

# History of Lavaughn Fowler Family

June 1-1989.

I am the daughter of Joseph Holbrook Tolman son of Judson Tolman and Sarah Lucretta Holbrook.

Born 17 July 1851 Tooele Utah.

Died 30 Sept. 1935 Buried at the Inkom Cemetery.

wife 1 Married 27 Feb. 1871 to Emma Adella Wood, <sup>Endowment</sup> House in Salt Lake endowment house.

wife 2 Married Mary Ellen Cahoon

Born Nov. 3 - 1870 Brigham City, Utah.

Died 19 March 1952 - Buried in Inkom Cemetery.

Married Joseph Holbrook Tolman 17 Nov. 1887 Logan Temple.  
Daughter of Rais Bell Cassandra 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 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 became 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 father's 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 house his arm had swollen so bad it burst the button off cuff of shirt, the arm burst to shoulder, and he went down.

There was a workman few houses away being confined, someone run for Drs. 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 bite, yes and how long ago. He asked the family for so much flour, he'd be back such and such a time, sure enough <sup>and</sup> he had some medicine got a chicken feather dipped it in medicine and worked it all around his fingers on <sup>his</sup> 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 for the Indian people. He taught us to be kind to them they will be your friend, if you miss treat one they will all be your enemy. How very true this was.

Father was a great builder, saw mill man and hard workman.

Father lived in many parts of Utah, and Idaho. He made his own business. He built many saw mills and sawed many thousands of feet of lumber.

I have heard father say many times, he saved and delivered the lumber for many homes and walked of Rosetillo. 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 Inkon for few days. We were raised on faith, prayers, blessings and Administration. We had family prayers before breakfast and at bed time 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 Inkon, 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 a Member of 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 & Eve - down the line to that day. One time one of our Bishops 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 talk and Closed all in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs or maybe 2. When he finished our Bishop rose and said: Our meeting is finished and closed. And we went home.

Father baptised me on my 8<sup>th</sup> <sup>June -</sup> birthday in our mill pond. Leona was baptised in rapid Creek on her birthday 4 Nov. Br - r - Isolene in rapid creek 19 April. He didn't want us to not belong to the church for one day.

The folks had 10 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 flour in fall and couple hundred lbs.

of sugar - salt - baking powder - soda and that was about it. Rest of our food we bought.

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.

We used to play with some neighbors and otherwise we entertained ourselves. But time we got wood - logs just split and sawed, split carried in tub full to house our spare time wasn't much.

Father had a screened cupboard to keep milk & butter in. Several times mother would go out for pan 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 ~~asleep~~<sup>asleep</sup> in river 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 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 too.

We used to play hide and seek, and play in saw dust built cars, And made entertainment. The Whitworth family lived just 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 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 fish, mother would cook them. We'd eat what we wanted, then Hyrum could take rest home to dad - step mother and Joseph - a brother.

One spring morning there came an Indian blood going over his arms and clothes. He had been helping Bishop Webb build 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 shredded 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, Sulpher, 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 re bandage 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 used what she had and walked to Inkon 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 and summer <sup>for</sup> several years 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 ~~kinda~~ Knick limbs; peel the bark off and made baskets.

The baskets were beautiful many lovely designs in them. They made beautiful gloves and moccasins all beaded and hand made. What craftsmen they were.

When we first moved here there was a large one room schoolhouse ~~was~~ 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, 9<sup>th</sup> & 10<sup>th</sup> grades were added. People were moving in from south and other places. In early 1930s in a short time the 11<sup>th</sup> & 12<sup>th</sup> were added. The school was remodeled, a huge ~~Gym~~ Gym, offices, many more rooms added. That building has now been sold to a Community church and a new <sup>school</sup> building built over ~~soon~~ on a 20 acre <sup>which</sup> used to be small farm.

When father had a saw mill up Dempsey out from Leav 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 5<sup>th</sup> Socorro Idols.

My mother and family were at Chesterfield. I was just a baby when father moved her ~~us~~ down to Dempsey in the big lovely home. Our dear brother La Moni was working for father ~~up hill~~ and lived up by saw mill which was on a hill. Mother was very poorly and expecting a baby. Our dear Bro La Moni 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. The 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 git my brothers and I and have us carrying 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 got 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 1910 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 hillsides to his land - then through his land and to where he dug and prepared a water storage pond. ~~He~~ had brought lumber from his mill at Dempsey and built a pentstock down the ~~the~~ steep hill to where he built <sup>the</sup> saw mill. He then saved lumber built a huge mill shed, shop, and a one large room house. He then in Sept. 1912 moved mother and family down from Dempsey. My brother Alvin had been with father helping him through this laborious period. In late October or early Nov. My brother took violently ill. High fever and so sick. On or about the 10<sup>th</sup> Nov. 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 a.m. 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 full of water up, and as she raised up the wind blew out the lantern. There mother was, couldst see her hand in front of her. She turned and the first step took her over a steep part of the pentotack, 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 crawled 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 Dr. No cars in those days and took hrs. for him to get here from 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 P.M. Father and neighbors fixed a bed on a old fashioned cot and put in a wagon and hauled her  $2\frac{1}{2}$  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 J. J. Richardsons 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 load 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, ~~she~~<sup>he</sup> opened his eyes and said, "I'm just behind the Veil". And was gone to our Father in Heaven. Died on Nov 11<sup>th</sup> 1912. He was laid to rest in the Inkom Cemetery - Now in 1989 there is Father, Mother, Alvin, Sister Leona and her husband Joseph Leray 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 Leray, ~~what a glorious~~ 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 fork of road leading to Buckskin ~~and other to~~ Horns 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 into it. Blanche Sloat was my first teacher. Other teachers through the years were Ella Francis, Estlyn Rands, Ethelyn Hand, Sarah Woods, Mella Langlois, Carolyn Deyo, Miss Swope. I graduated from the 8<sup>th</sup> grade and had 1<sup>st</sup> year high school. Then I got a job clerking in store for George Tote 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 Mother's heart we girls also. He was stationed at Mare's 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 spent 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 Fentz Jewelry store in Pocatello, then Mollinells in Pocatello, where when graduated in that field, continued for Mollinells for many years. Then in March 1924 he married Leona Jensen in the Logan Temple. He continued for Mollinells 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 ~~set~~ went to work for Mollinells and worked there until retired.

He and Leona had three children Odessa a 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 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 its self she add 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 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 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 "No", I'll get Len a neighbor, who hauled our berries to Pocatello and sold them, after each day 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 & wife needs, and they'd go to Pocatello and buy, our needs.

Then her happy days, Sewy Sew, she lived it. All scrapes 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 yards 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 4 or 5 years old she put me in high chair and taught me to quilt. She bought me a thimble and in one corner shed got me going. How I loved to learn that art. Just past my, 83<sup>rd</sup> birthday and to this day I love to quilt old hand work of all kinds. All kinds of lace, reefs, quilts, you name it and my dear mother could do it. She taught me well.

Leona and Isolene could care less about these past times. 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 afghan. Then her heart grew worse and she couldn't crochet anymore. I took her blocks to finish an afghan 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 4 blocks over, made pillow to match the afghan.

My Mother was twice a Relief Society President. In those days the Relief Society kept quilts on frames most of the time. Made quilts, socks, gloves, scarves

And whatever Cheerah asked for. For Red Cross, Mother knit sweaters - socks and whatever asked to do for Red Cross also church. She loved every minute of her labor of love.

If there ever was a good woman, Mother - friend or neighbor she was one. Now I'm crying so have said enough.

You asked what my first real job for money. Berry picking. Raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, and larger fruits, apples, cherries. We were paid 40¢ or 50¢ 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 Inkorn's first school building, later the brick one down in Inkorn was completed 1914. Then our old building was ~~made~~ 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. 12 to 4 P.M. was sacrament meetings. Sunday nights 7 or 8 P.M. Mutual.

There were dances, big dinners, for fun and some for fund raisers. Live plays. "oh, boy lunch dances - big deal" oh, the good olds <sup>day</sup> to remember. Some not so good.

This old building was remodeled and made larger about three times. The last time a Charley Pfifer architect and overseer. The the Relief Society had a

A room- and kitchen. Then we could get 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 Ollis W. Hall to go buy pipe, a cabinet sink and hot water tank. This 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 ~~in~~ 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 had suffered for many many years with hemmorrhoids and it now had developed into cancer. Dr ~~Edison~~<sup>Edison</sup> was called in and she was confined to her bed. Bro 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 Inkorn. 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 Aug. Leona ~~stayed~~<sup>stayed</sup> day & night, Joe worked at Mollinille's day & at night Joe would go cut lawn, water and care for their yard. Then go to mothers eat and sleep, when work was over, we'd bring her to Inkorn. 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 pick up and went to

mothers apartment and moved her things out to our 2<sup>nd</sup> 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 rese. This grieved mother, but she had good care, plenty of love and help.

How she loved our dear Bro LaMone. He had through his life ~~been~~ been so good to Mother and how we all loved him. This day Mar. 19<sup>th</sup> 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 threw 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 greatful we all were that she waited for him.

Now a joy and blessing I have and comfort that was to us. Ross never left

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 Leana and I crying, said you girls better hurry to mother. He said Money couldn't <sup>buy</sup> 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 it's now Wed. about 2 P.M. 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 A.M. We had been waiting for Bro LaMoni for sometime. But he was hard of hearing and didn't here 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 did. Well she lay all but gone and about 4 P.M. She moved and in a few minutes she opened her eyes. Said oh Money, 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 mother's heart would be softened and when again <sup>your</sup> time comes, ~~you would know~~ you will know - all is well there.

The Sunday nite before mothers passing on Wed. afternoon. She had been bad all day and we were all here at the Fowler home. Leona E. goes 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 - 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 men went to work, also Della. The two Leona's 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 chose our Relief Society Pres. took very sick and was released and I was sustained a second time as the President. Spent  $3\frac{1}{2}$  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 women should have this blessing.

Ross and I served as Stake Missionaries. For 2½ years, under President J. Golden Jensen. After serving an honorable mission we were called as helpers in the Genealogical 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, 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 weed pullers - chips to pick up, berries to pick, weeds <sup>our</sup> to set out, plant ~~and water~~, ditches to make, well work and more work. We had to carry water about 2 blocks and up a steep hill. Right before wash day, we'd fill tubs, buckets and get enough to do the wash, which <sup>we</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>MPH</sup> done the ~~day~~ <sup>before</sup>.

The 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 Coalville and we kids, mother to were really shocked at stories father told us. Why do you know that there is some thing on the

can

market that people ~~and~~ 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 say. 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 his not just marbles but gone clear off his senses. And I'd 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, when 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 entertainments. I ~~had~~ 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 - Verlene daughter Laura met us. Again, we were entertained days and evenings

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 <sup>bird</sup> hummingbird 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 Inkarn. It was owned by J. 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 Ray 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 on 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 her 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 became 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 were hopeless father would tell us, Shut that up, you couldn't carry a tune if you had it in a bucket. So we couldn't. Leona she didn't mind very well, would really try, rest of us kept mouths shut and as far as singing 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 <sup>and</sup> longed to go back to the place where we were raised and see if we could find exact spot where our house, cellar were. The spring, choke cherry trees which we had climbed swung on, piked fruit from. The old mill pond or whatever. We got up courage to go ask Mr Newton and his hired help. So they wouldn't try run us away for trespassing. As we walked through the lane, we found <sup>some</sup> 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 reminiscised. We found many trees, berry bush roots - where old mill pond was and screens which held back brush, fish and whatever could have gone down the pentlock and into water wheels and wrecked the saw mill. We found where the house had been and part of a retaining wall of the cellar. What an 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.  
 Isoline and I talked about re-doing it,  
 the last spring she was with me. We didn't make it.

~~During the years after the war~~

When I was in my teens, I used to go stay  
 with a friend when there was entertainment at the  
 church house. The folks wouldn't let me go alone  
 down the canyon road, but 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 3 girls - 2 boys old enough to go to dances and  
 whatever 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 whatever  
 entertainment. We went home from dances with  
 some of the fellows - soon they came and got us  
 also. ~~The~~

The summer of 1924 Ross went to work  
 for Dr Q.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 Leona 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 - 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 Mr. Newton's 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 Mr. Newton's 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 5<sup>th</sup> March 1924 the next Feb. 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 Bentz Co. He had received an honorable release from U.S. Marines from sickness he contracted while in service.

Ross would come in Sat. nights, we'd go to a show and drive out home to Inhom then Sunday 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. Lets 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. Mother went to work. We talked to his mother that was working in Rosetillo. 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 Inkon townsite which we rented and lived in nearly two years. In the mean time we bought us 2 lots from T, H, Gathe and started and built us a nice large one room house. Furnish and paid for it. Then bought lumber and added two more rooms on to the one. We lived in it until 1942. Tore the 3 rooms down to floor, then wound up tearing it up too. We then started and built us the home I now live in. We too built it. I worked on all of it except the roof. I did practically ~~all~~ all the lathing of it. Mixed most of and packed in the plaster for Ross to put on ceilings and walls. We hired Charly Pfeifer to plaster our bathroom, kitchen and hall. As Rosses 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 never get that many. We were grateful.

The dear Lord was kind to us He loaned us three spirits for short time. We were and I am grateful that we were privileged 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 in Brigham City Ut.  
 Blessed 18 July 1891 " "  
 died 31 July 1891 " " "

Della May Tolman - Born 3 May 1893 Henequenville Ut.  
 blessed 1 June 1893 " "

Baptized 3 May 1901 Brigham City Ut.  
 Endowed & married 21 Aug. 1912 Salt Lake City, Ut.  
 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, Ut.  
 died 21 Jan Pocatello Idaho.

Family- Mary Mayonna Byington Born 10 June 1913 ~~Ray L. Nelson~~  
 died 28 Sept 1976.

Darrell Laaine Byington born 22 July 1915 Maudie Webber  
 Oney Avelinia Byington " 30 April 1918 Kenneth Chatterton  
 Lola May Byington " 20 May 1926 -

Son, Elvin Henry Tolman. Born 29 June 1896 Chesterfield Born  
 blessed 6 July 1896 Chesterfield by Father  
 died Nov 10 1912 Inkom-Inkom cemetery -

Bro: Joseph Leroy Tolman Born 7 Feb 1902 Chesterfield  
 Baptized 28 May 1913 Inkom,  
 Married 5 Mar 1924 Logan Temple -  
 died 2 July 1976 Buried in Inkom Cem.  
 Wife: Leona Eleanor Born 28 May 1905 Riverside Bingham Co Ida,  
 Married 5 Mar 1924 Logan Temple -  
 died - 1988 Suet Lake City

Family: Odessa Eleanor Tolman 20 Feb 1925 Pocatello <sup>Mar. Wayne Elmer</sup>  
 Clifton Leroy Tolman 22 April 1927 Pocatello <sup>28 Apr 1927</sup> Smith  
<sup>Ruby Bell Boren</sup> 21 Sept 1926,

A Bro here > then me.

Sister Lavaughn Tolman Born 25 June 1906 Chesterfield  
 Moved Me,  
 Baptized - 25 June 1914 Inkom, by father -  
 Married 8 April 1925 Logan Temple -  
 Russ Bennett Fowler Born 16 Oct 1899 - Idaho -  
 Bapt. 3 July 1908

Family: Grace Melba ~~Fowler~~ Fowler 13 Sept 1926 Inkom,  
 died 18 Jan 1931

Pearl Annona Fowler Born 29 Jan 1929

Died. 30 Jan 1929

Grace Fowler - Born 24 Jan 1932

Still born. Still Born -

Brother: Leland Napoleon Tolman Born 26 Aug 1904 Chesterfield  
 Blessed ~~dead~~ by 4 Dec 1904 by Judson Tolman  
 died 17 March 1905 Chesterfield.

Please put before me above -

Then Lavaughn



Sister = Leona Tolman -

Born 4 Nov 1908 Dempsey Ida.

Baptized 1<sup>st</sup> July 1917, Inkorn Ida.

Married ~~dead~~ 30 May 1927 Pocatello Ida -

died - 14 Jan, 1970 Pocatello Ida.

By her Sister Lorraine - Endowed 25 Mar. 1971 <sup>Idella</sup> Falls. Temple -

Husband - Clarence Leroy Cooper -

Birth 30 Mar., 1909 Colorado.

Married 30 May 1927 Pocatello -

Died June 26-1976 St Anthony Ida.

Buried Inkorn Cemetery.

Children -

Clarence Dawn Cooper born 8 April 1928, Inkorn, Bmk Co.

Mary LaDonna Cooper " 13 Sept. 1929 Pocatello Ida -

Leona Mae Cooper " 15 June 1932 Pocatello

John LeRoy Cooper " 15 Jan. 1938 Pocatello -

Sister Idonna Isolene Tolman

Born 19 April 1912 Lava Hot Springs

Blessed, 23 April 1912 by father -

Married 13 Feb 1931 American Falls. Ida -

Endowed Oct 24- 1934 Logan ut.

died May 30-1987- Blackfoot Ida -

Erwin Alton Allen -

Married 13 Feb 1931

Endowed Oct 24- 1934,

Died ?

children Erwin Leroy Allen - born Nov 22- 1931 Blackfoot,

Dean Allen " Dec 10 1934. "

Darlene Allen- " 20 Sept 1940 Blackfoot.

June Marie Allen. { " 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 Locatello, We mother-father - children moved to Inkom Sept. 1912; Della was with my brother when he died in Nov. The story about all that has already been wrote, Ernest worked for the railroad in Locatello 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 Locatello 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 Maeona was in very bad health and they had their hands full caring for her.

Darrell and Aney were broken hearted because she wouldn't except of their loving care and their blessing.

She passed away Jan 11-1978 in Locatello hospital I at this time don't have Ernest's death date.

Joseph LeRay was married the 5<sup>th</sup> March 1924  
to Leona Eleanor Jensen in the Logan Temple.

The lived in Pocatello several years, moving later  
to Rupert Idaho - then Jerome, <sup>Idaho</sup> some where 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 grandchildren or in an apartment alone.  
Then in 1938 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 3<sup>rd</sup>  
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 J. H. Gathen,  
then built a one room house; little later we added two  
more rooms. On Sept 13<sup>th</sup> 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, ~~the~~ <sup>then the</sup> 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 Corps.  
~~or~~ If the horse could not be pushed up to burial spot, <sup>the</sup> ~~it~~  
~~or~~ 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 ~~dead~~ a little over two months premature. I was confined at my mothers home. I had had a bad time full of albumin. We had our Bishop come and gave our baby a blessing and name. She was named Pearl Winona Fowler this was 29<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1929. The baby weighed 3 lbs  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. She was 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 hrs, 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, she 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. Then 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 of our faithful priesthood holders. When I am really sick that's what I want is to be administered too. 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 ~~many times~~ 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<sup>th</sup> or early 8<sup>th</sup> 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 8<sup>th</sup> 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 visited. 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~~ live in there 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 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, ~~lonely~~ 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 Colostomy 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 Inkorn Cemetery where parents, brother, nieces and nephew were resting. Since then another brother, sister in law, ~~husband~~ Nephew in law have been placed in same lots.

Now I can say as my dear Bro. 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<sup>th</sup> 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  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs, she bathed the baby in olive oil, wraps  
 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 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 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 age until she was about fourteen years old.  
 Then she developed into a beautiful teenager. She  
 in fall of 1930 <sup>she</sup> went to work for for Aunt Emma  
 Jensen a sister to our neighbor Agnes Whitworth. She met  
 a fine young man and they went to American  
 Falls Ida, and was married on Fri the 13<sup>th</sup> of Feb.

1931, Erwin always said Our lucky Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> 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 <sup>their</sup> years together. They had five children three boys - Erwin, Dean, Kenneth and two girls Darlene and Jane 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 walk, 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 <sup>year</sup> 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, back for night shows, a hamberger and drink. About eleven o'clock say goodnight, 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 Fowlers for Thanksgiving and the Fowlers to their home for Christmas. We each have fond remembries of our togetherness. Isolene and Erwin's family and I are very close and love each other very much.

Rosses sister Anna 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, 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 spent the last few years in a rest home in Pocatello. We visited her each time we went to Pocatello. Later we seen 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 Elthura 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 this great event. Joseph Fielding Smith ~~dedicated~~ gave the first dedicatory prayer on 23<sup>rd</sup> 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 Inkon. Well George L Tate, wife and family run the grocery store here for three or four years and Brs Tate was mosle Bishop of Inkon 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 Temple Square, while there Thelma's uncle came to see his sister - Thelma's mother, who was this ~~my sister~~ <sup>my sister</sup>. The One and Only La Grande 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 and as a young girl I met, shook hands with a Prophet of God Heber J. Grant. He attended a Stake Conference in the 6<sup>th</sup> 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 Lord's Side" which I always had a great love for him as our prophet and a friend. I also had the ~~privilege~~ 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 Maria Bennett Fowler.  
 She had six children, three boys and three  
 girls. No 1 George B. for Bennett & Anna, William  
 B., Nellie, Pearl Annona and Ross B. They were  
 all married and had homes of their own, except  
 Pearl Annona <sup>and George</sup> ~~and she~~ passed when three or four  
 years old. They had a nice home in Lago Idaho,  
 where the children were born. Rosses father  
 was a very strong man and <sup>had</sup> 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  
 Fowlers baby was whipped and kicked out. He went  
 to work for a cattle man, helping any way a  
 boy could. Mother Fowler left, got divorce, came  
 to Inkom and lived with Lennie and Arthur  
 and family. She then found work 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 6 young children and no one  
 to care for them. He hired Rosses Mother  
 she raised these lovely children as if her own.  
 Mr Karstead was either an engineer or brakeman  
 for Union Pacific. He travelled 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 what ever needed to make, I do not remember how many years but many. She finally bought some property here in this same block which had a small two room house on. After the Karstedt 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. had never married. Had worked here and there and at what ever he could.

George found employment at the cement plant here in Inkton. 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 husbands 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 than 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, and has been for almost 10 years. ~~How I loved her~~, since Ross passed away on Aug 17-19 79.

I think its about time I tell you about some of my happiness in Inkton and sad times. My love of the church, its different organizations and about some of my

of the 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 its 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 12 years old I went from Primary into 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 stockings, 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 belief 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  $\frac{1}{2}$  years as Stake Missionaries, served under President J. Golden Jensen of Pocatello Stake. We spent sometime as Aids in the Pocatello Stake and South 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 library and served with Bro and Sister Ronald Lish. We enjoyed helping the patrons, we were about as happy as the Patron 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 cataract off the other eye, what a blessing that was. It is wonderful to be able to read and see what your reading, and for hours if you wish.

I do believe I have the greater <sup>part</sup> 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 know there~~ was 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 He did translate and the Book of Mormon was written.

I have a strong testimony of prayer, administration, letting, 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 ~~Hilda~~ Odessa Tolman Smith Russell and Leona Mae Rosen for the Birthday party they gave me on June 24 - 1989.

This being my 83<sup>rd</sup> Birthday Odessa and Leona Mae, wrote and called many members of Tolman descent, 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 hummin' with Nieces, Nephews, 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 relationship in memory of our parents and love for one another.

I being your last aunt of the Tolman line.

I 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, grand parents and the great greater proud of us.

My love and Blessings  
Aunt Lavaughn.

July 15<sup>1989</sup> Six of the Joseph Halbrook Tolman family, made a special trip to Chesterfield Idaho. Lavaughn <sup>Gowler</sup>, daughter of Joseph Halbrook and daughter of Lella Mae Tolman Symington, daughter of Joseph Halbrook. Any ~~chatterton~~ Symington chaterton has heard and read stories about Chesterfield. She has been told stories about a number of Tolmans whom settled among the first settlers that lived there, where they lived and that some of the buildings still stand. Oney 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 few weeks old, Lavaughn were born and when, Joseph Leroy <sup>born</sup> Feb 7-1902 - Leland born 26 Aug 1904 Lavaughn 25 June 1906. One day last spring Oney came to see me, before she left she said, Some day after your legs get stronger or well, you see Nov. 21-88 and May 2-1989 I had new knees installed into my legs. We agreed this year we would go to Chesterfield. If you see July 15- 89- this dream came true. Dear - Sister Isolene's, second son and wife Verlene were visiting me, Dean mentioned his going to Chesterfield again. I told them about Oney and her dream. We set the date, I called Oney, they were really pleased. Yesterday was the day.

We fixed picnic, left Inkon about 10<sup>45</sup><sub>a.m.</sub>

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 Father's brother home, a large brick home, it is need of repairs. We looked and took pictures of the tithing house which is across from Uncle Ad's place and the Tolman home. We then went up to the Daughters of Utah museum. It was open and what a joy to go around reading cards of whom the pictures were of. There was pictures of Uncle Cyrus and wife Eliza, The large family group of my Grandfather and family. I picked out the ones I knew what a joy. Pictures of two other relatives and many pictures of people I've read about. We then drove down to Cemetery. Many familiar names and the marker at my little brother grave, which I had had Leon Manning make for me. Two years ago last Spring. We then headed back to Soda Springs what an educational afternoon we had enjoyed.

I was extremely tired. But indeed happy.

This the following day, I havn't been able to attend Sacrament Meeting. Due to knee operations recently, I am so sore every bone and muscle hurt. Hope I'll be better tomorrow. Our trip and joy isas) worth it.

for you I hope this is pleasing and what you had in mind.

My love. Aunt Lavooughn