

THE STORY
OF
EDWIN MARION WHITING
AND
ANNA MARIA ISAACSON

ANNETTE W. FARR

REVISED EDITION

The Story
of
Edwin Marion Whiting
and
Anna Maria Isaacson

Revised Edition

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Editor of the Original Edition

Geraldine Brown Sagers
Historian, Scribe, and Writer

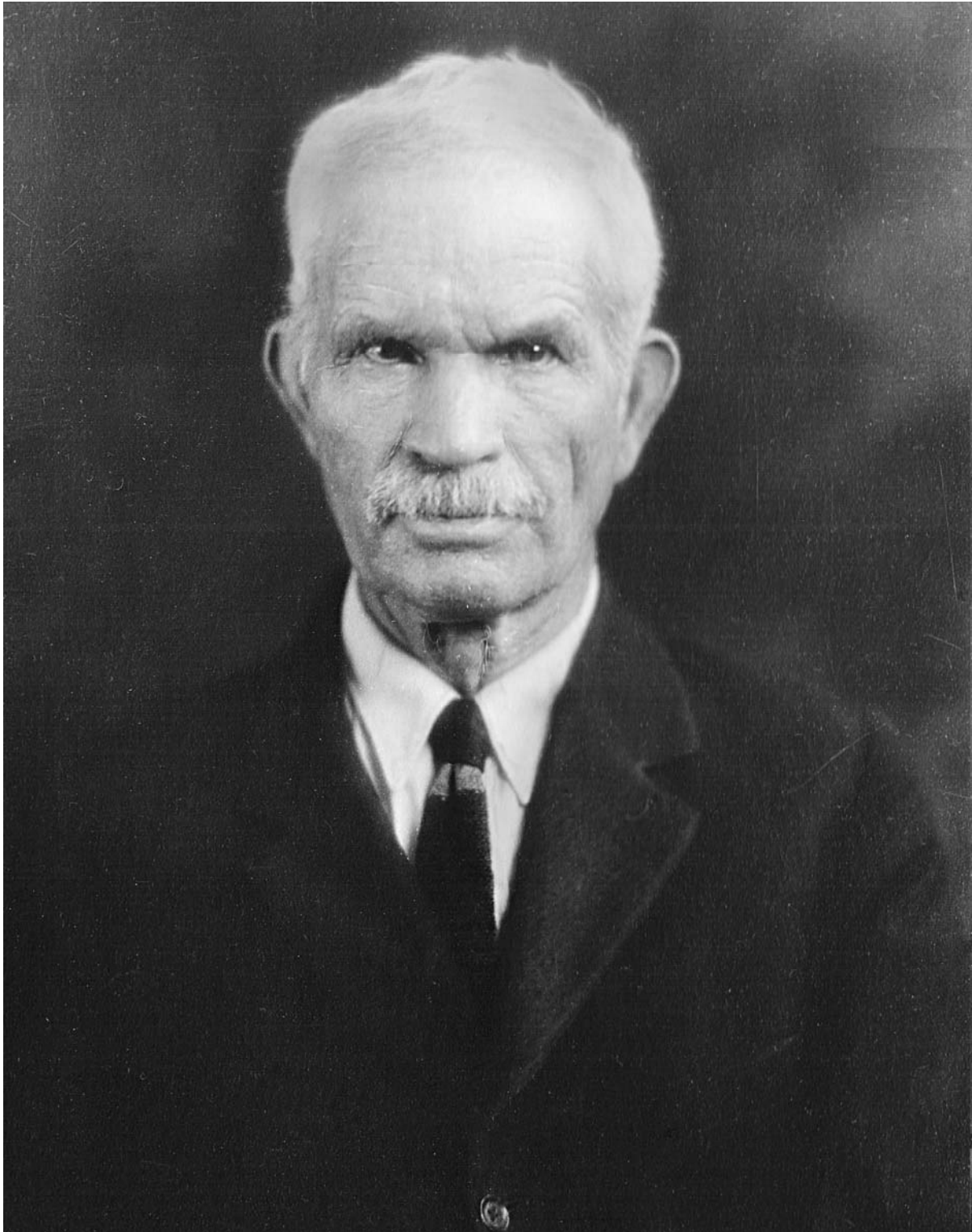
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frontispiece



EDWIN MARION WHITING
1857 – 1934

frontispiece



ANNA MARIA ISAACSON WHITING
Wife of Edwin Marion Whiting
1863 - 1953

THE WHITING TREE

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit.
A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit.
3 Nephi: 14:18

Springville Keeps Pioneers' Trees

The Deseret News
18 September 1948

.... Another interesting tree that has withstood the rigors of advancing years is an 87 year old native cedar which still thrives near the Second Ward chapel on South Main Street.

Carried in a Cup

It was brought in a quart cup from a nearby canyon in 1861 by Edwin Whiting and planted in his own front yard.

Mr. Whiting, a nurseryman who had joined the Church in Ohio in 1838, always marked the evergreens he brought from the canyons so that they could be set the same way as they stood in the canyon. This tree was marked by the Camp Aaron Johnson of DUP with a pioneer plaque.

This cedar stands in perfect symmetry, along with many others, as a living monument to the vision of early pioneers who planted not only for themselves, but for future generations.



Tree Planted by Edwin Whiting in Springville, Utah in 1861 and still standing in 2006. This is the site of Edwin's "Big House" (4th South and Main). The tree was 145 years old at the time of this photo

Photo taken June 6th 2006 by Crystal Middleton

DEDICATED
TO OUR ANCESTORS

Acknowledgements

We recognize the help of all the family:

however, we feel special appreciation should go to:

Original Edition

- **Geraldine Brown Sagers**
- **F. Ray Brown**
- **Ruth Holbrook Brown**
- **E.I. Whiting**
- **Ruth Brown Lewis**
- **Maydene Brown Bodell**
- **Maree Berry Hamblin**
- **Mabel Whiting Shumway**
- **Nita Whiting Bushman**
- **Martha Whiting Berry**
- **Elda Whiting Brown**
- **Minnie Whiting Priestley**
- **Annette Whiting Farr**
- **Whiting Tree Editors**
- **And Many Others**

Revised Edition

- **LaKay Ashcroft**
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- **Karl Benson**
- **Phil Brown**
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- **Louine Berry Hunter**
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- **Zachary Shields**
- **Ann Priestley Winiecke**
- **Brandon Whiting**
- **E. Jay Whiting**
- **Annette Whiting Farr**
- **And Many Others**

Preface

It has been our intent and purpose, in compiling this book, to preserve for the posterity of Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Whiting, their story. Their daughter, May Whiting Berry, wrote,

“Our.... book means more than just statistics or even history. A common interest will bring us closer together, both to our living and to our dead. Our future posterity will read and visualize the messages and testimonies contained in these pages.”

As background, we offer life sketches of their parents, and then with word and picture, the story of this pioneer couple unfolds. We conclude with choice contributions by some of the family and finally enter information on the descendants of Edwin Marion and Anna Maria.

We make no apologies for the quality of work in this effort, as it has been our best, built on love and unity. We have simply told their story, revering their virtues yet recognizing their faults, examples before us all.

A. Milton Whiting, President - Whiting Family Organization

Preface for the Revised Edition

For several years requests have been made to make the “Red Whiting Book” available to the younger generations. In 2004, I agreed to take on this project to preserve this priceless family treasure with another printing. With the commitment of many others this dream has come true.

How grateful we are to the many wonderful relatives who had the desire and talent to put this book together in 1969. We’ve tried to keep it as near the original as possible with additional stories and pictures and a new format.

Special thanks to all the cousins who have searched and found many of the original photographs and also spent hours in updating the posterity list.

This project could never have been accomplished without all the wonders of today’s technology and cousins who know how to use it. The process was made much easier due to the ground work already completed from the Whiting Heritage Collection on CD.

Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting have left us a noble heritage and this book is our way of strengthening, preserving, and perpetuating this cherished heritage for future generations.

- Joyce Whiting Packard – Editor of the Revised Edition

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Pedigree



Edwin Marion Whiting



1. Edwin



2. May



3. Martha



4. Earnest



5. Ralph



6. Lynn



7. Elda

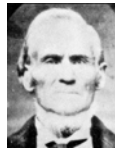


8. Minnie



9. Arther

Anna Maria Isaacson



Edwin Whiting
1809 - 1890



Mary Elizabeth Cox
1826 - 1912



Peter Isaacson
1828 - 1920



**Martha Kirstina
Clemmensen (Dahl)**
1822 - 1913

Elisha Whiting Jr.
1785 - 1848

Sally Hulett
1787 - 1846

Jonathan Upham Cox
1785 - 1830

Lucinda Blood
1787 - 1838

Isaac Olesen Hjortsvang
1769 - 1840

**Ane Margrethe (Pedersen)
Pedersdatter**
1803 - 1890

Clemen Nielsen (Dahl)
1784 - 1839

Maren Christensen
1793 - 1855

Elisha Whiting Sr.
1762 - 1788/1790

Susannah Bulter
1765 - ?

Sylvanus Hulett
1758 - 1824

Mary Lewis
1763 - 1835

Walter Cox
1744 - 1832

Judith Deland
1750 - 1852

Caleb Blood Jr.
1755 - 1828

Hepzibah Jewett
1759 - ?

Ole Nielsen Hjortsvang
1720 - 1773

Maren Thogersen
1738 - 1812

Peder Jensen (Bentsen)
1775 - 1846

Ane Madsen
1778 - ?

Niels Clemmensen (Dahl)
1740 - 1805

Karen Pedersen
1757 - 1824

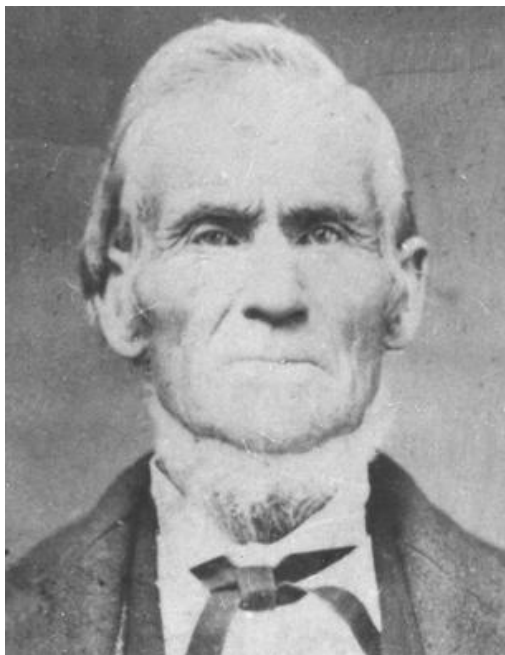
Christen Andersen
1765 - 1829

Martha Kirstine Christensen
1770 - 1837

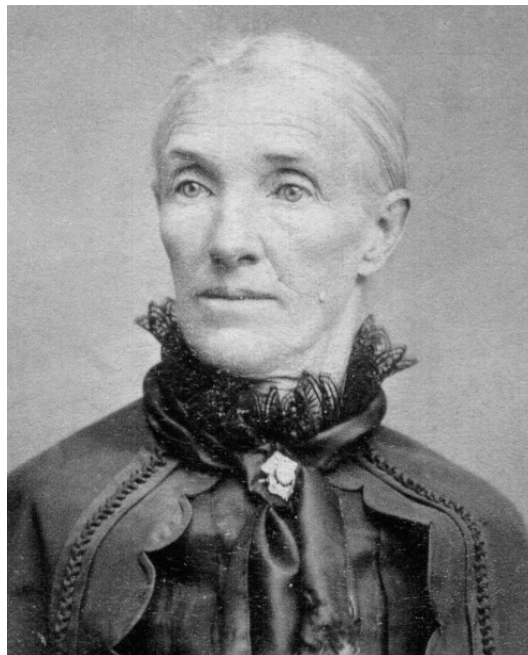
Designed by Randy Ellis

Parents' Life Sketches

The Parents of Edwin Marion Whiting



Edwin Whiting



Mary Elizabeth Cox

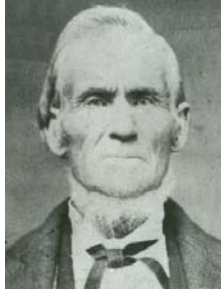
The Parents of Anna Maria Isaacson



Peter Isaacson



Martha Kirstine Clemmensen



Edwin Whiting

Father of Edwin Marion Whiting

Biography Compiled by Jennie Bird Hill in 1919

About the year 1800, in the little town of Lee, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, near the border of New York, lived the family of Elisha and Sally Hulett Whiting. Elisha Whiting's father was a sea captain and lived in Connecticut. He died when Elisha was very young. His mother, not knowing what else to do, bound him to an old Quaker, who was very cruel to him, and after a few years, he ran away to Massachusetts and worked on a farm with a wheelwright. Here, he was married to Sally Hulett. They were highly respected, honest, generous, and firm in their convictions.

Elisha Whiting followed the trade of wagon and chair maker and did his work well. His wife was a very gifted lady in making prose and poetry, a characteristic that has been bequeathed to many of the Whiting descendants. To Elisha and Sally Whiting, twelve children were born, eight sons and four daughters as follows: (1) Charles, (2) William, (3) **Edwin**, (4) Charles, (5) Katherine Louisa, (6) Harriet, (7) Sally Emeline, (8) Chauncey, (9) Almond, (10) Jane, (11) Sylvester, and (12) Lewis.

Edwin Whiting was born September 9, 1809, the third child of this family. When he was six years old, his

parents moved to Nelson, Portage County, Ohio. At that time, it was the western frontier of the U.S.A. but probably the very place his father wished to be to get suitable timber for his trade, for the support of his large family.

Edwin Whiting's chance for education was very limited, but they all were taught the "3R's", Readin', Ritin', and Rithmetic, and he wrote a legible hand, an extra ordinary feat for his time. At an early age, he wrote credible verse.

His early life in the forest, no doubt, accounts for his love of the out-of-doors, the beauties of nature, the trees, the flowers, the mountains and the desire to hunt.

One Sunday morning, when but a small boy, he decided to go hunting. He knew this was contrary to his parent's teachings, so he tried to draw his gun through the cracks between the logs of his bedroom and go unmolested. His gun caught and was discharged, inflicting a serious wound in his left arm. This, he said, was a lesson to observe the Sabbath Day and to obey his parents.

He learned the chair making trade from his father and his workmanship was considered very good.

In 1833, when Edwin was twenty-four years old, he married Elizabeth Partridge Tillotson, an Ohio girl of French descent. She was a highly educated school teacher, quite an accomplishment for those days.



Chair made by Edwin Whiting

In 1837, the Gospel was brought to the Whiting family. Edwin and his wife, his father and mother and some of his brothers and sisters joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They were baptized by Thomas Marsh in 1838. Here, as in the time of Christ and His Apostles, the humble, hardworking class of people were the ones to listen and accept the gospel of truth.

They were among the early members of our church and soon joined the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio. It was here that their trials, hardships and persecutions began and it took true manhood, womanhood, and faith in God to endure. They were forced to leave their new comfortable home, complete with furniture, orchards and land in Kirtland, Ohio, and took only their clothing and a few valued relics and went to Far West, Missouri. By this time, Edwin and Elizabeth had four children: William, Helen Amelia, Sarah Elizabeth and Emily Jane. They were only in Far West a short time and had just built a new home when a mob, several thousand strong, ordered them out. Every house in the village was

burned except father Elisha Whiting's, which was spared because he was so sick they could not move him.

We remember of hearing Aunt Elizabeth tell how she sat on the pile of bedding far into the night with her little daughter Jane in her arms. Little Jane died soon after from exposure and lack of proper food. Sarah clapped her hands at the big bonfire the mob had made with their fences and the select wood from her father's chair shop in Far West. They were compelled to flee again so they joined the Saints at Lima, Illinois in Father Isaac Morley's branch, where Edwin Whiting acted as counselor to Brother Morley.

For several years, the Saints were happily building up the city of Nauvoo and their Temple. Here they worshipped God without so much persecution as they had experienced at Lima. Edwin was appointed colonel in the Nauvoo Legion and was an active worker at all times for the up building of his church.

Through the advice of those in authority, and for a righteous purpose, he entered the law of plural marriage. In the year 1845, he married Almira Meacham. The following year, January 27, 1846, he married Mary Elizabeth Cox. That same year, he was called on a mission to Pennsylvania and was there at the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum Smith. He soon returned home and took up arms with his brothers to protect his property and the lives of his family.

During the battle of the Crooked River, his brother Charles was killed. Still a greater test awaited him. His brothers Almond, Sylvester, Chauncey and Lewis – and his sister Louisa – did not feel that Brigham Young should be the leader of

the church, so they followed a Mr. Cutler and called themselves "Cutlerites" and moved up into Cletheral, Minnesota. To this day, they hold tenaciously to the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith. They still correspond with the children of Edwin Whiting, and have given us, for temple work, an extensive genealogy of the Whiting family.

Edwin Whiting, his families, his father and mother stayed with the Saints, who were compelled to move west as far as Mt. Pisgah, Iowa. There, they stayed to prepare for the journey across the plains.

The dreaded disease, cholera, took the father and mother of Edwin, his little brother and little daughter, Emily Jane. Their names are on the monument lately erected at that place in memory of those who died there. So many of his family were sick at one time, that there was no one well enough to get the sick ones a drink; but even in those trying times, they still had faith and rejoiced in the Gospel, for the Lord was with them.

Emeline, a sister of Edwin, married Fredrick Walter Cox and the two families were as one big family for years. They established a chair factory and hauled the chairs to Quincy, Illinois where they were sold. From this and their crops, they prepared to come west. Aunt Mary taught school two terms and helped the family some. While at Mt. Pisgah, three children were born. Albert Milton was born to Mary, Oscar Newell was born to Elizabeth, and Catherine Emeline was born to Almira.

In April, 1849, Edwin and Emeline, the only children of Elisha and Sally Whiting who stayed true to the church, started westward in Brother Morley's company.

Volumes have been written of the westward journey of the Saints, and as Congressman Leatherstock has said, "It is the greatest emigration trail that was ever blazed, and our pioneers will, some day, stand out in history as the greatest pioneers in the world."

They fought Indians, had their cattle stampeded, suffered for lack of proper food, and even though tired from that long and tedious trek, still they went on. After reaching the Black Hills, a heavy snow storm came and for three days they were shut in. Many of their cattle died and perhaps they would have died had not the teams, and provisions, sent by President Brigham Young, come to their aid. On October 28, 1849, they reached Salt Lake City, which looked like a haven of rest to that travel worn company. Aunt Mary said, "I have never beheld a sight so good and so beautiful as Salt Lake City. We were so thankful our journey was at an end." But their rest was of short duration, for in a few days, Edwin Whiting, the Morleys and the Coxes were called to settle the San Pitch River, now known as Manti. Again they journeyed on. It took three weeks to go from Salt Lake City, because they had to build their own roads.

Provo was then a village of about six homes. As they passed Hobble Creek, afterwards known as Springville, Edwin Whiting remarked, "This is a fertile spot. I would like to stop here."

They arrived in Sanpete County on December 1, 1849, with almost nothing to eat, no food for their cattle, no shelter to keep them warm, and cold weather upon them. They made "dug-outs" on the south side of the hill where the Manti Temple now stands. It was a severe winter, with snow so deep the cattle could scarcely get grass and most of them died. Food had to be divided with the Indians to keep peace.

President Young had promised them provisions and help, but none came, so Edwin and Orville Cox put on snow shoes and with a little parched corn in their pockets for food, placed their bedding on a sleigh, and started to Salt Lake City for help. When they reached Nephi Canyon, they met their help, Brother Dace Henry, his wife, her brother, Mr. Doge and an Indian, snow bound. Their cattle had died and their wagons were all but covered with snow. The young wife was very sick, so Edwin gave them the sleigh to pull her to Manti. They put their quilts on their backs and walked on to Salt Lake City and reported conditions to President Young. Aid was immediately sent, but some of that company went back to Salt Lake City.

Edwin's family now numbered fourteen. They lived in a large room in the wall of the hill, with their chair factory in one end. The men and boys hauled wood from the hills on the hand-sleighs.

The following spring (1850), there were three girls born. Harriet Lucinda was born to Mary Elizabeth in April, Louisa Melitia was born to Elizabeth in May, and Cornelia Dolly was born to Almira in June.

For several seasons, very little was raised. It became necessary to build a fort to protect themselves from the Indians, for they felt that the white man had stolen their land. The gates of the fort were locked while the men went to the fields with their guns. From this developed the Walker War. Edwin was appointed Captain of the Militia. Twice the Indians drove his cattle off and stole whatever they could.

Edwin often told us of one big ox that he owned. The ox would rebel whenever an Indian tried to drive him. He would turn on his captors and break their

defense and come home. He hated Indians and would always lower his head and challenge them if they came near.

Edwin tried planting fruit trees, shrubs and flowers, but they could not survive the very cold winter. Their crops were poor, but they managed to exist and were a happy family in spite of their hardships.

In 1854, he was called to Ohio on a mission and was gone for two years. While he was away, the grasshoppers came and took everything they raised. They faced starvation, but miraculously, where the crops had been, a patch of pigweeds grew, and they lived on them until the corn ripened. A strange thing it was, for the Indians said those pigweeds had never grown there before nor have they grown since. Walter Cox divided with his brother-in-law's family while Edwin was away.

Edwin, on his return, brought many kinds of fruit trees (some from his father's farm that he helped to plant when a boy), shrubs, and flowers and again tried to grow them, but the climate was too cold.

On the 8th of October, 1856, Edwin married Hannah Haines Brown. Abby Ann Whiting was born to this couple at Manti in 1858 and Lorenzo Snow Whiting was born at Manti in 1860.

On the 14th of April 1857, he married Mary Ann Washburn. Two children were born to the family while they resided in Manti. Daniel Abraham was born in May 1858 and Monroe Frank Whiting was born in November 1862.

While he lived at Manti, Edwin was among the foremost men in religious and civic affairs of the community. He was counselor to the Stake President. He was mayor of the city from 1857 to 1861.

He was a member of the legislature for two terms, and, as stated before, he was Captain of the Militia in the Walker War.

After finding the climate of Manti unfavorable for raising fruit, his special work, he was advised by President Young to try out his nursery at Springville. He moved to Springville in 1861 and was able to plant and grow all kinds and varieties of fruit trees, vegetables and flowers. People used to come from neighboring communities to see his flowers.

He built a home on the lot where the Springville Second Ward church now stands. That old two story adobe home will stand in the memory of the members of the Whiting family as a place of many happy evenings and of fun and amusement. Aunt Mary also taught school there.

He transplanted, in different towns, many evergreens from the mountains. Those around the old Court House in Provo, those at the Springville City Park, and one large evergreen that stands southwest of the Manti Temple, which can be seen for miles around. He once said, "I brought that in my dinner bucket and I think it was the first evergreen transplanted in Utah."

His life was typical of this great tree. A poem written by Emma Whiting, wife of Daniel Whiting, describes his life and this tree as being similar. [See pg 26].

Edwin had one of the largest families in Utah. Many of those stand at the head of Stake and Ward organizations in our church.

Edwin Whiting, our Grandfather, must have been very tolerant, as he never seemed annoyed when the young people gathered there for parties. He would sometimes joke about them.

He was ambitious and an early riser, and sometimes would get worried because the boys were so sleepy in the morning and he couldn't get them up. Someone said, "Can't you get the boys up?" And he said, "No, I just got Albert up on his haunches but I expect he's laid back down by now."

Once they were farming with a yoke of oxen that wasn't very gentle, The boy that was driving, being a little careless, ran into a man's fence and knocked it down. Edwin said, "Thunder and lightening, knock a man's fence down, then tee hee and ha ha about it and don't give a darn."

His daughter, May, used to make the family laugh with her wit and good humor and funny sayings. She and her brother John were scuffling and romping around when he accidentally scratched the back of her hand and took some of the skin off. She looked at her hand and said, "Well, old cat, go off and eat what meat you've got."

In his later life, he did temple work for his dead relatives in the Salt Lake City Temple, St. George Temple, and in the Logan Temple. He lived the principles of his religion. He was honest, charitable, and never accumulated great riches. He was thrifty and loved his wives and children and gave them the comforts of life.

He died at Mapleton, Utah, on the 9th of December, 1890, at the age of eighty-one years. He was firm in his belief and testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel.

His descendants are numerous and have moved to various parts of the world.

Jennie Bird Hill is the daughter of Abby Ann Whiting Bird who was the daughter of Edwin and Hannah Whiting.

The Whiting Family's Conversion and Migration

By Diana Fife Rice

Introduction: *Elisha Whiting Sr. was born 21 Nov 1762 at Hartford, Connecticut. He served in the Revolutionary war during his teen-age years. He married Susannah Butler and they had three children. Elisha became a Sea Captain, who died leaving his wife to raise three young children. His only son, Elisha Whiting Jr., was bound out to a cruel Quaker to learn the carpentry trade. Even though Elisha worked very hard, the carpenter was so harsh that Elisha ran away to Massachusetts to work for a wheelwright. Elisha fell in love and married his new employer's oldest daughter, Sally Hulet, a beautiful 17 year old who was part Indian, and a poet. The couple moved to Nelson, Ohio in 1817 where the last six of their twelve children were born. Sally and Elisha Whiting Jr. were some of the most respected citizens of Nelson. They were honest, generous, and firm in their convictions. Our progenitor Edwin, the subject of this story, was their 3rd child.*

Sometime during the year 1830, one of Edwin Whiting's uncles, Sylvester Hulet, traveled on business from the township of Nelson to Kirtland, Ohio. He met Oliver Cowdery and other missionaries. He was baptized in March, a month before the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. He returned to Nelson with a copy of the Book of Mormon.

Nelson was a closely related community which included the Whitings, the Coxes and the Hulets. In May of 1830, the Prophet Joseph Smith and Parley P. Pratt visited the Nelson area. Edwin's mother, Sally, was converted and baptized on October 29, 1830. Edwin's father, Elisha, barely tolerant, was not yet convinced.¹

On September 12, 1831, Joseph Smith moved from Kirtland to a home within five miles from Nelson, giving the family many more opportunities to come in contact with the Prophet. Several more family members were baptized including Sally's widowed mother Mary Lewis Hulet and three of Sally's siblings.²

Edwin married Elizabeth Partridge Tillotson September 21, 1833. Three children were born to them while they lived in Ohio. Due to persecution, the extended family gradually moved to Far West, Missouri. Edwin and Elizabeth moved there in 1838. Elizabeth and Edwin, some of his brothers and sisters and his father Elisha were baptized in August of 1838 by Thomas B. Marsh.³

Having stubbornly resisted baptism, Elisha had fallen very ill. His wife had offered to call the Elders. He had refused to have them come. When he was near death he reconsidered, and was quickly healed after the blessing. He then decided to join the Church.

Far West Damages

As Saints gathered into Far West for safety, Governor Boggs issued his "Extermination Order." The Saints were driven out with few provisions in the dead of winter.

Joseph Smith asked the suffering families to itemize their losses so that the detailed evidence could be presented to the world and heads of governments. Edwin

and his father both compiled lists of their losses. Their combined losses totaled over \$8,000.

The damages were more than monetary, Edwin's father explained. After Elisha bought and fenced and improved eighty acres, he was "then mobbed and driven from that", having to leave farming equipment, a quantity of stored crops, along with furniture and household possessions behind.

There was "loss of health being driven from our home, being exposed to storms of every description, and lying in the open air for six or seven weeks and lying in beds drenched with rain and snow... Damage, inestimable." ⁴

Yelrome

The Whiting, Cox and Hulet families were sent to settle near Lima, Illinois, about 25 miles south of Nauvoo. The new little settlement became known as Yelrome. By 1840 there was a Lima Stake and the Yelrome branch had grown from 16 to 424 members. Edwin became a counselor to the Branch President, Isaac Morley. He also was appointed colonel in the Nauvoo Legion. ⁵

The principle of plural marriage was introduced to the residents of Yelrome during a conference held in September of 1842. Brigham Young was presiding over the meeting.

At this conference members of the branch also pledged one tenth of all of their time and means to build the Nauvoo Temple. One of the beams for the temple was later produced in the Whiting chair shop. ⁶

On April 22, 1844 Apostles Brigham Young and Wilford Woodruff spoke at conference in the Lima Stake and asked for volunteers to serve missions.

Edwin Whiting and Walter Cox were two of the volunteers. Edwin went to Pennsylvania, and Walter was called to New England.

Of future significance to Edwin, Walter stopped to visit the part of the Cox family that still lived in Ohio. One of his sisters, Mary Elizabeth, was converted. She eventually moved to Lima and was baptized in March of 1845 in the Mississippi river, by Isaac Morley.

Persecution

Trouble was brewing in the Lima and Yelrome areas. In one instance, vigilantes issued impossible demands upon local members of the Church.

Twelve days later, Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were murdered. The grieving saints were counseled not to seek revenge, and relative peace was established. Edwin was still serving in the mission field at that time.

He soon returned home and took up arms with his brothers to protect his family and property. During the Battle of Crooked River, four of his brothers and one sister decided Brigham Young should not be the leader of the Church. They followed a Mr. Cutler, called themselves Cutlerites, and moved to Minnesota. They have kept in contact with the rest of the family. ⁷

In January of 1845 Edwin married his second wife, a widow by the name of Almira Mehitable Meham who had one surviving son.

Anti-Mormon conflicts continued to build. During one vigilante meeting, sniper shots were fired and the Mormons were blamed. The angry mob decided to "expel the Mormons."

September 11, 1845 a vigilante group gathered. Mobbers set fire to several homes and businesses including Father Whiting's chair shop. "Elizabeth Whiting sat [in the rain] on a pile of wet bedding holding young Emily Jane in her arms as they watched their home burn...At least 29 homes were destroyed in the settlement on this terrible day."

Rescuers helped the members of the Yelrome settlement relocate, moving the sick, and the women and children along with goods and grain to Nauvoo. Edwin and his family eventually rented a home they shared with the Isaac Morley family. Elizabeth gave birth to a son, Edwin Lucius, on October 22, 1845.

Brigham Young asked the men to return to Yelrome to monitor the mob, and to sell their property or trade for supplies. As persecution continued, the Saints prepared to evacuate Illinois, and efforts turned towards outfitting wagons and preparing the supplies.

Edwin and his brothers returned to their former home and finished the chairs they had been making before hostilities broke out. On their way, they passed the farm of a man who owed money for chairs previously purchased. In the fields they saw a flock of their own sheep.

"They made no attempt to recover their sheep or money. Instead they focused their efforts on finishing chairs and gathering the corn from their farms by dark of night. Eventually, they sold the completed chairs in Quincy, Illinois, and used the proceeds to help them purchase supplies for their trip west." ⁸

Edmund Durfey was among their neighbors who had also been harvesting their crops in the dark. At about midnight, shots were fired. Edmund was shot through the heart and died instantly.

Preparations and Travel

In Nauvoo, the first priority was to finish the temple. It had to be completed and guarded around the clock. At the same time, wagon shops to outfit the Saints for the trek were established all over the city, and the wagons were built with hand cut timber. Blacksmiths worked day and night. The Whitings and Coxes, experienced woodworkers and wheelwrights, were responsible for a heavy share of the work.

The temple was dedicated and endowment sessions began on December 10, 1845. Knowing they were facing a trek westward, preparations were steadily made, and temple work was quickly performed for as many as possible.

On Tuesday, January 7th, Edwin, his second wife Almira, and Mary Elizabeth Cox received their endowments. Elizabeth, Edwin's first wife, received her endowments on January 27th. Afterwards, she knelt across the altar and was sealed to her husband. Edwin was next sealed to Almira. Then he was married and sealed to his third wife, Mary Elizabeth Cox.

The following day, Almira bore Edwin another son, named Edward Lucian. Edwin's parents, Elisha and Sally, were endowed on the third of February.

Soon the preparations to leave were intensified. Twenty five groups known as "Emigrating Companies" were organized for the trip. Isaac Morley was president over Company Number Four, the company in which most of the Whiting family traveled.

The first of the Saints crossed the ice on the Mississippi River at Nauvoo, then gathered at Sugar Creek, Illinois and waited for Brigham Young.

Sometime in late February or early March, the Cox and Whiting families left Nauvoo. By then, the river was no longer frozen, so they were able to cross in flatboats. Elizabeth and Almira, both caring for newborns, remained behind. Edwin returned for them later.

“Not enough wagons were available to transport all, so the able-bodied were expected to walk, reserving wagon space for the aged, the ill, and small children. The record is one of terrible privation, sickness, and death. Because of heavy rains it took months to travel stretches that should have taken days.”

It took an entire month for each of the Emigrating Companies to assemble in Sugar Creek. It took 131 days to cover the next part of the journey, 300 miles across Iowa.

By contrast, it took the Pioneer Company, as the first group that traveled to Salt Lake with Brigham Young was called, only 111 days to travel 1,050 miles to the Salt Lake Valley the following year. “Inadequate preparation, lack of knowledgeable guides, delays, miserable weather, and difficult terrain made the Iowa journey one of the most trying in Church history.”⁹

The companies were reorganized into larger groups of 100, and plans to reach the Rocky Mountains that season were changed. Way stations along the route were established.

Mt. Pisgah

The Whiting family was sent to Mt. Pisgah, the largest way station. Edwin and Mary Elizabeth arrived in May of 1846. Isaac Morley was Branch President, and Edwin Whiting and Walter Cox were his counselors.

The family prepared for their trek by planting crops.

In late May, Edwin returned for Elizabeth and Almira. Walter Cox built a chair shop and built the desks and chairs for a school in the grove. Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting was the teacher.

All of the many months of struggle had weakened the Saints' health. In an outbreak of cholera, there were so many sick in the family at the same time, that no one was well enough to care for the ill ones. Sally Hulet Whiting, Edwin's mother, and his daughter Emily Jane died. Two of his nieces, Eliza and Louisa Cox, also died.

Even in these trying times, their faith remained strong. Edwin continued to manufacture chairs and took them by wagon to Missouri and sold them. Returning home from one trip with his brother and brother-in-law, they were hit by terrible weather, a blizzard, hurricane and cyclone all in one.

They were lost and were forced to make camp and build a fire to survive. They only had three matches and the first two failed to light. After filling a bucket with damp tinder, they used a second bucket as a cover and successfully struck the final match.

When the storm was over, Edwin's brother-in-law Orville went looking for a road and found that they were only a half mile from their own field fence, and were soon home, but badly frozen. [See The Last Match, pg 24]

In 1847, after the Pioneer Company left, Lorenzo Snow became president of the branch at Mt. Pisgah, and Edwin became one of his counselors.

Edwin's father Elisha remarried, and both he and his new wife died of cholera.

The next year when President Snow began his journey west, Edwin became president of the now dwindling Mt. Pisgah branch.

While in Far West, three sons were born, Mary's son Albert and Elizabeth's sons Lucius and Oscar.

The Trek West

Finally in 1849, Edwin, his three wives and a total of nine children began their trek to the Rocky Mountains. Edwin's family consisted of:

- **Edwin Whiting** age 39
- **Elizabeth Partridge Tillotson Whiting** age 35
 - William Whiting age 14
 - Helen Amelia Whiting age 12
 - Edwin Lucius Whiting age 3
 - Oscar Newell Whiting age 18 months
- **Almira M. M. Palmer Whiting** age 25
 - Almon Babbit Palmer about 9 years
 - Edward Lucian Whiting age 3
 - Ellen Emerett Whiting age 18 months
 - Cornelia Emeline Whiting age 3 months
- **Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting** age 22
 - Albert Milton Whiting age 18 months

Mary drove one of the teams and the oldest daughter of the family, Helen Amelia, rode with Mary to help her with her toddler.

Ezra T. Benson was in command of the combined company of 100 wagons the family joined. They were assigned to the Isaac Morley section consisting of 50 wagons. George A. Smith was in charge of the other 50 wagons. The two groups traveled one behind the other, easing

density problems while still ensuring safety from Indians.¹⁰

Stampede

One day while camped, they saw a herd of buffalo stampeding towards them. Edwin grabbed his long black whip and managed to part the herd just enough to save the encampment.

Mary wrote: "It was after about three weeks of travel at one o'clock at night and being in the many herds of buffalo was most terrifying. Father was on guard but no one was hurt so we were comforted although eight or ten head of our cattle were lost. [See The Buffalo Stampede pg 25]

"Volumes might be written of that long and tedious journey. We saw many herds of buffalo, but our worst and most trying experience was on the Sweetwater. After reaching the Black Hills, we were snowed in for about three days and many of the best cattle in the company died. Father counted nine head in one little bunch of willows."

Emergency provisions were sent to them by Brigham Young.

Arrival and Assignment

On October 28, 1849, the Whiting family arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. Mary Cox Whiting wrote, "I have never beheld a sight so good and so beautiful as Salt Lake City. It was one of the prettiest places I ever saw. We were so thankful our journey was at an end."

Their rest was short. In a few days the Edwin Whitings, Morleys and Coxes, among others, were called to settle the Sanpitch River area, now known as Manti. It was a three week journey to the Manti area, in Indian country, and far from help. Their call was prompted by Chief Walker.

Impressed favorably by the request from the noted Indian Chief Walker for the settlers to teach the natives higher and better ways of life, President Brigham Young sent a group of pioneers into the Sanpitch Valley to establish a new settlement. (Later, in 1853, Walker led his followers against the settlers in the Walker War.)

Sanpitch Valley

The settlers arrived in the Sanpitch Valley on December 1, 1849, with almost nothing to eat, no food for their cattle, and no shelter to keep them warm. In freezing weather they dug holes in the side of the hill. It took days to dig out the natural indentations, because they were working with solid stone.

The shelters they had made were located in the side of the hill where the Manti Temple now stands.

These dugouts and their wagon boxes (which they stood on end with wagon covers stretched between) were their only protection from the elements, in one of the harshest winters on record.

Edwin's family shared a 16 foot square dugout with their chair shop in one end. With three wives, nine children, and the chair shop, they were very crowded. The wood for their chairs was hauled in on hand sleds from the hills by the oldest boys and their father.

Food had to be divided with the Indians to keep peace. President Young had promised them provisions and help, but none came.

Edwin and Orville Cox put on snowshoes and with a little parched corn in their pockets for food, placed their bedding on a sleigh, and started to Salt Lake City for help.

Along the way, they gave their hand-drawn sleigh to a stranded group, put their quilts on their backs and walked on to Salt Lake City. President Young sent aid immediately.¹¹

Through out the winter, the Whitings gathered wood and made chairs in their shop. The chairs were taken to Salt Lake and traded for food in the spring.

That spring three baby girls were born to the Whitings. Harriet was born to Mary Cox in April, Louisa was born to Elizabeth in May, and Cornelia was born to Almira in June.

Rattlesnakes

But good weather brought new, unexpected problems. From the cracks and crevices in the rocky hill that had protected them, from holes in the ground and from caves under slabs of stone crawled hundreds of rattlesnakes coming out of hibernation.

The snakes were everywhere. On the south slope they lay in coils on the paths. They crawled under the woodpiles into the dwarfed underbrush and under wagon boxes. In the dug-outs, the snakes hid in wood-boxes, tool-boxes, cupboards and beds.

The first night the snakes appeared, three hundred rattlesnakes were killed. Several more nights they killed hundreds of snakes. Amazingly, not one person was harmed.

Civilization

The hill, with its caves and holes, was no longer an inviting refuge. The settlers moved away from the hill and ventured out into the valley. The Indians became hostile, so it was necessary to build a stone fort for protection. The

settlers lived within the protecting fort walls, inside small log cabins.

The Indians felt that the white men had stolen their ground, even though Chief Walker had asked for the settlers to come. The gates of the fort were kept locked while the men went to the fields to work.

Settlers carried their guns with them for safety. This was the beginning of the Walker War. Edwin was appointed Captain of the Militia.

A major priority the second winter in the valley was education. A log house was built as a school, and Mary Cox Whiting was one of the two teachers.”¹²

During the years the Whiting family lived in Manti, Edwin served on the City Council and on the Stake High Council.



Home in Manti, 1940 Photo by Marie Whiting

The family eventually built a two-story home on first west and a block south of the temple site, next door to the Cox family. (The temple would not be completed until 1888, long after Edwin left Manti.)

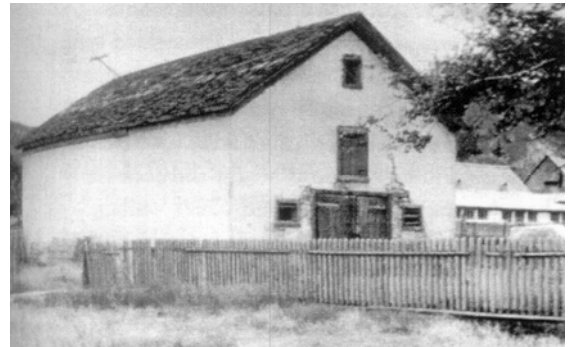
The home was built facing west on one of the choice corner lots. It had three big living rooms, one for each wife, each with a beautiful fireplace and mantle and a beveled plate glass mirror. The upstairs floor housed two dormitory rooms—one for the girls and one for the boys.

The home was built of rock and white stucco. Two of the living rooms were across the front, and one was in the back of the house. The front door opened into the two forward living rooms.

The one-story kitchen was located at the south end of the big building. There was a window in each room.

The porch in front of the door extended out about 10 feet and was sheltered by a balcony. A picket fence marked the west and north boundaries.

Another prominent feature was Edwin's barn. It was large, about 25' by 40,' and was three stories high. There was also a large granary and two other out buildings.



Edwin's 3 story barn in Manti

Faith Promoting Experiences

Edwin served another mission, in Ohio, from the fall of 1854 to the summer of 1856. During this time, his family battled grasshopper invasions. The grasshoppers ate most of the crops and the family survived on sego lilies, pigweed, and other wild greens which the Indians had taught them to eat. [Pigweed is known to contain protein and carbohydrates.] This was a miracle as pigweed had not grown in that location before.

Edwin stopped in Salt Lake City on his way home from his mission. On October 8, 1856 he was married to his

fourth wife, Hannah Haines Brown. She had been in the same wagon company as Edwin, as he returned from his mission.

In 1857 Edwin became the Mayor of Manti, serving two terms. Eventually he served as a member of the territorial legislature.

On 14 April, 1857, he married Mary Ann Washburn, his fifth wife. They were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

After Edwin finished his second term, he got permission from Brigham Young to move his family to Springville, a better climate for growing the fruit trees he had struggled to cultivate in Manti.

Edwin bought a strip of land on 400 South and Main. It continued east where the Springville Art Museum now stands. It extended on east of 200 East. He built two adobe homes exactly alike at 450 South Main Street, leaving a space of 50 feet between. He later filled in the space with a third structure which

connected the other two houses. The remodeled home came to be known as “the Big House.” It was a two story structure with spacious windows and doors, and large rooms. Choice fruits and berries grew in orchards. The front yard was a garden of flowers and berries.

The wives all moved to Springville when “The Big House” was ready. Homes were eventually built for each of the wives. Hannah’s was in Mapleton and Mary’s was in Hobbie Creek Canyon.

After a few years, Almira divorced Edwin, remarried, had another child, and moved to San Bernardino, California.

Even though many of his children settled elsewhere, Springville and Mapleton became Edwin’s final home. He died December 8, 1890. He had twenty sons and sixteen daughters. 25 of those children were living at the time of his death, along with 135 grandchildren and 29 great-grandchildren.¹³

¹ Records in Possession of Louine Berry Hunter

² Christensen, Clare B., *Before and After Mount Pisgah*. Salt Lake City, UT. 1979:59

³ Christensen, *Pisgah*, 93. Also records in possession of Louine Berry Hunter

⁴ Whiting, Marie and smith, Marcus, *Edwin Whiting and His Family*. Springville, UT. 1999:20.

⁵ Whiting, *Edwin Whiting and His Family*, 21.

⁶ Whiting, *Edwin Whiting and His Family*, 22.

⁷ *The Whiting Tree* vol. 1 no. 2, 1 Apr 1950, Sketch of the Life of Edwin Whiting, pg 18.

⁸ Whiting, *Edwin Whiting and His Family*, 27.

⁹ Whiting, *Edwin Whiting and His Family*, 31.

¹⁰ Smith, Joseph, *History of the Church*, 7 vols. (Salt Lake City: The Deseret Book Co., 1976) 7:481

¹¹ Whiting, *Edwin Whiting and His Family*, 50.

¹² Whiting, *Edwin Whiting and His Family*, 52.

¹³ Whiting, *Edwin Whiting and His Family*, 83.

The Last Match

By Ruth Brown Lewis

While the Whitings were at Mt. Pisgah preparing to cross the Plains, they started a factory to manufacture chairs. They loaded wagons with chairs to take down the river to Missouri. After successfully selling them they encountered

an Iowa blizzard, hurricane and cyclone all in one. Clouds and Egyptian darkness settled suddenly around them. They had no tornado cellars to flee to. The cold was intense. The wind came from all directions and they knew they were nearing home.

Skilled backwoodsmen though they were they realized amid swirling winds that they were incontestably lost. They did not know which direction they were going, and they and their teams were freezing. They were forced to make camp and build a fire. Everything was wet under the snow. An arctic wind, in its fierceness and unchained violence, was raging around them. They unyoked their oxen to seek for a sheltered spot. This being done, they turned their attention to themselves. Frostbitten as they were, they sought in the darkness a little dry fuel; the best they found was poor enough. Now for the matches—only three in the crowd! (No such matches as we have now). Two of the three were unsuccessfully struck! One alone remained between them and certain death. Every precaution was taken by the

freezing men to ensure the successful burning of the last match.

Inside a large wooden bucket in which they fed the cattle their grain, and another held inverted over that, the match was struck. The tiny flame caught the timber in the bucket. Their lives were saved by the burning of the last match.

When the storm broke and light appeared, they found themselves only a few rods from their own fence. Their oxen's noses were fearfully frozen and split open. After they healed and they grew new hoofs the oxen were fine.

The men knelt and thanked their Heavenly Father for their safe arrival home.

The Buffalo Stampede

by Anna May Whiting Berry

One of the stories Grandpa [Edwin] Whiting used to tell – was about when he and his [first] three wives were crossing the plains to reach the Salt Lake Valley.

Late one afternoon they saw a cloud of dust in the distance, which struck terror in their hearts. They knew, as the dust rolled toward them, that it was a herd of stampeding buffalo.

Grandpa grabbed a whip and ran toward them. He made his stand and cracked his whip at the leaders of the thundering herd. Gradually, the big beasts turned, inch by inch. The noise and dust were almost more than he could stand, but the black whip cracked unceasingly. Grandpa kept stepping back so that he would not be trampled to death under the hooves of the maddened animals. The buffalo crowded him toward the wagon,

but the black whip cracked on, with a power beyond human strength.

The hysterical children clung to the terrified women as they stood helpless and watched Grandpa fight a lone battle with the thousands of crazed buffaloes. It seemed an eternity before they saw him stagger backward and up to the wagon tongue as the last of the now tiring beasts stampeded by the camp. A straggler passed over the wagon-tongue as Grandpa fell exhausted to the ground.

His arm was swollen from his shoulder to his fingertips, and looked as if he had been bitten by a rattlesnake.

The black whip had caused the lead buffaloes to turn just enough that the herd missed annihilating the wagon train of pioneers. Grandpa said, "I didn't fight the battle alone, the Lord was there too."

In Memoriam of Edwin Whiting

Let all remember the 9th of September,
Dear brothers, sisters, relatives all;
'Twas the day our father, Edwin Whiting, was born.
To his life your attention I wish to call.

He came here to Utah when the land was a desert;
He must have worked hard with hands and with brain,
He succeeded in making the desert to blossom,
Although a large family he had to maintain.

We know that frail man could have never accomplished,
What God in his wisdom saw fit to exact,
Had they not been like children, so humble and constant
And held themselves ready on his counsel to act.

Our father had helpmates who were willing and useful,
Who worked hard to help every way they could.
But he was the father, the head of the family,
On him all relied for their shelter and food.

No doubt he was fretful and oftentimes impatient,
We've heard that he worried when really no need
But who among us, placed in similar conditions
Could equal our sire in word or in deed?

He brought up his family both honest and truthful,
Industrious and careful during all of that strife;
Nearly all have held fast to the truths of the gospel
He prized most dearly all the days of his life.

He brought to this land choice fruits and rare flowers,
He indeed made it blossom like a beautiful rose.
And we venture to say there's no town in these valleys,
But what in some orchard a Whiting tree grows.

And the trees, like the man, have a good reputation,
We've heard them ourselves often mentioned with pride;
They stand here as landmarks of truth and industry,
Ever bearing witness of his deeds on this side.

A tree stands in Manti that's a type of his manhood,
It is straight and erect, with its head lifted high,
Like the hand of the righteous, it ever points upward
To that being who reigns beyond the blue sky.

His faith, like its roots, held him firm in the gospel,
His life, like its trunk, was as straight as a die
Though fierce blew the winds, while the storms raged
about him
He never was known to sway to one side.

But like that pine tree his own hand had planted,
He stood firm and erect all the days of his life;

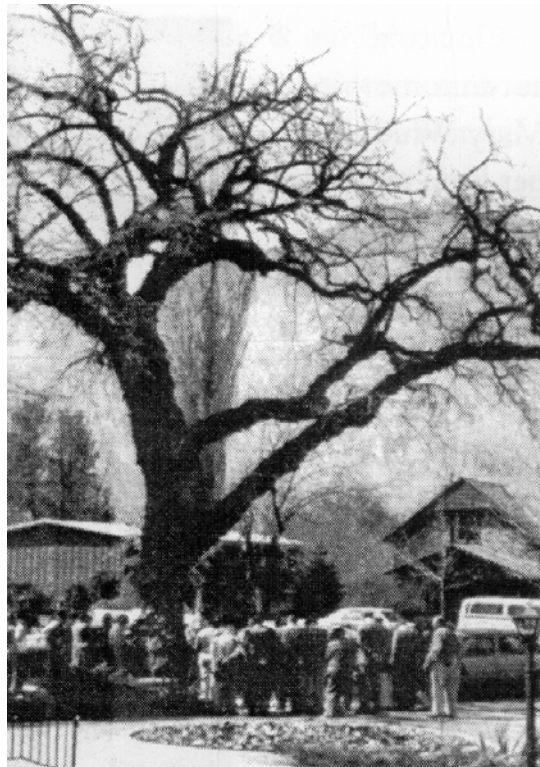
And the deeds of our father, should we all choose to
follow
Will bear us safely from this world of strife.

His children like its branches cling close together,
Have kept near each other, though they scarcely know
why;
There's a brotherly feeling that binds them together,
A love for each other which none can deny.

No he was not rich in the world's gold and silver.
No monument stands to proclaim his fair name,
But a great living monument of true sons and daughters
With hosts of bright children to honor his name.

He has gone to his rest and we now see his splendor.
One by one his sons as gems are laid down,
And some day in future we'll be called to remember
We too must be jewels if we help make his crown.

- Mary Emma Whiting



Cork Bark Elm Tree Planted by Edwin Whiting in Springville Utah. It was removed in the 1990's.

Edwin Whiting's Blessing

Given to him by Orson Hyde and John Taylor when he went on his mission.

A blessing upon the head of Edwin Whiting, given under the hands of Orson Hyde and John Taylor in the vestry of the tabernacle in Great Salt Lake City, 31 August, 1854, setting him apart for a mission to the Eastern States.

BROTHER WHITING, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Master, we lay our hands upon thy head, and we set thee apart unto the mission upon which thou art about to be sent, that thou mayest have strength to perform all the duties in relation thereto, that thou mayest magnify thy office and thy calling, and not one hair of thy head shall perish or fall to the ground without the notice of our Heavenly Father. We seal upon thee every blessing which thy heart desires to advance the Kingdom of God, that thine eye may be single and thy whole body full of light; that thy voice may be powerful and mighty and thy thoughts and meditations be the result of inspiration of the Holy Ghost; that thou mayest declare the testimony of the most high in faithfulness and in power; that thou mayest clear thy garments from the blood of this generation and do a good work in the field of thy labor; that thou

mayest be preserved from the enemies of the truth, and have power to overcome them with everything that raises up against thee, either in the shape of disease or the power of men or spirits or devils; that thou mayest have power to overcome them and be successful in establishing the truth of our Father in Heaven, in the hearts of those who seek the redemption of Israel. Grant, our Father, that the angels of thy presence may be with this, thy servant, that he may be kept and preserved, that his spirit may be pure, and his mind fruitful, and not entangled with sin, but keep and preserve him as a monument of thy favor, pure and spotless to return in thy own time to rejoice in the midst of the saints of Zion. These blessings and every blessing thy heart desires, we seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

— Orson Hyde and John Taylor

Copied from a copy of the original furnished by Clara Burk, 549 East 2nd Avenue, Mesa, Arizona 3 February, 1955, W. Verl Whiting, P. O. Box 232, Springville, Utah.

Last Testimony of Edwin Whiting

Recorded as a recollection by his daughter, Abby Whiting Bird a few hours before he passed away at the age of 81 on December 8, 1890

That Joseph Smith was called of God to restore His Gospel to earth, I know this to be true. I have stood by his side in danger and in trouble. Watched him while he slept and slept by his side while others watched through many trying days. I have felt the influence which he had when doing the work which God placed upon him. No manpower could accomplish what he did except through Divine Aid. Brigham Young was called by the same power and authority to lead this people. I expect you all to be true and faithful to the principles of the Gospel and to listen to the teachings of our church leaders.

Edwin Whiting



Front Row: Charles, John Clarence, Albert Milton, Arthur Cox
Back Row: Frederick Walter, Edwin Marion, Philetus Edgar
(Sons of Edwin and Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting)



Salt Lake Temple between 1893 and 1897, estimated by church historians to be 1893 .

The Charter Oak

"The Charter Oak" is an integral part of Connecticut's heritage and existence. If not for the famed "Charter Oak", Connecticut - and even this country - might be a very different place than it is today!

On October 9, 1662, The General Court of Connecticut formally received the Charter won from King Charles II by the suave diplomacy of Governor John Winthrop, Jr., who had crossed the ocean for that purpose.

Twenty-five years later, with the succession of James II to the throne, Connecticut's troubles began. On the night of October 31, 1687, Sir Edmund Andros, who had been appointed by the Crown as governor of New England, arrived in Hartford with an armed force to demand the charter. He challenged Connecticut's government structure and demanded the Charter's surrender.

In the middle of the heated discussion, with the Charter on the table between the opposing parties, the candles were mysteriously snuffed out, darkening the room. When the candles were relit, the Connecticut Charter had vanished. Heroic Captain Joseph Wadsworth saved the Charter from the hands of the British and concealed it in the safest place he could find - in a majestic white oak on the Wyllys estate. This famous tree, "The Charter Oak," finally fell during a great storm on August 21, 1856.

The stately tree was already more than 500 years old when it served its spectacular role as a hiding spot for the precious document. Wadsworth's bold move served to preserve not only the document, but the rights of the colonists.

Direct Line Descendancy



Joseph Wadsworth 1648-1729 Hartford, CT

Ichabod Wadsworth 1688-1778 Hartford, CT

Mary Wadsworth 1739-???? Hartford, CT

Elisha Whiting SR 1762-1790 Hartford, CT

Elisha Whiting JR 1785-1848 Hartford, CT

Edwin Whiting 1809-1890 Lee, MA

Edwin Marion Whiting 1857-1934 Manti, UT



Autobiography of Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting

Mother of Edwin Marion Whiting

Mary Elizabeth Cox, daughter of Jonathon Upham Cox and Lucinda Blood, was born on the 15th of December, 1826 in Owego, Tioga County, New York.

My father was a miller, but the last two years of his life, he was almost an invalid. There was a family of twelve children.

Father died when I was a little girl three years old and my brother Jonathon, was born six months after father's death, which occurred in April 1830.

William, my oldest brother, was twenty years of age and on his young shoulders devolved nearly the whole care of the family, but as he had had the care of the mill so much, it was comparatively easy for him with the help of his brothers next younger than he, Charles, eighteen, and Walter, sixteen, both of whom looked to William for counsel at all times.

We were all taught obedience and I never heard "jars" [quarrels] among the boys such as one might expect among a large number.

Mother was never well after father died, though she lived eight years. When I was six and one-half, William thought best to move to the northern part of Ohio so

that he could get land to farm and have employment for the younger boys.

He accordingly went to Nelson, Portage County, Ohio and secured eighty acres of woodland covered with heavy timber of all kinds and covered with a thick growth of underbrush.

He then came back and took mother and the five children and came on the canal to Buffalo, then across Lake Erie to Plainsville. A team met us there and we soon passed the thirty miles arriving at our new home—but what a change!!

A log house in the center of a little clearing greeted us. Most of the trees and brush had been cut down and burned. Fences made of split rails laid one upon another, enclosed the place.

It was many days before it seemed like home, but we children soon found delight in the new home that compensated for all we had left behind.

Mother never gained in health, but grew worse until she died 5 December 1838 and was buried in Nelson. Then we were left to shift for ourselves.

The three oldest boys were married and homes were found for Jonathon and me. The rest were at work where they had

a chance and the home was sold. The proceeds after mother's expenses were taken out were divided among the family without a jar [quarrel] that I ever heard of.

Walter was married to Emeline Whiting about two years before mother died and as the boys began to leave home about that time, we were seldom together.

William married Sarah Ann Beebee before Walter was married. I went to live with a Mr. Barber in Nelson, Ohio, and Jonathon went with a Mr. Rate in Mindham.

Walter Cox and Edwin Whiting with their families and Amos Cox, then sixteen years old, had gone to Missouri, at that time the gathering place of the Latter-Day Saints.

None of us had ever heard the Gospel only as we heard of "Old Joe Smith and his gold Bible." And every one thought Mormonism would soon be a thing of the past and forgotten.

We were surprised to learn that Walter and Emeline, also Edwin and Elizabeth had joined the Mormon church in Missouri and they were soon driven with the rest of the saints from the state and settled in Lima, Illinois. They remained there till 1845 when the Saints were driven out.

I lived with Mr. Barber two years, then went and stayed with my brother, Charles, in Garretville, Ohio. Soon after, a Mr. Davis, who lived in Akron, Ohio, was looking for a girl to help take care of their two little girls, so I went home with him and stayed two years.

I was never mistreated by anyone, but was often lonely, being separated from my little brother, and all my dear relatives and especially sister Harriet, whom I almost worshiped.

I always loved books and learned very easily and was always encouraged in my efforts to gain an education. Consequently, at fourteen years of age, I was far ahead of most children of that age. An occasional chance to attend a select school and one term at an academy were all the opportunities I ever had except the common schools.

In the summer of 1841, on presenting the common branches of the English language, I taught for four summers in Ohio. In 1844, I came west with my brother, Walter. My sister and her husband Charles Jackson also came to Illinois.

In August, soon after the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the mobbing commenced. Houses were burned and much other property was destroyed, and all the saints were compelled to go to Nauvoo.

I taught three terms in Lima, Illinois, then went west with my brothers and families to Nauvoo. I had been baptized in April 1845 by father Morley in the Mississippi River at Nauvoo so was there to attend April Conference.

That winter was a busy one for the people, for they had previously agreed to leave the state within a year. We were all unprepared. It meant [serious] business for us.

In the meantime, our beautiful temple was nearing completion and many were looking forward to receiving great blessings there.

It was there, January 27, 1846 that I entered into the celestial order of marriage with Edwin Whiting and his wives, Elizabeth and Almira. Never have I regretted it, knowing as I do that God has blessed us together.

We moved from Nauvoo in April of the same year and came west as far as Mt. Pisgah, Iowa. Many of the saints had gone through the state and had built up what was known as Winter Quarters, where the town of Florence now stands.

We were not well enough prepared for the journey so we stopped and went to plowing and planting. The Whitings and the Coxes put up a chair factory and made chairs which they hauled back to Quincy, Illinois where they found a market for them.

We stayed at Mt. Pisgah two years during which time many died with chills and fever, among them father and mother Whiting, [Elisha and Sally Hulet Whiting] one of Elizabeth's little girls, Emily, four years old, and two of my brother Walter's little girls.

The rest of them were all sick for months. Some of the time there were not enough well ones to give the sick ones a drink. Those were times of trial, yet we felt we were remembered by our heavenly father and had many seasons of rejoicing.

I taught two terms of school in Mt. Pisgah. Albert, my eldest was born there, December 9th, 1847, and in April 1849, we started the great move toward the great Salt Lake, then one of the regions of Mexico.

We were about three months reaching the Elkhorn and were organized in Brother Morley's "fifty". Brother Benson was over the "hundred" and he had gone ahead for it was thought best for more than fifty not to travel together on account of firewood and other conveniences, also safety from the Indians.

Volumes might be written of that long and tedious journey. In our camp we had one stampede of cattle. It was after

about three weeks of travel at one o'clock at night and being in the many herds of buffalo, it was most terrifying. Father was on guard but no one was hurt so we were all comforted although eight or ten head of our cattle were lost.

We saw many herds of buffalo, but our worst and most trying experience was on the Sweetwaters. After reaching the Black Hills, we were snowed in for about three days and many of the best cattle in the company died.

Father counted nine head in one little bunch of willows. There were only enough teams left to move the wagons to a new camp about a mile or two ahead, but in a day or two we met the teams sent from Salt Lake City to meet us.

We arrived in the City October 28, 1849 and it was one of the prettiest places I ever saw. The young shade trees on the sidewalks were yet green and many young orchards all quite green made a picture of loveliness never to be forgotten by us weary travelers.

But we were soon to leave as we were chosen by father Morley to help form a settlement in Sanpete County which was located at Manti. It was thought best to go immediately, to be ready to start work in the spring. It took us three weeks to reach Manti. Since it was the first of December, there were many discouragements.

My husband and brother Orville went to Salt Lake on snowshoes to report the starving conditions of the Saints. About half of our little company returned to the City and, with the blessings of the Lord, the long winter was endured by those who remained.

We had many seasons of enjoyment in various ways and our prayer

meetings were held every week, Sunday and Thursday and were well attended.

Father put up a foot lathe and he and William, who was fifteen years old, hauled the timber from the canyon on a hand sled and made a hundred chairs with "rush" bottoms.

In April, they took them to the city and exchanged them for grain and things for the family use for the long cold winter had consumed all our supplies.

Most of our cattle had died of hunger and exposure. Those that lived, we saved by digging snow off the grass near the warm spring south of Manti. It was hard work, but faith and perseverance saved some. We had a two year old and three year old heifer.

Our firewood that winter was drawn on a hand sled and our bread was mostly of grain ground in a coffee mill. The Indians were with us all the time and our scanty food supply was shared with them always.



We first tried to raise our crops by irrigation and watched with greatest anxiety as it was something entirely new to some of us and very little known by any, but the Lord helped us and we raised enough for our sustenance although the alkali killed some as soon as the water was turned on.

The Indians were always to be watched and would steal whenever they could get a chance or kill for every provocation, but we were on their land and did our best to keep peace with them.

I taught school in Manti nearly every year as long as we stayed there,

which was twelve years. [Mary Cox Whiting was the first school teacher in Manti.]

We had the grasshopper war in 1856. Everything green was eaten by them in Sanpete County Valley in 1853. Fortunately, we were so blessed as to have plenty of wheat in store and helped greatly to feed those not so favored.

In 1854, Father (Edwin) and Brother Elisha Edwards were called to go to Ohio on a mission and were gone two years. While they were gone, the grasshoppers again took our crops and again we were short of bread, but no one starved.

When Father (Edwin) came home from his mission, he brought a variety of choice fruit with him, some from his father's old orchard which he himself had grafted when a boy. He also had a few plants which he brought on the side of a wagon.

The first few years in Manti were so frosty the trees froze down to the ground every winter. He only succeeded in raising peaches and one bushel of apples in all the twelve years we lived there

Brother Brigham Young told us to move some of his trees to another valley and try them, so in 1861, he bought a lot from Steven Perry in Springville and moved most of his trees over there and moved his family later.

He made a success of his nursery business and was the first to bring those large goose-berries from Ohio, which were raised so successfully in Utah so many years.

We prospered in Springville until 1876, when two of my boys, Albert and Charles, were called to go and help

colonize in Arizona. Accordingly they fitted themselves with wagons and teams and started in February and settled on the little Colorado near Sunset Crossing.

Albert returned to Springville the same summer, but Charles stayed until 1878, when he came back and spent the summer, returning to Arizona in the fall.

In the meantime, May's health became so poor that it was thought that a journey might do her good and with the encouragement of her father, we fitted out and went with Charles. May was benefited by the move, but never entirely recovered her health and in the spring of 1882, she wanted to return to Springville.

We again commenced the homeward journey, but alas, the sands of life were too nearly exhausted and when we reached House Rock Springs, we stopped with Brother Jedediah Adair who lived there at that time. They were so kind and thoughtful, and although she lived only two or three days, it was a great comfort to be with friends.

That was the only great trial of my life, but must acknowledge that the hand of the Lord who doeth all things, was with us. The loved earthly form is still resting there in the lonely grave.

We reached Springville in June, weary and sorrowing, but comforted greatly by the sympathy of loving friends. Albert and Oscar came to meet us with supplies and dainties for May.

We stopped in Mapleton and made our home there. Fred and John built quite a nice log house there on some land bought of Oscar.

Memories of Grandmother

The following are excerpts of letters written by Clara Curtis Burk and Harriet Whiting Jensen, granddaughters of Mary Cox Whiting:

I lived with grandma 19 years, so I feel that I know her quite well. Her hair was white as far back as I knew her (she went grey early), but those who knew her in her youth say her hair was slightly auburn. She was medium height, not heavy set. I should say a good guess at her weight might be 130 pounds. Her eyes were blue, skin clear and pretty and her movements brisk.

She was very even tempered, extremely loving, kind and considerate. She was generous and tactful, never given to fault finding or criticism. She was very humble and sincere.

She had literary talent. She taught school when she was only 14 years of age. She was adept with her needle. My oldest daughter has a dress that grandma made for her to be blessed in. It has lovely drawn work on it. All of Esther's (my daughter) youngsters were blessed in it as were all of mine.

I have a bed spread she knit. She made a cape of turkey feathers (strippings) and sold it for \$50.00 at the Chicago fair. She was honesty itself and very orderly (neat and clean) in her work. She was good looking, not too robust, but always industrious.

She loved music and had a sweet, clear true voice. A cousin and I used to have books with some of Grandma's songs in them such as "Phoebe" and "James Bird, 20 verse songs". She wrote verse. There is nothing good she lacked as far as I'm concerned, and 100% dependable. Her spine was curved in later years, so she walked stooped and always with a cane.

She kept records always and did a lot of work in the Manti Temple. My first impressions of genealogy and temple work were given me by Grandma.

Grandmother was my ideal of real womanhood. I've never seen a person I thought was nearer perfection here than she.

(Clara Curtis Burk is the daughter of Harriet Lucinda Whiting, who was the daughter of Mary C. and Edwin Whiting.)

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I see the picture of a tiny white haired grandmother, sitting by the fireside, always ready with a beautiful song or story, sympathy or counsel, advice or cheer for those who came, whether old or young.

She was ever a peacemaker, finding only good when others were telling the bad qualities. She was never too tired to stay up till the crowd left, her laugh would ring out clear as a silver bell over our foolish nonsense. She always kept the young people around her.

She took Clara Curtis when she was five years old to live with her. Clara was one of her daughter's youngest girls, and they were never long separated. Her home was Clara's until Clara married Joseph Burke, then Grandmother went to live with them and spent the remainder of her life with Clara in Arizona. Before the time she went to live with Clara, her home was in Hobble Creek Canyon.

In August, 1901, four of her boys decided to go to Arizona. I think it was the thought of seeing again the lonely grave of her daughter May, that induced her to once more make the long trip in a wagon for there was no railroad on that long route, and the remainder of her life was spent in sunny Arizona.

She was the mother of nine children and today there is a host of children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren to revere her memory.

She began teaching school at fourteen years of age, since which time she has taught forty-two years. The last I remember of her teaching, her hair was snow white. She was the first school teacher in Mapleton and taught in the kitchen of her home just north of her son, Albert's place. She often used her knitting needle for a pointer.

Few people were ever blessed with a more amiable disposition. Her sterling integrity and devotion to her family was commendable.

She was the first secretary of the Mapleton Relief Society and her hand writing in those record books is as clear and plain as printing. Her mind was bright up to the time of her death, which occurred July 5, 1912 at the ripe age of eighty-five years.

Mary was a great help to her husband and the family as she was an expert with a needle. She had had experience in tailoring and working on men's suits. Much of the sewing came to her.

She could braid many different patterns with straw. She made hats for summer for the neighbors and friends as well as the family.

She loved to read and she loved good literature. She had a beautiful voice and sang many songs for us. Some such as the hymns, "Come, Come Ye Saints," "We Thank Thee Oh God for a Prophet," "Come Let us Anew," and popular ones like "The Last Rose of Summer," "Wilt

Thou Remember Me”, “Annie Laurie”,  
“Home Sweet Home.”

She taught school in the little  
frame school house that Edwin built on the  
northwest corner of the family lot where  
the Kolob Service Station now stands, for  
ten or twelve years. It was painted red and

was known as Whiting’s Red School  
House.

When the family moved to Union  
Bench, now known as Mapleton, Edwin  
placed it on logs and moved it there.

*[By Harriet Whiting Jensen, a  
granddaughter of Mary E. Cox Whiting, written in  
1928.]*

## My Mother Mary Elizabeth Cox

By John Whiting, her son

Some great man has said every man is  
justified in saying, “I have the best wife and  
the best mother in the world.” I heartily agree  
with him.

When memory takes me back to my  
childhood days, I wonder what I could have  
accomplished without my mother, with her  
loving care, wise counsel and advice.

She had three titles: Mother to a  
favored few, Grandma to a large number and  
Aunt Mary to a host of loving friends.

She spoke no evil. She was patient  
and uncomplaining in sorrow and adversity.

She loved young people and children, joining  
in their games and amusements until the day  
of her death. She was never idle; could knit,  
read and rock the cradle at the same time.

Mother loved to play the quiet home  
games of her day. About the only time I ever  
heard her swear was when I was able in a  
game of checkers to maneuver around and  
take three or four of her men. The she would  
exclaim, “O the devil.” Perhaps meaning me.  
Mother was a devout Latter-day Saint and  
came as near living a perfect life as mortals  
ever attain.



Back Row: Charles Whiting, Edwin Marion Whiting, Philetus Edgar Whiting, Frederick Walter Whiting  
Front Row: Harriet Whiting Curtis, John Clarence Whiting, Albert Milton Whiting, Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting

## Ten Reasons Why Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting Is a Mormon

Written by Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting to Frances Cox in October, 1907 from St. Johns, Az:

1. Because no child of Joseph Smith's age could or would have thought of such a thing.
2. Because the Lord revealed to an innocent boy his plans.
3. The fulfilling of the prophesy in regard to his own name being had for good and evil by the whole world.
4. Also, the promised persecution which all should receive who believed in his name and testimony.
5. Because of the testimony of those witnesses of the Book of Mormon and though they apostatized, they never denied their testimony.
6. Because of the fulfillment of the prophesy in regard to the war between the North and the South given so long before it came to pass.
7. Because of the many testimonies given me at different times by your dear Father and which I never could doubt.
8. Because of the settling of these mountain vales (valleys).
9. Because Joseph Smith died a martyr's death.
10. Because "MORMONISM" is consistent. It gives every soul a chance for Eternal Life through obedience.

## The Lonely Grave

Written by Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting about her daughter May



May Whiting  
(born in May and Died in May)



Grave marker of May Whiting  
At Houserock Valley, Arizona

There is a lonely little mound  
Beside a shining pool.  
Where many a thirsty travelers found  
Refreshing waters cool.

Brothers and sisters stood in grief  
Beside her form so dear  
Till the sweet spirit found relief  
And left its earthly sphere.

And then the lonely grave was made  
In that far southern land  
In it her lovely form was laid  
Placed there by loving hands.





## Peter Isaacson

Father of Anna Maria Whiting

By Geraldine B. Sagers

Peter Isaacson, father of Anna Maria, was born May 30, 1828, at Sønderhå, Thisted County, in Denmark. His parents were Isaac Oleson Hjortsvang and Anna Margethe Pedersen.

Peter was just twelve years of age when his father died. He worked for eight years as an apprentice to learn the trade of a carpenter and worked in this capacity until he left his native land.

There was a compulsory law that every boy take soldiers training which Peter complied to and served for two years fighting in the war between Denmark and Germany. Peter's brother lost his life in the second war with Germany in 1863.

The Mormon missionaries contacted Peter and he was impressed with them. He accepted "Mormonism" and was baptized by Peter Paulsen in 1854, after which he served a short time himself as a missionary to his fellow country men.

His desire to come to America was great and he had in fact saved eight hundred dollars to pay for his ticket.

Peter returned to his home, before leaving, to bid his Mother good-bye but his step father refused to let him in the house because he was now one of those "Mormons".

Peter was very close to his younger sister Maria. Neither of them could sing like the others in the family who were favored by their step-father. Peter's mother was a fine poet.

Peter's sister, Maria, had been taught the gospel with him and she believed, as he did, but she was young and did not have the courage to join and accompany her brother on his journey to America.

He told his sister that some day she would regret it. Maria was heart broken. She promised Peter she would come some day. Years later Maria was very ill and laid in bed irrational. This lasted for several days and it seemed no matter where she looked all she could see was "Be Baptized."

Her husband wrote to Copenhagen for the missionaries and even without an address they received the letter and came. When they arrived she was conscious and told them if they'd baptize her she'd recover.

Fifteen years after Peter had bid his dear sister good-bye, she entered the waters of baptism with faith so strong she did get well. She even wrote Peter to see if she should come to America if her husband did not join.

Her brother answered that she should never leave that good man. Twenty years later Maria's husband was converted.

The eight hundred dollars Peter had saved more than paid for his ticket so he gave the extra money to the Captain with the instructions that it be used for other immigrants who wanted to come to America but didn't have money. Peter didn't begrudge the fact that he was never repaid by these people. His blessings were reward enough.

Peter sailed from Copenhagen, Denmark on the Cimbria. The storms were so strong that the boat landed back at the port they'd sailed from previously. But not to be defeated or discouraged more provisions were loaded on and they started out again. They traveled from Liverpool, England, on the sailboat "James Nesmith," January 7, 1855., arriving at New Orleans in February, 1855.

They had not expected to live to make the journey. The Captain said, "I'm glad I had, some "Mormons" aboard so this ship didn't go down."

The saints from the "James Nesmith" traveled on together up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers to Mormon Grove, near Atchison, Kansas.

Peter remained in the frontiers for one year before he started the long journey across the plains. He joined the company of Bishop Abraham D. Smoot and other saints leaving for Utah. While crossing the mountains the group suffered extreme cold and over exertion and stopped for a rest.

At some point after his arrival Peter married Anna Maria Poulsen, a member of the group of saints Peter had traveled with from Denmark to Missouri.

The young couple continued on their travels to Utah sharing their wagon and all they had with five others. Tragedy struck when the company of pioneers were afflicted with cholera and four of the seven in Peter's wagon died one of which was his bride of three months.

Only one who has experienced such a tragedy could know the sorrow Peter felt as he drove his wagon toward Utah leaving the grave of his precious wife. Peter mourned his loss, in the way those before him had and the many to follow would, as he continued the trek across the plains.

The Smoot company arrived in Salt Lake City November 9, 1856.

Peter only stayed in Salt Lake City a short time then moved on to San Pete county where he lived most of the remaining years of his life.

He was married to his second wife, Martha Christina Clemmensen, in Salt Lake City, April 21, 1857, by Dr. Clenton. They received their endowments in the Endowment House on November 15, 1861.

Once again Peter found happiness and with a companion who had been converted in Denmark and then traveled on the same ship he had.

A year after Peter and Martha were married he participated in the expedition to the mountains to check the approach of Johnston's army.

Fort Ephraim, built by the saints as a protection against the Indians, was home to Peter and Martha from 1858 until 1876.

In the spring of 1865 the Saints had to organize in war against the Black Hawk Indians. The government would not offer

assistance so the men trained themselves and furnished their own ammunition.

Peter served as a Captain over the Silver Grey, a troop of fifty men. The Indians were sly and clever, attacking most often those working alone and unprotected.

One time they killed a couple and their older daughter as they worked in their field just a block from Peter's home. When help arrived the second child, a baby, was trying to awaken its dead mother.

For safety, the men would travel in groups to the mountains five or six miles out of Ephraim for the winter's wood supply. They would work all day and return home before night.

Ike begged his father one day to let him go for wood but Peter decided not to take his young son. As the men worked out on the mountain they suddenly realized they were surrounded by Indians, armed with bows, arrows, and some guns.

Peter heard shots but thought at first some of the men were trying out their new guns. Then a bullet whizzed by his head. He jumped back and looked just in time to see an Indian dodge behind a tree.

He realized they were under attack and that the wagon would already be in the hands of the Indians. Peter took the ax he was chopping with to use for protection and ran the opposite way from the wagons and home. He figured the Indians would have the road blocked.

They had and many who ran for their wagons and town had been killed. A few men hid in the underbrush and escaped the next day.

One man had a pet dog with him and the little animal kept barking so he

pulled one of his shoelaces and tied the dog's mouth shut so he couldn't bark thus saving their lives.

As Peter neared home he met a friend and his little son walking toward the mountains. Peter warned them of the Indians and admonished him to turn back.

The man told Peter his little boy had already told him another man had appeared and said for them to turn back. The father had not believed his son the first time.

Before Peter reached home he'd run so fast his feet were sore and aching and he finally took his shoes off to keep walking. He caught a ride when he was close to town and upon reaching home almost fainted from exhaustion.

Peter was always thankful he hadn't given in to little Ike's coaxing. He couldn't have carried the boy and run fast enough and certainly couldn't have left his little son behind, undoubtedly they'd both have been killed. The news frightened Martha so she lost the baby she was carrying.

One neighbor lady couldn't believe it and kept looking for her husband to come home that morning. A search party found her husband, scalped and both arms cut off.

During the three years the Indian war lasted every man took his turn standing guard, every fourth day. One fourth of their time was spent guarding their families, homes, all they possessed, to survive and build Zion.

Peter had lost not only his supplies and wagon, but his team of prized Texan oxen were stolen. This trip to cut wood was his first chance to use his oxen since they had been returned from a trip back to Missouri.

Peter's gift of sharing was evident once again, he had offered his team for the trip to help bring some more Saints out West. His thankfulness for having his life spared outweighed the grief of never seeing the oxen again.

Peter joined in with some other men and bought one of the first machines in that part of the country to thresh grain. They traveled all around San Pete county threshing grain on shares for the people.

All four of their children were born in Ephraim: Peter who died when just a little boy, Isaac, Maria, and Martin. Peter worked hard on the fine rock house for his family and almost had it finished when he was called to Arizona as a leader in helping the Saints colonize there.

In February 1876, Peter left for what was to be known as Brigham City, a United Order settlement on the Little Colorado River. Traveling in the company with him were also Brother Overson and Chris Christenson.

They moved without trouble until they reached Panguitch where there was four feet of snow on the Buckskin mountain.

The teams from the other wagons, eight mules in all, were used on one wagon. Everyone had to sleep in it and the cold was severe. Next the mud from the melting snow, but finally dry roads.

The Little Colorado River was a real obstacle, so thick was the mud, the people nor cattle could drink. Buckets were drawn and by morning about two inches of water stood on top.

The group from Ephraim arrived 19 days before the president, Jessie O. Balingier, and waited for him to come, then work began. A camp sight was selected and fort constructed.

Peter made a second trip to Utah and back for a load of grain from his own bin to feed the people of Brigham City, after their crops had failed.

After the fort was built and the camp was prepared, Peter returned to Ephraim to bring his wife and children back with him to Arizona, his third trip since they joined the United Order.

Peter was superintendent of all the farms and served as first counselor to Bishop George Lake.

He was ordained a High Priest by Erastus Snow, assisted by J. Henkley, N. N. Smith, L. H. Hatch, and Lot Smith on September 23, 1878 at Sunset, Arizona.

The Saints worked tirelessly but they couldn't build a permanent dam there on the Little Colorado River so Brigham City was abandoned. The church authorities advised them to move on to St. Johns.

That fall, about five years after they had come to Arizona from Ephraim, Peter and his family moved.

Several other families joined with the Isaacson family and they settled north of St. Johns at a place called the Meadows. Peter led this band of Saints serving as their Bishop.

The spirit of the United Order again prevailed at the families banded together in work and accomplishment. After they'd cleared the greasewood from the land, enough fence posts were hauled in to completely fence their plot of land.

Then the plot was divided into five acre lots for each family. Logs were hauled from the mountains and one by one houses were built for each family; some with two rooms, some with just one.

The first winter at the Meadows was a real hardship. The people and the cattle almost starved to death. Peter's family was more fortunate than the others because they wouldn't kill their cow to eat as many had done and as a result there was milk and butter to nourish them through.

When spring came the gardens were planted and when harvested all the families enjoyed corn, squash, and beans.

Later the men fenced in big fields of wild hay which they harvested every year. Their herds of cattle increased and the families enjoyed the feast of good meat.

When their only daughter, Maria, married and moved back to Utah, Martha was so lonesome she pleaded with her husband to take her home to Ephraim.

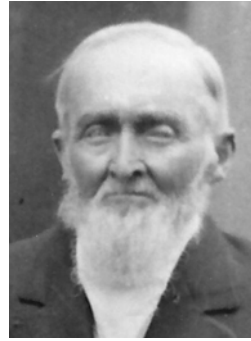
This Peter did, but he returned immediately to Arizona to fill his calling as Bishop. After two years President David K. Udall came to Peter and told him his work was through and his place was with his wife.

So in 1893, he was released as Bishop of the Meadows and the settlement was eventually abandoned.

He sold his cattle and ranch and after sixteen years in Arizona Peter made the trip back to finish the home he had started twenty years before.

Peter and Martha's youngest son, Martin, lived in Ephraim and for years took care of his mother and father.

Peter was very clean and neat in his habits. When he did his work around the cows and other chores he wore a pair of wooden shoes which he made himself, then before he came into the house he removed the shoes.



Peter



Thorpe

## Memories of Peter Isaacson

By President Thorpe B. Isaacson, grandson

*Thorpe B. Isaacson was born 6 Sep 1998 in Ephraim, Utah to Peter's son Martin Isaacson and Mary Jemima Beal. He was ordained a high priest by Charles A. Callas, sustained as second counselor to Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards at age 48, sustained as first counselor to Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin at age 54. He was sustained as counselor in the first presidency at age 67, released at death of President David O. McKay 18 Jan, 1970, resumed position as Assistant to the Twelve Apostles Jan 23, 1970, Died 9 Nov 1970 at age 72.*

Some months ago, at the request of Aunt Maria Isaacson Whiting, I was requested to give some remarks as to my memory of the life of Peter Isaacson.

Since I made these remarks, Aunt Maria Isaacson Whiting has requested me to attempt to put them in writing.

First, I deem it an honor to speak of Grandfather Isaacson because I regard him as the best good man I ever knew.

Peter Isaacson left his parents in a foreign land when he was a young boy, and worked his way across that big ocean to come to a country of freedom. He left his parents, his brothers, and his sisters and his country for freedom of worship.

Peter Isaacson became a great man. Not in wealth, but if we measure greatness according to its merits, according to deeds of greatness, Peter Isaacson lived and died a great man.

Peter Isaacson possessed the characteristics of greatness. He was

lovable, kind, considerate, honest, clean, industrious, sincere, and courageous.

As to STATURE, he was not a large man, but he was strong and healthy.

He had a DISPOSITION that was unblemished. I lived close to him and slept in his room with him many nights. He had a disposition which was unruffled, calm, and easy. I was twenty-one years of age when he died. His disposition was one of calmness and sweetness. I never saw him mad or angry in any way in my life. Nor did he ever say unkind things to or about anyone.

Peter Isaacson was a man of OBEDIENCE. Never did he question authority—either authority of his church or of his government. He did what he was told unwaveringly and without question or doubt. He lived and died full of hope and faith.

Peter Isaacson enjoyed doing his duty. It appeared as little or no effort to him to do his duty to follow instructions, and to obey authority.

Knowing Aunt Maria Whiting, I see many resemblances of Peter Isaacson in her personality, in her disposition, and her characteristics. I am happy and grateful for the memory of Aunt Maria Whiting and her father, Grandfather Peter Isaacson.

I have detected and honored many characteristics of a brother of mine, Alenzo Isaacson, who died of the flu in 1918. He too possessed many of Grandfather Isaacson's characteristics and mannerisms.

Peter Isaacson was a man well grounded in fundamentals of religion—not a fanatic, but religion of well grounded principles. He was no show man, nor did

he bluff. His religion was practical—one of honor, one of faith, and one of obedience.

Grandfather Peter Isaacson was a man of neatness. He always wanted his hair combed and always wanted his bed and his room and clothes straightened. He kept his wood stack clean and the wood piled in order, and one piece upon the other. He never liked or lived in a mess of any kind of matter. He indeed was a man of neatness, order and cleanliness. He kept his cows and his barn just as clean as a pin, and again I can truly say it appeared easy for him to do his duty. He was indeed a man of order and routine.

I well recall an accident where he lifted a heavy pole and burst a blood vessel in his arm. He lost a great deal of blood before he got into the house, and I was deeply impressed because of his being entirely free from all alarm—no fear whatsoever of anything, not even death.

Free from fear of all kinds, and nature of course, gave him good health and long years of life. Many times I have heard him pray to die when his years of usefulness reached an end. He was not afraid of death.

COMPLAINT was not a word in his vocabulary, nor did it have a space in his life. He never complained about sickness, business, or any other inconvenience in his life.

GRATITUDE was a part of his religion and part of his daily life. He was grateful to anyone whenever they called on him. He was grateful to his friends for their visits. He always thanked my mother, who waited on him for years, and my father and we grandchildren for every little act of kindness that we might have extended to him. He always thanked me, always smiled, and always was appreciative for every little thing.

FAITH was unlimited in his nature. I cannot account for his doing some of the things he did without having faith in abundance. He first left the old country, then he crossed the plains and fought the Indians, and still later he moved from Sanpete County to Arizona to settle. He loved adventure, but all this was because of his unbounded faith.

PRAYER to him was his whole life. He had no equal in the simplicity of prayer. He had no equal in the sincerity and in the humbleness of his talks to God.

His life was very close to his Maker. He talked to his God in earnestness.

As to his LOVE for his fellow men, this was without question and to a great degree. He loved his fellow men, his neighbors, and his friends. He never spoke unkindly about them. I doubt if he ever had an enemy, and am positive he never hurt anyone either intentionally or unintentionally.

His SINCERITY was superb. He always paid his bills promptly. Never did he go in debt and he never evaded an issue, but he disliked arguments and frowned upon quarrels or discontent.

His long LIFE was one of health and peace of mind, a perfect full life indeed. He lived and he died with a clear conscience, and with perfect peace of mind.

Peter Isaacson was a man of learning if we judge learning from experience. He was a well read man. He was a student of reading, and he remembered what he read because he had a clear mind and an open heart.

He had the AILMENTS of old age which were not comforting. His blood became out of order, had a very tantalizing

itch, and in the middle of the night, he would ask us to put some salve on his back or legs, and was always so pleasant about it that one enjoyed being of some little assistance to him.

He was a STUDENT of the Gospel broadened by his faith, developed because of his efforts and he lived by example. There was no insincerity and he was a model for example.

The morning of his death, which was June 1920, it was a perfect example of leaving this sphere of action, and he left peacefully. He appeared grateful for his having had the privilege of living all those years which were indeed full years.

Every kin of Peter Isaacson can well be proud of that heritage. He left them nothing but worthy good. We are all proud of this heritage and proud of his life. We loved him dearly and we deeply appreciate his sacrifices, and we will attempt to value his sweet memory.

## **Divine Assurance**

By Elda Whiting Brown

*Some years ago Aunt Signe Elsinä Peterson Isaacson told me this story. Both Mother, Anna Maria Isaacson, and Uncle Isaac Isaacson verified that it was true.*

One time over in Denmark some time before Grandpa Peter Isaacson came to America, he was walking along on top of the hard frozen snow. He had walked a long way and was very cold, discouraged and unhappy. He had visited his mother's home to tell her he was planning to go to America and his step-father had ordered him from the house because he had joined the Mormon Church.

As he was walking along in the cold he looked up and there was a man dressed in brown clothes walking along beside him. For a while there was silence

then the man spoke and said, “Peter, I want to tell you that you are doing the right thing by going to America. You will never regret it. You will be greatly blessed for the things you are doing; and your children and your children’s children. Don’t worry about your mother. Later you’ll have a chance to help her. Remember to always be as you have been in your life and your blessings will be great.”

Peter talked to the man about his plans to go to America and a few other things. They walked along for a little ways and Peter looked up to speak again and the man was gone. It was level country and he looked in every direction but never saw him again.

He believed this man was a Heavenly Visitor.

## **A Lesson in Service**

by Arthur Whiting

Grandpa Peter Isaacson left his home in the beautiful valley at Ephraim, Utah, when he was called by his stake president and the president of the church to go to Arizona on a mission.

After Brigham City was disbanded, he was called to be bishop of the little ward at the “Meadows.” The Meadows was a small settlement eight miles below St. Johns on the Little Colorado.

Of the few families there, only part of them were active members. This, along with the desolate circumstances and lack of buildings, made it a challenge which would have discouraged most men, but Grandpa had long before been tested and proven, when it took him six months to cross the ocean. Then his young wife passed away. He had already endured so many trials and hardships that he was

equal to the discouraging position as bishop of this little ward.

The members imposed on him and Grandma Isaacson finally returned to Ephraim, but Grandpa stayed at his post until released by those in authority.

When he moved back to his beloved Ephraim, he found someone had jumped his land, and he literally had to start over again, but not one of these things ever weakened Grandpa’s testimony and faith.

His grandson, Bishop Thorpe Isaacson, tells of the faith-promoting experience of watching Grandpa preparing the grain seed for planting.

He would open the sack, and then on bended knees bless the seed that it might grow and mature for his good and the blessings of those in need.

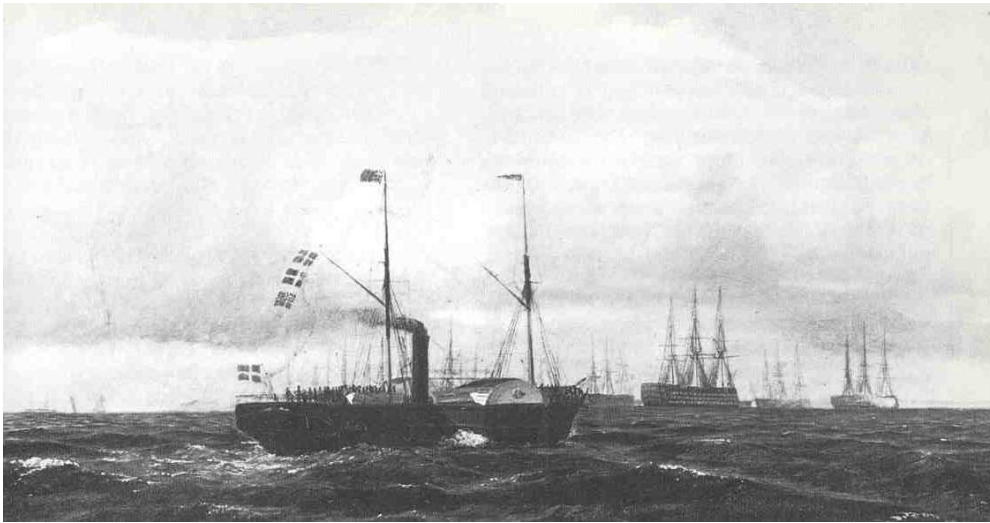
Whenever I become discouraged with any position or calling in the Church, I stop and think of Grandpa Isaacson and it makes me a little ashamed that I ever hesitated.



Back Row: Martin and Peter  
Front Row: Martin’s son and grand-daughter



## The Cimbria



### The Isaacson Family's

## Journey from Denmark: Ships, Rail, Wagon Trains, and Foot

By Tim Farr, a member of the traveling group

“On Friday, November 24, 1854, about 300...Saints sailed from Copenhagen, Denmark, on board the steamer “Cimbria” bound for Utah...All the emigrants were in good health and excellent spirits, but had an exceedingly rough passage over the North Sea...On the morning of the 25<sup>th</sup>, the “Cimbria” arrived at Frederikshaven have, on the east coast of Jutland, where 149 more emigrants ...came on board....The voyage was continued on the 26<sup>th</sup>. The prospects were fair until the morning of the 27<sup>th</sup>, when the wind turned south-west and began to blow so heavily that the captain...deemed it necessary to turn back and seek the nearest harbor in Norway.

“...The course was changed, and...in the afternoon the “Cimbria” put into the port of Mandal...an excellent natural harbor, surrounded by very high and steep granite cliffs. This romantic place...was as much of a curiosity to the

Danish emigrants as a shipload of “Mormons” were to the people of Mandal. In this harbor the emigrants tarried for several days...Some of the Saints went ashore to lodge...by request, some of the brethren preached several times to the people on shore. The result was that some of the inhabitants became interested in the Gospel. [Several joined the LDS Church]

“On the morning of December 7<sup>th</sup>...the “Cimbria” again put to sea...but the captain and all on board soon learned that the change in the weather was only a lull preceding a more violent outburst of a long winter storm. Towards midnight of the 7<sup>th</sup>, the wind became a terrific gale, which increased in violence till it shattered the ship’s bulwarks and broke a number of boxes...the captain deemed it necessary to go clear back to Frederikshavn, where the ship arrived on the 9<sup>th</sup> ...By this time the emigrants were suffering severely, but...[most of] the Saints bore their

hardships with great fortitude and patience...While waiting for the weather and wind to change in their favor, a number of meetings were held which made a good impression upon the people of that seaport town, who hitherto had been unwilling to listen to the preaching of "Mormonism."

"On the 20<sup>th</sup> of December, the weather moderated, and the captain made a third attempt to reach England. By this time the emigrants were rested and in good spirits, but in the night between the 21<sup>st</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup>, a worse storm than any of the preceding ones arose, threatening the ship and all on board with utter destruction. For many hours the noble "Cimbria" fought her way against the raging elements, but was at length compelled to change her course, and for the third time the company was turned back.

"But while the captain and crew began to feel discouraged, most of the Saints continued cheerful and thanked the Lord for their preservation...In the afternoon the wind suddenly changed to the north and the captain immediately steered for Hull once more, amid the rejoicings of the Saints, and on the 24<sup>th</sup>...the ship anchored safely in the Humber. On the following day...the emigrants continued their journey by rail from Hull to Liverpool, where they joined two smaller companies which had left Copenhagen about the same time as the "Cimbria," ...

"The Presidency in Liverpool chartered the ship "Hellos" to take the Scandinavian emigration to New Orleans...but the "Hellos" had been filled...The "James Nesmith," Captain Mills, was secured for the transportation of the Scandinavians. Consequently ...441 sailed from Liverpool, England, Jan 7, 1855...The ship arrived at the mouth of

the Mississippi River Feb. 18, 1855, [after this voyage during] which 13 deaths occurred.

"At New Orleans, where the company landed on the 23<sup>rd</sup>, most of the emigrants went on board the large steam boat "Oceana" [including Peter Isaacson] and sailed from New Orleans on the 24<sup>th</sup>. On the journey up the Mississippi River, seven of the Saints died; on the 7<sup>th</sup> of March the company arrived at St. Louis, Missouri. From that city about 150 of the Scandinavian Saints continued their journey on the 10<sup>th</sup> of March for Weston, Missouri, with the intention of remaining somewhere in that section of the country until they could obtain means to go through to the Valley...

"175 others, [including Martha Clemmensen and her family] under the leadership of Peter O. Hansen, left St. Louis March 12<sup>th</sup> by the steam boat "Clara" for Atchison, Kansas, but owing to low water in the river, they were compelled to land in Leavenworth...about 20 of the emigrants died, and after selecting a new camping place, cholera broke out...and caused 9 more deaths. In the latter part of May the emigrants removed to Mormon Grove, situated about five miles west of Atchison, Kansas, which place had been selected as the outfitting point for the emigrants who crossed the plains in 1855. They arrived at Mormon Grove, May 22, 1855.

"Most of the Scandinavian emigrants [including Martha Clemmensen and her family] who continued the journey to the Valley that season, Left Mormon Grove, Jun 13, 1855, in Captain Jacob F. Secrist's company and arrived in Salt Lake City September 7, 1855." [see page 49]

**Editor's note:** Peter Isaacson worked and waited for a year at Mormon Grove before joining the Abraham O. Smoot Company, a freight company. [See page 50]

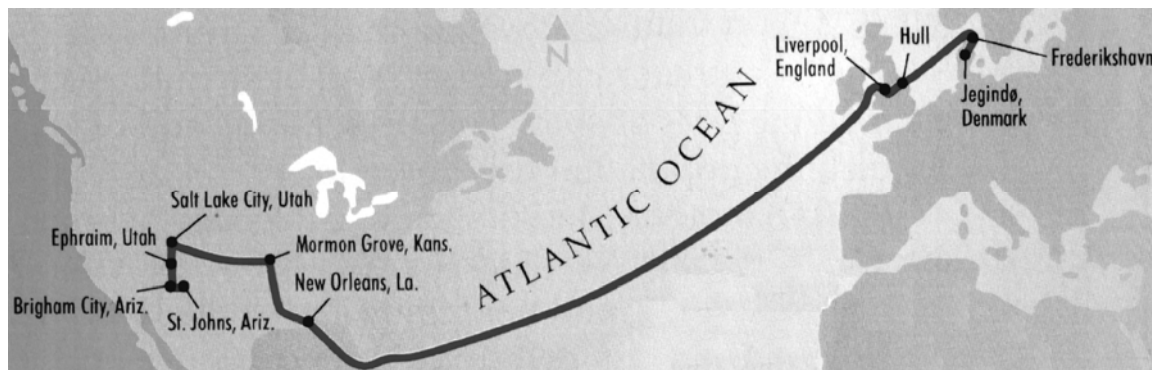
## The James Nesmith



This three-master had two decks, no galleries, a square stem, a billet head, and hailed out of New York.  
991 tons 171' x 36' x 18', built in 1850 at Thomaston, Maine

On January 7, 1855 a company of 440 Scandinavian Saints, about 300 of which had survived a particularly stormy voyage from Copenhagen to England aboard the steamer Cimbria, sailed from Liverpool in the Ship James Nesmith. Elder Peter O. Hansen presided over the emigrants. Captain Harvey Mills was the ship's captain.

The passenger manifest listed 13 deaths during the crossing. On February 23, 1855, the square-rigger arrived at New Orleans after a forty-seven day passage.



The 8,000 mile journey

## Secrist Wagon Train

By Annie Cathrine Christensen Olsen, a member of the traveling group

The oxen finally came and we started on our long journey across the plains in P.O. Hansen's Company. Our wagon was quite heavily loaded and we all had to walk, unless some of us were sick, in which case we would ride till we were better. When we camped for the night we young folks would go and gather buffalo chips, (all the Pioneers who crossed the plains with ox teams or hand carts know what they are.) We had to cook our supper with them, as wood was very scarce in some places. After supper was over, we would talk of the experiences of the day, after which we would sing hymns and have a dance occasionally. We would then have prayers and retire for the night.

After traveling for some distance, we were surrounded by Indians and had to give them flour and sugar, or whatever we had to keep peace with them.

One day we came to a large herd of Buffalo. They had been down to the river to drink and were returning to the hills. There was such an immense herd that we could feel the ground tremble for quite a distance as they passed over the road. Our oxen became so excited that they ran away but not one was injured. One of the men killed a buffalo, which provided us with fresh meat for a while.

We waded all the rivers till we came to Green River, which was so swift and deep that we had to cross the river in wagons and the water would almost take the oxen off their feet. After crossing Green River, we had not traveled very far when my mother was bit on the wrist by a scorpion or poisonous insect of some kind. Her arm began to swell until it went up in

her body. She was very sick all the rest of the journey until one evening we reached Salt Lake Valley and my mother passed away the next morning without seeing the great Salt Lake Valley that she had gone through so much to reach. This was the later part of September 1855.

"Utah Pioneer Biographies," 44 vols., 22:18-20.

### Additional account by Milo Andrus

At 5 o'clock this evening, I harnessed my horses, and took some of the Saints for the purpose of taking a more extensive view of the country.....

After a ride of about six miles, we came around to the camp of the Danish Saints, who have just arrived to-day, under the charge of Peter O. Hansen, and whilst in their camp we learned by Brother Hanson, that they were highly delighted with the country, and that they had just dismissed a public meeting which they had been holding that afternoon.

Brother Hanson informed us that they had more of the spirit of the Lord in their meeting, than they had had at any other time since they have been in the upper country.

They have suffered much with sickness at Leavenworth, and feel glad to think that there is a prospect of starting soon, on their journey over the plains.

We anticipate, if no preventing providence should say otherwise, to start a company in about six days.

They, as a general thing, feel desirous to serve God, by obeying those who are placed over them in the Lord. All things seem to be working for the way to be speedily opened for the starting of the Saints.

"Western Improvements." *The Mormon* 9 June 1855,3.

## Abraham O. Smoot Company (1856)

By Thomas Young, a member of the traveling group

When the Abraham Owen Smoot company left Mormon Grove, Kansas Territory, August 10, 1856, it consisted of 33 wagons and 1 carriage. The carriage and six of the wagons belonged to Smoot himself; three wagons belonged to B. H. Young, and there were single wagons belonging to Erastus Snow, Heber C. Kimball, Ira Eldridge, and John Taylor.

In addition, there was a chuck wagon and 22 Church-owned wagons. The latter carried, among other things, books and dry goods from England.

This party had 375 oxen and 12 horses and mules. Because there were not enough drivers, only part of the train could move. Teamsters and teams then had to backtrack and bring up the rest.

This situation persisted until August 12 when Franklin Benjamin Woolley caught up with the train. He had been on a recruiting mission to Florence, Nebraska Territory.

He had persuaded a number of Mormon emigrants and their families to join the Smoot train. These brought the company total to 76 individuals, (including 19 Danes, 26 Americans, and 31 English). Some members of the party were not Mormon.

The men had to be trained as teamsters. Therefore, for several days the train did not move before noon; it took that long to get the oxen yoked up.

At the Little Muddy Fork of the Grasshopper, the train added six more wagons, four loaded with unspecified machinery, one carrying a thrashing machine, and one bearing a steamboat boiler.

Pushing onward, the train reached the Big Blue on August 20. Here, the men unloaded one wagon, distributing its machinery among the Church wagons (now lighter because provisions had been used).

Freight stored at Big Blue the previous year was then loaded into the now empty wagon and into two others just acquired. All the vehicles were overloaded, and the teams would be overworked.

The train left Big Blue August 22. Three days later, as the company camped between Big Sandy and Little Blue, a Scandinavian man left camp "in a fit of insanity." A search failed to locate him (he reportedly made his way back to the eastern states).

On the 29th, one of the wagons ran over a young Englishman, who soon died.

That same day, Smoot's company caught up with the merchant train of Gilbert & Gerrish (17 wagons and 18 or 20 men).

Probably it was then that the merchants attached themselves to the Church train because of Indian hostility.

On September 1 the travelers reached Fort Kearny, where they learned that some Cheyenne Indians had attacked and killed Almon W. Babbitt, Territorial Secretary for Utah along with other members of his party.

Orrin Porter Rockwell, with four of Babbitt's wagons, joined the Smoot train on September 3. The next day, the company passed the Willie handcart train

that was north of the Platte River, with Smoot's wagons on the south side.

West of Cottonwood Springs, the wagon company discovered remains of three California-bound travelers and their vehicles. Again this appeared to be the work of the Cheyenne.

September 11, Smoot reached the South Platte. There the wagons had a difficult time crossing, even though the water was very low. Once across, the train swiftly and safely negotiated a hill and then camped on the North Platte.

Later, it paused at the mouth of Ash Hollow. From here, Porter Rockwell pushed on ahead with the Babbitt wagons.

Soon, Smoot's men had to double-team their wagons to get over some sand ridges. The train now had 285 oxen, 6 cows, and 15 mules and horses, and it was short on drivers as only 33 men were fit for duty.

On the 15th the emigrants learned that Cheyenne had attacked other travelers (Thomas Margett's and party), resulting in more deaths. After this, Captain Smoot increased the rate of travel.

The company stopped for a day at Robidoux's abandoned trading post west of Scotts Bluff. By September 23, it was at Fort Laramie, where it encountered a group of eastward-bound Mormon apostates.

The train spent the 26th at Horse Shoe Creek. On the 29th it met Parley P. Pratt and a group of outward-bound missionaries.

After crossing the North Platte for the last time on October 2, the travelers encountered a relief wagon and from it obtained a new flour supply. Earlier, the captain had written to Brigham Young

requesting one ton of flour, 40 yoke of cattle, 20 good teamsters, 304 beeves (cattle), and 6 good wagons.

The train passed Independence Rock and Devil's Gate on October 6. The following day, it caught up with Porter Rockwell but, again, his little party quickly moved on ahead.

By October 9, the travelers were at Three Crossings on the Sweetwater. Because provisions were running low, Captain Smoot now left Ira Eldridge in charge of the train and forged ahead seeking relief.

The wagons crossed Rocky Ridge on October 12, reached South Pass two days later, and arrived at Little Sandy on the 16th. Here Captain Smoot met them with more flour and news that a relief train was waiting at Big Sandy. From the relief wagons the travelers secured much-needed beef, flour, and vegetables, plus 19 men, several span of horses and mules, and 6 wagons.

On October 20, the train reached Baptiste's station on the Green River. It had been snowing hard for two days and the temperature had dropped to zero.

On the 23, the company arrived at Fort Bridger. Here it left 100 head of cattle and much freight. October 27, the women and children boarded some horse-drawn wagons and sprinted forward toward Salt Lake, arriving in the city November 2.

With eight wagons and a little freight, the men left Fort Bridger on October 30. On November 3, when they were in Echo Canyon, the captain received an express from Brigham Young instructing him to retrieve the goods and cattle from Fort Bridger and bring them on to the Salt Lake Valley. The messengers

from Salt Lake, Franklin B. Woolley and Orris Newell, took on this task.

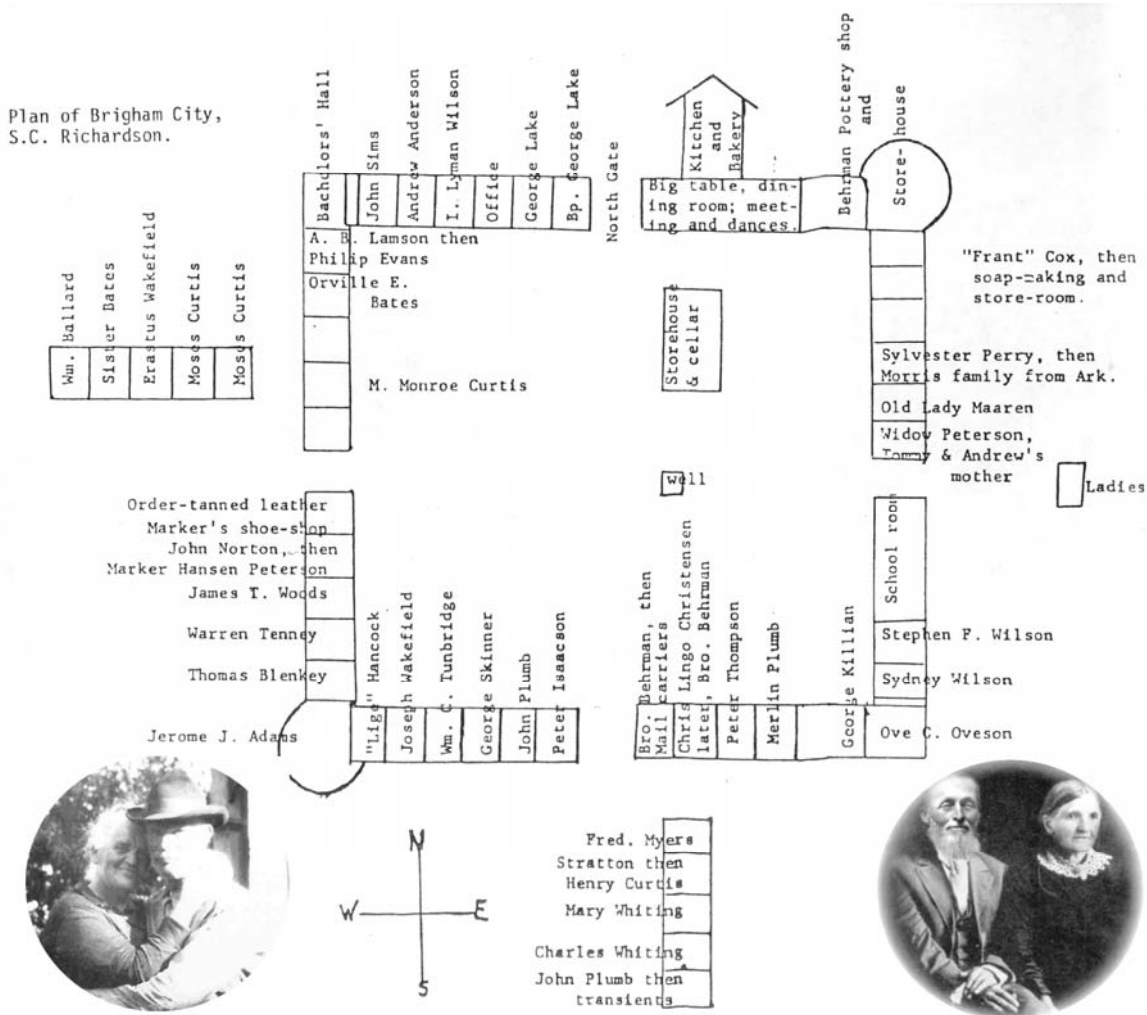
November 4, Smoot crossed the Weber. On the night of the 5<sup>th</sup> and again on the 6<sup>th</sup>, a foot of snow fell. Nevertheless, the train moved slowly forward, reaching the eastern slope of Big Mountain before camping. The air was bitterly cold.

On the 7<sup>th</sup>, by double-teaming, the men got their wagons to the summit. Here the snow was two feet deep. As the

wagons descended the slippery slope, two of them overturned but were soon recovered and repaired.

That night, the company camped near Hatch's. Here they found two loads of corn and a quarter of beef waiting for them. The next night, the travelers stopped at Willow Springs, in Emigration Canyon. On November 9, they entered Salt Lake City, just ahead of the Willie handcart company.

### Fort Layout of Brigham City, Arizona





## Martha Kirstine Clemmensen

Mother of Anna Maria Whiting

By Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting as told to Geraldine Brown Sagers

Martha Kirstina Clemmensen was born in Denmark, May 7, 1822, Jegindø, Thisted County. Her father was Clemmen Neilsen Dahl and her mother was Maren Christensen.

They lived along the coast on one of the small islands as Martha's father was a fisherman. The family was very poor, and always in need.

Martha often told her children that she would never forget Denmark had been at war with Germany and there was a famine in the land. One night when she was just a small girl, her father came home and there was nothing in the house left for him to eat but the potato peelings.

Martha was the second child. A brother was older.

When she was only nine years old, Martha's father died, leaving his wife with six small children to raise.

The finances of the family made it impossible for the mother to keep all her family so she had to let the older ones go out to work.

The boys had to apprentice to a tradesman. Martha's mother signed the papers for Martha to go to work for a well-to-do man who lived on another island.

He would keep Martha for seven years under that agreement.

One must wonder what went through the Mother's mind as she sent her daughter off, maybe never to see her again.

Time passed and Martha stayed much longer than seven years. In fact she never returned home to live again until she joined the church when she was grown.

On the big farm where Martha went to live, her first job was to tend the ducks and geese. There were lots of them and they had to be carefully kept because there was such a demand for the feathers for bedding.

Martha was only one of many servants. She was often homesick but she knew that she couldn't go home because her father was dead and her mother could not support and feed all the children.

We complain about going without things today but we have never had to give up our children because we couldn't feed them. I hope we never know such hard times as they had then. As soon as Martha was old enough, she went into the fields to bind grain. All day long she followed the reapers and bound grain by hand.



Early in the morning and late at night, before and after going to the fields to work, the women had to milk the cows, fix the meals, do the housework, and look after the butter and cream. The men considered it beneath them to milk the cows or do any work or chores around the house. The women did this in addition to their work in the fields.

Martha was never idle. She would sit in bed long after the others were asleep and knit in the dark. It was too cold to stay up and knit so she would get into bed most of the time to keep warm. She learned to knit so well that she made all her sweaters and stockings in bed.

For her wages Martha received the wool from two sheep a year to use for clothes. She had to cord and spin and knit all the wool herself.

She received her board and room and eight dollars a year in cash. Of course she saved most of her money. Some of it she gave to her mother.

Her mother had to furnish her one pair of wooden shoes a year. They were very comfortable and warm, and didn't get cold and wet in the snow. I know for I wore wooden shoes all the time when I was a girl. Father made them for us.

Each person was required by the law to keep a record book when he started to work. Wherever the person went he took his book and the "Lord" (as the head man was called) he worked for would write in the book what he had done, how good he could work, and how he had behaved.

The "Lord" whom Martha worked for was a mean person. If he didn't like his workers he wouldn't write anything good in their books, and they were forced to stay and work for him as no one else

wanted to hire a person who couldn't show good records.

Martha stayed on longer, as she knew what her records would say if she tried to go anywhere else.

Mette was Martha's younger sister and when she was old enough to go out to work she wanted to go where Martha was. She knew the work was hard and long and the master was cruel, but Mette thought she could stand these hardships better than to go someplace alone.

Martha was glad when Mette came. She had been so lonesome. Now she had one of her very own family with her. She did everything she could to make things easier for her sister in the field because Mette was not very strong.

Martha often did her own work and as much of Mette's as she could. Mette couldn't quite keep up with the others when they were cradling the grain. Each man who cradled had a binder who was a woman. The woman followed the man and bound the grain into the sheaves.

One day Mette had an extra hard time keeping up. She kept getting farther and farther behind. Finally she was a whole round behind the cutter. When the man who was cutting saw how far behind Mette was he started teasing her and acting smart.

They used big long scythes to cut the grain, and he would try to see how close he could swing to Mette as he was cutting the next round and came to where she was still tying. Each time he would cut a little closer to her legs.

Then he slipped and the blade of the scythe caught Mette across the thigh. The blood just poured out.

One man picked her up and carried her on his back to the house. The cut was too deep and Mette bled to death before they could do anything to help her.

It was harvest time and the “Lord” couldn’t stop at the death of one woman. There was plenty more to work in her place. If they weren’t able to do that, they weren’t worth bothering with.

Martha could only stand helplessly by and watch her little sister die. This was the greatest sorrow of her life, and though she lived to be an old woman she never ceased to grieve for her sister whose death seemed so unnecessary and cruel.

Even then Martha remained at the same place. She had to go right on working for the thoughtless “Lord” of the farm and with the worker who had killed her sister.

Martha stayed there until the missionaries came to Denmark and she heard them preach the gospel. Then she knew that there was a better way to live. She believed what they taught and was ready to join the church.

Martha’s mother, Maren Clemensen, was the first person on the island where she lived to join the church. Three of her children were baptized but two of her daughters never did join the church.

Martha came home from the farm where she had been working and the family got ready to sail to America.

Her mother felt sad to think her other daughters were not going with them, but she had a very strong testimony of the gospel and knew that they would find a better way of life than they had there.

Martha, her mother, her brother, and sister sailed for America in a sail ship

(Cimbria) in 1854. The ship sailed for sometime but there was so much storm and wind that in a few weeks they landed right back where they sailed from. More provisions had to be secured and they set out again.

In February, 1855, (on the James Nesmith) they landed in New Orleans. From there they went on to Missouri and joined a company of saints who were crossing the plains.

While crossing the plains, Martha’s mother Maren died of hunger and the dreadful disease of Cholera. This was a sad experience for the children because they knew how much their mother had wanted to reach Zion.

Martha and her brother and sister came on to Salt Lake. She got a job working for Apostle Lorenzo Snow in his home to earn her board and room. She was thankful for this job. She had always been a very hard and conscientious worker, thus she did her best for his family.

They appreciated her and she often said how she loved to live in their home where they were so kind. The Snow family, at that time, was in very dire circumstances but they never let it make any difference in how nice their home was kept.

Every day, every member of the family had a bath. The home was always kept neat and clean. Food was very scarce, but what there was always served nicely.

One meal a day they could have hot pancakes. Often the other two meals were potatoes, nothing else. They never had bread because they couldn’t afford the flour. Martha worked in this home for about a year.

Many of the Danish people were going to San Pete County to live. Martha's family was going too, so she decided to go and be near them.

After she got to San Pete she met Peter Isaacson again. They had both come over to America on the same ship. Peter asked Martha if she was married yet and she said, "No, are you?"

Peter said, "No, I am waiting for you." Soon after that Martha and Peter were married.

Martha had real black hair and dark brown eyes. Her eyes could really snap and pop when she got mad. She was an exception in the family, as the rest of her family were light complexioned. She had only one dark-eyed, dark-haired child and that was the first one who died as a child.

Martha was not a very large woman. She was always considered good looking. Someone once asked Peter, "Say, you married that good-looking dark-eyed girl, didn't you?" "Sure," Peter would say, "I wouldn't have married her if she hadn't been good looking."

Peter and Martha lived in Ephraim. Four children were born to them. Peter who died as a child, Isaac, Anna Maria, and Martin. They built a four-room adobe home, a good rock barn, and a granary in which they stored away several thousand bushels of wheat. Peter had a good farm and always took good care of it and Martha always worked hard to help him.

They were part owners with Henry Beal, in one of the first reapers and binders that came to town and they cut grain both night and day for people who were not so fortunate. Martha could never get over the marvelous work this machine did. She was amazed that the only thing left for the

women to do was to glean the grain, if they wanted to do that.

The old house was quite small, so they made plans for a larger rock home. After much hard work, they had it almost completed, when they were called to go to Arizona. They left the house and finished it twenty years later when they came back.

These pioneers of San Pete experienced a similar situation to that of the early pioneers in Salt Lake Valley. If it was less spectacular and less well known, it was nevertheless remembered long in the hearts of those who experienced it.

Several years after Martha and Peter were married, a plague of grasshoppers came to Ephraim. They came in such herds they made a cloud which covered the sun. Everyone joined in the fight against them. The grain was just in the dough stage when it was best so the grasshoppers could suck the milk from the grain.

The men all dug trenches around their fields. They filled these trenches with straw and the people would form a line and drive the grasshoppers into the straw. Then they would set the straw afire and burn the grasshoppers. In this way, the people were able to save some of their grain.

Peter had a big herd of chickens which he turned loose on the field. This helped to get rid of some, but the main thing it did was to scare the grasshoppers away. Martha and Peter were always thankful that they had had the chickens to let loose because they felt that was what saved most of their grain.

Peter also raised good gardens. He raised so many peas that they threshed them with a thresher and used them for

cow and pig feed. His potatoes were always a good crop. He stored them well and kept them in a deep pit. Often the extra potatoes were used to feed the cows and pigs if other food was scarce. Martha was always at Peter's side in all he worked at around their home and garden.

Martha didn't like the thoughts of going to Arizona. She hated to leave her brother and sister in Ephraim. But she knew that they must answer the call of the leaders of the church.

Two years after Peter had first gone to Arizona, he returned for his family and moved them down. Martha drove a team and wagon most of the way. Her son Martin had a toothache all the way and had to spend most of the time in her wagon.

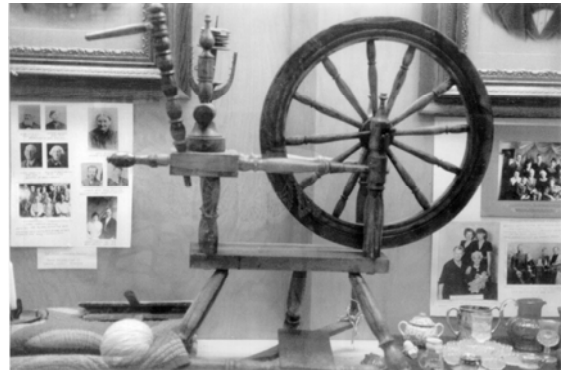
Life at the new Fort in Arizona was very different for Martha. She wasn't used to working the way they did there. She was not very well part of the time and eating at the big table never did appeal to her. Much of the food they served she couldn't eat. I carried her food to her when she was not well enough to go to the table.

One summer she got so hungry for some of the fresh food that was growing in the garden she could hardly stand it. Especially did she want a watermelon. There were just a few ripe. It was forbidden for anyone to take a melon before enough were ripe to divide for all, and the bishop's council had recently held a trial for some of the men who worked in the fields and had eaten some of the melons.

Martha had waited as long as she could. Finally, one day she went down to the field and picked herself a melon. She ate part of it there in the field then came marching back through the fort with the

rest of it under her arm. No one ever said a word about it to her though she expected them to, but probably they didn't dare for she had a temper.

Martha was never idle. She took her turn with the tasks of the fort. All her spare time was spent cording, spinning, and knitting wool. She made all her families stockings.



Martha's spinning wheel  
Photo taken at the St. John's Museum

She also corded wool for quilts. She loved to work with quilts because they were something new. She had never seen any quilts in Denmark, "The Old Country" as she would say.

There they always slept with feather beds (or deun as they were called in Danish) both over and under them. In Denmark they had so many geese and ducks that they used these entirely for their bedding. The bed ticks were woven out of wool yarn and filled with feathers.

One quilt Martha made was pieced completely from the legs of old hand knitted socks which she cut up after the feet were worn out. There was always a need for more pretty pieces to put into a quilt.

Her quilts were always made by hand until the family got a machine in Arizona to sew with. To Martha that machine was as wonderful as the reaper

and binder. She was so pleased when she learned how to run it.

When the United Order was dissolved and the Brigham City site abandoned, Martha moved with her family to The Meadows. There she was more content and not so homesick.

She made butter and sold it along with her eggs and milk, buttermilk, and dutch cheese. She would pick up little wormy apples and cook with brandy for the chickens. Her mind was always on them, and she knew and loved each hen and chick. She never wasted one feather, even when a chicken died she would save the feathers for bedding and pillows. This was the kind of work Martha knew very well.

She always found a good market among the people in St. Johns, which was a few miles up the Little Colorado River. About twice a week Peter took her to town to sell her things.

Often they went with an ox team and wagon. They owned a team of horses, but Ike had those working on the railroad part of the time.

The people of St. Johns would take everything they had to sell because they were so hungry for fresh dairy products. This was about the only cash income they had. Occasionally Peter could spare a beef to sell or a load of hay.

An old custom which Martha never gave up was that of gleaning the grain from the field after the harvesters were through. Her sack of wheat, gleaned in Brigham City, was practically the only seed they had to plant the first year at the Meadows.

Martha had spent too many years doing this type of work in Denmark to sit idly by and see all the grain which the

threshers left in the field go to waste. So she spent hours gleaning in the grain fields and with her would usually be some of her good Scandinavian friends.

Martha and Peter's oldest son, Ike, married Elsin Peterson. They had 11 children and lived in St. Johns, Arizona.

I married Edwin Whiting. We lived in Arizona, then later in Utah and then back in Arizona. Martin married Mary Jemina Beal and they had 8 children while living in Ephraim, Utah.

When I moved back to Utah, Martha wanted to go back too. She had always longed to be back by her relatives and now with my family and me gone, she thought she couldn't bear to be way down in Arizona any longer. Peter took her back, and then he returned to stay two more years as bishop in Arizona.

When Edwin and I decided to go back to Arizona the second time, Martha did not want to move again. I went back three times to see my parents and spent about a month each time.

Ike went back and spent most of one winter with them. Martin, his wife and family lived near them and saw to it that their needs were met and they were cared for the rest of their lives.

Martha was an intelligent and wise woman, and even though she never learned to read or write in English she kept accurate accounts of her earnings from the eggs, dairy products and fruit she sold.

She learned early in life she must earn her bread by the sweat of her brow, which she did all of her life. She had no chance for education as a girl, but she encouraged and insisted her children learn so they could read and write. She was so grateful that she and some of the other members of her family had the

chance to join the church and come to America. She felt that the Lord had truly blessed them by leading them here where they had so much better way of life than they could ever have had in Denmark. She was always grateful for her husband and her family with which she had been blessed.

**Note:** Family records indicate that she had older and young siblings.



Quilt and belongings of Martha  
Photo taken at the St. John's Museum

## The Missionary Fund

By Arthur C. Whiting

Grandmother Martha Kirstine Isaacson, must have dreamed of a better life and had hopes for happier times than she had known in Denmark, or she never would have ventured onto the old ship with her mother and sister and the rest of the saints, bound for Utah. She could not have envisioned the six months on the ocean and then crossing the plains with the hand carts, or she would surely have stayed in the old country. But she came, she knew hardships, she knew sorrow, she witnessed the passing of her mother on the trail, for lack of food. She saw others suffer and die but she lived to reach the promised valleys; and to bless, not only her own posterity, but people of many nations.

She married young Peter Isaacson whose wife had died crossing the plains. They settled in Ephraim where she was to build her dream castle. She worked in the fields, in the home, and with her chicken's and cows. She sold her eggs for eight to ten cents a dozen. She gleaned wheat after the harvest, she saved and put her humble savings in Zion Savings Bank. She never learned much English and could not read at all. But dreams and hopes are not built by words but by deeds. Her speech was

funny to some but in her heart she loved the good things in life.

She would pay her namesake granddaughter Martha 25 cents to play the organ for her. She sustained her husband as bishop when he was called to the far away Meadows Ward in Arizona. But she dreamed of Ephraim until they were released to return there. At the Meadows they used up the grains for food and livestock feed. But she saved her gleanings from the wheat fields of Utah, which she provided for spring planting.

All the while she saved as she gleaned grain and sold her eggs, butter, and milk. One time as she and the children had finished gleaning in the field, one of the girls reminded her of the words of Brigham Young when he said a bushel of wheat could be worth more than a bushel of gold. She answered her by saying, "If I could have had a bushel of wheat to keep my mother from starving to death, don't you think it would have been worth more than a bushel of gold?"

At the age of 92 she died, leaving to her posterity; her example, her ideals, her hopes and her savings in Zions Bank.

The money was divided three ways, to her two sons and Maria Whiting.

Maria was a true daughter of the little Danish girl, Martha, who crossed the plains. She saved, she sewed, she gathered wool from the bushes and fences just as the poet said:

### **Pioneer**

By Zara Sabin

Snaggles of wool from bush and  
fence treasured in tucked-up  
apron;

Worth-weight garnering  
to be washed and combed and  
dyed and spun and woven.

Bending, stooping, sharp eyes  
searching, she tramped the hills  
where yesterday sheep had  
passed.

Now, there was this—  
Not much, but still a goodly mite  
to add to that at home.

Dear Grandmother:  
What would you not have given  
for these skeins in my basket!

Though she raised a large family and helped many along the way she added her savings to that of her blessed mother. As Maria came to the close of her life she decided to fulfill the dreams of her mother and combine her own purpose in life.

She left every parcel and possession of any kind to the work of the Lord. The official name was the Whiting Memorial Estate. The family called it the missionary fund. How many missionaries have been assisted, how many needy have been helped? Hundreds and hundreds.

Thank you, you two dear wonderful women for your example of what the Lord meant when he said, “Go sell all your goods and give to those in need and follow me.”

## **Grandma Signs Her Name**

By May Whiting Berry

*Martha was an intelligent and wise woman, although she never learned to read and write or even sign her name. She loved the Lord. She learned at age nine that she must earn her bread by the sweat of her brow, which she did all of her life. She had no chance for education as a girl, but she encouraged, insisted that her children learn these things*

I remember one day it was cold and snowing outside. Grandma was down from her home in Ephraim, to visit us in Mapleton.

She was so miserable that day! She must write her own name, the thought haunted her. She sat all day as cold and morbid as the weather outside.

“Maria,” she would say, “Nay, Nay, Nay.” Then Mother would point at the check and in a firm, gentle voice say something in Danish that I did not understand, but we all understood that Grandma must pick up a pen and sign her name to a check on Zion’s Savings Bank.

We watched in silence. At last her hand grasped the pen. Mother stood by, showing her just how to do it. After it was over, with a big sigh of relief, Grandma laid the precious check on the table. It happened to touch the plate of butter and circle of grease spread rapidly on the check.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!”, she moaned as she rocked back and forth in apparent agony. I could not figure out just what had happened until I saw Ma begin to laugh. At last a smile broke over Grandma’s face, even though she knew she would have to sign that check again.

## A Quarrel with Neighbors

By Eddie I. Whiting

I remember the Lambson family distinctly when we lived at the Meadows. Arby, the only son; Pollis, the father, and several girls. And how Grandma Isaacson scolded and fretted because they borrowed so often, and forgot to repay—things to make a meal—flour, molasses, and fresh meat if we had any.

They had borrowed a lot of meat on the strength of the time when they were planning to kill their only cow. Finally, they sold their cow and all went by wagon from the Meadows to St. Johns to buy supplies with the money their cow had brought.

I distinctly remember going with my mother Maria to their house, seeing the finery the girls had. Mother told them how nice it looked, and then how she and Grandma Isaacson scolded when we were back home. When we were at Lambson's I thought they had done fine selling their cow. At home, I was soon convinced they were foolish for using the money from their only cow to buy finery and they were

rascals for not paying back the meat they had borrowed.

I remember the storm Arby and one of the girls provoked by coming to our home just at that time, asking to borrow enough meat and flour for supper. Then Grandma Isaacson demanded to know why they had not thought of it until all their money was gone. From then on, I only remember a storm.

Finally, Grandpa Isaacson stood up, gave them flour for a meal from his meager supply, and when they had left, told Grandma Isaacson and Mother to be thankful they were blessed with more sense and to try to use it, and never criticize people not blessed with their judgment.

I remember in after years, Mother telling how hard things were at the Meadows, how much Grandpa Isaacson gave to the people of his branch, and others who came along.



### A Postscript about Mette

After Martha and Peter were married and living in Ephraim, Utah, they did the temple work for Martha's sister Mette, who as a teenager, had died on a wheat field in Denmark before Martha joined the church.

Martha served as proxy for Mette's endowments in the Manti Temple. They also sealed Mette to Peter in the Endowment House September 20, 1871. The sisters, close in mortality, will be close always.

Source Information

Film Numbers: 183397 and 170437





Brigham City, Arizona



# The Life Story of Edwin Marion Whiting

By Elda W. Brown

When Edwin Marion Whiting was born, August 8, 1857, he came into a typical pioneer world. All of the hardships that had faced the Utah pioneers since they first arrived in Utah, were found in Manti, at that time.

1856 had been one of the grasshopper years and everything green in San Pete Valley had been eaten. Edwin's uncle, Walter Cox, had been blessed in having some of his grain supply left when he had moved into the valley.

This supply provided food for the less fortunate saints. No doubt it was this grain that helped sustain the life of Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting's fifth child, Edwin.

Edwin Whiting, Edwin Marion's father, was a polygamist and had other wives and other children. He knew and loved each of his own. His family was important to him and he spent his life working to provide those loved ones with the necessities of life.

That he was very successful in this was shown by the fact that all of his boys learned the carpenter trade in his chair factory, and the blacksmith trade in his shops.

Each child learned to love the tilling of the soil by working with their

father in his garden and orchard because he was a master gardener.

It wasn't enough that children learned to work; the important thing in the Whiting home was that children liked to work and took pride in a job well done, whether it was building a chair or sewing a seam.

Mary Elizabeth had taught school a number of years before she came to Utah, and rearing her family did not stop her from continuing this service in Manti.

Indeed her talents were needed here more than before. It was important the children learn, no matter where the saints were living.

Mary taught school in Springville when President Young told them to move back there, after twelve hard years of fighting frost from their orchards and gardens in Manti.

Soon Edwin Marion was ready to attend this school himself. He had been blessed with a healthy body and an inquiring mind. He was ready for all his mother could teach, and was soon helping her to teach the others in her classes.

This was a new world; one beyond the doing with your hands. Edwin shared with his mother the thrill of the world of books. In all his life he was never able to

read and learn all he wanted to, although he read every minute he could spare from his other duties, and was always looking for something more to read.

He never missed a chance to attend the few months of school that were available.

When a chance came for him to take some elocution lessons from his brother-in-law, Aaron Johnson, he took them gladly. This was to open a whole new world, the world of the stage and make-believe, the world of literature and stories in action.

If possible these were even more exciting than the books alone. Being a handsome young hero, or the hissed-at villain, appealed to Edwin very much.

The plays were usually presented in the home town first, and then in the neighboring towns, by invitation.

The tasks in large families were assigned pretty much to age groups. When one age was ready to take over more responsible jobs, then the younger children were given a chance at the simpler jobs.

Edwin and the brothers his age never seemed to object to the task of herding the family milk cows in the summer pastures. It was more pleasure than work to pack a lunch and plan to spend the day protecting the family stock from sly Indians or from straying off into forbidden mountains.

Perhaps adding to the fun was the large number of brothers who shared this task. Two brothers near his age carried the same given name as Edwin himself; to distinguish the boys they were usually called by both names while they were young.

Edwin learned the love of many people who were good and were striving to live by the commandments of the new church they had accepted. He learned that any one of the “mothers” in the big house would supply him with food when hungry, and sympathy when hurt. Kindness and tolerance were built into his character by the thoughts and actions of those around him.

Polygamy was a hard way of life to those who fought it and became bitter, but it was a great builder of virtues to those who sought to do first the will of their Father in Heaven.

So it was in the Whiting home. This was proved to Edwin by the fact that when he was a hungry boy he could ask any one of the ‘mothers’ for the bread and butter that he so much wanted, and get it.

Life in Springville was better for the Whiting family than it had been in San Pete, because the weather was not so cold and they were able to raise good gardens and the orchards they planted produced fruit of all kinds.

Father Edwin Whiting built homes for his families in Springville, Mapleton and in Hobbie Creek Canyon, where some of them spent the summer. Edwin Marion grew up in this home where children were taught to work. He learned to do the things that were necessary to provide for a large family.

But life, in these times was not constant, and Edwin’s older brothers, Albert and Charles, and their families had been called to go to Arizona to help settle a new community there.

Edwin’s youngest sister, May, had been ill with heart trouble, and when Charles came back from Arizona on a visit, the family decided it might improve

May's health if she were to go back with him. Mary Elizabeth took her boys, who were unmarried, and her daughter May, and went to Brigham City, Arizona.

This trip was probably the most important event in Edwin's life, because it was in Arizona that he met Anna Maria Isaacson, who was to become his wife.

Up until the time he met Maria, he had planned to return to Utah as soon as his mother was settled. Meeting Maria changed his desires. This move to Arizona began Edwin's life, separate and apart from his family of brothers and sisters.

Edwin worked at the United Order in Brigham City for a while and then he obtained employment at other places around Winslow where he went to work for the railroad.

This was interesting and exciting to Edwin, and he wanted to become an engineer. He passed the necessary requirements, except for the eye tests. He was found to be color blind to the red and green signals used on the railroads, so his dreams of being an engineer vanished.

Edwin continued his work on the railroad during the years he waited for Maria to become old enough for her parents to give their permission for their marriage.

In the meantime the United Order in Brigham City was abandoned, and the saints went elsewhere to settle. Maria and her family had gone to a little settlement on up the Colorado River called "The Meadows."

In September 1881, Edwin went to the Meadows and claimed his bride. She had reached her 18th birthday in June. Edwin had saved his money and had purchased a team and wagon and they

were ready to travel to St. George to the LDS temple to be married for eternity.

Traveling with them were Sully Richardson, Edwin's good friend, and his bride, Rena, who had come up from Gila Valley and were going to be married also. The experiences of the wedding trip are in Maria's story.

When they came back to Arizona both couples lived at the old settlement in Brigham City. Edwin and five others bought out the remaining interests left in the Fort and Edwin continued working for John W. Young, who had a contract from the railroad, taking most of his pay in credit.

Edwin finally started a store with his share of the goods he received from the division of the stores and the blacksmith shop in Brigham City. This was the beginning of Edwin's business career.

When Edwin had his store in Brigham City, an old Indian Chief came to buy a wagon. Arrangements were made and the wagon arrived. When the old Chief came to get the wagon, about 300 other Navajo Indians came with him.

They wanted to trade Edwin one gentle horse and one wild horse for his team. Edwin told them he would rather keep his own horses. He then proceeded to hitch up his own horses just to show the Indians how the harnesses and team worked.

Some of the Indians climbed in and wanted a ride. The Indian who got into the front seat with Edwin was showing off, picked up the whip and hit the horses. They broke into a run and ran so fast that Edwin had a hard time getting them under control. He was so amused by the way the Indians were acting that he could not worry much about the horses and wagon.

The Indians in the back were hanging on for dear life and looked as though they thought they were going to be killed any minute. The Indian in front was hanging onto the seat and was so scared that Edwin couldn't get mad at him for hitting the horses in the first place. This incident always brought a laugh to Edwin when he thought of it or told about it later.

### Stores

The first store in Brigham City was only a small one and stocked mostly with goods that had been Fort supplies when Brigham City was disbanded.

Edwin had received, as part of his share, a large box of hats and caps. This supply lasted them for many years. This store did quite well until the completion of the railroad, then the people moved away because work was not available.

The next venture in the store business was after Edwin and Maria had moved back to Mapleton, Utah. Edwin's sister, Harriet Curtis, had been running a little store in her home, and wasn't well enough to carry on.

Edwin decided to buy her share of the merchandise, and paid her \$80.00.

Edwin built shelves in their front room, and soon they were in business. As their stock sold they bought more and Edwin soon erected a new building at the side of their home for the store. They had finished their new brick home before this.

Business in the store did not require a constant clerk, so a string was tied to a little bell that rang in the house when someone wanted service. Everyone was conscious of the bell, and when it rang, Edwin, Maria, Eddie, May or Martha would go out to wait on the customer.

One day a little Bromley boy rang the bell and Martha went to wait on him. The boy had some eggs to trade for goods, and looked rather disappointed when he found that Edwin or Eddie were not there, but he finally let Martha wait on him.

She got his rice and sugar ready and asked him why he wanted her Pa or Eddie. The boy said, "Ma said to get one of them if I could, cause they give more."

The store in Mapleton never made a lot of money, but the family enjoyed keeping it and with careful management they were always able to make a profit.

After Edwin and his family moved to Arizona in 1901, they decided to build a new store on Commercial Street in St. Johns. All of the boys helped haul the many, many loads of sandstone from the nearby hills, by team and wagon.

Edwin hired two Welch men, who were masons, to lay up the walls. These men, Solomon Waite and Elizer Jones, sang as they worked. All of the Whiting children, as well as the neighbors, liked to hear them sing "Kitty Wells," "Molly Darling," "When you and I were Young Maggie," and many others.

Edwin and his boys did most of the carpenter work. When Edwin put on the roof, the older boys carried material up to him on a big ladder. One day when the roof was almost finished, Earnest was sitting up on the very top, lost his balance and fell. As he rolled off he hit the scaffolding and then fell onto the ground.

Edwin went down to the rescue so fast he almost fell. Earnest had yelled all the way down, but when he hit the ground he just lay quiet.

The accident really frightened the other children, and they all started crying. Edwin picked up Earnest, who was almost

as large as he was, and carried him into the house. Finally Earnest caught his breath and sat up. He had a terrible headache, but no broken bones or other visible injuries.

The old Kemp store in Concho was closed, and Edwin and Maria decided to buy the small inventory which consisted of a supply of medicine, native herbs (a laxative), and Wizard oil which the family used to relieve their many toothaches throughout the years. The native herbs and wizard oil were good selling items. However, the main things were counters and showcases

The novelty was a slot machine with a place to drop a nickel. On two numbers a dime would come out and on two zeros nothing came out. Edwin took the machine apart and marked out the zeros. He said no kid was going to lose a nickel in their store.

Edwin was not fond of clerking but he always helped make out the orders. All of the dry goods had to be ordered by mail out of a catalogue, usually Butler Bros. in Chicago. They always sent a check with their order and received 2% off for cash. Edwin hated to be in debt to anyone and paid for things as promptly as he possibly could.

The goods came to Holbrook by freight and then had to be picked up in

wagons and hauled to St. Johns, as well as the groceries that were usually purchased in Holbrook.

Edwin, usually accompanied by some of the boys, had two wagons and a four-horse team, which he used to make the seven day trips to Holbrook. They kept good horses and often broke their horses driving them on their freight trips.

There was never any lack for help when the big freight wagons pulled in to be unloaded - especially at Christmas time. The merchandise then included the usual canned goods, flour, sugar and other groceries, plus big 100 pound barrels or 30 pound wooden buckets of candy, crates of oranges, lemons, all kinds of pretty cloth, as well as special dishes and toys for Christmas.

The store never made Edwin rich, but it was always a profit-making investment because of his wise handling. They never went into debt on the goods they bought for the store, so they were always able to gain from the business.

Edwin and Maria, kept the store until Eddie came home from his mission and was married, then they traded the store and house to Eddie and moved into another home a block north.





First Whiting Store in St. Johns, Arizona  
May, Martha and Edwin in front and Earnest by fence.



Inside the first store in St. Johns, Arizona  
Anna Maria helping customer and May behind counter





Second Whiting store in St. Johns, Arizona  
Robert Overson, Ward Heap, Willard Farr, Elmer Berry – 1911



Whiting Garage in St. Johns Arizona, Adjacent to the General Store  
Roy Gibbons Jr., Leon Waite, Willard Farr Jr., Earnest Whiting, Emmett Waite - 1920



## **Blacksmith**

Edwin owned a blacksmith shop everywhere he lived. He could make parts for almost anything that needed fixing and used the shop to repair their own machinery, as well as add to the family income.

The first shop was set up in Brigham City in the old Fort. There Edwin supplemented his income by doing repair work for the men who were employed by the railroad.

When he moved to St. Johns, from the Meadows, he set up a blacksmith shop about one-half block west of where the East Side District school is now. Business was good, as there were many wagons, as well as much farm machinery to be repaired.

In later years he looked back on special incidents and loved to relate them to his family and friends. One of those incidents that he enjoyed telling was when the sheriff came to get him to put shackles on the horses of a very noted outlaw, and then fasten the outlaw to the door of a jail. (Grandma always called this outlaw, Billy the Kid.)

Edwin did a fine job. The only difficulty was when the sheriff came in the next morning and found the outlaw had taken the hinges off the door and was gone, door and all.

Commodore Owens was the most noted sheriff in Northern Arizona at that time, and was a frequent visitor at Edwin's shop. The sheriff's horses were so hard to shoe, they had to be thrown every time.

All the men gathered around the shop when they saw Commodore Owens come into town, as he always brought

news from other parts of the country. The sheriff had long red hair and did not look like the tough type, but he was noted throughout the West for his bravery.

One time Edwin was not at home when some outlaws came to his house and told Maria they wanted their horses shod. She told them she didn't have a key to the blacksmith shop and didn't know when Edwin would be home.

They were in a hurry and said they couldn't wait, so they shot the lock off the shop door, went in and used the equipment to shoe their horses. This job done, they went back to Maria, asked her for some food, which she fixed for them.

They paid her for the food and the horse shoes and left, much to her relief. She had been afraid that the law officers would catch them there, and there would be shooting all around the place.

While living in Mapleton, Edwin needed a part for a piece of machinery, and the regular blacksmith said that it couldn't be made. Edwin made one that worked even better than the regular one.

## **Sawmills**

Edwin's first sawmill was started after he had moved back to Mapleton with his family of three children. They took all their savings and bought a water mill to saw the lumber.

There was no other mill around, and there was timber on the mountains, so they did pretty well with this sawmill, until the stream went dry, and they had to move further up the mountains.

Water power was not dependable enough so Edwin bought his first steam engine and boiler for the sawmill in Mapleton. He had to go into debt \$450.00

to buy the steam engine. His brother Lute said that Edwin would ruin the Whiting name going into debt for all that, but his brother John thought better of it, and went into the business with him.

Maria and her family moved into a little cabin up by the mill so she could cook for the mill hands. With hard work and careful management, they were able to pay for the steam engine and boiler and buy out John's share in the business. They sold all the lumber they could to people who came to the mill to buy, and took the extra to Provo and sold it for \$12.00 a thousand, delivered.

When Edwin lived at the sawmill they usually killed enough deer in the fall to sell for tax money and other expenses. One fall they killed 18 deer, cleaned and dressed them, carefully stacked them up and covered them with a tarp. In the morning a big buck was gone, and by the tracks that were all around, they knew that a mountain lion had taken it. Edwin fixed a trap with a gun. That night when the lion came back for another deer it set off the trap and about ten men heard the shot. When they arrived at the place where the deer were stored, they found the lion dead.

They had very little money in those days, so when the authorities of the church called for an extra \$5.00 from each family to finish the Salt Lake temple, Edwin and Maria wondered where theirs would come from. They were paying everything they could get towards their debts. Finally Edwin sold some lumber for \$5.00. They talked about all the things they needed it for, but finally Maria said she knew they would be blessed if they paid it toward the temple fund, so they did. Little did they know then how many of their children and grandchildren would receive blessings in that temple.

After Maria had to move to town, Edwin ran the mill a while longer up in the canyon. He would walk to town to be with his family over Sunday, and then go back up to the mill again. Finally he moved the mill down to town and ran it there with the addition of a planing mill which he bought.

Edwin sold his interests in Mapleton and moved back to Arizona in 1901. He had eight children now, and an orphan boy Leonard Taylor, who went to live with them. After he had been in Arizona a few years he homesteaded some timber land in the White Mountains. He built a sawmill a short distance above his homestead. This mill ran for several years before they moved it to a new site. Edwin and his sons have been in the lumbering business ever since. Eddie once said that they had never lost on a business or gone out of a business that they and their father had started.

The sawmill life offered employment and work for the whole family and many others who came through the years to work for them. From the time Earnest was six, he was assigned the job of watching the steam gauges at the mill. Edwin didn't trust some of the grown men who worked for him to do the job, but Earnest seemed to like the same things his father did and he took the responsibility very seriously. He saw all there was to see. All of Edwin's children were taught that work was enjoyable and worthwhile.

Two events happened at the sawmill by the homestead that were real tragedies. Edwin's brother Charles and his family had moved to Mexico. One summer John, Charles' young son, came to Arizona and worked for Edwin and his family at this mill. John was in a terrible accident. The saw cut across the middle of his body. In spite of all they could do,

John died. This was such a sorrow to Edwin and all his family that the mill was never quite the same again.

The other incident was when Arthur was bitten by a mad dog that

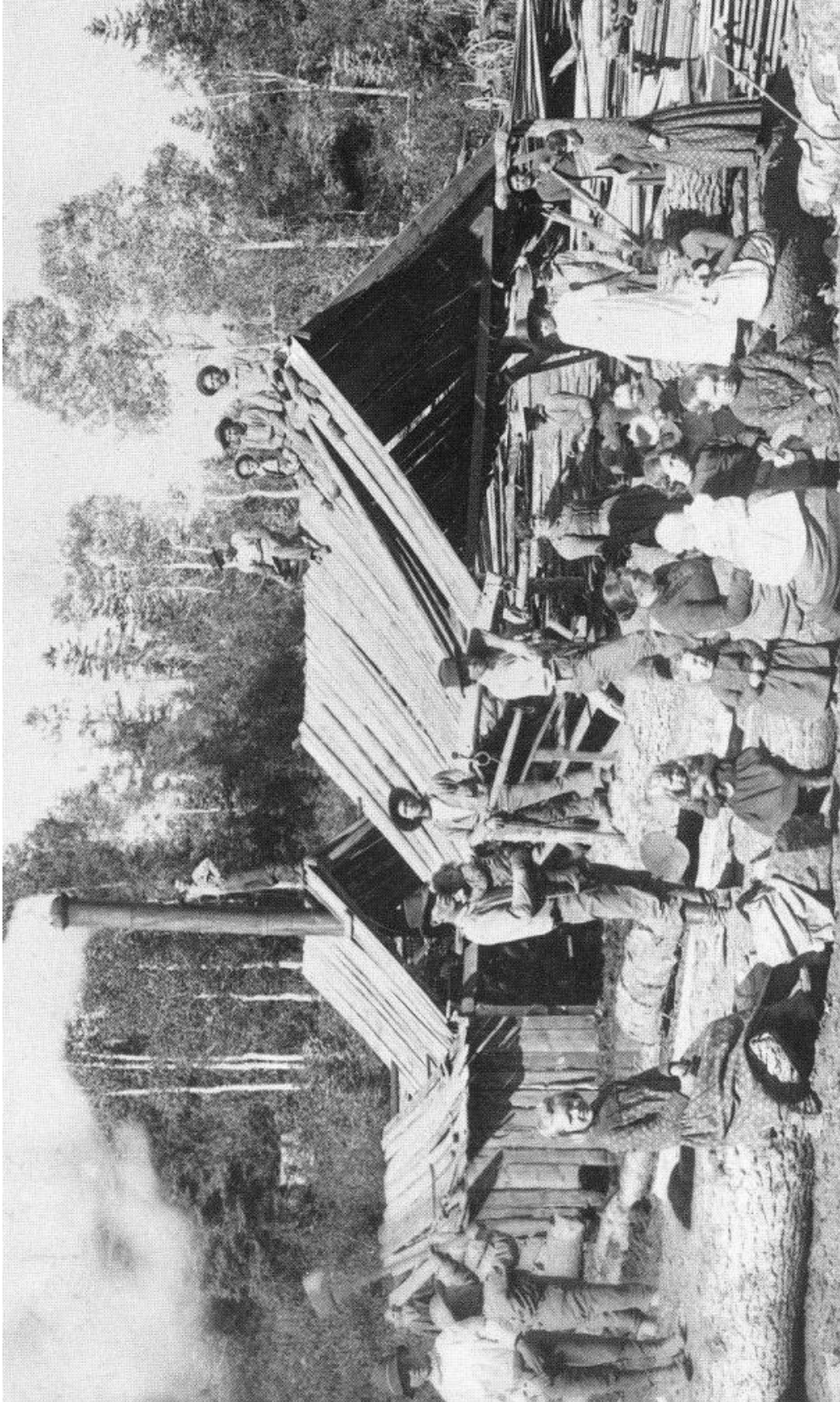
belonged to some of the people who were working on the mill. Edwin and Maria took him to Los Angeles for treatments, and were surely blessed, as the treatments were successful and Arthur was spared.



The First Whiting Sawmill near Springville, Utah - 1892



Earnest & Beryl's house at the Pasture Mill in Arizona near the Homestead 1915  
Earnest standing, Beryl sitting, Beryl's sister Lue standing, baby Beulah



The First Whiting Sawmill Near Springville, Utah – 1892

Eddie sanding on log at far left, Edwin standing left of center holding a child,  
Martha seated on log holding doll, Right of Martha is Earnest, Maria holding Ralph, May

Edwin Marion Whiting



Type of logging equipment used by the Edwin Marion Whiting family



Boiler and sawmill at the Whiting Homestead





Earnest Whiting working at the sawmill by the Homestead

## Homes

Edwin and Maria lived in many houses and every one of them was a real home, the kind children like to remember and want to build for their children.

Their first home was in Brigham City, Arizona. The old fort was abandoned, but Edwin had bought one-fifth interest in it and they rented out some of the homes and lived in one themselves. After the railroad work was finished, they sold the place to a man who wanted to run a dairying business to supply Winslow with milk.

Their second home was at the Meadows where Maria's parents were already living. They bought a place that was already built from someone who had moved out. It was close to her folks and they had a little plot of ground there to raise a garden. Eddie, May and Martha were all born there.



First Home in St. Johns

In about 1887 they moved to St. Johns. Their home here was a small lumber house across the street, west from where the Coronado school now stands. The old jail was where the school now is on Cleveland Street.

When Edwin and Maria moved back to Mapleton, Utah in 1888, they rented a little house from his brother, close to his mother's home. When they were better established they bought a large lot with an old house on it. This was always called the "Old House", and later the honeyhouse. Earnest, Ralph and Lynn were born while they were living in this home. In the summers and while Edwin ran the mill, Maria moved her family to a little cabin near the [Hobble Creek Canyon] sawmill.

In 1895, a lovely new red brick home was built on the lot where the old home was and was considered one of the best in town. Edwin and Maria were prospering. The new home was a lovely place, and business at the mill was good. Elda and Minnie were born in this house.



Last home in Mapleton, Utah

Edwin contracted typhoid fever and his life seemed to be near the end. His father appeared to him one day, as he lay ill and told him to move back south and finish his mission. (See story in "Our Father" section.)

In 1900, as soon as Edwin was able, they sold everything and prepared to move back to Arizona. Their first home in St. Johns was a small lumber house at 435 West Cleveland. His brother Eck and family who had come with them rented a house across the street. Within a short

time they bought a large lot in the center of town between Commercial St. and 1st East. There was a two-room adobe house already on the lot and Edwin and his boys built on three rooms or lean-tos as they were called. Arthur was born in this house, and they lived there for many years until Eddie came home from his mission, married and took over the store.



Second home in St. Johns

“It takes a heap o livin’ in a house to make a home” and there was truly a heap of livin’ in this house. Eddie and Earnest both left for missions from here; Eddie May and Martha were all married from this home, Martha came home and lived two years with her two children while Frank went on a mission to England. Many a party cheered its rooms, and many a play practice echoed in its walls. Candy, ice cream and cookies were made here to sell, as well as hats trimmed for sale in the store. All the living of a large happy family was involved in this home.

In 1910, Edwin and Maria sold the store to Eddie and Ethel and traded houses with them. The home they moved to was on the corner of North Washington and Third Street, kitty corner from the L.D.S. church. They remodeled this house by adding two brick rooms, with two rooms in the attic upstairs, and extended the two bedrooms on the other side. Two new

fireplaces added the glow of warmth to the home at this time. Here children and grandchildren were always welcome, and Edwin and Maria were seldom alone. Christmas. Thanksgiving and other holidays, as well as vacations, brought scores of relatives to visit.



Second St. Johns home after remodeling

September 27, 1930, Edwin and Maria were able to celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary in this home. Friends and relatives from the whole town and neighboring places came to wish them well. Their fifty years had been full and hard but rewarding, A long table was set up in the dining room and covered with loads of food, even a whole roasted pig. Invited guests came to share, as they always had, with Edwin and Maria.

August 18, 1934, just ten days after his 77th birthday, Edwin passed away in this home. There his body lay in state as friends and relatives came once more, this time in mourning but with respect to view for the last time, a wonderful man who had helped to make their lives richer and better. The parlor was a place of peace and quiet and sadness.

### Hobbies

Edwin’s hobbies were varied and numerous, and he did each of them well.



In fact, he excelled in any work or job he did. When he first started to drive oxen, his father said he kept trying over and over until he was a better driver than his older brothers.

He loved to whittle. Until the last few years of his life, he hardly ever missed a day that he didn't whittle as he rested. He made chains and a long round piece of wood with little balls inside, for each of his children. He made comic strip characters; Mutt and Jeff, dolls, animals, and other articles of interest.

Building furniture was a love he must have inherited from his father who had the chair factory, for he made a big cupboard with glass doors that was always used for the best dishes. He made chests for each of his girls, that still hold a place among their treasures. He made small chests for his grand daughters and tool chests for the grandsons. When one grand daughter, Nita, had rheumatic fever, he made her a little set of furniture. His little doll cradles and beds were loved by all who received them, and his stools were so numerous that every family had one or more. He loved the feel of wood, and shaped it with care into useful articles for his family.

Hunting and fishing were more than hobbies. They supplied a good part of the family meat. Edwin went to the canyons, fields or out in the hills every time he had a chance. Whether he was going to hunt, or look for wood, he always liked to take a bake oven, some flour with the baking powder mixed in, some salt pork and barley coffee. For food he would make a sort of pone bread that all who camped with him really liked. Everything he got while he was hunting was carefully preserved and kept. He had a smoke house where the venison meat was carefully

smoked and made into dried meat. Big wooden barrels were filled with salt water for curing. Nothing was wasted which might be used for food. Although they weren't required to have hunting licenses most of his life, he only killed what he could use for food, and never believed in waste of any kind, or killing just to be showing off his ability as a good hunter.

When he was older he liked to cook. He often said that since he was shaking with his palsy anyway he might just as well be using that energy so he churned the butter. He also liked to watch the cookies for Maria. He could tell just when it was time to take them out without the aid of a timer. Getting breakfast was another thing he enjoyed. He always made pancakes; no matter what else they had, and ate them with butter and sugar.

Edwin had kept bees since his father had given him a swarm when he had been married only a few years. In Mapleton he had built his bees up to nearly 300 swarms before he left there. In Arizona he sent for more bees and kept these as a sideline to get honey to sell in the store and to have some to sell to others. Most of his honey was sold in St. Johns, but quite a lot of it went to Holbrook, Winslow and even Phoenix. He knew more about bees than anyone else in the county, and when several others tried to get started in the bee business, he advised them about the best methods for that area, and warned them about letting their bees get honey from the loco plant, which grew on the hills around the county, and was poison to cattle. It was also poison to bees, though few knew it at the time. He continued to care for his bees and work with them as long as he could walk.



Hunting Trip at Kaibab 1927:  
Arthur C. Whiting, Jay Whiting, Virgil Whiting, Eddie Whiting,  
Lester Whiting, Edwin Marion Whiting, and Abe Starley

Gardening was another hobby, which he kept up all his life time. It was also a necessity to feed his large family. But he loved to experiment with different plants and crops. He usually had the first green corn in town and the first new potatoes. His cold frames were always ready with the earliest tomatoes to set out in the spring. His sweet corn had the biggest and best ears, and his pop corn the best to pop. The University of Tucson awarded him a special certificate for his excellent work in horticulture.

His chickens and milk cows were special pets in his later years. He made a good living from the eggs he sold, and his

cows always supplied them with plenty of rich jersey milk with lots of cream on top. When Edwin was tired or hungry he could go into the house and say, “Ma, my energy is gone, I’ve got to have a refill. Have you got a pan of clabber?” [Clabber is similar to yogurt. See page 143] Or he would come in to hunt [for] some hard candy. He always carried some around, usually the little white, hard round peppermints.

Reading was so much a part of Edwin’s life that he couldn’t have existed without it. He read everything he could find, and when reading material was scarce he read things over again. He read the scriptures aloud to his wife and family.

He loved any kind of astronomy and read all the books he could find on it. He subscribed to a newspaper that came once a week, and read the news to his family when it came. Edwin always saw to it that his mother got the paper too, and would subscribe to things for her because he knew she liked to read. One time an article in the paper stated that men were trying to make trains that could go 60 miles an hour. Edwin remarked to his family that it was ridiculous—human bodies were not made to go that fast. For 40 years he subscribed to the A. I. Root, Bee Journal. One of his boys, Earnest, said that he thought that was the magazine they always used for the final authority on everything.

Edwin was well read and liked to share his best loved hobby with his family and grandchildren through storytelling. He loved to tell stories, and they loved to hear them. He took the place of radios and television and movies for his children. Often his stories were from the scriptures and he made those characters come alive for his family. He was familiar with a number of the classics and introduced his children to such books as *Ivanhoe*, *Ragged Dick*, *Tale of Two Cities*, and *Oliver Twist*. These, with the legends and fables, were told over and over.

Some of the favorites, however, were stories of his early life and experiences and stories which he made up himself. Some were of moon people and men who reached the moon, or stars and other make-believe stories about things that might happen. One of the family favorites was a continued story that ran nightly for most of the winter. It was called the “Wood Demon.” Edwin often repeated parts of it to his children after the original telling, because they would always beg for it to be repeated. The

children always coaxed for one more, and never wanted to go to bed without a story. Story telling relaxed Edwin and he found, it easy to entertain his grandchildren even in his older years.

John W. Brown, a schoolteacher in St. Johns, once said that he thought Edwin Whiting was the best read man in St. Johns on all subjects. He not only read, but he remembered what he read, and shared it with his family.

### Theater

One of Edwin Marion Whiting’s greatest contributions to his church, his town, family and friends was the plays he put on. These were usually played for the benefit of the church, to raise funds for one cause or another. Soon after he moved to St. Johns he was asked to serve on a committee to put on plays and other entertainment. He had taken some lessons in dramatics in Utah and had taken parts with his brother-in-law, Aaron Johnson, in plays presented in several Utah towns.

Each year, and often two or three times a year, he would put on a three-act play, especially when there was an urgent need for money. The ward usually needed funds for church buildings, repairing, extra missionary funds, helping some needy family or a celebration. For these and many more causes, Edwin would produce a play. An extra good play would be performed two or even three nights, and many people came to see it a second and third time. Matinees for the children cost five cents. Edwin had a theory that every child should see a play if they wanted to, because there wasn’t much entertainment available in those days, so he had a free matinee for the children quite often.

A good melodrama, or a play that had some moral to the story, and some

serious scenes, was first choice. The idea was to make the audience weep, and Edwin's plays usually did that; however, he liked good clean comedy and put on many of those. Very often if the play had been an extra sad one, he liked to give a good short comedy farce at the end of the three-act play.

One of the first plays he put on in St. Johns was "The Two Orphans." His family was always in the cast because he could depend on them and get them together for rehearsals. Besides, he believed in using his family if he thought they could do the best job. May and Lynn were especially good in comedy parts, but all the children played different type characters.

Eddie's favorite was probably Wenlock of Wenlock, as he was Wenlock and Ethel was the heroine. May was the king's jester in this play, which was considered her best comedy. Martha's favorite was East Lynn in which she played Lady Isabel; Eddie was the judge and May was Barbara. Earnest's most noted character was probably Sikes in Oliver Twist and Ralph's as Fagin in the same play.

Tickets sold for 25 or 30 cents and later 50 cents for reserved seats. Edwin had his own system for reserving seats. He always marked and numbered each seat on a large cardboard and the seats as they were sold were checked off and the person's name written on the cardboard by that number. The plays were put on in the Old Assembly Hall. This was the building that was used for church, dances and all other forms of entertainment and public gatherings.

Scenery had to be built to fit the hall, and each set required moving in and out for each play. Stages had to be built as

needed. Costumes and props had to be made and carried up the flights of stairs for each use. It was work, but it was done for good causes and considered worthwhile.

The bishops and other leaders appreciated Edwin's plays, not only for the money, but for the entertainment and opportunities they offered to the young people to develop their talents. The only chance people had to take part in or see dramatic productions were those they made for themselves. Not only did those people who took part appreciate the chance, but those people who came to watch.

Some of the plays were: Two Orphans, Ten Nights in a Bar Room, A White Lie, The Octoon, Wenlock of Wenlock, Under two Flags, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Hazel Kirk, Oliver Twist, Way Down East, Fisherman's Luck, Because I Love You, Crazy Maud, Box and Cox, Divorce Question, The Train to Mauro, From Sumpter to Appomattox, Bound by an Oath, and many, many others.



Ralph and Arthur – The Two Orphans

Oliver Twist  
1912



Lynn and Earnest - Oliver Twist



Earnest and Elda - Oliver Twist



Back: Ralph, Elda, Earnest  
Front: Lynn, Iris Whiting Brown – Oliver Twist



Farr Whiting as Pichard – Two Orphans



# The Two Orphans



23  
CHARACTERS  
23

At The  
*Theatre*  
**ORPHEUM MONDAY OCT. 29**

*Presented By*  
**WHITING DRAMATIC CO.**

Poster advertising "The Two Orphans" to be presented in Phoenix, Arizona, Oct 29, 1923

TWO ORPHANS  
1923



Myn Berry and Maree



May and Effie Berry



Lynn, Effie and Ralph

### **Church Work**

Sunday, Edwin went to sacrament meeting, and took his family with him. He knew that was where the Lord wanted them to be. His family thrilled to hear Edwin bless the sacrament. He did it in such a way that everyone listened, because he prayed like he meant it. The blessing on the sacrament was usually given in those days by older men who held the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Edwin liked his job as Ward Teacher, and served as one for many years. The visits were made in the day time. Not only did he do his duty as a teacher, but he taught his family to respectfully receive the teachers who came to their home and be interested in what they had to say. Edwin always stopped his work and called his family in no matter what time of day they came.

Edwin was called to be counselor to Bishop Charles P. Anderson in the St. Johns ward. He served on the Stake High Council under President David K. Udall.

Best of all, Edwin followed the Lord's commandments, and taught his children by precept and example to follow the teachings of the Master. He was never too busy to answer their questions about the Gospel and the scriptures. He was never too busy to help a neighbor who needed something, or too poor to share with those who had less. His children didn't need preaching to. They could observe the gospel in action in their father's and mother's daily lives. All of his children have actively engaged in church work. Many of them served missions. This training has carried on to the grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Many people came to Edwin for advice. His sons always asked his opinion

on all their business deals as long as he lived. He had a rare quality of using good judgment and using it quickly.

In Mapleton they were digging a well near Edwin's home. It was about 14 feet deep, when the sides caved in. There was a man in the well who had been filling the buckets with dirt and handing them up to others to empty. As the walls caved in, the man was covered up to his shoulders. He tried to free himself, but that made the dirt come in faster than ever. When the ones from above tried to help him, the dirt just slid down faster from the top. Edwin heard the cries for help, and when he reached the well, the man was almost completely covered. Edwin told him to hold real still and no one else try to help from above. He then took his hammer and nailed boards together to form a box, and slipped it over the man's head, just in time to keep his face from being completely covered. The box kept the man from smothering to death while the others were able to dig the dirt from around him. He was grateful to Edwin for saving his life.

Edwin and Maria did not believe in whipping their children, so they were raised without that kind of punishment. His children were taught obedience and knew they had to mind. When he yelled for something, someone moved to get it and everyone knew what he wanted.

Edwin enjoyed trading and bargaining. In about 1895 he traded a 10 acre lot that his father had given him for a gun. Edwin Sr. had given each of his sons a lot. Maria was quite upset and told Edwin that he had traded his lot away for a song. May, who was about 11 said, "Oh my, what was the name of the song?"

Edwin loved and enjoyed life each day. He was always the one who could



see the best side of every situation and then find the best in people. This made a good balance for Maria, who was inclined to look for the worst in each happening, and who worried about all the children and their daily affairs constantly.

Edwin's children loved to be with him and to go where he did. From the time they were old enough, he held one on his knee and fed him at meal time. The

family never owned or needed a highchair. Later Edwin's grandchildren would beg to go to Grandpa's place to follow him around to the honey house, to the chicken coop for eggs, or to the corral to milk the cow, or just to sit by him and hear a story. Never were they disappointed, as Edwin liked to have them there and they knew, and enjoyed it.

## A Heavenly Visitor

by Edwin Marion Whiting

It was in the year, 1900 during the month of August, that I was stricken with typhoid fever and pneumonia. I suffered a long serious illness, but was not at any time out of my head. I had become so weak and low that the Doctor told my family I could not last more than a few hours longer.

They called in the Elders, who administered to me, and one of them, Chris Houtz, offered a very wonderful prayer and then asked me to pray, which I did and was very humble.

Chris remained there with us and he went into the adjoining room to rest. My wife and I were left alone, I saw my father pass through the room. It seemed that I couldn't speak I was so surprised. Finally I asked my wife, who was sitting on the edge of the bed if she saw him and

she said no. Then she became frightened for fear the end was near.

A few minutes later, while Maria was still holding my hand, Father came back through the room. He just walked through and didn't say anything.

Then I said, "Father just went through again. Didn't you see him?" Maria said, "No, I didn't see him."

Then a third time which I think was about one half hour after the first appearance, my Father again entered the room. This time he stopped at the foot of the bed and spoke to me, and said, "Edwin you had better go south and finish your mission." He was not dressed in white and looked just as he did when he was living.

From that moment I knew that I would get well, and I began making plans to move to Arizona, which I did within a year.

## A Grizzly Bear, Two Brothers and the Marble Cave

By H. Lee Berry

published in *the Berry Patch* Aug. 1988 & 1989

My Grandpa Edwin Marion Whiting always said that his brother John was the best hunter in the family, and that

he was second best. John smelted and formed the bullets for the guns they used at that time. At the Little Giant Springs

millsite, John practiced shooting in his spare time, and used a good sized pine tree for target practice. By the end of the summer, he had shot the tree down.

I remember my Grandfather saying that he and John were once hunting together, a little separated in distance, when John jumped [surprised] a herd of five deer. His first shot brought down two, and he was able to kill all five deer. Anyone who has tried to get a single shot at a deer in an open forest can appreciate that remarkable feat.

When Grandpa was in his middle twenties, he and John obtained a contract with the Santa Fe Railway to supply meat delivered to Holbrook, Arizona by the wagonload. They were professional hunters and along with many other teams of hunters, provided large quantities of game to be fed to the railway workers.

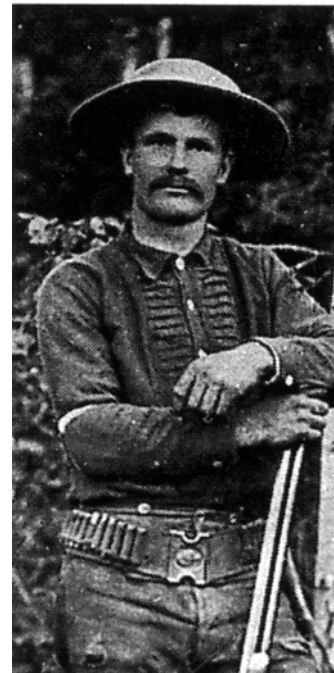
Once when hunting deer in a forest, Edwin and John came across fresh grizzly bear tracks. They found the situation very exciting because it was a chance to “get their grizzly.”

Grizzly bears (*Ursos Horribilis*) are characterized by massive bodies and humped shoulders. This species of bear seems to have a genetic feud with man, and it is certain that the horrible growls and menacing charge of these large carnivores arouse humans to the ultimate challenge when they charge in combat.

Usually bears are hunted with dogs, but Edwin and John had no dogs so they decided to track and overtake the bear. It is no accomplishment to track a grizzly because their claws do not retract, so they often leave an obvious trail. After a few hours they found the tracks led into a cave.

Grandpa and Uncle John, in preparation for entering the cave, stopped and gathered a bundle of dry twigs to serve as a torch. This they did hurriedly because the day was closing rapidly and it was growing dark.

Next, they checked their guns to make sure they were ready. Their guns were single shot, black-powder rifles. When the rifleman pulls the trigger, there is a slight delay, then a flash of light as the powder fires.



Edwin's brother John

Now prepared, they lighted their torch and entered the cave. The cave was big enough for them to walk upright, but they could not see anything other than the walls, nor could they hear anything—least of all the bear. Gradually the torch burned away and they were in total darkness. Apparently the bear was subdued by the sight of the flame, but with the darkness came horrible sounds from the cave, and the sounds began to get louder and louder.

Grandpa whispered to his brother, “I’ll fire first when it gets closer, so you

can see to get a shot.” Then he fired. They both saw the bear with the flash of black powder. Uncle John fired, and all became silent.

The brothers retreated from the cave and made another torch. They re-entered the cave, where they found the bear dead from a single shot—he was shot through the heart and lying only about 10 feet from where they had been standing.

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When Ray Brown was about 20 years old, unmarried, he lived in Salt Lake City. Grandpa and Grandma Whiting came to visit him, and Grandpa asked Ray to take him to the new Utah State Capitol Building in Salt Lake City.

He expressed a desire to see the marble trimming in the halls and large rooms. Ray took Grandpa up to see the new building and admire the much talked about marble.

Grandpa remarked that he and his brother John had discovered the marble which had been quarried for the building when they hunted the bear in the cave. After they had killed the bear they went outside, made more torches, and came back in to get the prize.

They were surprised to see the walls of the cave were polished marble. Ray asked how that could be and Grandpa answered that they were apparently polished from hundreds of years of the bears going in and out of the cave; they had literally polished the marble walls.

My Experiences with Pa

by Earnest J Whiting

As I recall things about Pa, I am sure that I was the luckiest one in the family, for he would always let me go with him if it were possible. I don't know just where to start.

The first I remember was at the sawmill. I was very small. Pa would let me sit and watch him saw. It was a great thing for me. Then when I was a little older I could watch the water and steam to see that it was as it should be.

When I was twelve years old we moved back to St. Johns and I helped drive the teams.

I must have been about sixteen when Pa let me go with him and Herbert on a hunting trip to the Long H which was north of Saint Johns. We hitched our team to the rear of the wagon, to make a cart. We put our camp gear on and went to

Seven Springs where we made camp. We hunted through the cedar and found a few deer there. Herbert and I jumped a big buck when we crossed a deep little canyon, which was only about forty feet from camp. Neither of us took a shot, we just stood there and he ran away, without a shot being fired. Pa got a real good buck though.

Herbert had to go back home because he was teaching school. Pa took the other horse and figured he could get an antelope; at that time it was not illegal. I took the team and cart and went down the road and spotted a herd of antelope a long way off. I could see the dirt kick up and tell about where I was shooting. I shot all the bullets I had. I knew I had killed one antelope but when I got over there I had killed three. In the night Pa got to where I had made camp, and he hadn't seen a

thing. He went out the next morning and shot a couple more antelope and we then had our meat for the winter, with some for Ma to bottle and part for Pa to make into jerky.

A Christmas Errand

The Christmas before I was seventeen stands out in my memories to this day. The Christmas goods and toys for the store had been lost and just ten days before Christmas we received word that they were in Holbrook.

Pa and I hitched four horses to a light wagon and started for Holbrook to get them. We made it about half way the first night. We camped in a wash and Pa started a fire in a big cedar on the bank of the wash just above our camp. In the night the fire ran up on a large limb directly over the wagon. Pa got me out of bed to try and roll the wagon out of the way but we couldn't even budge it. We put out the little sparks that were in the wagon and we went back to bed. I had just gotten warm and to sleep when Pa woke me up and we went through the same thing all over again. This went on time after time the whole night through.

We got to Holbrook the next day and loaded our Christmas goods and started home. In the night a bad blizzard came up and Pa had gout in his legs so bad he could not take a step.

I rearranged the load so there was a place for Pa down in between some of the large boxes. I wrapped him up in our bed roll and he stayed down there with his feet and legs hurting him very bad.

The blizzard got worse and I had to force the horses to stay in the road by walking beside them. If I let go of the lines one minute they moved out of the road. Even if I could have ridden on the wagon there was no room the way I had it fixed for Pa.

We made it to the Colorado crossing just out of Hunt. I gathered a pile of wood and made a big fire, got Pa out of his nest, and unhitched the horses, after I had thawed my hands out. About this time the mail buckboard came up to our fire. Mariane Christensen and Judge Ruiz were almost frozen. They had ridden in the back of the buckboard and were not dressed for this weather. The mail carrier, Dave Udall, was well dressed for the weather and was in fine shape.

Christiansen and Ruiz were shaking until they couldn't even talk. We got them thawed out and on their way and we went to bed so we could get an early start and make it home the next day. I hitched the outfit up and got Pa settled and drove down to cross the river, which was full of about two feet of slush ice. I was going along fine when about half way across the back tire busted and flew off. I took the team and went to Hunt thinking I could borrow another wagon, but all I could find was another rear end. I had to bring it back and change rear ends out in the water without anyone or anything to help me. Using what I could find on the bank I finally got it changed and we were on our way and made it home just about three days before Christmas. This made it so everyone could get their Christmas after all.

So Wise a Dad

by Edwin Isaacson Whiting

Hobble Creek Canyon, Utah

When I was eight years old I wanted to do what the men were doing, so I cut down a small tree. It took me most of the day and Uncle John said if it was a little bigger they would use it, so of course I immediately wanted to cut down a bigger one, and three days later I had one down. As our Old Prince was not busy, and with the help of my sister May, and Will Whiting, we harnessed him and dragged the log in.

I received so much praise from all the mill men I decided that I had found my calling. During the next month I worked as much as my blistered hands would permit and produced quite a pile of lumber.

One day, on a side road, I found a tree some logger had cut that had lodged against another tree, but been abandoned because of the danger of trying to dislodge a tree half down, with its butt on its own stump and its top in another tree. (Two of my friends, the Marten Brothers, were killed that way, each by a different tree but only a few months apart.) This tree was much larger than any I had brought in so far – a prize if I could get it.

After a lot of planning I decided to try it. So I cut one side of the stump on a slant downward and the opposite side of the log on an upward slant, so that when I had the two cuts made, the log slid off away from me as I had planned, and went down as nice as could be.

I pulled it into the mill, expecting to cause a sensation. I did, but in a different way than I had expected. All the men at the cookhouse discussed it and their unanimous opinions were that I had

done a foolish thing, had narrowly escaped, and should be immediately barred from the woods. Mother had tears in her eyes and I decided I was in the wrong business anyhow. All the praise for my other work had come to naught with this great blunder.

I was weeping when Dad came in. Everyone wanted to tell him how bad things were and give advice about what to do with me. Wise old Dad said, “Eat your dinner, then we will go up and see what he did do. At least he got the tree that all you fellows left!” (Sixty-one years have passed and I still remember that.)

Holding Dad’s hand with most of the crew following, we went to the scene of the crime. Dad looked at the stump and asked if I slanted the tree to match it. Then he said, “It looks like a pretty smart piece of work and not much danger the way he did it. Some of you fellows might learn from the boy.” And so I was back in the logging business again!

I am too proud for words, of so wise a Dad. All through life I have been better able and more anxious to face any situation than I could possibly have done, if Dad had ruled against me.

They brought a photographer from Springville and took a picture of the mill with Old Prince hitched to a log, with me in the foreground. For over sixty years that picture has hung in Mother’s home.

[see pg 73]

The Bee-Keeper

By Geraldine Brown Sagers

(Written in 1936 for a College Theme)

A low humming and buzzing was the only sound to be heard in the bright summer afternoon. Turning one's eyes to the place from which the sound came one saw beehives, about a dozen rows of bright painted hives making the bee yard look like a big flower garden.

These bright little homes were flanked on the north by some knotty, gnarled apple trees whose life was almost over. On the east side were young peach trees with tiny green fruit peeping from under each leaf. On the west a high board fence provided the bees some privacy. Finally the south side was jealously guarded by a lone pear tree, a tree which took pride in producing the first ripe pears of the community.

So peaceful that he seemed almost a part of that quiet, though extremely, busy life around him, was seated the old beekeeper in an old rocking chair under the pear tree. Though his hair was grey, his face lined with wrinkles, and his hands knotted and shaking, the vital spark which makes youth still remained intensely burning in his calm, level grey eyes.

It was apparent that the Beekeeper was watching the work of the busy little creatures who seemed to fascinate him. His

thoughts followed every bee, knowing their lives so well, from the yet unhatched brood with its pillow of food, to the busy bees who wore out their wings after about a month of hard work and were left alone to die.

Through most of his life this man had been a beekeeper. First it had been just a side issue, for while rearing his family he had worked at many things. His other interests were almost gone now, so he was happy and content in working with his bees. It seemed as though he found inspiration in watching the busy little creatures. He had obtained a valuable philosophy of life from these bees.

As the days of summer grew longer the old beekeeper knew from his feebleness that his days were growing less. More and more hours of the summer days he spent in the old rocker, until as the bee who has spent its life in toil, always serving others, folds its wings and dies, so the beekeeper lost the spark of life from his feeble body.

The bees still hum and buzz. The apple trees on the north, the peach trees, with ripe fruit now, on the east, the fence on the west, and the lone pear tree on the south, still hold their places. Even the old rocking chair, though covered with dust, is in its place under the pear tree. The spiders have woven a protecting surface of cobwebs as if to preserve the place for the old beekeeper whom they do not realize nor understand will never come back again to watch his busy little companions at work.



Edwin Marion Whiting

Our Father
Edwin Marion Whiting

A Memorial Booklet to a Noble Man

by the Whiting Brothers
Comprising pages 93 to middle of 109

We Lovingly Dedicate this Little Booklet

**To our Dear Mother
Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting**

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## **To E. M. Whiting**

By Rex E. Lee Sr. son-in-law

Saturday, August 18, 1934, marked the passing of one of the most colorful and also one of the most unassuming lives in Northern Arizona. E. M. Whiting, late of St. Johns, moved into Arizona for the first time in 1877, coming in with the early Mormons. He came first to Brigham City, near the site of the present city of Winslow, where he lived in what was called "The United Order" until 1883, when the order disbanded and he moved to "The Meadows" three miles from St. Johns. In 1888 he returned to Mapleton, Utah where he remained until 1900. At that time he returned with his family to St. Johns where he resided continuously to the time of his death.

According to those who have known him, this passing pioneer lived as complete and well rounded a life, as full of varied experience as any man who has lived in and helped to build our fair State. He knew the plains in this region when the antelope abounded. He knew the mountains when nature held supreme and her bounty was great. He was ever an ardent hunter and could always find time

to avail himself of the opportunities in the hunter's paradise which existed in Northern Arizona.

He was one of our earliest citizens. He freighted into the country with an ox team before there was any other method, and was one of the first contractors on construction for the Santa Fe Railroad. He came to know the construction business well, and it is being followed by those who succeed him. South of Flagstaff he operated one of the first sawmills in the State. He liked the sawmill business and established another mill south of St. Johns which is still successful.

The early farmers in the St. Johns district had many problems of new and strange nature to meet. There are none who met and overcame them as well as did Mr. Whiting. He was a student of whatever he engaged in. He sought reasons for all things. When working with the soil he studied it intensively. The result of this type of activity was that he made contributions to agriculture, and particularly to the branch of Horticulture

of sufficient note and importance that the University of Arizona granted him a certificate of achievement in recognition of a distinct contribution to that field. Few there are, who, without technical training can counsel the wise and the learned and, gain their plaudits sufficiently that the highest institution of learning in the State will see fit to acknowledge an offering never before made to the advancement of a particular art or science. Much might be said of the worth of such men to our society.

There is yet another distinct offering to a great branch of livelihood which this man left behind him, and for which he will be long remembered. The apiary which Mr. Whiting leaves in St. Johns is the only one in Apache County. It is the only one, in the State which has proved a success in the type of country in which it is located. He brought the first bees to this section of the state some 51 years ago. At first this venture was not successful. The bees died for no apparent reason. No one seemed to know why. He called the best men available to examine them. No one knew, and most of them said nothing was wrong. The bees still died. He studied the situation himself. At last, as the result of intensive observation, he decided that the locoweed was the cause. He called the State entomologist and told him of his theory. The State officials made a first investigation and reported that nothing in loco would injure bees. Mr. Whiting proceeded with his own ideas and finally worked out a plan for handling his bees in the loco infested area successfully. His further experience

demonstrated conclusively that it was the loco which was at the root of the evil, and by combating it in his own way he caused his bees to break production records in several different years. The current year is one of the best they have had in spite of the prevailing drought. Again, such accomplishments leave much food for thought by those who carry on.

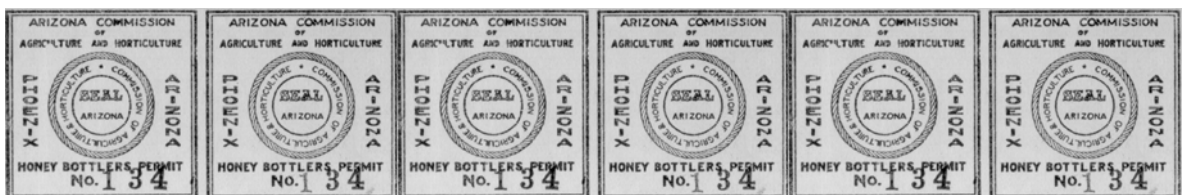
The companion of this gentleman for more than fifty-three years has been Anna M. Whiting, his surviving wife. She has been indeed a true helpmate and companion; his partner in every line of endeavor including taking a prominent part in his experiments and study. Along with this she has presented him with nine children, all of whom survive. All are well established and well respected citizens in their respective communities.

Though, as we have said, there are few men more unassuming than was Mr. Whiting, yet in all ordinary matters he was the embodiment of wise counsel and kindness.

As was said of another, it might well be said here:

“His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, “This was a man.”

His passing will be felt, and his loss is a loss to many, but the lasting goodness of his contributions to us all has not been interred with him. They live for the betterment of all.





## My Father

By E. I. Whiting

He had the rare gift of enthusing those who listened. No outing was quite the same without him. I never remember one of a hunting party coming in so tired or discouraged that Father would not start him cleaning his gun and preparing for the next day.

We would leave any crowd or game at any time to hear his stories or go with him. He had a wealth of stories all his own, one to fit ever occasion. Some of these were "The Man so Tall He Had to Climb a Ladder to Shave Himself," "The Bank That Caved Into the Creek and Left the Hole Sticking Out," "Where the Boys Used to Climb Off," the "Wood Demon," etc. His version of Arabian Nights and most of Anderson's Fairy tales were unique. His favorite songs were "Nellie Gray," "Down by the Weeping Willow," "Little Maud," "Old Horse How Come You Here," and "Three Blue Pigeons."

His own experiences: One could almost feel he was going with him, as Father told of hunting trips; of killing bears with clubs; the night when he shot to make light while John shot the bear; of lying still waiting for antelope to come closer, and how a coyote came along and jumped on a rock so close the powder burned its rump when he fired; of how he set the gun and killed the panther that came into camp and stole a deer: of the time when he and Uncle Edgar, and Uncle Ike followed the outlaws ten days and nights to recover their stolen horses, and brought them back with two wounded prisoners.

He told us how he used to forge great homemade shackles on tough prisoners for Sheriff Commodore Owens,

who would bring his prisoners into the shop, and with their legs on the anvil, rivet the hot iron onto them. No prisoner ever escaped from that and no shackle ever came off until they were brought back to the shop.

His remarkable judgment: His boys worked together because the advice he gave generally helped. Memory is filled with times when taking his advice brought success and is filled with times when his wise counsel and just decisions made things right. No contract, bid or investment was considered finished until he and Mother had passed on it.

My most vivid and hallowed memory is of the drink of water he gave me nearly fifty years ago. I was a child of six, burning up with typhoid fever. Those who called, told him water fed a fever, and that the only chance was to keep it [water] away. Finally, taking Mother's hand, he said, "I am going to give him water." He did. I still remember how good it tasted and how he held my hand all through the night. His judgment saved my life.

He had a keen sense of fairness: Children loved him; Uncle John Whiting says he seemed a father to him. He was always fair in adjusting matters between us children, and between others who came to him with their problems.

The fun we had with theatres will long be a cherished memory. He saw to it that each one had some part in plays. He was never too tired to go to rehearsals and give us the benefit of his training in elocution, and of his natural ability, which, I think, was more help to us than was his schooling.

## Thoughts on the Life of Edwin Marion Whiting

By The Whiting Brothers

Edwin Marion Whiting was the son, of Edwin Whiting and Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting. His mother was one of five wives. He had six brothers and two sisters besides about thirty half-brothers and sisters.

Three of the wives lived in one great big house. It was all very pleasant and many times Edwin made the remark that, "I'd just as soon ask either of the other women for a piece of bread and butter as my own mother." His experiences as a boy are very interesting to us because they were so different compared to what we have now.

Every day Edwin and his older brother Edgar had to take the milk cows to a good feeding place on top of a hill. They had to stay there and herd them and as it was a long ways from home they took their lunch with them. One day their mother had made some strawberry preserves and had given them a small glassful for they were good boys. Any kind of fruit or preserves was a real treat to them then. With this special lunch they could hardly wait for noontime to come. They played and tended the cows as usual but often guessed at the time. Suddenly Edwin noticed a large Indian climbing the hill. Edgar ran to the rock where the lunch was hidden and pulled out some of the bread and the jam. These he hid under another rock. When the Indian reached the place where the boys were he made signs he wanted food. The boys made out that they couldn't understand him for some time, but as the man was getting angry, they went for the lunch. This he ate and wanted more. Being afraid of him, the boys brought out the bread and jam they

had hidden. After eating the bread the Indian picked up the glass of jam. He ran his dirty finger into the glass down to the bottom then licked his finger. He waited a minute, then tasting it again, he said, "Ugh" and threw the treasured glass of jam down the hill. He then got up and went his way. So he left the boys without lunch and worst of all, their precious jam was gone.

Another day on the hill herding cows the boys saw the "cutest" little skunk. It ran into a hollow log and the boys decided to catch it alive. So each got a long willow and one at each end started poking into the log. They hadn't made many pokes before the skunk decided to defend himself. Edwin's clothes were buried and he slept in the shed and was not allowed to enter the house until several days later.

One of their chief playthings was a limber willow and hard mud balls. These were for shooting different things as they did not make flippers then.

The Indians were coming to make peace. This cry spread like lightning over the small town and all the children lined up to watch the Indians ride by.

Edwin, Edgar, Arthur and John were standing by the road watching the Indians go by. One was on rather a slow sleepy horse and was a little behind the others. Edgar had his willow gun in hand, he shot a mud ball at the Indian and hit his horse which nearly threw the man off. The boys ran around the house as the Indian started after them. As they ran the Indian stopped and shook his fist after them, then went on. Having gotten off so

easily, the boys went to the other side of the house. Here Edgar shot again. This time the Indian turned his horse and ran back to where the boys were, but the boys ran back around the house. Some of the other Indians noticed the stopped Indian and called to him to hurry. The man joined the others, but he kept shaking his fist at the boys and saying things they couldn't understand.

Through all this, a little old Englishman, who lived across the street, had been watching the boys. Now he rushed over to where the boys stood watching the retreating Indian and exclaimed hotly, "You young imps, those Indians are going to make peace and you make them mad. It is a risky business, yes sir, a risky business." Thus he raved and scolded. Being afraid that he would tell their parents, the boys promised to be good. Everything that came up in later life, the boys would repeat the old man's warning, "It is a risky business."

The home they lived in was located out side the town wall [wall refers to the stone fort], which was erected to keep off Indian attacks. When the Indians were coming, three shots was the signal for everyone to come into the town. One night very late, the alarm was given and being very excited, everyone was hurrying to get inside the town walls. The boys ran as fast as they could for they had not stopped to dress and the stones hurt their feet. By the time they reached the town they were out of breath and very tired as well as frightened. There was a large crowd already there and more coming all the time. The men had guns or clubs or anything they could fight with.

The excitement lulled as no Indians came and finally scouts were sent to see where the Indians were. The scouts were gone a long time and it gradually grew

lighter, then the people became conscious of how they were dressed. Finally the scouts came and reported only having found one poor Indian out about 5 miles from town struggling to get back to his own camp. By this time it was good daylight and the boys went home as fast as they had come, being very embarrassed by the stares of the people. So much, in fact, they forgot to be angry about the false alarm that had been given. After that they firmly resolved to dress, regardless of Indians in the night.

There was an old crazy man who roamed about the town, living where he could. One day he came to the Whiting home. The children all hid to watch him as they were afraid of him because of the stories they had heard about the old man. He entered the kitchen without knocking and asked for something to eat. Edwin's mother gave him a large piece of bread and butter. He took it and started out the door when he met the dog, which gazed up longingly at the bread. After looking steadily for more than a minute, into the dog's eyes the man thrust out the bread to the dog and said, "Take it, you noble fellow, you need it worse than I do." This has also been a by word of the family throughout the years.

After having done this, he started on. The lady had seen the act, called to him, but he grinned back at her and went on, so she went back to her work. The old fellow ran into the clothes line, which had a big wash hung on it. Stepping he said, "Hullo fence, how 'ill ya trade shirts." So, carefully removing his dirty, torn shirt, he hung it on the line very neatly and picking up the best shirt on the line, he put it on and went on his way. The boys had seen this, but were afraid to stop him.

Their life had its serious side, too. Every member of the family from the

smallest to the oldest had their work to do to help make the living for the family. Their father was a farmer and planted most of the best trees around that country. He taught his boys many things about agriculture as well as other things, such as bees, blacksmithing and carpentering.

There were very few schools and what there were only taught a few things and didn't run very long. So most of the schooling the children received was from their mother, who was a school teacher before she was married.

There was also much sickness, especially typhoid fever, and most of the family contracted it as it would return every year or so.

In later years, Edwin's mother and older brothers were called to Arizona. The main reason Edwin's mother came was to bring the youngest sister of the family

whose health was very poor and the doctors thought this climate might help her, but after living here for nearly two years and her health was worse, she wished to return home to see her father and friends once more. But she never reached her home town, for she died at House Rock Valley and was buried there. Today it is still one of the farthest graves from a town in the United States.

Edwin continued on living at Brigham City where he met his future wife, Anna Maria Isaacson, and lived in Arizona the greater part of his life. Later he moved to St. Johns, where he was called to help settle this country. Here he and his wife made their permanent home, where he died in the summer of 1934, just after his 77th birthday. His wife and nine children and many grandchildren and great-grand-children survive him.

## Reminiscences of the Life of Edwin M. Whiting

By Elda Whiting Brown

The parents of Edwin M. Whiting were Edwin Whiting and Mary Elizabeth Cox. Edwin was born in Massachusetts and Mary Elizabeth was born in New York. Mary's father was a miller, and he died when the oldest of his twelve children was only twenty years old. The older boys carried on the work and made a living. A few years later, after the family had moved to Ohio, Mary's mother died, and the children had to be separated and live wherever they could. Mary went to live with a Mr. Barber and then with others. She says she was never mistreated but was often very lonely, especially for her only sister.

Edwin was a first class farmer and fruit grower, as was his father before him. He was a hard working and industrious

man. He feared God and loved his fellow men. He was always willing to go where he was called and try to make a success of whatever he tried. Mary had little chance to get an education, but loved to study and learned easily, so read every book she could, and took advantage of every chance she had to go to school. Consequently, when she was fifteen years of age, she was given a certificate to teach all common branches of English. She taught four years in Ohio, and followed this profession until she was an old lady.

Next she went to Illinois, where she was baptized, and also met Edwin Whiting. They were married January 27, 1846. In that same year they were driven west as far as Iowa. They stopped there two years, and planted and harvested

crops. The Whitings and the Coxes put up a chair factory from which they made money to buy food and clothing to help them on their way.

When the Mormons were driven still farther West, Mary tells of the sufferings and hardships they went through at Winter Quarters, of the many who died of chills and fever and other sickness. At one time there was not enough well ones to give the sick water, and still they did not lose faith, but went on West when they were again driven out of their homes. Mary taught school, and their first child was born there.

The hard and terrible trip on to Salt Lake City we cannot even understand. When they finally landed there, Edwin was called to go to Manti to help start orchards there. So, weary as they were, they went cheerfully on.

The next winter was one of the hardest ones they had gone through. Many people starved to death, as well as most of their cattle. Edwin and a brother-in-law, went on snow shoes all the way to Salt Lake to get help for the suffering people. They also put up another chair factory, and sold enough chairs to get food and clothing for the next year. Edwin was then called to go on a mission and so had to leave his family for two years, but they did not complain.

The climate was too cold for fruit, so after several unsuccessful years of orchard planting, Edwin was called to a warmer place. They went to Springville, where Edwin M. spent all of his boyhood days. He knew what the meaning of fear

was, when Indians were on the warpath. He, with his brother, herded cows in the prairie country near the village. Many times they were all frightened by the Indians, and had perilous exciting experiences. They also had many happy times together.

Edwin M. lived in Springville until he was a young man. Then in 1876 two of his older brothers were called to go help settle Arizona. So Edwin, his mother, two younger brothers and one sister, went with them. Their sister May had not been well for years, and it was believed the trip might help her, but she died on the way back, when they were returning two years later. She lies buried in a lonely grave at House Rock. Her mother said this was the one great trial of her life.

Edwin M. met Anna Maria Isaacson in Arizona, and they were later married. He was the best story teller I have ever known, and most every night of their lives he would tell stories to his children. A great many of them were of his boyhood days and of the happy times he and his brothers had; also the happy experiences the young people had at Brigham City, where they lived in the United Order.

Mary, Edwin's mother, was an unusual character. Her friends were unnumbered. She was a good church worker, and was always a peace maker, and hated unnecessary trouble. People came to her from far and near for advice. She taught school for forty-two years, yet she never complained and said they had more blessings than they were worthy of.

## Familiar Sayings and Attributes of E. M. Whiting

- Don't spend more than you make.
- Earn your money before you spend it.
- It ain't what you make, but what you save, that counts.
- Play fair and your battle is nearly won.
- Teach with a story.
- Wants are many, but necessities are few.
- A boy is a boy, two boys is half a boy, and three boys is no boy at all.
- This is a good world. I love it and I find it is good wherever I go.
- His remedy for the depression was – "Do without and like it."
- His slang words were – "Thunderation" and "Lightning struck a limb.")
- His policy was never to make a trade unless he was sure he could give a little more than full value.
- To the children he would say: "Do you want a nickel?" and when they said, "Yes," then he would say: "Alright, I'll give you one when I find it rolling up a hill."
- He was always happiest when following the Savior's command, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."
- He was the greatest natural born story teller we have ever known.
- The number of stories he knew was limitless. The children loved to sit on his knee when listening to his stories.



## The Many Roles of Edwin Marion Whiting

By Louine Berry Hunter

Construction Contractor,  
Santa Fe Railroad  
Professional Hunter  
for Railroad  
Blacksmith  
Jailer  
Farmer  
Sawmill Owner  
Ice Cream Parlor Owner  
Dam Builder  
Beekeeper  
Horticulturist  
Carpenter  
Cattleman  
Homesteader  
Husband

Father  
Church Worker/Leader  
Storyteller  
Drama Director  
Actor  
Singer  
Whittler  
Furniture Maker  
Hunter  
Fisherman  
Astronomer  
Cook  
Meat & Fish Smoker  
Gardener  
Nature Lover  
Missionary



## Sermons Given at Funeral Services for Elder E. M. Whiting

At St. Johns, Arizona, August 20, 1934 at 2:00 P.M.

Remarks of

### President Levi S. Udall

My brethren, sisters and friends, and members of the large Whiting family. I am sure that our hearts are all touched today in meeting here on this solemn occasion, as our Bishop suggested to pay our respects to one of the last remaining original pioneers of this Arizona country. These pioneers are too fast passing away. There aren't many of them left and it seems to me it is on occasions of this kind that we should pause and review briefly their accomplishments, what they have gone through, and learn from their lives, lessons that will be helpful to us throughout our lives.

I have been honored by being requested by the family to read a sketch of the life of Brother Whiting. I appreciate the fact that in the limited time allotted to me, there being two other speakers, that I can only touch on the high spots of the wonderful, full and complete life lived by Grandfather Whiting.

We find he was born on August 8, 1857, being 77 years of age a few days ago, and the place of his birth was near or practically on the site where now stands the Manti Temple in Manti, Utah. He had in his boyhood days experiences that come to all boys brought up under those circumstances. He didn't have the advantages of schooling in so far as public schooling is concerned, but he was blessed with a wonderful mother who was later a teacher and taught many years in the public schools, and under her tutelage he had a fair education. He was a well read man always. He kept up with the times.

He came as a young unmarried man to Brigham City on the Little Colorado River in

Arizona, which is located near the present town of Winslow and lived there a year or two doing the customary work that was required of the pioneers in this country. At that time the people assembled there were living in what is known as the United Order and it was during his sojourn at this point that he first met his good wife and after a brief courtship won her consent to become his wife. They then left to have their marriage solemnized in the Temple of the Lord, according to the belief of the Latter-day Saint people and we find they were married, Brother and Sister Whiting, on the 28th day of November, 1881 in the St. George Temple. They have lived together approximately fifty-three years as husband and wife, a wonderful period of companionship.

We find that after living at Brigham City for two years, they moved to Meadows and the three oldest children, E. I., May and Martha were born in this section of the country prior to their moving back to Utah in 1888. They moved back to Mapleton, Utah, and we find during the period they lived there five other of their children were born: Earnest, Ralph, Lynn, Elda and Minnie. I think Arthur was born after they returned to Arizona, which was about 1900. They settled in St. Johns and have lived here in our midst continuously since the year 1900. They have lived in the house where they are now residing for 23 years, and it has been my privilege during a large part of that time to live next door to them, just across the street.

And I want to say to you, nobody ever had finer neighbors than Brother and Sister Whiting. If you think you can keep up with

them in doing little acts of neighborly kindness, I want to say to you that you can't. They will give one so much more than the ordinary person can give that it leaves one astonished with gratitude.

We find that nine children were born to them, five sons and four daughters, All of the children are here today, and all of the children's husbands and wives, the in-laws, are here with the exception of Dr. Brown who was in Utah and unable to be here on this occasion, I find on questioning the family that they now have sixty-nine in the family, including the children, grand-children and in-laws, those who have married into this wonderful family.

Here are a few of the accomplishments of this good brother whose body lies before us, and his wife and family: We find, for instance, that Brother Whiting has sent four sons on missions—the other would have gone if his health had permitted. There are very few people in the St. Johns Stake or elsewhere who have made more sacrifices in that line for the Church than what Brother and Sister Whiting have done.

We find among this group of sixty-nine that fifteen have filled missions, and I was told that every son and grandson old enough to fill a mission has done so, which should be evidence enough to us of the devotion and love that this good man and his family have had for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They have had as high as four out at one time, including the grandchildren, of course.

There are some other remarkable things in bringing up this large family that are worthy of our attention at the moment. We find that up to the present time at least, that all of these nine children—and I think the same can be said of the grandchildren, that all keep the Word of Wisdom. That is an accomplishment, my friends. It is well worthy of mention. We find that all nine of these children were married in the Temple, and also all of the descendants of this good family have been married in the Temple with one

exception, where special permission was granted, and I am sure it will be only a matter of a few months till they too will be married in the Temple. They are all known as tithe payers on the records of this church. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Could there be more fruits than shown by the accomplishments I have mentioned.

Coming again to some of the high points in the life of Brother Whiting, we find that he was a pioneer of the old school. One of those self reliant men who could go out anywhere and sustain himself and his loved ones. We find that he was one of our first blacksmiths here in St. Johns during the early days, and it is said during the term of that famous sheriff we had here, Commodore Owens, on several occasions when he brought in outlaws, that Brother Whiting made the shackles on them for these desperate criminals.

He has been a farmer and tilled the soil all his life. When he lived in Mapleton he ran a small sawmill, and when he came back to our part of the country, he was found running a sawmill again and furnished lumber for the building up of homes in this part. He was in the store business in Mapleton a year and during the twelve years he was there, built a lovely home.

After their sojourn there, as stated, in 1900 they returned from Mapleton to our country where they have been foremost in sawmilling, in reservoir, and dam building, and as has been said, he was close to the soil. He was a man of nature. As the poem, "Thanatopsis" states:

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she  
speaks  
A various language." . . .

A language Brother Whiting knew

. . . "for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild



And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.”

– William Cullen Bryant

We find that he understood bees and was one of our best bee men, and he always had a good garden. We find he was foremost in horticulture in our community and one of the things he prized most we now find hanging on the wall in his home, a certificate given him by the University of Arizona in recognition of his work in this line. It reads thus:

“This is to certify that Edwin M. Whiting, of Apache County, Arizona, has made a notable contribution to the betterment of Arizona Agriculture in the field of horticulture, and in recognition of this fact he is awarded this certificate by the University of Arizona.”

It was then signed by the officials of that University. This came to him in February 1926. It was always a great comfort to him to know that his efforts for better horticulture and agriculture were appreciated by the State of which he was a member.

We find in his home life that his chief consideration at all times was that his children do right. Everything else was secondary to that. That was uppermost in his mind at all times. His own family has come to appreciate that fact. There have been many occasions he has passed up business opportunities that might have made money, so that he could give the proper environment and training to his boys and girls.

One of the outstanding things in his life, as I say, was love of nature and his love of proper recreation. He would have been foremost in a present M. I. A. program of the church. He loved to hunt and fish and he loved circuses and shows, home dramatics. He invariably took his children with him, and in later life his grandchildren doubtless, on these trips in the outdoors, and he there taught them some of the most important lessons in life that they will never forget.

His children and grandchildren remember him for his unlimited fund of stories

that held them spellbound and his grandchildren say he never told the same story twice. He would always gather them around his knee and instruct and amuse them with a great fund of stories he had. He was a great counselor to his children. I notice these children who live here in town seldom let a day go by without going to see their father and mother and I think these children have profited greatly by the excellent advice given them by the parents they had. The children who don't live in town, you would always find as soon as they drove in town, if they didn't stop at once at their father's place, they would do so very soon after reaching town.

It is said he never struck a child. He knew how to discipline them and hold their affection without corporal punishment. He never struck them. He kept them together and they are together now. One of the characteristics of the family is to hold together and to me that is wonderful. I have often wondered how they did it and I think it was the wise advice and counsel and teachings that came to them from their father and mother.

Their home life was ideal and as I say, they lived together fifty-three years, having the companionship of one another and loving each other more as the years went by. His wife was one of the kind [of women] that was a true helpmate and he always took her with him. The other day, realizing his end was near and that he might not regain consciousness again he called his wife to his bedside and said to her: “This is one trip we can't start out together on.” But there is no question in my mind that this good man who has gone to his reward will prepare a place for his helpmate and it won't be long until she will join him there and they will go on working together throughout the ages of eternity, with these children and grandchildren all down through the years.

One of the outstanding characteristics of Brother Whiting was that he was a practical man, as I have stated, and a wise man. He had the knowledge that comes through experience and he had a varied experience. He had an extreme love for his family, was industrious

and thrifty, a good neighbor and a wise counselor. He has, now gone on to prepare the way for those following.

And in closing I will say that he has left to this large and splendid family the

greatest heritage any man could have—a good name. May they be blessed that they may leave that name untarnished; that they will live as their father would want them to live, is my prayer. AMEN.

#### Remarks

### Bishop John H. Udall

My brothers and sisters and friends: I feel it an honor to be asked to read this poem and make a few remarks at the funeral of Brother E. M. Whiting.

You all remember the reunions of the Whiting Family. Some publicity was given it in the papers and I am told they planned to have this reunion on the 18th or 19th of August but Brother Whiting told his sons and family that they better have it earlier or he would not be able to attend it, and it is a singular thing that he passed away on the 18th of August.

This poem was written by Sister Bertha Kleinman, one of the gifted women of the church and of our generation, who lives in Mesa and is a friend of Dr. and Sister Berry and Brother and Sister Brown.

*Poem written by Bertha Kleinman for the Whiting family where 204 direct descendants of the parents of May Whiting gathered at House Rock to build a more permanent marker at her grave and to compile family history.*

There's a lonely mound in the waste land  
In the heart of the desert plain,  
A grave that lies out in the twilight,  
And under the falling rain.  
Like a shrine to a loved one's memory,  
It stands in the solitude,  
And the night winds whisper above it,  
Like a prayer of beatitude.

There the monolith spire of House Rock,  
Like a sentinel guards the plain.  
Like the tower of a vast cathedral,  
Like the shaft of a temple fan.  
There the smoldering bulwark watches,

And tempers the winds for her,  
As the sifting sands of the desert  
Drift over her sepulchre.

It was there in the early May time,  
In the May of her sweet Young Age  
That death's angel stood in the valley  
And halted our pilgrimage.  
And sweet May like a maytime blossom—  
Like a lily smote from the stem—  
Laid down in the heart of the prairie  
And we left her to slumber with them.

There's a sweeter calm in the waste land,  
There's a hush in the noonday glare,  
There's a kindlier gleam in the star light,  
Since we planted that dear one's shrine there;  
There's a tender glow in the sunset  
And the dawn like a, crested wave  
Floods over the desolation  
To hallow that lonely grave.

The years have been long since we left her  
To sleep on the hillside alone,  
But Old House Rock is staunch in his vigil  
And dearer and dearer has grown  
That desolate mound in the waste land,  
And many the travelers who tread,  
To strew their wild flowers above her,  
And tell of the lonely one dead.

Today we have gathered around her  
As sad recollections entwine,  
Her kinsmen, her homefolks, her loved ones,  
As pilgrims come home to their shrine.  
And our hearts shall be tender and fonder,  
For the tear drops bedimmed our eyes.  
And our love shall be truer and stronger  
As we mark the dear place where she lies.

God temper the wind and the tempest,  
God's watch care be over the spot.  
As the May times are mingled with the ages,  
And the races of men are forgot.

Sleep on in the heart of the prairies,  
Your slumber is safe in their care,  
And the Gardens of God are more bright,  
Since the star of your presence is there.”

Brother Whiting, I am told, got a great deal of pleasure in the composition of this poem and in having it read to him and I feel it very appropriate to have it read on this occasion.

My first recollection of Brother Whiting was when I was a small boy, when the train of wagons of the Whiting family—there were several families—drove into St. Johns. Later in my early teens I worked on the Lyman Reservoir when Brother Whiting was boss there, and I had the pleasure of intimately associating with him and he and I became fast friends, which friendship has extended throughout our acquaintance and the rest of his life.

A few weeks ago when Brother Whiting was very poorly, I went to see him and had a nice visit with him and Sister Whiting, and he told me he didn't think he was long for this life. And I told him of the statement of a certain great man who was on the Lusitania when it was going down and it was evident that all the occupants of the ship couldn't be served by the life boats. This outstanding character was aiding in directing the women and children into the boats, and one woman accosted him and said to him: “You don't seem to be much concerned or afraid of death.” And he said: “No, death is the greatest adventure in life.” And Brother Whiting expressed himself that he had no fear.

Why should he have any fear? I am sure if he could speak today he would not have it otherwise. Because he has lived the allotted time of men and has accomplished a great work. One of the things that has impressed me about his life particularly was his devotion to the gospel of Jesus Christ and his faith in it.

I think he has told me and Sister Whiting also, two or three times of the conditions surrounding their return to Arizona. They had a comfortable, nice home, a store and other property, a sawmill in Utah. But he was stricken with a serious illness and his

temperature was high and the attending physician didn't think he would live until morning.

He was visited by his deceased father who told him to return to Arizona and finish his mission. (As President Udall said, he came here earlier in life and some of the children were born here and then they returned again to Utah.)

He immediately began to improve and before he was up from his sick bed he announced that their home and property was for sale. It took several months to wind up their business and come. There were several families, Grandmother Whiting and Sister Clara Curtis Burk, whom I see here in the congregation. And of course most of us are acquainted with their lives here.

But to me, the fact that this testimony, or this admonition, came from one who departed from this life, his father instructing him to return here, is a testimony of his devotion. Sister Whiting told me they had not told it much because some people thought it was a delusion or that he had a dream or hallucination or something. But it impressed them so, that they returned. Their life here and accomplishments indicates to me their devotion and faith.

I find this faith and devotion [apparent] in his children. I have been well acquainted with his daughter May, particularly, also Dr. Berry and Sister Brown, since I have been serving as Bishop of the Phoenix First Ward, where they reside.

One of the first drives in that Ward was to get missionaries out so that we would have one hundred per cent as the church asks. And Dr. and Sister Berry are second to none in missionary work. I pay tribute to them and their son Kay, who is in the audience today.

During my trips here Grandfather Whiting always wanted to know about these missionary grandchildren. To me, the greatest testimony of all is this missionary work. The testimony of the divinity of this work. No one can question the integrity or belief or

testimony of those who will go themselves or send their children and grandchildren. To spend time at their own expense to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only plan that will save the human race.

I pay tribute to this family and especially to Dr. and Sister Berry, daughter and son-in-law. There is hardly a month goes by that Dr. Berry does not baptize someone into the church, sometimes he has baptized as many as five or six people that he has brought into the church. He has done a wonderful missionary work and has influence for good among the people with whom he lives and associates.

I have appreciated this also in Brother Whiting. It seemed he could about as near live up to the admonition of some great thinker who said, "Adapt yourselves to the conditions under which your lot has been cast and the people you live among; love them but do it truly."

Brother Whiting is a good example of that. He could adapt himself. I don't know a man who has got more out of life, notwithstanding his afflictions in later life. He had the knack and the ability to get out of life all there was in it of a pleasurable nature. He had a sense of humor and could see the humorous side of life notwithstanding the seriousness of things and the hardships of the pioneer.

I admire him also, as Levi has stated, for his association with his children. During the World War young Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., while he was over seas, wrote a letter to his father, then President Roosevelt, eulogizing him for the great man he was and how proud he was to be the son of such a man and the prestige it brought him over seas.

In the Literary Digest the President's letter to him in answer was published and it said: "I will be just as great when history is written as my children make me." I believe Brother Whiting has had those thoughts in mind, and that he will be no greater than his family and posterity and children make him.

His greatest aim and desire was to live that he might gain salvation in the celestial kingdom of God and gain salvation there with his wife and children,

Brother Whiting was one who exemplified what Dr. David Starr Jordan had in mind when he made the statement that no man or woman could have a greater ancestry than men and women who had worked for a living.

No blood or circumstance can place the lazy man on a level with his industrious neighbor. "The industry of the pioneers of the last generation," he said, "is in your veins." Daughters and sons of the western pioneers, yours is the best blood in the realm."

In closing, I wish to extend my sympathy to Sister Whiting. There will be a vacancy in her home but knowing her as I do, I know she is a great woman who can meet the issue as presented to her.

There is no truer saying than "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Of course, we are sympathetic with Sister Whiting and her family but in the responsibilities of life we become negligent and thoughtless of those who have had sorrow come to them and disappointment and separation.

They have to meet the issue. I think there is nothing we could do more to help our fellow associates carry their burdens than to take an interest in them, I think that is another of Brother Whiting's traits. He had a faculty of making people feel that he was interested in them.

He made me feel that he was particularly interested in me, and if he made me feel that way, I am sure he did to others. What a heritage to leave to posterity and what a name to leave to civilization, that he has had an interest in his fellow men.

May the Lord bless us that we may live a good life and may the Lord bless this family. I am sure generations yet to be born will point with pride that they came through the lineage of this family. What a blessing!

What a knowledge we have, that salvation in the celestial kingdom of God can only come to them that accept and subscribe to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. May we emulate his life, his virtues, his character and industry.

I feel that outside my immediate kinsmen I have had no better friends in life than the Whiting boys and Whiting family, Brother and Sister Whiting included and I am glad to count them as such. This prayer I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, and I conclude these remarks. Amen.

Address of

## Elder George Albert Smith

Although a stranger to this good family, most of them at least, I am glad to be here with them at this time and with them express my gratitude to the Lord that men can live on the earth and have it truthfully said of them the beautiful things that have been told us today about this good man. It has rarely been my privilege to attend a funeral where so unstinted a tribute has been paid, and I think you all feel and know that what has been said has been from a desire to paint a picture briefly of the righteous life of a great and good man who has been called home.

What has been said of this family must be treasured by them. No university in all the world could grant a diploma to cover the virtues that this man has portrayed in his life. And now that he has gone home he will receive from a just judge the reward that he is entitled to. It must be a wonderful comfort to those in whose veins flows the same blood as flowed in his veins to know that there has gone before them a son of the living God who has earned the right to go home by reason of his faith and devotion.

We have referred to his accomplishments and wonderful tribute has been paid to this family who looked to him, but I would like to say that the good woman who sits here who has survived him is entitled to all the credit that this man is entitled to for this family who wouldn't have been reared without her help. The good things that have been instilled in their lives could not have been placed there without her help. And that is the beauty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to me, the virtues that good men and women of

the Church who raise families bequeath to their children. They are born heirs to this blessing, "Man is not without the woman or woman without man in the Lord", was written a long time ago and I have never known a great family who have lived lives that are worthy of emulation who have not had a great mother.

So today I stand here, though not acquainted with this family, to pay tribute to the good woman who remains and to invoke the blessing of the Heavenly Father upon her that the joys and comforts that she has had in life as the mate of this good man may remain with her during her few remaining years, and then that she may go to meet him and gain the crown of jewels and the eternal joys that await them together there.

There are several things that could be said at this time but I think, in view of this audience who have heard of the many virtues of this man, it might be appropriate to call your attention to the fact that every virtue he possessed is a result of living the Commandments of God, and living the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Every one of them, the things you prize, the beautiful tributes that have been paid to his life, the sterling characteristics, are due to the teachings of the Heavenly Father which have been given to men here on earth.

A number of years ago I stood as I am standing now near the casket of a man who was surrounded by a large posterity. He had lived to be eighty years of age and there were nearly two hundred descendants to mourn his loss. He had been so anxious that they should miss none of the good things of life. He

taught them, not only by word of mouth, but by example, the things he wanted them to, observe in life and, as if not enough then he called a group to his bedside in his last illness and said to them: "I am going home now; I am going back to my Heavenly Father to report. I want all my children and my children's children to follow me, because if they go where I am going they will always be happy. But I want to say that some of you have not done the things I wanted you to do. You have failed in some particulars though you have done much that is commendable. And I want to say to you, do as I have taught you to do and I am saying that, as your father unless you do these things you, cannot come where I am going.

And I am saying to these people now, if they want to go where this good man is going, there is only one way and that is to follow his lead, and if you do that you may be sure that your reward will be in the celestial kingdom.

There are many people on occasions of this kind who suffer terribly because they do not understand the purpose of death. There are many who rejoice in life. When a child is born they rejoice and thank the Lord and if it so happens that the child is taken by death they weep and remonstrate. When I find a man who has reached the age in life that this man has, in my mind it is a time for tears, but not tears of sorrow; but tears of gratitude that our Heavenly Father has been blessed with such a son. People don't realize that, though birth is a wonderful thing, without death we couldn't go to live with our Heavenly Father. Death is as important as life. It is a part of the great program.

Brethren and sisters, we are all living eternal life. It is for us to say whether we shall live in one place or another. We have our free agency; the Lord will not compel us. But he has placed before us this great volume of scripture; he has brought forth this great American volume of Scripture in the latter days to show us the way. And again in the last days he has given us this other great volume of

scripture revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Now, at your parting with this dear one, I stand here to congratulate you with all my heart that you live in this day and age of the world; that you came through such a lineage as this; that the Lord means this good woman to have the companionship of this man through eternal life. It is not the purpose of the Gospel of Jesus Christ only to bring us together in communion in this life, but it is to bring us eternal happiness and to tell us how to conform our life not only that peace and happiness shall be with us here, but that when our eyes are closed and we go back to paradise to await for the time when we will be resurrected from the dead and our loved ones are waiting to be resurrected, and we stand before the judgment bar of God and receive the blessing we have earned—because that is all we will get, what we have earned—it shall be said to us: "Well done, my good and faithful son, my faithful daughter, you shall have your desires because of the righteousness of your lives".

So, brothers and sisters, with all my heart I congratulate you. I have been glad to be here on this occasion and hear the fine things said of this man. I am happy that on Thursday of this week, we are going to Brigham City and there place a monument a marker to the people who came there in the early days and settled that land and did their best to subdue it. But on account of conditions there and the impossibility of being able to control the water of the Little Colorado, were not able to stay. But they were called on a mission and went there and if nothing more had happened at Brigham City than the union of Brother Whiting and his wife and the posterity that followed him the mission was fulfilled. So next Thursday when I stand on that ground it will be sacred to me because of the lives of those who gave their lives that the message of God would be understood.

May you be blessed in your homes that your lives may be enriched by the memory of the life of this man. He may have

made mistakes in his life and you may know of them, but let them be forgotten and laid away with him in his grave. The Prophet Joseph Smith said, "When I am gone you will probably hear things of me, or of something that I did and wonder why I did it. I want to leave my testimony with you that I did the best I knew how with the limited knowledge I had at that time. If I had any virtues I ask you to remember them. Bury my faults with me in the tomb but let my virtues live with you."

So, good people, let the virtues of this man live with you and your posterity and it won't be long until the reunion of your family will come and then his joy will be what you have been able to make of your lives. His joy will be in proportion to the good you have

been able to accomplish and the lives you have lived.

God bless you. May his spirit abide with you. While your mother lives be good to her. Try to take the place of her husband. Life will be as bright as it has been to her if you will do your part. As long as she lives, meet together once a year if you can, under the roof tree where she resides and recount to yourselves the virtues and incidents of the life of the man you love as your father, and if you do this, petty things will not come between you, but you will love one another and the joy that has filled your lives heretofore and the life of this good man and his wife will come to you and be with you always. And I ask that it may be so. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## Edwin's letter to Mariah

Brigham City

May 29<sup>th</sup> 1881

*Dear Mariah I will answer your letter to day which I received over two weeks ago. I would have answered it as soon as I received it but there was no chance to send it. I am here to Brigham City. I got here yesterday. The boys got tired of me up there and sent me down here. I have been playing sick for the last week. I had quite a time of it last night but the women have dosed me up until I could not help but get better. I feel all right to day only I am kindy weak.*

*Well Mariah I will try and finish my letter to day. I will have to do it with a pencil for [part of the letter may be missing at this point] affairs write and tell me the truth about it. I will have to stop for it is about bed time. Hope you will write when ever you get a chance for the mail is run from Brigham City [Wednesday] to the mountain and the folks will send your letter on [Wednesday]. Well good bye for this time don't send quite so much white paper next time. From Edwin*

*June 4<sup>th</sup> and my letter here yet I have not got a chance to send it yet and will start back in the morning. I will send it the first chance Mariah don't stop writing to me if you don't get any more from me for I will write as soon as I get a chance. Good bye and don't forget what you said to me before I left there.*

(The envelope with the letter must be for a previous correspondence, because the dates do not match. The information on the envelope is worth noting, nevertheless.)

Envelope post marked:

**Brigham City Arizona Oct 23, 1880:**

**Return to Brigham City, Apache County,  
Arizona Territory**

**If not delivered within 10 days.**

To Miss Mariah Isaacson,  
St. Johns, Apache Co.

Brigham City, May  
29<sup>th</sup> 1881

Dear Mariah I will answer  
your letter to day which I  
received over two weeks ago  
I would have answered it as



## The Life Story of Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting “The Matriarch”

By Geraldine Brown Sagers

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR – *This is the story of Grandma Whiting, told simply and effectively as she remembered it as she looked back over the years of life beginning with her childhood days. I spent years listening to Grandmother tell the various things which are told here. To me they have become so familiar that I sometimes forget that all of the grandchildren may not be as well acquainted with the many episodes and experiences as I am. I am sure it took months to take all this down. Grandma and I worked on it most of the summers while I was in college and teaching. I would follow her around and ask questions and then try to write down what she told me. Later I would write questions and she or Aunt Myn would write the answers back. The last letter I got from Grandma with any information for her life story on it was written in 1943. She was living in California with Aunt Myn. At the end of her letter she wrote,*

Dear Geraldine,  
I'm afraid you can't make much sense out of this but I'll be glad to do all or anything to help you. Maybe all this won't be interesting to anybody but maybe somebody will want to read it sometime.

*I feel it my duty as well as pleasure to assemble this material together to tell the story of Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting who is indeed the Matriarch to her family.*

The first thing that I can remember was seeing my mother [Martha Isaacson] very sick on her bed. She was in such pain

that she could not stand. I was there alone in the house with her and it was night, and I was very scared. My father and my brother Ike, who was seven years old then, had gone to look for two of our best milk cows. We were afraid the Indians had driven them off, and we didn't know how long they would be gone to hunt for them.

I was just four years old and Mother was worried about me because I was really just a baby. She kept talking to me to see if I was all right. Finally she called me over to her bed and asked me if I thought I could go over to Sister Shoals and ask her to come over and help her. I told her I could. I had gone there lots of times in the day time. It wasn't very far. Mother told me to get my shawl. No, we didn't wear coats. We just wrapped a shawl around us when we went out and if it was cold we put it up around our heads. I got my shawl and went to the door.

Mother called me back and asked me again if I was sure I could make it. She told me to hurry. She didn't need to tell me to hurry as I would have anyway. She looked so sick. I was half scared to death.

I got outside and looked all over for Father and Ike. I looked up and down



the street to see if any horses and wagons or buggies were coming. I walked out to the road and started across but the road was as slippery as could be.

I fell down and got up and started again and fell down again. I felt I had taken my life in my hands. If some horses came down the road I couldn't run to get out of the way as I might fall down and they would run over me, so I got down and crawled all the way across the road.

It surely seemed a lot farther to the Shoals than it did in the day time. I got up and ran as soon as I was off the road. When I got there I knocked on the door but no one came, so I knocked harder and harder.

Finally one of the Shoals boys opened the door a little and when he saw me he said, "Hello, Maria, are you lost?" I just said, "Please, my Mother says to tell your Mother, can she come over to our place quick?"

Sister Shoals came to the door and said to come in as I must be frozen. She straightened my shawl and asked me what I wanted. I told her again and she asked why Father or Ike hadn't come. When I told her they were gone to look for the cows, she went and got her shawl right away. I was sure glad to see her putting on that shawl, because I knew that meant she would come.

We stepped outside, she put her shawl around her head, and took hold of my hand, and we went home real fast.

We got home and Mother seemed sicker than ever. She didn't even look at us when we first got in. I was surely glad Sister Shoals was there. She took off her shawl and went right over to Mother. Mother seemed to feel better after a little

while and asked Sister Shoals to put me to bed.

Sister Shoals took me on her lap and asked me if I was warm yet, then told me that Mother would be all right now. I felt like crying, but I didn't. I should say not! I wouldn't let her see a big girl like me cry. She put me to bed and I felt warmer all settled down in my feather mattress. We always used feather mattresses. Some of the people used straw, but neither Mother or Father would think of using anything but feathers.

Anyway, I thought I would stay awake until Father came and then I knew everything would be all right. I must have been too sleepy because the next thing I knew Ike was shaking me and telling me to wake up. I woke up and saw it was light. Ike said, "Guess what Mother has? A little baby. A boy. Come and see it, Maria."

I ran in the other room and Sister Shoals was holding the baby on her lap. She held the baby up for me to see and he looked so little. Sister Shoals pinned a shawl around his feet and handed him to Father and said, "Well, Brother Isaacson, I reckon I might as well go home for a spell. Your wife's a sleepin' and the baby's fit and fine. I'll run back over later and see if I can help out."

Sister Shoals wasn't a midwife, but she sure helped a lot of women when their babies were born. I remember when I got older that she always seemed to be going around to help women who most of the time couldn't get a regular midwife.

Father thanked her for coming over and told her he didn't know what would have happened if she hadn't come. She reached down, patted me on the head and said, "Just be glad this little mite come

over to fetch me. She didn't come any too soon, either."

After she had gone Father patted my head and smiled at me. He looked at the baby and smiled. Ike and I stood there watching him. I sure felt good and I was so glad to have a new baby. I had always wanted one. I loved that little brother from the day he was born. I wasn't lonesome ever any more, from then on I had Martin to play with.

The next thing I remember happened just a little later in the year after our baby was born. One day I was playing outside with some of the other kids and somebody started yelling that the Indians were driving off the cattle.

All the men ran to get their guns and started to go after them to see if they couldn't scare them off. Us kids all wanted to see, but we didn't dare to follow after the men. Some of the kids started climbing upon Shoals' house as it had a flat roof and they could get on a box and climb up there and sit to watch. I was too little to get up and I was a bawling and yelling for Ike to help me when one of the men came running by. He stopped and lifted me to the top of the house and said, "There, little one, look, and don't forget but some day they won't dare come."

Ike and the older children knew the cattle and they could tell which ones they were taking. They had the same two cows that Father and Ike had hunted so long for just awhile before. They had three more of ours and six of the Shoals' and all of the Jenson's and Petersons', and lots of other people's. They didn't get any of the White's or Anderson's as they had been running their cows on the other side of town for about two weeks. The men scared the Indians and a few of the cows that couldn't keep up were left behind, but

they ran away with most of them and we didn't ever see them again. We always worried for fear the Indians would attack us. They had trouble and bloodshed for a good many years in San Pete county.

When the grasshoppers were bad in Ephraim my Father fixed a wagon box on two wheels and put a cover on it for a chicken coop which he could move around the fields. The nests were in the front end and I would stand on the tongue and reach them. One day I discovered a new nest in the further end of the wagon box. Right now I crept in and crawled back to get the eggs. When I got back my weight made the wagon box tip back. I was in the back end and the front end was up so all I could see was the sky. I felt like I was ruined and didn't know whether they would find me that night or not. I thought that was the narrowest escape anyone could have. I was all dirty too. I scratched and scratched until I got far enough back up to the front so I tipped the wagon box straight again. That was one experience I never forgot.

Father raised many potatoes. He kept them in a huge pit which opened at the top and had a ladder down into the top. Many a day I would sit all day, sprouting potatoes down in this pit all alone. We fed potatoes to our pigs and cows. We also raised peas, so many that we threshed them with a thresher and fed our pigs and cows on them too. We were very lucky to have such good gardens and raise so much for feed for our cattle. The only chance we had to get anything ahead was on what we could raise.

When I wasn't very old I went to Manti to visit my father's cousins. They teased Mother to let me come up and visit for a week or two. I was crazy to go. After I had been there a few days I was so home sick I could hardly wait to get home.

When President Young would come to conference all the Sunday School kids would get out and march to meet him. The people would always have a big banquet. Everybody had to donate and they would put on all the airs they could. President Young told the people not to do that but they went on and got a big dinner just the same.

When everyone got ready to eat President Young sat down and took some of all the food they passed to him. He then stirred all the food together on his plate and shoved it to one side and asked them to bring him a bowl of bread and milk. President Young didn't want things that were unnecessary. I was not there when this happened. I just heard others tell about it.

When I was twelve years old my father was called to Arizona. I felt so terrible that I couldn't get over it. When my father talked in church I bawled and bawled. He said, "I felt as though I couldn't stand to start out this time of the year, (it was in February) with my family because I saw so much suffering and so many deaths while crossing the plains in early days. But now President Young has told me that I could go without my family until we get a fort built to protect ourselves from the Indians."

Father left and I was the saddest kid, I nearly worried myself to death for fear the Indians would kill him. I wanted to go with Father but I didn't want to leave Mother.

Father had gone, there was conference in Manti. Mother let me go. Mother had always dressed me very plain. We made our own clothes and never had even as much as a ruffle on our dresses which wasn't necessary. I was visiting with my father's cousin and his family.

He had some girls who were older than I was. I was 13 then. They dolled me up and even had me a beau picked out. I went to church in their clothes—dolled up in the best they had, even a hat.

I got there early and sat near the front of the church. President Brigham Young was there that day and I'll never forget the sermon he gave. He pounded the pulpit and said, "We should make our own clothing and our own hats. We should learn to work and keep busy." He also said that he didn't want to live to see what terrible troubles and destruction we would have to go through if we didn't try to hold our standards and not simply follow the styles.

I felt so out of place there in my borrowed clothes that I never forgot that sermon. If I hadn't heard that I might have been more anxious to keep up with the styles. I would have got out of there but the house was jammed and I had to stay still.

Father came back at the end of the first year and got a load of wheat from his own bins, some that he had stored. He had it made into flour and took it back to Arizona. He had a big trail outfit. He left us again because there was nothing ready in Arizona.

We had heard that Father was coming. I would climb upstairs in the new house, which wasn't finished yet, to watch for him. One day I saw a trail outfit coming a long ways down the road. I sat and watched and wished that might be him. Finally he turned to come our way and was I happy.

We stayed there another year but Ike went back with Father and that left just Mart, Mother and I. My job was to milk the cows, five or six of them. Mart fed the cows, watered them, and cleaned the stalls.

In the morning, after I had milked, I had to go to school and do the janitor work. I was working to pay for my school. I had to sweep the floor and dust the big long benches and tables. I attended school about three months each year up to the third grade.

Father was called to go to Arizona just as he had almost finished building our new rock house. Our old one was quite small. We left the new house as it was. Twenty years later when Father and Mother moved back they finished the house and moved into it.

The next year Father and the others in Arizona raised a good crop of wheat so he came back to get us. I was 14 years old then.

Everything was exciting getting ready to leave and I was going with my family so I don't think I worried too much about leaving Ephraim. I was young and anxious to see the things Father talked about.

He had told us so much about Sunset and Brigham City when he was home the year before that I was anxious to go down there. Besides, with Ike and Father gone, it was lonesome there in Manti. I could hardly believe that at last we were getting ready to go to Arizona.

It took us quite a while to get all our things ready. Father had over fifty head of cattle. Mother had a good team of oxen and Father had a team of mules. They were so mean and ornery to drive but sure could pull. We were to travel with a big outfit. Brother Jensen from Manti was going and he had about as many cattle as we did. Then the Church was sending a thresher down to Arizona to thresh the wheat so there were more wagons and people going to help with that. There were at least 15 wagons when we got ready to

go. Of course, we were always glad for a larger number to travel with. It was so much safer.

I know how hard it was for Mother to leave her friends and family to go way down to Arizona. She dreaded it. She was always homesick for her brother and sister in Ephraim. I knew I would miss my cousins, too. I had such a few that the ones I did have always seemed special. I did enjoy going to visit them. I wondered when I would ever see Mary and Lizzie and Parley (Christensen) again.

Of course it was hard to leave. It was hard to leave anyplace where you have a home, family and friends. We couldn't let that stop us. Father had been called to go to Arizona by the church authorities, so we went.

Our trip down there was so slow because we had to drive the cattle. We had to lay over a day or two when we got to watering places. Most of the time, I rode a horse and helped Ike and some of the others drive the cattle. I drove Mother's team sometimes and Father's when it was necessary.

Poor Mart—he had a toothache most of the way down, it seemed. There wasn't much we could do for him. He rode in the wagon when it was bad. Mother and I slept in the wagon and Father and the boys outside. One night Mart had a toothache so bad that Mother said he would have to sleep in the wagon with her. I had to sleep on the ground, in Father's bed.

Earlier that same day, an old German fellow, named Swartz, had broken down. He stopped to fix his wagon, but the rest of the company went on. Well, when he got his wagon fixed, he had come on as fast as he could to catch up with the rest of the company. No one wanted to travel alone.

Old Swartz came into camp real late and rather than bother to get his things out, he came over and crawled into bed with Father. Of course, he was on the other side of Father, but was I ever mad.

I didn't sleep much the rest of the night. The main thing that worried me was the fear that someone would see him before I could get out of there and tease me about sleeping with "Old Man Swartz."

One night in Southern Utah, one of our best oxen disappeared. Father and Ike went back to look for it. Of course, the rest of us went on, Father had me drive his team of mules. The whole company couldn't stop. I had to stand on the wagon tongue because I couldn't reach the brakes unless I did. I'll say we needed brakes. There were no roads. The way was rough in some places. We crossed the Sevier-River over twenty times. Some places, I don't know how we made it without tipping over.

Father and Ike hunted all day for the steer and couldn't find him. They finally gave up and came back to follow the wagon road and the steer stood right there in the road. Boy, were we ever thankful that night.

Probably the hardest part of the trip was when we crossed the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. I crossed that river nine times on the ferry and never got over my fear of it. Father had to help with the cattle, so I had to drive his wagon and team. We crossed on the ferry all right, but the hardest part was the trip up Lee's backbone, a mountain on the other side. It was all I could do to hold onto those mules. Mother was afraid every minute I would tip over and be killed. Years later, when I went back to Utah and saw Mother for the last time, she didn't know me at

first. Father said, "This is Maria." Mother said, "Oh, no, Maria was killed when we went to Arizona."

Of course, it wasn't all hard. Some of the time, we had fun. Every night we were around the campfire, we had singing and playing and sometimes dancing. I loved to dance. Mother couldn't understand why. Of course, when she was a young girl, things had been so much different.

We were three months on the way before we finally reached Brigham City. It seemed good to be there where we could settle down. Yes, we knew we would be living a new way of life here. The United Order wasn't easy. But I was young and I didn't worry about the problems of it. I had a lot of fun.

Father was first counselor to Brother Lot Smith. He was head over all the farms. We all ate together in one big room. We sat at the head table, because Father was a counselor. All of us took turns helping in the big kitchen.

When the women were sick and couldn't work their turn, they would come and get me to work for them. Mother would get so mad because she thought I was sporting with all the men over there. I'd run so fast the men couldn't catch me. The women could, though. I had half a dozen women propose to me to marry their husbands.

There were lots of nice young people there in Brigham. The folks didn't want me to go out with any of the boys as I was too young. My best friends were Manie Bates (Jolley), and Roxie Ballard. I never had a sister, but Manie was like one to me.

*(Author's note: Just a year or so before Grandma Whiting died, Sister Manie Bates Jolley came to see her. I happened to be there and I'll*

*never forget that visit. Grandma had been gone to California for quite a while, so they hadn't seen each other for some time. Both were so crippled and lame they had to be helped almost every step.*

*When we helped Grandma into the front room and she saw who was there, they both looked at each other and started to laugh. They threw their arms around each other and laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks.*

*For the next few minutes, they were as young as they had ever been. I wish I had a recording of all the memories which were relived in that visit. I remember that Grandma told Sister Jolley that she had always been as dear to her as though she had been her own sister. )*

Mother never did like to eat at the big table. She wasn't too well part of the time, and the food didn't agree with her. When she wasn't able to go to the table, I would carry some food home to her.

There was always work to be done. Mother was never idle a minute. She knitted our sox and pieced quilts, corded wool and gleaned wheat whenever she could. One thing she could never stand to see go to waste was the wheat left in the fields after the threshing was done. Many times, the wheat she gleaned came in very handy, too.

Once when we first lived in Arizona, we went to conference in Bush Valley (Alpine). We took a little keg of water with us on the side of the wagon to drink. We had a little bucket with a sharp edge that we used to drink from. The top came off the keg and Pa had me out to help fix it when we stopped. Pa was pulling so hard the top came out and hit me and bloodied my nose, and he laughed. I failed to see anything funny.

In the afternoon, I got out and Pa was drinking out of the little bucket I handed him with the sharp edge. I stepped upon the hub of the wheel and hit the bucket with my head accidentally. It cut Pa's mouth so hard it bled quite badly. I

just had to laugh, but Pa didn't for a little while, then we both really did laugh.

We had lots of fun there and I was glad we had come to Brigham City. Of course, the special thing at Brigham City was that I met Edwin there.

Charles Whiting and his family had been living there and had gone up to Utah to visit his folks. When he came back, he brought his Mother and brothers and sister May with him, May had been sick and they felt the climate in Arizona might help her. When all that big bunch came, they gave them the school house to live in.

A big social was planned to welcome them. I had already heard all about the family from Manie and Roxie. They had found out all the boy's names from Verona. That night at the dance, I was sitting by Gin Curtis and his niece.

His niece had been so homesick that he was trying to interest her in something so she would stay there. Gin said to his niece, "Say, if I were you, I would set my cap for that curly-headed young feller over there by the fireplace." Of course I looked him over, too, and that was the first time I ever saw Edwin.

Next day, I went to go out of the big dining room just as he came in, and he moved away to let me go by, and I moved at the same time to let him go by. Then he laughed a little and let me out. That was the second time I saw Edwin.

I didn't dare let the folks think I was interested in him. We saw each other three times a day, but it was always at meal times and I had to sit up at the head table with Father and Edwin's family were the last ones who had come, so they sat at a little table way over in the corner.

Edwin just came to help move his mother down, but he said that after he met

me, he didn't want to go back. When Edwin found out that my name was Anna Maria, he said that was Danish and he was English, so he would call me Mariah.

A few times, we walked across the fort together. I liked the dances to come, because he would always dance with me. Mother and Father had always said that I had to go with the first one who asked me to the dance, or I couldn't go. Well, this one dance came along and the first one who asked me was a man who already had two wives.

I didn't dare refuse him, as he would tell my folks. So I had to accept and tell Edwin when he asked me that I couldn't go with him. When the night of the dance came, I waited, and waited, but the man didn't come for me. I was mad. I wasn't going alone after I had told everyone I had a date and I wasn't going to stay home.

Finally, I got on my things and went over to that man's house. He was in there with his two wives. I walked in and asked him if he wasn't ready to take me to the dance. He grabbed his coat and said that he had forgotten about taking me to the dance.

After we got outside, he told me he hadn't really forgotten, but he didn't know how to tell his wives and he couldn't get them to hurry so he could take them first and then come back for me. He took me to the dance and then went back for his wives.

Sunset Ward was having a big dance one time and invited all of us from Brigham City over to it. There was a whole group going, so the folks let me go. We went over in a wagon and we had a good time.

After it was over, Edwin asked me to walk home with him instead of going back on the wagon. I was afraid of what Mother would say, but not afraid enough but that I walked with him. It wasn't very far—about a mile and a half.

After we got home, we were standing by the Fort gate talking. I told Edwin I had enjoyed coming home with him. He said, "How would you like to take a longer trip with me—clear up to St. George?" (That's where the Temple was.)

I said I didn't know what the folks would say. Edwin said, "Well, we can find out, can't we?"

Just about that time, I heard Mother. She lived right by the fort gate, and she had come out to see why I wasn't home yet. Believe you me, I got inside in a hurry.

Not long after that, there was a conference in Joe City. There were a bunch of the young folks going and Mother and Father let me go as Edwin's partner. I really enjoyed that day. That was about the first time I had ever been away from my folks, except to visit cousins a few times.

My father wouldn't mistreat anyone, but he thought Edwin was lazy. When I was going with him, Father said that if I did marry that boy, I would have to help make the living. Finally, I found out why.

One day, Father and Brother Plumb had been working in the fields and they saw Edwin come across the farm and pass right by a cow that was in the garden. He didn't even try to drive it out.

They really figured that was the height of laziness. I asked Edwin about it, and he said he didn't even see the old cow.

He was busy thinking about something else.

One day, Edwin came to our house. Mother had gone to the field, but I expected her back any minute. I didn't know what she would say if she found Edwin there, and I didn't want to find out. I was scared. Edwin wasn't afraid of Mother. He thought she was reconciled to the idea of us going together.

He said he wouldn't leave until I gave him a kiss. He didn't know what a terror my Mother was. I knew she would raise the deuce and kick him out of there if she came before he left. I was afraid she would forbid me to ever go with him again.

Edwin hadn't been around Mother much so he wasn't worried. I tried to get him to leave, but he wouldn't leave. I was expecting Mother any minute, so I finally gave him a little peck of a kiss and rushed him out the door to get rid of him.

Yes, that was our first kiss. I stayed clear of him as much as I could because I was between two fires, but Edwin just wouldn't be run off.

I can't begin to tell you all the things that happened to me in Brigham City. It was such a different experience.

To the parents and older folks, it was probably a lot of trials and worries. A dam was being built to help provide water for our crops and farms. The only trouble was that we could never depend on the Little Colorado River.

One year there would be very little water and then the next, when the people just had the dam built in, and thought everything was fixed, there would be such big floods that it would wash the dam out in just a few hours.

Also, in that part of the country the soil was quite sandy and it was hard to make any kind of dam hold in the river. We didn't have the big machines and all that they have now to build dams. We only had our men and horses to haul and scrape in the dirt and rocks. All the years we lived there, the most important thing was whether the next dam would hold.

It was quite a different experience to the young people. We all liked eating at the big table and the dances and parties that were held for everyone. We had our friends, and working with them was like a big picnic all the time.

Of course it was easier for the girls than the boys. The boys all wanted to get something of their own. They weren't content to just stay there and work for their food and clothes. We knew how some of the young men felt and it made the older people feel so bad.

I was fifteen years old when Edwin first proposed to me, he was twenty-one. I knew when I first became acquainted with him there was no one else for me. My folks thought that I was too young to fall in love. They didn't like the idea of me going with a young fellow who wasn't tried and tested.

Both Mother and Father thought it would be better for me to marry some older man who had already proved himself, had a wife or two and was ready to provide for his families. That was my big problem—Edwin wasn't convinced that Mother would never let us get married. He didn't know my Mother like I did.

A trip was being planned to go back to Utah for more provisions. We did not have enough food nor other things without going for more grain and supplies.



Father and Ike were going and my folks decided that it would be a good thing if I went too. They said I could see my cousins and friends back in Utah. I knew that they were just sending me away so that I would forget about Edwin and maybe find someone else in that much time.

Of course I knew I wouldn't and I told Edwin. He seemed to be hurt to think my folks were sending me off. Edwin had come to Arizona just to help his Mother and younger children move down and see if it would help May's heart. He said he had never intended to stay. He had planned on going right back to Springville just as soon as possible but that after meeting me he didn't want to leave. Now I was the one who was going back to Utah.

To make matters worse, Will Adams was going along with his Father. Brother Adams was the other counselor in the Bishopric with Father and so the Adams family always sat by ours at the big table. Will was really "swell" and so conceited. I did like to dance with him as he was a very good dancer.

The hardest thing I had to do was to tell Edwin that I was going. He began to see for the first time how hard it was to convince my mother that I was old enough to be getting serious with anyone. Edwin and I did manage to have a little time to talk about things before I left. At first Edwin was mad, then just hurt to think that my folks would do such a thing as send me off just to get me away from him. I couldn't say much because I didn't know when my mother would ever change her mind.

One thing Edwin asked me to do. I promised that I wouldn't go to a dance with Will Adams while I was on the trip. I promised, but I didn't know then how hard

it would be to keep that promise. It made me mad every time I thought of it all the way.

When we got to Utah and stopped in one of the little towns, they had a dance for us. Will asked me to go and I had to tell him I wasn't going. No one else asked me and I had to stay home from that dance. I was so mad. I just loved to dance and the thoughts of missing one in a brand new place just made me boil. I sneaked over to the dance after the others were all there. and looked through the window for a while, but I didn't dare go in.

Only my brother Ike knew how I felt about Edwin, and sympathized with me. When we had been gone a few weeks he asked me if I had written to Edwin yet and I told him no. When he asked why, I told him that mother and father sent me away thinking I'd forget him. They would never let me marry him anyway.

We came home about four months later. Things hadn't changed for me nor for Edwin. We managed to see each other three times a day, at least. When we had our meals we always got to say a few words in spite of everything.

But conditions at the fort weren't the same. The young people weren't content to stay around and work for a few clothes and food. Edwin and his brother Art got a contract to work in Flagstaff for the railroad. Edwin's brother Eck and my brother Ike went back to Utah to look for work. We hated to see them go.

Things were changing fast. Our families weren't together any more. There was constant unrest and families moving out to go back or move on somewhere else. How hard it was to hold the little settlement together probably never will be realized, except by those in charge.

When the dam on the Little Colorado River went out again, the authorities finally told President Lot Smith and Bishop George Lake of Brigham City, that the order should be abandoned there.

President Smith was the Stake President of that stake, so he advised the people to move to Sunset, Joseph City, or Snowflake. They were all just little branches getting started then, and needed more people. Ma moved back to Utah and some of them went to Gila Valley where there were some more settlements.

My father was sent to the "Meadows". It was a little place located about 7 miles below the Mexican town of San Juan (St. Johns), on the Little Colorado. There were a lot of Mexicans and a few Gentiles as we called them.

We heard that the church authorities were calling people to go there to make a settlement and try to build a dam. We were glad. We didn't want to go as far away as Gila with all the cattle we had to drive and we had heard awful stories about the heat there.

Father was set apart to be Bishop of that little ward in 1880. We had been in Arizona about four years now. He had used up all his supplies of grain that he had brought from Utah to feed the people at Brigham City. He had no grain left in Utah as neighbors had "borrowed" it while he was in Arizona.

He had left his home in Utah and had nothing here. He built a one room log cabin so his family could have shelter. One large field was fenced in by the community and each family in turn was given five acres within that field to farm for himself; this was to be used to obtain their supply of food. That summer we raised quite a crop of melons, corn, beans and other produce. It seemed good.

It was good rich soil and there was lots of farming land. But we were still dependent on the whims of the Little Colorado for our water. They tried to build a dam several times but it never held very much water. It would be a good many years before men would hold back the water of that river safely.

There weren't many people at the Meadows, and I missed my friends Roxy Ballard and Manie Bates. Later Manie moved there with her folks, but I never saw Roxy much after that. The most important things to look forward to were Edwin's visits.

He came at Christmas time and then again in the spring. He begged my mother and father to let us get married but they wouldn't consent as I wasn't 18 yet. I stayed there and helped them all that summer, Mart was there too. He and father built fences and brought down more logs to build a lean-to.

I was 18 on the 26th of June. Edwin came up soon after that and my folks finally consented to let us get married. Mother still felt sad. She said I was so young, that it was just like one baby having another baby. Father made me feel better, though, he told me that he thought Edwin was as good as any other young fellow they knew.

Now that it looked like I was really going to get married, I got busy getting myself a trousseau. I had worked around for a few people to get a little money. Then I went to work for Sister Marcus Petersen when her baby Pearl was born. I liked to tend Brig. He was such a chunk of a baby and so good natured.

I earned three dollars a week and worked for her until I had enough to buy muslin for my dress and for the factory to make my garments. I wore my dress after

my wedding to the very special dances. Mother used to give me some of the egg money to get extra things for my trousseau. I ordered my things from Montgomery Wards and they came to Albuquerque by train and on to me by mail.

When my material came I got busy sewing. Of course we had a sewing machine. Father had traded a horse for one while we lived in Brigham City. He wouldn't let the man have the horse until he taught me how to run that machine.

It was the marvel of the fort because it sewed so neat and straight, and so fast. I loved that machine from the minute I first saw it work, so I was happy when Father decided to buy it.



Maria's sewing machine and quilt

I packed everything into my trunk as I finished it, and finally I was ready to go. Edwin came for me and we were to meet Sully Richardson and his girl Rene at Woodruff, as they were going with us to be married. We usually planned to travel in the fall because it wasn't so far between watering holes then and you could find more good places to stop for camp. The nearest Temple was in St. George, Utah.

When we met Rene and Sully they were sick. I guess it was coming up from the different climate in Gila Valley. They shook all the way with chills and fever.

We had to wait on them and tend them all the way.

We got to the Little Colorado where we usually crossed it about fifty miles out of Winslow and found it was flooded. There was a large group of people waiting there to cross. Among them were two of Edwin's half brothers, Ray and Roe. They had been working on the railroad.

The men decided to hitch all the chains together, swim some horses over with them, then pull the wagons over. All the women were to ride on a wagon of salt, that some ranchers were taking out to their cattle, as that was the heaviest wagon and least likely to tip over.

Just as they got to our wagon, the chain broke and it went floating down stream. All the men jumped in to help save it. Edwin started to go help but I grabbed onto him and cried and screamed so loud that he couldn't move.

The others pulled it ashore a little farther on down the river, hitched the horses on and pulled it back up in place. We were all standing around talking about how lucky we were and I said, "Well, if everyone else had stood on the bank like that dumbbell of an Edwin we would have lost everything." He was so mad there almost wasn't a wedding after all.

We made good time traveling and didn't linger along like we did moving down. We had good horses and went faster. Quite a few people traveled along with us. There were about ten other wagons in our company going up but just Sully, Rene, Edwin and I came back. It took us about three weeks.

When we got to St. George we rented rooms and Rene and I washed and cleaned all our clothes. That red mud was

just the color of the river and you never saw such stuff to get out, especially in white muslin.

Finally we were ready. September 27, 1881, we went to the Temple in St. George and received our endowments and were married for time and eternity. It was wonderful. I had never thought we would make it.



Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Whiting  
Married September 27, 1881

Edwin and I, Sully and Rene Richardson began married life with a trip back to Arizona. We enjoyed every minute of it and didn't need any more of a honeymoon than that. It wasn't like it is now days, we didn't have to take a special trip.

We got to Willow Springs and some people were living there. The man was a friend of Sully's and Edwin's, so they made us stay over night with them. I

will never forget how they tried to make us feel welcome.

The man was living there because he had two wives and had to hide out. They had eight or ten children. He had built them some little shelters out of the rocks by putting cedars and brush over them.

The poor souls had lost their comb so I gave them mine and one of the women took the children out behind one of the big rocks to comb their hair. We could hear the poor little ones crying as she combed at the snarls.

The other woman was hurrying to get dinner for us. I felt so sorry for one little fellow. He tipped the churn over and there was the duce to pay. Many times as we traveled by Willow Springs I've wondered whatever became of them. Meeting them surely made us appreciate all the things we had.

When we got back to Arizona, we bought one fifth interest in the old fort at Brigham City. We rented some of the houses out. Edwin worked on the railroad. He took the test to be an engineer but didn't pass because he was color blind. He worked for John W. Young, one of Brigham Young's grandsons who was a big contractor there. Edwin had to take credit for most of his pay.

The railroad had just come through and there were a lot of people camped in the old fort. The church sold the fort and the boys, Edwin, Uncle Charles, Ike, and Eke bought it.

The boys were working teams on the railroad. My brother, Ike, was staying with us. One morning when they woke up one horse, the best out of each team was gone three of ours, and one belonging to some people in Winslow.

A little light snow had fallen and the boys tracked the horses along the side of the road. It was such a desert then and there wasn't much road. After tracking them a little distance they decided the horses had been stolen and they came back for a few provisions, their guns, and horses so they could search. Uncle Ike, Uncle Eck and Edwin went. They only expected to be gone a day or so and thought they might even be back that night.

Even though the robbers had the best horses and could keep ahead of the boys, they were able to follow them down to the big Colorado River into the Navajo Indian country.

The boys were gone for ten days and I was nearly crazy with worry. Their horses gave out and they couldn't follow the robbers any farther but they had them hemmed in because of the Colorado River.

The boys were nearly starved because they had just expected to be gone two or three days at the most. Their horses had given out so they went to the Indian village and the Navajos gave them something to eat and a blanket to sleep on. They slept with their feet to the fire like the Indians.

They hired the Indians to follow the robbers and told them they would give them \$ 100.00 if they would bring back the horses. The old chief sent three young Indians and gave them a bow and arrow and two guns, one good one that belonged to the boys, and one that failed to go off when they tried to shoot it. He told them not to shoot unless they had to but to bring the horses back. They followed the robbers and tried to get the horses but the robbers stayed ahead.

The Indian with the good gun waited until he could get two of the men in range and he killed one, wounded one, and

the other gave up. The Indians brought the horses and the two men back.

We just suffered at home having never heard a word from them. When they came home an outfit was just ready to go hunt them. The boys said they had come back to a little store to get provisions but all we heard was that they had been there. One night they had camped near the robbers. Of course neither of them built a fire. The boys even got close enough once to see them but they couldn't catch the robbers because they had their best horses.

When they came home I was sitting in a chair with my head down and I didn't even look up as they came in. I couldn't believe my eyes because I had about given up and thought they were killed.

The Winslow people wanted to hang the robbers but the boys wouldn't let them. It wasn't like it is now, there were no telephones, and no way to get word around. We couldn't get trials then and when we did, it would just be Mexicans who were on the juries, and they would never give fair trials anyway. The boys just gave the robbers a little something to eat and told them to get out of the country if they didn't want the Winslow people to hang them.

Finally Edwin started a blacksmith shop and had quite a lot of work there. Then he decided to start a store with the supplies he could get from his holdings in the old fort. We started the store in our home. Edwin, his brother Charles and the others divided up the things that were left and Edwin came home with his share. The main thing he had was a big box of caps. We had caps to sell for a long time.

After we had been married a while I went up to the Meadows to see my folks. Edwin couldn't go as he was working, so I

went up with a freighter that was traveling that way.

I was surely tickled about the prospects of having a baby. Before the baby was born I went again to the Meadows to visit with my folks. Edwin wouldn't let me stay at Brigham City with only Mrs. Adams as the midwife. Mrs. Bates, at the Meadows, wasn't a licensed midwife but she had surely helped a lot of women. I went over early and stayed there three or four months before my baby was born. When it finally came time I had so much trouble they sent Joe Wakefield to St. Johns for a Mrs. Ramsey who was a licensed midwife. They didn't get back until early morning. I knew I was terribly sick, and my poor mother thought I was going to die. We were so happy to see the midwife. I had always loved babies and so I was really thrilled to have one of my own.

We lived in Brigham City about two years. Eddie was nearly one when we decided to move. When the main body of the people left there, they sold the fort to a man who ran a dairy supplying milk to the people in Winslow. Edwin, his brother Charles and the Adamses were the main ones left. The Adamses and Charles moved up to Wilford and stayed there until they moved to Mexico.

The railroads were through building then and so everyone moved out of Brigham City. We went to the Meadows where we bought a house that was already completed. It was quite nice. We stayed there until May and Martha were born. We had our own plot of ground and raised good crops most of the time.

We experienced a lot of exciting times there. One time, Bob Lee, probably one of the most notorious outlaws in that area came into St. Johns to a celebration.

He caused some trouble and the sheriff, who was a Mexican, ran him out of town. They tried to take his gun away but couldn't. When he came by Mother's house he shot holes in her wash tub. The next morning the Mexicans got up behind the house to catch him. Mother was there alone. Bob got on his little horse and it jumped a big high fence. All those Mexicans were shooting at him. When he got to the river, his pony jumped the river. The Mexicans took after him as hard as they could ride but when they got to the river their horses wouldn't jump. Bob got off his horse and hid, then he shot one of the Mexican's pistols out of his hand. This scared the Mexicans and they went back. Bob stayed around there awhile and then he went on. Our boys quite liked him. He was just a kid. Of course he gave the Mexicans and others a bad time for a long while around there.

We went to St. Johns one day and took some rags up to Sister Shreeves to weave into a rug. She had a big rag carpet 15 yards long. I thought it was just beautiful but we couldn't afford it. On the way home I told Edwin about it and how badly I would like to have the carpet. He said we could take \$8.00 out of our tax money, if I wanted it badly enough, and we could go back the next day and get it. By the next day the carpet was gone. I was so disappointed. Of course I wasn't out anything as I still had my money. Most people didn't have any rugs at all. We had a few that we had braided. Aunt Signe and Mother helped me and we saved every little rag we had for a year. I finally got enough to have a carpet woven. A year or so later we saved enough so that Mother could have one.

While we were living at the Meadows, we made a trip back to Utah to

visit Edwin's folks. My brother, Mart, went with us to go to school in Provo.

Edwin's father kept bees and he wanted Edwin to take a swarm back to Arizona with him. He had given all his other boys a swarm. His father was afraid if we took just one swarm it would die. I wrote and asked Mother if she didn't want one and she sent me \$5.00 to buy it.

I wouldn't think of wasting anything so we brought them on home with us. When we got here Edwin wouldn't have them on the place so we put the two swarms over on my father's land. No one went near the bees for months. Edwin was afraid to touch them. Finally some polygamists came through and one man got some honey out. It tasted so good that we grew braver. He showed Edwin how to extract the honey with a veil and gloves.

Father was interested, so he made the bee hives and we bought an extractor and more bees. We had some fine swarms when we sold out to move back to Utah. We even ordered some bees through mail. The honey was a real treat to all of us and we sold all the extra we possibly could.

When Martha was a baby we moved up to St. Johns into a house on a lot next to where School District One is now. Edwin learned the blacksmith trade and since there was no smith in St. Johns we were sure there was a good chance for him.

I was expecting a new baby and as usual I was sick to my stomach. I just longed for something in the line of fruit or vegetables. Of course it was practically impossible to get anything like that in the winter. We raised plenty in the summer but it didn't keep long. One day a peddler came to town with some canned tomatoes. Never has anything tempted me so much

as those tomatoes. When I asked the price and found that they were about a dollar a can I just knew we could not waste money on frivolous things like that. When Edwin came home I told him about the peddler and he asked me why I hadn't bought some. I told him I thought they were too expensive. He said they weren't when I had been as sick as I had. He got on his horse and rode to find the peddler. He came back with two cans of those tomatoes and never had anything tasted that good. I was never quite so sick after that. To this day a can of tomatoes looks good to me every time I see one.

Since Edwin was the only blacksmith, the sheriff would come for him to go to the jail and rivet shackles onto the feet of the prisoners so they could keep them in jail. There were lots of those notorious, wild cowboys who came into Arizona from Texas to hide and they were always having trouble with them around St. Johns.

One time the sheriff had Edwin come over and rivet one of the outlaws to the door of the jail so he could not get away. (I think it was one they called Bill the Kid or Apache Kid.) The next morning when the sheriff came the outlaw had taken the hinges off the door and was gone, door and all.

When the outlaws had to bathe and change clothes, Edwin would have to take the rivets off and then put them back on. He always kept a gun handy.

Peddlers were always coming around. We depended on them for many supplies that we couldn't get any place else. Some had items that were worthless. One peddler came into town after Edwin was doing pretty good with his business. I didn't pay too much attention to what he had as most of his cloth was cut up into

lengths for men's suits. There was a tailor in town but he charged so much to make a suit that it was cheaper to buy one. This peddler went to Edwin's shop and sold him all the cloth he had for \$50.00. When Edwin came over to the house to get the money, I said, "you're not going to take it are you?"

The peddler answered, "He's a man of his word, ain't he?"

Edwin gave him the money and he left. I really lit into Edwin for spending all that money for a bunch of cloth like that. He said he thought it was worth the money. I took a piece of cloth and pulled on it a little and it pulled right apart. I asked him how he could make a suit out of that.

When Edwin saw how the cloth tore he was so mad that he went for his gun and was going after the peddler to get his money back. I was quite alarmed then and I started to cry and stopped him. That surely taught Edwin and I a lesson and never again was he swindled by a peddler.

I always felt a little ashamed that I had made such a fuss because in the pack was a linen table cloth that we used for years. It was a real nice one with fringe on and we used it when we had company. There was a bedspread too that we used for years on our bed. Years later I used some of the cloth to make green plaid coats for May and Martha, and me a grey dress that I wore a long time. I trimmed my dress with black and had my picture taken in it. We had the cloth around and used it for some things during the next few years.

Edwin wanted to move back to Utah. He was homesick and his folks kept writing for him to come, they were very lonesome since they lost May. I was against moving. I was expecting my

fourth baby and just didn't feel like moving again. There were two or three families who wanted to move back also and would soon be ready to leave, so there was nothing for me to do but go.

We packed our things and sold our shop, bees, home and all we had. Mother decided that she would go with us. She packed all her things but Father said that he had received a call from the church authorities and could not leave. He stayed there for two more years, then one of the general authorities came down and told Father that his place was with his family, so he was released to go back to Utah. He moved back to Ephraim and finished the house he had started before he left.

It was conference time for our stake the next Sunday so we decided to stay over for it before we left for Utah. John Henry Smith was the visitor for the authorities. When he spoke he asked the people to please stay there and help build that part of the country. He told them that they would be blessed if they did stay, and be sorry if they didn't. We had already sold our home so we had to leave. We moved to Utah in the fall of 1888.

We arrived in Utah only to have Edwin decide he wanted to return to Arizona. I put my foot down. I would be having my baby soon and I could not go all over the country any more. We moved into part of Edwin's brother Albert's home.

Edwin settled down and bought a water mill used to saw lumber. It took all we had but there were no other mills around and there was a lot of good timber on the mountains. We were doing well when the stream went dry and we had to move farther up the mountain. We built a shack at the mill and lived there. Finally when the mill was paid for, Edwin bought



John out and moved everything into town. He bought a planing mill too.

We moved into a part of Eck's home where Earnest was born and we stayed there for a while. When we returned to run the mill, John and Art went with us. The men could go hunting whenever they wanted to there. One day we had a lot of company and I didn't know what on earth to do. Edwin said to let John off from the sawmill so he could get a deer. We only killed them when we needed them. John was the best shot around.

One time they wanted to go hunting on Sunday and I hid the bullets so they couldn't go. I hid three or four boxes; one in the middle of a roll of carpet rags, one in a straw mattress and others around. We had a partially blind man, Edwin Johnson, who worked for us for years. He could see enough so he could chop wood, feed the engine, and keep a good fire going. He came in and found every one of those boxes of shells. They took them and went hunting after all.

One of the highlights at the mill was company who came to see us. It wasn't often but when they did come it was a real treat, especially to the children who would watch for wagons to come up the hill.

When we lived at the mill in Dry Canyon in Utah, Eddie and May found a nest of little hawks. They raised and fed them and trained them to come out of the mountains when they called. These hawks were the only pets they had.

One day we knelt down to have family prayers while we were living at the first saw mill. Edwin asked John to say prayers. John started but was praying so low that Edwin couldn't hear him (Edwin had trouble with his hearing for years).

Edwin again asked John to say prayers, and John just kept on praying. Edwin couldn't hear him. Finally Edwin started in himself and prayed so loud that John had to quit. John was furious.

Edwin would get his gun for protection and walk all night to get home to stay with his family over Sunday. One night Eddie was up to the mill with him and they started down. He sent Eddie on home and followed some deer tracks. Eddie heard him shoot and thought he would be home in a few minutes. We waited and waited after Eddie got home. Finally we went to our neighbors, the Curtis family, to get them to help us look for Edwin. Some of them came to help us. Edwin finally came home. He had followed a deer because he had just wounded it and he didn't want it to go off and die somewhere.

When the children were old enough to go to school we decided to build us a house in town. We hired two young fellows to build it. One was a carpenter and one a mason. Ed Snow, Aunt Sarah's son, built at the same time we did. He had the nicest house in Mapleton and we had the next. Ed Snow was one of Edwin's dearest friends. He didn't have a brother that he thought more of than Ed. He was so glad when we moved back to Mapleton.

Our house had to be built a little at a time. The first year they put up the walls and roof next year the plastering and so on. A painter came up from San Pete and painted both houses. Our home was finished before Elda was born in 1896.

Lynn and Ralph had both been born in the old house that was right behind the new one. Minnie was born about three years later in the new house.

Harriet Curtis, Edwin's sister, wanted to sell her store and the man who

ran the other store in town didn't want to give her very much. Edwin decided to buy it from her. We paid her \$80.00 for the things she had left in the store and moved them into one room of our home before it was even finished. People came to buy it so fast that we bought more things and built shelves in our one room. Finally our stock was so great that we built a little store next door to our house. We bought most of our goods from Provo and found we could go up to Salt Lake and order from ZCMI the things we couldn't get in Provo. It took a full day to go to Salt Lake. Most of the time I would go up on the train and order the things we needed, then come back on the train.

Just before Lynn was born, I had to quit cooking at the mill and move into town because I was sick all the time. I was so hoarse and had such a bad throat that I couldn't speak above a whisper for several months before and after Lynn was born. The doctor kept my neck painted with iodine because I had such a bad goiter.

I was also hoarse with Elda and Minnie, but not as bad. I had to whistle to the children when I wanted them as I couldn't call them. I was very bad for months before Art was born in St. Johns. I had a special blessing and the day he was born I could talk aloud and never had any more serious trouble with hoarseness or goiter.

The children all went to school in Mapleton and all passed with good grades. We had something going on all the time. Eddie had battles and armies all organized in school until they didn't know what to do with them.

One time we had all our grain cut and Edwin said he didn't know what to do with that three acres of grain. Eddie had

all the kids from school come home with him and pile up the grain in one big shock. Edwin was so mad when he got home that he made them all unpile it.

We had over 300 swarms of bees and we sold truck-loads of honey. The kids did most of the extracting. An old man who was kind of crazy came in and saw them emptying honey one day and said we could swim in honey. We sold lots of our honey to the Crandalls.

In the spring our kids would go out with the crowd to work in the beet fields. They could earn some money that way.

Sometimes I would take the train down to Ephraim to stay two or three days at a time to visit with my folks. They didn't come up very often. Father came and stayed with us when Eddie was sick with typhoid. He came 80 miles to administer to him because we wrote and asked him to. Mother came up and stayed with me when Ralph was born.

My cousins came by to see us but we had typhoid fever and they didn't dare stay. We went to see Aunt Dorothea and Cousin Mary who lived in Ephraim.

The 50th year celebration was being held in Salt Lake City. It was in 1898. We had decided we just didn't have time to go up. We were lying in the bed talking, and I told Edwin I wished we had gone up to the parade and celebration. Edwin told me we could still go by driving part of the night. We left right then with Eddie and the baby, and camped out.

Edwin had a sister Emeline and she was in the parade because she was one of the original pioneers. She had lost her purse and when the parade passed us she was tearing up the whole wagon to find it. They had the most beautiful fireworks that night that I had ever seen.

When it was time to dedicate the Salt Lake Temple we got tickets and went up. It was conference time. There was such a crowd that I couldn't imagine that many people around at one time.

No one can know the dread of typhoid who didn't live through those times when we had it so bad. I got so I just dreaded autumn, as did everyone else. Eddie was seven when he was so sick with typhoid he nearly died. He would have probably but Father came up from Ephraim and gave him a blessing. After about three years Earnest had it. Ralph was the baby. We had to get Earnest up every day and dress him. He was so sick he couldn't sit up but he would be dressed. All the water was "rotten." Grandma Whiting walked all the way up to the big ditch in the middle of the night to get Earnest some water. After we moved into the new house May had typhoid. Next year Ralph had it. Almost two years later Edwin had typhoid and Ralph got it again. They were both in bed at the same time.

Edwin had never been superstitious or imagined things, and he had never been unconscious during his illness, so we all knew he was conscious when his father came to him. [August 1900]

No one will ever know how much I hated to leave my Mother and Father, who were getting old, and I was their only daughter. They had made two moves to live by us, but now they were too old to move again. So even though I knew there was no question about going, still my heart ached.

We left the best house we ever had or would have. We were leaving my folks who did not think they could stand to make another move and who were sad to see us move so far away, especially my mother who had moved up in the first

place to be near me. We left all of our business and sold them for what we could get. We left all of our family and friends, but we knew that we had to go so we never hesitated.

It took almost a year to sell everything and get ready to move. Edwin's brothers, Edgar and Art and families, decided to move with us, and also his brother Fred and his Mother, and her granddaughter, Clara Curtis, who lived with her. That was quite a crowd to leave Mapleton and the people hated to see us leave, especially some of our very close friends. About half the town decided to travel with us the first day and camp with us that night.

When we decided to come back to Arizona Eddie was 18, May 16, Martha 14, Earnest 12, Ralph 10, Lynn 8, Elda 5, and Minnie almost two. It was just as hard for them to leave their friends as it was for Edwin and I. They had many friends and many cousins of whom they were very fond.

Our trip took quite a long time because we were bringing all we hadn't sold in Mapleton. We had cattle, horses, wagons, and household furniture.

When we arrived back in St. Johns we bought a house on Main Street and added on three more rooms. We put what little money we had and every dollar we could get into a store. We did our own freighting and did everything else we could to build it up, and soon the store was going pretty good.

Eddie was called to go on a mission soon after we got there. It nearly broke us. I had to send to my folks and borrow \$100.00 right at first for him. They never would let me pay it back to them. Everyone in St. Johns thought we had plenty; they didn't know what a hard

time we were having. There were three big stores already in St. Johns; Schusters and Barths, that had been going for years and then there was the "Co-op" (ACMI-Arizona's branch of ZCMI). They really had all the business.

We really had to work to get the money to send to Eddie on his mission. He was so saving because he knew what a hard time we were having. He went hungry many times.

I used to put on sales and sell at cost if we needed to. We didn't go in debt, so we couldn't get very bad off. I would save all the empty shoe boxes and other things that were empty, and put them behind the full ones on the shelves just so it would look like we had more. Edwin would do all the other things, but he didn't like to clerk in the store.

I started a small millinery shop. Mrs. Johnnie Patterson wanted to sell hers, so I bought it. Then I got some hats from St. Louis, and priced them so I could afford to lose some and not go broke. I bought a lot of hats from Charlie Davis' mother. I looked at all those hats and was sick. I knew there were more hats than heads in all that town. I loaded up a bunch and took them to Concho and peddled them from house to house. Martha went with me. I sold the hats at reasonable prices; just enough to get my money out of them. Next I went up to Springerville selling hats. We sold one at nearly every house.

While I was up there Leonard Taylor (foster son) came on a horse to get me. He just cried when he tried to tell me what was wrong. Edwin was sick. He had been irrigating on the Chapman place and had laid down and fallen asleep. When he awoke he was ill. He had pneumonia, and nearly died with it. We had a good doctor

there, Dr. Flemmings. The Dr. came and sat up with me all night to help take care of Edwin. He got better, but he wasn't very strong for months; in fact, he never was completely well after the typhoid spell, and this was hard on him.

Edwin had just bought this land from the Chapmans and had been farming a little while. He surely raised a pile of melons on it and some good gardens. We bought this after the dam went out and we'd sold our other land.

We had purchased some land at the Meadows just after we arrived in St. Johns. Art and Eck did too, but they only stayed one winter then left losing it all. Aunt Harriet (Eck's wife), hated to go back because she liked it in St. Johns. They had lost a little girl while there, and she hated to leave that little grave. Art and Eck stopped in Fruitland, New Mexico for a while. Harriet was terribly sick when they left. She didn't live long and died while they were in New Mexico. Eck took his family then to Utah. He had a very hard time with a house full of little children.

Grandma Whiting and her son, Fred and granddaughter, Clara Burk, stayed in St. Johns until her death.

We had all our crops in on the land we had bought and the dam broke. It flooded a foot of dirt all over the whole field. We thought everything was gone and that we would go broke for sure. Eddie was still on his mission and we just didn't know what to do. Earnest said, "You know, Pa, I'll bet corn will grow yet this summer." Edwin bought corn seed, borrowed corn planters, and turned the kids loose to plant acres of corn. There was Earnest, Ralph and Leonard who planted it. When the weeds came up Edwin said, "Well boys when you get

those weeds out we'll go fishing." They went fishing. That corn grew higher than the horses heads. We had corn for our pigs, chickens, corn meal, and all else we needed. We even let others harvest some on shares.

The next year we planted barley at the meadows below St. Johns. I went down there and cooked out on a camp fire for a month while they harvested the barley. Joe Patterson and Stradlings all paid me to cook for them. Lots of other towns people came down to harvest their grain or to work. I just went to help Edwin because I knew he wasn't well enough to manage alone.

That barley was so high and we had so much, we had to fill the cellar under the store. We got a good cash price for it and that helped the store. Edwin helped build the dam in Greer Valley and we took up a section of land and farmed down there. That was good land if you could have depended on the Little Colorado for water.

Art was born in the house behind the store. He wasn't very old when we went to the Meadows. One night he was cross and screamed so much that I was frightened. I couldn't find out what was wrong with him. My father had left a good log house on his place there and Edwin moved it up on our land. We dug a well and had water to use for drinking. Ike and Signe lived down there too. Well, I walked the floor with him for hours and he cried all night. I thought it must be an ear ache but nothing I did seemed to help. The men were up at the Chapman place. Finally I decided to take him over to see if Signe could help me. It was about a mile away. Leonard went with me because he didn't want me to go alone. Signe took Arthur and tended him until he finally dropped off to sleep. Well in the morning

we found a corn worm under the facing of his little shirt. There was a big place on his chest where the worm had eaten the flesh. He would doze off a few minutes and then wake up and scream and scream again. He was less than a year old then but he has the scars to this day, on his chest.

While we were living at Greer Valley we decided to take a fishing trip, that was Edwin's favorite recreation. We were ready to go back to Greer Valley, so we stopped at the City ditch to water the horses. While Arthur and I were in the buggy Edwin started to unhitch the tugs, so they could reach the water. I was holding the lines. One tug hit the horse's heel and they ran. We were driving the meanest horses around. I tried to turn the horses into the fence as they ran and the wheel went over a big headgate in the ditch. I was sitting on the high spring seat and it threw me out. I went down behind the horses across the double trees and was dragged across the road.

William Berry ran out and thought it was Edwin who was hurt because he was making such a fuss. Then they finally got to me and thought my eyes were out because the skin had all been torn off my forehead and was hanging down over my eyes. I thought I was blinded for sure.

They took me to May's place. She lived just across the street. Someone finally put the skin back up over my forehead. They went for the doctor and he came and sewed it up just like it was. He didn't even dare to move the skin back down. I was surely lucky Dr. Roberts was there then, he was a good doctor. I stayed at May's place for a week or so until my head was healed some. For a long time after, the gravel would swell up and gather and then break and sand and rocks would come out. Gradually I got so I could open

my eye. Earnest used to console me by saying, "Never mind, Ma, you can wear dark glasses and it won't look so bad."

Martha and May worked in the store while we were in Greer Valley. What we had in stock we sold cheap enough so that it moved and we could buy more stock.

The men could hunt for antelope any time they wanted to then. That was always a good sport for them. Of course, they only got them when we needed some meat. One time Edwin was out for wood and found a dead antelope with a little one laying to the side of it. He brought it home and the kids kept it for a pet quite awhile. We took it to St. Johns and they fed it a green alfalfa and it died. While we were there the children also had nine little goats, and 27 lambs, they got from the sheepherders around there. Ralph found a little coyote and the men thought they could gentle it but it just got meaner all the time. They kept it in an old well someone had started to dig. Finally we had to let it go to a man who wanted it for a circus. We also had turkeys and lots of chickens. We milked cows and made pounds and pounds of cheese, that we kept for the winter. We also made lots of butter

I guess I was like May more than any of the girls. Martha was more like my Mother. She looked like her because her eyes were dark. I looked more like Father. My complexion was like him and I was larger than my Mother. When all the others in town were selling their land in Greer Valley we also sold ours to some men from Denver. In 1911, we turned our attention to the mountains where we had the Homesteads and sawmills. It was there we started our sawmill with Herbert and May. Earnest went on his mission, and John Whiting, Uncle Charles' boy, came up from Mexico to work on the mill.

Herbert and May had been married October 4, 1905. The railroad always cut their rates at conference time so all the couples would get married then go to Salt Lake to the Temple while the rates were on. May and Herbert went to Salt Lake with Will and Annie Freeman. I felt worse when May got married than any. I thought I couldn't stand it; I missed her so much. She was always the one who would help me tend the babies.

Martha always helped with the housework, especially if I had company. May would hide out. Eddie came back from his mission and married soon after on June 6, 1906. They went to Salt Lake on the train, too. Eddie took over the store after he was married, so we stayed at the mill most of the time in the summer after that.

Martha and Frank were married just awhile later. That was three in a year. Before Eddie took over the store he farmed in Greer Valley and lived down at the Meadows for a while. Ralph helped me in the store after they were all married. He was real good. Then I hired Katie Waite too. She worked there for about two years.

Martha and Frank went to Salt Lake with Joy and Josie Patterson. I was just lost after they were gone. I only had the two little girls to help me.

Ralph and Zella were married next in 1911. They went to Salt Lake with Maurice Raban and Katie Waite. I missed Ralph in the store. He helped in the sawmill after they came back and lived in a little house by us. We went to the mill early this year because it had been such a good winter. March was so nice. Then the snow came in June, and I do mean snow. I don't think there was ever a year like that one.

Oh, dear! Haven't we had our ups and downs? But we've forgotten them now. New ones come along and we forget the old ones.

The boys went to Texas and bought a lot of cattle and shipped them home on the railroad to Navajo. They drove them to St. Johns, but the cattle were hungry and there wasn't much feed around there so they drove them on up to the mill. There was plenty of grass in the mountains but within about a week it began to snow and it kept right on. The cows couldn't even find the grass, or the ground. They ate pine needles and lost their calves. Then the cows got sick and died, like flies. Herbert made harnesses for them and they would go around and lift them up. We finally sold the cattle to the Candelaria's just in time so we didn't go completely broke. It took all we had left and all the cattle we had before to pay for them.

Earnest would sing so loud and would make up songs about the different cows that were sick and dying. He had them all named and we all had to laugh just to listen to him. The rest of the family was so blue and so discouraged I guess we'd have died if that kid hadn't sung so loud.

Frank Whiting was teaching school in Concho and Beryl came up to visit her sister, his wife Winnie. They came over to St. Johns often.

Earnest came down from the mill and his hair was long and scraggly. He met Beryl for the first time and she was all dolled up. They went together for about a year. Her folks lived in El Paso. Earnest met her there where they were married, then they traveled to Salt Lake to the Temple.

Earnest and Beryl moved to the mill and ran it for several years.

Lynn was married just before the war broke out. He and Gladys got married here and went to Salt Lake to the Temple at the next conference. Gladys was very young.

Elda and Albert were also married in St. Johns at our home, by David K. Udall and then went the next week to the temple in Salt Lake, March 19, 1919.

I told Eddie, Elda was going to be married and said she would have to quit work and he said, "For heaven's sakes, who to?" We all laughed as they had gone together off and on since Elda was nine.

Art and Armina were married just before he went on his mission. They tried to get Armina to wait but she said she wanted to be sure of him.

Myn and Don were married in the Mesa Temple.

I went back to Utah on the train three times to see my folks after we moved here to Arizona. Twice I went alone and once I took Minnie. Mother had passed on the last time and Father was alone. Aunt Mime, my sister-in-law, kept house for her as Ann had a baby. I could only stay 30 days on my ticket, so I stayed right with Father. He had to sit there alone and wait for Mart to come and put him to bed, and to get him up in the morning. One of Mart's boys would stay with him nights.

The first time when I took Minnie I went to Salt Lake City, to Mapleton and Springville and then back to Ephraim.

The second time I went I stayed for 30 days. I just spent my time with my parents, kept house and helped fix clothes, visited, and so on. I saw my cousins and neighbors.

When Mother died I was real sick and so I couldn't go. When Father died I didn't get the wire until after he was buried. I always felt sad not to have been at either of my parent's funerals. Ike was out of town, so neither of us went.

It was while we were living at the first mill in Arizona that one of the worst tragedies that ever happened in our family took place. John Whiting, Edwin's brother Charles' boy, was living with us and working at our mill. He was such a fine young man. One day just awhile before they were to quit for noon John got caught in the saw and it sawed right across the middle of him. Herbert rushed horseback to the dam and phoned from there. Dr. Bouldin came part way in a car that belonged to the Denver men. Then they went the rest of the way on horses. The doctor sewed him up and he lived a few days but he suffered so that it was awful. The doctor stayed there and kept giving him medication to stop the pain. We sent word to Charles but he had to come all the way from Mexico and he didn't get there until after John died. It was so hard on him and on all of us.

While we were still at the sawmill near Kitchen Spring, a family came to work there. They had a big mean dog that all the men were afraid of. One day the wife came over and the dog followed her. Arthur was about nine then. Edwin sent him down to the shop to turn off the water to the boiler. When he got to the engine room the dog attacked him. Noah Connolly came running and broke the dogs back with a club but not before it chewed Arthur in 21 places. Herbert sent the dog's head to Phoenix and word came back that the dog had rabies. We took him to Los Angeles on the train for treatments. That was the closest place they gave them. When we got on the train everyone would

ask what was the matter with our boy and when we told them, they were all afraid of him. No one wanted to sit by a boy who had been bit by a mad dog.

When we got to Los Angeles, Willard and Louie Farr were living there and he took us to a doctor who he said was real good. That was our first meeting with Dr. Tibbets and we surely came to know him and like him. He did so much good for our family until his death. We had to stay there for 21 days. Those treatments were so painful and were hard on Arthur.

Herbert wanted to sell because things were slow. He wanted to go to school so he and May went to Chicago. Frank and Martha were already there. Effie and Maree were little girls.

After Earnest came home from his mission and was married he took over the mill. We moved back to St. Johns and began raising chickens and gardening, and we got more bees. Edwin had the best garden in town. Some university men came and looked it over and gave him an award for his work. We made the best living we ever had because we could handle these things and take care of it ourselves.

We also had milk cows, and a big barn. Edwin milked a cow for years. He had his blacksmith shop, just a small one in the back of the lot, where he fixed things for himself and the boys.

Edwin used to get faint when he was hungry so he would often come in for a snack between meals. He would come in and say, "Maria, don't you have a pan of clabber?" We both enjoyed clabber [see page 143] so much that we were glad to milk our old Jersey cow as long as possible, and have the good thick sour cream on top.



We always enjoyed working with the bees during these years. After Edwin was unable to do much, only to watch us, Elda and her family used to help me, as they had done for years. I was always glad to have fresh honey and honey comb to take to my neighbors.

After we moved back from the mill I used to enjoy visiting with Manie Jolly. We have always managed through the years to see each other as often as possible.

I had always been so busy in the store, and with all else that I had never had the time to go visiting and enjoy my neighbors before.

After Charles and his family moved here from Mexico I enjoyed visiting with Verona so much. She was always such good company.

Of course, we were glad that we moved to Arizona. Edwin always felt that our family had been blessed here. We had answered the call of the church authorities, the most important thing in our lives, was the church. I never was much of a leader or a teacher, but I always did what they asked me to and served in every position I was called, as best I could. Of course, Edwin read a lot and knew so much more about the gospel than I did but I liked to study all I could about the scriptures and Edwin read a lot to me and he was always explaining things to me.

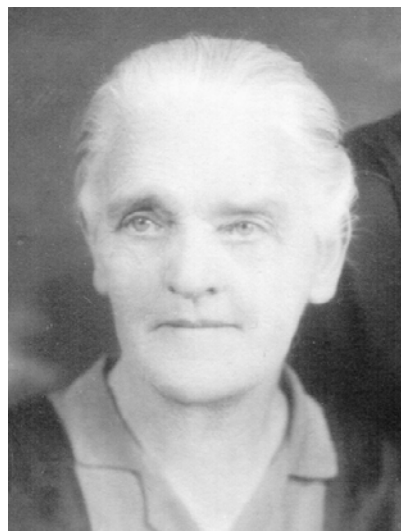
I worked in Primary the most and enjoyed that. I liked the Relief Society and went whenever I could. I was a visiting teacher for a long time. One time while we were living in Utah I had a visiting partner who was a real good friend of mine. We went teaching together one day and she said, "I just hate to go to this place. They are Danish, their house is dirty and smells so bad. I believe it smells

Danish." I listened awhile and then said, "I never noticed. Maybe I can't tell because I'm Danish." That friend was so embarrassed. She apologized and tried to make it up to me the rest of the time we lived in Utah.

Edwin always wanted me to wear brighter colors and fix up more. I was afraid of being too stylish. He always said he wanted to buy me an eiderdown or a lace dress. He wanted me to have bright red or some other colors that were bright, with fancy patterns. I had always worn mostly grey and brown. I had never worn black. That was only for funerals and deaths. I didn't want to dress like that. But when I got older I got some black dresses.

I had always wanted short hair when I was young but Mother and Father didn't think I should. Soon after I was married I had my hair cut short and wore it that way for years. I let it grow for a long time but it never got long like it was when I was married.

Our family has really been blessed. I can't help wondering what it would have been like had we stayed in Utah but I'm sure that the Lord has blessed us because we moved to Arizona.



## Why Maria Whiting Loved her Machine

By May Berry Whiting, reprinted from The Whiting Tree March 1952

When Maria was 14 years old, she had never seen a sewing machine before. She lived in Brigham City with her parents in the United Order. Each family had their own private apartment or small log house, but they had their meals together in a large dining room.

Her mother, Martha Isaacson, sewed all the family clothes with a needle and thimble. One day a peddler came to town. He had a sewing machine to sell. He offered to trade Peter Isaacson, Maria's father, the machine for a horse. Peter consulted Martha, who wasn't interested. Maria, just a girl, rubbed her fingers over the smooth polished surface and looked longingly at the machine.

To the peddler, Peter explained that he would not trade the horse because no one there knew how to run the machine. The peddler promised to stay and give lessons to the girl.

Proudly she sat at the machine, and soon it was running along a seam making fine stitches. The trade was made.



## Mother's Gift of Tongues

by Martha Whiting Brown Berry

Mother was told in her Patriarchal Blessing that she would be blessed with the "Gift of Tongues." One Sunday when we had fast meeting from two o'clock to four o'clock in the afternoon, I was sitting by Mother in church. The house was full and as the Bishop opened services he said in all the years he had been Bishop he had never felt so humbled by the Spirit of God. We all felt it and soon a sister rose to bear her testimony and suddenly she told the congregation that she would like to speak in tongues, which she did. A little later

another woman prayed for an interpretation. Soon I saw my Mother start to weep. She gave me the baby she was holding, rose to her feet and told us she had received the interpretation. She said we had been told by the sister that if the people in Mapleton would stop finding fault and backbiting one another the typhoid fever would be taken from their midst. After that it was discovered to be in the water and was brought under control.

## Anna Maria Whiting

By Her Daughters Elda, Martha, and Minnie

After Father was gone Mother stayed at home. She said that was where she was, where she wanted to be for a while. She was lonely and this was hard, but how I admired her as did everyone. When I went to see her each day she didn't complain and what wonderful stories and thoughts and experiences she told me. How blessed I was to spend this time alone with her and how this has helped me through these last years.

Our children took turns staying with Mother nights. These choice memories and experiences have influenced their lives.

Mother didn't slow down for long. She wanted to keep the bees, and our family went on helping even more as we had done for years. The bees were built up and doing well. We had over two thousand gallons of honey the year after Father died. Mother went with us to Geraldine's wedding in 1944, to Salt Lake City.

Later that same year she fell and broke her hip. Mrs. Christene Webb was living in part of her house so she wasn't alone. Mother tripped over a rug in her living room, she couldn't get up or move. She called and called for help, and finally with her arms she pulled herself near enough a door that she pounded on it until Mrs. Webb heard her. Mrs. Webb went for Eddie and he came for me.

The Doctor gave her a shot but she suffered so all night and kept saying, "I know my hip is broken."

The next day the boys took her to the hospital in Phoenix. Mother lived many years but she never walked without

crutches. She lived with us a lot and she enjoyed making her quilts, rugs, etc. She enjoyed reading more than she ever had, and I like to remember how she loved to have her old friends drop by, especially Manie Jolley, her girlhood friend.

- Elda Whiting Brown

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About the middle of October 1944 Elda called me and told me Mother had fallen, right in her home and broken her hip. I called Myn and told her in tears how bad it seemed. They later called and said they had managed to get her on a bed in a pick-up to Phoenix, and that the best surgeons there had nailed the bone, and that she had a good chance to get well and walk. Eddie then asked if we four girls could take turns staying in the hotel, and go to see her every day. None of us lived in Phoenix then.

I took very sick one night, either a gall bladder attack, or severe, acute indigestion. The doctor was called and gave me a shot, and took me on a stretcher in an ambulance to the same hospital where Mother was. I was better in a few days and we moved Mother to a house where Lola and Joy Ashcroft lived. When Earnest and Beryl heard I'd been sick they came down from Holbrook and took over. I went home to Salt Lake City.

They later took Mother to Holbrook, where her three daughters-in-law took over, Beryl, Armina, and Nell, and I'm sure they did an even better job than we, her own, would have done. We get nervous easily around sick folks.

Mother was patient and did her best to do as she was told so she could walk again but when she started, with crutches, it was hard to tell when it was time to remove the nail. She put it off and the doctors thought it would not be wise to remove it at this late date.

She stayed mostly with Myn, Elda, and Ralph, occasionally with me and May and others, even alone some of the time until she was nearly 90.

She was such a good sport about traveling, they took her on trips a lot from one town to another where we lived. She went East about three times to New York.

Then suddenly she got much worse, and they phoned for me to come to Los Angeles where she lived with Myn. I went to Los Angeles at once and Frank followed. Ralph and Nell came also to help. They wanted to take her to Mesa where they lived, we hesitated. The doctors said since Frank was a doctor and Nell a practical nurse of the best kind, and would be along, we could take her. So we did and she stood the trip all right.

Nell took care of her days, and a special nurse at night. Frank had dressed and walked up to see Mother, every morning when I awoke. Frank and I had a room near by, When I got there I used to wonder and marvel to think Mother had in-law children that gave her medical care, nursing, and above all the sincere love that they gave to her. We all thank them and her other children and in-laws for all the kindness given to her.

I wish I knew I could have my sister Nell or someone like her, who would be as kind, sympathetic, and tender as she was to Mother when she passed away. It would help so much. She would pat Mother on the cheek, kiss her forehead and show her love every way possible.

Frank was kind to Mother too. Nell returned kindness to him, Albert and others who have gone.

- Martha Whiting Brown Berry

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One of the things I remember about Dad's funeral was Mother giving comfort to me. I had been ill in bed for two years and against Dr.'s advice had made the trip home from Los Angeles. As we traveled to the cemetery, she held my hand tightly, choking back her own tears and said, "Don't ever forget that death is the Lord's plan and His plans are always good ones."

Even after over 50 years of life together, raising a big family and living life to the fullest, now Mother was left alone. The children all married and all moved away except Eddie, Lynn, and Elda. I wondered what Mother would do now and I was soon to find she was just as busy carrying on both her load and Dad's.



She kept the bees and with Elda and family made the honey as usual. The very next year she planted a garden, she rented her rooms, she carried her bottles of goodies to her neighbors, she wrote me a letter nearly every day. She raised and sold tomato plants, she grew her flowers in the front, in other words Mother carried the load of both she and Dad. Dad's rocking chair sat in the same place and Mother kept it there for the comfort of those who came for her help.

Then a new way of life came to Mother, one she had not prepared herself for. She broke her hip. The best care possible was given her both by family and medically, yet she was never to walk again without her two crutches.

Did she complain about the new adjustment she must now make? No! She felt lost because she was not needed. There was no work she had to do so she didn't need to get up early.

Before long she adjusted to her new way of life with the enthusiasm and energy just as if she had been waiting for time to do these other things. She read church books and crocheted hundreds of doilies to be handed out to her grandchildren.

She wrote on her history, made more than 100 quilt tops. She could go spend her time with her children, visiting each of us and blessing our children with her love for them.

Then there came another new change in her life. She was needed again. My husband Don became very seriously ill and she came at once to be with me. She stayed with me much of the time after that. She was with me when I took Don to the Dr's from Salt Lake to San Diego. After

we lost Don, she knew how very lost I was and it was she by my side in this hour that taught me what I needed to make a happy home for my boy of 8 years. Her concern for Don E. was as great as if he had been her very own.

Soon Don E. became ill with T. B. and was in bed 2½ years. It was necessary for me to take care of the business that went on in my new motel, but Don was not alone.

I can see him now sitting in his bed making clay soldiers and she by his bed in her rocking chair. He loved her and was lost and lonely if she was not there beside him.

That picture reminds me not only of two who could not walk entertaining each other, as Grandmother and grandson, but those two developed the closest friendship I have ever known between an 85 year old woman and an 8 year old boy. She loved him and he adored her.

Yes, Mother was needed until the day she died, and her words of wisdom guide my life today.

- Minnie Whiting Priestley

## The Power of Prayer

By Katie Whiting Lewis

Granddaughter of Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting and daughter of Ralph and Nell Whiting

The summer of 1947 was a busy one for us. We were living on a farm about three miles outside of the town of Holbrook, Arizona. Dad had planted a large garden and we had fruit trees and animals to take care of. That summer my mother wrote and produced a pageant called "The Fullness of Time" for the

Days of '47 celebration. She also bottled 400 jars of fruits and vegetables. Grandma Whiting came and spent the summer to help out, and boy, was she a lot of help!

About three years before, Grandma had fallen and broke her hip. In those

days, about all the doctors could do was to put a metal nail in the hip to hold it in place. Grandma was never again able to kneel down for any reason or to walk without her crutches.

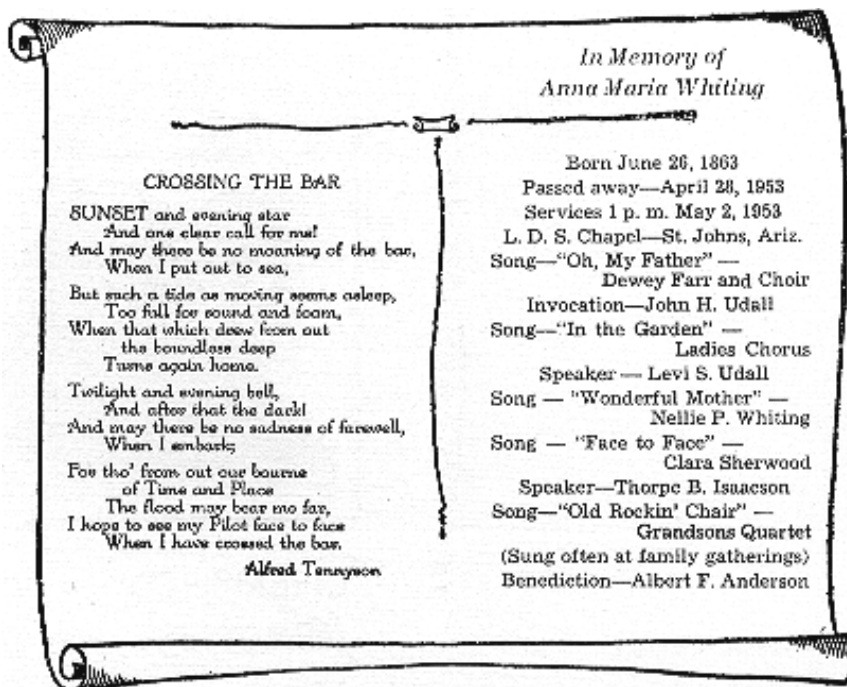
In the bedroom where my little sister Nellie and I slept in a double bed, my parents put a twin bed about three feet from ours for Grandma to sleep in. Nellie and I were usually in bed by 9 p.m. Grandma would stay up and visit or quilt until a little later before she came to bed. She finished two quilts that summer.

I am sure she thought I was asleep when she said her prayers. I would close my eyes because it seemed like the right thing to do. The first thing she always asked was forgiveness for not being able to kneel down. "I mean no disrespect, Lord," she would say.

She was so grateful for everything. She knew and remembered everyone in the family who was sick. She never forgot the missionaries. The spirit in the room

was so strong, I didn't dare open my eyes because I knew if I did the Lord would be standing at the foot of her bed. Soon I was asleep and it was morning.

As I listened to Grandma Whiting pray, the spirit with which she prayed bore witness to me of the importance and the power of prayer.



# **An Ideal Arizona Mother**

## **A Short Sketch of the Life of**

## **Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting**

Published in St. Johns Herald-Observer

St. Johns, Arizona

May 9, 1942

We give you for this Mother's Day an Apache County mother who has been and is the personification of industry, goodness and sweetness and an example to mothers young and old, everywhere.

Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting was born in Ephraim, Utah in the year 1863. Her father was called to Arizona when she was 12 years old. He came and stayed a year. He moved his family the next year and they lived in Brigham City in the Fort for 4 years. They moved from there to the Meadows and she got married at the age of 18, and they lived down near Winslow for 2 years, then they moved back to the Meadows.

They moved from there to Utah and were gone 12 years. They spent the rest of the time here in St. Johns. She will be 79 years old in June. She has now been a widow for practically 8 years.

Her parents emigrated from Denmark to Salt Lake City with the early pioneers. She first came to Arizona when she was 14 years old, driving a freight outfit over the Lees Backbone road. It is said she is the only woman whoever made this trip 9 times.

When her husband got so he couldn't drive a car she was compelled to learn, and so at the age of 70 she began driving.

She has always taken an active interest in the boys' business, and it isn't often they make an important decision without getting together and talking it over with her, and her advice usually proves to be all right.

She had two brothers, the oldest one has spent his life here, Isaac Isaacson, and the youngest one lived in Utah, Martin Isaacson, who passed away last year. Anna Maria Isaacson met Edwin M. Whiting in Arizona in 1877 and they were married in the L.D.S. Temple in St. George on November 28, 1881.

Of this union there were born nine children, all of them living except Lynn S. Whiting. E. I. Whiting, St. Johns, Arizona; Earnest J. Whiting, Holbrook, Arizona; May W. Berry, Los Angeles, California; Martha W. Brown, Salt Lake City, Utah; Ralph Whiting, Holbrook, Arizona; Minnie W. Priestley, Salt Lake City, Utah; Arthur C. Whiting, Holbrook, Arizona; Mrs. J. Albert Brown, St. Johns, Arizona.

Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting



Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting  
An Ideal Arizona Mother  
1942



## Danish Cooking

### Ma's Dumplings

(As pumped from Grandma by Aunt Myn and forwarded to us)

Originally printed in *the Whiting Tree* by Leilani Cunningham

2 cups or medium bowl of rusk (dry bread crusts then roll into fine crumbs with rolling pin.)  
Mix some sour cream with a little sweet milk and pour enough over rusk to soak up good.  
Add a big pinch of salt (or two), a few dashes of pepper, a little cinnamon, and stir in 2 eggs.  
NO BAKING POWDER

Add to all this enough flour to make a real stiff dough. (almost biscuit)  
Drop in boiling soup.

### Old Country Danish Dumplings

Put shortening in frying pan and mix flour in and brown as you would for, gravy. Put in less cream and make as other recipe.

### Aunt Elda's Danish Dumplings

|                               |                                     |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 16 ounces sour cream          | Medium bowl of browned bread crumbs |
| 8 eggs                        | Buttermilk                          |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon pepper | 2 teaspoons cinnamon                |
| Flour                         | 2 teaspoons salt                    |

Put sour cream in large bowl and add beaten eggs; add crumbs till consistency of oatmeal.  
Add buttermilk and more crumbs till oatmeal consistency. Stir very well. Add about  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups flour. Mix till cookie dough consistency, till quite stiff. Let rest. Roll spoonfuls and drop into stew. Cook 3 to 4 minutes. If they fall apart, add more flour

—Donna L. Whiting in *Old and New, Tried and True Whiting Family Cookbook* edited by Rita Lyon

### Minnie's Dumplings

|                                        |                         |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 cups rusk (dry bread/cracker crumbs) | Dash of cinnamon        |
| 2 heaping tablespoons sour cream       | 2 eggs, slightly beaten |
| 1 cup milk (approximately)             | 4 tablespoons flour     |
| Dash of pepper                         |                         |

Mix first 5 ingredients. Add flour to form a real stiff dough. Shape dough with spoon to form an oblong circle. Drop into boiling soup for 3 to 5 minutes.

## Clabber

You must use whole milk to make clabber. Let the milk stand. The cream will rise. As the cream rises, it will curdle. Don't leave it until it's really sour, but just hardened. That is clabber.

Don't drain off the whey. Sprinkle with sugar if desired. (She said it was a little like yogurt. It was a common dish for the family.)

To make cottage cheese, take fresh milk and heat it, and let it stand. It clabbers. Drain off the whey and you have cottage cheese.

— Geraldine Sagers

## Danish Sugar Cookies

1 cup sugar  
1 cup butter  
1 egg  
1 teaspoon vanilla

2 cups flour, sifted  
½ teaspoon baking soda  
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Cream butter, sugar, egg, and vanilla well, until light. (Butter is best). Sift flour, soda and cream of tartar. Blend well into butter mixture. Nip off small pieces to make little dough balls. Press flat with floured hand or small glass. Grease regular cookie sheet. Bake at 325 degrees for 15 minutes, until golden. (Hot oven makes cookies crisp.) Store in tin box or can. Makes about 60.

Will stay crisp for weeks. The tin lard can in Grandma's pantry was a grandchild's reward and delight.

—Anna Maria Whiting in *Old and New, Tried and True Whiting Family Cookbook* edited by Rita Lyon

## To My Danish Grandmother

by Julene J. Cushing

This has always puzzled me—  
Just how much is a “pinch”?  
These recipes of dear Grandma's  
Surely are no cinch.

A “snip” of this, a “dab” of that,  
A “lump” of something else,  
Then “beat it for a little while,”  
Or, “stir until it melts.”

I have to be a wizard to  
Decipher what she meant

By all these strange proportions  
In her cookbook, worn and bent.

“How much nutmeg in the doughnuts?”  
Grandma wouldn't flinch  
As she said, with twinkling eyes,  
“Oh, just about a pinch.”

There must have been in her wise head  
A measuring device  
That told her just how much to use  
Of sugar, salt, and spice.

## Tributes



Maria shaking hands with Pres. Grant

Many good things have been said about Grandma Whiting, all of them true. She was truly a wonderful woman in every respect and a very capable woman. Her posterity could learn a great deal from studying her life. She had more patience than any of her children to this last generation. Grandmother Whiting had the ability to work and work at anything that had to be done, and on numerous occasions she said she had never done any kind of work in her life that she hadn't thoroughly enjoyed. This lesson could give more happiness and contentment to all of us than anything else we could learn to do.

- Nell Priestley Whiting  
(Daughter-In-Law)

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My grandparents lived very quiet lives and yet I know they were busy. I don't know how they had the ability to accomplish all that they did and yet seem to have a life of such calm. It seems it was different in the city, but there in St. Johns they would spend their time in the garden, and Grandpa was out in the barn when they were making their honey and doing

other activities. I'm sure they were busy in the church and they had a lot of relatives there to visit. But it seems they were never hurried. Life was calm there and peaceful.

I'm sure that during this time in my youth, when I was associating with my Grandparents, I took it for granted that everyone had Grandparents like these. At least one set. Everyone had to have a Grandma and Grandpa like Grandma and Grandpa Whiting. But as I have grown to maturity and in all these years since, I've begun to realize that there aren't any other people like Grandma and Grandpa Whiting. There never has been and there probably never will be. They were unique in and of themselves.

At times I wish I could copy them, to be more like them, to have this ideal life that I thought of as so precious in my childhood. But I find that I can't copy them; that I have to be myself, and it would not be right to expect me or my husband to be like them or to copy their life. We are each different and we must listen to the spirit which guides us in one way or another, yet I do hope that when I have grandchildren of my own that I can be a force for good in their lives as my Grandma and Grandpa Whiting were for me. For surely, when the thought of these two fine people brings a lump in my throat forty years later and arouses deep emotion resembling pain; they have indeed had a tremendous impact on my life and one which I am sure has been for the good.

- Helen Berry Andelin
(Granddaughter)

Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting Will

SUPERIOR COURT OF NAVAJO COUNTY
STATE OF ARIZONA

Holbrook, Arizona May 2, 1960
ANNA MARIA WHITING

Probate File No. 1712 lodged in the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Navajo County, Arizona, contains the Last Will and Testament of Anna Maria Whiting, Deceased, together with other pertinent papers. A reading of the record gives strong evidence to support the fact that the Testator was a very unusual person, both in body and mind, possessing great sturdiness of character which was necessary in the lives of people coming to settle the Arizona Territory during the nineteenth century. This conclusion is also borne out by the statements of other early day pioneers who, with the Whiting Family, helped build Arizona frontiers, then a wilderness, to their present state of civilization.

It appears that Anna Maria Whiting created by the terms of her Will, a perpetual trust estate. The monies arising therefrom are to be used for various charitable purposes: (a) for the benefit of the needy, (b) for the aid of missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and (c) for the support of Church projects of various Stakes and Wards of the Church. The petition to probate the Will was filed July 23, 1953. Later, when admitted to probate, it was noted to contain the most unique charitable trust ever filed in Navajo County Superior Court.

The various annual accounts and reports filed in this estate when totaled together, show that rental income from the property during the last six years has exceeded \$8,000.00, all of which has been distributed by the trustees of the estate to the charitable objects enumerated in the Testator's Will.

Her estate is not considered to be a large one, but it has been very productive and handled with conservatism. The Trustees are to be commended for the manner in which they have so wisely administered its affairs, apparently paying the annual taxes and repairs on the property with money from their own pockets, thus using the total gross receipts for charitable purposes.

Anna Maria Whiting was a very remarkable woman. She lived an exemplary life, characterized with good deeds and kindness. People remember her as the matriarch of the Whiting Family, also as a mother who advised her children well on the problems of life, and encouraged them to succeed. Like other noble women in history, she left a great heritage to her children and to her descendants consisting of strength of character, love of humanity and devotion to high principles.

/s/ Don T. Udall
Judge

**Family Photo Album
of
Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Whiting**



Edwin Marion, May, Martha, Eddie, Anna Maria, Earnest

Family Photo Album



Elda and Minnie



May and Martha



Back Row: unidentified, Martha, unidentified
Front Row: May, Eddie, unidentified



Five Generations – Maria Whiting, May Berry,
Maree Hamblin, Joycell Cooper, Janice Falls

Family Photo Album



The Famous Fishing Trip

Left to right, front row: Elbert Hamblin, Joycell Hamblin, H. A. Berry, Dean Berry, Louise Brown Carlston, Albert Brown (Uncle Franks), Elma Brown Smith, Nathel Brown Burdick, Merwin Whiting, (?) unidentified, J. Ronald Brown, Maydene Brown Bodell, Lola Whiting Ashcroft, Melba Whiting Udall, Erma Whiting Grant, Ivy Whiting Waters, Geraldine Brown Sagers, Rex Whiting, Grandpa Whiting, Harvey Whiting, Martha Whiting Brown (standing left), Effie Berry Ellsworth, Maurine Brown Startup, May Whiting Berry, Maree Berry Stoddard, E. I. Whiting, Ethel Farr Whiting, Mabel Whiting Shumway, Kay Berry, Mel Webb Whiting, Elda Whiting Brown, Louine Brown Shields, J. Albert Brown, Lynn Whiting, Ralph Whiting, Grandpa Whiting, and Virgil Whiting.



Martha, Edwin, May, Eddie, Maria, Earnest



Back Row: Ralph, Myn, Earnest, Elda, Lynn
Front Row: May, Arthur, Edwin Marion, Anna Maria, Martha, Eddie
About 1935

Family Photo Album



Martha, Elda, and May



Anna Maria, Arthur, Edwin Marion – 1909



Maree, friend Stella, Effie, Myn
Summer in L.A - 1926

Family Photo Album



Elda, May, Minnie, Martha



Minnie and Elda



Lynn, Earnest, Ralph



Leonard Taylor (foster son), Eddie, Ralph, Arthur, Lynn, and Earnest - 1921



Back Row: Earnest, Eddie, May, Arthur
Front Row: Minnie, Elda, Martha



Back Row: Martha, Lynn, Elda, Earnest, Minnie, Ralph
Front Row: Arthur, Eddie, Anna Maria, Edwin Marion, May
circa 1930

Family Photo Album



Taken at the wedding of Martha Brown and Herbert Berry 29 August 1956
Seated: Minnie, Martha, Herbert, Elda
Back Row: Eddie, Ethel, Arthur, Betty, Earnest, Beryl, Ralph, Nell, Albert



Back Row: Albert, Herbert, Frank, Don
Seated: Elda, May, Maria, Martha, Minnie

Family Photo Album



Anna Maria, Minnie, Edwina Whiting Dastrup (baby), and Edwin - 1932



Back Row: Herbert, Elda, Earnest, Ethel, Ralph, Armina
Seated: May, Martha, Maria, Minnie, Nell
At Don Preistley's funeral November 1945



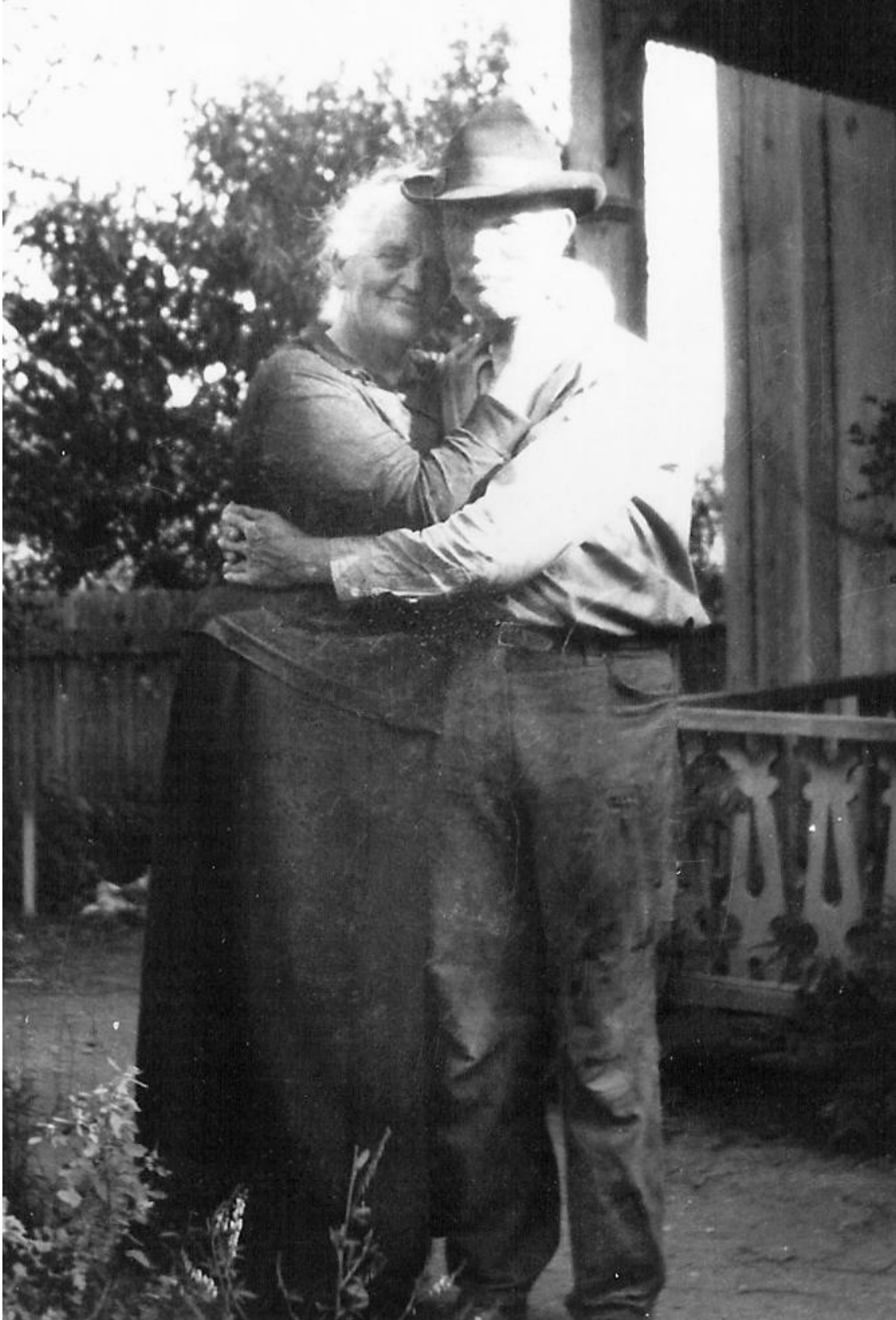
Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Whiting
Golden Wedding - 1931



Leilani Cunningham, Maree Hamblin, May Berry holding Valerie Cunningham, Maria Whiting.

The dress Valerie is wearing was made by Martha Isaacson for her daughter Maria to be christened in. It is white with little yellow stripes. Valerie was the only great grandchild to wear it.

May Berry took a copy of this photo to the L.A. Times. They refused to run it because they thought it was a fake photo—they were sure Valerie was a doll. One woman told her, “Look at those little fingers—don’t tell me that’s not a doll.” May was torn between having such a beautiful grandchild, and not being believed. She went home and returned with Valerie to the newspaper office. They printed the picture.



Maria and Edwin: They were well suited indeed. They did not speak often of their love, but every child knew it was so.

The Edwin Marion Whiting Family at Work and Play

A Look Back at Family life, Growing Up, and Success

“All things work for good, for them who love the Lord”

By Edwin Isaacson Whiting

As told to his daughter, Mabel Whiting Shumway, in the evenings at his home in St. Johns, Arizona.

Early Memories

One of the first things I remember, my Mother tells me I was about two years old, was getting mad at my Father and starting to run away from home. I said, I will go to Knowley's and live. When I went under the barbed wire fence and scratched my head, I came crying back home and that was the end of that.

I can just remember my grandpa Peter Isaacson's big corral. His cow hooked me, Grandpa Isaacson thought I was hurt, so he ran and grabbed me and rolled on the ground. He made such a fuss that the family thought he was the one who had been hurt. They cautioned me never to go in the corral again.

A few days later, I took my sister May and Ella Isaacson into the corral just as the old cow came through the gate. We began to scream. I picked up a stick and put the two girls behind me to defend them. Grandpa got there before anything happened, but he never tired of telling how courageous his little grandson was.

We were terribly poor and did not spend much. Mother invested in two new tin cups. May left hers outside and the cow stepped on it and bent it. Mother scolded her and said she did not have a cup, and that it was ruined. I reasoned, if it was spoiled, I just as well chop it up. Mother was so angry with me, and I said, “Well, why did you say it was spoiled if it wasn't?” Dad laughed at her and told her she should say what she meant.

The only treat Grandma Martha Isaacson was able to give us was hotcakes. She could make the world's best hotcakes. She would line us up and make us eat them immediately after she cooked them, saying they were not good if they stood for a minute.

One day Dad went to St. Johns, eight miles, for provisions. He bought one half pint bottle of grape jelly, the first I had ever heard of. Opening it was quite an event. We were only given just so much and told how thick we could spread it. I have never forgotten how good that tasted.

The Lumbermill in Hobble Creek Canyon

I guess, starting again in Utah was nearly like starting all over again. Dad and Uncle John Whiting, his younger brother, bought a small 15 horse power engine sawmill, and set it up the left hand fork of Hobble Creek Canyon. They made lumber all through the summer.

I remember how good all the food tasted. While the men were working, they found two bee trees. From one of them we got one tub and one bucket of honey.

That wasn't all we got! The first tree we cut gave us no trouble, so everybody went to the cutting of the second one a few days later. When that tree fell, the bees stung everybody and everything in sight. It was nearly one half mile from the bee tree to the mill, and some of the men did not quit running until they got there.

Will Whiting and I were off by ourselves, and the bees stung us all over. It didn't hurt me so much, but Will swelled up until they thought he would die. That fall we found another bee tree, but no one would go get it.

A bunch of our cousins came for a visit to the mill. We thought we should entertain them, so I took charge, with Will second in command. We rolled a log up the hill, seven or eight little boys and girls were pushing on it. I told them, "All of you get ready, and when I say go, get out of the way." All went well except Will went the same way as the log went.

He fell, and the log rolled up on his back, and rolled on over his head, pushing his face in the mud. When his

mother got there, he was so bloody, she thought he was killed. They didn't appreciate my entertainment.

The summer before I was eight years old in September, we moved the mill up the right hand fork of Hobble Creek Canyon. I was so anxious to do something, so Dad let me have old Prince, our horse, and said I could drag in a log if I could chop it down.

The first tree took me three days and my hands were blistered all over, but I finally got it in. I logged enough that summer to get my school clothes and a few books—we all bought our own books those days.

We had quite a crew at our mill there, as many men as we now use to operate one of our big mills. That mill cut no more all summer than our Eagar or Reserve mill cuts in a day. But we made a living and were happy and learned to work, and we had fun together.

In Our Family We Were All Hunters

One time, we had seen bear tracks, so Dad set a gun to kill a bear in case one came back around. Sure enough, that night a bear came, and the gun killed him.

Another time a bear came to the corral where we kept the milk cows. It chased our pet cow's calf around until it killed it. The men waited for this bear for several nights. It came back but they frightened it and it got away.

Later that year, a bear—Dad thought it was the same one—came around with her two cubs. Dad decided to ride as close as he could to it so he could try to get it

He only had one cartridge. He shot and thought he had hit the bear because it started down the hill toward him. His horse ran off and left both Dad and the bear.

Dad ran as hard as he could. The bear chased him for a while, then went back to its cubs. He thought he had had altogether too narrow an escape.

In our family we were all hunters. Uncle John trained me daily, and whenever a new man came to the mill, he would have him come and watch me shoot chipmunks with a big rifle. They let me hunt wild chickens.

I was too small to hold the gun, so Uncle John fixed a forked stick that hung on the end of the gun. He would put one cartridge in the magazine and that was all I could have. I generally brought in a chicken, much to the delight of those in camp.

Uncle John killed a bear, and brought the skin in. I thought it would be funny, so I took it back up the hill a little later, put the hide over me, and came back through the brush. Some of the men rushed for their guns, and they had to stop them from shooting at me.

Learning to Work

When I was nine, Dad let me drag logs in with two yoke of cattle. At nine, I also started helping around the mill. When I was eleven, Dad put me to running the saw because I wasn't big enough to do the heavier jobs. Through the years, until we moved back to Arizona, I worked in the mill and in the bees.

Dad had about three hundred stands of bees. Honey brought a good part of our income. I went to the

elementary school in Mapleton and graduated from the eighth grade. Then I went one year to high school at the B.Y.U. in Provo. I also went to the Academy for part of a year when we moved back to Arizona.



St. Johns Academy

site of church, school and entertainment

Our three hundred stands of bees really kept us busy. The drones were useless, so we had traps for them. They were bigger than the workers so we could catch them.

Moving to Mapleton

I went to school two weeks in the old White School house before we moved to Mapleton Utah. Dad had never got over wanting to go back with his brothers and he thought he could do better in Utah.

Grandma Isaacson went with us, but Grandpa Isaacson didn't go because he felt it was not right. He was called here, and he was determined to stay until he was released if it killed him. I remember how everybody cried when we left.

Grandmother Isaacson stored a big barn of wheat, and locked it securely. They had left a wonderful farm, and she couldn't be content without going back. Grandpa Isaacson stayed in Arizona two more years without leaving until he was released.

President David K. Udall told Peter to go back to Utah to be with his wife.

We returned to Utah in 1888. The barn of wheat, we thought would still be there, but someone had bored a hole in the bottom of the building, and got the wheat out that way, and there was none left.

On the way, we had camped by Aunt May's grave in House Rock Valley. (Aunt May is Grandpa E.M. Whiting's sister.) Father stopped to put pickets around it and paint it.

Dad had told us about all the good fruit we would get when we got to Utah. We had had very little in Arizona. As soon as we got to Southern Utah, he bought a peck of apples. I ate so many I thought I was going to die from cramps.

All the meat we had to eat on the trip was what we killed along the way. I remember how good the sage hens tasted as we ate them. It took us five weeks to make the trip from St. Johns to Mapleton. There was just Father's family and Grandma Isaacson. Mother's brother, Uncle Mart had gone the year before to get married.

When I was fourteen years old, my parents took me out of school because I was so small. They were afraid I would never grow, and wanted to see what a good rest would do for me. My sister May could throw me down and handle me any way she wanted in spite of all I could do. I started growing that year and grew to six feet, finally.

Returning to Utah

We started trading our stuff off for wagons, teams, and things to come to Arizona. We had a new home and a store and a saw mill. We were doing well and

we all hated to trade our things and go back to Arizona, but nothing could stop my Father.

He was determined to get to Arizona where his Father said he should go to finish his mission. My Grandmother Whiting came back to Arizona with us, also my Uncle Fred, Dad's youngest brother who was not married. Uncle Arthur and Uncle Eck (Edgar) came with their families too.

We came down by Kanab. When we got there, there were three fellows that proved to be outlaws. They wanted to travel with us. They had guns and were showing off and we got frightened, so Dad had all our men get their guns. The men wanted to kill a cow for the trip for letting them ride with us. Pa just lined all of us up with our guns and told them we didn't want them along.

We moved to the Meadows when we first came back, and later moved to St. Johns. My Father gave \$400.00 for the store where our store is now. (In 1997, the Super 8 Motel stands in that spot) We had \$264.00 left and Pa gave that to Mother to buy goods for the store. They made homemade candy and sold that to get more money to get the store started. (The store was on the southeast corner facing east)

With \$264.00, we hauled the rock and laid up the walls. We rented a little saw mill above Eagar and hauled the lumber down and built it ourselves. We got the shingles from Black Butler in Greer.

The only things we had to pay money for were windows, the front door, the nails and a little paint. That was the beginning of our store.

We started selling for cash and selling cheap. The others were really mad at us. LeSueur said, "Don't worry, they will go broke in a little while." When they told Schuster how cheap we were selling Schilling baking powder, he said, "Martin, go down in the cellar and see if ours is still there."

They are no longer in business here, and we are still at it. Mother and the girls ran the store and Father and the boys farmed the Meadows.

Eddie's Mission

Bishop C. P. Anderson called me to go on my mission. I left January 4, 1904. There were 8 children in the family when we moved back to Arizona, all the children but Arthur, who was born in St. Johns.

When I was called to go on my mission, everybody in town tried to give me \$1.00. That was customary. Eleazer Jones came and said if I could wait just a couple of hours, he could give me a dollar. He said he had the promise of four window panes to put in and he would get \$.25 for each one. In an hour he came bringing me four quarters.

John Plumb came from the Meadows and said, "I don't have a bit of money. I haven't been able to get hold of any. If you will wait, I would go to the co-op. If they will give me a dollar on credit, I will give it to you."

I kept the list of those who helped me. I got \$30.00. That was a lot in those days. Whenever I would get too discouraged on my mission, I would get that list out and read it and that would help me to go on.

I was sent to the Southern States Mission. David Rust was the Conference

President. I went about twenty years after the mobs had killed Elders Standing, Berry and Gibbs. I went back to that part of the country where they were killed.

Ben E. Rich, Ethel's uncle who married her father's sister, was our mission president. I had been there only two or three months when I was chosen counselor to Elder Steele, and when he was released, they put me in as conference president for the rest for my mission.

Chase Rogers was one of my closest companions, and Joseph Smith Fish, also from Snowflake, was another. Ben Richey was released right soon after I got into the mission field. I did not get a chance to work with him.

They had us travel without purse or script. This was a trial to all the elders. Ben Richey's companion hid \$20.00 in the toe of his shoe, and they laid out the first three nights. Finally, they took stock of things and sent the money back to the Mission headquarters. They did much better after that.

We went one night to hold a meeting way back in the country. They had just one big room and we sat crowded in that room. The whole bunch sat there and spit out of an 8" x 10" window, and no one hit the wall.

They used crude coal oil in the lamps and sometimes they would blow up. One caught on fire that night and they all ran from the room. I put my coat over it and carried it out before it exploded. They thought that was the bravest act they had ever witnessed.

Most of the money that I got to keep me on my mission, my sisters May and Martha sent me. They sent me the

money they made from making and selling candy. We had to buy our clothes, Books of Mormon, and food when we were in the bigger towns.

Working with Dad

When I came home from my mission, I could hardly wait to get started working with Dad. The first thing we did, was burn a lime kiln. In fact, we burned a number of these and furnished the lime for the high school, the County Court House and the Isaacson building, Schuster's building, and others. Dad and I took a contract and built the wooden bridge down to Hunt where the steel bridge is now. We also built a bridge across the Colorado River in St. Johns.



Lime Kiln

When spring came, we planted one hundred acres of grain at the Meadows along with other crops. The Udall Reservoir had gone out and most of the stockholders were discouraged. I bought up all the shares that could be bought, for very little, and during the spring and summer, we re-built the Udall Reservoir dam which flooded a big part of our farm at the Meadows.

After we were flooded out, Ethel and I went to Hunt and moved into a rock house and really went to work. When our crops were harvested that fall, we had \$3000.00 in the bank, and made just a little bit more the next year. Six

thousand dollars was a lot of money in those days.

I remember we bought one hundred head of cows, every one with a calf, for \$9.00. The Denver people then came in and bought up most of the Reservoir rights. We didn't want to sell but were rather forced to sell by the majority of stock holders.

In connection with our road and other building, we sawed some lumber, which we could only sell locally on account of freight. We began building the store up and put in a bottling plant and sold soda pop. Ethel made hats and sold them in our store. We also made and sold ice cream. I often stayed up until twelve o'clock when there was a dance, to get the trade.

Road Building

For a number of years, we went into the road building game along with the other things we were doing. We built two fifths of the road between Springerville and St. Johns. We built the road from Springerville east to the New Mexico line. We built the stretch of road from Ashfork east, two stretches of road down at Canyon Diablo, one between Winslow and Holbrook.

In fact, we put in a creosoting plant and built the guard fence for most all the contract that was in this part of the state. There was a time when all the guard fence between Ashfork, Arizona and the New Mexico line was put in by us. On jobs where we didn't have the contract, we usually sub contracted the guard fence. This fence was nearly all woven wire construction in those days.

When the slump hit about 1929 and 1930, the State had run out of money and notified all road contractors

that because they could not pay them, the contractors could extend the time until there was money available for their payments. To those who had roads partly finished, they offered permission to let them build, provided they would not demand payment for at least one year, or until the money was available.

Whiting Brothers, who had the contract between Canyon Diablo and Canyon Padre, and two other contractors in the state were the only ones who finished their jobs without pay. We were paid about eighteen months later. I always enjoyed road contracts but we had so many other things to look after that we gradually quit road building.

In trying to review things, I keep thinking how much my family has done for me. When we first started, money and everything else was very tight. We didn't have anything to go on. I think of how Ethel always showed her appreciation in the nicest way for every little thing that I was able to do.

This has made these experiences among the very best of my life. I think of how each of my children has filled their place in such a way that there has been no sorrow, just joy and thankfulness for them. Now that the third generation is coming along, they are doing well too. I feel that it is going to be harder for them because they never had to save as my wife and children had to do, but I am sure they will learn to adjust where necessary and meet the problems that come to them.

Getting More Credit Than I Deserved

I remember way back when Mike Malloy lived in part of Mother's house. Special honors had come to me,

and I was getting more credit than I deserved.

Wise old Mike Malloy, who had never had much help in life, whose mother had gone astray, and who was pulling alone said to me, "You think you are pretty smart. If I had a mother like yours, I could have gone as far, or maybe farther than you have."

What Malloy said was true. Dad and Mother seemed to have wisdom equal to the very best I have known. They spent their lives and their strength working for the good of their family. Mother used to say, "All things work for good, for them who love the Lord."

A Blessing from Apostle Ballard

One of the highlights of my life was when Apostle Ballard called me to Holbrook. My brother Ralph went with me. I was set apart as Bishop of the St. Johns Ward.

Up to that time, Ralph had not taken too much interest in the church work. One of the many wonderful things that Apostle Ballard promised me was that so long as I was mindful of those who worked with me, everything I put my hand to would prosper; that my advice could be safely taken by those who asked for it, and that the Lord would be mindful of me constantly.

When Brother Ballard bid us good-bye, Ralph said, "That is the first time I ever heard an apostle give a blessing. Do they always give a blessing like that?" I told him I had never heard one like it, and Ralph said, "That is the most wonderful blessing I ever heard. I am glad I came with you." Maybe I thought about that blessing too much.

When we had our big fire, in February, 1942, I had been to Clifton, Arizona. Things had just started to boom, and we had lots of accounts out, and I wanted to do some collecting. As I drove up over the hill, I looked into town and could see what looked like our part of town going up in flames.

This fire burned our whole block, twelve businesses, and it pretty well cleaned us out. We had always carried our own insurance, and it looked like we would have a hard time starting again. We all went to work, and with one turn and another, in two or three years, everything was going again.

I don't know that it was true, but Jack Sanders, who was our head bookkeeper and who had kept all the books through our re-adjustment, always claimed that, believe it or not, we showed a profit on the fire. He would have had a hard time making me believe this possible the night of the fire.

I went to conference, and in a meeting of the Arizona Stake Presidents, they had a committee appointed to tell me of the sympathy over our great financial loss. I told them that if I had as much fun re-building as I had had in building it first, I would feel like the fire had been a blessing. Many times later, I heard this quoted throughout the Arizona stakes and other places.

After we got going good again, the Arizona Republic sent a special

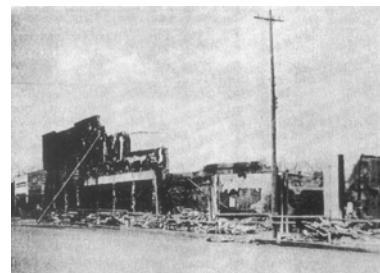
reporter up here and gave us the best part of a page write up. From data he had gathered somewhere, he said we had a net income for that year of over three quarters of million dollars.

At any rate, we have been blessed with enough to do what we have needed to do. All the children are pretty well taken care of, and if I had it to do over again, I don't know how I could do much better.

A Continuation of the Blessing

I was appointed as head of the church welfare for the St. Johns Stake when the welfare program was first started in this dispensation. Our instructions from President J. Reuben Clark were to try to make work for as many people as we could, to try to find jobs where people could pay their own way, and we were to help them to do this.

Afterward, I had a private talk with President Clark and I asked him how I could best do this and what I should do. He said, "I don't know, but go home, make this a matter of prayer, use your best judgment, and you can succeed. I am sure that whatever you set your hands to will prosper, and the Lord will bless you." These were almost the same words as Brother Ballard had said, although I know he did not know what this other blessing had said, because I had not talked about it.



Before and after fire in St. Johns. Arizona

Their Love and Devotion

The Family Life of Edwin and Maria

By Minnie Whiting Priestley

Whiting Geography Mapleton, Utah

I was born in Mapleton, Utah, September 5, 1899, the daughter of Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson.

A fourth girl, an eighth child, in a family might not cause much of a sensation, but when that fourth girl is the first red-headed daughter and comes into a family that loves and wants children, she is special no matter the number in the family. Of course, with the red hair she was special to her brother, Earnest, the only other member of the family to be so blessed.



Red brick home

At that time, our family was living in the new red brick home we had worked and saved for. We had a thriving lumber company and our own sawmill. In addition, our small store was becoming an extra source of income.

This store was tended by the whole family, on a part time basis. Life was good and our family was happy with the progress we had made since moving back to Utah from Arizona, about twenty years before.

There were many of our relatives living in this area, my father's mother, Mary E. Cox Whiting, and many of his brothers and sisters. Not too far away in Ephraim, Utah, lived my mother's parents, Grandpa and Grandma Isaacson (Peter and Martha). Life was good here. Our family was active in the community and Church.

Typhoid fever plagued the families every year. In 1900, my father got typhoid and was very ill. The healing time was long and slow. Due to the unusual experience of having his father, who had passed away, come back to visit him and tell him to return to Arizona and finish his mission, Edwin was ready to move back to Arizona as soon as he was well enough to dispose of his property.

I was too young to remember much about the move. I could recall the many relatives who wept to see us leave and the long slow journey to reach St. Johns, Arizona. I also remember how frightened my mother was when we crossed the Colorado River.

We were watching the ferry raft with the horses on. Dad and some other men were with the horses to help calm them and mother was crying. The trip was slow and long, but we children enjoyed most of it because Mother had brought along a large bucket of candy, and each child had a special treat at night time.

St. Johns, Arizona

My next home, a little two-room lumber house, was quite a contrast from our home in Utah. Our family was starting over again.

It is not the one I was born in, but the one where I lived my early life until I was about 14 years old, with my family. The only home where we all lived together, our last one [Art] was born there. Eddie, May, Martha and Ralph were all married before we moved.

The Mountains

A few years after moving to Arizona, Pa bought the sawmill up in the White Mountains, and the homestead was acquired shortly after that. So much time had to be spent living on the homestead to establish ownership of the land.

They built a lumber house for us to stay in when we were there for the summers and Pa and Ma would [walk down from the mill site] and go to the homestead to sleep.



The Lumber house at the Homestead

All the rest of the family enjoyed going to the mountains more than I did because it was so hard on my face. No matter how I tried to stay inside, my freckles bloomed every summer. It took nearly all winter to fade them away a little, but it only took one day in the mountains to bring out big, bright, orange-colored freckles all over my arms and face. How I hated them. Though my red hair was easy to comb and I thought it had just the right amount of curl, what was the use of

fussing with my hair – just to frame those ugly freckles on my face?

There were some things I enjoyed at the mountains. I liked to listen to the wind in the pine trees, especially at night. Food always tasted better up there. I enjoyed sitting around after supper and playing Rook, singing songs, or just talking. I liked to go for walks with Elda and look for pine gum.

I played with Art, when time would permit. One day Art and I ran onto a turkey with her newborn chicks. We caught some of them and took them to raise.

My father knew over a hundred songs by heart. Night after night, it was something to look forward to. We could sit around the fire and listen to him sing and tell us stories. After the horses were fed, the cows milked, and the supper dishes done, we had an hour or two of fun. I did enjoy those things at the homestead. I'm glad I had those experiences there with my family.

In all these times, our mother and father never failed to teach us the truthfulness of the Gospel. Every time something came up that was disappointing or hard, Father or Mother would remind us that our Father in Heaven never gave us an experience that would not be for our good, if we let it. Oh, how I have needed that all my married life, because I have had many losses and storms.

Father purchased some property at the Meadows, several miles below St. Johns, that had belonged to Grandpa and Grandma Isaacson. We built a log house and there our family spent part of the summers. We had many happy memories of that place.



First home after returning from Utah

Next we built a store to carry on the business started in Utah. Later, our family acquired a sawmill in the White Mountains south of St. Johns. All these things were to influence the activities in my life.

There was a certain feeling of excitement with every day we lived in our second home in St. Johns. We hurried from the busy work day, to the evening play, story, music, or drama hour.

Our home was next to the store and from there Mother could run the store. I was soon old enough to take my turn sitting in the store and calling, “Ma, you’re wanted,” whenever a customer came into the store.

When Eddie came home from his mission and took over the store, we moved to our third house in St. Johns.

My Parents

How My Parents Met

My mother and father met in the little settlement of Brigham City, Arizona, on the banks of the Little Colorado River, near Winslow, Arizona.

Members of the Latter-day Saints Church had been called by their leaders to settle there and were living the United Order. The Whiting and Isaacson families had both crossed the plains to Salt Lake

City and then been called to settle in other locations.

Peter Isaacson and Martha Clemmenson joined the Church in Denmark, crossed the ocean on the same ship, then came in the same company to Utah. Peter lost his wife while crossing the plains and later he married Martha. They settled in Ephraim, Utah. When the call came to go to Arizona, they left a new house under construction and went to Brigham City, Arizona, [to join the United Order there].

Two of my father’s brothers were in the same settlement, so my grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting, came to Arizona to see if it would benefit the health of her youngest daughter, May. She brought with her the members of her family who were not yet married.

It was here that my mother and father met and did their courting. Later, the settlement had to be disbanded because a dam would not hold the water in the river. Peter took his family farther up the Colorado River to a little settlement called the Meadows, where he was the bishop of the small Meadows ward.

My father, Edwin, went there to claim his bride, Anna Maria, when she reached the age of eighteen. Their wedding trip was to the St. George Temple in Utah. They came back to the Meadows to live by her parents for the next few years until they moved back to Utah.

Well Suited Indeed

How I wish I knew the words in the English language, to tell about my parents so that my grandchildren could really know what a beautiful mother and father I had. It was a blessing to me. Now that they’re gone, I realize more what a

wonderful life they had, in their love and devotion to each other, and their associations with their children.

Mother was Father's equal and excelled him in some ways. They were well suited indeed. They did not speak often of their love, but every child knew it was so.



Daily Life

I often think how hard my mother and father worked all their lives. They were up early every morning and always had a good breakfast ready by the time we got up. I had the idea that my father could do everything and knew everything. The only time I remember him being angry with me was when I imagined a snake under every bush or when I picked the specks out of my gravy.

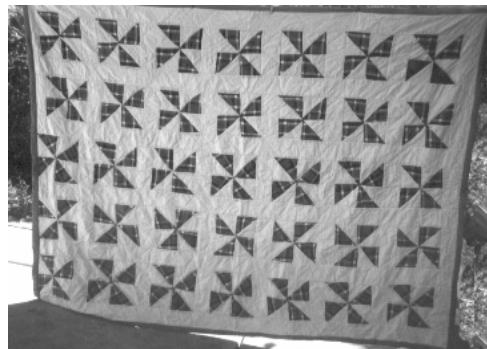
I felt that he had a premonition about my life and what would happen to me. One day Elda and I were playing house and talking about the children we would have. Later, I heard him say to my mother, "I don't worry about Elda having children, but it seems like too much to ask Minnie to go through."

Mother said she thought she would never get me weaned. Elda had weaned herself at five months. Mother always said that I was the biggest baby she had. Not physically, but emotionally. I always needed her for my peace of mind. I wanted to know where she was every hour of the day. Even now when storms come

into my life, I often cry for her. I look forward to the time when I can count on her again to help me make decisions.

I've often wondered how Mother could keep such good clean beds for such a large family. We had such a little bit of water. Our drinking water we bought for a nickel a bucket from Brother Ben Richey who came around every day selling it. Each family could only have what they needed to drink because it was scarce. Our wash water came from wells, or rain barrels, or the irrigation ditch. Usually, we had to let the water settle before we washed because it was so muddy.

Still, my mother's beds were always clean. I think how often we wash now and wonder how she did it. I know she sewed cloth on the tops of her blankets and quilts to protect them from getting dirty from our faces and hands.



One of Maria's many quilts

How I long sometimes, to taste some of the things my mother cooked. She usually fixed dinner at noon and had bread and milk at night.

Caring for Sick Children

I must say something about how mother and father took care of us children when we were sick. They never thought we were faking an illness, but tried to ease any pain we had. We very seldom went to see a doctor, so it was up to Mother and Father to do what they could for each sick

child. They doctored toothaches, headaches, leg aches, and many other illnesses. Many nights my Dad rubbed one of his children's legs.

The sweet look on my mother's face as she would see us suffer was almost worth getting ill for. I remember when I fell down Berry's stairs when they were being built. There was no light, but Famie wanted to show me the upstairs. The carpet had not been tacked down, and I stumbled and fell and hurt my back. No matter how many times, or what time of night it was, when I went in to get a hot water bottle or to get my back rubbed, I was never scolded.

Both Mother and Father were unselfish. I can't tell you how they took care of everyone else first. I remember Dad taking food off his own plate to give to any of the children if he thought they might want it.

They treated other people that way too. One day Dad made some kind of a trade and Mother told him that the other fellow had surely got the best of him. He said, "I feel good about that. I'd feel awful about it if I had got the best of somebody." I've tried to think that way in my life, too.

Gifted Story-Teller

My father was a gifted story-teller. Many of Pa's stories he made up himself and continued them night after night so we were anxious to come back. He gathered all the children around him in the evenings to hear his stories, then continued this with the grandchildren as they came along.

I was only eight years older than Effie, the oldest grandchild, so those oldest nieces and nephews seemed almost like brothers and sisters to me. I enjoyed

growing up with Effie, Maree, Farr, and Nora, who left us so soon.

My father put on many plays and I was able to take part in a number of them. The younger ones in the family went along on the reputation of our older brothers and sisters who had been in many plays too. The excitement of acting was a big thing in our family.

One time we put on "The Two Orphans" and it was so good we took it to Phoenix and put it on in the largest theater there. It was thrilling for me to take the part of Mother Frochard in that play. It was a delightful experience.



Mother Frochard

In our ward, he would put on plays to help make money for a new piano, organ, or anything that was needed. I remember the play we put on to help buy the little cups and trays for the sacrament, when they first started using them.

Dad directed the plays and he would use his own children to take the parts. He could be sure we were there to practice, and he could be with his family as he was working. We loved it. He also had many others in his plays, especially those who were willing to work and learn their parts.

Every time I hear a sermon that moves me deeply I think, I'm so fortunate. I was raised with a mother and father who taught me long ago. I hope that I live and measure up so that when I go, I can be where they are. They also had the blessing of working together.

To Encourage and to Teach

My Dad said often, "This is a good world. I love it and I find it is good wherever I go." Dad was a master at making it a good world himself. I can't think of Dad being idle. He knew just how to do everything. I remember that he was the only blacksmith in town. For awhile he was the only man in town who was taking a daily newspaper, and one of his favorite pastimes was to read. Many considered him to be the best read man in town.

His mother was a school teacher. During the cold months, she took him with her to help teach the younger students in Springville, Utah. This helped to further his education in many ways and gave him advantages that many of the early settlers didn't have. He knew a lot about other nations, what their people were like and how they lived. He would tell about lots of things he had studied and read.

I wasn't a very good student and I don't think I would have made it if it hadn't been for my father's watchful eye. Spelling, arithmetic, and geography were awfully hard for me. I had to remember so much and my mind would just wander. Pa had jingles he taught me, "a rich Irishman thought he might eat toads in cream," to spell arithmetic. "George Edward's old grandmother rode a pig home yesterday" was the way to spell geography. I'm grateful for the help he gave me and for the fact that he never seemed to tire of it.

Pa always worked with us. He didn't send us out alone to do a job. Either he or Ma would be there to encourage us and to teach us. Sometimes he would send the older ones with the younger ones. We knew there would always be some project going on at our home and we were willing to work at it. We didn't want Pa to hear about it if we laid down on the job.

Once he got pretty upset with me though, when he was trying to teach me how to play jacks. Elda learned to play jacks really young, and could beat anyone her age. Playing jacks well was a real status symbol. I didn't learn until I was eight or nine years old and Pa said that he guessed he had failed, when he couldn't even teach me to play jacks.

Whenever Pa had to correct us, he never did it in a mean or hateful way, or with a harsh voice. He always tried to tell us the reason and never nagged about it afterwards. That was a good thing for me because I didn't want to forever live with my mistakes I had made.

The Lord Can Protect Him

Somehow, Mother must have felt Sister Neagle needed her, because she's the only one Mother might stop working for. She would sit down and look her straight in the eyes when she talked.

Sister Neagle had a big family, three girls, but mostly boys who were always on horses and riding for cattle. She had a lot of worries that went along with raising a large family and seemed to enjoy talking to Mother.

I know that Mother felt especially close to their family when the oldest son was called to go into the army during World War I. Sister Neagle said that she just couldn't imagine her Eugene being off where people were shooting at him. I

remember her saying that if she could just forget about that, maybe she could get a good nights sleep.

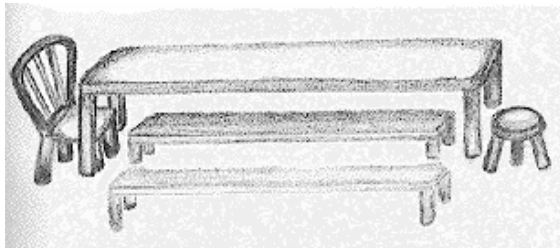
My mother said to her, “Don’t you know the Lord can protect him just as well out there as in the mountains when he’s riding a horse. That’s dangerous too.”

A Tour through Our St. Johns Home

The only home where we all lived together

I’d like to take you into our very lived-in home. We usually came in through the kitchen door, because it was nearest our store and then that kitchen was usually where the action was. It had the big black friendly stove in one corner, with enough room for a big table where 11 or 12 of us could sit easily and the one great event of every day was our meals.

We took meals together and they were always a happy experience. Yes they were special. Our entire family had a great sense of humor and used it best at meal time. I remember no sour faces at our table.



Around the dinner table in St. Johns

Going from the kitchen east, we went into the long room (two beds usually in there) then on east into the little room.

Going from the kitchen we went north into the fireplace room. This was where we lived, we studied, sang and entertained friends. It would probably be a family room today, but to me it was much more than that.

From the long room to the north was the only door going into the Parlor. The Parlor was only used on very special occasions. I was not old enough to use this beautiful special room except on two of

my birthday parties and then we were served in the fireplace or outside. Yes, this is the home I remember and I see everyone in my family best there, even to our baby boy Arthur, with his loveable wonderful big black dog “Nigger.”

The Children



Eddie

Eddie was the oldest of our nine. “Hurry and get to work, here comes Eddie.” He was like that, you just can’t think of Eddie without thinking of the busiest fellow in town.

He loved life and everyone knew it. He was much like a second father to me. I thought he was the handsomest man in town.

He wanted to do everything there was to do and do it well. He wanted to succeed and wanted the rest of us to be right there with him.

I remember when Eddie went on his mission. Mother had a nice dinner for him that night. She set the table so nice and we had white mush with sugar and cinnamon on the top. Eddie must have liked that. It was a treat for us, like ice cream is today.

I knew my mother had been crying because she was sending her boy down into Georgia, where the missionaries had been having problems. Eddie had his problems too, but he didn't write home about most of them.

After I was married, I met one of his companions and he told me how he and Eddie were poisoned when they ate at someone's home. They had been given enough to kill them but they administered to each other and the Lord healed them. No wonder Mother was sad to see Eddie go out into the unknown world.

When he came back from his mission, he married the talented Ethel Farr. Ethel was very beautiful and she was a lady in every respect. She was a perfect sister-in-law for our family. She raised the social and cultural life of all of us, and we needed it.

He lived all his life close to home and to Mother and Dad. I think there were very few days, if any, he did not take time to run in to see how they were and what they needed.

He was anxious to hold us together and did just that. He had a keen mind and he made a good bishop (with his perfect wife to help him).

I remember many times when we opened the store in the morning there would be people there to see Eddie, to get his advice. Not all were L.D.S., but he gave them his time and council and I know of none he gave that was not good.

It always seemed to me if Eddie thought it was a good idea, that was the end of it, it must be good. Yes, to me Eddie was much like a second Father.

I think of him coming in to dinner at noon with a great enthusiasm for the project at hand, and how much fun it would be to get it done.

Eddie sat at our long kitchen table just to the left of Father. Mother sat around the corner to the right.



May

What a joy to have May as our older sister. How could we be so fortunate, we needed her there, because if ever there was a peace maker she was it. She was completely unselfish. She made hats and dresses and combed our hair to make us pretty. She always made our work fun and the whole house brightened when she walked in the room.

The stories she told were different. Even when they were familiar ones by the time she had added her talents, they were turned into something new indeed. She made every trouble seem lighter and to walk with her and talk with her was a delight in itself. You were never too much bother for May; and that same blessing reached hundreds of people during her life time.

She had such a lovely spirit, I'm sure the Lord is pleased with her life, and so were Mother and Dad. May sat at the other end of the table from Dad, it was easy there for her to wait on the table.



Martha

Martha was small and dainty and full of life and ambition. One cannot think of her in any other way than getting something done. She was not the outdoor girl, not at all, she was our lady, keeping the rest of us and the house nicer and more attractive because she was concerned about it.

She helped keep the house clean and attractive. She also helped the rest of us to look our best, because those things were important to her. She filled our house with music.

She made pretty things for our home, we used a table cloth more often and she gathered flowers or made them to sit on the table. She helped Mother fix a new bedspread for our bed in the little room. I never felt more elegant than when I went to bed in that little homemade bed after we got our new spread. She put curtains to match up to the tiny window.

Her music filled our house. I used to think she was one of the best musicians and I still admire her talent, at over 80, she plays the organ and guitar and sings with her husband playing the mandolin.

Yes, Martha was just where she was needed, right in the center of our home. She was usually the last one to sit down to dinners because she wanted to get the others settled first. She sat next to May so she could help with the table.



Earnest

How could Mother and Father plan the arrival of their family so well. Earnest came into the family at just the right time and place. He was probably more like Pa than any of the others.

When Earnest was big enough to help out, he learned quickly and efficiently to understand the machinery and all the many things Pa was concerned with. He worked with Pa and was so close to him, with his ready wit and good disposition.

It was early in his life that he shouldered much more than his share because of Dad's severe illness. Then what a help he was to Eddie and the older ones that he had learned so much from Dad.

Earnest has always blessed our family with his sharp mind and cheerful, comforting personality. He has taken more time and effort to visit us than any brother and he always brings news and love from all of them. What a blessing he has been to me and my home.

He sat next to Eddie at the back of the long table. If he ever missed a meal we all felt his absence.



Ralph

I think Ralph was the Dude of our family. He was tall, handsome and probably the best friend maker we had. Everyone loved him and especially the ones near his own age. He kept himself dressed well even though he worked as hard as any boy Dad had. He kept himself well groomed and probably would have liked the rest of us to look better too. At any rate he was the best dressed Whiting in town and I think had more friends.

He was one of the smooth dancers. Every girl wanted to dance with him, even his sisters. The special thing about Ralph was, he seemed to make friends among the rich and the poor, and I don't think he ever lost a friend in his life. I think it would have been a tragedy to him, if he had.

He got married before Earnest did. He married Zella Berry, a sister to Herbert and Famie. I was so happy that this family was so close to ours. Later, when Ralph married my stepdaughter, Nell, we really became very close to him and his family. Nell was Don's daughter and has been such a joy to me.

Ralph was our real horseman and where we lived that meant something. I never saw anyone that looked so well on a

horse. At the rodeos he came out with more than his share of prizes, and he did a sweet show while doing it. I was proud indeed at that time in my life to be his little sister.

Ralph sat by Earnest on the bench close to the wall. Ralph was always satisfied when the food looked good and the table was set well.



Lynn

When I think of Lynn at his home, I think of him coming through the kitchen door, with a pleasant smile that showed the whitest teeth in our family. He seemed always to be in a hurry to get to the fireplace and get warm. He loved animals, and I think as I look back, that he must have stayed with them as long as he could stand the cold.

He was always frail. I never remember a time when we were not concerned about his health, yet he did not talk about it.

His keen humor and wit could not be matched by anyone I have ever known. He loved home and liked to be there, this fine quality stayed with him after he married and had a home and family of his own.

From the very first, he loved his little brother in a very special way. He seemed to know that Art would help him

carry his load when he could not do it, and Art always tried to do just that. Even though there were two girls between them, they were very close brothers. I think perhaps all of Lynn's brothers and sisters meant more to him than we meant to each other.

He was close to all of us and we enjoyed hearing him talk and laugh. Mother and Dad were always mindful of Lynn and he appreciated them for it.

He sat on the same bench with his three older brothers at our dining table.



Elda

Before I was old enough to go to school, I always tried to keep an eye on everybody in our family. I couldn't bear the thought of losing one of them. One of the first things I remember, are the hours I waited at the gate for Elda. When I saw her coming from school, I would be able to go about my play. I was three years old when she started school.

Elda was a beautiful little dark-haired girl, independent and spunky. The older ones in the family were proud of her and she seemed to do no wrong. She was a worker and still is. She was a perfect sister to have just older than me.

She was probably the daughter who did the most for Mother and Dad as she was close by in the last years of their

life together and for a few years after Dad died. Yes, Elda has been a very model daughter and sister.

She sat next to Martha at meal time, opposite the boys. She was cute, there is no question about that.



Minnie (Myn)

Then came me, shy, sickly, crying me. If Mother was out of my sight I was worried for fear something might happen to her and I was almost as bad when I could not see the rest of the family.

It seems like when they saw I had red hair they could have given me a better name than Minnie, but as that is about the only way I was ever mistreated, I've stopped complaining about that.

I was a shy child and I needed my family because of it. They did love me, because I'm not shy now. I'm seventy years old and I'm doing real well with that problem. Most of my days have been good ones. Much of this blessing I owe to my family, in fact as my life has turned out, it has been my blessing and my need to keep very close to them and as a result these nieces and nephews of mine, seem to belong to me too, yes they really do and I am fortunate indeed to have them.

I cannot say more of the love I have for my brothers and sisters and their families but they can take the credit for

any good I might have accomplished in my life.

I sat by Elda, always close to Mother.



Arthur

Our Heavenly Father must have known how much Arthur's older brothers and sisters would need what only Art could give us. None of the others could quite have filled his place as the youngest in the family. He not only seems to recognize the needs of each one, but he seems to know what to do about it and he does it, be it financially, spiritually or just seeing that we are all comfortable. He has a greater capacity for sharing a problem or

grief than any other person I have ever known.

We think of our baby brother with his dog almost teaching him to walk. The group of his little pals always in our yard with Art, soon in command; their play horses, made of spools and bottles and little fences a block long. He was a real good business man by the time he was six years old.

Art has probably held more offices in the community, as well as many church jobs than any of the rest. He knows how to get along with people and he is busy at it continually. He is a good musician and a good speaker, but most of all he is a good brother.

His place at the table the few years we had him before the older ones were married was on Dad's knee. Dad knew just how to hold his knee so his baby could eat and so could he. Yes how much would I give to sit at that table for one more meal.

Christmas at the Whitings

By Geraldine Brown Sagers

The Whiting family loved Christmas. Their little grandmother, Mary Cox Whiting, had always enjoyed it so much and had given them the same feeling for this holiday. On Christmas Eve, Edwin's children always heard the Christmas story of Christ's birth and any other stories that Edwin thought of telling. His children always begged to hear stories of his own Christmas when he was a small boy. They loved to hear about the times when he received only one small toy or a pair of homemade mittens or stockings or scarf. He always tried to make his children feel the love that he had for Christmas as a child, and often wondered

if they appreciated this day as he had. Because Edwin had a store, his children sometimes received more presents than some of their friends. Edwin was worried for fear his children might think these gifts more important than the real meaning of Christmas and tried to impress them with the things that were more important to him.

Popcorn balls were always in order for Christmas. Edwin made them from corn he had grown himself. It was unheard of to go to the store and buy popcorn, either popped or unpopped. His corn wasn't put into bowls; he used a new

clean wash tub, filled full and made into pink balls with honey and sugar syrup. Every child in the neighborhood knew about Edwin's popcorn balls and they would get one or more at Christmas time.

Another custom was their candy making. Candy was made on a large marble slab and the taffy was stretched from a large hook hung on the side of the house. Maria's specialty was her Danish

sugar cookies that she always made to fill a five gallon can. Edwin wanted to have his children learn to appreciate and love things of their own making, and these are the things that they remember when they look back on their Christmases at home.

Related articles:

A Christmas Errand page 90

Christmas Dolls page 180

My Baby Sister

by Elda Whiting Brown

Early Years

A long time ago something happened that changed my life when I was three. My two older sisters, May and Martha, carried me in to see my red-headed baby sister. She was in Ma's arms which was a shock, as that had always been my place; I screamed and wanted to leave. Before long this all changed and Myn became the most precious thing in my life. I wish I could tell you how she made me feel and how important she was in my life.

Myn was such a shy, timid little girl, afraid of everybody and everything. I think all of you who know her today won't believe this, but it's true. She was afraid of everything: a spider, any bug, a baby cat, and a tiny little water snake, sent her into orbit. She was easy to tease and could shed tears by the gallons. Our brothers teased both of us, but I was braver and tried to help her, especially if Pa bragged on me.

Myn was Ma's pet and I was Pa's so there was no jealousy there. How she worried if Ma was out of sight or any of the rest of the family.

We were real different; I've often wondered why we were so close and always together. I liked everything outdoors and was called a tomboy. I'm sure Myn has never been called that. Lynn and I both liked to ride horses, but Myn hated to. If we ever coaxed her to go with us she came back peeled [sunburned] and lame, but always glad she had gone.

Myn's Bones

About 1904, when we were in grade school, Lynn and I came home from school and no one was home, but Myn wasn't old enough for school. We saw quite a few small scraps [of fabric] near the fireplace. Lynn picked up a piece and said, "Look, Elda, here is a piece of Myn's new dress."

In the small fire in the fireplace were a few old dried meat bones that Ma had burned. Lynn plucked a charred bone from the fire and said, "I think this is one of Myn's bones and she's all burned up!" He got a lot more bones out, laid them by the dress scraps and said, "This is her leg; this is her arm, etc." I was bawling harder every minute. Lynn even cried a little. Soon Pa came in and when he found out

why we were crying, he really scolded us, especially Lynn.

On Fire

Myn was always such a heedless little girl and got hurt so much. One day she backed up to the open door of the kitchen stove and caught her dress and long red braids on fire. She started to run so I screamed for Earnest, who was home from school sick; he grabbed Myn and put out the fire with his hands. Her neck and head were burned some and her cotton dress burned off her back, but she had a wool slip underneath, which saved her back. Earnest's hands were burned; I thought he was so brave.

Christmas Dolls

One December when I was about eight and Myn was five, the Christmas goods came into our store which was special for us to watch. There were two beautiful dolls, the best we'd ever seen, and we wanted them, Myn the blue and me the red, but Ma made us understand that they were far too expensive.

Each day we played like they were ours until one day they were gone. I'm sure you've guessed that on Christmas morning, I got the red and Myn got the blue. Mine hung on the wall in the box, and Myn's was never out of her arms night or day until the body was in strings and the head was smashed. Myn still resented that I wouldn't give her mine.

Chicken Games

When I was a kid and lived down at the Meadows, we had lots of time to play. Lynn, Myn, and I had our most fun by leading Ma's chickens around by a string. We caught them by tying a piece of bread to a good stout string and when the chicken swallowed the bread, we could lead them around anywhere. When we

decided to let our victims go, we just pulled the bread back up. It was lots of fun.

One day while Ma was gone to town we tried this trick on a number of hens and roosters. Spying Ma's big prize gobbler, we decided to let him have a turn. He had a hard time swallowing the big chunk of bread we gave him, but finally managed to get it down. When he started off, the fun began.

When we tried to lead him, he got mad, so we pulled on the string so we could let him go. We pulled and pulled, but the bread would not come up so we all took hold together and dragged the turkey around, but the bread wouldn't budge. By this time he was fighting mad so we let the string go.

Hoping to catch the string again and try to free him, we kept chasing him. To get away from us he flew up on the shed. Knowing he wasn't safe from us even then, he attempted to fly down again, but the string caught – and there was Ma's big prize gobbler half way down the shed hanging head up by his neck!

Believe me, we were a bunch of scared kids, and began to yell as loud as we could. It was lucky for us that Pa drove up just then and hurried to see what the racket was. He soon cut the string and let the big bird down to the ground, then he cut the string short and left the bread where it was. That's the last time we ever baited chickens or turkeys!

Earnest and Myn

Earnest was always good natured and seldom got mad or cross at us. When we needed things fixed or made, or horses caught and saddled, we always went to him.

There was one thing though, he used to tease us unmercifully. You can't imagine the things he could think of and he always teased Myn most as she was such a skinny little red-headed bawl-baby. All she had to do was to open her mouth and the tears gushed forth. I could get mad and cry for half an hour and still nary a tear.

Anyway, Earnest and all the other brothers teased Myn about Willie, until it was awful. She hated him so, and was so miserable all the time, so Pa told the boys that if they ever so much as mentioned Willie's name again to her, he'd whip them hard.

We thought that would end it, but no, trust Earnest. He just came up close to Myn and didn't say a word, just started humming, "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie." 'Til this day, I can still hear Myn's wail.

Visiting Myn

Our yearly trips to California each year are so important. Art and Betty would take me and usually Earnest also. Myn and I talk almost through the night. This is important to both of us. When Don

was sick so long, I made many trips and spent lots of time with Myn and Don. Art and Earnest paid my way.

We still love to visit, talk and remember. Art sees that we visit at least twice a year which is a lot now that we are old and crippled and can't travel so much; but we phone and write lots of letters. We are still good friends and always have been. I've felt she needed me and I need her.

I'm sure each of our girls will write about their happy experiences when they lived with Myn and Don for years, and still feel a part of her family. Myn's family has always been a part of our family. Don and our boys were so close.

Roberta paid us an extra special compliment last year. She said, "I hope Adelaide and I can always be as close as you and Myn are."

I hope what I've written will help some of you to know why Myn and I are friends.

Transcribed from *The Whiting Tree* by Louine Berry Hunter

Peter Isaacson and Eddie's Typhoid Fever

by Edwin Isaacson Whiting

Now I want to relate as nearly as I can, the details of when Grandpa administered to me. We had arrived in Mapleton in the fall of 1888, and had moved into one of Uncle Albert's rooms until we could find a place. Uncle Albert had nine children [seven more were born later], Dad had three, so there were two families in the three-room house.

I was stricken with typhoid fever. There was quite an epidemic of it at that time and in general, the doctoring was done by women who had learned what they could from other midwives, and their ministrations were mostly with home-gathered herbs and folklore ideas.

I remember how much I burned. Within a few days, my mouth, throat, and I suppose my stomach, were a mass of sores

and blisters. The neighbors crowded in and most all had remedies to offer. However, about the only thing they agreed on was that the only way to cure this fever was to burn it out – to let the body get hot enough to kill it – that water given inwardly, or even put on the face with a damp cloth, fed the fever. One woman said she would as soon give a child poison as water, and named over a list of those who had been given water and then died. She also had a list of those who had won the fight by this “burning method.”

I remember how thirsty I was, how I begged for just a spoonful of water, how Mother sat by my bedside and cried, telling me I must not have water. *

My cousin, whom they claimed was not as bad as I, died that day. General talk was that there was little or no chance for me. Mother and Dad didn’t know much about medicine, but they knew Grandfather’s gift for healing and had sent him a letter. Mother kept saying, “If only Father would come.” Their one hope was for his blessing.

By then, I was about burned out. They had figured that if Grandpa started immediately when he got the letter, he could be there in two or three days – some eighty miles by team and wagon. I pleaded continuously for water. Mother tried to soothe me by telling me to just wait until Grandpa came. He would know what to do, but not to give up until he came. A hundred times, she walked to the window and looked up the road, and after nightfall listened for the chuck, chuck of the wagon wheels.

Finally she heard them, rushed out crying, and as they came back in I remember her saying, “Hurry, Father, hurry, or it will be too late.”

He told her to hush, he must have time to get in touch with the Lord, to get him a wash dish of hot water. Then he sat by me, put his cold hand on my head, and talked to Dad. I remember best how his cool hand felt.

Then I remember him telling Dad to give me a spoonful of water. Dad wept as he hurried, proceeded to give me the water, and said he thought it would help, that he had never believed water would hurt me, anyhow. What a wonderful feeling it was to have a spoonful of water.

And then the great moment came. With my Dad and Uncle Albert joining in, he proceeded in a quiet, matter-of-fact way to talk to the Lord; it seemed like he was talking right to him. It was a long prayer, with a firmness and a faith I still vividly remember.

Mother says I slept that night, and that by the next evening, my fever was gone. It is hard to tell you what I felt, but to me, it has been a life-long guidance. Yes, I have seen other administrations, others healings, but nothing like that. It has been so sacred to me that with the exception of talks with my mother, I have said little about it.

I hope this doesn’t sound overdrawn. I have tried to tell it just as it seemed to me. Any time I feel discouraged, I can get a lift thinking about that wonderful grandfather of mine.

** Note by Ronald Brown, M.D.: As a doctor, I can explain this old belief, which even some doctors held in that era. One of the complications of typhoid fever is perforation of the bowel. When that occurs, anything by mouth increases the peritonitis. No doubt these old-time nurses observed this, and acted accordingly in future cases. We now know that a much worse enemy is dehydration, and we give large quantities of water by mouth, unless there are signs of perforation, when we switch to intravenous fluids.*

The Blizzard

Joycell Cooper
(as told to me by my Great-Grandma Maria Whiting)

In the late 1800's Edwin and Maria Whiting were called to settle in St. Johns, Arizona. They lived on a farm a few miles out of town called, "The Meadows."

When it was announced that an Apostle of the Lord was coming from Salt Lake City to speak in Stake Conference, excitement and anticipation spread throughout the area. The nearest railroad station was in Holbrook, sixty miles away. That meant that the General Authority had to travel from the train station to St. Johns either by wagon, carriage or horseback and spend the night somewhere on the open prairie before riding the last 30 miles into St. Johns.

Grandma said she spent the week making sure that everything would be ready for the trip into town on that Sabbath day. Everyone's Sunday best was checked and rechecked. There was cooking and baking to be done, for the family always took a picnic lunch to eat between sessions. There wasn't time enough to make the trip home and back before the second session.

On the Saturday night before conference a blizzard hit the area. "A blizzard," Grandma said, "that you've never seen the likes before!" By morning everything was white. You couldn't tell where the ground left off and the sky began—and it was still snowing and blowing!

Maria worried, "Edwin, there's no way we can take the children out in this storm. Our team will never make it!"

Edwin replied, "Maria, a servant of the Lord has come clear from Salt Lake City to speak to us and the least we can do is go and listen to him!"

So they heated rocks on the wood stove and wrapped them in rags. Edwin hitched up the team to the wagon and bundled the children up in heavy quilts each with a hot rock at their feet, and headed towards St. Johns. The snow was deep and the team had to lunge through the deep snow drifts. With snow still falling, they made it to the church.

To their surprise there were only a hand full of members in the chapel. Even most of the townspeople had stayed home rather than brave the storm.

As the Apostle stood up to speak, he looked over the tiny audience and for a few moments was silent. Putting his hands on the pulpit he spoke with a forceful voice, "My dear brothers and sisters, because of your determination and commitment to brave the storm and come hear a servant of the Lord speak to you—the Lord has let me know that if you will bow your heads and make a righteous wish—He will grant you that wish."

They bowed their heads and each made a righteous wish, never telling the other what they had wished for until many years later when they had grown old. To their amazement they had both wished for the very same thing—that their children and their posterity would always remain close—and that they have.

Favorite Stories told by Edwin Marion

Big Claus and Little Claus

One of Grandpa Edwin Marion Whiting's favorite stories

Reprinted from *the Whiting Tree*, January 1952

Once there were two men who were neighbors. One was named Big Claus and the other Little Claus. Big Claus had three fine fat horses. Little Claus had just one poor skinny horse.

One day Little Claus went over to Big Claus. "Can't I please borrow your horses to plow my field," he asked. "My old horse is too poor to pull the plow."

"Well," answered Big Claus, "You can take them but don't you ever call them your horses." So Little Claus agreed and took them home.

While he was plowing his field he saw some friends going by. He just couldn't resist so he called loudly, "Get up my three horses."

The friends heard him and so did Big Claus, so he came right over. "I heard you call them your horses. Now I'm going to kill your horse." So he did.

Little Claus sadly skinned his horse and tacked the skin on the barn to dry. He was poor and decided to go to town and sell the hide. He went to the store keeper "Will you buy my horse hide?"

"No," was the reply.

He was tired and hungry. He started home, but was so weary that when he saw a barn he decided to rest there for the night. He could see the kitchen window where the lady of the house was setting a fine table; turkey, pie, cake, sauce and so many delicious foods that as Little Claus looked on his empty stomach

reminded him again and again that he was very, very hungry.

A man sat down and started to eat and Little Claus realized it was a neighbor man and not her husband. He saw the husband drive up to the barn; while he put away his horse, Little Claus saw the lady hurry the other man out the back door and put all the food into the oven.

The husband came in. "I'm hungry," he complained.

"Well," said his wife. "I don't have a thing in the house to eat but bread and milk." So she placed it on the table.

Little Claus came down from the hay loft carrying his horse hide with him. He knocked on the door and asked, "Could I eat with you sir, I'm very hungry."

"Sure," replied the husband. "We have only bread and milk but you are welcome."

"Oh that's all right," said Little Claus. "I have in this sack a magic horse hide. I'll get you all the food your table can hold just by rattling this hide."

He picked up the sack, rattled the hide and said to the husband, "Open the oven and see." The husband was delighted. He found such a delicious banquet in the oven.

After they had eaten all they could hold, the man asked Little Claus, "How much do you want for that magic hide?"

"It's not for sale," replied Little Claus.

“But I must have it,” said the man. “I will give you a bushel of gold for it.” The deal was made. Little Claus went home with his bushel of gold. But how could he be sure it was a full bushel? He had no bushel measure, so he went over to Big Claus and borrowed his.

“Now,” pondered Big Claus, “What could that poor man have enough to measure?” He decided to stick some glue in the bottom of the basket and find out. When Little Claus returned the bushel measure, sure enough there was gold stuck to the bottom. “Gold,” mutter Big Claus.

“Where did you get so much gold,” he asked.

“Oh,” answered Little Claus, “I sold my horse hide.”

So Big Claus killed all his fine big horses. Then he skinned them, dried the hides and took them to town. “Horse hides for sale,” he cried, as he passed along the streets, but no one would buy them.

He was angry then at Little Claus and came to his house in the night to kill him, but Little Claus was sleeping in his grandmother’s bed and the grandmother in his bed. When Big Claus came he killed the grandmother in the night believing it was Little Claus.

When Little Claus awoke next morning and found his grandmother dead he was full of fear, lest the people of the town should think he did it. He dressed her in her best dress and bonnet and set her up beside him in the wagon seat and went to town. When he arrived at the store, he went in to get warm.

“Why don’t you bring your grandmother in?” asked the merchant.

“You ask her,” replied Little Claus. “Speak loud to her, she is deaf.”

“Won’t you come in and get warm?” he asked her. She did not answer so he called in a loud voice. She still did not answer. This angered the merchant, so he shook her by the shoulder. She fell to the ground and he saw that she was dead.

He was frightened and ran to Little Claus in the store and cried, “I’ve killed your grandmother. Please forgive me and don’t tell anyone and I’ll give you two bushels of gold.”

So Little Claus took the gold and again borrowed the measure from Big Claus. Again Big Claus put glue in the bottom, and again he found gold. Rushing to Little Claus he asked: “Where did you get this gold?”

“Oh,” replied Little Claus, “I sold my dead grandmother.”

“You did?” exclaimed Big Claus. “I have a grandmother. I shall sell her too. By morning she will be dead.”

Next morning he went down through the streets, calling: “Dead grandmother for sale.”

The Police arrested him for murder, but he got away and ran for Little Claus.

“You’ve tricked me again. First you tricked me into killing my horses, then my old grandmother but you’ll never trick me again, because I’m going to drown you.” He put Little Claus in a sack, took him on his back and started toward the river, but as he traveled along he heard sweet music from the church. He put the sack by the church door, then he went inside to hear the music. An old man passed by the sack and Little Claus hears him say: “I’ve got a lot of cattle but I wish

I were dead. I'm old and I'm tired and I'm lonely."

Little Claus called out from the sack. "Trade places with me. Then you will be dead."

"What can I do with all my cattle? I'm driving them to market." "I'll take them," answered Little Claus.

The man got into the sack and gave Little Claus all the cattle, and Little Claus drove them home.

In the meantime Big Claus came out of the church, took the sack to the river and said, "Good bye, Little Claus. You'll never trick me again."

As he reached home, he saw many fine cattle at Little Claus' place. He went over and was startled to see Little Claus.

"Where did you come from and where did you get all those fine cattle?" he asked.

"Oh," answered Little Claus. "I got them at the bottom of the river. They are river cattle and there are many of them at the bottom of the river."

"Oh," answered Big Claus, "I want some. Will you please throw me into the river so I can get some cattle? Put a stone in the sack so I will surely sink to the bottom."

Little Claus did just that, and as Big Claus sank to the bottom, Little Claus chuckled, "I'm afraid he won't find any cattle there."

Then Little Claus drove home and lived in peace ever after.

Bricket Leg

Louine Brown Shields was recorded retelling Grandpa Edwin Marion Whiting's popular tales "Bricket Leg" and "The Little Girl Who Fell Down the Well". Laura Low Card recorded and transcribed these stories on audio tape for a folklore class at BYU in 1971.

A young boy and his mother were very poor. They lived in a kingdom where the king loved magic tricks, and one day the king announced a magic pageant. Anyone could participate and the person with the best magic trick would receive half the kingdom and his daughter's hand in marriage.

The boy told his mother he wanted to participate in the pageant. He couldn't think of any tricks, but he hoped he would be able to think of one along the way.

The castle was a long way from where the young boy lived, and the only way he could travel was on foot. To help him prepare for the journey, his loving mother took a little bit of flour, which was the last food they had in the house, and made it into biscuits. Then she gave him a

jar of water, and that was all he had to eat for his journey.

He kissed his mother goodbye, took the lunch, and started off toward the palace. After he had walked a long way he started to get thirsty, but he thought, I'm going to walk a few more miles, then I'll sit down and have my lunch.

By the time he stopped to rest, he was very hungry and thirsty. He spread his lunch out before him, and just as he was about to partake of his biscuits, a little man came out from the bushes. He seemed to just appear.

"Oh, young man! I'm so tired, thirsty and hungry. Could I have some of your lunch?"

The hungry boy looked at him kindly and said, "Well, yes. You may have half. You look just as hungry and thirsty as I am." So the little man sat down, seized all the biscuits, and immediately ate them all! The biscuits made him very thirsty, so he took the water and drank every last drop!

The young boy just stared at him and didn't know what to do. He told the little man that he had been willing to share, but he hadn't expected him to eat the WHOLE lunch.

The little man replied, "Listen, you've been so kind to me that I have a present for you." Then he took from his back pocket a bottle and gave it to the boy.

The boy looked at him blankly and said, "A bottle I can't eat or drink?"

The little man replied, "Wait a minute. This isn't just any bottle, this is a magic bottle! Look what it will do." He uncorked the bottle and shouted, "Out, Bricket Leg!" Immediately, little tiny men jumped out with a banquet table and spread the table with of all kinds of good things to eat and to drink. The table just groaned with food. (At this point, Grandpa would mention many of the family's favorite foods by name.)

The little man invited the boy to sit and eat all he desired, so the boy gorged himself. He hadn't eaten rich food like that in his whole life, so he really enjoyed the feast. When he was through, the man explained. "Now, just say 'Bricket Leg' and they'll jump back into the bottle." The boy followed his instructions, and the little men grabbed the table and jumped back into the bottle. Everything was cleared up completely. "Now, this is for you for being so kind," the little man said, and gave him the bottle.

The boy smiled, thanked him, and went on his way. He still had a long distance to travel, so he got to the palace at nightfall, just as the magic contest was coming to an end. Everyone had a good trick and tried to please the king, but so far no one had come near to amazing the king with his magic powers.

When it was the young boy's turn, everyone was tired and hungry, so he pulled out his bottle, uncorked it, and said, "Out, Bricket Leg!" and the little tiny men jumped out and set a huge banquet table, and the boy invited everyone to sit down and eat.

Well, the crowd sat down and ate and ate and ate. Everyone was able to eat their fill, and there was still delicious food remaining. When all were satisfied, the boy said, "Back, Bricket Leg!" and the tiny men popped back into the bottle with the remains of the banquet.

Of course, everyone was amazed. The king himself was impressed, but he was a very crafty king, so he said, "I don't believe you really performed that trick, so I want you to repeat the trick for me tomorrow." Of course the boy agreed to the royal request, and was invited to stay overnight in the castle. The king took him to a little room and treated him well. The boy put the bottle beside the bed and was happy when he went to sleep that night.

Well, as I said, this was a very crafty king. He waited until the boy was fast asleep, then crept back into the room and switched bottles, putting a bottle that looked exactly like the boy's bottle in its place, then stole quietly back to his chambers.

The next morning, the king said, "All right. Let's see this great, so-called magic trick of yours again. I can't believe you have true magic powers, but if you

can repeat what you did last night, you must be genuine.”

So the boy uncorked the bottle, said, “Out, Bricket Leg,” but nothing happened. He looked down into the bottle, shook it a little bit, then commanded again, “Out, Bricket Leg!” but still nothing happened. When he tried a third time, the king threw him out exclaiming, “Imposter! Fool! Leave my palace at once!”

So the boy left in disgrace. There was nothing to do but return home on foot and tell his mother what had happened. He wondered what would become of them, for they were now completely destitute. The journey home was even harder, for he had nothing at all to eat or drink, but he walked until he could walk no more, and happened to sit down in exactly the same place where he had met the little man.

He decided to sleep a little while, and just as he was dozing off, the same little man came from behind the bushes, eager to hear what had happened. He was very displeased to hear how the king had treated the boy. “I have another bottle for you,” he promised, “but this will be a different kind of bottle.”

Thinking he would again be rewarded with a banquet, the boy eagerly uncorked the bottle and shouted, “Out, Bricket Leg!” and the little men jumped out of the bottle as before – but this time they jumped on him, grabbed at his face, pulled his hair, pinched him, and beat him up as hard as they could.

The boy was so surprised that he forgot what the words were to call them off, so the little man ordered, “Back, Bricket Leg,” and the tiny little men quickly jumped back into the bottle and disappeared, and the little man recorked the bottle and said, “Now take this bottle back to the king.”

Of course, the boy could hardly wait to get back and show the king his new trick, and again arrived at the palace just at evening time. The king, being a greedy fellow, ushered the boy right in as soon as he saw there was a new bottle. The king said that since it was so late, the boy must be very tired, and should go right to bed and not show him the trick until morning.

The boy was taken to the same room and the king told him that if his trick was good enough, he would be given half the kingdom and his daughter’s hand in marriage. Before going to bed the boy put his bottle by the side of his bed, then went to sleep.

When the king thought the boy was asleep, he stole quietly into the room and switched the bottles again. As he was creeping out, he couldn’t wait to see what this bottle would do, so he uncorked it and said, “Out, Bricket Leg!” Out jumped the little tiny men who jumped on him, pulled his beard, hit him, scratched him, pinched his face, pulled his hair, and bit him. The king was so shocked, aghast, and confused that he forgot the command words. He was making such a racket that guards rushed into the room in amazement, while the king pled with the boy to call off the tiny little men.

“Do you PROMISE you’ll give me half your kingdom?”

“Yes, yes, ANYTHING! Just get them off me!”

The boy added, “And you will return the other bottle you took from me yesterday – and you’ll agree to let me marry your daughter?”

The king, in great pain, shouted, “Yes, yes, ANYTHING!”

So the boy commanded, “Back, Bricket Leg,” and the tiny little men

stopped their attack, jumped back into the bottle, disappeared, and the boy recorked the bottle.

Of course the king had to live up to his word, so he gave the boy all he'd promised, including his daughter's hand in marriage. The boy sent for his mother, and they all lived happily ever after.

The Little Girl Who Fell Down the Well **Also known as Take Blue**

As told to Louine Brown Shields by Edwin Marion Whiting

Once upon a time, there were three little sisters who lived where there were lots of sheep. The main occupation of the people was taking care of the wool and the sheep. Well, these little girls were given the responsibility by their parents of washing the wool after it had been clipped from the sheep.

The two older sisters always gave the youngest sister the hardest work to do. One day, just to be mean, they gave her some black wool and told her she had to scrub it until it was as white as snow.

She started on her task at the well and scrubbed and scrubbed. It seemed like the harder she worked, the more impossible the task became. From time to time her sisters would come and criticize her and tell her she just couldn't do anything right. That just made her wash all the harder. She washed and she washed, and pretty soon her arms felt like they would just break off. Her sisters came by again, which made her work all the harder.

All of a sudden, she was so tired that she fell right into the well. She fell and fell, and all of a sudden, she wasn't falling through water, she was falling through air. Then all of a sudden, she landed on a soft pile of leaves. She looked around and saw she was in a strange land she had never seen before. She didn't know what to do, but she thought she

ought to find her way home just as quickly as she could.

Near the pile of leaves was a road, so she followed it, hoping to find someone who could help her find her way home. Pretty soon she came to a tree that was so loaded down with apples that the limbs were breaking. As she started to pass the tree, it spoke to her and said, "Little girl, will you help me pick my apples?"

She answered, "Of course I will." She went right up to the tree, saw that there were some baskets by the tree's trunk, and filled all the baskets with apples.

After she was through, the tree said, "Thank you, little girl. My branches feel much better now."

She asked, "Can you tell me how to get home?"

The tree replied, "Just keep following this road." So she continued down the road, and had walked quite a ways when she came to a stove at the side of the road. The stove cried out to her, "Oh, little girl, my loaves of bread are burning. Can you take them out of my oven?"

She said, "Of course I will." And she went over and removed the loaves of bread from the oven. The stove thanked her and told her she was a very kind little girl. Again, she was worried about finding

her way home, but the stove said to just keep following the road, so she did.

She walked along for quite a ways and was getting hungry and thirsty and didn't know what to do, so she just kept walking. She saw a house in the distance and when she got there she knocked on the door to see if she could find some help.

A nice looking lady came to the door. She explained that she was lost. The lady said, "Come right in, I think I can help you." She asked if she was hungry and the little girl said, "Yes, I am terribly hungry, and thirsty, too." The lady said, "Come right in my kitchen, and you can have some supper, and then I'll show you the way home."

She fixed the little girl some bread and milk and told her to eat as much as she liked; and when she was through, she should come in the other room and she would be waiting for her. So the little girl, who loved bread and milk, ate until she felt much better, then she cleared up the table, wiped up the crumbs, did up the dishes and went in to see the lady.

The kind lady said, "Before I show you the way home, come into this room with me." So the little girl followed her into a room filled with boxes of all different colors. There were red boxes, blue boxes, lavender boxes, and pretty canary yellow boxes. There were even some white boxes and a few pink ones. The lady said, "Now, I want you to pick a box of any color. You may take one."

The little girl was just about to reach for the red box, when a little bird in the corner said, "Take blue. Take blue." So she said, "All right, I'll take blue," so she picked up the blue box and followed the lady outside. The lady pointed in the distance and said, "Now you just go up over that hill and you'll be home."

So the little girl followed the instructions and went up over the hill, and there was her home in the distance. It was almost dark so she hurried as fast as she could and went inside. Her parents had been worried about her and they were so glad to see her, and her sisters had been kind of worried because they didn't know where she was. When they asked where she had been, she told them the whole story. When she had finished they asked, "What is in the blue box?"

"Oh, I forgot all about it." So she opened it up and found it was full of sparkling jewels of all different colors.

Of course the older sisters were excited when they saw what was in the box. The oldest sister said, "I'm going to have a box just like that." So early the next morning, this sister hurried outside and jumped in the well. She fell and fell, but pretty soon she wasn't falling in the water, she was falling through the air and soon landed on the same pile of leaves. She saw the same little road and began to walk.

Soon she came to the tree that was again full of apples. And the tree said, "Little girl, little girl, will you pick my apples for me?" She was in a hurry, so she said, "You just pick your own apples."

She hurried on down the road and pretty soon she came to the same stove. The stove cried out as she passed, "Little girl, will you take the bread out of my oven before it burns?" She replied, "You take you own bread out," and just stomped on down the road.

She was wondering where the house was because she was hungry, tired, and thirsty, and wanted her box. Finally, she saw the house and walked up, banged on the door, and waited impatiently for the lady to answer. Soon the nice, kind lady

opened the door and said, “May I help you?”

The big sister said, “I’m lost and I want to go home, and I’m hungry.” The lady said, “Well, come in and I’ll see what I can do for you.” She invited her into the kitchen and said, “Here’s some bread and milk. You can have all you want, and then when you are finished, I’ll show you the way home.”

This girl was very greedy and ate and ate and ate. When she was through, she left her crumbs all over the table and floor, and left the milk and bread on the table, and hurried into the other room where the lady was waiting. The kind lady said, “Now I’ll show you the way to go home.”

The girl said, “But wait! I want a box!” The lady looked at her a little bit strangely, then said, “Well, all right. Come with me.” She showed her to the same room that was full of colored boxes and she picked out a red box. The little bird in the corner said, “Take blue, take blue,” but she insisted she wanted the red box, so she grabbed the box and returned to the lady who showed her how to get home. She went over the same hill and sure enough, she was almost home, so she ran the rest of the way.

As soon as she got inside, she couldn’t wait to show her box to her family so she tore it open – and it was full of fire! It leaped out of the box – and they all got out of the house just in time. The fire burned up their home and everything inside.

Horse Stories

By E. I. Whiting

My Pet Horse, Sparks

by Edwin Isaacson Whiting

Two horses stand out in the hallowed memories of my past. My Old Sparks, and my brother Lynn’s Old Minute. Minute came from gentle stock, but Sparks came from the wilder. Spark’s progenitors were wild, really wild.

When I first saw Sparks he was five years old, silhouetted against the sunrise, guarding his band of mares, a large band for so young a horse. He made a beautiful picture. Lynn said, “If we could only catch him. Someday we will, and when we do we will have a prize.” As we rode closer he alerted his herd, snorted, and led them along the horizon at a gallop, six stocking-footed sorrels and he. We

chased them a mile or so, but of course stood no chance then.

We always contrived to build a trap or drift-fence for some way to get the advantage needed. I doubt that a horse ever lived who could have carried a man and caught that magnificent stallion that morning, although Sparks lived to see many other horses caught from the horn of his own saddle.

Sparks eluded us. We could never get close enough to even crowd him, so each time he got away we became more anxious, more determined to catch him. We tried all the tricks we knew, but all we got was more respect for his cunning and sense, and more admiration for his beauty.

I guess horses, as well as men, make mistakes when luck is against them. One night just before sundown, after we had left his range and were heading for camp, we saw him and his herd down on the open flats of Beaver Dam Wash. We were between him and the mountain on which he ranged, and there were badlands to the south of us. We knew he would break back for his range as soon as we gave him a chance to see us, but we had a real advantage, we had only half the distance he had to run to beat him to the pass and try to trap him in the badlands.

Lynn said, "Now is our time. I will take the lead. You try to keep him from getting behind. He might make a mistake and go into the badlands, because he is off his range."

As soon as we showed ourselves a mile away, the race was on. He seemed to fly, but our horses sensed the situation and did nobly too. As we neared the pass Sparks looked like he was flying, but Lynn's horse was making a race too, but handicapped by the load he was carrying, he was losing his advantage in distance. Sparks had reached the pass first and it looked as if all was lost – when he wheeled to turn his lagging herd, lost his lead and put Lynn in the pass first. I was riding about even with the last of the herd.

They say wild horses won't go into a blind canyon, but these did. Lynn was among them; I was close behind. Quicker than I can tell it, we were all rushed into a hole with no way out except the way we went in, the horses were trapped.

It was after midnight when we finally had the last horse tied and a cedar-tree gate built in case a horse got loose.

We were too tired to move, yet afraid to leave our catch. We dropped on our saddle blankets and slept until break of day.

One mare was dead, another down, the rest huddled together in a corner. Sparks stood on the only little hill available and faced us. That was nearly forty years ago, but I still like to think of the picture he made. The fight he made that day, the long period of breaking him, are other stories.

He never surrendered as other horses do, although he lived to be about twenty-seven years old. No stranger could ride him without being on guard, but he served me so well that I can say, even though this generation may not understand, I loved that horse.

When I raced him, he always won. When I chased other horses, he would carry me farther than anyone. He was a wonderful horse. In later years he made records not only on the range, but at the community race tracks. In nearly sixteen years he never lost a distance race.

The only time he ever fell with me was when he stepped into a blind badger hole. He stopped and came back and put his nose down by me. I thought I was hurt as I could not move, but I was only stunned. Year after year I ran him over rocks, washes, brush, anywhere, yet so far as I can remember that was the only time he ever fell.

At any rate, after the day's work is done, I like to think about him. If I could relive just one of those old days, I would perhaps ride Old Sparks with my brother.

Old Sparks & the River

By Edwin Isaacson Whiting

I am thinking of a time when I trusted my all to my horse.

Winter snow and spring rain were sending more water down the Little Colorado River than the natives had ever seen. Cattlemen were rejoicing as Arizonians always do when it rains. Arizonians, they say, never get enough rain, but some were beginning to wonder.

The Lyman Dam was full for the first time, and overflowing. The engineers were fearful, saying it was past the danger level. A stream of water rushed over the overflow, 100' wide, and deep enough to swim a horse.

The Mexicans along the river below the dam had mostly left their homes and moved to high ground, thereby doubtless saving many lives.

When the dam gave way, a flood half a mile wide in places came down the Little Colorado and struck the town after midnight. Our sheriff on night duty heard and saw the water coming, fired several warning shots, and miraculously saved many lives, although there were a number of narrow escapes.

My brother Earnest put a family one behind the other and led them two blocks through water armpit deep. His wise leadership kept them from panicking in the wild flood waters. Mrs. Dannenbaum, who had been jerked out of bed and led through the water up to her neck, was so frightened that she had to have first-aid, along with a number of others who came to our home above the flood line.

Horsemen were sent down the river to warn those in the flood's path. There were no phones; they must outrun the flood. Norman Freeman's horse fell dead under him, but the others succeeded and most of the people were saved.

Ralph Whiting ran his horse eight miles to the Meadows, crossed the river ahead of the big flood, but in enough water to swim his horse, and at three o'clock in the morning got the Jolly family out of bed, into their wagon, across the mile wide river-bottom, and reached higher ground with the crest of the flood coming up a foot or so on the wagon. A few moments more would have been serious.

The wisdom and work of others saved many more, but still there were seven drowned. Men came from everywhere to search for the lost ones, and to help the homeless and needy.

We first hunted on the west-side of the river. We lived on that side, and no one dared to try to cross to the east. We reasoned that we were more apt to find them on our side and we did find five bodies there: two of Ellis and Jen Palmer's children, Mrs. Ray and her child from Colorado, and Mrs. Savadra, a beautiful young woman.

That night we called a meeting to report, and to decide what to do on the morrow. The general opinion was that the two missing girls were on the east-side of the river, and because a number of people had gotten out on the west-side, there was a good chance that the two might be alive and alone on the east-side. The bishop asked if anyone thought the river could be

crossed, and called for volunteers. Finally, Pete Peterson volunteered, then others, until we had twelve. We were to assemble at the river's edge east of St. Johns at daylight.

As soon as it started to get light, we were there ahead of time. A cold rain was falling and whatever courage we felt in the meeting the night before, was pretty well gone. (I think my feelings would pretty well describe the others). Remember, we were dry-landers, raised in Arizona. Most of our water experience had been in a \$3 tub.

I am sure that even a good swimmer would have been helpless in the turbulent muddy river that was rushing past us. For one, I was afraid. I wished there was some way I could back out, but could see none, so I waited for our captain. We all waited. There was some little bantering and arguing. Several said it was foolish to try, that it could mean more loss of life. I wished we had Moses to part the waters.

The longer we waited, the more embarrassing our situation became. Finally, under pressure, our captain decided to try first. He spurred his horse and waded out a short distance a couple of times, and then the horse whirled and dashed back to shore as if he too, sensed the danger.

The captain called for someone else to try, as his horse was no good for water. So the second fellow who had volunteered the night before was called, on the theory that the first to volunteer should be the first to go. His horse showed more courage and went out to where he had to swim, but he must have been a dry-land horse, or the rider threw him off balance, because the current turned him over and started him rolling downstream. Those

fellows on the bank were better at roping than in the water, and with surprising dexterity they roped that man and horse and brought them back to shore.

My turn came next. I was desperately afraid, but I was riding Old Sparks and we knew each other. Will Sherwood came up to me and put his hand on my knee and said, "Turn him loose, slap him on the side of the head if you have to turn him. I think the last fellow turned his horse over by pulling on the rein."

As there was no way out, I headed old Sparks for the stream. He waded beautifully. When he started to float, I wanted to pull the rein but remembered what Will had said. He started turning over and I remember grabbing the horn and throwing my weight the other way, which righted him and he began swimming for the other shore – we were carried downstream about a hundred yards, but landed like a veteran. Horses are like men; after they had seen one cross, most of the others followed without much trouble.

At dark that evening, we swam back to report that we had not found the two little girls. In fact, they were never found.

That was 1915, but I still have a vivid remembrance of most everything that happened. It is hard to put things like this into words, but in my own mind, I have a picture of trusting my life to my faithful horse and of him coming through like a friend. For years after, whenever we ran this loved racer, people would tell of his swimming the river, or speak of it if a flood came down the river. I never go to the riverbank without memories.

Chasing Wild Horses

By Edwin Isaacson Whiting

Fifty years ago, horses were man's best, safest, and fastest means of transportation, except where there was railroad transportation. Cars were a novelty, airplanes unknown, and a good horse was a man's pride.

In my work as a young man on the range, there were times when my life depended on the stamina, intelligence, and common sense of my horse, and his failure could have been serious for me.

Some men loved their horses and their horses loved them. It was my mare that carried Herbert Berry on the twenty-mile run for the doctor when John Whiting was cut on the mill-saw.

Judging a horse was an art. Some men were able to make a living horse-trading, if they could judge the points of a horse. Things considered more important than "race track speed" were: endurance, gait, disposition, trustworthiness, and dependability. Most of all, men depended on the horse for transportation.

The Chase

Wild horses are usually caught by the long, slow method of running them down. That is, we would take turns running them down. After locating them with our long navy spy-glass, we made our plans. One rider would take them on a circle and as they came around, another would take them – riding a fresh horse – for another circle, until they were tired. Sometimes the circle they made was seventy-five miles or more in circumference, but they always came back.

It generally took from two to five days to wear them down, and whatever

parts of the night we could follow their tracks by moonlight. The longest run we ever had was eight days. When they were tired enough we all rushed in and roped one or more, if we could.

Of course, wild horses would not accommodate us by leaving camp in the morning and returning in the evening, so we expected to stop wherever we were caught when night came, wait for daylight, and take up the trail until we could connect with a relief runner.

It was necessary to travel as light as possible, as a horse having to carry a man was overloaded, so we rode with only a light saddle and rope. No water, food, blanket or coat. When night came we built a fire and finished our circle the next morning.

The Greer Horses

Remember, I am talking about real wild horses. Greers had big herds of wild horses. They could round up as many as 2,000 head in a day from their herds that ran wild the year round on their range. They made their living by catching, breaking, and selling those wild horses.

Periodically they shifted in new stallions and brood mares. Their horses were among the best. In fact, a horse sold for more if it was wearing the Greer brand, a T on the shoulder and jaw.

There were wild horses throughout the West, but in most places drought or snow forced them down to where they could be caught – but the Greer horses lived and prospered the year round on their range.

Each fall the Greers would round up and sell whatever they could catch. Each year as the horses were gathered and sold, the wildest and fastest, and those with the most endurance and sense, would get away, so by the law of survival there were some wonderful horses left when Greers decided to sell all they could catch and stock their range with cattle. They were first class horsemen with plenty of good riding horses, so whatever horses they did not catch were good horses.

After forty years in the business, when Greers attempted to liquidate, there were about 400 head of horses, too wild and too smart to be caught, then sold to ranchers. So we bought the 400 head remnant and they were something special. I like to relive my memories of the times we tried to catch them. Each time they got away they were smarter. They were a challenge to any lover of sport, but we never made much more money than we spent in trying to catch them.

Most Thrilling of All Sports

I have hunted game all my life and fished whenever I got a chance, but that doesn't compare to wild horse hunting. You shoot your game, look at your kill, and realize you never gave your victim a chance. Or hook a fish and watch him struggle helplessly until he is dead. When I was a boy, before there were game-laws, I killed a mother deer. As I started to dress her, two baby fawns walked out and stood by, looking so innocent that I have never forgotten it. I wished I could give back the mother's life.

With a wild horse chase, it's something else. I love and never miss a horse race. I am sure I get as much as anyone from the thrills of horse racing, but I say without hesitancy that there is no race to compare with racing a wild

stallion, a stallion running for his life and freedom, putting his all in a race. I wish I could describe the feeling of stalking him through the night and dropping on his trail to wait for daylight. Watching the stars in the stillness of night one gets as close to his Maker as he ever does on this earth.

Wild Stallions

As I have said, I have killed my share of game and caught my share of fish, which in a way satisfied whatever hunter's instinct we may be born with. I thrill at seeing tame horses race the prescribed mile and one-eighth. I generally go to Pasadena for the Rose parade, and to see the beautiful horses there. But that in no way equals the thrill of watching, racing, or catching a wild stallion.

I marvel at the intelligence he displays – watching and controlling his herd, always on guard so that it is impossible to catch him unawares. I have spent hours watching from some place of concealment, and I never cease to marvel. I can think of hardly anything I would rather do than watch one now.

When we caught a stallion like that, he was not "dead," he might have the qualities of a thoroughbred. You could look forward to a horse to ride, to serve you, to love and trust you, and you learned to love and trust him.

Among the most famous wild stallions of that time were a brown stallion in Mesa Kedando, a black around Rio Bonelo, and a palomino out Pine Springs way. We used to talk about catching them and finally did catch two of them. However, while they were famous because they were older and had gotten away more times, they were too old to break well and were a disappointment. One of them killed himself, and the other seemed

worthless and finally died, perhaps of a broken heart.

We did learn many things about what horses do when left entirely on their own. Each stallion had his harem. He herded them, guarded them, fought for them, and led them away when the occasion required. From a vantage point I watched a pair of stallions fight to the death; I shall never forget it.

I have watched our movie cowboys shoot, run, whip, and act wild. I've

watched Trigger, "the smartest horse in the world," and watched the movie wild stallions – who are made to perform by someone jerking an invisible wire fastened to their lip. I have wished we could have movies of real wild stallions as I have known them. As horses and horsemen grow less, rodeos and drugstore cowboys increase. Why couldn't we have had the rodeos and made the movies when we had the men and horses with the know how?

Slow Horse Race

By Earnest J Whiting

In the days when we had horse races on the 4th of July and other celebrations, they usually ran what they called a "slow horse race." They would trade or change horses and the last horse to the goal line was the winner. This old Jake when he got excited or hurried along, he would faint away. So we entered him in the race.

Someone else entered a stubborn old mule that always refused to go an inch if anyone was on his back. The horses were all lined up ready to go when old Jake made a pass at the mule – and that mule took off and was far in the lead of all the horses, but old Jake was close behind doing his best to catch up. But just before the end he fainted – and won the race.

Our Uncles Treated Us

By Maurine Brown Startup and Maydene Brown Bodell

"Let's go on a picnic" Uncles Eddie, Earnest, Ralph, Lynn or Art would say when we came for a visit to St. Johns. They always chose The Cedars. We'd take our hot dogs and watermelon out there and have a picnic.

Then we'd run and play "Run Sheep, Run" or "Kick the Can." I remember "Run Sheep, Run" the best because we would all run out in the forest or among the cedar trees and hide, because that's part of the game.

Those were big outdoor men. Uncle Eddie was almost 40, Uncle Earnest about 33, Uncle Ralph was 31, Uncle

Lynn was about 29, and Uncle Art was 18, five years older than his nephew, our brother Ray. And that's when we'd play "Run Sheep, Run."

Uncle Eddie and his family came to town when we lived in Salt Lake City. He took us all to a show. It seemed the most fantastic thing to us.

We couldn't decide whether to go to one show or to go to "It Happened One Night," across the street. We went to the one show, and when it was out, Uncle Eddie felt bad we hadn't gone to the other show, so he took us all across the street and we saw "It Happened One Night"

starring Claudette Colbert. That might not be the only time he had trouble making up his mind. He loved shows.

The Uncles never stopped being nice to us. Even in their older years they treated us as if we were important.

We remember as children being excited when they brought the cousins our ages. But it didn't really matter even if they didn't bring their children. We were just as excited to see them.

Uncle Eddie, the Pied Piper

By Joycell Cooper

Uncle Eddie reminded me of the Pied Piper. He drew kids to him with his enthusiasm and ability to make everything fun. He also drew the family together.

On day-trips to the homestead, the aunts would spread quilts on the ground and sit and visit. There was plenty of food and laughter.

Uncle Eddie showed me my first horned toad and found an empty can for me to carry it around in.

One afternoon I was hot and tired and didn't want to climb the mountain. (Any time we were bored, we were sent to climb Sierra Trigo.) Uncle Eddie came along and asked me why I was sitting on a rock and not climbing with the others. I told him I was just too tired.

He knelt down beside me and asked, "How'd you like to ride a horse?" I was puzzled because I couldn't see any horses. He saw my confusion, and explained. "Well, we'll just have to find you one." I knew that Uncle Eddie could do just about anything, so I followed him to the edge of some pine trees.

He reached up and pulled a little sapling over until it touched the ground, then he taught me how to get on and ride it like a horse! You know, that little tree bounced up and down and I rode that tree horse for a long time.

Many times when some of us were strolling down the main street of St. Johns,

Uncle Eddie would yell, "Hey kids, come on and I'll treat you to a picture show." The Whiting Brothers owned the theater.

No matter how the movie was, when we left the theater he always smiled and sighed, "Wasn't that a wonderful show?" I don't think he ever saw a movie he didn't like.

When the carnival came to town, the equipment and rides were set up on the property Uncle Eddie owned, blocking off the street. In return, he was given a big roll of tickets for the rides. We kids enjoyed every ride. It was wonderful because we certainly couldn't afford the nickel tickets. He bought us whatever treats we wanted, too.

Uncle Eddie and Aunt Ethel had a wonderful house in St. Johns with a huge front yard, big trees and a vacant lot next door, the perfect place to play "No Bears Out Tonight" or "Kick The Can."

One day a group of cousins and friends got tired of playing the same old games and we were sitting around on the front steps. Uncle Eddie came out and in a moment assessed the situation. "How about a new game?" he said. Then in a mysterious voice, almost a whisper, he asked, "have you ever played Murder?"

He turned to Merwin and asked him to show us how to play MURDER. Merwin tore up a paper square for each one of us, marked an X for the victim on

one, and an A for the Attorney on another, and then shuffled and placed them inside a hat. When the victim was grabbed, they would scream, then the lights would be turned on and the trial would begin.

I hid, for safety, under the long tablecloth of the dining room table until

each murder took place. It was such a fun evening Uncle Eddie made me feel like I was very special, helping me through some bumpy times in my childhood.

New Outhouse

By Myn Whiting Priestley

Pa built us a new toilet while I was in high school. We were pretty proud of it, because he painted it white and Mother always kept it clean and nice. I was in my last year of high school then.

It was at that time Mother decided to rent a room out. Rooms were needed for people who were coming in to go to high school at the St. Johns Academy or to work at the county courthouse. A man from Round Valley named Joe, won the county election for treasurer and came to the house one day and asked Mother if he could rent a room. Most of the children were married so she decided that she could fix a room to rent to Joe. He and his bride moved into our front room and we used the old living room as our front room.

I think Dad made that new toilet for the renters. It was closer to the house than the old one had been, but far enough away so it didn't smell bad.

We all had to take our turn to use the toilet before we got ready to go to school. One day I looked out and things looked pretty clear. I wasn't quite dressed yet but I hurried down to the toilet. The door looked like it was a little ajar, so I ran down there, took my two hands and gave that door a push.

It opened but it immediately shut again. The toilet was small enough that I was right on top of somebody. There was

Joe, calmly sitting on the seat. Everything would have been all right if he hadn't reached for his pants. I could have opened the door and backed out.

But good old Joe reached down and when he bent over, I couldn't get the door open. We shuffled around for a little while and finally we got him stood up so I could get the door open. I got out of there as fast as I could.

I don't know why I didn't just go back to the house. I went out to the side, climbed over our picket fence, ran clear around the block, and came back to the front door of our house. I'll never know why I went around that block when I was only half dressed.

Joe and I had been friends before, but I didn't want to see him anymore and I'm sure he didn't want to see me. I had to go to school and he had to go to work by nine o'clock every morning. It was a cat and mouse deal the rest of the year. Never once did I have to speak to him the rest of the year.

Years later, after I was married and living in Los Angeles, a friend from our town who knew us years ago, called me and said, "Myn, I'd like to have you accompany me to a funeral. One of our old friends from Apache County is being buried out here in Los Angeles. He hardly knows anyone out here and I don't

suppose there will be many to the funeral.
Would you like to go?"

I said, "Why sure Jim, I'd like to go. Who is it?"

"Well", he said, "It's that smooth Joe _ _ _ _."

I said, "Oh Jim, I'm so sorry. I forgot I have an appointment then and I can't possibly go."

To Grandfather's House We Go

by Francis Ray Brown

Everybody should have known and been able to enjoy Grandpa's place. It was a little larger than three-times the average city lot. Across the back of it were his corral and barns, on the east side was a garden, and what a garden!

Near the corral was his blacksmith shop with its bellows and its anvil, and when he would beat the hot iron on his anvil and shape it and bend it and make the sparks fly it was a great experience I still want a bellows and an anvil in my hobby shop some day.

Next to the blacksmith were the bees. Grandpa always kept bees and had lots of honey, enough for his own use and some to sell.

Up toward the front was his winter pear tree, a good bearing tree which furnished pears which would last most of the winter in good eating condition. My how valuable those were when no fruit was available in the stores at any price.

Grandpa's garden was always a show place and for his accomplishments in this regard, along with his bee-keeping, he was given an honorary degree from the University of Arizona, for which we were all so proud. He had currant bushes of various kinds which were always good for children because we could go out and help ourselves for snacks. He had apple trees too and when we used to sleep upstairs and it was cold, we sometimes took an

apple to bed with us. Oh, how good that apple tasted when it got warm enough from body heat to munch on before going to sleep!

No description of the lot would be complete without mentioning the hay in the barn where we used to play and search for hidden hens' nests.

Then there was the pigeon house on top of the barn, with its pigeons year in and year out. I remember watching Grandpa make the pigeon house and I thought it was the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. At the same time he was making a hope chest, so expertly constructed that the ends and sides would stay together without nails, and it was practically impossible to break or loosen it for he was an expert carpenter and cabinet maker.

There was a well which was used to water the cattle. By it stood the old marble candy stone where Grandma poured candy to cool, some of which was later sold in the store. Grandpa's big round grindstone, on which he sharpened his knives and tools, also stood by the well.

Oh, the attic! What wonders were in the attic! Relics of bygone years, an old spinning wheel, costumes, heirlooms of various kinds enchanted us always. I understand that certain members of the family are waiting for the house to be torn down so that they can find the love letters

and other confidential material which was hidden in the attic corners and which would sometimes fall down inside the walls - Oh, the stories they will tell!

The upstairs held a fascination all its own. It had two sleeping rooms and I never hear, or tell, the story of “I WANT MY BONE” without thinking of those very stairs and hearing the ghost climbing them until it stood at the foot of the bed in the south bedroom, and hearing the words: “HERE! TAKE IT!”

I should, of course, mention the ditch in front, which had just the right kind of sand for filling bottles and general use as a sandpile.

Grandpa also had a smokehouse where he smoked beef, venison, hams etc., which he would then put in the cellar. What a cellar! It was about 12 x 20 feet and it was full of the most wonderful things like smoked venison, hams, pickles, bottled fruit, bottled vegetables of all kinds, sacks of potatoes, apples, pears. It seemed like anything that, was wanted could come from the cellar. Usually a full two-year supply of food was contained in the cellar, which was so constructed with an earth roof that it was always cool but never freezing, There was a bumblebee nest in a hole in the roof which was most intriguing but highly respected!

Oh, the living that was done at Grandpa’s house! A house of doubtful architecture but with room enough for everyone. Never a mortgage, but always security and interest and fun. Building the beehives, making the frames and shaping the wax for the bees to use in making honey comb, extracting the honey, butchering pigs and other animals, and preparing them for storage. Life was vigorous, exciting and full!

I haven’t even mentioned the cows, horses, calves, pigs and “piglets” at Grandpa’s.

Oh the fireplace! Before this fireplace Grandpa usually told his famous stories. I remember one occasion when, by the fire, we dried and stretched a deerskin until it was soft and pliable, all the while spellbound by Grandpa’s retold stories.

And Grandma’s pans of milk with thick cream on top for cream and sugar sandwiches. I remember when Grandma would save the seed from the best watermelon to plant “for next year’s crop.” Early in the spring her planting boxes were always in the east window so that her garden would be the first with tomatoes and other early produce.

The welcome sign on the old front gate was invisible but it was always out—at Grandpa’s house.

Reminiscing

by Maree Berry Hamblin

It’s strange how much deeper a gully looks to a child, how much wider a stream, how much higher a cliff. My childhood memories of the old mill site rather dwarfed what I saw on my recent visit to that hallowed place.

There was the little dry crevice that once a merry stream tumbled down to become the life of this very small though exciting community. It furnished the steam for the mill engine, it turned the old water wheel, then fell off the end of a little

wooden trough that Grandpa had made to keep the water from getting “riley”, and to make it easier for the women to dip their water.

The old Mill site seemed to be a little lost valley carefully hidden from the hustle and bustle of the rest of the world. The tallest pines and the bluest sky I have ever seen. The trees and mountains hid the sunset, but in the evening the soft, reflection from the setting sun shot a pinkish color across the span of sky, and the beauty of it all gave you a warm happy feeling all over inside.

People could sneak in by horseback and surprise the camp, but the rumblings of a wagon over the rocky road could be heard several mile’s away; time for the kids to collect and go out to meet them; and time for the women to pause in their day’s occupations and gather to give the new arrivals a warm and hearty welcome

The first summer I remember being at the mill Mother made Effie and I each a pair of bright red “galletia” rompers. She figured she could spot us easily if we got lost. One of the Uncle’s remarks, “Why, May, you’ll have every bull in the country chasing your kids,” kept us hovering each day near Mother’s skirts.

When a little girl grows up to be four years old she begins to appreciate many things. I found among these new adventures in life were playmates, sunsets, colors, and the taste, feel and smell of things.

I connected people and things so definitely with smells that even now burning chips remind me of Grandpa Whiting and story hour; a sniff of the fumes from a smoke stack and I think of trains, and the big city of Chicago, the smell of pine gum and I see Aunt Elda

fingering through her coveted collection to offer you a choice piece.

The odor of some brands of talcum powder always brings Uncle Frank to mind; and the sweet aroma of horse sweat and leather chaps recalls “the Uncles” in their younger days. One breath of yellow roses reminds me of long ago and Nora.

Sitting with Effie and Nora in the shade of a big cottonwood tree playing barefoot in the damp sand in the little ditch in front of Aunt Martha’s house is about the nicest memory I have.

As small fry getting acquainted with new children, Effie and I always ask them three honest, straight forward questions: first their name, then what their favorite color was, and last what they were weaned on. We were continually annoyed at the number who could not answer the last one.

Nora was Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank’s eldest child. She was one year older than I. They lived in the little blue cottage on the corner in St. Johns, where Aunt Zella and Uncle Ralph later lived.

I loved to go to their house. It was always clean and smelled of cookies, spices, and talcum powder. A tall copper gallon measure full of beautiful green and blue peacock feathers set on a little round center table in the tiny parlor. Dark green plush portieres edged in ball fringe separated the parlor from the sitting room. Uncle Frank had brought them from England.

Upon request Aunt Martha would let us pick flowers from her flower garden, I always picked the pink ones, Effie the blue, and Nora the yellow roses.

We would take them out in the sand and make crowns of them or decorate sand cakes. Once we made a beautiful

castle and covered it with yellow roses. Just as we had finished it a cow came by and stepped placidly in the middle of it. We three sat horrified atop the picket fence where we had climbed to escape the wrath of this great beast.

When I started kindergarten Aunt Martha gave me Nora's coat. It was almost new. I was overjoyed. It was an odd shade of blue, almost a purplish color. It had a big double square collar, the top one being a soft red flannel. There were big gold buttons up the front, on the cuffs and pockets. I thought it was the most beautiful coat in the whole world. The first day I wore it and came proudly home from school I found Mother cutting quilt blocks on the table. Aunt Martha was busily sewing them at the machine.

At the sight of me she buried her face in her sewing and cried uncontrollably. Mother whisked me into the bedroom, took the coat off and whispered, "It's the coat, Mares, it reminds, her of little Nora." I understood when through the door I saw Mother take Aunt Martha in her arms and comfort her as only, a big sister that loves her little sister can.

My thoughts went back to the funeral and the little white coffin covered with yellow roses and the young grief-stricken couple that stood out on that windswept hill clinging to each other as the body of their beautiful little girl was lowered down into its lonely resting place.

I wondered how long I would feel the ache in my heart. I'm still wondering because it's still there.

All during my childhood, I heard Grandpa Whiting tell stories. My earliest recollections are of when Farr, who seemed to be the Paul Revere of the grandchildren, would run the rounds with

the exciting news: "Grandpa is going to tell stories tonight. Be sure and come." Of course, the "Be sure and come" wasn't necessary. Who ever missed a chance like that?

The coziest place we used to gather was in Grandpa and Grandma's bedroom where the old fireplace was. I remember the big fluffy rug, in front of the fire, that Grandma had made of old pants. And the old clock with the big pendulum that hung on the wall. And Grandma's bright woven bedspread with the fringe that Grandpa had bought years before from a peddler. But that's another story.

Then, of course, there was always the big jar of cookies behind the bedroom door. When I went in that room, last summer, I didn't look behind that door, because even now it wouldn't seem right not to see the cookie jar there.

I remember also that in this room was the stairway to the upstairs bedrooms. On many occasions, as I began to blossom, I used to sleep upstairs with Aunt Myn. We used to spend a lot of time trying to figure a way to get in and up those stairs at night without waking Grandpa. Only once did we manage it.

We had been out late—Effie and Myn and I. We had quite a session on the front porch on how to get past Grandpa. We all took off our shoes and left them on the front porch. We spent at least one-half hour inching our way up those stairs. We made it. I couldn't believe it. But we made it only until the next morning. Grandpa got up bright and early next morning and found our shoes on the front porch and knew exactly what we had done.

I remember Grandpa marking Arthur's height on, the board trim of the

old fireplace with his pocketknife. I meant to look for it last summer.

After the grandchildren had all collected and were ready, Grandpa always did one last thing before he settled back in his rocking chair. He picked up a large tub of chips and poured most of it on the fire. This made us all move back and gave him a little more room.

Besides the “Little Red Men”, “Bricket Leg”, “Big Claus and Little Claus”, and the “Wood Demon”, he told us many true stories about his brothers, and his father and his five wives.

He told us when he was a little boy and would get hurt and would run to the first wife he could find. It didn’t matter which one, as they all gave him motherly affection. And how when summer came, it would take him only a few minutes to round up a whole gang of boys quite near his own age, and right in his own front yard, to go fishing.

When the milk in the little pans would clabber, we learned that this was a true Danish delicacy. One day when we were there, Grandma got out a nice little pan of Clabber [see page 143] as a special treat. She sprinkled it with sugar, cut it down the middle then said, “Now this half is for Kay and Lee, and this half is for Maree and Effie. Kay and Lee started in. I ran out to find Effie. When we dashed back in low and behold those two little pigs had licked the whole pan clean! There they sat round eyed and round bellied.

When we demanded an explanation Kay took the floor and with a defense Attorney look in his eye argued us down by submitting the fact that not once did he or Lee put their spoons over on our territory. He said, “How could we help it

if your clabber just kept slipping over on our side of the line.”

Both Aunt Martha and Mother recently admitted sneaking around in the Mission Home and eating “clabber” [see page 143] when and where they wouldn’t get caught, as they knew the missionaries would think they were crazy. Aunt Martha said “Why I would rather have a dish of clabber any day than a dish of ice-cream.”

In that east room used to be a lovely corner window with a flower shelf. Tell me, are Grandma’s geraniums still there? They were the only flowers we would see all winter long. It was in this room that Grandma set up the big wooden bed the night she brought little Lester home. She insisted Aunt Zell sleep there a few nights so she could keep her eye on him. He really caused a stir. Every woman in town came down and wanted to mother him.

I guess Lester was the smartest little kid the family has ever had. Runners up would probably be Myn’s Don E., Geraldine’s and Willard’s Carolyn, and Helen and Aubrey’s Lane. (Ronald’s and Dean’s brains didn’t show up as children. They had to prove theirs later by their report cards.)

Before Lester could walk or talk I have seen Uncle Ralph take a grade school history book sprinkled thru with the pictures of great men, open it at random, then ask Lester which one is General Sherman, which one is Sir Walter Raleigh, Ulysses S. Grant etc., dozens of them, and Lester would point to the right man and never miss.

The old room to the North is where Art and Armina first set up housekeeping, On the walls of this room, separated by two short partitions, was a brown and

white oilcloth with checks set at a harlequin angle, and a wider border clear around the room. In those quarters Armina baked her first batch of bread and was so proud of it she gave it all away.

Armina was a mother-in-law's dream. She kept her apartment spotless, and Grandma's house likewise, then fretted around for something else to do. She always had more energy than she knew what to do with. She had been the star basketball player in St. Johns Hi for four years. She never lost a footrace in her life. She won every 4th of July race since she was old enough to run.

But Arthur—well that's a different story. He warmed the Basket Ball sub-bench for 4 years but for some reason the coach never quite needed him for a game. Then one night we got to see the reason why. After the game was scheduled there seemed to be a lot of players hit by the flu.

The coach started the game with a pitifully small lineup. At the end of the half who should we see but Arthur come prancing out. He took his place, the whistle blew, the ball went up, and the players raced to the other end of the court, Art was right in there fighting. They raced back again, the whistle blew, Art went out, and so did two others (with help), he had knocked out two of his own men in less than 3 minutes and the game was called off.

The old front bedroom once got itself papered by Myn, Effie, and I. We just got through in time to go to the Vernon Fair with Grandma and Grandpa.

And the old parlor, the one in the southwest corner, has it been plastered, too? On the wall of that old room used to be a beige paper with a border of beautiful pink morning glories.

Does the big oval_gilt edged picture of the forest fire still hang in that room'? Is the picture of the beautiful blond woman in the long green dress with the baldheaded baby in her arms still there Is the old red carpet still on that floor? Are the beautiful lace curtains that Uncle Frank brought Grandma from England when he returned from his first mission still hanging at those windows?

And the old "up-stairs". I hope it's still the same. In the winter a chance to sleep on the old feather mattress (that great grandmother Isaacson had made) and between Aunt Elda and Aunt Myn, was certainly a guarantee against the frost outside. But getting out of bed next morning took the thundering peals of the half hour bell in the old bell tower by the academy. Aunt Elda always rolled out first, then Aunt Myn would kick us kids out and bury herself back in bed.

The old kitchen- -has it been plastered too? Is Grandma's little spice drawer still hanging on the wall? And the old pots and pans- -are they still hanging there too?

Especially I remember the old hot-cake griddle upon which Grandpa baked the best thin, sour batter hot-cakes ever eaten by man, woman or child. They were always exactly the size of a big dinner plate and he always served them with butter and sugar.

Sugar to him was a rare delicacy and he never got over fully appreciating its taste. He said when he was a boy the only time he ever tasted sugar was when he was sick. No one ever used it for any other purpose. It was too scarce. His mother kept a little tiny sack of it in her trunk for sickness.

The old built-in cupboard in the Southeast corner of the kitchen. Is it still

there? It was on the top shelf of this one that Aunt Myn was reaching one day for one of Grandma's old sad irons. It slipped and fell six feet and lit point down on her little toe nail. My sympathy goes to all those who have never seen Aunt Myn's little toe nail after that accident.

The old stove thru the years became almost a part of the family. How many Saturday night bathers have warmed their wet and shivering torsos by the tender glow of this old black friend. And the long shiny chrome rod across the front of that old stove has probably, sometime or other, warmed nearly every fanny in town.

It was around this old stove Grandpa taught most of his grand-kids to build a fire. He instilled in us so strongly the unnecessary carelessness of having to use more than one match to start a fire, that I seldom ever use more.

His deep respect and appreciation for the tiny match was born on three or four mile runs to a neighbor's house, when he was a boy, to borrow live coals, as their fires sometimes accidentally went out.

How many loaves of bread, pies, cookies, biscuits and roast venison that old oven has baked no one will ever know, How many kettles of beans, Danish dumplings, sweet rice, red mush, and milk gravy has been cooked on the top of that old stove will never be counted.

Grandma claimed that up until she broke her hip, even tho Grandpa had died and all her kids were married off, she always baked the same number of loaves of bread and the same size kettles of soup.

She said, "Well if some of the family doesn't drop in and eat it I like to have a little to take over to my neighbors or someone else." She always felt so

indebted to all of her neighbors for their many, many kindnesses, Sister Richey for her many bouquets of flowers, Sister Neagle for her baskets of fruit.

She felt so indebted at one time that she stayed up most of the night Christmas Eve making them each a little foot stool. The only tools she had was a hammer, a broken saw, and a butcher knife. Sister Neagle told her late she wondered how she had ever gotten thru life without that little stool.

Is the old barn still standing? Is Arthur's little pigeon house still sitting way up on top?

Wasn't it Farr that Arthur once persuaded to jump off the barn, and tho he furnished him with Grandma's best umbrella, we had to dig him out of the pile of manure that Arthur promised would be so soft for him to light in (it was). It was my first experience seeing an umbrella turn wrong side out.

And Grandpa's blacksmith shop. He used to let us hang around and watch. We felt it a great privilege to work the bellows for him. He was an excellent blacksmith. The sheriff used to bring prisoners down for him to fit handcuffs to.

The old Ice Cream Parlor is always in my fondest dreams. There were glass candy jars all over one wall. A fountain, grace the opposite side with a big mirror flanked aloft by the busts of two Indians, male and female. Just what these two Lamanites had to do with the artificial palm tree and the rest of the decorator's scheme of things I never really knew.

A fancy partition of stained lattice draped with long dangly green "portiers" separated that part from the place where customers came to partake of "the best ice cream in town." Two mirrors placed

exactly opposite each other enabled us to see endless reflections of ourselves.

In this alcove was a number of round ice cream tables with heavy wire legs, and chairs to match, No doubt many can recall the little children's table and chairs exactly like the big ones.

Dad made the first bottled soft drink in town, and everyone brought their best girl in for a drink of "Herbert's soda water." There was a choice of one flavor—"Strawberry"! I also recall when a bottle he was corking exploded and hit him in the chin. He still carries the scar.

Whiting's Ice Cream Parlor was simply the most exciting place in town. Aunt Elda was in full bloom and tho still a "teenager" she seemed to have every situation well in hand, including us kids. In the middle of a good loud scolding for us to "get out a that way and mind our own business, I used to marvel how at the sight of a prospective customer or an eligible swain, she could keep from dropping the inflection on the last word and continue on with "Hullo what con I dew four ewe too-day"? ? (as light and airy as Lady Vanderbilt herself).

I remember how Aunt Elda and Aunt Myn use to almost trample over each other to get to the one little broken mirror first when they heard the forest rangers were coming. It was the only time during the summer that Aunt Myn would comb her hair or wear shoes.

I remember Arthur as a tow headed, unpredictable little rascal, and Aunt Myn a thin little "Katherine Hepburn" with long, wavy, flaming red hair. She didn't like cocoa and she wouldn't eat gravy with "specks" in.

Aunt Elda looked like her daughter Louine does, but darker hair and whiter

skin. Something about her always made me feel that she could stand on a hill, and, like Coronado, look out across the golden west and conquer it, if she really wanted to.

Aunt Elda looked good on a horse, especially in her long tan riding skirt. Aunt Myn looked real good, that is until she dismounted.

Yes, I'm glad I'm old enough to remember many of the little things about the aunts and uncles. The little amusings that have made our great big family so human, so real, so close.

Each one o these personalities have grown to make a lasting mark on the lives of all who knew them. Our uncles have lived and worked in unity and harmony with each other such a long time that we think of them as one and often refer to them as "The Uncles" instead of naming them as individual personalities.

Surely we cousins must have been something just a little special to have been sent down to belong to this family.

Feasty, Fousty, Flatty, Cutty, or Claw

This is a game Edwin M. taught his children and grandchildren. The person who is "it" lies face down, on the floor. The group sits around the person. They silently decide among themselves which of the choices the group will use. They chant "feasty, fousty, flatty, cutty, or claw.

If their hands are in a pinching position, using thumb and fore-finger, that is feasty. If the hands are made into fists, that is fousty. If their hands are extended in a flat position, parallel to the person's body, that is flatty. If their hands are in a chopping position, that is cutty. If their fingers are all curved like talons, that is CLAW.

If the person guesses incorrectly, then everyone gets to apply that gesture (humanely of course) to the person's back or legs.

If the person guesses correctly, she/he turns quickly to see if he/she can catch anyone with their hands in the selected gesture. If someone is caught still holding their hands in the agreed upon gesture, they are then "it."

Lots of Grandchildren Under Foot

By Maurine Brown Startup

I remember Grandma and Grandpa living together, working together and little kids under foot all the time. I never remember them correcting me in any way.

Hitting wasn't a part of our grandparents' nature. I don't remember any kind of confusion in Grandma Whiting's house. And she had lots of grandchildren around. I was always there with cousins my age, Mabel and Melba.

Our grandparents loved little children for being little children. And that was what Grandma and Grandpa stood for. Grandma and Grandpa treated children like people.

Listed with their married names, for identification purposes, **Back row:** Lola Whiting Ashcroft, Geraldine Brown Sagers, Louise Brown Carlson, **Third row:** Elma Brown Smith, (slightly in front of Elma) is Nathel Brown Burdick, Helen Berry Andelin, Ivy Whiting Waters **Second row:** Louine Brown Shields, Maydene Brown Bodell, Rex Whiting, Irene Whiting Lewis **Front Row:** Wayne Whiting, Jack Albert Brown, Mickey Whiting



Winter 1925, Provo Utah, Maree Berry holding Dean, Kay, Farr Whiting, Effie, Lee
In front: Norma and Helen (Farr was boarding with the Berry family during Kay's sophomore year.)

Life Sketches of the Children of Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Whiting



Minnie, May, Martha, Elda



Eddie, Ralph, Arthur, Lynn, Earnest



Edwin Isaacson Whiting

Edwin Isaacson Whiting (Eddie), oldest son of nine children born to Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting, was born September 3, 1882 at the Meadows, eight miles down the Little Colorado River from St. Johns, Arizona.

His family moved back to Mapleton, Utah when Eddie was about six years old, and this was their home for the next twelve years. They ran a sawmill there. Eddie was known throughout his life for his industry and ambition, and cut his first log and dragged it down into camp when just eight years old.

There are many interesting stories about Eddie as a child, but one that his children and grandchildren have cried in sympathy over is the story about when he waited all year long for the dime that he received on the 4th of July. He bought a little sack of candy, something he had been dreaming about for months. As he came out of the store a little friend was waiting with an envious, hungry look, so Eddie offered him the first piece. The boy took the whole sack, said "thank you" and left Eddie standing there with his mouth watering for the candy he had waited so long for and did not get.

Another favorite was the tale about the time Eddie and another little boy were playing. The lad cut his finger, and when Eddie was not looking held the dripping

wound over Eddie's bare toe, then exclaimed, "Oh, look, you have cut your toe." As soon as Eddie saw the blood on his foot he thought he was mortally wounded and ran howling to the house.

When 17 years old he and his brother, Earnest, hauled vegetables from Mapleton to Price, Utah to sell to the coal miners. They had to travel two full days, camping out at night. One time they sold the whole load for an unusually good price and were afraid they might be robbed on the way home. When they camped that night they dug a hole under their beds and put the can of money in it. They had traveled quite a distance the next morning when they remembered they had left the money behind, but when they went back to get it, it was still there.

After a serious illness and a warning from his dead Father, Grandpa Whiting realized that his mission was to settle in St. Johns, so he brought his family back. It was hard to leave his home and friends behind. He brought his bees and black smith tools, and built a blacksmith shop in St. Johns. He also raised some crops and built a store, which he optimistically called "The Cash Store."

One day Eddie and Earnest really created a scene when they trapped a paper bag full of drone bees, which do not sting, and then turned them loose in school. But

Eddie got what he deserved when one of the boys in school, Lewis Johnson, wanted to try the same trick and asked how to catch drones. He thought this would be even better than turning bees loose in school! He gave Lewis detailed instructions, "Just take the sack and open it and hold it in front of the hive and then kick it really hard. Pretty soon you will have a sack full of drones, then close it and do what you want with it." Eddie went off, chuckling to himself, and sat under a tree to wait and watch the fun. It probably wouldn't ever happen again in a thousand years, but when he kicked the hive mad bees came buzzing out in all directions. Lewis stood in the middle of them and never got stung, but one bee found Eddie and crawled in his ear and stung him as he had never been stung before.

Eddie was quite an athlete. He played on the first basketball team in the old St. Johns Academy, brought the first football into St. Johns, and had quite a reputation as a baseball player and foot racer. His most famous race was when he played "Run, Sheep, Run" when about 12 years old. He was determined to win, so when the other boys removed their shoes and stockings, he took off his shirt, pants and everything so that he would not have to carry an extra ounce of weight. The goal was the big bonfire, and when the leader shouted, "Run, Sheep, Run" Eddie led them all up to the fire. But the speed he had shown up to that time was nothing compared to the burst he put on when he found a bunch of girls had come out to see the fun and were sitting around the fire.

Eddie and his brothers and sisters all worked together with their Father and Mother in the business as they grew up. He graduated from the St. Johns Academy,

then went to the Brigham Young Academy.

In the mean time, he had won the inside track with the belle of St. Johns, Ethel Farr. She was the daughter of Willard and Mary Elizabeth Ballantyne Farr. But he had lots of competition. She was slender, pretty and very talented, musically and otherwise. She was, and is, one of those exceedingly rare individuals born with queenly qualities that even most royalty has to acquire.

One admirer got the jump on Eddie when he gave Ethel a beautiful horse, but he lost out again when the sheriff came and took both the horse and the young man, who had simply acquired the animal.

Ethel still has the little monkey wrench that a group of mischievous boys gave to her. They were always teasing her about the unusually large nose one of her suitors had, and said she could use the wrench to turn his nose to one side when he tried to kiss her.

Eddie and Ethel were married in the Salt Lake Temple June 6, 1906. He took his bride to San Antonio, later called Greer Valley and now Hunt, where they farmed and Ethel had taught school before she was married. They had no worldly goods and the little money they had went to buy seeds for planting. Their house was built of rock and mud, Indian style, and was only one large room on a bare, wind-swept hill. They later partitioned it with a large grain bin in the middle of the room, which reached almost from wall to wall. They were not too proud to build their own furniture, which consisted of two built in beds, some home made benches and table, two chairs and a good looking cupboard which Eddie had made from one wide, planed board for sides and the front, and goods boxes for the back. Ethel

constructed some “dressers” from boxes and crates, curtained with calico. They also had a second-hand sewing machine, and this was their stock of furniture.

Ethel used the old sewing machine to patch their clothing. She patched them so often that sometimes there was practically none of the original article left—with as many as five layers of patches, one on top of another.

Although Eddie was a very successful businessman, Grandpa Whiting once had his doubts. Shortly after they were married he told Grandma Whiting, “On the way home I drove by Eddie’s field. He was trying to plow up that rough, new land, with that mean team of horses, and with Ethel sitting on his lap. They were laughing and singing as if they did not have a care in the world. Maria, I tell you, that pair will never amount to a hill-a-beans.”

They worked the farm for four years, then used part of the money to buy the store from Grandpa Whiting, and the rest to buy cattle.

Eddie and his brothers, Earnest, Art, and Ralph, worked closely together in their various enterprises. This close cooperation was effective in building up the organization which today places Whiting Brothers among the Southwest’s leaders in lumbering and sawmill operations, farming and ranching, cattle, retail stores and service stations.

In talking to Eddie one man stated what many others have often commented on throughout the years as the family has worked together in building up their businesses. “You have one thing I can never get, the loyalty of your brothers, your belief in each other and perfect confidence in one another, with a second generation all falling in line, each

apparently enthusiastically filling his place. It is something that cannot be bought, and something so seldom found these days that we all marvel.”

No doubt Grandpa Whiting has looked down many times and chuckled as he recalled how he misfired on his “hill-a-beans” prediction.

Seven children were born to Eddie and Ethel— Edwin Farr, February 24, 1907; Lee, June 19, 1909; Mabel, August 27, 1911; Melba, June 5, 1914; Virgil Burr, May 23, 1916; Erma, August 19, 1918; and Merwin Victor, January 30, 1924. Lee died as an infant, and Merwin was killed in a tractor accident at the age of 15. Virgil and Farr worked with their Father in the business until they were killed in an airplane wreck March 29, 1961. All three daughters took business training and worked in the store and office before they were married. Now the three girls and their husbands, Wilford J. Shumway, Sherwood Udall, and Darwin D. Grant, own and run the business.

In February, 1942 a fire started in the garage and it took most of Eddie’s business in St. Johns— the furniture store, barber shop, theater, post office, store, garage, offices and apartments. The fire destroyed a dozen buildings and their equipment. But Eddie was never one to stay discouraged for long. He regarded every job as a challenge and tackled it with such zest that he couldn’t help but succeed. The day after the fire he set up temporary offices in the living room of his home and started rebuilding.

Both Eddie and Ethel always enjoyed doing things. They liked to travel and took their children with them whenever possible. They visited World Fairs at Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, New York, and the Brussels Exposition in

Belgium and Seattle. In addition to L.D.S. Temples in the United States they have visited Temples in Hawaii, Switzerland and England.

Eddie liked to hunt and fish. Chasing wild horses was one of his favorite sports, and in one of these chases he caught Old Sparks, the best horse he ever owned. He thrilled crowds for years with the chariot races that he, Ralph and Lynn staged.

Eddie was never beaten in an election. He was elected to the State Senate twice, also to the Board of Supervisors, and was Deputy County Treasurer for two years

Both Eddie and Ethel have always been active in the L. D. S. Church. He started out as Primary secretary at the age of 10, MIA secretary at 16 in 1898, MIA counselor in 1901, and MIA Superintendent in 1902. He filled a mission in the Southern States in 1904-05, and was called home from his mission shortly before the regular time of his release to serve as counselor to Bishop Ove Overson in 1905. He served as M.I.A. Superintendent in 1910, was on the Stake High Council, Bishop of the St. Johns Ward for 6 years, and first counselor to Stake President Levi S. Udall for 16 years.

Ethel was always the perfect and patient wife, and it sometimes took a lot of patience, as Eddie was well known for his absent mindedness. There are many jokes about the numerous hats he scattered (and gathered) around the country, the different people he took places—then forgot and left behind, and the time the barber had to remove two ties before he could give him a shave.

One of the tales told most often happened one morning when he and his

brothers were eating breakfast at a cafe. During a heated conversation Eddie was served, and ate, a hearty breakfast. But the punch line came when he called the waitress and told her sternly, “I just haven’t time to wait for that oatmeal, so just cancel the order!” The poor waitress was so dumbfounded she couldn’t even answer, just picked up the empty oatmeal bowl and held it out for all to see.

Both Eddie and Ethel have given much pleasure to others through their entertainment activities—Eddie acting in and directing plays, and Ethel has done so much with her music. Most of her life, since she was 13, she has been an organist in one or more of the Church organizations. She has said one of her greatest thrills came when she was asked to play for the first Sunday School and Church held in the new Academy November 4, 1900—she was just 14 years old. She has taught music, played, sung, and accompanied other musicians throughout the years. She is a member of the famous Mandolin and Guitar Club, which was organized by her Mother about 1885. The Club has entertained at many different types of functions including conventions, Arizona State Fairs and the World’s Fair at Seattle. She has been with them ever since it started, and still sings and plays with the group.

Ethel has devoted much of her life doing Church work. She served in the Primary for 26 years—two years as a teacher, Stake Primary President 7 years, Counselor to Stake Primary President Clara Sherwood 7 years, and organist 10 years. She taught Sunday School, was Stake MIA Counselor, First Counselor to Stake Relief Society President Josie Patterson 13 years, organist in Junior Sunday School 10 years, and has served as Ward and Stake Organist for over 35

years. She has also been a Relief Society Visiting Teacher for so many years she can't even remember how long, and is still serving in this capacity.

She is very much like her Mother, always cooking for someone else and helping others in their time of trouble or sickness. Throughout the years her home has always been full of welcome guests, and when friends and relatives come to town they still go to "Aunt Ethel's." At the age of 80 she still has large family dinners and is always inviting her daughters and their families in to eat, or

calls and tells them she has cooked something for them to take home.

The wonderful lives Eddie and Ethel have lived and the good examples they set have earned the love and respect of their posterity—seven children, 26 grandchildren, and 21 great grandchildren.

Eddie was a leader and an organizer of men, and he accomplished much in his lifetime, but could not have done nearly as much without the ever-faithful help of Ethel, who with much love, devotion and willingness was always a stalwart at his side.



Edwin "Eddie" and Ethel Whiting
Married June 6, 1906

Edwin Isaacson Whiting



Eddie holding Mabel, Ethel, Farr - 1912



Melba, Mabel, Virgil, Farr, Erma - 1918



Back Row: Mabel, Farr, Melba
Front Row: Eddie, Merwin, Virgil, Ethel, Erma
1928

Edwin Isaacson Whiting



Edwin "Eddie" Isaacson Whiting Family – 1950

Back row: Mable Shumway, Darwin Grant, Rex Lee, Karen Whiting, Mel Whiting, Farr Whiting, Virgil Whiting. **Third row:** Wilford Shumway, Erma Grant, Eddie Whiting holding Ken Whiting, Ethel Whiting, Melba Udall, Sherwood Udall holding Linda, LaVelle Whiting. **Second row:** Mike Udall, Merwin Grant, David Whiting, Webb Whiting, Douglas Shumway, Richard Shumway, Steven Udall, Rita Grant. **Front row:** Howard Grant, Ann Shumway, Penny Whiting, Claudia Whiting, Lane Whiting, Pamela Whiting



Edwin "Eddie" Isaacson Whiting Family – 1958

Back row: Mike Udall, Webb Whiting, Douglas Shumway, Richard Shumway, Erma Grant holding Robert, Darwin Grant, Mable Shumway, Wilford Shumway, Steve Udall, Melba Udall, Sherwood Udall, Merwin Grant. **Third row:** Rita Grant behind, David Whiting, Virgil Whiting, LaVelle Whiting, Eddie Whiting, Ethel Whiting, Farr Whiting, Mel Whiting. **Second row:** Lane Whiting, Ann Shumway, Pam Whiting, Penny Whiting, Linda Udall, Claudia Whiting. **Front row:** Kathy Udall, Ron Grant, Jeff Whiting, Ken Whiting, Mark Shumway, Eddie Whiting, Howard Grant

Edwin Isaacson Whiting



Edwin "Eddie" Isaacson Whiting



Ethel Farr Whiting



Virgil, Merwin, Eddie 1924



Eddie, Ethel, Edwina, Earnest, Beryl – Trip to Hawaii 1950



Uncle Eddie in front of his Ford Dealership. This outfit could have possibly been for a sales promotion. The tie reads "Southwest Dealer". Uncle Eddie wore this outfit at the 1948 reunion.

Edwin Isaacson Whiting



E.I. Whiting with his son and sons-in-law
Sherwood Udall, Uncle Eddie, Virgil, Wilford Shumway



Rex Lee has many achievements to his name but his crowning achievement is the same as ours, his family. Rex has done what the Lord expects each of us to do. Love the Lord, serve wherever we are called, keep the commandments, and endure to the end.



Farr



Virgil

Farr and Virgil

By Ruth Brown Lewis

Due to approaching age, Uncle Eddie turned most of his business operations over to his two remaining sons, Farr and Virgil. (It is said that they hired more than half of Apache County to work in the various businesses.)

Uncle Eddie, Farr, and Virgil were going to take a short airplane trip to Phoenix, then Uncle Eddie decided not to go. Farr and Virgil had made it a habit to never go in the same plane together, but it was such a short ride and they were in a hurry, so they got into their private plane together. A freak storm came up and their plane went down somewhere in the forest. Before long it was apparent that they had not arrived at their destination.

Soon there were airplanes flying over the dense forest, but the trees were so close together that no one could see into them. For over a week the search planes hunted, and hope was growing dim, some felt it might be years before they were found. **UNCLE RALPH NEVER LEFT**

UNCLE EDDIE'S SIDE. HE PROMISED HIM THAT HE AND HIS BOYS WOULD NEVER STOP HUNTING IF IT TOOK THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.

Aunt Nell was very close to Apostle Harold B. Lee, so she called and told him the problem while he was at a conference in California. He promised her that "the boys" would soon be found, and asked the stake to join the large family in fasting and prayer.

The next morning one of the men, Bob Cole (a friend from St. Johns), in a search plane got sick and put his head out the window and saw a shining object. When the shiny spot was located they found the missing plane, but both men had been killed in the crash.

Today there is a monument at the Whiting Homestead made from pieces of the wrecked plane, a memorial tribute to Farr and Virgil Whiting.



Monument at the Whiting Homestead



Anna May Whiting Berry

We are a Family of 9

By May Whiting Berry



Herbert and May's wedding day - 1905

During our courting days, as we held hands, Herbert said, "Some day I will be a dentist." His father had a big family and no money. My father had nine children and about the same financial standing. I wondered how Herbert was ever going to be a dentist. But I kept silent. I remember he quoted from Orison Swett Marden's book, *He Can Who Thinks He Can*. Didn't his father and my father do all right without a profession? "But,"

explained Herbert, "if we have faith in ourselves and in God, we can if we think we can." So that was the vehicle that was to carry us on.

"Will you marry me?" "Yes", I said as fast as I could. "Would you like to take our honeymoon at the Sheep Camp? We could hear the coyotes in the moon light, while we work night and day—helping the ewes lamb." That did it. I was speechless.

Herbert hurriedly explained that Joe Patterson had a sheep herd that was to lamb by mistake in February instead of the proper time in June. You see, Joe offered Herbert all the lambs, if the mothers lived. But if they died, we were to pay for all the sheep. We considered the risks. "Well," hesitated Herbert, "if a blizzard or heavy snow comes in February, we lose, but if warm, sunny weather comes, then Joe loses."

Driving our own two horses and a borrowed wagon we headed for the Sheep Camp on our wedding day. The trip took eight hours and the red sun was setting in the west when we settled in a little Mexican adobe hut on the land. The snow was fighting the wind. Herbert called out the little window to the old Mexican

herder. "Juan, drag your bed in here," he shouted. "You'll freeze to death out there." We shared the floor, where our bed was made of blankets spread on the dirt floor. Juan's bed filled the rest of the floor space.

By morning the worst blizzard Arizona had seen in fifty years was on the rage. I shuddered when I tried to think how many years it would take to pay for a dead sheep herd at \$1.50 per day wages. "This is only January 30th," Herbert suggested hopefully. "They may not start to lamb till February 3rd."

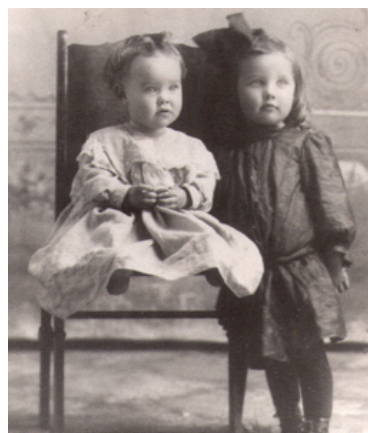
Sure enough, that February day, first came one little bleat, then another began. With the lambs came glorious sunshine. It spread over us like a magic carpet. We sang and danced for joy. "I think I see a dental school door opening and waiting for me," Herbert called out. I felt doubt, but didn't want to hamper that happy smile, so I just kept quiet and wondered what our parents would think.

The next day we sat on a rock under a Cedar tree to rest. I asked in all soberness, "How much does it cost to go to dental school?" "More than we have," he smiled, "but someday." June came and Joe Patterson turned back to us 1/3 more fat lambs than there were mothers. Good sheep have twins and sometimes triplets.

We sold the lambs and with our money we bought half interest in a sawmill, where Herbert worked days. At night we both studied school books, trying to improve ourselves.

That first year brought us a baby girl. Effie we called her. In a few years, after much studying, we both passed the county school teachers' examination. This meant money and the dental college for Herbert, I thought. "There is a Mexican school up the river," Herbert suggested. "I

can get it." "But where could we live?" I questioned. "There's only a few Mexican houses and they are all occupied." "That's OK," Herbert smiled. I traded a saddle for a lumber house on a knoll above the Mexicans. So we're all O.K." Another little girl came that year. We called her Maree."



Maree and Effie Berry

After two years teaching these Mexican children, they could read, "Theese ees my hot, see zee cow." We were so happy to help them.

We bought one hundred heifers at \$15.00 per head and paid all his checks on the heifers. No rent, no heat, no water or light bills. "Why break the checks?" I asked. "May," he answered, "we'll make it next year." But the next year brought our first son, Kay. Nothing is more important than your first son. "We'll make him a dentist, too," grinned Herbert. Now Herbert could work summers in the saw mill and teach school winters. Too much snow to run the mill [in] winter. Two more years and everything was in the swing.

"Yes, May!" Herbert sang out one night as he sat down to the supper table. "This next year will be the one." I waited till he was leaving for school the next morning and called to him, "Herbert, we can't go next year. I'm going to have

another baby.” “That’s fine,” he answered. “We need the extra time to get ready.” But I knew he was thinking of his dental school. “How much money does it take?” I asked again, “to finish a dental college?” “I don’t know yet,” Herbert laughed.

I slumped into a chair and began to figure. If we waited much longer there would be too many train tickets to buy. Of course Mrs. Sherwood, the midwife, only charged \$4.00 for each baby. She came to our home and did the nursing for ten days besides delivering the baby. So that wasn’t bad, \$16.00 for four children.



From left, Maree, Effie, Kay, and baby Lee

Lee came next. He was ten months old when the huffing, roaring train stopped in Holbrook, Arizona. Only minutes to pick up seven blanketed Indians, two gaudy Mexicans, and one white family. We were the white family.

Herbert had to literally shove Effie and Maree onto the train. They had never

seen a train before and were frightened. I dropped Lee into a seat and made a dash for Kay who was headed for the steps. Herbert placed the suit cases and bags in a neat row on the racks over our heads.

From there on to Chicago all we had to do was get drinks of water, bags of cookies and parade to and from the rest rooms. I was worn to a rag. Had our parents been right when they said we were crazy? Was a neighbor Kendall Overson right when he said, “you don’t need any more education. It just makes you miserable.”

We were about ready to agree with them all when we stepped off that train in the middle of Chicago. My husband was carrying two suit cases with pillows strapped to them. One he dropped in his mad dash into the street—just in time to jerk Kay from the path of an automobile. By this time a mounted policeman, bless his heart, noticed the unusual display of the West, and came forward to clear the way for us to get ourselves into a taxi.

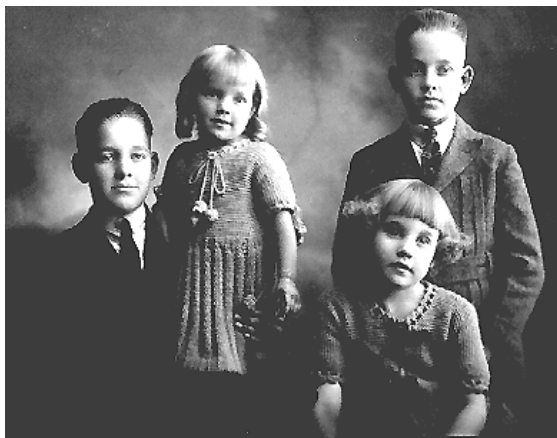
But our troubles were not over yet. The following day we went house hunting. Every place the same answer, “No children and no dogs!” One woman said, “Good heavens, four!” and slammed the door. Then she opened it again and snapped, “You ought to know better than that!” “Lady,” I replied with dignity, “Do you suggest we drown them?” Again a slam.

We were so discouraged when we found a lovely apartment waiting for us. Such a kind landlord who took a special liking to our two little girls. From that first morning the neighbors began counting. “Yes, I’m sure I saw two little girls.” “Yes I saw a baby at the window.” “One little boy came up the steps.” “So that makes four” agreed the neighbors.

“You people from the sticks make me sick. We know you for what you are.” That was my greeting from Mrs. Burdett in apt. #4, “but for heaven sake don’t have any more.” I made no promises and, after Herbert graduated, we eventually had three more—Norma, Helen and Dean.

One night we decided I would teach school in Arizona. Our money was going faster than we had planned. I took the children to Alpine, Arizona where I taught in a one room school in the mountains. One small house consisting of a bedroom and kitchen housed us. It was not enough house to keep out the snow. I kicked the snow off my own bed, built the fire in a wood stove, took the top quilt off the children’s bed, carried it to the door and shook off two inches of snow. None of us had colds or got sick that winter. I waded in snowdrifts to milk my cow, but was never late for school.

Herbert and his cousin Frank Brown roomed and boarded together. He was there in the medical school. They bought day old bread, canned corn and fruit from a fire sale. They managed to live on the very least possible.



From left, Kay, Helen, Lee, and Norma is in front.

After three years of study, Herbert graduated from the Chicago College of Dental Surgery in 1916. He is a dentist.

Our son, Kay, graduated from the U.S.C. Dental College in 1938. He is a dentist. Lee graduated from the University of Maryland in 1943. He is a surgeon. Our daughter Helen married a buck private in 1942. He is Dr. Aubrey Andelin, now a dentist. Norma served as a secretary in Washington D.C. during the war. Maree has been a school teacher for many years. Effie was a radio announcer at K.O.Y in Phoenix. Dean is a pre-medical college student at U.S.C. Our granddaughter Joycell Cooper’s husband, Jack, is a junior taking pre-dental classes.

That makes seven children besides ourselves. We are just an ordinary family, like other American families. Any family can “who thinks he can” if they live good clean lives, have faith in themselves and in their God. There is no end to progression in this life or the life hereafter.

Update: May wrote this piece in the 1950’s. The creative writing class assignment well illustrates the sacrifices May and Herbert made in behalf of education in an era when schooling beyond high school was not common, where grants and scholarships were unheard of, and where survival was still a life-long struggle for many. They were willing to set ordinary comforts aside for years in order to fulfill their dreams of improving themselves.

Dean graduated from U.S.C. medical school and spent his career in Ophthalmology. Jack Cooper is now retired from Dentistry. We, their posterity, are blessed to be the recipients of May and Herbert’s legacy. We owe them a deep debt of gratitude for their examples of courage and tenacity and for their many sacrifices and for teaching us to have faith in God and in ourselves.

Among their posterity two more dentists have been added, four doctors, five nurses, a graduate of West Point, numerous teachers, a professor, a banker, several lawyers, an architect, a member of the diplomatic corps, accountants, businessmen, secretaries, a city planner, stylists, a mechanical engineer, skilled construction workers, a lobbyist, a judge, family therapists, musicians, artists, a sculptor, a ship’s captain, authors, financial planners, many computer scientists, web page designers, and engineers. Summer 2006 one of their great grandsons will be awarded a doctorate in Fiber Optics.

May Whiting Berry



Herbert and May about 1912
May was in her 40's here



From back left, Effie, Maree, Dean, Norma, Helen
Front left, Kay, May, Herbert, Lee

May's Biography

By Jean Berry Arbuckle

Anna May Whiting was born Oct. 11, 1884, in St. Johns, Arizona. As the oldest daughter, she served as a sort of second mother to the rest of the Whiting family after they moved to Mapleton, Utah, when she was four.

Few could keep up with her when she did housework, school work, or baby sitting, for her whole heart was always in whatever she was doing.

When necessary she could manage an old time washing by the age of ten. She could also cook, sew and sing. She won prizes for debating and memorizing New Testament verses.

She was industrious, always doing something extra, such as cleaning the basement, the yards, or the windows. Then, when she was seventeen, the Whiting family moved back to St. Johns.

Herbert Alonzo Berry, only a few months older than May, moved to St. Johns with his family two weeks after the Whitings.

When Herbert met May he recalled a journey he had taken to Utah with his father when he was fourteen. They had stopped for noon at House Rock Springs when he saw a picket fence in the distance. He rode down to see what it was and found a gravestone marked "May Whiting." It was Anna May's aunt.

May and Herbert attended high school together, but it wasn't until Jan. 1, 1905, that he got up enough courage to propose to her. They were returning from a picnic, with Herbert driving the buggy and Frank and Martha in the back seat.

When May said yes, Herbert promptly dropped one rein and nearly overturned the buggy. They were married Oct. 5, 1905, in the Salt Lake Temple.

They bought the old Berry log house, but later moved to the Meadows and farmed and raised sheep and sold at a profit. Then they were able to buy cattle cheap and sell them for cash at a good profit. In St. Johns again, they replaced the log cabin with the first cement brick house in town.

Herbert taught school winters and worked summers at the sawmill he owned with Edwin Whiting. When he sold his share of the mill, he was able to proceed with his ambition to study dentistry.

Herbert and May rented the home and left for Chicago with their children, Effie, Maree, Kay and Lee. Frank and Martha met them in Chicago.

They found that city a poor place to raise children, so after two years in Chicago, May and the children returned to Arizona, where she taught school at Alpine while Herbert finished dental school in Chicago.

Herbert graduated in 1916 with a degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery and returned to St. Johns where May and the children had moved back into the new home. Their third daughter, Norma, was born while they lived in St. Johns.

When he took the state examination for a license to practice, one of the examiners, Dr. Blaine, offered Herbert a position in Prescott, Arizona. Herbert accepted and was with him for

two years until the family moved to Mesa in 1919. There May worked in stake M.I.A. as she had done in St. Johns.

When the family moved to Phoenix, Bishop John H. Udall asked her to be Relief Society president. When Herbert was made one of the seven presidents of the Seventies Quorum, Pres. J. R. Price called all of the quorum as stake missionaries. May was also called and together they enjoyed much success. Helen and Dean, their last two children, were born to them in Mesa.

During the Depression the family moved to Holbrook. A few days after they arrived, Stake Relief Society President Sister Rogers asked them to come to Snowflake, where she wanted them to go from ward to ward doing dental work. The school agreed to pay one-third of the dental costs, the Relief Society one-third, the parents one-third, and Herbert worked at a reduced price. The arrangement guaranteed all work. They had a trailer made with a dental chair, a sink, and electric power. May served as Herbert's dental assistant.



Herbert and Dean in front of the trailer

The family made a comeback. Within two years they built the Forest Motel with 28 units, and added a dental office in front.

After Herbert passed the dental board of California, they moved to Lynwood in 1942 where Herbert had the best dental practice of his career.

They bought a home and built a dental office next door and eventually increased their holdings on Long Beach Blvd. until they owned most of the block.

In 1947 Herbert and May were called on a mission to the Central States Mission, where he served as first counselor under Dr. Frank Brown, his cousin and brother-in-law, and she served as supervisor of the mission Y.W.M.I.A.

They were called home from their mission when their daughter Effie died, leaving five children.

After fifty years of marriage, May's health failed and Herbert sold his dental practice.

They moved to Tucson, Arizona, and lived with Norma and Randy for nine months until May passed away Sept. 11, 1955. She is buried at Rose Hills Memorial Park in Whittier, California.

Herbert later married May's widowed sister, Martha. They find joy in playing the guitar and mandolin together, and have made a tape recording of folk songs with Myn and Elda.

Herbert has told Martha that he doesn't know why he was so fortunate to have two such wonderful and loving wives as the two Whiting sisters he married.

Memories of May Whiting Berry

Compiled and edited by Norma Jean Berry Arbuckle

When family classics are told our mother comes in for her share. Can anyone forget Mother's icebox and dresser on the great White River fishing trip? Or her signature on a check, "May W. Brinkerhoff," which the bank cleared without question?

Can we forget the time she tried on a dress at Penny's, rejected it, then walked out of the store with it under her old dress?

We remember the time she got her car confused and drove home in the Sheriff's car, complete with two-way radio, red spotlight, and riot gun. We have often wondered what would have happened if she had stepped on the siren.

She repeatedly called a man "Mr. Sterile" whose name happened to be "Mr. Virtue".

Mother once sent a telegram to Dean while he was serving in the Navy. It read. . . "Letter failed to follow stop please follow letter that failed to follow stop".

Despite chronically poor health, Mother had a driving, boundless energy to improve herself and others. She had a fine posture, stood erect, and carried herself in a regal manner.

A strong personality, people liked her readily. A magnificent air of self-confidence emanated from her. Few people managed to say no to Mother. We don't know why. Taking command as soon as she entered a room, she did so without resentment on anyone's part. A born leader, it seemed natural when she took over.

She could get more work out of people than anyone we ever knew with the

exception of her sister, Aunt Elda. Mother expected a lot from her husband and her children. It seemed easier to succeed at something difficult than to try to explain to her why you couldn't.

Her husband, three sons, a son-in-law, and a grandson-in-law took the easy way out and became doctors and dentists. One daughter became an authoress, one an outstanding teacher. Two daughters were accomplished secretaries. All her children and grandchildren were inspired and benefited by knowing her.

They accomplished tasks above and beyond the ordinary requirements of life. Their accomplishments were in a great part the fruition of her dreams for them. Thanks to her, the difficult became easy, the impossible only a little harder!

Mother made even the dullest task seem like a game. She had the ability of demanding respect without being harsh, yet when she corrected anyone, it was with firmness and always in a low and penetrating voice.

Like Aladdin's lamp, Mother's psychological techniques produced magic. It was "sail" down to the store, or "skip" over to the pasture and get the cow, or "fly" down to Grandma's, or let's "stitch" up a dress. We children "sailed, skipped, and flew" in good weather and in bad.

Our pay was always a great big slice of Mother's sincere reflection of our true worth. Worth millions to us, it formed our habits and became the very fabric of our characters. She strengthened our self-images until by the time we were grown our egos were indestructible.

Mother's "credit marks" are remembered by all of us. These she gave for the extra hard jobs, such as painting outside in the heat of the day, weeding, washing windows, or hunting lost animals. We would face sunstroke, or frostbite, for a chance at one of these marks. We never saw one of Mother's credit marks, nor did she ever explain one to us. Somehow we understood.

Just why we worked so hard for something so intangible is hard to explain to someone never having the thrill of earning one. Perhaps she capitalized, subconsciously, upon the deep love and respect that we had for her by giving us the thing we prized most – her honest approval!

From the first, she taught us self-confidence and endeavored to make us into self-reliant, positive thinkers. Our father once brought home a new book by Orison Swett Marden entitled, "He Can Who Thinks He Can." She quoted positive passages from this book with repetition and persistence until its messages were integrated into our personalities.

Her son, Kay, said of her: "We will always remember one cold winter when this example was set forth. We were in Alpine, living in a log cabin near the one room school where Mother taught. Dad was back in Chicago going to Dental School. Mother's children were Effie, Maree, Kay, and Lee – and our cow.

One day, Mother made a large batch of delicious homemade bread. We smelled it, admired it, and then went visiting. When we returned we were shocked to find our place in a shambles. Our old cow had broken in the door, messed up the cabin, and eaten up all our freshly baked bread.

Mother met the tragic situation with a smile, then a hearty laugh. Soon our tears were gone and we joined her, laughing until our sides ached. She calmly announced, "First, we will clean up our cabin, then we will fix the door so our cow can never get in again. I will bake a new batch of bread, and you can help me!" We never forgot that lesson.

It must have been Mother who invented the "sandwich" method of criticism. She always put a necessary criticism between two compliments. Never known to belittle another person, whether relative, friend, or foe, a person's self-image became enhanced in her presence.

Her daughter, Maree, said this of her: "In the unpleasant task of discipline Mother took the lead. Yet she remained always our loyal ally. She never told on us when we were bad, and she always told our father when we were good. Mother gave him the idea all those years that he had the best kids in the world. She protected him from the mundane and the lowly. She REALLY put him at the head of his home.

I never remember my father changing a diaper. I never saw him open a cupboard door or take a dish from the table. And I am glad to be able to review him in retrospect minus that pasteurization, for he could never have commanded the esteem from us that he did, had he been forced to play the role of "bottom changer." I do not recall my father ever speaking an unkind word to any of us. Mother saw to it that he didn't have to.

Helen recalls: "She taught me to do difficult things. One Saturday she was going to be gone all day. I said, 'Mother, what can I do today?' She brought a piece

of material from the bedroom and said, "Here make yourself a dress." I had not had real instructions on sewing, but she gave me her confidence.

I remember I picked up the scissors and started to cut the material with fear and a trembling feeling. I made myself a dress at ten years of age. It was something I could actually wear. It had little collars and fit fairly well and, of course, Mother was very proud of it.

The next year when I was eleven, a lady who lived near our apartment had been making quilts. She used to sit in the evening and make little quilt blocks by hand. I loved to watch her, I asked Mother if she thought I could make a quilt and she said, "Of course you can."

I figured out a pattern and Mother got me a lot of scraps, I worked until I had all the pieces together then she helped put it on the quilting frames. By the time summer was over I had completely finished it. I still have it in my possession."

Mother was a lover of drama. Like Uncle Eddie, she never saw a poor movie. After seeing "Duel in the Sun," and "Ken Murray's Blackouts" she rushed home to recommend both to the Relief Society.

But her flirtation with the theater went further than self enjoyment. Putting her dynamic personality in gear, Mother was responsible for countless fund raising productions to help build Church buildings. Pat O'Brien, William Farnum, Leo Carrillo, she treated celebrities as equals to her own children when it came to coaxing performances from them.

Her brand of psychology was something to behold. It had to be seen in action to be believed. A true pioneer in brainwashing, she could almost convince

us that we really did like something we hated after all – like rhubarb. Joycell recalls that one day her Grandma said:

"Jack, have some of this rhubarb, it's delicious."

"No thanks, Grandma, I can't stand rhubarb."

"Can't stand rhubarb? Nonsense, there's nothing better than rhubarb. I cooked it myself!"

"No thanks, Grandma, I really don't like rhubarb."

All the while she was dishing up a nice big dish of pink, stringy rhubarb.

"You've never tasted rhubarb the way I cook it. Here, don't say you don't like it until you've tasted this."

By this time she had convinced Jack that he didn't know what he was talking about anyway. So he ate rhubarb.

And the time, at the reunion, when we were all sitting around the lunch she had hastily prepared. "Here, Herbert, have some stew." "But, May, it's been burned!" "Now, Herbert, you know you like burned stew."

In remembering our Mother as a dynamic force we are apt to laugh as we recall the humor and joy which followed in her wake. She not only told such stories on herself, she laughed first and loudest.

The honest student of her success in life will note a most important facet of her character. Mother used her powerful personality strictly to do good in this world. Gossip, pettiness, and unkindness were beneath her approach to life.

Her love for us was never chilled by our selfishness, nor stifled by our ingratitude. Her love was beautiful and everlasting. She would sacrifice her every

convenience for our comfort and pleasure. We really believed she preferred chicken backs until we were grown up enough to try one.

Dean summed up our feelings: “Capable in adversity, generous, firm in the Gospel, well-read, level-headed, capable of humor, marvelous storyteller... May W. Berry was all these things to different people. But we children remember her for something else, for the

greatest capacity of her love was reserved for her own family. Warmth, tenderness, patience, and concern, chastisement tempered with warm good humor, encouragement, sacrifice, and honor were all part of her great mother love. And this was her greatest role of many she played in this life. She was a Mother, and we thank God she was ours.

FROM HER CHILDREN

**Frank and Martha, Herbert and May
Central States Mission - 1947**



Frank and Martha Brown, Herbert and May Berry, Elder Henry D. Moyle and Sister Moyle



Elder Spencer Kimball, Herbert, May, Martha, Camilla Kimball



Herbert A. Berry and Anna May Whiting Berry



Ray and Effie Ellsworth



Elbert and Maree Hamblin



Kay and Elizabeth Berry



Lee and Virginia Berry



Randy and Norma Fife



Aubrey and Helen Andelin



Dean and Marion Berry



Dean and Beverly



Dean is the Navy at age 18



4 Generations – May, Norma holding JoAnn
Diana, Maria

Mother and Son

My eyes grow dim, my step is slow,
As life is fast departing;
I gaze upon my baby boy,
Now grown to manhood starting,
My strength is spent,
I cannot hold,
Nor guide him day by day.
Yet still I rest secure in thought,
For I see a surer way;
God hold and keep those little hands,
I'll bless them while I can.
For He will guide, inspire and lead,
My son to be a man.

May Whiting Berry



Martha Whiting Brown Berry

Autobiography

I consider it a blessing and a privilege to belong to this family of Whitings and to the pioneer families Cox, Isaacson, and Clemenson (Clemmenson).

I am the third child of Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting. They taught us mostly by example and good living, to work and play together. They gave us praise, and worked with us. They took us on fishing and camping trips. Many times Father would push back the furniture in the big dining room and play "Blind Man's Buff." How we loved it!

I was born at "The Meadows," in Arizona, November 19, 1886. My Grandfather Isaacson, who was Bishop there, blessed me with the name "Martha" after my Grandmother Isaacson.

I had long, dark hair, which was fine and snarled easily. We did not have hair brushes then, only coarse combs and I would cry when it was combed. Ma cut my long braids off and placed them in a treasure drawer. A few years ago she gave them to me and I keep them in my treasure chest.

Father was a very good carpenter. He made a chest for May and one for me. I have mine now, in good condition, 73 years later, and am planning to leave it with Ruth, full of genealogy papers. This

chest was very special, almost like something alive and in it I have kept a few treasured clothes and toys of our children, Nora and Albert, who died in childhood long ago.

We moved from the Meadows to St. Johns and when I was two we moved back to Mapleton, Utah, where Father's people lived.

Mother said when I was about a year old I would sit quietly with a needle and thread and try to sew. When I was four I sewed enough carpet rags for a large ball and won a fifty cent prize at the County Fair.

In Mapleton we bought a house close to grandmother, Mary Cox Whiting, who had Uncles Fred and John at home. Aunt Harriet Curtis had a little store which father bought because she was ill. I never wanted to teach school or be a nurse, but I wanted to clerk in a store that sold cloth. I guess that's why I make so many quilts. I love the colored cloth.

My love for music was inspired by my cousin, Clara Curtis. She played the organ for May and me to sing duets in both Utah and Arizona. My parents bought an organ when I was five years old. Soon I could play chords for Mother to sing.

At age nine I was Primary organist, but I only knew four songs. We bought a used guitar for \$3.00 and in a few days I could play chords for the family to sing and for many years we sang together. I taught my daughters to sing together and entertain in Church programs and they have taught their daughters

In the summertime Pa operated a sawmill in Strawberry and Diamond Creek Mountains where the scenery was beautiful. We all loved the summers there. One day Uncle Eck brought Cousin Lotty, Earnest's age, and they played together all day, mostly in a little stream of cold water. That night Earnest had a bad attack of croup and father moved us home from the mountains the next day. We never went back to live as a family there.

We had a store, a farm with three-hundred hives of bees, and the sawmill. We built an impressive brick home in Mapleton and moved into it when I was nine years old. We had many cousins and often held family reunions.

I used to love to hear returned missionaries speak in Church. I was about thirteen when I heard that lady missionaries were being called. I remember the very tree that I knelt by one night, and asked God to let me go on a mission some day. I felt an assurance that my prayer would be answered. I saw my four brothers fill missions, then my husband, two sons, and other relatives, but my own prayer had to wait forty-seven years to be answered, when we went to the Central States Mission.

After a serious illness my father sold our home, store, land and cattle, and we moved to Arizona. Mother grieved about leaving her parents. We loved our home, our cousins, our friends and our way of life in Mapleton but willingly left.

We sang the song "Goodbye, Old Home," whenever we went to parties, Church etc., and with tears we said goodbye to that part of our lives.

In St. Johns we found friendly people, but there were few flowers or fruit trees because of the shortage of water. There were many green lombardy poplar trees, but most of the houses were old as well as small. May had said that she would be willing to put up with anything except living in an adobe house. However, we lived in one until we were both married.

Many of the young people in St. Johns were so different and innocent of worldly troubles that it seemed almost like moving to a new world. Before long we were busy putting on plays. Father usually managed them. May took comedy roles and I thought I was the "Sarah Bernhardt" of Arizona. I think I learned more, about right living than at any other time as father always chose good moral plays.

We loved our new friends and were soon having dates, and in time all of us married good companions. I liked Frank Brown and he was impressed with me when he heard me sing. He went to school in Provo, also to Winslow to work. He worked on the railroad and then at a store in Williams and in Holbrook. He brought me a diamond but my parents asked us to wait a year, which we did. Then we went by train to the Salt Lake Temple, with Joy and Josie Patterson, and were married October 3, 1906.

Frank's work was still in Holbrook. We gathered up some old furniture and borrowed some, bought four new chairs and a broom. I had some quilts and a rag carpet and some wedding presents. Soon Frank was transferred to the St. Johns A.C.M.I.

There Nora was born September 2, 1907. She had long, dark hair. Everything was going fine when we received a letter from A. & B. Schuster asking if we would go to White River, near Fort Apache, and manage their Indian Trading Store, which we did.

I had never heard about the “dangerous Apaches,” therefore I was not afraid of them. They all loved Nora, with her dark hair and very white skin and, of course, Frank and I adored her. We were lonely without a Church.

The beautiful White River ran about a block from where we lived. I gathered bushels of ripe currants and made jam and jelly.

One day Frank received a letter from “Box B.” He wrote Schusters, who said they would release him, but only because his Church had called him. We wrote to see if Frank should wait until my second baby was born, but the Bishop and Stake President said, “No, go now.” I went home to my parents, who made us welcome. In two months, Francis Ray was born. He had white skin and red hair.

Frank returned from his mission in England and saw Ray for the first time. He was very proud to have a son.

Now he spent all his energy and time getting ready to study medicine. Ruth was born September 25, 1912, and in January 1913 we went to Chicago to what is now Loyola University School of Medicine.

Soon after reaching Chicago, Nora, who was only five and one-half years old, became sick, and died of yellow jaundice. We traveled by train back to Holbrook, where my brothers paid for a car to meet us. Nora was buried in St. Johns.

Maurine was born August 25, 1914.

We had been set apart to do missionary work while in Chicago. Years later one of our boarders, Dr. Brent Odegaard, came to see us and told us he had been baptized. He had listened to our message and was very interested but it wasn't until years later that he was actually baptized.

Frank graduated from medical school with honors and we moved back to our home in St. Johns for about four years. We then moved to Mesa, where Frank had a partnership with Dr. Nelson.

Anna Louise was born in 1919 and Albert Edwin in 1921, John Ronald in 1922, and Maydene in 1925, all in Mesa.

The depression came and the whole world suffered.

We both did lots of Church work through the years. Frank had a good medical practice, did a lot of surgery and delivered about three thousand babies in the twenty-eight years.

Albert died in Mesa of streptococcus blood poisoning when he was nine years old. We took him to St. Johns and laid him beside our little Nora. At this time we lived near Herbert and May.

We moved to Salt Lake City for Frank's health, but under financial stress we returned to Mesa again. We spent a year in Provo and one in Phoenix and in 1933 we returned to Salt Lake City, where we bought an apartment house and later a large home on State Street.

The six living children were all married in the Salt Lake Temple.

In 1946, the prayer I made as a 13-year old girl was answered and we were

called to preside over the Central States Mission. It would take a good sized book to tell all the interesting things about our mission and the joy of knowing and working with nearly 400 fine missionaries. We knew Brother James A. Cullimore and slept and ate in his home. We traveled for two or three weeks at a time with Apostle Moyle and his wife and other church authorities. It was all very wonderful.

After three and one half years of wonderful missionary life we were released and bought a nice home in Salt Lake City, and lived for our family.

After returning from his first mission, Frank told me that some day he would take me to England and show me the beautiful scenery and wonderful people there. Forty years later he took me to England, France, Italy, Rome, Jerusalem, Switzerland, Denmark, Holland and Scotland.

We arrived home in October, 1951. Frank lived about three more years, his health gradually declining. We went to California, where Ray, Maurine and Ronald lived with their families. Ronald and Lee, May's son, who were doctors, took care of him. Nell Whiting nursed him. He died January 19, 1955. We took him to St. Johns to be laid by Nora and Albert.

Before Frank died he asked me on several occasions not to live alone after he was gone, but to marry some good man.

Nearly one year after his death, my sister May, died, and left her husband, Herbert, alone. We decided to take care of each other. It pleased our children and other relatives and we were married for time in the Los Angeles Temple, where we were both set apart as temple workers.

We went with Ray and Ruth Lewis to New Zealand to the Temple Dedication. Later we were set apart to help in the new West Spanish American Mission in Los Angeles. We went with Elda and Ethel to Mexico and South America, especially Brazil, and had a grand trip.

We live in Alhambra, California. We play a little music together and feel that our marriage is good.

More about the children -

Ray is an exemplary son. He filled a Church mission in Germany. He attended Brigham Young University where he met and married Ruth Holbrook. They have four sons and two daughters. Ray served as a counselor to Stake President Faun L. Hunsaker here for about six years.

Ruth married Raymond Lewis. She has always been dependable, honest and affectionate. They have two sons and seven daughters.

Maurine is musical and artistic. She married Elbert Startup and they have eleven children. She graduated from the University of Utah before marriage.

Louise, five years younger, was a sweet and pleasant baby. She has unusual artistic skills and does beautiful handwork. She married Lester Carlston and is a fine mother to her six daughters and one son.

Ronald was always dependable and happy. When his brother, Albert, died at 9 years of age, Ronald felt lost and lonely. He taught himself to read when 4½ years old and always excelled in scholastic activities. He filled a mission in the Northern States. He married Helen Gill and they had five children. His second marriage was to Jeanette Parker, mother of his last three children. After practicing medicine for 13 years he specialized as a

plastic surgeon. He has been wonderful to help the family with medical problems.

Maydene, last but not least, has been an ideal baby girl. She plays the piano, writes poetry and prose. She married James Bodell. They have eight children and have had rich experiences, one of which was Jim's serving as Bishop for 10 years.

At this writing I have forty-nine grandchildren, forty great-grandchildren,

no two are alike, but all are very dear to me. No one ever had a finer group of in-laws.

It is difficult for a mother to say what she thinks about the two children she lost so long ago, but I do feel that perhaps they had learned the lessons they needed to know, and though I have been so lonely without them, they have made us all appreciate children more.

Tributes to Our Mother

Compiled by Maydene Bodell

Our Father: *in a letter from medical school:* When you returned the \$25.00 check I sent you, I was reminded how willing you have been to sacrifice for my good. My heart is full of love for you, who made it possible for me to do what I have in life, as you have always helped me so much.

Ruth: Mother had much of the responsibility of training the children, because Dad was a doctor and gone from home so much. She brought to our home physical care, fun, culture, love and spirituality. She kept a tidy house and we were well-fed and clothed on a minimum amount of money, also we enjoyed some of the nicer things of life. While traveling she made it fun for us to gather pine needles and make a bed under the stars. We had programs, picnics and parties. She made life fun. She told stories, sang songs and played games. Some of us had special training, but Mother taught us to give readings, sing, and entertain.

We had love in our home and we were taught that babies were special, so there are forty-nine grandchildren and forty-one great grandchildren now.

She taught us to love the gospel and through her example her children and grandchildren and posterity will carry on into the eternity the strengths she has had.

Ronald: *from the mission field* I didn't realize how great my blessings were, for having parents like you and Dad.

Louise: I appreciate so much what you have done for me. I don't remember anything I really wanted when I was young that I didn't have.

Maurine: I love you very much. You've been a shining guiding light all these wonderful years.

Ray: Mother was truly a daughter of Mormon Pioneers, of English and Danish descent. Her mother came from very frugal Danish ancestors who could make the Scotch look like spendthrifts. My recollections began when Mother was living in Chicago caring for her children on the upper floor of a 3 story flat. Mother must have missed Father greatly when she encouraged him to go on a mission to England, when she stayed with her parents, expecting a son. While in Chicago she took in boarders to help

Father go to medical school. It was there she lost her precious daughter, Nora. The grief, discouragement and expense would have, perhaps, prevented lesser people from completing school, but with a wife like Mother, Father could not quit.

Like Martha, of the Bible, she was always on the job when something needed to be done or saved. She once made a good dress for Maydene of 29 small pieces of material. She was one of the last women in the community to adopt the luxury of silk stockings, not because she did not admire nice things, but because she considered waste a cardinal sin, both in money and time. She was never overburdened with her family of eight and was always doing things to help Father work in the Church. She always had a great sense of humor and to this day is quick with a

reply to keep the air spicy and full of fun for those around her.

Maydene: I had a wonderful childhood –I'm so glad you were willing to have eight children.

MARTHA

Her hands are sure and firm, as she goes to and fro,
Serving loved ones like that other Martha,
of long ago.

This Martha, too, has always known the
joy of honest labor,

Cleaning, sewing, cooking too, for
husband, child and neighbor.

Some people call her Martha, and she is
like the other,

Martha is her name, but I am proud to call
her "Mother."—Maydene Bodell



Martha Whiting at age 3



Martha at about the age of 18

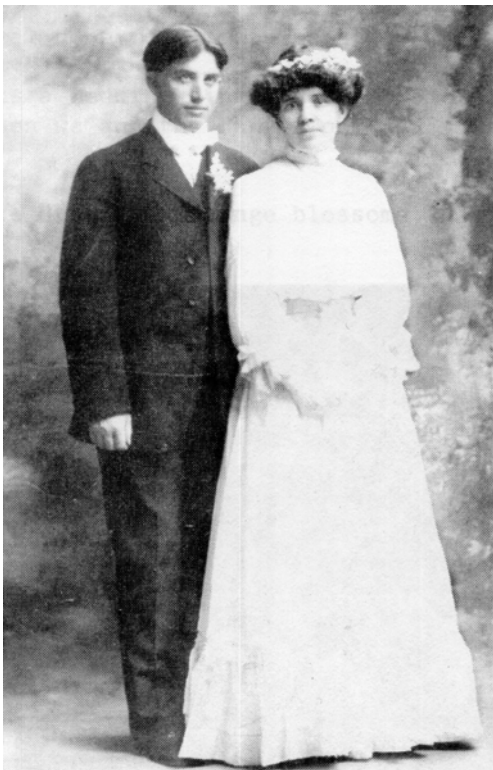
Martha Whiting Brown Berry



Martha as a young woman



Frank as a Missionary



Frank and Martha's Wedding – Oct. 3, 1906



Martha

Martha Whiting Brown Berry



Martha Whiting and Francis Wiley Brown



Ray, Ruth, Maurine, Louise, Albert, Ronald, Maydene, Martha



Nora



Albert

Martha Whiting Brown Berry



Central States Mission Pres.



Frank and Martha Brown with Spencer W. Kimball



Martha and Frank Brown



Back Row: Ruth, Maurine, Louise, Maydene
Front Row: Ray, Frank, Martha, Ronald

Martha Whiting Brown Berry



Brown Family



Nora



Ray



Ruth



Maurine



Louise



Albert



Ronald



Maydene



Ray & Ruth Brown Family

FR: Ruth and Ray Brown

BR: Annette, Nora Mae, Floyd, Keith, Albert, Wayne



Ruth & Ray Lewis Family

FR: John Neeleman, Penny, Scott, David Neeleman

MR: Diane, Wendell, Ruth, Randy Fermazin, Ray, Ginger

BR: Julie & Gary Neeleman, Rose, Bill & Blake Fermazin
Cindy, Connie, Gayle, Rusty & Phil McNeal



Maurine & Elbert Startup Family

FR: Carol Joy, Elbert, DeAnne, Maurine, Dianne, Lynnae
BR: Gordon, Karen, Frank, Marsha, Cheryl, David, Nancy



Louise & Lester Carlston Family

FR: Lester, Louise, Laurie, George

BR: Suzanne, Carolee, Judy, Anna, Beth, Marlene



Ronald & Helen Brown Family

FR: Mary Jane, Gill, Jimmy

BR: Helen, Eddie, Ronald, Linda



Ronald & Jeanette Brown Family

FR: Vickie, Mary Jane, Tom, Jimmy, Linda, Becky

BR: Eddie, Ronald, Jeanette, Gill



Ronald & Julie Brown Family
Ray, Ronald, Martin



Maydene and Jim Bodell
FR: Danny, Tim, Pam, Mark, Kriss
BR: Jimae, Michael, Maydene, Jim, Dixie



Martha under a pile of joy – Returning from Mission in 1947
In Grandma's arms: Marijane Brown, Jimae Bodell
Front: Suzanne Carlston, Wayne Brown, Connie Lewis, David Startup



Martha and Herbert's wedding day – August 29, 1956

Front Row: Randolph Fife, Ronald Brown, Jim Bodell, Aubrey Andelin, Kay Berry

Seated: Louise Carlston, Martha & Herbert, Norma Fife

Back Women: Helen Andelin, Ruth Brown, Maurine Startup, Jeanette Brown, Ruth Lewis, Maydene Bodell, Maree Hamblin, Elizabeth Berry, Virginia Berry

Back Men: Ray Lewis, Elbert Startup, Ray Brown, Frank Ellsworth, Dean Berry, Lee Berry



Earnest J Whiting

Autobiography

I, Earnest J Whiting, was born on February 16, 1889, in Mapleton, Utah County, Utah, to Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson. I was the fourth child in this family of nine.

One of the first things I remember was Pa's sawmill up in Dry Canyon, a little northeast of Mapleton. He would let me sit on a pile of lumber and watch him saw and Uncle John did the rest.

It seemed like a big thing at that time but now one side of our Kaibab sawmill in Fredonia will cut as much in a shift as they cut in a whole year.

It was at this mill that Joe Curtis let me drive an ox team pulling a log. He let me use his bull whip. I think I whipped the back of my neck more than the ox but felt too big to cry. As soon as I was eight years old they let me help with the boilers, I could start the water pump and do some of the firing.

When I was four or five years old, while we were living in Mapleton, I had typhoid fever very bad. I can remember to this day how bad my back ached and how sick I was. I remember how thirsty I was but would not drink any water except from a certain ditch. My Grandma Whiting walked about a half a mile to the ditch and back to get me that water. When she got back and gave it to me, I took one swallow

and told her it was rotten just like all the other water.

As a young kid in Mapleton the other kids teased me so much about my red hair and freckles they called me "Rusty frying Pan", "Rusty", or pretend to warm their hands over my I hair. I had so many freckles the kids used to ask me if that was bran all over my face. In general some times the kids made me pretty miserable at school.

I will always remember the Fourth of July, the band would play and the cannon would wake us up real early and away we would go to the parade, what a thrill.

I was baptized in the summer after I was eight. Sometime before the fourth of July, I was riding home on an old flat bed wagon. In one of the planks was a sixty penny nail. I dropped something off the wagon and started to jump off and get it but got hung up on that nail. It went clear through my thigh. I was caught so that I had to hang there until they could stop the wagon and lift me off. I still have a big scar on my leg from it.

It was around 1898 that we had a little store in the front of our house. The front door had a bell on it, which rang whenever someone came in and then one of us would go and wait on them. A

couple a years later Eddie and I used to haul produce to Schofield, Grand Junction or Thistle, sell it and bring the money home. One trip we felt we had quite a lot of money and were worried about robbers so that night we buried the money and made our beds over it. The next morning, we left early and were some miles down the road when we remembered the money. Eddie unhitched old Si and was so excited that the speed they went would have put Seabiscuit to shame. He returned soon with the money and we went on home a very thankful pair of boys.

Pa had typhoid when I was about ten years old, our irrigation water turn came at two in the morning. Pa told Ma, to have me do it. Pa said, "He can do it, it is our sugar beet patch and we have to have it." Pa was so sick and all he wanted to eat was a trout. It was the time of year that was almost impossible to make a trout bite. Eddie and I fished most of the day but no success. On our way home we passed an irrigation head-gate where it was kind of deep, in disgust I jabbed my fork down into it and when I brought it out there was a trout speared through. So Pa got the trout he longed for. Pa was sick nearly six months before he got completely well.

I well remember when we moved to Arizona, it was a lark to me. Ma felt so bad that I cried with the rest but Pa wanted to go so bad, we went.

As I travel over highway 89 I oft times look at the spots where we camped along our way to Arizona with mixed emotions; thinking of the fun we kids had, but also the treacherous dugways and roads we traveled. I was only twelve years old but drove one wagon part of the way. It took us about a month to make the trip.

I was in the Sixth Grade when we came to St. Johns. I never was too good in school but I got through the eighth grade.

We bought a farm down at the Meadows six miles northwest of St. Johns along the Little Colorado River and we farmed this for several years, living there only in the summers. Farming among the sunflowers and salt grass we grew some very good barley crops. After the reservoir broke and washed us out, then a little later washed out again, we gave up down there.

When Pa bought out Charlie Davis's blacksmith shop there were several parts of old guns laying around. The best one was a .22 rifle with a bullet lodged in the barrel. Ralph, Lynn and I decided to fix and clean it so I was driving a ram-rod through it with a hammer. Lynn was looking up through the barrel, that we had secured in a vise, and he began to holler, "It's a coming, it's a coming." About then I missed and the hammer flew out of my hand and floored Lynn. Ralph and I started to the house carrying Lynn when Ralph noticed the blood and he fainted away cold. Lynn forgot his troubles and had to help me pack Ralph. We later finished cleaning the gun and we used it for years to hunt rabbits with.

During my dating years I always made it a point during the dances to dance at least once with each of the wallflowers. Those days about every fourth dance was a ladies choice and because I had danced with them I never had to sit out a ladies choice and it made those girls think pretty well of me too. It never hurts anyone to pay a little special attention to those less popular than the others.

The fall before I turned eighteen I went up to Logan, Utah. It was then kind of a combination High School and

College. I stayed there just one year. About the middle of the year my roommate had diphtheria and we were in quarantine for about three weeks and this really messed up my schooling. One of the subjects I was especially good in was mathematics but English was my down fall. I took a course in blacksmithing which has helped me all through my life.

While at Logan I learned to roller skate and got to be quite a good speed skater. They sometimes held speed races and you had to be a pretty good skater to enter. I entered one of their speed races and I really got going fast when some "old clobber-head" in front of me fell down and I tripped over him and flew about thirty feet through the air and tore up my pants, legs and knees. That ended my skating career.

I was called on a mission when I was nineteen years old. I was set apart for my mission by Apostle Heber J. Grant in December, 1909. I spent two wonderful years in an area that just fit me. I was called to the Eastern States Mission but spent most of my mission in West Virginia. Two of the families I labored among, the Connolly's and McCray's, moved west to St. Johns and I still see some of them often.

I was released from my mission in time to spend Christmas of 1911 at home. When I got home most of my crowd had married and some had left town, so for a while I just didn't fit anywhere.

I have been back to my mission field area four times and would like to go back again as there are some of those dear folks that are still living.

In the Spring of 1912, I went to work with Pa at the sawmill. I eventually bought in with Pa and May's husband, Herbert Berry. The first mill site was

south of Sierra Trigo about three miles north of the old Homestead. After two years I bought Herbert out. Pa and Ma stayed about two years longer then I bought out Pa.

In the meantime I had met Beryl Johnson, the petite, brown eyed daughter of Charlesetta and William Derby Johnson. I met her in December and we were married the following September 30, 1913, in El Paso, Texas. We went on to Salt Lake City to be sealed in the Temple, this was our honeymoon.

We moved to the sawmill and stayed until the snow got too deep, then we moved into St. Johns, to return as soon as the roads were passable again in the spring.

We had a wonderful life there at the sawmill and made our start in life. Beryl did her share of work by cooking for the mill hands all the years we had the sawmill. Many is the meal she cooked with a baby on her hip. The thing that made our house different from all the others was that Beryl always put curtains up to the windows and cut out magazine pictures and hung them on the walls.

I was always trying to get going with a larger operation but we had to haul the lumber by team and wagon and all the market we had was St. Johns, Concho and a few ranchers.

We moved to Holbrook in late 1926 to run a garage and the Ford Agency. This was the first venture of expansion for Whiting Brothers and our business did well.

We lived in Holbrook until after my appendix and gallbladder operation. I would not do any hard work for several years. At about this time Nita was real sick and the doctors told us to take her to a

lower climate to help her heart. So we moved to Los Angeles in the summer of 1933. We lived in the area for about seven years. We had very little money but we were able to buy an old two story house for \$600.00 and fix us up a real home. We made many lasting friendships. Our whole family remembers those years as some of the happiest times in our lives although we had very few luxuries, but with Beryl's sewing abilities we were always able to keep our children well dressed.

In the summer of 1940 we moved back to Holbrook and I went back into the Ford Agency to work and we went on to building more Service Stations up and down Highway 66.

It was in 1951 that Beryl took very sick and we went out to Los Angeles. I put her into the hospital and they were going to operate. I was staying at Minnie's when I had a severe attack of gall stones and was rushed to the hospital, so it ended up that we were both in the hospital at the same time and both were operated on. Beryl's health was never good after this.

In our marriage we were blessed with five children. Beulah, Earnest "J" Jr., Nita and Beth were all born in St. Johns, Arizona. Edwina Maree was born in Provo, Utah, as Beryl's health was so that she needed special medical attention. All of our children grew to maturity and married fine companions in the Temple.

We have lived in several homes here in Holbrook in the last twenty-eight years. Four years ago the doctors suggested a lower climate for Beryl, hoping it would improve her health, so we bought a home in Mesa. I kept the home in Holbrook and commuted back and forth to keep active in our business and still be a companion to Beryl. During these four

years Beryl was never really well but she would come up to Holbrook and spend a few weeks at a time hoping to be able to come "home" again to live.

After her last serious illness she died in Mesa on April 10, 1967 and was buried in Holbrook.

I am thankful I am able to be active and needed in the business that Art and I still run as, Whiting Brothers of Holbrook. Art and I have had a wonderful partnership and family relationship that very few brothers have ever had. Our sons Jay and Milton are in business together in the Kaibab Lumber Company and seem to be able to have the same closeness as Art and I have always had. My three brothers and I maintained a partnership for many years with less misunderstandings and bickerings than any I have known. Pa asked us boys on his death bed to be close to each other always and work together.

After Beryl's death, I was very lonely and a great void filled my life. But the Lord was mindful of my loss and loneliness and blessed me with another companion, Zina Brown Dastrup. Our courtship and marriage has been full of the unexpected, characteristic of me throughout my life. A long remembered day will be Dec. 30, 1967 as we went to be married in the L. A. Temple, all our children and their mates were present; only to find there had been a mix-up in our recommends. But, all ended well, with a wedding luncheon at Philippe's. We are now living in Holbrook, and still keep a home in Mesa.

At this time, August 1968, I have 5 children, twenty-three grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. To date all my children and grandchildren have been married in the Temple; I am very proud of them all.

Tributes

Being the eldest of Dad's children my aching legs were the first to know the comfort his hands could give. As a teenager he taught me to dance. Conditions being as they were here in Holbrook, he was never too tired or too busy to take me to the public dances. Thanks Dad! My two oldest grandchildren, Bob and Lillie Fisher, have lived near enough to get well acquainted with Dad and know his ability to make everyone feel important.

– Beaulah W. Heward

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To be born the son of Earnest J Whiting is a blessing beyond compare. The example he has always set as a husband, father and grandfather is one I have tried to follow. His success in these important matters and as a business man has left a mark for all his descendants to follow. His great energy has been envied by his family and associates. His success in managing men will always be a guide for me. The sense of humor he always has will be remembered, also the council we all sought, and received, many times over. We all have much to live up to. Thanks Dad.

– E. Jay Whiting

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My Dad to me has always stood a little higher than most men. His hands could rub my aching back, fix my doll, or mend a sawmill, these wonderful hands, how I love them. Then he could take me into a world of childish delight with the wonderful stories he told. I only pray I may instill in my children's hearts the desire to serve, to love and to respect

others as Dad tried to teach us.

– Nita W. Bushman

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One of the outstanding memories I have of our family life is while we lived in Los Angeles. Dad had been sick and there was very little money, so Dad and Mother made the Saturday night grocery shopping a family affair. Besides the groceries, Dad would buy our family treat, usually peanuts and chicken bones candy. When we got home and things put away, we would play a game or Dad would tell stories while we all shared the treat. What memories my parents created for me to remember.

– Beth W. Simper

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When all of us moved out to Los Angeles, Dad was not able to stay more than a week or two at a time, as he had to be back in Holbrook to work with the business. His health was not real good at this time so his trips were few, however it was always good when someone had a special car order and he would catch a ride out to LA and stay a bit and then drive the car back to Holbrook.

Our home was located on Story Street, and a lot of stories were started there. Dad also brought many people who were in serious need of medical help out to us, and Mom would make sure they received the care and transportation needed. Aunt Elda was one of our favorite guests as she awaited Phil to come into the world.

On his many trips to visit us, he would spend time with Nita, who was bed-fast for a number of years, and would tell

her stories and rub her legs. These stories were usually continued for several nights, and we all waited eagerly for each installment. I was blessed to be able to spend a great deal of time laying beside Nita, and so had the fun of hearing each segment of his stories, which may I add he would make up as he went along, using our names and names of our animals and friends and extended family. What a great talent he was given by his father, as a story teller.

While we were in LA our great blessing was to have Aunt Myn there. What a great strength she was to each of

us, and especially Mom and Nita. Having a bad heart she could relate to Nita's health problems.

His sense of humor is a quality that was always special, as well as his desire to be happy and to make others happy. There was a jingle and rhyme for every situation, songs to cheer, and his stories for both old and young. He had a gift of being at ease and making others feel at ease. Dad was always genuine and you could take him or leave him, we have always loved to take him.

– Edwina Dastrup



Earnest at age 6



Teenager



Earnest J Whiting – Missionary 1911

Earnest J Whiting



Earnest J Whiting & Beryl Johnson Whiting
Married in El Paso, Texas 30 Sept 1913



Earnest & Beryl Whiting Family 1931
Back Row: Jay & Beulah **Front Row:** Beth, Beryl, Earnest, Nita



Jay, Beulah, Nita - 1923



Jay, Beth, Nita, Edwina - 1936

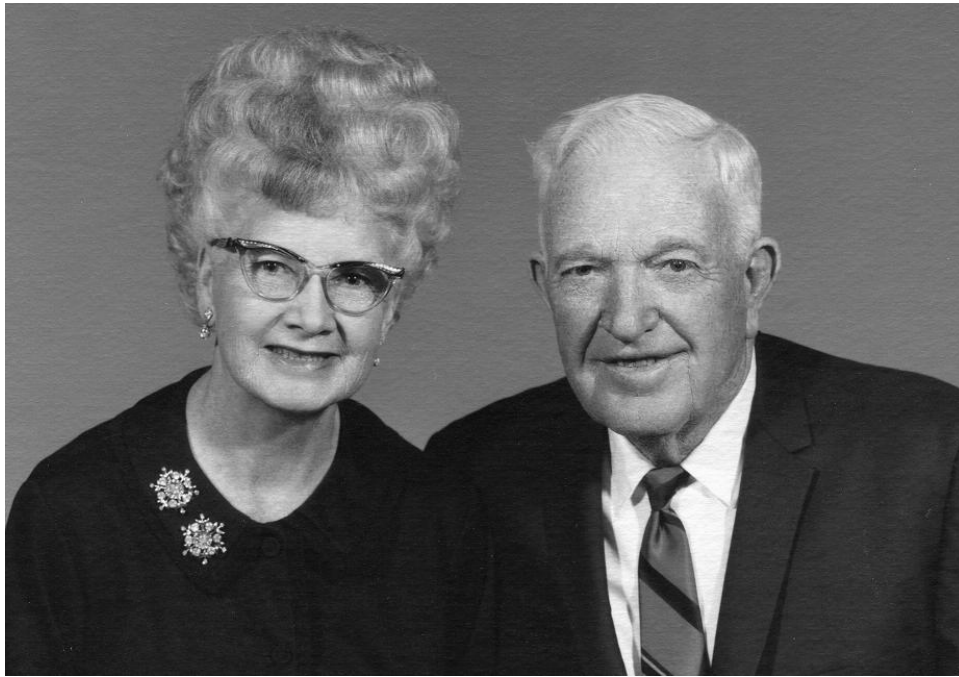


Beryl, Earnest with 1st Grandchild
Marion Heward – 1935



Beth, Beulah, Jay, Nita, Edwina - 1937

Earnest J Whiting



Zina and Earnest Whiting - 1969



Earnest and Beryl Whiting Family – 1952

Back Row: Tom Dastrup, Beulah & John Heward, Nita & Harold Bushman, Beth & Austin Simper
Front Row: Aleen & Jay Whiting, Beryl & Earnest Whiting, Edwina Dastrup



Earnest & Beryl Whiting and Children - 1963

Back Row: Beth Simper, Edwina Dastup, Jay Whiting, Nita Bushman, Beulah Heward
Front Row: Earnest and Beryl Whiting



Far Back Row: Dan Simper, Earl Bushman, Harold Bushman, Marion Heward **Back Row:** Richard Heward, Austin Simper, Tom Dastup, Aleen Whiting, Glenna Whiting, Joyce Whiting, Loraine Heward, John Heward, Myrna Whiting, Linda Bushman, Bob Fisher holding Bobby **Seated:** Beth Simper, Edwina Dastup holding Julie, Jay Whiting hold Trey, Earnest Whiting, Beryl Whiting holding Lillie, Beulah Heward holding Crystal, Nita Bushman, Mary Heward, Beryl Fisher, Bill Simper (kneeling) **Seated on Floor:** Sheri Simper, Terry Whiting, Denette Dastup, Kathy Bushman, Debra Whiting, Sandra Dastup, Earnest Heward - 1960



Three Generations of Earnest J Whiting - Earnest, Jay, Trey - 1969



Earnest and Beryl August 1951



Earnest and Beryl Whiting Golden Wedding Sept 30, 1963



Whiting Family Christmas 1965 in Flagstaff

Standing: Marion Heward, John Heward, Beulah Heward, Bill Simper, Denette Dastrup, Glenna Tingey, Kathy Bushman, Delbert Tingey, Debra Whiting, Harold Bushman, Sherri Simper, Austin Simper, Linda Bushman, Myrna Whiting, Dan Simper. **Sitting:** Tom Dastrup, Edwina Dastrup, Nita Bushman, Earnest Whiting, Jay Whiting, Aleen Whiting, Beth Simper, Scott Robinson, Joyce Robinson holding Jayme. **On the floor:** Julie Dastrup, Sandra Dastrup, Terry Whiting, Sam Fisher, Rodney Palimo, Trey Whiting, Bobby Fisher, Laura Simper, Susan Dastrup.

Earnest J Whiting



Earnest J Whiting



Jay and Fern Whiting at the Homestead - 1998



The Earnest J Whiting Family - 1982



Ralph Eugene Whiting

Ralph Whiting, born May 19, 1891 in Mapleton, Utah, was the fifth child of Edwin and Anna Maria Whiting. As a young child, he was a noticeably unselfish person, something he has always been. Aunt Martha can recall when he was only four years old and all the popcorn was gone, but little Ralph still had some and his chubby little hand stretched forth with popcorn to share with her.

He has always worked hard, because in a large family, everyone was expected to work hard. His early memories of work are of his brothers bringing logs to the mill at Mapleton.

As a child he displayed a delightful personality, and his first day at school was a memorable one. He came home at noon and told his mother he was hungry. She asked, "What did you do with the lunch I fixed this morning?" He quickly replied, "I ate that at recess and now I'm ready for some more." As a child he also displayed a bit of a temper. He would get angry and run out into the yard and start shedding his clothes saying, "I'll never do anything for you again in my life; except bate the cows," (this meant to watch the cows as they grazed along the ditch banks). A young man named Jim Anderson lived with the family for a few years and one day when Grandma served dumplings for dinner Ralph said, "Quick ma, pass the

dumplings before Jim gets them all." This became a household saying along with another which took place when Grandpa came home and asked, "Where is mother?" Ralph answered singing, "She's either over to Christabelles or the wind has blown her away." Once Uncle Earnest asked Ralph, "Which would you rather be, the Lord's boy or the devil's?" Ralph thought a moment and replied, "I'd rather be Santa Claus's boy."

When Ralph was about ten years old Grandpa and Grandma received a call to help the Saints settle Arizona. To reach Arizona it was necessary to cross the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. After crossing the river there was a dangerous dugway which had to be followed. With four wagons and teams it was necessary for 10-year-old Ralph to drive one of the teams up Lee's backbone. He learned at an early age to accept responsibility and he has never been afraid of hard work.

Wherever the horses and cows were that is where you would likely have found Ralph as a young man. Ranching is a lot of work, but it has its share of excitement. Uncle Albert often told of the winter he went with Ralph to check on some cows at the homestead. Somewhere along the way they became sidetracked by a band of horses they assumed were wild.

After spending most of the day chasing the horses they finally roped the biggest one only to wish they hadn't. He put up a real good fight, but they finally got him down only to find he had a brand on him so they let him go. Upon reaching the homestead it was too late to return home. They spent the night not only hungry but between two mattresses while the wind whistled on all sides. Uncle Albert said it was like sleeping between two boards.

Hunting and fishing were among his favorite sports and his sons recall some fond memories of hunting with their dad and all of his children can remember the fishing trips in the summer. One of his memorable adventures while hunting was the day he was out looking for a stray cow and calf when he found tracks of a wolf. They were fresh and because of the snow were easy to follow. He tracked them until they led into a small clearing. He dismounted and walking a little closer to the clearing came upon a large wolf. The wolf sensing danger put his front feet upon a log thus making a perfect target for a shot in the breast which is all it took for Ralph to kill him. The ranger said it was probably the largest wolf ever killed in the southwest and last heard of was stuffed and in a museum in Denver.

St. Johns, Arizona is where Grandpa and Grandma made their permanent home. It was a small community and because of the location entertainers were seldom seen there. As a result, many fine productions comprising home talent were put on. Many fine performers were discovered and among the best was Ralph. He starred in the opera, Robin Hood, and professor J. A. Anderson who directed plays in Chicago and at Arizona State College, said, "Ralph

was the best sheriff of Nottingham I have ever had the opportunity of working with."



The Columbia Theater in St. Johns was once adapted to serve as a prize fight arena. It was there that Ralph demolished Big Boy Shirley in a scheduled twelve round main event. He knocked Shirley out in one of the late rounds, to become the Heavyweight Champion of Northern Arizona.

When he was 20 years old he married Zella Berry. Through this marriage came his oldest son, Lester. Ralph and Zella were later divorced. Lester filled an honorable mission to Canada.



Lester at 8 Months

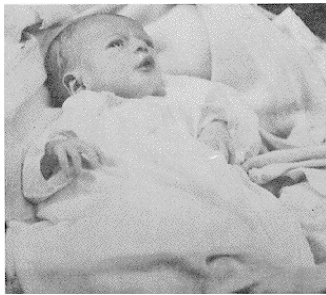
Alice Darwin was Ralph's second wife. She came to Arizona because of an illness which soon after they were married took her life. She said she knew the first time she met Ralph she had met the man she would marry. She also lived to fulfill one of God's greatest commandments for she gave birth to a little girl named Anna

June born the 20th of December, 1928.
This little girl lived only a few months and

Baby June

By Ralph Whiting

With deep pain my heart is longing
As I watch the silvery moon
And my empty arms if fancy
Clasp a form—Dear baby June
But an angel sent from heaven
Came and carried her away
And I'm only longing, waiting
Till I meet her some sweet day.
God took the blush of the morning
And the sheen of an orient pearl
He caught the coo of the homing dove
And the white of a Lilly curl
Then he took the blue of the skies
And the scent of a maidens hair
And cuddled them all in His great hand
Lo, Baby June nestled there
Just a little while she lingered
Broken now is life's sweet June
And across the years I'm calling
Longing for you baby June
Time has brought no rest or healing
To my heart so long and sore
Let me hear you call me daddy
Hold you to my heart once more.



Baby June
Born Dec 1928 Died Feb 1929

Hard work seemed the solution to his sorrow, so he took a contract to finish a road between Springerville and McNary, Arizona. He completed the job ahead of schedule and with the money he went on a two-year mission to Canada and the Eastern States.

then on the 9th of February, 1929, she joined her mother in death

His mission brought him close to the Lord and many wonderful friends. Ralph has always had time for others and even in the mission he remembered all the children back home at Christmas and wrote many letters to all. He is one of the best read when it comes to a knowledge of the Gospel and his children have benefited greatly from this.

Upon his return from the mission field he met Nellie Priestley. Aunt Myn, who was at that time married to Nellie Priestley's father, tells of their meeting this way. One evening as Aunt Myn was preparing to go out a telegram arrived for Ralph Whiting. She turned to Nellie, who was staying with them at that time and said jokingly, "If a tramp comes to the door while I'm gone, let him in, he's my brother, and give him this telegram." When she returned home later that night Ralph and Nellie had introduced themselves and were old friends. Nellie says Ralph proposed on a freeway out in California and that's why it, was a whirlwind courtship. Ralph once said to Nell, "My life didn't begin until I met you." They were sealed for time and eternity in the Mesa Temple, September 26, 1934.

Nellie Priestley was born July 31, 1909 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Her mother died at the time of her birth and she was raised by a loving grandmother and grandfather, Catherine and John T. Williams. She grew up loving all music. Even as a child she was asked regularly to sing in public and many know her because of her beautiful voice. She was a member of the Tabernacle Choir and was chosen to sing a solo at the first radio broadcast of the choir. Nell did housework and many other chores to pay for her music lessons.

Besides singing she played the piano and saxophone. Her talent has always been used to serve the Lord. She has given pageants and plays and Bertha Klienman once wrote a poem for one of her special programs.

Uncle Arthur has said how much Ralph is loved by, and in return loves all the children in the family. They always think of him as their loving uncle.

Ralph and Nell Whiting are the parents of six children: John, Donald, Katie, Ralph, Rodney, and Nellie, Little Ralph Edwin born April 22, 1937 lived only a few hours and passed away April 23, 1937.

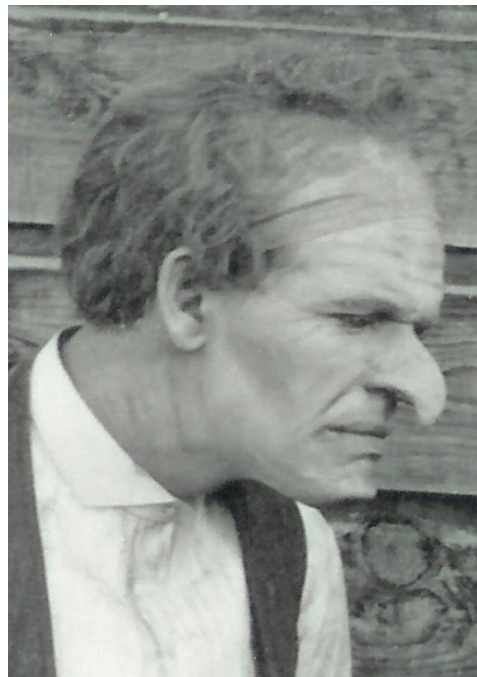
Ralph served in many positions in the Church including a stake mission from 1937 to 1939, and was called in 1940 to be Sunday School Superintendent in the Snowflake Stake. He was on the High Council in Kanab. In Mesa, he was a guide on the temple grounds for eleven years. When he was released from the High Council, Donald and Rodney were put on the Council and Ralph said, "It took two of his boys to replace him."

As a family we have called many places home. Our first home was in Holbrook, Arizona, where we lived for about 13 years. Then we moved to Mesa, Arizona. We were in Mesa for one year when for business reasons we moved to Kanab, Utah. While living in Kanab three of us were married. Our father was desirous of going into business with his sons, so they started by buying a dairy in Mesa. After making the dairy a better operation, Ralph sold his interest in Whiting Bros, and he and his sons became involved in service stations, a farm, motel, etc. Dad has always liked ranching as have his sons. They purchased a large

ranch in Colorado and moved there in 1963.

Our father and mother have always been willing to give of themselves and their time for others. Their home was always open to the sick or someone who just needed a close friend. After Grandma Whiting (Maria) broke her hip she spent many months with us. It was here in this home that Grandma passed away with Mother (Nell) and Uncle Frank giving her the care she so richly deserved. Aunt Elda once told grandma she couldn't take all the boxes she was packing there just wouldn't be room. Grandma just looked at her and said with a twinkle in her eye, "Ralph always finds room for everything I want to take. Grandma was a real part of our family.

Ralph died in 1979 and Nell died in 1982. At Ralph's funeral, Bryant Whiting said, "The way Ralph lived his life was the message he left for his posterity to follow."



Ralph in "Oliver Twist"

Ralph Eugene Whiting



Ralph Eugene Whiting
1894



Ralph on mission



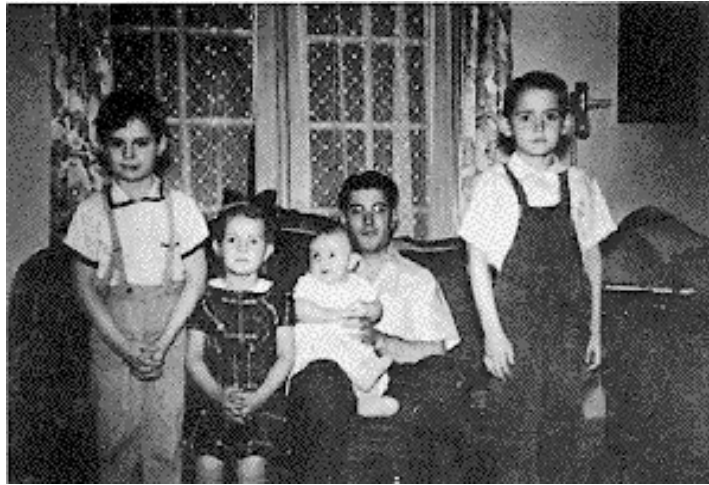
Ralph and Zella



Alice Darwin

Remembering Ralph





Donald, Katie, Rodney, Lester, John

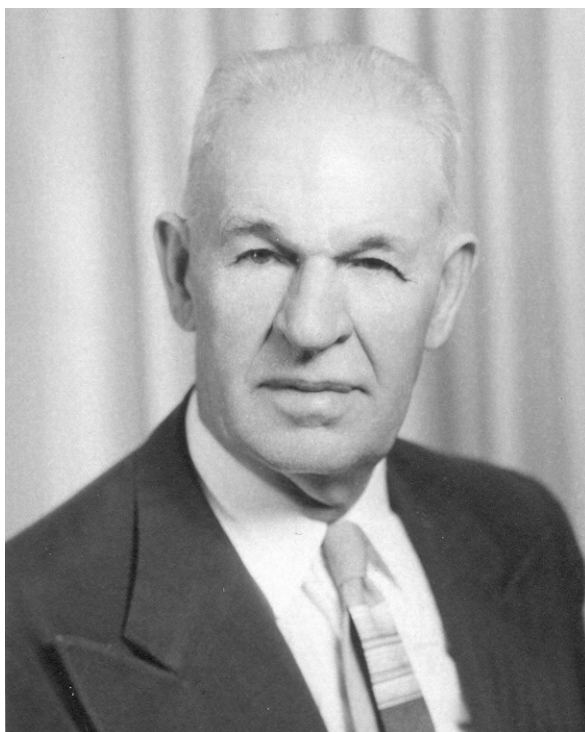


Front Row: Ralph, Nellie Wanda, Rodney, Katie, Leslie, Lester
Back Row: Nell, Donald, John, Louise

Ralph Eugene Whiting



Ralph and Nell Whiting



Ralph Whiting
1957



Back row: Nellie Whiting, Rodney Whiting, Lester Whiting, Jerry Lewis, Ralph Whiting, Donald Whiting, John Whiting, Leslie Whiting. **Children sitting:** Melanie Whiting, Kay Jean Lewis, Deanne Whiting, Craig Whiting. **Front row:** Louise Whiting, Katie Lewis, Nell Whiting holding Selinda, Harriet Whiting holding Donna Lyn, Lois Whiting holding Ralph Whiting, Denise Whiting



Lynn Sullivan Whiting

Lynn Sullivan Whiting was the fourth son and the sixth child born to Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting. He was born November 5, 1893, at Mapleton, Utah.

His sister Martha claims the privilege of being the first to hold him. He was placed in her arms as she sat by the fire. She said he was very fair and always had a pleasant smile.

From his early childhood, his health bothered him. His mother would sit up many nights and sing lullabies to him. Martha says Mother's voice, so sweet and low, was more like an angel singing, it showed so much love. He was a grown man when the doctors in Los Angeles finally told him what was wrong. The small opening between the upper and lower part of his stomach was defective and was spasmodic, making it almost impossible for the food to pass through this narrow opening.

He was not coddled or spoiled by his parents because of his health, but undoubtedly received extra, loving attention from both his parents and his brothers and sisters.

He was taught to be thrifty and honest and the merits and satisfaction that comes from hard work and all the fine qualities that were to shine forth in his short but full life.

He never lacked playmates. He could always think up new games. As a young boy, he liked to make little carts and wagons for the children.

His first teacher was Leila Kemp and he thought a lot of her and did well, but he missed some school because of his bad health. This was to be a stumbling-block in his education, but he learned many other important things besides the "3 R's".

He always had a winning way with animals, especially horses. The first horse he really owned was called "Navvie". A Navajo Indian had come by the home and wanted to sell his mare. Lynn wanted the pony so much that his father and mother finally bought it for \$3 and a five pound bucket of honey. Lynn loved his horse, but she wasn't very gentle and he was thrown several times, however, he could always talk his brothers and sisters into keeping quiet about it. He feared his parents might take the horse away. "Navvie" only had two colts. One was called "Old Minute". He was special to all the family, but mostly to Lynn. He was very gentle and never objected to how many children rode him at the same time. If one fell off, he would stop and wait for him to get back on. The other colt died when it was two years old. Old Minute was a favorite winner at the races.

Lynn liked working out of doors and often helped with the bees. He looked after the cattle and hauled lumber with teams and wagons from the first old mills to St. Johns.

Lynn was also a great hunter. His brothers said he tracked like an Indian. He always brought in his share of turkey and deer. One year he won a gun as first prize for bringing in the biggest deer; awarded to him by A. B. Schuster Co. in Holbrook. It weighed 172 pounds, dressed.

His father bought an old Flanders automobile, one of the first in town. Lynn loved to work on this car and wanted to take it to the sawmill in the mountains to work on it, but he ended up having to pull the car up there with a team of horses. When it was time to come back the old Flanders made the return trip under its own power.

When the new automobiles were just coming off the assembly line, Lynn had a chance to go to Chicago with Herbert A. Berry in 1915. While there, he stayed with his sister Martha and her husband Frank Brown who was going to medical school. He enrolled in Mechanic's school which prepared him for working on the new automobiles. This was a skill which was worthwhile as it enabled him to work in Whiting's Mechanic Shop when he came home.

He owned one of the first new cars in the area and ran a taxi service between Holbrook, Springerville and St. Johns. He later was owner in a trucking line between Los Angeles and Holbrook.

Soon after returning home from Chicago, he married Lola Gladys Waite, daughter of John William Waite and Altheda Ennis Lambsen Waite. Gladys was very young in years, but she was mature for her age. She had lost her

mother when she was five and had the responsibility of helping to care for her father and her brothers and sisters. They were married in St. Johns by W. D. Rencher, then they left Holbrook on the train to go to Salt Lake City, Utah, where they were sealed in the temple.

When they were married Ethel gave Gladys, a silk kimona (or house coat). She had never had one before and she says today that stands out in her mind as the prettiest thing she had ever owned. But the thing she liked best was a little grey suit she wore for years and years that Ethel gave her.

Lynn gave his young wife a beautiful doll their first Christmas together.

Gladys' very tender age was often the source of much teasing for her in-laws. While visiting her husband's folks, she was often jokingly told to "sit at the table with the other children" or "go play with the children while we grown-ups visit."

Lynn and Gladys liked to have his brothers and sisters and their families visit them. Their home became a favorite meeting spot for the uncles, aunts and cousins. Gladys was famous, and still is, for her delicious meals. In those days her raisin pie was a favorite with everyone.

Lynn loved to have Ray, Kay and Lee come to see him. How he would have enjoyed Rex and Wayne as they grew up. Effie, I think was the favorite niece, probably because they had so much in common, their poor health.

Lynn was an exceptional storyteller. He was known far and wide for his humor. Grover Brown once said, "Before I can fully comprehend how funny a situation is, I must hear Lynn Whiting give

an account of it. He can make it funnier than it really is.”

People still speak with pride and enjoyment of his stage-acting talent. He loved to act and occasionally some of his family would work with him. He was the Rudolph Valentino of St. Johns and could play serious dramatic parts and comedy equally well. Often times, he would ad lib or add lines that would have pleased the original author.

He played the lead role in many plays. Two of his favorites were “Oliver Twist” and “The Two Orphans”.

He was talked into going to Hollywood to try out his talent for acting. He was very reluctant but he finally gave in. When the director asked him to try out his “act” he was at a loss. He had not been told he was to prepare a special act for the try-out. Anyway, he had other interests and they didn’t include Hollywood and all its glamour.

He made friends easily and was well known for his wise decisions and judgments in business matters.

He loved to go to auctions and always came home with a “bargain.” How much fun we’d have when he brought home one of the unclaimed express trunks he bought. Once he said as we opened up a trunk that he hoped he never got one with a body in it.

Along with all his other talents he was a good farmer. He worked hard and his place on the hill showed the fruits of his hard work. He had a beautiful stand of alfalfa, also corn. He kept bees, had a peach orchard and the first nursery in St. Johns. He had milk cows, turkeys, cattle, horses, sheep, and even goats until they got in his car and ate all the upholstery,

carpet and anything else that wasn’t fastened down.

Lynn had one of the first silos in St. Johns.

He had a beautiful melon patch one year but was having a lot of trouble with melon thieves. Finally he announced to the family that he had a plan to catch them. He knew they always escaped over the lower ditch, so he strung a wire across the ditch bank so as they ran, they would catch their toe or feet on it, then he could catch them.

The goats got out one night and while he was chasing them he was “tripped with his own trap,” and the wire came down and was not replaced.

Lynn was told by a lawyer that he had a photographic memory.

He was in a chariot race in St. Johns one year that will always be remembered. Naturally he was the winner.

Music was a source of great enjoyment to him. Some of his favorite songs were “Casey Jones”, “The Old Rugged Cross”, “Jack-o-Diamond” and “Comin’ Through the Rye”. He especially enjoyed Roy Wilhelm and his guitar.

In spite of the pain and discomfort he had to live with all his life, he never neglected his family. They were very close to him always and everything he did was for them. He was a strict disciplinarian, but it was always tempered with justice. He was an honest man with his fellowman as well as honest with himself and his principles.

He never wanted to go anywhere alone. He called Mother the “Minute Woman,” as she could get her family and self ready for a long trip in a few minutes.

He loved to travel with his family and nothing, not even school kept him from taking his family with him when he wanted to go on a trip. He always said there were many things to be learned and ways to learn besides in a classroom.

The Life Insurance Co. he had a policy with did something we consider a "first," They paid him \$8,000 on a \$10,000 policy two years before he died. With this money, he took his loved ones on a long trip to Yellowstone National Park.

He died February 11, 1936, six weeks after the death of his oldest son, Harvey.

He left a memory for all who knew him to be proud of and for his family to live up to. He was a leader among his fellow men. People today, over 60 years later are still remembering his humor, his honesty, his talents, and his integrity.

What finer legacy can you leave to your loved ones than an honorable name and a family to carry on that legacy. Lynn Sullivan Whiting inherited this from his parents and he in turn passed it on to his family. His wife Gladys, whose last child was born after Lynn's death, has been a wonderful mother to them all.

Anecdotes about Lynn

Gleaned from several issues of the Whiting Tree by Louine Hunter

Men Were Needed

Lynn had trouble with his health in that his food did not go into his stomach properly. This was a difficult thing in a world where hard physical work was so important.

Men were needed who had 'large shirts and small hats.' There were no soft jobs, life consisted of chopping wood, fence posts, post holes, harnessing horses and mules, building houses, farming, milking and rounding up and throwing cows for branding.

I remember spending several months at the Homestead during the influenza epidemic which was killing people all over the nation. Uncle Lynn and I were not in very good health so we avoided exposure.

We had only one tame mule and one very wild one. Uncle Lynn claimed the wild

mule could kick an apple off the top of his head.

To go to town in a buggy, we had to harness the wild mule. Uncle Lynn first had to lasso him, then throw him down to put the harness on. To throw him, he tied the mule to a tree in the corral, lassoed his hind feet and stretched him out until he fell down, then tied his feet together and put on a bridle and harness.

Blindfolding the mule, he then released him and maneuvered the mule to the buggy. With a long stick, he fastened the mules' harness to the buggy.

Then Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys climbed in the buggy and I had to pull the blindfold off and jump in the back of the buggy as the mule began to run.

That mule didn't stop running for nearly 8 miles. He was dragging both the buggy and the tame mule.

—Ray Brown

Cattledrive

Uncle Ralph bought 400 head of longhorn cattle from Texas and brought them into southeastern Arizona where we met him with a wagon and a horse. Then we took them to the homestead, grazing as they went, since that was all the food they had. There was no grass [due to a bad snowstorm.] They were starving and about ready to die.

When we got as far as Eight Mile Knoll, we got some blow torches and burned all the thorns off the cactus for the cows to eat. The trip took about two weeks. Both Lynn and I were on horseback. I rode Minute the entire way.

—Gladys Whiting

Cars

After Lynn came home from studying auto mechanics in Chicago, Dad bought a car (I think it was a Maxwell) and shortly thereafter, we went on a trip to Springerville with Dad, Mother and Eddie. Eddie kept telling Lynn how to drive until Pa told him to stop telling him anything because he had never driven a car, and he thought Lynn would do better on his own because he was the one we sent to Chicago to learn about cars.

Eddie responded, “Well, I know the theory.” And Pa said, “We need more than theory.”

I felt prouder to ride in that car with Lynn driving than any car since. Lynn taught all the rest of us to drive.

—Myn Whiting Priestley

Family Trips

Lynn always took his family with him whenever he could. He took them when he was just going to work on the farm, uptown, or to the mountains. He took them to Holbrook, Phoenix, or Los

Angeles. It didn’t matter if school was going or not; if he could, he took his family. He said he thought they could learn a lot from those trips that they could not learn in school.

I’m sure they learned one thing real well, and that was—their father loved them very much and wanted their company wherever he went.

—Geraldine Sagers

The Yellowstone Trip

Once we took all the kids to Yellowstone Park. We stopped at one of the lakes to camp. Lynn and the boys slept down by the car and the rest of us slept in the car. During the night we heard noises; something was tearing things out of our lunch box! Harvey jumped up and saw a bear right in the picnic area. The bear started to run with our loaf of bread and Harvey followed him.

We only had the bread to eat and were not near a store. Harvey was gone a long time but when he finally returned, he had the entire loaf of bread! The bear had torn a hole in the sack and as each slice fell, Harvey picked it up.

—Gladys Whiting

In 1933 Dad received a check in the mail from the insurance company. The doctors expected him to die within a year and the insurance company paid in advance. Daddy bought a 1933 four-door Ford, and we loaded it with food, tents, bedrolls, and luggage and the family headed for Yellowstone where we took pictures of a bear and the park. We camped by the river and Harvey caught a fish in one stream and cooked it at another. We had good meals, campfires, and lots of stories.

In the night, Mother heard pots and pans jingling and someone in our

lunchbox. The first thing anyone knew, Harvey was chasing a bear with a loaf of bread in its mouth. Daddy put the chuckbox on top of the car and kept the gun handy.

On the way back from Yellowstone, we visited Uncle Frank [probably in Salt Lake.] Then we came down through Cedar City, then went to Zion National Park where we camped overnight. We were traveling through Five Mile Canyon down a steep grade. Everyone was watching the beautiful scenery, everyone except Mom. Just as the car tire touched the side of the road, Mom grabbed the steering wheel and pulled the car back onto the road. I had never seen my Dad so scared. He promised never again to complain when she said something about his driving.

We had eight in that little car, and there was never any fighting or complaining. We really enjoyed the trips. We were the envy of all the kids in school. Before I was nine, I had been to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Yellowstone Park, and the Chicago World's Fair.

—Rex Whiting

Lynn and Gladys' Farm

I have special memories of my father, even though I was nine years old when he died.

We had a home in St. Johns, on a piece of property known as the Chapman Place. Daddy added two rooms onto the original two rooms. When I was very young, my father, Grandpa Whiting, and my mother's brother Uncle Bob, built the cellar. It was about 24 feet by 30 feet with thirty inch sandstone walls, a cement floor and a single small window on the east.

We had a large barn, a large chicken coop, a blacksmith shop and a

garage. We also had a honey house on the northwest side of the house.

Above the Lyman water ditch, we had a bee apiary with about 45 swarms of bees. Daddy would get over 100 gallons of honey each year from his bees. He would take the honey clear up to Nutrioso, Lyna, and Alpine to sell or trade. He enjoyed trading honey for cheese from Bishop Wilkins. Daddy loved that cheese.

—Rex Whiting

Uncle Lynn's farm was a special place. After they moved to the Chapman place from their house in town, he built his barn, corrals, silo, machine shop and other things. He took great pride in working on his place.

We children were always welcome to go to their home and stay as long as we wanted to. Neither he nor Aunt Gladys objected to an extra one or two for mealtimes. We ate a lot of meals there.

We could pile several riders on Old Blue, play in the barn on the hay, race down the silo slope when that wasn't in use, or try out a new bicycle. Their back screen porch was a cool and inviting place to sleep. I don't know how many could fit on the beds there.

—Geraldine Sagers

For a number of years Uncle Lynn gathered produce to take to the fairs. He would choose the very best of each item. I can still see him running his fingers over an ear of corn and explaining why the one with the nice even rows would be more apt to win a prize than the larger uneven ones. We children looked forward to his return from the state fairs in Phoenix to see if we had won any prizes.

—Geraldine Sagers

Daddy planted over a hundred peach trees east of the cellar. They bore so heavily that we had to prop them up so the limbs would not break. They were really delicious.

—Rex Whiting

Okies

I remember a trip I took with Daddy to Flagstaff. Dad had grown a lot of potatoes he was trying to sell. He had heard there were a lot of “Okies” camped out near Flagstaff.

Harvey, Lola, and Ivy were in school, so he loaded up some potatoes and took me with him because Mother was sick. On the way up he talked to me and told me a lot of important things. I don’t remember it all, but I knew it was important and it made me feel big.

We arrived at the camp and the people were all over. My daddy was a good businessman, but when he saw those people, he must have really felt bad about their condition.

I remember Mother taking him to task and telling him he didn’t even make expenses. His reply was. “That must have been the same condition the Mormons were in when they were driven out of Missouri.” I didn’t hear any more about it.

—Rex Whiting

Spirituality

Daddy was never able to attend Church much because of his health, but he always tried to attend Stake Conference. He would discuss it for weeks afterward. Dad always made the visits from the ward teachers a special time. He told us that they were messengers from our Father in Heaven.

When we left for Sunday School each week, Dad would give us a scripture

to think about during the sacrament. He told us that if we would think about this during the sacrament, we would not be making noise.

I remember coming home from Church to find Mom and Dad reading the scriptures. Dad would tell us he had our scripture for next Sunday. I’m sure he pondered it all week.

He taught his family to recognize the help of the Lord. He would say, ‘Acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things.’ This phrase is quoted often by his wife and children.

As I look back, I am sure he got his spirituality from his parents. Grandma Maria would not let anyone stay home from Church to help with Grandpa just before he died. She said that was her job. One Sunday, I remember looking back during Sacrament Meeting and seeing her stand in the foyer. I thought for sure something had happened to Grandpa. I was so scared I jumped up and ran to her crying. She explained that she had come over to take the sacrament and to renew her covenants with the Lord. This has always been a testimony to me.

—Lola Whiting

Thrift

Dad said he never spent any of his money, because he always gave it to Mama. To further stress this point, he asked Mom if she still had the eight dollars he had given her last year. She went to the bedroom and from under the mattress drew a little purse. When she opened it, there was the eight dollars.

He rewarded her for her thriftiness by giving her eight more. It was a tradition and an incentive to save their money. If you could save a dollar, he

would give you another to go with it.
–Ivy Whiting

Dad was always proud of Mom and how little she could get by on. When we lived in Los Angeles the truck drivers always stayed at our house while they were in town. One month Mom only spent eleven dollars to feed all of us.

–Lola Whiting

We always had plenty of chickens, dogs, turkeys and ducks. We raised, bottled, canned, dried, jerked, smoked, or cured nearly everything we ate except flour, sugar and salt. Mother said one year she only spent thirty dollars at a store for household food.

–Rex Whiting

I remember wanting to go to the 4th of July races, but I didn't have a good dress to wear. Mother got up early and by nine in the morning she had Marlynn and I new dresses. She never wasted a bit of material. From what was left over she would make ribbons to go in our hair.

She reminds me of a little saying that goes like this: "I have done so much for so long with so little, I am now qualified to do anything with nothing."

–Kayennis Whiting

California Adventures

We moved to Los Angeles in the summer of 1933. It was not long after this that Uncle Lynn and his family came out here. I remember they moved to Alhambra and lived not too far from us. I remember going to church with Lola and Harvey.

Uncle Lynn ran a service station at 32nd Street and Main Street in Los Angeles, and from this location the first Whiting Brothers' freight line trucks operated. Uncle Lynn had a truck and

Uncle Eddie had one and the brothers in Holbrook had a couple.

I worked for Uncle Lynn and I well remember catching the red car near our home and riding it to downtown Los Angeles and then the streetcar to 32nd street. I sometimes worked a little late and I remember that it was a real adventure for me to go home by downtown Los Angeles and then on to Alhambra.

Uncle Lynn was very kind to me and trusted me with the service station. It was so much fun to go down there and go with the drivers and pick up freight and get the trucks ready to go back to Arizona.

–Jay Whiting

Storytelling

Remember the experience Lee Berry tells about? It seems that he went with Uncle Lynn on an overnight trip to haul wood. They hitched up the team and away they went in the wagon. They got caught in a cloudburst, lost a wheel, the team ran away, and everything else that could go wrong, did.

By the time they got home, Lee was fit to be tied and couldn't remember when he'd had a worse time. Well, that night they all gathered down at Grandpa Whiting's and Uncle Lynn started telling about their trip. Lee said it was the funniest thing he had ever heard, and they all laughed so hard they could hardly talk. He said he wished they could take the trip all over again because it sounded so funny.

Now Uncle Lynn could have griped, moaned, and groaned, and made everyone miserable, but he had such a sense of humor that he made everything fun and turned a wretched trip into a real adventure that Lee would never forget.

–Joycell Cooper

Devotion

His life was wholly devoted to his family and close friends. He never accumulated a lot of riches nor worldly wealth. What he had, he freely shared. Those who knew him still repeat his humorous sayings and remember his kindnesses to them. Yes, Uncle Lynn, we are glad to be a part of your family.

—Geraldine Sagers

My father named me after my grandfather, and my son has his name.

—Rex Lynn Whiting, grandson

Whenever any of us met someone who knew we were Lynn's children, they always left us with a feeling of the great respect and love they had for our father.

—Marlynn Whiting

Posterity

We mourned with Aunt Gladys over the three babies they lost. When I see their little graves near my Father's and Mother's graves, I remember how hard it was on them.

How they both loved their children. Whenever Lynn went anyplace he took his family. We'd see his car and it was full of children. I think he must have known his days were numbered and he wanted to spend every moment he could with his family, and especially Aunt Gladys. They were married less than 19 years and we could all take a lesson from him of filling the hours and days with happiness and love.

—Ruth Lewis

Gladys' Dedication

After my dad and Harvey passed away the family was sad and very insecure and we went through a long period of mourning. My mother would often cry

and became over-protective of her children. Nevertheless, my mother was dedicated to one purpose and that was her children, and she was determined that she would be both mother and father to us.

I know she stuck very close to the values and principles my father had clung to so dearly and she found great strength in this. In all my life, I have never heard my mother say anything negative about my father, and she would always quote him when trying to impress manly attitudes in us and the virtues necessary in learning to live in a fatherless world.

From the first, I instinctively understood my mother's love for my father and her determination to bring their life to a successful conclusion. She dedicated herself to the raising of her children as she felt my father would have done, and has never varied from this single duty.

When possible, she worked for wages as a cook, in a dry cleaners, as a maid in a hotel, and any place she could provide additional income for her family. In consumer finance, she managed on what little income she had, and I never remember wanting for necessities. I knew the Lord was with her and guided and directed her in this task.

I also know my father is well pleased with my mother and has prepared for their reunion, anxiously awaiting her return to her Father in Heaven so they can get on with their lives together.

—Wayne Whiting



Lynn working in the shop



Lynn Whiting



Gladys Waite and Lynn Sullivan Whiting
Married 28 April 1917



Lynn - 1894



Lola, Ivy, and Harvey Whiting



Lynn made chariots and raced them in competitions. During the race the participants wore costumes which left one shoulder bare. Because of his modesty and religion, Lynn wore a modified version. Old Minute and Eddie's beautiful sorrel, Old Sparks, were teamed when he won the first chariot race between St. Johns and Springerville in a matched event. On the first day of the Eager race, Eager hooked the horses up in the conventional way. Lynn hooked his up "Roman Style," with the tall braid in such a way that the horse pulled the chariot with his tail. The second day of the race, Eager came with their horses hooked up the way Lynn had his on the first day. In this photo, Lynn Whiting is second in line.



Lynn in "Oliver Twist"

Lynn was a natural-born actor. All of our family liked to take parts and some were pretty good, but we all agreed that Lynn was the best. He took the part of Pierre in "The Two Orphans," and could make the audience weep, then change to the best comedy. Grover Brown, my brother-in-law, said he's seen the very best plays and shows in Los Angeles and Phoenix, but he would much rather hear Lynn tell stories than see those productions. —Elda Brown



Elda Whiting Brown

Autobiography

A new red brick home, one of the best in town, was all moved into ready to receive a new baby. There had been three boys in a row, Earnest, Ralph, and Lynn, so a baby sister thrilled the two older sisters, May and Martha, and even pleased the four brothers. I remember this lovely red brick house, my first home, with the lace curtains at the windows, the big cupboard full of pretty dishes, especially the red ones, the porch with the white railing and the big lawn and fruit trees and bushes that I loved. When I was three a little red-headed sister came to our house. How I loved her, and still do.

My next home was a little two-room lumber house in St. Johns, Arizona. The long six-week trip to Arizona was fun for the children. We could ride where we pleased, in the new buggy with Mother and Grandma, in the wagon with Father where we would play dolls and games on the beds and hear stories. Evening was like a big party as we all sat around the campfire, sang songs and had more stories. I will never forget when we crossed the Big Colorado on the ferry.

Father bought land and a farm at the Meadows seven miles below St. Johns where Grandma and Grandpa Isaacson had lived. We spent our summers there and these memories are a choice part of my

life. We always had good horses to ride. I could ride as well as my brothers. No wonder I still like to ride today and take pride in my horse "Amigo". Few people have the privilege of living in as many places as we did and still maintain a home in St. Johns. When Father went to work on dams, roads, bridges, etc. we all went along in the summer and back home for school. Later we moved to the Homestead and the sawmills at the mountains. Some people go on vacations, we went to the mill.

All of these homes were good. My childhood is such a happy, lovely memory. Our parents didn't believe in whipping and didn't seem to need to. We were disciplined; in a strict-way without being whipped. What happy times we had at meals. Even though we had only bread and gravy, it tasted the best, as we listened to and told all the interesting things of the day. How we laughed and enjoyed life

School began a new adventure for me. My first teacher was Leila Kemp, a very good one. This class was in the southwest corner of the old Academy. I always liked school except for one year. I got good grades in everything but spelling and that year I had a teacher who cracked

us on the knuckles with a ruler for every word we missed. I hated school, teacher and all that year, but didn't improve in spelling.

I was always called "Pa's Pet." I guess because I always went with him, to do chores, work in the garden and bees, to the farm, fishing and after wood.

Our ice cream "Parlor" was the gathering place for the "In" crowd. They liked to stay after they had eaten and visit and have fun. I worked in the store as long ago as I can remember. First, when I was only big enough to call, "Ma, you're wanted." Then all through the years until Eddie bought the store, I worked for him summers and after school. After I was married I worked for Eddie a lot and then we owned two stores, a general merchandise and a variety store.

Every day of my high school was good. I am sure that small town schools form a special friendship that lasts through life. My best friend was Eva Overson Tanner, who lived across the street. I have so many pleasant memories, but there is a pang of sadness to think she had to die so young. I am sure the young folks today with all their modern conveniences do not have as much fun as we did, with our parties, candy pulls, dances, hay rides and church socials, operas and plays.

Albert and I were in the first class to graduate from four years of high school in the St. Johns Academy. There were three boys and three girls. I went to college in Flagstaff, Arizona in 1917-18. Albert was there and I guess that's why I went. My romance began so early I had best not say when. My first real date with Albert was to May's wedding dance, when I was nine, and then off and on until we were married. When Mother told Eddie I was going to quit work and get married, he

said, "My word, who to?" Myn was the only one who knew there was never anyone but Albert for me, and she made life miserable.

We were married at home in St. Johns, Arizona, on March 19, 1918 by Pres. David K. Udall. Then we went to Salt Lake and were married in the temple. We had a wonderful trip, seeing places and visiting relatives. We went to see Grandpa Isaacson in Ephraim. He was 91 years old and was reading from the Bible without glasses. He told us many of his experiences.

Soon after we were married Albert was called to go into the army as we had known he would be, but when he went to report that morning, they wouldn't take him and put his name farther down on the list when they saw he had two brothers overseas. They had done this a few months before, when he tried to enlist. We thought he would have to go any time but the war ended before his name was reached again.

After we were married, we moved to the Homestead. Albert worked on the mill, hauled lumber and farmed. We took a homestead down below Ralph's and sold it later. Albert took road contracts, built bridges, canals, etc. He farmed and had cattle and we still own these. Albert and I both got teaching certificates and taught school. I taught 19 years. I liked teaching the best of any work I have ever done. When we had three little girls Albert and I were both teaching, so we went to U.C.L.A. in Los Angeles to summer school. Myn, Effie and Marie went with us, eight in an old Ford. Albert was appointed Postmaster in 1934 and held that position until he passed away.

Our first contribution to the "Whiting Tree" was Geraldine, our lovely

little first girl. I still thrill at the thought of her. She has never given us any worry.

Elma, our second girl, was just as lovely and so different. She still has her own ideas and is so friendly and happy and finds the best in each day. Everyone enjoys going to her house to visit.

And next is Nathel, our third child. It is funny how you can be just as thrilled with the third baby. What a joy it was to live with her and to know her, both then and now.

Then we had our fourth daughter Louine. What had we done to be so blessed? This one, if possible, was even more lovely and such a joy.

Next we had a boy. We could hardly believe it! He was a wonderful black haired baby boy we named Jack. I never knew until the day he was born how much his Daddy had wanted a son.

Number two boy, Quinn, was perfect in every way, and no baby was loved and enjoyed more. He was taken from us in less than a year.

Phil was our third son, and no baby was ever welcomed more than he was. We all needed him and he helped to fill a

lonely place. With his frankness and candor, and ability to make friends, there was no place for complacency in our family. From the time he could talk we had to be on guard whenever friends or even the ward teachers came to visit. The things Phil said have become legendary in our family.

Then came Brent, our fourth boy, who was quiet, determined, studious and loveable. He fit into the family of older brothers and sisters without allowing himself to be spoiled or pampered.

All of our children were married in the temple. Elma filled a mission in the Central States, and the three boys went to Brazilian missions. Albert passed away in 1961. He loved life as much as anyone I have ever known. He enjoyed ranching and farming. He was Postmaster for twenty-seven years. Our life together was a joy because we shared so many things. Whenever Albert wanted to go to the ranch or farm, I would drop things and go, too. I worked in the post office with him and when we had our store he helped to order and to keep the books. We enjoyed our trips together to see our families and other places such as the Postmaster conventions.

Elda Whiting Brown **Unlimited Energy**

By Her Children

It's hard to tell how much growing up in a home like we had can mean to a child. A mother and dad who were happy, who enjoyed doing things together and as a family both in work and play. Who taught their children and grandchildren the joy of work.

A grandpa who would take a little five year old grandson with him all day

while fixing the pipe line, then laugh with him when Grandpa got sprayed good and wet.

A grandma who still gets out with dozens of her grandchildren to have races hoeing weeds, shucking corn, etc. and helping them have fun doing it. Our parents thought everyone should do something extra each day to help others.

The only way I know how to show how much these things mean to our daughter is to live life so I will be able to teach our children as they did us, to try harder to increase my faith in and live our gospel, to help others and to love my neighbor and to realize what the important things in life are.

Just how do you describe a person who at the age of 72 has so much energy and drive that she is able to accomplish things that most people half her age or younger would not even attempt. To those who know Elda Whiting Brown best, this seemingly unlimited energy amazes them. She has been nicknamed, "Grandma Quick" and a well used phrase among friends and family is, "If you want to get something done right away get Aunt Elda to do it."

Life has not always been simple and easy for Mom even though she does convey an optimistic attitude toward life. She has had trials and setbacks in her life, but we all admire her ability to maintain a cheerful attitude.

Mom has been praised for her abilities as a school teacher, a storekeeper, a cowboy, a gardener, a dramatist, a storyteller, and last, but best of all, a loving wife and mother. She has influenced the lives of many people and very few could say she ever left them with the feeling of "What's the use?"

Mom seems to have an uncanny ability to communicate with other people. The years she spent as a school teacher and working in stores have helped her to develop the talent of being able to get along well with others. Today she has a myriad of friends and neighbors who just drop by her house to chat or to eat a bowl of bread and milk and little green onions from her garden. These acquaintances

range from the rich and influential to the little old Mexican lady who speaks very little English. No matter what their position in life, Mom can set them at ease and make them feel at home in her house.

Mom learned to love the outdoors as a child and still does today. We all enjoy having her go on the cattle drives, work in our gardens, or at any number of other projects. Sons, grandsons, nephews and all say, "She keeps us cheered up and doesn't get as "tired" as the rest.

The Homestead and surrounding country have always held a special place in Mom's heart. She and Dad lived there when they were first married and she spent many nights there alone when Dad was hauling lumber. She loves to go back whenever she can. It doesn't matter whether it is for a vacation, a reunion, or with Aunt Carrie to guard the Homestead against careless hunters, she enjoys it just the same.

We children always knew our Father and Mother loved each other. They especially enjoyed going to the ranch and farm together. We will always remember and be grateful for the trips our family had. They usually took us along, even when we had to ride in the back of a coupe, to Utah and back. We like to remember how many things Mom and Dad planned and did together, and the happy trips we all took, when we would sing songs, play games, tell stories and crack piñons. These were such good times.

The most important thing our parents did for us was to set a good example in the gospel, not by force, but by the way they lived and the things they did. The constant prayer in our hearts is that we might be the successful parents that our parents were. We hope to give our children what Mom and Dad gave to us.

Elda Whiting Brown



Elda Whiting



Albert Brown



Elda Whiting



Albert and Elda's Wedding Day



J. Albert Brown Family

Back Row: Albert, Elda Geraldine, Elma holding baby Quinn.

Middle Row: Nathel, Louine,

In Front: Jack

May, 1952. Quinn died a few weeks later.

Elda Whiting Brown



Back: Louine, Geraldine, Elma, Nathel
Front: Albert holding Philip, Elda holding Brent, Jack Albert - 1945



Back Row: Jack Albert, Geraldine, Nathel, Phil
Front Row: Elma, Albert, holding Brent, Elda, and Louine Brown

Elda Whiting Brown



Geraldine, Albert holding Nathel, Elma, Elda



Albert and Elda – at the time of their marriage



Elda Whiting and Joseph Albert Brown – 40th Wedding Anniversary



R5: Robert Burdick, David Brown, Jeff Shields, Joel Sagers, Quinn Burdick, Norman Brown, Eric Shields, Alan Shields, Douglas Brown **R4:** Brian Burdick, Scott Shields, Rusty Burdick, Steven Smith, Ken Sagers, Marty Burdick, Greg Shields, Larry Sagers **R3:** Christene Smith, Carolyn Sagers, Wayne Smith, Brent Brown, Russell Burdick, Phil Brown, Gus Shields, Willard Sagers, Jack Brown **R2:** Elma B. Smith, Anna Vee Brown holding Mike, Nathel Burdick holding Irene, Elda W. Brown, Louine B. Shields holding Zach, Marilyn Brown holding Dessie, Netta Brown holding Becky, Debbie Brown, Geraldine B. Sagers **R1:** Norene Sagers Southwick, Julie Shields, Dahrl Smith, Kathryn Sagers, Ann Burdick, Jeanine Burdick, Cynthia Brown, Maren Burdick, Carol Brown, Deanna Sagers Photo taken in 1965 for Elda's Mission Farewell to Florida.

Elda Whiting Brown



Albert and Elda Brown



Elda in her middle 70's

This photo was in the Arizona Republic as part of a feature article. This was her favorite horse, Amigo, Raised from a foal.



Minnie Whiting Priestley

Autobiography

I was introduced into the family on September 5, 1899, the eighth child and fourth daughter of Edwin M. and Maria Whiting. I was a baby longer than the other children, as I was five years old when Arthur was born. I always needed Mother for my own peace of mind. I wanted to know where she was every hour of the day. Even now, when storms come into my life I often cry for her.



Minnie at about age 5

No child ever grew up in a better home. I can't think of one principle taught in my home that was not good. If I have strayed in any way, it has not been because of any wrong teaching at home. Mother and

Father loved me and I knew it. My brothers and sisters must have loved me too because they were so good to me, in a very special way.

There was a certain feeling of excitement with every day we lived in the old home by the store in St. Johns. It was hurry from the busy work day, to the evening play, story, music, or drama hour.

Growing up was a happy experience. Our parents put great emphasis on doing things together. We worked and played together, and it seems like there was always plenty to do working out our plans and adventures. Three of us girls taught school. I taught for three and a half years and loved every minute of it.

I remember having the idea that my father was not only the best man in the world but that he knew more about most things than anyone else. I felt sure if he said it, it was true, there was no question about it; and I know now that mother was his equal in many ways and in some she even excelled.

They were well mated, indeed, and it is not yet quite clear to me how we were all so aware of the love they had for each other. They did not speak of it often but every child knew it was so, and I am sure the love they had for each other and their children is the foundation of the security we grew up with.



Maria and Minnie at their store

My brothers and sisters were very special, in fact they were a miracle to me. I never quite felt their equal but I believe I have been treated with more kindness than anyone else in the world. They probably knew I needed it more, and for this I will ever be grateful.

Religion became an important part of my life when I was very young. I cannot remember just when I became aware of my dependence upon it, as I depended on the testimony of my parents when I was small. I thank them for this because now I have a testimony of my own and I hope it is as strong as theirs, and that I might teach my child and grandchildren the importance of a testimony just as my parents taught me.

The crowning event of my life came to me when I met Don in Los Angeles



Minnie Whiting the day she met her future husband
source: Ann Priestley Winiecke

Dr. Ferman [the hotel manager] was able to have me sing for Donald Adamson Sylvester Priestley. Don listened, but didn't say a word. Later, he did speak to my mother and asked if she would like him to make arrangements to take me to a fine voice coach. This teacher was coaching Mary Pickford's leading man at that time.

As Don and I were leaving the hotel for my first appointment, Mr. Ferman pulled me aside and told me there was no use getting my hopes up, because Mr. Priestley never went out much, and he already had a girlfriend over in Riverside. That was a challenge to me. I said to myself that I would have to see about that.

The voice teacher missed her first appointment. As Mr. Priestley walked me home, we passed the Paramount movie house where I stopped, looked at the pictures outside, and said, "I'd sure like to see that show, but Mother won't let me go alone."

Mr. Priestley's face broke into a grin. "Does your Ma want me to take you?" he asked. "I think so," I said.

That was our first date. For years after that, when we would go anywhere, he'd ask if my Ma wanted him to take me. Even after we were married, he would remind me of that incident.

Let me say that it was indeed a miracle that Don and I ever met. We were from different states. He was raised in Salt Lake City and I in a very small town in Arizona. We were not the same age. We never went to the same schools or ward. I never had any friends who knew him. We did not meet in either Arizona or Utah, but in a small hotel in the middle of Los Angeles. Mr. Ferman, the manager, said as far as he knew, our family and Don were the only Mormons who had ever stayed in his hotel.

Don had a fine dramatic tenor voice, and he recognized the promise in mine. He encouraged me to study singing, so I took a lesson each day. Three voice teachers offered a large scholarship fund [as the prize] in a voice contest. I won that scholarship, which helped to defray the expense of my costly musical education and gave me some expert teachers.

I loved it and worked very hard, singing from five to eight hours a day. The crowning events of my life seemed to come with the music I had suddenly found to enjoy. Soon I was singing with Don on the radio, in concerts, churches and other places that I could have only dreamed of before.

I found out that we had one thing in common and that was the Gospel. When Sunday came we went to church and we began to talk. I found he had been a gospel doctrine teacher for a long time, so I began to take another look at him, and to feel proud that I was with him.

The real thrill and the thing that made butterflies in my stomach came when he sang love songs to me.

I was glad Mother and Dad were there when I met Don. I think one of the things I loved about him was the way he treated Mother and Dad. I knew he loved me because he seemed to love and enjoy them. He did the same thing after we were married too. He always called them Pa and Ma, just like the rest of their in-laws did. I remember how well Mother and Dad got along with their in-laws. They had good ones to get along with and they knew it. I remember nothing but the best feelings between them.

I can't remember just when we fell in love, or how, but we surely did, with no hesitation on my part. Don's was the first ring that meant real romance for me. My family referred to Don as that "city feller."

On the seventeenth of November, 1928, I married this "city fella". Don could really sing, and he had been working with music all of his life. Suddenly my own life became filled with music and voice lessons.

Don had two wonderful children when I married him, a beautiful girl named Nellie and a boy named Gordon. Nellie grew up and married my brother Ralph and the story of their family is in another part of this book. Gordon married Marian Milne and they have three lovely children: Bonnie, Byran, and, Donald. Nell and Gordon and their families have been among the choicest blessings of my life.

Soon after we were married, Don was put in the Alhambra Ward Bishopric as counselor to Bishop Roskelly where he served for the next six years. This was a rich experience for both of us.

In the summer of 1936 Don was asked to return to the Deseret News in Salt Lake City and help the Church paper. We left Los Angeles expecting to stay in Salt Lake for only three months. We were to return to his job at the Los Angeles Times.

But they asked Don to stay and help with the news so we decided to remain in Salt Lake even though it meant less wages.



Myn and Don E. in Salt Lake City

Imagine the joy that came to us the very first month we lived in Salt Lake City, when we learned I was pregnant, after being married nearly nine years. On the first day of the following June, after moving to Los Angeles, we were blessed with a precious baby boy.

Complications came along with the birth of our baby that not only threatened his life but mine also. And the day that he was nineteen days old the doctors told Don that neither of us would live.

It was a pinched little face they held up in my hospital room that 19th day for me to see the first time. They held him there for only a short moment before they must rush him back to the incubator.

At the time all of my brothers and sisters came to our aid. They traveled to Los Angeles to comfort and help us in any way they could.

We did have hard sailing at the first and it looked pretty grim, but never did my husband give up hope for we had been promised we would get better, and though neither of us has been a shining example of health, we have had much to be thankful for.

No child ever brought more joy into a home than little Don E. He was blessed with a rare, warm personality, and this fact together with his cheerful disposition has made a life of joy for me. He was the light of his Daddy's life, and I ask no more of Heaven than we had in our home.

When Don E. was eight years old we lost his Daddy, yet he left us so many precious memories and answers to life's problems that we enjoy profound security in our love, that cannot be questioned. Yes, he left us with plenty to live with and still be happy through the years.

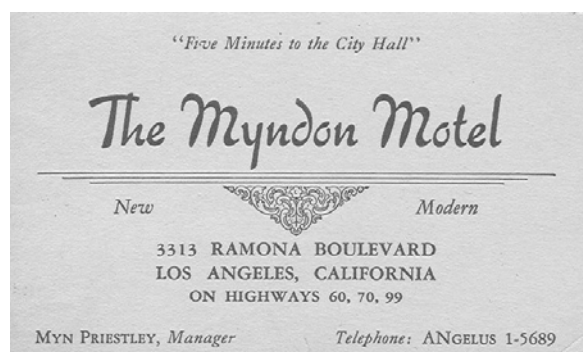
Don had only been dead a few months when Don E. came down with tuberculosis. We had moved from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles and, with the help of my brothers, had built a small motel.



Myndon Motel

Two years later it became necessary for me to sell the motel and take Don E. to Arizona and try the warm dry climate there. He was in bed nearly four years and the day they pronounced him well he came down with diabetic coma, a surprise to all of us.

Don E.'s ability to keep happy through it all has been a blessing to us both and made my life rich indeed.



After four and a half years out of school Don E. was allowed to start back, skipping three grades. This was not easy for him, but he enjoyed his school and was valedictorian of his class when he graduated from San Gabriel High School. He then filled a two year mission in the Northern States Mission, came home, and soon married the girl who had waited for him, Roberta Ann Sorensen.

He later graduated from Cal State College in Los Angeles and is just home from two years work at B.Y.U. Roberta is a beautiful and wonderful daughter to me and has helped Don all through his school by teaching high school.

As a crowning blessing they have given me two choice grandchildren, Ann, eight and Bruce, five. I see them each day and help care for them while their mother is teaching.

Probably if I have done anything in my life worthwhile, it has been my privilege to have had eight young girls come into my home and live with me while they waited for a baby to be born—that they must give away.

There are a few things they had in common. They seemed to be a little selfish. All of them wanted their children to go into religious homes, even though most of them

didn't care anything about religion themselves (Some of them cared more than others.) They would work and they would pray, and they made sure they did nothing that would hurt the child. They would eat right, try to live right, and get lots of sleep so their babies would be healthy.

They had one other thing in common. When they went to sign their babies away, it was really hard. We had a notary public there as a witness when they made that final decision to give their baby away and sign the papers. Even though most of them didn't want to try to keep their baby, they didn't want to sign anything to say that they were giving their babies away—but they had to.

Now I'd like to tell you about thirty more girls that I helped. I didn't do this for money. I never got a dime out of it in my life. In fact, keeping the girls cost me money.

These other girls were in our Church and needed help when they got into trouble. Even though their folks would keep them, some would want their babies placed in good homes. I would spend a great deal of time with them, trying to find homes for their babies. They, too, had the same sad look on their faces when they had to sign their babies away. It was a tragedy in their lives.

Many of these girls lived down this trial. Most are living fruitful lives now, but most are scarred from their experience. Their smiles are not very frequent or very intense. It's important to keep yourself clean and pure from any sex sins, because next to murder, it is the hardest to be forgiven for.

Even with all the tragedies, all those things we went through, if I have someone who loves me dearly, it's those girls I wept with, prayed with, watched with, and

advised. The beautiful letters I get from those girls make me believe that probably the most worthwhile thing I have done, other than marry my husband and give birth to my son, is helping those girls.

One more thing I would like to add. Those girls not only lost their babies, they also lost their boyfriends who got them in trouble. Every one lost the boy; he was not willing to marry her or have anything more to do with her.

I have come to realize we make our own happiness. It comes from within, if we keep the Lord's commandments. Our Heavenly Father truly does want us to have a glad heart and a cheerful countenance.

I have loved life, and never cease to be amazed at the good things that are coming my way. I feel no one has had as many blessings as I have. I ask the Lord to help me to finish my life in grateful gratitude for all of these things.

Does An Angel Live On Eighth Street?

By Jean Berry Arbuckle

She had red hair. No one ever saw red hair like her red hair. At seventeen it was waist length, curly and in the style of 1917.

She had freckles! White skin with a painful profusion of big, bright, unbelievable freckles, echoed the incredible color of her hair.

No one could have predicted that Minnie Whiting would become the epitome of loveliness to thousands of people who love her.

Only one ring was ever to symbolize romantic love to Aunt Myn. With that love and marriage a concept of life began for her that would have a profound effect on more people than most social workers, doctors, clergymen, or teachers ever influence.

The young people who sit adoringly at Aunt Myn's feet are seldom aware that by normal standards she could easily be a bitter, disgruntled woman.

The Priestleys were not blessed with a child until they had been married nine years. They then welcomed their first and only baby, a little boy named Don.

This childbirth was so traumatic that Aunt Myn could not walk alone for the next

three and one-half years. Every red hair on her head fell out.

The baby she loved so much had to be taken to Arizona where her Ma and Zell cared for him.

Eight and one-half years later the only sweetheart Minnie would ever love, was taken from her. Uncle Don died from a heart attack.

Little Don soon developed a severe case of childhood tuberculosis and had to be kept in bed for four years.

After Don recovered from T. B. it was discovered that he had diabetes. His Mother began a life of worry and fear over his health.

Her own health problems could keep a doctor busy for a year. She refuses to consult a physician on the grounds that he might find something wrong with her.

Who would guess that a woman could emerge from such shattering burdens convinced that she had known the richest of joy and happiness that life could offer?

Her home has always been filled with young people seeking answers to life's problems. At one time while living in Salt

Lake, Norma, Geraldine, Elma, Helen, Erma, Irene and Louine lived with Aunt Minnie and Uncle Don.

Later when she built her notorious apartment building on Eighth Street it became so popular as a gathering spot that her home was considered by many as an auxiliary to the Church across the street.



The notorious apartment on 8th St. Alhambra, Ca.

It is whispered that neither the Bishop or Stake President will make a decision before consulting Aunt Myn. Firesides and parties turn her living room into a state of mass confusion. People hoping to deliver cakes or refreshments often have to stand at the door and pass a plate hand over hand until it is received by someone in the kitchen.

Aunt Myn has become a popular speaker for Church groups. Young people hearing her for the first time are often permanently influenced in their approach to life.

She has become known throughout the Church, even to her own daughter-in-law, as “Aunt Myn.” A true niece or nephew who claims that Aunt Myn is REALLY an Aunt, may be reduced to tears trying to convince her admirers that the relationship is factual.

Aunt Myn’s method of helping those who come to her is difficult to define.

Trouble comes to her. She does not seek or advertise for people’s problems.

Willing to sit up until 3 a.m. to listen to someone’s problems, she will offer the troubled guest a bed for the evening. Encouragement, faith, humor, tolerance, humility—these seem to be the ingredients for her recipe of service to others.

Her son Don pays this tribute to his mother:

“No day in life with Mother is dull. Her existence is constantly active and full. I think that most outstanding gift she has given me is the experience of knowing an infinite variety of personalities.”

“Above all else Mother’s life has been dedicated to the Church. Without piousness or pride she lives the Gospel to the best of her ability, which is very great.”

“I cannot explain what motivates her to be a living Mary Worth. Surely the Church members would have forgiven her if she had collapsed in self-pity. I am constantly amazed at the deep love and affection people have for her wherever I go.”

“It has not been easy to live with a person who is as much in demand as my Mother. It seems to me that requirements on her time often impose burdens that defy good judgment.”

“Nevertheless, my life has been a memorable series of pats on the head, warm cocoa, and an indisputable knowledge of her love for me.”

Roberta, Aunt Myn’s daughter-in-law, is generous with her praise. “The mother-in-law stories I hear have no relationship to Don’s mother. I teach Family Relations in high school and can guarantee that the information she offers to those who seek help is sound advice.

“She does not stick her nose into Don’s and my affairs unless we invite her. Then her advice is welcome and usually accurate. Even if she is not pleased with our decisions or actions, we never fear a scene or word lashing from her.

“The truth is, I feel as comfortable in Aunt Myn’s home as I do in my own parent’s house. Neither Don nor his Mother is capable of moodiness or pouting spells.

“I have heard Aunt Myn say that she does not regret one word or action which took place during her marriage to Don’s father. What a truly beautiful way to remember her love!”

Have you ever seen a red headed Angel in a muumuu? Do Angels sometimes sing at the wrong funerals? Should an angel adopt and care for eight unwed mothers? Do angels have flat feet? Does an Angel live on Eighth Street?

Everyone Claims Aunt Myn

By Ruth Brown Lewis

Aunt Myn and Uncle Don had a romantic courtship and they were an inspiration to all of us who had a chance to live with them and see the great love they shared. When they lived in Salt Lake, and during World War II, almost everyone was allowed only three gallons of gasoline. Don spent those precious drops of gas having Aunt Myn drive him to work and pick him up. He said that he wanted to be with her every minute he could. Perhaps he had a premonition that she would be a widow for over forty years. Uncle Don used to call her at 3:00 every day, and it is a special time, even today.

Soon after they were married, she was told that she had a bad heart and might never be able to have children. They were married nearly nine years when the doctors said she might have a baby. Uncle Don said he knew they would have at least one son.

When it was time for the baby’s birth, they went to Los Angeles to be near her heart doctor. She had a very difficult labor, and finally the baby was delivered caesarean. She had a problem. All of her stitches broke out, but they did not sew the incision back together. On the nineteenth day they told Uncle Don they did not think

she could possibly live. She saw her baby for the first time that day. He was really a sick boy.

Uncle Earnest called my father, Dr. Frank W. Brown, to come and see if he could help. He and Mother flew to California. The doctor told him there were four things wrong with her that could be fatal. He let her go from the hospital because she begged so hard, and Dad could not help her there. The doctor told him to do everything he could, and that he would send the best nurses to help.

My father took one look at Myn and sent my mother and the nurse out of the room. He leaned down close to her and asked if she believed the Lord could make her better. She was so ill she could not open her eyes, but she told him that the Lord made her in the first place, so she felt he could heal her. Then he put his hand on her head and asked the Lord to help him find the problems, and give him wisdom to help her. He prayed that the Lord would give her the strength and faith to live, among other blessings.

For three days and nights he stayed by her side. He could not have done more than he did. He found another source of

infection, and gradually was able to clear up the infection. He kept her believing that she could get better if she had the faith.

Finally, Dad needed to get back to his practices in Salt Lake, so Uncle Don and Aunt Myn moved next door to my folks in one of their apartments. Much could be written about outfitting a room on the train with all the needs of a hospital room. Dad sat beside them all the way. Aunt Myn was hardly conscious.

Dad called his good friend, Apostle Rudger Clawson, to administer to her. Things looked pretty grim. Aunt Myn was a large woman and lost weight to seventy-nine pounds. She could not walk a step. She was losing all her hair and was in constant pain. Elder Clawson blessed her that she would live to take care of her home and raise her baby. When he was through, he put his face close to hers and told her that the Lord had said that, not him. It did give them more courage. Uncle Don prayed several times a day, and felt she and the baby would live.

Aunt Myn was really a sight! She was so thin and had no hair! She finally got

so she could take a few steps. The Uncles took her to California when they found that a specialist from Mayo Clinic was there. They examined her and could not tell if she would ever walk again because they had never seen anyone live, after all her problems. She still feels that no one could have helped her as Dad did. Today everyone claims Aunt Myn. She has blessed thousands of lives with her counseling and love; the Lord needed her to live!



“She really is my Aunt Myn”

Accepted With Open Arms

By Roberta Priestley

We have shared many meals together both in her home and mine. Seems like one of the best ways to get close and share good times is around the dinner table. And a great way to top off an evening is by eating “Grandma’s” delicious homemade fudge. If any of you haven’t tasted this great treat, ask her grandson Bruce to teach you.

Each year we have shared at least one vacation together. This has been a tremendous experience in making memories and strengthening family ties. We have shared family stories and songs while the miles would fly by. Most of our trips have

included stops at relative’s homes. We were always accepted with open arms and again a further strengthening of family ties. There is a lot of truth in the old statement that says, “A family that prays and plays together stays together.” Well, we have done a lot of that!

We have laughed and cried together as our up and downs crossed paths. My mother-in-law really does care about me and my children and I love her deeply. What a joy it is to know that we will share eternity together.

Tribute

By Granddaughter Ann Priestley Winiecke

“Grandma Minnie”, as she is affectionately known among her great grandchildren, left us so much. She left us her strong testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ, her wisdom that still influences us in our day to day lives, her amazing example of service, and her love of family. As we go throughout our daily lives, we often find ourselves thinking, “What would grandma do in this situation?” or “I wish grandma were here.” so that we could talk to her about a problem we are trying to solve. We, her posterity, are grateful for her example and her sacrifice and love for us.

Presently Ann is teaching school part time. Bruce is a journeyman in building engineering. Cristina has her associates from Ricks, now BYU Idaho,

and she is a busy mother raising three young children.

As we watch her great grandchildren grow, we see in them many of the same gifts and talents that she, her husband, and son Don E. possessed. Many of them have exhibited talents in music, drama, and the arts. Some of them have similar outgoing personalities and the ability to make friends easily. Don E. had a talent and love for photography and he has a grandson with that same gift. And last but definitely not least, Grandma Minnie has three great grandsons that are preparing to serve missions soon.

We are grateful to our Heavenly Father for preserving her life for so long. She has been one of the greatest blessings in our lives.



Myn



Elda and Myn

Minnie Whiting Priestley



Minnie (Myn) Whiting



Remembering Myn

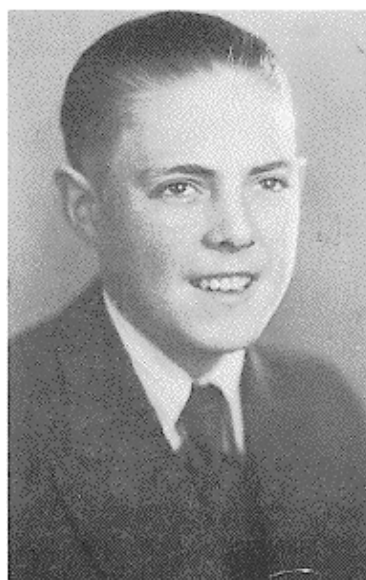


Donald A. S. Priestley and Minnie Whiting Priestley

Minnie Whiting Priestley



Nellie Priestley Whiting



Gordon D. Priestley



Don E. Priestley



Elder Prietley



Don Edwin Priestley and Roberta Ann Sorensen
Wedding picture – 1959



Ann, Roberta, Don E, Bruce



Roberta Ann Priestley



Donald Bruce Priestley



Bruce, Cristina, Roberta, Ann, Myn



Back: Bruce Priestley, Cristina Priestley, Dan Winiecke holding Ryan Winiecke,
Front: Kelly Priestley holding Michael, Minnie holding Tyler Winiecke, Ann Winiecke



Arthur Clemen Whiting

Autobiography

I was born at St. Johns, Arizona, April 15, 1904, the 9th and youngest child of Edwin and Maria Whiting.

My earliest memories occurred while we were living in the valley near Hunt. My mother was feeding a group of grain threshers and I recall her washing dishes and I was trying to help her. We lived in that same valley at the "Meadows" a few miles up the river for several years when I was very young.

I seem to remember the horses we had even more vividly than I remember people. Father had some good faithful work horses that he had brought from Utah; and we had one real gentle riding horse called "Old Pat", which I used to ride around the yard when I was very small.

One time he must have lost patience with the way I went around and around the house so many times, so he stopped in the front yard and put both of his feet up on a chair which was sitting outside. I screamed and mother and father rushed out of the house to see what had happened, but they only laughed at my predicament.

We milked several cows and I was always trying to catch a little calf. But one evening while the folks were milking I got

into the corral and grabbed a cute little calf by the neck when the calf started bawling the cow came after me and I barely made it under the fence in time. To this day I am afraid of an angry cow.

Our house was an old log house and the floor had holes in it. One day mother called to me and I ran in the house. She was standing on a big blow snake which had its head and part of its body down through the knot hole in the floor. Mother told me to bring her a hammer and a nail which I did and I was horrified as she nailed the snake to the floor for father to take care of when he got home that night.

The blackbirds were a real menace in those days to our stacks of unthreshed grain. They would almost turn the grain stacks black at times. One time Earnest got the shot gun and fired into the midst of a flock of blackbirds. I was excited as we counted the dead ones and captured those that could not fly. It seemed like there were a thousand, but as I remember they counted something like thirty-five.

I was too small to do anything with the work horses but we had a black stallion that the folks had traded for. He was a beauty to look at but very mean and dangerous. In fact, he had killed a man before we got him. Father and the boys

tried to handle him with care but one time he grabbed Eddie's arm and chewed it quite badly before he got away.

When I was a little older, about eight, father gave some Navajo Indians \$3.50 for a little ugly bay mare. As Earnest and Ralph had already been given a horse each by Uncle Ike Isaacson, this little mare went to Lynn.

She didn't look like much, but she was a good little horse and Lynn used to chase bobcats, coyotes and rabbits on her. She had a bay colt and it was given to me. It was a rather ugly colt but he turned out to be the horse of all horses in the Whiting family.

I named him "Minute" and when we were breaking him, the mare had another colt which was beautiful. Lynn talked me into trading "Minute" for the young colt.

Minute turned out to be one of the greatest horses in the country. He was fast and he was one of the best roping and cutting horses in town. Ralph won calf roping events on him both in St. Johns and Springerville. He also was on the chariot team that never was defeated.

Minute was noted most because he was loved and ridden by all members of all the families during the many years that we had him. The children could pile on him as many as could climb on and he never hurt one in his life. He seemed to know just how to be careful with children and he was gentle as a kitten. You would never know he was the same spirited horse that you had seen roping calves, winning a race or running in a chariot team.

Our hobby in those days, along with hunting and fishing, was catching wild horses. We were able to keep for our own any unbranded horse which we

captured out in the country east of St. Johns. Sometimes we would stay in that country for a week chasing and capturing wild horses. We caught some real good horses, but many of them were not worth much at all. Minute was used in nearly every horse chase that we made over a period of years.

Someone has suggested I recount the occasion when I was bitten by a mad dog at eleven when we lived at the old mill west of the Homestead. Father and mother took me to Los Angeles, the nearest place where the Pasteur treatment was available. We were riding on a chair car [in the train] and it was about midnight.

I was bandaged from head to foot and everyone in the car was aware of my injuries and somewhat concerned. Well, about midnight when the lights were very dim, I had a nightmare and must have screamed and yelled. In no time the conductor had the lights up and I had plenty of wide eyed company until morning. After all who wants to get bitten by a "mad" boy. And Minnie used to keep an eye on me for a long time afterward. She didn't want to get nipped either.

I blush as I recall my school days. I cried when they took me the first day to Cora Anderson's first grade. My love for school never seemed to bloom through the years, and I probably would not have passed from the 8th grade had not my good cousin Frank Whiting taken pity on me and given me a diploma.

Things were no better in high school (the old Church academy), but I did enjoy the school plays and operas and applied myself to every part that came my way in these school performances.

I also liked the dances very much and never missed one if I could attend. Dances were the social thing in those days,

as there was no radio and only one silent picture show a week which many folks could not afford. The quality was poor anyway.

One reason I did not apply myself to school was because I loved the cattle and horses so much. I would get out of school whenever I could to help with the livestock. I always looked forward to the occasions when we moved the livestock to the mountains for the summer and then to driving them back to our pastures near St. Johns for the winter.

My folks bought one of the first Ford cars that came to St. Johns, and it helped my social standing a lot. In fact, my rival, Lawson Hamblin, claimed I won Armina because I had a car to drive and he didn't.

I liked cars and worked for Eddie in the old garage for years. I was working there when Armina and I were married. Then after I returned from my mission, I started selling cars, and it has been my occupation up to the present time.

I came home from my mission in 1926 and with Ralph we acquired the Dodge agency; we had been Ford dealers since 1921. We have been Dodge dealers continuously now for 41 years.

In 1927 we bought the Ford dealership at Holbrook; Earnest moved there to look after it. I sold cars for both Ford dealerships and the Dodge agency also. My brother Lynn and Albert Brown worked with me part of the time.

In 1931, Armina and our two young children Irene and Milton moved to Holbrook. We thought we were going for a short time, but we are still here.

We have had some happy and wonderful times since we came to Holbrook. Lots of trips with the children

and Mother and Father. Many friends have come our way and good times hunting and socials occupy our time.

My work has been interesting and very satisfying as well as rewarding since we came to Holbrook. I liked the automobile business and then as we started our chain of Service Stations, I liked that even more. I also liked the lumber business which we started during the Second World War.

Our business grew as a partnership of the four brothers, Eddie, Earnest, Ralph and myself. In 1956 we decided to divide up the partnership to accommodate our children.

Earnest and I continued together and stayed at Holbrook. Ralph moved to Mesa and Eddie never did leave St. Johns.

We dissolved without any differences or feelings, and our relationships have been good all the way. We give credit to our parents for the qualities which made it possible for us to work together. My father always counseled us to say "ours" and not "mine" and to feel and think that way.

Perhaps I should recall some of my church activities and experiences, I was not too active in the Aaronic Priesthood, as we lived at the homestead during the summer and since it was my job to work with the livestock, I was often out of town on Sundays.

When I went on my mission to Canada at nineteen, I was no doubt one of the weakest elders in the whole mission. After one month in Toronto, I was sent to Port Arthur as a companion to Elder Wilson of Hatch, Utah. We spent twelve months there just the two of us. But he was a noble character and I think I really gained a testimony during that time.

We opened up a new area in Western Ontario, Buyland, and there is still a branch there. I went to Winnipeg next where I was made district president; then to Minneapolis when a new mission was formed and I was the first secretary of the mission and president of the District there.

After I returned home, I was Superintendent of the M.I.A. in St. Johns, then counselor in the bishopric until we moved to Holbrook. I served as counselor to two bishops in the Holbrook Ward. I was a member of the Snowflake High Council and later counselor in the Stake Presidency. I am now Supt. of the M.I.A in the Holbrook 2nd Ward.

Perhaps the richest part of my life has been my association with folks in sorrow and grief. It has been my privilege to speak and sing at a great many funeral services. I think nearly half have been members of other churches or none at all. Many dear friends have come into my life through these rich experiences. I recall several families where I have talked at as many as three funerals in one family. And one very dear lady left a letter to her children requesting that I speak at her services; I still have the letter.

In the civic field I have been a member of Rotary and Lions. I was Mayor of Holbrook three terms.

In addition to my lifelong affiliation with the family companies, I have been president and am at present director of the First Navajo National Bank of Holbrook. I recall many years ago when Earnest and I were invited to have dinner with a very small group of the officers of the Firestone Rubber Co. We sat near Mr. Harvey Firestone, founder of the company.

I have enjoyed some wonderful trips and excursions. I remember when I was very young how the whole family and crew of the saw mill would take off for a week of camping and fishing in White River.

There were no game laws or restrictions, no one else there and the creeks were full of native trout, which are almost extinct now. You should sample a "native" trout cooked in the dutch oven by Grandpa Whiting.

We had many good trips after the automobile came along, to the state fair, to Los Angeles, to the Worlds Fairs in San Diego, Chicago and San Francisco, then by plane to Seattle. There was the time when most of the families, including Lynn's, visited Yellowstone.

More recently with Milton's family and with Betty and Aunt Myn and Norman and Gary, I have had four wonderful trips to Hawaii, then this summer with Milton's family and my own, a very exciting marlin fishing trip to the very tip of the Baja peninsula of Mexico.

To me, our regular family reunions, so well attended during the past years give evidence of the love that binds our family together.

Going back to my own family, my youngest girl Annette was born in Los Angeles on October 11, 1936. When no more children came to us, we adopted a baby boy David Bruce, born August 11, 1941 at Salt Lake City. He was such a joy to us that we adopted Norman Craig, born September 6, 1944 at Salt Lake City. This may have been the last of our family had not our three-year-old darling little David passed away December 26, 1944. We were very heart-broken, and then, by some miracle, Gary Lynn came into our home,

born January 9, 1946 at Salt Lake City.
He was a darling with his red hair.

But then another great loss came to us, Armina became ill with a fatal lingering illness, and passed away in Los Angeles July 27, 1946.

Our family was blessed by the presence of Leonard and Betty Lepper and their daughter Armina. Betty never left our home and family after she and Leonard separated, and we were married August 1, 1956.

I am proud indeed of my children and grandchildren, and the wonderful in-laws who have come into my family. I could write a book about each of my children's families but I do not have space herein.

I would like to conclude my little portion of this book, by quoting some of the very last word of Grandfather E. M. Whiting which I subscribe to. He said "This has been a good life, I have enjoyed every bit of it. I would like to be around another 50 years just to see what is going to take place."

My Dad

By A. Milton Whiting

There are many qualities and attributes that Dad has which I am sure he is far too modest to mention in his autobiography. I feel he has been the guidance and strength in perpetuating Great Grandmother Isaacson's missionary fund, which over the past fifteen to twenty years has contributed approximately forty thousand dollars to young men serving on missions, many from the Whiting family.

He has realized the responsibility a brother has towards taking care of his own family, and has been totally unselfish with the material things in life which are his. I have seen him month after month, year after year make certain that sisters, sisters-in-law, whoever it might be, did not want for the necessities of life.

He has not only contributed great financial assistance, but also leadership to the family reunions held over the years at the Homestead. He personally took the initiative towards having the Homestead permanently incorporated so that it might forever be a shrine to Grandma and

Grandpa Whiting and held in trust for their posterity.

He has not only been an employer but also a true friend and counselor to hundreds of people who have worked for him. The townspeople of Holbrook also, almost daily seek his advice concerning personal and business affairs.

But besides all of these many qualities, there is still another that I have not mentioned that is almost unparalleled. It began when Dad was a young man and had recently returned from a mission. He was asked to speak at the funeral of Deck McCray's child. Since that time, and especially since Dad's residence in Holbrook, he has ever increasingly been called upon to speak at funerals. I doubt if any other person other than a paid clergyman, has spoken at more services. How great a tribute to him, that people of every race, religion, and status seek his words of comfort in their time of sorrow. He has spoken throughout the area, even as many as three different times within one family. He also spoke at his brother E. I.'s

funeral as well as the two sons, Virgil and Farr. And as the years go by his wisdom and understanding seem to ever increase. With all of his many accomplishments in

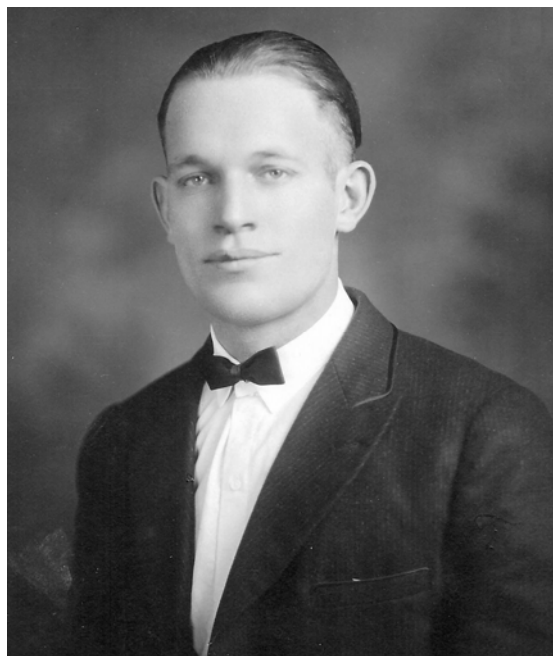
life, I wouldn't be surprised if this last one mentioned will be the greatest of all as the years go by.



Arthur



Armina Gibbons



Arthur C. Whiting

Married October 15, 1923



Arthur in front of St. Johns home



Arthur—Northwest Central States Mission—1924-26



Arthur



Ralph, Eddie, Earnest, Arthur

Arthur Clemen Whiting



Arthur and Betty Whiting
Married August 1, 1956



Earnest, Arthur, Gary Whiting – On a trip to Mexico



Armina Gibbons Whiting



David Bruce Whiting
Died 1944



Arthur, Annette, Armina, Norman, Gary, Betty—1954 in Holbrook



Barbershop Quartet – 1976

Roy Gibbons, Tom Smithson, Arthur Whiting, Rendol Gibbons



Arthur C. Whiting Family – 1967

Front Row: Susan Bentley Goldie, Coleen Farr Bellamy, John Bentley, Stephen Lewis, DeeAnn Lewis Abaroa, Jay Farr, David Farr, Gale, Bentley, Barry Whiting **2nd Row:** Alice Greyeyes Fraser, Karen Lewis Priest, Gordon Whiting, Margaret Redelk, Peggy Lewis Kennedy, Kristine Lewis Holladay, Janis, Whiting Hall **3rd Row:** Armina Lepper Bentley, Lynette Lewis Peterson, Annette, Whiting Farr, Arthur C. Whiting, Betty Lepper Whiting, Irene Whiting Lewis, Lorana Randall Whiting **Back Row:** Gary Whiting, Gordon Bentley, Steve Peterson, Merl Farr, Norman Whiting, Farrell Lewis, Milton "Mickey" Whiting, Bruce Whiting



Arther Whiting Reunion – 1976

Front Row: Annette, Irene, Betty, Art, Armina Back Row: Norman, Mickey, Gary



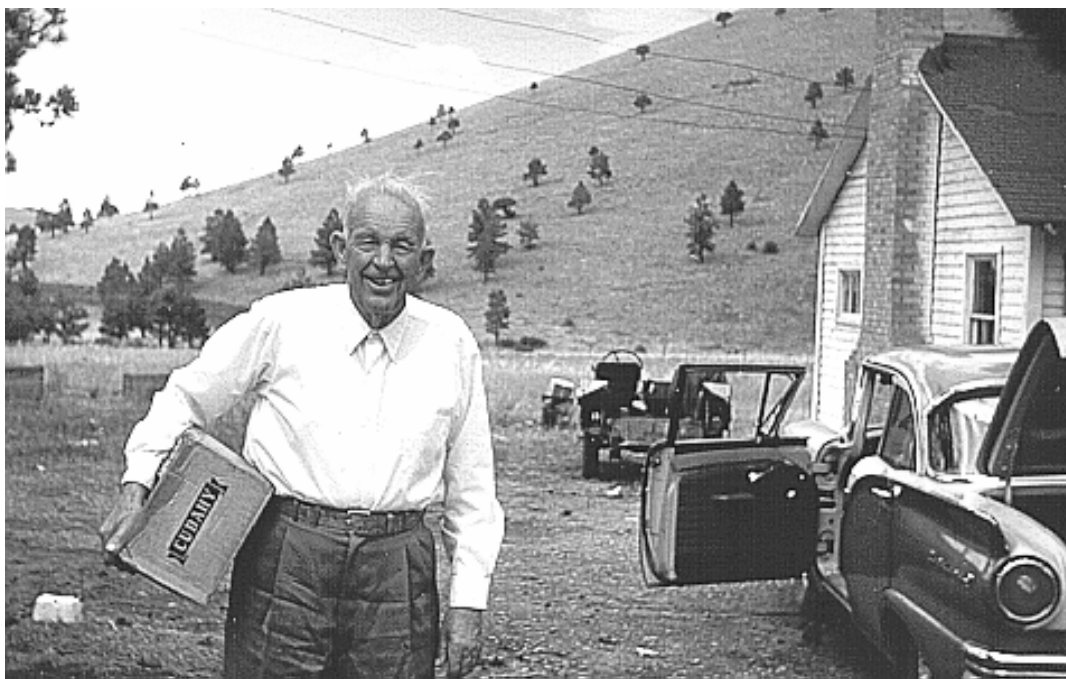
Arthur Whiting Reunion – 1995

Front Row: Sheri Whiting, Lorana Whiting, Mickey Whiting
Back Row: Gary Whiting, Irene Lewis, Farrell Lewis, Norman Whiting, Annette Farr, Merl Farr



Back row: Gary Whiting, Gordon Bentley, Steve Peterson, Merl Farr, Norman Whiting, Farrell Lewis, Mickey Whiting, Bruce Whiting. **3rd row:** Armina Bentley, Lynette Peterson, Annette Farr, Arthur Whiting, Berry Whiting, Irene Lewis, Lorana Whiting. **2nd row:** Alice Fraser, Karen Priest, Gordon Whiting, Margaret Red Elk, Peggy Kennedy, Kristine Holladay, Janis Paul. **Front row:** Susan Goldie, Coleen Bellamy, John Bentley, Stephen Lewis, DeeAnn Abaroa, Jay Farr, David Farr, Gale Bentley and Barry Whiting

The Legacy Continues



Uncle Eddie at the Homestead

Working Together

The following letter was written in 1935 to Grandma Maria Whiting from her oldest son, Eddie.

Dear Mother,

It is Sunday, and the coldest day we have had this year. We had a good little visit with Lynn. And have had some sad letters from Earnest, I know you believe as much as I do in working together and I hope you can help. Try to think what Pa would have done if he were here, and we will not be so very far wrong, It is unfortunate that we should have lost him and that Earnest and Lynn should be sick.

Our working together is about the only thing we have accomplished that has ever been noticed or mentioned by others. To me, it seems worthwhile. We will never make enough money anyhow, to amount to anything, and if we do, I am not sure that it would be any blessing. But if we can help each other really make things go, that is worthwhile. To have the others step in and help me when I was overloaded has always been one of the joys of life and to try to help them is a pleasure, too.

Love,
Eddie

What Has Held the Whiting Brothers Together

by E. I. Whiting

EDITOR'S NOTE: This letter from Eddie to The Whiting Tree is the rest-of-the-story of the looming problem hinted at in Eddie's letter above, and describes the unexpected solution, from the perspective of looking back many years later.

Yesterday my sister Myn, said a young man from our hometown had been asked to talk on family cooperation and unity. He had paid us the compliment of saying he would talk about the Whiting Brothers, whom he had known most of his life, so he came to Myn and asked her to tell him what made our organization go; what held us together. She in turn asked me, and to tell the truth I am not sure that I can tell you. I think I know at least in part, but to tell it seems more difficult.

Thinking it over, I guess the whole thing is built on day-to-day, or time-to-time incidents. Of course, we give Dad credit for planning, from long ago. In

looking back, I know his plans for life always included his boys working together and with him.

When the end of his life was at hand, he called me to his bedside and asked me to try to hold the boys together. I am sure he realized I was not quite so generous as some of my brothers, because he cautioned me about being sure to deal fairly whenever we were involved. Being the oldest, he indicated he wanted me to take the lead, in his place. Then he said, "If you can always be honest with each other, you will be more blessed and have more prosperity, and get more from life."

I can think of many incidents that have affected our organization – and don't think there have not been trials – times when we all wondered if we should quit.

Each of us brought a wife into the group, and it is a compliment to all of them that even though they did not understand much about what we were trying to do, they generally backed us up and very seldom hindered – even though I am sure they often did not understand, and often wondered, if the privation required did not more than offset the compensations.

As I have already said, I could tell many incidents to throw light on things as they have appeared to me. Let me tell one, and as they say in American Magazine, “You be the judge.”

Remember, we had always worked together. We first built in St. Johns: the store, farm, sawmill, garage, etc. Then we took the Ford Agency in Holbrook, and sent Earnest there to manage that.

He worked hard. Beryl cooked for the other brothers when we went to help, but they carried the brunt of the Holbrook venture. Under Earnest’s management we bought a second, then a third garage, built a new building for J.C. Penny Co., Pay-N-Takit, and a modern drug store. In fact, Earnest was making quite a showing on his end of the business, and because it was growing, I guess we all put a little extra into it.

Then one day – tragedy! Earnest went to the operating table, a serious operation (gallstones), with his life in the balance. Finally he mended and was brought home. He was ordered to not work, so he tried to just watch the business he had built and loved. It didn’t work. More hospital, and finally they said that if he did not quit and get out for at least five years, he would die.

His wife, with a family of small children, wondered if they would lose out when they had to quit. The brothers

wondered if they would be able to pay enough to satisfy Earnest and wife, and still save the business. In fact, things were said on both sides that brought fear and worry to all. We looked for big losses and whispered about what each should lose. Earnest was in bed, awfully sick, and of course worried.

Wise old Earnest called the three brothers to his bedside. We went prepared to give him whatever he asked, if we could, even if we did not salvage much from this fine, growing, young venture. Beryl and Earnest had been on the ground, close to it, and naturally we thought he felt that even though the others had invested and helped, most of it was theirs, and I think a court of equity would have agreed with them.

And so we met, and in a few words listened to Earnest change, or shall I say guide, our partnership through rough waters. Instead of asking for more or less than his share, he, as nearly as I can remember, simply said, “I guess you know what the doctors say. I must absolutely quit work for five years, go to the coast or somewhere out of the way. I will have to have enough for the family to live on and I guess I have something in the business, but it would not sell for too much now, and to draw too much out would break it. Why don’t you fellows take it and carry on, and just let me draw enough to live on, and when I am well enough I will come back and help.”

The next few years are a story apart. Ralph and Art did carry on. The business grew so that Earnest’s share was more than the whole thing when he dropped out. He had lived, and those were some of the happiest years of our lives. It is hard to say who did what, but they all did a good part.

E.I. Whiting: Few Things Escaped His Attention

by his son-in-law, Wilford J. Shumway

Two men, so the story goes, were sunning themselves on the south side of the Whiting Sawmill at Eager. Presently Mr. Whiting passed by. As usual, he was on a half run. The first man said, "Look at that fellow! What makes him go? He's got more than enough money to last him a lifetime, and he can't take it with him."

The second man said, "Oh, I don't know, maybe he can. He's done some mighty strange things."

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Few people ever acquire the wide and varied interests that he enjoyed. In the business world about him, few things escaped his attention – sawmills, farming, cattle raising, homesteading, the mercantile business, and a keeper of bees. Road building, turkey raising, service stations, and freight lines. Rental buildings, theaters, garages, and automobile dealerships. Have I missed anything? Probably. Be it further noted that whatever he did, he did it with a little more success than the next fellow.

When I was courting his daughter, Mabel, one of my uncles inquired as to who my girlfriend was. I momentarily ducked the question, so he asked, "What does her dad do?"

I said, "Oh, a little bit of everything."

"Hmm," he said, "must be a Whiting."

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Whether it was football, or the contests of field and track, he was there supporting the home team with hyped-up

enthusiasm. He was awarded a trophy for his ardent support of the high school basketball team.

At a football game where the home team was woefully behind, the announcer was heard to say, "St. Johns couldn't win now, even if E.I. Whiting was playing quarterback!"

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Eddie's skill at the bargaining table and his ability to negotiate were legendary. As an all-around 'horse-trader,' he had few equals. Seldom was he out maneuvered.

Jay Patterson tells of the time his father sent him across the street to settle some differences that had developed with Mr. Whiting in the matter of a land exchange. Upon his return, Jay says his father leaned forward in his chair, rested his hands on his cane, and said, "Tell me, Son, what did he do to you?"

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He had an extraordinary aptness in returning a verbal thrust. His repartee was quick and decisive.

When his wife accused him of hitting a post as he parked a car, he said, "Well, Ethel! Maybe I wanted to hit the post."

~~~~~

Legend has it that Earnest, Ralph, and Arthur were riding in a car with E. I. as chauffeur. First he hit a cow, then he narrowly missed a telephone pole, and finally the vehicle all but capsized as he ran it astraddle of a window of oil cake.

Ralph was visibly shaken. He said, "For gosh sake, Eddie, you're going to kill us!"

E. I.'s reply was almost gentle. "Why Ralph, I have saved your life three times."

~~~~~

It is evident that many of the stories told on the old gentleman didn't really happen. It is true that he took his young son Merwin to Holbrook and absentmindedly returned without him. But Arthur denies that he left him standing at the gate.

It is true that when a truck driver complained that he didn't have a heater in his truck, E. I. instructed him to get a hot rock.

But it is not true that when the birth of their daughter Mabel became imminent at 3 a.m., and Ethel shook her husband and informed him of the emergency, that he said, "Couldn't you wait until morning?"

And yes, he did appear at the local barbershop wearing two ties.

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He was frugal and thrifty, to be sure, but generous. Few knew of his assistance and liberal contributions to individuals and the community, to say nothing of his donations to Church building funds and welfare projects.

During the construction of the Snowflake meetinghouse, the

superintendent, a man sent out from Salt Lake, refused to pay a bill for lumber which Mr. Whiting had delivered. Mr. Whiting spent considerable time and effort and finally collected the account.

Later, the Snowflake bishop told me that Mr. Whiting then made a contribution to their building fund for twice the amount he had collected.

There was no question but he was the largest contributor to the building of the Eager Ward meetinghouse.

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He had an innate inability to control his emotions when he stood at the pulpit. He said of himself, "I cry when I don't need to."

His daughter, Melba, chided him for crying when he spoke in stake conference. His reply, "Why, that's part of my audience appeal!"

Sad to say, he transmitted this malady into the second and third generations.

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My father-in-law was indeed a marksman extraordinary. I have driven a car at speeds upwards of forty miles an hour over the roughest of terrain. As the automobile pitched and rolled and I did my utmost to avoid the hazards of rocks, arroyos, and scrub cedar, he would poke his rifle out the window and knock over an antelope, a coyote, or whatever animal we were pursuing. I never saw him miss.

## The Whiting Brothers as Businessmen

By Rex E. Lee  
Great-Grandson

On May 5, 1911, the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture issued a Sawmill Permit to E. M. Whiting and H. A. Berry, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Whiting and Berry, having an office and principal place of business at St. Johns, Arizona. The Permit was for a steam powered sawmill having a daily capacity of 5, 000 board feet. Some 50 years after the issuance of this original Sawmill Permit, the descendants of E. M. Whiting owned and operated sawmills and related lumber processing facilities having an annual capacity of approximately 150,000,000 board feet.

I recall a photograph of a service station constructed by E. M. Whiting and his sons on what was then and still is the main street of St. Johns, proudly displaying the sign, "free air." As of the date of this writing—about one-half century after that auspicious beginning in which a single service station pioneered a new merchandising concept by dispensing free air—a total of 85 Whiting Brothers Service Stations are located in six southwestern states. Free air is available at all of them.

Several years ago, my Grandfather, E. I. Whiting, wrote an article for the Whiting Family Tree entitled "What Has Held the Whiting Brothers Together." I have been asked to treat a more expansive subject from the somewhat more objective viewpoint of one who has been an observer though not a major participant in the building of the Whiting Brothers business ventures.

Ironically, it is perhaps easier to talk about the characteristics of the

Whiting Brothers which have not contributed to their business and financial successes. In my opinion, the rather substantial list of unorthodox and, by almost everyone's standards, unrecommended business practices which have characterized the Whiting Brothers' dealings is headed by a lack of concern for certain types of detail, especially with regard to such important matters as ownership of property.

In the summer of 1961, I informed my Grandfather that the record title to a certain piece of property which he had told me he owned was in Uncle Ralph's name. His response was, "Well, it's mine; we'll see Ralph and get it straightened out." Being in the midst of my law school career, and thoroughly imbued with the problems which arise from mistakes such as the one which had apparently been made, my immediate, though unexpressed, response was, "Well, good luck." We discussed the matter with Uncle Ralph, who responded, "Oh, sure, that's Eddie's. You make a Deed and I'll sign it."

Since that time, I have seen numerous other instances in which the record titles to very valuable properties had to be changed in order to reflect their true ownership.

The inherent dangers from this type of business procedure are obvious. The virtues are certainly not sufficient to offset these dangers, but they are worthy of mention; it appears to me that there are two: (1) the implicit trust which was the foundation of this confusion in property ownership is refreshing; (2) the resulting



confusion contributes to the salutary policy of full employment for lawyers.

Now to the plus side. At the outset, candor requires a recognition that personalities as complex as those of the Whiting Brothers are not susceptible to precise isolation and identification of component characteristics. Nevertheless, there are certain salient characteristics which are noteworthy. One long-time associate, himself a very successful businessman, expressed the opinion that the chief contributing factor to the Whiting Brothers' success was not their skill in production, marketing, financial management, or the like, but rather their ability as traders, their almost uncanny capacity to sense a "good buy," or a "good trade." While I would disagree that this has been the most important factor contributing to their success, the observation on the whole rings true. I always felt that my Grandfather was happiest while negotiating with the Hebrew scrap metal dealers in Los Angeles, shaking his head and feigning lamentations: "You fellers are just too fast for me; I can't keep up with your figuring," a statement that had as much basis in fact as a declaration by Custer that he needed more Indians.

A favorite story involves Juan Sanchez. On one occasion my Grandfather had responded to a proposal by Juan, telling him that he would have to consult with his brothers. Juan retorted: "How come? Whenever I'm skeening you, you've got to see your brauthers. Whenever you're, skeening me; you don't got to see nobody."

The brothers came by their trading instincts honestly. Great-Grandmother Whiting responded to a plea by her oldest son that she allow him and his brothers to do something for her by stating "Well,

Eddie. I would like to buy something wholesale." (The "Isaac" in "Isaacson" comes through).

My own opinion is that the most noteworthy characteristic of the Whiting Brothers' business dealings—and over the long run, arguably the characteristic which has made the greatest contribution to their financial success—has been their sensitive, fine-honed sense of fairness. Mr. Irving A. Jennings, for several decades general counsel for the various Whiting business interest, and personal lawyer for many of the family members, observed at an appreciation dinner given for employees of Kaibab Lumber Company in 1966 that in all the years that he had represented the Whiting Brothers in their various negotiations, litigations, and other legal matters, he had never known them to seek to recover or obtain more than what was justly theirs. Their tenacity in obtaining their just dues, in Mr. Jennings' view, is unexcelled; the noteworthy aspect of this tenacity, however, is that it had never impelled them to pursue a dispute to the point of obtaining more than that to which they were fairly entitled, even in those instances where they probably could have done so.

I recall my Father telling of our having supplied to one of the local LDS churches for a building project some lumber which had been manufactured at one of our mills at considerable expense because of the extra length of the boards. A dispute arose concerning the payment for the lumber, a dispute which was eventually resolved in our favor by appropriate church officials in Salt Lake City. Shortly thereafter, my Grandfather sent to the Ward involved a contribution in an amount greater than the amount which was in dispute over the lumber. A principle was involved, and he insisted on

seeing justice done. He was happy to make a contribution, but not under the false guise of a failure to recognize the fair value of goods which he had supplied.

No discussion of the Whiting Brothers, whether in the business context or any other-would be complete without reference to their sense of humor. It is a type of humor that has a style of its own—crisp, pointed, and unorthodox. Uncle Earnest, upon being asked by a traffic policeman, “Didn’t you see that red light?” responded, “Hell yes I saw it, but I didn’t see you.”

It is a type of humor that appeared early in life. As a young boy on the sawmill, Uncle Art was reprimanded for not working harder. His reply: “Well, it seems to me, if you’re smart enough, you don’t have to work.” It is also a type of humor that shows a flair for exaggeration, such as Uncle Ralph’s assertion that “there’s more of ‘em stealin’ from us than ain’t,” and Uncle Earnest’s solemn declaration that if he were sitting on a

swivel chair on the 50-yard line in the Rose Bowl at game time, facing away from the field, he wouldn’t bother to turn around.

More than fifty years have gone by since the United States Forest Service issued that first sawmill permit to E. M. Whiting and H. A. Berry and since the first of the Whiting Stations opened its doors.

The mantle of primary responsibility for the various Whiting business activities has largely passed to the next generation. But the original Whiting Brothers are still in business. It is serious business. It is the business of maintaining and perpetuating within the E. M. Whiting family the bonds of family unity and loyalty which have been characteristic of this family from the beginning. No more lasting nor fitting tribute than this could be paid to the memory of E. M. and Maria Whiting.



The Whiting Brothers – Ralph, Eddie, Earnest, Arthur – Lynn inset



Edwin & Maria's oldest great-grandsons:  
Gordon Startup, Rex Lee, Floyd Brown, Markay Hamlin, David Berry, Lynn Ellsworth, Wendell Lewis

## Man of Destiny

by Floyd R. Brown

This June, Rex Lee will be graduated from the Brigham Young University, having served as the Student Body President during the past year and having been awarded a three-year scholarship to the University of Chicago Law School. He is also, I am informed, very close to qualifying for Valedictorian, an honor which he may yet receive.

I first remember Rex in Holbrook, Arizona, where he and Donald Whiting and I were all in the same grade and all had tricycles. Ambition among that group was unlimited. I recall that we used to ride down the street racing with the airplanes that were flying overhead. On another occasion, Milton Whiting told us about the "pot of gold" at the end of the rainbow, and sent us off after it. That was the longest hike of my life. These and other undertakings are my first memories of Rex.

Our families then moved to different states and I saw Rex only occasionally. I recall when I used to go to St. Johns to work for Uncle Albert in the summer that Rex was always away working at the sawmill at Elk Mountain. I used to ask the kids in town about him and, in general, they were unable to understand exactly what Rex was going to amount to. They complained that he spent all his time studying and practicing on his trumpet. (Insofar as I know, he has given up the latter ambition.) I believe Rex was graduated at the head of his high school class. On the way, he became an eagle scout, and, as I recall, was one of the first in his troop. During his senior year, he placed fourth in a national speech contest, in which there were over 500,000 contestants.

The next year, Rex went to the BYU. At the time, he was surrounded by a large number of

cousins. The boys were- -Rex Lee, Phil Brown, Markay Hamblin, David Berry, Wendell Lewis, Gordon Startup, Lynn Ellsworth and myself. Rex started off by getting elected president of the freshman class. He was active in the debating squad, and taught the elder's quorum in one of the campus branches. He was given membership in the Freshman Honor Society. He joined the Viking Social Unit.

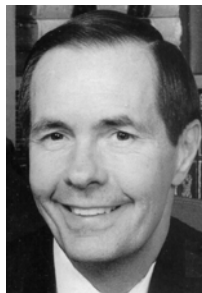
During his second year at BYU, he served as Vice-President of Men's, Students. He was active in MIA, maintained his position on the honor roll, and traveled over 10,000 miles debating for the school. He placed second in the Senior Men's Division at the Tournament of Champions in Linfield, Oregon, and brought several other trophies home to the School. (Ed. note: Floyd was his partner in most of the debating and won several trophies himself.) He also won the Heber J. Grant Oratorical Contest.

After spending the next summer at the sawmill, he went on a mission, and served there with great distinction, being called into the Presidency of the

Mexican Mission after only eight months in the mission field.

He had scarcely returned from his mission when he was called to the General Board of the M.I.A. Back at the BYU, he was promptly elected President of the Senate for the ensuing year. He maintained the usual high scholastic level of achievement. But, most significant, he became engaged to a beautiful and very charming girl whom he was somehow lucky enough to hoodwink into becoming his wife. Janet, we are very glad you consented to join us. (You see, you got us when you took Rex.)

We should all take a lesson from this man. It may sound out of place, and perhaps I am blinded by my own deep feeling for Rex, but I feel convinced that we have a truly great man on our hands. Rex doesn't and won't have as much time to socialize as some of the rest of us, but he will be giving a lot to many other people. Barring unforeseen interventions, Rex seems destined to do great things, politically, religiously, and perhaps in other, yet untouched fields.



## Tribute to Rex E. Lee

“To a Man Who Has Done What This Church Expects of Each of us”

By President Gordon B. Hinckley

Given at BYU Devotional 17 October 1995

Now, at the risk of embarrassing President Lee, I wish to speak of him. His remarkable life has been one worthy of an example for each of you. He was not born nor reared with riches. His achievements have come only through hard work and dedicated service. He grew up in a small town in Arizona. He served a mission for the Church in Mexico, where he learned to speak the language, to love the common people, and to

love the Lord and His great work. He came to this university when it was much smaller. He was an excellent student who knew where he wanted to go and what he wanted to do. Notwithstanding his commitment to high scholarship, he was a young man with humor who enjoyed good fun. He won the respect of his peers and was elected student body president. After graduation from BYU, he was accepted at the University of Chicago

Law School, where he earned his juris doctorate in 1963. He holds five honorary doctor of law degrees.

During the 1963 term of the United States Supreme Court, Rex Lee served as law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Byron R. White.

As a young attorney he won the respect of his peers and superiors. He was appointed assistant U.W. attorney general in charge of the Justice Department's civil division from 1975 to 1976. That was a remarkable achievement for a young man from a remote Arizona cow town. He served as U.S. solicitor general from 1981 to 1985, representing the federal government before the Supreme Court.

He holds the distinction of having argued the largest number of cases before the Supreme Court in a single term, six in 1986. He has argued fifty-nine cases before the high court.

He was invited by the trustees to become the first dean of the J. Reuben Clark Law School on this campus. His was the task of assembling a faculty and a library, the two great basic assets of any good school of law.

Most of us, I am confident, cannot appreciate the enormous work in carrying a load of this kind. His much sought for service represented the tremendous confidence of distinguished clients across the nation. They placed on his shoulders the heavy responsibility of advocating their claims and causes. This speaks volumes for his capacity, for his tenacity, for his scholarship, and for the confidence, respect, and trust in which he is held by lawyers and their clients across the land.

He is a partner in the widely known and highly respected firm of Siddley & Austin in Chicago. He held the George Sutherland Chair of Law at Brigham Young University since returning to the Law School in 1985

It is not an easy thing to find a qualified president for a great university. Every board of trustees or regents can testify

to that. Great qualities of leadership are needed. There is a further requirement in the case of Brigham Young University, and that is to find a leader with faith in the Almighty and loyalty to His work. When a new BYU president was needed in 1989, Rex E. Lee was the universal choice of the trustees.

During these six-plus years he has served with fidelity, with great devotion, with rare ability, and, I may add, with humility.

Rex Lee is a man not only of strong intellect; he is a man of great faith. He is a man of humble prayer who seeks divine guidance in handling the many responsibilities with which he is constantly faced.

His beloved companion, Janet, is the quiet pillar of strength who stands at his side, who is his counselor, his comforter, his cheerleader, and his dearest friend. What a wonderful, exemplary picture they present to the members of this faculty and student body.

During a considerable part of the time that he has served as president, he has carried the terrible burden of cancer. He has fought this dread disease with patience, with prayer, with faith, and with the best medical care available. When many others might have quit long ago, he has gone forward quietly doing his duty. But it is an awesome undertaking to preside over an institution as large and complex as this. He has enjoyed the respect and love of the faculty. I assure you that he has the total confidence of the board of trustees.

He has presided at a season when there have been many difficult problems to deal with. He has handled them with expertise, understanding, and respect for all involved... He is a powerful advocate and a great persuader. He has led this institution with a growing commitment to excellence. He has even brought a smile to the rock-jawed visage of LaVell Edwards, a great accomplishment in and of itself.

... We love you for the great work you have done. We love you for the tremendous energy you have put into this

service. We love you because you have loved this faulty and this student body. ...Now in these later years you have nurtured, protected, and guided her. You have served as the tenth president of Brigham Young University with honor and distinction, and with compelling loyalty to the sacred trust imposed in you. You will be so remembered through the years to come. You have left your mark, which will be observed and appreciated through the times that lie ahead.

...Thank you for being the man you were when you were invited to assemble this high and sacred office. Thank you for your years of preparation, those hard and difficult years when you served as a strong advocate, persuasive and powerful, in behalf of those who conferred upon you the sacred trust given you as attorney and counselor. Thank you for the tremendous work that you did in organizing the J. Reuban Clark Law School. It was a great undertaking fraught with heavy responsibility. You did it so very well that the school was officially recognized from the outset and its graduates honored with the distinction of having been well trained in an excellent school of law. Thank you for your efforts recently made in greatly enlarging the library of the Law School, to make of it an even better place of preparation for those who will serve in the legal profession. Thank you for your dedicated service to the Church you love. You have given unstintingly of your time, your talents, your means, and your hears. You have mingled with the great of the earth, but you have never lost touch with those who walk in humble circumstances.

We thank you for the great conviction you have carried in your heart concerning the living reality of God Our Eternal Father and His Beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and for the persuasiveness with which you have testified concerning these great and sacred matters. ...

...I wish to hold out to each of you his life as an example by which to guide your own.

President Lee has become what he is because he has done what this Church expects of each of us. He has walked the path of faith and prayer and obedience. He has walked with faith in the Almighty, with faith in the risen Lord, with faith in the eternal verities that come as the word of God."

Rex Lee has many achievements to his name but his crowing achievement is the same as yours and mine, his family. Rex has done what the Lord expects each of us to do. Love the Lord, serve wherever we are called, keep the commandments, and endure to the end.

What does the Church expect of each of us? It expects the kind of behavior that has been exemplified in the life of the man of whom I have spoken. I am sure that he would be the first to admit that he is far from perfect. So it is with each of us, but we have a mandate to work at it, to keep trying to constantly improve...

## Memories of a Grandchild

By Rex E. Lee about his grandfather, Eddie Whiting

### A Ride with Grandpa

I remember once when Grandpa and I were driving from St. Johns to the Green's Peak Sawmill. As we came to the turnoff, he was, as usual, whistling a little ditty, off-key, with an occasional accompanying beep on the horn. Thus

engrossed, he went speeding right on by the turnoff to the sawmill. I don't know why this has stuck in my mind, but I remember sitting there thinking, should I tell him or should I just wait and see how long it will be before he realizes?

When I considered the second alternative, and realized that I really didn't want to spend that evening in Tucson, I said meekly, "Grandpa, aren't we going to the sawmill?"

"Oh, yes," he said, and made a U-turn without ever seeing what other cars might be coming. The whistling concert was barely interrupted long enough to get us turned around.

### **That Frail Little Ethel Farr**

Tradition has it that at the time my grandfather married my grandmother, his brothers and sisters were worried. "That poor, frail, little Ethel Farr. She just isn't strong enough to be Eddie's wife."

In addition to everything else, my grandmother was a brilliant woman. I have often wondered just how smart she really was. The only thing I know for certain, is that she was a lot smarter than her oldest grandson.

One evening when I was staying with my grandparents I had struggled with my algebra for three hours while my grandparents had been at some kind of meeting. There was one problem that I absolutely could not handle. I continued to come back to it again and again, knowing the general approach to its solution, but unable to make a dent in it. It

was especially frustrating because I wanted to go to bed, but I felt I couldn't go to bed until I got the answer.

At the height of my frustration my grandparents returned. I was not in a mood to be very pleasant, and my only hope was that the exchange of pleasantries would be brief, so that I could get on with my task.

In Grandpa's case that is exactly what happened, but Grandma wanted to visit. She asked me what I was doing, and I muttered something about algebra. She asked if I was having problems and I assured her I was. She then astounded me by asking if she could help.

I will be eternally grateful that I didn't say what I was thinking, something about her age and the amount of time that had gone by since she'd had anything to do with algebra, and the best way she could help would be to leave me alone.

She finally picked up the book and asked which problem it was. I reluctantly showed her. She read it, thought about it for no more than fifteen seconds, then picked up my pencil and worked it out for me.

No single experience in my life has been as significant in dispelling any biases based on age or sex.

## **"Whiting Row"**

By A. Milton Whiting

The world has known many famous streets and thoroughfares. Wall Street, Broadway, Park Avenue, Sunset Strip, and so on; but I doubt if any of them have had as much character per square foot as that quaint block long street in Holbrook, Arizona, originally known as "Whiting Row."

Our family moved onto this street into a small unpretentious "rent house" in 1931, and it was here that I recall nearly all of our family remembrances. As I look back now I suppose there was a certain amount of snickering by those who named this street, but at the time I took pride in

the fact that I was the only one in my class who had a street named after him.

There were certain characteristics quite peculiar to this group of houses. The sewer system, along with other phases of construction, was engineered and consequently maintained almost daily by Ed Benner. Needless to say, the aroma in this area was often poignant to the point of eye-watering. But as I mentioned, these deficiencies, along with others only served to add character to the area.

Most of the houses started off as four rooms and a bath, but as families grew, so did the houses. I don't know if the name "Whiting Row" came from the fact that the Whiting Bros. at one time owned all of the houses, or if it was because the Whiting's actually lived there. Just to refresh your memory, here's a partial list of the past residents of "Whiting Row":

Uncle Ralph and his family  
Uncle Earnest and his family  
Leonard and Betty Lepper  
Aunt May and Uncle Herbert  
Carroll and Merl Shumway  
Si Thompson and family  
Ray and Ruth Brown  
Lester Whiting and family

Farrell and Irene Lewis and family  
The Jack Sanders family  
The Garland Bushman family  
The William Crook family

I often wish I could recapture the strong family feeling that prevailed there. I suppose no amount of money or wealth could buy that type of real living and it's not only the humor and happy moments there. We lived in that house twelve years and hardly knew any tragedy within our family.

Then we saw over a few months period one of our own little ones fade and die within those walls. And following that our mother, who made these walls, and roof, and floor a home, also weakened and died there. And regardless of whoever lives there afterwards, that house became a sanctified spot to our family.

Since then our family has pretty much scattered, but oddly, when we think back to the things we like to remember, it seems my thoughts always end up on the beloved street, "Whiting Row."

And incidentally, when I got married, our first home was there, on "Whiting Row."





## The Homestead

By Francis Ray Brown

Just south of Sierra Trigo, which means “mountain of wheat,” named for the long waving bunch grass, and at the edge of the national forest, stretching for miles to the southward, to the top of Old Baldy, the highest mountain in the State, lies the Homestead. It used to have a pretty spring which watered a little valley decorated with wild Flags, resembling Orchids, and other wild flowers and enormous many-colored butterflies.

The cattle were always taken to the mountains in the summer and enough of them were milked so we had lots of cream for ice-cream, made with a hand-turned freezer and snow from the “icehouse.” The “icehouse” was a refrigerator made with sawdust in the thick walls and over and under the snow, so that the snow lasted all summer. We had enough chickens to get eggs for divinity candy.

Heaven is a place where children live on homemade ice-cream and divinity candy!

We had a garden in which turnips, almost as sweet as apples, were raised, the sweetness due perhaps to the lack of minerals and salt.

The wind moaned through the long needles of the giant pines with a lonesome sound. There were horses to ride, calves to rope, and work to be done. There were scolding Blue Jays and bushy-tailed tree squirrels, as well as an occasional cottontail, and always prairie dogs at the foot of Sierra Trigo, barking at strange sites, or perhaps for their own amusement, and then sliding down their holes if danger approached.

A “Paradise Lost” in an age perhaps too busy.



Ray Brown enjoying a bath at the Homestead

## Reunions

One of the most significant things which has kept this Whiting family a united, closely knit group, with similar ideals and sympathetic understanding has been the family reunions. The people most responsible for these through the years have been the “Uncles,” E. I. Whiting, E. J. Whiting, R. E. Whiting, and A. C. Whiting, and Elda (Whiting) Brown, together with their spouses and families. These couples, together with the older members of their families in particular, have carried time consuming and heavy responsibilities with a remarkable attitude of light-heartedness and joy in every aspect of the project.

*(Ruth Holbrook Brown wrote all the reunion history from 1948 through 1978. I'm not sure if she wrote up the 1934 report that is in the red book. The reunion history from 1970 to 2006 was written by Joyce Packard)*

### 1934:

The first reunion included descendants of Edwin and Mary E. Whiting although the Edwin Marion branch were responsible for it becoming a reality. It was on June 8th, 9th and 10th, 1934, that more than 200 members of the Whiting Family gathered in House Rock Valley, Arizona, to erect a permanent marker at the grave of May Whiting, a daughter of Edwin and Mary. At age 20 May had died after reaching House Rock on the pioneer trek across the desert in May, 1882. She had been in ill health for a number of years and when she knew her end was near requested that she be buried in the shade of the great sandstone cliffs where the sparkling water poured out in a little clear stream at the foot of the

towering House Rock. The spot and memory are hallowed in the minds of this pioneer family.

There were 204 direct descendants of Edwin and Mary E. Whiting who made the trip from five different states to honor May's memory. Some of them, even brothers and sisters, had not been together for over 30 years. Life histories of May and her parents were read at the graveside and the scripts sealed in the cement monument erected to replace the old sandstone marker which had disintegrated. Albert Whiting of Mapleton, Utah dedicated the grave. It was reported that this site was further from civilization than any grave in United States.

Three brothers of May Whiting were present, Edwin Marion of St. Johns, Arizona, Edgar of Mapleton, Utah, and John C. of Charleston, Utah. They told pioneer stories and reminisced of days gone by when travel through House Rock Valley was extremely rugged and hazardous.

All the children of Henry Curtis and Harriet Whiting, May's sister, were there. Five of them, all grandmothers, stood arm in arm and sang songs of their childhood.

Everyone camped, cooked and slept as nearly like the pioneers had done as possible at the same time enjoying an over-supply of sumptuous food.

When the family gathered at House Rock Valley they did not realize what a wonderful tradition the reunions would become in the Edwin Marion Whiting branch. Over the years, however, these reunions have become high lights in the life of each member. A typical feeling

was expressed by one of the little five-year-olds. Her grandmother was trying to explain to her that Heaven was much more beautiful than anything she could imagine, where everyone lived in love and harmony and there was no sadness. The little child looked up with a smile of understanding and said, "You mean like the Reunion!" A common expression in the family has become, "You haven't lived until you have attended a Whiting Reunion!" It is a tribute to those who have been responsible for carrying on this family tradition that all who possibly can attend do so.

#### 1948:

Of the 104 living descendants of Edwin M. and Maria Whiting 102 attended the first reunion held at the Whiting Homestead in Northeastern Arizona in 1948. Some of the writings of family members will give a word picture of this reunion.



"When we began to get near the old Homestead I began to get what my children call "butterflies." Old Sierra Trigo brought back so many memories of

years gone by . . . and as we drove into the gate we laughed and cried together. There stood the old house where we used to live, almost beyond recall, where the children, so many years ago, slept up in the attic . . . The sight that came into view just beyond the old house was a row of tents, nice, large army tents, with boards built half way up, with two beds in each tent and electric lights in each one, and on the front was the name of the head of the family. . . In the middle of the little tent city stood four beautiful, modern homes, not the old rough mountain houses we were used to seeing, but nice white frame homes with running water, electricity, etc.

"Before unpacking, about 25 of us went riding in the 'half-track' the Uncles bought from the Army . . . Another thing I did before I got unpacked was to run for my Kodak when I saw forty saddles hanging on a pole between the trees. . .

"Next morning was like a carnival . . . We all climbed the corral fence to get a good look at the cowboys who were hired to lasso and saddle the horses. You see, this was the morning for the Bear Hunt. Uncle Eddie had hired some hunting dogs from Albuquerque to come and tree a bear . . . The hunters did have a wonderful time . . . and the dogs picked up the trail of a bear several times but couldn't tree one as planned, and the tired but happy hunters returned after a few never-to-be forgotten hours. . .

"In the afternoon was the ball game. It was between the descendants of the Whiting boys and the descendants of the Whiting girls, including the in-laws of course. The outcome of the game was unimportant; the enthusiasm, love and competitive spirit were all that mattered. . .

". . . I must tell you about the cooking of the food. You see, for two or

three months the Whiting Boys deserted all their other business, to a certain degree, and spent it at the Homestead, building the new homes and getting ready for the reunion. They bought the tents, wired them with electricity, and moved beds into each tent. Then Art and Earnest got a piece of steel about an inch thick and 4 feet wide by 6 feet long, and for two days they polished that steel. Using that for a grill, they built around it with brick. One end they left open for wood to be put in. Next they built a nice little house around it on two sides and a roof on top; then they were ready for action. Each morning at 6 a. m. they rang the bell for everyone to come . . . All we had to bring was a plate and a cup . . . Art and Earnest each had a pitcher full of pancake batter, and could cover that grill in two minutes . . . A five-gallon can of syrup and plenty of butter were there also. The complete line was fed without delay.” Of course there were bacon, eggs, postum, and milk for the children.

Lunch was appetizing and varied each day, perhaps an enormous green salad, hamburgers or soup, and luscious Arizona-grown melons.

As dinnertime approached a hungry, happy multitude was attracted by the tantalizing aroma of steaks cooking in the fresh mountain air. “There was a row of Dutch ovens on some rods, with a long brick sidewall to hold in the fire . . . and Ralph and Eddie dropped in piles of steaks; at the same time men from a neighboring dude ranch, who had brought their own equipment, proceeded to bake hot biscuits in another place.” Steaks, biscuits, potatoes, beans and green salad together with the luscious melons furnished a treat seldom equaled, especially when served out under the tall pines in the middle of an Arizona sunset.

In planning for the happiness of the children, as is their custom, the family achieved contentment for everyone. “It was really funny to see Uncle Ralph get the hammers, saws, and chicken wire and start a pen for the ‘little kids.’ With some help he completed the enclosure for a good-sized pen. Nor did he stop ‘til he had teeters, swings, benches, and numerous other attractions, and the kids were so thick around him that he could hardly work at all. And then when the affair was finally completed he walked out and the kids all walked out with him, and that was the last time I saw a child in that pen.

“It is a little strange to think about Mother. I can see her now, smiling as she, watched us all go by on the run . . . Now and then she would get her crutches and try to catch up with some of us . . . so many to meet and greet, and so many children and grandchildren!” Happy children are the heart of this family and inspiration for many wonderful occasions.



### 1950, 1952:

The next reunion was in 1950 followed by one in 1952. One member describes her feelings.

“I think of the excitement I feel when we finally come up out of Salt River Canyon and begin driving into the pines. The air becomes cooler and smells

different, and each time it makes me long for my childhood in Arizona. The tension mounts as I impatiently wait for the first signs of Showlow, for then I really know that we shall soon be at the Homestead. 'Won't be long now, I think, I making certain that every station attendant, restaurant worker and store clerk I talk to knows that I'm part of the Whiting clan and am headed for another big reunion...And so through Showlow, on past the Holbrook turn off and on towards the Homestead and Sierra Trigo. Absently watching the cedar trees drift by, I become lost in my thoughts of past reunions . . .

"The Aunts' (May, Martha, Elda and Myn) wild rendition of 'Who Shot the Hole In My Sombrero ?' . . . Jim Bodell, Gus Shields, Elbert Startup and the rest of the men from Salt Lake City with their graceful rendition of 'Dance of Spring' . . . The wild baseball games. . . the talent shows in the afternoons for the children. . . and the shock I got seeing my daughter dancing on the stage in front of the audience making the dance up as she went along. . . The children's races in the afternoon when we could get them out of the playhouse and off the burros long enough . . . The eerie and exciting trek to Harris Cave. I believe Kay was the first one in, and he said that he just stuck his head in to see what it was like, when suddenly everyone else followed, so the only way he could go was forward! Hunting for arrowheads and pottery down below the homestead. Witnessing the never-to-be-forgotten sight of Uncle Albert in his Indian suit riding a bucking steer. Listening to Uncle Earnest, Jay Whiting, Austin Simper, John Heward, and Harold Bushman sing, 'Rocking Alone In An Old Rocking Chair,' to Grandma Whiting, who was doing just that...Uncle Eddie's majestic figure strolling through camp dressed in his

western outfit. . . The teenagers swarming around camp, having as much fun with the oldsters as the youngsters. . The drama nights . . . The melons and soda pop brought in by the truck loads . . . Grandma Whiting's 87th birthday and the beautiful cake Ray Lewis presented to her.



Beryl Heward, Maria, Merwin Grant  
at the celebration

Aunt Martha tenderly smoothing Grandma's windblown hair for pictures. How hard it was to eat a meal because of all the table hopping necessary to hear all that was being said and see everyone . . . Aunt Myn in a big floppy straw hat limping from one adoring group to another . . . The laughter coming out of Aunt Beryl's house, causing me to run in and out of there at least 5 times a day . . . Having each Uncle and Aunt greet you as though you were the only relative there . . . Uncles Ralph and Earnest tenderly lifting Grandma Whiting onto a donkey for her picture . . . The long hours Uncle Art spent bouncing over hill and dale at the wheel of the 'Play-boy' loaded with kids . . . the games of Run-Sheep-Run . . . The way it would usually sprinkle in the afternoon just enough to settle the dust and give the

air a clean, mountain smell. Doctors Dean, Lee and Ronald holding office hours from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, bandaids supplied free of charge . . . The hustle and bustle on Sunday morning, trying to get the kids ready for Sunday School, hearing the first strains of the music . . . The presentation to Maree of a mason jar full of money for family genealogy . . . The sound of the breeze sighing through the pines, the clear blue sky . . . The testimonies by loved ones and those whose hearts were too full to speak. . . The ache of trying to force back the lump that refused to dissolve in one's throat . . . The grateful tears resulting from an overflowing heart acknowledging the blessings and love we share as a family. . . The sadness and reluctance of the last day as we break camp and bid one another goodbye . . . The empty feeling as one drives through the gate down by the corral and out of sight of the campsite, but the old excited feeling that begins to rise once more as we turn to our family and start planning for the next reunion!"

Grandma Whiting was especially honored each reunion and usually the three-days included her birthday. When she passed away in April of 1953, a large group of her posterity gathered in St. Johns mourning her passing. It was decided then that a reunion would be held July 4th, 5th, and 6th of that year although the time was short.

### **1953:**

This time the recreation building became a reality. Quite a group arrived at the homestead early to work on that project. The Uncles provided the means and together with their families, and others, gave generously of time and labor to build the recreation hall and other facilities.

### **1954:**

Enthusiasm was so high that another marvelous reunion was held in 1954. The number had grown considerably and by this time reached 200 or over.

### **1956:**

This reunion was unique in that Grandma Isaacson's family was invited to participate. Grandma's father, Peter Isaacson, heard the gospel in Denmark. He came to America in 1854 at the age of 26. He had three children who lived to maturity: Isaac, Maria and Martin. On July 6th, 7th and 8th, 1956 descendants of these three children joined together with the Whitings and spent three days in the beauty of the Arizona mountain Homestead. Here they renewed acquaintances and memories of their parents and grandparents.

"We awakened to the sound of an old fashioned western dinner-bell calling us to breakfast. We could smell the bacon and knew we wouldn't be the first of the long procession as already dozens of happy voices filled the air. Donning sweaters as we ran, we soon joined the happy throng in the tingly mountain air. We ate with the others under the pines. As each cousin, aunt, uncle, or grandparent appeared there was a happy greeting. Soon all 300 of us were present, served and completely satisfied, and at peace. Thus began the festivities of the first momentous day. From that moment on there were programs, hikes, races, horseshoe pitching, baseball games, precious hours of visiting, and the special trip to Green's Peak.

"That trip was a real event. The Uncles drove us in cars to the top of the mountain and we walked down through

the ferns, the wildflowers and the wonderful pines always softly whispering caresses. The birds, some vivid in color and some less colorful, flew away as we approached, startled at the noisy crowd invading their domain. The scenery, as we gazed down the mountain and across the valley, was awe inspiring. The green grass, the mountains and the ever-blue sky banked with clouds were breathtaking. Too soon we were at the bottom where cars were waiting. Back to the Homestead we headed for a plentiful meal of sizzling steaks, while relatives and little children laughed and visited as events of the day were told and re-told.

“That night, after tucking the tiniest of the little ones in bed, we hurried to the recreation hall to hear tales of the pioneer days and to thrill at the courage and achievements of our wonderful grandparents. The story-telling was followed by a dance. Even the family was surprised at the outstanding quality of the dance band made up of a group of newly-united cousins. Everyone wanted to dance.”



Next day was the tire-rolling contest. Every able-bodied man, woman and child went to the top of Sierra Trigo where each was given a tire. One by one the tires were aimed at the target in the valley far below. It was great sport to watch the tires bump a rock or stump,

veering from a straight course, but rolling on and on. Each tire was followed by laughing eyes and guesses were made as to which would come nearest the goal. It was hard to tell who loved this contest best, the young or the old.

It was rumored that some had done a good deal of practicing for the flipper contest. A keen spirit of competition was evident as all the male members lined up and took turns shooting marbles at the target. The lines became shorter and shorter as contestants were eliminated and finally two winners emerged, a junior and a senior. By the congratulations and cheers which followed one would judge that the trophies were hard earned and honestly merited.

Each day the delicious meals continued, the E. M. Whiting Uncles being the providers and the E. M. Whiting families taking turns as kitchen workers. Even that was fun.

The children's program was so precious that everyone hated to miss even a tiny bit. Each child could take part and many did. The “grown up” program was never complete without the Uncles special numbers – “Ten Cent Can of Paint” - Uncle Art, “Si Hubbard” - Uncle Earnest, and “St. Peter at the Gate” - Uncle Eddie.

Dramas are a vital part of the reunion for in the early pioneer days Grandpa put on the plays for the community and all the family took part. They are “naturals” and love for the stage was spread until even the littlest grandchild wants to take a part. Especially memorable was the three-act play, “Uncle Tom's Cabin”, put on by the R. E. Whiting family.

Sunday was the most perfect day of all. This was the day for testimony meeting, the crowning event. One of the

Bishops of the family took charge. The meeting opened and closed with prayer. The choir, sounding like angel voices, sang "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy," and "Sweet Galilee" with Aunt Myn as soloist. The testimonies which followed were an inspiration, not because of the words but the thoughts, feelings and love expressed.

### **1958:**

This was the year that the E. I. Whiting family prepared and presented in pictures the life stories of Uncle Eddie and Aunt Ethel Whiting. Their oldest son, Farr, was the one who gathered the material for this program. He had the grandchildren dress in appropriate costumes to represent the event taking place, then he photographed them. As the story was narrated the pictures were shown. Uncle Eddie was presented with the camera, projector, script and pictures after the program was over, and also with a book containing the signatures of those attending the reunion. Wilford Shumway, a son-in-law, had previously arranged for Aunt Ethel and Uncle Eddie to sit for portraits, without knowing the purpose. These were also presented to them that evening.

### **1960, 1963:**

The next reunion was held at the Homestead in 1960. Everyone enthusiastically participated in a Luau with its colorful leis, hula dancing and Hawaiian-type food. Highlight of the 1963 reunion was a "This Is Your Life" musical of Herbert and May (Whiting) Berry, and Frank and Martha (Whiting) Brown. The script was written by Martha's children and most effectively presented by descendants of the two

couples. The musical and theatrical talent displayed were outstanding.

A comedy sketch, "King for a Day," honoring Uncle Earnest Whiting, was most delightfully presented by Joycell Cooper.

The group elected Jay Whiting to be President of the family association, with others to assist him, and this committee was given the responsibility of planning the next reunion.

### **1966:**

R. E. Whiting and Sons invited the family to hold the 1966 reunion on their ranch near Grand Junction, Colorado. Early in July about 200 family members enjoyed the luscious green fields, clear mountain air and peaceful, quiet surroundings of this big ranch nestled in the Colorado mountains. Members of the R. E. Whiting Family were marvelous hosts and generously opened their spacious homes to the newcomers. Superb meals were served on long tables set on the soft green grass where huge trees provided shade.

Jay Whiting and his committee were released with a vote of thanks and new ones chosen, with Ray Brown as president.

A "This Is Your Life" program of Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell, written and produced by their children in a most beautiful and entertaining way, held the family spellbound.

As we looked up at the star-filled sky at the close of the third day we all recognized that once again the Reunion had made the candle glow. We were truly a FAMILY!



## 1968:

After having been absent from the Homestead since 1963, a reunion was planned there for July 6th and 7th. The family was so enthusiastic that the majority arrived on the 5th and many stayed through the 8th. Over 350 of the Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Whiting Family participated.



The now traditional events of the beany flipper contest, tire rolling down Sierra Trigo, the children's program and races, stories by the fire, movies of past reunions, etc. , were enthusiastically carried on in spite of intermittent showers. In fact, a successful innovation this year was the children's parade, having a theme of "It's a Small, Small World." This was held in the recreation hall because of the rain. The meals were delicious and served outside to the talkative, happy families.

Saturday night the Earnest J Whiting Family presented a delightful surprise program of the colorful life story of their parents and at the conclusion presented to each family a little book entitled "The Earnest J Whiting Coloring Book." Dances popular during various generations of the family, illustrating the love and understanding Grandpa Whiting had for youth, were expertly presented by the Herbert and Martha (Brown) Berry branch of the family. At all the reunions one is keenly aware of this youthful

Grandpa Whiting quality. His descendants have continued to love and understand young people. The reunions are planned for them. Perhaps this is the reason they are so full of a combination of excitement and nostalgia.

The Sunday morning meeting, combining Sunday School and Testimony time, under the direction of Pres. Wilford Shumway of St. Johns Stake, and Bishop John Whiting of Grand Junction, Colorado was a fitting climax to the time of re-uniting, fun and activity.

There were fond farewells as the cars drove out the gates of that historic spot. Each one lingered a little as if to say – "We'd like to stay longer," and "We'll be back." A. Milton Whiting was elected president.

## 1970:

The 1970 reunion was held over the 4<sup>th</sup> of July with 359 people attending. A. Milton Whiting was the general chairman. All of the wonderful traditional events took place: tire rolling from the top of Sierra Trigo, flipper contests, horseshoe contests, volleyball, softball, programs and dances with a dance band made up of members of the family. The Saturday evening program honored Lynn Whiting and Elda Whiting Brown.

The Sunday morning testimony meeting is always the highlight of the reunion with Aunt Nellie Priestley Whiting directing the family choir.

## 1972:

This was the first year that the families were asked to help with the expenses. We got a little spoiled with the "Uncles" providing for all the reunion expenses. The attendance increased to 401 so with the reunion getting so big each

family branch was identified by a color with a scarf or name tag.

All the traditional activities were held with the addition of a children's patriotic parade around camp let by Netta Brown, a teenagers Tug-O-War, and some wrestling matches. The big event on Friday night was the presentation of the play BOX AND COX. This is a play that the Edwin Marion family had put on many years before. Arthur and Earnest Whiting played Mr. Box and Mr. Cox and Beulah Whiting Heward played Mrs. Bouncer. The evening was topped off with another very successful dance with the family dance band providing the music. After the dance Joycell Cooper told her breathtaking ghost stories to the teenagers.

As usual the food was delicious, especially the Saturday afternoon meal being a deep pit barbecued beef dinner prepared by Mike Udall.

One of the most hilarious and entertaining events of the reunion was THE SAWMILL SAGA OR "MINNIE MAY HAVE PINED, BUT SHE WAS NO SAP" put on by the BERRY FOOTLITE PLAYERS. Joycell Cooper wrote and directed this melodrama about Aunt Myn Priestley. Following this presentation the Arthur Whiting family presented his life story by holding a mock court trial with Art as the prisoner and Milton, his son, acting as the Judge. Here again lots of drama and humor to delight the audience.

After the much loved testimony meeting it was time to say goodbye.

#### **1974:**

This was the year the family dedicated the monument to Virgil and Farr Whiting, sons of Eddie, who died in an airplane accident in 1961. Because of the

love these two men had for their families, the monument was built at the Whiting Homestead.

The Whiting Brothers enlarged the recreation hall by one third and put in more benches and bleachers to make room for the 497 who attended this year.

The one-act play BOX AND COX was presented again by Earnest Whiting, Arthur Whiting and Elda Whiting Brown. After the program a great dance was held with Linda Startup in charge of an excellent orchestra.



The Saturday night program entitled, "Ain't This Family Rare?" was under the direction of Mickey and Lorana Whiting. This included many of the families' experiences from past years.

All of the traditional and wonderful activities and contests were held as well as the wonderful pancake breakfasts, barbeque dinner and other great food. Jack A. Brown was the chairman.

#### **1976 – Bicentennial:**

Mabel Shumway was the general chairman of another fantastic July 4<sup>th</sup> reunion held at the Homestead. The reunion started with a wonderful Bicentennial program. Hilarious is probably the best word to describe the

evening, although one would have to admit that there was considerable talent displayed.

The following night the program was presented by the Ralph E. Whiting family. This was an original bicentennial production entitled "The Fullness of Time." This excellent production stirred deep feelings of patriotism and thankfulness.

The dances, children's games and activities, sporting contests, tire rolling, pancakes, testimony meeting, family stories and lots of visiting was enjoyed by 428 family members.

### 1978:

This was the first year of the Sierra Trigo Run or Marathon Race. This race was inspired by Bruce Whiting and has become a tradition. Bruce also introduced our first reunion T-shirts.

We sometimes forget the time and effort that goes into getting the Homestead ready for a reunion, but many people worked very hard to get it all in order for the enjoyment of 525 family members to gather. John Whiting was the chairman. His wife Lois painted a beautiful 6'x8' family tree for the recreational hall.

Playboy rides and sno cones were hot items this reunion along with all the traditional activities and wonderful programs. Mickey Whiting was in charge of the two nightly programs. The first night the sisters, Martha, Elda, and Minnie were interviewed and honored. The second night the program honored the five Whiting brothers. The three living brothers, Earnest, Ralph and Art were interviewed.



Earnest, Arthur, Ralph

### 1980:

*Taken from Jay Whiting's writings in the "The Whiting Tree," Vol.2, No. 4*

The 1980 reunion was bigger and better than ever with almost 550 people in attendance. We also had a new covered eating facility added to the Homestead thanks to the Art and Earnest families. These families also made some improvements to the recreation hall with new stage curtains and lighting, plus some new outhouses.

Besides the usual activities of horseshoes, flippers, volleyball, basketball, children's program, a children's rodeo, pancake breakfasts, barbeque dinner, 2<sup>nd</sup> Sierra Trigo 3000 meter run, rides on the Playboy, youth testimony meeting, ghost stories, several hikes, we had a treasure hunt by Joycell Cooper.

The nightly programs were outstanding as usual. The Martha W. Brown family was in charge of the Friday night program with the hit of the evening being a song and dance by the Brown sisters, Ruth Lewis, Maureen Startup, and Maydene Bodell.

Saturday night the Phoenix area cousins presented "The Two Orphans."

This is a play that the Edwin Marion Whiting family presented at the Orpheum Theater in Phoenix October 29, 1923. Joycell Cooper re-wrote and condensed the script, and I think Grandpa would have been proud.

Another great reunion ended with a marvelous testimony meeting and music by our famous choir directed by Aunt Nell Whiting. Appreciation and sorrow was expressed at the passing of Uncle Ralph Whiting and Aunt Martha Brown since the last reunion. It was decided that Jay Whiting would continue to publish "The Whiting Tree" twice a year.

#### **1982:**

Jay Whiting served again as the general chairman of the reunion held over the 4<sup>th</sup> of July week-end. The crowd grew bigger and we enjoyed all of the famous, traditional activities, food, and programs.

#### **1984:**

Our reunion chairman was Douglas Shumway. Douglas remembered that we honored his grandfather, Uncle Eddie Whiting, and he felt that as usual the highlight of the reunion was the testimony meeting.

#### **1986:**

This year boasts of being the biggest ever with 700 plus in attendance. Because of this huge crowd (most of whom did not pre-register), the food committee was caught off guard and made many runs into town for extra food. Rusty Burdick was the food chairman with a real challenge. As soon as one meal was finished amounts were checked for the next meal and off to town someone would go. Brent Brown was the general reunion chairman and remembers that just keeping

the cousins fed was the biggest challenge of the whole reunion. Jay Whiting barbecued 400 pounds of beef in his big stand up barbecue with plans for leftovers for sandwiches. No such luck. Every bite was devoured, so new plans had to be made for the meal planned with the leftovers.

A successful Marathon was held again, as well as the other traditional activities, and programs. By now reunion T-shirts have become a tradition.

Of the original nine children of Edwin Marion and Anna Maria only three were left, Elda, Myn, and Art, plus Uncle Art's wife, Aunt Betty.



#### **1988:**

Keith Brown & David Whiting split the chairmanship. Keith did a lot of the early ground work but was unable to come so David took over and saw the reunion through. The official attendance count was 640. We had no meal problems this year as we enjoyed the talents of one of our catering cousins, Frank Startup.

The program consisted of each of the nine families sharing memories. Edwina W. Dastrup and Beulah W. Heward performed the traditional number (which was performed at one of the first reunions by "The Aunts," May, Martha, Elda, and Myn) "Who Shot the Hole in My Sombrero."

We had a choice of either red or white T-shirts and a new format for the name tags helped identify which of the 9 families you were from.

It was announced at this reunion that because the family had grown so large that the proceeds from the Anna Maria Whiting Missionary Fund would be divided among the 9 families to be administered by each individual family where it will continue to help our family missionaries.

### 1992:

It was with much sadness that we received the notice that the 1990 reunion would be canceled due to drought conditions. So it was with great joy that we looked forward to the 1992 reunion. David Whiting wanted another chance as chairman since he had only been half a chairman in 1988. Edwina Dastrup as family president assisted him.

Joyce Packard with the help of her sisters made a family history quilt which depicted all the important features of the Homestead as well as the names of all the nine children and the parents. The quilt, as well as some paintings of the Homestead by Ellen Simper were raffled off. We made \$1500 which was donated towards the new bathhouse, which became a reality this year. It was hard to believe that we had real showers with hot running water. The quilt was won by Anna Marie Berry Wood.

The recreation hall also became new and improved with 3 garage doors being put in so that the hall could be opened up to a new cement basketball court/dance floor. What a great addition by the Art Whiting family. The Earnest Whiting family converted Uncle Ralph Whiting's original house into a modern

kitchen with two new stoves, big sinks, hot water, a big refrigerator and deep freeze. Other additions this year were 3 drinking fountains and a fire ring also done by the Earnest Whiting family. Sometimes change is hard but this year we had lots of good changes.

As the week-end came to a close 650 happy relatives had enjoyed another great "Big Whiting Reunion" and were already looking forward to the next one.



### 1994:

We adopted a Mission Statement which is: *"To fortify the Whiting family against the evils of the world and preserve the sacredness of the Homestead."*

This was the year of the pageant, "The Closest Place on Earth." The idea for a pageant was first conceived by Jay Whiting while he was at the Homestead the summer before. He collected a lot of material and laid out the scenes. Joycell Cooper did a rewrite and then it was turned over to the pageant committee headed by Steve and DeeDee Abaroa who did another rewrite. Original songs were composed by Julie Peterson, DeeDee Abaroa and Jay Simper. The cast was made up of cousins in the Phoenix, Arizona area. The script and songs were pre-recorded and it was performed on a great outdoor stage constructed by Jay

Whiting and his crew. The pageant told the story of how Edwin and Maria homesteaded the property and the legacy that they left to their posterity. Working together on the pageant brought many cousins together, some for the first time.

“Box and Cox” was performed by the Earnest Whiting Family. Christopher and Bradley Borden and Andrea Schnepf were the performers. It was almost as good as when the older generation used to do it. It brought back great memories.

Dessie Brown Harman and her committee did a super job with the children’s activities, programs, and Olympics.

The athletic tournaments were headed by Merwin Grant who was also responsible for the great new and improved athletic facilities. There were two new sand volleyball courts, one more basketball court and 7 new horse shoe pits constructed. A Frisbee golf course was also set up and a children’s play area was constructed. (This seemed to be much more popular than the “Children’s Pen” that Uncle Ralph built years ago.)



Janice Cooper Falls met the challenge of finding a way for hundreds of teenagers to get acquainted in a short amount of time. It was called, “NAME YOUR FAMILY TREE GAME.” There were great prizes for the winners, but all

were winners because now they knew their genealogy better and had met lots of new cousins.

Chairman Keith Brown summed up the reunion this way. “We had a great Whiting Reunion this year. Speaking for my family as well as the many others who attended, it was one of the best reunions ever. The food was good, the activities interesting, the Pageant outstanding, the spirit uplifting, and the love heartwarming. Box and Cox was as amusing as it was when I watched Uncle Earnest and Uncle Art do it. A lot of people put a lot of effort into making the reunion such a success.”

### 1998:

The 1996 reunion was well underway when the Forest Service announced that they were closing the forests due to the drought conditions. So twice in 6 years we had to cancel our reunion. But, it just made us more determined to make the 1998 reunion bigger and better as we would be celebrating the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of reunions at the Homestead.

The reunion chairman was Joyce Packard, and of course her husband, Dan, and her extended family. Three vice chairmen also served: Rita Lyon, Barry Whiting, and Kris Holliday.

A beautiful Homestead/family reunion commemorative afghan was designed. One of Ellen Simper’s paintings of the Homestead was reproduced in a print and was matted for all to have. Another quilt was also made and raffled.

In keeping with the mission statement that was created for the 1994 reunion which says: “*To fortify the Whiting family against the evils of the world and preserve the sacredness of the Homestead,*” we had a dedication service

on Sunday and Jay Whiting dedicated or perhaps rededicated the Homestead.

We had more improvements to the Homestead facilities. We have a new water system, new roads (with cinders no less), and an expanded children's play area.

Joycell Cooper's "Burma Shave" signs were reproduced and welcomed the family as they arrived at the Homestead. We also had a new missionary map which is kept current by David and Mareen Whiting.

Suzanne Labrum, who is a professional clown, entertained the adults as well as the children. What a talent she had. We also has all the usual traditional games, activities, and dances.

The "Whiting Heritage Collection" infobase project which was launched in 1996 was ready to distribute its preliminary version. This was a mammoth project. Many, many family members have contributed histories, writings, and pictures to the collection.

The Friday night program was a slide show of a history of the reunions for the past 50 years.



This was a marvelous show that was the result of many cousins working

together. A book was also published on the history of the reunions.

For the Saturday night program the 1994 Pageant was rewritten, renamed and directed by Steve and DeeDee Abaroa. It was called "Stitching the Patchwork of Love." Through song and drama the story of Edwin and Maria and the Homestead was told. Before the pageant we had a quilt show displaying family quilts, many of which had been made by Anna Maria Whiting. We even had a quilt made by Anna Maria's mother, Martha Clemmonson Issacson which was donated by Joycell Cooper and raffled off.

I don't know how it happens but each succeeding reunion just always seems to be the best. Whether 1998 was the best or not it was definitely the biggest with 848 people attending.

### **2003:**

After having the reunion cancelled in 2000 and again in 2002 because of the drought conditions it was decided to not wait until 2004 but to have the reunion on Labor Day week-end in 2003. There wasn't much advanced notice and the date was not traditional but after 5 years of no reunions we had a great turn out of 550 people.

Merwin Grant and Rita Lyon did a marvelous job. They even went high tech with a web site. Rita Lyon collected recipes and published a family cook book. She also donated a quilt made by Anna Maria Whiting to be raffled.

The highlight of the reunion was the Saturday night program, "Reunion Idol." The talent was superb but what made it such a hit were the three judges, Randy played by Dale Borden, Simon played by Rick Lyon and Paula played by Summer Grant. Their comments were

totally extemporaneous and off the cuff and more than hilarious. Elvis made a visit but was beat out by the youngest contestant, Danielle Dastrup.

The patriotic fireside honored all of those who had served in the military and Grant Lyon gave a wonderful presentation on the preparation that went into the planning for D-Day in World War II.

The updated version of the Whiting Heritage Collection CD was distributed. Ron Grant and his friend were there and took family group pictures and a picture of the entire group. They even printed them right there at the site.

#### **2004:**

It was decided at the 2003 reunion that we needed to get back on the even number year schedule so for two years in a row we got to see our cousins, enjoy all the traditional activities, and just be at the Homestead. In order to avoid the risk of being cancelled again it was decided to schedule the reunion the first week-end in August—after the summer rains come. The attendance was down from 2003 by about 100. The count was about 460.

Frank Startup was the chairman and had a great committee and pulled off a

wonderful reunion. One of the best changes was having the food catered by Morris Cooper. Not only did we not have the hassle and work but the food was good and we had more time for visiting.

We honored Edwin Marion and Anna Maria and their 9 children. Large pictures hung in the recreation hall and on the registration porch for all to study and get better acquainted with. A beautiful quilt with sunflowers and lady bugs was made by Diane Ingram and Nancy Schultz that was raffled off and won by Glenna Tingey. A painting of Sierra Trigo in the winter painted by Ellen Simper was also raffled.

The program was a pageant honoring Edwin and Maria. It told of their lives and was pre-recorded with wonderful background music. It was written by Sarah Knapp Wolfgramm. She wrote an original song, “A Legacy of Faith” which she sang at the end while a slide show was going. It was a wonderful presentation and many people were deeply touched.

Even though it was smaller than usual the spirit was very strong. We all felt the spirit of those family members who have already passed through the veil.



Homestead painting by Ellen Simper





Whiting Reunion at House Rock Valley in 1934,  
Site of May Whiting's grave. See poem in "Our Father" section  
This is possibly the last photo of the family. Edwin died in August 1934  
Standing: Lynn, May, Earnest, Martha Minnie, Elda, Eddie, Ralph  
Seated: Arthur, Maria, Edwin



Anna Maria Whiting and children at the Edwin Whiting monument

The Legacy Continues



The original Edwin Marion Whiting Homestead home at the foot of Sierra Trigo,  
Present site of the recreation hall - painting by Ellen Simper



On top of Sierra Trigo with Uncle Art driving the Playboy



Three Great-Granddaughters, Don E. and Myn Priestley, Aleen and Jay Whiting, Maria May Whiting's grave at House Rock 1950



Maria seated in jeep and Jay holding her crutch



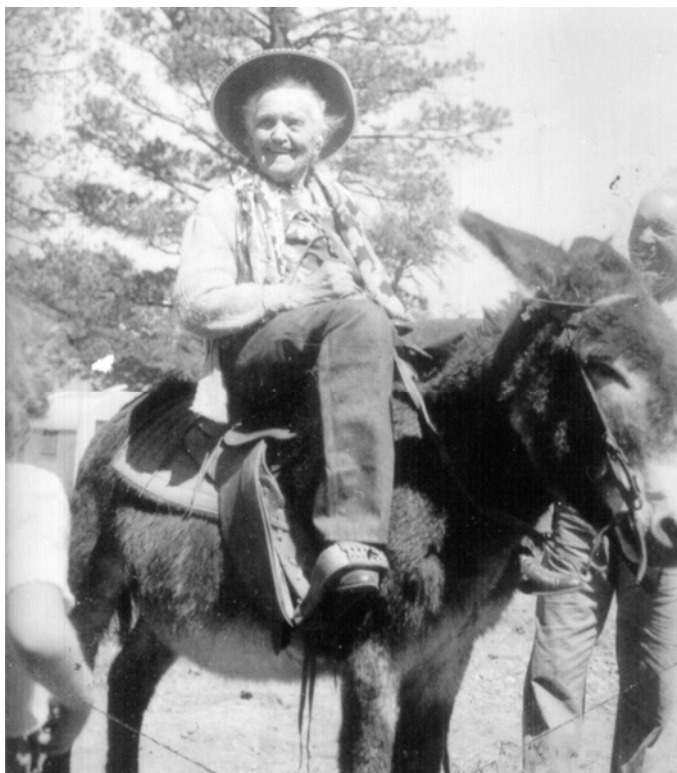
The Legacy Continues



First Homestead Reunion - 1948



Edwin Marion Whiting Reunion at the Homestead 1950  
Ralph, Elda, Arthur, Martha, Earnest, May, Myn, Eddie, and Anna Maria (seated).



Uncles Ralph and Earnest tenderly lifted  
Grandma Whiting onto a donkey for her picture - 1950



Edwin Marion Whiting Reunion 1968 at the Homestead  
Myn, Ralph, Elda, Earnest, Martha, Arthur



Elda Brown, Betty Whiting, Myn Priestley, Art Whiting

The Legacy Continues



Back: Earnest, Ralph, Arthur  
Front: Elda, Martha, Minnie



Back Row: Zina, Earnest, Herbert, Art, Betty, Nell  
Seated: Ethel, Elda, Martha, Myn, Ralph

## Sierra Trigo



By Joycell H. Cooper

Snuggled in the mountains, rising straight and true  
Stands old Sierra Trigo against a sky of blue.  
She looms there unmolested by the wind and rain and snow,  
And within her are the memories of many scenes below.  
A pioneer couple, full of hope, and strong determined will  
Working hard with heart and hands to build a small sawmill.  
They struggled hard and days were long, but never did they grieve,  
And little did this couple know the heritage they would leave.  
But old Sierra Trigo knew, as she gazed the whole day through  
And cast a loving shadow on this family as it grew.  
The kids grew up and moved away, the parents soon grew old.  
The grand kids now had children who were added to the fold.  
The mountain watched in solemn awe, the Homestead how it grew  
It soon became a favorite place for all the cousins too.  
Sierra Trigo creaked and groaned as shouting children strained  
To climb her soft, brown rocky slopes and tumble down again.  
And as each generation passed, there always seemed to be  
A whole new bunch of cousins from the same old family  
Each one raised his head with pride, and felt he had a claim  
On that hill upon the Homestead that bore the Whiting name  
She watched in silent wonderment, her head up in the stars  
As screaming, happy families poured from out their loaded cars.  
She watched each one come up the lane, not wanting to be late  
As shouting, laughing relatives met them at the gate.  
The love and old traditions seemed to grow as time went on,  
And the warmth of it still lingers in the softness of the dawn.  
There's a part of every member left within that Homestead still  
And the years of song and laughter still echo on the hill.  
So old Sierra Trigo stands with head held high above,  
For at her feet a family laid, a blanket made of love.  
And with this love to keep her warm she'll always be content  
For to every cousin she's become a Whiting Monument.



## The Rolling of the Tires

By Jeannine Hamblin Larson

“All clear below!” bellowed Uncle Eddie as he motioned me forward. Come on, Jeanie, it’s your turn.” His eyes held the same anticipation as my pounding heart. I gripped the bald tire and with all the strength my eight-year-old body could muster, I ran towards the point of the mountain Uncle Eddie was motioning to. At precisely the moment I reached the edge, I gave the black tire one last shove and fell to my knees in the volcanic dirt. As it plunged down the mountain, a roar went up and 120 aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandparents cheered the speeding tire to the journey’s end.

It was entertainment at its best, watching the black rubber tire bounce, wobble, and race its way down and across the serene mountainside of the Arizona White Mountains. Often the tire would hit a rock or mound of dirt or a small pine tree which would change its course as the crowd cheered it on. The sounds of the spectators would register the success or failure of its migration.

In my thirty years of rolling tires off Sierra Trigo, I have seen unbelievable feats from these bouncing black rings. I’ve seen them split a small pine tree in half, traveling well over the legal speed limit. I’ve seen them journey distances over three miles or more with no energy force other than its own momentum.

It was a unique family reunion activity unlike any other in the world. To stand on a mountain top with those you love and look at beauty that is beyond words is seldom experienced. This was a place where the cares and heartaches of life were locked out. These moments I have preserved deep within my heart.

The tradition started when my grandfather had a flat tire up on the dirt road at the crest of the mountain. As he and some of the uncles were repairing the wood-spoked tire, it got away from them and the wheel’s journey down the mountainside was spectacular. They searched the rest of the day for that wheel because they had no spare, and never did find it. The thrills of watching that wheel were so great that they got the idea of repeating the fun at the next reunion.

Where else would you find uncles who own a mountain? Where else would you find uncles who own service stations in five states? Where else would you find uncles who would bother to spend their days gathering up old tires and hauling them to their mountain so that the

family could experience the thrill of pushing a tire off Sierra Trigo?

The tire rolling was the most exciting event of the three-day reunion held every two years at the Whiting Homestead. But a frightening moment ended it all in the late 70’s. By then the reunion population was numbering in the 400s and children swarmed the mountainside like a colony of ants.

On this particular day of the tire-rolling, a pickup overloaded with children almost turned over as it struggled up the mountain road which was too narrow and too weatherworn to be safe. It scared the adults so that they never allowed the tires again. Now it’s history, and we who lived it, tell our children of its thrills.

Uncle Art walked into a restaurant in Holbrook a few years ago and overheard two old cowboys sitting at the counter telling stories over their coffee.

“I was ridin’ my horse a few miles below Green’s peak last week, miles from nowhere. Suddenly I came across a tire.

“I rode a little further and I saw another tire. I kept a ridin’ and pretty soon there were tires to my right and tires to my left.

“I looked up in there were tires in the trees. There were blankety-blank tires everywhere!”

Uncle Art struggled to keep his face straight as he left those cowboys scratching their heads and trying to solve the mystery of those blankety-blank tires.

*Editor’s note: As environmental concerns grew in the 70’s, many family volunteers searched through the forests and retrieved many of old tires. Now a part of history, tire rolling was an unforgettable activity, beloved by all ages, truly unique to the Whiting Family.*



# **The Posterity of Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting**

## **Testimony of Anna Maria to her posterity**



To my great grandchildren, also my great great grandchildren, I would like today to leave a few words to you. I am thankful for each one of you and for the blessings you have helped to bring into my life. I pray earnestly for the Lord to watch over you that you may always live worthy of his blessings and keep the faith.

I want you to know that the gospel means more than all earthly things. I know it is true. All things will work for your good for him that loves the Lord. Remember the Lord held you to come forth for this the greatest of all times and dispensations. You are a choice spirit and I thank my Heavenly Father each day that you all belong to my posterity. My pleading prayer to the Lord is that you may never depart from the teachings of the gospel and that you may continue this work through out all time.

Your loving grandma,  
Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting  
(84 years old)

March 24, 1948

To my great grand children, also my great  
great grand children I would like  
today to leave a few words to  
you. I am thankful for each one of you  
and for the blessings you have helped  
to bring in to my life. I Pray  
earnestly for the Lord to watch over  
you that you may always live worthy  
of his blessings and keep the faith.

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for them that love the Lord."

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a choice spirit and I thank my  
Heavenly Father each day that you all  
belong to my posterity. My pleading prayer  
to the Lord is that you may never depart from  
the teachings of this gospel, and that you  
may continue this record

through out all time. My posterity is  
159, 9 children, 48 grand children 75 great  
grand children 26 in laws, one great  
great grand child. your loving grandma  
Anna Maria Isaacson  
Whiting



Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting and some of her posterity  
Reunion at the Homestead 1950

## **A Final Message to her Posterity from Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting**

A message to my children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren: I thank the Lord for every one of you, and my prayers are that you may always be faithful in living the Gospel.

I am learning to like to be wherever I find myself, as long as I can still see our families—those handsome people. I will never be able to see them enough.

I often think how wonderful it is to have such a large family, with not one of them that I would want to change if I could. How can I ever be thankful enough?

Grandma

## **Table of Contents for the Posterity List**

*This listing is intended as a directory only. It is not an accurate or complete genealogical record.*

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