

While Mary Ann finds her father "a source of pride to her," and Kate sees her marriage as "one long series of emotional estrangements and reconciliations," such phrasal glimpses of humanness do little to temper page after page of tear-jerking heartbreak in polygamy.

Kate Hamilton resigns herself to watching for the eternal morning of the life after death, but the novel affords us few if any convincing flickers of spiritual light. Mother and daughter find it difficult to pray; father's prayers are unfeeling and pietistic; brother's continual fasting and prayer only increase his melancholy. In no character is there a sense of religious conversion or commitment that is soul deep. In fact, most of the triumphant moments in the book (and there are some good ones, such as when Kate, who has managed her husband's St. George property, informs him that she holds the title and will not sell to his appointed buyer) come when a character subverts the Mormon system. Not that sorrow, subversion and sabotage were/are not part of the Mormon experience, but by carefully avoiding other aspects of nineteenth-century Mormon life, Macdonald seems to have replaced one set of stereotypes with another.

The plot itself tends to de-emphasize the characters' development. At times Kate and Mary Ann seem to move through the novel like tokens on a gameboard of nineteenth and twentieth-century dramatic clichés. The death of an innocent child,

attempted rape, young love lost and illicit sex are spaces where the characters stop at least once, and often twice. Upon a second reading of the novel, however, one is less encumbered by this melodrama and the characters emerge more clearly. Kate Hamilton is impenetrable. We know more of her dreams and their shattering than of her private struggles, but her inward-turning and her mounting bitterness make her a believable, though hauntingly unknowable woman. Mary Ann's candor and moldlessness bring her closer to the reader. Her relationships with others are healthy and she is accustomed to making her own way. Open to new experiences, she is the foreshadowed focus of the novel's revelatory denouement. Unfortunately, the subtle moment is overshadowed by the murder and suicide immediately preceding it.

In one sense, at least, *Watch for the Morning* is a story, as its author hoped, "not limited by time and place." Life is unfair and has "a way of exacting payments you never anticipated," just as Kate and Mary Ann proclaim. But we must guess at Macdonald's conclusion—"that fulfillment comes only from within oneself"—we don't experience it. There is little blending of outward circumstance with internal reconciliation—none of the sublime cathartic struggle of a woman for selfhood portrayed by Annie Clark Tanner's autobiography, for example. Like Kate, we are left watching for the light that seems never to dawn.

JILL MULVAY DERR *lives in Alpine, Utah, and is assistant editor of the Journal of Mormon History.*

THE HINCKLEY INSTITUTION

JOHN R. SILLITO

"I'd Rather Be Born Lucky Than Rich": The Autobiography of Robert H. Hinckley. By Robert H. Hinckley and JoAnn Jacobsen Wells. No. 7, Charles Redd Monographs in Western History. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1977. 160. pp., index, biblio, illus. \$4.95.

Robert Hinckley is clearly one of Utah's most distinguished sons. In a career spanning over a half century, both in Utah and on the national level, he has worn a number of different hats—politician, government official, businessman, rancher. Through all of his career, however, he has maintained

an active involvement in politics. Indeed, his personal credo seems to emphasize a two-fold commitment—to democracy as the best form of government, and to politics as the means of attaining it. His exposure to political life came at an early age from the example of his parents: “Mother and Father never missed voting in an election, and both of them usually took part in the local nominating conventions. And they brought me up on the basis that politics is an honorable profession and would always be so long as there were good people in office.”

These attitudes instilled in youth come as no surprise to anyone associated with the University of Utah, where, for over a decade, the name Hinckley has been synonymous with political activity and analysis. In 1965, Hinckley established the Hinckley Institute of Politics at the school, and under the able direction of J. D. Williams, R. J. Snow, and others, the institute has sponsored political and governmental internships, mock conventions, and a weekly bull session where students meet and discuss current political questions with practitioners of the art.

The Institute has also brought scores of national political figures to the campus as “politicians in residence” to lecture and meet with students informally. From Jim Farley to George Romney, from Hubert Humphrey to Harry Dent, the guests have covered the political spectrum. The internship program has proven a great success and over 600 interns (this writer included) have experienced first-hand political and governmental life. Hinckley says with justifiable pride that after a decade of running the program, “five of these interns sat in the Utah State Legislature, and one on the Constitutional Review Commission. One was chairman of the Democratic party in Davis County, and one was administrative assistant to U.S. Senator Jake Garn.”

Like the institute that bears his name, “Bob” Hinckley has made a mark on the political record of his state and nation, and on his times. But as F. Alan Coombs has noted, to say that Hinckley is a remarkable man is not to say “this is a remarkable book.” The book is unfortunately marred by a variety of flaws that detract from its overall significance and impact.

One serious impediment is the poor job of editing and proofreading. Although

a lengthy errata sheet is included, there are many other errors of fact and misspellings that are quite distracting. For example, it was Don *Colton* not Colten who served as a congressman from Utah in the 1930s. Moreover, the California Progressive governor and senator was *Hiram* Johnson, not Hyrum. At the same time, Hinckley’s assertion that John F. Kennedy was nominated for President over his opponent Lyndon B. Johnson before the roll call ever got to Utah is a clear contradiction of the fact that it was the fifteen votes from Wyoming that put the Massachusetts Senator over the top. I suspect that a few more hours in the library running down some of these facts and names would have considerably enhanced the quality and readability of the book.

A far more serious flaw is Hinckley’s failure to define his allegiance to Mormonism and the role it played in his life. Some of the usual signs of commitment are recounted: two years in Germany on a mission, marriage in the temple, and so forth. Yet there is not much more than occasional scratches on the surface veneer of his personal beliefs. He recalls that Sunday church attendance for his family was as routine as Saturday night baths, and notes, “We would all go to church—Father, Mother and their whole brood, polished and looking as though we belonged. I dreaded Sundays, but despite my pleas, I went to church—always by my mother’s hand.”

An additional, if still incomplete, understanding of his ties to the Church comes in the sections of the book dealing with his mission. The impression given is that Hinckley, like many others, served a mission out of a sense of obligation and not because he had a burning desire to serve. Church callings in those days, he remarks, were commandments. He states that he “dreaded” the trip abroad, and that it was only the encouragement of Mission President Thomas E. McKay that saved the experience from being worse than it was. He says, “Missionaries in those days were in no way prepared for their callings—at least I was not. And because of my lack of knowledge about church doctrine in general I was loath to go. In fact, had it been possible for me to hitchhike home after I arrived in Germany I would have done so.”

Such sentiments are not unique to Robert Hinckley. Yet they are important in