

CHAPTER 6

MAY ELLA THEO WHITING

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JAY ELLA THO WHITING

MAY ELLA THEO WHITING ALLSWORTH DICK



I always remember my father with his family. It would not seem natural to write about him otherwise. The first I remember of father and mother was on their farm at Hobble Creek Canyon, Utah. What I knew about them before then has been told me by them. Father was born in Manti, Sanpete County, Utah. When he was a small boy, his family moved to Springville where he spent most of his life until he married. My mother was born in Brockley, Sommersetshire, England. She came to America with her father when she was 17 years old. Her mother and brother had come two years before with some Mormon Elders they had met in England. She went directly to Mapleton, Utah,

May Ella Theo Whiting Allsworth where she met my father's folks. Grandma just fell in love with young Ren Whiting (my father). He was around 19 years old at the time, and she told him he could have her "kitty" when she came to America. She gave him a picture of her and he waited patiently for her to arrive, and met her at the depot when she did arrive. They married shortly after that. She was 18 years old and father was 20.

Father was somewhat of a pioneer and liked to explore new country and to work in the timber, and too, it was somewhat of a necessity as he had a family to keep. Four months after they were married, they left by team for Colorado where father was to cut railroad ties for a railroad that was being built in that part of the country. Mother said there were quite a number of men working at this. Father cut ties and sold them for 50 cents each. It must have been quite a hardship for them as the weather was very cold, and they did not have sufficient clothes for such cold weather.

Later, they went to Brigham City, Arizona, where their first child Maud Bell Whiting, was born. Later they worked in the San Francisco Mountains, still cutting ties. This must have been very hard on mother. She told me how ill she was riding in the wagon after Maud was born. Father told me about losing his team on the Arizona desert and spending the day looking for them. He saw a beautiful mirage which fooled him so...it looked like a stream running with green banks on each side and cattle feeding. He took a very long walk before he found out what it really was.

About one year later they moved back to Mapleton. There Lorenzo, Forbes, and Flora were born. Then father decided to cut ties again, and he and some of mother's brothers and their wives moved to Soldier Summit, Utah. There I was born on a cold and windy hill in a tent. The first I remember about Father and mother was at this time. Father had a cattle ranch. He did lots of riding, he must have been quite a horseman, I know he loved horses. He had one trained that he rode to bring in his range stock. No one else dared to ride that horse but him. Mother did quite a lot of riding also. I remember when she would let me take care of the younger children while she and Maud rode after stock. I remember the first time I ever rode a horse. Mother put a bridle on an old bay horse named Frank and pitched me on to the horse and told me to take the milk cows to the pasture. I did not know just what to do but I stayed on, and after that I had to go after the cows, every night and I liked it.

Father just could not stay away from the timber long. Shortly after we moved to Hobbles Creek Canyon, he planned on getting a sawmill. His first sawmill was run by water power. I remember what a long time it took to build the penstock and water wheel in order to get the power to run the sawmill. How much fun we children had seeing it run. I would go down to the mill, which was just across the creek a small distance from our house, and would take one of the babies to tend while I watched the mill run. One time I remember when Ralph and Ruth, the twins, were babies we were returning from the mill, and daddy had both of the babies in his arms and was trying to drive a team. We were sitting on the running gears of the wagon when he went through the creek, which we had to cross going home. We hit a rut and off went the babies into the creek. I don't know just how father did it, but they came out just about as quick as they went in and father was running to the house with them. Mother gave him quite a scolding.



Jay Whiting, Lorenzo Snow
Whiting (standing)

Every fall we went to the hills to get wild honey. The men would find the bee trees through the summer and mark it with a special mark, then in the fall we would spend a pleasant outing getting wild honey, and we really did get a lot. Mother extracted the honey from the combs and was it good!

We had a small LDS church at Hobbles Creek which we used to attend and a school. I went to school there two years before we left. We also had most of

our social gatherings there in the same building. Mother and father used to take quite a part in their social gatherings. I remember when father took part of Santa Claus. He came dressed fur covered with sleigh bells, dancing and singing. I was a small child at the time and was quite frightened until I heard his voice. Then I knew who Santa Claus was, I think I must have been about two and a half or three years old at the time. Father lifted me on the stage and had me recite a small piece. I still remember the words very distinctly. When mother dressed up to go to church or any social affair I thought she was really quite pretty. Her hair was blond, her eyes gray, and she had a nice form and her skin was very fair and she had such natural rosy cheeks. It was thought to be really a disgrace to let your skin get tanned or dark in those days.



Flora Waterman Whiting

When we first made our home at Hobbles Creek, we had to live like real pioneers. Father cut his grain by hand with a cradle or cythe, and we all had to glean behind him and beat the grain out on the large canvas, and we children and some neighbor children would take a small pail each and go to the hills and dig Sago lilies to cook. It was quite a lot of fun at that.

But that kind of life did not last for long. Father soon had a binder to cut his grain and a small horse power thrashing machine had began to work that part of the country as we had quite a few neighbors there. Father had a number of beef stock and milk cows. It seems mother used to do most of the milking. I often wonder how she did it. They nearly all had long horns like a Texas long horn, and part wild. She did not seem to be afraid of them at all. Maud and Len helped her some. I remember her carrying two large pails full of milk to the house at the same time. I remember of her telling me of a time she had Len helping her. She had just finished milking and was taking the milk to the house. She heard a scream coming from the corral that she had just left. She set the pails down quickly and ran back to help, but our large dog named Trim, had heard the scream also and was much quicker. Trim cleared the tall board corral fence in one bound and made short work of stopping the long horned cow from killing Len. Mother always said he saved Len's life and I guess he did. I think that is one reason she always loved dogs so much. Old Trim was a blue and slate colored shepherd dog. He always hated rattlesnakes and killed lots of them, but one finally got him. He was just too old then, I guess.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Ella Whiting & Clark Dick

Mother lived on among her children,

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

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

--By Ella Whiting Dick

NOTE OF UPDATE:

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

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

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

SAMUEL LEVELL ALLSWORTH

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

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

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

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



LeVell Allsworth

do some very good work on shoes. He had a little shoe shop while he resided at Pocatello. He painted some nice pictures for us. I will never forget how he taught me to mix paint to make different colors. That was after Levell and I married and were living at Pocatello.

Father Allsworth had a wonderful sense of humor, although he was not very happy at the time, he was always making jokes, throwing his voice and such. He had typhoid fever, which left him crippled in one leg. He did not seem to mind much. I understand he was ill two years and in bed most of the time.

Levell's parents were both born in England. They married in the Salt Lake Temple on 21 October 1876. To this union eight children were born. One the

first, was a stillborn baby. Voila, the third living child and her little sister, Lula, both contracted that awful disease, diphtheria and both passed away a few days apart. This must have been an awful shock to them, as my husband told me how his father kept their little foot prints in the mud by the water spring covered with a small box so they would not get rubbed out.

The hardship of pioneer life must have been too much for Mother Allsworth as she passed away when her eighth child was born.

After this Father Allsworth never seemed the same. He took what was left of his family and left Springville. My husband was around five years old when his mother died.

The next we know of them was when they moved to Pocatello, Idaho. We had left Springville in the meanwhile and were living in Pocatello. At the time my father owned a feed barn and also had a sawmill south of Pocatello.

When Father Allsworth came to Pocatello, he had a new wife. He had remarried a widow with four children. He still had four children of his own, making eight altogether. Of this union six more children were born. Two sons and four daughters. I think Father Allsworth told me he was the father of fourteen children. They were never very happy in this late marriage. I realize it is very hard to bring two families together and have peace when they are partly grown, as they hardly ever agree, so their marriage eventually ended in a divorce.

I never knew Della, his wife, very well, but I will say this, she was very pleasant and there was lots of good about her. I will say to her credit that when

Father Allsworth was very ill just before he passed away she came back to him and cared for him until he died. Then she took care of everything. My mother was with her at the time, as she lived near them in Pocatello. I thought this was very good of Della, as she and Father Allsworth were divorced then.

I first met Levell Allsworth, my husband, when his folks lived at Pocatello, Idaho. My father owned a sawmill south of Pocatello and some times hired men to help with the work on the sawmill. Levell came out to help on the mill. There is where I met him. Although we were born but a few miles apart, we never met until some years later. He was nearly 18 years old and me 14 years old. He was working for father and helping on the sawmill. I was away at the time. When I returned, he was there. It is rather odd how we met. I was on my way up a hill from the cook house to the mill. It was a very narrow trail. He was coming down the same trail. We ran smack into each other. I was very embarrassed. He said "Oh, excuse me!" I looked up and saw what I thought the handsomest man I had ever met. Six feet two inches tall with the bluest eyes, fair skin, and lovely dark red hair and the most beautiful set of even teeth. He burst out laughing and such a laugh, I always loved that laugh, then we both laughed.

We were sweethearts for four years before we married. I always think of our love as something special, lovely and clean. When we were married, he was 23 years old and I 19. His father was at our wedding supper. We were married 21 October 1908. What we did not know at the time was that we were married on Levell's parents wedding day. We found it in the records of his parents later.

After Levell's mother died, his father did not take much time to work in the church. He somehow neglected to have Levell baptized, so he did not belong to the LDS church when we married. He had left home very young and went out to work for himself. He told me he had been thinking very seriously of joining the reorganized church, or the Josephite church, but heard there was a young Mormon missionary just returned from finishing a mission abroad. He was to speak at a certain place that evening. He decided he would go and hear the Mormon missionary speak first, (and thank God he did). He said that the young missionary was just taking the stand to speak as he, (Levell), came in. The missionary said that if there was anyone in the building that was troubled or undecided in their mind, that would be what he would speak on, and it was not very long before he began speaking of and explaining the doctrines and beliefs of the reorganized church, and he proved beyond a doubt that their doctrines were wrong. Very much so.

This was so much of a testimony to Levell that he thought no more of joining the Josephite Church, and of course, later joined the Mormon Church. This happened before we married. Soon after we married he asked me to read the Bible to him each night, and I could see he was very much interest in religion. I think my brothers influenced him a lot, as their belief in the LDS religion was very

strong and they loved Vell very much, as much as if he had been their own brother. And it was always that way until he died. He had such a wonderful personality everyone that knew him seemed to love him.

He was baptized into the Mormon faith at the same time two of my brothers and one sister were on 9 September 1910, at Robin, Bannock County, Idaho. Bishop Orsen Christerson and Elder John Morley did the baptizing and confirming on 10 September 1910. This was nearly two years after we married. First year after we married, we lived at Pocatello. My father and family moved back on the farm at Robin for the winter. While we were living at the feed barn in Pocatello that first year, one of Levell's sisters, the youngest, Sarah, came to visit us. She had two small children with her. That was the first I had met any of his full sisters. He had three living then in Utah. I thought Sarah was very nice and the children lovely.

Next year we moved to Robin, Idaho, and stayed through the summer on the farm. Levell and some of my brothers, and also father, went over to Crystal and each took a homestead. Levell built a small cabin on ours. I stayed at Robin with mother as we were expecting an increase in the family. Our first child, a little daughter, was born 21 January 1910. We named her Ella Theo, or rather Levell and my father did. I had another name selected, but no, they said she must have her mother's name. So it was! Anyway, she was a lovely daughter. Vell was so proud of her. He could hardly keep his eyes off her. She had very fair complexion and soft yellow hair, and eyes blue green when she was older.

In the spring we moved to Crystal on our homestead. It was only a one room cabin, but it looked like a castle to us, and we were so happy to be in our own home all by ourselves. My father and brothers had homesteads near in Crystal by now. A new village is so much fun.

We planted a garden on the new fertile soil. It grew so fast, and at that we could hardly wait until it was ready to eat. Only one thing that troubled us much was water. Our drinking water. Levell planned on a well but it seemed it was deeper to water than he thought, so we had to move our little house over near a spring. We had a nice cool spring on our farm. I loved it near the spring, so we moved our house in the fall, with the tractor. Levell had part interest in the tractor, which they all used to plow the farm's with.

Levell went away to work that winter to get money to buy wire to fence the farm with. We hated to be separated, if only for a short time, but it had to be. I moved back to Robin with my folks for the winter. We were so glad when spring came and we could go back to our little home. Levell came back with enough money to buy wire to fence our place and garden seeds and such. It was a real pioneer life for us but we were real happy, although we did not have much at the time.

It was about sometime in 1911 that they started a little LDS Branch Ward

Church at Crystal, Idaho. Here is where Levell did most of his work in the church. Not much, as he had not been a member long, but he was always willing to do his part or what he could to help. Bishop John Brown said that there was never a job so big but he could make himself big enough for, and that was very true. He helped on the singing as he had a nice bass voice. He also was ward teacher for some time.

In May, 1912, Levell's sister, Florence, passed away, leaving a large family of children. This was quite a shock to us. Levell loved his sister, Florence, very much. He planned on going to the funeral, but when he phoned it was too late and all over, so all we could do was send flowers. He felt very bad about this. On 7 January 1913 our son was born. I did the naming this time, the name--Clifton Levell Allsworth. The first child born on Clifton Creek, a small creek that ran by the farm. He was such a healthy sweet baby. Although he was dark like me, he resembled his father. Vell was so proud of him, he wanted a son so much. When Clifton was about 15 months old, we went to the Logan Utah Temple and took our family and had our endowment work done. On our way returning home we stopped at Preston, Idaho, and picked up one of Vell's sister Florence's children, Marious, a boy about five years old, as his mother was dead. We took him to Crystal to live with us.

We kept him until after Levell passed away, then I took him home as I went down with father to do some temple work for our folks. I often wish I could see Marious once more. I have not heard much about him since I took him home. I did love the little fellow, but I thought Fred, his father, could manage him better than me, and he was very homesick.

Levell contacted typhoid fever when he was working on the thrashing machine from the drinking water. He became ill late in the fall of 1914, and passed leaving us, his family. It was such a shock to us all. My folks as well as me and the children. Sometimes I wonder if it would have been better had it been me instead of him. But our Heavenly Father always knows best.

I often wish I could look as beautiful as he did in death. He looked like pure white marble.

Why did a spirit so good and intelligent go so soon? Like the poet said: "The finger of God touched him and called him home."

Elder John Marley, speaker at his funeral said he must have work on the other side to do. This closes his brief life here with us. Just six short years of married life.

Let us all try and live as good and intelligent a life as he did, and be worthy to meet him in the Great beyond...where there are many mansions prepared for the worthy.

--By May Ella Theo Whiting Allsworth

ELLA THEO ALLSWORTH ALLEN

I was born 21 January 1910 at Robin, Bannock, Idaho. My mother named me Ella Theo Allsworth. Her name is May Ella Theo Whiting and my father's name was Samuel Levell Allsworth. Both my parents were born in Utah. Mother was born at Soldier Summitt, Utah on 18 May 1889 and my father was born at Springsville, Utah on 15 October 1885. He died at Crystal, Idaho, the 26 of November 1914.

Although I was born at Robin, Idaho, our home was Crystal, Idaho. My mother went to Robin to have me so she could be in her parents home.

Crystal was a dryland farming community and I suppose to most people, it would seem kind of desolate.

When I lived there, there were lots of sage brush on the

surrounding hillsides, our house was at the foot of a steep hill which was covered with sage brush. At the top of the hill there were cedar trees, where some huge hawks liked to nest. We had long cold winters with lots of snow. In the spring just before the snow was all gone, I would climb to the top of this hill. Near a melting snow bank I would find some pretty pink flowers. I never knew their real name. One of my aunts called them Easter flowers. I always loved Crystal and the farm. I loved to ride a horse all by myself through the sage brush. Some places the brush was as high as my head. There was plenty of places to go where there wasn't a soul. I liked this. I had cows to milk, I liked the cows, chickens and our flock of geese and ducks. If my father had lived, I know I would have been very happy at Crystal. We were poor-if it rained we got a good crop of wheat to sell. If it didn't rain--we didn't have a crop. One year our wheat was all smut. It's a disease that ruins wheat. We didn't have much that year.

Some of my first and earliest memories were of my father. My father knew I loved flowers. One day he picked some flowers and put them in his shirt pocket. He told me I could have them. I tried to get them by climbing his leg but I couldn't reach them. He was a tall man so he bent down and laughing he let me get them out of his pocket.

I remember once trying to climb through a barb wire fence, as I had seen



L to R: Doris, Raleigh, Inez, & mother Theo Huntsman

others do. I pulled the wire apart but got caught in it and tore my leg badly. I had a hard time walking for awhile. I believe it happened when I was about three years old.

I remember when my father got typhoid fever. I was four years old. He became very ill. Then he had a relapse and died. I remember while he was ill, Mother asked me to come and look at his hair. The sun was shining on it and it looked like red gold. It was very pretty. I remember someone lifting me up for a last look at him in the coffin. I also remember crying the night he died. I remember mother sent for Uncle Will. She sent him for a doctor (a chiropractor) who lived about a half a mile down the road from us. Uncle Will ran out in the night with his bare feet.

After my father died it was the end of the happy days in my life. About a year later Mother married a man named Charley Reiger. This man had an uncontrollable temper and was very cruel.

I had one brother and no sisters. My brother was three years younger than me. I remember when Clifton was born. A doctor from Pocatello (about 21 miles away), was sent for. He had to come by team and Clifton was born by the time he got there. The doctor charged them about \$80.00. At that time, it seemed like a fortune.

Clifton was born at our home in Crystal, Idaho. His full name is Clifton Levell Allsworth. His birthdate is 7 January 1913. He was a very cute little boy with reddish, slightly curly hair. He was friendly and talkative and very headstrong. He loved to talk about the "bens" we had. We had two horses one named Chuck and one named Ben, which he loved. When Clifton was about three or four years old, he would sit by the side of the road and wait for someone to come along in a wagon. He would try and engage them in a conversation. He would tell them tall tales about himself and the "bens". I remember once he told someone how he saved the "bens" from some great danger by pushing them up a tree.

About this time the first cars came to Crystal. I remember the first car I ever saw. I suppose I was about five years old. My Uncle Jay was being given a demonstration by a salesman. We were invited to come along. My brother was wide-eyed. Finally he said, "Where's the "bens"?"

We lived about 21 miles from Pocatello and we would go to town a few times each year by horses and wagon. It would take us nearly all day to get there. Then we would put the horses in the livery stables and stay all night with an Aunt that lived in Pocatello.

My brother grew tall and thin. As he got older and could drive a horse, our stepfather kept him busy ploughing and doing other farm work. Our stepfather had a terrible temper and anytime Clifton did anything he didn't like he would hit him with whatever he had at hand. Clifton and I had miserable childhoods. Clifton

probably had a worse time than I did. I could keep out of my stepfather's sight but Clifton had to work with him. I was timid and was deathly afraid of him. Clifton was more courageous. He didn't like being shoved around and sometimes he stood up to him. But it didn't do much good as he always got a beating.

When Clifton was 15 years old he decided he had had all the bad treatment he could take. He hauled grain that fall and earned enough to buy a Ford truck. He told Mother and me he was leaving and we could go with him if we wanted to. I was overjoyed. I guess Mother was glad to go too, because one day when our stepfather was in town for a few days she helped pack the truck with food and furniture. We took off for Nevada. We were so heavily loaded, it is a wonder we ever got there. It was November and there was a lot of snow in Idaho. It took us all night to go seven or eight miles. We had many adventures. The truck broke down several times and one wheel came off and we were nearly killed. Mother and I weren't any help. Neither one of us could drive or do much. Whenever the truck broke down Clifton would take it apart and fix it. He got us safely to Nevada. How many 15 year olds could do that? When we got there Clifton got a job on a ranch.

Mother and I were "Babes in the woods." We didn't have any job skills. I got a job in a laundry for \$7.00 a week. Later mother went to work in the same laundry. I was frightened of being out on my own.

I went to church and met a man named Charley Huntsman. I thought he was a good Mormon, unfortunately, I jumped into a marriage too quickly. We came to Fallon, Nevada, on Thanksgiving Day and I was married by the following August. I was unhappy at home so I moved too soon into a marriage that lasted 11 unhappy years.

Mother moved in with us until she married Clark Dick. They were married 30 years, then he died of cancer. I think they had a happy marriage.

After I married, it didn't take me too long to find out my husband was dishonest with me and everyone else too. Nor did he worry about taking care of his family. One thing I got from him was three wonderful children. One and a half years after our marriage, Doris was born. She was a pretty baby, she had dark brown eyes and hair and ivory skin. I wanted to do everything right so I got a government book on raising babies. I tried to follow it to the letter. Most of the advice they gave us then has been discarded. Such as feeding right on schedule and other things.

Doris always had a mind of her own. If she decided not to do something you might as well give up. She was shy and always truthful. I can't remember her ever telling me a lie. She was born in Fallon, Nevada. When Doris was about six or so she was hit by a car in Reno, Nevada. She lay on the street with her eyes closed. The man that hit her said he'd take her to the hospital. Doris jumped up then and said she wasn't hurt and that she wasn't going to any hospital. I said to

her, "Why were you lying there with your eyes closed if you weren't hurt?" She said, "I thought I was dead."

The depression came. When Doris was a baby we were living in Nevada. Charley lost his job and there were no other jobs to be had so we moved to Salmon, Idaho. There were a group of Mormons (several of the men were my uncles,) there and they were buying a big ranch. We took some of the acreage by a beautiful little creek called Kirtly Creek. Raleigh was born here in a little one room house. I had a window box and I dug up some Bitterroot flowers and put them in the box. The Bitterroots are sort of pink and white flowers about the size of an aster though single petals. They are not as tall as asters. They grew near the ground when wild, but the ones in my window box grew a little taller and on the day that Raleigh was born, 20 May 1932, they all burst into bloom. A very pretty sight. I felt that it meant that Raleigh was a special baby.

Raleigh was never hard to manage, he always tried to be good and do his best. Later as he was growing up, he would fuss and worry that everything should be done just right. We were very poor and when Raleigh and Doris were about two and three years old, they had two toys to play with. There was a family who lived on a ranch next to us. A son and his wife lived there with a new baby. Soon after Christmas I called on this family. Their Christmas tree was still up and heaped all around it were piles of toys. I doubt that the baby was a year old yet. Raleigh really went for the toys and when we left he was crying and heartbroken because he couldn't take anything with him. I was never able to understand why a family with so much could have given a toy to my boy and girl but they didn't. Raleigh cried for a long time after we got home, so I hunted around and found some broken beads and I strung them for him but it didn't help much.

The depression years were terrible for us. We had almost nothing to wear and very little to eat. Most of us lost our farms. We had added another room to our one-roomed house but we couldn't pay for it.

After we lost the place, we rented a log cabin for five dollars a month. At this time Inez was born on 22 January 1936. I had been terribly ill before Inez was born and I would faint once or twice nearly every day. Nor did I have very much food to eat. Nor the proper foods one should have when carrying a baby. Inez was thin and frail when she was born. My Uncle Will and his wife, Ethel, took us into their home when Inez was born. We both caught colds. I was in bed about 30 days with it and Inez nearly died. Because of this she was named and blessed, but the records were lost and so she had to be given a blessing again when she was three or four years old. Inez was a loving child. She loved to cut out dolls from old catalogs. She seemed to have hundred of them and would talk to them by the hours. She made friends easily and managed to get her way in the most appealing way she had. One day I sent Doris out side with her. Our house was right next to a stream of water. I told Doris not to let Inez fall in the water. It wasn't long

until I heard some loud cries. I ran out and found Doris sitting in the creek and holding Inez up so she wouldn't drown. She said they had tried to cross a little foot bridge and fell in.

One day Raleigh called me out to see a rope going down the creek. The rope turned out to be a water snake. Once Raleigh fell in the creek, too. I happened to hear a gurgling sound when I was going out to the garden. Raleigh was only three years old and he had tried to throw a cat into the creek and fell in himself instead. At this spot there was a deep hole and he was holding on to a little rose bush. It was a miracle that he wasn't drowned. Once he nearly cut off his nose when he fell off a trailer. He also broke a bone in his foot jumping off a shed. He did his thinking after his accidents.



Inez Huntsman & mother Theo Allen

I think it was 1937 we left Idaho and went to Reno, Nevada where Charley's people lived. We stayed with them until Charley got a job as a serviceman for Montgomery Ward. Things went from bad to worse. Charley spent all his money on good times before he ever got home. Charley finally got into serious trouble and ended up in prison. I took my three children and went to Oxford, Idaho, where my grandmother lived. I got a civil divorce and later when I got to Montana I was granted a temple divorce.

The children and I lived with Grandmother Whiting at Oxford, Idaho. We came to Oxford on January 1941. In May 1941 we left for Moise, Montana, where my mother and stepfather, Clark Dick, lived. I left the children with them and got a job in Ronan as there was nothing in Moise. Inez got diphtheria and because she needed a doctor and constant care, Clark and Mother moved to St. Ignatius. Their farm was no good so they didn't mind the quick and sudden move. While Inez was ill, mother taught her to read. So she knew how to read before she went to school.

Clark went to Nevada soon after and got a job. Mother stayed with me till Inez started school that fall.

I worked first at the Holy family Hospital for \$25.00 a month. We would have starved to death if mother had not paid the rent for me that winter. Later I started working at the Purity Bakery for \$7.00 a week. Raleigh got a job

delivering papers. There was lots of Indians on his route and I'm sorry to say they didn't pay their bills very well. Raleigh ran himself ragged trying to collect for the papers. Doris got the worse case of chicken pox I ever saw. I was making so little money I couldn't afford to miss work or we would have starved. So Doris had to stay home alone. Doris said she was happier in St. Ignatius than other places we'd lived. Shows were cheap and the kids liked to go. One time they were already to go to a show and Inez ran out and fell down in a mud puddle. By the time she went back and changed her clothes, the other kids had gone off and left her.

In May 1943, Uncle Reese rented a truck and came to St. Ignatius. He brought us back to Hamilton, Montana, (Darby area). It was a blessing after that horrible winter in St. Ignatius anything would have looked good. We stayed in a little house on Uncle Reese's farm for awhile. Then I got a good job in a bakery in Hamilton.

I soon managed to make a down payment on a small five room house. Uncle Reese and Clark helped me fix it up quite a lot. Later I traded it in on a large nine room house. The children each had a room. I think they liked this home quite well.

Mother and Clark came back from Nevada. They stayed awhile and then they decided to move to Missouri where Clark's folks lived. They ended up in Arkansas.

My health was never too good. The next 16 years were nothing but a constant struggle. I was always tired. Uncle Reese and Eva, (his wife), were the only ones I had to turn to. Uncle Reese had always been like a father to me.

Our children Theo Allsworth Allen's family played together.

Sometimes we went out in the woods and hills on picnics. Life would have been much harder or worse without Uncle Reese. Just knowing he was there if I needed help made all the difference.



Inez wasn't very good in school. She got on the honor roll and got to go to Girl's State. She was also a legal secretary for several years in Missoula for two lawyers.

Doris was a checker at Safeway before she married. All my children were able to get jobs and make their own way.

I was working in the hospital when I met Chester Allen. We were married about seven years. He was good to me and provided me with a good home. He also taught me to fish. For the first time in my life I found out there was something to do besides work. After he died I moved back to Hamilton, we had been living in Missoula, and I worked at a bakery for a few months. Not being used to working hard for seven years, I had terrible back aches.

Soon I had to quit and go to Arkansas and get my Mother and stepfather Clark. I brought them back to Hamilton. When I got back to Hamilton I went to work at the hospital. The work was hard for me and my bad headaches got worse. I finally retired in January 1972.

The children all finished school and Raleigh spent two years in the service. He went to Korea. When he came home, he went to BYU and became an industrial engineer. He has been Bishop several times.

Doris and Inez are also active in the church as are their husbands and all of them have been to the temple. So I do have some things to be thankful for.

I am sealed to my second husband, Chester Bronson Allen and hope someday to have my children sealed to me.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has always been important to me. I always knew it to be true. The Lord does not leave us alone. If we will only have faith and ask for his help. Many times I know the Lord has always helped me and protected me or spared my life.

When I was about 16 years old, Clifton and I were living in a three-room cabin alone and going to high school, (at Pocatello). One day I was alone and trying to start a fire in the kitchen wood cook stove. I was having trouble getting the wood to burn so I got what I thought was a gallon of coal oil, but it turned out to be gasoline. As I poured it on the small blaze I had going, the can caught on fire. I dropped the can and gasoline ran all over the floor and soon flames were as high as the ceiling. I tried to put it out with some water but this only made it worse as the water floated on top of the gasoline. It kept on burning.

Then I got a wool blanket and somehow I was able to smother the fire and put it out with the blanket. The walls of the kitchen had gotten so hot that they were covered with burnt paint. The paint had boiled up and turned to little bubbles. I didn't have any burns. I know that I would have been badly burned and the house would have burned down if I hadn't been protected by God. This is just one of the many times I was taken care of. I'm sure there were many more times I'm not even aware of.

I was fortunate in that I had several uncles (my mother's brother) who were deeply religious. They each would try to encourage me to go to church which I did now and then. My Uncle Reese gave me a book called, "What It Means To Be a Mormon." This book left a big impression on me and I loved it because it was my book and I read it many times.

Little do we know how much a little deed may mold the future of those we help. I also read the Bible quite a lot. I was religiously inclined. I made up my mind when I was about 18 to pay an honest tithe but I was never able to manage it until I'd left my husband and was on my own.

At one time I heard Apostle Ballard speak in Salmon, Idaho. I was really inspired by his talk and decided then I was going to live the principles of the gospel. I was in my early twenties at this time. It was many years before I really appreciated the church and understood how much everyone could be improved and be made happier by living the gospel precepts.

I was very close to my Uncle Reese and he was a very religious man. I was lucky to have him to teach me the gospel.

I had many dreams in my life that guided me in the way I should go as well as giving me hope for the future. Only foolish people try to get along without God. Sooner or later they will come to their senses and realize their mistake. Sometimes by the time we realize our mistakes it is too late to do anything about it.

There's a saying, "What might have been are the saddest words of all." I know that the Church of Jesus Christ is the only true church. The greatest desire of my heart is that my family and all my descendants will have a testimony and that their lives will be a testimony to others.

I did not know my father's people. My grandfather Allsworth married a second time after Grandmother Allsworth died and since my father also died, we had no contact with his family.

--By Ella Theo Allsworth Allen

DORIS LYNN HUNTSMAN SIMMONS

I was born in Fallon, Nevada on 13 March 1931. When I was a child we moved a lot. When I was about 11 years old we moved to Hamilton, Montana area. I have lived here since.

I graduated from Hamilton High School in 1949. After that I worked in grocery stores. I was working for Safeway when I met Alfred Simmons. He was

the produce man at Safeways. We got married on 11 May 1955. We had five children. Al and I were married by Grant Patten and after our five children were born we went to the Cardston Alberta Temple and were sealed to each other and had our children sealed to us. We then all went on a vacation in Canada and had a good time.



All of our children are now married. Our two sons went on missions for the LDS church. I was ill for about two years and spent most of the time in the Missoula hospitals. I came home in 1988 and I was in a wheelchair but my husband had me out of the wheel chair and walking and I hope that I never have to use a wheel chair again. If I ever do it will be alright because I didn't hate using it.

Our son, Eric, built us a new home that Keely's husband designed for us. We like it very much. We had lived in our old house about 35 years and it was hard to move out of it but we did and now we like the new place.

These are my children's dates:
 Elaine May was born on 28 February 1956. She married Steve Barringer and they have one child, a son and he is named Michael. They live in Corvallis.

Robert Alfred was born 4 June 1958. He married Maria Elena and they are expecting their first baby in October of this year. They live in Bloomington,

California.

Eric Levell was born 27 January 1961. He married Mildred Warner and they have three children. Two girls named Jayne and Keshia and one boy named Mason. They live in Hamilton.

Keely Dianne was born 18 July 1963. She married Dale Jankunas and they have one daughter named Georgia May. They live in Hamilton.

Nancy Irene was born 4 January 1968. She married Mark Jorgensen. They live in Lewiston, Utah.

--By Doris Lynn Huntsman Simmons

RALEIGH LEWIS HUNTSMAN

I, Raleigh Lewis Huntsman, was born on 20 May 1932, in Salmon, Idaho. My parents were Ella Theo Allsworth Huntsman Allen and Charley Lewis Huntsman. I had two sisters, Doris and Inez. My parents were divorced when I was very young and I never got to know my dad. We spent most of our youth living with relatives under very meager circumstances. We lived in Montana and some in Nevada until high school graduation. While growing up I learned to work hard earning One dollar an hour at Kimpton's Main Street Market in Hamilton, Montana. I loved church activities, hunting, fishing, the outdoors and sports. The family was always in need of money so I had to drop out of sports in High School and go to work. After graduating from high school, I was drafted into the Army at age 19, due to the Korean War. I became an Electronics Instructor at the Army's Southwestern Signal School in San Louis Obispo, California. I received orders to go to Korea but while in route on the troop ship the war ended. I spent 10 months in Chunchon, Korea, eating turkey every day that was surplus left over from the war and serving as the Electronics Communication Center Carrier Chief. I received a great deal of strength and support from the LDS group leader and friend Newell Hill. I was his assistant LDS Group leader and he was my assistant at the signal school. I was honorably released three months early so that I could attend BYU in the fall of 1954. Thanks to the GI bill, I was able to attend BYU year round and received my B.S. Degree three years later in Industrial Management & Engineering Science (1957). Due to my Mother's health and lack of financial support, by the time I received my degree I was completely broke but happy to be the first Huntsman to receive a degree.

Because of the destitute financial condition of the family I was not able to serve on a mission of which I have always regretted. I was blessed, however, with many opportunities to serve in the church including that of being a Stake Missionary.

After graduating from BYU I was offered a job with Boeing, Seattle for \$96/wk and McDonnell Douglas Aircraft for \$102/wk. I took the higher paying job and moved to St. Louis, Missouri. My mother thought surely I had apostatized because I was going so far away from Montana and family. I sold my guns, (a very heartbreaking experience), for money to make the trip. I arrived in St. Louis broke, no food and a car that was on its last leg. I called the Branch President (George Evans) and told him my troubles. He said, "You think you have troubles now it just so happens that I need a scoutmaster desperately and I have been praying for you to come to town." I accepted the calling over the phone.

I met my "great wife" in St. Louis even though it took five years for us to get married. She had so many boy friends and was only in High School when I met her. It seemed like half the Branch was LDS Dental students and they all wanted Shirley. I finally won out and on 31 October 1961, (Halloween) we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. We had a great life in St. Louis where three of our children were born, (Allen, Steve and Janet). I was called to be the Branch President and then later Bishop of the St. Charles Ward just outside of St. Louis. We bought our first home on the GI bill. It was a four bedroom home for \$21,000 with nothing down and 5% interest. We had no furniture to begin with.

In 1966 McDonnell Douglas transferred us to Titusville, Florida. We left as soon as our third child (Janet) was three weeks old and we spent the next five years there. We had two more children born during this time (Carrie and Reed). I was a Manager for McDonnell Douglas (close to Cape Canaveral). We also built our first custom home. I was again called to be the bishop of the Titusville Ward, Orlando Stake. We loved our Ward, the climate and of course the fishing. My final assignment in Florida was to design the fuel tanks for the new USAF F-15 Fighter Aircraft. Our next transfer was to Tulsa, Oklahoma where these fuel tanks would be manufactured. Shirley took good care of our family and each time we received orders to relocate she would take on the task with enthusiasm.

We arrived in Tulsa in 1971; I was assigned as the new Program Manager & Project Engineer for the F-15 Fuel Tank Program. This was the most exciting professional assignment I had ever received.

Our final child (Kimberly) was born in Tulsa. We built our second and third homes in Broken Arrow, a suburb of Tulsa. For the next 13 years this turned out to be the first real home for our kids. I was again called to be a Bishop of the Tulsa First Ward with over 1000 members. While Bishop I came down with a rare muscle disorder that caused a great deal of agonizing pain. With a special blessing and support from my family I was able to overcome this affliction. Soon after that the Ward was divided and I was sure that I would be released because of the illness I had, but nevertheless the Lord saw differently and felt that I still had more to learn as a Bishop and I was again called as Bishop of the newly formed Tulsa Fourth Ward. Within the next few years I was called to serve as a High



LtoR br-Darren Vickers, Steve Huntsman, Raleigh, Huntsman, Brian Healey, Reed Huntsman, Allen Huntsman, Craig Lewis fr-Carrie Vickers, Janeal Huntsman, Shirley, Kim Healey, Tina Huntsman, Janet Lewis

Councilman, and Councilor in the Stake Presidency and then as Stake President of the new Tulsa East Stake. I missed being a Bishop but I enjoyed my calling as Stake President for the next seven years. Professionally I became the Director of Program Management and Marketing at McDonnell Douglas. I did not agree with some of the practices of my new boss so I left the company and became Chairman, President and CEO of a small local manufacturer of Aerospace Components (Napier Industries). One year later the General Manager at McDonnell Douglas, the one I couldn't work with, was fired and I was asked to come back as a Vice President with a substantial pay raise, which I did. At this time we started having trouble with some of our kids and we, of course, blamed it on their friends. When we were at a very discouraging point and thought we were going to lose a couple of our kids, out of the blue, we were contacted by a "Head Hunter" and offered a job in Philadelphia. After much prayer and many tears we decided this was the thing to do. We literally wrapped our arms around all of our kids except for our

oldest and while they were asleep packed them in the car and drove to Philadelphia. This turned out to be a most inspired family move.

We arrived in Philadelphia in the fall of 1984 and settled in the Valley Forge Area. I was the Vice President of a passenger train manufacturing company (The Budd Company), with almost 2000 employees. It was a very tough "Union, Black Employee, Situation." It turned out to be a great learning experience. While there our son, Steve, served a mission for the church. Steve, Janet, and Carrie were married in the temple. Shirley and I had one of our dream homes located on 2 1/2 acres adjacent to Valley Forge National Park. After three great years in Philadelphia the last passenger train was delivered and we were faced with another move. The company was transferring us to Detroit. After much prayer we decided to turn down this transfer and instead we chose to make a family oriented move to Utah. Two of our kids were attending BYU at the time. We left the Budd Company, Transit America, Inc Division in the summer of 1987.

We arrived in Provo, Utah, with only two of our children still at home. It was so exciting to be surrounded by so many Saints after having lived so long in the mission field. We bought a lovely home within walking distance from the Ward, Stake Center, BYU Stadium and the Provo Temple. Reed went on a mission and Kimberly, after returning from one semester at Ricks College got married. Our oldest son, Allen, and his special family joined us from Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. It was like living in a dream...with all of our children close.

I again got the opportunity to run a small company. I started out with Bishop Robert Hales, Larry Ashton and Winding Technologies Corporation. We are not continuing to develop small businesses with our sons, Allen, Steve, and Janet's husband, Craig. As of this date we have 12 1/2 grandchildren. We are currently in the process of building our grandparents home. It will be built by our own Huntsman Construction, Inc. with Allen as the general contractor. Reed returned from his mission a year ago and is studying to be a Dentist and looking for his eternal companion.

At present (20 March 1993), Shirley and I are the only ones at home. We are enjoying our businesses, building our new home on Hobble Creek in Springville, Utah, hunting and fishing in this great State of Utah and most of all enjoying our grandchildren. We are looking forward to serving a full time mission and then having great grandchildren.

--By Raleigh L. Huntsman

CLIFTON LEVELL ALLSWORTH

I was born, Clifton Levell Allsworth, on 7 January 1913. My father Samuel



Clifton Allsworth & wife Ilene

Levell Allsworth died a couple of years after I was born. My mother, Ella May Allsworth, remarried a little over a year later to a man by the name of Charlie Reiger, who was so mean the Lord didn't want him and the devil wouldn't have him. After approximately 12 years, I told my mother one day I wasn't going to put up with it any longer. She said she wanted to get a divorce from him, but she thought we had better leave him and get a divorce later as he may kill her or us kids.

So the next year, I was 15 years old, we bought a Model T Ford truck, I had hauled grain and paid for the truck and saved around \$50.00.

In November 1928, we loaded our furniture and belongings on our truck while Charlie Reiger was on trial in Pocatello for beating up on a high school principle. We took off for Nevada. We had quite a trip after breaking a frame on the truck and breaking a rear spring and loosing a wheel and a half dozen other things I had to fix, but we finally arrived in Fallon, Nevada, November the 25th or somewhere around that date.

I went to work on the farms around there for awhile then I went back to Idaho for a month or so and picked potatoes on the farms around Buhl, Idaho.

In 1929 Theo, my sister, got married and mother got a divorce from Charlie. I went to Sacramento, California, and got a job on a steamboat and stayed there a couple of weeks, then I got a job with the U.S. Engineers and I worked with them for three years. They laid a bunch of us off because we were single and gave our jobs to married men.

About this time mother had remarried to a man by the name of Clark Dick. They had moved to Salmon, Idaho, and were trying to build them a new home on the Hagle Ranch, they wrote and asked me to come up and help them so I did. I stayed one summer and spent the winter in the CC Camp in Shoup, Idaho.

In the spring of 1934, I left there and went to Stockton, California, and got a job with R.G. Litoureau as a machinist. I worked there a year and was made foreman. They owned a plant back in Peoria, Illinois, it was so hot and sultry back there that I quit and came back to San Francisco. In the meantime at night after

I got off work, while working for Litoureau, I would practice welding. I got a job with Western Pipe and Steel in 1935. I left there and went to Los Angeles to work for General Motors welding on autos in 1936.

I got married to Eileen in 1939. Soon after this I took the Civil Service Examination for the Naval Shipyards. I passed the examination and tests and went to work in the Mre Island Ship Yards, this was in 1940.

In 1942 I made leading man or supervisor. The war had just started so they sent me over to Pearl Harbor as a leadingman and I worked on airplane carriers most of the time.

After I had been there six months, Eileen, my wife, came over and went to work in the Bond Office; then I transferred to the Personnel Office and so did she. Eileen was in charge of the bonds and I was a personnel supervisor for a year.

In 1944 we transferred back to the San Francisco Naval Shipyards. We bought a home on the ocean about 20 miles out of San Francisco. I made Eileen quit the Naval Yard and take care of the home as there was too much work to do at home, we had quite a large place.

In the meantime I made quartermen Welding Supervisor, which is a good rate equal to a Captain rate in the Navy and little better pay.

In 1949 I quit the naval yard and went into the welding business and job shop in Pescadero, California. In 1951 the Korean War had started and my former boss from the shipyards asked me to come back to the naval yard, so I did.

Soon after this we bought a few commercial lots on the Coast Highway. About a mile from our home we built a nursery. My wife ran this as I was working the night shift.

In 1961 while working on our roof at home, a two story building, I fell off the roof and broke my hip and injured my back. Later on I developed a rupture from this, I also got a bad lung, so in 1962 the Government retired me on disability.

We sold out and went to Arkansas to visit my mother and stepfather, here bought a ranch and moved onto it that year.

In 1968 Eileen had a stroke and I was having a few problem also, so we sold our cattle ranch in 1969 and moved to Apache Junction, Arizona, where we live at the present time. We were unable to have any children, but we did raise a couple, or help to, while we lived in California.

Eileen died in July 1982 after a long illness.

I married Verla Harman in November 1982 and Verla died in February 1984 of a massive heart attack.

I married Alta Whiting Johnson on February 1986. We sold our home in Arizona and bought a home in Salmon, Idaho in October 1988.

--By Clifton L. Allsworth

NOTE: Clifton died 12 September 1992 in Missoula, Montana and is buried in Salmon Idaho.

CHAPTER 7

LEMUAL ALMA WHITING

CHAPTER 1

THEORY AND PRACTICE

LEMUAL ALMA WHITING



Jay & Marcena Whiting

My father was born 6 June 1892 at Springville, Utah, to Lorenzo Snow Whiting and Flora Waterman Whiting. He married Marcena Ames on 5 October 1911 in Anaconda, Montana.

He and Mother raised twelve children, six boys and six girls.

Dad passed away in Pocatello, 6 April 1973, and was buried in Restlawn Memorial Gardens in Pocatello.

I will write of some things I remember. My education didn't condition me to be a writer so bear with me.

Dad homesteaded a dry farm in upper Rattlesnake at Crystal, Idaho. When us kids started getting school age they gave up the homestead. We lived at several different places in Crystal and then moved to Pocatello.

I'm trying to keep this writing as brief as possible but since I started I could write a book as memories return to me. The first time we moved to Pocatello was the fall of 1921. We moved with a Wagon and team and, of course, all the furniture in the wagon and leading a milk cow behind. We moved in a house just across the street, on south second avenue), from a livery stable and that is the first time we saw an electric light. It was kinda spooky for us kids. The only light we ever saw was akerosene lamp.

My Dad worked at the railroad that winter. Sometime that winter Dad took us on the train to Logan to go to the temple. Dad was getting a large family and during some very trying times, depression years and such it seems he was always able to get something going to make a living. He bought a bunch of milk cows that we milked for a few years on a farm we leased three miles south of Pocatello.

Then he bought a dry farm up Gibson Jack Creek and farmed it a few years. Then bought a herd of sheep and leased a farm at Rupert to raise hay for them.

The following spring we got sheep and took a few small bunches from various farmers in the community and ours which amounted to about two thousand head. We trailed them up into Crystal for range. That summer Dad and Uncle Reece set up a sawmill in Crystal Creek and my brother Reece and I herded the sheep. He later sold the sheep and bought our apartment house in Pocatello and

gave up the farm at Rupert.

He ran the sawmill at Crystal with us boys helping. We powered it with a steam engine. Uncle Reece had moved to Salmon. Eventually he sold the mill to Johnny Infanger, and Dad set up a mill in Garden Creek. Later Dad had to move that mill as someone bought all the timber in that area as well as the land. That mill was powered with a steam engine and Dad didn't have a truck big enough to haul the engine, so he said it's got s\wheels so we fixed it up and drove it down to a place in Mink Creek that he had leased. It took us three days. Dad had a pickup truck and put about four fifty-gallon barrells in it and u\hauled the water to the engine and my brother-in-law and I drove it out of there. We cut the wood to fire it with as we went.

We got the mill set up, then Dad got a contract with the CCC and Forest Service to cut all their timber for park benches and other things. I remember he traded lumber for a couple of Belgian Stallions. One of those horses weighed 2200 pounds. We used him to drag the logs with, he could pull as much as a team.

Dad eventually moved to McCammon and leased a place and milked cows and farmed the Harkness place. Then he set up a mill on the highway on South 5th. and sawed lumber for a few years, then he went to work for the City of Pocatello and was the overseer of Ross Park Zoo. He retired from there. In the meantime he had purchased some rental property in Pocatello. Also a nice little home on South 3rd, plus a house in McCammon.

Dad loved to fish and hunt and in his younger years he played baseball which was his favorite sport. He was usually the pitcher or first baseman. He could throw a curve ball and struck out a lot of batters. That ball went over the plate but it seemed to dodge the bat.

When Dad and Uncle Ralph were small boys, Gramma Whiting had some laying hens and one of them died so they built a nest and put some eggs in it and put the dead hen on the nest, but he said those eggs never did hatch. He told us of a time when he was quite young and had went hunting for deer and was a long way from home so he decided to spend the night out in the hills. As he lay there on the ground trying to go to sleep he stood the rifle on the ground and pointed it up in the air and pulled the trigger just fooling around like any young fellow; but then he thought that bullet has got to come back down and he didn't know whether to start running or not, but decided to just lay still and sure enough after a few moments he heard a zip right to the side of his head.

I remember one year at Christmas time us kids just knew Santa wasn't gonna make it to our place. It was about 20 miles to town and a lot of deep snow and bitter cold. Dad had left on a horse we found out later, and rode clear to Pocatello and got back Christmas Eve in the middle of the night. So Santa did make it to our place and we all got some toys and candy Christmas morning. Forty miles through deep snow and blizzard and very cold on a horse is not a picnic in July.

My Dad loved music and dancing. But could never quite master the violin.

He bought my mother a piano and also a violin which she learned to play them both. Her people were mostly musically inclined. She taught me to play the violin. My Dad had a very wonderful wife by his side and it took them both through rough times and some good to raise twelve children. Every two years a new baby, with much of the washing done on a washboard. There isn't room or time to write of everything so will write here the names of all my brothers and sisters from the oldest to the youngest: Grace, Arch, Russell, Reece, Juanita, Delcene, Rachel, Donna Calvin, Boice, Shirley, Leon.

Rachel passed away March 1969, and Reece passed away 16 December 1986. Four of us are living in and near Pocatello, the rest are scattered around the nation. We had a reunion in 1986, and all eleven of my folks living children were there and their families. There were over two hundred of my folks posterity in attendance. Some couldn't be there due to their jobs and other reasons. Kids, Grandkids and Great Grandkids and Great Great Grandkids are intending to have a roundup in 1987 probably in August.

The best to all of my relatives.

--Written by: Arch Whiting



Marcena and Jay

MARCENA AMES WHITING

Marcena was born 7 November 1895 at Cottonwood, Idaho, to Samuel Johnson Ames and Sarah Ann Boice. She married Lemual Alma (Jay) Whiting at Anaconda, Montana on 5 October 1911. She passed away at Henderson, Nevada on 4 May 1980 and was buried at Restlawn Memorial Gardens in Pocatello, Idaho.

I'm reminded of an article I once read: King Solomon had wisdom, the most the world has seen. He must have had a wife like mother for his queen.

Marcena Whiting was a woman of many talents, she was able to make most of her kids clothes on her old Singer Tredle sewing machine. Also she loved music and dancing. She learned to play the violin and piano and played for many dances for years. She was self-taught and played by ear. She organized her own dance band and played for the Golden Age dances as well as many church

programs and public dances. To name a few of her talents: she was a good tap dancer, a singer, and teacher. She taught us kids some of these talents. Those of us who wanted to learn and some of us did.

It isn't my intent to say that all my mother did was dance, play music and sing, because her biggest concern was to raise a family and give them all the comforts and the right teachings to be sure we understood the way the Lord wanted us to be. We had some good times and some hard times. Mother always seemed to know what to do in case we got sick or injured. She used a lot of natural remedies such as yarrow tea when we got a cold and some kind of root she dug for making a tea for blood remedy.

I remember when Reece was about two years old and got a big marble lodged in his throat and was choking. She picked him up by the heels and gave him a good whack on the back and that marble shot out and rolled across the floor. Another time at about age four, he broke his leg when Dad was gone so she drove our big open car to the house and put a mattress in the back and loaded Reece on it and went for help. If we got pneumonia or congested lungs from a cold, she put a mustard plaster on our chest. Sometimes she gave us a dose of Epsom Salts and everything seemed to come out all right, ha ha.

I remember when the folks got a Model T Ford and Mother decided to learn to drive it. She did alright after she learned how to stop it. Before that she took out a few barb wire gates. One day while she was cranking it the spark lever was set wrong and it back fired and the crank broke her arm. I can see her still washing clothes on a washboard and one arm in a sling.

She always said where there's a will there's a way. She taught us to always be polite and use good table manners and cleanliness.

Mother was religious and a good moral woman. She taught us to always say our prayers and read the religious books. If I was to write all the good advice she gave us it would take more than this tablet. As a child, mother and her family moved to Anaconda with a wagon and team, where they set up a wood lot to supply the miners there with wood and also cut timber for the miners. They acquired some milk cows and had a dairy, the family worked together at this. When the flu epidemic started Grandma sent mother on the train to Arimo to help one of her older sisters who lived at Robin, Idaho, with her husband Eli Wolverton as they had a new baby and needed help. I think mother was about seventeen then.

There is where she met my father at Church or a dance. As time went on they thought more and more of each other, then it came time for mother to go back to Anaconda. Dad felt lost and lonesome after mother left so he went to Anaconda and they were married. They didn't have a big elaborate wedding due to the flu and sickness in that area. Grandpa Ames played their favorite waltz over the phone, a tune called, "Over the Waves". Some sixty years later I played that tune on the violin at my father's funeral as requested by my Mother.

I hope this writing is satisfactory to all family and friends. God bless you

all. Arch Whiting.

--By Arch Whiting

A FEW MEMORIES

Soon after my marriage to Alfred Reese Whiting in May of 1930, we went to Crystal, Idaho and lived in a tent and cook shack for the summer. The economic depression was in full swing. No work and no money and no jobs available.

Jay and family were living in Pocatello and decided they had to get out where they could raise a garden and some stock. So the two brothers decided to put together a sawmill. They found an old Avery steam engine of theirs was still in working order, with a few repairs needed, so they scrounged around for what they needed. Jay borrowed the use of a friend's lathe so they could make some parts. Their older brother Lorenzo (Len) helped with his mechanical knowledge and they finally had a mill going. They were using a saw, 54 inch, that their Grandfather Edwin Whiting had used in his mill in Hobbie Creek Canyon near Springville, Utah.

The Depression was still very deep the next few years. Each summer they worked at the mill. In Reese's history he tells how Jay's ten year old daughter, Juanita, would help him with the large ribbon saw while Jay used a two wheel cart and team to haul the logs a mile or so to the mill.

During that time in Pocatello was a NDA store established to help the needy. No money was used, or very little, that is one could receive part cash and the rest in script. This script could be used to purchase whatever else was in the store and in a few other stores. Reese had an old truck on which they hauled the lumber and received about \$20 per thousand feet, part in cash the rest in trade. Most clothing and household articles in the store were second hand, but usable.

Also one could butcher meat and trade for whatever. Jay always seemed to have a few sheep. It is surprising what necessity and a bit of ingenuity can do.

While at the mill we cleared a small space for a garden. The fellow who lived a couple of miles below us had a large garden and would often share it with us.

Reese and Jay were also able to trade lumber for cattle and a horse or two. Lumber and animals both worth about \$25 to \$30 each. They could also trade some for gas. At least we lived and did as well as many others.

Between the cook shack and the creek we had a fireplace spot. Each Saturday, Marcena would heat a big boiler of water and wash clothes by boiling

and rubbing on the board. She taught me many tricks of that trade and a few others of which I was rather inept.

Reese and Jay had built a two room shack for Jay's family (7-8) children then. We had a tent to sleep in and the old cook shack for cooking and eating.

We even had a few chickens and a pig or two, not to mention the mice and pack rats. We seemed to lose some hose every time the pack rats visited. We learned to hide things if possible.

The elk and deer were plentiful. The Forest Service man said he could not give us permission to kill elk, but we could have guns to defend ourselves with and not to let the animals hurt us. Jay was a very good marksman and we didn't get hurt.

From Jay's sister, Ruth, we find a few interesting bits of information concerning Jay. She says, "My brother Jay used to get into as much trouble as all the rest of us kids put together. Ten children lived to grow up.

Jay was usually up to some sly and mischievous pranks. One bright spring morning when some of us kids were playing down by the hen house and barn (at Robin), we found a nest of rotten eggs. We took turns throwing them at the side of the coop and barn. But as fate would have it who should come riding by in his Sunday best to go courting his lady love, but a neighbor whom we shall call, Ned Smith. Jay's turn to throw and he asked Ella for permission to make a bulls eye. Without waiting for a replay Jay let both hands fly and really scored a bulls eye. He hit Ned right on the forehead. Rotten eggs splattered in every direction covering Ned's glasses and running down his nose into his mustache which filtered out the egg shells and on to his good clothes. Boy, was he a site and was he ever mad.

As soon as Ned could he took after us. But we were well on our way. The louder he yelled the faster we ran. Jay broke all records. Ella a close second. Mother came rushing out to see what in thunder was happening to her brood. Jay shot by her in a flash and shinnied up the ladder into the attic and pulled the ladder up after him. The boys slept in the attic. The rest of us quickly found a hiding place.

Mother helped Ned to clean up, but he still stunk to high heaven. Ned left in a furious rage. Mother said he was foaming at the mouth. She was afraid he might have a heart attack.

Jay made himself very scarce the rest of that day, didn't even come from the attic for supper. Finally when we had all gone to bed nature called very urgently and Jay descended. On coming back he was hungry and stopped in the kitchen to get something to eat. Mother heard him and woke up. So he grabbed a loaf of bread and shinnied back up the ladder again, but did not bother to pull it up as he knew mother would not climb the ladder. She watched him ascending saying, "I'll take the hide off you when I catch you". "But you can't catch me, Mother. Besides, I didn't really think I could hit him."

Well, none of us was ever punished for that episode, but if father had been

home it may have been different. I fear we would all have been tanned. But I am not sure as Jay had a way of getting around Mother and Father.

Jay was cunning and small of stature. He loved animals and birds as a hobby. He often caught birds, (Magpies), and trained them to talk. They would hop along behind him calling "Jay, Jay, Jay", and that is where he got his nickname.

Jay never liked school, rather play hooky and run through the woods playing with birds and animals.

"One day when we were along the creek bank hunting for just the right green willow to make into whistles, Jay spied something in the crotch of a big willow tree. It was out of reach but Jay being agile as a monkey shinnied up the tree and threw down the bundle. On opening it to our surprise, we found a sack of Bull Durham tobacco and a package of smoking papers, in those days you rolled your own.

We watched wide-eyed as Jay was about to show us his skill in rolling cigarets. We were so busy watching that we didn't hear Pa walk up behind us. We nearly jumped out of our hides when Pa said 'Give me that tobacco', as he reached over giving Jay a lick. "You kids had better mind your own business." Pa's face was as red as a beet as Jay ran to Ma yelling, "Pa hit me for nothing, he hurt my ears." About then Pa heaved in sight with us kids tagging along. He said, "These kids are too smart for their pants, always poking around into things."

Mother, seeing the tobacco said, "It served you right, Wren. I told you what would happen if you took up smoking, but you wouldn't quit. Well, we will see about that". Taking the tobacco and papers out of Pa's hand, she threw the whole mess into the fire.

Sister Ruth tells of some of the younger ones including Jay who was scouting around the hills in Mink Creek near where the Father and older boys were mining some coal. They found a large hollow rock with a sort of flat rock on top of it. Jay slid the flat rock to one side so they could take a look inside to see what the strange bussing noise was.

Jay got closest and peered in. Suddenly he sprang back saying, "Good Hell, the hole is full of rattlesnakes." He quickly slid the rock back over the hole. They he and Ralph high-tailed it down to the mine and snatched two sticks of dynamite caps and fuses.

When it was ready they lowered it into the hole in the rock. The rest of us kids had taken cover in a large cedar tree. After lighting the fuse Ralph and Jay hid behind a big rock. What an explosion, 'bout knocked us kids out of the tree.

Father was gone, but Mother came running out. She thought the mine had blown up. Anyway, they got rid of those snakes and received a good talking to from Mother with a warning never to touch dynamite again.

Not long after this Father told us that the place we called the dry lake was filling up with the spring run-off. Soon there would be enough water in the

depression for us to go swimming. So we wanted to try it out on our own.

First Ralph and Jay snatched some more dynamite and stashed it in the bib of their overalls. What they had planned no one knew for sure. On the way they set off one charge in a deep pool of clear water. It about blew out the whole creek, scattering rocks and fish all along the bank. Some fish turned belly-up, and floated down the stream. Some the boys retrieved saying, "We'll take them with us for dinner and cook them in mud." And we did too, up beside the dry alke, so called because it filled a depression in spring but dried up during summer.

Jay and Ralph fixed together the rest of the dynamite and caps and fuse and pitched it far out into the lake as they could. When it exploded the water spouted far up into the sky. We were sure the foks would never find out about this little episode, but, that was on Friday or Saturday and on Sunday when we coaxed Father to let us go swimming in Dry Lake he said, "You can if Len will go with you and not let anyone drown". Brother Forres could not go swimming because of his reumatism, so off we went.

Ella and I (Ruth) used the boys bib overalls with a shirt for bathing suits. Leave it to me, says Ruth, the first thing I did when I got into the water was walk into the deep hole made by the dynamite. If Len hadn't been watching me I would probably still be there stuck in the mud. Len came to my rescue and was unaware of the hole. He stepped right into it. Of course, we had a lot of explaining to do when we arrived home. We were forbidden again to ever touch the dynamite. For some reason it was securely locked up after that. Guess they didn't trust us. Wonder Why?

Rattlesnakes were numerous on Mind Creek when we first moved there. Jay found one in his bed one night. So the boys hung their beds among the aspen trees that summer. Jay's brother, Forres, one day wondered why a bird was sitting so still on a bush. He reached for it and a rattle snake almost struck his face. The snake had the bird charmed or hypnotised.

Jay was just 20 when he married Marcena Ames from Anaconda, Montana. So being married he was entitled to take up some land as a homestead. In Lapland, near Rattlesnake or Crystal, as it was later called.

For several years Jay was zoo keeper at Ross Park on the southend of Pocatello. They lived in a house nearby. Once when we visited them they had a sick monkey in the house to care for.

About that time of their life Marceen was playing the fiddle or violin for the Gold Age group dances. I believe she always played by ear or without music. She made good music and always seemed to enjoy it. We did too.

Jay and Marcene lived in many places, put up with many hardships, but usually made the most of any situation. They had twelve children often cramped into a two roomed house. I remember once seeing Jay asleep and snoring with four children playing on the bed with him, even playing he was their horse. He slept right on through it. They always worked hard and in their younger years

were very active in the church.

Jay told us of taking his small family on an outing to do some fishing and relaxing. After lunch Jay went back by the stream to fish. Soon he had an urge to look back at his family and saw one of the toddlers about to walk under the horses feet. He dropped his pole and dashed to rescue the child. After all had calmed down Jay went back to his fishing. As he picked up his pole he glanced back at his family again. He could not see them because of a small rise or bank between them. How come he had been able to see them before. They had not moved from their first encampment. With a belief that God watches over us like that, how tragic that we can often forget

--By Eva Whiting 1986

JAY AND MARCENE WHITING--A SHORT SKETCH

"Bess and Idey", trotting right along, pulling the black-topped buggy on the dusty road were oblivious to the small whirlwinds that danced and hurried along the ground, only to disappear as suddenly as they came. What a beautiful day for their first trip together...Jay, Marcena and his sister Ruth.

Their destination was Lava Hot Springs, a small resort town popular for its natural hot water mineral baths, swimming pools, and picnic areas. The swimming pools were segregated. The women were allowed in for one hour, and then the men took their turn, "all well and proper." Very refreshing after a long dusty trip. The happy trio unloaded their picnic baskets and had their lunch and a glorious time was had by all. "Love and romance" was in the air.

As the return trip to Robin was quite a distance, their stay was rather short. Their journey back was only the beginning of a very long successions of journeys together down the road of life. From the peaks of happiness to the valleys of despair, smooth roads and bumpy roads, their love carried them on. Dad referred to mother as his guardian angel and best buddy, and mother called Dad, "my sweetheart husband."

They were anxious and eager to get started on their lives together with hopes and dreams to fulfill. They knew what to do and how to go about it. Their education and training was handed down from the brave and courageous Mormon pioneers and forefathers before them. This was their inheritance, a product of their enviroment.

Their education started very early as youngsters in their own families. They watched, helped and were taught to make and build most everything needed to survive and exist and everyone had a place and responsibility to share in a large

family. They were conditioned to their surroundings.

For an example when Dad was seven years old his family started their trek from Springville, Utah, to Idaho. They drove their livestock and heavily loaded wagons, and Dad walked all the way as did some of the other members of the family. Some of the horses got away and headed back to Utah, Dad and his father tracked them clear back to where Logan area is and found their horses at a farmers home. They claimed them and went back to the waiting family. One example of the many monumental tasks. Now I know why my Dad and Mother always said, "You can do anything if you set your mind to it."

Dad always had a fast walk and you had to do a double two step to keep up with him. He must of had to run most of the way to keep up with his Dad and that's where it came from.

These things were considered the common, normal of their times for most families. A lot of us consider them to be great hardships compared to the standards of the quality of life today. They knew how to deal with any situation.

The elements were their biggest enemy, the great economic depression didn't help much either. Money was tight, so most country folks traded for their goods and necessities where they could, be it lumber, livestock, or labor.

Their homesteads were under attack from the elements, crops destroyed in the fields, the cloud bursts, hail, thunder storms took its toll. The winter storms and blizzards kept the children from the country school, which was seven miles distant. So changes were necessary and this they did many times struggling through it with a large family getting larger every two years.

The modern methods and way of life was gradually pushing the pioneers way of life into history. When all their training, knowledge, know how and skills were being challenged as an unacceptable way of life. Too hard for most, as they could make more money doing easier work in the cities.

How do you make the transition? When all your life was spent looking forward to the day you could finally put your own home grown values, skills, knowledge, training and courage to work for the only way of life you had ever known...was it all for nothing. The wrong place the wrong time!

When the shepherd finds his flock straying to other areas for greener pastures, the will and determination fades; the self doubts and ones own work is questioned, but their love and courage carried them on with their faith in God and love for their twelve children never ceasing.

The changing times questioned ones own life long goals and dreams and they were lost in the maize of disappointments, unforeseen events. The road blocks and the invisible enemy made it hard to find the right road. These two very proud people stumbled and fell loaded with their heavy burden, helped each other up and brushed off the dust and wiped away the tears. They continued on, with a new found strength their goals and dreams were never reached, but it wasn't for lack of trying. Dad and Mother made several attempts to try farming and sawmilling

again, but there was no money in it.



Marcena and Jay Whiting Family

We usually had a country home and one in the city at the same time. Rather it was a small home, or a large one, was of little consequence to me. I loved the big family I was part of, the growing, sharing, caring and the bonding made us all better people. So the years were spent looking for ways to benefit from their own inborn talents and skills.

Mother and Dad were both gifted with ingenuity and creativity. Mother developed her music skills and her sewing techniques putting them to good use. The money helped out a lot. Dad did a lot of rock work along the river banks, some buildings at the university in Pocatello and surrounding areas still stands today.

He also was a teacher at the vocational school at the university in blacksmith and forge, welding and making ax heads and making holes in hot steel for bolts with a punch on an anvil and other related subjects. He did cement and carpenter work, he helped put telephone lines in with his team of horses, he did plumbing and electrical, and built homes. Whatever job he took he did with pride and skill and was glad to do it.

Mother right along the side of Dad remodeled, built and was an interior decorator in her own right and she loved it. Self confidence and the courage to do a job that a lot of men wouldn't even know how to start was part of Mother's nature. A lot of things that Mother built and made she did because she really enjoyed using the saw and hammer, always adding her own touch and special trim. I know, I love to build also. If Dad couldn't get at it then she would. If she didn't like the way the walls, doors, or windows were she would change them.

I came home from school one day and looked to see a saw coming through the wall about a foot below the ceiling. I knew mother was on the other end of it, in the other room. I peeked in and she was up on a ladder she had built, trying to work that heavy two man crosscut timber saw, back and forth through a wall of hand hewn logs and threatening bodily harm to the individual who put those big spikes in those timbers that got in the way of her saw. She pulled a table up against the wall, put a chair on it and said, "Get on that chair and when I pull the saw through, you pull it back". She couldn't see me and I couldn't see her and I don't mind saying I thought I was a gonner a few times. She would just say hang on and you won't fall. I was sure glad when some of the older ones got home. They helped finish the job and it was a lot nicer. She was always looking for a way to improve things and put her finishing touch on things, along with being an

excellent mother and homemaker.

Now our parents were teaching and training us the same as they had been taught. Everybody who was able had to get in and help with everything. Sometimes some of us didn't want to mind, or do our assigned chores and someone was sent for a willow and them chores got done real fast. We all became teenagers, knew it all, and they didn't know anything.

I had six teenagers and I don't know how my mother and Dad survived twelve, but they did. Raised them all up to healthy adults and they both lived to be in their eighties.

I turned to my foks many times for advice on health issues, counsel on personal problems, business ventures. I had the highest regard for their advice, their home remedies and plain old common sense. I knew I was getting advice from the experts who were experienced in music, singing and dancing. We were always encouraged the learn to laugh at our mistakes.

Love and respect for all our aunts and uncles and our grandparents was the example and action of our parents. Mother and Dad spoke with the highest regard and respect of their own parents. They never ever stood in judgement or spoke disrespectfully of their parents and their lives were harder than ours. None of us had to walk two or three hundred miles barefoot, herding livestock while a child. I never heard my Dad complain about his life as a child, or my Mother either. They never blamed anyone for any hardships, it just went with the territory and I'm not saying it was all fun and games as there were good times and bad times, and mistakes were made. Everybody makes mistakes, some just won't admit it while too busy finding others faults.

My Mother always said, "If you look for trouble long enough you will find it." "Only look for the best in other people."

I miss them very much, their love and concern were always unconditional for all their children, they did their best. I won't say goodbye, just say, so long for now.

"To Mother and Dad wherever you are." "Two of the best parents anyone could ever have, you are missed very much."

--By Donna Akins (daughter)

GRACE GENEVA WHITING



Sawmill at Little Lost River