



## Face of Fillmore

*By Sherry Shepard*  
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I am sometimes amazed by how little it takes to entertain us. We have watched faithfully over the last few years as an old granary east of Travis Archibald's home at 190 North 200 West has slowly met its demise. It has almost seemed like this has happened in slow, but constant motion. Finally, about a week ago, the roof was perched atop a pile of rubble, just as we knew it would someday. It turns out that its owner was also watching and decided to hurry Mother Nature along a little. He has plans for the barn wood that he can now safely access.

It is unclear who exactly built the old building with lumber that originated in White Pine Canyon, but it had to have been nearly a century ago, judging from the age of those who have owned the property. At least eighty years ago, LeGrand (Ladd) and Mildred Warner bought the old house on the corner from a family named Black. It was already in need of remodeling at that point. There was actually another home where some of the Black family lived which was located just to the east.

Mildred's Aunt Lynn Peterson's husband Marvin and their son Lloyd were carpenters and they helped Ladd remodel the home. This probably came in stages. What had been a two bedroom home became a larger three bedroom one as a large living room was added to the north of the home, complete with a modern fireplace and plenty of room to entertain friends and family, which the Warner's loved to do. The old living room on the west became a third



bedroom. It was here in this home that Ladd and Mildred raised their two daughters and one son: Judy, Katherine and Charles. The porch and carport were later additions.

A few years ago, after Ladd and Mildred passed away, the property was purchased by the Travis Archibald family and another major remodeling took place. This time the large front room on the north became two bedrooms, the kitchen moved from the east center of the home to the southeast corner, and the original location of the living room was once again used as the living room. The porch and carport remained intact. Dormer windows were constructed on the west side of the home, giving it the appearance of two stories, but they are just attractive decorations.

The granary stood in place through all of this and was used as storage, along with a few other outbuildings which were to go first.

A few years ago, Mother Nature decided to do some remodeling of her own. Wind and moisture began their work. First the large boards in the peak of the building on the east began to separate, then the lower building began to twist on its foundation and list to one side. The cracks on the east widened daily. It was evident that eventually it would all come down.

And as the dust settled, I couldn't help thinking of a popular song of the 1980's, "Another one bites the dust!"