

HISTORY OF CLARENCE OTHELL WHITTING (1880-1966)

FOURTH CHILD OF EDWIN LUCIUS AND ANNA MARY BULKLEY WHITTING

Written by his Children in 1980

Clarence Othell Whitting was born 24 October 1880 in Mapleton, Utah County, Utah, son of Edwin Lucius and Anna Mary Bulkley Whitting. He married Azua Peterson on the 15th of December 1909 in the Salt Lake L.D.S. Temple. They were the parents of nine children:

	DATE OF BIRTH	PLACE OF BIRTH
Clarence Armon Whitting	29 Dec 1911	Mapleton, Utah
Helen Whitting	3 June 1913	" "
Merlin Dee Whitting	23 Mar 1915	" "
Ben Earl Whitting	18 Apr 1917	" "
Shirley Whitting	10 Jan 1920	" "
Nelma Whitting	26 Oct 1921	Thistle, Utah
Shelby Loraine Whitting	23 Apr 1923	Mapleton, Utah
Roger Leigh Whitting	25 Feb 1925	" "
Jesse Hillard Whitting	17 Feb 1928	Manti, Utah

He has 32 grandchildren and 65 great grandchildren. He served a mission in the Southern States from 1 November 1905 to 19 January 1908. He died on the First of December 1966 in Orem, Utah, and is buried in Manti, Utah.

By Helen Whitting Hall:

I remember Dad. He had a strong testimony of the gospel that nothing, the poverty, disappointments, discouragement, hurts or illness ever shook.

He had a great love and concern for his parents and brothers and sisters. As he got into his late years he worried much about Aunt Edna not having her temple endowments. He was so happy when she came to Manti and we went through the temple with her.

I always enjoyed hearing his prayers. He told me he had been given a special blessing before he went on his mission, that he would be able to express himself in an understanding way as he taught the gospel. He retained that blessing all his life in the classes he taught. I was privileged to be a member of one of his Sunday School Classes.

**THE DESCENDANTS OF CLARENCE OTHELL WHITING AND AZUA PETERSON
INCLUDING SOME GENEALOGICAL DETAILS**

HUSBAND : CLARENCE OTHELL WHITING
 Birthdate : 24 October 1880 Place : Mapleton, Utah
 Date of Death: 1 December 1966 Place : Orem, Utah County, Utah
 Father : Edwin Lucius Whiting Mother : Anna Mary Bulkley
 Date Married : 15 December 1909 Place : Salt Lake City, Utah

WIFE : AZUA PETERSON
 Birthday : 6 October 1883 Place : Springville, Utah
 Date of Death: 28 November 1962 Place : Manti, Utah
 Father : August Peterson Mother : Emmi Lettie Williams

CHILDREN	WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN	DIED	MARRIED TO	DATE
1. (M) Clarence Armon	29 December 1911	Mapleton, Utah	-	Sidonia H Anderson	30 June 1937
2. (F) Helen	3 June 1913	" "	-	Ersel L. Hall	9 Oct 1944
3. (M) Merline Dee	23 March 1915	" "	-	Betty L. Kimball	11 Feb 1943
4. (M) Ben Earl	18 April 1917	" "	-	Beulah Allred	21 June 1945
5. (F) Shirley	10 January 1920	Springville, Utah	-	-	-
6. (F) Nelma	26 October 1921	Thistle, Utah	-	Oris Hansen	29 Nov 1940
7. (M) Shelby Loraine	23 April 1923	Mapleton, Utah	-	Vivian Moody	12 Jan 1946
8. (M) Roger Leigh	25 February 1925	" "	-	Vida Campbell	9 May 1947
9. (M) Jesse Hillard	17 February 1928	Manti, Utah	-	Carla Fay Hansen	21 June 1946

Dad's mission was in Tennessee, Kentucky and part of Ohio. He was threatened and chased out of town a few times. I remember him telling that he couldn't even stand the thought of eating coon meat. The people all ate it so he always asked what he was being served. Some of the missionaries decided to play a trick on him. They prepared coon meat and told him it was beef. He thought it tasted a little different but it was very good. After he had eaten it they told him what it was. He said he couldn't keep it down even if it had tasted good. Once while he was out tracting, a honey bee stung him. He told his companion that they had to go home at once as his eyes would be swollen shut in less than an hour. His companion laughed at him but went home with him. His eyes were swollen shut within the hour. He was very allergic to honey-bee stings. His mother told him that when he was two years old, he had chopped into his dad's beehive with a hoe and he was very badly stung before his mother could rescue him. One of his missionary companions visited us while we were living in Manti. He told me that Dad was a very good missionary.

Dad's father died when he was fourteen years old. He and Uncle Burr had to leave school and run the farm. He always felt embarrassed because of his lack of education. He had wanted to be an engineer. He didn't really enjoy the farm work and had many bad experiences but still kept trying.

When we were homesteading Billy's Mountain it was a fun time for us kids. We didn't know we were poor and living in a one-room cabin didn't worry us any because there were always such fun things to do. One spring morning Dad came back to the cabin and told us kids not to play south of the house because he had killed a rattlesnake. He explained to us that the mate usually hung around. Of course we went right out hunting it as soon as Dad's back was turned. We were bare-footed and Armon stepped on it before we saw it in the grass. We stayed on Billy's Mountain one winter and for a few weeks we were snowed in so deep that the horses could not wade out. Dad built some snow shoes and went the four-and-a-half miles down to Thistle to buy the rice and other things we were out of. It must have been a very hard trip climbing back up the mountain with his load.

We always went to church every Sunday whenever possible. While we were on Billy's Mountain, we would all go to church in the wagon, taking all the whole day. We enjoyed the picnic lunch we would take with us. Dad's father was a bishop for years. Mr. Mendenhall was one of his councilors. One of the Mendenhall boys was Dad's age. I met and visited with him just a few years ago. He told me how much fun he and Dad had while their fathers were doing their church work. It sounded like they were normal mischievous little boys.

I was proud and pleased that my Dad was the Bishop (Branch President) at Thistle, Utah. We travelled with him on his church duties as far as Soldier Summit on the east and Indianola on the south. All the members really looked up to him and respected and loved him. Many years later Dad came home (to our home in Hurricane) from the St. George Temple and said he had met Phil Pace from Thistle at the temple. He had made a big fuss over Dad and told all the workers at the temple what a good bishop Dad was. After that, Brother Pace talked to me at the temple many times and told me how much he thought of Dad. I remember how proud I was that my Dad baptized me and two others on the same day. He told the others that I would go first to show them that I wasn't afraid. I was so pleased that he had confidence in me that I marched right down into the creek.

Dad always felt bad that he couldn't give his children more material things but the training both the religious and how to work and to be honest, etc., were much more important to us. I remember after we moved to Manti, Dad came home one day very upset because Mr. Snow had made some snide remarks about his large family. Mr. Snow had one boy and one girl and he had said "I believe in having quality rather than quantity." Years later Armon, Earl and I all had good responsible jobs in Manti and Dee was working in Salt Lake. Mr. Snow came to Dad and said "How is it that all of your kids have good responsible jobs and my son can't seem to get one?"

When Jess was still a baby, Dad had an attack of appendicitis. The doctor operated on him on our kitchen table. His appendix had already burst. Three weeks after the operation the doctor told Mother he hadn't felt like Dad could possibly live and he didn't see how he had. Dad felt the need to stay and help raise his family so strong that he could not give up.

Dad and Mother were stake missionaries and did a wonderful job. Dad was very happy doing temple work. He and Mother were ordinance workers for years. Dad did many hundred endowments and helped with sealings. I'm so grateful that they lived in Manti so he could spend his later years in the temple.

By Merlin Dee Whiting:

I remember Dad telling about working for the railroad when he was a young man. Some of the time he drove a team and Fresno helping to build grades for the railroad beds in Northern Utah and Idaho. Some of the time he drove a supply wagon hauling supplies to the men. I can't

remember details but on several occasions he told of his experiences which were quite interesting. I also remember him telling of working on the Strawberry reservoir project. How a large group of people from Mapleton would go up there and work all summer long. They would take their families and stay for several weeks at a time.

I remember a little about Billy's Mountain such as going with Dad to fix fences, helping him cut grain and having the threshing gang there in the fall. In Thistle he worked for the railroad in the wintertime. He was a fireman for a stationary engine in the yards. Dad was Branch President when we lived in Thistle. I remember him telling us that they made him a High Priest because one of the other Brethern in the branch was a Seventy and Dad an Elder. This Brother thought he should be the Branch President because he held more Priesthood than Dad. I can remember going with him in a buggy to visit the members of the branch.

Dad was always active in the church wherever he lived. He was always a hard worker putting in long hours on the farm. When we moved to Manti, we raised sugar beets for several years on the Madsen farm west of town. In fact we raised beets a year or two after everyone else quit. They were shipped to the factory in Gunnison. Every fall Dad would cut grain for a lot of the other farmers in Manti. He would go into the canyon each fall and get enough firewood to last us all winter long.

Once he was in a program in Mutual. He had to sing as part of his act. It surprized me because I had never heard him do anything like that before.

By Ben Earl Whiting:

Dad's most outstanding characteristic was his ability to work. He would start at four a.m. and it was often nine or ten at night before he would quit. He taught his boys to work with him but he was always willing for us to take an hour or two off for a swim or some other recreation. He also saw to it that we were able to take part in all scouting, F.F.A. or other activities that came along.

Dad was totally honest in all of his dealings. When he sold produce from the farm he always put in extra for good measure. When he worked for wages he would work at least a half hour longer than he was supposed to and he never loafed on the job. The supervisor of the ditch cleaning gang told me many times that Dad was the smallest man on his crew but he would clean more ditch than any two.

To Dad Sunday was the Sabbath which meant the meetings were to be attended and no unnecessary work was to be done. There was always work that had to be done on a dairy farm and Sunday water turns had to be taken care of but not even a threat of storm would get him to haul his dry hay on Sunday. Dad was always active in the church. It didn't matter how bad money was needed his tithing came first. He held many positions in the church and always did his best. He was Branch President in Thistle. He taught many classes. He served as genealogy chairman for many years. He was High Priest Group Leader, a stake missionary, an ordinance worker in the Manti Temple and he did several thousand endowments in the temple. He went on a mission to the Southern States before he was married.

Dad loved Mother and his children and grandchildren. He was backward about showing his feelings but they were there and he would do anything he could for any of them. He always felt bad that he was not able to help his children financially as they grew up and I don't think he ever realized that his teachings and example were worth more than any amount of money.

When I was 12 years old Dad had an appendicitis operation and I remember how sick he was. There was a week or two that they did not know if he would make it or not and he was not able to work at all during that summer but he did go to work on the thresher in the fall. He was always bothered with a hernia after that and wore a tight band around his middle when he worked but it didn't seem to slow him down.

Dad gave up farming when he was 75 and intended to spend his time in the temple but when they built their new chapel he didn't think he was doing enough so he got a job driving a team for Willford Wintch. He worked two summers and all of the money he earned was turned over to the chapel fund. He spent most of his time from then on in the temple doing two or three endowments each day. When he was about 80 he became very ill. The doctors thought it was cancer of the pancreas and said there was nothing that could be done about it. Dee went to Manti and found him so weak he could hardly move. The only doctor in Manti was on vacation so Dee took him to the Gunnison Hospital where a Dr. Stewart examined him. He also thought it was cancer but his blood was very low so they gave him 14 pints of blood and he improved a great deal. He was in the hospital for several weeks but didn't change much one way or another and the strain was about to get Mother down. Mother and Dad had not been told that he had cancer and some of the children thought it would be best to tell them and some did not so we set a day of fasting and all of us met in Pleasant Grove that night for testimony

and prayer. It was about 1:20 a.m. when Armon said the family prayer which was very short asking only that we would be guided in what we should do. After the prayer we all agreed that we should not tell them that it was cancer. The next day Dad started a rapid recovery and was soon home and back to his temple work. About two weeks after the fast and prayer, Dr. Stewart told Armon that he was lying awake on the night of the fast trying to figure out what could be wrong with Dad when it suddenly came to him that the large growth in his pancreas could be a protruding ulcer from his stomach. He looked at his clock and it was 1:20 a.m. (the exact time we had prayer). He got out of bed and went to the hospital and treated Dad for ulcers and the rapid recovery followed.

When Dad was 82 Mother had a stroke and soon died. Dad was determined that he and Shirley would live at home and he would keep on with his temple work. This didn't work out so we found a home for Shirley that specializes in the care of retarded women but Dad still couldn't cope with his problem and soon became ill again. He didn't want to live with any of his children and Dr. Stewart had encouraged him to go to a Rest Home where he could have the medical care he needed and a buddy. Dad lived in a rest home for three years and during that time his health was quite good and he was free to come and go. He would go back to his home in Manti for two weeks or a month at a time and do temple work. He was never happy at the home and the last time he went to Manti, he told the people in the ward that he wouldn't see them again. Soon after he returned to the rest home, he became ill and didn't respond to any treatment. He called me at work and asked if Jess and I would come and administer to him. When we got there he said "Don't pray that I will get well. Just pray that I can have the courage to face what I have to face." He died about 4 o'clock the next morning.

When we asked Dad and Mother what they would like for their Golden Wedding, Dad said he would like his family to go the temple with them. When we got to the temple we were told that we would have to wait at least an hour for the next session. In about 15 minutes, one of the temple presidency came and told Dad that they would like to have a special session for his Golden Wedding so our family and few others that were waiting made up the session. Dad and Mother were the witnesses and the other parts were taken by members of the family. It was a choice experience for all of us. After the temple session, we had a dinner for the family and an open house. Dad and Mother were pleased and surprised that so many prominent people from Manti came. Every year after that all who could would go to the temple one day between

their Birthdays in October and then have a family dinner afterwards.

Here are some things I remember Dad talking about:

Hobble Creek Ranch: The Whiting family had a ranch in the north fork of Hobble Creek Canyon. His uncles liked to tell bear and wolf stories and Dad told how frightened he was at nights sleeping in a cabin with no door or windows. He must have been about eight or nine years old.

His Mission to the Southern States: He spent most of his time in the Cumberland Mountains in Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee. The people were very poor, uneducated and friendly. The houses were full of fleas and bedbugs. They traveled without purse or script getting their meals and lodging where ever people would take them in. He told of a time when he and his companion had to go to a meeting and they were lost and didn't have any idea which way to go. They had prayer and in a few minutes an old man with white hair and a long white beard came down the trail. They asked him how to get to their meeting and he told them to walk on down the trail. They turned to look at him and he had disappeared. Dad said he always wondered if the old man could have been one of the three Nephites.

Billy's Mountain: Dad homesteaded 120 acres on Billy's Mountain north of Thistle. He later had a chance to buy his neighbor's 640-acre homestead for \$8,000 so he borrowed the money from the Mendenhall Bank in Springville. He had a good crop the first year and he and the others contracted their wheat at a good price but he couldn't get a thresher to come up from the valley until after it had snowed. The wet grain did not thresh out good and the time had run out on their contract so they had to sell at a very low price. The following years were dry and the crops were poor so Dad took a job in the round house in Thistle and kept the dry farm going. He later moved back to Mapleton and rented some land there and still tried to keep up Billy's Mountain but the bank took everything he raised in both places so he had to let them foreclose and he moved to Manti.

Railroad Construction: Dad worked on railroad construction before he went on his mission. He would drive a four-horse team on a scraper building road beds. He worked on the Union Pacific line through Southern Idaho. While he was swimming in Lava Hot Springs he broke out with smallpox. He only had three pox and wasn't very sick but most of the camp got it and some were real bad.

My Dad was a hard worker. All spring, summer and fall he worked from sun-up until sun-down and then sometimes still had milking and other chores to do after dark. He never worked on Sunday except for those chores which had to be done such as take a water turn sometimes and milking and feeding chores.

He had a testimony of the gospel. We always had family prayers and blessing on the food presided over by my father. Sunday was a day to attend church as a family. He enjoyed doing temple work and went often as a young man. He also spent most of his time there after he retired. He lived his religion in daily life by helping widows and others in need with difficult tasks. He always plowed their gardens and would clean ditches for them or send one of his boys to help. He was a Bishop in Thistle. My blessing certificate is signed by my Dad as Bishop and my Mother as Ward Clerk. He held many other responsible church assignments, among them being a mission to the Southern States before he was married. He was also an ordinance worker for years in the Manti Temple. I remember hearing he and Mother talk of their experiences in the temple with much joy.

The four years after Mother died were very trying and lonely. He was 82 and was never content any place again. I am grateful for the heritage he gave me.

By Shelby Lorraine Whiting:

It seems to me that each of us kids have a different remembrance of our father. As I listen to each talk it seems like he was a different human being to each of us so this history should be quite an interesting thing as seen through the eyes of seven of his children. Myself I did not have a great deal of communication with Dad. To me he was a very quiet, serious person deeply religious and a very hard working ambitious individual who seemed to feel that life's major purpose was to be busy about the things that needed to be done. There was no need for great lengthy lectures. No need to discuss how we do the farm work. Just simply be about your business and get the farm work done.

As I think back to the very beginning, the first thing that I recall vividly about Dad was one morning when we were living in the Stella Larsen home Dad came down from upstairs with a big grin on his face and called us kids around the kitchen table and proceeded to announce that we had a new baby brother. I don't know why this sticks in my mind as at the time I was only five years old but I can still see the satisfied, happy grin which was on Dad's face and the supreme look of

accomplishment. This seemed a little strange to me at the time because I was too young to appreciate the fact that there was one on the way. This is an indelible memory of Dad and the earliest that I recall.

I remember after we had purchased the house on 4th South that Dad was very gentle. At this time I was bedridden with rheumatism. If I recall it right, we moved in February and there was snow on the ground and I was on the old spring couch and I was picked up with the couch, covered tightly and gently put in the wagon and moved to the new home. In this I remember the gentleness and deep concern over whether I was adequately warm and the extreme care that he showed in seeing that the bed wasn't tipped dumping me out. I don't recall anything about being put in the new home.

One of the things that I recall about Dad was that during the long winter months when there was some idle time, he liked to go up to Sidwell's Blacksmith Shop and sit with the men who were looking for something to do and sit out on the sunny side of the shop, get out their pocket knives and be a first class "spit and whittle" gang, swapping stories and swapping knives sight unseen. He enjoyed these sessions immensely and always came home talking, repeating the stories and of course showing us the knives he got. He used to spend hours sharpening them back up to be as good as the ones he traded off.

Another thing about blacksmithing, Dad had a piece-meal set of blacksmith equipment himself-----bellows, a grindstone and some leather equipment. Dad was quite a skilled craftsman, when you stop and think about the mechanical and blacksmithing things he was able to do that related to his time frame.

I've spent hours with Dad watching and helping hold the end of the long mower blades while he sharpened the blades or holding it while he riveted on new blades all with an expertise that was efficient and very effective. I remember keeping the bellows going while Dad was building horse-shoes to get the horses ready for the spring plowing, watching him take an old shoe and throw it in the hot coals and go over to the anvil and pound it into a heavy square fitted shoe that had big nobs on it so the horses could get good traction when they were pulling the plows. I remember in the late fall as he prepared the horses for the winter, at least the two he planned on working. He would take the same type of shoe, heat it and in a few minutes he would have it sharpened so that the shoes had a pointed knife-like edge on the nobs, one that was sharp enough to cut into the ice and keep them from slipping around the icy roads.

I've watched Dad take the harness and his rivets, sharp knives and various tools and rebuild the harness and rivet them back together in a manner that was expert in working with leather goods. I've also seen Dad in his notorious repair with baling wire, the expedient way that he repaired everything in the summertime when everyone was so busy that they didn't have time to repair it right. He could put anything together with baling wire and make it work until sometime when he felt that he would have time to do it right. Dad had the talent to replace and rebuild things in an expert way. If you compare his talents with us today and think of the crafts he knew as they related to the equipment he was working with, I would have to consider him very superior as a craftsman. He was a horse-shoer, a blacksmith, a carpenter (maybe a little crude) and a leather worker. Out of a log, he could hew things that you and I wouldn't even know where to start. He could fix a wagon wheel that we'd throw away. Quite a talented man really! I remember that we had a big old clumsy belt-driven drill press and Dad would use it sometimes on his steel parts but I remember more often than not he would take a pointed piece of steel if he had to drill a hole in a wagon tongue, heat it up and then take the hot steel with the tongs and burn a hole through the wagon tongue. He could put a hole that was as snug a fit on a bolt as you could ever drill a hole.

One of the occasions when I worked extensively with Dad was when he would contract with the canning plant to put up the peas. We would put in days from just before daylight until just after sunset when it was too dark to see what we were doing. I remember the long long hours of hard work, the patience and the persistence he had in staying with it and getting the job done. He decided that I was big enough to run the mower even though I was not big enough to reach the lifter lever and he kept me there even though I didn't do a very good job until I finally mastered the art of driving the team straight and keeping the mower going. Everything I recall learning, we did by doing. He was never critical, never scolded and never raised his voice. I recall Dad's one weakness. I guess that is what you'd call it. He seemed to take out all his frustrations on animals. He was very very impatient with animals and he could lose his temper quicker when shoeing a horse than anybody I ever saw.

Most summers we would all load in the wagon and spend a week camped out. Dad chopped pine boughs and made the softest beds he could make. He was always with us. We enjoyed the hikes and nature studies. I recall going up over the skyline and down in the sharp areas on the other side of the mountain and having snow-ball fights in late July in

Dad seemed to have a sensitive mind about nature and things of nature. When we went into the canyon for wood, Dad always had time to stop and watch the wild life and try to coax them in closer. Quite often when we would stop for lunch, we would hike out and look at the flowers, the vegetation and the condition of the trees and while he was doing that he was always looking for better places to get wood for the home. He appreciated the natural beauties that God has given us and he seemed to associate it that way.

One thing always amazed me was when Dad would water at night he would change the water every two hours or so and he would never set the alarm. He would decide the time he was to get up and would wake up just like somebody punched him in the ribs. He would get up and set the water then go back to bed and right to sleep.

I remember two or three winters when Dad went over to the U.B. Reservoir and worked with his team and his drag. He was always willing and eager when he had time and was able to help with these community things. The U.B. Reservoir was built by donated labor. I remember also that he went and put in a few weeks work on the Fox Reservoir on the Skyline Drive.

He thoroughly enjoyed spending as much time in the temple as he could. While he was in the temple, he was always trying relationships to everyone he knew. He would spend his leisure hours or breaks at the temple making acquaintance with different temple workers and people that were there doing temple work and trying to tie in a relationship to them. He seemed to have a deep yearning to know all of the people who were related to him. He always enjoyed family get-togethers and reunions with relatives where he could visit with everyone.

My impression of Dad's spare time in the winter is one of his spending long hours reading books written by church authorities. I wish I had been closer to Dad so I would have had more of the father/son relationship that might have given me more to talk about but Dad and I seemed to be the same kind. We went about our business and didn't talk much.

By Roger Leigh Whiting:

Dad always seemed to have confidence in me. He would ask me to help him repair machinery or anything needing fixing. There was never any sign of doubt that I could do it. Both Mom and Dad were quick to praise and

slow to criticize. They were not very affectionate people but they made me feel that I was important to them. By the time I left home I was convinced that I could do anything. I worried some about who would fix Dad's machines while I was in the army. He did it himself. I guess all those things which I thought I was doing for him were really being done for me. At least I received the most benefit from it.

Life was mostly serious but there were some humorous moments. One stands out in my mind. I borrowed a tractor to help Dad get his plowing done. I wasn't going to have time to do it all so I talked Dad into learning to drive it. All went well for a few rounds and then Dad got excited as he approached the end of the field and started to shout "Whoa! Whoa!" He went through a ditch and into the fence where the tractor stalled. After checking the tractor for damage and finding it it minor, he had a hearty laugh at himself, got back on the tractor backed it out of the fence and went on plowing.

Dad had a special knack for picking the best producers in any dairy herd. I went with him to buy some cows. We picked eight from a herd of thirty two bred heifers. After they were loaded and paid for, the owner told Dad, "You don't know cows very well. There are twelve with better pedigrees than any you picked." Dad said that he was satisfied he had picked the best producers of all the herd. A few months later, the man came by at milking time and weighed and tested the milk from all eight cows. He said he didn't own a cow as good as the poorest of those eight.

By Jesse Hillard Whiting:

I'm Jesse H. Whiting, the youngest of the nine children of Clarence Othell and Azua Peterson Whiting. I'd like to write down a few of my thoughts of my father. Dad and Mom were already old when I was born so I didn't know them as young parents. Mostly my close years with Dad were when all my older brothers were in the army or married and had moved away during World War II, 1942 through 1946. Dad was a share-crop farmer and there were many who were after his service because of his reputation of being honest and a hard worker. There weren't many young men around there and the demand for help was great. The last few years I was at home we were running three different farms: one was west of Manti, one northwest and one northeast. Because of irrigation schedules, it wasn't uncommon to be going strong all night and all day. Even with this busy schedule Dad seemed to be the only farmer that was willing to do the work on our ward farm. The forerunner of our stake farms now. He also found time to be a depend-

able church worker. During those years he had the calling of High Priest Group Leader. He pleaded each Sunday to have more support in temple attendance. It was jokingly said when he died that one third of the male temple work in the stake was lost.

As a young man, I noticed that Dad always took the time to fertilize and plow all the neighbor's gardens. He was a thoughtful man and patient with children. In the busy time of summer as we would bring the hay into town to our barryard, he'd always stop the wagon as we passed little children and visit with them or give them a ride. He used to make the reach pole (the pole that holds the front and rear wheels of the wagon together) extra long so it extended way out behind the wagon just so kids could hang on it as we went down the road.

When the farm work wasn't so demanding he still went to bed early and arose early and he would study the church works. Though he was virtually unschooled, he was knowledgeable about the gospel. He always participated in gospel discussions in a positive way.

Dad was never one to talk about himself and the things he had done so what I learned about these things and the places he had worked had to be picked out of him. He also didn't talk very much about his family, his parents and his brothers and sisters. I believe he was close to eighty years old before I really knew the names of his brothers and sisters.

We, the children, had many happy experiences at our home. There was a good environment there and the neighbor children seemed to notice this too. Our yard was always the neighborhood playground. Even though we were always busy, Dad and Mom allowed us the time to visit the town swimming pool, etc., so we were not entirely work oriented.

I thought highly of Dad and believe he has a good chance of reaching the Celestial Kingdom.
