



HENRIETTA CLINGER BROWN

Born September 11, 1876

Died December 4, 1947

Written by Orilla Brown Maxfield.

We want to try and make a recording of some of the things that happened when Mother, Henrietta was ill. So many things happened that we want our grand-children and great grandchildren and all to know.

Mother hadn't been well for a long time, and she came into our place the first part of September. The eleventh of September was her 71st birthday. We had a party for her. We had an enjoyable time that day. She didn't seem to feel well enough to go home so she stayed. From then on, she just kept getting worse. She was up and down but not well enough to go home. She was quite contented staying with us. One day she said, "I didn't think I would ever be contented away from home but I am."

She finally got so she had to be down most of the time. After a while, about deer hunting time, Albert went deer hunting and got a deer. I fixed steaks and cooked dinner. Mother was sitting in a rocker by the fireplace. I fixed her a nice tray and she seemed to enjoy her meal. We were in the dining room just across the room and I noticed that she wasn't acting right. She couldn't hold her fork and she couldn't get her food to her mouth. We figured she had had a slight stroke. She came out of that. Her speech was better.

Aunt Lillie came out to see her a lot, but Henrietta wouldn't let us wait on her. She would get up and insist on waiting on herself and doing things for herself, as long as she could. Henrietta was always so pleasant. We tried to get her to eat but she didn't have much of an appetite.

One night I took a tray to see if she would eat it herself. I left it with her for a few minutes. I went in to see how she was getting along. She hardly had eaten anything, and she said, "Orilla, father has been here." That is our grandfather, James Henry Clinger. Then she said, "he told me that he had come for me and Noreen, and I said no, not Noreen, she's too young." And he said, "Don't you think she's been sick and suffered long enough?" And Henrietta said, "I pleaded with him not to take Noreen. I told him that she had to raise that baby and she had so much to live for." She also said, "I told him, I couldn't go now, I have so many things I want to do. I just couldn't go." He told her he would be back. She went for days after that, and he didn't come back. She worried because she was afraid, she had hurt his feelings. She said, "I told him I wasn't ready to go." She talked about it so much and waited for him.

It was about three weeks later she called us again and -old us grandpa had been there again. She said this time he said, "I have come to get you and take you through the veil into the Celestial Kingdom." And mother said, "Not the Celestial Kingdom. What about my faults? She said grandpa said, "The Father says your good points outweighs your faults. You are one of his choice spirits." Then grandpa said, "The day you came to us as earthly parents we were very proud, but we were much prouder today." She said, "I saw Wanda and she was doing secretarial work. She had a long piece of white paper in her hand, and I asked her if she was happy. She said," Yes, I'm happy but I can't go any farther until Glenn does our work on earth."

And mother said, "The Father said yes, that work must be done on earth, then you may go on to eternity." Then Wanda said, "Mother, Dad is having a hard time. He needs your help." Mother said to us, "Now do I have to go up there and help him after all I've done here."

We asked her if she saw anyone else. She said, "Oh yes. Uncle Marion was on one side of Grandpa and Uncle Johnny was on the other side. I saw my two girls, Lola and Pauline." She said they were beautiful girls. Lola was dark with brown eyes and dark hair like Melba, Della and Donna. Pauline was light like Orilla with blue eyes and lighter brown hair. She said they were beautiful young women. We asked her how she knew they were her daughters. She said, "Doesn't any mother know her own children?" She talked so much about them and saw so many in the background. She talked so much about it to everyone that came in.

Our bishop and his counselors came in and she repeated it all to them. She told them about her daughters, and they questioned her how she knew they were her daughters. She said the same thing, "Wouldn't any mother know her own children?" We all visited with mother so much. Aunt Hattie came down and Aunt Lillie came a lot. Melba, Della, Jessie, and Fern came and helped. Mother told us how much she loved us all and thanked us for everything we did for her. There was such a good spirit there all the time. So peaceful all the time. Everybody had been so good.

Then one day she told us that the Lord had blessed her and taken her pain and she was so thankful. It seemed like from then on that she didn't suffer. We could visit with her without her being in any agony or pain. We had the Eiders so many times. The bishop from our ward and the bishopric from her ward. Claude brought a man from his ward and Vernile administered to her. It was such a testimony to us the things that happened and the way Mother talked to us, and the way she visited with Grandpa. She just took it as a matter of fact. She told us about it just like we should see him there and know that he was there all the time.

MELBA BROWN BECK

When Mother was sick, I went in to help a lot. One day I was there alone. I was in the living room and Mother knocked on the wall or on the back of her bed. I went in her room, and she warned me that Grandpa was there. I was scared. I went to the back bedroom and got Joanne, who was just five years old, and put her on the sofa in the living room. Mother knocked again on the wall, and I went in. She told me that Grandpa was there, and she asked me if I couldn't see him. I told her to rest a while. I was scared then and I went out and tried to find Aunt Lillie's number in the phone book. I called Orilla. Aunt Lillie answered the phone and she said they would be right down. I went back in the room with Mother until they came. When they got there, Aunt Lillie and Albert sat down by the bed and took a hold of Mother's hand and talked to her. She told Aunt Lillie that Grandpa was there and asked her if she couldn't see him and if she didn't want to talk to him. It seemed like Grandpa was around there most of the time because she kept telling us that he was there.

The morning before Mother died someone knocked on my front door. I went to the door, and no one was there. I thought it must be Della and she had gone around the house. I went clear around the house but there was no one there. I had the funniest feeling. I found out after that Orilla and Jessie had been eating breakfast and they had heard a knock on the door about the same time. Jessie will tell you about that.

JESSIE BROWN MANNING

I want to tell a few things that I experienced while trying to help with Mother while she was sick. She gave us all such a wonderful feeling and a peace of mind while she was sick. We didn't have to worry. There wasn't that dread or anything while we were around her. There was such a wonderful spirit.

I was working at this time, and I would usually go in on a Friday night and spend Saturday or Sunday to try to help a little bit. She was always worrying. She was afraid we were going to do too much. She said not to work too much or help her out too much, because she was all right. This gave us such a wonderful feeling, too.

While we were there, one Saturday afternoon, I was lying down on the couch resting while Mother was resting. Orilla had gone into the bedroom to take a nap. I was so relaxed while I was lying there. All at once I heard a kind of a knock and it was like an electrical shock that hit me from my toes through my body up to my head. It was such a wonderful feeling. It was just like having a blessing. I got up and walked into the bedroom to see how Mother was doing. She just

turned her head and looked at me and then she turned back. Her eyes were so bright and glassy. I walked back and laid down for a few minutes. Later I walked back in to see if she needed anything, and she said that her father had been there to see her. I felt that this feeling I had was when he was there. I was such a wonderful experience to hear her tell that he had come for her and that he would be back soon. He was so pleased, and they were so thrilled that she was going to go back home with them again.

Another experience that we had while we were there was one evening when we were lying down. It was quite late in the evening and Della was with me. I went in to see if Mother was all right and check with her before we kind of laid her to sleep for the evening. She asked if I was alone or if I had someone with me. I told her that Della was with me, and she said that that's right, always see that there are two of you together; never be alone. We felt now that this was right, and we always had two of us together in the evening to take care of her. It relaxed her and made her feel better, too.

We had another experience a few days later. I had stayed overnight. Orilla and I were sitting at the breakfast table just finishing our breakfast and Albert had gone to work. We were expecting Glenn to come over. There was a knock at the door. Orilla got up and went to the back door, but no one was there. I got up and went to the front door, but no one was there either. After all the past experiences we had the feeling that her father had come again. We were excited about it and called Aunt Hattie to come down and see her. Later we found out that Melba had called us and had had the same experience at home at the same time. We feel that this was really a testimony we had just experienced.

Mother talked to me one day and said we wanted to talk to me and Cliff. It seemed like she had something on her mind, just like you do with your children when you have something you want to talk to them about. She had each one in to talk to them about things she had on her mind.

We treasured these last talks with her very much and each one of us remember the things she talked to us about. How thrilled we were to think that even at the last minute she would have these things on her mind and would want to put our minds to rest. We'll always treasure these talks with her.

The night before Mother died Aunt Hattie, Claude and Fern were here. She told us Grandpa was here. She asked Aunt Hattie if she could see him. She said, "He is there by the window. Say hello to him." She said, "Don't hold on to me this time. You held me back before."

About 1:00 A.M. she just slipped away peacefully. We knew she didn't go alone.

(Note: Orilla Brown Maxfield, Melba Brown Beck and Jessie Brown Manning, daughters of Henrietta Clinger Brown, have consented to share these experiences with the descendants of Grandfather James Henry Clinger prior to the death of their mother, Henrietta Clinger Brown.)

Henrietta Clinger was born on 11 September 1876 in Lake View, Utah County, Utah. She is the daughter of James Henry and Pauline Mary Williamson Clinger. Lake View is a small farming community which is located a little north and west of Provo, Utah on the lower road (now called Geneva Road). It was settled by the early pioneers and is a row-village community; that is, the homes are built on individual farms and along the road itself.

Mother was born in the old family home in Lake View. She attended school in Lake View. She met and married my father, William John Brown who was born and raised in Provo, Utah. He was born on 24 January 1874 the son of Philander and Elizabeth Dobney Short Brown. They were married on 6 December 1895 in Provo, Utah.

After their marriage they lived in Provo and Orilla May their first child, was born in Provo. While they were living in Provo, Mother's brother Martin Albert came to live with them while he attended the Parker School for one year. They moved to Lake View shortly after the birth of Orilla May.

My earliest memories of Mother were in Lake View. The Clinger family members lived close together. Our home was just south of Uncle Marion's home which was built in 1900. Mother and Father bought the brick home that Uncle Johnny had built, and he sold out and moved to LaBelle, Idaho in 1904.

Next to Uncle Marion's home on the north was the homestead home of Grandpa and Grandma Clinger. The Clingers were a close-knit family. Not only did they live door-to-door throughout the years, but they worked in the fields together helping one another with farm work and sharing farm machinery with one another.

I remember the flowing well, the big barn out back and a big apple orchard. We probably had other fruit as well. The following children were all born in Lake View: William Vernile, Claudious Edward, Della VeNarr, Melba, Pauline, Jessie, and Glenn Arvel. I remember when Glenn was born as Orilla brought him out to let me hold him. I was about six years old. In our home we had a great big kitchen--like a family room and kitchen together, bedrooms and a parlor which we never used unless company came to visit. Mother had velvet furniture and an organ in the parlor. When a holiday came, I remember Mother would have our new clothes that she had made (she was a beautiful seamstress) all laid out on a chair with our new shoes. We would get up, pack a lunch to go out to Saratoga. The whole family would go in the surrey with horses.

I started school in Lake View in kindergarten. I remember that I went a little later than the other kids. I was always afraid to go past Taylor's because they had a great big bull in the yard, and sometimes he was out in the road. About this time, we moved to Magna (1912) in a area called Ragtown. Dad was already living in Magna. We lived just below the mill in a white stucco house. Next door to us lived Uncle Jesse and Aunt Lillie. In about 1911 they built the schoolhouse known as Webster School and I went to school there during my 2nd grade. Mother and Aunt Lillie were always busy. On Christmas Eve we would always have a big dinner at our house or at Aunt Lillie's.

Mother had borders there too. I remember Jim and George Lathan who were from England. They would come for their meals as Mother was a very good cook. Others came also.

We were always so happy. We went sleigh riding in the winter on the hills by the school. In the summertime we would slide down the flume and I remember a big hole at the bottom that we would jump into. We lived in Ragtown for three years until we built a new home in Magna on 4th East (1915). This was a modern home; I believe the only home in Magna with a furnace. We had a bathroom, living room, dining room, kitchen, and a hall with a linen closet in it and the bedrooms. The boys would sleep downstairs. Claude built a big pool table when he was going to school. He put it downstairs, but it was so big that he couldn't get it out when we moved. We lived in this home until 1923. Three more children were born in Magna: Donna, Lola, and Lois Noreen.

Mother and Dad sold the home in Magna and moved to 1916 South Lake Street. At this time Della had separated from Earl Jones and Mother took care of Vanita, who was just a baby while Della worked. About this time Mother started to sell corsets and lingerie. She would travel all over and even go down to southern Utah. I remember that she brought home some fresh fruit. She said how warm it was in Southern Utah and that it seemed like paradise compared to the cold in Salt Lake. We lived on Lake Street for one year then my parents moved into an apartment house on 4th East and 5th South which was just up from the City and County Building. They managed this apartment house, but it was a lot of work. Jessie and Glenn helped her as they had about four furnaces to keep burning. They sold this apartment building and in 1925 moved to 178 B Street in a duplex where they lived for eight years.

The depression came. Mother was still working selling lingerie and corsets. Jessie and Cliff came to live with Mother during the depression. We went to live with Bill's parents in Spanish Fork as Bill got a job in the sugar factory for a while. In 1933 Mother and Father sold the duplex on B Street and moved back to Magna to 8950 West 3250 South. They lived in this home until they passed away in 1947. My father worked at Bingham and Magna as a Foreman for Utah Copper Company. He worked for them for 42 years.

(Submitted by Melba Brown Beck, daughter)

The following incident was sent in by Herschel Johnson Clinger regarding John William Clinger home in Lake View: "Dad, Claude Brown and Herschel were hunting pheasants. Between the knolls, Dad pointed out a place where the black dirt had been scraped away and the white clay was exposed. He told them that adobe brick had been made for Johnny's house from that clay and that Will Brown had helped lay the adobe inside."

GRANDMOTHER HENRIETTA CLINGER BROWN

My impressions of Grandmother Brown begin in the 1930's during the depression years. I was not fully aware of the depression conditions as I was only a child at the time. We lived with Grandma on 178 B Street for a short time. Sometime during the 30's we lived in Spanish Fork with my father's parents and then returned to live with Grandma Brown for a year or less. She had an upstairs that lacked electricity as I remember that we used a candle to go up to bed at night. We did have many comforts and conveniences downstairs such as a telephone, natural gas heat, a range in the kitchen and a pantry cupboard that we now have in our own home. Some of the things I remember about B Street are the street cars, the sirens blowing and the hustle and bustle of the city traffic. Most of all I remember Grandma Brown and the sweet spirit that seemed to exist in the home and with the family members. Aunt Jessie, Uncle Glenn and Aunt Noreen lived in the home at this time.

I remember both of my grandparents very well in Magna as we lived just below them. They had a very nice home full of several luxuries--a bathroom with a tub, toilet, and a wonderful medicine cabinet with all the extra toiletries for bathing. I soon became aware of Grandmother's cooking and the hustle and bustle in her big kitchen. She had a coal range that used coal and wood for heating and cooking. Grandpa was well adapted in keeping home items in good repair and to take care of all the material things in the home. Grandmother, however, was keen in picking up new ideas and new innovations. Their home was modern with a lawn around the house, a sprinkling permit so that they could have flowers, a garden, and a few fruit trees. They had a garage for their car and there were swings in the yard. Many people did not have such things during the depression, but my grandparents were among the first to get them back.

Grandmother Brown gave us lunch snacks. She gave us lettuce, peanut butter and jam sandwiches, breads, and cheeses. I took these things for granted. This was a custom that her mother handed down to her family from Norway--delicious food, family and friends gathered around the table, good conversation and good times in the kitchen where everyone could visit and share their life's experiences. This was really a family home evening environment as we would know it today. Almost every Sunday there would be wholesome and enjoyable get-togethers for the family in the spirit of love and friendship. When birthdays arrived, Grandma would take advantage of the occasion to gather her family together for festive activities and to enjoy the happiness that came from association with one another. This was characteristic of her to use this occasion for home activity and family association.

In 1939 natural gas appeared and soon they had natural gas piped into their home for heating. They had two floor furnaces which eliminated the need of wood for fuel. They also had a water softener which was uncommon for most homeowners. It was a nice comfortable home with lovely furniture, a living room, a dining room with a big table which opened up for additional leaves. Every Sunday the grandkids would run down to the basement to bring up the leaves and we would gather all the chairs from every part of the house to set around the large table. Then came the Sunday dinner with the many fine things that had been cooked--such a nice meal and the pies!

Another part of Grandmother's activities and a part of her life was the ability to use her hands. This seemed to be a Clinger trait--to work with one's hands. It included all types of handiwork such as sewing, crocheting, knitting, and braided rugs. She could do anything or everything--she made such things as tablecloths, doilies for chairs and sofas, spreads, hand-made quilts, especially star quilts and blankets. She loved to use her hands while engaged in conversation with members of her family, her grand-children, friends, or neighbors. She had a broad spectrum of friends that included all ethnic types of people--many foreign people that lived in Magna--the Italian and Greek people all seemed to be involved with Grandmother's hospitality and wonderful disposition. She was a pleasant person who engaged in worthy conversation and with little chuckles interspersed in the conversation. Her chuckles were a definite characteristic of Grandmother. I remember her saying with a little gesture "Oh! This life, the next and then the iron works" and then she would shake her head in a little gesture and chuckle. There was no meanness in her expression but a light-hearted

humor which was her personality. She would put her arms around us, embrace us, draw us near to her many times as she did with her family and her friends. I am sure that her friends came not just to see her but they were blessed by her presence. Grandma was quick to deal with problems. She listened attentively and was interested in people who had problems.

I remember the glass-door bookcase, and the book which I recall her reading was "The Voice from the Dust", and the Relief Society Magazine. Many books and magazines on handiwork were a part of her home. They were as much a part of her as was the apron she wore while preparing food. She was always neat and tidy in her dress. She was quick to make herself neat early in the morning so that she could move around with characteristic ease and self-assurance during the day. Grandmother was firm in stature, her appearance was in good proportion, and she never complained or seemed to be ill.

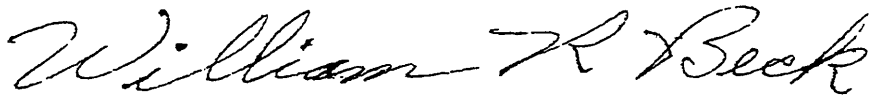
She was never idle. I can never remember Grandmother Brown when she was not involved in 'doing something'. If she was in conversation, she was busy sewing, crocheting, knitting or preparing food or cleaning up after food preparation etc.

She was very proficient in driving her car. I don't know when she started to drive a car, but she was a very capable driver. I remember that she asked me to drive the car when I was old enough, but she didn't wait for me to drive her everywhere. I can remember being on the road outside of Magna and on occasion she would pass by like a whiz on the road. They had a coupe car during the early years of the depression, and it was well-kept and neat. Not a scratch on it. The last car that they had was a 1937 Dodge Sedan. It was not unusual to see her on Broadway in Salt Lake City near the Paris Department Store.

Grandmother was always helping others and at one time served as an aid to a doctor in Salt Lake. She helped him deliver many babies into the world.

Grandmother inherited many beautiful and lovely traits including many from her Norwegian ancestors. I am sure that one of them was her pleasing disposition I never remember her ever being out of patience with anyone. The only time I remember her being displeased at all was one time with Grandpa when she said, "Oh, Oh, Will!"

What a miraculous person she was--nothing short of a miracle.... That was my Grandmother Henrietta Clinger Brown. (Submitted by William Roger Beck, grandson)

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "William R. Beck". The script is cursive and fluid, with the first name "William" being the largest and most prominent part of the signature.

Remarks of Mrs. Aleta Montoya, a neighbor:

"Ettie really liked me and my family and treated us so good. It seemed like one of the family was always with her. Noreen and I grew up with one another and then our daughters were the best of friends. Ettie seemed more like a mother than she did a friend. I remember how good she was to Grandpa Brown. She was always sewing or crocheting all the time. She was a great lady! She always wanted you to come to visit.... that was her pride and joy to have people come in and sit down and talk and eat at her table with her. I loved that lady; she was a great lady! Every time I go in her old home, I see Grandma Brown lying in her casket and wishing she were alive. That is the only time her hands were still."