

Milton Rawlins



Documents from
Julia Rawlins scanned
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1992 A brief overview of the life of:

Milton (Dick) Rawlins

by a daughter -
Carol Sue Rawlins

Our Dad was born 15 June 1898 in Ora, Fremont County Idaho, to Samuel Lafayette and Sarah Elizabeth Van Orden Rawlins. He was # 9 of 12 siblings. He subsequently received the nickname of Dick. That is what we always heard him called.

Dick was raised in Lewiston, Cache County, Utah. We really know little of his childhood, to our sorrow. I believe he said he was 18 yrs. old when his mother died and he was working up in Arbor Valley, near Pocatello. He was 25 when his father passed away. There was a time when he lived with his aunt and uncle, Gaudy and Armintha Hogan, in Lewiston. Dad grew to be about 5'8" tall, with brown wavy hair and blue eyes. He was average build with the square "Rawlin" chin. I've come to believe, after looking a picture it may be a Grandma Frosh trait, rather than the Rawlin side of family. Daddy was a nice looking man.

Dad met our Mom, Rosetta Higginson, from Hatch, Ida when they were both working in Pocatello. He was seven years older than she. They were married 16 Aug. 1926 in Nampa, Canyon County, Idaho. They were sealed to each other and with their 3 oldest children in the Salt Lake Temple in 1937 on Mom's thirty-second birthday. In subsequent years the calling he had that I remember most vividly was word clerk. The books were kept at home then and he warned his kids that they better never look in those big, black books!

Dick had worked on a Union Pacific Railroad paint gang, then he began working at the Pacific Fruit Express car shops in Nampa, where they moved in 1929. He worked as a union carman there until his death.

Some fellow workers told me years later what a hard worker he was. I think of Daddy always working, with little leisure time; he died before his retirement time came.

Rosetta and Dick had four children, a son named Ronald Milton, born in 1927, and three daughters — Peggy Lou born in 1931, Carol Sue, born in 1933 and Mary Kathleen, born in 1945. We all had happy childhoods with good parents. They bought a home in Nampa on a corner lot — 804-8th Ave. So. — a place we hold dear to our hearts. We were all raised in that home, with we two older girls being born in the front bedroom. Mom was a homemaker. Daddy was a good dad — he had a good sense of humor, too. (So did Aunt Net; it must be a Revalis or Van Orden trait.) He whistled lots. He sang songs, changing the words of some to make them funny. Kathleen happily remembers him singing, "The object of my affection can change my complexion from pink to black and blue." Now Dick's son Ronald does the same thing, much to the delight of his family.

A few of Dad's activities through the years include being our block warden during World War II, serving on the Salvation Army Board in Nampa and participating in union activities. He was a dedicated union member and Democrat. One year he and Mom got to go to Buffalo, New York when he was a delegate to a national union convention. He liked to steam fish, though it seems to me he seldom had the opportunity. I fondly remember him sitting on the front porch on late summer evenings listening to baseball games on the radio. I wonder if he liked to play that game himself as a young man.

At the age of 49, Dad became a widower. Mama died the day of our school bus / logging truck accident on a mountain road in 1947. She was on the way to church girl camp with Peggy & me and other WASH members. Even 2½ yr. old Kathleen was on the bus. It was traumatic for Daddy. Three years later we were blessed with a wonderful step-mom. Dad married Rosella Coley Hogan from Lewiston, Utah. They knew each other growing up in Lewiston and Rosella had married Dad's first cousin Lloyd Hogan. She had been a widow 6 years when she married Daddy and moved to Nampa with her last child, Paul, a teen age son. Rosella raised our then 5 yr. old sister and mothered the rest of us.

Dad had been plagued with stomach problems through the years. Ultimately he got stomach cancer. After a valiant battle of 2-3 years he succumbed in the hospital 26 June 1960 - shortly after he had turned 62 yrs. old. He was buried next to Mama in the Kohlerlawn Cemetery in Nampa. We will always miss him. We will always love him. We are thankful "Dick" Rawlins is our Dad!