



br- Juanita, Delcene, Rachel, Donna  
fr- Shirley, Marcena (mother), Grace

Grace, the first born of a family of twelve siblings, soon became mothers' little helper, with all areas involved in the home and outdoor chores also. By the time Grace was fourteen she assisted in my birth, along with Dad. It was a touch and go situation. Grace and Dad took turns breathing into my mouth and dipping me into pans of water. I was more dead than alive by the time the doctor arrived. I was breathing but very weak and blue and mother wasn't all that good either. So Grace became a good little nurse. I don't remember it, but I'm here to tell about it, and she had a full twenty-four hour a

day job. If medals and ribbons were handed up, she sure earned them. It was just another day in her life of growing up. She took everything in her stride, self pity or feeling sorry for herself was not in Grace's lifestyle. She had a unique ability to more or less see through deception, or something that just didn't seem right.

She sure had a gift for cooking. Everytime she came home for a visit she had all these different ways of fixing and cooking food. From dutch ovens to gourmet, and many times brought groceries and necessities to help out the big family. Grace was never too far away but what she couldn't come home to help us out. Some of Grace's favorite hobbies are fishing, camping and hunting. She was an expert shot, won lots of trophies. While in Canada her favorite game was moose, and she even shot one while she was in her sleeping bag. It woke her up so she shot it. A big bull moose and just what she needed to fill her tag. She skins and dresses out her game using her winch truck and it sure tastes good the way she cooks it.

Years ago, Grace came to visit us children while we were staying at the summer cabin up Mink Creek. The folks were in town so Grace checked out the food supply and said you guys need some meat to eat. Let's go get a deer. We got Dad's 30-30 rifle and one bullet, and a 22 rifle with one bullet. Grace harnessed the horse and hooked a metal scoop to it and tied the horse to the bottom of the cliffs that we climbed up, over, and around and to the top of the mountain. It was really a steep climb and lots of loose rocks and shale and beyond that at least a couple more miles.

We found the deer laying up in the shade of some cedars. Grace took careful aim and only wounded the deer, and then I shot my only bullet. I'd never



shot a deer before, but I knew I had to hit my mark. We couldn't leave a wounded deer. She told me to aim about six inches above its head to allow for the distance. I got lucky. It was too heavy to carry so we drug it and I never drug anything so heavy and so far in my life. We dressed it out and drug it some more. So we cut its head and feet off and its tail, everything we couldn't eat to make it lighter. It didn't help much and we finally got it to the top of the cliffs and sat down to rest checking out the best way to get it down the cliffs. The horse was waiting below when all of a sudden it slipped from our grasp and went bouncing off the cliffs and almost landed on the horse. It almost scared the horse to death. The horse broke loose, ran away, and left the scoop hanging in the top of some willow trees up the creek. We never could figure that out. At least we didn't have to worry about how to get the deer down anymore, so we were back to dragging the deer again through the creek and mud and up the dusty trail. By now it was dark so we took it in the cabin and laid it on a canvas and lit the lamps and got a good look at what we worked so hard for. This muddy mess and not a bit of hair left on its body anywhere. We had drug the hair all off it's body. We each got a knife in our hands and tried to figure out how to skin a deer when there is nothing left to skin, and about that time Dad walked in the door. He stopped and looked at that deer and looked at us and then looked at the deer again. The most unbelievable look I ever saw on his face, and said, "What in the H--- did you girls do to this deer?" We looked at each other and couldn't explain it. Dad started laughing, it isn't even fit for a dog to eat. Dad tried to scold us but he was laughing too hard. He always did kid us about it. We were two great white hunters.

Leon tells about the time he was hunting with Grace, and it was about midnight by the time they got their deer loaded on the horses and were walking out of the canyon leading their horses in the dark. Leon noticed two separate groups of little sparkles after a while. Leon asked Grace what was causing them little flashes of sparkles? Grace said that's a couple of cougars, they have been following us all the way and everytime they walk under those pine trees, the limbs rub their fur and it causes static electricity, but she said, they're not after us, they want the deer. Anyway, that solved the mystery of the flashes of sparks in the darkness. I'm not that brave. Anytime anything can out run, or out jump, or climb a tree faster than me, I don't want to do anything to attract its attention, let alone carry off its favorite meal. I've always admired her courage and strong will and inner strength. I asked her if she ever worries about a grizzly bear or a rampaging moose while she is hunting and she says not much. Those bears are more afraid of you then you are of them. But when someone sits and watches a stump all night long, like I did, ruined my fishing trip and I was so sleepy the next day, I was so sure it was a bear. And then I find out that they don't even have bears in that part of the country. How dumb can I get. I don't think a bear could be that afraid.

Big game hunting trips every fall were normal routine for Grace. She kept her deep freeze full of meat, plus the jellies, jams, pickles and elder berries, wild



mushrooms and all kinds that she could do up in jars and then share with other families and the elderly. There was more to Graces life then just being a housewife, which is a full time job for most women. She knew all the areas and the time of the year to harvest and she didn't make a big deal out of it. If you ever go to Grace's place be prepared for excitement and adventure. And she takes her kids with her.

Grace raised two families. Her oldest daughters, Jeanene and Evelyne, who are both married with children of their own and then she adopted two more babies, a boy named Shelden and a girl named Leisa. At this time both are young adults and very loving loyal children to their mother. They think their Mom is the greatest. She comes first in their lives.

Grace always has animals to care for; different varieties of birds, special kinds or breeds of chickens, ducks and geese. She has a lot of love to give and share.

She once saw a lynx cat grab one of her chickens and run with it. She grabbed her gun and took after it yelling for it to drop that chicken and blasting away at the same time. A neighbor fixing a roof on top of his shed didn't know if she was after him or what. He didn't see the Lynx run by with the chicken, all he saw was Grace coming in his direction a shooting and a yelling and he wasn't taking any chances. He jumped off that shed and run for cover. He had never seen a women firing on the run like that before. She reassured him it wasn't him, but the cat she was after.

Grace is also a good business women. She purchased eighty acres of land and resold it for \$300,000.00 for a shopping center in Fort St. John, Canada. Grace owns several pieces of real estate and anything else she needs. She also started the first LDS Church in Fort St. John, Canada. She has never let her age slow her down until lately when she injured her leg and it gives her some problems.

Grace really enjoys making the most out of life. She is very much in tune with the world she lives in. A very good conversationalist on almost any subject. She has had her share of heartaches and disappointments.

She has a large assortment of interests and hobbies and never runs out of things to do or to learn. She always find something different and exciting to do. She has a very good sense of humor and jokes and laughs at some of her own mistakes. But all in all she can compete with the best of them and come out a winner. These few memories I'm writing to send in for my sister's condensed sketch, just in case she doesn't get around to doing one of her own. Right now she is going through a painful therapy session on her injured leg. Our hopes and prayers are with her for a speedy recovery. So we can go pick them berries before the bears get them. That is if we can drive through the patch and pick them from the window of the van.

--Written by sister Donna Atkins

## ARCH WHITING

I just barely remember Grandpa Whiting, but from what I've heard of him, I'm proud to be a grandson of Lorenzo S. and Flora Wateman Whiting. I was born 10 August 1914 at Crystal, Idaho, in a log house on my folks homestead. They named me Arch Jay Whiting. I was second born in a family of twelve kids, six boys and six girls. My education consisted of the eighth grade plus a few degrees from the school of hard knocks. My earliest years at school were at Crystal. We went horseback sometimes, also by buggy in summer, and a sleigh in the winter and sometimes walked. I finished the eighth grade at Irving Jr. High at Pocatello.



Arch and Reva Whiting

I was baptised at the age of eight at Crystal by Bishop Moses Fannin in a pond at his home. I was ordained a deacon at age twelve. I have had a life of many different modes of making a living in different environments which I won't dwell on in too much detail but will try to take them in their order, starting from the age of about eleven years old.

My brother just younger than me, Russell, and I and Dad milked about 30 head of cows by hand at midnight each night to sell to a dairy at 20 cents per gallon. Odd hours to milk cows but it was for the convenience of the dairy and their delivery hours in town. About two years later, we disposed of the milking business and got a dry farm up Gibson Jack Creek, south of Pocatello, and raised a lot of dry farm wheat. All the farming was done with horses. Us boys thought we would be cowboys. We got bucked off quite a few broncos and some we didn't. After about four years of farming and etc. Dad went into the sheep business and, of course, us boys done the herding and camp moving. Thus graduating from cowboys to sheepherders.

We trailed the sheep to Rupert for the winter and Crystal in the summer, also up Black Rock Canyon, south of Pocatello. We didn't have a sheep camp wagon or tent much of the time. Just three saddle horses, a bed roll, a piece of canvas, two dutch ovens, an axe and a 30-30 rifle to shoot coyotes. We slept on the ground and when it rained we usually got wet. I left that herd at about the age of eighteen.





Janice, Lovonne, Denece, Belva, Arch & Reva

I walked from just north of Pauline in Arbon Valley to where the Indians have their sun dance, close to Michaud on Bannock Creek. It was mighty hot that day, a distance of about 18 miles. Quite a hike and I got there about dark. Those Indians were sure whooping it up. I hadn't eaten all day and was anxious to get to town for something to eat.

I had \$18.00, my life savings. I had to give three drunk Indians one dollar to ride from there to town in the back of their Model A Coop with the lid on my head.

That was the wildest ride I ever took, some through the barrow pit, out through the sage brush, all the whoopin' and hollerin' (oh boy!), and finally we got to Pocatello, and the first time they slowed down I jumped out and went down through the railroad yards and slept in the weeds that night. Next morning, I grabbed a handful of freight train and three days later was in Amarillo, Texas. Picked some cotton south of San Antonio at 50 cents a hundred and board for myself. My best day was 100 pounds, so all you mathematicians figure that out. Of course, beans was cheaper in those days, I still slept out under the trees. People wasn't about to put you in a good feather tick in the house, bein' a railroad hobo and all. I had a few years of experience at camp fire cooking so it wasn't a real inconvenience.

I lived off the land some too. In that country there was lots of wild grapes hanging in the trees and I used to make grape marmalade and grape syrup for the hot cakes and etc. Oh how I would like to tell of all the experiences I had on this trip. Some very dangerous, some pathetic, and some humorous, but I'm sure this compilation of this book on the Whittings doesn't call for me to write all the experiences and anxieties I've experienced thus far, however, I'm writing a book for my children and putting in a lot of these details of things and close shaves I've had throughout my lifetime, like being shot at by a yard bull, for merely trying to board a freight train. I don't know if I was out runnin' the bullets or he couldn't shoot straight, but he was coming close, I could hear them bullets as they went by so I guess I wasn't out running' them. I ran into the back door of some kind of packing plant, the floor was slick and I lost my footing and thought I never would stop sliding till I hit the wall on the other side. I jumped up and ran out the side door and didn't stop till I got down town, namely Amarillo, Texas.

Well, being a fellow that as I mentioned before, I had \$18.00 and wanted to





Arch and his violin workshop

conserve it as best i could, some fellow on the street told me the Salvation Army was feeding hoboes and bums. I never did consider myself a bum. I've always wanted to pay my way either by money or labor. I've never failed to donate to the Salvation Army to this day and I always will, not a large amount, but over the years I hope and actually know, I've paid them over and over and hope that some unfortunate has benefitted by it as I sure did that night. Even though that nite it was only a bowl of soup and a straw mattress to sleep on.

In order to show you all how stupid I was at this episode, now this was during the depression years and there was at least 200 people lined up in that soup line and a fellow at a desk just beside this big vat of soup that took your name, your home place and your religion. He would ask, "Are you a Protestant or Catholic." I said I'm a Mormon. He asked what is that? I said a Mormon, what's the hell a Mormon. I said I believe in the Bible and etc. He said, I guess you're a Protestant. Next! Oh boy! Well anyway that nite was the first nite, I guess from the winter before, I had slept on a mattress.

Now I don't intend for the reader of my writing to think I stayed a sheep herdin' hobo, because my ambitions called for a different direction. I learned many different types of work; carpenter, welder, steam locomotive, fireman, machinist and of course, farming which I liked best. I retired August 12, 1976 from the machinist job at the Union Pacific Railroad at the age of sixty-two. My hobbies are fishing, hunting and music, gardening and we have twelve laying hens. Reva said she got thirteen eggs today, I don't believe it either. I belong to the Idaho Old Time Fiddlers.

I've been playing the fiddle, banjo, Mandolin, and tenor guitar for many years. I played for dances a few years at Salmon with a group. I should mention here, we lived at Salmon, Idaho for seventeen years.

I met my wife, Reva Williams, at Pocatello, in 1934. We were married, 21 November 1936 by Bishop Byrd Finlayson. My wife is the best as a house keeper and cook and is always concerned as to the well being of her husband and kids and



Arch with the first violin he made



also her mother. They say a picture is worth a thousand words, so picture a woman who could put up with me for forty years and that say a volume. What more can I say except, if she would just learn to play the fiddle or banjo, but let's face it we can't all be perfect. Ha!

We raised five wonderful children. I will give their names and some statistics in the order of their age. First, Janice born in 1937 and married to Bill Larson. They have six children--Vicki, Lyle, Steve, Cliff, Amy, Neil. They live at Pingree, Idaho, and are farming 85 acres also a herd of dairy cows, also Bill is working as a chemist for F.M.C.

Lavonne--born in 1939 and married to Kenneth Larson, Bill and Ken are brothers and have six children and live at Corvallis, Oregon. Ken is teaching school there. The children are Wendy, Mark, Janet, Larry, Curtis and Jeff.

Our third daughter Denece, was born in 1941, and is married to Dave Little. They have five children, Kevin, Victor, Kimberly, Kristelle and Kabe. They live at San Diego, California. Dave runs a hardware supply business.

Our only boy, Ronald, born 1944 lost his life from a rifle accident in 1972. He was married to Sonia Hankins Sommers, they lived at Fort Worth, Texas. They had four children--Dorinda, Tracy, Cassandra and Donnette. Ronald graduated from high school at Salmon, then put in a four year hitch in the Air Force, got an honorable discharge from Carswell AFB at Fort Worth. His wife joined the LDS Church after their marriage and were looking toward a temple marriage.

Belva, our youngest is married to Ronald Paulson. They live at Shelley, Idaho. Belva was born in 1953, they have two children, Dallas and Ronette. Ron works at a building supplies company in Idaho Falls. Ron filled a mission for the LDS Church. All our children are active in church activities. All the girls have wonderful husbands and married in the temple. They all graduated from high school. Belva went a term at Ricks College before she married. We have 23 grandkids, Vicki, the oldest is going to Ricks College at this time.

My parents: Lemual Alma (Jay) Whiting. Born 6 June 1891 at Springville, Utah, Married 5 October 1911. Passed away 6 April 1973 at Pocatello, Idaho.

My Mother: Marcena Ames Whiting, born 7 November 1895 at Cottonwood, Idaho. She resides in a senior citizen city at Henderson, Nevada.

Katheryne asked me to write concerning my father's life. I will do the best I can as I left home at an early age. I would say his favorite work would be



Ronald Whiting



sawmill and timber work as he did a lot of that. I think that is a Whiting trait. I know of five different mills he owned over the years and three of them powered with steam, those were the days when we didn't have chain saws to cut the timber. We did the logging with horses and wagons. Dad worked for the city taking care of the zoo when he was a kid. Grandpa had him do the hunting and fishing to keep a good supply of meat for their sawmill operation up Mink Creek. He told me one time when he and Uncle Ralph were kids, one of Grandma's laying hens died so they decided to put a setting of eggs under her. He said those eggs never did hatch - Ha.

He told me how he about scared himself into a panic when he was a kid. He had been hunting and decided to sleep out in the hills that night, anyway, he decided to shoot the rifle to scare the cougars away so he pointed it straight up in the air and fired then it dawned on him, "Where's the bullet going to hit when it comes back down?" He said it missed him by a few inches. Dad's schooling or book learning wasn't much, but he had a good business head and usually made a good profit on any business dealings. He would buy an old house and remodel it and double his money or more. Or make it into apartments and have a good income.



Arch and Family

He was always able to see the potential, also being a pretty good carpenter and doing his own fixing. He loved to fish and hunt. He sure enough taught us boys to be hard and conscientious workers when we were kids at home.

Now concerning my Mother, a woman who raised twelve kids and while we weren't wealthy, she could make the most of the least at hand. She always taught us religion, honesty, cleanliness.

For many years she washed our clothes on the wash board. She was a talented musician, playing the violin and piano. For many years she played for dances. Her parents, Sam and Sarah Ann Boice Ames, were both musicians and two of the best. Grandpa played the fiddle and Grandmother the piano or the banjo. I was fortunate to inherit that fiddle and banjo. The fiddle is a Stainer and probably two hundred years old and has come down through the family. My mother played it and now I'm using it, and it's a good one!

I remember Grandma Whiting as a conscientious hard working woman.



Always striving towards bolstering up the security of those around her. No foolishness for her, always looking ahead toward storing up food for a hard winter. Also a good rug maker on her loom.

I think it is time to start closing this story out. I hope in the future the posterity of Granpa Whiting can arrange for a reunion each or every other year. I would suggest up Mink Creek or one of the parks here at Pocatello, as this is the area where he spent several years. I know of the location of a coal mine he had in Mink Creek, also a couple of sawmill sites up there. He used to saw lumber for the sidewalks here at Pocatello.

I have been told he made the first road up the east fork of Mink Creek. Today it's an oiled road. Grandfather's grave is located on the Hayden Farm at Crystal in a small cemetery.

Our home is about a mile south of Pocatello on Bannock Highway. Visit us if you're in this area.

--ARCH WHITING written May 1987.

This is an update from the past story and it will be brief. I will start from when I retired 12 August 1976, because I don't remember where the other one ended.

I worked from 1970 to 1976 for the Union Pacific Railroad as a mechanic and diesel locomotive mechanic. In 1971, I was transferred to North Platte, Nebraska, for a few months. We dodged a few tornados while there. We came back to Pocatello and worked in the diesel shop here. I was injured on the job and got a broken collar bone and four busted ribs, also a concussion above my left ear and injured my inner ear, so now I wear hearing aids. It took me five months to recover and go back to work. I then ran an axle lathe and wheel baring mill. Then I was an inspector of roller bearings until I retired. We took the settlement money the railroad paid me and paid off our home and bought two other properties in Pocatello.

Reva and I joined the Idaho Old Time Fiddler's in 1970. Reva learned to play the guitar and I've been playing the fiddle, banjo and mandolin for about a hundred years so we have a pastime along with fishing and etc. Plus all the yard and garden work. So we get exercise and once in a while get a glimpse of ourselves on TV strumming the strings. We have 27 grandchildren and 14 great grandkids and four daughters. We lost our only boy, Ronnie, in 1972. We have a wonderful family and love them all very much.

Reva joined the DVP and also is a treasurer of District Seven Old Time Fiddlers, and an officer in the Relief Society, so she keeps busy.

I build fiddles or violins to be exact. I figure it takes about two hundred hours to do a precision job and have a good quality fiddle. I have built three so



far. One is an exceptional violin, tone wise, and all around easy to play violin. I'm satisfied with all three so far. I don't think I will build anymore. I always wanted to build a fiddle so since I've got one that's the best I've ever pulled a bow across, that is enough. I think I'm the only old time hoe down fiddler that I know of in the Whiting family. I'm not the best but what I play gets me by.

Our daughters and son-in-laws and grandchildren put on Rev's and my 50th wedding anniversary party at the stake house last August. It was a huge success. We really appreciated all the nice gifts they gave us and all the effort they went to.

#### HISTORY UPDATE 1993:

We sold our home on Bannock Highway to Dellecene and Elwin Hughes, Arch's sister. They live in Florida, but are making this their summer home.

Janice and Bill sold their farm and moved to Pocatello. Bill has worked 33 years for FMC and Janice went back to school at ISA and is now teaching fifth grade. Janice and Bill lost their son, Cliff, in a tractor accident while they were living at Pingree, Idaho. Vicki, their oldest daughter, married Ken Hobbs from Shelley. They have three children and live in Pocatello.

Lyle lives in Hillsboro, Oregon, and works at Rogers Organ. Steve has one son and lives in Pocatello and is an electronic repairman for Sears. Amy Dawn is in the nursing program at ISA and will graduate next year. Neal, Janice and Bill's youngest son, is serving a mission in Pennsylvania and is doing wonderful.

LaVonne, our second daughter, and her husband Ken Larson, are still living in Philomath, Oregon. Ken is teaching in the Crvallis School District. LaVonne is working at Oregon State University in the Health Department.

Their family all live fairly close around Crovallis, except for Larry and his wife, Dawn. They and their two children live in Seattle, Washington. Their oldest daughter, Wendy and her husband Keith Fromme live in Albany, Oregon. They have four children. Keith is a dentist, practicing in Albany. He was in the Air Force and they were stationed in Japan for several years.

Mark and Carita have four children, and are living in Blodgett, Oregon. Janet and her husband Brad Folsom live in Eugene, Oregon. They have five children with two little girls and then triplets: two boys and a girl. They are about three years old. Next is Jeff and Curtis, LaVonne and Ken's youngest sons. They are both serving missions for the church, Jess in Rio Tiedras, Puerto Rico, and Curtis in South Caroling.

Denece and husband Dave Little, live in Wellsville, Utah. Dave has a plastics manufacturing company in Brigham City, and also have a preschool in Logan, Utah, which Denece operates. She has 55 or more children each day. Dave and Denece's oldest son, Kevin and his wife Joan live in El Cajon, California, they have two children.

Kim, our lady missiony, is serving in Kernersville, North Carolin. Kabe and Jegan



are still in school in Wellsville.

As Arch said in his story, we lost our only son, Ronnie in 1972, such a tragedy. He was a fine man. He had just one little girl, Dannette. His wife, Sonia, had three little girls when they were married. They were Dorinda, Tracy, and Cassandra. They are all married and live in Fort Worth, Texas.

Belva, our youngest daughter, was born in Pocatello, Idaho, as were all of our children. She was just one year old when we moved to Salmon, Idaho. She met Ronald Poulsen while going to Ricks College and they were married in the spring of 1972. They have five children and live in Shelley, Idaho. Ronald works as manager of Anderson, Inc. and Belva is working at the city office in Shelley as a clerk in the license bureau.

I have been counting and now find there are 72 in the Arch J. and Reva Whiting family.

--By Reva and Arch Whiting



Russell &  
Dorothy  
1936

#### RUSSELL AMES WHITING

Russell Ames Whiting was born 24 June 1916, son of Lemual Alma Whiting and Marcena Ames Whiting. I was born in a little cabin on my parents homestead in Crystal, Idaho. I was the third child of a family of twelve children, six boys and six girls.

My grandparents on my father's side were Lorenzo Snow Whiting and Flora Waterman. On my mother's side they were Samuel Ames and Sarah Ann Boice. I was blessed at Crystal, Idaho by Wilford Olson on 6 August 1916, and baptized by my uncle William Whiting in Rattlesnake Creek on 18 July 1925. My uncle Forrest Whiting confirmed me.

My first three years of school were spent at Crystal Central School with 35 or 40 students all in one room and seven or eight grades taught. Going to school in the spring and fall wasn't so bad but I can remember how cold and long the winters were and how we had to break a new trail through the deep snow almost every morning. We would get so cold in the sleigh that we would get stiff so we had to run behind the sleigh to keep our blood circulating. When we got to school we had to sit with our feet in a pan of snow to get rid of the chilblains.

In 1926 we moved near Pocatello, Idaho, and I went to school there. We farmed 320 acres with horses and ran a large dairy. In the summers I herded 2900



Russell &  
Dorothy  
1993



head of sheep for three years. I can remember thinking surely there must be a better climate somewhere in these United States where men and livestock can live in less snow and have more food to eat. This was during the depression years.

At age 16 I found that the hill country of Texas suited me just fine. It had a good climate, winters mild, summers a little on the hot side but not unbearable so, and an abundance of deer and wild turkey.

My first two years in Texas were spent on the Crow Ranch working for my board and room. It was during this time that I met Dorothy Ertel, when she came home from Southwest Texas State Teachers College where she was training to be a teacher. I met her at a barbecue picnic. This was the beginning of a long romance.

After two years at the Crow Ranch, I went back to Idaho and spent a year sawing lumber on Crystal Creek with my two brothers, Arch and Reece. We sawed down trees in the deep snow in the winter then after the snow melted in the spring, we could go back and cut a 10 or 12 foot log off the stump. I asked myself, "What am I doing back in this deep snow again?" Mr. Crow, from Texas had written me a letter wanting me to come back and work on his ranch for 1/3 of his ranch profits. This coupled with the fact that I was still in love with Dorothy caused me to go back to Texas. On my 20th. birthday we were married in San Antonio, Texas. Ten months later, I was offered a job at the Crighton Ranch as a foreman so we moved there. President Roosevelt was doing a good job of pulling this country out of the depression about this time. I was getting \$50.00 a month and a house to live in and Dorothy was riding a horse four miles a day to teach school for \$50.00 a month. We were very pleased with ourselves as there were many with no jobs.

After two years of this Dorothy quit teaching to start raising our family. Ten years later, Mr. Crighton, owner of the ranch passed away and the heirs were not interested in ranching; so they sold the stock. The family wanted us to live on the ranch like it was our own except without pay. This we did and I went into the custom baling business. I bought a Case Pickup Hay Baler and made enough money from 1946 through 1949 to buy a small ranch four miles west of the Crighton Ranch.

We spent 30 years on the Crighton Ranch. It was a perfect place to raise our family of two boys and two girls and many foster children. We had a large swimming pool in our yard where we could swim after a hard days work, a lighted tennis court where we could play tennis or basketball, football, or baseball, whatever was in season. We enjoyed riding the horses that were on the ranch.

We had a seven year drought in Texas from 1950 to 1957. We were spending all of our savings to live on and our children were becoming college age. On 26 October 1953, I gave up smoking as one way to cut down on unnecessary spending. I went to work for the fourth army for two years as a supervisor in a small arms repair shop changing 50 caliber machine guns from liquid cooled to air



cooled. When this job was finished I worked for the New Holland Equipment Company as a factory trained service man for automatic balers. I covered all of South Texas. The reason I got this job was because I bought the first automatic wire tie New Holland baler in this part of the state. New Holland thought they were ready for the market but they were not. I did a lot of changing on mine and made it work so the company gave me the job.

Sometime after the end of World War I, Dorothy and I decided we had been inactive Mormons long enough. We could get tires again so we could drive 80 miles to church round trip.

I had been ordained a deacon 7 March 1931, by Wilburn M. Andrusat, Pocatello, Idaho. Dorothy and our oldest son, Allen, had been baptized in the swimming pool at the Crighton Ranch by a missionary, Elder Feinauer, who now lives in Idaho Falls.

I was ordained a teacher 27 May 1956 by Gordon Wright and a priest on 27 April 1958 by Herbert Turley. I was ordained an elder 26 October 1958 by Roland C. Bremer and a High Priest 1 October 1972 by Casey Golightly. Dorothy and I received our endowments in the Salt Lake Temple 20 April 1962 and were sealed. We had two of our children, Claire and Gary, sealed to us at this time and the other two, Allen and Roberta were sealed to us in the Idaho Falls Temple on 10 August 1966. We couldn't all get to Salt Lake in 1962.



Russell and Dorothy Whiting

Dorothy and I have had many jobs in the church. We have worked in Sunday School and Mutual, and I was first counselor to the Branch President for six years. Dorothy is now on a two year genealogical mission in the San Antonio Stake. I am responsible for all the genealogy work in the San Antonio Texas second ward as high priest group leader.

Dorothy and I are very proud and pleased with our children, Allen, Roberta, Claire and Gary and their families. All four went to college. All four have been married in the temple and hold responsible positions in the church. I have 15 grandchildren at this time. Allen Whiting and his wife Rita have five children--Lee, Zane, Cheryle Deanne, Amy Dawn, and Carrie Jane.

Roberta Whiting Brown and Roy have four children--Susan, Jared, Richard and David.



Gary Lee Whiting and his wife, Treila, have two boys--Austin Wade and Shane Aaron.

Allen Roberta and Gary and their families live near us in Texas. We all go to Church at the San Antonio Texas second Ward. Claire and her family live in San Jose, California.

During the years we lived at the Crighton Ranch, we slowly improved our 118 acres. We collected building material and built a home a little at a time. In 1967 we moved to our own place and enjoy it very much. We have chickens, turkeys, cows and a big garden. I am still farming and doing custom combining and baling.

With God's help we hope to live here the rest of our lives and endure to the end.



Russell Whiting children

UPDATE: February 1993. We have four children that have all attended college. Allen is a nuclear engineer at Southwest Research Institute at San Antonio, Texas. He has traveled all over the world. Roberta is working with the Home Health Care program at Boerne, Texas. Claire is a graduate nurse working at Kennesaw, Georgia. Gary is drilling water wells and working with the water problems in California.

We now number 49 members in the family and we are expecting another in March. All are active members of the Church. Six of our grandsons and two granddaughters have gone on missions. All the family have been married in the temple, and we hope the young ones growing up will do the same.

As for Russell and Dorothy, we are on our ranch raising cattel and semi-retired.

--By Russell Ames Whiting

### ROBERTA ELAINE WHITING BROWN

My name is Roberta Elaine Whiting Brown, I am the first girl and the second



child born to Russell Ames Whiting and Dorothy Florence Roberta Ertel. My father was born at Crystal, Idaho on 24 June 1916 to Lemuel Alma Whiting and Marcina Ames. My Mother was born on 16 October 1914 to Ferdinand Rudolph Ertel and Florence Edith Cole at Boerne, Texas. The Ertel and Cole families were pioneers in this part of Texas. My father was foreman on the Crighton Ranch and my mother taught school shortly after their marriage. We lived on the ranch until the older children left home to get married.

I am told by my parents that the doctor, who had been stranded by high water, and I arrived at the same time. I was born on 26 March 1941 at home on the ranch. The ranch was located seven miles from Boerne, Texas, and was owned by H.M. Crighton. We had many enjoyable hours there as we grew up. There was a swimming pool, tennis courts, horses, cattle and good friends. There were four children born to Russell and Dorothy.

They were: Allen Russell Whiting-3 July 1938 born at home on Tarry Bank. Roberta Elaine Whiting-26 March 1941 born at home on Tarry Bank. Claire Corine Whiting-25 May 1945 born at Boerne, Texas and Gary Lee Whiting-28 February 1948 born at Kerrville, Texas.

In our home were many foster children and there was always love and concern for others. As children we played basketball, tennis, baseball, hiked, swam, fished, rode horses and bicycles and had a very normal healthy childhood. We had many pets from dogs, cats, rabbits, squirrels to foxes, raccoons, deer and calves and sheep.

I attended school for the first two years in a one-room school house. No electricity and no indoor plumbing. We packed our drinking water from my grandparents the F.R. Ertel's home. It was about a quarter of a mile from the school. We went to Boerne Independent School System for the rest of our Elementary and High School years. I played on the basketball team for two years and was in the student council and on the paper staff while in high school. I graduated in 1959 and attended San Antonio Junior College and South West Texas State College.

I met my husband, Roy Roland Brown, Jr, in 1957 at the LDS Chapel in San Antonio, Texas. This was the original San Antonio First Ward and was fondly called the "Bailey Street" Chapel. We had to drive from seven miles out of Boerne, Texas, to the other side of downtown San Antonio, to attend Church. This was about 80 or more miles round trip. We were only able to attend on Sundays. I was the last of my family to be baptized and first to go to the temple. I was baptized by Rex McKay Hansen Jr. on 8 December 1957. Later that year I started dating my husband-to-be (Roy Brown), and we became engaged in 1958 and were married in the Mesa Arizona Temple on 24 August 1960. My husband had to drive over 80 miles to court me and we were active in the mutual activities during this time.

We have been blessed with four children: Wanda Elaine Brown-5 September



1961 born at Kerrville, Texas, Teresa Sue Brown-6 August 1965 at San Antonio, Texas, Thomas Everett Brown-17 July 1967 at San Antonio, Texas, and Grace Denise Brown-2 February 1973 at San Antonio, Texas.

We live on a ranch where we caretaker for the Smith and Hinkle's. We live 22 miles one way from the nearest LDS chapel but are very active in our church callings. I have served in many capacities and am special services and activities committee.

I was raised by "goodly parents" who showed me love and respect for my good name and my rich heritage. I found out after several years of marriage that I had been baptized on my husband's birthday.

--By Roberta Elaine Whiting Brown

### CLAIRE CORINE WHITING HARRIS

On Sunday 20 May 1945 in the small town hospital at Boerne, Kendall, Texas, I, Claire Corine, became the third child born to Russell Ames Whiting and Dorothy Florence Roberta Ertel Whiting. To welcome me home was an older brother, Allen Russell, born 3 July 1938 and an older sister, Roberta Elaine, born 26 March 1941.

The place which I was to call home for the next 19 years was the Crighton Ranch known as Tarry Bank, located about eight miles south-west of Boerne. The ranch was located in Texas County two miles south of the Upper Balcones Creek.

Dad was the foreman of this ranch. The owners raised show horses, some goats and cattle, too. After awhile they sold most of the stock. Even though the ranch was no longer productive, we remained to maintain the place. It was a large ranch of 2500 acres. Several man-made ponds stocked with fish were on it, a large swimming pool, a tennis court, area for softball playing and a couple of barns and four houses.

In 1947 Dad began doing custom farming for the public. He has always enjoyed farming and has been fair and honest with those he has had dealings with. At times farming became a family affair. As a teenager I sometimes drove the truck while Dad and my brothers loaded hay onto the truck bed.

There were always chickens to feed, cows to be milked, and a wood box to be filled. The house was heated with wood heaters and Mother did her cooking for many years on a wood stove. Dad did most of the milking, but on occasion he would let us try our hand at it. I would help churn the butter in the old butter churn.

We always had an assortment of pets--cats, dogs, rabbits, deer, foxes,



squirrels, racoons--just to name a few! Mother was always very benevolent towards stray, orphaned, and/or injured animals.

In the winter Dad would go deer hunting. Most of the time he would bag his limit. This kept us in meat for quite a while. We all took part in the cutting and wrapping of the meat. We made our own sausage and smoked it in the smokehouse on the ranch. To this day, there is not anything better than homemade venison sausage!

On 28 February 1948, Gary Lee, my younger brother was born in Kerrville, Kerr, Texas. Although Gary was the last child born into our family, we took in many children from broken homes to raise as our own. My parents have always been very charitable to others. Often giving of what means they have to help those who are less fortunate, never asking nor expecting any enumeration for their services. Their lives have been a testimony to me of what the Savior meant when he said, "...in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In the spring of 1956, Bishop Gordon Wright of the San Antonio Ward began visiting us and teaching us the gospel. On 26 August 1956, Gary and I were baptized in the San Antonio First Ward, fondly remembered as the "Bailey Street Chapel." Roberta was baptized a year later. Mother and Allen were baptized in 1948 in the swimming pool on the ranch by the traveling Elders. Dad was baptized as a child in Idaho.

Since 1956 we have always been active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At times it was hard to travel the 80 miles round trip to the ward house in San Antonio, but the Lord blessed us for our diligence, and our testimonies grew.

For awhile we were allowed to have Sunday School in our home. Daddy blessed and passed the Sacrament and we sang hymns to the accompaniment of his guitar. Mother taught the Sunday School lesson. We each took turns giving the two and a half minute talks. Although Sunday School was held in our living room, we were expected to wear our Sunday best clothing and to act in all ways as though we were attending Sunday School at the ward house. Humble though this Sunday School was, it strengthened our family unity and illustrated to me the dedication of my parents to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In 1962 a branch was started in Boerns, Dad was first Counselor to the Branch President and Mother was Relief Society President and a Sunday School teacher. I was Sunday School chorister until I left to attend BYU. We attended Sunday School and Sacrament meetings in Boerne, but went to San Antonio second ward for MIA. I played first base on the girls softball team. One year we played in the regional finals at Beaumont, Texas. Girls camp was an especially fun time. We would hike, put on skits, do crafts, swim, and play pranks. When I was 18, I was asked to be camp director. I entered the MIA speech festivals each year and usually won an award. We had roadshows and plays. I especially remember



taking part in the Stake production of "Promised Valley."

In September, 1962, we started an early morning seminary class at the Boerne Branch. Our course of study for the year was the Book of Mormon. My teacher, Sister Margaret Turley, did much to further my understanding of and testimony of this important book. Our seminary was the smallest official seminary in the Church that year. We had five enrolled.

One of the most important events of my life occurred during Easter vacation of 1962. Gary and I went with Mother and Dad to the Salt Lake Temple where we were sealed as a family for time and eternity. I was impressed with the beauty of the temple interior and the sweet reverent feeling that prevailed inside this House of the Lord. My testimony of eternal unity was strengthened as I knelt at the altar with my family to be sealed together. I determined then that this was the Lord's way and the only truly acceptable way to enter the marriage union. Allen and Roberta were sealed to Mother and Dad in the Idaho Falls Temple in 1966. All of us children attended the Boerne schools: elementary, junior high, and high school. We were all good students and excelled in whatever we undertook to do. My parents raised us with the desire to do our best and to work hard at whatever we did.

There is not much to remember of my grade school years. We jumped rope, played jacks, kick ball, red rover, and lemonade. In the 6th. grade, I worked in the school lunch room. Each day during the noon hour I would dry all the lunch trays. Where I worked it was very hot. I can remember how glad I was each day after I had finished my job and was able to move away from the hot ovens in the kitchen. For doing this job I received my lunch free. The cost of the lunch for everyone else was 25 cents. The money which my parents would have spent for my lunches that year was set aside and at the end of the school year they purchased several United States Savings bonds. By the time I went to college, these bonds had matured and were beneficial in paying for part of my college education.

During my junior high and high school years I played the French horn in the school band. For three of my high school years I was a feature twirler for the band. Some of my high school activities included extemporaneous speaking, annual staff editor, a feature editor for the school newspaper, volleyball team, class officer, and a member of the home economics club. In May, 1963, I graduated fourth in my senior class and was asked to deliver one of the graduation speeches at the commencement exercises.

In June of that same year, I started my college education at San Antonio College. I worked in the college bookstore to help pay for my education. I continued at San Antonio college for the next year. While there I was one of four representatives of the college in the Miss Fiesta San Jacinto activities. Because I was part of Miss Fiesta's royal court I was able to participate in a week of parties, dinner, a grand ball, reviews, TV appearances and the Fiesta Flambeau Parade.

September, 1964, I left home to finish my education at Brigham Young



University. Needless to say I was very homesick, this being my first time away from home. During my first week at the Y, I met my husband, Jerald Wayne Harris, for the third time.

I had first met Jerry when he was starting his mission for the Church in Texas in August of 1962 and the next time I saw him was when he was completing his mission in March of 1964.

We dated all that fall semester and when I came home for Christmas I was wearing his fraternity pin. On 18 March 1965 while standing in the shadows of the Salt Lake Temple, he proposed to me.

Jerry graduated from the Y with a degree in accounting that May. Mother and Dad accompanied us to the Salt Lake Temple where Jerry and I were married on 9 July 1965--thus fulfilling the promise I made to my self in 1962 of being married in the temple.

To our marriage have come four wonderful children: Susan Diane born 28 August 1967 in Provo, Utah. Jared Leon born 3 December 1968 in Seattle, Washington. Richard Wayne born 18 March 1971 in Seattle Washington, and David Matthew born 15 June 1973 in San Jose, California.

When we were first married, Jerry went to work for City Finance Company in Murray, Utah. Later he managed an office for them in Provo. In September, 1967 seeing no future in the finance business, we moved to Tacoma, Washington where my husband is from. Within one and a half months Jerry had secured a job with IBM in Renton. We moved to Renton and bought a home there. We enjoyed our Ward very much and while there Jerry was the Stake Mission President and later was called to serve in the ward Bishopric. I was a Primary teacher, MIA President, and later first counselor in the Relief Society.

In March of 1973, IBM transferred us to San Jose, California. Jerry works as a research development analyst in the Menlo Park complex. We have enjoyed living here. It is wonderful to live close to a temple again to enjoy the blessings that come through participating in the temple work.

Jerry is Ward Executive Secretary and I am teaching the Beehives in AP-YW. As a family we enjoy hiking, camping, and fishing activities. My favorite pastimes include sewing, reading, gardening, and doing genealogy.

I am glad to be a wife and Mother and am grateful for the many blessings our Heavenly Father had bestowed on me throughout my life.

--By Claire Corine Whiting Harris

#### GARY LEE WHITING

Gary Lee Whiting was born on Saturday, 28 February 1948 at 4:20 p.m. to



Russell Ames Whiting (born 24 June 1916) and Dorothy Florence Roberta Ertel (born 16 October 1914). I was born in the Sid Peterson Hospital, Kerr County, Kerrville, Texas. I am the fourth of four children. Allen Russell Whiting 3 July 1938; Roberta Elaine Whiting Brown, 26 March 1941; Clair Corine Whiting Harris, 20 May 1945; and then me.

I have fond memories of my childhood as I grew up on the Crighton Ranch in North Bexar County, Texas. I suppose I was all boy, because my sister Claire was riding the bike one day and wouldn't let me ride so I ambushed her off the bike with my lariat rope from behind a tree.

I was blessed on 8 July 1948 by Earl Feinauer. Mission President at that time was Glenn G. Smith and the District President was Henry E. Turley. At that time we belonged to the West Texas District, Texas-Louisiana Mission, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I was baptized 26 August 1956 by Fred Leonard Graber and confirmed that same day by Gordon L. Wright. I was baptized at the San Antonio Ward, Houston Stake. Gordon L. Wright was our Bishop.

We lived so far from our home ward that we and one and sometimes two other families would hold Sunday School in our home on the Crighton Ranch.

I began Boerne elementary school at the age of six. During my school years I received five certificates of Award for not being absent or tardy for five complete years.

Junior High was also attended in Boerne along with my high school years. I retained an overall high school average of 90.1. I participated in football where I lettered my junior and senior years. I played baseball and ran track. I belonged to the National Honor Society.

I attended San Antonio Junior College in San Antonio, Bexar County, Texas from September 1966 to May 1968. I then transferred to Texas A&M University where I graduated with a BS degree in Recreation and Parks in December 1970. While attending A&M I was classified as a Distinguished Student for five out of five semesters. I was also a member of Alpha Zeta and Phi Kappa Phi, both National Honor Societies, and the Recreation and Parks Club.

I have been first counselor in the Sunday School superintendency in College Station, Texas, Boy Scout Troup Committee Group leader and am now one of the seven presidents of the San Antonio Texas Seventies Quorum.

I married Treila Lynn Lewis, daughter of Aaron Clifford Lewis and Jewel Cordelia Canon. She is the third of four children born to her parents. We were married at the San Antonio Stake Center 7 September 1968. On 5 September 1969 I received my endowments and Treila and I were sealed together in the Mesa Arizona Temple. Our children have both been born under the covenant.

Austin Wade Whiting born 21 January 1971 in San Antonio, Texas

Shane Aaron Whiting born 23 April 1973 in San Antonio, Texas



--By Gary Lee Whiting

## REECE WHITING

I am Reece Pershing Whiting, fourth child of Lemuel Alma (Jay) Whiting and Marcina Ames Whiting, born 5 May 1918 at Crystal, Idaho, in a log cabin Dad built on his homestead. (No Doctor). I started school at Crystal. We went to school in a wagon in summer and a sleigh in winter. I remember how cold it was and the folks would put hot rocks in the sleigh for us to keep warm by. We lived on Crystal Creek at that time, but in a year or so we moved into Pocatello.

"I'm one of Jay's boys" - that's all the identification I needed in my younger years and I'm very proud to be just one of Joy's boys. I'm not a writer so this probably won't be very interesting.

Before I left Idaho I herded sheep, chased wild horses and cut timber for Dad's sawmill. When I was fifteen I figured I had had all the education I needed. I had been in thirteen different schools and was half through the seventh grade.

Mr. Hoover's depression had us all down and was hitting us pretty hard, so I decided to go south where a man could work the year round. So one miserably cold night I sacked up a few clothes and went down to the railroad yards and caught a freight going south. I had six cents and that got me to Ft. Collins, Colorado, where I got a job on a big ranch. In those days there was no such thing as a teenager. If you were under twenty-one you couldn't vote or buy liquor, otherwise, you pulled your share of the load wherever you were. I worked on ranches as a cowboy for several years and settled down near San Antonio, Texas, where I've been for the past 37 years.

I've always had some cattle and have worked on neighboring ranches. I've bought and sold all kinds of livestock. Back in the fifty's when we had a bad drought here, I bought hay in Idaho, had it shipped here and sold it. When I first came to Texas, the average wage was \$1.50 per day. I think I always knew it was not how much you make that counts, it's what you do with it.

I met Ellen Schwope in 1937 and asked her to marry me the first time we went out together. She said that was too soon, I should wait awhile, so we went together three years and got married 1 March 1940. She had a milk cow and I had a car, so we were in pretty good shape. I've never been out of work. We saved our money and bought a ranch of our own that we live on and joining it is the Maverick Ranch that I have had leased since 1941. The Maverick Ranch is an old estate that has been handed down through the years and still belongs to the Maverick family. I could tell you why everyone calls unbranded stock "mavericks"; it started here with these people's Grandfather.



When Ellen and I got married, I was working on a ranch near here (batching). We had two saddle bred stallions, 1 Percheron stallion and a real Missouri Jack, with enough mares to keep them busy. We had cattle, sheep, goats, and about 100 hogs running wild. In those days the screw worm fly was a real pest; also in those days, that was a one-man operation. It's different now.

The day we got married, I started with my morning chores extra early. Ellen and I went to San Antonio where we had a date set with a judge named Batt Corrigan. He married us and told us not to have any fights and we would stay married a long time. We had a wreck and had to borrow a car to get home in. We took about a five mile loop on another road going home and that was our honeymoon. We got home in time to take care of the evening chores, then went to Ellen's folks house for supper. We were doing fine for a few days; then one night the neighborhood got together and gave us a shivaree. About 40 cars came driving in at the same time, all honking and everyone beating on things, ringing cow bells and yelling. We got out of bed, lit the coal oil lamps and let them all come in. We danced and had a good time til almost morning.

The work I like best was making good horses out of bad ones, but the horse business was dying out and tractors and pick-ups were taking over. The ranch I was working on sold all their livestock. I bought the cattle and leased the Maverick Ranch, so Ellen and I moved there. We lived there for 20 years, then moved on our own ranch, keeping the Maverick Ranch leased. We run both places as one.

Ellen was born here in Bexar County, 3 July 1918 in her mother's bed with no doctor. Her father was a farmer named Hilmar Schwope; her mother's maiden name was Lillie Baker. Ellen is a good cook and housekeeper and if I need her help outside, she's always ready to go out and be a cowboy.

I guess I never made a much higher grade in Church than I did in school. I was baptized the same day my sister Juanita was, but I don't remember how old I was. I have a lot of respect for the church, but the reason I haven't gotten up high in it is because I've never been able to set still and listen long enough to get my mind fixed on anything that would get me a promotion and I don't really care much for books, so I just go ahead and live like I think God intended for people.

Ellen and I have one son, born 16 May 1944, named Douglas Keith Whiting. He went to school 12 years in Boerne, then four years at Trinity University in San Antonio. He majored in Homebuilding and is now a building contractor. Douglas married Gladys Seewald 13 June 1964; they have a son born 16 November 1966, name Ty Leland Whiting. They have a small ranch near here - Rt. 1. Boerne, Texas. Ty rides the bus to school and is starting to raise sheep.

I have three brothers in Idaho, one in Colorado, one in Texas, three sisters in Nevada, one in California, one in Canada. My father is buried in Pocatello, Idaho. My mother is living in Nevada near my sisters. I have one sister buried in California. Our family was together only one time for one day. We had our



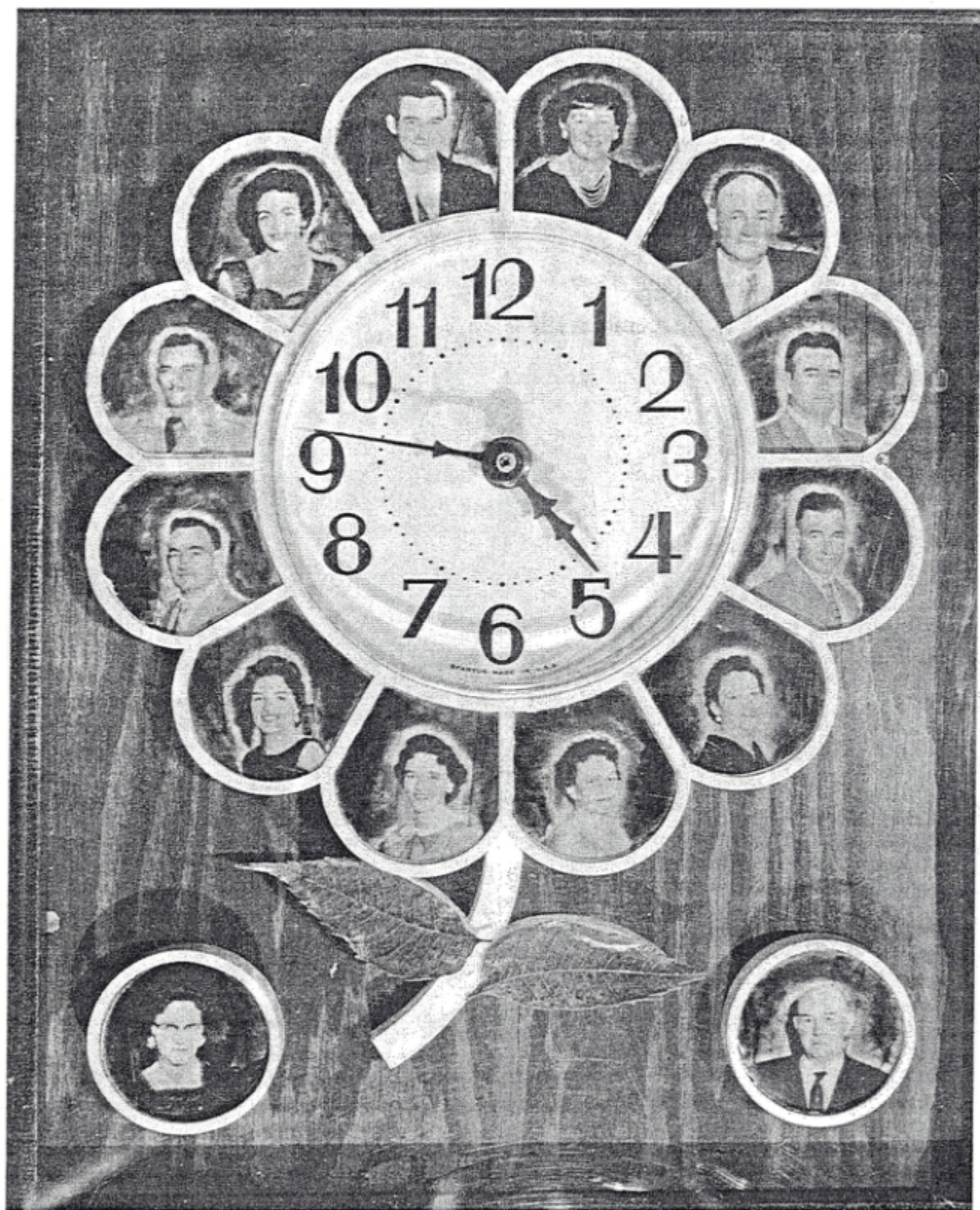
pictures taken and did some visiting, then all took off in different directions and I think we won't be together again soon. Most of my brothers and sisters are musicians and have a lot of other talents also.

This is an outline of my life and if I had it to live over again I wouldn't change a thing. Up to this date, 27 April 1975, I think I still have about 40 more years. I could go into more detail, but knowing how many Whittings there are I think the book would be too thick.

--By Reece and Ellen Whiting

NOTE: Reece died 26 December 1987





Top right clockwise- Grace, Arch, Russell, Reese, Juanita, Dellcene, Rachel, Donna, Calvin, Boice, Shirley, Leon,- Mother Marcena, and Father Lemuel (Jay) to left and right of clock. Made by Reece out of Pecan wood.



## JUANITA WHITING WRING



Juanita & Wally Wring

I am the fifth child born to Marcena Ames Whiting and Lemual Alma (Jay) Whiting. My mother and father met at Robin, Idaho. My mother was staying with her sister, Ruby, and family. My Aunt Ruby was expecting a new baby and my mother was there helping her. Father and mother were married in Anaconda, Montana, in 1911. Later they were sealed in the Logan Temple in Logan, Utah.

My folks moved around an awful lot as I was growing up, from farms to sawmills and apartment houses. Mother and dad homesteaded at Crystal, Idaho, in 1911. They built a log house, the work was hard but they

were young and happy. Grace, Arch, Russell and Reece were born on the homestead. Then my folks had to move to put the children in school.

I was born in Pocatello, Idaho on 29 August 1920.

Twelve children were born to my parents, two years apart--six boys and six girls, My self, Dellcene, Rachel, Donna, Calvin, Boice, Shirley and Leon were all born in Pocatello.

Dad bought a farm a few miles out of Rupert, Idaho. Then he bought a sawmill. When school was out we would spend our summers in the hills among the pines at the sawmill. During the school semesters we moved closer to town or into town as we usually had an apartment house. At one time we lived on a farm at Soda Springs, Idaho.

I remember that my Dad had a large herd of sheep. The older boys helped Dad herd them. After my older brothers left home us girls took over this job. My main job was firing the boiler in the steam engine that was used at the sawmill. Let me tell you that was a lot of hard work for a young girl, but I never complained. Dellcene and I milked two cows each morning before going to school, chopped piles of wood and carried many a bucket of water.

I got married in 1937, I had four children--Carol Roseitta, Norma Fay, Barbara Nina, and Ted C. They are all married and have children. Carol is married to Jim Casslo a truck driver, they have four children--Cheryle, Mark, Cathy and Carlyne. They live at Corona, California. Norma is married to Dale Crose, electrician, they have two boys, Tony and Douglas. They live at Sacramento,



California. Barbara is married to Robert Denton Wilkes, supervisor, they have three children--Bobby, Tonya and Anjanette. They live at Aberdeen, Idaho. Ted is married to Roxanne Goodno. They live in Las Vegas, Nevada. Ted is a surveyor. They have no children as yet.

I am married to Wallace K. Wring, he is a carpenter. While in Idaho we built two homes and sold them. We are now building another home here at Henderson, we are building a fireplace out of petrified wood. We got most of the petrified wood in Utah around Kanab.

Wallace was born at Blackfoot, Idaho and was raised on a ranch in the Pahsimeroi Valley not far from Salmon, Idaho. He and his two brothers and sister went to high school at Salmon. His mother, Maud Wring, and on brother Lin, still live on the ranch raising cattle.

My sister Rachel passed away April 1970 of cancer. Dad died in April 1973. He had a heart attack. Mother will be 80 years old in November. Mother lives not far from me here at Henderson, Nevada; she has a nice apartment. It is nice and warm here, 107 degrees today, 14 June 1975. Henderson is 12 miles from Las Vegas, we have been here eight years. Shirley lives close by and Donna lives in Las Vegas. (addition) Ted Wring was married to Linda Laudon daughter of Max and Nyla Landon of Blackfoot, Idaho.

--Written by Juanita Whiting Wring in 1975



# JUANITA WRINGS FAMILY



Carol Wring  
Carter



Ted Wring



Candace, Ashley,  
Stephanie Wring



Mark, Carol Wring  
Wallace, Cathy, &  
Cheryl



Tony, Norma W.  
Walters, Doug



Barbara W. Wilkes,  
Mike & Robert  
Wilkes, Bobby,  
Annjnett, Tonya



Ted Wring, Donna  
Aiken, & son Stevan



## DELCINE WHITING HUGHES

A brief sketch of my life story--I was born in Pocatello, Idaho 29 March 1922, the sixth child of L.A. (Jay) and Marcina Ames Whiting. I was named Dellcene--since my Aunt Della Appel assisted in my birth, I was named after her and my mother.

My childhood days were spent around the South Eastern part of Idaho. At a very young age of 16 I married William M. Pierce on 3 July 1938. We were blessed with four lovely children--Delcina Margreatte, Ramona Mae, Terrance Monroe and William Jay. They each have three children so I have 12 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren as of 1991.

My marriage to Bill Pierce was dissolved in 1969. I am married to Elvin M.

Hughes, we have had a very interesting life. Being married to a retired military man, we do a lot of traveling. Our primary home is in Florida. We live on the beautiful St. John River. Fishing and boating are some of our many interests. When we are not at our home in Florida we are at our temporary home in Pocatello, Idaho where we can do some fishing and camping. We spend time with our children and families. We also get to be with many of my brothers and sisters.

When my children became independent and on their own I became involved with civic organizations such as Extension Homemakers and County Fairs. I have served on the County Extension Advisory Board, judged at county and state fairs. I am in charge of a large quilt club in Florida. One of my goals in life is to complete a quilt for each of my children and grandchildren.

Recently I joined the Old Time Fiddlers of Idaho District Seven. My mother was a member for many years before she passed away and my brother Arch and his wife Reva are very active members at this time.



LtoR: Leon Whiting, Shirley Rasmussen, Boice W., Donna Akins, Delleen Hughes, Reece W., Juanita Wring, Russel W., Arch W., Grace Whiting



Thanks to our mother's musical talents we all enjoy the beautiful gift of music we inherited from her. As I get older I give thanks each day for my parents and for all I have inherited from them. They each had very special talents such as ability to learn by doing, artistic ability and music. Each of our talents are self taught.

I recently completed a poem I started a few years back, one of my daughters inspired me to finish it. I would like to share this special poem with all of you. Because my children are so very special in my life and I am so proud of each and everyone of them I am sure they would like to share it also.

### "TO MY CHILDREN"

As I sit here so deep in thought  
I wonder my dears if I have taught  
The things in life you should achieve.  
Like love and faith and to believe.  
There are always two sides--the good and the bad,  
The dark and the light, the sad and the glad  
But looking back over the good and the bad,  
Be aware of the number of good things we've had  
And in counting our blessings we find when we are through,  
We've no reason at all to complain or be blue.  
So, thank God for the good things he has already done.  
And be grateful to him for the battles you have won,  
And know that the same God who helped you before  
Is ready and willing to help you once more.  
Then with faith in your heart, reach out for God's hand.  
And accept what he sends though you can't understand.  
Have I taught you to love-to yourself be true,  
To always love life-have pride in what you do.  
To live God's commandments, to yourself be true.  
To harvest God's blessings as they descend upon you.  
Teach truth to your children-be understanding  
Be a friends-show you care-don't be too demanding.  
Tell them you love them, you'll always be there  
Be it sickness or trouble, there are problems you'll share.  
If I have taught you just some of these things  
Or maybe I failed and there are hurts I bring-  
Then gather them up and keep them in mind  
To help be a better parent than I was to mine.



--My thoughts on paper

Your Loving Mother, Dellcene Whiting Hughes 1990

DONNA M. WHITING AKINS

My sister, Rachel, will be included in my sketch, as she is no longer with us.

Rachel is two years older than I. We were the seventh and eighth children born to a family of twelve. We were normal, average children, full of life and curiosity. Our early teachings were to say our prayers, to love one another, be honest and self-reliant. We had much the same duties and lifestyle as most every other family during the great depression and the hard times that followed. The larger the family, the more responsibilities. Every age group had a job, such as the right age to do the dishes, ironing, laundry, tending livestock, getting wood, water, plowing, planting and many more chores. We all had our turn at each one.

These were most daily chores: getting the bowls and baskets of fruit and vegetables ready for canning, cleaning and boiling the jars (done mostly outside in washtubs over a fire--seems like Rachel and I washed jars for days, since our hands fit in the jars just right), peeling and pitting the fruit, sewing, making quilts, etc., sometimes working way into the night, to be done. This was all the women's work. At the time it was considered a disgrace for a man to do housework, other than a life or death situation. Since the three older brothers were starting their own families, we girls inherited the outside chores, too. Rachel and I usually shared the same chores. The job we hated the most was doing dishes. We got in more trouble fussing over the dishes than any other thing we had to do. At this point in time we had the same interests.

There came a time when I had to be isolated from the rest of the family, as I was sick with Scarlet Fever.

We had our favorite places, especially at one of the sawmills. Each move was like a whole different adventure, things waiting to be discovered. We loved the spring and summer at the sawmill. Our favorite pastime was exploring the wonderful mysteries of nature. The hillsides and valleys were loaded with all kinds of beautiful wild flowers, all the colors of the rainbow, topped off with butterflies and hummingbirds. The forests ringing with the songs of the canaries, bluebirds, robins, woodpeckers and many more. How excited we'd get when we'd find another type of flower or bird or watch the pine squirrel soaring overhead like a bird. Mother and Dad knew the names of every plant and animal in the forest. They knew more about nature, the elements, common sense and home remedies than most well-educated people. What a sight to see the big bull elk standing atop the hill, calling for a mate. To hear a hoot owl in the night. The occasional yipping of the coyote somewhere in the distance. The rushing of the deer or elk through the forest, pursued by the elusive mountain lion. The gentle innocence of the little fawn. What a feeling to be surrounded by mother nature's best work.



We had our difficult times, but it's hard for me to remember them. I always thought other families had problems, too, different than ours, so if you are handed a lemon, make a nice glass of lemonade. We make our own happiness in life. It comes from within each one of us, and no one else can do it for us. Rachel and I like our childhood. If we could have changed anything, it would be to take away the hardships and heartaches our parents endured. We were very lucky to have had the mother and father we had. They are missed very much.

Sunday School was held in a log church and everyone brought prepared food: potato salads, roasts, chicken, cakes and sometimes ice cream. After church we would have a picnic on the church grounds. I was baptized in the stream near the church by my father and Uncle Reece Whiting. The name of the stream was Rattlesnake Creek. I guess I'm the only one baptized in a stream named after a snake.



Ted Wring, Donna Aiken, Nicki DiNesti, Paulett DiNesti, Lonnie Rasmussen

Rachel and I watched a horse coming up the road, head hanging low, walking very slow. We'd never seen a horse walking that slow. The rider was a little old Indian. We hid in the bushes as he rode by. He stopped by the sawdust pile, and we ran to find Dad to tell him there was an Indian Chief out there. Dad laughed and said, "That's no chief, why, that's old Jack, Grouse Creek Jack. He lives on the creek down there with his wife, Mary, and some other Indians. He comes up here and I give him some eggs and milk and sometimes those young bucks take it away from them. He's about a hundred years old and that horse he's on it almost as old as he is." We followed Dad out to greet old Jack.

He had a purple shawl wrapped around his head and shoulders, gray braids down to his waist, buckskin pants and moccasins. His old horse was so sway backed that his saddle fit right in the groove. The cinch hung about six inches below the belly. He sat on that horse so long that his legs kept the same shape when he was standing. He lived to be past 115 years old, and his wife was 110. They were both in the book of records as the longest living couple.

We left our beautiful hills for the city and school for a different kind of



education. We grew and developed. We both married. Rachel had three lovely daughters: Nancy Lee, Charlette and Marcene. She was a very dedicated mother and homemaker and a loyal wife.

I had six children: Anthony Gene (Tony), Paulette Grace, Steven Paul, Nicholas Jr., Vickie Jean and Patricia Ellen.

There came an occasion when Rachel came to live with me, at Rapid City, South Dakota. She had experienced a devastating personal loss, and the near death of her baby, Charlette. Her ordeal had left her with a broken spirit, so depressed and sad. I knew my help wasn't enough. I could see her going deeper into her grief. She wouldn't see or talk to anyone. I needed help from God. There weren't any Mormon churches in Rapid City, or any other of the nearby towns, so I called around and found out there were twelve Mormon missionaries just out of mission school. They were young, homesick and eager to do their work. I talked to them. I invited them for supper. When they arrived, Rachel was still in her room. One of the missionaries called me Rachel and said that he knew me. I told him that was my sister and he told me that he had gone to school with her and wanted to know where she was. I told him she was upstairs so he went to the bottom and called her. She came down and it was like old home week. For the rest of the evening and from then on, we all worked together. Rachel and I invited friends and neighbors in and the missionaries did the rest. Before long, we had thirty new converts to the church. My living room was getting too crowded. We needed more room, so Rachel and I searched Rapid City for our own little church. We found the prettiest little white church, with a bell tower, white picket fence and lots of roses. That was the one we wanted. It was a Baptist Church so for thirty dollars a month we had the use of the church on Sundays after their services and for other functions during the week. We were very honored when President David O. McKay and his wife paid us a visit. He talked for the whole evening. He was proud of the missionaries and the sisters (us) who started the first Mormon Church in that part of the state.

We were so busy with the church that our own problems faded. Rachel finished her education, got her teaching degree, taught school and became a leader in the church wherever she went. She gained the inner strength to face anything that came her way. She was always busy with teaching, church, her home and garden. She knew of her impending death with cancer and worked to near the end. Faced her final ordeal with a serious calm, inner strength and her trust in God. She was a wonderful sister.

--Written by Donna M. Whiting Akins, born 18 August 1926. Rachel Whiting Hughes was born 1 April 1924.

NOTE: A Thought About Donna, By Katheryne Stokes



Donna wrote about several of her brothers and sisters so they would all have a story in the book. This is what she wrote to me about it. "It's a good thing I'm sorta in the middle of the family, I can kind of touch base with all of them. I would write a few words about all of them if I had too. My younger brothers and sisters tell their children, 'We didn't have a radio or television, we had Donna, she would tell us stories at night and make us all watch while she'd sing and dance.' I have to laugh now but that's the way it was." Thanks, Donna.

### NANCY LEE HENDRICKS SANDROCK

(Daughter of Rachel)

After my parents were divorced, I was raised by my father's family and denied contact with the Whiting family. I know little personally of my mother except for two visits and some stories passed on to me by her siblings. Charlotte and Marcine knew her best, they were raised by her.

Enclosed is a list of our birthdates etc. As you may already know I am the eldest daughter of both my parents. Charlotte is my full sister; she was adopted by Elvin Hughes. Marcine is my half-sister same mother, Elvin is her dad.

Nancy Lee Hendricks born 20 September 1944 at Oxnard, Ventura County, California. Married on 25 July 1970 to John Hugo Sandrock. John Sandrock was born 29 March 1943 at Bitterfeld, Germany. We have two children--Jeffery Horst-Hugo Sandrock born 18 March 1972 at McConnell AFB, Ks Sedgwick Co. and Audrey Ann Sandrock, born 8 August 1974 at Wichita, Ks. Sedgwick Co. My parents were Thomas Payne Hendricks born 29 March 1921 at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho. He married Rachel Whiting at Lava; Joan Mortenson in Utah; Maria M. Kirschmann in Missoula, Montana. He died in September 1973 at Los Angeles, California. My mother, Rachel Whiting was born 1 April 1924 at Pocatello or Crystal, Idaho. She married Thomas Payne Hendricks, they were divorced and she married Elvin Hughes. She died in April 1969

--By Nancy Lee Hendricks Sandrock

### CALVIN WHITING

Born of goodly parents, I came into this life a day after my Angel Mother had spent a good days work in the field of pulling and stacking sage brush behind my father plowing his field on the old "Frank Smith Place" up Gibson Jack Creek



five miles south of the center of Pocatello, the year was 1928. My mother claims I was born early in the morning of 16 June. The "vital statistics" indicate I was without a name and born as a son to Marcena and L.A. Whiting on 18 June. I have always used the 16th of June so I have something to clear up before I retire.

I grew up in the vicinity of Pocatello, Idaho, give or take 60 miles. I lived a rich life of work and play even though we did not have the "Horn of Plenty" we had each other and were taught to make do with the temporal things of life that were available to us. Times were sometimes trying to us all and Mom always seemed to have a good answer and comment to relieve our down trodden thoughts. Daddy always sang a song as we traveled either with horse and wagon or by vehicle from place to place and creating a good feeling and a positive attitude about life. Don't get me wrong, he had a way of correcting those who stepped out of line--but I have felt all my life I was way ahead of him in pranks I have pulled without him knowing. I love and miss my parents and with this same feeling I miss them the same as I do my brothers and sisters of past years. I find it hard to write of just myself without mentioning others, I become emotional at the thought of our family past, and the future it holds for us all.



LtoR: Arch, Russel, Reece, Calvin, Boice, Leon, fr: Jay (Father) 1962

I cannot remember too many years prior to the age of three when we lived on the "Christopherson Place," I was trapped between the stove and wall after someone started the fire with gasoline. Arch wrapped himself in a blanket and pulled me out of danger. I have had a full life of fun, pain, work, and sometimes heartaches just the same as anyone else may have witnessed. I have always liked to build and

design things. Also to follow through with desire to fulfill it to my satisfaction.

My best friend was my brother, Boice, when we were growing up together we were hardly away from each others presence. We played hard and we worked hard together, our lives drifted apart after High School. Boice went into the Air Force and I went into the Army. Boice stayed in for twenty some years and was retired. He and Delores now live in Colorado Springs. He was a model service personnel, and during his term of duty assigned to Air Evacuation of the wounded and the dead from "Korea". He made several hundred trips across the ocean and twice their planes were ditched in the water but all managed to survive.



One time when I was about to finish my basic training at "Fort Ord", California, Boice flew into San Francisco, caught a bus to "Ord" and what a pleasant surprise for me. We spent a few hours together then never saw each other for quite some time but always had that fear of the other not making it through. Boice often told me after, that when he would have a problem or questionable situation he would ask himself, "Now what would Calvin do in this situation," and for this I am grateful.

I graduated from McCammon High in 1948, I loved football and received several offers and settled for ISU. I left after two weeks, got a job in a coal yard for one year. Then became a meat cutter until I was notified by the government that my friends and neighbors had requested I be assigned to active duty. Doris and I had been engaged for some time and had planned to be married in September that same year (1950). She stayed at home six months of the two years I was in the service with her parents, Herman and Nola Larsen of McCammon, Idaho.

We raised five beautiful children, three girls and two boys. Calvin Dale, Lynnette Dawn, Noel Wayne, Colette Elaine, and Bobette. Doris passed away 15 August 1985, the results of a cardiac arrest. I remarried Madaleen (Shaffer) Andrew on 2 May 1987.

Madaleen had seven children and together we have 33 grandchildren. All are active in church functions and positions. Madaleen and I live half way between Inkom and MaCammon. I have two step children at home, Angela 19, and Michael 14. I work at "No-West Industries" a fertilizer plant near Conda, Idaho. Presently I am in design work as a design engineer and hope to be there until I retire.

I feel through the experiences of following the two best teachers in the world, my parents, I have been able to discover many talents and have many more to come. They have been an example of what life is and what it has to offer. Dad always said, "Find interest in your work, even if it is a pick and shovel."

This is a short history of myself. There are many things of worth that comes from anyones history and hopefully I can complete a full account someday of the highlights of my life for my namesake and tribute to my progenitors.

--By Calvin L. Whiting

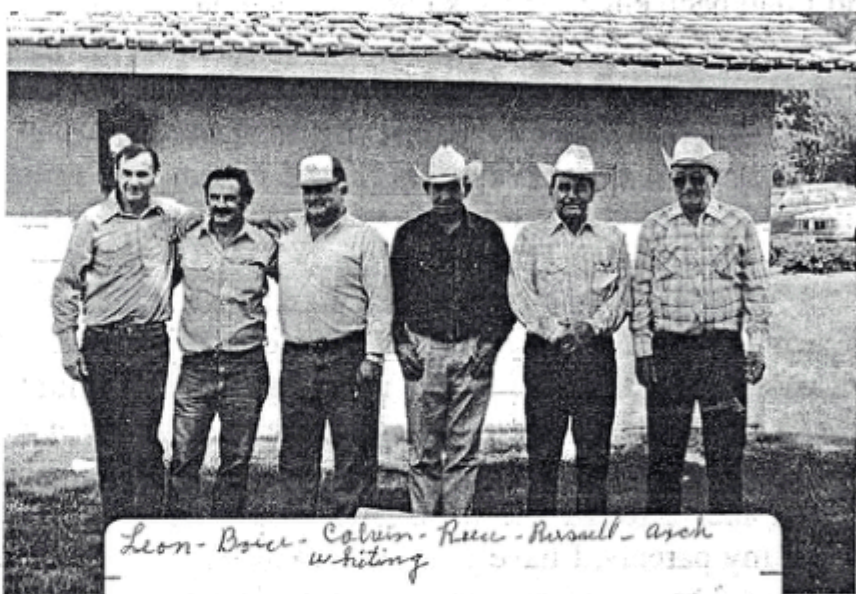
## BOICE WHITING

On a scale of one to ten, he's still a ten. By the time Boice joined our big family all the first names were used up, so they gave him three last names--Boice Ames Whiting.



Boice was born 19 March 1930 and the first few months of his life was a touchy situation. He was allergic to several different sources of milk, only one left to try and that was goats milk, and it worked fine. We almost lost him, but after he was on goats milk awhile his hair got real curly. He was soon part of the days events just like the rest of us were. He was a happy child, laughed easy and seen the humorous side of life. He was always thinking of something to make someone laugh or smile, He had his deep serious thoughts in his own quiet time, but the world saw only his smile. If he found you in tears, he would have you laughing before he would walk away. He was a lot like his older brother Reece, and its a good thing they were spread out through the family, we needed what they had to give. It is hard to mention Boice without mentioning Calvin.

They were always laughing, kidding and teasing. They never missed a trick or a chance to pull one. They weren't into destructive or damaging mischief, mostly just humorous stuff. The latest one, the state of Idaho fenced in and built a monument on the spot called a national historic site, and people



traveled from far and wide to see this particular spot. It was even advertized as a special place to see when visiting Idaho. A special road put in and a nice building put up to accommodate the visitors. Now here is the rest of the story. About forty-five years ago Boice and Calvin when they were around ten and twelve year old were playing on these lava rocks about a mile and a half north of McCammon. They found some old paint buckets that had been there for years. They pried the tops off and took some sticks and found a little soft paint in the bottom of the paint cans. Well, they decided to become artists and carried their bucket and sticks till they found a suitable spot. They drew Indian signs all over the rocks. Indians on ponies, spears in their hands, sun and moon and any other design they could make up in their own minds. Now some of the Indian symbols and designs they had seen in their own school books and the rest they made up. They even put more inside a little cave. When they used all their paint they went on to some other adventure. So about some thirty years later the freeway route Interstate (15) was constructed across the same lava rocks and in the process of pushing through the



lava rocks with bulldozers, they came across all these Indian paintings. They stopped the work, fenced it off and called the experts from the universities. They checked it all out and came up with this conclusion--it was Indians alright, but not any tribes they knew about. It was from two thousand years ago, some earlier Indian tribes. But before some better experts from back east could check it out, the state had spent thousands of dollars on this historic site.

After a lengthy period of time they discovered it was painted with Sears & Roebuck paint, made in 1930 and the place was closed down and never mentioned again. But if anyone happens to be traveling south on Interstate (15) just look to the right, before you hit the McCammon exit, the little building is still there.

On top of being confusing artists, they were just as creative and mind boggling in the many uses of the old innertubes out of Dad's truck tires. They dressed up like Indian braves, cut their breech clothes out of red innertubes tied around their waists, the front and back panel just above their knees, rubber bands around their legs and arms and one around their head. They put some war paint on their faces, put a bunch of chicken feathers in their hair and gathered up a bunch of bones from an old dead horse and tied them around their waists and over their shoulders somehow, and carried a few in their hands and they were all dressed and ready for action. They saw this old farmer plowing his field like he was half asleep driving his tractor. So Calvin and Boice jumped out of the sages in front of the old farmer, done an Indian dance and rattled a bunch of bones at him and disappeared back into the sagebrush.

The old farmer stopped with a shocked look on his face, wasn't sure what he saw. When they looked back, still running, this old farmer was standing up on the seat of his tractor with his hand shading his eyes to get a better look.

They made their fun wherever they went. Even after they grew up I never seen two happier boys in my life. Dad had a few head of livestock, milk cows and horses at McCammon, the boys were in their teens. They had their share of work and chores to do. They excelled in sports at the local high school and earned a few trophies. Boice went into the U.S. Air Force, and retired as a M/Sgt. He had some close calls while serving his country.

He later married and has two living sons. A middle son passed away a few months after birth. Brian Allen Whiting and Edward Ames Whiting, (Ed), two very bright, above average students that won many awards in their field.

As in most big families some bonding and family ties are very strong. Especially this one. We look forward to getting together, everybody always goes back to when they were kids together.

Boice and Delores have a very happy marriage together. They enjoy League Bowling and other activities. And above all they are very helpful to anyone in need. They go above and beyond to help the elderly and do things with them. Take them places and help them through their final days where they can. They



have a lot of respect and compassion for the dignity and rights of the elderly and it expands beyond their own family circle. They have a very charitable nature.

The welcome mat is always out at their home. Kind hearted and generous with their time where others are concerned. They taught their children with the same value system they knew and it sure paid off. They know how to live and enjoy life too.

This short sketch I'm writing for my brother whom I'm very proud of and always happy to see.

--By Donna Akins

#### SHIRLEY MARIE WHITING RASMUSSEN

I was born 31 July 1932 the eleventh child of Lemuel Alma Whiting and Marcena Ames Whiting. We resided at Rupert, Idaho, at the time of my birth. As the time neared my mother went to Pocatello, Idaho, so her sister Idella could assist with my birth. As a child I can only remember living in the Pocatello, Idaho area. Times were very rough as the depression was still on. Each family was allotted so many stamps each month for food and gas. When that ran out you done the best you could as money was no good.

Dad and Mom bought an apartment house on South Johnson. I remember how hard my mother worked fixing it up. She was just getting over rheumatic fever and was still very weak. Dad helped what he could but had to go to the mountains to tend his sheep and work the sawmill. I remember how she took a large butcher knife in both hands and scraped all the old wallpaper off the walls. I was quite little but Mom let me cut the trim off the wall paper and border. With the help of my older sisters she finally got them fixed real nice and never had any problem keeping them rented.

Because of my parents faith and determination and love for their children, we fared out quite well for a large family. My mother was a great seamstress. She made all our clothes. I never had a store boughten dress until after I was married. I loved the dresses and gowns my mother made. They were real classy.

Mother always stayed up with the times. Whenever anything new came in style she would get out the old newspapers and cut out a pattern and was on that machine sewing. She could make a dress or a couple of shirts easy in one afternoon.

My mother was without doubt the most talented lady I ever have known. And my Dad was quite a horse trader. He always came out ahead on anything he traded or sold. There wasn't anything they couldn't do. Such an inspiration they were to us kids.

I guess the most memorable time of my life was when we lived up Mink Creek. After the chores were done the day was ours to do as we pleased. We was busy every minute of the day. We didn't know what the word bored meant. It



seems to be quite a popular word today.

We swam in the creek and caught crawdads and checked under their tails where they carried their babies. We swung in the trees and some of those old willow trees took you a long ways. Some time right to the ground. We carried buckets of water to the squirrel holes and dumped it down them hoping to bring out a squirrel so we could have a pet. We climbed the hills and would watch the deer migrate in herds of thousands. The whole valley roared as they ran. We would take crippled hawks home and doctor them until they were strong enough to fly again. We roasted angle worms and Boice and Calvin ate them.

We played well together and I'm sure we had plenty of fights. I just don't remember that happening that often. I know our parents had eyes that could see around corners and ears that could hear ten blocks away. We never got by with nothing, and that old corner was not much fun to stand in.

By days end we were a bunch of tired kids. After supper was over we relaxed while mom played the violin and Donna danced. Dad teetered us on his knee and sang us songs. Usually "Mary Went A Courting." I loved that song the way my Dad sang it. I don't remember a time in my life when my Dad wasn't singing or humming a tune.

By the time I was ten years old all my sisters and brothers were gone from home except myself and three brothers, Calvin, Boice, and Leon. So most of my memories are with them.

We moved to McCammon, Idaho, when I was about twelve years old. We lived on a farm there and by that time my Dad was out of the sheep business. He had a small sawmill on the farm, but mostly just farmed. Mother played to a dance twice a week in Pocatello for years. My Dad danced twice a week. That must be what kept him to spry and young all his life.

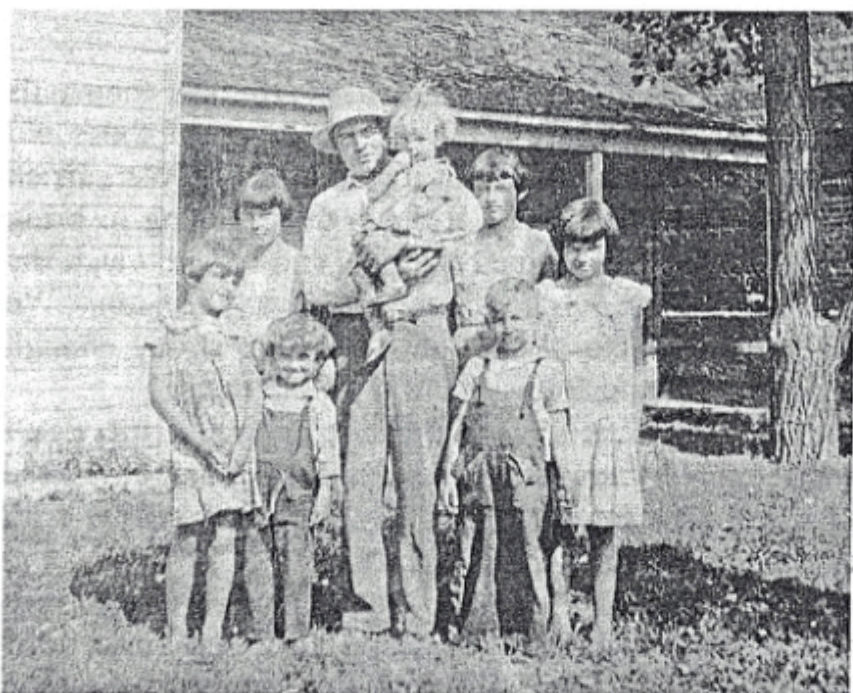
I became quite a tomboy. I had to be to keep up with my brothers. They wasn't always happy to have me hanging around when they was doing things they thought was too dangerous for a girl to be doing.

They would run through heavy brush and stickers to try to discourage me from following them. But I was stubborn and determined not to let no boy out do me. Sometimes they did and sometimes they didn't. My feet was like leather and nothing bothered them. All that good exercise we all excelled high in sports. For sure no one ever out done me in running and jumping.

As I approached my teens my brothers became very protective of me. I felt very special. Calvin let me know right away if there was certain boys I couldn't go out with. Sometimes I wasn't too happy about it, but I knew he was right.

When I was in junior high the choir teacher decided I could sing. I'm glad he knew because I didn't know I could even carry a tune. Anyhow, Calvin and I sang as a duet once in a while. We was invited one Sunday to sing in the Virginia Ward. We hadn't practiced the song like we should have and one of us slipped a





LtoR br: Juanita, Dad holding Shirley, Delcene,  
Donna, fr: Rachel, Boice, Calvin

note. As we looked at each other we started to laugh. The more we thought about it the more we laughed. Well, we laughed our way right through the song and out the back door. It didn't bother us too much, but our poor Mother, I'm sure, was very embarrassed. Needless to say, we were not asked back there to sing as a duet again. But I think Calvin has sang there many times since.

I enjoyed my teenage years. I had the privilege of being a cheerleader one year. My brother, Boice, and I was crowned King and Queen of the Gold and Green Ball. I was Rodeo Queen when I was sixteen years old. But my dream was not in school. All my life I wanted to be a mother and have lots of kids.

I married Joseph Edward King on 30 April 1949. We had eight children-- Edwin Doyle, 11 February 1950, Jay Edward 26 May 1951, Claudis Leon 18 August 1952, Roxanna Marie 3 January 1954, Sheila Renee 14 July 1957, Mark Edward 6 February 1960, Tracy Lance 7 July 1961, and Catherine Debra 18 January 1963. Jay Edward died 27 May 1951 with a congenital heart condition. We were divorced in 1963 and I met and married a very great and wonderful man. His name is Roger Rasmussen. We were married 17 October 1964. We had three more girls -- Christine 30 July 1965, Identical twins, Wendy Lavonne and Angela Marie on 16 August 1966. My husband was baptized into the Church 5 March 1988 by our son, Tracy Lance, and confirmed a member by my brother, Calvin. at this writing we have 14 children, 35 grandchildren and one great grandchild. I would like to end this sketch by saying that I never got to know any of my grandparents too well, but I know they had to be great people. I am proud of my heritage.

--By Shirley Rasmussen

LEON WHITING



Last but not least, being the last of twelve children, Leon summed it up this way, comparing himself to Calvin and Boice, Calvin got all the brawn, Boice got all the charm, and he got what was left. Which turned out to be the lions share of talent, personality, learning ability and knowledge and became one of the best teachers at the vocational school, at the University in Pocatello. Leon taught machinist and related subject.

Being the baby of the family everyone wanted to hold him, play with him, take him places and just carry him around. But as he grew and got older and found his place in the family with so many to learn from and still keep his own identity and personality. Leon was a very sensitive and loving boy, he usually backed away from some of the older ones humor and daring, with good reason. Boice and Calvin's idea of fun wasn't always fun for Leon. He got teased quite a bit, he was so trusting.

But never the less, he got caught up in some of the trying times and suffered through some of our dumb ideas. Now Calvin and I had this great plan, to talk the folks into letting us five younger children stay in the country in the little house up Mink Creek and go to the little country school, which was three miles down the road towards Pocatello. There were no other families living there but us. This was about the years 1938-40. There was only a dirt road and it wasn't plowed in the winter time. So it was easy to get snowed in and once the first snow fell it stayed on the ground till spring. It just kept getting deeper with each snowfall, so in time it covered the tops of the fences and posts and when it would get twenty and thirty below, we could walk right on the top of it and jog all the way to school. That didn't happen too often or we wouldn't be here to tell about it. We chopped all our firewood, carried our water from the spring, coal oil lamps, the usual things in the country in those days, and we promised the folks we would go to school and be good and do the things we should. Our Mother had been sick right down in bed at times, and I knew it would give her some rest and we would be alright.

So they agreed to let us try it. The ones it was the hardest on were Leon and Shirley. So we learned about the good and the bad, you can't just take the good and throw away the bad, we had to deal with them both, some just find out about it sooner then others do.

The little school house was a one room school from the first to the eighth grade. There were eighteen children in that school, the water was brought in from the outside pump, over a well, two outside restrooms and it was heated by a coal furnace in the basement.

Our teachers name was "Mrs. Goodnuff". She treated us real nice, there were lots of memorable experiences, too many to put in this condensed version, and we got along well in school with no problems.

Our walk to school and back was six miles. Sometimes we would get a ride to school, before the roads were snowed in, then it wasn't fun anymore, but we had



to learn and find out that life isn't all fun and games.

There was a little serious thinking and planning involved and we grew up a lot that winter. All of a sudden this was the real world, the first time we had to rely on our own selves whether we survived or not. There was usually someone older around, but this time we were it. We went through a period of adjustment, a feeling of being on the North Pole, but we were the ones that said we could do it, we convinced everybody else, and now we had to convince ourselves. We adjusted to our circumstances and toughed it out. Lost most of our fears and even felt kind of proud of ourselves and to this day it is our most memorable memories. We have a lot of laughs recalling that part of our childhood. It's hard to tell Leon's story without bringing the rest of us in on it, because we were all in it together. He was our main concern because he was the youngest and he was a strong brave little boy.

The little cabin was mostly for summer weather, we'd never spent the winter in it before, but the summer went by fast. Our romping area took in about ten square miles so we really felt confined in our yard in the city. The orchard was loaded with fruit, plus all the wild cherries and berries and vegetables from the garden, so that is what we lived on. Fresh fruit and vegetables if mother would of been there she would of had me cook all the things we ate. We just filled our pockets with fruit and vegetables and climbed some more hills. It's a good thing too, because when winter got there it took all the strength we could find to do what we had to do.

Our day started about five in the morning. We built a fire, melted the water in the bucket, fixed the breakfast, made five lunches and dressed as warm as we could and was on our way to school by six when it was still very dark and cold.

We learned how to tell time by the stars and the sun. We didn't even bother with the clock, it didn't keep time anyway. We had to allow an hour for each mile to get there by nine o'clock. When your are walking through deep snow and drifts to your waist and higher caring your little brother or sister, it really slows you down. We were always looking forward to getting to school where it was warm.

So this is what Leon had to face each day, what a brave little boy. It didn't do any good to cry the tears just froze on your face, your nose froze shut, so you had to breath through your mouth and your breath even froze on your face. If you couldn't see where you were going you could get a hold of a fence and kind of pull yourself along. If it was covered up with snow you could always use your feet to find the posts. You had to be careful because you could sink right out of sight or land on a post or barbed wire and really get hurt. Going to and from school was almost always in the dark, always seemed to be a pack of coyotes howling and keeping pace with us, not too far away and it made us real uneasy. It was too dark to see them.



Even after we would get in our little cabin and build a fire and warm it up, those old coyotes would hang around out there somewhere. Leon woke up a lot in the night afraid of different things, I'd try to reassure him there wasn't anything to be afraid of and he would go back to sleep.

Leon's first year in school was quite an experience to say the least. He was so afraid of lightening and thunder. So I gave him a little stick to hold and told him it wouldn't hurt him as long as he held his stick. So he wasn't afraid anymore.

Any way, whatever the weather was we had to be out in it to get to school. There were times we forgot what day it was and found out it was Saturday or Sunday or a holiday and we'd just turn around and go back. It wasn't fun or anything like it. It was just part of growing up and we were told it wouldn't be easy, but we gave our word and was taught to be responsible. We never complained to anyone about the things we had to face and deal with. There were a few times Dad could make it up through there with supplies, but we made do. You would be surprised how many different ways to cook potatoes. We made a lot of cracked wheat and we would take a hammer and crack the wheat and cook it. We got hungry a few times, but it sure didn't hurt us. We were real healthy kids we never got sick once. We all passed with good grades, we made our own entertainment, we sang songs, told stories, played games, studied our school lessons and got our things ready for school. So if anyone was feeling sorry for us it was a waste of time. Dad would always ask us if we were ready to move back in town and if we had enough of this yet? And he would have a big grin on his face and say, "I thought you kids would of give up a long time ago." And we would beg him to let us stay longer and tell mother not to worry about us. Leon came through it pretty good for such a little boy. It still is some of his favorite memories and we were able to give our mother a break and the rest she needed to get well. Mother was still in a run down condition from the Rheumatic Fever she had earlier.

We loved our parents very much and would help where we could in our own way. But it was never enough compared to what they did for us.

Leon grew up, met and married his one and only sweetheart while living in McCammon, Idaho. Her name was Norma Larsen. They had six lovely children - Miles Leon Whiting, Kelly Whiting, Susan Marie Whiting, Melanie Norma Whiting, Cherie Lynn Whiting and Alane Rachel Whiting.

Leon worked a few years at the A.E.C. plant on the Arco desert, and later took a teaching job at the University at Pocatello. Leon also put together a working sawmill and a planing mill on his place and put it to good use. I guess there will always be a Whiting somewhere with a sawmill in his back yard.

Leon and Norma are both involved in Western style dancing. They teach square dancing, round dancing, western swing and etc. Both are square dance



callers, Leon and his sons sawed the timbers used in the building of the square dance barn in Pocatello.

As Mother always said, music and dancing is good for the body and soul. It is just like medicine. With a mixture of Dad and Mother's life style and talents and with Leon's, it brings it all together in a full circle. To be compatible to ones own inherited traits and genes makes a less stressful life. To think the youngest ones in the family know who they are and enjoy the best of both worlds being able to blend our parents and grandparents lifestyle with out own keeps us in touch with who we really are. It feels right for Leon to have his sawmill and to touch the memories he had with his father and the world of music and dancing. To life ones spirits as mother did and just being true to nature.

--By Donna Akins

UPDATE: I didn't think I had much to put in the book, then on second thought maybe this could go in. I teach at Idaho State University and as a second profession, I call square dances at night. I have a sawmill and still make lumber, I also have a machine shop business, my oldest son and I operate together. This is currently what I am doing with my life.

## Makes record of year



Journal photo by Bob Jensen

McCammon's Leon Whiting, professional square dance caller and recording artist, was awarded the prestigious record of the year. He records on what is described as the "up and coming UTE label" produced by the Hornets Nest Recording Studios of Odgen, Utah. The title of his hit recording is "Abilene, O Abilene," which he originally wrote and recorded in 1990. The Whittings are callers for the Caribou Gems in Grace. Norma Whiting cues the round dances for the club. Their dances are being held on Saturdays from 7:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.



## **CHAPTER 8**

**RALPH A WHITING**



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RALPH A. WHITING



## RALPH A WHITING



Ralph & Irene Snyder Whiting

In a little home up in a canyon in Utah, two babies were born to Lorenzo Snow Whiting and Flora Waterman Whiting - a boy and girl. I was one of their babies, Ruth was the other, born August 31, 1893, in Hobble Creek Canyon, Utah.

At the age of four my Father's family moved to Robin, Idaho; landing there March 9, 1898. As it was the last of February and the first part of March, the roads were quite bad. I remember many things that happened on the way. We had three wagons, one wagon with machinery, one wagon with furniture and one with a sheep camp that most of us children rode in. When we came through Salt Lake City the roads were so muddy we could hardly get through. Along by Downey, Idaho, we were stuck in holes and had to take the lead team off the machinery wagon to pull us out. I remember lots of things about

our home in Hobble Creek Canyon, like the old home, and the big barn that Dad built out of rough lumber. We had lots of rabbits--I crawled back in a hole under the hay after some little rabbits and the old mother scratched my face and hands all up. Some times I went with Dad and my older brothers up on what was called the East Bench after hay. One time Len and Forres had two big dogs broke to work, one wouldn't pull so they took three poles and put them up together and put a pulley up in the top and put a rope through it, tied one end around the dogs neck that wouldn't pull and hitched the other dog to the other end and made him hang the other dog!

There were nine living children in our family when we came to Robin; Maud was the oldest - 15, Reese the youngest at 1 year old.

My Father and Bert Evans bought 160 acres under the Garden Creek Gap, Father took the lower 80 and Bert the upper 80. There was a log house on the place Bert got and Dad built a house on our part. The same summer we got there Dad and Forres went back to Hobble Creek and got our sawmill that Fall. They set it up in a little canyon called Yellow Dog about 10 miles from our home. They



used what timber there was in that place then moved to a place called Virginia Canyon about three or four miles further west. It was there that I helped haul the sawdust. We hauled sawdust in a thing Dad made, something like a stone boat, with one horse. A man by the name of John Carns was working for Dad, he called me Raffie. One day when I took a load of sawdust quite a way from the mill he said to me, "Where the hell have you been Raffie, hunting Jack Rabbits?" It was while at that place I was with Len and Jay hunting deer that I fell about 15 to 20 feet off a cliff of rock down into some slide rock, it just bruised me up a little. I didn't have time to get scared it happened so quick. Len and Jay were really scared. I think I was in my seventh year then. It was during this time that Dad bought a store at Robin. It was a long log building, the store and post office were in the same building. Then Dad built a big frame building with an upstairs and moved the store and post office in the front and we lived in the back and upstairs. Mother would take care of the store and post office and Dad and the boys would take care of the farm and run the mill. One time Vern Glover and I went into our back yard and gathered the eggs, took them around through the front door and sold them to Mother for candy. Mother guessed what was up, but she gave him the candy, it made me feel quite cheap. One day Jay and I were in our back yard, we each had a hat full of rotten eggs. Alf Wilkinson came riding down the road on his way to Arimo. Jay said, "Watch me hit old Alf." He threw and hit him right over the eye and it splattered all over him. He came back after us. Jay ran into the house, up the stairs and hid somewhere, we couldn't find him that day. Alf went in the house, and mother cleaned him up and he went back home, he wasn't fit to go to Arimo.

About 1902 Father took a timber claim in Mink Creek, twelve miles out of Pocatello. Dad and us boys built the road up Mink Creek. We worked there until I was past sixteen. It was there I learned to hunt and ride a horse. We always carried a gun wherever we went. If we were logging we had our gun, if we were riding for cattle or horses we carried our gun. We lived mostly on wild game as there was no law on hunting or fishing. Sometimes we were out in terrible storms and had to work hard, but I think that was the happiest time of my boyhood days.

About 1907, Dad bought a feed barn in Pocatello in the 700 block on South Second. I worked there some of the time. I never liked being in town. Dad sold the feed yard in the Fall of 1909, the same Fall Dad, my two oldest brothers, and brother-in-law, homesteaded on what was then called Rattle Snake--later to be called Crystal.

In the spring 1910 we moved to Crystal. It was there I met the girl of my dreams. At the time we went to Crystal, there were only 7 families, but about that time it seemed like everybody started coming in until there was 150 families at one time. We had six schools in the valley, there were lots of young people. We had a lot of good times then. We would drive 20 miles one way in a sleigh to a dance, in 20 below zero weather, but we didn't mind.





Ralph (Dad) on old button

One day I had to go down to Snyders to get some water as we had to haul our drinking water. It was while I was at the well that was just out in front of the house I saw a young girl come out of the house. She had the most beautiful black hair I had ever seen. I wasn't close enough to see her eyes. It was then that I started to find a way to meet her. It wasn't long after this that Snyders had a dance at their house, it was then I got to meet her. Her name was Katheryne Irene, they called her Irene and she was next to the oldest daughter of the Snyder's. At that time she was between 13 and 14. I thought she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen and the thing was it seemed to grow on

me until she was all I thought of. We went out together until we got to going steady, that lasted about two years, then we started having our troubles. We would split up for a while then we would go back together. That lasted quite some time. It wasn't hard to get another girl, there were some nice ones, but some how I didn't want them I just wanted to get back with her. One time after we had been split up for a long time I went by her place, it was just after dark and I had been firing a steam engine with straw, my clothes were black with soot, I was walking home to clean up and go open the school house for a dance, as I was in charge of the dances at that time. I went into their house for a few minutes, Irene was dressed in white she sure looked nice, her black hair and the white dress already to go to the dance. The fellow she was going with was there to take her. I went on as I was in a hurry, but when I got a little way out from the house I heard someone behind me, I turned and she was in my arms. I tried to stop her as my clothes were so black. She wouldn't stop, she said she didn't care. Well it was like a vision, like as if the heavens opened and an angel had come down and landed right in my arms. I hadn't said I loved her, but it was easy to see that I did, yes with all my heart, and I am sure our Father in Heaven had a hand in it too. She is the mother of my ten children and a wonderful mother she is too.

Dad started to write his life story, got this far and let someone read it. I don't know who he ask but they said, "It read like a love story." He never wrote another word. We have always felt sad about this.



Helen and I will try and finish it from things Mom has put in her history.

Our parents life was a love story from start to finish. They loved each other very much and were always proud of each other.

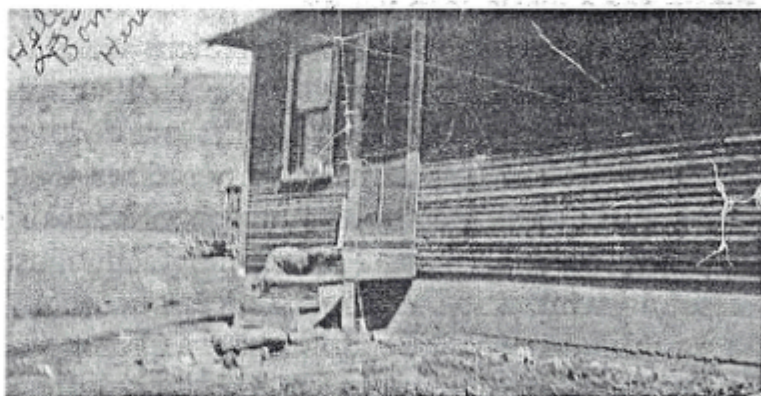
First a little about Mom. Her name was Katheryne Irene Snyder. She was born January 11, 1897, at Pocatello, Idaho, to William Clinton and Cora Francis Booth Snyder. She was the third child of a family of nine, four girls and five boys, (Myrtle, Ed, Irene, Clara, Florence, Bill, Frank, George, and Fred). Her father was a mason worker by trade. When she was five or six years old her parents homesteaded in what was called Rattlesnake and later named Crystal, Idaho. They were the first people to settle in that area. Her parents had the first store and post office in Crystal. The Whiting's homesteaded in Rattlesnake when Mom was thirteen years old. She met dad and 7 years later they were married. Mom and Dad were married October 18, 1916, in a double ceremony with Mom's brother Ed and his bride, Kate Talbot.

Grandpa Whiting was not well and in the Fall of 1912 he ask Dad and Uncle Reese if they would take over his homestead. Dad was only 18 1/2 years old and Uncle Reese 15. Later Dad took up a homestead in his own name over closer to Grandpa Snyder's. We don't know what he did with his homestead, but Mom tells of living there for a short time after they were married. Uncle Reese tells of them trying to sell their property in that part of the valley.

When Dad and Mother were first married they lived on Dad's homestead for four months, then moved to the Poole House. They moved to the Brown House on Crystal Creek in June 1917, a few weeks before Helen was born. Helen Ruth was born July 10, 1917, and Clinton Laval was born May 18, 1919, both at the Brown House.

Dad was a member of the LDS Church when they were married, for a year or two mom would not listen to him, finally they decided to pray to see if she would know if it was true. Their prayers were answered and Mom was baptized July 26, 1919. They both have very strong testimonies of the Gospel.

Grandfather Whiting had become very ill with diabetes and not long after Clint was born they came to live with the folks. Grandpa passed away the following June 12, 1920.



The Brown house  
Crystal, Idaho