

History of Lavaughn Fowler

Written, 1989

I am the daughter of Joseph Holbrook Tolman, son of Judson Tolman and Sarah Lucretta Holbrook, born on 17 July 1851, Tooele, Utah. Died 30 September 1935. Buried at the Inkom Cemetery.

(Father) married 27 February, 1871 to Emma Adella Wood in Salt Lake endowment House (wife 1).

Father married Mary Ellen Cahoon (wife 2); born November 3, 1870 at Brigham City, Utah. Died 19 March 1953. Buried in the Inkom Cemetery. Married Joseph Holbrook Tolman, 17 November 1887 in the Logan Temple. Daughter of Rais Bell Cassen (or Carson) Reynolds and Mary Charlotte Johnson.

Mother gave birth to eight girls and boys; Judson Reynolds Tolman, Della May Tolman, Alvin Henry Tolman, Joseph LeRoy Tolman, Leland Napoleon Tolman, Lavaughn Tolman, Leona Tolman, Idonna Isolene Tolman.

Father was raised in Tooele Utah. The pioneers had to band together in order to keep the stock or anything. The Indians would steal everything they could. So the families each would send a son to help herd the cows, which was some distance from their homes. As usual the boys become bored, decided to catch snakes. They would take a forked stick, find a snake and put the forked stick back of its head, then tie heavy string or rope back of stick, hang the snake to a tree limb to wriggle and fight for hours. The boys took turns tying the rope or string on the snake. Next snake was fathers turn. The snake was curled on a large stump of a tree. The boys put forked stick over snakes head. While father was getting snake tied, he backed out from under the forked stick and bit father's hand between the thumb and forefinger. Father and some more of the boys started for his home. Just as they got to gate in front of home, his arm had swollen so bad, it burst the buttons off cuff of shirt, the arm burst to shoulder, and he went down.

There was a woman few houses away being confined, someone run for Dr. He came and said "get him good and drunk and keep him that way. Get a cow, milk fresh milk, each time and make a poultice. It will turn green; change and put fresh poultice on. Do this until the poultice stays free of color". They never did get him drunk. The hand was left a deformed mess, fingers drawn to palm, withered and useless.

One day an Indian came, saw the hand; said snake bit. Yes; and how long ago. He asked the family for so much flour, he'd be back such and such a time. Sure enough, and he had some medicine. Got a chicken feather dipped in medicine and worked it all around his fingers on his hand. He said, "you do this every little while and try to move the fingers". This they did. In a few days the fingers were slightly moveable. Results, his hand come out of it and his hand was good as the other one. About the size of mine. My father had a great love of the Indian people. He taught us to be kind to them they will be your friend. If you mistreat one, they will all be your enemy. How very true this was.

Father was a great builder. Sawmill-man and hard workman. Father lived in many parts of Utah and Idaho. He made his own business. He built many sawmills and sawed many thousands of feet of lumber. I have heard father say many times, he sawed and delivered the lumber for many homes and walks of Pocatello. Father taught his family to work and be honest, truthful, the Gospel and strive to live worthwhile lives.

Father was away most winters except occasionally when he would come to Inkom for a few days. We were raise on faith, prayers, blessings and Administration. We had family prayers before breakfast and at bedtime as a family. Many times mother would get Joseph LeRoy up and send him for Bishop Webb. I well remember numerous times when father came walking in, he had had a strong feeling all wasn't well at home here in Inkom, Oh how glad we were for the Priesthood. The dear Lord has

answered our prayers so often and Priesthood blessings. How grateful I am to be member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. So grateful for our Prophet and Priesthood of the Church.

Father really could pray. Only thing he started in sometimes with Adam and Eve - down the line to that day. One time our Bishop asked him to open Sacrament meeting. He stood with left arm laid to his back and the right to a square. He prayed, preached the Sermon, gave the talks and closed all in one and a half hours or maybe two. When he finished our Bishop rose and said. Our meeting is finished and closed. And we went home.

Father baptized me on my 8th June birthday in our mill pond. Leona was baptized in rapid creek on her birthday on 4 November, Brrrrrrrr. Isolene in rapid creek on 19 April. He didn't want us to not belong to the Church for one day.

The folks had ten acres of land. We raised berries and fruit from trees. We worked very hard, early to late. We had a team of work horses and a cow. Raised nearly everything we had to eat. Bought 1000 lbs four in fall and a couple hundred lbs of sugar, salt, baking powder and soda- and that was about it. Rest of our food we raised.

We had a cow - so had milk, butter most of the time. Father provided us with a good cellar. It was cool and kept food from harvest to harvest. We had very little meat. But we never went hungry, always food to share.

Father had a screened cupboard to keep milk and butter in. Several times mother would go out for pan of milk, then skim cream off for cereal and what ever. One day she noticed a pan had little or no cream on it. Then one day she went to cellar, I don't know if for milk but she noticed on rim of a pan of milk was a blow snake - sucking the cream off the milk. Boy, we all took part in capturing and killing the snake. We fixed every crack or little hole in that cupboard. I shudder when I think how much we probably used after it had been skimmed. Thank goodness I've

never drank or used milk. Didn't like butter either, so probably I missed the darn milk which the snake had helped his self to.

We use to play hide-and-seek, and play in sawdust, built car and made entertainment. The Whitworth family lived just a short distance from us. Also the Merrill family and Johnson family. We played and really had fun. Len Merrill had honey bees. Many times, during winter they had a candy pulling bee for all the neighbor kids. Mrs. Merrill played organ and had us singing Church songs and what enjoyable evenings.

Hyrum Johnson loved to fish. He would get his stick pole and line and away he would go up the creek. Little later he would come bringing a whole string of fish. Mother would cook them. We'd eat what we wanted, then Hyrum could take the rest home to Dad, stepmother and Joseph (brother).

One spring morning there came an Indian, blood going over his arms and clothes. He had been helping Bishop Webb make a barbed wire fence. They had wire stretched and going along nailing it to posts. The wire broke and he had hold of wire and it just riddled his hands. To the Webb place was lots farther to go than to ours. So the Indian came to our place. Mother started we girls making bandages from a sheet. Roll them in rolls and place in oven to sterilize. In those days we had very limited medicine - turpentine, iodine, cream-of-tartar, sulphur, golden seal- that's about it. She talked to the Indian and told him this was going to hurt real bad. She disinfected some water and then washed where ever she dared to clean it up. Again she said now this will hurt just awful. She poured iodine over his hands real quick, oh, that poor fellow. He let out a war hoop and danced, chanting and when it quit hurting so bad, Mother bandaged his hands up. Each morning for sometime he came to have mother rebandage and treat the hands. One morning her iodine was nearly gone so decided she would skip it until she could go get some more. He looked so sad - Said, "no more whoopie medicine?". So mother use what she had and walked to Inkorn for more. He was a good friend of ours. But most of the camp were kind and good to us. For years and years after they were put on reservation, in spring

were put on reservation, in spring and summer they would come camp on the mill yard, hunt rock chucks and squirrels. They would kill and prepare the meat to dry. They would hang meat strips on fence and build fires every few feet and fan the smoke over towards the fence. They would use edgings and bark from logs. They also gathered kin-a-knick limbs, peel the bark off and made baskets. The baskets were beautiful many lovely designs in them. They made beautiful gloves and moccasines. All beaded and hand made. What craftsman they were. When we first moved here there was a large one room school house in the area where our new church yard on east end now is. It had a folding partition in and divided it into two rooms with a large pot-bellied stove in each end. In 1914 our new brick school house on townsite was finished. What a lovely building with several rooms, basement with gym, large kitchen, furnace room. lavatories, several other rooms, then two flights up stairs. Oh, was the people happy and blessed. In a few years, 9th and 10th grades were added. People were moving in from the south and other places. In a short time the 11th and 12th were added. In early 1930s the school was remodeled, a huge gym, offices, many more rooms added. That building has now been sold to a community Church and a new school building built over on 20 acres which used to be a small farm.

When father had a saw mill up Dempsey, out from Lava Hot Springs, he had built a beautiful home there and fathers first family lived in it for some time. Then father built her a home on South 5th, Pocatello, Idaho.

My mother and family were at Chesterfield. I was just a baby when father moved us down to Dempsey in the big lovely home. Our dear brother Lamoni was working for father and lived up by saw mill which was on a hill. Mother was very poorly and expecting a baby. Our dear Brother Lamoni would come down off the hill on a stick horse. By the time he hit the lane his horse was really acting up. He was whistling all the while. When he got up to our wood pile that horse would throw him and he'd have an awful time. We kids were so thrilled. He would finally get horse under control. grab the ax and chop wood for further orders. When he would get some chopped, he'd get my brothers

and I and have us carry it in, filling wood box. He would see that wood box was well filled and pile chopped. Go to get on that crazy stick horse and he'd really put on a show for us. Finally get the horse under control and down the lane and up the hill he would go, whistling every step of way. He sure made us happy and built a lasting love for him. He was really the only one of fathers family that ever got acquainted with us. Oh, he was so good to my mother. How we loved him.

In September 1911, father came to Inkom, found and purchased 10 acres of ground. Some two miles up from this land he got permission from George A. Whitworth to dig a ditch from the Rapid Creek through his property around hill sides to his land - then through his land and to where he dug and prepared a water storage pond. He brought lumber from his mill at Dempsey and built a penstock down the steep hill to where he build the saw mill. He then sawed lumber build a huge mill shed, shop, and a one large room house. He then in September 1912 moved mother and family down from Dempsey. By brother Alvin had been with father helping him through this laborious period. In late October or early November my brother took violently ill. High fever and so sick. On or about the 10th of November he was so sick and fever so high he drank up all the water, we had in the shop, where mother was taking care of him. He begged so hard for water. About 3 or 4 o'clock am , Mother went to get him water. It was raining very hard and pitch black outside. Mother took the lantern and went around the shop, climbed this quite steep hill to get water. She got there and dipped pail of water up, and as she raised up the wind blew out the lantern. There mother was, couldn't see her hand in front of her. She turned and the first step took her over a steep part of the penstock, landing in all sizes of rocks. It broke her right ankle, left it dangling on skin, had run into gravel, mud and there she was - no one could hear her. She finally got on to her back fixing the broken leg over other leg. Then crawled down the hill on her back and around to the shop door. Called Alvin to go to house, some distance away and get his father. As Alvin ran past her, was the last mother saw of him. Father came, carried mother into the shop and got her to bed. Then went some one and a half miles to

phone for a doctor. No cars in those days and took hours for him to get from Inkom to Pocatello. Dr. A.M. Newton came and when he saw her, said "I can't do a thing for this, she must be taken to Pocatello to hospital". He agreed to make arrangements for a train to pick her up at Inkom Depot at about 5 pm. Father and neighbors fixed a bed on a old fashioned cot and put in a wagon and hauled her 2 1/2 miles to depot. What happened but the train went right on to Pocatello, never stopping. They loaded the cot with mother on back into wagon and hauled her to T.J. Richardson's home. Called Pocatello, oh was the Doctor angry. He and ambulance were at Pocatello Depot. I guess things popped for a while there. But the train backed every inch of way from Pocatello back to Inkom. That meant loading poor mother back into wagon and get her back to depot. It was way into the night before she was put to bed in hospital.

My sister Della and Ernest came to take care of my dear sick brother. Agnes Whitworth, a neighbor came to stay with Della and help her. About midnight, my dear brother passed away. Dr. said fever, and broken heart. He was so upset to think he had begged for a drink so hard, then that was the result.

Della said, just before Alvin breathed his last, he opened his eyes and said, "I'm just behind the Veil", and was gone to our Father in Heaven. Died on November 11, 1912. He was laid to rest in the Inkom cemetery. Now in 1989, there is Father, Mother, Alvin, Sister Leona Cooper and husband Clarence, Joseph Leroy and wife Leona, my dear husband Ross B. Fowler, his mother Anna M. Fowler, Ross and Lavaughn's three children, Melba Grace, Winona Pearl, and Ira. Then Wayne Smith, Son-in-law of Joseph Leroy. When time comes, I, Lavaughn, will be laid beside Ross,. What a glorious reunion on the morning of resurrection.

When we moved here in 1912, the land on north side of road just this side of the forks of road leading to Buckskin, homes and ranches on the south, was an Indian camp. I was old enough to go to school, but Mother wouldn't let me go until Leona was old enough to go with me. She was afraid of Indians but so was I. However, I did go part of one year in the first school house. Then in 1914, the beautiful new brick school was finished and we moved

through the years were Ella Francis, Evelyn Rands, Ethelyn Hand, Sarah Woods, Melba Langlois, Carolyn Deyo, Miss Swope. I graduated from the 8th grade and had 1st year high school. Then I got a job clerking in store for George Tate and Harvey Mills.

I am not right sure, but about 1920 or 1921, my brother Joseph Leroy, ran away and joined the Marines, which nearly broke my dear Mothers heart. We girls also. He was stationed at Mares Island in California. The climate was damp and Joe had been raised where dry climate and he became awful sick, was hospitalized most of time. He became so sick was released and sent back here and on to Boise Army hospital, where he spend a long time. As he got better, the Government made arrangements for him to get special training. The training he chose was watch making. He trained at Pentz Jewelers store in Pocatello, then Molinelli's in Pocatello, where, when graduated in that field continued for Molinelli's for many years. Then in March 1924, he married Leona Jensen in the Logan Temple. He continued for Molinelli's for sometime then later went to Rupert Idaho and set up a shop of his own. Later to Oregon and had a shop there. Then in later years moved back to Pocatello and went to work for Molinelli's and worked there until retired. He and Leono had two children, Odessa and Clifton.

In fall of 1923, Joe wanted mother and we girls to move into Pocatello so he could live with us as he had to board out or what ever he did and so wanted to be with us. He rented a home on South Second, about 9 or 10 hundred block. He was so happy as we were too, to be together as a family. He met Leona Jensen and in March of 1924 were married. Then we moved back to Inkom. Although we enjoyed our stay in Pocatello, it was good to get back home and among our old friends and neighbors.

About 1915 or so, mother had a large patch of strawberry and as time afforded itself, we added raspberries. As time went on, more and more were planted. In spring time we weeded, watered and mulched the plants with sawdust, which we had plenty of. It helped hold the moisture around the plants and kept them clean. We picked and sold hundreds of cases - not size crates of today,

but double decker crates, 24 cups. Mother handled the money. When father would go to Pocatello, all too often, he'd take the money. Then in fall - he said, "I'll buy ton flour and 1000 lbs sugar. Shall I leave it in Pocatello and as you need it, get it. "Mother said, "NO!" I'll get Len, a neighbor, who hauled our berries to Pocatello and sold them after each days picking. Len Merrill and family were very kind, good neighbors. So Mother had Len bring our flour, sugar and few other staple foods. In the shop there was a huge flour bin and each fall it was cleaned and made ready to store next years flour. Same for sugar and many other things. When fall came and mother needed to make we girls Leona, Isolene and my school clothes, never any money to go buy material, or get clothes for brother Roy or later called him Joe. "MOTHER GOT WISE" She paid us for picking berries, the same as all other pickers was paid. Hurrah, when time for school clothes, Mother got Len and wife and they'd go to Pocatello and buy our needs. Then her happy days, sew, sew -- she loved it. All scraps she saved and pieced beautiful quilt tops. Oh, did she love to quilt and make pretty things. In her life she knit hundreds and hundreds yard beautiful lace, old clothes she tore up and made braided rugs. They were both pretty and warm. Later she made sacks filled with balls of carpet rags. Later she had them made into carpet enough for our large room. How proud we were. When I was about four or five years old she put me in high chair and taught me to quilt. She bought me a thimble and in one corner she'd get me going. How I loved to learn that art. Just past my 83rd birthday and to this day I love to quilt and do hand work of all kinds. All kinds of lace, rugs, quilts, you name it and my dear mother could do it, and she taught me well.

Leona and Isolene could care less about these pastimes. Later in life Leona learned to embroidery and crochet a little. The last years of Isolene's life I taught her to crochet, but she couldn't say it was fun or enjoyable. She did get 45 granny squares crocheted towards an afagan. Then her heart grew worse and she couldn't crochet anymore. I took her blocks to finish an afagan

for her. Didn't quite have it finished before she passed away. I finished it and gave it to family. Then this year, 1989, I finished putting mine together, had four blocks over, made pillow to match the afagan.

My mother was twice a Relief Society President. In those days the Relief Society kept quilts on frames most of the time. Made quilts, sox, gloves, scarves and what ever church asked for. For Red Cross, Mother knit sweaters, sox and what ever asked for. If there ever was a good woman, Mother - friend or neighbor she was one. Now I'm crying so have said enough.

Berry picking was my first real job for money. Raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, and larger fruits, apples, cherries. We were paid 40 or 50 cents for picking a 24 cup case of raspberries or strawberries, same for currants and gooseberries.

I worked out helping several different families, house work (no fun) washed on board, gathered and prepared vegetables for the meals, iron, stove irons, chop wood, carry water. You guessed it, plenty hard work, and little pay.

I started to school in Inkom's first school building, later the brick one down in Inkom was completed 1914. Then our old building was remodeled and became our Church house. Oh, what great times were held there. We had Relief Societies held on Tuesdays. Sunday Sunday School from 10 to 12. All kinds of classes. Two to four was Sacrament meetings. Sunday nights 7 or 8 PM mutual. There were dances, big dinners, for fun and some for fund raisers. Live plays. "Oh, box lunch dances - big deal". Oh, the good old days to remember. Some not so good. This old building was remodeled and made larger about three times. The last time a Charley Pfiefer architect and over seer. The Relief Society had a room and kitchen. Then we could quilt to our hearts content. If we didn't happen to finish the same day it was started, sisters would finish the next. In 1947, I was sustained President of Relief Society. We didn't even have cold water in the church house. We put on a bazaar and dinner . Gave money to Bishop Ottis W. Hall

to go buy pipe, a cabinet sink and hot water tank and get water line dug and sink installed. Then we had a drop table put in length of kitchen. Boy did we ever think we had convenience.

I was released in 1950 to help care for my dear sick Mother. She was living in a two room apartment on Center Street in Blacks apartments. She shared bath room with a Mrs. Garish. They were happy and had such great times together. Mothers heart was giving problems and she had suffered for many many years with hemmoroids and it now had developed into cancer. Doctor was called in and she was confined to her bed. Brother Joe and wife had a home on South second and they would go stay with her a week and care for her. Then Ross and I would bring her out here to our home in Inkom. One time when we had her with us, Ross said to mother, Mother why don't you give up your apartment and come live with us. She said, Oh maybe I'll think about it. This arrangement went on until from early spring until in August. Leona stayed day and night, Joe worked at Molinelli's days and at night Joe would go cut lawn, water and care for their yard. Then go to Mothers eat and sleep. When week was over, we'd bring her to Inkom. One night in late August, mother woke Joe and said go call Ross and see if his offer still stands, if it does, I'll give up this apartment and go live with them". He talked with her, then promised come morning he would call Ross, and did. Ross said yes my offer still stands, So they started packing her things and when Ross got home we took the pickup and went to mothers apartment and moved her things out to our 2nd bedroom. What few belongings she had that we couldn't place in her room was stored. Bless her dear soul, she was a joy to care for and a blessing to our home. Joe and Leona every other Saturday and Sunday came to our home to take care of her, unless sometimes we decided to stay home. We took her here in our home late August in 1951 and she passed away March 19, 1952.

My sister Leona came running many times, when mother was having a really bad day. Sometimes we couldn't keep things washed and dried fast enough to reuse. This grieved mother , but she had good care, plenty of love and help.

How she loved our dear Brother Lamoni. He had through his life been so good to Mother and how we all loved him. This day March 19, we knew she was going to leave us. We tried to get hold of him. But he was at work and his dear wife Rosella couldn't get through to him. Finally he came home for lunch and when told of our calls, he hurried, changed and hurried out to my home. I am sure she had been clinging to life waiting for him. He grabbed her up in his arms calling her name. Oh, Aunt Ellie. She opened her eyes full wide and looked all around and was gone. I'm sure she knew he was there. How grateful we all were that she waited for him. Now a joy and blessing I have and comfort that was to us. Ross never left home that he didn't go to her bed and tell her he was leaving and see you tonight. This morning, she raised her head lifted her hand to him and said, "Ross I want to thank you for being so good to me and love shown me. I want to thank you for being so good to my girl all these years". Then her head fell back and she went unconscious. He came out to my sister-in-law, Leona and I crying; said, "you girls better hurry to mother". He said, "money couldn't buy her words". We hurried to her. But until our Brother Lamoni grabbed her up she hadn't moved. She was then gone to all whom were waiting for her. This we knew. She had seen some off and on since Sunday evening and its now Wed about 2 pm. What a reunion. She had waited a long time for it.

Now I have a feeling, I should go back and tell you what happened the August before this final leaving us. At her apartment on East Center, Pocatello, she had been for hours very low. We had the Doctor out to her and he told us she could go any minute. This was about 10 am. We had ben waiting for Brother Lamoni for sometime. But he was hard of hearing and didn't hear his wife trying every few minutes to get him on the phone. When he got home, she told him and quick as he could get there, he did. Well she lay all but gone and about 4 pm she moved and in a few minutes she opened her eyes and said "Oh Monney, your Mother wouldn't accept me in life and now won't in death. My poor brother he took her in his arms and talked to her. Shortly he said "Aunt Ellie, I am going to give you a blessing. We got the consecrated oil. He did give her a wonderful blessing. He

promised her his mothers heart would be softened and when again your time comes, you will know, all is well there. The Sunday night before mothers passing on, Wed, afternoon. She had been bad all day and we were all here at the Fowler home. Leona E, Hoes wife and I were standing beside her bed, she opened her eyes, smiled lifted her arm pointing at foot of the bed, "all is well, all is well" and drifted off again. We came out to front room, told rest of our family. They all went to her bed, but silence. The next morning the men went to work, also Della. The two Leonas and I kept close watch all day. Joe and Ross took time out and called us, to see how things were here. She would come and go until the final last look. Ross cherished her message to him the rest of his life and often remarked that was worth more than all money could have bought.

I had been released to care for my dear mother. Come June, Zula Chase, our Relief Society President, took very sick and was released and I was sustained a second time as the President. Spent 3 1/2 years longer and what joy in serving. An education one can not gain in any other way. Love one receives from giving and serving. Every woman should have this blessing.

Ross and I served as Stake Missionaries for 2 1/2 years. Under President J. Golden Jensen. After serving an honorable mission, we were called as helpers in the Geneological Library. We were serving there when Ross became too ill to go each time. He passed away, Aug. 15, 1979 and soon I was called back to Library. Served with Bessie and Ronald Lish for many years.

I have been a Relief Society visiting teacher for 62 years. Due to poor health and bad knees asked to be released. How I have missed the sisters we visited for so long.

When I was a little girl, I loved to help mother, rolling balls of carpet rags, trying to quilt, crochet. I really didn't care about knitting it was too slow for me. The things I remember most of my childhood and growing up was work. Our backs were young, fingers nimble, good week pullers - chips to pick up, berries to pick, plants to set out, ditches to make. Well, work and more work. We had to carry water about two blocks and up a steep

hill. Night before wash day, we'd fill tubs, buckets and get enough to do the wash, which was to be done the next day.

Watching the Indians, dry meats, berries gather willows for baskets both large and small. Watch them bead gloves and moccasins. One time about 1917, or there about, Father came home from Pocatello and we kids, mother too, were really shocked at stories father told us. Why do you know that there is something on the market that people can talk to families, friends, government clear across the country and hear all kind of news. Not just we kids but mother to - thought poor father, he sure has lost his marbles and gone clear off beam.

Then another time he came home and said, "you know the scriptures says the time will come when men will fly through the air like birds. Well they now are doing it"! We were sure he had lost not just his marbles but gone clear off his senses. And I'll be darned not too long after this, we were working in garden and heard a big noise in a few minutes there were these big things flying over head and pretty fast, wasn't long until we heard and saw many going through the air. World war One was in full swing. Look what goes through the air now and at such speed. In fact, I went from Idaho Falls in a plane and I thought it pretty big. After landing in Salt Lake and boarding the second plane, whew it was big. My nerves were pretty jittery, my dear little sister Isolene would pat me and say, now simmer down everything is going to be alright. But, I wasn't so sure. We were going to San Diego, where her son and wife met us. Erwin and Yvonne had sent us tickets to come visit them.

We were taken to dozens of places of entertainment. I had never dreamed of seeing or there even being so much to see and do. After several days, there, we flew from San Diego to Las Vegas, where Dean, Verlenes daughter, Laura met us. Again, we were entertained, days and evenings. After several days of going and doing, we were on our way home where, Kenneth, family met us in Idaho Falls. We were tired and ready for quiet. Yes, I said, quiet, and was it ever quiet. Soon I was home , lawn to mow, garden to weed, and water. What a quiet beautiful life. It is

still a thrill to hear a humming bird and see a white streak in the air and wonder where it is headed.

Going back to about 1913 or 14, it was quite a thrill to see and examine the first car in Inkom. It was owned by T.J. Richardson. Looked pretty great and to think you didn't have to go over the hills to find it and get ready to go someplace. In about 1918 to 20, father bought us a Maxwell. Boy did we think we were something. Father told Roy or Joe, my brother to teach mother to drive. So one Sunday morning to our church meetings we were going and in real style. All was going well. After arriving at the church yard Joe said, "now turn here and about so stop". Bless her heart, her foot hit gas pedal and shot ahead took off the Relief Society outside porch and steps. Poor mother was a wreck. That was here first and last time to try to drive. We didn't use the Maxwell very much. Horses and buggy or wagon was safer and less worry. I can't remember what ever become of it. Evidently no big loss.

We never had any kind of music or instruments in our home. How we longed for some like most of our friends had. After Joe came home from Marines he bought us a beautiful cabinet phonograph and some records. Was that ever a happy time of our lives. We even tried to sing. No use we here hopeless. Father would tell us, "shut that up, you couldn't carry a tune if you had it in a bucket with a lid over it". So we couldn't. Leona, she didn't mind very well, would really try, rest of us kept mouths shut and as for as singing, I still do. The only time I sing is when alone in the car and I warble to tune of engine. It has never talked back to me. So I still do. But we sure did enjoy Joes phonograph and records.

My sisters Leona and Isolene and I longed to go back to the place where we were raised and see if we could find exact spot where our house, and cellar were. The spring, choke cherry trees which we had climbed, swung on and picked fruit from. The old mill pond or what ever. We got up courage to go ask Dr. Newton and his hired help, so they wouldn't try run us away for trespassing. As we walked through the lane, we found some of the bridge stringers, where an old shop - mill housing and waste ditch had

been. We took some lunch and sat under one of the old transparent apple trees and reminisce. We found many trees, berry bush roots, where old mill pond was and screen which held back brush, fish and what ever could have gone down the penstock and into water wheels and wrecked the sawmill. We found where the house had been and part of a retaining wall of the cellar. What enjoyable day. Now I am wondering if my sisters are standing back of me, chuckling over my joy and tears. Happy thought. Isolene and Leona, climbed the apple trees and capered as had done when growing up. What a joyful day. When we done this, I believe in early 1960's. Isolene and I talked about re-doing it. The last spring she was with me. We didn't make it.

When I was in my teens, I use to go stay with a friend when there was entertainment at the chruch house. The folks wouldn't let me go alone down the canyon road, Sister Larsen and mother were close friends, as her girls and others were with me. So Sister Larsen told mother let me come before dark and stay all night and come home next morning. This I did. Larsens had three girls - two boys old enough to go to dances and what ever entertainment. There were quite a few girls and boys all went together. Ross was among them. So I knew him quite well. Then his folks left and went to Grace, Idaho. The Larsens moved away and I grew older and so did my sister Leona. We then could go together to dances or what ever entertainment. We went home from dances with some of the fellows. Soon they came and got us also.

The summer of 1924, Ross went to work for Dr. A. M. Newton. He had just returned from Detroit where he had graduated from the Michigan State auto school. One evening Leona and I went down lane and onto road going to a dance at the church house. The fellow that worked with Ross at Dr. Newtons farm, said, "I'll bet you a new Stetson hat that I can take Lavaughn home tonight from the dance". Ross said, "I bet you I can. So they got ready and came to the dance. Ross owned the car they went in. Everybody danced and had a good time. Getting near time for dance to close, Ross came over to me and said, "next dance?". Sure and before that dance ended they played "Home Sweet

Home". We got my jacket and went to his car. In a little while here came this other fellow. When we got to Dr. Newtons place, Ross just kept going and drove over to my home yard. We sat and visited and visited, finally this fellow in back seat went to sleep. We slipped out real quietly and walked up to the house. Ross left car sitting there and walked over to Dr. Newtons farm house and went to bed. Hours later this guy came in. Mad!! Oh, was he mad - because Ross left him asleep in his car. Poor Ross, he never did get the new Stetson hat. From then on we went steady. My Brother had married the 5th March 1924. The next February, they were expecting a new baby. So I went to work for them. They lived in Pocatello. Joe was going to watch making school at the Pentz Co. He had received an honorable release from U.S. Marines from sickness he contracted while in the service.

Ross would come in Saturday nights. We'd go to a show and drive out home to Inkom. Then Sundays I'd go to church and he'd take me to another show and to my brothers. We had made plans for a June wedding. Well the next weekend when he came, we went to a show and the next morning father informed me I couldn't work much longer as he was going to build a new bridge over Rapid Creek and would need my help. Well when Ross came to take me back to town, I told him this would be my last week to work for my brother. I also informed them. Ross said, "Honey your not going to build bridge, that kind of work is over for you. Let's get married next week". Well when I informed father and mother I was getting married, this didn't give mother much time to get my clothes ready. Well, I got material and Mother went to work. We talked to his Mother that was working in Pocatello. On April 8, 1925 we were married in the Logan Temple. I didn't build or help build the bridge. Father hired Joe Johnson to help him.

There was a one room house on Inkom townsite which we rented and lived in nearly two years. In the mean time we bought us two lots from T.H. Gathe and started and built us a nice large one room house. Finished and paid for it. Then bought lumber and added two more rooms on to the one. We lived in it until 1942. Tore the three rooms down to floor, then wound up tearing it up too. We then started and built us the home I now live in. We two built it. I worked on all of it, except the roof. I did

practically all the latheing of it. Mixed most of and packed in the plaster for Ross to put on ceilings and wall. We hired Charley Pfeifer to plaster our bathroom, kitchen and hall. As Ross's work didn't give much time to his self, so we did the next thing. I have lived in this block 64 years last April. The Dear Lord allowed Ross and I over 54 years together and many people never get that many. We were grateful.

The Dear Lord was kind to us. He loaned us three spirits for a short time. We were and I am grateful that we were privelege to be parents, even for a short time. I feel sure Ross is helping with our three and sometime if I am worthy will be with them again. A worth while dream.

My oldest brother was born in Brigham City, Utah.

Judson Reynolds Tolman,	Born,	10 July 1891,	Brigham City, Utah
	Blessed,	18 July 1891,	Brigham City, Utah
	Died,	31 July 1891,	Brigham City, Utah

Della May Tolman,	Born,	3 May 1893,	Honeyville, Utah
	Blessed,	1 June 1893,	Brigham City, Utah
	Baptized	5 May 1901,	Brigham City, Utah
	Endowed & Married,	21 Aug 1912,	Salt Lake City, Utah
	Died,	11 Jan 1978,	Pocatello, Idaho.

Husband,

John Ernest Byington	Born,	6 May 1894	
	Blessed,	2 June 1894	
	Married,	21 Aug 1912,	Salt Lake City, Utah
	Died,		Pocatello, Idaho.

Family

Mary Magona Byington	Born,	10 Jan 1913 (Married Roy L. Nelson)
	Died,	28 Sept 1976
Darrell Laine Byington	Born,	22 July 1915 (Married Maudie Velere)
Aney Avela Byington	Born,	30 April 1918 (Married Kenneth Chatterton)
Lola May Byington	Born,	20 May 1926

Brother

Alvin Henry Tolman	Born,	29 June 1896,	Chesterfield, Idaho
	Blessed,	6 July 1896,	Chesterfield, Idaho (by Father)
	Died,	10 Nov 1912,	Inkom Cemetary

Brother

Joseph Leroy Tolman	Born,	7 Feb 1902	Chesterfield, Idaho
	Baptized	28 May 1913	Inkom, Idaho
	Married,	5 March 1924	Logan Temple
	Died,	2 July 1976	Buried in Inkom Cemetary

Wife

Leona Elenor	Born,	28 May 1905	Riverside, Idaho
	Married,	5 March 1924	Logan Temple
	Died,	1988	Salt Lake City, Utah

Family

Odessa Elenor Tolman	Born,	20 Feb 1925	Pocatello, Idaho
	Married,	28 April 1942	Wayne Elmer Smith
Clifton LeRoy Tolman	Born,	22 April 1927	Pocatello, Idaho
	Married	21 Sept 1926	Ruby Pearl Boren

Brother

Leland Napoleon Tolman	Born,	26 Aug 1904	Chesterfield, Idaho
	Blessed,	4 Dec 1904	by Judson A. Tolman
	Died,	17 March 1905	Chesterfield, Idaho

Laraughn Tolman	Born,	25 June 1906	Chesterfield, Idaho
	Baptized,	25 June 1914	Inkom, Idaho, by Father
	Married,	8 April 1925	Logan Temple

Husband

Ross Bennet Fowler	Born,	16 Oct 1899	Layo, Idaho
	Baptized,	3 July 1908	
	Married,	8 April 1925	Logan Temple
	Died,	9 Aug 1979	Inkom, Idaho

Family

Melba Grace Towler	Born,	13 Sept 1926	Inkom, Idaho
	Died,	10 Jan 1931	Inkom, Idaho
Pearl Annona Fowler	Born,	29 Jan 1929	
	Died,	30 Jan 1929	
Ira Fowler	Born,	24 Jan 1932	
	Died,	24 Jan 1932	

Brother

Leland Napoleon Tolman	Born,	26 Aug 1904	Chesterfield, Idaho
	Blessed,	4 Dec 1904	by Judson A. Tolman
	Died,	17 March 1905	Chesterfield, Idaho

Sister

Leona Tolman	Born,	4 Nov 1908	Dempsey, Idaho
	Baptized,	1 July 1917	Inkom, Idaho
	Married,	30 May 1927	Pocatello, Idaho
	Died,	14 Jan 1970	Pocatello, Idaho
	Endowed,	25 March 1971	Idaho Falls Temple (by her sister Lavaughn)

Husband

Clarence Leroy Cooper	Born,	30 March 1909	Colorado
	Married,	30 May 1927	Pocatello, Idaho
	Died,	26 June 1976	St. Anthony, Idaho (Buried in Inkom Cemetery)

Children

Clarence Dawn Cooper	Born,	8 April 1928	Inkom, Idaho
May LaDonna Cooper	Born,	13 Sept 1929	Pocatello, Idaho
Leona Mae Cooper	Born,	15 June 1932	Pocatello, Idaho
John LeRoy Cooper	Born,	15 Jan 1938	Pocatello, Idaho

Sister

Idonna Isolene Tolman	Born,	19 April 1912	Lava Hot Springs
	Blessed,	23 April 1912	By Father
	Married,	13 Feb 1931	American Falls, Idaho
	Endowed,	24 Oct 1934	Logan Temple
	Died,	30 May 1987	Blackfoot, Idaho

Husband

Erwin Alton Allen	Born,	
	Married	13 Feb 1931
	Endowed,	24 Oct 1934
	Died,	23 Nov 1980

Children

Erwin Leroy Allen	Born,	22 Nov 1931	Blackfoot, Idaho
Dean Allen	Born,	10 Dec 1934	Blackfoot, Idaho
Darlene Allen	Born,	20 Sept 1940	Blackfoot, Idaho
June Marie Allen	Born,	8 July 1944	
	Died,	17 Jan 1945	
Kenneth Lee Allen	Born,	30 Dec 1947	

Sister Della and Ernest were married in August 1912. They filed on land up Beaver Dam, then they moved to Pocatello. We, Mother, Father, children moved to inkom in September 1912. Della was with my brother when he died. The story about that has already been written. Ernest worked for the railroad in Pocatello, then later back to the ranch. They bought a farm, had cows and they sold milk, delivered twice a day in their buggy. They sold milk and cream for years to the towns people. Their son Darrell loved to go with his father, carry the milk from carriage to door steps, what a happy little boy. They sold milk, also picked up the mail sacks as the trains dropped it off or delivered at depot. This they did for many years. Then in 1941, when government was preparing for war they rented their home and farm, bought a home in Pocatello and lived there so long as Ernest lived. Sister Della was very lonely so decided she would sell her home and go to rest home. Her son and Aney begged her to let them help her. Her independence wouldn't let her live with them. As she said, "Your father and I said and I still say, we will not live with the children. We had our lives and they will have theirs".

Their daughter Malona was in very bad health and they had their hands full caring for her. Darrell and Aney were broken hearted

because she wouldn't accept of their loving care and their blessing. She passed away Jan 11, 1978 in Pocatello hospital. I at this time don't have Ernest's death date.

Joseph LeRoy was married the 5th March 1924 to Leona Eleanor Jensen in the Logan Temple. They lived in Pocatello several years. Moving later to Rupert Idaho, then Jerome, Idaho. Moved somewhere in Oregon. Then back to Pocatello, where he lived the rest of his life. Soon after his death, his wife moved to Salt Lake to help her daughter with her sick husband. Sometime later, Odessa's husband Wayne, passed away and brought to Inkom for burial. Soon after Odessa went on a mission and her mother lived with grand children or in an apartment alone. Then in 1988, she passed away in Salt Lake. She was brought to Inkom and buried by her husband.

Lavaughn was married to a great man. On April 8, 1925 in the Logan Temple. After a short honeymoon, he went back to work for Dr. Newton. We rented a one room house and lived in it little over two years. In the meantime we bought two lots from T.H. Gathe, then built a one room house, little later we added two more rooms. On Sept 13 1926, we were blessed with a beautiful baby girl, Melba Grace. The late summer of 1928, I was going up home to mothers. I was pushing a baby buggy with little Melba in it. When I got to the point where the road now is up the hill to cemetery. Then the road was around the hill and up the hill a terrible road to the cemetery. For many years, when a body was being taken to cemetery, everybody walked up the hill, except the corpse. If the hearse could not be pushed up to burial spot, the casket was packed. Now when I came to the place where the road now is, I was thrown into shock. I almost ran from that point to mothers house. A good half mile away. When I reached that point, I saw a little casket go up that hill. It really shook me. I was crying. Mother finally found out what had happened to me. She said, "honey, maybe you should have your father give you a blessing". She went down to the shop. Told father and they came up to the house. I told father why I was upset. Father administered to me, a beautiful blessing. In it he promised me my baby would live. Come January, my baby was born, a little over

two months premature. I was confined at my mothers home. I had had a bad time full of albumen. We had our Bishop come and gave our baby a blessing and name. She was named Pearl Winneno Fowler. This was 29th of Jan 1929. The baby weighed 3 lbs, 3 1/2 oz. She was a pretty baby, moaned and moaned all the time. The Dr. didn't leave as he was afraid both of us would go into convulsions. Our little darling lived 22 hours, passed away in convulsions.

After a couple of weeks I returned to our home in Inkom. A few days later mother came. I was crying. She put her arms around me, said what's the matter. I said papa promised me my baby would live. Oh, had I slapped her. She couldn't have been more shocked. I shall never forget the look on her face. She pointed her finger at me and said, "Don't you ever doubt the power of the Priesthood again. Your baby did live and was given a name". Yes how true, and never have I doubted that which I have been promised by any our faithful Priesthood holders. When I am really sick, that's what I want - is to be administered to. Very shortly after a blessing, I start to feel better and I knew I would. All through our growing up years, we children never had a doctor. I had never been to a doctor until sometime after I was married. Even though I have been to many doctors, it has been the blessings of our Heavenly Father that has brought me through. I love the Lord and His Son Jesus Christ. I am grateful for their loving care and I know they are my eternal Father and loving Brother.

Leona Tolman Cooper. She was born Nov 4, 1908 at Dempsey, Idaho. She was about four years old when we moved to Inkom. She received her education in our Inkom school. In the spring or winter of 1927, she went to work doing house work. I am not sure where. She met a good looking young man at a dance. In only few months she married Clarence Leroy Cooper, 30 May 1927. Times were hard and jobs scarce. He got in with the wrong ones that fall. He was picked up by law officers and put in jail for bootlegging. Leona came home and lived with her mother and father. No one except those that have lived under these conditions can know the heart ache the dear one had. She was

pregnant come April 7 or early 8, 1928, she took sick. Dr. Miller was called and bless his heart he went to the jail, got him out and brought him to mothers where Leona was very sick. After sometime on that 8th day of April, she delivered a lovely baby boy. Soon after the baby was born, the Dr. took Clarence, delivered him back at the jail and went on his way. We were very grateful to him (the Dr.) for his concern.

After sometime Clarence was released. He and Leona and baby were reunited. Clarence worked when and where ever he could. He went into hills and cut, sawed and sold and delivered many hundreds of big loads of wood. They lived in Pocatello, bought lots, built a nice home. They would sell them and buy and live in them awhile, repeat buying and selling other homes. Finally he bought acreage in Chubbuck and built a lovely large log home. They had two sons and two daughters. They by now were pretty well grown up and some working and on their own, but did live home. Clarence was a very hard worker. He for sometime had a couple trucks, did contract work of many kinds. He was one in a million. He was a hard drinker, but never did his wife or family ever want for a home, food or clothing. Leona's life was much sorrow, loneliness and she worked hard I'm sure much of it was to drown her feelings.

The last few years of her life, she suffered much. Several surgeries and finally about 1968, she was awful sick. More surgery and they found cancer of colon. The surgery called for complete removal of the bowel, colon and a clostomony, put on her side. Oh poor dear suffered so much. Finally on 10 January 1970, the dear Lord called her home. She was laid to rest in Inkom cemetery where parents, brother, nieces and nephew were resting. Since then, another brother, Sister-in-law, husband and nephew-in-law have been placed in same lots.

Now I can say as my dear Brother Joe said, Oh what a reunion on morning of resurrection. Sometime in future, I will be there too. "Happy Day !!".

Idonna Isolene Tolman Allen was born April 19, 1912 at Dempsey Creek, Idaho out from Lava Hot Springs. I shall never forget the first time I saw her. She was more than three months premature. In those days, it was seldom a baby that much premature lived. Mother had her at home. A midwife Mrs. Toones delivered her. Mrs. Toones had many rocks carried in and placed in the oven to get hot. Mrs. Toones took quilts, pillows placed in a big rocking chair. The babe weighed about 3 1/2 lbs. She bathed the baby in olive oil, wrapped her in cotton and put her in this heated nest, which served as an incubator. She would milk from mother and feed her with a medicine dropper. She changed the baby and oiled her while in this little nest. I have heard mother say when she was three months old they could put her in a gallon crock and put lid on and a tea cup over her head to her shoulders. When she was about 6 months old, my brother Alvin was awful sick, he needed a drink, Mother went to get water, fell and broke her leg. The story was wrote earlier in this history. My sister Della had the care of this wee child, for several months. Leona and I was taken to Gentile Valley to Grandmother Cahoons. When the time came that we could come home, how happy we were to see our parents and that wee baby. Isolene stayed small for her age until she was about fourteen years old. Then she developed into a beautiful teenager. She in fall of 1930 went to work for Aunt Emma Jensen, a sister to our neighbor Agnes Whitworth. She met a fine young man and they went to American Falls, Idaho and were married on "Friday the 13th" of Feb 1931. Erwin always said, "Our lucky Friday the 13th, 1931". They leased a farm in Wapello for a year or two. Then they bought and moved to his fathers and mothers home, where they spent the rest of their years together. They had five children three boys, Erwin, Dean, Kenneth and two girls Darlene and Jean Marie.

The Allen family were a very close family. They would work hard, then Erwin would take them all to Summit or some favorite place to fish. Many times, just up Wolverine to picnic, get some pictures, go for walks, just for fun somewhere.

For many years the Allens and Fowlers spent many hours together. One year we went to Bryce Canyon and Wolverine Canyon for picnics. Nearly every year went to Idaho State Fair in Blackfoot. We would go to parade, back to Isolene and Erwin's home. We'd have a feast. Then go to the fair. Visit the many booths, the animals, many times to races and afternoon entertainment, then go do chores and then back for night shows. A hamburger and drink. About eleven o'clock say good night. They'd go home and we would drive home after a fun day, and evening of entertainment.

For at least forty five of our over fifty years, they and family as long as they were home, came to the Fowler's for Thanksgiving and the Fowler's to their home for Christmas. We each have fond memories of our togetherness. Isolene and Erwin's family and I are very close and love each other very much.

Ross's sister, Annie Hayes Cramer, son Melvin Hayes, and his wife were very close and when he was working in Wyoming. We made several trips to see them. One time we went to Black Hills, went to see crazy horse monument, and the monuments of our Presidents. We visited many places in Wyoming, always having fun, and enjoying their company. Melvin and Elthura were a great couple and Melvin provided his dear mother, with care and the things she needed. Ross and I loved her dearly and helped her all we could. She spend the last few years in a rest home in Pocatello. Later we saw her laid to rest, beside her husband in Grace Idaho. A few years ago Melvin was retired, each winter they spent in Yuma. Here he and wife were enjoying seeing the new year come in. He was dancing and a heart attack hit him and he fell to the floor, dead as could be. His dear wife Eothura has stayed close to me, for this has always been a great blessing to me. I love Elthura very much.

I shall never forget the sweet spirit that was there the day our Idaho Falls Temple was dedicated. Ross and I was standing among many anxious saints waiting for the arrival of our Prophet. Then the temple doors would be opened. Soon the dear Prophet Joseph Fielding Smith came tripping up the steps, smiling and greeting

the saints gathered for the great event. Joseph Fielding Smith gave the first dedicatory prayer on 23 Sept 1945. That was a great thrill to attend this historical event. That is the only temple i've been privileged to attend a dedicatory service.

In 1922, a cousin came from somewhere in Utah to visit us. When he was going to go back home he said to mother, "Why not let these two older girls ride home with me and we'll show them a good time". She packed us each a suitcase of clothes and we went to Honeyville and met a number of cousins and had a good time. Then we rode to Salt Lake with him and met more cousins and some old friends that had lived in Inkom. Well, George L. Tate, wife and family run the grocery store here for three or four years and Bro. Tate was made Bishop of Inkom Ward. After sometime they moved back to Salt Lake. It was good to be again with Alice and Thelma Tate. We were taken to many church buildings, the Tabernacle, all things on Temples Square. While there, Thelma's uncle came to see his sister - Thelma's mother. Who was the man? The one and only LaGrand Richards. He shook our hands and I met and shook hands with him a number of times after that. He was one of my favorite Apostles and how I loved to hear him talk. I love to read his books and as a young girl, I met, shook hands with a Prophet of God Heber J. Grant. He attended a stake conference in the 6th Ward Chapel. He told us how he wanted to sing, how difficult it was for him. That if anyone had the desire, they too could sing. He sang for us "Who's on the Lords Side Who". I always had a great love for him as Our Prophet and a friend. I also had the privilege of shaking hands with President David O. McKay. I am very grateful for this privilege.

I am going to tell you about a very very dear lady. She was my mother-in-law. She was so very kind and so good to me. Her name was Anna Mariah Bennett Fowler. She had six children three boys and three girls; George B. (he never married), Anna, William B., Nellie, Pearl Annona and Ross B. (for Bennett). They were all married and had homes of their own except for Pearl Annona and George. Pearl passed away when three or four years old. They had a nice home in Lago, Idaho, where the children were born.

Ross's father was a very strong man and had cruel temper. As the boys got to be 12 or 13 or there about, he would beat them up and kick them out of home. The girls worked very hard and lived in fear. As they become old enough they found a fine young man, married and left. When mother Fowler's baby was whipped and kicked out, he went to work for a cattle man, helping anyway a boy could. Mother Fowler left, got divorce, came to Inkom and lived with Annie and Arthur and family. She then found worked at the Highway Inn. She worked there for Sloats so long as it operated. She then was employed by a Mr. Karstead whom had lost his wife at child birth. He was left with six young children and no one to care for them. He hired Ross's mother - she raised these lovely children as if her own. Mr. Karstead was either an engineer or brakeman for Union Pacific. He traveled long distances, but knew his precious family were in good care. He made arrangements with grocery and dry good stores for her to get whatever their needs were. She made the little girls dresses and whatever needed to make. I do not remember how many years, but many. She finally bought some property here in the same block which had a small two room house on. After the Karstead children were old enough to care for each other, she came and lived in this home west of Ross and I. We helped her all we could and she us. Then her eldest son became ill and she had him come and live with her. He, George B., never married. Had worked here and there and at what ever he could. George found employment a the cement plant here in Inkom. He worked there as long as he could and able. Mother Fowler was well into her eighties and unable to care for her home and George. She lived with Ross and I off and on. Then with her daughters and husband for a time. We had her when she became very ill and Dr. hospitalized her. and there she passed away. How I loved her and I have said many times, I do believe your mother loves me more that she does her own girls. Ross had her laid to rest next to our three children and her three grandchildren. How great it has been for us to care for her grave and now my pleasure almost 10 years since Ross passed away on Aug 17, 1979.

I think is about time I tell you about some of my happiness in Inkom and sad times. My love of the church, its diferent organizations and about some of my happy and sad times that

are cherished times of my life. When I was eight years old, my father took me to the mill pond and baptized me. The following day I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This made me feel pretty important. I went to Primary, Sunday School classes and learned about the Church, it's organization and wonderful stories about the early Church organization, leaders and why the long hard trip to the Valley of the mountains. When I was twelve years old, I went from Primary to Mutual, I thought I was quite grown up. I served as Secretary of the Inkom, Ward Sunday School for quite some time. I served as Bee Hive leader in the Mutual. We followed the manual for lessons. We took trips into canyons on horseback, we were all full of fun and we spent much time learning to be good swimmers. We had sewing bees learned to crochet, embroidery, darn stocking, mend what ever needed it. We all became good friends, many of which after these many years are cherished and lasting. I was twice a Relief Society Secretary. I was a Relief Society work director. I was twice Relief Society President. Of all my callings, I do believe being President was the greatest blessing of all the callings I had. You learn compassion, you learn love for all the women and deep respect for them. I firmly believe every woman should be given that honor. I and my husband spent 2 1/2 years as Stake Missionaries, served under President J. Golden Jensen of Pocatello Stake. We spent sometime as aids in the Pocatello Stake and South Pocatello Stake in the Genealogical Library. Then my dear husband became very ill and we were unable to serve. Soon after his death and I could, I was called back to the library and served with Brother and Sister Ronald Lish. We enjoyed helping the Patrons, we were about as happy as the Patrons when they would find what they were searching for. I later was having eye trouble and had to resign. Soon after I had cataract off one eye and as soon as could had the cataracts off the other eye. What a blessing that was. It is wonderful to be able to rad and see what your reading, and for hours if you wish.

I do believe I have the greater part of my life had a strong testimony. I had such faith in prayer, special blessings, administration by the Priesthood holders. Many times in my life, I have been frightened, and felt frightened and knew there was no

danger of some kind. Though I didn't stop to kneel and pray, I'd pray as fast and hard as I could run. Soon I'd have a peaceful feeling. Yes, I said thank you dear Father and meant every word of it. I have a strong testimony of the Gospel and its truthfulness. I know that God the Father and His Son did appear to Joseph Smith, that they did say what Joseph Smith said he did and he with help of the Father and others translate and the Book of Mormon was written.

I have a strong testimony of prayer, administration, tithing, all things we are told or asked to do and do with love and willingness, we are greatly blessed. I pray I may always be blessed with this great blessing, and desire to keep the covenants I have made. I know the blessings will sustain me and keep me happy.

I now am going to give thanks to my nieces Odessa Tolman Smith Russell and Leona Mae Rosen for the birthday party they gave me on June 24, 1989. This being my 83rd birthday. Odessa and Leona Mae, wrote and called many members of Tolman decent, telling them of a party to be at my home and yard. But due to cold weather and wind predictions, last minute changes were made. Leona Mae asked her son Ray Allen Rosen if it could be held at his lovely home. Allen borrowed tables and chairs and in short time all plans had been changed and relatives notified. June 24, 1989, this lovely home was humming with nieces, nephews, and cousins. There were some forty five adults and 15 children. Everyone visited, got acquainted, there was lots of delicious food. Soon, plates were filled with goodies and punch.

Everyone enjoyed getting reacquainted or acquainted and this was a very enjoyable day and one I shall always remember and hold dear in my heart. I pray they and more will get together often and find joy in keeping close relationships in memory of our parents and love for one another.

I being your last aunt of the Tolman line want each of you to know how much I love each and everyone of you and more if there are more. I pray we may keep in touch, love one another and make our parents, grandparents and the great greats proud of us.

On July 15, 1989 six of the Joseph Holbrook Tolman family, make a special trip to Chesterfield, Idaho. Lavaughn Fowler, a daughter of Joseph Holbrook and a daughter of Della Mae Tolman Byington, daughter of Joseph Holbrook. Aney Byington Chatterton has heard and read stories about Chesterfield. She has been told stories about a number of Tolmans who settled among the first settlers that lived there, where they lived and that some of the buildings still stand. Aney had made trips there, but found no one who could tell her where any might have lived. I have told her about where my brother Joseph Leroy, Leland who died when only a few weeks old, Lavaughn were born and when Joseph Leroy born. One day last spring, Aney came to see me, before she left she said, some day after your legs get stronger or well (you see Nov. 21, 1988 and May 2, 1989, I had new knees installed into my legs) we agreed this year we would go to Chesterfield. As you see July 15, 1989, this dream came true. Deans sister Isolene's second son and wife Verlene were visiting me. Dean mentioned us going to Chesterfield again. I told them about Aney and her dream. We set the date, I called Aney, there were really pleased. Yesterday was the day.

We fixed picnic, left Inkom about 10:45 am. We went to Aney's home. They were ready and we went to Hoopers spring. Aney put her drink into a gallon jar and went to the spring to get the soda water. Believe it or not, but fizzed like carbonated water and every bit as good. We had a delicious picnic lunch. Then we drove to Chesterfield took Aney and Kenneth to the home where we three Tolman children were born. Walked through the house and around about. Went over to Fathers brothers home, a large brick home. It is need of repairs. We looked and took pictures of the tithing house which is across from Uncle Ads place and the Tolman home. We then went up to the Daughters of Utah museum.