

Myrintha Tolman Hopkins

I, Myrintha Tolman, was born on 24 March 1904, during a March blizzard at Chesterfield, Bannock County, Idaho. My parents were living in a log cabin that had a dirt roof. The storm was so wet they had to put pans on the bed to keep mother and me dry. Mother was attended by a mid-wife, as we lived in the country. The nearest doctor was twenty miles away at Soda Springs. I was the seventh of ten children. My three sisters and six brothers were: Sarah Lovenia (Vinnie) born 27 Aug 1887; Cyrus William, born 7 June, 1890; Fredrick, born 8 October, 1893; Eliza Elnora, born 24 Jan 1896; Nancy Afton, born 19 August 1898; Judson Leon, born 8 July, 1901; myself; Olester, born 20 September 1907; Leonard Riley, born 7 March 1911; and Elden Arthur, born 14 September, 1914.

My father was Cyrus Tolman of Bountiful, Utah. He was born 14 February 1865. His ancestors came to America from England in 1630. My mother was Eliza Ann Riley of Bountiful and Salt Lake City, Utah. She was born 12 Aug, 1869, to English parents who had immigrated just a few years before her birth. My father carried the U.S. Mail as a government employee. The star route was a six-day-a-week job. It required travel from Chesterfield through Hatch, Kelly-Topance, to Bancroft, through Lund, Central, Ivins, and return to Bancroft and home—a distance of 60 miles with team and buggy or sleigh. Rain or shine, snow, sleet, or heat, every day except Sunday, the mail had to be delivered. Sometimes in winter the temperature dropped to 60 degrees (Fahrenheit) below zero.

My oldest sister, Sarah Lovenia, used to take the mail for father when he had other work to do. She would take me with her for company sometimes. One day she was driving a rather spooky team. She was putting the mail in Hogan's box and something frightened the horses. They took off and ran through a wash, throwing me out of the buggy and breaking my arm as the wheel went over it.

I learned to trust in my Heavenly Father at an early age. Our faith, accompanied by Mother's and Father's diligent labors, was our doctor. By the age of four, sickness, measles, and pneumonia had caused me to have to learn to walk four times. The pneumonia left me crippled with the cords of my left leg drawn too tightly to straighten. With Father's blessing and Mother's prayers and work rubbing my leg with strong salt water several times a day, I was able to walk again. From then on, during the winter, when I had a bath, Mother soaked a flannel jacket in alcohol and put it on me, then covered it with a dry flannel. This closed my pores quickly and I was protected from the cold better. I never had pneumonia again.

On the north side of our house was a large swing. The pole on which it hung was more than fifteen feet high. One day my brother, Fred, was pushing me. Boy, what fun! I either got to laughing or Fred didn't let go of my shoulders soon enough. I lit out on the lawn in a sitting position, unconscious. Mother and my brothers and sisters worked with me for over four hours. When I came to (regained consciousness) Mother was sitting on the upside down washtub holding me on her lap with a cold cloth on my head. I seemed none the worse for the accident.

At age six, I learned to embroider and crochet because there were no little girls close enough for playmates. In a corner between the house and the cellar way, on the north side of the house, was a place just large enough for a playhouse. I took a bushel box for a table, my doll and her buggy, another box in which I put shelves for my cupboard, my chair, and other things Mother would let me have and with my imagination I had a nice playhouse. But, boys like to pester. If I had to run an errand for Mother, when I returned, Orlando Anderson, my neighbor and cousin, would have my playhouse wrecked. If I was there, he would see what he could take and run with.

When I was six years old, Judson had gone to help someone so I was sent to milk Jersey. I took the bucket and the three legged milking stool and got into position. Well, about the second squeeze, she kicked me for a roll. They said I had to finish the job but to be careful that I didn't pinch her with my fingernails. I cut my nails and finished. By the time I was seven years old, I had two little bothers and a nephew. Leonard, the youngest, could not pronounce his "r's" so as time passed, I was called "Minnie" – later shortened to "Min."

We had horses, cows, pigs, and chickens. Sometimes we would raise ducks, geese, or turkeys. When we had geese or turkeys, I had to feed them and the chickens because the gander or the boggler would chase Mother out of the barnyard – especially if their mates were setting. We lived on a ten acre block and pastured our cows and horses in the fields to the north – some of which were fenced in ten acre blocks. One morning father called me to bring the horses so he could go on the mail route. They were only about two blocks from the house. I kept watching for them and tried to get quietly around them. Before I was on the far side of the hoses, Ruff (an old horse) saw me. He put his head and tail into the air and took off into the next field. He seemed to know where every hole in the fence was. I knew I had to hurry or Father would be late at the post office. Just as I got past them a little, away he went again. Of course, where he led, all the rest of the horses followed. When he went through the next fence, he was out of the fields and onto the hills. I was about run down and knew I needed to have some help. I stopped running and just shut my eyes and prayed. As I opened my eyes, Ruff took off again. This time he made a big circle and headed for the corral. I was high enough up on the hill I could watch them. I just walked home. I was tired of running. By the time I arrived home, Mother was getting ready to come look for me. Father had harnessed his team and had been gone for more than an hour.

I guess we were considered poor people, but Father kept his worries to himself and always had time to go help a neighbor in need. Mother guided us, taught us to work, and to use what we had. We learned the happiness of loving one another and the motto – "Waste not, want not." I had hand-me-down clothes or made-over clothes. With good luck, I received one new dress a year – that was usually at Christmas. One day Mother had a lot of unexpected company. She was out of bread so she sent me over to Sister Reese's to borrow a loaf. If I had followed the road, it was three blocks. I cut through so I only had to go a block and a half. Coming home, Valate Reese, my pal, walked to the fence as she was supposed to go back home. She stayed on the other side of the fence but we kept talking. When I finally went home, the company was gone, the bread was baked, and I was spanked.

Marva speaking: (When mother was a little girl, she had a bed-wetting problem. Along with the spankings and the humiliation, she was forced to eat kidney because they thought it would strengthen hers. When she was about seven years old, she finally learned to wake up at night two or three times to use the chamber pot. Outhouses were the toilets in her day and a chamber pot was kept for use at night so someone would not have to go outside at night. Then the next morning someone was assigned to empty the chamber into the outhouse. When she married Al, he really enjoyed eating liver and onions. Mother would prepare them for him, but it was a real effort because it reminded her of the kidney she used to be forced to eat. When Mother was in her sixties, she started having more problems so she consulted Dr. Larson, a urologist in Logan, Utah. He corrected a problem with her bladder that had caused her problems all her life. After a few treatments, she had no more bladder problems.)

My parents belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, more commonly known as the Mormons. They lived the high standards of their religion and set a good example for their children by keeping their language clean, being modest in their dress, keeping the Sabbath Day holy, working hard, and being good reliable neighbors. They taught their children to live by the

teachings of the Bible and the Book of Mormon, to heed the words of the present-day prophet, and to love the Lord. Along with attending Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting on Sunday, they attended other meeting during the week. I was baptized on 7 July 1912, when I was eight years old. We went to a religious class on Thursday. It was just a lesson. At age nine, I received a little butter dish for perfect attendance. Primary was held Friday after school – just during the school year. I received a pretty shell box for perfect attendance one year. When I graduated from Primary, I was put in as secretary of the Primary and also assistant organist and play leader. After I was married, I was a leader of Trail Blazer boys until my own boys were out of Primary. Then I served as secretary. I worked 25 years in the Primary.

(She always saw to it that her children attended church on Sunday. If we were critical of our leaders or others, she would say, "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones." If we were offended by someone and didn't want to go to church, she would counsel, "Don't cut off your nose to spite your face.")

It seems like little girls want to help before they are big enough. One Sunday before Elnora and Nancy were married, they were delayed in returning from Sunday School. Mother was sick, so I peeled the potatoes. I put them in a kettle, then removed a lid from the stove so as to put them next to the fire like I had seen Mother do. I was too short. The kettle tipped and the cold water spilled on the hot stove. My left arm received a bad steam scald, but I saved the potatoes and got the kettle on the stove straight. Another day Mother was hanging the clothes on the line. The clothes in the boiler were boiling really hard. I decided to help by taking them out. I found the clothes stick and bucket and began. I was a little short for the job, but by trying and working hard, I finally got the clothes in the bucket. But, when I tried to take the bucket off from the stove, it tipped too fast, pouring scalding water down my left leg. It scalded me from my knee to my ankle.

Elnora and Nancy were both married by the time I was eleven years old. Mother was President of the Relief Society and gone for days at a time. In those days, the Relief Society President nursed the sick, prepared the dead for burial by making their clothes, dressing them, keeping fresh ice around the corpse, and changing the cloth dipped in formaldehyde to preserve the corpse. As the ice melted, she would have to replace it.

I was the seventh child in the family, so I was just the right age to be the baby tender for my older brothers and sisters children. I remember one time they had a town or ward reunion for everyone older than twenty years. I had twenty-two children to keep track of.

Marva Speaking: (When Mother was in the eighth grade, her school was planning a Thanksgiving program and needed a three-foot turkey for some of the scenery. The boy that usually did the artwork said he couldn't do it if he didn't have a picture of a turkey to look at. No one had a picture, so Mother sad down at her desk and sketched a turkey for him. When the teacher saw it, she decided that Mother could be the one to make the turkey. It was so good and realistic that It was kept at her house as a treasure until it became too worn and curled at the edges to look good anymore.)

During World War I, it was hard to keep teachers out in little country schools. Our school had three teachers for eight grades. In the fall of 1917, our teacher, Mr. Alma A. Mock, and our principal, Thorpe B. Isaacson, were drafted. One teacher they hired during the war would not let them do their math with the new method they had been taught, and when they took their state exams they all flunked and had to repeat the eight grade the next year. By the time they found another teacher, the epidemic of influenza had hit our town. All schools, churches, and public gatherings were stopped.

Most winters, the hill just a block from our house was a good coasting place where crowds gathered. Then, after an afternoon or evening of fun, we would all go to our house for hot food. But, not this year. We didn't have any snow! The old folks said that was why the flu was so bad. Something about a gray Christmas meant a full cemetery. It looked like that was surely happening; many mothers died and left many small children. At Christmas, three of my brothers had the flu. Mother moved a bed into the front room where the Christmas tree was, so she could take care of them. Their room was upstairs. They were so sick it seemed if someone spoke out loud, it caused them pain. There sure wasn't much Christmas spirit that Christmas. But we did kneel in prayer often to thank the Lord for our blessings and ask for guidance in our work that we might be able to help the sick get better. By the last Sunday in January, enough young people were well that they were getting anxious for a little fun. My brother, Judson, had a nice team of horses, so they came to our place to get him to take them down to the canal skating. There was no snow but the ice was thick. As many as could get in the white-topped buggy went skating. Because it was Sunday, Mother asked me not to go. We had been quarantined since October, so I went with the group. A flaw in the ice caught my skate while Vernon Higginson was pulling me rather fast. Down I went on my foot. My ankle received a bad sprain. I used a chair for a foot or just hopped on my left foot for about six weeks. I learned the meaning of "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother."

I was just getting my ankle in action when my brother, Fred, called in to ask if I would go stay with his wife, Ella, as he was going to be gone a few days. They had a mean cow and Ella refused to milk it, so I took the bucket and went to do it. I tied the cow's leg to a grain drill, as that was close by. I put my head in her flank to try to save the milk. When she kicked, she took some of the skin off from the left side of my forehead. She also pulled that drill about four inches sideways, but I got the milk for the children, Thelma and Carleon. The next morning, Ella refused to let me try. She turned out the calf and let it do the milking.

That summer, my sister, Elnora, took me with her to Preston, Idaho, to visit our sister, Sara Lovenia (Vinnie). While we were there, Elnora wanted to go visit Aunt Mary Ann Tolman. George Gooch, Vinnie's husband, let Porter, his oldest son, take us. He hooked a horse named Cap to the black-topped buggy. Porter took us on a road that was dry except during the irrigating. When he came to this pond, he just drove on, not knowing the road had been graded. All at once, Cap started swimming. The next thing, the buggy stopped. A wheel was hooked on a fence post. There we were, and none of us could swim. Somehow Cap's tugs came unhooked. He turned around and put his nose under the buggy top to get Porter to hang on. We did not understand the hose, and Elnora told Porter to make him leave. Porter said, "Go Cap," And he did – swimming to the edge of the pond. There he waited. We were standing on the buggy seat to keep our heads above water. We were holding Elnora's tiny three-month-old baby, Ila, up against the top of the buggy to try to keep her dry. There was not a house in sight. We called and called for help. Not a passerby was near. Elnora said, "Let's be quiet and pray for help." After prayer a little breeze started blowing. We all called again as loud as we could. Soon we saw a man come over the ridge. We called again. Then he saw the horse and the buggy top and asked, "Is there any one in that buggy?" We yelled, but he could not hear us, so Elnora reached out from under the buggy top and waved her white handkerchief. He called, "Keep Calm. I'll go for help." Soon swimmers came from Preston. First, they took the baby, then Elnora, then Porter, who rode Cap home, then me. In answer to our prayer, the baby didn't even catch cold. We didn't get to visit Aunt Mary Ann.

One of the neighbor boys came by to see if I wanted to go fishing with him and his sister. I went in the house to get permission. Just as my sister was going to answer, her husband, George, said "Wait a moment, come over here." I went across the room to see what he wanted. Well,

wouldn't you know – I had the measles! Just my luck! Instead of going fishing while we were visiting Preston, I was shut in a room by myself, with “Keep Out” posted on the door. With no one to talk to and not knowing measles affected the eyes, I tried to read to pass the time. For years after the measles, I couldn't stand to look in a mirror to comb my hair or see how my dress fit. It caused sharp, piercing pains in my eyes. For years I was seldom without a headache.

(Min was always fun to be around and took the lead to show us all a good time whenever we younger boys had a party,” remembers her brother Leonard. “She used to help us make Valentines – bought ones were very scare then and so was money. I can remember her helping me with my homework and giving me encouragement when I was discouraged.”

“She was the only sister I can ever remember being at home. She and Judson were the first two I remember getting married. When Min talked of marrying Roy, Father and Mother both tried to talk her out of it. Even Roy's father, Mr. Peterson, called Father aside one day and told father to do all he could to prevent it.”

“After Roy left, Min worked for a while for Mr. Baxter in the café and then got a job in Soda Springs. There she met Al. He was an excellent Scout Master and very active in the Church until they put him in the bishopric and something happened. I don't know what.”

“Olester and I both worked for Al on the Finch Ranch. We had to get up early and put in a ten-hour day in the fields besides caring for the horses. He was a hard worker too, and always complimented and encouraged but never found fault.”

“Min was a cheerful worker. She had good meals on time, three times a day with breakfast at about six a.m. When we worked out north in the meadows, she always had lunch ready about then for a hay crew.”

“I always felt comfortable with your mother and her home was always open to anyone, whether for a few hours visiting with always a meal, or for a night, or several nights.”)

I well remember 11 November, 1918. We were very busy doing the washing when we heard horns blowing and people yelling in the distance. We looked to see which way they were coming from. Most people came down the hill south of our place. We went around the house and there were cars coming from every which way with dummies tied on the fenders and everyone yelling, “Peace has been declared! The war is over!” That year the Sunday School Superintendent wanted me to teach a class, but my teacher, William Bowers, said if they took me out of his class, he would quit.

After Primary, it was MIA, which for girls my age was Beehive class. With no school, Church meetings, or parties, we were anxious to do something. We had no telephone, shows or radio. We Beehive girls decided to put on a play. The one we chose had several boys' parts in it. I was busy helping Mother. By the time I got back with the girls, they had decided which part each were going to play. The one part left was a red-headed hired hand. I learned the part. Having four brothers, I didn't have any trouble finding the clothes and shoes. The day we were having rehearsal, I dressed for the first act before I left home. I put the other things in a suitcase and started walking to the amusement hall. A half block from our house, I heard someone calling. I turned around and Chet Davids asked, “Would you like a job?” I told him, “Not today.” He said, “If you will work for me a few days, I'll take you to town.” As I tried to tell him I was just on my way to rehearsal, his wife came out of the house and said, “Chet, that is Myrintha on her way to practice.” Boy did he laugh. He thought I had quit one of the ranches and was walking to town – which would have been a twelve-mile walk. The night we put on the play, Brother

Davids said, “Well, Myrintha, you did pretty good; the men from the ranches said, ‘You could tell most of them were girls, but you can’t tell me that re-head was a girl.’ So I wasn’t the only one you fooled.”

At home I was the Jack-of-all-trades. Whoever was missing, I did their work – milking and feeding the cows, raking the hay, or driving the derrick team when the boys were away working. One spring, when I was fifteen, I drove four horses on the spring tooth harrow over the alfalfa. Then the next spring when I was sixteen, I was old enough to be bonded and sworn in as a mail carrier. I had to take the oath of responsibility. For two summers and one winter, if Father had other work to do, I drove the team 64 miles a day delivering mail. Some weeks one day, and some weeks six days. When I first started, I wore dresses. Girls did not wear pants in those days. But climbing in and out of the buggy, lifting mail pouches and other packages, skirts were in the way. One day as I jumped out of the buggy, my skirt caught on the brake handle and ripped it about two feet. I went right in Toolson’s store and bought a pair of coveralls. When I got home, I thought Mother was going to explode. But when I showed her my skirt, she cooled down. I was soon known as “the little girl that wore the coveralls.” One day, the first summer, as I was crossing a canal almost out to Turner, the clevis broke on the right side of the tongue. There was a rather steep slope right after crossing the bridge, and one of the horses I was driving was noted for running. I prayed to keep me calm. I just held the reins tightly and talked to the horses. We made it to a fence so I could tie the horses while I found some wire to hold the tongue until I could get to Bancroft. There I got the blacksmith to put on another clevis.

When fall 1920 came, I went to Bancroft for high school. I was able to work for Mrs. Unice Van Slooten for my board and room. I’d get up in the morning, tend the furnace, straighten up the two front rooms, eat my breakfast, and go to school. The family was still asleep. At noon, I went home and did their breakfast dishes. Evenings, when she had company, I took the children for a walk or somewhere until she was through entertaining. Then I’d take the children to bed, then go to the kitchen to clean up. One weekend I went home and was exposed to chickenpox. Mrs. Van Slooten was afraid her children would get the pox, so I couldn’t go back there. My sister told her sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Ruger, and she asked me to come to her place until the folks could find someplace. So I stayed with her family while Father added another room onto his shack. Then I kept house for him. My father was a gentle, kind man who always seemed to understand me. He had time to listen to me. That year, I was put on the Stake Primary Board as Assistant Secretary and Play Leader.

In the Bancroft Ward, Louise Corbett was our Beehive leader. After school let out, or during the summer months, we coaxed her to walk to Lava Hot Springs with us. We left Bancroft at about 6 a.m. and went due west through the hills. Some of the girls got tired almost before we got started and lagged behind. Four of us were singing as we walked along and didn’t realize we had left the others so far. When we couldn’t see them, we stopped. We called several times while we were waiting, and there was no answer. Then we debated or talked, “Did we miss a fork in the road? Are we on the right trail?” After an awfully long wait, we finally heard them coming. Our leader, Sister Corbett, was very vexed at us for leaving them. Some of the girls had blisters on their feet. We came out of the hills east of the Blazer – about two miles before we got to Lava. That was the day I saw my first airplane. It flew over us just as we reached the highway at Blazer. At Lava, we found a cabin for two nights, rested an hour, then went to the pool to swim for one and one half hours. The next day was spent in talking, eating, and swimming. Then it was the hike home. We took the road up Fish Creek Canyon so the ones with sore feet could catch a ride if someone came along. Six of us were still walking when I saw Father coming in the U.S. Mail buggy. So, as he was passing, we climbed in the back and rode the last five miles.

My sophomore year I was to ride my brother's pony to school – twelve miles night and morning. The first morning I was just half way there when my horse fell. I lit face down on my chest on the gravel road. I jumped up and caught my horse, then looked toward home and then toward Bancroft. I surely felt more like going home than to school to be laughed at after that tumble. No one likes a coward, so I mounted my pony and went to school. Some morning it was so frosty my hands holding the reins and my feet in the stirrups would get so cold I could hardly take the saddle and bridle off when I got there, then change my clothes and rush one mile on foot to school. School had just been going three weeks when Mother needed my help at home. I thought I'd be out about two weeks, but that was the end of my schooling. That winter, I helped with weaving the carpets and did my church jobs in the stake and ward.

I don't know now why? Perhaps I was feeling cheated or discontented but a day never went by that I didn't get ridiculed. Whatever I did displeased someone. They always wanted me to be like someone else.

January 1922 – Our loom for weaving was put in my bedroom upstairs. One day, I needed the scissors so I ran downstairs to get them. Elnora and Velva, my sister-in-law, wanted me to help them with the games for Primary. Not thinking of how I left things upstairs, I helped them. Mother was busy preparing dinner. My brother-in-law, George Gooch, came for Mother. Their baby was really sick and Vinnie wanted mother's help. Mother said, "Myrintha, you will have to finish in the kitchen." Everyone ate dinner. Elnora and Velva went to Primary. I did the dishes, then decided to practice the songs on the organ while I was alone. Finally, I got the scissors and started upstairs. My, the stairs were dark! I didn't remember shutting the hall door. I reached for the doorknob – no door. It was like putting my hand in an oven. I whirled around and rushed to the neighbors for help. Sister Davids was home alone. I ran back to the telephone and called operator, "Please Louise, (she was my friend), get me some help! The house is on Fire. I'm alone."

I rushed back up the steps, praying as I went, grabbed the flaming stove and started out with it. At the top of the steps, something popped, so I kicked it down the steps. The staircase was aflame. I ran through the flame, grabbed a bucket of water and poured it on it. That doused some of the flames, but I rushed to get out Father's important papers. I got furniture out of the house that ordinarily I could hardly move to sweep under. The first man that stopped grabbed the ax and knocked out a transom. All doors had a little window above them that was called a transom. All he needed to do was grab the curtain off. I said, "The fire is upstairs." I never saw so many people come in such a short time. They didn't wait to take their turns on the road, just came down the hill. My burns were hurting so I went out in the snow to the back of the house, out of sight. When they were sure the fire was out, Sister Davids started looking for me. She scolded me for going out into the cold, but started right in doctoring my burns. They grated potatoes to put on my hand and arm that I used to carry the coal oil stove. Someone ran to the chicken house for a feather, which they dipped in castor oil to brush on the right side of my face. They asked my why I wore a black net. I said, "I don't." I reached up with my left hand. My hair was so singed, it looked like black net. Two persons were kept busy grating potatoes. As soon as the ones on my arm were dry, they put on fresh ones. They called the doctor and sent a friend, Roy Peterson, to Bancroft to get the medicine. There were very few telephones so he also circled past Vinnie's and told Mother what had happened. So George brought her home to get me. When the baby was better, George took Mother and me home. Everything in my room was covered with soot. It was so thick on the window that is why the hall was dark – not because the door was shut. The corners of my quilt that were by the stove were burned out. The carpet on the floor had a hole a yard across. The floor was burned through in one place about six or eight inches wide.

My biggest concern was my doll I had had for twelve years. She was on her bed but was as black as could be, and she was a blond like me. We cleaned her up as best we could. Later, she was the best help I had with Marva after she had her fall and was sick so many years. We were thankful for friends, neighbors, and the Most High that directs us from day to day.

I was not happy. There were no young people left at Chesterfield. At home there were too many bosses – just too many to please. It was “Do this,” “Now what did you do that for?” “Can’t you do better than that?” I was dating a young fellow from Bancroft. Mother didn’t like him. He was the one that took the message of the fire to Mother and also went to Bancroft for the burn medicine. Well, to please Mother, we quit seeing each other. After a couple of months she complained because I didn’t go places. My brother Judson was married; it was the wrong time to start school, so I had no place to go. Then one day I took the mail for Father. Roy was at the Bancroft Post Office when I took the mail from Chesterfield and Hatch in and got the mail to go the Lund, Central, and Turner. He helped me load the heavy mailbags. When I left to go south, we had a date for the dance. After one or two more dates, we decided to get married.

We were married 25 May, 1922. He went to Tremonton, Utah, for work. I took the train from Bancroft two weeks later to Brigham City. I was supposed to catch a spur from Brigham City to Tremonton. It was my first experience alone on a train, and I did not tell the conductor I wanted to go to Tremonton. Well, the train was late, so when I got off the train there was no way to get to Tremonton. I had no money and knew no one. The man at the depot called to Tremonton for me, and after about two hours they came for me. We both worked for Mr. Burns that summer. When the farm work was finished, so was our work. We came back to Bancroft. He helped his father in the blacksmith shop. On 19 April, 1923 we were the parents of a ten-pound baby girl. We named her Leora. Roy got a job with the Union Pacific Railroad doing construction. We lived in an outfit car on the tracks for a while. Then he didn’t like that, so we went to Pocatello to work on a freight train as a brakeman. He just plainly did not want the responsibility of a family, so he did not return from a trip.

My baby was hungry. I searched through things and found enough pennies for a quart of milk, but not enough for a deposit on the bottle. The clerk didn’t want to let me have it. I just lived next door, so I promised I’d empty the bottle and bring it back before I fed the baby. That I did. The next morning I tried to find work – to no avail. No one wanted a girl with a baby. That evening Bert Gerard came to see Roy and saw how things were. He gave me the price of a ticket to Bancroft. Then, when it was train time, he came and took us to the station.

At Bancroft, I went back to carpet weaving. I also worked for Mrs. Lord who had a new baby and a large family. Then I worked for Jack Whitworth on his ranch. His wife had passed away leaving a baby about a year older than Leora and six other children – some as old as I was. Roy found out where I was and came to see me. Shortly after that, Mr. Whitworth let me go. I found out, later, Roy borrowed a saddle and did not return it, so I lost my job.

Leora caught a cold that settled in her tonsils. Her throat was so swollen she couldn’t breathe with her tongue in her mouth. I had the doctor come to see her. For over a week, Mother and I took turns holding her on our lap. We did not dare lay her down for fear she would choke. When she was better, I went to work at the café for Mr. E.C. Baxter. After I received my first paycheck, I went to pay Dr. Fitz. I learned Roy had been there and paid him with a bogus check and got \$15.00 in cash. I did not have enough money to make up the check, so I paid him for helping Leora. He told me to forget the rest. I was paid one dollar a day for a nine hour shift – waiting on tables, washing dishes, and scrubbing the floor. Roy used that fifteen dollars to get out of town. Then he joined the Army, then deserted.

Mr. Baxter sold the café to Fred Christensen. I kept my job until Fred, my boss, came to work drunk. He started telling me how to live and what I shouldn't do. At first I figured it was the liquor talking and didn't pay too much attention. It was a slow day – not many customers. He just kept on talking, so finally I said, "Mr. Christensen, I don't have to listen to this. If you will pay me what I have coming, I'll leave." That left him without a waitress for the evening, but by then I didn't care. I'd had enough. Later, I found out another girl wanted my job and told him a line that got him started on me. I found out by experience that a waitress had a real job living the way a girl should. I was on guard not to give the wrong impression.

There was no work in Bancroft, so I went to Soda Springs. I left Leora with my folks. I worked for Fred Baba for a dollar a day and had room 48 in the Enders Hotel – the hottest room. Not long after I came, Frank sold out to Sam Mido. They were both Japanese. Sam was far better to work for than Frank. One day, Iris Hopkins asked me to go out to the ranch with her. She was going to walk out, and it was someplace to go and something to do after work. On the way out she said her brother was batching the ranch and enjoyed her going out to fix him a meal. The house was clean. There wasn't much furniture. She went to work getting supper. When he came in from the field, she introduced her brother, Al Hopkins. After supper, he walked to town with us. When we got to town, I excused myself and went to my room. A few days later, Iris came in and asked if I enjoyed horseback riding. I said, "Sure." We went back to the same ranch. Al had two horses ready for us. Iris and I rode out to Conda and back. When we arrived at the ranch, Al said, "I'll ride into town with you and bring the horses back."

I said, "No, thanks. I'll walk to town. I've got to work tomorrow." Iris knew I was married, so I figured he did. He put the horses in the pasture, then walked to town with us. That night Iris stopped when we got to her place at the corner of 4th East and Hooper Avenue. Before we arrived at the hotel (five blocks away), he asked if I'd like to go to a show. It had been a long time since I'd been to a show. By the time I paid four dollars a week for Leora's care, it took the rest to get my clothes. The show house was upstairs in the old Gorton building, north of the Stockman's Supply Store. The lower level was used for storage for the Stockman's Supply Store that is now used for the Senior Citizens Center. (1976). You could smell mice so you didn't relax much. That summer they built a new show house across the street where it is now. They started having a continued show one night a week – a serial. That was a date once a week.

I had not heard from Roy for a year, so I wrote to the Red Cross for information. After weeks, I received word he had deserted the Army and had not been found. Then I filed for a divorce. My divorce was final in October.

Eula Oliver came to Soda Springs during the summer. We became close friends. She had an apartment in the back of the telephone building. (In 1980 the Stockmen's Lounge was located there.) She lived alone so I moved out of that hot hotel room and in with her. She was the chief telephone operator. Soon Sam Mido needed another waitress. I recommended Wilma Gooch. We had known each other most of our lives. My sister married her uncle, and we had played together as children. They were neighbors. Then Wilma moved in with Eula and me.

One evening Al and Wilma went and got some chickens and cleaned them. Then they waited for me to come home from work to cook them. Sometimes when I worked the early shift, Al would take me home, then take Wilma to a dance. One sunny day, Iris, Al, and I started for Lava Hot Springs. As we left town, Al said, "We will buy our gas in Bancroft and save a nickel." We went through central, but when we got to Lund he said, "You don't want to see Leora today, do you? We will go over Fish Creek and save a dime." We all laughed and he turned south. Just before we got to the top of the pass, the car stopped. Iris and I climbed out to give him more elbow room. He backed the Ford up the bank, as cars in those days did not pump the gas into the

carburetors. (That filled the carburetor.) Then he went until that was burned. We filled the carburetor about three times and then were at the top. Iris and I climbed back in, and we coasted down the other side. Iris was so nervous when we crossed a bridge she said, "Boo!" We coasted to within a few feet of the gas hose. It was thrilling on that country crooked road – coasting so fast. We pushed the car the last few feet, filled the tank, and went to the pool for a swim. When we went back to Soda, we took no short cuts.

The mining company that was at Conda had a bus with flanged wheels that ran on the railroad from Conda to the northeast side of Soda, so people in Soda could go to Conda for entertainment and the miners and their families could get to Soda Springs to shop. There were few cars and no snowplows then. They called the bus the "Whiz Bang." I had a date with Al for a dance at Conda. We were going on the Whiz Bang. Iris and Clara Bowler wanted me to give Al the slip and go with them. I said, "How am I supposed to do that? He has come from that direction to get me." They said, "We'll help you." Other things happened to them. Two different fellows stopped Al to talk to him, so we got to the bus first. But he was the next to arrive. He sat across the bus from me. We kidded and joked. As the bus filled up, he came across and sat by Clara. We had a really good time.

One noon hour, shortly after my divorce was final, Al came to the telephone office and asked for me. They called me. I asked Al to come to the apartment. He didn't start the conversation as usual, so I asked him, "What brought you to town this time of day?" He said, "I have something I want you to try on." I was standing on the other side of the heater. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a diamond ring and asked, "How do you like this?" I was embarrassed by the way I had spoken to him, but went over by him. He put the ring on my finger. We sealed the engagement with a kiss. From then on we were busy making plans. In December, the railroad put on excursion rates to California. It was one big rush to get ready. My sister, Vinnie, was living at Hatch. She said she would take care of Leora, so Mother and Father could go to California with us and go see Aunt Clara and Uncle Morgan Knapp. They had never had a really nice trip.

Al got on the train in Soda Springs 22 December 1925. Mother, Father, and I started for the depot. About half way there, I realized I didn't have my diamond, so I ran back to get it. It was about train time. I heard the whistle before I was to the depot. I made it there in time. We rode the Oregon Short Line to McCammon, then changed to the Union Pacific to Salt Lake City where we spent one night. The next morning we rode the Union Pacific. Sometime during the next night the car we were riding in developed a flat wheel. When we arrived at the Denver Rio Grande, they put our car on a siding. We had to double up in one of the other cars. This delay caused us to be late getting to Los Angeles. We got a taxi to the hotel to leave our baggage and another to the courthouse where a darky asked if we wanted to be married. Al said, "yes" and gave him a dollar. He showed us where to get our license, then ran and stopped the judge who was leaving the building. The judge came back into the room, took off his coat and said, "I now pronounce you man and wife. Five dollars please." He put his coat back on and left.

We then inquired as to the best way for Mother and Father to get to Aunt Clara's. She is Mother's sister. After they were on another train headed for Alameda, we went back to our hotel. "Boy what a day!" We spent Christmas in Los Angeles. We visited Al's old friend, Newel Horsely, then went to Long Beach to visit Newel's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Horsely. After Christmas, we took the Golden State Tour to Tijuana, Old Mexico, then back to San Diego, then to Catalina. Here we had a ride in a glass bottom boat to see the submarine garden and all kinds of fish – so many different colors and shapes. The next day we toured the ostrich farm and saw many different things made of feathers. Then we went to the alligator farm – all sizes from not much larger than a mouse to eight feet long. At the end of the week, Al

asked, “Do you want to go home now and have twenty dollars left or stay another day and go home broke?”

I said, “Let’s go home now.” We got our suitcases, then a taxi. Boy! That taxi driver knew how to get through traffic! I was expecting to crash any moment. We didn’t. As we stepped up to get our tickets validated, the clerk said to Al, “That’s not your ticket.” Al said, “It’s no one else’s.” The clerk then put his hand over Al’s name and said, “Sign it.” Al then signed “Alma R. Hopkins.” While this was going on, they were calling for our train to get loaded, so we practically had to run to get on. We just got to our seats when it started moving.

We arrived at Soda Springs at 6 a.m., New Year’s Day, 1926, and walked to the Finch Ranch. Boy! What a reception. Al had torn out a petition before he left. Mr. Finch had promised to get the house repaired while we were gone. Plaster, lath, and dust were everywhere. The bride and groom spent New Year’s Day cleaning house. In the afternoon we went to Violet Bigler’s, Al’s Sister’s, for dinner. We called Vinnie to find out how Leora was. We learned she had Chicken Pox. We went for her as soon as possible. Thus ended the honeymoon.

When the fellows came out to chivaree us, Al told them about the chicken pox. So they took him to town to buy them a treat. There went our last twenty dollars. But part of the joke was on them. They had been out to get us when we were after Leora. Then they went in the drugstore and charged a treat to us. Well, Al drank his milk shake, paid Johnney Wallace for the present treats and left before John remember about the treats that were charged. So the fellows had to dig into their pockets and pay what they had charged. Al was working for \$75 a month.

I’d do the dishes while Al harnessed the team. Then, Leora and I would bundle up and go with him to feed the sheep. I’d drive the team while he threw off the hay. Then, during lambing, he would have to go about a half mile from the house to check on new lambs every two hours to keep the lambs from freezing. One morning when he went to feed the cows, a new calf was stiff with the cold. Al brought it to the house for me to work with while he took care of the sheep. I rubbed its legs and kept it by the stove in the kitchen. Finally it started to move on its own, but the poor little fellow lost its ears.

In the spring there were crops to plant and then the garden. Next came irrigating the alfalfa, then the haying. By now the grain was getting golden so he would get the binder oiled and ready to cut the grain. When the grain was in the bin, the sheep foreman would bring in the herds from the mountains. They cut the lambs out from the herd ready to ship to market. By the time the seep left for the winter feed grounds, he would watch for the ice to get thick enough to make good-sized blocks. Then he would get the team and saw and go for a load of ice, which he packed in real thick sawdust. That was used in our ice box in the summer months to keep the milk sweet and the butter from melting. During the summer, between haying and the grain, Al would take two weeks off and go out to the five-mile meadows to cut wild hay for his father, so they would have feed for their cows.

Our first Christmas at home, Al gave me a nice set of dishes for our first anniversary and an eight-day clock for Christmas. We were happy to be together at home. On 10 January, 1927, we were blessed with a baby girl with dark hair. We named her Marva. She was very energetic. One evening Leora had stayed down to Grandma Hopkins’. Al had gone to get her. I had some ironing to do, so I put the ironing board on the counter. Then I put Marva in the corner of the counter. I had not stepped away – just turned my head to see if they were coming home. She fell at my feet (a drop of about three feet). I knew she was hurt bad. She didn’t cry – just had an odd look. I picked her up and held her very gently. She was about nine months old. She just kept getting smaller. The doctors couldn’t seem to find the trouble. They gave her tonics to

settle her stomach and give her an appetite. It seemed to help. One day Emma Horsely heard what a time I was having. She said when LaVaun was a baby, she put white flour in a salt sack in a large kettle, boiled it hard for seven hours, peeled off the outside, then grated the rest on a nutmeg grater. She put a teaspoon of this powder in warm water with a few grains of salt and sugar. I was willing to try anything. When I got home, I soon found a salt sack, filled it and started it boiling. This helped. She refused a bottle and would not hold her own glass. She would take about a half hour to drink a juice glass full of this.

On 30 December 1927, Al was set apart as counselor to Bishop Everett Horsley. Then on 6 June, 1928, we went to the Logan Temple and had our two little girls sealed to us. What a beautiful sight when they came into the room dressed in white! Marva cried for mama and didn't want to just hold my hand. What a happy day – to be united as a whole into a family. Both Grandma Tolman and Grandma Hopkins went to Logan with us.

The latter part of July was the time to put up the hay out at the meadows. The 30th of July, 1928, our home was blessed with a baby boy weighing eight pounds. Mother came up to be with me as they kept us in bed for ten days at the birth of a baby. Also, Al was gone from daylight until dark to the meadows. We named the baby Loyal Alma. The first morning I was down, Marva refused to let Mother do anything for her – not even a drink of milk. She was determined I should get up and get her a drink, pulling my arm to make plain what she meant. When I tried to explain to her I was supposed to stay in bed, she bit my arm to put over her point. At first I took her hand and bit it. She just tightened her teeth until her head shook, so I took my thumb and pried her mouth open. I called Mother to take her out of the bedroom. That night when Al returned, her teeth marks were still on my arm.

Loyal was a happy healthy baby. By the next July, he was walking and keeping us busy. I started seeing double and having a hard time doing my work. I got eyeglasses and learned mountains were around Soda. Al wanted to go to Yellowstone Park and asked my mother and father to go with us. His mother and sisters said they would take care of the three children. Miss Eula Oliver also accompanied us. We had a very nice enjoyable trip, only my arms were restless. I was surely glad when we started for home and happy when we found all were well.

The last Friday in January, 1930, Leora called home to ask, “May I stay in to Primary?” She had not felt well that morning so I asked, “How are you feeling?” She said, “Fine.” “Can you walk home after Primary?” I asked. “You bet.” Was her reply. So I did not watch for her to come on the bus. It was getting dark when she opened the door. When I looked at her my heart almost stopped. She was one big measle! Her eyes were almost swollen shut. She was completely covered with a red rash. She had walked over a mile through the snow. I knew from experience she should be kept warm, in a darkened room, and no reading. I guess she walked fast enough to keep herself warm because she had no ill effects, but I worried for a while. I tried to keep Marva and Loyal away from her – that was impossible. They thought she looked funny and wanted to share their toys with her.

In February, both Loyal and Marva had the measles. The doctor didn't bother to quarantine us because we were out on the ranch and he figured no one would come to see us anyway. Marva was so sick it kept me busy day and night. Loyal had an easier time of it – dressed and played every day. But when he would hear his daddy come up the boardwalk, he would run to the door. It must have been the draft when the door opened, but by the time Marva was better, I discovered that Loyal had gathered ears. They must have been painful from the way he cried.

Early on in the morning of 23 March 1930, I was too miserable to rest. I awakened Al and asked him to call the doctor. He just said, “Oh, wait until tomorrow and have it on your birthday.” The

next thing I knew he was snoring again. So I awakened him again and told him to call the doctor, or his mother, or my mother, or someone or he would be sorry. He tried to call his mother but she could not hear the telephone. He called the doctor, and the doctor said he would come. He called my mother and asked if he should go get her. She asked how I was. When he told her, she told him to stay where he was. She awakened my brother, Olester, to bring her up from Bancroft. Al then went and got his mother. My mother arrived and we soon had a seven-pound girl. Still no doctor – he arrived an hour later, checked to see how we were and went back to town. He had a flat tire and no shops were open at 4 o'clock in the morning. We named her Esther after one of my father's sisters. My father always called her "Queen Esther."

I could not seem to get my strength back after Esther was born. I was tired all the time. There wasn't much time to rest. Marva was still on a two-hour feeding schedule; Loyal was a busy inquisitive boy. I had the extra hired hands to cook for, and Leora to send off to school. When Esther was two months old, the doctor said I had to put her on the bottle. Then summer came with the garden to take care of, along with all the other farm jobs. 1931 - That fall the prices dropped. Al had a chance to buy some steers to feed at six cents a pound. He came and asked me if we shouldn't draw out our savings and invest. I told him to do what he thought best, so he drew out our savings and bought the cattle. The next time out to the ranch, Mr. Finch said we would have to take a cut in pay that month. Well, our savings were gone. Thank goodness I had canned fruit and vegetables. We could eat for a while. By the end of the month, Mr. Finch had laid us off. He said we could live in the house until 1 May, 1932.

Since Al was a young boy, he had been trapping in his spare time for extra spending money. But when Mr. Finch laid him off, he went to trapping full time. He would trap by day, and we would spend our evening flashing them and stretching them to dry. Then he shipped them east to New York. When he had a little cash, he would buy furs from other fellows. When the cash was gone, he would number the furs according to what he thought was the best fur. Then he wrote to the firm he shipped to and asked them to put the numbers the way they graded them. That is how he learned to buy furs. When we ran out of money, we would stay up all night and flesh the furs, whether it was badgers, rats, or coyotes, and get them ready to mail. They had to be in top condition so they wouldn't spoil from here to New York. He would trap all the while the furs were in transit until the money got back. Then, when he got his check, he would go on the road again and buy until he ran out of money. He traveled from Twin Falls to Green River buying fur and also around Grays Lake. He made lots of friends. For a little extra money he even sold razor sharpeners. If he couldn't buy a fur, he sold a razor sharpener.

When Al went onto the road, I had to feed the cattle down in the cedars. One day Loyal and Marva were playing peacefully and Esther was asleep. Leora was at school. Marva was cutting out paper dolls, so I slipped out to feed the cattle. When I returned, I saw that Marva had tried to burn her scraps of paper in the heater stove. Some of the scraps had fallen onto the rug and burned the loose threads and fringes of the rag rug. I had braided the rug so tightly it hadn't burned. I offered a prayer of thanks.

Mr. Louis (Louie) Goldstein would get some fellow around town to bring out furs to sell to Al. If the fur was good, Al would buy it. If not, he would pay accordingly. They would say, "If Louie was here, he'd pay me (such and such) a price." Then Al would say, "Keep it 'til Louie gets back." Louie was waiting right in town, and something they would even use his outfit (Louie's truck) to bring the furs out. That's the way Louie ran all of his opposition out of the country until he ran into Al. He couldn't wreck Al's business. One day downtown, Louie tried to sell Al a fur and was paid twice as much as he expected to get for it and Al didn't complain a bit.

On one trip, Al bought a big load of furs. He had an accident on the slick roads, and it took all of our money to get the truck repaired. The next time Al saw Louie, Louie wanted to go into business with him. Mr. Goldstein said he would put up the money if Al would go on the road and buy the furs. They would split the profits. They became partners in May, 1932. I stayed at the ranch, milked and fed the cows, took care of the chickens, sent Leora to school and tended my three little ones. With Al gone, I didn't sleep much, so to keep busy that winter, I made five quilts for my family. My mother and Grandma Hopkins came out to see us on Esther's second birthday. The quilt we did that day was a star quilt. We called it Esther's quilt. She still had it when she was married. I also taught Leora and Marva to do the blanket stitch embroidery around some sunbonnet babies on quilt blocks and Marva put some of them in a quilt top for her wedding.

The first of May arrived. Money was hard to get. The T.V. show "The Waltons" reminds me of those days, only we didn't have a home. Al's Uncle Will always came to Al when he needed help. So with Al on the road, he came to me. He and his sister had moved to town into her house so as to have close neighbors. They lived by Grandpa and Grandma Hopkins. One day he asked me to come out and bottle some fruit for them. He told me if Al could move his house to town, he would give it to me. It was a three-room house on the corner where Monsanto's slag pile is now. (1980). The next time Al was home, I told him what Uncle Will had said. Al talked to Dave McClain about Uncle Thomas Hopkins' home and found the mortgage was bigger than we could handle. Then, Mr. McClain told Al if he would pay for the closing of the mortgage, we could have the corral and barn. With work, it was a place to put the three room house.

I used to take care of Al's Aunt Eliza and Uncle Will. They were brother and sister. I would do their washing and go clean their house about once a week. I also did any sewing Aunt Eliza needed me to do. When the house became infested with bed bugs, I fumigated and had them stay at Grandma Hopkins' for the day. As Aunt Eliza grew older, she would sometimes wander away from home, and it was up to me and the children to find her and take her back home. Several years after Aunt Eliza had died, Uncle Will was hit by a car and spent the Christmas holidays in the hospital. When he was released, he spent a couple of weeks living with us before he was well enough to return to his home. Al was the oldest son in his family, and his aunts and uncles didn't have any family to take care of them, so he inherited the responsibility of arranging funerals and providing any assistance they needed while they were alive. Al's mother said we could live in the two front rooms of her house for the summer. I packed what we needed and that was put at Grandma's. Anything we could get along without was put in the barn.

That summer we had a hurricane so strong it took both Grandma and me to hold the front door shut during the peak of the storm. Finally, we got it braced. I could hear Esther crying upstairs, so I went to see what the trouble was. The wind had blown out the window near where Esther had been asleep, getting glass all over the bed. The glass was even inside her clothing and had cut her a little but not badly. When Al had a few spare hours, he was digging the basement to put Uncle Will's house on. Marva was up watching her father when the hurricane hit. He had her get in the pickup when the wind started so violently. After he put the horses, which he had been using to pull the slip to dig the basement, in the barn, he brought her home. After Esther was happy, I wanted to go find Marva, but Grandma said that Al would have her. He brought her down in the truck about the time I reached the front gate. Then he went to town to do books with Louie Goldstein.

After the storm subsided, Al came back from town to check on us and take us around town to see the damage the wind had done. The wind had blown the roof completely off the City Transfer and Storage warehouse and torn the shingles off the south side of the L.D.S. Church on Hooper Avenue. The house we were going to move to town was turned kitty-corner on its foundation

and the front window was blown out. Outhouses and other small building were moved, tipped over, or wrecked. The chicken coop just north of where we were digging our basement was completely blown away with 150 chickens inside. It belonged to a widow. The storm did not last long, but it left ruin and destruction where it went. There were seven big willow trees standing on our lot. The lightning hit the one on the north and split it right down the middle. Other trees in town were uprooted completely, or enough that the sidewalks all over town were cracked and heaved up. Telephone lines and power lines were down, and things were really a mess. It was quite a summer. I weeded and watered the garden to help Grandma Hopkins. I helped bottle the vegetables to show appreciation for sharing the house while mine was getting moved into town. I tried to keep my children out of mischief.

If I did a favor for Grandpa Hopkins, like give him a piece of cake or pie, Grandma would be offended. If he brought me some coal or kindling, she would yell at him. If Al returned home late in the evening and we talked about his trip and about how his business was, I never had to repeat anything he told me. His mother already knew. There was just a door between our bed and her kitchen. As summer wore on, misunderstandings and problems kept arising. After one very bad day, Al came home from a trip to Wyoming. I told him I had to get out of that house if I had to move into a tent.

Fr. Frank Shufeldt helped build the basement. Then Al had Herb Allenback move the house in and put it on the basement. Then Mr. Shufeldt put a bathroom in where there had been a closet and a pantry. The house was not quite ready for occupancy when I decided I needed to move. But when we looked at the house, I told Al I'd get by. Al found a cook stove for \$25.00. He bought a water tank and the plumber, Mr. Cross, hooked it to the cook stove. Al had a table out in his homestead house. There was a bedstead and organ in the house that belonged to Uncle Will's deceased wife. We had a day bed, piano, trunk, and a cedar chest, also a bench that Marva's bassinet had set on. We were moved in on October 1, 1932. I was very happy to be home in a house of my own.

I continued to do washing, sewing, and cleaning for Uncle Will and Aunt Eliza. Even though Aunt Eliza was feeble in some ways, she was strong physically. One day when we had her staying at Grandma's while I fumigated, Grandma stepped out of the room where they had been visiting. Aunt Eliza decided to go home. I had nailed the door shut so no one would go in for several hours. Aunt Eliza just pulled the nail out with her bare hand and went in. We quickly brought her back out and watched her more closely. She died October 23, 1937. Al was on the road most of the time buying hides, furs, and pelts. He was also doing some sheep business. I was usually alone with the children.

On 29 September, 1933, we were blessed with another beautiful daughter. When her delivery time came, I had the children go visit Grandma Hopkins. When they returned, they met their new baby sister, Phyllis. At Thanksgiving time, Al had to go to Wyoming on business. He took me and the children to Bancroft so we could visit at Mother's for the holidays. He had not been gone long when Phyllis started fussing. By late evening we still could not get her to settle down to sleep. She wouldn't quit crying so anyone could rest. I asked my brother Elden if he would please bring us home. As I turned on the light, she opened her eyes, looked around the room, and went to sleep. She slept in her own bed for 24 hours without even waking up to eat. Don't tell me babies don't have a mind of their own or can't understand. She was just two months old.

Al came in from his trips a lot of the time after the children were asleep. If, by chance, he came back early enough for them to see him, they would cheer to the top of their voices. With their daddy gone so much, the children and I worked together, studying or playing – depending on the day. One cold winter evening, a blizzard was raging outside. At times we could not see across

the street. I was reading a story to them as they sat in a circle around the heater when it seemed that my blood had stopped circulating in my veins. I did not want the children to panic, so I ended the story and put them to bed. I was doing my best to keep control of my feelings. I knew Al was out in that storm. After prayers were said and the children were asleep, I called his hotel in Kemmerer, Wyoming, only to find he had checked out earlier to go to Big Piney. I then tried to call Mr. Booth, one of Al's buyers, about halfway between Kemmerer and Big Piney. The operator said, "Is it an emergency?" "No," I replied. "It would be impossible for me to send a message to his house in this storm. Can you wait until morning?" She asked. I told her I would wait. Shortly after midnight, Phyllis awoke. While I was nursing her, I relaxed enough to go to sleep. When I awoke, I felt sure Al had been rescued out of the storm. My prayers had been answered.

When he called the next day, I learned the time I went to sleep was about the time they arrived at the Opal Wyoming Hotel. The State of Wyoming was notified that a couple was trying to get their sick child to a doctor. The state supervisor went with the man on the snowplow. They rescued 33 people that night. Al was one of them. There were also six mail carriers who would not have lasted much longer if they hadn't been rescued when they were. During the winter of 1933-34, Al was marooned three different times in blizzards. Each time I had ESP and knew he was in trouble. I would gather the children around the heater and tell them stories so they would be able to go to sleep, and then I would pray and worry. Every night, when he would get out of trouble, I would relax and be able to go to sleep.

I had a hernia since I was a small girl. Mother just thought I was looking for sympathy to get out of work. By now, it was so bad some days it was hard to stand long enough to do the work. Dr. Kackley suggested surgery. I was to be in the hospital 11 October 1934 at 6:30 a.m. I had promised the Relief Society president I would have Relief Society here at my home and teach the ladies to weave a rug that day. There were 33 ladies present to that meeting. My brother brought Mother up to take care of the children while I was to be in the hospital. She was rather surprised to see so many people here when she came. I was in surgery early the next morning, October 12th. They kept me in the hospital for two weeks. *This was a double operation. The left side was OK, but the right side did not hold.* The day I came home, Loyal and a friend, Max Weaver, were playing outdoors. His friend said, "You're not big enough to throw this toy car onto the porch." Loyal threw the toy, but it didn't stop on the porch – it came through the window and lit beside me. I thought I had been shot. Ha.

Marva Speaking: *(She was always ready and willing to stop everything for a child or anyone to answer a question or show them how to do something. She always had patience when a child didn't understand something. However, she confessed that when Phyllis was at the crying age that she was so busy that she didn't have enough patience for her whining like she should have had.)*

In February, 1935, Al had to go to Eden, Idaho to check the sheep to see how much feed they had. He asked me to ride with him to Rupert and visit with my brother Fred and his family. We left Leora, Marva, and Loyal so they could go to school. We took Esther and Phyllis with us. One day after another passed. We were there five days instead of just overnight. The sheep had to be moved to another farm for more feed. That is sheep business. The little girls had fun with their cousins, but I wondered how the school children were getting along. With Grandma Hopkins' help, they did fine. That summer, Al and Mr. Goldstein were working in the hide house at Bancroft and found a good bedstead. Knowing we were short of beds, they brought it up to me. I did a scrub job on it and put up in the basement. Then I moved the children's beds down to the basement so they didn't have to sleep in the front room. That bad part was they had to go outdoors to go the basement. Next, we bought new floor covering for the front room and a

dining room set so we didn't have to eat in the kitchen. We brought it home from Logan in the hearse after we delivered a corpse for the mortician.

In October 1935, I helped move my parents to Logan, Utah where they could do temple work. They lived across the street north and east of the temple – the second house east of the hospital. I bought my first new kitchen table at that time. My parents rented a house from Mr. Hyde. On 18 November, 1935, Al's Uncle Tom died. Al was out of town so I had to make all the funeral arrangements. By the time the funeral was over, I felt it was past time for my next baby to be born. On 21 November, 1935, our second son, Clifford, came to brighten our home. We almost lost him. I was awakening from the anesthetic before Dr. Tigert got him to start to breathe. He was so white, he didn't look like he had any red blood in him.

He was just a week old when it was Thanksgiving. The doctor had not let me off the bed yet. Aunt Edith and Uncle Walt Ford came to see their new nephew. During the afternoon, Uncle Walt and Al got Marva to put on the boxing gloves with Loyal. They cheered them on until I threatened to get out of bed if they did not stop the boxing. Marva was so exhausted she went to the basement, out of sight, and had a good cry. Loyal came into me and said he didn't feel good. The next morning he was all broke out with a rash. I called the doctor. He came and said Loyal had scarlet fever. We were put in Quarantine. Al wasn't home so he was quarantined out. My mother was still with us. Just three days later, Olester called to say his baby was sick and could Mother go to Bancroft. We fumigated Mother so she could leave.

I was still pretty shaky, but with the help of the children, we managed. It surely didn't seem like Christmas without Al. He saw the Santa came. On Christmas Even, Al came to the house with the children's Christmas gifts after they were asleep. Then, because he couldn't come home, he went to Salt Lake City on business. I could certainly sympathize with women and children that didn't have a daddy. On New Years Day, the doctor said we could fumigate and get out. We burned sulfur, scrubbed, cleaned, and washed everything. The next morning, Phyllis broke out. We were still living in a three-room house – the six children and I. Al was finally able to come home the middle of January, 1936. The children started back to school, also.

In September, 1936, my father and mother were planning their golden wedding. As I prepared to go to it, getting clothes ready for the six children and us, I noticed the flowers in the yard were beautiful. As I gathered the clothes from the line, I thought, "The 14th of September and no frost. I'll get up extra early in the morning and pick a nice basket of flowers to take with us." Well, the next morning they were frozen to a crisp, so we went without flowers. The children and I went to the Beehive House in Logan and joined the rest of the Tolman family. The 16th of September, their wedding day, Father, Mother, all ten of their children and most of their companions went through the Logan Temple. We made up the prayer circle. Next, we went to have our pictures taken; then we went back up Logan Canyon where our children were. Clifford was a good baby but not active. If I set him on a chair, he would just sit quietly until I moved him. If I set him on the floor, he would not reach far enough to tip over, nor would he try to creep. I knew creeping was good for his back. I could not help but worry for fear he had a back injury at birth. I prayed almost continually for him.

I was not feeling well at all. The doctor thought I needed a rest from the children so he put me in the hospital. Two days later, he was making his morning rounds and expected me to be feeling fine. But I was so bad I told him I just didn't care whether I lived or not. He took some tests, and shortly they took me to the operating room for an appendectomy. Then I recovered. The winter of 1937 brought more sickness. Al was gone from home so much. He not only bought furs and pelts, but he and Louis were buying yearling ewes, running them a year, then selling

them. So now he had two sets of bookkeeping to do. This was done at the Ender's Hotel in Louie's room.

In January, Marva, Loyal, and Esther had strep throat infection so bad it seemed I just got one stopped choking then one of the others would choke. For about two weeks I did not dare go to sleep for fear I would not hear them. Al had to go to Salt Lake City for a load of salt. He stopped in Logan to say "Hello" to my parents and see if Mother could come back with him the next day. Alma Moser of Bancroft was there at the time. He said he would bring Mother up right then and she would not have to ride in the big truck. When she arrived a day earlier than I expected, I was so tired I was in tears. I was surely relieved and thankful to have a good nurse with them. She mixed her home remedy of turpentine, mentholatum, and oil to rub them with. Then she mixed lemon juice, honey, and butter to cut the mucus in their throats. In a few days they were up playing and ready for school. The doctor had visited three times before and I had given them the medicine as he had told me to do, but they didn't get relief like they had from Mother's home remedies. We were still living in this three-room house with the children sleeping in the basement. When they got sick two weeks earlier, I had made a bed in the front room for them where it was warm. On the evening of 16 March 1937, as Leora was putting up her hair for high school the next day, she said, "Guess I'll have the mumps tomorrow." I said, "You better not." The next morning, sure enough, she had mumps. She sure had a big jaw. Then Loyal and Phyllis got them. They were just back in school a little while when Loyal, Esther and Phyllis had the measles. Marva seemed to be running a fever but didn't break out in a rash so I took her to Dr. Kackley. After he examined her, he said, "If she was my girl, I'd have her appendix taken out." My heart skipped a few beats. I thought, "What next?" Dr. Kackley asked, "Where is Al?" I replied, "Out on the desert with the sheep." She had been sick so much I asked, "When do you want to operate?" "In the morning," He answered. I took Marva up to the hospital and got her a room. Needless to say, I didn't sleep much that night. I felt I had almost more than I could stand. I was back to the hospital the next morning before they took her in for surgery. She was so frail I didn't try to send her back to school for the remainder of that school year.

Marva speaking: (Mother knew the value of a good education. She had skipped the fifth grade and knew the drawbacks from that. She refused to let us advance when we were not ready, either. The year I was so sick and didn't have enough days in school to pass, she also kept Loyal back. She knew we could both do well if we had some extra time. She oversaw our homework faithfully the next year or two until we gained the confidence we needed to succeed. She knew there were ineffective teachers as well as good ones. Rather than talk against the teachers, she would try to work with them. She served in the P.T.A. for many years and helped raise money for the school's first band uniforms, which cost \$100.00 each. She served as president and also as secretary.)

When the children were all well again, I bought 100 baby chicks. They arrived too late in the evening for me to put them in the barn, so I left them in their box in the kitchen. The next morning I arose early to check on the chickens. I got out to the kitchen and everything went black. I hung onto a chair for a while, and as it stayed dark, I decided to lie down and see if that would help. I felt my way back to the bed by touching the wall. After I lay down, my vision cleared, but every time I tried to get up, everything went black. I had the mumps. Clifford had started walking by now. The children were not used to keeping him out of mischief. He was quiet but busy. While I was still down, he was playing with the stove poker and went into the bathroom. Before I could call one of the girls to investigate, he broke the bottom out of the toilet.

After school ended and we had the garden planted, I felt it was time to do something about getting some heat in the basement before another winter. I felt that if it were warmer, they

wouldn't be sick so much. When I asked Al, he just said, "Wait until the rush is over." In his business, the rush was never over. He bought hides and pelts the year around. At first, Louie and Al had a hide house down at Bancroft. On 30 September 1937, they obtained the A.J. Knowlin barn and used it to keep their hides and pelts in. The building was located just west of the Hooper Elementary school. By this time we were also in the sheep business. To start with they just bought and sold sheep, but then they bought a band of sheep and wintered them in Eden, Idaho. They would drive them across the desert and Indian Reservation every spring and every fall. They would lamb the ewes out at the Coral Creek country, and then July 1st they would move them onto the forest reserve up Sulfur Canyon. Every spring there was shearing to be done and every fall he was busy buying more lambs. It seemed like Al was spending more time away all the time. He no more arrived at home when Louie called for something.

Sometimes I felt like, "If only Al would spend just one night home." One day I asked him to repair the gate in the calf pasture. He said, "If you can't take care of this place, I can darn soon sell it." Well, I bit my tongue and went to work. I sure felt all alone, except for the children. I contacted Mr. Shufeldt to see if he could build a chimney from the basement up the present one. I also asked about putting some partitions in the basement to separate it into rooms. We were using curtains, which I thought was a fire hazard. Mother and Father came to see us. It was time to get dinner as Al would be home that day. He came before I had dinner ready. While he was visiting with Mother and Father, she talked him into putting three bedrooms on the north side of the house instead of the basement. Well, to do this, the roof had to come off. When they put the new roof on, steep enough so the snow would slide off, I said, "All that space is not going to be empty. We will put bedrooms up there." Mr. Shufeldt said it couldn't be done. There was no place for the stairs. This was quitting time on Friday. When he came back on Monday, I told him where the stairs would fit.

My brother, Elden, and Al's brother, Ernest, came to help take off the old roof and do what other work Al had for them. Clifford didn't have anything to say, but he sure watched what the fellows were doing. If Mr. Shufeldt laid down one of his books, the next time he wanted it, we had to go find Clifford. Clifford watched Mr. Shufeldt build a new step for the front door. He made it out of 2x4 boards. Mr. Shufeldt reached for his saw – it had walked off. I went to find Clifford as he would not answer. I found him on the new step, sitting with one foot on each side of the saw. He had sawed 1 ½ inches through the south side of the step. One day, to keep the hammer from Clifford, Mr. Shufeldt put it on top of the ladder. Later, he bumped the ladder accidentally, and the hammer fell down and hit him on the head. He said he couldn't win for losing. When he was varnishing the woodwork, he put his brushes in water while he went to lunch. By the time I had dinner on the table, Clifford was missing. I found him in my bedroom painting the new plaster with the varnish brushes. Marva appointed herself as the carpenter's helper. If I wanted her help, I would find her nailing up lath or helping where she could. Proving she still liked high places, she helped shingle the roof. She liked the excitement rather than washing vegetables for winter.

When the house was finished in 1938, Al declared a holiday. He felt like getting away for a while. We left five of the children with Grandma Tolman and took Leora, June and Virginia Panting with us and went to Yellowstone Park by way of Wilson's at Big Piney, Wyoming. We had a delightful ten days. I was sure glad to get back to my children.

On 22 February 1939, a beautiful little six-pound, auburn-haired girl came to bless our home. However, she was born in the hospital – the only one in the family. Dr. Tigert came to the house and after an examination he said, "There is some trouble. It would be better for both you and the baby if you were in the hospital." I answered, "Al is in town. If you will tell him on the way to the hospital, he can take me there." It was not a pleasant stay there as they had a man in a room

across the hall that had D.T. (Alcohol induced hallucinations.) That made me nervous to go to sleep. The nurse was having trouble with that fellow so Al went across the hall to help her. Mr. Turner was tied down with his hands cuffed to the bed. But when the nurse had to go and get something, he slid down in the bed far enough to reach up and grab Al in the back. When Al told me about it the next day, he said, "I was sure Satan had me." I was glad when on the ninth day the doctor said Fern and I could go home. While I was in the hospital with Fern, my oldest sister, Vinnie, was here with her children. Her son Rupert had his wife Ruth in the hospital with a bad heart. The next year on 8 June 1940, Ruth gave birth to a baby girl and the next day both Ruth and the baby died.

April 1939. We joined six other couples and played Pinochle once a week. One Friday night we went to a dance. After the dance we went down to Norstrom's for eats. Everyone was having fun. All of a sudden I felt like I was needed at home. We had not had our eats, but I could not overcome the feeling, so I told Al he could stay, but I was going home to check on the children. He was very put out with me. It was only one block from home, so I told him I would walk. He came with me, but never let me forget I spoiled his fun. The girls had gone to sleep, thinking we would soon be home. Fern had awakened crying and couldn't waken them. She had cried and got the covers over her head. She was wet with sweat and could hardly be heard. I knew this was what the warning I had was for. Marva Speaking: *(Mama had been told in her Patriarchal Blessing that she would be a "Mother in Israel." All her children will testify that she was. She taught us the gospel and how to overcome temptation through stories, songs, etc. She taught us to be honest, to not swear or take the name of the Lord in vain, and to stand for right. She desired for us to excel in school so we would like it and she often studied with us. When we had poems to memorize, she would show us how to put expression into our reciting. She recited some poems with so much talent, they became our favorites. Two follow:*

I copied them off just like pie.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Yesterday, Bob Jones, why he threw a piece of chalk at me,
Right in school, and took me square in the ear.
I squealed for fear.

Teacher came to where I sat.
"Bob Jones, did you do that!?"
She said sharp and awful cross.

"Why," said Bob, "I just gave it a toss –
soft, not hard at all
but that big booby had to bawl."

"You're a liar!" I yelled out
'fore I had time to think where I was at.

Teacher, she turned and looked clean through me.
Then she said, "Both of you do just as I tell you to.
Take your books and go and sit with the girls."

I set by Lizzy Smith and, say,
She just looked the other way,
Like she didn't notice me.
That was just at first.
I don't blame her cause you see,
All the girls laughed
And the boys giggled
And made kissing noises with their mouths.
But after while, Lizzy, she began to smile,
And then gave a quick little shove with her arithmetic
Towards me. There was all the examples all worked out.

Lizzy had an apple there
And when she made me swear
Not to tell, she gave me some
And showed me where she kept her gum.
Guess I know what's meant by Capital Punishment.

A SMACK IN SCHOOL

A village school, one winter's day
In Berkshire Hills not far away
Was humming with its wanted noise
Of thee-score mingled girls and boys.

Then while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy book
When suddenly behind his back
Rose loud and clear – a rousing smack,
As 't were a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss.

"What's that!" the startled master cried.
"That there," a little imp replied,
"Was William Willet, if you please,
I saw him kiss Suzanna Smith."

With frown supposed and whip upraised
The master shouted "Hither Will!"

Like wretched or taken in his track
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame

And to the awful presence came
The great green bashful simpleton
The butt of all good natured fun.

“I’m ashamed. What evil genius put you to it?”

“T’was she herself, Sir,” sobbed the lad

“I didn’t mean to be so bad.
But when Suzanna shook her curls
And whispered I was afraid of girls,
Boo hoo,
I thought she kinda wished me to.”
--Author unknown.

(She put life into “Lil’ Orphan Annie,” “Old Ironsides”, “The Village Blacksmith,” and others. Whenever we were assigned to memorize poetry in school, Mother had us learn it with dynamics to make it special. Esther became good with readings and was asked to give them often.)

THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP

- by Helen Steiner Rice

Friendship is a priceless gift that cannot be bought or sold,
But its value is far greater than a mountain made of gold—
For gold is cold and lifeless, it can neither see nor hear,
And in the time of trouble it is powerless to cheer –
It has no ears to listen, no heart to understand,
It cannot bring you comfort or reach a helping hand—
So when you ask God for a gift, be thankful if he sends not
Diamond, pearls, or riches, but the love of real true friends.

In the summer, along with other activities, Mother taught 4-H Club sewing and cooking. If there was a girl who wasn’t allowed to work at home using her mother’s sewing machine or stove, Mother helped them at our home along with us. She wanted us to learn to do our best, and we usually received blue ribbons at the Caribou County Fair. Loyal also won a blue ribbon with his Hereford calf.

Our home was also a welcome haven to our friends also. One winter she had Dora Romero, a friend of Leora’s who didn’t have a mother, live at our house. When Dora and Leora were doing some embroidery work one wintry day, the stencil of two kittens for the pillow top did not transfer clearly. Mother took a pencil and drew the kittens for them. One kitten looked so innocent and the other so mischievous we all laughed and thought she was clever and artistic. Dora looked to Mother as a mother she needed and loved.

Mother also befriended the neighborhood children, and some, like Larry James, looked to her as his second mother, even though he had a living mother.

Mother set us a good example of industry with love. She raised a big beautiful garden and did so much bottling of vegetables from it and fruit where she could pick it, that the grocer expressed surprise at the small amount of groceries she purchased. When we would complain about all the work there was to do, she would tell us it would taste better next winter than snowballs to eat. One of our heifer calves was born on a cold night of winter and nearly froze. We named her snowball. Years later we killed her for beef. Esther said, “Well, Mother always told us to help so we wouldn’t have to live on snowballs come winter, but alas, we are eating Snowball!” We were taught to have a year’s supply of food ahead, and it kept us from going hungry. It also gave us high quality food for less money.

I have many good neighbors and friends such as Hannah Smart, Madge Panting, Evelyn Thirkill, Hazel Ozburn, and many others. By the time Fern was born, I had a neighbor, Jenny Hogan, that was a dear friend to me. She was like a godmother to Fern. We seemed to have many things in common and enjoyed doing many things together. She had two daughters – Betty who was about Loyal’s age and Lujean, two years younger.

Her husband had an alcohol problem, which was solved when they moved to a ranch where he took care of dairy cattle. I really missed her when she moved.

When Fern was about eighteen months old, I asked them if they could take care of things a few days while I went to Boise with my folks and Eldon, my brother. We visited Elnora, Nancy, and others up there. On the way home, Eldon was driving when a car crowded him off the road where the shoulder was soft because it was sandy. The back wheel hit the cement abutment over a culvert, and we rolled a couple of times. I yelled, "Turn off the ignition!" He did. The car lit on its side with father on his head. We could not change his position. Eldon, Urilla, and I crawled out the window and got help from a passing motorist to get the car back on its wheels. Then we sent Mother and Father to a hospital with one car. Mother had a bad cut on her left temple. Father had come down on his head so hard, his head was knocked between his shoulders so he suffered with neck problems the rest of his life. They were examined and released. They could do nothing for father's neck. The next day we brought Father and Mother on to my place where they stayed to recuperate for a week or two. Marva had taken good care of Fern, and Leora had managed the house while I had been gone.

About this time, Loyal started to limp. Al took him to Salt Lake City to the doctors there to find out what the trouble was. They wanted to put his leg in a cast because he had honeycomb of the hip. Al didn't like the sounds of that, so he brought him back home and took him to Dr. Evan Kackley. Dr. Kackley put him on crutches for the summer. He was to take extra calcium and not put his weight on that leg because his leg bone was pushing into the hip and it needed time to build and heal. He had to be careful with it for about six years before he could join in sports. He spent his time building model airplanes and playing checkers with anyone who came to the house and would play with him. He usually won at checkers. Before the summer was over, he had learned to run faster on his crutches than the girls could. He enjoyed being active, even on crutches.

Al served on the school board for one four-year term. One night in the spring of 1941, Al left the band of sheep on the trail near the Blackfoot river for the sheep herders to take care of while he came into a school board meeting. On that moonlit night, a white dog from the Walker Ranch came to see the sheep and scared the whole band down a lava crack on the bank of the Blackfoot river. We lost a band of sheep, just while Al attended a School Board meeting! Eight hundred out of the thousand were killed. It was the prettiest herd we had ever owned. They were all yearlings, and they all looked alike. The first ones that hit the rocks hit so hard their heads were bashed right into their bodies – you couldn't tell they had ever had heads. Men pulled the dead sheep out with a pulley fixed on the back end of a Ford Truck. Then the men pulled the wool off until the sheep got to stinking too badly. They had been pulling the wool off for three or four days when they found two hundred still alive that lit on the other sheep and still were where they could get air. They hued the rocked out and made a path up the ledge so they could get out. When these 200 came out of the shearing corral, they were so pretty. They looked like they had just been given a Marcel – a waved hair-do.

Dad leased the Fox Ranch in 1941, and it opened up a new era for the family. In the spring, as early as the road was barely passable, we would go out to the ranch on Saturday to get ready to make the house livable. Mother had the same pioneering spirit with that that she did with everything she did. We would go out so early in the morning the road was frozen, and even though it was rough, we had no trouble getting there. The house we lived in during the summer had been occupied by rats and mice so long, it was a mess to clean. One corner of the hall had a rotten log which allowed the hill behind it to come in so we had to haul that dirt out, also. This house did have running water and a modern bathroom. The hot water was heated by the kitchen cook stove. There was no electricity, so we used coal oil lamps and we had one gas lantern. The kitchen floor had settled into the shape of the hill it sat upon. We had to climb up a two-foot hill to go from the northwest corner of the kitchen to the southeast corner where the table and stove set. We kept everything possible up the hill so we didn't have to climb so much. The table was in quite a level place and on the east wall we had another cupboard. Our kitchen sink was also up the hill in the northeast corner.

When we cleaned all we could and it was time to go home to milk the cow, we would start home. The road had thawed and was really a muddy mess. It was seldom traveled, and Dad was usually gone to the sheep, so Mother knew it was all up to us to get ourselves home. The last hill before we reached the highway above the river was long and it seemed bottomless after the thaw of the day. Mother would drive up as far as she could, then back up and try again. About the third time up, Loyal Esther, and I, Marva, would get out in the mud, and when Mother would drive up the next time as fast as she could make the old car go in the same track, we would jump on the back bumper so she would have more traction. Then when that didn't help, we would push the car on up to the top. We would have mud up to our knees by now, but we would get into the car for the rest of the ride home. We knew we could shower at home and the mud could be washed off. Mother never complained about the hard work, and so we kids looked to our ranch life as a fun adventure. Our family was together.

Mother was a good cook and planned the menus so she only went to town once a week. The day she went to town, one of us girls would stay in from the field and do the cooking and kitchen work. With no telephone, no meetings or anything to go to, and everyone home, meals were always on schedule – breakfast at 7 a.m., dinner at 12 noon, and supper at 6 p.m. We always came in to dinner at noon and returned to the field at 1 p.m. so we girls could hurry and help do the dishes before we returned to the field. At night after the dishes were done, we had an hour or two to sit and read, or visit, or horseback ride. We could also do embroidering or other handwork but everything was relaxed. No pressure to rush and with no electricity, the coal oil lamp didn't encourage us to stay up late. We usually went to bed with the chickens. We were well rested to start the day when the sun awoke us the next morning.

The first summer we were there, the squirrels were so thick Loyal took his bow and arrow or a sling-shot and killed 33 in one day right in the yard where the house was. He had to cut their tails off to prove he had killed them to dad. We enjoyed being together, and enjoyed laughing together. We made our own entertainment signing, telling stories, or reciting poetry. We enjoyed the scenery, watched deer across the river on the hills and fished in the river. We also picked wild berries in the hills around Soda. Most wild berries grew right on the ranch. We could ride our horses to pick them when we were not busy haying. The day Mother would go to town, she would do the washing, weed and water the garden, shop for groceries, and clean the house in town all in one day. Often she took one of us to help her. Life at the Fox Ranch was more like Mother and Dad had enjoyed when they were first married, and it was fun for all of us. Mother especially cherished having us all together with time to visit and enjoy each other's company.

Someone was hired to stay at the ranch all the time in another house, so we went out to see them or take them supplies quite often. In the winter we enjoyed some weekend sleigh riding down a long hill on the road south of the house. Sometimes in the spring or summer we would go out and care for things while the hired people had a vacation. The first year, Leora and her husband, Dail, stayed there and we took their Christmas to them on our backs on skis. Mother would let us older kids take the responsibility of relieving the help at the ranch. She kept things going for us in town. She worried that Dad was doing too much to improve things on the ranch when he paid to have some willows removed. She said it would make it so much more valuable that Fox might not sell it to us after the five years. She felt bad when her prediction came true.

On 6 October 1942, my father had a prostate operation that was cancerous. My home was always open to folks who had loved ones in the hospital. We always had plenty of food and good beds to sleep on. My brothers and sisters took turns staying with Father through his last weeks. He just drank ice water and passed away on 20 October 1942. He was buried in Bountiful, Utah, after a lovely funeral in Bancroft, Idaho. My father was a non-judgmental person. He always seemed to understand me, when no one else did. I am glad I will know him again in the next life. I love him.

Al's father was hit by a freight train when he went down to get his saw sharpened 26 April 1943. It was just six months from the time Papa had passed away. He used to read to his brother, Will. He also would come to my house and churn our cream so he could have a drink of buttermilk. The train killed him instantly.

Mother always did everything she could to help Daddy in his business. She cooked for hired men, herded sheep, cleaned dirty sheep camps, did the herders' washing and put a meal on for extra people with no more than an hour's notice. After Fern was born, Mother tried to go more and more with Daddy. We children learned responsibility as we cared for things without Mother's supervision. We knew Mother needed to be with daddy.

Leora married Dail Sibbitt 30 September 1941. Their first baby, Ann was born 19 June, 1942, at Soda Springs, Idaho. They lived at the ranch and worked for us during Ann's first year. Ann was a beautiful, happy good-natured baby. We called her "Bubbles" because she blew bubbles a lot when she was teething. They moved to Shelley in 1943 to help Dail's Grandpa Hansen. Carl and Lucy Hayes moved into the ranch house and cared for things. Carl seemed to be a natural-born rancher. They had a son named David, who was about two years old.

In the spring of 1944, Mother went to take supplies out to the lambing camp. She got stuck and had to melt snow to put in the radiator at Steadman's camp. She had to stay at camp all night and missed Marva's Seminary Graduation. When Clifford was in the second grade, she was surprised that he did not know how to read near the end of the year. She just took him out of school and took him to the lambing camp with her and taught him how to read. She had him repeat the second grade the next year and he was able to do better. She had seen the rewards of slowing her children in school enough for them to get an understanding - Marva had graduated Valedictorian from High School and Loyal had straight A's as a senior.

Not only did we learn to cook, sew, mend, and clean around home, but we also learned to paint and paper walls. We did our own and also Grandma Hopkins'. We learned to plant, weed, and harvest our garden, as well as help herd and shear the sheep and work in the hay fields. Along with the work, she saw that we learned to swim by taking us to Lava often. She introduced us to Chinese and Mexican foods at café's when we traveled. When we attended the family reunions away from home, she took us to points of interest in the area. For instance, we went up to the dome of the state capital and took a tour of the building with a guide while in Boise.

Mama did not enjoy very good health because of hernias. She worked harder than most people anyway. Not only did she have a beautiful garden and yard, but she either baked the bread herself or directed us to do it. Because of her large family, she felt it was an economic necessity to bake things from "scratch." Mama made most of our clothes for us when we were little. Then she knit when she helped us study. Many hours were spent knitting our warm woolen mittens. She also made sweaters for us when she went in the truck with Daddy. She made a crocheted bedspread and a lace tablecloth while cooking for the lambing-camp men. Daddy's uncle Will died 23 February 1945. That meant one less person to clean, cook, and wash for. He was the last member of his family. In 1945, she had another hernia operation. This time she went to Pocatello and the doctor took the muscle covering from her thigh and put it in her side to see if it would hold. She was in the St. Anthony Hospital in Pocatello. The operation was a success until she slipped on an icy road the next year and fell backwards. Then it tore out again.

Al had a gall stone attack about 8 March 1953, on his way home from the sheep. He was operated on for three hours and had drain tubes in him for the next three weeks. Much of the time he was delirious. The drain tubes plugged and his condition seemed to worsen so the doctor sent him by ambulance to Salt Lake City. There was a blizzard raging and the ambulance driver got lost near Preston and went straight south. The road was very rough and by the time he returned to the highway, the drain tubes had unplugged. He arrived in Salt Lake City on Saturday and couldn't see a doctor until Monday. All they would give him to eat was water until he saw a doctor. His liver had been abscessed before but by the time he saw a doctor Monday, things had improved. The rough ride probably saved his life. He was sent home the following Friday. He sold out of the sheep business that fall. He had lost the Fox Ranch in 1946 and bought a section of ground west of the Blackfoot River. Then, on 9 November 1948, he dissolved his partnership with Louie Goldstein. In 1948, Al bought the City Transfer and Storage in Partnership with Roy and Bill Corbett and managed it for the next 19 years.

In March of 1954, Dad and Mother took a trip to Florida. She made a diary of their trip. She was there for her 50th birthday and had a good time. They took Dad's kid brother, Tom Thompson and his mother with them. The summer of 1954, we took out the partitions between the two bedrooms on the main floor of our home and added a double car garage on the north. After her third hernia operation on her right side had torn out, some doctors told her that she would probably have to go to a wheel chair. She didn't like the thought of that, so she took up quilting. She stayed on the back side of the quilt so she had an excuse to not get up to wait on anyone. Ann came to live with her about that time because her parents divorced and she didn't want to choose sides. Ann could often prepare the meals and wait on her grandpa while her grandma was quilting. Ann worked for others, however, and she married R.J. Evans her junior year of high school, 20 August 1959.

Mother believed in being an active member of any group to which she belonged. When Clifford went into the Army in 1959, Mother became a member of the War Mother's organization. She served actively. She felt this organization had a worthy cause because it promoted patriotism among the young people by giving awards for themes written about America, such as, "My American Heritage," "What America Means To Me," etc. The Mothers had one thing in common – they all had children in the armed services of the United States. My mother became a member in March 1959. In April she was the Carnation Chairman. By November that year, she was the Vice-President for Caribou County Chapter 19. In January 1960 she was the recording secretary and that year she was also chairman of the Christmas party. They had one chapter meeting every month except August. By January 1962, Mother was the Vice President of the Chapter and went to Burley to the State meeting. Alice Wilson had been the president from the time she became a member until 1964 when Hazel Ozburn became president. In October 1962, Mother became the secretary and in October 1963, as the secretary-treasurer, she went to a state meeting in Twin Falls. Hazel appreciated the good work Mother did in the position and they went together to the state convention at Burley in 1967. This organization made and sent gifts to the Veterans Hospital in Boise so the veterans there would have a gift to give to their wife, Mother, or sweetheart for Mother's Day. They sent money to the mothers-in-charge at the hospital so each veteran could have a birthday cake. They also gave the veterans gifts at Christmas time and made lap robes, bibs, and pajamas as needed at the hospital. Some of the meetings were held at Mother's home to quilt or make lap robes. Sometimes they would make a quilt and sell chances on it to help raise the money for these projects. Mother became president of the chapter here in Caribou County in November 1970 and served in this capacity until November 1973 when Erma Humphreys became president. While president, she attended the state convention in Salmon, Idaho. She attended the state meeting in Malta in 1974 and the state convention in 1975 in Pocatello. She was recording secretary and treasurer in 1975-1976 and under Betty Poulsen from 1977-1979. In 1977 she went to the convention at Jerome. Special rites are given for deceased War Mothers before their funeral by the War Mother's group, and a handkerchief is given for the corpse to hold in her hand. They also made and sold carnations as an organization to help raise money for flowers for the chapel at Boise and the Veterans Day fund to help with the veteran's needs.

Brent Maughan received first prize one year for his theme, "What America Means To Me." While Mother was president, Suzanne Kunz won first prize for her theme, "My American Heritage." In her acceptance talk, when she was elected president of the chapter, she quoted Helen Hayes' mother's advice – "Achievement is the knowledge that you have worked hard and done the best that is in you. Success is being praised by others. Always aim for achievement." Then she read this poem:

LOOK TO THE DAY

*Look to the day with new courage and faith
Trust God to give strength for the way
With a prayer and a smile on your lips all the while
Gladly, gratefully – look to the day.
- Author Unknown*

There are three kinds of people in all Organizations. There are the Rowboats, the Sailboats, and the Steamboats. The Rowboat people always need to be pushed or shoved along, pay their dues when they get ready, want to be notified of meetings, do not attend meetings, pout when they do not get an office. The Sailboat people move along when a favorable wind is blowing; have to be contacted for their dues; do not bother to attend meetings; want to hear what happened at the meeting; Sail in when the organization has something free. But the Steamboat people are always full of steam – move along continuously though calm or storm. They pay their dues on time, take part in all activities, attend all meetings. They are masters of themselves and their surroundings.

Grandmother Tolman often came to visit and stay at Mother's. She enjoyed Mother's big home and the soda water that could be brought to her from Hooper Spring. After she broke her kneecap when she was 90 years old, she came to Mother's and stayed for three months while she convalesced. She enjoyed crocheting as she visited with friends and relatives. She had to use more coarse thread, such as knit crocheen, after she was 90 years old, but she still made beautiful pillowcase lace. On 27 June 1962, Grandmother passed peacefully away in her sleep at her daughter Elnora's, in Boise, Idaho. She was nearly 93 years old.

Dad and Mother were also active in the Farm Bureau Organization and hoped to help preserve freedom through this, too. Representing the Farm Bureau, Mother presented the book "The Naked Communist" the public Library in Soda Springs, Idaho. In March, 1962, she accompanied Susan Torgesen to the fourth annual Youth Power Congress where Susan was named a winner in a "Food for Fitness" competition. Susan entered an elaborate scrapbook and original posters which showed that nutritious food and properly planned meals contribute to good health, poise, and beauty. The trip included two and one-half days of discussion sessions, formal presentations, food industry tours to the National Egg and Poultry Board and General Mills, and workshops showing careers in farming. Mother really believed in the following poem:

SO YOU WANT MORE

You can't just wave a magic wand,
Or buy a gold-egged goose
To get the things of which you're fond.
You simply must produce.

You can't depend on grant and gift
Of money, milk or juice,
To give our way of life a lift.
You simply must produce.

No government can pave your road
With handouts free and loose,
Each one of us must share the load,
So pitch in – and Produce.

You can't sit back and curse your lot,
Or say, "Oh, what's the use?!"
Be thankful for the things you've got.
Do you want more? Produce!"
--Author Unknown

Mother joined the D.U.P (Daughters of the Utah Pioneers) in 1963 and attended the meetings and listened to the lessons with interest. She gave the history of her grandfather, William Lockton Riley, at one meeting. They met once a month. She served as the Chaplain for the Caribou County Chapter from 1976-1979.

On 1 October, 1973, Mother fed Dad dinner as soon as he came in from the farm. It was a wet and rainy year but the harvesting was being done in spite of the weather. Dad said he would go back out to see if he could help with anything after he ate. Later that afternoon she was called and told his truck was headed north, parked by the high school lawn, and he had died instantly from coronary arrest. Some high school boys had found him. She had worried that he might pass out while driving and cause a wreck or not be found for days if his whereabouts weren't known. Now all that worry was past. She had known he hadn't felt well and his diabetes was bad. Suddenly she joined with others who were widows. She appreciated having her home free of debts, and with no other debts she was able to subsist on her social security and a few more land payments she would receive.

In April, 1974, Mother looked like she was carrying a small football under her dress. She went for a check-up and learned she had another hernia. This one was on her upper right side near her naval. Dr. Young operated and said he could tell she had suffered with it for years. After she recovered she was able to work in her yard again, but the arthritis and her hips limited her activity. Now she was more free of pain than she had been since she was six years old. By now, she was well known for her beautiful quilts. They were an artistic outlet for her. She quilted a tricot bedspread for each of her children and started quilting one for each of the grandchildren as fast as they would choose the color of the tricot and the design. She designed quilts with temples on for weddings and a special one for the War Mothers. She made many quilts for other people. When she could not quilt for someone, she would help them put a pattern on their fabric and give them instructions so they could do their own. She taught many people to quilt. One year she was invited to take some of their quilts and go to Sun Valley to teach quilting. Fern went with her, and they had a happy memorable time together. The last quilt she designed had a horse's head, which she freehanded herself, and boots, spurs, horseshoes, a saddle and a cowboy hat. It was for Bruce Giles. She planned to do it when she came home from the hospital from her second hip operation, but strokes which followed the surgery took her life, so her daughters finished it for her.

Mother attended the temple when her children and grandchildren were married. When her grandchildren went to the temple before going on their missions, she went with them. Then she would encourage them to go a few more times with her on temple day before they left for their missions. She could attend five endowment sessions in a day and they would be worn out after just two or three. She said that was the most enjoyable work she did. In 1976 alone she did 363 endowments – the most in the stake that year. In November, 1978, she went to Logan, Utah, and had her left hip replaced. It was a slow painful recovery, but she was patient and able to gain her strength to walk again. She went to the temple whenever anyone would invite her to go. She even enjoyed a special temple tour to Manti, St. George, Mesa, Los Angeles, and Oakland in Septemeber 197?. While on this tour, she visited Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, Hearst Castle and the famous Fisherman's Wharf and Ghiradelli Square. She also traveled by cable car while there at the bay.

Mother's greatest goal seemed to be a "Mother In Israel." She went from one child to another as we needed her help. She was always concerned about each of us children and her grandchildren. In 197? She was nominated Mother of year by her 5th Ward. On 13 February 1980, Mother again entered the Logan Hospital. This time for the replacement of her right hip. They operated 14 February 1980. She went into an electrolyte imbalance on the 16th. She suffered a stroke and started having seizures by the 20th. We took turns staying with her. Phyllis even left Bruce's Spanish class in Old Mexico with Dave and flew home. On the 23rd, her heart and breathing stopped, and we thought she was gone. Then everything started again. The doctor said she would never regain consciousness or know us again. The next morning she knew all of us and was her old self. The next week she seemed to moan a lot as if in pain. The 4th of March she went into a coma. She passed away on 7 March, 1980. Her funeral was held on 10 March 1980. Her family gave the funeral service.

Following is the talk given by Albert B. Christman, Marva's husband, at her funeral.

The Stake Presidency is here, which is tribute to her. I have no reason to believe that Grandma is not here with us. I love her with all my heart – just like my own mother, and she knows that. I'm grateful that she lived long enough to know that. I love her children - of them, I just have to mention one of them. Loyal and I have been associated together nearly as long as Marva and I. The first time I came to Soda and the first night I slept in their home, Loyal and I were bed partners and he kicked me out before the night was over. But soon I got onto his ways and through the years we have been together through thick and thin, good times and bad. I feel that we know each other like a book. I believe that he trusts me and I trust him. He is my true friend. What more can I say? I should mention all of you, and I could tell of great experiences with you all. I appreciate the confidence you place in me to speak at this time. All of you know how hard this is for me to do, but I gain strength knowing your prayers are with me.

Funerals are for the living, so I would like to say some things that may help us to do better. I would like to draw from my experiences and observations based upon the teaching of the Church and Grandma's example. Life is a challenge – especially when we look at the whole or try to fathom it all at once. If, on the other hand, we take one day at a time, most of the time we can handle it. We each individually must meet the challenges and face the test all alone. It helps to have a loved one to give encouragement and pat us on the back when the going gets tough, but we are the authors of our own successes or fate. No one can pass the test of life for us – we must do it alone Grandma has done that. At times it appeared as if she would falter, but her character and integrity would not let her be what she was not. She passed the final test with flying colors. We who are imperfect sometimes have a tendency to judge before the final test is given and quite often judge poorly and incorrectly. We would all be wiser to take the counsel of the Lord – Matthew 7:1-2. Grandma never seemed to vent her judgments, although at times she would become perturbed at others who would not try to succeed. She had no patience with the person not willing to work and work hard to provide for his own. This, at times, may have seemed hard, but she was not exacting anything from anyone that she had not experienced herself and was willing to and still doing herself.

If we are totally honest with others in our dealings with our fellowmen, there is no limit to the trust that people will place in us. Grandma taught her children to tell the truth and to live by what we committed to do. The family knows well the lessons she taught. When we committed to her to do certain things, she held us to those commitments, even though at times it was difficult for her to make us live up to what we said we would do. I feel if she passed on but one principle to her family and friends – this one thing – and we could pass it on to our children, she would be happy. Our word must be as good as our bond. She has left us with a legacy that will take us a lifetime to evaluate.

I have known her for thirty-five years. She came into my life as my own mother passed on. My mother was about the same age as Grandma, and they lived through the same period of time and had like values so when my own mother passed on, it was easy for Grandma to fill the void my mother left. She has filled the void in many, many other lives. Just the other day there was a sweet little lady who is Grandma's senior by several years, who said to me, "Min was just like another mother to me." This is but one expression of love that her friends have expressed to me as they have tried to express their feelings. Everyone seemed to be her very best friend. What is more valuable as one struggles through this mortal life than friends? And how do we get friends? By giving of ourselves. Money cannot buy friends – they must be earned by unselfish service to others. It was King Benjamin who said, "When ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your god." She has definitely been in His service. Why can't we all learn that one lesson? When we follow the leaders of the church we will not go wrong. We will not have regrets and sorrow but will be at peace with ourselves. Two examples: When I was her bishop, she was selected to serve as the secretary to the Primary. I went to her home to talk to her about the position and she started to tell me all the reasons why she could not do it. She said she was too old and too slow to write stories and histories about Primary. There were others who could do it better and on and on. I persisted. Then she said, "You are my Bishop, so if you want me to do it, I will." She did a great job. Another example: She was called to serve as the librarian in the 6th Ward. She was nearly always the first to be over here early Sunday morning doing her work. I would always be in my office just across the hall from her. One morning while we were in the middle of a Ward Priesthood Executive Meeting, we heard loud rapping at the door. It was Grandma calling for help because the large metal file had tipped over and she needed help to right it. I watched her closely there in the library and knew her hip was hurting and more than once asked her to talk to the Bishop, but she just stuck it out – following the leader. I can testify there is no greater example to follow. She has laid up treasures in heaven where 'neither moth nor rust can corrupt.'

You may not forgive me for mentioning a little fault she once had, but I know she will. She had a little cup-of-coffee habit that she thought she could never break, but she did. I can remember very vividly the sessions that I had with her. She would go through all this ritual about how difficult it was to quit and about the terrible headaches the coffee seemed to alleviate. But I would follow her around the house telling her how important it

was that she kick the habit and eventually she did. Now there are some of us with headaches and other aches and pains and ten thousand other reasons why we should not change our ways. She did, and we can! Brothers and sisters, we can do whatever we make up our minds to do. We have her example as well as thousands of others, including the Savior who is the perfect example. I just wish there was time, I could tell so many beautiful things about her and her family. I just have to tell two more experiences: In the fall of 1977, Marva and I decided to take a little trip – we called it our second honeymoon. We thought it would be a great idea if we took her mother along. After all, we had taken Loyal and Esther on our first honeymoon, so why not take Grandma this time. We loaded the camper on that big old pickup and told her our plans. She said, “Oh I can’t do that,” as she packed her bags. She was so happy she was going to get to go to the temple. We went to all the temples as we went south to St. George. She was able to do 177 endowments that year – twenty during our trip. We had a great time. Then just the week before she went to the hospital for her second hip surgery, I was recuperating from my surgery, and we decided to go to Logan, Provo, and Spanish Fork for a few days. I told Marva to invite her mother to go with us. Marva said she didn’t think she would go because she was getting ready to go to the hospital. I said to ask her anyway. Grandma declined but I said to Marva, “I’ll ask her.” So I just went to her door and said, “I’m glad you decided to go with us. We will be over to pick you up shortly.” She always had her bags packed so she could take an extended trip or just go to the temple in just a few minutes notice. We had a great trip and she was again able to do what she was happiest doing – going to the temple.

I’m grateful for the time we had together and I know I can speak for the children and grandchildren in that respect. She loved all of you – her family and friends. I know she knew the Gospel was true. I know it is true – I know it with all my heart. May we all try to live the way we know we should and may the peace that passeth all understanding be with us today and throughout our lives. Goodbye, Grandma. We will be with you soon. In the meantime, we commit to you with the most solemn vow that we will try to exemplify in our lives the things you stood for. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

GROWING OLD

How do I know my youth has been spent?
Because my get up and go got-up and went.
Because in spite of all that, I am able to grin
When I think where my get-up and go has been.

Old age is golden, I have heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder as I go to bed;
My ears in the drawer, my teeth in a cup –
My eyes on the table until I get up.

Ere sleep dim my eyes I say to myself,
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
But I am happy to say as I close the door –
My friends are the same as in days of yore.

When I was young my slippers were red;
I could kick my heels right over my head,
When I grew older, my slippers were blue,
But I still could dance the whole night through.

Now I am old, my slippers are black
I walk to the corner and puff my way back,
The reason I know my youth has been spent –
My get-up and go, got-up and went.

But I really don’t mind when I think with a grin
Of all the places my get-up has been.
Since I have retired from life’s competition,
I busy myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning, dust off my wits,
Pick up the papers and read the obits.
If my name is missing, I know I am not dead,
So, I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.
--An Anonymous Poem.

THE WORLD IS MINE

- Dr. Tennyson Guyer

Today upon a bus I saw a girl with golden hair;
She seemed so gay, I envied her,
And wished that I were half so air;
I watched her as she rose to leave,
And saw her hobble down the aisle;
She had one leg and wore a crutch,
But as she passed – a smile.
Oh, God, Forgive me when I whine;
I have two legs – the world is mine.

Later on I bought some sweets.
The boy who sold them had much charm:
I thought I’d stop and talk a while,
If I were late, ‘t would be no harm,
And as we talked he said,
“Thank you, sir, you’ve been real kind,
It’s nice to talk to folks like you because,
You see, I’m blind.”

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two eyes – the world is mine.

Later, walking down the street,
I met a boy with eyes so blue,
But he stood and watched the other play.
It seemed he knew not what to do –
I paused and then I said,
“Why don’t you join the others, dear?”

March 9, 1980 Obituary in Idaho State Journal

But he looked straight ahead without a word,
And then I knew, he couldn’t hear.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two ears – the world is mine.
Two legs to take me where I go,
Two eyes to see the sunset’s glow.
Two ears to hear all I should know,
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I’m blest, indeed, the world is mine.

MYRINTHA HOPKINS

Soda Springs – Myrintha Tolman Hopkins, 75, died Friday at a Logan, Utah, hospital. She was born March 24, 1904 in Chesterfield to Cyrus and Eliza Ann Riley Tolman. She married Alma Reber Hopkins December 24, 1925, in Los Angeles. The marriage was solemnized at the Logan LDS Temple June 28, 1928. Mr. Hopkins died in 1973. She lived in the Chesterfield and Bancroft areas during her younger years, and then moved to Soda Springs. She was a member of the Soda Spring LDS Sixth Ward. She worked in Primary more than 25 years, served as a Sunday School teacher, was an active Relief Society worker and visiting teacher. She was active in temple work. She had been a member of the PTA and 4-H leader and sewing and cooking clubs. She was a member of the American War Mothers where she had served as president, secretary, and chairman. She was a member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

She is survived by two sons and five daughters: Loyal Alma Hopkins, Pingree; Clifford T. Hopkins, Richmond, Utah; Mrs. Albert (Marva) Christman, Soda Springs; Mrs. Al (Leora) Peck, Blackfoot; Mrs. Reed (Esther) Stoddard, Caldwell; Mrs. Dave (Phyllis) Giles, Salmon; and Mrs. Daryl (Fern) Nelson, Laketown, Utah; 35 grandchildren; 39 great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren; two brothers and two sisters: Fredrick Tolman, Rupert; Leonard Riley Tolman, Bancroft; Mrs. Elnora Loveland, Boise, and Mrs. Nancy Loveland, Las Vegas, Nevada. Funeral services will be Monday at 1 p.m. at the Hooper LDS chapel in Soda Springs. Friends may call at Allen Funeral Home today from 7-8 P.m. and at the funeral home Monday from 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Burial will be in the Fairview cemetery. Services are under the direction of Allen Funeral home.