

CHAPTER 3

LORENZO SNOW WHITING JR.

LORENZO SNOW WHITING JR.

Lorenzo Snow Whiting, known as Len, a 22 year resident of Lemhi County, Idaho, died 12 September 1953 in Steele Memorial Hospital at the age of 70 years old. He is buried in the Salmon City Cemetery, along with his wife Pearl, his daughter Zella and his mother Flora.

He brought his family to Lemhi County about 1931 after seven years of continuous drought on his homestead at Crystal, Power Co., Idaho. Crystal was about 22 miles southwest of Pocatello. A large group of extended family came at the same time from that region. The group included the families of his brothers, Farr, Ralph, Will and Reece and his father-in-law Moses Fannin. Later also came the family of his brother Jay, and sisters, Ella Dick and Ruth Phillips.



L to R BR: Elmer, La Vern, George, Alvin- L to R MR: Verona, Rozella, Laura, Joseph - L to R FR: Lorenzo Snow Whiting Jr., Pearl

Len's children were: Elmer, and Rose Zella who had finished school before coming to Salmon, and Verne, Verona, Laura Mae, George, Alvin and Joseph Merlin who attended school in Lemhi County. Joseph Merlin was the only one of the children born in Lemhi County.

Len was born in Mapleton, Utah County., Utah, 13 December 1883 to Lorenzo Snow Whiting, Sr. and Flora Waterman. His father was born in Manti, Utah and his mother in Somersetshire, England. His father left Utah in 1898 taking his family to Marsh Valley in covered wagons. They settled finally in Robin, Idaho, this place being named by Len's mother Flora who had the first post office there. Len's father also had a livery stable in Pocatello. As time passed Len's father became ill with diabetes. Len took over the support of the family being the oldest boy. He became a very accomplished blacksmith. While at Robin, Len and Sid Philips and others bought a 40 horsepower Avery Tractor steam engine and a Red River Special threshing machine. They used this machinery to break up the land in the summer, and in the winter to run a saw mill to saw lumber. A lot of

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

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

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

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

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

--By L.C. Whiting

PEARLINA FANNIN WHITING

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

She finished raising her eight children in Lemhi County up on the Hagel Ranch and in Salmon City, since she came to this area in 1931. She was very active in the LDS Relief Society, helping in many charitable projects. She had great talent in handicrafts, crocheting, and quilting many beautiful pieces. She could handle an ax with the best of them, shoot a twenty-two special with a keen eye and play the piano. She cooked many good meals often under meager circumstances, and was known for never turning the hungry away from her door.

She raised a large garden and always had a root cellar full. In her later years she took in washing and ironing, and baby sat to help make ends meet.

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

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

--By L.C. Whiting

VERONA PEARL WHITING COWGILL TALKS OF HER FATHER LORENZO SNOW WHITING

The earliest memory I have of my father is a feeling. I remember him carrying me on his shoulder when we would go someplace at night. I was small and it seemed like such a long distance from the ground up to his shoulder as he carried me.

The next thing that I remember, it has stayed with me so well, is him sitting in the rocking chair with some of the littler ones on his lap, and I was standing on

the rocker, with one foot on each end and holding onto his arm, and he was singing to us. It was almost night time and Mom was cooking supper. Daddy always sang a lot of songs, but the one I remember the best is the one about the Indians and the fight on the Plains of Kildeer. To me this was the beginning of liking music.

Mom always sang and Daddy always sang and played the mouth organ. Lots of times I remember when a group of family or neighbors would get together and Daddy would play the harmonica for them to square dance or maybe sing. All of our lives he played the mouth organ for us. I remember that usually at Christmas time someone always got a mouth organ. I think it must have been the boys mostly, because I don't remember ever getting one, but someone in the family always had one. We had a lot of music, and I'm sure it made us appreciate and love music because our parents loved it.

We always had a piano in the house and Mom could always play something on it, at least with one hand. She played church hymns, and could pick out songs as far back as I can remember. Later Zella started playing a little. All the kids grew up with a desire for music and most of us can play some instrument at least a little.

I remember being with my father an awful lot of the time, and even as a little child Mom said that I was always with him "tagging along after him." There he'd be going off to the field or down to the barn and I'd be tagging him around like a little shadow. I especially remember the field up on the hill when he would plow with the big tractor with the iron wheels that made so much noise. I would ride along with him on the tractor until I'd get tired and Daddy would put down his coat or something on the metal floor of the tractor and I'd lay down and sleep for awhile, even with the tractor roaring away. When I was rested, I'd wake up and ride some more until it was time to go home. I can remember doing this so many times. Wherever he went I always wanted to go, I didn't always get to go, but I surely wanted to.

I spent a lot of time in the garage and in Dad's shop. His tools fascinated me. I think my love of working with wood came from being around him and watching the things he did with his tools. I used to always borrow his tools or his pocket knife. I remember one time when I was quite small, I asked him if I could borrow his picket knife and he let me, and I was whittling and some men came for Daddy to do some blacksmith work. We were out at the barn and when I was finished with his knife I took it back and handed it to him. I took hold of the blade and handed it to him with the handle toward him and he took it and said thanks. The men just laughed uproariously. The thought it was the biggest joke and it really insulted me. I felt bad because that was the way Daddy had taught me to handle a knife. He would open the blade and he would hold the knife by the blade and hand me the handle and so that is how I handed it to him. I was really upset that they would laugh at me.

After I got a little older, I'd go into his shop and use his tools and make

different things out of wood. Some of the other kids probably did too, but if we didn't put things back where they went we really heard it, because he wanted things put back right.

I always loved to take care of the little ones and that was mostly my chore. Mom always said that if the children were with me she never worried about them because she knew I took good care of them.

One time I was holding Alvin, and I was playing with him and I kind of swung him around and his head went out from my shoulder and I bumped his head into something and he started to cry. Daddy came in to see what was wrong and he told me I should be careful and he cuffed me along side of the head for not being more careful. It just about broke my heart. I was already broken-hearted about bumping the baby's head in the first place. I went outside and around the house and got under the steps. I felt so bad and I was crying, not so much because he hit me, but just because that added insult to injury. I stayed there for a while and then Daddy came around and under the steps and put his arms around me and told me that I should be more careful, and that he was sorry that he had made me feel so bad.

My Father wasn't afraid of very many things. He would never allow other people to run over his kids, or take advantage of or mistreat them in any way. I know one time I and a bunch of girls were standing outside the Church and I said something and one girl reached over and slapped me. I felt she had no reason and it hurt my feelings. When I told Daddy, he was really upset. He said she shouldn't have slapped me, and that was something he wouldn't stand for. As long as we were behaving ourselves Daddy would always back us.

I was talking to a fellow one time and he said that he had learned so many things from being around my father and the boys. He said he learned most of what he knew about mechanics from spending time with them, and wouldn't have learned a lot of things otherwise. He said he always felt gratitude for learning these things. He said he always made things and if there was anything that he needed to have he either used the blacksmith shop or Daddy's tools to make it.

Daddy always did things for other people in his shop. If anyone needed anything they got it from my folks. If food was needed, what we had was divided and shared. For instance this family in Salmon didn't have hardly anything in their home. Daddy came home and told Mom that their chairs were broken and that they didn't have this and they didn't have that. Mom and Daddy gathered up the things that they needed and then Daddy brought their chairs home and fixed them and then took them back. He saw that they had what they needed and that they were comfortable before he was satisfied. That was just the way he was. He always helped the people around him and did things that needed to be done. He sharpened scissors, too. All the ladies around would bring their scissors for Daddy to sharpen, and Mom never had any dull scissors.

My Dad was a strong man, he was in the Blacksmith business. I suppose it

is like Vern says, you had to be a blacksmith in those days to have the things you needed if you weren't rich. But even though he was masculine and very strong, he could be very gentle. After the kids were mostly grown and gone he would mark and cut quilt blocks for hours. Making quilts was something Mom always did and so after a while Daddy started cutting the blocks for her. This was something they enjoyed together for many years.

I can't remember when he started working away from home, but he never left the house without kissing Mom good-bye and when he'd come home he would always greet her with a kiss. There was always a feeling of love in our home and we knew even as very small children that we were loved. We, as children, knew that we could only go so far. There were things we weren't allowed to do. If we lied or didn't act properly we knew we would really be taken to task about it right away. But we also knew we were loved and that it was because they loved us that they punished us.

My father was a symbol of security to me. I never felt uneasy even though the times were hard and we didn't have much money some of the time. Mom always made us clothes and we were always clean. I never felt that we would be without food or clothing or the things that we needed. It just never entered my mind to be afraid or worried about those type of things.

I remember one time when I worked away from home. I was very lonely and really missed my parents and family. It seems like I tried to get home and just couldn't make it and felt so bad. Finally when I did get home I was just in tears. I ran into the house and threw my arms around my Dad and he held me and I cried so hard. He just held me for a while as I cried and then he said, "If it makes you feel this bad being away from home, I don't think you should work." I told him that now that I had been home and able to see them that everything would be alright and I could stick it out. It seemed like he was always there to give me strength when I needed it. Mom taught me the finer things, but Daddy was my strength.

Daddy always loved little children and was so happy for each child that came. It seemed like a special thing with him. When Merlin, the youngest, was born I was 12 years old. They told us they were going to have a new little baby. They were really happy even though they had seven children and the times were really hard. We didn't have hardly any money, but we were all so happy anyway. Merlin was born at home and I remember the next morning how happy we all were to see the new little baby boy. Our family life and the children were what made happiness for Daddy.

One time Mom and I were talking and she said that she remember when she was first married. They were out in the shop and she was helping him and climbing around on this and that and he looked at her kind of wistfully and said, "Aren't we ever going to have any children?" It took her quite by surprise because she was just young herself. He was older and was ready for a family and it

seemed very serious to him. But they did have a large family, and his wish was granted in that way.

Another thing my Dad instilled in us, was a love of the outdoors. We used to go on picnics and to the mountains all the time. And of course he almost always worked outside, farming or at the sawmill.

My parents always set a good example for us. I can never remember them saying anything bad about anyone. They were strong in their faith. As a child I used to have terrible ear-aches. My Dad used to administer to me. I had so much faith in him and he had so much faith in the Lord and in his Priesthood that my ear-aches would be gone immediately. So in this and many other ways he helped my testimony grow.

I feel very privileged to have been born to such good and loving parents.

--By Verona Pearl Whiting Cowgill

MEMORIES OF PERLINA FANNIN WHITING BY HER DAUGHTER VERONA PEARL WHITING COWGILL

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

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

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

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

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

She smiled most all of the time and her singing filled our home each

morning as she prepared our breakfast. She treasured each child and its individuality, always urging each to do his or her best. She adored her husband and always had a hello and a good-bye kiss for him.

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

--By Verona Pearl Whiting Cowgill

MY PARENTS BY LAURA M. BROUGH

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

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

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

One time, when I was about three or four years old, I crawled under my Uncle Floyd's car to get my pretty white cat. I was afraid he would get ran over. My uncle's family was in the car getting ready to leave. The car was on a slight incline. I got the cat and started to get out from under the car, when it started to roll. It ran over my head and the cat which was in my arms. The cat took part of the weight. The cat was alright, but my head was kind of bent out of shape. My Mom took my head, and with her hands pushed it back in shape, praying all the while. Anyway, I survived without too many problems. I think of the things that

my mother and father were put through by their children. I don't know how they would have made it without the Lord's help.

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

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

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

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

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

Dad and Mom were always there when we needed them. They never let us down.

My father died 12 September 1953, in Salmon, Idaho. My Mother died 16 January 1956 in Blackfoot Idaho. I miss my parents very much.

--By Laura M. Brough

MY GRANDPARENTS BY LAURA M. BROUGH

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

They were the parents of five children. Of the five, three were born in Terryville, Kentucky, and two in Idaho. John Thomas was the first child, my mother second, and Casper third.

Not long after Casper was born, L.D.S. missionaries visited their home.

Very soon after, the entire family was baptized. They sold their home and land for \$125.00 and bought a ticket to Salt Lake which cost \$90.00. Clothes and items needed for the trip were bought. This left my grandparents with \$10.00.

When they reached Salt Lake only a few pennies survived. A stranger walked up and handed my grandfather ten dollars and said, "maybe you need this." My grandfather had never seen this man before. He thanked the man and handed him his address book. He told him to write his name and address in the book so that the money could be returned when he had work.

My grandfather never looked in the book again until he reached American Falls and after he had found a job. The only name unknown to him in the book was the name "Booth". No address or additional information was listed.

The final two children, Rissie and Grace, were born in Idaho. After Grace's birth my grandmother fell ill with the measles and passed away. She was buried at Riverside, Idaho, near Pocatello, on 2 February 1902.

The children were taken back to Kentucky with the exception of the baby, Grace. She was left with a family in Pocatello who wanted children, but could not have any. Grandfather left the children in Kentucky with neighbors and came back to Idaho. Later, he wrote to Cora Skaggs in Kentucky and they planned for marriage. So, she brought the children back to Idaho where Cora and my grandfather married. Then, they moved to Crystal, Idaho.

-by Laura M. Brough

LORENZO ELMER WHITING

Lorenzo Elmer Whiting was born 25 December 1913 in Crystal, Idaho, to Lorenzo Snow Whiting and Pearlina Fannin. he was the oldest of eight children. His early years were spent in Crystal where his father farmed, ran a sawmill, and served as a blacksmith in the community.

In the fall of 1931 his parents and several others moved from Crystal to Salmon, Idaho. They settled on the Hagle ranch on Kirtley Creek, set up a sawmill and built several homes and a school house.

Elmer joined the Civilian Conservation Core (CCC) in 1934. For about two years he drove a supply truck and helped build roads in the Salmon River area.

In 1936 he met Edna Kay Patten at a dance. They were married 14 September 1937 in the Logan Temple and made their home on the Big Flat, where Elmer helped his Uncle Reese Whiting operate a sawmill. Later, he did some farming in Darby and Corvallis, Montana. While living in Montana their first child, Carvel, was born. However, Elmer did not enjoy farming. He was mechanically inclined and wanted to do something along this line. They moved

back to Salmon where their second son, Leon, was born. Elmer rejoined the CCC, where he learned to operate earth-moving equipment.

When the Baker CCC camp was disbanded he started working as a mechanic at the Chevrolet Garage. in Salmon. After World War II broke out, help was needed at the railroad yards in Pocatello, Idaho, so he moved his family there where he worked as a blacksmith for the Oregon Short Line Railroad. When the railroad went on strike he got a job helping to build the air strip at Mountain Home Army air Base. It was there that he received notice to report for active duty in the Navy. He returned to Salmon to prepare to leave when news came of the bombing of Hiroshima and the end of the war. He then took a job with Morrison-Knudsen on the Arco Desert helping to prepare for the Atomic Energy Plant.

Elmer worked as a mechanic for several years in Salmon. During these years a daughter, Marva, and a son, David, joined the family circle. It was in 1954 that he fulfilled a life-long dream by purchasing a D8 Caterpillar and starting his own heavy equipment company. Over time, the company grew as other heavy equipment was added. Elmer was a true craftsman in his profession and left his mark in a wide area of Idaho from his base in Salmon.

Over the years some of his projects were: working at the Florspar Mining Company at Darby, Montana, building countless logging access roads in the greater Salmon River area for the BLM and Forest Service; doing erosion control in the Salmon and Lemhi Rivers, cleaning and leveling farmland, building canals and reservoirs for farmers in the area, cleaning land and repairing roads in Sugar City, Rexburg and Roberts following the Teton Dam disaster, and developing roads, sewer and water systems at Elk Bend. He loved being out of doors and his chosen profession offered him the opportunity to do this. In November 1962 Elmer was called as Bishop of the Salmon Second Ward of the LDS Church, a position he served in for just over seven years.

He continued to operate his business in Salmon until he retired and sold it in 1979. He and his wife then moved to Boise, Idaho. In 1983 they were called to serve a mission for the LDS Church in Nauvoo, Illinois. This experience was one Elmer cherished. On 5 June 1985 a week prior to completing their mission, he died of a heart attack at Fort Madison, Iowa.

--By Edna Kay Whiting

LORENZO ELMER WHITING AND EDNA KAY PATTEN FAMILY

Kay was the fifth child of William Neuman Patten and Maude Rebecca Kidd. She was born 4 September 1917 in Moore, Idaho. She married Lorenzo Elmer

Whiting on 14 September 1937, and they had four children: Carvel, Leon, Marva, and David. After Elmer's passing in 1985, Kay sold her home in Boise and moved to Salt Lake City, Utah, where she would be close to some of her children. She later bought a condominium in Midvale, Utah, where she now lives. Her greatest joys have come from her service in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in serving others and having her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren close by.

LORENZO CARVEL WHITING was born 13 June 1939 in Hamilton, Montana. He met his wife, Betty Luella Masten, while attending the University of Idaho. They were married 28 December 1962 in the Idaho Falls Temple. They are the parents of five children: Tamara, Shauna, Douglas, Craig and Paul. Tamara Jean was born 13 January 1964 in Moscow, Idaho. She married David James Hardy 22 December 1987 in the Salt Lake Temple. They are parents of three children: Nathaniel David, Kevin James, and Rachel Nicole. Shauna Kay was born 23 May 1970 in Los Angeles, California. She married Darin Cyril Fitt on 14 April 1992 in the Salt Lake Temple. Douglas Carvel was born 16 May 1973 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Craig Lorenzo was born 29 May 1978 and Paul Christopher was born 18 July 1980; they were also born in Salt Lake City, Utah.

JERRY LEON WHITING was born 23 February 1941, in Salmon, Idaho. He met his wife, Ellen Ferrell, while attending Weber State College. They were married 25 August 1964 in the Idaho Falls Temple. They are the parents of ten children. Kevin Leon was born 4 September 1965 in Salmon, Idaho. He met his wife, Kimberley Ann Pierce, while attending BYU. They were married 25 June 1988 in the Seattle Temple. They have one daughter, Kierstin Ann and are now living in Yigo, Guam. Suzette Kristine was born 27 December 1966 in Rexburg, Idaho. She met her husband, Paul Dewane Alder, while serving in the Phoenix Mission, and they were married 14 October 1989 in the Boise Temple. They have one daughter, Courtney Rachelle (b.10 May 1991). They are living in San Francisco, California. Wendy Lynn was born 15 December 1967 in Rexburg, Idaho. She met her husband, Jeffrey Herbert Merrill, right after her parents moved to Boise. They were married 15 October 1988 in the Boise Temple. They have one son, Benjamin Adam. They are living in Boise. Curtis James was born 15 October 1971 in Salmon, Idaho. Jennifer Kay and Jonathan Robert were born 21 June 1973. Jonathan is now serving in the South Africa Mission. Megan Janele was born 4 October 1977 in Salmon, Idaho. Laura Lee was born 25 April 1979 in Portland, Oregon. Alyson Rae and Alysa Ellen were born 6 May 1981 in Portland, Oregon.

MARVA KAY WHITING was born 24 September 1943 in Salmon, Idaho. She met her husband, Samuel Lowell Rogers, shortly after returning from serving in the Los Angeles Mission. He had just returned from serving in Germany. They were married 27 May 1967 in the Idaho Falls Temple. They are parents of four children: Samuel Bart, born 5 May 1968 in Provo, Utah; David Lorenzo born 7

April 1970 in Provo, Utah (David married Shantell Merrill in 1992); Janet, born 11 April 1972 in Salmon, Idaho; and Amy Christine born 23 August 1974 in Salmon, Idaho. The parents live in Mansfield, Ohio.

DAVID THERON WHITING was born 15 August 1946 in Salmon, Idaho. He met his wife, Hallie Marlene Tabor while attending Ricks College. They were married 25 June 1969 in the Idaho Falls Temple. They are the parents of nine children: Melanie Kay born 17 March 1971; Cori Lynn born 7 June 1972. (She was married to Brian Kent Player on 20 March 1991 in the Jordan River Temple); Philip David was born 27 June 1974 in Salmon, Idaho. Angela Dawn was born 13 August 1975; Amber Lee was born 4 February 1978; Michael Theron was born 1 January 1980; David Joseph was born 15 June 1983; they were all born in Salmon, Idaho. Daniel Theron was born 28 June 1985 in Boise, Idaho, and Kelly Mo was born 11 May 1988 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

ROSE ZELLA WHITING BLACK

Rose Zella was born 21 January 1916 to Pearlina and Lorenzo Snow Whiting at Crystal, Idaho. She came from a family of five brothers and two sisters. The kids went to school in Crystal and later in McCammon, Idaho. Her father ran a sawmill with the help of some of her older brothers and uncles.

They later moved the family to Salmon, Idaho, where Zella met Harold Black at a dance and they were married in the Logan Temple on 2 June 1936. They lived at Clyde, Idaho on Granny Basinger's place. Harold worked at the Big Flat sawmill. In the spring of 1937 he worked on a bridge. From August through the winter he worked for Murray Crook in a machinery shop.

In the spring of 1938 they moved to Darby, Montana and Beverly Ione was born 14 May 1938 at Hamilton, Montana. In 1941 they moved and Harold was driving truck from West Fork to Missoula, Montana, to Salt Lake and Price, Utah.

In 1942 to 1943 they were living at what was known as the Ivan Place in the Pahsimeroi Valley where Harold drove the mail truck from Salmon to Patterson. Their second child, a son, Ronnie, was born in Salmon at Zella's folks place on 11 September 1943.

That fall they moved up the valley to what was known as the Wilson Place. Zella's sister, Laura, came to stay and help with the move. Ronnie was just a baby. Here Harold raised crops, one of which was peas, and he did combining on the side for farmers of the valley. He bought and paid for his own combine. They were just starting to do good. At this place they had some chickens, geese, pigs, a mare, a shetland pony and a pet deer.

In 1944 Beverly went to school in the first grade in a one room school house in the basement of a church in May, Idaho. On 1 April 1945 Sandra Rose was

born at Zella's folks place in Salmon, Idaho.

In 1947 they moved to a farm on Kirtley Creek, up the Lemhi River and lived there over a year. Jean and Sam Black lived right across the road. Zella and Jean used to have a lot of fun making clothes for the children.

They were buying a house in Salmon, up on the bar. The house didn't have any plumbing and the few young fruit trees that were there were almost hidden by the weeds. They put in plumbing, planted grass and a garden. Harold built some nice kitchen cupboards and fixed the place up pretty nice. Harold was working for Pop Staker at the John Deere Implement Company at the time.

Ronnie started the first grade at the school house on the bar in 1949. Zella's sister, Laura and her husband, Clyde Brough lived across the street. Those two sisters enjoyed each others company a lot.

Then they moved to Cobalt, Idaho, and lived in a small trailer and a tent while Harold was building a house. The children really enjoyed this place. They were outside playing from sunrise to sunset. It was a good place for kids to live. Then they moved to a big two story house in downtown Salmon behind the Herndon Hotel.

It was in the spring of 1951 that they moved to Lewiston, Idaho. They lived in town and Phyllis, Harold's daughter by a previous marriage came to live with them and worked at the hospital. Dean Eric was born 23 June 1951, then they moved to a farm outside of town and the children rode the bus to school. Sandra started the first grade there. Laura, Clyde and their son, Ken lived in Lewiston at the time. It was nice to have them close by.

That fall they moved to Pateros, Washington, where Harold worked on the Chief Joseph Dam in Bridgeport, Washington. They moved seven times while living in this town, over a period of seven years. The last house they lived in there, they were buying and Zella did a lot of work on the house and yard. She and the kids painted the trim on the house, made kitchen curtains, planted flowers around the house and planted grass in the back yard and put a fence around it.

Beverly graduated from high school in 1956 and Dean started first grade in 1957. One summer they went to Howe, Idaho, and stayed with Zella's sister, Verona and her husband Frank Cowgill and their two daughters, Bernita and Mary.

In 1958 they moved to Chelan, Washington, which was a pretty town built around Lake Chelan. In 1959 they moved to Quincy, Washington and bought a trailer house, then moved to Page, Arizona in 1960. Harold worked on the Glen Canyon Dam. Ron graduated there in 1961 and Sandra in 1963.

Then they moved to Pocatello for a short time then to Moses Lake, Washington where they ran a service station.

in 1967 they moved back to Idaho to the Big Indian trailer court in Chubbuck. Dean graduated from high school at Highland in 1969, then he went to the army. The folks moved to Howe, Idaho, on Slim Holley's place.

Then they moved to Tyhee, Idaho. In the 70's they moved to Meridell Park

in Pocatello. They ended up at Barrett's Trailer Court in Pocatello. Zella refused to move another inch and this is where she passed away on 16 May 1982. While they were at Barretts, Zella started painting. She painted some really nice pictures. She had offers to sell them but she wouldn't. She gave them to her children and brothers and sisters. She painted a couple of quilt tops, one was of butterflies and the other was of birds. Sandra finished painting them and Sandra and Beverly sewed the blocks together and finished the quilt. She made pretty bead necklaces and sold them. She liked flowers and pretty bright colors. Her family always accused her of being a Gypsy. She was a real talented lady. She also crocheted a lot and made afghans for her children. Zella taught her girls how to sew, crochet, and embroidery. She was a loving mother and always took good care of her children. She played the piano by ear and enjoyed singing in the choir in church.

In 1978 Ronnie took Zella and his daughter by his first wife back to San Bernadino, California by way of Page, Arizona where they spent a week. Zella really enjoyed this.

Then in 1981 Ron took her and Monique back to Moses Lake, Washington by way of Walla Walla, Washington and came back by way of Lewiston, Idaho and McCall. Zella always enjoyed these trips.

One time in the 70's Sandra and her two kids, Johnny and Sherry (John, her husband couldn't come out with her this trip). Anyway they came to visit Harold and Zella. (Beverly's husband, Errol couldn't make it either), so Beverly, Diane, Kelly, Carla, Daniel, and Ronnie (Monique couldn't make it either) and Dean and his two kids, Shawn and Jenny, drove to Cobalt and Yellowjacket on a camping trip. They all had a good time and this was the only time that the two brothers were able to go on a family trip.

One time Zella, Harold, Beverly and her four children and Sandra and her two children went to the cabin up East Fork of the Salmon River and Zella's face swelled up so bad they had to leave a few hours earlier than planned. She must have been allergic to something, because the swelling didn't go down for days afterward. She never went back to the cabin again.

In May of 1981, Zella, her daughter Beverly and her three children, Kelly, Carla, and Daniel took a plane to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania to see Sandra, John, Johnny and Sherry who lived in New Bloomfield, Pennsylvania. They spent a couple of weeks and celebrated Zella and Harold's 45th. wedding anniversary on 2 June and Carla's tenth birthday, and Johnny's fourteenth birthday on June 3rd. Sandra and John took them to Hershey Park, to Gettysburg, and down to Lancaster to see the Amish People. It was a wonderful trip.

--By Beverly Black Green

LAVERNE CASPER WHITING

I was born in Crystal, Idaho, to Lorenzo Snow Whiting Jr. and Pearlina Fannin Whiting, the third child in a family of eight. We lived on a dry farm, but had an irrigated garden and alfalfa field. My father was a blacksmith for the community, as well as having saw mills in the winter time and when he wasn't busy on the farm in the summertime. We had horses, a tractor, a grain combine, etc. I was milking cows at the age of six and blacksmithing at the age of eight.

We had lots of snow in the wintertime. We made our own skis. We shot rabbits, selling their hides for spending money. I had my own Winchester pump 22 at the age of eight along with my brother, Elmer, who was six years my senior. We would set coyote traps by moonlight for rabbits and coyotes, etc. We walked, rode horseback or rode on a bob sleigh to school which was four miles away.

My grandfather, Moses Fannin, was the bishop of the Crystal, Idaho Ward of the L.D.S. Church. After him, my father was bishop there, so we were church oriented and on Sunday we went to Church.

I was a deacon in the Crystal Ward at age twelve. At age 21 I was made an elder in Salmon, Idaho, Lost River Stake. At age 22 I was called to be a Stake Missionary, a new calling inaugurated by the Church at that time, and also at that time I was ordained a seventy by Elder Rufus K. Hardy of the First Council of Seventy.

We moved from Crystal, Idaho to Salmon, Idaho when I was thirteen. There I finished the eighth grade and attended and graduated from High School. We had an irrigated farm and raised alfalfa and grain and beef cattle along with milk cows. Later we moved into town at Salmon, Idaho and bought a service station and a garage.

My uncle, Reece A. Whiting, and I ran my Father's saw mill for awhile, but the lifting was too heavy for my back. I went to a chiropractor and it was decided that I should give up heavy lifting.

Because money was hard to get, I would buy late model wrecked cars and fix them up, so I always had a good car to drive.

I met my wife, Ethel, in Hamilton, Montana. I was introduced to her by Grant Patten, my brother Elmer's brother-in-law. I moved to Hamilton, Montana, where I was employed by the Riverview Manufacturing Company (box factory), for one and a half years. I was married to my wife at Corvallis, Montana in her parents home. We were sealed six months later in the Canadian Temple at Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

We felt that wages were not good enough, so we moved to Pocatello, Idaho, after we had been married a little less than a year. Here I was employed by Morrison-Knudson Construction Company. I got a job as a diesel and truck mechanic for \$1.25 per hour. That was much more than the 37 1/2 cents per hour I was receiving at Riverview Mfg. Company. I worked for Morrison-Knudsen

Construction Company for three and a half months and was drafted into the U.S. Army in December of 1942.

I went to Fort Douglas, Utah, and from there to Camp Sibert, Alabama. I was in the 110th. Chemical Impregnating Company. After being there four months, I was transferred to Station Compliment and was given a carpenters rating of T-5, where I served until October of 1943. I was then released, as an order came through to reclassify all limited service men and put them in 1-A rating or send them home. I was sent home because of an eye injury I had received while on the farm at Crystal, from a whip while herding pigs. I was discharged and came to Tacoma, Washington, to be with my wife and her family who had just lost a son and brother.

I started working for Mueller-Harkins Motor Company (Buick) in October of 1943. We intended to stay only a short time. We saved money for about one and a half years and then went back to Hamilton, Montana and made a down payment on a berry farm, planning to settle there, eventually. We leased the farm for about three years, then decided to sell it and stay in Tacoma. We bought a home in Tacoma at 3616 North 24th. Street in December of 1946, after renting since October of 1943. We continued to save and in 1948 bought a new Buick. At this time we began remodeling the house. Now we wish that we had bought land instead. Our foresight isn't always as good as our hindsight!

I worked for Buick from October of 1943 until 1949, when I went into business with another man, a garage and body shop. After one and a half years we found that a partnership wouldn't work, so I went back to work for Buick and worked there until 1960 when they closed their doors. During this time I had surgery on my right eye to remove the injured lens.

Next I went to work for Mich Mullan. I worked for him for one and a half years, during which time I received another serious back injury to my lower back. I quit Mullans and went to work for Titus Motor Company under the same boss I had had at Buick.

In February of 1965 we lost the younger of our two sons, Steven, at age 11 from kidney failure. In August of that same year our older son, Mark, went away to school at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. Then in the fall of 1966 Mark left for a two year mission in southern Brazil.

In 1968 my wife and I attended Tacoma Community College and took a six week course in Spanish as we were planning a trip to Brazil to meet Mark at the conclusion of his mission. In November of 1968 our dream was realized. We went to Brazil and toured South America for about a month, seeing the wondrous ruins in Peru and Central America. This would not have been possible had it not been for a special blessing given to me through the priesthood concerning my health which had been very poor shortly before our leaving. We enjoyed the trip very much.

In November of 1978 I underwent open heart surgery in which five by-passes

were made in the arteries to my heart.

At the City Light where I work they call me the "Engineer." Although I am a body-man. The foreman calls me to advise him and find ways to solve difficult problems that others fail to find proper solutions to. Most of the time I can do the job. I manufacture some of the auto body tools I use, which are still used in other places in the business. I did this first for Buick and I guess my idea is still in use. Since then I have made on for every company I have worked for, including City Light which saves many many man hours of labor. I have always had a real love for inventing and manufacturing which I hope someday to do on a large scale.

Besides missionary work which I have always enjoyed, I have held various priesthood positions. I was a counselor to Bishop Wallace A. Johnson of the Tacoma First Ward from 1952-1956. I have been high priest group leader several times and enjoyed working with genealogy.

I have had many spiritual experiences in my life which have strengthened by testimony of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. I have seen the holy priesthood exercised with much power on many occasions. These things I have chosen to record in another place.

--By Laverne Casper Whiting

MARK AND NANCY WHITING

Mark Edwin Whiting, the son of LaVerne C. Whiting and Ethel Brimhall was born 21 February 1947 in Tacoma, Pierce, Washington where he was raised until he left to go to BYU in the fall of 1965. His eleven year old brother, Steven, died that same year leaving his parents unexpectedly with an empty nest. After one year at the University, he accepted a mission call to southern Brazil. He always had a love of foreign language, having studied six years of German before he left on his mission, and enjoyed learning the Portuguese spoken in Brazil.

Mark married Nancy Jacobsen on 15 July 1981 in the Seattle Temple in Bellevue, Washington. Nancy's father, Erling Jacobsen, was born and raised near Fredrickstad, Ostfold, Norway. He was a third generation LDS there and came to the United States as a result of not being able to return to Norway after the German takeover during WWII. While in the U.S. Navy he met and married Margaret Bridges in New Orleans, Louisiana. She was born in Sapulpa, Oklahoma. Nancy was born and raised in Seattle, Washington. She attended Deaf Education at the University of Washington at Seattle. She taught a year at the Austin School for the Deaf in Brattleboro, Vermont. She served a mission in Sao Paulo, Brazil from 1974 to 1975.

Mark and Nancy have four children all born in Sandy, Utah; Virginia Rose, Allen Lorenzo, Joel Anton, and Steven Frederick. Mark and Nancy both enjoy working in genealogical research and have received many blessings wherefrom.

--By Mark Whiting

VERONA PEARL WHITING COWGILL



Verona Whiting
Cowgill

Verona Pearl Whiting was born 30 October 1920 in Crystal, Idaho, the fourth child, second daughter of Lorenzo Snow Whiting, Jr. and Pearlina Fannin. A shy but inquisitive active child she always enjoyed riding horses and outdoor activities. Small, and dark, always sweet and loving to brothers and sisters and all animals.

Verona spent the first eleven years of her childhood in Crystal, Idaho where her father farmed and helped in the operation of a sawmill. Then in 1931 the family made a move to Salmon, Idaho where they continued farming on the Hagel Ranch on the Lemhi River. In the summer of 1936 they moved to Salmon City. Verona attended Salmon High School three years.

In the spring of 1937 Verona visited her sister, Zella, and family on the Basinger Ranch in the Little Lost River Valley,

During that summer she met a local young man who was the mail carrier. He was Frank Cowgill, the son of Henry and Mabel (McMullin) Cowgill who were homestead farmers in Howe, Idaho which is also in the lost River Valley.

In the fall of 1937 young and in love they eloped. On 5 September 1937, they were married in Hamilton, Montana, with her sister Zella Black as her witness, she became the wife of Franklyn Colfax Cowgill.

The young couple resided at Howe, Idaho on the Cowgill Ranch. They lived the first fall and winter in a sheep wagon.

They herded sheep that fall on the desert. This was always remembered by both as a very fun experience.

In the summer of 1938 Verona became very ill with undulant fever, this became a great difficulty because at that time she was expecting their first child.

On 28 August 1938 a beautiful black haired son was born. Because of the fever of his mother, he was three months early. This precious tiny child weighed only two and a half pounds. He was perfectly formed and seemed strong even though he was so incredibly small. He was given the name of Henry Roy Cowgill and for two weeks the tiny boy fought for his life. It seemed that perhaps he would live, but on the day exactly two weeks from his birth, his lungs gave out and he left his loving parents to enter into his next estate.

All of the family grieved at the loss of the tiny one and many years passed before Verona and Frank were able to have another child. The terrible disease had

left its mark on the young mother's body, for she was left with Rheumatoid Arthritis which was to remain with her for the rest of her mortal life.

During the nine years that followed Verona and Frank had many enjoyable and pleasant adventures, they herded sheep, panned for gold on Kirtley Creek, hiked into the mountains, hunted arrowheads on the desert, and farmed, raising many interesting animals. They truly enjoyed being together and their deep love for each other.

On 27 February 1947 a beautiful nine pound baby daughter was born to them. Blonde hair and blue eyes, she was born in her maternal grandparent's (Len and Pearl Whiting) home in Salmon and was given the name of Bernita. Verona had gone to Salmon during that winter so she could be close to a doctor in case of problems in the pregnancy. Frank had taken work in Salmon for Bert Brower, delivering gas, so he could be close by her. This baby was a great blessing to the couple who had wanted another child very much.

The spring that year was beautiful and warm. When they arrived back at their home in Howe it was like summer, even though it was only March.

They continued to farm in Howe. Frank and Verona always found time to help their neighbors at anytime. Frank who was always very mechanical and creative designed and manufactured many parts and items from whatever was at hand. Verona enjoyed greatly sewing beautiful things for her little girl and always kept her hair in ringlets and dressed her like a doll.

Five year passed, they were happy days for this young family, filled with love. Frank teaching his little girl to love animals, nature and all wonderful things that God had created, and Verona teaching her understanding a testimony of God himself. Both giving her a true sense of worth and self, and unmeasured love and joy.

Then a very exciting event was to take place. This little family was going to grow. Verona was again expecting a child. In the night of 28 September Verona awoke Frank and together they gathered Bernita and traveled to Blackfoot, Idaho where in the morning of 19 September 1951 another daughter was born. Red hair, brown eyes and seven pounds and twelve ounces, a darling from the beginning. She was given the name of Mary Colleen.

This little girl was also a very special child. Wiry, active, bright and sparkling her way through her happy childhood. Loved by everyone who came to know her.

Frank and Verona's family grew and matured and in 1961 moved to Pocatello, Idaho where Frank worked for the City of Pocatello in Parks and Recreation Department. Always artistic, drawing pictures from childhood, Verona had pursued her love of art and had taken up oil painting the summer of 1958, and had continued to love creating. During the years in Pocatello, she and her cousin, Juanita Wring, spent many pleasant hours painting the hills, canyons, and rivers of the areas around Pocatello, greatly enjoying each others company.

In December of 1964 the family returned to their farm at Howe. Verona continued to paint and also became a nanny for the school teachers three young boys. Later she took the job of teachers aid at the Howe Elementary School, again with her love of art she taught the children arts and crafts. Frank continued farming and worked at Simplot Ruby Farms part of the time and also custom bailing and swathing for other farmers in the area.

In the fall of 1964, Bernita, now starting her Senior year of high school, met a returned missionary. His name was Larry Harshbarger. He had served a mission to Peru and was the son of a rancher who lived only a mile from her home. His family had purchased their farm in the years Bernita and family had been living in Pocatello. On 4 June 1966, Bernita and Larry were married at Howe, Idaho. Later on their marriage was solemnized in the Idaho Falls Temple). They lived at Howe for awhile and then moved several times and lived in several cities, Pocatello, Blackfoot, Salt Lake City, and Boise, deciding in 1973 to buy a home in Carey, Idaho. At this time Frank and Verona sold their farm in Howe, Idaho and along with Bernita and Larry bought a large house in Carey, making it a permanent home.

In her senior year in high school, Mary also met a young man. His name was David Bowman and in the spring of that year they were married in her parents home in Howe.

This marriage was to produce three beautiful children, one right after another.

Mary and David's first child was born 3 November 1969 in Blackfoot, Idaho. At seven pounds two ounces, he was a beautiful, charming brown-haired boy. A joy for all of his family, a first child and a first grandchild on both sides.

Next in Salmon, Idaho on 4 June 1971 (with a complexion like her grandmother Verona's) dark haired, dark eyed, olive skinned, looking like a little Indian baby, was born Heidi Colleen. Weighing eight pounds two ounces. The pride and joy of all, especially for big brother Travis.

One year later on 24 June 1972 in Craig, Colorado came our angel, Heather Pearl. Much like her wiry mother and weighing seven pounds four ounces. A very early learner rolling and doing many things, she was a pleasant, and delightfully sunny baby. When Heather was only four and a half months old she contracted spinal meningitis which severely handicapped her. Leaving her physically handicapped but leaving her with her bright mind and sunny disposition.

With such an ill child and two others still so very young Mary and David moved to Carey to be near Mary's parents and her sister Bernita. Later in the spring of 1974 David and Mary, resulting from the stress of Heather's illness, divorced leaving Mary to buy a home in Carey and raise her three children as a single parent. But did very well with the help of her parents, sister and brother-in-law.

When in 1973 Frank and Verona sold their farm in Howe and in partnership with Larry and Bernita, bought the old LDS Stake House in Carey, Idaho, there

were no children in their home. But later that was to change.

On 6 May 1977 a phone call came to the Harshbarger-Cowgill residence. The party on the other end was a State of Idaho case worker who informed Bernita that a two and a half year old boy was theirs to adopt. Named Ryan Josef Harshbarger born 16 October 1974 he came into their home bringing much joy and happiness, and a real change in their lives after eleven years of no children.

Later on 6 March 1981 a tiny 18 month old Spanish-Basque baby girl was brought home to be their darling, black hair-sparkling black eyed, charmer of a daughter Rena Celeste. Born 7 September 1979 in Jerome, Idaho. She also came through the State of Idaho Health and Welfare.

The same year another shocker for the growing family on 31 May Larry and Bernita, Frank and Verona, Ryan, Rena Mary, Travis, Heidi, and Heather all traveled to Twin Falls to pick up the last of their very special, very wanted children. Nichole Mary, age seven years and Jeffrey Hans, age thirteen years, half brother and sister.

Nichole was born 31 July 1974 in Twin Falls, Idaho blonde, green eyes, lovely and talented. Jeff was born 12 November 1967 in Twin Falls, Idaho with black hair and brown eyes, quiet, deeply sensitive.

And so this family was completed. In age order stands...Frank, Verona, Larry, Bernita, Mary, Jeff, Travis, Heidi, Heather, Nichole, Ryan, and Rena.

Our years in Carey have been very pleasant loving ones. Now in this spring on 1991, I will give you an up to date. Frank is still very busy with mechanical things. He has not been well this spring, but at last is well on the mend.

Verona is well though still suffers from her arthritis, has just had cataract surgery and is doing well. Still loves all things creative, memorizes and recites many poems, has been knitting up a storm this past winter. She still remains active in church and family life.

Larry is piano player by vocation, (working happily for Sun Valley Company as solo pianist in the Ram Restaurant in Sun Valley). He is a junk collector by avocation and keeps busy tuning and rebuilding pianos and organs in his off hours. He is at present the Stake organist, ward organist, counselor of the Elders Quorum, and home teacher.

Bernita is busy working at home and in the church in various positions. She loves sewing, cooking, God, art, music and poetry and her family with a passion. During the past two years, she has researched and recorded the Cowgill Family genealogy back to 1682. The family is at present doing the temple work. She watches over her widowed mother-in-law taking her places when need be. But one of her most favorite things is playing her bass guitar and singing with sister Mary.

Mary is the director, administrator and head librarian for the Little Wood River Library. Having only Heather at home she finds time to work, sew, take care of Heather and her home, go to church and share in a business venture with Bernita and Larry. Spending a lot of time with her parents, Bernita's family, and her own

married ones keeps her busy. Occasionally, she even finds time to play the guitar with Bernita. She enjoys the outdoors and loves to go to the nearby lakes or hills with her dog, Toby.

Jeff is now 23 years old and lives just across the street from the Harshbarger-Cowgill residence. This is really nice because last year he was married to a lovely young woman, Bobi Whitby, whose parents are also ranchers in Carey. On 13 October 1990 they presented us with the first child of the next generation. Our adorable red-haired, blue-eyed, Ashley Dawn. A precious addition to our family. Jess works as a joiner for a laminated beam manufacturer in Carey. Bobbi is an accountant for Webb Landscaping in Ketchum. Jeff is also busy with his scouting job, rebuilding pianos and organs with his dad in off hours.

Our Travis is on a mission for the church in the Georgia Atlanta Mission. He will be coming home to us the 17 of October 1991. Then he will be back to doing all of the other things that he loved to do. Motorcycling in the hills, electronics, playing with the dog, dating girls, playing his loud music and being with the family.

Heidi is now also married to a real sweetheart named Todd Hughes. They met in the fall of 1989 while attending Ricks College, and were married 7 June 1990 in the Idaho Falls Temple. They live in Carey also, much to our delight, and we spend much time together. Todd works for Webb Landscaping in Ketchum, Idaho. Both are active in the church holding teaching positions.

Heather is an angel with a terrific personality and sense of humor. Loving the family and delighting in camping, Disney videos, dolls, animals and little children. A typical child in many ways. Tiny and fragile her health slowly deteriorates but her spirit is as bright and shining as ever. A constant source of inspiration, strength and joy she is a great blessing to us all.

Nichole is a Junior in high school, plays the piano very well and is a very good girl. Holding leadership and piano playing positions in the Young Woman's Program. At almost 17 she has just fallen into her first "serious" romance with a very nice young man. Looking forward to college and a temple marriage.

Ryan is a sophomore in high school, very mechanical and creative. Enjoys reading almost to a fault and creates everything out of nothing. Active in his priests quorum and looking forward to serving a mission. But for now at 16 will just settle for books, videos, work, girls, motorcycles, but not in that order.

Our Gypsy Rena, now 11 years old, a very sensitive caring person. Artistic, just now beginning to feel her own person, enjoys music is learning to play the guitar and piano. She likes memorizing and reciting poetry with Grandma. Loves to roller skate and take care of her pets. She is very loving and considerate in entertaining Heather, and they are very good friends. She is also very competent when sitting with Heather, so Aunt Mary can get away when needed. She is looking forward to being in Young Women's this fall and also looking forward to everything she sees the older ones doing.

Last but not least, total six spoiled cats, two dogs, three birds, three fishes, two ducks, two chickens, and a flying squirrel. All combined we make a family, full of love, never predictable, every changing, and fun. Come and see us sometime, you are always welcome.

--By: Verona P Cowgill and her daughters

(Note: Passed away on 30 October 1992 at her home in Carey, Idaho).

LAURA MAY WHITING BROUGH



Clyde and Laura Brough

I was born on 29 May 1924. I was the fifth child of a family of eight in the tiny farming community of Crystal, Idaho. And a family that had as much love as mine, I imagine my father, Lorenzo Snow Whiting, and my mother, Pearlina Fannin Whiting, were happy at my debut.

The Whiting men have always shown a natural genius for anything mechanical, if it could be built they could build it, and if it couldn't, they built it anyway.

My oldest brother, Lorenzo Elmer, we always called him Elmer, was born on Christmas day, 1913. Elmer always seemed the steadiest and kind of held us together. When anyone of us had a problem, we always went to Elmer. He seemed to know just what we should do. He passed away while on a Mission back east in his later years. He was a real comfort to me.

Next was a shy darling baby girl born to my parents, Rose Zella, born 21 January 1916. She was my oldest sister, always sweet and gentle just like my mother. She never quarreled or argued like the rest of us did. She was a perfectionist at whatever she did. It had to be just so or she wasn't satisfied. She painted lovely pictures. He and her husband, Harold Black have both passed away. Their children are all grown and married.

LaVerne Casper "Vern" was the next little man to be born to my folks on 22

April 1918. I imagine he came in to the world with his share of racket, since he always seemed to have a rich, booming voice, with a quick smile and a quicker wit he drew his share of chuckles and gentle reprimands. He was and still is a very special brother. When I was in my teens and dating, if he didn't happen to like a fellow I was dating he would tell me to take care and not to get too interested because he just wasn't the one for me. And he always seemed to be right. I'm glad I learned to listen to him.

Verona Pearl, dark eyed, dark haired, beautiful baby girl born to my parents on 30 October 1920. She was not shy at all. When she wanted something she just let you know in no uncertain terms. In other words, when she had something to say she said it. She was my Daddy's little darling. She used to follow him up in the fields when he went to plow and they would be gone most of the day, and when they came home he would have her high on his shoulders laughing and talking.

Then this is where I made my entrance into the world and to my wonderful family. I will tell my story after I finish telling a little about my brothers.

Next to join our family was a happy loveable baby boy, George Albert, born 2 March 1926. We called him Albert and in later years after he was married he was known as "Tiny". Never can I recall anyone getting out of more trouble than Albert. If he wanted something, he simply clumped into the kitchen and whistling merrily, helped himself. Just let one of the other kids painstakingly creep into the kitchen to get something and they would get caught every time. Albert and I were always together before and during our teen years. We had a lot of fun together riding horses and killing magpies. We would sell the magpie heads for five cents each.

On 22 March 1929, a beautiful baby boy was born and named Alvin Lee. He was so full of life everything was exciting and wonderful to him, never a dull moment when he was around. He was the one that made things happen, with the stories he would tell, because they were so exciting. Oh yes, he was born at McCammon, Idaho.

I think it was in 1931 when we moved to Salmon, Idaho, where another baby boy, a husky little blond was born to my parents on 26 October 1933. Name, Joseph Merlin, born on our ranch at Kirtley Creek above Salmon. We called him Merlin. I woke up in the middle of the night that night and heard him cry. I thought we must have company, someone with a baby. I could hear low voices but couldn't tell what they were saying, so I went back to sleep, and the next morning when I went down stairs, what a surprise to see our very own baby.

Now I will tell my story as good as I can.

We lived on a farm at Crystal, Idaho. We had horses, cows, pigs, chickens, and dogs, all the things that folks have on a farm. I loved to ride horses. Most of us could ride horses almost before we could walk.

I can't remember how far it was to school, probably a couple of miles, but

it seemed like a long ways to me. We walked or rode horses in the late fall and early spring, but in the winter we rode in a sleigh. It had a big box on it that we put hay in to sit on and feed the horses at school. We had some quilts to cover us and protect us from the cold. Uncle Frank or Uncle Delbert Fannin would drive the horses and the rest of us would snuggle down in the hay and quilts to keep warm and enjoy the ride. I enjoyed those times.

I was three or four years old when I got ran over with a car. Aunt Rissie and Uncle Floyd were visiting us and were already to leave when my cat Snowball ran under the car, and I just knew he would get run over. I thought I could get the cat out real quick before they started the car. I didn't make it in time and the car ran over my head with one tire, also over the cat. Mom said if I hadn't had the cat in my arms I may have been killed, because the cat took some of the weight off of my head. But we both lived. Momma said she put her hands on my face and the back of my head and pushed my head back in shape. She said she could feel the bones moved as she reshaped my head. Then she just kneeled down and prayed.

When I was about six or seven I broke my leg just above the right knee. My brothers and sister and I were walking home from school one day when we met Daddy and Uncle Floyd grading the road. Daddy was driving a big caterpillar tractor and Uncle Floyd was running the road grader. They said we could ride if we would be very careful and hang on tight. Uncle Floyd told us to stay away from the big iron wheels. I did for awhile but then I just had to touch the spokes with the top of my toes. The big wheel caught my legs and flipped me to the ground with my leg all twisted in the spokes and my head right in front of the big iron wheel. If my Dad hadn't had to stop for a gate just then, the wheel would have run right over my head and I would have probably been killed. My Dad couldn't hear them yelling for him to stop above the noise of the tractor.

I can't ever remember wanting to do anything mean or ornery, but it seems I sure had a lot of things happen to me. Maybe it was because I wouldn't mind very good. I don't really know how Mom and Dad stood me. They really had a lot of patience. I can't ever remember my Mother or Father quarreling or arguing or having any angry words. I asked my Mom one time if she and Daddy every had an argument or fight and she said not often, but once in awhile they had little disagreements in the privacy of their own room. I think if more people had tender loving parents like I had this would be a much better world to live in. I wouldn't trade the parents I had for any others, and I miss them and love them so.

I can remember our first car. It was a white Chrysler and we were all so proud of it, especially Daddy. He thought it could out pull and use less gas than any other car.

Daddy was the bishop of our church at Crystal. Momma was my Sunday School teacher and I can still remember a couple of little songs we used to sing in Sunday School class: "Won't you come over to my house" and "I went to visit a

friend one day." We had so much fun singing and playing games and learning about our Heavenly Father.

There was an old Indian that came to our church, he said he helped to lay out the corner stone for the Salt Lake Temple years ago, and he said he hauled a lot of mortar. His name was "Grouse Creek Jack." He was very old, must have been in his nineties. They claimed he lived to be a hundred and twelve. I don't know if anyone ever told me how many children he had but his wife was old and blind. Grouse Creek Jack and his family, and several other Indians would come to our house once in a while on Sundays for dinner. Mom always fixed a nice dinner for them. Sometimes we made ice cream and they really loved that.

One day my cousin Alifair and I were walking across a bridge near our little Sunday School. We were only about four or five years old. A board came loose on the bridge and Alifair fell in the swiftly running stream. Grouse Creek Jack and his family were walking along behind us and saw her fall in. Grouse Creek jumped in and pulled Alifair out. She wasn't hurt but just scared and wet, but she would probably have drowned if he hadn't pulled her out of the water.

Then in about 1931 when I was about six or seven we moved to Salmon, Idaho, and lived in an old granary for most of one winter. We lived in one end and Mom's brother John and his family lived in the other end. It was awfully cold. Daddy built us a house and before it was even finished we moved into it because the granary was so very cold. The house was made of logs and was easy to keep warm. The wind wasn't blowing through the boards, like it was in the old granary. We grew up in the house that Daddy built and we were very happy there. Also that is where Merlin was born. It was a very sad day when we had to move into town. A man came along and wanted our land and that of my Uncle's, and also that of my Grandfather's. The man hired a crooked lawyer and through trust and ignorance we all lost our land. We moved into Salmon and Daddy bought a little service station out at the east end of town. It was a living for a few years.

While we still lived at the ranch Verona got married and moved away. Shortly after that Rose Zella got married and moved away. Not very long after we moved to Salmon, Elmer got married, and then when I was 17 Vern got married, and then in 1944 I got married to William H. Darnold. We lived in Salmon about a year and moved to California. A year or so after we moved to California, Momma wrote and said that Albert had joined the Navy and was being shipped out. A few months later Mom wrote telling me that Albert's ship had been sunk near Guam and only about three hundred men had been saved, and Albert was one of them. His ship was the one that carried the atomic bomb to Guam, where a plane picked it up and took it to Japan and dropped it. On the way back from Guam the ship was torpedoed and sank. He was swimming around in the ocean with the other men and too few rubber rafts for the men for five days before planes found them and picked them up.

Bill and I were married about four years and then we got a divorce and

shortly after that I married Clyde W. Brough on 24 March 1948 in Salmon, Idaho. Clyde already had two children by a former marriage, a son Charles Clyde born 5 May 1939 and a daughter Julie born 29 September 1945. Then on 23 April 1950 a very precious little baby boy was born into our home. We named him Ken Wilson, a blue eyed little general and he was our very own baby. I used to wonder, how God must have loved us to trust us with such a beautiful little spirit. When Ken was nine months old we moved to Lewiston, Idaho where Clyde went to college, but before his second year they closed down the college. So we moved to Kellogg, Idaho where Clyde worked in the Sunshine mine and I worked for the telephone company. We stayed there about a year and a half and then moved back to Salmon again and Clyde went to logging along with his father Frank and his brother, Bill. We also bought the Salmon Taxi Company and ran it about three years while we were logging. There was always time off in the winter from logging and that was when the taxi business was the best. I drove taxi along with Clyde's sister Ruby. We hired other drivers as needed. Clyde was busy logging spring, summer and fall. He drove taxi in the winter. The taxis made good money for the three years we ran them, until they took gambling out of Salmon, then the business dropped off to about half. Then we sold the taxi to a couple of men there. In 1959 Clyde quit logging and went to work for the Idaho Fish and Game Department until August that year when he went to work for the U.S. Forest Service, where he worked as a surveyor for twenty-one years, and I went to work for the Lemhi Telephone Company. Clyde became an Idaho Registered Land Surveyor in January, 1969, and did part time land surveying.

My father died on 12 September 1953 and my mother died 19 January 1956, both in Salmon, Idaho where they are buried, also my Grandmother Whiting is buried in Salmon.

When Ken was ten years old I found that I couldn't have any more children and Clyde's son and daughter by his first wife were living with their mother in Pocatello, Idaho so we decided to try to adopt a child, which we did in 1960. A Lamanite boy seven days old (Shoshone/Bannock). We were very happy that this little spirit came to our house to live. It just didn't seem possible that our Heavenly Father had entrusted us with this little spirit after waiting so long for another baby. Ten years seemed almost forever. I could hardly bare to leave him to go to work. I still worked for the Telephone Company. Our new little son we named Ronald Micky, born 14 December 1960. When Micky, as we called him, was two years old and we adopted a very thin frightened little girl, also a Lamanite (a Crow Indian from Montana). Her parents had beaten her and she had been in the hospital about six months. She was in pretty bad shape. She was two and a half years old when we got her. I don't think she remembers anything about her parents or the beatings now. She was born 17 June 1960. We named her Debra Laura. She is a very pretty girl, very kind and gentle. She loves to read and has a beautiful singing voice. We love her very much.

In October we adopted another little (part Lamanite) boy, born 11 October 1964 in Pocatello, Idaho. His father was white and his mother was a Shoshone/Bannock Indian. He was a beautiful baby and we named him Ricky Dale. This child is full of life and is a happy-go-lucky boy and oh, so very loving and really has a very tender heart.

Ken went to college in Pocatello a couple of years, was going to prepare for law school, but he found a very pretty little girl and his plans changed. My son was in love. He was a man! He grew up before I knew it. Then on 18 August 1970 he married Deborah Diane Whittington in Jackson, Wyoming. Their son Scott Noel was born in Jackson 19 April 1971. They made their home in Salmon for a couple of years where Ken worked for the Bureau of Land Management. Then they moved to Las Vegas, Nevada for a couple of years, and then to Pocatello, Idaho. Now they live in Boise, Idaho.

My two step children, whom I love very much, are married and have families and they both live in Las Vegas, Nevada. We go down there to visit them every now and then. Julie has a daughter that has two children, our great grand children that we haven't even seen yet as of November 1987.

My brothers and sisters are scattered around. Elmer and Rose Zella have both passed away, Alvin and family live in Salt Lake City as do Vern and his family, Merlin and family live in Pocatello, Albert and family live at St. George, Utah, and Verona and family live at Carey, Idaho.

We moved to Sugar City, Idaho in October 1981. Ken and Debbie and Scott came to live with us there. Micky was living in Pocatello and going to college. Ricky lived in Sugar City with us and finished high school there. Clyde and I were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on 12 June 1982, and had Ken and Ricky sealed to us. Ken and Debbie were also married there at the same time and had their son, Scott sealed to them.

We left Sugar City in January 1983 and moved to St. Anthony, Idaho until November 1983, when we moved to Pocatello. We lived in Pocatello nearly four years, then moved to Boise, Idaho in 1987. Ken and Debbie and Scott moved to Idaho Falls then to Rigby, Idaho, then to Boise. Now we all live in the same building here in Boise. We have the down stairs apartment and they have the upper two floors. One room on the main floor is being used for a computer room and we all use it trying to get a computer aided business going.

Rick and his family (wife and two sons at present) live in Pocatello. It's getting winter time in Boise. There isn't any snow yet but it's getting colder. Freezing a little at night. I guess that's about all for now.

GEORGE ALBERT WHITING

Born 2 March 1926 in Crystal, Idaho the fifth child of Lorenzo Snow

Whiting and Pearlina Fannin. He attended schools in Salmon. Was in the U.S. Navy in World War II and awarded the Purple Heart. He married Nina Louise Lambert 23 August 1953. Their children are: Carl Jay born 14 October 1955 and currently attending college in Phoenix, Arizona, Hal Kevin born 8 April 1958 currently in the eleventh grade at Dixie High School and Janene Evon born 10 April 1967 in the third grade at West Elementary.

Albert has been employed in the auto mechanics and construction type work in Idaho and currently employed with the BLM, Department of Interior, on the Arizona Strip District in North Western Arizona.

EXCERPTS FROM AN ARTICLE IN
THE SPOKESMAN-REVIEW 26 APRIL
1959

(George A. Whiting of Mackay, Idaho, was serving on board the Indianapolis at the time the cruiser was sunk. He has written the following account of his experiences after the sinking. The United States cruiser Indianapolis carried the first atomic bomb to the South Pacific and then was sunk by Japanese torpedoes in a supposedly safe sea area. More than two-thirds of the ship's crew of 1200 perished before it was discovered)

The night of the sinking I was sleeping in my bunk and was awakened by the first explosion. When I raised up in bed the second torpedo hit, bumping my head into the steel bed support.

I walked to the forward part of the mess hall. Everything was smokey and black beyond there. The ship began to list to starboard. Someone said to go to top deck. I went up to port side about two-thirds of the way back to the stern, and found some of the men from my division there. One was wearing a life jacket. I asked him where he had gotten it and he showed me. I took the last life jacket that was there, and then went back to port side. The ship was out of the water on port side so high that you could walk on the side. Men were jumping off all along the ship. I got ready to jump off behind a big man who jumped off into the propellers. I heard him scream and looked down, then went forward a ways so I would not hit them. Then I slid down the side, still hitting the propeller shaft. It flipped me between the shaft and the hull of the ship into the water.

A boy was right by me when I hit the water. His back was injured and he was very scared. He got on my back trying to save himself and pushed me under.



George Albert Whiting

He was drowning me in the thick black oil and water. I knew that without some help I would soon drown. I prayed that my life might be saved, and I immediately came up out of the water almost to my waist with the boy still upon my back.

As I was close enough to touch the ship and had heard of the undercurrent when a ship sinks, I began to swim away from it, the boy still hanging on.

It didn't seem that I was making much headway. When I looked back the ship was about one block away. Only the stern was above water and it was going down. I could see some men still standing on the top of the stern.

A hunk of wood which holds the motor whale boat in place on the ship was floating in the water near me. I talked the boy who was still clinging to me into getting hold of this makeshift raft, and I swam over to one of the life rafts which was so crowded I couldn't get on but just had to hold on. Later I saw the boy on another of the life rafts.

We had some Spam and biscuits to eat the next morning. When the Spam was divided we each received a piece as big as the end of your thumb. There were more biscuits but our stomachs could not stand them and we would vomit them right up.

A plane came over the first day but obviously didn't see us. We were very disappointed.

Between the first and fourth day men were dying from drinking the salt water and many were going berserk.

From dark of the third night until sunup the fourth day I remember nothing. The last I remember was hanging onto the raft until I awoke the next morning to find myself sitting on one side of the raft completely alone. Men were on the opposite side and in the middle. When I came to they began to move toward me and I was squeezed back into the water again. Thinking of this afterward it seemed unexplainable but it was very real.

The fourth day the plane which sighted us flew over and dropped a flare away from the oil on the water. Later that day a plane dropped several messages. I swam out and picked up one. It said that a ship would be by to pick us up at 2400 hours. The sharks were thick around us now but they didn't bother as long as we made noise. One boy was bitten in the side by a shark but he lived.

That afternoon a boy named Myers, who had drunk salt water was dying. I was holding him up although he kept trying to get his face into the water. Finally they put him on the raft but it was too late to save him.

A B-29 came over and dropped a motor whale boat and some rubber life rafts. My Chief Petty Officer, Lane, and a few others swam over to the large boat. He called me over and gave me some of the canned water they had found in the boat. It tasted very sugary.

The B-29 dropped another life raft and another boy and I were asked to get it. We paddled it back to the motor whale boat. There was no gas for the motor so we tried to paddle back to the other group of men but we were so tired and the

boat was drifting, so we gave the paddling up.

At 2400 the ship arrived and picked us up. It was a destroyer converted to a troop carrier. It took us to Samar in the Philippines, where we stayed for two weeks. Then we were sent to Guam to the submarine rest camp and after a few months given leave to go home.

ALVIN WHITING



Alvin and Joseph

I was born in McCammon, Idaho on 22 March 1929 to Lorenzo Snow Whiting and Pearlina Fannin Whiting. My parents lived at Crystal, Idaho at the time of my birth. I was the seventh child born of eight brothers and sisters, (Elmer, Rosella, Lavern, Verona, Laura, George, Alvin and Joseph Merlin).

My father Len (that was his nickname) and my uncle Clark Dick (he was married to Lorenzo's sister Ella), built our home on Kirtley Creek in Lemhi County in about 1931 or 1932. We had moved from Crystal to the Salmon area when I was about three years old. I attended school on Kirtley Creek for the first five grades. I remember that Maxine Steel was my first teacher.

We moved into the town of Salmon when I was about eleven years old. I attended the Franklin School and was in the sixth grade. When I got into Junior High School I attended the Brooklyn School located on the "bar." I remember Beulah Brennehan being one of my favorite teachers in grade school. She taught her classes many of the songs I still remember today and that I have taught to my own children and now teach and sing to my grandchildren, (Piggy Wig & Piggy Wee, and Little Fly Upon the Way, and Robin Dear).

While in junior high school, I worked part-time after school and on weekends at the Safeway Market and at Bob March's Meat Market.

I attended Salmon high school and worked part time after school and on weekends at the Ford Garage which was owned at that time by Ed and Edwina Scott. I worked as a mechanic working on tractors as well as cars.

Because times were tough, I quit school in the spring of 1947 and went to work full time at the Redbird Mine near Clayton, Idaho with my cousins Cecil and Mervil Whiting. We did contract mining there for about two years. The bottom seemed to drop out of the lead prices at that time, lead went from 26 cents per pound to 16 cents per pound.

My name was due to come up for the draft about this same time so my friend, Alva Kilpatric, and I decided to join the Navy. I enlisted in the Navy on the 16th. of August 1950. I attended basic training at the Naval Training Center in San Diego, California. I was the third squad leader in Co. 50-335 as Seaman Recruit.

After Basic Training I went to the mothball fleet called sub-group II for two years where I worked at putting ships back into commission. I was then transferred to sea duty on the L.S.T. 902 (Landing Ship Tank).

My first time out at sea was to Japan where we rotated troops, tanks, trucks, bulldozers and all kinds of equipment into Korea. While we were there, we took part in the mock invasion above the 38th. parallel, (the objective of which was to draw North Korean troops from the front lines to the coast to take the pressure off our Marines on the front lines). This took about 11 months and then we returned to San Diego, California.

I was discharged from the Navy in the spring of 1954, and returned to Salmon, Idaho. My father, Lorenzo Snow Whiting had passed away while I was at sea in the Navy. I returned home and lived with my mother, Pearlina, and my brother Joseph Merlin, in our small house at the east end of Main Street.

In the summer of 1954, I met my future wife, Joann Innes, who was the granddaughter of James L. and Dora M. Pelton and the daughter of Nellie Pelton Innes Clutis and Joseph H. Innes. Mr. and Mrs. Pelton originally owned the O.P. Skaggs grocery store where B & B Market is now located. Joan was in her senior year at Salmon High School and lived with her mother, Nellie Innes Clutis and her stepfather James E. Clutis.

We were married 16 April 1955 in Pocatello, Idaho. I continued to work for the Ford Garage and for a short time I worked for the Chevrolet garage. Later that summer we moved to Pocatello where we both attended Idaho State College. I attended welding and diesel school on my GI bill and Joan took classes in microbiology and chemistry.

I went to work full time for Garrett Freightlines when we first moved to Pocatello and worked swing shift while attending school and for the next 15 years. I transferred from working on the dock to working in the diesel shop and continued to work for Garrett Freightlines (also ANR as they were later named), until they transferred me to Salt Lake City in 1985. I continued to work for ANR Freightlines until the spring of 1990 when they closed their doors for good and I was forced to retire.

My wife, Joan and I, have four children, Julie Ann Lewis of Magna, Utah, Jonell Hansen of Pocatello, James Lee who died at age eleven, and Michael Len Whiting of Pocatello.

--By Alvin Whiting

JOSEPH MERLIN WHITING

I, Joseph Merlin Whiting, was born 26 October 1933 in Salmon, Idaho, Lemhi County, at home on a ranch called the Hagle Ranch. I am the eighth child of our family. I have three sisters and four brothers: Lorenzo Elmer, Lavern Casper, George Albert, and Alvin Lee. My sisters are Rozella, Verona, and Laura.

I do not remember much of my life on the Hagle Ranch. However, I remember what the house looked like. All my older brothers and sisters had their bedrooms upstairs and I was always afraid of going up there, because there were some dried deer and bear hides at the top of the stairs and my brothers told me there were bears up there. They told me this so I wouldn't go up in their rooms, and get into their things.



Merlin/ Joseph, and LaDell Whiting
family

I can remember about being very frightened at another occasion when I was very small. I was out with my father and he had work horses. Somehow, I got right under those horses' feet and rolled over against one of the horses' rear feet and he lifted up his leg and I thought he would step on me. But somehow he held up his foot long enough for my father to pull me out without any harm. To this day I don't care for

horses. My father told me later that he didn't know why that horse knew that I was under his feet and didn't step on me.

I remember when we moved to Salmon from the ranch. I walked all the way from the ranch with my mother to the home we had in town. It seemed like a long way, but it really wasn't that far. I was very glad to have other children to play with.

As a child our family was quite poor and times were not very good. We were very lucky to have a home to live in. Dad worked for the WPA and made very little. We seemed to always have enough to eat and were warm.

Dad and Mom and the older ones of the family gathered wood in the summer time to see us through the winter. It seemed like mother worked very hard all the time. She took in washing and ironing, not that she didn't have enough washing

and ironing of her own with a large family. My mother was very strong and it was a good thing because people in that day had to be strong. She was also one of the most loving, tender, kind and considerate person I have ever known. I had great respect for my father, although I was very young and did not get to grow up with him, as some of my older brothers and sisters did. He always worked hard all of his life, and he didn't know what it was to have it easy. He was a very good hunter, and a good marksman. We never wanted for food or clothing. Sometimes our clothes were not the best, but they were always clean, Mom saw to that.

We had good friends and neighbors while living in Salmon. We attended church in the old stucco building, which was wood heated. I have some fond memories of that building.

I attended school in first and second grade at what they called the old Lincoln Building which was located across from the Salmon High School. Then I went to the school on the bar above the court house. All my high school years were spent in Salmon, too. While in high school I played in all kinds of sports. I especially enjoyed football and track.

At the age of eight I was baptized in the Salmon Hot Springs by a man named Merlin Shipley and I think I was confirmed a member of the church by my father. I can remember it was a cold wintry day with snow on the ground and we had trouble getting to the Hot Springs.

I received the Aaronic Priesthood at the age of twelve and became a deacon. I remember how thrilled I was to be able to pass the sacrament. Later I became a teacher and was able to go ward teaching with an older Melchizedek Priesthood holder. Then I was made a priest and administered to the sacrament. I didn't realize at the time, but these were really fun times.

While I was going to high school, I would work summers on farms around Salmon to earn money to buy clothes to go to school in the fall. It was always nice to get some store bought clothes to wear.

I realized at a very young age the value of hard work. I always liked things that were mechanical. I guess that is why I chose that as a profession. After high school graduation, I went to work for Chevrolet Garage in Mackay, Idaho. I had already been a flunky mechanic in Salmon for two years. My brother, Alvin, was working at the time as a mechanic and he helped me get started. I worked in Mackay for about two years.

My father died in Salmon while I was working in Mackay. I had a date with a girl to go to conference, and my father knew that and wouldn't let my mother call me when he was very ill, because he wanted me to be in church instead of coming home. I felt really bad that I wasn't able to be there when he passed away.

Shortly after that I moved to Arco, Idaho and worked about a year, then back to Mackay for a short time. I decided I was going to get out of the mechanic business so I sold all my tools except enough to take care of my own car. I went

to Tacoma, Washington, in search of work.

Jobs were hard to find, but I finally found a job at Sperry Mills. The work was hard, but the pay was good. After three months I was laid off and went back to Salmon to my mother's. I got a job on construction, working on the road above Gibbonsville. That didn't last long and I didn't know what I was going to do.

Two days later I got an offer to go to work at the Chevrolet Garage at Salmon. Then I had to buy new tools and a tool box, so I guess I was meant to be a mechanic.

I worked there for two years and was then drafted into the Army in November 1955. While in basic training in January of 1956, I received word that my mother was very ill and she died the first part of February. I came home for the funeral.

I was sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, after basic training and stayed there in Camp McCoy, Wisconsin for the remainder of my time. In the Army I was an Ord. C.O., a vehicle inspector. That was the easiest two years of my working life.

I was not too close to the church, but I wasn't too far away either. I am very glad now that my parents made me go to Church, sometimes even if I didn't want to go. After returning home from the service I went to work for the Chevrolet Garage in Salmon again.

I met LaDell Jolley, and started going with her and courted her for two and a half years. We had a lot of good times and went a lot of places.

She wasn't out of high school yet, so we went to a lot of proms and games and many other things. During this time I crushed a vertebrae in my back and was in a cast for three months. I wasn't able to completely take care of myself, so LaDell's folks asked me to come up and live in their cook house, so they could take care of me until I could get the cast off. During this time I learned many arts: textile painting, cooking, dishes and many other things.

I was ordained an elder in the old church house by Bishop Gar Hodges. Later LaDell and I were married in the church house by Gar Hodges. We lived in a trailer we bought in Pocatello and had moved to Salmon. We lived in a trailer court just across the football field of the high school, and LaDell had six weeks of school left before she graduated. We were married in April 1959 and she graduated in May.

We moved to Pocatello in August of 1959 and moved our trailer down by ourselves. We were caught in a sand storm in Mud Lake and it just filled our trailer with sand. We lived in Fishers Trailer Court for one year and nine months.

Our first child was born 9 August 1960 in Bannock Memorial Hospital. She weighed six pounds and nine ounces and we named her Deborah Pearl. The Pearl was named after both grandmothers. We really enjoyed Debbie, but it was hard for me and her cause I hadn't ever been around children much and I had to learn everything on her. Then on 1 May 1962 our second daughter was born and weighed six pounds and six ounces. We named her Cindy Jo.

When Debbie was nine months old we finally bought our first home at 617 Zener Street and have lived there ever since.



Len Whiting family, family reunion 1982

My wife, LaDell, was active in the church and worked in the Relief Society Presidency for three years. During this time I became active and we prepared to go to the temple. At this time I was a counselor in the Elder's Quorum and there were many who encouraged me to pay my tithing and to go to the temple. So on 14 April 1967 we were married in the temple and had our two

daughters sealed to us. To this day our girls remember what a special day this was. Then I was made Elders Quorum President and served for three years. I was later released and made Stake Sunday School President and served there for two years.

On 26 January 1969 our first son was born. We named him Joseph Douglas after his Dad. Being our only son, we loved him very much. And later our fourth and last child was born, a daughter named Marla LaDell, after her mother.

I was then released in the Stake Sunday School and so far have served as ward athletic director and home teacher and on various committees.

At the present time I am over the temple committee. My wife and I attend the temple very often. My wife has worked in the Mutual and the Primary and now has been the Relief Society Homemaking Leader for the last two years.

Our oldest daughter, Debbie, will be a sophomore next year and she enjoys school very much. She has been President of her MIA class for the last two years, and is active in many things. She enjoys art, drama, and likes to cook.

Cindy will be an eighth grader and is active in her school activities. She loves music and so does Debbie. They often sing together with their cousins, Julie and Jonell. She is also President of her MIA class and is active in other things also.

We love to take our family on camping trips. We usually go with friends. We enjoy fishing, motorcycling and traveling. We have taken many jeeping trips when we had a jeep and had a lot of fun with family and friends. We now have

a camp trailer and enjoy camping a lot. We have also taken several trips with our close friends.

I have remained at Park Price Motor for the last 16 years. I specialize in Mercedes Benz cars, tune-up work, and air conditioning. I have taken two courses through the Advanced School, Inc. offered by the Veterans Administration. I have taken the equivalent of four years college through specialized schools in my work.

--By Joseph Merlin Whiting