

“Dear Sister Zina . . . Dear Brother Hugh . . .”

Mary Brown Firmage

“MOTHER, DO YOU KNOW YOUR BOYFRIEND is a poor, old, decrepit, forgotten has-been? I can’t see to read, I can’t hear, my nose drips, my hands shake, I drool. Here I come, just shuffling down the hall, not good for a darn thing, and nobody loves me anymore!”

It was August 1971, and Hugh B. Brown’s name had not been included in the list of General Authorities invited to the first area conference of the Church in Manchester, England — perhaps a prudent decision in view of his waning health. Still, he had hoped for one more visit to his old mission field.

Except at rare and unpredictable intervals, “Mother” Zina had been unable to speak for the last five years due to a massive stroke. As he approached her bedside, Zina reached for his hand and haltingly spoke: “Oh, you poor, poor boy!” Her eyes twinkled mock sympathy, and together they laughed themselves to tears, acknowledging yet another pruning of the currant bush.

Seventy-two years earlier in the fall of 1899, Homer M. and Lydia Jane Brown and eleven of their fourteen children had journeyed to Cardston, Canada, seeking economic opportunity. Cardston had been colonized scarcely thirteen years earlier by Zina’s parents, Charles O. and Zina Young Card. Eighteen-year-old Hugh met thirteen-year-old “Little Zina” at a social and was smitten by the girl with golden ringlets. He turned to his mother and confided, “Some day I am going to marry that girl.” His mother answered, “I hope you do.”

The rigors of establishing and maintaining the Mormon colony eventually damaged Charles Card’s health, forcing him to return to Logan in 1903 with his wife Zina and their family. Presumably, Hugh’s decision to attend a pre-mission class at Brigham Young College in Logan the next year was precipitated by the Cards’ presence there. His mother arranged for him to board

MARY BROWN FIRMAGE presented a version of this paper at the Mormon History Association meetings at Oxford, England, July 1987 and is now serving in the England London Temple Mission.

with the Cards in exchange for Hugh's help with their ailing father. According to one of Zina's memoirs, "Hugh helped care for father so tenderly, he won our hearts."

The following year Hugh wrote from his mission in Cambridge, England:

Jan. 19, 1905

Dear Sister Zina

Your esteemed favor of the 30th . . . was read and re-read with interest and pleasure. . . . I . . . wish I could spend another winter as pleasant as last winter was.

Thus began a pivotal correspondence in the lives of Hugh Brown and Zina Card. After the death of our father, Elder Hugh B. Brown, on 2 December 1975, nearly a year after mother's the previous December, my sisters and I had the solemn joy of going through old trunks, boxes, and barrels. Among other treasures, we found a bundle of letters tied with a blue ribbon — a tender chapter in the lives of our parents, their correspondence while father was filling his mission in England. Actually, these letters constituted their courtship because many miles of land and water separated them from 1905 to 1908, the year of their marriage.

Perhaps the salutation of the next letter from 324 Mill Road, Cambridge, England, dated 15 March 1905, reveals Hugh's hope for a warmer friendship better than the "Dear Sister Zina . . ." of the first letter, and twenty-two-year-old Hugh nonchalantly seals it with a kiss.

Dear Friend and Sister: —

It always affords me pleasure to hear from my friends in far off Utah and more especially from those with whom I spent many happy days one year ago; and altho thousands of miles of land and water separate us now, my mind often reverts to dear old Logan and the pleasant times at the B.Y.C.

I have been enjoying (?) solitude for nearly three weeks as my companion has been released. Tell Joseph [Zina's elder brother] that I have come to the conclusion that "It is not good for man to be alone." . . . But on the whole I am enjoying my labors and altho we have no saints here I have been successful in holding several cottage meetings but imagine my feelings when at the first meeting I was the only elder and had to do all the talking and praying etc. but I knew that I was representing the true Gospel which knowledge, together with the assurance of assistance in time of need, gave me courage. But when I left home I little thought that I would have to hold my first meeting without the aid of an experienced Elder. I imagine I see you smiling to think of me as an accomplished "bear-tone" but one consolation is the fact that it cannot be brought against me in after years, unless, perchance some of the listeners should emigrate and then I would have to flee or use an abundance of "hush money" to keep the fact quiet that while in England I was a "so-low-ist."

It is raining quite fast so I must stay in the house alone all day, reading, writing, whistling and thinking "what is home without a companion." . . . How I would like to partake of a meal prepared by you at college. These English ladies are good cooks but their dinners lack that dainty finish and delicate taste which I so much enjoyed while in Logan.

Well Zina, give my love to your folks. . . . I will be very pleased to hear from you soon and often if you can spare the time from your studies and your 'beau' does not object to your corresponding with

Your loving Brother
Hugh B. Brown
S. W. A. K.

Zina primly answers in plurals "we" and "us."

Logan, Utah, March 31, 1905

Dear Brother Hugh:

It gives you no more pleasure to hear from Utah than it gives us to get a letter from England. . . . When [my brother] Joseph read your letter he said, "I wish I were there with him." . . .

June will be an eventful month for us this year; on the first day the Youngs are going to hold their annual celebration of Grandfather's [Brigham Young's] birthday, the B.Y.C. taking part in the affair; on the second is Commencement day, on the ninth is the big day for Logan, then Joseph and Leona will be married about the middle [of June] I think. . . . I wish that we could waft you across the waters to join in all the festivities for we all think of you as our brother and one of the family. Papa is with us this week . . . and sends his regards and blessings to you. . . .

So you have to take all parts on the program, it is a good though trying experience for you and I know you are equal to it all. My beau is very submissive, so much so that he never says a word pro nor con about my correspondence. Mother sends her love to her son Hugh. . . .

Your loving sister,
Z Y C

At the top of the next letter from Zina dated 9 April 1905 she writes: "I will bake this letter so it can't carry any smallpox germs." The Card family is quarantined — Joseph has smallpox. And Zina speaks shyly:

Mother says to tell you that she thinks of you every day and we almost wish you were quarantined with us.

You know how welcome your kind, brotherly letters are so write soon to your imprisoned sister.

As ever,
Your loving sister,
Zina Card.

In May Hugh drops the formal "Dear Sister" and begins with a more intimate

Dear Zina: —

Yesterday morning just as I was starting out in the country to tract, the Postman . . . handed me two letters from Logan and I assure you, the day was much brighter for me. . . . Elder West and I walked out to a neighboring town, ten miles . . . and just before going into town we came to a large hedge by a brook where we stopped and ate our lunch, and then I read your kind letters over again and entered the town with a light heart . . . for there was "Sunshine in my . . . pocket." . . . I shall be very anxious about you until I hear that you are all entirely out of danger. . . . I wish I could have been there to help your mother. . . . It would have been a pleasure for me to have shared your sorrows as I have shared your pleasures in the past. . . . I enjoy my labors very much and my testimony is strengthened each day as I compare the true doctrines of Christ with the precepts of men and notice the strife and contentions among the different sects. . . . In the midst of darkness light is sprung up, and I thank God for that light and hope to be the means in his hand of showing it unto others. . . .

Your affectionate Friend and Brother
Hugh B. Brown

Zina is still guarded, sending affection only through convenient messages from her parents.

Logan, Utah, June 9, '05

Dear Missionary Brother: —

. . . Papa just said, "Give him my best wishes for success on his mission and my blessings." . . . [My brother] Rega and I both escaped having [the smallpox] for which we feel very grateful to God. . . . There were lots of nice boys and girls here at the B.Y.C. this year, especially the former. . . . I shall put some pansies in [this letter]. . . .

A hint of the coquette surfaces, or perhaps she wants Hugh to know she is not pining on the vine.

We all intended to go for a ride tonight and then to the dance. . . . There is a big parade tomorrow forenoon and games of all kinds all day, dancing and theatre, etc. all night. Hugh, I hope that this rambling letter will not give you a nervous headache. . . . Mother sends her love and says you are doing a noble work and loves to hear from you. I am ever

Your loving friend and sister,
Zina

Finally, she has discarded the formality of the full name.

Zina is still in a teasing mood in her next letter, telling Hugh of the summer's pleasantries, but also flattering his ego by asking for advice.

If I should tell you of all our good times I would make matters worse. . . .

We came home from the canyon last Sat. where we had been for nearly a week. . . . While in the canyon we went hunting with the boys and riding behind them, . . . and climbed Yes Hugh, I rode behind my cousin Cecil Gates. Does that sound better? . . .

Hugh, tell your little sister which you think would be best for me to do. Take up elocution entirely after this coming year of school or qualify as a Domestic Science teacher?¹ . . . Mother has left it with me and I don't know which to do. . . . When you get your picture taken brother, I would like one.

The thermostat creeps up a smidgen in the salutation of Hugh's next letter, but he manfully holds himself in check as he vicariously enjoys Logan's summer pleasantries.

324 Mill Road
Cambridge
Aug. 1/05

My Dear Sister Zina:

Your welcome letter of [the] 13th . . . almost made me wish I were back in Logan but it had such a spirit of "good times" that I could not get homesick for I felt that I was there with you. Perhaps I had better not say how I felt after I had read it and started to think of the six thousand miles which lay between us. . . .

¹ Elocution was a popular course of study in the early twentieth century. Students were taught to render dramatic readings with grace of body, voice, and gestures. Elocutionists enjoyed popularity on the stage and were often called upon to entertain at private functions. During her early adult years Zina was frequently invited to give readings at church functions and at private socials. Her children remember with fondness the many "home evenings" when she would read such pieces as "Little Orphan Annie" and "The Raggedy Man."



HUGH B. BROWN AND ZINA Y. CARD, CA. 1905.

I am very pleased that you have had such a fine time this summer and I hope it may continue. How I would enjoy a good old waltz or two-step, but if I will just be patient for fifteen or sixteen months I guess I can begin to think of such things, but in the meantime I am enjoying myself immensely only in another line. I do enjoy missionary work and my whole desire is that I may do my duty. The Lord has greatly blessed me with friends here and I am thankful that I have been instrumental in bringing some to investigate the truth. I often wish that more of our sisters could have the opportunity of doing missionary work in the world but I suppose their work, which is great, is nearer home. I am called to leave Cambridge next week so my address will be changed. . . . I think I will be in Norwich. . . .

I hope you will be successful in your schooling. As to which would be best for you to follow of the two courses you mentioned, it would be hard to decide but I think you are especially gifted as an elocutionist. I know you will make a success of whatever you undertake. . . .

Give my love to your folks and accept a large portion 'for old times sake.'
Believe me as ever

Your Devoted Brother
Hugh B. Brown

I will send you a Photo when I get a good one taken and would be very pleased with one of yours . . .

Lovingly,
Hugh

Zina encloses her photograph in her next letter, and Hugh admits to its causing some no doubt gratifying palpitation.

83 Rosehill RD
Ipswich
England
Sept 2/ '05

Dear Zina —

As I am all alone tonight I will have a little chat with you thru the mail, but how I would enjoy a real conversation with you. Your Photo made me long to see you. It was indeed very good. You have changed some since I last saw you. I am very pleased with it and thank you for it. My companion thinks I have "got it bad" because I look at it once in a while but I really can't help it for it makes me think of by-gone days, and endeavor to look into the future, which, perhaps for a wise purpose is veiled.

As you will notice from the heading I am in Ipswich, just eight miles from the German Ocean. It is on the Orwell River, where so many battles have been fought in olden days, and has a population of 75,000 of which thirty are Latter-day Saints. So you see we have a wide field of labor with a very small beginning, but with the blessings of the Lord we hope to be able to bring some to a knowledge of the truth.

Elder Martin I. Bushman of Provo is my companion & is a good man, my senior by fifteen years and the father of a family and I believe after all that the young men are troubled less with homesickness than those who have left wife and family. One of the elders has sent for his wife to come over. She will spend a few months here until he is released and they will return together. It will be a fine trip for her and a happy conclusion to his missionary work in the world; I wish they would send you over here to help me finish my mission, after this school year is over; maybe you'll receive a call. . . .

I don't expect to be in Ipswich long as Pres. Grover wants me to go in to headquarters in about two weeks and stay there (Norwich) this winter but the address is changed from Valentine Street. . . .

Well Zina, I must conclude this rambling letter or you will tire reading it. My, but it does seem a long time to wait a month before I hear from you again but Au-revoir.

I beg to remain
Your Loving Friend
Hugh

As expected, Hugh is transferred to Norwich. His next letter mirrors his daydreams of the future and also describes his part in a perennial missionary prank.

Miss Zina Y. Card
Logan, Utah

3 Valentine St
Norwich, England
10/17/ '05

Dear Zina:

I am now laboring in Norwich, the headquarters of the conference; President H. A. Grover of Idaho and G. F. Webb are my companions and we are kept busy as this is the largest branch in the conference. . . .

I was surprised to hear of Hazel's wedding also Mary and Attena's. It seems that all of the young people in Canada are getting a spirit of unity.

When this letter reaches you I will be a year old in the mission field and it has been one of the most enjoyable and profitable years of my life and perhaps next year by this time I will be thinking of returning but Pres. [Heber J.] Grant tells us not to expect our releases until we get them, but I will not worry about that.

The elder's wife that I spoke of in my last letter came and surprised him, it was amusing to watch him when she walked in unawares, he did not expect her for a month. Oh yes! she brought a cake for Elder Bushman from his wife in Provo and we elders here in Norwich sampled it before sending it on to him at Ipswich. My! but it did taste good and 'Yankeefied' but we had to suffer for our rash act in the displeasure of Sister Boyer and Elder Bushman, it is not safe for cakes to pass through this office; the president says he likes to know what kind of goods the elders are receiving. . . .

I will close with love and wishing you success in your studies this winter. I am as ever

Your Friend and Bro.
Hugh

Zina greets Hugh with new tenderness in her first letter of the new year and later hints she has confided a somewhat more than brotherly interest in him to her cousin Elsie. Perhaps she, too, has "got it bad."

Ogden, Utah
Jan. 1, 1906

My ever dear brother: —

Your ever welcome letter I received and the Christmas card too, it is so kind of you Hugh, to remember your little sister when you are so far away, but I appreciate it.

When I am having such a pleasant time during the holidays I wonder how you are spending your time. I know you are happy because you are doing good to others, yet I think I am safe in saying that your thoughts dwell to some extent on the scenes of home, mother, and dear ones.

I came to Ogden last night after having spent one week in Salt Lake. I certainly enjoyed all my time spent there. Scot [Hugh's brother] took me to the play "Ben Hur". My! it was splendid! the race was fine, so real. Every night there I went some place except last Sat. night and we made candy and enjoyed an evening there at Aunt Susie Gates'. We went skating twice, to two theatres, one dance and calling.

My cousin Elsie Jacobs sends a "Hello" to you. She says she knows you through me for I have told her of my brother Hugh in England. . . .

Mother said to send her love to her boy Hugh and also a "Bright New Year".

We went to the Tabernacle in S.L. yesterday, it was decorated beautifully in white and sky blue. A portrait several times life-size of the Prophet Joseph was draped in white. Above it in electric lights was written "Peace on earth good will to men" [and] below was "The glory of God is intelligence" . . . a wreath of holly hung from each of the large lights in the hall.

We are thinking seriously of moving to Salt Lake next summer and make our permanent home there.

Papa is feeling about the same but gets weaker and paler all the time. . . .

Well, good-by, and may the New Year add to your success is the wish of

Your loving sister,
Zina

Presumably, in his Christmas letter to Zina, Hugh had enclosed his photograph and alluded to a certain "Christmas Pudding" as probable cause of his

companion Elder Webb's recent illness. Zina responds with a light-hearted chatty letter.

Logan, Utah

Feb. 4, 1906

Mr. Hugh Brown

Norwich, Eng.

My Dear Brother Hugh: —

Your "Christmas Pudding" letter I read with pleasure and was so glad to get your photo; although you have changed some.

Tell Bro. Webb that for his sake, I am thankful that Christmas comes but once a year. I hope he has entirely recovered ere now. Hugh, I am in the Opera, we are going to put on the Mikado . . . [in] Preston, Franklin, Wellsville, Lewiston, and in Logan three times. So you and Elder Webb hold hands with the nurse as she feels your pulse (putting it in a mild way). I don't believe you are getting a bit pious and long faced, but I am glad of it, Hugh, for I want to still be well acquainted with you when you come back. . . .

We just now came from a fine Conjoint meeting in the Second Ward. Mayor Robinson spoke on one of the passages from the Sermon on the Mount. . . .

Good night Hugh I must go to bed. I close with kind remembrance from all

Your loving sister,

Zina

By May the shy Canadian farm boy has ventured forth not only to London, but also to whimsical thoughts of marriage.

3 Valentine St.

Norwich, Eng.

May 17/ '06

My Dear Zina: —

All alone tonight so I will chase loneliness away with my pen and try to imagine I am talking to you. . . . Don't smile, for really it is possible for a Brown to be blue, but I . . . thank the Lord that I am here. My trip to London was simply immense; and the Tout concert "superb". Those girls are certainly gifted of the Lord. I think Nannie sang before the Queen again on the 15th Inst.

Nannie, Maggie and Grace are very sociable with the elders. I felt right at home in their company and they are not ashamed of being "Mormons" and to allow those with whom they associate to know it whether of high or low degree. I do admire true courage.

I'll have to tell you all about London when I see you. . . . I hope you will have the privilege of seeing the metropolis someday for it is indeed a great place. . . . I am glad you are going to Cardston this summer and would like to attend your cooking class. . . . You know I attended some of the girls classes in the B.Y.C. and enjoyed myself just fine in spite of my bashfulness. . . . Tell [Joseph] I would like to hear from him even if he is married. Perhaps he will not consider me in his circle until I follow suit. Well my intentions are good for the future, for a mission certainly converts a man to a few of the higher principles of the Gospel. . . . Bye bye for this time with love to all the folks yourself included.

I am as ever Yours,

Hugh B. Brown

In June of 1906 Zina and her mother move to Salt Lake City, two months prior to the death of Charles Ora Card.² The close of her June 20 letter is delightfully saucy and provoking. Little does she imagine when she expresses a desire to someday visit London, that thirty-one years later she will preside over the Relief Societies of the British Mission.

Salt Lake City, June 20, '06

Dear Brother Hugh;

Your always welcome letter and lovely birthday cards were received and appreciated. I thank you so much for remembering your little sister's eighteenth birthday when you are so far away. You are not the only person who is lonely at times. . . . The reason I have not written before is because of our moving. We have been in Salt Lake a week tomorrow. We live on Canyon Road. . . . You must come and see us when you return. We shall all certainly be glad to see you again. Hugh, I would like to travel. Someday I hope to go to London.

Hugh, you elders ought to take a course in chafing dish cooking; it's great for bachelors. I feel awfully sorry for you, Hugh, if you are still so bashful. I know it is hard for you to talk to the ladies especially. But brace up, old man, and be brave. . . . Be a good boy and you'll always be happy.

Kindest regards from Mother and

Your sister, Zina

A level of pensive maturity emerges in Hugh's next letter, dated 11 July 1906. As his release approaches, his conflicting emotions become apparent in this rambling monologue. Perhaps apprehensive that Zina may marry before his return, he dangles an exploratory lure.

Dear Zina —

. . . I assure you we appreciate a visit from "home folk" even though the conversation is silent. When one is traveling in the cold unfriendly world the ties of friendship grow stronger day by day for those "friends of his childhood and youth" and I believe no one can appreciate a true friend more than a "Mormon" elder does whose whole time is devoted to making friends and while thus engaged those deeper feelings of the human heart are aroused until he learns to love all the sons and daughters of God but still nature blesses him with ability to focus that love on certain individuals and as a rule I believe the elders return thoroughly converted to one of the grandest principles of the gospel so while we are endeavoring to convert others we are converting ourselves and preparing ourselves to undertake a conversion when we return. Ha! Ha! . . . Elder Webb promised to call on you so I will send him your address; (excuse my audacity).

² When his health began to fail in 1903, Charles Ora Card left Cardston with his wife Zina Young and returned to Cache Valley where he could be near his other wives, Sarah Jane Painter and La Vinia Rigby, and their families. The three wives loved and respected each other and appreciated the tender care each gave to Charles. Although he died in La Vinia's home, his body was taken to Sarah's as she was the senior wife. Excerpts from La Vinia's journal illustrate the quality of unselfish love which existed in that family:

It was the first part of November [1885] when Charles Ora Card spoke to me about getting married. I had known him all of my life but this was the first I knew he was interested in me. . . . I thought it over and talked about it to Aunt Sarah [Painter] and was soon convinced that it was the proper thing to do. About a week before I was married I went to Logan where Aunt Zina Card and Aunt Maggie [La Vinia's sister] made my trousseau. . . . The morning of December 2nd Maggie and I went through the temple, then I went alone to Aunt Zina Card's where I met Charlie and we went to the Temple in the evening and were married about 7:30. It was all done very quietly on account of federal opposition to plural marriages. . . . After the ceremony we returned to Aunt Zina's where she had a nice wedding supper for the three of us (in Dover 1987).

. . . [His former companion Elder George F. Webb has agreed to call on Zina in Salt Lake City, test the waters, and then report to Hugh.] I guess you will be next to set sail on the sea of Matrimony.

You must excuse this rambling, scribbling letter for I feel a little cranky today. My time for returning is drawing near and while I hate to leave the mission field, I will be glad to see my loved ones. Bye Bye,

With love.

Hugh

Shortly after a special conference in London in August 1906, occasioned by Church President Joseph F. Smith's tour of the European missions, Hugh developed a kidney stone and was advised that he would need immediate surgery to save his life. British Mission President Heber J. Grant hurried to Norwich, offered Elder Brown an early but honorable release from his mission, and advised him to return home for the required medical care. Hugh thoughtfully replied that he had faith that if President Grant would give him a blessing, he would be healed and could remain to fill his full mission. When President Grant asked him if he really believed that, Hugh assured him, "I know it is true." President Grant pronounced the blessing; Hugh received it in faith and completed his mission. He alludes to this illness in his letter to Zina written from Ipswich, 11 September 1906. He also tells of seeing Zina's Logan friend Nan Nibley. Evidently in a previous letter Zina has told Hugh of a marriage proposal which has caused her some "serious thoughts."

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake City

Ipswich, England
Sept. 11 — '06

Dear Zina:

As my health has been failing for some time past, it has been deemed wisdom for me to spend this month visiting . . . towns on or near the [sea] coast . . . and already I feel the effect of the bracing sea breezes. . . . [Think of me] as a re-al-tired gent trying to grow fat as I have lost thirty pounds since Christmas so you can imagine what I look like: (a lamp post minus the light). . . . I saw President Grant last week and he says the church sends the Canadian elders direct to their homes via eastern Canada so I guess I will miss my visit in Salt Lake or at least postpone it for a time. . . . We had a very enjoyable time in London on the 25th where we went to meet Pres. Joseph F. Smith. I also met the two Nibley girls there. . . . I dreamed the night before meeting them that you were there with Nan and when the younger girl came in I thought sure my dream had come true, she resembles you so much. I thought I had palpitations of the heart but it was only going "pity-me."

Well Zina, it is nearly two years since I left home. . . . I hope to be able to go to school when I return and then go on another mission if it is the will of the Lord. I sincerely hope to have the pleasure of meeting you before long. If your "serious thoughts" are put into execution perhaps it will be by invitation, if it doesn't happen before I return. . . .

With love and best wishes I am
Your devoted Friend
Hugh XX one for
the baby Ha Ha!

Hugh embarked on the S.S. *Canada* at Liverpool on 25 October 1906, landed in Montreal eleven days later, traveled by Canadian Pacific Railroad

to Lethbridge and then by stage to Cardston, finally arriving home on 9 November. A few days later he was stricken with typhoid fever.

Cardston, Alta.
Canada
Dec. 10-²06

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake, Utah.

My Dear Sister: —

No doubt you have thought that the excitement of homecoming has made me forget that I had received some letters & that I had a "sister" in Salt Lake but I assure you such is not the case for my mind has been at "No. 146" more since my arrival than ever before but on account of sickness I have been unable to write.

Perhaps you have heard from Joseph that I was taken down with Typhoid fever just a few days after my arrival. Through the blessings of the Lord and the administration of the elders I had it in a very mild form, the fever was rebuked by Pres. Wood & I improved from that moment and I am very thankful to be out of bed so soon. Living on "milk only" is a little "too thin" at least it made me very "thin."

I was very pleased to get your letter of October 15 [which] was forwarded to me from England. I received it while I was in bed with the fever and it did me more good than all of the doctors visits and medicine. You know a little "mind medicine" and "sunshine" very often do more good than the skilled treatment of an M.D.

Yes Zina I would have given most anything to have returned via Salt Lake, but my illness was the chief cause of the direct journey home & I just arrived in time to avoid sickness away from home, so once more that which seemed to be a trial was all for the best and I must await the coming of spring before I can have the pleasure of seeing you once more.

It will be three years in April since we parted at Logan and I hope I will not have to wait longer than that before seeing you for I have the same feeling for you now that I had then only it has deepened with time and separation. . . .

Elder Webb and I were companions for some time and learned to love each other as David and Jonathan did.

My missionary labors were a great pleasure to me and when it is the will of the Lord I will be glad to go again. The saddest part of my mission was when I left the field. I parted with many warm friends and friendship that is formed under the inspiration of the spirit of God is warm indeed and only those who have had a similar experience know how hard it is to part with those whom you never expect to meet again in mortality, even though one is returning to his "own". . . .

I hope that my homecoming will not stop the "letters coming" as I am always pleased to hear from you.

With love to yourself and mother I am as ever
Sincerely Yours
Hugh

This recurring affirmation of his willingness to return to the mission field portends his call to preside over the British mission thirty years later.

During his post-mission interview, his stake president, Edward J. Wood, asked Hugh whether he planned to marry soon. He told President Wood that the girl he loved, young Zina Card, was engaged to another man. President Wood said, "I promise you that if you will go down to Salt Lake to the April General Conference, and make your intentions known to Zina she will break her engagement with the other man and marry you." Hugh recalls, "I believed

him implicitly as I had seen previous evidences of his prophetic gifts, and of course I was glad to believe!" (in Campbell and Poll 1975, 42)

His letter, written after his return from Salt Lake City, proclaims his confident, new-sprung hopes. Even the salutation is more intimate and possessive.

Cardston, Alta.

April 27 — '07

My Dear Zina: —

Yes, I am in Canada once more. How strange it all seems; but, when I step out in the blizzard that is sweeping over this country I cannot doubt that it is "Canada." . . . We had a pleasant journey but . . . to get such a cold reception — Well it made me "Long to breath the mountain air." . . .

Oh say, it is amusing to listen to the questions I have to answer when I venture down town. . . . Several have been kind enough to wish me "much joy." . . . Why should they know that which is such a puzzle to me? viz. Who[se] is she going to be? I believe there is but One who knows, although another, with His assistance may decide. . . .

Well Zina, I feel lonesome already, almost blue. I don't know what I will do before July it looks so far off and then there is nothing certain about your coming, but I still live in hopes that feast on the memories of "What hath been." . . . I am not entirely over the effects of my journey [home] and my thoughts are like the train, slow and unsteady so I will close anxiously awaiting a letter from you.

Your Loving Friend

Hugh

S.W.A.K.

Zina's next is not exactly the letter he has been anticipating, however. Although she has broken her engagement to Lyle, she is cordially noncommittal, pleasantly cautious, and enjoys the freedom of status quo at age nineteen.

Mr. Hugh Brown
Cardston, Alta.

Salt Lake, Utah
May 7, 1907

Dear Hugh: —

All the happy spring is just as you left it. The long warm days are just as fair and the stars are just as bright. No cold winds blow here now. Don't you wish you were back? I do — to see the stars I mean. . . . I am glad that you reached home in good health and hope you will have strength to survive the process of constant prying of many inquisitive friends. I wish I could see far enough ahead to solve the puzzle.

Hugh, I got no acknowledgement of my letter to Lyle until four days ago. His reply was hardly what I expected. The letter was rather bitter and he said some sarcastic things which were quite cutting, but he claims to have only friendliest feelings for me. He gives me perfect freedom. . . . I would have written before but I wanted to get that letter first. Both your letters came on the same day.

Are you back in the store? I have imagined you there selling perfume to the Lamanites.

. . . I am well, happy and enjoying life. And may these great blessings be yours too. . . .

I am as ever,

Your sincere friend,

Zina

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake City

Cardston, Alta
May 19, 1907

Dear Zina: —

. . . I have just returned from meeting but the day will not be quite complete without writing a few lines to the one I wish were here.

I had been watching the mail very anxiously when the "female" arrived with a letter from the girl I love. . . . Yes, Zina, many times I have wished myself back in Salt Lake where we could resume our quiet strolls up the canyon, and where I could enjoy your company, still I am happy and I believe I am in the proper place. The time seemed so short in Salt Lake that it now seems like a dream when I think of the good times I had. How I would like to stand on the little bridge on Fourth St. tonight with you as we stood the night I left. But why wish for that which is impossible?

We had a stake officers party Friday night and enjoyed a spiritual feast. And Saturday night the Y.L.M.I.A. gave a social party in the hall. . . . About 10 p.m. "we young folks" left and went to the Band hall and enjoyed a dance; this was the first party I have attended since I came back. . . . I am now christened "Batchelor Brown" since the people have found out that I really didn't get married. . . .

I am sorry to hear that Lyle feels as he does and I trust that your friendship will not be broken but "Friendship sometimes turns to love but love to friendship never." . . .

Mother sends love to you and your folks, she might be down in June. I hope she will and bring you back with her for I am longing for that trip to the lakes.

I must close now with love and best wishes. I am as ever yours devotedly,

Hugh

Despite his philosophical maturity, Hugh's next letter reveals a restless yearning to be assured of Zina's love.

Cardston Alta.
June 8th, 1907

My Dear Zina —

It is a beautiful morning, after the heavy showers of yesterday. The sun shines brightly in at my window while outside everything is peaceful and pleasant as only "sunshine after showers" can make it. How much like the weather our lives are — after little trials and troubles and cloudy days the sunshine of life seems brighter, and after the cloudy days of doubt as to the outcome of our greatest desires, I believe we more fully appreciate the blessing we crave than if granted at first request. . . . When I received your letter it seemed like a little cloud arose as I read that you had fully decided to spend your summer in S.L. City, but I am still in hopes of seeing you in July or August. I hope something will change the decision, for although I go out considerable and associate with the young folks, I feel lonely and long for your company, "because I love you."

Zina, are you still as undecided as when I left you in regard to our future and your feelings toward me? I feel that if I knew I would be more contented and being assured of "sunshine" in the future the clouds of the present would not seem so heavy; excuse me for pressing the question but suspense and indecision are not pleasant. My love for you is just as true as the day I first confessed it. . . .

This letter will reach you about the 12th [Zinas' birthday]. May you have many happy returns of the day, and may the Lord grant that your choice of life may be made under the inspiration of His spirit, that success and true joy may be yours, is the sincere wish of

Your devoted friend
Hugh

(Love to all at "146")

Zina replies on 19 June 1907, bringing herself to write what must be written only after hedging with news of her birthday, the weather, mutual acquaintances, and her plans for the summer.

Salt Lake, Utah
June 19, 1907

Dear Friend Hugh: —

It happened that your Aunt came and brought those dear little books on the same day that I received your letter, and although it was the day after my birthday I felt more of a birthday feeling then than the day before as I spent the twelfth away from home. You don't know how pleased I am with those books and I am going to take them with me wherever I go this summer. I certainly need to read the church works more than I do and I am going to try to. I thank you for your kind remembrance of my birthday. . . .

It is only fair to you, Hugh, that you understand my feelings and have some definite word from me. I hate to confess, even to myself, that I am changeable but you know I am, for you know my experience with Lyle and I want to stay free until I have more good common sense. . . .

I don't feel like I could decide so important a question now, Hugh. . . . You cannot blame me for wanting to stay perfectly free in that direction for a long time or until I feel sure that I am making no more mistakes. I want to be guided aright and I won't cease to pray for I can not rely on my own judgement.

I am going to college this year and would like to go a number of years more . . . to carry out my plans that I have cherished so long. . . . I am getting along nicely in my study of elocution and shall keep on with it all this year. . . .

Have a good time and I'll do the same . . .

Your loving and sincere
Friend Zina

With generous forbearance and patience Hugh replies:

Cardston, Alta.
Aug. 7 — 1907

Miss Zina Y. Card
Springville, Utah

Dear Zina: —

Altho I am not sure that you are still in Springville I will write to that address and trust the letter will find you in your travels. I am so glad you are enjoying yourself and having such a nice vacation, and since the south has had you this season, perhaps the North may hope for a visit next, at least I shall anxiously look forward to the developments of another year. "Whispering Hope." What a blessing that when we are disappointed at one station we can look forward with hope to the next. We live mostly in the memory of what hath been and in fond anticipation of what may be. . . .

My optimistic nature would not permit me to despair of your coming until the excursion train arrived, and then it whispered "hope." . . .

We expect to hold Mutual conference here next Sunday and stake conference the Sunday following. So we are looking forward to some good times.

I have not taken my summer holiday yet; we had planned a trip to the [Water-ton] lakes for next week but as our crowd consisted mostly of choir members and as brother Newton wishes to have some new Anthems prepared I think we will postpone our trip.

I have spent a quiet summer here in the store but I find that tittle-tattle has not been without food. . . . but I do not worry about it for was it not Emerson who said that "abominable tittle-tattle is the cud eschewed by human cattle"?

We have some good times in the store as we have a very congenial lot of clerks. I like my work as it affords such a grand opportunity to study human nature and there is always something to learn. . . .

I suppose in the excitement of holiday-making, long letters are not appreciated so bye-bye and may your good times continue, for your happiness gives me pleasure.

With love, I am as ever
Your devoted
Hugh

Six weeks later an early snowstorm prompts another weather-life analogy. Hugh yearned for more formal education throughout his long life. A voracious reader with a book before his nose as he plowed the farmland, he would, however, never enjoy the sustained formal study he wanted so badly. Church calls and family needs would always intervene.

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake City

Cardston, Alta.
Sept 18, 1907

Dear Zina: —

We are just emerging from about three feet of snow, and although we are somewhat faded and pressed down we still love "Card" — ston. . . . The whole town is almost devastated; trees, pruned by nature's strong hand, look like old men whose families have grown and left them lonely and sad; where a few days before they tossed their proud heads to be kissed by the sunlight, little dreaming that the same great Master who blessed them with such possessions and attainments could shear them of the same in a few hours. How like the trees were some of us before the storm, and how much do we feel like they look since. But back of it all I see the hand of Him who tries His people to increase their faith. Some people are discouraged and selling out to leave the country but I still believe it has a great future.

I am pleased to hear that you are attending school this season and if it were possible I would do likewise as I realize the value of an education and know how badly I need it. I suppose my duty is here as [my brother] Owen has just been called on a mission to New Zealand and Bro. Wood said yesterday that Scott would get a call soon and Lawrence is going to Logan to school, so I think I can benefit myself by helping others. . . .

Bro. Wood thinks Scott should marry before he goes; no doubt for fear he will follow the example of his lonely brother. . . .

I must now go to work so bye bye; may you have success in your school and happiness through life.

With love I am as ever

Your Hugh

In Zina's letter of 25 October 1907, she asks, "How do you like a correspondent who writes but semi-annually?" Hugh replies:

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake City

Cardston, Alta
Nov. 3 — 07

My Dearest Friend: —

I like the correspondent just fine, altho her letters are like the visits of Angels, few and far between. It has been said that, "if we indulge too frequently in that which

pleases us it loses its charm." This may be true in most cases, but a rule is not good if it has no exceptions and I have found the exception to this one for I could "indulge" (if I had the chance) in a letter from you once a week. . . . Still, I will not complain as I know how busy you must be. . . .

Oh, say, how would you like to take up a new course of studies next summer, chief among which would be the art of bringing bachelorhood to a successful conclusion? . . . It would be quite interesting, especially to the bachelor and I think you would succeed where he has failed; Just try. . . .

I enjoyed myself so much last spring with you that I long for the time when I can "live again in the happy past". Oh for college life once more, that life which is so full of joy and free from care where the very atmosphere is full of intelligence and love, — still I believe there is another chapter of life essential for our full development and possibly I have started on that chapter so will not long for the past but will try to prepare for the future. . . .

Yours lovingly
Hugh

The invitation "to bring bachelorhood to a successful conclusion" elicits a prompt reply from Zina — a bucket of friendly ice water gently decanted.

Mr. Hugh Brown
Cardston, Alta.

Salt Lake, Utah
Nov. 18, 1907

Dear Friend Hugh: —

You see I haven't waited six months this time. . . . Since you have suggested a change of study for next summer I must confess that I fear I shouldn't make a success of it and I should not like to mar the peace of the bachelor's life you spoke of. So I am going to tell you of my plans for the next two years or more. Next summer I am going to spend my vacation here with mother. . . . The fall will find me in New York . . . for about eight months. . . . Elocution is what I shall specialize in. Of course my air-castles may all fall through (they often do) but I shall work to the end I have just named.

Like you, Hugh, while you only spoke in a jocular vein, still I know that the training of the mind is not the most important of life's problems. But, while I am so young and changeable I dare not trust myself to take any vital step. Now Hugh, you know my exact feelings. . . . When the right time comes I feel that I shall know what to do; as yet, I do not.

Good night, Hugh . . . I am as ever

Your friend
Zina

Hugh's reply is from the soul. Disappointment painfully gives place to the bitter thought that perhaps Zina is lost to him. His love for her and genuine wish for her happiness appear to preclude his own dream of a future together, especially since family circumstances and Hugh's tender regard for others' needs weigh so heavily against his chance for further education. A bleak future clouds his vision.

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake City

Dec. 1st, 1907

Dear Zina: —

The morning of December 1st foretells a pleasant day — the sun is shining, there is no snow and "all nature invites my praises to God." . . .

Since I received your last letter I have thought of you almost continually. I have tried to look at things from your point of view instead of my own, and I believe if I were placed in a similar position I would take the same course; if nature had endowed me with the same gifts, and opportunities presented themselves whereby I could develop those talents and be what you are destined to be, a leader among my sex, I think possibly a home in a little country town would have no attraction for me.

So Zina, when I imagine myself in your position I cannot blame you for the decision you have reached although I think it means to me the loss of that which I have hoped to gain for several years past.

My words to you last spring were *true* and I have not changed one iota and I think I never shall but I think the course you have decided upon will place such a gulf between us that I could not expect you to re-cross it and share the humble life of a farmer boy. . . . I had thought of going to Salt Lake for Christmas but I believe now I will postpone my visit until next spring. I desire to see you before you go East and possibly then we will understand each other better.

Owen leaves tomorrow for New Zealand on his mission; Lawrence is in Logan attending school and . . . the rest of the family are in school here so dear mother has all she can do at home with what little help I can give her. Father is quite sick most of the time and you know what that means to a mother. Were it not for this I would be in school myself but I think I should consider her welfare ahead of my education.

I know not what my future is or what time has in store; Pres. Wood is continually after me to get married but circumstance says wait and although it sometimes seems hard to be denied and see our castles fall it may help us to "welcome each rebuff that turns earths smoothness rough, Each sting that bids not sit or stand, but go." . . .

I am very glad to hear that you are doing so well in school and, Zina, with all my heart I wish you success and happiness. I hope to see you in the spring, until then I hope to enjoy your correspondence.

I often think of the little verse of Lowell's: —
 "Life is a sheet of paper white,
 Whereon each one of us may write
 His word or two, and then comes night.
 Greatly begin! Though thou have time
 But for a line, be that sublime, —
 Not Failure, but low aim is crime."

Altho it is the Sabbath and the day for epistles I think I had better close this one. Write soon Zina and believe me as ever yours,

Hugh.

Zina answers promptly, hinting that Hugh should not abandon his suit:

Mr. Hugh Brown
 Cardston, Alta

Salt Lake, Utah
 Dec. 18, '07

Dear Friend Hugh: —

It is quite late and all is so still and peaceful, just mother and I are here in our sitting-room writing. . . .

So you had thought of spending the holidays here. Was it necessary to change your plans? Well, I mustn't pry. But we could have had such pleasant times with Joseph and wife here. . . . But you know best. We'll welcome you in the spring; you are always welcome in our house. Since I wrote you last mother and I have almost persuaded ourselves that I can do just as well here at home next year. . . . So it is very likely that I shall go to the U of U and . . . take elocution from Miss Maude May Babcock. . . . Hugh, why do you speak of a gulf between us; a little scholastic learning cannot alter friendship. . . . I am the same Zina you parted with a few months

ago. . . . I could give you no definite answer then, neither can I now. While you possess much of my affection, my feelings for you may never be more serious than they are now. But be that as God wills for if we are for each other, why then, it will come about alright. But I know you are advised to get married and I know it is right that you should if you find the one God has ordained for you, so if ever you feel to take that step I don't want to stand in the way one moment. Experience has taught me that our hearts are in God's hands and our affections can change without apparent cause. Hugh, I want to bring nothing into your life but joy and *never, never* embitter it.

An education is fine and I know you long to be back at school, but there are so many valuable lessons to be learned outside of it and you are mastering those things. Your loving thoughtfulness and care for your mother increases my regard for you, Hugh. You have always been unselfish. We have but one mother and you are certainly blessed with one of the dearest and best on earth. Give her my fondest love.

Hugh, I am waiting too, to know what is right to do. I have no particular boy friend and don't intend having one while I am in school. . . . Hugh I would be very happy to have you here this holiday season. I had no idea you had made plans to come. And where ever you are on the Day of Days I wish you the merriest kind of time. And may your New Year be a very bright one. . . .

As ever,
Your friend Zina

Gathering war clouds cast their shadows even to remote corners like Cardston. In his letter of 19 January 1908, Hugh solicits Zina's advice, perhaps intuitively knowing that her counsel will affect both their lives.

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake City

Jan. 19 — '08

Dear Zina: —

I hope to be able to write to you this time without being called out to some meeting. I started to write before but was called to attend religion class convention and since then it has been almost one continual meeting night and day. Among others was one held here Thursday night called by Pres. Wood . . . from 8:30 P.M. until 12 midnight after which we had lunch. . . .

Zina, I received a letter last night from an officer of the Alberta regiment asking me to muster a squadron of 68 men in this district to go to Calgary and drill two weeks each summer. We would belong to the cavalry division and be ready for war at any time. . . . They want me to be an officer here but I have not decided yet. I think we should show that we are loyal in this district but I dislike being bound for three years and liable at any time to be called away. Will you advise me what to do? I wish I could talk to you today instead of writing. . . .

Well Zina, I must close this letter and go to M.I.A. I hope the time will soon come when conversation will take the place of correspondence. Please give my love to your mother and brothers and accept a large portion.

As ever Sincerely Yours,
Hugh

Zina promptly responds to his appeal:

Mr. Hugh Brown
Cardston, Alberta.

Jan. 31, '08

Dear Hugh: —

Well, I am right glad to carry on my "paper conversation" with you once more. . . . Of course I want you to do your duty as you see it, and I know you will, but I truly wish that you could decline any such position for it is such a horrid un-

certainly, of which you are always conscious and from which you cannot shrink when once your word is given. But if you feel it is a test of loyalty or honor I should not want you to hesitate because of what I have said for I merely stated my own personal and perhaps selfish feelings. . . .

I am expecting you in about two months. . . . When I think of last spring and your visit I can almost smell the apple blossoms. . . . It is very late so I won't keep you puzzling over one more page from the pen of

Zina

Apparently Zina's sympathy coupled with the mere mention of apple blossoms awakens springtime fantasies and hope, for Hugh tenderly tucks both within his next letter.

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake City

Cardston, Alta
Feb. 8, 1908

My Dear Zina: —

"Sabbath morning comes with gladness." The sun is shining and there is no wind. The snow is almost gone and it looks like Spring is really here. Oh, if it was! how happy I would be, but I must be patient for February must have her extra day before April can crowd March away, but busy hands make time fly fast and I shall meet my love at last. Whoa!! I may be thin and rather tall but not a Longfellow after all. . . .

Well Zina I have enlisted for three years as Lieutenant in the Alberta Regiment. I was loath to accept the position but being advised to do so I trust it will be for the best. We at least hope to keep our friends in the East from saying the Mormons are disloyal. . . .

The local M.I.A.'s will give a concert next Friday night. We have Solo's, Duetts, Quartettes, etc. but are unable to get the recitations we desire. Will you favor us? I wish you were here to help us in that line. Our Shakespeare club is growing . . . and we have some fine times. Will you join when you live in Cardston?

With love to all I close in hopes of seeing you soon and hearing from you often.

As ever lovingly,
Hugh

Mr. Hugh Brown
Cardston, Alberta

Salt Lake, Utah
Feb. 19, 1908

My Dear Lieutenant: —

. . . The days are rolling by but not a bit too fast to suit me. How do you feel about it?

. . . Yes, I'll join the Shakespeare Club *when* I live in Cardston. But some time will elapse before I do, if ever, live again in the dear old town. . . .

Write very soon to
Your friend Zina

Undaunted, Hugh continues to plead his case, urging the long view. When he accompanies President Wood to the Cockrane ranch to investigate some land he is thinking of buying, he undoubtedly wishes Zina were there to share in decisions.

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake City

Cardston, Alta
March 1, 1908

My Dear Zina: —

How I would like to talk to you today instead of writing, but I will be patient for another month and then if it be the will of the Lord I shall see you and have the pleasure of your company for a time at least, and I hope, *forever*.

I went with Pres. Wood last week to the Cockrane ranch . . . with the intention of selecting a quarter section and a town lot. . . . I remember hearing you say in Logan several years ago that you hoped you would not marry a farmer. I hope you have changed your views . . . for I believe with George Washington that “agriculture is the most noble, the most honorable and the most profitable employment of man.”

I am very glad to hear of your good times at the parties, etc. . . . I often wonder how the girls who have married and come to Canada can content themselves after having lived where there is so much life and enjoyment. But one word explains the question. . . .

I am always your devoted

Hugh

Zina’s next letter is a roller coaster of indecision.

Mr. Hugh Brown
Cardston, Alta.

Salt Lake, Utah
March 11, '08

Dear Hugh: —

It hardly seems possible that April Conference is only a few weeks off — just three weeks. But I fear that it is not the meeting-going that is occupying my mind.

So you have been looking at land with a view of buying. . . . But, Hugh, you are very serious. You write as though I had promised to become your lawful wedded wife. I haven’t, you know. . . . And I hope we shall be guided aright if you are coming with the intentions you have inferred. . . . I have made no plans for our future. For when we meet we shall know so much better than when we are apart. I pray about it constantly and I know that we both desire to act in accordance with His will. . . . Yes, I am having very happy times. . . .

What do you think I have heard three times and from three different parties of late? It has been, “We hear you are to be married this spring.” . . . Did such a rumor start in Cardston?

Hugh, you cannot weary me by writing long letters, so write all you can and I shall be glad

Your sincere friend

Zina

Hugh stands duly reproved, but just barely. His head is listening to his heart.

Miss Zina Y. Card
Salt Lake City

Cardston, Alta
March 23 — '08

My Dear Zina: —

One more letter before I see you. If all goes well I shall leave here one week from today as I think the rates start then. I hope to have Mother go with me as I feel too young to be alone.

I am sorry, Zina, that I was so serious in my last letter but you know, “from the abundance of the heart” etc. I had not entirely forgotten my place but thanks for the reminder. “Love hopes where reason would despair.” . . .

J. W. Woolf is circulating the same report here that you heard so often there, but they may be surprised. Say, it is early in the morning and I am in the store [which] is not yet warmed up and my hand is so cold that I can hardly hold the pen, won’t you hold it for me? — the pen I mean? . . .

His hopes and his faith in President Wood’s promise were well founded. No letter details the events which transpired that April Conference and Hugh’s

biography does not tell how he effected the conversion. But the summary journal he kept at this time states simply, "I became engaged to Miss Zina Y. Card, who promised to become my wife in June."

Years later he confided to his daughter Mary, "When I returned to Canada that April, I was entrusted with the trunk which contained your mother's trousseau, and to me it was more precious than the crown jewels of England."

No more "Dear Brother Hugh" letters were written from "Your sincere friend Zina." On May Day, 1908, Zina writes:

Sweetheart: —

. . . I have received both of your dear cards and selfishly wished that they had been letters. . . . O, there are so many things I want to tell you, Hugh dear. . . . Maybe you cannot see the love I am sending to you, but just the same the letter is full of it.

Always yours, with true affection,
Zina.

And Hugh's joy is expressed with tenderness as he writes 3 May 1908:

Zina, My Darling: —

It is 9 — P.M. and I am in the store, banished from home and loved ones, and lonely as a hermit. Well, you see, the folks are quarantined. . . . I have been sleeping in the store and boarding out. . . . I don't mind being in the store in the day time but I don't like double shift.

I attended priesthood meeting yesterday and found it was the unanimous opinion of the Stake presidency and high counsel that I should be second counselor in the bishopric of the Cardston ward. . . .

I took dinner with Bro. and Sis. Rampton. They congratulated me on our engagement and said they would be glad to welcome you back to the old town. . . .

. . . Well, my dear, I have partly decided to rent Charles Burt's house. . . . There are two rooms & a pantry & upstairs, also a nice garden spot and a stable. . . . So I think we cannot do better at present. . . . Please tell me what you think. . . . So my love, I hope to make you my wife on the day we decided and trust thru the blessings of the Lord we may live happy and make a success of life. I would that June were here but it will soon come and make us happy. God bless you my dear and also your loved ones; kiss each of them for me.

Good night my love,
Your devoted Hugh

President Joseph F. Smith requested "the privilege of performing Hugh and Zina's marriage" in the Salt Lake Temple on 17 June 1908. Fifty-one years later Zina penned these words to Hugh:

We were so very young, my Hugh, those many years ago
When each of us pledged kneeling, the sacred words "I do."

It was a prophet of our Lord, who sealed us kneeling there,
Though the day began in storm outside, when we rose
The world seemed fair.

Fifty-one years ago today, O darling Hugh of mine
Since we were made as one, and I am truly thine.

Your tender love, protecting care and understanding ways
Have made each year for me a sheaf of garnered days.

How golden are these days, dear heart,
How better could they be
As we go hand in hand, my love
Into eternity.

Endless joy and endless work
And great things yet to do
Will find us hand in hand, dear one,
Your Zina and my Hugh.

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LEFT TO RIGHT: ZINA Y. C. BROWN, ZINA LYDIA BROWN (AGE TWO YEARS),
HUGH B. BROWN, ZOLA GRACE BROWN (AGE ONE YEAR), IN 1911.