

**Lewis Owen Tolman**  
**and**  
**Annie Walker Tolman**

To our children whom we love very much and who have brought a lot of happiness into our lives.

Dallas, Texas  
January 1, 1959

The first of another year, all is well and a good time to make new resolutions.

I, Lewis Owen Tolman, being of sound mind and body, being mindful of the blessings of life, which I have enjoyed the past year, do hereby resolve to be a better husband and father in the coming year and renew my covenants with our Heavenly Father and keep his commandments in a manner pleasing unto Him.

Children, I wish that you would be more patient with your families and other people.

Count to ten before you speak harshly and remember to be prayerful. Kneel down at least once each day with your family and ask the Lord to forgive you for your imperfections and weakness, and to lead and direct you in the responsibilities of life, and to be with you the coming day to bless you with Faith, Wisdom and Knowledge in your quest for Eternal Life. I admonish you again to be prayerful, and if the need ever occurred that you needed help I am sure you would receive it. Maybe it would be through one of the three Nephites who never tasted death and are roaming the earth today doing good. It tells about them in the Book of Mormon, 28th Chapter, Third Nephi. Jesus gave his Twelve Apostles a wish before he returned to his Father in Heaven... Nine wanted to return to their Father in Heaven and three wanted to stay on this continent and they were made immune to death and disaster and are on this earth today administering to the wants and needs of man.

Annie and I were married November 18, 1920, in Marion, Idaho, by Bishop W. T. Cranney.

She was a beautiful girl and I loved her very much. We had seven children:

RONALD OWEN - Born 8 Dec 1921 at Marion, Cassia Co. Idaho  
ERNEST GUY - Born 9 Apr 1923 at Marion, Cassia Co. Idaho  
BYRON - Born 9 Nov 1924 at Oakley, Cassia co. Idaho  
BARBARA JANE - Born 16 June 1926 Marion, Cassia Co. Idaho  
LEWIS OWEN JR - Born 7 Nov 1927 Marion, Cassia Co. Idaho  
EMERSON ODELL - Born 6 June 1929 Marion, Cassia Co, Idaho  
JUNE - Born 1 June 1937 Burley, Cassia Co. Idaho

Ester Annie Mae Walker was born 2 June 1904 in Leola, Wisconsin. Her father's name was Ernest Guy Walker and mother was Ester Hannah Hollands. She had two sisters, Gladys and Lynda and one brother, Ansel.

My father's name was Owen Joshua Tolman and mother was Sarah Alexander. I was born 11 November, 1903, at Marion, Idaho. My mother, Sarah Alexander, died four days after childbirth when I was 9 years old. The baby lived and is your Aunt Sarah Egbert, Murtaugh, Idaho. There were five children—Myself, Lewis Owen, Emerson, Mary, Winona and Sarah. My dad, Owen Tolman, herded sheep most of the time that I was growing up. I lived with my Grandmother Tolman and other uncles and aunts. I lived a lot with Uncle Jode and John Alexander. I was staying with Uncle Jode when I was 12. I could harness four horses and plow with them which I had to do a lot. I would have to stand on a bucket to get the harness on them.

I used to spend my summer with dad up in the mountains herding sheep. That was a good life for a boy. . . fishing, hunting, etc. When I was 14 years old, Dad was taking a band of sheep to the Sawtooth Mountains on Big Smoky River. It was six miles from the end of the road and Ranger Station to the river and the range. The sheep belonged to Doc Lowe and Morgan Woodhouse who lived at Marion. I have never had such good fishing as I had there. When we came out in the fall of the year, we had several flour sacks filled with dried fish with condensed smoke on them. They were sure good in gravy and to eat without cooking.

That Fall, pinon trees on the ridges were loaded with nuts. I never saw such big nuts. . . burrs as large as 2 hands and nuts as large as the end of your little finger. We would go on the ridges with a pack horse and fill the bags with burrs. On stormy days, I would stay in camp and roast them and shell them. We had several sacks full to bring home with us. We couldn't bring too much stuff because we had to pack out to a wagon six miles. I remember I took a load of stuff down to the Ranger Station (where the wagon was) two or three weeks before we had to move out. I remember I took our guns which were out of ammunition and left them with the Ranger. His name was Hugh Tolman. (Guns—a rifle, shotgun and 22 rifle). When we moved out he was down the river building a bridge. . . where Smokey and South Boise River came together. He had my 22 bolt action gun. . . I never did get it. I wrote him about it several times though. Before we left, the pine nuts had started to open. The ground was covered with nuts. The Grouse were feeding on them. You could get a double hand-full of nuts out of their craw when you had killed them. The grouse was sure plentiful in that country. You could roll a

big rock down the hill and they would fly up just like a flock of sparrows. They were commonly called "Fool Hens." They would fly in a tree and sleep all day.

We would throw rocks at them until we killed them and then fed them to the dogs.

Speaking of dogs, I had two for my companions all summer and grew very fond of them. One was a pup. . .I used to get them asleep and steal quietly away from them, make a lot of tracks in the surrounding country for them to follow then climb up a pine tree, then yell and wake them up and here they would come nose to the ground on my tracks till they came to the tree. They would circle the tree around and around and come back to the tree and circle some more. . .a bigger circle each time. . .trying to pick up my tracks. Finally, they would come to the tree and set on their haunches and stretch their nose in the air and howl. . .Then, of course, I had to come down. They would fall all over me! ! !

We were on the trail coming home when the pup picked up some poison picked that the Government trappers had put out around a dead horse to kill coyotes. I poured melted lard down to get him to throw up, but it was too late. . . I kept him alive a long time by pumping his lungs up and down. . . and crying like a baby.

About the time we were ready to leave, the nuts and berries were gone and the grouse were congregated in the big pine trees at the head of the spring which wouldn't freeze over at its source. The birds would be able to get a drink without much effort. They ate the pine needles for food. I counted as high as 15 or 20 in one tree.

When I was taking our excess baggage down to the Ranger Station, shortly before we moved out, a big bear track followed the trail down the river for several miles.

I'll never forget how afraid I was for I was alone. . .and how relieved I was when I saw the Ranger Station. I stayed that night with a man that was working for the Cattlemen's Association. He was there looking after the cows and keeping the calves branded the same brand as their mother had and keeping salt at the different stations on the range, etc. He had killed a bear the night before down the river and across from him about dusk, feeding on a sheep ana was afraid to go see if he had killed him til the next morning.

That winter was when the flu was so bad and many people died with it. . .I had it in the sheep camp at the Woodhouse Ranch. Dad didn't get it. Albert Walstrom lived across the street from us. He was Danish or Swede and talked broken. I heard him say, "Owen, (that's my father) I guess we got the dang thing which was the flu. . . One time Dad and I stopped to borrow a wagon from a neighbor (George

Adams) . . .it seemed that Emerson, my brother, had trouble with one of his boys the day before and George had run him off. I guess he thought Dad was after him. When he got up to him he said, "By darn (that was his by-word), Owen, it wasn't your boy's fault at all." When the electricity first came to our country, I heard him say to Dad, "Owen, That's the finest thing that ever came to this country. .You can turn it on on a cloudy day and tell whether you are eating flies or what."  
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Here is more of the trip with dad in the Sawtooth Mountains. He was married to Millie at that time. . .Ernie was a baby. He, Millie and the baby, Emerson, Mary and I helped trail the sheep to the sawtooth. They came back shortly after we got there. Millie seemed to me to be a very jealous woman. When we were on the trail to the summer range, 100 miles away. . .once in awhile we had to go through farming communities. This particular one, there was a young lady on a horse who had a dog named "Toodles." She helped us through the lanes, which we appreciated very-much. We gave her a bum lamb and a sheep that couldn't travel. She wanted to know if it would be all right if she came up in her car in two or three days and see if we had some more bum lambs. Millie was ahead driving the wagon and didn't know anything about this. Sure enough, here she came with her mother in a car bringing a frosted cake. Millie met her at the door and called her everything but a white woman. Poor woman! She said to Dad, "I didn't know you had your wife with you." After that when we wanted to kick up a storm, all we had to do was to mention "Toodles" .

At the time my mother died, we lived across the road from a very fine neighbor, Uncle Pete Martin, father of Willie Martin. He had a cherry orchard on his place. The trees started close to his house. A number of us boys and girls were in them one night when he came out throwing rocks and yelling at us to get out. His by-word was "By Damn," and instead of running as the rest did, Merrill Warr was by a tree. He heard him say to his wife. . ."By damn, I believe I hit one. By damn, I nope it killed him." Another time he was telling Dad something he had read about and he said "By damn, Owen, I wouldn't believed it if I hadn't seen it in the paper." I heard him tell Dad, "By damn, Owen, you're the best neighbor I ever had !  
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The next year after we came out of the Sawtooth Mountains, Dad went to Wisconsin with Rosencran and Tunningston Sheep Company. I stayed with Aunt Fannie and Uncle Josh Cunningham at View, Idaho. I leveled land most of the time for him; drove four head of horses on a Fresno and Scraper. That Fall I drove them grading the

road for gravel. The pay was \$4.00 a day for a man and \$4.00 for four horses. I had just turned 15 years old in November. A man by the name of Ben Homer said "Boy, why aren't you in school. If you don't go you will be working on the road the rest of your life." I have found out he was right! I was supposed to go to school and stay with Aunt Fannie. . . .I did start out, but thought I knew more than the teacher and didn't get along. They paid me \$75.00 and I bought a ticket to Starks, Wisconsin, (which was 18 miles out of Rhinelander) because I wanted to be with my Dad. It was the 10th of March when I arrived there. There was still five feet of snow on the ground. That night I went outside to look around. The northern lights were flashing in the sky, and I could hear the timber wolves howling. It sure shook me. . .I didn't stay out very long. I stayed in Minneapolis, Minnesota overnight. The Travelers Aid sent me to the St. James Hotel. I went to the desk and got a room, and the clerk said, "The elevators are over there" — I went over to the open door. . . .and a man grabbed me and wanted to know where the 'hell' I was going. I don't think they had a safety on it like they have now.

I was sure glad to see my father. They were herding sheep on Starks Company property (a concern out of Chicago) . They had 1800 acres cleared and under cultivation and were clearing more land all the time. It was covered with stumps and underbrush. They were shed lambing the sheep when I got there, but they sure had bad luck with the lambs. They were born dead or some lived two weeks, but had a big growth on each side of its neck. Goiter they called it. It was the shortage of mineral in the feed. It about broke the sheep company. We hauled the dead lambs and threw them on a stump pile and burned them. We saved 200 head out of 1200 ewes. Dad and the rest of the men from Idaho was boarding with Grandma and Grandpa Walker. They were working for the Stark Company. . .and this is where I first met your Mother.

That Spring, she went to work for the company driving a team and plowing and cultivating potatoes. She was working with her dad. One day I went to the barn for something and she was tending her horses. . .I hustled up to her and asked her for a kiss. . .She said, "Nothing doing." I said, "Okay suit yourself. . .but if you don't in the bull pen you go." There was one stall in the barn with two white faced bulls). She fought me, but it didn't do her any good. I had her up to the bull pen and then I got a kiss. She must have liked it for she never told her mother.

That Fall, we came back to Idaho and Grandpa Walker came with us. We had two car

loads of sheep and baggage car. We had 3 camp wagons dismantled in one end and Ernie's (Grandpa Walker) furniture, a cow and horse in the other end. The cook stove was in the middle which we used for cooking. Ernie, Dad, Grandpa Hollands (Grandma Walker's father) and Boyd Newton (Ernie's nephew) and I came in the emigrant car. Grandma Walker, Gladys, Annie, Linda and Ansel came after we landed in Idaho.

There was a railroad strike on at that time, and we were three weeks between Wisconsin and Idaho. We were several days in Sioux City, Iowa, New Bruton, Minnesota and Lincoln, Nebraska. It was Thanksgiving day when we were in Green River, Wyoming. We watched a turkey shoot with rifle on the mountain side with live turkeys.

Grandpa Walker settled at Marion, Idaho. It was soon after that that Millie and Dad got a divorce and he married Gladys. He had five children by that marriage-Matt, Walker, May, Fay (twins) and a baby who died in infancy named Richard Odell. Soon after that your mother and I were married. That year Ernie, Dad and I farmed together. Grew alfalfa seed, sugar beets and a large acreage of potatoes which were about 15 cents per 100 lbs. We couldn't give them away. It took all the other crops to pay for the potatoes. I think Dad came out on the short end of the deal. He was the only one that had any money to start with. I remember that in the afternoon, he would plow out a lot of potatoes about time school let out. He would tie a hay wagon behind his Model T Ford, head for the school house and kids would pile on it. How they would pick up potatoes. They were paid every night so they would be back the next day. Dad said the way to get a kid to work was to pay him every day.

We had a team of horses named Fly and Kate that would run away with your mother every time she drove them. It's a wonder she wasn't killed. She also had a riding horse named Dixie that would grab the bit in her teeth and run also. . .that horse made the round trip from Idaho to Wisconsin and back. A shepherder, Jess Compton from Nampa, Idaho, gave it to her when he left Wisconsin. He must have been in love with her.

The following summer the Walker family all had Typhoid Fever. All, but your mother. She used to drive several miles each day to look after them. I herded sheep for Jake Hill that summer on south mountains. That Fall, we were camped near the head of Land Ranch Spring. The day we pulled in there, I found several barrels of whiskey mash behind some thick clumps of rose bushes that grew between the head of the spring and the ranch. Several days later, Bill Kidd (a notorious character that

lived in that country) drove up to my camp. I decided than that was his outfit. I said, "Bill, it's about ready to run." He said, "Is it okay?" They used a hot plate to heat their mash. It was run off an acetylene tank. That way there wouldn't be any smoke to give them away. They gave me a quart jar full, but it tasted so bad I couldn't drink it. I gave it to a grain hauler that passed every day from the dry farm country for a \$1.00 worth of magazines.

While I was there, Grandpa Walker, who was recuperated from the fever came to stay awhile with me. A week later your mother, Grandma Walker and Ronald (who was just a baby) came to pay us a visit, driving Fly and Katte in a Buckboard. They got about a mile from where we were camped when the team ran away, broke loose from the buggy and came dragging the double trees. We had just gotten in bed (it was after dark) when the team ran across the wagon tongue making a terrible racket. I heard Ernie say, "My----- that's Fly and Kate." We got up and dressed and could hear mother crying and went and met them. The next day we found the team down by the land ranch in a fenced corner. Your mother had a number of experiences with that team of horses. They wouldn't run with a man driving them.

The Walker family had all they wanted of Idaho because of their siege of Typhoid Fever. They went to Montana to Aunt Nell's (Ernie's sister). Grandpa Hollands went back to Wisconsin. He wanted to be buried beside his wife and died a week later. They stayed in Montana about a year and came back to Idaho. Ernie went to work for Growhusky and Whittle (a stock buying concern). Must have worked for them about 20 years. It seemed that it was in 1922 that dad and I leased some ground from Woodhouse at Marion, Idaho, to grow potatoes on. It was known as the Calvin Sessions Place next to Woodhouse Ranch. Dad and Gladys lived across the street from us. Dad herded sheep for John McMurray of Oakley, Idaho that summer. We split his wages to both families so we could get along and then we split what we made on the farm. We were leasing on a 50-50 deal, but done well at that. Potatoes sold at \$3.20 a hundred out of the field and were worth a few dollars. That Fall, we netted \$1,000 apiece which was a lot of money in those days. We bought horses, machinery and cows and made a down payment on a little ranch with an independent water right as you enter Oakley called the Little Basin. The people there were called the Basin Indians. I had a nickname of "Eskimo." One day I took a plow shear to the blacksmith shop to get it sharpened, and I was wearing a mexican hat with a tassle on it, Charlie Young who ran the shop said, "That's the first time I ever see an Eskimo living in Indian country wearing a Mexican hat. " Ha! Ha! He was a wit if there ever was one and had a heart of gold.

By this time, we had four children. Barbara was born just before we moved to the Basin. Your mother had a hard time giving birth to her. The doctor was with her all night and then we had to take her to the hospital the next morning, and it was 2 o'clock that afternoon when she was born.

We got some cows with the place which gave us 18 head of milk cows. We had 12 head that was milking all at one time. Several times that I know of, I went to town in the afternoon and would get in a card game. Pinochle or solo and wouldn't make it home until after the pool hall closed. . . as all irresponsible husbands do once in a while. . .Your mother would have them all milked and it was done by hand. She gives me hell for it now when she thinks of it.

Roy Day lived neighbors to us in the Basin. The second year we were there, he and his father, George Day, Sr. , (who was an ex-senator from Idaho) bought 144 turkeys (hens) for us to run on shares. That year, we put 1200 turkeys on the market. Dressed them out at our place. We had the place fenced with net wire and we built a brooder and set eggs to hatch and put the pullets in the brooder and raised some that way.

The following year, Dad and Gladys separated and he went to Burns, Oregon, where my brother Emerson was working in the timber camps. They also lost a baby that year. I went on raising turkeys , but didn't have any luck. It seemed you can't raise them the second year on the same ground. I must have lost 2000 hens. . .lost 600 after they were a month old. I was sanitary with equipment, and dishes, but the disease got in just the same. Two or three hundred was all I could market. For several years, rabbit hides were worth 15 cents apiece. I hung snares from the fence on rabbit trail in the snow and put poison in alfalfa leaves around the hay stacks where they would eat at night. Sometimes I would have 150 or 200 at a time. I would put them in the brooder and skin them and use a stick or wire for stretchers. While I let them dry I was also fattening hogs, and would feed the carcass to them. You can't poison hogs! Every Fall and Winter I would trap coyotes on the mountain trails and dressed good coyote pelts which were worth \$10 to \$20. I don't believe you can get anything out of them now. Fashions changed and furs went out of style. I used #3 wire to split peg where two trails crossed and old roads were a good place to set them. I would use special scent to attract animals as they went by. I would catch badger, skunk and bobcats in traps I had set for coyotes. I caught one coyote that had a strap and chain around her neck. . .Got \$6 for her hide. Someone had caught her when she was a pup and she had gotten away. Two different times I caught 2 bobcats in one setting of traps.



One time two kittens and a mother and a kitten. . .she killed the kitten. The hides were worth \$1.50 apiece. I caught a skunk on top of Baldy mountain. Did I ever cuss! ! ! I threw traps away and got \$2.40 out of the hide. It sure was a heck of a place to catch a skunk. When a fresh snow would come, I caught weasels which was worth \$1.50 and \$2.00. I would get on their track in the snow, the fields around the house and when I was sure that they went in a hole. I stayed there. I would set small steel traps. I used to trail pheasants the same way and shoot them. I was in the habit of leaving my shot gun in the car. . .I was in the milk house separating milk when I heard the gun go off. . . Ronald and Guy were in the car playing and had shot a hole in the side of the car. It was a wonder one hadn't killed the other. I had left a shell in the barrel.

Anytime we needed meat, I used to go out on the mountains which we lived near. One day I went with Roy Day. He killed a doe and I killed a big buck which had a large neck. I had a paring knife and tried to cut his throat, but couldn't get a knife in his thick hide. Had to shoot a hole to start it. Roy had a good knife, but was never around when I needed it. It was in breeding season and the meat was so strong we couldn't eat it. We gave the meat to George Day, Roy's brother. He said, yes it was good enough for starving kids, he had 10 or 11. I lived on a farm 10 miles from there. I operated the same farm. Several years later there was a road to Summit Creek then over to Mill Creek. I had settings of traps for coyotes on the divide. Ike Fairchilds was also a trapper and lived in the basin. He and Henry Nichols were hauling pine logs for fire wood and had to pass the settings of traps and one day he called me up on the telephone and said, "Lewis, you have a cougar in your trap on the divide." I said, "No—maybe a cat, but not a cougar." "Oh yes, it is too." he said. I asked him why he didn't kill it. . .and he said he didn't have a gun and warned me not to get too close to him without a gun. He argued a lot and he had me convinced that there was one in it. The next morning before day light, I saddled my horse. . .Mother got up and cooked my breakfast. I are, put the rifle on my saddle and was off before it got light. When I got there what do you think I had. . .It was a porcupine. You could have bought me for a 5 cent piece. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Those were happy days. . .you kids growing up and I liked ranch life. Ronald, do you remember when Roy Day got you and Guy to fight and the winner got 25 cents? Fishing was real good in Summit Creek, Mill Creek and Spring Creek. I used to catch a lot of small trout 5-10 inches long . . .and that is the kind of fishing I like. Do you older boys remember "Old Clay," a horse that we owned. He was really a good riding horse, and he didn't mind how many got on him. I could work

him any place. Drove him single in a buggy—he could open any gate that had a latch on it. . . I used to fill her hide with shot gun pellets a lot of times.

One time I saddled her up and went hunting. A sage hen flew up and I shot it on the horse. . . "Old Clay" didn't like that and tried to unload me, but I got his head up and I thought I would show him a thing or two and started to poke him between the ears with the gun barrel and then he did unload me and damn near killed me! It was on a rocky side of a hill. . . .Believe me, I had a little more respect for him after that!

Do you remember when I had a runaway with the team and wagon partly loaded with hay, and I headed them for the reservoir? Oh Boy! Did they stop when they hit that water. Had to pull the wagon out backwards.

This is just some of the highlights of life in the Little Basin. I could tell so many.

Then came the DEPRESSION. . . 1929 and early 1930's. The bottom dropped out of everything. You bought a sack of flour - 50 lbs. for 50 cents. The year before, milk cows were worth \$100 a head. You had a hard time getting \$15 or \$ 20 now (1929). The Government had a feed loan for \$20 a head. I got that paid back about 15 years later. In 1930 and 1931, the Government bought cows for \$15 and \$20 and I picked out the best ones, killed the rest and did the same with the hogs. I had to move from the Basin. I couldn't make the payment on the place. I moved to Manor, and worked here and there milking my cows in summer and letting them run on the desert for the feed. Uncle Dan Tolman milked them for their feed in the winter. If we couldn't get our wood and meat (deer) out of the mountains, we would have had a hard time to just get along. I hauled cedar wood out of the mountains for \$6 a cord. Traded it for pork, honey, hay, flour and anything I could use. We worked one winter for the Government (Hoover's administration) for \$1.00 a day. Were glad to get it! Then the WPA came which paid men money and could get groceries according to your family. The work was improving the springs in the mountains, building roads, improving cities, etc. The CCC came into existence all over the USA. Camps for young fellows which improved the forest and gave them something to do. I think it paid \$30 a month, room board and clothes.

Ronald you will remember about that time you and Guy started to thin beets. Your mother blocked them with a long-handled hoe, and you kids would thin them out to a single beet. The spaces were 12 to 18 inches apart and I would use a short handled hoe. Sometimes we would walk two or three miles to work and back, and your mother would cook our meal, wash our clothes on a wash board by hand after

she had worked all day in the beets. I don't know how she managed it! I don't believe I appreciated her than as I do now.

One winter, Uncle Dan Tolman furnished horses and hay and grub—and I stayed in the mountains in a tent and pulled cedar wood off the side hills and trimmed it and piled it up. He would haul one load to his place and then one to mine. . . that way we got lots of wood in a short time. It was about a 10 mile haul and he made one trip a day. He had 10 children and it was hard for him to get to town, but many a time, he split a sack of flour with me.

I'll never forget the harvest time your mother and I would pick potatoes and have you boys throw the vines off the rows. Your mother was champion spud picker in Wisconsin. About two years after I left the Basin, I leased George Day's place next to the desert north of Oakley. The rabbits took darn near all the crops!

There was a wire net fence around 80 acres, but the rabbits would climb over and dig under. There were hundreds of them. . . 30 acres of wheat went for rabbit food.

They kept the alfalfa hay down so I couldn't cut it. . . and 10 acres of spuds.

I had 10 acres of potatoes by the house. That was all the crop I had. I poisoned hundreds of rabbits, but it didn't do any good. . . but it did get a team of horses for me. I had been scattering poisoned hay leaves in the sagebrush next to the ranch and had a half sack left over. I threw the sack over into a lambing shed that was handy and the next morning my horses were dead.

Ernie, my brother, stayed with me for awhile and either he or you boys set the barn on fire. Odell, do you remember walking in the hot ashes and cooking your feet? You were about three years old. Mrs. Stewart Katlin, our neighbor, was a life saver. She had some unguentine and then we took you to the doctor.

That Fall, a deer made our place to feed and I used to chase it on a horse with a shot gun. But I never did get it. I did get several later on so we could have our winter meat. I could tell some mighty interesting deer stories, but if I got started I would not know when to quit. I would say that I have killed at least a hundred deer in my lifetime. The neighbors wanted me to go hunting with them so they would get their meat. I really could shoot.

Before my story gets any farther along, I would like to give special mention about some of the people I stayed with when I was younger. I used to stay with Uncle John and Aunt Libbie Alexander whom I loved very much. Aunt Libbie is still living in California where all her children are located. I wished I could repay her some

way for the good she had done for me. When I was a small boy, Grandma Tolman put up with a lot of my meanness. Winona and I were staying there and I was teasing her — I hung by my hands in the well beside the house, and Noni was crying and yelling for Grandma. She saw where I was---threw up her hands in the air and cried "My Boy! My Boy." I climbed out of there and ran and was afraid to come home before dark. I never did get the licking that I deserved!

That was all of my life on the farm. Next Spring, I moved to Burley and stayed with Grandma and Grandpa Walker till I could earn enough to move ourselves. A contracting concern from Boise, Idaho, was building the Burley Post Office, and I got a job and stayed until it was completed. I was the last man to be let off, and then he wanted me to follow. Times were still rough. I worked some on WPA. Finally, we moved into a big brick house-rent \$12 a month. It was south of the Water Tank — couldn't rent it for \$80 or \$90 today.

One thing I liked about the Oakley Valley was the trips we used to make with the Boy Scouts and was fortunate enough to camp on Durfee meadow a couple of times. We use to take a fishing line and make a loop in it and put loop over gopher holes. Sometimes 4 or 5 would stick their heads out together then we would jerk line quick. Sometimes you would bring them all up to you at once. Get hold of a big one and you would really have some fun. What I remember most is walking a short distance to the bank of Trapper Creek and you could see where Trapper Creek and Falls Creek came together. When the sun hit it, its one of the prettiest spots in the world.

HEATH, TEXAS, LAKE RAY HUBBARD IN ROCKWALL COUNTY, TEXAS DECEMBER 1977:

I am now going to continue my life history and stories and Annie will write something also.

My dad, Owen Tolman, was herding sheep past Bancroft and was home on a visit. I rode as far as Bancroft and stayed at Lou Corbetts, Grandma Tolman's sister, a few days. I got a job on a 1500 acre hay ranch; Redford by name. He was president of the Stake. From there I went to work for Reed Bros threshing outfit. We pulled the cook car and bunk car with us. It was dry farm country. Picked potatoes that fall and we lived with Grandma Walker that winter. Ernie, Annie's father, and I hunted pheasant and rabbits to keep the wolf from the door. Gladys, Annie's sister, married my dad and they had five children but they later were divorced. Ernie Walker my dad and I rented land and farmed together. We planted 40 acres

of potatoes. They were worth 15 cents a hundred pounds. We had some grain and hay. That was our farming venture for a year or two. It cost dad.

One year my dad herded sheep and split his wage with us to keep us going and we tried potatoes again. Hurrah! They were 35 cents per 100 lbs while we were digging them and \$5.00 per 100 lbs in the spring. We bought some stock and a small farm in the Little Basin and raised turkeys putting 2000 on the market the first year. Dad then left for Oregon where my brother, Emerson, was working in the timber. Dad was having trouble at home.

1929 the Depression came and I couldn't make payments on the place so had to move. We had about 18 herd of milk cows worth \$100 each the year before. The government would loan \$20.00 per head for a feed loan and I was ten years paying it off. The govt was buying cattle and pigs and canning them and then giving them away as a dole. I worked for \$1.00 a day making road and improving spring water in the mountains. That was the first relief we got when Hoover was President. You could buy flour for .50 a 5lbs bag if you had it. I split a sack with neighbors a lot of times. One of them, J. O. McArthur, had 11 kids but would give half of anything he had. Uncle Dan Tolman had 9 children. One summer I herded sheep on South mountain south of Oakley for Jake Hill.

ERNIE WALKER and I went to work on American Falls, Idaho dam. I worked about a month and quit. 10 days later Ernie came home. He got home sick also. If we hadn't got our meat and fire wood out of the mountains during these depression years we wouldn't have made it from 1929-1935.

We moved to Burley and stayed with Grandpa Walker. I went to work on Post Office building in Burley. Annie used to help the boys and I thin sugar beets at Marion. Sometimes our buggy would break down and we would have to walk both ways. She would cook and wash cloths besides. I don't know how she dit it. I don't believe I helped her much. Some days I would thin 1 acre or there about of beets each day. We also picked thousands of sacks of potatoes. In winter I would run a spud crew for W. T. Newcomb, Burley. The boys and I used to go to Mountain Home, Caldwell and Boise to pick and grade early potatoes. Ron, Byron, Mother and I went 50 miles west of Elka, Nevada, to work on 1500 acre hay ranch. She did the cooking. Ernie, Barbara and Guy stayed home with June, who was about 5 years old. The ranch was in Independence Valley. Grandma. Walker and Faye lived in Elko. We got to the ranch 3 days early and caught lots of trout out of the small stream running through meadows.

We sent Odell to San Francisco to join the Merchant Marines during the war. He didn't weigh enough. The second trip he ate lots of bananas. It didn't do any good.

I remember June talking back to me and I cuffed her once and Annie made me apologize to her. We did a lot of fishing while we lived in Burley in the Snake River, Big Wood River, Little Wood, Fish Creek Reservoir, Silver Creek, Salmon River. We also fished at Hebgen Lake in Montana and Magic Dam in Idaho.

Back to the ranch in Independence Valley: Mother cooked for 20 men on the Hay and cattle ranch, 50 miles out of Elk, Nevada. I ran a mowing machine and Ron and Byron run tall rakes and set nets. Mother took a boy into Elko who quit and had a wreck coming back going down a hill near ranch. She seemed to turn over in middle of road and into ditch and out on the road again. When found she was sitting on running board of car, weeping. Found her glasses back along the road not broken. We worked about 40 days on the ranch. We started haying 5th of July. Got to Elko a few days early and unloaded 3 cars of coal and chopped weeds around the house to make extra money.

Annie worked for Liza Reed, Mary Whitby, blind Mrs. Martin, Aunt Libbie's mother, then they were sick and needed help and she did this for no pay. This she did the first year we were in Idaho. She kept her father about 15 years after we moved to Burley, Idaho and buried him. Ernie and his wife, Ester were separated and he worked for Lyle Whittle Stockyards in Burley. He kept enough money for tobacco and sent Ester the rest of it. She and Linda took \$200. SS money and went to Wisconsin. We had to send them money to come home to Texas. Annie took care of her mother when she was sick and dying and buried her. \$49.00 came from Idaho relatives to help. Ernie and Ester have been baptized and temple work done for them in the LDS Church and we hope they will accept the gospel on the other side.

When I was 15 years old I was working for Aunt Fannie and Joshua Cunningham. I drove 4 horses on a Fresno leveling his farm land that summer. Late summer I was grading roads to put gravel on with the same outfit.

Dad was foreman of a sheep outfit. Roacrane and Tunningston and had gone to Wisconsin. I proceeded to go there and arrived there 10th of March at the Stars Company 10 miles from Rhineland. There was 5 ft of snow on ground. I would stick my head out of doors at night and could hear the timber wolves howling and

see the Northern Lights flashing across the sky. Made me spooky and cold chills run down my spine. They were shed lambing 1200 ewes. Lambs were born with goiters or bunches on each side of throat. Some would live 2 or 3 weeks and lots of them born dead. No minerals in feed was the cause of it. It about broke the company. The men were boarding with Grandpa Walker. They raised 200 lambs out of 1200. Grandpa Hollands was about 80 years old and lived with Walkers. He moved to Idaho with the rest of the family. He was a cook in the lumber camps and logging camps all his life. He used to walk about 4 miles a day with a cane after he got to Idaho. He was 5'3" and came from England. His name was Aaron Hollands; wife's name was Ester Hannah McKinney. She was a large woman and was a shut-in for 20 years. Annie remembers him scrubbing the bare board floors on his hands and knees. He went back to Wisconsin after 2 years for he wanted to be buried where his wife was and he died soon after that.

When moving to Idaho the Walkers had an immigrant railroad car and we had 3 cars of sheep to come back with. Also 1 horse, 1 cow, cook stove with pipe running out side of door, 3 camp wagons in the other end tore down and laid on top of each other. We had 4 railroad passes. The women came on train after we got settled.

I remember working in a Rock quarry one summer busting lime rock for a sugar company. They used it in processing sugar. We used 14 lb hammers to bust rock that fell. Being in good shape I would pick an acre of potatoes in one day. I picked potatoes in harness and was champion spud picker of Idaho at one time. I could pick 300 100 lb sacks of early Gem potatoes. One day in Marshing, Idaho Ronald and Byron shook off the vines which were green. Some of the potatoes were a ft long and would fill a sack in one place without moving. Four of us got paid for 252 lbs each weighed over scales. I picked 4 more rows Leo Chapman; 2 more rows then the Hall boys, Ralph and Lee. I had been picking potatoes for 6 weeks and was tough and had a chance to show off. Ronald can tell you all about it. Most of the time we averaged 200 sacks or better in the late potatoes in Burley.

The potato market went off and we were loafing for a few days. We were following a custom digger which went from one place to another digging potatoes on small acreages.

A Japanese farmer in Marshing wanted us to thin and weed lettuce at 25 cents per hour. He said nice sandy loam, no weed, no lettuce. A few times the boys and I would weed sugar beets to fill in our time close to town. It paid 25 cents per

hour.

Curley Kudebay and his wife were up from Burley and we boarded with them. He became a potato inspector for Idaho and the last I heard he was in California. We lived in a motel and his wife fed us.

Annie cooked for Charlie Barrus Cafe next to Sport Shop in Burley while I worked on WPA addition to school house. Annie also cooked in Bus Depot during war (World War II) and taught Mae, Faye, and Barbara to wait on tables. How they could fly. She worked for Boyd's Cafe in Burley and Les Nelson's Cafe. She tried to run cafe next to flour mill. It joined night club. It cost us \$500.

Mel Lord and I hauled cedar post out of Nevada mountains thru Twin Falls. They sold for 35 cents each. We owned a truck together and paid \$900 for it. I finally sold it to him. We used to kill a sage hen and cook them. He was a younger man than I was but I told him I was going to cut and trim as many as he did. One day he cut 106 and I cut 100. I think I had slight heart attach for I felt bad all night and could hardly help load up the next morning.

Odell and I, Delbert Cristianson, Roy Rose (partner in pool hall) all went Elk hunting in the primitive area of Idaho, out of Salmon City near Challis. Roy Rose ran a pack outfit every fall and charged so much to hunters. One night around the campfire they were telling about a bear coming into camp in the night. Odell hollered MAMA, MAMA, MAMA, during the night for he thought the bear had him for sure.

Junior and I, Royce and Jerry went fishing on Fish Creek Reservoir where the creek comes thru Stockings Ranch. It was late in the fall and fish had congregated in the bigger holes. We caught a dish pan full over limit and headed for Faye's house at Arco and we had a big fish fry. Royce and Roy James went back the next day and did not catch any. The fish had moved out.

Byron had rheumatic fever which caused a bad heart and he couldn't work physically hard. When he got out of high school the doctor advised him to move to a warmer climate if possible and he came to Dallas, Texas, where Annie's brother, Ansel Walker, was living. Byron and Uncle Ansel got the idea for a floor waxing business. Ronald went into business after he got out of service and the business went broke.

This business is what brought the rest of the family to Texas. I decided to change



my way of living and came to Texas. I wanted to take my wife and family through the temple so I could have them in the Celestial Kingdom. In other words, repent, the Lord says if we repent and endure to the end He will forgive our sins. I am sure mine are forgiven and I will have some of my family with me and I hope all of them.

Myself and boys, Byron and Ronald, were in floor covering and waxing business when I first came to Texas in Dallas. Carl Richards was the Bishop of the Dallas Ward and was building a new home and I told him of my plans and wish. One day Byron said "Dad, the Bishop wants to see you." I said what for and he said go see. Bishop Richards told me I had expressed a wish to take my family through the Temple and he told me what I had to do. For one year I had to keep the word of wisdom, no smoking, no coffee, pay a full tithe, attend 75% of my church meetings and then we could receive a Temple Recommend and go to the temple and be sealed to each other. I also had to be ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood. When a man attains the Priesthood he becomes a son of God and has the authority to act in his name.

I whipped a cigarette one morning before breakfast and I was on my way. In one year we were eligible for a Temple Recommend. You have to be clean, prayerful and have love for your fellowman. After we attain the Priesthood and turn away entirely there is no forgiveness in this world or the world to come. I had never been to church in Idaho with my family and did not attend church while growing up. I had never knelt down with the family and had family prayer. June said she went over to the neighbors house to have family prayer with them which made me feel bad and I wish I had taken hold of the iron rod years before, which is living by every word that comes from the mouth of God. I have now paid full tithing and other church assessments for the past 20 years helping to build up the kingdom of God. I haven't missed going to church but 2 times on Sunday except because of sickness or vacation. I wouldn't trade places with a millionaire unless I could keep my garments and my priesthood and still be a son of God. REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY and KEEP IT HOLY. We have to live all the commandments and come before God with a humble heart and contrite spirit. Take one commandment at a time and live it and then go on to another one.

BYRON had two sons, BRENT & DAVID. Brent now lives in Washington State, 29 years old and not married. David lives in Utah and is married with two boys. I would like to see Brent and David and his family before I die and I am now 74 years old. Byron was married to Lavonne Loveless until his death. Our son Guy married Camille

James and shortly after their marriage he died of cancer at age 19. We love Camille very much and have always thought of her as our daughter. She is now married to Lee Fowler and lives in Burley, Idaho. Guy and Camille had a son named Royce, born after Guy died. Royce lives in Burley, Idaho, and has three children, a girl named Cindy and two boys, Guy and Terry. Royce was here about a year ago to see us. He and two other men from Burley was traveling through to Mexico on their motorcycles.

We have a daughter living in Malta, Idaho. Barbara married Otis Edwards and they have 6 children-Calvin, Gordon, Paul, Clifford, Karen and Carolyn. All these children have married and have children of their own.

Lewis Tolman, Jr., is married and lives about 6 miles from us in Forney, Texas. He has two children by his first wife, Leola. . One son,,\_ Mike is in Army stationed in California, now married to a German girl and Lois Ann now living in Utah is their daughter. Junior is now married to Faye from Dallas. Her mother and father passed away about two years ago within a few months of each other.

We love all our children and grandchildren and hope to have them in the Celestial Kingdom. It makes me sick to read the scripture and see how some of them are living.

At this time I think I will bear testimony that I know the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true. The true church was taken from the earth after Christ was killed and his apostles and prophets had left the earth. I wouldn't trade the knowledge and testimony I have for anything in the world. I love the Lord and His Son, Jesus Christ, and the priesthood I hold and have in my home. I am thankful for the chance I had to repent and gain this testimony and I will never lose it. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son and who so ever believes in him shall not perish. Jesus said if you love me keep my commandments.

Our son, Ronald and his wife, Fern, live close by. They have been married 32 years and had two children who lived only a few hours and we sorrow for them. They were told when they were married in the temple that they would be able to raise them in the Celestial Kingdom and they will be waiting from them when they come through the veil.

Odell married Gwen Arthur from Burley, Idaho and they had five children-Kay Lynn, Micky, Loreale, Jay and Larry. Odell's family came to Dallas about two years after we came to Texas. Odell had a wreck trucking potatoes to California and they flew him home from Elko, Nevada. He also fell 30 feet while working a mine in Utah.

The year 1959 was a tragic one for our family. Odell and his family had traveled

to Idaho on vacation and since Annie and I were planning on driving up soon after, they left their son, Larry, with his grandparents, Glen and Irma Arthur and Larry was to ride home with us. Annie and I went to Illinois to see Junior and his wife, Bernice. Traveled on Highway 20 through Cody entrance to Yellowstone Park which was a bad road. They had a tractor there to pull you if you couldn't make it on your own. We camped on Hebgen Lake in Montana and caught a lot of fish. We had driven almost home when we stopped for the night north of Parry, Oklahoma. It rained hard all night and when we left the next morning, the Highway Patrol detoured us through a country road. A bridge had washed out. I told Annie I wished one of the boys was here to drive for me. We had a head-on collision with two other cars and Larry lost his life instantly. Annie's feet was inside car and her body was outside. She suffered a broken hip, jaw, and other injuries. It took two trucks to pull my car apart to get me out. I had a death hold on the steering wheel. My hip was also broken. Two Mormon elders blessed us at the Parry hospital and we were transferred to Hospital in Oklahoma City the next day. We spent 5 weeks in same hospital room together before getting to come home to Dallas. We would cry awhile, sing, and I played the harmonica or we couldn't have made it. Annie has been on crutches and wheel chair since. Doctors were able to keep my hip working until this last year when they said nothing further could be done. I have chronic bronchitis and have to use breathing machine 4 times a day and take lots of medicine.

I have some palsy and hardening of arteries. Annie and I roll around on commode chairs that has small wheels. When I go to church I use large wheel chair. We are able to keep our apartment clean, help each other, prepare and can vegetables and fruit Willie and June raise in their garden. Even tho Annie has not been able to get out of the house for several years now she has kept herself busy cooking for all the family, baking for church functions, working on ceramics, crocheting, oil painting. For a time we both worked making jewelry and even sold some of it.

We lived in a mobile home about 17 years in trailer park on Fergus on Road (which was torn away some year ago) and in park on Lawn View next to Grove Hill Cemetery.

In 1977 June and Willie built a new home in Heath, Texas, next to Ronald and Fern and Lake Ray Hubbard and they built us an apartment as part of their home. It is lovely and we are enjoying living here very much. We have a big patio sliding door and covered patio where we can have hanging baskets and flower pots.

After reading over this history I wanted to add the following:

After Annie was in the Hospital several times after the automobile accident for surgery on her hip she had a sterile abscess. Seemed like there was no cure. The bone decalcified and her leg on that side is about 6 inches shorter and doesn't tie into her hip. I must have had a dozen Elders from the Church give her a blessing

and I would annoint the oil. The last time I had our Stake Patriarch give a blessing. It healed for about a week as usual and then started draining again.

Then it came to me I was going to have to exercise my authority. I had never given a blessing but I had the authority by holding the holy Melchizedek Priesthood and God commands us to bless our own family. I fasted three days and Ronald annointed the oil and I gave her a blessing. I rebuked the adversary and blessed her that the affliction would leave her system and never come back. When I finished the blessing I knew she would heal and she has had no further problems of that nature since.

I am grateful for the jobs I have held in church. I was in the Sunday School superintendsy, High Priest Quorum secretary and Elders Quorum presidency.

I bear you my testimony that the Gospel is true and was restored for the benefit of mankind. The Lord will answer prayers and forgive us if we repent. Those that repent and endure to the end he said, "I will receive."

Odell, I hope you decide to go to church and prepare for the Celestial Kingdom. We love you and your family and very much and hope you and all your family will be eligible for that Kingdom that your mother and I are going to. Larry will be waiting for you there.

Otis and Barbara - we love you and your family- your children and your grandchildren. You guys quit dragging your feet and get on the ball. Otis, your father and mother are waiting for you and hope we'll all be in the same place in the hereafter.

MAY GOD BLESS YOU AND YOURS. WE LOVE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU

BACK TO IDAHO AGAIN AND THE PAST: There was a water leak in front of our place in the pipeline that came from the hills. Orville Adams was the maintenance man and was down in a hole plugging the pipe when Matt (who was staying with us at the time) lit a fire cracker and dropped it in his back pocket. Oh boy. He couldn't catch Matt. Uncle Will lived across the road and we had a goat. About two o'clock one morning I could hear him holler "LEWIS, LEWIS! Your goat is in my garden". I got up and went over and it was two of his calves. We loved Uncle Will and Aunt Hattie very much. She had a large family - 4 boys and .3 girls.

I hope Barbara, sends me some venison for Christmas. I love her even if she did

used to sweep the dirt under the rug instead of sweeping it outside or picking it up. Barbara used to be a conductor on a streetcar during the war in Los Angeles. Grandma Walker and Linda lived there also. Junior was in the Navy. I traveled out there and had good visits with all of them. I met Ronald in Salt Lake City when he was traveling between camps just before he went overseas.

After I had been in Dallas several years, I happened to be in First Ward chapel listening to Priesthood meeting being piped from Salt Lake City. Who walked in but Eugene Price with several missionaries. He looked at me and I looked at him, not believing what we were seeing. During 1930s "depression days" we lived across the road from each other and worked a lot hauling logs out of the mountains and cedar weed out of the foothills. Work in the valley was seasonal and most pay was \$1.00 per day. Cranney boys and Speckman owned a hardware store and paid \$1.50 per day. We liked that. Those days you could buy quite a bit for \$1.00. November 11th was my birthday and Armistic Day and we always dropped whatever we were doing and headed for town to celebrate and hoist a few. Now here we were two men who had repented and hadn't seen each other for years. He and his wife was serving a mission here in Texas. Her name was Lucy Hunter of Oakley. We had a nice visit.

About 1936 I moved my family from Oakley to Burley, Idaho. We lived with Grandpa and Grandma Walker for awhile until we bought a log house in Burley from Jim Hanzel Motor Company and paid for it by the month. Dell Wixon was owner. We bought a player piano and June was doing so good taking music lessons we sold it and bought another one and June learned to play very well. We bought Junior a motorcycle after he came out of the Navy for \$500. He came to Texas to work for Byron and Ronald and I shipped it to him. Mother said let's move to Texas and Ronald said come on. I did a lot of hard work after I came to Texas. Odell and I had the sanding and waxing in homes. We sanded 5 houses one day. I pulled the corners and edged them. I was around 50 years old at the time. Ronald and Byron had the linoleum and tile laying. I don't believe repentance would have been so easy if I wasn't working hard and going to church helped me change my way of living and advanced in the Priesthood. Bishop Richards ordained me an Elder and then having the authority I ordained Ronald an Elder. Texas has been good to me and my family.

We have had infirmities but have been happy. I have been in Elders Quorum Presidency with Willie McCullough, my son-in-law, Gene Lambert and others. I have served in the Sunday School Presidency and Secretary in High Priest Quorum, which job I can handle with my handicap. I can't drive now and June, Willie, Randy or Mark take me to church and I am grateful that I can attend church meetings.

Time sure files. Randy was ordained an Elder by his father awhile back and Mark is serving a mission for his church in Japan. God bless our home and we love it so much.

Junior is buying me and mother a golf cart to get around in. It is 200 yds to the lake next to Ronald's house and I will be able to fish from the bank and visit the two acres owned by Willie and Ronald. Mother took a ride in it today so we will both enjoy it.

I didn't believe other churchs believed in works to be saved but there is quite a few I run across in the Bible which I have just about completed. Today is November 4, 1977 and I read: Matthew 17-27. "For the son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, then he will judge every man according to his works." Romans 2-6-10 "Lord to render to all according to their deeds." "And the sea gave up her dead, which were in it, death and hell gave up her dead which were in them, and they were judged according to their works."

It is hard for Annie to write because of her arthritis which has stiffened her fingers but she did write this following for Fern to type: I was born in Leola, Wisconsin. When I was 3 days old the house burned down and they had to move my mother and me to her mother's house. I only weighed 3 pounds. We moved from there when I was four into Plainfield, Wisconsin. Went to school there and my mother worked in a dressmaking shop and my Dad did odd jobs. We got a chance to move on a farm and lived there till I was 10 yrs old. I could milk four cows twice a day when I was eight. My sister, Gladys, was never able to learn to milk. My Dad raised lots of pigs and Gladys and I would lay down in the yard and call the pigs and they would all come and lay down by us. Maybe a dozen or more little ones. We gathered lots of hazel nuts every year and put on top of shed to dry.

We had to walk 3 miles to school. In the winter we went to school in a bob sled with a canvas and stove in it. The temperature got 40 below zero. This was after we moved to Starks in northern Wisconsin. It was 40 miles from the Canadian border. A beautiful country lake and lots of timber. My sister and I had lots of wild animals for pets. Or we thought so till we tried to make a pet of a porcupine.

We had an Eskimo dog named Nero. He got too close to the porcupine and was filled with quills. My dad had to take them out with pliers. In the wintertime Nero would pull us all over on a sled. Our cousin gave him to us. He had a pair of them that could pull him all over the snow. We had to hang Nero's harness up high because he would get it and chew to pieces.

When I was 10 Linda was born soon after we moved to Starks. We moved from there to Dalton in Southern Wisconsin, stayed there over a year and moved back to Starks. We lived in a little country town, one store and about 20 houses. My brother was born there in Ansel. When I was 13 I went to work with my Dad on the big county farm. Every summer when school was out I drove my own team on a cultivator. They had hundreds of acres of potatoes. The first year I drove two of the saddle horses. The second year it was a pair of mules. Oh boy, I used to cry I would get so mad at them. Then the third year they let me pick my team and I took a big pair of white draft horses, Patty and Molly. My dad said they wouldn't let me have them but they did. I had to go to the barn every morning and harness my own horses and I was put in the field with my dad or two other men. They worked about 50 men from that barn.

December 26, 1977. We had a good Christmas here in our new home, among our loved ones. I gave a talk in Sacrament meeting about the Saviour and the Priesthood. I got along real good, sat in my wheel chair in front of podium with a microphone plugged in front and a stand to put my written text on.

January 1, 1978. I am writing today to my grandson, Mark, who is on a mission in Japan. He is such a fine boy, wish I had a few more just like him. It looks like Randy will be a good boy also. I got to thinking about fishing today. I hope the fishing is good when we get on the other side. Mother and I have sure enjoyed going fishing with our children and grandchildren. Royce and his family, Paul Dean and his family, Matt and Marion and Matt's son, Jerry, Walker and Dorothy- they've all met us several times on Kebgen Lake in Montana for visiting and fishing. One time I asked Paul Dean (Mary's son- my nephew) to let me borrow his knife to build a fire on Fish Creek Reservoir. He said OK but don't build a fire on top of it like Odell did. I've enjoyed Hebgen Lake and Colorado with Pern and Ronald, June, Willie, Mark, Randy and Montana and Idaho with all my relatives. I've also had some good fishing on the Texas Gulf coast at Galveston and Port Aransas with Odell, Ronald and the rest of the Texas Tolmans.

January 13th, 1978. My brother, Emerson, and his wife Juanita have been visiting with us for a week. They have just left from New Mexico to visit her daughter. We have had very cold weather here and snow on ground for last three days. My thoughts today are: We need to adjust our actions in our homes so that a year from now, your children will be able to testify that the words which they heard you speak about eternal life and the joy of the saints will be deep in their hearts. You should regularly call your family together for prayer, counsel, and family

home evenings.

Paul Dean Montgomery was here to visit all of us. He stopped off on way from Houston business trip. We enjoyed hearing about his family of 7 children and their home in the mountains.

My thoughts today are that I hope my children will all repent so that I may see their faces at the resurrection. We love you all so much and have been so happy on this earth together. I am sorry for my transgressions in life and hope God will forgive me. I know the gospel is true and that God is coming in all his glory and judge us according to our works. We will be judged by the love we have for our fellowman and what we have given to further the Lord's work here on this earth. The Lord loves us especially those that have fallen away and are coining back into the fold. The Lord says "try me" and he will forgive if you repent and endure to the end. My heart is full for the knowledge I have of the Gospel and it runs out of every pore of my body as to the divinity of it. Children, please listen to an old man who is about ready to die. I wouldn't trade what little I have and my knowledge for a million dollars if I couldn't keep my priesthood and garments. May all of us have a better understanding of each other and God.

Mother and I have been working for the Celestial Kingdom for the last 20 years. I was told years ago by someone that I would have to go to the bottom pits of hell to reclaim my children. I was told that was false. If we made it to the Celestial Kingdom and the children that don't make it will be erased from our mind as if we never had them.

GOODBYE AND WE LOVE ALL OF YOU