell his own he would expect to get that for it.

3. Delbert and I both recall the following incident and both think it was told us by Uncle Alma O. Taylor who married Grandpa Holbrook's daughter, Angeline:

Lafayette Holbrook and at least two other big business associates were involved in a big project which was going forward with a large number of employees. Something went wrong and the project flopped. The other two men explained that everyone, including themselves and Grandpa, would lose on it.

Grandpa asked about the employees who expected to be paid at the end of the month as usual. Not one of them had the financial security of the three in charge. The other two insisted the employees must lose also -- it was legal that way. Grandpa disagreed. Legal? Yes, but these employees desperately needed the wages earned, it was almost their means of survival, while he and his two partners had other means.

The matter ended with Grandpa personally paying every employee his full salary for this last month, even though it nearly ruined him financially. But, as usual, he was at peace with himself, and so able to bounce back. This is similar to the story of the man who absconded with his part of the cattle-selling deal after he left on his mission (as told in Father's book).

Mary Holbrook Maxwell, Granddaughter

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

I have many happy memories of Grandfather and Grandmother Holbrook. One incident occurred when I was about fifteen. 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

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.

A Summer Visit

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 have always thought it 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 saw and talked with me of her childhood and early family life and her experiences as a young woman. That evening I 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.

I used to marvel at the early hour they would rise in the morning and the systematic way they lived. The house was always spic and span, the meals on time, and apparently everything was in perfect condition. I think the running of their home was a real art.

One of the loveliest things I remember 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, 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 can only be appreciated by those who lived with him.

In later years Grandpa's deafness was a real problem and so he communicated less as time went by, but continued his regular attendance at all of his Church meetings.

Elizabeth Holbrook Berry

When I think of Grandma Holbrook, a flood of happy memories envelop me. I recall the many times she opened her door wide to a host of eager, clamoring Provo grandchildren who came to spend a 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. Her greatest lessons were probably taught by her 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 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 she never lost it, even in her retiring years.

I remember how I enjoyed meals at her home, for she was a good cook and a gracious hostess.

Wedding Luncheon

There is one occasion 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 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 lovelier. 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 of good upon my life and I hope that in some small way I may live to merit the fine heritage she has left my children and me.

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, yet was always 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 we could talk to her just as we would a young person our own age. I think that was characteristic of her, she always seemed interested in your problems and you could talk as freely to her as you would to one of your young friends -- 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 our first baby to see her. I 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. This at a time when her own suffering would have absorbed the thoughts of many others.

I have always been proud 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.

Although we were impressed with his immaculate dress and fine carriage, we nevertheless found him very approachable. We loved to have him pat our heads as we listened to his remarks on his visits to Provo.

Vera Holbrook Heninger, Granddaughter

As I look back on my early life, some of my most pleasant memories are associated with 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 while we followed after him as he tidied up outside.

I visualize Grandpa most often walking with the Board of Trustees of the BYU 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, as 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.

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**Alsina Elisabeth Brimhall Holbrook
Daughter-in-Law**

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.

**Alsina Louine Berry Hunter
Great-granddaughter**

I remember visiting Great-grandmother when she was very elderly. I was with my mother and some other relatives, and remember them commenting about how fun she always was to visit with. I have another dim memory of being in another home of theirs at an earlier time; we were cleaning up after a meal and the women were discussing the proper care of silverware. I remember her commenting that silverware gets "better with age." Now we would call it "the patina of age." I would have been ten when she died.

One day my mother (Elizabeth) and Aunt Ruth were recalling memories of their Holbrook grandparents, recalling that they were well known for keeping their house and yard immaculate -- when Aunt Ruth related this incident: "Grandfather was so well known for keeping his yard spic and span that a neighbor once stopped by and said to him, "I want you to know, Fay, that I noticed a few leaves on your lawn today!" Aunt Ruth chuckled and commented that she didn't know how she

could even be related to someone like that.

The Amethyst Necklace

One of my treasured possessions is an amethyst necklace that is truly an heirloom, and this is how it came into my possession:

One day my mother went to visit Aunt Florence, the last living child of Jean and Lafayette, the sister of their father. Because Aunt Florence lived in Santa Monica, about an hour's drive from the California homes of three Holbrook sisters, Ruth, Elizabeth, and Helen, through the years they had occasionally visited Aunt Florence, sometimes returning home with a family treasure or two.

On the occasion of their last visit, Aunt Florence sent Mom home with several items that had belonged to Grandmother Holbrook. Mom felt a special attachment to this grandmother as it was she who had prepared a lovely luncheon at her home on the day she was married in the Salt Lake Temple -- and Mom still thrills when she recalls the loveliness of that occasion.

Among the items sent home that day was an antique sterling silver necklace set with amethysts. It is an old-fashioned, exquisite piece of jewelry, with large amethysts of the deepest purple I have ever seen.

Mom had the necklace in her possession for several years without wearing it, so one day she gave it to me with this interesting bit of history: it had been given to Grandmother Holbrook by George S. Sutherland, who was a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was also a close family friend. That is as much as I know about the beautiful heirloom necklace. How delightful it would be to learn what prompted the gift, where it was purchased, when she received it, as well as the occasion.

APPENDIX A

FUNERAL SERVICE FOR LAFAYETTE HOLBROOK

The services were held in the Larkins Mortuary Chapel, 260 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Sunday, January 5, 1941, at 12:30 p.m. Patriarch Thomas A. Clawson, his former bishop, presided.

Program

Solo by Alfred Schmidt, accompanied by Harold Miller, "In My Father's House are Many Mansions."

Invocation by Alma O. Taylor (son-in-law).

Resolution of Respect from the BYU, presented by President Franklin S. Harris.

Remarks by J. Will Knight.

Solo by Virginia Freeze Barker (B.W. Dixon's niece),
accompanied by James Gilbert, "The Lord's Prayer."

Remarks by Bryant S. Hinckley (a son-in-law).

Remarks by Patriarch Clawson.

Solo by Virginia Freeze Barker, accompanied by James Gilbert.
"Going Home."

Benediction by Ira N. Hinckley (Mother's oldest brother).

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Dedication of Grave

The funeral cortege proceeded to the family plot in Provo where a number of relatives and friends assembled for the brief graveside service on a winter day. After solemn music by a brass quartet from the "Y", President Harris again referred to Father's financial contributions and relations to the "Y", and his long service as a BYU board member. Amos N. Merrill, patriarch and a faculty member, offered the dedicatory prayer.

The remains were lowered into a vault near the three children who had preceded him in death. The burial plot Father had selected so carefully and took so much pleasure and pride in maintaining, is beautiful, located at the northwest corner of the road leading from the central or main entrance to the cemetery.

Invocation by Alma O. Taylor

Our Father who art in Heaven, Thou who giveth and who taketh away, blessed by Thy name. We have come here at this hour to hold a funeral service in honor of and in tribute to our beloved relative and friend, Lafayette Holbrook.

Humbly and reverently we invite Thee, our God, through Thy Holy Spirit, to attend and witness and to inspire these services, that they may be sincere; that they may be comforting; and that they may honor the great character in whose name we are assembled.

This good man, like the grain of the field, has come to the harvest fully ripe. Through ninety years he has fought the fight and he has kept the faith with man and with God. His long life has been full to overflowing, full of dynamic and purposeful action. His life has been shot through and through with bitter self-discipline, rigid honesty, and unswerving integrity. He has lived through his many years having very definite opinions and a strong will to enforce them.

He has never felt apologetic for his faith and for his convictions. He has held high ideals and never has he consciously allowed principle to be displaced by expediency, and his word has been as dependable as truth itself. He has stood up squarely to all the responsibilities of life, public and private, and he has loved and served his tribe, his community, and his country.

He has been faithful to every trust, to the duties and responsibilities of every office, and he has been straight in his private thinking. He has filled his days with benevolent deeds and has not ceased to find opportunities to help and to lift, for the weal and woe of mankind has been of great concern to him. In fact, he is a man -- a great man -- fully and entirely worthwhile.

On this occasion we, his relatives, are proud of all of the fine virtues of his character and the achievement of his life. We bless Thee for the privilege of being in his lineage, and as friends we thank Thee for his friendship and for the opportunity of associating with him, and becoming intimate with the splendid qualities of his character.

And now, O God, we ask Thy benediction upon his record, that it may continue everlastingly to produce in others similar virtues. Today we are bereft, but we are not without comfort. We are sad, but our sorrow is only of the moment. We believe in and we have assurance of the reality of a personal immortality, and this belief and this assurance lets us know that though the river of life now flows round the bend which we call death, and passes out of sight, yet the river flows on and on.

Oh God, our Father, be with us till we meet again and keep our footsteps in the straight way, and before our eyes keep burning the bright light of hope. This is our prayer to Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Note by L. H. H.: "A part of the invocation by Alma O. Taylor became one of the incentives for the attempt to write these biographies." [*He is referring to the biographies in his book, The Holbrook Families.*]

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President Franklin S. Harris

I am asked to read a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of the Brigham Young University, a copy of which will be spread on the minutes of the Board and a copy also given to the family.

"A Tribute to Lafayette Holbrook
from the Board of Trustees,
Brigham Young University.

"In the death of Lafayette Holbrook, which occurred on January 1, 1941, the Board of Trustees of Brigham Young University recognizes the loss of one of its most faithful servants and devoted friends. For thirty-eight years he served the institution faithfully and well as a member of its Board of Trustees, having been appointed to the position on April 6, 1901, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Karl G. Maeser. He was always true to the principles for which the University stood and was most energetic in promoting both its spiritual and material welfare.

"During his entire life he gave freely of his time and means. At or near the top of practically all lists of donors to University projects is found the name of Lafayette Holbrook, who not only contributed generously himself, but induced many of his fellows to follow his example. His fine character and friendly spirit of helpfulness endeared him to Board members, faculty, and students alike, at Brigham Young University, where he will always be remembered as one of the Institution's great benefactors and friends.

"To the immediate members of the family of Lafayette Holbrook, the Board of Trustees extends its sincere sympathy in this hour of bereavement, for one of the great characters of our Church and state. May his fine example of loyalty and devotion to the education and uplift of his fellows be an inspiration and guide to his loved ones, that they may successfully carry on the fine work which he did so well during his life."

.....

I should like to say just a word in addition to this in my own behalf. I became acquainted with Brother Holbrook thirty-seven years ago. I have known him rather intimately for the past twenty years, the period I have been President of Brigham Young University. I never met him that I did not have a feeling of uplift in my consciousness because of his stability, his rich experience, and his unselfish devotion to the cause that we were both working for -- the University and the young people of the region.

Even in age he retained his youth in the sense that he always enjoyed attending any athletic contest or any program given at the University, and he and Sister Holbrook could always be found at the institution for the extra times, the extra celebrations that we had, and the administrator certainly appreciates the type of loyalty and support given by a board member like Brother Holbrook. He was really a great man who showed his greatness in a quiet way.

I would like to say just a word about his family. I have been closely associated with the children of Brother and Sister Holbrook and many of their grandchildren, and all of them are fine examples of the type of young people that any Latter-day Saint family would like to have.

When we think of what the Holbrook family and the Hinckley family have done in a constructive way in our community, not only by their wholesome teachings but by their example, we see that the entire community is better because of these two great families that are merged in this Holbrook family.

I wish to pay this tribute of respect to Brother Holbrook and his family, and the most that I can say is that I hope I shall be worthy to, at some future time, associate with them in the Great Beyond, which we all look so hopefully toward. This I ask in the name of Jesus, Amen.

J. Will Knight

My dear brothers and sisters and friends, this is a very responsible position which I occupy and a very much honored position, and in my brief remarks I should like to say those things that will be most fitting for this occasion. I wish in the beginning to say "Amen" again to the beautiful prayer offered by Brother Taylor, the fine tributes offered by President Harris, and the song, which was also another tribute to the Gospel which he loved.

My association with Brother Holbrook has been over a period of many years. I could not find language to express my feelings toward him and his family in a way of praise and thanksgiving for his wonderful life. I think everyone who knew him had an uplift come to them that was helpful and encouraging to them.

As a counselor in the stake presidency of the Utah Stake, I labored for many years with Brother Holbrook. We sat around the council table with President Keeler and discussed those things that would be of greatest interest and benefit to the people in our stake of Zion and for the uplift of the Church generally. The hours and weeks and meetings that we held together bring back so many recollections that the short time that I should speak would not give me any chance at all to go into details, but to reflect upon the patience, and thoughtful manner in which he approached all these interests of the people. To my mind it is very wonderful.

He was generous; he was kind; he was considerate; and he had the ability to lead and provide ways and means to help other people in a material way.

I should like here just to read an editorial that came out in the Provo Herald this morning:

LAFAYETTE HOLBROOK
Community Builder

"In the passing of Lafayette Holbrook, former mayor of Provo, a notable career has been concluded. Mr. Holbrook was a stalwart pioneer, a community builder, a true Westerner, as well as a standard Church man and an exemplary citizen and father.

"One of the pioneer builders of Provo, he is responsible for the erection of a number of fine buildings which stand as a credit to his integrity and ability. While serving as mayor of Provo, he was instrumental in championing a number of important events or improvement. It was characteristic of him that he refused to accept any salary while serving as mayor, turning the money over to the community for improvements.

"As trustee of the Brigham Young University for a third of a century, he became one of its devoted benefactors and donated liberally all through his life to the Church educational institutions. He was also one of the leading figures responsible for the purchase and installation of the pipe organ in the Tabernacle. Lafayette Holbrook's contribution to the building of the community wealth has been of great and lasting value, constituting an achievement of which his posterity might well be proud."

.....

In addition to that editorial, I should like to add a few more words. He was the man who took a petition and raised the funds for the installation of our beautiful pipe organ in the Tabernacle. He sponsored many other wonderful things in his life. He was always generous to contribute to those uplifting things that would help the community.

It might be said of him that his credit was superb. He never allowed any man or any person to worry about an obligation that he owed. He did the worrying if there was any worrying to be done. He always satisfied his creditors. To my mind that is a wonderful tribute.

Another tribute that I might pay to him -- at one time he had some bank stock in a bank that he thought was in a prosperous and going condition. He gave a broker his stock for sale. In the meantime during the depression he found that there was danger perhaps, surrounding that institution. He immediately called back the stock from the broker and would not allow it to be sold. Such deeds generally are pushed -- when people think there is danger of a loss. Brother Holbrook would rather take the loss himself than to have a friend buy it, thinking it was good when he perhaps knew better. These are acts that to my mind are superior.

He came from a family of ten in the family, as I have it. I think large families have this to do for the children -- they make them sacrifice for each other's benefit. Consequently, they throw off this great evil of selfishness that we are apt to possess. If we are only one or two in a family, we may all want the best instead of wanting a brother or sister to have the best. He has thirty

grandchildren and thirty-one grandchildren.

I should like to say a word about Lafayette Holbrook, his son, and his wife and their family. They had ten [eleven] children in their family, and we are closely associated and have been since their marriage, knowing all their children. That family had the same trait as the grandfather's children had. Each one of those children is fine. I have heard them actually quarrel when shoes or clothing or something nice was to be bought -- they wanted it to go to another brother or a sister. That is an example that's come down through posterity, and it's just a tribute back to the family. I feel in my own feelings that many of us know kindred spirits in the other world.

It so happens that the Holbrooks, the Knight families, the Mayers, the Brimhalls, and I am not sure but what the Hinckleys -- all started out with the Prophet Joseph Smith through our forebears; and as it so happens, our lives have been mingled here in this world and we have had great joy and happiness. As professor Merrill says, "Let this be Heaven." I say that I know many people who have enjoyed those words, that this is heaven, there is so much joy and happiness.

Now, for Sister Holbrook and her family. I think there is no finer woman living today or lived before today, than Sister Holbrook, a brilliant beautiful character, full of interest and love for everybody. Selfishness has been completely wiped out of that family, and to my mind if the world had such leaders to guide them, there would be little trouble in the world today.

It's pure selfishness and greed and anxiety to gain personal advantages -- that's the trouble with the world today. The Gospel which Brother Holbrook accepted taught otherwise, and that has been taken into the families. And the happiest homes I know of come from that class of people, so that we do really have Heaven on earth.

I could relate many circumstances that Brother Holbrook related of his early life, and I think it might be well if I just mentioned a few of them:

Brother Holbrook loved sports. He loved outdoor life. He was acquainted with farming and ranching, and cattle buying and the hardships of making a living in a place far removed from the centers like Fillmore, where he grew up as a boy. He told me that he never found a man in his life hardly that could equal him with a rifle shooting or target shooting. He excelled as an athlete. He had an enduring physical strength way beyond his size. He would wrestle with other people and extend his ability in that direction marvelously.

When he was buying cattle, I heard him once say that he was in a very difficult place. He needed a lot of money, more than he had, and in order to tide this deal over and to make it successful, he had to wire a bank for credit. The bank wired him back and said, "Go ahead. Your credit is good as long as we have any money to let you have." To my mind, a reputation like that is so much more valuable than money that there's no comparison.

So, my dear friends, I feel happy to think that I had the privilege of associating with Brother Holbrook and his wonderful family.

I pray that God will bless his memory and bless their lives that they may be patterned after his, that they may go on to perfection, not only here but hereafter, is my humble prayer, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

Bryant S. Hinckley

I yield to this invitation with a keen appreciation of my own limitations and of my inability to say the things which are in my heart. My soul has been greatly touched in listening to these tributes and to the fervent and eloquent prayer offered here. All that has been said is true. Nothing has been overdrawn. Those who have spoken have stood close to Brother Holbrook and know his family and have spoken with sincerity and truthfulness.

I have great love and admiration for my sister, Mrs. Holbrook, who has walked for more than sixty years by this departed man's side, and this tribute paid by Brother Knight to her is true. She has not only been a second mother to me but has always stood as my ideal of motherhood and womanhood. She has been able to complement the strenuous life of her husband most perfectly, giving sunshine, peace, poise, and sympathy wherever they were needed. She has been a very great inspiration to him and to her children. God bless her! She can have no regrets. She has played her part heroically, self-sacrificingly, and grandly.

It required intimate and direct acquaintance with Lafayette Holbrook to appreciate him. You had to know him, to understand him and to appreciate the great qualities and tenderness of his heart.

I am permitted to say a word for my brothers particularly, and for my fathers' household. "Holbrook," as we affectionately called him, next to our earthly father, was our best friend. When we needed help we knew where to go and he was able to give it and willing to give it, and helped us always.

Lafayette Holbrook was no ordinary man. In this generation a sounder piece of manhood has not been put together. He was heroic, superior in many things, not an unsound spot in him; sound to the core.

Born and reared under the rigors of pioneer days, he was bred to hardships. He was taught to work, to save, to do without, to rely on himself and fight his way, and he did it, all his life. If destiny had taken this man to the battlefield, he would have been a great general. He was a soldier - equal to any situation.

This face now white in death, never grew pale in the face of any physical danger. He was a stranger to fear. The storm, the flood, the cold of winter, the heat of summer -- come what may -- he faltered not. He took it as it came.

Brother Knight has referred to Brother Holbrook's physical endurance. He had an iron constitution. He could really do more than the ordinary man. These hands that are folded for the last time were familiar with work, hard work. He was not a toiler. He was a worker. All his

endeavors were concentrated and intelligent.

He could have achieved recognition in any community. He was a builder, a born builder. Lafayette Holbrook's feet never rested upon a spot that wasn't made greener and better. All his days he lived in a good house, and the roof that was over him was paid for. He provided abundantly for his family and for every emergency.

Brother Knight has told one or two little things about him. Long ago my brother, Alonzo, came to Salt Lake in financial distress. A mining company failed and could not pay him, and his business was in jeopardy. He told his story to "Holbrook." Holbrook listened to him, asked him if he didn't have better sense than to extend credit like that. When it was over and he had given Alonzo a slight rebuke, they went to the bank. Alonzo had asked for \$1,500 and he said, "Give this boy credit for \$3,000, or more if he needs it." (Those figures may not be accurate.) Alonzo went home rebuked and full of gratitude. That was typical of Lafayette Holbrook.

He was not only a builder, but he was a businessman, efficient. I am going to say severely efficient. The one thing that irritated him almost more than anything else, was slipshod work. He never did a shabby or sham job in his life. He was efficient to his fingertips. Inefficiency irritated him.

Dishonesty irritated him. If you did not tell the whole truth, he was irritated. Lafayette Holbrook belongs to the nobility of God. He was heroic in his honesty, in his integrity, in his willingness to face the battle of life, he never flinched. Few men like him in that respect.

Yes, a constitution of iron, and sinews of steel, and he had a luminous mind -- keen, penetrating, restless. He could sustain a mental effort for hours. I have never known a man who could hang to a thing and think it through and finish as he could. He never let up.

Behind it all was a great and tender heart. One of the most indulgent fathers I have ever known. I have heard my sister say that she never wanted for anything she needed in her married life. She never saw a moment of want. He indulged his children. He was devoted to his family.

He was practical, conscientious, a sincere Latter-day Saint. He filled an honorable mission, served with distinction in the stake presidency, and as has been said here, he was a patron of education.

No one will miss him quite like our family. God bless his memory, his household, his children. They are not only of our flesh and blood, but we are kindred in spirit and in ideals. Peace be in his memory. God help us to be worthy of a place with him in yonder celestial world, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Note by Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook: "Next to his own family, Bryant may have known Father better than any other person. He had lived in our homes while teaching school in Frisco, and while attending the "Y."

"May I inject here a sample of Bryant's loyalty. When Father emerged from the Sevier Land and Water Company badly bruised, Bryant feared he might be facing financial ruin and at once wrote him a letter. In it he had listed all his property and then said, "I have listed all my possessions, having little ready cash. You are welcome to use any part of all of it if needed in your emergency." Father passed the letter to me to read but managed to get by without Bryant's securities."

Patriarch Thomas A. Clawson

I felt highly honored, my brothers and sisters, when the family asked me to take charge of these services. In 1911, Lafayette Holbrook moved into Salt Lake City and into the Eighteenth Ward. I was highly gratified when he had his membership in our ward because I knew he was a man of sterling qualities, a man who could counsel and advise with judgment and with the spirit of the Lord.

You have heard the recital here of those who knew him in Provo. I can only endorse that with "Amen," for he was certainly a stalwart there, and that same spirit came into the Eighteenth ward, and he became one of the pillars of strength and power to the bishopric of the eighteenth Ward.

The family was always true and faithful, and Sister Holbrook completed her service to the Lord in the Temple until sickness took her from that work. I feel honored that I am associated through blood relationship with the Hinckleys and with the Holbrook families. [Note by L. H. H.: "It may be through the Judds. Grandfather Hinckley's mother was a Judd."]

It's a great joy to me to meet the members of the Hinckley family and say, "How do you do, cousin," because of the sterling qualities that were instilled into that family in the early days.

Brother Arza Judd, who was a descendant of that family, spent twenty years in the Salt Lake Temple working for the dead, and he said to my mother one day, "Margaret, why don't you come to the Temple and help me with this work?" My mother said, "Why, Brother Arza, I couldn't do anything in a way to help you." He said, "Yes, you come, you come and try." So she came, and she was filled with the spirit of the Lord and she remained with him until sickness took her from that work in the temple.

He has passed and gone, but his name is at the head of the Judd genealogy. It bears record of his heirship, and we were always glad to sustain that in the work that we did in the temple.

Now, my brethren and sisters, you have assembled here showing your faith and your love and affection for this bereaved family. I am glad to say that many, many persons have ministered to them during their bereavement and their trials and troubles with the illness of their father and leader; but the Lord heard the prayers of faith offered up in his behalf and although he underwent a very serious surgical operation at his age, it was a marvel, his comeback, and his recovery, and what was

that due to? It was due to the life that he had lived in his youth.

He had come up through that life with a clean spirit and a sound mind, and fitted and prepared for whatever responsibility the Lord saw fit to call him unto, and he never disappointed the Lord in those appointments. He always magnified the calling and there was rejoicing among his family and dear ones, and he has left a heritage for them to remember and to emulate, and if they have it in their hearts, they will rejoice every minute of the time that they are descendants of their honorable father and mother.

May the peace and the blessing of this meeting be upon you, my brethren and sisters. May you leave this place feeling refreshed in your memories and in your minds and in your body -- that your resolutions may be before the Lord for service unto Him, for that is the greatest thing that a man can do here on the earth, to give that service and say, "Lord, here am I. Whatever Thou wantest me to do I will endeavor to do it to the best of my ability." That was the spirit of this man who has gone. That spirit he has left here. That never will be effaced from your memory as long as you live if you have known him as intimately as most of this gathering here have known him.

May the peace and the blessing of the Lord accompany the cortege to Provo that no accident shall happen to mar the spirit of peace and quiet that is here today; and that all things may be done in the spirit of the Lord, that when the body is placed in the earth to rest that it may not be disturbed, and when the trump shall sound there shall be a glorious resurrection awaiting him.

He shall come forth clothed upon with immortality and eternal life, and having executed every requirement that the Lord has made of him. He will be entitled to the blessings in eternity and grow and develop there and rejoice before the Lord in the same.

May this be your blessing, for I bless you at this time unto this end, that you may go from here rejoicing that you had the spirit of listening to the wonderful remarks that have been made, the beautiful music that has been rendered, and all that has been done in forming this program for this service. I ask it with the blessing of the Lord to attend you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Benediction by Ira N. Hinckley

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. We are deeply grateful for the spirit we have enjoyed here today. We are thankful for the many good and sweet and blessed things that have been said of our dear brother. We know they are true. We have proved it in the past.

We thank Thee for these sacred services, for we know they will be with us throughout the remainder of our lives to make of us better men and better women; to give a thought, a spiritual thought, a taste of Thy good spirit which will be an aid in leading us as we journey through life.

We thank Thee for the inspiration of faith which has been given unto us through the example of this, our beloved brother. He has shown us the way of truth, of honesty, of uprightness, of justice, of love, of sympathy. We, the Hinckley family, feel that we have been very greatly

blessed in adopting this man into our family. It has been an honor to us and a strength to us.

Help us, O Lord, to emulate the example of such a man, that we may walk through life with our heads erect, with a feeling of pride in the things that we do both spiritually and temporally.

Go with us when we journey from this place to Provo, the last resting place of Thy servant. May the journey be made in peace and in happiness, and may his remains be deposited in his last resting-place, and may his joy continue. Let Thy peace, Thy love, and Thy comfort attend his dear wife and her children and all associated with them.

We humbly ask these with all unmentioned blessings we need, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

APPENDIX B
FUNERAL SERVICE FOR EMILY ANGLENA HINCKLEY
HOLBROOK

Bishop Howells:

The beautiful strains of music we have been listening to -- depicted in a small measure the sweet life that was lived by Sister Emily Angelena Hinckley Holbrook. So beautiful was her life, as exemplified in the influence she had on others, I believe music would portray that as nicely as any other means. Sister Ryser has been playing for us to meditate for a few moments at the beginning of these final services for such a wonderful character as Sister Holbrook.

Rulon T. Hinckley, a nephew of Sister Holbrook, will offer the opening prayer after which Sister Virginia Frieze Barker will render the number "The Lord's Prayer," accompanied by Sister Thelma Ryser. Following this, Brother J. Will Knight, a close friend of the family will speak.

Invocation: Rulon T. Hinckley, Nephew

Our Father in Heaven, we, the companions and friends of one of Thy choice daughters, have met here this day to offer thanksgiving and gratitude unto Thee for her life. Father, we thank thee for the examples, during the many years of her life, she has given us. We thank Thee for her sons and daughters. We thank Thee for the integrity she displayed in serving Thee. And Father, we thank Thee for Thy Son, Jesus Christ and for His Church here upon the earth.

We realize that in this parting we are separated for awhile, but we know that Aunt Jean is happy. We pray for strength that we may live as she has lived, that we may at another time be with her and again enjoy the sweetness of her presence.

Father, we ask Thy blessings upon those who participate in this service today, that whatever may be said or done will be in accordance with what she would have because that would be in accordance with Thy holy mind and will.

We pray Thy blessings upon those who are not here today who would love to be here. Let them know of peace and the peaceful influence which is here. Father, be with us as we proceed in this service, we ask in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.

Vocal Solo: Virginia Frieze Barker: "The Lord's Prayer"

Speaker: J. Will Knight, Friend

My dear brothers and sisters, we are here today to pay our respects to Emily Angelena

Hinckley Holbrook, or in other words, "Mother Holbrook," as I should like to refer to her.

I feel humble in this position at this time because I know I am standing before an audience of gifted people, descendants of the Hinckley and Holbrook families.

At the time Brother Holbrook passed away I was asked to speak at his services. I felt honored at that time to be asked to perform that duty. As I labored in the stake presidency in Provo for a great number of years with Brother Keeler and Brother Holbrook and myself, we worked harmoniously together and we enjoyed our labors in this capacity very much.

Sister Holbrook comes from a family of great people. Her father and mother were pioneers who crossed the plains in 1850. Romance began in the parentage of this good woman while they were crossing the plains so you see that it wasn't all sorrow, as we might say, when our parents crossed the plains. It was during these migrations that he met his first wife, Eliza Jane Evans, who later died on the long journey, of cholera, and was buried on the south bank of the Platte River, leaving an eleven-month-old daughter. We have been told that through the care of this daughter he met two sisters, daughters of the Noble family, who later became his wives. One of these became the mother of Sister Holbrook and the uniting of that couple has brought forth to this date many noble men and women.

I know of no families in the Church who have contributed more to the upbuilding of our state, communities and the Church than the Hinckley and Holbrook families. We can be proud, all of us, that we are kinsfolk of such a noble ancestry as they had. We can be proud if we have been friends of this family.

It has been a great honor for those who have had an opportunity to visit with Sister Holbrook. She was one of the noble women of the earth -- none better. She had a brilliant mind, a broad intellect, and a loving and ready sympathy for all people. She was one of the wisest women of our day and time. No one ever talked to that sister without gaining some knowledge and information that would be beneficial to them.

I have had the extreme pleasure for many years of associating with this family and have been in their homes and watched their children. The joy and happiness that comes to a united family cannot be excelled in any home any more than it was in the home of Brother and Sister Holbrook. How they loved their children. They loved to see them succeed; they helped them to succeed. They taught and set good examples in Church affairs. In performing her duties Sister Holbrook was a woman of great ability; Brother Holbrook was a man of great ability. Naturally their children will make marks in the world worth following after.

Sister Holbrook, you might say, was economical. She had come through the early life when the pioneers had to economize and be careful with their means. Her being careful with her means, and also Brother Holbrook, did not make them stingy in any way. They were very liberal. It was easy for them to pay a full tithing. Yes, they paid a full tithing which shows they were not stingy, they were generous and fair with the Lord. And the more tithing they paid, the easier it was to pay it; it was an honor for them to pay it.

Sister Holbrook has labored in a Church capacity in almost all of the organizations from youth up to almost the last of her days. For what an efficient woman she was in her Relief Society work. She had a trained mind; she was a teacher; she was skilled; she was a fine leader, a loving mother, and her character was beyond reproach. I have never known anything but good of her life. And many an hour I have spent in conversation with her, and if any of you folks have felt like I did, even during the days when she was more or less an invalid, we would go and call upon her, feeling that we might offer a little sympathy or a few suggestions to cheer her up. But a person never went from her without feeling they received more than they could possibly leave. She was so marvelously up-to-date on the affairs of the Church and community and seemed to know of everything that was in progress. She was one of the best-posted women that I have ever conversed with on many subjects.

She is leaving a wonderful posterity. We can all be proud that she has lived upon the earth to bring forth this posterity. How beautiful are our lives when they are well spent with keeping all the commandments of God and performing the duties of life that will make others happy and bring joy and happiness to ourselves. Yet her life is one of the fullest lives I can think of, almost to the last hour that she desired to live upon the earth.

She took a lot of joy, even after being confined to her home, in the children, grandchildren, visitors, and all who called upon her were made so welcome and made to feel that they amounted to something. Her attitude towards the children meant much to their success. She never put anything in the way of her children's succeeding. She could point the way for them to succeed because she had a mind that was so brilliant and so full of information and so well-trained that to get advice from a woman like that was just a favor and a great satisfaction to anybody.

How she and Brother Holbrook labored happily together. No one ever saw a more united family and a more kindly attitude towards each other than they always expressed. That is what I like about the Latter-day Saints ideas of marriage in the Temple -- for time and for all eternity -- is what we establish in our minds, a state that we can look forward to, similar to other experiences of life here upon the earth.

I believe a lot of us enjoy heaven right here and now. I think Sister Holbrook enjoyed heaven almost every day of her life because she acknowledged that God had blessed her and her children and when we do that we are in an attitude that the Lord can bless us if we are kind, and have in our hearts a desire to help other people and do the things that we know are right, as she did. Then happiness and heaven are right here and now.

I can see that couple in the future world together, going on, looking forward and planning for their children as they planned here during their life. To me that is what our temple marriages give us, a thought to remember throughout our lives, and Joseph Smith revealed this principle to the world which brought to the world one of the greatest opportunities for life here and life hereafter that has ever come to the earth. And to all those who are true to their obligations that they make in the Temple of the Lord -- to my mind -- will enjoy a Celestial Kingdom as is promised to them in the hereafter. Thank the Lord that this good family has reared their children to believe in that kind

of a union.

I want to read a few words from the Savior, and these words apply to Sister Holbrook I think. In fact, I think that in some of His sayings the Savior said them to mean to apply to people like Sister Holbrook.

And seeing the multitude He went up into a mountain and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him. And He opened His mouth and taught them saying:

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Now, my brothers and sisters, I think practically every one of those decrees that were offered by the Savior would apply to Sister Holbrook as her life -- which we all know -- has been so wonderful. God bless her memory that we may retain in our hearts a lasting thought of women of this character.

I have lost a number of my dear ones but I do not feel to mourn at their passing after they have been called home. I feel like "the Lord giveth and taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." So I feel in Sister Holbrook's case, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." Yet joy and happiness has come to us all through the life of Sister Holbrook.

Now, to the relatives and friends, I feel to encourage you and to congratulate you, all of you, in having such a noble character to live among us, to help to make our lives beautiful and more useful. May God and his blessings to the children and grandchildren, and may they be taught to follow after their parents and grandparents in these wonderful principles of life and joy and happiness, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Bishop Rulon S. Howells:: The next speaker will be President George Albert Smith, after which the vocal solo, "Going Home," will be rendered by Virginia Frieze Barker, accompanied by Sister Thelma Ryser.

Speaker: President George Albert Smith

I am very grateful that conditions were such that I could be here today. I have been fortunate in having many dear friends in the world and among them are the Holbrook and Hinckley families. I was excused from a meeting in the Temple with some of the Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve and I bring to you, to the family at least, their sympathy and their love in the farewell that we are paying to this good mother who has just gone home.

I do not feel a spirit of death here; it is more like a social gathering of old friends. It is true that we might be temporarily separated now, that we may not see the face or clasp the hand of Sister Holbrook for a while, but it won't be long, and those who are faithful enough to have that privilege will find their place in the Celestial Kingdom of our Father in Heaven.

Sister Angelena, as she was called when a child, came into a wonderful family, none better. And then when she became a member of the Holbrook family she brought that spirit of sweetness and kindness and a righteous life that has never left her and has been seen and appreciated by all her descendants and associates.

Life passes so rapidly that it does not seem very long since school at Provo and the Holbrooks lived there. Brother Holbrook was a member of the Stake Presidency along with Brother Knight in that capacity there. But many things have transpired since my childhood days in Provo. I was indeed fortunate to have the guidance of Dr. Karl G. Maeser, and I pause long enough to pay tribute to that good man. He was a wonderful character, a marvelous teacher, both by word and example. He taught so many things that I can remember but particularly did he bless me with a suggestion of a proper life that has been appreciated by me up until now.

Most of my friends have already passed to the other side. This group here, friends of Sister Holbrook, this is a pretty big group considering, but if you could see the group she is associating with on the other side -- some of the best men and women who have ever lived. I believe her passing was a welcome relief from all pain and distress. I do not say anxiety because she will never be relieved of anxiety until every one of her descendants are joined with her on the other side.

Congratulation to the members of these two families. There have been some real contributions made to society by this group, but there are others coming on and I hope that the children and their children's children to the latest generation will so live that they will be as worthy of eternal life and the Celestial Kingdom as Sister Holbrook, who has gone.

Now, when the Lord gave us life and placed us here upon this earth, He gave to each of us many opportunities, told us how to live and gave unto us His laws. We are not forced to obey these laws; we have a choice. But on down through the ages since the earth was populated, He has been seeking to encourage His children in such a way that they will all want to live in His Presence. Many have strayed, lost the way, but there are many of those who each day of their lives have looked forward, because of their righteousness, to eternal happiness. Death is not such a serious matter to them. When the call of death is brought into a real Christian home it is welcome and

Thanksgiving to God wells from the hearts of those who dwell in that home. It, death, brings great blessings and when the Lord terminates distress and anxiety her by death, He gives to us another blessing, that of eternal life. And the latter blessing is just as important as the first; both of them are necessary in order to me members of the Celestial Kingdom.

When I think of the pioneer days in the various cities -- and this year will mark 100 years since the coming of the first pioneers -- and see what God hath wrought here in the West and see these choice spirits and the thousands and hundreds of thousands of children here, it is marvelous to me. I was thinking of the comforts we enjoy and I think of conditions at Provo when I was a child. We did not have so many comforts, but some of the blessings we had then have been lost by some of the people today. The faith, devotion, friendship, fellowship and love that used to abide in those families; That is really worthwhile, wonderful.

I can remember Sister Holbrook ever since I was a child. Strange how things occur. For several years I was an invalid, and during part of that time I was in California. She was there and Brother Holbrook and other members of the family were there. It wasn't expected at that time that I might live very long; in fact, most people thought I would pass on years ago. But she was in good health, though older than I, comparatively. But she has lived a young life -- all through her life she has seemed young -- and radiated sunshine and divided with her fellow beings blessings of mutual love and understanding and she has lived up to this day a marvelous life -- ninety years young -- not old. And yet, as the one who was not supposed to live many years, I am permitted to pay tribute to her kindness and many virtues at this time.

Perhaps it is best said that to prepare for eternal happiness is to follow the plan of eternal happiness; His plan, the plan of Jesus Christ. I always sympathize with people who don't understand that. We have been given those laws upon which every blessing is predicated. God has given to us the rules that govern the blessings. As we observe the law, we will receive blessings. Some of our Father's children are not as fortunate as to observe the laws and comply with those laws, and of course they will fail in that particular to obtain blessings which should be theirs. I cannot think of any blessings which she has not enjoyed, any real blessings she has not enjoyed. Her mission of mortality is completed and I can see as I look into the mist, that happy pathway, the royal highway of happiness along which she will travel not temporarily, but forever.

This earth we are at present dwelling upon is to be the Celestial Kingdom -- not the Terrestrial Kingdom or any of the lesser kingdoms -- I don't know where they will be. But this earth we are dwelling upon is to be prepared to become the Celestial Kingdom. I could read His own words telling us just what we may expect here in preparation for the hereafter.

These bodies of ours belong to Mother Earth, but our spirits, our immortal spirits, or our immortal tabernacles as you might call them, are a part of Celestial glory. This good man, Brother Holbrook and his wife, believed these things. Not only have they believed these things but they could see around them much earthly beauty because they believed and obeyed the highest counsels of our Father in Heaven and that is why their lives were so rich. They believed in the eternity of the marriage covenant and so they were united not only for this life but also for eternity.

They had the promise from our Father in Heaven that this union would continue forever and that their children and their children's children would be heirs to that blessing if they would avail themselves of the opportunity. What a foundation for happiness in immortality. I know of no union which has shown more evidence of devotion and cooperation than that of Brother and Sister Holbrook.

The Lord blessed them with splendid children, some of the best blood in the world in their families, and I congratulate them and I hope and pray that everyone of them to the latest child will not lose sight of the goal of eternal happiness as they pass through this vale of uncertainty. It is possible for them to know, as Sister Holbrook knew, that we are living eternal lives. I know what happiness it brings. If I did not believe that we are living eternal lives and that the opportunity is to enjoy eternal happiness, this life would not mean much to me. We see so much distress and sorrow, but along with that we can see joy and happiness and eternal opportunities that our Heavenly Father holds out to us.

Thinking of this good woman's father, a great pioneer in Millard County, a man who gave to us Cove Fort and a lot of other things, how proud he would be to welcome this daughter home. He has been waiting a long time and now this daughter of his has come home and she will be able to explain to him what they who are here are doing. She will carry the news from mortality to immortality. And I ant t say that I think you are doing what they would have you do, living good lives upon this earth, and so there has been sent a message of joy to him by this messenger who has gone home.

There are those who do not believe in resurrection. There are a majority in the world who do not understand it. Strange to me how difficult it is for them to understand it. But the Lord has made it clear especially in the first records of the resurrection which gave that evidence to us after Christ was crucified upon the cross. He came back again with the same body that was laid away in the tomb and visited with Mary, His disciples and friends. There was no doubt in their minds -- before His resurrection and His apostles were ready to give their lives for the teachings that He brought to the earth and their testimonies.

For forty days after He had come He visited among His apostles. One of the great evidences that He gave (of His resurrection) was in the case of Thomas, one of His disciples who could not believe -- and all at once He appeared among His disciples, and He knew what was in Thomas' mind. "Stretch forth thy hand and feel the prints of the nails in Mine hands and the spear marks in Mine side." And when Thomas had done that and realized this was the same body and realized that here was something that he had not been able to believe, he cried out, "My Lord, my God." The Savior said, "Seeing, thou has believed."

And some people will not believe without they can see and He realized that Thomas was among that number. "Seeing, thou hast believed, but blessed are they who have not seen, but yet believed." And that knowledge of faith is just as positive as the knowledge of touch, and just as permanent.

The Savior visited many people. Upon another occasion when a group was together they were astonished when He materialized Himself into a room, and His being able to materialize

Himself in a room made some of them afraid, and He saw that they were. They thought it was an apparition. They could not believe this was the Savior they had seen so cruelly tortured to death and when He saw the position they were in He said, "Be not afraid, It is I, Myself, handle Me and see. A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have."

There was another evidence of the resurrection and when the time came for Him to go home, two men in white raiment stood by as He passed away into the Heavens. "As ye see Him go, so likewise will He come again."

On one visit to His disciples He said, "Other sheep have I that are not of this fold, and them must I bring into the fold." He must teach to others of His Father's children. We read about this in the scriptures. But in American scriptures we read about the fulfillment of this. He visited the Western Hemisphere after His resurrection. During this period of time there had been great eruptions in this Western Hemisphere. Cities disappeared and passed out of existence and many changes took place. And the people, realizing what a terrible calamity had taken place, gathered together not far from the temple and all at once they heard a voice and could not see where it came from. And again, and the third time, and they saw the heavens open and saw a glorified Man come down, and He stood among them and He introduced Himself because He was a stranger: "I am Jesus Christ."

They had been looking for Him and awaiting His coming. And then He taught them the same Gospel He taught in Judea; He blessed the little children and suffered them to come unto Him; He healed the sick and cured the blind. What is glorified evidence that the Son of God had risen from the dead and not only came to people once, but repeatedly. Finally, He went in a cloud of glory back to Heaven. "Other sheep have I that are not of this fold." Do you realize that those other sheep might have _____ in this room?

In 1830 the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. In the meantime, Joseph Smith, Jr., a boy, a humble boy not yet fifteen years old, went out and prayed. He had already seen evidence of the blessings of the Lord, but he was just a boy and when he went out into the wood -- he had read in the scriptures, "If any of ye lack wisdom let him ask of God."

And he went out as a child and prayed to the Lord and asked which of the churches he should join. He was told what he should do -- just a youth as he was, but he saw the Father and heard His voice, and saw the Son and heard His voice -- glorified immortal beings. And when he went later up to his own little upstairs room, a holy being came -- another resurrected being, the Angel Moroni, who had lived upon the earth on this Western Hemisphere and had the custody of the plates -- there he appeared to this young man not once, but several times.

And then Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were praying with respect to baptism and another being, John the Baptist, came and laid his hands upon their heads and conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood. Then Joseph Smith baptized Oliver Cowdery and Oliver Cowdery baptized Joseph Smith and they then ordained each other to the Aaronic Priesthood. And following this, Peter, James and John came and conferred upon them the Melchizedek Priesthood. That isn't all the story. Why, you Latter-day Saints have evidence of resurrection far beyond what the world knows

anything about and it should be as real to you as anything else could be.

Sister Holbrook believed these things. This was the very foundation of her virtues, and she had many, but she did not have a single virtue that wasn't the result of keeping the commandments. Every virtue is a result of the guidance of the Redeemer of Mankind. And so today there is no doubt in my mind where this good girl had gone -- she is a girl to me -- a marvelous woman. And in the not-too-distant future there will be a resurrection and it will be just as real as these cases I have referred to. This earth will be cleansed and purified by fire and become the Celestial Kingdom. No more death, no more sin, no more sorrow -- under the guiding hand of Jesus Christ who will be our King and Lawgiver.

Sister Holbrook, in whose honor we meet today, believed these things as she believed her life, and she would rather have her family believe them as nothing else. And so, descendants, if you would contribute to her eternal happiness, keep the commandments as she kept them, for in that way you too will have eternal happiness.

I am surely glad to see this fine family here today and I am more than glad to have another opportunity to tell them what an inspiration they have been to me. It has been a joy to me to see you develop and I am thinking of her brothers and sisters as well as her own children. What a wonderful thing to know we are living eternal lives; what a sad thing if all was wiped out in grief. Resurrection will continue until all who are worthy will live again, never to die. So I congratulate this family and sympathize with you in the passing separation. And I sympathize with the immediate family who have been so close and so loyal and patient with her during her sickness.

But from the depths of my soul I congratulate every one of you that you are members of this family, a wonderful family. Now, set your own homes in order. If any one of you have failed to do anything in order to live your mortal life satisfactorily, then set your homes in order; adjust yourselves so that you can be happy as she was happy, and radiate happiness as she did. The Lord will not compel any of this, but He will give us guidance, knowledge, kindness, love, opportunity, intelligence, and the privilege. And all down through the ages He has been giving to the human family His teachings contained in the Holy scriptures, to the end that we may all learn our lessons while there is yet time to prepare ourselves.

I thank the Lord for this wonderful Hinckley family, for the Holbrook family, for relatives and friends and neighbors and I want to take this opportunity to express my gratitude for their fellowship which has been so grand. I am not a child any longer and it will not be long until I receive my summons. And how happy I will be if I can keep my feet upon the pathway that leads to eternal progression. But knowing that the time is approaching, if I could but touch those hearts who do not understand that these things are true.

In the not-too-distant future everyone will stand before the bar of our Heavenly Father and receive His reward for the things he has done that He has advised us to do. I am sure of this; it will not be very long for this man. And so today, in love and as your brother and as one who desires to be helpful, I say to you everyone, that I know that the faith that this good woman had was inspired by the Heavenly Father. Through her faith one received blessings from the Lord, and the richness of her life was measured largely by the fact that she accepted those things and put them in execution

in her life.

In conclusion, let me say that I know these things, and knowing that I will have to answer for what I may say, if it were not true it would be unfortunate for me. But I know that it is true, that this gospel of Jesus Christ is the power of salvation, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, that His gospel has been restored to us in these latter days. These things are true, and knowing and realizing the seriousness of this statement as I implied before, I want to leave with you today -- I may not have another chance to do so -- my testimony. I know that these things are true, and I know that I live. I bear my testimony and witness to you with love and kindness in my heart that they are true. And when the book of life is opened we will find our names recorded there with those who have been dear to us, and I pray that it may be so, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Vocal Solo: “Going Home,” Virginia Frieze Barker, Accompanied by Sister Thelma Ryser

Bishop Rulon S. Howells:

The nephews of Sister Holbrook who are serving as pallbearers are: Waldo Hinckley, Ira Hinckley, Arza A. Hinckley, Eugene C. Hinckley, Don E. Ray, and Gordon B. Hinckley.

The body will be taken to Provo as was Brother Holbrook's. Brother Raymond B. Holbrook will dedicate the grave in Provo. He is a grandson of Sister Holbrook.

I was just thinking, I do not know, as long as I have lived in the 18th Ward, I cannot think of a time when a Holbrook has not been active. And I think, added to the contributions that this family has made in Provo, it has been a pillar of strength and has done wonders in promoting the work of the Church in this vicinity. And we appreciate greatly the knowledge and friendship of this family.

Brother Parnell Hinckley, a nephew, will now offer the benediction.

Benediction: Parnell Hinckley, a Newpew

Our Father in Heaven, we bow our heads at the conclusion of this service and ask Thy benediction on all that has taken place. Thank Thee for the beautiful music and flowers that have graced this occasion, for the words of faith, hope and inspiration that have been spoken. May all these things be treasured up for good, and may we again give thanks to Thee for this great and noble mother who has given a beautiful expression to life. Surely life will be with us for time and eternity.

Wilt Thou grant that our lives may ever be reflected by the noble example of her life.

May we go forth in righteousness, and may our faith be built up. And may the procession to the final resting place arrive in peace and safety, we pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Prelude and postlude by Sister Thelma Ryser at the organ.

C.S. Jarvis: Expression of Thanks Given at Provo, Utah:

Friends and relatives, in behalf of the family, I wish to thank you one and all for being here upon our arrival, ready to join with us in doing honors for Mother Holbrook. Your presence here and your kindness at this time have helped to make us feel quite at home, as we always hope to feel at returning here.

One incident I recall that sort of relates to this cemetery and to Father Holbrook: While he was serving as Mayor of Provo, one of his most active campaigns had to do with bringing the city water system to serve this area, to help in the beautification of the grounds with the trees, the ornamental shrubs, the flowers, and the lawns that show to such advantage in their respective seasons. Likewise the electric lighting system was installed during his term as Mayor.

The family and friends arriving with this funeral procession do appreciate the warm welcome you have accorded, and your cooperation and helpfulness on this occasion. Clara and I both plan to return homeward when our life-work is over, just as Mother Holbrook has done this day, to rest with loved ones who have gone on before, as headstones witness.

The eldest grandson, Raymond Brimhall Holbrook, will now dedicate the grave, after which the sexton will take charge.

Dedication: Raymond B. Holbrook, Grandson

Our Father in Heaven, surrounding this open grave, we dedicate and consecrate this spot of earth as the final resting place for the body of Emily Angelena Holbrook.

We express our gratitude for the life and labors of this noble woman. She was loved by her associates; she left a large posterity to bless her name; she faithfully followed the teachings of the Gospel of Thy Son.

Her mortal experience was rich and full, spanning nearly ninety-one years. We know her work was done and that Thou hast called her home. She answered this summons with an unfaltering trust. She believed in the eternity of the family tie resulting from her marriage in Thy Holy House. We know that Grandfather Holbrook, a son, two daughters, and many others who were called home before her, are rejoicing at her return.

We pray, our Father, that this spot of earth may be a hallowed place to which her kindred may come, for remembrance of her life and deeds will give strength and inspiration.

We ask Thee, our Father, that at the time appointed for its resurrection, the body may again come forth, re-animated with the spirit, and clothed with glory and eternal life. To this end we

dedicate all unto Thee, in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Funeral reported by
Genevieve J. Kitterman
765 9th Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah

APPENDIX C MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS

174 E. South Temple St.
Salt Lake City, Utah
July 15, 1924

Dear Fay,

Forty-seven years ago at 8-15, we remember well, was a beautiful Sunday morning. The sunshine in our little home in Fillmore, of only two rooms, appeared to both of us like a Palace glistening on every side -- happiness in and outside and all around it, so much so was this the case that this same humble home was a veritable paradise to us. It was the morning that our first born, a beautiful bouncing boy of ten pounds (to be exact 9 3/4 lbs) came to this little home, to share with us the best we had then and have now. The thrill made us happy then and now increasing in greatness and appreciation and thankfulness to our Heavenly Father as this same boy grew to splendid manhood with an excellent family of his own. You know the rest. Congratulations and many returns.

God bless the wife and mother of your family and every one of the babies old and young alike is the sincere of your parents.

Affectionately,

L. Holbrook
Emily A. Holbrook

.....

My dear sister Jean,

Salt Lake City, Utah,
March 31, 1926

I am reminded that today is your seventieth anniversary, an appropriate occasion on which to commend you for the splendid life which you have lived over these years, and to congratulate you on reaching this milestone in reasonable health.

It is a genuine pleasure to remind you of the help and inspiration you have given to me and to all of us, and at the same time to assure you that we appreciate to the full the countless things which you have so generously done for us.

From my earliest recollections you have always held a large place in my affections. When I was a little boy you were a second mother to me. You were then my ideal of a wife and mother and I have never outgrown that feeling. Your generosity and nobility of character have won an enduring place in the hearts of all who have come to know you. For purity and loftiness of purpose you are not surpassed by any woman that I know. By instinct and cultivation you belong to the nobility of the earth.

You have reared a strong and splendid family, who will love and cherish your memory as long as life lasts, and who owe it to you to do the best that lies within their power. It will not be out of place here to say that Holbrook is far from a commonplace man. He belongs to the heroic mold of men, and is the best and staunchest friend that Father's family ever had.

These are not the exuberant expressions of youth. The lime has touched our locks and we can better judge of things that count in life.

My wife and family join me in most cordially wishing you many happy returns of the day, and we trust that each birthday may bring increased joy and peace to you and to yours.

Sincerely and affectionately your brother,

B. S. Hinckley