

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

BRYANT STRINGHAM HINCKLEY

Arranged and Published by his daughter,

Ruth Hinckley Willes

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## PREFACE

Under encouragement from his family, Father began dictating this Autobiography in May of 1953. At odd moments during the ensuing two or three years, he worked on it, but never completed it because the story ends with his return home in July of 1939, after presiding over the Northern States Mission for 3 years. While many rich and important events took place in his life from that time until he passed away in June of 1961, we are grateful to have this much of his story.

Many of the events recorded herein were dear to his heart. On one occasion, for example, when I dropped in his office to see him, his eyes were moist with tears. He excused himself by saying he had a cold, but in reality he had been recalling some of the tender moments of his life which aroused his emotions.

Since we share in the great heritage of our Father, and since he did so much to add lustre to the Hinckley name, I feel that each of his children, and other members of the family, should have a copy of this simple, but inspiring story. To this end I have had a limited number printed and present one to you in loving tribute to him.

Aunt Lois shared generously in the expense of publication.

June 1971

## Chapter One

### PURPOSE OF WRITING - PARENTS & PROGENITORS

\*PURPOSE My family have frequently urged me to write some of the highlights of my life for those who come after me. There is no egotism in this undertaking. I am well aware that my life has been a simple and somewhat colorless one - almost devoid of the heroic or spectacular. If I had only kept a diary of some kind, or a journal, to make up for a faulty memory, it would be of help to me now. Perhaps, in a hundred years, the information given here may be of interest to some of my descendants, and that is the sole purpose for this writing.

PARENTS AND PROGENITORS I should at least make brief mention of my parents, for I was born of goodly parents. Every day I live I am grateful for them. My mother, Angeline Wilcox Noble Hinckley (Wilcox was Grandmother Noble's maiden name), reared six children. She lost two in infancy. Mother, the eldest daughter of Lucian and Emily Wilcox Noble, came to Utah in the Fall of 1850, with her parents. She was then nineteen years of age and drove a team across the plains. I have heard her say that this team consisted of a cow and horse attached to a light wagon. She used to relate some stampede experiences on the plains that were thrilling and dangerous.

Mother was medium-sized and plump. She probably weighed about 145 pounds. She was a nice looking, intellectual woman, with great personal pride. She taught school in the first ward of Salt Lake City. Among her pupils is Aseneth Adams, the mother of Maude Adams, a celebrated actress. With the money which she saved teaching school, she purchased a beautiful set of china dishes, which was brought across the plains by ox team. These dishes cost \$60.00 and were said to be the first or second set that came to Utah. She gave these dishes to her daughters, Jean (Mrs. Lafayette Holbrook), and Vernie (Mrs. J. M. George). Mrs. Holbrook gave her part of the set to her eldest daughter, Clara H. Jarvis, who gave them to me with the understanding that I would put them in a museum.

Mrs. Jarvis attended the coronation of Queen Victoria many years ago. She said that mother had a striking resemblance to the Queen of England. She was queenly in appearance. She was a deeply religious woman, absolutely free from duplicity, who taught her children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord.

Mother was a woman of leadership, serving as President of the Relief Society in Fillmore and as a member of the Stake Presidency of the Relief Society of Millard Stake. She had a good deal of native ability as a public speaker and her prayers were always beautiful to listen to. All of her children inherited a good deal of personal pride.

\*Sub-headings throughout added by the publisher.

The records show that she was born in Lavonia, Wayne County, Michigan, on October 26, 1831. She died April 28, 1912, in Salt Lake City, at the age of 81. She was buried in Provo.

Her oldest daughter gave this description of Mother:

"Mother was a very quiet person. She had little or no musical ability. She read the Church works and the Church newspaper very industriously. Speaking of her physical make-up, she had a high forehead and a prominent nose. Her eyes were blue and her hair was brown. She was rather short in stature, quite heavy."

She descended from a fine family of English emigrants, who came to America in 1653 and settled at Springfield, Massachusetts. Grandfather Noble was an interesting character. He descended from a line of ministers and taught school in the early days of Utah.

Grandmother Noble was an aristocrat naturally. Her forebearers were professional people.

My father, Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, descended from a line of patriots and pioneers, that came to America in 1635, and settled in Plymouth, Massachusetts. He was born in Upper Canada, October 20, 1828, the son of Ira Nathaniel Hinckley and Lois Judd. He was baptized in Nauvoo when sixteen years of age. Grandfather Hinckley died when father was two years old. His mother died when he was fourteen. Father stood about six foot one inch in his stocking feet and weighed about 175 pounds. He was inclined to be a little round-shouldered, no doubt because of the hard work which he did in his boyhood days, that of shoeing horses and making wagons. He had a deep chest and was a strong, athletic man, able to do more work than most men. There was no surplus weight about him. He was a sinewy man with strong fibered muscles. His eyes were blue and kindly and he wore a chin beard, not a heavy one. His hair was dark brown, and not very thick. In his later years it was thin and slightly grey, but no indication of baldness. He had a little narrow face, with a slightly aquiline nose, indicating firmness, and a rather high forehead. There was nothing coarse or rugged about his appearance. He was always well-dressed, well-groomed, and affable. He wore a white shirt when he worked in the field. He was well poised, and with all, was a fine looking man.

He was a wonderful father, and had a marvelous influence with his family. He ruled by kindness. To think of him is always an inspiration to do better and to be better. In soundness and splendor of character, no man surpasses him. He was steadfast in his faith and unfaltering in his loyalty to his family, his friends, his country, and his God. He was truly a great father, and mother was a true and wonderful mother. It is a matter of pride to think of them.

Father knew very little about his ancestors, but they were a noble line of people. I belong to the Sons of the American Revolution through his line. I also belong to the Society of the Descendants of the Mayflower through marriage from the descendants of Stephen Hopkins.

## Chapter Two

### BOYHOOD DAYS IN FILLMORE

#### FILLMORE HOME TOWN (Circa 1874-1883. 7 to 16 years of age.)

Fillmore is my home town. It was there that I grew up; it is there that the fondest memories of my boyhood cluster about places, events and people.

The town was founded in 1851. There was rather a distinctive atmosphere and personality about the old place. It was the first capital of the State of Utah, and the State House was under construction in about 1852. This resulted in calling a number of leading people - artisans and mechanics - to assist in building the State House. Andrew Henry, Reuben McBride, James Mace and other skilled craftsmen who had worked on the Nauvoo Temple and who had participated in many of the early events of the Church were among them. Two sessions of the State Legislature were held there which gave the old town an aristocratic atmosphere that it never quite outgrew. Orson Pratt had his home there, also Parley P. Pratt, the Robinsons, and other strong families.

At one time I knew every man, woman and child in Fillmore, including their dogs. I loved the very stones in those broad streets. As a boy, I never dreamed of living anywhere else.

FARM - WON AND LOST We had some experiences while living in Fillmore that are worth relating. My father never built a house in Fillmore but he bought several pieces of property there, one of which was the Alvin Reece farm west of town. This farm, I am told, was one of the best in Millard County. Alvin Robinson finally got it and in his estate it was listed at \$150,000.00.

We practically grew up on this farm. It was five miles from town and we lived there mostly in the summer time. We did go back and forth often, however. Ira and Lucian, my brothers, as I remember, borrowed some money to buy horses, and father signed the note for them. This farm was mortgaged and ultimately Alvin Robinson, a shylock sort of man, got the farm. However, this was probably a blessing in disguise. When father died, he had little property - nothing to distribute to his children. If he had died as wealthy as he was at one time, no doubt there would have been lawsuits, quarrels and family disagreements, but all of those things providentially were avoided.

#### FIRST SCHOOL EXPERIENCE

My school experiences began in Fillmore. My

sister, Minerva, mother of the Ray's, was my first teacher. A brick school house was built in the southeast end of town but was never completed. It was quite a building, with one small room finished so that it could be used. I went there to school for a short time but my real beginning was in the little old rock school house which stands on the corner of the public square, a quaint and silent monument of days that are gone. My sister, Jean, was the teacher there. She was a very good teacher for her day - a lovely young woman, brilliant, beautiful and superior in all respects. She was my ideal of a woman.

We learned the multiplication tables by singing them. If I were out at recess and they began singing the multiplication tables, I'd go into the schoolhouse to join them.

They taught reading by teaching the alphabet. I've told this rather humorous experience: My sister would point to one of the letters, pronounce it and we would follow, (a - and so forth) and when she got to "W" she said "W" and the response was "double me" and her face wreathed in smiles.

The rock school house and grounds surrounding it are now at rest. The boys and girls who attended it in my day are gone to a better world. Recently I looked at the little worn door treads and measured the dimensions of the house and thought of the days of long ago. The playground that once echoed the merry voices of gleeful children is overgrown with weeds and shrubs. The schoolhouse seems so quaint and small and quiet.

I made a good record in school. I learned the multiplication tables up to 12 times 12, to read in second readers and spell. I remember seeing one of the large boys write in red ink "U. S. Grant - 1877." I must have been about ten years old. My sister married and Brigham Clayton came to teach. He gave a prize for the best student in geography and I won the prize. I could name all of the capital cities of the United States and the rivers on which they were located.

I then attended school in the State House where Delilah Olsen was principal. She was a superior teacher, a good disciplinarian, a woman of fine intellect and well educated for her day - a strong and positive character. She was president of the first Primary in Fillmore and I was a member of that Primary. I recall distinctly that I was appointed to speak on one of the verses of the Book of Mormon (I think it was on page 99 of the old edition). It was a long verse. When the time came, I was so terribly frightened that I pled with her to excuse me but she would not. She held me to it fortunately. She was the mother of Culbert Olsen, who became Governor of California, and an aunt of Senator William H. King.

Sister Eliza R. Snow organized the Primary in Fillmore in 1878. She showed the children a watch given to her by the Prophet Joseph Smith and she said she was his wife. I have never forgotten that.

The Millard Stake Academy was founded. My father was the chief supporter and organizer and President of the Board, Alma Greenwood was employed and his brother, Joshua.

Alma Greenwood came from American Fork and had been to the Brigham Young University and received his training there. Brother Maeser sent him to Fillmore. He was a good administrator, a handsome man of good build, and conducted a very good school quite equal to any situation. He had only two children - a boy and a girl. I see his daughter frequently. I soon went to Provo and enrolled in the Brigham Young Academy.

### FIRST DAY AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

I have a vivid recollection of my first day at Sunday School. When one scans the years behind him, he often discovers the small events that have had a large part in shaping his career. Bright and clear across the years comes the vivid memory of this first day in Sunday School. It was a great day for me. I had gone to live in a little town and was a stranger there. One Sunday morning a boy came to my home and asked me if I would go to Sunday School with him. He said: "We have a good teacher."

I did not go with him, but I thought about it. My mother asked me why I did not go. The next Sunday he called again and I went. The meetinghouse was a one room, adobe building with a small table for a pulpit and a wood-burning stove in the center of the room for a heating plant. The Sunday School movement was in its infancy, lacking the orderly procedure of the well organized departments and the carefully planned courses of study that we have today. It had none of the facilities and techniques of a modern Sunday School - no singing practice, no two and one-half minute talks - but it had the atmosphere. I sat down near the door so that I could go out unseen if things were not to my liking. It is a great hour in a boy's life when he faces two roads. After the class work had begun, a young man, a teacher with a small group of boys, came down to me and asked my name and invited me to come to his class. Not knowing what else to do, I went with him. He took from the window a copy of Wilson's "Third Reader" and read to us the description of the duel between David and Goliath. He showed us the wood cuts of the shepherd boy with his sling and the great giant with his spear and armour coming forth to mortal combat. It was exciting. It thrilled me: When the class was over, he called me by my first name and said: "We are glad to have you here. Please come next Sunday. That seat right there will be yours."

I have been going to Sunday School ever since. The boy who invited me is gone. The teacher who taught me is gone. But the gratitude which I owe to them will remain with me always. I've often thought what would have been the results if the portals of my heart had been closed against the influence of this great institution - the Sunday School. How impoverished my life might have been. What an irrefutable loss I might have sustained in the friendships that linger for a lifetime, the opportunity for expression and development and in the joy that comes from contact with teachers and leaders who inspire hope and give direction to ones efforts. These lines occur to me:

"The high soul travels the high way, and the low soul gropes the low,  
And in between, on misty flats the rest drift to and fro. But to every man there  
openeth a high way and a low. And every man decideth the way his soul should  
go."

### BASHFUL AND RETIRING

I was one of the most bashful and retiring boys. (One

wouldn't believe it, but it is true.) There were some very pretty girls about my age in Fillmore, but I do not remember ever taking one home. There were some brilliant young men in Fillmore - Lyman Robinson, who attended the Brigham Young Academy for five years, William H. King, the Greenwoods, James Melville and others. My social life did not develop until my Provo days. In Provo, at the Brigham Young University, of course, I became acquainted with many of the leading students who became recognized in the community as leaders.

VISIT OF WILFORD WOODRUFF I well remember when Wilford Woodruff came from St. George in 1877 and in the old meetinghouse related his experience in the St. George Temple where the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the organizers and members of the Constitutional Convention appeared to him. Some of them called on him and asked him why he had not done the work for these distinguished people that laid the foundations of our Government. He proceeded to be baptized for one hundred of them.

FARM & SHEEP HAND As a boy, I worked on the farm, milking cows, etc. I herded sheep one spring for my brother-in-law, Lafayette Holbrook. It was a lonesome, unhappy life to me. During the whole spring I didn't lose one sheep. I herded them to death.

PRESIDENT OF DEACONS QUORUM I became president of the Deacon's Quorum in Fillmore and when I went to the Brigham Young University I was a teacher. They organized quorums in the school and I was active in this Teacher's Quorum. I remember Thomas N. Taylor, who became President of the Stake there, was a member of that quorum.

M.I.A. ACTIVITY I was active in the Mutual Improvement Association. I served as secretary, second counselor, and as first counselor, and became president of that organization there. My mother was responsible for these things. She kept her children active in the organizations. She used to tell this story with a good deal of merriment: Elmer came home from Sunday School and said that they had told him that the Lord was like a man and he said to her, "Now, if the Lord is like a man, is a woman like the devil?"

EDUCATION IN FILLMORE Fillmore is prominent for its educational institutions. Its schools were good and there was a strong influence in favor of education. Some very brilliant people came from there. The Hansen boys were unusually bright intellectually. There were many fine people.

There was very little money in those days. We all had to work. Thank goodness! Father would buy bolts of cloth and a fine English tailor made our clothes and we paid him in produce. We were dressed better than other boys but did not know it.

### Chapter Three

## EXPERIENCES AT COVE FORT

### VISIT TO COVE FORT

In my day, Cove Fort was a very interesting place for boys. It was really on the frontier. There were Indians, Spaniards, cowboys, miners and a variety of people there. Something exciting was always going on. The stage coach came twice a day from the north in the forenoon and from the south in the afternoon. The coach was loaded with interesting passengers. Horses were changed and the passengers had dinner at the Fort. We would get on the Fort wall with field glasses and could see when they were coming, and whether or not the stage was loaded with passengers. We could see a long distance, both north and south. If a storm came, the travellers would have to stay there over night, as it was 22 miles to Kanosh and 26 miles to Beaver. It was on the road to California.

Cove Fort was a most interesting center. There were wild horses and wild cattle that ranged on the hills east of it. In a boy's mind, the cowboys that herded them were experts and they had fleet-footed ponies. They would bring those wild horses down from the hills to the flat below and we would get on top of the Fort with field glasses where we watched the exciting process of corralling them. At the sight of the Fort, the horses would break away and it was interesting to see if a horse with a man on his back could be made to run faster than a horse without anything on his back. Finally they would bring them in and they would be foaming with lather and dust from the long, hot chase.

### HOMESICK - KINDNESS OF SISTER

I went to the Fort for a few days, and it was the first time I had ever been away from my mother. (I was probably seven years old at the time.) It was one of those bleak days when everything was drab and I had a terrible attack of homesickness. I went around to the back of the Fort and wept and wept as though my heart would break. Minerva, an older sister, saw me. She was a sweet and tender-hearted woman. She took me around to the front of the Fort and we sat on the old bench that stood on the east side for years. She told me she knew how I felt, that she had been homesick and could sympathize with me. She greatly comforted me. I can never forget her kindness. So long as I live that kindness will remain as one of my fondest memories. Father had a great and sympathetic heart. His boyhood was a very sad one. It made him very tender toward boys. "Nerva" inherited this blessed trait.

### ONLY WHITE MAN SHOT AT COVE FORT

I have said on two or three occasions that I was the only white man who was ever shot in Cove Fort. In fact, there was never a pitched battle there. No one was ever shot in the Fort as the result of any engagements, but this did happen:

My father and my Aunt Adelaide had gone away. My brother, Ed, I, and a young fellow by the name of "Maycock", who was an Englishman and a telegraph operator, went into father's bedroom and found under his pillow a six-shooter. That was common in those days. I remember it well. It was summertime, and the window was up, and Ed and Maycock were on the outside of the window. We were examining the pistol. Maycock looked down the barrel and said it wasn't loaded. He held it up to his forehead and said he wouldn't be afraid to pull the trigger, but he did not or there would have been one less telegrapher in the world. He handed the pistol to my brother, Ed, who accidentally pulled the trigger and shot me above the left knee. I can remember the hot blood running down into my shoe. Then I began to feel faint. Father came on the scene at that critical moment. He did all he could, of course, to try to stop the bleeding. Then he dispatched one of the boys on horseback for a doctor in Beaver, 26 miles away. That was a long way to go and a long way to come back in the horse and buggy days. The doctor came, but no X-rays or anything of that kind were known in those days. He took a darning needle and probed in this hole in my leg to see if he could locate the bullet, but he did not locate it. How it hurt! He poured St. Jacob's oil in it and bandaged it. I will never forget how it ached nights and I'd cry and couldn't sleep. Father would get up and take me in his arms and walk the floor and soothe me until I would go to sleep. It was a long time before I got any strength in that leg. I will never forget my father's kindness.

I do not know what became of the bullet. I don't know whether an X-ray would reveal it in some part of my anatomy now or not, but it has never come out.

### RUN-A-WAY HORSES

Now, for a thrilling trip I took from Fillmore to Cove Fort with my father. He used to drive very fine horses and this time he had Warfield and Prince. They were stallions. He had a very fine carriage. I think he called it "Concord". When we reached Corn Creek, the one horse, who was very highspirited, pulled on the bit and would not drink. There was no water between Corn Creek and Cove Fort and that was a distance of 22 miles. Father got out to water the horses and this horse would not drink with a bit in his mouth. I was sitting in the buggy, holding the lines, so Father slipped the bit out of Prince's mouth to see if he would drink out of a bucket. Just as he took the bit out of his mouth, he threw his head back and the bridle fell off his face and away they went running down the road, both of them. Father was hanging to his horse with all his might but the horse threw him off. I was sitting helplessly in the buggy. They turned a corner and went up a lane. I can see them now. They were running furiously. You know how the harness drops on a running horse. Well, I could see a fence some distance ahead, so I concluded to jump out. I threw the lines down and jumped. Very soon the horses jumped the fence, tearing the two front wheels off the carriage. They were circling around in a big flat and I could see my father coming as fast as he could. I could see him in the distance running. He had run a long way and was weary, without breath and about to drop when he reached me. I was trying to get up, but would get part way up and would fall down. I could not get up. It had knocked the wind out of me. It was a terrific blow when I struck the ground. I might well have been killed.

I remember how ghastly father looked - just ready to faint himself. This vivid recollection of father now moves me to tears as I am writing this. When my daughter, Ruth, came into my office I had to pretend that I had a cold. He held me up and with his handkerchief, he wiped the blood from my mouth and face and took care of me as best he could. We were alone on the desert. Providentially, at that critical moment my brother, Ira, on horseback going from Cove Fort to Fillmore appeared. That was an unexpected and providential thing. He went out and brought the horses back. Then we went back to Corn Creek and got a buck-board, hitched the horses onto it and led Ira's horse by the side and drove to Cove Fort. It was done in good time. Well, that Prince was a ruined horse with that run away. Thereafter, without any provocation, he would run away. It was a wonder that I was not killed, but I survived for some good purpose.

ROUND-UPS In those days, there was a very good cattle range in Dog Valley and in the mountains east of the Fort. There were hundreds of cattle that fed on those hills. They had roundups or drives, as they called them, when anybody who had any cattle would come out and they would put all the cattle into a corral and then they would separate them and brand them. This would continue for about three days. This meant, of course, that the people in those days would permit their cattle to roam on the range, and then they would round them up and brand them.

#### Chapter Four

## MOVE TO PROVO

### MOVE TO PROVO (1883)

It is very regrettable that I postponed writing this until all of the older members of the family are gone. Their recollections were keen and perfect and I often find myself wanting to know something about what took place but there is no one left to tell me. It is a lonesome sensation.

Father had conceived the plan of taking Mother to Provo, renting a house, letting her keep boarders, and permitting the boys to live with her and attend the Brigham Young Academy, as it was known in those days. So we went to Provo with loads of furniture on hayracks, provisions, bedding, etc., and leading two cows. It was an interesting migration. We rented a house on Center Street by a little store, one block west from where the old Academy stood. There were three of Mother's boys, Alonzo, Elmer and I; also Frank and Ed, sons of Aunt Adelaide. That was a very important event in my life.

### IMPRESSIONABLE YEARS - KARL G. MAESER

These were the impressionable years of my life. Brother Maeser was a great character. He made a profound impression on me. I went to the school for an entrance examination. Brother Maeser, J. M. Tanner, and possibly someone else were in the office. Brother Maeser gave me a preliminary examination. He asked me what grade I was in and he gave me an examination in arithmetic. Holding up a lead pencil, he said: "What is two-thirds of three-fourths of this pencil?" I figured awhile and could not tell him. That was way beyond me. "Very well," he said, "you will go in the Intermediate Department." I can remember thinking what a handsome looking man Tanner was at that time.

Ira and Lucian, my older brothers, had both attended the Academy, along with several other Fillmore boys prior to this.

The year I commenced at the Brigham Young Academy was 1883, in the old Lewis Building. The Intermediate Department occupied the second floor. It was in the assembly room. The first time in all my life that I heard a piano, I went up there one morning and stood on the outside and listened to Otelia Maeser playing the piano in the room above. It was a strange experience. It had a far-away haunting effect on me. It sounded like something I had heard in another world. I shall never forget it.

I have a vivid recollection of the first day in school. I had never heard a choir sing in school and prayer was offered. That was new. Brother Maeser welcomed the students and made necessary arrangements.

In the Intermediate Department, they called the roll and we chuckled at some of the names - Serenny Swenson, Walter Whatecotton, Walter Hand, Samuel Fort, Eugene Hand, Mary Dedlittle, etc.

In the Intermediate Department we used to read from the fourth reader. We read in concert in those days. It was a very large class taught by Dan Houg of Springville, and N. L. Nelson. I will never forget. They would read in concert and then call on some member

of the class to read. They called on my brother, Alonzo, younger than I. That was a terrifying experience. He was scared to death. We were reading from Shakespeare. It ran something like this: "You may as well stand upon the heights and bid the flood abate its usual height, or use question with the wolf, why he hath caused the ewe to plead for the lamb." That word "ewe" is spelled "e w e", and Lon read it: "Why he hath caused the ee-wee to plead for the lamb." Well, he never outgrew that, never.

During that winter the old Lewis Building burned down and we went uptown to the bank and S. S. Jones' store. The Intermediate Department occupied the store. Finally we went down to the old warehouse where they had arranged the top floor with rather good class rooms. It was really a great school. Yes, it was great.

The boys and girls of those days are gone. Very, very few of them remain. Alonzo is gone; Edwin is gone; Frank is gone; all the faculty that taught there have gone. Schoolmates and associates have gone.

I lived to become the President of the Alumni Association and the organizer of the Emeritus Club, and I was made President Emeritus of the Emeritus Club. Very few, indeed, of the old grads are now left. Brother Maeser was principal, and I am looking now at his portrait hanging on the wall. Oh, he was a great teacher. He was a man with a high-powered soul--a great orator. He could stir the best that slumbers in the human heart and could transform boys into gentlemen if anyone could.

The old Academy was a great power in those early days in the education of the young people of this Church. Boys came from all parts of the Church, spent only the winter months there, but when they went home to do the spring plowing there was something working in their hearts that transformed their lives forever. Those were great days in my life, the formative days of my life.

DISTINCTION WON WHILE AT THE B.Y. ACADEMY I must relate more of my experiences at the Brigham Young Academy. As a student there I won two or three distinctions worth mentioning. In the first place, I was a winner of an important oratorical contest. This was publicized and people gathered from all over the country. The house was packed and the atmosphere was tense with excitement. There were seven contestants: Wilford Booth, who for many years lived in Palestine and presided over that Mission; William E. Rydlysh, who became a lawyer; Andrew Morgan, a graduate of Stanford University and likewise an attorney; Brother Jacobsen; Mable Thurman; Julia Farnsworth; and I.

The winner was to be the orator on Commencement Day. I won first place. It was considered a great honor. This original oration was published in the Contributor or the Juvenile Instructor and was the first composition I had ever written that was published. The title was "The Pioneers." Long after, I was invited to deliver the Commencement Address at the Y. The institution was then in financial distress. I prepared this speech with great care and it was

received with approval and applause and was published in pamphlet form and many thousands of copies were distributed. Joseph R. Murdock, a trustee of the institution at the time, said he would pay me \$5.00 a copy for five copies to send to each of his children.

## Chapter Five

### LIFE IN PROVO

FIRST JOB - MIXING MUD FOR ADOBE BRICKS Mother stayed in Provo for two school years, keeping boarders. I attended the Academy two full years. Work was very scarce, but during the summer season I stayed in Provo and finally secured a job, mixing mud for a man who was making adobes on Provo bench.

I shall never forget seeking a job. How discouraging it was: I remember talking with Benjamin Cluff. He was then a teacher and he talked kindly to me but could do nothing for me. I appreciated his kindness. I finally got a job working in a hay field for a short time and then I went to this job mixing mud. I was to receive a dollar a day. The day was about ten hours and I used to walk often from my home to the bench. This was three miles and I had to be there at 7:00 in the morning. I was a thin stripling of a boy. I put on old overalls and rolled them up above my knees and wore some sort of a shirt. I would get in the mud barefooted and mix the clay and put it in the molds. The man would then check the molds and carry the adobes out into the yard. He was not there one day and I went up and made 500 of these adobes alone and put them in the yard. He wouldn't pay me because he said I hadn't made them. That wasn't very pleasant.

Mr. Barry was growing hops, and it was for a hop kiln that we were making the adobes. A Mr. Lidiard was laying them up. The kiln stood for years and I often thought I would like a photograph of it and to have one of the adobes I made. I finally got a photograph and have two adobes in my garage. Mr. Lidiard employed me to carry the hod for the kiln, which I did for a two-story building. The heavy weight of the hod made my shoulders very sore. It was a terrible ordeal to carry that hod up two stories. I remember father came to Provo, while I was working there, and I overheard mother telling him about my shoulders and she said she thought the work was too heavy and too hard for me. But I stayed with it until the job was completed. Finally they permitted me to lay some inside brick, and I was ambitious to become a bricklayer because the bricklayers made very much more money than the hod carriers, but I never got to lay any outside brick that fall.

MOVE BACK TO FILLMORE I went back to school for a year and at the end of this school year we moved back to Fillmore. Then I went to the Millard Stake Academy for a year. This was before I went to Frisco.

ANOTHER YEAR AT B.Y. ACADEMY I came to Provo the next year. This was the third year. I hadn't money to maintain myself all the way. I lived with my brother-in-law, Lafayette Holbrook, at the Hotel Roberts and he loaned me \$25.00 a month until I had finished and I gave him my note. I was about to leave the school and go to work, because I was out of money, but I stayed and finished, which was a most excellent thing. At the end of this school year, I was out of employment and I didn't know just what to do, but the last day we were in a parade. I was marching in the parade when W.R.H. Paxman, who sat along the lines, called me over and asked if I would come over to the lumber company, the Provo Lumber, Manufacturing & Building Company, which was located across the road west from the old Academy Warehouse. On going there he hired me as a bookkeeper. I succeeded John D. Dixon and at the end of two or three months he paid me the same salary that Dixon was getting, which was \$75.00 a month. That was a very handsome salary for those days.

In the meantime, my brothers had a contract for railroad construction work at the point of the mountain. I went to work there driving a horse and team in that dust. Finally, I contracted what they called "Malaria Fever". I was sent to Provo where Dr. Pike took care of me. I became very sick and had to go home. This time I went by train to Oasis and Father took me, lying on the flat of the wagon, to Fillmore. I was prostrate there and pretty low for some time but finally rallied.

### MEET FIRST WIFE

While working at the point of the mountain I took charge of the commissary for Nels Johnson and William McCullough. There I met my first wife, Christina Johnson. She was a young and beautiful woman. I then went back to Provo and graduated in 1890.

### TAKES A COMMERCIAL COURSE AT POUGHKEEPSIE NEW YORK 1892

I was offered a position in Nephi as principal of a school. I met the Trustees in Provo and one of them said something that offended me and I wouldn't go down. In the meantime, I was offered a position at the Brigham Young University if I would go East and take a course in commercial work. So I went to Poughkeepsie, New York, on the Hudson River, about 75 miles below Albany and 75 miles above New York City. I entered the Eastman Business College. Work was arranged there so that as fast as one completed certain requirements, he was passed. I made very wonderful progress and in six months completed the course and graduated very well. I went from there to the Rochester Business University and did some post-graduate work and came home in the Spring of 1893. I then began teaching in the Brigham Young University. They paid me at the rate of \$700.00 a year for the first year, \$800.00 the next, \$900.00 the next, and then I went to \$1100.00. Then I was offered a position in the Agriculture College and they advanced me to \$1200.00 or \$1300.00, if I would stay.

### FIRST MARRIAGE

While I was teaching, I married Christine Johnson. I was then within a month of being 25 years of age. She was 23 years old. We first lived in the back of Charles Glazier's house. Then we moved to Brother Alleman's house and soon after I bought a home from Brother Fuller.

In my earlier days as a teacher at the B.Y.U., they were holding a Field Day and all the men were out working on the grounds and the women and girls put on a big banquet in the main hall of the building. They offered a prize for the handsomest man and it was awarded to me. That was a sort of burlesque, but it worked out all right. Those present never forgot what I said on that occasion.

### ASSOCIATION WITH DR. M. H. HARDING AND DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL

About this time I became associated with Dr. M. H. Harding and Dr. George H. Brimhall in the Mutual Improvement work. They were wonderful companions. Those two men were pioneers in the development of the Mutual Improvement Association work in the church. George H. Brimhall made a great contribution to that noble cause. He was a remarkable teacher. I owe much to him. Wherever he went, he inspired young people to noble endeavor. There was an element of sadness in his illness and his tragic end. His name will be cherished forever by those who knew him. God bless his memory, his works and his children forever. These men were both on the General Board of the Y.M.M.I.A.

I was selected as Stake Secretary. Benjamin Cluff was Superintendent. I became 2nd Counselor in the Superintendency of the Stake, then 1st Counselor, and finally President in which office I presided over the great Utah Stake of Zion for five years before I came to Salt Lake City.

As Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Association in the Stake, I had some marvelous and faith-building experiences. Although Brother Brimhall was a member of the General Board, he gave very effective help and encouragement in the Stake, going with me frequently to appointments and aided in every way in building up the organization. What a power for good he really was:

This was in the horse and buggy days. I remember one night we held a protracted meeting at the Lakeview Ward, which was about six miles from where I lived. We were riding home horseback and at a pretty fast clip, when my horse stumbled, fell and threw me to the ground, which resulted in a serious shock. My wife was waiting for me when I got home. Two hours later my son, Heber Grant Hinckley, was born.

About this time the Era was established and I was present at the Conference when it was launched and participated and to establish a subscription list. Each Stake was given an allotment to secure. I think we were assigned 900 subscribers. Brother Brimhall and I went to a meeting to promote the Era. I talked a little and said I thought \$2.00 was too high but they had fixed that price even though I felt \$1.50 was enough. As you may imagine, nothing came from this meeting. There was no response. We got nowhere. We were disappointed. When we went out to get in Brother Brimhall's cart, he said: "Now, Brother Hinckley, you pray about this matter and I will."

Our next appointment was at a ward where we didn't expect a very generous response. I shall never forget his first sentence. He said, with boldness: "We have been sent here to preach Era and if we had been sent here by the same authority to preach earthquakes, we would preach them, and they would come."

That had a ring to it. It loosened the purse strings of the people. We were surprised at the number of subscriptions which we gathered. So all down through the Stake. I have never in my life experienced more faith promoting experiences than we had in soliciting for the Era that year. We got more than 1,000 paid subscriptions.

The Utah Stake then included all of Utah County. It was next to the largest stake in the Church. I had some strong men as counselors and board members, Guy C. Wilson, Richard R. Lyman, John DeGray Dixon, Ernest Partridge, Heber C. Jex for Counselors. When I moved to Salt Lake City, they gave me a place on the General Board and I remained on that Board for 25 years. I was very active. I visited most of the stakes of Zion. I went to Mexico and Canada and pretty much all over the Church.

AUTHORED MANUALS I was chairman of the Junior Manual Committee for many years and the manuals for that department. I wrote several senior manuals and I am conservative in stating that I prepared more manuals for the Mutual Improvement Association than any other man in the Church.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH Thomas Hull was General Secretary and President Joseph F. Smith was General Superintendent with Heber J. Grant and Brigham H. Roberts as counselors. Frequently after the regular business, President Smith would talk to the Board. That was a precious privilege. Joseph F. Smith was a great character. He was one of the greatest preachers the Church ever had. He was a great and fearless leader with moods as gentle as a child. While I was Superintendent of Utah Stake, I invited him to come to Spanish Fork to bear his testimony to a group of officers. He said to that group:

"I know that God lives for I have seen Him."

It was wonderful to listen to him: I had a great love and admiration for him. His words, on this occasion, spoken under the inspiration and power of the Holy Ghost, penetrated one's very soul. I have never listened to such a testimony.

## Chapter Six

### FRISCO

#### FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A SCHOOL TEACHER

1886 - 19 years old)

I must tell my experience as a (Probably school teacher in Frisco, Beaver County. After that experience, I never, never expected to teach school another day, but, in the course of time, I discovered that it was the happiest profession that men and women can engage in. Nevertheless, my experience in Frisco was tragic, pathetic, and never, never to be forgotten.

After attending the Brigham Young University for two years, I went to Fillmore and attended the Millard Stake Academy for a year. It was taught by Alma Greenwood and his brother Joshua.

One Fall Ed and I and I don't know who else, had gone to Sulphur, just south of Cove Fort to cut cordwood for the sulphur company. I've forgotten the price it was but I think it was about a dollar and a half a cord. I had cut one day when I received a letter from my brother-in-law, Lafayette Holbrook, who was then running a store in Frisco, Beaver County, asking me if I would come out there and work in his store. So, after that one day, I made my way to Frisco, then a wide-awake mining town. The other boys only stayed a few days cutting cordwood. They found that they couldn't make anything at it. It required so much wood to make a cord, and it took a boy so long to cut the wood.

While my brother-in-law was away his wife, my sister Jean, was running the store and I was helping her. They had a post office and the store. A man by the name of "Cox", an Englishman, was teaching school there. They had a little one-room schoolhouse and there were about eighteen or twenty students. Cox taught for two weeks and then he either got a better offer, or for some reason summarily left the school. Mr. Barkley, who managed the Horn Silver Store, a trustee, sent for me and asked me if I wouldn't undertake to conduct this school. They promised to pay me something like forty-five dollars a month, I believe, and I was only getting about twenty or twenty-five dollars. The temptation was pretty great and my resistance wasn't very strong, and so finally I yielded to it and consented to teach the school.

That was an epic in my life: I had had no teaching credentials or experience. I knew what a good school was, but I'd never taken any examination nor did I hold any certificates that would entitle me to teach.

The first two weeks were full of tragedy. I don't think there is any other word that describes that experience, although there was nothing terrible about it.

It was a wide-open, wild mining town. If ever a shot was heard downtown, we would go down to see who was killed. They used to say that they would kill a man before breakfast on every holiday. There were many saloons. I have a faint recollection that in and about Frisco there were employed about three hundred and fifty miners, and a few of them had their families.

It has been sixty-five years since I was there as a teacher, and I went down last September and visited the old town and had a very difficult time to even locate the town itself. Nothing is left.

It was a remote mining town. A one-room schoolhouse stood upon a hill facing the back doors of eleven saloons within a stone's throw. That was the atmosphere and those were the days of the wild and woolly west, and this was one of the wildest, if not the woolliest places.

I was not yet twenty and was suddenly drafted to teach public school. The tragedies and conflicts through which I passed can never be told. The daily threat of defeat and the disgrace that would go with it filled my soul with inexpressible anguish. During the first three weeks of that school, I fought, what seemed, a forlorn and desperate fight for supremacy. My physical prowess and fortitude of soul were tested to the very depths. It was there and then that I fought the hardest battle of my life. From a divine and unseen source I was given strength. Those big fellows who came to scoff, remained to pray. Through divine assistance I won their respect and the confidence of the community. Our hardest experiences are often our best ones. The value of every experience must be determined by its effect upon our lives. That is the best experience which leaves behind the greatest personality, I have often said.

Nothing remains of the old town. If it had been swept with fire and devastated with floods, it could not have been more completely obliterated. It was worth the journey of five hundred miles to stand upon the barren hill where once stood the little schoolhouse, and to look across more than three score years and see in memory the faces of the boys and girls who sat there, most of whom have gone to a better world; and to ponder on the contributions, if any, which I may have made to their lives.

Now I know something about what it means to a soldier to walk again over the battlefields where once he engaged in mortal combat. I know how it warms his blood and stirs the emotions and memories which were long dormant.

Here is an extract from an editorial I wrote at the time:

"Standing near the schoolhouse was the old Hedges home. Mrs. Hedges was dead. Her husband was an outlaw. He had three boys. He barricaded himself in this house with rifles

and all the town could not arrest him. Those three boys came to my school. One day at recess they had a quarrel and came in sniffling, and before I knew it, one of these boys, with a long knife, jumped to stab another boy and just missed him. I took his knife away and adjusted that difficulty."

I had a rule that there was to be no whistling in the schoolhouse. One day while I was conducting a class, I heard a boy whistle. I turned around and said that there was to be no whistling here. I had hardly gotten engaged again when he whistled the second time. I walked down the aisle and said:

"Harry Houston, did you whistle?"

He whistled in my face. I gathered him by the coat collar (he was the largest boy there) and swung him around, and as he went around he gathered a hatchet which was on my table. I put him on the floor and took the hatchet away. He got up and was making for the door and I said:

"You come back here and sit right down until I tell you to go, and don't you ever darken this door again."

The children were crying and the air was tense with excitement. Harry Houston sat in his seat until they had all gone out. Then I told him to gather up his books and effects and get out of that schoolhouse and never come back. He knew I meant what I said.

Harry's mother was a very nice woman. After he had been away some time, she came to the post office to see me. She said that Harry felt very badly because of what he had done and she wanted to know if there were not some way he could come back. After thinking it over, I said to this fine woman:

"You come over with him tomorrow morning and if he will stand up and say that he is sorry and he would like to make it right and ask the school if they will forgive him, and if they will do it, I will let him return."

She consented to do this. I will never forget that morning. I had three chairs. I put two of them on the rostrum and Harry sat there with his mother and I explained to the school what a brave boy he was; that he had discovered he had done wrong; and he had it in his heart to make it right. Well, when I looked at him he looked so terrified, so frightened, so full of consternation, that I said:

"Now, I'll not ask him to make any statement here today. I've made this statement for him, and all of you who would like him to be reinstated will do so by raising your hand."

Every hand went up, and Harry was forever after my right-hand man. He fought for me as no one else could do. He was innately a good boy.

I used to go home at noon and when I came back one day several of the girls had a girl down on the floor and they were having a terrible fight. When I came into the schoolhouse, the battle ended. One girl said to me:

"These girls say that I wear corsets, and I do not."

That was the occasion for all this battle.

Something appeared in the local paper criticizing the boys of the public school of Frisco intimating something of an immoral character. I called them in and asked them frankly what the situation was and I said,

"I'll kick you out of here body and bones if that is true, unless you make the necessary amends." They knew I meant what I said and they made all the necessary amends.

Finally, this occurred. There was a notorious character by the name of "John Burns." He was asleep behind a saloon down below the schoolhouse. At recess the students had been snowballing him. He got up and followed them. They were terrified. They knew that he was a tough character. They came to the schoolhouse as fast as they could and went right back and stood against the wall in the far end of the house. Burns made his way up and I went down to the door and met him. I said: "Mr. Burns, won't you come in?"

He said: "These boys have been snowballing me, Mr. Schoolmaster."

"Well," I said, "you come in and I'll see that they make the necessary amends to you."

He said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Schoolmaster, I'm sure you'll do that."

They did and he left.

Well, after three weeks of battles, yes, tragic battles, I won out, and the school began to grow, and the time came when I had forty-five students. They came from Minersville, and all around, and my reputation went far and wide. I was offered schools in several places where they had run out school teachers, and so forth, but I had too much sense to think I was that sort of a hero.

At the conclusion of the school term, we had a sort of program to which the parents and friends were invited. Before going there in the morning, I had my horse all saddled and at noon, the minute school was out, I was on my way home to Fillmore, and for good. Well, they came and pled with me to continue my school, and they said:

"Why don't you go home and come back after two weeks?"

They persuaded me again and I came back and taught there the next year and went from there to the Brigham Young University where I graduated the following spring for the first time.

At one time I told the students that they would never get me out of there unless they took me out a piece at a time, and they knew that I meant exactly what I said. They would never get me out any other way, if I were alive.

I made good money teaching school at Frisco. They guaranteed a little something and then paid by the pupil so that I had about three hundred dollars - the most money I had ever had in my life - when I was through there.

As I explained, I had no teaching credentials and I had to go to Beaver to take the examination. That worried me greatly. This marvelous thing happened:

One day a pleasant-looking man came and said he was visiting the school. He sat down and stayed all during the morning. I was then living at Mrs. Boatwright's, who kept a boarding house. When I went down there at noon, there was this man. He said to me: "I am Mr. Clayton from Beaver. I am the County Superintendent and I have come here to visit your school. I want to tell you, Mr. Hinckley, you are not only a teacher but you are a father to those boys and girls. This is a remarkable school. You won't need to come to Beaver to take the examination, if you will furnish me with some credentials, I will grant you a certificate," which he very graciously did.

We had no fuel, and so on Saturdays we would take a delivery wagon and a horse and the larger boys would go with me and we would gather stumps with which to heat the schoolhouse.

There was no place to go so I used to go down to the saloon in the hotel and tally for the men who played pool. I learned the game but never played it.

This happened early in my experience there and it is worth telling:

My brother-in-law had a grey horse. "Old George" was his name. He was a very fast starting old fellow. He was a good horse to ride and I used to carry the mail from the depot to the Post Office. One Saturday morning I had gone down and was coming up the street with the mail riding the old horse bareback, when several of these older students were along the street snowballing. It was a very narrow street. They were going to snowball me. I rode up to them and said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. You let me get back here fifty yards, and you get ready, and when I give the signal you start firing, I'll start this old horse as fast as he can go, and you give it to me when I pass you."

The old fellow was quick to start, and I went as fast as he could run and they fired away. I don't know whether they hit me or the horse, but they thought that was a brave and wonderful thing. They did not know that it was illegal to stop the U. S. mail.

That is the substance of my first experience as a school teacher.

## Chapter Seven

### L.D.S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

MOVE TO SALT LAKE CITY On the 4th of March, 1900, I came to Salt Lake City to serve as principal of the L.D.S. Business College. That was a momentous day in my life! The L.D.S. College then met on the 5th and 6th floors of the Templeton Building. J. H. Paul was President of the University. Joseph Nelson had taken the Business College down and consolidated it with the Salt Lake Business College and there was only a fragment of the L.D.S. College left. President Paul was a brilliant writer, good speaker, polished in appearance, and had recently returned from a mission to Europe.

John M. Mills was instrumental in bringing me here. He went to Provo time after time to see me. I finally came up and talked with George Q. Cannon, who was President of the Board of the Brigham Young University, and others about my coming. Finally Angus M. Cannon came down to Provo and insisted on my coming. They increased my salary very substantially and I came. I taught there for about nine years.

In those days, the school had a presidency. I was President Paul's first counselor. Because of the fire hazard, the school was taken out of the Templeton Building and a part was taken over to the old Social Hall. I went over to the Social Hall. The other part of the school occupied the Lion House.

Steps were taken that year to build a Business College. Don C. Young was the architect and a fine building was built at a cost of about \$30,000.00, I believe. I paid 10% of my salary for a year or two and many others subscribed to that building fund.

TRIP EAST TO VISIT BUSINESS SCHOOLS That summer I went East and visited the most progressive colleges. I did this at my own expense. If I do say so, it was one of the best business colleges in the United States at the time I retired. We had excellent accommodations, a department of telegraphy, banking, penmanship, and a very fine accounting department, along with shorthand and typewriting. From that day the Business College has gone forward.

I was taken into the other departments where I taught the Old Testament. My classes were crowded and I built up a reputation. I taught two sections of Algebra, United States History and Civics for five hours, and then a course in Economics for many years.

President Paul was released and Willard Young was his successor. He was not a good school man. He lacked human sympathy and understanding of young people. His discipline was impossible. I was then made President of the Business College. I remained there for nine years. My teaching life and experience in the L.D.S. University were among the most gratifying experiences that I ever had. The young people were superior young people.

John Mills, Henry Peterson, A. B. Christensen, Milton Ross, J. C. Thomas, Miss Holmgren, Maria Josephson's mother, Della Bitner, Ada Bitner, who became my devoted wife, were among the outstanding teachers on that faculty. My contacts in the L.D.S. University were very happy and satisfying.

DEATH OF FIRST WIFE While teaching, I had one of the major tragedies of my life, the death of my first wife, Christine. She died in Provo on the 11th of July, 1908, with appendicitis. This left me with eight children, the youngest being two months of age. Christine was one of the most pleasant dispositioned women that ever lived. In all of our married days, she never spoke a harsh word to me. She was always cheerful and happy no matter. If I took anyone home unexpectedly, they were made as welcome as the sunshine.

We had gone for a visit to Provo and she was suddenly stricken with appendicitis and we didn't know what it was until she was operated on. She died following the operation in a Provo hospital. No one can describe the sorrowful days that followed her death. My mother came to help me but she was not equal to the responsibility. I struggled along with good help for more than a year.

SECOND MARRIAGE In August, 1909, I married my second wife, Ada Bitner. She was a brilliant and lovely woman. The responsibility of raising my large family was a terrible undertaking. She never complained but carried on wonderfully. All the family worked and struggled and we got along very well. She was the mother of five wonderful children of her own. How she managed so well I do not know, but she did it. All of her children are grown. Ruth married before she had finished the University of Utah but she had graduated from the L.D.S. Business College, had one year at the University, and held down a good job as a legal secretary in the firm of Van Cott, Riter & Farnsworth. Gordon and Sherman both graduated from the University of Utah, Gordon in "Journalism", and Sherman in "Mining Engineering." They made their own way and took care of their own business. Ramona and Sylvia both graduated from the Brigham Young University.

DEATH OF SECOND WIFE Ada died of Cancer in California when she was fifty years of age. We had been married a little over twenty-one years. Our married life was romantic and beautiful. These are her children: Gordon, Sherman, Ruth, Ramona and Sylvia. She has living today 20 grandchildren.

My first wife had the following children: Stanford, who died in World War I from the flu, Lucile, Grant, Grace (deceased), Carol, Venice, Virginia (deceased), Wendel (deceased), Waldo, and Christine. These are all wonderful children and I am so proud of them. I have 9 living grandchildren by my wife, Christine, and two deceased. I also have 21 great grandchildren from this family.

## Chapter Eight

### SALT LAKE CITY

CALLED TO HIGH COUNCIL        Soon after arriving in Salt Lake City to take charge of the L.D.S. Business College, I was chosen as a member of the High Council of the old Salt Lake Stake of Zion, which covered Salt Lake City and much of the County. Angus M. Cannon was President, with Charles W. Penrose and Joseph E. Taylor as Counselors. There were an unusual group of men on that High Council - such men as Henry Dinwoody, August Carlson, John T. Caine, John C. Cutler, W. W. Riter, Elias A. Smith, Hamilton G. Park, Brother Richards, Brother Davis and Henry Tanner. We had many Church trials. This was really a great experience for me. I am the only living man that was on that High Council. There were some great characters in that group. The experience gained there was a great help to me when I became President of Liberty Stake.

I was put on the "home mission" list and was out every Sunday night. I went all over the city. That was a priceless experience also. Until the fall of that year I boarded with my Aunt Em Davis. My family did not come to Salt Lake City until that September.

When we came to Salt Lake, we lived in an old house belonging to Professor J. H. Paul. Our rent was \$8.00 per month. Some time after we moved across the street into Thad Naylor's house, where we paid \$15.00 per month rent. He was then the County Sheriff.

DEATH OF DAUGHTER GRACE        In this home I had a most tragic experience. My son, Grant, and my little daughter, Grace, were stricken with a fever. Dr. Joseph S. Richards, the founder of the L.D.S. Hospital, and the father of Dr. Ralph Richards, was our doctor. Little Grace was a beautiful child, 2 1/2 years old. As a small child her mother would stand her on the table and she would sing beautifully for her age. During this illness, of course, we had a nurse and a doctor, but she passed away one morning and soon thereafter my daughter Carol was born. Those were tragic days. We were poor and I was having a desperate struggle in the L.D.S. University. I remember that January day, the ground was covered with snow and the nearest telephone was two blocks away in the back room of a little store. I could not get Dr. Richards and the nurse was terrified and my poor wife was in agony and no one to help. The doctor and the undertaker came about the same time. The doctor said the nurse had done a good job and the mother and the child were all right. Grant was still desperately ill.

We held a funeral service in the living room of the little place. Her mother had her infant daughter with her and Grant was in an adjacent room. President Angus M. Cannon, peace to his memory, came down and conducted the services and made some most encouraging remarks. Some L.D.S. students furnished the music. John DeGray Dixon, who was then State Treasurer, and living in Salt Lake, had a single buggy and he took the little coffin and myself to the station and I took the remains to Provo and they were buried in Brother

Johnson's lot.

I have never lived in the past and it has stirred my emotions to live over those tragic days. Grant recovered and things grew better. I bought me a home at 723 East 7th South, in the 1st Ward. There four of my children were born, Wendel and Waldo (twins), and Venice and Virginia (twins). Virginia died at birth. That little house cost \$1800.00. Some time after I purchased from Judge Straup the big house at 840 East 7th South for \$3600.00. That was a good home for us and we were happy in it.

#### SALT LAKE STAKE DIVIDED

In 1904, the Salt Lake Stake was divided into four Stakes. I was then living in the Liberty Stake, whose boundaries were: Main Street on the West, 3rd South on the North, 13th South on the South, and East to the mountains. At the time of the organization there were about four thousand people. We soon had twelve wards and the membership had increased to sixteen thousand. I was chosen as one of the High Council of the newly organized Stake. Hugh J. Cannon was selected as President. He was then presiding over the German Mission. Arnold H. Shultess and Philip Maycock were chosen as Counselors.

BECAME PRESIDENT OF LIBERTY STAKE (May 1925) At a Priesthood Meeting held preliminary to the organization of the Stake, my name was presented, among others, for President of the Stake, but it was clearly revealed to me, although I had never met Hugh J. Cannon, that he was to be President of the Stake. Brother Maycock died not long after the organization, and I was taken into the Presidency as 2nd Counselor (1907). I served in that capacity for a long time and finally Brother Shultess was compelled to retire and I was made 1st Counselor (1919). Then Brother Cannon was called to preside, for the second time, over the German Mission, and I was selected for the President of the Stake. I was set apart for that position in the First Ward meeting house by Brother Rudger Clawson and presided there for eleven years.

That was really a marvelous experience for me. The Stake grew in membership, in strength and popularity. I had a wonderful group of men on my High Council. I really do not think there was a stake in all Zion that was manned more effectively than the Liberty Stake during my presidency. We used to meet every Thursday night in the Temple and have a prayer circle. We had about twenty-two people who came there. This was a great spiritual support.

As I remember, the High Council was: LeGrand Young, A. H. Woolley, Brother Weiler, Dr. Holbrook, Dr. Pack, Junius Romney, James L. Barker, Jesse R. S. Budge, Alvin Strong, C. C. Richards, LeGrand Richards, Joseph L. Wirthlin, Stringham A. Stevens, Fred M. Michelsen, Wilson McCarthy, Stringham A. Stevens and J. Percy Goddard were my Counselors at various times after the division of the Stake.

#### Chanter Nine

## HUGH J. CANNON

### TRIBUTE TO HUGH J. CANNON

I would like to pay tribute to Hugh J. Cannon, with whom I was associated for many years in the Presidency of the Liberty Stake of Zion. Our association was most delightful. We were congenial in every way. Hugh was a gentleman in every respect. He was refined, aristocratic in his tastes, a brilliant man and talented as a writer. He was a man with large experiences as a missionary. He was a man of faith and understanding, loveable, gentle, kindly and with great courage.

He told me that the only thing he had against his wonderful father, George Q. Cannon, was that he never required his children to make things pay. He took care of them no matter. Hugh's home was a center of culture and refinement. I knew him in the days of his financial distress. He got in the dairy business and it ruined him. He had lived in affluence all of his life. He told me that one time he got on the street car at his house about 7:00 a.m. when all the workmen were going to work. He told how he envied those hard working, hard handed men with their dinner pails who had a place to go to earn an honest dollar through their toil.

Hugh married two beautiful women. May Wilkins, his first wife, was an attractive, aristocratic and beautiful woman. They had five children. He married Vilate Pert, a very beautiful woman, who had but one child, a son. She died and I preached at her funeral services. Subsequently May died and I preached at her funeral service. His polygamous status laid him open to many difficulties. Then he married his third wife, Sister Richards, who bore him five brilliant children.

Brother Cannon went with David O. McKay on his historic visits around the world. This required about a year. He subsequently became Editor of the "Improvement Era". He was serving in this position when he died. I look forward to seeing him on the other side. I served him well, I think, as a counselor.

### FIRSTS OF LIBERTY STAKE

Liberty Stake did two or three conspicuous and important things. First, we built up Ward Teaching until every family in the Stake was visited once a month. We stood at the head of the Church in this. We provided the teachers with leaflets. We introduced and carried forward a local missionary system and during the ten years preceding my call to the Northern States Mission, as President, we baptized in the Liberty Stake 1800 people. This was the introduction of the local missionaries in the Church.

We were the first Stake in the Church to initiate the movement to hold Priesthood Meeting on Sunday morning. Brother Michelsen and I did this. I was the acting President while Brother Cannon was on his tour with David O. McKay. We met with all kinds of opposition above and below. President McKay opposed it strongly.

We also established a home-evening program that was carried over most effectively and advantageously.

Hugh was a good Editor of the Era. His last days, I think, were pleasant and happy. He lived in Forest Dale and taught a small group of Deacons. He was a very

modest man who went quietly about his work. There must have been a sense of loneliness in his last days.

I saw him in action on two or three occasions that were dramatic. At a Fast Meeting in the First Ward, a man, who was off color, got up and paid tribute to Frank J. Cannon, Hugh's brother, of whom Hugh was very fond. Frank J. was a brilliant man, a U. S. Senator at one time, but had been cut off the Church. Brother Bowen defended Frank J.'s actions and cast some reflections on President Joseph F. Smith. Hugh sat quietly until near the close of the meeting and then arose. He paid tribute to his brother Frank. He said that when he was a little boy Frank carried him in his arms. All his life he had been kind and generous toward him. With emotion he told how he loved him. But, he said, he was cut off the Church for a cause and rightly so. All who followed him were pursuing a dangerous path. Hugh cleared his skirts and showed his loyalty to Joseph F. Smith in a way that was impressive and wonderful.

On another occasion, we were meeting in the Church Office Building with President Grant, Sylvester Cannon, Hugh and some others. President Grant got to talking about some experiences he had with Frank J. and, my goodness! he did excoriate him. The Cannon boys sat there and never uttered a word. I felt at the time, if he had been talking about my brother, I would have said to President Grant: "All you say may be true but I must go out of this meeting while you say these things".

I think it was on my recommendation that Hugh became Editor of the Era. Edward H. Anderson, the Editor, died suddenly. I wrote to the President of the Church and to George F. Richards, Hugh's father-in-law, who wrote back immediately saying: "You have got the inspiration."

Hugh was then presiding over the German Mission. They wired him to come and gave him the job.

My association with him was a most delightful one. I have very fond memories of the long and intimate and delightful companionship of Hugh J. Cannon. I think he named one of his boys for me and Joe Cannon also named one of his boys for me. Douglas Todd named one of his boys for me and one or two of my missionaries named a son for me. So I am taking unctio into my soul.

I may add this: On Thursday, October 8th, Eugene Cannon came to the office. He is a very reserved, quiet man about 70 years of age, a retired insurance man, and a son of Angus M. Cannon. He said: "I have come to say to you that next to my earthly father I think more of you than any other man. The Cannon family share this with me. They feel the way I do."

I was in no way aware of this. This uncalled for expression of kindness moved me greatly.

## Chapter Ten

### DESERET GYMNASIUM

## GOES EAST TO STUDY GYMNASIUMS (1910)

I was appointed General Secretary and Manager of the Deseret Gymnasium before it opened in 1910. An appropriation of \$500.00 was made and I went East to study the gymnasiums of the country. No one knew just what the functions were to be or how it was to be conducted. The Church spent about \$200,000.00 for this magnificent building. At the time of its erection it was one of the best gymnasiums in the United States. I spent some time in the University of Chicago and became acquainted with gymnasium people and studied the services that they were to offer and the arrangement and all that went with it. This was a sort of Mormon Y.M.C.A. As soon as this institution was opened, the Y.M.C.A. of Salt Lake City, which occupied the building now occupied by the Police Department, closed. I went to New York, Boston, Dayton, Ohio, and wherever there was a gymnasium of any consequence and I came home after more than a month with a great armful of material.

On my recommendation, we employed William E. Day as physical director. I had never seen him. The institution was to serve the L.D.S. University and the wards and stakes of the Church in this vicinity. Mr. Day made his way leisurely from Dayton, Ohio, and arrived here about two days before we opened. He was a good administrator in many respects. He was a very narrow and selfish and strongly anti-Mormon. We gave him a contract for two years for \$2500.00 per year, a good salary for those days. He was terribly disturbed because at the expiration of this time his contract was not renewed. I interceded and he was employed by the City to take charge of the physical education of Salt Lake City schools. He remained there until his death.

I worked very hard at the Gymnasium for many years. The institution ran winter and summer, day and night. In those days, the Church was in a hard way financially and to keep the institution going with what they felt they could assist was no easy task. We had only one hand-ball court and hand-ball became very popular, so we built behind a building containing three courts and a little balcony that served very well for a while but hand-ball became increasingly popular and finally we built the present addition. It was a most important addition to the institution and cost so little. A floor was put in the main gymnasium locker room making a locker room for women above and men below and made a ladies gymnasium out of a hand-ball court and another room on the south end of the building. There was a boys' department downstairs. We conducted a summer school in woodwork leather work and swimming. We put on some very interesting programs in the Gym.

When I was serving there, I was a member of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association and either President of the Stake or in the Presidency and I wrote manuals at odd moments, whenever possible. I was there until December of 1935, all of 25 years. I had a pretty good salary for those days, \$3,000.00 a year, when we were able to pay it. Hyrum M. Smith was President of the Board and he was a good one and I learned to love him. He was followed by President Grant, who was followed by Stephen L. Richards.

During the depression, which followed the war, in 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932 and 1933 we had a very difficult time in the Gymnasium. For quite some period I had only 80% of my salary. The other 20% was used to help others. There were some pleasant features about the work but it was not to my liking especially.

Mr. Day was followed by Ben Harker, who was accidentally killed. We then secured the services of Brother Van Buren of Cedar City. He was succeeded by Bobby Richardson, who stayed there during my time. Charles Welch, a young Englishman, was employed as swimming instructor during the same period. He was a good instructor and gave very excellent services to the Gymnasium.

I had some fine help in the ladies' department. Ann Nebeker served as director of that work for several years. Mrs. Lillian Richards served as swimming instructor for the women and she was a very fine character. Erma Bitner Evans was an instructor. Homer Warner served as director of the boys for two years.

We were exceedingly crowded during the days when the L.D.S. University used the institution. Hand-ball was at its peak during my time. We held many interesting hand-ball tournaments. Some of the greatest players of the world came here to compete.

People had looked forward, with great anticipation, to the opening of the Gymnasium. They came in throngs. At the opening, they packed the institution in every nook and corner and the stairways became so jammed that people could not move. It was a most difficult thing to get them in and out. Frequently the main gymnasium was so crowded that it was a difficult and serious problem. We had to build additional exits. The large exit on the north and the one on the west made it possible to empty the Gymnasium in much less time.

Ben Harker was killed when he was riding a motorcycle up South Temple and ran into a tree. He died as a result of it. No one was ever killed in the Gymnasium during the period I was employed there.

Among the lady instructors was Adele Cannon Howells, who was one of the most resourceful women I ever knew. She had a marvelously creative mind. Miss Campbell, who came from Nauvoo, had a striking personality - a sort of Teddy Roosevelt.

Miss Detta Caffery was a very devoted and efficient secretary to me all during my time at the Deseret Gymnasium.

## PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHERN STATES MISSION

CALL AS MISSION PRESIDENT About Christmas time, George S. Romney, who was presiding over the Northern States Mission, suddenly died of a heart attack. President Grant sent for me and said he would like me to preside over that Mission and asked me to think it over. I talked with my wife, May Green Hinckley, (See Chapter 13), and went back the next day and told him I would go any time that he might designate.

It was announced in the News and I received a good many letters of congratulations on that appointment. We got back to Chicago about the 1st of January, 1936, and remained there until July 5, 1939, three years and a half to the day.

Before leaving, my Ward, the First Ward of Liberty Stake, had a farewell party and the house was crowded beyond its capacity. The two stakes, Bonneville and Liberty, gave me a farewell which was staged at the Granite Stake House. Brother Ballard was present at the Testimonial and he came to Chicago soon after I arrived there to take me around the Mission and introduce me. This affair at the Granite Stake House was most impressive. In the meantime, Brother John Taylor had gone back and taken charge of the affairs until I arrived. We took my two youngest daughters, Ramona and Sylvia, with us. Ramona went to the Art Institute in Chicago, where she studied for perhaps a year and a half, and Sylvia went to the Carl Schurz High School in Chicago. There were 13,000 children in that school. I took a statement from the City Superintendent, Dr. Nuttal, and presented it to the proper officials in Chicago and she was finally admitted and was graduated that year.

I must not forget my visit to the School Board. A woman, past middle age, with a severe look on her face, was taking care of delinquents and truants who had been sent up there. It was interesting to hear her go after them.

The years in Chicago were wonderful. It was a marvelous experience. The Lord inspired me and blessed me. The Mission was stimulated and the missionaries were inspired. President Grant visited me frequently, as well as President Clark and President McKay. President McKay was back there three times in all.

May did a marvelous work as "Mission Mother" and as President of the Relief Society of the Mission and the Young Ladies' organization.

One of the most strenuous experiences of my life was the tour of the Mission with Brother Ballard. We had twelve districts in the Mission and we visited every one of them and held meetings with the missionaries and with the saints. The itinerary was worked out by the Mission Secretary. I carried the money and paid the bills and, of course, spoke at all the meetings. This was in January. To begin with the weather was very pleasant, but after a few days we were overtaken by a severe storm. It was 16 degrees below zero and the wind off those lakes at 16 degrees below zero was something to combat.

While I was there, and through my efforts largely, the Chicago Stake of Zion was organized. President Grant came back and effected the organization. The Church got a lot of publicity through this organization. The Chicago papers gave us liberal mention.

I had in all about 300 missionaries. Perhaps not quite that many.

I became

acquainted with them and learned to love them as my own. I had some very fine young people in the office as secretaries and so forth. Among them were: Ben Lewis, a very capable and splendid missionary and a wonderful secretary; Louis Lloyd, a very efficient and helpful man; Louis Stradling from Arizona, and Ralph Lake from Salt Lake City, now President of a stake in Washington. Nina Belle Tenney, a brilliant girl, was a great help.

I wrote while there, and published my contact cards and also the little book,, "The Distinctive Features of Mormonism."

Sullivan Richardson was living in Detroit and working on a newspaper there. He was very helpful. We worked out some excellent things. We established the local missionary system. I think it was the first in the mission. We had about 200 of these missionaries with a very efficient man in the office who carried forward the correspondence courses, received the reports and promoted the work generally. This resulted in many baptisms.

John Taylor came out and toured the Mission with me once. Apostle Merrill came and toured the Mission and Brother Ballard. They aimed to do that once a year and so there were three men who visited this Mission.

During my administration, the old jail at Carthage was restored. It is a long and interesting story. The people of Illinois were most generous in their assistance, giving us the benefit of all the experts to make blueprints and so forth, and making investigations. Soon after going back there I met Mr. Newberry and we had a long and pleasant association. He did all he could to secure for us the Temple Square in Nauvoo. I went there many times and tried to bring that about. The good people in Illinois had agreed to secure the remainder of the block. We owned about 2/5th and they were to get the remainder and turn it over to the Church on condition that the Church would restore a replica of the Nauvoo Temple.

Mr. Newberry, the Burlington Railroad Company and some State officials promoted an excursion to Nauvoo..

The Northern States Mission, with headquarters in Chicago, included Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. These states have a population of 30,000,000 people - the backbone of the United States.

I travelled 75,000 miles during my mission and had in all about 300 missionaries.

I worked out a plan for distributing the Book of Mormon and getting it read that surpassed every other mission. I didn't ever send a missionary home for any dereliction. My wife, May, won the hearts of the people wherever she went. We made many dear friends in that mission. The Lord blessed and prospered us.

We had I think about 8,000 saints there in all, 2,000 of whom were in the city of

Chicago.

I was invited to accompany an excursion to Nauvoo, Quincy and Carthage. There were with us reporters from all of the leading papers in Chicago, the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and other State officials. We travelled in special cars and we had everything the heart could desire. We always ate at the same table. There were six of us at our table. When one eats with people, one becomes acquainted with them and when we get acquainted with people, we like them.

We arrived in Montrose, across the river from Nauvoo, early in the morning. It was a rainy, misty morning. We crossed on a boat to Nauvoo and we went about the city. When we got to the Temple Square, Mr. Newberry asked me if I would stand up and tell those reporters and this group of distinguished people why the Mormons built this temple.

While I stood, he held an umbrella over me and I prayed in my heart that the Almighty would inspire me. I said, among other things, that we were not the only people in the world who build temples; that they had been building temples ever since the day of Solomon. But we were the only people who built temples for specific purposes. I said that we regarded a temple as a half-way house between this world and the next; that if marriages were solemnized by the proper authority in the temple, they were binding, not only for time, but for all eternity. We believe that in the world to come family ties will be renewed and sanctified.

I shall not forget a middle-aged, curly haired man who's hair was graying a little and who was the proprietor and publisher of the largest paper in Quincy, standing near me taking notes. The Lord answered my prayer.

We had a nice visit in Nauvoo and then we went to Carthage where they gave us dinner and put on a program for us. They gave me a place at the head of the table.

We finally got down, that same night, to Quincy, Illinois. Here the people had asked the state for an appropriation of \$50,000 to erect a monument on the spot where the Mormon refugees spent the winter of 1838 and 1839. They had a great banquet and they gave me a seat next to the toastmaster's wife, Mrs. Sinic, also was president of the Historical Society of Adams County, Illinois. She was a brilliant and interesting woman. It was the end of a strenuous day. She said to me:

"Mr. Hinckley, I understand that you are a Utah Mormon. I am a Methodist. Now, what is the difference between your church and mine?"

'That was an interesting opening.' I said to her:

"Mrs. Sinic, we can go a long way together. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, and in doing good to all people. We believe that the Lord loves all people who worship Him according to the best light they have."

Our conversation was pleasant. They served coffee presently and I didn't take coffee, and she said:

"Mr. Hinckley, why don't you drink coffee?"

I told her that our religion discouraged the use of tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor. She said pleasantly:

"I think I would be better off if I didn't drink coffee."

The toastmaster, at the close of the program, asked me to speak to them. I could see distinctly a long row of Catholic Priests sitting in the rear of the hall. If the Lord ever inspired my utterances, He did on this occasion. I had scarcely taken my seat when a man from the rear of the hall came up to me and said:

"Mr. Hinckley, I have never heard anything like it. If you would make that talk before the government of Illinois, we would get all the money we wanted."

People were touched with it. When I left that meeting, I thought I had on my fingertips the distinctive difference between other religions and our own. As a result, I wrote ten Contact Cards, fifty thousand or more of which have been distributed.

This incident occurred: Nauvoo is predominantly a Catholic city and their Priest, Father Tholand, was perhaps one of the best educated and one of the leading citizens in that vicinity. The Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of Illinois went over to the Catholic Center. When he came back he had a flower in his coat. He told me what a nice time he had had and that the nuns had given him the flower. He said to me: "Reverend Hinckley, what can I do? I have only one child, a boy, and he is the apple of my eye. This boy had to undergo an operation on his throat and I said to him, when he went into the operating room, 'Billy, it won't hurt you.' I said that to build him up. When they brought him out of the operating room, they were wiping blood from his mouth and he said: 'Dad, you said it wouldn't hurt me and it did'. Now, what am I going to do?"

Men of all faiths have a common touch and a human sympathy when we understand them. I asked another reporter who sat at our table why he was not eating. He said: "Mr. Hinckley, my wife had to have an operation on her throat and I have not had the heart to eat when she couldn't."

I learned to love these men. They drank whisky, some of them, and profaned, but they were exceedingly interesting people to know. This was a lesson in tolerance for me.

## Chapter Twelve

### NAUVOO AND CARTHAGE

In the efforts of these fine citizens of Illinois to secure the Nauvoo Temple Square so that they could transfer it to the Church, they encountered serious problems. The Reorganized Church had bought a house standing on the property right in front of where the Temple stood. (I am sure for nothing but a nuisance value.) They would not sell it.

The Catholic Church had agreed to transfer all of their property if the City of Nauvoo would supply them with school accommodations comparable to those which they had standing on this property. In the hope of bringing about a solution, the committee appealed to the Presidency of the Church to appoint three representatives to meet with three representatives from the Reorganized Church. These, in turn, would meet with a delegation from the State of Illinois. The Church agreed to do this and they appointed Brother George Albert Smith, Brother A. E. Bowen and me and accordingly arrangements were made to meet in the original capital of Illinois.

We were there. The Reorganized Church President, Frederick M. Smith, and two members of their Presiding Bishopric and one other were there. The State Engineer of Illinois, Mr. Reynolds, a Judge, Father Tholand from Nauvoo, the State Historian and a number of representative people. We met in the old State Capitol building in the morning. Mr. Newberry, Mr. Sinic and other members from Illinois engaged in some goodwill oratory. When noon arrived, we went to the Golf Club for dinner. On returning, the lid blew off. They asked Brother Smith and Brother Bowen, if we built a temple, if they could worship there or what. Smith, the President of their Church, hit his fist on the table and said that never, with his consent, would they erect a temple on that square. If we would erect a museum and put in it many of their relics and so forth, he might stand for it. Then we battled back and forth until dark and got nowhere.

However, it was referred to a committee to meet and make recommendations with reference to it. I was a member of that committee but was not chairman, and a meeting of the committee never was called.

That night after all this conference, Brother George Albert Smith got in the car with the other Smiths, and rode back to Independence. Mr. Newberry came out to Salt Lake City with me and we had a conference with President Grant, President Clark and Bert Judd. In this meeting, Mr. Newberry stated that the people of Illinois proposed to transfer to us, with a good title, the Temple Block in Nauvoo with the understanding that we would, at a convenient time, erect a replica of the Nauvoo Temple. After talking it over, they consented to this and Bert Judd and myself were appointed to formulate a letter to that effect. Brother Judd wrote the letter and I went over it carefully and made some minor changes. That letter was signed by President Grant and President Clark and Mr. Newberry took it back to Chicago. He thought he could see the consummation of all his efforts.

When I came home to the next conference, President Grant was somewhat alarmed. They had announced that the Church would build a million dollar temple in Nauvoo. I showed him, and I had clippings from the papers, that there was nothing to that. The proposal

was for them to transfer this property and then for us to do our part at some suitable time. President Clark was to meet with them but he evidently didn't get this understanding. We waited, but never heard from him. I discovered that he was in New York and had Frank Evans wire me when he would leave for home. I met him at the station in Chicago where he stayed for an hour or two. In the meantime, I got in contact with Mr. Newberry and they talked the thing over on the telephone. The upshot of all this was that if this property were transferred to the Church, the Church would proceed to landscape this block appropriately and build a wall about it and put the statue of Joseph Smith in one corner and Hyrum Smith in the other, and so forth. That was agreed upon.

Soon after I was released as President of the Mission, and, of course, I did not feel at liberty to interfere in this matter and it was dropped and lost.

However, by the 27th of June, we had completed the restoration of the Carthage Jail and we arranged for a gathering at Nauvoo and there were present more than 700 people. We had a fine choir from Chicago, and a very well worked out program. President George Albert Smith came back with Brother Leo Muir, who was to succeed me as President. Sister May Anderson and Sister Lyman came. We had the Square all cleaned up and platform erected and held services, morning and afternoon, on this sacred corner. We held, over in Carthage, and around in the old jail, a very impressive ceremony. The Chicago choir, under the leadership of James Astin, furnished the music and some professional singers from Chicago came down and we put on a remarkable program. Among other things, we dramatized the organization of the Relief Society 100 years before on the very ground where the organization took place. There were many photographs of this occasion and we received good publicity.

This was a great gathering at Nauvoo. There were about 700 saints from the mission, including the missionaries. This number was almost equal to the population of the city. The people received us with great hospitality. We slept in the churches, school dormitories, homes, etc. The various churches put on chicken dinners for us. That was a long-to-be remembered experience. Lewis Lloyd has many photographs taken at that time. Excursions were arranged so that everybody visited old homes and all the historic places in Nauvoo. My wife, May, had charge of these excursions and demonstrated her ability as an executor.

### Chapter Thirteen

## IN PRESIDENT GRANT'S OFFICE

On my return from the Northern States Mission, President Grant sent for me, and the next morning, July 22, 1939, he called for me. I was staying at Ruth's. He took me to his office and said he wanted me to work in the Department of Education. He and President Clark were present. I was to serve as the Secretary of Education, and there would be other secretaryships established. I was given a desk in his office on the fourth floor.

Dr. West, Commissioner of Education, was called in, and the President explained that I would serve as his personal representative and would not be under the direction of Dr. West. I was instructed to visit the Seminaries all over the Church, which I did in Utah and Arizona. During this time, on invitation of Guy C. Wilson, I held two or three conferences with the Faculty of the Brigham Young University. President Harris was then in India.

At the first conference, three questions were submitted and each member was asked individually to write his reply to these questions. I still have these papers in my files. This was a critical period for the Brigham Young University. The relationship of the Institution to the General Authorities was not clearly established. The idea of President Grant's and President Clark's - a cabinet to assist the First Presidency did not develop, but assistants to the Twelve were chosen. I heard nothing further about my appointment.

### DANIEL H. WELLS BOOK - PUBLISHED IN 1942

At that period I did considerable correspondence for the President, and wrote a small book for the Beneficial Life Insurance Company, the title of which was, "Heber J. Grant, a Businessman." Then he had me write the life of Daniel Hamner Wells, explaining that Annie Cannon Wells, an experienced writer and author, would assist me. His brother-in-law, Genton Wells, had worked for a year in the Library gathering information for that book. All of this was turned over to me, and it took me about a year to write the book, working at it whenever time permitted. Mrs. Cannon died before doing much on it.

President Grant paid me \$100.00 per month additional while working on it. My wife, May, was a great help in putting it together. She worked very hard at it. That first book was a big job. There was an edition of 3,000 copies which cost the President about \$3,000.00. He died soon after it came off the press or he would have gotten all his money back and then some.

### RADIO SERIES

(Jan.-Aug. 1940; July-Oct. 1943)

For six months, once a week, over KSL I talked on the general subject of "Religion in Every Day Life" for which they paid me \$15.00 each time.

During this time I contracted pneumonia and was taken to the L.D.S. Hospital. It took

me several weeks to recuperate. I was again living with Ruth. After a few weeks I went to the home of my daughter, Sylvia, in Panaca, Nevada, where the climate was much warmer for about two weeks, and then returned to Ruth's.

Prior to this, I gave a series of talks on "Home, The Workshop of the World", for three months.

Back in 1932 I followed Dr. James E. Talmage on KSL and gave radio addresses along the same line for three months. These addresses were popular. I received more than 1500 fan letters. So, altogether I have talked over KSL for more than a year.

MOVE TO BELVEDERE APARTMENT      On returning from Chicago, we lived with Ruth for about four months and then moved to the Belvedere Apartments in the apartment that Bishop Wells had occupied.

#### AUNT MAY CALLED AS PRESIDENT OF PRIMARY ASSOCIATION

We had only been home a short time when May was called by the First Presidency to serve as the General Superintendent of the Primary Association. When I told her about this, she cried pitifully and said she could not do it. All night she wept about it. I had to plead with her to try it. She very reluctantly consented to do this. She made a great Superintendent, but worked herself to death at it.

May was an extraordinary woman, with very little formal education. She achieved wonderfully. At seven years of age she came with her mother to this country from England. Her mother died soon after, and May was left an orphan and had a bitter time. She had to make her own living. She became an expert bookkeeper and Office Manager. She was Office Manager at the Salt Lake Clinic for a good many years.

She was a strong and expressive character, gifted as a leader, and could have distinguished herself as an actress. She understood poor people perfectly and won their confidence and following. She was methodical, original, resourceful, and wonderful leader and a great and good woman

We were married on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1932, in the Salt Lake Temple, and she died early in the morning of May 2, 1943, in the L.D.S. Hospital, the day after her birthday. She was in the hospital for more than a month, having been taken there for "acute Arthritis." She died of "Virus Pneumonia." During the time she was in the hospital, Sister Adele Cannon Howells paid all of her expenses.

Her funeral was an impressive one, held in the Assembly Hall. I do not think that any woman in the Church ever had a greater funeral.

Our married life was a happy one. She was a really great character.

This incident is typical:

We arrived in Chicago, January 4, 1936. A Lincoln Day program was announced for February 12th, his birthday, in the Metropolitan Opera House. Admission by ticket only was the policy. I have always been a Lincoln enthusiast. We got our tickets early; eager to see this performance.

Two of our Saints living in Chicago, who knew their way about, took us to the Opera House. When we presented our tickets, we were told that all of the seats had been gone for an hour, and that there was no chance for us. Our friends tried in vain to get us in, but could not. May went over to the tall policeman standing in the lobby and said to him:

"We are from Salt Lake City. We would like to see this program. We have our tickets but cannot get in. Can you help us? If you would come to Salt Lake City, we would show you a pleasant time."

"How many of you are there?" he inquired.

"Two," she replied.

He said, "Come with me." And we followed him past the crowds, down to the front, and he gave us two of the best seats in the house. She could rise to any occasion.

She spent a week in Wisconsin doing missionary work in one of the hardest cities in the Mission. It was surprising what she could do. The people of the Mission came to adore her, and the women followed her like children following their mother.

We had some very talented people in Chicago of Mormon extraction, professional musicians, singers, etc., who were not active in the Church, but who would help when invited. The members in Logan Square put on a great show, with many of these professionals participating. May read something she had written about "When Bryant took up tomato juice." Orson F. Whitney's daughter had a costuming house in Chicago, and she fitted May out. Well, she stole the show completely. It was a surprise to everybody.

When she was Office Manager of the Salt Lake Clinic, one day Dr. Clarence Snow came in a huff and said: "Damned if I won't apostatize." May said to him: "The hell you say." And he was completely floored.

## Chapter Fourteen

By Ruth Hinckley Willes

Inasmuch as father passed away before he was able to complete this autobiography, I shall attempt, in my weak way, to give just a few of my impressions of him in his later years. I am mindful of the fact that each of you may have different thoughts but if this stimulates pleasant thinking, my mission shall have been accomplished.

Joe and I were privileged to have father live in our home three different times: when he and Aunt May returned from the Northern States Mission and before they moved into the Belvedere; during the time Aunt May was seriously ill in the hospital; and the fall, winter and spring after Aunt May's death.

It seemed to us that after his return from his mission and during the years that followed he made some of his finest contributions as an orator and a writer. He was then in a position to reap the rich harvest of the many, many years of diligent preparation. We might say of him, as he said of President Grant: "These were the crowning years of his stirring life. This was the period when he reached the zenith of his powers and demonstrated his strength and leadership."

Father was always an early riser. Usually shortly after 5:00 A.M. he was studiously reading a book, preparing a lesson, talk or a written composition. He kept up on current events by avidly reading the newspapers, numerous magazines and listening to the radio and television. He was always challenged by creative thinking and concerned study.

He loved his farm in East Millcreek and thoroughly enjoyed riding his horse until late in life. Pruning trees seemed to keep him vigorous and young. At the age of 89 he still performed this labor of love. He looked forward to planting a garden and then giving away most of the vegetables and fruits to his family and friends. He enjoyed selling his fruit to people who picked it themselves, ate all they wanted and got a good bargain at the same time. Apples, peaches, etc. were very carefully thinned in order that only the best and largest would mature.

If father were given a new assignment, he made it a policy to research how it had been done before, where it was successful and then proceeded to give it his best, combining all of the good qualities discovered, to make it a success.

During father's last stay with us, he renewed his acquaintance with Lois Anderson. She was then the principal of Whittier School and had been an educator all of her adult life. After a pleasant association of about a year, they were married in June, 1944, in the Salt Lake Temple. Father had been so lonely that we were very happy that he was able to find someone to help him to enjoy life again. They had some wonderful years together. He continued to work at the Church Office Building and she at the Whittier School. Father worked in President Grant's office until President Grant passed away. He fulfilled many of the President's speaking assignments and wrote books and articles at his request. After President Grant's death, he answered much of the correspondence addressed to the First Presidency and did a great deal of writing and speaking.

Father was very active in the BYU Emeritus Club and a Church History Club of very distinguished people. He devoted a good deal of his time to the Sons of the Pioneers, the Descendants of the Mayflower, and the Sons of the American Revolution. In addition, he taught the Tabernacle Choir Sunday School Class and a class in the 12th-13th Wards and later in the East Millcreek Ward. He was also engaged in giving lessons to the missionaries in the Mission Home as well as being a home teacher in his ward in East Millcreek. Perhaps his very finest contribution was as a teacher in both a religious and educational capacity. Wherever he taught, the classroom was filled to overflowing. People came from everywhere to be touched by his life and words.

He received several distinguished awards, including the following: Brigham Young University Special Service Award, Boy Scouts of America Award, Oregon Trail Memorial Award and was elected to the Hall of Fame of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. In addition, Brigham Young University named a classroom in the Business Building for him and some of the residence halls are called "Hinckley Halls" for him and his brothers.

Father had that wonderful capacity of always looking and planning for the future. It was indeed seldom that he looked back; he was too busy living the present and preparing for things to come. He was always stimulating company and seemed to have that rare ability to get right to the heart of a problem and then work it out satisfactorily. He was a great traveling companion.

I have never heard father say an unkind thing about anyone and he refused to listen to gossip or the defamation of anyone's character. He could inspire an individual to live and be his best. He often said: "Be somebody." When he was President of Liberty Stake, he conducted stake conferences in a very impressive manner. They were great conferences: The hall was always filled to capacity and everyone seemed to come away buoyed up and instilled with a desire to do his best in whatever he was asked to do because he had been made to feel that he was important to the success of that stake.

Father and Lois were very happy because they shared mutual interests, ideals and plans. Lois was very kind and loving to him in his last years, especially after he suffered a very disabling stroke. During this trying time, she waited on him constantly and lovingly, disregarding her own wants and desires.

Father passed away June 5, 1961, a month short of being 94 years of age. His funeral service was held in the Assembly Hall on June 7, 1961, and his mortal remains were laid to rest in the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery. The beautiful tributes paid were both fitting and deserving after a lifetime of service to his Heavenly Father, his family and his fellowmen. He shall long be remembered by the many whose lives he touched. HE WAS A GREAT AND INSPIRATIONAL MAN! I am so proud to call him "FATHER".

### LOIS ANDERSON HINCKLEY

Across from where the L.D.S. Hospital is now located, I was born on November 6, 1889 to John Clarence and Dellie Arnold Anderson. I was never christened so I might not be registered in the heavenly records but I have always been called "Lois" so I have to accept that name,

As a child I loved school and was always playing teacher so it was very natural for me to follow that profession. Before I was eighteen I went to Castle Rock, Utah, a very small railroad and cattle community, to teach in a one-room school that had 7 pupils ranging from 6 to

15 years of age. It was an interesting place to live and much of the time I rode on horseback to and from school. The next year I taught at the Lincoln School in Salt Lake City. At the age of 38 I was appointed the principal of the Columbus School where I worked for 5 years before being transferred to the Uintah School. This was a real change in responsibility to go from one of the smallest schools to one of the largest. After being there for 5 years, the superintendent transferred every principal to a different school so I was sent to the Whittier where I remained until I retired in 1955.

I also taught in the church. My first experience was when I was 14 as a teacher in Primary. Later I was the first counsellor in the YWMA of Emerson Ward. About that time the Gleaner organization became part of the Mutual and I was called to have charge of this group in the Granite Stake. I have taught the literary, theology and social science lessons in Relief Society and classes in the Sunday School and the Daughters of the Pioneers.

On June 20, 1944, the happiest day of my life, I married Bryant S. Hinckley, a writer, an educator and church leader. This gave me the privilege of being step-mother to eleven outstanding children who were all married except Sherman. From then on my life was greatly changed for I became a home maker as well as a principal.

All during my life, even after retirement, I took classes to further my education. I attended the University of Utah, the Brigham Young University, the University of Wisconsin at Madison, the University at Boulder in Colorado and Berkeley in California.

On June 5, 1961, my beloved husband passed away. He had a heart attack on his 90th birthday and from then on until his death he had a series of illnesses, the worst being a stroke which incapacitated him for over three years. Since that time, I have lived alone in the home that he loved so much.

My life has been uneventful but happy and filled with many blessings from our Heavenly Father for which I am very grateful.

### LUCILE HINCKLEY LAXMAN

Being the oldest girl of Father Hinckley's family, it was my privilege to see most of my brothers and sisters through babyhood and into their teenage lives. In seniority, I am next to Stanford who was the first child. I have deep appreciation and love for each of my brothers and sisters, including those who have passed on. I am extremely proud of the heritage father gave to us - for his truly great goodness. I also have a warm and loving recollection of my mother, Christene Johnson. I was twelve years and three months old when mother died. I also recall with

appreciation Aunt Ada Bitner, who became father's second wife and mother of five children. These children are brothers and sisters to me and I have sincere affection for them. Going back in memory, Aunt May Green looms as an important part of my life with her great love and ability to bring family unanimity. To Lois Anderson I am also indebted for her love and kindness.

Cherished memories are associated with 723 and 840 East 7th South. The "farm" in East Millcreek, and the two-mile walk to the Holladay streetcar, Provo, Grandfather and Grandmother Johnson, Carol and Christene, also had connotation of home to me.

In nostalgic reverie, I recall horse and buggy rides, the family cow, daily baking of bread, the day when the Model T Ford was brought home for inspection, the pride I had when father was called to be president of Liberty Stake, the piano lessons from two great musicians, George Careless and Tracy Y. Cannon; the old First Ward Chapel with curtain dividers and the old coal heater in the center of the room; the day I was called to be a counsellor in the Primary at age 16, which was the beginning of a long service in the Church, including Sunday School, M.I.A. and Relief Society. It was a humbling experience to be called to Stake Boards in these auxiliaries - eleven years as Stake Primary President in Liberty Stake.

I was born April 2, 1896 in Provo, Utah, and was given the name of "Josephine Lucile". When I was twenty years of age, I met and married my husband, Carl Alfred Laxman. He has always been a great source of strength to me. We had three lovely daughters, Josephine Larene McShane, Carol Jean Laxman and Norma Jones. We now have 10 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren.

I am deeply grateful to my Heavenly Father for my membership in this great church of ours and for the many privileges and blessings it has brought into my life.

### HEBER GRANT HINCKLEY

Heber Grant Hinckley born December 16, 1898 at Provo, Utah. Blessed by Heber J. Grant and given his name. Filled a mission in the Southern States 1916 to 1919. Presided over East Kentucky Conference for over a year of that time.

After my mission I went to Washington, D. C. and entered the George Washington University Law School. Shortly after my arrival in Washington, D. C. I met Olive G. Hodges whom I married on February 25, 1920. Our only child, June Eleanor, was born June 13,

1922 and died January 16, 1965 in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

I practiced law in Salt Lake for over 2 years and then returned to Washington D.C. where I underwent very serious surgery. After recovering from this surgery I was offered a ninety day appointment to a job with the U.S. Customs Service in New York City. Shortly after going to work the terrifying Depression of 1929 suddenly struck the country and I was fortunate to have this appointment made permanent and I remained with it for 16 years. Our assignments took us to El Paso, Texas, and Nogales, Arizona, as well as New York. In 1945 I left the Customs Service and we moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where I went to work for the New Mexico State Employment Security Commission from which position I retired in 1967.

My church activities, beside my mission, consisted in serving as a counselor in the Washington, D.C. Branch when that Branch was first organized in 1920. I also have served as Branch President at Nogales, Arizona and Roswell, New Mexico. I was Bishop of the Albuquerque Third Ward for several years and at present I am serving as a member of the Albuquerque Stake High Council.

### CAROL HINCKLEY CANNON

I was born in the 10th Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah on January 23, 1902, to Christene Johnson and Bryant Stringham Hinckley, and was the fifth of ten children born to my mother. I was christened Caroline, after my mother's sister, but have been known to my family and friends as Carol.

When I was six years of age my mother died and my youngest sister, Christene, who was two months old at the time, and I went to live with our maternal grandparents, Josephine and Niels Johnson, in Provo, Utah.

While in Provo I attended the Maeser School, completing the eight years of schooling in six years. At the time of my graduation from the grade schools there was no public high school in Provo so I attended the Brigham Young High School for two years. In the meantime the public high school was established in Provo and I completed my last two years of high school at the Provo High School and was a member of the first graduating class of that school. While attending Provo High School I served on the school debate team, was editor of the first school year book, and was vice president of the student body.

After graduating from high school I attended the BYU for two years and graduated from the Normal Department, with a teaching certificate. However, I did not go into teaching, but became interested in secretarial work. I worked in the county auditor's office and later as secretary of the Provo High School and then as secretary to the superintendent of schools.

We lived in the Bonneville Ward, Utah Stake, in Provo and I held many church positions in the ward and stake, serving as secretary of the Primary, secretary of the MIA, class teacher, drama director, counselor in the presidency and president of the YWMIA in the ward. I also served as secretary and as Gleaner leader in the stake MIA.

When I was 12 years of age grandmother Johnson died from a heart ailment and grandfather continued to care for Christene and me. Christene eventually married O. Preston Robinson and moved to New York City and I remained with grandfather until his death in 1935.

After grandfather Johnson's death, I moved to Salt Lake City and made my home with my sister and her husband, Lucile and Alfred Laxman. My first employment after coming to Salt Lake was with the Petty Motor Company. However, I worked there only a short time when I learned there was an opening for a secretary at the McCune School of Music and Art. It was there that I first met Tracy Y. Cannon, director of the school and a widower. He employed me as secretary of the school, which position I held until the spring of 1943.

On March 19, 1943 I was married to Tracy Young Cannon. He was 20 years my senior and had 7 children by his former marriage. Only the two youngest children were still unmarried and at home at the time of our marriage. We had no children of our own. However, I feel that I have had some influence for good on the lives of his children, and particularly the grandchildren as they came along. There was one grandchild when we were married. Now there are 40 grandchildren and several great-grandchildren. Tracy and I had 19 wonderful years together. He was a man without guile, full of love and compassion for his fellowmen, gentle, kind and with a firm testimony of the gospel. I learned the great art of patience, understanding and appreciation of my fellowmen from him.

After leaving the McCune School of Music and Art the Church employed me as part time secretary to the General Music Committee of the Church of which Tracy was chairman. I was serving in this capacity at the time of Tracy's death in 1961, helping him to carry on with his work as chairman up until the time of his passing.

Following Tracy's death, Elder Harold B. Lee, who was the senior adviser to the Music Committee, asked me to continue serving as secretary of the committee and he asked me to also serve as secretary of the Correlation Executive Committee, an important church

committee which was just beginning to function in a meaningful way and of which he was chairman. I am presently serving in these two capacities.

Since living in Salt Lake City I have served as Gleaner leader and as president of the Liberty Stake YWMIA and shortly after my marriage to Tracy I was called by President Lucy Grant Cannon as a member of the YWMIA general board. When the board was re-organized and Sister Berth S. Reeder was made president, she called me to serve on her board. Also when Sister Florence S. Jacobsen was called as president, she called me to serve on her board. I have now served for 26 consecutive years on the YWMIA general board.

My life has been rich and full. I have always had a deep affection for my family and loved ones and have thought of them as among the finest people in the world. They have always shown an interest in me and my welfare. I have been privileged to mingle, associate, and work with the great leaders of the Church. This has done much to increase my love of the Lord and his work and to strengthen my testimony. I have been blessed beyond measure and will be eternally grateful for my wonderful heritage and the goodness of the Lord to me and mine.

### WALDO HINCKLEY

I was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, February 1, 1904, along with a twin brother, Wendell, who passed away in January, 1927.

I married Gladys Kropf September 20, 1927, with whom I had 41 happy years. She passed away very suddenly February 23, 1968. We had one son, Bill, and four

grandchildren.

On February 12, 1969, I married Laurene Green Fowler, a widow and neighbor, whom I had known many years and who is a great companion to me.

As for education, I suppose I had the least of all in the family, just having finished high school and serving a two-year apprenticeship in the General Electric shops. So far as I know, I am the only one in the family who has earned his living mostly with his hands. I have worked for 45 years for the Church - mostly at the Deseret Gymnasium and a two year period for the Genealogical Society - in different capacities, mostly as building engineer and building superintendent. I feel it quite an honor to have been placed in charge of a three and a half million dollar building for the past 62 years. I believe, at the present time, I have been on the payroll of the Church longer than any other employee, for which service I received a personally autographed book from President McKay.

For over 35 years, as a part-time job, I have installed carpets for many of the leading stores in Salt Lake City.

As for my church activities, I have held several offices in the Priesthood - 7 years in the Presidency of a Seventies' Quorum, 2 years as a stake missionary, 1 year as first counsellor in the Stake Sunday School and 2 years as a member of the Stake Sunday School Board. I have also served three years as advisor to the Deacons' Quorum. At the present time I am Group Leader of the High Priests' Quorum in the LeGrand Ward.

I feel that I have been well blessed with such a wonderful family - two fine companions, one son, four grandchildren, one of whom is presently serving a mission, three brothers and six sisters, all living at the present time.

### VENICE HINCKLEY NIELSON

I was born October 25, 1905 in Salt Lake City, Utah, a daughter of Christene Johnson and Bryant Stringham Hinckley, a twin and next to the youngest child of mother's ten children. My twin sister, Virginia, died at birth.

When I was two and a half years old tragedy struck - mother died leaving eight children motherless. A year (and many housekeepers) later, father married Ada

Bitner. "Aunt Ada" was the only mother I ever knew.

In the winter we lived at 840 East 7th South, Salt Lake City, and in the summer we lived in East Mill Creek. We had two large fruit orchards where I spent a good deal of time picking fruit.

I attended the Hamilton School, Roosevelt Junior High School and East High School. I went to work directly from high school. My first employment of any consequence was with the Mountain States Telephone Company. I had various assignments, and diversified work - telephone operator, supervisor of telephone sales, commercial accounts and work in the directory advertising division. This was valuable training.

December 23, 1926, I married Lester John Nielson. Our marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple February 23, 1932. Les was a teacher and principal in the Granite School District. June 28, 1928 a lovely daughter, Barbara, was born to us, and again, March 31, 1933, a bouncing baby boy, Lester John, Jr. was born.

After a short time with J. C. Penney Company, I entered the employment of "Uncle Sam" at Fort Douglas, Utah, in 1941, beginning in the Communications Division, later transferring to Enlisted Payroll Section and then into Accounting for the Signal Corps. These were wonderful opportunities to gain wide experience and at the same time to be of wartime service. It provided supplementary experience in division activities in the sale of war bonds, my division winning the contest and I received a beautiful original painting presented by the commanding officer.

In July, 1948, I was called by Margaret Pickering, General Secretary of the Relief Society, to take over the management of the Mormon Handicraft Gift Shop. It was a challenge to me to take such an assignment and to be able to work closely with the General Board of the Relief Society. It was exciting to work with so many lovable and interesting contributors, and I continued in this position for fourteen years.

During this period my husband was president of the Elementary School Principals of N.E.A. This provided us with many opportunities to travel. I attended workshops and seminars at the University of California, Berkeley, Harvard University, and at Lake Chautauqua, New York. This gave me many creative ideas which I used in the management of the Gift Shop.

I engaged in various church activities, such as: Liberty Stake Primary Board, Presidency Park Stake Primary, Coordinator of Junior Sunday School, Relief Society Work Director, Gleaner Teacher, President YYMIA, almost continuous Sunday School teaching and at this writing I am teaching (three years) ten-year olds. I have just completed five years as Ward Genealogical Examiner.

August 17, 1948, Barbara married Thomas Doxey Hollands of Ogden in the Salt Lake Temple. He is a school teacher and an outstanding organist. They have seven children.

August 19, 1952, our son, Jack, married Mary Jane Holmstrom in the Salt Lake Temple, and following his stint with "Uncle Sam", they were blessed with a son, Kirk Bryant, born February 9, 1957.

After the divorce of Jack and Jane, Jack married Jacqueline Handley in August, 1967. He is a practicing psychologist and currently with the Regional Division of Veterans Administration for the Federal Government. Jack received his PHD in Educational Psychology from the University of Utah June 4, 1971.

In 1949 I joined the Minerva Literary Club. I was active in South Salt Lake Lions, and a member of the Garden Park Camp, DUP.

I feel that my life has been very satisfying. I have been blessed with wonderful brothers and sisters who have greatly influenced my life. It would be remiss for me not to mention my lovable in-laws and my many life-long friends. As I mature, I realize more the wonderful heritage that is mine. I do not remember mother but I adored my father. As I contemplate retirement, I only hope that I may be privileged to do many things that my constant employment has limited - especially to be able to keep active in the Lord's work, and enjoy close contact with my family.

### CHRISTINE HINCKLEY ROBINSON

Life has been extremely good to me and has blessed me bounteously. My life has been exciting, interesting, full of adventure and rich in opportunities for self-development and service to others.

I was fortunate to be born into a fine family with outstanding parents and choice brothers and sisters. It was also a great blessing to be born in the Church and to be given opportunities to build a strong testimony of the gospel.

One of my earliest recollections in life was going to Relief Society with my Grandmother. Mother died when I was two months old and I was raised by Grandmother and Grandfather Johnson in Provo. That which I remember best about Relief Society was the quilt making done during work meetings. I was the only child in attendance and they would let me crawl under the quilts where I would play in my imagination that these were special castles in a far-off land.

Grandmother died when I was eight, but during these eight years she instilled in me a love for the gospel and for Relief Society which has lasted throughout my life.

As a child, I had the usual dreams of visiting far-away lands and enchanting places. These dreams included a charming prince who would whisk me away to some romantic isle. Yet, to a poor little girl in Provo who had traveled no further than Logan on the north and Grand Canyon on the south, this seemed an impossible dream. Nevertheless, as I attended the Provo schools and later BYU I gained a deep love for history and thrilled as I read about distant lands such as England, Egypt, the Holy Land, Ancient Rome and Greece and the fabulous Orient. Little did I know as this knowledge was stored that eventually it would come to such good use when, later, I had the opportunity of visiting these interesting places.

It was at the BYU, the first big dance of the year, that I met a tall, dark curly-haired young man who had just returned from the French Mission. We danced together often that night and he asked if he might telephone me the next day. We didn't have a telephone, we lived 12 long blocks from the BYU and he didn't have a car. Despite these handicaps, it was not long before I discovered he was really the imaginary prince charming I had dreamed about.

Pres and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple and after a wedding breakfast and many tearful good-byes, we drove away in our little Oldsmobile Coupe. We were headed for the distant city of New York. In those days, this was really a pioneer trek.

We planned to live in New York only long enough for Pres to earn his doctorate. He had accepted a teaching position at New York University while he completed his studies. New York was a fascinating place and we learned to appreciate it very much and to take advantage of its many cultural opportunities even though it meant skipping meals to pay for subway fares and to sit in the balconies of operas, theaters and musicals.

During these years we were busy stretching a meager salary to feed and clothe first two, then three, and later finally a family of five.

Pres received his Doctorate and became a full professor at New York University. He wrote many textbooks in the field he was teaching and I was fortunate to become the co-author of one of these books. This book is now in its fourth edition, having been reprinted more than 20 times and translated into three foreign languages.

While Pres taught, I also attended classes and passed all the courses New York University offered in interior decorating. This led to a teaching position in the Foster School of Fine Arts where I taught one class a week until we left New York to return to Utah.

During all this time we were kept busy in many church positions in leadership and in the auxiliaries, both in the wards and in the stake.

In New York, we purchased land and built a home in Greatneck on Long Island. We held many civic positions in the community in which we lived but when our oldest daughter, Miriam, arrived at the dating age and was ready for college, we decided if we were ever going to return to Utah we must do so before becoming more deeply entrenched.

After nearly 20 years in New York we arrived in Salt Lake City with three children, one dog and a few choice pieces of antique furniture which we moved into a beautiful old house on the top of Second Avenue. Our move to Salt Lake City proved to be another great blessing. Soon the honor came to me to be called a member of the Relief Society General Board and, later, to the Adult Correlation Committee. In Relief Society, I had the joy of writing dramatizations presented in the Tabernacle and the scripts for many films shown throughout the Church. For two years I wrote the work meeting lessons on decorating and for nine years the visiting teaching lessons published in the Relief Society Magazine. During this time the opportunity came to me also to write many articles for various Church magazines. In addition to Church work, the opportunity also came for me to serve in many leading civic organizations.

Due to my training in decorating I was given the opportunity to write a series of articles in this field for the weekend magazine section of the Deseret News. These led to extensive decorating work in Salt Lake City homes including the home on South Temple of President and Sister David O. McKay. This work then expanded into almost full-time decorating work in restoring old houses throughout the state. I was employed by the State Parks Department of the State of Utah to do the restoration and decorating of the Brigham Young Winter Home in St. George, the Stagecoach Inn at Fairfield, and the Jacob Hamblin Home in Santa Clara. Then came the opportunity to work in Nauvoo in restoring the Heber C. Kimball and the Wilford Woodruff homes in that historic city.

My husband had become General Manager and Editor of the Deseret News and a member of the Sunday School General Board. These positions gave us opportunities to travel extensively all over the world and to meet and interview prominent world personalities including Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon; the Presidents of France and Israel, King Hussein of Jordan and President Nasser of Egypt. We met President Nasser twice and I had the honor of being the first American woman to interview him.

We have been blessed with the opportunity of traveling into Israel and the Holy Land on four different occasions and recently of making two extensive journeys visiting the romantic South Pacific Islands. These journeys also took us to New Zealand, Australia, and the fabulous Orient. Also, for three years I had the blessing of serving with my husband while he presided over the British Mission with headquarters in London.

In book publication, in addition to the one I co-authored with Pres, together we wrote a book on "Biblical Sites in the Holy Land" and my Relief Society visiting teaching lessons have been published in a book, "Inspirational Truths from the Doctrine and Covenants".

Our children, Miriam, Bruce Hinckley, and Christine Carol have married well and have given us eleven lovely grandchildren. Miriam is active in civic, social and church organizations in Ogden, where her husband, Richard Rebholz, is a successful realtor. They are the parents of three of our choice grandchildren, Karen, Julie and Shawn.

Bruce is a prominent vascular surgeon in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, He married Jane Romney and both of them are active in many church, civic, social and musical circles. Their children are Gregory Bruce, Douglas Scott, Jane Tristan and Timothy Mitt.

Christine is the wife of Thomas M. Burton, a successful lawyer and partner in one of Salt Lake's largest legal firms. They are both devoted church workers and serve their community in many important ways. Their four children are: Christine (Tina)Michelle, Mark Preston, Mathew Thomas and Michael Robinson Burton.

Yes, life has been very good to me--I am truly grateful to our Father in Heaven for his many wonderful blessings.

### GORDON BITNER HINCKLEY

Every life begins with birth. Mine occurred June 23, 1910 in Salt Lake City. My parents were gifted and able people--Bryant Stringham Hinckley and Ada Bitner.

I am dictating this sketch sixty-one years later on June 23, 1971. Looking back over the years, I feel disappointment with myself in not having accomplished more.

I was a pale-faced, spindly sort of a child. I had a serious case of whooping cough, and the doctor had advised that I be taken out into the clean air of the country. Father accordingly

bought the first five or six acres of what came to be our East Mill Creek farm. My earliest recollection is of standing at the age of three in what is now the front room of our farm home and watching the stone mason lay up the great rock fireplace. Through all of the years of my childhood and teens, we lived on the farm during the summer and in town while school was in session.

I attended the Hamilton School for the first seven grades. I had a trenchant dislike for it. I refused to go when I was six, and Father and Mother gave in to my protests. When I was seven, they determined I should start. I hid out the first day, but they found me later and took me crying to school.

I finally got in stride in the first grade, and then had two special promotions which put me in line with my age group. During the eighth and ninth grades I attended Roosevelt Junior High School, and from there went to the LDS High School, maintained by the Church in buildings which stood where the Relief Society Building and the new Church Office Building stand. We walked to and from school which was more than two miles, a thing my own children would consider unthinkable.

Graduating from high school in 1928, I enrolled that fall at the University of Utah; and in 1932 received a Bachelor of Arts degree, with a major in English and a minor in ancient languages. I took every writing course offered at the university, hoping to move in the direction of journalism. A year of Latin in high school led to my minor in Latin and Greek.

It was a source of satisfaction to have the University of Utah Alumni Association honor me with its Distinguished Alumni Award on February 28, 1971. This was given "in recognition of meritorious service to the university and the community. "

My first job was carrying the Deseret News. It paid very little money, but sufficient to take care of my school expenses. While at the university, I worked nights at the Deseret Gym and also worked there during the summer months doing plumbing, electrical work, and other maintenance work. I learned to use tools, and I love them.

When I finished the university, the nation and the world were in the depths of a terrible depression. A job of any kind was almost impossible to obtain. I continued working at the gym for some months, carefully saving my money with the hope of going to the Columbia University School of Journalism in the fall of 1933. However, I was interviewed for a mission by Bishop John C. Duncan of the First Ward in May of 1933 and received a

call to the European Mission. There were very few missionaries going into the field at that time. We today send more in one group than went all during that year.

I attended the missionary training course in the old Missionary Home that stood just north of the Beehive House. It was in June of 1933. President David O. McKay, then a counselor in the First Presidency, spoke to us, among others. He had us write a theme on what it means to be a missionary. A day or two later he called me to his office and complimented me, saying that mine was the finest theme he had ever received out of the missionaries in the home. I was set apart for my mission by George Albert Smith of the Council of the Twelve, and traveled to New York by train, stopping en route in Chicago where the World's Fair of 1933 had just opened.

From New York to Plymouth, England, we traveled on the SS Manhattan of the United States Lines. There were two of us missionaries bound for England. The other was assigned to London, and I was assigned to Preston, Lancashire. I felt very lonely on the ride to Preston.

At that time, there were only some eighty-five missionaries in all of the British Isles, where we now have more than 1, 200.

After five months in Lancashire, I was called to the European Mission Office to become assistant to the president, Joseph F. Merrill, a member of the Council of the Twelve. At the conclusion of my mission, President Merrill requested that I call on the First Presidency and talk with them concerning matters in the missions of Europe.

Homer Durham (now the highest educational officer in the State of Utah), Heber Boden (now deceased), and I traveled through Europe. Each of us had \$100. We rode third-class trains at night and walked during the day and saw a great deal of Europe for this modest sum.

We returned to the States, again on the Manhattan, and I picked up a new car for Father in Detroit. That was a very significant thing during the depression. That new Plymouth sedan cost \$740. I arrived home worn out, weighing 126 pounds, and said that I had no desire ever to travel again.

I called on the First Presidency as Brother Merrill had requested. President Grant said they would give me fifteen minutes. He began to ask questions, and I was with them for more than an hour. The next day President McKay asked me to come and see him, and this led to a request that I come to work for the Church doing writing and as secretary of a committee known as the Radio, Publicity, and Literature Committee, comprised of six members of the Council of the Twelve, with Stephen L. Richards as chairman. The salary was \$65 a month for a man with a university degree. Dr. John A. Widtsoe, Church Commissioner of Education, also called me and asked me to teach seminary for one hour a day for \$35 a month, so that my total salary was \$100 a month.

I pioneered the making of visual and audio materials for use in the missions and handled the radio work of the Church. During the years that followed, I wrote hundreds of scripts for radio, filmstrips, and motion pictures, as well as various pamphlets, mission materials, etc.

Immediately after my return from my mission, I was named a member of the Sunday School Stake Board of Liberty Stake. A year later I was made stake Sunday School superintendent and served in this capacity for about one year.

Marjorie and I were married April 29, 1937 in the Salt Lake Temple. Stephen L. Richards performed the ceremony. We moved to East Mill Creek, where I fixed up our summer home, installed a furnace, and made it very comfortable. We lived there for two or three years while Father was presiding over the Northern States Mission. During this time, we sold our big home in town. When I moved out of Liberty Stake to East Mill Creek, I was called as a member of the Sunday School General Board. I was then twenty-seven years of age. In this capacity, I had opportunity to travel over the Church. I was chairman of one of the committees and wrote a course of study on the Book of Mormon which was used for at least twenty-five years in the Sunday Schools throughout the world.

When the Second World War broke out, we had two children, Kathleen and Richard, and Virginia was on the way. The missionary work was grinding to a halt because of the war, and I thought I ought to get into something in the war effort. I obtained a job as assistant superintendent of the Salt Lake City Union Depot and Railroad Company, owned and operated jointly by the D&RGW and Western Pacific Railroads. After some months in the Salt Lake depot, I was sent to Denver to a supervisory conference; and out of this came an offer to move to the head office of the D&RGW to become assistant superintendent of mail, baggage, and express traffic.

We moved to Denver, and Virginia was born there. After the war, I dropped in at the Church Offices one day and called on Stephen L. Richards who asked me to come back and assist him. It was difficult for me to resign from the railroad. They had treated me very well.

We moved back to Salt Lake and returned to our home in East Mill Creek. Before moving to Denver, I had been active in the East Mill Creek community, had served as a director of the water company and as president of the East Mill Creek Betterment League, the highest civic office in the community.

In 1946 I was made second counselor to President LaMont B. Gunderson in the East Mill Creek Stake presidency. A year or two later I was made first counselor, and in 1956 I was called to serve as stake president by Elders Harold B. Lee and George Q. Morris. David O. McKay became President of the Church in 1951, and Stephen L. Richards was named first counselor. Brother Richards asked me to work directly with him in managing the Missionary Department of the Church, and in a general way supervising the missionary program throughout the world. The Korean War was on at the time, and there were many problems incident to the draft and missionaries. I would never wish to have to go through the experiences of those years again.

In 1954 President McKay called me into his office and indicated that a new small temple was to be built in Switzerland. He asked that I go to work to find methods of presenting the temple ceremony in various languages in this new kind of temple. He indicated that I would work under the direction of Joseph Fielding Smith and Richard L. Evans of the Council of the Twelve. This was a tremendous undertaking that led to the production of the temple ceremony in fourteen languages at that time.

Marjorie and I took the materials to Switzerland and did much of the work in setting up the temple program there. We participated in the dedication, as we did later in the setting up and dedication of the New Zealand, London, and Los Angeles Temples.

On April 6, 1958 I was called by President McKay to serve as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, and was sustained in the General Conference of the Church on that date.

Two and a half years later, on September 30, 1961, I was sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve, President McKay calling me and ordaining me an Apostle.

I have had many great responsibilities, far beyond my capacity. But the Lord has blessed

me and magnified me in a marvelous manner. I set up the program for the first world-wide seminar for mission presidents held in 1961. Mission presidents from throughout the world were brought to Salt Lake City for what proved to be a tremendously beneficial thing for the missions. Henry D. Moyle, counselor in the First Presidency, was then directing missionary work; and it was a great experience to serve with him.

In the summer of 1962, he and I went through the twenty-one missions of Europe in twenty-three days, holding day long seminars in each mission.

I was named a member of the Missionary Executive Committee, and in this capacity I think I have been present when more missionaries have been called to various fields of labor than any other man in the history of the world.

President Moyle and I worked out the original plan for dividing the missions of the world into various areas under the direction of the members of the Twelve. Although at the time I was an Assistant to the Twelve, I was given responsibility for the work in Asia. For eight years I carried this responsibility, traveling to that part of the earth twenty-one times. The Church had never constructed a building in all of Asia. It was my opportunity to get building programs under way in those great lands, to organize the Korean Mission, to open the mission in the Philippines, to dedicate South Vietnam for the teaching of the restored gospel, to dedicate Thailand for the same purpose, to travel up and down Vietnam on a number of occasions during the terrible years of the Vietnam War, to secure permission to send the first missionaries to India in this century, and to do many other things associated with the growth of the Church in that part of the world. It was a great satisfaction to me to participate with Elder Ezra Taft Benson in creating the first stake in Asia, the Tokyo Stake of Zion, which was created in March 1970.

In 1968 I was given responsibility for the work in South America, where I have had the satisfaction of creating two new stakes in Brazil, a new stake in Peru, and receiving authorization for the creation of stakes in Chile and another in Brazil. I have also opened the missions in Ecuador and Colombia, so that we now have missions in all of the nations of South America except the Guianas.

I have now received an assignment, effective July 1, 1971, to direct the work in the four missions of Germany, in Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and the scattered groups in the Middle East and Africa.

My church assignments have taken me around the world twice, in all areas of the Far East where American citizens are permitted to go, through South America seven times, to Europe on a number of occasions, throughout the United States, Canada, and Mexico, as well as to the isles of the Pacific, Australia, and New Zealand.

I have also been active in various civic affairs. At the present time I am a director of the Utah Agencies, where I represent Salt Lake City in an organization of representatives of the State of Utah, Salt Lake City, Chambers of Commerce, and other groups dealing with air service to Utah.

At the time of this writing, I serve as a member of the following committees of the Church:

BYU Board of Trustees and Church Board of Education

Church Information Committee  
Correlation Executive Committee  
Chairman, Children's Correlation Committee  
Military Relations Committee  
Missionary Executive Committee  
Primary Advisor  
Reinstatement Committee  
Sunday School Advisor  
Temple Ceremony Presentation Committee  
Special Committee on Church Activities for Negroes

I also serve as a director of the following business institutions:

Deseret News (President of the Corporation)  
Newspaper Agency Corporation  
Beneficial Life Insurance Company  
Bonneville International Corporation (Chairman, Executive Committee) KIRO, Inc.  
(Member, Executive Committee) KSL, Inc. (Member, Executive Committee)  
Zions First National Bank  
Recording Arts, Inc. (Also Vice President)

I am proud of my wife and children. Marjorie has just completed service as co-director of the cancer drive in Salt Lake County. She and her associate have been the means of bringing in more money than has ever been gathered in such a drive in this country.

We have five able and wonderful children--Kathleen, Richard, Virginia, Clark, and Jane. The three older ones are all graduates of the University of Utah and have been married in the temple to outstanding companions. They are active in the Church and successful in their various enterprises. Richard has an MBA degree from Stanford University. Clark has just been graduated from BYU in the Honors Program with a major in mathematics. He applied for graduate study in four great universities--Harvard, Stanford, Michigan, and BYU. He was accepted by each of them, which seems to be a miracle. He will enter Harvard this fall. Jane completes high school next year and is a charming and delightful and able girl. Surely the Lord has blessed us in a magnificent way.

I have a testimony of the divinity of this work. I have seen the power of revelation manifest. It has been a marvelously rewarding experience to sit and serve with the brethren who have been called to lead the Church in this dispensation. God lives. This is His work, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the true Church of the Master.

SHERMAN B. HINCKLEY

I was born October 20, 1911, in the big house on Seventh South between Eighth and Ninth East (840 East 7th South). Some of my first memories were the moving of the old sheds from the houses on Windsor Street to East Mill Creek on two hay racks and the "Extra" when war was declared in 1914.

One of the first sad days of our existence was receiving the news that Stan had died of

pneumonia while in the army in France.

The flu epidemic ran rampant in our neighborhood in 1918-20. During the first year we all escaped having it, but during the second year about half of those at home came down with the disease. Father, Venice, Gordon and Ruth had it - some very seriously, but the rest of us at home escaped, Mother, Wendell, Waldo, Ramona and myself. At this time Sister Reiser came and really helped us out.

In my youth we all seemed to get the common childhood diseases. While in the fifth grade, I came down with scarlet fever which forced most of the family to move to East Mill Creek early that year while Mother, Ramona, Sylvia and myself remained quarantined in the old house. I was in bed for six weeks, had to learn to walk again and wasn't up to much most of that summer. When I was in high school, I had a bad case of quinsy and tonsillitis which kept me down for several weeks.

I graduated from the L.D.S. High School in 1929 and then went to the University of Utah.

It was a sad day when Mother died in 1930, and I am sure that it had quite an effect on the lives of all of us. Aunt May's coming into the family really helped to pull us all together.

In June of 1933 I graduated from the University of Utah with a Bachelor of Science in Mining Engineering.

The first employment I had after finishing school was in the U.S. Smelting Company's Lark Mine. After quitting at Lark in the late summer of 1933, I spent approximately one month just across the Utah line in Nevada near Gold Springs. From there I worked in a mine west of Delta in the Drum Mountains. I slept all that winter in a tent and lived under rather adverse conditions. Park City, Utah, was my next place of employment for a short time. From there I went to Eureka, Nevada, in September 1935 where I remained until early 1937. At Eureka I had my first association with the Hogles with whom I have been connected for the last twenty five years.

In 1937 I went to work for the Galigher Company who sent me at the beginning of the summer up to Madison County, Montana, where I supervised the construction of a cyanide mill near Silver Star. I stayed in Montana until the late fall of 1945 running three mines and two mills during this period.

While in Montana, I made a second trip back to the Mission Home in Chicago and also had the pleasure of having Aunt May and Father come to Silver Star and spend a few days with me on their way home from their mission in the Northern States.

Aunt May passed away while I was still working in Montana.

During the winter of 1946 I went back to the University of Utah for one quarter taking some graduate courses in geology. That summer returned to Eureka, Nevada, to supervise an exploration program at the Diamond-Excelsior Mine, staying there until the spring of 1948.

June 10, 1947, Jo Wadsworth and I were married. Jo was raised in Panaca, Nevada, graduated from the BYU in 1942; taught high school in Lincoln County, Nevada, and spent two

summers on short-term missions. After our honeymoon, which was spent in the Northwest, we moved into a room in the old boarding house while a small house was being remodeled. For more than a month, we ate at the same table with the miners.

In May of 1948 we moved to Rico, Colorado, to take the position of General Manager of Rico Argentine Mining Company - the company I am still with. At this time I am President-General Manager and Director of Rico Argentine Mining Company; Vice-President - General Manager and a Director of Consolidated Eureka Mining Company; a Director and member of the Executive Committee of Banner Mining Company; Vice-President and Director of North Point-Consolidated Canal Company; and a partner in Panaca Power and Light Company.

We have seven children: Frances, born August 11, 1948; Helen - February 16, 1950; John Sherman - February 18, 1951; Stuart Wadsworth - March 25, 1953; Wayne Wadsworth - August 11, 1954; Paul Wadsworth - January 26, 1958; and Jean - September 12, 1961.

Our oldest daughter, Francie, graduated Cum Laude in June 1969 from the BYU in Youth Leadership. She represented her department as a speaker at Commencement. She specialized in camping and survival being the first woman instructor in BYU's survival courses. In October 1969 she was called on a mission to Italy. After spending eight weeks in the Language training Mission in Provo, she arrived in Italy a week before Christmas. She is scheduled to be released this October after having labored in Rome twice, Taranto, Palermo, Sicily, and Modena.

Helen spent her senior high school year in Berlin, West Germany under the American Field Service Program. She graduated from Highland High School; attended BYU for a year and has since been going to the U of U. January 9, 1970, she married Sanford Don Newman, a returned missionary who spent two-and-a-half years in Germany and is now a student at the U of U. They have our only grandchild, a girl, Sonja Newman.

John graduated from Highland High in 1969. He worked at several different jobs while going to school including that of clerk for J.C. Penneys, the Doorman and then bellhop at the Hotel Utah. After completing two quarters at the U of U, he was called on a mission to California in - April 1970. He has been junior companion, senior companion, district leader and is now Mission Secretary. He has labored in Simi, Torrance, Lynwood, Ventura, and in the Mission Home in Los Angeles:

Stuart graduated this spring from Highland High and at this time, June 1971, is debating over which university to attend. This summer he is working for the YCC at Alta, Utah, "policing" the ski areas, planting trees, and learning a few of the fundamentals of forestry and conservation.

Wayne will be a senior at Highland High School this next year. He thoroughly enjoyed being in the great and last All Church MIA Dance Festival this season.

Paul is still a student at Hillside Jr. High and Jeanie goes to Indian Hills School.

The five older children have graduated in the Church Seminary Program. They have gained a real foundation in the Gospel from this program and the attendance to their church

meetings and activities.

Both John and Stuart are Eagle Scouts and have earned their Duty to God Award. We hope the other two boys do as well.

We are proud of our children. It is our prayer and hope that they all will be stalwarts in the Church and good citizens of this great land.

### RUTH HINCKLEY WILLES

Ruth Hinckley Willes born February 3, 1914. Married Joseph Simmons Willes October 9, 1936, Salt Lake Temple. Children: Joan Hinckley Willes, married Dr. Richard B. Peterson (Doctor of Radiology); Dr. Mark Hinckley Willes, (Doctor of Philosophy - Economics, Banking and Finance), married Laura Fayone Bingham; Marcia Hinckley Willes, married Walter David Price (part owner Price Brothers Auto Parts); Janet Hinckley Willes.

I have had an ordinary but happy life. I attended much the same schools as the rest of the family - Hamilton and Webster Elementary, Roosevelt Junior, East High School, one year at the

University of Utah and graduated from the L.D.S. Business College. I worked in a real estate office, the Pennzoil Company, and as a legal stenographer for a prominent law firm, Van Cott, Riter & Farnsworth. In 1966 I was hired as a personnel specialist at the University of Utah in the Personnel Department and presently in Financial Aids & Scholarships.

I have worked in nearly all of the auxiliary programs of the L.D.S. Church - 11 years in Primary, 5 years of which were spent as President in the 18th Ward and 2 years on the Stake Board of Ensign Stake; 5 years in the MIA as counsellor and teacher; 8 years in the Relief Society, 3 years as President of Monument Park 3rd Ward, 1 year as counsellor, 4 years as counsellor in the Monument Park West Stake Presidency; and several different years teaching Sunday School. All of this work has brought great joy and satisfaction into my life.

I have had a fine husband who has done everything he could to bring happiness and success to our family. He has served with distinction and ability in the banking business in Utah - 22 years with the United States Government as a Loan Examiner for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and Regional Director for War Assets Corporation. He was Secretary for the Salt Lake Clearing House and Assistant Vice-President of Walker Bank and Trust Company for a goodly number of years.

He has held practically every position in the church on a ward and stake basis - stake missionary, a member of the bishopric of the North 18th Ward, High Council Member of Ensign Stake, president of the stake mutual, president of ward mutual, teacher in all of the organizations, president of genealogical committee of ward and stake, group leadership of High Priests, scout master, Temple worker, guide, etc.

Our children have brought the greatest joy into our lives, however, for they have been everything we could ask and more. Joan attended the University of Utah and with her husband and children, has lived in Washington, D.C., Germany and Denver. She is an accomplished artist and musician and very devoted to her family. Her husband is now a Doctor of Radiology at the Salt Lake Clinic. Joan and Richard have four children: Kristine, Gregory Dean, Michelle and Angela.

Mark went to New York City to Columbia College directly from high school, graduated 4 years later and received his Doctorate from Columbia University Business School at 25 years of age. He has taught in Wharton School of Business and Finance, University of Pennsylvania, for over a year and a half and is now Vice-President in charge of Research for the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, the youngest man to ever hold such a position in the Federal Reserve System. Mark and Fayone have four children: Wendy Anne, Susan Kay and twin sons, Keith Mark and Stephen Joseph.

Marcia graduated from the University of Utah with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Education and taught second grade for one year. She is an outstanding teacher. Her husband is in business with his father and is still continuing his education at the University of Utah. They are the parents of Stephanie and Richard David.

Janet has just graduated from East High School and will attend the University of Utah this fall. It is a great joy to still have her at home with us.

I am extremely proud of my very wonderful and outstanding parents, all of my brothers and sisters as well as my own dear family. I have truly been blessed.

RAMONA HINCKLEY SULLIVAN

If I could have chosen my birth date, I would never have decided on January 31, 1916. It is too "after" Christmas and too "before" payday.

I pass the old Hamilton School several times each week and am constantly reminded of the first seven school years I spent there trying to follow all the "brainy" brothers and sisters who had

preceded me. My high school years were spent at Roosevelt Junior High and South High School.

During my first year at the University of Utah it was announced that we were to sell 840 East 7th South, with all of its belongings, and move to Chicago. Sylvia and I left with Aunt May and Dad in the coldest of Utah January's to arrive in Chicago to an even colder January in Illinois. I enjoyed the best of company with Sylvia. She had a most interesting sense of humor and justice. We had a great time together.

Aunt May convinced me that I had a talent for art so I enrolled in the Chicago Art Institute. Some of my University of Utah credits were not acceptable for a degree and when Sylvia was ready for college, she and I came back to the Brigham Young University from which I received my degree. Years later, when Pat and I took Sheila and Colleen east, we toured Chicago. I was so delighted to see one of my small paintings still on display at the Art Institute.

Pat and I were married in the "depths of the Depression" but have had a good life. He is one of the many "great small business men" left in America who own and run a business (McGhie Land Title Company). In July of 1968, he gave me my "30 year pin" (pearls). Sheila and Colleen, our two daughters, both married boys we might have picked ourselves. Now there are ten of us: Ramona and Pat, Sheila and Ferrel with daughters, Kimberly and Alison, Colleen and Gary with sons, John and Michael.

We are active in numerous civic and business organizations and have thoroughly enjoyed life.

### SYLVIA BITNER HINCKLEY WADSWORTH

Sylvia Bitner Hinckley, born in Salt Lake City, Utah, March 7, 1920. Married Franklin Don Wadsworth, Salt Lake Temple, August 20, 1940. Sons and daughters: Franklin Brent, (married Joyce Crook), Bryant Hinckley, (married Janet Kay Ridges), Terry, (married Nelson Lorell Bleak), Don Scott, Valerie, James Hinckley, Florence Lark, Anthony Noel, John Jared, Charlotte Hinckley, David Patrick. Grandchildren: Eric Lorell Bleak, Nathan Brent Wadsworth, Sylvia Lark Bleak.

Like most of the other members of the family, I attended Hamilton School with Annie Christensen as first grade teacher. Beginning with the eighth grade I moved to Roosevelt Junior High. (Whenever I see one of my children doing an algebra assignment, I think of Cora Patterson, the formidable math teacher there.) Two years later I trudged up the steep hill to East High School.

At Christmas time during my senior year, the sky fell in on my complacent, uneventful life. Ramona and I were to go with Daddy and Aunt May to live in Chicago. The sight and sound of trains had always produced a lump in my throat and a turbulence in my stomach, but I had never ridden on a train before that wintry evening when I was 15 years old. We boarded the Chicago-bound pullman car just as the first call for dinner was announced. So exciting was that experience that I remember what I ordered for my first meal in the diner - shrimp salad and chocolate parfait. Upon arriving in Chicago we were met by Elder Marden Broadbent, secretary of the Northern States Mission. Two things impressed me immediately: Elder Broadbent looked like all missionaries I had ever heard about, complete with black overcoat and derby hat; and that bustling, famous city had narrow brick streets which I at first thought were back alleys.

In Chicago I was graduated from Carl Schurz High School, still a little bewildered by the immensity of the building and the incredible number of students who occupied it.

In the fall of 1936, I entered BYU. Gordon took me to Provo to register, and I lived with Carol for a short time. BYU was considerably smaller than the high school I had last attended. For the first time in my life, teachers seemed really interested in me. Guy C. Wilson, B. F. Cummings, Parley Christensen, Carl Eyring, Joseph Nichols, and others influenced my life for good.

When, after high school graduation, I expressed a desire to go to BYU, Aunt May said, "All right, if you want to end up in Podunk." She missed the spelling a little; the name of the town turned out to be Panaca. Don and I were married the summer after graduation and moved to his home town in Nevada. As our contribution to society in more than 28 years of ups and downs, we count our 11 children, who have brought joy and purpose to our lives. Among their achievements thus far are two college degrees; three successful marriages; three L.D.S. missions, one each in Central America, Japan, and Australia; and 3 splendid grandchildren. Where the future will take them all we do not know. We only hope they will be steadfast and endure to the end. One of the best compliments I ever received was not wholly deserved but is still truly appreciated. A lady once said to me, "Sylvia, you have the best kids in the world - next to mine."

Don has supported this large family as an Agent, and now General Agent, for Beneficial Life Insurance Company, and as a rancher and cattleman.

When I look in the mirror now, I scarcely recognize myself. I look more like my father at the age of 90 than the middle-aged woman that I am; and, among other things, I am reminded that I have a proud heritage to live up to and to pass on to my children.

NOTE: Sylvia died February 2, 1970 in the hospital in Cedar City, Utah, after a nine-year battle with cancer of the bone. She was buried in the cemetery in Panaca, Nevada.

At this writing she has five more grandchildren. Bryant will receive his PHD from Michigan State University this year, 1971.

Don is seriously ill at this time with a cerebral hemorrhage.

## APPENDIX NO. 2

As an eloquent speaker and gifted writer, Bryant S. Hinckley has made a great contribution to the literature of the Church. There follows a listing (as nearly as can be determined) of the books he has authored, the MIA, Sunday School, and Priesthood manuals he has prepared, the articles written for and published in Church magazines, and his major talks and addresses, including several radio series. In addition, twice each month, over a period of 27 years, he wrote 476 thought-provoking articles (or editorials) for the Utah Farmer. This series began on June 10, 1931 and continued until June 19, 1958. He also wrote many short articles for

"The Voice of the Pioneers" (publication of The Sons of Pioneer Luncheon Club) from 1947 to 1953, tributes to friends and distinguished personalities, and administered comfort to thousands as speaker at countless funeral services.

The many hearts and minds he has touched and inspired to greater achievement are legion.

### BOOKS AUTHORED

Date of First Edition	Title	Age at Time of Publication
1942	Daniel Hamner Wells	75
1949	Sermons and Missionary Services of Melvin Joseph Ballard	82
1949	Bryant Stringham and His People (Collaborated)	
1951	Life of a Great Leader - President Heber J. Grant	84
1955	Not By Bread Alone	88
1956	Faith of Our Pioneer Fathers	89
1958	That Ye Might Have Joy	91

### BOOKS AUTHORED BUT UNPUBLISHED

1945	Brigham Frederick Grant	78
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### BOOKLETS

1939	Distinctive Features of Mormonism	72
1941	President "Heber J. Grant" - Man of Achievement" (Written for and published by the Beneficial Life Insurance Co. in honor of President Grant's 85th birthday.)	
1946	Home (Ward) Teaching Manual	

### MANUALS - M. I. A.

<u>M.I.A. Year</u>	<u>Title</u>
1902- 1903	The Acts of the Apostles
1903- 1904	The Ancient Prophets
1904- 1905	The Ancient Prophets - continued
1906- 1907	The Life of Jesus

1908- 1909 Lessons in Church History  
 1909- 1910 Lessons in Church History, Part 2  
 1909- 1910 The Making of the Man  
 1910- 1911 The Making of a Citizen - Lessons In Economics  
 1911- 1912 The Making of a Citizen - Problems In Economics  
 1912- 1913 The Individual and Society  
 1916- 1917 The Development of Character - Lessons In Courage  
 1917- 1918 The Development of Character - Lessons On Conduct  
 1918- 1919 The Development of Character - Lessons On Success  
 1920- 1921 Campfire Stories  
 1921- 1922 Pioneer Stories  
 1922- 1923 Health and Achievement  
 1922- 1923 Missionary Stories  
 1923- 1924 Social Achievement  
 1923- 1924 Stories of Faith And Courage  
 1924- 1925 The Young Man And The Economic World  
 1924- 1925 Stories of the Plains  
 1925- 1926 Pioneer Stories, Part 2  
 1925- 1926 Sketches of Eminent Characters  
 1926- 1927 Stories of Courage And Devotion  
 1926- 1927 Religion A Vital Factor In Character Building  
 1926- 1927 The Young Man And Religion  
 1927- 1928 Some Essentials of Character  
 1932- 1933 Religion and Achievement  
 1941- 1942 Hours With Our Leaders  
 1946- 1947 M.I.A. Senior Scout - (The Lesson portion of this manual)

#### MANUALS - PRIESTHOOD

1940 Priesthood & Development of Character (Deacons)  
 1940 Priesthood, Religion & Success (Teachers)  
 1945 Spiritual Growth  
 1946 Ward Teachers Handbook  
 1946-47 Priests Manual  
 1950 A Study of the Character and Teachings of Jesus of Nazareth (Aaronic Adult)

#### MANUALS - SUNDAY SCHOOL

Year Title

1935 Gospel Doctrine Lessons  
1948 Doctrine & Covenant Studies

### MAGAZINE ARTICLES

#### Children's Friend

July 1940	Some Important Events In American History
October 1940	Illustrious Women
February 1943	Why Lincoln Became Great
June 1943	May Green Hinckley
September 1943	The Primary Teachers Opportunity
October 1943	The Test of Teaching
November 1943	Teachers Should Be Learners
December 1943	The 114th Semi-Annual Conference
January 1944	How To Succeed
March 1944	Will This Help Primary Workers
July 1945	In Memory of President Grant
February 1946	The Dignity of Teaching
March 1946	Teachers Should Be Learners
Many 1946	Report on April Conference

#### Cumorah's Southern Messenger

October 1942	Teachableness
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#### Improvement Era,

August 1909	Systematic & Persistent Work (Talk at June Conference, 1909)
August 1927	Temples of God (Talk at June Conference, 1927)

Note: About this time Bryant "made it my hobby to have my name appear in the Index of the Era at least once a year.

April 1928	Hugh J. Cannon
August 1928	Live Most and Serve Best
March 1929	Be Not Deceived
November 1929	Some Uses of Humor
February 1930	Washington and Lincoln
March 1930	Why Read the Bible
June 1930	Edison's Sense of Humor
September 1931	Greatness In Men
October 1931	Greatness In Men - Pres. Heber J. Grant
November 1931	" " " Pres. Anthony W. Ivins
December 1931	" " " Pres. Charles W. Nibley
January 1932	" " " Pres. Rudger Clawson
February 1932	" " " Reed Smoot
March 1932	" " " Supt. George Albert Smith
April 1932	" " " George Franklin Richards
May 1932	" " " David O. McKay
June 1932	" " " Joseph Fielding Smith
July 1932	" " " James E. Talmage
August 1932	" " " Stephen L. Richards
September 1932	" " " Richard R. Lyman
October 1932	" " " Melvin J. Ballard
November 1932	" " " John Andrus Widtsoe
December 1932	" " " Joseph F. Merrill
September 1933	" " " J. Reuben Clark
July 1934	" " " Charles A. Callis
June 1935	" " " Arza Alonzo Hinckley
November 1936	President Grant - Lover of Youth
December 1936	The Priesthood, A Leveler and Exacter
March 1937	The Youth & Early Manhood of Rudgar Clawson
August 1938	The Nauvoo Memorial
November 1939	Who Runs The Business World
October 1940	Why Read The New Testament
December 1942	(Review on Daniel Wells Book)
April 1943	Conversion
July 1945	President of Quorum of Twelve - George Franklin Richards
July 1947	The Gospel at the Fireside
April 1950	Service Through Industry
November 1950	After Ten Years
July 1952	(Review of Heber J. Grant Book)
March 1953	Joseph L. Wirthlin
July 1955	(Review of Not By Bread Alone book)
October 1956	Oscar A. Kirkham
December 1930	The Gold Star Pilgrimage by Ada Bitner Hinckley

## Liahona

Vol.30-pg.148 James E. Talmage - "Greatness In Men." Series  
Vol.32-pg.126 Charles A. Callis- " " "  
Vol.34-pg.52 Essentials of a Sound Religion  
Vol.34-pg.79 Essentials of a Satisfactory Religion  
Vol.34-pg.104 Fundamental Obligations of Latter-Day-Saints - (Conference Address)  
Vol.34-pg.147 Religion of the L.D.S. Meets Every Requirement  
Vol.34-pg.272 President Grant - Lover of Youth  
Vol.34-pg.460 Easter  
Vol-pg. 4 God's Revealed Word Is Best Form of Government - (Conference Address)  
Vol.35-pg.295 Joseph Smith, The Prophet  
Vol.35-pg.461 Beliefs & Practices of the Mormon Church (Speech - Northwestern University)  
Vol.36-pg.436 Missionary Work - Products of It (Conference Address)  
Vol.37-pg. 30 The Church & Its Leadership (Conference Address)  
Vol.40-pg. 72 The Mormon Pioneers Sought Freedom of Worship  
Vol.40-pg.126 Victory Over Temptation  
Vol.41-pg.185 The Greatest Wisdom  
Vol.42-pg.329 It Is Finished

## Millennial Star

1930 Vol.92-pg.161

1931 Vol.93-pg.289

1932 Vol.94-pg.113

1933 Vol.95-pg. 17

Objectives of Mormonism  
(Talk at Tabernacle 19 Jan. 1930)

Mothers Day - Address at Tabernacle May 11, 1931

Rudger Clawson

Then follows monthly the Greatness '2nd Men Series  
previously published in the Era.

The Need of the Hour -  
Tabernacle Address of 29  
Jan. 1933

Two more of the "Greatness In Men" Series  
J. Reuben Clark & Charles Callis  
The sublimity of Mankind - Church of the  
Air Address from Detroit  
Man's Ultimate Goal  
The Religion Meeting Every Requirement  
The Essentials of a Satisfactory Religion  
Why Read the Bible  
The Practical Religion  
Liberty Jail  
A Tribute to the Pioneers of Utah

1933 Vol.95-96

1936 Vol.98-pg.626

1936 Vol.98-pg.729

1936 Vol.99-pg.794

1937 Vol.99-pg.138

1937 Vol.99-pg.249

1937 Vol.100-p. 66

1937 Vol.103-p.613

1950 Vol.112-p.258

### Relief Society Magazine

March 1932	A Tribute to the Relief Society (90th Birthday of the Organization)
November 1940	A Tribute to President Heber J. Grant (84th Birthday)
March 1941	Elder Reed Smoot
April 1942	We Are at War - How Should We Meet It
May 1943	The 113th Annual Conference
June-July 1943	Visiting Teachers Messages to the Home Sources of Strength Lesson 1- A Firm Belief In God
August 1943	Lesson 2- Ordered Living
September 1943	New General Presidency of Primary Assn. Lesson 3- Freedom of Choice
October 1943	Lesson 4- The Development of Strength Through Work
November 1943	Lesson 5- Co-operation
December 1943	Lesson 6- Companionship
January 1944	Lesson 7- Loyalty
February 1944	Abraham Lincoln Lesson 8- Love
July 1944	Visiting Teachers Messages - Sources of Strength - The Beatitudes

### The Beatitudes

July 1944	Lesson 1- Blessed Are the Poor in Spirit
August 1944	Lesson 2- Blessed Are They That Mourn
September 1944	Lesson 3- Blessed Are The Meek
October 1944	Lesson 4- Blessed Are They Which Do Hunger & Thirst After Righteousness
November 1944	Lesson 5- Blessed Are the Merciful
December 1944	Lesson 6- Blessed Are the Pure in Heart
January 1945	Lesson 7- Blessed Are the Peacemakers
February 1945	Lesson 8- Blessed Are They Which Are Persecuted for Righteousness Sake
June 1945	In Memorium - President Heber J. Grant December 1945 Marvin O. Ashton

### The Instructor

October 1931	The Teacher - My Privilege, My Responsibility
June 1948	What the Sunday School Habit Has Done in My Stake
April 1949	President Joseph F. Smith
October 1949	Tribute to Karl G. Maeser
April 1952	The Magic of Words
June 1954	(Article about B. S. Hinckley entitled: "At 86 He Keeps in Touch by Teaching") by Virginia Baker
April 1955	Make Religion Register
1956	Brigham Young as I Knew Him

### Young Womans Journal

September 1906  
Vol. 17 - p. 388 An Interesting Experience

August 1915

SOME MAJOR ADDRESSES

1890 Speech in Oratorical Contest at the B. Y. Academy Theme - "The Pioneers"

1892 Lecture delivered at General Conference of the YMMIA in the Tabernacle June 5, 1892  
Theme - "Our Country"

(Ref. - Contributor Vol. 13 p. 444 - Aug. 1892)

1903 Speaker at Lale Lake Stake Quarterly Conference Theme - "Mormonism Practical"

(Ref. Journal History Sept. 13. pp. 1-2)

1907 Address at Liberty Stake Quarterly Conference at Tabernacle - Theme - "The Strength of  
Mormonism" (Ref. Journal History, Jan. 20 pp 6-8, Church Historian's Office)

1909 Speaker - Tabernacle at 2 P.M. Session Theme - "King Davis & George Washington" (Ref.  
Journal History Feb. 21, p.6)

1909 Speaker at June Conference of M.I.A. Theme - "Systematic & Persistent Work" (Ref. Era  
August 1909)

1913 Speaker - Assembly Hall - Theme: "The World Needs Men of Strength"

1915 Talk on Reading Course - M.I.A. June Conference (Ref. Young Womans Journal 1915-Vol.  
26, p.520)

1936 Speaker - Tabernacle, July 2, 1916. Theme "L.D.S. Pay Homage To Worth of Great  
Republic"

- 1916 Speaker 87th Semi-Annual Conference. Theme "Salvation Through Obedience to the Gospel" (Ref. Journal History Oct. 8, 1916, p. 7)
- 1918 Speaker - Tabernacle, Theme - "Beliefs of L.D.S."  
(Ref. Journal History, Feb. 3, p. 1)
- 1918 Speaker - Tabernacle. Theme - "Greatness of Creation of the World"  
(Ref. Journal History, August 18, pp. 4, 6-7)
- 1922 Speaker - Liberty Stake Conference in Tabernacle Theme - "Hardships of the Pioneers" (Ref. Journal History, January 22, p.1)
- 1923 Speaker - Liberty Stake Conference, October 14th Theme - "Columbus Day, Constitution Day" (Ref. Deseret News, Oct. 24th)
- 1924 Speaker - Tabernacle - Theme: "Mothers Day" (Ref. Journal History, May 5, p.11 - Full Text p. 1-2)
- 1925 Talk to Tourists at Tabernacle, March 1st (Ref. Deseret News, March 2nd)
- 1925 Speaker - Tabernacle, Theme - "Restoration of Aaronic Priesthood"  
(Ref. Journal History, May 17, p. 1-3)
- 1927 Address - Liberty Stake Conference - Theme "Memorial Tribute to Karl G. Maeser" (Ref. Journal History, Jan 23, p.2)
- 1927 Address - M.I.A. June Conference. Theme "Temples of God"  
(Ref. Journal History, August)
- 1927 Speaker - 98th Semi-Annual Conference, Theme "The Poor and the Rich"  
(Ref. Journal History Oct. 9, )
- 1928 Address - Liberty Stake Conference - Tabernacle Theme - "Law Observance"
- 1929 Speaker - Tabernacle, Theme - "Lives of Washington & Lincoln"  
(Ref. Journal History, Feb. 10, p. 1-3)
- 1930 Speaker - Tabernacle, Theme - "100 Years of Mormonism and Its Ideals"  
(Ref. Journal History, Jan, 19 )
- 1930 Speaker - Mothers Day Address
- 1930 Address at B.Y.U. June 5, 1930. Theme - "Education At Its Best"
- 1931 Speaker - Sunday School Conference, Oct. 4, 1931 Theme - "The Teacher"  
(Ref. Journal History Oct. 4 )
- 1931 Talk at Ensign Stake Genealogical Union Meeting 20 Dec. 1931

- 1932 Speaker 103rd Semi-Annual Conference (Ref. Journal History, Oct. 7, 1932)
- 1932 Address to L.D.S. Hospital Nurses on "Personality In Nursing"
- 1932 Address at B.Y.U. Dec. 7, 1932  
Theme - "Dr. George H. Brimhall"
- 1933 Sermon - Tabernacle - Theme: "Need of the Hour"  
(Ref. Journal History, Jan.29,1933)
- 1934 One View of Temple Work
- 1934 Talk at Carey, Idaho on July 24,1934
- 1935 Speaker at Commencement Program - LDS Seminary Theme - "Address to Graduates"
- 1935 Speaker in Tabernacle, July 21,1935
- 1936 Speaker - 106th Annual Conference, April 4th
- 1936 Address at Detroit, Michigan, Theme - "Man, What Is HE That Thou Art Mindful of Him" (Ref. Journal.1 History, August 2, p.3)
- 1936 Speaker - 107th Semi-Annual Conference, Oct. 2 1937 Speaker - 108th Annual Conference, April 2
- 1938 Talk before students of Northwestern University Theme - "Beliefs & Practices of the Mormon Church" (Ref. Journal History, Jan 8, p. 7) 1938 Conference Address - "Missionary Work - Products of It" - Oct. 7, 1938
- 1939 Speaker - General Conference, April 7th Theme - "The Church & Its Leaders Made Strong Through Adversity"
- 1940 Address to Primary Workers (Ref. Journal History, June 8, p.8)
- 1940 Speaker - Sunset Services, Riverside Stake, On steps of Capitol Building (Ref. Journal.1 History, July 7, pp 5-6)
- 1940 Speaker at B.Y.U.- Theme - "The Mission of B.Y.U." (Ref. Journal History, August 11, pp 1-3)
- 1940 Address before L.D.S. Institute at Logan  
Theme - "Religion Is A Vital Force, True) (Ref. Journal History, Dec.15, p.1)
- 1941 Address to Tourists in the Tabernacle, June 8,1941
- 1941 Address at Ricks College Leadership Week Theme - "How To Grow"  
(Ref. Journal History, March 1, p.2) 1941 Talk at Ogden, Utah, Sept. 28, 1941  
Theme - "Mormonism, A Practical Religion"
- 1942 Talk at Fort Douglas
- 1944 Talk to Primary teachers at Payson, Utah
- 1947 Address at B.Y.U. Feb.18,1947 Theme - "What Should A Man's Religion Do

For Him?"

- 1947 Talk to Graduates of Lincoln High School  
1947 Address at B.Y.U. On "Great Teachers"  
Address at B.Y.U. on "Preparation of a Teacher"  
1951 Address at B.Y.U. on "Early Memories of B.Y.U." Oct. 16, 1951
- 1953 Address at B.Y.U. - Founders Day Address, Nov. 19th  
1954 Address at Bonneville Stake March 29th  
Theme - "Leaders of Boys"  
1954 Talk at Fathers & Sons Banquet at Richfield, Utah  
(300 boys, 200 fathers. Fine affair)  
1954 Address at B.Y.U. May 26, 1954  
Theme - "The Knight Family"  
1954 Address at M.I.A. June Conference in Tabernacle June 13th
- 1954 Address at New Salem, Illinois, on the occasion of the unveiling of a Lincoln statue presented to the State by Sons of Utah Pioneers Society
- 1955 Address at B.Y.U. - Theme - "A Great Teacher And His Work" - Karl G. Maeser Anniversary 10-25-55
- 1955 Address to 1000 Daughters of Utah Pioneers in the Lafayette Ballroom of the Hotel Utah on "The Old Fort"
- 1957 Address at B.Y.U. - "Tribute To Benjamin Cluff" May 7, 1957

#### RADIO - SERIES OF ADDRESSES

- 1928 Radio talk on the "Brighton Home" May 24, 1928  
1931 Radio Talks on "Mormonism & Daily Life" Jan. 4 thru March

Does Your Religion Carry Over Mormonism and Business  
Fundamentals The Best Homes  
Latter-Day-Saints as Home Builders Religion and Healthful Living  
The Mighty Hopes That Make Us Men Mormonism and Recreation  
Peace and Patriotism  
Mormonism and Education  
Leadership  
The Men of Tomorrow  
Tolerance  
How Well You Finish

July 23

1939 Radio Church of the Air talk - "Contributions of the Pioneers to Their Day and Ours."

Feb. 25  
1940 Radio Talk "The Master's Measure of Values"

1940 Radio Series on "Religion & Life"  
Does Your Religion Register In Your Life? What Should a Man's Religion Do For Him? Religion and the Home  
The Mormon Contributions to Home Building Religion and Business  
Religion and National Prosperity  
Religion Essential to National Security Religion and Efficient Living  
Religion and Recreation Mormonism and Education  
Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of L.D.S.  
If A Man Die, Shall He Live Again? It Is Finished  
The Foundations of Mormonism  
Mormonism and Men  
Men of Tomorrow  
Mormonism Embraces All Truth  
Shall This Generation Be Inheritors Only? Religion In Terms of Life

July 5  
1925 The 150th Year of Our National Independence

Nov. 11  
1925 Armistice Day  
Radio Address Delivered at Carthage, Ill.  
"What Is Christianity?"

2-4-40 Abraham Lincoln, Inspired of God

#### Radio Series

#### The Home - Workshop of the World

7-12-43 A Great Woman  
7-19-43 Master Craftsman  
7-26-43 Pioneer Women  
8-2-43 Monuments Built by Mothers  
8-9-43 Craftsmanship in the Home - The Workshop of the World  
8-16-43 Encouragement In the Home  
8-23-43 Fatherhood at its Best  
8-30-43 A Temptation in War Time

9-6-43 The School and the Fireside  
 9-13-43 Leadership In the Home  
 9-20-43 Democracy In the Home  
 9-27-43 The Home - A School for Democracy  
 10-4-43 Loyalty In the Home  
 10-11-43 Reading in the Home  
 10-18-43 Tolerance In the Home  
 10-23-43 Recreation In the Home  
 11-1-43 Two Major Responsibilities  
 11-8-43 The Atmosphere of the Home  
 11-15-43 What Place Has Religion In the Home  
 11-22-43 Thanksgiving In the Home  
 11-29-43 Cultivate In the Home A Love For the Beautiful  
 12-6-43 Personal Ideals In the Home  
 12-13-43 Cheerfulness In the Home  
 12-20-43 Peace in the Home  
 12-27-43 Keep the Homefires Burning  
 1-3-44 Our Mothers  
 1-10-44 Meeting Adversities In the Home  
 1-17-44 The Heros and Heroines of Obscurity  
 1-31-44 Harmony In the Home

#### ARTICLES - MISCELLANEOUS

1890 Article on "Physical Science" in the Daily Engineer, Provo, Utah, Friday, May 23, 1890.

1931 to 1958 Short thought-provoking articles or editorials for the "Utah Farmer" submitted twice each month over a period of 27 years, from June 10, 1931 to June 19, 1958 - a total of 467 articles in all.

1933 Article on "Values Offered Boys and Girls by the Junior Seminary"  
(Ref. Journal History, Church Historians Office March 12, p.4)

1934 Article on "One View of Temple Work" (Ref. Journal History, Jan. 27, p.6)

1939 Article "Sons of the Soil" in Deseret News (Ref. Journal History Oct. 21, pp 11-12)

1941 Article "Nauvoo Temple, Began 100 Years Ago" Des. News, Church Section, Jan. 25th

- 1941 Article "Nauvoo Legion Rendered Service" Des. News, April 5th
- 1941 Article "Liberty Jail, A Dark Period In History of Church" - Des. News, May 24th
- 1941 Series of short articles in the Church Section of the Deseret News:
- Fear and Faith
  - Be of Good Cheer
  - Religion and Human Achievement The Poise of the Master Victory Over Temptation
  - Militant Sainthood Examples of Loyalty
  - Nurses Serve With Heart and Hands One Great Characteristic of the Masteries Friendship The Value of Man
  - The Prodigal Son - Comments On The *Masters* Love of Children Old Age
  - Lowly In Heart
    - The Greatest Wisdom
    - Eternal Riches Anniversaries
    - Sincerity
  - Worry
    - Arrogance
    - Be A Good Loser The Highest Help Personal Ideals
    - Why I Love My Country
    - Self Respect
    - Co-operation - Getting Along With People
    - A Statesman

The Guide - Northern States Mission Publication

January 1937  
to June 1939

Many messages and editorials  
The "Voice of the Pioneers"

1946 to 1953

Many articles and editorials

Study Guide and Report

Book for Ward Teachers

1952-1953 The monthly Messages or Lessons which appear in the above were prepared by Bryant S. Hinckley.

