PREFACE: Several strange and interesting things happened while writing this life sketch of Lorin Paul Walker. When I consulted several of his daughters for information their answers were, “I don’t remember anything.” Having been quite close to my Grandfather I jotted down a few thing I had remembered. Once again I went to my aunts and read to them what I had written. The dam that had been holding the information and stories about their father broke and I was now flooded with information. I realize I haven’t included all the information and stories that I was given. However I believe that what I used will give you an insight into the life of this great man.

I have written and rewritten this story many times. I paid a girl to type the story several times and each time found that she had left out words and phrases. I threw the copy down in disgust and stomped out of my office trying to think of some way to handle my disappointment. When I returned I couldn’t find the copy. It was then back to my rough draft and I once agin wrote the story. I also typed it. Therefore all the spelling and mistakes in English are mine.

I am grateful to my Aunts, Eunice, Mae, Ethel, Lois, Ada and Beryl and to several cousins for their help in supplying materials and pictures. Without this help this feeble attempt would not have been possible.

Elwood W. Chambers   No. 2 Grandson.
Lorin Paul Walker was born the 31st of May 1866 in Salt Lake City, Utah. His father was William Holmes Walker, an early member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Lorin’s father knew the Prophet Joseph Smith and lived in the Prophet’s home for a number of years. He was also one of the Prophet’s bodyguards. (See William Holmes Walker Diary)

Lorin’s mother was Harriet Paul, daughter of Nicholas Paul and Harriet May. Nicholas Paul was recognized as one of the great builders of buildings in his day and proudly bore the title of Master Mason. He and his wife were sent to the Union of South Africa by the British government to build the government buildings of Africa. (See Nicholas Paul Diary)

Harriet Paul was William’s fourth wife and Lorin was the first born to this union. He was followed by ten brothers and sisters.

Growing up in an untamed country brought quick maturity to Lorin. At the age of twelve the responsibility of supporting his mother and family fell upon his young shoulders. Lorin’s father, a polygamist who had four wives, refused to give up his families and was hunted by the federal officers for the practice of polygamy. Thus he was forced to abandon his families for a number of years. Lorin farmed forty acres during the farming season and supplemented the family income hauling coal from the Utah coal mines. His hours were long and the pay meager. He received enough schooling to teach him the basics, reading, writing and arithmetic.

Lorin loved his family and was most considerate of his mother. He did all he could to make her life easier. When a younger brother Frank was born, Lorin took the complete charge and care of this baby boy. Frank grew up accompanying Lorin to the fields and on the freight wagons and Frank enjoyed many a swim on Lorin’s back.
Lorin married a young lady by the name of Sarah Louisa Howell of Clifton, Idaho. Sarah was the daughter of Jason Elihu Howell and Jane Morehead Thomas. They were married the 20th of December 1887 in Clifton and they were sealed 37 years later in the Salt Lake Temple on the 17th of September 1924. Lorin didn’t become a member of the Church until 1920. When we was to have been baptized at the age of eight, the Elder that was to perform the baptism didn’t show up. It took him 47 years to get over his disappointment.

He was a man of his word. His word was his bond and he had a strong dislike for anyone that wasn’t as good as their word. Grandfather made it a practice to never say anything that wasn’t true or to promise anything he couldn’t keep or deliver. One day Grandmother was complaining about all the letters she had to write to the family members. Lorin promised her if she would write all the letters until their golden wedding anniversary he would take over the responsibility of letter writing for the next fifty years. On the golden wedding anniversary, Lorin purchased a typewriter and thus fulfilled his promise. He had only one regret about the typewriter, he said “It doesn’t spell any better than I do.”

In September 1885, Lorin went into business with his father and older half-brothers. They hauled freight into northern Utah and the southeastern areas of the Territory of Idaho. Oxford, located in the Territory of Idaho was a stopover station. Clifton, a small village two miles south of Oxford was where he met and courted Sarah Louisa Howell.

After their marriage, the young couple made their first home in Big Cottonwood, Utah. Their first child, a daughter, Laura was born in Big Cottonwood. Later she would be followed by two brothers and eight sisters.

The year of 1888 found Lorin and family move to Clifton. Their freight wagon was so loaded down with their possessions that only baby Laura was able to ride. Lorin and Sarah walked. They lived in Clifton about two years. It was in Clifton their first boy, Ray was born.

In 1890 Idaho became a state and the Utah and Northern Railroad pushed their railhead to Eagle Rock, Idaho (Idaho Falls, Idaho). Lorin then freighted supplies into the new settlement of Lewisville, Idaho. In the fall of 1892 he built a frame cabin in Lewisville.

Sarah and the family moved to their new home in the spring of 1893. Sarah was overjoyed at the prospect of a new home. When they arrived in Lewisville, they discovered their new home had been used to stable horses. To make matters worse, every stink bug in the Lewisville area had moved into the new home. After a good cry about the condition of their house, Lorin and Sarah pitched in and scrubbed the house from top to bottom and in a few days had the home liveable.

Lorin also farmed in Lewisville. The land was good, flat and easy to irrigate. Water was plentiful. This however didn’t make the Lewisville area a paradise for farming. During the irrigation season the mosquitoes became unbearable for man and beast. The settlers would leave Lewisville and
move to the high dry area some twenty miles to the east to escape the pesky insect. Men were left in the settlement to irrigate and care for the crops and property. These men were either immune or could tolerate the mosquitoes voracious appetites.

Loris and his brothers freighted supplies from Eagle Rock to the many settlements that were springing up. During the year of 1899 Lorin met a man by the name of Mr. Bryant. Bryant was lending his effort in the development of Yellowstone Park. The Homestead Act now opened up land for homesteading in the upper valleys of southeastern Idaho. Mr. Bryant suggested that Lorin look at the land in the Warm River area.

Lorin and his brother Charles Walker and his brother-in-law David Howell, made an inspection of the Warm River area. They liked what they saw and each of the men homesteaded 160 acres of land. They surveyed their land by the use of a buggy and compass. A white rag was tied to the buggy wheel and when the wheel made on complete turn it measured so many feet of land. As crude as this method sounds these survey lands were straight and true and still hold fast to this day.

Homesteading wasn’t a bed of roses. It took a special breed of men. It took men who were farsighted and not allergic to work, long hours and backbreaking toil. They were men who were willing to risk all they had. It was backbreaking work that they thought would never end when they started to clear the land. Horses and oxen were used to uproot the quaking aspen and to rail the sagebrush. The brush that didn’t come out had to be grubbed by hand. The brush was piled in large piles and burned. The whole family from the oldest to the youngest that could carry a piece of brush worked at clearing the land. It took several years before a complete eighty acres were cleared for the plow.
Lorin built a log cabin on what they called the “Flat”. The Flat was located along the Henry’s Fork of the Snake River. The location was a good one. A good sized spring flowed nearby and the cabin was somewhat protected from the cold north winds. He later built a barn and sheds to house his animals.

Lorin had many talents that served the communities well where ever he lived. He was an excellent carpenter, blacksmith, barber, veterinarian, and when the need arose a doctor and a dentist. Had he charged for these services he could have been a wealthy man. Instead he chose to help his neighbors. He not only pulled teeth for his friends, neighbors and family, but pulled his own teeth as well. This must of taken a great deal of courage.

A daughter, Beryl Killian, while attending Relief Society in Othello, Washington was amazed and delighted to hear this story told by Beatrice Jensen Merrill. The Relief Society sisters had been asked to tell about someone who had rendered a service or who influenced their life. Beatrice related the following story:

“When I was a little girl, I had a terrible toothache. We didn’t have money so that I could go to the dentist.” Mother said, “You know Bro. Walker pulls teeth. Go ask him if he will pull your tooth?” Then Mother warned me, “If he consents to pull your tooth, don’t grab his hands and cry.”

“I walked over to Bro. Walker’s home and asked if he would pull my tooth. He said he would take care of it as soon as he finished his dinner. I knew that Brother Walker knew I didn’t have any money with which to pay him. He sat me down in a chair and I hung on with all my strength. I thought the pain would kill me before the tooth finally came out. I was glad when the pain stopped of course and the ache was gone. Lorin Walker was always glad to be of service to his friends and neighbors”
LORIN WALKER IS DRIVING THE SECOND COACH
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
Lorin was a busy man. Between planting and the harvest, he freighted supplies to Yellowstone Park. He later drove a stage coach in the Park and was well known by the tourists as the best guide and lecter the Park could provide.

He also ran a breeding service and his stud horse, “Old Idaho”, was well known in the upper country. It was during this time a disease hit the horse population and almost wiped them out. Without horses, the people in many of the surrounding communities would have suffered. Horses were depended upon for transportation and as draft horses to put in the crops and for the harvest as well.

As time went by another room was added to the one room log cabin. Then three rooms. Lorin built a holding pond on the side of the hill, where a spring gushed out. He covered the small pond with screen wire to keep the frogs and insects out and then piped the water into the house. The water poured out in a continuous steam by the kitchen stove into a tub. A drain in the tub through the floor allowed the water to return to its natural drain field. This innovation saved hours of back breaking work carrying buckets of water from the spring. Why he didn’t do this sooner is anyone’s guess. Perhaps the pipe was too expensive or wasn’t available. We do know that Lorin’s home was the first house in the area to have running water.

Lorin and his oldest son, Lorin Ray, were very close. His children. He was tops in their estimation. Ray was a handsome talented young man. He was approaching his 21st birthday and was planning to be married to a very attractive well educated school teacher, Stella Jensen.
Ray was ambitious, full of fun and had a beautiful singing voice. He was dearly loved by all the family members and tears flowed in streams when Ray announced he was leaving home. In the fall of 1912 he went to Pocatello, Idaho to work for the railroad.

Lorin and Ray had made plans to go to Oregon and look at some land the next spring. Lorin arrived in Pocatello the first part of April 1913 and Stella would meet them there to finalize plans for their coming marriage.

Stella arrive in Pocatello by train the 5th of April 1913. Ray left the hotel where he and his Father were staying to meet the train. Ray never arrived at the depot. As time slipped by, Stella became worried and called Lorin. Lorin immediately went in search of his son. He found Ray unconscious on the overpass a short distance from the depot. Lorin rushed Ray to the hospital and by the time the doctors discovered that Ray was suffering from an attack of appendicitis, it was too late to save his life. Ray died of acute peritonitis.

Lorin and Stella took Ray’s body back to Warm River and he was buried on the homestead that he loved so much. This was a trying time for the whole family.

Lorin was seldom sick. However, in 1912 he had a very serious bout with gallstones. He traveled to Sugar City to see a Doctor Shoup. Dr. Shoup owned and operated a one man hospital. He operated on Lorin and removed several large stones. It took Lorin several months to recover from his operation and to feel like his old self again.

Sarah and Lorin’s eleventh child, Franklin was born 2nd February 1911 in the family home at Warm River. There was great rejoicing in the Walker household. Frank was mothered and loved by his many sisters as well as his mother. Frank was about 18 months old when he was apparently stricken with polio. Polio was an unknown disease and the doctors had no idea how to treat it. When the limbs and the body became twisted they were placed in plaster casts to straighten them. The pain must have been excruciating. This treatment was applied to Frank and he was destined to be deformed and a cripple for the rest of his short life.
LORIN PAUL WALKER FAMILY

BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) LOIS WALKER, MAY WALKER, LESTER CARTER, CORAL WALKER, HARRIET WALKER, ETHEL WALKER
FRONT ROW (LEFT OR RIGHT) RAY WALKER, ADA WALKER, SARAH LOUISA (HOWELL) WALKER, FRANKLIN WALKER, LORIN PAUL WALKER, BERYL WALKER, EUNICE WALKER.
When Frank grew older, Lorin made Frank a cart and trained the dog to pull Frank around and about the place. He also gave Frank a pig. Frank loved this pig and named her Daisy. It wasn’t long before Daisy was pulling Frank around in the cart and old Shep was sleeping in the shade. Frank had a way with animals. He loved them and they loved him.

Lorin gave Frank a Shetland pony and Frank named him Max. Max became a one man horse and anyone that tried to ride him, besides Frank, received a few well placed bites. Frank couldn’t mount or dismount by himself, so Frank trained Max to put his front legs out and bow down low enough so he could mount and dismount. Max would only do this for his master.

Lorin farmed the homestead for many years. He and Sarah decided to sell the property. They moved to Basalt, Idaho where they bought forty acres of land. The property had a large two story brick house, a barn and sheds along with a big orchard. He raised bees and sold honey. He milked a herd of Holstein cows, separated the milk and sold the cream. The separated milk was fed to the pigs and chickens. Lorin took good care of the orchard and the yard around his home was the best manicured in Basalt. A show place for all to see. He made flower beds so Sarah could raise the flowers she so dearly loved. He called Sarah’s flower beds weed patches and maintained that his personal flower bed was the only place that had flowers. His flower garden contained the many species of cacti found in the lava beds. Lorin loved their bright red and yellow blooms and he boasted, “I don’t have to worry about the grand kids picking my flowers.” They also didn’t take any care. This was the first time since leaving Lewisville they could raise flowers and the tender garden vegetables they liked so well.

He was the only man in the neighborhood that could rob his bees of their honey without protective clothing. Lorin only wore the screened mask over his head to keep the bees out of his eyes, nose, ears and mouth. He was immune to bee stings and maintained his bees didn’t sting him.

The home was heated with wood and sometimes coal. Lorin hauled dry juniper from the lava field west of Firth, Idaho. It would take some sixteen hours to go and come back with a load of wood. Lorin loved the lava beds. There were many interesting things to see and hear and he loved to tell the story about the man that lost his axe down one of the deep crevasses. According to his story, the crevasse was so deep that one could still hear the ringing noise made by the axe as it fell striking the sides of the crevasse. These deep crevasses do produce a ringing noise that sounds very much like metal striking rock.

Water for the home was provided from a hand dug well which was cribbed with lumber. A pulley with a rope and a bucket attached to the rope at each end was used to pull the water to the surface. I’m sure Sarah and the girls wished many times they were back on the homestead when it came time to draw and carry the water into the house for their domestic use. Time and rotting timbers caused the well to cave in. Lorin installed a casing and filled the well in. Water was then pumped to the surface with a jack pump powered by a gasoline engine.
Lorin loved a good joke and pulled many practical jokes on Sarah, his children and grandchildren. One year Sarah complained that her flowers were slow in blooming. Lorin bought some artificial flowers and proceeded to tie them to the slow flowering shrubs. Sarah was delighted to see her plants in bloom until she discovered the blooms were not real. She could have killed him for this trick and the many other tricks that he pulled, but she forgave him. She loved him very much.

Sarah and Lorin both had false teeth. Every so often he would swap teeth and chuckle up a storm watching Sarah trying to get the teeth to fit. Sarah would call him a “DIRTY OLD RASCAL” and pretended to be quite angry. Lorin taught his grandchildren many practical things. For example, how to pick up bees without getting stung and how to make whistles out of green willows in the spring of the year.

His children were taught to work. The children said, “Although we had to work hard, we had a happy home life.” Many an evening the family would gather in the living room. Eunice would play the piano and Coral would play the violin while the rest of the family sang the popular songs of the day. Lorin had a ready remedy for not working. He told his children, “If you don’t live in the house, wear clothes or sleep in the bed and eat, you don’t have to work”

In February 1921, illness struck in the Morton family. Sarah answered her daughter Laura’s call for help when her two children came down with smallpox in Ashton, Idaho. While Sarah was in Ashton, Frank and Lorin came down with the flu. Frank passed away 23 February 1921. He was 9 years old.

The family was broken hearted at Frank’s death. Lorin was too ill to attend the funeral and the casket was carried into his bedroom so he could say goodbye to Frank. He was buried in the Basalt Cemetery. When the snow melted, it was discovered that Frank had been buried in the roadway and a new grave would have to be dug.

Axel Johnson had been complaining about Ray being buried on the homestead and demanded the body be moved. In as much as a new grave had to be dug for Frank, it was decided that they would exhume Ray’s body and bury the two boys in the same grave. This they did.

Lorin drove the school bus for the Basalt School District. The bus was a covered wagon box and could be used either on a wagon or a sleigh when the snow became too deep for a wagon to travel through. The bus was pulled by a team of high stepping horses. In the spring Lorin would make whistles for all the children who rode in his bus. The only time they could blow their whistles was when the bus passed the Walker home. Sarah didn’t appreciate the noise the whistles made but it is doubtful she ever heard them. The children thoroughly enjoyed the prank.

Lorin and Sarah provided room and board for several school teachers in their large Basalt home. With the exception of Fast Sunday, there was always a big chicken dinner. Lorin didn’t eat chicken and it wasn’t long before the teachers noted this fact. One of the teachers asked, “Mr. Walker, why don’t you eat chicken?” He replied, “I only kill the sick chickens.” Sarah was aghast at his answer and rebuked him saying, “Lorin you know you don’t kill sick chickens for the table. Why do you say
such things?” Lorin then had a hearty laugh over the incident. The teachers, however, were never totally convinced the statement was intended as a joke. Lorin did eat and enjoy chicken soup and never hesitated to eat his fill whenever Sarah prepared it. The only way he would eat an egg was to have it deep fried in smoking grease and cooked until it was hard as a rock. Lorin and Sarah always set an excellent table.

Axel Anderson had defaulted for several years in making his payments on the homestead. Foreclosure papers were served on Axel Anderson. The homestead was then rented to LeDale Christensen. Christensen never lived up to his rental agreement and Lorin had to have him served with eviction papers and moved Christensen off the homestead.

When Lorin and Sarah’s children were all married and had homes of their own, they decided to rent the Basalt property and move back to Warm River and once again farm the old homestead.

Times had changed. Tractors were now the prime source of power used in farming. Lorin bought a tractor and the necessary equipment needed in using a tractor. They found the house and barn had been run down and it took a lot of work to restore the buildings. For example, the barn was so full of manure, a horse couldn’t get in. More than a hundred loads of manure were hauled from within the barn along with the manure that had been thrown out of the windows and stacked along side the barn.

Lorin was always looking for new projects. He made a survey and discovered that the spring on the side of the hill was high enough to run water to the upper end of the flat. He dammed in the spring and dug a ditch to carry the water to irrigate several acres of raspberries. The raspberries did very well and had there been a better market at that time and more labor available, Lorin would have made good money selling berries.

Never afraid to try something new, Lorin started a skunk farm. He had a dog named Bob. Bob had adopted Lorin by climbing into his car, deserted by his former owner, and went home with him. From that time on Lorin and Bob had a great time together. During the winter months skunks would come down around the farm buildings looking for food. Bob would locate the skunk and then wake Lorin. Bob would guide Lorin to the skunk and while Bob kept the skunk’s attention, Lorin would pick the skunk up by the tail. The skunk was then placed in a holding pen. By the time spring arrived, the pair of them had captured quite a number of the smelly animals.

Spring also brought about the birth of several litters of skunk kittens. Lorin now had better than fifty skunks. He deodorized his pets and although they were now respectable, Sarah had no use for the new project. As far as she was concerned they were and still smelled like skunks. Skunks in captivity do quite well with the exception that their white stripes have a tendency to become discolored. Discolored stripes made the pelts almost worthless and Lorin gave up his skunk project. He loaded all his pets in the truck and took them to Bear Gulch and turned them loose.
Again they sold the farm. They traded their Basalt property for a large home in Ashton, Idaho. Once again they provided room and board for the seasonal farm workers during the spring, summer and fall months. During the cold winter months Lorin and Sarah made their home in St. George, Utah. They enjoyed the climate in St. George and spent many hours doing temple work.

Sarah had been in ill health for several years. She was no longer able to care for the boarding house or to make the trip to St. George during the winter of 1938 and 1939. She passed away 16 July 1939 in Ashton, Idaho and was buried in the family plot in the Basalt Cemetery.

Lorin sold the Ashton home and moved to Idaho Falls. He married Sarah’s youngest sister, a widow, Lydia Angeline Howell Winterbottom. Lorin and Lydia traveled to California and spent the winter with his daughter Lois and her family. Lorin liked California, especially the oranges. He said, “I ate bushels of them.” In the spring of 1940 they moved back to Idaho Falls. This marriage lasted almost nine years. Lydia’s children caused problems between them and those differences caused Lorin to leave Lydia. Lorin with his spirit now broken returned to Warm River, the place he called home, and lived with his daughter Eunice Reimann and her husband Henry. Up to this time Lorin had been enjoying fairly good health for a man of his age. He was still raising and caring for a garden and driving his own car.

He told Eunice, “I’ve come home to die. I have nothing to live for.” He passed away 2 December 1948 at the age of 82 years 7 months and 1 day.

Lorin’s funeral was a large funeral for a man of his age. It was held in the Marysville Ward and many of the local people that had known Bro. Walker as children were in attendance. All of his daughters were in attendance as were many of his grandchildren and great grandchildren. Ward Reynolds, one of the speakers, described Brother Walker as “A GIANT OF A MAN,” which, indeed, he was.

What kind of man was Lorin Paul Walker? He was a strong willed man and a hard worker. He worked long hours and though the work was hard, he made it look easy. Every lick of the axe or scoop of a shovel accomplished the maximum. There was never any lost motion. His neighbors could always depend upon Brother Walker for help. Lorin was there if he thought they needed help. No one went hungry in his community if he knew about it. If he knew about it, Lorin was seen taking a sack of flour and other food stuffs to needy people. Lorin never went to visit unless he took a gift of food.

Lorin appreciated good animals and owned the finest horses and cows in the community. Animals liked him and he them.

He had a romance with the automobile and owned one of the first cars in the Warm River community. His first car, a Dart, was so under powered, that he used a team of horses to pull the car up the dug road to the more or less level county road. He owned a Dart, Star, Kissell, Marmon, Chevorlet and a Plymouth during his life time. He often made this comparison between driving a team of horses and a
car. He said, “When a man passes driving a team of horses, it was the horses feeling their oats. When a man passes you driving a car, more often than not, it’s some damn fool feeling his gin.”

Lorin was a religious man and supported the Church with his means. He was also a very timid man and did all in his power to escape talking and praying assignments. Standing before several hundred people frightened him. Yet, he and Sarah often sang duets at the Ward parties and other community functions. They both had beautiful voices and were always well received. Our guess is Lorin had Sarah to lean on for moral support when they were asked to sing.

Lorin had great love for his family and extended family. He was extremely proud of his nine girls and was always concerned about their welfare. If they were late getting home from a date, he went in search of them. Sometimes this was embarrassing for the girls, but they love him for his concern. He always took an interest in his children’s school work and music.

He had stories he liked to tell. One being about the laziest man in the world. This man was so lazy, he decided to be buried alive so he would never have to work again. As his funeral procession was approaching the cemetery, one of his neighbors offered this man several bushels of corn hoping to change his mind. The man thanked him for the offer and then asked, “Is the corn shelled?” “No”, was the reply. “Well drive on.” Lorin had several sayings such as, “make your head save your heels” and “If you don’t work, you don’t eat.”

Lorin’s only swear words were “Dad Nab It” and “By Grab.” No one ever heard him say anything stronger, but there was never a doubt in anyone’s mind when he used these words, that he was thoroughly provoked. He believed that a man’s word was his bond and taught his children to keep their word and to never make a promise they couldn’t keep.
THE LORIN PAUL AND SARAH LOUISA WALKER FAMILY (ABOUT 1912)
L-R-BACK ROW-ETHEL, EUNICE, LAURA, RAY, LESTER CARTER (ADOPTED) CORAL
AND MAY
FRONT ROW-L-R-ADA, SARAH LOUISA, FRANKLIN (ON LAP), HARRIET, LORIN PAUL,
BERYL AND LOIS
FRANKLIN WALKER
participating in the 4th of July parade in Basalt, Idaho
LORIN WALKER IN HIS MARMON AUTOMOBILE.

FRANKLIN WALKER WAS PULLED BY DAISY THE PIG AROUND THE HOMESTEAD.
FRANKLIN TRAINED DAISY TO WORK
LAURA JANE MORTON, FRANKLIN WALKER, AND L RAY MORTON PLAYING WITH THE CHICKENS. Picture was taken in Warm River on the flat.
LESTER CARTER, ADOPTED BY THE WALKER FAMILY, RIDING JUMBO THE BULL. (ABOUT 1918)
LORIN PAUL WALKER (ABT. 1918) LORIN RIDING JUMBO THE BULL. BULL WAS BROKEN TO RIDE. WARM RIVER IDAHO HOMESTEAD
LORIN PAUL WALKER ABOUT 1919

22
HORSE DRAWN SCHOOL BUS–LORIN PAUL WALKER DRIVER
BASALT, IDAHO–CHILDREN WHO RODE THE Bus NOT IDENTIFIED
IDAHO. A stallion used in Lorin's breeding service.
LORIN DRIVING A TOURIST COACH IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK IN THE 1900 IES.
YELLOWSTONE TOURING ABOUT 1924

TOURING IN YELLOWSTONE PARK ABOUT 1924
LORIN PAUL WALKER PICTURE WAS PERHAPS TAKEN IN HIS LATE FIFTIES OR EARLY SIXTIES.

LORIN AND HIS SECOND WIFE LYDIA HOWELL WINTERBOTTOM.
22 March 1947
STANDING—LEFT TO RIGHT—ELIZABETH JANE WALKER PIEPGRASS, BINGHAM WALKER, EDWINA WALKER ELLSWORTH, WILLIAM PERRIN WALKER, OLIVE MAY WALKER GOODY, FRANKLIN WILLIAM WALKER

SEATED—LEFT TO RIGHT—ERASTUS WALKER, WELBY HOLMES WALKER, LORIN PAUL WALKER.

PICTURE TAKEN SEPTEMBER 1947, IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO
LORIN PAUL WALKER AND HIS BROTHER ERASTUS WALKER
LORIN P. WALKER
March 1942
Age 75 years, 6 mo.

LYDIA HOWELL WALKER
March 1942
Age 67
and there was some things that wasn't true. The speaker told about him and his wife taking fine effect to children. But then, in home and raising them. There was one fact of that was they did take the Baby Kirk and raise her there could be a different story. They told about the four boys now that is what I think about Funeral Sermon in all Branch. To please them one from any thing like Funeral Sermons and oblige your Father.

Lorin O. Walker
all the girls has a copy of this.

Part of a letter written to one of Lorin's daughters
My Dear Daughter Ada & Willford & All Concerned

I just a few lines it has been a long time since I wrote to you it isn't because I haven't thought of you but because I have felt so miserable. I just don't feel like running this machine. I have had lots of misery with my back and head since I fell down the 26th of Feb. I thought I would answer your letter & thank you for the card & letter. Lacey stayed all night with us.

The Knight of third we was surprised to see him. He was surley good to see him. He was even hear. My back hurts worse and I have now I will have to rest.

June 9. Well I painted to Lon & got my letter off. I'm working with water works & I had to go to the dr. Saturday I still can't work. My bladder it seems like if there isn't one thing it is some thinh else so I don't go from one day to the next. What is coming.

Lorin said you was planing on coming to Idaho. The first of July hear is hoping that your plans don't fail you if they do hear in one that is going to be bad. I am disappointed we hurt the other day that David had signed up for the army for six years. I haven't seen David for a year since we were to Ashton I had a chance to go up there to day in a brand new car but I feel like I could stand the trip. Well I am headed for my 83 birthday & if I feel any older when I reach 83 then I do. Now I won't be walking around on this mortal shore. We got a letter from your Aunt Hetta.

As she told me that your Aunt Laura Ann is in the hospital with cancer & there is nothing they can do for her. They are giving her four shots of medicine a day now & it won't be long before she will have to have more. Laura is talking of coming to Seattle to make a visit & she wants to take off some old time here names. It doesn't take her long to decide. With this I will close hoping this will find you all well. I sure have made a muss of this letter.

Aunt Lydia is a quilter. She got three off last week & a mother one for lady. She wasn't very well for a few days. Her head has been bothering her ankle. She swens quite badly. With love & best wishes to you & yours.

From Father & Aunt

Lorin did most of his writing, in later life, by using a typewriter. He was disappointed, so to speak, because the typewriter didn't spell any better than he did.
Ashton IDAHO
March 25 1938

My Dear Daughter Ada

As I will not have any say coming when I am dead
so I am going to have my say while I can.
If your here when my eyes are closed in death will
you see that I get my wishes carried out.
IN the first place I want an old fashioned burial
I don't want any flowers if any of you have any money
to throw away throw it where it /I// will do
some good.
Because flowers scattered over the ground don't
do any body any good.
And for my coffin if it was possible I would rather
it would be made of lumber rite from the saw with
the slivers on.
So lay me away as cheap as you can any kind of
coffin /that will hold until it gets in
rough box is good enough.
A coffin that costs $500 or $600 dollars wouldn't
make me any better nor do any more good than
one made of slabs.
So remember I want an old fashioned burial and
the old songs that sang 70 years ago.

From your loving father
ROSES FOR THE LIVING

When I quit this mortal shore,
And mosey 'round the earth no more,
Don't sigh, don't weep, don't even sob,
I may have struck a better job.
Don't go an buy a large bouquet,
For which you'll find it hard to pay.
Don't mope around and feel all blue
I may be better off than you.

Don't tell the folks I am a saint,
Or anything you know I ain't
If you have jam like that to spread
Please hand it out before I'm dead,
If you have roses, bless your soul,
Pin one right in my buttonhole.
While I'm alive and well today-
Don't wa't until I've passed away.
Illness Claims
Lorin P. Walker,
Pioneer Builder

Lorin Paul Walker, 82, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry F. Reimann, Warm River, Thursday night. He was a pioneer builder of the Upper Snake River Valley, first coming to the area in 1900.

Funeral services will be held at the Ashton LDS Ward chapel Monday at 1 p.m., with Bishop Thomas Murdock officiating. Interment will be in the Basalt cemetery.

He was born May 31, 1866, in Salt Lake City the son of William Holmes and Harriet Paul Walker. He came to Idaho in 1884, settling first in Lewsville. He was married to Sarah Louisa Howell December, 1887, in Utah. They made their home in Cottonwood, Utah, until they moved back to Idaho in 1892. He settled in Warm River in 1900, homesteading 160 acres there.

He lived in Warm River 19 years. In the spring of 1919, they moved to Basalt, but moved back to Ashton in 1926. In July, 1939, his wife died.

He later married Lydia Howell Winterbottom, and they moved to Idaho Falls where they have since made their home.

Mr. Walker had suffered ill health for the past eight years. During the past month his health had failed rapidly, and he went to live with his daughter at Warm River.

He operated a freight wagon from Utah to Idaho when he was younger.

Besides his widow he is survived by the following daughters: Mrs. Laura Jane Morten, Idaho Falls; Mrs. Eunice Reimann, Warm River; Mrs. Coral Whittle, Ashton; Mrs. May Hill, Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. Ethel Vaugh, Burley; Mrs. Lois Kias, Shoshone; Mrs. Ada Burch, Puyallup, Wash.; Mrs. Harriet Evensen, Ashton; and Mrs. Beryl Kilian, Shelley.

There are 39 grandchildren, 27 great grandchildren, and the following brothers and sisters also survive; Mrs. Hattie Lauritozen; Frank Walker; Elizabeth Stott; Wilford Walker; Erastus Walker; Edwina Ellsworth; William F. Walker; Bingham Walker; and Ollie Mae Goody.
TOP-GRAVE STONE FOR FRANK AND L. RAY WALKER
BOTTOM- GRAVESTONE FOR LORIN PAUL AND SARAH LOUISA WALKER
BASALT CEMETERY, BASALT, IDAHO