



Frank Leslie Hickman
History and
Funeral Services

April 7, 1880 – April 20, 1948

Frank Leslie Hickman of Provo, representing the Inter-Mountain Life Insurance Company of Salt Lake as district manager for southern Utah, was born upon a farm at Benjamin, Utah county, on the 7th of April 1880, a son of George Washington and Lucy Ann (Haws) Hickman.

His father George, was a native of Missouri and a representative of one of the old American families of German extraction, represented, however, in the new world since 1680. George was a highly educated man and following his graduation from a college at Memphis, Tennessee, he attended the Eclectic Medical College at Cincinnati, Ohio, and after his graduation practiced his profession as a doctor for a time in Missouri.

In 1856, lured by the gold fields of the west, George and his two brothers started for California, but on arriving in Utah he became interested in Mormonism and remained in Utah, while his brothers continued the journey to California. After a year spent in Salt Lake he moved to Provo, becoming the pioneer physician at that place. He also practiced at different periods in Salem and in Payson, and he utilized his professional skill as surgeon in the Black Hawk war, in Sanpete County.

Later in life he took up the occupation of farming in Benjamin, where he homesteaded and also bought land. He remained very active in the work of the church and became a High Priest. In politics he was a democrat. A broadminded man, interested in progress for the individual and the community at large, and connected with much constructive work, he was loved by all who knew him. His worth as a factor in the pioneer development of Utah was widely recognized. He was born August 13, 1824 and was

therefore in the seventieth year of his age when he passed away on the 25th of November 1893.

Frank L. Hickman was the youngest of nine children who reached adult age in a family of thirteen children. He graduated from Brigham Young University at Provo, where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree. He devoted fourteen years to school teaching, eventually becoming a college professor. He first taught in the district school at Benjamin, later was principal of the schools of Hinckley, Utah, and also principal of the schools at American Fork. He had charge of English Classics in the Brigham Young University at Provo and while devoting much of his attention to his professional duties he also engaged in the insurance and real estate business as a sideline. He first became active in the real estate field at American Fork, where he continued for two years and then removed to Provo, where he bought out the Provo Realty Company, consolidating the same with the Garden City Real Estate Company.

In 1917 he organized the Provo Consolidated Real Estate Company and was president thereof until he disposed of the business in 1918 to become district manager for the Inter-Mountain Life Insurance Company. His position was one of large responsibility and his recent experience well qualifies him for the work that devolves upon him in this connection. He is alert and energetic, ready to meet any emergency, and his judgement is sound and discriminating.

In 1906 Mr. Hickman was united in marriage to Miss Jennie Dixon, of Payson, a daughter of John H. Dixon. She died in 1910, leaving two children, Ferrin, and Florence. In 1912 Mr. Hickman was again married, his second union being with Olive Nixon, of Provo, a daughter of J. W. Nixon II, and they had five children, Leslie Dean, Olive Erma, June Rene, Nina Elaine, and Ruth Luana. Mr. Hickman served on a mission for the church in the southern states from 1900 until 1902 and was president of the conference. He has also been a member of the Seventy. In politics he was a republican, thoroughly informed concerning the vital questions and issues of the day. He served as a delegate to county conventions, but never sought, nor desired office as a reward for party fealty.

He resided at No. 345 East Center Street, in Provo, in a beautiful residence. He is a most progressive and enterprising young businessman and a wide-awake citizen whose devotion to the public welfare is thoroughly recognized.

Frank Leslie Hickman

1880 - 1948

ORDER OF SERVICES

Remarks..... Patriarch Gaskell Romney

Invocation..... Judge Nathaniel H. Tanner

Solo..... Eldon Richardson
"Absent"

Remarks..... P. LeRoy Nelson

Violin Solo..... Bill Stewart
The Lord's Prayer"
Accompanied..... Marilyn Stewart

Remarks..... F. Edward Walker

Duet..... Henry Anderegg and Margaret Lohner
"Hold Thou My Hand"

Remarks..... Patriarch Gaskell Rowney

Benediction..... Bishop D. B. Stewart

Dedication of Grave..... T. Leslie Richardson

CASKET BEARERS

Glen Finlayson
Leon Finlayson
John D. Hickman

Alton Richardson
Harold I. Bowman
Wilford Coon

Funeral Services conducted at the Joseph 'William Taylor Memorial Mortuary
Recorded and compiled by F. E. Haviland
Dial 3-2049 Salt Lake City, Utah

Opening Remarks by Patriarch Gaskell Romney

Friends, we have met here to pay our last respects to Frank Leslie Hickman, who died Tuesday morning in Ogden. He was born April 7, 1880, at Benjamin, Utah. The son of George Washington and Lucy Ann Haws Hickman. He was married to Jennie Dixon. After her death, he was married to Olive Ida Nixon. He graduated from Brigham Young University and taught in the Utah schools for many years. He was principal of American Fork High School, Hinckley High School, Brigham, and Copperton High Schools. Survivors include a son and a daughter by his first marriage, Ferrin D. Hickman, and Mrs. Florence H. Curtis; five sons and daughters by his second marriage, Dean Hickman, Mrs. Erma H. Bird, June R. Hickman, Mrs. Elaine H. Maxfield and Mrs. Ruth H. Coon. All are here except Dean Hickman who is detained on account of sickness. He also is survived by a brother and two sisters, Mrs. Annie E. Daniels of Logan, George F. Hickman, and Miss Laura Hickman; thirteen grandchildren; and his wife, Olive Hickman.

The postlude and prelude to these services are performed by Brother Clarke. The services will be conducted as follows: The invocation will be offered by Judge Nathaniel H. Tanner; a solo "Absent" by Eldon Richardson, accompanied by Glenn Pratt; the first speaker, P. LeRoy Nelson, a lifelong friend of Brother Hickman; a violin solo "The Lord's Prayer" by Bill Stewart, accompanied by his sister, Marilyn Stewart; remarks by F. Edward Walker, a business associate; and a duet "Hold Thou My Hand" by Margaret Lohner and Henry Anderegg - Glenn Pratt will accompany them. There will be no further announcements and the program will proceed as we have announced it. We'll now have the invocation by Judge Nathaniel H. Tanner.

Invocation by Judge Nathaniel H. Tanner

Our Father, who art in Heaven, we assemble here this afternoon, our Heavenly Father, to pay love and respect to one of our loved ones who has been called home. We are grateful, Heavenly Father, for the blessings of the past and we pray that Thou will look upon us with compassion at this time, grant that we, as the immediate family, relatives and friends may have Thy spirit to guide us in the thoughts of this day. We realize that our passing is as natural as our birth and we pray that Thou wilt cause that our mourning may be brief, that we may reconcile that Thou art the Giver of all good and from Thee, our Heavenly Father, all blessings come and that this passing of our relative and brother may result in the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, knowing that our time may not be long hence and that we may be reconciled by Thee in the passing of

this, our brother and relative. We acknowledge Thy hand, our Heavenly Father, and we know that Thou art God, the Giver of all good and from Thee all blessings flow and the Gospel that Thou hast placed upon the earth is the source through which we may be reconciled, knowing that the day will come when we are called and will be privileged to mingle and associate with those of our loved ones that have passed on before. We realize that Leslie will meet and enjoy the association of his relatives, his father, mother, brothers, and sisters and those that have passed on before. Wilt Thou fit and qualify us that we may see in the Gospel those things that will bless us in his passing, that we may prepare ourselves to meet him in the hereafter. Our Father, wilt Thou let Thy spirit rest upon this assembly, that we may all enjoy the Spirit of the Lord, that those that are called upon to speak may be guided by Thy influence to give succor to those that are present, that we may be able to carry on successfully. Bless those that may give the spoken word and those that may present music unto us this afternoon. May we be reconciled, and may Thy Holy Spirit guide us in the future and enable us to live the Gospel and perform as we should do under the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit. We don't feel to multiply words before Thee, our Heavenly Father, but we do pray that Thou wilt bless those who are near and dear by close association of this family in the passing of their husband, father, and those that have realized the blessings through Leslie. Now, we dedicate what we have and are unto Thee and the services here this afternoon and we do it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Remarks by P. LeRoy Nelson

I appear here this afternoon to pay a tribute to my friend. Leslie Hickman was born in the part of the country that I am from, perhaps a distance away of two or three miles. I think all of the family were born in the little town of Benjamin.

I met him off and on and we attended the B. Y. U. together. I remember especially our class in Theology under Professor Christensen. Leslie was a good student; he had studied the Gospel. Professor Christensen was a well-intentioned man but exceedingly dogmatic. That didn't set so well with Les and he had a right to an opinion. He and I and that class all asked a lot of questions, and it made some very interesting discussions.

Les studied music and he had a wonderful voice. It was a pleasure to hear him sing as he had power and strength and control that are the prime requisites of a good singer. Many times, when Les Hickman and Olive Hickman came upon the rostrum to sing, we all knew we were going to have a rare treat in duet. I don't suppose I ever heard two

voices blend so perfectly as the voices of those two young people. Radiant, smiling, confident - then the music that came forth would please the greatest connoisseur of music who heard it.

Les went to do school teaching and we crossed trails frequently. We always had something to say, and we often referred to the times at the B.Y.U. and the things that took place. We would have some very fine times together.

He went into the Real Estate and in insurance. If ever there was a salesman in this world, it was Leslie Hickman. The other day one of his daughters told me of a wonderful trophy he had awarded to him by the insurance company for which he worked, awarding him first place in the state of Utah for getting the most business during that year. I was not surprised in the least. He was a man who, when he set his mind to a goal, just couldn't be turned back. He was indomitable, he was persistent, he was thorough, he was convincing, a splendid type of man. I don't know where I would go to find a finer friend than he was.

He came from one of the best families in the state of Utah and I say that without any reservation. In fact, our community there developed a legend about the Hickman family. I heard about it before I met any of them as men used to talk about it in my presence. Then, later on, I met these men, several of them. I could well understand why it was. They were all fine specimens of manhood, physically and mentally. Every one of those men of that family went forth from that little town of Benjamin to places of station and honor in the state of Utah and over our nation. I'm glad that I became quite well acquainted with the members of that family. These men were never quarrelsome, but they were men that you couldn't push around. They never ran away from a fight, but anybody who started something with anyone of them, was led to repent of his inclination.

It is this spirit that built the state of Utah; it was that spirit that went out and conquered the waste of the desert and made Utah ring up championship after championship. You'd be surprised at the championships that have come to a little state such as Utah. Men and women such as the Hickman family manifest have made this state.

I've often said that, if ever I got into a group where it became mighty rugged, if I needed someone to stand by my side, I could not think of any man who could stand by my side that would stand as I wanted him to do as I would in the presence of Les Hickman. He was loyal and when he told you something, you could rely upon it. That

was my experience with him. I'd know that when the fight would be over Leslie would be at my side.

He was conscientious, even more so than was necessary, I thought sometimes; he was a good sportsman; there was nothing shoddy, mean or trivial about him; he wasn't afraid of anybody or anything and he had the spirit of a pioneer which came to him through that wonderful family. By nature, he was sunny and happy. He'd always see the bright side of things and when you left him, you would feel better because you had touched his life, and you had taken part of that disposition of his away. A hustler? I never saw anything that could compare to him!! I remember at the B.Y.U. he was either rushing to one thing or coming from another, maybe with an armful of books. Work? He never did anything but work, and he was always equal to the occasion. I pay tribute to one of the greatest hustlers the State of Utah ever produced in the personality of Les Hickman. He loved people and he loved to mingle with them. He always had a lot to say, and he was a good listener too.

In my social contacts with him at Ogden, the last three or four years, he was still the fine type of man that I had always known. It was a pleasure to go where he lived and talk with him; it was a pleasure to have him in our home, and there go back over the trails of a few years ago, and chuckle over the things we could remember, things that he had said and done and the reaction that came from it.

Les, like his other brothers, was possessed with a wonderful body - a good athlete, a good boxer, wrestler. He could do anything that anybody else could, and, generally, could do it better. He loved to think of himself just that way. I believe that's the thing that kept him going so long as it did. For the last number of years, he had heart trouble. I think if it had been a different stamina of man than he, he would have passed on at least ten years before. He never could believe he was sick.

The other day at the hospital, he was told to stay in his bed. But Les Hickman couldn't believe that that was meant for him, and he got up and walked around that hospital. That was the spirit he had. He couldn't believe that he could be whipped at anything. That soul of his will march on with that same kind of a spirit in the world beyond as it marched here - a spirit that was indominant.

He was a man who moved on and out into different fields with the spirit of the corsair who always saw another mountain ridge that was a little higher than where he was. He loved adventure; he loved to go out into new fields, and to match his strength and his stamina against other men and women in society, to achieve, and he did achieve.

The other day, prior to his death, he had applied for a different type of work at Hillfield where he worked, and a letter was written by the men who knew him at the field.

In substance, this is what they said, "This certifies that we have known Leslie Hickman (for a certain length of time out there). He was working with us in our departments and we have found Leslie Hickman to be honest, trustworthy, cooperative, efficient and a fine type of man. As such, we wholeheartedly recommend his promotion." That wasn't something that came after he passed away. That was something that came a little over ten days ago and it shows a continuity of spirit. But now, he was just the same as he's always been - a man who was cooperative, a man who did a job well when he undertook it, and a man who had the respect of his associates.

It's an odd thing, as long as I have known Les Hickman, and the many times that we have talked about different things, I don't remember one time that he and I ever had a cross word and I pay him a great compliment for that because I am inclined to be a little argumentative. Our associations were always pleasant, always happy and I always had a smile, and a handshake from him such as nobody else had but him. So, I pay tribute to a fine man, a fine type of citizen, to a type of personality the world needs more of today. When he set his hands to the plow, he did not turn back. The lack of that today is unmaking this world - a world of uncertainty, a world of confusion, because leadership looks in one direction today and another tomorrow and it doesn't know where it is going.

We have been told very aptly that what we keep ourselves, dies with us, and what we give away is immortal. No matter what we might think or say upon an occasion of this kind, we are always confronted with the age-twin mystery - birth and death. The cradle or the grave we seek the answer to the questions of whence and wisdom. I suppose the neolithic men thought of them in his neolithic mind in much the same way as we do now. It would be a tragedy in the lives of those who are near and close to those that pass in death if that were the end to it.

If we could answer those question, I suppose there wouldn't be any faith. The greatest gift that God gave to man was the gift of faith. We are told that when Pandora's box was opened, hope only remained. I think that is a misstatement. I think that within the confines of that magic box, faith also remained. I can't help but believe that in the life beyond, when we arrive there and look back, when we meet with our friends (those whom we have known here), that we're going to have a lot of chuckles together. We're going to say to each other, "Isn't it funny that we were so serious a few years ago? We

were all afraid of death and here we are together again, we know each other, we still remember and we can talk of the old times we spent in our earth days and we were so afraid of it." It is much like the little boy who plays with a bright toy. Suddenly, the little train doesn't run anymore. It breaks his heart, and he looks at it and says "Just a moment ago it ran and now it doesn't" and he can't fix it. His father comes home in the evening, takes the little boy's train, adjusts it here and there, winds it up, gives it back to the little boy and the train runs again. Johnny smiles and to him it seems a miracle; yet, to father so simple! It didn't upset him, it didn't cause him to fret, it didn't cause him to lose a tear. But to the little boy, it was a tragedy. I think our life beyond will parallel just something like that.

Faith is the assurance that helps us over these tragedies that come to us at one time or another. We are told "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable". That was the challenge that Paul heard. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." You remember the further assurance – "I am the resurrection and the life". Then, we have the assurance again of the Great Master, "In my Father's house are many mansions". We might say to ourselves that those are mere words - anybody who wrote could have written them. But we have something stronger than just the spoken word. After those words were uttered by the Master Himself, He was hung upon the cross and died, as we all do. But He lived again, we know He did! Mary saw Him and she ran to tell Peter about it because even though He had spoken these words, she didn't know what they meant. He also talked and walked with a group of them. At another time He ate with them - all after His passing. He says "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

My brothers and sisters, those are the assurances we have. Truly, faith is the greatest of gifts. We live by it; we move by it and we'll die by it. In conclusion I would like to read a poem if I may:

"Does it matter that he stopped at my threshold today?
Put his arm around me, pushed a worry away?
Did he quicken my heartbeat or stifle a sigh?
Did it matter to me that he had passed by?
Did he say the kind word that I longed most to hear?
Did he help ease my mind from a doubt to a cheer?
When the pressure seemed tougher than I could withstand

Did I find that surcease in the clasp of his hand?
Did he drive out the clouds, put a sun in the sky?
Did it matter to me that he had passed by?

Remarks by F. Edward -Walker

Friends, I am here today as a business associate of Leslie Hickman's and a neighbor. He used to live up on Gilmer Drive. It hasn't been my privilege to have known him as long as the other speaker, but he was one of the first men who I met when I came to Utah about seventeen years ago. We were very closely associated for several years. When you are closely associated with someone that way, you do become quite closely drawn to them and you get to know them very well.

Leslie Hickman had many fine qualities. As we're gathered here today, I think of that passage in the scriptures when Paul was drawing to the close of his very active life and when he said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Every one of us someday will reach that place in our existence, whether we realize it or not, or whether we'll be able to express it as Paul did.

As we are gathered here, we are not here to pass judgment at all on Les Hickman because the Bible also says "Judge not that ye be not judged." But this is an opportunity to take ourselves away just for a few minutes from our busy lives to recollect and reminisce with one another the things that we put off. I don't know how the rest of you are, but in my own case, it seems to me that I think I don't have the time to do the things that I would like to do as I am so busy doing the things, I think I have to do. When death comes along, we realize that someone has gone out of our life, and that maybe we could have done more for them than we did, and that another association is broken, that might have meant something greater than it even did.

I think the greatest quality that impressed me in Les Hickman's life was his enthusiasm. The speaker before me referred to it and if anyone did have that quality, Les Hickman had it. You never wondered whether he was in some activity or in some meeting. because he always made his presence felt. He took part and he was enthusiastic about most anything he did. It's a very fine quality - a quality that is to be admired. It was particularly a fine quality to have in the work that he did. It reaches out, and is like a fountain that comes up, and passes its influence out to others. It's like the champagne, or something, that makes the bubbles come up. In the work of selling where an individual is contacting others, and is talking and explaining, and is trying his

best to put forth facts or information, we're sometimes inclined to get stale. Sometimes we're inclined to feel, "Well, this is an old story" and then many people do not respond. It takes an awful lot of enthusiasm to keep going, knowing that if the results aren't paying today, that they will be obtained tomorrow to those who keep going that long. I think it's a very fine quality, one admired by everyone and particularly a very essential quality in the selling work. Les had it and he had it abundantly.

Les set many records as a salesman of insurance, and, as one who is in that business, I pay tribute to his ability in the insurance field. He was a pioneer in the selling of insurance - one of a number of fine salesmen among the Hickman family. It has been my privilege to know, I believe, all of his children and to know many of his other relatives. A number of them are the leaders today in insurance work in this state and nation. One of the fine things that I remember about Les was his ability to adapt himself to most any situation. We traveled together out over the state and made a number of trips together. Lots of times we didn't know just where we were going, and, as we say in the quaker meetings, "We would move as the spirit moved us." Sometimes we stayed all night in farm homes, small towns, or in rather inadequate hotels (if you want to call them that). But wherever we went, Les made himself at home. He didn't grumble, he didn't complain, and he made himself at home, which was a fine way to do because, after all, grumbling wouldn't improve the situation.

It is very fitting that we had these very fine musical numbers here today because Les did love music. He had a good voice, and he was gracious to sing whenever he was asked to do so, which is something that all good musicians do not do. It was something that gave him a lot of pleasure and a lot of satisfaction, as well as to help him to make friends and to meet people.

He had a wonderful memory and he seemed to be able to reach down there in his subconscious mind and dig up facts that many other people would have forgotten. As we traveled to many places in this state, it wouldn't be but a matter of moments but what, after he would meet someone for the first time and learn their name, he would immediately recollect some of their relatives that he knew. It was a big asset to him, and it was a very fine quality to have because there are many people who haven't cultivated their memories. Perhaps one reason that I admired that so much in Les Hickman is because it is something that I have tried to do myself.

I think that as we go through life, all of us should have some hobbies. I think it is one of the things that add to the enrichment of our lives, adds to our usefulness and

something that we feel we have had some contribution to. Of course, many people today have many hobbies of all sorts. The hobby that Les Hickman had and the one that I have also, is people. To me, the most interesting thing in the world is people. Everything else revolves around people. Horseback riding to me, for instance, is interesting only when it affords pleasure or exercise to the individuals. Stamp collecting the same way is of use only if it provides pleasure through the people who perform those hobbies. To me, the most interesting thing is people themselves, and we find that everywhere they are fine people, that everywhere people have their ups and downs, and everywhere people are moving along and doing a lot of good. It seems to me that his is the most useful hobby there is, and one that can touch more lives. That was a hobby that blended very well with Les Hickman's work - his insurance.

It's hard for us to measure the influence that a person does have to others over a long period of active living. I know of a family right up in the Yale Ward, where a number of years ago, Les Hickman sold insurance in that family - a young doctor. It was a small family getting started in life and he placed insurance through my company. Over a period of a few years, the doctor died suddenly. That insurance money was a means of education to those children. We all know that the man who sold that insurance, placed it on the books, got that Doctor to buy it certainly was to be considered the one responsible for it. It would be hard to measure in terms of dollars and cents the similar and undoubtedly many hundreds of cases throughout this area, where the results of Les Hickman's efforts and work - where homes were saved, and finances were available - that otherwise wouldn't have been. I know that he enjoyed this work.

As has been said, he was one of the best who ever sold insurance in this area. As a newcomer to the state, I feel that I do owe a debt to him in having the privilege of working with him, learning the best of his methods, and sharing in some of his life's work, some of his hobbies, some of his trips, and some of his aspirations and hopes. It was a real thrill to go with him and meet some of these people he knew - his friends, former neighbors, and relatives in every corner of the state. So, I just want to pay this tribute of my appreciation of him to his friends and family here from a business standpoint as he did contribute much to the development and sale of insurance in this area.

He was affiliated with several different companies and there are men in this room who have worked with him. He was one of the pioneers with the old Intermountain Life; he put in considerable work and effort with the Bankers Preserve Life; he was associated with the United Benefit Life and with the Occidental. During the time he was with each

company, there was no one that took more interest nor won as many contests, as did he. When there was a matter of competing, matching his skill and ability with other salesmen, he rallied to that and it was a challenge.

As we go through life, whatever line of work we're in, the difference between winning and just being good is small; it's just a little bit. Someone has said that the difference between a major league baseball player and a minor league is just one second quicker to run the base, one more hit a week, one less error a week. That's all, it isn't much, but it's just the difference between being a champion and just another player. So, to me, it's a very fine thing when there is an individual who has that competitive instinct, that desire to achieve, that desire to do his best and the desire to win the race, to sell the policy, to accomplish the goal, whether it is in life, in business or what it's in.

Another thing that I was always impressed with was the fine family of Les Hickman. I've lived just within a block of them for several years, particularly the younger ones and have been in their home often. Indeed, it does mean something to this city and state and nation to have fine people like that come into the world, become successful and to take their places in life as this fine family has done and is doing.

We've not been as close the last few years as we'd like to have been, but it has been a privilege on my part to have had the contact that I did. His life has come to an end, he has lived almost the three score and ten years that was allotted, and I think that all of us can reflect on these things and these fine qualities that he did have and try in our small way to carry on and do some of the things that in life are to be done. Certainly, there is still the necessity of a kind word, a smile, a good handshake, a word of encouragement, a desire to achieve. Those things are still going on today and will be tomorrow and right on down the line. I think that everyone of us can take from his life and his influence and add them to ourselves and try to live a little better, be a little better friend and be a little better citizen because of it.

Again, we want to thank the family for inviting us to be here and to pay this measure of tribute for a man who has been and did make a fine contribution to the insurance business of this state. I thank you.

Closing Remarks by Patriarch Gaskell Romney

My brethren and Sisters, I really feel that it is a compliment from the family in asking me to take charge of these services and to just say a few words. I'm sure enough has been said, but, as I have been asked to say a few words, I gladly respond.

Brother and Sister Hickman came into our ward - Yale Ward just after it was organized. Our numbers were few at that time and Brother and Sister Hickman made a great contribution to our ward. As has already been referred to by former speakers, they were talented, and they were generous in giving their talents freely to the entertainment and enjoyment of our ward.

Their family grew up here. Three of the boys were called on missions. I think it's a very fine tribute for a family to have contributed both socially and religiously to a community, and to have contributed sons and daughters, who have also made a contribution in life. They say that a man who builds cities, who promotes great enterprises, or amasses fortunes has probably done a great deal of good for humanity, by providing employment and so on. But the one who has made the greatest achievement for humanity, is the one that can say of this son or this daughter, who are good citizens, "This is my son". That is the greatest contribution that really can be made by a man or woman to humanity.

I would just like to refer to one thing that has always impressed me. I know that a great many people refer to the Lord as being one who punishes us, who inflicts upon us penalties because of our neglect here in this life. Truly, we will all have to pay for the errors which we have committed and the neglect in doing those things that we should have done. But the thing that gives me the greatest joy and satisfaction is to think of the great love that our Father in Heaven has for His children and that His main purpose is to save souls. He said through the Prophet Joseph Smith that "Souls are precious in my sight". He also said that "This is my work and my glory to bring about the immortality and eternal life of man". That's His great purpose here - not to inflict punishments upon us, but to save us, to bring us back into the glory to which we respond to, whether it be the Telestial, the Terrestrial, or the Celestial. The Lord also told us that He "came not unto the world to condemn it, but to give it life".

I think that one of the greatest inspirations that we can have is when we think about the Lord sending us here to work out our salvation, giving His only Begotten Son that we might live and then that Jesus went through the sufferings that He did that we might live, showing that the whole plan of the Lord is to bring about our salvation and our exaltation and not to bring about sorrow or distress in our lives. We bring that upon ourselves. We have to pay the penalty for the things that we have neglected to do.

I rejoice in the life and the inspiration that comes to those who serve the Lord and seek to follow in His footsteps. I rejoice for the fact that the Lord is interested entirely in the

salvation of our souls and that He appreciates every soul that is saved, even as the Good Shepherd left the ninety-nine and went out after the one that had strayed away from the big flock.

Let us take comfort in that everyone of us, when we pass from this life will be judged according to the things which we have done, “for the books will be opened and the dead if will be judged out of the things that are written in that book”. Then, to our great comfort, He adds that there is “another book - which is the book of life” and out of those things will we be judged. The things which are written of us are only a part of our life as they don’t express the inner life, the emotions of the soul. The good thoughts and the good deeds that are unknown to man cannot be recorded in books, but they are recorded in the "Book of Life” and it is the thing that will count most in our exaltation.

Now, I appreciate the association I have had with this good family and rejoice in the confidence they have in me as I was their bishop for about ten years.

They want me to express to you their appreciation for your being here, for the words of sympathy, for the comfort that you have extended, for the floral offerings and for those who have spoken and for those who have rendered musical selections and all who have contributed in any way.

The interment will be at the Wasatch Cemetery. The pallbearers are: Glen Finlayson, Leon Finlayson, John D. Hickman, Alton Richardson, nephews of the deceased; Harold I. Bowman and Wilford Coon. The dedicatory prayer at the grave will be offered by Leslie Richardson and the benediction will now be pronounced by Bishop D. B. Stewart.

Benediction by Bishop D. B. Stewart

Since, our Heavenly Father, Thou hast willed the life of Brother Leslie Hickman to be terminated for this life’s existence, we are grateful that we have been able to meet here and pay tribute to his fine qualities. We thank Thee that we have been privileged to know Leslie, to take of his hospitality, his genial personality and his radiance which has inspired us in our life's endeavors. We thank Thee for his excellent family, for their lives and for the activity they are giving forth that Thy cause may be upheld here in the earth. We only pray, our Heavenly Father, that we may emulate the fine Qualities which have been demonstrated to us through him, his offspring, and his relatives to the extent that we may go forward and live wholesome, useful lives in Thy Kingdom.

Dismiss us now with Thy blessings, proceed with us in the furtherance of these services and to the cemetery, to our homes and that we may dedicate our efforts continually in righteousness. We do this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Frank Hickman Succumbs in Ogden Hospital

OGDEN—Frank Leslie Hickman, 68, Washington Arms Apts., formerly of Salt Lake City and Provo, died Tuesday morning in an Ogden hospital after a heart attack.

He was born April 7, 1880, in Benjamin, a son of George Washington and Lucy Ann Haws Hickman. He was married to Jennie Dixon. After her death he was married to Olive Nixon.

A graduate of Brigham Young University, Mr. Hickman taught in Utah schools for many years. He was principal of American Fork High School, Hinckley High School, Bingham and Copperton High Schools. For several years he was in the insurance business. At the time of his death he was employed by the Clearfield Naval Depot.

Survivors include a son and daughter by his first marriage, Ferrin D. Hickman, Eugene, Ore., and Mrs. Florence H. Curtis, Provo; five sons and daughters by his second marriage, L. Dean Hickman, San Francisco; Mrs. Erma Bird, Venice, Calif.; June R. Hickman, New York; Mrs. Elaine H. Maxfield, Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Ruth H. Coon, Magna; two sisters and a brother, Mrs. T. E. Daniels, Logan; Miss Laura Hickman and G. S. Hickman, Salt Lake City; 13 grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted at 125 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Saturday at 12:30 p.m., where friends may call Friday afternoon and Saturday prior to services. Burial will be in Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.

Frank Leslie Hickman

OGDEN, April 21.—Frank Leslie Hickman, 68, Ogden, former resident of Salt Lake City and Provo, died in an Ogden hospital Tuesday at 10:30 a.m. of a heart attack.

Son of George Washington and Lucy Ann Haws Hickman he was born April 7, 1880, in Benjamin Utah county.

He was graduated from the Brigham Young university at Provo. He then taught school several years and was principal of high schools in American Fork and Hinckley, Millard county. Before moving to Ogden three years ago he also taught in Bingham and Copperton high schools.

For many years he was engaged in the insurance business. Since 1945, Mr. Hickman had been employed as a warehouse manager at Clearfield naval supply depot. He was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

After the death of his first wife, Jennie Dixon Hickman, and by whom he had two children, he later married Oliver Nixon in Provo.

Besides his widow he is survived by the following sons and daughters: Ferrin B. Hickman, Eugene, Ore.; Mrs. Florence H. Curtis, Provo, both of whom are children by the first wife; L. Dean Hickman, New York City; Mrs. Elaine H. Maxfield, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Ruth H. Coon, Magna; two sisters and a brother: Mrs. T. E. Daniels, Logan; Miss Laura Hickman and G. F. Hickman, Salt Lake City; 13 grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted Saturday at 12:30 p.m. at 125 N. Main, where friends may call Friday from 4 to 8:30 p.m. and Saturday prior to services. Burial will be in Wasatch Lawn Memorial park.



F. Leslie Hickman

OGDEN—Funeral services for Frank Leslie Hickman, formerly a resident of Salt Lake City and Provo, will be conducted Saturday at 12:30 p.m. at 125 North Main St., Salt Lake City.

Friends may call at the place of services Friday afternoon and Saturday until funeral time. Burial will be in Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.

Mr. Hickman, a school teacher for many years, died Tuesday morning in an Ogden hospital after a heart attack. He was in the insurance business for several years. At the time of his death he was employed by the Clearfield Naval Depot.



Mr. Hickman

Frank Leslie Hickman

Funeral services for Frank Leslie Hickman, 68, Ogden, former resident of Salt Lake City and Provo, will be conducted Saturday at 12:30 p.m. at 125 N. Main. Mr. Hickman died Tuesday in an Ogden hospital.

He is survived by the following sons and daughters: Ferrin D. Hickman, Eugene, Ore.; Mrs. Florence H. Curtis, Provo; L. Dean Hickman, San Francisco; Mrs. Elaine H. Maxfield, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Ruth H. Coon, Magna; June R. Hickman, New York City, and Mrs. Erma H. Bird, Venice, Cal.; two sisters and a brother, Mrs. T. E. Daniels, Logan; Miss Laura Hickman and G. F. Hickman, Salt Lake City, and 12 grandchildren.

Friends may call at place of funeral Friday from 4 to 8:30 p.m. and Saturday prior to funeral. Burial will be in Wasatch Lawn Memorial park.