

THE LIFE STORY OF  
LOUISE PARK BROCKBANK REYNOLDS  
Written by Herself

I, Louise Park Brockbank Reynolds, was born January 28, 1869 in Big Cottonwood, now Holladay, Salt Lake County, Utah. I have resided in Salt Lake County all of my life. My father was Isaac Brockbank, Jr. and my mother was Mary Ann Park Brockbank. They were married January 7, 1865. There were twelve children born to this family. The first, a daughter was still born January 26, 1866. The other children are: John Park, born 3 Apr 1867; Louise Park (as above); Heber Park, born 19 Nov 1870; Mary Park, born 9 Mar 1873; Jane Park, born 12 Dec 1874; James William Park, born 12 Dec 1874 (twins); Joseph Park, born 27 Dec 1876; Taylor Park, born 31 Jan 1879; Agnes Park, born 4 Aug 1881; Mary Ellen Park, born 9 Mar 1883 and Alma Park, born 10 Feb 1885. My parents were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mother was a plural wife, it was the custom to use the wife's maiden name for each child so that the one family of children would be identified to that mother.

I was my mother's second child and when about 4 or 5 years old, father had mother with her four little children move down on the church farm to cook for the farm hands. We had no near neighbors, the nearest being a mile or more away from us. I remember how frightened mother and we kiddies would be if we saw an Indian coming that way. We would lock the doors and pull down the blinds until we were sure they were gone.

Father would come out to see us twice a week and we always looked forward to his coming as he would always have a piece of candy for us. Mother had a big clothes chest by the window and we would get upon it to see when he was coming. On one occasion as I was getting down I fell and broke my collar bone and had to be taken to the doctor and have it set and carried my arm in a sling for a few weeks.

We moved to the second house on the farm that had two apartments in it and there was a creek, called Mill Creek. It was not far from the house. The creek provided our culinary water and with it being close it was much easier to carry the water. It was nice to have neighbors so close. In the spring of the year the creek would become very high. I remember on one occasion the cows tried to swim across it with great difficulty with their heads stretched above the water. On another occasion, brother Heber and myself were playing around the creek and he went on the foot board to go across and fell. He caught his hands on the foot bridge with his head bobbing in the water. I ran to the house as fast as I could go to tell mother and she hurriedly went to his rescue. She said, "It was only providence that held him there until she could get him." Heber asked, "How come it took you so long, Mama?"

We lived here on the farm about 3 years and then moved back to Cottonwood on the old homestead. Father had previously had a large peach orchard planted down below the hill and when the harvest was on we would cut and dry many bushels of peaches. There was a spring at the foot of the hill from which we had to carry all the water we used for household purposes.

When I was about 10 years old father had a man come out from the city to locate where we could find water to drive a well. He used a small peach limb in his hands and would walk around and where the limb would turn down to the ground, there he said we would find water. I think this was the first flowing well that was driven in our vicinity. They did not have machinery to drive with like they do now, but it had to be all done by manual labor. This well is still flowing as

well as it ever has.

My first school teacher's name was Ann Boyce. She taught in a little school house that stood on the ground where the Olympus Middle School now stands and the drinking water ran through a corral not far from the school house. Ettie Davis Huffaker lived just over the fence from the school. Her mother was our first Primary President and I was chosen as Treasurer. Later I was Sunday School Organist and was a Sunday School Teacher up until I was married. The class gave me the Book of Mormon with their tributes of love and esteem written on a vacant leaf in the front of the book.

Going back to our school days, when we had no way of transportation, only to walk, we would walk to Brinton's corner where we would often meet some of the Bitner or Bagley children. Better still was when some of the Reynolds children were there, it would seem to shorten the distance very much.

Our chief amusement in the winter time was to go to the ward dances and occasionally to a home dramatic play and when it was good weather for a sleigh ride we would go out as often as we could. The sleigh and horses all had bells and it was great to hear the ringing out on a cold winter evening. We as a group of young people had a very good time together, although when a certain one was not there the group was not complete.

I went one year to the L.D.S. College and for the Christmas program Brother Willard Done, the principal of the school, asked me if I would represent the young ladies of the school at the program, which I did. Later I went to a dressmaking shop and learned to cut out and make dresses.

It was in my early teens when I began to have a favorite in the young fellow, Charley Reynolds. When 20 years old we decided to get married but it was necessary for Charley to go and see my father and to get the final answer. So one evening he gathered up courage enough to go and see father. Father asked him what he had to get married on. Charley told him he had a team and 30 bushels of potatoes. Father told him that would never do - he would have to have a house to put me in, so our marriage was postponed until he could build a house. The next spring Charley began to prepare to build a house by making adobes and drive a well. It took about 2 years to get the house completed. The Salt Lake Temple was not yet completed so we went to Logan and were married in the Logan Temple on April 13th, 1892.

After our marriage, work was not very plentiful and wages very meager. Charley worked all day for \$1.25. The following February 1, 1893 our first little baby girl came to bless our home, she was named Mabel Louise. As time went on more babies came to gladden our hearts and add responsibility. We had nine precious little souls to feed and clothe. Our children are: Mabel Louise; Charles Leonard, born 7 Feb 1895; Heber Clyde, born 17 Mar 1897; Elda Merle, born 14 Dec 1898; Hazel Marie, born 22 Nov 1900; Vernetta, born 18 Sep 1902; Owen Ford, born 5 Nov 1904; Rulon Jay, born 24 May 1907 and Lila May, born 15 Aug 1909.

We have not been able to give them much of the worldly goods but we have tried to give them a heritage that they will never be ashamed of. All of my children have remained faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All of them have married and have children of their own.

My hobbies are reading and sewing. For many years now I have made aprons for my daughters, daughters-in-law, granddaughters and my great granddaughters for Christmas gifts and other occasions. When Charley was here, he used to love to go shopping and buy material for

aprons as well as the thread, bias tape and rick rack. When the aprons were made he liked me to model them for him and he knew what pattern of material each one would like. I made between 55 and 60 aprons in a year for gifts with love tucked away with a pretty hankie in each pocket. One time when Charley went on a deer hunting trip down to Kanosh he went into a store and bought some material, bias binding, and rick rack when it was scarce here in Holladay.

I have also kept a diary each day of the year of the most important events of the day for quite a number of years. Our children have been good and kind to us all their lives and have brought an abundance of joy and comfort and happiness into our lives. For each of our birthdays each child with their husband or wife has taken their turn in entertaining. Once the party was at the Lion House, once at the Doll House and several other places in Salt Lake. They finally decided their own homes were the best place after all. Our children all live within 15 minutes drive to our home. Hardly a week has ever passed that they haven't each one called personally or with their families to bring love and sunshine into our lives.