

HISTORY OF JOSEPH HOLBROOK AND MARY ELLEN CAHOON TOLMAN
17 Jul 1851 - 30 Sep 1935 and 3 Nov 1870 - 19 Mar 1952
Son of Judson and Sarah Lucretia Holbrook Tolman
Compiled by Lavaughn Tolman Fowler

Joseph Holbrook was born to Judson and Sarah Lucretia Holbrook Tolman, he was the fourth child that blessed this home.

Joseph was the first white child born in Tooele, Utah. He was born the 17th of July 1851. In 1854 his parents moved to Bountiful, Utah.

His early life was spent herding sheep and the family cows for his parents. At this time the Indians were plentiful and would help themselves to the pioneer stock. So several neighbors would send their boys to herd the animals in a pasture outside of the village. The boys felt bored and looked for something exciting to do. Rattlesnakes were plentiful, the boys would take turns at cutting off their heads. They would take a long forked stick, place the fork just back of the snakes head, then cut off the head, hang the rest of it on a tree branch and watch it writhe and struggle for hours. Finally came the day for fathers turn to cut off the head of the next snake. Soon they found one coiled on a large tree stump sunning itself. The forked stick was placed back of the head and father prepared to commit the act when the snake pulled his head from under the stick and bit father on the flesh between the thumb and forefinger on the right hand. Such excitement you can imagine. Father started to run for home, he ran a mile or two to get there for help. As he got to the gate of their yard, the button broke off the cuff of his shirt sleeve, and his arm burst wide open nearly to his shoulder. Of course the boys told what happened.

A woman in the neighborhood was being confined, and a doctor there was summoned. He gave him a drink of whiskey and told his parents to continue until they got him drunk. Then get a cow in and every few minutes milk fresh milk and add bread and poultice to the hand and arm, and continue until the poultices would remain the same as when put on. At first the poultice would be as green as grass. They never did get father drunk, after many hours of continual care the poultices became unchanged in color. The Doctor then said the poison had been drawn out.

As the arm and hand healed it shriveled, and became badly deformed, the fingers were drawn tight against the hand.

One day an old Indian came there. At once he said snake bite boy. They replied "yes". He made a deal with them, for a bag of flour "He" would bring medicine which would help the withered hand. The parents gladly gave the flour. The Indian said in so many moons he would be back. After many weeks the Indian returned with a salve. He went into the

yard and picked up a feather (chicken) rubbed it in the salve, then worked it into the hand and the shriveled fingers which were withered and drawn. He then instructed the parents to use it often and work it well into the hand. He promised to return again and did, he was delighted at the results. Fathers parents did as instructed, and soon they could see great improvement and soon were able to move the fingers, as they massaged them. As the feeling came back into the hand and arm, they began to grown. His arm and hand were about the size of mine, but not deformed and useless.

Father was indeed grateful to the old Indian, we must not forget the greatest Healer of All, because the prayers were many, they were surely answered. Father had the same use of that hand as he did the other.

The boys learned a great lesson from this near tragic incident. They decided there must be a better way to kill snakes, than the way they had been doing it. If the snake had been on the ground instead of the stump, all would have been well. On the ground the forked stick could have been pushed well into the ground holding the snake back tight. As it was he just pulled back and struck. This was a painful lesson. Father always had a great love for the Indian people, he always said “do unto them as you’d like to be done by,” and all through his years he had great compassion for them, and declared they never stole from him or done him any harm.

On February 27th, 1870 father married Emma Adella Wood, to this union there were sixteen children born, eleven girls and five boys.

November 17th, 1887 in the Logan L.D.S. Temple, Logan Utah, Joseph Holbrook married Mary Ellen Cahoon. Their home was blessed with eight children four boys and four girls.

He built and operated a saw mill in Bountiful, Utah. It was called the pit. In 1887 he moved to Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho. He settled on a homestead, where he engaged in farming, carpenter work, and blacksmithing. During that period, he made all the caskets needed in the neighborhood.

As his family grew he had to move to North Canyon, there he ran a steam saw mill, in which he furnished lumber for Chesterfield, Gentile valley, and Soda Springs. Through the loss of the mill by fire, he moved to Bancroft Idaho, and bought a sawmill. From the mill he furnished the first side walk timber laid in Pocatello, Idaho.

From Bancroft he moved to Fish Creek. In 1898 to Grace Idaho, from this mill he furnished most of the lumber for the Last Chance Canal Company. He then moved to

Dempsey Creek, east and south of Lava Hot Springs. From this mill he furnished the lumber for the Harkness Grist mill, and Hotel in McCammon, Idaho.

He then purchased some land in Inkom, and started to prepare lumber for water-wheels, pentstock, house and shop. The lumber for these things were hauled down with teams and wagons.

Ernest Byington told me that father helped move the Union Pacific round house and machine shop from Eagle Rock (Idaho Falls) to Pocatello Idaho.

Now I shall continue this story of Fathers and Mothers life as I remember it as a child and through to the end of their mortal life.

Mary Ellen Cahoon was born to Rais Bell Cassen Reynolds Cahoon, and Mary Charlotte Johnson Cahoon. She was their second child.

She was born the 3rd November 1870 at Brigham City, Utah, Box Elder County. Mother lived in Brigham City until 1881, then moved to Gentile Valley, Idaho with her parents, brothers and sisters.

Here they homesteaded and raised their family. They had six children born at Brigham city, Box Elder County; and five children were born in Mound Valley, Bannock County Idaho.

Mother said a small log house was used for school and church meetings. She received very little schooling, as soon as she was able and old enough to work, she would go out and work, the hours were long and hard, and small pay, fifty cents a week. She would give her parents the money to help out. She and her sisters helped their mother cord wool into rolls, then spin into yarn, then knit into stockings, mittens, also quilt bats.

Mother said the winters were long and cold. But they enjoyed coasting down hills in home-made sleighs. They had to make their entertainment, but she felt they were happier than the children of today.

This that follows is copied from a letter she wrote to me, on December 25th, 1941. I would like to share it with members of her family, grand and great grand children.

On November 17th; 1887 I married Joseph Holbrook Tolman in the L.D.S. Logan Temple. I went into plural marriage. I saw many very trying times, but I never forgot the Blessing I received. Sometimes when I was tried with what I thought almost more than I could stand, that peaceful feeling would come over me and I would feel to say "Thank YOU Dear Lord" for that lovely feeling and I would get courage to go on.

"I want to bear my testimony to my dear Children, I know the Gospel is true, and the Lord won't fail us if we do our part, Amen."

Three years after my marriage the "Manifesto" was declared. At the General conference of the Church, October 6th, 1890 the manifesto was presented to the saints assembled there and was unanimously adopted.

Times were very hard and trying. I lived with relatives in Utah. Our first baby born on the 10th of July 1891 at Beaver Dam, Box Elder Co., Utah. On July the 29th, 1891 he was taken back to our Heavenly Father.

On the third of May 1893 a beautiful daughter Della May was given to me to love and care for. She was born at Honeyville Utah, Box Elder Co.

In June 1896 I moved from Honeyville Utah to Chesterfield Idaho, Bannock County. On June the 29th 1896 again I was blessed with a son Alvin Henry.

On February 7th, 1902 another son Joseph Leroy came to spread joy to us. He was born at Uncle Ad's and Aunt Mary Ann's home in Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho.

On the 26th of August 1904 another son was given to me to love Lealavd(?) Napoleon, but in a very short time he was taken very ill and while alone with my small children, he was taken to his Heavenly Home. He was born in my very own little home, oh, no one can imagine the joy that went through me as I stepped into my first little home, of my very own.

On June 25th, 1906 I was blessed again with a sweet little daughter, the name being Lavaughn.

In August Mother's cousin Parley Jensen had sorrow heaped upon him. His dear wife passed away shortly after giving birth to a lovely daughter. The wee one was taken by grand parents and others, to try and keep her alive. It was hard to find anything to agree

with this wee baby. One day Cousin Parley came with tears flowing down his cheeks. O, Aunt Ellie, my baby is dying. Mother left her baby Lavaughn with Della May and hurried away with Cousin Parley to his mother-in-laws home. Sure enough the baby was as gone as ever could be and still have a spark of life in that little body. Mother bundled the baby up and rushed home. She undressed and climbed into bed, cuddled the infant close to her body. Then taking a spoon and eye dropper proceeded to feed her. Mother said after three or four hours she felt a little quiver, and a little later she felt a slight movement. She continued this treatment for several days, soon the baby could nurse and became a beautiful chubby girl "twin for Lavaughn", Mother said. Surely Lavaughn never went hungry, she would hold each at feeding time, and enjoyed watching their cute maneuvers. Mother cared for and loved this little girl until she was nearly four years old. Then her father re-married and came to get the "little girl Minnie." Mother often said this loss was as great as if she had been her very own. On Mothers 79th or 80th birthday we children gave mother a big dinner at (Ross and Lavaughn's) home and surprised her with the presence of her precious 'Minnie'. She came from Salt Lake City to celebrate with us. This was a great day and evening for all of us.

All the years while living at Chesterfield, times were very hard and she saw little of our father. She worked very hard for friends and others, doing house work, nursing, tending children. She did seamstress work all over the valley. Sometimes in her own home and again in the homes of others, sometimes she would take the children and stay for weeks, doing sewing for all members of this family.

Father built a saw-mill at Dempsey Idaho, south and east of Lava Hot Springs, Idaho. In October we moved to a small house there. On November 4th, 1908 we were blessed with a baby, a sweet little girl "Leona". When she was born I suffered death many times. The mid-wife could not deliver her and finally they got Doctor Kackley from Soda Springs. By that time my life was about spent, after delivery, the Dr. left me in a sad condition, he told my 'father' she will soon be gone and suffer no more. But I sadly fooled them, but from that time on she suffered, well no one will ever know.

On April 19th, 1912 again a wee wee baby came to delight our home. A midwife by the name of Mrs Toones delivered her. The baby was three months premature and oh so very small, she could not be handled as a normal child. (Lavaughn) well remembers the crib or incubator which Mrs Toones provided for her. They used an old rocking chair. She used rocks under the pillows, which had been heated in the oven. She used cotton batting to nest the baby in. We kept rocks heating in the oven all the time, as the ones being used cooled off, they would be replaced with hot ones. Mrs. Toones would milk milk from mother into a spoon, use an eye dropper to feed the wee one. She was changed and rubbed with oil, without removing her from the nest. Soon she started gaining strength, and was removed from the nest into her mothers arm and bed. She was a miracle baby. Mother said Mrs Toones judged her weight as about two pounds.

My first impression of her was a little skinned rabbit. When she was about three months old mother said she could put her in a gallon crock and put the lid on and a teacup would

set over her head and down to her shoulders. But with such perfect care and rich milk she started to be a darling little black haired doll.

Our sister Della May was married in August of 1912, and moved to Pocatello, Idaho to live. Her husband being a crane operator for the Union Pacific Railroad.

In the fall of 1911 father purchased ten acres of land from George A. Whitworth, in Inkom, Idaho. He also purchased a right-of-way through his farm to build and maintain a ditch to carry water to a sight selected for a water powered saw mill. Some work was done that fall. Then in the spring of 1912 father took his two young sons Alvin and Joseph Leroy (known as Roy) with him to Inkom from Lava Hot Springs to build the shop, ditch, and mill pond. By fall the shop and a one room house was built.

In September of 1912 he moved his family, Mary Ellen his wife, daughters Lavaughn, Leona and Idonna Isolene to the new home. The house had one large room to sleep a family of seven. So the boys slept down in the shop, father fixed boards on top of the ceiling joists, made a ladder up one wall for us to climb up, and this is where we girls slept, our beds on the floor.

In November Alvin became very sick, he had a high fever and in much pain. The fever made him very thirsty, he drank up all the water which had been provided the night before, he kept begging for a drink of water. Mother could no longer stand the pleading for a drink, she took a pail and lantern and went to get him water. It was a very wild, rainy night, and high wind. She climbed the hill back of the shop, then reached down into the flume filled the pail, raised up, then reached down to pick up the lantern and the wind blew it out. Losing her footing in the total darkness, she fell over a steep bank into the rocks, gravel and mud. She found that her leg was broken at the ankle, the bones were filled with gravel and mud, as was the flesh. It was some distance down the steep hill to the shop. She crawled on her back dragging the broken limb, to the shop door. She called to her sick son Alvin to go to the house for help. This he did. Mother never saw her son Alvin again, after he ran past her to get father. That night of November 11th, 1912 Alvin passed away, grieved and broken hearted, to think he couldn't wait a little longer for a drink.

In those days help, Doctors and transportation were hard to come by. T. I. Richardson was about the only one with a telephone. They called Dr. Wooley or Steeley, who was unable to come, and sent Dr. A. M. Newton. When he looked at the broken leg he knew there was nothing he could do in the home, and that she must go to the hospital.

The bone had run into the rocks, gravel and mud about six inches, by the time the doctor came from Pocatello, the bone and flesh had dried out. Dr. Newton gave her a shot for the

pain and said as soon as he could get into Pocatello he would make arrangements to get her into the hospital. He made arrangements with the railroad officials to have a through train stop at Inkom Depot and pick her up.

A bed was made on a cot, Mother was placed gently on it. She was placed into a wagon box. By the time they got her to the depot it was late afternoon. The train came, sped by without stopping, leaving the injured sufferer. Mother was then taken to T. I. Richardson's they took her into their home, in a short time a call came saying the railroad was sending a special train to get her. The train was backed the twelve miles from Pocatello. After the scorching the Doctor gave the officials they were glad to do anything to right their mistake. By the time mother arrived at the hospital it was near midnight.

Doctor Newton told father since there had been so many hours lapse since the break, the only thing that could be done was to amputate the leg. Father would not consent to this, so the only thing they could do was clean the flesh and bones, after a fashion they set her leg, because they were so sure amputation was the only way to save her life. After many days the case was removed to see what was happening. (In these days the cast would remain in place and an xray would be taken.) Finding that the leg had started to knit, or mend, without infection, it was necessary to rebrake the bones, and reset the leg.

Of course father and others knew why the leg was doing so well. The Lord had heard and answered the many special blessings pronounced upon her head and the faith and prayers which were exercised daily in her behalf.

Mother mended satisfactorily and was taken to her daughter Della and Ernest's home. Here she remained, with love and special care, until spring, of 1913. Della and Ernest had loved and cared for Isolene, until such a time as mother could care for her and the family. Mother in going home was on crutches and it was hard for her to get around. But Della was expecting her first child and no longer could carry the responsibilities.

Joseph Leroy remained at home with father, while Lavaughn and Leona stayed with their grandmother Cahoon (mother's mother) It was a great thrill when the time came for we girls to be going home to mother and father and our dear brother and little baby sister.

Mother had a slight limp, but a mighty good leg. Dr. Newton was real proud of the job; it was one of the first experiences he had with broken bones. He often mentioned it, and commented on how fortunate she was in having a leg. He said it had always been a mystery to him, why gangrene had not developed and her lose the limb. We all know why. We have always given Thanks to Our Heavenly father for a living testimony of His goodness and mercy.

As time went on father got the pentstock completed with help of his son-in-law Ernest Byington and others. Ernest worked for the railroad, therefore had some money, which above their own needs, which they gave father to help buy some necessary things, to get the saw-mill going.

Mother's brother John worked for father, they lived in a one room house over across the creek from us.

Ernest and Della left Pocatello and moved to Beaver Dams, east and south of Lava Hot Springs. Here they homesteaded a farm, built their first home. That first winter up there they needed work, so moved down to Inkom and helped father, they lived over across the creek from us in a small one room house. He and father hauled logs from the canyon, and made ready for spring.

The folks in about 1914 started a berry farm and nice orchard. They had several acres of raspberries and strawberries. Mother and the girls worked very hard, to keep them pruned and cleaned. Then there was the watering and picking. There were a number of our neighbor women who came for years and picked berries for berries. There were four Indian women who came and picked also. They camped on the mill yard, through the berry season. In the fall at choke cherry time they would return. I shall never forget one morning real early old Joe Jackson came to the house, blood running every where. He had been fixing a fence and the wire broke and run through his hand. The barbs really tore his hand up badly. Mother hurried and tore up a sheet and laid it in the oven to sterilize them for bandages. Mother was almost afraid to pour turpentine over the wounds or iodine which were about all the disinfectants she had. She warned him this would hurt very bad, but he didn't care. Just make better, she poured the iodine over it, and oh the capers the poor man went through. Mother then bandaged it up, and told him to come back in a few days to get it redressed. The next morning he was back, mother thought maybe she best not to use the iodine, but he said, "No, Whoopie medicine" so she poured some on the wounds, again the capers began. Each morning for weeks he was back, until it was healed.

The Indian women that came each summer to pick berries would return in the fall and help gather the corn and husk it, for a share. This they dried and made a meal out of it. We girls loved to watch them make gloves, belts, bags and moccasins. They did beautiful bead work on them. In the spring they would come and gather willows along the creek and weave beautiful baskets.

The berries when picked, crated and ready for market were picked up by Sam Hargraves, or Len Merrill and hauled to Pocatello and sold to stores and special customers. We all worked very hard but the money was greatly appreciated and needed.

As time went on father built three rooms onto the one we had lived in for a long time. We girls were in seventh heaven to have a room where we didn't have to climb up to, and could stand up in. Joseph Leroy was also happy not to have to go some distance each night to sleep. Later father added a garage onto the shop. He fixed it with a pit in one end. He then bought us an old Maxwell car, and as all cars do, it needed work done on it. Father was not just a millright, but a builder, cabinet maker and mechanic.

One day father got down in the pit to do some work on the wheels. He told Roy or (Joe) to spin the wheel, well he wasn't doing it fast enough to please father, so father crawled out to show him or Roy how to do it. Father put his fingers in between two spokes and started it going, finally he pushed hand too far into the sprockets, it nearly took his hand off, poor Joe laughed and asked if it hurt. Well he took off, and didn't return until father was fast asleep.

Father was building a beet wagon and rack for Bishop Webb, and was down underneath it and told Joe to get him a certain pipe wrench which was very heavy. Joe was handing it to him and it slipped out of his hand, and caught fathers bald head and really peeled it.

Poor Joe could never resist asking, did it hurt, you guessed it, for he took off, again not returning until father was asleep.

Mother being a Relief Society worker, had lots of trips to make here and there, so father decided mother must learn to drive the car. So proudly one Sunday morning, all dressed in our finest clothes and headed to Sunday School. All was going well, when father said turn right here and stop. She stopped alright, instead of her foot on the brake it pushed the gas peddle. She took the front porch off the Church House. Father said, "Well they were pretty rickety anyhow and needed fixing. The next day he hauled lumber to the sight when the new steps and porch was finished, they were as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. They were as solid in 1931 when the church house was remodeled, as when built. Mothers car driving days were over that very day. She would never touch the wheel again.

During World War I mother was a counselor in Relief Society. They knit mittens, sox, sweaters, and scarfs for the Red Cross, also tore and wrapped bandages. Then came the great flu epidemic. O such sickness every where, and deaths. Mother and other women were on the go day and night, from one place to another, trying to relieve the sick and suffering. Then came our turn. The Lord had been so good to us. I (Lavaughn) took it

first. One night I started coughing along with a high fever. Mother said, something happened, blood shot from my mouth, nose and ears. She said there was hardly a spot in the room which wasn't covered with blood. She got Roy (JOE) up and sent him for Bishop Webb. Father was not home, he was in Pocatello with Aunt Dellie, his first wife. The Bishop and sister Webb came. Bishop Webb administered to me, mother said soon the bleeding stopped and I quieted down. They stayed the rest of the night with mother. Bishop Webb blessed mother and promised her through her faithfulness all would be well. That she would be able to labor and help others in need. Other members of the family had it but in a lighter form. Soon mother was back helping others in need of her services, which she did all through the epidemic. Well she helped people all her lifetime. In this she found great joy and happiness.

There were many people in our small community who were very sick and many passed away. Father came home and would make caskets and the Relief Society sisters would cover and line. This was done in our home. This made my sisters and myself very nervous and scared. The sisters would sit up with the dead, changing formaldehyde packs on them. In those days the dead were taken care of in this fashion. If you lost a loved one you could not call an undertaker or mortuary and have them take over for you. When your loved ones took sick you could not call an ambulance and get them to a hospital in the matter of minutes.

In the year of 1921 mother was sustained president of the Relief Society. She served until summer of 1924. She loved the Relief Society and served the Lord, and saints well.

In the fall of 1923 we moved into Pocatello for the winter. Joseph Leroy convinced us to do this, he would pay the rent and live home. He had been in the marines and through a serious sickness spent many months in hospitals, in Mares Island, California, and Boise Idaho. He was at deaths door many times He chose watch making as a profession and when able was sent to a jewelery store in Pocatello to train. Our winter was a happy one, how we enjoyed our dear brother.

Father was sustained forman for the sixth ward building program. While he spent most of his hours, when off the job with Aunt Dellie, his first wife, we did see him pretty often, in fact about every day. If we had been in Inkom we probably wouldn't have seen him all winter. The building was beautiful and modern in every way. It is now 1973 and the noble building is almost completely torn down, making room for another building, however not a church. We have drove past many times during this dismantling, it fills my heart with sadness.

On March 4th, 1924 Joseph Leroy, taking mother and a lovely young lady went to Logan, Utah, where the following day they went up to the House of the Lord, where Joseph Leroy and Leona Ellenor were married for Time and Eternity. Mother was filled with

pride and joy to have seen this dream come true, her only living son married in The House of the Lord.

Very shortly after this marriage we returned to Inkom. While it was a choice experience for us to live in the city, it sure was good to be back home and among our old friends. Anyhow it was time to get ready for spring cleanup, and the ground ready for the garden. This was hard work, but our living, if there was to be a harvest much had to be done.

In the fall of 1924 Lavaughn met and fell in love with a fine young man, soon plans were being made for a spring wedding. This would leave father short handed with the saw-mill work. So he sold the mill parts and water wheels to a man in Rockland or Arbon Valley. On April 8th, 1925 Lavaughn and Ross were married and moved to a small home on the Inkom townsight. They soon bought a couple of lots and built a small house on them. They later added more rooms. Have spent at this time May 1976 have lived fifty one years on this same block.

In about 1926 father traded the home place to Doctor A.M. Newton for a piece of ground about one half mile south and west of our old home place, at the forks of the roads that leads to Buckskin and Jackson creek.

Here he built a five room home, a barn and chicken coop. They worked hard getting the new home completed, a new berry patch and orchard going. The summer of 1928 mother got a gooseberry briar in her left forefinger, and soon blood poisoning set in. Mother came near loosing her life. The Doctors tried hard to cure it. Finally due to so much infection, and for so long, the bone started to decay, the finger had to be taken off at the hand joint. Mother had a way of making the best of her hardships. She continued to knit lace, mittens, gloves and sweaters. She crocheted yards of lace, aprons, hot pads and did all sorts of hand work.

In the spring of 1931 the Anderson Lumber Company fore-closed on the home, it left my parents with about one hundred dollars. Della and Ernest gave them a place to build a small house on their ranch in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho. Brother Lamoni (a half brother) hired a truck from Bistlines Lumber Co, where he worked, and moved their possessions up to Lava. All the in-laws Joe, and brother Lamoni turned out one morning and by night had one room completed. The room was small but paid for, and mother was grateful for it. In a couple of years, one bright early morning, mother Della and Ernest saw a big truck pull up over the railroad tracks, with a house on it. Lo and behold it was dear brother Lamoni. He had built this room at home and hired a truck from Bistlines, whom he was still employed by. He then cleared a place back of the one room, cut a doorway, then backed the truck in, lowered the room and anchored it securely to the other room. It was a darling room all papered in a cheerful pattern. Della, Ernest and Lamoni moved the bed into it and other things, and helped arrange the other room. Mother was so happy. Brother

Lamoni whistling happily hopped into the truck and drove away. How mother and father enjoyed this new addition. Mother cried many tears of gratitude and love for being blessed with such a sweet step-son. No, not that, for all through the years this dear brother was like a son to her. He knew and understood the many hardships mother had endured. As well as the heartaches of his own dear mother, living in plural marriage. This dear brother always called mother Aunt Ell. When his dear Mother passed away, he came to mother and said "Aunt Ell your all the mother I have now. Mother was highly honored by these kind words.

Father passed away just one month after his first wife, Aunt Dellie. She was buried in Pocatello, Idaho, even though father had told his children he wanted her buried here in Inkom. Father was buried in Inkom, next to the son they lost in 1912.

Mother lived in her precious little home until 1943 or 1944. In 1942 Della and Ernest rented the farm to people by the name of Perkins. They were happy to have mother close by, and were so good to her. Ernest was in poor health and decided they would try for easier work, in fact the Doctor told him he must do this. They worked at the Airbase, until it closed down, then went to the Naval Ordnance Plant he worked there until it closed down.

Mother finally decided she would leave the ranch and be closer to the children. Joe had returned to Pocatello, after having lived in Rupert, Jerome Idaho, then Klammoth Falls Oregon. They were living in a place or home on South 10th. There was an apartment in the basement which Joe moved mother into. When the owners of the building returned to Pocatello, Joe and family and mother moved into the Black apartments. Mr Black had a number of apartments which he rented to elderly ladies. She was so happy there, how the dear old ladies did enjoy one another. They would take turns fixing dinners and refreshments. Mother so often said, those were the happiest times of my life, except when helping my dear ones.

Mother loved to bake bread and would always take Mrs Black a loaf, as others in the apartments. It gave her great pleasure in doing this.

Each of her children lived quite close by, and dropped in often, to eat with her and enjoy her sweet spirit. On her birthdays we would gather together either at her home or one of ours, and have a nice dinner. She looked forward to these events. It was hard to know what to give her that she would use, and not tuck away for us to get back someday. We all got our heads together and decided on things she likes so well, and felt she couldn't afford. I shall never forget the first birthday we did this. We had bacon, salted peanuts, ham, salted herrings, kippered salmon, old fashioned chocolates, she did love them, she didn't care a darn for rich chocolates. Isolene brought squash, a dressed chicken, potatoes, carrots, onions, fresh apples, and a big birthday cake she had baked. We had

sandwiches, salad, ice cream and cake. We ate only part of the cake and the next day mother had a party of her own. She just bubbled over with happiness.

Her health failed and she had many problems and the Doctor, said she must stay in bed. In March 1951, she said deciding to take the Drs advice was the biggest decision she ever made. To go to bed and have someone wait on her, she never wanted to happen.

Joe and Leona went and stayed in her apartment for two weeks, then I would go get her and bring her to our home for three weeks. We would then take her back to her apartment, where Joe and Leona would take over for another two weeks. We repeated this program for about four months. One morning she said to Joe go see Lavaughn and Ross and see if they could stand me all the time, she felt it was asking too much of Joe and Leona to give up their home and knew their place was being neglected. Joe came and talked to us, we were delighted to get this privilege of having her, to love and try in our small way to repay her for the love and help she had given us.

In August we gave up her apartment and moved her things, some to our place and the rest to Joe and Leona's.

Joe and Leona came every other week end and took over, while we went wherever we wished. Sister Leona came often and stayed several hours while I shopped or what ever. She brought her mangle out for me to use, and I appreciated her very much.

When mother got real bad Leona and Joe were here on a minutes notice. I don't know what I would have done without them. A bond grew between us that I am sure will last through the Eternities. Della worked at Albertson's, she and Ernest would come and stay a little while, but when you work there is so much to do on your day off. Mother really longed for her, and looked forward to her visit.

Isolene lived on a farm and farther away, also worked, she made trips very often to help and visit, she spread joy to all of us.

Brother Lamoni came often, oh, yes so often and brought so much sunshine with him. This always pleased us so much and did so much good for mother.

On March the 19th, 1952 about 1:30 P.M. Mother was called home, to the longed for rest from earthly pain and cares. She had for a long time wanted to go to her loved ones. She would so often say to me "don't feel too bad when I go, as mother is old and sick, and honey I have as many or more on the other side waiting for me, as I do here."

She was laid to rest beside her husband and son, and three grand children in the Inkom cemetery, a very hallowed spot. She now has a daughter Leona resting only a few feet from her.

On Sept. 22nd, 1973 on a beautiful Saturday afternoon Isolene and I were granted permission to go over the Old Home Place. Oh, what a thrill we had, we ate a sandwich under the old apple tree. We walked over every inch of the place. We found a great many things there that father and mother had placed or put there. They were treasured memories to us. Then in Sept. 1974 we retraced our paths of the year before, and still located more treasures. These trips were dreams of twenty years or more.

This history and memories are written by a daughter Lavaughn Tolman Fowler. I was helped in getting this together by Joseph Leroy, Della May, and Ernest her husband.

I hope all who read this will enjoy it as much as I have in collecting it. May God Bless each of the ancestors of this dear Mother and Father, grand parents and Great-grand-parents.

Lavaughn Fowler

Joseph L. passed away July 2, 1976 in Pocatello, Idaho. Was laid to rest in Inkom just a few feet from his mother, father, brother, sister, two nieces and a nephew.