



Age 25

WALLACE RICHARD TOLMAN

Thomas Solman Family Center.

I am sending the history of the life of my father - Wallace Richard Solman, his father was Wallace Holbrook Solman and mother was Anna Mary Hopkins Solman - His father was Quason Adiricum, mother Sarah Lucretia Holbrook Solman -

I have procrastinated in sending this, I sent mothers some time ago - (Eben Shade Solman) But it takes some time (and a reason) to get everything together and have a book made - My way, its time to see that it is on its way - I'm giving my grandchildren (22) and the Chesterfield Foundation a copy.

Dad lived past 90 years - He would be 106 now.

I appreciate all the good works you are doing - And pray the good Lord will help you^{to} continue and bless you in all you do -

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"LIFE STORY"

Perhaps the greatest weakness or failures of mankind is procrastination, it would be nice if we would always remember the Sunday School song, "There is no tomorrow, but only today.

I have put off writing my life story for 78 years. "I have always said "Sometime I will write my life story." So now I will at least make a start. The Lord has been very kind to me in allowing me to breathe the breath of life for so many years---that I may enjoy my children, grandchildren, even great grandchildren and to watch them grow in knowledge and intelligence. I am very proud with each one of them and sincerely hope that I will be worthy of their association in the hereafter. Perhaps I can compensate in a small way by writing what I still remember of some of the events that have happened in my life time.

When I became old enough to understand the English language, I was informed by my father and mother that I arrived in this world August 7, 1890. The place of my birth was Chesterfield, Idaho. My parents were married in the Logan Temple, July 5, 1888. My father had homesteaded on 160 acres of land. They built a fence around the property. He built a nice house, barn, and other outbuildings from logs and lumber he cut and hauled from near by canyons.

We got our culinary water from a well my father dug by hand.¹ At first we drew the water by a rope and bucket. Later we installed a pump. We even watered the stock from the well. One of the first things they did was to plant shade trees (Poplars). My mother watered them by hand to keep them alive. We really enjoyed the shade when they grew up.

Every fall my father would take a load of wheat to McCammon, Idaho and have it made into flour. It was brought home in seamless sacks which, I suppose, helped to preserve it much longer. I don't remember of the flour ever spoiling. I do remember of that good home made bread---hot---right out of the oven with butter and sometimes honey.

We usually took three days to make the trip from Chesterfield to the grist mill

¹ Said well was about 40 ft. deep.

and back. The first day we would go as far as Lava Hot Springs where two of Mothers married sisters lived (Susie and Jessie Hall)² . The second day Dad would take the wheat to McCammon to get it ground and then come back to Lava. And the third day we would return home. We traveled fast in those days---about three miles per hour---with a loaded wagon. When we got tired of riding we would get out and walk. Sometimes we would run ahead and wait for the wagon to catch up. I still think we had a lot of fun.

We had a small garden which helped to sustain the family. We raised a few chickens and my mother made butter to sell. About every two weeks or so we would take a trip to Bancroft which was about seven or eight miles away, and trade the butter and eggs for groceries and other things we needed.

We had very little cash in those days. If I got 10 or 15 cents to spend on the 4th of July I considered myself very lucky. Sometimes in the summertime we would take a day off and go fishing on the Portneuf River. My Dad would find a good straight willow (one for mother and one for himself) then they would tie a fish line on the end of the willow pole (no leader) and they were ready for business. Sometimes they would catch a bread pan full between then. We always looked forward to one of these trips. (It would be fun to live some of these times over...). I remember one time my brother Alex³ had a new hat. A gust of wind blew it off and it went in the river and as it floated down the river Alex began to cry. It was the first hat he had ever owned so he was particularly proud of it. Each of us thought it was gone forever; except we happened to have a pet dog with us. (We called him Ring because he had a white ring around his neck.) My father bade the dog to go after the hat and he did. We were all happy when Ring swam back out with the hat in his mouth. After this good deed he became more dear to us than ever. Ring was also a very good cattle dog. A neighbor once wanted to buy him and when we refused to give him up, the neighbor shot him. I suppose through spite. We were all out in the front yard one morning when we heard a shot and then the yelp of a dog. Ring came running home and died at our feet. It made all of us extremely sad.

² Aunts that married brothers

³ Alexander Justin Tolman

While living in Chesterfield I went to four different schools. And never for more than three or four months out of the year. The community couldn't afford to hire a teacher for a full term. When I was seven years old my Aunt Susie gave me a pony. She had raised it on a bottle after its mother had died. After I learned to ride it I was very willing to drive the cows to pasture. Most of the time I would take the long way home in order to get a longer ride. My father thought I spent too much time riding the pony so he up and sold it. Though it made me unhappy---it made Aunt Susie more angry about the whole affair.

My father had to work away from home quite a bit in order to make a living. Dry farming was not so good in those days. Most of the time the wheat would freeze just before it was ready to cut. We very seldom got a crop. After spending 11 years trying to eke out a living he finally gave up the whole project and moved to Blackfoot, Idaho. (I suppose it eventually was sold for back taxes). Years later I went back to visit the old homestead and all the buildings and other improvements had been removed.

We moved to Blackfoot in 1901. I was 11 years old at this time. There were seven other families that left Chesterfield the same year that we did. All of us headed for Blackfoot. We settled in a place called Groveland--about three or four miles northwest of Blackfoot. The first thing the new settlers did was to organize a ward and build a new meeting house. The new chapel was built of lumber and was about 30 feet wide and 60 feet long. All material and labor was furnished by local members. Class rooms were divided by drawing curtains. I remember my father donated a cow toward the building. He also donated much of his time in working on the chapel. I was too young to do any work but I did help haul lumber from Idaho Falls to the chapel site by driving my Dad's team. It took two days to complete the trip. I don't remember why the material was purchased and hauled from so far away, perhaps it was cheaper in Idaho Falls. Lumber for construction could be bought in those days for around fifteen dollars per M. At the completion of the building it was not only used for religious purposes, but was used for entertainment as well. We always looked forward to the Friday night dances where everyone felt as though we were one

large family. There were really no wallflowers, unless they preferred to be. Most of the dances were either waltzes or two steps, sometimes we would dance a quadrille or perhaps a Virginia reel. A gentleman would dance the first and last dance, perhaps one or two in between with his partner then she would be on her own the rest of the evening. If a stranger came to town, he or she would be taken around, introduced, and was accepted as one of the crowd. A big pot bellied stove stood in the center of the room and the participants danced around the stove. In those days everybody knew everybody else (I visited Groveland in 1955---the Chapel was still intact).

The school was about the same that I was accustomed to attending. It was one large room and only one teacher for all classes. The kids had already scared out two men teachers by their meanness. The trustees were at a loss as to know what to do. The news got around and it was difficult to hire a teacher. At long last an old maid school marm applied. She said she would straighten out the kids or die trying. The lady was hired. She was a large raw boned woman about 35 years old and was rather homely but very well educated. She at least had a sense of humor. The very first morning we noticed a willow on her desk. It was about three feet long and about a half inch in diameter. She announced that she had been hired to teach the students and that is just what she intended to do. She said, "If you are willing to learn I am willing to co-operate. If you get stubborn, I can get stubborn too" At this a large 17 year old boy stood up on the top of his desk. She asked him to sit down and listen. He said, "You make me!" So she calmly walked down to where he was and took him by the hand---and yanked him down and proceeded to whip him over the back with the willow we had seen on her desk. He was a big kid but was no match for her. That was all it took. After this episode the kids all settled down and decided that after all school was a place of learning. We found out later that she had taught in a reform school. her name was (Rassenspurgler) probably we should have more teachers like her in our schools today.

In April 1902 my grandfather, Judson Tolman requested that all his children

come to Bountiful (his home town) for a family reunion. At that time he had 23 living children who were all present at this gathering. They had a family group picture taken which still exists as evidence of this occasion. (The names and pictures of the people who sit in on this picture are listed in the Tolman Book on page 165.) A few days before my father left for the reunion he surprised us all by announcing that he intended to take Alex and myself With him on this trip. We were not only surprised but greatly thrilled at hearing this good news. We had never been out of the state of Idaho nor had we ever ridden on a train. Imagine traveling on a train at a speed of 60 miles per hour. The fastest thing on wheels. We could hardly wait for this new experience. The trip proved to be just as exciting as we had anticipated. We met Aunts, Uncles, cousins etc. whom we had never known existed. We traveled from Bountiful to Salt lake on what was known as the dummy. It was a make shift railroad, consisting of a small steam engine which pulled two or three old time coaches. It made the trip from Bountiful to Salt Lake several times a day. Riding this thing was great fun for us kids but I imagine it got rather tiresome for people who had to commute from day to day. (The automobile was not yet in existence, neither were phonographs, electricity, radios, moving pictures or television.) We got the Deseret News once a week and that was usually three or four days late. This was the horse and buggy days.

Perhaps the family ties were stronger in those days. Not by compulsion, but by necessity. We spent most of the evenings home around a hot stove. When returning home from school one of my jobs was to see that the wood box was filled. I not only chopped the wood, I had to carry it in the house. We all had work to do--like feeding the stock, bedding them down milking cows, feeding the chickens, watering the stock from the well, filling the water buckets for the night etc. All of these chores had to be done before dark, otherwise we were made to finish up in the dark which wasn't very pleasant. (We were all afraid of the dark.) Mother usually filled the lamps with coal oil, snuffed the wicks, kept the lamp chimneys clean, etc. The lamp sat in the middle of the table. We kids would sit around the table to study our lessons. 1905 was quite an eventful year. Mother was expecting Meda when we received word that Grandfather Hoffhine had died. He lived at Lava Hot Springs at the time of his death.

Mother was quite upset because she was unable to attend the funeral services. A short time later April 3rd, Meda⁴ was welcomed to our household. About two months later father had an attack of appendicitis. The doctors at that time knew very little about appendicitis. They diagnosed his ailment as ulcers of the stomach and they treated it as such and he did not respond to the treatment. It was decided to send Dad to Salt Lake City to the St. Marks Hospital. By the time he arrived there the appendix had ruptured, which in those days was extremely serious. However, through our prayers and the help of the Lord he managed to survive, but spent most of the summer in the hospital leaving mother and us children-to take care of the farm. With the assistance of our good neighbors who donated their time and equipment in cutting, hauling, and stacking the hay we made out quite well. We thank the Lord for good neighbors. I quit school when I was 16 years of age to help with the living expenses. I have regretted leaving school many times since. There is no substitute for a good education. If you who read this letter are contemplating dropping out of school, don't do it! You will regret it the rest of your days. We are told in the Doctrine and Covenants Sec.130 :13: "Whatever principal of intelligence we attain unto in this life it will rise with us in the resurrection." If a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another he will have so much the advantage in the world to come. Of course education does not always bring intelligence and wisdom. At that time life was not as complicated as it is in this day and age and so an education was not considered too important. If one could read and write and do simple arithmetic such as addition, multiplication, subtraction and long division, etc. he was considered pretty well qualified in most businesses . On September 5, 1907 my parents were blessed with another daughter whom they named Gladys. She was to be the last addition to the family. Our family now consisted of ten people. We included my father Wallace Holbrook Tolman and my mother Anna Hoffine Tolman, myself who is the oldest of the children:

Wallace Richard Tolman

Born August 7, 1890

⁴ Alameda Duane Tolman

Mary Vivian Tolman	Born	August 1, 1892	Died	July 15, 1970
Alex Tolman	Born	March 22, 1894	Died	Jan. 2, 1950
Katie Tolman	Born	April 3, 1896		
LueRilda Tolman	Born	Sep. 16, 1898		
Lewis Tolman	Born	April 29, 1901	Died	Dec. 2, 1952
Almeda Tolman	Born	April 3, 1905		
Gladys Tolman	Born	Sep. 5, 1907	Died	March 27, 1964

We were all born in Chesterfield Idaho except Meda and Gladys who were born in Blackfoot, Idaho.

Thinking back, I remember my brothers and sisters....one time we were visiting with my Uncle Rulon in Chesterfield. My sister Vivian who was about three years old strolled away from the other kids and got lost in the tall sage brush. She wasn't missed until late in the evening. Then we began a frantic search. Eight or ten people lit out in all directions. It happened that she had lost a few things along the way--a piece of ribbon from her hair, pieces of clothes from the doll she was carrying that were found caught on some brush. Just before dark she was found about a mile from home. Luckily she was found before dark.

When Katie was a little girl she swallowed a burr (a nut off a bolt). My Uncle George Williams stopped in one day. Katie not being able to talk too plainly told him she had swallowed a little boy. He never could quit teasing her about swallowing a little boy.

When LueRilda⁵ was three years old she stuffed her ears full of beans. The only doctor in the vicinity was a dentist. Father was in Blackfoot, Idaho, so Mother bundled up all the children (Five at the time) and walked three miles to where the dentist lived to have the beans taken from her ears. the dentist said that was the first time he had ever pulled beans with forceps!

One time there was only one piece of meat left on the platter. I suppose because I was the oldest, Dad gave it to me. I turned to Alex and said "Do you like meat?" He said "Yes". I said "Watch me eat 1t."Dad reached over and took the meat off

⁵ LueRilda was my sister

my plate and gave it to Alex. That taught me to keep my mouth shut.

Lewis⁶ was about three years old when he got some morphine pills thinking they were candy. We took him to a doctor. The doctor said not to let him sleep because he may not wake up. I remember taking him on the hay rake. (I was raking hay at the time) We took turns in keeping him busy in order to keep him awake. After about 12 hours the doctor said the crisis would be over. You see we had excitement and tears in those days as well as the good fun days.

In 1910 we moved from Groveland to Blackfoot where father bought a dairy business. We milked in the neighborhood of twenty cows, twice each day. We delivered the milk around town for 5 cents per quart. This had to be done on Sunday, holidays, week days, in fact every day of the year. I was so tied down with cows I couldn't even have a steady girl. I made my mind up right then and there if I ever went into business for myself it would never be cows. So I have never owned a cow in my life. I like milk, but I DON'T like to milk!

On November 10, 1912 I left Blackfoot to fill a mission in Germany. I really did not want to go to Germany because I knew nothing about the language. My Bishop had served there and also had one son who had served in that mission so he was rather partial pertaining to missionary work in Germany. We didn't get many instructions pertaining to missionary work in those days. I arrived in Salt Lake on Wednesday and went through the Temple which took most of the day. The next day we left Salt Lake by train. There were sixty of us, so we had a private car in which we slept, ate, in fact that is where we lived from Salt Lake to Chicago. From Chicago we went to Montreal, Canada. We boarded a ship there and sailed up the St. Lawrence River into the Atlantic Ocean and then on to Liverpool, England. From there we went by train to London. We wanted to see London, but the weather was so foggy we gave up, hoping to get back later. We crossed the English Channel into France and from there to Basel, Switzerland. We stayed there one night and by this time there were only two of us left. Some of the Elders had stayed in the States, some in England, some in France and other places. Neither of us two remaining could speak the German language. We were

⁶ Lewis was my brother

assigned to a town in Germany by the name of Stuttgart. The Elders in Basel took us to the station but they wouldn't even buy our tickets. They told us from here on out we were on our own. So at the station we held out a handful of money and said "Stuttgart". We got the tickets. About 10 P.M. we arrived in Stuttgart. We had the address written down on a piece of paper which we handed to a taxi driver. I guess he thought we were pretty dumb. Anyway he took us to the address which was written on the paper. The house was only about three blocks away but we didn't know it at that time or we could have walked. It was quite a thrill though, to ride in an old time taxi, drawn by a horse.

The Elder who lived at the address had no room for us so he took us to a hotel. The attendant took us to our room which was furnished with two twin beds. Each bed was equipped with two feather ticks. Neither one of us had ever seen beds like these before. We were not quite sure how to get into bed. We looked in the closet for quilts or blankets and found none, so we decided to crawl in between the feather ticks. We learned later that it was the proper way to retire. The next day we went out apartment hunting. We found one which rented for 40 marks⁷ a month. That included our breakfast. This also included that the lady of the house would shine our shoes every night. However, it did not include running water, hot or cold water or a bathroom. To get a bath one would take a swim. One time going to the swimming pool really paid off. We met a man who was a "Podiatrist" (a foot doctor). We called him a corn Doctor. He treated the feet of the people who came there to swim. He seemed to have quite a lot of free time on his hands so one day we hit up a conversation with him. We told him we were missionaries. We told him of some of the benefits of the church. He was interested and invited us to his home to explain the principles more fully to him and his wife. Of course we accepted the invitation gladly. During which time we taught them the fundamental principles of the gospel such as faith, repentance, baptism, etc., which they accepted with enthusiasm. Eventually we came to the principle of tithing. We wondered how they would react to this teaching. Many people cannot accept the principle of tithing, Even some of our own Mormon people. A

⁷ 40 Marks was equal to about ten dollars.

lady once told me, "The Lord don't need our money, He own's the whole earth. He has the power to turn stone into gold so why should he expect me to pay him my hard earned money?"

I referred her to Doctrine and Covenants 130:20-21. "'There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundation of the world upon which all blessings are predicated...And if we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated.'" So it is with the law of tithing. By paying our tithing we prove to the Lord we love Him through our obedience.

Getting back to the Doctor! After we had explained the law of tithing to him to our surprise he said, "Why that is exactly what I have been looking for. Something tangible, some way I can really prove to the Lord that I love Him." And he really meant it, because he could hardly wait to be baptized. After Baptism he said, "I am going to pay my tithing in advance. I am going to pay an extra 5% till my earnings are up to where I can support my family as they should be supported." I don't know what his income was, but he claimed it had doubled in the first six months after joining the Church. I did not doubt his word, because he moved to a better neighborhood. The Elders had a standing invitation to one meal each week. After his salary reached a certain amount he quite paying the 5% extra in advance. He said, "I won't tempt the Lord any further." But he still paid 10% in advance, if his salary ran higher than he anticipated he would make up the difference the following month. This story may sound like a fable, but it is said, "If you have the faith of a mustard seed, you can move mountains."

Excuse me if I got sidetracked a little I am still in Stuttgart. After we got settled in our room I was informed by my companion that I would have to go out tracting and alone. I argued about it but he said it was the rule. He wrote in German what I was to say. It said, "Here is a tract please read it." The Bishop told me to be on the lookout for tricks. He said some of the Elders are very tricky and that I should always look in the dictionary to verify what they told me. I did that very thing at this time and he had written, "Here is a tract, please eat it." Well, I went out and all I could say is that one sentence, then I would hand them a tract if any one even talked

to me. All I could do was shrug my shoulders. It was extremely embarrassing! About the second evening we were invited out to a members house for supper. The husband was a mail man. He came home in uniform. My companion told me he was a cop and that he had come to investigate me. But when he came up to me and put out his hand I knew my companion was lying. During the meal I would ask the Elder how to ask for certain things. When I would say what he told me to say they would laugh. That went on for probably a half hour, then I started to get warm under the collar. I told them in English that I had had enough. The Elder spoke up in German and said, "He wants more." At that, I kicked the Elder on the shins. I said that enough is enough; after that he was a pretty good egg. Fun is all right but it can be over done. This family had two young daughters, about eight and ten years old. They would get their school books and teach me German. They got a big kick listening to me trying to pronounce some of their German words. I learned many new words because of their efforts. I think I enjoyed the lessons as much as they did. We had a standing invitation for dinner at this home each Thursday evening. I always arranged to go a little early so as not to miss my lessons, while the mother prepared the meal. I was quite sad when I had to leave.

I labored in Stuttgart for about four months when I was transferred to a city called Karlsruhe, meaning Karl's rest. It got its name from a King named Karl. The story is that this king came to this place many years ago. He laid down at a certain place, went to sleep and had a dream that a city should be built there and that it should be in the shape of a wagon wheel. This dream was fulfilled. A statue of King Karl stands in the center of the town. The streets fan out from the statue. The street layout made it very difficult for a stranger to find his way around.

In September 1913 I was transferred to Lucerne, Switzerland. When I arrived there I was unable to understand a word of what the people said. They spoke in a dialect all their own. I had learned high German and the people in Lucerne spoke low German. High German is taught in the school and most of the Swiss people can speak it, but it seems as though they would rather converse in their own dialect. I was

pretty discouraged. I felt like packing my things and hitting out for home. To make things worse my companion was Swiss. Most of the time he would converse with the Saints in the Swiss dialect.

One day we met a girl who belonged to the Catholic faith. She was so devout she had the idea she could convert us to her belief. Consequently she invited us back for a meeting so that she could prove to us that her church had the truth. Of course, that suited us fine, because it gave us an opportunity to present our message. The evening we returned she already had her bible on the table. After a short greeting we sat around the table, she permitted us to present our side first, during our conversation we turned to Timothy 3:2-8,. It reads that a Bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, etc. likewise must the deacons be grave, not double tonged, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre, etc. We noticed she was getting a little warm. She said, "It does not say that in my Bible." She turned to Timothy and sure enough the same scripture was quoted word for word in the Catholic Bible. We knew her uncle was a minister in the Catholic church. We knew he was not a married man, that he also drank wine and that he preached for money or as the Bible says, "Filthy lucre."

The next day in confronting her uncle, he informed her that she had no right to try to interpret the scriptures. After that we had clear sailing. Two months later she was baptized, and proved to be a great asset to the little branch. She played the piano, taught a Sunday School class and was a very spiritual person.

Another young girl wishing to learn English asked my companion if he would teach her. He told her he would, but, he would have to bring his partner with him. She said she could not concentrate with two people around, consequently, no lessons.

Just before Christmas I was transferred to Breslau, Germany. A city way up in North East Germany, not far from the Russian border. I had saved about \$30.00 but the trip from Switzerland to Breslau wiped me out. Breslau was a city of about 300,000 people. All foreigners are supposed to register, but each time a missionary registered he was banished from the town and warned not to return under penalty of a jail sentence. Even if we registered as students we were usually found out and

kicked out of town.

It was unlawful for a landlord to rent to any person who was not registered in the city. If they did they were subject to a fine of 25 marks if they were caught.

The next day after I arrived in Breslau my companion and I went out apartment hunting. We finally found a lady who was willing, to rent to us if we would agree to pay the fine, in case we were caught. We agreed to her proposition and moved in, all went well for about three months. One day when we were out tracting, we walked up to the fourth floor of an apartment (most of the apartments there were four stories high) we rang the bell and the maid answered the door. We told her we were missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ and that we would like to present her with a tract pertaining to our teachings. We continued that we were passing out this literature without cost. About that time the man of the house came to the door and said, "You guys are foreigners, aren't you?" We told him we were. At that he began to rake us over the coals, then he told the maid to follow us and that he would call the cops. Of course, we scampered. When we left the building my companion went one way and I went the other. But that gal choose to follow me. I dodged around two or three corners but she kept right on my heels. After a chase of a couple of blocks it was just my luck to run into a cop. She told him to arrest me for trespassing. I did not resist the officer, but went along meekly.

The officer took me to police headquarters and questioned me. My tracts were all confiscated. I told the officers (three of them) to be sure and read the leaflets, that they would probably become better Christians by so doing. One of the officers said, "Oh! We have heard of the Mormon Missionaries. They are sent out here to lure our girls to Salt Lake City where they are forced to marry in Polygamy. I understand that Salt Lake City is surrounded with a tall stone fence where these women are kept prisoners." I told him I did not know that people could be so ignorant in this day and age. I had a leaflet that offered a \$1,000.00 reward to any one that would prove any of those assertions, which I gave to them. They insisted in going to my room where they confiscated the remainder of our tracts. The officer arrested the landlady for having us there, she told them that she thought we were students, she was fined 25 marks which we had to pay. I was warned to leave town within the next 5 days or

serve a ten day jail sentence. We never did attend church in this town; because there was always someone there from police headquarters. There were several members who held the Priesthood so the local brethren were able to conduct the meeting without the missionaries help. The only drawback was the Elders needed the experience. My companion escaped being caught. He was the district traveling Elder, so he just left town for a couple of weeks.

I was transferred to a little town called Garau. On my way to Garau I stopped over in Leipzig. That is where I first met Elsa Frieda Flade. The missionaries were staying at the Flade home. For some reason or other I had to stay over for a day, having nothing much to do Fraulein Flade offered to show me through the Museum, which I enjoyed very much. I doubt though if I made much of an impression because at that time I wore a beard and mustache. The next day I was on my way to Garau. My new new companion (Elder Scheeny from Rexburg, Idaho) met me at the station. He had been there alone for a couple of weeks. He already had an apartment so all I had to do was move in with him. The branch there was very small. We had no meeting house, so we would meet at one of the members homes to hold our meetings.

One of the neighbors reported to the Police that two suspicious characters were living in the neighborhood. They came to investigate. They came in and went through our books and tracts. When they found out we were Mormon missionaries we were given our walking papers and to add insult on injury all our tracts were taken. This was in July, 1914. We were to leave town at once or go to jail. We had no time to notify mission headquarters. I happened to know that the Flades in Leipzig had a little extra room so we both hit out for Leipzig, which was only about two hours away. After a few days we received word from the Mission President that I was to stay in Leipzig and Elder Scheeny was transferred to Hamburg, Germany. That left three missionaries in Leipzig and we all stayed at the Flade home. As in other cities we all went out tracting alone so as not to arouse suspicion. Some of the cities were much worse than others. Much of the persecution came from other churches as has been the case since Joseph Smith first announced to the world that he had had a vision.

All went well for about a month and then all hell broke out. That was the beginning of World War I. All transportation was shut off to all civilians. A foreigner was not safe on the street especially if that foreigner happened to be heard conversing in English.

The trains and ships were all reserved for the moving of troops to the front. We got orders from missionary headquarters to stay put, till things quieted down a bit. We were advised not to do any missionary work at all. We were also advised to carry our passports with us at all times, which we did. Some of the Elders did manage to get out of Germany and go to England. There was one new missionary who came out without his passport. It had been mailed to him but it had not yet arrived. Not being able to speak German, he wanted someone who could speak the language to wait for him to accompany him out of Germany. I was asked to be "that someone."

While I was waiting at the Flade home, wishing for something to do, Sister Elsa Flade (that is how all the Elders referred to her at that time) suggested that we visit a park that was not too far away. I thought it was a pretty good idea. We got ready and proceeded on our way. It was a kind of a country place with benches and trees. The building had a dance floor, with phonograph records for music. It also contained a bar where one could buy drinks, candy bars, hotdogs, etc. After waltzing a few times we went out in the park, walked around looking at Gods creations for sometime. We came to a park bench and sat down to rest. Everything seemed to be in a romantic setting. It was while we were sitting there when I attempted to kiss her. She informed me that she had made up her mind to let only one man kiss her and he would be the man she would marry.

I thought of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. When Eve offered Adam the apple, wherein she said it is very delicious and desirable to the taste. I discovered I was just as weak as Adam, because I did partake. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Flade were congratulating me on my engagement. It was the first time I realized I had been caught in the web of matrimony. Well, all is well that ends well.

Soon after that Elder Cottrols passport arrived and he came to Leipzig and prepared to leave Germany, but Elsa was having a birthday on Sept. 22. She persuaded

me to stay over to celebrate the event, which I did. On Sept. 23 we bade all good-by, not knowing when we would meet again. Anything could happen in love and war. We had to go to Berlin in order to get a train to Holland. These are just a few of my experiences during my twenty months in Germany.

We arrived in Zeeland, Holland on the evening of the 23rd of Sept., after looking around the town and buying a few souvenirs (which have long since disappeared) we retired for the night on the ship which was to take us across the North Sea, to England on the following day. In crossing the North Sea we found it to be very rough. Many of the passengers became sea sick. Many of them fed the fish over the railing. I remember buying a book describing Holland. I kept it in my cabin. Someone went in there and threw up all over the floor, my book was torn up and used to wipe up the mess. What did I do? Nothing.

We arrived in Liverpool, England and there were 60 other Elders waiting for passage to America. After a couple of days waiting we got word that the Lousitania was sailing for America. We inquired about passage on the ship. Everything was sold out except third class or what is called the steerage. When the company officials learned there were 60 of us they agreed to let us have one end of the ship all to ourselves and that we would get the same treatment as the second class passengers. We were even allowed to use the second deck as the steerage does not have a deck. Most of us rented a deck chair and a blanket. Spending most of the day time on deck. The Lousitania being one of the largest and fastest ships afloat at that time brought us across. It took us five days to cross the Atlantic Ocean. When we pulled into N. Y. harbor it was a beautiful sight, perhaps the most wonderful sight we had seen for sometime was the Statue of Liberty. We were back in the land of the Free.

We went direct to missionary headquarters, to get further instructions. The Elders who had been out a year or less were Assigned to complete their missions somewhere in the U. S. I being out 20 months was allowed to return home. Another Elder whom I had met on the boat and who's home was in Idaho, teamed up with me and together we decided to take in the sights. We spent the next two days just looking around in New York. We visited the Woolworth Building, the tallest building in New

York, at that time-- 55 stories high. Looking down on the street from that height people appeared as so many ants. We crossed the Brooklyn Bridge. We rode the elevated and underground railroad. We visited a wax museum. Showing likenesses of the human body, even the hair on the head and other places. It showed women's breasts partly eaten away with cancer, not only the breast, but other parts of the body. It showed the effects of syphilis, and other venereal diseases. Parts of the bodies showed open sores with puss oozing out. It was really sickening but very educational.

After seeing these wax figures my companion could hardly eat his dinner. Men and women were not allowed to visit the museum at the same time. Men would go through on the even hour and women on the odd hour.

After spending a couple of days in New York we were ready to head West. The closer we got to home the more anxious we were to get there.

We went to Church headquarters to arrange for our transportation. The Elder who had charge of transportation suggested that we go through Washington, D.C.. and Philadelphia, Penn. which proved to be a very interesting, sightseeing trip. In Washington D.C.. we visited the White House, Capital, Washington's Monument and other points of interest. The most interesting place in Philadelphia was Independence Hall and all the Historical items housed therein. The trip from there to Utah was uneventful.

We arrived in Salt Lake in mid afternoon, and were very disappointed when informed that it would be necessary to stay in Salt Lake until the following morning. At that time there was only one train a day making the trip between Cache Junction and Logan, so it was necessary to catch the morning, north bound train in Salt Lake in order to make connections at Cache Junction to Logan.

At the present time an incoming passenger would probably be met and brought home in an automobile, at that time there were probably less than a dozen cars in Logan. They would do well to travel 35 to 40 miles per hour, that was pretty fast compared to the horse and buggy. Even at that speed the roads were pretty bumpy because all the roads were dirt, even in town they would have to be sprinkled to

settle the dirt. Cars were powered by magnetos, all autos had to be cranked by hand in order to start them. Many an arm was broken because of backfire; it was not wise to get too far from home, because the cars in those days were not to reliable. They were not even equipped with lights, so night driving was out of the question. Some of the farmers were accused of watering the road so they could get a fee for pulling the auto out of the mud with old "Dobbin". Most of the horses were scared to death of an automobile. I remember Dad would say, "Grab the line (or reins) here comes one of those gas buggies." They were built like a buggy with high wheels and hard rubber tires. It was really not a pleasure to all you would get was a bumpy, dusty ride. It did seem like a swift ride, as the old Indian said when he saw the first car go by, "No pushy, no pully, but go like helly."

It was a great thrill in returning home and greeting all the folks after an absence of about two years. I could see a big change in the younger ones. Louis was eleven when I left, it seemed like he had shot up a foot in those two years, even his voice had changed. It took about a week to get caught up on all the past events. When I left for Germany, we lived in Idaho, in the meantime the folks moved to Logan. Consequently it was my lot to return home to a strange ward, but the nice thing about the L.D.S. Church; when you move in a new ward you are not a stranger very long. Most wards are very friendly (of course there are exceptions). Sometimes it depends on the individual also. There is a saying: "To have a friend you must be a friend." By the way, I never did return to my old Ward in Idaho. One time in attending a Temple session in Arizona I met some of my old school mates who had belonged to the same Ward in Idaho. We had a nice visit comparing families and renewing old acquaintances. I also learned that many of the old crowd had passed on. Which left me with a rather sad feeling. Some of them were even younger than I. Well, that's the way of life. Some wear out, some rust out, and some just pass out.

I arrived home October 25, just in time to help harvest the sugar beet crop. I was pretty soft, not having done any manual labor in two years, but I was flat broke and needed new clothes, including work clothes as well as Sunday-go-meeting-clothes. I realized my vacation was over. I realized that my Father had kept me long

enough, that from here on out I would have to be self supporting. Having been born and raised on a farm, I knew nothing about any other occupation. After the beets were harvested there was not much work around. I managed to get work at the sugar factory at 30 cents per hour at 12 hour shifts. (next thing to slavery). My Father gave me a team of horses, which I appreciated very much. I ran in debt for a harness, that summer (1915). Olaf Nelson had the contract of installing a pipe line for Logan City Water Works. I was lucky enough to get on with my team at \$5.00 per day. (That was just before the machine age). At that time the grading and cuts were done by team and scraper and pick and shovel. What drudgery. Sometimes I think I was born 50 years too soon.

It was about this time that Miss Elsa Flade, my bride-to-be, arrived in Logan. I was really not expecting her quite so soon. Transportation was difficult because of the war. Money was scarce in Germany because the Government had confiscated all gold and silver, that left the people with nothing but paper money. At the end of the war the paper money was worthless. In 1915 her parents arrived in America.

They brought several hundred marks in green back with them. The children used it for play money for sometime; it eventually wore out and disappeared.

Elsa knew quite a few missionaries and their families with whom she visited. Some lived in Salt Lake, in Ogden, in Pleasant Grove, and even in Providence. In fact the missionary who baptized her parents in Germany lived in Providence, so she had plenty to do while waiting for our oncoming marriage. The date was set for December 8, 1915. At that time the Logan Temple was closed for repairs. There had been a fire that had caused quite a bit of damage to some of the rooms which made it necessary to close it down for a few weeks. The wife was unable to get a recommend anyway, because she had not lived in the ward long enough. Bishop Rice who was the Bishop of the sixth ward, advised us to have a civil marriage and go though the Temple later.

After due consideration we decided to follow his advise. First we were living with Dad and Mother. With six other children, which made a rather large family (10 in all). I had no money and no job. We said Columbus took a chance and won--why shouldn't we give it a try? Dad had a lease on ten acres of land on which stood a two

room house. It had no heat, no water, no plumbing, no nothing. My sister Vivian and her husband lived in one half of the house. Dad said we could live in the other half for \$10.00 a month. We bought a bed, a coal range, a dresser, a small kitchen cabinet, all on jaw bone. I made a table, I think Mother gave us a few dishes, pots, and we were set up for house keeping. There were no rugs, no linoleum, so on. December 8th we walked down to Bishop Rice's home (about one block south of the Logan bridge). We walked because we had no other means of transportation. Bishop Rice was waiting for us. After a short conversation he performed the ceremony and pronounced us man and wife. My sister LueRilda and Mrs. Rice acted as witnesses.

I asked the Bishop what we owed him. He said he understood our circumstances and would render his services as a Wedding gift. Had he made a charge I could not have paid it at that time. When we got back home Mother had prepared a fine supper for us. After that we walked to our one room palace, lit the lamp and built a fire in our new range stove in order to warm the room up a bit because it was a little chilly. To make the day complete I came down with the flu. A few days later I got a job at the sugar factory loading and hauling beets from the pile to the sheds. In order to make wages one had to load and unload ten ton per day. That meant shoveling twenty ton per day with a beet fork. After shoveling twenty ton of sugar beets, a person was ready to hit the hay. As badly as I needed the money I was happy that the job lasted less than a week.

In December Vivian gave birth to Darrel. He was the first grand child in the family.

In February 1916 I got another job: cutting and storing ice. I think the old ice pond is still there. The ice was cut in blocks about 14 or 15 inches square. Then stored in saw dust which kept the ice from melting. Artificial ice was not known in those days. The more well to do people owned an ice box, they could hire the ice man to replenish the box each day. Which reminds me of the absent minded woman who pushed her husband in the closet when she saw the ice man coming.

We kept even with the world until March. We had no money, so I got up enough nerve to contact Henry Theurer, who ran a store in Providence. I told him of our

predicament, and would he give us credit for a few weeks. He said he would. So we began trading with him. Later on he informed me that he had a contract to haul lime rock from Providence canyon to the Logan Sugar Factory. He knew I had a team so he asked me if I wanted a job hauling rock. He said that would be a good way to pay off my grocery bill. I owed about \$50 or \$60 by this time. He said other haulers made from \$5.00 or \$6.00 per trip. I told him I would give it a try, but I had to buy a new wagon, so that meant running deeper in debt in order to get started on this new venture. It was necessary to buy 2 by 12 plank for a wagon box, one inch material was too light for the heavy lime rock. Then to top it off I found a third horse was needed to help pull the empty wagon up the canyon, so here we go again. Yes, another horse and a half harness. It seemed very easy to buy things on time. I was turned down only once and that was Johnson Lumber Yard, when I asked for material to make a wagon box. Mr. Johnson said, "Well, if I vos sure I vould get my money." Anderson Lumber was happy to trust me. After a week of preparation I was ready for the big adventure. It was around the middle of May. We had to leave home at 5 a.m. because of the heat. It was a beautiful sight looking down into the valley from the Providence bench so early in the morning. But that was the only nice thing about the whole trip. It took about two hours to get to the quarry, another 2 hours to load up. The whole trip took about 6 or 7 hours.

I started out hauling 4 ton, then 4 1/2 ton, then 5 ton, and eventually 6 ton. We had to haul 6 ton to make wages, at \$1.00 per ton. One team could handle the load coming down the canyon. In fact we had to use the break most of the time. It was necessary to stop every little while and pour water on the tires to cool them off. Otherwise they would have come loose and fallen off. After hauling enough rock to pay some of the most pressing debts, probably two months in all, I gave it up.

The grocery bill had been paid, the thinning and hoeing of 10 acres of sugar beets had been paid. By the way, we had bought 10 acres of ground just south of the old Logan Sugar Factory. A Mr. Barfuss offered it to us for \$50.00 down and a percentage of the crops. This spring I had plowed, prepared, and planted the whole thing into sugar beets. We had a fairly good crop. I had irrigated and cultivated the

crop during the summer months. When it came time to harvest I agreed to help my father with his crop and he in return was to help me. He owned most of the equipment such as plows, cultivators, beet rack, etc. so I really had no other choice. Well, we got his beets topped and hauled. We were already to start on mine and on the tenth of November, 1916, we got a terrible freeze up, my beets were frozen in the ground, the ground stayed frozen until the next spring. There were many other farmers caught in the same plight. This gave me some consolation. Misery likes company, I guess! So we said, "If this is the fate of the farmer lets get out of it before we get in any deeper." We sold everything we had bought. The two horses went to the army at a fair price. I believe we broke even on the other things. Mr. Barfuss took the land back. All he received was \$50.00 down payment, so that ended our career as farmers.

There was another, happier event that took place on the same date. (November 10th) We had been expecting the visit of the stork for some time. We had asked Bishop Rice if we could use his Phone. His home was about one half mile away. On that eventful day I had to get up in the middle of the night, walked up to the Rice home (They said to walk in, the door would be open) to call the Doctor. A baby girl arrived about 4 o'clock in the morning. We named her Martha Blanche; my parents now had two grandchildren, both born in the same house. (This house does not exist anymore). Shortly after that we moved into a two room house on south main.

Again I worked at the sugar factory. That winter the Mrs. was sick with Rheumatism. We tried home remedies which helped none. We eventually called Dr. Hayward (the Dr. who brought Blanche into the world) After quite some time she got well. At the time she was unable to hold anything. One day the baby slipped out of her arms and fell in the coal bucket. Luckily the baby was not harmed.

The next spring (1917) I bought a four room house located on fourth south for \$1,000. The lot was 5 by 18 rods. I made a down payment of \$50.00 and \$10.00 per month. It seemed like a paradise to us at that time. We had a pump just outside the kitchen door, and a fine out house (as good as that of the neighbors). We had a very fine garden spot with plenty of water. We found raising a garden helped considerable with the family budget.

That spring I started work on the junior high school at \$2.50 per day. Some time later, construction was started on the elevator located west on third south. They advertised for men at \$3.00 per day. Five or six of us left the high school and went to work on the elevator. I stayed there till the sugar factory started up in the fall. I had put in an application earlier in the summer at the factory. The factory closed down in February 1918 for the season.

My brother in-law Ed Taylor was working at Borden's Milk Condenser. He knew that I was through at the Sugar Factory, so he got me on at Borden's. I appreciated that very much.

(P.S. This is July 20, 1969, we are in our trailer on Greys River listening to a broadcast describing the Astronauts landing and walking on the moon. The whole thing sounds like a Buck Rogers story. We can see the moon. It seems to be in its first quarter. It is really a beautiful evening for a moon walk.)

Well, back to the story. While working at the condenser I did most everything, including dumping milk, labeling cans, working on the sterilizer. I believe the worst job was smelling milk. One would have to take the lid off the can (most were ten gallon cans) put your nose down close to the can and if the milk was sour, it was colored and sent back to the farmer. After smelling milk for a half day I went home for lunch, but was unable to eat. I had completely lost my appetite. So I asked for my old job back. Some of the farmers would set the cans in the stable back of the cows. I suppose that is the way manure got into the cans. I have dumped out manure, drowned mice and on other days I dumped out sersingle, a fire shovel, butter, checks, etc.

The interurban railroad would make a trip once a day from Logan to Richmond. It was my job to go along and unload the empty cans and pick up the full ones. We would usually haul around 1,000 gallons per day. Sometimes the farmers would order butter and we would deliver it in the empty cans. Once in a while they would forget to take it out when they filled the cans and of course when we dumped the can we found the butter. The farmers of today couldn't get by with even half the things the dairy men did at that time.

It was while I was working at the condenser that June appeared on the scene. About one o'clock a.m. June 2nd, Mother woke me up and said I should call the Dr. I got out of bed and dressed and then prepared to shave. The Mrs. said nothing doing, you get over there and call the Dr. pronto. (again we had made arrangements with a neighbor) Mother knew best. June was born 3 o'clock a.m. The Dr. didn't even have time to put on his rubber gloves. I made the trip with the milk train as usual. I remember what a beautiful day it was and how green and fresh the fields appeared to be. Perhaps things seemed brighter than they really were because I was now the father of two fine daughters.

I quit the condenser in the fall in order to work at the sugar factory. They had offered me better pay, a better job and less hours. Anyway I couldn't see much future at the condenser. There was no opportunity for advancement. Neither was there any opportunity for much advancement at the sugar factory. Too much relationship involved.

That fall and winter there was a terrible epidemic of influenza prevalent throughout the country. It took many expectant mothers. It also took many strong and healthy men. It seemed as though the stronger and healthier the men the less immune they were to the flu. It would usually take them within a very few days. Most people wore medicated gauze masks over the mouth and nose. One mortician told me later the corpses came in so fast they were piled up two and three bodies deep in the receiving room.

In the spring of 1919 I decided to learn an occupation, even if I must work for nothing in order to gain that goal. There was a man in the ward whom I knew was building a house for himself. He was also a contractor on a small scale. One day I hit him up for a job as a carpenter. He asked had I done any carpenter work. I grinned and said very little, but I was willing to learn. He then asked if I had any tools. I said I have a hammer, saw and square. He smiled, then he said if you want to start at three dollars per day you may come to work Monday morning. Well, that was as much as I could earn working as a common laborer so I was happy for an opportunity to try out as a carpenter.

On Monday morning I showed up a few minutes before 8 o'clock with my three tools. He looked over the saw and said it would have to be sharpened before I could use it, so he sharpened it. And showed me how it should be done. Of course it takes much practice to really sharpen a saw expertly. He said a saw properly sharpened needed no pushing or guiding or forcing of any kind in order to cut straight. I found this to be very true. He gave me many good pointers which I was grateful for. I tried to show my appreciation by working overtime. Sometimes I would hang a door or do some other similar job on my own time just for the experiences. This was done under his guidance and it all paid off later on.

I believe the time I spent working for him for nothing (I mean without pay) was the most profitable part of my experience. He took the time and patience to teach and instruct me on the more technical aspects of the work. With him everything had to be plumb, square, straight and perfect fit. Just anything was not good enough. Everything had to fit perfectly. He said anything worth doing, is worth doing well, or not at all.

The home I started working on was next to the home where he lived. Sometimes his wife would pester him about some unimportant things which would take him away from his work for a few minutes. One day we were putting up inside partitions. We had just started to nail one partition together when his wife called him over for some trifle thing. When he left he told me before I raised the partition to nail a backing on the top of it. Having just started I did not know what was meant by a backing, so I finished nailing the studding on the wall plate, then I lifted it up in place and proceeded to nail it in place. About that time he returned. He grabbed hold of the partition, yanked it down and jumped around a few minutes like a crazy man and said that is what happens when you have someone who knows nothing about building. When he eventually cooled off a little I said to him, "Do you take these kind of fits often?" (I thought sure I'd get my walking papers). Then he said, "No, I don't, but I was aggravated with my wife and I suppose I took my anger out on you." After that we got along fine. I worked all that summer. Long toward fall I decided I would build a house for myself, as I had a good lot right next to the old house in which we lived. One day I started to dig a basement with a shovel. The wife said not to dig a hole there for the

kids to fall in because you know you will never finish it. Well I just kept on digging and wheeling the dirt in the back of the lot, when I got down about two feet, I struck sand and gravel. So I decided to dig a trench along the rear of the house wide enough for footing and a wall. In order to eliminate moving the sand and gravel twice, I would shovel this material on a mixing board, add cement and water and mix. Making concrete which I would shovel directly into the forms. By putting up a wall at a time I eventually got my basement dug and the foundation in in one process. I did most of the work mornings and evenings and holidays. Once in a while I would get a day off my regular job. Sometimes I wonder how I ever did it, but at that time I was young and full of pep. In October the building activity slowed down, so I went back to the sugar factory for the winter. The factory closed down the later part of February 1920. I got busy on the home I had started the previous year. By spring I had it pretty well under way. In the meantime I had pulled down the two rooms on the rear of the old house. They had been added to the main two rooms later on so they were not difficult to take down. On April 9, 1920 when Ivaloo arrived in the world we were living in two rooms. They were quite large rooms, built of logs, lathed and plastered on the inside. They were easy to heat, so we got along fairly well. April 4th fell on Easter Sunday. That same day our cat had a batch of kittens. We also received a shipment of baby chicks. Dr. Hayward took a baby chick home for his granddaughter. In looking around the house I suppose he thought we were in bad circumstances because he told us he could get us \$500.00 cash for Ivaloo. Of course we thought she was worth much more than \$500.00 so the offer was declined.

That spring I went back to work for Mr. Thompson. This year he gave me \$1.00 a day more, so I suppose I had made a little progress since I first started with him.

I thought of my tools as instruments of progression. (or as hidden talents) My father had given them to me when I got married, but I did nothing about them. I left them hanging in the shed to gather rust and to deteriorate, and eventually they would have become useless. But as soon as I got them out of the shed and put them to work they became instruments in my hands toward my progression. In using these tools I gained knowledge and experiences which I would not have gained without them. We

might compare tools to our hidden talents. Sometimes we fail to develop them. Very often one will hear someone say, "I wish I could play a certain instrument like Mary or John" or "I wish I could master mathematics like Mary or John." Perhaps this same person has as much talent as Mary or John or whoever the person may be but he just hasn't applied himself. Or he hasn't taken the time to learn and to practice as the other persons have done. Perhaps his wish bone is where his back bone should be.

I am reminded of a certain Elder who came out into the Missionary field. The first Sunday he was asked what subject he intended to talk about. He said that he didn't know. I am depending on the Holy Ghost to inspire me. Well, that evening at the meeting when it came his turn to talk he stood up but nothing came out. He mumbled a few words and then sat down. He learned that you cannot get water from an empty well.

Back to the building. As I stated, I was working for Mr. Thompson and trying to get my house finished too. I eventually succeeded. Instead of moving in ourselves, however, we sold the house to a school teacher who had moved to Logan. All we had left were the two rooms, a lot and a little bigger bank account. It was too late to start another house, so as per usual I went back to the factory. I fixed a bed in the Garret where I could sleep in the day time, while working night shift. It was rather small but warm and quiet. We survived the winter OK. Up till now we had not lived in a modern home so it didn't seem too bad. In fact I think we rather enjoyed the place because we knew it was ours. It was only a couple of minutes away from my work. I tore the old house down and traded the logs for coal, the coal to be delivered as we needed it.

I hired a man with a team and scraper to excavate for the second house I had my fill of shovel work with the first house. I also hired help to mix the concrete for the foundation. I did all the carpenter work by myself.

One day in the later part of May or first part of April, the wife came running over to the job where I was working, she said she tripped over a throw rug while carrying the baby and had fallen on top of her (Ivaloo) and was afraid she had injured her because every time the baby was moved she would cry out as though in pain. We

hurried back to the house and after an examination of Ivaloo, we called Dr. Randall. He advised us to bring her up for an X-Ray. The X-Ray pictures showed that her leg had been broken and pushed out of place until the leg was about two inches shorter than the other one. On examination of the X-Rays they informed us, that in the Doctor's opinion, the child would always be a cripple, he said the break was too severe to heal properly. This information was very depressing. At any rate we did not lose faith in a complete cure. After due consultation between the Doctors it was decided that she should be put in a cast. When the cast was finished it covered most of her body. It extended from under her arm to the tip of her broken leg. She also had a broken pelvic bone. The cast weighed more than she did!

It was during this time that we heard from my sister Katie and her husband Horace, (They, as we, had not been married in the Temple). As it was the spring of the year and Horace was on vacation, they had decided it would be a good time to go through the temple and be married for time and eternity. Would we like to go with them? We were more than happy to accompany them. We were in our sixth year of marriage. We had planned on having this ordinance done for some time but just did not get around to it. (Procrastination) I have come to the conclusion that if a person has something that should be done, there is only one solution, get it done and over with. Otherwise, your survivors will probably say, "Well, he intended to do this, but he never did get around to doing it.

Katie and Horace came down and went through the Temple, April 27, 1921. Our land-lady having a car brought our three children up to the Temple for the sealing. Blanche, June and Ivaloo. After this ordinance was performed, we asked the President of the Temple (President Carlisle) to give Ivaloo a special blessing. He asked us a few questions regarding her present condition, then he proceeded to bless her. Among other things he promised her that her body would be thoroughly healed from all imperfections, that this mishap would not affect her future life in any way. A day or two later we noticed the cast was cracked. The Dr. advised us to bring the baby up to the office, so that he might examine the crack in the cast. He removed the cast and said it might be necessary to put on a new one. Then X-Rays were taken. The Dr. brought Ivaloo in and handed her to her Mother and said, "The broken bones have healed

perfectly." Mother told him that she was promised a perfect healing in a blessing she had received in the Temple.

The Doctor said, "Give us Doctors a little credit". I could not help wondering if this accident was necessary to get us into the Temple. We are told that God moves in mysterious ways, his will to perform.

We moved in house # 2 in May, being a little short on furniture. We squandered around \$250.00 for things we really needed this was the first modern house in which we had ever lived. We felt we had the world by the tail.

That spring I bought another lot and spent the summer building the third home. I had made up my mind to follow the building trade and do it on my own. I disliked working for the other fellow. I found it was still not all peaches and cream. I still had to deal with people and sometimes they can be pretty darned unreasonable and sometimes even a little dishonest in order to gain a few dollars. Most people however, are really pretty nice. The fall of '21 I swapped both houses away. I took a car on the house in which we were living, I wouldn't have, but the lumber co. agreed to take the car off my hands, I was to take the building material in return, after I had completed the deal the lumber co. went back on their agreement, which was only verbal, leaving me with a car on my hands, which I could ill afford.

I traded the other house to my neighbor, Joe England, in return I took his house and building lot as part payment. He arranged for a loan with the Logan Home Building to pay off the balance due me.

Having sold the home in which we were living. We had to get out, which was rather a sobering experience, so when the Englands vacated their old house we moved in, which was quite a let down, it was a four room brick house, two rooms downstairs and two rooms up stairs, with a frame kitchen built on the rear which was nice in the summer, but terrible in the winter.

Shortly after moving in we had our first experiences with bed bugs. We had no idea that a brick house could be infested with such an animal. We noticed that the children were quite restless and fidgety. We couldn't imagine why. One night we got up to investigate when the light was turned on, bed bugs were running in all directions. We could hardly believe our eyes. The next day we burned some of the

bedding, then we slept downstairs while the upstairs rooms were being fumigated. They put up quite a fight but we eventually won the battle. What a revolting development!

Before freezing weather set in I was able to run the foundation for the fourth house. Instead of working at the sugar factory, I stayed home and worked on the house. By spring I had it finished and sold. In the spring of 1922 I traded the car on a piece of property located west of the River Heights bridge on third north, extending west to third east street. After running a foundation on the north east corner of the property I went to work with Lew Berntson. He had contracted a house and had asked me to help him on a fifty-fifty basis. By this time I had bought a cement mixer. Perhaps that was why Lew asked me to help him. We worked as partners for four years. We probably built eighteen or twenty houses during that time, besides a few remodeling jobs. It was my job to keep books, and pay all the bills. When a building was completed I would get all the bills together, paid or unpaid. We would sit down at the table, go over all the costs and expenses, etc. After all expenses were paid we would divide the profit fifty-fifty. I don't remember ever having an argument or dispute of any kind when it came to settling up on any given job.

In the spring of 1926 Lew got married. We had a job or two to finish and settle up on. When the time came for a settlement, there were three of us around the table. Lew, his wife, and myself. Mrs. Berntson practically monopolized the whole session. Shortly after that we dissolved partnership.

That same spring (1932) I listed the old house in which we were living with the "Stewart Real Estate Co." for them to sell. Sometime later, Bill Stewart approached me and wanted to know if I would trade the house for a farm. I told him that I was through with farming. He then said that he had a buyer for the farm and that he had accepted a check for one hundred dollars to bind the bargain, which he would turn over to me. The proposition seemed legitimate so I accepted. He then informed me that the man had his money tied up and that I would have to wait till fall for the balance, that the man wished to stay in the back ground for the present. Bill assured me that the man was honest and reliable and that he would vouch for him 100%. I believed and

trusted him because I figured that he was my friend. On this assumption I agreed to go through with the deal. So I deeded my home to Mr. North (the man who owned the farm) and he in turn deeded the farm over to me (20 acres). Then Stewart made out a contract between John Doe and myself, which he held in escrow.

When the payment became due I went to see Stewart. He put me off saying the man had not yet been in, this went on for a couple of months. At this time I became rather upset and angry and insisted that something must be done. He referred me to a Joe Anderson, whom I went to see. I learned that Joe Anderson was a brother-in-law to Bill. That he was the president of the Pea factory in Smithfield, that he had not bought the land at all, but had taken a six month option, because there was talk, at the time, of the possibility of finding oil in that location. Well, I realized that I was stuck I realized what a stupid thing I had done. I saw twelve hundred dollars floating out through the window. All because I had put my trust in a human being, whom, I thought was my friend. I later learned that Bill Stewart had received one hundred to put the deal over. So you see money is more important to some people than is friendship.

I never had seen the land, but now it belonged to me. I decided I would go out and have a look. It was located between Amalga and Trenton, down in the low lands. Alkali was the main crop. I didn't even bother to pay the taxes on the property. All I could do was to chalk it off as a total loss. Mr. North had agreed to allow us to live in the old house until I could finish the home I had started. After Lew and I had finished the contracts for the season I got busy on my building and had it ready for occupancy by early spring. In April 1923 we bade farewell to the old brick home and moved into the new one.

I don't remember of anything of importance happening that summer. Moving up to Christmas Eve now. We had tucked the three children into their beds, and had started to set up the toys for Christmas morning, when Mr. Skanchey, who owned the store down the street, came in dressed as Santa, with bags of candy and nuts. He insisted that we get the children out of bed, that they may see and talk to Santa. Of course the kids were wide-eyed. It was the first time any of them had ever seen

money. Especially at five or six dollars per day, which was a carpenters wages at that time.

We lived in the old house about three months. I had finished the new house in October of 24. In the spring of 1925 we were expecting another little stranger, we were worried that it might be born prematurely, so we engaged a Dr. Jones. Of course, we explained to him my wifes condition, and of the last premature birth. He told us if she could carry the baby for 7 months, he would guarantee the baby would live. We told him of our experience with the other doctor, and how he had handled the situation with the baby boy, he said, some doctors are too damn lazy to spend a little extra time with a new born baby.

On the morning of March 23, 1925 the wife complained of having severe pains in the midsection, she was lying on the davenport in the front room fully dressed, she fought the pains trying to hold them back, but they became more severe and more often. The baby was not due for another couple of months, we were afraid that it would be a still born baby. In the mean time I had called Dr. Jones. He and Eileen arrived at the same time. He took the baby and dipped it in cold water then hot water (or vice versa) he fussed with her some time, he even made the little thing cry. He then wrapped her in cotton lined basket, surrounded with hot water bottles, these had to be kept warm at all times, she had to be fed with an eye dropper, these drops were to be counted and kept track of. She was to be fed every two hours, when feeding time came around, we had to flip her little feet to keep her awake long enough to get her nourishment. For the first two or three weeks we could hardly tell whether she was dead or alive. One time, in the wee hours of the morning the nurse handed the baby to me and said, take her, I think that she is dead, but after a few minutes I could detect life. When she was first born she had no fingernails but they developed as she grew older, her weight at birth was four pounds.

We kept constant vigil, night and day, with a prayer in our hearts that she would survive. It paid off, for she grew up into a bright and wonderful girl, she has brought many happy and glorious hours into our lives. She spent 18 months in the mission field and at this writing she she has a boy of her own serving as a missionary. She is also

the mother of two more boys and two girls. Making a family of seven people. The home in which she was born is still standing, the homes in which the other children were born are all demolished.

We lived in that home for three years. In the meantime, I had built a new home up by the temple, so we sold the home on 3rd south and moved up on the hill, east of the temple. This was in August of 1927.

We lived in this home only one year, when we moved on Lowe Avenue, a place that does not exist now. It was located where the Albertsons Food store now stands. We lived in that location for four years, that was during the depression. Money became so tight it was impossible to get a bank loan, even if you had the security. There was just no money in circulation, building materials were cheap and so was labor. I remember building a house in Amalga, I was to get \$3.00 per day, furnish a cement mixer, transport it to and from the job. I was to get my pay after the beet harvest, by that time he would be living in the house. When he received his check from the beet harvest, he came to settle up, he even tried to jew me down, because he said, this is a cash deal, what a laugh.

Another time I did a remodel job for a man, I even furnished the materials in this case. He was to pay me when he sold the hay. He was a church man, in fact my ward teacher, so I trusted him. When the time came for a settlement, I contacted him. He informed me that the hay had been sold and that he had spent the money for something else. Well, I was flabbergasted! I asked him when he intended to settle the account. He was very indifferent and as much as told me that he would pay when he got good and ready. My lien time had expired and he knew it. He made the mistake, however, of asking me to come back to make a few adjustments. I had my tools with me, so I made the adjustments right then and there. Of course, that renewed my lien right. The next day I slapped a lien on the place. Very soon thereafter he came crying to me with tears in his eyes. His attitude had changed entirely, now that the shoe was on the other foot, he had humbled himself considerably.

He had mortgaged his home with Henry Johnson. This money should have gone to me, but apparently he spent the money for something else. Anyway, Henry Johnson had

to take a second mortgage to pay me off, because the lien came ahead of the first mortgage. This man professed to be honest, well, who am I to pass judgment.

It was when we were still living on Lowe Avenue, I came home from work one hot sultry day, we decided that we would go up Blacksmith Fork Canyon on a camping trip. We had never been camping before as a family. So we thought this would be a lot of fun taking the kids on an outing. We loaded our bedding, food and other gear, on a two-wheeled trailer and away we went. My wife and I slept on the trailer and the children on the ground right out under the stars. We didn't put any supports under the back of the trailer, so in the middle of the night it tipped up and dumped us on the ground. My brother was staying with us at the time, so he and his friend came along. They agreed to keep us in fish during our stay. They both liked to fish. My brother liked to bottle root beer, but we were usually out of bottles. Anytime we saw a stray bottle we would pick it up. It was on this trip that June picked up a bottle that had been broken and in picking it upper hand was badly cut. A short time later infection set in. Her hand became very sore and swollen. We took her to Dr. Randall who insisted on lancing the infected part, but this lancing did more harm than good, because it was done too soon, which caused the infection to go up her arm and this eventually spread to other parts of her body, and it finally ended up in Rheumatic Fever. This caused plenty of trouble. The Dr. ordered June to bed for three months. He said she must have rest and quiet. The medicine he prescribed was in liquid form. She couldn't take it because it made her sick. We had to have it changed to capsule form. This sickness kept her out of school for quite some time and she had a hard time catching up. Also, she got married quite young (18) which put an end to her schooling. But then schooling isn't everything. Some of the so-called educated people whom I have dealt with were the most ignorant people I have met. Education is no sign of intelligence. Sometimes it even makes snobs out of people, even fools. The scriptures tell us the Glory of God is Intelligence, or in other words, truth and light. Intelligence or the light of truth was not created or made, neither indeed can be.

(D & C 95:29) A man may have knowledge and be full of wickedness. In fact, he may use his knowledge to further the evil designs. Satan has great knowledge and

therefore much power, but he has no intelligence, or light of truth which is the spirit of Christ. Because of his knowledge he has much influence among the children of men. Without knowledge he would be without power. If he had intelligence, or the light of truth, which comes only from God, he could not possibly be the adversary of all righteousness.

Many of the educators of today, because of their knowledge and learning, apply their own opinions and ideas in teaching the Gospel. Rather than to rely on the guidance of the Holy Ghost as they should. Just last Sunday (10-12-69) a professor from the U.S.U. spoke in our ward. After the meeting many of the people in the audience asked the question, "What was that man trying to say?" His talk was more confusing than it was edifying. I suppose he was trying to impress the audience by the large vocabulary that he had at his command. I would much rather hear a speech, coming from the heart, rather than one coming from the head.

Don't get me wrong. I am all out for education when it is applied in the proper direction. In this technical world in which we now live it would probably be impossible to exist without being trained in some vocation or profession.

But getting back to June. She has done herself proud because of her accomplishments. She has reared five lovely daughters, and has adopted a sixth one which was a very noble thing to do, requiring more outlay, more worry, more patience, more sacrifice in every way. I am sure she will be blessed by making this vital decision. Besides taking care of her home, she also finds time to attend night time classes to learn more of the Gospel. She also teaches a Primary class. Of course, it would be impossible for her to accomplish all these things without the cooperation of her husband, Dick. He is to be congratulated, also for the many good deeds that he preforms.

I built several houses while living on Lowe Ave. But it was impossible to get ahead. Most everybody was out of work and in order to get a job one had to work for practically nothing because of the keen competition. One day in the late spring of 1931, I happened to be in the Smith Bros. Lumber Yard when Garland Yonk came in. He said he was looking for a carpenter to over see the building of a barn. This was the

first time I had ever met Garland. We talked the proposition over. He said that he was like everybody else, that he had very little money. After discussing the matter, pro and con, I agreed to take the job for three dollars a day. For my pay I got some cash, three for four hundred pounds of flour, and one dead hog. He killed it and I cured it. This was where I met Merlin, my future son-in-law, but I was unaware of it at that time. The first day I went to work I took my lunch, but Mr. Yonk would not let me eat it. He said, "Anyone who works for us, must also eat dinner with us." Of course I did not argue the point. I learned that Mrs. Yonk was an excellent cook, but it seemed she always had a house full of diners. Some were working on the barn, and others were working in the field. Sometimes I wondered if she ever got fed up with all these people. She also had a small baby at that time (Betty Lou).

All went well in the building of the barn, until one day, as we were raising the rafters, the barn was to have a round roof. Therefore, the rafters had to be prefabricated. First we drew a circle on the loft floor as a pattern, then we cut 1 by 12 x 6 feet long. These pieces of lumber were cut in circles, to match the circle on the floor. These circles were laid and nailed on top of the other until we had a built up rafter four or five boards thick. We built one rafter on top of the other in order to have them all uniform. There were probably ten or twelve of these rafters. The rafters were to be placed six feet apart. Two by four cross pieces were to be nailed horizontally between the rafters. The sheeting was put on perpendicular and nailed to the two by four cross pieces. "Get me?" (!) These rafters were quite heavy and hard to raise. We had most of them up but not braced. Then we noticed that the sky was getting pretty black in the north, we decided that a storm was brewing. So we got busy with ropes or what ever we could find to tie the rafters down, but the wind came up so sudden, we didn't have a chance. It seemed like a young cyclone. It lasted only a few minutes, but that was enough. It scattered those rafters all over the yard. Some of them were crushed into kindling wood. I could have cried. It seemed like the work of old Satan himself. That was the first time and only time the wind blew during the construction of the barn. It would have to come at that crucial hour. Well that little incident set us back about a week.

But that's the way of life. About the time we think we have got everything coming our way, something happens that upsets the apple cart. It is said we ask for strength and the Lord sends us obstacles, and by overcoming these obstacles we gain strength thereby. There is nothing more thrilling than to conquer a weakness or an imperfection that we thought could not be done.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done, but he, with a chuckle, replied, "That may be it couldn't, but he would be one who wouldn't say so till he had tried." So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin on his face, if he worried he had it. He started to sing, as he tackled the thing, that couldn't be done, and he did it.

(A Son is Born)

In the fall of 1931, we were expecting another visit by that long legged bird known as the stork. He had not visited our home in six years. Eileen was more than six years old, so we thought it was about time to have another baby in the home, perhaps we could still get a son. Anyway it was worth a try, If it turned out to be a girl, we would still welcome her into our home. A couple of months before the baby's arrival the wife tumbled down a flight of thirteen steps, ending up on the basement floor. We held our breath for a few days and nothing happened.

Sunday, November 1, 1931, I was working down town at Levens Store. We had to do some of the work on Sunday because of the customers. Mother was complaining of feeling rather miserable that morning. When I left I advised her to call the Doctor if she got to feeling worse and that she should keep me posted by the phone if anything happened. Well something did happen. But mother decided to keep it a secret until I came home for lunch.. But my brother couldn't keep it and came to the store about 11:00 and told me I was the father of a baby boy. You could have knocked me down with a rock. Of course I rushed home. The first thing my wife said was, "We have another baby girl." I didn't let on that I already knew her secret. But then she couldn't hold back any longer and she had to tell me it was a boy. I said, "I am from Missouri and I have to be shown." It did not take her long to convince me as she had the evidence right beside her. We now had two men in the house compared to five women. But I believe we were one big happy family and in spite of the fact that our worldly

goods were not overwhelming.

In 1932 the depression was still going strong. There was still no work nor any money to be had. I could not afford to be idle, so I bought a building lot on the corner of 5th north and 2nd east and proceeded to build another house. I spent practically the whole summer building this home, except for a few odd jobs on the side.

After I had it all finished, we put it up for sale. A few prospective buyers came around to have a look. I thought I had it sold a couple of times, but the people were unable to raise the necessary cash to finance the deal. This dickering went on until about the middle of December. I was heating the house and nobody lived there. One evening I left there and went home on Lowe Ave. where we had a heating stove setting up in the front room. All the other rooms were cold, so I said to my wife, "Let's move in the new home and get away from this mess." Of course the kids were all thrilled about the prospects of moving into a new home. The very next day we started to move. The new home seemed like a paradise compared to what we had just left.

Shortly after we moved I got sick and was laid up most of the winter. We bought our groceries at the Felix Market on jaw bone. It was very nice of them to trust us. Of course we had dealt with them for some time and had always paid in cash. I suppose they figured they would get their money some day. The very first thing I did in the spring was to run a curb and gutter around the Felix store. This was only a drop in the bucket toward paying off the grocery bill.

That summer I built a house for Logan City and one in Lewiston. I also started another home next to the one in which we lived. That fall (1933) I sold both of them. I had borrowed \$2,000 on the first home at 8% interest. A years interest was now due. (\$160) As odd as it may seem I didn't have the \$160. I sold the house. Consequently, a well to do rancher bought the home. He seemed to think, because he had the cash to pay he should get more for his money than other people. He kept saying this is a cash deal so he should have a big discount. We eventually sold him the home for \$3,900.....not long ago the place sold for \$23,000. After all expenses were paid, I figured I made about \$3.00 per day for my work. But it did keep me off the bread line. Had I given it any thought I could have rented part of the basement and

gotten by, because all I had to worry about was the interest. The loan was good for five years.

As soon as the Bennets moved in they rented out the basement. Then I said to my wife, "Why didn't we think of that?" Well as the song goes, "The rich people get richer and the poor people get children." I wouldn't trade our children for all the wealth in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett have passed on and all their accumulated wealth was left behind. "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Matt.16:26.

(Another Move)

We left the Bennett home with saddened hearts. It was the nicest home in which we had ever lived. Sometimes I wonder why the family ever stuck with me. I would just get settled down in a new home then out we'd move. Blanche ~~old~~ was 16 years old and during that time we had lived in 15 different houses.

We were now moving in an older home located on 1st East between third and fourth north. We had already started a new home located on 3rd East and 5th North, so we did not intend to live in this house very long. I believe it was while we were living here that Blanche met Merlin. She came home from a dance one night all excited. She woke us up and said, "You will never guess who we met at the dance tonight." We couldn't guess so she said, "You built a barn for his father." Then of course, I guessed who she was referring to. It could only be one fellow and that was Merlin Yonk. She sat and told us how it all came about and what a nice time they had had at the dance, etc. That was the beginning of her romance.

That summer Wally was two and a half years old, he had long curly hair. Mother would curl his locks around her finger, which would make long ringlets. One day the wife and I went to Bear Lake for a couple of days. When we returned home Blanche had cut Wally's hair. Mother was quite upset when she saw what had happened. She told Blanche that when she had a child of her own with long curly hair that she would get even with her and cut its hair. Of course, she never did. Just before Blanche cut Wally's hair a man had come around the neighborhood with a small pony. He would let the children ride the pony then he would snap their picture. It so happened that he

took Wally's picture while he sat on the pony. This was just a short time before his hair was cut. We still have the picture and look at it in awe, it really is difficult to imagine Wally ever being that small.

(A trip to Yellowstone Park)

That summer I mentioned something about going to Yellowstone Park. I wasn't really serious about making the trip but after I had opened my big mouth there was no backing out. I was quite dubious about the condition of my car. There was a leak in the radiator, the tires were not too good and the lug bolts that held the wheels on would work loose, making it necessary to stop every few miles and tighten them up. In short, the car was in very poor condition but in spite of the fact, we took a vote and the yes's won. So we rented a two wheel trailer. We loaded it with two mattresses, bedding, tent, a food supply, then we took off on a grand adventure. There were eight of us in the car, including my brother, Alex. Top of that we were pulling a trailer. When I look back on the adventure I wonder how we ever had the nerve to attempt such a trip.

If I got the speed up to fifty miles per hour we were making pretty good time, and that would be on straight level roads. All went well until we arrived at warm river. There we saw a sign which said, "18 miles up grade, no water". We had no extra container for extra water, so all we could do was to take a chance and trust in the good Lord. We were probably half way up when all the water had boiled out of the radiator. We met a man and woman loading poles not far from the road. I walked over and told them of our predicament and asked if it would be possible to get a little water. The man said it was and they would be glad to help us out. Then the woman spoke up and said that they'd better keep all they had as they might need it before they got down to the bottom. (Which was all down hill) Then the man said that perhaps on second thought he'd better not give us any water. Then he remarked that he was real sorry. I said I was too. My heart sank clear down into my shoes. I could hardly believe that people could be so selfish. He had made it known that they still had ten gallons of water. I could easily see who was boss in that family. I had bought a gallon of oil in Pocatello and as a last resort I poured the oil in the radiator. The radiator being hot gushed the oil all over the windshield and other parts of the car.

What a mess! That was the first geyser we had seen before even entering the park. After cooling the motor off for a few minutes we went on our way, as luck would have it we found a swamp a little farther on. We were able to dip out enough water to supply our needs. Then we went on our happy way.

We arrived at Madison Junction late in the evening and set up camp. Later Alex went fishing in the Madison River. I remember he caught one fish that was at least twenty inches long. That night we sat around a campfire and listened to a lecture by one of the rangers.

The next morning we hit out for Old Faithful. We spent most of that day looking at geysers and there were many of them. Wally was two and a half years old. He could pick up a hand full of gravel, walk up to a hot spring and throw the gravel in the water. He kept us in hot water, trying to keep him out of hot water.

After looking at geysers and mud pots most of the day we pitched camp at Old Faithful, we went to watch the ranger feed the bears. They had built a large platform, perhaps a foot or 18 inches high. The food was put on this platform. The bears would have to climb on this thing to get the food. There was a high wire fence between the bears and the audience. About six o'clock we went out and sat on the bleachers and waited for some thing to happen. Soon a ranger rode out in the opening on a horse, he had a 30-30 strapped to his saddle, he really looked like he was out for a bear. While he sat there he told us a few bear stories. He said there had been a large grizzly bear that had been king of the park for about fifteen years. He was known by the name of Scar Face. He had been in so many fights his ears had been practically chewed off, and that his face was all scared because of teeth marks from other bears. He would be the first grizzly on the platform, after he got what he wanted to eat he would leave the platform, then the other bears could have their turn. He had ruled the roost for fifteen years. Then one evening a large young grizzly walked out in the opening and stood up on his rear legs and gave one big blast of a growl, a signal to Scar Face to be prepared for combat. They fought for about fifteen minutes, but Old Scar Face was no match for the younger bear. The next evening the young bear was on the platform first. Soon after, Scar Face appeared. He walked up to the young bear and made the first pass, showing that he still possessed a lot of determination. The spirit

was willing but the flesh was weak. That evening the fight ended in less than five minutes with Scar Face losing the battle, as he did the evening before. That was the last time Scar Face was ever seen. He supposed that the bear went away and did of a broken heart. They had named this younger bear "The Prince". He was still the supreme ruler at the time of our visit. The ranger told us many interesting stories pertaining to bears and their habits. But space will not permit further commentary pertaining to bears and their habits. At that time the park seemed to be more in its natural state. It seemed more like the wild west. Now with our modern transportation, visiting the park it is about like going from city to city. It "ain't what it use to be".

We stayed in Old Faithful one night, the next day we left for West Thumb. At that time the road leading from Old Faithful to West Thumb was a one way dirt road. We stayed in West Thumb for two nights. We encountered quite a heavy rain storm and were confined to our tent most of the time. There really wasn't much to see in this place. A few paint pots and hot springs etc. The weather cleared long enough to give us an opportunity to hire a boat and go fishing on the lake. I think this is where Mother caught her first fish.

Ivaloo became infatuated with a young fellow who was working in a C.C.C. camp. She tried to persuade us to stay a few days longer. She was fourteen years old at that time.

We went on to Fishing Bridge, but couldn't find a camping site. There were pools of water standing all over the place. so we went on to Canyon Junction and set up camp there. We always put the mattresses together and slept in one long row. I slept next to the door, so if a bear should come in I could scare him away. But what do you suppose happened? Well, about five o'clock the next morning I was awakened by the rattling of pans. I raised up and saw a bear fooling around with our grub box. He had crawled in under the back of the tent. I yelled, "Get out of here!" At that the kids all raised up like a jack-in-the box. The bear grabbed a loaf of bread and went out the way he had came in. We lifted the flap of the tent to see what the bear would do. The night before a man who was camped next to us had thrown a rope over a limb of a

tree, tied a package of meat on one end, then he pulled the meat up in the tree. To make it secure he tied the other end of the rope to another limb. Well, the bear must have smelled that meat, for he dropped the bread that he had stolen from our tent and climbed up the tree. The package was beyond his reach, but he didn't give up easily. After five or six minutes, he managed to reach the rope. When we saw he was about to succeed we called to the man and told him the bear was about to get his meat. He came running out in his p.j.'s and chased the bear away.

We spend a whole day at Canyon Junction visiting the different points of interest, first at artist point then Inspiration Point and the water falls on Yellow Stone River.

The next morning we left Canyon Junction heading for Madison Junction. This is where we intended to spend our last night in the park. On the way we visited Tower Falls, the Petrified Tree, Mammoth Hot Springs, we spent quite some time just roaming around.

By this time the girls were getting tired and I think a little bored, plus quite damp. It got so that every time we came close to a sulfur spring they would hold their nose and say "Phew' Lets get out of here." Both Blanche and June had dates for Saturday night. Perhaps they were just a little worried as to whether we would get home by that time, but we did.

I have visited the park several time since. But I can truly say, I enjoyed the first trip the very best of all. This was the last time that I ever had the pleasure of going on a trip with my whole family. It seemed like our children had grown up under our noses without us really realizing it. Time passes us by so quickly. As an experienced father I would exhort all parents to form a companionship with their children. Play with them, go camping with them. Converse with them. Be one of them. If you will do all these things I will promise you that you will never regret the time spent with them. In fact some day you will even cherish those wonderful times.
(Wally Contacts Pneumonia)

That fall (1934) we moved to 295 East 5th North. I had been working on this home during my spare time. I had finished the basement apartment, but not the

upstairs. When our landlord learned that we were going to move he gave us notice to evacuate as soon as possible, so that he could rent the place before winter set in. Consequently we moved into the basement apartment until I could get the upper part finished. Wally was three years old November 1st. Shortly thereafter he took sick. We didn't think much of it at the time. We thought perhaps it was just a cold, so we treated it accordingly. But we were unable to break it up and he appeared to be getting worse. Finally we broke down and called a doctor. After an examination the doctor said he was afraid that Wally had pneumonia. He left instructions as to what we should do and that we should call him later if there was no improvement. In the meantime somebody told us of a Mrs. Scott who was a chiropractor and that she could cure pneumonia with rubbing adjustments. Well, we were desperate and were willing to try nearly anything. So we took Wally to her. She said she could cure him. After four trips he got worse. On the fifth trip she would not touch him. He could hardly hold up his little head. I rushed him back home and called Dr. Hayward. He came out and gave him another examination and discovered that his temperature was below normal. He suspected that the congestion in his lung had turned to puss and that would necessitate an operation. The next morning we rushed him to the hospital. If I ever prayed in my life, this was the time. I don't remember just what I said, but mother claims I practically commanded the Lord to spare his life, It paid off, for he survived the ordeal.

The Doctors allowed us to view the operation from a glassed-in room, directly over the operation table. The first thing they did, after he was under ether, was to inject a needle connected to a small bottle and drew out some of the puss. The doctor held the bottle up so we could see it. I suppose to prove to us that his lung was really filled with puss. The operation was performed by removing part of a rib on the right side of the back. When the doctor made the incision the puss ran on the table down the doctors leg onto the floor. There must have been at least one whole pint drained from his lung. It seemed like more. The doctor said he could not remove all the puss at this time. If they did the lung would collapse. So a tube was inserted in the incision so that the lung would drain gradually.

After the operation, and after Wally had gained consciousness he looked around the room and asked, "Where did those white Negroes go?" He was assigned to a private room because his was an infectious case. Wally would have nothing to do with the nurses. When they came around he would kick up quite a rumpus. So an extra bed was put in the room and Mother stayed there with him. They were there for six solid weeks. Mother could hardly get away long enough to go to the bathroom.

While Mother and Wally were at the hospital, the girls were required to take care of the house. It was rather difficult for them because they were all going to school. I was working upstairs trying to get it finished and ready for occupancy by the first of the year. There is one event that took place that I will remember forever. It happened on a Saturday night after dinner. I suppose the girls were getting pretty well fed up with house keeping, cooking, washing dishes, etc. Blanche even did the shopping. I suppose it was a good experience for them to have to shoulder a little responsibility. On this certain afternoon they were doing a little arguing as to who was to wash the dishes. One said she did the dishes last and it was the other's turn and on and on until I flew off the handle. I told them that they should be ashamed; quarreling over a few dishes, while their mother was in the hospital with a sick baby and couldn't be there to boss the job. It so happened that I had been duck hunting that morning. I had brought the gun in and laid it on the front room table. After our little "set-to" I went to the front room, picked up the shot gun, pointed it at the wall and pulled the trigger. To my amazement it went off. I thought I had unloaded it. I stood there rather dazed. Soon the girls came and peaked around the door, they thought sure I had committed suicide. I believe, though, that this little incident brought them to a realization that quarreling, arguing, and disagreeing on every little thing, can just about send a parent crazy. At any rate, it seemed to clear the air temporarily at least.

Just a few days before Christmas Mother had brought Wally home from the hospital. By that time we had moved upstairs. We had just gotten settled when we sold out again. The lady that bought it told us that we could live in the home until I got another one built. The people didn't have too much money for a down payment.

They thought they could get 90% from the FHA because he was a professor up at the school. I doubted it. Anyway they put in an application. Soon two men came up from Salt Lake to look over the place. They went over it with a fine tooth comb. They also asked a lot of questions. One of them said, "Twenty years is a damn long time." That was thirty five years ago and at that time twenty years in the future seemed like a "damn long time" to me too. Looking back it seems like just a short time ago. The house still stands, next door, in fact. It is worth about three times the original price. The house had not been built according to the FHA specifications, but to my surprise the loan went through. That happened to be the first FHA Loan made in Logan according to the officials.

As soon as the weather permitted I started the home where we are now living (1970). When we moved in my wife said, "The only way you will ever get me out of this house is feet first." You know, I believe she meant it.

We still had all our children home, but they were beginning to sprout wings. We had lived here just about a month when on the 17th of October Blanche decided to get married. We were very happy for her, but still we were rather sad, because her leaving us left a vacant spot in our home and in our hearts as well. After all she had lived with us nineteen years. We had watched her grow from babyhood to womanhood. We watched her spiritual growth as well as her physical growth. She had always been very kind and easy to get along with. She was always considerate with other people. She had lived through a world war, which eventually caused a great depression. Because of this depression I was not always able to give her the things I would like to have given her. I thought she should have had a year or two in college, but she decided that her career would be raising a family, and she has done a magnificent job. It just goes to show that intelligence is more important than an education. Education has to be acquired, intelligence is a God given gift. A Mother's first and highest calling is to be the guiding spirit of the home, under her husband, who is the head of the household. The home is a divine institution. The church depends on it. If the home is not a sanctuary where God is present, the Church would be cold and cheerless. But the home depends largely on the wife and mother. I am sure Blanche has filled all the required

qualifications in being a good wife and mother. All their children have received many awards because of individual effort on the part of the children as well as that of the parents. At this writing (1970) they have nine grand children.

One year after Blanche got married our second daughter, June, got tired of living in the city and decided to try country life. Probably because Blanche seemed to be enjoying life on a farm. So on October 7, 1936 she married Dick Bowen and moved to Beaver Dam. And she lived happily ever after. (I described some of June's history previously) She lives near us in Logan now. Her husband owns "Dick's Conoco Service Station." In 1937 we became grandparents. Blanche's oldest daughter, Merlene, arrived on the scene, May 3rd, 1937. June's first daughter was born July 2, 1937. These two events brought me to the realization that I was approaching the half century mark.

Nothing of importance took place in the next two or three years. We just took life as it came, building homes as usual, trying to keep even with the world, and managing to keep out of jail!! In 1939 we made our first trip to California. I believe we made the trip because of the persuasion of Ivaloo. She had met Pershing Evans while he was attending school here in Logan and who now lived in California. I think she was more interested in seeing Persh, than she was in seeing California. At any rate we had never seen the State of Sunshine and Flowers, also my four sisters lived there. I had not seen them in quite some time. I really don't think it took much persuasion to convince us to make the trip. We left Logan one evening in early January. It was snowing when we left home and continued to snow until we arrived in Cedar City. I never shall forget the first glimpse we got of Las Vegas. It seemed like coming out of a long dark tunnel, into a paradise with all its bright lights and neon signs. We thought we were within a few blocks of the city, but as it turned out we still had 5 or six miles to travel before reaching the center of Las,Vegas. We arrived at San Bernardino quite early in the morning. Everything seemed so green and fresh. Trees were loaded with oranges and lemons. It was quite a contrast to what we had left the day before. We saw signs along the road which said, "All the orange juice you can drink for 5 cents". The funny part of it was, we were hardly able to drink more than a glass full.

We really enjoyed the morning ride from San Bernardino to Los Angeles, where my sister, Katie and Horace, her husband, lived. They took us to the different beaches and many other places of interest. We went to visit Horace's brother, Art. He went out in the back yard and picked four or five large oranges and gave them to Wally. They were so large Wally had to have help to carry them. (Wally was eight years at the time) After spending five or six days with the Taylors we headed for Alameda, where my other three sisters lived, Lue Rilda, Almeda, and Gladys. (Alameda is just across the bay from San Francisco) It was a full days ride from L.A. to San Francisco. We traveled on the coast highway so it was quite a pleasant trip. Ivaloo was a good driver, so she drove part of the time, making it much easier for me. It was on this trip that I noticed a car following us. I slowed down some so as to give it a chance to pass us by, but it slowed down too. After about a half hour I heard a siren and the car drove up beside me. I pulled over and stopped. The kids began to whimper and I, for the life of me, could not imagine what I had done wrong. The officer came over to the car and said, "I have been following you for 30 minutes and you have crossed the center line at least six times, I thought perhaps you were drunk." At that, he poked his head in through the window. I suppose he got a whiff of my breath, but all he got was an odor of second hand peanuts. Then I explained to him that I had been eating peanuts. He told me that I had better pay more attention to the driving and leave the peanuts for home consumption. We parted good friends.

During our stay in Alameda we visited China Town, Seal Cliff Inn, Fisherman's Wharf, The Zoo and the Aquarium. There were other places too numerous to mention. Ivaloo broke out with a rash. We thought perhaps she had chicken Pox or Hives. On further investigation we found that she was allergic to fleas. They didn't bother any of the rest of us, but they just about drove Ivaloo wild with agony. She was happy when we bade Alameda goodbye. One day I drove the women over to Oakland to do a little shopping. I let them get out in front of a certain store. I failed to ask the name of the place. By the time I got my car parked I couldn't find my way back to where I had let them out, not knowing the name of the store I was unable to inquire of anybody. The only thing I could do was to get in my car and go back home and wait for

a phone call. When I didn't show up, my sister Meda called her husband Don, and they went and picked them up. When they arrived home I had a lot of explaining to do.

A day or two later we all went shopping at the Woolworth Store, which covered a whole city block. While we were there Wally asked for a dime (a dime went much farther in those Days). I think he wanted to buy a ring for one of his class mates (Kay Lewis). Shortly after I had given him the money he disappeared. We looked through the store and no Wally. So my brother-in law, Nephew and myself, decided that we had better go outside and look. We each took a block. I was about half way up my block when I saw Wally coming down the side walk. The little guy was looking up into strange faces with a rather scared look. I followed behind for a short distance. I could see that he was pretty worried, so I walked up to his side and took him by the hand. I think he was as glad to see me as I was to see him. After that we didn't have to keep track of him, he kept track of us.

We spent a very pleasant ten days in California, then it was time to return home in order to get Wally and Eileen back in school. I believe they learned just as much and perhaps more through this new experience, as they would have gained in school. I know one thing; we very often mention some certain thing that happened during our first trip to California. It is said that 80% of our learning comes through our vision.

In the spring of 1940 Ivaloo went to California on a visit. On June 27th we received a telegram from Ivaloo informing us of her marriage to Pershing Evans. The marriage took place in Las Vegas. Some time later they were sealed in the Mesa Temple. (Interesting during the same year: On December 7, 1941 Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese. I bought a new car, a Dodge. That same summer my sister Katie and her children came to Utah for a short vacation.)

"The Christmas of '41, Persh and Ivaloo invited us out to spend the holidays with them. Tires and gasoline were getting pretty hard to get because of the war. The government issued ration cards. The amount of tires and gas one got depended on what kind of work a person was engaged in. I being a contractor had a good rating, so I didn't suffer for want of gas or tires. I knew all scarce materials would be more difficult to get as the war progressed. Things being as they were we decided to

accept their invitation. Perhaps this would be our last opportunity to see them until after the war. So a few days before Christmas we packed our suit cases and with Wally and Eileen and John Olson Jr. (Who was quite friendly with Eileen and who had relatives there, whom he wished to visit) and headed for Glendale, California. Ivaloo and Persh lived in a very small three room house. The kitchen was so small there was just room enough to accommodate one person at a time. The Christmas Tree was set up in the front room. It pretty well filled it up. I don't remember how we were bedded down, but we got by and had a wonderful time. It was on this trip that we first visited Forest Lawn, and we thoroughly enjoyed our visit there. With the Low Sweet music playing throughout the whole building and grounds everything seemed so calm, quite, and peaceful. Even the people who dwelt there seemed to be at peace with the world.

We left California the day after New Year. Ivaloo picked a pretty red rose, which she gave to her mother. The next morning we encountered a blizzard. Snow was blowing in all directions. We were about to turn around and go back to California, but we had to get Wally and Eileen back in school.

In the spring of 1942 building activity closed down entirely in Logan. It was impossible to buy building material of any kind with out priority from the government. Logan, not being in the war zone was shut off completely. Everyone in the building business, if they were plumbers, electricians, carpenters, plasters, etc., either went to Brigham City, or Ogden where there was plenty of work. The Government started a veterans hospital in Brigham City (now the Indian School). They sent out a plea for all kinds of mechanics. Many men went over and hired out as carpenters, many of them had never even driven a nail in their whole life. All they needed was a hammer and a \$50.00 union fee because they were forced to join the union in order to get work. These men worked with full fledged carpenters. Drawing the same pay, as a competent carpenter who knew the trade, and had spent many hours learning it. Some of those kids had never made more than three dollars a day. Now they were getting \$1.25 an hour plus time and a half for over time. They were drawing from \$14.00 to \$17.00 per day. Which made it very difficult for a private

contractor to get men. Wages have been on the rise ever since that time, which of course boosts the price of everything else. Where this inflation will stop nobody knows.

The Federal Building and Loan of Ogden had financed some of my building projects in Logan. So Mr. Jack Andrews who was president of the company at that time informed me that they owned a plot of ground consisting of six building lots, which they would sell me for the sum of \$1,800.00. The F.H.A. had already approved loans for the building of six homes on these lots. They were small homes and were to sell, not to exceed \$6,000. Some of the men who had been working with me for some time agreed to stick with me, so I accepted the proposition. We decided it would be too far to travel back and forth, so we built a double garage with a wood floor. We had the electricity hooked up and a telephone installed. We used this building for a bunk house. The lady next door agreed to prepare dinner for us. This we appreciated very much. We still had to worry about breakfast and supper, so we bought a two plate electric grill on which we could heat water, cook bacon and eggs, etc. After a few weeks this got a little sickening. We were tired of batching so one of my men, Lee Andrews and myself decided to set a proposition to our wives. We asked them if they would come down and do our cooking. They agreed if we would build another shack for Lee and his wife to live in. Of course we were very glad to accept their terms. This would give us more time to work on the buildings. We were to pay them so much per meal. They fed the plumber, plasterers, carpenters, etc. My wife, myself, Wally and Eileen slept in the larger building. We also used this building as a cook house and dining room. Lee and his family slept in the smaller building. The other men slept in the houses we were building. We would work from 10 to 12 hours per day. I think the women worked harder than the men, but we never heard any complaints from them. All in all I think it was quite an enjoyable summer. In the evenings we would all get together and sing songs. Lee's girl played the accordion. One shack was built under a large tree, so it was quite cool most of the day.

These houses sold like hot cakes. They had to be sold to people who were working on defense jobs. The F.H.A. set a ceiling of \$6,000 on each home. So, in other

words, I was not permitted to sell these homes above the ceiling price set by the F.H.A.. Had I have used my small gray cells, I would have closed the loans in my own name and rented the places for a year, and then have sold them. By so doing I could have cleared about \$20,000 more the first year. Two or three of these buyers sold out in six months at a profit of \$4,000 each. They probably cleared more on one building than I cleared on the whole project. we all thought at that time that the building industry had reached its peak. But it was only getting a good start. Comparable homes are now selling for around \$16,000. Oh, well, it's no use crying over spilt milk, or, what might have been.

I advertised the two small buildings we had been living in. They were gobbled up the first day.

The Federal Building and Loan people tried to persuade me to sell out in Logan and settle in Ogden and to continue to build there. I would probably have been better off money wise, but Wally and Eileen had all their friends in Logan. I hated the idea of uprooting them, so we decided to stay in the old home town.

That fall ('42) Ivaloo had her first baby. So mama went and stayed with her for a couple of weeks. The next year Persh was inducted in the Navy. He was stationed in Coeur D'Lene, Idaho, so Ivaloo moved in our front basement apartment. Persh was released from the service after six weeks because of a trick knee. Not being able to find work in Logan they returned to California.

In 1943 Charles Galloway came to me with a proposition that seemed pretty sound. He could buy a hydraulic metal bailer for \$1,000 but it would require some repairing before it could be used. He took me down to Ogden to look at one in operation. It was a large thing. It weighed around 4,000 pounds. It would bail an automobile body into a bail less than 2 feet square. The car body would have to be cut into several pieces in order to fit in the hopper. We watched it operate for some time. It seemed to do the job with ease. We were told that the demand for this material was unlimited. In fact we were promised contracts for the metal even before we got started. I asked Charles what the total cost would be in order to get the thing into operation. He stated that it would be \$1800 or less. He said there was

a junk yard in Pocatello, Idaho that had hundreds of car body's. All we would have to do is pull in and bale them up. They were very anxious to get rid of them. He quoted me a figure of how many tons the machine would turn out in a day, and how much money we could get for the bailed metal. It all looked pretty rosy. The way he had it all figured we would be able to clear around \$100 per day. It looked pretty good so I agreed to go in with him, but by the time we had the machine ready to operate I had invested \$4,000 in the project. We took the machine up to Pocatello and went to work. At first the motor was too small, it would heat up then something else would go wrong. He would always say, "When we get the bugs ironed out, we will go to town." I stuck with it for about three weeks. Then I told him I wanted out. Altogether I had lost about three months time and had invested \$4,000. He agreed to buy me out. He raked up \$1,000 and promised to pay the rest as soon as possible. He offered to let me have his home. I would had to have assumed a mortgage. This would have been okay because the home was worth that much. I declined the offer because I dislike the idea of putting his family out of their home. I know Charles was honest and that he would settle eventually. I suppose I made a mistake because Charles died that same fall. I believe to this day that he died because of all the worry and anguish this whole thing caused him to go through. He knew the project was a total failure. The company who agreed to buy the bailed metal broke the contract and would not accept any more material. After his death his wife, Mrs. Galloway, said I could have the bailer, but upon investigation I discovered that it had been mortgaged to the hilt, so rather than to send more good money after bad, I decided to forget the whole mess. I had already lost \$3,000 on the deal. I am sure that Charles lost his life because of worry and anxiety, for he did worry and fret a great deal. He could see that the whole affair was a big flop. I had a headache for a few months after, but decided that his loss was much greater than mine for I did escape with my life. Anyway, why worry, all the worrying in the world could not replace the loss I had suffered. It is said that more people die because of worry than there are who die because of over work After all, I had had \$3,000 00 worth of experience, which should have been worth something and I am sure it taught me to be more cautious in my future business dealings.

Soon after this episode, building material became more available in Logan, so I gradually eased back into the construction business. There is not much to report for the next two or three years. We just lived normal lives, worked, went to church, etc. Wally & Eileen were still living at home. In 1946 Eileen received a call to fill a mission. She was not certain whether she wanted to go or not, but after some consideration, she informed the Bishop that she would accept. He asked her if she had any preference as to her field of labor. She said: "Any place except with the Okies" Guess what! When the call came she was to serve in Oklahoma. When she read the letter I noticed a big tear trickle down her cheek and drop on the floor, but she was a sport. She said that if that's where the Lord wants me to labor, that's where I will go. So that is where she went. After serving 18 months in that mission she received an honorable release and on her return home Eileen said it was the best mission in the whole world It's not always where you are that counts, but who you are and how you utilize your time. I suppose also, that it all depends on the attitude of a person whether he is a success or a failure. We always enjoyed reading Eileen's enthusiastic letters. I know our testimonies were strengthened as well as that of Eileen's. She still insists that her Missionary experiences were the most rewarding and enjoyable time of her life.

The wife and I didn't want to get too far behind our children in learning, so while Eileen was in Oklahoma we enrolled in a Dale Carnegie training course that was being conducted in Ogden. We attended these classes once each week, sometimes twice. Probably the most important lesson we ever learned was the three "Don'ts". They were don't criticize, condemn or complain. I suppose one would have to be about perfect in order to live up all three Don'ts because they cover a lot of ground. The scriptures say, "Be ye therefore perfect even as the Father in Heaven is perfect." We could probably become perfect if we could overcome criticizing and condemning our fellow men and not to complain too much about our own conditions. We all know how miserable it is to be around someone who is everlasting criticizing something or somebody. We were told if we ever got the inclination to criticize, we should first stop and take one good look at our own short comings, ask ourselves a few questions,

such as: am I without imperfections, am I any better than the other person whom I am finding fault with?

Criticism is often fatal among married couples, for example; a bride groom told his young bride that she could not make bread like his mother could. She replied, "You can't make dough like my father can either." Because of the brides quick comeback they both laughed. Because of her sense of humor she probably avoided a first quarrel. She could have said, "If my cooking doesn't suit you go back to your mother, or if your Mother's cooking is so damn good, why did you ever leave home?" or "Why don't you go back to Mama?" He could have said, "That's exactly what I'll do." and he did. And of course she went home to mama too. They were both stubborn people, neither would admit of being wrong, consequently they ended up getting a divorce. Kind of foolish don't you think? Nevertheless divorces are being granted every day, grounds: mental cruelty. Probably just because of too much criticism.

Don't condemn! There are also many people who condemn everything that they come in contact with. Nobody can do anything to please them. They see everything through a critical eye. They fail to see a beautiful rose, because they have their eye on the thorn. They fail to see the beautiful things in life because they are always seeking out defects in others or imperfections. Often such people can even get a little insulting. One does not feel comfortable in their presence. You might say such a person is a natural born snob. A person one would avoid associating with. He is cynical, embittered, suspicious, he hates most everyone, he is the only one in the whole world that is without fault.

Don't complain! Very often we meet people who seem to be angry with the whole world. Their complaint is against everything and everybody, every person he has dealings with tries to take advantage of him. He won't go to church because he doesn't trust the Bishop, he won't associate with his neighbor because he is afraid the neighbor will some day ask for an accommodation. Oh well. I guess I can't complain, he isn't my neighbor. I am sure we received a lot of good experiences through attending these classes. All members had to participate each night. Every student was required to give a two minute talk. Most of the time we could choose our own

subject. Sometimes we would get an inspiration from a speech given by some other member. For example; one night a member stood up and complained how difficult it was to live here in the U.S.A., how we were losing our freedom, the high taxes we had to pay. We couldn't call our life our own, etc. His talk didn't sit very well with my wife. She stood up and told him that he did not know how well off he was. She said that if you think you have it hard here in the U.S. you should go back to Russia or China or some other communist country, (she gave a few examples). After she sat down she got quite an applause from the whole group as well as praise from the instructor. He said that speech came from the heart, in fact that talk brought her the award of the week for being the best speech of the week.

One week our assignment was to smile at everybody with whom we came in contact with, whether it be a man, woman or child. Now if you think that assignment was easy, just try it sometime. Most people will return the smile, some will look at you with a puzzled look on their face, as much as to say, "is that guy off his rocker," or "do I know that guy," or "does he know me." One man actually came up to me and said, "Do I know you?" I've had people smile at me whom I was sure I know, but was unable to recall their name and was too embarrassed to ask. What a revolting situation. We learned many things in the Carnegie classes that have been of great benefit to us during our later Years.

In the fall of 1947 Eileen returned home after receiving an honorable release from her mission activities. We were thrilled and amazed to see the spiritual growth and development she had made in the past 18 months. We knew that this missionary experience was worth many times more than the expense involved in keeping her out there. I am sure that her missionary experiences are still being used in her every day activities. (At this writing, 1970, Eileen has a son in the Mexican mission) In January 1948 Eileen accepted a life long mission, that of raising a family. She was married to John E. Olson, who now practices medicine in Bountiful, Utah. They are the parents of five children. Three boys and two girls. John, Robin, Laurie, Paul and Gregory. A family that any grandparent could be proud to brag about.

A TRIP TO THE SAWTOOTH MOUNTAINS

In the summer of 1948 Brother Parrish and I took a group of scouts up into the Sawtooth mountains in Idaho. We drove our cars as far as we could go then we parked the cars, put packs on our backs and hiked back to a couple of lakes. It was about a four hour hike. We stayed here two nights. The lakes were as clear as crystal. I walked up behind a bush, cast out a fly, and the fish came up from all directions. I was having the time of my life, until some of the scouts noticed me pulling out the fish. They came running up, some of them had big spoon hooks, one or two casts with them in the clear water, soon put an end to my fun, oh well; all nice things eventually come to an end.

This was on the 24th of July. After we caught the fish we buried them in a snow bank to keep them fresh. We were told that the snow lays on the shady side of the mountains the year around. After spending two nights at this place, we came back to our cars and drove to Salmon City. This was a very scenic drive. The mayor said we could sleep in the City Park, so we spread out our sleeping bags and slept on the ground. The next day we went to a place called Williams Lake, it was a two or three mile hike. Brother Parrish and I hired horses and rode back to the Lake. We jogged right along but most of the boys beat our time. They were there waiting for us. The same people who had horses for hire also had row boats for hire. We hired enough boats so there were 3 people to a boat. One would row the other two would troll. The fish in this lake were rainbow. They were the most fighting fish I have ever seen, when they hit the spinner, they would jump two or three feet above the water. They reminded me of a bucking bronco. One of the boys left his pole unattended for a few seconds. A trout grabbed his spinner and before he could reach the pole the fish pulled it overboard. Of course he lost the whole outfit. The worst of it was he had borrowed the pole and reel from a friend.

A TRIP TO CANADA

In 1949 we took the scouts to Canada. This time Brother Parrish and I took the wives along. We went up through Yellowstone, the Glacier National Park in Montana. We set up camp in Waterton, Canada. From there we visited the Cardston Temple and

some of the other places of interest. One day we drove up to a lake about five miles from camp. I drove my car back and Wallace's wife drove his car back. Brother Parrish and the eight scouts walked back to camp. The scouts all started out on brisk walk to see who could get back to camp first. When Brother Parrish was about half way back to camp he met a fisherman. He asked the man if he had seen any boys go by. The man said that they had passed about half an hour earlier. Brother Parrish said, "Well, I'm their leader!"

At night we would build a bonfire and sit around and sing songs like, "Home on the Range", "Ghost Riders in the Sky," "Tenting Tonight," and many others to numerous to mention. I get an empty feeling when I think back on the occasion and realize that these times can never be relived. Most of these boys now have scouts of their own and are going through the same experience that we, as Dad's enjoyed. We took one 17 year old girl along on this trip. Her name was "Wiesy" (short for Louise) Olson; a cousin of mine from Chicago. She was staying with us for the summer. I think she helped to make the trip more enjoyable for the boys. I am sure she had a pleasant time also. On our return home we stopped over at Virginia City, Montana. In the 1800's Virginia City was a thriving town. At one time it produced many millions of dollars in gold, now it is nothing but a ghost town. Many of the old buildings have been rejuvenated. The old Saloon, the Wells Fargo building, the Blacksmith shop and other buildings appear as they were about 100 years ago. A dummy Blacksmith stands by his anvil with a hammer in one hand, the other hand on the handle of a bellows. In the Saloon one man sits at the piano, while two other men stand by. In the Wells Fargo building a lady is shown arranging for passage out of town with the ticket agent.

At one time there was much gold shipped out by stage coach, but some of this gold never did reach its destination., and as time went by things got worse. It got so bad that hardly any of the gold shipments got through. It just disappeared in thin air. The Authorities were unable to solve the mystery. The citizens finally took matters into their own hands and formed a vigilante group. They finally discovered that the sheriff with some other prominent citizens were the culprits. So they took the

Sheriff with two of his associates and hung them by the neck, that put an end to the gold robberies. When we were there the three nooses were on exhibition in a little house on a hill back of the town. Three graves were also in this same location. I suppose they are still there. Well this just goes to prove that crime does not pay. We spent ten days on this trip and enjoyed every minute of it. This was about the last trip I had with the scouts. My son Wally having filled all his requirements in scouting, brought his career to an end as a scout. I lost interest too and dropped out.

In the fall of 1950 Wally received a call to fill a mission. He accepted, had a farewell party, went through the mission home, bought the necessary books, clothing, etc. He was also eligible to be called in the services of his country. He with others visited the draft board and were promised a temporary release from the service. But at the very last minute this release was denied. So he, with half dozen others were unable to leave for a mission at this time. Rather than to waste time waiting for his draft number to come up he went to the board and volunteered his services. By so doing he was able to choose the branch of activity that would be beneficial to him. After he got into the service he was required to go to boot camp for about 6 weeks for his basic training. After basic training he went to Officers Training school and became a Lieutenant. During this time he also studied radar.

In the spring of 1952 the wife and I were called to fill a two year mission in the Eastern States Mission. We accepted the call. We figured that leaving at this time would bring us home about the time Wally would be released from the army. He had enlisted for a three year term. He had already served one year of his assignment at this time. So we arranged our affairs accordingly, preparatory to entering the mission home. We spent a most wonderful week at the mission home. We departed for New York in May 1952. We were allowed to drive our car, in fact we were told that a car would be an asset in the mission field. We found this to be very true, in fact, we could not have managed without a car. During the two years we spent out there we traveled over 60,000 miles and never had one accident.

On our way out we stayed in Chicago a few days visiting Eileen and Jack. At that time Jack was attending the Northwestern University of Chicago. One day they

took us through skid row. We saw some pitiful sights. It's difficult to realize that human beings can fall so low. Many were sitting on the curb with their heads in their hands, just staring out in space. Some were sprawled out on the sidewalk sleeping. One man walked up to the car as we were passing and said, "Hey, you Mormons from Utah, give me a dime." We were afraid to stop. We would probably have been surrounded. Some of those people get pretty desperate. We were told that most any of them would crack you over the head for the sake of a few dollars. Most of them are alcoholics and will do almost any thing for a drink of liquor. After spending three delightful days with Jack and Eileen we went on our way. We landed in New York City around 5 P.M. It seemed as though we were surrounded with automobiles. They were on each side, in front and behind. At a stop sign a taxi driver stopped at the side of us. We asked him how to find a certain address. He told us we had to get over to the right. We asked him how, and he said, just crowd over, otherwise you will never make it. We had to move right three lanes, but we made it. On arriving at the mission home, we found that the Church had bought an old mansion on 5th Ave. The building was equipped with old time plumbing fixtures, antique bedroom sets, etc. The home had been very fashionable at one time. It was still a very fine home. We parked the car on the street. We were advised to bring everything in at night. We were told that even a locked car was not safe from looters. A car had been pilfered just a few days previous to this time.

We had a meeting that night with the President of the Mission, Delbert Taylor, whose home was in Idaho. During our conversation he stated he was not quite sure where he could use us best. He said there were two or three places where we were needed, but that he was undecided just which place would work out best for all concerned. As we retired for the night he was still undecided. The following morning he told us that he had inquired of the Lord regarding our field of labor and that he had been inspired to send us out on the Indian Reservation. He had had another couple in mind to labor there, but he said, "I know that you are the two who are to fill that vacancy." That same day we headed for the Cattaraugus Reservation. I was a little disappointed at first. I was reminded of Ammon when he went to the land of Ishmael

to preach to the Lamanites, how they took him and bound him and carried him before the King who had the power to slay him or to cast him in prison or to do with him whatsoever he desired. Then I remembered that he was a righteous man and that he had the Spirit of God with him, by who's power he was saved. By the same power he brought many converts into the church. I remembered the Indians in Blackfoot, Idaho, how they would come into town wrapped up in blankets and sit around on the side walk. Many of them asking for handouts. The Blackfoot river was the north boundary line of the reservation. It is said that many of the Indian women would come to the river to have their babies, after birth the babies would be washed by the mother in the river. After a while the mother would put the babe on her back and waddle off. I would call that living close to nature. One time my father bought a pretty black yearling horse from an Indian. The Indian said, "Him make wagon horse." Meaning he would be a work horse, when he was two years old we broke him to be a saddle horse and he was a good one, one day he came up missing. We looked high and low for the horse but never did find him. We assumed that the Indians stole him back. We should have branded him.

One time a man who lived close to the reservation lost a team of horses. He saw a band of Indians around the day before. He suspected that they might have driven his horses away, so he went on the reservation looking for them. He asked the first Indian that he met if he had seen a team of horses. The Indian said, "Me no see any horses." Then the Indian asked if one was a black horse and one white horse. The owner said yes, one black, one white. Indian said, "Me no see um," then he added "\$5.00 me see um." The owner dug up \$5.00 then the old skinner led him to the horses. He had hid them in his stable. Most Indians are unpredictable.

As we were traveling through Pennsylvania and the New York states we noticed that there were wild bushes along the side of the road. These bushes were covered with white and pink flowers. We wondered what they were. We had never seen shrubbery like this in the west, so we were quite curious as to what they were. We inquired of a service station attendant. He informed us that they were Dogwood bushes. There is a legend pertaining to the Dogwood and the Crucifixion of the Saviour

as described below. Of course we believe this story to be a fable.

(PICTURE AND STORY OF THE LEGEND OF DOGWOOD)

There is a true story in the bible regarding a fig tree. The Savior came to it and found nothing thereon but leaves, and said unto it. "Let no fruit grow on thee hence forward forever." And the fig tree withered away. Matt. 21:19

This is an indication to me that faith without works is dead. "Ye shall know them by their fruits." Matt. 7:16 If we bear no fruit (works) we reap no reward.

ARRIVING ON THE RESERVATION

We arrived on the reservation on a Saturday. There were four Elders laboring there at the time. Two of them had been assigned to another field of labor, so on Sunday they gave their farewell speeches which of course, were very short. We were pleasingly surprised in the people we met. Among them were school teachers, musicians and other artists. After looking the situation over we felt very fortunate in being sent to labor with the Lamanite people. Another advantage in being in this place was that we were within about 100 miles of Palmyra , where each summer we went to work in the pageant, which was another thrilling experience.

Most everyone is acquainted with the pageant program so I won't elaborate on our activities there too much. Seeing this production is a faith promoting experience for almost everyone who attends the pageant. It has been instrumental in bringing many converts to the church. We saw the pageant again in 1954 and also in 1958. Each time we returned to build a chapel. We could see a big improvement in each production. We hope to have an opportunity of seeing it once more during our lifetime. We were within a few miles of Niagara Falls. We attended conference there several times which provided us opportunity of seeing the falls. I had seen them in 1912 but they were still a spectacular sight to behold.

The Indian people leased their ground to Italian farmers while they, the Indians, went out to work for wages. Many of them labored in Buffalo, New York as steel workers. But they were allowed to pick enough tomatoes or strawberries from their

own land for their own use, but no more. Tomatoes and strawberries were the two main crops grown on the reservation. The Indians are very suspicious of the white man. One can hardly blame them though. They have been pushed back and cheated out of land that really belonged to them. Many of them have been put out on reservations that are practically good for nothing. One Indian told me that he saw his grandmother, with others, driven out of Oklahoma. The men were riding horses and using bull whips. He said that he was a very small boy at the time, but the event is still very vivid in his mind.

Because of this treatment the missionaries must first make friends with them and really prove to them that he is interested in their welfare. They have to be handled with kid gloves, once you offend an Indian, you've had it. As one Indian said. "First time Indian fooled. White man's fault. Second time Indian fooled. Indian's fault."

Before we went to New York I thought most Indians lived out here in the west, but there were at least eight reservations in the State of New York. I have learned since that there are Indians scattered all through the United States of America. My wife was the first lady missionary to work on the Cattaraugus Reservation. She was badly needed and appreciated, because of the Relief Society and Primary meetings. I, having a car was able to gather up many of the Primary children who, otherwise, could not have come. As an inducement to get the children to come out, sometimes, after the lesson was over we would serve a small treat of some kind or play a few games. I think that was the first time I had played "Ring Around the Roses" since I was a kid. I also taught some of the young mutual girls how to waltz. Had I been a single Elder I couldn't have done this, being a married man I had special privileges in certain things, under the critical eye of Sister Tolman.

A missionary is called on to do many things that one would not do otherwise. The Cattaraugus Reservation runs right down to Lake Erie, where they have about a mile of beach, where they can swim and picnic. The grounds are planted with trees, there is plenty of shade with tables and benches. We attended many a picnic and outings with the members and friends. We even had meetings there. The Lamanite

people love to eat. They always insisted in furnishing all the food, and believe it or not, most of the Lamanite women were excellent cooks. Thanksgiving, Christmas and other holidays we were usually invited out a month or so ahead of time of course we had to accept the first invitation. We were always afraid of causing bad feelings, so we were very careful not to show partiality.

There were several denominations on the Reservation. There was one minister who was known by the name of Rev. Owl. He claimed to be a Baptist but would speak in any church for a fee. He would preach hell-fire and brimstone or he would give a nice assuring talk telling the people what they wanted to hear. As recorded in 2 Tim. 4: 3, "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves, teachers, having itching ears." I suppose it is human nature to want to hear things that tickle the ear.

The majority of the Indians belong to a pagan religion called the "Long House Religion". They built a long house. The one I visited was about 20 x 60. It was built with two doors, one on each side and put in opposite ends of the building. The Women enter the building from one side, the men enter the building from the other side and on the opposite end, there are about six or seven bleacher seats on each side of the building. Leaving the center of the room free. When ever a new crop is ready to harvest they have a festival. This is to give thanks to the Great Spirit for the crop, what ever it may be. One time we were invited there to a Strawberry Festival. After we all got settled in our seats a man came in wearing a straw mask with a broom in his hands. He ran across the floor hitting in all directions with the broom, then disappeared through the other door. The person sitting by me said this was to drive out any evil spirits that might be lurking around. A bucket full of strawberry juice was passed, a dipper was hanging on the side of the pail. Each one present had to take the dipper and dip out some strawberry juice and drink it, then it was passed on to the next person. We didn't think it very sanitary but we lived through it. We were told if we refused to drink, we would be offending the great Spirit as well as the Indians.

In the center of the room was a long bench perhaps 16 or 20 ft. long. A man sat

on each end of this bench with an Indian rattle. They would chant and keep time with the rattle while the people danced around this bench. The men and women never touch each other, but they all go in the same direction. They all have their own individual way of dancing, some will kind of step dance and go around in circles, they all go side ways, that is they always face the bench. Most of them put a lot of enthusiasm in their dancing. Many times one will fall down through exhaustion. During the ceremony a medicine man came in the room. He also wore a crazy mask. He called for a man from the audience who was afflicted with arthritis. This man took off his shirt and the medicine man proceeded to rub hot ashes over this mans body. The ashes were taken from a fireplace built in one end of the building. We were told that certain herbs were sprinkled on the hot ashes. The Indians are great believers in all kinds of herbs. They have herbs for the tummy, for blindness, kidneys and all sorts of things. Even for the hair, perhaps that is why we never see any bald headed Indians. (P.S. I never heard whether the man with the arthritis was cured or not.)

During our whole two years on the Reservation we held our meetings in the court house. This was a large drab old building. The ceiling was about 12 ft. high and it was very hard to heat. The Elders had bought a used gas stove, but it was inadequate to heat the building properly. Many a Sunday we held Sunday School rapped in blankets, to keep warm. Most every Saturday night the American Legion would use the building for their parties. They never would clean the place up. That meant that I would have to get up early Sunday morning, sweep out the cigarette butts and gather up the beer bottles and other litter left by the Legionnaires before we could hold Sunday School. The Elders also painted the inside of the building. The members furnished curtains for the windows which helped to brighten the place considerably.

The Iroquois nation of which Cattaraugus Reservation was a member, held their meetings in this building also. You might say that the Reservation is a nation within a nation. They elect their own President and Councilmen, they also make and enforce their own laws.

If an Indian commits a crime off the Reservation, that is handled by a white court. If a crime is committed on the reservation, it is handled by the Indian council.

All the officers are elected by a male vote. The women have no right to vote, still the woman can hold title to the land. If a woman passes away before the husband, the land goes to the children. The man is allowed to live on the property, but he has no power to dispose of it.

In October 1952 we received word from Wally that he was being transferred to Korea and that he had arranged to stop off and visit with us for a few days. The fact that he intended to stop off and visit us was very thrilling but he thought that he was leaving for Korea where all the fighting was going on, took some of the pleasure out of his visit. He had been promoted to 2nd Lt. so it wasn't quite as bad as being just a plain G.I. We kept him busy during his visit on the Reservation visiting friends and members. He even gave a talk in Church. I remember he talked on the Godhead. One of the members told me later that he had never really understood the full meaning of the Godhead before this time. But he said the way Wally explained it gave him a much better understanding of the Trinity.

We enjoyed having him with us, but it seemed awful lonesome after he left. After he had been in Korea about 7 or 8 months he wrote and told us that he had a leave of absence for a couple of weeks and that he intended to visit Japan during that time. A few days later we read where an airplane had crashed with 60 soldiers aboard and that they were all killed and that this airplane was headed for Japan. Well, naturally we started to worry, a week went by and no word, another week went by still no word. Then we really started to worry. He usually wrote to us once each week. We would go to the Post Office two or three times each day thinking there would be a letter, but none came. The wife was about to inquire of the Red Cross when after about three weeks we got a letter. He had been in Japan with other boys. They were so busy seeing the sights and buying souvenirs they forgot all about the time.

We would not have worried if we had not read the news of the plane crash. We know that some parents would be saddened by the loss of a son. War is a terrible thing in any man's land. Wally was released from the service in the fall of 1953, after serving about 30 months in the service of his country. We were still in the

mission field, consequently he had no home to return to so he lived with Ivaloo and Persh until we returned in May of 1954.

When we first arrived on the Reservation and beheld the drab building in which we had to hold our meetings I made up my mind there and then that some day I would return and build them a Chapel. So Pres. Taylor and myself got busy and got the ball rolling. The branch had accumulated about \$2,000.00 toward a new building. The members would put on a social about once each month and sell corn soup and corn bread with other things they would make. One of these events would usually bring in \$75.00 to \$85.00 so at the end of our mission they had accumulated better than \$3,000.00. White people cannot own land on the Reservation so we formed a trust of 4 members and the deed was put in their name. It took quite a lot of red tape, but we finally got every thing settled. Of course we had to do all this with the consent of the Church because they had to put up most of the money. In this case the Church put out about 80% of the total cost. After we were released from our mission we came home for a short visit and to get things ironed out with the Church Building Committee for the chapel that was to be built on the Reservation. I could not get what I thought was best for the Lamanite people. I had to settle for a stock plan which was much too small. I held out for a basement, but the Committee said "No." I saw a chapel in Niagara Falls with a basement which contained a modern kitchen closed off with folding doors, class rooms, which could be opened up into a dining space, or a recreation room that would have been the least expensive part of the building, but they knew best, so they thought. (P.S. Since that time the Chapel has been remolded and more than doubled in capacity. Many white people have joined the church who live in small communities surrounding the Reservation. The nearest chapel being in Buffalo which is about 25 miles away, consequently these people attend church on the Reservation. There were a few whites came to church while we were there)

Anyway, after spending two weeks home I returned to the Reservation and proceeded to build according to the plans given me. Wally was out of school for the summer and didn't have a job. He expressed a desire of going along to assist me in the

building of the chapel and we were very happy to have him with us, as we had not seen much of him for the past three years, so we spent quite an enjoyable summer together. We were asked to take over the branch because we had not been replaced by any other missionaries, so it was like being on another mission. We had asked Wally if he would like to go on a mission and he said no. He said "I have spent three years in the army, I am now twenty three years old. Now I want to get married and settle down." By the way he had a girl waiting for him. We were in hope that he would fill a mission and he knew it, but we had decided not to press the issue, but just let nature take its course. He left the Reservation the latter part of September to enroll in school. I stayed on to complete the chapel. Shortly after he arrived home he was contacted by Bishop Heaton, inquiring as to how he felt regarding filling a mission, but he had already enrolled in school, so the subject was dropped.

The latter part of October we were surprised to get a letter from Wally informing us that he had accepted a call to fill in mission in Northern California. He said that he had attended the General Conference in Salt Lake and practically everything that was said applied to him, so he returned home and informed Bishop Heaton that he was ready to go on a mission. When the wife read the letter she sat down and cried. The Landlady asked her if someone had died. The wife said, "No, but Wally is going on a mission." So I guess our prayers have been answered.

By this time the chapel was pretty well completed and another missionary and his wife had arrived on the Reservation so I turned everything over to him and we hit out for home. The first Sunday we were home we had our welcome home reception and Wally's farewell reception, all on the same evening. We said hello to our Ward members and Wally said goodbye. The Northern California Mission headquarters were in San Francisco. Three of my sisters lived in Alameda, just across the bay from San Francisco so we got to see him two or three times during his mission, while we were visiting with my sisters, in fact, he was laboring in Oakland which is located next to Alameda. Eileen was living in California at that time also. We had plenty of excuses to visit in California.

The last year of his mission he traveled from City to City visiting interviewing

and instructing other missionaries. In the fall of 1956 he returned home after serving two valuable and inspiring years as a missionary. Shortly after his arrival in the mission field and while conversing with the Mission President he confessed that he could not stand up and say, as other missionaries have said, "I know this Church is the true Church of Christ." He said, "I believe it to be the true church, but I cannot say with honesty that I absolutely know that it is really the true Church of God." The President said to him, "You go home, get on your knees, and confess all your sins to the Heavenly Father, holding nothing back, ask for a remission of your sins, ask for understanding and truth and light. If you will ask with a sincere heart and real intent, having faith in Christ the truth will be made known unto you by the power of the Holy Ghost." Wally took the advice of the President seriously. He told his mother and me some years later that on that very night that he retired to the bathroom and shut the door, after which he proceeded to call upon the Lord. Matthew 6:6 says "When thou prayest enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." (Perhaps the closets were larger in those days) He said he knew not just how long he prayed, but after quite sometime a mental picture opened unto him and he saw a panorama of the organization of the church from the time of Joseph Smith up to the present time, which was proof to him of the authenticity of the L.D.S. Church.

Prayer has opened the gate to many many people who have become members of our Church who have strong testimonies regarding the truthfulness of the Gospel. Soon after returning home was appointed head of the Stake Mission. He worked in this capacity for about a year. While in California he met Irene Barney. Later they became engaged and on February 7, 1957 they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. We were happy to have them move in the apartment next door to us, which gave us opportunity to visit back and forth, which we enjoyed very much. On March 16, 1958 a little stranger came to their home, after looking him over they decided that they would keep him forever. At the present time he is known as Wallace Barney Tolman.

In the spring of 1958 I was given the opportunity of going back to New York to over see the building of a new Chapel at Palmyra. That pleased me very much because

we had spent three summers there working in the pageant which we had enjoyed very much. We also knew many people there. We thought it a great opportunity to be offered this privilege of going back to the old stomping ground.

Wally was out of school for the summer and I was told that I could take a man or two with me. I asked Wally if he would like to go along and he was delighted with the idea and so was I. We put little Wally's crib in the back of the station wagon with what bedding we thought we would need and hit the road to Palmyra.

We changed off driving. We drove 36 hours straight through to Illinois where we took a cabin for the night. Dr. and Rhoda Olson lived in Chicago they had visited us in Utah In fact, their daughter stayed with us one whole summer (Rhoda was a cousin.) Chicago was only about two hours away and we wanted to see the Olson's anyway so we decided to pay them a visit They were rather expecting us because we had notified them that we might stop in to see them They treated us royal. We stayed with them that night. The next day we were on our way again. We had two near accidents on our journey. One day I was driving. I had just started to pass a truck which was going in the same direction as we were when the driver of the truck began a left turn without giving a signal. He continued to turn on to a country lane which forced me off the road into the barrow pit. It just so happened that the barrow pit was not too deep or we could have tipped over. The driver of the truck went on his merry way. I doubt if he even knew I was there. The next day when Wally was behind the wheel we were just about to the top of a quite steep hill when we saw another car coming over the hill straight toward us on our side of the road. Wally had to swerve to the right to miss her. (it was a woman driver) This time the barrow pit was very deep. The car tipped to about a 45 degree angle. I thought sure we were going to tip over I was sure this was the end of the road for all of us But Wally kept pretty cool and gradually steered the car back on to the highway. Little Wally who was sleeping in his crib slept through the whole ordeal knowing nothing of what was happening. When we were back on the road I remember Wally saying aloud: "We thank Thee Heavenly Father for thy protection." I still say it was a miracle that we did not pile up.

After leaving the Olson's we stopped one more night in a motel. The next night

we stayed with the Martin Seneca family on the Indian Reservation. This is the place where Sister Tolman and I labored for two years as missionaries. In '54 we returned with Wally and built a Chapel. So he was well acquainted with these people too. After visiting some of the members on the reservation we continued on to Palmyra. We were told in Salt Lake that the branch Presidency in Palmyra had arranged for an apartment for us to live in. Upon our arrival there we found this statement untrue. The President of the branch owned a few apartments but they were all leased out It was up to us to get out and find one on our own It was rather late in the evening to go out looking. we were all tired anyway so we rented a couple of rooms for the night and left apartment hunting until the next day.

The next morning we found a three room upstairs apartment partly furnished The apartment was \$55.00 plus water, gas, and electricity. Wally, Irene and the baby occupied one room. The wife and I slept in the other bedroom. The other room was a 2 x 4 kitchen. Oh yes, we had a bathroom too. One member let us have two upholstered chairs, another let us have a washing machine The members practically furnished the place. We were within a half of a block of the four churches on the four corners that Joseph Smith mentioned in his story. It was quite a thrill to be working within a few blocks of the sacred grove where the Father and the Son appeared to the Prophet. It is rather odd though that this town hasn't grown and developed as other near by towns have. It is probably because the people there rejected the gospel and persecuted the Prophet and his followers. Most of the old timers are still hostile toward the L.D.S. people It is very difficult for most of them to believe that Joseph Smith really had a vision and that the gold plates were delivered to him by an Angel. Their grandparents lived there for years. They never saw any angels or gold plates. So many of the people say the Joseph Smith story is nothing but a fable. Why should God favor Smith. a mere boy in preference to ministers or other church dignitaries who were more qualified and experienced in preaching the gospel. Of course we have the answer to all] these questions. That is another story.

Before leaving Salt Lake we were told that the ground had all been prepared for the building of the chapel. Upon inspection of the plans and the lot I found that there

was much work to be done on the grounds before we could start construction. The plans called for the foundation to extend one foot above grade and there was to be a clearance under the floor joist of three ft. That meant we would have to remove two feet of earth under the whole building. The local presidency would not give their consent so we had to call the architect who lived in Boston, Massachusetts. Then we had to wait for him to look the situation over before we could do anything. The chapel was 60 ft. wide so the rafters and ceiling joist had to be made up in a three member truss. These members were all bolted together which necessitated much labor so we got busy constructing these trusses. While we were waiting for the earth to be removed from under the building we built the trusses. It took 10 days to remove the necessary dirt. I soon discovered that it was almost impossible for me to do much work on the chapel because I had to chase around to get bids from different sub-contractors. According to the instructions we were to get at least 3 bids on each sub-contract such as plumbing, heating, wiring, painting, brick work, metal work, etc. Wally had worked with LaMar Thursten in Logan so he suggested asking La mar if he would come out and help with the building. We sent him an S.O.S. He informed us that he would be happy to come out, so within a week he was with us.

We got quite a number of volunteer workers from the branch but mostly on Saturdays and evenings. Most of these laborers were unskilled, so Wally and LaMar volunteered to work with these men evenings and Saturdays because they all needed supervision. That relieved me of some of my responsibilities and put more money in their bank account. They were paid by the hour and I was paid by the month.

About the middle of July Prof. Harold Hansen arrived at Hill Cumorah to prepare for the presentation of the pageant. Irene and LaMar's wife volunteered their services which was gladly accepted. Sister Tolman took care of the little baby, Wally, who was about 4 months old at that time. He was a very good baby and very easy to take care of. We all enjoyed him very much. There is nothing like having a baby in the home. But with all the crime that is being committed in the world today one can not help but wonder: will our own little child turn out to be a hippie? an alcoholic? a dope fiend? or something worse. I suppose the answer lies mostly on the parents and his

home environment. And sometimes even good fine parents have the misfortune of having their children go off on the wrong track.

Our experience in Palmyra turned out to be a very enjoyable summer. It was like having another mission. We were asked to participate in the meeting because of a lack of Priesthood holders. We also had many gospel conversations at the chapel cite with people who were interested in the gospel. We even passed out a few tracts to people who were interested. We attended the pageant all four nights and enjoyed every session. One night of the pageant, Governor Harrison of New York was invited to speak. He wasted a full half hour talking on politics. The last half hour of the pageant was rained out. Director Harold Hansen said perhaps that was the Lords punishment for substituting a political talk at a religious gathering. That was the only night we had rain during the whole pageant.

The building of the chapel progressed according to schedule. There was a little delay now and then because of some of the sub-contractors, but that can be expected on any building. Summer passed, it became time for Wally and family to return home because he intended to enroll in school. They stayed until after Mother's Birthday which fell on September 22. On the 23rd they hit out for home. It was pretty lonesome around there for a few days. We vacated the house we occupied with Wally and moved in with a family who were members of the church by the name of Ferguson. We lived within a half block of the chapel, which was very convenient for me. I could sit at the dinner table and see what was going on over at the building. LaMar and Bonnie (his wife) had been married for eight years and had had no children, but while they were out there she got that way. They could hardly believe it was true. She was so thrilled she called her mother, her doctor and several other people to give them first hand information. He jokingly ask her if it happened at Hill Cumorah? LaMar sent Bonnie home by airplane in January. They were taking no chances by risking the long ride home by automobile. LaMar left for home the later part of January. I stayed on till February to finish up the odds and ends. When I left everything was finished but the outside grading. That couldn't be done until spring.

I have met members from Palmyra since that time who informed me that the

branch had more than doubled soon after the chapel was completed. Which goes to show that nice surroundings plus good environment is the best way to impress people. The previous meeting place was an old remodeled house with upstairs class rooms and was not very impressive for a church that claimed to be the only true followers of Christ. There were five beautiful chapels within a block of where we met that made our meeting place stick out like a sore thumb.

Since coming home from Palmyra I haven't done anything to brag about. I helped Merlin out for a couple of years. 1962 was the last year I worked with him. That was the year I arrived at the ripe old age of 72. According to the Book of Mormon 72 is the age of man. Some of the disciples said to the Savior; "We desire that after we have lived to the age of man, that we may speedily come unto thee in they kingdom." And He said unto them, "Blessed are ye because ye desire this thing of me, therefore, after ye are seventy and two years old you shall come unto me in my kingdom, and with me ye shall find rest." Nephi 3rd chapter 28-2-3. This is a marvelous promise to the ones who are deserving. Which I am afraid will not include many people. Wide is the gate and broad is the way which leadeth to destruction and many there be which go in thereat. Because straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life and few there be that find it. Matt 7: 13-14.

On the 13th of July Mother and I went camping up on the Grey's River in Wyoming. On Thursday the 16th we were surprised to see Blanche and Merlin pull in to our camping place. When I saw them I had a suspicion that something was wrong. Sure enough they informed us that my sister Vivian had passed away that morning, July 16th 1970. Had she lived 15 days longer she would have been 78 years of age. We informed the ranger of our predicament. He said under the circumstances it would be OKAY. to leave the trailer there, unattended for a few days. So the following morning we started for home, leaving our trailer behind. We arrived home in time to view the remains of Vivian that afternoon The next day during the services my sister LueRilda, had a vision. She saw my father and mother, our two brothers Alex and Louis, a younger sister Gladys, and Vivian's husband who had all passed away previous to this time. She said they were all dressed in white and appeared to be

happy according to the expression on their faces. They were standing in a circle, LueRilda said it reminded her of a prayer circle in the temple. There was one unoccupied place at the side of Vivian's husband, indicating that they were expecting another person. We surmised the vacant place was reserved for Vivian. Which leads me to believe that they are all together in the spirit world. Whether we will all be together in the resurrection will depend on our actions here in mortality. I sincerely pray that we will be found worthy of being together in the celestial glory. I can't think of anything more glorious and wonderful than to be with ones loved ones in the presence of God. We read in the D.&C.14:7;"If you keep my commandments and endure to the end you shall have eternal life. Which gift is the greatest of all the gifts of God."

Of course if we intend to become as our Father in Heaven and to enter His presence then, we must overcome our failings, repent from our weaknesses and evil practices in order to become perfect "even as the Father in Heaven is perfect." We do not reach perfection by living with our weaknesses and imperfections and allowing them to become a way of life with us. We all have weaknesses, but we should not use them as stumbling blocks, but as stepping stones, each time we overcome a weakness we are that much closer to perfection. Many people will use their weaknesses as an excuse for not accepting responsible positions in any kind of activity. They don't stop to realize that responsibility brings opportunity, on the other hand opportunity brings responsibility. These two words go hand in hand. You can't accept one without accepting the other. It's a shame we can't realize the truth of these things in our young lives. I remember when I was in my teens. I was asked to give a two minute talk in Sunday School. I felt unqualified, therefore I refused to accept the responsibility. I even stayed home that Sunday because I was too big of a coward to even try, but I saw other kids stand up and give talks, kids, that I thought was more dumb than me, but they seemed to progress and advance faster than me. So I sat back and took one good look at myself. Then I said: "W. R., if you intend to grow and progress and stay abreast with these other kids you must do something about it " Success will not be handed to you on a silver platter. Success must be earned through

work, study and much effort on your part.

We should realize that this life is the time for men to prepare to meet God. Alma says, if we do not improve our time while in this life, then cometh the night of darkness wherein there can be no labor performed. That same spirit which doth possess our bodies at the time we go out of this life, that same spirit will have power to possess our bodies in that eternal world. There is a certain minister who writes in the Herald Journal each week, he claims all mankind are saved through grace, irrespective of what they do and to prove his point he will quote the scriptures in Ephes. 2:8-9: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves- it is a gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." The Lord said in Moses 1:39; "This is my work and my glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." Immortality and eternal life are two separate things. Everyone shall receive immortality, whether he be good, bad, or indifferent, for the resurrection from the dead shall come to all. This is a free gift but eternal life must be earned by work and obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel. I am grateful for my testimony of the gospel. I also realize the responsibility that goes along with the testimony. The scriptures tell us, "Where much is given much is expected."

I am now in my eighty third year. I am the proud grand dad of 28 grand children and 24 great grands. At this date 9/18/72, I have five living children, all active in the church. Which brings much happiness in our lives. It is said, "a busy person is a happy person." I am very fortunate in having my wife still with me. I believe it would be impossible for me to live with out her. On the 8th day of December this year we will have been married 57 years. I still have 3 living sisters running in age from 67 to 77 years of age. If I live till Sept. 28th I will have lived 30,000 days. Had I have saved \$1.00 per day I would be worth \$30,000.00 which is not very much money in this day and age. I have hit on some of the highlights of my life. I hope that what I have written may be of value to someone besides myself.

THE END

EPILOGUE

WALLACE RICHARD TOLMAN

Dad always said that he had many more years of experience that he wanted to add to his life's story just as soon as he could get around to it; other things, however, were demanding his attention: Maintaining his home was top priority; redoing the kitchen cabinets; building a floor-to-ceiling dining-room bookcase with a built-in desk; making display holders for Mom's spoon collection, and hand-crafting beautiful walnut Grandfather clocks. Mom and his children "Oh'd and ah'd" as they watched him hand-rub, stain and oil the lovely dark walnut. He lovingly handcrafted one for each of his five children and several of his twenty-eight grandchildren. His beautiful handmade clocks are indeed cherished heirlooms.

The summer and fall seasons found the nomads, Mom and Dad, roaming around Utah, Idaho and Wyoming in their trailer house. They especially loved going to the mountains and canyons, camping along streams and rivers, fishing, and taking in the great out-doors. During their later years, they were called as sealers in the Logan Temple and served faithfully in this calling as well as all church responsibilities that came their way.

Mom and Dad enjoyed many memorable annual winter jaunts to California to visit with Jack and Eileen, Irene and Wally, and Dad's sister Katie and her husband, Horace. Holding a valid driver's license enabled him to drive to California well into his eighties. It was a great chance to catch up on family news, get reacquainted with the grandchildren, enjoy the sights and relax in the California sunshine while the rest of the family was shivering in the Utah snow,

On November 8, 1978, Dad was diagnosed with an advanced stage of colon and rectal cancer and underwent a colostomy. He made it clear that it was his responsibility to tend to the colostomy attachment, and without wallowing in self-pity, he accomplished this task by himself. His philosophy was that you can give up or plug along; he chose to plug along. The stress from the colostomy caused him to suffer a mild heart attack for which he was rehospitalized two weeks later.

On December 16, 1978, Wally called with the shocking news that their missionary son, Wallace Barney had been killed by a hit-and-run driver in Greenwood, Indiana. Young Elder Tolman and his companion were returning from an investigator's lesson when their bikes were struck from behind. The hit-and-run driver was never found. The tragic death was hard on all the family members, but it was especially hard on Dad who brooded over it wondering why God couldn't have taken him instead of his grandson. Dad knew that hardships and pain had to be endured as part of life's teaching experiences and because of his courageous and brave soul, his doctor called him, "Old Salt."

In 1965, at the age of seventy-five, Dad had his first successful hip replacement. At age eighty-seven, he had a second surgery replacing the other hip joint. By 1980, the first hip

replacement had worn and become unbearably painful. As a result, on November 12, 1980, he underwent a third difficult operation to replace the original hip. Because he did not respond well to the replacement, the doctor recommended that he be placed in a convalescent home in Brigham City for six weeks so he could undergo physical therapy and receive the proper medical attention he needed to help him regain his strength and get back on his feet.

Dad and Mom observed their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary while he was convalescing in Brigham City. With love and devotion, his children made a testimonial scrapbook filled with pictures, cards, letters and tributes to them.

About the time he was scheduled to be released from the convalescent home, the doctor informed his family that he was suffering from a cancer which had caused both kidney and liver failure. He passed away the afternoon of December 18, 1980. Funeral services were held in Logan, Utah on December 11, 1980. He is laid to rest in the Logan Cemetery, in a family plot, alongside his bride, Elsa Freida; his son, Richard Paul; his father, Wallace Holbrook; his mother, Anna Mary Hofhine; and his brother, Judson Alexander.

Blanche Tolman Yonk



Front Row: Lewis Appleton Tolman, Wallace Holbrook Tolman, Anna Mary Hoffine Tolman, Wallace Richard Tolman
Back Row: Katie Farrel Tolman Taylor, Almeda Duaine Tolman Hughes, Vivian Mary Tolman Taylor, Judson Alexander Tolman, Gladys Tolman Clayson, Mary LueRilda Tolman Seavers

In Leipzig, Germany

MISSIONARY WALLACE R. TOLMAN
(Note: Goatee)



Members of the Branch in 1914



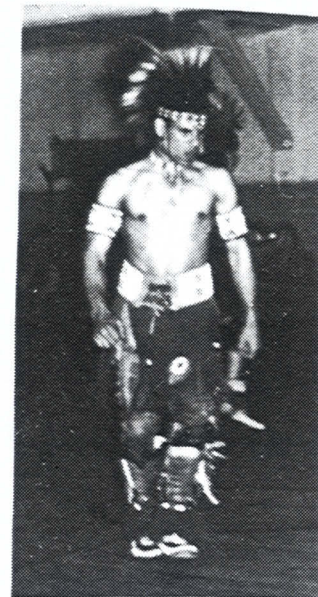
*Missionary picture 1914
see answer Q/R 1 & 2 pg 5*

*19. Juni
1914*



Wallace and Elsa and Friend in Canoe

Iroquois Nation Ceremonies



*when we
were adopted
into the Iroquois
Indian Nation
some of the Indian
members made
our beautiful
clothing.*



League of Nations
North American Indians

American Indian Dramatic Agency
Indian Talent for Radio, Screen, and the Stage

CHAIRMAN, CHIEF ART WAKOLEE
SECRETARY, GLADYS C. WAKOLEE, IRVING, NEW YORK

By Special permission of the Fox Clan
of the Sac & Fox tribe of Indians in
Oklahoma - Elder W. Tolman was adopted
into the Fox Clan, Friday, April 30th
1954. at the Thomas Indian School.

Indian name given him is "BEM-MO-THA"
which means in Sac & Fox, "HE WALKS TO
HIS DUTIES" He is now a tribal brother
of my tribe, the Sac & Foxes of Oklahoma.

Art Wakolee

Sister Tolman was adopted into my
Deer Clan Friday, April 30th, 1954.

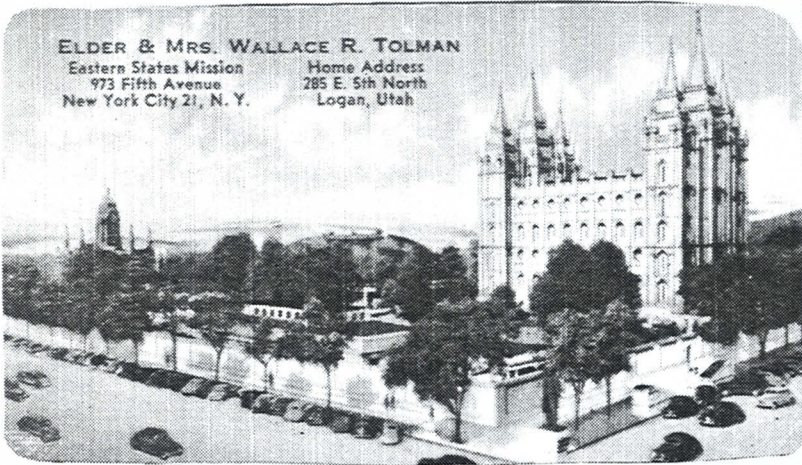
Indian name I chose for her is,
"E-WEH-SAY" which means in Seneca,
"HER WORDS HAVE PENETRATED"

She is now a tribal sister to the
Seneca Indians of New York.

Florence Wakolee

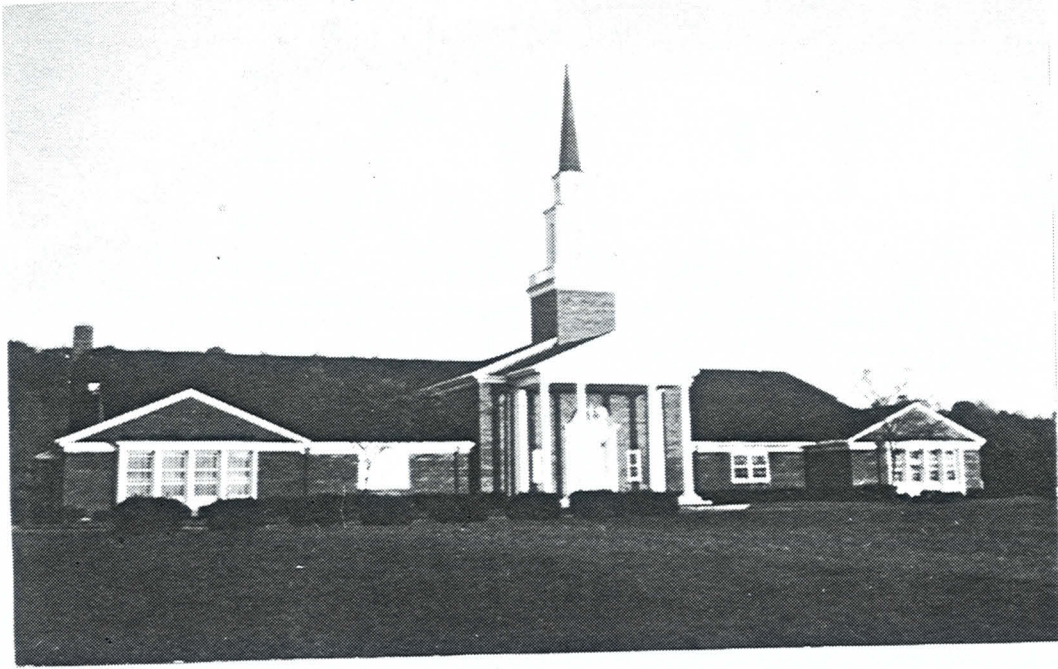
Eastern States Mission

Elsa & Wallace R. Tolman



Members of Cattaraugus Branch

Chapels I supervised and helped to build



PALMYRA CHAPEL



CATTARAUGUS CHAPEL

These were delightful missions to fulfill.

Some of the homes Wallace R. Tolman built and lived in:



1932



1933-1935



1935



on 50th wedding anniversary

a Christmas tree trimmed with pictures of children - On 60th wedding anniversary



Wallace & Elsa seated - back - left to right - Evald Evans, Blanche Y. Yonk - Wallace & Tolman - June Bowers and Eileen Olson - Services

FUNERAL SERVICES FOR

Wallace Richard Tolman

Born August 7, 1890, Chesterfield, Idaho
Died December 18, 1980, Brigham City, Utah

Monday, December 22, 1980 at 12 Noon

HALL MORTUARY CHAPEL

Bishop Carl R. Wallis Conducting

Dedication of Grave Wallace F. Tolman (son)
Logan City Cemetery

PALLBEARERS — GRANDSONS

Richard G. Yonk	Kim T. Evans
M. Reed Yonk	David W. Evans
Barry P. Evans	Gregory C. Olson
Michael T. Evans	Curtis L. Thurston

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

John C. Olson	Val Dee Jensen
Paul Olson	Steven R. Jensen
Blair B. Thurston	Lee B. Jensen

and Logan 9th Ward High Priests

Flowers cared for by the Logan 9th Ward Relief Society

- Family Prayer John E. Olson (son-in-law)
- Prelude & Postlude Music Treva Parrish
- Invocation Dick Bowen (son-in-law)
- Obituary & Tribute Merlene Y. Johnson
(granddaughter)
- Musical Selection Dorothy Riley, LuGene
Sorenson, Alta Jessop
Accompanied by Treva Parrish
"Abide With Me"
- Speaker Wayne Binns
- Speaker Pres. Rex Thompson
- Musical Selection Kathleen Merrill (granddaughter)
Accompanied by Patty Evans
"O My Father"
- Remarks Bishop Carl R. Wallis
- Benediction Wallace Parrish



Wallace R. Tolman Family *Elsa & Wallace R. seated - Left to right - Eileen Olson
Svelvo Coans - Wallace J. Tolman, Blanche Gork - Jane Brown*



Wallace and Elsa
age 85 - - 80