

Elva Armintia Rawlins Hogan



Documents from
Julia Rawlins scanned
July 5, 2007

ELVA ARMINTA RAWLINS HOGAN

In Richmond, Cache Co., Utah, May 14, 1869, a daughter was born to Harvey M. and Margaret E. Frost Rawlins. I was the tenth child of a family of 12 children. Five girls and seven boys. My parents, not being well-to-do, almost in the poor class. They were true Latter Day Saints; honest, industrious and kind and tender parents, neighbors and friends. Besides their own family, my mother's father and mother made their home with my parents.

We lived in Richmond until I was two years old when we came to Lewiston (then called Poverty Flats). We lived in a small lumber cabin my father and his sons built to homestead their land. We lived in that until December of that year, 1871. We moved back to Richmond where my brother Alfonzo was born Feb. 1, 1872. We moved back to Lewiston in April of that year, and have made our home here every since. The only thing I can remember about our new home was they dared not let me out of the house alone for fear of being lost in the tall grass that covered the whole place. There were no fences or roads to guide us. I remember with what fear we had when Father and the boys would go out to gather in the cattle, for fear of them becoming lost with nothing to guide them. The Indians were quite troublesome at times and would come sneaking around the house when the men would be gone, but we had a good watch dog which hated Indians and would warn Mother they were near.

I started school when but five years old to Mary Van Ordens (Bair). My brothers used to carry me as I was too small to walk the long distance of one and a half miles. School was held in one room of a dwelling house. I attended school in many small buildings I don't remember much I learned in school but I did love to go to school.

I remember very vividly the first celebration we had in Lewiston in a small meeting house and a bowery built at the side. I had a new lovely dress. The skirt was pink, the waist was blue. The petticoat underneath the thin material was fine tucks from waist to the hem, put in by hand by my loving Mother. This stood out as one of my very loveliest costumes. It was so dainty.

I remember so clearly when I received my first baptism. It was on July 22, 1877, by Hans Funk. Confirmed by W. H. Lewis. They were then Bishop and 1st Counselor. At that time they had Baptism days. It was on a Sunday afternoon, a large crowd drove in wagons to the Muddy river (then called the Canible Ford), because that was where they forded the river. There were no bridges. They held the meeting, then baptized a great many children of all ages. We were confirmed on the bank of the river.

I was a very happy child. My childhood days were spent in play as we had nothing particular to do and could amuse ourselves as we pleased. A good part of my childhood days were spent playing with Isabell, Philemon, Sarah and Russell Rogers, and my brother Alf and sister Ella. As I grew older I had more companions. Mother used to take us children and go to Aunt Patsy Wiser's and Martha Karren's. We went through the field. There was no fences to bother or roads to follow. We had to be very careful of the prickly pears as the sand was covered with them.

One spring when we were going to school to the Hendricks log house one and a half miles west, our teacher took us on a May walk to Bear River. We had our dinner and played games. When we came back, they had a dance but we couldn't dance as Alf was barefoot. So we walked all that way back home. We were very tired and foot-sore.

In my adolescent years I was a very delicate child, had a lot of sickness. One summer I had been sick in bed for some time. It was late in the afternoon as the sun was going down. I lay in bed, the door in the North was open. Nine and Eve had gone to a neighbors. A lady in white came and stood at the foot of my bed. She didn't speak, neither did I. Mother came in and I told her Nine had been in. She said so she isn't home. I described the woman and Mother was sure it was my sister Elzizah who was dead and had been since long before I was born. I described her perfectly. They were all very worried for fear I was going to die but it seemed she came as a comforter to bring me health for I soon got better and was well again. I had many sick spells.

- 2 -

I was a member of the choir for about 12 years. I was very young, only about 12 years old when asked to sing. I always enjoyed it very much. I was also a Sunday School Teacher. I grew to love them, like they were my own kind and them me.

I was always very anxious to have an education. My parents were anxious too, but their financial circumstances weren't so they felt they could send me to college. The summer I was 17 years old, Mary Hendricks went to Bountiful on a visit and hired me to stay with her sister Jane Stoddard (Leavitt), and help with the milking and chores which I did, hoping to be able to help take myself to college that winter. But in August, Mother's brother Samuel Frost, and a number of his family from San Pet County, with about three or four families from Mexico to work in the Temple, but when they arrived the Temple was closed so they had to stay to our place in their tents and wagons, so mother needed my help. But, that year, Sept. 12, 1887, I registered at the Brigham Young College at Logan. I was to board at the home of Prof. J. W. Kerr; a cousin, Belle Karren roomed with me. She got homesick and went home and that left me alone. After a few months he took a plural wife which made it impossible to stay there, so he moved me to a widow's home, Mrs. Layne. I stayed there until December when I left, as things weren't very comfortable. By that time, Hyrum Karren's family had moved to Logan, so I went to board at their place. But it was not so successful as there were too many in the family and too many boarders, so we got very little out of our home study. In March it became necessary for me to quit school as my sister Ella was very sick and my parents couldn't spare the money for me to go longer. I felt very disappointed but felt it was only my duty to help in any way possible.

That summer I was employed to clerk in the Co-op Store at Lewiston. Samuel Allen was manager at that time. I liked the work very much and got a lot of joy out of my work as well as being able to help my family.

When I was 14 years old, I cut and made my own dress, also one for Louisa Lewis, which started me on the road to dressmaking. I was quite apt with the needle. I learned cutting patterns by a chart and did much of that kind of work. I would work in the store all day then sit up until one and two o'clock at night and sew. I made all my own clothes, also most of my families, and did no end of dresses for other people. During the time I worked in the store, I worked for \$20 per month. I did everything from measuring silk and lace to weighing nails and handling grain. I opened in the morning and closed at night and did all the sweeping and dusting. I spent most of my time for five years clerking in the Co-op Store. I worked under William Terry, Samuel Allen, Milo Hendricks, Mr. Carpenter, and W.R. Lewis.

I served as secretary in the Y. L.M.I.A for three years under Rebecca Rawlins as President. After her release Catherine Pond was made President with Emma Telford as 1st Counselor, and myself as 2nd Counselor. I held that position when I was married and moved to Richmond. I never joined the Richmond Ward and always attended church in Lewiston, as it was almost the same distance to either place. I was working in the store when I quit to be married on Nov. 9, 1892. I was very busy preparing for that great event. I made my own wedding dress. It was pale lavender silk trimmed a shade darker than the dress. It fit perfectly and at that I was very slim and trim.

We drove to Logan as the morning sun peeped over the East mountain. G. A. had a nice fleet bay mare named Belle and a nice buggy. After going through the Temple (and everything was so strange and new), we came home in the afternoon and dressed for our reception in the evening. We had a very large crowd of friends and relatives and received many lovey presents. We stayed at my father's home a few days then my husband put a partition in his mother's home to make a hall and we lived in the two west rooms, one downstairs and one upstairs. We lived there one and a half years. That winter after we were settled, my husband and brother-in-law, J.W. Leavitt worked in the canyon and got out all our winter wood. It was a very mild winter until in February, then we had snow and so cold. The next summer was very lonely for me. I was very timid alone on that hill with no near neighbors. My husband was farming in Lewiston. Grandma and Maggie were in town with Annie or in Chesterfield with the boys a good part of the time. It was at that time the coal mines were closed and so many of the men were out of work and roaming the country.

They would come up the Railroad track and cross over to the west side to the other track. There were lots of tramps came to the home. I fed lots of them but if I saw them in time to lock the door, I didn't see them. I would go up stairs and watch from the window to see them leave. My heart would beat so loud I was afraid they'd be right outside and what a relief when I'd see them go. None ever were mean or nasty to me.

It was in the fall, the first of October I came to mother's home to stay through my confinement, as my husband was going to the canyon for wood and we were too far from help. On Monday morning at six O'clock we went for him to come as I was sick. At six-thirty I was delivered a lovely baby girl by Mary K. Jensen, mid-wife, (Oct. 30, 1893). I was very happy with my baby girl. I was so slow getting my strength back, I stayed at mothers six weeks. I had the baby blessed, Nana, December 7, 1893 by Wm. Waddoups in Lewiston. Next day I went home to stay. It was a long winter to me as it was too cold to take the baby out in a sleigh, so I spent most of my time at home. During that winter, my husband and J. W. Leavitt took down a log granary on his mother's place and as soon as they could work in the spring they moved the logs to Lewiston on a 2 and a half acre of land he bought from my brother J.W. Rawlins, which they paid \$1.60 for. They put up the house, one room, 14 x 16 ft., a door and window in the south, a window in the west, and a door on the north. We moved over in April and was I happy to have a home of my own, though it was small and crude, with a carpet for a door in the north. The ceiling was covered with factory, We white washed the logs and moved our furniture and belongings in and thought it was a palace. My husband worked very hard to build up our home. He worked on the threshing machine, header, and all kinds of work while I stayed home and tried to make our home attractive, and help in every way I could to make our home a place to call home, and care for my baby.

on July 12, 1895, a premature baby girl was born to us. She was very tiny, only weighing about 2½ lbs. She only lived a very short time. We had her blessed by my brother Harvey. We named her Ione. That summer was very hot and dry. Our life went on in the same way with plenty of work to do. Each year we made some improvements on our house.

On July 28, 1896, to us was born our first son, Lloyd Rawlins. We certainly were delighted. He was a lovely, large baby, but very cross. My health was very poor. We couldn't afford help, so it was a hard task to do my work and tend two small children. We had added a lean-to to the north side of the house, which gave us two small rooms. We used the lean for a kitchen in summer, then changed and used it for a bedroom in winter. That summer my husband, in company with Oscar Pope, bought a selfbinder. He did lots of cutting and was gone from home most of the day-time, but was home at nights.

Our son, Edwin Clayton, was born May 15, 1898, at Lewiston, in the same house. Fred De Bois, was born March 9, 1900.

My health was very poor. It was an effort to care for my home and family of small children, but we weren't in a financial condition to hire help. In the spring of 1901, my husband was called by Bishop Wm. Lewis to fill a mission to the Central States. Then called Southwestern States Mission. No one will ever know my feelings as I was so very timid of horses, cows and most of all to stay alone nights. It took a lot of courage to say go, but I did, and though we made lots of sacrifices, we were blessed many time in return. On May 13, 1901, my father took my husband to Richmond to take the train to Salt Lake City. I was left with four small children, Nana 7½, Lloyd 5, Clayton 3, and Fred 13 months. He took his first steps alone the evening before his father left. The day following his departure, Lloyd sat on the back steps with his head on his arm crying. He said, "Mama let's go away from here. Let's not live here when Papa is gone". I felt very much that way myself, but had to stay and do my best. I was left with three cows to milk, a nice gentle old mare to drive and an old buggy. It was then that I learned to harness and hook a horse to the buggy, also to milk cows, but it was a very hard task for me. My brother, J. W. said his son Glen, then a boy of about 12, could stay nights with me, which he did for awhile. I conquered my great fear, but it wasn't easy. I would hook up my horse, take my four little children, leave Fred at mothers and go to

Sunday School with the other three. I had a great deal of sickness with the children. They all had measles, chicken pox. Lloyd had inflammatory rheumatism in his knees and feet. Clayton had typhoid fever and was very bad, but was healed very miraculously by the prayers of his father. I had written him the doctor said the fever would have to take its run, which was 21 days. When he received my letter he prayed to the Lord and ask that the fever might be broken, which it was at that very moment. That was a great testimony to us all.

Some of the friends and neighbors were very kind to me while others were not so thoughtful. I was hired to make fires in the prayer room on Sunday mornings but never received any pay and had to furnish my own kindlings. It was a hard task to wade in the snow and take my kindlings and stay in the cold room while the fire burned to warm it.

At the advice of my brother, Frank, I tried to raise sugar beets, but it was a sorry job with no returns. I sent milk to the condense factory and received a very small check each month, most of which I sent my husband, after paying my tithing. It was truly the widows mite, but the Lord blessed us and all was well in the end, and all well that ends well. I had many happy hours with my children. The boys would go to bed early and Nana would sit up with me. I'd read to her. Mother Hogan and Maggie would stay with me occasionally. I remember a very hard east wind we had. It blew so hard we could not open the gate to drive the cows in to milk. My sister Ella Stocks and her two small children were with me. We put the children crossways of the bed and sat by the window and watched to see if it blew the tall brick building down. It was an awful night. I had some very good experiences in those 26 months.

My husband returned home July 3, 1903. Lillian was born April 1, 1904. It was that summer we built the first part of our home, two rooms below and two above which gave us a nice comfortable home. Three bed-rooms and a large kitchen. We made some improvements in our home surroundings each year and bought some land which made us a very good home. Afton was born December 9, 1905. It was while I was in bed with her my husband was made second counselor to Bishop A. L. Myer.

In October 1905, both Lillian and Afton were taken with bronchial pneumonia. We called in Dr. W.B. Parkinson, Jr. He found two very sick babies, one in the buggy, the other in the baby crib; with me between caring for them. He began doctoring them. Afton responded readily to the treatment but Lillian grew worse each day and for five long months we nursed her through typhoid fever with many complications; each morning not expecting her to live through the day. Then at night the same anxiety until mornings. For 12 weeks we didn't have our clothes off only to put on clean ones. For weeks her father walked the floor riding her in the baby buggy singing Bluebell for her. She lost all of her beautiful brown curls, forgot how to walk and talk. The relatives and neighbors were very kind to help us care for her. When she got better they thought if we went to April Conference in Salt Lake City it would give us a change and rest. Eulalia Taggart offered to come and care for the family while we were gone. We were all ready with our clothes in the suit cases, she came the night before we were to go, That night Lillian coughed all night. Next morning we decided not to go. She had whooping cough, also Fred and Afton, which lasted them all summer.

In the Autumn of 1907, we brought Grandma Hogan to stay with us. She was very delicate and in very poor health. We were very busy digging beets and caring for the fall crops so she decided after staying one month that I had too much to do to care for her, so she went home to her daughter Maggie Traveler. When she left to go she turned and looked back as if to take the last look. That week, in four days, we were called one morning to come at once, she was very sick. G. A. was at the factory with a load of beets, which he plowed and hauled with Nana, Lloyd and Clayton, with one man to top. As soon as he got home we went to Richmond, but it was too late. She had passed away. That was Oct. 24, 1907. It was a great sorrow to all the family.

On March 28, 1909, Arminta was born. She was a very tiny, delicate baby. I was very slow getting my strength back, but as the summer approached I got better and we decided to remodel and add to our house. We started in June. We added the living room, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and bathroom, two bedrooms upstairs; making us a very comfortable

home. We didn't have culinary water, so we put in a supply tank in the attic and pumped water up from it by a hand pump. It was hard work up, and successful until we got the running water in the city. That summer I worked very hard cooking for the carpenters, my family and hired men with only the help of Nana who was 15 years, but very good and dependable. It was in the Thanksgiving week of that year that we were comfortably located in our new and happy home, with new carpet, blinds, curtains, furniture; where we enjoyed our Thanksgiving dinner and we did give thanks truly. That Christmas holiday week, Mrs. Josephine Adair (G.A.'s sister) with her daughter Bergetta and Josie, and son Goudy, and Charlotte Harris, another neice, spent with us. They were from Orderville, Utah, their first year in this part of Utah.

On Nov. 21, 1910, Muriel (Billie) was born, the first one born in our completed home. My health was very poor that winter. On Feb. 5th, her Father's 40th birthday, he blessed her in the church. Before she was one year old she had a very sick spell which caused her hair to come out. We cut it all off. It was then Armintha christened her Billie, a nickname she carried all her life.

I worked in the Farm Bureau for a number of years, assistant to Mrs. Oattie of Logan, also as President of our local unit. I taught and helped to remodel and make dresses, coats suits and hats. I also worked in the Relief Society as teacher and a teacher overseer of class leaders.

Oct. 1916, my husband had an appendicitis operation which at that time was thought to be very serious. I stayed with him in the hospital the first day and night, and was it an awful long night sitting up in a chair with no one coming in all night. He stayed there two weeks. We had a great deal of sickness among our children that winter. The four girls had measles in 1918. When the flu was so bad we all had it except Armintha. Fred, Lillian and Afton were all down at once in different rooms and all were very sick ----- dangerously bad with it. The neighbors were very frightened and dared not come in to see if we needed help, but would call on the telephone. When we got so we were all sitting up but were too weak to prepare our food, Lloyd came down from his home in town and brought us a kettle of hot soup which was the most thankful thing I ever had. Uncle J.W. Leavitt brought a rice pudding and those were the things that started us to get strength.

In the fall of 1918 Armintha had Scarlet Fever and was very sick. Jeanette Taggart also had it but in a very light form. I had Jeanette brought to my house. I took care of both to keep the rest of their family from being exposed. We sent Lillian, Afton, and Muriel to stay with Nana. It was a long 6 weeks they had to be away from home, both to them and myself. My husband and the boys stayed home but never came in the room where we were. In 1919, Fred received a call to fill a mission on his 19th birthday, Mar. 9, 1919. He left April and served 26 months in the Southern States Mission. In 1920, my Mother passed away after a winter of illness, on April 4, 1920, at the age of ninety.

We moved to Logan in Sept. 1927, lived in a furnished apartment at the John A. Hendrickson home. It was very comfortable, we went down so the three girls, Lillian, Armintha and Billie could attend the U.S.A.C. that year. Some parts of it were very pleasant while others to the reverse. My husband at that time was Agriculturist for Amalgamated Sugar Co. and had to be in Lewiston each day, which made him a lot of driving and couldn't be with us all the time. I sang in the choir in the 11th Ward, That was the ward we lived in. I also attended Relief Society and Sunday School and enjoyed living where I could walk to meetings, as I had never been that near before. I did a great deal of sewing, making all my girls dresses as well as for some others. I made all their party and graduation dresses and they were as neat and pretty as any of the boughten dresses.

I made my first trip to California in Feb. 1929. I made it alone. We left home, drove to Ogden with snow four to five feet deep on either side of the road. I took the fast mail train to San Francisco at noon. It was only a chair car so I had to sit up all night. After it got dark there were only myself and 10 or 12 men on the train. They talked of murders and train robberies. The lights were off. I didn't sleep much. and when day light came I looked out the window and I could hardly believe my eyes with

the green grass and roses in bloom everywhere. I made the trip in 22 hours. I had my first boat ride across the bay from Oakland to San Francisco. It was quite a thrill and all so strange to me. I was met there and taken to Petaluma where I was to see my new grand-daughter, Patricia Pond. Afton was in the hospital with her. It was there I had my first experience with cooking with gas. Glen went to work early. When Maurice got up I ask him how to light the gas. He was a little fellow, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. He said strike a match and touch it to the stove and jump back, so I had to go to the hospital and ask Afton how to light it. My experience as a traveler was very meager. I shall never forget how frightened I was to attempt to go to Los Angeles to visit Fred and wife. A friend of Afton's, Mary Farthing and little daughter Mary Helen met me at Sausalito and took me across the bay by boat, put me on the train to go. She was a darling friend. I made a number of trips after that to California, Montana, Idaho and Nevada. I took my first aeroplane ride with Billie and Web at Reno with my husband in May, 1940. We went on an old plane, 26 passenger. There was a very strong wind blowing, but that was supposed to be the last trip and Web was so anxious to give us our first ride, so we went. The greatest thrill we got was when we got out and put our feet on the ground. We both said that's our first ride and will be our last, but the next week G. A. got flu and was dangerously sick. I took it from him and the Dr. said we couldn't come by car or by train, but must take a plane, which we did on May 19th, 1940, at 10 A.M., to Salt Lake and made the trip in 2 hrs. 40 minutes, and enjoyed it. That was our first real plane ride. I was 70 years old.

I have many hobbies. First, I made hooked rugs, which were very pretty, as well as serviceable. Then I took quilt blocks, which I dearly love to make, as well as to do the quilting. I feel I inherited the desire and art from my dear Mother. My desire is that I make enough nice quilts that each of my children as well as my grand-children can have one when I'm gone, if they want it. Another thing I love to do and do a lot of, is needlepoint. I hope to have a piece for each of my daughters and daughters-in-law; which I have, and a number for some others.

On July 1st, 1942, we took our first visit to Berkeley to visit Lillian and Kenneth in their home. We went to Ogden, stayed all night with Nana, next morning took the train to Berkeley. That was the best trip I have ever had. We visited all the places of interest with Kenneth in his car. Fred and Alida came up from Los Angeles. We all spent the 4th of July together visiting and sightseeing. We had a most wonderful time. While together we planned our Golden Wedding to be held in November. All summer my thoughts and plans were on that. Lillian came home a month early to have every thing in readiness, as the children were giving it in our honor. Lillian gave me a lovely black dress to wear on that occasion. Kenneth gave me my first Orchid. Nana and Muriel sent me a double strand of lovely pearls to wear. We sent out many printed invitations for the Tea, which was held Sunday, November 8th, at our home. The table was beautiful with Afton's Madiera cloth, brought from the Madiera Island by her husband, Alton Sorenson. The table was centered with a white wedding cake made by me and decorated by Mrs. Hyrum Ririe. The grand-daughters served in formal dresses. The guests were met by our daughters and husbands. It was a drizzling, rainy day, but that did not stop our many friends calling to wish us congratulations and best wishes. There were more than 200 called during the afternoon and evening. We had many flowers sent us. On Monday the 9th, our real wedding day, we celebrated with a delicious hot cooked dinner by our girls and served on one large table in the dining-room, covered with white linencloth, china dishes. Eighteen were seated at that table, another table set in the living-room with cream linencloth, pink glass dishes held the grand-children and their husbands and companions. The wedding cake as a center piece at the other table. All our children were here except Muriel and Web, and their boys, who were in the Army training camp; and Edgar, who was attending a Sugar Co. funeral. At the close of the dinner Lloyd representing the family, presented a gold bag containing 132 silver dollars as a token of love and respect from them to us. Dad made a speech of appreciation for our family and their tenderness to us. That was one of the happiest days spent in our 50 years of married life. To have our family with us to enjoy the day. Part of them spent the night at home. It was a day always to be remembered by us and our family. Shortly before our Golden wedding, my sister Evaline Leavitt passed away, which was a great sorrow to me, as we had lived so close together. The small house her family built for her in the next lot to our house stood like a tombstone as I

looked on it from my window. I was relieved when it was sold and moved away.

(From now on Lillian has written the story at Mama's prompting)

1942

When the 2nd World War came, all our boys were called into the service. Boyd was the first to go. He had been reserve officer in the Army and served in the Army Air Corp., as a Major, and Squadron Commander. Brampton was in the Army Medical Corp.; Maurice, Army Infantry; Ronald, Naval Aviation; Gordon, in the Airborne Army Paratroopers; Keddy and Bob, in the Navy. Web in Field Artillery serving over-seas in actual combat. Glenn, in the Marine Corp; Tony in the Army; Gwendolyn's husband, Ira, in the Navy; Madges' husband, Airus Bergstrom, in Army Air Corp. They all served overseas except Ronald who served as Flight Instructor at various training schools. Having our boys away was a great anxiety to us. We were fortunate that all 12 returned safely though we spent many prayerful hours when Boyd was shot down over France in May, 1943, and was missing until late July of that year. We were comforted when we received a cablegram "safe and well". Maurice was seriously wounded in the Battle of the Bulge, Dec. 15, 1944. He was hospitalized first in France, then England, and finally in Van Couver, Wash. for 9 months. He still bears his battle scars. Papa and I served the war effort as best we could, converting all we could to buy war bonds and writing letters and sending packages to our boys.

1945

On Jan. 13th, 1945, Edgar was the victim of a fatal plane accident in the Idaho Mts., as he was returning from one of his usual trips from the Burley factory. We all suffered anxiety for four days until the wreckage and its passengers were found. He was buried Jan. 20th, in Logan.

About May of that year, Lloyd's heart condition became very aggravating. He gradually became worse and died, July 8th. He had suffered so much it was a great comfort to see him at rest, so peaceful and as handsome as a Greek God. He was buried July 11th, just 50 years after his sister Ione.

In December of that year while wrapping Christmas presents, I had a great pain over my right kidney. I was in so much pain, Papa called the doctor. Clate and Arvella, Eulalia and Rosella came down too. The doctor took tests for appendicitis, but decided it was a kidney stone and gave me my first hypo. I slept a little, but was in much pain. Papa and Rosella sat up all night with me. Eulalia came and stayed all the next day. Myrna took sick and called my doctor away. She had a baby boy, Freddie, while I only had a pain. I had a reaction from the hypo and for 5 weeks pus drained from the infection. I nearly lost my arm. Actually I suffered more from the hypo than the stone.

1946

Jan. 5, we went to Calif. by train. It was our first time to have a compartment. When the train stopped at Sparks, Billie and Web came on to visit us. We had four pleasant weeks in Berkeley with Lillian. Web was at the Presidio in San Francisco and came over to spend Papa's birthday. On Feb. 6th we took the train to Glendale to spend two weeks with Fred and Alida. March 10, we went to Billie's, only for a few days. Papa got homesick and just would not stay longer.

That Spring, we recarpeted our living-room with lovely blue carpet. Had the furniture all recovered and redecorated down-stairs. Now all the floors all over the house were fully carpeted. Everything looked so fresh and cheery. My home has always been my heaven and I delighted in making it attractive.

That Fall, Papa had a serious illness. First, a heart attack that he was slow to recover from, then the circulation in his leg became so poor he could not stand on his feet. It was becoming a serious threat. Two of his old friends, Joe Bergeson, and Eph. Rawlings had had to have their legs removed because of just such a condition. All Winter Papa treated himself with hot and cold treatments for 45 minutes at a time. He was so faithful by his strong will to recover that leg his hard work conquered it.

1947

Al and Re~~T~~ came down from Newdale. Al wanted to pay us a visit because he felt it would be his last one. Jode and Maryann came up, and we had such a good time. It was the last time I saw him; during the winter he died of dropsy. Nov. 20th, we went up to the maternity home to see Madge, and her new baby, Johnny. I stepped off the porch and cracked my right shoulder. It was very painful and afterward I could not dress myself or use my arm for a couple of months.

1946

I was still not well in January, when Papa got the flu. Lillian came from California to take care of us. He recovered, but was poorly all spring and never able to go back to the bank to work. He hated to quit, as he had been so happy while he was there. His condition grew steadily worse and in May 26, we took him to the hospital where he was under an oxygen tent for two weeks. His heart improved but he came home from the hospital no better than he entered. He suffered a Stroke June 25th, lost his speech and use of his right side. All the children came home and took turns caring for him. All through July, Aug., and Sept. his condition changed very little. My life was so disturbed each day was like looking into a deep, black hole. Clate went to California Oct. 1, to take Madge. Papa was heartbroken to see him leave. Oct. 5, he suffered a complete stroke and was 29 hours before he died. He died Oct. 6th, at 9:25. It was a comfort to see the end come. He had suffered so much. He was buried Oct. 9th, after a beautiful funeral. There were so many true friends came to pay respect to him. He was loved by all, and will not soon be forgotten. Nana and Arminta stayed home with me until Oct. 30, when I went as far as Reno with Clate and Arvella on their way to see Madge. Little Kenny was born Oct. 30.

1949

I stayed with Billie and Web until December, then went by train to California. That was my first winter in California. About mid-March, Kenneth and Lillian took me back to Reno. On Arminta's birthday the Hunters drove me to Winnemucca where we met Arminta's family and celebrated her birthday at dinner at Sonoma Inn. I returned with them to Boise. In May Arminta and I took the train to Pocatello where Clate and Arvella met us. So my home-coming wouldn't be sad, Nana, Afton and Rosella were here preparing dinner. We had a pleasant time and it was good to return. Right then the girls started making plans for my 80th birthday. I wasn't in favor of a party without Papa but all the girls and Clate were eager and made it a very pretty affair. It was May 15th, the house was a bower of flowers, especially Lilacs. It was a Tea from 2 to 6. All appointments were in pink and gold. Royce poured and the other grand-daughters served to about 175 guests. All my dear Lewiston friends came and some of my old, old friends -- Mina Griffin, Sylvester Low, Florence and Emily Nelson, and many others.

In June a condition developed necessitating an operation. I agreed and made preparations for it. H. Ray Pond, our very dear friend, came and gave me a blessing, promising I would go through the operation successfully and gain strength rapidly. So, we celebrated the 4th of July on the 5th, and I went to the hospital on the 6th with Nana, Afton, and Arminta. I signed myself in and was operated on at 7 A.M.. The three girls and Clate and Arvella were there. When I came to at 4, my first words were "now can I have my teeth". It was a major operation, but successful.

1950

We had the usual summer, all the girls came home except Lillian, who was in Europe. Aunt Ellen came down and we spent sometime by ourselves. Spent our time making quilts. Eldon and Sarah and Fred and Eulalia took us up to Mackey to see George Leavitt. I've never had so much fun in my life. I didn't know I could laugh so much. The family there were surprised at our coming but they spread the word and relatives from far and near came to see us. There were 26 to dinner that day. November 15, I awakened with a spot before my eyes. It proved to be a blood clot. I suffered no pain, but since then have not been able to see directly in front though I can see out the side of the eye.

1951

I was spending early May with Afton. On May 19th, she came to my room at 6 A.M.

To tell me Clayton had had a heart attack and had died at 5:30. I think it was the greatest shock I ever suffered. I couldn't speak or cry or even think. I was just like a stone. We didn't know he had any heart trouble. He had a great deal of rheumatism and had felt badly all spring. We buried him in the family plot beside Papa and Lloyd on May 23rd. All the family came home except Fred who had just had an operation himself. All summer I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of my world. Clate had been such a wonderful help to me after Papa was gone and had shouldered all my burdens. Now I was faced with what to do with the farm. Langton Barber was a great help and took the responsibility of renting the farm to the Sugar Co. In the fall I flew to San Francisco and spent the winter on Pacific Avenue with Lillian. It was a most interesting experience to me and I enjoyed reading books on early San Francisco and seeing the points of interest there. In December, Lillian and I went for a one week visit with Fred and Alida and also visited with Ron and family in Bellflower and Maurice in Baldwin Park. Maryann died in March of 1952. She and I were just the same age and had been close always. My brother, Jode, died August 1st, at the age of 86.

1953

September, Jacqueline died in Oklahoma, and was buried September 28, in the family plot beside her father.

1954

Spent the winter with the girls in their various homes. Tony was made Bishop of the 17th Ward in Logan, November 21. Ronald Cole was made Counselor in the Bishopric in Bellflower the same fall.

1955

The First Ward in Lewiston has been divided again. It has been divided four times and I am still living in the First Ward. I am the oldest person in the Ward. In fact, my home is on the quarter section my father homesteaded when he first came to Lewiston. I came here when I was 2 years old and have lived on that same quarter section ever since. Conan was made a Bishop of Boise 6th Ward on August 17th.

1956

Armintha and family stayed the summer with me, they were in the process of moving from Boise to Provo. On August 3rd I was stricken with Phlebitis in an advanced stage but with the attention of Dr. Fillmore and my family I made progress and recovered after being bedfast for 4 weeks. Boyd and Royce moved to San Francisco for a new position. Madge and Airus are stationed in England for the next three years. Gwendolyn's little boy has improved from his illness. Eulalia had her gall bladder removed.

I recall 64 years ago I voted for the first time. It was the day before I was married. Tomorrow, November 9th, I will celebrate with Afton and Tony, our joint wedding anniversary. I had 3 great grandchildren born this year. Kaye Carolyn to Keddie; Mary Heather to Gerry and Norman, and Pamela Jean to Glenn. This makes my 29th great-grandchild. Sylvia, Bob's girl, was married in October. She is the first great grand-child to be married.

1957

Boyd Cole died Sept. 30th. A great sorrow to us all. November 9th, my 67th anniversary while visiting Billie, I fell and broke my right wrist and injured a rib. I spent the entire winter trying to recover. I had much pain and discomfort. Spent the winter with Afton and Armintha.

1959

I spent my 90th birthday in San Francisco with Nana and Lillian. We flew home May 16, Lillian and I. On June 27th, I fell and broke a vertebra, and injured my right hand and spent 3 miserable days in the hospital. I've decided 90 is not an interesting age. My health is still good though I have lost weight and can do less for myself than I would like to do and can't get around alone.

1960

Spent the winter with Afton and Billie. March 19th, Lillian came from Boston and we returned home to my own dear house in Lewiston. On May 14th I celebrated my 91st birthday. A nice article accompanied my picture in the Herald. May 8th we planned to celebrate quietly with only the family, but friends began calling to wish me Happy Birthday, as early as Mother's Day and continued all through the week. Nana came from San Francisco on May 8th. Sister Ellen came unexpectedly on my birthday and I received an abundance of cards and many beautiful bouquets of flowers. It was a happy time.

There was nothing more written of the last three of Grandmother Hogan's life. She had more illnesses, and the last 18 months of her life were spent at Sunshine Terrace, a very lovely nursing home in Logan. The nurses and aids commented that she was funny and fun to be around.

Grandmother died October 13, 1963 in Logan, Cache, Utah. Funeral services for her were held in the Lewiston First-Fourth Ward chapel. Bishop T.S Nielson conducted and the family prayer was given by John Hyer. The prelude and postlude organ music was by Mrs. Alta Harrison and musical numbers were by the ward choir. Speakers were Mrs. Leda Pond, H. Ray Pond, and Bishop Nielson. Prayers were offered by Dr. Conan E. Mathews and William A. Sorenson. David O. Hendricks dedicated the grave in the Lewiston Cemetery.

Pall bearers were Gordon Cole, Ronald Cole, Paul D. Hogan, Maurice Pond, Keith Brough, and Roland Hogan. All were grandsons with the exception of Keith Brough, who is the husband of a Granddaughter.

Grandmother lived a long, full, busy life and left behind her many people who remember her with love and thankfulness for the kind of person she was, for the good example she set for us. I must add my own note here -- that my grandparents had a great deal to do with teaching me, by example, the real meaning of loving people. When I think of love one another, I think of them.

Madge Hogan Bergstrom
Granddaughter