

# The Whiting Twig

November 1953

Question of the year: What prominent member of the Whiting Clan won the grand sum of \$1.25 in a singing contest? Read this issue and you will find out. (What we really want to know is what he spent his prize money for!) (And did he report it to the Internal Revenue?)

Read this issue and find the answer in the following pages.

## HENS SCRATCHINGS

(Editorial)

By Joycell Cooper

Dear Relatives:

Some nights ago, a few of us over here got together and thought that it would be nice if we could have a little paper so that we could be in touch a little more. We thought that if we just had the news, and left the historical genealogy to the Whiting Tree, we could get a paper out more often, at less expense and thus, the news would be fresh. We could also put more corn in it. Since they wanted lots of corn, they put me in as Editor. I have not had any offers from the Times or Examiner yet, but give me time. After all, what has mother got that I don't have except talent.

But getting back to the paper, it should be lots of fun and not too much work if everyone will cooperate and send in their news on time. Everyone over here has jumped right in and really done their share and helped out, making our meetings fun and a good excuse to get together. And you know this family, all we need is an excuse, and we have a party. It should not take very much, but we hope to appeal to the young and old and will appreciate any ideas or criticisms that anyone would care to submit. We hope to have articles from the Aunts and Uncles, as well as the teenagers. So with your help and cooperation we hope to make this paper a success.

The following is the latest news we received from St. Johns!

(sorry, not received!!)

A special note: Watch for the next Whiting Tree at the first of the year.

## THE VALLEY OF THE SUN MESA, ARIZONA By Edwina Dastrup

Mesa has been slightly invaded by the Whitings the past year or two with John, Lois (Whiting) and family with Katie and Jerry (Lewis) moved here to Mesa and started up the Whiting and Lewis Dairy in April of 1952.

Uncle Ralph (Whiting) and family followed in September of the same year.

Donald and Harriett (Whiting) moved our way after a week or two of their married life, about the 11<sup>th</sup> of January of 1953. Don had been going to school here until then. After moving both he and Harriett continued on with Don graduating from here and Harriett from Kanab, he had her credits transferred.

Lester (Whiting) and family arrived here about the first of September of 1953.

Edwina and Tom (Dastrup) dragged in at the tail end about the first of September of 1953, the 8<sup>th</sup> to be exact just in time for Tom and Marion (Heward) to register for school

At the present time John, Jerry, Donald and Uncle Ralph are running the dairy.

Katie, Lois and Aunt Nell live side by side on the dairy in lovely new homes. Harriett and Louise live in town.

Lester is affiliated with the service station here in the valley.

Tom is attending A.S.C. in Tempe taking up his pre-dental. Marion Heward, Beulah and John's oldest boy, is living with us and taking the same curriculum as Tom. Here's hoping them luck and lots of success.

Elma and Wayne (Smith) and family are just doing fine. They whizzed by Mesa going and coming for a load of manure. Their kids are fine. Poor Elma spends most of her time running after her boy. He is in that mischievous stage, she said.

The last two weeks of August 1953 found Uncle Ralph, Aunt Nell, Don and Harriett off on a trip up the West coast. They visited the red woods. Up to this point Aunt Myn accompanied them. Here she left and returned to Alhambra. After leaving the Red Woods they journeyed on to Seattle and to a boat on up into Canada, then back to Seattle and on to Idaho Falls, Yellowstone, and on to Salt Lake City. Upon arrival they found Uncle John (Whiting) had passed away and were able to attend.

Dear Relatives:

With the increasing expense of publishing “The Whiting Tree,” the News Section became a problem. Some people said: “Let’s leave out the news. We can’t afford to print it.” Others said: “The news is so important, in holding the family together. It’s too valuable to leave out.” One day while discussing it with Aunt May, the solution occurred to me. I suggested it to her and she adopted it immediately.

I suggested that the news be published entirely separately, in mimeographed form. This way, it will be relatively inexpensive and we won’t have to worry about keeping it fancy, and we can make as many mistakes and have as much fun with it as we want. It will simplify all the problems of the Whiting Tree, and make that publication cheaper. I really think it will be less work, less cost, and more valuable than publishing both sections together, as we have done heretofore. The original plan of binding the Whiting Tree will continue. Those who want to do so may also save all copies of the newspaper.

Aunt May suggested we turn the job of getting finances over to the Teenagers. I went one farther—I suggested that we turn the entire thing over to the younger Whitings, up to the age of 30. This we have done. We oldsters (I am 31) will serve only as advisors or guest writers. We held a meeting to organize the Young Whitings of L.A. County. At that meeting, Dean Berry, the president, suggested the name of the Whiting Twig for our paper, since it is to be a small (?) branch off the Whiting Tree. Everybody liked that so well it was instantly adopted.

Joycell (Cooper) is the editor—the person carrying the greatest responsibility and doing the most work. She has done an admirable job and deserves top credit. Others who have helped are too numerous to mention here, but will get due credit in the proper place and time. The issue is made possible by teamwork – the young Whitings working together. I hope that you will all give them all possible help and cooperation.

Speaking of help, Uncle Art sent in a check for \$5.00 even before we asked anyone for a cent. Thanks, Unc. That will pay about half the cost of the first issue. Further donations will be needed and appreciated. Any who can afford to donate, please send Joycell a check. If the response is good, it will be a long time before we have to ask again. Also, if you have any news or notices you would like published, please sent these to your area reporter or to Joycell.

Our present plans call for publication of The Whiting Twig every three months. If it proves feasible, and everybody wants it and will cooperate, we will try to work out a scheme to put it out more often.

\*\*\*\*\*

Not much news from the Ray and Ruth Lewis’s house, but I assure you things are never dull up there. The other day Connie said, “Mama, aren’t you glad that you and Rose and Rayda have the same amount of feet so that you can wear each other’s shoes!”

NEWS FROM THE LAND OF ZION  
(Salt Lake City)  
By Maydene Bodell

We had a wonderful visit with (or should I say “glimpse of”) conference visitors last month. Aunt May and Uncle Herbert (Berry), Norma and Randy (Fife), all four of the Uncles, Aunt Ethel, Aunt Nell, and others. (Mable and Wilford (Shumway) were here, but nary a “glimpse” of them.)

A few days later Mother and Dad took me and my little ones down to Provo for a day. We saw Louine’s (Shields) darling little house and nice yard (with a profusion of            (Ed. Maydene: will please fill this in when you’ve got time.) and other flowers.) Maurine and Elbert (Startup) and family are fine. The two of them went with us to a surprise party Louine threw for Grant’s birthday. Maurine and Louine are both “that a way,” expecting to increase the Whiting clan by two about January.

My own small fry are eagerly awaiting another trip to the “Weunion.” My four little ones AND my great big one. We usually think of the reunion as being a wonderful way for our children to get acquainted with their second cousins. But with us “spread out” families, it’s also a wonderful way for our children to get to know their own aunts and uncles.

Remember the rainy day down there? Ruth H. Brown ducked in our cabin to eat with us, and it’s the only time Michael can remember her. The other day he was talking about “that Aunt Woofus—not Connie’s Aunt Woofus but that other Aunt Woofus that are with us down to the Weunion.”

Another think—I usually think of the reunion as being wonderful for all us visitors, but more of a headache for the home folks. But last month when I saw Uncle Eddie he had that broad President Eisenhower grin of his and said, “Gee, I can hardly wait until we have another reunion.”

I don’t know anything new of the Sagers or of the Carlstons in Denver, and I suppose the Andelins will send word of their new baby girl.

The other night we had the best good visit with Mother and Dad in a long time (Their TV set was broken). Then the next morning they decided to leave for Mesa, and they were gone that afternoon. They’re down there now, basking in the sun and feeling pretty well.

Nora Mae (Brown), Floyd (Brown), David (Berry), Rex (Lee), Markay (Hamblin) are all “Y” cougars this year. Out of 3,000 freshmen, Rex was put in “temporary Chairman” of the freshman class. Nora and Floyd and David are living in a big house with a bunch of their cousins. H’mmmmm. Oh, well, “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” They say.

Our Trip To Michigan  
By May W. Berry

Twenty-two years ago, a pale stranger, young and shy, knocked on our door in Phoenix, Arizona. He asked about a room for rent, and since he seemed so timid I tried to make him feel at ease while showing him a room.

He took the room and paid me the rent without question. And without thinking, I picked up one of Herbert's dental appointment cards and wrote his receipt on the reverse side.

To my surprise, that very afternoon, I looked up from my desk and who was standing before me but that same young man! We made an appointment for that evening, and as we were talking to him he said that he had always believed in Predestination, and now he was sure of it. "How can I help it if I join your church? I didn't want to come to this house to stay. I wanted to get out in a sunny place, but when I came here, I was so drawn, I just had to stay."

All winter he was in bed out at the T.B. Sanatorium, but we continued our missionary work regularly at his bedside.

He tells us now that he has lived his religion to the best of his ability all these years. Never has he drank any tea or coffee, or used tobacco, but kept the word of wisdom to the letter. He has never done anything that he felt would keep him out of the church.

We planned to go to Michigan at the time Effie was to be married, but we had to hurry home because Dad (Edwin Marion Whiting) was on his deathbed.

Benard converted the young girl he was engaged to, when he returned home, a well man. We had put his name in the Temple and knew the Lord had made him well and so he converted his young wife. And she has also lived her religion all these years, so she was also anxious to be baptized into the Mormon Church, but there was not a Mormon church that they could find.

When we were on our mission, we tried to get missionaries to go there, but failed again. So this year we decided it was time to go and we had waited long enough, so we wrote and told them that we were coming. After traveling over 16 states we finally arrived in Hudson on Saturday.

We spent the week teaching them more about our church, and on the following Sunday we took them to Toledo, Ohio, the nearest ward, where Herbert baptized them both. This ward was 50 miles from their home and they were worried about getting there for Church very often. But, by the letters we have received from them they have gone every Sunday. They don't know why, but they just cannot stay away, and they just love all the people there.

We left them in tears, but still happy to look into the future, with a hope that they may yet go and meet us in the Temple next October so we may go through together.

On our return we traveled all the other states to reach Conference, which was wonderful. We saw my wonderful brothers and had a lovely visit with them.

We then went on to Idaho Falls to see Helen and Aubrey (Andelin) with their little family and now baby girl. She is such an unusual baby and we did enjoy seeing them all so much.

Brother Andelin gave me a wonderful, special, blessing that was a comfort to all through my long illness and stay in the hospital. I had a slight stroke the day after we got home from our trip. But I really was not too worried because of my blessing, I knew that I would soon be well and back into my missionary work.

And now that I can walk again, I know that the Lord has been with me all the way.

A True Christmas Story  
By Dean Berry

The time: Just before Christmas, 1933 (a depression year).

The place: Phoenix Arizona

Characters: Aunt May, Lee, Dean, and sundry other characters of the Berry family.

Action: After offering to do any and all pre-Christmas chores, such as doing the dishes, sweeping the floor, making the beds, mending the roof, fixing the car, digging a ditch, etc., Dean, age 8, speaks:

“Mama, is Santa Claus rich?”

“Uh-huh.” (Nineteenth answer to the same question)

10 second pause.

“How soon will Christmas be here, mama?”

“Pretty soon now.”

“Mama, am I gonna get a cowboy suit? Joe Matthews is gonna get one.”

“Dean, for the twentieth time, no! You cannot have a cowboy suit this Christmas. I’ve told you and told you. Now, don’t ask anymore.”

“But ???? Could not read print \_\_\_\_\_ Santa Claus is rich! You said so! He won’t miss one little cowboy suit.”

After pausing for 30 seconds or so to collect her scattered wits, Aunt May says, “Santa Claus has millions of little boys to bring presents to, and he won’t be rich when he gets through. Now, don’t you be greedy and expect him to just bring you anything you want. I want you to have some backbone, not just a wishbone. Now, I don’t want to hear any more about a cowboy suit, even if Joe Matthews is going to get one. Anyway, I’ll bet Joe Matthews has been a better boy than you have this year.”

This I doubted, but I wisely retreated into silence to ponder this paradox of a Santa Claus so rich he could give presents to all the boys and girls in the world, yet could not spare me one cowboy suit priced at \$1.25 at J.C. Penney!.

I had been looking at a Santa Claus story book, and now, as I looked out the window, I wondered at another puzzle. “Mama, if Santa Claus rides in a big sled like you said, how is he going to land without any snow?”

“I guess he probably has some spare wheels on his sled.”

“Can he get down a gas pipe, or does he have to have a chimney?”

“I don’t think he can get down a gas pipe, but when he doesn’t find a chimney, I think he can come in a window.”

I could see that Mother’s long temper was rapidly shortening, since we’d been through the same routine approximately 20 times, so after a discreet 30 second pause, I asked the final question which would assure me that Phoenix would not be missed on Mr. Claus’ December junket. “Mama, can reindeers get along without any snow?”

“Well, I guess they can for long enough to land in Phoenix.”

With that, I put the cowboy suit and Christmas in the back of, but not out of, my mind. It would be evening soon, and I could look forward to a double pleasure. For one, daddy would be home soon, possibly with a Christmas tree; and secondly, Lee, newly returned from his mission, would also come home, and he was always willing to listen to my problems. About an hour later, I had both pleasures.

“Lee, will you tell me the truth?” This was only to set the stage, for I knew that now we were alone, he wouldn’t tell me any fibs. “Lee, if Santa Claus is rich, why can’t I have a cowboy suit for Christmas?”

“Gee, I don’t know why not. Have you been a good boy this year?”

“Well, most of the year, but maybe not quite all. I think I’ve been as good as Joe Matthews, and he’s gonna get one.

“I guess that’s good enough then. Have you prayed about it?”

Are you supposed to pray to Santa Claus?”

“No, no! I meant to Father in Heaven!”

“Are they related?”

“Sort of.”

“Well, I kind of prayed about it one night, but mama told me that wasn’t nice.”

“Mama probably didn’t understand. Now, you can just bet that the Lord will help you get that cowboy suit. Now, how do you say your prayers?”

“I just kneel down before I go to bed, and tell the Lord to bless everybody and me, and then I say, Name of Jesus, Amen.

“How loud do you say this?”

“Not very loud. Just loud enough so mama can hear.”

“That’s just where you’ve been making your mistake. You’ve got to say your prayers loud enough for the Lord to hear, not just mama.”

“How far away is he?”

“Far enough so you’d better say them pretty loud.”

That night, I made the test. I was trying the Lord, Santa Claus, Lee, and everybody else in the family. Anyone who remembers what my voice was like at the age of 8, and who remembers that I used to sleep in the screen porch in Phoenix, and in a busy neighborhood, will realize just about what happened when I went to bed that night at about 11 o’clock.

“FATHER IN HEAVEN, BLESS MOMMA AND DADDY AND EFFIE AND MAREE AND KAY AND LEE AND NORMA AND HELEN AND GRANDMA AND GRANDPA WHITING AND GRANDPA AND GRANDMA BERRY AND ALL MY AUNTS AND UNCLES AND COUSINS. MAMMA AND DADDY SAID I COULDN’T HAVE A COWBOY SUIT THAT ONLY COSTS \$1.25, AND I’VE BEEN A GOOD BOY ALMOST ALL YEAR, AND PLEASE BLESS SANTA CLAUS SO THAT HE WILL BRING ME ONE. NAME OF JESUS, AMEN.”

Lights went on in houses for the next several blocks; doors could be heard slamming in our house; and for once, mamma – that is, Aunt May, was speechless.

And if you think the Lord didn’t hear that prayer, you’re mistaken!

The Outlaw Column  
or  
“Second Fiddle”  
By Marion L. Berry

Right now, I would like nothing better than have Editor Cooper outlaw the Outlaw Column. Or better still, outlaw this particular outlaw—at least until after this issue of The Whiting Twig.

You don't agree that being an outlaw means playing second fiddle? Sorry, but I'll have to stick to my guns. I've yet to meet another family “quite like” the Whiting family—certainly never on that could take the first fiddler's place. So, until some of us outlaws can outdo the Whitings—we'll just have to play second fiddle and thoroughly enjoy it.

Are you up to date with the F. Dean Berrys? Starting with Papa Berry, we are proud to say he's almost half-way through his junior year at Medical School. (Just 2 ½ years more to go for that precious shingle “Dr. F. Dean Berry, M.D.,” then possibly just a few more years after that if he decides to take a residency.) They're keeping him very busy, which is making the time fly by almost too fast. There's not much to say about Mama Berry except she's trying to see enough of Papa Berry to take care of him...and of course there's baby Berry too, but she's not a baby any longer. She's 20 months old now and as big as a 2 ½ year old—and a darling, with blond hair and blue eyes. Everyone says she looks like her daddy...and I agree. This will all be past history when you read it, but we do have a bit of news that will be current for the next 6 ½ months, and that is the anticipation of an additional new member to our little family next June.

I would like to say before signing off that this outlaw is proud to have been made a member of this fine family – (if only in name only). It is a source of inspiration to me to see the devotion you all have for one another, and the way you all stick together—helping each one alike when and if they need help, and what is so important—unselfishly. I hope the younger generation (including us outlaws) will be able to carry on this fine feeling for one another.

These publications I'm sure will do much to help us get to know each other better. Another way is to move in on each other occasionally, so if any of you get to Los Angeles, we've always got an extra bed for you. (We're still waiting for Mickey and Lorana (Whiting) to get here.) See you soon.

\*\*\*\*\*

We're having a time with Michael in Sunday School. You know how people scrutinize the Bishop's son. The other day when he came home I said, “Well, darling, what did you do in Sunday School today, and that impish gleam shone on his face as he said, “Be'd naughty.”

The Lord's Way  
By Rex Whiting

I'd been on my mission about 8 months. I had been assigned with Elder Leavitt to open up the territory of North Bay, Ontario. The farthest north any missionaries had been in that part of Canada. I was thrilled, for we felt like the missionaries of old, really going out into the world to introduce for the first time the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those people. We were sure that everything would go fine and that we would be received with open arms although we heard that the city consisted of 20,000 people, 90% of which were Catholic and 5% were Baptists, the rest other denominations. We went to sleep in a coach on the train. When we awoke the next morning, the sight was shocking but very beautiful, for we were up in the "bush" (as the Canadians say) and it had been snowing all night. The snow was piled up on telephone poles and trees so high it seemed like they couldn't help falling. It was 32 below zero outside and trust me, I had to lose one of my gloves. We didn't realize then that we were shut off from the rest of the world as if we were in Africa. When we stepped into the station to get our baggage we checked our funds. Elder Leavitt had \$21.00 and I had nearly \$10.00. We didn't know anyone. We had no names to look up. There were no contacts and no members. As far as we knew no one who had ever heard of the Mormon Church. The tiny telegraph office had no facilities for receiving money sent by wire.

We picked up our baggage and began to head for downtown section of North Bay. There was only one open café, one open grocery store and no hotels were open that time of the year or courts of any kind because North Bay was strictly a summer resort town. We began to look for a place to stay and we walked in the snow at 30° below zero, me with one glove for at least 2 hours before we found anything. We finally found a light-housekeeping room, however, it cost us \$25.00 every 2 weeks for rent and between us we had less than \$31.00 which left us \$6.00 for food. We were both sure that money from home would arrive in the next few days. It was overdue, but changing addresses would slow it up a little. We went down to the Post Office the next day where we had given our address as General Delivery. Then we heard the news that caused near panic to myself and Elder Leavitt. The storm had been so severe that it had closed off the tracks and the trains weren't expected to run again for at least one week and maybe two. By this time riotous spending had reduced our \$6.00 food money to \$1.00. In panic we wired President Ursenbach to send money, not realizing that there were no facilities to transact money being sent by wire at that time of year in North Bay and we received return word as to that effect. By this time we were really scared. For of all the dangers and hardships that we thought might befall us in this new adventure we didn't dream of starvation as one of them. Which of course seemed the most unbearable of any. We had a small supply of food purchased by the \$5.00 which we had spent so easily and less than \$1.00 left between us. We decided to go and do our missionary duties and tract and surely the Lord would provide. However, my companion had more faith than I and wanted to start shoveling snow or begging if necessary for money or food even before we had run out. Four days had gone by and our food and finances had gone by also.

All we had left was a can of tomato soup and part of a package of spaghetti which was to be our last meal unless something happened and quick. We decided to pray for money not knowing whether the Lord would see fit to answer our prayers by money or food. Elder Leavitt didn't want to narrow it down to just money. He thought it would be better to ask the Lord for some kind of help to keep us from starving, and so we went out to tract.

When we returned home there was nothing to indicate our prayers had been answered so I decided to ask our landlady if she couldn't loan us a couple of dollars back we had paid her for rent, until the trains came through and our check arrived. When I began to explain the predicament we were in, she asked me if all that we needed was food. When I told her yes, she gave us 5 quarts of rhubarb she had bottled the preceding summer. Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb. Well, we ate rhubarb after our spaghetti was gone for 2 days. We woke in the morning and we had rhubarb for breakfast. When we returned from tracting to lunch, rhubarb, and supper, rhubarb. In 2 days I had eaten all the rhubarb I could stand. It seemed like there was no other food in the world. To this day I can't smell or see rhubarb without getting sick.

We had finally decided that in our prayers we would ask the Lord to send us some money. My companion said he had never believed in praying for money but we felt at this time it was necessary. After praying we decided to go to the Post Office and see if any news had come through about the trains. On the way the snow was about 2 feet deep and we could see footsteps ahead of us so we followed in the footsteps to try to keep out the snow as much as we could. We had walked about half mile and just before we crossed the RR tracks I saw it, a \$20.00 bill laying on top of the snow right in plain sight. I literally dived upon it. I grabbed it up and almost began to dance. I don't believe I was ever so happy in all my life. The first thing my companion said was our prayers were answered. I said I wonder who dropped it. He replied, "Why, the Lord gave it to us." I said, "I don't care who gave it to us. It's ours!"

We started towards town across the tracks in a hurry with our new find, still following the footprints. We looked ahead and there was a man who had been walking ahead of us. Elder Leavitt and I both thought the same thing. He had dropped the money. Elder Leavitt spoke first. As soon as he had started, I said, "No, it's ours," but he persisted that regardless we must be honest. I said, "Elder Leavitt we have nearly starved to death. We have tracted until we're worn out and not one Gospel conversation and now after 2 days of eating rhubarb, the Lord sends us \$20.00 and I won't give it back." Elder Leavitt said, "If the Lord had wanted us to keep this money, he would never have shown us that man whom we know must have dropped it. If we ask him and he says 'no,' then we'll keep it. But we must ask him or we'll never feel right." So, I finally consented but I wanted to be the one to tell him. So, we caught up with him and I began to tell him our story of woe. I explained how we were facing starvation and that the \$20.00 would save us. He claimed the money after looking in his wallet. He explained that it wasn't his, that it belonged to the Baptist Church and he was only taking it to the bank. He thanked us and said he wished he could help. I think I started to cry before he left. I knew he would not give us any reward for our honesty. When he had gone I turned to my companion and began to tell him off. I think I probably said things that I will always be sorry for. Among other things I said "I hope you are proud of yourself. The Lord sends us \$20.00 and you give it to a Baptist. Well, you can starve! I am going to the Salvation Army and get fed. I'm not going to starve."

After walking for a while, he spoke to me and said in the kindest voice I have ever heard. "Elder Whiting, I know how you feel and I can promise you that the Lord will not let us starve. He will send us what we need." I knew I was wrong and I felt better later and apologized. When we got to the Post Office it was closed. It closed at noon, and it was after 12:00 when we started home.

As we got to the porch, we noticed the man standing there that had dropped the \$20.00. He asked us if he could come in. Then after he got inside, he pulled our \$30.00 and said, "Here is a loan from the

Deacons of the First Baptist Church, you may pay it back when your money comes. I told the Pastor about the twenty dollars and he got this loan for you. He said anyone so honest would pay it back.”

We then got on our knees and thanked the Lord for his way in showing us that his ways are always best and he always answers prayers.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Whiting Tree is coming near,  
We hope to start by the 1<sup>st</sup> of the year;  
Get out your pens and photos,--Hey!  
We'll leave the rest to Myn and May!

Holbrook Highlights  
By Annette Whiting

Note to Editor:

You our well come two change any mrs spelled wurd are leave of any sintinces.

The members from the Whiting clan now in Holbrook, number thirteen.

From the John Heward family we find Marion has enrolled in college at Tempe. He is majoring in dentistry and is living with Tom and Edwina in their home in Mesa.

Uncle Earnest and Aunt Beryl are settled in their new home here in Holbrook. They took us through every room and it is simply beautiful. I've never seen so many shelves and closets. If you could see it you'd agree it is a dream house.

It seems Irene and Farrell (Lewis) have spent the last few months having their house remodeled. Besides putting doors in the door frames they now have indoor plumbing. All joking aside, the house really looks fine. New rooms have been added, shelves built, rooms painted, etc. The bedrooms are designed so one can be used for a boy's bedroom, someday. Frankly I wouldn't mind having Farrell design my house after I saw his.

Lynette, Irene's and Farrell's oldest daughter started the first grade this year. She went to kindergarten last year but it's more exciting now because she gets report cards.

Dad (Art) really has a full time schedule now. Besides helping a little down to the office and serving as Mayor of the Town of Holbrook he is a member of a local quartet. They were called on to sing out of town at a gathering. They didn't know until later it was also a form of talent show. When they received a check for five dollars and a letter stating they got third place Dad was horrified and also furious. He wanted to know if there wasn't some way they couldn't sue those people. I guess his ego was hurt. We found out there were only three acts competing. Despite all Dad lived through it. Surprisingly enough tho' they sound real swell and we are all real proud of them. Perhaps some of you know the other members. They are Rendol Gibbons, Tom Smithson, and Roy Gibbons.

Norman (Whiting) is one of the water boys for the Notorious Holbrook Roadrunner team...He makes it to every game. I don't think he could be any prouder or happier if it was for Notre Dame.

Dad and I made it up to October Conference in Salt Lake. I really enjoyed myself except for the talk I had to give in Church.

While Maree and Gene (Stoddard) attended a meeting in Flagstaff, Jeannie spent a couple of days with us. I might add we enjoyed her company lots. Well anyway she went to school with me and only for half a day mind you but that was enough. I've never been surrounded by so many boys in all my life as I was the next day. The conversation went something like this: "What's her name? Where's she from? Is she going to school here? How old is she? Etc." They can't wait until her next visit. Neither can we.

Armina and I qualified for "A" band so we get to go to the state fair in Phoenix, November 6.



Los Angeles  
By Jack Cooper

I will try and give as much news of this area as I possibly can. As Dean just mentioned, he and I have been in hibernation so long that we have to check once in a while to see if the sun is still shining.

We are all glad to announce that Grandma Berry is feeling fine again. The way we can tell about how she feels is relatively simple. When she asked for a phone to be put by her bed three weeks ago, I knew she was on the road to recovery. Tonight she is sitting here at Aunt Myn's directing this GREAT movement as strong as ever. All joking aside, we are truly thankful that Grandma is well again. We love ya, Grandma and need you.

Rex (Whiting) is still working hard on his little housing projects. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to work and build your home at the same time. They're all working together as a team and that's what gets it in the long run.

Maybe I'm not the one that should announce this but I "dood" it Dean (Francis to all his friends) and Marion (Berry) have put in their bid for a flight. The flight being that of the bird called the stork. It's due over East L.A. about June. I hear all flights from June to July are boys.....?

We're happy to announce that Ronald (Brown) is back in our midst. Between Lee (Berry) and Ronald they've got a job just advising the family on important rashes, ear aches, tummy aches, toe aches, headache and other critical pathological disturbances.

With Floyd Brown gone to the BYU they had to lay off 25% of the police force in Alhambra. The democrats in Alhambra are saying "We've never had it so good." I got word the other day that Floyd had to write a theme in English on a "decision." He chose the title—"should I take the blonde that sits in the back of the room out or not"---Ah, Floyd—they say beef steaks do wonders.

Since David Berry left, Alhambra High School has been thinking of cancelling all sports. Can't play without a team you know.

It must feel good for Grampa Berry to have his car again. If you didn't know, they had to leave the car in Cedar City on their return trip. Grampa Berry had to come home and take a short course in Oldsmobile automatic transmissions and tell the mechanic in Cedar City, by phone, how to repair it. 50 shares in the telephone Company and three weeks later Randy (Fife) brought it back from Cedar City.

Speaking of Randy, Norma and Randy were over for a week. Randy was more or less on business so we didn't get to see too much of him. Norma helped Grandma out. Wherever there's work to be done you'll see Norma in the middle of it.

Dean (Francis) is in his Junior year in Med school. He spends most of his time at the L.A. County hospital. He'll make a fine doctor.

In June I'll go to the clinic, I hope the first patient doesn't mind the clatter of forceps on his teeth. Not that I will be nervous of anything like that. I would like to say, they gave me an award last year. In

Greek it is called, “Epsilon Tau Iota Theta Tau Chi”----translated this means, Every Thing I Touch Turns  
To Crud!”

Respectfully Yours,

Jack Cooper

FREDONIA FROLICS  
By Lorana Whiting

Hi Folks!

Everyone in Fredonia has added another room or two on their home. If Jay and Aleen (Whiting) get what they have ordered they will be building again in February.

Beth and Austin (Simper) have remodeled their café, and it surely looks nice.

We are certainly proud of our new chapel. It is coming along so nicely. Jay and Harold (Bushman) donated money to pay for the carpet for the chapel and Relief Society room. We plan to dedicate it in February.

We feel Milton (Whiting) is doing his part to uphold the Whiting name. He doesn't stop practicing for one play until he is practicing for another. They have three.

They have three-way radios in all the cars now, and the telephone line leased to Holbrook for ½ hour every day. So you see we have plenty of means of communication up this way. (Of course, nothing private as everyone is listening and trying to talk at the same time.) Harold (Bushman) says he can talk to St. Johns from on top of the Kaibab Mountain now.

The Kaibab Lumber Co. has built a new addition on their office. They also entertained 250 of their employees and partners at an outdoor party at Pipe Springs. Uncle Art and Earnest came from Holbrook and they are still telling of the good time they had.

Jay, Aleen and family spent a week in San Diego this August.

Uncle Earnest and Harold both got their deer. We hope everyone else is as successful on the second hunt.

Joyce (Whiting) is organist for the Primary which we think is very good since she is only 10 years.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bits from the B.Y.U.

We have not received any official news from the Y yet, and since we don't have any more time to wait we are going to put in just what we have heard from bits here and there.

Markay and his roommate got 3 deer on a weekend trip. (3!) All we have been able to get out of him in his letters is how cute the girls are. Quote – “English is the dullest class I have, there isn't a cute girl in it!” un Quote!

David, Nora May and Floyd are having the time of their lives too from what we gather. If those boys have not knocked the girls dead by now it isn't because they didn't try!

Rex and Floyd won the debating contest over 5 colleges up there in Utah. They are now in Fresno to compete in the contest on Tuesday, Nov. 24. Good luck boys, perhaps we can say, "We knew you when."

News from Provo!

(Sorry, not received!)