

She raised a large garden and always had a root cellar full. In her later years she took in washing and ironing, and baby sat to help make ends meet.

Pearl was born in Lawrence County, Kentucky on 25 October 1895 to Moses Fannin and Sebra Alifair Rose. She was the second child and the oldest daughter born to this couple. Her parents joined the Mormon Church and came west in 1898 to American Falls, Idaho, to be closer to the Church. In 1902 her mother died while the family was residing at Riverside, Idaho, near Blackfoot and is buried in the Thomas Cemetery there. Her father, a young widower, took four of his five children back to Kentucky to his wife's people to be cared for until his circumstances changed. The baby girl, Grace, was left in the care of the Christiansen family. The children were poorly cared for and happily in early 1905 the children were returned to their father being brought back out west by their step mother to be, Cora Skaggs.

Pearlina lived in Pocatello with her father, new stepmother, brothers John and Casper, and sister Rissie until the family moved to Crystal, Idaho about 1910. Her father was the LDS bishop there. As time passed she was courted by Lorenzo Whiting, Jr., known as Len, and they married in 1912 in Pocatello. She was 16 and Len was 29. They had a hard but wonderful life together. She cooked in sawmill camps, for threshing crews, and for a family that eventually numbered eight children. She sent four of her five sons into the military. She dealt with the Indians, and the west that was still wild. She drove sleighs in the winter where snow was so deep that she went sailing right over the fences. She was very mild mannered and quiet, but a very strong individual. She lived only three years after the death of her husband, finding it impossible to cope with his loss. She left a family that dearly loved her and looks forward to being with her again.

--By L.C. Whiting

#### VERONA PEARL WHITING COWGILL TALKS OF HER FATHER LORENZO SNOW WHITING

The earliest memory I have of my father is a feeling. I remember him carrying me on his shoulder when we would go someplace at night. I was small and it seemed like such a long distance from the ground up to his shoulder as he carried me.

The next thing that I remember, it has stayed with me so well, is him sitting in the rocking chair with some of the littler ones on his lap, and I was standing on

the rocker, with one foot on each end and holding onto his arm, and he was singing to us. It was almost night time and Mom was cooking supper. Daddy always sang a lot of songs, but the one I remember the best is the one about the Indians and the fight on the Plains of Kildeer. To me this was the beginning of liking music.

Mom always sang and Daddy always sang and played the mouth organ. Lots of times I remember when a group of family or neighbors would get together and Daddy would play the harmonica for them to square dance or maybe sing. All of our lives he played the mouth organ for us. I remember that usually at Christmas time someone always got a mouth organ. I think it must have been the boys mostly, because I don't remember ever getting one, but someone in the family always had one. We had a lot of music, and I'm sure it made us appreciate and love music because our parents loved it.

We always had a piano in the house and Mom could always play something on it, at least with one hand. She played church hymns, and could pick out songs as far back as I can remember. Later Zella started playing a little. All the kids grew up with a desire for music and most of us can play some instrument at least a little.

I remember being with my father an awful lot of the time, and even as a little child Mom said that I was always with him "tagging along after him." There he'd be going off to the field or down to the barn and I'd be tagging him around like a little shadow. I especially remember the field up on the hill when he would plow with the big tractor with the iron wheels that made so much noise. I would ride along with him on the tractor until I'd get tired and Daddy would put down his coat or something on the metal floor of the tractor and I'd lay down and sleep for awhile, even with the tractor roaring away. When I was rested, I'd wake up and ride some more until it was time to go home. I can remember doing this so many times. Wherever he went I always wanted to go, I didn't always get to go, but I surely wanted to.

I spent a lot of time in the garage and in Dad's shop. His tools fascinated me. I think my love of working with wood came from being around him and watching the things he did with his tools. I used to always borrow his tools or his pocket knife. I remember one time when I was quite small, I asked him if I could borrow his picket knife and he let me, and I was whittling and some men came for Daddy to do some blacksmith work. We were out at the barn and when I was finished with his knife I took it back and handed it to him. I took hold of the blade and handed it to him with the handle toward him and he took it and said thanks. The men just laughed uproariously. The thought it was the biggest joke and it really insulted me. I felt bad because that was the way Daddy had taught me to handle a knife. He would open the blade and he would hold the knife by the blade and hand me the handle and so that is how I handed it to him. I was really upset that they would laugh at me.

After I got a little older, I'd go into his shop and use his tools and make



different things out of wood. Some of the other kids probably did too, but if we didn't put things back where they went we really heard it, because he wanted things put back right.

I always loved to take care of the little ones and that was mostly my chore. Mom always said that if the children were with me she never worried about them because she knew I took good care of them.

One time I was holding Alvin, and I was playing with him and I kind of swung him around and his head went out from my shoulder and I bumped his head into something and he started to cry. Daddy came in to see what was wrong and he told me I should be careful and he cuffed me along side of the head for not being more careful. It just about broke my heart. I was already broken-hearted about bumping the baby's head in the first place. I went outside and around the house and got under the steps. I felt so bad and I was crying, not so much because he hit me, but just because that added insult to injury. I stayed there for a while and then Daddy came around and under the steps and put his arms around me and told me that I should be more careful, and that he was sorry that he had made me feel so bad.

My Father wasn't afraid of very many things. He would never allow other people to run over his kids, or take advantage of or mistreat them in any way. I know one time I and a bunch of girls were standing outside the Church and I said something and one girl reached over and slapped me. I felt she had no reason and it hurt my feelings. When I told Daddy, he was really upset. He said she shouldn't have slapped me, and that was something he wouldn't stand for. As long as we were behaving ourselves Daddy would always back us.

I was talking to a fellow one time and he said that he had learned so many things from being around my father and the boys. He said he learned most of what he knew about mechanics from spending time with them, and wouldn't have learned a lot of things otherwise. He said he always felt gratitude for learning these things. He said he always made things and if there was anything that he needed to have he either used the blacksmith shop or Daddy's tools to make it.

Daddy always did things for other people in his shop. If anyone needed anything they got it from my folks. If food was needed, what we had was divided and shared. For instance this family in Salmon didn't have hardly anything in their home. Daddy came home and told Mom that their chairs were broken and that they didn't have this and they didn't have that. Mom and Daddy gathered up the things that they needed and then Daddy brought their chairs home and fixed them and then took them back. He saw that they had what they needed and that they were comfortable before he was satisfied. That was just the way he was. He always helped the people around him and did things that needed to be done. He sharpened scissors, too. All the ladies around would bring their scissors for Daddy to sharpen, and Mom never had any dull scissors.

My Dad was a strong man, he was in the Blacksmith business. I suppose it



is like Vern says, you had to be a blacksmith in those days to have the things you needed if you weren't rich. But even though he was masculine and very strong, he could be very gentle. After the kids were mostly grown and gone he would mark and cut quilt blocks for hours. Making quilts was something Mom always did and so after a while Daddy started cutting the blocks for her. This was something they enjoyed together for many years.

I can't remember when he started working away from home, but he never left the house without kissing Mom good-bye and when he'd come home he would always greet her with a kiss. There was always a feeling of love in our home and we knew even as very small children that we were loved. We, as children, knew that we could only go so far. There were things we weren't allowed to do. If we lied or didn't act properly we knew we would really be taken to task about it right away. But we also knew we were loved and that it was because they loved us that they punished us.

My father was a symbol of security to me. I never felt uneasy even though the times were hard and we didn't have much money some of the time. Mom always made us clothes and we were always clean. I never felt that we would be without food or clothing or the things that we needed. It just never entered my mind to be afraid or worried about those type of things.

I remember one time when I worked away from home. I was very lonely and really missed my parents and family. It seems like I tried to get home and just couldn't make it and felt so bad. Finally when I did get home I was just in tears. I ran into the house and threw my arms around my Dad and he held me and I cried so hard. He just held me for a while as I cried and then he said, "If it makes you feel this bad being away from home, I don't think you should work." I told him that now that I had been home and able to see them that everything would be alright and I could stick it out. It seemed like he was always there to give me strength when I needed it. Mom taught me the finer things, but Daddy was my strength.

Daddy always loved little children and was so happy for each child that came. It seemed like a special thing with him. When Merlin, the youngest, was born I was 12 years old. They told us they were going to have a new little baby. They were really happy even though they had seven children and the times were really hard. We didn't have hardly any money, but we were all so happy anyway. Merlin was born at home and I remember the next morning how happy we all were to see the new little baby boy. Our family life and the children were what made happiness for Daddy.

One time Mom and I were talking and she said that she remember when she was first married. They were out in the shop and she was helping him and climbing around on this and that and he looked at her kind of wistfully and said, "Aren't we ever going to have any children?" It took her quite by surprise because she was just young herself. He was older and was ready for a family and it

seemed very serious to him. But they did have a large family, and his wish was granted in that way.

Another thing my Dad instilled in us, was a love of the outdoors. We used to go on picnics and to the mountains all the time. And of course he almost always worked outside, farming or at the sawmill.

My parents always set a good example for us. I can never remember them saying anything bad about anyone. They were strong in their faith. As a child I used to have terrible ear-aches. My Dad used to administer to me. I had so much faith in him and he had so much faith in the Lord and in his Priesthood that my ear-aches would be gone immediately. So in this and many other ways he helped my testimony grow.

I feel very privileged to have been born to such good and loving parents.

--By Verona Pearl Whiting Cowgill

## MEMORIES OF PERLINA FANNIN WHITING BY HER DAUGHTER VERONA PEARL WHITING COWGILL

My name is Verona Whiting Cowgill and I want to tell you of some of the memories and thoughts I have of my mother.

My mother was born in Terryville, Lawrence County, Kentucky, on 25 October 1895 to Moses Fannin and Sebra Alifair Rose.

Her mother died when she was a very small child. My mother was a very gentle quiet loving person. She was blue-eyed and had lovely blonde naturally wavy hair. She was a wonderful mother, wife and friend. Everyone loved to visit Pearl's home. She made huge batches of bread, cakes and pies. Company could come and in just a shot she could have a huge satisfying dinner on the table. She was efficient, always canning anything she could get her hands on.

She was a good housekeeper and enjoyed sewing. She loved to make quilts and was very creative in all that she did. Whenever she sat down she would be crocheting or embroidering, she always said it was her relaxation. I have often seen my mother looking at God's creations, a sunrise, sunset, rose or anything beautiful and say, "I feel that if I just had some paints I could paint it just like that." She never did have the opportunity but I know the talent was there.

She would never say anything to hurt anyone's feelings and always found great joy in helping anyone she could.

She smiled most all of the time and her singing filled our home each