

it myself. I would ride in the haywagons and get in the way most of the time.

We would get up really early in the morning and go pick peas before the dew was off from them. Then we would all shell peas all day. I can remember Daddy sitting up on the haystack waiting for a load of hay with bread tins full of peas shelling them when he had time. I loved this time of year. I loved to help Mother can, but I guess I really wasn't that much help.

One of the most important things that I remember about those times was the work was fun because everyone pitched and helped. There was a lot of love and sharing with each other.

The first recollection I have of Mother, was her grey, or salt and pepper hair and that she always smelled good. She seemed to always be working. She would always stop and straighten the house while we waited in the car for her. Then on the way down the lane she would check to see if our neck and ears were clean. If they weren't she would stop at the corner of the lane by a little stream of water and would clean our neck and ears with her hanky and cold water. I really hated that. Mother always made us pretty clothes. One Easter she made me a yellow dress with gathered tiers. I really thought it was pretty.

She made Colleen and I a dress alike once. They were out of pink and red dotted swiss material. She made us lots of really neat clothes.

One time she was making bread and I stuck my hands in it and ran. She followed me and told me not to wipe my hands on the bedspread but I did. I guess I've always been contrary.

She baked bread every day in the old wood stove. I loved to come home from school and smell the bread baking.

Sometimes she would save some bread for 'wind-biscuits'. We would fry them and put honey and jam on them. Boy did they ever taste good!

Mother always kept a clean house. She was the best Mother a girl could ever ask for. I was not the best daughter. She had a really strong testimony of the gospel. She really taught us to pray and to rely on the Lord.

One thing Mother did that I thought was funny happened on Christmas. One of her presents was a really pretty nightgown. She opened it and said, "oh, it's so pretty, I'll save it for company". We all laughed and asked her who her company would be? We all knew what she meant. We just wanted to tease her. We all had a good laugh over "Mom's company nightgown".

She is and was the greatest. Dad always thought so too. He was very loving and affectionate with Mother and all his children. Yet, he was truly the man of the house. He honored the priesthood and set a good example for his wife and children. He ruled with a loving hand. We always had family prayer and attended our meetings. He taught us the gospel on a daily basis. We knew we could rely on the Lord no matter what the situation. When someone was sick or ill the first thing we thought of was to have them administered to; then we called the doctor if we thought it necessary.

I believe he had a special gift of healing through his prayers and especially his faith.

Dad always worked hard. Sometimes we didn't have the things we wanted, but we always had the things we needed. He was very generous and when he had money he would give us very many nice gifts. I remember one Christmas I wanted a cedar chest. I got the cedar chest but even more special I got a locket that he had me pick out. He then bought it and surprised me. He had said it was for Mom.

He was really thoughtful and considerate of Mother. He would work all day in the fields, but when he finished with his work he would often help us with our work. Everyone seemed willing to work until the work was done.

Mother and Dad were a great team. They also loved each of their children individually and collectively. I know that the most important thing to both of our parents was the gospel and their family.

I personally am very grateful for the parents I was blessed with and for the brothers and sisters I have.

Helen I remember at home as being like my Mother, and sometimes I didn't like that one bit. She and Ralph took me to stay with them and they were going to a party. I was so excited then I went to the party and fell asleep. I was so sad. I stayed with Helen when Kirk was little. She lived in Montana in a little house by a spring. Kirk used to eat the dirt if we didn't watch him. They had a pump in the sink in their house. I thought it was neat. Kirk was six years younger than I. He was like another little brother. I was glad when they moved close to us. Once when I was in 8th grade Ralph brought me a yellow blouse and a black and white newspaper skirt. It was so cute and I loved it. I didn't always like it when Mom asked me to help with her ironing it, however. When Kenneth came to live with them, he rode the buck rake with me one day and asked me a thousand questions. I loved him immediately and couldn't understand why he held back. Helen made me a dress when David came to get me to go meet his parents. I was so broke and it really meant a lot to me. She and Katheryne made my wedding dress and it was beautiful.

Clint went on his mission when I was about five. I kissed him good-by and it tasted like salt. I remember when he was wounded in the army during the war. We were really worried about him. He and Beth moved into the little house by us and I always felt close to him and his kids, especially Val. I think Clint thought I was a spoiled brat in high school. (He really didn't think I could do anything.) Once he told me if I would run to the top of the lane and back in the dark he would give me some money. I think it was a dollar. I did it and then he kept trying to give me less money and I said, "I'll come down one dime less and not another dime lesser."

Dan and I were close, especially during our teen years. We worked hard together. We also fought a lot. I was really jealous of him when we were very

small. I remember them holding me so he could beat me when we were wrestling.

We would take a tub and fill it about half full of baby sparrows and eggs from the straw stack in the pig pasture. This was to get rid of the over abundant sparrows. Sometimes we would blow the eggs out of the shell. We often rode for cattle or just rode horses over to a friends house.

When Dan was born, I was playing out by the side of the house. Helen came out and said we had a baby brother. I was really thrilled.

Once Dan and I had to fix the pig pen fence so we could go to Montana. It didn't even last until we got down the lane on our way to Montana.

I remember Katheryne less when I was small. I remember her coming home once after she was married and she was crying. I remember staying with her and she shaved my hair behind my ears where she taped them back. I used to sing "Your a Grand Old Flag" to her and Bob. When Heber was born and I would go see them and go to Aunt Ruth's too. I was at Katheryne's place when Mom discovered I had the measles. I remember meeting Bob's nephew Guy Higley there. I remember when the tractor tipped over on Bob and broke his back. I was pretty young then. Katheryne used to sew for me. She made me a blue and yellow flowered skirt and blue blouse once that I really liked. She also helped make my wedding dress. I remember as each of their children were born. Ralph was like a little man and could he ever perform. They were all so darn cute. Heber was the big silent type. Steve was a cutie and Jed had such pretty curly hair. I remember how excited everyone was when Kathy was born. I remember Ralph fell off the bridge into the canal and Heber ran to the other side and picked him up and saved him.

I remember Margarets boyfriends coming to see her. One smoked and he promised to throw them away. He did, but I saw him go back and pick them up. I remember one of them gave her a piano music box. I really thought that was neat.

I remember when she and Grant got married. I thought he was special. I must have been in a very obnoxious silly stage then. I remember going to Montana to see them and Lynn staying with Helen while they were in Canada. Mostly I remember going over and picking raspberries and canning them. Once it seems we got home and they were really wormy. I would go to see them when we would go over to play sports of some kind.

How excited we all were that Margaret had the first girl of the grandchildren. Margaret and I never spent much time together alone. She always lived so far away. It was special when she did come home. I always thought she had the prettiest black hair.

Lucille taught me how to do the Jitterbug step and she helped me fix my hair. I remember all of her boyfriends and girlfriends, especially Jay Stokes. She seemed to always have someone around her.

I remember when she and Carl were married. It was a big deal and there

was lots of good food. I met Loretta and Jodi then.

Lucille got the mumps from Heber. Then Mirla and I came down with them at the same time. I was always glad when Lucille and Carl would come home for Christmas or whatever. It seems they have always lived a long way from everyone. We were never close when her kids were born.

I always wanted to have pretty teeth like her. I remember when she taught school at Baker. She was really good and it would have been a good thing for her to have gone to college. I remember she had lots of earaches.

I always wished I could ride a horse like Mirla. She seemed to be able to do everything well. I remember riding for cattle with her and she would look for rattlesnakes to kill. She could spot them a mile away, and always wanted to kill them. I was afraid of them. I remember when she was sick for so long with pneumonia and she had to learn to walk again. The scare on her side has been tender ever since then. I remember herding cows with her one day, it was Colleen's birthday. We made her a necklace out of rose hips. It was great fun. I remember when she fell in love with Ray Everts. Then she broke up and dated everybody.

I remember riding to school with her one morning. It was really cold and slick. A jeep pulled out in front of us and she hit the brakes. We went down off the side of the road then passed the jeep and back onto the highway. Wow!

When she and Theo were married, we tried to mess up their house, but didn't really. I remember staying with them in town. When Brenda was born she had bruised because she had to be turned. I stayed with Mirla and tended Brenda, Marta, and Cheryl when Cheryl was born.

Mirla and I loved to get a sun tan, so once we hoed corn with nothing on. There was no one home but it was still dumb.

Colleen and I shared a room for many years. We also shared a bed with at least ten dolls between us. We played together, worked together, and fought together. Mom used to dress us alike and made outfits for us alike, but there the similarity ended. She was tiny, pretty, and dainty. I was not. She always covered up completely when we went out into the fields to work, so she was really fair. I was not. One time on the 24th of July, Daddy decided to by Jim Bridger and Colleen and I were going to be his Indian wives. She was putting makeup on her arms, legs, and everywhere. She asked me if she had enough, I said, "Yes". Then I asked her if I had enough on. She said "yes, you just need a little more under your chin and down your neck." I laughed because I didn't have any makeup on at all.

When Colleen and Dale got married we put a "Cherry Bomb" on their car. Then we decided to go goof up Mirla and Theo's apartment. We didn't have a car so we asked Dale if we could borrow his. Of course he said yes, and so we set off the bomb ourselves.

I remember when Gordon was born he looked like an Indian. He was a doll

and so big. Colleen stayed at the house for awhile then.

I loved to go over and visit her when she lived at Arave's ranch. I really liked playing with and tending her kids. I remember the "sisters" all going over to paint and paper that house they lived in and Dad calling us the "crusaders".

Things were good most of my life. We weren't super wealthy, but we really didn't suffer either. The good times were anytime the whole family would get together and go on picnics or whatever. Holidays were always special at our house. We worked hard and then we could really relax and enjoy the vacations.

One time we took a trip to Bozeman to visit Carl and Lucille and then through West Yellowstone and on to Pocatello and Salt Lake.

Special relatives were of course Grandma Whiting. She always made me feel special. I loved to hear her talk. My favorite uncle was Uncle Reese. I used to call him Uncle Relief Society when I was little. Uncle Lenn became very special to me as I grew older and got to know him better. Uncle Bill was good to us and I always enjoyed his visits. I felt a special closeness to Aunt Ruth because she was Daddy's twin, but my favorite aunt was always Aunt Clara. She was so good to me, and always made us feel like we were somebody. She taught me to appreciate the many blessings I have. I lived in her home one Summer and it was really special. My favorite cousins on the Whiting side were Eddie and Merlin, on the Snyder side Inez and Jack. I really appreciated the way Eddie treated me at school, at dances, etc.

We were taught to work hard. I milked cows night and morning all through high school. I never worked out of the house until the Summer of 1953. When I worked at the Lumber Yard. I hated it. One summer I worked in California, first at W.T. Grants as a sales clerk, then at the Safeway offices as a coupon sorter.

I loved working in the fields. I especially liked to drive the mowing machine with old Tom and Prince.

I guess my favorite food when I was younger was mom's fried chicken. It's still the best in the world. I also thought her sour cream chocolate cake with fudge icing was really good.

I attended church in Salmon at the old white church until I was about 12 years old. Then we went to the Lemhi Ward at Baker. I didn't want to at first, but it was a blessing. I really loved that ward and the people in it. They are the choice people of my teenage years. I will always feel special about Bishop Parks and his family, the Arave's, Hartvicksons, Herbsts, Andersons, and so on. I know I grew spiritually in that ward, but the greatest teacher I ever had was my Father. He took every opportunity to teach us the gospel no matter where we were. He knew and understood the Lord's work and he taught through the spirit. I can see him today standing up there saying, "Oh ye generations of vipers (rattlesnakes) and so on."

I have seen and heard miracles performed in our home through the power of the priesthood and faith.

I know Mother's life was preserved when she was in the car accident on the Salmon River, through faith. I know when Daddy lived through his cerebral hemorrhage in December of 1956, it was because of our faith and prayers.

I saw Dan blessed when he was choking. Mirla blessed when she had pneumonia. Helen healed by the touch of the Savior through her faith. All of us have been blessed by this active power of the Priesthood that was in our home.

One day it was raining. Daddy was out irrigating and was riding old Captain. I was so frightened because there was thunder and lightening. I went down in the basement and prayed that he would be safe. I had the most peaceful assurance that he would be. When he came in he said the lightening had come so close he thought it would hit him, but it didn't. I knew my prayer had been answered.

I attended the Brooklyn school from first to sixth grade. Our playground was a huge rock pile. I still have scars from the cuts and bruises on my knees and legs. I loved school and had many friends. My closest friends were Leanne Morrison and Bonnie Skinner. We were cheerleaders together in 6th, 7th, and 8th grades. Then we were chosen to be varsity cheerleaders in the 9th and 12th grades. We had a great time. Some of my other close friends were Tuana Corbett, Lila Schneider, Hallie Havens, Patsy Crook, Ginger Hays, Mae Arave, and Marie Anderson. We had a special class. Everyone in our class got along well and we all really liked each other. There were no cliques.

I was a member of the Pep Club for two years and President my senior year. I was a good student and graduated in the top ten percent of my class. I graduated in 1953 from Salmon High School.

I then attended B.Y.U. for four years. I majored in Education and received my BA degree in 1957. My parents paid for my books and rent, but I worked part-time cleaning houses, baby-sitting and at one time for the Provo Archery Co. for anything extra.

I met my husband, David B. Farr, in January 1957. We were married August 10, 1957. He is the son of Dewey Farr and Ester Brown Farr. He has three brothers, Bert, Robert, and Gordon, and two sisters, Helen Farr Broadbent and Esther Farr Davis.

Our first home was in St. John, Arizona. We then moved to Tempe, Arizona, so David could go to school at A.S.U.

We next moved to Provo, Utah. There David finished his schooling at B.Y.U. He graduated in 1961 with a B.S. degree in Business. I worked at Walker Bank as a bookkeeper and then taught 8th and 9th grade English at Springville Jr. High.

David was hired to run an insurance agency in Holbrook, Arizona, and we moved there. I taught at the Holbrook High School for three years. We bought a nice home in Holbrook and lived there until June of 1966. Our son, David Whiting Farr, was born September 22, 1965, while we were living in Holbrook.

When we left Holbrook, we moved to Nampa, Idaho. I taught at Central Jr. High School in Nampa. We left there the next year and moved to Lakeside, Arizona, in 1967. I only worked as a substitute while living there.

We then moved to St. Johns, Arizona, and I taught a 6th grade self contained classroom in 1969-1970.

We moved to Snowflake, Arizona, in June of 1970. Our daughter Colleen Farr was born on August 29, 1970. I started teaching at Snowflake Jr. High that Fall. I have taught Language Arts at the junior high for the last twenty two years. In 1975 I was asked to be the assistant to the principal. I have performed that duty for the last seventeen years along with my full time teaching assignment.

I belong to an international teachers organization called Delta Kappa Gamma. I have served as secretary and second vice-president in that organization.

Our children have both gone to school here in Snowflake and graduated from Snowflake High School.

David was active in several sports. He played football on a state championship team in 1982. He graduated in 1983, just a few months after Mother passed away. He went to B.Y.U. that Summer and Fall. In the Fall of 1983 he met LeAnn Bateman from Salt Lake City, Utah. They fell in love and wanted to get married. David did not return to BYU in the Spring. He stayed home and worked at home and in Phoenix.

In April of 1984, he decided to go on a mission. He came back to Snowflake and worked at the paper mill to earn money for his mission. He received his call to the Hong Kong Mission. He left for his mission the 1st of January, 1985. He served in that mission until April when he injured his back. He had to return to the states for surgery. He was operated on in Boise, Idaho, by Dr. Rudd.

He was then released from his mission in July and told that if he decided to finish his mission during the next year he had only to tell the Stake President.

On April 1, 1986, he decided to finish his mission. He was very fortunate to be able to finish in the Boston Massachusetts Mission, as it was his desire to serve there. He returned from there in June of 1987. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on April 30, 1988. They now live in Cappell, Texas. He is a sales representative for Ryder Transportation Services and goes to school part time.



David, Blake and Leann Farr

Leanne is an MRI and Lab Exray Technician. She is a wonderful daughter-in-law. We all love her very much. They have a son born December 15, 1992, David Blake Farr.



Kegan Liljenquist

Colleen was also active in sports. She especially loved softball. She played the violin in the school orchestra until her senior year.

She graduated from Snowflake High School in 1988 just a few weeks after David and Leanne were married.

She received a vocational scholarship from the Elks Lodge in Show Low for a thousand dollars. She used this to go to cosmetology school at E.A.C. in Safford, Arizona. She graduated in June of 1989 and passed her state board exams in October of the same year.

She stayed in Snowflake with us and worked at the "Donut Shoppe" until she got her license to practice cosmetology.

She then went to work at the Nu You Shoppe, which I started and owned from October 1977 until

October 1985.

She met Lance Liljenquist in January 1990. They became engaged in April and were married June 16, 1990, in Snowflake, Arizona. They immediately moved to Florida and lived there until March, 1991. While in Florida Lance worked with his brothers building swimming pools and Colleen worked as a cosmetologist.

She is currently living in Snowflake. They are now planning to move to Phoenix. Lance has a good job there and they are just looking for a place to live. They have a son, Keegan Lance Liljenquist, born December 28, 1992.

I have had many callings in the Church including: President of the Young Womens Organization, Counselor in the Relief Society Presidency, Meeting House Librarian, Stake Speech Director, Visiting Teacher and a teacher in all of the auxiliary organizations.

I plan to retire from teaching this year then David and I will enjoy our grandchildren.

Written by Lois Whiting Farr

DAN L. WHITING



Dan L. Whiting

Dan L. Whiting born September 8, 1938, in Salmon, Idaho. The third son and tenth child of Ralph A. and Katheryne Irene Snyder Whiting. He was born at Aunt Olive Whiting's home. She was a midwife. Dan's mother had been ill all of the time she was carrying him. She had a very difficult delivery and Dan was born with problems and had a hard time surviving. Dr. Hamner was the doctor. Dan was a large baby, but delicate. His

parents had a hard time raising him.

When about a year and half old, Dan choked on a butterball candy. They were unable to get it out. His Dad administered to him and the butterball popped out.

Dan having seven older sisters and one older brother, received plenty of attention and love. He sort of liked his own way and knew how to get it. He was really hard to keep track of. It seemed some one was always frantically calling his name and searching for him. One time while they were searching for him he had gone down in the field where his Dad was cutting hay.

Dan started school when he was six years old at the Salmon High School Annex. He went there for the first and second grades, then up to the Brooklyn School for the third and forth grades. He attended the Gertson Creek school for fifth and sixth grades and seventh and eighth grades were spent at Salmon Jr. High. He then attended Salmon High School.

Dan liked all of the stock and enjoyed working on the ranch. He was privileged as each of his brothers and sisters were to drive the derrick team. Then he was promoted to drive the sweep rakes and other machinery.

He loved horses and especially liked to ride "Old Pal" that was given to him when a colt from his Dad and brother Clint for a Christmas present.

He liked to ride in the hills for cattle with his sister Mirla. Dan said Mirla killed a rattlesnake about every time they went into the hills.

He always helped on the ranch. When Clint was in Canada, Dan helped his Dad until he became ill and had to go to Arizona so Dan helped Theo Morgan. Dan also went to Leadore with his Dad and Mother when they came back from

Arizona to run the ranch there. Here he made many special friends. He was in the Sunday School Superintendency while in Leadore.

He loved the church and went many years to the Lemhi Ward in Baker, Idaho.

In 1966 he moved to Nampa, Idaho, with his parents. He was with his father when he had a heart attack, got him home and helped get him to the hospital.

Dan married Aloha Rogers, September 7, 1969. He started working at the sugar factory in 1972. They built a lovely little home on Happy Valley Road. Aloha became ill and they later got a divorce.

Dan married Nola Jean Manning, September 9, 1983, and they

were sealed in the Boise Temple on March 6, 1986.

Dan is active in the LDS Church. He holds the Melchizedek Priesthood. He has a very strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He serves where and whenever asked.

Written by Katheryne Stokes



Dan L. & Nola Whiting

7, 1910, at Dayton, Idaho.

I was the only one in our family of five that was born in a hospital. Mother and Dad were in Preston at a park when it was time for me to be born.

I have 3 brothers and 1 sister. They are all older than I am.

I moved to Weiser, Idaho, when I was almost two. I went to school in the 1st through 4th grades there.

When I was 6 years old, a friend of mine and I were playing on a pile of cinder blocks and I fell off and cut my leg. Mother thought it wasn't that bad, so she didn't take me to the doctor. I have a scar on my leg.



Dan L. Whiting

NOLA JEAN MANNING WHITING

Nola Jean Manning Whiting was born August 24, 1946, at Preston, Idaho. My father was Eldon George Manning, born August 19, 1911 in Trenton, Utah. He passed away May 23, 1963. My mother was Zenda Jensen Mickham Manning, born October

When I was 7 years old we moved to Parma, Idaho. I was baptized there. My Father didn't baptize me, but he confirmed me.

The school I went to had three grades in one room. I went to one year of Jr. High there. Then we moved to Boise. I went two years to Jr. Highland and 4 years to High School at Boise High. I graduated in 1964. I went to beauty school. I couldn't stand going there. My nerves got really bad, so I had to quit.

Then I went to Boise State for one year, but finances prevented me from going longer.

I was married in 1970, but it didn't last. I was divorced in 1983.

Then I met Dan Whiting in 1983. It was love at first sight. We were married September 9, 1983. We have been very happy ever since. We were sealed in the Boise Temple in 1986.

My hobbies were riding horses. I loved to ride horses when I was younger. When I was about 6 years old, I was riding my horse and she decided she wanted to take a bath or cool off. She decided to roll over and pin me under. If it hadn't been for my brother, I would have died.

I have worked at day care. I enjoy working with children.

Written by Nola Manning Whiting

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CHAPTER 9

RUTH E. WHITING

CHAPTER 2

WILLIAM R. MILLING

RUTH E. WHITING



Ruth Whiting Phillips

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Ruth Phillips

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Neil, Robin & Ralph Phillips

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

over the States and Canada.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ruth Dahl, Ethel's sister Esther's step-daughter and kept her until she married. Then when our sister Mary died leaving little Mary, four days old. She was a pretty blue-eyed baby. Mary still lives with them and has a little girl of her own, named Debbie.

Their children are all married. Carolyn and Weley live in Salt Lake City. The other three in California. I too stayed with Will and Ethel a big part of my time. They have been so kind to open their home to me and make me feel welcome all the time. My plans are to go to Texas this fall to stay with my husbands folks.

Mother left Oxford after sister Mary died, moving to Salmon, Idaho, so she could be near her children, most all that was living were there. All except Jay and family and he never moved far from Pocatello in all his years. He was Keeper of the Zoo there until he retired last winter 1962 or 63.

This about winds up my narrative. I realize it's more of a history of the whole Lorenzo Whiting family, than just about father as we were asked to write. My beloved Mother remained in Salmon until her death on 16 February 1949. With Mother's passing I felt like I had lost my last friend and I still miss her so much, everytime I recall the little visits I had with her with tears in my heart. Her talks meant so much to me.

I hope I haven't hurt anyone's feelings with what I have written. If so, I want to apologize. I know there is a lot more that could be added but this, dear loved ones, is the end.

--By: Ruth E. Whiting Phillips

Ruth E. Whiting - born 1 September at Hobble Creek Canyon, Utah. Died 1 December 1981 (88 years) at Gooding, Idaho (possible stroke). Married 16 July 1912 - Pocatello, Idaho to Sidney Ruben Phillips born 1 January 1889 at Devil's River Area, Texas. Died 1 April 1940 (51 years) Boise, Idaho (Leukemia).

NEAL PRICE PHILLIPS

This is a short summary of some of the events in my life. I was born 1 September 1916 in Pocatello, Idaho and grew up around Crystal, Pocatello and McCall. I went to grade school at Lardo near McCall and high school two years a McCammon and graduated from Emmett High in 1935.

I worked in construction and maintenance at Banks, Idaho, until Dad (Sidney R. Phillips) died 1 April 1940, then moved to Salmon and worked with Uncle Will. I went into the Army in June of 1942 and served in the Pacific and Japan until the



BR-Eddy, Sidney, Judith, Linda, Don Sr.
Don Jr., Neil & Helen, FR-Robin Jr.,
Ruth Ellie, Betty, Sherry, Sylvia, John,
Stephanie

Caldwell.

Mother died 1 December 1981. These seem to be the main things I remember.

end of World War Two. I was discharged in January 1946.

I then went to work for the Idaho Power Company power plant at Salmon in March of 1948 and was transferred to the Swan Falls power plant in September of 1951. I retired from there in September of 1981.

I was married to Helen E. Hinz on 4 May 1957. She was born 20 September 1925 in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. We had no children. We enjoyed traveling and camping and our music. Since retirement we have lived at 304 W. Elm, Caldwell, Idaho. Still enjoy our camping and music and belong to Faith Lutheran Church in

SIDNEY RALPH PHILLIPS

Sidney was born 16 January 1918 in Crystal, Idaho and died 24 September 1944 (26 years) at Nad Zab, New Guinea (injuries of WW2). He served in the 101st Airborne. He married Will May Smith 22 June 1943 at Hamilton, Montana. Willa was born 14 June 1922 in Salmon, Idaho.

ROLIN ANDERSON PHILLIPS

Rolin was born 4 October 1919 in Pocatello, Idaho. He served the U.S. Army with the Combat Engineers in W.W.2 in the Philippines. He married in 1936 at Emmett, Idaho, Inez Ruth Wharton who was born 1918 or 1919 in Juntura, Oregon. They divorced in 1946 shortly after W.W.2 ended. SONS OF ROLIN AND RUTH: Rolin A. Phillips Jr. born 6 September 1938 at Boise, Idaho. He served in the US Army and worked for the US Government in the space and research program. He was married 7 February 1975 in Hagerman, Idaho, to DeEdra Keener, born 14 April 1947 in Arkansas. Works for the Government. Sidney Curtis Phillips born 6 September 1940 in Boise, Idaho. Electrician for Power Company Utah and Idaho. Married 25 August 1962 in Dragerton, Utah, to Sylvia Louise Destruf, born 21 April 1941 in Paonia, Colorado. She is a registered nurse.

Divorced 1984.

SID AND SYLVIA'S CHILDREN: Stephanie Christine Phillips born 27 April 1965 at Salt Lake City, Utah. Married 1983 to Vernon Miller. Son: Scott Curtis Miller born 17 September 1984, Jerome, Idaho. Sherry Lynn Phillips born 17 September 1966, Salt Lake City, Utah. John Curtis Phillips Born 13 April 1969, Salt Lake City, Utah. Scott Charles Phillips born 23 December 1971, Ely, Nevada. Died 10 May 1973 (1 year 4 months). Post operative pneumonia after heart surgery.

SID'S SECOND MARRIAGE: Cindy Tanaka in 1984. Daughter: Sumi Lynn Phillips born 3 January 1985, Jerome, Idaho.

ROLIN'S SECOND MARRIAGE: 26 May 1949 in Boise, Idaho to Elizabeth Ann Vestal (Betty), born 20 May 1926, Portland, Oregon. Raised until college age in India. Attended University of Iowa and University of Arkansas and University of Washington. Dietitian. **CHILDREN OF ROLIN AND BETTY:** Edgar Neil Phillips born 15 November 1951, Salmon, Idaho. Married 15 October 1976, Salt Lake City, Utah to Jacqueline Lemon born 11 December 1948.

ED AND JACKIE'S CHILDREN: Andrew Neil Phillips born 6 February 1975, Murray, Utah. Shanon Marie Phillips, born 19 August 1979, Utah.

SECOND CHILD OF ROLIN AND BETTY: Linda Ann Phillips, born 4 August 1954, Twin Falls, Idaho. Married 14 August 1982, Hagerman, Idaho, to Joseph J. Richard III born 2 March 1958. Both attended Northwestern University Chicago - Methodist Minister.

DAUGHTER OF SIDNEY AND RUTH PHILLIPS: Eleanor May Phillips born 4 June 1929 McCall, Idaho. Registered Nurse. Served as nurse U.S. Air Force Korean War. Married 4 April 1952, Pepperrell A.F.B., St. Johns, NFLD. to Edward Lawrence Kershaw, born September 1929, Lawrence, Massachusetts. Divorced. Daughter: Judith Gayle Kershaw Hinz (Adopted by Don in 1959 and name legally changed to Hinz), born 8 April 1953, Boise, Idaho. Married 5 October 1975, Nampa, Idaho, to Dr. Glenn W. Moldenhauer (Chiropractor), born 16 July 1950, Nampa, Idaho.

GLEN AND JUDY'S CHILDREN: Brandi Lynn Moldenhauer, born 12 September 1976, Nampa, Idaho (has Autism). Sharene Marie Moldenhauer, born 26 November 1984, Caldwell, Idaho.

ELEANOR SECOND MARRIAGE: 22 March 1957, Winnemucca, Nevada, to Donald Eldor Hinz, born 17 June 1933, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Served U.S. Army - Korean War. Works for Idaho Power Company. Power Plant Operator.

DON AND ELLIE'S CHILDREN: Donald Eldor Hinz Jr. born 10 February 1958, Boise, Idaho. Daniel Ralph Hinz, born 16 September 1959, Nampa, Idaho. Karl Erwin Hinz, born 21 September 1961, Nampa, Idaho.

CHAPTER 10

ABBY ANN WHITING

CHAPTER 10

ALBY AND WHITING

ABBY ANN WHITING

Abby Ann Whiting was born 20 August 1895, the ninth child of Lorenzo Snow and Flora Waterman Whiting. She was born at Hobbble Creek, Utah County, Utah. Her sister, Ella, in her history says: "Abby was a sweet little thing and always seemed so solemn, never smiling much. She had dark brown hair and eyes. Amongst her brown hair was a white lock of hair. It was there when she was born and always stayed white. It was on the back of her head near the crown. Mother always braided it under so it would not be seen. It was called the 'Whiting Mark' as there were quite a number of the Whiting family that had the same mark." Her sister, Ruth says her hair was black as midnight and her features resembled Indian.

Her parents and family moved to Idaho in 1898, when Abby was about three years old. On this journey she dropped a heavy flat iron on her large toe, it became infected and pained her very much.

They all moved to Robin, Idaho, and she and her brother, Farr, got Rheumatic Fever. They were both very ill for a long time. They both got better but Abby was left with a bad heart condition that seemed to get worse as she grew older. Her father took her to Dr. Howard in Pocatello and he told them she couldn't live more than five years. Abby was ill most of her life and had to spend most of it sitting in a chair and playing with a cat or doll.

She never complained at all. She just sat and played or drew pictures. She was loved very much. She was so good, nothing seemed to make her complain. She was very lovable and sweet. Abby loved animals and had one in her arms when she could get one. When she was almost eleven years old, she just closed her eyes and passed on. Abby died 24 January 1906.

Records show that her sister Maud was baptized for her on 25 June 1907 and did endowment work on 26 June 1907 in the Logan Temple.

--Taken from histories written by her sisters, Ella and Ruth

CHAPTER 11

ALFRED REESE WHITING

CHAPTER 11

ALFRED REESE WHITING



Alfred Reese
Whiting

In the year of 1897 March 9th. in a quaint old fashioned farm house located away up in the mountains on Hobble Creek about 14 miles from Springville, Utah, came to the home of Lorenzo Snow and Flora Waterman Whiting, I, a little red faced whiteheaded squalling baby boy. I was the fifth boy and tenth child born to these good parents.

My time had but short duration in my first home at Hobble Creek as my father in less than a year saw fit to move his family some 200 miles north to Robin, Idaho. This trip was a very unpleasant one as it was taken in the winter months with covered and open wagons drawn by horses. It must have been very strenuous for Mother as I was very sick most of the time.

Here I spent most of my boyhood days. Father owned a sawmill and cattle. Most of the summers he would be away from home and take some of the children with him. I was not very old so my work would consist of getting the cows and calves in so we could milk or help with the milking. We were all taught to milk at a very early age.

We were too far from church to attend, but Sunday Father would have us observe the day the best we could. This was a happy time of my life but I must not forget to relate one of my many thrilling experiences as a lad.

My brother and I were sent out to look for the calves one morning, with us went our old black dog, Tip, and I assure you we were glad to have him along with us as there were a few bears and other wild animals in that district. The previous night Father had been telling us about a bald face bear. Naturally our thoughts would dwell on that as we went into the wild wooded country to search for calves. When we were about a half mile from camp we found the calves. Just at this time our dog started to fight with some kind of wild animal in the bush. We did not know what it might be, but thought it was a bear. So yelling "Sickum" several times we hurriedly gathered the calves and got them started for camp on a high run.

After we had gone some hundred and fifty yards the fighting stopped and a black animal came out of the brush with a white face. Our first decision was a bald face bear and he had killed the dog and he is coming in our direction. How we did make those calves run, but we could soon see that the calves were too slow for us.

Calling for the dog with hopes of him still alive we began to take longer and quicker steps. There were Service Berry bushes about four or five feet high between us and camp, but to us they just seemed like bunch grass as we flew over them not turning aside for any. There was no chance of that bear catching us as

we kicked up so much dust he couldn't see us. At last we came out over a steep little hill and was to the corral.

Father asked what the hurry was and I remarked breathlessly, "A bear is after us." Father with a smile pointed up the trail over which we had just flown and said, "I guess that is the bald face bear, isn't it?" It was poor old Tip with his face full of porcupine quills. Oh, what a speed record, that of beating a dog.

In the fall of 1910 my brother-in-law, Levell Allsworth, my sister, Mary, my brother William and I were baptized at Robin in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We returned to Crystal to make our homes. There was no organized branch there so I was deprived of the blessing of attending church for many years. It was not until after I was 16 years of age that I learned what the standard works of the church were.

Ralph would go to call on his wife-to-be, Irene Snyder, several times a week. I would be left alone, there was not a thing to do me harm, but I thought I would seek the company of the horses by sleeping in the manger. While I had all those hours to spend, I would get the best book I could find to read. My first selection was the Book of Mormon.

I opened it and started reading it from the first of the book. I had never read it or heard it read. In other words I knew but little or nothing about it. As I read page after page the character of that man Nephi seemed to stand out. "Oh, what a man for an ideal. If only I could be like Him."

As I went on reading the book, I would ponder over the things I related to and wonder if they were really true. How I longed to know.

On the 9th. of March I was reading the Book of Mormon and Ralph came into the house and said these words, "You would give a lot to know what I'm thinking of." I cared not what he was thinking, as my mind was on the Book of Mormon, I wanted to know if it was true. Something seemed to ask me to put it to the test. So I did. I said to myself, if that book is true I shall know what he is thinking. No sooner had I done this than I knew as well as he himself what he was thinking. To his astonishment I made it known to him and then told him what I had done. From then on I have never doubted the Book of Mormon and my faith in it grows stronger each year. I know the Book of Mormon is true.

In the fall of 1915 I went with my sisters Ella and Mary to Salt Lake City to LDS Conference. It was the first time I had ever been in that city and the furthest from home I had ever been since we moved from Springville. It was quite a trip for me.

My brother Ralph and I purchased a Ford car early in the spring of 1916. We gave three hundred dollars for it. If you could see us driving that car today as it was when we bought it, you would be under the impression that we had talked Amos and Andy out of their open air taxi. But at the time we thought we really owned a car.

We were not the only ones deceived. It was the only gas wagon to be

owned by a farmer in Crystal Valley. Most of them envied us of the car. Today it would only find a place in the back yard to saw wood.

Before many months had passed we decided we would like a better car, so we bought a Dodge. With this we were very well pleased, but by fall the sporting business had picked up to such an extent that I had to get a car of my own, so I got a Buick.

One winter after taking over the big ranch on Crystal Creek, I was assigned to feed the livestock. It was a very hard winter. The snow got deeper than I had ever seen it and hay that winter went up to \$75 per ton. I was almost snowed in and 25 miles from town.

One day my tooth began to ache. It kept increasing for three days. It seem that nothing I could do would relieve the pain. I had but little sleep during that time. The night of the third day as I retired for bed being accustomed to praying, I was impressed to ask to have my tooth healed. I did so and it was healed instantly. The pain stopped so suddenly that it frightened me and I reached up and felt the side of my face where the tooth had been paining me so much. It was healed. This strengthened my faith in prayer and in God.

The U.S. had declared War on Germany and they were calling for soldiers, so on the 2nd. of June 1918, I enlisted in the Army and was sent to Fort Douglas, Utah, and from thence to Atlanta, Georgia, and then on to New York and France.

Before going into service I received my Patriarchal Blessing and went through the temple so that I might have the blessings afforded for my protection. It was a great comfort and guide to me during this time of great trial. Many were the experiences that I had in the Army, some good, some not so good. I was among the first to be released from my duties when the war was over in accordance with the blessing I had received before going overseas.

Shortly after returning home, I started keeping company with Virginia Staley, a girl I had known for many years. We were married 27 October 1919, in the Salt Lake Temple. The next spring Father died.

That summer with my brother, Will, we freighted lumber with two wagons each and a six horse team. That fall I bought a truck and hauled lumber alone while Will went on a mission to the Southern States. The next summer, Ralph and I were called on a two year home mission. The next spring, 1922 in March, Virginia and the baby died. The baby being only two days old. Before they died I was shown a few very wonderful things to help me understand the reason and



Virginia Staley (first wife of Reese Whiting) & her father John Staley

cause for them being taken. After Virginia's death I lived with my Mother and worked the farm with my brother, Forres, for several years.

Things weren't going too well with the farm or the community. It was a rough time for all. It was just before the 1929 depression and we brothers had one of the largest wheat and cattle farms in those parts and we were loosing it fast.

It was during this time that I had a dream that I should go on a mission. When I told my Mother, she replied, "Reese, I'm glad I never told you, but all day yesterday I was praying that you could go on a mission." My mother's prayers were heard.

There was no means for my mission. Believing as did Nephi of old that the Lord would not require anything of you but first he prepared a way, we went to work and in three months had enough money for my mission.

I left for my mission in January of 1928, having been called to the Southern States Mission. I served under Charles A. Callis. I had many wonderful experiences while on my mission. The last eight months of which I was District President over the entire state of South Carolina.

When I was released in March 1930, I with four other elders bought a 1929 Chevrolet car in which to come home. We took the long way home following the coastline to Arizona, thence to St. George, Utah, and then on to Salt Lake where we made our report to the General Authorities and where I lost my passenger.

I traveled on to Pocatello by myself. When I arrived at McCammon I stopped to see my sister, Maude, who was living there.

From there I called Eva Harper with whom I had been keeping company before my mission. We were married about two months later in the Logan Temple.

We lived in several places in the general area, as the depression did not seem to let up, more and more people were losing everything they possessed. The winters were harsh and what little feed we had for our cattle was not enough.

Times were tough. We became snowed in. Again I called upon the Lord for help. The winds began to blow and blew the snow from the mountainsides so the stock could graze on the dry grasses. The Indians came and broke a trail to the main road so that we could get out to obtain much needed supplies.

When I arrived in Salmon about 1934, I had 14 nice milk cows, a wife and two kids. (Evelyn born 23 November 1931, and Richard born 12 August 1933). We were on the Hagle Ranch for a short period of time before moving to a place



Reese and Eva Whiting in front of Home near Darby Montana

about six miles north of Salmon called the "Big Flats."

On 23 December 1939 we went "over the hill" to Darby, Montana. There we lived for nearly twenty years before moving to Victor, Montana.

Maveen, born 19 December 1935 and Alice born 1939 had joined us for the move. Melvin was born in Montana in 1945.

We had a small farm and also the sawmill from which we had our livelihood. Life was not always easy but on the other hand it wasn't all that bad either.

We have always been active in the Church and have had joy in serving the Lord to the best of our abilities. We have tried to keep His commandments and to teach our children to walk uprightly before the Lord.

EVA HARPER WHITING



Eva Harper
Whiting

I was born in a small adobe house in North Ogden, Weber, Utah on 1 November 1907. My mother was of early Utah pioneer stock whose father, Alfred Randall was ready to come across the plains with the first group from Winter Quarters when he had the misfortune to break his leg. He gave all of his wagons and teams to Heber C. Kimball to help the other Saints across. He did not arrive in the Salt Lake Valley until 1849. My grandmother, Hannah Severn, was a friend to one of Brigham Young's wives. It was through her that she met and married my grandfather as his fourth wife. My mother, Esther Louise was their youngest daughter.

My father, Tom Harper, had come to America in his late teen partly because of his lungs and partly because of the LDS religion. He belonged to the Church of England and was baptized into the LDS Church shortly after arriving in Onieda, near Preston, Idaho. In England he had worked in cotton mills, coal mines and shoe factories and the family thought the fresh air of America would be good for his lungs.

In 1910 my father took his small family consisting of his wife, myself and younger sister Vera, to a homestead near Otis about 25 miles west of Blackfoot, Idaho. I remember living in a dugout sort of house with a curtain strung through it to divide the room. It was here that my mother died of blood poisoning following a miscarriage.

Dad was ill (Pneumonia), Grandmother arrived and took charge of things. Vera and I were taken to Ogden to live with relatives. After my father's second marriage a few years later, we moved to Topaz, near Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

During my third year of High School, I went to live with my father's younger brother and baby sit his children at Driggs, Idaho. After High School, I

attended summer school at Idaho Tech in Pocatello. I was after a teaching certificate. This meant that I attend school in the summer and teach school during the rest of the year. It took a bit of doing.

I taught three years at Crystal Valley and it was there that I met my future husband, Alfred Reese Whiting. I taught school two more years at Merrill or Readyville. It was about three miles west of McCammon, Idaho in the Lava Rocks. Many a night my room mate of several years, Mirla Bacon, and I walked those three miles from the bus to our little house with our suit cases on a pole between us. One year we did have a horse and buggy with which to travel.

Reese and I were married 21 May 1930 in the Logan Temple. Our first home was a tent at the cook shack at the Whiting sawmill on Crystal Creek. Those were the depression days and many the trials and ingenious things we did to make a living. I had wanted to go back to school teaching, but had two children and the mill men to cook for so that was out.

Reese tried working on the WPA one winter. These government sponsored jobs tried to provide work and money for the need and there were so many needy. Lumber was selling for about \$12 a thousand and no cash with which to buy it. We traded lumber for cows, horses, pigs, gas, trucks, cars, whatever there was to be traded.

A trading commodity store was opened in Pocatello where we could get part cash and part script which could be used in a few other stores in the area. Here we were able to obtain second hand clothes, dishes, fresh meat, flour, sugar and other staples with which to survive. With faith, hard work, ingenuity and trust in the Lord we were able to make it through the hard times. We learned a lot.

With the depression still hurting, the Whiting Brothers and some in-laws decided to go to the Salmon, Idaho area. They purchased land up Kirtley Creek and set to farming and sawmilling. After a few years this venture too proved to be unprofitable. We had a small acreage down the Salmon River about six miles and there several of the men set up the Whiting sawmill again. Lumber was low, but it was needed. Sawmills and machinery are in the Whiting blood.

A Mr. Kerrigan, an old fellow from Salmon, took a liking to Reese and offered to loan him some money to buy a ranch in Montana's Bitterroot Valley. He had lived there and wanted to go back. So Reese and a brother-in-law, Clark Dick, husband of his sister, Ella, went to the Bitterroot, near Darby, Montana.

A small branch of the LDS Church was here, actually mostly people from the Salmon, Idaho area. When World War Two broke out in 1941 nearly all of these folks left. There was good money to be made at the various defence plants and at that time farming was not that profit able. We and about one other LDS family were all that was left. We had home Sunday School for years before more people returned from the war and a regular branch could be sustained.

In 1958 we decided to move to a farm near Stevensville, Montana. It was here on 19 January 1960 that Reese passed away. I eventually moved into

Stevensville to a little house just across the street from both the High School and the LDS Church.

By this time Evelyn had married James C. Baird and was living in Sidney, Montana. Richard had married Lorena Murdock and was living at Victor, Idaho. Maveen had married John Henry Bennett and had been left a widow with two small daughters. Alice had married Lowell Hale and they were living at Pocatello, Idaho. Only Melvin was still at home. He later served a work mission in the Eastern United States for the LDS Church. He is now married to Lana Baker and they live in Stevensville, Montana.

After several years of custodial work at the LDS Church in Stevensville, I retired and in 1981 my children helped to move me to Idaho Falls, Idaho, to a Senior Citizen Housing Project where I could be closer to the temple and to my children.

Through the years we have kept close to the Church and its teachings. Those who have not have been disappointed. The Lord has promised us His blessings if we try to keep His commandments. I rejoice in the gospel and all it has done for me and mine.



Eva Whiting
formerly of Stevensville,
now of Idaho Falls, Idaho,
will celebrate her 85th birthday
Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18 and 19
in conjunction with the A.R. Whiting Family
Reunion to be held at the home of her
youngest son, Melvin Whiting. An Open
House for friends and neighbors will be
held Saturday, Sept. 19.

Eva was born 1 November 1907 in
North Ogden, Utah to Tom and Esther
Louise Randall Harper. The family home-
steaded near Stirling, Idaho. Her mother
died in 1912 leaving the father and two
young daughters. Eva, the eldest, went to
live with her grandmother in North Ogden
for a few years, later spending time with an uncle's family in Driggs, Idaho. She attended
Normal School at Pocatello, Idaho and taught school at Crystal, Idaho for five years. It was
at Crystal that she met and married her husband, Alfred Reese Whiting. They were married
in 1930. To this union were born five children, Evelyn Mae (James C. Baird, Manti, Utah),
Richard H. (Lorena Murdock, Victor, Idaho), Esther Maveen (John Bennet, both deceased),
Alice Louise (Lowell Hale, Blackfoot, Idaho) and Melvin Ray (Lana Baker) Stevensville,
Montana. There are 26 grandchildren and 19 great grandchildren.

The Whiting family moved to Montana from Idaho in 1939, living first at Darby, then at
Bell Crossing near Victor. Eva moved into Stevensville across from the Old High School and
LDS Church after the death of her husband in 1960. In 1981 she sold her home in Stevensville
and moved to a Senior Citizens Complex in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Eva has had various jobs, but will be especially remembered as custodian of the LDS
Church in Stevensville, a position that she held for many years. She has been a good neighbor
and friend to all. Many have been the recipients of her pieced baby quilts. A special pride is
her small patch of raspberries just outside her back door and you should see her
beautiful house plants. A warm welcome is always out for all. Her many friends and
neighbors are invited to her open house Saturday, September 19
from 1 to 3 p.m. at her son's home at Mountain Shadows Estate Court,
3764 Eastside Hiway, #10, Stevensville.

One year while on the 1500 acre ranch at Crystal Creek a very wonderful thing took place. It was a very dry summer. A drought insurance agent was trying to sell us crop insurance on our grain.

We had paid our tithing and felt that the Lord would make good His promise. But we were not so sure about whether to take the insurance or not. So we decided to ask the Lord. We put three slips of paper, with the answers to our question on them, in a hat. Then after asking the Lord to guide our hands to bring out the right answer and we trusted Him for the right answer, we drew out the slip that said not to take out the insurance.

It was getting dryer and dryer each day. One day while we were putting up the hay we decided to pray and ask the Lord for rain. There was a large rock about nine feet high in the middle of the field. We all climbed to the top of that rock and dedicated our fields to the Lord and asked Him to send rains to water the crops. It was a very bright day as we went back to our hay making.

In a very short time a cloud appeared over the ranch. It kept growing bigger and blacker. Then thunder and lightening began and it started to rain. It rained over our ranch so hard that we were soaked to the skin as we crouched near the stacks to get out of it. When we started home after the rain we were unable to get to the house because of the large stream of water which kept running for some time.

The Lord did make good His promise and we raised a very fine crop of wheat that year. We found that the rain fell only on our ranch in such quantities.

A few years before going to South Carolina on my mission in 1928 I had a dream. I was walking up and down the aisles in a large building. There were beds in the floor with a man and wife in each. As I approached each bed I would bleat in the language of a sheep. They would answer back in the same way. It was as if I was representing the Lamb of God. They all answered me but the last couple, there only the man answered. The wife said she was not going to follow the Savior. She was going to follow Satan.

When I awoke in the morning I told my mother and brother the dream and said I felt I had to go on a mission. They agreed, but didn't know where, I made no further preparations and soon forgot the dream.

In the fall of 1927 I was living with my mother and not married. My wife and child had died years earlier. One night I had this same dream again that I had received two years before. This time more couples were added and I felt that I was to go to the Southern States mission. My father, who was dead informed me I was to go before spring. I saw these people so clearly I was sure I would recognize them when I saw them again.

When I told mother of the dream again she was so happy and said she had been praying all that previous day that I would go on a mission. I told my brothers and they agreed, but wondered how we were to get the money as we were broke and fast losing the big ranch. It was the beginning of the depression all over the

country and many banks went broke and many were destitute.

I remember the words of Nephi to his brothers. "The Lord never requires any thing of anyone that He does not provide the way that it might be accomplished." So I went to work hauling grain for other people and in three months I had almost enough money for my mission.

My brother, Len, the bishop sent in my name to President Wm. Hyde in Pocatello and then to President Heber J. Grant in Salt Lake. In a few days I received a letter back which said in part..."You have been

found worthy to fill a mission to the Southern States." There were 27 missions at that time and I could have been sent to any one of them, but I was sent to the Southern States. President Grant must have been inspired to point me in the right direction.

I arrived at mission headquarters where President Charles A. Callis was presiding over seven states in the mission. As he interviewed us, President Callis sat in the center of the room and looked at all of us fellows along the wall. He looked directly at each of us and never said a word till he was through. Then asked each one where he would like to go. Some told him of their choice, but when he came to me I said: "I don't know, President Callis, but I was sent here by revelation and when you assign me a field of labor I want it done under the self same spirit." President Callis rose from his chair and left the room. He returned in a few minutes and looking right at me said, "Elder Whiting, you go to South Carolina." Now he could have sent me to any of those seven states but he sent me to the right place to meet the people of my dreams. So, only through the spirit of revelation could he have done it.

As I labored in South Carolina for a year, I prayed all the time the Lord would guide me. One night in Charleston as I held a cottage meeting, I saw one of the ladies walk into the room and sit down. I was almost sure she was one of them. After the meeting the lady, Sister Rivers, came to me and said, "I have been looking for the gospel all my life and never heard it till I heard it from you tonight." She told me she had talked with most of the ministers in the city. They had become very angry with her as she told them they did not have the Church of



Richard "H", Esther, Mareen, Melvin, Alfred Reese Whiting, Evelyn Mae, Alice Louise, Eva Harper Whiting

Christ. At that time she was a leader in the Star Gospel Mission.

She told her husband and he began coming to the meetings with her. One night after they had attended a few meetings I was sitting in the meeting when Sister Rivers came in and sat in the back of the room. She stared at me all through the meeting. I wondered what was wrong. Afterward she asked to talk to me and she told me this story."

The other night I had a dream or vision, I was carried into a large castle. An angel of the Lord said to me, "Have Elder Whiting dedicate your house to the Lord." I looked and said, "That is not Elder Whiting. He always wears a dark suit and no glasses. This man wears glasses and a light suit." When I came here tonight here you are in glasses and a light suit.

All this was true. I had never worn any but dark suits while in that city. But a few days before I had seen a good buy on a gray suit and as I was in need of another suit to wear, I bought it. Also, a few days before my eyes had been giving me trouble and I bought a pair of rest glasses to ease the strain for awhile. So tonight I was wearing both the gray suit and the glasses.

I baptized Brother and Sister Rivers and their family. Also their friends, the Howards, who attended the meetings with them. They were all baptized at the same time. This was four of the twelve I was to find. The others were found in miraculous ways and the stories are found in the life story of Alfred Reese Whiting.

By: A.R. Whiting.

BABY BOY.

Child of Reese and Virginia Staley Whiting. He and his mother died two days after his birth.

EVELYN WHITING BAIRD



LtoR - Evelyn & Jim Baird, Dave, Robert, James, Mary, Murray

I was born in the hospital at Lava Hot Spring, Idaho. My parents at the time of my birth were living in Crystal, a small farming community just outside of Pocatello, Idaho. My mother's father and his third wife were living at Lava Hot Springs and my mother went to stay with them at the time of my birth.

When just a few weeks old my parents took me back to the 2,000 acre dry farm where we lived for a few years. My brother, Richard 'H' was born while we resided in that locality. My mother went to stay with her Aunt Lucy Kofoed at Topaz, a small community near Lava, at the time of his birth.

My father was in partnership with several of his brothers on a dry farm for many years. During the depression of the early '30's they lost everything. One year they were valued at \$87,000, the next year not much more the 87 cents; so they migrated to Salmon, Lemhi County, Idaho and went into separate farming ventures. They also did some sawmilling. We were living up Kirtley Creek in a one room tarpaper shack when Esther Maveen was born.

I remember one day I had stayed overnight with my Uncle Ralph's girls and the next day as we were playing house out by the sawmill, Daddy came and took me home before I had a chance to eat our play dinner or get my pajamas, so later on in the day I took Richard and we decided to walk down to Uncle Ralph's and get my pajamas. On the way we met several neighbors and I told them that Richard was going to carry my pajamas and I was going to carry something else, just what I didn't remember. In the meantime my mother was hunting all over for us. When we arrived at the sawmill, Daddy promptly took us home, still without my play dinner and pajamas.

Shortly afterward we moved to the Big Flat which was about six miles north of Salmon on U.S. 93. We were living here when Alice Louise was born. While living here on the Big Flats I started to school. It was only a one room school with about 40 pupils. I was the only one in the first grade. I had to walk nearly a mile to school, so for that reason I never started to school until I was nearly seven years old. When we moved to the Big Flats, Dad was doing some farming and trying to sawmill at the same time. He had a mill on the farm for awhile and Uncle Len and some of his boys helped with it. Later he and Uncle Clark Dick had a sawmill up 4th. of July Creek. They sawed bull-pine and sold it for \$11 per thousand board feet. Dad tells the story of a bull-pine board 12 inches wide which shrank

an inch a year for 13 years.

Just before we moved to Montana I went on another little visit to my Uncle Ralph s to visit with his younger girls, (they lived just six miles south of Salmon). While there it was expected that I should do my duty as a guest and help with the dishes. Well, that was a large family--nearly always 10 people for dinner, and for a seven year old girl that seemed like a lot of work. Anyway, Colleen and I decided that for once we were not going to do the dishes so we, (according to my suggestion and against her will), hid behind a fence of hop vines. This fence was about 40 feet long and very thick. Soon Mirla came looking for us. She hunted high and low and finally went to the field to ask her father if he knew of our whereabouts. It was his suggestion that she get a pailful of water from the pump and throw it behind the hop vines. How she ever hit us on the first try still remains a mystery to me; but hit us she did fair and square. I was the wettest, but Colleen was the maddest, whether at me for suggesting the hiding spot or at Mirla for finding us I never knew. We didn't have to do the dishes after all, but we had to take another bath in the house in an old round tin tub which was worse than doing dishes, as we had to take the bath in the kitchen in front of all the other girls.

Two days before Christmas in 1939, we moved to Montana near the town of Darby in Ravalli county. It was during the last years of the depression and we did not have very many possessions. We had a 1934 Studebaker four-door sedan car, a few household goods and \$200. We lived in a one room cabin made out of 2x4's intended as a future granary. (To my knowledge to this day it is still being used as a house with several rooms having been added).

A few days after we arrived in Montana, Aunt Ella and Uncle Clark Dick moved in with us until their small cabin could be completed. Their cabin was about one half mile from our place out in the pasture. (The last time I saw it, it was being used as a cow barn).

We lived in our small cabin two or three years during which time we added one more room which had a cement floor as it was intended to be later used as a milk house. The cabin was in a cluster of trees near an irrigation ditch and was nice and cool in the summer time. We had a lot of fun on the creek. In the winter we skated on the ice and in the summer we waded and swam in the water. One day while playing in the ditch a naughty thought occurred to me. We had been



Evelyn & her Dad

playing with an old inner tube on a plank and Maveen had been riding on it when suddenly I gave the plank a flip and Maveen landed in the ditch. She went clear under and came up on the other side exclaiming, "I'm drowned." The ditch was a wonderful place to water our stick horses. Many the time one of the younger children fell in head first.

I was in the fourth grade of school when Pearl Harbor was bombed. I remember how excited the school children were and we stood around on the sidewalks talking it over. One girl who lived close by the school said that they had a cellar that we could stay in, so we asked our teacher if she didn't think that we ought to spend the rest of the day in the cellar just in case any bombs fell. During the next few years air raid drills were held every week. The students were herded into the hallways and were instructed to kneel on the floors and pull their coats over their heads. We also had fire drills, during these drills we would hurry outside the school building without coats and often it was cold or wet.

As a child in the first five grades of school, I was always defending my brother, Richard, as he was smaller than the rest of the boys his age and always cried when they poked fun at him. However, as the years went by it was me whom he defended. By the time he was in high school, he was a strapping young man over six feet tall and weighing 180 pounds. He was the high school football hero and liked by everyone. He never talked very much, but when he did it was worth listening to him. He has a great dry-wit and can keep you chuckling for hours. In the fall of 1953, he entered the U.S. Army and for the next two years was stationed at Fort Ord, California. After receiving his basic training he was assigned to be a prison-chaser, that is he transported prisoners from one base to another and he also was a prison guard and then in the personnel department of the prison where he interviewed all prisoners as they entered or left the prison. He says that it was quite an experience.

My sister, Maveen, has always been on the chubby side, and very intelligent and as a result she was allowed to start school when she was five years old. As a child she often ran away from home and she and a little neighbor girl had to be tied to the clothes lines to keep them from running out into the highway. She graduated with honors from high school. She was also chosen, while in her junior year to represent the school at Girl's State. I also represented the school in my junior year, Richard was also chosen to represent the boys in his junior year and Alice was an alternate in her junior year. Girls and Boys State is a special training school held each year in the summer time on a college campus in the state for the training of the leaders in each junior class in each school on governmental procedure.

Alice is a large type of girl who like to be outdoors and especially likes horses and dogs. She and Maveen are also dry-wits, although not so profound as Richard. She graduated with honors from high school and worked for a summer in Ravalli County Bank at Hamilton, then she went to BYU to take a business

course.

Melvin is the baby of the family. Because he is six years younger than Alice he is prone to be a bit spoiled, although he has had many more opportunities than several other members of the family. He is very mischievous and during his first year of school he had more scoldings than all of the rest of us had in all of our years of schooling.

During my residence at Darby, there were very few girls in the neighborhood. However, one girl I remember quite well, Donna McPike. She lived on the farm adjoining ours and she had several brothers and sisters. We had many good times together in the woodlot on their farm. There were some wonderful places for tree houses, caves, swimming holes, and lots of picnics, and exploring trips. Most of my childhood days, however, were playing with the boys of the neighborhood and hiking, fishing and hunting and, of course, playing cowboys and Indians. At one time my cousin, Theo Huntsman, and her three children moved into the neighborhood. She had a daughter a littler older than me and we had many a good times together. There was one little difficulty between us--we couldn't go a full day together without arguing about something and always left each other angry. We had a swimming hole down at the river, (Bitterroot River). many a swimming party and wiener roast was held there. We even had a secret island. There was a 4-H Club organized in our community and nearly all of us belonged at one time or another. I held several different positions of the club. One year we had a very nice safety exhibit depicting a graveyard and the crosses with cute little safety verses on them.

At home I enjoyed being outside and doing farm work rather than doing housework. Richard and I helped Dad with all of the farm work from milking cows to gathering in the crops. We both helped at the sawmill that Dad had a Como (near Darby), until I was out of school. I hurt my back while lifting heavy lumber so I went to town to find work. For a year I worked as a bookkeeper at Fords Federated dry goods store. I learned much valuable experience while there. I was paid \$100 a month. I left there and went to Missoula to work as a long distance telephone operator. I worked in Missoula for a year and a half while there I lived with Ada Baird and Elizabeth Patterson, later to become my sister-in-laws. I enjoyed my work there very much. When I left that work I was making over \$200 a month. During my working career I managed to save \$700 besides sending home \$55 every month. Also I had purchased several pieces of furniture and some linens.

What a difference to get married and live on less than a thousand dollars a year. But then we were living on the ranch and did not have rent to pay and were able to get farm produce that we grew ourselves. We had a good life in spite of the inconveniences that were to be had. There was no plumbing in the house, only four small rooms, cold in the winter and hot in the summer and no method of transportation. In our parents and grandparents day with what we had we would