

One reason that mother did so much milking was that father rose early in the morning most of the time around four o'clock, and was off to the field to work. He had lots of irrigation to do as all the crops were irrigated and he raised a large amount of alfalfa. In the evening when the chores were all done, after supper, Father would spend the evening playing and singing to amuse the younger children. He sometimes played the accordion which he loved. It seems he always had one. Sometimes he would play a tune on a fine toothed comb, and have us dance as he taught us some kind of a special dance like a square dance. We thought it was great fun at the time and mother knit stockings or worked on the loom. She had a large loom that seemed to almost touch the ceiling. Father was always kind to us children. I cannot ever remember him spanking any of us but he had a way of making us mind whenever he spoke. When father was away, mother would gather us all around her in the evenings after the work was all done, and knit stockings while she told us stories. I used to think she was the best story teller I ever heard. She would sit with her eyes half closed and slowly tell the story. We would just sit there waiting breathlessly for the next word. I think I have heard her tell Hopney Thum, and Rosie, Jack and the Bean Stock, and about the Old Woman that was sweeping her floor and found a silver sixpence, and many others nearly a hundred times and every time they seemed more thrilling to hear.

We lived at Hobble Creek somewhere around eight years. Meantime, father and mother's family had increased five more; Lemuel was born soon after we moved to Hobble Creek; the twins, Ralph and Ruth, then Abbie Anne, and Reese. Making a total of nine living children in the family. Flor had died in infancy where she was born at Mapleton, Utah. So far they were the parents of ten children. Quite a few mouths to feed.

Father became restless again to explore more new country and he thought that farming there was too hard as he had to do so much clearing brush, small shrub oak, that had to be pulled up with a team. So he decided to take a look at Idaho. He and Bert Evans went to Idaho to look around, and father and Bert both thought they had found something grand. They took up a homestead in Marsh Center, near Oneida, Idaho. Father built a small shack on his and arranged for the family to stay at a farmhouse until he could build a house for the family. He came back all enthused about the land as he said it only had sage brush that could easily be plowed under. So we planned to make our journey to Idaho as soon as the weather was right. We children were all excited and mother seemed to be until we were all packed and ready to leave. Then she went back and sat on the doorstep and cried. Father went back to her and put his arm around her and said "Kitty" and dried her tears with his handkerchief, and she smiled. I think she wanted to go all right, but just hated to leave her home. I never did hear her say she ever regretted leaving there. Reese was about eleven months old when we left Utah. We had a nice comfortable covered sheep wagon with stove and beds built in. We



had two wagons, six or eight horses, so it wasn't too bad, although we were a month on the road. We came into Marsh Valley the first of March. We stopped at the farm house father had arranged for, but when father and Bert went out to their homesteads they were very much disappointed in the soil so they gave up their homesteads and went over to Garden Creek, Idaho, and bought a farm between them. Eighty acres each. That was our first home in Idaho. Father build a house, barn and such and we lived on the farm for awhile. The people there at Garden Creek were very friendly to us. They were all Mormons, except Bert Evans, his family were Mormons. They had an LDS church house but no store or post office. Dora Curtis started up a small store. Father and mother bought the store out and enlarged it. Mother with the help of Bishop Capell started a Post Office. She named it Robin, Idaho. She had the care of the first post office at Robin for a number of years; Mary, the eleventh child was born while we lived there. Father still had his sawmill and farm; of course, he now had the boys to help him and he always had to have help on the sawmill. He sometimes hired a few men. Maud was married by then and her husband worked on the mill some of the time.

Mother seemed to like the store and post office work and did very well. Everyone seemed to like her very much, she was known in the neighborhood as Aunt Kit. I have heard the remark about her being the most kind-hearted woman they ever knew. She would always find time off to go and care for any sick neighbor or sick child at times spending weeks sitting up nights and doing her own work just the same as always. Father would go with her if he was home at the time.

Later on we moved back to the farm where one more child was born and named William, and making father and mother the parents of 12 children, of which eleven lived. Father had to be away from home most of the summers working at the mill which left most of the farm work to mother and the younger children to care for. Father tried to be home most every weekend and at hay cutting and harvest time, when he was home he always attended church. Not long after William was born, father moved his sawmill down near Pocatello, Idaho, and bought 80 acres of timber. He still had his farm at Robin, Idaho. It seemed he had a great longing to work in the timber. I think I knew father best of all as I was with him almost all the time before I married. He took me along to cook for the sawmill men. Sometimes my younger sister, Ruth, helped me, and sometimes a younger brother. I think I understood father and how he loved nature work because I am so much like him that way. He just seemed to have what you call a green thumb. Father did real well with his mill at Mink Creek, near Pocatello, Idaho. Sometime later he moved his family down to Pocatello where he had bought a feed barn and a large house, but he still kept his farm at Robin. I married in the year 1908 in Pocatello. Vell, my husband and I lived at the house in Pocatello. My



husband took care of the feed stable and barn. Father and the family moved back on the farm for the winter. He still had his mill near Pocatello and did well. He still worked there through the summer.

When I think back through the years at home with father and mother, I now know they were a well matched team of sturdy pioneers--good and noble. They never shirked their duty. Mother told me father was known as Honest Ren Whiting in Utah, and the businessmen in Pocatello that father dealt with said they would just as soon have father's signature as have a bond, as it was just as good. I know father loved his family as much as anyone could. When he would work so hard, who else did he work for but his family. I know his quick thinking in time of trouble saved my hand twice and maybe my life when my hand was pulled into the hay pulley. I hardly screamed before he was at my side and had the horse stopped and my hand out. It was a sad looking hand with the nails off all my fingers and thumb and most of the flesh taken off my fingers, too. Mother came out, I don't know how she knew I was hurt as she was in the house working. They took me to the house and covered my hand with turpentine and mother wrapped each finger separately in burnt linen. As she wrapped my poor sick hand each day, I would see her lips move in silent prayer. I believe mother had more faith in God than any person I have ever known.

I still remember some of the things that father said when we were young I often think how true they are. One was: "Never do anything in private that you would not want the public to know about, and you are sure you are not doing anything wrong." Others were: "It is better to go to church in rags than not to go at all," and "Never think you are better than anyone else."

I still say that father and mother were a well matched pair of sturdy pioneers, and their love was deeper than they knew. Oh, I know they had their ups and downs but what family doesn't. Mother always wanted father by her side, not even a doctor could take his place...and it was the same with father. When he was ill, he always wanted Kit. Thank Heavenly Father they both lived until their family was grown.

Father passed away quite a while before mother. He suffered four long years with diabetes before he died. I often think it is too bad we could not have some of the modern medicine we now have, it could have relieved some of his suffering.



Ella Whiting & Clark Dick

Mother lived on among her children,



grandchildren, and great grandchildren happily for a number of years.

Now they have passed on, God bless both of them. I hope when I pass on I am found worthy to meet them in the Great Beyond.

--By Ella Whiting Dick

#### NOTE OF UPDATE:

Ella Whiting Dick's last few years. After Levell died, Ella married a man by the name of Charlie Reiger. It was a sad time in her life as he was very cruel to her and the two children. When Clifton was 15 years old they packed up and left while Charlie was in town for a few days. They had a very difficult trip but finally reach Nevada.

After she obtained a divorce from Charlie she met and married Clark Dick on 10 December 1930. He was a very good man. They lived in Nevada, Missouri and Arkansas. About 1941 they went to St. Ignatius, Montana, so they could help Theo with a very sick child (Inez). They went to Nevada for awhile then moved to Missouri where Clarks folks lived, then on to Arkansas. They returned to Montana and bought a home in Hamilton. They both loved to garden and raise beautiful flowers. Clark died of cancer 19 February 1967 and was buried in Hamilton, Montana.

Ella lived for 12 more years, many of these years with her daughter, Theo. As she got older and not able to take care of herself, she had to be in a rest home. She died 31 January 1981 at 92 years of age. She is also buried at Hamilton, Montana.

#### SAMUEL LEVELL ALLSWORTH

I will try and write this so his children and grandchildren will have some knowledge of their father and grand parents. It will be brief, as his life here with us was very short and the children do not remember him at all.

First I will write a few lines about his parents as they are their ancestors also.

I knew his father quite well but his mother passed away about the time I was born. (My father and mother were well acquainted with both of them). Mother said Ellener Manwaring was a very beautiful girl and as good as she was beautiful. She and father Allsworth led the LDS Choir at Springville, Utah for some time. She had a lovely soprano voice, father Allsworth was really good looking and quite proud. She remembered him when he was a young man clerking in a dry goods store, in Springville, Utah. Mother said she always remembered the cute way he had of tossing his head. It seemed he had a large curl of hair in the middle of his forehead which he was always tossing back.

Father Allsworth was really a very talented man, a good artist. I have seen some lovely work of art he did while he resided at Pocatello, Idaho. He also could