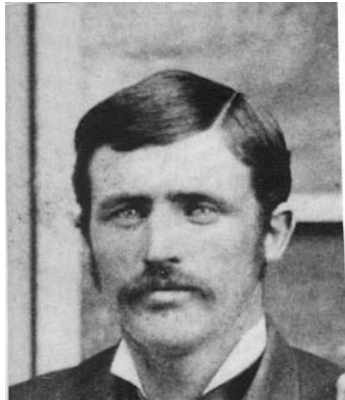


History of Edith May Holbrook Hepworth

By Patra Anne Hepworth

Edith May Holbrook was born the 7th of September, 1889, in Auburn, Lincoln, Wyoming, to Joseph Hyrum Holbrook and Catherine Cooper.[1] Edith enjoyed some splendid heritage in her great uncle being Brigham Young and another great uncle, Truman Angell, being the architect for the Salt Lake Temple and other prominent church buildings. When Edith's grandmother, Caroline Frances Angell, came into the valley in 1848, her brother-in-law, Brigham Young, took her and showed her the exact place where he had first seen the valley and was supposed to have said the now famous words, "This is the place." Also, Edith's paternal grandfather was Judge Joseph Holbrook, a prominent Bountiful resident.



Joseph Hyrum Holbrook



Catherine Cooper

The first of Edith's siblings were born in Bountiful, but the Holbrook family moved to Auburn, Wyoming for sometime before returning to Bountiful. They knew tragedy in the loss of a sister, Phebe, in 1890; Edith would have been too young to remember her. But she would have known her brother, William, who died at the age of sixteen in 1901, and her sister, Delila, who died a year after her marriage in 1917.

Edith was baptized the 1st of December, 1898. [2]

An article appeared in the "Ogden Standard Examiner" May 1st, 1907 and told of an adventure Edith had. "One Accident Averts Another", was the title. "Bountiful April 30th – What might have proved a serious accident was averted last night by the occurrence of another one not quite so dangerous. Edith Holbrook and her little sister were driving to meet the "dummy" when their horse became frightened at the approaching train. Whirling around, he ran with breakneck speed down the track, directly ahead of the locomotive.

"But before the train caught up with him, one of the wheels became locked in a rail and threw the vehicle, horse and all, down into a hollow on the west side of the track. The train passed on without injuring the occupants of the carriage, who escaped with a few bruises."

Edith married Randolph Hepworth in the Salt Lake Temple 4th of December, 1907. [3] She reminisced that going to the temple in those days was an all-day affair. She remembered she got sick in the temple, and one of the women gave her a hot drink to help her. She also said she and

Randolph did not go anywhere for a honeymoon and added that they never took a vacation in all of their life together.

Newspapers at the time carried the announcement that Edith Holbrook and “Rudolph” Hepworth had obtained a marriage license.

The young couple lived for a time in Woods Cross and then for a few years in Salt Lake before they settled on the farm in Woods Cross that would be their home for all the rest of their years. This was next door to the home where Edith’s in-laws lived.

Edith commented further about their days together. “He was always good to me, do what he could for me,” she said. “He thought there was nobody could cook like I could...[he] always praised me in my cooking and everything...never let his folks interfere...I always came first.”

Dolph added, “There wasn’t anybody that could cook like she could.” He said that they always got along pretty well and they didn’t have much trouble in all of their lives.



Edith and Dolph named their first son, Ferrel “H” Hepworth. He was born the 25th of September, 1908. Edith waited four years for her daughter, Lorena, born on the 23rd of March, 1912. Dean Reese was born 11th of April, 1916. Carol was born the 8th of September, 1921. Edith came so close to getting her little darling right on her own birthday! Jack LeRoy joined their family on the 6th of August, 1924.



Dean, Edith, Randolph

Edith talked of the joy she found during her early years of marriage. “The happiest time in my life is when I was having my kids. That was the happiest time, and we wasn’t have much either. We always had lots of friends...didn’t matter [that they didn’t have much]. Come these days, they never waited to be invited, they come. Always had a houseful besides my own family. I use to cook and cook and cook...”

Edith’s children remembered that the family did have a lot of friends. Dean remembers that a big tub of ice, filled with root beer, would be set on the lawn for the Fourth of July. He commented, “Everyone came to Dad and Mother’s for everything.”

Jack remembered that the family knelt down every morning before breakfast and had a prayer while he was growing up. His mother was sick most of her life and could not attend church, but they always had a prayer each day. He also remembered that after the family finished breakfast, they would all help with the dishes and sing together as they worked.

Edith was hard working. Her son, Ferrel, remembered that his mother and a neighbor had an unspoken contest going to see who could get their wash out onto the line first.

Ferrel married Leona Rampton Rollins the 10th of April, 1928; they were later divorced.

Edith lost her sixth child, Joyce LaRue Hepworth, on the 22nd of July, 1931, just thirteen days after she was born. The doctor called her a “blue baby” and said “patent fortimen ovale” was the cause of death. Dolph and Edith buried their little angel in the Bountiful City Cemetery.

When Dean and Clara had a little girl, Randolph asked them about naming his granddaughter after the little one he and Edith had lost; that is how Dean and Clara came to have a daughter named Joyce.

There must have been happiness that fall when Lorena married George Colbert Page the 18th of September 1931. There must have been happiness again when Dean married Clara _____, and again in 1938, when Carol married George Thomas McGrath on the 2nd of July.

There was sadness, too, when Ferrel and Leona had two stillborn children, and Rena and George's little one-year old son died.

Clara wrote, "Dean and I went to live with Grandma when we were first married for about six weeks. She was kind and thoughtful. She kept her house and herself neat and clean. She had beautiful, dark hair. She was a good and particular cook. She fed her family on vegetables that were in season and grown on the farm, fruit that she had canned, and she baked all the bread her family could eat. She separated the cream from the milk to drink and cook with. Grandpa churned the butter."

Ferrel married Sarah Bohin the 10th of September, 1945, in New York City after Ferrel's release from service during the war. The couple returned to Woods Cross and lived with Randolph and Edith for a time before moving to their own place. Jack married Maudella _____, and they also enjoyed Edith and Randolph's hospitality, living with them more than once. Jack and Della returned that hospitality and took care of Randolph and Edith in their last days.



Back – Ferrel, Sarah; middle- Edith, Randolph; front – Joleen, George, Rena

Sarah learned a lot about cooking from Edith, and Della said her mother-in-law was the hardest working individual you ever saw. She never went to bed without the floor swept and everything

just so. She would shine the boys' shoes and shorn their necks; she could never stand it any other way.

Clara wrote, "Grandma never cooked on Sunday. She served dishes of fruit, bread, and rolls, and sliced, cooked meat prepared ahead. I remember when she made family dinners with Rena's help. After the dinner was eaten, everyone would settle back in their chairs and sing together."

Clara continued, "Grandma was always busy crocheting. She made edgings for pillow cases. She made a beautiful, large tablecloth. She made quilts and quilted one for each family. Her oldest son, Ferrel, said, 'You better appreciate the quilt; she worked on them until her fingers would bleed.' She made Dean and I a round, braided rug out of heavy material with Grandpa's help and sewed the braid together by hand. We used the rug in our hall for many years." She also added that her family remembers Edith sitting in her front room in her rocker sewing. She always wore white anklets. Clara's daughter, Sharon, said Edith always wore dresses. Clara's daughter, Joyce, said she remembers her grandmother sitting by the garden with a large bowl in her lap, shelling peas.

Granddaughter, Susan, remembered climbing a tree in front of her grandmother's home and onto a branch that was just right for reading. Edith thought Susan should not read so much but play with her cousins instead. Susan also remembered her grandmother's hair always braided and pinned up on her head.

But when anyone speaks of Edith, they will tell you she was always sick; even the local paper reported she was in very poor health. She spent her days in her room just off her kitchen. It is too bad that in her day, the doctors did not know what was wrong. Della did know that Edith had very high blood pressure, and probably poor circulation, as she kept her forever freezing feet on a hot water bottle. The rest was a mystery; however, its effects were plain. From the time that Della married into the family, Edith never left the house to shop or anything else. She would get out of bed to work either holding her head or holding onto furniture for support. Clara remembered Edith wearing a band around her head to help relieve her headaches and that even though they offered to take her mother-in-law riding in the car, Edith refused because she said it made her sick.

Glen, her grandson, wrote, "My first memory was as a small boy I spent time in their house. When I needed a nap, I would sleep on her bed. She was usually there in bed during the daytime naps I took. Grandpa Dolph always looked out for her welfare, keeping it quiet and peaceful around the house. They usually sat around the coal stove/furnace that was in their front room. They would talk a lot and read a lot, too. (By the way, I have a heater in my garage that looks just like theirs. It reminds me of good, quiet times in their home.) It was said that Dolph kept the house tidy, I think Edith did a lot too, although I never saw her do anything, nor did I see Dolph do anything either; deciding who did what was far from my mind when I was that young.

"I do know she was well known in Woods Cross for the potato yeast she had. I remember Grandpa would tell her to get some ready because "so and so" would be along to fetch it. She would pretend to be upset somewhat, but I always felt she was pleased to be the one to supply the yeast for her friends. I know she made the best bread around the neighborhood. She was a

good cook, too. I never went hungry. She would call Grandpa from the fields for their noonday meal. In those days, it was usually the big one, with the supper being smaller, bread and milk, etc. There was never a time that I knew when their family, Dean, Ferrel, Rena, Carol, or Jack, would be without food. All that was needed was to ask. Dolph was a wonderful vegetable farmer, who had vegetables all winter, which were kept in a dirt pit dug 15 feet long covered with straw and dirt. Many times I heard Edith tell Dolph to get some vegetables for us whenever we came to see them. There were carrots, potatoes, turnips, onions, parsnips, any root vegetable that Grandpa had grown. It was said that during the depression, he never turned away a hungry man or family from his farm without first giving them all the vegetables they needed.

“Dolph and Edith were generous people who loved those around them. We would sit around the kitchen table talking, drinking sweet milk, or buttermilk, eating her bread and jam, as I said, the best around. Grandma Edith was the first one who let me churn the cream into butter, first with an old fashioned churn, up and down, up and down. It was a fun time because Edith was there telling me that we would have some bread and jam. She always cut a generous portion, too, thick and wonderful to a small boy. Later on she got a churn that had three paddles in a jar that worked faster. The reward, as always, was a generous slice of bread, new butter, jam, and a big glass of milk. My mouth still waters as I think of it. One time I even got to churn the butter in a two quart jar, jiggling it up and down. I was really tired after the butter was made. Grandma said, ‘It takes a real man to do it in the bottle.’ As always, a big slice of bread and new butter made me feel like a new man...oops...boy.

“Edith had two porcelain dogs, Pekinese, red and white, that sat by her doors, one off the kitchen that went into the front room, the other by her bedroom door. They were beautiful, and I wanted so much to play with them. Edith always came to their rescue, telling me, ‘DON’T TOUCH THAT DOG.’ Somehow I knew I had better not cross her; she had a stern look, I think her eyes were crossed, and I never could stand up to crossed eyes. When she passed away, I think Rena got the dogs, then Jack got them when Rena passed away. They were pretty; who has them now is anyone’s guess...Grandpa always told me they were Chinese dogs, and that he got them from China when he was there. I think it was when Edith went to China...she never talked about it all. (Strange stories of the Orient fill my mind just thinking about it.) They never left Woods Cross that I know of. It was always a secret where they came from...I know she cared a lot about them, as did I.

“When I turned 12 years-old, Dolph decided it was time for me to have a bike. He and Dad got Dad’s old racing bike down from the back of his shop. It was in pretty bad shape. After working on it for awhile, they repaired it. It was a 27-inch racing bike with thin rubber tires. I could hardly reach the pedals with my feet. One day I was feeling extra adventurous. I started to ride around and around the driveways between Grandpa’s house and the neighbor’s next door driveway. Faster and faster I went until I saw Grandma Edith through the kitchen window eating some of her wonderful bread and jelly. I waved; she waved back. I went again, feeling pretty brave, and I took both hands off the handle bars and waved at her. She waved back. Around I went again, this time without my feet on the pedals. She waved again. The next time I went around without my feet on the pedals, no hands on the handle bars, and waving to show her what a good boy I was. She saw me and was about to wave when her hand went to her mouth with a scream

issuing forth, and she ran to the window. I had taken a tumble when the bike did a flip-flop. Everyone rushed to my aid. Grandma kissed me, telling me I was fine. Grandpa and Dad looked down and said, 'He'll learn'. I kept that bike for many years, doing a couple of paper routes with it. I still think I hold the record for getting a route done the fastest."



Tragedy struck in 1952 just before the holidays when Carol was killed in a car accident. Edith was very sick at the time, according to Clara, and the family decided not to tell her until she was a little better. When Edith was told, she said she knew it. Edith's heart must have been broken with sorrow for Carol, and she must have wondered what would become of her two young grandchildren that were severely hurt in the same accident. Edith was unable to attend the funeral because of her own health problems, and that was just as tragic. Carol had a happy and cheerful countenance and had been good to her mother, always bringing her little gifts. Edith missed her. In 1959, tragedy struck again when George Page, Edith's son-in-law, was killed in an automobile accident with a train.

Glen also wrote, "As a family, we always spent a lot of weekends at the farm. There were weeping willows up and down the driveway. UNDER their shade trees was always THE PLACE for visiting. Grandpa and Grandma would entertain a lot of people who came by. Dolph had a brother, Almy, who had 12 kids. Someone or other would always be there to talk. One time Grandpa and his brother were talking when Alma asked Grandpa, 'How come you got so any good looking grandchildren?' Swelling up with pride, Dolph replied, 'It takes a good bull to produce good calves!' (I often repeat that phrase when somebody tells me my grandchildren are

good looking.) Grandma Edith, of course, let him have it with a hit and said, ‘Watch your tongue, there are children around.’ I think she liked the idea that she had a part in making good looking grandchildren too.”



Randolph and Edith Hepworth family about 1950

Glen continued, “I always thought she was good looking. She had long, dark hair all the time I ever knew her; she would put it up in a bun most of the time. I remember her brushing it with her comb set that always lay on her dresser. The last time I remember seeing her alive, a picture was taken of her and Dolph sitting under the weeping willow in their favorite chairs, watching us all have a grand old time, talking and playing together. That was their idea of a good time.”

Clara wrote, “I never heard Grandma use any profane language or lose her temper with Grandpa. She said she would leave him, but she was afraid someone would be mean to him.

“They were an ideal couple. They spent their married life and old age together. She was a good wife, mother, mother-in-law, and grandma. She loved her family and all her grandchildren”.

The “Davis County Clipper” recorded on the 6th of December 1957, “Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hepworth were married 50 years ago December 4th in the Salt Lake Temple. The family members met at their home Wednesday evening and honored them with a surprise party.”

In the early part of 1962, Sherman Hepworth, a grandson, and his wife Sharon, went with their young children, taking a reel-to-reel tape recorder to visit with Dolph and Edith about their lives.

Our sincere gratitude goes to them for the priceless legacy they gave to us in the history and the direct quotes found in this writing from Dolph and Edith.



Edith passed away the 17th of June, 1962. [4] Perhaps Grandpa missed his sweetheart so badly that he passed away the same year on the 8th of November. The two were not apart even five months. It was a sad year for those who knew and loved them. Whenever Edith and Randolph tried to help others who needed food and were thanked for it, Edith would say, “We want you to miss us when we’re gone”. And miss them, we do. We love our mother and grandmother, and look forward to meeting her again.

An obituary appeared in the “Davis County Clipper” June 22, 1962. The typos were left here as printed. “Edith Mae Holbrook Hepworth, 72, 74 North 7th West, West Bountiful, died Sunday, at 4:45 p.m., in a Salt Lake hospital of natural causes.

“She was born Dec. 7, 1889, Star Valley, Wyoming, to Joseph Hyrum and Katherine Cooper Holbrook.

“Married Randolph Hepworth, Dec. 4, 1906, Salt Lake Temple. Member LDS Church.

“She is survived by her husband; sons, daughter, Farrell H., Dean, Salt Lake City; Jack, Mrs. Rena Page, West Bountiful; 15 grandchildren; 19 great-grandchildren; sisters, Mrs. Clara Hicken, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Mary Thurgood, San Diego.

“Mrs. Hepworth was taken to the hospital on Thursday following a stroke.

“Funeral services were held Wednesday at noon in the Union Mortuary in Bountiful with Bishop Irvin C. Layton conducting. Prelude and postlude music was played by Rilda H. Andrews.

“Invocation was by Bishop Robert W. Telford. Remarks and further announcements were given by Bishop Layton. First speaker was Bishop Maurice M. Arbuckle; a duet by Iris Moon and Beth Brewster, “Walk with God”, accompanied by Rilda H. Andrews. Wm. Paul Buys spoke followed by a violin solo played by Barbara Hepworth, “My Faith in Thee”, accompanied by Harriet Stephens. Benediction by John Wm. Page. The grave in the Bountiful Memorial Park was dedicated by Andrew Anderson.

“The West Bountiful Relief Society was in charge of flowers and Maurice Arbuckle was in charge of extra flower cars.

“Pall bearers were: Glen E. Hepworth, Sherman R. Hepworth, Randy L. Hepworth, Michael T. McGrath, Ronald Jacobson and Richard Winken.”

It is interesting that another obituary for Edith was put in the “Davis County Clipper” newspaper the following week; however, Edith was named in the heading as “Edith Holbrook”.

Documentation:

- (1) Edith’s birth FHL #034,536 – Auburn Ward 1889-1909.
- (2) Edith’s baptism FHL #025, 821 – East Bountiful Ward Early to 1900.
- (3) Edith’s endowment FHL #184,069 - Salt Lake Temple Living Endowment Record
- (4) Edith’s death FHL #821,661 – Deseret News Obituary Index and Deceased Membership File #162

Note – The newspaper articles quoted here were found on the Utah Digital Newspapers website.

More documentation for this history and this family can be found at the end of Randolph’s history.

My thanks goes to those who contributed info to this history.