

The Whiting Tree

Vol. 1, No. 1

January 1, 1950

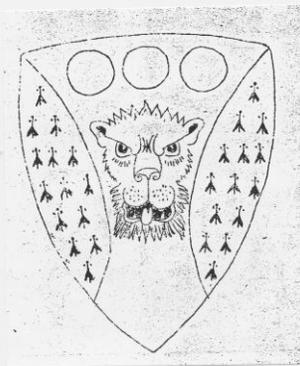
The Coat of Arms of Major William Whiting, an original proprietor of Hartford, Connecticut, living 1687. Registered in the Roll of Arms maintained by the Committee on Heraldry of the New England Historic Genealogical Society.

The description is as follows:

“Azure a leopard’s face gold between two flanches ermine in chief three bezants.”

Or, in American:

“A blue background, with a leopard’s face of gold between two banks of ermine with three gold coins at the top.”



A magazine published by the Edwin M. Whiting Family
Volume 1, Issue 1, January 1, 1950

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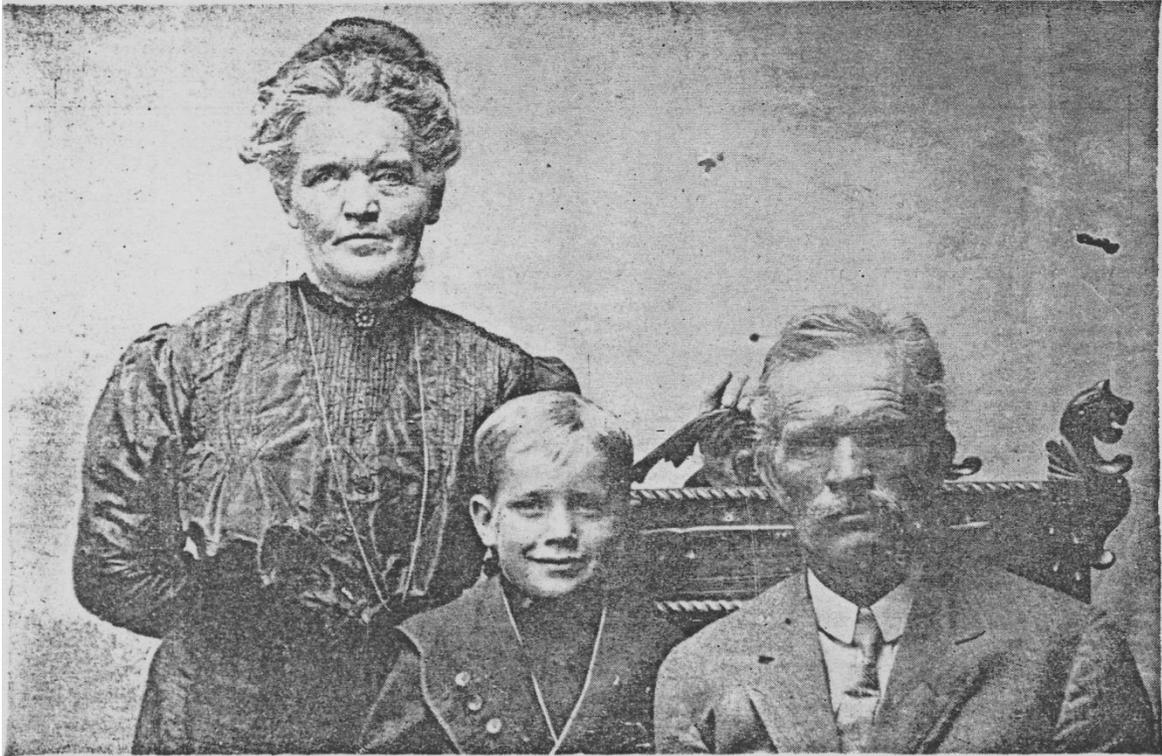
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EDWIN MARION WHITING was descended from Major William Whiting, who came to America about 1633. Edwin's own parents crossed the plains in covered wagons in 1849, and settled in Manti, Utah, where Edwin was born, August 8, 1857.

ANNA MARIA ISAACSON was born June 26, 1863 at Ephraim; Utah. Her parents were among the first LDS converts in Denmark, and crossed the Atlantic in 1854-55. Maria was living in the United Order in Brigham City, Arizona, when her heart was courted and won by Edwin M. Whiting. They were married Sept. 27, 1881 in the first Utah Temple, in St. George.

Most of their married lives were spent in St. Johns, Arizona. Edwin excelled as a blacksmith, farmer, carpenter, sawmill operator, drama director, husband and father. Maria will always be loved and remembered as the thoughtful, kind mother.

They have also been dearly loved by their grandchildren, who begged for Grandpa's stories and Grandma's cooking, and loved to be around the honey making, the cows and chickens and garden and the old, old house in St. Johns.

Grandma has lived to enjoy and to charm many great grandchildren, and now has two great-great-grandchildren.

Also depicted is the youngest son, Arthur.

A MESSAGE FROM GRANDMA, MRS. E.M. WHITING
By special request

To my children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great grandchildren:

I thank the Lord for every one of you, and my prayers are that you may always be faithful in living the gospel.

I am learning to like to be wherever I find myself, as long as I can still see those families—those handsome people. I will never be able to see them enough.

I often think how wonderful it is to have such a large family, with not one of them that I would want to change if I could. How can I ever be thankful enough?

Great-Great Grandma

* * * * *

BEGINNINGS, An Editorial

Perhaps you would be interested in how this all got started. Some of us have been talking about a family paper of some kind for years. Last fall, one of the members of Maree's Sunday School class showed her a printed sheet put out by his family. That put her to thinking. Afterwards, she suggested that we try to do something like that for the Whiting family. We decided that it would never be started unless somebody started it.

We called a meeting of the Gridley group and organized as a family group, and as a Board of Directors of the magazine. We decided to put out one issue, so that you could see what might be done, and wait for your response. If it is satisfactory, then we shall try to publish one issue each quarter.

Someone asked if we should try to make this magazine serve the entire Edwin Whiting family. We decided that this was too big a job for us at the present time. If we can put this over and if the main Utah organization should awaken from its slumber, and should want to help us with finances and news, etc., then we might want to extend the magazine at that time.

The only experience any of us have had with this type of thing was when I helped with the quarterly for the branches and missionaries in the Northern States Mission. I must admit that I have borrowed from that publication for many ideas. Of course, we can make it anything you want.

We have heard by the grapevine, that there is to be a reunion at the Homestead again next summer, but don't know anything definite. We are looking forward to it, and as many of us as possible will be there. We want to volunteer space in this magazine for publishing announcements, plans, instruction, etc., if those in charge are interested.

J. RONALD BROWN, M.D.

HEN SCRATCHINGS

By Joycell Cooper

Dr. H.A. Berry wishes to announce the opening of his practice again in Lynwood. He has also been attending classes at the USC. After all, he has to keep up with his better three-quarters (to quote Dr. Berry).

May says that Herbert's stomach is much better. In fact, it is so much better that it's increasing by leaps and bounds.

Lee Berry has been on a new diet and has lost 7 lbs. (All bets and wagers should be sent to me.)

Bill and Ruth Ellsworth are in their new home at Van Nuys, California and doing very well with their little (did I say little!?) family. The only complaint we have is that we don't see them often enough.

Dean Berry is attending school now. Between his studying and cracking roasted pinons, we never see him anymore.

Ray Brown, the up and coming young attorney, is opening a new office in Alhambra. It is really very elaborate. Congratulations, Ray, and good luck!

Kay Berry just returned from a weekend excursion to the Mesa Temple.

Grandma Whiting just returned with the Berrys from their jaunt to Gridley where they spent Thanksgiving with the clan up there. They had another five generation picture with Leilani and Marilyn. The proofs are just wonderful.

The Coopers are fine. I am working in Grandpa's Dental Bldg. and am very thrilled about my job. Of course, who wouldn't be, working for such a nice boss? Jack is quite jealous. In fact, he is so jealous he has decided to become a dentist, himself, and hopes to start pre-dental work in February.

Helen and Aubrey have moved to Idaho. They certainly left an empty spot when they left. Funny how you never really appreciate people until they leave.

Kay and Beth's baby girl Julie Ann will soon be one year old, on January 14. She is a doll and we love her.

We are forming a Family Improvement Association. Anyone who is in town and would like to attend or who has any suggestions to send in is perfectly welcome to do so.

Dr. and Mrs. H.A. Berry are still being hounded by unknowns and publicity seeking people since their recent nation-wide write-up about the four generations going to school: Dr. Berry and I are taking part-time courses at USC, Mrs. Berry is studying writing at Compton College, Dean is premed at USC and Janice in nursery school. It has amazed us how many papers and radios carried the item, and our pictures were in several papers.

Our sympathy goes out to those of you who have never heard May and Myn sing “Who Shot the Hole in my Sombrero?”

I am all for putting on a homemade movie when we go to the reunion this summer, cowboy style. So many could be set apart for writing the script and deciding upon the actors, such as the hero and heroine, villain and rustlers and all the rest that goes with the makings of a picture. I think it is high time we found out what talent this family really has and put it to good advantage. Can't you just see Aunt Myn as the dance hall queen? We wouldn't need any props, just the out-of-doors and some horses and good sports. All who think this is a good idea, just write to me and let's start the ball rolling. It would be corny, but fun.

And now, I want to give special mention to Virginia and Beth, the two in-laws that we sometimes take for granted. They have done more than their share in entertaining the family at their homes and making us more than welcome any time that we dropped in. Our family wouldn't be complete without them.

And in closing, I might add: It's not too hard to live on a small income if you don't spend too much trying to keep it a secret.

● * * * * *

Our Television Star: Last fall, Carolyn Sagers sang a solo over the SLC television station. (Ed.)

ABOUT THE COUNTRY, with our family

The best news is that Grandma's house has been all fixed up, with new plaster, gas stove, linoleum, sink, etc. It looks very nice. Thanks, Uncles. We hope everyone can drop in a while to see it this summer.

Jack Brown has gone on a mission to Brazil and is at present stationed in Sao Paulo. He seems very happy in his work except he occasionally allows himself to be bothered by such minor things as lice and fleas. See Elda for the sample he sent.

Don E. has been pronounced cured and is up and about and is going to school and MIA and loves it. He made a very good Father Time at the LA New Years party. We know how glad Aunt Myn must be.

Rex is going to school in Salt Lake. No one wrote in what he is studying.

Louise and Lester have bought a new home in Salt Lake City, on the East Bench, just about three blocks from Ruth and Ray Lewis. Very nice home. Be sure you all visit it is your next SLC visit.

Uncle Eddie had 1400 turkeys which he rented out to farmers to eat grasshoppers. (Hm, and he didn't send us even one. Turkey, I mean.)

Nathel had a nice long visit in St. Johns, from the Thanksgiving weekend to after Christmas. Went through LA on her way home.

Ruth Lewis and her family are fine. They are expecting a new arrival in February. Ruth says they are hoping for a boy, but expecting another girl.

Maurine and Elbert and their six are well. They are expecting to lease their business this month, so Elbert can sell candy full time, and Maurine can settle down to housekeeping again.

Maydene is feeling fine and very happy over their new little boy born just an hour and a half after Christmas day. This makes their third, but their first boy. But he was so cross the first night they were ready to take him back for another girl. Ruth says that reminds her of the first night they spent with Jimae, their first. Neither Jim nor Maydene slept a bit, waiting for her to wake up, and finally at six o'clock she let out one little peep and they jumped up and Maydene fed her and they dropped off to sleep at 6:30.

Martha wants us to point out that this is her 28th grandchild, and Ruth's will make it 29. That makes her posterity the most of any of Grandma's children.

May writes that they are putting on a program in their church with several Hollywood stars and Myn and Marian. She hopes they get along together well. She doesn't say whether she is worried about Myn or the stars.

We understand the Whitings, including Myn, have been building up Mesa, what with two new service stations and nine new houses and two duplexes. They own several other lots and may build more. Eddie has one farm, and is enlarging his lumber yard.

Edwina was put in president of the gleaners this fall, and is doing very well in school. Beryl is much better in Mesa.

Myn says she is singing too much.

Joe and Clara Burk and their family all send greetings through Myn. They are all good church workers. The Temple would have a hard time replacing Joe and Clara.

Eddie and Ethel, Virgil and Farr and LaVelle were all down to the St. Johns Stake Temple excursion in Mesa. Eddie and Ethel go often.

Joycell writes that quite a New Year's party was had in LA this year, with so many of the relatives there. Myn, Art, Kay, Eddie and Earnest gave speeches. Art played a recording of Grandma telling a story about her mother and herself. Dean said some of those things are in the church records in Denmark. May and Myn argued over why May was along on Myn's honeymoon. Herbert told about Aunt May and the vacuum cleaning salesman (if you haven't heard it, be sure to ask him next time you can). We wish we all could have been there.

THE OUTLAWS: A column dedicated to the spouses.

Aunt Ethel got her antelope last fall, said to be the largest around St. Johns.

Sherwood Udall got an elk.

Albert Brown had a bull in the corral in St. Johns. The bull got out and scared most of the women in town. He hooked Aunt Agnes Hamblin's clothes right off the line, and she ran to the neighbor's when she thought he was coming right in her house. Margaret Jones just made it into her house and closed the door before he hooked her. Dorothy Patterson Bast scaled a high picket fence with her baby in her arms. He kept a man on top of a pickup for a long time. Women and men went scurrying every which way until he was finally captured by a man with a bull whip and rifle. Albert was notified after all the excitement was over.

Aunt Gladys had an operation on her leg and was on crutches, but we understand she is back in the hospital again. We all pray for a speedy recovery.

Russell Burdick had a wreck going to work in Gridley. It is reported, by an unprejudiced source, that a lady ran sideways into the front of his car. It cost the insurance company about \$400.

Incidentally, Russell is now a carpenter's apprentice, getting training at Fife and Stoddard.

Jim Bodell is another carpenter apprentice, and was working in Logan and commuting back to SLC the last time we heard.

Gene Stoddard has spent three months building a school in Quincy, a lumber town in the Sierras, returning home only on weekends. The cold weather has closed the job, however, so he is at home every night now.

We understand Elbert Startup has finally found his work—as a traveling candy salesman. He is really doing well. Unlike most traveling salesmen, he gets back home, in Provo, most every night, although he covers most of Utah.

OUR GRANDMA: Story from Aunt May

Ma has been on a rampage about those crazy nylon and silk stockings ever since she came to visit us this time. She kept saying: "Thank goodness, I have three pair of good cotton stockings, so I'll be O.K., anyway."

The other morning she started to put on a pair of those cotton ones.

"Good heavens, May," she said, "come here."

I went to see. She looked dumbfounded.

She said: "Now I know they never used to make cotton stockings that ugly!"

No arguing convinced her in the least.

"Don't you think I know?" she said. "I can't even wear such looking stockings around the house."

I tried to tell her that is was because she had become used to the nylons, but No, sir, she guessed she knew! Those ugly stockings were not even fit to wear, so she bundled them up and put them back in the bag.

ANOTHER:

Ma went back up to her old Jew friend, where she got a spool of thread with six thousand yards of thread on it and so many quilt pieces that she said:

"May, I know I'll never get these done in ten years."

Next morning she said: "I believe we better go back to L.A. and get more thread, anyway. That's the most fun I've had in years."

ANOTHER:

Janice (Cooper): Why do you have to have that thing in your ear?

Grandma: Because I can't hear without it.

Janice (sympathetically): Tsk, Tsk, Poor old thing!

(We were all shocked, and didn't care say a thing, because we were afraid we'd hurt Ma's feelings. Then Ma started to laugh, because she thought it was so funny, so we all had a good laugh.

Facts For Your Files:
Happenings in 1949

Additions to the Family:

Marriages:

Wayne Whiting to Billy Lewis in Sanders, on Easter morning.
Louine Brown to Grant Shields, Salt Lake Tempe, June 8, 1949

Adoptions:

Farr and Mel Whiting adopted two more: David, age 6, and Penny, age 3, making five in all.

Births:

BOYS

Milton and Lorana Whiting (Bruce)
Geraldine and Willard Sagers (Larry Albert)
Lola and Joy Ashcroft (Lynn Emer)
Nathel and Russell Burdick (Russell, Jr.)
Maydene and Jim Bodell (Michael James)

GIRLS

Leilani and Jack Cunningham (Marilyn)
Kay and Elizabeth Berry (Julie Ann)
Rex and Marjorie Whiting (Linda)
Norma and Randy Fife (JoAnn)
Irene and Ferrell Lewis (Karen)
Ivy and Warren Waters (Kaylene)

Moves:

Jack Brown, St. Johns to Sao Paulo, Brazil, September
May and Herbert Berry, Central States Mission to Compton, California, August
Ronald and Helen Brown, Los Angeles to Gridley, California, July
Ralph and Nell Whiting, Mesa, Arizona to Kanab, Utah, Summer
Aubrey and Helen Andelin, Compton, California to Idaho Falls, Idaho, September
Aunt Myn has moved so many times no one can keep track of it.

Missionaries:

Dean Berry, returned from Danish Mission, April
Herbert and May Berry, returned from Central States, September
Martha and Frank Brown, in Central States Mission, entire year
Jack Brown, entered Brazilian Mission, September

* * * * *

At hand is a special report from the mission mother of the Central States Mission, covering some of the activities of Pres. And Mrs. F.W. Brown. This report has been submitted especially for this issue and covers the first 11 months of the years indicated. The following are excerpts:

	<u>1947</u>	<u>1949</u>
No. of full time missionaries	152	151
No. of members in the mission	8,847	9,548
Personal interviews of missionaries, by Pres.	322	845
No. of meetings attended by Pres. Brown	253	471
Copies of Book of Mormon sold	2,162	14,752
Chapels (including partly finished ones)	13	23
Converts baptized in mission	13	151
No. of times left by husband		none

I think these figures tell their own eloquent story of the wonderful work being done by these people. When you stop to think that Uncle Frank spoke at virtually every one of those 471 meetings—that is ten speeches a week. Aunt Martha spoke at more than half of them. What a wonderful experience and opportunity for them. The last time they wrote they had no idea when they were coming home.

Our Mailing List: (Given in case you want any of these addresses.)

Mrs. E.M. Whiting, 324 E. 5th St., Mesa, Arizona
E. I. Whiting, St. Johns, Arizona
Farr Whiting, St. Johns, Arizona
Wilford Shumway, St. Johns, Arizona
Sherwood Udall, St. Johns, Arizona
Virgil Whiting, St. Johns, Arizona
Darwin Grant, St. Johns, Arizona
Dr. H.A. Berry, 11710 Long Beach Blvd., Lynwood, California
Ray Ellsworth, 2400 Gaynor, Van Nuys, California
Bene Stoddard, Box 573, Gridley, California
Jack Cooper, 112 So. Essey, Compton, California
Jack Cunningham, Box 573, Gridley, California
Dr. A.K. Berry, 308 No. California St., San Gabriel, California
Dr. H. Lee Berry, 1228 So. 6th St., Alhambra, California
Randolph Fife, 1041 Evans, Gridley, California
Dr. Aubrey Andelin, 454 No. 10th, Idaho Falls, Idaho
Dean Berry, 11710 Long Beach Blvd., Lynwood, California
Pres. F.W. Brown, 302 So. Pleasant, Independence, Missouri
F. Ray Brown, 1145 So. Stoneman Ave., Alhambra, California
R.W. Lewis, 2117 So. 22nd East, Salt Lake City 6, Utah
E.H. Startup, 265 W. 1st So., Provo, Utah
Lester Carlston, 2248 Wilson Ave., Salt Lake City 5, Utah
Dr. J. Ronald Brown, 1194 Sheldon Ave., Gridley, California
James H. Bodell, 425 E. 2nd So., Salt Lake City 2, Utah
Earnest Whiting, 253 Udall St., Mesa, Arizona
Jay Whiting, Fredonia, Arizona
John Heward, Fredonia, Arizona
Harold Bushman, Fredonia, Arizona
Austin Simper, Fredonia, Arizona
Ralph Whiting, Kanab, Utah
Lester Whiting, Holbrook, Arizona
Gladys Whiting, c/o Joy Ashcroft, Pendleton, Oregon
Joy Ashcroft, Pendleton, Oregon
Warren Waters, St. Johns, Arizona
Rex Whiting, c/o James H. Bodell, 425 E. 2nd So., Salt Lake City 2, Utah
Wayne Whiting, Sanders, Arizona
Albert Brown, St. Johns, Arizona
Willard Sagers, Phipps Apts., Tooele, Utah
Ralph Smith, 805 No. Garfield, Pocatello, Idaho
Russell Burdick, 170 Park St., Gridley, California
Grant Shields, Chrysteel Acres, Rt. 2, Orem, Utah
Jack Brown, Caixa Postal 862, Sao Paulo, Brazil
Myn Priestley, 324 E. 5th St., Mesa Arizona
Arthur Whiting, Holbrook, Arizona
Ferrell Lewis, Taylor, Arizona
Milton Whiting, Holbrook, Arizona

Chatter From the Small Fry

Grandma, to Jimmy (Brown) I: Give me your baby. I haven't got any baby.

Jimmy: You can have a baby. Just eat and eat and eat. My mommy just ate and ate and ate and got great big and then she had a baby. You just eat and eat and you'll get great big and then you can have a baby

Diana (Fife), to her mother (Norma), pointing to a white fluffy hood and muff set in Sears Catalog; "Mother, why don't you give me this for my Christmas present, but don't tell me about it." (Ed. She got it.)

MY PA
By May Whiting Berry

"Gimme Bread!" struck terror into the hearts of five little brothers who were about the same age. Each day they herded cows above Springville, Utah. On this day they were especially hungry and were looking forward to the small can of fresh strawberry preserves in their lunch. The swaggering Indian Chief took it from their trembling hands and ran his long dirty finger around and across the can, licked it off and handed the can back, saying, "Me no like." In spite of their hunger, not one of the boys could eat the stuff after that.

Soon the time came for the corn to be hoed. Playtime was combined with work whenever possible and at this time they were to see who could cut closest to his own toe with a sharp hoe. I guess Uncle Dan won. He cut his own toe right off!

Three of these brothers were named Edwin Whiting. Aunt Elizabeth, the first wife, named her son Edwin Lucius, after my grandfather. Grandma intended to name hers Marion Shoemaker, but her oldest children said: "No, if Aunt Elizabeth names hers Edwin, we'll have an Edwin, too." So they named my father Edwin Marion. They nicknamed Aunt Elizabeth's boy Lute, and Aunt Elvira's Jerk, because he was always jerking at his shirt. My father was the only one they called Edwin.

He was born August 8, 1857, in a little room 16 by 16 feet, dug into the side of a hill where the Manti, Utah Temple now stands. His room sheltered three wives and all the children, and Grandpa, when he could find time to get out of the cold and snow long enough from searching for wood and food.

"Hey Louise, get the molasses," called Edgar, "And hurry, girls." The large dining room was cleared, and the roaring of the fire blazed its welcome. Then the talented young Whitings proceeded to perform and dance until Grandpa called out bedtime. Night after night this went on and some of them became professionals.

Pa took his sick sister, May, with his mother, four oxen and a wagon to Brigham City, Arizona, to live in the United Order, where Winslow, Arizona now stands. My Grandfather Isaacson took his family and moved to the same place. Thus my father and mother met.

The music resounded across the hall and the clatter of feet kept time with it. It was no trouble for Ma to get dates for the dance. You see, all the men in Brigham had proposed to her at least once. Poor Pa, though he was the dark, curly-headed sheik of the gang, he had a time dating his girl ahead of some married men. The parents of the girls preferred their daughter to favor the married men who had already proven to be good husbands. Who knows what kind of husbands those young unmarried fellows would make?

Pa did battle his way along with all that competition. Finally he married Ma in 1881, in the St. George Temple.

They didn't need a fortune to get started in those days. Ma had three quilts and a cow. Pa had four oxen and a wagon. What more did they need? No income tax, no debts.

Pa got into a blacksmith shop all on his own. Then he got the sawmill, just like his sons have today. Pa never knew what the word discouragement meant. He was never too tired to tell stories to his grandchildren and how they all loved him for it.

WILLIAM WHITING'S WILL

This is a copy of the will of William Whiting. Grandpa's 5th great-grandfather, one of the original settlers of Hartford, Connecticut. It was later changed several times by codicil.

March 20th, 1643

Whereas by the Providence of God, I William Whiting doe intend a voyage presently vnto sea, mans life being allwayes incident to change, but so much the more in regard of my voyage, therefore, I did thinke good, if God should not returne mee with safety, to leaue some lynes in generall, as my last will and Testament. And whereas that estate I haue doth lye in such a manner as it is vncerteine what it will bee, therefore my will is it should bee thus devided: I give vnto my loving wife, halfe my houshold stuffe of all kinds, and one fourth parte of my whole personal estate; and her widdowes estate in my now dwelling howse and lands at Hartford, vntil my sonne William bee the age of twenty and one yeares, and after, if shee continue a widow, I giue her the one halfe of my said howse and land for her life. I bequeath vnto my sonne William, one hundred pound more than I giue vnto either my sonne John or my sonne Samuell. I bequeath vnto my sonne John one hundred pounds more, and my sonne Samuell, one hundred pounds more a peece, then I giue vnto my daughter Sarah or vnto my daughter Mary. The fourth parte of my estate being taken out for my wife, one hundred pound for my eldest sonne not being accounted with the rest, hee hauing an equall proportion with my two other sons in the estate, my other two sons and hee taking one hundred a peece, I bequeath the rest of my estate thus; first, to haue 20 1. (pounds) paid vnto Mr. Hooker, towards the furtherance of setting forth for the benefit of the church his worke upon the 17th of John, with any else hee doth intend. I desire Mr. Stone may haue added vnto the 5 1. I did promise him, 5 1. more. Allso, I bequeath 5 1 towards the mending of the high ways betwixt my howse and the meeting howse. Allso, I giue 5 1. To some godly poore in the Towne. These sums being taken out, I doo bequeath the rest of my estate vnto my fiue children to be equally devided amongst them, that is, euery one a like proportion; and this my said estate to be improved vnto the best advantage for the breeding vpp of my children in learning, to schoole, and in the feare of God; and their portions to bee paid before the age of twenty and one yeares, as the providence of God shall giue occation. And my will is that if any of them dye before the said tearme of yeares, the portion should be devided among the rest of my children. And that this my will may bee performed, I doo earnestly intreat my much honored friends and beloued in the Lord, Mr. John Haynes, Mr. Edward Hopkins, Mr. John Webster, with or deare and louing Pastor, Mr. Thomas Hooker and Mr. Samuell Stone, to bee ourseers of this my last will and Testament, not doubting they will indesuor the performance of the same. In testimony of my love to them I doe bequeath, out of my whole personal estate 10 1. A peece. Allso, I doe bequeath vnto my Father and Mother, 20 1., and if they bee dead my minde is it should bee giuen vnto my brother and his children. My meaning is, my land and howse shall be accounted a parte of my sonne William, his portion. And my will is, if those my ourseers doe thinke my second sonne fitt to make a scholar, for his natural parts, and allso in the gifts of his mind hopefull to keepe the fire vppon the blitar, my will is hee should bee sett aparate for that seruice.

This is my last will, as witness my hand, the day and year aboue.

WILLIAM WHITING

(Note: The obvious errors and misspelling are not typographical errors. That is the way people wrote in those days. –Ed.)

Remarks

Maree's job, as "Our Family Editor," is to organize and present to you various subjects which we find very interesting in the study of the history of our ancestors. She was specifically forbidden to mention the word "Genealogy," because so many people find the word distasteful and shun anything going by that name, no matter how interesting. I think she has done a good job. Our Coat of Arms, Aunt May's story of Grandpa, the will of our immigrant ancestor, and the story and pedigree of Elisha Whiting, are all simple genealogy.

What I want to emphasize, is that this is only the beginning. We have touched on only a few of our ancestors. In the coming issues, we hope to include more of the interesting stories and facts about these people which we already have, and we want your help in finding more about them, so that we can keep this column as interesting as it is this time.

Since I forgot to do it anywhere else, I want to take this space to express our thanks to the uncles and everyone else that contributed to the success of the last reunion, in June, 1948. We know you put a lot into it, financially, and in other ways. We all had a wonderful time. You have a right to feel proud of it. We just hope the next one is as much of a success.

The Publisher.

Reminiscing

By Maree Berry Stoddard

All during my childhood, I heard Grandpa Whiting tell stories. My earliest recollections are of when Farr, who seemed to be the Paul Revere of the grandchildren, would run the rounds with the exciting news: "Grandpa is going to tell stories tonight. Be sure and come." Of course, the "Be sure and come" wasn't necessary. Whoever missed a chance like that?

The coziest place we used to gather was in Grandpa and Grandma's bedroom where the old fireplace was. I remember the big fluffy rug, in front of the fire, that Grandma had made of old pants. And the old clock with the big pendulum that hung on the wall. And Grandma's bright woven bedspread with the fringe that Grandpa had bought years before from a peddler. But that's another story.

Then, of course, there was always the big jar of cookies behind the bedroom door. When I went in that room, last summer, I didn't look behind that door, because even now it wouldn't seem right not to see the cookie jar there.

I remember also that in this room was the stairway to the upstairs bedrooms. On many occasions, as I began to blossom, I used to sleep upstairs with Aunt Myn. We used to spend a lot of time trying to figure a way to get in and up those stairs at night without waking Grandpa. Only once did we manage it. I remember the night. We had been out late—Effie and Myn and I. We had quite a session on the front porch on how to get past Grandpa. We all took off our shoes and left them on the front porch. We spent at least one-half hour inching our way up those stairs. We made it. I couldn't believe it. But we made it only until the next morning. Grandpa got up bright and early next morning and found our shoes on the front porch and knew exactly what we had done.

I remember Grandpa marking Arthur's height on the board trim of the old fireplace with his pocketknife. I meant to look for it last summer.

After the grandchildren had all collected and were ready, Grandpa always did one last thing before he settled back in his rocking chair. He picked up a large tub of chips and poured most of it on the fire. This made us all move back and gave him a little more room.

Besides the Little Red Men, Bricket Leg, Big Claus and Little Claus, and the Wood Demon, he told us many true stories about his brothers, and his father and his five wives. He told us when he was a little boy and would get hurt and would run to the first wife he could find. It didn't matter which one, as they all gave him motherly affection. And how when summer came, it would take him only a few minutes to round up a whole gang of boys quite near his own age, and right in his own front yard, to go fishing. He told of the hardships in Manti, how once when this big family got down to a few kernels of parched corn for food, and how his father felt when he had to take the corn for himself so he would have strength enough to walk up into the mountains to hunt for deer.

His father and his brothers were in the biggest share of his stories. However, a peculiar thought came to me not too long ago. I never heard him mention his grandfather. This came forcibly to me about two years ago when Helen (my sister) sent me a copy of his chart and I saw for the first time that I had a great-great-grandfather, Elisha Whiting, Jr. If Grandpa told the uncles or aunts or my mother anything about this man, they have certainly kept it quiet. I cannot even find where he was born. This man is the same relation to me that Grandma is to Joycell's and Leilani's two little girls. It is like them not being able to find where Grandma was born. After Helen sent me the information she had on Elisha Whiting, I determined to find out more about him, mainly, I guess, so I could feel more at home thinking of him as my own great-great-grandfather. When Gene and I made our plans for our third honeymoon last summer, we allowed time to find living relatives that might know something of our progenitors.

In discussing my problem with Maurine, she gave us the idea that Mapleton would be a good place to go first. Upon arrival there, she suggested we go see Will Whiting. He would no doubt recall and like to relate stories his father had told him. Will treated us royally and gave us the lowdown on present news. We soon had him telling us all about his childhood, then about his father. He got so enthusiastic in relating these stories that his voice and gestures made me realize that we at last had found the right person to put me straight. As he raised his hand to put over a particular point of a story, I saw my chance, so I blurted out:

"Say, who was your great-grandfather?"

Silence reigned supreme. He rolled his eyes heavenward and his hand stayed aloft, his brain too busy to tell it to come on down. I sat breathless. Finally his hand rested uneasily on the top of his head, and he scratched his dome in deep contemplative thought.

As I reached for my notebook he offered this quiet steady information:

"Hell, I musta had one."

I found nothing in Utah about his man. Upon arrival home, however, I found Ronald had a little book written by hand and given to him by his sister Ruth Lewis for his birthday, July 4, 1941. It tells quite a bit about Ruth and Ronald's ancestors, including a sketch: "The Life of Edwin Whiting," in which a

little is given about Elisha. I was deeply touched. To me Ruth is the Whiting Woman of the Year. At last I had learned a little bit about long-lost great-great-grandpa Elisha Whiting.

I am sorry that Ronald tells me there isn't room to put in the entire sketch about Edwin Whiting. Perhaps it can come in a late issue. I have insisted, however, that the parts about Elisha Whiting be included, because I am sure many of you will be interested. This is on the next page.

ELISHA WHITING
By Jennie Bird Hill

In the little town of Lee, Massachusetts, near the borders of New York, lived the family of Elisha Whiting and Sally Hulett about the year 1800.

Elisha Whiting's father was a sea captain and lived in Connecticut. He died when Elisha was a very young boy. His mother, not knowing what else to do, bound him out to an old Quaker, who was very cruel to him and after a few years he ran away and went to Massachusetts and found work with a wheelwright. He was married to Sally Hulett September 18, 1805. They were highly respected citizen, honest and genuine, firm in their convictions. Elisha Whiting followed the trade of wagon and chair maker and did his work well. His wife was a very gifted woman in writing prose and poetry, a characteristic that has been bequeathed to many of her descendants. To Elisha and Sally Hulett Whiting twelve children were born, eight sons and four daughters, as follows:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
Charles	Sept. 18, 1806	Same day
William	Sept. 19, 1807	
Edwin	Sept. 9, 1809	Dec. 8, 1890
Charles	Mar. 24, 1811	
Catherine Louisa	Oct. 3, 1813	May 27, 1900
Harriet Amelia	Aug. 16, 1815	1830
Emeline	July, 1817	Mar. 4, 1896
Chauncy	Aug. 19, 1819	June 7, 1902
Almon	Nov., 1821	May 10, 1900
Jane Fedelia	Feb. 29, 1824	
Sylvester	July 29, 1829	Mar. 4, 1912
Lewis (Francis)	Sept. 22, 1831	Apr. 10, 1911

When Edwin, the subject of this sketch, was six years of age, his parents moved to Nelson, Portage Co., Ohio. At that time, it was the western frontier of the United States, but probably the very place where Father Whiting wished to be to get suitable timber for his trade, to support his big family.

In 1837, Edwin, his wife, his father and mother and some of his brothers and sisters joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They were baptized by Thomas B. Marsh in 1838. As we find in the time of Christ, the ones to join the church were the humble, hard working class of people who listened to the truth.

They soon joined the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio, and their trials, hardships and persecutions began, and it took true manhood and womanhood and faith in God to endure. They were forced to leave their new comfortable home, furniture, orchards and lands in Kirtland, Ohio and took only their clothing, a few valuables and relics and went to Far West, Missouri.

By this time Edwin and Elizabeth had three small children. They had only stayed in Far West a short time, but had built a home, when the mob, several thousand strong, ordered them out and every house in that Mormon village was burned except Father Elisha Whiting's. He was so sick they could not move him so his house was spared.

Edwin Whiting and his families, his father and mother, stayed with the Saints and were compelled to move West. They went as far as Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, now known as Florence and stayed there to prepare for the journey across the plains, when sickness overtook them, the dread disease, cholera, broke out. Father Elisha and his wife, Sally, both died, also his two small daughters Emily and Jane, and their names are on the monument later erected at that place.

THE PEDIGREE SHEET OF ELISHA WHITING, JR. BELONGS HERE BUT I COULDN'T GET IT TO SCAN PROPERLY.

Remarks, by the publisher

We have been unable to think of a suitable name for this magazine. In its place, there are blank spaces, for you to fill in when a name is selected.

To remedy this defect, we will hold a contest. There will be a prize for the one who sends in the best name. The following are the rules:

1. The judges will be the Board of Directors of the magazine (all of whom live in Gridley, at present). Their decision will be final.
2. Any one of Edwin M. Whiting's descendants, or his wife or their spouses, except those on the Board of Directors, are eligible to participate.
3. Any entry must be accompanied or preceded by a subscription for the family or household of the participant. Any number of entries may be submitted.
4. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, February 28, 1950.

Enclosed you will find a form for the entry.

We feel we have probably omitted a lot of news. We are sorry. We want to make this better. You can help us tremendously by writing down your comments and suggestions and sending them to us. Please don't just talk to each other about it and not even let us know whether you like it. We would especially appreciate concrete suggestions for changing it. We won't be able to use every idea, but we might be able to use yours. It only takes a few minutes and 3 cents.

Do you like the picture? We liked it so well that we had 250 printed. We have tried to enclose enough so that everyone who wants one for a scrapbook, etc., can have one. We still have a few copies left. We don't promise to have a picture in every issue of the magazine, but we hope to have pictures as often as we can afford them and can find suitable pictures. It all depends upon how well you support us.

On page 6 you will find a copy of our mailing list. Norma has worked hard to make this complete and accurate. If there have been any omissions or mistakes, we regret them. Be sure you see that they are corrected when you send in your donation.

I want to express my gratitude to all the members of the staff, who have contributed to make this magazine possible.

The Coat of Arms on the front cover was clipped out of the April 6, 1938 Boston Transcript by Mrs. Pansy Gardner, who never dreamed at the time that ten years later she would find someone who was interested. It was copied by myself.

Please write soon.

Sincerely,

J. Ronald Brown