

# The Whiting Twig

Feb 1954



An Apple For The Pupils  
By Maree Stoddard

For the benefit of those not “in the know,” I am now fourth grade teacher at McNary. I realize there is nothing perhaps world shaking in this bit of news; but it is a delightful experience for me in that I have never taught Indians before. Even the Negroes, Koreans, and Philipinos have been among the fourteen nationalities I have taught in my lifetime I believe I find these Indians the most interesting.

At first I felt very awkward when we would come to a sentence in our readers such as – “and the two boys ran thru the house like wild Indians” etc. I watched for a reaction on their poker faces but they seemed to take it all in stride. My grade is about 20% Indian. The rest about equal Mexicans and whites.

My next experience came when we had a story about the Flat Head Indians. I called on Corinda to read. All twenty-six fourth graders are my pets, but Corinda is a very special one. She is full Apache, rather broad faced, not beautiful, but her big brown eyes don't miss a thing. She has long straight hair that hangs in unkempt wisps down her back almost to her waist. It's too coarse to snarl, but I'm going to plot an excuse to wash it one of these days. Most of you realize what McNary winters are like, especially early in the mornings. Corinda comes out of the forest every school day clad in a thin red sweater, out at the elbows, and no buttons. Her calico dress clings to her thin little body in a way that reveals little or nothing underneath. The boy's coat I gave her, she wears over her head, too proud I believe to put it on for school. Corinda's father makes fair money at the mill, but he and her mother manage somehow to drink most of it up each payday. So Corinda and her little sister shift for themselves during these celebrations, and every Monday morning climb over the bodies of their drunken parents and somehow get themselves off to school, leaving behind the cursings, empty whisky bottles, and vomit, for a few hours in happier surroundings at school. Corinda has a spark or something that demands a respect from her fellow students. Perhaps it's her habit of looking everyone straight in the eye, unusual for an Indian. Everyone likes her.

The morning we began reading about the Flat Head Indians I felt very embarrassed and was about to skip the whole chapter. My curiosity as to how the Indian kids would react got the better of me and I called on Corinda to read. She stood up, cleared her throat and began. When she came to the words Flat Head Indians she stopped. My heart jumped, as I knew she knew the words. I waited. She slowly lifted her hand and began to feel around on top of her head. Then a big grin broadened her face and she began to giggle. She giggled and laughed until she had us all in stitches. She finally said, “I can't read this, it's too funny.” So I let her sit down.

I asked the class one day what they liked to play the best of all. A white boy piped up, “Oh, Cowboy and Indians.” I said, “Now what do you mean by that?” He went on to explain that he liked to play he lived in the olden days and was a cowboy fighting Indians. The other white boys agreed. As the Indians sat silently I prodded them with “Alright you Indian kids, what do you like to play most?” All in one voice they said – “Indians fighting white men.”

For our unit on “Early Day History” I suggested we start a little museum. A few things began to come in. Bits of Indian pottery of long ago, an eagle feather, wampum, a rock with a gold streak etc. Then one day a little white boy brought a small, very old, piece of human skull. He announced proudly to us all

that it was the top of an Indian's head, and his grandfather had found it and let him bring it to school. At that, one of the Indian boys burst forth "that's nothing, my grandfather found the whole head of a white man, jaw bones and all. Maybe he'll let me bring it to school, I'll ask him".

For our Christmas Project we built a little church house, inside our fourth grade room. Eight by six by six, it held eight little chairs with an isle and a pulpit. I decided on this when I discovered that over half our class had never heard the story of the birth of the Savior. The boys built the frame of two by fours and tacked pasteboard over it. The girls pasted white butcher paper inside and out and did a beautiful job painting...8 imitation stained glass windows. They painted the roof bright red and made the cutest little white steeple. They became quite discouraged, however when they had just completed the steeple and some of the boys wondered if it were a space helmet. They had never seen a steeple as no church here has one. When the church was complete I let them "hold services" eight at a time, sing their Christmas Carols, and read the story of the birth of Jesus. I appointed a preacher and he took over, leaving me and the rest of the class to go on about our business.

One of the boys did so well as preacher, I began having him tell the story instead of lead it, using the flannel board for pictures. He became so business like and so convincing we invited the 6th grade to come in. One of the mothers dropped in during services and I let her watch and listen by sitting just outside the little church door. She seemed very impressed and remarked that she wished her own minister could do as well. Very shortly after this my little preacher announced happily one morning that their minister had left and they had asked him to take his place. The visiting mother had recommended him. Thinking he was joking I just laughed. However, I have just been informed that our little fourth grade preacher just delivered a stirring sermon at Sunday services in said church on "Noah and the Ark". I suppose they are still trying to locate a permanent minister, but he seemed to be doing alright in the meantime,

My two objectives in having the children build the church was 1st to make such an impressive setting for the story of Jesus that they would never forget it. Secondly, I wanted to impress reverence for Gods' house. So I never allowed even a titer inside the little door. I must have put over the second point anyway, as after much deliberation one day I talked the class into reconstructing the church into a grocery store for an arithmetic project. We took to it with saws and hammers, removed the steeple, cut out the little windows into big ones, and messed it up in general. Hoping to finish it up the next day I had them leave it such.

The next morning a little Mexican boy who had been sick the day before when we mutilated it, walked in the door and nearly fainted at the sight. When he regained his speech all he said was "Mrs. Stoddard, God ain't going to like this,"

As our history this year covers early American settlements, it's extremely interesting to dramatize everything. The Mexican kids play the parts of Coronado, Pizarro, and the early Padres, The Indians play the Indians, and the whites the whites. Our next three projects will be a 6 foot teepee big enough for all the Indians to get into and keep their Indian stuff in a Spanish Mission for the Mexican children, where they will be the Spanish Padres explaining Christianity to the Indians. And the white children will build the Mayflower, big enough for all the whites to climb aboard, discuss their past life in England, plan for their future in the New World and sign the Mayflower Compact. They will sit around on the floor and

discuss peace terms with the Indians. (I hope peace terms). So all in all we have exciting times in the, fourth grade,

A few weeks ago I made a survey of reading material in the homes of the class. I found that very few of the Indian or Mexican families take a daily paper or magazine of any kind. However the other morning every little Indian and Mexican boy I have were waiting in the snow for me when I arrived at 8:30 A.M. to tell me Marilyn Monroe had just married Joe DiMaggio. They knew it before I did. You figure it out. I can't. Smoke signals perhaps?

\*\*\*\*\*

SAP FROM THE TWIG  
St. John's Sayings

St, Johns, Arizona  
January 28, 1954

Dear Joycell:

The most important thing to report about St. Johns is of course the Farr Whiting Family. As you know we have a new member in our family - little Jeffery Lee Whiting. We are sure that he is by far the sweetest, smartest, baby in all the world. At least we know he has made a record in the family, and as far as we know, any place else. He has produced three teeth in his first three months.

In reporting Aunt Mabel's family, we must start with Rex.(Lee) We are very proud to announce that aside from holding offices thither and yon, he's dating no one less than Barbara Benson - daughter of Apostle Benson!

Oh yes, Doug (Shumway) considers himself an adult too!

And now the one and only "Lover Boy", Phil Brown. He is our Student Body President and he is giving all we girls a big thrill.

Now for the little Twigs, Michael, Stephen (Udall) and Brent,(Brown) Richard,(Shumway) Webb, and David (Whiting) are busy with their Scout and 4H work making rabbit hutches. (Pamela (Whiting) and Rita (Grant) are busy making eyes).

Yesterday Linda Kay (Udall) (Aunt Melba's) got busy on the phone -and invited all the kids in town and their parents to a birthday party at Mary Ann Richey's (Anna Richey's). Today Anna is busy calling every one and regretting but there is no party. Linda can hope I guess.

Pamela (Whiting) and Wendell Waters graduated from Primary Sunday night at church.

All the twiglets (cousins) had a surprise party for Howard on his birthday(eight years old).

By Karen Jeanne (Whiting)

## HOLBROOK HIGHLIGHTS by Annette Whiting

Here's hello to all our relations elsewhere from all the Whiting tribe in the greenest spot on earth, Holbrook!

In order to get the facts about the John Heward family, I drove out on the south of town where the family has resided since they moved here. During this time they have really taken part in their church work. John is not only president of the Fourth Quorum of Elders and a Sunday School teacher, but he is director of the Ward choir. Beulah assists John as Sunday School teacher, and then also holds down the important job of Primary President. (Ed. note: what does she do in her spare time?) Beryl teaches in the Sunday School and plays the piano for primary. Don't go away now; there is more. (Ed. note: we are still here.) Altho Marion is off to college, he is still dance director for the MIA. (Ed. note: he must really have long legs) Loraine graduated last month from Primary. I guess she is quite the character. Beulah had to go to a Primary Preparation meeting the other night, and Loraine asked her what time would she be home from prespiration meeting;

Well, it was time to leave the Heward household, so I traveled down to West Buffalo to Uncle Earnest's and Aunt Beryl's house. Uncle Earnest had another bad attack last night and I have not been able to get a report on his condition yet, (Ed. note: Uncle Earnest was flown to Los Angeles and operated on Feb. 6. At last report he was still in the hospital but doing very well.)

Contrary to the peace and quiet of the last house, was the Lewis home on East Hampshire. As I walked in the front gate, I was almost knocked down by Linnie, who was being chased by Karen, who in turn was being followed (not too closely) by their mother Irene. (Ed. note: I have seen Irene run and know what you mean.) I stopped her long enough to ask her a few questions as to just what exciting things had happened lately. She replied: "Are you kidding? There is never a dull moment around here." And she was gone before I knew it.

Well, that left me with only one house to visit, and that was mine. I had wondered where Peggy (Irene's youngest) was. I found her behind our electric organ taking out the tubes. She had a can of oil and a screw driver to help her. (Ed. note: We bet she really got a charge out of it!) We built a fence around the house to keep out the dogs and try to keep the kids in, but it has ended up by keeping not only our kids in, but the other forty on the street as well. Oh, but remember, children are a source of happiness. In such a case, our house should be the happiest in Holbrook.

Dad as honorable mayor of Holbrook (he pays me a nickel for even time I get that in) is going to dedicate the brand new Holbrook High School Gym. Norman is learning to play the trombone and it is bigger than he is!

For years now, folks out our way have tried to avoid the subject when it came up, so no one could connect out name with his. Not that there is anything wrong, you understand, but it is just that- \*&#\$#, well, '&\$\$\$\$', what I mean to say is, you just have to know Bernard to realize it. Anyway, one of my friends at school has nicknamed me Bernard (Ed. note: um-m there is a resemblance). I am marked for Life. Even my friends call me that.

Annette Whiting—alias Bernard,

\*\*\*\*\*

TUCSON TIDBITS  
By Nathel Burdick

There isn't much news now, with just Norma's and our family here. Norma and Randy have been having lots of company lately. Randy's brother, Calvin, and family were a week, then some friends followed from Gridley for a few days, and now Helen and Aubrey (Andelin), Aunt May and Uncle Herbert (Berry) are here for a few days.

Norma is working again as Randy's secretary. She has a girl from Mexico, Maria, take care of the house and tend thee children. She is a gem.

We have our third son, Robert Ray, born January 12 and weighing 9 lbs. 1 oz. (ed. note: Who's team does he play on?!). We also, after a lot of hard work, just moved into our new home. We are certainly enjoying it.

We have had a little company, Elma (Smith) and children came and stayed ten days after I got out of the hospital. Wayne came down a week later and they moved us into our home. The folks (Albert and Elda Brown) dropped in Saturday night and stayed until after the baby was blessed the next morning. Russell (Burdick) is the supervisor on the building of the new L.D.S. 3<sup>rd</sup> ward Church, and his family sees very little of him now.

\*\*\*\*\*

MCNARY MADCAPS  
By Jeannie Stoddard

Since we did not get our news in on time last issue, I certainly don't want to be left out this time. We finally got settled down after moving, and are into the swing of things once more.

Mom (Maree Stoddard) is doing fine teaching school and seems to like it very much. Christmas time, Dad (Gene Stoddard) put on a school program with his Glee Club and Band. It really made a big hit. The girls made white satin gowns and wore white high heels, so it was really impressive.

We went to L.A. over the holidays and had a lot of fun, but it was good to get back home again. When we got home we found a package containing a coo-coo clock sent from Germany from Dad's brother, Loren and family. We also got the old clock of Grandma Whiting's fixed, so when the coo-coo, coo's and the old clock strikes, the entire house sounds like the millennium is coming. That alarm! There is one thing strange tho, it always wakes up Mom and Dad who sleep on the other side of the house, but I never hear it, and it is right by my bed!

We have had quite a bit of snow this year, but the old-timers say that it is unusual that there hasn't been more. There has been enough for me however.

Last night we went to Holbrook to a talent show the BYU was putting on, and believe me it was really wonderful. It certainly convinced me about going to the Y. I am going if I have to walk to get there! (ed. note: if any of you relatives have a sturdy pair of hiking boots, I know that Jeannie will appreciate them.)

\*\*\*\*\*

## FOREWORD

We are proud to announce the beginning of “Inside the Homestead,” a new series of articles concerning the Whiting Reunions at the famous Homestead. Since so few facts are known of these meetings, we sent one of our best reporters to give you an eye witness report of the actual happenings and the type of people who make up this well-known family. We would also like to stress that this series is not to be confused with the articles now appearing in current magazines called “inside the U.S.A.” by John Gunther!

The Editor

“Inside The Homestead”  
(by Joycell Cooper)

I had heard and read so much about this fabulous family and their meeting place, that I was very excited when I waved my assignment in front of my husband. “Now just a minute,” he said, “How do you know they will even let you near the place?” “That’s already been taken care of. The editor wired to Mr. E.I. Whiting to see if it would be alright to send a reporter out.” “And he got his answer?” My husband asked. “What did he say?” Happily I waved the telegram in front of him, for there in large black letters was E.I.’s answer “ YEP!”

It wasn’t long until we were on the road heading for Arizona. Finally, with many hours of weary travel behind us, the scenery began to change, up out of the desert heat into the cool mountains and fragrant smell of pine. “It won’t be long now,” I grinned at my husband, Dr. Cooper. And it wasn’t long before we were driving into the town of Show Low.

“Let’s stop and freshen up a bit, I’m hungry,” yawned my husband. “Then perhaps someone will direct us to this homestead.”

Feeling much better, with our stomachs full and faces washed, we stopped to ask directions from an Indian buck leaning against a building. “How!” grunted my brave mate. “You speakum English?” “Sure, Jackson” offered our new acquaintance, “I go to school in McNary. I can play a mean clarinet too man. Got a couple of real cool teacher’s at my school.” I must admit that this was quite a blow to us, after all, we had hoped to find the Arizona badlands a little wild. Instead we find a real hep Indian. But by this time we felt much braver, so I interrupted to ask directions to the homestead. But the strangest thing happened, upon the mention of the word Whiting, he broke into gales of laughter. “Oh yes, he sputtered, “We Indians know those Whitings, they have more Chiefs in their one tribe than we do in all our tribes

put together.” Just why this was so amusing, we could not understand, but we were unable to get any more information from him so we went to the one who should know, the town Sheriff!

“Yes sir,” he drawled, “I reckon I do know them thar Whiting Brothers. Why, I arrested them for horse thievin’ years ago. Got off easy they did, but they better watch their step, cause next time I catch them they won’t be so lucky. I’m still looking for one member of that bunch. He shot one of my prize cows at 300 yards, with a pistol mind you! Ah been lookin’ fer him ever since.” (Later we found out that this fugitive is now a doctor serving in the U.S. Air Corps)

You can imagine how anxious we were to meet this family, by this time. So we quickly asked directions, and thanking him, we were heading out onto the highway towards the Homestead.

We discussed, with anticipation, the assignment that lay ahead. From the Indians description, “they must all be powerful and wealthy,” was the conclusion drawn by my husband. Or else why would he compare them with “Chiefs?” “True,” I commented, “But they couldn’t all be. Some of them must be pretty desperate characters to stoop to horse thievin’ and shooting prize cattle.”

So, for a while, each was lost with his own thoughts and ideas about this intriguing family. Lulled on by the drone of the motor and the stillness of the country around us, we almost missed the turn off!

“There should be a sign here,” grumbled my spouse. “A fellow could get lost.” And with a grinding of gears and a cloud of dust, we started bouncing down the dirt road. “But, Jack,” I sighed, “all these knolls look alike to me.” “You’re right,” he muttered, bringing the car to a full stop. “We could get lost up in those hills for weeks.” And with this consoling comment he leaped out of the car and began scanning the horizon for signs of human life.

I had just begun to understand how Robinson Crusoe felt with his man, Friday, and was debating about going back to the Highway, when my husband bellowed “Here comes a truck.” I jumped out of the car and we started flagging it down. “What would a truck be doing on this little side road?” I panted between jumps. “I don’t know,” Jack said, shielding his eyes, trying to peer through the dust. “Look’s like a junk man, he has a big load of old tires!” “Old tires!” I grunted, “What on earth would he be doing with old tires out here miles from nowhere?” But my comments went unheard, for my mate was bounding down the country lane to meet the truck which by this time had come to a halt.

After many minutes of arm waving and shaking of heads, Jack stalked over to our car and began taking off the spare tire. This was too much, “Just what do you think you are doing?” I yelled at him. “It seems they are short a tire, so he offered to swap directions for our spare.” And the rest of his grumblings were lost in the noise. (Which is probably a good thing!)

Finally, the exchange was made and as the junk man hopped into his truck, I couldn’t resist calling out, “Aren’t you going to get into trouble trespassing on private property?” “No,” I heard him say as he put the truck in gear” You see, we own most of this property around here!” And with this startling statement he drove off, leaving us alone with mother nature staring open mouthed at each other.

Finally Jack broke the silence. “You don’t think he could have been a Whiting? Do you?” I shook my head in bewilderment, “I don’t know, how could he be, they are all chiefs, remember?”

Realizing that we were wasting precious time, we got under way again. It was just a minute or two until we came to a sign that read "Green's Peak" one way and "Whiting Homestead" the other. Muttering something about a spare tire, my spouse turned in the direction of the Homestead. Down the dirt road we bumped, over the dry little creek that said "Mallory Creek," up a steep grade, and down the road again. I leaned back contented to watch the scenery, when I sat up with a start. "Look!" I shouted, almost blinding Jack as my arm shot past his face, "that must be the knoll." By this time I could hardly contain myself, and after what seemed ages, going thru gates and round turns, we finally drove into the clearing. There, to our amazement were the houses, snuggled at the foot of the knoll. "Why look!" I stuttered. "The houses are modern!" "What did you expect" my humorous husband snorted. "Hogans?"

Ignoring this latest remark, I shifted my gaze. "Jack, look!" There's the man we gave our spare to!" I had hardly gotten the words out of my mouth when the man straightened up and backed away, bringing into view our new spare tire leaning against the trunk of an old pine tree. After looking for a moment, he leaned over and put the finishing touches on the tire with a paint brush. Moving closer to get a better view, we saw painted on the side of the tire, in big white letters the name of "VIRGIL!"

(To be continued!)

\*\*\*\*\*

## FAMILY REUNIONS

By Annette Whiting

Like most of the family (perhaps all). I am enthusiastic about our family reunions. I look forward to them and then think about them for months afterwards. Strange as it seems, I think of the first ones and how precious they become as the years go by.

I have talked to many friends about Family Reunions, and I do not find the same feeling that I think we have in ours. Some have even expressed disgust at the thought of them, and proceed to tell the unpleasant things that they have experienced.

I don't think we are better than other folks, in fact I am not sure we are as good, but some-how we seem to have jumped the gun on this reunion thing. Maybe it's the program, maybe it's the place, or perhaps we are just the "reunion kind of folks."

At any rate, I for one, am looking forward to our next one.

\*\*\*\*\*

## ADVICE TO THE LOVE-WORN!

We have had so many letters from the family about their problems we have decided to start a love-worn column for just this purpose. All of us have our troubles, I am sure, and to help you out and give you expert advice, we have engaged the services of one of the most famous counselors of our time. We feel very privileged indeed to be able to win her away from Dorothy Dix (ed's note: no relation to

Tom Mix!). As Confucius once said (ed's note: sorry, forgot what he said!) Also enclosed are a few letters received from the younger set, by Annie Bernard Whiting, who has gone far in this world helping the teen-age set with their problems. To use Annette's own words, "These confessions and bits of advice are true to life. Only the names have been changed to protect the embarrassed."

Dear Aunt May:

Since my husband starred in a smash-hit play, by Rogers and Hammerstein, titled, "The Viper," he has been unable to settle down to the simple life we used to know with me and our 4 children. What should I do?

Signed: Perplexed

Salt Lake City

Dear Perplexed:

My suggestion would be to cultivate your talents, and keep yourself busy. Since I noticed in the reviews that you designed the costume worn by your husband in the "Viper" (now playing at Whiting Hall) may I suggest that you go into costume designing.

Signed: Aunt May

Dear Aunt May:

I am a lonely widow in Alhambra. My problem is my growing son. He is rather odd, not only in looks, but in personality. Now the big problem comes when I bring anyone to the house, everything is just fine until I bring my son out to meet them. If they would just give him a chance. He really grows on you, like a wart!

Signed: Sorrowful

Dear Sorrowful:

The only way you can get rid of a wart is to either cut it off, or burn it out, so we suggest that you just keep him.

Signed: Aunt May

Dear Aunt May:

A group of us girls are in a dither up here in Provo. Recently a few fellows (all cousins, one from Arizona and 3 from California) have just driven us crazy wondering when they are going to call and ask us for a date. What can we do to interest them?

Signed: The Troubled  
B.Y.U. Provo

Dear Troubled:

I have heard of this foursome, they are known far and wide for their charms (?) and line. They have an alarm staked out for the panic they caused in the town of Concho. It is really sad the confusion these boys have caused with girls hearts. All I can say is send them down here; I would love to meet them!

Signed: Aunt May

Dear Aunt May:

Recently I left my wife and 9 children, and ran off with another woman. I don't know just how to write and tell her! What should I do?

Signed: Fearfully

Dear Fearfully:

You dirty dog, just you wait until I catch up with you! So that is where you went, and I thought you went to the store for butter!

Signed: Your wife!!

And now for you teenagers, a few bits (and we mean bits!) of wisdom from Aunt Di (alias Annette Whiting)

Dear Aunt Di:

I am a grown woman of thirteen whole years. Joe is fourteen and certainly old enough to support me. Now I wouldn't mind waiting, but eight years! That is an awfully long time. Please help me.

Yours truly,  
Distressed

Dear Distressed:

Consult your physician and follow the directions on the label. (Arsenic)

Farewell,  
Aunt Di

Dear Aunt Di:

I am madly in love with the boy that sits across the aisle from me in English class. I know he loves me too because he picked up the pencil I dropped the other day. What can I do?

Sighed: Desperate  
McNary, Arizona

Dear Desperate:

Buy and drop more pencils!

Good Luck,  
Aunt Di

## ROOSTER ITCHES

By Jack Cooper

The time has rolled around again for you lucky people to get another Whiting Twig. We only hope that you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoy doing it. With your help and cooperation we hope to be able to produce it at regular intervals.

We could like to report that Grandma (Aunt May Berry) is feeling much better. She and Grandpa (Uncle Herbert Berry) are in Tucson right now visiting Randy and Norma (Fife). I believe that Aubrey and Helen (Andelin) were to meet them there too.

Grandma Berry was quite ill for a while with very high blood pressure. She went to Mesa and took some Turkish hot baths! Although it was very expensive, they felt it worth it. After all, what was 6 or 7 hundred dollars if it did the trick. I believe it came to \$641.21 cents to be exact. She came home feeling great, but soon her pressure went sky high. And then a discovery almost as great as Sir Isaac Newton discovered gravity, another great one was made in Lynwood! Grandma found that she could bring her pressure down just as quickly and nicely in her own bathtub! And for only 4 cents a tub full.

There is a faint rumor in the air that the Rover Boy from Alhambra (the flying surgeon) is going to Iceland. It isn't every family that has a potential 4 star general. I guess everyone knows the space suit that he invented, with Virginia (Berry) designing the pattern and cutting it out. It is highly secret, or was until the Whiting's got hold of it.

Uncle Earnest (Whiting) is feeling better after an operation. He had us pretty worried, but you just can't keep him down for long. Now all that Soda on his shelves will go to waste. Maybe he will be kind hearted and send it to Aunt Myn.

Everyone over here is busy as usual. Rex (Whiting) works 10 hours a day, 6 days a week and holds down a Stake Mission job as well. (Ed's note: In his spare time he plays golf!) Kay (Berry) and Ray (Brown) are still holding down their stake positions. The rest of us see each other every reunion.

\*\*\*\*\*

By Norma Jean Berry

The Southern Californians are making a slow emigration to Brigham Young University. There is really quite a tribe up there and according to them they completely control the school. Floyd (Brown), Nora Mae (Brown), Rex (Lee), Markay (Hamblin), and David (Berry) report that they're doing fabulously well. The opposite sex, as the case may call for, are completely fascinated by them. No offense to these kids. They're really wonderful. In fact, Floyd told me that he used to be conceited, but now he was perfect.

Lynn Ellsworth recently had a strange experience the other day. He walked into the house and into the kitchen. He proceeded to open the ice box when he saw a strange rabbit standing there.

Completely amazed, Lynn asked him what he was doing there. The rabbit replied: "This is Westinghouse, isn't it? Lynn was speechless, but nodded his head. "Well," said the rabbit, "I'm westing."

A family feud is beginning in the Whiting clan. Don (Priestley) and Markey (Hamblin) are rivals for the cutest little blonde in Alhambra Ward. Don's been trying to get Roberta for 3 years. Markey visited us for about 3 weeks and took Roberta out about 3 times. For some odd reason a little later Markey received a beautiful pair of argyle socks. Don did all right for himself, though. He received a similar pair a few weeks later, only difference, his were about two inches long.

(Ed. note: Immediately after writing this article, the author disappeared. It is strongly suspected she may be the victim of violence.

\*\*\*\*\*

Salt Lake Vipers  
Maydene Bodell

Dear family,

I don't know whether to start out by complaining that I didn't get my copy of the last Whiting Twig or not.

No, I've decided it's nicer to start with good news. The best news from up this way is BABIES. Louine (Shields) had a little six pounder the middle of December. They're going to name her Julie. Ronald (Brown) took me and my little four down to see her, and she's a darling. She has strawberry blonde hair. (By the way, the profusion of \_\_\_\_\_ I wrote about in the last paper should have been "Profusion of Sweet Williams," I think. I'm still not sure.)

Maurine (Startup) had a 10 lb. girl about a week ago. I haven't seen her and I don't know her name. All I've heard is that the doctor said they'd better put sides on the bed or she'd be able to climb right off. Mother and Dad (Martha and Frank Brown) have gone down to help out for a couple of days, and then they're off for the South.

Dad (Frank) was in the hospital a few days. He had a bad cold. But he was the worst patient I've ever seen. For years I've heard him say, "Now that's not so bad. Things could be worse. Be glad you're able to be where you are. Be who you are." I wish I had dared say (on the night we went up to see him and he said that the hospital must be like purgatory and that when he got out he would move where there were no hospitals or doctors)—I wish I had dared say, "Aren't you glad your mother wasn't a colored lady?"

Anyway, we're glad he's better, and feel that once again the families' faith and prayers have helped.

Geraldine (Sagers) is "infanticipating," but I don't know when.

As for the R.W. Lewises, Ray and Ruth just made a flying trip (in the car) to Los Angeles. They were sorry they didn't get to see more people, but they did have a good visit with Aunt Myn (Priestley) and Ray and Ruth Brown. Rose Maurine (Lewis) is in her 2<sup>nd</sup> year at the University and quite a little Thespian. She's been in several plays, Shakespeare and otherwise. Wendell is doing some debating in High School. Connie is having a birthday party Wednesday, and my four are all looking forward to that.

The Bodells were married ten years ago last Tuesday, and at the Ward's two-year-old birthday party on Thursday, the MIA put on a skit honoring us. They sang about how we met, married, etc. It was cute. Then they gave us a "tin" present and made us take off our shoes and dance on the stage with our feet in pie plates.

The other news from our house comes in the form of a big red slide Jim made the kids for Christmas. It's wonderful! We keep it right in the boys' bedroom, and the kids never walk through without climbing up and sliding down. Even Jim and I sneak up the ladder when no one is looking. Come spring, it will go out in the back, but until then, we're doomed to be a bunch of sliders. People who peek in the bedroom question our sanity, but our children think it's a wonderful idea!

Louise and Lester Carlston and family have recently moved in Denver. Louise is feeling better.

We had such a good visit with Ronald (Brown) and his little ones after Christmas. We all loved getting acquainted with them again. We hadn't seen most of them for 2 ½ years.

I didn't get my paper last time!!!!

(Ed. note: How on earth could you stand it? Somebody must have gotten two copies.)

## OUTLAW COLUMN

By Marge Whiting

### INSERT DRAWING OF OUTLAW

It has fallen my lot to write the Outlaw Column this time. I am at a loss to know what to write that would make this article interesting.

I am sort of confined to the house since I don't drive and I can't well drag the three kids much farther than the front door. I can't even expound on the wonders of nature in my backyard, since my backyard is also limited. That leaves me only three or four subjects I can write upon, my husband, my children and my home.

Rex had a nice opportunity come to him a while back—in fact, he had two. He has been set apart as a Stake Missionary. Here in the Pasadena Stake, the Stake Missionaries are studying a new plan for presenting the Gospel. They are very fortunate in having Brother Jack West to teach this new plan. He is very well noted for his teaching ability.

A while back several of the high schools here offered to give a series of exams to veterans so they could receive their High School Diplomas. Rex took advantage of this and passed all his exams. In fact, he got 100% on Natural Science, which was the highest anyone had got so far this year.

Linda has been going to Pre-School. She'll be five years old in March. She rides to and from school on the bus. The bus driver says she's a very patient little girl to ride 20 miles a round trip every day. At first, she used to confuse him by telling him he was going the wrong way home. She's the first one on the bus, and the last one off. She surprised us the other day by pledging allegiance to the flag. She can say it very well, too. The first time I heard her say it, she made a prayer out of it by adding, "in the name of Jesus Christ." She can crawl on the floor now with her braces off.

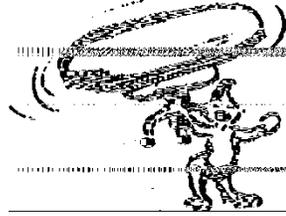
Lynn sure is lost when Linda is in school. They get along good together. He'll be three in May. When I give him something like an orange or candy, etc., he always asks for some for Linda, whether she's home or not. Of course, there might be an ulterior motive in asking for some for her when she's not here. That way, he gets a double portion.

Harvey is one year old and has his own brand of garbled English. He is a defiant little character. Anything he has hold of and can raise high over his head becomes a lethal weapon in his hands. I wouldn't want you to think he has criminal tendencies, though. He made quite a hit with the nurse and doctor a while back. He discovered something that looked like marshmallow syrup and decided to try it. Then to his surprise, he was rushed to the Hospital, handed over to strangers, and had some strange "goings on" done to him. There, according to his viewpoint, they had the nerve to pump up all his supper, including the pretty white stuff, which proved to be white paint. He winked at the nurse, which made the Doctor remark that it was amazing that one so young could manipulate his facial muscles into managing such a charming wink. Yes, he's had quite a teacher, his father. He is following right along in his footsteps. At the rate he is going, he might even get ahead of his Father, but I wonder.

We are looking forward to an addition in May. It would be nice to have another girl. Kayennis (Martineau) and I are "running neck and neck" so to speak!

As for our home, we are finishing it, a doorknob here, a nail there. We are enjoying finishing it, but we can't do it as fast as we would like

All of us join together in wishing you a very Happy, Healthful and prosperous New Year.



Dear Relatives:

The Young Whittings of Southern California (see first issue) have received a great deal of praise for the fine work they are doing in publishing the Whiting Twig. But they have not received what is more important, financial support. A total of \$10.00 has been received, all of it from one person. We feel like apologizing to him for making fun of his singing prowess.

The Twig cannot continue without funds for paper, stencils, ink, stamps, etc. I want to repeat the plea made last time. The future of the publication will depend upon your response.

Perhaps part of the trouble was the failure to publish Joycell's address. Here it is:

Joycell Cooper  
112 So. Essey  
Compton 1 Calif.

Or office address:  
11716 Long Beach Blvd.  
Lynwood, California

We suggest that each family send in \$5.00. If anyone can send more, please do so. If anyone cannot send this much, send what you can. If the response is 100%, it will be 2 or 3 years before we have to repeat this plea.

As advisor to the local "Young Whittings," I want to commend and thank them for their work in putting out his issue. I also thank all reporters. Also, special thanks goes to our guest artist, Linda Parker, who came over and donated an evening to making the drawings you have seen, and have enjoyed so much. We hope we can have more of the same next issue. What do you say?

Sincerely,

Ronald (Brown)

\*\*\*\*\*

Fredonia Frolics  
(Sorry not received!)

\*\*\*\*\*

Advisors – Ronald Brown & Aunt Myn  
President – Dean Berry  
Vice President – Jack Cooper  
Editor – Joycell Cooper  
Assoc. Editor – Marion Berry  
Publisher – Don E. Priestley  
Asst. Publisher – Lyn & Hieth  
Circulation Manager – Norma Jean Berry  
Corresponding Secy. – Leilani Cunningham  
Guest Writer – Maree Stoddard  
Reporters:  
L.A. – Jack Cooper  
Tucson – Nathel Burdick

St. Johns – Karen Whiting  
Fredonia – Lorana Whiting  
Holbrook – Annette Whiting  
Salt Lake – Maydene Bodell  
Provo – Anyone who will accept  
McNary – Jeanie Stoddard



# Reunion Ball

1954  
June 25, 26, 27

Listen all Whittings, and you shall hear  
Of another Reunion in June of this year.  
Again, it's the Homestead, the dearest of spots.  
Let's see all the families there, adults and tots.

For awhile it looked dismal, for the spring disappeared,  
The Reunion looked hopeless, it was just as we feared;  
But the Lord must have given it considerable thought  
For water gushed forth, as for Moses and the Rock.

Perhaps He had seen so much fun and good cheer  
Come from our Reunions we've had year by year,  
He gave us the water without any fuss,  
But the rest of the planning He left up to us.

So here came a notarized letter one day  
With three witness signatures (Uncle Art had to Pay)  
Inviting us all to come over once more  
To another reunion, more fun than before.

Let's give thanks to the Uncles, bless them each everyone  
And also the Lord for all that He's done.  
The best way to thank them and show them we care,  
Is to pack up our families and be sure and be there.

