

Life History of Alfred Reese Whiting

In the year of 1897, March the ninth in a quaint old fashioned farm house located away up in the mountains on Hobble Creek, about 14 miles from Springville, Utah, I came to the home of Lorenzo Snow Whiting and Flora Waterman. I was a little red-faced white headed squalling baby boy. I was the fifth boy and the tenth child born to these good parents.

My time had but short duration in my first home at Gobble Creek canyon, as my father in less than one year saw fit to move his family some 200 miles north to Ronin, Idaho. This trip was a very unpleasant one as it was taken in the winter months with open and covered wagons drawn by horses. It must have been very strenuous for mother as I was sick most of the time.

At Robin I spent most of my childhood days. Father owned a sawmill, and cattle. Most of the summers he would be away from home and take some of the children with him. One summer I was privileged to go with him, at least the greater part of the family was with him. We were at Mink Creek, about twelve miles south of Pocatello, For about 6 successive years most of the family would go during the summer months and work at the sawmill and milk cows. I was not very old so my work would consist of getting the cows and calves in so we could milk and help with the milking. We were all taught to milk at a very early age.

After the work I was assigned to was done then I could go fishing with my younger or older brother as the case may be. There was nothing I liked as well as the privilege of fishing in that fresh clear mountain stream know as Mink Creek, with it's abundance of mountain trout ever ready to take your hook. As a boy I believe the greatest thrill that came was when I would catch a large trout. I would talk of the manner in which I caught the fish for hours afterward. For the return of those days with the beautiful mountains covered with many flowers blending with the green of the grass and trees. The warble of the many beautiful which sang the song of the creek, one could not help but see the handiwork of the Almighty.

We were to far from church to attend, but Sunday father would have us observe that day as best we could.

As I have said, I believe this was the happiest time of my life. As I was without cares and surrounded by everything to make youthful hearts happy. But I must not forget to relate one of my many thrilling experiences while as a lad there. My brother and I were sent out to look for calves one morning. With us went our old black dog, Tip. I assure you we were glad to have him along with us as there were a few bears and other wild animals in that district. The previous night father had been telling us about a bald faced bear. Naturally, our thoughts would dwell upon than as we went, into that wild wooded country in search of the calves. When we were about half of a mile from the camp we found the calves. Just at this time our dog started to fight with some wild animal in the brush. We did not know what it was, but thought it might be a bear. So yelling "sickum" several times we hurriedly gathered the calves and got them started for camp on a high run.

After we had gone some hundred and fifty yards the fighting stopped and a black animal came out of the brush with a white face. Our first thought was of a bald faced bear had killed the dog and was coming in our direction. How we did make those calves run.

But we could soon see that the calves were much too slow for us. Calling our dog with hopes of him still alive we began to take longer and quicker steps. There were service berry bushes about 4-5 feet high between us and camp, but to us they just seemed like bunches of grass as we just flew over them not turning aside for any thing. There was no chance of the bear catching us as we kicked up so much dust he couldn't see us. At last we came over a steep little hill and to the corral where father and the others were milking the cows. As we reached the corral father asked us what we were running so for, and I remarked breathlessly, "a bear is after us!"

Father with a smile pointed up the trail from where we had just flown over and said "I guess that is the bald-faced bear isn't it?" Upon turning around quickly we beheld Tip our black dog with his face white with quills from fighting a porcupine. All I can say is that it was too bad some one was not there with a stop watch. Oh what a speed record – that of beating a dog.

After the summer months had passed away the family of school age with mother would move back to Robin and there we would all attend school. The younger ones went to that school until I reached the fifth grade at the age of thirteen.

During the early spring or rather middle of the spring months large groups of us boys would meet at night and play games. We sure had fun, but sad to say some of these boys like some of the boys these days, liked to smoke. Up to this time I had never smoked, but some of the boys would coax me to smoke a little each night that we met for our games, and thinking it looked more like a man I would accept it. At that time not knowing the danger of it BUT LUCKY FOR ME, in that crowd was a cousin of mine, who was a few years older than I who had enough love and respect for me that he did not want to see me drug down by a poisonous weed. So he informed mother of it. Well, that was a sad day for me as mother gave me a good talking to. I sure did not like the idea of my cousin Lawrence Evans telling on me, but now I feel to thank him for delivering me from the grasp of that poisonous weed that would have hampered my life more or less all of my days, for after that I never smoked again.

At the age of 12 (1909), my brothers and father homesteaded in Crystal, Idaho, some 18 miles northwest of Robin. The next year I moved to Crystal with father and mother and almost all of my brothers and sisters, but father kept the house at Robin for a few more years.

In the fall of 1910 my brother-in-law Lavall Allsworth, my sister Mary, my brother William and I all went to Robin and were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder John Marley.

We returned to Crystal to make our homes. As Crystal was just being settled there was no organized branch of the church there. So we could not attend. I was deprived of that blessing for a few years. It was not until I was over 16 years of age that I learned what the standard works of the church are.

In the years 1910, 1911, my father, brothers, and brother-in-law all worked in a company clearing, plowing, planting and harvesting crops of the homesteads as they all joined each other.

Father's health was failing so in the year 1912 he asked Ralph, who was 3 ½ years older than myself, and I to take over his indebtedness of \$3500 and take the homestead. As I was but 15 years of age it seemed quite a task, but I was willing to try it. We had between us – 5 horses so we used 2 hand plows to plow the ground with. Father returned

to Robin, Idaho to make his home as his health was poor. He had but a small plow outfit to Ralph and I would go over to Robin to help him.

Father in his younger days used tobacco and at different periods in his life he stopped and then again started using it again after several years. At this late date in his life he was smoking. So Ralph and I decided we would try to make him stop the use of tobacco. We decided upon a plan. We would go to the store and get a pipe and some tobacco for each of us and then just smoke in his presence. This we did and it proved very successful. We would fill our pipes whenever he would smoke and puff until we were so sick we could hardly sit right side up. Father would look at us and say "Leave that tobacco alone" in a very harsh tone. And we would reply "If you are going to smoke we are, but if you will quit we will quit." This went on for several days and I was praying for him to say enough and forsake the old weed. It had left a scar on the back of my neck from the hot ashes as he held me in his arms as a babe and I was again feeling the affects of its power upon the human body, but at last the time came. I don't think I shall ever forget it. How blessed I was, for two reasons first that Father was going to master the weed and second I could free myself of such an unworthy and stinking companion as tobacco as it burned my neck years before.

We were sitting on the bank of the creek that ran through the place. Father as usual lighted his smoke so out came both of our pipes. Then we filled them and started puffing like two steam engines. As that smoke formed a cloud so thick that we could hardly get our breath father came forward with these same words, "You boys quit that smoking." And we gave him our reply, "when you quit we will." He after thinking deep for a few minutes replied, "Alright I will quit." We asked him to throw his tobacco in the creek and we would do the same. Which we all did, but I really felt sorry for the poor fish in the creek. I do not think father ever smoked after that.

After his field was plowed we returned to our work on the homestead.

Ralph would go to call on his wife to be, "Irene Snyder," several nights out of each week. I would be left alone. There was not one thing to do me harm but I though so. I would seek the company of the horses by sleeping in the manger. Maybe that accounts for me being such a donkey. At any rate while I had all of these dreaded hours to spend alone I would get the best book that I could find and read it. My first election was the Book of Mormon. I opened it up and started reading it from the first of the book. I had never read it or heard it read. In other words I knew but little or nothing about it. As I read page after page the character of that man Nephi seon(?) to stand out so much. "Oh what a man for an ideal. If I could only be like him," I thought. And as I went on reading the book I would ponder over the things related with in it and wonder if they were really true. How I longed to know. On the 9th of March I was reading the Book of Mormon and Ralph came into the house, and said these words. "You would give a lot to know what I'm thinking of. I cared not what he was thinking of, as my mind was in that Book of Mormon. I wanted to know if it was true. Something seemed to ask me to put it to the test. So I did. I said to myself if that book is true, I shall know what he is thinking of. No sooner had I done this than I knew as well as he himself, and to his astonishment made it known to him, and then told him what I had done. From then I have never doubted the Book of Mormon and my faith in it grows stronger each year I believe. To me that book is true.

After the fall work was done I could attend school as I had to do the farming first to be able to take care of the bills that must be paid. My schooling was very limited as I only reached the eighth grade.

The following year there was a branch organized in Crystal. In the year 1913 President Wm. A. Hyde, Noah A. Pond and Samuel Garbert who were the presidency of the high council were present. They called on all the members present to say something in regard to helping with this branch. I happened to be present so I was called to the floor and I will assure you I did not intrude on anyone's time, as I believe it was the first I had ever attempted to speak in a public gathering.

The next year 1914, the year that World War 1 started, a very sad event took place. My beloved brother-on-law Levall Allsworth passed to the great beyond. He was sure a fine man, The cause of his death was typhoid pneumonia.

Three days prior to his death I was shown a very striking dream which awoke me in the middle of the night as soon as I had received it. This was the dream. I saw a very beautiful white rabbit run and set up a few yards from me. I picked up a snow ball and threw it at him, it struck the rabbit and killed it. I walked up and picked it up and it changed to Levall, and I carried him in the house. Three days or rather nights later I carried him just as I had in the dream. He died the night before Thanksgiving.

This was a real trial for my sister Ella, his wife, but she stood it as she was blessed with grief and courage. The next year 1915 the whole of Crystal turned out with their farming equipment and planted her grain, which was surely showing the spirit of love.

That summer I worked at the mill in the Mink Creek district located on Corral Creek. That fall with Ella and May, my two sisters I went to Conference at Salt Lake. It was the first time I had ever been in that city and the furthest from home I had ever been since I came from Springville. It was quite a trip for me. We went out to Saltair. I had never seen as large a body of water before. It was very interesting as the state fair was on at that time. There were more attractions than my inexperienced mind could conceive. Those beautiful buildings, that wonderfully planned city, the lake, and the fair put me in a state of wonderment. I was swallowed up in the whole of it all.

In the early spring of 1916 my brother Ralph and I purchased a Ford car. We gave three hundred dollars for it. If you could see us driving that car today as it was when we bought it you would be under the impression that we had talked Amos and Andy out of their open air taxi, but that time we thought we really owned a car. We were not the only ones to be deceived. As it was the first gas wagon to be owned by a farmer of that Crystal Valley. Most of them envied us of the car. As today it would only find a place in the back yard to was wood.

Before very many months had passed away we decided we would like a better car. So we bought a Dodge. This we were very well pleased with. By fall the sporting business had packed up to such an extent that I had to get a car of my own, so I got a Buick. That same year five of us brothers started to buy a farm from L. G. Moench for \$15,000. It was located about 5 miles north from our homes. After paying him a good many thousand dollars and working on it for 16 years we lost it.

The first winter after taking the place I was asked to feed the stock on the ranch. It was a very hard winter. The snow got deeper than I had ever seen it. Hay that winter went as high as \$75 per ton. I was almost snowed in and 28 miles from town. One day my tooth began to ache. It kept increasing in pain for three days. It seemed that I could do

nothing to relieve the pain. I had but little sleep during that time. The night of the third day as I retired to bed and being accustomed to praying I knelt in prayer something seemed to say why not ask that my tooth be healed. I did so and it was healed instantly. The pain stopped so suddenly that it frightened me and I reached up and felt the side of my face where the pain had been and it was healed. This strengthened my faith in prayer and God.

I must not forget that Ralph my brother and partner married Irene Snyder that year and I was permitted to live with them for a while after.

The next year we 5 brothers worked on the new ranch we were buying. It seemed we were unable to make a sale of the old homes as we still owed money on them. It began to look as if we would loose all we had. We decided to live our religion the best we could and go in prayer to the Lord with our problems. So in accordance we would meet quite often at night after working hours and school ourselves in the gospel. At length we decided upon a certain day to fast and walk up in the mountains and there kneel in prayer and seek our Father in Heaven what we could do in regards to our debts. The day arrived, and without eating anything we left home for the mountains. In the after noon we stopped in a beautiful grove of trees. Here in a short time after we arrived we engaged in prayer, all untied in a circle and taking turns in leading. We had been thus engaged for some time, each having several turns in leading, when I felt some unseen power take hold of me and I was sinking in despair. Darkness gathered around me, and I was unable to speak when my turn came. I fell from the circle back against a tree. My brothers rebuked the power that held me bound and I was free to speak once more.

That same year I was called to assist A. J. Bell in the superintendency of the Crystal Sunday School. I was ordained an elder that same year under the hands of my brother Forres Whiting.

As the U.S. had declared war on Germany they were calling for soldiers., so in the spring of 1918, 21 of June I enlisted with the U.S. army. Before doing so I received my Patriarchal Blessing and went thru the Temple that I might have the Holy garments for protection. My blessing proved to be a great comfort and guide to me, especially during the time of war.

I enlisted at Fort Douglas and went from there to Atlantic City, Ga. After staying there three months we went to New York and sailed for France. On the ocean in the submarine zone the soldiers were very nervous and could not sleep as death was on the face of the deep. They had no assurance in writing as I had of their lives being protected. I had something with me that was worth more than the wealth of this world to me. It was just a little slip of paper, two pages. Could it be so valuable? Yes. It contained the very key to my life. With out it all was dark. Life may end anywhere, but with IT the path of life was illuminated so clearly that all I had to do was walk and keep my head erect that my feet might not stumble. Yes, The Lord had promised me thru his servant that his angels would protect me if I would adhere to his teachings. These are some of the things that are inscribed on those two sheets of paper.

We were 14 days on the water as we had to make such a long trip to keep out of the path of submarines. There were 14 ships in our convoy. They all sailed side by side about 1/4 mile apart. Each ship was striped with paint so in looking at them from a side view you could not tell where the end of the ship was as you might be looking at another ship a 1/4 of a mile farther, and thinking it to be the same ship.

I thought the whole world had turned to water as it seemed we would never reach land. We had a good voyage. The water was very smooth. It was lucky for us that it was smooth as all we had was an English freight boat that would carry but 1200 of us. At last we sighted land. When it came time to get off I could hardly walk. It sure seemed queer to walk on something that was nothing moving. The next thing was where were we? But we soon found out. It was Brest, France. It was the last of September and the rain was really coming down. We were taken to a soldier camp used by Napoleon. When I looked at it I thought he might have been the last to use it. We were to stay there just for a short time, then were taken to a field where we could use our pup tents. The mud was about 6 in. deep and it was still raining. At this time the "Spanish Flu" as it was called hit our camp. They were hauling the dead out by the truck load. We left this place in a week and moved slowly to Neufchateau, France, just about 25 miles from the firing line. We could hear them shooting. Here we had our repair shops. AS I was with a repair unit we camped there for the winter. We were not bothered by the Germans only when an airplane would come over once in a while. We were quite well fortified as there was a French, English, and American aviation field protecting us on three sides. At night all of the lights in the city were turned out so that city and country looked the same. But we did not have to wait long for the city to turn the lights on again as the Germans were soon on the run. For several days they would retreat as much as 25 miles per day. One evening I thought I would walk down town, which was about a mile from camp. Upon doing so I was soon aware the city lights were on. As I approached the city, I thought they had all gone mad. There seemed to e such a yelling and cheering and hugging and kissing going on. I no sooner reached the crowd until the French grabbed me and kissed me and said, "Americans Americans," and yet I could not understand, finally I heard some one say the war was over. Boy what a relief. No one knows how good that sounded. Could it be true? And we did not know it at camp. But believe it or not it was true.

About all we had to do then was to work, and wait for a chance to go home. In a short time I made the acquaintance of some Mormon boys from Utah. As I had taken the four standard works, the lectures on the Articles of Faith by James E. Talmage, and a ready reference with me. I thought I might make use of them. I later discovered that I alone had taken religious books.

I found another Elder and we talked it over together and decided to get the Utah boys that were Mormons to all meet once a week and study the principles. We discovered that there were about thirty and they all agreed to meet with us once a week. We asset a day, but had no place to meet only outside somewhere, but we made the best of it. For several times we met out in the truck yard by some trucks. We wanted a better place to meet. The Y.M.C.A. had rooms but could we use them was the question. They had a bible class once each weekend and had invited us all to attend. If we should ask for a room they would ask why not attend their bible class. At length we decided to try and get a room from them. I was to go and talk with the Y.M.C.A. man and see if he would permit us to use a room "with two others." We went as asked not knowing what to say but praying that the Lord would place the proper words in my mouth. As I met the Y.M.C.A. man I stated our business, and told him we were Mormons and would like to get a room in which to study the Bible once a week. He replied, "We hold a Bible class once a week, why not join us in the study?" That would have been alright just for me, but I wanted to instill in the heart of these boys with me from Utah the Gospel of Jesus

Christ. As I had trusted in the Lord for an answer it came this was it the 11 Article of Faith. I quoted it to him and he said that is fine boys, I have a room you can use anytime you wish.

Sometime after that there was a man hired by the government to preach to the A.E.F. soldiers. Came to our camp, he made this remark that he could answer any question you ask him. He spoke several times to us at the Y. I could see he was very well learned. The boys that were not of our faith that he was acquainted with tried to get him and I to debate on religion. I was not anxious. As fearing through my weak of being unable to defend the gospel as I should, might be a stumbling block for them, but the Lord was with me. As they of about 10 led me to the stand where he was after the meeting was over trying to start a debate. One spoke to this learned man. And said, pointing to me, I will be you can't guess what religion this fellow belongs to. Ho I cannot said he. As we have several hundred to our condemnation. I ask what he meant by that statement. He replied, I was in the ministry for 26 years and resigned because I believed there should be but one Church. Of which I readily agreed. Then things had made a change. As the learned man and the uneducated Mormon had agreed there was not debate so we started back to the barracks. All the way I took accasion to explain the oneness of the gospel. The boys couldn say nothing as the learned man had sanctioned it. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism" said Paul.

A short time after this I was promoted to Sergeant, and later I was sent in charge of a convoy of trucks to different places in France. This way I saw most of the battlefields of France. We would drive thru large cities and there would not be one perfect building in it. They were all shot to pieces, and not one living thing. Even the grass looked dead, also from poisonous gasses.

Someplace there would be for a good many miles hardly any land that was not marred by shell or shovel, and forest would be shot down. One cannot explain the condition of the battle fields, They have to be seen to be fully appreciated. I believe "No man's land" gets the nearest to its name.

In February I was granted a 7 day leave with a pass to go to Southern France. I went with Stanley Bradshaw from Southern Utah. We soon hoined others and had a real trip. We went to Monaco, a little kingdom of 5 miles square, but bery rich, on the Mediterranean coast. Here we went through the casino at Monte Carlo. Speaking of gold – well it was there, pictures of pure gold, and each room so elaborately furnished, It was almost beyond conception. We were told that this building rented for \$1,000,000 per year. The subjects of that kingdom did not pay taxes as that rent supported the kingdom.

The weather was wonderful on the trip. I would say it was just right while I was there. I could pick oranges from the trees and at the same time be looking at huge snow drifts on the Alps several thousand feet above. There were a good many deserted towns with a very few people still living in them, I think this is where the haunted houses, castles and phantom ghosts originated. One day we went out for a boat ride with a French man in a row boat. The waves were about 5 feet high. We went out about 1 mile. I was sure glad when we returned. My two companions were feeding the fish. On another day we went over the line in to Italy, On the old Roman road there we saw milestones said to have been built by Julius Caesar. There we were a few olive oil mills, as there was olive trees growing on the terraces on the sides of the mountains. There was one place near Monte Carlo where you could look down over a cliff 2000 feet into the sea. Here we were

told that there was an average of one suicide each week. Gamblers after loosing their money would jump over the cliff. We were told that one man had just gone over after losing \$1,000,000. We visited an old prison where they have stretchers that would stretch the prisoners arms and legs until they are pulled apart. There was also a chute leading down to the ocean with knives in it. They would put the victim or prisoner in the chute and let him slide to their death. The knives would cut him to pieces and he would drop in the ocean. It didn't look good to me.

I believe Monte Carlo is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen as it is so wonderfully located.

The time soon arrived to start back for the camp at Neufchateau. Upon arriving I found that my clothes would almost crawl. So I took them to the cootiezer and got a new suit.

President Wilson drove a 50 Cadillac car into our shp and we had to work nights and Sunday to get them in shape for him to use. I took a 38 pistol cartridge from the picket of one of his cars as a souvenir. His daughter sang for us.

One rainy day we had to walk about 8 miles and stand in the rain, and let Gen. Pershing review us. I shall never forget how still I was. Not even batting an eye as he walked by at arms length from me.

Shortly after this one day when I was working, a messenger boy asked me to report to the commanding general. Upon doing so I found there was a release for me. I was to leave at 11 o'clock for Saint Agnon. It was then 9 o'clock. Say did I throw things? At any rate I never missed the train. (note2) I was put in charge of 2 others, and was to report to the commanding Gen. at St. Agnon, France, which I did and was put in with a casualty company. The co. I was formerly with was 308 M.T.C. (all Master Sergeants).

Let me call your attention to a clause in the Blessing given me prior to my leaving home. "When all that is required of you, you will be honorably released" Note the fulfillment of this. The work had all practically been done and my co. was just waiting for transporting back like thousands of others. In fulfillment of the promise I was taken from my Co. and put with a returning company.

I embarked from Marseilles and came down the Mediterranean by Portugal and Africa, thru the narrow neck by the rock of Gibraltar in Spain. While on the Mediterranean. I saw 3 whales. It looked as if they shot water 50 feet into the air about every 5 minutes.

On the way back to the U.S. we ran into a rough storm. Waves looked as much as 50 ft. high we could not see the other ship that was only a 1/2 of a mile away. This lasted for 3 days. Talk about sick! Well I was all of that. Fishes weren't hungry then. When the wind stopped the sea was as glass or a small lake. This storm held us back till we were 14 days on this trip.

At last one morning about 4 o'clock the lights of New York began to shine. Boy! Did they look good! I stayed in New York about one week. Then I was discharged and came straight home. The Gov. gave me 5 cents a mile and a \$60 bonus. I had saved most of the money that I had received in wages, so I was sitting pretty for a while.

Shortly after coming home I started keeping company with Virginia Staley, a girl I had known for a good many years. I worked at the sawmill that summer, When Oct 27 arrived Virginia and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple. The next spring father died. (1920) That summer with my brother William we freighted lumber with 2 wagons each

and a 6 horse team. That fall I bought a truck and hauled all the lumber alone, and William went on a mission to the Southern States.

1921 I farmed at Crystal with my brother Ralph. We reaped a good crop. During the summer I was called with Ralph my brother to fill a 2 year home mission. The next spring, 1922, in March, Virginia and the baby died (2 days old).

Before they died I was shown a few wonderful things to help me understand the reason for them being taken. I was shown the day Virginia was to go and who was to escort her to the Eternal Abode. The which she later verified as some one of the Eternal introduced him to her the day she passed on and was heard by mortals. In a night's vision she stood in the air about 4 feet above the floor dressed in her Temple dress, and spoke these words to me, "Death isn't so bad after all. I had to die. I had to go at the head of the family to prepare a place for the rest of the family. And they will all come in their turn." At this there were 5 children appeared around me. This was a big help to me as it opened my eyes to understand the cause and what was expected of me. (This was written in 1933 while we were snowed in at Crystal).

This took place in 1921.

While Ralph and I were farming about 1500 acres in Crystal valley a very wonderful thing took place. As it was a very dry year or summer an agent had been trying to sell us some drought insurance on our grain. We had paid our tithing and felt that the Lord would make good his promise of a crop, but we were not quite sure whether to take the insurance or not. So we decided to ask the Lord, We put 3 slips of paper in a hat, each with an answer to our question on it. Then asking the Lord to guide our hand to bring out the right answer to our question, we drew out a slip. The slip told us not to take out the insurance, but to trust the Lord. It kept getting dryer every day. So one day when we were putting up hay we decided to ask the Lord for rain. There was a large rock about 9 ft high in the middle of our field. We climbed to the top of this rock and dedicated this grain to the Lord, and asked Him to cause rain to come and water it. It was a very bright day and we went back to our hay making. In a very short time a small cloud appeared over the ranch. It started growing and getting blacker until thunder and lightening started. Then it started to rain. It rained over our ranch so hard that we were all soaked to the skin, and crowded against the haystack while it rained. We started home after the rain was over, but I was unable to get to the house the usual way because of a large stream of water which ran for a short time. The Lord did make good his promise, and we raised a fine crop of wheat that year. This rain came only on our ranch to any extent.

I'm starting this history again on May 4, 1955 after 23 years – Reese (Some notes on intervening history appear on the last pages) – Eva

After Virginia's death I lived with my mother and worked on the farm with my brother Forres, One night in the summer of 1923 I received a dream and joined in a song with a group. On arising in the morning I still remembered the song and the dream. This is the song and the dream. I was taken to a funeral where 2 people had been killed in an auto accident: a red headed woman and a man about 35 years of age. At the time I knew the two, but upon arising in the morning I had forgotten them. At the funeral there seemed to be a large plate glass between the ones who had just passed away and the group that I was with of about 20. I knew the group I was with. They were part members and part non-members of the L.D.S. church. The two who had just died and on the other side of the large plate glass were soon joined by about 4 others. One of the 4 was taking

charge. They all stood in a circle and were holding some sort of a meeting and they opened by singing some sort of a song. And as they started to sing we who were L.D.S. started to sing with them. I did not remember ever singing the song before, but I with all the L.D.S. group sang it as though we had always known it. I looked and not one of the non-members of the group sang a word of the song. This is the song the group in the circle were singing:

Come all you united brethren, we will sing with one accord
For now the body dies, we'll return unto the Lord.
(This was sung to the tune of "Shall the Youth of Zion Falter")

By this I was let to believe that the L.D.S. were united with those behind the veil, as they all sang together, The non-members did not seem to know one word of the song, and did not join in the singing.

I continued to work the farm and live with my mother for several years. L.F. Moench the man we were buying the farm from worked with us for a while. One year at harvest time we had our wheat hauled as we cut it, and most of it was sold then as we needed the money to take care of the bills as they came along. The money from the wheat was put in the Copper National Bank of Salt Lake City. It was a bank none of us had ever visited except L.F. Moench. We trusted him and put the money in that bank on his recommendation. The money was in his name and I was given the right to sign his name with mine right under it. This worked fine for a while. We put several thousand dollars in and had drawn some out as we needed it. One day Forres and I went to Pocatello and bought about \$400 worth of supplies, and wrote checks all over town for the same. In a few days I was warned in a dream that something was wrong. In the dream I was in Garden Creek Gap hanging over a ledge by a rope. I told my brother Forres of the dream, and that I thought something was wrong with the money at the bank. So we went to Pocatello and on the way we stopped at the elevator where the grain was and sold it and took the money with us as we would go from one place of business to another where we had written checks before. They all greeted us with returned checks from the Copper National Bank with the note "signature not as on file." So we made the checks good with the grain money we had just sold. When we got home we informed Moench of all that had taken place. He tried to make us believe he had nothing to do with the changing of the signatures, and made me promise I would go to Salt Lake and talk to the bank president there. So before I went I had another dream, I walked into the bank and a dark complexioned man (stout) said to me as I asked to see the Pres. "Mr. Armstrong is not in today." As I agreed I went to Salt Lake City and the exact incident occurred.

A few years later I received another dream. I walked up an aisle in a large building and down another. As I walked there were beds on the floor with a man and wife in each. As I approached each bed I would bleat to each couple in each bed, in the language of a sheep. They would answer back in the same language, as I was representing the Lamb of God. They all answered me but the last couple. There only the man answered. The wife said "I am not going to follow the Savior, I am going to follow Satan." Upon arising in the morning I told my brother Forres and mother of the dream, and told them that I had to go on a mission, but I did not know where. They agreed with

me. In a short time I had forgotten about the dream and had made no preparation for a mission.

About one year from that date I became acquainted with a woman by the name of Bessie Davis. She was the sister of our former Bishop Moses Fannin. She was not a member of the church, She had come from the hills of Kentucky to visit her brother. At times she was possessed with evil spirits, especially when she spoke of joining the church. She was bothered with these evil spirits off and on for about three months, during which time many vivid experiences took place. We were assisted in these experiences by the Stake High Council and others of the Priesthood. My brother L.S. Whiting (son-in-law of Moses Fannin) was Bishop, my brother Forres first councilor, and I second councilor. We were in the experiences and bouts with the Devil all the way. The church had us write a history of these events, So we all got together and wrote all that we thought should be told. During this same time there were related events in related homes of which nothing was related in this history, but I believe enough has been said on the subject so I will say no more about it these evil manifestations except I would hate to go through the likes again. I am sure they were a taste of Hell.

The fall of 1927 I was still living with my mother and not married yet again, but had my eyes on a young school teacher who had come to our district to teach. As I had been shown five children that I was to help bring into this world I must be sure who was to be their mother. So I was praying to our Father in Heaven that I would be guided to the right one, but as yet I was not sure.

Just before the depression of 1929 we brothers had one of the largest wheat and cattle ranches in that part of the country and were losing it fast. One night in the early fall of that year, I received the same dream that I had received the two years before of seeing the six couples in bed. This time more were added and I was told I should go to the Southern States Mission. My father who had died told me I was to go before spring. I also saw some of the people so clearly that I knew I would recognize them.

Upon arising from my bed, I told my mother of my dream, and told her I would sure have to go on a mission. She said "Reese I'm glad I never told you before, but all day yesterday I was praying that you could go on a Mission." My mother's prayers had been heard. I then told my brothers of the dream, and some said we haven't the money, we are losing our property. The depression is getting worse. This did seem to be the case, but I remembered the words of Nephi to his brothers "The Lord never required anything of any one that he did not first provide the way whereby the thing required could be accomplished." So I went to work and in three months, I had enough money to almost complete my Mission I thought. My name was sent in by my brother the Bishop, (L.S. or Len Whiting) to the Stake Pres. William Hyde of Pocatello Stake from there to Pres. Heber J. Grant. In a few days I received a letter from church Pres. Grant which said, "Brother Alfred Reese Whiting you have been found worthy to fill a Mission in the Southern States." Now there were 27 Missions at that time, and I could have been sent to any one of them, but Pres. Grant must have been inspired and sent me as the dream had pointed out.

I left Salt Lake City late in Jan, 1928. After two weeks of training in the Mission home. I was put in charge of 25 Missionaries going to the Southern States Mission. When we arrived at the Mission headquarters Pres. Charles A. Callis who was president over 7 states in that mission called us all into a large room. He sat on a chair in the center of the

circle with us around. He looked at first one and then the other, Until he had looked at all of us. He didn't say a word until he had looked us all over. Then he started asking each one where he wanted to go. Some of them told him their choice. When he came to me I told him I didn't know. "President Callis, I was sent here by revelation and when you assign me a field of labor I want it done under the self same spirit." Pres. Callis arose from his chair and left the room for a few minutes. When he returned he looked at me and said, "Elder Whiting, you will go to South Carolina." Now he could have sent me to any of the 7 different states, but he had to send me to the right one, for I had seen these people and could not accept just any one. So only by the Spirit of Revelation could he do it.

So to South Carolina I went, praying all the time that the Lord would guide me to the right people. About a year of searching the state for them I held a cottage meeting in Charleston and saw one of them walk into the room and sit down. I was just sure that was one of them. As soon as the meeting was over this lady who was sister Rivers, came up to me and said, "I have been looking all by life for the Gospel and never heard it till I heard it from you tonight." She told me she had talked with all the ministers in the city of Charleston, They became angry with her because she said they did not have the Church of Christ. At that time she was a leader in the Star Gospel Mission. She told her husband and he came out to meetings with her. One night soon after, I was sitting in a Cottage meeting when Sister Rivers came in and sat down at the back of the room. She kept staring at me all thru the meeting. I wondered what I had done. After meeting she came up to me and said she wanted to talk to me. She took me aside and told me this story. "The other night I had a dream or a vision, and was carried away in the air, and into a large castle. An Angel of the Lord said to me "Have Elder Whiting dedicate your house to the Lord" I looked and said "That isn't Elder Whiting He always wears a dark suit and no glasses. This man wears glasses and a gray suit. When I came here tonight you were dressed in a gray suit and wearing glasses."

All this was true. I had never worn anything but black til then while in the city, but a few days before my eyes had given me trouble and I had to have some rest glasses. I had seen a very good buy on a gray suit, and needing one for my country work I bought it. So I was wearing both glasses and suit at this meeting. I baptized Bro. and Sis. Rivers, and family. They had some very dear friends by the name of Howards who attended the meetings with them. They were converted and baptized at the same time. This was 4 out of the twelve I was to find.

There was a family by the name of Ridgeway, very fine people, who were attending our meetings in Charleston and took part, but they would not join the Church for some reason. One night after my companion, Elder Peterson, and I had retired about 10 o'clock a knock came at the door. We opened and found Bro Ridgeway. His baby was very ill and he wanted us to administer to it. We took the street car to about 5 miles out of town to his place. He lived in the upper part of a very large house, which seemed to be vacant except for his family. We found Sister Ridgeway holding a very sick baby. In a little while we administered again, and it just seemed to get worse. In a little while we administered again, and still it failed. So as usual I tried to get myself where I could ask my Heavenly Father just what the trouble was. So I started for the door. I had gone thru several rooms when I noticed Brother Ridgeway following me.

He asked me where I was going. I told him somewhere where I could inquire of the Lord. At that Brother Peterson joined us. Brother Ridgeway said to go into this side

room where we found table and chairs. We all knelt down around the table and I asked Bro. Ridgeway to lead us in prayer. While we were praying the Spirit made known to me the trouble. As soon as we had risen I said to Brother Ridgeway "You know the gospel is true don't you? But why won't you join it?" Then looking Brother Ridgeway in the face and not knowing what I was saying, the words being put in my mouth I said "As a servant of God I promise you if you will comply with the first principles and ordinances of the gospel, and go down into the water and be baptized and become a member of this church that the baby shall live." Brother Ridgeway replied "Thank God! I'll do it." Little did I realize what I was saying as the baby seemed to be dying that very moment. We administered to the baby again and it seemed to get a little better. In a little while it looked as though we might as well go back to our room as the baby seemed much better. So we did. In the morning we were again awakened by Brother Ridgeway who said we were fighting a losing game. The baby was in the hospital and the doctor had pronounced it dead. You may not understand just how I felt at this remark. As through the Spirit I had promised it life, but I knew it was not me, but the Lord who had made that promise. Elder Peterson and I went to the hospital as soon as we could. There I found Sister Ridgeway in very deep sorrow. I put my arms around her shoulders and asked her to have faith. She said she was trying to. I stood there a few moments and the nurse came out and said the baby was living. It kept getting better and in a short while it was completely well. Brother and Sister Ridgeway were baptized and confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ by me. Thus 2 more were awakened and joined the church. I had now found half of the 12 I had come seeking.

A few days later as I was tracting in Charleston, I met a man by the name of Carter. I introduced myself and told him I was a Mormon Elder. He said he knew the Mormons had power. He invited me into his home where I met his wife and family, and his sister Dorothy. All of whom I had the pleasure of baptizing into the church. After I met his family he told me how he knew the Mormons had power.

He said when he was 9 years old his father was very sick. They had all the doctors they could get for him, but still he got worse. The doctor told the family to prepare for the worst. The father couldn't live till morning.

The family were gathered in the house when a knock came about 10 o'clock that night. The door was opened and two very neat elderly gentlemen with beards entered. They just nodded to the family and walked to the bed where the father lay. One of the men took father by the hand and said "Do you know me? The father said "Yes! You are a Mormon Elder" "Do you have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?" The answer was "Yes" Then one of the men anointed the father with oil. They blessed him and left the room.

The next morning the doctor came to the ranch and asked about the father. "Sit down a moment and he will be here. He is feeding the pigs" he was told. In a few moments the father came and sat on the porch by the doctor. That day some of the family were met in town by the men who had anointed the father. When asked if the father was well. They said they knew he would be as the Lord had sent them. They then desired to hold a few meetings with the family and did so. I do not know if any joined the church at that time, but it did cause Brother Carter to believe in the Mormon Elders. All I had to do was awaken him. This made 8 of the 12 I was to find. I did not tell him I believed the TWO to be some of the THREE NEPHITES that appeared. They said they were Mormon Missionaries. Who had a better right to say that?

Later I went to Georgetown where there were two who were coming to church by the name of Wynn, man and wife, but for reasons unknown to the Elders, they were unable to baptize them. So the district president asked me to go see what I could do. I found 2 very nice people. I called a meeting and talked on baptism. After the meeting I asked Brother Wynn when he was going to be baptized. He said "When my wife is" so I asked the wife when she was going to be baptized and she said "When my husband is." So I got the two together and they were baptized next day. The next morning was a very rough one. Talk about storm it really rained. Some of the members tried to tell them that as long as they had waited this long why not wait for A BETTER DAY, but nothing doing. They were now awake to the fact that this was the Church of the Lamb of God. As I had seen them in my dream they heard me bleat, the requirement of the Lamb, and they were determined to be baptized as soon as possible. The rain made it almost impossible to get to the place of baptism, but we found plenty of water, as the bar pits were full. So I baptized the Wynns and Sis. Mills.

This was ten of the twelve I had seen in my dream.

I was then transferred to Colombia S.C. where I met a man by the name of Davis. He was a member of a large family who were leaders in the Church, but he would not join, His wife belonged to the Catholic Church, and was very much opposed to the L.D.S. As soon as I talked to them about the church Grother Davis accepted it, but his wife said, "I am Catholic and I'm not going to be a Mormon, This was also in fulfillment of the dream. So I baptized Brother Davis in Crystal Springs just out of Colombia S.C. this completed the twelve I had seen in my dream. I baptized 34 others while on my mission to South Carolina.

I had many other wonderful experiences while I was on my mission. The last 8 months I was District President, over the whole state of South Carolina. It was so large that I did not get to visit all the branches and Sunday Schools, So President Callis asked me to divide it into 2 districts, with the help of the Elders I did.

In 1930 I was released. In March 8 other Elders and I bought a 1929 Chevrolet car. Five of us Elders came home in it. Elder Shelleys wife came out from Arizona and we accompanied him home. So they bought a Ford car and two of the Elders came home with them. We all traveled together until we reached Arizona where most of them lived. We left Colombia S.C. and went to Augusta Georgia and then followed the coast line from there to Arizona. Then up through St. George where we tried to make the Temple caretaker believe we were Non-Mormons, and asked him all sorts of silly questions. At Salt Lake City we reported to the mission authorities. At this place I finally lost all my passengers. It was a fine trip all the way except in Texas we broke a car axle in the desert and had to wait 8 hours to have one sent out to us from the nearest town.

When I arrived at the nearest town of McCammon, Idaho, I stopped to visit my sister Maud. Then I called Eva Harper with whom I had been keeping company before I left for my mission. I had been shown in a dream she was to be my wife and mother of my 5 children. She lived at Topaz about 12 miles from McCammon. I thought I had better call her so she would have a chance to get the other boy friends cleared out of the way before I got there. It must have worked. She was alone when I arrived. About 2 months later we were married in the Logan Temple. She had been teaching school for 5 years before we were married. Afterward there was not time for such activities.

I worked at the sawmill at Crystal Creek that summer. We Whiting brothers owned it. I stayed only one year as we were losing our property in the depression, so Eva and I and my brother William and his wife Ethel all went to McCammon, Idaho, and started to buy a place on March Creek. We milked about 15 cows that summer. By fall we were quite sure the place was not large enough for 2 families. It seemed we were the ones to move. After looking for some time we rented the Purkey place about 3 miles south of Pocatello and the Mink Creek Road. I milked about 17 cows most of the winter. About the time we moved our first child was born at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho. We named her Evelyn Mae. It was an early winter and the snow was about 10 in. deep at the time (Nov. 23, 1931). The house we moved into was a thin shell. I fixed up a one room bunk house next to it the best I could and we managed to keep from freezing that winter.

In the spring we started to buy a place at Onyx (about half way between Pocatello and McCammon) from Ernest Allen. So we moved our milk cows on the place and sold cream for 11 cents a pound. We had good cows and pasture but we couldn't make our payments at the rate. There was a tricky saddle horse went with the place. One morning I went to catch him and he kicked me on both legs at once with his two hind feet. He was so close to me that I thought he didn't get much of a swing at me, and it didn't hurt much at the time. I got on him and rode him to the brow of a hill where he started bucking, but I had to endure that only a short time and he made a quick turn and I just kept on going ahead, down the hill about 10 feet. I landed on my head and shoulders. I didn't think I was hurt much. I got up and drove the horse to the house about ¼ mile away. A few minutes after I reached the house I was unable to walk. The falling on head and shoulders seemed to sprain both legs. Anyway I couldn't walk without help for about 2 weeks. I still had to milk cows Eva couldn't but with her help and finally mother we managed.

By now things were so tough we couldn't make our payments. It was 1932. No money, no work for anyone it seemed. People were on the move every where trying to find work. Almost every day people would stop at the house and ask for food and gas. We would help them the best we could, but we had so little ourselves.

We decided to move back to Crystal and freight grains for the farmers. I did have truck left. By this time we had all lost all of the property at Crystal. One of the best ranches there at the time. We were all out of debt, although we had very little to call our own. Quite a change in one year from \$87,000 to nothing. It was really hard to take. At one time we were advised by several leading men to declare bankruptcy. This we could clear all debts and still have quite a bit of property left. We all decided against it and I am glad. Now our good name is not marred by that bankruptcy act, which it would have been if we had filed.

By now most of my brothers had moved to Salmon, Idaho, a distance of some 250 miles. I had gone up there and looked over the land they were to buy and thought I would move with them, but changed my mind for a while. I helped move them up there, then we moved into one of the vacated homes that no one seemed to want.

As I had 3 cows and 3 horses I tried to get enough feed for them for the winter, but money was very scarce and I could make little more than expenses by freighting. So I didn't have enough feed (stock) for a hard winter. It turned out to be one of the hardest winters I had seen. A nephew of mine Fred Marley and his wife and baby and brother-in-law moved into a little house about 250 yards from us. They planned to do some trapping during the winter. We were trying to prepare for the winter. So we went up into the hills

and piled up wood, and I started to haul it out on a sled. I made only one trip. It was just before Christmas and Fred and his family went home to the folks for the holidays. It snowed them out and us in! The snow was 8 foot on the level. I could not get the wood out of the hills, so I had to cut green wood along the creek to keep us warm. I made a little hand sled on skis and hauled in all my wood on it by hand. Evelyn was just learning to walk.

Once a month I would try and go to the Post office on horse back for the mail and a few simple supplies. It was about 6 miles.

One of my horses died and I was left with only one horse and a small colt. There was an Indian family by the name of Wilson Jack that lived about 5 miles away on the reservation. He would come and visit us once in a while. Out side of him and another Indian I don't believe we were bothered with visitors much. One man came several miles on snow shoes to check on us, and toward spring the Bishop and family and a neighbor or to the left North came to check with us.

On one occasion when Wilson Jack came visiting I told him of losing my horse. He told us he had a horse we could have. We had no money and nothing to trade him, but he said he would take the small colt as payment. He also figured we had helped his father Grouse Creek Jack many times, which we had. Now he wanted to do something in return. He have us a very nice mare and offered to bring the entire tribe with all their horses to beat a path out for us. We were very thankful to him. I learned that my help to his father had really made a true friend.

In Feb. the stock feed was almost gone. The snow was still 4 feet deep. Had it not been for the supplies that my nephew and family had left we would have been short of food for ourselves indeed. As it was we had sufficient. Not so with the stock. There was no way to get feed and I had no money to buy with if there had been. There was only one way to save the stock and that was to take my problem to the Lord. After my wife and baby had gone to bed one night, I got down on my knees an put the whole problem before the Lord. I told him I had paid my tithing, and that I had been promised I would be blessed if I did. I told him my stock was out of food and I had no way to get any for them. I asked for help. Before I stopped praying I knew that my prayer would be answered. Within a few minutes a wind started to blow from the south. It blew almost steady for 4 days. It took the snow from the south side of the hills where the dry June grass was thick and had been all. The stock stayed on those west slopes the rest of the winter or about 2 months. This was very unusual for that part of the country.

So I can only say "Put your faith in the Lord and he will never let you down. But you must be tried, like it or not."

The summer of 1932 L.A. or Jay my brother and I got together, and got us a sawmill. As we had no money it was a hard thing to do. There was an Avery steam engine up Crystal Creek about a mile above the farms. My brothers and I had owned it once. We had used it to power a sawmill once before. We knew a man who had parts of 2 saw mills, so we traded a harness for what he could find of it. Then we went to a machine shop of a friend and made the rest. We did quite well with the lumber mill. We could trade lumber for several things we needed. In Pocatello there was an N.D.A. store which had a variety of goods they had traded for. They would take our lumber, pay us half cash and give us script for the rest. The script could be used for several things in quite a few ways in Pocatello. This store also had quite a few things we could trade for.

That winter I worked on the W.P.A. building roads. It sure was good to have a job and a few dollars (\$3 per day) with the team! The winter was quite mild and easy and we worked through until spring. Then Jay and I went back to the sawmill. Jay would haul the logs about a mile to the hill, and I would fall and log a load while he made the trip. I used an ax and 6 foot ribbon saw. Jay's little 10 year old girl Jaunita would help me and we did all right, That fall Richard was born at Aunt Lucy's at Topaz (near Lava) I freighted grains as long as I could. The next summer Jay and I worked at the mill and traded lumber for cows and kept the cows around the mill.

That fall I traded my part of the mill to Jay. Then traded lumber to a farmer to truck my cows to Salmon, Idaho where my other brothers were. I now had 14 milk cows, a wife and 2 kids. I gave Clark and Ella Dick, my sister and brother-in-law, \$300 for their contract on the place they were buying. They wanted to move to Missouri. We had been on this ranch only a few months when we had to move. The boy's ranches were on Hagel Creek and sort of all under one gig contract with Insurance Company. So now the group was loosing out again. In the middle of the winter my brother Len and I sawed frozen cotton wood trees for lumber and made us a shack. Len let me have 40 acres of his land to live on. That summer I raised all the feed I needed for the cows on that place.

Just before Christmas Dec. 19, Heather Maveen was born in this cotton wood house in the trees. Eva's Aunt Lucy, out of pure kindness came up from Topaz and took care of the baby and helped us out for a while. I don't think I can ever forget her kindness.

The next summer we bought a place on the big flats, about 6 miles north of Salmon, from Hyrum Young.

Jack Kellog, Irene's nephew about 12 years old helped me drive the cows to this place. We cut through the bills and on the way a lost calf joined the group. Jack wanted me to keep the lost calf, but it was not ours just because it was lost. So we left it at the first ranch house we came to, and asked him to find the owner.

On this place Hi Young had built a small one roomed house. So I built a lean-to on it. Then with my brother Len we started another sawmill there. With that and milking cows we did fairly well. While here I received 3 very great blessings. One was the privileged of being taken into Heaven and seeing many wonderful things. I experienced the wonderful feeling of being there, which I have not the power to describe. The whole spirit of it was love. Such a wonderful feeling of Love. Here one loved to work more than ever, and just longed and loved to see someone else get ahead. More concerned about other people than self. What a thrill to be in a place like that! One can never know without being there. As I returned to earth I could look down on earth and see the spirit of the Devil here mingled with things of the earth. What a difference it was to return! No wonder we have to watch and pray.

The other great blessing was a vision of my life. I was shown the path I was to take. An Angel of the Lord said, "The Lord and Savior is with you all the way." Every so far there was a trial of some nature to test me and prove me, I had gone through them all so far. As I came to the end of the path there was a large cake of ice about a rod thick, right in the path. As I approached it I said, "As the prophets shall smite the rocks and ice shall flow down at their presence, I also shall smite this ice and it shall flow down at my presence." Then the Savior stood by me and said, "I know you can, but I will do it for you." And he did.

About this time my sister Mary at Oxford, Idaho died (Feb. 4, 1937) Mother was also living at Oxford at the time. She was the only one of the family near Mary, Most of the rest were living at Salmon, Idaho then (abt. 300 mi.). We were very much concerned about Mother as Mary was her youngest daughter, and mother was quite attached to her. Mother was getting along in years. And we should have been with her at such a time. It was in the winter and the snow was very deep on the Arco desert. The snow plow had made a road about as high as the cars through which to travel. About 25 cars were snow bound. We finally got to Oxford and to our surprise mother was taking Mary's death much better than we had thought possible. We couldn't quite understand. In a short time mother related this story to me "Mary had been dead for a few hours when she came back to life and told mother she had been in heaven and seen father, (He had been dead since 1920) she also told her several other things. She said, "When you have your health and everything is going well, that is really fine, but you have not seen anything. It is so beautiful I just can't describe it." She said she saw Ralph, William's and Reese's homes and they were beautiful. She also said she had not come back to stay, but had only come to ask that some one take care of her new baby, (William and Ethel took the child Mary Clarice, and did a good job I believe). Mary said she must leave the next day and she did. She told all who were at her bedside (including mother) "They are here now and I must go." She bid them all goodbye and passed away. Mother was able to understand things more clearly after this incident.

While I was on the Big Flate (6 mi. north of Salmon) my brother Forres died (April 6, 1928). He left a very large family, about 18 children I believe. His first wife Marjery had had 13 children. The second wife Olive had 8-9 before she married Forres and one afterward. There was no insurance. So the church, relatives, and neighbors all helped and built them a home in Salmon. Forres had just got a sawmill before he died. So Clark Dick and I bought it from his widow. We moved it to the Fourth of July Creek and ran it just one year. Lumber was selling as low as \$11 per thousand so we had to quit. We were going behind. We sold the mill for \$350 and moved to Darby, Montana.

James Kerrigan of Salmon was kind enough and trusted us enough to buy a place for us just north of Darby, Montana. He sold it to us on a ten year term with 8% interest. As we were broke again this was surely a prayer answered for us. Clark, Dick, and I had seen and liked the place but had no money to buy. Clark said there was no use trying, but I wouldn't give up, so I asked my Heavenly Father to help me again. James Kerrigan was almost a stranger to me. He had come to our mill on the Big Flats and immediately taken a liking to me. He was a father to me the rest of his life. No one could have been better.

The spring before we moved to Darby (March 23, 1929) Alice Louise was born. She was the third girl and fourth child. Clark and I went to Darby in the late fall and managed to get a small house built. We all (Clark-Ella) **Todd** moved to Darby on Dec. 23, 1939, just 2 days before Christmas. We stopped on Lost Trail Pass on the way over and cut a very small tree which we nailed to a ceiling joist in our new home. (No room for it elsewhere). We made a building out of 2-by-4s for a grainery to live in for a while and planned to build a house as soon as we could. (We never did build) The shingles for the roof were some we had sawed out ourselves. The knots fell out and the rain fell in. The shingles kept shrinking, just like the 12 in. board that church an inch a year for 13 years. Did we ever have fun when it rained! Got out all the pots and pans and tried to

duck the rain. Those were the good old days when you couldn't get enough money to buy a meal.

I had no money to buy stock with so I went to Hamilton, Montana the county seat and to Mr. Hollingsworth, President of the Citizens State Bank. I told him I needed to get about ten good milk cows. At that time they were worth about \$50 per head. He asked me for references, and I gave him the Salmon State Bank. I told him about all I had was a Studebaker 37 car worth about \$600. He told me to come back in a few days. I did and was told by Mr. Hollingsworth that he had received a very good letter of recommendation from the Salmon Bank. Then he handed me a check book and told me to go out and get all the cows I need. They would honor my checks, then I could go in and they would make out a note for same. I thanked him and left. I went out and bought \$660 worth of cattle. He wanted me to get more if I needed them. I feel the Lord was certainly with me to help me get started again. For which I do thank Him.

(Reese worked on this history a few times during the last few years)

Feb 15, 1960 - Late history of Reese Whiting by his wife Eva.

My husband Alfred Reese Whiting died January 19, 1960. He suffered a partial stroke Sept. 27, 1959 which affected his left side; mostly in the arm, face and brain tissues. We thought at first it was another occurrence of migraine headaches. He hadn't entirely recovered from a head ache of a few days before. I took him to Dr. Peterson in Hamilton who thought it was a stroke but sent us to a specialist Dr. McIntosh in Missoula. This Dr. confirmed the diagnosis and sent us back to Hamilton for treatment. Dr. Peterson put him in the hospital and immediately gave him a very, very new drug (\$42 per shot) This shot was an attempt to stabilize the blood, and relieved most of the paralysis.

Reese came home in three days and was allowed to do anything he felt like doing, which was to immediately walk about the ranch and take stock of things, and just plain enjoy being able to up and around. He did so hate to be helpless and sick. Each week he was to return to the Dr. and have a blood test to determine how much drug (Dimarcal he needed to keep the blood from clotting too much. Too little of the drug would cause hemorrhage) Sometimes he was to take a capsule every day and then again just every other day. His mobility was restored to a great extent, but the brain tissues seemed to have suffered some damage. I think he knew this for he began to complain about being 'only half alive' as he put it and felt rather useless.

Although he was up and around each day he could not read, write nor study without it being a terrific strain. At Christmas he wrote short notes to his brothers and sisters, and it proved to be a big task, as he couldn't think very good and the lines on the paper weren't always where they ought to be. This state of affairs disturbed him as he very much wanted to complete his life history, He hadn't written much on it for a year or so. The history appears not to have been touched for 20 years or so, but he was just trying to bring it up to date. He was quite disturbed because he could not study. The process of thinking was quite painful though at times his mind was perfectly clear as evidenced by the following.

The first Sunday Evening in Jan. 1960 we went to a Genealogical meeting. Only about fifteen or twenty were there. Most of us took part on the program. At the close of it Arvel Alleman, who was conducting, asked Reese if he cared to speak a few words. Reese looked at me and hesitated for a few seconds then went to the stand and spoke very clearly about Genealogy for at least ten minutes. We were all quite astounded, me especially, as groups of people usually made him confused and fuzzy.

After this I had high hopes of very definite improvement.

Time seemed to be his biggest puzzle, especially time of day and common occurrences. He was always asking the time of day and whether or not it was time to do certain things. If he was to go anyplace he was in a hurry to get ready and go. Another big trouble was getting his clothes on right.

All these inadequacies he realizes and he longed to be well again. Reese's illness seemed to bring his emotions closer to the surface. He was often moved to tears because of someone's illness or misfortune. Other people illness was his chief concern, and seemed to be foremost on his mind.

He was very happy and almost in tears when Alice announced her engagement to Lowell Hale. He was very happy then they came home for Christmas, and welcomed Maveen and her 2 girls then also. He wanted some little children around. However it was apparent that all the confusion was a bit tiring for him.

Alice wanted him to go to her wedding, but he didn't feel up to it. So we thought he could be present for only the actual ceremony in the Temple. He said, "No. If I can't go through the Temple to help someone I'll stay home."

So I went alone to the wedding. Alice was married to Lowell Hale in the Idaho Falls Temple 15 Jan., 1960. Upon arriving for the wedding I found that my Uncle Seth Harper had just passed away. Called home that evening to check on Reese and assure him of my safe arrival (he had been worried). I told him I would like to stay another day and go to the funeral. It was O.K. as Aunt Mae took a last look at Uncle Seth a sharp fear went through me that we were next, but I didn't dream it would be so soon.

On my way home I stayed the night in Salmon with Ralph and Irene. (The bus does not come on through the same day) I called home. All seemed to be well, so I planned to stay another day and visit, but just before going to sleep about midnight I asked Irene to set the alarm so I would be on time for the early morning mail bus to Darby. As I arrived in Darby the next morning I was unexpectedly met by Richard, Lorena, Naveen and girls. Reese had just passed away en-route to the hospital.

It seems that soon after he arose he complained about chest pains. (We had been warned of this) Lorena called Dr. Peterson who advised Dr. Spencer as he was closer to us. They called an ambulance and were about ready to leave when Reese had another attack. Richard administered to him and he revived for a few moments. He knew what Richard had done. The Dr. gave an injection but said it was very late, and so it proved. He died before reaching the hospital 15 miles away.

I felt sorry that I wasn't with Reese in his last moments. Not that I could have done much for him, but I should have been there. He needed me. I feel he had things to tell me. He wasn't afraid to die, and I'm not bitter about it, but I do wish it hadn't been so soon. There were still so many things we needed to talk about and plan for. So often he had said "In case anything happens to be such and such should be done." He was worried because he didn't have enough insurance to cover the debts. It is quite ironic that among

his papers we found a policy he had through the Citizens State Bank that insured him up to \$25,000 had he died before he was 66, and still owing the bank. Since his illness we had transferred from the bank to the Farm Security in Richards name (Veterans Loan) so the policy was now null and void. I suppose there is some reason for all this.

We had two funeral services, one in the Dowling Funeral Home in Hamilton, and one in the Manning Funeral Home in Pocatello. He was buried in Rest Lawn Memorial Gardens in Pocatello, Idaho. Many people wondered why this was done, but Reese wanted it that way. He had helped to get the Gardens started and was one of the first to buy plots there.

My father Tom Harper was the main speaker at the Pocatello Services and paid high tribute to Reese. I hadn't realized he felt that way before. I am most thankful that Reese was taken gently and without much pain. My Patriarchal Blessing states that I too shall go gently.

May God Bless us all.

Eva Harper Whiting

Note found later. Sept 21, 1956 – After my morning chores I rested a few minutes on the bed as usual and soon fell fast asleep. I dreamed I was helping my brother Ralph build a frost proof building. I also saw lettuce cabbage heads and other food stuffs, with only a part of it that could be used, as it was very scrubby. I was then shown that within a decade the things the Church had been telling about was going to take place, and try as we might we could not raise all the food that would be needed. I then awoke and was surprised. It had been so real I thought I was awake all the time. I write this down while it is still fresh in my mind. I do thank my Heavenly Father for this timely warning. I haven't done much about it, but must. Alfred Reese Whiting

Obituary given at the funeral of Alred Reese Whiting Jan 21 and 22, 1960.

Alfred Reese Whiting was the fifth son and tenth child of Flora Waterman and Lorenzo Snow Whiting. He was born March 9, 1897 at Hobble Creek near Springville, Utah. When he was about a year old his family moved to Robin, Bannock Co. Idaho. When in his teens he helped his father and brothers take up homesteads in Crystal Valley at which place they lived for about 20 years.

On Oct 7, 1919 he married Bertha Virginia Staley, whose only child died with her during the flue epidemic in March 1922.

In 1930 he married Eva Harper to which union were born 5 children Evelyn – Mrs. James Baird of Billings Montana, Maveen –Mrs. John Bennett Newiston, Idaho - widowed, Alice – Mrs. Lowell Hale, a bride of one week Pocatello Idaho, Richard and Melvin of Stevensville, Montana.

Reese Whiting was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He served 2 years as a missionary in the Southern States Mission. Also as counselor to the Bishop in Crystal, Hamilton and Darby wards, also member of the Missoula District High Council. Later on the Stake Genealogical Board and ward chairman. He also acted as teacher in the Sunday Schools M.I.A. and High Priest Quorums he often said that the church was the motivating and most satisfying feature of his life. Without it his life would have been most incomplete. He succeeded in

implanting this fact in the lives of his family as evidenced by their devotion to the Church.

His early life was spent in operation of a large farm with his brothers in Crystal Valley near Pocatello, Idaho. After losing every thing in the depression he joined several of his brothers in the Salmon River Area, and engaged in ranching and sawmilling. He procured the sawmill his father had used 50 years before and used it many years.

In the winter of 1939 he moved his family to the Como area just north of Darby where they lived for 20 years. Two years ago the move was made to a ranch on Bell Crossing near Stevensville.

He is survived by his wife, five children and five grandchildren, three brothers and two sisters.

Throughout his life he acknowledged the hand of the Lord in all things. He experienced many dreams and inspirations for the welfare of his family brothers and sisters. His main theme in life was obedience to God's commandments, which thought he expounded many times in an effort to be of service to his fellow man.

His family gratefully acknowledge God's hand in taking him home gently and pray that his guiding influence may attend them constantly.

By Eva Whiting

(Additional Notes)

In Oct 1953 Richard went into the army (Reese was on the draft board). We rented the ranch to Bud Nicholson and went to Mesa, Arizona for the winter. Reese worked with his nephew Ray Andrews, a salesman for a Memorial Garden, soon transferred to Pocatello and started a new Memorial Garden.

While in Mesa Reese realized a dream of doing work for the dead. He was able to be at the Temple by 6:30 a.m., attend a session, then on to work as a salesman by 10:30 or so. He did over 50 names that winter and was very happy.

In Sept. of 54 we bought a new Chevrolet car and took Theo Huntsman back to Arkansas to see her mother and Reese sister (Clark and Ella Dick). We also were able to visit Carthage and Nauvoo Illinois.

In Jan. Reese and Alice decided it was time to go back to the ranch at Como (renters were letting it deteriorate) (mid term for Alice) I went along for the ride (Eva).

Reese had been able to get a Sunday .School started in Darby and had acted as Branch President till going to Mesa.