

Joseph Hyrum Tolman and Rosannah Walton

By their Daughter

Sadie Leora Tolman Barrett Porter

Joseph Hyrum Tolman was the son of Joseph Holbrook Tolman and Emma Adell Wood. He was born the 3rd of January 1871 (actually the year is 1872), in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah.

Grandfather Tolman, (Joseph Holbrook Tolman) was a carpenter by trade. He owned a saw mill and sawed lumber most of his life and built homes and churches for a living. The family moved many times: to Bountiful, Woodruff, Plymouth, Ophir, and Chesterfield. They lived six years in Chesterfield, then moved to Bancroft, Lund, Grace (Bench), Pocatello, Inkom, and then back to Pocatello where Grandmother (Emma Adell Wood) passed away years later. (Bountiful, Woodruff, Plymouth, and Ophir are located in Utah, The rest are located in Idaho).

Grandfather, (Joseph Holbrook Tolman) married a second wife, Ellen Calhoon, whom Grandmother (Emma Adell Wood) did not approve. (Consequently Joseph Holbrook moved his second wife and family to Inkom, Bannock County, Idaho and died there.)

My father, Joseph Hyrum Tolman, being the eldest, worked at the saw mill and helped to support the family. He was allowed a pair of shoes and a pair of overalls. Father was a good boy. He was good to his father and mother and his brothers and sisters. He tried to take their part when they were in trouble. Grandfather Tolman sure did whip his children a lot.

When father was twenty three years old, the family moved to Grace, Bannock County, Idaho. He loved to go to church and take part in it. Father filled each call that came into his life, with honor. From Grace they moved to Bancroft, Bannock County, Idaho to go to church. Chester Call was the superintendent of the Sunday School, and also my mother's half-brother. Mother had gone to Bancroft from Star Valley Wyoming to help with the new baby that came to the Call's. On Sunday father, and some other boys came over to the Call Home to get the keys to the church, so they could get ready for Sunday School. Here he met my mother Rosannah Walton. That was in the summer of 1894. And on 24 September 1894 they were married.

Rosannah was the daughter of Eliza Kent Call Walton and Samuel Augustine Walton. Rosannah was born on the November 15, 1871 in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah. Grandmother (Eliza Kent Call Walton) had been married before to Vasco Call.

He died on his way home from his mission. Grandmother had three children, two boys and one girl from the union with Vasco Call. (*These were: Chester Vinson Call, born October 6, 1859 at Bountiful, Davis County, Utah; Sydney Benajah Call, born September 27, 1861 in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah; Ida Call, born February 26, 1986/64 in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah.*) From the union with Samuel Augustine Walton was born three boys and three girls. (*These are: Samuel Augustine Walton Jr., born February 28, 1870 in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah; Rosannah Walton, born November 15, 1871 in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah; Charles Wesley Walton, born October 24, 1873 in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah; Susan May Walton, born December 21, 1875 in Woodruff, Rich County, Utah; Sarah Jane Walton, born November 29, 1878 in Woodruff, Rich County, Utah; and Henry Carlos Walton, born August 2, 1880 in Woodruff, Rich County, Utah.*) So they had nine children in the family of Waltons.

When mother was three or four years of age, they moved to Woodruff, Rich County, Utah from Bountiful. There they lived until Uncle Carl was ten years old. My Mother and Uncle Charley were very close. They went to dances and sang duets all the time. When he passed away mother was very lonely and cried a lot. Uncle Charley came to her one night, he held a glass of water that was full to the top. He said, to my mother, "If you cry until this glass runs over, I'll be the most unhappy person. I am very happy here so please don't cry." So mother did as he said.

Going back to uncle earl when he was small, he was spoiled terribly. Mother would carry him all the time and do things for him so he wouldn't cry. Grandfather Walton didn't have any patience with him when he cried, Mother couldn't stand to see him spanked so she carried him. When Uncle Carl was ten years old they moved to Auburn, Lincoln County, Wyoming.

Mother and her sisters had to crochet lace to sell and made lace for all their own clothing.

Mother was sickly most of her life.

When mother and her sisters were old enough to date, they went to dance parties, sleigh riding, church socials, and they sure had a good time. Mother went with uncle Charley instead of a date. Then, Uncle Charley was called on mission, Uncle Samuel was on a mission too, they both passed away.

Mother would tell us what good times they had at Halloween. Just like all young people, they took horses from one barn and put it in the neighbors' barn, also put wagons on top of hay stacks. They also has good time at school. When she was bout twenty three she went to help the Call's at Bancroft. There is where she met my father. They met in June and mother went back to Wyoming in July and father made quite a few trips to see mother. When they decided to get married, mother

couldn't make up her mind. So when she went to get her recommend the Bishop said, "Don't worry, if he is worthy to get a recommend, shouldn't worry." So, they were married in the Logan Temple October 24, 1894, by President Merrill.

When Father and Mother left Auburn, Wyoming to get married, Aunt May (my mother's sister) and Daniel Wood as they were having the same wedding day, Mr. and Mrs. Wood went with them. It took three wagons and two days to go to Logan, Utah. After my parents were married they stayed in Logan three or four days. The people had a big dance and shower for them, another reception was held in Bancroft, Idaho and a third in Chesterfield, Idaho. Upon arrival at Auburn, Wyoming there was another reception and dancing and fun. They stay three or four days in Auburn, Wyoming and then headed back to Bancroft, Idaho.

Their first home was up in the hills where the saw mill was, outside of Grace Idaho. They lived here about a year, then other went back to Auburn, Wyoming, where her first child was born, a darling baby girl, July 28, 1895.

They made their home their home in Auburn, Wyoming, here five more children came to their home. Father was sustained in the Superintendency of the Sunday School and was a Ward Teacher. He also worked in the Mutual and took parts in plays. *(From this union the following children were born: Rose Cathern Tolman, born July 28, 1895 in Auburn, Linc.olin County, Wyoming; Joseph Augustine Tolman, born August 29, 1897 in Auburn, Lincoln County, Wyoming; Katie Adell Tolman, born July 26, 1899 in Auburn, Lincoln County, Wyoming; Sadie Leora tolman, born January 23, 1902 in Auburn, Linc.olin County, Wyoming; Audrey May Tolman, born September 14, 1904 in Auburn, Linc.olin County, Wyoming; Charles Lamoni Tolman, born February 11, 1906 in Auburn, Lincoln County, Wyoming; Ida Lavon Tolman, born February 18, 1908 in Pocatello, Bannock County, Idaho; Samuel Ernest Tolman, born July 5, 1911 in Pocatello, Bannock County, Idaho.)*

Father told me this faith promoting incidence:

"When they lived in Grace, he had gone into town from the sawmill. They traveled by snow shoes. He was late getting started from home, there was a bad blizzard and he got lost. He said, 'he found a tree and knelt down and prayed for help.' In a short time it quit snowing and he found his way home."

Mother and father had lots of faith.

Mother stayed home and took care of the family. When Adell was born mother had to stay close to home. Della had a bad heart. Each fast Sunday they took Della to church for a blessing. Mother took care of her family until they were old enough to be on their own, more or less.

When Charles was the baby we moved to Pocatello, Idaho, where my mother was sick as long as she lived. We came by horse and wagon, a load of furniture and

a buggy for us children to ride in. We had a mother cat and a kitten. The mother cat jumped out and was run over, we sure did feel bad. But, we kept the kitten. We camped at night and it took two weeks to make the trip.

Three of the children were going to school when we moved. I was old enough to start school in Pocatello.

Mother raised baby chickens, Cathern wanted to see them, to do so she climbed up on board, which broke and she fell. Two nails in the board caught her in the throat and she was in a bad way. Mother found her just in time to save her life. Another time Audrey climbed a fence post and the knot broke and let her fall. She hit the third knot in stomach and it tore her open. They had to hold her together to get her home and to the doctor. Della was sick all the time and for a long time she had to sit with her feet high in order to breathe. If you walked up to her too fast she would pass out. Mother sure had her hands full.

Mother was always on hand when she was needed, ear aches, tooth aches, or pulling teeth. One time she tied a string around Della's tooth and tied it to the window. Pretty soon she went outside and threw a bucket of water on the window, Della jerked her head an out came the tooth. Chicken pox, Small pox, Whooping cough, broken bones, you name it and she was thee night and day. The flu epidemic was terrible, she went night and day. We were all ill, but Della was the worst because of her heart. Her nose bled all the time. Lawrence Briscoe was an angel, he came every day during the flu and helped. We couldn't have made it without him.

Charles had tetanus and blood poisoning from a cut on a fence. Ida broke her arm. In addition to her family mother had the farm to take care of. She surely had to work hard all of her life. It seems our parents had to work hard to feed and clothed ten people and sometimes twelve.

My parents made about fifteen over in their married lives. Some of the times we had to go six miles to school and church. When we moved to Pocatello from Wyoming father bought a blacksmith's shop. Grandfather Tolman, Joseph Holbrook Tolman, signed Dad's name to all his bills and then mortgaged the shop, so father lost it.

As stated before, in 1908, when we arrived in Pocatello three children were of school age. When we lived in Pocatello the first time we lived in a big two story house. Sometimes at night bats came in and the folks had a hard time to get them out of the house. We thought it was fun, we would hide under the covers when they started for us. We lived close to the hills where we had room to run and pick all the beautiful wild flowers. We also lived up by the Snake River (Portneuf River) on the west side of Pocatello. We had a large dog that kept the children from the river. The dog also turned the water wheel to pump water to the place. Someone poisoned

him and we all felt very bad when he died. We surely had some nice neighbors: Greens, Bernetta's, Petersen, Pugmire, and Reinstead. They would be lot of fun at Halloween.

I remember Grandmother Walton (mother's mother) coming out to see us. Mother had me mix bread, she put it in a pan on the stove and Grandmother Walton told me what a good girl I was to mix bread for mother. Also I had a chance to wash a lot of diapers as the babies came along.

Grandfather Tolman did some very mean things to Dad and Mother. He signed Dad's name to all his bills. Then when father got enough lumber to build us a house, Grandpa Tolman sold every piece and used the money. As long as Grandpa lived he still charged everything to Dad. Mother is the one that had to pay and go without.

When we all had the whooping cough, Audrey had it real hard and when she started to cough she would run to the rocking chair and rock so hard and fast as she could until she quit coughing.

In Pocatello, Idaho father bought bananas by the bunch, oranges by the crate and pickles by the small barrel. When the pickles were gone we would scrape the wax for gum, as we never had candy or gum, only at Christmas. But mother sure did make doughnuts and cookies, everyone had all they could eat, friends and all, and never a cross word. Then she would make some more dough and bake to have something on hand. When she took hot bread from the oven, she let us have loaf and we sure made quick work of finishing it off, with lots of butter and homemade jam.

When Dad lost everything, he bought a farm out by Swanson's north of Pocatello, and we moved again. Cathern was married and I was in the fifth grade.

Our Christmas was a lot o fun, we children made a big bed on the floor in the front room and it sure took a long time to get to sleep. Then to top it off, we had to stay in bed in the morning until the room got warm. We always had pie, cake and a drink for Santa Claus, and on New Year's we always found a plate of candy and nuts for us.

We were mean to Cathern when she was courting. Those days, when a boy came to see you, he brought a box of chocolates, we would find them and eat them all. WE teased her so much, mother should have given a spat or two.

Joe worked away from home all the time. He came to see us once in a while.

We moved five miles north of Pocatello on a farm. Father went to work for the railroad. Each morning he walked to work and at night drove into Pocatello to get him.

We lived in a pretty good sized home. We were all frightened of the Indians. Each night, after dark, you could hear them singing on their way home. They surely sounded different. They always drank a lot. In Pocatello the Indians would sit on the curbs and stay all day and some stayed half the night. It was quite a sight to see all the Indians, anyone that had not seen them before would take pictures and make a big fuss over them. One day we children went out into the field to play, Charley sat down on an ant hill and boy was he covered. We started to take his clothes off, we looked up and saw a load of Indians. We took Charley by the arm and carried him running all the way home and gave him to mother.

One night some Indians were so drunk they fell from their horses. So they came to our place and wanted in. We would open the door to listen to them sing. Audrey wanted to hear them sing, so she opened the door just as an Indian stepped up onto the porch Audrey slammed the door shut, locked it and crawled under the bed. We were all frightened to death. They knocked all the time, at last one of the neighbors called, when the phone rang they left.

We rode a school wagon to school, Mr. Rowland had a dairy and drove the school wagon. In the summer he put his family at the end of the seats where it was nice, and in the winter he put them up where it got warmer. So, we went on strike. Mr. Swanson took us to school in the morning and we walked home. The school wagon drove by the side of us. So we got a new wagon driver and everything was fine. In the summer we went to pick wild currants and other berries. Mr. Rowland found us and emptied all our berries on the ground, thus he was even with us.

Mr. Rowland had a lovely spring on his place and it had water cress in it. Mother would make us bread and butter to eat with it, boy was it good!

We went to school in Pocatello, Idaho and to church at Tybee, Bishop Porter was the bishop. The church was one large room with curtains to pull to make class rooms. A basement where all the missionary parties, ward dinners, bazaars were held, classes were held here on Sunday. For the water for the sacrament we had one large glass. One would take a drink and pass it to next. Everyone in the ward took and all had a good time.

Cathern and her husband got a farm at Fort Hall, Idaho, so one morning mother and Cathern decided to take us all to Fort Hall to seem them. We started early in the morning and it took all day and we sure got tired. We made the return journey ne the next day. Father rented him a farm at Fort Hall--nothing but sand. Our farm was five miles from no-where. No neighbors and nothing to do but work. WE still went to Tyhee to church and walked five miles each way to a one room school house in Fort Hall, eight grades in one room.

We had one room for the kitchen, three tents built half-way up with lumber and the tent on the upper half. In the winter we would almost freeze. The bed would be so cold it felt like ice. In the mornings the covers would be white with ice and frost from our breath. It sure was some experience. The only means of transportation was a team and a light wagon. We had six miles to walk to school, in the winter time father would take us some of the times. But nearly always we walked. We went by team and wagon to church at Tyhee. Our recreation was to play a year that the mutual put on at Tyhee. Each one of the children had to grow a garden, tend it, and water it. We had a good time father would work with us, sometimes we had to put on a pair of pants to work in the hay. If anyone came to where we were working we would hide so they couldn't see us in pants. (How times have changed.) We had a hard time making a living at Fort Hall. We all worked hard in the fields. In the winter the snow would drift up over the fences around the house. We had a good time sleigh riding as it took us a long way out into the field. One morning the chickens and geese were making a lot of noise, father took his gun and went outside, a coyote was in the ditch and father shot him. He was just about to the chickens. We would go out with father when he went to hunt rabbits and cotton tails. The chickens sure liked raw rabbit to eat. One time Charley and I went out to the hay stack, it had a fence around it so the rabbits couldn't get out, we tried to shoot it, but neither of us could hit him so, and we killed it with a club.

Charley was sick a lot in Fort Hall.

Mother had beautiful flowers around her home, no matter where she lived. She had beautiful pansies each year. Father and mother always had a big garden, raised all we had to eat. We had chickens, geese, pigs, cattle, made our own butter, and raised all kinds of vegetables. We always raised lots of carrots for the stock. In the winter time we would go down in the cellar and cut the carrot in half, scrape the heart out and feed the rest to the stock. They sure did taste good as we never had candy or anything to piece on. So we ate the carrots and raw potatoes. We had hand-me-down clothes and mother would dye them in blueing so they would look better. My what my folks went through to raise this family.

Father lost everything he had at Fort Hall. We had two terrible sand storms that cut the crops off at the ground, as if, there had never been a crop. By the hour we worked to the tents over bed and same what was around the place. The wind was so strong and the sand so thick it was almost impossible to breathe. But we still hung on and finally it blew itself out. (How sad for my parents.)

Our school was a one room, with eight grades in it, with a big potbellied stove in the center of room to heat the building. The Fort Hall Agency was three or four blocks from the school, sometimes would go over and look around. We had quite a few Indians in our class. They sure could draw, and I liked to see them draw horses.

Mother took her daughters and put them in a circle and taught them to crochet.

At Fort Hall we had to cut or grub sage brush, when we had a lot of brush piled father said we could burn the brush. So, finally the night came, after dinner, we three girls and to do the dishes, we surely did hurry. Probably too fast, since when we got out to burn the brush, mother made us go back and take all the dishes out of the cupboard and wash them all, because she said, "we couldn't get them clean doing them so fast." Our hearts were broken, but, we lived through it and learned a good lesson.

Our last Christmas at Fort Hall, we five children were alone, some Indians came and drove off all the horses. I can still hear them as they left. Some we got back, but some we never found. Father took a contract to load sugar beets, so, h, mother, and Joe went to Tyhee. It sure took a long time to get them loaded and for Christmas we didn't even get a lump of candy. Our stockings were as empty in the morning as they were at night. We thought we were badly treated, but again we lived through it.

After that the folks moved to Tyhee, six miles north of Pocatello, Idaho. We had one log cabin for the kitchen and tents for bedrooms until father could build better. We had to walk five miles round trip to school and church. We went to church in the same building we had gone for some time, just lived closer. We never had pretty clothes or money, but we grew up anyway. We had a basket social at the church, so, four of us girls made our lunch and boxes just alike. They brought in lots of money and we sure had a good time.

We had to herd cows, pigs and turkeys. We had to dress the turkey at Thanksgiving time and Christmas. Thinning beets, shocking hay, shocking grain, hoeing beets, cutting potato sets, washing on the board after a day's work in the field, carrying water, when I look back I wonder how mother ever stood so much, s father went to work for the railroad and mother ran the farm and raising a garden. I have seen mother so laden down with garden stuff coming in from the field she could hardly make the house. She would then fix dinner and be ready to go back to the field when all the rest had to go.

My brother Joe, worked away from home, one April Fool's dance he took Della and I to the dance with him. Boy did we have a good time! We danced until five o'clock A.M., when we got home, Della and I had to get breakfast, then get ready to for Sunday School, and stay for Sacrament meeting with no sleep until nine o'clock that night. "But it was worth it." Life at Tyhee was much the same as Fort Hall.

We went to a program at the Indian School at Fort Hall. It was given outside by the Indians. It was beautiful, it was Hiawatha, something I will always remember.

Father worked in the Ward Bishopric, a High Councilman for fourteen years.

Mother was in the Relief Society Presidency, and Primary. Mother and I went Relief Society teaching for six years, going by horse and wagon. They had a wonderful understanding of the Gospel and a strong testimony. They were a good example for us to follow. Father was always helping someone, when he butchered a beef or pork he took a ham or a big piece of beef, a sack of flour, or potatoes and took it to some family early in the morning so no one would know where it came from. He was always helping someone build cupboards, or with repair work around their home. I can't remember not one time that we were able to go as family on an outing. We had good times at Church. The Church was the life of my parents.