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## LOLA MAE HARRIS HOLLEY

Ellen Harris and John had moved to Moore, Idaho, where he was called as Bishop of the little struggling ward. When there was an activity it was a night out for the family. Normally the family all went together, but Ellen had been very ill with the Smallpox, and she was expecting a baby. All who saw her feared for her life and for the life of her baby.

On this cold blustery night, John took LaVerne and went to a M.I.A. activity. The younger children were tucked into bed and he felt secure in leaving Ellen for a few hours. The house was quiet and all seemed at peace as she sat at the window and looked out at the snow. Her labor pains started and she knew that she must have help. The nearest neighbor was at least a quarter mile away. How would she get to them? Would they be at home? All of these questions ran through her mind. The pains were so severe she must have help. She suppressed a scream and hobbled to the bedroom calling to Leonard to wake up. Leonard was seven years old and sat up rubbing his eyes wondering why his mother was calling.

"Go get Brother Patton."

"It's too cold, Mama."

"If you don't, Mama will die." By this time she was hemmoring and knew time was important.

Running over the crusted snow, Leonard was frightened. He had never been out in the dark and the cold alone before, but he knew he must hurry. Finding the Pattons at home, he returned with them, and Brother Patton left to find the doctor.

This was a sleepless night at the Harris house, but a tiny girl two months premature was born, March 27, 1920. It didn't look like she could live. John came into the kitchen where the children had all gathered and told them, "We have a baby girl, but it doesn't look like she will live. We need a name for her."

LaVerne spoke up, "Call her Lola May."

Both Ellen and Lola surprised everyone and lived. A grateful husband and father gave thanks for the life of his wife and baby daughter. Although tiny and frail, she lived and was tenderly cared for by her mother and brothers and sisters. They felt she was a real live doll.

I felt their love, and when I was a year old Dad decided to move his family to Texas, to go into business with his father. It

was a hot trip and all of us were happy when the train finally arrived. Our home in Cleburne, Texas, was small and the yard was a welcome sight. We were to live in Texas for three years.

Afton was born in Alvarado. The business Dad was working had some difficulty and the family returned to Moore, Idaho, but were met with disappointment. They found little of what they had left. It was decided that they should move to Provo, Utah. They moved into the home where Dad's grandmother had raised her family. It was known as the Harris house.

Life was happy here in Provo. It was not long before the family purchased a large home on the corner of 3rd West and 1st South. Although it was large, we were crowded. Many came from England because of the Church and stayed at this Harris home.

I was in the first grade and money was scarce. All of the girls needed hair cuts. Dad decided he would cut their hair. I was the first and sat on the high stool on the back porch with a towel around my neck, confident my dad could do anything. As he cut my hair all around and stood back to look at me, he could see the sides weren't even. He would take a little more off this side and then the other. With all the trimming my hair was above my ears, looking like he had put a bowl on my head and cut around it. I was heartbroken and refused to go to school. Dad began to bribe me, first with a nickel, then 10¢, and finally 25¢, before I would go off to school. As a result the other girls were happy to be on their way to the barber shop.

A Dutch family moved in a home down the street from us with a boy my same age. Anxious to help, my parents volunteered me to take him to school. He couldn't speak English. The most difficult part was when he wet his pants, just before recess. I took him over by the fence to play because I didn't want my friends to see me with him.

When I was in the first grade I didn't have a coat to wear to school. Mother rummaged around and came up with an old navy blue cape. I would take it off before I reached school and hide it so it wouldn't be seen. I would carry it in my arms until I was a long way from school before I would put on the coat. Finally LaVerne, Mary, or someone took pity on me and purchased a coat for me.

Telephones were new and wonderful. Our family was one of the first in our neighborhood to have one. I would often be sent down the street to call someone to the phone.

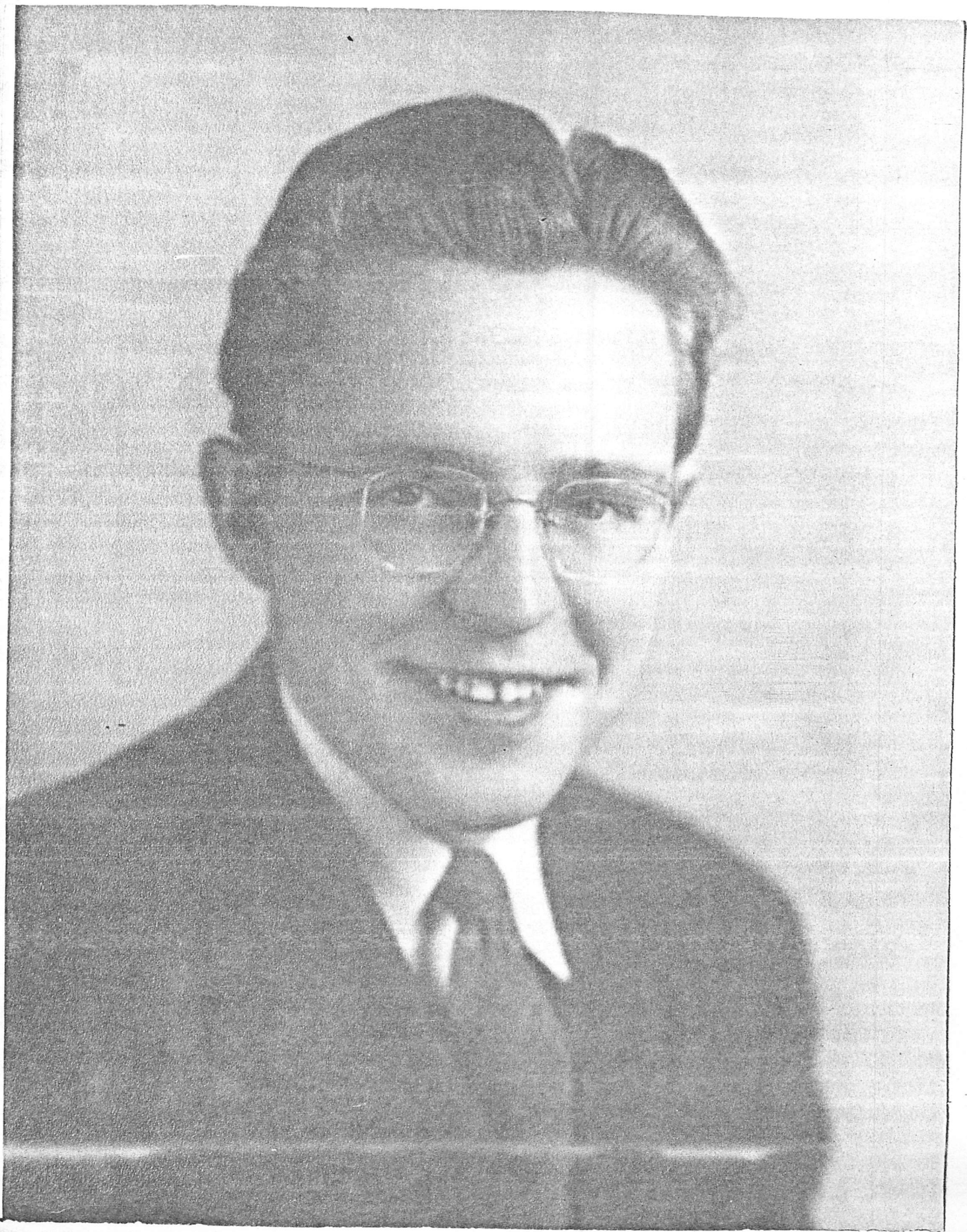
The Fourth of July was a day we planned for months ahead. The day was always begun by the cannons at daybreak and closed with a beautiful display of fireworks at night.





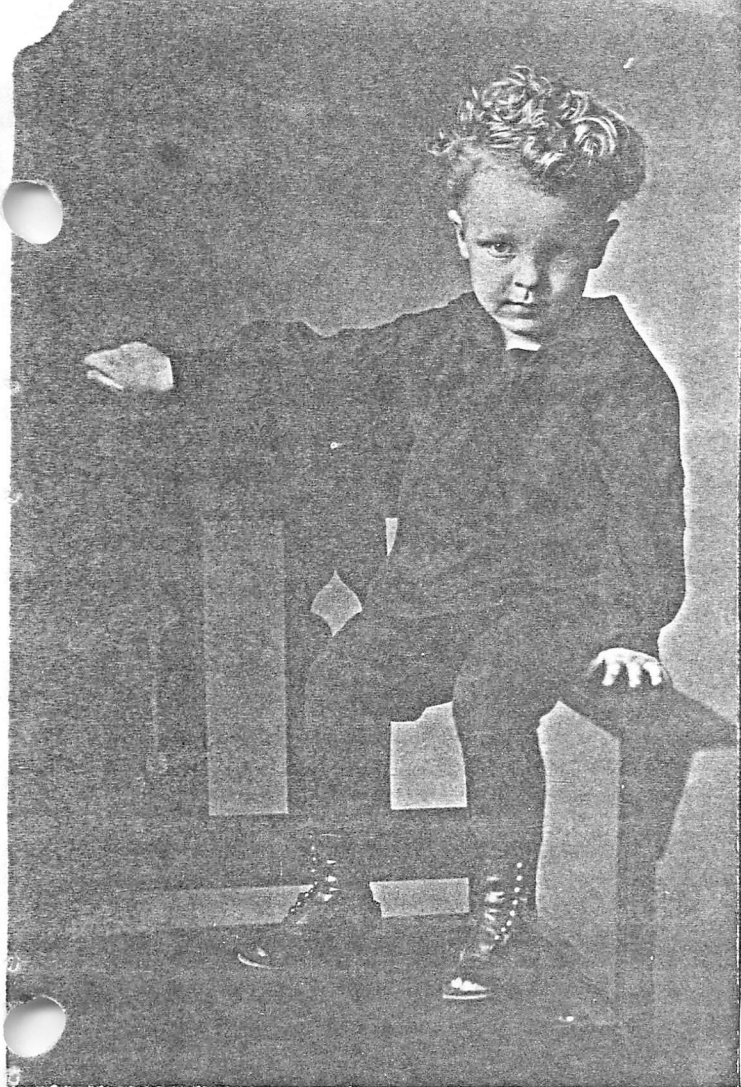
Lola Mae Harris





Russell G. Holley





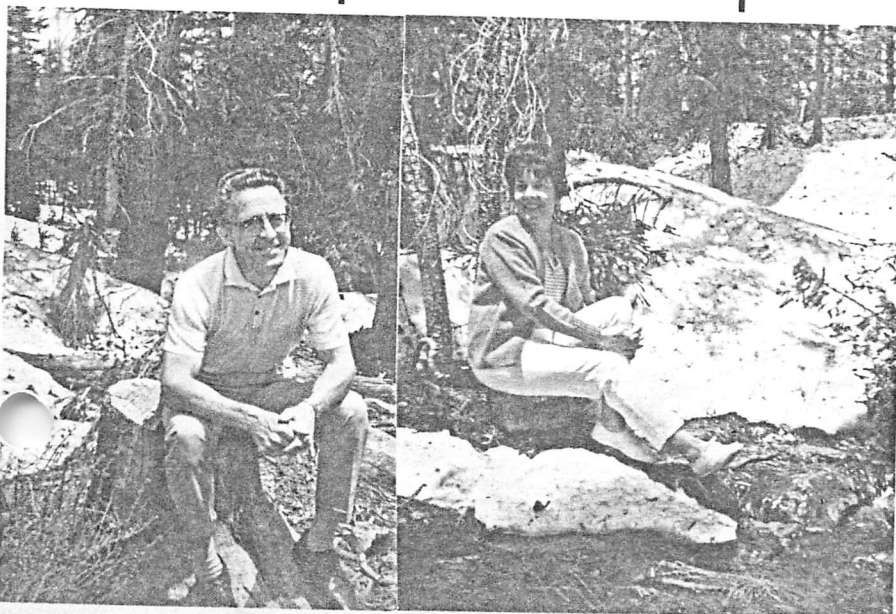
Russell G. Holley



Lola Mae Harris



Terry, Glen, Cheryl, Brent  
Lola and Russell Holley



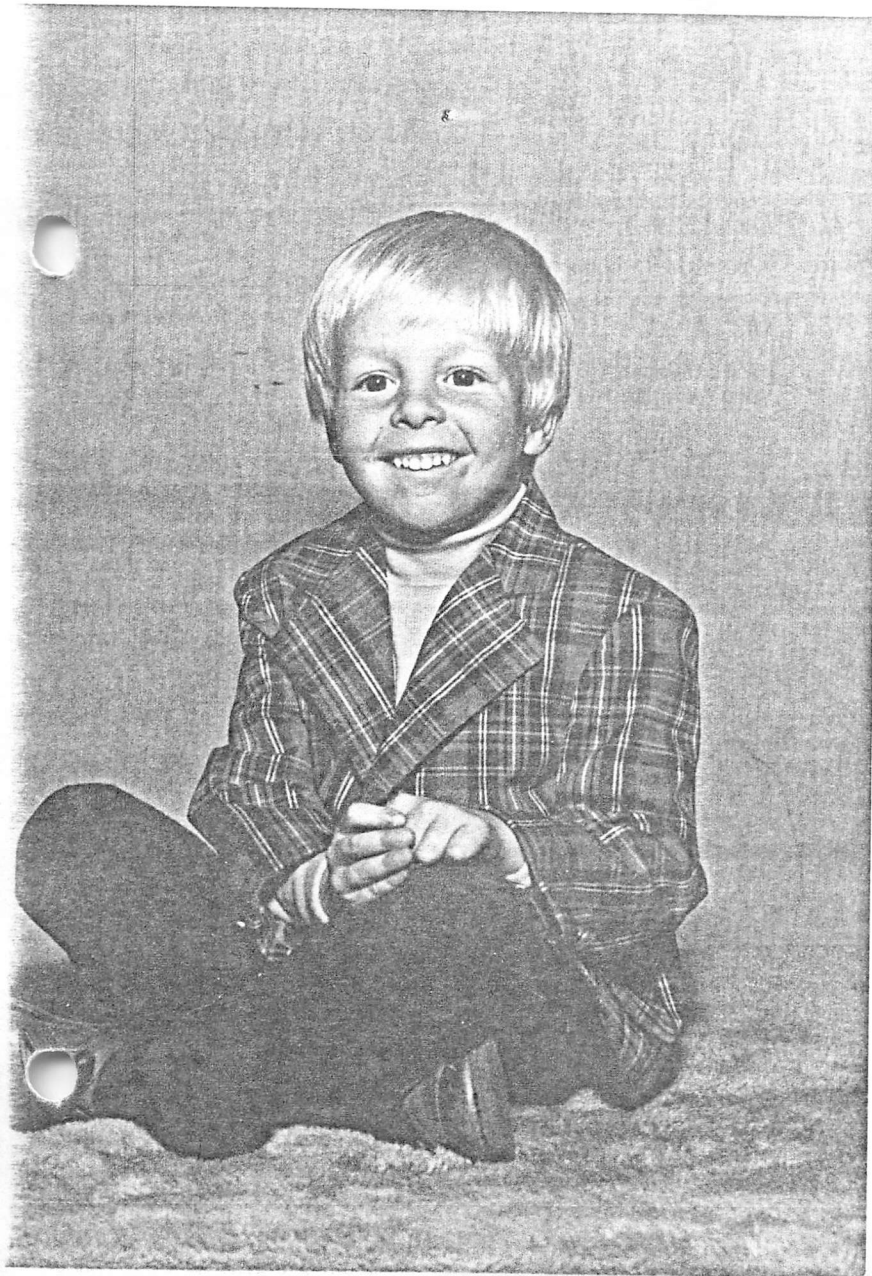
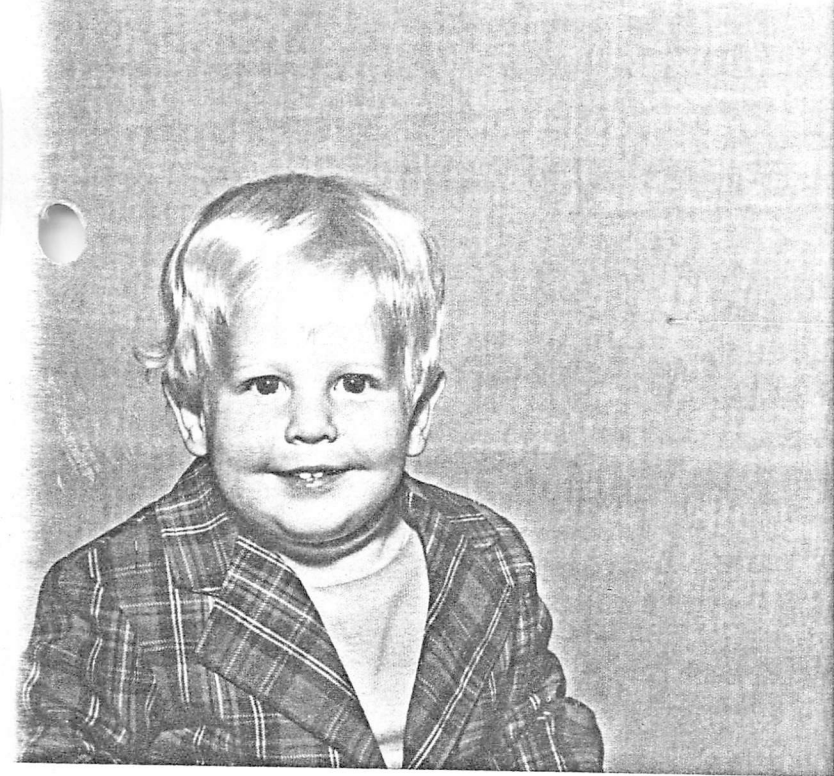


Cheryl and  
Sherman Smith  
Jeremy Glen  
Ryan Heber  
Melissa



Cheryl Holley

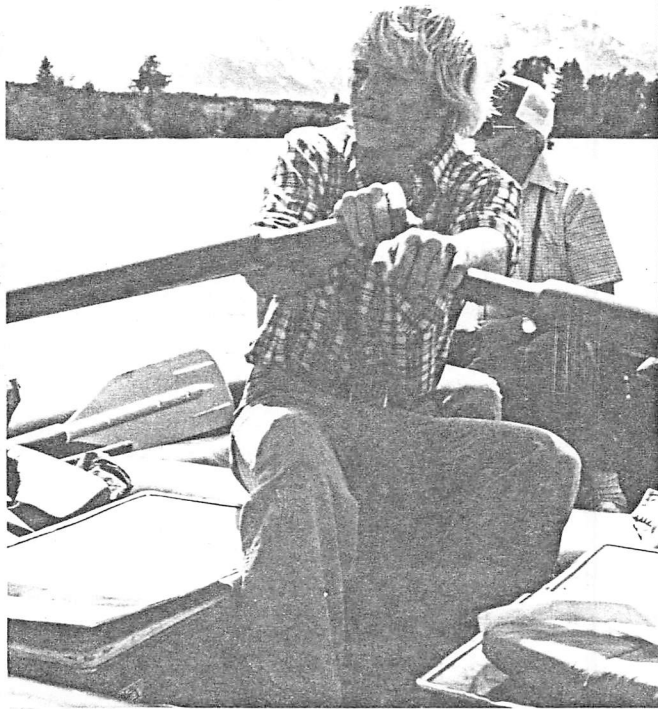




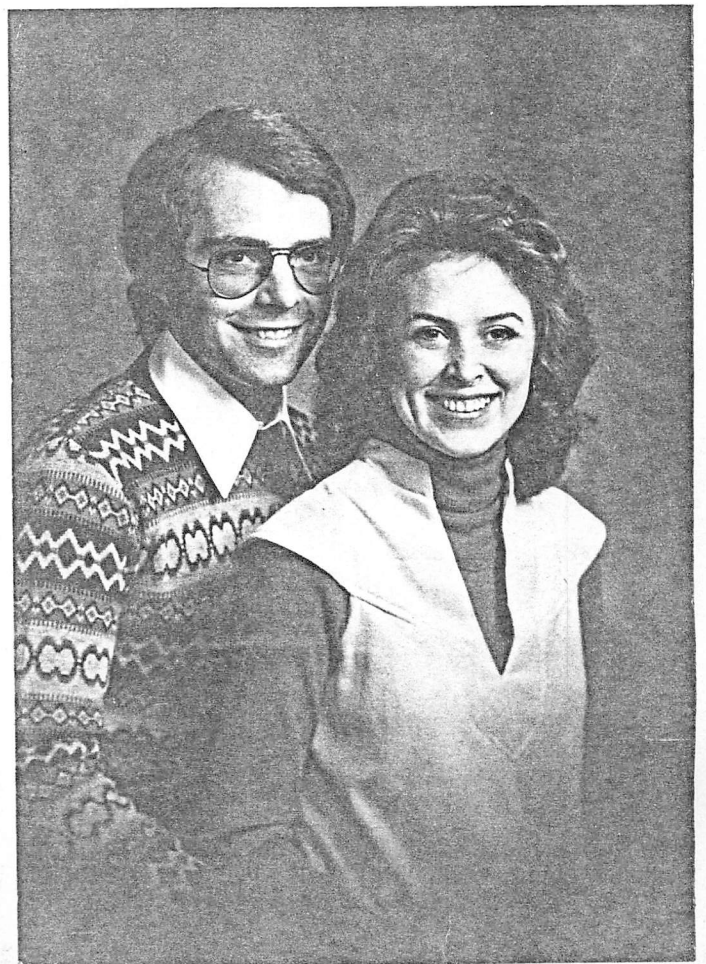
Jeremy  
Ryan  
Mellisia  
Children  
of  
Cheryl  
and  
Sherin  
Smith



Terry Reed Holloy



Glen and  
Helen Marie  
Holloy



We were hired by a neighbor to mow her lawn and weed the garden. This took most of the day, and we were disappointed when she handed only a nickel to each of us.

The move to the new house put us in a different school district, although we had just moved one block. All of us had to change from the Franklin School and walk up to 5th East to the Maeser School.

The evenings were spent playing school. The kitchen was the school room and my three students were Afton and the two Thorpe girls that lived in the apartment across the hall. Everyone predicted that I would be a school teacher.

One day at school I began to scratch a sore on my arm and then my back. The teacher noticed most of the children were doing the same thing. The class was examined and we were found to have the itch. As they went from room to room examining the children, it was found that most of them had to be sent home. Afton was among them. The instructions to the parents were simple. Each child was to have a warm bath and be rubbed over with a mixture of sulfur and lard. We were to stay at home until all the sores had healed. What a vacation for us, but a nightmare for Mother.

In the Provo Sixth Ward I attended Sunday School, Primary and then was finally old enough to attend M.I.A. The dances and the plays, girls camp and activities were an important part of my life.

Dad worked as a salesman for Startup's Candy Co., doing a lot of traveling. When it was time for him to arrive home, each of us would be given cleaning chores--mine was to sweep the long driveway. When Dad arrived everything was shining and clean. He was always so proud of us.

The neighborhood was a bunch of tom boys and I often had Afton following close behind as we went over the garages and sheds with the rubber guns. We wore blue striped overalls and ran barefooted.

Later Dad served for two years as Chief of Police for Provo City. It was great to have him working in town.

Many evenings the neighbors would gather on the front porch of the Mae and Bill Harris home to listen to her play the accordin. The children would gather on the corner for games of "run sheep run" and "kick the can". As the evening came to a close, our parents would come and call us, and we would all return home.

Aunt Alice and Uncle Eds' was the vacation spot for us. We loved to go and stay with them. We learned how to separate milk and to do other farm chores. Their trees were fun to climb and one of the grinding wheels held special interest for us. Aunt Alice took time to teach us sewing and embroidery. She never had children of her own, and we were like her own.



The Salt Flats where Grandpa and Grandma Wilson lived were also a fun place to go. On one of our visits there an aunt took us to Lagoon. It seemed like the most wonderful place and we longed to return.

Mother had a White treadle sewing machine. She let me sew on it from the time I was able to reach the treadle and to get the rhythm of it. Neighbors came to the home and would lecture to Mother that she shouldn't let me use it, for it would be ruined. Mother would smile and say nothing, and I would continue to sew.

I got a job and had a little money of my own to buy material with. I would sometimes hurry home with a piece of material under my arm and sew a dress to wear on a date that evening. Afton and I were about the same size and I would often find her wearing my clothes. Usually I was happy to share, but occasionally I would stop her.

Hair coloring was the "in thing". Mary and I convinced Mother it was good for the hair. We worked on each other, then on Afton and Aunt Alice. Our front porch was often a beauty parlor, where we all learned to cut and set hair. Mildred Duffin loved to be there involved with us.

Aunt Bessie and Uncle Herb were visiting from Idaho Falls. Their daughter Beth was willing to have us bleach her hair, so Mildred, Beth and I went downstairs to a vacant apartment and went to work. Beth was so happy at how beautiful she looked. Her father didn't agree. He expressed that he didn't know if he would ever bring his daughters to Provo again. It is interesting to note that until the last few years Beth has kept her hair blonde.

When Dad was ill with Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, the first family radio was purchased. We enjoyed Lux Radio Theater together.

I was in high school when Dad was appointed Dept. Warden of the Utah State Prison. I attended South High School and graduated from there. The move was a hard one for the family. The home was on what was referred to as Prison Row. It was very poor compared to the home we had left in Provo. It now became necessary to heat the home and do all the cooking on coal ranges. There was no heat supplied in any of the bedrooms.

The furnishings were meager. The first money I earned was used to buy twin beds for our bedroom. It was a luxury to have a bed of my own. When I cleaned the house I always rearranged the furniture and Dad would comment that he knew who had done the cleaning today.

I always loved nice things. When Dad was appointed Warden, I couldn't wait to move over to the Prison, for it looked like a mansion to me.

I wanted to go to the University of Utah, but my parents were having a hard time recovering from the Depression and could not help me. I went to work for the telephone company and was able to pay my own way to school.

I then went to work at Arden Sunfreez Dairy. I was dating a special young man, Russell Holley, and he asked me to marry him. We were married in the Lion House in Salt Lake City, November 22, 1941.

War broke out and we both went to work for the Geneva Steel Company and moved to Provo. We lived in a nice basement apartment on West Center Street. It was while living here I was able to purchase a used Singer sewing machine from my cousin Grace.

Russ and a brother-in-law, Bob Olson, went into business together in Vernal, Utah, opening Roberts Ladies Wear. Later Russells Mens Wear was opened. We took the men's store and Mary and Bob kept the ladies.

We loved Vernal. While living here our four children were born. We returned to Salt Lake City for Cheryl's birth, but by the time the boys were born I had gained faith in the Vernal doctors and the boys were born there.

Both Russ and I were active in the Cub Scout program. For many years Russ was the Cubmaster and I was a den mother. Civic duties were many and we were an important part of the community.

One day Cotter Ferguson walked into Russell's shop and told about the exciting discovery of uranium in Wyoming. He needed some help to stake out claims on the uranium. Russ went with him and became involved in the company which soon became the American Nuclear Corp.

We sold the men's store in Vernal and moved to Salt Lake City and have remained here since leaving Vernal.



Children of Lola Mae Harris and Russell Glenn Holley

Cheryl Holley Smith married Sherman Heber Smith. They have three children:

Ryan Heber Smith

Jeremy Glenn Smith

Melissa Smith

Russell Glenn Holley, Jr., married Helen Marie Landgren. *divorced*  
*married Mary*  
*had a son Harrison*

Brent Harris Holley married Diana Jaye Pratt. They have one daughter:

Michelle Holley

Terry Reed Holley *married*  
*have a daughter McKenzie*

Sept 3, 1996

My Sister Lola died today at 10:15 pm. Russ had been with her all day and later in the evening she was having trouble breathing and they put an oxgen tent on her. She asked them to take it off.

The nurse was with her taking her pulse and there was not one, so it was a peaceful passing.

**Lola Harris Holley** N 9/6

Lola Harris Holley, age 76, died peacefully in Salt Lake City after a courageous 21 year battle with cancer.

Born March 27, 1920 in Moore, Idaho, a daughter of John E. and Ellen P. Harris. Married Russell G. Holley November 22, 1941, Salt Lake City, UT.

Graduated from high school in Salt Lake and attended the University of Utah. Found great joy in helping children in need. Member of Assistance League of Salt Lake City. She also spent time caring for the elderly. Active member of the LDS Church. Her main area of service was working with children. She served as Primary President, Stake Primary Board, Cub Scout Den Mother, Junior Sunday School Coordinator.

Survived by husband, Salt Lake; daughter, Cheryl Holley Smith, Ogden; three sons, R. Glenn Holley, Park City; Brent H. Holley, Salt Lake City; Terry R. Holley, Stayton, Oregon; eight grandchildren; two sisters and one brother.

Funeral services will be held at 12 noon on Saturday, September 7, 1996 at the Wasatch Lawn Mortuary Chapel, 3401 South Highland Drive, where friends may call on Friday, September 6, 1996, from 6:30-8 p.m. and on Saturday from 10:45-11:45 a.m. prior to services. Interment, Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.

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## **LOLA HARRIS HOLLEY**

**BORN:** March 27, 1920 - Moore, Idaho  
**DIED:** September 3, 1996 - Salt Lake City, Utah

Daughter of John Ernest Harris and  
Ellen Pitman Harris

Wife of Russell G. Holley

### **FUNERAL SERVICES**

Saturday September 7, 1996 12 noon  
Wasatch Lawn Mortuary Chapel  
3401 Highland Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah

### **CASKETBEARERS**

Tom Felt  
Rand Holley  
Kerry Bird  
Richard Holley

Ryan Smith  
Wesley Holley  
Jeremy Smith

### **INTERMENT**

Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park  
Olympus Park Section

*Funeral Directors - Wasatch Lawn Mortuary*

## **S E R V I C E S**

Bishop Brent Bowen, conducting

Family Prayer . . . . . Robert Holley  
Prelude & Postlude Music . . . . . Illogene Bergstrom  
Invocation . . . . . Anita Leimbach  
Musical Selection . . . . . Shelley Holley Tholen

"There Will Be Light"

Written by Janice Kapp Perry

Accompanied by Gayle Stuart

Speaker . . . . . Afton Felt  
Piano Solo . . . . . Melissa Smith  
"Improvisation and Melody" by Arthur Brown

Speaker . . . . . Bishop Brent Bowen  
Musical Selection . . . . . Karen Nina Paulson Cooke  
"Ave Maria" written by Schubert  
Accompanied by Diane Homer

Speaker . . . . . President Monty E. Peterson

Benediction . . . . . Stan Thatcher

Dedication of the Grave . . . . . Paul Felt





.My Sister, my friend died Tuesday evening. Today ,as I represent the Harris family, I appreciate this opportunity to express my thoughts to you as we honor Lola. We have been Sisters for 73 Years and have shared many experiences together. She was always so patient with me her younger sister as I tagged along with on many occasions. We lived in a big home on the corner of 3rd West and 1st South in Provo, Utah. It was a The Provo High School was across the street from our home and our older brother and *Lola and our* ~~sister~~ *Sisters* attended school there. In our home were we were loved and cared for and thus we were a happy family..

My sister died on Tuesday night. Russ has been with her each day, as he was this day, and before he left they put a oxygen tent on her, because her breathing was so labored. She later asked them to remove it. It was not long after the tent removal that she passed on. It was a peacefull passing which is such a great blessing after this long illness.

Our family were living in Texas when she was about 3 yrs old and here perhaps was her introduction to being quite a social person. The neighbors , the Shires, were with out children and loved to come and get her for a few hour and take her home with them. Some time later she went out of the house and went over to their door and knocked on the door and called out , "Shire, Shire, coffee,coffee." Her mother went over after her and found out that when she came over and they were having their coffee they would give her a cup of warm milk and a tablespoon of coffee in it. Everyone loved Lola. We have such pleasant and happy memories. of our chilhood and teenage years.

.We played with the neighbor children and were a happy bunch, as we had own brand of cowboys and Indians shooting rubber guns and our daily clothes were blue stripped overalls, we were climbing over and on top of sheds and up in the trees in our yards. The ditch that run by the side of the house was often dammed driveway with rocks and we had and made our own swimming pool.

Many evenings Lola would be the teacher as we played school with two neighbor girls. The family were sure she would go on to be a school teacher. Some evenings we would gather for games of kick the can or hide and seek. Sometime we would go with our parents to a porch of a neighbor who would play the accordion and all would singing the favorite songs of the day.

We had chores to do in the home and the yard she loved to rearrange the furniture whenever it was assigned to clean a room. Our parents were aware of the need for us to learn and do things to help the family that we were part off.

Our father wanted to have his girls hair long and Lola wanted her hair short and was derermined to have it short so Dad agreed to cut it as all of us watched.

. How well we both remembered this day as dad took the sizzors and began to cut her hair. He could see that one side was longer than ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> other and kept snipping at her hair

until it was above her ears, and she was one unhappy girl. She refused to go to school and he had to bribe her with first 25 cents and I remember it was finally a dollar. After this first cut he knew he was better off sending the rest of us off to the barber shop.

She sat at mother's sewing machine when her legs weren't long enough to reach ~~the~~ so she would reach with her toes push the treadle. Mother had a White Treadle machine that sat in the corner of the Kitchen. Mother's neighbors would come in and scold mother for letting a child so young use her machine, they were sure she would ruin it, but this didn't faze our mother she just encouraged her to sew. One of the things mother would say, when someone would tell her what to do ~~and how to do~~ was, "Smile sweetly and say thank you and then go and do as you please." She took many sewing classes in school and became a master seamstress. Sometime bought the material and came home and sewed a dress to wear on a date that night.

Our Father had been the Chief of Police in Provo and With his appointment as Deputy Warden, our life was changed, she would be entering the 12 grade in High School. We moved to a home on what was then called Prison row. Five identical homes built together on 15 East and 21 South in Salt Lake. The first one nearest the Prison was for the Deputy and his family and the other four were for prison guards. They were heated by two coal stoves and the water was heated in a reservoir on the stove. This was a difficult change for our mother, for her home in Provo had central heat and gas Water heaters. However she was so happy for Dad to have this good job that it made up for it.

Went Lola registered for School <sup>at South High</sup> she found she was in the 11th grade instead of the 12th. This was a disappointment to find that 11th grade were Seniors and she would ~~graduate~~ <sup>graduate</sup> at the same time as her class mates in Provo. She sang in the choir and was in a quartet and had a lot of fun singing with them. She graduated from South High School the following spring and went on to the U of U. She worked part time for the Telephone Company. She continued to make her clothes and her first major purchase <sup>with her first wages</sup> was a set of twin beds for our room. This was wonderful for this was the first time we had our own bed.

The Warden died and Dad was appointed as the Warden. This meant another move, this one to the second floor of the Administration Building inside the gates of the prison. It was a mansion to us but we soon found many drawbacks, to the fact that to go outside we needed to have a guard open and close a big gate behind us. That our father was very much aware he had two teenaged daughters coming and going so some ground rules were set. No shorts of any kind, silk stockings on our legs when ever we went in or out, to be dressed modestly. ~~When ever~~ <sup>Te</sup> let the guards know if we were expecting someone.

Mother could have all the help she wanted and that sounded like heaven to us, but the words we heard her say was "Her girls needed to know how to do things, so just as Lola and I thought we had it made we found our responsibilities continued.



When world War II started she left school and went to work for Arden Sunfreeze dairy in Salt Lake. It was here that she became acquainted with a handsome young man ,Russell G. Holley and in Nove 22, 1941 they were married at the Lion House in Salt Lake City.

They moved to Provo and both worked at Geneva Steel. After the war they went to Vernal Utah and opened Russell's Men Shop.

She was active in the L.D.s Church and both she and her husband were working in the Cub Scouts. She was Primary Pres. A Primary teacher, ~~and Jr Sunday School teacher~~. She always loved working with children and for many years served as Jr. Sunday Coordinatoor. She was a Visiting Teacher when she was so ill some of us wondered how she could keep going to do these visits. She loved her companion and the ladies they visited and didn't want to give it up.

After her Breast Cancer she was a member of the Assistance League and did so much good work helping others who had to face about with breast surgery, or those who needed encouragement. She went out of her her way to talk and help so many. This league also had projects to earn mony to buy needy children shoes and coats and other clothing so they could be dressed like the other children in their school classes.

She spent countless hour at our Mothers home in Provo helping her. She would see the need for new wallpaper and would arrive with her arms full of supplies to do the job. She could cut hair and perm it like proffessional and kept our mothers hair done. She come each week and do so much to help. She knew how to serve others even at a time when she wasn't very well herself.

Lola and Russ have and outstanding family. Cheryl, Glen, Brent and Terry. These children have given them eight grandchildren, who was and is loved dearly. They have always been so proud of each of them. Over the years they have taken so many pictures of their family. Lola accomplished a Labor of Love as she made a large album of family pictures for each of them.

Today with, my Brothers and Sisters, feel very blessed to have been in this family with Lola, and treasure all the wonderful memories of her. Our prayer now for her family is to stay close to your father. Stay close to one another, as you have been and that we many again meet Lola and associate with her and your grandparents when it is our time to be called home.

Diana  
and Brent  
Holley



Michelle