



HELEN
HARRIS
HINCKLEY

HER LIFE STORY

Helen Jane Harris Hinckley

5 February 1923 to 12 September 1969

Compiling a life history for Mom, some 53 plus years since her death, and with few photos, oral stories and even fewer journal type entries, by necessity, has to be a collaborative effort. I plan to develop an initial framework and hoping my siblings will fill in the blanks, and add the creative flair which I lack. Additionally, we all have different memories to contribute and even share with one another. While not the most creative, I have organized photos and documents into 10 file folders, it is from these folders her story will be retold, chronologically. Certainly, we can write about the genealogy and will, but the reality is, there is so much more that fashioned her life. It is our collective hope and desire that the history we will tell, will have meaning for her descendants, and hopefully, help them understand what a fantastic heritage they have by being part of her ancestry.

1923-1941

Helen was born on 5 February 1923 to Zina Rachel Cole and Cyrus Arthur Harris in Rexburg, Madison, Idaho. She was the 7th of eight children.



Ross holding Helen, Don and Paul. Doug and Byron



Helen 1925



Don, Paul, Doug, Byron, Helen



Zina, Helen, Byron 1925

Zina Rachel Cole was born in Willard, UT on 21 April 1887 and Cyrus Arthur Harris was born 31 March 1889 in Salem, ID. After Zina graduated from The Agricultural College of Utah, Logan, UT. (now known as Utah State University) she went to Sugar City, ID to teach. That is where she met Cyrus Arthur (CA) and they married 19 June 1912.



When Helen was born her father went to the county court house in Rexburg to register her birth. It wasn't until Helen was getting a drivers license in New York and needed a copy of her birth certificate that she discovered her father registered her as Eliza Jane Harris. Needless to say, Helen had to officially change her name as she had gone by Helen her entire life. CA registered her younger sister as Joan, but she had gone by Joann all of her life.

The Harris home was located at 136 South 100 West in Rexburg, ID. It had a big yard with a ditch that ran from the front to the back which carried the irrigation water, used to water the lawn and garden. There was a family cow which the boys had to milk. During the warm summer evenings all the children in the neighborhood would get together and play kick-the-can and run-sheep-run.

As of this writing (February 2023) the house is still standing and lived in. Most of the property around the north and east of the house had been sold and developed with apartments for BYU Idaho, a university owned by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.



Helen's father, CA, was in the farmer's implement business and, with his brother George, owned and operated a four hundred acre dry farm east of Rexburg. Helen told the story of how her brothers would work the dry farm and when they would come home from working all day they would pay her 5 cents to clean the bath tub so they didn't have to. She gladly welcomed the opportunity to earn money.

FORUANG.
**REXBURG GIRL HURT IN
AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT**
REXBURG, Idaho, Sept. 25 (P)—
The small daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
Arthur Harris was perhaps fatally
injured today when she was struck
by an automobile driven by Harold
Clark. The child, who was crossing
a street with her mother, dropped
something which she was carrying
and ran back into the path of the
machine to recover the article. Ac-
cording to police reports, Clark at-
tempted to stop the car but was un-
able to do so, and the child was
dragged about 30 feet. She suffered
a broken collar-bone, a fracture of
the skull and a punctured lung.

When Helen was about 5 years of age (1928) she was crossing Main Street in Rexburg, ID with her mother, some family members and Grandmother Harris (Victoria Sandgren Harris). She was holding her mother's hand and let go and darted back into the road and was hit by a Ford car. The car ran over her and she was rushed to the hospital. The newspaper account indicates she broke her shoulder/collar bone, fractured her skull and had a perforated lung and internal bleeding. Helen told her family that she doesn't remember all of the injuries, but as a result of the accident her gait was affected and she walked with one of her feet slightly turned out. As indicated in the newspaper article there appears to be some speculation, yet she didn't have a memory as

to the reason she darted back into the road. The articles are all there is available to piece together the accident. The shorter article is from the Idaho Falls paper and the longer one from the Rexburg paper.

Child Run Over in Automobile Accident

A very serious accident occurred on Main street Sunday when a Ford car driven by Ronald Clark struck and ran over the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Harris. Mrs. Harris with her family and Grandma Harris were crossing the street north, from the old First National Bank corner and Mr. Clark was driving east. Mrs. Harris, leading the child by the hand, had crossed safely before the approaching car was near when the little girl released herself and darted back, probably to drink at the fountain there, and ran squarely in front of the car. The driver could not get stopped until the car passed over her. On examination it was apparent the wheels did not go over her. She was probably struck by the crank and rolled under the middle of the car. There was no especial blame attached as the child's actions could not be foreseen. She was rushed to the hospital where she was examined by several doctors. She had sustained a broken shoulder and the broken bone had evidently perforated the lung as there was some internal bleeding. Her life was in a precarious condition for a day or so but we are glad to report that she is on the way to recovery.

Helen's sister Joann, indicated the family would have regular outings. They would go to Heise Hot Springs to go swimming. The springs are located in Ririe, ID southeast of Rexburg.

A brief history of the hot springs is worth the space here as the hot spring is still in business, and Helen and Russ took their children there.

Richard Camor Heise came from Germany as an immigrant. He came to Idaho about 1890, the year Idaho became a state. He traveled through the area as a salesman. He was told about the hot springs that would help his severe rheumatism by the Indians around Fort Hall. He tried the hot mineral springs and soaking in them did bring relief. He decided to homestead the area and develop the hot springs patterned after the spas he'd known in Europe.

Later Mr. Heise piped the water from that collection pool to the public pools he built. By 1900 he had built a store, a post office, large log hotel with a parlor, dining room, kitchen, large dance hall, and rooms for people to stay long enough to effect a cure for their aches and pains.



Helen and Teri at a hot-springs in Idaho abt. 1956



*Mack's Inn 1938.
Byron, Doug, Joann, CA and Helen*

Joann said the family would often go to Mack's Inn in Island Park and to Yellowstone Park.

Zina's sister, Nora Henry, lived in Rigby, ID and the two families would visit often. They played croquet on their front lawn, climbed trees, and robbed the raspberry patch. Helen taught her kids to play croquet, perhaps it was reminiscent of these visits.

Helen attended Rexburg City Public Schools. At the time the 1st through 8th grade were considered Primary School Classes. She attended Washington Primary or Elementary School. The school was located on Main Street and was built in 1904. Originally it was named Old Central Elementary. There was no cafeteria, students brought their lunch. At some point in the

school's history students went to the middle or high school for lunch. All three schools were on the same corner.

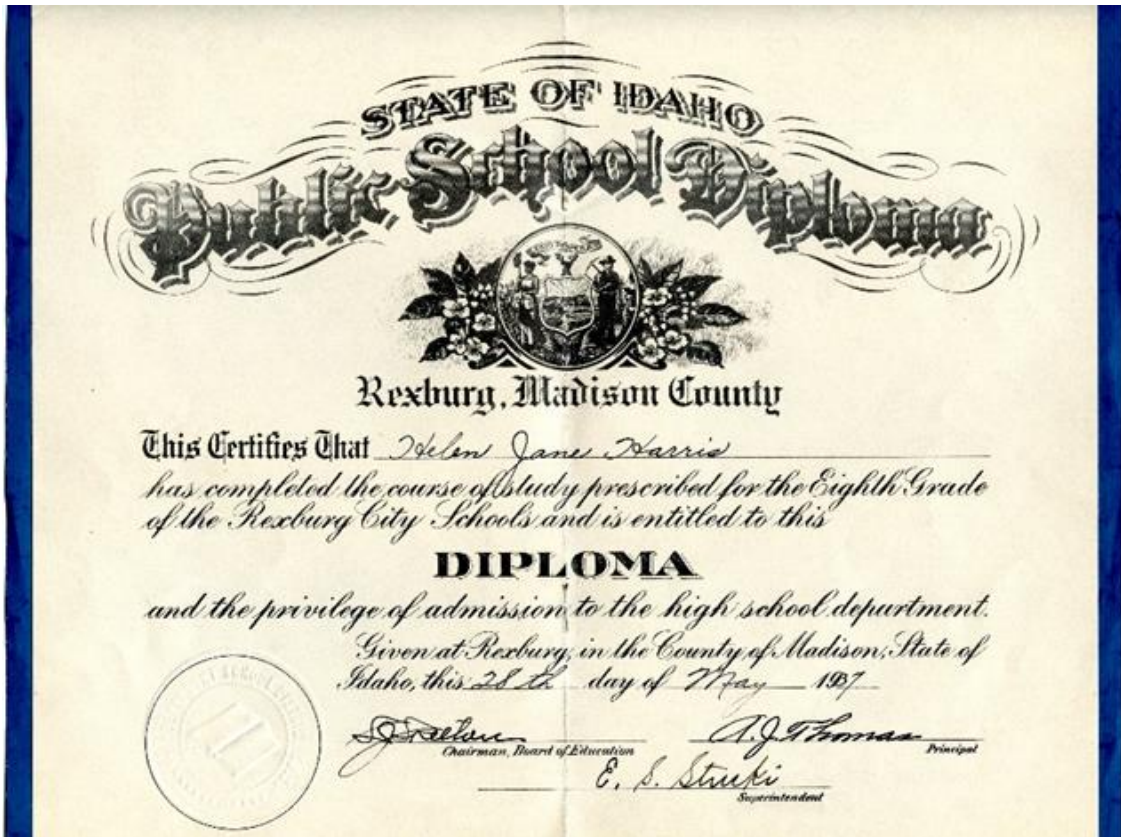


1932 Helen is in the 2nd row, far right. Her best friend Eva is in the 3rd row 5th from left

Washington Elementary School



1933 4th Grade- Helen is in the second row middle, Eva is on her left.



Helen's Eighth Grade Diploma and Admission to High School 1937

Joann, her sister, said the snow would be pushed to the center of Main Street during the winter and the kids would go play in the large mounds it created. They would build forts, sled and have snowball fights in the center of town. At the corner of Center and Main in Rexburg is the Romance Theater. Often, after playing in the snow the kids would head to the theater to watch the featured presentation and the newsreels. (Newsreels were short documentaries or news films shown in movie theaters, generally along with cartoons and feature films.) The owner would come out with a broom, and sweep the snow off of them before he would let them come in and watch.

In the fall of 1937, when Helen began her high school years, her Mother Zina Rachel Cole Harris died three days following a hysterectomy. She had been ill for some time, and her death certificate lists cervical cancer, myocarditis and fibroid uteri. Interesting myocarditis is not common and even less so in women. The diagnosis today is most often determined from complex imaging and Electrocardiograms. Cervical Cancer is also rare and uterine fibroids is actually quite common and have not typically been known to cause death. Joann indicated that their mother had been ill for quite a while. Most likely, whatever form of cancer she might have had would have been what made her ill and caused her death. Today it can be frustrating to read about someone's medical condition that has so many treatments available for patients.

One year following the death of her mother, her father CA Harris married Jean Fyfe Hodge Timmerman. Helen and her sister said their stepmother was very strict, and there was no leniency when it came to chores. Whether it was her mother or stepmother who imprinted the concept of exactness on her, Helen continued that standard throughout her life, and there wasn't leniency for her children when it came to doing a task or chore.

High School

Madison High School in Rexburg Idaho, was constructed between 1919 and 1923. The first year of operation there were 100 first year students enrolled, increasing to 106 the following year. Those students who desired to graduate from high school could choose between Rick's Academy in Rexburg and the high school in Sugar City, ID to complete the last two years for their diplomas. By 1930 Madison was a full-fledged four-year program and that year Madison won the state basketball championship. By the time Helen graduated, Madison High School was the tenth largest school in the state of Idaho and there were 22 teachers. The Madison school district was comprised of all the outlying community schools with the exception of Sugar-Salem.

In Helen's sophomore class there were 156 students. The town of Rexburg had barber shops, beauty parlors, grocery stores, meat markets, a shoe store, movie theater, book store and a variety store (similar to the old Woolworth stores).

While the activities of Germany in Europe seemed a long way away both figuratively and literally, WWII would soon have an impact on The United States and Rexburg. The United States did begin to rearm which resulted in a more robust economy. Germany had taken Austria and Czechoslovakia, and in 1939 attacked Poland.

Little is mentioned in the Rexburg paper regarding the European conflict at this time and for Helen life was still that of a typical high school student.

Using Madison high school yearbooks for 1939, 1940 and 1941 we can piece together a bit about her high school experiences. When she first starting attending Madison Helen was a member of the year book staff. Her older brother Byron was the year book editor, and it wouldn't be surprising to learn that he might have convinced Helen to join the staff and lend a hand. Another brother, Doug, is the alumni president. In 1938 and 1940 she held a class office. In 1940 she is the class reporter.



Helen and friends; top middle is Eva Nadauld, Helen is top right and below Helen is Emma Woodmansee

Helen had many friends during her childhood a few wrote autographs in her yearbooks which help to understand the relationships even better. Here are some examples from 1939.

“You are the sweetest, nicest, cutest little brat I’ve ever known. We’ve had swell times together...remember the picnics and the nights down at Ned’s! Next year we will have more fun than ever...I’m out for a good time. I certainly appreciate your friendship. I’m going to do my utmost to get you and Eva in the Pepper Club.” Bernice

“Another school year has gone by and we are as true a friends as we were in the 1st grade. For 10 long years we’ve gone together and they don’t seem long to me because you were always there to brighten up my years. “...no matter how many kids I go with I always remain your best friend because I love you so. I guess I’m pretty lucky to have a friend like you. ...when we both graduate we’ve just got to go to college

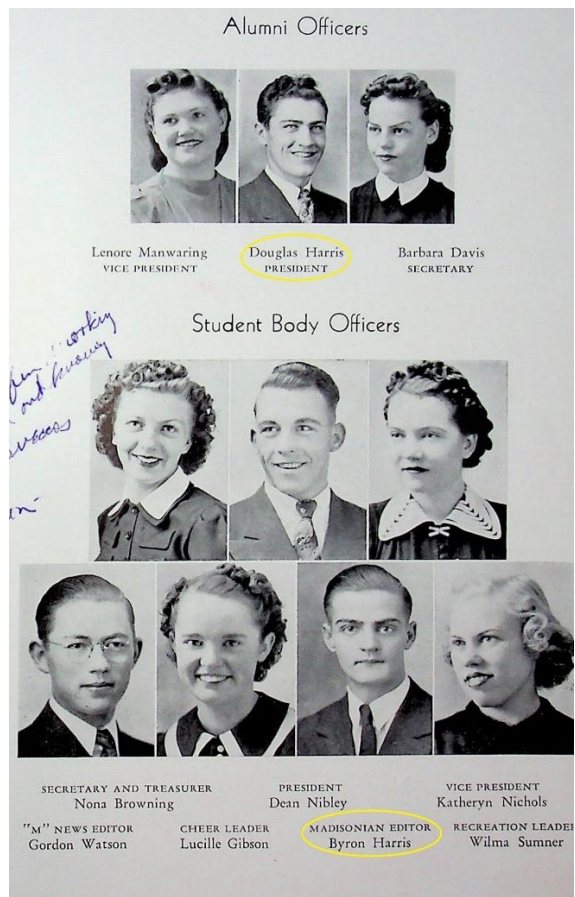
together...always remember me as “ned”, who sometimes got a funny streak, who will always remember the dearest, sweetest girl...Love Eva”

“Dear Helen, ...whatever you do get into Pepper Club it will mean more to you than anything else the rest of your school days...Don’t forget all the good old talks we have had between classes...you have done me lots of favors by telling me things and I want to thank you. All my love Belva”

“Dear Helen, Here is a toast to your good looks, personality, health, and stuff. Jerald Holley”

“I will miss you...Remember the carnival, a friend Dick Crawley”

“Remember the senior ball, a pal, John Siddaway.”

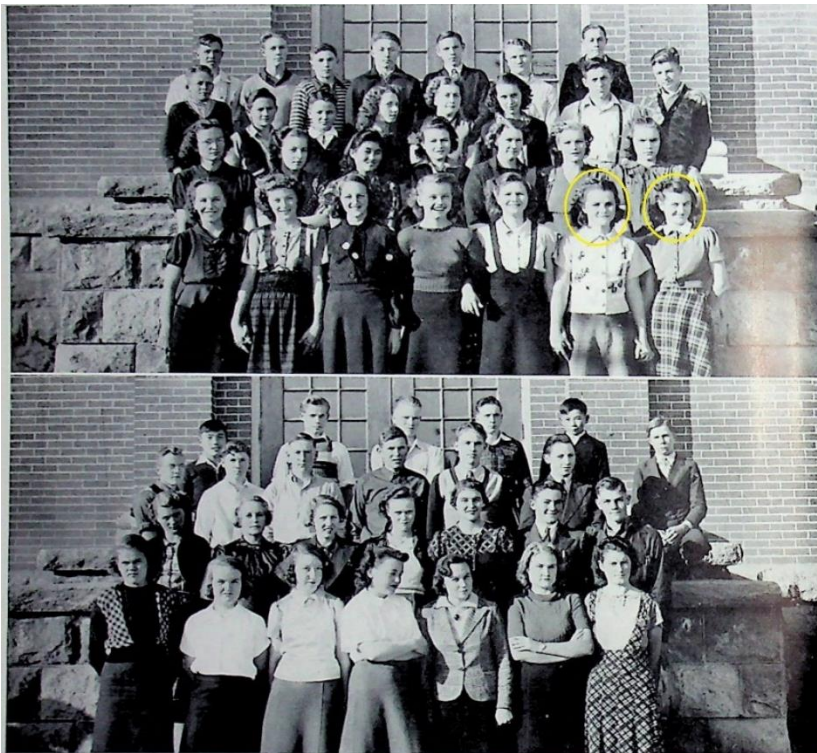


During her junior year of high school Helen was a class officer and served as the Reporter, Eva was the Recreational Leader, and Emma Lou was the Cheerleader (one cheerleader served with the class officers). There were two presidents that year as the first one, Ray Cushman, moved and Weston Millward took his place. His autograph in her 1940 yearbook gives a hint to that feisty personality she was known for.

“Dear Helen, you’ve been a swell reporter this year even if we did have a few misunderstandings. Success! Weston”



Helen outside Madison High School Note pen in hand of the class reporter



There were a few pages of photos for the 1940 Sophomore class, this one includes Eva and Helen. Looking at the two photos on this yearbook page, comparing the two front rows emphasizes the friendship that existed between Helen and her friends. Today (2023), holding hands and linking arms would connote a number of different social mores than it did in 1940. The friendships shared were expressed as feelings of love for one another.

Sophomore Class

First Row: Maxine Cherry, Orlie McCulloch, Lenore Blackburn, Francis Johnson, Esther Willmore, Eva Nadauld, Helen Harris. Second Row: Iris Jensen, Genevieve Keppner, Miki Sakaguchi, Rae Parkinson, Donna Lu Bigler, Gail Marsden, Helen Stoddard. Third Row: Jack Zern, Jack Clinger, Ray Rigby, Treva Machen, Rhea Pfost, Daisy Stout, David Hunter, Blaine White. Fourth Row: Orin Searle, Dell Watts, Bob Linderman, Jay Farnes, Howard Hughes, Sherman Moore, Lewis Englund.

First Row: Margret Spaulding, Helen Bean, Joyce Bolin, Maudie Thomas, Mary Sharp, Helen Niederer, Marcia Riggs. Second Row: Glenna Archibald, Gwendolyn Swenson, Margie Cherry, Ruth Park, Opal Heilesen, Keith Moss, Wilford Anderson. Third Row: Dee Harri ley, Rulin Muir, Weston Millward, Merrill Andrus. Fourth Row: Jensen, Robert Riggs, Hiroshi Miyasaki.

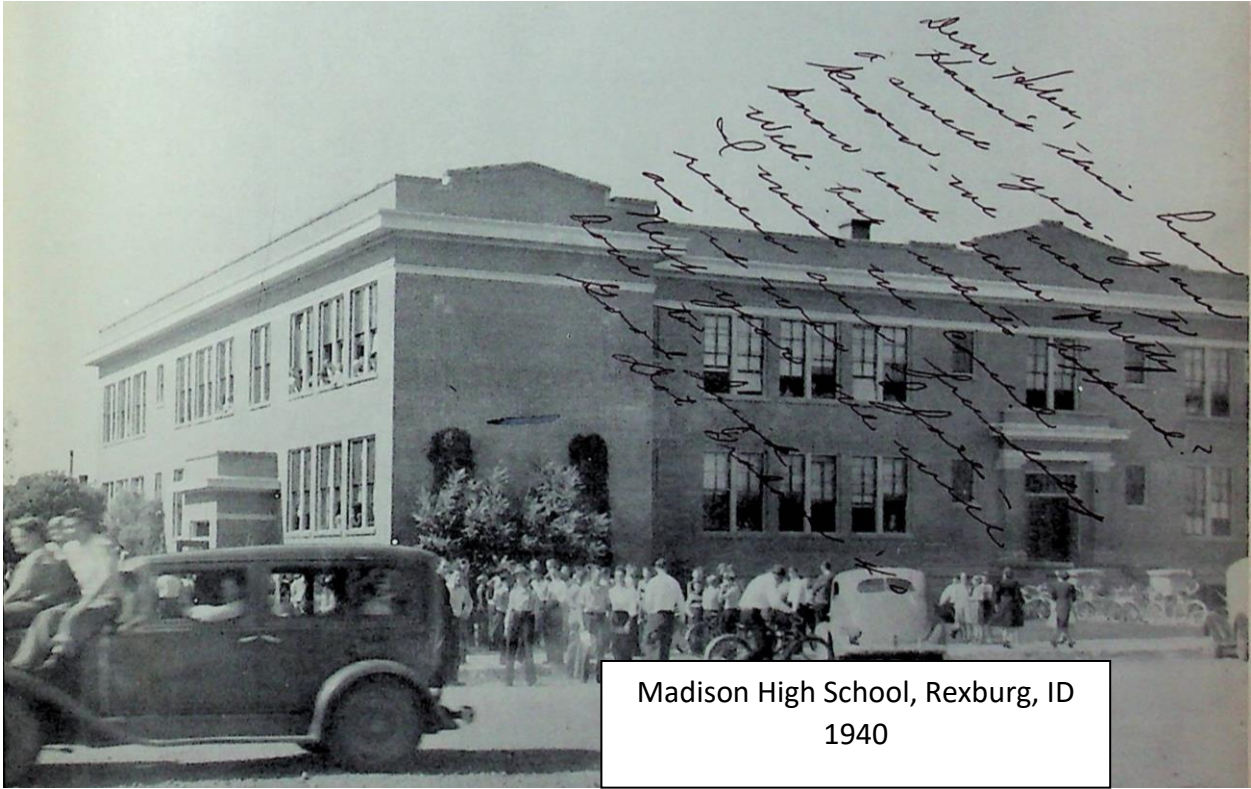


CLASS OFFICERS

FRONT ROW: Eva Nadauld, Recreation Leader; Ray Cushman, President First Semester; Patty Smith, Secretary.

STANDING: Emma Lue Woodmansee, Cheer Leader; Reed McEntire, Athletic Manager; Maxine Clarke, Vice President; Mrs. Ina Parkinson, Faculty Member; Weston Millward, President Second Semester, Cheer Leader First Semester; Helen Harris, Reporter.

The 1940 yearbook has some great period photos of the school, classrooms, automobiles and fashion. The autos are most likely older than 1940. In the classroom photo, note the boy's rolled sleeves.



Madison High School, Rexburg, ID
1940



Classroom Madison High
School Rexburg, ID
1940

Like most teenagers, Helen and her friends had a lot of grand ideas. One 1940 autograph from a young man named Mark wished her success and happiness with Eva and the cottage they were going to build together.

PEPPER CLUB MADISON HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK-1940-1941



Helen and Eva were initiated into the Pepper Club, autographs included one from Norma Smith, "...I'll say we certainly had some hard times together during initiation. Success to a Pepper Pal." The Pepper Club was organized in 1931 and was an organization of Junior and Senior class girls who promoted school spirit. They sponsored a formal that same year. (Rexburg Standard 2-18-1932). During Helen's tenure one had to be invited into the club and there was a new member initiation. There were 32 girls, who were chosen for their scholarship, pep, and personality. The club sponsored programs, parties and contributed to "pep" and cheering at basketball and football games.



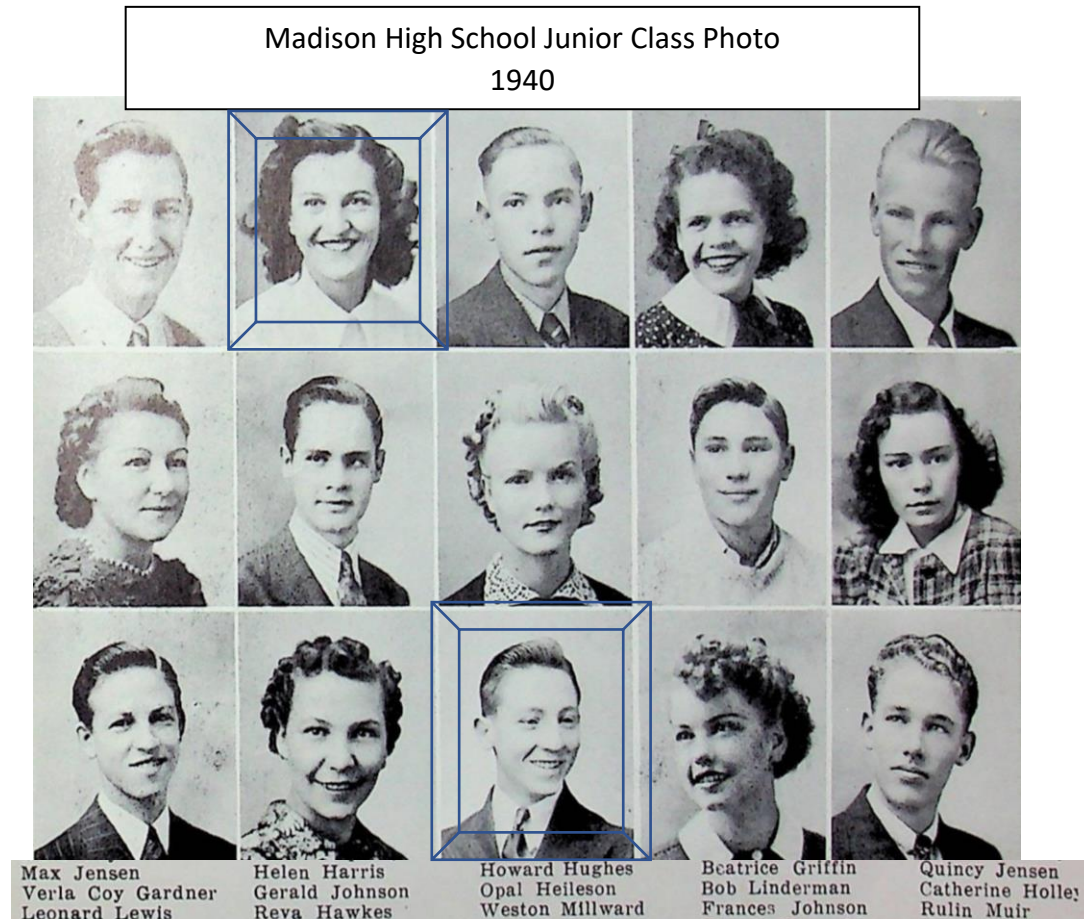
Juana Keppner
Erma Anderson
Helen Harris

FRENCH CLUB MADISON HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK - 1940



Doug Harris (Helen's Brother), Eva Nadauld, Helen Harris

If photos give us an idea of personalities, it may be clear from these class photos why Weston Millward said in his autograph he and Helen had a few misunderstandings. Helen was known for her gregarious and direct personality – perhaps it was just too much for Weston.



Helen’s Senior year of high school began the fall of 1940. Bing Crosby was the most popular pop singer on the radio at the time and Helen had an interest in music. She was able to play the piano by ear, and according to her Senior yearbook credits she participated in Opera. She is remembered for playing movie themes like Exodus and Lawrence of Arabia per her children’s memories. Her best friend Eva participated in the Music Contest all four years of high school.



Of interest, Eva, Helen’s best friend, went to Brigham Young University in Provo, UT after high school and continued to pursue her singing talent. She changed her name to Eve Young went to New York and by 1946 she was singing professionally on the Benny Goodman’s NBC radio showcase. She signed with RCA Victor and had short term success but in 1950 they cancelled her contract. However, in the United Kingdom she had her biggest successes that same year. She found success in the US again in 1952 under the name Karen Chandler when she peaked at No.5 on

the Billboard chart with “Hold, Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me.” It sold over a million copies. The song in subsequent years was recorded by Mel Carter, Jonny Mathis and Gloria Estefan who recorded it in 1994



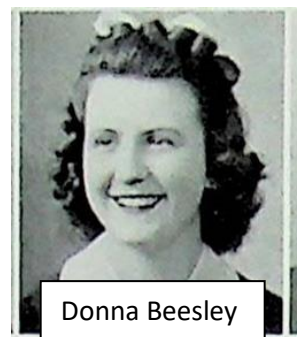
Eva Nadauld abt 1941



Eva Nadauld aka Eve Young, Karen Chandler about 1949

Madison high school’s annual calendar provides some insight into all of the activities Helen might have participated in during her senior year. The Peppers were to attend all of the football and basketball games. In September there was the Peanut Prom, Jubilee Singers performance and the start of club initiations. In October there were no activities as beginning the first of the month the Harvest Vacation began, usually lasting two or more weeks. While they labeled it “vacation” for most of the students and faculty who attended Madison it meant harvesting the potato crop either on their family farm or for another farmer in their community. At the time there were over 30,000 acres of potato fields and the farmers needed as much help as they could get. The Harris’s had a 400 acre farm, at the time. Even today (2023) there are schools in rural southeast Idaho who still have a Harvest Vacation.

Nearly every month there was a dance, music contest, opera, school musical, plays and various other activities. In May every year there was “Senior Sneak”. This was a random day at the end of the school year the principal would request all seniors to come to the front lawn of the school. Then the principal would tell them to go have fun. Based upon a couple of autographs in her yearbook, it sounds as though Helen and her friends did just that. “Dear Helen, Don’t forget The Senior Sneak and all the other “times” we had together-always Gayle”. “Dear Helen, Your (’re) a lot of



Donna Beesley

fun. . . I hope we can always have as much fun as we have had this year – especially the Senior Sneak. . . Donna B.” (Beesley)

Many of the autographs used thus far have highlighted the spunky Helen. Her sister, Joann, said Helen was known for her rowdy personality and pranks in high school. It’s not difficult to believe that statement as Helen is remembered by her children as having a feisty personality. Yet, there were some additional autographs of a more serious nature. These few, seem just so typical of any autograph in any high school yearbook in any decade.

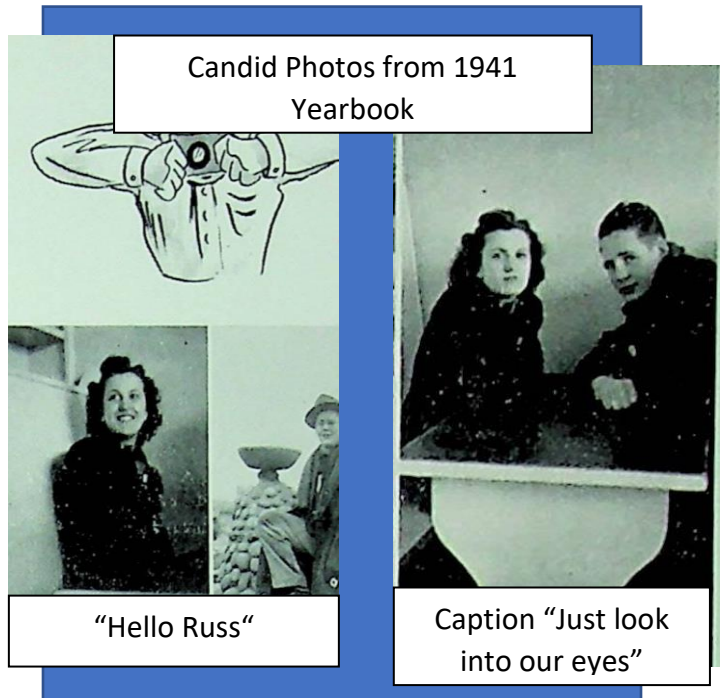
“Dear Helen, It has been with extreme pleasure that I regard you as one of my best friends. You’ve got looks, a personality, intelligence...I still remember the wonderful times I had in your company...I want to express my appreciation for all you’ve helped me to do. . . Success and Best Wishes Ray (Rigby)” Ray was raised in Hibbard, ID, served in WWII, became a lawyer and was very active in state democratic politics.

“Dear Helen, Success and happiness to you always. Wilma Hinckley”. Wilma became Helen’s sister-in-law when Helen married Wilma’s brother “Russ”.

“Dear Helen. Lots of good luck and may happiness be yours. Donna Holley.” Donna and her husband ended up going east with Helen and Russ. A bit more about this relationship in the next section.

“Dear Helen. . .don’t forget to write and remember that I’ll always be waiting for you to come home on vacations. Happiness always, Emmy”

The first reference to Helen dating Russ (William Russell Hinckley, for purposes of this history he is referred to as Russ and Bill depending upon the context. He was also known as Hink. Helen always called him Russ.) can be found in a journal entry made by Russ on July 4, 1941. He also recorded on August 1, 1941; “Helen and I are doing ok.” The 1941 Madisonian (Madison High School Yearbook) provides the earlier photos and the hints they were a steady couple.

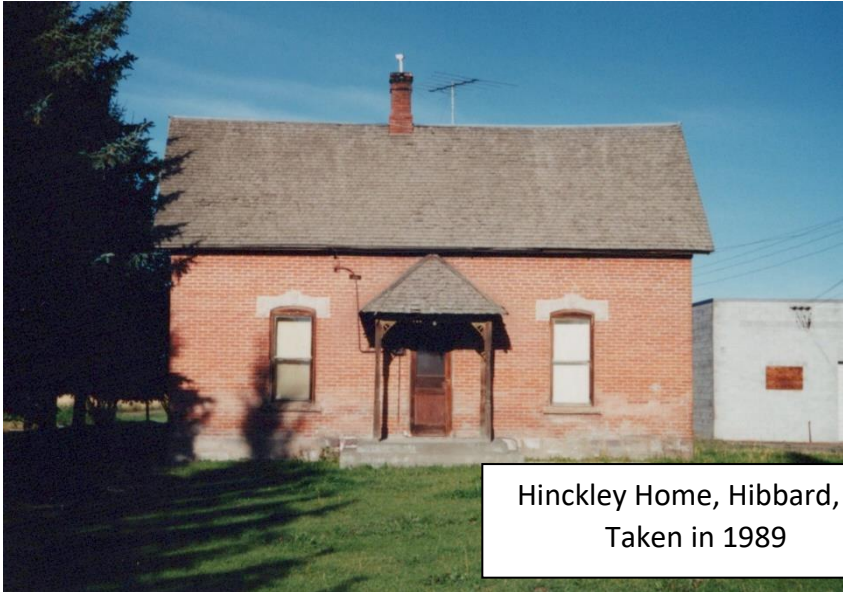


“Dear Helen You know you’re a pretty nice kid but I can’t see, as I’ve said before, why you go steady no future in it you know...see you around you think maybe, I hope. Wilford Anderson.”



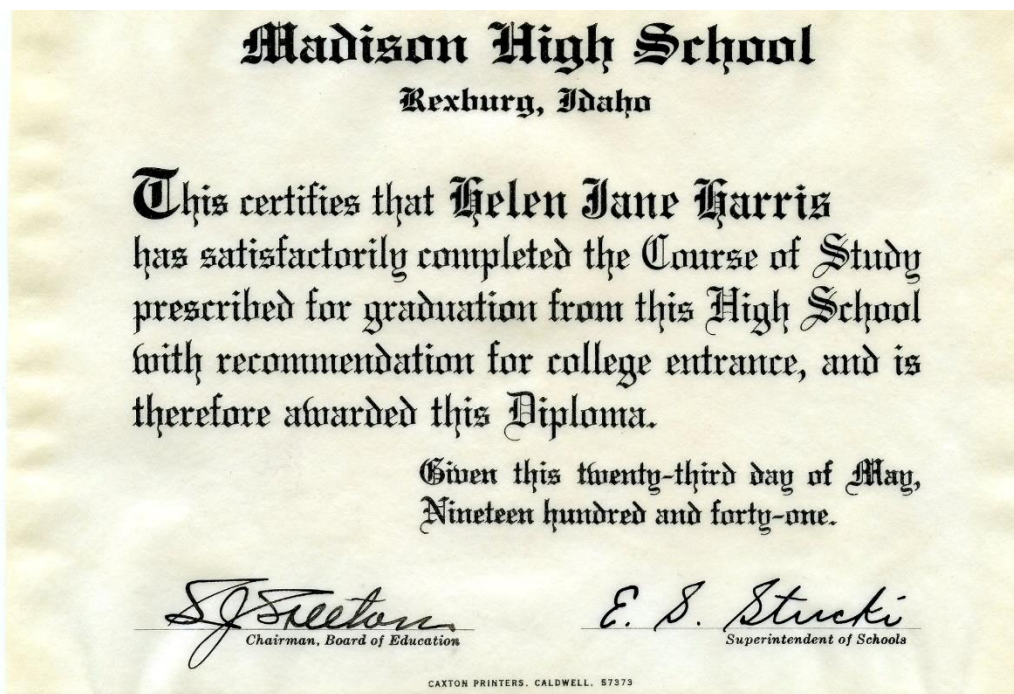
Wilford Anderson, Madison High School Debate Club - 1941

One autograph from her friend Dorothy implicated them having a rendezvous at Hink's (Russ's) garage. "Dear Helen, you know I've enjoyed our friendship so darn much this year and especially in Home Economics when we were partners and were so darn mean. And our pie crust turned out terrible and the time we went out to Hink's and were in the garage...be good to Hink." The Hinckley's lived in a small brick home with an out building in Hibbard, ID just a few miles from Rexburg.



An autograph in her senior year from Gordon (perhaps Beesley) reads; "I will always remember you and Hink. Boy we always had fun together." There are no autographs in her yearbook from Russ. She was a year a head of him in school.

Helen graduated from Madison High School in May of 1941.





Helen had attractive handwriting, and her "H" always had such character.

Helen Harris

DL N° 43689
State of Idaho
Driver's License Bureau
Receipt for Original Application

Name Helen Jane Harris
Street or RFD. Box 66.
City Reubens
Date Issued 8-25-41
By J. W. White
Title State Police

Driver's	\$.50
Chauffeur	2.00
Temporary	.50
Duplicate	.50

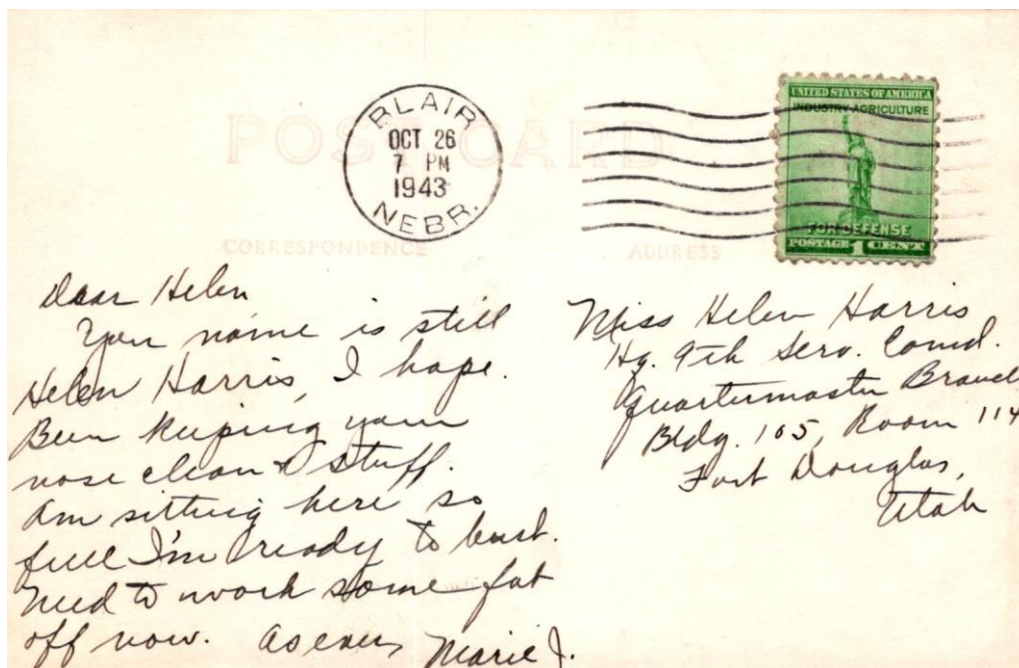
This receipt entitles the person named hereon to operate a motor vehicle upon the Highways of the State of Idaho for a period of 60 days from date shown above. If regular operator's license is not received in 60 days, notify the

DEPARTMENT OF LAW ENFORCEMENT
BOISE, IDAHO

Little is known about the months immediately after her graduation. It appears in August of 1941 Helen received her first driver's license. Helen did attend the University of Utah for a time after her high school graduation.

1942-1945

With the attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, whatever plans Helen and her friends may have had were altered. Isolationism ended and no longer could the United States feel secure between two oceans. Pearl Harbor seemed to set aside the debate and intervention was the country's new destiny. From 1942 on, there was no commercial construction, from cars to dishwashers; all food was rationed and travel restricted. Anyone who wanted contributed to the war effort by enlisting, through employment or purchasing war bonds. In January 1942, Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City, UT became a Command Headquarters for the area west of the Rocky Mountains. Additionally, the fort coordinated all materials that were supplied to the Pacific during WWII. Helen, and others from Rexburg gained employment at the fort and moved to Salt Lake. It is not clear exactly when she first arrived but we are aware she attended the University of Utah. We do know that her boyfriend, Russ left Pocatello, ID on 30 June 1942 after enlisting. He records in his war diary that he was processed at Fort Douglas for five days. He does not mention Helen in his diary at this time. This post card was sent to her in 1943, at Fort Douglas. Included, because it supports her whereabouts. She had a stepsister, Hazelle Timmerman Taylor (spelling for Hazelle taken from Helen's engagement letter and her obituary) who was living in Salt Lake and Helen lived with her and her husband Harold (Kinners). Joann was also living with the Timmerman's., she was babysitting for Hazelle while she worked at the Remington Arms Plant. Hazelle and Kinners were golfers and Joann said they would caddy for them all the time.



As indicated in Helen's note on the back of this photo, it predates 1942. The photo appears to be in front of her home in Rexburg.



Darling this is an
old picture but
I'll send some
new as soon as
I can get some
film.

These photos were taken, most likely, at the Taylor's home.



Helen with H. B. (Kinners) Taylor, Hazelle's husband

sent that a
dumb looking
pic.



*I'm really
ashamed of
this - all
fanny and
an ugly face.*

When Russ received some photos from Helen he wrote; "Gee Helen is beautiful."

Helen recorded 1372 S. 1800 E. in Salt Lake City as her address on her correspondence. It was Harold's (Kinnors) and Hazel Taylor's home, as he used the same address. This is a 2021 Google Maps Photo-obviously the home has been updated since 1943.





Received at Lasers,
April - 1943, Tunisia
North Africa.

Helen Harris

66

Handwriting is Russ's



Received Leur, France
Dec. 15 - 1944

Helen Harris

Received Leur, France, 15 Dec.
1944

Joann has shared a story of Helen in Salt Lake City going out and partying with friends. Apparently, she got in trouble with law enforcement and her father had to travel to Salt Lake from Rexburg to set the record straight.



Received April - 1943
La Sers, Tunisia, North Africa
Helen Harris - left
92

“While the “pin-up girl” first appeared in 1941, pin-ups did not become a social phenomenon until mid-1943 where GIs wrote to Life Magazine and their hometown newspapers requesting “illustrated” or “Hollywood” pin-up girls and, importantly, pin-ups of “everyday women.” This was a vital shift in pin-up girls that is often glossed over in histories of pin-ups. By the end of 1944, and into 1945, pin-up girls were increasingly represented by the girlfriends, wives, and even children of homesick soldiers needing a boost in morale. “Illustrated” and “Hollywood” pin-ups helped to popularize the initial phase of pin-ups to a general audience, but everyday women from mid-1943 until the end of the war turned pin-up girls into a social phenomenon.” “The Birth of the Pin-Up Girl. . .” Michael West, May 2020



Image from the 1941 movie
You're In The Army Now



Helen, like other GI girlfriends, sent Russ a photo of his home town “pin-up” girl for him to carry with him.

Russ wrote in his diary about his return to Kearns, UT for training. “November 8, 1942 found me on my way out to Kearns, Utah. This time by way of ST. Louis, Omaha, North Platte, Cheyenne and Salt Lake again. For 44 days I was at Kearns keeping out of “overseas” training. My mother and sister visited me there. I also had a chance to see Helen, Etsel, Reed S. and a few others whom I knew.”

Of Interest, his reference to Helen is quite casual at the beginning of his deployment, but changes over the course of the next seven months.

Between January and February he notes receiving two letters from Helen and writing her a birthday letter. However, on February 7, 1943 while in New York getting ready to be “shipped out” he writes, “Wish I could afford to call home to Helen.” Letters from Helen

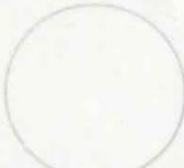
increased in frequency and on June 5, 1943 he wrote; “Had a lovely letter from Helen. God bless her.” And, on June 14, 1943 he records; “Damn those rumors from home-I love Helen!

In his July 17, 1943 entry Russ explains that his sister wrote and stated the family was pleased about him and Helen. This comment by his sister was after he had arranged to have her presented with an engagement ring. Her letter to him after receiving the ring has been included on the next pages as well as Kinners.

I’m grateful for his diary as it gives us a peek at how their relationship grew during the war. He wrote in July 1943; “God knows I miss Helen. If I could only see her. One kiss would be worth a million dollars. I am so damn proud of her.” One can only wonder what his pride was focused on. Perhaps her work at Fort Douglas, perhaps because she was worth his pride without any other reason other than she was his fiancé. The diary notations continue to enlighten the reader about their relationship. In May of 1944 Russ writes; “Loved the letters I got from Helen today. Spicy little cuss.”

On May 8, 1945 Germany surrendered and WWII in the European Theater ended. Russ was somewhere in the Rhine Valley. His last journal entry was on July 7, 1945 which included this statement; “.... 27 men from 82nd (points 140-112) prepared for states!! Hanes and Cotton included.” Russ’s discharge document is dated 11 October 1945, Fort Douglas. We don’t know exactly when he returned home, but believe these photos may have been after his return home and prior to their wedding. Note the hair/head turban or scarf Helen wrapped on her hair. This was most fashionable at the time. There was nothing written on these photos so speculation is the best we can do. Based on her smile and comparing this photo to others, the woman with Helen may be Eva Nadaul, at least her smile would suggest.

No.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

PFC William R. Hinckley
19115392 82nd Fighter Control Sq.
A.P.O. 530
c/o New York Postmaster, New York

H. B. Taylor, Jr.
(Sender's name)

1372 So. 18th East
(Sender's address)
Salt Lake City, Utah

June 9, 1943
(Date)

Dear Russell,

At 11:30 P. M. yesterday, your ring was presented to Helen. The event took place after Hazelle came home from work.

What a beautiful diamond ring. Hazelle knew the jeweler and she bought a \$140.00 ring with your money order.

Helen was thrilled to tears. She couldn't sleep all night long.

You have a wonderful true-blue gal.

Many times I have started to write to you but always got busy just at that moment.

Surely wish you were here. Hazelle and Joann had the ring in a regular suit box, as follows: ring box--then paper; little larger box--then paper; little larger box--then more paper; then more paper and suit box. At first Helen couldn't figure out why Hazelle would wake her up out of a sound sleep to show her a coat or suit or something in that order.

I will try to draw you a picture of the ring from memory.

Your letters are intensely interesting and most welcome.

Outside of Jeannie having Chicken Pox, everything is going along at about the same as far as the family health is concerned.

Please remember everything you see and do because I want the whole story when this thing is over.

I will probably hear from the Army within the next few months.

I had better close or I'll never get this mailed.

God Bless You and good luck to you.

Please give my best to the man with the southern accent(Cozart).

As ever,

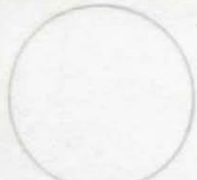


V...-MAIL

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 1

provided. Use typewriter, dot ink, or penball. Write plainly. Very small writing is not readable.

No.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

P.F.C. Wm. Russell Binckley, 19115392
62nd Fighter Control Squadron
APO-530 c/o Postmaster
New York City, New York

Helen Harris
[Sender's name]
1372 So. 18th E.
[Sender's address]
Salt Lake City, Utah

June 9, 1943
[Date]

My darling Russell,

I have just witnessed one of the most happiest moments of my life. Darling, you old sweetheart. I wish you were here so that you could see the beautiful diamond that was picked out for me. Was I taken by surprise? I'll say I was. Honestly honey, Hazelle and Kinners really kept it quite. It didn't have the slightest idea about what was going on. I received the lovely ring on the eighth of June, so, you mark that down someplace and

~~that~~ Hazelle had bought me something and wanted me to stay up until she got home from work. She said that it was in a big package, and when they brought it out to me it was in a big package. Darling, they had me opening about six boxes and tearing out all kinds of paper. I didn't have any idea what I was going to run into. I thought they were just playing a joke on me. Finally after just about giving up looking for anything in all of those boxes, I came across the darlingest little box. When I opened it, you would have seen me, darling. I was so thrilled that I didn't know what to do. How they ever kept it from me as long as they did I don't know. The ring is beautiful. Mary Sheehan said that it was the prettiest one she had seen. Darling, I know that you will like it. I'm crazy about it. It is just like one that I would have picked out for myself. Darling, I could write a whole letter about the ring, I'm so thrilled. I just can't thank you enough in words. Darling, please close your eyes for just a moment and imagine my kissing you the way you like me to. That is how I want you to thank you for the ring. Hazelle said if I didn't want it she would take it. That would be the last thing on earth I would want to do. Darling, I don't think that I have had anything mean so much to me. I wrote dad and told him about it a few moments ago. I have written him twice this week already. He will wonder what has gotten in to me. I told him that I was writing for a very special reason this last time. I don't know whether you have said anything to your mother about it, darling, but I shall write her and let her know that I have it. I hardly know what more to say to you about it, it is just like being speechless.

The ring has a big diamond in the middle and two small ones on the side. I just know you will like it. Here I have written practically a whole letter about the ring, and I haven't even said that I love you. Well, I do, darling, more than anything. You're just too darn good to me. I owe you so much.

I hope that you receive this letter soon. Do let me know when you receive it. I want you to know that I have received the ring. You have just got to receive this letter. Also will you let me know if it is possible to send telegrams where you are. I have thought of sending them to you, but haven't known for sure whether you would receive them or if were allowed to send them to you.

Darling, your letter of the eighth of May arrived about a week later than the V Mail letter that you sent me on the fifteenth of May. It is hard to understand why those letters come in that way, but Hazelle and Kinners acted as quick as they received your letter. This is why you haven't heard from us about it.

V...-MAIL

I love you, darling.



October 25, 1945 Helen and Russ were married at her father's home in Rexburg. Just two weeks after he was discharged from the military. Helen's friend Emma Woodmansee and Russ's friend Sheldon Morris are pictured with them. Her brothers Ross and Don and their wives were there, as were Joann her sister and her boyfriend Blair Manwaring. Russ's Mom and stepfather were in attendance, and his friend Leland Morris.



This is the first apartment Helen and Russ shared in Rexburg. Their apartment was the small space through the side door with the awning. Technically it was a basement apartment. My recollection is the home was on East 2nd South, east of what was then Ricks College (BYU Idaho). I have tried to locate it on Google Maps but believe it may no longer exist and apartments have now replaced it.

1946-1956

We know that they were living in Rexburg until June/July of 1947. Russ was the editor of the 1947 Ricks year book, Rixida. He also worked at Madison High School as the Intramural Sports Director from September 1946 to January 1947 and was employed as the Intramural Sports Director at Ricks College from September 1946 to June 1947. He was making \$1.00 per hour. I am not aware of any information as to Helen's employment, if any at that time. Joann was working at the McDonald's Clothing Store in Rexburg.



Helen and Ron

On November 6, 1946, Ronald Harris Hinckley was born in Rexburg, ID. Perhaps she never worked while they were in Rexburg. During this time, it wasn't common practice for Mom's to work and Ron was born one year after they were married, and about seven months prior to their departure.

Kaiser Frazer was the most successful automobile maker following WWII for two years. In 1949 the major automobile manufacturers emerged stronger in the market. However, in 1947 their success was such that they recruited for workers all across the country. After his graduation from Ricks

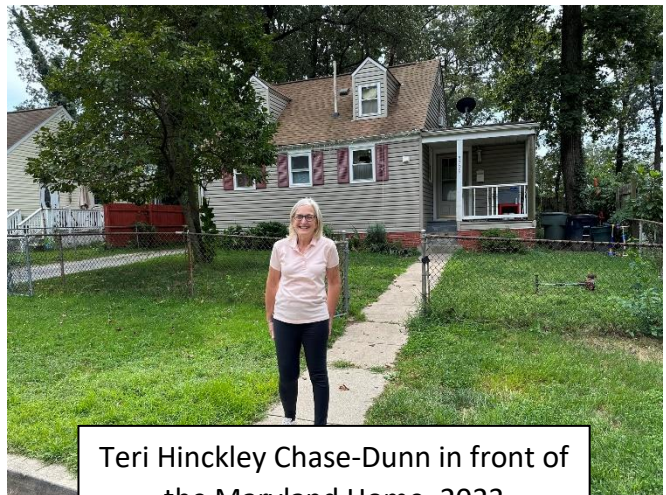


College Russ and Helen moved to Michigan where he was employed as a Conveyor Loader by Kaiser Frazer for \$1.35 an hour. His employment was from July 1947 to September 1947. During that time, he was a member of the United Automobile International Union. Local No. 142. Most likely their time in Michigan was long enough for them to realize continuing his education was a much better alternative.

After their experience in Michigan Helen and Russ headed east to Maryland where he enrolled at George Washington University. They roomed with Reed and Donna Williams, friends from high school and resided at 5709 64th Ave, East Riverdale, Maryland. I say roomed because the 1950 census list them as roomers and Reed as Head of Household.

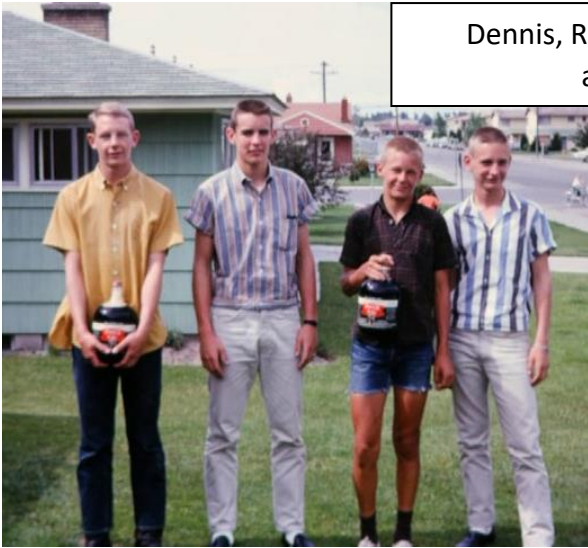
(Reed’s Dad Arnold was Governor of Idaho when they got married).

Reed and Donna had two boys at the time, Dennis who was born in Idaho and Jeff who was born in Maryland. Helen and Russ had a son William Scott who was born in Maryland within a month of Jeff’s birth. Helen didn’t produce enough breast milk for him so Donna, who had plenty also breastfed Scott. Always reminding him of that fact whenever she saw him. I can only imagine how busy this household must have been. The 1950 census also indicates Reed was working as a policeman at the Nation’s Capital Building. (Reflecting on January 6, 2020 – certainly the job was quite different in 1950). The census structure was such that Russ’s occupation, even as a roomer, should have been listed, however that line is blank. Certainly, Helen was very busy as a wife and mother with two boys two years apart in age.



Teri Hinckley Chase-Dunn in front of the Maryland Home, 2023

Ron’s baby book, in Helen’s handwriting indicates they celebrated his third birthday in Rexburg. That would have been November of 1949.



Dennis, Ron, Jeff and Scott
abt.1961

After Reed and Donna moved back to Idaho, we visited them in Idaho Falls, and following Reed's passing in 1962 Russ took the train from Omaha to Pocatello, ID to attend Reed's funeral. Making that trip in 1962 gives us a clue as to how close Helen and Bill were to Reed and Donna.

This photo of Donna and Helen was taken in 1956 when the Hinckleys traveled west for vacation and reunited with Donna and Reed. Note the radiator behind Helen. A common source of heat and was

most likely steam.

In June of 1949 Russ completed a Bachelor of Science Degree in Physical Education and began his graduate studies at New York University specializing in Director of Boys' Clubs. His degree was awarded in October of 1950. In



June 1950, prior to completion of his degree, he became the Executive Director of the Grenville Baker Boys' Club in Locust Valley, NY. The club was affiliated with Boys' Clubs of America, now known as Boys' and Girls' Clubs of America.

Locust Valley, NY

Along with Reed and Donna and their two boys, Helen, Russ, Ron and Scott relocated to Locust valley, both families living in the home at 37 West 6th Street. The Locust Valley Leader (Newspaper) announced his appointment indicating he and Helen leased the Morrison house.



(William) Scott Hinckley (Helen's son) with his daughter Andrea in front of the 6th St. Home in Locust Valley. 2022

Locust Valley is located on the north shore of Long Island near the Long Island Sound. The beach is just 2.5 miles from Locust Valley. We spent a lot of time

at Bayville Beach or the private beach clubs, when invited. We also went to Jones Beach which is about 25 miles south on the Atlantic Ocean side of Long Island. We loved the beach, I'm so grateful we found ways of getting there. We didn't own a car so we walked to Bayville or got a ride, most often from Gert Vorisek who became a really good friend of Helen's. She was married to Robert Vorisek, MD and they were most generous toward us.



Russ, Helen, Ron and Scott. Maybe a first look at a beach on Long Island. About 1951



After their arrival to New York, Russ's mother Myrtle died in a car accident December 17, 1951. Russ, Helen, Ron and Scott traveled by train to attend the funeral.

Teri Ann was born May 26, 1952. These photos were most likely taken in the fall of 1952. I am guessing, because we are all dressed up it might have been a Sunday.

Sometime after Reed and Donna and their family left and headed back west Helen and Russ moved to 31 West 4th Street. This photo (white house next page) was taken in the 1990s, and is how I remember the house. The Google Maps photo of 2023 doesn't demonstrate too many changes except the windows in the sunroom have been removed and replaced with a wall.





Locust Valley was a wonderful place to live and a significantly different environment and culture than Helen had experienced in Rexburg. The town had elegant homes, woods filled with trees and is right in the heart of Long Island's Gold Coast. The town is merely one square mile with shops, and a railroad station. It was originally settled by farmers around 1667. It's important to understand



Gert and Helen

Locust Valley to get a feel for the new experiences that were introduced to Helen. There were very large estate lands and homes, celebrity homes, exclusive private golf clubs. There were also private schools, such as the Friends Academy – across from the Quaker Meeting House. So how did she fit into all of this? Exceptionally, well. Even though our family was one of the poorer families in town because of Russ's (Russ is now referred to as Bill in his professional roles-but Helen always called him Russ) work. The benefactors of the Grenville Baker Boys' Club hosted plenty of formal affairs of which they were at times invited to

attend. She was living a humble and happy life amongst significant wealth.

Helen was outgoing and integrated well into the community. As indicated previously Gert Vorisek took her under her wing and they became such good friends. Russ wrote in his journal on February 6, 1957; **"I certainly like Bob Vorisek. He possesses a greater number of goodly and godly attributes than does the average man. His influence on my life is good, steady and strong."**

While we don't have any historical writings of Helen's similar testament regarding Gert, there is no doubt her relationship was very similar to Russ's. They were together often.

The photo to the right illustrates more about the opulent environment which existed in Locust Valley. This photo is of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor during one of their visits to Locust Valley. Mrs. Edith Kane Baker is speaking with the Duchess and it was known that they were very good friends. Edith was instrumental in getting support for the



Boys' Club and funded a significant amount for it' development. It is named after her son Grenville. Russ, spoke of dining with the Duke and Duchess and even had a story to tell about their washing dishes together.



Helen supported Russ at the Boys' Club, mostly by taking care of things at home. He was always attending meetings, traveling and negotiating for volunteers and financial support. She volunteered and was a member of the Mother's Club – one of the main volunteer groups who put on banquets, supporting many of the sporting events. Helen was a great cook and could manage a grocery budget better than most. She was meticulous about the family finances and keeping all the income and expenses accounted for. She was always at the kitchen table her entire life, keeping track of the family books. The fact that we have a photo of her at the kitchen table is poetic.

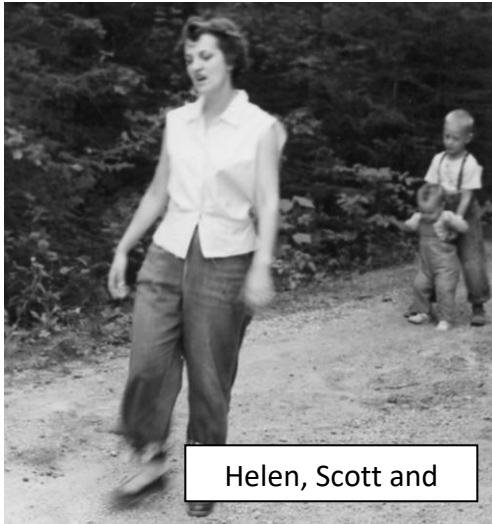


At the house on 4th Street there was a clothes line in the back where Helen hung the laundry. At the time laundry was often done with a wash tub and washboard. I do remember us having a wringer washer, but not certain when it was acquired. She didn't have a driver's license, let alone a car to even drive, so walked a lot. The home on 4th St. was close to the "Club" and close to the town's main street which is pictured to the left. One of the wonderful things about Locust Valley – it functions economically much the same today (2023) as it did in the 1950's. Small businesses for the most part. There aren't big box stores.

I love the clothesline photo because it helps to bring memories to mind of this backyard. The clothesline was symbolic of her work ethic which was extremely efficient and exacting. Seeing her hang a wash load and ensuring it was hung so as to minimize wrinkles, and make ironing easier epitomizes her way of doing things. At this time most clothes were cotton or wool as synthetics and polyesters were not invented yet to be woven into cloth. So, she washed, hung to dry and ironed everything. She taught me (Teri) to iron by starting out with pillow cases – I wonder what she would think if she knew I never iron bed linens. The large rock pictured behind her was a focal point of playing in the backyard. It was a lovely yard, perhaps remembered more nostalgically than in reality. We



played a lot of games that included that rock. All through our childhood, Helen taught us plenty of things to do outdoors, including neighborhood games. With her instructing all the kids in the neighborhood we learned to play Run Sheep Run, a game of “sheep” and “fox”, or hiding and catching, Blind Man’s Bluff, Red Light Green Light, Kick Can, Chinese Jump Rope and Hopscotch. Helen didn’t just teach us and leave us on our own, she played with us. She was hard to beat at most things. We went wherever our feet, or Bill driving the car, the Boys’ Club owned but which he was able to drive for most purposes, could take us.



Helen, Scott and

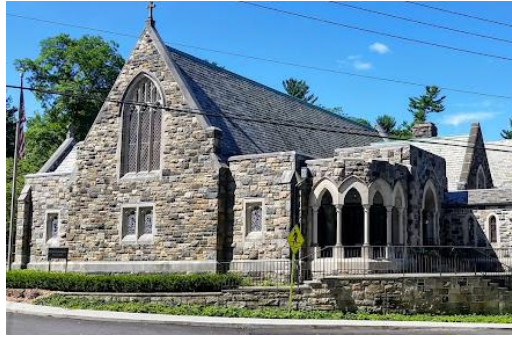
Helen’s sister lived in the Washington, D.C. area for a year from September 1952 until 1953. Her husband Blair was stationed at Fort Monroe. During that time Joann made a bus trip to New York to visit them and Helen and Russ and family traveled to D.C.



This photo of Joann, Helen, Russ, Scott, Teri and Ron is in D.C. (I’m not completely certain about the date of this photo. Joann indicates it was more than 10 years before she was back in D.C. after leaving in 1953, but it appears Teri is older than 1 ½ years in the photo, if that is Teri.)



One of the excursions of which there are a couple photos, is a trip to Mitchel Field, N.Y. in June, 1954. Mitchel Field (Mitchel Air Force Base) was established during WWI. In WWII it was a major air defense for the eastern seaboard. It was closed in 1961. The field was somewhat close to the church we attended in Uniondale, NY perhaps that is why we have on Sunday Clothes, (if we were going to church at the time).



The Reformed Church Locust Valley, St. John's Episcopal Lattingtown, St. Peter's Catholic Church, Glen Cove

If you were to review some of the histories of Locust Valley and surrounding area, surprisingly it doesn't mention much about the religious groups. When Helen moved to Locust Valley most of the residents of the town and surrounding area attended one of three churches, those pictured above. The residents represented quite a melting pot of various European backgrounds. Russ developed relationships with the religious leaders and probably most noteworthy was the involvement of Reverend John Dykstra of the Reformed Church. I am broaching the topic of religion in Locust Valley because it wouldn't be a history of Helen if her religiosity were not included.

Religion

Helen and Russ were raised and baptized in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (LDS). The majority of the population of Rexburg, ID were also members of their church. While we have a copy of Russ's LDS Seminary Graduation Certificate we do not have one for Helen. However, since it was customary and her father wouldn't have allowed otherwise, it is safe to assume Helen graduated from the church seminary course work which was provided during their high school years. At some point Helen and Russ were not participating in church but, while they were in New York they returned to participation. It wasn't an easy commitment, as unlike their fellow neighbors, church wasn't close it was actually, in Uniondale, N.Y. about 20 miles away, back then probably close to a 40 minute drive. Later their church or ward group was



Russ and Helen; Uniondale Ward



Teri, Easter Sunday Uniondale Ward 1955

in Queens. N.Y., about 20 miles away but the drive was even longer given it was toward the city of New York or Manhattan.

The structure for church meetings was challenging in that, Priesthood and Sunday School were held Sunday morning at least 90 minutes apart and Sacrament meeting was held several hours later in the evening. The distance from the church building created a unique routine for the Hinckley's.

The routine went something like this; we traveled the long distance to the meeting house and Russ and the boys went into the building to attend Priesthood Meeting which was an hour and a half in length. While they were inside Mom and the girls stayed in the car and if we were old enough to attend primary Mom taught us the Primary lesson for the week. Primary is an organization for the children of the church. At the time it was held midweek at the church building. The distance was prohibitive and despite that, Helen couldn't drive the kids to the meeting, there was no car and she didn't have a license. During the break between Priesthood and Sunday School we were all in the car reading the NY Times newspaper, and listening to the radio. Then we all went in for Sunday School, came back to the car and ate a lunch Mom had prepared, took naps and at times Dad would do his "Ward Teaching" (today this is referred to as ministering), with all of us in the car and he and Ron visiting in the home. His assigned families didn't live close to us but closer to the church. Sometimes during football season we would head back to the Boys' Club, Ron and Scott would change, play a football game and sometimes missed Sacrament meetings or if there was time went

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
NEW YORK STAKE PRESIDENCY
142 WEST 81st STREET
NEW YORK 24, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: SCHUYLER 4-0539

March 21, 1956


Sister Helen Hinckley
31 W. 4th St.
Locust Valley, L.I.
New York

Dear Sister Hinckley:

For one never having addressed an audience before, you certainly made a masterful beginning and on such an occasion as the Special Meeting of our last Quarterly Conference. We certainly wish to thank you, first for having accepted the call to share with the group your personal experiences, and second for the humble and sincere manner in which you discussed some of the personal matters of your family. We are certain that those who listened were touched and certainly benefited by the words you gave. It is certainly to be hoped that this will not be the last time that you share with members of the Church your ability in public speaking and your thoughts pertaining to the Church and activity therein.

We pray the blessings of the Lord upon you and yours in all righteous endeavors.

Sincerely your brethren,
NEW YORK STAKE PRESIDENCY

By 

back to church. Teri was a cheerleader for the Club football teams and she would uniform up as well. Helen and Russ would often stop at a Delicatessen or Carvel Ice Cream on the drive home – no complaints from us kids.

In 1956 Helen participated in a quarterly stake conference (today they are semi-annual). The stake comprised a very large geographical area, and most likely took place in New York City. She received this letter from the New York Stake President.

More than this letter I wish we had a copy of the talk she gave that day. Helen and Russ had some very personal spiritual experiences as they made the decision to return to participating in their church. Perhaps she bravely shared those with the congregation. It was the practice to ask new or returning members to talk.

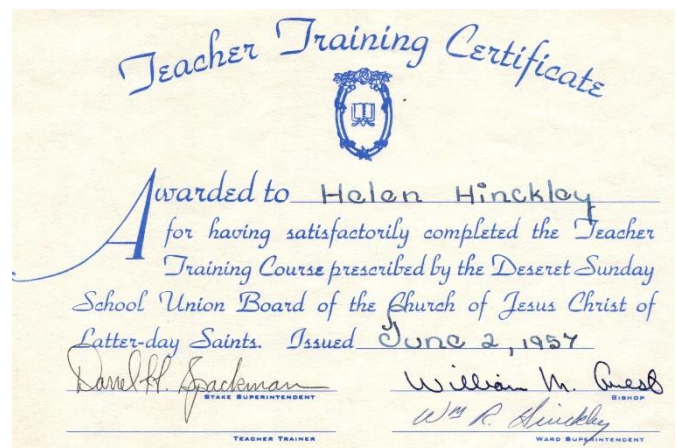
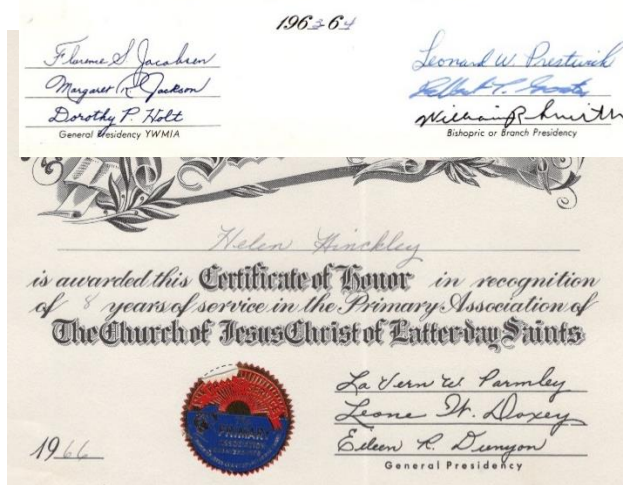
They both participated in church callings, volunteer positions. Helen was a teacher and President of the Primary and Young Women's Organizations. When they moved to Omaha, the

church building was 10 to 15 minutes from home, we had a car and driver's licenses so we were able to participate in most everything.

In addition to church participation, Helen spent time teaching her children to pray and understand the spiritual things in life. We always prayed at meal time, when leaving for trips and tried our hand at a regular night each week holding a family meeting with a spiritual lesson, family game and review of our calendar.



There was a time when the church provided certificates for just about everything, including service and course completion.



An important component of her religious beliefs was understanding the covenants and blessings that are available through temple participation. The sacred ceremonies of a temple inspire participants to follow the teachings and example of Jesus Christ. Temples have always been sacred places upon the earth of which we learn about in the Old and New Testament as well as other historical writings. Helen and Russ made the decision to be sealed together in the Idaho Falls Temple on August 17, 1956. Receiving their temple ordinances and continuing to live a covenant life was the means to unite their family together for eternity. (More about the 1956 vacation to come.)

In order to attend an LDS temple it is required that the member meet with her ecclesiastical leaders and answer questions to assess willingness and faithfulness to attend. While the blessings of the temple are available to any and all people there is preparation which is required.



Below is her first temple recommend (the document received as a result of the interview with Church leaders) issued prior to her attending the Idaho Falls Temple.

IDAHO FALLS TEMPLE
EXPIRES 31 JULY 1957

TEMPLE RECOMMEND 17

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

BISHOP OR BRANCH PRESIDENT: Make in Triplicate. Deliver white and buff copies to Applicant for delivery to temple specified. Retain pink copy in book.

1 Issued to HELEN JANE HARRIS HINCKLEY (Male Female A Member of Record

To Receive Ordinances Specified Herein. State Priesthood Held _____
 Check Marriage Status Thus Single Married Widower Widow Divorced

2 Own Endowment Marriage Licensed Sealing after Civil Marriage
 (If Previous Civil Marriage) give Date OCT. 25, 1945 Place REXBURG, IDAHO
 Sealing to Parents _____ Baptism for Dead Only _____ All Ordinances for the Dead _____
 For Those Previously Endowed To Be Present at Marriage of Children or Kinsfolk _____

3 Birth Date FEB. 5 1923 Fill in Completely if Recommended for Own Endowment, Marriage or Sealing to Parents.
 Birth Place REXBURG, MADISON, IDAHO Town County State or Country
 Baptismal Date FEB 28 1931 If Previously Endowed, Give Date _____
 Father's Name CYRUS HATHUR HARRIS Mother's Maiden Name ZINA RACHEL COLE
 Name of Husband or Wife, Groom or Bride to Be WILLIAM RUSSELL HINCKLEY

4 Date Issued JUNE 26, 1956 For IDAHO FALLS Temple
 From UNION FALLS Ward or Branch NEW YORK Stake or Mission _____
 Signature of Bishop or Branch President William M. Good Signature of Stake or Mission President _____

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR TEMPLE USE.

Licensed Marriage _____ Own Endowment
 Previous Civil Marriage To Be Sealed Only _____
 Approved for _____ Temple _____
 Signature of Authority _____

17 AUG 1956
THIS RECOMMEND EXPIRES: Sept. 30 Next

Including both sides of the Temple Recommend Document from 1956 adds some historical context. The back side of the document includes very firm language about truthfulness. Language like this is not utilized today (2023) and the meeting with

leaders is referred to as an interview. Helen's signature attests that she had been "interrogated by the Bishop." Certainly, this language doesn't sound very loving, and is a great depiction of how the tenor of the Church and the Temple Recommend process has changed. Today youth and adults are invited to obtain Temple Recommends by responding to interview questions. A small bar-coded temple recommend is issued and there are no references to the language used in this recommend.

INSTRUCTIONS TO BISHOPS, BRANCH PRESIDENTS, AND APPLICANTS FOR TEMPLE RECOMMENDS

It should always be borne in mind that the blessings to come from the temple ceremonies and ordinances are predicated upon individual worthiness as evidenced by faithful observance of the principles and laws of the Gospel.

Bishops and branch presidents are expected carefully to interview applicants for Temple recommends and exercise an honest and fair judgment as to the worthiness of applicants. Presidents of stakes and mission presidents are likewise expected to satisfy themselves as to the worthiness of applicants.

Members of the Church seeking recommends to the Temple are expected to be entirely honest in answering the inquiries of presiding officers. Any withholding of the truth, misrepresentation or deception would seriously impair the applicant's position, if not disqualify him, to receive the blessings which are promised to the true and faithful in the Temple of our Lord.

I have been interrogated by the Bishop, and I have truthfully answered his questions.

(Signature of Applicant) Helen Jane Harris Hinckley

"In all things, she championed truth, integrity, honesty and always gave freely of her time, talents and resources in support of charitable and humanitarian programs. She frequently opened her heart and home to needy

children and provided them with a full share of her motherly love and devotion. Helen had an affinity for attracting, making, and holding friendships...A hard worker who was dedicated to making the world a better place for all mankind to live in-a person of long suffering and deep love and devotion to her family and church. . ." William Russell Hinckley. This eulogy adds depth to understanding her spiritual devotion and Christ like living.

More About Her Life in Locust Valley



Mentioned previously, there were many estates in Locust Valley and nearby Lattingtown. They were homes to people who made their wealth in oil, investments, mining, timber, etc. When the stock market crashed in 1929 it hit the community hard, yet many of the

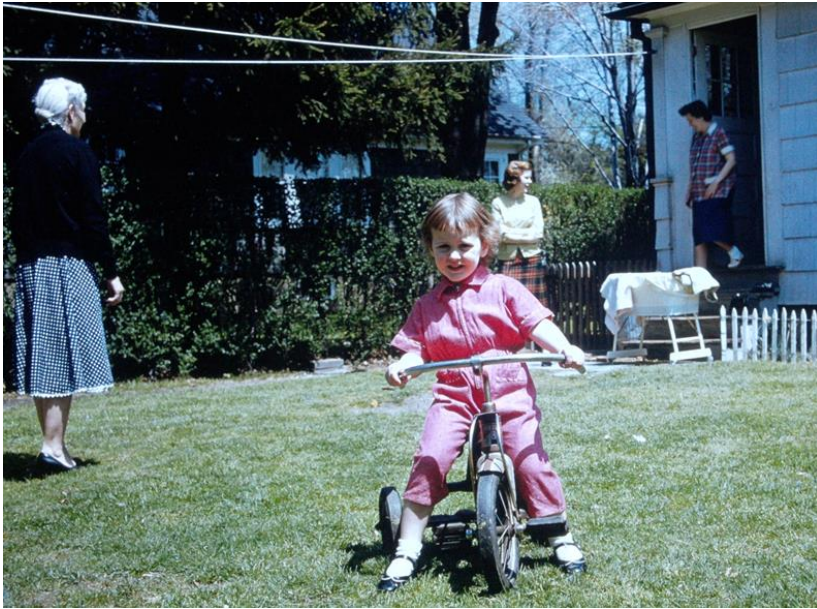
estates still survived. Some owners donated their land and homes to various groups. In the 1950's the Locust Valley Public School burned down so the owners of the "Killibeg" mansion donated it to the school system to use as an elementary school. Helen's children went to school here and attended the "Gables" a similar mansion. The top photo is of the Killibeg, renovated and used again for a private home. The other photo is Locust Valley "manor" of the Former Duke of Windsor. (See more on page 30)



Prior to the birth of Deborah Jane (Debbie, Debs) on July 6, 1955 Mary Holley, Donna William's mother was in Locust Valley.



Mary was like a grandmother to us and perhaps motherly to Helen who lost her mother when she was young. Of interest in these photos, Helen is in an arm cast. Scott recalls she slipped on the stairs out the back door and remembers Russ telling her to be more careful, and Helen responding with; "If I wasn't pregnant, I could see the stairs, so maybe you need to be more careful." Yep that is definitely Helen.



I love this picture because it has a lot of memories. Most likely Debbie is born, and in the basinet, Mary is still with us, the backdoor and steps to the house on 4th Street was the portal to our playground, my (Teri's) pixie haircut which Helen thought was so cute (UGH), The clotheslines, and while I don't think it had happened just yet, Teri was climbing the picket fence (brown tall one in the background) and poked the

point right through her knee. It was very deep and quite an ugly wound. Back then you didn't rush to a clinic for stitches you merely butterflied the wound and hoped all went well. The scar is still there a constant reminder.

Debbie was such an adorable baby, with curly blond hair and no need for a pixie cut.



Picture by "THE" stairs. No Wonder she slipped.



The Consummate Cook

Helen's sister Joann indicates in her life history she lived with her in-laws while Blair was stationed in California and when he was in Japan. Joann said it was a bit awkward but wasn't too bad and she learned to cook from her mother-in-law. Helen didn't learn to cook from her mother and might have had she not died so young, and since she lived with Donna and Donna's mother came to visit, she may have mastered some recipes from them. What we do know for certain is that Helen learned to cook from neighbors and friends, and she and Russ would try out new recipes together. Helen's Italian acquaintances in New York encouraged her Italian cuisine, and probably from trial and error she learned to master a number of other recipes. She was an adventurer in the kitchen and once when Teri asked her to cook shrimp curry for a get together with her girlfriends, Helen obliged. One



Halloween Helen and Russ had a big pot of hotdogs on the stove, enough for all the trick or treaters. Russ (Bill) would host "feasts" for Boys Club staff, members, patrons and even politicians. Many times he and Helen cooked it all. There was always plenty of food – a reflection of having lived through the Great Depression and a desire to ensure there was always something to eat. Food, was a reason to come together. One of the family favorite recipes was the lasagna, a labor of love which took days to create. The blue pan pictures is what Helen used to cook the lasagna noodles.

There were very few pre-packaged foods at the time and cake mixes didn't take off until 1947-1951. Everything was made from whole ingredients. If there was a holiday or special occasion, there were always quests invited to join our table. Speaking of table, it is pictured here and is a beautiful Thonet. I believe we were fortunate to have it donated to us from a wealthy LV resident. Thonet developed his "bentwood" cabinet making process in the 1830s. Notice the "bentwood" in



LASAGNA

Saute: 2 large onions in oil (also 2 small green sweet peppers is desired)

Brown: 1 lb. ground beef & 1 clove garlic (salt and pepper to taste) in heavy skillet

Combine: Above ingredients in a dutch oven (deep pot)

Add: 2 large cans of tomatoes and same two cans filled with water
3 large cans of tomato paste and same three cans filled with water
5 Bay Leaves
1 tablespoon Thyme
garlic salt & salt & pepper to taste
1 to 2 tablespoons of dried parsley flakes as desired
1 tablespoon sugar

Bring to a boil and simmer 6 to 8 hours, stirring occasionally. If a thinner sauce is desired, add tomato juice as needed - after simmering and continue to simmer an additional 1 to 2 hours

Cook: 2 packages of lasagna noodles (avoid noodles sticking together)

Alternate: in 9x13x3 dish: layers of noodles, slices of mozzarella cheese, teaspoon dabs of Ricotta cheese - sprinkle with Romana or Parmesan cheese - sauce

Repeat layers of above until pan is filled

Bake: in 325° oven for 35-45 minutes or until piping hot & cheeses are melted

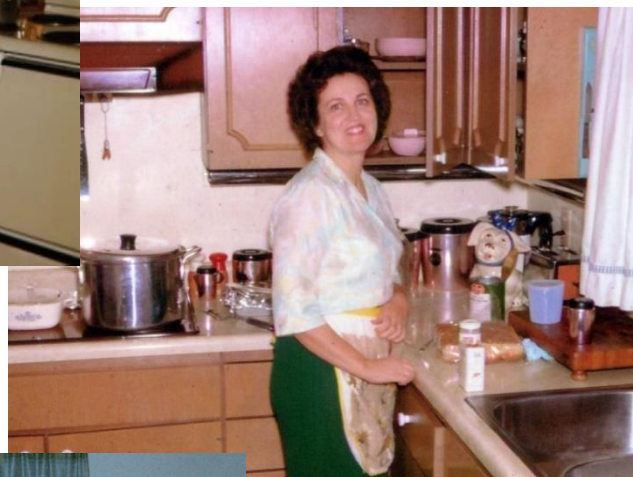
Let stand over night and heat for 35-45 minutes before serving. Serve hot covering with heated excess sauce sprinkled over with grated Romana or Parmesan cheese

NOTE: sliced meat balls, sliced Italian sausage (hot or sweet) or small pieces of thinly sliced roast beef or lean pork may be added to lasagna layers if desired

the chairs. The seat of the chairs was woven cane-always in need of repair due to their use. Scott still has the table and some chairs. I included the Lasagna recipe, but know that Helen often had the sauce simmer on the stove for two days.



Another reference to her cooking from Russ's journal; "Helen had one of her outstanding baked chicken dinners. The Hinckley's clearly love chicken and especially the way Helen prepares it."



This collage of photos is included to emphasize Helen "in the kitchen", guests around the Thonet, and a sneak peek at Helen's fashion.



Helen rarely spent much money on herself for clothes.

During this period of her and our history, you would almost always see her in a dress. The exception was Pratt's camp, some athletic events, and a few years prior to her death when it was more acceptable for women to wear pants, or culottes. A cook was never

without her apron. Helen had a drawer full.

The drink in the pitcher on the table was called "bug juice" their invention of a mixture of concord grape juice with lemonade. With Ron and Scott gone it would have been just Helen, Russ and the girls for Thanksgiving dinner, but in keeping with Helen's hospitality there are others around the table. Kenny Vorisek, from Locust Valley, is on Russ's left. I am unsure who is at Russ's right – but it really didn't matter, everyone and anyone was always invited.

Ron and Scott were involved in high school sports, Title IX was a thing of the future. Helen made certain they had a training day table. Well Ron did a lot more than Scott. Always a steak several hours prior to a game. Of course, the rest of us probable had tuna casserole. Steaks all around would have been too expensive.

Helen had a love for M&M Peanuts, but rarely shared them. She hid them, usually somewhere in the kitchen cabinets along with a stash of cash which added up exactly to our weekly school lunches, Scott remembers having to retrieve the money and if the money was short for lunches, you didn't eat – Helen knew somebody took the money.

Christmas



Helen loved Christmas, and Santa Claus. She didn't share what Christmas celebrations were like for her when she lived in Rexburg, but she certainly made it special for her children. Santa always came – no matter the circumstances, he filled stockings and left gifts for all the kids. Additionally, there were wrapped presents under the tree. When we had a record player(phonograph) she played Christmas albums constantly. One Christmas Santa brought her a



record player/radio console cabinet.

We always wondered how Santa was able to get it all right. We didn't always understand, but the reality was we were fairly poor. Helen and Russ never owned a home until they relocated to Omaha, and that purchase required help from others. They couldn't afford air conditioning, which was becoming more standard at the time they made their first purchase. Omaha was hot and humid – it was awful. She didn't have air conditioning until she became pregnant with Shane in 1968. They didn't own a car until offered the opportunity to purchase



one from a fleet of cars that was part of the Sherman Pratt estate. That wasn't until 1962.

Helen and Russ would shop for a tree on the Christmas tree lots and we all helped decorate them. They used large Christmas lights, glass bulbs and tinsel. Oh, the tinsel, it had to be put on one strand at a time starting at the back of the branch. Somehow, some of the glass bulbs were “shot” off the tree and shattered. I’m certain the boys perfected their shot. 😊

1956 Vacation

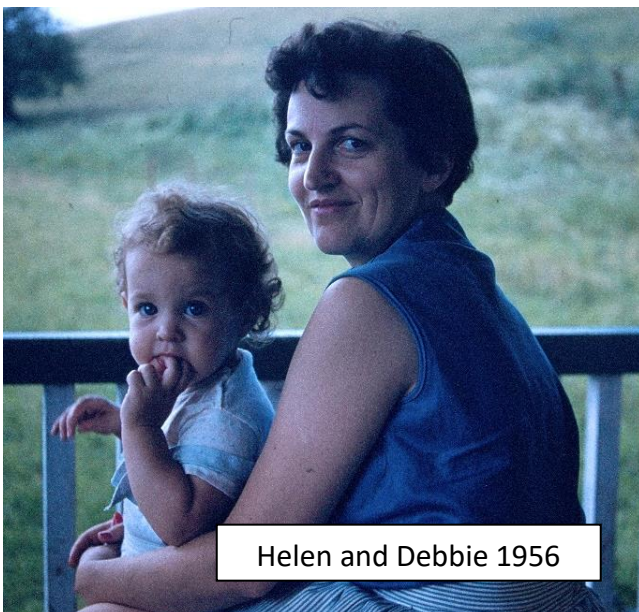
This was the first year the family of six travelled back west to Idaho. The express objective was to attend the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day-Saints temple in Idaho Falls, for our family to be sealed together for eternity following Helen and Russ obtaining their endowment, or special blessings for adults in the temple.

Memories of this trip and other similar trips are reminiscent of our circumstances at the time. Along the way mostly on The Lincoln Highway/US Route 30 we would stop at picnic tables along the way to eat, and at night we find a place to pitch pup tents (smaller than a standard tent; 3.5 feet tall, 5 feet wide, about 6 feet long) for us to sleep in. Ron and

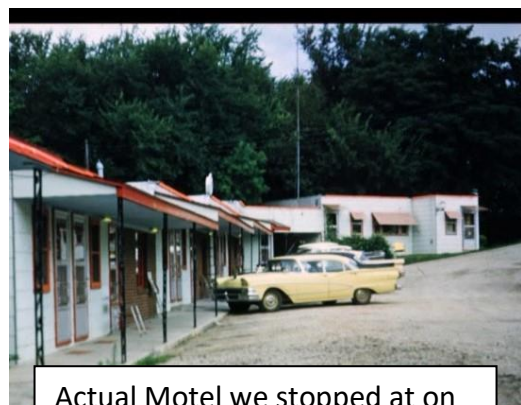


Teri, Scott and Debbie each had a tent. Mom and Dad slept in the car on a mattress in the back. One night along the way we would stay at a Motel so we could take showers. Usually close to our destination. If Russ didn’t want to stop for the night somewhere we would take in a drive-in movie. Dad would usually sleep and the kids would watch the movie.

On this trip we stopped in Pennsylvania, at a Boys’ Club Camp, I love this photo of Helen and Debbie which was taken there. This photo is so fitting as to



Helen and Debbie 1956



Actual Motel we stopped at on our 1956 vacation.

one of Debbie’s memories. “I remember her beautiful smile and a pretty laugh. I liked the sound of her laughter.”

The 1956 trip included stops in Yellowstone, and Salt Lake where we visited with Helen's Dad and stepmother. In Rexburg and Hibbard we visited with the Williams, Helen's siblings and their families and Russ's sister. In



Byron Harris on the dry

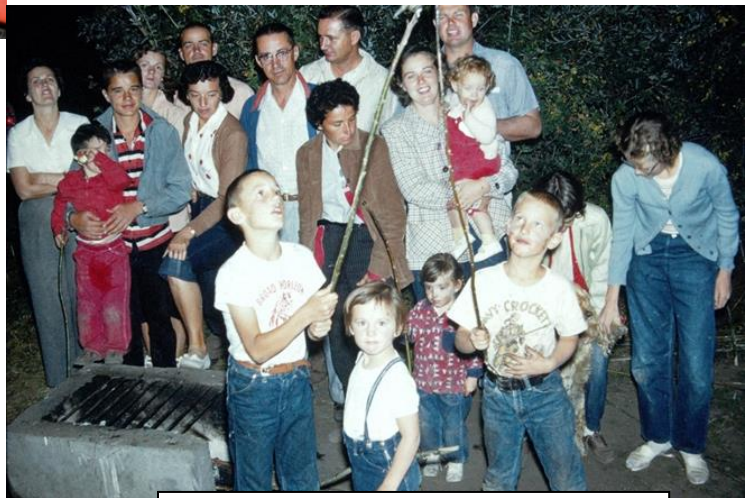
1956 writing letters and an occasional long distance phone call was how family kept up with one another, but



CA Harris and Helen-SLC 1956

those calls were very expensive and rare. A trip back home to Idaho was a big deal for both Helen's and Russ's family. So when they made the trip there was always a get together.

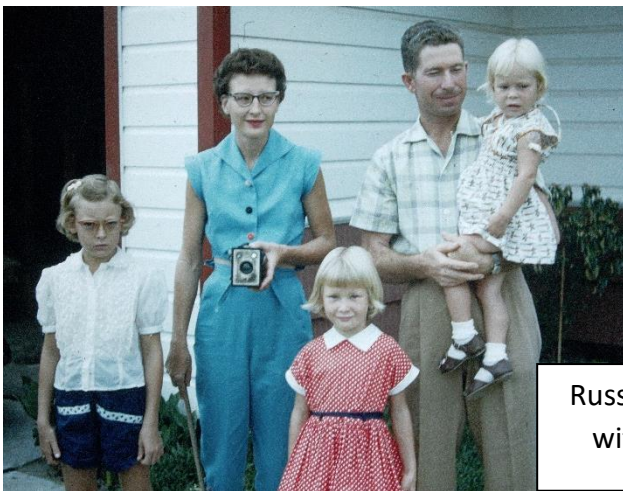
Taking note of the International Harvester truck would include a quick summary from CA Harris in his own words. "In the spring of 1911, I entered the employ of the Rexburg Implement Company, then a branch of the Utah Implement Vehicle Company of Salt Lake City. In it was organized by incorporation to the Farmer's Implement Company with over one hundred stock holders, and I became General Manager of this institution and remained such from 1912 to 1924.



Helen and siblings Byron, Don, Ross and Joann and families.

1912

During this time the company had established branch houses in St. Anthony, Ashton, Teton and Newdale with a 1918 yearly volume of \$248,000.00. I went into the Implement Hardware business for myself January 1, 1924." International Harvester was the farm implement manufacturer of the Implement Company.



Russ's sister Wilma, husband Luke with Kaylene, Chris and JoAnn.



Helen probably wouldn't be too happy about inserting this photo, but the "pin curls" are so fashionably historic. Prior to hair rollers, blow dryers, curling irons, hot rollers, etc. women, after washing their hair, would curl their hair flat against their scalp and then pin them with hair pins or bobby pins. After their hair was dry, they took the hair pins out and combed the curls. A perfect way to manage your hair while on vacation.

Because Highway 30 was a two-lane road and you could pull your car over to the shoulder at any time, it was a family tradition to take photos when you came upon a state entry sign.



On the road again, back to New York and the family's home in Locust Valley. The visit was grand, yet Helen had made a wonderful home for her family in Locust Valley and was quite comfortable there. Russ wrote in his journal, "Overall, Helen was a pillar of love, strength, and pragmatism in our family."



1957-1962

Vacation trips in the family station wagon continued with trips to Canada, Pratt's Camp (more on Pratt's Camp later), Palmyra, NY for the Mormon Pageant, West again to Idaho, Washington D. C., North Carolina and more. These photos are representative of our trips and demonstrate the "Hinckley Way" to travel which was organized and planned by Helen and Russ.



Quebec Province, 1958



Helen, @ Peggy Hanes in Washington, D.C.
1959



These two photos are from the trip to Palmyra and perfectly represent any trip the Hinckley's would have taken. Note the "pup tent" by the side of the car in the shadows.



Bathing-Hinckley vacation style. Palmyra, NY abt. 1960

A quote from Russ's diary; "Her organizational skills extended to packing for trips", based on these photos that was most likely a significant project.

The Palmyra trip to attend the Mormon Pageant included Dominick Giovinazzo, who was like a son to Helen and an older brother to all the kids. Helen throughout her years in New York and Omaha, had a special kinship with many of the young people from the clubs and from Church. There was always someone she was inviting to family and holiday dinners. Her love for Dominick extended to his wife Elizabeth (Liz) and their children. It was a relationship for a life time and beyond. This photo at a picnic table during the trip is a treasure – the smiles on everyone’s faces just flood one with memories and hopefully extends joy to future generations.



Liz and Helen, Omaha abt. 1968 Note the rollers in Liz’s hair-no longer using



In 1959 we traveled west again to Idaho, there was a second and final reunion type event with Helen's extended family. Helen, her brothers Doug and Paul had left the Rexburg area while Joann, Ross, Don and Byron stayed. The brothers who stayed continue to operate the dry farm and the

Implement business. The "reunion type events" when Helen and Russ and family came to town were limited to a picnic in Porter Park, that was organized by Russ and Helen. Helen and her siblings were not all together again until the death of their father in 1962. Once Paul headed to Medical School at Louisville and WWII emerged with some of the brothers serving, times were such that travel was expensive and limited to car or train until later in the 60's.



Helen with brothers; Byron, Don and Ross



Helen, Russ, Ron, Scott, Teri and Debbie at her sister's home in Rexburg, ID. About 1959

Back to Locust Valley

Russ wrote the following in his diary/journal about Helen when they were living in Locust Valley, New York.

“Helen was a brave and courageous woman. She was also a very busy woman, often having a day full of appointments and other personal tasks. She was not only incredibly organized but also very practical. (We had very little household income and Helen’s ability to budget and make the money stretch was incredible.)

Helen was a dedicated and deeply committed to her family. She was also industrious and quick to tackle challenges. She handled these tasks with methodical precision and an industrious spirit.

Her activities varied from running the household, shopping, and managing the children's needs to participating in church and community activities. Her organizational skills extended to household responsibilities, church callings, community organizations and helping me at the Boys’ Club.

Even in her absence, the home would be filled with an appreciation for her and all that she did for the family, including taking care of the children, supervising their education, and ensuring all household matters were running smoothly

She was deeply caring, taking courses to train as a Girl Scout leader and leaving heartfelt notes for her children on special occasions. She also actively participated in church service and served in various callings along with the family. Helen extended her caring personality to friends and neighbors, and constantly invited folks into our home. She was especially prone to inviting young people we may have met through church or through the Boys’ Clubs.

She was well-loved by not just me but all our children. They often reminisced about her and expressed a deep sentiment of missing her presence in their lives.”

Photos Reflecting Russ’s Sentiment



Helen, Teri and Debbie – 4th Street,
Locust Valley, about 1958



Helen with Ron, Scott, Teri and Debbie
Milford Drive-Locust Valley, About 1960



Girl Scouts was a big part of Helen's adult life. She was a troop leader and a district leader. Every year in Locust Valley there was a Memorial Day Parade and celebration. She walked with the girl scouts, issued commands which resulted in a change of the flag bearers. The best part was the end when the Good Humor man arrived and we had ice cream.

Helen valued (as did Russ) scouts earning merit badges. She and Russ made certain all of the kids

were doing their part to contribute to their patrols earning the most merit badges. There were banquets for both Girl and Boy Scouts. Ron remembers, "the year there was a big contest in the scouts for the patrol that got the most merit badges and they would win walkie talkies. Dad was the leader and we won. We; Ron Hinckley, Tom Vorisek, Sandy Barclay all the guys who ran together anyway. They had a big scout dinner at this cafeteria in the grade school and they announced we were the winners. We all walked up picked up our walkie talkies, then sat down and announced we quit."



Compared to today's modern technology used for taking photos, the accumulation of photos of Helen was quite limited. And photos of her and Russ were even less. Of course one needs to be aware that Russ was the photographer and there wasn't an option for selfies. He always had his 35 millimeter camera with him. As his daughter Debbie has stated; "it was an appendage to his arm."



Russ and Helen Portraits





Well, look at that, the stairs are fixed in this photo. Remember she fell and broke her arm on the original stairs. The photo on page 38 shows the condition of the stairs, just a short time before this photo but some time after Debbie's birth. Helen had a way of letting Russ know, in no uncertain terms, when she had had enough. It's probably safe to say the issue over the stairs was one of those moments.

Note the Pontiac Chieftain behind Helen in the first photo. Earlier it was noted that Helen and Russ didn't own a car until 1962. The car pictured here is most likely a 1954. An article in a 1954 issue of the Locust Valley Leader, Sherman Pratt Gives Car to Boys' Club", helps to understand the car being in the driveway. Russ/Bill as the executive director drove a Boys' Club owned vehicle. Helen and Russ were both extremely meticulous about caring for their possessions,

including one that wasn't their own, but afforded the opportunity to use it at their disposal.

The newspaper piece about "Your phone on the highway" is included to add perspective as to what was happening in the 1950's.



Your phone on the highway

Ever had to make a phone call traveling along some highway miles away from home? Or in a strange town where every place was closed for the night? Then here's an invitation: Next time, stop at one of our new *outdoor* phone booths.

If you haven't already seen one of these new "telephone service stations," you will soon. They're springing up along important highways, at train and bus stations—even in front of service stations and stores.

And you won't have any trouble seeing them. The new outdoor booths are generally painted in bright, cheerful colors, with a sign to guide you to your "phone away from home."

Putting public phones where people need them is just a part of our never-ending effort to make telephone service still better, more dependable and more useful. New York Telephone Company.

Education.

SHERMAN PRATT GIVES CAR TO BOYS CLUB

Sherman Pratt recently presented the gift of a new Pontiac station wagon to the Grenville Baker Boy's Club which was purchased from Paddison Motors in Glen Cove. As his share of the gift, Walter J. Paddison made a very substantial allowance on the old car and gave William Hinckley, club director, a check for \$166.13 to cover the cost of accessories on the car including a radio and bumper guards. Mr. Paddison will also service and make mechanical repairs on the car without charge for a year.

The station wagon with its additional seating will increase midget-junior participation in activities at the Locust Valley School. These include basketball, wrestling, boxing and fencing. The club is delighted with the gift.

LITTLE KNICKS TOP LEAGUE

The Little Knicks of the Midget-Junior Basketball League of the Grenville Baker Boy's Club are in first place with only one more game to be played to complete the first half of the season. The Knicks have won four games, lost none. The Junior Celtics are hot on their trail with three wins and one loss.

The Knicks defeated the Celtics for first place last week, 15 to 14. Little Knick players include Captain Ralph Caristo, Pete Cuccl, John Michienzi, Frank Giovinazzo, Walter Ortiz,

Halloween was a very big deal in Locust Valley. Every year the Locust Valley Rotary Club sponsored activities for the community. When Bill Hinckley/Russ came to town the Boys' Club became part of the celebrations and the year Russ/Bill was the general chairman, the events included the costume party/judging, a masquerade dance, window decorating, and a community witch hunt. Helen was always involved with the community events, and making costumes for the kids. This is the only photo, other than the ones in the Leader that was found amongst Russ's slide collection. Teri is standing far left. One time Helen made an incredible pumpkin head costume out of paper mache . It



took days because you had to let each layer of the paper mache dry before painting. Actually, it is still pretty popular today and Pinterest or Google searches will uncover the secrets.

The prize for best costumes in various categories was a silver dollar. (In the late 50's and early 60's they were pure silver. We all have memories of the most incredible costumes made for each of us by Helen.

The Boys' Club included many more occasions for Helen to be involved in the community. One, was the Boys' Club annual dinner dance. It was a formal affair and of course a major fund raising event. As explained previously there were a lot of wealthy people in Locust Valley, and dressing for the occasion, required a great deal of ingenuity for Helen and Bill but

they pulled it off. Bill's shoes have quite the story behind them. At that time men would wear tuxedos and patent leather shoes. Well, they couldn't afford to purchase formal dresses or shoes. Bill's shoes were actually made from cardboard and he always kept them and even shared them

with others. They both felt it was important to remember just how tough life was economically, and the shoes were a reminder of their humble life. I remember Mom borrowing a wrap, and perhaps her dresses were hand-me-downs. See the photo on page 50 of them in their “formal wear”.

The Leader would cover everything Boys’ Club, these photos are from events held at or on behalf of the Club. The Club had a “Mother’s Club” where members provided a great deal of service for the boys and their events. Helen was always involved. Locust Valley also had a Women’s Society Club which was highlighted in the Leader. Helen wasn’t a member of that club, most likely because she wasn’t high society. Rather she spent endless hours volunteering, organizing and meeting with community members who rolled up their sleeves and did everything they could to make the Club a success.



Helen serving boys at a Boys’ Club dinner



Meeting after the meeting – check out the cars.



Ice skating was a favorite recreation for folks living in New York. There were ponds everywhere, and figure skating was becoming more popular in the United States. In 1916 the Beaver Dam Skating Club, in Locust Valley and Mill Neck New York was formally organized. It was then and still is a private club. While living in Locust Valley, we would attend as guests or go on the days when nonmembers could attend. The

photo of Helen, Scott and Teri is so reflective of our excursions to the dam. Below is a “Getty Image” of folks skating at Beaver Dam, and the bottom photo shows Helen watching Teri and Debbie and the Richardsons skating at our home on Milford Drive. Where ever there was ice Helen would take

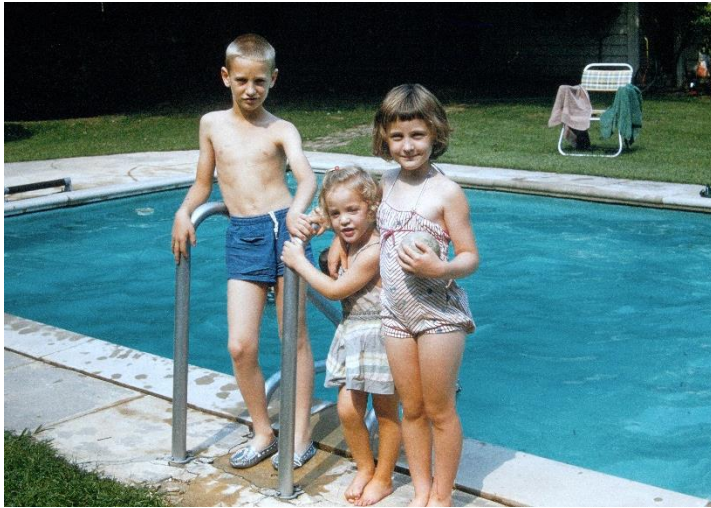


the kids skating as long as Russ could drive. She still didn’t have a driver’s license. In Russ’s journal he noted one, “I stayed at my desk until 2:30. Home for a sandwich and then drove Helen and the two girls to Glen Cove to see the new Walt Disney picture “Babes in Toyland”. Evening taxi route was to call for Helen and the girls and pick Ron up at the school.” Scott recalls Mom saying she really wasn’t wanting to drive in New York, concerned about ever having

to drive beyond Locust Valley into larger cities and busier roads.

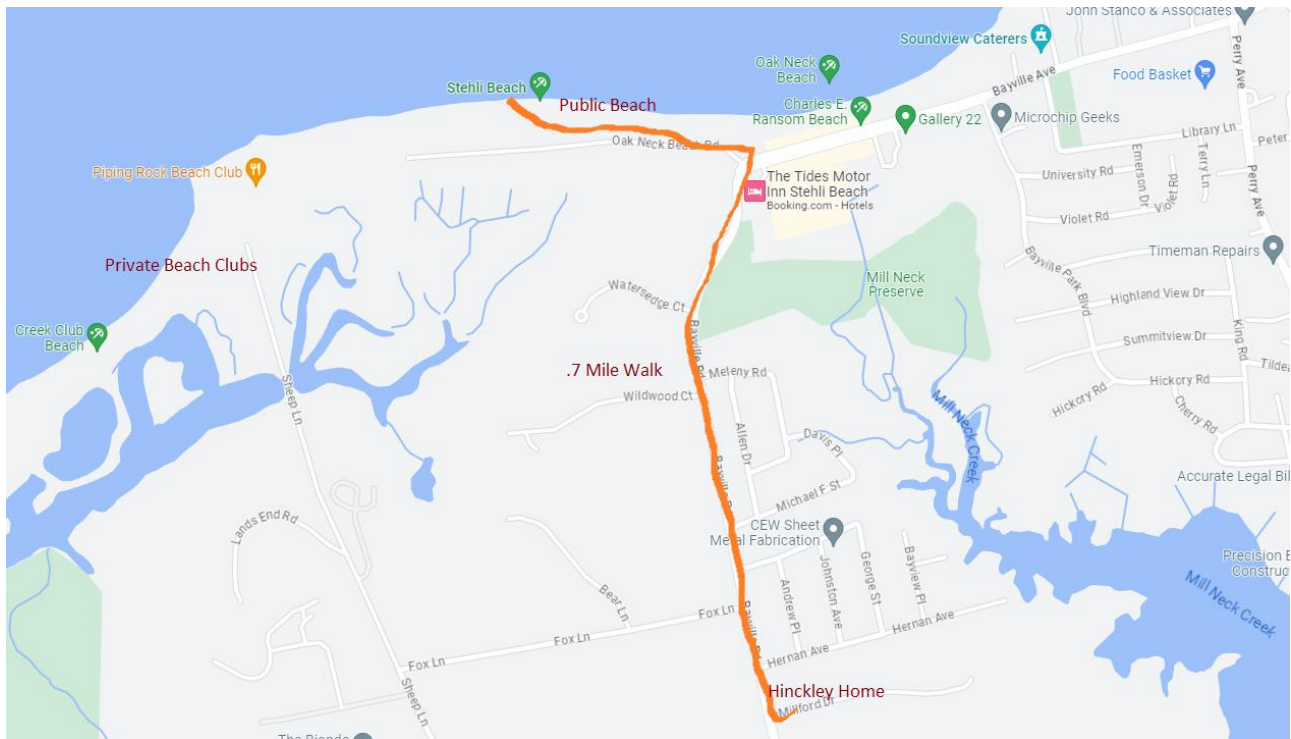


Besides the beach and ice skating we would often go to the Rowsom's swimming pool. When we lived on 4th Street it was right next to Weir Lane where the Rowsom's and Voriseks lived. If you map out Weir Lane on Google and 4th street it's easy to still locate the larger homes and the Rowsom's swimming pool. Helen and the kids were cared for by these wonderful people.



Scott, Debbie and Teri at the Rowsom's pool. About 1958

The map below shows where Helen and family lived on Milford Drive and the nearly mile walk she would make with the kids, most often the girls to the Public Beach. The walk along Bayville Drive wasn't without concern as it was a very busy main artery road.



Pratt's Camp

Sherman Pratt, who was born in 1900 grew up in Brooklyn, NY and was the grandson of Charles Pratt, founder of the Standard Oil Co. and graduated from Amherst College where he played football. His mother, Helen Deming Sherman Pratt and father were avid supporters of the suffrage



movement. Without a doubt something Helen would have supported. He came to live in Locust Valley and was a benefactor to the Grenville Baker Boys' Club. He was the founder Marineland of Florida and of the Pacific. He was a big game hunter, and made many documentary motion pictures, including an expedition to Honduras. He was a sportsman, explorer, photographer, philanthropist, business man, organic gardener, husband, father and much more.

He served as the Boys' Club's first president and opened his family's remarkable private camp in the heart of New Brunswick, Canada to groups of kids from the Club. (Randy Waskawic, Facebook, March 21, 2022 on the Fans of Pratt's Camp site)

"I and my family are better individuals for having known this great man (Sherman Pratt). Sometimes, a man strides out of the shadows of life who is endowed with so much love and compassion and gentleness that when he strides across the bridge of mortality, and pauses to be of services to his fellow man, it appears that all the beauty of the flowers and the songs of the birds are being offered in tribute to him alone." William R. Hinckley, 1964 shortly after the death of Sherman Pratt.



The route from Locust Valley to Holmes Lake took us along the coast of Maine. Travel was by station wagon for our family and also for the boys until in 1960 the Club acquired an air force surplus bus. It was a 3 day, 2 night trip. Even today, (2023) if you Google Holmes Lake on maps, Pratt's Camp is identified. The larger circle in the center is the Pratt's Private camp and often referred to as Winter Camp. The smaller circle on

the right was the summer camp. The lake and land mass were large, I'm not certain about the actual size but assume it was hundreds of acres if not thousands.

<https://www.google.com/maps/@46.94644,66.6039457,1072m/data=!3m1!1e3?authuser=0&entry=ttu>

As noted above Mr. Pratt's generosity to share his camp, brought incredible experiences for our family we would have never had the opportunity to experience without him. While Russ/Bill took

the boys from the club up to the camp in July, in August he headed back up with Helen and kids. Our responsibility was to close the camp for the winter.

Closing the camp meant cleaning, cleaning and more cleaning – but there was plenty of opportunity for exploring and having fun. Cleaning, as previously mentioned, for Russ and Helen meant making a place or item better for our having had the opportunity to use it, and that motto held true in the most remote place of New Brunswick, CA. We cleaned the summer camp where the boys would camp, all the buildings, every nook and corner. We cleaned the boat engines and winterized them. Put the canoes away for the winter and anything else Russ/Bill thought important.

While in camp “Fun” also had its own definition according to Russ/Bill. Just like he did with the campers his children had to be taught and pass a number of tests in order to be certified as able to participate in certain activities. Certification included, swimming in the lake on your own (so different than the warm waters of the Atlantic Ocean), portage a canoe, paddle a canoe, know the parts of a boat engine, clean the outhouse, wash in the hand operated washing machine, bathe in a washtub, clean the kitchens, make your bedroll, use a 22 rifle and bow and arrow, hike long distances on trails to rivers and streams, sleep in lean-to shelters and the upper forks cabin, fly fish for grilse salmon, lake fish for trout and other adventures naturally part of this fantastic environment.

Helen loved Pratt’s camp, the hikes, the water, the canoes, the lean-tos, the beautiful lupines it was an incredible experience. And she made certain her children had a meaningful experience there. The Pratt’s property was massive there was a large lake, Holmes Lake, fed by so many rivers and streams, that was the setting for the summer camp and the Pratt’s private camp. The summer camp was always a work in progress with building construction and updates happening constantly. There were so many places we could explore with Helen, Helen and Russ/Bill and by ourselves. There were trails, rivers, fishing, flowers trees and more trees.

All of the following photos are representative of this wonderful place and the experiences we had.



On the left, Herman Matchett, who served as a guide from 1961 until 1976 (when the program ended). On the right, Hubert Holmes, also a licensed guide, but who primarily served as the Camp's superintendent from the mid-to-late 1950s until the property and leaseholds were sold in the early 1980s.

Both were quite remarkable men who left lasting impressions on almost all of the campers and staff. And Hubert had a particularly lasting effect on many of us. I was blessed to have him be part of my life. (Fans of Pratt's Camp-Facebook).

We share the photo of Herm and Hubert because they made our family visits that much more interesting. The photo on the right is Hubert and Debbie.



Pratt's Camp-View Upon Arrival to the Summer Camp



William R. Hinckley, Hubert Holmes, Billy Holmes (Cook), Kiah Kopp, Sherman Pratt



Trips to Pratt's Camp often included others who came regularly with the boys and with our family. The top photo includes Nick and Kay Peters who were school teachers in Locust Valley, the next

photo is dining with the Voriseks , and the family partial portrait of Helen, Russ/Bill, Scott, Debbie and Teri is rare because someone other than Russ is taking the photo. (Maybe Ron)



Learning to appreciate the lake and the area rivers and streams, meant being on and in them. Mastering a canoe was mandatory, fly fishing and even angling from the boat dock was both sport and providing food. Swimming and introducing the family dog, Cookie, (Helen had a real sweet spot for Cookie, who got a lot of privileges) to the camp, and leaving your baby sister in the boat alone was all part of the remarkable experience of Pratt's Camp. We learned to swim as a necessary form of survival.





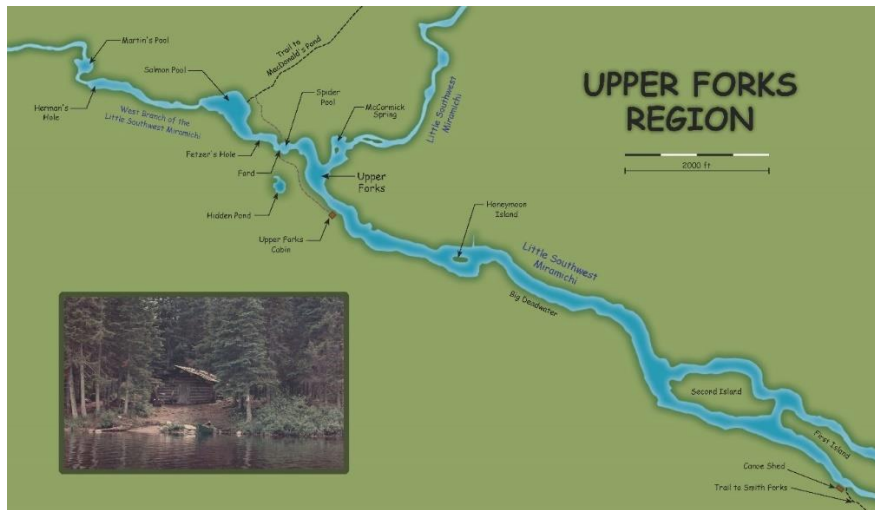
The enchantment of the lake when the motor boat was used, was spectacular. The smiles say it all.





Hiking the trails, stopping at the lean to for lunch, crossing "the bridge" heading to the Upper Forks cabin, fishing and so much more were all such a major part of the camp experience. The photo of Helen with her hands between her legs is so her. That's always what she did when she was chilled.





The Upper Forks cabin was an experience you never forgot. At the back of the cabin along the wall was a log box about waist high the entire length of the wall. Inside the box were pine boughs – the mattress. If you were uncomfortable on pine boughs, your night was spent listening to the squirrels get into the cabin looking for food, hearing your Dad snore,

wondering if you would ever fall asleep, or if you were Helen getting up before sunrise and cooking breakfast, because she just couldn't take that bed any longer. Perhaps sleeping with her entire family on one pine bough bed was just too much.





The in-camp activities were just as memorable. These photos are the proof-we really did have to clean the boat engine motors and taking a bath in shared water in a galvanized metal experience was indeed a thing. Helen used to refer to a “spit-bath” often a washing under the arms at the sink. The idiom doesn’t really make sense since you didn’t combine saliva with bathing.



Helen, Teri and
Debbie-Pratt's Camp



Helen's signature scarf. Actually, it was very fashionable at the time. It was used to keep you warm, hold down your hair style during windy weather, or when riding in a motor boat, and as a hiking head covering.

Ron, Helen and Scott –
Archery practice



The Move

Omaha, Nebraska

Omaha is Nebraska's biggest city and emerged as one of the top livestock markets in the world through the mid 20th century. The city name is from the Omaha Indian word meaning "upstream people." Omaha, like other cities in the United States was experiencing racial tensions, increased poverty and strained police-community relations. Since 1950 Omaha has hosted the College World Series. (Source; Harl Adams Dalstrom)

Alexander V. Sorensen (A.V., Al Sorensen), an Omaha business man and Mayor from 1965-1969 desired to improve opportunities for Omaha's youth, as well as improve city government and redevelop the city's downtown. He is recognized as the founder of the Boys' Clubs of Omaha.

January 3, 4 1962 – William Russell Hinckley Journal Entry.

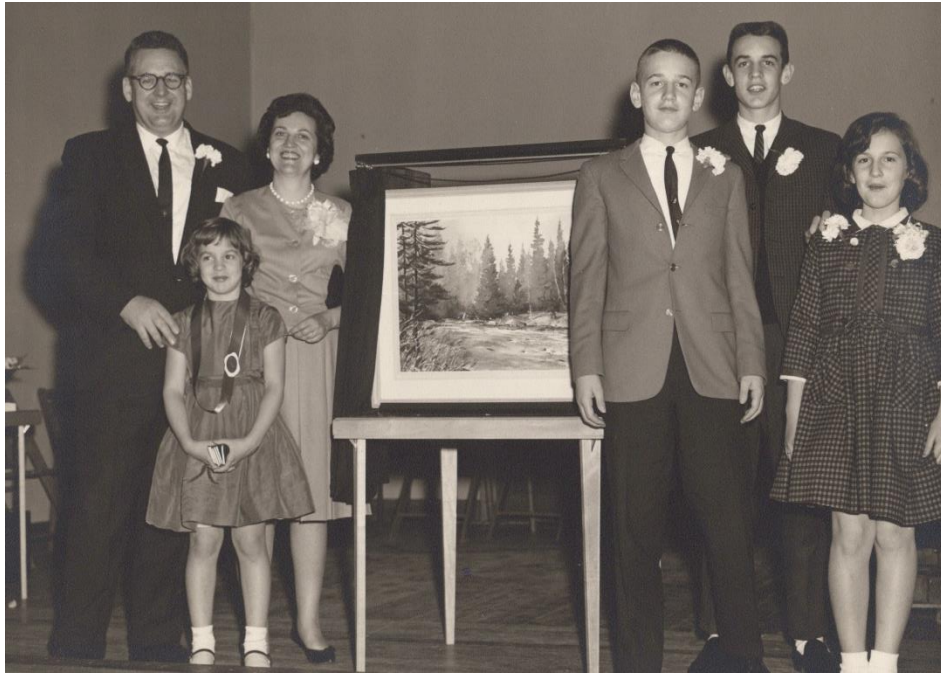
"Mr. Sorensen called from New York-I agreed to meet him at Manhasset at 11:30 am. Returned to Locust Valley. Took Mr. Sorensen through our boys' club. Then, to Caminairi's for lunch. By the house to meet Helen and back to my office. Mr. Sorensen wants me to come to Omaha as the Executive Director of their new boys' club operation. He offered me the same fringe benefits as I have in Locust Valley, plus a \$3,500 salary raise. I think I will accept. Talked with Helen and Mr. Pratt and Mr. Martin. Both men felt I should go. Helen loves Locust Valley more than any other place she has ever lived. I appreciate her reluctance. God bless her-she is woman enough for any man."

Jan 4, 1962

"A Red Letter Day for the Hinckleys!! A day of decision and a complete change in our lives. Omaha, Nebraska!! . . . A quick, short to the point, conversation with my special good friend Dr. Robert Vorisek and my moment of decision was behind me. I called Mr. A V. Sorensen and said yes to his proposal to come to Omaha. \$13,500 base salary with rich fringe benefits. Now we will see what history does and what we do to history."

April 7, 1962 - William Russell Hinckley Journal

Home with the boys for Scott's music lesson and prepare to go out with the Vorisek's for dinner. Boy-what a shock we got!! Ran into a 200 person testimonial dinner at the Reformed Church for the Hinckley's. Came as a complete surprise. We were bowled off our feet-Helen and I, the boys, Ron and Scott knew about it. Tears flowed freely. Friends and associates from all walks of life were on hand. City editor of the NY Times (Joe Durso) M.C.'d the evening. (Joe Durso spent 51 years with the NYTimes whose main assignments were covering the Mets and the Yankees. He also was frequently assigned to the Kentucky Derby and in the 1990's he reported regularly on thoroughbred racing. He is included in the writers' and broadcasters' wing of the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y. He wrote several biographies including; Casey Stengel, Joe DiMaggio, John McGraw; a memoir of the Yankees years, with Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford. Source; NY Times Obituary Jan. 3, 2005) It was a delightful catered dinner followed by an evening of "Bill and Helen this is your 12 year life in Locust Valley" we were thrilled!!



On April 16, 1962 Helen and Russ/Bill went to NYC to purchase some new clothes for Bill (will refer to Russ as Bill from now on) for his new job. Helen purchased a new raincoat that day. Shopping for clothes was not at the finer clothiers, rather at the men's and women's wholesalers on 22nd and Broadway and West 38th Street. On the 17th Bill flew to Omaha to start his new job. Some may be interested to know from New York to Chicago he flew a Conair 960 jet, and his description of the flight from Chicago to Omaha was; "Flew DC6-B from Chicago to Omaha. Real chopper. Didn't enjoy the flight."

On April 24th, unexpectedly, Bill decided Helen needed to be involved in selected their home, he called her told her to plan to fly out in the next couple of days. Gert was watching kids in Locust Valley so she could go. After looking at numerous homes, praying for guidance and after an exhausting trip the home on 86th and Harney was selected and Helen flew back to New York on April 30th.

On May 4th 1962, Bill was back in Locust Valley and he and Helen bought their first car. It was a 1958 Chrysler Station Wagon which they bought from Sherman Pratt for \$1,000.

Mother's Day, May 13, 1962 after church the family went to Oyster Bay and Joe Dee's American-Italian restaurant. We had a very fine family dinner. Ron-roast beef-Scott-turkey-Teri-spaghetti and meat balls-Helen-shrimp scampi- Debbie chopped sirloin-"Hink"-veal parmigiana. All the trimmings from shrimp cocktail and anti-pesto to soup and parfaits for dessert. \$20.40 bill (\$2.25 gratuity). It was a rare occasion for the entire family to go out to dinner at a restaurant, but given Mother's Day, new job and soon the family move to Omaha, it seemed a wonderful gesture for Helen on her day.

July 3, 1962 was moving day. Helen cleaned the house and left it spotless for the new occupants – the new Grenville Baker Boys' club Executive Director. The boys had gone with the boys from the club to Canada, and Helen, Bill, Teri and Debbie took one last drive down Milford Lane and headed to Omaha in their new family car.

Omaha

Arrived in Omaha July 8, 1962 and no sign of the moving van. Helen, Bill and girls stayed in the New Tower Motel for nearly a week. Moved into the house after the purchase of some beds, but still without the furniture from the moving van, that was July 14th. The stay in the motel was wonderful but a real financial burden for the Hinckley's. It was close to the house, about a mile and in Helen fashion we walked to the house and to a shopping center, Crossroads, to keep ourselves busy during the day.

The Moving Van; well it finally arrived on July 16 and ran out of gas in the driveway. It blocked the entire street. Bill went and got gas for the truck and finally it was moved out of the way. Helen was so frustrated with the entire unloading process as it was chaotic. They even left her mirrors and a Wayne Davis piece of art in New York on a different truck. But, in Helen fashion she was industrious and methodical in unpacking and organizing and eventually the mirrors and painting arrived.

On July 17, 1962 Helen got her first driver's learning permit, and even drove that very day to start her practical experience. By August 24th she had her first solo drive-must have gotten her license by then. Just in time to shuttle kids everywhere, including early morning seminary before school started each morning,.



A 2023 Google Maps photo of the Omaha home.

When Helen and family moved in it was a new housing development and there was nothing but the newly planted grass, and an unfinished basement for the most part. There was a toilet and shower by the washer and dryer and a room that Bill and Helen did a lot of the work on designated for the boys. There was no air conditioning and that was challenging even for Helen who liked the heat. There were days the heat and humidity would overwhelm her and she would be so frustrated because it limited what she could do. Bill and Helen didn't have the level of income their neighbors did. It was a smaller house in a neighborhood with larger homes that all had air conditioning. The clothes dryer was also a first. (remember the clothesline?) Bill recorded their first month's finances in his journal.

Item	Amount	Item	Amount	Item	Amount	Item	Amount
Tithing	\$120	Mortgage	\$215	Insurance	\$62	Clothing	\$50
Medical-Dental	\$20	Music	\$15	Gas-Elec	\$45	Telephone	\$12
Charity	\$10	Savings	\$15	Groceries	\$200	House/Yard	\$10
Car	\$25	WRH-Allow	\$40	RHH-Allow	\$8	WSH-Allow	\$8
Milk/Eggs	\$25					Total	\$880

Ron and Scott had learned to play Bridge the summer of 1962 and when they arrived in Omaha, they would challenge Helen and Bill and stay up very late playing cards. Not sure who won those games.

Attending church in Omaha was so much more convenient and the short drive allowed for midweek activities. Helen became the Young Women's President within two months of coming to Omaha.

The first day of school found Helen getting scolded by Debbie's teacher who had sent her home for more lunch. The teacher didn't think a dill pickle was enough. Then Debbie was excused to bring her dog Cookie home who had invaded the 2nd grade, and when school let out the yard was full of kids who were jumping on the trampoline. " Leo Gordon gave the Boys' Club a 6 X 12 American trampoline. Set it up in my yard until the club is finished. Boy oh boy are the kids happy and bouncing !! Adults too. "(Bill Hinckley Journal August/September 1962)

Just two weeks later Teri had been attempting a double back on the trampoline with safety precautions in check. She missed and landed on the support bar. Bounced up and appeared to be fine. However, within a couple of days she was paralyzed on the left and without feeling on the right sides of her body. Most likely the result of a spinal bleed. Helen, was at the hospital every visiting hour (back then that's the only time family could come) She even brought a TV, a friend proffered to her hospital room. Finally on October 3 Teri returned home. She had been fitted for leg braces and was working toward her new normal. Helen was her advocate at school, church and community organizations such as the Girl Scouts. Helen was actively involved as a parent, certainly to ensure that Teri was afforded every opportunity.

Within a few days of Teri coming home, her dear friend Donna Williams (See early married life) called to let her know Reed had passed away. Helen was extremely upset about his passing and they decided that Bill would travel to Idaho for the funeral. Seeing her grief over Reed's death was



a new look into her personality. Less than a month later Helen's father passed away. After the initial shock she made her plan to travel west by train for his funeral.

On November 3, 1962 Helen traveled on the "City of Portland" train to Pocatello, Idaho to be picked up by her sister Joann and her husband Blair. The funeral was well attended and then there was the reading of the will. She stated it all fatigued her. (Of course).

This photo is the day of the funeral with her siblings; Joann, Byron, Doug, Paul, Don and Ross.

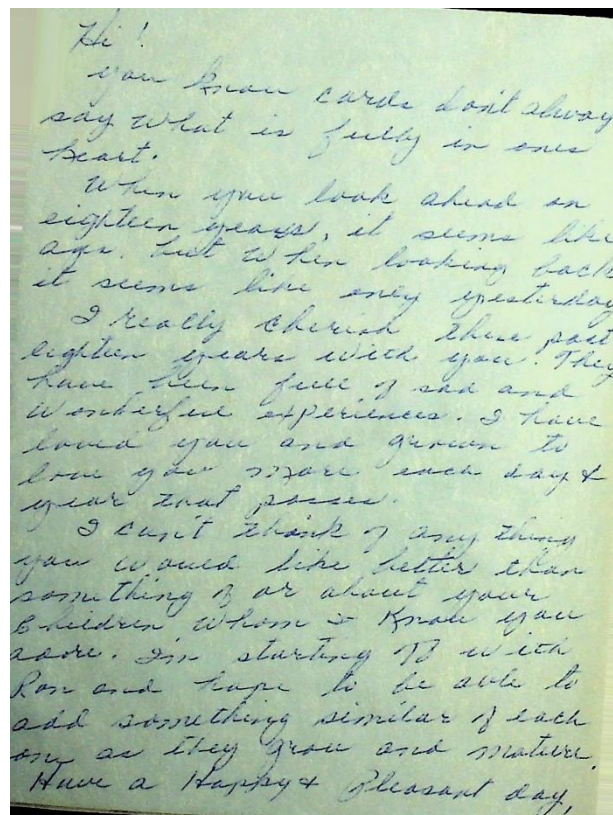
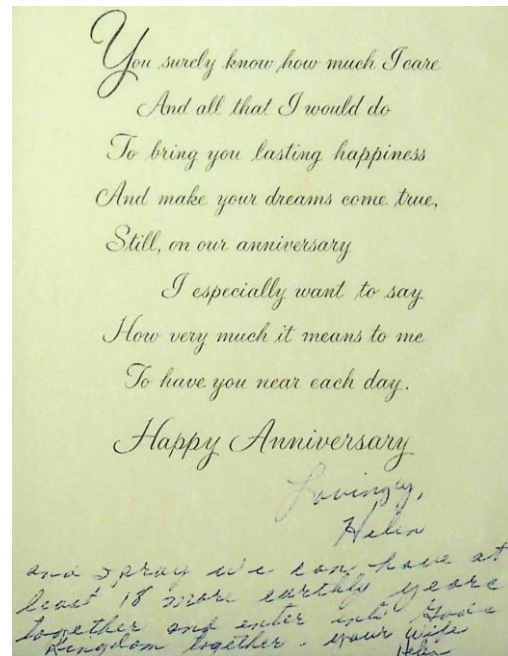
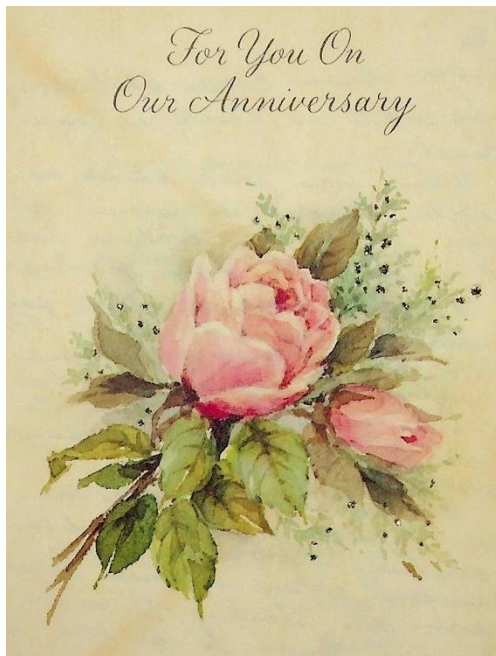
Back home, Bill was overwhelmed with household and parenting responsibilities. Bill even stated "On just 24 hours our appreciation for Helen has jumped 100%."

The initial four months in Omaha were anything but settled.

1963-1969

Up to this point in her married life we have had the benefit of bill's journal entries to give us some hints about her character and personality in addition to our very young memories. These remaining years are dependent upon a few cards and letters and the memories of her four older children, which may differ in details but not in generalities and spirit. First some correspondence between them.

This card was given to Bill in 1963



After locating two letters from Bill to Helen, and one from Helen to Bill in either 1964 or 1965. The confusion rises as the envelope from Helen is dated November 14, 1964 but she typed November 14, 1965 on her letter. The hope was they would contain some lovely sentiments toward her. Not to be. Both of their letters were detailed travel and event logs and he offered an admonition for her to water the lawn, soak the flowers and take a trowel and turn up the soil. Bill at the time had been entertaining some new career options and that's what took him away to New York and a trip to Dartmouth to visit with Ron. Helen was very supportive in her letter; "I miss you very much, but realize that this trip will be good for you in more ways than one. You can talk, think, discuss and get a broader prospective of the happenings of the past few months. I know that you have some very difficult and important decisions to make and I want to help in any way I can."

Helen does share with Bill that she is directing the children in completing household tasks. Helen always made certain all of the kids had an opportunity to learn how to clean properly. The boys had to scrub the kitchen floor on hands and knees, Scott and Ron cleaned windows and screens, she taught the girls proper dusting, and how to keep drawers clean and organized. She always took cleaning projects to the next level. No dirt or grime in her window sills.

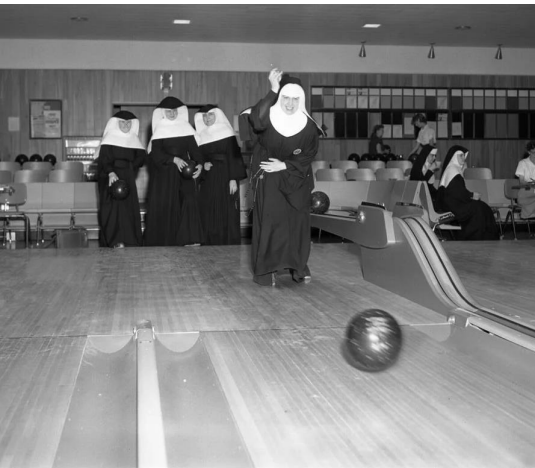
In 1966 Bill, Helen and the girls traveled to Minneapolis for his meetings. While he was in meetings, Helen and the girls were shopping and visited the Boys' Club. Helen had her first and only accident in the car we are aware of, someone hit her right in front of the club.

In 1967 Bill's wedding anniversary card to Helen was on a Boys' Club memo form. Very typical Bill.

GENE EPPLEY BOYS' CLUB	
2200 NORTH 20TH STREET • OMAHA 10, NEBRASKA • PHONE 342-2300	
M E S S A G E	R E P L Y
<p>TO [HELEN Hinkley 8614 HARVEY ST. [OMAHA, NEBRASKA]</p> <p>DATE October 25, 1967</p> <p>I feel that our dinner & movie of last week was good for us but not quite on the level of a Wedding Anniversary - particularly a 22nd year one. Please use the enclosed for you personally. Skirts, Blouses, stockings, dress - anything - for you.</p> <p>BY "Hink"</p>	<p>DATE</p> <p style="font-size: 2em; text-align: center;">Happy Anniversary Dear!</p> <p>SIGNED</p>

As Bill stated in his journal the Hinckleys were a sports family. The boys were involved in school and church sports and the family attended every game they could, sometimes dividing the responsibility. Bills high school, college, and post college participation was a catalyst for the kids. Helen even welcomed sports on the television and supporting Thanksgiving and New Years dinner with two televisions on to watch the football games. (Remember this is the mid to late 60's, all there was at the time was network television) One also can't live in Nebraska and not love Nebraska football-at least when she lived there. While she didn't get to see them play for a national championship she understood the exhilaration of a large stadium and crazy fans.

As part of the Omaha Rotary Club there was a husband wife bowling league at the Rose Bowl on North Saddle Creek Road. Of interest, Omaha was once known as the bowling capital of the world. There was one bowling lane for every 654 persons. Helen's bowling ball is still around, but you have to have very petite fingers for it to fit. " I took Teri and Debbie bowling. It was a lot of fun. They



each bowled 3 lines while I bowled two. 45 cents a line plus 15 cents for renting a pair of shoes. I bowled a 187- first bowling I had done in 8 years. Teri wanted practice for when her Sunday School class goes bowling." WRH Journal Nov., 22, 1962

This photo is from 1959 in Omaha when 100 sisters from nearby convents took part in a bowling tournament

The Rotary Bowling League had a baby shower for Helen and Bill and shared this poem with them in

August of 1968.

The mixed up Rotary Bowling League
Set a record that's hard to beat.
It wasn't for bowling that fame came our way,
But a much more marvelous feat.

The average age of our August group
Is slightly beyond child rearing.
But nobody told our Helen and Bill
And what happened to them we're all fearing

The gals all cluster and start talking pills
But the husbands have lack-luster eyes.
They know in their hearts it's a matter of age
No matter the number of tries.

We'll all have to hand it to Helen and Bill
Their lost youth isn't gone, that's for sure.
And with tiny new feet running all around the
house
They will need it and lots and lots more,

With all the rest of this decrepit bunch
There's only one thing we can do.
So we reached in our pockets for a wee bit of
dough
And came up with these things pink and blue

If Helen and Bill will please come to the front
The gifts we would like to bestow.
With one admonition to one and to all
This is wonderful, great – but no mo!

Helen was a good-natured person, with the feisty personality mentioned early. She was very talented at scolding you and setting the record straight. But, if you made her cry-with typical teenage disobedience like missing curfew, lying to her about your whereabouts, Bill would set you straight. His message was a powerful “don’t you ever dare hurt my sweetheart again.”.

Helen had a sewing machine and she sewed Halloween costumes and a couple of dance dresses, but she wasn’t a great seamstress and sewing was never a passion. Teri found out that hurting her feelings was met with Bill’s emphatic “don’t you dare...” when she announced she didn’t like the dress Helen had made for the eighth grade dance. He was so proud of Helen, and knows she sweat bullets making the dress. Unfortunately, Teri didn’t understand the true sacrifice until she was a mother.

In Omaha you could look out the bedroom windows upstairs down to the driveway and often see Helen sitting in the car. She had a habit of biting the inside of her cheek while she thought. She often sat in the car for quite a while before coming into the house. It must have been a moment of respite for her.

Helen was always trying diet plans and diet over the counter aids. Prior to their big push in popularity Helen discovered “Ayds” advertised as an appetite-suppressant candy. It was an on again, off again endeavor. But, being married to Bill Hinckley wouldn’t make dieting a very easy task.



Helen enjoyed coffee and when she made the decision to keep the health guidelines of the Church she switched to Postum a powdered roasted grain caffeine free beverage, used as a coffee substitute. Postum was always in the house and she loved a hot drink. That’s not to say she didn’t indulge every now and then with a coffee.

As part of the family religious activities there were efforts made to keep Monday nights, often Sunday nights for Family Home Evening. A night for setting calendars, reviewing gospel topics, playing games, family outings etc. One time the family was playing Twister and the whole family was convoluted on top of the game board, which was a plastic cloth about 10X10 – someone said something about the “smell” and we all broke out laughing and fell on top of one another. Helen was in hysterics the moment and her laughter was memorable.

There is one note that Helen jotted in a calendar about a Family Home Evening that was a bit more somber, and given the timing perhaps even more so now.


Tuesday, January 21 1964

FEBRUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

9 Kather normal day
 today, ~~not~~ but the
 10 evening was different - We
 11 had a Family Home evening
 hour. WRH conducting -
 12 we discussed some important
 1 matters about spirits & the
 2 gospel. Information given to
 3 WRH from Bro. Kimball -
 4 We filled out the Family
 5 Calendar and knelt for
 Family Prayer. I think we
 all had a clear, clean
 feeling after - anyway, we
~~received~~ ^{received} more calm.
 Wednesday, January 22

In keeping with walking everywhere, even after getting a driver's license Helen and the girls would walk to the Countryside Village Shopping Center and buy groceries. The map says it's a mile distance and a 22 minute walk. She didn't walk the streets, but walked through the Swanson School Park, and Christ the King Catholic Church grounds. Three large brown grocery bags, as Debbie remembers were about \$27.

Helen traveled with Bill to Boys' Club national conventions and to other Boys' Clubs for regional meetings. In 1965, again in typical Bill fashion he gave her this Easter note prior to a convention in Miami. The cut off portion seems to say "Brer Rabbit WRH". The notepad this paper came from was one he had from New York, given the phone number. Up until the mid 1960's phone numbers were alphanumeric and usually were associated with a location.

 FROM THE DESK OF -
 BILL HINCKLEY
 Oriole 6-1460
 EASTER - 1965
 No EASTER "Bunny"
 in 1965 for you "Honey" -
 CAUSE -
 I'm saving my "Eggs" For Miami
 So "WE" can paint the town . . .
 Just my "baby" & ME
 "Brer Rabbit WRH"

Given there are not a lot of pictures of Helen from Omaha, we are including these random photos from 1963-64.



Top left is Helen with Debbie, Teri and Scott at an International Peace Garden. Top Right is Richard Callahan, Marge Callahan, Teri, Scott, Helen, Debbie and Dominick. The Callahan's were very good friends in Omaha and had a cabin west of Omaha they often invited us to. Helen was always gracious about inviting kids from the Boys' Clubs or from our school and neighborhood and welcomed them no matter what the circumstances. Dominick was from Locust Valley and he eventually came to work in Omaha after his Military obligations. Dominick loved Helen and treated her like his mother. Bottom left, Helen with Teri and Debbie, bottom right, Scott, Helen, Teri and Debbie. (Absolutely no shame in wearing rollers in your hair while sightseeing)

About 1966 Helen, Bill, Teri and Deb made a trip west again to Rexburg, California and Moses Lake, Washington where Bill's sister Wilma was living.

These two photos are from Hibbard, Idaho. Ed Sommer, Helen's step father in-law, and Lovernia Johnson, Bill's aunt.



Helen and her brother Paul, in Merced, CA



Helen, her sister Joann and daughter Sara, in Rexburg, ID



Helen and Family in Moses Lake, WA

Meanwhile, back in Omaha there is another wonderful story about the trampoline. The way our yard was you could see the front and back yard because of the bend on Harney Street. One day Helen was out jumping on the trampoline and there was a utility van of some sort driving by. The driver of the van was looking at Helen and missed the slight bend in the road and ran up the curb into a street light. She had a way of getting folks attention.

This story that Debbie tells is a great insight into her sarcastic side.

“I was washing dishes and Teri was sweeping the floor. Teri made me mad and I threw a wet soapy dishcloth at her. She ducked and it hit the wall. We tried to clean it and the wallpaper started peeling off so we hung a cheeseboard over it thinking we could hide the damage. I knew we were busted when Mom said something to the effect of...hanging the cheeseboard was a nice idea but I’m not sure I would have put it right next to the phone!”

Helen continued to be involved in her church and community. As mentioned, she was President of the Young Women’s and Primary groups at church, a Girl Scout leader, PTA Officer, a swimming instructor for special needs children, and an all around busy Mom supporting four children, their activities and Bill on a 24/7 basis.

In 1968, Helen took Debbie and Teri to lunch at a restaurant which was close to the New Tower Motel where the Omaha journey had begun. She was in a lovely yellow and white dress. During the meal she told us she was pregnant. Being teenage girls, we were pretty excited. And, of course didn’t even think about the fact by now she was 45 years old. There was a box at the restaurant that had a lot of plastic toys in it you could select from upon leaving. Debbie, picked out our new baby brother’s first toy.



There was a great deal of excitement in the family and Bill had this illustration created to announce the pregnancy. It doesn’t seem quite fair to have portrayed Helen as an old hag – she was 45, had beautiful brunette hair and was absolutely filled with the pregnancy glow. It’s actually too bad not to have photos of her from her pregnancy.

However, later in the pregnancy Helen began to have more discomfort than usual even for a 45 year old woman.

On August 15, 1968 Helen entered the hospital because of extreme pain and back discomfort. She was released five days later and with a rented hospital bed she become a bit more comfortable and spent her ninth month at home.

On September 25, 1968 Richard Shane Hinckley (named after Richard Callahan) was born. Teri and Debbie smothered him with love and affection. Scott was on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in the North Western states of the U.S. and Ron had completed a mission in July and was attending Dartmouth and transferred from Dartmouth to Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah in January 1969. Our community of

friends were so thoughtful and reached out to provide assistance. Mrs. Warren (Susan) Buffett bought Helen a rocking chair and Fred and Katie Buffett provided us with a diaper service. (Disposal diapers were just gaining popularity but very expensive). Others brought in meals, shared lovely baby gifts and offered assistance. This was so welcomed especially given Helen's health took an unwelcome turn.

Helen continued with severe pain and was readmitted to the hospital and on October 9th she underwent major surgery, but unfortunately there was no means for surgery to be of benefit. She was diagnosed with Hodgkin's Disease and began radiation treatment and chemo therapy. (In 1968 radiation and surgery were the most common forms of medical management for Hodgkins. Chemo Therapy treatments had just been initiated, and there were still clinical trials ongoing as the chemo drugs were refined.) Letters and cards came pouring in, friends from Locust Valley including; Voriseks, Dykstras, Andersons and from Rexburg; Aunt Lovernia and her daughters, Helen's brothers and Boys' Club colleagues from around the country. There were hundreds of people expressing their congratulations for Shane's birth and concern for Helen.

In typical Helen fashion she was determined to beat cancer and lived the next year as fully as she could. Helen and Bill were extremely optimistic, Helen even made fun of her chemo tanned belly. In November of 1968 Helen typed the following "memo" so she could respond to all of her friends for the kindness shown to her and the family. Since this history contains so few of Helen's personal expressions it seems fitting to share her thoughts.

Although I am regaining my strength and stamina on a day to day basis, I have not yet progressed to the point where I could sustain the effort that would be needed to write the dozens and dozens of personal thank-you notes to good friends like you who were so kind as to send best wishes and encouraging thoughts while I was so very ill. So, wanting to acknowledge your kindness and thoughtfulness, I asked Bill to have some memos run off for me at his office.

We have been truly blessed. Our new baby - Richard Shane Hinckley - is so precious. He is a good baby (he has been sleeping through the entire night since he was five weeks old) and seems to enjoy all of the love and attention he gets as much as those who give him their love and attention.

Shane is growing like a weed and bears a great amount of physical similarity (looks) to his father. I suspect that his appetite also is being shaped in the image of his father's.

My doctors tell me that my progress is "dramatic and remarkable". Apparently, my pregnancy helped identify the presence of the tumors well in advance of when they might otherwise have been detected. This early detection, the fact that the tumors are apparently very sensitive to radiation, and the special blessing I received through the priesthood are really doing wonders.

The ladies from my Church Relief Society Organization have been most helpful - bringing meals into the house, baby sitting while I go for my daily cobalt treatments, etc. Their efforts, together with the helping hand I get from Bill and my two teen-age daughters, seem to get the day to day tasks done that are a part of every household.

I felt well enough to accept a Thanksgiving dinner invitation to the home of Ed and Donnis Borchers (Ed is President of the Boys' Club). They enjoyed the baby and all of us Hinckleys enjoyed the lovely dinner Donnis had prepared. Normally, my appetite (due to the cobalt treatments) leaves a lot to be desired. However, I ate an awful lot of Thanksgiving dinner and then came home and had one of the best night's sleep I've had in months.

Fred and Katie Buffett - more good friends - sent a turkey over to the house and Bill roasted it on Saturday (that old sheep-herder has turned out to be a pretty good cook) and enjoyed a lovely family meal just prior to Ron's leaving to get back to Dartmouth and his studies.

Bill gets down to the office about 6:30 in the morning and comes home at 9:00 a.m. to be with the baby while I go to the hospital for treatments. Susie Buffett, a friend, comes over every Tuesday (Bill has weekly staff meetings on Tuesday) to watch the baby.

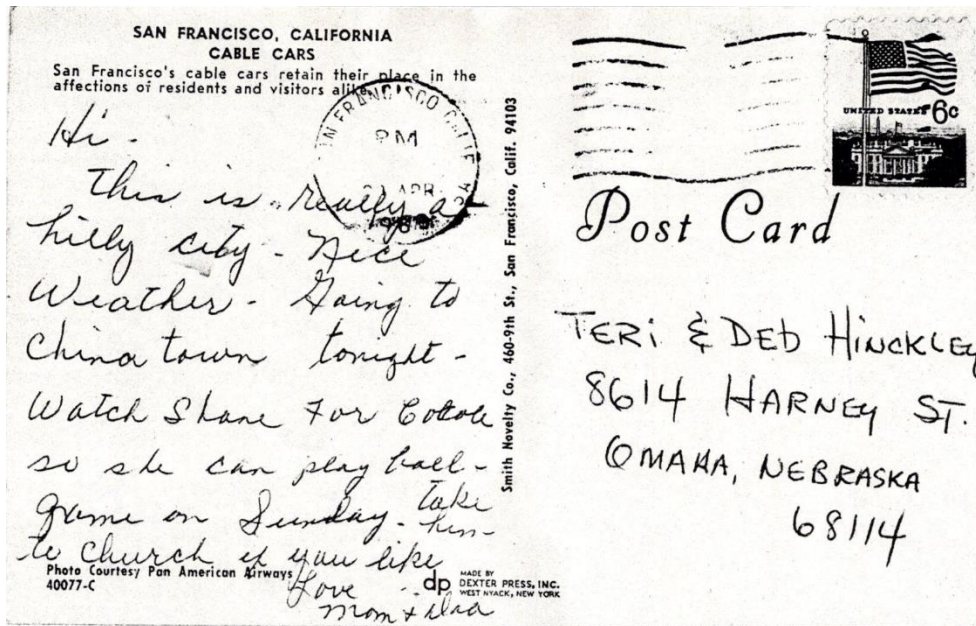
Bill and I usually have lunch together and then he goes back to the Boys' Club for the afternoon and evening sessions knowing that one of the girls will be home between 3:00 and 4:00 p.m.

Teri has been working three days a week at the Buffett restaurant.

I started this memo with the thought of saying thank you for the love and kindness you gave me during a most trying time and to assure you that all goes well and that I am making good progress with each day's passing. Somehow, I have wandered on into a sort of newsletter. Sorry about that

Again, thank you so very, very much.

In April she traveled with Bill to San Francisco and sent this post card to the girls.





Helen and Shane March 1969



Shane, Bill and Helen-July 1969

In June 1969, Helen starting feeling unwell again and following a medical check up, another tumor was identified and she started radiation again. Ron had met Cathy Deardorf in Omaha upon returning from his mission and she was attending Brigham Young University. He transferred to BYU in January and since Cathy's parents were living in Omaha, the summer was spent working, helping at home and planning a wedding in September in the Idaho Falls Temple. Helen had enlisted the help of her sister Joann, in Rexburg to help with a small reception at Joann's home. Helen was planning on making the trip for the wedding. She penned a letter to Joann on July 14, including the photo above of her and Shane. We have included some excerpts from that letter, in her hand writing.

Dear Joann
Just a note to send this Snap Shot of the Baby & me - was taken a while ago - as you can see. He is 9 1/2 mos. now & walking all over the house.
As usual, we are busy as ever - and its a hot Summer - 99 today & high humidity.
In back for cobalt treatments - Wasnt feeling too well about 3 weeks ago. My back was bothering me & I went in for treatment &

they started me right on treatment - its on my stomach Area again im sending ^(a picture) along for Mark, Ron & Byron & Don.
Go ahead & Plan for the catering for 50 & a cake. If all goes well, we should be out the 1st wk in Sept.

I hope to be off cobalt by then - its harder to take when its hot.



Shane, Ron, Helen, Cathy,
Teri and Debbie-July 1969

On August 11, 1969 Helen was back in surgery and the physicians were going to remove her left kidney which was positive for Hodgkins, but they determined the better course of treatment was to continue to radiate the bad kidney. The pain had been and was continuing to

minimize her ability to function. By the end of August physicians indicated she could fly to Salt Lake and travel to Idaho Falls for Ron and Cathy's wedding which was September 5, 1969.

On August 26, Bill, Teri, Debbie and "Baby Shane" (a term of endearment given to Shane by so many) traveled to Salt Lake City. Shane finally got disposable diapers – yay, it made the trip so much easier. We picked Helen up at the Salt Lake airport, and as Bill had time for so many years, he had a mattress in the back of the station wagon on which Helen lay for the trip to Idaho. There were plenty of stops as Helen was quite ill.

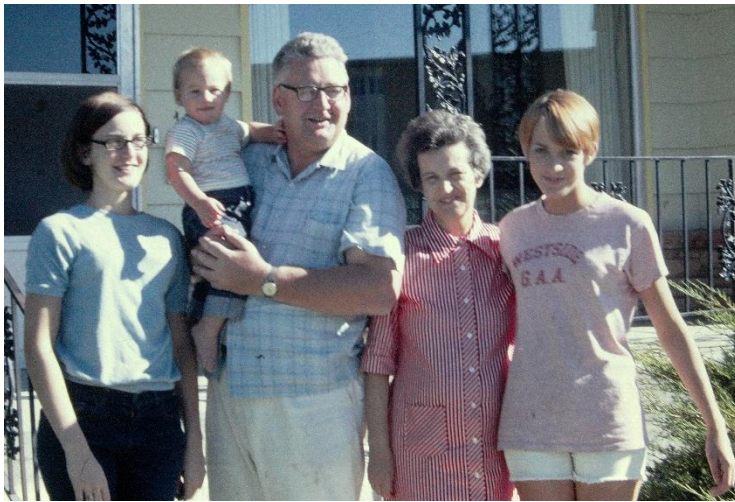
Helen, despite her illness wanted to make this trip and share our new "Baby Shane" and Ron's sweetheart Cathy with all of her family and friends and witness Ron and Cathy's wedding. All of Helen's brothers and her sister were able to "come home" for the wedding and to see Helen. Helen was very ill in Idaho and in bed most of the trip.

Helen flew back to Omaha a few days following the wedding with her brother Douglas Harris accompanying her as he was headed back to Washington, D.C. Helen continued to decline and within a few days passed away from this life.

"In all things, she championed truth, integrity, and honesty, and always gave freely of her time, talents and resources in support of charitable and humanitarian programs. Supportive of her husband's work with underprivileged children, she frequently opened her heart and her home to delinquent and needy children by taking them into her own home where she provided them with a full share of her motherly love and devotion. A hard worker who was dedicated to making the world a better place for all mankind to live in. A person of long suffering and deep love and devotion to her family and church. Helen departed this earth at 11:45 p.m. September 12, 1969." (William Russell Hinckley)



Doug, Joann, Paul, Helen, Byron, Ross and Don



Teri Shane, Bill, Helen, Debbie



Joann and Helen



Since Helen's passing, members of her family have had touching spiritual moments where her presence was felt, knowing she was "there" watching over us.

Helen did not doubt and did not fear, she sowed that which was good, was built upon a rock and looked unto the Savior in every thought. She kept the commandments, and inherited the kingdom of heaven. (D&C 6:33-37)

The loss of Helen for her family left a significant void, yet then and now they are shored up knowing there is a plan of happiness, a promise given through the Atonement of Jesus Christ that pursuing the covenant path will bring the greatest promise of an eternal family and the embrace of our dear mother and savior Jesus Christ.

Sources:

Many of the sources were collected and scanned by Scott and Teri and are available in electronic file folders, C:\Users\Teri\OneDrive\Teri\Family\FamilyHistory\Harris\HJH, retained by Teri Hinckley Chase-Dunn, with the exception of Joann Harris Manwaring's life history, which is in paper format and in Teri's family history collections. Scott Hinckley is in possession of and transcribed the journals of William Russell Hinckley that source is available on the hinckleyharris.family website. Shane Hinckley is in possession of the letters and cards sent at the time of his birth and Helen's illness.

