

ALICE TOLMAN YANCEY
29 Aug 1863 - 11 Oct 1942
Daughter of Judson and Sarah Lucretia Holbrook Tolman

Alice Tolman was the eleventh child in the family of the fourteen children of Judson Tolman and Sarah Lucretia Holbrook and was born August 29, 1863, at Bountiful, Utah. In 1848 her parents came across the plains to Utah, one child being buried on the way. Her mother died at the age of thirty-seven years. She remembers of helping Aunt Jane, her step-mother, take care of her children when they were young, but she lived most of the time with her sister, Sarah Mabey, and family. In her own words she says, "My sister with whom I lived a great deal was the same as a mother to me and her children seemed like my own children. I remember very little about my mother as she died when I was little more than five years old. I did not know my sister, Nancy, and her children so well but learned to love them just as I did Sarah and family. I remember as a girl of the good times Kate or Catherine and I had. Kate was just two years older than myself.

I remember of being re-baptized and it sure thrilled me. I also remember of going to school and getting a whipping. I did not cry at the time, but had a good cry when I got home. I had to go to school bare-footed most of the time. My father had a molasses mill where he made molasses. I would take his dinner to him when he was cutting grain with a scythe. I also remember my step grandmother, Hannah Flint Holbrook, and of going to see my grandfather, Joseph Holbrook, and of his death.

We used to have cutting bees when we would gather fifteen or twenty bushel of peaches in a pile. Then we would ask boys and girls to come and help cut them. The next morning we would have to spread them on the roof or on scaffolds made of lumber all turned right side up. After we were through cutting, we usually had lunch and that is how we got our peaches dried.

The following events are as told by Alice Tolman Yancey about their married life as we left it too late to have anything from father.

Adam herded sheep a great deal when a young man and also learned something of carpentering. While herding sheep he started to use tobacco, but said at one conference he attended in Salt Lake City one of the speakers said, "Boys do not use tobacco as it is harmful." He went home and never used it again. When Adam was about twenty years old, he met me at a dance in Bountiful either on the 4th or 24th of July, and took me home from the dance after which we associated together. We were married October 2, 1879, in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. Adam had a team and wagon in which we rode to Salt Lake City to be married.

After we were married, we lived in Bountiful, Utah in a two room rock house by Daniel Wood. Joseph and Inez Wood were our neighbors on one side. Here our first son Adam Adonirum was born August 9, 1880. I was just seventeen years old on the 29th of August.

Adam and Daniel Wood went in together and bought the Durham place in West Bountiful, and we moved there. In a year or two my brother Add Tolman decided to move to Idaho so we sold our share of the place to Daniel Wood and moved to Idaho at the same time.

We stayed at Bancroft, Idaho, at first living in a slope that Adam built himself. He had two good teams and both the mares would have colts soon, but they were stolen. Adam hunted for weeks but never could find any trace of them.

There was a saw mill at Bancroft at this time at which Adam worked part of the time. In the fall we moved to Chesterfield about ten miles north where my brother and his wife had settled. The place had been named after Chester Call who had been called by Brigham Young to persuade a dozen young couples to go with him to Idaho as someone said it was a good stock and farming country. Chester Call was to do this on the Q. T. so it was not known until years later.

It was here in Chesterfield that our second child, another son, Orval, was born Sept. 12, 1882. I just had my neighbors to help me. Mary Call and Della Tolman. Something was wrong so Adam had to take a team and wagon and go ten miles for a lady doctor. Then I got along all right.

During our first year in Chesterfield we lived in a slope made out of slabs. The second year Adam built a one room log house, 16 x 20 and plastered it inside and out. Later Adam built a two story frame building with five rooms and a large pantry. In the front was a large porch with a railing around so we could go on to the porch from upstairs and look out over the country. It was one of the best homes in Chesterfield at that time. We had two good wells which Adam had dug by hand, and we had to draw all the water up in buckets for the stock as well as for ourselves, but we later bought pumps which was much better. We had a large barn, cistern, cellar and other buildings.

Adonirum was born in Bountiful and all the rest of our fourteen children were born in this house except William and Sarah and Elizabeth who was stillborn, who were born in Blackfoot, Idaho. They were Orval, James Henry, Emron, Bertha Lucretia, Cyrus, Alice, Daniel, Sylvia May, Mary, and Nathan Orley. Sylvia took a bottle. Bertha was able to give her about all the care she needed. Mary was also bottle fed, but died when six weeks old from whooping cough.

After our younger children were in school, we took two children to adopt, Ruth a baby six weeks old and a boy about the same age as Sarah from the Children's home, but there was so much friction between him and the younger children, some other people adopted him. We kept Ruth who was born in a Blackfoot hospital March, 1916. When she was about three years old, we went down to Logan to have our Second Endowments and to have Ruth sealed to us. Alice had bought Ruth a nice little brown coat and hood to wear on the trip and on the way down somewhere between Blackfoot and Pocatello, some woman made quite a fuss over Ruth and had her take her coat off, and when we wanted it to put on her, it was gone, and we had to go buy another one for her. We felt so bad because Alice had paid \$6.00 for it.

It was surely cold in Chesterfield. I remember Adam taking the cattle to the hills where the snow had gone because we had no feed for them in the Spring and Adam became snow blind a time or two, or that is what we thought it was. I remember one storm when the snow rolled up just like rolls of cotton. It was a pretty sight. There was a lot of wild game in the country at that time which we were able to get, and it helped give us variety in our food. Our buildings were made from lumber and it was so cold, it would pop and snap.

We went to Bountiful a time or two in our light spring wagon. We called it the "Red Wagon" as it was painted red. When we were first married, we had one cow but would sell the butter and eat bread and white gravy. We always had plenty to eat but not much variety. Later when we had plenty of milk and butter, I would set a pan of clabber milk on a box or chair and give the children a spoon and how they enjoyed it.

At one time in Chesterfield we made seventy pounds of butter a week, and I would set the milk in pans. Most of the time we did not get to bed until twelve o'clock at night. Adam would work all day and then come home and would have to get the cows, and by the time the milking was done, it would be late, the wind blowing and the snow drifting. The drifts were sometimes as high as the house, but we always had plenty of good wood to keep us warm by. We had homemade carpets when we could afford to make them. Adam was always improving and building something. He also helped build the meeting house and school house in Chesterfield.

There was no Ward organization at that time, but I remember Adam baptizing a number of children and after, a ward was organized. We used to hold our fast days mostly on Thursdays. We were among the first families to move to Chesterfield. Our closest neighbors were the Nels Hogan family, the Fred Bergeson family, and a family by the name of Balfour. We had to go about three miles to Church and Sunday School and would go in our "Red Wagon" and in sleighs in the winter. Sometimes the snow would be so deep we could go right over the fences and all and not stop for nothing.

I was an officer in the M.I.A. and counselor in the Relief Society to Sister Sarah Call, but was released when we moved to Blackfoot. Adam was called on a mission in July, 1895 as also was my brother, Lamoni, to go to the Southern States. It was hard to see him go, but the boys were more help now. He was only able to stay about six months as he took sick with chills and fever soon after arriving in Texas and could not get it out of his system so was released to come home.

Our first child, Adam, was killed when he was twelve years old by being thrown from a horse. He went after the cows and on the way caught one of the neighbor's horses along with a Bergeson boy who had a horse. They were just a little way from home when he was thrown from the horse. He got up and walked home, and I washed him off, and he said, "Ma, I don't think I can milk tonight." So I said he didn't have to and put him to bed. He went to sleep and just woke up once and said, "O, my eyes." We did not go to bed, but sent and got the Elders and had him administered to. Then the next morning I left him to get breakfast, and when I went back in the room, he was dead which was about eight o'clock in the morning. When our little girl died, I was holding her in my lap and was all alone. She went into convulsion after convulsions. She was born right when we had whooping cough, and had I known, would have been more careful. So our two children are buried there in Chesterfield, Idaho.

In the Fall of 1901, our crop of three hundred acres was a total failure. One of the men of the Ward, Brother Nels Sorenson, had been over to Blackfoot and bought hay and then later moved there. Adam went to Blackfoot to buy hay because we were milking forty head of cows at that time and had to have the hay. When we first went to Chesterfield, we had enough water for our ground but it got so scarce that by the time it got down to us, our turn was up, and we could

hardly raise a garden and the frosts got so bad too. While in Blackfoot, Adam bought three hundred acres of land about three and one-half miles west and north of Blackfoot. Quite a lot of it was in hay and a lot of sagebrush land. We gave \$7,000. Adam got a mortgage on our place in Chesterfield to make the first payment of One Thousand Dollars. That was all we ever got as the parties took out bankruptcy. We had to sell our stock to pay for our place.

So, in the Fall of 1901 in October we moved to Blackfoot. I drove one team over with Orley on the seat by me. He was one year old then. Maybe you think it wasn't hard to leave Chesterfield. We went to Blackfoot where there were only a few people in that section of the country and have lived there ever since. The first summer we were in Blackfoot, we raised every kind of fruit and vegetable, watermelons and all kinds of garden stuff. It surely seemed good to have what we could eat out of a garden as well as all the fruit we needed as there were raspberries, gooseberries and fruit trees on the place.

When we first moved to Blackfoot, we went to the Riverside and Moreland Ward to Church for the first year or two. Adam first acted as Presiding Elder and then later was sustained as Bishop and the Ward was named the Groveland Ward as that was the name of the school district. He was put in Bishop in 1903 and was bishop for twelve years when he was released on account of his health and failing eyesight. Father's heart trouble gradually grew worse and he died September 15, 1920. I was President of the Relief Society from May, 1902 until June, 1919. I also served on the Relief Society Stake Board as second counselor, and then first counselor from November, 1914 to August, 1923.

In the twenty-two years mother lived alone after Father's death, she had a hard lonely life. She had the worry of the younger children and Ruth was only a little more than four years old. Father had always taken the responsibility in a financial way which made it harder for her. Daniel was her main stay for years until he had to go to the Hospital and the shock of both Sylvia's and his death was a terrible blow as she had leaned a lot on them both. During these years William also went on a mission to England. She visited around some with the children, going to Los Angeles two or three times to visit with Alice and Ruth and staying with Sylvia and family in Pocatello and a few days at a time with the other children. I took her out to Tabiona, Utah where her daughter, Sarah, lived the summer before she died which trip she enjoyed very much.

She must have passed away without warning during the night as she was found sitting in a chair and had been taking care of her swollen feet. Death came to her on the morning of October 11, 1942. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

(Written by Alice Tolman Yancey and Bertha Yancey Jensen, her daughter, and edited by Loraine Tolman Pace.)