

have been living in luxury. How times change in a few short years.

As a young girl I did not have the opportunities to attend MIA as most of the branches of the church in that locality were small and did not have MIA as such. I did, however, attend Sunday School and Sacrament meetings although we had to travel 15 miles to Hamilton every Sunday evening and sometimes in the mornings too, when we did not hold Sunday School at Darby. Sunday School was often held in the homes of the members. At first it was held in the Como Schoolhouse, then as the membership got less as the members went to war work, we held the meetings in our homes, then later went to Hamilton to hold them.

I met my future husband at a Gold and Green ball held in Hamilton. I had seen him several times before that but thought that he was married as he was always with his sister, (whom I thought to be his wife). I never paid much attention to him. He escorted my second cousin, Doris Huntsman, to the ball as she was the Queen that year, (she never went otherwise). She introduced him to me and I had a dance or two with him. From then on Doris and I schemed to get a date with him. This went on for several months and we seemed to be getting nowhere fast, when one evening at a party he asked me if I would go out with him. You could have knocked me over with a feather. From then on we went steady and three years later on 18 February 1953, at the Idaho Falls Temple, we were married.

During two of the three years of courtship, Jim was on a mission to Western Canada. We never saw each other during this time, but we wrote each week. I had my chance to make up my mind as to whether or not he was the one for me. I had my mind made up as to the standards that must be met by a husband and he was the only one that I knew that met these standards. Yes, I went out with other fellows, but they just didn't have what I was looking for. I believe that it was the will of the Lord that we should be man and wife...I had only gone with him a few times when as if a voice said to me, "If he asks you to marry him, say yes." I never told this to Jim until after we were married.

Jim had always said that it would be a cold day when he got married; cold it was. Up until that time we had had a lovely winter, the weather being balmy and nice; in fact, we wanted to hurry up the wedding so that he could get back and start to plowing. Well the day before we left for the Temple, it started to storm and it snowed a foot in one night and my how the wind did blow. We had three near accidents on our way to the Temple that day; the first just after we got over the Lost Trail Pass when we nearly hit a car in a snow bank, the second when a large clump of snow fell from a tree and nearly buried the car, and the third when we ran off the road out on the desert because we could not see where the road was, because of drifting, falling snow. After we were married the weather cleared up and was beautiful again.

We were married by Albert Schouls of the Temple Presidency. My parents accompanied us to Idaho Falls, in their car. Other close relatives present for the

ceremony were Jim's sister and her husband, Dick Snow, Uncle Ralph and Aunt Irene Whiting, their daughter, Mirla and her husband Theo Morgan.

After our marriage we lived on the Fort Owen Ranch just north of Stevensville, Ravalli, Montana, (the ranch bordered the city limits). This is the site of the original St. Mary's Mission (1841--oldest Catholic Mission in the Northwest) and Major John Owen was given the land (600 acres) as a grant in 1850, making it the oldest ranch in Montana with the oldest decreed water right in the state. Major Owen operated a trading post (the Fort), for many years. Owen obtained a mortgaged loan from Washington J. McCormick (one of the founders of Missoula), to install a grist mill. The mill burned down and the debt was never paid so ownership reverted to McCormicks who still owned it when Jim's father bought it in 1950. Austin Taylor had attempted to buy it two years before but wasn't able to make payments. The farm had been leased out practically all of its historic life and as a consequence was in a sad, run down condition. For the next six year, Jim and his father worked very hard at making improvements to the land such as leveling, cropping, hauling rocks, fencing (11 miles or more of new fence), developing and extending the irrigation system, repairing buildings, installing corrals and feed years, etc. Jim's brother-in-law, Wilbur Popp, took his place while he was on his mission and he and Margaret with their family lived on the ranch. The days were long--from early light til after dark and it seemed as if there would be work for years to come. An amazing amount of work was done, marked by fine accomplishments, but it seemed like work would never cease--irrigating and farming in the summer and feeding and caring for cattle in the winter, (even this was upplemented by fencing and work around the yards). Then when we got through at night there was often church work to be attended to. However, as I look back on it now I don't believe that any of the hard work or long hours were regretted.

It was while here on the ranch that our two oldest children were born. Lennox Whiting was born 5 April 1954, and Dave Whiting 2 July 1955. James Whiting was born a few months after we had sold the ranch. I was staying with my parents at the time because the veins in my legs had become enlarged and I was unable to take care of the children. Jim was going to college at Bozeman, Montana, and a few weeks after Jimmy was born on 14 April 1957 the children and I went over to Bozeman to be with him.

We have always been a religious family and have had religious principles in our home life. We have been active in our church duties. I have been Sunday School secretary, counselor in MIA, branch beekeeper, district beekeeper, visiting teacher, secretary and social science teacher in Relief Society. I have always enjoyed my work in the church. Jim has also held many positions in the church.

DECEMBER 1974

Much time has elapsed since I first started this narrative and there is much to add, I noticed that I did not mention our children's names who were later added

to our family.

In 1959 Jim received his BS in Agriculture Education from Montana State at Bozeman, Montana. One year later he received his MS in the same field also at Montana State. He accepted a teaching position at Billings, Montana, and we were there for one year during which time our third son, fourth child, Murray Whiting Baird, was born on 10 July 1960. Shortly thereafter, in August Jim accepted a position with the Department of Agriculture--Soil Conservation Service, at Sidney, Montana. Jim went ahead to locate a place for us to live. It was about six weeks before he found one. When we moved it was over Labor Day weekend and the temperature was 105 degrees at 5:00 p.m. when we left. We traveled all night. It was so hot that the car overheated. All during the night we were able to watch the northern lights. They seemed to take up the northern half of the sky. It was a beautiful sight. We saw the northern lights many times after that. While living in Sidney our fourth son, fifth child, Robert Whiting Baird was born 31 October 1962. He weighed 10 pounds and 6 ounces. The radio announcer that morning announced that he was already half-grown.

We enjoyed Sidney and living on the prairie was different from the mountains. The prairie seems to grow on a person. We had a fairly small but well built home on two lots in town that we were able to rent furnished for \$60 per month. We raised a large garden, more than enough for ourselves and friends.

Jim was branch president nearly all of the four years we were in Sidney, and many were the experiences we had. It seemed to be a period of great spiritual growth for us. I held many positions also. At one time I was secretary of the branch Relief Society, visiting teach, first counselor in the district Relief Society, primary president and teaching genealogy, all at the same time. Oh, yes, I usually had a small child or baby with me all of the time while carrying out these duties.

My district position required that I travel a lot, much of it alone at night as the president lived 75 miles away and the towns were nearly always at least 50 miles apart. I was never frightened nor had any car trouble. Many were the spiritual experiences to be had. After I was released from my district positions, I was very frightened at the thought of traveling at night alone in the car anywhere.

One night during the winter months I dreamed that when Jim came home from work that day that he found me in the garage packing, he asked me why I was packing and I told him that we were moving to a town where the name began with "B". The next morning I told Jim about it. He asked when this was to happen, and I told him I didn't know, but that there wasn't any snow on the ground. We dismissed the dream as the SCS never tells the wife first about a move. In June of the year 1974, Jim was sent by the SCS to Lincoln, Nebraska for more training. Just a day or so before he was to return, his supervisor called me to say that we had been transferred to Big Sandy, Montana. As Jim was already enroute home I did not call him to tell him. When he arrived home I told him that we were moving to Big Sandy soon. thus the dream was fulfilled. There

were many times that we lived so close to the spirit that I would know whether or not Jim would be home for lunch, in as much as his work often took him far into the country.

We moved to Big Sandy, Montana, and lived there two years. It was there that our sixth child, second daughter, Mary Whiting Baird was born on 23 June 1965. Complications arose and we were transferred to a hospital forty miles away at Havre, Montana, where there were better medical facilities. We enjoyed Big Sandy, even if we had to travel 40 miles to Havre to church. We often held home Sunday school by ourselves. Also home primary.

June, 1966, found us on the move again, this time back to Zion. We were transferred at our request to Idaho. We were sent first to Idaho Falls for two years and then to American Falls where we are still living in 1975. The longest we have lived any where since we have been married.

As time goes on I find that I forget more and more of the every day happenings. I'll try to recall some of the more important ones. I have worked in the Relief Society all of my married life, 15 of these years have been spent in the presidencies of the various wards and branches where we lived. At the present time I am spiritual living teacher and den leader coach and a visiting teacher. I have held nearly all of the positions a woman can hold in the wards. Jim is presently serving as a high counselor in charge of Sunday schools, libraries, teacher development leader and advisor to a ward elders quorum. He had been Branch President and counselor, MIA president on both the ward and district level, a Sunday school worker and held many other positions in the church. Our children have all be active also and have held many positions that have been a great help to them in their lives.

In June 1970 Jim had his appendix removed and wasn't able to work for awhile so we took off on a trip with his sister, Ada Halford, and their family and went up through Montana into Canada. We never knew each day when we got into the car where we would be that night. It was very enjoyable and would like to try it again some time soon.

Lennox graduated from high school in 11972, and went to Links Business School in Boise, Idaho. She graduated from there in six months and was soon working in a bank. After a year or so of that she came back home and went back to work for her old boss at State Farm Insurance Company. On 6 May 1975 she was married to a returned missionary, Lenn Merrill Holyoak in the Idaho Falls Temple. They are presently living in American Falls.

In 1973 and 1974 Jimmy got the wanderlust and took off for California and Oregon. We followed and got in on a couple of trips and saw a lot of new country.

Dave graduated from high school in 1973 and joined the Army and spent some time in Augusta, Georgia. He is now presently stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington as is Jimmy who joined the Army in 1974. They live on the base

within a block of each other. Dave is in the Signal Corps as a radio man and Jimmy is in the Valcun Missile Program, presently working in the personnel office.

One of the things I have greatly enjoyed since living in American Falls is the association I have with Janet Belin, my cousin Lucille Marley's daughter. She lives just a short distance from me and we have enjoyed many good times together. We have worked together in scouts and Relief Society and just plain enjoy each others company.

I hope as time goes on that I will take the time to add to this history and not let it lapse so long in between additions.

--By Evelyn Mae Whiting Baird
1993 Update:



Len & Lennox
Baird Holyoak

In July 1987 my husband Jim (James) took early retirement from his work of nearly 30 years with the Soil Conservation Service and we moved to Manti, Utah, where the climate is better suited to our health. At the time of the purchase of our home here in Manti we were totally unaware that it is situated on the exact spot assigned to my Great Grandfather, Edwin Whiting, for 2-3 years when they had to move into the "Big Fort" for protection from the Indians. The large evergreen tree located next door is believed to have been planted by him.

Immediately upon arriving here we were called to serve as staff members of the newly established Family History Center in Manti. For the past five years we have spent full time doing genealogy research (70-80 hours each per week). Jim is on assignment with the LDS Church for Irish Genealogy and research. My assignment from the Whiting Family has been on the Waterman, Broad, Millar (d) Miller line. As yet I have not been able to extend the line any further back than when Robert Whiting had the task, but in the meantime well over 1200 of these family names have been submitted for temple work.

Our six children, all of which were born in Montana, are scattered all across the United States. Lennox (b.1954) with her husband Lenn Holyoak (md 1975) and three teenage children (Lenae, Lyle and Lyman) live in Idaho Falls, Idaho. For many years she has worked as a para-legal and was recently released as ward Relief Society President. Dave (b.1955) and Diana (md 1975) and boys James John (JJ) and Dave William (Willie), live in Spokane, Washington. Dave is with Mountain Bell Telephone. James (b.1957) presently is in Rapid City, South Dakota and is a professional tree trimmer. Murray (b.1960 and md. 1987) Marjorie Otani and they live on Staten Island, N.Y. He works for the New York City Transit Authority and is Branch President of the LDS Staten Island Branch. Robert (b.1962) married Lori Skaggs 1988 and they and their two year old daughter, Kendra, live in Murray, Utah, where he is a Scout Master and a Master Mechanic for one of the major car dealers in Salt Lake City. Mary (b. 1965) lives in Hailey, Idaho, works at the Sun Valley hospital with their computers and is a Stake Singles Representative.

Our testimony of the Church is strong and we love the Lord with all of our heart, might, mind and strength and strive to do all that we are asked to further His work here upon the earth.

RICHARD WHITING



I, Richard H. Whiting was born on 11 August 1933 at Topaz, Bannock County, Idaho, to Alfred Reese and Eva Harper Whiting.

When I was two years old, we moved from Crystal to Salmon, Idaho. We lived up Kirtley Creek and on the big flat north of Salmon, where Dad and Uncle Clark Dick operated sawmills there and on Fourth of July Creek.

I started school in a one room school. During my first grade year on 23 December 1939, we all moved to Darby, Montana. We stopped on the pass and cut a Christmas tree. The house was so small we hung it from the rafters.

Uncle Clark and Aunt Ella lived with us that winter until their house was built.

We farmed, raising peas, grain, hay and milking cows. We also ran a sawmill with Uncle Clark.

When I was in the fifth grade, my cousin, Theo Huntsman and her three children moved by us. That's where I became acquainted with Raleigh and we became brothers. Heaven help anybody who got in our way as we ventured forth into the world. We had a lot of fun.

I attended Darby schools and graduated in 1952. I was a starter all four years in football and track.

In October, 1953, I was drafted into the army. I took my basic training at Fort Ord, California and stayed there in the Military Police my entire two years in the service working in the post stockade and transporting prisoners from San Francisco to Lom Poc Federal Prison. These were hardened criminals, not

prisoners of war.

After my army days, I worked two years at the Flourspar mine, east of Darby. I also logged for a time. My patriarchal blessing promised me that I would be protected from danger, and it was so many times. I had many close calls in the logging business.

In March of 1958, we moved from Darby to a farm two miles north of Victor, Montana, on Bell Crossing. We farmed 340 acres. We were in the Stevensville Ward.

On 17 August 1958, I met my wife, Lorena Mae Murdock. She grew up in Driggs, Idaho, but was living in Salmon with her sister and brother-in-law, Ann and Darwin Thompson. She was working at the telephone office as an operator. We met through my cousin Elmer and Kay Whiting and family.

We dated that winter and were married 4 June 1959, in the Idaho Falls Temple. We lived at Stevensville for nine years. During this time, four children were born to us: JoAnn Lorena, born 26 April 1960, Douglas Richard, born 8 June 1962, Steven Ray, born 25 December 1963, and Janet Kay, born 14 March 1967. I farmed and worked in the timber some and worked six years in the Maintenance Department at the University of Montana in Missoula.

We moved to Victor, Idaho in September 1968. I went into business with my brother-in-law in the building construction business. Our last child, Brent Lee was born 17 January 1971. In 1985, we dissolved our partnership and I went to work for the City of Victor as Maintenance Supervisor.

I served as Mayor of Victor, Idaho, from 1974 to 1985. During that time we built a new city hall and fire station, installed a new city water system (irrigation and culinary), upgraded the fire department, street maintenance and snow removal. We also provided an ice rink in the city park for winter recreation.

Throughout my years, I have held many positions in the church. I am proud of my heritage and am grateful to be a descendant of Lorenzo and Flora Waterman Whiting. I have a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and know that it is true.

--By Richard H. Whiting

CHILDREN OF RICHARD AND LORENA MAE MURDOCK WHITING

1. JoAnn Lorena Whiting, born 26 April 1960 in Hamilton, Ravalli County, Montana. She attended grade school at Stevensville, Montana, until the third grade. Her family then moved to Victor, Idaho. She attended the grade school at Victor, the middle school and Teton High School in Driggs, Idaho, where she was an excellent student. She was baptized 4 May 1968, and confirmed 5 May 1968 by

her father. She was active in the music department in high school and was in the band and chorus. She played the flute in band and played the piano for the chorus. She was also in several clubs and plays and belonged to the honor society. She attended the LDS Business College in Salt Lake City, Utah and has since made Salt Lake area her home. She has done extensive work in the medical records field, working as a medical secretary and running her own medical billing business. JoAnn currently resides in West Valley, City, Utah.

2. Douglas Richard Whiting born 8 June 1962 in Hamilton, Ravalli County, Montana attended grade school in Victor, Idaho and middle school and Teton High School at Driggs, Idaho. He was baptized 4 July 1970 and confirmed 5 July 1970 by his father. Doug was an excellent student and active in many clubs in high school, especially in the music department. He played tenor saxophone and sang in the chorus. He was very athletic and lettered in wrestling, football and baseball. Doug served as a missionary in the Puerto Rico, San Juan Mission for 18 months. He attended Ricks College where he met his future wife, Patricia Lynn Mitchel, of Murrayville, Morgan Co, Illinois. Patricia was born 22 August 1965 at Warner Robbins, Houston, co., Georgia. They were married 24 August 1985 in the Washington D.C. Temple. They graduated from Ricks in 1986 and moved to Jacksonville, Illinois. They have three children: Brian Douglas born 31 October 1986, Krystal Lynn born 8 April 1988, David Richard born 26 July 1990. Douglas is employed by Morton Buildings Inc. since May of 1988 as a sales representative. They currently reside in Murrayville, Illinois.

3. Steven Ray Whiting born 25 December 1963 at Hamilton, Ravalli County, Montana attended grade school in Victor, Idaho and middle and high school in Driggs, Idaho. He was baptized 5 February 1972 and confirmed 6 February 1972 by his father. Steve was an excellent student and was active in many clubs in high school. He was seminary president and a student body officer serving as the chief justice. He is very athletic and loves and excels in all sports. Steve served as a missionary in the New York, Rochester mission for 18 months. He attended Ricks College where he met his future wife, Kathryn Turner, of Grover, Lincoln County, Wyoming. They were married 26 April 1985 in the Idaho Falls Temple. Kathryn was born 15 July 1963 in Afton, Lincoln County, Wyoming. Steve graduated from Ricks College in 1986 and in December of that year they moved to Pocatello, Idaho, so Steve could attend Idaho State University. A son, Tyson Ray, was born 4 September 1987 in Pocatello, Idaho. They moved to Salt Lake City and is currently employed by Winder Dairy as a milkman. A daughter, Krista Marie, born 25 May 1991. Steve, Kathryn and children currently live in Bennion, Utah, a suburb of Salt Lake City.

4. Janet Kay Whiting born 14 March 1967 at Hamilton, Ravalli, Montana attended grade school in Victor and middle and high school in Driggs, Idaho. She was baptized 29 March 1975 and confirmed by her father. Janet was an excellent student and active in many clubs. She played clarinet in the band and played on the

girls varsity basketball team. She attended Ricks College in the fall of 1985. She likes to sew, read, sing and play the piano. She was employed by the Wardrobe Company in Driggs as a sales clerk for four years and is currently working at High Country Colors, a clothing shop at Grand Targhee, Alta, Wyoming. Janet is a very busy person and has many friends.

5. Brent Lee Whiting born 17 January 1971 Driggs, Teton County, Idaho and attended grade school and middle school and high school in Driggs, Idaho. Brent was an excellent student and was active in many clubs and lettered in varsity football and basketball. He was a member of the National Honor Society and was seminary president his senior year. He played the French Horn and Tuba in the band. He attended Ricks College and is currently serving as a missionary in the Cleveland Ohio Mission. and will be released 26 February 1993.

--By Richard and Lorena Whiting

ESTHER MAVEEN WHITING BENNETT



Maveen & baby

Esther Maveen Whiting was born 19 December 1935 at Salmon, Lemhi, Idaho in the family home up Kirtley Creek. Maveen was the third child of five children born to Alfred Reece and Eva Harper Whiting. She had the benefit of a chiropractor, Dr. McFarland and her great Aunt Lucy Kofoed as a nurse to attend at her birth. She was a beautiful, good natured baby with golden-red hair. A joy to care for and be around.

Soon after her birth, the family moved to a place about four miles down the Salmon River. Her father had a sawmill there. They lived there for just a few short years until she was four years old.

In December 1939 Maveen with her parents, older brother Richard, older sister Evelyn and baby sister, Alice Louise, moved across the mountains to Montana, to a small farm along the Bitterroot River about three miles north of Darby. It was nearly Christmas when they moved and as they came through the narrow winding mountain pass of Lost Trail, they stopped and cut a Christmas tree and added it to their car load.

When they arrived at the new house built of 2 x 4's which was intended to

be later used as a grainery, but never was, they hung the little Christmas tree to the rafters and all the children wondered if Santa Claus would be able to find it and them. Find them he did, with a few toys and a doll or two, for you must remember this was at a time when the family was under very dire circumstances financially, as was most of the nation.

They were also found by their Aunt Ella and uncle Clark Dick, as they moved into the one room house with them on Christmas Day. They stayed with them until early spring when a house could be built for them a short distance away. They and their daughter, Theo Huntsman Allen and her children, Doris, Raleigh, and Inez Huntsman have been part of our family most of the time over the years.

As was said before, the house was to have been eventually made into a grainery when the family was better off. However, this never did happen and the family just added to it by digging a well just out the back door and then building a room around it and adding a cement floor. This gave them indoor running water, but the plumbing was still just "down the path". many happy times were had in this home.

The bridge over the ditch in front of the house was made of railroad ties. Many a summer day Maveen would water her stick horse by leaning over the edge of the bridge. One day she leaned too far--after that she was a bit more careful in watering her horses. That ditch was the scene of many a good time. As children they would often go to Venice in their Golden Gondalers, which was really an old inner tube perched on a long plank with someone sitting in the inner tube and someone to push the outfit and someone to guide it.

One time as Maveen was riding and Evelyn was pushing and her cousin Mirla Whiting was guiding, Evelyn decided to be naughty and gave the plank a flip. Over Maveen went and up she came on the other side, babbling, "I'm drowned!" Evelyn never had the nerve to ride the plank again for fear of what Maveen might do to her.

Maveen loved to ride her little trike around the table pulling her little sister Alice in a toy wagon until she got tired of her being a "pest." Then she would threaten to "haul" Alice off in the little red wagon and dump her in the river, so her mother had to keep a pretty good track of her or she just might. Maveen had a special friend and neighbor her same age and the two of them could think of things that little four and five year olds shouldn't think up. They both loved to run off together and hide in places that weren't always the safest for children of that age, so it became necessary in order to protect them to tether them to a long clothes line. They, of course, didn't think much of the idea.

One day they got loose and ran out into the highway and a kindly old gentleman stopped his car and paddled both of their bottoms and then brought them home to their mothers.

The family moved a few years later into a two room house on Gorus Lane. There was a grainery over a root cellar there and also a chicken coop and a chicken

runway out in the rose and bramble bushes. That was the best place to have a playhouse that they had ever seen. So there was a very large number of lice and all that goes with chicken coops, kids will be kids will they not? This place also had several old apple trees and boy did they ever love the pies and cobblers their mother made from them.

In those days they had to "shock" the grain by hand and then stack it in round stacks in the stack yard until the thrashers came to thrash it out for feed and whatever. During the war the family moved to Hamilton for a winter while Dad worked in the railroad yards in Ogden, Utah and Pocatello, Idaho. When he returned in the spring, the family moved back to the original small cabin for a short while.

A younger brother, Melvin Ray, was born at this time. A short time later the family again moved, this time to a farm about one and a half miles west and north of the original home. This new home then became the family home for a good many years. It had electricity, a pantry with an indoor pump, (plumbing was still "down the path") seven rooms with an upstairs and a big wide porch. Stained glass windows, plate glass in the extra large doors with brass doorknobs. It was an elegant home in its day. I might add that a bathroom was added a short time later. It had a big, long, red barn in which the animals were kept. The farm was about 80 acres in size, part of which was a steep hillside that was suitable only for recreation and kids. Many a long walk was taken and many a wild flower was picked. It was when sledding down this hill that Maveen ran into a large pine tree and knocked off part of her front tooth.

Just before May Day each year, Maveen and her sisters, cousins and a girl friend, Gwen Wilderson, would prepare paper "May Baskets" to fill with wild flowers, then leave on the doorsteps throughout the neighborhood. They would put them on the doorsteps, ring the door bell or knock and then run and hide so that they could see the neighbors' faces when they found the flowers.

Maveen was a fun loving child with a good sense of humor and quite old for her age. She started school when she was five years old. She possessed a very sure testimony of the gospel at an early age.

Maveen had a special aptitude for music. When she was 13 or 14 years old she started taking piano lessons. In just three months time she began to play for the fledgling Darby Branch which did not have a pianist or organist to provide assistance in the singing. This was an appreciated blessing to the members of the Branch. Her singing voice became noticeable in her teens and she sang many solos for church and school. She attended Girls State in her Junior year at school and graduated from high school as salutatorian. She was an excellent student.

After graduation, she and a girl friend, Sue Salee, went to Lewiston, Idaho to work. They worked as kitchen help on a ranch, then when that job quit, she took a job as a waitress in the dining room of one of the leading hotels and roomed at the YWCA.

During this time she fell in love with John H. Bennett, son of John Henry and Viola Draper Bennett. On Christmas Eve, 24 December 1953 right after he eighteenth birthday, they were married by Bishop David Barker. Their marriage was later solemnized in the Idaho Falls temple in 1954. To this union was born two little girls: Donna Whiting Bennett on 18 November 1954, with brown hair and great big brown eyes and nearly two years later, Louise Whiting Bennett joined them on 12 August 1956. She had blond hair and blue eyes. Both girls were born in Lewiston, Idaho.

On 1 December 1958 as Maveen was preparing to pick up Johnny after work, two of his bosses came to their home and brought with them the news that John had been found underneath the lumber carrier that he was operating. After five years of marriage, Maveen was left with two little girls to raise alone.

Maveen was a very devoted mother and loved and cared for her daughters the best way she could as they were growing up. I'm sure it wasn't always easy as she had a limited income. The girls have stayed close to their mother and have helped her and have been a source of much pleasure for her, I'm sure.

Maveen and the girls stayed in Lewiston for several years, then sold their home and moved to the Pocatello and Idaho Falls, Idaho, area. In two or three years she moved to Colorado, then Oregon and then back to Idaho, living in the Boise, Nampa and Caldwell areas.

Maveen passed away at her home in Nampa, 19 October 1983. She is survived by her two daughters, Donna Guille, of Walla Walla, Washington and Louise Mossey of Vernal, Utah. The following grandchildren: Faun, Fadra, Adrian, and Monica. Her mother, Eva Whiting, of Idaho Falls, mother-in-law, Viola Riley of Weiser and the following brothers and sisters: Evelyn Baird of Rigby, Richard of Victor, Alice Hale of Mooreland and Melvin of Belgrade, Montana. Twenty-two nieces and nephews, five great nieces and nephews. Her husband, father, one niece and two nephews preceded her in death.

By: Her sisters: Evelyn Baird, Alice Hale and her brother Richard H. Whiting. Read at her funeral 22 October 1983 by Lorena M. Whiting.

ALICE LOUISE WHITING

I was born in a cabin near Salmon, Idaho in Lemhi County on 23 March 1939. My parents were living on what was called "the flats." I joined a family of two sisters and one brother--Evelyn Mae, born 23 November 1931 and Richard "H", born 11 August 1933, and Esther Maveen born 19 December 1935.



Lowell & Alice Whiting Hale

When I was nine months old, our family moved across the mountains to a place near Darby, Montana. It was right at Christmas time when they came over Lost Trail Pass so they cut a little tree on their way and hunt it in the bare rafters of their new home when they arrived.

My first memories are of this home. I can remember what it looked like still. We were between the river on the one side and the railroad tracks and highway on the other side. Since I had come into this world at a poor age in Maveen's life (3 1/2 years), she didn't accept me too well as a rival sibling and continually offered to haul me off in her little red wagon and dump me in the river. Many times as we were growing up she reminded me that she really should have made good her threat.

This home had two rooms--one that was used as a combination kitchen, living room, bedroom, and one that had a cement floor in it. Since the only "running water" available at those times was out of a hand-pump on a well, the well was arranged just outside the back door. Some smart father had just built a second room around the pump and put in the cement floor with a drain. I do not know if it was Dad or someone else who had thought of that. I can remember us children sleeping in this room, and especially the cold cement floor when we stepped out on it in our bare feet in the mornings.

Our lights were kerosene lamps. Wood from nearby trees was the fuel for cooking and heating. Later on I can remember a radio that had an antenna that was hooked to one of the trees and had to be "warmed up" for 10 to 15 minutes before it came on.

It was while living here when I was about three years old that our cousin, Theo Huntsman, and her three children came to live near us. They were part of our family from then on. Doris was the eldest, about Evelyn's age. Raleigh was about Richard's age (what a pair), and Inez was between the ages of Maveen and myself. Theo was one of Aunt Ella's children by her first husband, Val Allsworth.

I can remember that we held Sunday School in our home with our two families, and I think, two or three other people. Later we held it in the Como Community school house two or three miles north of us. We occasionally were able to get to Hamilton for Sacrament meetings in the afternoon. When a few more people joined us, we rented the Darby Community Clubhouse two or three miles south of us. This was when I was a bit older, though. We were still holding it there in Darby when I graduated from high school and left home to work.

When I was five years old we moved to Hamilton, 17 miles north of Darby. The depression was upon us and Dad had moved us there in town while he went to Pocatello, Idaho, to find work. He found a job greasing trains and stayed there

for about a year. I turned six years old while we lived in Hamilton. I thought that I would go to school when I was six, so the day before my birthday I went around to all of my friends and told them that I wouldn't be seeing them anymore, as I would be six tomorrow and start school. I was rather disappointed when Mom put it to me straight the next day, but since the big school there scared me I didn't argue for long.

We moved back to the two-room house by the river before I started school. Melvin was born there on 28 June 1945. I was still six and can remember the event quite well. I awoke one morning to find Evelyn in charge of things. I felt "put-out" to find Evelyn in charge instead of Mom and wouldn't co-operate too well until she told me that Mom and Dad had gone to the hospital in Hamilton to get us a new baby. Then I was delighted. Theo came down to help us out and Dad soon came home to tell that we had a brother. We were all excited and Dad said, "I knew I would get my five children, I knew it." He had had a vision many years before which promised him five children.

When Melvin was ten days old, Dad brought him and Mom home. I can still see him helping her into bed, then helping put supper on the table for us and saying as he dished out canned tomatoes, "There are seven of us now, seven of us now." He was so wrapped up with his thoughts that he dished out seven bowls of tomatoes! We all really laughed at him. Then he laughed at himself with us. He really had a good sense of humor.

Dad was always joking or teasing us. He always seemed to really love us kids and was really easy to talk and joke with. I can never remember having a spanking from him, but I can still feel how it hurt me all over if I saw that he was disappointed in me for something I did or did not do. I loved him dearly, but was never able to really tell him. He used to rock me to sleep a lot and sing to me. I can remember some of his songs. "Won't You Come Over To My House," and "Babes In The Woods," "Rock of Ages," were some of them.

Dad was a shining example to me in honesty. Many of the people whom I later met in my married life, who remembered knowing him, have stated that he was a very kind and honest man. When ever he made a business deal with anyone, he made double-sure that the other party had AT LEAST the fair share of the deal. We came out with meager returns many times, but everyone greatly respected him for it. How I wish that everyone would deal this way with their fellow man. We would have a much better world for it.

I can remember my first test in honesty. I was left to visit for an afternoon with Inez in Hamilton, where they were then living. One of the drug stores was having an advertising special on chocolate milk. If anyone wanted to leave a nickel deposit on the little half pint glass milk jar, they could drink the chocolate milk in it for free. Then when the bottle was returned, the nickel would be refunded. Well, Inez had a nickel, but I only had two pennies. Her Mom said it was alright for us to walk down the two blocks to the store alone, so we decided

to try. When we got there the soda clerk said my two pennies would be fine so we each left our money and she handed us each a bottle of chocolate milk. We drank every delicious drop of it, taking up several minutes time. When we returned our bottles, there was a different clerk at the counter. When she saw us coming with our bottles empty, she just reached in her apron, fished out two nickels and plunked them down on the counter. Then she turned to wait on other customers as this was a busy time of day. We took the nickels, and as we walked out of the store with more than we had come in with, my conscience really began to bother me. I told Inez that we had to go back and give the extra money back but I didn't know exactly how we could do this when there were different clerks. Inez said she thought the clerks would be mad if we tried to explain because it was all mixed up. I was scared because I was unfamiliar with town ways and didn't know exactly what to do, but I felt so terrible inside that I argued with Inez until she agreed to go back with me and help me straighten it out.

The clerk listened to our story, exchanged my nickel for the right amount, and we both left for home much relieved and happy.

I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on 10 August 1947 by Elder George H. Gayle and confirmed on the same day by my father, Alfred Reese Whiting. We were part of the Hamilton Branch, Missoula District in Montana at the time. The Branch was holding a group baptism in the Bitterroot River. They chose a spot right near the mouth of "Sleeping Child" creek. It was dedicated to the Lord in that particular spot and everyone who was past their eighth birthday and hadn't been baptized or who were just joining the church was baptized then. A testimony meeting was held afterward and we were each confirmed and received the Gift of the Holy Ghost right there on the banks of the river.

I started school the fall after I turned six, at Darby Consolidated School in Darby, Ravalli County, Montana. We were then living at the old Frank Burns place about three miles north of Darby on the old gravel road. I lived there and went to school there from then on until I was 18, with the exception of parts of my Freshman and Sophomore years in High School, which I spent in Mesa and Pocatello respectively.

Our house and barn were quite interesting. The house was a large two-story one, with electricity and running water. It had eight rooms--if you counted the back porch and the pantry, but no bathroom as yet. It also had a large open front porch. The two front doors were fancy with glass on the upper half and very ornate carvings on the door handles and hardware. The upper portion of the three, very large picture windows was stained glass. It had been owned by someone connected with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. In the large barn was a loft filled with old oxen yokes, mule and horse collars and an old bellows and a forge for blacksmithing. Dad used part of this long red barn as a horse barn for the work horses, part for a milk barn, the middle for baby calves, and the other end

for hay storage. It was in this hay that the elder kids in the family got to sleep when extra company came for the night.

We held Sunday School in the Darby Community Clubhouse about this time. Dad was Sunday School Superintendent until we were made into a Branch and could hold both meetings there. Then he was made Branch President.

Cold winter Sunday mornings were somewhat interesting. We got the cows milked and fed, then dressed for church and left an hour or so before it was to start. When we arrived, Dad would start the fires in the stoves. The stove in the large hall was homemade, being composed of two 50 gallon barrels stacked together. Then there was a kitchen stove in the small kitchen (where the men held priesthood meetings), and a small wood heater in the meeting room. When Dad had them all started good, he and the other men who were arriving by that time, went to the kitchen for their meeting leaving the cleaning to us kids.

The cleaning had to be done on Sundays before meetings because it was a public dance hall where very lively dances were held until the wee hours of Sunday mornings. The cleaning meant removing all of the beer bottles, empty, full or half-full, and getting them out of sight along with emptying the ashtrays, then sweeping the huge dance floor.

I will never forget one Sunday when there had been a particularly eventful Saturday night dance just before. I had never seen so many beer bottles and cigarette butts as I had that morning. Finally we seemed to be through and we teenage kids walked out on the front steps to chat together. I looked down at my feet and there was one more half-full dirty smelly old beer bottle. I was so disgusted that instead of bending down to pick it up, I attempted to kick it off the porch with my foot. Instead of falling off the porch when I hit it, it turned wrong, the contents spewing out all over my good Sunday dress. I was covered with the smelly stuff! Just then Sunday School was announced as ready to start and I had to sit through the whole morning like that. Ever after that I picked them up with my hands and not with my feet.

There were just a few of us teenagers at church those days. Their names were : Irene Furniss, Lois and Lanny Green (twins), their brother Richard Green, Arlene and Larry Buhler (cousins), Daryl Cooper and myself. We were various ages and grades in high school and didn't get much chance to socialize except on Sundays, so sometimes we were a challenge for the teacher just to keep our attention. Nevertheless, I learned much, especially from Iva Furniss, who challenged me to read the Book of Mormon while in her class. I did complete it in the time allotted and she rewarded me with a copy of the Doctrine and Covenants for my own. Her daughter, Irene, was one of my best friends. She was two years younger than I.

We had no Primary to attend when I was of Primary age, but we finally got Mutual organized in Darby in April, 1956, when I was 17 years old. I was attendance secretary then and also during the following year while I worked and

lived away from home in Hamilton. I came home on weekend and caught up my records each week.

I graduated as Valedictorian of my high school class in May, 1957, from Darby. I had wanted to attend a business college to learn something that I could support myself with but didn't have any money to start on. The night following my graduation, my school principal, the President of Kinman Business College of Spokane, Washington, and the president of both the Ravalli County and Citizen's State Banks in Hamilton, held a discussion over my future. One bank offered to loan the money to send me to Kinman; the other offered me a job at his bank. When my high school principal called me in to his office the next morning and told me of the discussion, I became upset at the thought that they wanted to plan my future for me. When I told Dad about it he said I should be pleased and proud, not angry. He left the decision up to me but counseled me that living in debt of a loan was nothing to be desired.

I went to work for Mr. McDonald of Ravalli County Bank about a week later. I had to sell my beloved horse for enough money to rent an apartment for one month. I worked there for seven months and scrimped and saved every penny I could. Mom brought me milk and hamburger quite frequently to help out. Then I secured an acceptance of registration at Brigham Young University and sent down money for a room in Mrs. Frolich's large house full of girls.

Right after Christmas in 1957, my brother Richard, drove myself and a non-LDS classmate, Roy Keely, down to get settled in for college. Roy had started the quarter before I did. I lived in a huge house with 14 other girls of my age. It was quite an experience. I really loved BYU, especially the religion specials held every week and the after entertainment forums also held every week. They were both just what my starved uncultured soul needed. I took secretarial courses, religion classes and Spanish.

My only regrets are these: I wish I had taken more Spanish classes and a slightly lighter class work load overall to have left a little time for socials. As it was, I was put into second year accounting when first year accounting classes were full and it took me three to four hours each night for that homework alone. I studied so continuously that Tuesday evening Mutual and Saturday washdays were my only breaks outside of church on Sunday.

I also had a small part-time job helping a lady who had a retarded baby. My money and my schooling both finished at the same time. I completed my secretarial courses by the time college ended that spring in April 1958.

I went home for a short visit and then back to Pocatello, Idaho, by train and bus to arrive in time to attend the wedding reception on 14 June 1958, of a girlfriend, Garda Hale, and the missionary farewell of another friend the following Sunday morning. I stayed at the home of my Aunt and Uncle Zina and Cecil Harper until I found a job. When donations for the missionary were called for, I gave my last two dollars. I don't know why I wasn't worried as I had no job, but

immediately after that I found one. Again it was as a bank bookkeeper; this time for Idaho Bank and Trust Company in Pocatello.

This was my second stay in Pocatello. We had moved here when I was 15 years old and Melvin was nine. Richard was in the Army at that time and (1954) Evelyn and Maveen were married. We moved here at the close of my Freshman year of high school. I had started that school year in Darby, then Dad took us to Mesa, Arizona for four and a half months while he worked for a cemetery perpetual care organization with Ray Andrews.

When Ray decided to start a new cemetery of this type in Pocatello he told Dad that he wanted him as sales manager. Dad then moved us back to Darby so my schooling wouldn't be so chopped up, while he lived and worked in Pocatello.

On 1 June 1954 we moved to 2711 Pole Line Road in Pocatello, renting from Patriarch Calvin D. McOmber Sr. We lived there for six months, then returned to the farm at Darby. Melvin and I each received our Patriarchal Blessings from Brother McOmber during our stay there, 13 January 1955.

The Patriarch's wife, Ashah, had grown up in Colonial Juarez, Mexico. She was to be one of the greatest influences on my life, outside of my father. I dearly loved her and she taught me much.

While living in Mesa, I had met a girl whose real home was in Pocatello. We became good friends and when I again met her in Pocatello we started spending much time together. Her name was Garda Hale. She had an elder brother whom she kept insisting that I should get to know better. I wasn't any more than politely interested at the time, but they kept at me over the years.

When I returned to Pocatello after finishing BYU, I was "on my own". As soon as I found my job as a bookkeeper for the bank, I moved in to the YWCA with six other girls and a housemother, Mrs. Luther. It was a very pleasant situation and I enjoyed my life there. I attended the first ward and was soon called to be secretary in Mutual, then activity counselor to Gwen Anderson in the MIRA. I was 19 years old. It was really an honor, it did get scary thought, sometimes.

I worked for a year and a half at the bank and then Lowell Hale came home from his mission. We had been writing to each other off and on for the six years since I met him and I still hadn't become too interested. Shortly before he came home from his mission, I rather had a "change of heart" and got it figured out that he was just the man I was looking for. I had a mental list of the qualities I wanted in a husband and he pretty well filled them.

We were married on Friday 15 January 1960, at the Idaho Falls Temple by President Kilpack. We toured the temples for our honeymoon. While attending the St. George Temple on our honeymoon on 19th. January, I was called to finish the ceremony and hurry to answer a long distance telephone call. It was my cousin, a telephone operator in Salmon, Idaho, Laura Brough, calling to tell me that Dad had died. I had known as he did, that he would die before spring came but

it was still extremely hard to accept. We returned to Pocatello for the funeral and burial (a previous funeral was held in Hamilton for the friends there). Lowell wanted to continue our travels, so we resumed our tour of the temples.

While in Mesa for the temple there, Lowell's parents drove us down into Mexico and took us deep sea fishing. It was very interesting. On the way back as we came through United States customs we had to prove that we had our "shots" during the previous three years before being allowed to re-enter the U.S. I didn't have any proof with me so I had to have them again, right then and there! The rest of the honeymoon was pure misery. We then went on to the California temple. There was a local flu epidemic there and I caught it. We left then for home and I had to stop at more service stations than our little Volkswagen did.

We arrived at the home place in Pocatello and began farming and milking cows. We made arrangements to buy everything from his father, Arden Hale. We paid for it in about 14 years. It consisted of just 20 acres on the Indian Reservation. We also leased 60 more acres to farm with it.

We have had eight children up to this date, July, 1975. Our first child, Cindy, was born 30 September 1960. She was a happy little girl with blue eyes and black hair. She loved going to church so she could meet everybody. She really loved people

On 6 September 1962 just before she was two years old, she drowned in a little irrigation ditch that ran in front of our house.

Our second child, Lane Lowell, was born on 7 December 1961. He had light brown hair and dark, dark brown eyes. He was about nine months old when his sister died and just seven weeks later on 28 October 1962 he also died. He died in the hospital of flu and pneumonia.

This left us very much alone and anxious for more children. One year later on 2 October 1963, Kelly Reese was born to us. His hair was dark and his eyes were blue. He is fun-loving and jolly and likes to tell jokes.

Rebecca was born one and a half years later on 30 April 1965. She had brown hair and blue eyes. She is tall and slim and a great help to me with the other children and around the house.

Lance Dean came along two and a half years later on Halloween 31 October 1967. His hair and eyes were black. He is also tall and slim and has a real aptitude for math. He will even take an extra turn washing dishes if I'll make him up a page full of problems hard enough to challenge him.



LtoR BR- Ronda, Rebecca, Rex, Lance,
Kelly, FR- Carlena, Sandra, Karen

Ronda was born 20 May 1969, a brown haired, brown eyed little doll. She has a beautiful smile. She loves horses and is a pretty good little rider.

Rex Wayne joined our family on Mother's Day 9 May 1971. He has black hair and blue, blue eyes. He has a beautiful smile and loves to care for his little sister and give her rides in his wagon for hours at a time. He calls her his baby.

Karen is our youngest and eighth child. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. She came to us on 12 April 1974.

Carlena was born 8 January 1976 in Bingham Memorial Hospital in Blackfoot, Idaho. We were still living in Tyhee, near Pocatello, at the time. In April of that year we bought a large farm five miles north of Moreland, near Blackfoot. We moved our family of seven children, twenty-seven milk cows and several young cattle, plus ponies and all our farm goods.

On June 5th and 6th the Teton Dam burst and flooded the area from St. Anthony all the way down to American Falls. Our farm was located high on the lava beds so it missed us. One month later, however, a tornado came through our farm and wiped out three buildings within a few seconds. I told the family that the tornado came to us because we had not been properly thankful for being out of the way of the flood. That fall and winter we had warm weather and no snow while the families in the Rexburg area that had been affected by the flood tried to rebuild their homes. On 1 January 1977, the winter came with fury. All of our young calves died from the cold because they had not grown their winter hair and we had lost their shelters in the tornado.

On 16 May 1979, Sandra was born to us in the Bingham Memorial Hospital. She makes a total of 10 children (8 living) or twelve in our family unit.

Rebecca married 18 July 1986 in the Logan temple to Robert Edward Cook, Jr. She was endowed the day before in the same temple. They now have four children: Kaley Dawn, born 17 June 1987 in Provo, Utah; Kasia Ranae, born 9 September 1988 in Boise Hospital (while her parents lived in Emmett, Idaho); Ethan Edward born 25 May 1990 in Provo; and Shanae Brydel born 26 March 1992 in Blackfoot, Idaho.

On 19 August 1989, Kelly Reese received his endowments in the Idaho Falls temple prior to going on a mission to Guatemala City South and San Diego Spanish on 8 November 1989-17 October 1991. Immediately upon his return he met and married Joan Arave, daughter of Alvin Earl and Ida Christiansen Arave. They were married 14 December 1991 in the Idaho Falls temple.

On 28 March 1987 Lance was endowed in the Provo temple, prior to going on a mission to Chile Concepcion on 20 May 1987-24 May 1989. He graduated from BYU two years after his return 26 April 1991. On 28 February 1992 he and Monique Lee, daughter of Chaille Duncan Lee and Wallace Raymond Lee Jr. were married in the Idaho Falls temple.

In the winter and spring of 1990 we moved to the Wapello area north of Blackfoot. Karen, Carlena and Sandra were the only ones to move with us as the

others were in college or on a mission. We had sold our cows and then our farm after Lowell got a job as security guard for a private company.

While we were moving to Wapello, Rex put in his papers to go on a mission. He was just finishing up three years of study at BYU (this included six months of study in Jerusalem in the study-abroad program). He left for the Philippine Davao Mission on his nineteenth birthday 9 May 1990-15 May



LtoR BR-Eva, Melvin, Lana & Reese Whiting, Karen Hale, Rebecca H. Cook, Shanae, Robert Cook, Rex, Kelly, Joan & Ronda Hale, FR- Tim & Melissa Whiting w/ Kaley Cook, Sandra Hale w/ Kasia Cook, Carlena Hale, Monique & Lance Hale

1992. He had been endowed 9 March 1990 in the Provo temple.

The month after Rex left, Ronda went to the San Juan Puerto Rico Mission from 27 June 1990-6 January 1992. She was endowed 14 April 1990 in the Idaho Falls temple. Kelly had been on his mission for only a few months, so all three were out in foreign missions for approximately one and a half years of the same time period. Lowell and I were released from a stake mission 5 March 1989 after serving two years in the Blackfoot Northwest Stake.

This past fall and winter of 91 and 92, I have been helping with a quilting project in our Wapello area. Four to six of the local women get together every week and tie quilts for whomever needs them. Most of the quilt tops were patchwork that my mother has made and donated to us for this purpose. She cuts quilt blocks for Deseret Industries in Idaho Falls. This has numbered close to one hundred quilts for this year alone.

Mom (Eva) has been living in the Sr. Citizens Center in Idaho Falls since she moved from Stevensville, Montana, the summer of 1981.

--By Alice Whiting Hale

MELVIN RAY WHITING



Melvin Whiting

I was born on 28 June 1945, as the second son and fifth child to Alfred Reese Whiting and Eva Harper. my father told me I was named after Melvin J. Ballard, the Apostle. I was born in the Marcus Daly Hospital in Hamilton, Montana, and our family resided in a tarpaper one-room shack near Darby, Montana. We soon moved into a large home which used to be the old Anaconda Stage Station. We had a large barn to play in; a wooded hillside to explore; and many neighbors to play with. A lot of fine memories linger there.

The earliest I can remember is four years old when Dad backed over my tricycle, and I can remember going to kindergarten in the "Twogood" home near the Darby School.

I was the first person to be baptized in the new font at the Hamilton Ward Chapel. Everyone before me was baptized outside in one of the canals.

I was ordained into the office of the Aaronic Priesthood by my father and brother. I attended grade schools in Darby, Victor, and Stevensville.

We moved from Darby in 1958, to a ranch on Bell Crossing near Stevensville. My father died 19 January 1960, while we were on the ranch. My brother, Richard and I took care of the ranch until I left on my mission. We later sold it and he moved to Victor, Idaho.

When I was preparing to go on a mission, I was ordained an elder by Grant K. Patton, who was ordained a high priest by Spencer W. Kimball. On 10 March 1964 I left to go on a building mission in the Northwest Building Area with its headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio.

I learned the trade of brickmason and worked on chapels in Youngstown and Fairfield, Ohio; Rome, New York, Reading, Pennsylvania, Southington and Hartford, Connecticut. While on my mission I got a chance to see a lot of church historical sights. Also I went to the Hill Cumorah both years, and I visited the New York World's Fair.

I returned from my mission and joined the Air Force. After my training schools in Texas and Mississippi, I was shipped to Anchorage, Alaska, where I spent three years as a radio operator.

I received an early out from the military to go to Agriculture School at MSU in Bozeman, Montana. Later I went to Diesel Mechanic's School at Pocatello, Idaho. After completing this schooling I opened up a repair shop in Darby, Montana, for a short period of time, after it failed I worked for a cousin of mine in the logging and sawmill business for awhile. When that slowed down I went back to the brickmason trade and started building fireplaces. After working as a masonry contractor for two years, I gave it up and went back to driving a logging truck.

About this time I got tired of being single and decided to go to Provo, Utah and see if I couldn't find me a wife. It took almost a year, but I found the woman

the Lord had prepared for me. Her name is Lana Jeane (Irene) Baker. We were married in Idaho Falls on 12 February 1977. Along with her I inherited two son: Ronald Kevin Berneche, born 18 March 1960 and Kenneth Deane Berneche, born 24 September 1961. We also have a son born to us on 31 December 1977. His name is Abraham Timothy whiting.

After we were married we moved back to Stevensville, Montana, where I opened up a farm machinery repair shop. The business has worked into a consignment sales of used tractors and machinery and sales of new farm equipment.

All through my life I liked to work outdoors with my hands. I became skilled or semi-skilled in the following professions: logger, head sawyer in a sawmill, electrician, truck driver, diesel mechanic, brick mason, heavy equipment operator, key punch operator and etc.

Jobs I held in the LDS church were: elders group leader, young adult stake president, sunday school teacher and first counselor, scoutmaster and deacons advisor, ward executive secretary and a home teacher.

--By Melvin Ray Whiting

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LtoR BR-Eva, Theo Huntsman, Reese FR- Melvin,
Raleigh Huntsman, Maveen, Richard, Alice & Inez
Huntsman in front of Whiting House in Darby, MT.



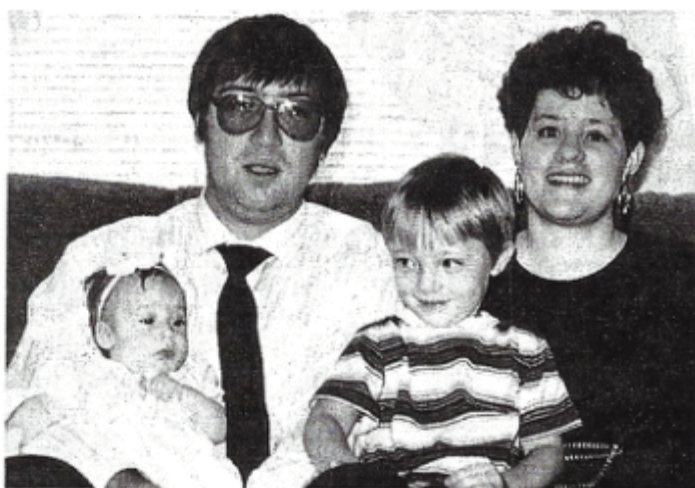
Evelyn W. Baird and Eva H. Whiting
with their children



Karen, Lowell Hale, Kelly,
Whiting, Lance, Rebecca, Rex, Ro
in front of Stevensville Chapel



Kelly & Joan Arave Hale



Steven, Kathryn, Krista, & Tyson
Whiting



Douglas, David, Brian, Krystal
& Patricia Whiting



Robert & Rebecca Hale Cook



Lance & Monique Lee Hale

CHAPTER 12

MARY HANNAH WHITING

CHAPTER 10

THEORY OF THE EARTH

MARY HANNAH WHITING JACKSON



Mary Whiting

Mary Hannah Whiting was the eleventh child and sixth girl of Lorenzo Snow and Flora Waterman Whiting, she was born 14 August 1900 at Robin, Idaho.

Mary's folks had lived in Hobble Creek Canyon for several years before moving to Robin. They had farmed and ran a sawmill there. Many of Mary's brothers and sisters were born there. Maud the oldest was the only one not born in Utah and she was born in Brigham City, Arizona, on 26 July 1881. Len born 13 December 1883; Forres born 30 November 1885 and Flora born 6 January 1887 all were born in Mapleton, Utah, a short distance from Hobble Creek Canyon. Flora only lived three months and died of Whooping Cough and was buried in Mapleton. Mary's sister Ella was born on 18 May 1889 at Soldier Summit, Utah. Jay, born 6 June 1891, Ralph and Ruth, twins, Ralph born 31 August 1893 and Ruth born 1 September 1893; Abbie Ann born 20 August 1895; and Reese born 9 March 1897 were all born at Hobble Creek Canyon.

Her parents had moved to Robin, Idaho, about two years before Mary was born. Her family were living in the back of the Robin Post Office and store that her parents owned and ran when Mary was born.

Her sisters said she was a pretty little thing with golden hair and brown eyes and that they all loved her very much. They said Reese, who was three years old, was quite jealous of the new baby. He would pull his hat down over his eyes every time he came into the room to keep from looking at her, sometimes he would crawl way back under the bed. His attitude changed and they became very close as she became old enough to play and talk with him.

One summer when the family was all staying at Mink Creek, it was on a Sunday afternoon, Mary was about three years old and she asked her Mother if she could go up to a tent where Ella and Ruth were. Ella tells that her mother came up to the tent to check on Mary. The girls had never seen her as they were in the tent reading and hadn't even seen Mary. They all started looking for her. There was a small trail ran past the tent they had drug logs down. Ella said she ran to the trail and sure enough there were her small bare foot tracks going up the trail. She, Ella started as fast as she could following Mary up the steep trail. She hadn't gone far until she saw the tracks of a wolf following Mary. She picked up a large club and went up the trail as fast as she could run. She could still see Mary's

tracks with the wolf's on top of them. Ella didn't go too far until she saw Mary and called to her. Mary heard her, stopped and turned around and ran back into Ella's arms. She was crying and asked her sister why she hadn't come.

Ruth tells in her life story of a time when Grandmother Waterman was coming from Springville to visit them, they were all talking of where they would have her sleep and Mary spoke up and said, "It's a cinch she can't sleep with me cause I sleep with Ma and Pa."

Ruth tells of another time when her brothers, Reese and Will, and her sister, Mary, were playing in the yard. Mary had a baby chick she was holding and loving. Bert Evens came along, he stood watching Mary with the baby chick and asked, "What you got there, Mary, an orphan?" Looking up at him she said, "No, just a chicken."

Mary was a pretty little girl, but quite a tom-boy. She and Will played together so much, in the barn yard chasing calves, trying to rope and ride them. Tiring of that sport, they would dig up something new. One day Ruth heard a big commotion, a dog yelping for help, going to investigate this is what she found, Mary on her knees holding her Mother's little black dog, Tiny. Will was giving Mary careful instructions not to hurt Tiny, just hold her tight he said while I cut her tits off. This is from Ruth's life story.

Her brother, Will, tells of when they were in Mink Creek, and he and Mary would go fishing together. They herded the cows together and helped milk them.

Mary went to school in Robin until about the sixth or seventh grade. When she was about eleven years old her folks moved to Crystal, Idaho, where they homesteaded on some land. She and Will went to school in an old log house on the Burly Place called the Trimmings House. Mr. and Mrs. Maunch taught the school.

Mary always loved horses, her brothers said she could break a horse as good or better then most men. Her father and some of her brothers taught her how to handle horses as they loved them and were good horsemen.

When Mary was 18 years old she married Casper Fannin on 2 October 1918. They were married at Crystal, Idaho, by Bishop J.W. Staley with L.S. Whiting and Moses Fannin as witnesses. They had two daughters, Mary Gene born 8 December 1919, and Elnore Rose born 26 February 1921, both girls were born at Crystal. Mary and Casper were divorced when the girls were just babies.

In 1923 Mary married Keely Warren Jackson, called Keel. They moved to



Larry Whiting

Canada for a few years, while there they had a stillborn baby girl, born at Hillsprings, Canada in 1926. Donna May born 13 January 1927 and twin babies that died were also born at Hillsprings.



Mary, Gene, Elinor

Mary was baptized when 10 years old on 10 September 1910. Record show both she and Keel were rebaptized 3 September 1925, while living in Canada. They received their endowments and were sealed on 6 July 1933 in the Logan Temple.

They moved to Oxford, Idaho, about 1930 and Ellen was born 22 January 1931. Mary's mother bought a house in Oxford also and for several years they were able to enjoy each other.

In 1936-37 it was a terrible winter and Mary was not in very good health when she had another sweet baby girl, Mary Clarice. This baby girl was born on the first day of February 1937 and because of her poor health Mary was not able to recover from the birth of her baby and passed away four days later. There were many people died as a result of this very severe winter. Mary laid in a coma like condition for a couple of days. When she regained consciousness she told her Mother that she had been to the other side and how beautiful and peaceful it was there. She said it was very important how we talked and the words we used. She said she was going to die and not to grieve for her because she wanted to go back there. She told her Mother the time this would happen. Mary passed away four day later on 4 February 1937. She was only 36 years old. Mary was buried in Oxford Idaho Cemetery.

Her husband, Keel Jackson, died in May 1959.

Mary Gene born 8 December 1919 in Crystal, Idaho was 17 years old when her mother died. She married Ralph Frazier. She and Ralph worked for the railroad in the Roundhouse in Pocatello, Idaho, during World War II. They adopted a girl that they named Joyce. Gene and Ralph were later divorced. Gene died from complications of diabetes and pneumonia.

Elnore Rose born 26 February 1921 in Crystal, Idaho, was 16 years old when her Mother died. She married James William Palmer on 24 May 1937. They had one daughter, Roseanna, (Zimmerman), living in American Falls, Idaho. One son, Darrell living in Aberdeen and one adopted son, Frederick. Her husband, James died on 9 February 1966. She ran their farm for awhile, later she sold the farm and went to work for Lamb-Weston where she worked for over twenty years.

She enjoyed reading, crocheting, oil painting, sewing and her family. She died 24 January 1991 from complications after surgery.

Donna May born 13 January 1927 at Hillsprings, Canada, was only 10 years old when her mother died. Donna grew up in Oxford and married Grant Harker on 26 April 1943. They are the proud parents of four sons, Ronnie Lee, Alton Kirk, Dorin Brett and Lance. Her husband, Grant, worked for the city of Idaho Falls until he retired. Donna works part time at the Don Wilson Drug Store in Idaho Falls. They have lived in Idaho Falls, Idaho, for many years.

Ellen Elizabeth born 22 January 1931, was six years old when her mother died. She lived with her father and sister, Donna, in Oxford. She married Joseph Angle Flores, they had two sons and two daughters, Patricia, Michael, Robert and Margaret better known as Peggy.

Ellen and Joe were divorced. Ellen worked for Sears for a number of years until she became ill with Multiple Sclerosis. She lay comatose for several years in a nursing home in Salinas, California. She passed away in the later spring or early summer of 1985.

Mary Clarice was born 1 February 1937 four days before her mother died. Her grandmother Whiting took care of her for six weeks and at this time her Mother's brother, Will, and his wife, Ethel, went to Oxford and took Mary to Salmon, Idaho, to live with them. She lived with them until she was grown.

--By:

MARY JACKSON DANOWSKI

God sent me angels, I call them Mom and Dad. I was born to Mary Hannah Whiting and Keel Warren Jackson on 1 February 1937, in Oxford, Idaho. That winter was a very harsh one and several people died as a result of it. My mother was one of those people. The story that has been told to me is that she laid in a coma-like condition for a couple of days. When she regained consciousness she told my grandmother Whiting that she had been to the other side and how beautiful and peaceful it was there. She said she was going to die and not to grieve for her because she wanted to go back there. She told my grandmother the exact time and day this would happen. Mother passed away four days after I was born, on 4 February 1937. She was only 36 years old.



LtoR - Mary Jackson, Grandma Whiting, Caroline Whiting

Mother left behind five daughter. Jean 17, Elnore 16, Donna 10, Ellen 4, and Mary 4 days old. Mother was at one time married to Casper Fannin. Jean and Elnore are children of that marriage. They are my half sisters. I have been told that mother had a baby boy that was stillborn and is buried somewhere in Canada. I don't know when this happened or if she was married to Casper or Keal at that time.

When I was six weeks old, Ethel and William Whiting came to Oxford and took me home to Salmon, Idaho, to live with them. They couldn't come to get me any sooner because the winter weather was so bad. At that time they had four small boys, Cecil, Mervell, Wesley, and Eddie. Carolyn was born two years later. There was another little girl who had lost her mother too and she came to live with us at the tender age of eight. Her name was Ruth Dahl, now Ruth Creaser. She was then and still is considered our sister.

When I was about seven years old, one day I was looking in a photo album and I found a picture of a lady I didn't know. I asked mother who she was. That is when she told me that the lady was my mother and that they were my aunt and uncle. It wasn't too long after that a man and two young girls came to see me. They were my father and sisters, Donna and Ellen. I'll never forget that day. In that period of time I found out I had another family. I never did get to know my real family very well. We have kept in touch over the years, but it is more of a cousin relationship. My aunt and uncle are my parents and my cousins are my siblings.

We moved to Salt Lake City, Utah, when I was 13 years old. I graduated from high school and immediately went to work for the Telephone Company. For 18 year I celebrated my birthday on February 2nd. because Mom and Dad didn't know for sure which day I was born on. I had to provide a birth certificate to the Telephone Company as proof of citizenship. That is when I found out I was born on February 1st. I no longer was their little "Ground Hog."

I married Charles E. Stewart and since then we have divorced. I married a second time to Edward A. Danowski. He is a wonderful loving husband and I feel very fortunate to have him for my companion and best friend. I have one child, a beautiful loving and caring daughter, Debora Lee Stewart. She married Steve Smedley and I could have picked a better son-in-law. I feel like he is the son I never had. They have two beautiful daughter, (the love of my life, what more can I say), Kira Mary, age 8, and Jill Lynn, age 4. I love my family very much and I'm very proud of them.

I retired from the Telephone Company five years ago with 30 years of service with them. I now have time to read, sew, bowl, play golf and if I time it just right I can work in some house cleaning. I especially enjoy the prime time I can spend with my family, something I couldn't do very much of when I was working.

Now that Ethel is in her twilight years, I can be there for her in her time of

need. It is my turn to return the love and care she has given me through out all these years.

William passed away three and a half years ago at the age of 85. When we were little he always had a little poem to tell us and gave us so much love. I miss him very much.

God bless these two beautiful and wonderful people who gave me the same tender loving care and wisdom they gave their own children. How can I ever repay them in this life or the next and where would I have been without them? They have given me so much of their own lives. To walk in their footsteps would be a tough act to follow. He walks with angels and some day she will walk beside him with her hand in his.

--By: Mary Jackson Danowski

CHAPTER 13

WILLIAM WHITING

CLARK

CLARK

WILLIAM WHITING AND ETHEL FANNIN



William & Ethel Fannin Whiting

I was born this day, 7 December 1901, in a little log cabin in Bannock County, Idaho, the town of Robin. My parents bought a small piece of ground about one mile from their farm and built a building on it and ran a general store and post office, which was the first one and the only one there at present. They named it Robin because there was a lot of Robins at the place called Garden Creek. Mother named it Robin and it still goes by that name.

They built a nice frame house, as I remember it had three bedrooms, a large kitchen and dining room and an upstairs room. They built a nice granary and blacksmith shop.

Len was real talented at building and repairing tools, which was necessary at that time. He later built a shop by the store and he was so good that he ran two other shops out of business. He got all the trade and had to get Farr, his brother, to help him. He made lots of money for those days. As I recall, about six dollars for each days work. It was a great help to the family. He would buy the groceries, shoes and overalls, and the dresses for all the family. I can remember him bringing me home shoes and overalls as a boy. He just spent enough on himself for his clothes, which consisted of shoes, shirts, overalls, jumper and socks. He was a good boy. We all had to work together as a family. Dad, Mother and the boys and girls.

Dad built a real good barn and had stanchions for cows and horses. As I

recall, it was 100 feet long, 50 feet wide with a lean-to on one side for horses and cows. Dad had also planted shade trees, six to be exact. Four in the back of our home and two in the front, which grew very large and were very helpful in shading our home while we lived there.

He also had a sawmill in Hobble Creek Canyon in Utah about 12 miles from Springville. He ran the sawmill with water power. He dug a ditch around the hill or mountain and piped it down the mountain into a turbine wheel that ran the sawmill. Some of this was still standing a few years ago. When they came to Idaho the families brought the sawmill with them.

Reese was one year old when they landed at the farm in Idaho on 9 March 1898. Dad and Burt Evans had been up to Idaho and bought a farm of 160 acres. They divided it up, 80 acres each. It was a good tract of land. Garden Creek ran across one end of it. Burt Evans wife was Dad's cousin. Both our families grew up together. Howard and I were about the same age.

One Sunday we didn't go to Sunday School, we went fishing up in the gap. There wasn't any road then. It was in November and quite cold. There was lots of nice fish pools lying down between some large rocks. I thought if I could get down there I could catch a nice fish. I tried to get down on a large rock and it was slick. I slipped and fell in all over. It was freezing weather and a mile from home. My clothes froze on me. I soon remembered what my parents had told me, "not to go fishing on Sunday."

The sawmill that they brought was a great help to them. They found a canyon that had timber in it and set it up, they had two set in Marsh Valley. One in Smith Canyon and another in Yellow Dog. I can't remember going to either place.

Dad's father, my grandfather, Edwin Whiting, was a nurseryman and planted lots of trees. Dad had learned a lot from him and he planted a good orchard on the farm which he watered from Garden Creek. He had apple trees, pear, plum, cherries, prune trees, strawberries, raspberries, currants of two or three kinds. He had a nice garden of all kinds that we grow here in the west.

Dad and some of the boys and older girls went to Mink Creek where Dad had taken a timber claim. Len, Farr, Jay, and Ralph lived there, for they had moved the sawmill there, but mother stayed most of the time at Robin on the farm and ran it. They had about ten acres of alfalfa there. A community ditch went through the place that they watered the alfalfa with. The rest up on the bench was dry farm and he raised wheat on it. It yielded very good. There was about 65 acres of alfalfa and wheat. The rest was on the creek where the house and barn and garden were.

Len and Farr got real good at the sawmill and sawed lots of lumber and sold it in Pocatello. Thousands and thousand of feet of lumber.

Dad bought a feed barn in Pocatello about 1907. He was there for a few years and I stayed with him part of the time. He took me to the first moving

picture show I ever saw. It was a silent picture, I had to read to tell what they were saying. I thought it was great! Mother moved in town with him and that is where I started to go to school. He then leased it to a man by the name of Durant for about two years, and finally sold it.

Dad and Mother had a bunch of cattle. About twenty of them were milk cows. In the winter they would move them to Robin where they had hay and shelter in the barn for the milk cows. Dad and sometimes Mother would go to town twice a week with the cream. They would keep it fresh and cold in the creek. Then in the spring they would drive them to Mink Creek where there was lots of good grass there as it was an open country. Reese, Mary and I would go to help milk and get the calves in. We would go about daylight looking for the calves. One morning we had found the calves about a mile from the camp. They were on a sagebrush flat and trees on both sides. We had two good dogs, Chip and Bob. The dogs went in the brush and got to fighting with something and we were trying to get the calves down the mountain toward the corral. Two white faced creatures came toward us. We got scared and started to run and went right by the calves. We ran over sagebrush and small bushes and down a little hill to the corral, climbed up two of the corral posts. Dad and Mother were milking the cows. Dad said, "What is the matter?" All out of breath I said, "Some damn thing is following us." Dad said, "You're right, here comes your dogs." We had outrun them for about half a mile. It was the only time in my life I outran Reese. The dogs came up to the corral. Their faces were white with porcupine quills and looked white from a distance. Dad had told us about a bald-faced bear and said they were mean. We thought they had killed our dogs and now they were after us.

Reese, Mary and I would go fishing almost every day, but Sunday. That is one thing I'll always admire Dad for. Although we couldn't always go to Church on Sunday or Sunday School in that primitive country as we were about twelve miles from town, he didn't want us to go fishing or hunting on Sunday. I have heard my brothers mention this also. Lots of times he and Mother would take the family in a white top buggy and drive to Pocatello to the First Ward. We would have to start about daylight or before to get there.

They finally sold the cows and the boys took up homesteads in Crystal. Len, Farr and Val Alsworth, Ella's husband and Dad took up places altogether in the center of Crystal Valley. They named it Rattlesnake. Dad kept the Farm at Robin and after they got proved up on the places Dad and Mother had Reese and Ralph take their place, as they weren't old enough to homestead. You had to be 21 or older to take up land.

I stayed with Dad and Mother for two or three years in Robin. While there I had a good time with them. In the summer Dad would take us fishing down on the Marsh Creek about once a week. In the winter he would take me hunting rabbits. There were thousands of them there. He had a double barrel shot-gun.

I had a Remington repeater-22 long rifle, which was a good gun.

My father was honest in his dealings with anyone he dealt with as far back as I can remember. My father helped build the first Church house in Robin. He also donated \$120, which was quite a donation in those days, because a dollar was a dollar then and hard earned. He had a large family to support besides. My father and mother were faithful in keeping the children in church and taught them the value of being honest in all dealings with whom they had any business with. He had a strong testimony of the Gospel, but his work took him away from Church as his only way of traveling was by horse and buggy and dirt roads to travel. After moving into Crystal Valley, our parents saw to it that the children were in Church whenever possible. Mary and myself stayed at Robin with Dad and Mother and went to school until I got into fifth grade, then we moved over to Crystal.



William Whiting

Dad had been sick for two or three years and had been getting weaker. Finally he contacted what was diabetes and they couldn't do much about it in those days. But as it was he was sick in bed for six years.

They didn't have any schoolhouse built then. We were holding school in an old log house called the Burley House. We went to one big long room with a big pot bellied stove in it.

We had a group of boys and girls going to that school. I was in the fifth grade and Mary and a lot of other kids were going to school too. There was some of them going to school that were still in the eighth grade who were 18 or 19 years old. We also had kids in other grades, so we had quite a school.

We had some good school teachers there. There were several I remember. Of the school teachers I had in Robin, one I really liked. She was Mrs. Hardbickson. Another was Mrs. Mathick. When I came to Crystal, one of the teachers that I can still remember was a lady and her husband by the name of Maunch. When they taught at this school only one was paid. That was all the school could afford. I think it was Mrs. Maunch. They had from the first to the eighth grade in one room. We all had to study in that one room, so we had to be real quiet. They would have their classes in the same room and review their lessons. We had to get so we wouldn't be confused with one another's lessons.

Louis F. Maunch and his wife both would come so it would make it easier on the teacher. They were both qualified teachers. Louis Maunch was finally one of the men that started the Hanager College in Salt Lake. You can tell by that, that he was a qualified teacher.

There was a teacher after a few years that finally built a school house. But before we built it we had another little house called the "Trimmins" house. We

had that for a year or two. It was just a home, but finally they got enough of the community that they built a school house. We used it for a Church and a school house for years. The building, I think is still standing, just a little old white building. My wife went to that school, too. It was in this school that I finished out what little education I got. I was 13 years old, I think, the last day I went to school. We learned quite a lot of things. I didn't become very well educated, but I learned enough so I could read and write and get along pretty well in life.

There was a creek that went down through there and it froze over in the winter time. We liked to skate and we would go early in the morning and get to skating a little bit. About the time we would get started the bell would ring and we'd have to get to school, then at noon we would skate.

One evening Reese and I skated after everybody had gone home. We concocted the idea what we would do. We climbed up the corner of the old log building which had some logs sticking out, as log houses usually had, and got to the top of the building. we took a gunny sack up there with us and pulled out the first joint of the chimney and took a sack and pushed it down in the pipe so the smoke couldn't come out. Then we put the chimney back on and went home. The next morning we came down and went out and started skating. Lou Maunch and his wife (the school teachers) came and built the fire. We just stayed out there skating. The house was so smokey that they couldn't hold school and so cold we couldn't set in our seats. They couldn't get the fire to burn only just enough to make the smoke.

Lou Maunch knew that something had happened and that some of us had played a trick, so he or one of the older school girls, I think it was Mabel Butterfield, if I remember, climbed up the corner of the house and looked down in there and pulled the sack out. After a while it got warm and the smoke cleared out of the house. It was about noon then, but after dinner, when we came back, Lou Maunch knew that some of us boys had done it. Reese and I was the only ones there at that time. Ralph wasn't there, he was somewhere else that week. As we came in he was standing there accusing everyone of us. He said, "Did you boys do that?" Reese looked at him and said, "Do you think we'd do a thing like that?" He let us go by.

I think it was about five or ten years after that he told us, he said, "I knew you two boys had done that." The skating was so good down there and it wasn't too much of a crime and you were having so much fun, we just let it go. That was the kind of a guy he was.

You know there were some hard boys there. Some boys 18 and 19 years old and good sized boys going to the eighth grade and it was rough in that country and he was a boy with them. He showed us respect and so forth.

While I was going to school there I had a trap line down Rattlesnake Creek. There was a lot of muskrats and mink and weasels and one thing and another in that country. Sometimes I could catch five or six muskrats in one night and

occasionally a mink.

I had a little 22 Repeater. I had worked at Jay's one summer and he gave me this long rifle Remington, which was a real nice repeating gun. I'd go hunting chickens and one thing and another with this gun. I would shoot rabbits and things like that I really had a lot of fun.

We could go hunt chickens and turn the cows out and go out in the open country. There were lots of places there that hadn't even been fenced for miles around. The cows would go out and graze on the grass. Finally this got all settled up. Today it is just a big beautiful wheat farming country with great big farms. The whole valley belongs to just a few farmers now, where there used to be hundreds of farms.

Ella's husband contacted Typhoid Fever and was very sick. He died that fall and I stayed with Ella. When he died I was at the home doing the chores, it was in the night. He got to coughing and he got very weak. He got some Phlegm in his throat and was so weak he couldn't master it and he died. We had a doctor who was a chiropractor that lived about a half a mile from where we were, he was our neighbor. Ella got me up in the middle of the night and I didn't even put my shoes on and ran up to get him. When I got there the doctor was gone. His wife said he was at Tom Philips place, which was about another half a mile and I went to that place. They had a big dog, I remember named Red, and he got to barking and nearly scared me to death, but I went on anyhow. The dog, he wasn't mean just running a bluff to let them know there was somebody around. I finally knocked on the door, told the doctor what had happened. I told him that Val was bad and thought he was dead. He said, it couldn't be, but that he would come as soon as he possibly could. Tom's wife, Myrtle Phillips, gave birth to a boy that night, anyhow, the doctor came down but before he got there Ella asked me if I would go over to the place where my Dad had taken up. Reese was there and as I remember he was the only one home at that time. So I took off over there, but managed to get my shoes on first. I was just a kid and I ran on over and finally got there and woke up Reese and told him what had happened. When we got back the doctor had come. I remember Dr. Pettit. He was one of Val's best friends. He broke down and started to cry. Anyhow this is what happened. They had two children, Theo and Clifton.

They were a very good bunch of neighbors and farmers. They were all friendly to one another and each one was concerned with the other. They had what was called the "Society of Equity." They were kinda knitted together with that and all agreed to come there one day and plough and put in the grain. We had about 160 acres. I had ploughed some of it, maybe 16 acres or so. They came and brought drills and harrows and ploughs. They ploughed that ground and in two days they put in 160 acres. It raised one of the best crops I have ever known of on a dry farm. That was because it was all put in in two days. The ground was still moist.

The next year my brothers bought a farm from the school teacher, Lou Maunch, on Crystal Creek. We had both places then. One down on Crystal Creek and one up on the Sun River Valley. They had some where near 1200 acres altogether. On the Crystal Creek we had water for the alfalfa. We raised a lot of hay down there. It was a good dry farm district. We used to go from these two places which were about four miles apart.

That year Dad got sick in 1916. I guess I was about 15 years old. They took him to Ogden to a doctor but it didn't do much good. He came back and lived a few years afterwards.

We all moved down there, Ralph and Irene had got married and they came down there and bought what is known as the Brown place. They lived in that for a long time. We all lived there together in different homes, but we run the ranch together.

We were out there for a few years and from there I went on a mission. I got a picture hanging on the wall of me when I went on this mission. I was coming by the Church house near the school in the center of the valley. Marcene and Jay were living at Dad's old home that winter. I came by and Marcene came out to the gate. I was on a saddle horse and as I came by she said, "I want to get your picture, Will." I had stayed with them for a year or two when they were on the ranch up there. She took a picture of me and as I am sitting here now looking at the picture they enlarged it. That day she took the picture was the last Sunday I was in Crystal before I went on a mission. I left when I was 18 and when I came home I was pretty near 21 years old.

Moses Fannin, my father-in-law had a lovely group of girls and boys, I think there was fifteen in the family. One of these girls got away with me and married me, which I think is one of the finest girls in the world. We've been married over fifty years now. We got so we really enjoyed one another. My wife used to play the organ and lead the singing.

My wife's family had bought a Dodge, and my wife, Ethel, used to drive that car because she could do it better than anyone in the family that was home. John and Casper weren't around much. They were in the Navy part of the time. She did most of the driving and took the women to Relief Society and hauled them around. Not only with the car, but with the sleigh and also with the wagon and buggy. They had kind of a rough time, but they really enjoyed themselves more than they thought. Probably more than we do now, because we leaned on one another to help one another.



William & Ethel Fannin
Whiting

One day Ralph and I were coming from Pocatello and as we came down by Fannins' place near a creek, it was snowing and blowing and just a whistlin'. Here came Ethel at the top of the hill with a load of straw. The wind was blowing and the snow was a whistlin' and she had her head all covered up and about half froze. She went down to bring some straw to feed the stock. As I remember we stopped and was gonna help her, I know that she was some gal. She could do about anything that anybody ever done on the farm and a lot of other things that they could do today. She knew how to handle horses and she knew how to handle the car, she knew what to do in an emergency when someone was sick. It was something that she had learned all these things by experience from her mother and from others that were around and she never forgot them. She is still learning on those things and majored in this profession and has become a real help to all who she labors with or wherever she is at. She is asked almost every day some questions about somebody who is sick and what to do for them. I appreciate her very much. She knows how to take care of me and does it! I appreciate it more than she ever knows.

--Uncle Will put this history on a tape. We are grateful to whoever taped it and typed it off that we might have it.

NOTE: Uncle Will and Aunt Ethel were married 16 February 1927 in the Logan Utah LDS Temple. Four sons and one daughter were born to them: Cecil William born 25 November 1927, Mervell Monroe born 13 September 1930, Wesley F. born 21 June 1932, Veral Edison born 10 February 1935 and Carolyn Ethel born 23 February 1939.

Uncle Will and Aunt Ethel were always thinking of others as they took Ruth Dahl, a sweet girl to live with them when she was only seven or eight years old. Ruth was born 22 March 1921. Then when Aunt Mary died they went to Oxford and brought little Mary Clarice Jackson home. Mary was born on 1 February 1937 at Oxford, Idaho. They have loved Mary as they have all of their other children and she loves them.

They lived in Crystal for several years after they were married then moved to Salmon with the rest of the families from the Crystal area. I believe that Uncle Will and Aunt Ethel along with Uncle Reese and Aunt Eva may have lived at Marsh Creek just before they moved to Salmon. They lived on the Hagel Ranch with all of us, then they moved to town for a few years before they moved to Utah.

Uncle Will was always a happy, jolly person, full of fun with a wonderful sense of humor. He was always kind and seemed to love everyone and everyone loved him.

He and Aunt Ethel were so right for each other, as most of their lives they spent serving others. They both loved the Lord and had strong testimonies of the gospel of Jesus Christ and they truly loved each other.

--Addition by Katheryne Stokes

ETHEL FANNIN WHITING

On 25 May 1909 Ethel Fannin was born the third child of Moses Fannin and Cora Skaggs in Pocatello, Idaho. Her father was a painter for the railroad. He had come from Kentucky with his first wife in 1898. His first wife died in 1902 leaving five children. He courted Cora, a girl he had known in Kentucky, by mail and they were married in Pocatello in 1905.

When Ethel was nine months old, about 1910, her father moved the family to a homestead 22 miles southwest of Pocatello in a place called Crystal. She went to school in the Crystal school house through the eighth grade. Her father's family was large and growing and times were hard, but they made do raising a family of 15 in a four room house. Ethel was always helping others. She would help her older sister Pearl Whiting often when the load got too heavy with her several children. Ethel enjoyed working with her father in the garden and the fields. She would ride a horse bareback up the canyon to find the work horses early in the morning. Ethel has been a hard worker all of her life. She loved her family and tried to correspond with the family in Kentucky which she had never seen. Her grandfather Skaggs sent her a letter and picture which she cherished very much. While still in her teens she left home to go to Salt Lake City to work. She sent money home to help support her brothers and sisters.

In 1927 she married Will Whiting, her oldest sister Pearl's brother-in-law in the Logan, Utah LDS temple. They had a wonderful life together in spite of many hardships. Ethel gave birth to four sons and one daughter: Cecil, Mervyl, Eddie, Wesley and Carolyn, but raised several others out of the goodness of her heart and the hard work of her hands: Ruth Dahl and Little Mary.

In 1932 Ethel and Will moved their family to Salmon, Lemhi County, Idaho. They moved onto the Hagel Ranch on Kirtley Creek where about 13 other related families had moved. They moved in a modest abode on the large subdivided ranch just a little ways above the school house. They lived there for about two or three years until all of the families lost their lands due to a crooked lawyer who had been handing the purchase details. From there Ethel and Will moved to Salmon City where they operated a wrecking yard which they bought from Andy Allen. They ran the wrecking yard for quite a few years. Their nephews, the Phillips boys, moved in with them and worked with them. Will's mother, Flora Whiting, lived in a little house behind Ethel's in both Crystal and Salmon. She and Ethel became very close in the years before Flora's death in 1949. Will went to work in Stanley Basin on the west fork of the Salmon River. He worked in a lead and silver and ore mine. Ethel worked in the small hospital at Salmon and at times ran it until the new hospital was built.

About 1950 they moved to Salt Lake where Will got a job at Hafers. Ethel worked in the County Hospital in Salt Lake County at 21st. South state Street. She worked there during a Polio epidemic. At one time Ethel worked in the hospital eight hours and then would go work in a clinic for another eight hours. Ethel has always helped others, helped the sick in or out of a doctor's office. She is an

excellent cook with the uncanny ability of even being able to make something delicious out of almost nothing.

She and Will owned and managed an apartment house in Salt Lake City for many years. Their home was a stopping place for many family members for many years.

Ethel was the president of her ward Relief Society in Salt Lake and worked in the Salt Lake Temple for five years.

Will died in 1989 at age 81, Ethel now lives with her grandson Steve Jaegerman in Murray, Utah.

CECIL WHITING

William Cecil was born 25 November 1927 representing the eighth generation of Whitings to be born in America since Captain Joseph Whiting of Plymouth, England settled in Connecticut in 1640. Cecil was the first child of Ethel Fannin Whiting and William Whiting, both Mormon pioneer stock who were carving a place out of the frontier for themselves in Crystal, Idaho. No doctor was available in Crystal at the time of birth, indeed Crystal was so small that it did not survive the Great Depression. Today it is less than a ghost town on the plain of Southern Idaho.

When Cecil was five the family moved north, first to Kirtley Creek and then on to Salmon, Idaho. Farm chores, classes at the one room school house and Sunday meetings rounded out the days for young Cecil as he grew into a young man eager to see the world and experience things beyond the horizon of Lemhi County.

In Salmon, Will bought the local automotive salvage and repair shop, Salmon Wrecking. With his father's guidance Cec commenced his lifelong interest in thing mechanical. Tinkering on Model T's and Model A's, he eventually turned one vehicle, a Willys, into a favored hunting and fishing wagon for himself and his younger brothers. He was around 14 years old at that time, and had become quite self-sufficient and knowledgeable about the western wilderness. The boys would often disappear for days at a time, stocked only with their bedrolls, the fishing poles, a few rounds of ammunition for the .22 Springfield and some salt and pepper. All the brothers (and even Ethel) to this day look back in amazement at how casually they approached these early adventures.

Cec graduated from Salmon High School, earning letters in football, basketball and track. As Salmon High's star fullback he was named to the Idaho All-State team in 1948. Cec had interrupted his schooling to join the Navy in

1945, and served with the 97th. NCB (SeaBees), and received Asia Pacific Campaign medals. He was on the high seas on his way to the Philippines when news of the sinking of the cruiser USS Indianapolis came over the teletype. His cousin Albert George Whiting was on board and feared lost. Later they had a reunion in Tsintao, China, along with other classmates and friends from Salmon.

It was during his hitch in the Navy that Cecil first set foot on foreign shores. He turned 18 in Tsingtao, and has maintained a strong passion for China and the Far East throughout his adult life.

After finishing school at Salmon High, Cecil's reserve unit was called up to fight in the Korean War. He saw action in the Pacific, as a gunner's mate first class on the destroyed USS McDermott but also spent time playing football for the Navy in San Diego. His team played against other military teams but also scrimmaged with the pros, including the Los Angeles Rams.

While Cec was in the Navy his family moved to Salt Lake where Will joined Hafer's Company as a transmission specialist. Visiting his family in Salt Lake on leave in 1951, Cecil's brother Wesley introduced him to his friend Betty Berntson who in turn introduced him to her friend Patricia Watkins. Cec and Pat kept up with each other by mail during his final year in San Diego. After an Honorable Discharge as a Naval Petty Officer he moved in 1952 to his family's home in Salt Lake and enrolled in the College Mines and Engineering at the University of Utah. He continued his romance with Pat and they were married in the Logan Temple 31 July 1953. At the time of this writing they are planning a vacation in Barcelona to mark their 40th. anniversary.

Despite his education and experience in mining, (he, Mervell and Cousin Albert Whiting operated an Idaho silver mine in the 40's), Cecil has spent most of his professional life as a construction and heavy equipment project manager. Starting with the "SeaBees" (Naval Construction Battalion), in the Philippines and China during WWII and on through major projects in Vietnam, Thailand, Singapore and the Philippines, Cecil has been in demand as a project specialist who knows how to get the job done.

Cecil has started and operated several businesses, including Mepco of Salt Lake City, begun in 1958 as a supplier of parts for military trucks and jeeps. Mepco still operates today under the management of Cecil's friend and former partner, Don Falkner.

Mepco led Cecil again to the Far East in 1967, to secure the purchase and delivery of a large consignment of US military trucks in Bangkok, Thailand. He brought his family with him on this extended visit, including six-week old Wendy, who became the first baby ever blessed in the Bangkok branch of the LDS church. Asia and its opportunities provided the backdrop for a long stay outside of the United States, and for the better part of seventeen years Cecil and his family lived in various exotic ports of call, including Bangkok, Singapore, Manila, Mindanao, and Saigon. In 1984 they returned to the United States, settling in the San

Francisco Bay Area.

Although he now calls Mill Valley, California, home he still takes projects in faraway places. In 1992 he completed a world Bank project in Ipo, Philippines, drilling and blasting a five mile tunnel to carry water from the Angat Dam to the city of Manila. At this writing he is in Kuwait as part of the team reconstructing the oil wells and pipe lines damaged by the Iraqi invasion of 1990.

As a young man Cecil was a dreamer and an adventurer. Whether fishing, hunting, or traveling he always tried to excel and learn from his experiences. He carried that sense of adventure and fun into his adult life and imbued those qualities into his family. All of his children have had the opportunity to travel and live in other countries, and are world travelers in their own right, taking his spirit of adventure with them wherever they go.

No matter where Cecil goes he earns the respect of all around him through his accomplishments and goodwill. While on a mining expedition in the Philippines, he and his crew camped near a small village. The curious children came to see "The Americano" and so he carved whistles from reeds for each of them. One of the boys walked with a makeshift crutch and had a large unbandaged wound on the front of his leg. Cec cleaned and bandaged the leg and instructed the mother how to care for it.

The next day the boy and his mother returned along with about ten other people who heard about the doctor who made whistles and cared for the sick. Each day the numbers grew until there were lines of sick winding through the jungle waiting to see him. Cec sent word to his company in Manila to send more first aid supplies and for all the time he was there he spent two hours each morning and two hours each evening administering to the villagers and others from outside the area. The young boy with the terrible leg recovered completely. Cec helped countless others and counseled those he could not help to seek medical attention. I'm sure those people will always remember the "Doctoro Americano".

Of Cecil and Pat's five children three survive. Their first child William Douglas was born 3 August 1955 and only lived three days. Gordon Jay was born 14 December 1956, and lives and works in nearby Corte Madera, California, as a computer software publisher. Curtis Dee was born 2 February 1959, and is a theater manager in Larkspur, California. Katherine Kay was born 15 July 1961 and died in an auto accident in 1985 while serving a mission for the LDS Church in Canada. She had traveled and studied abroad during her college years, notably in Paris during the early 1980's. Youngest daughter Wendy Diane was born 25 March 1966 and teaches Special Education for the Cabillo Unified School District in Half Moon Bay, California.

Life isn't perfect and without the chasms we could never appreciate the view from the mountain top. We always look back and see missteps we wish we could erase, but life goes on and with each day we strive to make it a little better. Despite some setbacks and deeply-felt personal tragedies, Cec always reached for

the higher ground. The many travels and contacts with other cultures have given him a unique perspective on the world and its inhabitants. Cecil's attitudes, endeavors and experiences make for a rich life.

--By: Pat and Gordon Whiting

MERVELL MONROE

Second son of William and Ethel Whiting, born 13 September 1930. (No History Available).

WESLEY "F" WHITING

Born in a home on 21 June 1932, at McCammon, Bannock County, Idaho. Apparently I was breech and the doctor was coming to deliver me by removing my arms and legs. Fortunately for me I turned and was born okay much to the surprise of the doctor. I was the third son of William and Ethel Whiting. My brothers are Cecil William Whiting born 25 November 1927; Mervell Monroe Whiting born 13 September 1930; Veral Edison Whiting born 10 February 1935 and Carolyn Ethel Whiting born 23 February 1939. Mary Clarice Jackson born 1 February 1937, is my cousin who is my sister. She was in our family since she was four days old. Her mother died of complications.

Some of my early memories are: I lost Mom's wedding ring when about three years old, it dropped off my finger by the chopping block on our ranch at Kirtley Creek, near Salmon, Idaho. I broke my leg climbing up a ladder. Rung broke loose causing me to fall about six or seven feet. When they were setting the bone Mervell thought they were going to have to shoot me like horses.

Merlin Whiting, my cousin, Eddie (Veral), and I took many hunting, hiking, fishing and other trips. Almost every Saturday we were gone all day after rabbits, snakes, or other varmints. I recall Mervell singing in Primary "I'll go where you want me to go, Dear Lord." Carolyn went to the hospital in Idaho Falls with a critical illness, she still carries a scar on her neck where a tube was inserted to drain the poison.

I began school at six in Salmon, Idaho. I remember playing the part of a pussywillow in a play. Marbles was the big game then, your social status was gauged by the number of coffee cans full of marbles. One of my fondest memories was playing football with my two brothers Cec and Merv. It was great. I played basketball for three years. Placed fourth in the State for a broad jump of 21' 4

1/2". I graduated in June of 1950.

I went into the U.S. Army for three years; went to California, then Panama, Puerto Rico, Cuba, New York, New Foundland, Greenland, Laborador, Trinidad and home. I saw a lot of the world while in the Army. I was discharged as a SGT.

I went to college, University of Utah and graduated in 1958, while working at Sears. Met my wife (actually ordered her out of the Sears catalog). First time I saw her I told my buddy, "That's the kind of girl I'd like to marry someday." I graduated from the University of Utah in Business Management in June 1958

Jeraldine Robbins and I were married on 7 June 1957 in the Salt Lake Temple, a beautiful day in my life. We bought a home on Range Road in Salt Lake City, Utah. Greg, our first son (Gregory Wesley Whiting), was born 10 July 1959 while we were in our apartment at the University of Utah. Children are such fantastic blessings. Greg was a handsome baby as were all our boys. Blake Robbins born 26 October 1962, Kip William born 17 May 1966, all born in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah, normal and healthy, what a blessing!

I have been a member of the LDS Church since birth. I have held the following church positions: Sunday School Teacher, MIA Leader, Elders Quorum Teacher and President, Seminary Teacher (early morning) 4 1/2 years, High Council, Stake Presidency member, Scout Leader, Venture Leader, Stake Scout Leader, Young Adult Teacher for Ward, Stake Young Married Leader and Bishop.

We moved to Denver in 1967 to increase my business. I have done jobs from New York to Hawaii and from Michigan to Texas, had great experiences.

Our boys are a joy. Greg made Eagle Scout, graduated from High School with honors, went to BYU where he had a great time. While there he dated Marie Osmond and just received a mission call to Brisbane, Australia. Blake had very little interest in scouting, loves music and people, a real independent young man. He currently lives in Salt Lake City. Kip is an outdoors man and loves to wrestle and mix it up. He served in Fukuoka, Japan Mission and he graduated from BYU in 1992.

I left Sears in 1959 and worked as a factory representative for P and L Paint Company for seven years. Then I started my own water proofing business. Presently I am half owner and president of Berge Exploration.

Our first son, Greg, graduated from BYU in 1987, married Diane Marie Grimaldi on 8 April 1988 in Salt Lake Temple. Diane is from Wilmington, Delaware. One son Joshua Gregory born 7 August 1990 and Tessa Marie to be born in March 1993.

My mother, Ethel Fannin, is a kind loving human being and Dad is a devout, faithful honest man. Their example has always been a bright light in my life. May I leave President Harold B. Lee's statement with you, "If the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true and it is, nothing else matters." I love life and hope to continue for many more years to come.

By: Wesley Whiting

ED WHITING

On a very cold winter day, nestled in the valley of Salmon, Idaho, I was born on 11 February 1935, named Vearl Edison Whiting, the youngest of four sons. I go by the name "Ed" and my family calls me "Eddie," but the most fitting would have been "The Tag Along", because at every opportunity I would tag along with my brothers when they were trying to work with the livestock or take off on an exciting impromptu adventure of fishing in the streams or lakes, hunting or summertime swimming excursions.

Often we would plan a journey to camp out overnight but would wind up out several nights enjoying the unspoiled abundance of Mother Nature. Mom and Dad never worried when we were out for so long; they raised us to respect the laws of nature and knew we were each self-sufficient.

Some of my fondest memories are of the family picnics with our grandparents, aunt, uncles and cousins. One time in particular was during Thanksgiving. I remember watching a turkey run around on Uncle Ralph's farm and thinking that it had to be the biggest turkey in the world, and I still think so. That year we had over 32 family members join us for Thanksgiving, and Uncle Ralph supplied the enormous turkey--it was so big, well over 30 pounds--and it took the longest time to cook, so all the women just kept making pies one right after another and setting them in the window seats to cool. Smelling the fruit-filled aroma, and seeing the source so temptingly on the window sills, us kids and all our cousins snatched a few pies which, because there were so many, no one ever missed.

Approximately 50 yards from our front door was the Lemhi River, where we would catch several robust Salmon in the cold clear riffles and take them to Mom, who in turn canned enough fresh Salmon to last through the harsh winter.

Every Sunday was like a big social event, as all our relatives gathered together at the old church house. We shared our love, or sorrow, our support and our lives.

Later in 1950-51 Mom and Dad sold all their holdings and migrated to Salt Lake City, Utah. I underwent a significant change from a total of 35 classmates in Salmon to 500, the largest number to ever graduate my senior class at Salt Lake City High School. I attended BYU for a short time and met my wife there, Bonnie Cahoon, we married in August of 1954.

By 1962, with our three wonderful children, Clark, Michael and Carrie, we moved to a very beautiful area in Southern California, where we found the ideal surrounding to raise our family. Then in 1976 we were offered an excellent career opportunity and moved to Kansas City, Missouri, and really enjoyed a beautiful

home and the exciting transformation of the four season. Continuing with my career, in 1981 we moved to the Chicago, Illinois area where we presently live. Our children, after marrying, are well settled: Clark and his wife, Susan, live in West Palm Beach, Florida; Michael and his wife, Chris, live in Pismo Beach, California; and Carrie and her husband, Norman, live in Santa Barbara, California--all of whom I am so proud.

Presently I'm employed by a multi-national corporation specializing in drive lines and clutches for agricultural equipment. My duties require me to travel the North American Continent and occasionally to Europe.

In ending, one of the things I have always cherished were the examples our parents, aunts and uncles, of correlating among mankind with integrity and forthright dealing. All our relatives had very positive attitudes, but most of all I cherish the richness of my family heritage and especially my wonderful sisters, Ruth, Caroline, Mary, and my brothers Cecil, Mervel and Wesley.

--By: Ed Whiting

CAROLYN ETHEL WHITING JAEGERMAN

I was born on 23 February 1939 at Salmon, Lemhi County, Idaho. I was born in a home. The hospital care wasn't very good at that time. My mother wanted to name me Jeanette, but she was teased about it being the name of a mule so she changed it to Carolyn. I was the fifth child born to my parents.

My father was a heavy duty mechanic and my mother became a nurse when I was about eight years of age. I had four brothers and my parents raised Mary Jackson, my cousin. Her mother was a sister to my father (Mary Whiting). Mary Jackson became like a sister to me, she was two years old when I was born on 1 February 1937.

I had a very happy childhood. I cherish the early memories of seeing my Mother cooking on a wood stove, hauling water outside to do her washing, my dad carrying water home from where he worked in big tin cans like milk jugs. He would come a swinging them and whistling or singing a tune. When I was about eight or nine years old we got running water and a bathroom in our house. There was about three acres of land and they had a few animals. We lived there until I was about eleven years old.

My Dad's mother, Flora Whiting Waterman, lived in a small house beside us for a little while, just before she died. I remember her canning food with my mother and cleaning around her house and reading in her Bible.

At Christmas time we would burn our Christmas letters to Santa Claus in our big pop bellied stove and my brothers would say the flames go up an spell it out at Santa's house. We played many outside games in the summer time. My