

HISTORY OF OUR MOTHER

ANNA MARY BULKLEY WHITTING

Our Mother, was born Jan. 21, 1854 in Springville, Utah. She passed away June 10, 1929, in Mapleton, Utah. She did not tell us about her life before she was married and so all we can write about is her life after marriage.

She was married to Edwin Lucius Whitting Dec. 18, 1871, in the Endowment House, in Salt Lake City. The Endowment House was a substitute for a Temple. The marriage was the same as if it had been done in a Temple, but no Temple was available at that time.

They went to Mapleton Utah, to build a home, which was then nothing but a plain, covered with sagebrush. They took up some acres to Homestead, and built a house and barn and grainery and buggy shed. Father cleared off the land, planted all kind of fruit trees, shade trees, berry bushes and grapevines, and of course, a garden.

Mother was a hard working woman and worked hard to help meet the requirements of living. She was a good cook and a very good seamstress. She could make buttonholes that looked like they were made by machinery.

Mother and Father had eleven children, namely:

Millie	Born	7/28/1873	died	1959
Elizabeth	"	3/17/1876	"	8/5/1928
Lucius Burr	"	10/1/1878	"	2/22/1949
Clarence Othello	"	10/24/1880	"	11/28/1882
Emma Jane	"	4/7/1882	"	11/28/1882
Ovilia	"	1/19/1884	"	3/15/1948
George Clinton	"	9/28/1885	"	8/18/1928
Belva	"	8/24/1887	"	1/5/1927
Blanche	"	2/7/1890	"	1927
Randall Austin	"	4/22/1892	"	1978
Edna	"	6/28/1894	"	-----

When Mother's third child was due, they decided to have a woman come in to help out with the housework, and take care of her, so they hired an English lady by the name of Fannie Johnson. At this time, polygamy was in style, and so Father decided he should have a 2nd wife. He asked Mother if she would agree with it, and Mother did, so Father married Aunt Fannie and built her a house just north of the one he had built for Mother.

Father lived in our, of Mother's house a week and then would go live with Aunt Fannie for a week. So, they both bore him children. Aunt Fannie having seven, namely: Morris Milton, Clara Isabelle, Marion, Lyman, Buelah, Lucy Exile, and Elmo. An explanation is due for this name of Lucy Exile, and Elmo. decided to abolish polygamy, Father took Aunt Fannie and went down to Mexico to live with her - sort of to hide out, I guess. As he hated to give up one wife, as he was told to do. Well, they had a child down there in Exile, and so they named her Lucy Exile.

Another peculiar incident took place that I must mention. When Mother gave birth to Belva, she had Aunt F. Whitney for her nurse, or midwife. About one week later, Aunt Fannie gave birth to a daughter, and the same midwife went over to take care of her too. So, one day, this midwife suggested that she take Mother's baby over to show to Aunt Fannie while she was taking care of her that morning. (The midwife usually came back every morning for ten days to wash the Mother & baby) She said she laid Mother's baby down in the same crib with Aunt Fannie's baby and when she got ready to come home, she could not tell them apart and brought the wrong baby home to Mother. Well, this story got around town and some people believed it to be true, but Mother said she knew her own baby, as it was a week older, and she had made the clothes that it wore, so there was no question in her mind that she did not have her own baby.

When Mother was first married, the nearest storee was in Springville, a distance of 3 miles. She would take a basket of eggs to buy groceries with, and an umbrella for shade, and carry her baby in her arms and walk to this store. Do her shopping and with her basket full of groceries, bday in her arms, and hold the umbrella, she would trudge up the hill, in some places, sand was up to her knees.

She never complained about her lot in life, the hard work, or having to share her husband, or anything else that occurred, which we know must have been hard for her to bear. She was a religious woman and lived for her religion and family. She taught us right from wrong and brought us up the best way that she knew how. She set a wonderful example for us and in my opinion, was the best woman that ever lived.

She attended church regularly. Sunday morning, we would all walk to Sunday School, a distance of a mile. Walk back home and fix dinner that she had partially prepared the day previous. Then walk back over to meeting from 2 to 4 pm. Walk back home and go back to the evening session.

Mother belonged to the Relief Society. The Relief Society was organized Dec. 8, 1838, with Anna Van Leuvan as president and Anna W. Whiting and Martha Thorne as counselors. She was faithful to her duties. I dont think she and Aunt Caroline missed a month in 40 yrs. going around the Mendenhall block to visit with members, walking in snow six inches deep. The Rel. Soc. held quilting parties and Mother was always there with her needle helping sew quilts that they gave to the poor and needy.

Mother had a loom and used to weave carpets and rugs to earn a few dollars. She took in washings for 50¢ until some Eastern people moved in Mapleton and they gave her a dollar. She did washings for Mrs. Schnek to pay her for giving me music lessons. and she had to carry the water from a ditch about $\frac{1}{2}$ blk away. She used to knit our socks and mittens, and would lean a book up against the lamp and read while she was knitting, oblivious to the noise we kids were making.

Mother used to love to dance and swim. She used to load us all in the wagon and go to Utah Lake below Spanish Fork and stay over night and go for a good swim. She used to load us in the wagon and drive to Castle Dale to visit with our sister Libby., also to Mantl to visit with her sister Vinnie, and to different places to the Whiting reunions. One time a bunch of Whittings migrated to Arizona; they went up through Spanish Fork canyon, and Mother wanted to go with them so bad, so she loaded us all in the wagon and followed along with them as far as the cold springs and we stayed over night. The next morning, they went on their way and we came back home.

Father was ordained Bishop of Mapleton Ward of Latter Day Saints, Aug. 21, 1838, and served in that capacity until his death, 1896. His 1st counselor was Wm. T. Tew, and his second counselor was John Mendenhall. Father built a tithing office house and two large barns for tithing hay, a grainery and corn crib on the corner of his property. After his death, on Feb. 19, 1896, Wm. T. Tew was then appointed Bishop. He lived so far away from the tithing office that he asked Mother to take care of the tithing offerings which was quite a chore for her. The town farmers would bring hay for tithing - Mother had to watch for them and run over to weigh their hay, almost a block away; then they would go unload the hay and Mother had to run back over to weigh their empty wagon and make them out a receipt for ~~the~~ the hay they had donated for tithing. If Mother wasn't there, they would whistle for her. She had to drop her work and run so as not to keep them waiting. The same deal for the grain and corn that they donated. Some people, believe it or not, would bring in stale butter and rancid bacon for tithing. Mother would give them a receipt for it and then she would not want to turn it in, so she would boil the butter

UP AND USE IT FOR SHORTENING, and give the tithing one of her nice pounds of butter. She would use the rancid bacon for making soap and send the tithing her nice fresh bacon. For all of this service, the Bishop paid Mother the large sum of \$30.00 a year.

Father had purchased another tract of land about two miles east of where our house was located and built a house on it for Aunt Fannie. There was 20 acres in that tract. He deeded 10 acres of this to Aunt Fannie. Father took down with pneumonia and passed away rather suddenly, but before he went he asked his three brothers to divide the rest of his property in a satisfactory manner between his two families. Mother had 8 acres of good ground and 5 acres of no account ground deeded to her. While Aunt Fannie had 10 acres deeded to her. So, the three brothers, and Mother's oldest sons, Burr and Clarence decided that Mother should have at least 7 acres more deeded to her out of the remaining 10 acres, and so they gave Mother 7 acres and Aunt Fannie 3 acres. Mother being the first wife and having eleven children was entitled to more property. This made 15 acres for Mother of good ground and 13 acres acres for Aunt Fannie. Aunt Fannie was very unhappy about this decision, she felt that she should have had more and had plenty to say about it. So, one night Mother prayed to God and asked him to put her right. Asked him to let her know in some way if she was doing the right thing to keep this property. She got back in bed and as she lay there thinking, she said she felt a soft kiss on her lips, which she said she knew it was Father who put it there. She felt very much relieved and never worried any more about who the property belonged to.

After Father died, Mother had quite a struggle making a living. Her oldest son was only 17 yrs of age, and so he and the other boys tried to run the farm, and did the best they could at helping out. The farm would hardly pay for the taxes, so Mother would try to sell a calf, or some eggs, or a carpet or rug that she had woven, make a dress for a lady for \$1.00, and in this way made a few extra dollars to help out. She would bottle all the fruit she could, make jelly and preserves. The boys would butcher a pig, and we would have a chicken for Sunday dinners. So, we got along very well. Mother made her own bread, churned her own butter, and of course did her own washing and ironing. She had to carry water from a ditch about a block away for washing clothes and rub the clothes on a board, put them in a boiler and boil them, then rinse them in another tub of water, and into another tub of bluing water to make them a perfect white color. She would be so tired when she finished washing that she would sit down to have a cup of tea. I can see her now, she would pour the tea into a saucer to cool and then sit and sip it and be looking out the window with a sad look in her eyes.-- No help, no sympathy from anyone; neighbors never came in to visit with her or ask if they could help out. Her neighbor, John Lee, used to help her with her legal matters. He did not charge her for letting her cows over to visit with his registered bull, so as to raise calves to sell.

Mother's second son, Clarence, received a call to go on a mission to preach the Gospel, in April. He worked as watermaster for the city until Nov. 1, when he left for his mission. He saved enough money to pay for his own mission, with the help of the \$100.00 that the church gives to each missionary. He served two yrs. in the So. States Mission.

Mother was good to everybody and everything. There used to be some Indians living up in the mountains nearby. One of them was named Emmy Wansett. She was quite a character. She and her gang would come down to Mapleton occasionally to beg for food. They would stay over night sometimes, and Mother would let them sleep on the floor. I remember, one time, Emmy said, "Oh, I have a sick toe". So Mother would wash her feet and doctor her sick toe. Then they would ask for bread, flour, salt, sugar, apples and hay for the horses. Mother would give them all they asked for.

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MOTHER WAS THE TOWN NURSE, AFTER AUNT F. WHITNEY DIED. SHE WENT TO HELP FOLKS IN THE TOWN FOR EVERYTHING THAT WAS WRONG WITH THEM OR THEIR FAMILY. MEN WOULD COME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND YELL, "AUNT ANNIE, COME QUICK, MY WIFE IS SICK". SHE WOULD GET UP WITHOUT A MERMUR AND GO WITH THIS MAN TO TAKE CARE OF HIS WIFE. SOMETIMES THE WIFE WOULD GIVE BIRTH TO A CHILD. MOTHER WOULD DELIVER THE BABY AND TAKE CARE OF IT AND THE MOTHER. THE DR. WOULD SHOW UP LATER. THEY WOULD PAY THE DR. AND TELL MOTHER THANK YOU. SHE WOULD STAY AT THEIR HOUSE DAYS AND COME HOME TIRED OUT AND FALL OVER ON THE BED WITH EXHAUSTION. MOTHER DELIVERED MORE THAN 100 BABIES TO PARENTS IN MAPLETON. SOMETIMES THEY WOULD CALL HER FOR CONTAGIOUS DISEASES. AFTER THE PATIENT WAS WELL, SHE WOULD COME HOME AND AS SHE DID NOT WANT TO GIVE THE DISEASE TO US, SHE WOULD TAKE A TUB OUT IN THE BUGGY SHED AND WEWOULD HAND HER SOME HOT WATER AND SOME LYSOL, AND SHE WOULD TAKE A BATH IN THE DISENTECTANT WATER AND THEN THROW HER CLOTHES IN THE TUB TO SOAK, AND WE WOULD HAND HER SOME CLEAN CLOTHES. SHE WOULD DO ALL THIS BEFORE COMING INTO THE HOUSE.

AT ONE TIME, THE GOOD PEOPLE OF MAPLETON DECIDED TO REPAY HER FOR ALL THE GOOD DEEDS SHE HAD DONE, AND FOR THE HELP SHE HAD GIVEN THEM IN THEIR HOME, TENDING TO THE SICK: SO THEY HAD A PARTY IN THE TOWN HALL IN HER HONOR, AND PRESENTED HER WITH A SMALL TABLE FOR THE FRONT ROOM, WITH A BEAUTIFUL KEROSENE LAMP SITTING ON IT. THE LAMP HAD A BEAUTIFUL ROUND SHADE ON IT, WITH FLOWERS PRINTED ON IT. AND BY THE TABLE WAS A DARK WOOD MAHOGANY ROCKING CHAIR. THEY CALLED HER TO THE STAND AND TOLD HER THAT SHE WAS TO SIT IN THE ROCKING CHAIR AND READ HER PAPER BY THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP AND REST AND RELAX. MOTHER WAS OVERCOME WITH JOY AND APPRECIATION. SHE WAS NOT MUCH FOR MAKING SPEECHES, BUT SHE SHOWED HER APPRECIATION FOR THIS KIND ACT WITH HER EVER LOVING SMILE AND A THANK YOU NOD.

MOTHER WAS A GOOD SPORT. SHE LOVED A GOOD JOKE. SHE LOVED TO GO TO THE PARTIES THAT MAPLETON HELD FOR THE OLD FOLKS. SHE ALWAYS PARTICIPATED IN THE ACTIVITIES AND FUN. I REMEMBER ONCE, THEY HAD A FANCY DRESS BALL. MOTHER DRESSED UP LIKE "OLD DUTCH CLEASER": WORE A WHITE BONNET, A BLUE DRESS, AND WOODEN SHOES, AND CARRIED A STICK IN HER HAND. SHE CHASED ME ALL OVER THE HALL, BECAUSE I WAS DRESSED LIKE "TOPSY" AND SHE WAS TRYING TO GET RID OF THE DIRT. SO, FOR THIS ACT, SHE GOT THE GRAND PRIZE.

MAPLETON BUILT A DANCE HALL. WE USED TO GO MOST OF THE TIME TO THE DANCES. MOTHER WOULD GO ALONG ALSO, JUST TO WATCH THEM DANCE. SHE ENJOYED THE YOUNG FOLKS HAVING A GOOD TIME. ONE NIGHT I SAID, "OH, I DON'T THINK I WILL GO TO THE DANCE TONIGHT." SHE SAID, "NOW, YOU JUST GO WASH YOUR DIRTY NECK, AND GET OVER TO THAT DANCE HALL. YOU WANTED THEM TO BUILD A DANCE HALL, NOW YOU GO OVER AND PATRONIZE IT." SHE WANTED US TO ENJOY LIFE, BUT TO LIVE A CLEAN LIFE. SHE ENCOURAGED US TO HAVE PARTIES IN OUR HOME, SO THAT SHE WOULD KNOW WHERE WE WERE AND WHAT WE WERE DOING. OUR FRONT DOOR WAS OPEN TO EVERYBODY AND VISITORS WERE ALWAYS WELCOME TO COME EAT A MEAL AT OUR TABLE.

MOTHER CAME DOWN TO CALIFORNIA TO VISIT WITH ME AND MY HUSBAND. WE DECIDED TO TAKE A TRIP TO SHOW HER A GOOD TIME, SO WE WENT DOWN TO SAN DIEGO TO SEE THE ZOO AND THEN ON TO TIJANA, MEXICO. IT WAS HOT AND DUSTY AND WE WENT IN TO ONE OF THE PLACES TO GET A COLD DRINK. MOTHER SPOKE UP AND SAID, "I WANT TO WALK UP TO THE BAR, PUT MY FEET ON THE BRASS RAIL, MY HANDS ON THE BAR, AND ORDER A DRINK OF BEER". WE HAD A GOOD LAUGH OVER THIS, KNOWING SHE HAD DONE IT FOR A JOKE. SO, NEWELL SAID, "WELL, YOU JUST GO UP TO THE BAR, PUT YOUR FEET ON THE RAIL, YOUR HANDS ON THE BAR, AND ORDER YOURSELF A DRINK OF BEER." WE ALL SAT DOWN AT ONE OF THE TABLES AND HAD A DRINK OF COLD ROOT BEER.

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WHEN MOTHER WAS IN HER 70's, SHE HAD HER RIGHT BREAST OPE RATED ON FOR CANCER. SHE HAD WAITED TOO LONG TO HAVE THIS OPERATION, AND THE CANCER HAD SP READ TO OTHER PARTS OF HER BODY. THE DR. SAID, IT WILL COME BACK SOON. SO, IN A YEAR OR SO, IT DID COME BACK IN HER LEFT BREAST, AND THE DRS OPERATED ON IT AND MADE THE REMARK, THAT IT WAS TOO BAD SHE DIDN'T DIE V HILE ON THE OPERATING TABLE, AS THEY KNEW THEY HAD NOT GOTTEN IT ALL. AFTER A SHORT TIME, THE CANCER CAME BACK IN HER STOMACHE. I HAPPENED TO BE VISITING HER AT THE TIME, AND SHE AWAKENED UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT SCREAMING WITH PAIN. I MASSAGED HER STOMACHE AND BACK WITH SOME LINAMENT, AND GAVE HER SOME ASPIRINS UNTIL MORNING CAME. THEN I SENT MY LITTLE BOY OVER TO MY SISTER OVILLA'S HOUSE WITH A NOTE ASKING FOR HELP. I ASK HER TO SEND FOR OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR, JOHN LEE, TO COME OVER AND ADMINISTER TO HER. MR. LEE SENT FOR ANOTHER GOOD MORMON ELDER AND THEY ADMINIS- TERED TO HER. SHE SEEMED RELIEVED RIGHT AWAY.

WE TOOK HER OVER TO THE HOSPITAL, BUT THEY WOULD NOT OPERATE ON HER AS THEY KNEW IT WOULD NOT DO ANY GOOD. THEY SENT HER BACK HOME AND GAVE US OPIUM AND MORPHINE TO GIVE HER AT NIGHT TO KEEP THE PAIN DOWN. WE GIRLS, OVILLA, MILLIE AND HAZEL AND ME, TOOK TURNS SITTING UP WITH HER AT NIGHT, AND TRIED TO MAKE WHAT LIFE SHE HAD LEFT AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE .

SHE MADE THE REMARK ON HER DYING BED, THAT SHE DID NOT FEAR DEATH * THAT SHE FELT SHE HAD LIVED A GOOD LIFE, AND HAD KEPT THE GOSPEL AND BEEN FAITHFUL TO HER RELIGION, AND FELT THAT SHE HAD EARNED A REWARD IN HEAVEN. I CERTAINLY THINK THAT SHE HAD DONE SO.

SHE PASSED AWAY WITH A SMILE ON HER FACE, AN D I SURE HOPE SHE IS HAPPY IN HEAVEN, BECAUSE I KNOW THAT IS WHERE SHE IS RESTING NOW.

MOTHER HAD A PATRIARCIAL BLESSING GIVEN TO HER FEB. 5TH 1879, AT ST. GEORGE, UTAH, BY JOHN L SMITH, PATRIARCH, RECORDED IN BOOK B. PAGE * , NO. 387

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WRITTEN BY

EDNA WHITTING MILLS, Oct. 10, 1961

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