

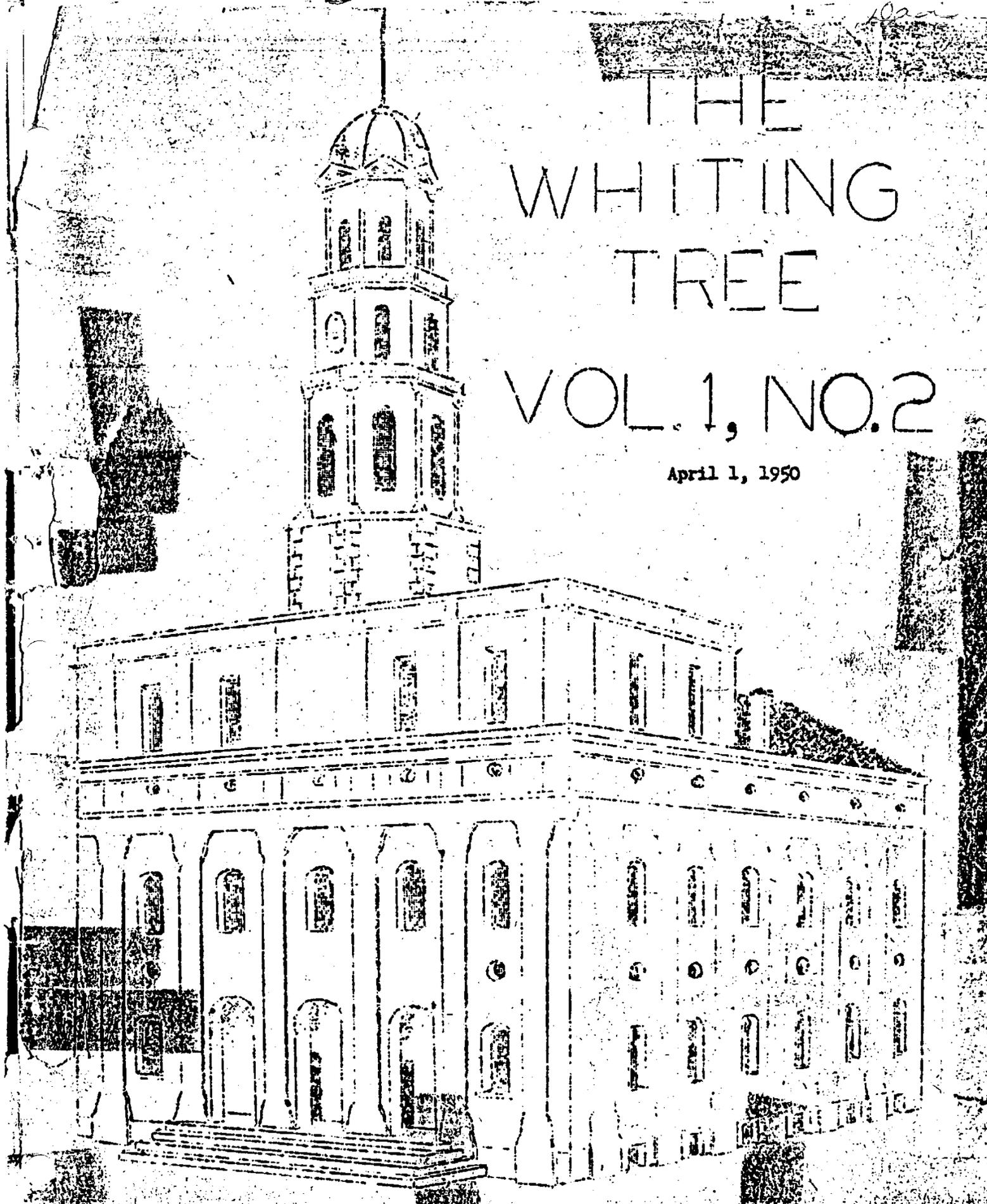
The Whiting Tree

Vol. 1, No. 2

April 1, 1950

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WHITING
TREE
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THE NAUVOO TEMPLE

Where Edwin Whiting and Mary Elizabeth Cox, the parents
of Edwin Marion Whiting, were wed, January 27, 1846.
(See story, page 17)

THE WHITING TREE
 Published by the Edwin M. Whiting Family
 VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2
 April 1, 1950

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Remarks
(E.I. Whiting)

Elda and Ethel have been after me to write
Get consideration soon if we are to have one again and I
Think we should. I have not talked details
Here are some of my own ideas:

A little more time around camp
A genuine rodeo for the children, with little
Boys to ride and bigger ones for the bigger boys
Perhaps not as many horses as last time, but enough
Get a chance to do some riding
Art and Earnest with the hotcake stands again, May with her
Ralph with the bake ovens, let everybody who wants to try
At helping cook. Everything always tastes a little better if you
Help cook it.
Programs each day, each group will have to figure out and get up their own more or less.

After the other reunion so many people said they thought it was unfair for us to have all the fine programs they heard about and not give the town people a chance to hear them. I would like to select the best from the programs we have up there and give one show in St. Johns. We would certainly like suggestions from everybody as to what we should do this time.

I recently read a philosopher's statement saying that to really evaluate the degree of success in a person's life you had to wait and see how the grandchildren turned out. By that rule Dan and Mother would measure up all right. In Dad's plan of life his children and grandchildren were his guiding star. Whenever he gathered them around him he told stories to build for the future. How proud he was of his first grandchild! Although her stay in life was not too long, she measured up. To me it has been most gratifying to watch the other grandchildren stay in the race. We do hope you can all arrange to come again. These meetings give us balance. I often find myself thinking back over all the fine things that happened and the good times we had there. Kay really got some fine pictures. I would like to see some with more action this time. We had a rodeo up there where half a dozen little boys got thrown. Those who saw it never tire of talking about it. Cy Mangum got nine bears right around the Homestead last year. We couldn't even find a track during the other reunion, but that is the way hunter's luck goes.

Well, good luck to everybody until we get together.

E.I. Whiting

REUNION

WHITING BROS.
Holbrook, Ariz.
Mar. 26, 1950

Dear Ronald:

I am ashamed that I have not written before now, but you know the Whiting Tribe when it comes to writing. My Dad wrote one letter to me while I was on my mission, yet I know he thought more about me than anyone.

I had thought the same group would not doubt handle the same things as they did last reunion.

We have been planning to take care of the housing and food about like we did the last time.

The only suggestion I have is that we have more games and contests that all can participate in, such as horse shoe pitching for both old and young, volley ball, table tennis, etc., and possible baseball (but not on the same terms we did last time—Whitings against the others, Phooeey!)

We had thought of having some very amateur rodeo for all. We did this a little last summer and it was fun. We might even get some goats or something for the little children to tussle with.

We are looking forward to the next paper and also to the reunion. Good luck and God bless you.

Unc Art

Comments

Of course, all of you are looking forward to the reunion as eagerly as we are. We hope everyone will be there, because we want to visit with each of you. We know everyone will have a good time.

The grapevine has it that the probable dates will be Friday to Monday, June 23, 24, 25 & 26. We presume we will hear when those dates are definite.

We have heard several requests that whoever plans the schedule allow some very definite times when there is nothing going on—no program or games or anything—time for just plain visiting.

About the baseball, we dare the spouses to get together and organize a softball team, and challenge the descendants. That is, if you think you are men enough!

The Editors

I ATTENDED THE REUNION (Gene Stoddard)

"You haven't lived until you have attended a Whiting Reunion!" As I sat half way up the knoll watching the camp come to life on the third morning of the Reunion, I pondered those lines from a letter I once read from a certain cousin of Maree's, and realized that "truer words were never spoken." There lay the camp. What a tribute to the memory of a great pioneer, Edwin M. Whiting, and to the reverence for a cherished mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother—his wife, Maria. And did I only imagine that all but two of their great posterity of one hundred eighty four descendants were present on this very morning?

I wanted to be alone for a while that morning to have time to drink in all of the greatness of this event; to implant it deeply within my heart so that I might never forget this great Latter-Day Saint Family, for surely this was a true F-A-M-I-L-Y! I WANTED ALWAYS TO REMEMBER Grandmother Whiting as she hovered over her family and bestowed upon them little gifts of her own handiwork. I wanted to remember Uncle Eddie in his "bravura" attire for the occasion; and his unique cabin; and the way he sat astride that beautiful horse as we pursued the elusive "bruin". I thought of Uncle Ralph whom we'd followed in from Vernon with his truck load of cases of "embryo omelets." "The grub? Oh it's already up there, I just brought along a few things—in case. Don't want anybody to go hungry." I wanted to remember the long string of saddles and bridles; the corral full of fine horses; the guides; the "Joy Boy": the half-track; the old dwelling house; the beautiful stream! I thought of the immense amount of planning, time, work, worry, and personal sacrifice that must have gone into the founding of this little "city" here in the mountains,—complete for this occasion with cabins, tent houses, lighting system, open air auditorium and stage, movies, and even a store!

Well, it was about time to descent the knoll now. I'd taken a few snapshots and something besides the burls of lazy smoke was wafting up toward me. Not mistaking the aroma of flap jacks as "cheffed" by Uncles Arthur and Earnest I knew we'd soon be launched into another wonderful day of family activities; activities for all ages. There stood the volleyball court; the kid's ponies; the baseball diamond; the remains of the big bonfire of last night around while Aunt May told "Pa's stories" to the kiddies till we carried them off one at a time to bed. Oh, there had been a session of Late "Hangers-on" that night, too. Aunt Myn had gone to bed three times, but just couldn't stand to miss out on the fun.—Yes, we had each been thought of and taken care of. Each tent bore the name of the intended occupants. I think I must have been the only problem child since I wouldn't be numbered among neither the in-laws nor outlaws until next September; however, after some consultation, I was permitted to sleep under the stars near Maree's shrine!

There were a few things though that puzzled me, such as, --how Maree and I became so lost in Harris cave;--how long it would take a certain teenager to get over her ride to the Cave on a certain big grey house;--Why Whiting steaks are measured for thickness in terms of inches and counted in terms of hundreds!—what Lee, Jay, Kay, Maree and I would have done about it had we come upon the “spoor” we were looking for when we shunted off from the main party of the bear hunt;--how quickly a very sober young man can do a strip-tease act when he finds he has been lying in an ant bed;--how Ziegfeld ever happened to overlook Aunt May and Aunt Martha;--the influence of one Roman candle;--and why anyone should have ever called upon me to sing at such an occasion when the whole family is so bulging with real talent!

Sunday would of course be Church Services. Uncle Earnest would probably preside. There would be testimony meeting. We’d get to hear Pres. F.W. Brown and Pres. H.A. Berry and their good wives who had been relieved of their labors in the Central States Mission by the Church Presidency that they might attend the Reunion. There would be others of distant kin who would travel far to be present during this service. And afterward I would try to get a picture of this immediate family; these Arizona Pioneers; Grandmother Maria, Uncle Eddie, Uncle Earnest, Uncle Ralph, Uncle Arthur, Aunt May, Aunt Martha, Aunt Elda, and inexpressible Aunt Myn! Later, I would look at this picture and wonder which one I remembered best, and probably decide—each!

The flap-jack aroma was doing things to me, and there was Maree coming out to meet me, bless her,--and bless all of these wonderful folks, the Whitings, for now I too have lived!—and “you haven’t lived until you have attended a Whiting Reunion.”

* * * * *

OUR MISSIONARY

It might interest most of you to know just what kind of country Jack Brown has gone to. Aunt Elda, you might just as well know what characteristics your boy is going to come home with. I went to a lecture the other night and heard some mighty interesting things about South America, especially along the Amazon River in Brazil. It was all in color movies and mostly about the head hunting tribes about 3500 miles down the Amazon. These headhunters are such hot headed people that they can’t even live in villages, but each family has his hut, and each hut is about a quarter of a mile from the next. So many of these huts form clans and it is these clans that feud against each other. Some of these feuds have been going on for hundreds of years. They don’t kill in great quantities, but avenge one of the other clans for the death of a friend or relative. This revenge is drummed into them from the time they are nine or ten years old and every morning their father lectures to them about it until

they are the age of 17 or 18. Then they are sent out to get an enemy head or lose their own. What interested me was that they are big people. The South American Government has tried to stop them, but the jungles are too dense. It seems impossible that such things could go on in times like these, but I guess there are a lot of us today who are doing the same thing, but in a more tactful way! Don't you think?

P.S. I am very disappointed in Lee for not bringing home some souvenirs to us. Perhaps it's not too late.

Joycell

Jack (Brown) is an English teacher now. He makes his best contacts with people who want to learn English. What should be easier than learning Portuguese? He says he is learning fast, though. It seems most of his clothes don't fit so good now. Could they have shrunk, or ???

We asked Jack to write us a letter, especially for publication in this issue. He included a note, in which he said the following, which we think may interest you:

"As I sit here looking out of the window at all these people who are living in ignorance, it makes me realize more than ever how blessed we are as a family, as well as individuals. I have yet to meet a family that compares with ours for love, unity and faith in the gospel."

* * * * *

....Jimmy Brown (to mother, holding up all fingers): "I'm going to have this many boys and this many girls." Mother: "Why, Jimmy, twenty is too many for one wife. How many wives are you going to have?" Jimmy: "One, but she can have the girls, and I'll have the boys."

Merwin and Howard Grant and Claudia Whiting won prizes in the Baby Contest in St. Johns.

FROM OUR MISSIONARY

March 8, 1950
Caixa Postal 862
Sao Paulo, Brazil

Dear folks:

Well, I finally received our family paper last week and I certainly enjoyed it. I hope that we can continue to have them. It seemed so good to hear a little of all that is going on to everyone back there. I know that it is a hard job for you people in Gridley, but I surely hope that you can keep on making it as good as the first one is.

I am enjoying my work down here a great deal. I have just been transferred down to the southern part of Brazil to open up a branch in Ponta Grosso, a city of about 50,000 that hasn't had any missionaries since before the war, and then only for a short time. Our work there should be very interesting, although it will be quite hard to get established at first. We will play basketball for the city team there, to help get better acquainted and to get more friends. Four of us are going there. Right now we are staying with the Elders in Curytiba, where we have a very good branch. We are waiting for one of the Elders to arrive from another city, and then we are all going to Ponta Grosso (150 miles away). It is quite an honor to be chosen to help open up a new city for missionary work, and we surely hope that the people there will receive us well. There is an Elder Bushman from Joe City going there, too. I used to play against him in high school, and I knew him at the "Y".

I am really getting along fine here. Of course, there are a few (?) little things (fleas, that is), that bother me some. Up in Santos, where I was working, I had just exterminated (got rid of) all of them with DDT, other commercial chemicals, and some real potent, homemade mixtures. Down here they seem to have a larger and healthier type and the DDT just seems to made them thirsty for bloods

By using quite a lot of actions and movements with arms, legs, etc., I can now explain myself fairly well in Portuguese. It is one of the most difficult languages to learn (that is what they tell us, at least and I don't doubt it), but I have had fairly good luck with it and am surely glad.

We do quite a lot of tracting here in Brazil. It takes a lot of work and time to convert a Brazilian to the gospel because they have to learn so much and have to raise themselves so high from their present level of living. We have plenty of investigators and now everything is running smoothly since the Elders came back since the war, so we should start having more converts than we have had lately, although we have done fairly well.

From what I hear, it sounds like you will be having another big reunion this year. I hope you all have as good a time as we did before. I would like to be there for that occasion. I just hope that we all realize how blessed and lucky we are to be part of this family. I liked Grandma's short message the best of all in the paper, especially her prayers that "we will always be faithful in living the Gospel." But I

wonder if each one of us sat down and took a good account of ourselves and our actions, if we wouldn't want to change a little in some ways, and bring our actions up to the level of our ideals.

Well, I'll take care of the southern half of the world, if you will, watch over the north part. I hope and pray that all of you are well and happy.

Your old cousin, nephew, uncle,
son, brother and
grandson,

Jack A. Brown

HEN SCRATCHINGS

By Joycell Cooper

May and Herbert Berry are in charge of a musical show called "The Merrimakers." They are putting it on in the Compton Junior College Auditorium for the benefit of the remodeling of the Compton Ward. So far they have William Farnum, Gloria Woods (Kay Kaiser and Bing Crosby singer), The Guardsman (A famous quartet who were four of the seven dwarves in Snow White) and many other people quite famous in television and radio, plus movies. May has chit-chatted with Laraine Day over the phone and Bill Farnum, and Gloria Woods calls May quite often. She has visited with Larry Crosby, Bing's brother, and in doing so has received Bob Hope's private number. Oh, yes, and she has spoken to Terry Moore, the little movie actress, by phone.

Now, tell me, who but May could do this. They have put in a lot of time and trouble on this and I only hope that they are will repaid for their efforts. In my next column I shall let you know the results.

We hear via the Grape Vine that Ray and Ruth Ellsworth are expecting a little you-know-what in September. Congratulations to you both.

The Easter Bunny dropped a little Easter Egg (and similarity is purely accidental) in Helen and Aubrey Andelin's lap several months early this year. It was in the shape of a little girl and they named her Dixie (Andelin). She breezed in (didn't she, Helen?) two weeks early and no little girl was ever more welcome.

Jack Cooper is doing fine in his pre-dental work. We are all very proud of him and luck seems to be with us every step of the way. He has a steady run driving a school bus and makes an extra \$40.00 a month. With this little bit of help, we hope to save our G.I and use it for tuition when he starts at S.C. He is very happy and seems to have at last found what he has been searching for.

If any of you should turn on your radios and hear a melodic, golden voice pouring out over the air waves you can be pretty sure that it is Kay Berry, the newest sensation of Pasadena. Twice now he has lent his talents to the air station. He far surpassed all other speakers, so I was told.

While we are on the subject of Kay, I think that this is a very good opportunity to congratulate him of his new office as counselor in the Pasadena Stake Presidency. We are all very proud of you, Kay, and are glad to see you getting the things that you deserve and worked so hard for.

Not to be outdone by any means are Dr. and Mrs. H.A. Berry. Dr. Berry has been appointed to be in charge of all the young women in the Stake. I don't know how she did it, but Sister Berry has been appointed his assistant in this important job. Since she really is not jealous, she has been given this because she has had so much experience with young people.

Lee and Virginia Berry have been having lots of fun. First Stevie came down with the measles, and now all three of the girls have it. Have you consulted a doctor Lee?

We all enjoyed Norma Fife's short visit here some time ago. Her little girl has the reddest hair you ever saw. Randy?????

Dean Berry is doing fine in school. He didn't have enough to do in all his spare time so he is teaching a Sunday School class. What a guy?

I guess I shall close for now leaving you with this thought:

Troubles are like babies—the longer you nurse them the larger they grow!

Telegram sent from May W. Berry to Dean Berry when Dean was in the navy in Indiana.

"Letter failed to follow stop Please follow letter that failed to follow."

AROUND THE COUNTRY

Elma Smith:

One Saturday morning the mailman left several pieces of mail in our box, including a large brown manila envelope addressed to Ralph Smith. I read the mail addressed to us and put the envelope down thinking I'd look up his address and put it back out for the mailman. After moving the envelope several times during the morning to complete my work, I finally decided to look and see if it was important or was just an advertisement. If something important, I'd put on the extra postage and forward it on. If not, I'd throw it away, since it was second-class mail. I opened the envelope and drew out an orange booklet, glanced at the notation below the picture and immediately saw the name Edwin Whiting and the thought ran through my mind: "I wonder if there is another Smith in Pocatello related to the Whiting family? If so, I'm going to look him up." Then I opened the cover and saw my name along with the others I knew so well. Immediately I knew what it was. So I am now reporting one error in the booklet. We are the Wayne Leon Smith's, not the Ralph Smith's, and our mailing address should be Wayne L. Smith as there are only three other Wayne Smith's in this city and the initial "L" helps to designate us. My one resolve now is to open all mail addressed to someone else besides us just in case it should be for us and we might miss something like the family news.

More of the family will have to move to Idaho so I'll have more to report about. It's very good to have the Andelins as close as they are—have been seeing them quite a bit, as a patient, then socially. They have a new daughter born Feb. 3, named Dixie. She is a cutie and very good. Lane and Brian certainly love the baby. They have a nice home. Their bedroom closets are almost as big as our bedroom. The two boys are so cute and really full of life, especially Brian. He climbs into everything and simply loves to tease Lane. Mischief just sparkles out of his eyes. Christene really loves to play with them and talks about them for days after we have been up there.

The Smith family is getting along O.K. Wayne still works at the Idaho Bank & Trust Co. I'm still working nights at Garrett Freight Lines. To top it all off, Wayne goes to night school, so we never have a dull moment. Wayne and I have both arranged for our vacations the last of June, so we can attend the reunion. I'd love to have Wayne see my entire family in action. See you all then.

Beth Simper:

Anyone interested in deer hunting, contact me. I got the biggest deer killed by any member of the family up here on the Kaibab. Of course, I shot him—so sneering, please. Most every year all the Uncles come to hunt. This year they put up a pool. Every one put in \$1.00 and it went to the one who shot the biggest deer. This included Uncle Art, Uncle Ralph, Dad, Lester, Jay, Harold and some other good hunters. Mine weighed 200 lbs. I offer my services to anyone wishing the big ones.

Jay and Harold are getting ready to start their logging operations soon. Be kinda glad to have these eight red logging trucks out of my back dooryard.

I was sent to Phoenix as a delegate from the local P.T.A. to the American Cancer Society Convention, held Feb. 9, 10, & 11. It was very interesting and I learned a lot. I spent the week with Mother.

There have been no new additions to our family this last year. Maybe better luck next year.

Louine Shields:

Maurine Startup wishes to report the success they have had this year with the Young Married Group in Mutual. They have formed a new age group in the Utah Stake Mutual, which are actually the graduated M. Men and Gleaner group. (No one over 35 years of age.) They have a group of over 300 now, and they have had tremendous success this year with their Dancing and Fun Series, Monthly Fireside chats, and their Tuesday meeting in which they study the Marriage Partnership. Over 250 of them have attended the Temple during the year. Maurine and Elbert have leased their store, and are spending their time Wishful Thinking of their new 6 bedroom home. And more than Wishful Thinking, they are really going forward and making progress.

I think that Ruth Lewis now has the largest family of great-grandchildren, since little Ginger came, but Maurine, not to be outdone, will be incapacitated until the end of August, and she claims she has never been this sick before.

I don't know whether you would be interested in hearing about Beverly Brown Killpack. They are still living here in Orem, and they have two darling little girls, Karen and Vicky. They are thinking of moving to San Francisco where her husband will have much more opportunity in radio.

Karen Startup is taking piano lessons and Gordon Startup got an A in English last term, which is really something.

Carolyn Sagers has had her tonsils out, because she had so much earache and sore throat.

Myn Priestley:

I am so busy singing it's silly. I have about seven Easter programs, and I'm too old to sing and I'm too old to learn anything new, and I'm tired. And I'm silly or I'd know when and how to say NO.

I have had a headache for a month, but today I have glasses (good ones--\$35.00) and I'll sure be mad if they don't help.

The weather is perfect here and I have a nice little garden and six chickens.

Irene Lewis has a sweet baby and she is nicely settled. Her baby looks so much like Art that you can hardly keep from laughing. Ferrell calls her Aurthurine, but she is pretty, too.

Mother is quite well. I am taking her to the old folks reception in Phoenix tomorrow. Eddie is the speaker. They will ride in a parade.

Too bad we can't all live in a town of our own, only who would our kids marry?

Martha Brown: (dated March 15)

Two weeks from tonight will be our farewell party, and then I imagine we will be on the road early for home. We can't help but feel pretty good about going home. We have 160 missionaries coming in for Saturday and Sunday, March 25th & 26th, also the new President coming then.

Ruth Lewis:

Most of all, I'm glad for my little Ginger. She is so sweet, and fat as a butterball. She is good, too. But her hair is definitely red. But after five, any other color would seem just too tame. We just decided we do such a good job of redheaded girls that we'd just specialize! And I'm getting so very well. I felt so good the day after she was born that I decided no one should ever complain if they're not expecting!

Maurine Startup:

Our most exciting activity is planning our new home. We have the contractor and builder and the architect working on the plans and soon will be ready to start digging. It will be a nice big home and we'll finish the basement with 3 bedrooms and a 30 foot playroom and a shower bathroom.

(INSERT FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE)

We hear in a 'round about way that there may be some wedding bells heard from the Kanab way. How about it????????

ERMA'S COLUMN

By Erma Grant

(This is the temporary name of a permanent column—we—hope by our newest columnist. Suggestions for a better name may be sent to Erma or us.)

The sawmill at Eagar has been shut down about six weeks for lack of logs. Some of the other sawmills have had to slow down during the winter months. In contrast to this, Wilford Shumway is running his Elk Mountain sawmill for fourteen hours a day and keeping up a high production schedule. Sherdy Udall has taken the cutters back in the woods now and all mills should be going strong again in the near future.

Uncle Eddie Whiting has been spending quite a bit of time in Phoenix and Tucson the last couple of months. The Phoenix yard more than doubled the previous year's business. Wilford has been helping him build a new lumber yard in Tucson that has kept him pretty busy.

Farr Whiting, President of the Navapache Electric Cooperative, and Dewey Farr, General Manager, are making another trip to Washington, D.C. This time Mel Whiting is going along and instead of flying, they are taking a car so that they can see some of the sights. They will spend several days in Washington, completing some contract negotiation and other business, and then possibly return via Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

Interest in the coming reunion is beginning to "perk." Farr and Virgil made it into the Homestead recently and filled the ice house with ice for use next summer. There is more activity around Sierra Trigo. The halftrack is making trips to the top with special radio equipment, testing it as a location for a relay station for the REA two-way radio station. If the tests prove successful, the radio station will be located on top of the old knoll. A power line will run up to the top of the knoll, and this will put the line close enough so that we can have cheap electricity as the Homestead. The original plan was to put this station on Sierra Montoso, but Farr, as usual, did some of his shrewd talking and convinced that that Sierra Trigo would be a better location.

If you should see Mabel Shumway in Phoenix every week, it doesn't mean that she has moved down there. She has to take Richard to the doctor every weekend. Melba Udall also goes down about once a month. She takes Michael to the dentist, who is putting braces on his teeth.

If anyone is interested in learning how to fatten out cattle, just contact Eddie Whiting or Albert Brown. They now think they are experts on silage. If you go out to one of their pits and take a smell, you'll know they are experts. Albert says ensilage is one thing that smells better the more you smell it, and you finally get to like it. It smells like plain old corn "likker" to me.

Brent Brown has had mumps. He wasn't sick and was hard to keep in bed, but he looked pleasingly plump on one side and ate like a horse.

Albert and Elda Brown and boys have been to Phoenix a couple of times to visit Grandma, Myn, and Don E. and do a little business.

We haven't seen Ralph Whiting or any of his family since they moved to Kanab. We hear about them in various ways, but we miss having them drop in once in a while.

We may have some move of the family moving out to California in a few years...stars for Hollywood!! The third grade just put on a play. Brent was the Prince of Hearts, Michael ruled over them as the King of Hearts, Webb Whiting was the Knave of Hearts, and Rita Grant was Princess of Hearts. Even though they were not mentioned in Louella Parson's column, they all gave fine performances. Maybe there will even be another trip to the Orpheum Theatre sometime in the future...but let's hope that if they have a snow scene the snow will come down in flakes instead of boxes. Remember when they took "The Two Orphans" to the Orpheum and how Uncle Earnest told Melvin Greer to be more careful when he let his snow fall, and Melvin told him gravely: "Hell, I am up there on a 2x4 and I want to have a word of prayer before I go up there again."

I hear that Virgil and Jay Whiting are in the race again with all bets placed on Mr. Stork. I haven't heard from Lester. Isn't he going to enter this contest to see who gets the first boy? Even though we always talk about Virgil, Jay, and Lester, I think LaVell, Aleen, and Louise will no doubt have something to do with it also and should at least get honorable mention.

Rex Lee received his Life Scout award at the last Scout Court of Honor. He has all of his merit badges earned to become an Eagle Scout. He will get this award in about six months. Phil Brown has his second class Scout Award. Aunt Elda says he is nearly to drive them all crazy making fires. He has just learned to make them without using match (He just rubs two Boy Scouts together). She says he makes them any time, any place. She just hopes he won't become so engrossed in it that he forgets himself completely and starts a fire in school.

Aunt Elda and Uncle Albert Brown just celebrated their 32nd wedding anniversary on March 19th. I sat behind them in Church Sunday night, and to watch them you would have thought they were newlyweds instead of being married 32 years. Virgil and LaVelle Whiting also had an anniversary this month. They had been married nine years on March 5th.

The residents of St. Johns think they will soon take the title of "The Windy City" away from Chicago. A couple of weeks ago the wind blew so hard it just picked up on section of the hangar at the airport, lifted it clear up over the top of the rest of the hangar and carried it several hundred feet before setting it down. Up at the Eagar mill it tipped lumber piles over that had 25,000 feet to the pile. Piles that were not bundled were scattered like matches. It blew the roof off one of the dwelling houses. The farm on the south side of the road is now on the north side of the road....at least the topsoil is.

In spite of all the advice Virgil received that he was passing up a good thing by not having a swimming pool under his house, he decided to give it one more try and see if he couldn't make it into a basement, as was his original plan. It seems that the water level is too high on his lot, and when excavating for his basement, he struck water after digging only two or three feet. After much pumping and pouring waterproofed cement, he thought he had it licked, but the water gradually seeped back in, making a lovely indoor swimming pool. He might have been persuaded that an indoor swimming pool, being the only one in St. Johns, would have been a good idea, but when LaVelle found out that the frogs

and water dogs like it, too, she put her foot down. So now they have poured another layer of cement and have a nice, dry basement.

St. Johns is becoming quite the city. They are oiling several streets now, and they recently put in a sewer system. We are just about ready to open our new hospital, too. The head nurse, who will manage the hospital, arrived yesterday and they plan to have it open in about a week. Farr is chairman of the hospital committee and has played a very important part in getting it built.

Wayne and Billy Whiting have a sweet little girl. She was born February 8th and they named her Corliss Jean. She had to stay in the hospital about a month, but she is home with her proud Mother and Daddy now and doing fine.

KIDDIES' KUTE KUIP KORNER

From Geraldine Sagers:

Kenneth Sagers was saying his prayers and said: "Bless all my little cousins, and all my old ones."

Kenneth has been fascinated ever since Willard, his father, killed that deer last fall, about where meat and other food comes from. One day I cooked a roast of deer meat and he sat at the table saying: "Yes, that's a deer. I can see his eyes right there and his mouth there, etc." We couldn't keep him still. Will Sagers gave us some pork and when he found out that they killed a pig he has been almost as bad about that. The other day he wanted to know what rabbits give us and I said: "Meat to eat and fur for fur coats." He said: "Where is it? In their mouths, do they keep the fur and meat?" Friday I made a cake and Carolyn wanted to know what kind it was. I said: "That is an angel food cake." Kenneth looked up and said: "Did we kill an angel."

Last fall, while riding into Salt Lake, Carolyn said: "Oh, look, the sunflowers are having conference."

From Nita Bushman:

Linda Bushman, age 3, said, one night when family prayers weren't said before supper, as she was climbing into her chair; "Say, Daddy, you forgot to have us sit on the floor for the blessing."

Richard Heward, age 4, was telling his Grandpa (Earnest) the news one night and all of a sudden his eyes got as big as saucers and he said in a horrified voice; "Grandpa do you know there is another church across the street from our Church and they got a creatchur in there and he pounds on the desk whenever he tells them what they suppose to do. And Grandpa some Mormons have been going to the Catholic Church, too." Grandpa said, "What church do you go to?" "I go to the Whiting church."

THE OUTLAWS

Dedicated to the spouses. Guest editor—Darwin Grant

What in the h--- (heck, that is) does a guest reporter report about?

For inspiration I spent the night up at the Homestead last Saturday night. As I looked around at the lonely, quiet, desolate frame skeletons that were once tents filled with laughing, screaming, early raising relatives...nothing came to me...nothing at all. All I could think was I wonder if I can get back to the house before I freeze up and bust. Now, as I stand by a roaring fireplace and look out the window, even that five foot snow drift over by Uncle Earnest's house looks pretty.

Virgil and I have just finished filling the ice house with snow and ice and have started the light plant. As I sit here in front of a big fire with all the comforts of home, by golly, the old Homestead is a pretty nice place. It reminds me of the statement of a famous man...four score and seven years ago, our forefathers brought forth on this Homestead a new family, united and dedicated to the fact that they should have a reunion at this place.

I feel it a privilege and an honor to be able to claim relation, even by marriage, to this happy family called the Whitings. I sincerely hope we will keep having these most enjoyable reunions.

Darwin

News Items:

Jim Bodell is working for Paulsen Construction on two school buildings now. He surely does enjoy it. Maydene says it is wonderful having him do work that he likes.

Aunt Gladys and her girls have been in Salt Lake City to visit Rex. She is better, they say.

From Uncle Albert (in a letter to Nathel—he didn't know we might publish it) "The cows, ensilage, hay, calves, horses, chickens, kids, and bulls are doing fine. The help here in the P.O. are doing fine. In fact, my wife is doing all O.K. too. She is the best one I ever had."

We hear Uncle Albert has been having water dog trouble. Three of the little varmints have got into his water pipes and stopped them off so his cows have nearly choked while he has had his pipes dug up. He is thinking of getting Myn to come and help him out, as he knows she gets along well with these animals.

We have at hand a picture (we wish we could print it). It is a two-column picture which recently appeared in the Deseret News, of our famed magician, "Lester the Great." We quote: "Lester R. Carlston, Salt Lake City illusionist, assisted by his wife, Louise, sharpen up on one of their acts. They will be one of the featured billings at the mystics variety benefit at South High Friday at 8 p.m. All proceeds from the benefit will be donated to rheumatic fever research. The event is sponsored by the Alpha Epsilon chapter of Beta Sigma Phi, an international business woman's sorority."

Louise writes: “Lester is remodeling the store—putting in new lighting fixtures and produce cases and moving the back wall back four feet to get more space. We are putting on a magic show for the benefit of Rheumatic Fever Research. Wish you could be here. Lester is going to float me in the air!!”

(Ed. Note: We hope you S.L.C. folk can prevail upon Lester to put on some magic for us at the Reunion.)

POET'S CORNER

We would like to have a full page of poetry every time. Anyone with anything to contribute, send it in, whether written by yourself, some other member of the family, or just something you think would be of interest to all of us.

This month, we have one poem, written by Lester Whiting. He is not the Lester Whiting you all know, but is the grandson of Elisha Whiting, and a full cousin of our Grandpa (Edwin Marion) and Uncle John Whiting, etc. When Edwin Whiting and his parents came westward, the parents dying on the way, the other brothers and sisters stayed in the Middle West. At the present time, Lester Whiting is a minister in the Reorganized Church. Aunt Martha, who has visited him many times, has collected information to give us some of the details of this story, and we hope to present this in one of the future issues. We are proud of our Whiting relatives in Missouri, and hope to hear move from them.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

As through life I wend my way,
Plodding on from day to day,
Toward the setting of the sun
When my work on earth is done,
This prayer is constantly with me,
Lord, let me grow old gracefully.

Tis many years since as a lad
I plied the hoe 'long side of Dad,
But times have changed, 'tis better so,
For changes make this old world go.
And still this prayer comes back to me,
Lord, help me grow old gracefully

Because things change, I need not whine,
Nor growl, nor grumble, nor repine
Nor fret and stew and fuss and scold,
And cling to things that have grown old.
Better still that I shall be
Found growing, growing gracefully.

Ox teams have given way to trains,
Which proves that humans still have brains,
And, just because someone goes wrong
I need not sing a doleful song.
Better still I'm sure you'll see,
That I should grow old gracefully

Today men fly among the stars
Instead of sleighs, we ride in cars.
So there is change on every hand,

The air, the sea, and on the land.
If we adjust ourselves, you see,
We may then grow old gracefully.

Lester Whiting

TEENAGER'S COLUMN

Guest Editor, for this issue: Norma Jean Berry

We have a complaint to take this time to the stork that brought Grandma Whiting 86 years ago on June 22nd. The reunion is always held on that date and it seems there's going to be a Bee Hive Camp and a Boy Scout Jamboree just at that time. This is going to be the last Jamboree the scouts will be asked to go to. Brains, please!!

*** - don't miss

** - worthwhile

* - save your money

MOVIES

Francis *** - Donald O'Connor has you rolling in the aisle when Francis, his talking mule tells of some enemy's plans. Nobody seems to believe him. At the end of the show you'll have laughed so hard you'll be in the streets.

Samson and Delilah *** - Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr. A good Bible story but maybe too heavy a show. It begins to get boring.

Cinderella *** - One of our old favorite fairy tales. They say the birds in it are better than "Snow White," "Bambi," and "Dumbo" all together, but it's better for little brother and sister.

The Great Lover *** - Bob Hope slightly flops in this. He was better in "Paleface."

TEENSTERS CONGRATULATE:

The biggest kid of all. (I have to get my hands in sometime.) We surely miss Uncle Dean Berry now that he spends all his time in Tucaypah!

David Berry and Floyd Brown. They are both working for their life awards and will be Eagle Scouts in the Fall.

Donnie Priestley – for being so "fat and sassy." (I hope I can duck fast enough.)

Nora Mae Brown. She was a Princess at our Cinderella Ball. Nora paid us a nice compliment the other day. She says she wishes she had a little bit more Whiting in her so she could feel like she really belonged in the family when they were all having so much fun.

Norma Jean and Louine Berry – for their wonderful super-superb marvelous Berry Bang Joint. (I have to get in my advertising.) Last year the sensational Berry Bang Joint sold soda pop at the golf course across from A. Kay Berry's house. If you came to this golf course in disguise you would be shocked. When you first come around a green hedge we (Louine and I) begin yelling, ringing a bell and jumping up and down. Most people buy something then. But if they're stubborn we always sneeze,

knock something over, or have to chip ice just at the moment they want to hit the ball. (They buy something.)

Floyd Brown – for being such a ladies’ man. When they divided his ward, it left only two girls. Of course, he happened to be interested in both of them, but it made him sore just the same.

Floyd really did something sensational the other day. He came back from a scout trip unharmed. If any of you happen to know Floyd and have kept up with his past experiences, you’ll have trouble believing it. Floyd came back with a broken limb one time, another with a lip he just bit through, and such little experiences. You may not believe me, but it is true.

BOOK OF MORMON QUESTIONS

These are given for anyone who is interested in looking up the answers. When you find it, write it down. The correct answers will be given next time.

1. What were the four things contained in the plates of Laben?

(1) _____

(2) _____

(3) _____

(4) _____

2. (a) How many of the sons of Helamen fought at the City of Cumeni?

(b) How many were killed? _____

(c) How many were wounded? _____

3. At what spot did Christ appear to the Nephites? _____

4. How old was Mormon when he became a general? _____

5. What hereditary right did Ammon refuse? _____

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

We of the editorial staff thought it might be interesting to list separately some of the church jobs held by members of the family. We know that this is an incomplete list. Let's hear about your job next time.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Church Job</u>
Rex (Whiting)	Stake missionary
Marjorie "	Secretary of the primary
Willard (Sagers)	Stake missionary and president of seventies.
Geraldine "	Theology teacher in Relief Society.
Jay (Whiting)	Pres. Of 70's, ward teacher, S.S. teacher, counselor in M.I.A.
Aleen "	Pres. YWMIA, S.S. teacher, Relief Society teacher.
Harold (Bushman)	Pres. Of YMMIA, S.S. teacher, ward teacher.
Nita "	Gleaner leader, R.S. teacher (theology), and S.S. teacher
Austin (Simper)	Bishop's counselor, Scoutmaster, ward teacher.
Beth "	Ward Amusement Chairman, and S.S. teacher. (In case you hadn't noticed, the Fredonia M.I.A. is almost strictly a Whiting organization.)
Grant (Shields)	Adult Aaronic teacher, S.S. chorister, ward teacher.
Louine "	M.I.A. drama leader.
Elbert (Startup)	High council, in charge of Aaronic Priesthood, ward teacher
Maurine "	In charge of Young Married program in Utah Stake.
Wayne (Smith)	Sunday School Superintendent (Idaho Falls Tenth Ward).
Aubrey (Andelin)	Adult Aaronic leader working with scouts.
Elda (Brown)	President of Stake YWMIA (St. Johns)
Virgil (Whiting)	Superintendent of Stake YMMIA (St. Johns)
LaVelle "	Stake_____ (Erma forgot to fill it in)
Farr (Whiting)	Secretary of 70's
Mel "	Welfare and placement counselor
Wilford (Shumway)	Senior president of 70's
Mabel "	Stake Relief Society Counselor and Welfare Director
Melba (Udall)	Ward President of YWMIA
Darwin (Grant)	S.S. chorister
Ronald (Brown)	YMMIA Stake Board (Explorers), Chairman, ward Explorer Committee, Elder's Quorum teacher, Genealogy Committee
Helen "	YWMIA Stake Board (Juniors) LDS Girls Counselor, Gen. Comm.
Russell (Burdick)	Ward clerk, Genealogy Committee
Nathel "	Genealogy Committee
Gene (Stoddard)	Chairman, Ward Genealogy Committee
Maree "	Member, same, teacher of Genealogy Class in S.S. (Note: Did you read about the Gridley Ward Genealogy Committee In the Church News about a month ago?)
Randy (Fife)	Bishop's counselor
Norma "	Chairman, publicity committee for the Building Fund.

FACTS FOR YOUR FILES:

Babies: Girls: Ray and Ruth Lewis (Ginger)
Helen and Aubrey Andelin (Dixie)
Wayne and Billie Whiting (Corliss Jean)

Boys: None

Moves: John and Beulah (Heward), Fredonia to Holbrook, Arizona
Lester and Louise (Whiting), Holbrook to Kanab, Utah
Irene and Ferrell (Lewis), Taylor to Phoenix (We don't have their new address)

Released: President and Mrs. F.W. Brown, from the Central States Mission,
March 25, 1950. They returned to Salt Lake City for the present.

MY MA
By Martha W. Brown

My first recollection of Mother was when I was age 2. I saw her spread black jam on a piece of bread for May just as some Indians rode up to our wagon; admiring May's blond hair they asked her to go see their wigwam. How scared I was till I saw Ma's assuring smile, and knew May was safe.

I next see Ma combing my long hair. I was 3 then; with no hair brushes, the heavy comb usually brought tears, but Ma would hold back her tears of sympathy and tell me about the little girl who would not let them comb her hair, and bugs got in it, and drug her down to the river.

I remember that look on her face when she cut my hair, because my little cousin used to pull it so much. Ma took the two long braids and wrapped them in a piece of blue lace, and put them in the dresser drawer. That's where she kept Eddie's baby quilt made by Aunt Amy before she died. And there were pillow slips with lace 6 inches wide made by cousin Lizzie Whitlock. And last a beautiful white skirt with green satin stripes which my Aunt May wore before they had to leave her at House Rock. About 20 years ago Ma gave Eddie the little quilt and May the skirt, and to me she gave the blue lace and two long braids, so now I have a treasure drawer.

My first headaches came when I was four. I can hear Ma's sweet voice now calling me to their bed where Pa could hold his hand on my eyes and I could go to sleep. I've almost forgotten the pain of those attacks, but never will I forget how kind and understanding Mother was. Never once did she say "better get up and it will wear off." But I could feel that she would have gladly taken the pain herself if she could.

Ma was affectionate, but never mushy. But I remember standing in the stable door watching the boys milk and Ma came up behind me and leaning closer she kissed me as only a mother can. It has lasted through all these years.

It was the sweetest singing I ever heard for Mother to sing "Down by the Weeping Willow." I could play chords on the organ for her to sing when I was six.

Ma told us funny jokes about her first day at school. She spoke Danish and the teacher didn't, and how she later found a broken pencil, but Grandpa tied it together, and made her a clean white board. She'd write it full each day and bring it home to be planed clean, and ready for use again. Whether she told Bible stories or fairy ones, she could make you feel the moral in them; but you should hear her tell her own love story.

Everyone liked to visit Ma because she was so witty and jolly, and was such good company. Sometimes women walked for several miles pulling a little wagon with a baby or two in it to stay all night at our house. Ma never had a sister, but had a lot of sisters-in-law to love, and they all loved her. She was especially close to Pa's only own sister, Aunt Harriet, who used to come every few days to have a talk with Ma and go home consoled. We children used to have more fun that going to a picture show just hearing Ma and Aunt Malissa talk and laugh, also, her and Aunt Verone.

Mother saved pieces and made such nice quilts, but the first time I knew a house could burn up was when Ma took one of our newest quilts and hurried over to give it to the ones who had lost their home. She did hard work and fancy work, but always had time to be a good neighbor. One of them told me he'd challenge anybody to keep up with Ma in doing and giving nice things. I'm sure hundreds of people have enjoyed a free bottle of her honey. She was just over to see a sick neighbor when Ralph, age 3, informed Pa, "She's either over to Christabells or the wind has blowed her away."

When we used to put on shows – everyone got a part but Ma – we all played for compliments and got them while Ma got the hard work. But all of us together never got the encores she did by a few tears in the old dialogue with Pa.

Mother was not the jealous type – not ever. Still, I do remember Father joking her a little about the time she got mad because he sat in a hammock with Elda Matice, and that was after they were married, too. But you can't exactly believe that Ma was jealous, when she helped name her third and loveliest daughter Elda, who really was "The only decent kid."

But did Ma care when Pa decided to attend the big fancy dress ball, dressed as an Indian Chief and Em Holley, the best dressed and most popular woman in Mapleton was dressed for his squaw? Why, Ma got busy and helped make costumes, and it was no easy job to make such perfect wigs from our two horses' tails. Sure enough, Ma had as much fun as they did when they walked off with the first prize. I was so proud of Pa that night, and it was really Ma I should have given my praise.

I guess most every child has had a chance to scrape the cake pan, but I don't think anyone's cake dough tasted as good as Mother's. One day I walked in the house just in time to see Eddie and May scraping the last drop and I missed it. I guess Ma would have done as much for any of her kids, but I didn't think so then, for without a word she walked over to the knife drawer, took a clean big spoon, opened the oven and dipped me a spoonful of cake dough. I think that was the best thing I ever tasted.

May and I used to have a lot of leisure time at the sawmill in the summer, so we started sewing carpet rags for wages. I felt pretty smart anyway because I got a prize of 50¢ from the County Fair for sewing a big ball of carpet rags when four years old. Of course Ma had all the worry of it.

After a few weeks, we had earned five cents each. Ma paid us, and that nickel looked as big as the moon to me. Ma didn't say "better put it in your bank," she let us get Uncle Lute Whiting to bring us two quarts of ripe gooseberries. He sold them for five cents a quart.

After a week's wait here he came, and I've often wondered why they can't raise gooseberries like that anymore.

When Ma had a new baby (she had nine of us: I was third), I remember how proud I was because she was the only woman in Utah who could sit up on the third day. How she loved each baby, but still she had a little left for an orphan boy. No wonder God gave her such a numerous posterity and no wonder we all want to go to that good place where she is going.

REMINISCING
By Maree Stoddard

We are supposed to be only as old as we feel, and I feel just sweet sixteen. But I'm glad I'm old enough to remember a lot of things I would have missed had I been born a few years later. I remember Arthur as a tow headed, unpredictable little rascal, and Aunt Myn a thin little "Katherine Hepburn" with long, wavy, flaming red hair. She didn't like cocoa and she wouldn't eat gravy with "specks" in. Oh, yes, I watched her grow a little rounder, but as she did her personality rounded out too and the latter more becomes her; and Aunt Elda, like her Louine but darker hair and whiter skin, more dash, more vitality or something than the girls of today, with their easy living, simply don't have. Something about her always made me feel that she could stand on a hill, and, like Coronado, look out across the golden west and conquer it, if she really wanted to. She was strictly the calico, gingham type. Looked good on a horse, especially in her long tan riding skirt. Aunt Myn looked pretty good, that is until she dismounted. It was always the walk from her horse to the house that made me suspicious she wasn't exactly the cowgirl type. She wasn't really bowlegged. She just had to walk that way for a while.

When I was a little girl, I always told everyone that I was born in an ice cream parlor. I was rather disappointed when I grew a little older and found it was a room behind the old "parlor," and not in among the strawberry ice cream cones and candy jars that I first saw the light of day.

When Lee was born, we were living in a little log house across the street from Uncle Bill Berry's. I remember Mother's bed was moved into the living room for the big event. We asked frequently for a peek at the new baby, but Mother's thin, white face framed in her long black hair, was much more fascinating than Lee's red wrinkled one.

One summer while Mother and Dad were helping at the "parlor," Effie, Arthur, and I all came down with measles. They put us in beds in the room behind the "parlor." Effie and I would lean up on our elbows in bed and watch Arthur perform. It would start out by us all resting quietly, or sleeping lightly. The all of a sudden it would happen. Arthur would start coughing, then would yell so loud we would stick our heads under our pillows but we could still hear him yell in low, quick, bull-like tones, "Maw, (pant-pant) Paw, (pant-pant) I'm chokin', (pant-pant) I'm-a-dyin,' (pant-pant) repeat—(pant-pant)

Grandma, Grandpa, Mother, Dad, all the hired help, and some of the customers would run to his aid, and amid blubbers, gasps and coughing he would either get tired of his own tirade or they would actually make him more comfortable. Anyhow, he would calm down for a while to rest up for another performance.

The old Ice Cream Parlor is always in my fondest dreams. There were glass candy jars all over one wall. A fountain graced the opposite side with a big mirror flanked aloft by the busts of two Indians, male and female. Just what these two Lamanites had to do with the artificial palm trees and the rest of the decorator's scheme of things I never really knew. A fancy partition of stained lattice draped with long dangly green "portieres" separated that part from the place where customers came to partake of the best ice cream in town." Two mirrors placed exactly opposite each other enabled us to see endless

reflections of ourselves. In this alcove were a number of round ice cream tables with heavy wire legs, and chairs to match. No doubt many can recall the little children's table and chairs exactly like the big ones.

Dad made the first bottled soft drink in town, and everyone brought their best girl in for a drink of "Herbert's soda water." There was a choice of one flavor—"Strawberry!" I also recall when a bottle he was corking exploded and hit him in the chin. He still carries the scar.

Whiting's Ice Cream Parlor was simply the most exciting place in town. Aunt Elda was in full bloom and tho still a "teenager" she seemed to have every situation well in hand, including us kids. In the middle of a good loud scolding for us to "get out of the way and mind our own business," I used to marvel how at the sight of a prospective customer or an eligible swain, she could keep from dropping the inflection on the last word and continue on with "Hullo what con I dew four ewe too-day"?? (as light and airy as Lady Vanderbilt herself).

The only time I ever remember seeing Aunt Elda really untidy was once when she ran from Grandma's to the "Parlor" at daybreak after she woke up screaming that she had forgotten and left Kay (four years old) asleep under the candy counter after promising Mother she would take him home with her the night before. Altho the long tongues and laces of her high topped, high heeled shoes were dragging behind, and Grandma's old red bathrobe flapped around her nightgown in the early morning breeze, and her long black hair billowed around her face like a mad woman's she managed to keep the lead with Effie and I running top speed behind. Eva Overson ran a close third, and Aunt Myn brought up the rear some few hundred yards behind.

Aunt Ethel and Uncle Eddie, who lived in the house behind the "Parlor," had heard Kay's cries in the nite and had rescued him. The fear of his experience was quickly erased from his tender mind by the keen gnawing regret that he didn't fill up on candy while he had the chance. This lack of reasoning haunted him until he was grown (probably still does). He used to spend hours showing us kids just which end of the candy counter he would start in at if he ever got that chance again.

Grandpa and Grandma were at the sawmill at this time and it was shortly after the above incident that Aunt Elda became very ill, so ill in fact that word was sent for them to come home.

By the time they arrived, Mother had already called in the doctor and he solemnly declared he was mighty suspicious of typhoid fever. We kids weren't allowed in the house, but we climbed up and peeked in the window. There she lay, her face as white as the sheet. Her eyes were closed and her long black braids hung off the edge of the bed. I wondered if she were dead. Grandma was crying and the whole house took on a quiet, spiritual air.

It was some time later that she rallied enough to speak to Grandpa who sat solemnly by her bedside, occasionally changing the wet cloth on her feverish brow. He leaned over to hear her whisper, "Oh Pa—It musta been those radishes I ate." Grandpa said, "Radishes? Eldee, Eldee, how many radishes did you eat?!" Before she sank into another coma, she managed to say, "Oh, Pa, a ten pound bucket full." "All by yourself, Eldee?" he asked. "Yes, Pa," she groaned, then sank back peacefully into blissful

unconsciousness. Even now Aunt Elda says she can hardly sit down to a table where a radish is present. She claims the picture on a package of radish seeds often makes her sick.

When Arthur started Primary, the teacher ask him his name. He arose and in a loud but dignified voice put her straight. "My name is UNCLE ARTHUR" where-upon he sat down again.

One day at Grandma and Grandpa's house we were suddenly shaken almost out of our skins by Arthur's loud "belling" voice coming from the direction of the barn. On my way out, running behind the crowd ahead of me to see what on earth was the matter; I envisioned that at last Grandpa's old mean stallion was getting sweet revenge on Arthur for the hours he had spent sitting up on the barn waiting for chances to throw little things like cockleburs under his tail. By the time we arrived at the scene of excitement, Arthur had settled down to good, steady but still very loud sobbing. Someone knelt down by him, "blew his nose," and asked what in the world was the matter. He finally managed to sob out this plaintive message—Maw (sob sob) beat (sob sob) me (sob sob sob)." We were all stunned by his words. It was unheard of, unbelievable; it simply couldn't be. For a moment everyone remained stricken. I glanced for signs of blood. Finally someone managed to say, "What did she beat you with?" He continued bravely on with this information: "A great (sob sob) big (sob sob sob sob) handful (sob sob) of (sob sob sob sob) of straw."

One summer when we were living at the mill, Arthur threw down his hat and bet Effie she couldn't kick it very far. She backed up about ten yards and ran and kicked it as hard as she could. As he had carefully dropped it over the stump of a little pine tree and she was barefoot, she nearly stubbed her toe off. Upon learning of Arthur's dastardly deed, Grandma marched him to the house by the ear, threatening among other things to "Jaw his head off" and skin him alive." Farr and Bryant, both accomplices, ran for cover. I was much relieved a little while later to find Arthur with his head still on, and complete with skin, paying for his premeditated crime by "picking" over a mess of beans that looked to me about three feet high. I offered my services, but Grandma refused to shorten his sentence, so I stood and watched him until I got sleepy.

The next day Effie was the envy of us all. Mother made a tiny white sack with strings on to tie on her sore toe. Grandma spent the morning making her a pair of moccasins out of old overalls. Us kids carried her about and made her a crown of daisies. Then on top of all that, Uncle Ralph brought her an armful of rare wild flowers he found while riding on Green's Peak. Arthur was simply an outcast until Effie's toe got well.

One day while Iris Whiting (Brown) was visiting at the mill, Aunt Myn and Aunt Elda coaxed Grandpa into letting us girls swim in the Mill Pond. While we were swimming, Aunt Elda got to telling us about the Great Salt Lake and how she had heard people could float because it was so salty. Aunt Myn suggested we put a little salt in the water and see if it were true. They sent me up to the back porch to get a handful of Grandpa's ice-cream salt. I sprinkled it about and everyone tried to float but nothing happened. They sent me back for more and still nothing happened. I used up half the sack full and no one had managed to float. They all finally decided "you just couldn't believe everything you heard" I never did understand why they wanted to float. Our bottoms rested on the mud as it was.

I remember how Aunt Elda and Aunt Myn used to almost trample over each other to get to the one little broken mirror first when they heard the forest rangers were coming. It was the only time during the summer that Aunt Myn would comb her hair or wear shoes.

Yes, I'm glad I'm old enough to remember many of the little things about the aunts and uncles. The little amusings that have made our great big family so human, so real, so close. Each one of these personalities has grown to make a lasting mark on the lives of all who knew them. Our uncles have lived and worked in unity and harmony with each other such a long time that we think of them as one and often refer to them as "The Uncles" instead of naming them as individual personalities. Surely we cousins must have been something just a little special to have been sent down to belong to this family.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF EDWIN WHITING

By Jennie Bird Hill

In The little town of Lee, Berkshire Co. Massachusetts, near the borders of New York lived the family of Elisha Whiting and Sally Hulett Whiting, 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 wheel right. He was married to Sally Hulett, September 18, 1805. They were highly respected citizens, 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>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
Charles	Sept. 18, 1806	same day
William	Sept. 19, 1807	[21 Oct 1834]*
Edwin	Sept. 9, 1809	Dec. 8, 1890
Charles	Mar. 24, 1811	[about 1842]*
Catherine Louisa	Oct. 3, 1813	May [26]* 27, 1900
Harriet Emelia	Aug. 16, 1815	[1830]*
Emeline	[23]* July 1817	Mar. 4, 1896
Chauncy	Aug. 19, 1819	June 7, 1902
Almon	[7]* Nov. 1821	May 10, 1900 [31 May 1908]*
Jane Fidelia	Feb. 29, 1824	[1846]*
Sylvester	July 29, 1827	Mar. 4, 1912 [19 Jun 1915]*
Lewis (Francis)	Sept. 22, 1831[1830]*	Apr. 10, 1911

[*Information in brackets is added from LDS Family Search]

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.

Edwin's chances for education was very limited but they were all taught the 3 R's, Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic and he wrote a legible hand, extraordinary for his time. At an early age he wrote very creditable verse.

This early life in the forest, no doubt accounts for his love of out of door life and the beauties of nature, the trees, the flowers, the mountains and the desire to hunt. When but a small boy, he decided to go hunting one Sunday morning. He knew this was contrary to his parents' teaching, so he tried to

draw his gun through the cracks between the logs of his bedroom, and go unmolested. His gun stuck and was discharged, inflicting a severe wound in his left arm. He said that was a lesson to observe the Sabbath Day and obey his parents.

He learned his father's trade and made good substantial chairs.

In 1833, when Edwin was 24 years old he married Elizabeth Partridge Tillotson, who was born in Tryingham, Berkshire Co. Massachusetts, highly educated for those days and a school teacher. She was of French descent. In 1837, four years later the gospel was brought to the Whiting family. Edwin and his wife, his father and mother, and some of his brothers and sisters joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They were baptized by Thomas B. Marsh in 1838 and as we find in the life of Christ, the ones to join the church were the humble hard working class of people who listened to the truth.

They were among the early members of our church, and soon joined the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio and there 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 children. They had only stayed in Far West a short time, had built a new 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.

We remember of hearing Aunt Elizabeth tell how she sat on a pile of bedding far into the night with her little daughter Jane very ill in her arms, and Sarah clapped her hands at the big bonfire the mob made of their houses and furniture of selected wood. Little Jane soon died from exposure and lack of proper food. But they were compelled to flee so they joined the Saints at Lima in Father Morley's branch, Edwin Whiting acting as counselor to Brother Morley. For several years the Saints were happy building up the city of Nauvoo and the Temple where they worshipped God without so much persecution. While at Lima, Edwin was appointed colonel in the Nauvoo Legion, and was an active worker at all times.

By advice of those in authority over him and for a religious purpose he entered the law of plural marriage in 1845. He married Almira Mecham. The following year, Jan. 27, 1846, he married Mary E. Cox. That same year he was called on a mission to Pennsylvania and was there at the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He soon returned home and took up arms with his brethren to protect his property and the lives of his family. During the battle of Crooked River, his brothers, Almon, Sylvester, Chauncy, and Lewis and his sister Louisa did not feel that Brigham Young should be leader of the Church so they followed a Mr. Cutler, called themselves Cutlerites and moved up into Minnesota at a place called Clitherall, and to this day they hold tenaciously to the teachings of the prophet Joseph Smith. They still correspond with the children of Edwin Whiting. We enjoy the literature and letters they send us and they have given us for Temple work an extensive genealogy of the Whiting family.

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, not 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 lately erected at that place. There were so many sick in the family at the same time that there was none well enough to get the sick a drink. And even in these trying times the Lord was with them, they still had faith in the Gospel.

A sister of Edwin's, Emeline, married Walter Cox, brother of Mary Cox. The two families were as one big family for years. They had a chair factory and hauled them to Quincy, Illinois where they found sale for them. In this way and with their crops they raised, they prepared to come west. Aunt Mary taught school two terms to help the family. While there at Mr. Pisgah, three sons were born, Albert, son of Aunt Mary, Lucius and Oscar, sons of Elizabeth.

In 1849, in April, they started westward in Brother Morley's company. Edwin and Emeline, now the only ones of the Elisha Whitings to come West, stayed true to the faith.

Volumes have been written on that westward journey of the Saints and as Congressman Leatherwood has said, "It is the greatest emigration trail that was ever blazed, and the names of the men and women will someday stand out in history as the greatest pioneers of the world." They fought Indians, had their cattle stolen and stampeded, suffered from lack of proper food and fatigue from their long tedious journey. After reaching the Black Hills, a heavy snow storm came and for three days they were shut in, many of their best cattle died, and perhaps they would have perished had not provisions come to their aid by President Brigham Young.

On October 29, 1849, they reached Salt Lake City, then not much of a city. It looked a heaven of rest to that travel worn company. Aunt Mary said, "I never beheld a sight so good and so beautiful as Salt Lake City. We were thankful that our journey was at an end. But alas, it was not ended, in a few days, President Brigham Young sent the Morleys, Whitings, and the Coxes to settle on the San Pitch River in Sanpete County now known as Manti. So again they started on their journey south. They had to make their own roads. They were three weeks going from Salt Lake City to Manti some 125 miles. Provo was then a village of some six families. As they passed Hobbie Creek, afterwards known as Springville Edwin remarked, "This is a fertile spot, I would like to stop here."

They arrived in Sanpete County December 1, 1849, with almost nothing to eat and no feed for their cattle, weather cold, and no shelter to keep them warm. Dugouts were made on the South side of the hill where now stands the beautiful Temple. President Young promised to send provisions. The winter was severe, the snow so deep the cattle could not get any grass and most of them died. The Indians came and they had to divide with them to keep peace. No provisions came so Edwin and Orville Cox put on snow shoes, put a little parched corn in their pockets for food, put their bedding on their sleighs and started for Salt Lake City to get help. When they reached Nephi Canyon, they found the teams and wagon sent out by President Young. Brother Don Henry, his young wife, her brother Mr. Dodge, and an Indian, snow bound, their cattle dead, their wagon all but covered with snow. The young wife was very sick, so Edwin gave them the sleigh and they wrapped her up and pulled her to Manti,

while they put their quilts on their backs and walked on into Salt Lake to report conditions to President Young. Aid was immediately sent to the Saints in Manti. Some of this company went back to Salt Lake.

Edwin Whiting's family now numbered fourteen. They all lived in a dugout room in the south bank of this hill, some 16 feet square. One end of it was their chair factory. The wood for their chairs was hauled in on hand sleds from the hills by the little boys and their father.

The following spring in 1850, two baby girls were born, Louisa Melitiah, born May 17, 1850 and Harriet Lucinda, born April 7, 1850. Louisa was the daughter of Elizabeth T. and Harriet was the daughter of Mary Cox.

For several seasons very little was raised, the Indians were hostile because they felt that the white men stole their ground. It became necessary to build a fort to protect themselves. They kept the gates of this fort locked while the men went to their fields to work. They carried their guns with them for safety.

This was the beginning of the Walker War. Edwin Whiting was appointed Captain of the Militia, twice had his cattle stolen and driven off by the Indians. Everything they could get their hands on they would steal.

Edwin often told us a story of one of his big oxen he owned who rebelled whenever an Indian tried to drive him away. He would turn on them and break their defense and come home. He hated an Indian and would lower his head and go after them if they came toward him.

Edwin Whiting tried planting fruit trees, shrubs and flowers, but they could not survive the very cold winters. Their crops were not good but they managed to exist on what they raised and were a happy family in spite of hardships.

In 1854, he was called to Ohio on a mission and was gone two years. While he was away, the grasshoppers came in such numbers that they took nearly everything they raised in shape of green stuff and food. Had not providence come to their rescue, they might have starved. Where the crops were planted and cleared away by the grasshoppers, patches of pig weeds grew and these were used for food until corn grew and ripened.

"A strange thing it was," said the Indians, for these weeds never grew in those parts before.

Walter Cox, Edwin's brother-in-law, divided with his family while he was on this mission to the east. On his return home, he brought many new kinds of fruit trees from his father's farm that he had helped plant when a boy. Also, he brought shrubs and flowers and tried again to grow them in Manti, but the winter was too cold.

In 1856, Edwin married Hannah Haines Brown, my grandmother. Abbie Ann Whiting, my mother, was born in Manti, June 13, 1858.

While he lived in Manti, he was among the foremost men in religious and civil affairs of his community. He was counselor to the Stake President, Morley, and mayor of the city, member of the legislature two terms, and Captain of the Militia in the Walker War.

After finding the climate of Manti unfavorable for the growing of his choice fruits and flowers, he was advised by President Young, to try his nursery at Springville, which he did, moving there in 1861. Here he was able to grow all kinds of his choice plants and fruit trees in every variety. He built a home on the lot where now stands the 2nd Ward church. The old home of the Whiting family was made of adobe with sandstone slips two stories high with two apartments in it. It will stand long in the memory of the older grandchildren, as a place of many happy evenings of fun and amusement.

He transplanted many evergreen trees from the mountains to the different towns, those around the old courthouse in Provo, those at Springville City Park and the large cedar in front of the 2nd Ward Church which stands now as a signal of his life. One in Manti, southwest of the Temple and can be seen for miles around. He said, "I brought this home in my dinner bucket, from the hill around Manti." And I think it was the first evergreen transplanted in Utah. It still stands as a monument to the works Edwin Whiting accomplished in Sanpete County. Emma, wife of Edwin's son, Daniel wrote a poem depicting the similarity of the life of Edwin Whiting and this great tree.

He had one of the largest families in Utah; many of them stand at the head of Stake and Ward organizations in our church. Among his descendants, we find seven Bishops, and many who hold high offices. There have been many, many missionaries that have filled two year missions, and some foreign missions of longer duration.

In his life he did much Temple work for his dead kindred in the St. George, Logan, and Salt Lake Temples.

He was honest, upright, charitable, but never accumulated great riches but was thrifty and loved his children and their mothers, and gave them comforts of life.

He died in Mapleton, December 9, 1890 at the age of 81 years, firm in his testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. He lived the principles of his religion, and did unto others as he would that they should do unto him.

His descendants are numerous and are found in Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, California, and Mexico.

This sketch was written by Edwin Whiting's granddaughter, Jennie Bird Hill, daughter of Abbie Ann Whiting Bird, who was the daughter of Edwin's wife, Hannah Haines Brown Whiting.

BIOGRAPHY OF AMELIA WHITING BUCHANAN
(Who was Grandpa's oldest sister)
By Mrs. Effie Buchanan Hackett

1.

Listen, and I'll tell a story,
That my mother told to me
When at evening we would gather
Around the fireside, by her knee.

2.

She was born in old Ohio,
In the year of thirty-six,
In a town that was called Nelson
Mother's folks were quite well fixed.

3.

But the Gospel found her parents
Joyful news it was to them
Thankful for the glorious message
Brought by God's appointed men.

4.

They believed and soon were driven
From their homes and from their friends
All the fond hopes they had cherished
Had come to a sudden end.

5.

They were driven to Missouri,
There they stayed a little spell,
Till again the Saints were driven
By the cowards of hades and hell.

6.

After months of being driven
The city beautiful came to view
There her father joined the legion
Called the legion of Nauvoo.

7.

Grandpa learned to love the Prophet
Heard him preach and prophesy,
That the saints would flee for safety
To the Rockies bye and bye.

8.

They lived awhile in Nauvoo City

Then with wife and girls and boys,
Moved to a town they then called Lima
In that same state, Illinois.

9.
There he build and owned a chair shop
In that town of Illinois
Thinking he would have employment
For himself and for his boys.

10.
But Alas! The clouds were gathering
That would make the strongest saint grow pale
Again the said news reached their city
That brother Joseph was in jail.

11.
Sad indeed that news was to them
They knew that mobs again would come,
Drive them from that little village,
Drive them from the place called home.

12.
And they mourned for their dear Prophet
And his brother Hyrum too,
Who were in the jail at Carthage
Mobs would dare kill them, this they knew.

13.
Blood thirsty wretches just like demons
Mother, but a little child
Yet, she vividly remembered
Their faces black like Indians wild.

14.
While brother Joseph was in prison
On that sad memorial day,
Grandma sent her son named William
To a store three miles away.

15.
And while shopping for his mother
Shots rang out so loud and clear,
And someone shouted from the doorway
They've killed Joe Smith the Prophet Seer.

16.
All rushed from the store, excited

Some were frightened, some were glad
William wended his way homeward
To tell the news so true, so sad.

17.
He heard the shots that killed the Prophet
Heard the shots that took his life
Heard the yelling of those wretches
In that awful hour of strife.

18.
Not long after they had murdered
Brother Hyrum and the Seer,
Mobs again became like demons
Burning homes both far and near.

19.
Fathers driven from their loved ones
Had to flee for safety where
They could send for wife and children
Left behind in sorrow there.

20.
And if they ventured back to see them
Dear ones that were dying, then
They would kill their homesick fathers
Shoot them down, those wicked men.

21.
Grandma had a dying baby,
Grandpa had to flee away.
Across the river where for safety
Hundreds had gone there to stay.

22.
Mobs were roaming o'er the highways
Roaming through the cities too
Driving all the men from loved ones
Outrageous crimes they dared to do.

23.
One old man, they said they'd let him
Move the families of those men,
They had driven across the river
If they'd ne'er come back again.

24.
They were going to burn the cities,

Every home where Mormons dwell,
"Burn their homes and burn their churches"
This the wicked mob did yell.

25.

So one day Grandma was ready
To move from her place called home,
That old man would call and get them
But alas, he did not come.

26.

They waited long into the twilight
Waited long into the night
Watching o'er their dying baby
And the city burning bright.

27.

Children watching in the doorway
Oh! The flames they reached so high
Now their father's shop was burning
And lit up the earth and sky.

28.

Mother dear come out they shouted
Come this awful sight to see,
Dancing mobs and fighting demons
Burning homes, while saints did flee.

29.

Grandma came into the doorway
Left her dying babe alone
Thinking, yes that every moment
They would come and burn their home.

30.

But the night waned into morning
And the morning into day,
Then the old man came and took them
Moved my mother's folks away.

31.

And while passing through that city,
Where the Nauvoo temple stands
Grandma said look at the temple
Built by many willing hands.

32.

Take one long, long look dear children

See the temple, as for when
We get across the river
We may ne'er come back again.

33.
When they came into the river
They crossed o'er the other side,
Then their darling little sister
Became so sick and then she died.

34.
Grandpa made a little casket
Out of just an old rough plank
Then they buried their dear baby
On the lonely river bank.

35.
Homeless now and without shelter
Hundreds thronged the river side
Through the cold rains and exposure
Many sick and many died.

36. Hungry children, hungry mothers,
Hungry boys and hungry men,
And as the ravens fed Elijah,
God sent quails to help feed them.

37.
From there they went to Garden Grove
Then to Mr. Pisgah, and there to find
They stayed and worked, planned and labored
And crossed the plains in forty-nine.

38.
All had to help and do their portion
Every woman, man and child
So Mother drove two yoke of oxen
Across the desert bare and wild.

39.
When they got to Salt Lake City
Half clad, tired and foot sore,
Brother Brigham sent them onward
No, their journey was not o'er.

40.
On to the valley of old Sanpete
They still trodded through the sand

Till they reached that hill in Manti
Where the lovely temple stands.

41.
There Grandpa built for them some dugouts
Underneath the temple hill,
It was in the bleak November
And the winds blew cold and shrill.

42.
They had to have some place to shelter
Winter now was coming fast
Grandpa worked, toiled and labored
To keep them warm, till winter passed.

43.
Snow fell deep, so deep that winter
Four feet deep and more I wein,
Indians told the suffering people
So heap of snow they ner'er had seen.

44.
Nothing to feed their cattle
Grandpa's oxen, they all died,
So on his back he had to carry
Wood from off the old hill side.

45.
When spring came, how glad and happy
All as thankful as could be
Pig weeds sprang up in countless patches
Just as far as the eye could see.

46.
Saved the saints from old starvation
They were thankful to their God,
Who had kept them safe from danger
From savage men, and prairies trod.

47.
In Fifty-six they sowed and planted
Harvest time it soon would come
When hoppers came in countless millions
Darkened earth and sky and sun.

48.
Hard they fought those little demons
And when three days and nights did pass

Not one thing was left they'd planted
Not e'en a blade of grass.

49.

Time went by and Grandpa prospered
Mother now a girl in years
Father came to this same city
With a band of pioneers.

50.

Father wooed and won my mother
Took her home to be his wife
There to share his joys and sorrows
As they journey through this life.

51.

But their path was not all roses.
No, their hearts were full of fear
For the savages were on the war path
And were fighting far and near.

52.

Killing all they came in contact
Stealing cattle, children too,
Scaring men, outraging women
All things vile they dared to do.

53.

Years of strife with fighting Indians
Father had to be away
Helping quell the red man's trouble
As they fought from day to day.

54.

Then a call came to my father
That he should now a mission take
Go and preach the gospel to hostile Indians
For the Gospel's glorious sake.

55.

Father went as he was bidden,
Facing danger all the while
Learn to count and speak their language
Learn to love the red man wild.

56.

Many years they lived at Manti
Mother's children were all born there

Trials came to her a plenty
Trials that were hard to bear.

57.

Then to Glenwood their way they wended
In the year of seventy-one
Moved away from Manti City
Among new friends to make a home.

58.

In seventy-four they joined the order
Mother wove and knit and spun
Braided hats and made our clothing
Worked from morn 'till set of sun.

59.

She was not always sad and gloomy
Through the years that toil did bring
For I remember, love and cherish
The songs my mother used to sing.

60.

Pioneers so true, so faithful
The great deeds that they have done
Can't be told with pen and paper
Can't be told by mortal tongue.

61.

So let's tell our children's children
Daughters of those pioneers
Tell to them their sad sweet story
Through the coming, coming years.

62.

All honor to the pioneers
All honor to their name
The noble deeds that they have done
Has ne'er been told by mortal tongue
Nor wrote in books of fame
But angels with their pens of gold,
Have written their valiant deeds so bold

Elisha Whiting, Jr.
By Martha Whiting Brown

I understand from the "Whiting Newspaper" that Marie, and I presume others, would like to hear more about Elisha Whiting Jr., father of Edwin Whiting, Sr. So I have visited two of his grandchildren who live a few blocks from the Mission Home here, and they told me the following:

It is true that his father, Elisha Whiting, Sr. was a sea captain who died and his wife, not knowing what else to do, bound their son, Elisha, Jr., out to an old Quaker. He was very cruel to Elisha, Jr., so he ran away to make his own way in the world. He went to Massachusetts and worked for a wheelwright. It must have been there that he learned the trades which so many of his posterity followed, that of making wagons and chairs.

But he was very unhappy and resentful to his Mother and to all concerned that such a thing had happened to him. He never got over that feeling and his children and grandchildren knew that his lips were sealed so far as any experiences of his youth were concerned. Cardelia Perry, his granddaughter, and my father's own cousin told me last Friday that his feelings were so badly hurt that he never wanted to speak of it.

She said one day at his chair and wagon shop in Manti, Ohio (and I wonder if Grandfather Whiting named our Manti, Utah, after this Manti, for he was one of the very first called to settle there), a stranger came into Elisha's shop and brought up the point of being a relative from his early days, and Elisha, Jr., flew into a rage and refused to listen to him, then ordered him to leave his shop at once.

We are told that his wife, Sally Hulett, was a wonderful woman, and that both she and Elisha were some of the most respected citizens. So we, his children's children, will never know, I guess, just what he went through, being sent from home by his mother, Suzanna Butler. But they say he was bitter about it till the day he died.

Sally Hulett had joined the Church sometime before her husband, Elisha, Jr., did, but he was very much against the Church. He said one day he wished he had Joe Smith on his work bench where he could saw his head off. Not long after this he took very ill, and his Grandson, Lester Whiting (about three blocks from here) said he remembered hearing his father tell many times that Elisha, Jr., took very sick, so Sally Hulett, who was then a Church member, asked him to let the Mormon Elders administer to him. He refused, saying, "I would not have their dirty paws on me." He got worse, much worse; his jaws were set; he could not speak; and everyone expected him to die. Once more Sally asked him to let the Elders come. He could not speak, but she felt sure he consented. The Elders came and administered to him. He almost immediately improved and spoke. He was able to be baptized about four days later. He was a faithful L.D.S. until he and his wife, Sally, died at Council Bluffs of Cholera.

I read to Lester Whiting the little sketch in the paper about Far West, from Jennie Bird Hill's history and he said he had not heard that story, but told the following which his father had told to him many times.

Elisha Whiting was a wagon and chair maker when living in Far West, Missouri. He had purchased a lot of new lumber and material. One day when he was not at home a mob came on horses and saw his wife, Sally Hulett, sick in bed. The mob gave her children just twenty minutes to move her, our great grandmother, out of the house before they burned it. The children placed her on an old straw mattress and drug her from the house out into the corn field. The mob came back and burned not only the house but all of the new material which Elisha had acquired for making wagons and chairs.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if Elisha Whiting and Sally Hulett Whiting could see today the numerous posterity they have in Utah alone of Whitings and Coxes. May we, their children, remember their examples and sacrifices for us.

COMMENTS

We thought you would all be interested in some of the comments we have received on the first issue of the Magazine. The first one is in response to the free copy which we sent to the Genealogical Society.

Genealogical Society
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints
80 North Main Street
Salt Lake City 1, Utah
30 January 1950

Norma Fife, Circulation Manager
Edwin M. Whiting Family Paper
1041 Evans
Gridley, California

Dear Miss Fife:

We have received in our Library a copy of Volume 1, No. 1 of the magazine published by the Edwin M. Whiting family. The number was sent from Box 44, Biggs, California but the name of the person who mailed it was not given. We presume it was sent as a gift and shall be pleased to place it in the Library.

We are receiving a large number of magazines published by various societies and from organizations. Some come through subscriptions and others as gifts. We should like to receive a copy of each issue put out by your organization and if there is a subscription price we request you to tell us so that we may send the fee.

The first issue contains interesting and informative material and should certainly be helpful to those interested in this particular family.

We extend our best wishes for success in your new undertaking.

Sincerely,
THE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
(Miss) Ellen Hill, Asst. Librarian

Grandma (Anna Maria)... "I do enjoy reading the book you sent, and I will read it over and over."

May (Berry)... "Just a line to let you know how much we liked the paper. Geraldine and Maydene should both write."

Myn (Priestley)... "The paper came and it really was a thrill and has caused a lot of talk and very favorable discussion among the few of the family I have seen. I hope they wake up and get a few words and pennies off to you so you can get at it again. I'll bet next time you get more news items, too. Maree, I enjoyed your piece especially well and I think you should be writing for other magazines, paper, etc. Write more. It was good, and we are proud of the paper. You have done a good job and I hope we can keep it up."

Geraldine (Sagers)... "Your paper was surely a success. We enjoyed it so much and hope everything will be favorable for continuing with it as you have planned."

Nita (Bushman)... "I received the family paper this morning and I was never so thrilled over anything in all my life. It is grand and all you kids should be congratulated and thanked by every member of the family. A lot of work went into its making and I, for one, value it a great deal. There were babies born in the family last year that I didn't even know about until today. The history of the family members was grand. I think a history of the Uncles and Aunts would be interesting."

Elda (Brown)... "We really think the paper was good and we enjoyed it so much. We're sending in our check and hope they'll keep coming. I think it's a fine idea to have each of Mother's children write some story or experience each time. They will if you'll insist."

Beryl (Whiting)... "We got the paper and enjoyed it very much. We think it is a fine work you are doing. I will get Beth to send news of our family."

Mabel (Shumway)... "Let me tell you how happy we were to get the paper. I think it is a grand idea, and was just thrilled to death with all of it."

Beth (Simper) ... "I really did enjoy the paper and surely do hope it can continue. I think it is so nice to be able to know something of what the others are doing."

Elma (Smith)... "I think the booklet, or whatever it should be called, is wonderful and hope our small contribution will aid in keeping it going."

Maydene (Bodell)... "Enclosed is a ____ check for the wonderful paper. Or, rather, _____ for the paper, and would you please send \$.50 worth of pictures of Grandma and Grandpa? Or if that's more than my allotment, send what you can and put the rest for the paper. And if you need more funds before the year is over, or feel you could use more to enlarge the paper or anything, don't hesitate to ask. The Bodells want to back you every step of the way on this paper that has been talked of for so long but not 'acted on.' Rex and Marjory Whiting live upstairs, you know, and they were just as thrilled as we were."

Ray (Brown)... "Thanks for the reminder which came in the morning's mail. It (the magazine) was just one of these many things which we were so in favor of that after a time each of us thought the other must have attended to it. Good luck. We think both and idea and the results are wonderful."

Erma (Grant)... "I think you kids did a very good job on the family magazine. That represented a lot of good hard work, and it was very good."

Louise (Whiting)... "Les told me to write and send you kids a check, for you surely are deserving."

Art (Whiting)... "We received the paper and enjoyed it immensely. We all want to congratulate you on your fine job. Keep up the good job and we will all support you."

Martha (Brown)... "Just read the Whiting newspaper, and was delighted with it. Liked the 'cover' page—most everything in it. Liked the pictures of Pa & Ma. Hope you have enough for future papers."

"1st, I think, however, you should figure an actual cost per paper and ask that much and not let a few pay too much. (Ed. What does everyone else think about this suggestion? Which way would you prefer it?)

"2nd, It's not written plain enough. We made several trial copies to get the ink distributed well. Also, the carbons need care to type clear, etc. (Ed. We hope we have done better this time.)

"3rd, you ask for donations for a subscription to the paper, and don't say whether you will ever put out another paper or not. We all have Whiting blood and I hope I get more than this for my money, so you see I want more.

"4th, I think you should offer a prize for the best 8 or 12 line poem.

"Yesterday we made a special visit to see Lester Whiting. He is my father's own cousin. I took the little 'newspaper' you sent to show him. He would like a copy if you have one. I would like you to send me two if you have any extra, so I can give both him and the other second cousin, Earl W., each one. They have never seen the "Coat of Arms" before.

"I forget whether I told you Dad (Frank Brown) usually won't read anything but the leading Church books, so I was afraid he would not read our little family paper. But a few days after it came, he was awake in the night so he picked it up, and couldn't lay it down till he was through, then he said he couldn't go to sleep for thinking about it. So I am sure he wants another."

Maurine (Startup)... "I think the paper you all put out is simply a wonderful job and send congratulations to all editors and reporters. I got big lumps in my throat several times and couldn't put it down until I'd read it from cover to cover. Enclosed please find a check for _____. If that isn't enough let me know. This time was perfect! Next time, let's hear specifically from all the uncles as well as May and Marthy. Give them a special topic to reminisce on. You could have Aunt Elda and Aunt May write out some of Grandpa's favorite stories. I'd like a book edited of those alone. Mother has copies of many of the old songs; Tom & Ned, etc. Let me know if I can help. We'll want to have these bound."

Ed.: Dear Maurine: We hereby appoint you a special editor of a section to include Grandpa's stories and songs, and similar material. Your job is to write to the Uncles and Aunts, and others and get them to write these things down; as you send them in, we will include them in the magazine, and at the same time run off extra copies. When we get enough of them, we will have them bound. Please advise us whether you will accept this appointment.

There is just enough room here to insert a news item we forgot elsewhere. The Brown family really hit the headlines with four articles in one issue of the Church Section of the Deseret News, about February 15. There was a story about Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha being released, another article on the Central States Mission, a picture of Ray with a letter received from the wife of a man he gave a Book of Mormon back in 1932, and a nice write-up of the Young Married Program Maurine is developing in

the Utah Stake. Did you notice all these items? A few weeks later, Kay Berry's picture was in—as he was made counselor in the Pasadena State Presidency.

EDITORIAL

My, how this thing has grown! When we first started talking about this publication some six months ago, Nathel didn't think she could ever find enough news to fill her half of the suggested 10-page paper. The first issue had 13 pages. This one has 29. If anything has been omitted, we are sorry. Next time, contact your reporter, and be sure she sends us all the news.

This was made possible by the very excellent cooperation of the whole family. We have given credit to some of you on the title page. We can't mention everybody but we do thank you sincerely. We appreciate the many letters we received praising us for our work. We appreciate even more the few letters we received with criticisms and suggestions. If you have any criticisms, we hope you will send them to us. We know we make mistakes. We want your help to correct them. We wish we could answer every letter individually, but we can't.

We want to thank you for your response to our request for funds. We have already received \$92.50. Our first issue cost \$26.98, as follows: engraving, \$4.75; printing & paper (for picture), \$5.30; stencils, \$2.85; paper, \$5.71; envelopes, \$2.45; Correction fluid (for stencils), \$.50; sales taxes, \$.66; and stamps, \$4.77. We don't have the final figures for this issue yet.

We still have quite a few copies of the pictures that appeared in the last issue. They will be sent to the first to ask for them.

We want to announce some additions to the Staff. Aunt May has consented to be a special editor in charge of pictures. If you have anything of interest, send it to her. We have asked Maurine to be in charge of gathering Grandpa's stories and songs, so we can publish them. We are asking Leilani to be our Home Editor. If you have suggestions about cooking, housekeeping, etc., send them to her. Erma is now a reporter and we have asked her to be a columnist, too.

As you see on the cover, we finally picked the name of the Whiting Tree for our magazine, with the help of Uncles Herbert and Frank and Aunts May and Martha. We decided that this was especially fitting, indicating that our magazine was concerned with everything about the Whiting family, the roots, trunk, branches, etc., the present, past and future. We don't know who first suggested the name, but it wasn't entered in time to be eligible for a prize. We haven't yet decided who is entitled to the prize.

In case any of you think we are repeating, we are. Our story of Elisha Whiting, Jr., in the January issue, was taken from the story of Edwin Whiting. This time, we decided to print the entire story, so of course some of it is a duplication.

Again, Thank you. See you at the Reunion!

THE EDITORS

A news note from Lorana (Whiting), received too late to include elsewhere:

Irene and Farrell moved to Phoenix, to run one of Whiting Brothers' new Stations. Other than being homesick, they are really crazy about it. We hated to see them go.

Betty is happy. Norman and Gary are well again. They had the mumps and whooping cough together. Norman Craig is attending Kindergarten this year. Annette is doing very well in school. For the last six week period she was highest for scholastic rating in the school, with 106.

Milton is President of the Mutual. I am organist for the Primary.

Art says his understanding of the Reunion is that the Whitings in Holbrook are in charge of the housing of everyone, arranging for food, and seeing that the grounds are in order for the Reunion. The Whitings in St. Johns are in charge of all recreation such as programs, etc., that we have. Plans are being made for a bigger and better Reunion this year. We hope everyone will be here. It will take everyone to make it a success. Come as early as you like, the sooner the better.

From Marjorie (Whiting): Sorry we've been so negligent in answering. We would like very much to receive the family magazine.

Rex is out of school now. He's through with his advertising, salesmanship, filing and Junior Accounting Course. That ought to qualify him as a business man (I hope).