

## RUTH E. WHITING



Ruth Whiting Phillips

I am writing this narrative for the benefit of the younger generation who aren't too familiar with our early history. At this writing there are only five of us children still living.

My parents, (both deceased now) had 12 children, six of each, including twins. Ralph and I, although we are twins, were born in two separate months. Ralph was born 31 August and I 1st. September just an hour apart. Nine were born in Brigham City, Utah, and Maude was born in Arizona. Ella was born at a little village, called Soldier Summit, Utah, while father was working for the Railroad. The last two of the children were born at Robin, Idaho.

I remember so very little of Mapleton, Utah, where we lived before moving to Idaho. As my folks sold out and left Utah when I was four and a half years old; so only vaguely do I recall a few incidents that happened before we moved. I remember Father's sawmill up Hobble Creek Canyon-not too far from Mapleton.

I recall our kinfolks and close friends coming to bid us good-bye, mostly to console mother who was so very unhappy about moving to Idaho. She hated leaving her aged mother who was all alone now, since her father had passed on, nor did Mother relish the idea of making new friends in a strange country. She was so shy and bashful amongst strangers.

I recall the day before we left; one old white haired lady who came to bid mother good bye, saying with tears streaming down her wrinkled face, "Kitty, I'm bringing the children a little remembrance, bookmarks I've made for their Bibles." She handed the unwrapped gift to Maude and continued, "I don't think I can bare to come back again, the parting is too hard. I feel we shall never meet again in this life, you are going so far away!" Embracing each other, their tears mingling, Mother turned away as Aunt Mary left in tears, sobbing. By this time I too was crying and I could hear others sobbing. In after years I asked Mother, "Just who Aunt Mary was?" Mother replied, "She wasn't really your Aunt, she is one of Grandfather Whiting's five wives. Ruth, all the grandchildren were taught to call his wives 'Aunt'". Aunt Mary was also a school teacher in Mapleton.

In preparation before leaving Utah, Ma, better known by all her friends and relatives as Aunt Kit, and Maude commenced baking for the trip. Our journey would be long and cold, as it was mid-winter. I know amongst other things they baked a 20 gallon barrel of sugar cookies, and did they ever smell good in the



baking. What a treat we were to have on our journey, or so I thought. But alas, to this day I can't look sugar cookies in the face without turning a little green. And long before the trip was over, I had my fill of sugar cookies to last a life time!

Our departure from Mapleton was in February. I'm not too sure how long it took us to make the trip into Idaho, but from what the folks have told me I gathered it was around ten days or two weeks. We had snow all the way, and didn't make many miles any one day. Our covered wagons were heavily loaded and the stock we were driving slowed us down. It seemed none of the stock wanted to be driven from their homes and feeding ground.

If I remember rightly, to us children the first few days were a lark, but by time we reached Salt Lake City, though we were mighty tired of wagons and the trip could end too soon to suit us. We kept pestering Pa, asking how much farther before we get to Idaho? His answer was always the same, "Pipe down children, we're just barely getting started!"

We arrived in Marsh Valley, Idaho, on 9 March 1898. Reese was just a year old. Marsh Valley was just a small village and we lived there with a family by the name of Carl Hawkins. The only place available to us, he was a widower with two daughters, Katie and Gussie. Both old maids and as ugly as they come. Also as nice and gentle as could be. They had a big house and we lived in one side of it until Pa and the boys had our two room house built on the eighty acres he had purchased.

Ma and us kids hated leaving the Hawkins, they had all been so good and kind to us. By time Pa had us all settled in the two rooms at Robin, it was planting time. I still shake my head in wonderment, figuring out how in the world Ma ever managed to get us all into two small rooms and bed us down every night! My, oh my what a headache that situation would create these days. Just to think, nine children, three or four in their teens, besides Pa and Ma. But come to think of it I can't recall being too uncomfortable or was there too much complaining either. We slept four in a bed, two at the head and two at the foot. Us younger ones did. Of course, we had lots of squabbles, kicks and fights before we'd find comfortable spots for our bodies, then sleep put an end to our difficulties. In the summer the boys solved the problem by sleeping on the hay in the barn.

After we were settled in our new home in Robin, Pa, Len and Farr (the nicknames that stayed with the boys all their lived,) each driving a team pulling a heavy lumber wagon went back to Hobbie Creek Canyon for the sawmill Pa had left behind, to bring it out to Idaho. There has always been a sawmill in our family, and has been a big part in our livelihood all through our lives and has helped us over many a rough spot.

When the men returned with the mill they took off in search of timber to saw. They didn't have far to go, they found a nice stand about 12 miles from Robin up over the Old Sublet Divide, in a canyon called Yellow Dog. From that time on Pa and the boys were scarcely ever home in the week days, only at harvest



time, although Pa, Len and Farr came home every Saturday night. Pa always saw to it that us children got to Sunday School every Sabbath. Pa was quite active in the Church and Sunday School. Ma seldom, if ever went to Sunday School, but did attend Church occasionally.

I'll never forget our first winter in Robin, Idaho. Pa had built our house high on a ridge, or maybe you would call it a hill. Anyway that first winter was something to remember, bitter cold with high winds and freezing blizzards. The wind blew continually piling snow in ten foot drifts. Ma wasn't used to so much snow, wind and cold weather. And the terrible blizzard with the wind whistling and sweeping all around the house frightened her most; especially at night when the wind seemed to come the strongest. Even after spring had come and the snow had melted the wind continued to whistle down off the mountain on us, shaking our house till it moaned and groaned. Mother became frantic and got so nervous she finally persuaded Pa to move the house off the hill down into the hollow below near Garden Creek, that ran through our land.

I can't remember how long we lived in those two rooms, but I remember Maude about this time complaining to Ma because she had no privacy, no place to take her beaus that came calling.

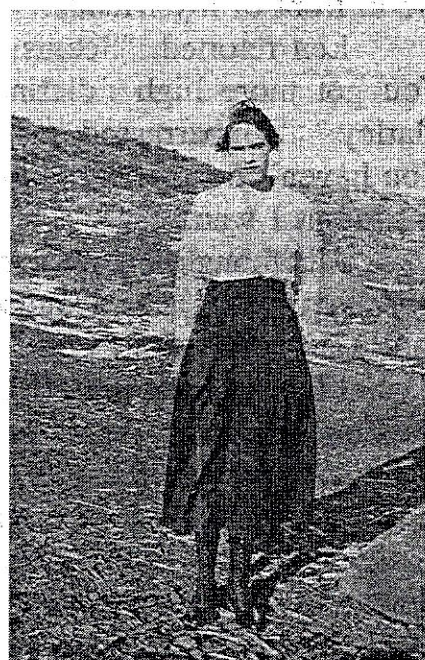
The men started building two large rooms joining onto our house, making four altogether. The plans were to have three bedrooms upstairs, which to my knowledge was never finished. At least not while we still owned the place.

The rooms were built square, big and roomy and you could put one full sized bed in every corner and have room to spare. Us kids liked our new house and so did Ma. How she ever stood the color they painted it, I'll never know, a yellowish brown, trimmed with red.

We lived one and a half miles from the general store and post office, church and schoolhouse in Robin. All buildings were in a huddle as was the custom in those days in small communities. Getting to school was pretty rough in all the bad weather we had when we first came to Robin. Len solved our problem for us the second winter we were there by making a large enough bob sled to accommodate all us kids that were old enough for school.

Len was a real genius. He had the knack for making anything he wanted to. He had extraordinary ability for creating machinery and such for someone who had had no training whatsoever. He had a remarkable talent, he was the Village Blacksmith in Robin for years, during the winter months.

In a year or so the timber in Yellow Dog ran out. The men moved the mill



Ruth Phillips



across the valley to a place called Smith Canyon, over near Downey, Idaho. It was about this time Pa and Ma purchased the one and only general merchandise store in Robin. We all moved again and lived in the back part of the store, across from the Church and schoolhouse. I believe we were all happier there at the store than on the farm. I know Ma was, although, I don't ever recall her complaining.

Maude and Josiah Marley had been married for some time now. We always called him Si, He and Maude lived in Pocatello, where Si got work at the Railroad. When he was laid off they came back to Robin and Pa hired him to work at the mill. They had no children at that time.

Maude came to visit us one day bringing a lot of fancy notions, dressed in her pretty city clothes. To me she looked elegant, then she commenced telling how rough and uncouth she thought we were. And such bad manners, hadn't mother taught us anything. To her we all acted like a herd of goats, or Hillbilly. "We could do better than that and quit calling our parents Ma and Pa. You embarrass me in front of my friends!"

Len retorted, "Seems like them's some fancy words for you to be using. You got more high fallutin ideas since you lived in Pocatello, an married Si Marley." "Embarrassed, my eye." "You haven't done any fighting lately, have you" "And I'll call them Ma and Pa as long as I want."

Ella thought it over and said, "It wouldn't hurt for us girls to try to be a little more lady-like." She promised Maude we would try. So we switched to Mother and Dad and never Pa and Ma.

Ella was the big girl at home growing into a very pretty woman. So refined and quiet more lady-like than any of us girls. She helped Mother in the store while the men were at the mill. Sometimes Dad took her with him to cook for his millhands, when Mother could spare her.

One time Mother let me go along too. I remember the fun I had catching blue and yellow butterflies. After catching them I would always take them to the cool spring water and baptize them, Why, I don't know, anyway I had fun even if I wasn't too bright.

Mother loved tending the store and made many friends, she did most of the work herself with Dad gone through the summer months at the mill. Dad still owned the farm and was accumulating more and more stock all the time. I overheard Dad and Mother talking about another move he had to make. They had run out of timber again. He told Mother a man could take up 160 acres timber claim up in the mountains near Pocatello.

Dad and the boys left early one morning to investigate and they did file a claim and was highly pleased. They thought they surely had found a treasure in that land. About then another event was about to take place in our family. Our baby sister, Mary, was born the 14 August 1900 while we still owned the store.

Mary was a pretty little thing and we all loved her so much. Did I say all?



Reese, I think, was slightly jealous of her. He was only three years old and he wouldn't even look in her direction. He would pull his hat down over his eyes every time he came into where she was. When we would insist on him taking one little peek he would crawl way back under the bed out of our reach. Reese was the only blue eyed child Mother had and his eyes turned gray before he started school. He was such a tow-headed little shaver we all called him the white-headed Swede. He didn't much like being called that either. He was so very shy and timid all Mother's other children were dark-eyed and dark hair.

All wasn't smooth sailing though. The hard winters took their toll. Cold blasts of rain and snow made lots of sickness in the valley. We didn't have much medicine, only home remedies, our nearest doctor was 65 miles away in Pocatello. No way of reaching there, only in a sleigh or buck the snow seven miles to



Neil, Robin & Ralph Phillips

McCammon, from there by train. It wasn't easy anyway you looked at it. The snow drifts were so deep at times the horses couldn't flounder through.

Both Farr and Abbie developed St. Vitus Dance that winter. Before spring their illness had turned into Inflammatory Rheumatism, so we thought, but these days we know better. The doctors diagnosis was "Rheumatic Fever, anyway Farr and Abbie's illness lasted from one season to another, it seemed every spring just when Dad needed Farr most he would be laid up with a siege of rheumatism. And Abbie, dear little Abbie never did get well. It left them both with rheumatic hearts.

Mother would have done well with the store, she was loved by everyone in Robin and the surrounding communities. But Mother was too easy on all her customers, she believed all their hard luck stories, or if she didn't, she at least felt sorry for them and let them have too much on credit.

In due time they sold the store and we moved back to the farm and our unfinished house.

There were ten of us living now and one more on the way. William was the twelfth child born that same winter we moved back. He arrived 7 December 1901 on a bright cold night. The folks chased us children out to spend the night in the wheat granary and Dad went for Mrs. Marley, whom everyone called Aunt Nancy. She was the one and only midwife for miles around. Also Si Marley's Mother.



There were no doctors nearer than Pocatello. Mother never had a doctor to assist her in any of her child births, just a midwife and my sister Maude from about the time she was 13 years old. Next morning Pa called us children in to see our new baby brother.

William was about six months old, only we didn't call him William at home, just Will, when we moved to Mink Creek. I know he learned to walk in the sawdust. I remember him rolling and tumbling around in it and tickled he was. Mink Creek, where we lived was 12 miles from Pocatello and farther than Pa liked to go from Robin, he couldn't come home every weekend so he moved all his stock there during the summer. We children grew up in those mountains like a bunch of "Hillbillies" missing a lot of schooling. Pa made a move with the stock every spring just as soon as the snow was gone, the winters were too heavy and hard to keep the stock there, and besides Pa grew most all his feed for his stock on our farm in Robin.

Father never moved the mill again from Mink Creek, until the boys, Len and Farr were old enough to take over. They were grown men now.

While there was lots of grass and grazing pasture on his claim, Father always drove the stock back and forth spring and fall. He took all us older children with him to help with the cattle. I don't recall how many days we were on the trail, but quite a few. My, but it was fun. For one thing it took us far away from school. We children loved sitting around the campfire at night waiting for the cattle to stop milling around and settle down for the night.

We loved listening to the Indian tales Dad would spin. Some were true, some were not, and scary. As we were camped near Indians most every night, the Indians then lived nearly all the way from Inkorn to Pocatello, on the south side of the Portneuf River, I should have said all the way to Mink Creek as it was named after the old Indian that owned the ranch at the mouth of Mink Creek.

Before going to bed Father would say a prayer and sing a hymn or two, maybe end up singing a cowboy song, we kids loved to hear him sing out in the night it took the lonesome fear away. Then too, we thought he was such a good singer as he was the only one with us that could carry a tune and he knew so many of the old songs, I wish I had written them down so I could have passed them onto my children.

Mink Creek was a new adventure for us kids. And the furthest I had ever been away from Robin, 65 miles by wagon road. The big thrill to us all was Pocatello and the bright lights that illuminated the sky over the whole city. I had never seen electric lights before in my life. So the first night we camped at Mink Creek, right at the mouth of the canyon, I was amazed at the bright light that lit up the sky over Pocatello.

We did most of our growing up in Mink Creek. We had perfect freedom roaming the hills, until folks from Pocatello began using it for a picnic area. Dad and the older boys liked it there, too. It was so close and handy to market his



lumber and milk products. Abbie Ann was ill most of the time now and Mother was left with her and the smaller children. She had developed a bad heart condition, and every time they brought her to Mink Creek she got worse, the doctor said she had leakage of the heart and it was too high in the mountains for her.

Dad couldn't get home very often, but we would go back to harvest the crops. How we hated leaving the cool hills before we had to for school.

In later years when movies came into circulation, Dad came bringing us kids the news about how wonderful they were. He, Len and Farr had all gone to see them and he would take us the next trip to town.

We could hardly wait, and when we did go, coax as we did we couldn't get Mother interested in going, she put her foot down and never took it up as she never in her life went to a movie. I think she missed a whole lot.

We saw Pocatello for the first time and stayed over night at a Hotel called the Pocatello House, so we got to see the bright light of the city.

I can't say which amazed or fascinated us more the Hotel lights or the indoor toilets. Mother didn't like the idea of indoor toilet, she was glad to get home. Anyway, we children had thrills enough to last us a long time.

Mink Creek was too far away for us to go to church, but Dad saw to it that we didn't work on the Sabbath. Len and Farr liked to roam the hills, said they were prospecting for gold. They did find some in small quantity, but what they got more excited over was their find of a large outcropping of coal. Right on top of the ground. Dad, Len and Farr all rushed to Pocatello to file claims, they built a three roomed house, or I suppose you would call it a shack on one of the claims. It was just four miles below the sawmill.

Dad moved us all there deserting the farm and sawmill for the time being. Why farm or sawmill, we would be millionaires shortly. My, oh My. What castles we all built in the air, it was fun for a while. Dad took off for Pocatello to get men that had some knowledge of coal mining and took some samples along. He had luck, found some friends and acquaintances, also three doctors who were interested and formed a company and commenced operating right off.

Dad should have stuck to sawmilling, at least he made a fair living at that. It didn't take long to use up the money he had buying equipment, paying wages and buying groceries. The men in the company were supposed to help with expenses and they did advance some in small amounts at first. After that it was mostly promises, which they didn't keep.

They didn't start working the mine right off, just worked in the winter time and worked at the mill during the summer to have money to buy supplies with.

About this time Abbie was getting worse, and dad took her to Doctor Howard in Pocatello. The news was bad, Abbie wouldn't live more than five years, she had leakage of the heart. It saddened our hearts. She was such a sweet patient little soul, even when she was so ill she never complained. We all loved her so much. She passed away when she was 11 years old or soon after on 24



January 1906 leaving us with grieving hearts. After we lost Abbie, Mother spent more of her time in Mink Creek with Dad and us kids.

Mother and us smaller children went back to Robin as usual that fall. Ella and I stayed with Dad to cook for the men, Dad and the boys were on their own now, they only hired help when they could afford to.

The mine didn't show much signs of improvement, and about all they accomplished was to dig a big tunnel down through the mountain side. It was too cold and clammy for me, with that continual drip, drip from the water seepage. I didn't like going down there.

Ella kept Baby William with her for company most of the winter, he wasn't old enough to go to school. Ella was blossoming out into a very beautiful young lady. Her ways were changing from a tomboy to a shy refined girl. She had scads of admirers and was always considered the beauty of the Whiting girls. Black hair, dark brown eyes and a lovely smooth creamy white complexion.

Dad, Len and Farr, Si and Maude stayed the year around at the mine and mill now. Maude did the cooking mostly in the fall and winter so Ella could go to school. Dad took to selling sour cream, instead of the milk, so he wouldn't half to go to town every day.

The men kept hoping the next blast of dynamite would tell the story whether the vein of coal was widening and getting harder. Dad was so encouraged with new hope now, he even went so far as to hire a mining engineer to come and look the mine over. The engineer was hopeful and encouraging, telling Dad he had good prospects of striking coal, good coal. With that encouragement Dad and the boys kept plugging along.

I recall one morning in early spring Pa had already left for Pocatello with the cream. The men were down in the mine working leaving us kids on the loose looking for mischief and trouble. We got to fooling around on the hillside above the mine shaft and found a huge sandstone that reminded me of a small coffin. It even had a loose flat rock on top like a lid and you could move it around.

Jay slid it to one side, "Look Kids, this rock is like a box and it's hollow inside." He stuck his head down nearer to have a better look and on hearing a hissing sound he reared back yelling. "Look out, this rock is full of rattlesnakes." He very quickly slid the rock back over the hole saying, "Ralph, let's get the dynamite and blow these snakes to hell and gone!"

They hi-tailed it to the mine and back in no time flat, leaving us kids to watch while they got the dynamite, fuse and caps. Jay told us smaller kids to take cover in a lone cedar tree farther on up the hill. We climbed the tree and got where we could peer out among the thick branches. After lighting the fuse Jay and Ralph raced to get behind a big boulder. Wham! What an explosion! It scattered pieces in every which way...rocks, dirt and I suppose snakes, but we didn't find any. It was good for us that it went straight up first and lost most of its power coming down. For it sure peppered our tree good and proper, nearly shaking us



out. When we got our senses back, Reese took off down the hill crying for Ma to save him. Poor Mother came running out of the house, she thought for sure the mine had blown up with all the men inside. It was a good thing for us Dad was out of camp or we may have gotten the tar whaled out of us this time for sure before even giving us time to explain what we were doing.

One hot Sunday a little later in the summer, Dad had eaten a hearty dinner and taking his Sunday paper he went down to the creek bank in the shade of the birches and laid down on a couple of horse blankets with a cushion under his head. It was his favorite spot where he could stretch out and relax in the cool shade and enjoy his paper with the cool breeze blowing through the branches. He didn't read long though before he became drowsy and spreading the paper over his face to keep flies and mosquitoes off he soon went to sleep. He said, "I don't think I slept long thought, when I awoke to the sound of a rattler buzzing near my face. I couldn't get shed of the paper, everytime I tried clawing it off my face the wind blowed it back. I was nearly scared out of my wits. I finally rolled over away from the snake and jumped to my feet. That snake was only inches from where my head had been. It's a miracle it didn't strike while I was clawing away at that darned paper. He was all coiled and ready for action."

And no fooling he was a big one with ten rattles and a button and full of fight when they went to kill him.

Rattlesnakes were very numerous in Mink Creek all the time we lived there. Jay had a close shave with one, he went to roll his bed up one rainy night to keep it dry. He found a big rattler coiled up in the middle of his bed. So he and Ralph hung their beds high up in the Aspen trees over the creek after that.

Mother was deathly afraid of snakes of all kinds. It was just luck none of us were ever bitten. Farr came the nearest to being bit by one as he was riding his bicycle down the road one day. He saw a bird sitting on a limb near the road and it acted like it was petrified. He never noticed the coiled rattler but when he reached for the bird the snake buzzed and struck at the same time about scaring the pants off Farr. He nearly got it in the face.

We killed rattlesnakes everywhere. Ralph and I took out after one and chased it down a squirrel hole. Ralph yelled, "Grab it by the tail, Ruth, and pull it out. I'll whack it over the head with this club." I got it by the tail and pulled and pulled and all I got was his rattles that peeled off in my hands and it slithered on down the hole.

Ella wasn't chasing the hills with us much these days. She was all grown up and had lots of beaus. She finally settled for a tall red-headed young man, Val Allsworth. He really was a nice young man and we all liked him. His folks originally came from Springville, Utah, but moved to Pocatello, Idaho, before we left Utah. Ella met him at the mine as he worked there for awhile for Dad and also at the mill. Val really fell in love with Ella and they had a long courtship before marrying.



About this time the mine showed signs of something more promising than ever before. The vein of coal had widened out and they all became quite excited and set off a extra heavy charge of dynamite thinking the coal would show up abundantly. Instead they tapped an undercurrent of running water that filled the tunnel and ran them out in a hurry. So that was that with the mine, after all their hard toil, to give it up entirely.

Father stayed on in Mind Creek several more years with the cows moving down to the mouth of Mink Creek for better pasture and to be nearer market for the milk and cream. He still owned the timber claim but sales had dropped off for rough lumber so they didn't do much sawing these days.

Now that I was older I stayed more with Dad helping with both the milking and cooking. I loved the summers we spent there.

Father liked Pocatello and bought a feedyard there and moved us there for two or three years. Mother didn't like town life at all, she had Dad move her and the younger children back to Robin.

Soon after Val and Ella were married they lived in Pocatello part time and helped with the feedyard. It was about that time the Government opened up some land, Indian land, I believe in Rattlesnake, later named Crystal, Idaho, 15 miles from Robin, Idaho. Val, Len and Farr all took up homesteads of 160 acre in Rattlesnake. Dad liked the looks of the country so he too took up 160 acres. Their claims all joined and it was all dry land farming.

Mother liked the place and was completely satisfied. There were a few early settlers already in Rattlesnake, about four or five families. Soon people were flocking from all parts of the country to take up homesteads. We soon had a post office, store, church and school. The village was now named Crystal, Idaho.

The first few years were bumper crops for everyone, then came frost, drought, and tumbleweeds. We had one failure after another, it was heart breaking to watch all the disappointed faces in the fall.

We had our good times, too. So far Maude and Ella were the only ones in our family married. The boys, Len and Farr, seemed contented to stay at home. But now they had homes of their own they were looking for wives. They didn't have to look far, there were lots of unmarried girls among the homesteaders.

We had lots of house parties and every weekend a dance. For the first time in their lives Len and Farr were serious about girls. Then Jay surprised us all by courting just one girl, he had been the "Beau Brummell" in the family of boys. He became engaged to a lovely girl from Montana and they were married before either Len or Farr. For that matter, I too was married a few months before they were.

Jay was just 20 years old when he and Marcena Ames were married. But being married entitled him to a right to file on a homestead. His claim didn't join Dad's or his brothers. His homestead was up near Lapland, still Crystal though.

Jay and Marcena have 12 children, all living and all married and scattered



over the States and Canada.

Then I was next to marry. I married one of the homesteaders, a man from Comstock, Texas, Sidney R. Phillips. My folks were quite unhappy with me, they never quite accepted him. Sidney was a Baptist and didn't see religion their way. We were married 16 July 1912 in Pocatello. Several years later I too, became a Baptist and have always been happy with my decision. The only thing I have ever regretted about it was the way my folks felt toward us. Being raised in a large close-knit family I missed them terribly and their friendship. Going home to visit was never the same after that. But with my religion I was completely satisfied and still very glad I made that decision.

We had three boys, lost one in New Guinea. He was killed in a glider accident during the war. One of the blackest days of my life. No one who hasn't had to go through this similar tragedy truly doesn't understand how hard it is to take. I had lost my husband just four years earlier. Now Ralph, my other two sons, Neil and Rolin were both in the South Pacific and I feared every day to hear bad news from them. My girl and I were alone now. But God never let us down and that is one thing grief and sorrow has taught me. He comforts and strengthens us all. I kept repeating verses from the Bible asking for strength, and one verse kept coming to me, "Jesus knows the way through the wilderness" when things seemed darkest this would really give my spirits a lift.

My children are all married and I am alone going from place to place, helping all I can as I go. Which I suppose isn't too much as I am getting up in years. Although I do get very lonesome for my children, I'm really not too unhappy with my lot. But enough about me.

The fall after I married, both Len and Farr were married. Just one day apart. Farr married Margery Butterfield 3 December 1912, they had 14 children, I think three died young. Margery passed away giving birth to their last child in Salmon, Idaho.

Len and Pearl Fannin were married 4 December 1912, they had 8 children. Both are dead now. All my brothers sold out at Crystal, except Jay. He stayed around Pocatello most of his time. The others all moved to Salmon and ranched there for years. Ella's first husband, Val Alsworth died of Typhoid Fever long before they left Crystal. They had two children, Theo the oldest and Clifton wasn't quite two years old when his father died. A year after Val died Ella married Charles Rieger. He turned bootlegger and their marriage lasted until Clifton was 15 years old. Ella left him and went to Nevada and got a divorce. Five years later she married Clark Dick and they now live in Russellville, Arkansas.

After Margery died, Farr met Olive Peck, a widow with a very large family. They were married and had one child. They lived in Salmon until Farr's heart finally gave out and he died in the hospital at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

About four years after I was married, Ralph married Irene Snyder, a lovely and very pretty girl. They lived in Crystal for years, had ten children born to this



union. One died in infancy and they too moved to Salmon. Their children are all married, except Danny.

I think Mary was the next to marry. She married Casper Fannin, a brother to Pearl, Len's wife. Their marriage wasn't a success, they had two little girls and he left her after a year or so. Mary got a divorce and married Keal Jackson. They moved to Canada and lived there a short time and on returning to the States, Keal bought a home in Oxford, Idaho. They had four daughters born to this union. Mary lived in Oxford until she died 4 February 1937, four days after their youngest child was born.

Father died while we all lived in Crystal, of diabetes, he only lived six years after we knew he had developed the disease. He died 12 June 1920 at Crystal, Idaho, and is buried there.

After Reese returned from the First World War he married a beautiful young girl, Virginia Staley. She died giving birth to their first child. Both mother and babe died with flu. It was the hard flu of the twenties. Several years later Reese married a Crystal school teacher, Eva Harper, and there were five children born to this union. At first they lived in Crystal, Idaho, then moving from there they lived in various places in Idaho and finally moved to Darby, Montana lived there for several year, then moved to Stevensville, Montana where they lived until Reese passed away in 1960. Eva still has her home there.

It's hard to realize Reese is gone. He seemed so full of life the last time I saw him. It was quite a shock to me and all the family when we heard of his death. Our family is slowly dwindling away and to this date there are only five of us children left living.

Mary was a very pretty little girl, but quite the tom-boy. She and Will played together so much in the barn yard chasing calves, trying to rope and ride them and tiring of that sport they would dig up something new.

One day I heard a big commotion, a dog yelping for help, going to investigate, this is what I found. Mary on her knees holding Mother's little black Tiny dog down. And Will giving Mary careful instructions not to hurt Tin, just hold her tight. He said, "Now Mary, don't you hurt her just hold her tight while I cut her tits off!" And he would probably have done just that if I hadn't interfered about then. As I remember all their naughty, mischievous pranks of their childhood they seem so amusing and laughable now.

It seems such a short time ago when Reese, Mary and William were small children playing together in the yard at Robin. I recall one day our cousin, Bert Evans, came calling and he stood watching Mary fondling a baby chick. He asked. "What you got there, Mary, a orphan?" Looking up at him like he had lost his marbles, she replied, "No, just a chicken!"

William married Ethel Fannin, a half-sister to Pearl and Casper Fannin. Ethel is such a lovely thoughtful person and a good mother. They have taken and raised two girls, besides their own four sons and daughter, Carolyn. First they took