



Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
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This week the Face of Fillmore takes an in-depth look at the Whicker house at 275 North 300 West thanks to some detailed information from Loreta Whicker.

The house was built in 1895 for her grandmother - Elizabeth Starley Whicker. They had been living in Deseret and because of the manifesto, Grandmother Whicker moved back to Fillmore. Her father James Starley bought the land for her from Ira Hinckley. Loreta still has the original bill of sale/deed. It consisted of 2 2/5 acres on the north east corner of the block, which is a quarter of the block.

The home was originally a log house but later saw many improvements. For example, clapboard was put on the outside of the whole structure sometime during the 1920's. Then somewhere in maybe the 70's aluminum siding was placed over that. Interestingly, the original outhouse out back and one of the original old buildings, a granary, are still in the yard. Early family members even modernized the outhouse because it has a cement hole that had a seat on it and not the usual wooden bench seat with just a hole.

The home has always been in the Whicker family with it passing from Elizabeth Starley to Loreta's father Henry Whicker, and down to his three children. A small section of the property was sold to LaVoy Starley in the 1970's. He is the great great grandson of James Starley and Loreta Whicker happens to be the great granddaughter.

The home has seen changes in the family through the years. Both of Loreta's grandparents passed away in the house. Loreta and her brother Fred were born there. She tells she liked to claim she was born in a log house but realized she really was born in the bedroom addition added onto the log house, which doesn't sound as exciting.

The first picture shows Isaac Whicker standing by the house, as well as another one with his family. Left to right are: Hattie and Frank Partridge with their small children, Isaac Whicker in the doorway, the little boy is Henry Whicker, the young woman is Zina Whicker, and the woman next to her is Elizabeth Whicker. The young mother and child are probably Lyde Erickson and her baby. Note the sticks strewn about the yard. These are there to prevent the chickens from pecking up the lawn seeds that had just been planted. This picture was taken about 1910. The other pictures were taken more recently.

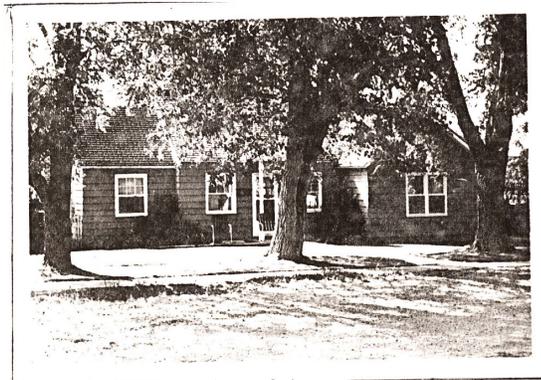




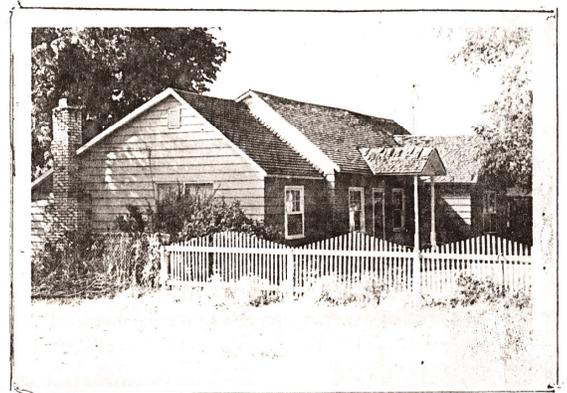
In 1924 after Elizabeth's death, N. Henry Whicker lived as a bachelor until 1930 when he was asked by the bishop to serve a mission. They figured it out that if he sold his two milk cows and collected rent from his sister and her family who would move up from the farm to live in the home, he would have enough money to pay for his mission. So Port and Zina Whicker Hatton and family began living in the home and did so for about 5-6 years until they build a home to the south on the other corner. Ironically, Henry came home nearly 3 years later having received no rent money and with one milk cow not sold.

Loreta tells of the improvements made to the home through the years: "In the early years of the house, a couple of bedrooms were added on by money sent to them from two of Dad's sisters who were teaching in Monroe. A small lean-to kitchen had been added first. This would later be torn down and a more conventional kitchen and bathroom would be added. Over the years another bedroom would go on to the south, a small bedroom on the north would be doubled in size, porches would be enclosed to make a larger dining room/family room and a larger bathroom. In the early 1950's Dad got the opportunity to buy a fairly new furnace from the local car dealer, LaMoyne Melville. The only problem was there was no basement. So Dad started digging at the north of the house using shovel and pickaxe and making an opening under the house. A conveyor system was set up whereby metal half barrels could be filled, pulled up by a motor while sitting on slats of wood, and dumped to the north of the house - a huge pile for rocks and another pile for whatever dirt. This was all done by hand and eventually they had dug out enough room for a bedroom, fruit room, and furnace room. One rock proved to be so large that it was impossible to haul out so Dad and Fred buried it by digging at one side, tipping, digging the other side, tipping, etc. Finally, the cement was poured and Dad framed it up, created a stairway, finished things off and had the furnace put in. This was when I

Loreta tells of the improvements



1979



1979

discovered we were living in a log house. Dad had to chisel away at the log to get the heat ducts put in.

“The last addition was that of a double wide carport to the north of the house. Cars were just getting too wide for the old garage so it was torn down. The old cement pad is still there because it covers the old cellar and it became part of the foundation for the carport.

“As far as I know, just about all of the work done on the house after 1930 was done by my father. He was a carpenter by trade so it was not problem once he had the money. With some help from family who lived nearby and later his oldest son, the old log house has been through a lot of changes.”

