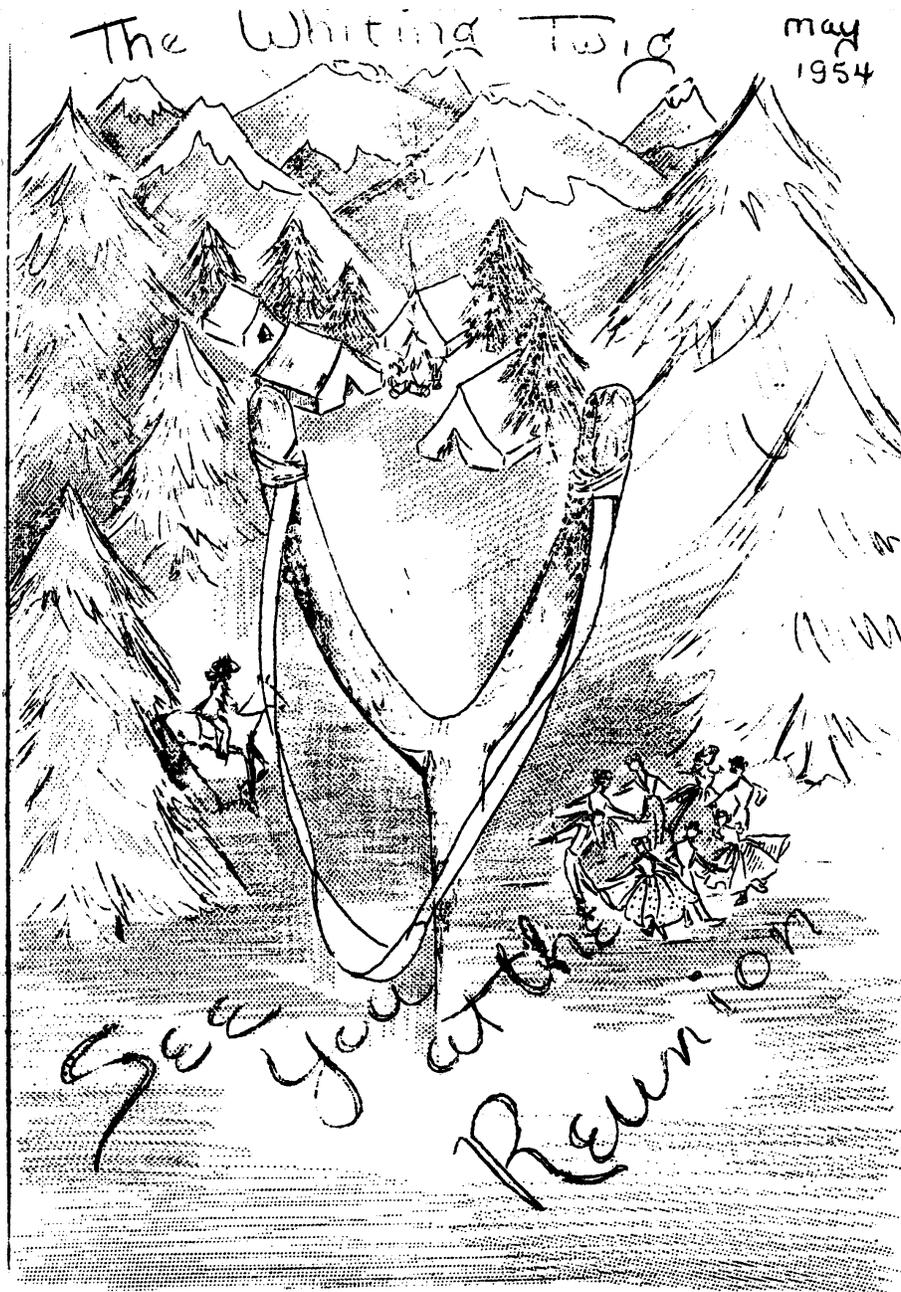


The Whiting Twig

May 1954



Water

AT THE HOMESTEAD

The big news this week is water. Just before we went to Press, our reporters in Arizona have reported that the Little Giant Spring in the White Mountains, near the famous Whiting Homestead, has begun to flow, thanks to the last heavy snow. One reporter states that the flow is more than ever before—gushing forth almost like a geyser. These reports may be exaggerated, but we consider the appearance of any kind of water big news. This means that the Reunion is on. No longer merely tentative, the plans for the 1954 Whiting Reunion are being put into motion. The details are not yet complete, but the word is that the Reunion will be bigger and better than ever—and that is a mouthful!!

DATES

The dates are June 25, 26 and 27, 1954. The place, the Whiting Homestead, near Springerville, Arizona. The problem of tenting the entire family has proved to be too big, especially in view of the annual increase, so each family is being asked to provide their own tent or tents and bedding. Further details, about food, etc., will be sent to you later.

PROGRAMS

Aunt Myn has been placed in charge of the entertainment committee. Aunt Myn says that she is too tired, and anyway she is too busy in charge of the Music Program of the August Conference of the MIA, but she promises us one and all that we will have a lot of fun. There will be less formal plays, etc., than before, but there will be few dull moments.

TEMPLE SESSION

We Southern Californians have decided to stop in Mesa enroute to the Reunion, long enough to go through the Temple. We hope to make special arrangements for a special prayer and testimony meeting in the Temple. Anyone else from any other area who cares to join us will surely be welcome. We promise you a rich spiritual feast. We haven't yet picked the exact date and session, but it will probably be either Wednesday or Thursday, June 23 or 24. If anyone else cares to join us, it will help our planning if you would please write, telling us which session would be best for you.

Listen all Whitings, 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.

EDITORIAL

Dear Family:

This issue of the Whiting Twig is smaller than the first two. This is because we have received less news than before. Perhaps less has happened. Those whose news is printed deserve credit for writing so promptly and so well. However, we are printing all the news we have received, so if anything is left out, please see your reporter, or else write us yourself next time (in three more months). We have fewer special features because we wanted room for Reunion news. The artist is the same one as last time—Miss Linda Parker. While California State Law won't allow her to become a full-fledged member of the family for another six months, rumor has it (shhh—don't tell a soul) that there may be two Linda Browns before Christmas. What lengths some people won't go to just to get an artist for the Whiting Twig! Anyway, we are working on a project to have her do a cartoon series on the lives of our ancestors—watch the Whiting Twig for further developments.

We had expected some comments on the unique and original page numbering system used in the last issue of the Twig. Example: there were 3—or was it 4—pages numbered “3”, and the second “5” followed “14”. At any rate, credit for this system goes to Dean and Joycell, who collaborated in devising it.

Thanks go to Uncle Art and Aunt Martha for donations to help keep our paper going.

Sincerely,

THE EDITORS AND ADVISORS

CAL PALS
(CALIFORNIA NEWS)
BY Norma Jean Berry

Absolutely nothing AT ALL has been happening around here. We're really all bored to death...well, that is if you don't count the visits we've been having lately from J. Edgar Hoover. Daddy's (Lee Berry) being investigated by the F.B.I. Ah well, so you see, we have nothing to do. All we do is sit around. Aunt Myn is positively the laziest. Putting on the August, Southern California MIA Youth Conference has aroused her a little, tho! Now she is giving orders to Wendell Noble and the Apostles.

As usual, Spring affects even the droopiest of us—cupid being the only one who works around here. Uncle Ronald (Brown) says to tell you he isn't droopy.

Honest, down here we just EXIST. Nothing happens. Oh yeah, Lynn Ellsworth was elected President of the Junior M Men in one of the biggest stakes in California. But, of course, this is simply boring news to us. Oh, if only something exciting would happen.

Tragedies do happen—Alan Berry had to get out of bed the other day so he could get his picture taken for the paper. Seems as tho he’s on some “Steering Committee” for the new San Gabriel High School. Yeah, I even notice where Louine Berry dragged herself downstairs, got dressed, and landed a job in the Senior Girls Honor Club at Monrovia.

Ah well, nobody studies this time of year, especially Uncle Dean Berry and Jack Cooper. They were loafing around here the other day and I heard Joycell say that finals were coming up. I thought she was going to make them study. But, no, she turned over and went back to sleep.

Grandma Berry has followed the doctor’s orders just like we knew she would. While she was resting, she redecorated the office and her home, and now plans to rebuild two service stations. She put on a tremendous building fund benefit, and is busily running the Stake Mission.

I wouldn’t say a thing, and I really hope you wouldn’t tell a soul about this, but somebody told me they saw Uncle Ray Brown sitting on the lap of a new secretary. Remember, this isn’t to be spread around...just in the family you know.

Can’t somebody do something about this monotonous life we lead? Do you suppose...could it be possible...can we...Let’s have an exciting, terrific, fabulous, colossal, stupendous reunion. WHOOPEE!

NEWS FROM UTAH By Maydene Bodell

Not much news here. Dad (Frank Brown) is looking some better, with even a little bit of tan. Mother (Martha) is as busy as a bee. She is in charge of keeping Ruth’s closets straight and my patching caught up. She helped with my girls’ Easter petticoats and made some things for Ronald’s (Brown) girls, too. Louise (Carlston) made some yellow nylon dresses for my girls and yellow nylon shirts for my boys. They look sweet as pie.

Sunday we all went to Mother’s for dinner, and Louine and Gus (Shields) came up to visit. Their little boys have yellow nylon shirts too. The four of them looked cute together—my two boys and her two, I mean. And their baby is just a darling. Julie, you know.

On Easter Maurine (Startup) and family came up and went to the park with us and and Mother and Dad. In the evening Robert McKay was speaking in our ward on his trip with his father, President McKay. Maurine and Elbert went with us. Some of their children wanted to go, but Maurine thought they were a bit “park-worn.” But three cheers for nylon and my dryer. They all took off their dresses and shirts, swished them through some warm soapy water and threw them in my dryer. In half an hour, they were all fresh as daisies. (They have the sweetest baby, too—Carol Joy is her name. They had almost decided to name her that when a little dress arrived in the mail from Ruth H. Brown with “Carol Joy” on the label at the neck. That cinched it.)

At our household we are presently having a war over whether we should have a dog or not, my big boy and little boys on one side and me on the other. I'll let you know the outcome. "This Bishop" is of course very busy, but we are all used to "it" now. And we are having some wonderful blessings and experiences coming directly from it.

Ray and Ruth Brown and family were here for conference, Elma and Wayne (Smith), Irene and Farrell (Lewis) (can you believe it?), Aunt Elda, Erma and Darwin (Grant), Aunt Ethel, Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell, Lester and Louise (Whiting), Donald and Harriet (Whiting), and others.

I called the Lewiswes to ask for news. Ruth turned away from the phone to see if Rose had said anything cute lately, and she said she always said cute things. Ginger was out in front the other morning about the time the children on their block were coming out of their houses to walk down to the boulevard to catch the bus. She ran around calling, "Oh, the bus is coming, the bus is coming." All the children ran to the corner, falling over each other, then Ginger laughed and called after them, "I was only fooling."

Can't wait to see you all and hear about you in the paper.

Ed's note: I want to thank all the reporters this time for doing such a wonderful job in getting their news in on time. It is really wonderful when everyone responds to our request for news. It also gives us enthusiasm on this end because then it shows that you are all interested in the paper.

MCNARY MADCAPS

BY Jeannie Stoddard

Hi folks, here I am again with that real gone news from McNary. (ed's note: knowing the author we know what she means by real gone!)

For a while we thought that spring had sprung up here in the pines. But we woke up one morning to find that it had sprung right back into winter, because it had started to snow. It really gives you a surprise when you go to bed smelling apple blossoms and listening to the birds, then wake up to the pitter-patter of snow balls on your roof. (And I do mean snowballs!)

Leilani (Cunningham) and her two children are here with us for a visit. We are really enjoying their stay.

I guess there isn't much exciting going on with us back here in the sticks, but wait until this summer. McNary won't know what hit them when Markay and a few cousins come job hunting at the Mill. I wonder how many hearts they will try and break up here?

Mom and Dad (Maree & Gene Stoddard) are going to Flagstaff this summer to attend school.

The Homestead is getting to be quite popular with the folks up here. This Easter we spent the entire day there and met Uncle Art and his gang.

Guess I had better close for now—see you in the next issue.

TUCSON TIDBITS
By Nathel Burdick

It is strange isn't it now that Norma (Fife) and I live only one half block from each other that we don't see as much of each other as we did when we lived six miles apart!

I do have a phone now so that I can at least call her now and then. She is one of the busiest women in Tucson. Besides her duties as Randy's secretary, she was just put in as Relief Society President, all this and a wife and mother too! She does have Maria tho! Since that does not seem to be quite enough to fill her day, she and Randy are expecting an addition in about 6 months.

Of course I do keep quite busy with my three little boys. They really keep me on the go. I am just getting over a siege of strep throat, gathered ears, and the works. I hope I am never that sick again.

Russell (Burdick) and Randy (Fife) keep so busy that their children are beginning to wonder where and who they are.

Well, so much from the Old Pueblo.

Ed's note: We got a little note from Aunt Martha saying how much she enjoyed the paper. We appreciate these little notes of encouragement, esp. from such busy folks as Aunt Martha. Thanks for the remittance also, Auntie.

FREDONIA FROLICS
By Lorana Whiting

Hi Folks,

From the looks on the family faces here in Fredonia, you can tell I didn't get any news in the last issue of the Whiting Twig, so I hope this makes it.

We are certainly proud. Besides finishing paying for our church the last month, we have had streetlights installed down the main street.

For those who haven't heard, Jay and Aleen (Whiting) now have 5 girls. The last one was named Terry. Harold (Bushman) is spending most of his time away from home lately, as he and Jay are building new Service Stations in New Mexico and Texas. Milton and I spent a nice time in Las Vegas last weekend. But I do believe the wind blows harder there than any place in the United States. Say, Virgil and Lavell (Whiting)—how about meeting us over there again. It was certainly fun the last time.

We are building a new subdivision here in Fredonia. We hope to be all moved in the next time any of you come to visit. If you have any ideas on interior decorating or any extra building supplies on hand, we could use them.

Bruce had a birthday the 12th of April. He had a nice birthday party, but when we went in to light the candles and cut the cake, Gordon and pulled it off on the floor. Boy, Mother had to think fast to keep peace in the family.

Austin and Beth (Simper) are fine. They both enjoyed conference in Salt Lake City in April. Oh, yes, I almost forgot the main thing, business in the café has picked up. Charles and Olive Whiting stopped for a visit.

Well, so long for now—see you soon.

PROVO HEADLINES

By Karen Startup

If you don't already know it, I'll tell you that the Whiting Clan is well represented at the BYU. First, there's Markay Hamblin, who's been thrilling the girls with his bronze hair and nice, quiet "smooth" way. They say he's been dating with a bunch of "cute girls."

Next comes Floyd Brown! Of course!! He's heaven's gift to women! He, with Rex Lee (another cousin) has been representing the college in debating at several of the western colleges. They won six different debate meets, and came in the semi-finals, winning a tied, third place.

Rex was elected Freshman Class President. Real gone kid! (I mean that.) He's been initiating several new projects, such as the float for the Homecoming Parade, and new parties between the Freshman Class and the upper classmen, and so on. We asked Rex what he liked best about the BYU, and he said that he liked the fact that the scholastic teachings are high and the environment is so close to the teachings of the church. He was only going to come here one year but he changed his mind.

David Berry and I are good pals. He goes to the same ward my girlfriend is in and I go with her sometimes. See him there a lot. They tell me he is just dating everyone. He likes variety, I guess. Markay is also playing the field!

I think the only person who is representing the Whiting womenfolk is Nora Mae Brown. We don't get to see her much even though she is just around the corner. Guess she's really been busy. She's been batching with some of her cousins (Holbrook family). Floyd Brown and David Berry live in the basement with their cousins. Nora's been dating a lot and has been real busy. She told me what she was doing but I forgot.

All the guys are in the top social units on the campus:

Floyd Brown in the "Brickers"
David Berry, "Athenian"
Rex Lee, "Viking"
Markay in the "Tansigs"

Graduation is coming up soon for me and Gordon (Startup). I'll go into high school and Gordon, to college. Then next year we'll have most of the men cousins going to school here. Sounds fun, huh?

I guess most of you have heard about our new baby. We finally named her Carol Joy, after a long bunch of deciding. Louine Shield's baby is named Julie. She and family are all in good health. Well, that's about all I can think of to say for now, except that our family is all well, and having fun, so I'll sign off.

By Karen Startup (Cute Kid)

PROBLEM COLUMN

Dear Aunt May:

We have a teen-age daughter who has quite a problem. Recently she purchased a new sun lamp. After reading the directions, which say never to stay under its rays for more than 3 to 5 minutes, she promptly laid down to get a nice tan. We had an appointment and warning her not to fall asleep, we left the house reassured.

About an hour later we came home to find our lovely daughter stretched out under the sun lamp sound asleep! Unmindful of the bright rays shining down on her posterior. (Ed's note: was her _____ red!) Now her problem is, when she goes to dances, what should she do if a fellow asks her to sit this one out?

Signed: The Concerned

Alhambra, Calif.

Dear Concerned:

She really has quite a problem under the surface. My advice to her is to tell her date that she would be glad to stand this one out. Also keep after her and don't let her get behind in her work.

As ever: Aunt May

Dear Aunt May:

I have a teen-age daughter. Everyone says she bears a resemblance to a beloved cousin, Bernard. Now I know this is quite a compliment for my daughter, but my worry is how Bernard is going to take it when he hears about this. My family loves him dearly and wouldn't take any chances on hurting his feelings.

Signed: Miserable
Holbrook, Arizona

Dear Miserable:

Having heard of your family stories about Bernard, I can understand why they love him so dearly. I have seen pictures of your daughter and can assure you that Bernard will be very pleased at the close resemblance. I understand that she even goes by the name of Bernard at school. Anyway, Miserable, I think it is that older girl of yours you should watch, she is the problem.

Signed: Aunt May

Dear Aunt May,

Recently I had a gallbladder operation. Now my problem is, should I talk about my operation out in public or behind closed doors.

Signed: Solefully
Holbrook, Arizona

Dear Solefully:

You have quite a problem. While your operation and the details are of interest to everyone, I would be very careful about who I gave the information to. The enemy might get hold of it and use it for propaganda. After all, if baking soda settled that gas, think what it might do in the wrong hands! (Or stomachs!)

Signed: Aunt May

Dear Aunt May:

I am a brilliant scientist in the U.S. Air Force. I am faced with the problem of whether or not to continue my career with the service or serve my term and continue my practice in civilian life. They have offered me McArthur's place, if I remain with the Air Force.

Signed: Perplexed
Alhambra, California

Dear Perplexed:

I have seen McArthur's place; it is quite run down and is behind on taxes, so I suggest that you continue your practice in civilian life if possible.

Signed: Aunt May

Dear Aunt May:

My problem concerns money, sparking, and parking. I live in Los Angeles, which covers 500 square miles of potential moonlight parking area. How can I on a measly Doctor's salary support my children and still have enough money for the 329,225 parking meters I haven't tried yet?

Signed: Frustrated
Norwalk, California

Dear Frustrated:

You might try Arizona, where the wide open sparking is meter-free.

Signed: Aunt May

THINGS I DON'T WANT FORGOTTEN

The time Uncle Art got out to open the gate, while Uncle Eddie drove through, and on and on and on, leaving Uncle Art to close the gate and call, and call, and call.

The time Aunt May tried on a J.C. Penny dress in L.A. She didn't like the dress, so she put her own back on and went home. The trouble was, she didn't take off the Penny dress.

The time Holbrook's Immortal Plumber (name withheld for fear of libel suits) hooked up Uncle Earnest's toilet to the hot water tap, thus furnishing partial steam baths to careless flushers.

Uncle Earnest's conversation with the above mentioned plumber, "Say, if you don't stop running around with that dirty old 'wench', you're going to catch some horrible disease! Whatever became of her, anyway?" "I married her!"

When Uncle Ralph told Dodd Greer about the little railway in L.A. which would take you up so you could see all over the city. Dodd was game so they got into the front seat and rode to the top of the ROLLER COASTER. At the top, Dodd pushed back his hat, crossed his legs, took a deep puff on his cigar, and prepared to enjoy the scenic wonders. As the car plummeted downward the hat flew to the winds, the cigar disappeared (Uncle Ralph always suspected he swallowed it) the city lights flashed by, and Uncle Ralph had an opportunity to hear some of the colorful language of the Old West, now almost forgotten.(?)

The time Aunt Myn, as a young desperate girl, went charging into the outhouse, only to find it occupied by the bashful young schoolteacher who was boarding with Grandma and Grandpa. Aunt Myn has always maintained she could have gotten out in 10 or 15 minutes if only he would have sat down, but he kept trying to pull his pants up. (He was last seen on horseback heading for L.A.) The moral: always build an outhouse with a door which swings out, now in!

Morning hotcakes at Reunion Time.

Uncle Albert "dressed" as an Indian.

The poplar trees of St. Johns, in constant prayer.

Merwin

The hill outside St. Johns where rests so many beloved.

Family ties.

(Ed's note: anything special you don't want forgotten? Even if it's been told 100 times, drop us a line. Include name, dates and details, if possible. But send um!)

THE HOMESTEAD RALLY
By Olive Parker

The Whiting Clan is not prone to "blues.
Its fiesta spirit is hearty.
Its annual gathering is cheer-raising news
And its members come geared for a party.

Sing Hi, Sing Ho. Come one and come all
Let laughter and kinship answer the call.
The Homestead is waiting... That well-beloved place,
To hold the whole clan in its lovely embrace.

For a time it looked grim, for the spring disappeared.
The Homestead was thus without water,
And the Whiting Clan are free-drinking lot,
But they're Mormons and drink as they ought.

Sing Hi, Sing Ho, for the spring that came back.
The water gushed forth, and again there's no lack.
The news was sent out to the Clan as a whole
Uncle Art paid the fee, bless his generous soul.

Please, God, share our fun, and bless this dear spot
Where happiness breeds year by year.
Thou art our Honored Guest and we hope that a lot
Of earth's cares are erased from Thee here.

Sing Hi, Sing Ho, for re-union days
In a month that is mellow and merry.
Where a June moon rides high and the sun warms the days
And the Whitings grow Brown as a Berry.