

Moses Fannin Families History Book



Biographies compiled by
Mark Edwin Whiting

*with help from
other family contributors*



Reunion June 25, 1955, at Salmon Idaho

Moses Fannin Families History Book

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Chapter 1 - Who is Moses Fannin?

Moses Fannin, my father's grandfather was born 24 Dec 1874 in Elk Fork, Morgan County, Kentucky. I have often thought that he was named very appropriately as he brought the "children of Israel" out of the land of Egypt into the "promised land," Idaho, where they had so many more opportunities. His father, John J. Fannin was a conscripted Confederate Civil War veteran, a preacher of the Baptist variety, and a healer of some sort. Moses married Sebra Alifair Rose 24 Mar 1893 at her mother's, Perlina Fyffe Rose, home in Lawrence County, Kentucky. Four years and 3 children later, Moses and Sebra were baptized by Elder Elias S. Woodruff into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Moses' father's family did not react positively to this, while all but one of Sebra's siblings joined the church. Moses, Sebra and the children emigrated to American Falls, Idaho in 1898. When I asked George Fannin, son of James Fannin, son of Moses why they went to Idaho to settle, he said it was because that is where the missionaries they knew in Kentucky lived. In searching the Southern States Mission records, I did find one Elder from Riverside, Idaho. His name is Charles Albert Higginson, born in Goshen, Utah, and died in Caribou County, Idaho. Moses and Sebra sold all that they had to pay the train fare to Idaho. See Chapter 2 concerning the trip and the "Booth" experience when the train stopped in Provo, Utah.

The 1900 U.S. Federal Census finds Moses & Sebra in American Falls, Oneida County, Idaho with 4 children and Sebra's brother Thorn Rose.

Sebra died on February 19, 1902 according to her Salt Lake Temple sealing for the dead record. She was buried in the Riverside Thomas Cemetery at Riverside, Idaho. Family tradition has it that she died from being exposed to the measles soon after giving birth to Grace. I would assume they were living in Riverside at the time of Sebra's death since Grace was born there on 27 Oct 1901 according, again, to the Salt Lake Temple sealing record of children to parents. I cannot find any record of the family in LDS branch or ward records in Idaho until they appear in the Pocatello 1st Ward. I have searched American Falls, Rockland, and Riverside. The 1905-06 Polk Directory for Pocatello City and Bannock County has the following entry: Fannin Moses, painter, res 106 N 11th ave.

Sebra's first cousin, Martha Ferguson Ison, wife of Archa Ison was living at Riverside at the time of Sebra's death. Apparently she did not offer or was not able to help Moses with 4 of the 5 children, since he took them back to Kentucky to be taken care of by family back there. Sebra did have a sister, Virgie Ann Rose Dille, in Idaho at the time of her death. The Christensen family took Grace, an infant at the time, to raise, but Moses would never let them adopt her and he had her sealed to Sebra and himself in 1905 in the Salt Lake Temple. Grace could not accept the fact that Moses let the Christensen's take her.

With Moses' children in Kentucky and he working in Idaho, he wrote to one of the few Mormon girls he new in Kentucky, Cora Skaggs. She had been in the same branch. She checked on the children and found that they were not being well cared for. So she took them to her home and cared for them. Moses eventually proposed marriage and she brought the children back out to Idaho and married Moses on the 27th of March 1905 in Pocatello, Idaho. The Pocatello 1 st Ward record states that Cora came from Sandlick, Kentucky, April 16, 1905.

It also states that Moses Fannin went to Crystal Idaho on the 11 of June 1913, but from Cora's history and the marriage date of Perlina, I believe it must have been 11 June 1910. Cora says that Ethel was about a year old when they moved. Ethel was born on the 25 May 1909.

The Crystal years were very eventful. All the rest of Moses' children, except Nona, born in Salmon, were born there and many of his grandchildren.

While at Crystal, Moses was ordained a Seventy on 18 of September 1907 by George F. Richards, a High Priest by Apostle George Albert Smith on 25 Nov 1916, and a bishop by Rudgar Clawson 23 May 1920. He was called upon to use his priesthood constantly for the benefit of his family. Moses' sister Bessie came out from Kentucky to visit for an extended time and married Warren Light at Crystal. Others from Kentucky came to visit at times. Bessie's visit caused Moses and others many opportunities to grow in the use of the priesthood. The history of these experiences is in the Church Historians Library.

In the Moses Fannin Families there is also a very interesting photograph of Moses with Heber J. Grant and BH Roberts with an automobile in the background taken some time between 1915 and 1920 I would guess most likely at Crystal.

Moses and Cora had the opportunity to work with the Indians most of their lives. A 5 year drought caused them and extended family to leave Crystal in 1931 and go to the Salmon River Country. The Crystal Ward record says that they removed to the Salmon Ward, 19 Dec 1931.

In Salmon they worked very hard as an extended family putting improvements on a piece of property called the Hagle Ranch. After they had dug irrigation ditches, built homes etc a crooked lawyer and insurance agent stole all the property from the family. Moses and Cora then moved into Salmon City and built a home where they lived until Moses passed away in 1957.

In 1942 Della & Joe Larson and Delbert Fannin and his family were living in the Portland, Oregon area working in the war effort. Milo and Frank were in the Navy and were at times in the Portland area. Moses and Cora and Nona went to Portland to visit their family in December of 1942 and stayed until 1945 when they returned to Salmon. Moses worked as a painter in the shipyard and served in a branch presidency.

While in Oregon Moses met his brother John Henry Fannin on the street one day. Moses had assumed that John Henry had died in a snow storm many years before.

Moses and Cora did work for their family in the Salt Lake and Alberta temples. After Moses death, Cora remarried and moved to Star Valley, Wyoming.

Chapter 2 - Moses Fannin

1:01 – Moses Fannin's History

I was born at Elk Fork, Morgan County, Kentucky, December 24, 1874.¹ My father's name was John J. Fannin and my mother's name was Lydia Ann Conley. I was born and spent my early childhood days on a farm. I worked on the farm for my father. When I wasn't helping him I would work for someone else. I earned enough to buy all my best suits. My father never bought me a suit of clothes in my life. My mother used to card and spin the wool and make most all our clothes. Also she would spin the wool into yarn and knit all our socks and stockings. Father made all our shoes. I never had a pair of shoes out of the store until I was 14 years old. Father tanned all his own leather for the upper part of the shoe.

When I was 15 or 16 years of age, a group of the neighborhood boys and I had a baseball team organized. When we would compete with another town, which would sometimes be nine miles away, the whole team would get ready and walk or run part of the way, play the game and walk clear back home the same day. We were all barefooted at the time, and none of us had a mitt, but the catcher.

At the age of 17 years, I met a girl by the name of Sebra Alifair Rose. I courted her for a time, then I got up the courage enough to ask her to marry me, which she consented to do. I was 17 at the time and she was 21. When I was married, I would split rails all day long for fifty cents a day.

After we were married a few years and had 3 children some missionaries were in the country preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The first time I heard them preach, it rang true. I went home and told my wife. I wanted to hear more, so we went to the next meeting. When we heard their message we knew it was true and were baptized. We wanted to go to Zion, so we talked it over and decided to sell our home and prepared to go to Zion. All we received for our home and our property was \$125.00 and the ticket was \$90.00 to Salt Lake City. After buying shoes and a few clothes, we had \$10.00 left for food and lodging until we reached our destination at American Falls, Idaho.

Before we left Kentucky, we knelt in prayer and asked our Heavenly Father to bless us and watch over us until we reached our destination.

When the train was leaving Provo, Utah, the conductor called out that the train would make an all night layover in Salt Lake.



Moses Fannin

My wife and I were wondering what we would do as we only had a few cents left. When a man at the other end of the train came down the isle and handed me a \$10.00 bill and said, "Maybe you will need this." I had never seen the man before. I thanked the man from the bottom of my heart and handed him an address book and asked him if he would write down his address and as soon as I got a job I would send the \$10.00 back to him. He took the book and wrote something down and handed the book back. I thanked him and put the book back in my pocket. After we reached our destination and I had a job on the railroad, I went and got the address book so I could send the \$10.00 back to the man and found only the name "Booth." This was a testimony to me that the Lord hears and answers prayers. I didn't ask for money, only that he would help and bless us until we reached our destination.

We arrived in Idaho in 1898, about one week after we left Kentucky. By 1902 we had two more children, which made us five children.

In that same year, my wife had a very bad case of measles. They got worse instead of better, until she died.

I was left alone with five children and no wife. A neighbor lady wanted to take the baby girl. They had no children, so I consented. Later when I went to pay them and get my baby Grace, they cried and begged me to let them raise her as they had got so attached to her, so they raised and gave her a good home and education. The other children went back to Kentucky to stay with relatives.

That was the most lonesome part of my life that I can remember. Every night after work, in a strange land, to come home to an empty house.

I then started to write to a girl back in Kentucky, by the name of Cora Skaggs, asking her how my children were, as she lived quite close to the place where the children were staying. We corresponded quite a while when the letters turned into love letters and I asked her to marry me. She accepted and started to make arrangements for the trip out west. Cora went and got the children of mine and started out west. She arrived in Idaho, March 1905 and we were married March 27, 1905.

In 1910 I lived on a homestead at Crystal, Idaho about twenty miles from Pocatello. I worked hard. It was real pioneering, breaking new land on one hundred acres, but with the help of my good wife Cora and my family, I was able to build a comfortable home and other buildings and a fence around all my land and make a living for my family. We had some very fine neighbors, also a ward of the Church and would have visitors from the Stake at Pocatello, Idaho. I was bishop of this ward for eleven years. The only means of travel was with a buggy or wagon.

I plowed all the land with eight head of horses and a three bottom plow. I would get up at four in the morning and ride horseback until I found the horses and harness them before breakfast, then plow until dark.

It was while we lived here that James was called on a mission, during the depression. I had lots of wheat, oats and hay also, cattle for sale, but no one had money to buy, but the Lord blessed us so we were able to keep him in the mission field.

We were blessed with good health most of the time. Living as we were twenty miles from a doctor, I was so thankful that I held the Melchizedek Priesthood. Many times we had to depend the Lord and the priesthood when some of the family got sick. I have seen members of my family healed instantly many times.

Through drought and crop failure during the depression in 1931, we lost our farm at Crystal.

Cora and I had five boys and five girls and the five children I had by my first wife, made me fifteen children.

In 1931, we moved to Salmon, Idaho, where I bought a farm known as the Hagle ranch. I got out logs and built a home, fenced all around the land, built irrigation ditches, and raised some very fine crops. We were very happy here and liked the beautiful country, where there was good deer hunting, lots of pheasants and good fishing, but through some very crooked handling of the property we lost the farm and everything we had put into it.

Then I sold our horses and cattle and bought some lots in the town of Salmon and built a nice home, the first modern home we had ever had. We had room for a nice garden and my wife always cans lots of fruit and vegetables, every year.

All our children are married, but the two youngest, Milo and Nona. In 1941, our ward went on an excursion to the Canadian Temple. About thirty-five went. We stayed a week and did temple work. We were sure thrilled and happy and had a very enjoyable trip.

In 1942, my wife and Nona our youngest girl and I went to Portland, Oregon where I was engaged in painting in the ship yards. We stayed there two and a half years. We had a nice branch of the Church there. I was in the branch presidency all the time we were there. Then we moved back to our home in Salmon.

We were faithful to the Church. In 1948, I was set apart as a Stake Missionary. I enjoyed my labors very much. We made trips as far as Challis, sixty miles away, my companion and I. Since that time I have filled two more Stake missions. I have been blessed with good health all my life and am in good health at the present time, at the age of 82 years.

I hope my posterity will read this and know and understand a little of my life, for it has been a full and rich life of untold measure. I have been a bishop and have had many offices and callings in the Church. I was set apart a high priest by President George Albert Smith, on November 25, 1916 at Pocatello, Idaho First Ward.

When my father was still alive, I made a trip clear back to Kentucky to explain the Gospel, but he refused to listen and ordered me out of his house. (John J. Fannin was a Baptist minister.) This was a great disappointment to me as I wanted him to enjoy the joy and happiness of the Gospel. So I left the home of my parents and never saw them again. I bear testimony at this time that I know this Church is the true Church of Jesus Christ. I bear this testimony in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Chapter 3 - Sebra Alifair Rose

The U.S. Federal Census 1880 Lyon, Lawrence Co., Kentucky gives us the first record we have of our beloved Sebra Alifair Rose.

John ROSE Self M Male W 39 KY Farmer NC NC
Paulina J. ROSE Wife M Female W 31 VA Keeping House NC NC
William H. ROSE Son SMale W 11 KY Laborer KY VA
***Sebra A. ROSE Dau S Female W 9 KY KY VA
Thomas H. ROSE Son SMale W 4 KY KY VA
Rhoda E. ROSE Dau S Female W 3 KY KY VA
Virgy A. ROSE Dau S Female W 4M KY KY VA

Source Information:

Census Place Lyon, Lawrence, Kentucky Family
History Library Film 1254427
NA Film Number T9-0427
Page Number 387 A



Sebra Alifair Rose

Her mother was Perlina Fyffe; Her grandmother was Sebra Porter; She named her first daughter Perlina after her mother.

She married 24 March 1893 being 22 years of age at her mother's residence in Lawrence County, Kentucky. She married 18 year old Moses Fannin of neighboring Morgan County, Kentucky. They were very much in love.

Their first child, John Thomas Fannin was born 5 Mar 1894 in Lawrence County, Kentucky. Their second child, Perlina, was born 25 October 1895 at Terryville, Lawrence, Kentucky.

Having met the Mormon Missionaries, and joyfully embraced the restored gospel of Jesus Christ Moses and Sebra Alifair were baptized on the 9 May 1897 by Elias S. Woodruff, grandson of the prophet Wilford Woodruff.

The next child, Casper was born 16 Nov 1898 and the family emigrated before the end of the year according to the records of the Kentucky District, Southern States Mission Film #001,926

The family came by train with the blessed experience in Provo having sold all their worldly possessions to go where the missionaries were that had taught them. Moses had a job waiting for him in American Falls Idaho as a painter for the railroad. The FHL card catalog shows no LDS church records for American Falls until 1907, so the next record we find of the family is the birth of daughter, Rissie, at Neely, Oneida Co., Idaho, near American Falls on 30 Sep 1899.

The 1900 U.S. Census shows the following:

1900 U.S. Federal Census Oneida Co., American Falls Idaho 115/115

Fannin, Moses Head White Male Birth: Dec 1864 35years Married 7 years B:Ky F:Ky M:Ky , Sebra A. Wife White Fem Birth: Dec 1871 28 years Married 7 years

| | |
|---|------------------|
| Mother of 4 children/4 children living | B:Ky F:Ky M:Tenn |
| , John T. Son White Male Birth: March 1896 6 years old single | B:Ky F:Ky M:Ky |
| , Perlina Dau White Fem Birth: Oct 1896 3 years single | B:Ky F:Ky M:Ky |
| , Casper Son White Male Birth: Dec 1898 1 year single | B:Ky F:Ky M:Ky |
| , Rissia Dau White Fem Birth: Oct 1899 8/12 single | B:Id F:Ky M:Ky |
| Rose, Thomas H. Bra in Law White Male Birth: June 1875 single | B:Ky F:Ky M:Ky |

Note that Alifair's brother is living with them. I believe the family called her Alifair or Allie because on the family group picture of Moses, Alifair and the first 3 children which we got from Virgie Ann Rose Dille's family the inscription on the bottom says: "Aunt Allie, Virgie Ann Sister.

On 27 Oct 1901, Grace was Sebra Alifair's last child born at Riverside, Bingham County, Idaho.

There is more than one death date given for Sebra Alifair. I believe the correct year must be 1902 because in that year Moses shows up alone on the Pocatello First Ward Record Book (Book 3, page 27, Film #007,553) as a lone man. The Salt Lake Temple Endowment record for Sebra Alifair gives her death date as 16 of Feb 1904.

On her tombstone it is given as Feb. 2, 1902

It is interesting to me that Sebra Alifair's first cousin, Martha Ferguson Ison, wife of Archa Ison was living at Riverside also at the time of Sebra's death. It is curious to me that Martha did not offer to take the children. However, maybe life was too hard at that time.

Martha Ferguson and Sebra Alifair Rose are 1st cousins. Their common ancestors are William "Billy" Fyffe and Sebra Porter.

Moses took the 4 older children back to Kentucky to be cared for by a Rose relative until he finally proposed marriage to Cora Skaggs of Skaggs, Lawrence Co., Kentucky. Cora brought the children who had not been well cared for back out to Idaho with her brother and married Moses.

Sebra was valiant in the Gospel and gave up all her worldly wealth to gather to Zion. Certainly she has had joyous reunions with her family as they have passed through the veil.

Chapter 4 - John Thomas Fannin

4:01 – John Fannin Children

The children of John and Helen Fannin are as follows:

| | Children | Birth Date | Birthplace | Death Date |
|----|-----------------|------------|---------------|------------|
| 01 | Wayne John | 1921-03-26 | ID, Pocatello | 1980-08-17 |
| 02 | Marcine Helen | 1923-02-27 | ID, Boise | 1989-10-02 |
| 03 | Georgia Rose | 1925-03-23 | CA, Magalia | 1997-09-17 |
| 04 | Reed Moses | 1927-05-22 | ID, Conda | 1951-07-09 |
| 05 | Lilla Loray | 1929-11-28 | ID, Conda | |
| 06 | Earlis Lydeen | 1931-09-21 | ID, Conda | 1932-03-23 |
| 07 | Grace Louise | 1933-02-18 | ID, Salmon | 1963-07-06 |
| 08 | Zola Olsen | 1934-12-13 | ID, Boise | |
| 09 | Thomas “Adrian” | 1936-11-09 | ID, Boise | |
| 10 | Ruth Phylida | 1938-09-16 | ID, Boise | 1940-07-28 |
| 11 | Dawn Baker | 1940-11-05 | ID, Boise | 2001-06-30 |
| 12 | Cheryle Orilla | 1942-08-19 | ID, Boise | 1994-11-04 |
| 13 | Trudy May | 1945-05-22 | ID, Boise | 2006-01-25 |



John Fannin in World War I Uniform

4:02 – Trudy - Memories of John

My father, John Thomas Fannin, was born March 5, 1894 in Terryville, Lawrence County, Kentucky, to the parents of Moses Fannin and Sebra Alifair Rose. Moses Fannin was born in Morgan County but later resided in Lawrence County. Sebra Rose was born in Lawrence County, too. Moses Fannin and his wife Sebra moved near American Falls, Idaho in approximately the year 1898.

After Sebra passed away my father, John Thomas Fannin, and his brother, Casper Fannin and his sisters were sent back to Lawrence County to live with relatives. Three years later John returned to Idaho to live with his father and step mother. When he was older he met and married Helen Attwood who was born and reared in Boise Idaho. They were married on the 9th of September 1919, in Pocatello Idaho, and raised a large family (starting in Crystal, Idaho) consisting of nine girls and four sons.

My father loved wrestling and boxing and even taught them in the Navy. Perhaps having come from a large family he got a lot of practice wrestling with his brothers and occasionally teasing his sisters. In fact he held amateur boxing and wrestling titles in Idaho.

John had another occupation for many years as a masseur for not only the local football teams, but for people in the community who used his services. He branched out to become a naturopath and continued with this service until his death. In thinking about one prominent talent he had, I can say with all diligence, that he was one of the most generous people I have ever known. Many times he never charged his customers. He loved healing people and if they could not afford to pay him he would forgive their debts.

Having come to the beautiful state of Idaho he again took up his love of hunting and fishing and many times could be found in the mountains with his fishing pole. He especially liked to try his luck with salmon fishing or trout fishing in the beautiful mountain streams of Idaho.

Having a large family to support gave John a good excuse to go deer and elk hunting in the fall. His sons grew up loving this sport too. He loved all sports and could be seen at many of the football and basketball games in between boxing and wrestling matches. He was an avid swimmer and loved taking his family swimming in the many lakes, canals, and swimming pools of Idaho. He was in fact a teacher of swimming.

My father became ill later in life and died of a long illness. My mother continued to live for another seventeen years. However, she too became ill and was bedfast for most of those seventeen years. I can remember my mother insisting that we use good grammar at all times and both she and my father were perfectionists in many areas. My father with his love of sports tried to instill perfectionism into his children by teaching them his skills.

By Trudy May Fannin

4:03 – Crystal, Idaho Adventures

Mother and I (Helen Fannin) spent the summer of 1918 out in Crystal, Idaho which is 21 miles south of Pocatello. Mom had a job as a housekeeper and cook for the Burton-Wright Ranch. They were two big ranch bachelors that managed large wheat ranches. They always kept a good riding pony for me to use when needed. Very often I would ride to other ranches to take messages for Mother's bosses, because there were no telephones in this community. I had other girl friends who rode horses also, so we would spend many happy hours touring the country on horseback and visiting friends. I especially enjoyed visiting the Moses and Cora Fannin family, who lived on a ranch not too far away. They told me of their son John, who was serving in the Navy at that time, I looked forward to the time when he would return.

After the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918 which ended World War I, John Fannin returned home. He received an honorable discharge from the Navy, in March, 1919. One day when I was at the store in Crystal Idaho, to get a few groceries, I ran into Aunt Em (Emma Green, not a real Aunt, but a spiritualist living in Crystal) and her daughter, Glorein. While we were

talking I saw a handsome man wearing a military uniform walk into the store. I asked Emma who he was, and she proceeded to introduce me to John Fannin. We were immediately attracted to each other. Some say that there is no such thing as love at first sight, but I believe it is true.

There was a young man named Ernest who worked at the Burton-Wright ranch who liked me also. He tried to win my favor by showering me with gifts of chocolates, beaded Indian gloves, and other items. But I only liked him as a friend. Ernest wanted to learn wrestling, and since John was a champion of the Navy and Idaho, An arrangement was made for John to come over to the Burton-Wright ranch to teach him to wrestle. After each lesson, John came inside to visit and court me. Really, these lessons were an excuse for John to see me and soon a loving romance developed. After six months of Courtship, John Thomas Fannin and I were married on Thursday September 13th, 1919, at Esta and Bob Larkins' Home in Pocatello. We were united in marriage by John Staley, an L.D.S Bishop from Crystal, Idaho who was a dear friend of ours.

After the ceremony, we enjoyed a delicious wedding supper at the Larkin's. Later we cut our beautiful and sumptuous cake, which was served with fruit punch. As the evening came to a close, friends congratulated us and we thanked Bob and Esta heartily for their hospitality. We departed from Crystal to spend a few days. Our friends of Crystal were invited to a dance that Saturday night (In Crystal), where we had a very pleasant evening. Then on Sunday September 16, friends from Pocatello and Crystal came to the Burton-Wright Ranch to Cheveree us, they tried to put John into an old slough, but only got one foot into the water. After that they all came into the house, where Mother had prepared a big combination birthday (Helen's birthday was September 16) and wedding party. A good time was had by all. A delicious lunch and cake and punch was served to the guests. Many had brought us gifts, which we opened, amid the wishes for a happy married life together.



Helen & John Fannin about 1919

4:04 – John's Work and Moves

John had a job of running the steam engine at a sawmill, a few miles from Crystal, which was operated by his brother-in-law Lorenzo (Len) Whiting, so we moved our belongings over to the sawmill the next day. We lived in a log cabin, which was our first home. There was no electricity or other modern conveniences available, But I made pretty calico curtains for the cupboard shelves and covered our home-made table with a colorful oilcloth. I also padded two benches and placed a board over the top of them which served us as a dresser. I also put curtains around the front and sides of the dresser and hung a mirror above it. We were very happy in this rustic abode. We used to go out on moonlight nights and watch the beavers at work. We would watch them chop down the trees which contributed to the building of their famous dams. They could really make the chips fly with their sharp teeth. Some evenings we enjoyed reading by the light of a gasoline lantern. We would keep warm and

comfortable by our wood cook stove. I used its roomy oven to cook our meals and bake bread or pastries. We carried our drinking water from a sparkling little spring and also melted snow that winter for water to wash our clothes with. I rubbed our clothes clean on a washboard, but enjoyed my daily household chores and was happier. In the summer time we would go to church with our relatives, we enjoyed this very much. My father-in-law, Moses, was the Bishop for eleven years at the Crystal Ward. Then our brother-in-law, Len Whiting, took over this capacity. This laid the groundwork for my desire to join the Church later on.

By Autumn time John's work was finished at the mill because the timber supply ran out. So we moved back to Pocatello, for a short time John worked at a shoe shop as a repairman. Next, he worked for the Railroad for a few months until work slackened. So we moved back to Crystal and lived on a leased farm for a short time, until our house burned to the ground, destroying all our belongings. We were away at the time. This catastrophe happened in September, and we were expecting a child in March. The Crystal Ward gave us a benefit dance to help out.



Meridell Park 1920 N42°49.5512' W112°23.4483'



*Meridell Park 2006
N42°49.5512' W112°23.4483'*

We went back to Pocatello, and John was given a job as caretaker of Meridell Park, which was four miles South of the City. We lived there for several months.

On March 26, 1921, our first son, Wayne John was born at Lynn Brothers Hospital on a Saturday afternoon at four P.M. We were so happy to have a strong husky boy, blue-eyed and fair.

John worked for the Pocatello golf club that summer, keeping the (sand) greens in condition. After this work was over we went back to Crystal till Autumn. John worked running steam engines to run threshing machines – till Winter time.

Then he sent me, with Wayne, up to visit with my father (George Attwood) in Boise. Wayne contracted pneumonia, and was very ill and I had to send for John. Finally, with the services of a good physician, we saved him. We lived with my good Father, who loved and helped care for Wayne, while he was convalescing.



*Old Golf Club House
N42°48.9211' W112°22.4123'*

When Wayne was almost two, Marcine was born on February 7th, 1923, here in Boise in my Father's home on a blizzardy day.

She had big brown eyes and hair long enough to braid, it was dark brown. She was a good natured baby and very healthy, and we enjoyed her so much.

By next winter, John obtained work at a mine up at Idaho City. So he gave me money to go and visit with My Mother, who was living at Nimshew, California. She had married a man named Emery Pearson, who had a modest home on a little fruit ranch. This Stepfather treated us fine. Our first Christmas there was very pleasant, Mr. Pearson went out a short distance and chopped down a pretty tree for us to decorate, he picked holly to make a door wreath out of, and by the use of a ladder, got some Mistletoe also, out of an Oak tree. Wayne and Marcine were elated over their toys. In the Spring, John came out to us, we stayed a while at Mother's, then we rented a house nearby.

John worked at Nimshew in a gold mine for Mr. Lambert for a while. Then John's brother, Casper, came to visit us. He and John contracted digging of wells at Magalia, a nearby town, so we moved again. It was here in March 23rd that Georgia Rose was born in the year 1925. She was light brown haired, with hazel eyes, a sweet baby girl we loved very much.

We visited many very interesting places while in California. Hooker Oak was one of them. It was the largest and oldest oak in the world. We also visited Sacramento, the Capital City, which is very beautiful with its Palm trees and lovely flowers and ornamental trees, and the highways boarded by Oleander bushes and other flowers. We saw many orange and olive orchards and fields of golden wild poppies which are the State Flower there.

John was making good money, but he got homesick for his folks and for Idaho. So when Georgia was four months old, we started back to Crystal to rejoin John's family and Grandpa Fannin blessed Georgia in the Church.

John helped his brother-in-law, Lorenzo Whiting, that Fall in assembling harvesters and hauling grain to market. We lived at their home awhile and then up at Aunt Emma's. It was now wintertime again, 1926.

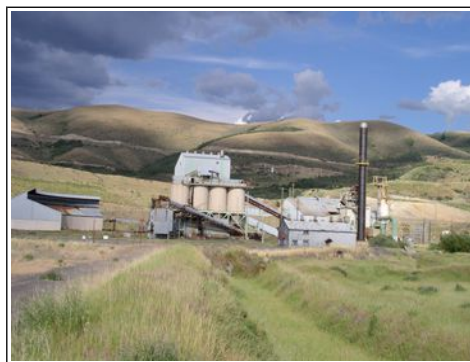
4:05 – Conda, Idaho Memories

John needed to have steady work in order to provide for our family. So he obtained the promise of work for the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, at their phosphate plant at Conda, Idaho, located nine and half miles south of Soda Springs. He went on to Conda and worked so that he could send for us to join him. So a week before Christmas, the kiddies and I left Crystal by way of team and sleigh, for Pocatello. My friend, Glorein Stead, drove the team of hers. We put hot rocks on the floor of the sleigh to keep us warm and comfortable on our twenty-one mile journey. We arrived at my sister's home late that afternoon. We stayed here a couple of days, so I could shop for a few Christmas gifts for our kiddies.



Pocatello Train

Then we boarded the train for Soda Springs, Idaho. We arrived there late in the evening, and the temperature was 52 degrees below zero, it was dark and so cold, that we stayed there at the depot till morning. Then in the morning we went to town, which was a few blocks away and had a good breakfast at a restaurant there. Then



Anaconda Copper Mining Company location 2003

we hunted up the Stage office, where we waited for the driver of the Conda Stage.

We started for our new destination. We traveled by team and sleigh again, because the snows were heavy here in the winter and the roads were closed to other means of transportation. The driver stopped at the Company Store, to unload his passengers. John was waiting for us there, and took us to a rented house that was furnished. The Company owned all the houses here, there were about one hundred families in this mining camp, who were mostly L.D.S. The Company provided a large Community Hall for the employees to use for Church Services, shows and first aid lessons, etc. We enjoyed the Christmas Program where the Company Santa passed out a gift and candy to each child there.

We made many friends, but the best and most outstanding were the Aschliman's, who were a young married couple, Rullen worked in the mine. After we moved away from Conda we still corresponded with these friends, who moved away from Conda up to Idaho Falls. They are still our friends after many years. Rullen has passed away, but Thelma, his wife still writes me and sends me many get well cards, gifts, etc., also her children always remember me at Christmas and Birthday time with greeting cards.

4:06 – Helen Fannin Baptism

When Reed was one year old, I decided to join the L.D.S. Church so I was baptized July, 1928, in the Blackfoot River, near Conda, Idaho, by Bishop Simeon Slerrett and Elder William Hyde, and was confirmed the following Sunday.

We enjoyed this winter, attended Church and shows and other entertainments. Then on May 22nd, Reed was born. He was a husky brown-eyed boy, very active and mischievous. We needed more room, so the Company permitted us to move into a larger, better, and more modern house, and nearer to the company store. The people up here were very friendly, and we enjoyed our six year stay here. John was the Blacksmith and sharpened the steel for the mine.

My sister-in-law, Rissie, lived on a big wheat ranch at Crystal, her husband, Floyd Denning, was called to fill a mission in the Southern States. Three months after he left, a son named LaMar was born to them. He weighed nine and one half pounds, and was fine for a while, then when he was two weeks old, nothing agreed with him. She tried many different formulas, but he



Blackfoot River, near Conda, Idaho

lost weight and when he was three months old weighed eight pounds. This worried me, and I couldn't sleep nights. So I weaned Reed and nursed this boy until he was six months old – he gained eight pounds and was healthy again, Rissie and her three other children came up to Conda and lived with us that winter. LaMar is grown and married and has three kiddies now. He speaks of me as his other Mother.

The Christmas of 1928 at Conda, I remember so well, because we sent away to a Mail Order Company and purchased a nice big coaster sled for Wayne, a baby doll and buggy for Georgia, a big baby doll that we had ordered for Marcine they had run out of, so they sent a novel new doll, which had four heads that screwed on to the body, one a party doll, another a dutch one, a baby doll and a clown, with clothes to match each head. This caused quite a lot of interest, and so many came to our house to see it, and so many little girls wanted to play with it. Reed was delighted over his extra nice, special wind-up train, that whistled when it came around a curve. He had hours of fun playing with it, until a few days later an Uncle came up to visit us and played with it and wound it too tight and it stopped running and Reed felt very badly about that. We used to have fun on Wayne's sled, coasting down a steep hill behind the store. Georgia and Marcine nearly wore the wheels off their doll carriages running up and down the boardwalk up to the mine.

Lilla Loray, a beautiful baby girl was the next one of our children to be born, on November 8th, 1929. She was a very neat and dainty little girl. Three of our kiddies attended school here at Conda. Now, on September 12, 1931, another girl arrived – her name was Earlis Lydeen, a sweet blonde, brown-eyed baby, who lived only six and a half months. She had quick pneumonia. The carpenters made her tiny coffin and the Relief Society sisters padded and lined it with white satin and covered the outside with white velvet. The Company had men clear the tracks of the snow and ran a special locomotive car to take us into Soda Springs. Then we drove on to Pocatello in a car. Earlis' Services were held at Conda on Easter Sunday. We laid her away in Mountain View Cemetery at Pocatello.



Locomotive car at Soda Springs, Idaho

Once, when we were at Conda, John was working in the big D & E Tunnel in the mine, where he had been transferred for special work. One night there was a cave-in there and John was trapped in an ore car. The timbers fell over him, holding back the rocks and dirt. The men said that he looked like an Indian buck setting in a teepee. This was a miracle. God really saved him then. Our prayers were answered in many ways – many times, John's folks had sold their farm at Crystal and had moved up to Salmon, Idaho. They liked that country up there and wanted us to move up there and by near them. Just before moving up there, Georgia had an attack of appendicitis and recovered sufficiently, we moved up to Salmon, the scenery was beautiful, but we endured many hardships, before our big three room log house was built.

4:07 – John Moves to Salmon, Idaho

Grace Louise was born at Salmon on February 18, 1933. She was as fat as a butterball and blond haired, with Brown eyes. She

was a good baby to travel with, and we all loved and enjoyed her.

On the way to Boise, we stopped at Richfield, Idaho. John's cousin, Rose Williams, taught school there. We stopped to visit them for two days. One morning, John and I took Rose to her school house, and they stopped in town for a few articles. When we returned our three oldest kiddies were shoveling away to remove a big manure pile that Uncle John Williams told our Wayne, Marcine and Georgia that there were tame white rats under there, and they could have them as pets if they moved that manure pile. But the results were three pairs of ruined new shoes. Those kiddies still remember that silly episode there.

4:08 – John Moves Back to Boise

After struggling there at Salmon nearly two years, we lost the land that we were trying to buy, after investing our saving of six years at Conda and John's bonus money also. Then we received word that my Father was ill, and had a stroke in Boise. So we sold our team, and traded a cow for a big trailer to haul our belongings on and headed for Boise, so we could live here and care for Father. We took care of him for six years, he was a kind, loving and understanding person. He was good to all of the grandchildren and gave them gifts. He used to sing the little ones to sleep with songs that he composed. They all loved him dearly.

This was in the time of the great depression, so it was very difficult to make a living. Two dollars a day was the average wage. So it was a great struggle for us to provide enough essentials for the big family. Wayne helped a lot by earning meat for us by working part time at the Stoner Packing Company. John and Wayne went hunting a lot to get wild meat for us also, and my Dad bought us a good milk cow and we raised some hogs to butcher also. We all worked very hard, but we were happy and loved our family dearly.

4:09 – John's New Line of Work

John was working for M-K and was badly injured in an accident, his back was broken, also his arm and head was hurt. He was hospitalized for three weeks – then had to be careful for some time afterward. After this mishap, he really couldn't ever do such hard work again. So he decided that he would have to change his occupation. Then he took a course in Massage and one in Naturopathy. This course of study was made possible by the money he received on account of being injured. He used to go out on call to massage people in their homes. Then after a while we fixed up a table and hear light in one of our bedrooms, until he could establish a regular Massage room in a house nearby. Later we purchased a building a block away, and used this for fifteen years. John, my husband, was one of the best Masseurs in the country, and was a natural healer, and helped all people that he was called on to do for. It didn't matter what their race or creed was, he did his best for them. People came to him for aid from near and far. He devoted the most of his life to benefiting others. He really loved his fellowmen, and was loved and respected by the rich and poor and the old and young.

On December 13, 1934, our Zola Kay arrived. She was a cute little brown eyed brunette, who grew to be very active and could

climb like a human fly. She got into the cupboards and most everything. But she was a regular little doll. We used to have such good times at Christmas, getting gifts for each other and slipping them under the prettily decorated tree. We always had a big turkey and all of the trimmings, and enjoyed our Holiday Dinner so much, and we usually had some guests who shared in the festivities.

On November 9, 1936, Thomas Adrian was Born, he was blue-eyed fair-haired and we were all so thrilled to have a third son arrive. He was always a very fine boy, bright and helpful.

Our older girls were always so good to help out with the housework and were excellent at cooking and sewing. We had to pick and can lots of fruit and vegetables to keep all these tummies filled. We also baked our bread, pastries, etc. It took many hours of sewing and planning to keep all of this big family well clothed and contented.

The next one born to us was Ruth Phylida – September 16, 1938, our only blue eyed girl with gold colored hair. She was a darling – so intelligent and lovable. We all adored her too much. She passed away on July 28th, 1940, she was 22 months old. She was my birthday present, which I couldn't help.

Then on November 5, 1940, we were blessed again by the birth of our fourth son, Dawn Baker – a brown eyed – brown haired boy. He was the most mischievous of all, and kept me very busy tending him. He was very bright and walked and talked, when he was nine months old. He loved sports so much and play in the little leagues, both baseball and football. He was a Champion Marble Player at Collister School. Then in Junior and Senior High, he was a star in track, football and basketball. He was All-American of the West-Football. He was given scholarships to Idaho, also to the University of Utah. He brought us much joy, and a lot of worry also.

Our next addition, who was born on August 19th, 1942, was Cheryle. She was brown-eyed, dark-haired and she had such a round head and was very bright and talented. She took dancing at the age of three, ballet, tap and acrobatic. She excelled in Acrobatic Dancing. She was a pedestal acrobat and stole the show in her little red velvet outfit. She soloed in the dance reviews for several years, and did lots of entertaining for the public. Then when she grew up she was a very brilliant student and leader in many of her classes and was the President of the Scarlet Skirts in her Senior year at Boise High School. We were so proud of her and Dawn and all of our children.

The thirteenth to come to live with us, was Trudy May. She was a brown-eyed blonde – she was the best natured of all – so easy to care for and so loveable. Grace was twelve at this time, and was so industrious and dependable. She was so good to care for Trudy while I worked at Massaging, helping my husband to make a living.

We worked long hours and then went out on calls, sometimes in the middle of the night or early morning. Zola, who was ten years old now, helped Grace – doing the dishes and kitchen work and helping to care for Trudy. We used to pay Grace ten dollars a weeks and Zola received five – this helped them to buy their school clothes, etc.

4:10 – Family Life in Boise

Lots of times on week-ends we all went fishing and camped out having wonderful times together. When Trudy was five years old, we decided to hold Fannin Family Reunions at Salmon, Idaho, where Moses and Cora Fannin lived. Sometimes seventy-five of us would gather at their home in Salmon. Some families stayed at Motels, some at friends and some years we took tents and camped out.

John and Wayne, and some others who are good fishermen would catch trout for a big fish fry and we usually had a big chicken fry the Sunday afterward. We really enjoyed ourselves. We always had a business meeting, then a fine and interesting program was put on by the different families. After this a delicious dinner was served which we all enjoyed so much. Then we took pictures and visited. Then those who liked to swim and bathe, went to the Salmon Hot Springs, where we had lots of fun. Upon returning to Grandpa's we would enjoy a sumptuous feast of watermelons brought by Uncle James Fannin from Moses Lake, Washington.

Reed was in two branches of the service, then was a paratrooper and then later after returning from Europe he joined the Air Force. He graduated as an airplane mechanic, then when he was stationed at Hill Air Force Base, he was seriously injured. He was hospitalized on June 28th, 1950, and was never well again. Then on July 9, 1951 he was killed (by a semi truck) here in Boise. John and I had to keep busy to try to forget this terrible tragedy, because we had to care for the rest of our family.

Marcine, Georgia and Lilla were married by now, and Grace was engaged and was to married November 18th, 1951. At this time Wayne was working at Albuquerque, New Mexico, but had come home on a two weeks vacation so he could go hunting. When his vacation was over, John and I were persuaded to go back with him. Georgia and Lilla lived at Roswell, New Mexico, where their husbands were stationed at the Ellsworth Air Base there. Our son-in-law, Wesley Halbert, obtained a three day leave so he and Lilla could take us on a trip through Texas to Old Mexico for a shopping tour in Juarez. This was interesting and lots of fun. On the way back they took us through the Carlsbad Caverns, they were so very interesting, huge and beautiful. After we returned, we enjoyed a few days of visiting and a couple of parties in our honor. We had just one grandchild at this time, Lilla's year old daughter, Sylvia Ann.

Wayne sent us a telegram to come over to Albuquerque, because he had three days off and wanted to take us sightseeing. He and his Dad fished in the famous Rio Grande River and caught a nice mess of brown trout. While they were busy fishing, I hunted pretty pebbles and found a pocket knife, which is a souvenir of the trip for me. Then we visited the Capital City of Santa Fe, it reminded a person of Spain, with its Spanish-style homes and other buildings.

Wayne had a special friend who ran the hotel at Laos, so he got us a room and him one there so we could spend the night there. He treated us to a delicious dinner that evening and a party afterward. He said that this was our Second Honeymoon. The next day we toured the studios here because this is an Artist's Colony and enjoyed this so much. We visited the old home of Kit Carson, which was filled with early day relics, all so fascinating.

The next day we returned to Albuquerque, and fixed a big lunch at some of Wayne's friends house, then took a trip up on the Sandee Mountains, on the way up to the top we saw some wild turkeys, the first I had ever seen. That night some of Wayne's co-workers gave him some money to take us out dining to a special place in the center of the city, the Spanish name for the center is the Plaza. The place had a big Oak tree growing out through the roof. We were served Spanish food which was very good. There were several pictures on the snow-white walls there – which were painted by Wayne's artist friend, Walter Bambrook.

We were treated royally by Wayne's friends, and also by our daughters friends and we had such an enjoyable time on this trip. So we started for home on a Trailways Cannon-Ball Bus. It stopped at every little place, even to deliver papers and parcels to the Indians out in the desert. We stopped over in Ogden, Utah, to visit at the Denning's and ate Thanksgiving dinner with them. We enjoyed our short visit with our relatives there. Then we returned home to our family in Boise.

We brought many gifts and souvenirs from Mexico, to our kiddies, which pleased them and made them all happy, and we were glad to be home again with our family. Our customers were also glad to have us return, so we could give them massages again.

In July of the next summer, we took a week's vacation and went on a trip to California, Crescent City, where we saw many sights and especially the big Redwoods. We came back by the Coastal Route 101 and enjoyed the scenery so much, especially the Oregon Coast. We ate clams and crabs and picked wild blackberries for dessert and also canned blackberries and jam to take home. This was such an enjoyable trip.

We used to go down to Ogden to visit our relatives, then on to Salt Lake too, where we would visit the zoo. They had an animal there called a liger – half lion and half tiger. We also liked trips to Salt Air and their other resorts.

We kept busy working and taking the little girls to their dancing lessons and watching Dawn in his games and track meets. We were so happy and proud of our family, and had two family reunions of our own here in Boise, which were 100% attended. We celebrated having parties, picnics, a fishing trip, Chinese dinners and dances. Our kiddies came all the way from New York, New Mexico, California, Texas and Montana.

In 1952 Wayne finished his trade as a Stereotyper, which took seven years, and worked again for the Statesman. We always had a treat of wild meat in the deep-freezer, because our sons all liked to hunt.

In 1953, Wayne, Dawn, Trudy, John and I, took a trip to the Yellowstone Park, by way of Pocatello, where we stayed for two days and visited at the relatives there. Then we drove on to Conda, Idaho, where we had lived a few years before, and renewed old acquaintances there. We enjoyed a good visit at the Arthur Johnson's – he was the storekeeper there. The next time we stopped was at Aunt Nona's farm at Afton, Wyoming. A few trout were caught there in the Salt River. After a pleasant visit there, we toured Yellowstone Park and enjoyed the beautiful sights there, which are many and varied. We liked it all, except there are too many bears, roaming around there, raiding camps to secure food. They rattle garbage cans all through the nights and one night picked up our big grub box and kept slamming it onto the ground to break it apart to get at the food stored there. These bears are very smart. One was named Jesse James, who would get into the middle of the road and stop cars to beg for

candy and other sweets. And we enjoyed visiting many museums and historic places, Virginia City was very interesting. Wayne has always wanted to fish in the Big Hole River, now he realized his desire, and caught some delicious trout there. After a few days we returned home.

In July 1959, we decided to make a trip to Rapid City, South Dakota, so we could visit Lilla and Wes and family. We traveled by way of Yellowstone Park, and through Wyoming, where we saw oil drilling rigs in operation.

South Dakota is such a very interesting state. We went through Custer National Park, where we saw herds of Buffalo, deer, elk and lots of other animals and birds, and some cute little Burros, who stood in the road until we fed them.

While we were visiting our daughter at Rapid City, we went out to the famous Rushmore Memorial National Monument. It was amazing, huge and interesting. In the museum – we were told how this great fete was accomplished. We also visited the notorious Badlands and the intriguing Wall Drug Store, and was the Greyhound races.

The University at Rapid City had such an enormous and interesting museum there. We especially enjoyed the mineral displays. We visited the cemetery at the top of a steep hill, above Deadwood City, where Calamity Jane, Deadwood Dick and Wild Bill Hickok were buried.

We also enjoyed the shows, put on by College students during their summer vacation. This was called Meller-Drammer (melodrama). It was hilarious. At the Intermission we drank Sarsaparilla and some of the teenagers threw peanuts at the actors.

4:11 – John's Deteriorating Health

All went well with us, we participated in P.T.A Stunts several years, and helped at the School Carnivals, etc. Most everything was going O.K., until both John and I became ill. I was suffering from Arthritis, and a few years later, John began suffering, and was so tired out all the time. After examinations, he decided to go to the Veteran's Hospital on October 28, 1959. The Specialists found that he had cancer.

Our happy world toppled now. We were all saddened and worried by this bad news, at first the Doctors gave John only two weeks to live, but by special treatments and prayers of many, John lived nearly two years more. I used to go out to the hospital everyday, and spent most of my time with him. All of the family were so good to go to visit him. Georgia and Don came over from Mountain Home every few days to see him and to do things for us. Our friends were wonderful, also.

On September 8th, 1961, John passed away. We were all grieved so and he was missed by so many customers and friends, also. My life is very different now. What I must look forward to is getting letters from my children, grandchildren and friends, and also the visits of my children and my twenty-one grandchildren, and I am looking forward to another one arrive next march.

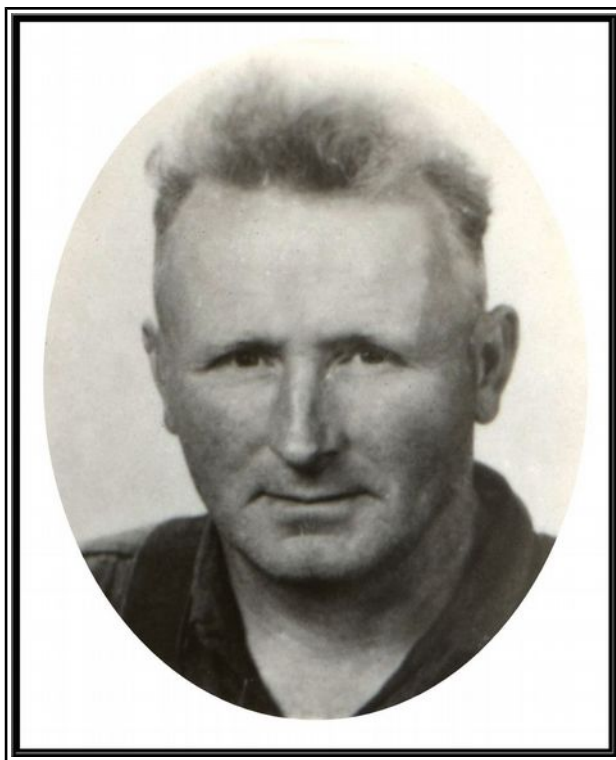
4:12 – The Temple Trip

Our long awaited and desired trip to accomplish an important part of our lives finally happened – meaning the sealing of our family. We had planned this vital step for years and some of our interested had been working and endeavoring to help us finally start on our sentimental journey to Ogden, Utah – to our newest L.D.S. Temple there. My nephew Harold Davis thru the fine love and help of his wife June – who took over the managing of their business establishment – when he drove up here to Boise to get Trudy and I and take us back to Ogden to their happy home so we could go through the temple and be sealed – along with six of our children to my husband, John Fannin. June had previously arranged the details at the wonderful and beautiful Ogden L.D.S. Temple. We were royally received and welcomed by the efficient and angelic dedicated workers there. One of my brave and lovely daughters – made the trip to Ogden by car with some of our loving relatives, Esther and Glen Hatch. Esther, my dear sister-in-law passed away on the 2nd of Dec. nearly a month after our great experience and reunion of relatives at Ogden. She had made Trudy's and my temple clothes.

The reason I said my daughter Zola was so courageous was because she made the trip back to Iona, Idaho and 11 days later gave birth to (a) baby girl – number ten for them. We are very happy because we feel that we are blessed by being privileged to accomplish this great event. A sister-in-law and her husband brought us home on Sat. the 10th of Nov. We are very thankful for our dear and dedicated Bishop here who helped us so much also.

Helen L. Fannin

January 6, 1978



Casper Fannin

Chapter 5 – Casper Fannin

5:01 – Casper's Birth

Casper was born 16 Nov 1898 in Lawrence County, Kentucky. It is possible that he was named after a missionary who served in Eastern Kentucky around the time his parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The missionary's name was William N. Casper. Casper's parents (Moses and Sebra) had been baptized 9 May 1897 in Lawrence County, Kentucky. The missionary diary of Willard Johnson records the blessing of Casper.

5:02 – Casper's Life and Marriages

Casper was intelligent and liked to read. He was married several times but none of the marriages were successful. Records show four children born to the first three marriages. Of these, Venna was the only mother to raise her child to maturity. The remaining children were raised by others.



CASPER'S MARRIAGES:

1. Mary Hannah Whiting: Marriage License - Pocatello, Bannock Ida.
2. Lucille Davis: Marriage Certificate, State of Idaho, Caribou Co.,
3. Venna "S" Broadbent: Marriage License, Cache co., Utah
4. Mary Florence Pelfrey, widow of his uncle, William Rose
5. Anna Smith: Marriage Certificate 5688 / File No. 83220

5:03 – Casper's Death

Casper passed away on 25 March, 1955.



Pearlina Fannin

Chapter 6 - Pearlina Fannin

6:01 – Mark - Memories of Pearl

The reason this book is being put together is because of my grandmother, Pearl. If she were not a part of the Fannin family, I would not be either. I have felt a real draw to do research on the Fannin family and have done so for the past 35 years. I have been greatly blessed because of it.

I remember my parents driving the long way from Tacoma, Washington to Salmon, Idaho every year for our vacation. When we arrived on the earliest trip I can remember, my dad sent me to the door alone. I knocked and Pearl came to the door. She did not recognize this little toe headed boy, until my parents came to the door. She had a large kitchen with a large wood burning stove in it. My father had built the cabinets in the kitchen when he was 17. They were very nice and ample for the time. They had a flour bin and other niceties. Grandma kept a drinking ladle by the sink and whenever anyone wanted a drink they would turn on the water, fill the ladle, drink and replace it. Saved washing a lot of glasses. I thought that this was pretty special. Also there was a bench near the outside door 'with a wash basin in it. When it was dinner time family members would come in, wash their hands in the wash basin and throw the water out into the back yard.

There was a large circular hardwood table in the kitchen. Before the evening meal, the chairs would be turned around and everyone would kneel down for family prayer and a blessing on the food. The spirit at these times was very impressive to a little boy. My grandmother had a large garden out across from the back yard of her house where she grew wonderful vegetables. I remember most vividly the squash. She would put two or three different squash dishes on the table at a meal. They were all delicious and all different. She baked wonderful bread and cinnamon rolls. I remember her root cellar out in the back yard which was kept well stocked. I remember her house before indoor plumbing and after indoor plumbing. I remember the piano in the tiny front room of this once upon a time gas station. I remember the wonderful gospel conversations held in the home.

I remember going to my grandfather's funeral. I remember grandma crying as she went out to the garden to gather vegetables. The garden her "daddy" had made.

I remember my grandmother coming out to Tacoma after grandpa died. She was there for Mothers' Day. That Sunday morning she and I took a long walk through the city streets and enjoyed the beautiful flowers on the quiet morning. She said she liked to take walks because she felt close to Len at those times. My brother Steven was just a baby learning to crawl at this time. Grandma had made bread. It was rising in a dishpan on the floor in the sun. We have a picture of Steven crawling over and putting his hand in the dough.

I remember going camping at Double Springs in the mountains near Mackay, Idaho. Steven was walking by this time. There was quite a Swift spring of water that bubbled out of the ground and in a few feet became a rushing stream.

Steven fell in the creek and was swiftly floating face down away from camp. Grandma saw this and started running. She tripped over a root and fell flat on her face. My mother jumped in the icy waters ahead of my brother and pulled him out. Grandma lay on the ground laughing. The following February she had passed on. She just couldn't adjust to losing my grandfather.

My dad often quoted my grandmother as saying, "A word once spoken can never be called back."

She was a righteous woman, but shy. One time at Crystal, a spiritualist name Mrs. Green that lived up the hill where Grandma went to pick raspberries told her to put her hands on an Ouija Board. Grandma did not want to do it but was too shy to refuse. She prayed hard that the board would not work, and it didn't. Mrs. Green could not figure out what was wrong.

Grandma had gone to Los Angeles to visit her sister, Rissie Denning, while the temple there was being built. While there she had an experience where she found herself in a room in the unfinished temple seated beside grandpa. She died shortly after that. Her funeral was in January if I remember correctly. The Salmon River Valley had snow three feet deep on the ground.

I wish I had been older and could have asked her more questions. But I have very much enjoyed discovering her people. I believe this is something I promised to do before I came to this mortal experience.

By Mark Edwin Whiting

6:02 – L.C. Whiting - About Len Whiting

Missing Beginning of the following? By LC-whiting...

Buildings in Pocatello were built with their lumber. These men had coal mines on the Indian reservation and on Mink Creek.

About 1910 Len homesteaded a piece of land in the Crystal, then Bannock County, Idaho area. Moses Fannin from Kentucky had also homesteaded land in this area. He had a lovely daughter named Pearlina. Len had put off marriage as he had quite a responsibility taking care of his father's family. But finally in 1912 when he was 29 years old he took Moses Fannin's oldest daughter, 16 year old Pearlina, to wife. They took out their marriage license in Pocatello where they were married. They enjoy almost 42 years of married life before Len's death in 1953.

In 1923 Len was ordained Bishop of the Mormon Ward in Crystal which position he held until leaving the area.

Len and about 13 other families from Crystal settled on what was known as the "Hagel Ranch" on the east side of the Lemhi River, in the Kirtley Creek area. They worked very hard to make improvements on the land, building an eight mile long irrigation canal to bring water from the Lemhi River to their fields. He built the ditcher to pull behind his 15-30 International tractor to build this canal in his own blacksmith shop. While there he purchased a steam tractor to run a saw mill to make the lumber to build the houses on the ranch.

Things were looking up with a lot of hardwork when through crooked dealings of a lawyer all was taken from these settlers. Len suffered a stroke and moved to Salmon where he purchased a home and filling station on the outer edge of town. There he had his blacksmith shop, his large garden, and finished raising his family until his death in 1953.

6:03 – L.C. Whiting - Memories of Pearl

Pearlina Fannin Whiting, a 25 year resident of Salmon, Lemhi, Idaho, died 16 January 1956, at Blackfoot, Bingham County, Idaho. She is buried in the Salmon City Cemetery with her husband . Len, her daughter Rose Zella, and her father, Moses Fannin.

She finished raising her eight children in Lemhi County up on the Hage Ranch and in Salmon City, since she came to this area in 1931. She was very active in the LDS Relief Society, helping in many charitable projects. She had great talent in handicrafts, crocheting, and quilting many beautiful pieces. She could handle an ax with the best of them, shoot a twenty-two special with a kee eye and play the piano. She cooked many good meals often under meager circumstances, and was known for never turning the hungry away from her door. She raised a large garden and always had a root cellar full. In her later years she took in washing and ironing, and baby sat to help make ends meet.

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

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

6:04 – Verona - Memories of Pearl

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

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

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

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

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

She smiled most all of the time and her singing filled our home each morning as she prepared our breakfast. She treasured each child and its individuality, always urging each to do his or her best. She adored her husband and always had a hello and a good-bye kiss for him.

She was an inspiration and light in our home and in my life. I will be so happy to see her again.

6:05 – Laura - Memories of Pearl

By Laura M. Brough

My mother, Pearlina Fannin, was born 25 October 1895, in Terryville, Lawrence County, Kentucky. Her father, Moses Fannin, and her mother, Sebra Alifair Rose, owned a small farm. I don't know how many acres. I guess at one time, Moses Fannin, raised tobacco. He also said he used to split rails for fifty cents a day.

They were the parents of five children. Of the five, three were born in Terryville, Kentucky, and two in Idaho. John Thomas was the first child, my mother second, and Casper third. Not long after Casper was born, L.D.S. missionaries visited their home.

On 4 December 1912, my mother married my father. She was 16 years old and my father was 28. My father is Lorenzo Snow Whiting. He was born at Mapleton, Utah, on 13 December 1883. My mother is Pearlina Fannin and was born at Terryville, Kentucky, on 25 October 1895. She was about five foot three inches tall with blonde hair and blue eyes. She was very shy and sweet.

She made people around her feel at ease. I think that most everyone who met and got to know her, loved her. I don't recall if she ever showed anger towards her children. She was constantly busy baking bread, sewing, etc. With the exception of shoes and stockings, she made all of our clothes and the soap to wash them with. She was an incredible cook and our house was always clean. She was a very hard worker.

I remember an old gasoline washer, one with a wringer on it, we used to have in Crystal. My brother, Albert, who was two years younger than I, went with me to the washroom to see what Mom was doing. She was outside hanging up clothes. So we decided to go inside. Albert climbed up on a bench and somehow got his hand caught in the wringer. We both started to scream. I ran out and told Mom. By the time we reached the washer, Albert's little arm was way up in the wringer. Mom stopped the machine and freed his arm. It had been bruised and it hurt a lot, but his arm was alright. Mom scolded us and explained what to do in case it ever happened again. It never did.

Onetime, when I was about three or four years old, I crawled under my Uncle Floyd's car to get my pretty white cat. I was afraid he would get ran over. My uncle's family was in the car getting ready to leave. The car was on a slight incline. I got the cat and started to get out from under the car, when it started to roll. It ran over my head and the cat which was in my arms. The cat took part of the weight. The cat was alright, but my head was kind of bent out of shape. My Mom took my head, and with her hands pushed it back in shape, praying all the while. Anyway, I survived without too many problems. I think of the things that my mother and father were put through by their children. I don't know how they would have made it without the Lord's help.

I have never heard my mother and father quarrel or say harsh words to each other. If everyone had parents like mine, this sure would be a better world.

I can remember walking to Sunday School with Mom, when we lived at Crystal. She taught a Sunday School class. I remember some of the songs she taught us like, "Won't You Come Over To My House," and a couple of others. She never made fun of us if we goofed. She would just try to help us straighten it out. She used to tell us, if you can't say something nice, don't say it at all. I wish I could be just like my Mom (I'm quite hot tempered, so that will never happen).

Mom liked to play the piano and sing. She loved to crochet and she loved the outdoors. She loved the animals, birds, flowers, grass, and the mountains.

Later, we moved to Salmon on a ranch. Mom used to get up real early and take her rifle, (she was a good shot), to hunt pheasants. She didn't go out every morning, but when she did she usually brought one back for breakfast.

My father was a very tender hearted man. He was six feet tall and very strong. He only had to spank us a couple of times, and we usually didn't need anymore than that. Once in a while we would talk to him about our troubles. Sometimes, you could catch a teardrop running down his cheek.

Dad and Mom were always there when we needed them. They never let us down. My father died 12 September 1953, in Salmon, Idaho. My Mother died 16 January 1956 in Blackfoot Idaho. I miss my parents very much.



Pearlina and Lorenzo Whiting Family

6:06 – Pearlina's Obituary

RECORDER HERALD, SALMON, LEMHI COUNTY.

Pearlina Whiting Funeral Held Thursday Afternoon

Funeral services were conducted today. (Thursday) at 2 p.m. from the Salmon LDS church for Pearlina Fannin Whiting, who died January 16, with Gar Hodges, first counselor, Second ward, conducting.

Mrs. Whiting was born December 18, 1896 at Terryville, Lawrence county, Kentucky, a daughter of Moses and Sebra Alifair Fannin.

The family moved to Idaho, settling in Pocatello, when Mrs. Whiting was three years of age, where she lived until the death of her mother three years later. She and three other children returned to Kentucky where they made a home with an uncle.

After her father's remarriage the family was reunited at Pocatello where they made their home.

She was married December 4, 1912 to Lorenzo Snow Whiting.

The marriage was later solemnized in the LDS temple at Logan, Utah. They established their first home at Crystal, where they resided until 1931, when they moved to Salmon and lived on a ranch on Kirtley creek until 1937 when they

moved to Salmon, where Mrs. Whiting lived until the time of her death.

She was a member of the LDS church and during her early married life taught in the Sunday school and was active in the Relief Society presidency for nearly two years.

Mrs. Whiting was preceded in death by her husband, mother and a brother.

The following sons and daughters survive: Elmer Whiting and Laura Brough both of Salmon; LeVern C. Whiting, Tacoma, Washington; Mrs. Verona Cowgill Howe; and Merlin Whiting who is serving with the armed forces.

Fourteen grandchildren and seven sisters and six, brothers also survive.

Speakers' at the services were: Earl Stokes, Beth Brown, Delbert Fannin, Reece Whiting, Instrumental and vocal music was provided by Iola Cook, Clint Whiting and Golden Welch, Phoebe Hodges and Pat Havens.

Pallbearers were: Ralph Parmenter, Theo Morgan, Dale Arave, Arch Whiting, Richard Whiting and Grant Patten.

Burial was in the Salmon cemetery under the direction of the Jones Funeral Home with Grant Patten dedicating the grave.

RECORDER HERALD, SALMON, LEMHI COUNTY.

Chapter 7 - Rissie Fannin

7:01 – Floyd and Rissie Children

Born 30 September 1899 in Neely, Oneida, Idaho

Married: Floyd Estly Denning on 17 June 1918

From that marriage came Eight Children:

| | Children | Birth Date | Birthplace | Death Date |
|----|---------------|------------|-------------|------------|
| 01 | William Estly | 1919-03-21 | ID, Crystal | |
| 02 | Dale Martin | 1922-07-17 | ID, Crystal | March 1996 |
| 03 | Alifair Iris | 1925-08-21 | ID, Crystal | |
| 04 | Floyd LaMar | 1928-06-15 | ID, Crystal | |
| 05 | Hazel LaRee | 1931-09-02 | ID, Crystal | |
| 06 | Joyce Blanche | 1933-11-23 | ID, Salmon | |
| 07 | Rissie Nadine | 1937-08-02 | ID, Salmon | 1976-11-20 |
| 08 | Pearl Jean | 1940-01-11 | ID, Salmon | |



Rissie and Floyd Denning

What a great and good FAMILY!!

Each one of the children have written a little glimpse of mom's life as they remember it, dad is included because they were never separated and it is hard to speak of one without the other, these are as follows:

7:02 – Bill - Remembrances of Rissie

Rissie Fannin was born in Blackfoot, Idaho. Moses Fannin then moved his family to Crystal, Idaho, where he had homesteaded some acreage to live. He built a home and raised his family there. My mother, Rissie, was the 4th child from his 1st wife, Alifair Sebra Rose Fannin. His 2nd wife, Cora, then had 10 children, making 15 total children. Moses was the Bishop of the Crystal Ward as Rissie was growing up. Meanwhile, Floyd Denning also homesteaded some property in Crystal, Idaho. He was not a member of the church. As Floyd and Rissie met, dating was very difficult and seldom because they lived about 3 miles apart. No phones and only riding a horse or wagon could they see each other. Maybe a Saturday night dance at the Crystal School. But finally they decided to get married, and to do it in secret, so that the Bishop (her father) did not know about it.

One day together they got on Dad's horse and was going to Pocatello to get married, which was about 20 miles away. It rained so hard that they had to go back home. Then sometime later Floyd came riding his horse to the Fannin Farm to see Rissie. She saw him coming on his horse and stopped working in the garden. Without even changing her work clothes, they carefully rode to Pocatello and got married. Because of the secrecy of the wedding dad took her back to the Fannin Farm afterwards. It was

about 2 months before they announced their marriage and moved to Floyd's small one-room home, that he built himself. This is where I was born, in that first humble home of one room and the first of the 8 children. Mom told me that she felt that she was ready to give birth to her baby, and so sent Dad to get the mid-wife, which was 3-4 miles away, to help her. So Dad got his horse and went to get her. When Dad and the mid-wife got back, mom tells me that the baby (me) was already born. She said that the bed was full of water and blood with her and her new baby, her first-born. She had 2 more children in this small home, with no running water, or bathroom, or electricity. Any heat was from the stove that was used for cooking. All the wood had to be chopped and brought into the home.

Soon they moved to a larger home on a different farm that Floyd had purchased. They went to church one day by wagon and when they came home they found their home burned to the ground. This home was also very small. It had one bed on one end, and bunk beds for the children above it. The members of the church and the community came and quickly built a regular home for them.

Thru these years, they had very little to live on. Also any grocery store was at least 20 miles away (which would take a full day's trip to Pocatello and back in our wagon). No refrigeration or freezer in those days, so mom had to bottle any meat or vegetables that they had so they would have something to eat during the winter time. She also enjoyed shooting, so throughout her life if a pheasant, rabbit or squirrel came into her garden – that was what we had for dinner. They had wheat for bread and pig weeds (they grew close to the barn) for salad and milk from the cows. Not much more or variety of anything.

I was born 21 March 1919, and in 1923 Floyd joined the church. What a glorious day that was for him and all his family. In the near future Mom & Dad took their family to the Logan Temple and all were sealed together. This was a real blessing in their lives at this time. That occasion is still very vivid in my mind still today and I love them for doing it.

In 1927, Floyd was called on a mission to West Virginia. It was a call to serve in the area that he was born and grew up till he was 14 years old. The Dennings had very little money, so Dad has told me that he served in a time with nothing. The word was that he served without purse or script.

Mom was then left for 2 years alone with her family to run a farm with only horsepower and energy. (Which consisted of 160 acres) to prepare, plant and harvest, and also taking care of the family and stock all by her. I was 8 years old at this time and in my mind I can still see the sweat on her brow – and the scratches and bruises on her arms as she did all that she could do to keep everything going. She worked so very, very hard. With some help from members of the ward and neighbors, she made everything work until Dad returned.

Dad came home from his mission in 1929 and expected to go ahead with family and farming. Then the great depression came and they could not pay the taxes, it was almost impossible to earn money of any kind. The county agent informed them that it would cost \$100.00 to process and take their property from them, which consisted of 160 acres farmland and 320 acres of pasture ground. Instead he would give them the \$100.00 if they would sign everything over to the county.

So Floyd, Rissie and the family moved to Salmon, Idaho, along with the Fannin's and Whiting's, almost the whole ward moved,

because none of them could pay the taxes at that time. There in Salmon, Dad started working for the Forest Service. It was then that he started doing carpentry work and construction. He developed a skill so good, that wherever they went he was recognized for his talent in this work.

My mother always supported him in everything that she could. Together they raised a very special family, also doing much church service and missions, and all that they could do to help family and church. The Lord gave us good and great parents. I am so thankful for them and that they were able to pull through with all the stress and hardships they endured

As Floyd and Rissie (our dear parents) left this life – one of the great blessings that they gave me and my family was, that I knew that they had an unwavering testimony of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They left this life with this great knowledge; they left in peace, without stress, as they knew where they were going.

I hope that these blessings will live on in my family and me for generations of time and forever.

18 October 2004

William E. Denning

Son of Floyd and Rissie Fannin Denning

7:03 – Dale - Remembrances of Rissie

Due to the death of Dale Martin Denning in 1996, he was not able to put his thoughts here at this time. But knowing Dale as I did in the recent years, he had a sweet love for his mother and father. He left home at age 15 and joined the Navy, and endured many hardships himself but was well prepared for that time due to the parentage he had. He was very strong willed, as was Mom. He didn't spend much time with any of the family for a lot of years, but he and our parents developed a relationship when Dale moved to California after retirement from the Navy. Together they helped Dale get established in some apartments and they kept close tabs of each other for years. When Mom was in the care center, he would come up a couple times a year and spend time with her, and write to her. Even before that he would come to Roy, Utah to see her and help her. I know in his heart he loved them both very much.

7:04 – Alifair - Remembrances of Rissie

Sometime in 1952 Floyd and Rissie Denning moved to the Los Angeles area with Jean, their youngest of 8 children. "Jeannie" was a teenager then and went to High School in the area. She met and married Marvin Cardon at the Santa Monica 2nd ward. He was a returned missionary and they were married in the Los Angeles Temple.

After Jeannie started her own family that left Floyd and Rissie without family after so many years of raising their large family. Floyd started building chapels with Al Ferwerda and Rissie went from place to place wherever a contract came in, they went. At one time, they were building a chapel in San Jose, California. The ground was very hard where the trucks had made a road;

it was almost like it was surfaced, it was so hard. Floyd and Rissie moved a trailer on the church property. It wasn't long until mom dug up some of that hard ground to plant a garden. It was so successful that she had squash growing up the side of the trailer. Some had to have platforms to hold the heavy squash as they grew. She had sunflowers growing taller than the trailer. You could hardly tell there was a trailer there due to all the foliage.

They moved to several area build churches as they went to Lafayette, Concord, and Martinez, California and in Southern California, Hemet, Torrance and Borrego Springs. Somewhere during this time Floyd worked on the Los Angeles Temple. He hung all the doors there and built the freestanding staircase. What a fete that was for him to do. While working on the Temple Floyd and Rissie were called on a Stake Mission for the church. Dad told me (Allie) that he didn't feel worthy and tried every way he could to talk to someone about it. He was not able to and was given a blessing as he was set apart for the mission and was told that Satan always had a power over him and if he would do all he could that it would finally be taken away from him. We (the family) all lived to see the day when this happened. We always wondered what caused all the opposition as we were growing up and finally found the answer. Floyd and Rissie stayed active in the church all their years of being married and tried very hard to do the right thing in spite of the opposition.

When I was a child and living in Crystal, I remember mom used to pickle crab apples so that we could have some fruit in the winter months. I used to sneak in the crock and eat one or more. They were so good, just like candy. To this day I would love to have one of those pickled crab apples. She did so many things so we could eat and grow. There wasn't a lot of fruit there at that time.

Also, when I was young, I remember the entire quilting bee's that used to go on and I liked to listen to them all talk.

In Salmon, Idaho, I remember Jell-o was a new thing at our home. So with no refrigeration, mom would make the Jell-o and set it out in the snow to firm it up. It was amazing to see and eat it.

Also in Salmon on the Hagle Ranch, as winter was leaving, all the families would go up where the dredge was and cut huge chunks of ice and store them, layered with sawdust. This would keep all of us with ice throughout most of the summer, for our iceboxes, but what a lot of work that was for them all.

The day dad died, I was with mom at the hospital visiting him. They had a very special day that day and showed more affection than I had ever seen before. Mom even got on the bed and they had their arms around each other. I kiddingly asked if I needed to leave the room so that they could have more privacy. We left the hospital shortly after this. It was the last time we saw dad alive.

Floyd and Rissie had come back to the Los Angeles area on a visit, as they had moved back to Roy, Utah to live after dad retired. They wanted to visit with Al Ferwerda, so they had gone to Hemet for a few days. When they came back to our home they said they were leaving the next day to go back to Utah but Dad was having a lot of discomfort with gas, heart pressure and water retention. I talked him into going to the hospital for a check up before going back

to Utah. He died in the hospital. My husband (Melvin) and I drove Mom back to Roy, Utah and arranged for Dad's burial. She lived there for several more years and later in a care center close to her home.

Alifair Lewis

20 September 2004

7:05 – LaMar - Remembrances of Rissie

It is so hard to remember my childhood and what went on. So much hard labor, land lost, moving it's difficult to put my memories to work.

Once while living in Los Angeles, a friend dropped Mom off at our home, and she said that Dad would be by to pick her up later and take her home. Well, she waited all night for him to show up, but Dad had no idea where she was, so did not come for her. Needless to say, the next morning I took her back to her home in Torrance. The whole family got a chuckle out of that.

Mom was such a good shot with a gun. She loved deer hunting. She could outshoot most anyone she was with. And always came home with her deer.

She was a very good example for hard work, all her life she worked! Never seemed to tire of doing the work. She was a wonderful Mother for training us to do everything in our power to do right.

7:06 – LaRee - Remembrances of Rissie

LaRee's remembrances:

I am LaRee, the fifth born of eight children of Floyd and Rissie Denning.

My favorite story about my mother is how she managed, and survived, on a dry farm with three children, and a fourth on the way while Dad was away serving a church mission. The experience she gained enabled her to pass on many qualities to her children that formed their personalities and beliefs.

I remember at an early age, mom would read to me and that peaked my interest in learning. From that experience I retained the desire and actually earned a college degree. The influence reached to my children, her grandchildren, and four of them attained college degrees and another daughter is currently in school striving for a degree.

Mom's faith in the gospel and religious beliefs was another quality that influenced my children and me. I was married in the Temple, as are all of my children.

Self-reliance and personal responsibility were traits she instilled in me and she encouraged me to pursue them. At age 8 I had the responsibility of delivering newspapers on an assigned route. Later I worked in a cannery to earn money for school clothes and other personal things. Again, those traits were passed on to my children who are, and have always been gainfully employed and are responsible citizens today.

The necessity of living with meager means for a good part of her life taught Mom how to survive on what was available and to take advantage of bargains. My husband, Ken Keller, always said if it became necessary to live off of the land he would want to be with Mom.

I had the privilege of accompanying Mom alone on a trip to Nome, Alaska to visit my older sister Alifair and her husband who were on a mission there. I was proud to watch her get in with the Eskimos and get down and dirty as they caught and processed the salmon. Also, she loved to pick and can the blueberries that were in that area.

Mom would probably not be considered “continental” or in “vogue”, but that enabled her to get earthy with her children and impart many valuable lessons and traits. Her arm of influence reached down to grandchildren and even great grandchildren. My personality and characteristics come from relationships with my Mother and I am proud of myself. Therefore, I am very proud of Mom.

7:07 – Joyce - Remembrances of Rissie

What a woman!! At 75 she could out work anyone of us, and did so in her garden. Of this garden she gave to all. I remember going to visit them in the summer and dad picking corn for lunch, a lot of corn for lunch, for they loved it so. They picked those wonderful peas and shelled them and brought them to me, what a treasure they were, we just didn’t realize it then how great and giving they were.

When I was rearing 6 children by myself, I couldn’t have done it without the help of my mother and father. They were always there when I was down and out with nothing to feed my children, there would always be a check in the mail, or food brought to us by them. Mom used to tend some of my children on occasion, when Karen was a baby she had a hard time with food, so mom took her and fed her goats milk that she milked fresh every day. Needless to say it did the trick. She had a lot of remedies and most of them usually worked.

In 1970 my last child, Cindy was born, 2-1/2 pounds, 3 months early. Mom and Dad came up from Arizona and together dad and Bill gave her a blessing to live and be healthy. To this day she is healthy and happy with a family of her own. What a great power the Priesthood is, and I got to see it in action with Dad.

Allie talked of the oppression in our lives growing up, and one thing I knew for sure was don’t get on the wrong side of Mom cause she would tell Dad and then things happened that you didn’t like. But in 1952, Dad told me he was so sorry for the way

he had raised his children, and because of him some of his children strayed from the church. From that day forward his heart changed and he was a very giving, loving Father together with Mom. They did everything as a couple.

One year when I was about 16-17, Dad was in Oregon working, Mom & Dad had a "SPAT", and it went on for a couple of months, then Mom decided she had had enough of the separation, so she & I hitch-hiked to Oregon to see dad. What a trip that was. We did get a ride with a nice couple and went all the way to Oregon with them. While there we caught clams, picked blackberries, and canned them, what a treat that was to see all the berries along side of the road, just for the picking, and Mom just couldn't let them go to waste. She was never one to waste anything. If she couldn't use it she would give it away. She was a very giving person.

When I was born in Salmon in 1933, dad paid a goose and \$20.00. What a prize they got for their money. Being #6 was for them a real hardship, I'm sure. My Aunt Ethyl said she wanted to adopt me because they were tired of having girls, and then they had 2 more wonderful girls.

I remember Mom always working, working, and then working some more. It seemed like we always had food to eat, bread and milk, "lumpy dick" for breakfast, clothes on our backs and were taught the value of work. We left Salmon when I was 8 years old, so the memories there are not much. Other than we had, I think, about 2 acres, chickens and cows and always a garden. Mom did love to garden. She also loved her animals, and always had them no matter where she lived. She used to have a lot of baby chicks, and my children would love to go there to pet them. She had her favorite in the chickens too.

She was a wonderful cook when she wanted too. She used to make the best bread in town, I remember coming home from school and eating hot fresh bread and ice cold milk, how delicious that was. Then in Roy, Utah she had to have a coal stove instead of the electric one dad had purchased for their new home, and often times when I would go to visit she would always have a crock of beans on the back of the stove, they were so good, you always had to have some. From her early training, she could never get away from the deer meat??? We all could but not her, she loved it and thought she could prepare it so no one could tell it was deer meat, but we could, and wouldn't eat it. I think that was about the only thing we didn't tolerate. I thought it was horrible!!

Mom went to work at the Depot during the war years in Ogden, and was over the POW's, and they were Italians. She would occasionally get permission to bring a couple of them home on the weekends and they would cook spaghetti for us, what a treat. She was pretty good to them and they in return were good to her and her family. She always preached the gospel to them and anyone that would listen. She was proud to be a Mormon. She also worked at the canning factory just down on west 7th street from where we were living, she worked in the tomatoes, her, LaRee and Allie, and worked very hard every day.

In her later years, after Dad died she took me and my daughter Cindy, Allie and her daughter Bonnie, and JoRene (LaMar's wife) to Hawaii. It was one of her lifelong dreams to go there. Well, she out walked us everyday. What a joy it was to be with her and see her face when she saw the Ocean and those beautiful people, the flowers, the Temple, and the whole of Oahu. We ate fresh pineapple, went swimming, ate too much and she had so much fun. One night we went to see the famous singer, Don Ho, and he asked who was the oldest person in the audience, and of course she was. So he called her up on stage and kissed her

on the cheek and said he was going to give her a bottle of champagne, but Mom said, for all to hear, I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and I don't drink!!! So then, he wished her well and kept the wine. She was applauded. No matter where she was she was very verbal about her religion.

Mom and Dad struggled hard in life, and early on all they could do was work and try to get ahead. Then later on after the children were raised, they still were frugal and did not waste anything. My dad built me a workbench out of scrap lumber he had saved. It just seemed like they always had what you needed, physically and spiritually. They both had a great Testimony and I believe they are together now, still preaching the Gospel, probably to two of my sons that died. What a great heritage I have. I have truly been blessed to have such great parents that taught me to work for what I have. And to not give up, and to love the Lord and the Church.

When mom was in the care center in Roy, LaRee and I would go over to see her together and try to comfort her, she did not like to be there and one night she ran away, the next day she called and told us that the "SWAT TEAM" had come after her. We used to take her shopping at the DI, because that was one of her favorite places to go, then on to lunch with her. It was such a pleasure doing this together as sisters, and each time when we left Mom always had us kneel down and she would pray with us. What a tender time that was. On my birthday I took her roses and asked her what happened 50 years ago today, her reply was "Good Hell, I can't even remember what today is, let alone 50 years ago." That was one of the days that she had turned daddy's picture towards the wall, and cried that he didn't need to leave her here all alone. She mourned for him for 5 long years until she was finally there with him. She had such a beautiful smile on her face in her casket, just like, "I finally made it!!" She was free from all the heartache and work of this earth.

It is a great pleasure to tell a few of the special moments growing up with Mom and Dad, hopefully this will reflect the true nature of them and the love they had and gave to their family.

Joyce B. Denning Garn

21 October 2004

7:08 – Nadine - Remembrances of Rissie

Here again she preceded Mom & Dad in death. They had flown over to Berrago Springs to see Dad for his birthday, and on the way back to Los Angeles, they flew into the fog and a mountain and both she and her husband Lee were killed. This was devastating for Mom and Dad. But I truly believe that they were finally at peace, knowing that just a few years before that, both Nadine and her husband became active in the Church and had gone thru the Temple and had their family sealed to them. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.

Nadine was a very strong willed person. Of course she came by it naturally!! But she was so kind and generous to a fault. She was most like Mom out of all of us girls. I remember mom telling me that when she was little, Cora told her not to go into the garden and get dirty, so that was exactly what she did. Just to get attention, she said, so Nadine was a lot like her in that respect.

When Dad and Mom would punish her, she was very defiant, and would do everything she was told not to do. Evidently being #7 had its pitfalls. But she was a beautiful young woman, and resembled our grandmother Alifair more than any of us.

She loved Mom and Dad very much, and if she were here to tell her story, I'm sure it would be exciting to hear.

Rissie Nadine Denning Fiet Taylor

By Joyce Garn

7:09 – Jean - Remembrances of Rissie

I remember so well moving to Los Angeles, California in 1952 with daddy and mama. I was 12 years old. It must have been during the school year as I changed schools by moving and was in the 6th grade. It seems like we/they lived in California for a long time. Actually it was only from 1952 to 1959. Only 7 years. But as a teenager my years of growing up in the church and going to Seminary were good ones and good memories, especially during my years of Junior and High School. I graduated in June 1958 and married in April of 1959. Daddy & Mama moved back to Utah at this same time.

Going by car from Ogden, Utah to Los Angeles. I remember back then driving from Ogden to Salt Lake was only a two-lane road and only farmland between the two cities. Daddy always said someday it would be all city and houses between the two cities. It was also only a two-lane road all the way to Los Angeles. We drove through St George and I remember the red cliffs above the city, then on thru Las Vegas, a two-lane road and small town with all the glittering signs on the buildings. Then I remember driving into Pasadena and it was the first sight I had ever had of palm trees. I thought they were so beautiful. Then we drove on down to where the Temple was being built in Westwood. I think the building was finished up to the first floor. I remember seeing all the granite blocks on pallets around the building that was used for the outside of the building.

We lived in West Los Angeles in a little apartment not too far from the Pacific Ocean. I loved it and I think mama loved it and also the good weather. The owners lived in the first apartment and we lived in one and I think there was one more apartment. The couple that we rented from was Jewish and they were lovely people. We lived in this apartment until the folks bought a house and we moved into it and then I changed schools and went to Mark Twain Junior High. When we lived in the apartment I went to Emerson Junior High. It was located on the backside of the Temple construction. So many days I would either go over to the car or wait for daddy to get off work or I would walk home, which was quite a walk. I also remember taking the bus on occasion. I don't remember too much about Mom except she was always home and always had dinner ready when Daddy got home. She and Daddy were Stake Missionaries and met a lot of nice people in this assignment. They were diligent in doing their missionary work. Mama always was reading church books and encouraged me a lot to do the same.

I remember when I turned 16 Mom promised to take me to town shopping. For some reason it never happened and I remember being so mad because she had promised and we didn't get to go. However, what had happened, a surprise birthday party was being planned for me. All the kids in the ward were in attendance and before the party was all over, "all" the boys came over

and kissed me. You know, “sweet sixteen and never been kissed”! I didn’t even know how to kiss a boy, because I was always so shy.

Mama always made me school lunches and I remember she would put gingerbread cookies in my lunch and I never liked them. Although today, I think they are pretty good.

Another thing we used to do on the weekends would be to travel downtown Los Angeles which was about 15 miles. It was a long way for us. We would go down and go shopping at Grand Central Market for food and groceries. This market was quite a sight to behold. Hundreds of vendors had their own little shops, one right next to the other, with their food all laid out in front. They would stand in the stall behind the food and sell their wares. They would call out trying to get you to stop and buy. But there were aisles and aisles of these types of little stalls. It was quite an experience and we went quite often to do this. Probably the first time I ever ate a banana was in California and have loved them ever since.

When mama would do her local shopping, I remember her getting all the sale papers from different markets each week on Wednesday. Then she would determine what she wanted to buy that was on sale and we would make the usual rounds. Only buying those things on sale at each market that she wanted. Of course in those days gasoline was very cheap, so it was not that expensive to make all the rounds each week.

Another thing mama like to do was travel. We made many trips back to Utah and also other places. During this time, Melvin and Allie moved to the San Francisco area, so we would make trips up there also. But one funny thing is when mama knew we were going on a trip, boy, right now she started packing the car with clothes and food. I think she loved to go by car and travel. She once said she could have been a Gypsy. They went many times to Phoenix to go to the Temple. I remember one trip down there and I waited in the car while they went through the Temple.

The folks made sure I got to church on Wednesday nights for our youth activities an MIA and then always on Sunday for Church. It was a wonderful time for me and probably for them also. I was the only one left at home and was like and only child during this period of time. On Sundays, many times, we would stop at the Sourdough French Bakery on the way home and pick up a loaf or two of this wonderful French bread. And then we would go home and have the bread with milk. What a good meal that was.

Another fun thing we used to do, since we were so close to the beach was that we would go down there and right on the beach the famous wrestlers would work out. They had a ring set up right on the beach and you could go down there and watch them. I loved the beach and going swimming in the ocean. I had never seen anything like this before. Anyway, after watching the wrestlers working out, we could then go home and watch their matches on the television. Also, Mama enjoyed watching on the television the ladies roller rink races. I only remember having a television after we moved to Los Angeles and I enjoyed watching cartoons, westerns, and the famous movie stars of the 50’s in their movies. I remember wanting to watch TV and not wanting to do my chores. However, I finally determined to get my chores done and then watch TV.

I know Mama loved the weather in California. She often times would try to get Aunt Pearl to come down and live in California

to get out of the winter cold in Idaho. But she never did. I know that I never missed the winter weather growing up. The landscape was always green and the flowers so beautiful all year round. Daddy always said he missed the seasons. I could never figure out why, because I didn't like the snow and ice of winter and didn't miss it a bit. We now live in Arkansas and the winters are not too bad, and now I enjoy the different seasons of the year.

We made many trips back to Salmon and Boise, Idaho during this time. We used to go to the Fannin Family Reunions in Salmon each summer when Grandpa Fannin was still alive. I remember several reunions when I was around 15-16, it was wonderful to go there and we would usually stay with Uncle Len and Aunt Pearl. I think Mama and Aunt Pearl were always close. We also made trips to Boise to see Uncle John and his family.

One of the most important things I remember about Mama is her ability to grow things. Not only did she have a green thumb, I think it was emerald. She could grow plants where you would possibly not think it capable of producing anything. Wherever we lived she and Daddy always had a garden and flowers. We always enjoyed the plants you could grow in California that you could not in other climates. One house we used to have had great big elephant ears in the front yard and many other plants we enjoyed.

After I was married and the folks had moved back to Utah, she never failed to call on Birthdays or Holidays and say "Happy Birthday Gift" the very first thing. (Or "Merry Christmas Gift, etc. whatever the occasion"). The folks always made an effort to come and see the kids, and me especially after I was divorced.

I wish I could remember more – I miss her and can't wait to reunite with her on the other side.

Pearl Jean Denning Cardon Patrick

20 September 2004

Chapter 8 – Grace Fannin

8:01 – Grace's Birth

Grace Fannin was born on October 27, 1902 in Riverside, Bingham County, Idaho. Grace's mother, Sebra Alifair Rose, was the first wife of Moses Fannin. She died a short time after Grace was born. Because Moses was working, he asked a neighbor, Hannah Christensen, to take care of Grace and he sent the other 4 children back to Kentucky to be cared for by Sebra's family. After a while he wrote to Cora Skaggs, a girl he had known when he lived there, and asked her to check on the children. He later proposed marriage to her and she then brought the children west with her where they were married.

Moses then went to the neighbor, Hannah Christensen, to get Grace. However, she pleaded to keep Grace. Moses relented and allowed Grace to stay there but did not allow them to formally adopt her. Grace missed not being raised with her brothers and sisters and always held this against her father, Moses. She would visit with her siblings when they lived at Crystal. She felt left out even though she had a much easier life with the Christensens.

Grace had 3 children, June, Arlene and Willard. They lived in Pocatello. Her husband George worked for the Railroad. She was a very kind person and had a nice home. She enjoyed traveling, camping, bowling, and collecting poetry.

8:02 – Grace's Death

The family says that before she died she was able to forgive Moses for not having brought her back into the family.



Grace Fannin

Chapter 9 - Cora Skaggs

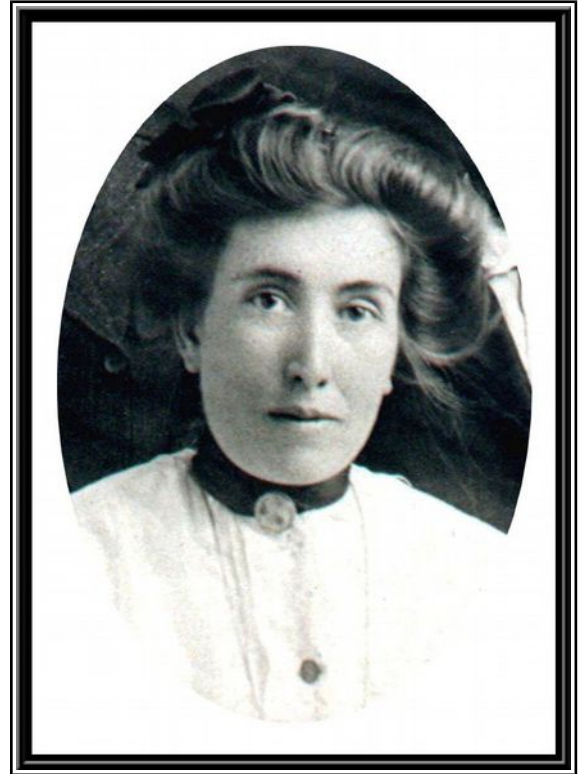
9:01 – Cora - 1982 Taped Interview

The following was taken from “Fannin Family History” written in 1982.

Cora was Born October 28, 1885

(This section of the writing has been transcribed from a tape in July, 1982 and is believed to have been recorded in the summer of 1969. The accounts given were spoken by Cora Cassidy of the Skaggs family line. She would have been 84 years old at this accounting.)

I lived in Kentucky the name of the county seat, Lawrence County, where I was born.² My father’s name was James H. Day. My mother’s name was Elizabeth Lester. My oldest brother’s name was Harv and I had eight brothers and three sisters. There was Harv then there was Isaac then Jeremiah and Albert then Henderson and Noah, Cora, Rufus, Harmon. My oldest sister’s name is Sarah, then Rutha May and Becca (who died as a child on the day of her birth.)



Cora Skaggs Fannin

My oldest sister died about the time James (Cora’s first born son) was born. Rutha May, she died and we never can find her records. She married a fellow that belonged to the service or something and got killed. The Red Cross built her a lovely home then I think she married after that. But we can't find where she died at. She went into a grocery store to buy something and fell over dead, died right there in the store. But we don't know just where at.

I started my schooling at Lawrence County, Kentucky. I had to walk two miles in the morning and two miles back at night to school. We lived on a big farm and had to work hard. The missionaries came in our home. I had a dream just before they come to our home. I felt I was goin’ along a road and I met the Savior and two missionaries. In my dream I saw those two missionaries and the Savior was with them. A very short time after that, two missionaries come to my father’s home this hot day. They come to the well, a well with awful good cold water. It was a hot day and they come to the well and I took them out some drinking glasses to drink out of and ask them to come in. They come in and my mother and I fixed them a nice dinner. Then after they eat dinner, we sat on the porch, we had a nice porch. We sat there and they sang some of the most beautiful songs, and one of them “The Elder’s of Israel come now join with me search out the righteous whether the mountains, the desert, the land or the sea.” Sarah said, Jeremiah said you'd come and search the rocks and the mountains, and that part of the song. One of those missionaries was Apostle Francis M. Lyman’s son, George E. Lyman, and the other his name is Spears. I

never will forget that... it was one of the most, it seemed like, wonderfulest days of my life.

When the missionaries come first, when they come to our home, I think it wasn't too long after that that we were baptized, my mother, father and I. My mother she was baptized, it was cold in January. They baptized her and cut a hole in the ice. They baptized her and she had to walk about a couple of blocks to get back to the house to change her wet clothing. She never even as much caught a cold. She had to go quite a ways with her wet clothing on to get baptized. A short time after that, maybe a month or six weeks, my father and I and another lady was baptized into the Church. My brother, Isaac he joined the Church before we did. I was about 14 I guess when I joined the Church.

We had a small branch of the Church. There was two other girls that belonged to the branch that was L.D.S. There father was the presiding elder over the branch. He was my father's cousin. I went to school with him. We were the only L.D.S. girls in the county. My cousin, his wife and his family they belonged to the branch there. They would kind of help out with a little work that's all. She was doing some sewing, making me some dresses and things. I went and helped her out. picked beans and things and helped her out with things while she did some sewing for me.

While I was there I got this letter from Moses Fannin. I just laughed and laughed when I got that letter. I thought gee whiz, I'll never answer that letter. He was working in the shops in Idaho when he wrote it; he was a painter there.

I let it go about a week then I was out (steaking? voice unintelligible) one day. He used to live back there (Kentucky) and his family. Of course he lost his first wife; she died and left him with four children. So I got to thinking about it, I better write to him because he used to live there, he'd like to hear from some of his friends. I thought I'd write him a friendship letter. He kept on writing and we ended up married. I prayed to the Lord to bless me with a good companion in the gospel. After I got thinking about him living there, I thought I'd write him and tell him about the people that lived there and he wrote back and kept on writing. He sent me some money and wanted me to come west. My brother Noah, he was older than I, he come with me (on the trip west) and I brought four of Dad's (Moses') children with me.

I dreamed a dream. My father had a large apple orchard. Well, we had quite a few apple orchards. This is one close to home, I dreamed I seen him coming through that apple orchard and he had on an oval crovaugh strapped down around his knees and he had a derby hat on. I thought that was to be my future husband. When I come west and met him in Pocatello he looked exactly like he did in the dream. Dressed exactly like it. He met us at the train in Pocatello just about daylight. he took, my brother Noah went with me, went west there, he stayed with us and worked on the railroad shop there in Pocatello. He worked up to be a switchman.

We was married 27th of March 1905 in Pocatello by our bishop, (he) married us. Bishop's name was Milo Hendricks. (We went) to the temple that coming fall. I believe it was about November. We was married the 27th of March and he (James) was born 10th of February the next year.

We lived there (in Pocatello) until Ethel wasn't quite a year old. We went to live on our dry farm. We took up some land and homesteaded it. My husband, he liked to do carpentry work and paint. He worked in the shop there too. He built a new house,

bought new lumber. Then when he got the house all finished, me and the children had to go on the farm and stay out there and work before he moved out. We fenced forty acres of land, and I helped him fence it.

Ethel, she was about a year old when we first went out on that farm. And Nona, when we left there, we left there in 1931. I had ten (children) and Nona was the baby. I helped dad raise his (four children), his wife died and left him with a little baby. They're the ones I had to take and come out from Kentucky. I raised her and she was the worst spoiled kid you'd ever seen. She grew up that way. Never did get over it. I don't know, she had a bad temper or something. She was an only child and I guess they (those taking care of her in Kentucky) ruined her.

We bought a house (in Salmon, Idaho). We stayed in some places on the farm, where they had some farms. We took up some land and farmed there for awhile then we got cheated out of the place to farm. We moved, bought us some lots, moved to town and built us a house.

(At this point on the tape there is a break. Some portion of time has elapsed before the conversation resumes.)

We had a meeting in our Ward; they had to have a new Relief Society President so they voted me in. They set me apart after. They put me in as Relief Society teacher when we first went to Salmon. I was a teacher quite a lot of times. Well all the time I guess. They voted me in to be president of the Relief Society of the Crystal Ward. I labored there for, I guess twelve years, before we went to Oregon. We went out to Oregon and had a nice Relief Society and done a lot of good there.

I had my bazaars, successful bazaars. There was quite a bit of money to carry on with. They put me in as a visiting teacher. I've held most all the offices that the Relief Society has. Quite a few years later I went on a Stake Mission. I labored with the Lamanites and the whites; me and my partner [Nattie Dolly]. We got the Indians comin' to Relief Society. Some of them come and go to church. I heard some of them was goin' to church. A fellow from Salmon come over here, he and his wife, and said that I'd sewn the seed and now some of them was comin' into the ward, particularly to sacrament, and go to church or Sunday school.

When we first went there [on a Stake Mission] Brother Havens, he lived right close by the camp. He said he would go with us over to the camp when we got ready to go. He went with us over to the camp then he went back home. We went in, me and Sister Dolly went into a small shack they were using for housing. There was a Indian woman, young woman, beautiful woman, combing her hair. She had the most beautiful hair. It was over a yard long. When we got in there these two, what do I say "buck indians," just rushed right in so quick I hadn't thought of anything to say to them. Here I stand so fast. I could see he wondered why we was in there and what purpose we was in there. So I said we are ladies from the Church, and he said well that's alright then. He went out and we never saw him again. We labored there and made good friends out of them. They'd come to Sunday School and Relief Society. They just loved to paint dish towels and things. They'd come to our home too. There's another lady took an Indian woman, she had a baby. This woman she lived up to Lemhi. She kept one of them ten days. My partner, Nettie Dolly, she kept her in her home ten days. Then I took her and kept her for ten days. I enjoyed having her there. She was just as neat and clean as any white woman. The baby she wrapped it and went with me down to the camp one afternoon. Put in the little papoose, jacket or case or what ever you call it, that's what they call a cradle board, that's what it was. My neighbor, she come in and she said "that poor little thing, it couldn't even scratch itself."

I kept it all afternoon so the mother could go down to the camp and visit her friends. I got so I really wanted them to come into our home and fix a nice dinner for them. Sister Dolly and I made some quilts for them, covered some quilts for them, helped them out a lot that way.

One time we went there in the middle of November, about in the afternoon, and they was going to have to put a new floor in their cabin. There wasn't no men folks around there just the women. Seemed like they didn't know how to start or get at it. So Sister Dolly and I, they had nice lumber, we laid down that floor, nailed it down, and they said they didn't know what they would have done if we hadn't come in to help them. We done some good for them I'm sure. I told them, some day, if they lived right, they'd become as a white and delight some people.

One time I went there one of the ladies said she guessed she would stay with what religion they had. I said "what is your religion?" She said "Oh, the medicine man." I had a couple of Book of Mormon with me. I had to play smart in the Book of Mormon where it said that Jesus Christ named this church. I handed her the Book of Mormon and she read the whole chapter. Seemed like after that they seemed to understand and be more interested in what we tried to teach them. We enjoyed being there and read nice interesting stories to them; different things that they sure liked to hear. In the summer we went over to Salmon. We went to the camp to see one of them. She was so tickled to see us it just thrilled her when we went to visit her for awhile. She sure was glad to see us again.

We had a farm there in Salmon and had a bunch of milk cows. We sold a lot of cream. Later on bought lots and moved into town from the farm. We lived there quite a long while, then we moved to Oregon. Two of my sons was welders in the shipyards; one of my daughters and my son-in-laws worked in the shipyards there during the war. I worked in a nursery school, in the school and in the nursery school. I liked Oregon very much. I liked Oregon better than I did California. My husband, he was a painter. He painted big ships in the shipyard. I saw them launch those big ships. He worked there, we was up there about two years and a half. He worked in the shipyard most all the time. I was busy working too. Then we went back to our home in Salmon later on, just before that [unintelligible] awful flood they had there. Just a short while before that happened we moved back to Salmon. We didn't see or understand how many people got drowned. Some of them since the flood come would take their houses and things and some of the people was right out in the water floating. When we traveled from [Davenport], that's where the defense project was during the war, we went to Portland on a bus. One day I heard the bus driver talking to some of the passengers said if there ever come a flood that would sure wipe that place out. It sure did.

We left there and went back home so we was safe in 1948. [We sort of retired] when we went back to Salmon. We made a garden and got some chickens. We raised a good garden and stayed there and took care of our home.

When we had our dry farm we had some extra good crops and some that wasn't so good. It all depended on the season, the climate or the weather producing the rain and fog. He built a nice house there, he had quite a bit of nice room. Lots of times the whole community come there and have a dance and have wood violins there. They'd sure dance to violin music and having so much fun. We had a lot of young people in the valley. My son James was called on a mission. I had invited all the young people in the valley to come and we had a nice dinner for him before he left to go on his mission. He went back in the southern

states on a mission. He filled a two year mission back there. He made a wonderful missionary and I was all thankful for that. When James was there, he and his companion had to go out in the country they called the “sticks,” out in the country to labor. They had been out there for sometime and they come in and they had a conference. He needed some shoes, so we sent him a check. I just prayed to the Lord that the check would reach him in due time. He wrote and told me that the check come through so quick it looked like it was almost impossible. From the time I sent that check till he got it so quick that I mailed it late one evening and he said he got it next morning. He wrote and told me it seemed almost impossible for the check to reach him that quick after I’d mailed it that evening. There wasn’t any airplanes going at that time. But the Lord had a hand in that. He needed those shoes and I prayed that he would get that money in due time. He went and got his shoes and went back to where they was holding the conference. President Charles A. Callis (?) said “Now we’ll hear from Elder James Fannin, he will be the first speaker.” Then I thought the Lord surely knew or understood what was best and answered my prayer and he got his money in time. I know that the Lord blesses those missionaries. Me and my family at home entertained lots of missionaries. We had them in our home and they used to call it their home when they would be around there. I was just so thankful to have a place among the things that they can come and call their home and be enjoyed.

I think we passed our fifty second... celebrated over fifty.

I remarried William Cassidy. His youngest son married my youngest daughter, Then him and I got married after I lost my husband. It’s kind of a family affair. After I married Mr. Cassidy we got a home here in Afton. My daughter and her husband, Nona and Victor Cassidy are in the [unintelligible] ward about a mile from our ward here in Afton. This is where all her children were born, they have a lovely family. The oldest daughter got married in October of this year.

I have always tried to be a faithful member of the Church, ever since I accepted the gospel. I’m so thankful to my Father in Heaven for the testimony of the gospel that I have. I know that God lives. That he has accomplished and done a wonderful work there with the missionary and the saints throughout the earth. And I know I have had many blessings that I have been grateful to my Father in Heaven for many times. I asked the Lord to bless the saints the world over and the missionaries for great success in their missionary work. I know it’s a wonderful work to do for our Father in Heaven. And I bear my testimony and do it in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

9:02 – Cora - 1957 Personal Life History

(This is taken from the life history recorded by Cora in 1957)

I was born in Lawrence Co. in the town of Skaggs, Kentucky Oct. 28, 1885.³ My father was James H. Skaggs; my mother was Elizabeth Lester. I was of a large family (eight brothers and two sisters) not including myself. My father had a large farm and I would help work on the farm by doing many jobs from milking cows to the house work. The farm had a large orchard in which peaches and apples grew. The school I attended was two miles away. I usually walked or rode horseback. I loved my girlhood days very much. I loved to eat the delicious fruit that grew so plentiful. Many times we dried apples. There was no Sunday School to go to until I was 14 years old. I had an experience which I would like to relate here which I will never forget. Some missionaries came into the County where we lived. I had this dream I will never forget. I dreamed I was walking along and met the Savior Jesus Christ and on each side of him was two missionaries. In a very short time after I had the dream, two

missionaries came to our well on a hot day for a drink of water. I went to the well with a drinking glass for them to drink and they were the same two missionaries I saw in my dream. I asked them to come into our home and Mother and I cooked them a nice dinner. After dinner was over the missionaries sang some beautiful songs. The song that impressed me was "Ye Elders of Israel." The one missionary was George A. Lyman, the other Elder Spears. Soon other missionaries came into the neighborhood and quite a few people were baptized including my mother and brother Isaac for they knew it was the truth. A hole had to be cut through the ice to baptize them and they never caught a cold. In a month my Father and I was baptized also.

Soon a Sunday school was organized and some of the Saints and Elders got out nice house logs and built a house to have Sunday school in. A short time later a mob burned the Church house down and sowed tobacco where it stood. After this happened the people that took part in this had some down fall and hard luck. After the house burned my cousin had Sunday school in his home, also we had it in our home. This branch of the church was losing the presiding Elder and his large family went to Arizona. My cousin, L. M. Ferguson and family went with him.

Soon after this I received a letter from Moses Fannin who was in Idaho at the time. He wrote concerning his four children who lived close to our home. He had been left with the children when his wife died with the measles. When I got the letter I just laughed to think I would get a letter from a man eleven years my senior but I answered his letters and told him of his children as I had gone to see them. We corresponded until the letters got quite serious and he asked me to marry him. I went and got the children and started on the long journey out west to Zion and to the man I loved. The children and I arrived at Pocatello, Idaho On March 25, 1905. I was married March 27, 1905. That fall, my husband and his four children and I went to the Salt Lake Temple and done the sealing work for his first wife and family and our own endowments in the temple. We lived in Pocatello till our third child was born then we took a trip to Kentucky. This was the last time I saw my Father and Mother and my youngest sister. She got married and lost her husband in the first world war. When our 3rd child was almost a year old we bought a dry farm at Crystal, Idaho. We lived on this farm about 20 years. We had to build a home and all our buildings. We had a nice spring of nice cold mountain water only a short distance from the house that never froze in the winter. We had one hundred and sixty acres in our farm and raised wheat, oats, hay, cattle and poultry. We always raised a big garden. This was an excellent place to raise our family. While there we had good crops and sometimes crop failures. I often helped my husband with the farm work and milking the cows. Before the children were old enough to help I could hitch up a team and drive 18 miles to Pocatello for food and supplies. Also harrow and drill grain, also haul wood. The ward where we lived was the Crystal Ward. We had many lovely celebrations on the 4th and 24th of July. Our family was always winning foot races. Also my husband would win several races from the fat mans race to the free for all every year. There were quite alot of families lived here. Our family had grown to 10, 5 boys and 5 girls: James, Ester, Ethel, Lester, Delsa, Delbert, Della, Frank, Milo and Nona. My husband was Bishop and I was President of the Relief Society for 11 years. We had some good meetings and some very successful bazaars. I went to Salt Lake City to see the great pageant the church put on April 1930. Esther was married and lived there, also James was working there. Callis was mission President at the time.

During the depression in 1930, we lost our farm and home at Crystal. We moved to Salmon, Idaho with our family. My husband and boys got out house logs and built a six room house. We had some nice milk cows and some nice horses. We raised lovely crops and hay. Then through some very crooked handling of the property, we lost our ranch and everything we had put into it. We sold our stock and bought lots in the town of Salmon. By this time our family was all married but the two

youngest, Milo and Nona.

In 1941 our ward went on an excursion to the Cardston Temple in Canada. It was a very enjoyable trip. My husband, Nona and I went. We spent five wonderful days doing work for the dead in the temple.

During World War II in 1942 about three or four of our children were out to Portland, Oregon working in the shipyards. They wrote and wanted us to come out for Christmas, so we packed our clothes for a ten day visit. We like it here very much. My husband got a job painting. This was his trade and he made good money. While there the missionaries came and organized a branch so that people on the project could go to church. My husband was put in the Branch presidency. I was in the Relief Society and Nona was secretary of the Sunday School. Nona attended the Vanport Schools and was in several band concerts as she played the clarinet.

Just before the war was over we moved back to Salmon in April 1945. We took up our duties in the ward. Nona was Secretary of the Sunday School at Salmon for 3 years. My husband filled two Stake Missions and is a High Priest ordained by President George Albert Smith. From 1955 and 1956 myself and the following of my children were all on Stake Missions at the same time: James, Esther, Delbert, Milo. Also two grandchildren on full time missions: George Fannin and Colleen Hayden.

We have a family reunion every year in June. We always look forward to this occasion. There is about eighty of our children and grandchildren and some 9 great grandchildren. We have a family organization and have Margaret Haycock doing geneology research on our family lines. We have had the joy of doing the work in the Temple for a good many of our people who never had the privilege of hearing the gospel through all our efforts in this work. I am very proud of my large family and that I could raise four children of my husband's first marriage. I am indeed thankful for the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the many blessings I have received.

May my posterity read this and understand something of what I was like. My life has indeed been a full life, full of sorrow, tears, happiness and joy for it takes the bitter to make us appreciate the sweet. May the Lord bless all my children and their posterity with a testimony and the blessings of the gospel always.

Chapter 10 – James Fannin

10:01 – Birth and Youth

The Life History of James Fannin

By George R. Fannin and Marty Killinger

James was born in Pocatello, Idaho, on February 10, 1906, the first child of Cora Skaggs Fannin and the sixth child of Moses Fannin. He grew up in Crystal, Idaho, on a dry farm area located South West of Pocatello.

There was no high school in Crystal so James went to Pocatello as a freshman at Pocatello High School. While there he stayed with a dairy farmer. To earn his room and board, he would get up early each morning to help milk a large herd of cows and each night after school he did it again.

At the high school, James and another boy were the shortest boys.

After the ninth grade, he dropped out of school and went to work on the dry farm in Crystal.

Each community had a baseball team and they competed with each other during the summer. The Crystal baseball team featured Moses Fannin as catcher, James Fannin as pitcher; John Fannin and Casper Fannin played second and third base on the same team.

10:02 – Change of Heart

James took up smoking Bull Durham tobacco. The tobacco was purchased in a small cotton bag, the cigarette papers came in a small booklet. Whenever a person wanted to smoke, they would take the cotton bag of tobacco and pour the tobacco into the cigarette paper and roll it up into a cigarette. Then with a match the person would light the cigarette.



James, Althea, George, Martha

One day while James was working in the fields, Bishop Lorenzo Whiting (James' brother-in-law) and father, Moses Fannin, walked up to him. Bishop Whiting said to James, "Jim if you will quit smoking we'll send you on a mission." James dug a hole in the ground with the toe of his boot, threw the Bull Durham bag in, tossed the cigarette papers in and then the matches, covered them up with dirt. Then he told Bishop Whiting, "I just quit." It wasn't long after that James received his mission call to the Southern States Mission.

The first week of his mission was at the Mission Home in Salt Lake City where he received all the training he would get in preparation for his mission. When he was set apart as a missionary, he was promised that where ever he went people would be expecting him. James said he never remembered anyone being surprised when he and his companion showed up unannounced.

After arriving at his mission assignment he met his Mission President, Charles A Callas. He was first assigned to labor in Virginia. After a short time the mission was divided and he ended up in the new Eastern States Mission. The bulk of his mission was spent in Virginia with some time spent in Kentucky.

In those days missionaries would find a place to hold an evening meeting, then they would spend the day inviting people to the meeting. That evening the two missionaries taught the gospel to the guests.

The main mode of travel for the missionaries was by walking. There were occasions they would walk up to 30 miles on dirt or muddy roads. It was a common practice among missionaries of the Church to travel "without purse or script." That meant they did not have any special place to live and as they traveled they depended upon the people--Church members and others--for food and lodging. James was heard to say that he never missed a meal although he had to postpone a few and he always had a bed in which to sleep . If missionaries were not able to find a place to spend the night, they would have to sleep in the open and go without eating. James said that he never ever had to do that.

One day while in Richmond, Virginia, he and his companion were standing on a street corner near a policeman. There was a "No U-Turn" sign there. A lady came to the corner in her car and started to make a U-Turn. The Policeman shouted to her, "Hey lady, you can't do that." The lady simply replied, "Yes, I think I can make it." Then continued on with the turn.

One day James was in need of some money. He prayed that he would get what he needed. Then he and his companion went to the post office. There was a letter from his mother with a check in it. The other half of the story was that one morning, James' mother told her son, Delbert, that she had a feeling that James needed some money. She had placed a check in an envelope and then told Delbert to take it to the mailman. James received that letter the next day after it was sent from Idaho. He always considered that a miracle.

There were baptisms. On one occasion, James baptized twin girls named, Irene and Edith Rowland. The girls wrote and sent pictures for many years after James had returned from his mission. The girls never married.

After his mission was completed, James returned home. One morning Cora said to Delbert, "I think James will be home today."

Will you take a horse and go meet the mailman to see if he is there?" In those days the mailman would give you a ride if you needed it. Again, James was expected even when he was unannounced. He and Delbert rode the horse home.

After a while James returned to Salt Lake City to attend the LDS Business College to major in Business. To support himself he worked as a painter and a wall paper hanger. He never graduated because of the depression. One day he was at the Deseret Gym where he met the man that held the Utah State 100 yard dash record. James challenged the man to a race on the oval indoor track. The man had on his track shoes and track uniform. James had on his street shoes and regular clothes. James won the race.

The Great Depression was just beginning and James returned home to help out on the family dry farm in Crystal. In about 1932, there was a drought and there were no crops on the dry farm. The families were unable to make their payments and lost their farms. A group of Latter-day Saints moved to Salmon, Idaho, to settle on the Hagle ranch owned by an insurance company. They spent a lot of time building irrigation ditches and preparing the land to be farmed. Then James would only say, they lost the ranch "through some crooked dealing."

10:03 – One Special Girl

After his mission, James met Althea Ella Romriell from McCammon, Idaho. It was during their courtship that James moved to Salmon and their courtship continued through the mail. The day came when they decided to get married. James and his brother, Lester, picked up their brides, took them to the Salt Lake Temple and there the two brothers were sealed to their brides for time and eternity on November 2, 1932.

James and Althea returned to Salmon to make their first home in a Sheep Camp. A Sheep Camp was a small covered wagon where a sheep herder lived. There was really only room for one person, but they made room for two.

The neighbors had a cow and shared the milk with James and Althea. Althea would pour the milk in some pans to let the cream rise. After the cream had risen, she would skim it off to be used to make butter and to be put on hot cereal. One day James brought in an arm load of wood for the stove. He dropped the wood and backed up and as he did, he sat in the milk pans. He said, "Well, I'll be #%\$*! One day we don't have any milk and the next day we are bathing in it." Althea said she could only laugh at the situation.

The next home was a two room log cabin that had no insulation There were holes in the floor and it was drafty.

10:04 – George's Birth

Moses Fannin had built a home on Kirtley Creek that was just across the road from where James and Althea lived. When it came time for their first child, George, to be born, Althea was at her in-laws home. February 14, 1934, was a cold wintery day, but that is the day George made his arrival at about 2:30 pm. The doctor held him in his hands and said, "Nine and a quarter

pounds" and that is what is on the birth certificate.

Because their home was cold and drafty, George spent much of the winter on the bed. James would walk to town and buy a sack full of oranges, come home, and pour the oranges out on the bed. Then he and George would play catch with them.

10:05 – Martha is Born

A girl they named Martha Althea was born 13 months later on March 12, 1935. She was a much smaller baby and the delivery was not as difficult. It was some time later that Althea had a tubular pregnancy. The doctor said when that happens, it will probably happen again, so both of her tubes were removed. That put an end to their family.

It was very hard to find work during the depression. James did find work with the US Government agency called the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). He earned \$30 a month for his work. Their main responsibility was to do conservation work in the forests around Salmon.

For food, they had a garden and the produce from it were eaten fresh in their season and Althea would bottle the rest for the coming of the next year. James would catch a lot of fish from the Lemhi River and other streams around Salmon. He would hunt for deer and elk as a source of meat for his family.

To wash clothes, Althea would build a fire under a large pot of water that had been brought from the creek that was about a hundred yards from the house. When the water became hot enough, she would wash the clothes on a scrub board with soap she had made. Later on James was able to buy a gasoline motor operated Maytag washing machine. That took a lot of the work out of washing clothes. Later that washing machine was converted to an electric motor.

10:06 – Wagon Full of Roses

One day James took George and they took a wagon to get a load of hay. After the wagon was loaded, James stuck a pitch fork upright in the hay and had George sit, straddling the pitchfork, to keep from falling off. On the way home, the James started down an incline that ended at a "T" in the road above a gully. At the "T" was a bridge where the team of horses had to make a turn. Beyond the bridge was a large patch of wild roses. As the team started down the hill, they began to trot. James tried to get them to stop, but the load was too heavy. When they came to the bridge, to turn would have tipped the load of hay over and that would probably have killed him and George. James just held the horses straight ahead. At the guard rail of the bridge, the horses jumped over it and then landed in the rose bushes. James saw George laying near the front legs of the horse he called, Maude. He jumped up, grabbed George by a leg, and lifted him up just as Maude began to flounder around. As it turned out, not a fork load of hay was lost. James sent George to the house to tell his mother and he went bawling all the way. When George got home his mother wanted to know what happened. All he would say was, "Old Maude tipped me over." Finally his mother asked, "Where is Daddy?" "He's in the rose bushes."

In the mean time, James was able to get the horses up and then he made them pull the wagon load of hay up out of the gully. The rose bushes had scratched his face quite badly. After the horses and wagon were back where they belonged, James went and shaved. The next day was Sunday and he knew if he waited until then to shave to go to Church, his face would be too sore.

While the family lived in Salmon, the Ward built a chapel that James worked on.

10:07 – Over The Mountain To Darby

After the ranch on Kirtley Creek was taken away from the people who had developed it, Moses Fannin, built a home in Salmon and moved there. James, Althea and some other LDS families moved to Darby, Montana, which was just over the mountains from Salmon. There was a ranch there that had a large apple orchard and had been divided up for farming. James and Althea were the last ones to arrive at the "project" and all the "good" homes were taken. That left one house that was not part of the other group of houses. The house had been empty for a long time and had been used by the horses and cows as a barn.

Their house was cleaned and Althea spent many hours on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor with lye to make sure it was properly disinfected. The house was located above the valley floor and anyone going to the house had to go up a hill that made a U-turn half way up. At the U-turn was a spring of water. James purchased a ram that was used to pump the water up the hill into a fifty five gallon barrel that was on the second story of the house above the kitchen. It was the only house that had running water. Some of the other people on the project complained that "James always gets the best house." It was that way because he made it that way.

After about a year, James built a Blacksmith shop between the house and the barn. He used it to do his own blacksmithing and did occasional work for the neighbors.

James bought about ten cows to milk. The cows were milked twice a day, by hand, by James and Althea. The milk was sold and that was the only regular income they had.

Every Saturday there was an auction in Hamilton, a larger town north of Darby. It was a social place where farmers came to sell various things to get income, and where the farmers caught up on the latest happenings as well as what the latest prices were for their products. One day Martha was with James when two baby kid goats were up for auction. Martha announced that she wanted one of them. So, James told her to bid "two bits" (25 cents). When she did, no one else would bid against her so she was able to get a kid for herself and one for George. Later on, Martha was feeding her kid some green apples and it died of a bellyache.

While living in Darby, the LDS group was organized into a branch of the Church and James was called to be the Presiding Elder. The Branch met in a building north a couple of miles from Darby and everyone in the area knew about the Mormons. Althea was the Relief Society President. Each week she would take her children and walk across the fields to the area where most of the members lived. After the meeting, she would walk home. She was also a Primary Teacher where she taught her

children as well as other children.

One day James took some of the Fast Offering money to help a family in the Branch. A brother to the father of that family threatened to have James excommunicated because of the misuse of Church funds. It was only a threat. James always thought he had used the funds as they were intended.

One day two LDS men got into a big fight over water. One man knocked the other one down and held a pitch fork to his throat. It wasn't long before everyone in the community knew about it. Below the hill where we lived, was a family called Neil. They were some of the best neighbors we ever had. Mrs. Neil and Althea helped each other bottle fruits and vegetables exchanged garden produce and shared many other things as well. One day someone asked Mr. Neil how they got along with the Mormons. He said, "better than they get along with each other." The Neil's had two older teen aged sons, named Bob and Edgar, that were outstanding examples to the Fannin children. A few years later, the oldest boy named, Bob met and married an LDS girl and then joined the Church.

10:08 – Looking For A New Farm

One day James and several other men went to Washington State to look for a new farm. While they were in Walla Walla, Washington, the order came for men up to age 38 to register for the Draft. The men all registered there. World War II had not started yet, but conditions in the world were not looking good.

Some time after the trip to Washington State, James moved his family to a farm in Moiese, Montana. Moiese was a farming community near Charlo, Montana. There were about 4 or 5 families that were LDS. Meetings were held in the Fannin home because Althea had a pump organ, she played it because that was the only way to have music with the hymns. Moiese was a part of the Charlo Branch and James was made the Presiding Elder of the Moiese Home Sunday School.

One year James planted a large field of peas. When the peas had matured to the proper size, they would be harvested and hauled to a cannery. It started to rain one day and continued to rain for several days. All the farmers had their irrigation water turned off-except James. He continued to irrigate the same as if it were not raining. Finally the rain stopped and all the farm land dried out at the same time making it hard for farmers to get their crops irrigated as they needed it. All the farmers except James. He had a bumper crop while the other farmers didn't do so well. The company who canned the peas asked James if he would become a field man for them, but he refused.

When George was six years old, James had his hay cut and ready to be stacked. There was no other help around, so James used his Ford tractor that was equipped with a Buck Rake-used to bring the hay to the derrick. After all the hay was piled around the derrick, George was put on the tractor, James was on the stack to make sure the hay was stacked properly and Althea drove the horses who pulled the hay up the derrick and dropped it on top of the stack. Together they put up a whole stack of hay in one day.

One winter day while James was feeding the livestock from the hay stack. He slipped and fell and as he fell his ribs hit the corner of the wagon and he broke several ribs. The doctor ran tape around his rib cage and that was all that he could do. Only time would heal the ribs. Farm work doesn't stop just because a person is sick or hurt and he continued to do the things that needed to be done.

It was in Moiese that the family had electricity for the first time in their house. About the only thing that was electric was the lights, and that was better than the kerosene lanterns or candles that were normally used.

After electricity came to the house, Althea wanted a refrigerator. In the Spring of the year, she bought some baby turkeys (poults) and raised them. In the Fall just before Thanksgiving, she and James butchered the turkeys and sold them to neighbors and grocery stores. When the turkeys were all gone, she had enough money to buy a refrigerator.

10:09 – Looking For A New Career

After a couple of years, James developed Asthma and decided to give up farming and moved to Blackfoot, Idaho. It wasn't long before he had a job as a carpenter working at the Navy Ordnance Plant in Pocatello and at the Navy gun test range near Arco, Idaho. After about two years, James decided to go back into farming. He rented a farm South of Thomas, Idaho.

After about a year he rented a farm near Pingree, Idaho. The farm was 160 acres which was about twice as much as most farms in the area. On the farm he raised sugar beets, potatoes, alfalfa and grain. World War II was still on and labor was hard to get. There were times when the hay was being stacked, Martha would ride the horse that pulled the hay up by the derrick to the top of the hay stack.

About a quarter of a mile from the back of the farm was a Prisoner of War Camp. The first year of the war, the prisoners were from Italy. After that the prisoners were from Germany. At first the prisoners were accompanied by guards from the US Army. After that they were left to the responsibility of their own officers. Each prisoner was expected to do a certain amount of labor each day and were paid a small sum for that-if they had not been paid it would have been slavery. Each prisoner was given a sack lunch to take with him. Each day Althea would make something hot for them as well. Some days it was chicken soup, or hot chocolate or a vegetable soup. She also made sure that there was a bucket of fresh milk for them to drink with their meals. The items were served from a bucket and the bucket would come back with spoon scrapes on the bottom of the bucket to indicate that they had been looking for the last drop.

One day James was talking to a young German officer about the war. The officer said, "In this war we are enemies, in the next war we will be allies and we will be fighting Russia."

In 1949, James decided to move to the Columbia Basin near Moses Lake, Washington. He bought a small farm in Mae Valley-across the lake from Moses Lake City. The farm was not large enough to support the family, so he went to work as a carpenter building a siphon near Soap Lake, Washington. George managed the farm for him.

In 1952, James gave up farming one more time and went to work at the Larson Air Force Base in Moses Lake in the Supply Department building shipping crates to ship material all over the world. He sold the farm and moved into Moses Lake.

While working at the Air Force Base, he developed several hernias. Over time he manage to have about six heruias and the doctors could not repair them any more. So, James took a medical retirement from the U S Government. Later medicine developed a method of putting in a nylon screen where his hernias were and that provided a permanent answer to his hernia problem.

10:10 – The Great Lakes Mission

In about 1960 James and Althea filled a full time mission to the Great Lakes Mission. Their first assignment was in Bedford, Indiana. Their main assignment was to strengthen the Branch leadership where James served as a counselor to the Branch President, and to help the Branch start a building fund for a new Chapel. The second assignment was in Terre Haute, Indiana, and their assignment was similar to the first assignment.

James always enjoyed fishing. He always seemed to know where the best fishing places were or where the fish were biting the best. Each year he would go to the Ocean to catch Salmon. It didn't seem to matter where he was fishing or what he was trying to catch he could catch fish when no one around him could.

He also enjoyed hunting - never for sport - but tor food. Every thing he killed was used as food. Later in life he found out that he was a little bit color blind. That made it easier for him to see elk and deer when no one else could see them. He also hunted pheasant, ducks and sage hens. One time he said that he had killed enough wild game to fill a box car. James was good at telling hunting and fishing stories - and he had many stories to tell.

If James could not raise enough apples in his small orchard, he would buy a few bushels to have on hand. It was always a pleasure to him to give apples away to anyone and everyone. He bought a coat that had large, deep pockets that he would fill with apples to give away. If he went into a store, post office or the bank, whoever waited on him would get an apple. Anyone he met on the street got an apple. It got to be that he was known about town as the “Apple Man.” There is no way to know how many bushels of apples he gave away, but he enjoyed bringing a little bit of joy into the lives of friends and strangers alike. To ensure that memory lasts a long time, there is an apple engraved on his head stone.

Many young men remember the more than 40 years he worked with the various Aaronic Priesthood and Scouting groups. He was Scoutmaster more than once, Explorer Advisor, Cubmaster and all the other positions that were available to him. James enjoyed the outdoors and for a period of several years, he would take some Explorer Scouts on trips to the wilderness areas of Idaho. They would ride horses and used pack animals to carry their equipment and food. It was a great sense of joy to him as these young men filled missions for the Church, married, had families and were called to responsible positions in the Church. At one time his Stake President, Crawford Jones, was one of his Scouts. One time while talking to President Jones, James told him that he had been ordained a Deacon at age 10, “because all the old men in the ward got tired of passing the Sacrament.” Things

were different then.

Even though James served several Stake and full time missions, he was a missionary all the time. No matter where he was, he had the time to talk about the Church and if he could give them an apple that was even better. There are several people he baptized after he was able to get them interested in the Church.

Many times when people were in the hospital or at home, but were very sick, they would call on James to come and give them a Priesthood blessing. It was a special service that he enjoyed doing.

His blood type was 0 negative. That is a rare type and when the hospital didn't have that type on hand and needed it, they would call James and he would quickly go to the hospital and donate a pint. In his wallet he carried a card that recorded how much blood he had donated - it totaled in the gallons.

10:11 – Deteriorating Health For James

When James was in his late sixties, he started to have severe chest pains. Although he spent much time at doctors offices in Wenatchee and Spokane, Washington, no one could tell him for sure what was wrong. It became difficult for him to walk to the back yard and back because of chest pain and shortness of breath. It was frustrating to him not to know what was wrong. When he was sixty seven years old, he went to Salt Lake City and met with Dr. Joseph Thorn, a Cardiologist. Tests were performed and that evening he was told he had heart disease and that bypass surgery was in order. He was given an appointment with Dr. Russell M. Nelson, world renown heart specialist, (later he became an apostle) and an appointment was set for him to have bypass surgery. After the surgery, life became more normal than it had been for some time.

When James was in his middle fifties, he was diagnosed with diabetes. At first he was able to control it with medication and diet, but then eventually had to take insulin shots. Although he knew he had serious disease, he did not let that stop him from doing many of the things he always did. Later on in his mid seventies he was diagnosed with Alzheimer disease. At first he was able to stay at home and Althea was able to take care of him. As the disease progressed, it became evident that staying at home was not the best idea. Althea placed him in a nursing home in Othello, about a 20 minute drive from Moses Lake. It was further from home than she would have liked, but it seemed to be the best of the nursing homes she visited. A few years later, he was taken to a nursing home in Moses Lake, Washington, where Althea could see him every day.

One afternoon on January 4, 1988, James took a nap at 3:00 pm. When the nursing home staff went to wake him for dinner at about 5 :00 pm, he had passed on. On January 7, 1988, he was laid to rest at the Moses Lake, Washington Cemetery.



Esther Fannin

Chapter 11 - Esther Fannin

11:01 – Esther Fannin History

Esther Fannin was born on the 6 August, 1907, to Moses and Cora Skaggs Fannin, in Pocatello, Idaho. She was the first daughter and the second child born to this couple. She had an older brother, James Fannin. Later she had 4 more brothers, Lester, Delbert, Frank, and Milo. She also had 4 sisters, Ethel, Delsa, Della, and Nona. She also had 2 half-brothers, John, and Casper, and 3 half-sisters, Pearlina, Rissie, and Grace. The family moved to Crystal, Idaho, just outside of Pocatello, to a farm. Esther lived there until she married Bert Dahl on 9 April 1923, at the age of 16. Esther attended school in Crystal through the 8th Grade. Bert and Esther moved to Salt Lake City, and were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on the 6 June 1924. Three daughters were born to this union, Esther El Vera, born on 30 May 1925, Edith Lucille, born on 18 June 1927, and Cora Barbara, born on 27 June 1929. Esther divorced Bert in March 1930. Esther received a temple cancellation of the sealing September 1949, signed by President George Albert Smith.

Esther moved to Pocatello, Idaho with her three small daughters, and Ruth, Bert's second daughter from a previous marriage. Aunt Ethel and Uncle Will Whiting took Ruth and raised her. It was during the depression, and the situation for Esther was not very good. Vera stayed with Esther so she could go to school. She had a family tend Lucille and Barbara until Uncle John and

Aunt Helen came to visit them, and found Barbara in her crib, still in her nightgown, wet, with a bottle of clabbered milk. They took both girls, and took them to Salmon to take care of them. When Grandma Fannin found out about it, she took the girls to take care of them. We lived with Grandma and Grandpa Fannin for about 3 years, until Esther and Glen Hatch were married.

When Esther was a teenager living in Crystal, they had a spring below the house where they got their drinking water. James was supposed to keep the water bucket filled for the night. Grandma and Grandpa had gone to Pocatello and Mom noticed that they needed water. Some of the smaller kids were thirsty, and so was Esther. James refused to go to the spring for the water. Esther was afraid to go to the spring at night because they had tall bushes that lined the path to the spring. When James refused to go Esther decided that she would have to go. She started out, and was sure something was going to jump out and get her. She made it to the spring, and was on her way back when James jumped out of the bushes and yelled "Boo", she was sure it was the "Boogy Man", and she screamed and threw the bucket of water all over James. He had to return to the spring and get more water, and was completely soaked from the water Esther threw all over him.

When Esther was about 16, some school teachers stopped at the house, and asked if they could get something to eat. Esther did most of the cooking because Grandma worked out in the garden. Grandma and Grandpa were in Pocatello again, and so Mom decided to get dinner for the teachers. She killed chickens, cleaned them and made fried chicken, and all that went with it. Aunt Ethel helped her with it. When the teachers were ready to leave, they gave all of their change to the two girls. They had never had any money and had no idea of the value of the coins. They decided that since Esther had done most of the work she should have the big coins, and Ethel would have all of the small ones. When Grandma and Grandpa came home they had quite a laugh, Esther had all of the nickels and Ethel had all of the dimes. They explained the value to the girls, and neither of the girls ever forgot it. They had many laughs over the experience.

One other time when Grandma and Grandpa were away, the kids all had chores to do before dark, and they were outside playing, when it began to get dark. They were afraid that they would get into trouble if Grandpa and Grandma returned and found that their work was not completed. They all ran and completed their work and were headed inside to bed when it began to get light again; they had an eclipse of the sun.

When Esther and Bert Dahl were divorced, Esther went to Pocatello, where she found work, cooking and cleaning in a boarding house for railroad workers. She had to arrive at work at 4 AM, where she cooked breakfast for 12 men. She also had to prepare their lunches for them to take with them. She did the dishes, cleaned the house, made their beds, did their laundry, and prepared dinner. She cleaned the kitchen, did the dishes and arrived home late at night. She also did the canning, made the bread, and desserts. She was paid a dollar a day for all of this work.

Grandma and Grandpa moved to Salmon Idaho about the time that Esther left Bert. She went up to visit them for Christmas in 1932. She went to a dance and met Glen Hatch there. Glen was a barber in Salmon. They were married on the 12 June 1933. Glen wanted to be married on that date because he would be 30 the next day, and would be considered an old bachelor. They lived in Salmon until 1944.

When Esther was a young girl the boys were learning to shoot a gun, so she learned too. Once we were driving home from

Grandma's and she saw a pheasant running across a field down from the road quite a distance from the car. She grabbed the 22, and shot the head off of the pheasant. One other time I went with Mom and Glen to a Turkey Shoot. When Mom entered that day they made her shoot against the men. The men teased her and the last man to shoot was sure that he had won when his bullet hit the outer edge of the bull's eye. Mom shot and hit the center of the bull's eye, and won the capon. Mom went to many turkey shoots, and always won, and always had to shoot against the men. One year when Mom and Glen went deer hunting, Mom shot at her deer and it started to run and then fell down. They went over to the deer, and found that Mom had cut the jugular vein in its throat with her bullet.

Mom loved to fish and would often keep Lucille home from school to go fishing with her. One winter Mom kept her home and they went fishing through the ice. Mom put on so many clothes; we told her if she ever fell through the ice she would drown. That day they had to walk across a small creek to get to the area where they would fish. When they were coming home and crossing the little creek, Mom fell through the ice. She didn't drown but she did get pretty wet. I remember sitting on the bank of the Salmon and Lemhi rivers during the summer, while we waited for Mom and Glen to fish. We often ate our dinner there.



Ester and Glen Hatch

When we lived in Salmon we were all going to a dance in Lemhi, Idaho. The barber shop didn't close until 9, and we were waiting for Glen to finish work. Mom took us with her to get the car and drive it around to the shop. Mom started backing out of the parking space when Lucille yelled "Watch out for the telephone pole." Mom said, "I see it" and kept backing up" Lucille yelled again, "Watch out for the telephone pole." Mom said, "I see it." Just about that time, she hit it. There was a tree about the same size as the pole, and Mom was seeing the tree. She made us promise not to say anything to Glen about it, so after the dance, he would think someone at the dance had hit the car, which is what happened.

In Salmon there was a Mrs. Hamilton who lived in one of the small cabins near the Salmon River Bridge. Once a week Mom went to get her and brought her home. Mom had her take a bath and wash her hair. Mom would fix her hair and comb it for her. Mrs. Hamilton stayed for dinner and Mom and Glen would take her back home. I asked her once why she did this. She told me that she did it because if she were not around, she hoped someone would do it for her mother.

We moved to Seattle in the spring of 1944. Glen and Uncle Cliff bought a small grocery store. Mom, Aunt Edith and Uncle Cliff ran the store. A year or so later they sold the small corner store and put in a large super market. Glen barbered at the Olympic Hotel, and later the Roosevelt Hotel, while Mom, Uncle Cliff and Aunt Edith ran the store. Gene Hatch, a cousin my

age, also worked in the store.

When we lived in Seattle Esther was called by the Stake Relief Society to make temple clothes. I can remember helping her during the summer and on Saturdays during the school year. They turned out to be beautiful, and she made them for so many of the family during the remainder of her life. She loved making them, she loved to see her family in them when they went to the temple.

Esther loved her family, not just her children, but her brothers and sisters. No one will ever know how much love she had for each of them. She truly cared about them, and was always ready to help them and show her love. I can remember when Carolyn Whiting was having the mastoid problems. Mom was so concerned about her, and was there when Aunt Ethel needed to take Carolyn to Idaho Falls to the hospital. Mom wanted more than anything to see all of her brothers and sisters and their families be sealed in the temple. She worked to get everyone there. She was concerned about Vera Osterhout, and I am sure she really rejoiced when Darwin and Vera were sealed.

When I graduated from High School in June 1947, Esther wrote in her journal. "Dear Barbara, Today, your graduation day. How proud we are of you! Oh, may you always walk as straight and be as sweet and true! Yes, all the world's before you now, and you can run or fall, so fearless, confident you start - You're not afraid at all. Unfaltering your step, and firm as the right paths you choose. You've graduated baby mine, into some hard-soled shoes. May the Lord bless and guide you in the right, a loving tribute from your Mother."

In May 1947, they sold the house and furniture in Seattle and moved to Wilson Creek, Washington. Glen opened a barber shop and in June Mom opened a clothing store called, "Esther's Shop". The following is copied from her journal. "I liked working in my shop. I carried Men's and Women's and Children's clothing and Silk dresses. So far business has been pretty good. We have a nice apartment in the back of the store." It was here that Glen began to read "Jesus the Christ". He stopped smoking and they drove to Moses Lake to church twice every Sunday, about 116 miles round trip. Esther made another entry in her journal in Dec. 1948. "The happiest event that has happened to me this year was the day Glen was ordained an elder at Yakima Conference by E. K. Hanks. On Dec. 1st 1948, he was set apart as 1st counselor in the Supt. of the Sunday School in the Ephrata Quincy Branch."

While Mom and Glen lived in Wilson Creek, Washington, Mom was working hard to get the family history. She took in sewing so she could pay for it. One night she woke up and a man and a woman were standing at the foot of her bed. They kept repeating their names, Travis Fannin and Nancy Burchette. She got out of bed and wrote down their names so she would not forget them. The next day she sent them to Sister Haycock in Salt Lake. Sister Haycock had been doing the family research and had been unable to extend the line to the next generation past the grandparents. Sister Haycock learned that these were the names of Esther's great-grandparents.

In September 1949, Esther received a letter from President George Albert Smith, informing her of the temple cancellation of her sealing to Olaus Bert Dahl which was performed in the Salt Lake Temple, June 6, 1924. She made this entry in her journal. "On Sept. 3, I received the temple cancellation of my former marriage. I am so happy, I feel like I'm walking on air. I have waited for this for 18 years. On Sept. 15, 1949 Glen and I were sealed for time and all eternity in the Cardston Temple. Never before have

we ever experienced such happiness. We also went through the temple as proxies for 2 different families who had nine and ten children. This family had been dead for one hundred years. This brought us great joy to help with the sealings for those have gone and unite them together for eternity. Pres. Wood gave Glen his Patriarchal blessing, Oh! Such wonderful promises that he has to live for. We can't express enough thanks to our Heavenly Father for all his blessings and privileges of the Gospel."

Esther and Glen continued in their service in the gospel. There is another entry in her journal from "March 23, 1952. Pres. McMurrin came to Ephrata today to disorganize the Ephrata-Quincy Branch and to organize the Ephrata Branch and the Quincy branch. Eldon Hope was called and sustained as the new Branch President of the Quincy Branch. He chose as his first councilor, Arnold Westover and Glen T Hatch as his second councilor. I was set apart on March 30, as the Relief Society President of the Quincy Branch. I pray that my Heavenly Father will bless me that I will always work in accordance with him, and always have love, charity and unity in my heart and do justice to the calling. I'm thankful for this privilege to work in the Relief Society." On March 22, 1953, Glen and Esther were called and set apart as District Missionaries of the Northwestern States Mission.

Mom's hands were always busy. She loved making pretty things and enjoyed giving them to family and friends. She had a basket of hand work by every chair and one in the car. She was always working on something. She made Vera, Lucille and I learn to crochet, and learn to read the directions and also to tat. I remember that she taught me to embroider when I was 6 and sick in bed. She did netting and it was so lovely. She made such beautiful handkerchiefs for her loved ones to take to the temple with them. Her home was always clean and neat. Mom was a great cook and loved to cook. She had me make her birthday cake when I was nine years old. I made most of the cakes after that because she said I made better ones than she did.

Mom had a great theory. She felt that when she got up in the morning, she should put on her make-up, comb her hair, and dress for the day. She always said that if you did that you were ready for whatever happened. She might go out and work in the garden or go up and help shingle the house, but she was always neat, clean and looked nice. She taught each of us to do the same thing. We had a new neighbor move in and they were afraid to come and meet Mom, because they saw her outside at nine-thirty in the morning, with every hair in place, make-up on, dressed in a white dress with high-heels on, pulling weeds in the flower garden.

Mom loved the Lord and the Church. Her testimony was strong. She also loved her family. She was very giving and had a soft heart. When they lived in Wilson Creek, a cat was sitting on the back porch one morning, and Mom thought that it looked hungry, so she took it a saucer of milk. A few mornings later it was back, plus two more. They were always fed as long as Mom and Glen lived in Wilson Creek.

One Christmas Vera and Darwin were at Mom and Glen's for dinner. Mom asked everyone if they were ready for dessert. She turned to Vera's daughter ReNae and asked her if she was ready. ReNae said, "I don't want dessert, but I would like to have more potatoes and gravy." Mom was really tickled by that and never forgot it.

11:02 – Zola - Memories of Esther

Zola Olsen wrote her memories of her Aunt Esther which are included as follows. I had not heard this story until recently, but

feel that it should be included.

"I first met my Aunt Esther at a Fannin Reunion when I was a young teenager. She took a special interest in me and gave me a book about Mormon Pioneers. When I was married she made a pair of pillow cases for me with tatted lace on them. I was so pleased with them.

The next time I saw her was when she and Uncle Glen moved to Ririe. They would invite our family over for delicious dinners. She was a great cook and would share her recipes with me. She was a talented seamstress and made pretty dresses for our girls one Christmas. She made a stuffed clown doll for our little son Chris. We paid her to make our temple clothes and I loved the beautiful temple apron.

Aunt Esther gave me a Surprise Baby Shower before I had my 9th baby! Then in November 1973 she and Uncle Glen took a very pregnant me to the Ogden temple to be sealed to my living mother (Helen Fannin) and my deceased father (John Fannin). I was having false labor pains while I was in the temple. I had my baby a few days after returning back home.

Aunt Esther invited Kay and I over for dinner on our 20th wedding anniversary. We visited and played some aggravation games before going home. They said they would attend church with us the next day to see our 10th baby blessed.

The next morning when the phone rang it was Uncle Glen telling us that Aunt Esther had passed away. I only knew my Aunt Ester a few short years and yet I still feel her influences on me over 30 years later!"

11:03 – Esther History Continued

We have had a great heritage. Grandma and Grandpa gave us so much love and taught us so much. Mom loved her family, the gospel, and Heavenly Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. Her testimony was strong and when they were called on their full time mission to the Central States Mission, they were so happy. The call came on July 3, 1963. They had some trials on that mission, but loved to serve the Lord. Glen had a heart attack and was in the hospital for 2 or 3 weeks, but they stayed and finished the mission.

Mom's dream was fulfilled. All three daughters were married or sealed in the temple. Her one strong desire was to see Uncle John and Aunt Helen sealed in the temple. She worked hard to get the genealogy pages with pictures finished and sent to the family. Mom had a dream and in the dream she was told to have her affairs finished by Thanksgiving of 1973, because she wouldn't be here much longer. She called Lucille and told her of the dream and they talked about it. She was ready to go and I am sure that she rejoiced when she was joined with her family and all the many people she had done the temple work for. She saved the names and had them in a box. She was so proud of being able to do that for them. She passed away on December 2, 1973.

We are grateful for this opportunity to write this about our mother. She was loved by many and she loved so many people. She

was a gracious giver, but had a hard time receiving. She took after her mother because she always saw beauty everywhere. She had a sense of humor and loved to laugh and sometimes laughed at the wrong times. Life was hard and not always easy for her, and she was not always happy. Through it all she loved Jesus Christ and our Heavenly Parents. She had love and respect for her own parents. I am sure that when she reached home on December 2, 1973, our Father in Heaven said, "Well done, loving daughter."

We have all been blessed to have had her in our lives. We are thankful for her love and her teaching. We thank our Heavenly Father for this great lady who has been our mother.

Written by Vera Osterhout, Lucille Libby and Barbara Williams

11:04 – Letter 1 From Genealogical Dept.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

16 May 1979

50 East North Temple Street

Salt Lake City, Utah 84150

Cora Barbara Dahl Williams

760 North 900 West #302

Salt Lake City, Utah 84116

Dear Sister Williams:

Since your visit to the Genealogical Department on 28 March 1979, we have done some investigation concerning the endowment of stepfather, Glen Thompson Hatch.

As you will recall, the record in the Alberta Temple which shows the sealing of your mother, Esther Fannin, to Brother Hatch on 15 September 1949 shows that Brother Hatch was endowed on that same date. However, the self-endowment records in the Alberta Temple do not record the fact that Glen Thompson Hatch received his endowment on that date. In doing further checking, we found that in fact Glen T. Hatch stood as proxy on 15 September 1949 for the endowment of James Ira McCarty. It thus appears that through an administrative error at the temple your stepfather was given a proxy name to take through the temple that day and never received his own endowment. This could have happened because he had never been to the temple before and thus didn't know the procedure was not being followed correctly, and the personnel at the temple could easily have made the mistake since your mother had already been endowed. They may have thought that Brother Hatch had also.

To rectify the problem it will be necessary for us to send the name to the temple to have the endowment done. After we receive word that the endowment is completed, we will ask the First Presidency to ratify the sealing of your mother to Brother Hatch which took place on 15 September 1949 in the Alberta Temple. We will also ask the First Presidency to ratify the proxy endowment for James Ira McCarty for which Brother Hatch stood proxy upon that same date and also all other temple work for which Brother Hatch stood during his lifetime as an ineligible proxy.

It is not convenient for the family to participate in the proxy endowment because of the procedure that must be followed. However, we will notify you when the action is completed so that you can have the necessary dates for your family records. If you need to contact us further with regard to this matter, I hope that you will feel free to do so. Any correspondence should refer to this letter and to your name as it appears above.

Sincerely your brother,

Val D. Greenwood, Group Manager

Special Services Group VDG:jb

11:05 – Letter 2 From Genealogical Dept.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT
50 East North Temple Street
Salt Lake City. Utah 84150

9 October 1979

Cora Barbara Dahl Williams
760 North 900 West #302
Salt Lake City. Utah 84116

Dear Sister Williams:

I have been asked to inform you that on 17 August 1979 the First Presidency acted to ratify the sealing of Glen Thompson Hatch and your mother, Esther Fannin, which was performed in the Alberta Temple on 15 September 1949.

As you will recall from our previous letter, an apparent administrative error at the temple on the date of the sealing allowed Brother Hatch to take a proxy name through the temple rather than receive his own endowment. The First Presidency acted to ratify that proxy endowment on 24 September 1979.

You should also know that the endowment for Glen Thompson Hatch was completed by proxy on 10 July 1979 in the Salt Lake Temple.

You will want to make this information a part of your family records. If you have any further questions, please feel free to write by referring to this letter.

Sincerely your brother,

Val D. Greenwood, Group Manager
Special Services Group
VDG:jb

Chapter 12 - Ethel Fannin



Will and Ethel

12:01 – Ethel Fannin Obituary

Together for Eternity

Salt lake City - Ethel Fannin Whiting, 88, passed away peacefully, Friday, May 15, 1998 at the Mt. Ogden Nursing Home of causes incident to age.

She was born May 25, 1909 in Pocatello, Idaho. A daughter of Moses and Cora Skaggs Fannin. She married William Whiting on February 16, 1927 in the Logan LDS Temple. They spent their early years in Idaho before moving to Salt lake City in 1949. He passed away on August 11, 1987.

She was a long time member of the Winder 3rd Ward. She had a lifetime career in nursing and spent her life helping family, friends and anyone who needed a place to stay. Her hobbies include sewing, crocheting, reading and she always had a beautiful flower garden that she took so much pride in. She spent the last few years of her life making beautiful tablecloths for family and friends.

She is survived by: four sons and three daughters, Ruth (Hank) Creaser, LaMesa, CA.; Cecil William (Patricia), Mill Valley, CA; Mervell Monroe (Virginia), Temecula, CA; Wesley F. (Jeraldine), Arvada, CO; Vearl Edison (Bonnie), Westmont, IL;

Mary (Edward) Danowskr, layton, UI; Carolyn Joegerman, Port Orchard, WA; 23 grandchildren and 31 great-grandchildren and six great-grandchildren; three sisters and one brother, Nona Draper, St. George, UT; Della Johnson, Pocatello. ID; Delsa Fife, Hermanston, OR; Milo Fannin, Provo, UT. Preceded in death by her loving husband, William; parents; one sister: four brothers; three half-sisters; two half-brothers; two grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Funeral service will be held Saturday, May 23, 1998 at 2 pm. at the Winder 3rd Ward. 4545 So. 1200 East. Friends may call Friday from 6-8 pm. at the Jenkins-Soffe Mortuary, 4760 South State St. and Saturday one hour prior to service at the church. Interment, Elysian Burial Gardens.

11:02 – Ethel Fannin Personal History

My personal history as I remember life.

I was born 1909 in Pocatello, Idaho; delivered by a midwife to Moses Fannin and Cora Skaggs. When I was 9 months old my parents homesteaded a ranch south of Pocatello in a place called Crystal, Idaho, Power County. When I was 3 years old I was given a fat male puppy and we named him Tip; as he had a white tip on the end of his tail and one white spot in his forehead. he had heavy curly black fur. He was a lovable dog and a very good watch dog; also a cattle dog. We used him both to play with and work. He was very obedient and loved by my father and would do anything he would ask him to do. When meat was hard to get my father would sometimes kill young wild rabbits when he was plowing or sometimes shoot a prairie chicken. He would call Tip to come to him from a hillside where he would be plowing fields. The dog would jump to his feet when he would hear my father's whistle and then the second Tip heard the second whistle he would bound to the trail to my father's side; it would be about a half mile away. My dad would tie the rabbit or chicken to his collar with his red handkerchief he always carried and say to Tip "Now take it home," and away he would go and wouldn't stop until he would get to my mother's side and he'd stand so still until she would notice and take it off and prepare it for dinner when my dad came home.

I grew up to school age and went to school at Crystal where all the classes were in one room and one teacher. In the winter, when it was so cold we would almost freeze to death going to school. We would take turns bringing meat and vegetables to school and our teacher would make vegetable soup in a large kettle on top of a coal stove that stood about 3 or 4 feet high. When that soup started to boil, my goodness, nothing ever smelled so delicious. There was always enough soup for all to have plenty and what a lifesaver that was and it made going to school worthwhile. We would play group games like pomp pomp pull away and hide & go seek along with other games. All ages would play together and sure have fun.

In the winter the snow would be 10 to 12 feet on the level and the roads would be blown full and only the horses could feel the tracks, we rode to school in a bobsled hewn out by my father. the tongue would be stiff and turn the whole sleigh around when the tongue was moved one way or another.

Edna Burwell, our neighbor girl just older than my brother, James, would take turns to drive because one of the horses was hers and the other was ours. When it was real cold my parents would heat large rocks and put them in the bottom of the sleigh and cover them up with heavy patchwork quilts and when we would get going sometimes we would pull the quilts over our heads to

keep warm. The sleigh had two boards crosswise with a little board for our backs to form a seat. And away we would go and if ever there was a bad storm our father would go to school with us and sit there and wait to take us home after school.

When the creeks would freeze and flood over and spread out on the fields it made an ideal skating pond. And we would sure have group fun. Some of us that were too small to skate would pull each other on our sleighs. What a time we had! One day when we girls were on the sleigh 3 deep Willie, who is now my husband, would skate over and grab the sleigh by the side and give us a spin. and would we ever spin! Then we would strike a bump on the ice and we'd tip over scattering girls all over the place bloomers and all showing colors every which way. It made us watch this boy very close as he had fun with everyone and we all loved him for it. One day he was skating round & round and all the kids watching him said he watched me write 'Willie' on the ice and that's just what he did. but when he dotted the "I" he hit a soft place in the ice as he jumped up and came down with his skates point first. He went right on down in the icy water to his waist; all of us sure felt bad, but had to turn our heads making sure he didn't see us grinning. As we all watched all the time to see what he would do next. As we were always sure it would be something interesting. He was so much fun and would treat everyone alike. When he was a teenager, he had a car without a top, and seats. He would fill it clear full having us all take turns for a ride in his car and then he would high tail it down the dirt road around corners and almost on two wheels leaving a cloud of dust behind us, like you never did see in your life! There were two hills along the way where the people riding horseback would take short-cuts instead of going around the roadway. He decided that if he could go over the horse trail down the steep part it would make every girl scream at the top of her voice. And that sure made him feel like a real hero.

Willie, as he was called at school, would have a black whip to drive the buggy horses with and he would chase the girls around the schoolhouse and just as we would get to the corners he would crack his whip so it would sound like a shot from a small gun. but it would never strike anyone. And we loved it and his big grin as he did it; we'd all be waiting for his next prank.

When I was 6 or 7 years old our family all had scarlet fever and it was in the winter time and we were snowed in. The drifts of snow were well over the height of our house and someone dug a tunnel from our door to the spring that we got our drinking water from. And then my father took ill and had double quenzey in his throat; my sister Esther had mastoids and I had a fever so high before I broke out good. And the Doctor didn't know if I would live. I was unconscious for days. My fever was so high for so long I got infection in my mouth and tongue. they would have to force feed me with the handle of a spoon because my mouth was scabbed over with fever blisters. And the center of my tongue all abscessed; and came out leaving the center of my tongue with a large hole in it. All they could do was wash it with boric acid until it healed so I could eat. My mother had four of us children and my father down all at the same time and I'm sure that she was pregnant because she had a baby every two or three years.

Our neighbors would cut fire wood and pile it outside the door; also drinking water, but not come in so not to carry the scarlet fever home to their own children. The county doctor came to operate on Esther's mastoids and I remember how sorry I felt because we were so close. She and I were so afraid when the doctor took out his sharp knife and started to cut, but it relieved her pain so fast I was thankful for him; but it was very gory to watch.

At that time my father's throat swelled shut so that he could hardly breathe and he was unconscious for days. My poor mother trying to keep going not knowing if he would live or die. Finally the doctor said if we can break the abscess he will live and if not he will soon die. I remember how he looked with his face and throat swollen and so red the doctor decided to try to break the abscess so he rolled up a pillow to a hard round roll; then he put it tight against his shoulders under his neck. Then he lifted his head as high as he could and dropped it suddenly and by this action the abscess broke and drained so much you can't imagine how much came out of it and then he got better and was able to eat and gain back his strength so he could help my tired mom. And she was so thankful for his recovery!

We sure had long hard winter in Crystal, but at home we would always have things to do that made for a happy childhood. I remember when we would bring in some soft white wheat and my mother would wash it and toast it in the oven and put butter & salt on the wheat and then we would all sit cross legged on the floor while mother and father would sing songs and tell riddles & stories about their childhood. We sure enjoyed our evenings and there wasn't many nights that we kids didn't bring 2 or 3 neighbor kids home to sleep overnight with our already crowded beds. And sometimes we would have so many there would be three at the foot and three at the head and then we would have sometimes two left over and no bed so mother and daddy would put us at the foot of their bed and they would already have the baby sleeping between them, but you never would hear either one of them complain or say not to bring our friends home as they would always be made welcome.

The snow would be 10 or 12 feet deep on the level. And we could tell when it was nearing spring as the ground squirrels would dig their way to the top of the snow. As their dens were down in the dirt and making so many trips back and forth tunneling out that they would be muddy so it would show up plain on the white snow.

We had to go three miles to school or church, that was held in the schoolhouse. And nearing the spring or when it warmed up a little there would be prairie chickens feeding on the birch trees along the creek that followed along the bottom of the canyon by the road. There was always something interesting going on in our lives to make it well worth being alive and we never thought of such a thing as there being hardships, but we were so thrilled over bob sleighs. Our dad would carve out of lumber for us to sleigh ride on in winters and we would wire the barb wires up together between the posts so we could slide under them. Then we would take our sleds up to the top of the hill beginning at the top of the grain field and going clear to the ice on the creek bed below. And sometimes we'd ride double making it more exciting.

While the snow drifts were 20 to 30 feet deep hanging over the hill tops, we would save all the old overalls in the fall and gunny sacks we could find and cut them into strips so we could wrap our legs so we could play in these big snowdrifts. We would make tunnels and rooms back into these drifts and it was so white and beautiful. It was a lot of enjoyment, but dangerous.

Our home was the halfway place between Pauline where the mail and stage started from going to Pocatello, Idaho and then return. So my father would board four head of horses over night and the stage would change horses on the way back and my mother would cook hot meals for all that were passengers and the carrier all winter.

I can remember when my sister, Della, was just weeks old. She was crying night & day and sometimes my mother would cry along with her until both were worn out. Then one day, one of the passengers on the stage said, 'Let me see that baby, I'll walk the floor with her and you rest'. And he held her up to his face and found out she had an ear ache and he blew tobacco smoke

into her ear and she went sound to sleep and slept eight hours. And my mother got some rest that she needed. then after that mother would put warm olive oil in her ear and keep cotton in them until she got over it. And I'm sure it was because this oil had been consecrated for use by the sick and it was a special blessing for her as you know the doctor told us not to put oil in the ears, but we were 27 miles from any doctor. All we had was faith.

One night when all us children and some of our friends were playing on the floor, the baby mother was holding in her arms had a very bad convulsion and turned as black as coal. And my mother said, 'Daddy, anoint him and give him a blessing or he will die.' The baby being my brother, Delbert. So my father did give him a blessing and he came out of the convulsion. This was a great testimony to me to witness and I've never forgotten it. And it has always stayed with me and I know and bear witness that the Lord does answer when a priesthood holder anoints one in faith. And the Lord will raise them up if they aren't sickened unto death.

We had one milk cow we named Bob, because she had a short tail. She was a gentle old cow and we all learned to milk her. And we had to have all the milk she gave. And we would turn her out to get the new spring grass, and at the time there weren't any fences, so cows would just go as far as they had time to go looking for greener pastures. As they say so at nightfall, we three oldest children, James and I, would have to go after at milking time and sometimes we would walk 2 or 3 miles and most of the time bare footed, as we had to save our shoes for school and Sundays. We would walk over rocks and sagebrush and sometime it would be raining and our feet would get chapped until they would bleed. So one day our parents got us some new shoes, but our feet were too sore and swollen we couldn't get them on our feet. So our oldest half brother, John, told us to soak our feet in warm water until they were soft and he would put some Sloans liniment on them. He used it to put on sore muscles after a wrestling match, so we thought it really would help us, so we did what he had told us to do and when the liniment was rubbed into our bleeding red feet we started screaming. You can't imagine how hot that got and kept getting hotter. And when we could see it wouldn't stop hurting, he told us to go jump in the cold spring of water. So we did and that made them hurt worse, so we danced until we wore ourselves out and then we just went to bed and cried ourselves to sleep. When we awakened our feet were much better, but what a price to pay for a quick cure. We sure stayed clear of the liniment!

I used to work out in the fields with my father to put in our crops. And in the spring of the year, we would have to turn our work horses out to graze grass as soon as the grass was up enough for them to get it in their teeth. so every night we would drive them out on the range, they called it then. Each morning, we would have to round them up with a saddle horse and no saddle, so most of the time I was the one that had to round up horses. And I'd leave home before it was light: in the morning and ride 2 or 3 miles into the hills and open the gates and have to close them. And I was so short I sure had a time getting back on the horse but I always made it some how. sometimes when I'd go ahead of them to open a gate they would all turn and run back into the hills to keep from being brought in to be worked. So I'd have it to do over again, but some how I'd get them in and we would work them till noon and then have to unharness some of them. We used chaintug harnesses so they could graze. So we could go back to the field to finish the day's work. Then back to the range at night, I guess that is why my legs are bowed. they look like I've been strapped onto a barrel.

We didn't have a saddle as there just wasn't money for one, but our good neighbors had one and we would borrow theirs, and we had it most of the time. And now looking back, I don't know how they tolerated us kids, because if we ever had to take it home

for them to use we'd watch and when

they were through we'd be right back to borrow the saddle again. By the time I was 12 years old, we bought us a saddle from some neighbors that left ranching and went back to Pocatello to live. And I'm sure these neighbors couldn't believe it, that we wouldn't be back after their saddle again. What a happy day for them!

I was baptized by Bishop Staley in Crystal with three other children in a mossy pond. My father was Bishop of our small ward and he was a faithful man and had no malice towards any man and did many things for his members and friends. I have never heard him swear or use any language unbecoming to a gentleman. One time he went to feed his horses and see to...

Missing a page or 2?...

12:03 – Cecil - Memories of Ethel

I want to record my Mothers life from my memory. I have recently read a lot of my mother's history written by people who knew her well and lived in the same area and experienced the same living conditions as she did.

My first memory of mother was when we lived near McCammon, Idaho on a farm beside the Marsh Creek. I was about three years old when we moved there from the old Bell place in Crystal. The day we moved from Crystal old Grouse Creek Jack came to visit us. It was a sad day for him to see us leave there. McCammon was a fun place for me and I have my first memories of family life. Mother raised chickens she always had three or four setting hens producing baby chicks. There were also plenty of chicken hawks waiting for the baby chicks to arrive. Mother used Father's 22 rifle to thin down the hawks that came to rest on the fence posts near where the chickens were. She was a crack shot. Mother taught me how to catch crawdads with a chicken bone attached to a small willow and a short string. The crawdads would cling to the chicken bone and I was able to pull them out of the water to the bank. This was the summer of the year 1930 and Mother was probably 21 years old.

As a young girl she was wise beyond her years. She learned by doing all chores; caring for the livestock, raising a garden and helping in the kitchen with the cooking. Just before marriage she spent some time in Salt Lake City working for a doctor as house help (probably where she began her desire to become a nurse). The McCammon years were well spent, Moses Fannin, mother's father came to the Marsh Creek to fish quite often, then he moved to Salmon Idaho along with many of the original Crystal relatives and friends. When we were living on this farm in McCammon Mervell was just a toddler and mother's third child Wesley F. Whiting was born (21 June 1932) .. Sometime before I was born Mom and Dad took Ruth Dahl to raise as their own. She was eight years old when she came to our family.

Late in the year 1932 we began our trek to Salmon, Idaho. We were in the desert near Blackfoot, Idaho when our trailer broke down with all of our possessions on it. Father left Mother and four small children, (Ruth, Cecil, Mervell and Wesley) to guard our possessions and he returned to Pocatello, Idaho for spare parts. We stayed one night waiting for Father to return with the necessary repairs. Mother cooked our food over a sagebrush fire. To occupy our time Mervell and I sorted through some old dumps and found an old Vic's blue bottle. We saved this treasure for many years to remind us of our adventure. This story is worth telling because it illustrates the brave nature of Ethel Fannin Whiting to stay alone out there in the open all night with her babies protecting our possessions and us.

We reached Salmon, Idaho without further incident. Moses Fannin had preceded us and had located on the Hagle ranch near Kirtley Creek along with his family of ten children in a two-room log cabin with an upstairs room. A rope was strung across the dining room that had an outside entrance. This was our home on arrival. Mervell and I had chickenpox in this room. We lived here for about two months while our Father built a two-room shack on a parcel of land up Kirtley Creek.

We moved into the new home and this is where I saw my mother Ethel take a large butcher knife, climb over a fence at the rear of our home and run over to a bloated cow that had fallen and bellowing with pain from eating alfalfa in the field. The big cow belonged to a neighbor Bishop Clark. Mother from her experience with her father (Moses Fannin) in Crystal knew what to do. She measured with her hand from the cow's hipbone to the exact spot to make the incision to relieve the pressure in the cow's stomach. (Known as sticking a bloated cow). Mother performed this surgery with perfection and was able to save that cow. She inserted her hand up to her elbow through the hole and removed the alfalfa from the cow's belly and saved its life. Bishop Clark often spoke of this deed with our neighbors all the time shaking his head in disbelief.

These were hard times the great Depression was in full swing. The year was 1933-34 and we were raising all sorts of vegetables and storing them in a root cellar. Mother often took the oldest children and went hunting for chokecherries, currants, apples, pears and anything she could can. By selling her cream from the cow she was able to purchase a pressure cooker and with this tool she was able to preserve all kinds of food for our future use and wintertime. A rolling mattress factory came to our town and Mother along with her sisters Pearlina and Risse signed up to work in the mattress factory. This was very tedious work but the pay was mattresses. Mother was able to earn enough mattresses to completely fill the needs of our family. Father also participated in the WPA programs. He used his horses and some of his farm tools to load gravel and sand for the county dump trucks. Father was paid in script to be used at the general store for clothing and food such as cheese, flour, salt, sugar and other necessities. I remember the blue shirts that came from this source. How I hated them. Our Father and his brothers had brought a sawmill from Crystal and had set it up on uncle Ralph Whiting's portion of the Hagle ranch. This sawmill was used to build all of our homes on this ranch. It also was used to help build the one room log schoolhouse that was built on a portion of our property and where I attended school through the third grade. My teacher was Maxcine Steel who later married my mother's brother, Lester Fannin.

In the year 1936 Father and Mother sold, traded, exchanged farm and animals for the Salmon Wrecking and repair in downtown Salmon. There was one room with a stairway going from the outside to the room. It was in this room where we all lived for a couple of months while waiting for Father to build the kitchen, living room and a master bedroom in the downstairs portion. The toilet was way out back. There was running water in the shop portion. All these years mother had to do our laundry heating water in a 50 gallon drum. Father was able to trade a calf for a used Maytag gasoline powered washing machine while we were still on the farm. Before that mother did all the laundry by hand. Mother still went to the field to gather apples and chokecherries and other goodies to sustain our living. It was on one such occasion that mother was driving a model A Ford coup and I was sitting behind her holding a basket of apples. I saw a Chinese pheasant running alongside the road so I picked up one of the large hard apples and proceeded to throw it out the window at the Chinese pheasant. My aim was good but the throw was off and I hit my mother in the back of the head full force with that hard apple and almost knocked her out. The car zig-zagged on the road for a short period of time until she was able to gather control of it again.

In 1937 Mary's mother died and she came to live with us as a baby. It was a hard winter and I remember standing by my father when he received the call from his mother in Oxford, Idaho that his sister Mary had passed away and that the baby Mary was supposed to come and live with us.

The spring of 1938 was when uncle Forres (dad's older brother) became ill and came to stay with us and died in our home. Shortly afterwards mother and father rented a home three houses from where we were presently living. The first house we lived in that had running water and an indoor bathroom with toilet. It was in this home on the Salmon River bank that Carolyn was born 23 February 1939. We have a great picture taken in the front yard of this home of two grandmothers, my mother's mother Cora Fannin and my father's mother Flora Waterman Whiting.

Mother now had four boys and three girls to care for. We moved again to a small home that father had purchased on the Chipman farm next door to the fish hatchery. We had a small barn that also housed our outdoor toilet. We had chickens a cow and a Shetland pony all in a very small pasture like enclosure at the rear of the property. Again we were carrying water from the spring to the house. We stayed here about one year and father sold it and bought a piece of property closer to his business at the wrecking yard and located on the Lemhi River with toilet outback and water to be transported from the shop to our home. We had about three acres to raise chickens, a cow and some duroc purebred pigs. Mother again with seven children to care for a wood stove to cook on and plenty of laundry to do.

Grandmother Whiting came to live with us in a small cottage at the side of our house that my father provided. She lived there from 1941 until her death in 1949.

I was seventeen years old in 1945 when Mother said goodbye to me and I joined the US Navy. On my eighteenth birthday in, Tsingtao, China I received a two quart can filled with homemade fudge that my mother Ethel had made for me. I instantly had lots of friends.

I was discharged from the Navy in August 1946 and immediately signed up to go back to finish high school. The championship football team at Salmon had three brothers Wesley at quarterback, Mervell at halfback and Cecil at fullback. During one hard fought game my nose had been skinned and blood was dripping down and Mother Ethel came running out on the football field with a handkerchief in hand to mop up the blood off of my nose. She never missed a game and was so proud of her boys.

It was here that mother started taking classes to become a licensed practical nurse.

Mother won her LPN pin and when father leased out his shop and went to work at the Red Bird Mine, Mother Ethel took over as the resident nurse at the local hospital. Ethel lived at the Hospital and was on call 24/7. Susan and Jimmie (Mervell & Sue's children) were born there while Ethel was in charge. Mervell & Cecil were both hospitalized while Mother Ethel was in charge.

Sometime in the year 1950 Father and Mother moved to Salt Lake City, Utah where mother found a job at the Salt Lake General hospital. After a couple of years on her feet at the General hospital mother went to work for a prominent surgeon's as his office nurse and she stayed on that job until she retired from the nursing profession. She was very well thought of as a nurse and took

care of some very noteworthy patients.

In retirement mother found many hobbies to take up her time, knitting, crocheting, gardening and even raising miniature Chihuahua dogs. Mother loved her children, grandchildren and gre'at grandchildren and always remembered them on their special days. Everyone returned that love. She was very active right up to the time of her death on 05/15/1998 at age 89.

Cecil Whiting
6857 Sugar Maple Way
Citrus Hts., CA 95610-4630

12:04 – Wesley - Memories of Ethel

My very first memory was one that set the tone of my entire life, which has been endearing myself to family and close friends. The following is my story. Seems as mother had a very beautiful wedding ring which was just too pretty to resist, so day in and day out I would coax. I mean coaxed, begged and screamed until mother let me take it to play with. Getting the picture? Well, while I was at the chopping block picking up chips (as any good little boy would do) the ring slipped off my finger into a thousand wood chips. In my mind today I can still see mother's beautiful ring just sparkling and glistening for all to see. When it was noticed that I no longer had the ring, everyone wanted to know, "where is the ring?" My 2-3 year old mind would state very boldly, "down by the haystack. No, down by the barn. No down by the trees and on and on. I never did mention the chopping block so it was gone. Mother cried but never spanked or scolded me. She should have. Bless her very tender heart.

Mom was the police force while growing up. I can never remember dad giving me a spanking, I can also remember I didn't want him to! But mom would break a limb from our large weeping willow tree, in the front yard, and sting our innocent little legs as far as she could run. Our little behinds would get it too!

Mom loved to ride and drive a stripped down automobile for kicks. Dad built a sort of dune buggy. A car stripped down to the frame, motor, tires and gas tank. For seats he used the metal seats from farm equipment. It worked real well. Boy, it was fast. Once in a while one of us would ride with mom to get groceries. One time I was with her when she thought it was time to teach me about the facts of life. It is okay to look grubby but don't smell raunchy. So I learned about a deodorant called "mum." I used it for years and smelled great. Thanks Mom.

Eddie, myself and usually merlin (alias Joe) would head for the hills every chance we got which was almost 100% of the time. We would take a lunch that Mom fixed for us. The chow was great. Off we went, guns and food, what a combination for young boys. What a loving caring Mom. She always said, "Watch out for each other and be careful." When Mom wasn't home we grabbed some potatoes, built a fire on the side of the hill, tossed in the potatoes, came back in about an hour and the spuds were done. They were good, but not close to Mom's magical lunches!

Mom loved canaries. She raised them right in the living room of our home. She would sell or give them to friends, but I

remember several cages full of canaries both young and mature. One summer mom noticed that a wild male canary kept flying around our open door. Mom suddenly realized her female was calling to him, so she told us to be quiet and not move. It worked. The female called him in. Mom had left a door open on the cage next to the female. The male could not resist and he entered the cage. Mom quickly shut the door and she had a beautiful male to mate with her female. But alas, the male would beat himself on the cage. Mom knew he would kill himself on the sides, so sadly she let him go back to the wild. It was neat watching Mom work her magic.

She had a great love for all living creatures. One day in Salt Lake City she was just coming home from shopping when she noticed a small heap of feathers on the sidewalk. Looking closer it was a surprise to see a little hummingbird that must have flown into a store window and was in need of care. Well, mom stepped up to the task. Inside of a few weeks, mom had that little fragile bird eating sugar water from a spoon which mom held up in the air above her head. This little bird would hover in the air while drinking lunch. The Deseret newspaper wrote an article accompanied by a picture of what I described above of my Mom. By the way, that same paper had her picture in the paper again with her holding a red rose that was number one in the state of Utah.

Mom could make a fantastic meal out of nothing. What a talent! She would display her ability each day. One day a week Mom baked bread, cinnamon rolls, fried bread and cookies. As soon as school was out the race was on because the smell of mom's cooking filled the atmosphere. What an amazing capability. It would make Martha Stewart look like Maw Kettle. Yeah mom!

Mother had many spiritual experiences. She and dad were blessed with the use of the priesthood. Mom told me on many occasions, as mom would (she had a habit of repeating as all of us do). One time while living in their apartment house, Mom was sitting in the kitchen when she died. In her words she actually left her body and was on her way to another place. Dad walked in, sensed what was happening, and immediately put his hands on her head and commanded her spirit to return to her body which she did. Of that experience she said she didn't want to return because it was the first time there was no pain in her body, such as arthritis. Another event happened when Mervell was very ill at the age of 4 or 5. He had terrible headaches and had acquired that Grey look which indicates death. Mom knew that, having seen death many times. It was a hot day in July or August. The wheat had been cut and the house had no obstructions. Merv was in his bed by the window. Mom was busy in the kitchen when Merv came running out asking mom, "Where is that man?" mom said, "Get back in bed. You're sick!" Merv insisted several times, "Where is that man?" to which mom finally said, "What man?" Mervell said, "He was a pretty man dressed in all white. His hair was white. He put his hands on my head and said my headaches would go away. And mom, my head feels good, no more pain!"

Mom immediately ran outside to find the man. She looked in all directions. There was no one in sight for as far as she could see, nothing but wheat stubble. About 20 years ago, Mom asked Mervell if he remembered. He replied, "if I live to be 1000 years old I will never forget his hands on my head."

there are many other happenings which should be recorded by those who are still alive and witnessed many of these beautiful events.

12:05 – Carolyn - Memories of Ethel

To think of Mom's memories is so full of everything. My dad would say, "Momma Dear never needed a formal education, she lived it all." Until I was eleven years old I lived in Salmon Idaho with my family. Grandma Whiting lived in a small house by us. During canning time I was the one to clean the bottles out for them. I had small hands and so I had to get all the spiders and bugs out. It was fun for them to tell stories and laugh like they had the best time of their life.

Mom had a sewing machine and made so many clothes for us. I would twirl and twirl with each dress she made. One time she made me a suit out of a worn out man's suit. It was so cute. She never used a pattern that I new of until years later. One of her fun hobbies was crocheting. I don't know where she got the time but she crocheted many doilies for the home. I learned to crochet by sitting beside her or on the back of our overstuffed chairs.

She had endless talents. She learned to cover furniture with such ease and it was very professional looking. The strength in her hands I'm sure came with all the hard work she did as a child. Another natural talent was with animals, caring for and helping them. I don't remember the details of the owl that came to our house. They called it Beaky. It was something to remember this owl being in our house and so still and calm. She said I trained our cat to leave our bird alone, but I think it was her. r would sit and watch the bird take a bath in its cage. One of our baby chicks got its upper beak cut off in a threshing machine and so Mom would sit and hold it or let us hold it and feed it.

Once when I played Blind Man's Bluff with the kids and when it was my turn and I was blind folded I ran into our back door face first and knocked myself out. When I came to, my Mother was holding me with a wet towel on my forehead. For supper one night Mom cooked meat from one of the neighbors sheep. When I found out it was the sheep that chased me I would not eat a bite. But Mom consoled me as everyone chuckled about it. She would tell me stories about her family and when she grew up with them. Many times in her life she would help them out when others wouldn't or couldn't. Her dad got a wheat sheath in his ear and her mother wanted Mom to get it out, which she did. I'm not sure what it was called but was going to affect his hearing. It was natural for her to do nursing at such a young age. Both Mom and Dad were always opening their home to people and family who needed help. She had the patience that it took to raise a family on a farm.

Although Mary was raised in our home she never made me feel any different than as if she was my sister and therefore Mary always was my sister. I can't think of her as any other way and the same as Ruth. Even though Ruth was married, when I could remember her, she was always part of our family. When Mom was 16 and still living at her home she went to Salt Lake to work for a Doctor and his wife, cleaning and working at their home. She would send money home to buy shoes for the children. They went barefoot in the summer to save their shoes for school.

There are so many special things about my mother, from her beautiful flower garden, vegetable garden to washing clothes outside, to separating the cream from the milk and killing many chickens and plucking them. It was not an easy life for her but she never complained that I knew of.

People she knew and met were always calling her for advice. She had mentioned that it was in her Patriarchal Blessing that people would come to her for advice. After we moved to Salt Lake she worked at several nursing places but the one she really liked, I think, was with the last Dr. before she retired. She served many patients after her working hours through giving shots talking to them or other ways to help. One patient showed her gratitude by making Mary and me skirts for school from material Mom bought. Others became long time friends.

When I was in Jr. High School she worked two jobs to get clothes for Mary and me, so we wouldn't feel ashamed. I think it must have taken her back to her child hood and how she felt. She sacrificed for all her children and others too. This was, I feel, their goal to serve others along with Heavenly Father. My life has gone on regardless of my mistakes because of their strong examples.

I feel privileged to have been born as one of their children. I have a strong testimony of the church through them. Not a day goes by that I don't think of one or the other in some way or another. This is only a part of what I could say but I must have a close. The rest is tucked away in my heart. I'm so proud to be a part of the Fannin and Whiting clan.

Carolyn

12:06 – Mary - Memories of Ethel

I was asked to write about a memorable time with Mom. There are so many memories, but I did settle on this one.

When I was about 11 years old, Carolyn and I went to live at the Salmon Hospital with Mom. It was an old Victorian style home that had been converted into a hospital. Mom was the Head Nurse and was there 24- 7. Dad and the boys were working at the Red Bird mine just outside of Salmon around the Challis, Clayton area. So as a result Carolyn and I lived at the hospital. I can remember changing rooms that we used for a bedroom because a patient would need that room. I had my favorite room but only got to stay there once in awhile. I do not remember Mom getting any sleep, but I'm sure she did.

Running the hospital was kind of a family affair. Aunt Ruth Whiting did all the cooking for the patients and us. It was just good ole home cooking. You don't get that kind of hospital food today!

We were there for about a year when they built another hospital across the street from the old one. Shortly after that we moved to Salt Lake City, UT. Mom started working at the General Hospital. She worked for a few years there before becoming an office nurse for a well known obstetrician until she retired from the profession. I don't think she ever got nursing out of her blood. I remember growing up with our share of shots of Penicillin. Here comes that dreaded needle again!

I always thought we were poor, but looking back we were the richest people in the world because money can't buy the love and family values they had taught us.

When Mom and Dad lived in Salt Lake, my husband Edward and I would go to visit them quite often.

She always insisted that we stay and eat with them whether we were hungry or not. She always said how much they loved Ed. My daughter Deb, her husband Steve and their children, Kira and Jill were so very special to them. They were so good to their grandma and grandpa and was always there to help them when they needed it

A few years after Dad died, I moved Mom to Ogden, UT. and put her in a retirement center. She had her own apartment and someone was at the facility 24 hrs. a day. They provided all the meals and entertainment, etc. I believe she was happy there and felt very secure. I would take her to the malls shopping, grocery shopping for what ever she needed and then we would go to lunch. We did this two or three times a week. I talked to her almost every day of the week. I showed her how to dial phone memory one when she called me so she wouldn't have to remember my phone number. One day Cecil asked her what my number was. She told him it was phone memory one. What a hoot!

I had a standing hair appointment every four weeks, so I took Mom with me and to get hers done too. I tried to take care of Mom's needs the best way I knew how and was very happy to do so. It was my turn to take care of her the way she had taken care of me when I most needed a family. She would introduce me to her new friends by saying "I used to be her Mother now she is my Mother." She always had that cute sense of humor that was so much a part of her personality.

Every Thanksgiving or Christmas we had Mom with us either at Deb's home or mine. Kira and Jill helped me a lot when I would take Mom shopping. They were so good to help me with Great Grandma even though they were still small children. They were always so cute with her. We always made sure that we included her in all of our activities.

I think of Mom and Dad often and miss them both very much. What a wonderful part of my life they were to me and I will always be grateful to them for taking me in and raising me as one of their own. How fortunate I am to have had them for my parents.

Mary

Chapter 13 - Lester Fannin

13:01 – The “M” Mystery

By Bonnie Marie Fannin Hall

Lester M. Fannin was born in Pocatello, Idaho on July 20, 1912, the fourth child of Moses Fannin and Cora Skaggs Fannin. He was delivered by Dr. H. Smith Wooley at 3:30 A.M. As a child, he was blonde and blue eyed.

There has been some controversy about the M in his name. He did not like to talk about it. Joseph, my brother, has his birth certificate that states that his middle name is Moses, after his father. One of his older sisters insisted that it was Marion, which made him upset. He never went by any other name than Lester M.

Lester attended elementary school in Crystal, Idaho at the Crystal Central School. Times were hard, and his schooling ceased after he completed the 8th grade.

When he was 13 years old, Lester was walking through a shed and brushed a hanging wire out of his way. The wire flipped back and detached the cornea from his eye. His parents loaded up all of the children into the buckboard, and headed for town and medical help. The doctor reattached the cornea and told Lester to take it easy and to protect the eye until it healed completely. On the way home from town, the buckboard overturned into a creek, dumping everyone into the drink, nearly drowning the baby, Milo, and permanently blinding Lester in his left eye.

13:02 – Patriarchal Blessing

Lester received his patriarchal blessing on October 8th, 1928 at the hands of Hyrum G. Smith. Many great things were promised him, through his faithfulness.

Despite his lack of education and the loss of an eye, Lester was a hard worker and able to provide for his family.



Lester and maxine Fannin

13:03 – Marriage and New Son

Lester was married to Ellen Maxine Steele on January 4, 1934 in Salmon Idaho by Bishop D.J. Clarke. The following year, on August 21, 1935, they were sealed for Time and Eternity in the Logan, Utah Temple. Maxine was a schoolteacher and Lester worked for the CCC during the depression. After four years of marriage, my brother, Joseph Lester Fannin was born on October 10, 1938. When Joe was learning to walk, our parents were tending a fire lookout station during the summer. Joe walked all over that mountain! When they took him back down to level terrain, he had to learn to walk all over again.

In the early 40's, Lester moved down to California with Maxine's brother, Weldon, to find work in the war industries. Weldon went to work for Lockheed, and Lester found a job driving a truck for the City of Burbank. Families were sent for, and a new era started.

Lester won several driving awards from The City of Burbank. Despite being blind in one eye, he could back a truck down a narrow alleyway and drive out again and not hit anything.

13:04 – A New Baby Girl

Bonnie was born on the 28th of October 1944. We lived in a house on Kenwood Street until I was three, then we moved to a house on Pepper Street that had more bedrooms.

13:05 – Maxine Passes Away

Maxine passed away on the 11th of May 1953 from Kidney failure.

She had been ill for a couple of years with viral pneumonia and was so weakened that she couldn't fight off any more health problems.

13:06 – A New Life With Helen

On April 13, 1954, Lester married Helen Lucile Ridenour DeMille, a widow with an adopted daughter, Lynne, in the St. George Temple. Lynne was sealed to them in the Idaho Falls Temple in the summer of 1954.

Most vacations were spent camping our way up to visit relatives in Utah and Idaho. Lester loved to hunt and fish, so when he retired from driving his truck at age 60, He and Lucile moved to Pocatello, Idaho so he could be nearer to his brothers and go out hunting and fishing with them.

Lester was also interested in gardening, coin collecting and cruising around the trailer park they managed in a golf cart. They had a little poodle named Sam that he would put up on the seat with him. He also enjoyed traveling – he and Lucile visited the

World Fair in Seattle in 1962 and enjoyed a trip to Hawaii and visiting friends in Arizona.

Lester passed away at age 63 on July 25th, 1975 in Pocatello, Idaho and was interred in the Restlawn Memorial Gardens cemetery on July 29th. My brother's middle name is Lester, as is my youngest, Travis. Lester was a kind man and we still miss him.

Chapter 14 - Delsa Fannin

14:01 – Delsa Fannin Important Dates

Some important dates in the life of Delsa Fannin Fife:

| Event | Name | Date |
|------------------|------------------|------------|
| Born | Delsa F. Fife | 1914-08-10 |
| Baptized | Delsa F. Fife | 1922-09-02 |
| Married | Walter T. Hayden | 1932-11-17 |
| Divorced | Walter T. Hayden | 1962-09-07 |
| Married | Harvey Driggs | 1963-07-05 |
| Divorced | Harvey Driggs | 1964-12-11 |
| Married | D. Eldon Rice | 1967-01-20 |
| Sealed | D. Eldon Rice | 1968-01-26 |
| Divorced | D. Eldon Rice | 1982-08-20 |
| Married | Paul E. Fife | 1982-08-21 |
| Sealing canceled | D. Eldon Rice | 1983-09-27 |
| Sealed | Paul E. Fife | 1983-10-12 |
| Passed Away | Paul E. Fife | 1994-12-12 |
| Passed Away | Delsa F. Fife | 2000-01-15 |



Delsa Fannin

14:02 – Life of Delsa Fannin

Life Story of Delsa F. Fife

Compiled by Colleen Hayden Turner, January, 2000

The thing I like best about funerals is that families come together and tell wonderful stories. And sometimes it's hard to get those stories any other time. Not everyone knows the same stories, and it doesn't matter if several know the same story either because each teller puts a slightly different flavor on the story. We've been telling stories the past few days, as I am sure you have as well. Hillary and I are going to tell you a few of those stories today, but we hope that you will write down some of the stories you know about our mother and grandmother and send them to us, so we can add them to ours. Maybe in a few weeks

we can have a lovely personal history that we can share with you.

Delsa Fannin was born in Crystal, Idaho on August 10, 1914. She was the fifth child of Moses Fannin and Cora Skaggs of Kentucky. Her name “Delsa” was from a Mormon novel that was popular at the time: *Added Upon* by Nephi Anderson.

Her father had claimed a 160 acre homestead in Crystal in 1910. There were other relatives and friends of her parents who had also taken up homesteads about the same time. When a ward was formed, her father was called to be the bishop and continued in that position for eleven years. Her mother was the Relief Society President. The community was very isolated in those days — twenty miles west of Pocatello on narrow dirt roads that turned to gumbo when it rained, and were completely impassible in winter when the snow was too deep for anything except a horse and sleigh.

Her father dry farmed wheat and hauled it by wagon and team to Pocatello. That was their main source of cash. Her father would purchase some staple foodstuffs in Pocatello and the family relied on self-sufficiency for the rest. The motto in those days was “wear it out, use it up, make it do.” The flour, Bannock Brand, came in white cloth sacks with the head of an Indian chief in full regalia printed on it. These flour sacks were bleached out and made into underwear. It was difficult to remove all the printing, and the girls especially, were very self-conscious about the underwear they had to wear.

Delsa was baptized on the 2nd of September 1922 by her father. At the age of 14 she received a patriarchal blessing under the hands of the church patriarch, Hyrum G. Smith, who was the great grandson of Hyrum Smith, the brother of the prophet Joseph Smith. She said that she made her first trip anywhere when she was 14. We wonder if it was to get her patriarchal blessing.

When she was 16 she was called to be the secretary of the Crystal Ward. This is a detail I never heard until I went through her papers after her death. During her long life she held many church positions including Primary and Jr. Sunday School and Relief Society. She happily served as Relief Society president in the Hamilton, Montana Ward for four years and took great pleasure in improving the attendance at meetings. She started Homemaking luncheons which became very popular and held special programs for other Relief Society occasions which were well attended..

On November 17, 1932 she married father Walter T. Hayden and they lived at Crystal for a number of years, until the family moved to Pocatello in the spring of 1944. My sister and I were both born while they lived in Crystal. Also among her papers I found this note: “Tell Colleen about the granary her dad built and filled with grain to pay the Doctor and hospital.” I don’t remember that she ever told me this story, but I am assuming that it concerns my arrival in the world. It would be lovely if I could include the details today. She did tell me that as her due date neared in the month of February, they decided to make the trip to Pocatello and stay with friends. The automobiles were kept in sheds near the highway at Michaud, between American Falls and Pocatello, Idaho. My dad made the trip to the shed, a distance of 10-12 miles with the horse and sleigh to make sure the car would start, and then went back for my mom. I imagine they did this over a couple of days. And they must have taken someone else along to drive the horses back to the ranch. A lot of trouble and hardship on my account.

We could say that our mother had a checkered past, but I think I will use the phrase “multi-faceted career.” She became a cook at an early age when her mother was recovering from the birth of younger children. I remember that she told of standing

on a chair to make pancakes for breakfast. She helped on her father's farm and around the house. She was a postmaster two different times in her life.

As a farmer's wife, she did it all: cooked, cleaned, drove truck and tractor, hauled hay, hauled water to the field, rounded up cattle and chased sheep. Once she shot the neighbors' dog!

It seems she was tired of the neighbors' dogs getting into her chickens and when she saw them coming through the orchard she got the .22 and shot. Much to her amazement, the bullet hit one of the dogs a glancing blow off his skull. He fell over on the ground and Mother was suddenly embarrassed at what she had done. She lowered the gun, and just as she turned to go back to the house, the dog staggered to its feet and made for home! He pretty much stayed out of her territory after that.

She was well-known for her cooking skills and as recently as last month she took pleasure in teaching her granddaughter Gillian her special methods with Christmas divinity. Our father never had any problems getting a hay or harvest crew together because most know they could count on at least one and maybe three delicious meals for every day they worked. She organized and prepared banquets for the lodge that she and our father belonged to for a long time. Later, she switched to doing big Relief Society and Ward dinners. I have a recipe for Featherweight Rolls that she has sent to me numerous times over the years. No, I've never had sufficient courage to try to make them. She was famous as a cinnamon roll baker. When I visit my son Eric and his wife Cindy, Cindy always wants me make "Grandma's Cinnamon Rolls." She's even learning to do it herself! My daughter Anne is developing a reputation of her own as a Cinnamon Roll Baker. She learned it from her Grandma!

Mother worked in a discount store in charge of the pet, gift, toy and hardware departments. She sold aquarium fish and designed artificial flower arrangements. Later on she became a partner in her brother's wedding business and for several years she helped with wedding receptions, cakes, and candies. Whatever needed doing. When the wedding business closed down, she took a job in ladies ready-to-wear and did that for several years. She enjoyed helping customers to select becoming styles and was adept at finding just the right jacket or accessory that was needed. She often said that the other salesladies would ask her to tie the bows they needed saying that she was the only one who could tie the perfect bow.

As part of her multi-faceted life, she lived in a number of different places: Crystal, Pocatello, Marsh Creek near McCammon, Idaho, Hamilton, Montana, Moses Lake, Washington, Pocatello again, St. George, Provo for a short time, Missoula, Corvallis and Victor, Montana, and finally Hermiston, Oregon.

After she retired and married Paul they were called as temple attenders. I convinced them to come to Salt Lake and stay with Anne and me and do their temple attending at the Jordan River Temple. Her temple notebook shows that they did four to six endowments every day, 5 or six days a week for two to three months at a time. Then they would go home to Montana for a few weeks and then come back again and do it all again.

One of the highlights of her life, was the trip she and Paul took to Hawaii in 1986. She made two scrapbooks of postcards and brochures of the trip, and it is almost the only time in her life that she kept a daily journal. She always wanted to go back but was afraid it wouldn't be the same without Paul.

When Paul became ill she cared for him lovingly and patiently for several years.

Even after he moved to the care center, she still went everyday and sat with him the whole day. Paul never tired of holding her

hand and telling people she was his beautiful wife.

One other story I heard for the first time this weekend, was that in 1918 when she was a little bitty girl, her whole big family was sick with influenza and unable to care for themselves. There was a neighbor lady who came to help out. She carried water from the well and scrubbed the kitchen floor on her hands and knees. She carried and heated water and washed all the clothing and bedding and boiled it to disinfect it. She worked hard for several days caring for the family and trying to disinfect anything that might harbor germs. It was a tremendous act of Christian charity. Years later, when Mother was invited to the temple to do family ordinances, she was pleased to discover that she was proxy for the woman who had served her family with such dedication so many years before.

Another story that has always been a favorite of mine was the time when we still lived in Crystal, my dad organized a surprise birthday party for her. He arranged for all the neighbors and relatives to bring pot luck dishes and meet at my grandparents homestead which was nearby but out of sight. When everyone had gathered, they drove to our house. My mother looked up to see a whole line of pickups and cars coming down our lane with the dust boiling up behind them. Mother knew instantly what was going on and said something like "What in the world am I going to feed them?" She needn't have worried. The "guests" had brought the food, tables, tablecloths, and chairs. My mother was upset, but I thought it was a lovely gesture of love on my father's part. Dell then recounted the time he again did the same thing to her when they lived on Marsh Creek years later. She still had the same reaction. "What in the world am I going to feed them?"

A couple more stories: Three-year old Anita like to ride the horse, Old Kayo we called him, up to the one-room school. She would ride past the windows and someone would go out and take her off and she would go inside and sit with the big kids and look at their books. But one time she got caught. She had to ride around by the road and Mother saw her going up the lane. She cut through the fields the back way and as Anita came through the front gate of the school, Mother came through the back gate with a willow switch in her hand!

Another time, I remember that Mother and the hired girl, Doris, started a water fight with my dad. They all bailed water from the creek and had a glorious time flinging buckets of water at one another. When it was over, my dad changed into dry clothes and sat down on the front porch to read his newspaper. My mom and Doris decided to get him one more time. They each came around opposite sides of the house with a full bucket of water and let him have it! He was drenched again from head to toe and his newspaper was in shreds!

It has been a privilege to honor our mother today. She was always concerned, not only with the welfare of others, but with what they might think of her. She told me once she was sorry she was so dumb. When I asked what she meant, she said she was dumb because she had to leave school after eighth grade and she couldn't spell. I told her she should stop equating lack of formal education with lack of intelligence. I think she was genuinely surprised at this notion. Later she had an opportunity to take an Andrew Carnegie course in Public speaking and self-confidence in which she did very well and this became one of her badges of honor.

Well, I have more stories, but the time is far spent. Like all of us, our mother had her frailties and short-coming, but she always

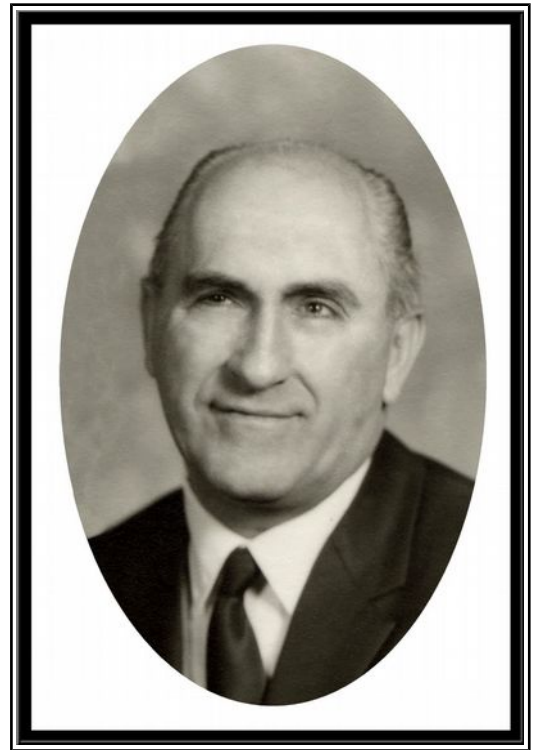
had the best interests of others at heart. May we do as well.

Chapter 15 - Delbert Fannin

15:01 – Delbert's birth and Youth

Delbert "E" Fannin was born 11 September 1916 to Moses Fannin and Cora Skaggs at Crystal, Power County, Idaho. He was the sixth of ten children born to them. The family lived on a dry farm where they raised horses, cows, pigs, chickens, and ducks. They harvested wheat and alfalfa. The milk the cows provided gave the family all they needed, as well as cream for churning butter. A cream separator would separate the cream from the milk. The skim milk was then fed to the pigs, and what cream the family didn't need was sold to the Armour Creamery in Pocatello, Idaho.

There were usually two or three saddle horses as well as work horses. At a very young age Delbert learned to ride a little bay pony named Bunny. He climbed up on Bunny's back so many times without a saddle that he wore the front of his coveralls out. His mother put a large patch down the front of them. As a young boy he spent many of his daylight hours on Bunny's back.



Delbert Fannin

The flock of large ducks was used to furnish feathers for the many feather beds and pillows his mother made. She would hold each duck between her legs to pluck their feathers once or twice a year. Delbert enjoyed telling about how a duck would squawk with each pull of a feather.

The children had to travel 2 1/2 miles to school. In the winter they rode in a home-made sled with side boards all around. They would snuggle under quilts while the horses would take them to school on a trot. One day Bunny and Red, the two saddle horses who were hitched to the sled decided they had waited long enough for the children so they trotted off to school without them, much to the surprise of the teacher. Delbert finished the eighth grade and received his graduation diploma 1 June 1929.

Delbert was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 29 October 1925 by Bishop L. S. Whiting who had married his half-sister Perlina. He was active in that church throughout his life, holding many position; superintendent of the Sunday School, explorer scout advisor, high councilman, bishop, and councilor in the Stake Presidency. He also filled a mission at Fort Hall, Idaho among the Indians who were of the Shoshone, Blackfoot tribes. He had a strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

There was always a lot of work on the farm. Delbert was husky for his age, and was proud that at the age of twelve he could drive eight head of horses pulling a combine harvester, which would cut the wheat, thresh it, and pile the straw all in one operation. The wheat would pour into sacks that would be sewn up by someone as the machine moved along.

Sometimes Cora or others would drive by team and wagon eighteen miles to Pocatello, Idaho for supplies that couldn't be grown on the farm. Their fastest trip to Pocatello was when as a young boy Delbert was kicked on the head by a horse. His eye had been laid out on his cheek. He was unconscious when he was placed in the wagon, and didn't regain consciousness until Dr. O. F. Call was taking the last stitches. Prayers were answered that day. He never had trouble with his eye or any problems from the accident. Trips in the wintertime were difficult because the snow was so deep. Four or five neighbors would hitch up their teams to bobsleds, and take turns breaking a road. It would take one day to go, one day there, and one day to get back home. Transportation was replaced by their first car in 1923 - a dodge with side curtains and running boards.

Eventually several families moved from Crystal to Salmon, Idaho, Delbert's family being one of them.

Times were hard in the 1930's. Delbert and his father had a chance to buy fourteen milk cows. Their payment for them was fifty dollars every other month. Delbert joined the Civilian Conservation Corps 7 January 1934 to help pay for them. When he left the Corps the cows were almost paid for. His dad gave him half of the cows which he sold, using the money to build a small house he rented until he got married.

He married June Alberta Patten 18 January 1938. Their first child, Leona, was born in that small home 28 January 1939. Delbert worked as a farmhand for several months and then worked for the WPA (Work Project Association) which had been established by the government to supply work for many unemployed. It was through this program that he was given the opportunity to go to Idaho State College in Pocatello, Idaho to receive training as an electric welder. He was still paid a small wage while learning, but supplemented his income by milking about 20 cows night and morning at a dairy close by.

15:02 – Delbert Moves to Oregon

Japan bombed Pearl Harbor 7 December 1941. Delbert completed his training in January of 1942 and headed for Portland, Oregon to find work in the shipyards. When his job was secure he sent for his family. They moved into a government project that was just being completed. While living there June gave birth to a son 19 October 1943 at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland. They named him Gary Paul.

In August of 1945 Delbert received a letter from the Selective Service to report for an Army physical at Fort Douglas, Utah. He didn't pass his physical, so Delbert sold his home in Salmon and moved the family to Pocatello, Idaho where they bought a small home on Wayne Avenue. He found employment at the Western Coal company owned by Jared O. Anderson who was a member of the Pocatello Stake presidency in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. There he was taught the sheet metal trade. He installed heating and air-conditioning, which he did for the rest of his working years.

The home on Wayne Avenue became too small for the little family so Delbert sold it and purchased land on East Chapel Street where a new house was built. During the time the family lived in Pocatello they moved two more times. Pocatello was Delbert and June's home for 42 year. During that time Delbert started a business which was called "Lavender and Lace". It had an Ice Cream Parlor where Delbert sold his candy, and in the back June sold Bridal gowns and veils, plus other bridal things. The ice cream parlor lost money for them, so they moved their candy and bridal business into part of their home. Delbert still worked the sheet metal trade. He had learned how to make candy by taking professional lessons from a man in Idaho Falls.



Delbert, June and family

Leona married James Richard Rowan 25 August 1960. She and James had six children, James, Laurie, John, Lynley, Joseph, and Jerrod. They were later divorced. Gary married Lorna Rae Solum 23 July 1965. They had two daughters, Gerri and Kelli.

15:03 – Delbert's Deteriorating Health

In April of 1975 Delbert had a stroke while dressing for work one morning. He was left with a grand-mall seizure problem. The doctors were eventually able to control it with medication which he took the remainder of his life, but he was only able to work professionally for two more years, and then only periodically. He eventually had to take disability retirement He still worked at home in his candy kitchen, and was still able to serve in the Church.

Eventually he was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease. The first few years with that were very stressful. With his permission June was finally able to sell their home and move to Kearns, Utah so they could live close to son Gary and family. They had previously sold their Lavender and Lace business to a lady from Boise, Idaho. They celebrated their Golden Anniversary shortly after moving to Utah.

One day Delbert began suffering with a severe headache and was very confused. Gary and wife took he and June to Pioneer Valley Hospital where X-rays showed bleeding at the base of the brain. He was taken by ambulance to the University Hospital. He was admitted July 27th and died August 3rd, 1993. His death certificate stated his cause of his death was increased intracranial pressures, intracerebral hematoma, plus suspected Alzheimer's and malformation of the brain. Although he was greatly missed, he was spared the later problems associated with Alzheimer's.

His funeral was held in the Valley View Ward on August 7th, 1993. He was buried at the Restlawn Memorial Gardens in Pocatello, Idaho where he and June had purchased lots years ago. Many of their Pocatello friends were at the gravesite. The family and friends who loved him are at peace knowing he is where the Lord has called him.

Chapter 16 - Della Fannin

16:01 – Della's Birth

Della Fannin was born on December 15, 1918 in Crystal, Power County, Idaho

Della married Joe Larson. They built a house across the street from Moses and Cora in Salmon, Idaho. She rode a bicycle everywhere. He was made dog catcher. His parents had a dairy. They were kind to Della. She felt bad because she had no children. They were divorced in Van Port Oregon.

Della later married Albert Manuel Johnson in Pocatello. He had two daughters when she married him, and she raised them as if they were her own. She canned fruit and vegetables, her house was absolutely spotless, and she was a good cook. She was happily married to Albert.

One time Barbara Williams visited with Della at her ranch in Pocatello. Della said she was disappointed because her patriarchal blessing told her she would have a family and she felt this had not come to pass. Barbara asked her: Do you love your husband? Yes. Do you have children? Yes, two girls. Did you raise those children? Yes. Did you love those children? Yes. Then Barbara said: You had a family.



Della Fannin

16:02 – Della's Death

After Albert died Della's last companion was Jack McDermott, who took very good care of her. She was the last surviving child of Moses and Cora Fannin, and died 8 July 2010 at the age of 91 years old.

Chapter 17 - Cecil Frank Fannin

17:01 – Frank's Birth

Frank Fannin was born on May 19, 1921 in Crystal, Power County, Idaho. Cecil Frank Fannin always went by "Frank." When he was in the 8th Grade in Salmon, Idaho he entered a High School Track meet. He started running and after a while looked around to see no one near him. They were coming but back quite a ways. He continued on and won the race.

One time he mouthed off to his dad and took off running to an irrigation ditch. He thought if he could jump the irrigation ditch he would be safe from his dad on the other side. But as soon as his feet hit the other side of the ditch he felt his Dad's hand across the back of his head.

At a family reunion in Salmon Frank put together a spaghetti dinner that everybody bragged about. He was all smiles.



Cecil Frank Fannin

One time when Frank lived in Ketchum Idaho he played a Jews Harp. He was quite a tease. He liked to hunt and fish. There was an ice house into which they put ice in the fall. He was always friendly.

The boys in the family worked in the fields with their father Moses. But Frank didn't like farming so he went into the Navy to get out of it. This was before WWII and he was quite young. He remained in the Navy during WWII and got to the rank of Chief Petty Officer. It is reported that he started drinking when in the Navy.

17:02 – Frank's Death

Frank married Peggy Arson during (or after) the war and brought her home to Salmon. This marriage was later annulled.

He then married Genevieve Park. They had no children. They lived in Grandpa and Grandma Fannin's home when Cora married Cassity and moved to Star Valley. Frank was a chiropractor for his profession. He died in Salmon, Idaho.

Chapter 18 - Milo Fannin

18:01 – Donna's Childhood

Excerpts From Milo Fannin and Donna Johnson History

Written By Donna

I remember Grandma's cooking with fond memories. She made flour mush and milk dumplings. She made sugar cookies that we loved as kids and she made fried doughnuts. She called them fry cakes. She made a Scandinavian cheese which I think was Danish. It was called Knackwoost. It was really complicated and tricky to make. We looked forward to it. It had to be made in the summer in warm weather. One of the big drawers in the kitchen cupboard was where Grandma kept her cookies. Often she had a sack of gingersnaps in there. The kids from all around the town would come to see Grandma and get a cookie. She made macaroni and tomatoes. She made a baked rice pudding that I can almost taste to this day.

My first jobs, of course, were babysitting for family and neighbors which I began by the time I was 12. The standard rate was 10 cents for the whole evening and included putting kids to bed and usually feeding them supper and doing dishes etc.

I saved my money to buy a permanent. It cost a dime to ride the train to Montpelier and a dime to ride back to Ovid. The permanent cost a dollar. Wyona went with me.

At times I helped cook for hay men and did kitchen chores. My first jobs away from home were when I lived with different families and helped with cooking, cleaning and caring for children.

Pearl, my stepmother, said that I should get a job like Wyona. (I couldn't get a job with the telephone co. in Ovid because I was too young.) So I worked for Mrs. Locks, an eccentric Jewish lady. She had me make pie crusts with butter and a big chocolate cake and put them down in her cool cellar while she went on a trip to New York. Before her evening meal every Friday she



Milo and Donna Fannin

would go into her bedroom and turn up the radio while she said her prayers. Regularly she would have me scrub the linoleum and the fire box of the stove with cleanser. She had me wash the outside of her house every day to be prepared for the coming of the Messiah. She would have me clean the comers of the rooms of her house with a nail to get rid of any yeast. She would make chicken soup with everything but the head and feathers. Then she would strain the broth off and add vegetables. It was the best soup.

18:02 – Donna Visits Crystal

The next summer Blanche Kunz, a beautician from Montpelier, told us that her sister, Helen Jensen in Crystal, Idaho was looking for a girl to take The place of her hired girl who was ill. I took the job. When the other girl recovered and came back I went to work for Delsa and Walt Hayden who ran the Post Office in Crystal. I worked for them for the rest of the summer and summer the next year. The next summer, Delsa was pregnant with Anita. I tended Colleen and worked in the post office. Mrs. Green, a spiritualist, told me that I was really happy to be there away from home. I wondered how she new about my home. I had not told anyone of the situation there. Delsa also worked in Pocatello. Cora Fannin, Delsa's mother came down with Nona, her youngest daughter to visit. She said that they were having a very difficult time with Milo, Delsa's youngest brother.

Delsa and Walt were very good to me. Walt and I used to play tricks on each other. I would put starch in his underwear and sew the legs of his pants shut. One time Walt threw me in the creek for saying that some Filipino boys that played in an orchestra were cute.

When the summer ended, Walt paid me my wages, bought me two school dresses, and gave me a small radio.

Immediately after high school graduation I went to Idaho Falls to work and my employment began for real. Those first years I worked cooking and cleaning and ironing for people. I cooked and cleaned and worked in a hamburger stand at a resort called Heise Hot Springs. The Sunday night I got there I was told what I was expected to do. I was shown the big Cafe stove. I would be expected to make coffee which I had never made in my life. The owners had a daughter Katsey, (Katherine). I worked with a girl we called Ruff (Refugio Giminez). I was shown to the room I would share with her. I chose the right bed by chance, and this impressed her. I had fun and worked hard there. While I was working there Delsa called me about a job for some people named Hunting in Wellerville, 5 miles south of Pocatello at Ross's Park. This family also had a Dude Ranch at Stanley, Idaho.

While I was working for Wellers, I took some classes at ISU through the National Youth Administration at Servelle House. That is where I met Arla Christensen. We became roommates. I met her at a dance in Arimo. I worked for Fletcher Oil Co. distributor. They had a Motel. Charley delivered gas. While I was working at Fletcher and living at Wellerville WWII broke out. Ruff was staying at Servelle House. Charley would come and get me and take me to Pocatello for classes. I quit work at Wellers and went to Servelle House. I took the trailways bus into Pocatello. Pete Peterson, a returned missionary was interested in me at Delsa's arrangement. Charlie always called me the Duchess and would have liked to marry me.

Beth Sorensen, later to marry Clint Whiting, took my place at Wellers.

I worked at Kress's in Pocatello and at Kraft Cheese. I moved to Salem, Oregon and lived with my Aunt Utahna and Uncle Doyle and worked at Ben Franklin store and at a linen Mill.

I moved on to Portland Oregon to live with my friend Arla Christensen and worked at the Cress store and then the Oregon shipyards. I left there to return to Idaho to get married.

18:03 – Donna Meets Milo

I met Milo Fannin at Salmon. Walt and Delsa Hayden took me to a family reunion in Salmon, Idaho with the purpose of my meeting Delsa's brother, Frank Fannin. I stayed at Esther Fannin Hatch's, Milo and Frank's sister. We went to a rodeo and horse race. The horse I chose won. Frank and Milo had not met me before and when they did they said, "May the best man win."

At the dance, I was supposed to meet Frank, but he was gambling so I danced with Milo. Della and Delsa drug Milo off the floor and told him to give Frank a chance. I wrote to both Milo and Frank for a while.

My Uncle Doyle encouraged me to come to Salem, Oregon for work. He said he would get me a job on the army base, but after I got there he wouldn't let me work on the base because he felt the servicemen were too rough. I worked at the linen mill in Salem and then at the Ben Franklin Store.

Finally I moved to Portland to room with my friend, Arla Christensen.. Arla became very ill and we both couldn't work. Arla because she was sick, and I because I was nursing Arla.

It was in Portland that I started dating Milo Fannin. Our courtship began using the bus. Finally Milo got a car.

I had left Idaho in 1941, packing on Thanksgiving Day, and stayed in Oregon until after VJ day, 14 Aug 1945.

Milo came home on leave. Della, Milo's sister and her husband who lived in Portland, drove us to Pocatello to be married. We were married by an L.D.S. bishop at Delsa's home on her ranch south of Pocatello. My dad could not come because my 10 year old brother, Larry was seriously ill in the hospital. But Utahna, Fondell and Fred and Aunt Tress came. Moses, Cora and Nona Fannin came from Salmon. Delbert and June Fannin were there also. My friend Arla Christensen was my maid of honor.

We were married 22 of September 1945 at 7:00 in the evening - the exact day and time my Grandma Katherine and Grandpa George were married.

We honeymooned in Pocatello and stayed at Delsa's. Della's husband Joe let us take his car to Ovid for Milo to meet my parents. We stayed with my grandmother. Milo had to report back to San Diego so I stayed with my grandmother until November. Then I went to San Diego to be with Milo.

I went from Montpelier to Salt Lake City on the train and from Salt Lake City to San Diego on my first plane ride (propeller).

We were there for Christmas and New Years. The first part of January, Milo had to fly to Hawaii to train a crew on the submarine, the Barb. A book has been written about the Barb and mentions Milo.

I went back to Ovid to stay with my grandmother.

Milo was discharged in March in Washington state and went to Salmon. I took the bus to Salmon and we set up housekeeping. We stayed a little while with Milo's parents. Then we moved into a 3 room house on a half acre of land which Milo's parents financed for us with their savings. We paid them back later.

Mike was born in Salmon on 13 Sep 1946. We brought him home on our anniversary. He was born at the Stein Maternity home. Jeff was also born in Salmon in the new Steel Memorial Hospital. He was delivered by Dr. Jack Boatman who was my employer.

Milo was working at the Ed Berry's cleaners. He went back east to dry cleaning management school . He was gone for four months and used his G.I. Bill.

18:04 – Milo and Donna Get Married

After we were married I worked in Salmon, Idaho where we lived working at McPherson Dry Goods, the small Salmon Hospital (formerly Stein maternity home) and at Salmon Clinic.

While living in Salmon, Mike would walk up the street every day to see his Grandmother Cora. She would ask him what he wanted, and he would ask her to make pancakes. Even though he told her he hadn't had any breakfast.

One time when Cora went on a temple trip I invited Grandpa Fannin to dinner. I can still remember seeing him walking down the street to our house carrying a tray of tapioca pudding which he had made.

In his later years, Grandpa Fannin was about as round as he was tall. Once he was knocked over by a bull and could not get up by himself. He could do an energetic Irish jig, and in his younger days had quite a passion for baseball. It was also told that as a youth he swam the Ohio River. He was a good dancer and would go with his older children to the church dances while Cora would stay home with the younger children.

18:05 – Moving Around

When Jeff was about a year old we moved to Twin Falls. Milo worked for the National Laundry and Dry Cleaners.

My next job was with a bakery in Twin Falls, Idaho. Then as telephone operator there. We rented an apartment at first and then

bought a home at 711 Juniper. Mary Dawn was born in Twin Falls 28 July 1954. Mike started first grade.

We then moved to Mt. Home, Idaho on Thanksgiving Day. Milo went to work with Ed Hall and ran the dry cleaner there. I did some book work and counter work in the cleaners. Pearl Whiting, Milo's oldest sister died that winter in Salmon. We lived in an apartment house until our home was built. Jan was born 12 Aug 1956 at LDS Hospital. The following May we moved to Salt Lake City.

We lived on 2nd South and 7th East in an apartment on the 3rd floor. Jan was sickly. Milo worked for Murray Laundry. Then we moved to Murray and rented a house on Vine Street. Mary Dawn went to Kindergarten Summer School.

Eventually we moved into my favorite house. It was on 112 west 5900 south. It was well built. We were the second owner. The builder, Dahlberg, had built it for himself. I helped the carpenter finish the basement. We knew the Bird family there. After he graduated with 4 years at Murray High School, Mike went to Snow College in Ephraim, Utah. He was drafted into the service and married Launie Lloyd. Jan was still in Elementary School when we left Murray. Jeff was going to Murray High School.

It was some years before I worked again while living in Murray, Utah. I was a telephone operator at the new Cottonwood Hospital. I worked there until we moved to Scottsdale, Arizona. During our short stay there I didn't work.

We moved to Scottsdale in December because Milo was offered a job. Jeff had a great experience there in High School. He was treated royally at High School, and came to find out that the governor of the state was a Fannin.

18:06 – Retirement

The family had a great experience there with school and the church. Nine months later we moved back to Salt Lake. We got word that Erick had been born. The girls and I stayed with Mike and Launie to help take care of the baby.

When we returned to Salt Lake and rented a house in Cottonwood Heights. This is where Mary Dawn first met Ken Wade. I first worked as a Relief Counter girl at the various Murray Laundry outlets and next as an operator for the TAGE answering service in Holladay, Utah. Then I was able to get back at Cottonwood Hospital as an operator. From there I went to work for the State of Utah an operator and then as a Technician and worked there until I retired.

Donna's granddaughter, Veronica Kuchinski, wrote the following words in her Christmas card Dec 2002: Grandma, You have taught me so many wonderful things about life, being a woman, and having faith in God. I am forever grateful. And am who I am today mostly because of the influence you have had on my life. So I've decided you have to live forever! I love you Roni. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Chapter 19 - Nona Fannin

19:01 – Nona's Birth and Youth

My name is Nona Marie Fannin Feinauer. I was born June 22, 1931 at Pocatello, Bannock County, Idaho. I was the youngest child born to Moses Fannin and Cora Skaggs. My father was born December 24, 1874 in Morgan County, Kentucky, the son of John J. Fannin and Lydia Ann Conley. My Mother was born October 28, 1885 in Lawrence County, Kentucky, the daughter of James H. Skaggs and Elizabeth Lester.

My parents were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and bore strong testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel to all of the children, and all of us were baptized members of the Church. I was baptized July 1, 1939 in Salmon, Idaho in an indoor pool at the Salmon Hot Springs, by my brother-in-law William Whiting. I was confirmed by my father Moses Fannin on July 2, 1939 in the Salmon Ward of the Lost River Stake.



Nona Fannin

As a youngster, I made a trip to the Alberta, Canada Temple with my parents in 1941. This trip has been one of the highlights of my life. Ada Wells and I were baptized for the dead in the Temple while our parents did endowments and other work for the dead. The last day of the excursion, we were left at the residence while our parents went to work in the Temple. We became bored and decided to go to the Temple and surprise our parents. The workers asked us if we would like to help prepare slips with names for use later in the Temple. After preparing over 500 names we were tired and went into one of the rooms off the main entrance and fell asleep. Suddenly late at night, an angel in white clothing came to us and said "Wake up, your parents are leaving the Temple and won't know where you are." We awoke and reached the entrance just before the workers closed it for the night. This experience has always been very special to me in my life. Also, that same night the Temple President, President Wood, told all of the people from Salmon, Idaho to drive carefully as they returned home, because they would have a slight accident, but no one would be seriously hurt. Mother and father and I were on the bus and we arrived home safely. We were waiting for the two cars which carried the rest of the party to

arrive. When they came we could see that one of them had been in an accident. A little girl's nose had been hurt and bled, but no one in the cars had been seriously injured. President Wood's warning had saved them from serious harm.

19:02 – Nona's Marriage

On October 6, 1948 I was married and sealed to Victor L. Cassity in the Logan Utah Temple. Five children were born to this union, namely: Ann Marie, Wynn Victor, Kit, Lee F., and Rose. Several special experiences occurred as the children were growing up, most of them connected with problems that tried our faith and built our testimonies. I will mention only one of them in the life of each child.

While Ann was dating Sam Draney, she fell from a horse and broke her neck. We took her to Dr. Rondo Manwaring in Pocatello Idaho. The treatments, we were told, would take three to five months and we planned to stay at the home of my brother Delbert and his wife June while Ann was being treated by Dr. Manwaring. One night at about 2 A.M. Ann went into a convulsion and stopped breathing. I got up and called for Delbert to give her a blessing. He asked his neighbor to come to help him and they administered to Ann. Delbert promised her that she would live to marry in the Temple and rear a family. She was recovered quickly and this faith promoting experience has been of special significance to the whole family.

One day Wynn was very sick with bronchitis. My mother was visiting us. In the night Wynn became much worse and was gasping for breath. Mother said a special prayer in his behalf. In this prayer she rebuked the disease and commanded it to leave him. The Lord answered that prayer immediately and Wynn sat up and reached out and said "glass" indicating that he wanted water. He had not spoken a word in all day. This experience has always been sacred to the family as a witness of the faith of Mother. It has strengthened our testimonies over the years showing that God will help us after we have exhausted all the resources at our command.

When Kit was expecting her first child, she had a very difficult and prolonged period of labor. The child did not move down into the birth canal and began to show signs of stress with the heartbeat slowing dangerously. Over the 60 hours of this difficult time in labor, we offered many prayers in her behalf. As the Doctor became concerned that the child might not survive, Vic gave Kit a Priesthood blessing. Almost immediately things began to improve and the Doctor was able to reach the baby with forceps. The child, a beautiful little girl whom Kit named Nicole, was born without further problems.

While Lee was a teenager, he was a member of the high school football team. One night as he was near the end of practice, a boy named Weber from Freedom tackled Lee who went down hard. The pain in his left knee was excruciating. They determined that since his knee was broken badly they had to send him to the medical facilities in Jackson, Wyoming. While he was lying on a table in extreme pain waiting to be moved to Jackson, his Seminary teacher Van Hokanson and Ken Jenkins came in and administered to him giving him a blessing. Brother Hokanson promised Lee that his leg would be made whole. We then left for Jackson.

My daughter Ann and her husband Jim had a camper on the back of their pickup and we made a bed in it for Lee. When we arrived at the Jackson Hospital, they took lots of x-rays and about two hours later the Doctor called me into a room and told me

that Lee would never be able to run again. The knee was broken in five places. He said he had already told Lee about it and that he "Had taken the news like a man." When Ann, Jim and I walked into his room, Lee was fighting back the tears and I told him to remember the Priesthood blessing he had received from Brother Hokanson and Brother Jenkins. In that blessing he had been promised that his leg would be made whole again.

Doctor Mott operated on Lee's leg the next morning and put three lag screws made of Swedish steel in his knee. The Ward called a special fast day in his behalf and all of us fasted and prayed along with the members of the Ward. The Doctor had told Lee he would probably be in the Hospital for eleven to thirteen days, but Lee was able to come home in five days. His knee healed really well, and each time we went back for a checkup, Doctor Mott was amazed at how well his knee was healing. When the last X-ray was taken at the end of treatment, the Doctor called Lee and I into his office and showed us the first x-ray and the last one. He said it was impossible that Lee's knee could heal the way it had. I then told him of the Priesthood blessing Lee had received. He said he certainly believed in prayer and that he always felt better when prayers were said before he operated on his patients. This miracle has been a source of great testimony to all the family .

When Rose was a small child she had a lovely voice and sang beautifully. When she was four years old, Bishop Laron Allred asked her to sing in the baptismal service at the Dry Creek Dam. She sang beautifully 'I Am a Child of God'. Later at the wedding of Ann and Jim, she sang "The Sweetheart Tree." When Rose was a junior in High School, she was chosen to be a member of a precision drill team called the Brave Cadets. Being chosen in this group was a high honor. As a family, we enjoyed seeing the many routines the group worked so hard to perfect. After graduation from High School Rose went to Moses Lake, Washington to be with her sister Ann. While there she was the Spiritual Living Leader for the Relief Society Group in their Young Adult Program.

There were serious problems in my marriage to Victor, and in July 1988, I was divorced from him. I later received notice of the cancellation of our Temple sealing in early 1990.

I left Wyoming after forty years and moved to Logan, Utah where I lived with my daughter Ann, her husband Jim and their family.

19:03 – Nona's Mission

On August 13, 1988 I received my call to the California San Diego Mission, where I worked in the Multi-Regional Family History Center in San Diego. My responsibility was to complete the computerized monthly reports. I also prepared over 30,000 microfiche and 50,000 microfilm on the computer. I worked in the bookstore associated with these activities, where I learned to work the computerized cash register and taught this operation to the other missionaries in the Center. I was released from the mission in October 1989 and returned to Logan.

I was later married to C. Bryce Draper, Norman Howells, and Samuel Banks all of whom are deceased. Earl Feinauer and I had known each other since 1978. In late 2003 we began corresponding with each other. In January 2004 we decided we wanted to

marry and Earl came to visit me in Saint George. Rose was living with me at the time and Earl felt it looked better if he stayed at the trailer I owned rather than to stay in the house alone with two women. He had not brought an alarm clock so it was agreed that I would call him at 6 A.M. so that he could shower and be ready to come to breakfast at seven at the home. He awoke at about 1:30 A.M. feeling groggy and sat up for a couple of hours. He then decided to go back to bed but made only as far as the bathroom.

I called at six o'clock but he did not answer. I thought he was probably in the shower and waited until about seven before I tried again to call him. When he did not answer a second time, I knew that something was wrong and immediately went to the trailer. At my suggestion he had locked the dead bolt from the inside and I had no key. I called a friend who had been a paramedic and asked him to help me. He broke a window, entered the trailer and found Earl unconscious in the bathroom. He laid him on the floor and opened both doors to get air into the room. He told me that he saw no signs of life and he thought Earl was gone. I couldn't accept this and gave a special prayer, which I repeated three times, in which I pled for his life. The paramedics arrived and administered oxygen. Earl began to gurgle indicating some sign of life. He was taken to Dixie Regional Medical Center where the Doctors indicated that he had no reason to be alive. He was a victim of carbon monoxide poisoning as a result of a malfunction of the trailer's furnace. His blood oxygen level was at 36% which should have been fatal. Doctors in LDS Hospital and in Idaho Falls later repeated this conclusion. Following treatment in the hyper baric chamber at LDS Hospital in Salt Lake he recovered and was released. We know that he is alive today in response to prayer.

We were married for time in the Saint George Temple on April 10, 2004. We purchased a new home in Saint George where we are very happily sharing our lives.

LIFE HISTORY OF

NONA MARIE FANNIN FEINAUER

August 1, 2004

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1 Moses Fannin, "My Life History," (unpublished typescript), Afton, Wyoming, 1957

2 Cora Fannin, (unpublished Recording), Afton, Wyoming, Summer 1969, Transcribed in 1982.

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3 Cora Fannin, "My Life History," (unpublished typescript), Afton, Wyoming, 1957