

HISTORY OF JOHN ADAMS (1858-1934)

I, Goldie Adams Tolman, daughter of John Adams and Annabell Warburton, wish to record this history because it is my great desire that my children and their children might know about the beautiful little town in which their loved ones were born, and where and how they lived.

To me Tooele will always hold a sacred spot in my memory. Tooele city is pleasant for situation as much as any city in the mountains. The soil, water and climate are good and well adapted for fruit raising and almost all kinds of farm produce.

Within three years after the first pioneers came to Tooele in 1849, they began to adorn their surroundings with shade trees and also provide for future needs in the planting of various fruit trees. President Eli B. Kesley of Tooele Branch aroused in the people an appreciation of the value of trees and they immediately planted them in their yards as well as along the streets of the town.

It was not very long until the Saints had their yards a mass of flowers. Each person shared their bread with one another, so likewise they shared their flower seeds and roots. Along the walks of nearly every home were rows of marigolds, mignonette, bachelor buttons and larkspur, and near the little homes could be found the wild rose, brought from the canyons, and replanted. Watering was a problem, but in order to have a pleasing home the pioneer mothers carried water in buckets from the irrigation ditch or well for their plants.

Farming in Tooele was very discouraging with grasshoppers, crickets and other insects to destroy the crops after the farmers had worked so hard to till the ground with their crude machinery and plant the seed that was so precious. For a few years it was pretty hard going for the Saints in Tooele, but with faith in their hearts, never doubting that the Lord would provide, they kept working, even in the face of a crop failure. They had nothing to eat or wear but bare necessities. Grandfather John Adams and Grandmother Mary Price Howells were six weeks without tasting bread. They would gather pig weeds and boil them with a little milk along with sage

roots, and manage to keep soul and body alive. Bad as these conditions were Grandfather said there were others worse because many men would become so weak they would stagger and have to hold to the fence through sheer weakness.

Many of the people lived in log huts and tents the first few years, but by 1851 a lumber mill had been erected and lumber was brought down from the hills and a few lovely homes were built, among these were Grandfather and Grandmother Adams' and Grandparent Warburton's homes. These homes were well built of brick and stone secured from the mountains. Grandfather Adams' home still stands as a monument to their foresightedness and an inspiration to their descendants.

It was under these conditions and circumstances that two lovely babies were born, a boy and a girl. John Adams, the son of John Adams Sr. and Mary Price Howells, born the 22nd day of July 1858, and to Richard Warburtonth and Emily Atkin Warburton, a daughter, born the 5th day of September 1860. To this lovable babe they gave the name Annabell.

These two children grew up as playmates in Tooele, attended the schools, church and entertainments together.

Grandfathers Adams and Warburton were hard working men and good farmers so my father became schooled in the raising of fruits and farm produce.

Grandmother Atkin Warburton had a good English education and had the trade of dress making and millinery. Under the wise, guiding hand of this lovable mother, my mother, Annabell, learned to sew and make hats. John and Annabell became sweethearts and on Annabell's 20th birthday, the 5th of September 1880, they were married in her mothers home by Elder Hugh S. Gowens.

This happy couple decided to remain in Tooele with father working for wages during the winter. Father was a hard working man and he worked all winter getting out wood for the Coal Klins for \$5.00 and \$7.00 per day. Most of the time the companies were broke and could not pay so father and mother lived on very little at times.

Food and clothing were hard to get in those days and I have heard father say his bed was made of sheep hides, and while he was herding sheep he carried a sharp stick to dig sego and wild onions for a portion of their food. He had also told how sore and cold his feet would get, as they were wrapped in gunny sacks.

They cut pine boughs in the fall and made huts to camp in while getting out logs. The mountains were steep so the logs were rolled down where they could be loaded on sleighs and taken to the mill.

Because of a need for better social and business conditions, and because of being a progressive people, Francis M. Lyman, then President of the Tooele Stake, explored the Oakley Valley in 1879 and felt that it was a very wonderful valley for the Latter-day Saints to make their homes. The Valley was covered with huge sage brush, and when standing at the head of the valley, which was ten miles wide, you could see the valley before you, widening out to some thirty miles on the north and running about twenty eight miles long. It was extra well adapted for farming and growing of fruits. It also had a fall of water which would follow a plow furrow the whole distance across the valley. There were already a few cattle ranches on the different streams, Cotton Wood, Land Ranch, Trapper Creek, and Warm Creek.

Father and mother were strong and healthy and full of adventure for new worlds, and with that pioneer spirit to push them on, they decided, along with other Saints, to leave their home town, Tooele, and move to Goose Creek, Idaho, where they could have land of their own on which to make a home for themselves, their children and grandchildren.

Other families had braved the desert and gone to Goose Creek to live, so in talking to Mr. McCuiston, their neighbor, they decided to pile their belongings onto a wagon and make the move along with other Saints. Mr. McCuiston had two horses and father two yoke oxen. They had five hundred pounds of oats and about the same amount of potatoes and some corn for the oxen, besides their few belongings. The Saints formed no company

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JOHN ADAMS

ANNA BELL WARBURTON

but were instructed by President Lyman before leaving: Always remember to be true to your fellowmen and to your God.

Before leaving father and mother felt they must be sealed for time and eternity, so on March 10, 1881, they were sealed in the Old Endowment House.

Father had never traveled before and this was a new adventure. I would like to insert here father's own story of their journey to Oakley.

"We thought to make camp each night where there was water. We only had two measly five gallon kegs to carry our water for our culinary uses and the four oxen. On the way we struck a stretch of forty-five miles and expected to strike water the first part of the drive, but no water. We camped on the edge of the Salt Lake Desert and the next morning we were out early to get a good start. All worked fine until the middle of the afternoon when our oxen showed fatigue. We would let them rest awhile and lay down, and then we would try it again. Finally we decided to unload some of our load, making a neat pile by the side of the road. We had sent our wives on ahead with the company of Saints, for which we were grateful. We kept unloading until we had some five piles along the way, giving the oxen every advantage we could. We planned to make camp where our company and wives were, which was some six miles distant, when about one half mile further, they lay down and wouldn't move. We decided to go on to camp and get one of the horse teams to come back and bring water, which they did.

We didn't find the oxen where we had left them, but they were back on the road about one-fourth of a mile past the wagon. We brought them back then tied them up to the wagon. The next morning we went to the camp and got a team to go back and gather up what we had piled on the desert. This put us, with all our belongings, in Newfoundland, in the center of two deserts. I don't know which is the worse one. Next morning we arranged for McQuistion to go to Grouse Creek, Utah, some forty-five miles to get help. My wife's brother lived there. The horse teams were going by way of Terris, Devil Dive, Contant, Albion and on to Oakley, and we were going by way of Baril Springs near Lucin, and then to Grouse Creek. The men

with the horse teams had an extra horse which they were breaking to the saddle and they said we were welcome to it if it would do us any good. The horse teams left on their way and since McQuistion had been over the road before, he also left for Grouse Creek. The two women and I were left on an island where the hoot of an owl or the screech of an eagle would have been music to our ears. About twelve o'clock the next night we received help in the way of four horse teams. We fell on our knees in grateful gratitude to our Heavenly Father for sending help."

Father has often told me how hot the desert was, it could burn a lizard alive. There was not a living thing of a vegetable nature, just alkali. You see beautiful ponds of water which are very inviting to the thirsty traveler, only to be disappointed. A covered wagon some ways away is as large as the Salt Lake Temple. In some places the condition of the ground was such that the clay-like formation would gather on the wheels of a wagon until the wheels could not turn until it was chopped out--the same with a man's shoes.

Father and mother with the McQuistions finally entered Grouse Creek. Tears of joy and wazm welcome were given the weary travelers by the Warburtons. The McQuistions, that fall of 1881, had pioneered all they wished and returned to Tooele, leaving father and mother at Goose Creek. They built them a little log cabin in which to spend the winter. Father has said it was one of the happiest winters of their lives. Their nearest neighbor was three quarters of a mile away. The wind and storm seemed to blow most of the time and the coyotes made it more dreary, but those little things only added to father's and mother's joy, as they had a roof over their heads and their hearts were full of love and rejoicing, for now they knew a little spirit was on its way to brighten their lives and home. Father had visited Oakley during the summer and he and mother decided it was a much more desirable place in which to live, as Grouse Creek was mainly noted for cattle raising. So these two sweethearts planned and built castles all winter as to their future.

Early in April 1882, mother left Grouse Creek for Tooele, to be near her mother and a doctor when her first child would be born. Just after arriving there the Indians went on the warpath and were driving away the stock and killing them so the Saints were ordered to go south. After the scare the men went out in the hills to see if some stock were alive. They

found many killed with arrows still sticking in them. On the return trip home the journey was too much for mother, so in a dugout in the side of a wash, with no floor but the dirt, surrounded by a mud wall for protection from the Indians, and a crude bed, mother gave birth to her first child. They named him John Fredrick, born on the 14th day of May 1882. When mother left for Tocele, father decided this was a very good opportunity to move to Oakley and get a home started for mother's return. Father's brother, Herbert, had written and offered to let him have 40 acres of land that he had filed on, so he loaded all their belongings on a wagon and started for Oakley. The road between Oakley and Grouse-Creek was closed with snow, so he had to travel by way of Terrel and Park Valley. Father had sent word to his brother Herbert at Oakley, that he thought he could go as far as Albion with his oxen if he would please meet him there and help him the rest of the way he could be forever grateful. So he sold his oxen and was ready to make the trip by the time Herbert arrived in Albion. I imagine this change from oxen to horses, was like changing from a model T Ford to a Cadillac.

Father purchased a team of horses in Oakley and started to work setting out logs from the mountains. Soon father had one room built and returned to Tocele for mother. The return trip to Oakley was a tedious one as mother had not gained her strength and with a small babe nursing, the scorching heat of the sun, and the rough road, it was almost more than mother could endure. Fred, the babe, cried out all the way. - (How blest the mothers are of today to have a little fed babe when they are hungry.) The last night out they camped at the City of Rocks. That night the horses became frightened and ran away as fast as they could with hobbles on. They finally stopped and father caught them. When he returned to the wagon mother was very much upset because not long before the government mail had been held up and robbed in that same place. The next morning a bear track was found near the camp, so they decided that was the cause of the scare.

By nightfall father and mother were in their little one room log cabin, grateful to be together again in a home of their own. Right and early the following morning father commenced to clear the land, as it was covered with huge sagebrush. What difficult

times, no huge tractors like we have today, only a grubbing hoe to dig the brush. As father dug and chopped them, mother would pile the large pieces in one pile which they used in the stove for cooking and heat. They worked with determination to get their crops and garden planted. Before long their dream was realized, and the crops grew very fast and abundantly as the land was very productive.

Father spent a great deal of time working on the building of a canal, so they might have water. He said as soon as one team was through another was ready to take over. This way they had water for their crops when they were ready for it.

There were no close neighbors, only Uncle Herbert and Aunt Emma. They were always like a father and mother to us as they had no children. Soon Uncle George Craner, who married father's sister Polly, came from Grantsville and settled one mile south of father's home.

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OAKLEY TOWN SITE 1910

The beginning of the settlement was small but grew rapidly. George Grant, brother of President Heber J. Grant, and husband of Alveretta Tolman, who was accidentally killed, while on a rabbit hunt the 13th of January 1885, had a small store. Jerry Riblet had the post office. They were three

quarters of a mile apart. The first meetinghouse, school and dance hall was one-half a mile from the post office. President Horton D. Haight of Farmington, came to Oakley in 1882 to preside as Bishop. In 1883 a co-op store was being built and the country in general was good. Up to this time father would have to haul his grain to Kelton, the nearest railroad town, sell the grain and buy groceries for the winter. This would take him away from mother a week or more, mother stayed alone. The Indians were close by, but not mean; very seldom did they go on the warpath because the settlers were kind to them. The old squaws would come to mother's with a sack on their back and beg for something to eat; mother never turned them away, always shared with them even if she had only a little, such as a few biscuits or a bar of soap. They always had buckskin gloves with them. They were the pride of our lives; mother would buy a pair to help them out. Mother at times was very nervous, but never let them know; they always treated her very well. Father's writings say this concerning the Indians: "We found the Indians very nice. They invited us to their dances which would last two days or three. We accepted. We would take our wives and form in the circle and dance until twelve o'clock on cold snappy nights. The Indians would put on their war paint and feathers and dance. The dance was for our entertainment and they would love to have us join. The young Bucks would surely work themselves up. The motions they would go through could not be described."

In my childhood the Indians were still visiting our home. I remember so well Captain Jim, as we called him, coming each Sunday. He knew just when the dinner would be ready and he would come in with a grunt on his lips and say: "Me heap hungry". We would all hurry around, get his plate, set it on a large box we used as a working table, and give him his dinner. He always wanted to sit in an old arm rocking chair. As soon as he was through eating he would push his plate aside and say: "Heap good," put his feet on the table, lean back in the rocker, and go to sleep. Usually he would sleep an hour, then pat us children on the head and leave. We learned to love him.

Father soon dug a well and equipped it with a pulley, a rope and two five gallon kegs to draw the water. The water was so refreshing and cold and remained through out the years.

Father and mother loved nature and everything that grew, they surely had a green thumb, as the saying goes, or, as one non-Mormon said, "They must have a Mormon thumb." They would go to the Land Ranch and other creeks get starts of willows, and send for fruit trees, and grape vines to plant. They soon had a lovely orchard and vineyard started. Those were hard tiresome days but very satisfying and full of joy and anticipation.

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JOHN ADAMS' ORCHARD
L. ro R. Richard, John A. Ellison, Ross,
John and Annabell

On September 14, 1884, another babe came to gladden the home. A little girl; they named her Mary Emily. This called for more room in the home so father went to the mountains for more logs and commenced to build. Father added one more room and a shanty, or what we call a porch, on the east. The logs were laid one upon another and the cracks between the logs were filled with mud or dubbing. This made it warm. Mother was an excellent homemaker,

liked everything lovely, so she lined the walls with factory, a thin white material, and then papered it with wall paper. Each corner of the living room and bed room had little whatnot shelves, and they were covered with all kind of vases and whatnots. The windows always had a white curtain, oftentimes made from white factory, the very cheapest material known to us today. Each window had a wide sill that held flowers in abundance. I cannot remember ever being without blooms from geranium, fuchsia or begonia.

In this lovely little home was born the following children, Mary Emily, William, 23 September 1886, Rcmelyn 21 November 1887, Florence, 4 February 1891, and Goldie, 1 January 1893. William and a little girl died soon after birth and were buried on the lawn.

When father said he was going to build another room, mother was anxious to have carpet to cover the floor, so immediately she commenced planning for one. This was no easy task, but she was fortunate in living by Mrs. Jack Craner, who was an excellent weaver of rag carpets. The rags had to be washed and dyed, so as to give the carpet a variety of color. The dye oftentimes had to be made from the plants or leaves. After this procedure the rags were cut into strips one-half to one inch in width. Mother would then have what she called a sewing bee or sometimes called a rag bee. A group of friends would be invited to the home and they would seat themselves around a large basket of prepared rags, where for hours they would sew and wind while their tongues kept time to their flying needles. Dinner would be served by mother and Mae (Mary Emily) at noon, after which the sewing and visiting would continue until the original basket of soft fluffy rags had become one hard ball weighing about two pounds. Now they were ready to go to the weavers. Later the sewing machine suspended the sewing bee. While mother or Mae would sew the rags on the machine, Florence and I sat at her feet snipping the lengths apart. We children waited anxiously for Mrs. Craner to commence our weaving. Hour after hour I have sat with her on the long wooden bench and watched the shuttle going back and forth and the different colors taking shape as the old loom would weave the pattern. This has had a great impression upon my life, as a child I realized how essential it was to have dark and bright

colors in order to make the carpet beautiful. Mrs. Craner would often say, "Goldie, life is like this carpet, there is a constant weaving between yourself and God. He chooses the colors, sometimes He gives us sorrow, or disappointments, and then to weave in the brighter colors he gives us happiness and joy, and some day we will be able to know why the dark thread had to be."

When the rags were all woven into one long strip, Mother would measure the room, cut enough strips to cover the room, and then came the task of sewing the strips together. A linen or cotton thread which had been strengthened by frequent applications of wax obtained from the beeswax or shoemaker, was used.

When the carpet was finally ready to be laid, the men of the family were called in, usually Rome and Uncle Dick, to help perform the feat of laying the carpet. How different today with our soft foam rubber matting, and beautiful woolen woven carpet to that of a straw base. With large gunny sacks the feat commenced. We all dug deep into the stack in order to get the nicest straw. There had to be enough to cover the floor, about four inches deep. Then the carpet was laid smoothly over the straw and now the real work of stretching and tacking commenced. That was a real job. Two sides were tacked and then the new stiff material was pulled and stretched by hand until it was taunt above the soft pad of straw, then tacked securely. How everyone pulled and stretched and how everyone loved to walk on the beautiful new carpet. No Persian or Chinese rug with the deepest silky pile has ever given more pride and satisfaction than this carpet we had in our old log home.

Another event we children loved was to help Mother with the filling of the straw ticks for all the beds; the ticks would be taken to the straw pile and then stuffed until they were about three feet high, then placed upon the beds; we children would have to run and jump upon them, or get a chair in order to reach the top. Mother was lucky and prided herself for having a feather tick for her's and father's bed. Father was a lover of beauty. Whenever he saw anything he thought lovely, and would please mother, and make the home more pleasing, he would bring it home--things like pictures, statues, and lovely materials that mother could use in making cushions or covering couches.

Mary, being the oldest, was permitted to remain at the house helping mother with the house work. Father always had a job for Rome, Florence and me. The main job was herding the cows, and pulling pig weeds for the cows and pigs. During the day father would have us herd the cows along the road or close along the fence. All the neighborhood boys and girls knew our job so would come and play with us. All was satisfactory with father as long as we watched the stock and didn't neglect our work. We knew father meant business when he told us to do a job so we never left the place and we did our work well.

One morning Father said, "Rome will you take that coyote I killed last night down in the field, away from the yard." The bottom of the field was a mile away and as children we felt that a big job, so we held a council. How best to take that animal? Should we get a horse and pull it or put it in a little wagon and each take turns pulling it. We decided that was too hard, so Rome said, "Let's get a rope, tie it to the coyote's neck and then to one of the cow's tail." Immediately we set to work; the act was soon done. Rome told me to stand by the gate, "When I yell you open it". Well, you should of seen that cow. She went into spasms, circled the corral a dozen times a minute, bellowing and kicking her hind legs up in the air. We laughed and shouted for a while, then became serious as we felt something terrible would happen to her. Then Rome called "open the gate"; I just barely got it open when she dashed through, catching the rope on the gate lock. Well, she went through but left her beautiful tail, also the coyote. We then put the coyote in the wagon and pulled it to the field. All day we wondered what to tell father. As night came on we grew more frightened and when questioned at milking time, none of us knew how the cow lost her tail. We told mother so father soon knew. We kiddies had learned a valuable lesson.

To pass the time, we played we were big stockmen with hundreds of cattle. We built corrals for our stock from the dry manure and willows. We would drown out gophers, which were plentiful in those days, for our cattle, make harnesses for them out of string, hook them together making a team of twenty or more, hitch them to an improvised wagon and then make the long trip to Kelton for groceries. We girls oftentimes made beautiful homes.

The old weather bureau was a nightmare in my life. Father had the responsibility of keeping the weather report for the government. Out a distance from the house was a potato and apple cellar with a roof above the ground about four feet high; upon top of this was a small box house about three or four feet which stood on legs four feet high. This house was made of slats so as to let the air circulate through the house. Inside was a thermometer; this gave the weather for the day and night. This temperature was recorded each morning and night and then, at the close of the month, this report was sent into the government. When I was about twelve, father said, "Now Goldie, I wish you to take the responsibility of the weather bureau." Well, anyone with children knows that sometimes a child will forget. I did forget quite often, and rather than let father know, I would improvise some figures that were near the last reading and write them down. When I would tell mother she would laugh and put her arm around me and say, "Be more careful. When I had the job I did the same thing." She never scolded.

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Oakley Herald
12 Feb 1932

Father was noted for having the best farm and vegetable garden. He always planted enough for the whole neighborhood. Hour after hour I have worked with him getting the ground ready. It had to be perfectly level with not a clod larger than a pea seed. A peg was tied at each end of a string

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JOHN ADAMS IN HIS GARDEN

that was the length of the garden, one peg was put into the ground at the top, and with the string pulled tight the other peg was driven into the ground at the bottom of the garden. Then Father, with a hoe, made a shallow furrow along the string which was as straight as an arrow. I then dropped the seeds in it, and believe me they had to be dropped just so. I believe every seed came up. We girls were the envy of the neighbor girls, for when the vegetables were ready to use we were permitted to have all we could eat, and that was many. Maggie Jenkins often reminds me of the good times we had, going to father's pea patch, filling our straw hats full, climbing upon the tall hay stack, laying on our backs, eating them, along with gooseberries and mulberries, and talking and laughing. Maggie almost lived with us as her mother had passed away. As soon as the work was done, down she would come to spend the day.

These few incidents show how father and mother instilled within us confidence, dependability, a love of the truth, and how to work.

Many and varied were the duties devolving upon mother. I often wonder how she held up under the strain. She had a constant flow of visitors who would come and stay from two days to three weeks. Besides all her other duties, mother and Mae did all the sewing. As I look back upon some of the fashions I realize that seamstresses of today have a very easy time. The dresses were floor length with four to five petticoats with dozens of ruffles with lace on them. The dresses were beautiful with their large flounces, trimmed with all color sequins and beads and small laces, the waists with the bishop, leg of mutton sleeves trimmed to match the skirt and high collars that came to a peak at the ears held up with feather bone. The petticoats had to be starched stiff. They were ironed with sadirons heated on top of the stove with a fire made of sage brush. Girls, could you go back and live as your mother and grandmother lived?

Mother always loved to have us children bring our friends home. She always had some little dainty for us, such as a cookie, or, in the earlier days, a slice of bread spread with cream and a little sugar. I can still taste how good it was. Mother was an excellent cook. We had lots of corn bread, jelly cakes and corn doger. I still smell the sweet aroma of chicken noodles, sauerkraut and corn beef, soups made from delicious vegetables, etc. Mother and father had supper on the table when we came from school, no banquet ever tasted any better. Father helped mother with the meals, that is when at home. He brought in the vegetables freshly gathered and cleaned, the meat was always prepared by father and a great many times cooked by his capable hands.

I can see him now sitting by the stove, fork in hand, singing or repeating one of Shakespeare's, Longfellow's or another poet's poem. Father and mother were lovers of the best literature. One poem rings in my ears to this day. Whenever I hear it, I see father. I would like to insert one here from Longfellow.

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle.
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, how'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead.
Act, act in the living present
Heart within and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Father and mother lived this poem. They made their lives sublime by helping a forlorn and shipwrecked brother to see and take heart again. They visited the fatherless and widows--not only visited them, but supplied them with food and money, and gave them a desire to trust in God and live better lives.

As children, mother would gather us around the old wood burner and hand us a bowl. We would all smack our lips, for on the stove warming was a large kettle of milk. When we were ready she would break bread in it, with a large chunk of butter and salt and pepper, and then fill our bowls, it was delicious. As father gained a little more means, we had sardines or oyster soup in place of the bread and milk.

Autumn was always a busy time at our house. The loaded fruit trees must be taken care of as well as the wind fall apples. It was heavy, hard work to pick, pare and spread the fruit on a homemade wooden scaffold to dry. This responsibility was mother's and we children. While father stored the best apples in the cellar, we would take care of the inferior ones. Of course, Mae, being the older, did more than her share, but I can remember the hours of tedious work. Mae and Florence had the job of peeling the apples with a hand peeler, and the older ones would quarter and core them, then lay them one at a time out on the scaffolds to dry in the sun. The surplus Italian prunes had to be cut open and laid with the inside part up to the sun to dry. By fall mother would have several large seamless sacks full of dried apples and prunes. These she sold to the stores. This was mother's pin money, to use as she desired.

After hog killing in the fall, father salt cured and smoked the meat for the coming year. He used cedar bark or corn cobs for the slow steady fire, with smoke passing through a joint of stove pipe near the floor of the smoke house. The hams, shoulders and side meat hung from the ceiling and absorbed the clean smoke without getting heat. When the process was finished, they were hung in the cellar or basement under the house to be used during the year. Most always, we had as high as fifteen or twenty hams, likewise the same of the others. Mother and father spent two or three days rendering the lard which was stored away in five gallon cans. We had a large sausage grinder and the sausage that was made was more than delicious. We had head cheese made from the leanest part of the head of the pig. It was made into a large round block weighing about twenty pounds. This was plenty for lunches the entire winter.

Soap making was a yearly activity with mother. All fat scraps were carefully saved during the year and combined with lye and water, and boiled in the large iron kettle on an improvised rock stand in the back yard. When the boiling mixture dropped from the stirring stick like thick syrup, the soap was done and ready to pour in wooden tubs. Mother would lay a gunny sack over the tub, pour the mixture through it, then let this stand until cool, about twenty-four hours. Then she cut it into bars and placed each one on a large table out in the sun to dry, this made excellent soap for dishwashing and clothes, but what a luxury when I was able to buy some factory made soap.

Terrifying, indeed, was my own experience when I grew older and helped father extract honey. I carried the small bellows and puffed smoke into the hives as father took the frames of honey comb from the hives. Then we rushed to the honey house, or extracting house. These frames were placed in the extracting machine and then we turned this at a swift speed until all the honey was out of the comb. Then the frames or comb had to be placed back in the hive. Lucky we were if we came through this process without a sting or two in exchange for our table sweets. Father furnished honey for all of Cassia County, which included Twin Falls as well as Boise Valley.

Mother loved to can fruit; her fruit shelves were never bare. She canned in the neighborhood of 600 quarts each year. Besides gallons of delicious preserves she made quarts of appetizing mince meat. In the fall father and mother made gallons of sauerkraut, vinegar from the Jonathan and Wealthy apples which fell on the ground. How thrifty they were! Hundreds of bushels of apples were stored in the cellar each fall. All winter father would sort and sell apples. He was always generous with his measurement and people from as far as Boise came and bought them.

The wine or grape juice was a luxury and many came to buy. Every Christmas Eve father filled the jugs with this precious juice and went from home to home wishing them a Merry Christmas. The carolers would be invited into the home to have a sumptuous drink. It seemed to me after the orchard began to bear fruit, we never wanted for food or clothing.

The joy of my early days was to help mother can fruit for the Cassia County Fair. Of course, father was there to see we did it right. They were placed in the bottles so they lay just right to show their warm cheeks. Father would watch certain fruits grow and would protect them so that when they became ripe they would be almost perfect. He gathered the nicest vegetables which were also canned. Many years father and mother had as high as 100 quarts and won first prize on all. How proud we were to see the bottles placed on a table and know that was our exhibit.

In 1897 father and mother decided to build a new house to keep up with the advancing times. The family was growing and needed more room. Uncle Dick, father's brother, and Uncle Jim Warburton, mother's brother, came to live with us to help with the work, and they also found a comfortable home, and all in all more bedroom space was needed.

Father and Fred went to the hills south east of Oakley where there was a sawmill operated by George Brim and Phippen of Albion. The logs were sawed for stockades. When half a load was ready they would load it onto the wagon, haul it to the top of the hill, then go back for another load as the horses could not pull the entire load out on top. When they had again loaded the first half, they then cut four long strong logs, chained them together side by side, on them they chained another log and fastened it to the back of the wagon making the load tight, and brought it all down the mountain. They could make one trip a day. These logs were stood on end, fastened securely to a foundation, then covered with building paper and siding. The inside was lathed and plastered, making a warm substantial home. There were three large rooms upstairs with a large hallway and a huge closet. How wonderful it is today to have clothes closets in each room; it's a real luxury. There were five rooms on the main floor, with one large closet. There was a pantry, (in those days everyone considered it a must to have a pantry); kitchen, (the dining room Ross has today was our kitchen); two bedrooms; and a parlor, on the main floor. Also we had a large basement. We were all very happy when this pretentious two story home was completed. It became a landmark for the traveler and opened hospitable doors to whomever needed shelter. People from nearby towns coming for fruit or conference or just a few days in town, found plenty of food, a good bed and above all, a warm welcome in the confines of this new home. It was in this new, lovely house, with many comforts, and with the services of a doctor that mother gave birth to her eighth child, Ross, on August 15, 1900.

Father and mother loved to visit their relatives and neighbors. Aunt Polly Craner, father's sister and Ben Howells, an uncle, were their favorites. Father would hook the team to the light wagon; mother would put a quilt in the bottom of the wagon; we children sat on the quilt and away we went to spend the day or evening. Mother and the ladies made their knitting needles fly as the stockings and gloves took shape. How delighted we were to try them on! They were usually red; the ladies said they were warmer. I still wonder if that be true. One night on our journey home father stopped the team to open the gate. Something frightened the horses and they commenced to run. They circled the granary and cellar several times and the last time the front wheel caught the edge of the opening to the cellar. Over the wagon went, tipping all of us into the cellar. We all had bruises, but none were seriously hurt. I heard Mother uttering a prayer. Little incidents like this taught me to trust in my Heavenly Father.

During the winter of 1895 and 1896 diphtheria broke out in Oakley and nearly every family was ill. In one month twenty-four persons died. The county commissioners appointed father to carry food and medicine to those who were quarantined with the disease. He did this on his saddle horse.

Father was constable of Oakley for years. Those were eventful days as father would bring the prisoners, which were handcuffed, home to stay for the night on his way to Albion to the county jail. Father always slept with his gun under his pillow as the prisoners slept in the next room. Mother and we girls were real nervous having the men there; however, mother was so extremely kind to them and treated them as human beings, that they never harmed a hair of our heads. I think every prisoner would have worked their fingers off for father and they all loved mother for her saintly disposition and goodness of heart.

Jim Cross, one of the prisoners who spent a night at the home, after being in jail a while, wrote mother asking for a lock of her hair and the girls as he wished to make a watch chain for Father Adams. I remember father using the chain for years. At his death I believe Fred received it. Jim was an artist and drew several pictures for mother. He also made a cane out of cow horns. I believe every color of the rainbow was portrayed in that cane. I wonder why such men have to hide their light under a bushel.

Another event Fred remembered in father's life was the trouble with Diamond Field Jack. He came into town from the hills, and got lodgings at Jack Craner's father's neighbor's home. That night he made his way to the dance hall, where our people met for their recreation. Diamond Field asked a young woman from Grouse Creek to dance with him, she refused because he was a stranger. Ormus Tuttle, standing near, smiled. This made Diamond Field angry. He went out, got on his horse, went back to Craner's and got his gun, intending to kill Tuttle. How little did he think of a human life. He hung up his overcoat, with the pistol in it, walked around the room till he located his man, then went back where his coat hung, reached for his pistol, and as he did so Father Adams, walked up, put the handcuffs on him, and took him out of the room. He cried and said father was the first man who ever took a gun away from him. Fred was given the handcuffs and billy club when father died.

Father Adams and Father Tolman have told so many times the stories of Diamond Field that I would like to tell them to you who read this as it deals with the Tolmans and Adams. Father was sheriff so it was necessary for him to go for days looking for Diamond Field, for all the men testified that he did terrible deeds.

Diamond Field Jack was a cowboy who worked for Sparks and Hearld Cattle Co. on Rock Creek, Idaho. He was one that was liked by the cowboys and the men with whom he associated every day but he used to make life miserable for the sheep men and their herders. Because of the feud that was on between the cattlemen and the sheep men, he was hired by the cattlemen to keep the sheep driven back over what they called the dead line. If the sheep men would camp over the forbidden line, Diamond Field Jack and other cowboys would come and shoot at their camp and shoot the sheep. On moonlight nights the herders used to move their beds out of the camp wagon and sleep on the opposite side of the sheep. When the cowboys would come in at night and start shooting, they would return their fire.

Sometime during 1896, William Tolman, son of Cyrus Tolman, was looking for his boys who were herding sheep somewhere between Shone Basin and Rock Creek. There was a cabin in this area that was used by everyone who happened to be camping near. William noticed there was someone there because of the smoke coming from the chimney. Thinking it might be his boys or someone who knew where they were, he rode to the cabin, left his winchester on the saddle, threw the reins over the horse's head and started

to walk toward the cabin. He wasn't quite up to it when Diamond Field threw open the door and covered William with a six shooter. William told him what he wanted but Diamond Field Jack told him he was going to kill him. Will started to talk to him, trying to talk him out of it. Diamond Field, holding him at the point of his gun, passed him, and going to Will's horse, took Will's gun from the saddle and shot him. Will was steadily walking toward him and later stated that he could have rushed him, and was sure he could have avoided getting shot, but Diamond Field was shaking so and showed so much nervousness that he thought Diamond wouldn't have the nerve to shoot.

The bullet entered Will just above the heart and as he fell Diamond Field rushed up to shoot him through the head but Will said, "Don't shoot, I am going to die anyway." Diamond started to ride away, there were some timber haulers near who started to Will's aid but he warned them off. After he left, they rushed to Will's aid, placed red bandannas in the two holes front and back, placed him in a wagon and took him to Oakley. The doctor said that the ordinary man would have died in fifteen minutes. Father Tolman has said that as near as he could remember Will recovered with no ill effects, except that he could not lift anything with his left arm and hand above his shoulder. This was a miracle as the timber haulers felt each minute Uncle Will would breath his last, especially when the wagon would hit a large rock or chuck hole. It took about four hours to get to Oakley.

Sometime later there were two men named Wilson and Cummings who were herding sheep for Grey. They were rounding up the sheep and then one watching them while the other went into dinner. Diamond Field Jack and a man named Bowers watched them and when the one went into dinner, they yelled, and as he stepped to the door of the wagon to answer, they shot him. They took his body, put it in bed and covered it up. The other herder, getting worried at the continued absence of his partner, went into camp to find him. Diamond and Bowers shot him just as he was entering the cabin. They then took his body and put it in bed with the other one and left. It was several days later before anyone found them, some say two weeks. A dog was tied to the front wheel of the wagon and was nearly starved to death. I can remember so well of father going with other men to get the bodies. To this day I can see the two of them in the wagon. For nights I did not sleep

because of fear. The sheep men knew who had done both of these deeds and were determined that he should be brought to justice. Bowers was caught and turned State's evidence and Diamond was sentenced to hang. However, he just laughed and said, that they would never hang him. His lawyer appealed it to the state, federal, and supreme courts with everyone giving him the decision of guilty and sentencing him to hang. The gallows had been built and Diamond was cocky as ever, knowing that the cattle men would never allow him to hang, and sure enough, Governor Hunt sent him an unconditional pardon. The people always figured that the Governor received money for letting him go.

After Uncle Will Tolman was shot and while Diamond Field Jack was still in action, Will's son Bill and Charles Jenkins, took care of the sheep. Diamond Field and two other cowboys came to their camp and shot into the camp wagon several times. Bill usually kept his gun by his side but this night it was by the door. He leaped for it and tried to return the fire, but the intruders left before he could get them. They jumped on their horses and followed Diamond Field and early the next morning came to the cabin where they were camped. They shot about a hundred times at the door and laid low. It was hours later, before any of the men dared to leave the cabin and then it was with caution. The boys watched them and let them leave but when one of them started to go back in the direction of their camp, they soon changed his mind by shooting very close to him. They weren't bothered again by Diamond Field and his men. Upon examining their camp, they found that one bullet fired had entered the pillow and mattress of the bed where Bill slept. I have read that Diamond Field Jack went to Las Vegas, Nevada, and Los Angeles, California, and there lived a very secluded life. In March, 1948, while crossing the street, he was struck by a truck and killed, at the age of 85. His dying statement was, "I just wasn't looking where I was going." How true. If he had looked in the right direction throughout his life, I'm sure he would have served his fellowmen well. Father Adams has said, "Diamond Field had a kind and loving heart; his love for children was wonderful; he was always doing something for them." He loved and respected father.

Snow had fallen all day. As evening came a cold blizzard wind began to blow, the temperature had gradually fallen until it was past zero and the wind was drifting the snow some eight to ten feet high when father received word that a man (I don't remember his name) had left Oakley on horseback, to go to Almo, Idaho, some twenty-five miles away. He had very little

clothing on and had been drinking. Father talked with other men and they decided he would never reach Almo. They must go after him. The men dressed in their heaviest clothing, each man had a large bear skin overcoat which he wore. I remember, as they road away, how much they looked like Eskimos. That was a night of terrors. Florence and I sat up with mother until the wee hours of morning, expecting each minute to hear the men call that they were back, but to no avail. Mother finally persuaded us to go to bed but there was no sleep in our eyes. What would become of father? Would he find the man safe? These were the thoughts that constantly passed through our minds. Prayers were uttered frequently for their safe return. Just as it was coming daylight the men returned with the news that the man had reached the City of Rocks. He must have felt cold or tired as he had gotten off his horse, walked a few steps, leaned against a rock and snow, gone to sleep, and that is the way they found him, frozen to death. I don't believe the coyotes and hoot owls ever have hooted and yelled as they did in those days. I wonder how mother could be so calm and never make a complaint. The night Brother Cyrus Hunter was killed and father was called to look for him was a terrible night. He had gone to Almo to get some logs. No one knew just how it happened but the men found him under the load of logs crushed to death. Sister Hunter said she stood in the doorway and tried to get him not to go. She watched and waved to him as long as she could see him. Something seemed to say "You will not see him alive again." How strongly impressions are made upon the sensitive minds of children, and they cannot be erased. It seems only yesterday but it has been over fifty years.

Here is another incident to show mother's lack of fear. Many nights we would forget to draw the blinds; one of us would look at the window pane and there would be a man's hand placed upon it. We never forgot to lock the doors so we felt quite secure. Mother, when we acted frightened, would say, "Now children, you know it is a neighbor".

Many a night father called: "Florence and Goldie, come quick, mother has had a heart attack!" We fanned, placed cold wet clothes upon her chest and rubbed, along with we children's prayers, until her heart was normal. Then it was nearly a week before she could be around. Mae was a mother to us then. I will never forget her kindness.

I often look at my grandchildren and give thanks to my Heavenly Father that they are being reared with such loving care without discord or fear. Our life was not all fear; we had some of the most wonderful times. It seems now father and mother never denied us children a thing that would bring us joy and happiness. Father always took us all to the dances, parties and every show far and near, especially the high-class ones, for which I am sure each one of the children hallow his name.

Father loved to buy and make the home more beautiful. He always kept up with the advancing times--such as the lighting of the house. The first I can remember was the small coal oil lamps, with their crude shapes, long chimneys, which had to be cleaned several times during the night, according to how we had the wick turned. Then larger and more gracious lamps came into fashion. One that Ross has today was always my ideal; it was an oval shaped globe about twelve inches in diameter. The wick contained oil and another globe was on top which reflected the light. This globe was of the finest china, painted a rose pink, with large red roses on the globe. After this came the gasoline lamp, with the wick. This was the delight of our lives to see every corner of the house illuminated; but it was also a tragedy in a way, for if even a fly touched those ashy wicks, they were broken and they had to be replaced. But oh what a joy and a satisfaction when electricity came, making it possible for us to have lights, stove, and a furnace, etc.

There never was a prouder family than ours when the parlor was furnished with its beautiful Brussel wall to wall carpet, which had a tan background with large red roses; brown brocaded silk drapes hung at the large bay window; large arm chairs and a sofa all done in varied colors of brocaded silk. It was the custom in those days to have the pictures enlarged. There was grandfather's, grandmother's, father's, mother's and Rome's pictures all in large gold frames placed on an easel or stand. On the walls were large pictures three feet by five feet set in gold frames depicting the Declaration of Independence, etc. At this time father bought a piano so our parlor was really elegant. Another thing I admired was the large four by six mirror which hung on the wall in the dining room with a shelf under it with beautiful twelve inch figurines on either side. Our china closet was the envy of all as it contained the most beautiful china that could be bought such as cake plate and servings, cocoa pitcher and cups, berry set, and all kinds of cups and saucers. I have several pieces given me when father died that I prize highly. The china of today cannot

compare with it even after fifty years of learning and experimenting. Then in January 1919, father installed a bathroom which was the crowning glory to our home. On February 6, 1919, father and then Aunt Mae had their first bath in a beautiful white tub and one in which they could stretch out full length, splash and soak as long as they desired.

The celebrations were the joy of our lives. As far back as I can remember the Oakley people had many such as the Fourth of July, the 24th of July, Memorial Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. The Fourth of July was an affair enjoyed by old and young with its cannons, brass band, parade, dinner, ball game and dance. To father was given the honor of firing the cannons. at 4 a.m. father was up on the hill above the cemetery south of Oakley with his ammunition ready to fire. At sunrise the stillness of the morning was broken by the firing of the cannons as a warning to all to be on the move for the hoisting of the flag. The band was out early playing beautiful strains of music, indicating to the people that the anniversary of American Independence was to be celebrated with thanksgiving.

The parade was a sight to behold; dozens of floats gotten up by the different merchants, societies and church; a mounted horseman with a large American flag mounted on a staff led the parade; then James George and Martha Washington; Uncle Sam, a tall dignified figure with his red and white trousers, cutaway coat of blue and high hat; the Goddess of Liberty draped in white muslin with a crown of gold on her head, with her long hair falling over her shoulders, rode on a hayrack pulled by beautiful horses draped with red, white and blueunting; there were hayracks of children all dressed in white. (The mothers worked for days getting the dresses made for it was a just in our lives to have a new dress for the Fourth.) After the parade we all met at the bowery which had been erected for the occasion. Posts were set in the ground, polls were tacked to them at the top to form a frame, then long willows were placed over the top to protect the people from the sun, then it was decorated with red, white and blueunting and flags. The program always commenced by singing the Star Spangled Banner. Then a fervent prayer was offered in gratitude for the Land of the Free and that we were permitted to live and worship as we wished. The Declaration of Independence was

read; ofttimes we children would get tired so we milled around with our pink popcorn balls, flags and parasols. The joy of the day for us was reckoned by how many nickles we had to spend and how much we could burden our stomachs with. In the entrance to the bowery were two 40 gallon barrels of lemonade. Each barrel had a dipper which everyone used, so no one needed to be thirsty. At noon the Relief Society served dinner. The tables were the length of the bowery and they were a sight to behold; so beautiful, with their many dainties and different varieties of food. Mother and the other ladies made Vermonge pudding, putting in different colors, which was placed in the center of the table on beautiful plates. Besides this was every kind of cake highly decorated on cake stands, chicken, pork, and beef with all the trimmings. The only thing I can remember having to buy was the dinner. The Relief Society served the dinner and charged 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children. In the afternoon was a ball game. All the men took part in this. Father practiced all spring for this event. A children's dance was a must. Then to close the day's festivities, a dance was held in the evening. All the celebrations were as pretentious as this one. We looked forward to each event with great anticipation. They not only furnished entertainment, but instilled within the hearts of all, true patriotism.

Our conferences and ward meetings were always inspiring. I have heard the gift of tongues given by sisters. They would arise in a testimony meeting, their faces glowing with a new light, and begin to speak in an unknown tongue. I wondered how they could speak so sincerely as they looked so quaint in their little black bonnet and cape; but as I listened, the presence of the Lord seemed very near. When the one sister was through speaking, another sister would arise and give the interpretation; and the message was always something for the betterment of the Saints. Mother was a good friend of these wonderful sisters, and as children we listened often to their holy words and our testimonies increased. We learned to love the gospel and its teachings.

Fred had not been very active in the church. When young he loved the cowboy life so with his friends he would spend a great deal of his time in the mountains looking after the cattle. One day love came knocking at his heart and from then on he had no desire to be away from home. He commenced to attend church, as Geneva was of a religious nature and loved to attend all the meetings, so together they studied the gospel. On the 13th of April 1903, Fred was called to fill a mission to New Zealand. They had

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JOHN AND ANNABELL 1904

planned to be married and now to leave the girl of his dreams seemed too much. He talked with father and mother and they said if it was all right with the Bishop, Geneva could accompany Fred and fill a mission with him. All arrangements were made. They were married in Salt Lake City, and together they filled a wonderful mission of three years. On August 8, 1905, father and mother were happily surprised to receive word their first granddaughter was born. She was named Zelanda.

In 1907 Rome was called to fill a mission in Holland. Father was willing for him to go. He said, "Never have I prospered as

much as when Fred and Geneva were on their mission doing the Lord's work." All preparations were made for Rome's departure. He was to go to Holland! Mother's great desire was to go to Salt Lake with him, but just the day before he was to leave, she was stricken with a heart attack. These usually put her in bed for a month or more and the doctor said it would be impossible for mother to go to Salt Lake. She said to Rome, "You go hook up Old Nig to the buggy; go get Patriarch Curtis; have him come and administer to me." We all gathered around the bed when he came and he administered to mother. In his masterful voice he called down the blessings of heaven upon mother, asking the Master to cleanse her heart that she might go to Salt Lake with her son who was going to labor in the vineyard of the Master. We all knew that our faith through the administration had made her better. The next morning, when we came downstairs, mother was dressed and ready to go with Rome. Rome filled a glorious mission of three years, laboring mostly in Rotterdam. During this time mother had a few light spells with her heart, but nothing serious.

Mother lived to see Rome return home from his mission the strong and inspiring man she had hoped and prayed he would become, but she was not to stay with us much longer; and in a short time, only about a month, she was called back home to continue her work. During her illness she loved to have Rome as her constant companion. Many a night I crept downstairs to see how she was; Rome was sitting by her bed, holding her hand, and singing, "Oh my Father, thou that dwellest, in that high and glorious place." I would straighten the quilts and shake up her pillows, and in that gracious king way that won the hearts of all, she would say, "Thanks, Goldie, go get your rest, a big day lies ahead."

When the end was drawing to a close and she was in terrific pain, she sent for President Jack and Brother Harper to come to dedicate her to the Lord, which was done in those days. President went to each one of us and asked if we were willing mother should go back to the Master where there was no more pain and suffering. That was a hard decision to make, but for a month we had seen her suffer. We all consented but Mae; she felt her time had not come as yet, but after talking and explaining, she gave her consent. President Jack dedicated her or administered to her, saying, "Thy will be done." In less than ten minutes her spirit had taken its flight. All we had to cherish was the mortal remains.

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Obituary of Anna Bell W. Adams
Oakley Herald
June 23, 1911

The Relief Society Sisters were very kind. They asked if Florence and I didn't want to see them prepare the body for burial. They thoroughly washed the body. The toenails and fingernails were given a perfect manicure. Her hair was curled and arranged the way we loved to see it. Mother was always particular how she adorned herself, so everything had to be just so. When the body was ready for burial, the sisters took two-quart jars and filled them with ice (if we didn't have ice it had to be snow). These were placed about the body to freeze it so that in this way the funeral could be one

or two days after death. Always two ladies remained with the body during the day changing the bottles which had become full of water, and the brethren would sit up at night and keep strict watch. Aren't we living in a wonderful age, with modern embalming. Mother had a wonderful funeral and was laid to rest in the Oakley Cemetery on June 14, 1911.

It took a lot of adjusting with mother gone. It seemed home could never be a home without her, but we realized we must necessarily make the adjustments which her passing required. Probably the first change was in father's attitude and actions. I believe here this history would not be complete nor would it be fair to unborn generations should I fail to include that which brought deep sorrow unto the family for many years and also that which caused them to realize how prone one may be to give way to the temptations of Satan and drift into sin and indifference.

Soon after coming to the Oakley Valley, father became offended and ceased his activities in the church. In those days the people paid their titing in produce and on one occasion when father took his wagon load of potatoes, the Bishop said, "Brother Adams, I can't take them, I have nowhere to put them, pay in cash." Father took them home and, I have been told, that was the beginning of Satan's way of getting power. He began to stray away from church. With this inactivity there came into his life an indifference toward the sacredness of the marriage covenant and other covenants, even to the removing of the sacred garments. While he did not forsake his family nor fail to look after their welfare, some of the things he did were contrary to church standards, which brought for a time almost total estrangement. It must be said here he never forsook the ideals of good citizenship nor that part of the Gospel requiring love of neighbor, for his obsession was to go out of his way to be a good neighbor and lend succor unto those in need, which in later years paid off in big dividends. Even during this period of indifference toward the church he sent two sons and a daughter-in-law on missions, helped build the churches or meet any other donation, but it was only after the Lord took mother from him and us, that like the prodigal son, he came to himself. Then he realized how many years he had wasted and what great wrong he had done. He did all he could to make restitution, even going to Salt Lake City for council with President Grant. Finally on July 12, 1913, he was again baptised into the church by Brother Albert Curtis, and the Priesthood was bestowed upon him May 3, 1916 by

President William T. Jack of the Cassia Stake. He was chosen and ordained a Bishop July 1, 1917, by Apostle Rudger Clawson to preside over the Third Ward of Oakley. This position he held until 13 January 1929 when he was released as Bishop. Lewis R. Critchfield, his first counselor, was made bishop. The new first counselor was Howard Price and Romelyn Adams was second counselor. Father Adams recorded that he served as Bishop of the Oakley Third Ward for eleven years, ten months, and nine days. It was during this time that his erstwhile deeds of service and kindness paid off. So while we regret very much this thing which came into father's life, as we know he sincerely did, still it has and will serve as a warning lesson for many years to come, for which purpose this brief account is given, to be very careful that Satan is never given a chance to drive a wedge between them and their nearness unto God.

The first morning after the funeral father came to the kitchen and said, "Goldie, don't make me any more coffee; and when breakfast was on the table, he said, "I think this would be a proper time to have family prayer." How my heart thrilled as my dreams were being realized. Other changes came in succession. He started going to church and taking part in the services. Father was well known and had many friends all over the valley where his work had taken him as horticulturist, from the Utah and Idaho borders, as far north as Boise, and many came to wish him consolation and God speed in his new activities.

At this point I feel to include some interesting facts, without which, I feel father's history would not be complete. In 1910 I met Royal Clifford Tolman when he came from Murtaugh to attend school at Oakley Academy. Soon we became interested friends, then fell in love, and began going together steadily. Shortly after Rome came from his mission he began going with Sarah Worthington, and then about a year after mother's death father began going with Mae Harper of Albion. There were the six of us, Aunt Mae came often, stayed with her sister Emma Harper, so as to be near father, and we had a wonderful time. Many the time we were all together at our home for Sunday dinner. We had some time, each kidding the other about their courting habits, and the time each spent with each other. Well do I remember when at dinner one evening Rome remarked about the unusual moon set the night before

and father got up from the table, picked up the almanac and read where the moon set at 5 o'clock a.m., then he proceeded to give us a lecture on how early one should be in from his date. We took it all in good nature because we knew he was right, this did not happen very often. I was in a peculiar situation. With both father and Rome out I had to keep Cliff until they came home so we could have a lunch together. That was my excuse; it worked. I shall never forget those late snacks of bread and milk with preserved peaches, over which we each listened to the other's love problems. Good things like that could not go on forever and the first break came in April 1913 when Cliff was called and left for his mission to the Northern States. Then father and Aunt Mae were married July 22, 1913. In September 1913 I left to fill a mission to the Central States. In April 1915 Rome and Sarah were married. And upon our release from our respective missions, Cliff and I met in Salt Lake and were married in the Salt Lake Temple May 27, 1915. Cliff's mother had met us there and accompanied us on to Murtaugh where we made our home. We shall always hold as most dear those months we spent together, when our feelings were so very similar and we were drawn so close together in the spirit of true love.

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Father has said that he knew mother sent Aunt Mae to bless and take care of him during the remaining years of his life. I have always felt very close to Aunt Mae and learned to love her dearly--no stepmother was ever kinder, more considerate and jollier than Aunt Mae; she met every problem with a smile. I often wondered how she could accept such a tremendous responsibility as she did when she said "yes" to father's pleadings. There was Rome, Uncle Dick, father's brother who had lived with father for years, Florence and her two children, Benard and Clair Annabell, and myself to care for. I wish to insert here the reason Florence and

children were living with father. Florence had married Albert Dahlquist in 1909. They were as happy as love birds and prosperous on their farm in north Oakley. One child had come to bless their home and another expected in a few months when Bert was stricken with a peculiar disease. Doctors from far and near were called in but they could not diagnose the disease or do anything for him. Great faith was exercised, but Bert knew his mission here on earth was drawing to a close and soon the Master would call. Bert was a lovely singer; at the time he took sick he was singing in the Stake Male Quartet and had won many honors singing in all the wards of the stake. In order to pass the time and endure the pain, he would sing his favorite songs. The one dearest to his heart was "Come Come Ye Saints". When he came to the last verse, "And if we should die before our journey is through, all is well, all is well", he would pause, almost break into tears and say, "I guess I am ready, but oh how I would love to stay with you Flossie (Florence)." Our Heavenly Father called him home January 4, 1913. Florence and Benard came to live with us. I was surely happy, as I had had full responsibility of the home since mother's passing, and I was so lonely. She had been my pal throughout life and I was ready to welcome her with open arms. Blair Annabell was born March 10, 1913.

After father's marriage, Florence felt she and the children would be more content in a little home of their own. A lot was purchased on Center Street, a half-mile north of town and next to Blair Dahlquist's place, Florence's mother-in-law. Sister Dahlquist was a noble person and a wonderful grandmother to the children. Father and the brothers helped with the building of the house and it was completed in September 1914, and Florence and the children moved in.

Rome and Sarah Worthington were married on April 8, 1915, in the Salt Lake Temple. Father helped purchase a home for them on Water Street; so father, Aunt Mae and Uncle Dick were the only ones at home, save the frequent visits of Lorena, Aunt Mae's daughter, until August 21, 1914, when a little girl, Opal, came to grace their home. Aunt Mae laughed and said, "We old fools, we never expected to have children." How happy they were when Opal was laid in their arms. I am sure they never regretted

having a child to brighten and make their latter years happy. Opal has proved such a great blessing and brought sunshine and happiness into their lives. Opal married William Tolman, a cousin of Clifford, April 27, 1934. They now live at Bountiful, Utah, where William teaches seminary. During Aunt Mae's later years, Opal proved her weight in gold by taking such wonderful care of her.

Florence was later married to Howard Thackeray of Morgan, Utah. They were very happy caring and instructing their children, as Howard had five children by a previous marriage and Florence had the two; and they were blessed with four more, but the care and responsibility was too much for Florence and she had a severe illness. Howard did all he could to restore her health, but she did not respond. Finally Howard called father on the phone asking if he could come. Father and Aunt Mae went to Ogden and asked Florence to come home with them for awhile. Through skillful nursing and wise judgment, after three months, she was entirely better and returned to Morgan and her loved ones.

Another good Samaritan deed that father and Aunt Mae met with a smile and faith never doubting, was during the sickness of Rome and family. Loel, Rome's and Sarah's youngest child, was smitten with the dreaded disease of typhoid. They worked frantically with the doctor's help and the power of the Priesthood, but to no avail and she was called home October 16, 1930. Sarah had watched over her little one so long, had become so tired and worn out, that she was the next to become ill. She was unable to combat the disease and passed away October 21, 1930. The doctor had inoculated the children. One by one they became ill with the fever but had it very light and were soon up and around. Rome, through constant care of the children, became ill with the fever. It seemed to eat his entire body up, hardly a vestige of strength was left in his body. For three months he fought between life and death. Two nurses, father, Aunt Mae, brothers and neighbors stayed night and day. Through constant care and fasting and prayer he began steadily to improve, but it was a long tedious journey as the disease had raised such havoc with his body. He had become so weak and despondent with so much sickness, his babe and lovely wife taken away from him, all desire of living seemed to be gone. Through the loving care of loved ones he began to have a desire to live for his children. He was like a babe; he had to learn to walk. With the aid of a person on each side, he gradually was able to take steps and

finally walked alone. It was wonderful that he was permitted to remain, as he talked, loved and worshipped his children and implanted in their minds and heart a love for family ties and the Gospel.

Rome was not to remain long with his children. On the 25th of March 1932 he went to Burley with father and Fred to see about getting some potatoes. When they arrived at Burley, Rome said, "You go in and do the phoning, I will rest in the car." Father and Fred were gone about ten minutes. When they returned, Rome's spirit had taken its flight. There seemed to have been no struggle. His head was lying against the front seat as if resting. The family had petitioned the Master, "If possible let him remain to guide and direct his children", but while there was no interference the Master called, and Rome answered the call.

Father and Aunt Mae were undecided to know just what to do about the six lovely children. They felt it would be wonderful to keep them all together; yet Sarah's sister Zetta and Don Martin had had no children, and they wished to take the two younger ones and give them a home. Father felt this was the best thing to do so Earnest, Helen, Beth and Ruth made their home with father and Aunt Mae. Ross and Theria Boren were married October 22, 1922, and lived just east of father; so with Ross' and Theria's help Rome's children were very happy. A great deal of credit and thankfulness goes to Aunt Mae; how many stepmothers at that age in life would accept such a tremendous responsibility and come out victorious as she. To Ross and Theria, we want to thank them and let them know we truly appreciate all they did. The children all love them as a father and mother.

Uncle Dick, who had lived with father, met a tragic death December 26, 1933. He always did the milking and feeding. This evening he went to the corral; just what took place we do not know. The first the folks knew that something was wrong was when Beth and Ruth heard the cows and bull bellowing and went to see. The fence around the corral was built of logs and stockades. Beth relates, "I climbed upon top of the fence in order to see into the corral. The cows and bull were circling the corral with their tails in the air and bellowing. I ran to the house and

told Aunt Mae. Father was away so she sent me to get Ross. When he got there the bull had gored Uncle Dick, tossed him in the air, and bunted him until his body was a pulp. Ross opened the gate and the animals tore down the field bellowing." We will always wonder what happened, as Uncle Dick had been used to milking with the bull loose. No doubt the bull was irritated this evening and went on the rampage, taking his spite out on Uncle Dick.

In 1931 father was getting out wood or logs in the mountains thirty miles south of Oakley when he broke his leg. The men bound the leg the best they could, helped him in the wagon, then started the long tedious journey home. The doctor put his leg in traction and as he wished to remain home, a large wooden frame had to be made over the bed, then a pulley and rope were installed to hold the leg tight and straight. For six weeks he lay on his back, never turning, suffering all kinds of pain. Very little complaint passed his lips. He was 72 years of age yet he endured it without one word of complaint. When the doctor removed the cast, he discovered it had been put on too tight and the leg had swollen. It was some time before father could walk without crutches. One day he became impatient and said, "I'm throwing these crutches away and give my leg some exercise. He did so and walked to town a mile and a half. It was then that his leg and foot immediately began to improve.

I have written about the temporal or less spiritual things, now I would like to add a few faith promoting incidents.

Mother really lived the golden rule "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you." Whenever there was sickness in town she was sympathetic and interested and anxious to help. She began as a Relief Society teacher taking her turn during the time when the LaGrippe and typhoid fever used to work such a hardship on the well ones caring for the sick. Her sympathy for the sick led her to try out additional aids for their relief. On her own initiative she learned the use of many herbs. She always had catnip on hand for the colic baby. It was a common incident to have people in the homes where mother was nursing the sick declare that she left them cheered and comforted in spirit as well as improved in health.

Mary has had great faith all her life, working side by side with mother, she being the oldest girl, sharing the joys and sorrows with her. Mary had many suitors: Andy Martin, Fred Larsen, Alma Wells, etc. But when John A. Elison came from his mission, all the girls hearts were beating a mite faster, as he was handsome, good, and talented. Each girl wondered who would be the lucky one. I remember about the first time he came wooing Mary; it was Valentines Day night. In those days it was the custom to bring to the girl you were courting a valentine, drop it by the door, knock and run away, later going back to the house. (I never see any more valentines as large and beautiful as those valentines were. The box was as large as a good sized hat box.) We kiddies were always up to pranks, so we hid ourselves down by the porch in the Virginia Creeper and waited to see who was brave enough to come. All four came, but John A. Elison's valentine won her heart; and on October 5, 1904, they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Then in September 1905 the first child was expected. Mother tells this faith promoting incident: Mary had been ill for several days, suffering intense pain. The doctors had used every method that was known in those days to deliver the babe, but to no avail. The pain was growing more severe and finally the doctor said, "I can do no more, either the mother's or the babe's life must be taken. Mother rung her hands, stood in silence for a few seconds, then said, "We will save them both by the power of the Priesthood." Again the elders were sent for; they administered to Mary and within a few minutes the babe was born, a fine healthy girl. They gave her the name Thera. She is alive and well today and served as the President of the Raft River Stake Relief Society until 1962.

Great faith was demonstrated at the birth of Florence's first child, Benard. Florence developed kidney infection, albumin set in, her body began to swell and she was in terrific pain. (Today the doctors would administer one of the wonderful known drugs science has given us along with a certain diet and she would have begun to improve.) All they knew in that day was to give a little sweet nitre, cream of tartar or lemon juice. The patient either responded to the treatment or passed away. For hours the doctor worked and prayed over Florence as she would go

into one convulsion after another. I can still hear her screams. A noted doctor from New York came to Oakley just at this time. He came with Dr. Caldham to see Florence and he said, "It is a new form of convulsions, no one has as yet been able to cope with them." Mother said, "I know," and again the elders came. As John A. Elison and William T. Harper of the Stake Presidency came into the room, with Bert her husband, Florence opened her eyes and said, "I will be all right now." They administered to her rebuking the disease and prayed that the Father would permit the mother to give birth to her child. Within a short time the ordeal was over and Florence lay in peace with her lovely son beside her. That day my faith was increased and I knew beyond a doubt that God lives and answers prayers.

Mother's entire life was the essence of the true spirit of religion. She lived the principle of her brother's keeper, giving charity to all with no thought of reward. Truly the words of the Savior, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, my children, you do it unto me", was applicable to her life.

Mother was refined and courteous. She was very beautiful with her dark hair piled high on her head and always a beautiful pin graced the bob of hair. (The pins were lovely, usually made in a fan shape, studded with imitation diamonds or opals.) When uncoiled to comb, her hair was long enough to sit on. Her ears were pierced and she wore round gold earrings set with an opal or pearl. Father always bought mother the most beautiful suits and dresses as well as lovely evening gowns. She and father loved to attend all the dances and parties and he wanted her to be admired by all.

I never remember seeing mother angry. She guided and directed us with a pleasant smile and soft words. A great reward awaited mother as she had almost the sole responsibility of training and directing the children, yet when a firm hand was needed and confidence instilled in our hearts, father was by her side. Six children, three girls and three sons, grew to maturity, joined the church, were faithful workers, married staunch Latter-day Saints, and all married in the temple, and all have held responsible positions in the difference wards and stakes.

After father was made Bishop of Oakley Third Ward, he served untiringly. He was able to go into homes and persuade the members to turn from their erstwhile ways and do good when no one else could get to

talk to them. Many the nights and days he has been called to go into the homes and administer to the sick. Elmer Craner sent a messenger asking father to come quick as Sister Craner was dying. When father and Lewis Critchfield arrived, they found the doctor was very much upset as he had done everything he knew to deliver the babe. He was a wonderful L.D.S. doctor. The mother was screaming, tearing her hair and tossing but when father and Lewis administered to her, as soon as they removed their hands, the pains came naturally and the babe was born.

In 1919 Opal was suffering with an ear infection, all back of the ear was swollen. This frightened Aunt Mae and father so they sent for the Dr. Neilson who pronounced it mastoid infection and he advised father to send for Dr. Craner, our cousin, who was considered the best at that time in the valley on ear infection. When he came they had to administer an anesthesia in order to ascertain the trouble. It was a trying ordeal at that time as Opal was very inquisitive about the instruments. She could not imagine what they were and why they had them. She said, "Oh, mother, they are going to kill me!" This was a terrifying experience for father and Aunt Mae, to see their babe so frightened and in such terrific pain. Again the help of the Lord was sought. The elders administered to her and she immediately fell into a sound sleep. The anesthesia was given. They had made everything as sanitary as possible, so there on the dinning room table the task of chiseling and drilling through the bone commenced. It was soon over; the doctors were able to drain the puss and fluid from back of the ear; and in just a few days Opal was a well child.

Here is another incident to show that father believed in listening to the promptings of the spirit. In February 1920, Charles Jenkins was seriously ill with diabetes. The doctors had done all they could for him but he steadily grew worse. One Sunday father was in conference meeting when word came to come quickly and administer to Brother Jenkins as he was very low. Father and Lewis Critchfield left the meeting and as they were going through the yard gate a voice spoke to father and said, "Bathe the leg in olive oil". Father asked the nurse to remove the bandage but she said she could not; the doctor had just finished dressing it. Father again asked her to remove the bandage. She said, "I might as well; the doctor said he had

done all within his power, now if he gets better it will have to be a higher power than I have." The nurse removed the bandage; father bathed the leg in consecrated oil, then they administered to him, rebuking the disease, and commanded him to be made well. Brother Jenkins fell into a sound sleep and slept until morning. The next morning when the doctor came the swelling had gone down and Brother Jenkins was sitting up. The doctor threw his hands in the air and said, "A miracle has been performed."

Many more incidents could be related, but this will suffice to let the children realize their grandfather and grandmother were a man and woman of faith.

On April 23, 1934, father was called home to be with mother. He contracted flu which developed into pneumonia and kidney infection. With the wonderful drugs of today father's life might have been spared, and yet I feel his mission here was completed and he was anxious and willing to go to his loved ones.

After father's death Aunt Mae was desirous of selling the home place that had so many memories. It would be quite a task for her to oversee. The place was sold to Ross and Theria, and Aunt Mae went to live at Pocatello, Idaho. She bought her a home near Opal and Bill, and here she had many happy years being near her daughter and grandchildren.

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Aunt Mae died 25 July 1963 in Provo, Utah, and was buried there at the East Lawn Memorial Hills Cemetery.

MARY JANE ADAMS

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Obituary of John Adams
Oakley Herald
27 Apr 1934

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Obituary of Mary Jane Phippen Harper Adams
Provo Daily Herald
25 July 1963

Loving care had been given to Rome's children by father and Aunt Mae. Now that father was gone it was up to Rome's brothers and sisters to care and love them. Ross and Theria were anxious that Helen and Earnest remain with them, and Ruth made her home with Mary and John Elison. Beth came to brighten our home and this she surely did. We all love her dearly; we would love to claim her as our own.

Father was a good Samaritan to all. No matter their creed, station, or way of life he stood willing and anxious to help wherever needed. During his life he never let his right hand know what his left hand did. Those in need found in John Adams a man of honesty, sincerity, and charity for all. Where there was sorrow and death, there you would find him with sympathy. Father was honest in all his dealings; he was generous to a fault, loaned money to every weary traveler as well as to the high Moguls; usually it was returned. On his death bed he felt rather weary and worried, and often remarked, "If such and such would pay, Aunt Mae would never have to worry; yet I feel I can hear the Master say, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant, inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

Before father died he wrote a history of his life. I would like to insert one paragraph from that history to show how proud and thankful he was of his and mother's accomplishments as well as blessings.

At the time of his marriage to Aunt Mae he writes, "I have six children, thirty-six grandchildren and four great grandchildren. Should they all come home at once we could set them all down to a good meal and plenty of it and never leave the ranch. We have the finest ranch in the valley. It consists of 150 acres, enclosed with the best fence, with cross fences hog tight. We pride ourselves on having the best vegetable garden and flower garden in the valley. Fruit from our orchard has been eaten in every state in the Union and in Holland. Flowers from our garden have been placed on nearly all the caskets in meek respect to our loved ones in the Oakley Valley. We have never charged a man for a meal or bed furnished and there have been many of them." From

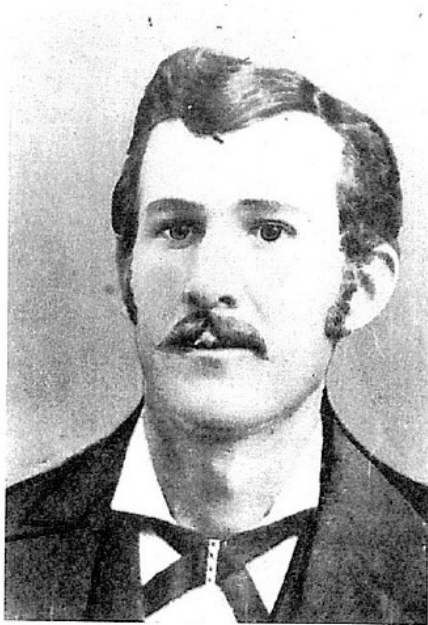
this sketch you see father and mother were frugal yet willing to share and lend a helping hand.

Father and mother have left a wonderful posterity, and as far as I know, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren have strong, firm testimonies that God lives and Jesus is the Christ, the greatest blessing that can be bestowed upon an individual.

In closing I wish to thank all who have given me material and helped in any way, and especially do I thank my daughter LaDawn for the typing of this history.

--Goldie Adams Tolman

(In July 1969 a few additions and pictures were added by Opal Tolman and Loraine Pace. The history was typed for reproduction by Shirlene Tolman.)



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Photo By D. H. Quist
Oakley Town Site Opening May 28th 1910

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Bring on the Water, Says John Adams, Cooperative Observer

There may be a lot of snow up Goose creek. Also there has been a lot of dust blowing over Oakley valley, according to Bishop John Adams, cooperative observer of the weather. Mr. Adams, in a statement of conditions as shown by the record, says:

"The 1931 record shows 6.43 inches precipitation. Precipitation this year to date is 1.13 inches (up to Thursday). The rain gauge is situated on the southeast quarter of section 28, township 13, Range 22, east Boise meridian.

"I have a record of each day, month and year of the precipitation at this point since 1894. I have lived here fifty years and never saw the old settled part of Oakley, Marion and Island as dry as it is today, nor the water as low in the wells. There has not been a day this winter when the wind blew that the dust didn't blow. Our land was never in better condition to receive the water that, it is said, is coming over the spillway of our reservoir dam. So let her come.

"I am forbidden to make forecasts of the weather. I guess it is a good thing--we have disappointments enough."

12 Feb. 1932

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JOHN ADAMS, OAKLEY PIONEER, DIES MONDAY

John Adams, pioneer settler of Oakley, died at his home at 10:15 a. m. Monday, April 23, following a ten days' illness from pneumonia.

Funeral services for Mr. Adams were held in the stake tabernacle at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Bishop Lewis R. Mitchell presided.

Events from his life were recalled by friends who voiced the sentiments of all who knew him by praising his sincerity, strong will power and deep love for his fellow men. Speakers who were selected from his many close friends were: Bishop Adam Sagers, who was a boyhood acquaintance; George A. Day, Pres. Moses J. Martin, Hyrum Pickett, Bishop Lewis R. Critchfield. Requested vocal numbers were sung by Bertha Severe, Earl Phippen and Clifford Tolman and two numbers by a chosen mixed quartet. The over-crowded attendance revealed the outstanding position which Mr. Adams occupied in Oakley and surrounding communities. The remains were laid in the Oakley cemetery.

Bishop John Adams is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mae Jane Adams, two sons, J. Fred of Unity, Bees of Oakley; four daughters, Mrs. Mary Elson of Malta, Mrs. Florence Thackery of Morgan, Utah, Mrs. Goldie Tolman of Murtaugh and Miss Opal Adams of Oakley; three brothers Herbert of Salt Lake and Walter of Tooele, Utah; three sisters, Mrs. George Cremer of Burley, Mrs. Annie Gillumpe and Ernest Weston Harper, Fullerton, Calif.; Francis M. Harper, Southgate, Calif.; Lorena May Harpington Long Beach, Calif., and Opal Tolman, Bountiful; step-children, Mary E. Edison, Malta, Ida.; Florence Thackery, Morgan, and Goldie Tolman, Twin Falls, Ida., and a sister, Mrs. Bertha Hill, Burley, Ida.

Funeral services will be conducted Saturday at 1 p. m. in Our Chapel of Memories Mortuary, 85 E. 300 S., Provo, with Bishop Edwin R. Firmingham of the Provo 13th Ward officiating. Friends may call at the mortuary Friday evening from 6 to 8 and Saturday prior to services. Interment will be in the East Lawn Memorial Hills.

Woman, 90, Dies in Provo

Day Herald - Town, 23 May 1924
Mary Jane Phippen Harper Adams, 90, mother of Mrs. William O. Tolman of Provo, died early today in a Provo hospital. She was born Jan. 8, 1833, in Cedar Fort, a daughter of Joseph Freeman and Eliza Jane Hudson Phippen.



She married John Harper Jan. 9, 1850. He died March 5, 1899. On July 22, 1913, she married John Adams in Oakley, Idaho. He died April 23, 1924.

Mrs. Adams was an active member of the LDS church, Provo 13th Ward.

Surviving, besides Mrs. Tolman, are sons and daughters, John Milton Harper, Sandy, Ernest Weston Harper, Fullerton, Calif.; Francis M. Harper, Southgate, Calif.; Lorena May Harpington Long Beach, Calif., and Opal Tolman, Bountiful; step-children, Mary E. Edison, Malta, Ida.; Florence Thackery, Morgan, and Goldie Tolman, Twin Falls, Ida., and a sister, Mrs. Bertha Hill, Burley, Ida.

Funeral services will be conducted Saturday at 1 p. m. in Our Chapel of Memories Mortuary, 85 E. 300 S., Provo, with Bishop Edwin R. Firmingham of the Provo 13th Ward officiating. Friends may call at the mortuary Friday evening from 6 to 8 and Saturday prior to services. Interment will be in the East Lawn Memorial Hills.

Anna Bell W. Adams Dies of Heart Trouble.

June 23, 1911.

Having been affected for 20 years with heart trouble, Sister Bell Adams finally succumbs to that fatal sickness, at 12:15 a.m. June 13th, 1911. She was born September 5th, 1860, in Tooele Co., Utah. She was married to John Adams, Sept. 5th, 1880.

Soon thereafter, in company with her husband and other friends she moved by ox team to Grouse Creek, Utah, and later to Oakley, where she has resided ever since. She has always been active in the upbuilding of her home town and County, and the magnificent home that she leaves behind proclaims to all without the kind of soul within. It has often been said that the home of John Adams stands pre-eminently

above any farm in this County, and Anna Bell Adams did her share in making it what it is today, a home of trees, of fruit, of flowers, lawns, grasses and such other adornments the Lord has given, with which to dress and beautify the earth.

She has been connected with Relief Society Work for years in the Ward in which she resided & has attended the sick at times when her health was such that she ought to have remained at home, but her devotion to those who needed help impelled her to do things that her physical condition should have refused.

Funeral services were held in the Tabernacle, at 4 p. m., June 4th, at which Ep. H. C. Haight, L. A. Critchfield, H. D. Haight, J. C. De La Mare, W. F. Brim, Wm. T. Harper, and Prest. Wm. T. Jack paid high tributes to her life labors and character, and gave timely encouragement to the family to live worthy of her association hereafter.

Besides the large number of people present to show their respects to her, the following relatives from Idaho and Utah, were in attendance: Herbert Adams and wife, of Blackfoot, Idaho, Richard, Thomas, Laura, James and Mrs. Ernest Warburton, Amy Kimber and Mable Richens, all of Grouse Creek, Ut. Thos. and Walter Adams, Martha and Lester Warburton of Tooele, Emily and Victor Dodds, of Salt Lake City, Geo. Cranner and family, of Burley, Idaho.

The services throughout were very good and the many beautiful flowers contributed bespoke the esteem in which she was held by all who knew her.

Sister Adams is survived by her husband, 3 sons 3 daughters, and 7 grand children, besides a large number of relatives.



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Reprinted 21 July 1949

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