

Remembrances of Grandpa Stowell Whitney
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My first recollections of Grandpa Whitney are of going to pick him up with Dad in the morning to milk cows. Sometimes, Dad would need to leave and Grandpa would help me, or probably, I would him milk. Grandpa was always correcting me about how I milked, which I didn't like very much.

I remember:

- Grandpa coming to the house on Friday nights and we would watch the boxing fights on TV.
- Going to Lake Mead with grandpa, he would fish from the shore, and I would throw rocks in the lake and grandpa would ask me to not do that.
- Standing in the kitchen shaving with a straight edge. He had a small mirror hung on the wall that he would use.
- Going to Pine Valley with Mike and Grandma & Grandpa for the Whitney reunions.
- Grandpa talking about his horses like they were his best friend.
- Grandpa Whitney being gone to California to go deep sea fishing. I enjoyed the stories of the fishing when he got back. I didn't enjoy having to mow and water the lawn while they were gone.
- Serving in the Indian Branch and going to the temple.

I remember when Grandpa died. Everyone going to his house. What I remember most is the day after and milking cows with dad and noticing tears rolling down his face from time to time. I felt that he was remembering his Dad, and knew these were very tender moments, even as a young boy.