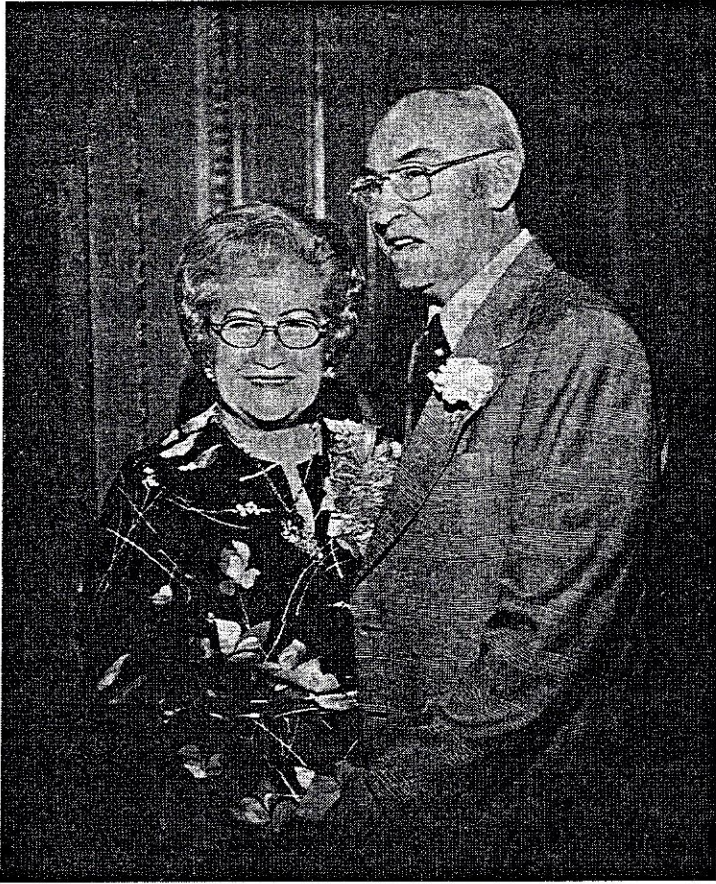


## WILLIAM WHITING AND ETHEL FANNIN



William & Ethel Fannin Whiting

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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



William Whiting

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



occasionally a mink.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



William & Ethel Fannin  
Whiting



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

--Addition by Katheryne Stokes

ETHEL FANNIN WHITING