

## Life of Charles Whiting Senior

Written by his daughter May Whiting Cardon for the daughters of the Utah Pioneers of the Totah:Stevens Camp, San Juan County, New Mexico.

My father, Charles Whiting was born in Manti, San Pete County, Utah. He was the third child of Edwin Whiting and Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting. He had six brothers and two sisters. His brother Albert being the eldest son, then his sister Harriet, the second child (was) just older than Charles. Next was Philetus Edgar (nicknamed Eck), then Edwin Marion, Arthur Cox, May, John and Frederick Walter who was called Fred. (Actually he had 33 brothers and sisters in all, but those named above were his mother's own children.

Although Charles' mother, Mary Whiting was a school teacher and the only one (most of the time), in the small settlements where they lived, Charles did not have much chance nor time for education. His father was a horticulturalist, farmer and nursery man who had five wives and the older boys in the family were obliged to work most of the time to help support such a large family. When they were living in Manti Grandfather Edwin was called to fulfill a two year mission and, of course, the farm work fell on the shoulders of the oldest sons.

There was one brother, Albert, Charles' own brother, older than he and four half brothers. Three of Aunt Elizabeth's (Edwin's first wife) William, Lucus and Oscar, and Edward, the oldest son of Aunt Almira (the second wife of Edwin) which made five brothers older than Charles but, of course, there was a lot of work to be done so Charles only aspired to what they called in those days the Third Reader. However, he was a very intelligent man who took every opportunity to read and improve his mind and some of the happiest times of my life and the most enjoyable were sitting around the home fireplace listening to Swiss Family Robinson, Robinson Crusoe, and Horation Alger's books, (The) Ragged Dick series and others.

He would start a new book and then we all hustled after supper to get the dishes washed and be ready as he resumed his reading each evening. I have remarked that every evening was Family Night at our home. (Family Night was promoted by the church during the 1930s as a way of getting the family to do things together. W.W.S.)

Edwin, his father, and his first three wives had been mobbed, driven and persecuted in the early days of the church. They were among those who were driven from Nauvoo, Illinois, (A city built by the Mormons in 1842 on the banks of the Mississippi River) where Grandfather and his father, Elisha Whiting had built homes and a chair factory. They made chairs with rawhide bottoms and sold them to get money to live on. They also participated in the building of the Nauvoo Temple.

The mobs set fire to their chair factory and everything was burned to the ground, including a lot of material. They suffered many privations crossing the plains. At first, they stopped at Mount Pisgah and many died of cholera among whom were Elisha and

Sally Hulett Whiting. There is a monument with their names engraved on it at that place.

Edwin and his families together with Walter and Orville Cox, two brothers of Mary Cox Whiting, (Walter was married to Edwin's sister, Emmaline) went on across the plains to the Salt Lake Valley.

One great trial that came to Edwin was when all of his brothers and sisters except Emmaline left the church and followed Alpheus Cutler. They became Cutlerites and went up to Minnesota. They could not accept Brigham Young as their leader but they finally merged with the Reorganized Church and their descendants still believe in Joseph Smith's teaching but very few ever came back into the true original church.

They were so weary and tired after crossing the plains, Grandmother Mary said. How beautiful the fertile valley of the Salt Lake looked to them and how they would liked to have stayed there but President Young called them to go on and settle in the Pitch valley (Sanpete) where Manti now stands.

Obedient to their leader, as always, they with Father Morley and others went on, but it was late in October and the snow fell early. They built dugouts in the side of the hills to live in. Their food was so near gone that they almost starved. Many of their cattle died.

While they lived at Manti, Edwin Whiting was among the foremost men of the community in religious and civic affairs. He was counsellor to the Stake President, was mayor of Manti from 1857 - 1861 served two terms in the Territorial Legislature: filled a two year mission while living at Manti.

The severe winters were so hard on his nursery stock that in 1861 he moved to Springville (called Hobble Creek Canyon at that time). There Edwin began to show what he could do raising all kinds of trees, flowers and fruits and vegetables. It was in Springville that Charles grew to manhood. His father's home was a place where young people gathered to have parties, to sing and dance. It was in Springville that he fell in love with my mother, Verona Snow. He was nearly seven years older than she. She also had been born in Manti but her father Bernard Snow left there when she was only two years old.

Charles and Verona were married January 24, 1876, in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, and three weeks later Charles was called with hundreds of others to settle in Arizona on the Little Colorado River.

There they endured many hardships like the Utah Pioneers having to cope with outlaws who stole their horses. They tried to farm but the land turned to alkali, so this land had to be abandoned. The first few years they raised food crops but finally all they planted failed to yield.

Charles than tried cattle raising and would have been quite successful if it had not been for thieves and outlaws of the worst kind who stole thier cattle and horses. Then they went into the United Order called Brigham City near the site of Winslow, Arizona. Not far from Brigham City was another United Order called the Sunset Order presided over by Lot Smith.

The oldest child (Pearl) of Charles and Verona went to Provo,

Utah to the Brigham Young Academy, then returned home and taught school in Mexico. In 1901 she married Erastus Beck and in February gave birth to a baby boy but (she) did not live to raise him. She passed away when he was only ten days old on her birthday, Feb. 17, 1902. Brother Beck let Grandma have the baby. He was Charles Whiting Beck called Carl.

About four months later (June 11, 1902) my mother, Verona gave birth to her 10th child and last child, a beautiful healthy boy, Herman and so she and father raised the two boys, Carl and Herman, like twins.

Another terrible tragedy that came as a shock to Father, Aunt Eliza and all of us was the sudden death of John, Aunt Eliza's oldest child. (Aunt Eliza Jacobs was the third wife of Charles Whiting.) He was a big strong, healthy man, just 21 years of age. He had gone to St. Johns, Arizona and was working for Uncle Edwin Whiting at his saw mill, when he accidentally (was) thrown and fell on the buzz saw and before anyone could rescue him or stop the machinery he was severed almost in half. He died on the 11th of August, 1911.

It was almost a year later that the Mexican Rebels drove us out of Mexico, so Charles with his two wives (Amy Porter died in 1885 and was buried in Mexico) three married children and six unmarried children had to leave everything they had and their homes were burned to the ground by the Rebels.

The first winter after leaving Mexico, Charles and Aunt Eliza stayed down at Franklin, Arizona on the Gila River along with Charles, his oldest son and his family of five children. Bernard and his family of five lived close by the Mexican border. The three men went back into Mexico at different times to bring out some of their stock and household goods, a very dangerous and difficult thing to do.

Mexico was in such an uproar with no stable government to protect anyone. Three Mormon men were hung by some of the raiding parties or Rebels. They were found hung by their necks from a tree. These men were Andrew Peterson, Burton Jensen and a young man, Hugh Acord. Both Peterson and Jensen were men with families. While Charles and Eliza were living at Franklin, the shack they were living in caught fire and burned to the ground, leaving them with absolutely nothing but their teams and wagons. They salvaged nothing because they were away at the time of the fire.

The Bishop of the ward, there, came and brought him \$100. from the fast offering fund, and several people got up a collection that helped them so very much in their time of need.

Father had always paid an honest and full tithing and also fast offerings and felt he had never even missed it. On this occasion he held that he never received \$100. in his life that was ever needed more or that did so much good and he was truly grateful for his blessing.

In the summer of 1913 Charles and Eliza, with their daughter, Iris, son William (Bill) and baby Estelle moved up to St. Johns. Myrtle had come on to St. Johns in the fall of 1912 and was working for Eddie Whiting in his store and ice cream parlor.

Uncle Eddie, his wife, sons and the other brothers (now living in Utah), decided since Charles had lost everything in Mexico that

they would give him two city lots tha had belonged to Grandma Mary Whiting, his mother. She had passed away in July of 1912 just before we were driven out of Mexico and all agreed that it would be her wish to do this for her son. Then Uncle Edwin from his sawmill gave lumber to build a house for each of his wives (Verona amd Eliza).

Charles was now 61 years old and had to start all over with a pick and shovel but it was not long until he had two new frame houses built. He had always farmed before but did very little now. One summer he went down below St. Johns at what was called Greer Valley and planted grain for E.I. Whiting. He harvested a good crop and Mother (Verona) lived down there with him in a little shack.

The next year in 1915 he planted there again and that is when the dam above St. Johns broke and left him with nothing once again. Discouraged but not finished Charles quit trying to farm and started freighting. He now owned two teams and two wagons. He hauled lumber and other freight for the Whitings from their sawmill (in the mountains) to St. Johns.

It was on December 1917 that Charles was making such a trip. His son Bernard who had moved up from the border (of Mexico) was also making the trip and was driving the other wagon. They were hauling grain. Bernard was ahead of his father when he came upon a dead horse lying at the side of the road. It caused his horse to become a little frightened. This caused Bernard to become a little concerned for his father was driving a young team who were not very broken. One horse in particulat was high strung and spirited. Charles had been warned by his son Bernard to get rid of the horse because of the danger. Bernard's concern for his father did not (go) unwarranted for as Charles team passed the dead horse they became giddy with fright. Lunging forward as they started to run they pulled Charles off the wagon directly in front of the wheels. The wheels passed over his head and crushed his skull. Thus on the 20th day of December, 1917, the mortal life of Charles Whiting came to an end. Just four days after his 65th birthday. His sudden death was a terrible blow to all of us especially Mother and Aunt Eliza.

It seems fitting at this time to tell of a little incident that happened just four years previous to his death, that served as a comfort to us all at the time of his passing. Just before his 61st birthday someone was having a party and Charles remarked at that time that he was 60 years old and had never in his life had a birthday party. So on December 16, 1913, his 61st birthday, we gave him a party which seemed to please him so much. He received some lovely gifts and one in particular that he really enjoyed was a nice arm chair from his (cousin) Eddie Whiting.

No better, patient, kind and loving father ever lived. He was deeply religious, honest and honorable. When he left Mexico he did not owe one dollar to anyone and when he died he owned enough to settle his debts. It can honestly be said that he did not just profess his religion but that he truly lived it.

We all revere his honor and feel that no one ever had a more noble father than did we.

May Whiting Cardon.