

SETTLERS OF THE WEST

**Histories of the Lorenzo Snow
and Flora Waterman Whiting families.**

This land of the West has been preserved,
For a people tried and true.
Our Fathers and Mothers spirits were held
For a special work to do.

The descendants of these noble ones
Must carry on this work
And prize the heritage bequeathed to them
And never stop or shirk.

Let us not forget as we go through life,
Though it may be many years,
What wonderful blessings have come to us
From the work of the pioneers.

--By Jennie Bird Hill,
granddaughter of Edwin Whiting

Compiled by- Katheryne Whiting Stokes
Published May 1993

WE ARE PROUD OF OUR HERITAGE!

This book is a special tribute to our Grandparents, who gave so much that we might enjoy the lives we have!

I grew up knowing and loving my grandmother and hearing about my grandfather. We lived close to my aunts and uncles, and they had such great concern for each of us. They, along with our folks, taught us to be truthful, to love one another, the true value of work, how to be happy, and to serve others. They also taught us to have an appreciation for music and poetry. They were all good examples!



Grandma & Grandpa

Dedicated to Lorenzo Snow and Flora Waterman Whiting
and their stalwart sons and daughters

PREFACE

Quotes from Grandpa-

"Never do any thing in private that you would not want the public to know about and you will be sure you are not doing anything wrong."

"It is better to go to Church in rags than not to go at all."

"Never think you are better than anyone else."

"Our Family is Forever"

Our family is like a patchwork quilt
With love so gently sewn.
Each year is an original
With beauty of its own.

With threads of warmth and happiness
It's tightly stitched together
To last In love through the year,
Our family is forever.

written by- Laura Elliott

People who know how to brighten a day
with heart-warming smiles
and with kind words they say,

People who know how to willingly share,
who know how to give and who know how to care,
who know how to let all their warm feelings show...

Are people that others feel lucky to know!
Amanda Bradley

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FORWARD

Several years ago my sisters and I felt there should be a book about the lives of our grandparents Lorenzo Snow and Flora Waterman Whiting and their posterity, thus this book was born. We wrote letters to each of the living children and all of the grandchildren asking for their histories and for the grandchildren to write something of their parents, themselves, and their children. Many responded at that time, I regret some of those dear cousins did not live long enough to enjoy this book.

The past two years we have all put forth our best effort, and thanks to everyone we have histories on all of the children and most of the grandchildren. We are sorry there are not more stories of the great grandchildren.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We appreciate the histories written by our aunts and uncles. They have given us insight into the lives of our grandparents that we would not otherwise have had.

THANKS TO.....

Kaye Guth, Kim Arave Wolfley, Gina Morgan, Mary Duffin and Sara Stokes for the many hours of typing.

Alta Whiting Allsworth for proofreading the histories

Amy Infanger Green for arranging the histories to accommodate the pictures and helping with the final compilation.

Each of my sisters and their husbands for the support and time they have given.

The cousins, and families for the interesting histories and pictures they have sent in.

Aunt Eva Whiting for the support and encouragement she has given me since the very start of this book.

A special thanks to my sweet companion of 51 years, who has listened to my complaints, my woes, and my excitement as the stories came in one by one. He has driven many miles and waited patiently for days as I have worked on this book, and paid enormous phone bills with only a "few" complaints. Bob, I love you! -

CREDITS

Marie Whiting

Permission to use the histories located
in the introduction

Jennie Bird Hill

Poem on title page

Robert & Vern Whiting

Pompi Smash

Mark Whiting

Recommend from Oakland Branch
Land office - Robin Idaho
USA REgister of Land office at
Blackfoot

Ben & Hans Hayden &
Power County Assessors office

Homestead maps

Clerk of district court of
Power County

Certificates of the registration of the
land office

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INTRODUCTION

Brief histories of :

Edwin Whiting by Abby Bird, sister to Lorenzo

Thoughts of my fathers wives as a child by Abby Bird

Edwin Whiting by Jenni Bird Hill

Edwin Whittings Blessing

Hannah Haines Brown Whiting by Jenni Bird Hill

Abia William and Abigail
Cadwallader Brown by Abby Bird

Letter of Abia W. Brown

William and Sarah Waterman by Evelyn Baird

Benjamin Millard and Sarah Ann Broad by Evelyn Baird

George Waterman and Mary Ann Miller
(Millard) Waterman Information gathered by
Evelyn Baird &
Helen Parmenter

EDWIN WHITING

In the year 1871, and until the summer of 1878, my father felt the need of something more to help his growing family. There was so much clothing and food to be provided. He loved the outdoor life, so he heeded this great desire of his life and went into the mountains to live with nature. He took my mother, Aunt Hannah, as she was known in the family, up the left hand fork of Hobbie Creek Canyon and located at the mouth of Dry Canyon. He took with him all of the milk cows that could be spared from the others so that they could graze on the hills. Mother made butter and sent it home to the families in Springville for them to sell. Father was at home in the hills and mountains. He had made many trips up to the high peaks and selected from the wild flowers, plants for his gardens, as well as ornamental shrubs, before he moved into the canyon. He transplanted many shrubs, evergreens, roses, columbines, sweetpeas, and many other flowers and arranged them artistically in his garden.

Our oldest brother, William, had a span of mules that could travel fast. The ox team was so slow. He would go with father and always took some of the other boys to help. When the ground was frozen they would bring home a big load of evergreen trees that were packed with dirt. The small trees were packed tightly together with burlap sacks and as soon as possible they were transplanted. The public park in Springville has trees that were planted by my father. A number of homes in Provo have some of them yet. They are found all over Mapleton and in many places in the county. It seemed that every plant he tried to cultivate would grow. He loved to be with them; always experimenting, all nature seemed to love him. In return for his good care and attention they would give forth beautiful fruit and flowers. He was happy when living with nature and loved everything that lived upon the earth. The birds, fish in the running streams, all wild meat was a rare dish to him when placed upon the table. He was not playful with his children. He was always fair. If we picked fruit we were given so much for what we picked. I could pick fast, but Caroline would always get the most because she was steady and I had to play part of the time and boss a little.

Those were happy days! When Buck and Brindel were yoked together and three planks placed upon the running gears of the wagon, with our boxes of food and rolls of bedding put on, eight or ten of us children would line up on each side with one of the older boys to drive; with a long buckskin whip, a gee and a haw, Buck and Brindel would go up Hobbie Creek Canyon. All day to travel the distance, staying two nights to be there three days--one day to pick berries and one day to fish and hunt. Father would hunt bee trees and gather cups of honey. Boys would fish and hunt. We girls would pick plenty of berries and hops for our own use and to sell. If we caught fish, they would be packed in salt and snow, if there was any to be found in the hollows, and taken home to our mothers. The ox teams were so slow that father would often get home before the caravan of children

arrived with their honey, fish, berries, hops, etc. It was great fun walking and riding by turns. Father was never idle. Summers and winters were always busy times. Winter months were spend in making chairs, tables, cupboards, and other furniture for his homes. We were all made comfortable by his never tiring industry. He could not tolerate a person who could not set himself to work to help someone along the hard road of pioneer life. He was clean in habits, he never indulged in the things that he thought would injure his body. Temperate to the letter-liquor, tobacco tea and coffee, were not for men and he obeyed the law.

He lived to the age of 81, working up to two weeks before his death. In his last illness he called those of his family to his bedside that were near and in a weak and trembling voice bore this testimony to them.

"That Joseph Smith was called of God to restore His Gospel to earth. I know this to be true. I have stood by his side in danger and trouble. Watched over him while he slept, and slept by his side while others watched through many trying days. I have felt the influence which he had when doing the work which God had placed upon him. No man power could accomplish what he did except through Divine aid. Brigham Young was called by the same power and authority to lead this people. I expect you all to be true and faithful to the principles of the Gospel, and listen to the teachings of our church leaders." In a few hours he passed away peacefully to meet his great reward.

We stand today upon the earth
Where our parents feet have trod
All honor to their sterling worth,
There trust and faith in God.

The ladder they have builded
For their children now to climb,
Stands firm as the rock of ages
Well endured through out all time.

Hold tightly and stand firmly,
The top round we must reach,
And struggle on with courage,
Were our parent's hope for each.

When we meet them once again
Our stories we must tell.
The ladder they had built for us
In truth, was builded well.

In memory, Father, of your honest life,
The many deeds of trust and worth,

We place to you this marker,
For life, for death, for birth.

--By: Abby A.W. Bird (Sister to Lorenzo Snow Whiting)

THOUGHTS OF MY FATHER'S WIVES AS A CHILD

Being called by divine authority to accept the principles of plural marriage, my father obeyed and during a period of twelve years took unto himself four wives. The President of the Church performed the ceremony in his office. After several years when there was a place prepared they were sealed to father by proper authority in the temple as was his first wife, Elizabeth.

Aunt Elizabeth Tillotson, father's first wife was the mother of eleven children, three sons and seven daughters. We all honored and respected her, we thought of her as coming first in the family after father. She was quiet, refined, kind-hearted and industrious. I see her, as a child, very old and one who had passed through many sorrows and trials and had struggled hard and had overcome the obstacles that stood in her way. She seemed to be descending the hill and looking toward the sunset of life. She had grown old gracefully and beautifully. I don't remember hearing any of the children speak disrespectfully to Aunt Elizabeth.

Aunt Elmira, father's second wife, was the mother of seven children by father. She was a widow when father married her and had one son by the name of Palmer. She did not live with us in Springville. Father built her a home three blocks west of our home. She raised her family there. She was always ready to assist in sickness and trouble. Many babies first saw the light of day in her arms. Kind and generous to all. Edward, her oldest son, built a home on the same lot and lived there many years. He was very much like father in his ways. Her grandson, Andrew Palmer, now lives in Salt Lake City, Utah. He takes an active part in temple work.

Aunt Mary, Father's third wife, was a Cox. She was the mother of nine children, seven boys and two girls. She was a great help to father and the family as she was an expert with a needle. She had had experience in tailoring and working on men's suits. Much of the sewing came to her. She could braid many different patterns with straw. She made hats for summer use for the neighbors and friends as well as the family. She loved to read, she loved good literature. She had a beautiful voice and sang many songs for us. She taught school in the little frame schoolhouse that father built on the northwest corner of our lot where the Kolob Service Station now stands. It was painted red and was known as Whiting's

Red School House. For ten or twelve years it was used and school was held there. When we moved to Union Bench, now known as Mapleton, father placed it on logs and moved it there. With mother he homesteaded in Hobbie Creek Canyon. After his title was cleared, the land was divided among those who had cultivated land in that section, and with his boys. The home in Springville commenced to break up, children married and made homes for themselves. Father divided the old home in three parts; Aunt Elizabeth bought Aunt Mary's and my mother's parts. Her son, Oscar, built a nice comfortable home for his mother and here she spent the last days of her life in peace and quiet. Aunt Mary went to Arizona with some of her boys. Mother came to Mapleton and built a little home for us where Horace Perry now lives. She cared for father in this home when he was in his declining years. He died there.

Aunt Hannah Brown, Father's fourth wife, was the youngest of father's wives. She was the mother of five children, one daughter, (myself), and four sons. She was a mother to all of father's children who needed care. We all knew where to go when we wanted a rough and tumble time. The play hour came after corn mush and milk had settled a little in the evening. After the day's work was done, father would sit with his family on the west front porch under the grape vines which covered the whole west front, keeping out the rays of the setting sun. The vines were beautiful, with bunches of purple fruit peeping through the green leaves. We children would sit and listen until they were surely settled. Then away to play. If it were warm out of doors we played outside; if not, we parched corn, made molasses candy, or played picture show. Edwin was always chosen as manager. He would cut many fierce animals and plenty of Indians and horses. When all was ready Edwin with sticks would place himself behind a wet sheet and go ahead with the program. Such blood curdling scenes and races you could not imagine. He would always put on a talking picture. He was a regular genius at that. When the show was on we would each pay five pins or an egg for a seat. The neighbor children were always notified and usually there was a good crowd in attendance. Mother would often join us in our play and games.

Aunt Mary Ann Washburn, father's fifth wife was a widow. She had one son, Joseph. She was a noble woman and a good housekeeper. She was always busy trying to make her children happy and comfortable. Her health was not very good. She could not stand rough work that we had to do, such as pickling and drying apples, plums, and peaches. Gleaning wheat and thrashing it out with a mallet on the ground, gathering ground cherries and drying them, and preparing each to sell to buy our shoes and clothing.

Our parents could stand poverty, sickness, and death if they could only have peace and be allowed to worship as they had been taught by their great leader, Joseph Smith. Father bought the place where you can see, if you like, the little house just east of the Seminary in Springville for Aunt Mary Ann. She died there. You will recognize the fir tree that stands in front of the little home. We children

loved to sit and listen to the many true stories our parents would tell of their experiences of the past. How the poor tired men would stampede the great herds of buffalo that would rush upon them out on the plains in their trek westward. The fear of the Redmen whenever they were in their territory and the haunts of sickness and death on the plains were very gruesome; the lonely graves that they passed where some loved one was buried, left to the mercy of the howling wolf or coyote; of the dear old father and mother too sick to go on and left by the way. The terror of seeing all they possessed in this life in worldly goods, their little homes burned and father's chair factory were all lost in their attempt to come west. The stories are written indelibly on our memories and time can never erase them. They will never be forgotten. I can see my father's face, sad and thoughtful, when he told of his brother being shot. After many months of suffering he died all of this suffering and sorrow was caused by faulty reports and evil men. Our people expected to return and rebuild their homes and erect a beautiful temple in Jackson County upon the sacred spot where our Heavenly Father came to earth and restored to His children the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Aunt Mary and mother would sing many of the hymns written by our people. "Come, Come Ye Saints", "We Thank Thee Oh God For A Prophet," "Come Let Us Anew," and many others. We loved to hear Aunt Mary sing the popular songs of that time. "The Last Rose of Summer," "Wilt Thou Remember Me," "Annie Laurie," "Home Sweet Home," and many more could be named. Her voice was lovely. They had passed through the sorrows and had endured much. It seemed to be a strong chord of love and friendship had been formed to overcome jealousy, selfishness and hatred. No power could break the love; they were like sisters and all mothers to me. They had overcome much. Had struggled together, and were valiant and strong in the Gospel of Christ, and may we be strong and sincere in the cause of truth. I, beholding faults in others see larger faults in myself. Let us love much, think clean thoughts, do good deeds, and close each day with a thankful heart for the truths our parents taught us.

Edwin Whiting's life was typical of the trees he planted. Straight and fine and stately. There has been written a poem about his tree in Manti. Edwin had one of the largest families in Utah. He was the husband of five wives, Elizabeth Tillitson, Almire Mecham, Mary E. Cox, Hannah Haines Brown, and Mary Ann Washburn. He was the father of thirty-six children.

In his later life he did temple work for his dead relatives in the Endowment House at Salt Lake, St. George and Logan Temples. He was honest and charitable, he never accumulated riches, but was thrifty and no man loved his wives and children more than he did, and worked hard to give them the comforts of life.

It can be said of him that his life was as an open book, the pages filled with good deeds. He died at Mapleton on 9 December 1890, at the ripe old age of 81. Firm in his belief that God lives and that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God. He lived the principles of his religion, and did unto others as he would that they

should do unto him. His descendants are found in almost every state in the United States of America.

This land of the West has been preserved,
For a people tried and true.
Our Fathers and Mothers spirits were held
For a special work to do.

The descendants of these noble ones
Must carry on this work
And prize the heritage bequeathed to them
And never stop or shirk.

Let us not forget as we go through life,
Though it may be many years;
What wonderful blessings have come to us
From the work of the pioneers.

--By Jennie Bird Hill, granddaughter of Edwin Whiting in 1926

EDWIN WHITING

About the year 1800, in the little town of Lee, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, near the border of New York, lived the family of Elisha and Sally Hulett Whiting. Elisha Whiting's father was a sea captain and lived in Connecticut. He died when Elisha was very young. His mother, not knowing what else to do, bound him to an old Quaker, who was very cruel to him, and after a few years, he ran away to Massachusetts and worked on a farm with a wheelwright. Here, he was married to Sally Hulett. They were highly respected, honest, generous and firm in their convictions.

Elisha Whiting followed the trade of wagon and chair maker and did his work well. His wife was very gifted in making prose and poetry, a characteristic that has been bequeathed to many of the Whiting descendants. To Elisha and Sally Whiting, twelve children were born, eight sons and four daughters as follows: Charles, William, Edwin, Charles, Katherine Louisa, Harriet, Sally Emeline, Chauncey, Almond, Jane, Sylvester, and Lewis.

Edwin Whiting was born 9 September 1809, the third child of this family. When he was six years old, his parents moved to Nelson, Portage County, Ohio. At that time, it was the western frontier of the USA but probably the very place his father wished to be to get a suitable timber for his trade, for the support of his large family.

Edwin Whiting's chance for education was very limited, but they were all taught the "3 R's", Readin', Ritin", and Rithmetic, and he wrote an eligible hand, an extra ordinary feat for his time. At an early age, he wrote credible verse.

His early life in the forest, no doubt, accounts for his love of the out-of-doors, the beauties of nature, the trees, the flowers, the mountains and the desire to hunt.

One Sunday morning, when but a small boy, he decided to go hunting. He knew this was contrary to his parent's teachings, so he tried to draw his gun through the cracks between the logs of his bedroom and go unmolested. His gun caught and discharged, inflicting a serious wound in his left arm. This, he said, was a lesson to observe the Sabbath Day and to obey his parents.

He learned the chair making trade from his father and his workmanship was considered very good.

In 1833, when Edwin was twenty-four years old, he married Elizabeth Partridge Tillotson, an Ohio girl of French descent. She was a highly educated school teacher, quite an accomplishment for those days.

In 1837, the Gospel was brought to the Whiting family. Edwin and his wife, his father and mother and some of his brothers and sisters joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. They were baptized by Thomas Marsh in 1838. Here, as in the time of Christ and His Apostles, the humble, hardworking class of people were the ones to listen and accept the gospel of truth.

They were among the early members of our church and soon joined the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio. It was here that their trials, hardships and persecutions began and it took true manhood, womanhood, and faith in God to endure. They were forced to leave their new comfortable home, complete with furniture, orchards and land in Kirtland, Ohio, and took only their clothing and a few valued relics and went to Far West, Missouri. By this time, Edwin and Elizabeth had four children: William, Helen Amelia, Sarah Elizabeth and Emily Jane. They were only in Far West a short time and had just built a new home, when the mob, several thousand strong, ordered them out. Every house in the village was burned except father Elisha Whiting's, which was spared because he was so sick they could not move him.

We remember of hearing Aunt Elizabeth tell how she sat on the pile of bedding far into the night with her little daughter Jane in her arms. Little Jane died soon after from exposure and lack of proper food. Sarah clapped her hands at the big bonfire the mob had made with their fences and the select wood from her father's chair shop. They were compelled to flee again so they joined the Saints at Lima in Father Morley's branch, where Edwin Whiting acted as counselor to Brother Morley.

For several years, the Saints were happily building up the City of Nauvoo, and their temple. Here they worshipped God without so much persecution as they had experienced at Lima. Edwin was appointed colonel in the Nauvoo Legion and was an active worker at all times for the upbuilding of his church.

Through the advise of those in authority, and for a righteous purpose, he entered the law of plural marriage. In the year 1845, he married Almire Meacham. The following year, 27 January 1846, he married Mary Elizabeth Cox. That same year, he was called on a mission to Pennsylvania and was there at the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum Smith. He soon returned home and took up arms with his brethren to protect his property and the lives of his family.

During the battle of the Crooked River, his brother Charles was killed. Still a greater test awaited him, his brothers, Almond, Sylvester, Chauncey and Lewis and his sister, Louisa, did not feel that Brigham Young should be the leader of the church so they followed a Mr. Cutler and called themselves "Cutlerites" and moved up into Clethral, Minnesota. To this day, they hold tenaciously to the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith. They still correspond with the children of Edwin Whiting, and have given us, for temple work, an extensive genealogy of the Whiting family.

Edwin Whiting, his families, his father and mother stayed with the Saints, who were compelled to move west as far as Mt. Pisgah, (now known as Talmadge) Iowa. There they stayed to prepare for the journey across the plains.

The dreaded disease, cholera, took the father and mother of Edwin, his little brother and little daughter, Emily Jane. Their names are on the monument lately erected at that place in memory of those who died there. So many of his family

were sick at one time, that there was no one well enough to get the sick ones a drink, but even in those trying times, they still had faith and rejoiced in the Gospel, for the Lord was with them. Emeline, a sister of Edwin, married Fredrick Walter Cox and the two families were as one big family for years. They established a chair factory and hauled the chairs to Quincey, Illinois where they were sold. From this and their crops, they prepared to come west. Aunt Mary taught school two terms and helped the family some. While a Mt. Pisgah, three children were born. Albert Milton was born to Mary. Oscar Newell was born to Elizabeth, and Catherine Emeline was born to Almira.

In April 1849, Edwin and Emeline, the only children of Elisha and Sally Whiting who stayed true to the church, started westward in Brother Morley's company.

Volumes have been written of the westward journey of the Saints, and as Congressman Leatherstock has said, "It is the greatest emigration trail that was ever blazed, and our pioneers will, some day, stand out in history as the greatest pioneers of the world."

They fought Indians, had their cattle stampeded, suffered for lack of proper food, and even though tired from that long and tedious trek, still they went on. After reaching the Black Hills, a heavy snow storm came and for three days, they were shut in. Many of their cattle died and perhaps they would have died had not the teams and provisions, sent by President Brigham Young, come to their aid. On 28 October 1849, they reached Salt Lake City, which looked like a heaven of rest to that travel worn company. Aunt Mary said, "I have never beheld a sight so good and so beautiful as Salt Lake City. We were so thankful our journey was at an end." But their rest was of short duration, for in a few days, Edwin Whiting, the Morleys and the Coxes were called to settle the San Pitch River, now known as Manti. Again they journeyed on. It took three weeks to go from Salt Lake City, because they had to build their own roads.

Provo was then a village of about six homes. As they passed Hobble Creek, afterwards known as Springville, Edwin Whiting remarked, "This is a fertile spot. I would like to stop here."

They arrived in Sanpete County on 1 December 1849, with almost nothing to eat, no food for their cattle, no shelter to keep them warm, and cold weather upon them. They made "dug-outs" on the south side of the hill where the Manti Temple now stands. It was a severe winter, with snow so deep the cattle could scarcely get grass and most of them died. Food had to be divided with the Indians to keep peace. President Young had promised them provisions and help, but none came, so Edwin and Orville Cox put on snow shoes and with a little parched corn in their pockets for food, placed their bedding on a sleigh, and started to Salt Lake City for help. When they reached Nephi Canyon, they met their help, Brother Dace Henry, his wife, her brother, Mr. Doge and an Indian, snow bound. Their cattle had died and their wagons were all but covered with snow. The young wife

was very sick, so Edwin give them the sleigh to pull her to Manti. They put their quilts on their backs and walked on to Salt Lake City and reported conditions to President Young. Aid was immediately sent, but some of that company went back to Salt Lake City.

Edwin's family now numbered fourteen. They lived in a large room in the wall of the hill, with their chair factory in one end. The men and boys hauled wood from the hills on the hand sleighs.

The following spring (1850), there were three girls born. Harriet Lucinda was born to Mary Elizabeth in April, Louisa Melitia was born to Elizabeth in May, and Cornelia Dolly was born to Almire in June.

For several seasons, very little was raised. It became necessary to build a fort to protect themselves from the Indians, for they felt that the white man had stolen their land. The gates of the fort were locked while the men went to the fields with their guns. From this developed the Walker War. Edwin was appointed Captain of the Militia. Twice the Indians drove his cattle off and stole whatever they could.

Edwin often told us of one big old ox that he owned. The ox would rebel whenever an Indian tried to drive him. He would turn on his captors and break their defense and come home. He hated Indians and would always lower his head and challenge them as they came near.

Edwin tried planting fruit trees, shrubs and flowers, but they could not survive the very cold winters. Their crops were poor, but they managed to exist and were a happy family in spite of their hardships.

In 1854, he was called to Ohio on a mission and was gone for two years. While he was away, the grasshoppers came and took everything they raised. They faced starvation, but miraculously, where the crops had been, a patch of pigweed grew, and they lived on them until the corn ripened in Utah county. A strange thing it was, for the Indians said those pigweed had never grown there before, nor have they grown since. Walter Cox divided with his Brother's (brother-in-law) family while Edwin was away.

Edwin, on his return brought many kinds of fruit trees, (some from his father's farm that he helped to plant when a boy), shrubs, and flowers and again tried to grow them, but the climate was too cold.

On the 8th. of October, 1856, Edwin married Hannah Haines Brown. Abby Ann Whiting was born to this couple at Manti in 1858 and Lorenzo Snow Whiting was born at Manti in 1860.

On the 14 April 1857, he married Mary Ann Washburn. Two children were born to the family while they resided at Manti. Daniel Abram was born in May 1858, and Monroe Finch Whiting was born in November, 1862.

While he lived at Manti, Edwin was among the foremost men in religious and civic affairs of the community. He was counselor to the Stake President. He was mayor of the city from 1857 to 1861. He was a member of the legislature for

two terms, and as stated before, he was Captain of the Militia in the Walker War.

After finding the climate of Manti unfavorable for raising fruit, his special work, he was advised by President Young to try out his nursery at Springville. He moved to Springville in 1861 and was able to plant and grow all kinds and varieties of fruit trees, vegetables and flowers. People used to come from neighboring communities to see his flowers.

He built a home on the lot where the Springville Second Ward Church now stands. That old two story adobe home will stand in the memory of the members of the Whiting family as a place of many happy evenings and of fun and amusement. Aunt Mary also taught school there. Three more babies were born in Mapleton, Twin boys, Melvin and Alvin, born 24 April 1862, died at birth and Francis Elmer born 12 May 1863, died in a few months.

He transplanted, in different towns, many evergreens from the mountains. Those around the old Court House in Provo, those at the Springville City Park, and one large evergreen that stands southwest of the Manti Temple, which can be seen for miles around. He once said, "I brought that in my dinner bucket and I think it was the first evergreen transplanted in Utah."

His life was typical of this great tree. A poem written by Emma Whiting, wife of Daniel Whiting, describes his life and this tree as being similar.

Edwin had one of the largest families in Utah. Many of those stand at the head of Stake and Ward organizations in our church. Among his descendants, we have found seven bishops.

In his later life, he did temple work for his dead relatives in the Endowment House, St. George Temple, and in the Logan Temple. He lived the principles of his religion. He was honest, charitable, and never accumulated great riches. He was thrifty and loved his wives and children and gave them the comforts of life.

He died at Mapleton, Utah, on 9 December 1890, at the age of eighty-one years. He was firm in his belief and testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel.

His descendants are numerous and found in Idaho, Arizona, Mexico, California, New York and in Utah.

--By Jennie Bird Hill, the daughter of Abby Ann Whiting Bird who was the daughter of Edwin and Hannah Whiting, in 1919.

EDWIN WHITING'S BLESSING

* A blessing upon the head of Edwin Whiting, given under the hands of Orson Hyde and John Taylor in the vestry of the tabernacle in Great Salt Lake City, 31 August 1854, setting him apart for a mission to the Eastern States.

BROTHER WHITING, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Master, we lay our hands upon thy head, and we set thee apart unto the mission upon which thou art about to be sent, that thou mayest have strength to perform all the duties in relation thereto, that thou mayest magnify thy office and thy calling, and not one hair of thy head shall perish or fall to the ground without the notice of our Heavenly Father. We seal upon thee every blessing which thy heart desires to advance the Kingdom of God, that thine eye may be single and thy whole body full of light; that thy voice may be powerful and mighty and thy thoughts and meditations be the result of inspiration of the Holy Ghost; that thou mayest declare the testimony of the most high in faithfulness and in power; that thou mayest clear thy garments from the blood of this generation and do a good work in the field of thy labor; that thou mayest be preserved from thy enemies of the truth, and have power to overcome them with everything that raises up against thee, either in the shape of disease or the power of men or spirits or devils; that thou mayest have power to overcome them and be successful in establishing the truth of our Father in Heaven, in the hearts of those who seek the redemption of Israel. Grant, our Father, that the angels of thy presence may be with this, thy servant, that he may be kept and preserved, that his spirit may be pure, and his mind fruitful, and not entangled with sin, but keep and preserve him as a monument of thy favor, pure and spotless to return in thy own time to rejoice in the midst of the saints of Zion. These blessings and every blessing thy heart desires, we seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Orson Hyde and John Taylor

HANNAH HAINES BROWN WHITING

To write of my grandmother brings to my memory what King Solomon says about a good woman. "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies, the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her...She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax and maketh willingly with her hands...She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household...She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow...for all her household are clothed in scarlet...she openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." (Proverbs 31:10-28)

This quotation describes my grandmother, Hannah Haines Brown Whiting. Her ancestry reaches far back into the past. She comes from royal lineage. She is the fourth child of Dr. William Abiah Brown and Abby Cadwallader; born on the 21 July 1834 at a frontier village now known as Burmingham, Columbiana County, Ohio, where her father was a practicing physician.

She had four sisters and two brothers as follows:

1. Ann Kempton Brown, Born 13 April 1831, at Damascus, Columbiana County, Ohio. Married Dr. John L. Dunyon.
2. Jan Cadwallader Brown, Born 5 June 1832 at Burmingham, Columbiana County, Ohio. Married William Derby Johnson. Lived in Old Mexico.
3. Elizabeth Kempton Brown, born 22 July 1833 at Burmingham, Columbiana County, Ohio. Died 5 August 1835.
4. Hannah Haines Brown, subject of this history.
5. William Brown, born 10 August 1835 at Troy Miami County, Ohio. Died 23 August 1835.
6. Mary Trotter Brown, born 28 November 1837 at Troy, Miami County, Ohio. Died 28 September 1848, 11 years of age.
7. Abiah William Brown, Jr. born 5 May 1840 at Harrisville, Harrison County, Ohio. Died 27 May 1924 at age of 84. He has an interesting history.

Temple work has been done for this family.

Hannah's grandfather was Samuel Biles Brown. He fought in the French and Indian War. He was killed on the 12th. August 1837, leaving his wife, Ann Kempton Brown, and one son, William Abiah. They had three children but one son and one daughter died in infancy. Hannah's great Grandfather, William Brown, fought in the Revolutionary War. And because he would not salute an English officer, he was struck with a sword by the officer; and from the wound, he later died. He left Rebecca Jones, his wife and three children: 1) William Brown, Jr., 2) Sarah Brown and 3) Samuel Biles Brown. This information can be found in the Genealogical Library, Colonial Families of America.

Hannah was raised as a Quaker--sincere in their religion, very devout, no whistling or loud talk on the Sabbath Day. They wore no bright colors; they are noted as fine, cultured, religious sect. Hannah Whiting has told me of visiting in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, with her grandmother, Ann Kempton, who was wealthy. When the Revolutionary War broke out, Ann Kempton buried her lovely china and silver under the floor so the rebels would not take them. (I now own one plate of that blue china set.)

Hannah said, "When we visited Grandmother Ann Kempton Brown, we children were not allowed to eat with the adults. We were served in the kitchen by the servants. But in the afternoon we were dressed in our best and allowed to visit in the Drawing Room with grandmother and her elite friends. We spoke only when spoken to. We were put on chairs and not allowed to leave till we had our visit for an hour or so." (Some of our modern couples could take a good lesson from this discipline.)

I have a letter that Hannah's father, Abiah William Brown, wrote Ann Kempton Brown, his mother. The letter is dated 28 December 1843. There is no envelope. It is sealed with sealing-wax...one side left for the address. Merrill Whiting Bird, a grandson, has photographed this letter so each of our family has a copy. Abiah Brown tells his mother the price of produce: Beef - hind quarter 2 cents per pound; fore quarter 1 1/2 cents per pound. Oats - 28 cents per bushel. Hay - \$3.50 per ton. Apples - 37 1/2 cents per bushel. Corn - 65 cents per 100 pounds. Potatoes - 40 cents per 100 pounds.

He further states, "My dear little girls are a great help to their mother and me. Jane is an inch taller than Ann and larger every way. Ann is very trusty. But Hannah is going to be the flower of the flock. She excels her sisters in industry and personal appearance."

Hannah's mother, Abby Cadwallader, came from a highly respected family; not as wealthy as Abiah's mother. And so she was not quite accepted in the same circle of friends.

The Gospel was brought to the Brown family and they moved near Nauvoo, Illinois, where Abiah William Brown, the father, died on the 27 August 1848. So they joined the Saints in those trying times. Hannah was baptized on the 15th. of August 1854, by Benjamin Clapp. She was a confirmed member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Lyman A. Littlefield. Those were trying times but they all endured the hardships and kept the faith. Hannah drove an ox team across the plains in 1856, the family having lived at Mt. Pisgah for some time. She took care of two motherless boys for Francis Brown. She cooked and washed and gave the best care she could. And in this way she earned her way to Salt Lake City. In the company with which Hannah came, Edwin Whiting was returning from his mission. He met Hannah and decided she would make him another good wife. Soon after they reached Salt Lake City on the eighth of October in 1856, they were married by President Brigham Young in his office.

Hannah went with her husband to Manti, Sanpete County, Utah, where his other three wives and families lived. Hannah had a log room built one and one-half blocks southwest of the Manti Temple. They had hardships, very little clothing and food was so scarce they could hardly exist. This was a great challenge in Hannah's life but she stood firm and steadfast in the Gospel and true to the principles of plural marriage. Hannah was willing to serve. She was a mother to the children of the other wives. On the 13 of June 1858, a baby girl came to bless their home, Abby Ann Whiting, named for her grandmother Abby Cadwallader and Ann Kempton.

All the wives of Edwin Whiting loved their children and they reared fine families--many of them leaders in wards and stakes of Zion. Abby Whiting Bird said, "I was quite old before I knew which wife was my own mother." Edwin Whiting's large home still stands in Manti. It is well preserved. It was a well built house and a good Latter-day Saint home. Lorenzo Snow Whiting, a son, was born 30 July 1860.

In 1861, Edwin Whiting moved to Springville and settled on the corner where the second-eighth Ward Chapel now stands.

Hannah Whiting was a hard working woman, neat and clean and thrifty. I have often said, "She was the best cook I ever knew for having so little to cook with." She made good pies. My sister, Emogene, and I found one on her pantry shelf. We did not ask but ate a good sized piece. She soon missed her pie and mother was informed. Oh, Boy! Grandma did not mind us eating the pie but to do so without asking was unforgivable. So we were told to go back to her house and ask her forgiveness. And bless her heart! When she saw how we cried, she took us in her arms and cried too. It was a good lesson in honesty.

Hannah pioneered in Mapleton, first living in the little red school house where Aunt Mary taught school in Mapleton. Hannah had twin boys, born 24 April 1862. They both died at birth. They named them Melvin and Alvin. Another son was born 12 May 1863. He died in a few months. They named him Francis Elmer. Hannah just had one daughter and one son to live to maturity. And they have reared families that Hannah would be proud of.

Hannah had a cabin in Hobbie Creek Canyon and there in the summer spent much of her time doing what she could to support the large family. Charles Monroe Bird, a son-in-law, gave her a small piece of land and helped build her a home. It is the home where Horace Perry now lives.

Hannah was close to her daughter, Abby Ann. They loved to be together. She labored diligently for all. As I said in the beginning of this history, Hannah Whiting was a good woman. Her descendants call her blessed. She passed away 31 December 1896, at the age of 61 years, loved and respected by everyone.

--By her granddaughter, Jennie Bird Hill, the daughter of Abby Ann Whiting Bird

ABIA WILLIAM AND ABIGAIL CADWALLADER BROWN

Abia William Brown was the son of Samuel Biles Brown and Ann Kempton Brown. Abia's father, Samuel Brown, fought in the French and Indian War. He was killed on 12 August 1837, (this date could be in error, perhaps 1813,) leaving his wife, Ann Kempton Brown and one son, Abia William, born 18 October 1799. They had three children but one son and one daughter died in infancy. Abia's grandfather William Brown, fought in the Revolutionary War. He would not salute an English officer and was struck with a sword by this officer and from the wound he later died. He left Rebecca Jones Brown, his wife and three children: William Brown Jr., Sarah Brown, and Samuel Biles Brown. (This information can be found in the Genealogical Library of Colonial Families of America).

Abia's parents were very well to do Quaker family. His father was called to serve in the French and Indian War and was killed when Abia was only 14 years old. This left Abia's mother with the great responsibility of caring for their large estate and bringing up a young son. The country was in a state of war and Abia remembers hiding his mothers valuables by digging a hole under the basement floor and putting her good pieces of silver and other valuables in there for safe keeping.

As Quakers they were taught to never harm anyone or anything. Abia caught a mouse and put it in his desk, he wanted to tame it. His mother found it while he was at school and turned it loose. Because of this Abia became angry with his mother and that night ran away from home. He met a sailor friend that consented to stow him away on the ship he was a sailor on. This was fine until the ship moved out from the port, then he became repentant and remembered all the nice things his Mother had done for him, he had been a very privileged boy with the best education money could buy, but it was too late. After a few days the Captain found out he was there but let him stay as he was nearly sixteen and could work for his keep.

His experience as a sailor was very interesting. He learned to love the ocean. He was a good student and learned many valuable lessons while on the sea. They landed at many different ports, all of which held special interest for him. They were at sea nine years and during this time they were shipwrecked three times. Twice they were picked up by friends but the third time they had to take to life boats. His faithful friend that stowed him away must have drowned as he never saw him again. There were nine sailors in the same boat with Abia. They drifted for many days, their food ran out and water could only be gotten when it rained and they were fortunate to catch any. Some of the men went insane. One jumped overboard, there were but four left when they decided that one would have to die in order to save the lives of the others. They drew cuts to see whom it was to be and the lot did not fall to Abia. But they could not commit this terrible deed. They sat and waited many hours before one of them sighted a ship. When they boarded the ship they found it was a pirate ship, bound for Turkey, where they

were sold as slaves to the Turks. Two of the four sailors died leaving Abia and one other man as prisoners.

Abia, because of the education he had gained as a youth, was placed in the office as a clerk booking the loads going out and coming into the port. His companion was attached to a cart and hauled garbage from the city. They were permitted to stay in the same room at night.

After two years had passed an English sailing vessel came into the port to unload some merchandise. Abia wrote a note telling their condition and slipped it into the Captains pocket. The Captain returned that night on a pretence of business and slipped Abia a note telling him when they would sail and where. Abia and his companion were there and escaped from the Turks and headed home. They sailed to England, then home to America.

Abia's mother was very happy and surprised to see the son that she thought had been dead for eleven years. Things had changed at home, his mother had married a man by the name of Ephriam Haines and they had four children: a son, Ephriam Haines, Jr., and three daughters; Ann, Hannah and Mary. She welcomed Abia and gave him money for an education. He studied to become a Doctor and after four years received his certificate.

When Abia was thirty years old he fell in love with the daughter of a fine country gentlemen of Welsh decent. Her name was Abigail Cadwallader, always called Abby, born 13 January 1797 at Bridgeport, Pennsylvania. She was the daughter of Asa Cadwallader and Jane Haines (McVay) Cadwallader. All of his progenitors were fine people, believers in Christ, many ministers; one man, Richard Cadwallader, was burned at the stake rather than deny Christ.

Abia's mother was very upset, as this was not her choice of a bride for her son and because he would not change his mind she cut him off with only one dollar. This did not change Abia, as he married Abby Cadwallader on 30 April 1830. They were very happy.

Abia and Abby moved from Philadelphia to Virginia, then to Ohio. Seven children were born to them: Ann Kempton Brown, born 13 April 1831, Jane Cadwallader Brown, born 5 June 1832, Elizabeth Kempton Brown, born 22 July 1822 and died 5 August 1835, Hannah Haines Brown, born 21 July 1834, (our ancestor), William Brown, born 10 August 1835, died 23 August 1835, Mary Trotter Brown, Born 28 November 1837 and died 28 September 1848, 11 years of age; Abia William Brown Jr. born 5 May 1840. All seven of the children were born in Ohio.

From a letter written to his mother in 1843, they seem to have good feelings toward each other. Although times were hard he was still practicing medicine. In another letter to his brother-in-law, Samuel E. Stokes, he tells of purchasing a home in Nauvoo after the Saints had been driven out. He was very happy about their new home and the beautiful city. He did not get to live there long as he died on 27 August 1848, just six months after they moved to Nauvoo.

Abby, after only eighteen years of marriage was left with four children to raise. It seems one daughter, Mary, died about the same time her father did. Abby was very industrious and taught her children to help care for themselves very early in life. They learned the art of silk production from the feeding of the tiny worm, up to the reeling and spinning of the silk threads, and of dyeing the silk ready for use.

Grandmother Abby had the privilege of hearing the gospel of Jesus Christ as taught by Joseph Smith, the Prophet of God and she was baptized and came to Utah with her oldest daughter, Ann Kempton Dunyon, and made her home with her until her death on 22 February 1873.

--Taken from Abby A. Bird history of her grandparents.

LETTER OF ABIA W. BROWN

NOTE: Written by Abia W. Brown from Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois to his brother-in-law Samuel E. Stokes, March 1848.

From the old cabin where we have spent the winter, and for the most part a pleasant one, although much hampered for room, I write this, hoping that it will be the last one from this place, yet still I hope to receive and answer many more from the City of Nauvoo on the Mississippi, where I hope I have made a permanent location. The city and country are filling up very fast since the Mormons have left, although there still remains a large amount of property in the hands of the agent. It is astonishing what a vast improvement they have made in a few years, amid all the hostility that was shown them. To me it appears singular that a people having so much industry and attending to their own business, could find time to commit all the devilment laid to their charge. A few families yet remain, but they all expect to leave for Council Bluffs this spring. They have there built quite a town and improved the country for twenty miles around it, and also layed out a city on the borders of the Great Salt Lake in the great interior basin of America, where at present upwards of a thousand are located, the remainder expecting to join them as soon as they can get there. It is represented as a beautiful, rich, and healthy location.

The country about Nauvoo is most beautiful, the prairie high and rolling, the soil as good as the West can produce and is in as high state of improvement as could be possible for the time of it's settlement. The rapids of the Mississippi affords one of the best prospects of water power that the U.S. possesses. A canal is contemplated, down the rapids of ten or twelve miles, which will furnish a mill site every ten rods, one half the capital is ready the moment a charter is granted. A number of large factories will be commenced the present season. The country part of the city almost presents the appearance of an immense garden, it must be

remembered the river runs on the south, north and west of the city, for beauty it surpasses anything I ever saw. In riding around I was delighted, and being poor at description, I cannot begin to make even a faint description of it's beauties.

I should think from the immense and improving country watered by the noble river, bringing the whole trade of Iowa and Wisconsin by it's doors, would furnish one of the best points for the investment of capital in the West. As an agricultural country it cannot be surpassed by any.

Now to my concerns. I purchased a lot of twenty acres all under fence and improved, and a young orchard of thirty-five apple trees which will bear in a year or two, some peach trees, a good brick house of 22x24, two stories, with a good cellar and a good well on it for \$375.00. Two hundred I paid down, the balance in a year. I could have gotten some land for less money, but there was not building on it. I did not intend to have bought more than I could have paid for, but I could see no better way, for if there should be no better way to meet the payment, I will part with all the furniture and everything else I have, to secure it.

I do not see any other way for me at present than to practice medicine, and the opening seems a good one, I have done a little at it already. By prudent managing and denying ourselves of everything but the bare necessities of life, we hope by the blessing of kind providence to get through with it, so that we may at last have a little spot to call our own and to be enabled to sit under our own vine and fig tree, and no one to make us afraid. O Sam, how pleasing is the idea and although separated so far from the scenes of my childhood which recollections so often brings to view, and those dear ones of former days, yet I must say that it seems to me more like home than any place I yet have seen, good schools, the country filling up with Eastern people will make it agreeable. My family are all satisfied. My own health this far has been better than for a number of years past and although much to contend with, I think the prospect good, and one little assistance I wish you to render me is to write frequently and direct to Dr. A.W. Brown, Nauvoo, Illinois. I do not crave a handle to my name but it carries a consequence with it and adds respect to one in a strange place.

There is a daily intercourse between the city and St. Louis and as Mother was so kind as to say that if an opportunity occurred, she would send the numbers of the Friend to me from New Jersey of the present volume. Perhaps an opportunity would offer to that place and I could send for them as also Eph. with that North American.

Next week we contemplate taking possession of our new home. A year or two past thee inquired into the game of the country where I then resided. Now for that. Almost every day we saw large flocks of wild turkeys in gangs of 20 - 50. In a short drive a few weeks ago, in less than an hour, I counted 128 deer and many off in the distance I couldn't count. There are grouse or prairie chicken, several hundred can be seen at almost anytime. The wild goose and duck are found in all our waters in great abundance. The badger and wild cat afford fine

sport for the hunter. The eagle is quite numerous here as well as several kinds of hawk, but they do not disturb our chickens much. Swans and the large sandhill crane frequently pass over us, quite a number of farmers have the wild goose tamed. Fish is probably plenty in the Illinois region than any other part of the West, so there is no lack of sport for the sportsmen, and as the connecting links of railroad like the telegraph will soon connect St. Louis with the East, I do look for some of you to pay us a visit.

The winter has been a mild one and spring has set in delightful here as far as could be expected in this latitude, nature assumes her loveliest form and everything that man could ask to make himself happy if he could divest himself of the selfishness so natural to him.

From the best information I can obtain, the new constitution has been adopted by the people of this state, it is a lame concern, a foolish democratic measure that is patent of the Polk school. We get but little new here in this out of the way place.

I am not as fleshy as I was, the vest fits me well, I now have one of them on and should have fared badly but for thy big coat. Give my love to the dear children in which Abby and the children join me. Will has not smoked segar all up. Remember me to dear sisters and all enquiring friends. Ann and Jane have been studying geography this winter, they can now answer all the questions on the maps of America, Europe, Asia and Africa. I do hope to be able to give them more schooling. Will can read almost anything he sees. He will soon be quite a help to me.

Do not forget to remember me in love to friend Martin and thy partners, as also to the Doctor and thy dear sisters, they always was and are yet dear to me as my own, and the cloth thee sent me and O Samuel I can never thank thee and dear Mary for your kind help to me and mine and as the clothing, that in thy situation would be hardly passable, would be a great benefit to me, if thee should have any to spare. I shall consider it a favor to obtain it for I am poor indeed. Two years longer in Virginia and I could never have got away. It was like stripping me to do that and had it not been for the assistance of my kind friends, I should have been bare indeed, but here things to live on are low, pork 24 lb, beef the same, corn 12 1/2 cent per bu. I have a cow and an old horse, but am afraid it will hardly do to ride much, but must do as well as I can. O Sam, do break out again and let me hear from thee, was so much pleased with thy last. Give to dear Mary my love. When I write to thee it is to her also. Abby and the children one and all sends their love to thee, Mary and the children. Farewell, May God help you both is the prayer of thy affectionate brother. Abia.

NOTE: This letter was addressed to Samuel E. Stokes, care of Thomas Martin & Co. Merchants 11 N. Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa. William Abia Brown died September 1848, just six months after this letter was written.

WILLIAM AND SARAH WATERMAN

We first learn of William and Sarah Waterman at the christening of their daughter May Ann, 10 November 1816. She died 14 months later. Son, William Wolf, born in 1818, Charles in 1820, Mary Ann 1824, died age 22 months; George (our ancestor), 1 October 1824, James 1827. These children were all christened at Clapton In Gardeno. Each entry gives William's occupation as that of a labourer. Because the first son listed has a middle name "Wolfe" it is supposed that Sarah's maiden name may be Wolfe. At this point in time (1991) there is no evidence one way or the other and much research has been done. If we follow the naming pattern of the time, there is likely another older daughter by the name of Sarah.

On George's marriage license issued in 1847, it states that his father is deceased. Nothing further has yet been learned of either William or Sarah. On the 1851 and 1861 census are a William and a Charles and a James Waterman in the surrounding area. They may or may not belong to this family as there are several other Waterman families there. However their birth dates and places as given on the census indicate that they could be ours.

The temple work has been done for this family as far as now possible. Also, over 300 Waterman, Millard and Broad family names have been submitted and temple work done for them in the past two years. Aunt Maude Belle Whiting Marley and various others have also submitted many names over the past 50 or so years. The Wolfe family name has also had many names submitted.

NOTE: Evelyn just located the marriage of William Waterman and Sarah Wolf. They were married 24 December 1815 at St. Peters Parish in Bristol.

--By Evelyn Baird

BENJAMIN MILLARD AND SARAH ANN BROAD

Benjamin Millard (Miller Milier) was born about 1792 at Backwell, Somerset, England. There is some evidence that his mother's name was Ellinor and that he had a sister Maria, and perhaps a brother Joseph. Benjamin was a coal miner and his wife Sarah was listed on the various census as a coal vender or coal hauler. Benjamin and Sarah had three known children, Thomas born 1823, Uriah, 1825, and Mary Ann 1828. Nothing more is known of Uriah, but all census up thru 1871 list Thomas as unmarried and an agricultural labourer or a coal hauler. He was living with his parents in all but the 1871 census where he is listed by himself. His father, we know died in 1881, in the Workhouse in Long Ashton. We do not know when and where his mother died. (All research efforts up to this

time, March 1991, have come to no avail). Mary Ann, our ancestor, married and came to America. We do know that Mary Ann's family and that of her parents were never very far away from each other over the years, until Mary Ann came to America.

The marriage entry found in the Backwell, Somerset Parish reads thus:

Marriages in the Parish of Backwell 1822

Benjamin Millard, of this parish, single man, and Sarah Broad, of this parish, single woman, were married in this church by banns this twelfth day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two. By me Charles Macdanat, curate in the presence of: Joseph Garland, "X" the mark of Benjamin Millard "X" the mark of William Wilcox "X" the mark of Sarah Broad

LDS Church records, Bristol Conference indicate that Benjamin was a member in 1863 and could have been a member as early as 1852. Nothing indicated about Sarah.

British Mission list of Saints worthy to Emigrate 1868, under heading "Those members worthy to Emigrate" we find this entry; Page 19 Miller, Benjamin, age 74, when Bapt. 1852-note "I think he is to infirm to go, pretty good old man."

Benjamin lived to be 88 years old and died 14 February 1881 in the Workhouse in Long Ashton. He helped finance the passage of his two grandsons, William and George Thomas Waterman to America in 1875. Long Ashton is about five miles from Nailsea.

According to the census, 1841,1851,1861, Sarah was two years older than Benjamin and they would have been ages 30 and 32 at the time of their marriage. The temple work has been done for this couple and their children.

--By: Evelyn Baird

GEORGE WATERMAN AND MARY ANN MILLER (MILLARD) WATERMAN

NOTE: William Waterman and Sarah Wolf Waterman were the parents of George Waterman - our great-grandfather, Benjamin Miller or Millard and Sarah Ann Broad Miller were the parents of Mary Ann Miller or Millard Waterman - our great grandmother.

George and Mary Ann Waterman are our great grandparents, and are the parents of our grandmother Flora Waterman Whiting.

George Waterman, bachelor, and Mary Ann Miller, spinster, both of full age, were married 8 November 1847 in the parish church of Bedwellty, Monmouth, England. Both gave their place of residence as Victoria, Monmouth, England. Both signed their names with an "X". Georges' father was listed as deceased and Mary Ann's as a miner.

Victoria is a hamlet not far from Bedwellty. Their first child, Sarah Ann, was born 1 September 1848 in Tredegar, Monmouth, about three miles from Victoria. Sarah died on 20 December 1851, when only three years old. The other eight children were born in Somersetshire. Ellen born 7 April 1850 in Nailsea; Ellen died 7 January 1859. Emma born 13 November 1852 at Nailsea. Emma was the first child to grow to maturity. It is believed that Emma came to America with a group of Mormon Missionaries although she never joined the LDS Church. While on the ship, she was given a boy named Herbert, as she came to America. It seems the mother was too poor to take care of him. Emma married Alfred Seabrook on 1 June 1890. They had a foster daughter, Mable Bates. Records show Seabrook died 13 March 1912. Emma made her living as a cook. She broke her hip in 1921 and she was always crippled from this. Her little house in Pocatello caught fire and she burned to death on 16 October 1941.

Rhoda was the next girl born 7 October 1854, at Nailsea. She lived for eight years and died 9 June 1864. Clara, born 26 January 1856, at Yatton died 13 March 1870 at 14 years old. Great Grandmother Waterman told our Grandmother flora that Clara had been very ill and just before she died she told her mother she could hear angels singing and that she could see a group of angels that were there for her. She sat up and put out her hands to someone, smiled and lay back on the bed and was gone.

The oldest son, William was born 20 December 1858 at Brockley, grew to maturity, came to America at the same time his brother Thomas, born 10 July 1864 at Brockley, came. They both came with some returning missionaries.

Flora, born 10 July 1862 at Brockley, our Grandmother, is the subject of this book along with her husband and children.

Lemuel was born 19 April 1866, at Nailsea. Lemuel, the youngest child, came to America with his mother.

LDS Bristol Conference records show that Mary Ann Waterman, daughter

of Benjamin and Sarah Millard was baptized 27 November 1869 at Bristol, Gloucestershire, England. Lemuel Waterman, baptized 5 May 1874, Bistol. George Waterman, son of William Waterman, baptized 30 September 1874, Bristol, (Bristol is only about seven miles from Nailsea). LDS Springville, Utah, records show that William Waterman from England was baptized 27 November 1875. Thomas Waterman from England was baptized 27 November 1875, and Flora Waterman from England, baptized 1 July 1880.

LDS Emigration records show: 13 October 1875, ship "Dakota" - Thomas Waterman, age 7 (actually age 11); William Waterman age 11 (actually age 17). They appeared to be traveling with returning missionaries. Part of their passage was paid by their grandfather Benjamin Miller. On 13 June 1877, Ship "Wyoming" Mary Ann Waterman and son Lemuel. 18 October 1879, ship "Arizona" George Waterman, Daughter Flora Waterman.

The 1851 Census of Nailsea show that Mary Ann and her family lived on North Street at # 58 while her parents were living at # 59 North Street. Both husbands were evidently away at the time. Mary Ann is listed as a housewife while her mother is listed as a coal hauler.

Mary Ann and her three sons settled in the Mapleton area and bought 13 acres. This is where they lived when Grandmother Flora came to America. I believe this was always their home because Aunt Ella told of staying with them. This is what she said, "Right after Ralph and Ruth were born, I went to stay with Grandfather and Grandmother Waterman for a few weeks. Now I am very glad I did as it made me remember them better. They were very kind to me and made lots over me as I was only a baby of four years then. I remember Grandfather as a very tall man with a coarse voice. He looked like brother Forres and had a voice like him when Forres became older. Grandmother was a small spunky woman. They lived on the Mapleton Bench then. Grandfather would always sing while he milked the cow. I remember him sitting on a three-legged stool singing "Ole King Cole" in a bass voice. Grandfather would go to town most every day for the mail. One time he bought me a pair of new shoes. I was glad to get them, they looked so nice but they did make my feet hurt. Grandmother was so kind to me and gave me so many nice things. Although my Grandparents were real kind to me I did get homesick."

George, our great-grandfather, died 13 October 1898 at Mapleton, Utah, and was buried there.

Mary Ann, our great-grandmother, lived for several more years. One time she came to Robin, Idaho, to visit her daughter and family. She died 13 July 1904 at Springville, Utah.

It has been indicated that after George and Mary Ann came to America that they became disenchanted with the LDS Church. As both the RLDS and the Presbyterian churches were actively proselyting the LDS people at that time, they may have been the cause of the dissatisfaction.

George and Mary Ann are both buried in the Evergreen Cemetery in Mapleton, Utah. Their posterity have scattered far and wide in the world. Little did they know or understand what coming to America would mean to their family. Had they stayed in England, we, their posterity, may still be hauling coal for a livelihood, with little or no hope of changing the situation. Thanks to them, those of us that want the Gospel can have it in our lives.

--Excerpts of Evelyn Baird and Helen Parmenter

CHAPTER 1

LORENZO SNOW WHITING

LORENZO SNOW WHITING

Our Grandfather, Lorenzo Snow Whiting, called Ren by his family and friends, was born 30 July, 1860, in Manti, Sanpete County, Utah, to Edwin and Hannah Haines Brown Whiting. He came from good pioneer stock.

His father, Edwin, was the third child of Elisha and Sally Hulett Whiting. Elisha's father died when he was a small boy. Elisha Whiting was a wagon and chair maker. Edwin and his first wife, Elizabeth Tilletson, and Edwin's parents, joined the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in 1838. They went through great persecution with the other saints in Ohio and Missouri and were later driven out of Nauvoo. Edwin was a Colonel in the Nauvoo Legion. Edwin was on a mission to Pennsylvania at the time the Prophet was killed.

While still at Nauvoo, Great Grandfather Edwin, following the Prophet's counsel, entered into plural marriage. He married Almira Mecham and Mary Elizabeth Cox. In 1849 he and his wives and six children came west to Salt Lake. A few days after arriving, they, and two other families were called to settle the Sanpitch River (now known as Manti). Great Grandfather Edwin met our Great Grandmother Hannah in the company he traveled with coming home from a mission to Ohio, and on October 8, 1856, they were married in President Brigham Young's office.

Hannah was the fourth child of Dr. William Abiah Brown and Abby Cadwallader. ^{Eden} Hannah's grandfather, Samuel Biles Brown, was killed in the French and Indian War. Her great-grandfather, William Brown, fought in the Revolutionary War. Because he would not salute an English officer, the officer struck him with a sword. He died later from the wound.

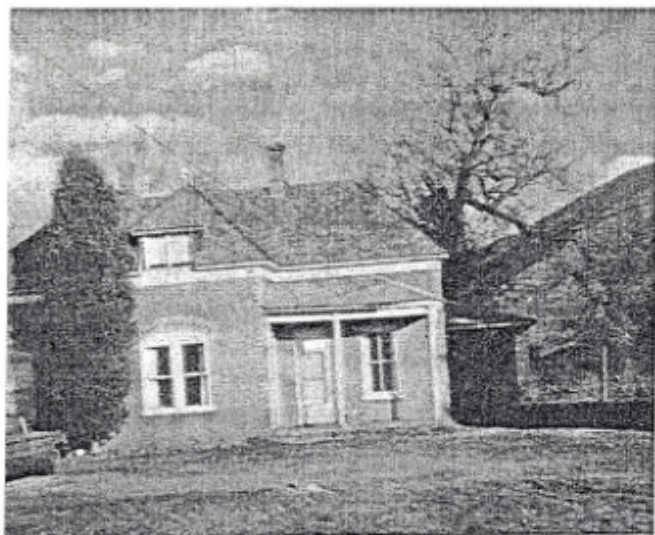
Records show Hannah had been married to a Mr. Horace Bristo in 1850, and had had a little boy born 3 April, 1851, but died 10 April, 1851. We don't know what happened to this marriage, if Mr. Bristol died, or if they separated. The baby was sealed to Hannah and Edwin on 31 October 1879, in the St. George Temple.

Grandpa Lorenzo had one full sister, Abby Anne, born 13 June, 1858. He had three full brothers, twins, Alvin and Melvin, born 24 April, 1862 (both died at birth). and Francis Elmer, born 12 May, 1863 (lived only a few months). He had 37 half brothers and sisters.



Edwin Whiting, Lorenzo S. Whiting, Hannah H. Brown, Abby Ann Bird

When Lorenzo was one year old his father moved his families to Springville, Utah. His father loved to grow fruits and vegetables. He was not able to do this in Manti so President Young called him to Springville to start a nursery.



*Home of Edwin Whiting, father of
-L.S. Whiting at Mapleton Utah*

Lorenzo lived in Springville until about 1875 or 1876 when his father, with others, settled on Union Bench, later named Mapleton.

He started school in Springville with his Aunt Mary Cox, his father's third wife, as a teacher. In the late 1870's, a school was established for Union Bench students. The first school was held by his Aunt Mary. She held this school in her son Albert's abandoned log cabin, located at 1100 North 300 West. The curriculum and equipment were quite simple in this first school. The students sat on slab benches.

They had slates to write on and a few readers. Aunt Mary would sit and listen to the children as they read. While doing this she would keep her hands busy knitting. If a student made a mistake she pointed it out with one of her knitting needles.

He grew up as most of the young people did, playing games with his brothers and sisters as well as being taught to work. As he became a young man, the Whiting young folks would put on shows and plays - with all taking part.

Lorenzo was baptized as a boy on 12 September, 1868, as most young L.D.S. boys were. Sometimes in these days records got lost because it shows in Church records of Mapleton that he and his mother were both rebaptized; his mother, on 9 November, 1875, and Grandpa, 18 January, 1876, by T. Child. he was reconfirmed the same day by Joseph Wheeler. He was ordained an Elder 7 October, 1879.

He was a tall, very strong, good looking young man with dark hair and eyes. He was very kind to everyone. His neighbor, sister Waterman and her three sons, who had come from England, showed Lorenzo a picture of her beautiful daughter that was still in England. He fell in love with her picture. This was a picture of our grandmother, Flora.

Flora was a beautiful English girl, born 10 July 1862, at Brockley, Sommersetshire, England. Her parents were George and Mary Ann Millard (Miller) Waterman. Her grandfather, Benjamin Millard (Miller), was the first of the family to join the Church. He was 89 years old when he died.

When Flora was six or seven years old the missionaries came to their home and asked if there were any Mormons around. Her brother Will said, " Yes, they were Mormons." This was the first time she had even heard of Mormons.

She had five sisters, Sara Ann, Ellen, Emma, Rhoda, and Clara. Three brothers, William, George Thomas, and Lemual.

Flora grew up in a typical middle class English home. She told of when she was just a young girl she loved cats and always had to take a kitten to bed with her. One day when she and her kitten were playing on the stairs she stepped into an old fashion "thundermug" sitting on the stairs. It fell down the stairs, breaking into many pieces. She heard her father coming to check out the noise and threw her kitten into the middle of the mess, hoping her father would blame the cat. From this time on she was called "Kit" or "Kitty."

While a child in England, she worked as a companion to a Mrs. Gladstone for 18 pence or 36 cents a week. She was about 12 years old at the time.

Her mother and three brothers had come to America while she and her father stayed in England to earn money for their boat fares. Flora cooked in Bristol for about six months before they had enough money for the journey.

They left Bristol, England in November, 1879, on the ship Arizona. It took nine and a half days, and it was the quickest trip that had been made at that time. Ruth tells in her history, "Mother said she was so ill coming over that she begged to be thrown overboard." She was 17 years old at the time. They landed in New York and took the train to Salt Lake City. They stayed at the tithing yard until their luggage came. They then took the train to Springville, Utah.

Young Ren met the train. When he saw "Kitty" as they called her, he said she was prettier than her picture. He courted her for several months. She was baptized July 1, 1880, and on August 5, 1880, they were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

We know grandfather was a fine spiritual young man as he had received his endowment in the St. George Temple nearly a year before he married our grandmother.

Four months after they were married, they went to Colorado to cut ties and sold them to the railroad for \$.50 each. The weather was very cold, and they did not have the proper clothing to keep warm, so they went to Brigham City, Arizona, where their first child, Maud Belle, was born on 26 July, 1881. They also cut ties in the San Francisco mountains.

About a year later they moved back to Mapleton, here their oldest son, Lorenzo (Len) Snow Jr., was born 13 December, 1883, and their next son, Forres (Farr), was born 30 November, 1885. Flora Emma was born 7 January, 1888, in Mapleton, and on 6 March of the same year she died of whooping cough.

The next year Grandfather decided to cut ties again. He took his family and some of Grandma's brothers and their families and moved to Soldier Summit, Utah. May Ella Theo was born there on May 18, 1889.

Grandma became tired of living without a house so they decided to try farming and moved back to Utah. They settled in Hobbie Creek Canyon and built a home. They had a ranch and raised cattle and irrigated crops. Grandfather loved horses and was really a horseman. He had one mare that would not let anyone ride her but grandfather. He always said she knew as much about driving stock as a man did.

Five more children were born at the farm on Hobbie Creek. Lemual Alma (Jay) born June 6, 1891, and a set of twins Ralph A born August 31, 1893, and Ruth E born September 1, 1893. They always celebrated their birthdays a day apart. Two years later Abby Ann was born on August 20, 1895. She was born with a white streak of hair about an inch wide in the back of her head. It stayed in her black hair her entire life. Grandma used to try to braid it in. Reese, a tow-head, was born March 9, 1897.



Ralph Whiting Family, Lorenzo Snow Whiting home up Hobbie Creek Canyon, circa 1939

When they first lived on the farm in Hobbie Creek, grandpa had to sew his grain by hand. He would walk all day with a large bag over his shoulder full of grain holding the bag with one hand and broadcasting grain with the other. When the grain was ready to be cut, Grandpa cut it

with a sickle or cradle by hand. Grandma and the rest of the family that was old enough helped tie the grain in bundles while others gleaned along the ditches and fences. When it was all stacked and was good and dry, they beat it out with flayers on a large canvas. This was done on a windy day so the wind could carry away the chaff.

Later Grandpa got a machine for cutting the grain. They had to tie each sheaf, then stand them up in shocks to dry. A few years after this they bought a binder that cut and tied each sheaf before it was dumped on the ground. The shocks were then hauled on wagons and stacked, and run through a small horse powered thrashing machine. This made the harvesting much easier. The children

would still glean along the fences.

There was a lot of irrigating to do so Grandma and the older children did most of the milking. Grandpa would get up early and leave for the fields to irrigate, usually by 4 o'clock and be back for breakfast by 6 o'clock. The family always had breakfast together. Grandma would get up with Grandpa and she and the older children had the chores done and breakfast ready by the time Grandpa got in at 6 o'clock.

There were many deer and wild animals. The deer gradually left but the black bears stayed and lived on berries in the canyon.

Indians came by as they moved from one area to another. Grandpa and Grandma were always kind to them but sometimes the children were afraid.

There were quite a few neighbors, mostly relatives, and their social life was with these people and at church functions or picnics and such. Ella says her Mother and Father took quite a part in all of the social gatherings. She remembers when her Father played the part of Santa Claus. He came in all dressed in fur, covered with sleigh bells, dancing, and singing. She was frightened until she heard his voice, then she knew who Santa was. He picked her up, put her up on the stage and had her recite a little poem she knew. She was only two and a half or three years old.

Ella said she thought Grandma was quite pretty when she got all dressed up to go to church or any social affair. She also said Grandma had such blond hair and pretty grey eyes, a nice form and her skin was very fair with natural rose cheeks. It was thought to be a disgrace to let your skin get tanned or dark in those days. Ella felt her parents were a very handsome, striking couple.

Grandpa and Grandma were both hard workers, but they found time to enjoy their family and each other. When Grandpa finished his work outside and had had supper, he would amuse his children by putting them on his lap and singing or playing the accordeon to them. He loved his accordeon. Some of the old ballads he played and sang were: "Young Sharlett Dwelt on the Mountainside", "Old Oaken Bucket", "Fair Rose of Texas", and a comical one called "Pompy Smash", and many others. Grandma would be knitting stockings or working on her rug loom.

Grandpa put in a sawmill that was powered by water. He built a tall penstock about 50 feet high with a water wheel at the base to have the power to run the mill. It was built across a creek from their home.

Ella would take one of the babies she was tending and go across the creek and watch them run the mill. She tells of one time when Ralph and Ruth were babies, everyone was returning home from working at the sawmill. Grandpa had both the babies in his arms trying to drive a team of horses. They were all sitting on the running gears of the wagon. They were crossing the creek and hit a rut and off went the babies into the water. Ella says she doesn't know how he did it, but Grandpa had them out of the water about as fast as they went in, and he was running to the house with them. Grandma was a little upset.

Every Fall they went to the hills to gather wild honey. The men would find the bee trees through the summer and mark them with a special mark. Then in the fall they would have an outing getting wild honey; they would get a large amount. Grandma would extract the honey from the comb, and they all loved it.

Sometimes Grandpa would have to go to town on business. At one time he was on the building committee for the first church they built in Mapleton. He often went to help his aging parents, until his Father's death on December 9, 1890, at 91 years. He was very close to his Mother and would go see her often to help her with whatever she needed.

When Grandpa was away, Grandma would take care of the family. One time when Len and Maud were helping her with the milking and chores, Grandma had just milked a cow with a young calf and was taking two large pails of milk to the house when she heard a scream coming from the corral she had just left. She sat the heavy pails of milk down as quickly as possible and ran back to find out what the trouble was. But their large shepard dog "Trimm" had heard the scream too and was much quicker than Grandma. He took the corral fence in one leap and quickly stopped the long horned cow from killing Len, who was fighting for his life as she had him cornered against the corral. Grandma said Trimm saved Len's life. She always loved dogs, all animals, and birds.

Grandma was a quiet, calm, capable person with a tremendous amount of common sense. She worked hard to help her husband and to teach her children. She often read to them and told them stories. They loved to hear her tell stories of her life in England as a young girl. She strived always to help them gain testimonies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Although Grandpa's mother lived close to his sister Abby, he always felt deep concern for her. After her death the last day of 1896, he became restless and wanted to find a different place to live, one where he could provide for his family better. That summer he and Bert Evans, a cousin's husband, left to investigate Idaho.

They were quite pleased with what they found. The land seemed good enough and there was plenty of timber for his sawmill.

He came home and talked to Grandma about it, and they decided that with their large family they needed to make a move.

They started to make preparations for the move. There were many things to do. Ella tells in her history of Grandma and Maud baking sugar cookies for days until they had a whole barrel full, and of how good they smelled. She also tells of eating so many on the journey she could never look at a sugar cookie again.

Grandpa traded his farm property on Hobble Creek for property in town. This property he sold to get the money they needed to move and get established in their new home. Grandpa fixed a wagon with a stove and table, also a bed across the back for Grandma and the young children to sleep on.

In the early part of 1898, probably the 1st of February, they loaded up the

three wagons Grandpa had prepared for their journey to Idaho. One wagon was for Grandma and the children, one had furniture and household things, and the other held the machinery. He hired a man to drive one of them, and I think the boys must have driven the other one, and Grandpa drove one. They took six or eight head of horses. Grandpa's mother had given him a team of beautiful matched black horses before she died and he was taking these with him, also.

As they were ready to leave everyone was loaded in the wagons and ready to go. They wondered where Grandma was. She was sitting on the doorstep of their home crying. Grandpa went back to her, took her in his arms, and gave her his handkerchief to dry her eyes.

This must have been hard for Grandma as most of the 18 years of her married life had been spent there. She was leaving her home, friends, and family, it was especially hard to leave her widowed mother that was all alone. Her children say they never heard her ever say she was sorry they moved to Idaho.

This was indeed a challenge to even think of traveling so far in wagons to an unknown area, knowing they would have to build a home when they got there; and there were nine children, some were still babies.

Len and Farr were old enough to be of help. Len was a very stern tall boy that loved to make things, while Farr was a happy boy who loved to help on the farm, he also liked to help Len.

Len was 15 now and Farr 13. Maud was growing up; she was 17 and very pretty. She was a small girl with dark brown hair which she wore in two braids that hung nearly to the floor. The next girl was Ella with coal black hair and light skin. She was the little nine year old mother, as she loved all the children and always took care of her brothers and sisters. Then came Lemual, "Jay", only 7 years old, but was already nicknamed Jay. He was such a busy, happy child, talked a lot, was small and wiry, and Ella's constant companion. Ralph and Ruth, the five year old twins, were always together. Ralph's hair was black and Ruth's yellow. Then sweet little Abby Ann with the white streak in her hair, only three years old, was very quiet and loving. The baby, Reese, looked like his mother with grey eyes and blond hair; he was almost a year old.

The trip was uneventful. The only accident was when little Abbie dropped a heavy flat iron on her big toe; it became infected and was very painful for her.

It was cold most of the way, and they had to keep a fire in the small cook stove in the wagon, but they were quite comfortable. I don't know how long they were on their journey, but they reached their destination on March 9, 1898, on Reese's first birthday.

They stopped at the farm house where Grandpa had made arrangements for them to stay while he built them a cabin. The next day Grandpa, the older boys, and Bert Evans, (I can't find how come Bert Evans was there, unless he came with them, probably the man hired to drive the team) all went out with picks and shovels to try and fence their places. They came back shortly, very disappointed,

there was a hard pan just beneath the surface of the soil. They gave up this land and grandpa and Bert went to look for better land. A few miles away in a small farming area on Garden Creek, they found a farm for sale; it was just under the Garden Creek Gap. Bert bought the upper 80 acres with the log house on it, and Grandpa bought the lower half. There was no house on the 80 acres Grandpa bought. Grandpa built a two room house on the farm for the family to move into. This was their first home in Idaho.

After they were settled in their new little house, Grandpa took Len and Farr, each with a team on a heavy wagon, and went back to Hobble Creek to get their sawmill. Grandpa needed to have the sawmill to saw lumber for a bigger house and a barn. He felt he could sell some of the lumber to help in their lively hood. They set the sawmill up in a canyon called Yellow Dog about 12 miles from Garden Creek and soon had the mill going.

They bought a cow, pigs, and chickens, and that summer they raised a large garden. This helped them to survive the winter. Grandpa started to build a larger house, but they had to stay in the two room house that first winter. He had built the house on a small flat hill near the road. The winter was terrible, very cold with snow up to the eaves of the house. The wind blew so hard and it frightened Grandma so bad that she insisted Grandpa and the boys move the house down by the creek when spring came, and they did.

The children started school at the Garden Creek School, all but Maud. She was 17 and working away from home.

Dora Curtis, Grandpa Whiting's cousin, had started a small notions store at Garden Creek. Grandpa bought the store and turned it into a grocery store. The original store was a two room log house. When Grandpa moved the family there he enlarged it and built a nice large home for the family.

Bishop Capell helped Grandma start a small post office in one end of the store. They couldn't call it Garden Creek because the government wouldn't accept a two-worded name for the post office. There were many robins in the area, so Grandma named the post office "Robin". The town was later renamed Robin.

Grandma took care of the store and post office for some time while Grandpa and the boys took care of the farm and sawmill.

One time Vern Glover and Ralph went into the backyard and gathered the eggs, took them around through the front door and sold them to Grandma for candy. Ralph said it made him feel quite cheap, and of course, Grandma knew what was up. Another time Jay and Ralph were in the back yard, each with a hat full of rotten eggs, when Alf Wilkinson came riding down the road on his way to Arimo. Jay said, "Watch me hit old Alf." He threw and hit him right over the eye, and it splattered all over him. He came back looking for the boys. Jay ran into the house and hid upstairs somewhere, they didn't find him the rest of the day. Alf went in the house, Grandma cleaned him up, and he went back home; he wasn't fit to go to Arimo that day.

Grandma liked running the store very much. She would have done real well if the customers had not ask for so much credit. Grandma was known throughout the neighborhood as Aunt Kit. Her friends and relatives said she was the best hearted person they had ever known. Grandma always found time to help a sick neighbor, sitting up nights with a sick child, sometimes for a week or more, and taking care of her own family and work also. A doctor was never heard of out there.

While they were still living at the store, Mary Hannah was born on 14 August, 1900. She was the sixth girl, making 10 living children. She had golden hair and brown eyes. She was blessed on 4 November, 1900 by William Capell. Reese was not fond of the new baby, as he was used to having all the attention the baby of the family receives. Everytime he came into the room, he would pull his cap over his face so he couldn't see her. Before long they became the best of friends.

Maud married George Josiah Marley on June 17, 1899, the year before Mary was born. She would come and help her mother in the store. At other times she and Ella would go to the sawmill to cook for Grandpa. They loved this, especially Ella. She enjoyed the rocks and flowers and the great outdoors. Ella once said, "I think I understand Father and how he loved nature, because I am so much like him that way."

The timber gave out at Yellow Dog, and they moved over the Garden Creek Divide.

Sometimes Jay, Ralph, and Reese, and their cousins, George and Clifford Waterman, would go to the sawmill to help. Of course, Farr and Len worked with their father all the time as they were grown men, (Len now 17 and Farr 15 years old). The timber was thick, and the mill did well. Maud's husband, Josiah, was hired by Grandpa to work in the mill.

Grandma's brother, Thomas, and Grandpa bought some sheep and goats. This didn't last long, and Uncle Tom took the sheep back to Springville.

Grandpa kept the goats, and the boys herded them in the hills around the mill.

They sold the store at Robin, and the people that bought the store took over the Post Office.

Grandpa had started to build a large house and barn on the farm before they bought the store. He had finished the barn and planted several fruit and shade trees.

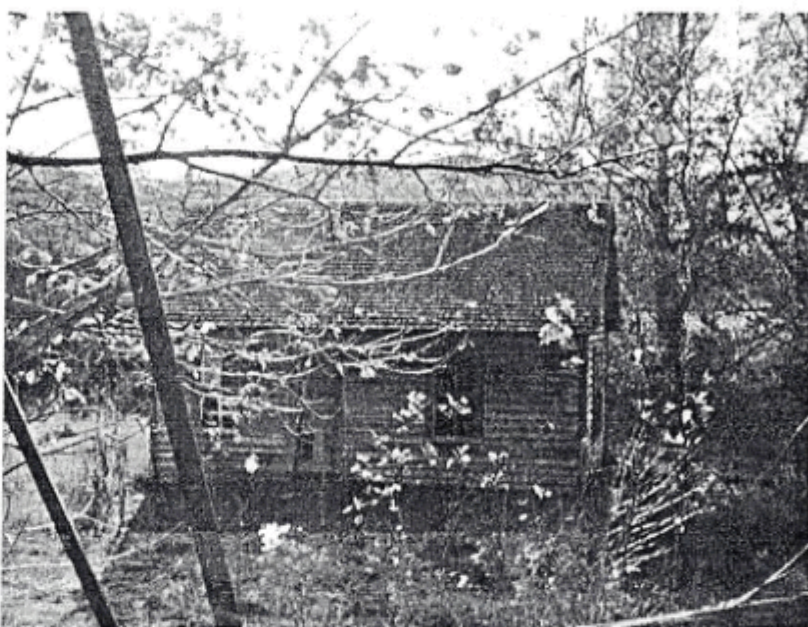
After selling the store, they moved to the farm, and Grandpa finished building their home. It was a long process as he was working at the sawmill and running the farm. Grandpa was not feeling well even at this time.

While they were building the house, Great Grandma Waterman came to visit her daughter and family.

As they were preparing for her visit, someone ask where Great Grandma

could sleep. Mary spoke up and said, "It's a cinch she can't sleep with me, cause I sleep with ma and pa." I think this was the only time Great Grandma Waterman came to visit in Idaho.

Grandpa and Grandma loved to grow things, and they planted a large orchard on their farm which they watered from Garden Creek. They had apple, pear, plum, cherry, and prune trees, besides strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants. They had a large garden with all of the things that could be grown. Grandpa also planted shade trees, four in the back, and two in the front. These trees grew very large and were helpful in shading their home for the many years they lived there.



Whiting family home at Robin Idaho



Whiting Bros. Sawmill up Mink Creek (out of Pocatello, Idaho) circa 1920

After they moved back to the farm, they moved the sawmill to a new location near Downey, Idaho, 15 miles east of Robin known as Smith Canyon.

William was born on 7 December, 1901 and blessed on 4 May, 1902, by William Jenkins. About a year later, Grandpa bought an 80

acre timber claim at Mink Creek, 14 miles south of Pocatello, Idaho. He moved his mill there. Grandpa worked the sawmill in the summer and stayed on the farm at Robin throughout the winter so the children could go to school and church.

Grandma and Grandpa have always loved the Lord and tried to teach their children the way they should live. In the summer when Grandpa and the family were at the mill, they never worked on Sunday and were taught to observe the Sabbath.

From the membership records of the Ward at Garden Creek, Idaho, I found that no records of meetings were kept in the summer months, but in the winter time when meetings were recorded, Grandpa was always in attendance to help with blessing of the sacrament, giving a prayer, or bearing his testimony.

The following are recorded minutes of two different meetings held in the Garden Creek Ward:

Minutes of a meeting held 1 January, 1899. Meeting called to order by Bishop Joseph E. Capell. Singing by choir. Prayer by Brother T.E. Wolverton. Singing by choir. Sacrament administered by Brother Henry Henderson and J.M. Thompson. Recommend of Brother L.S. Whiting and family was read and they were accepted as members in the Garden Creek Ward. After which many testimonies were born and a good time had by those that were present. Singing by choir.

Benediction

by W.M.W. Henderson.

29 July 1900 Public Meeting

Bishop Joseph E. Capell Presiding. Singing choir page 166. Payer by Brother W.M. Capell. Singing by choir page 155. Sacrament administered by George W. Allen and James Henderson. Oil consecrated by Mads Christensen. Brother John B. Chedzzy said we should be humble when we are to speak. We should allow all men to worship who where and what they may.

God gave all men there free agency to act for themselves.

Brother L.S. Whiting said we are engaged in a practical work and therefore have no time to loose and endeavor to help each other in the great work.

Brother James H Ellis said his testimony is stronger than ever before. Brother P.M. Larsen made a few remarks and said we should strive to do our duties at all times. Brother Robert Jamison felt like trying to do his duty. Brother Mads Christensen said we need the Gift of the Holy Ghost when we speak to the people. Bishop Capell said if we expect the blessings of God we must live up to the requirements made by us, that many in this ward are careless in attending their duties. Exhort all to attend their duties. Choir sang hymn on page 97. Benediction by B.W. Henderson.

These same records show of the baptism, blessings, and ordinances of most of the Whiting children. Grandpa helped build the first churchhouse in Robin. He donated \$120.00 - a large donation in those days.

Grandma was just as spiritual as Grandpa, but it was harder for her to go out and mingle. She taught such great lessons by her actions and by never criticizing anyone. She knew the gospel was true, as did Grandpa, and they both lived it every day.

Len and Farr discovered a large outcropping of coal about four miles below the mill on Mink Creek. They all moved to the mine; they got investors from Pocatello and other places to put money into the mine. However, it did not pan out, and after putting lots of money and work into it, they finally hit an underground stream and that was the end. It all seems rather sad as Grandpa really tried hard and felt it was going to work. A few years after Grandpa's death the mine caught fire and burned.

While living in Robin, Farr and Abby became very ill. They developed an illness that sounds like rheumatic fever. This turned into inflammatory rheumatism. This illness lasted from one season to the next. It left them both with bad hearts. The winters were hard and cold, and each year Abby seemed to get sicker.

Grandma was unable to spend much time at Mink Creek as it was too high, and Abby would get worse. About the time they were working the mine and the sawmill, Abby got bad, and Grandpa took her to Pocatello to Dr. Howard. He said Abby had leakage of the heart and wouldn't live long. Abby was a sweet little thing, never complaining. She loved everyone, and everyone loved her. It was a great sorrow to all her family when she passed away at 11 years of age on January 24, 1906.

They took Forres to the same doctor, and he said his heart wasn't damaged as bad as Abby's. He gave him medicine and said with proper care he would grow out of it.

After Abby's death, Grandma spent more time at Mink Creek. They had a