

The Whiting Tree

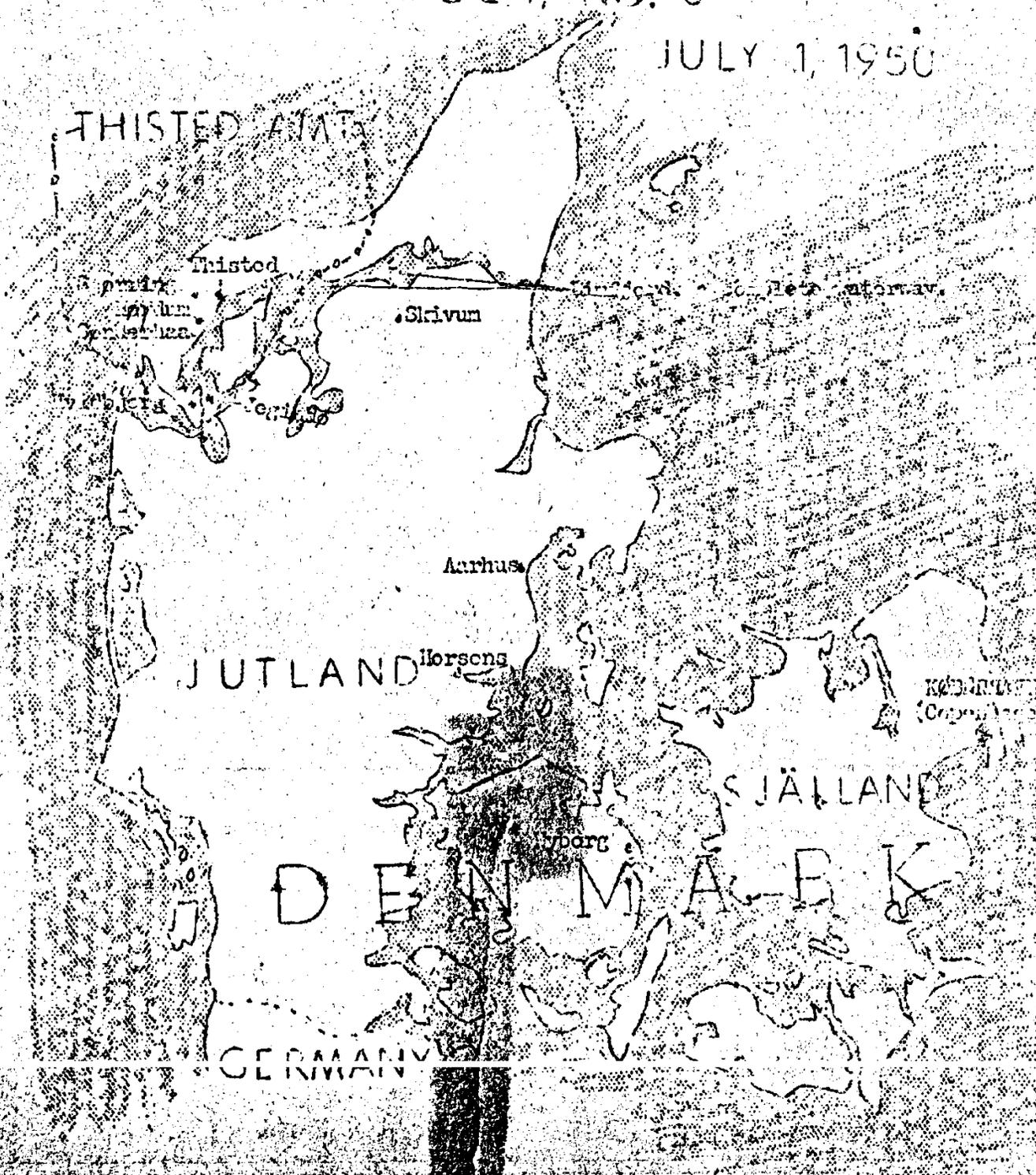
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THE WHITING TREE

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Volume 1, Number 3

July 1, 1950

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The Cover

The Cover for this month is the map of Denmark, emphasizing the fact that this issue is dedicated to our Danish ancestors. On the map are indicated the locations of some of the places our ancestors knew and loved. These are particularly Jegindø, Sønderhaa and Hørdum. All of these are located in Thisted Amt (meaning County).

ø as a suffix, means Island in Danish. Therefore Jegindø means Jegind Islandd, which is a small island in a narrow fjord or bay, entirely devoted to farming.

In referring to the map while studying the following pages, note: Byrup, Knattrup and Ibsted are the names of farmhouses. Ib is a German name. Ibsted means "Ib's Place." Thus a man born in Ibsted, Jegindø, Thisted Amt, Denmark, was born in a farmhouse named "Ib's Place", on Jegind Island, in Thisted County, Denmark.

Sjølling is the place where Proust (Priest) Hjortsvang, Grandma's half cousin lives.

These pictures did not scan very well. Hopefully you can do better with them.



EXPLANATION OF PICTURES

1. Martha Kirstine Clemmensen (Dahl) Isaachsen.
2. Peder Isaachsen (Isaksen), our wonderful grandfather.
3. Peder Isaachsen's sister, Ane Marie Isaacasdatter, the only other member of that family to join the Church. She married Anders Christensen Bregsen. They had several children, among them, Jim (Jens Bach) Andersen, now living in Bakersfield, Calif., and Hedvig Nielsen, not living in Bedsted, Denmark. Her daughter, who not lives in Denmark, let Dean read the letter which Grandpa Isaachsen wrote to her declaring to her that the gospel is true.
4. Edwin Isaachsen Whiting, the first grandson of Peder and Martha Isaachsen, born September 3, 1882.
5. Interior view of Church on Jegindø, Denmark.
6. Anna May Whiting, the first granddaughter of Peder and Martha Isaachsen, born October 11, 1884
7. Baptismal font in which Isaach Olesen and Ane Magarthe Pedersdatter's 7 children were baptized, including Grandma Whiting's father, Peter Isaachsen, on August 3, 1828. He had been born May 30, 1828, and baptized at home on the same day.
8. Francis Dean Berry, the first of Grandpa and Grandma Isaachsen's posterity to return to Denmark, where he filled a mission. He brought most of these scenes and pictures to us from there, taken with his own camera. They bring us closer to our grandparents who gave so much that we might live this gospel in these latter days. Dean met some of these dear relatives, who treated him very well.
9. Church at Sønderhaa, Denmark. Isaach Olesen, at the age of 56, married Ane Magrethe Pedersdatter, age 22, here, on December 10, 1825.
10. The alter in the church on Jegindø, Denmark. Grandma Whiting's mother's parents stood before this alter to be married on December 15, 1815.
11. After Peder Isaachsen's father died, his mother married Niels Christensen. This is the grave of their only child, a son who has children not living in Denmark, one of whom is a prominent Lutheran clergyman.
12. View of the countryside near the farm where Peder Isaachsen was born. Near Sønderhaa, Revs County, Denmark.
13. Church at Hørdum, Thisted County, Denmark, where Peder Isaachsen's mother, Ane Magrethe Pedersdatter, was baptized August 4, 1803. This church played a prominent part in the christenings, confirmations, marriages, and funerals of her family for several generations.
14. Church on Jegindø (Jegind Island) Denmark. It was in this church that Grandma Whiting's mother, Martha Kirstine Clemmensen (Dahl) Isaachsen was baptized into the Lutheran Church on June 23, 1822, when she was almost 7 weeks old. She had been baptized previously at home on the day she was born.

Jegind Island is about one and 1/3 miles long, by two and ½ miles wide. It is perfectly flat and consists mostly of farming areas. The island is connected to the mainland by a bridge and this is the only way to the mainland except by boat. The people there are exceptionally friendly and hospitable.

EATIN'S FUN
(by Leilani Cunningham)

. . . We hope you like our new column. I will try to find all the old family recipes first. When this supply is exhausted then I will start on the modern ones. Any suggestions will be appreciated. There is always some woman that seems to be able to cook a recipe a little better than anyone else. Mother claims that when she thinks of the following foods she thinks of the following people:

Danish Dumplings – Grandma Whiting
Mustard pickles – Aunt Elda
Parker House Rolls – Aunt Ethel
Pies, any kind – Aunt Gladys
Baked Beans – Aunt Beryl
3-in-one, cream Sherbet – Mable Shumway
Pumpkin Pie – Beulah Heward
French Fried Onions – Maurine Startup
Baked Ham – Ruth Lewis
Milk Gravy (no specks) – Aunt Myn
Date Nut Cake – Norma Fife
Apple Pies – Russell Burdick
Roasted Almonds – Randy Fife
Danish Apple Cake – Dean Berry
Tacos – Joycell Coopers
Sweet Potatoes & Ham – Beth Berry
Lemon Pies – Virginia Berry
Whole Wheat Bread – Helen Andelin
Peppermint Tea – Mother (Maree)
Ground Corn – Uncle Albert
Fruit Salad – Ruth Brown
Chess Pies – Betty Lepper

Recipes

Danish Apple Cake (Contributed by Dean Berry)

...Take 4 lbs. of apples, peeled, cored and sliced. Cook until soft in a little water, then add sugar and a little vanilla...Bake ½ lb. toasted bread crumbs ground fine with a good dab of butter and a little sugar....Make a pudding (vanilla preferably) using about ¾ quart milk....Lay a layer of apples in bottom of bowl, then a layer of bread crumbs, than a layer of pudding, then apple, then bread crumbs, then pudding, Top with whipped cream (Mix warm-eat cold).

This is literally translated from a recipe given me by a landlady in Copenhagen. She said any woman would know how to fix it from this description. It is best not to have the apples too done.

Red Mush

2 c. fruit juice sweetened to taste
2 lemons
4 tbsp. corn starch

Directions

Bring the juice to a boil.
Dissolve starch in small amount of water. Stir slowly into boiling juice. Pour into mold. Cool and serve with whipped cream.

Sweet Soup (Contributed by May Berry)

½ c. Rice
1 c. Raisins
1 c. Prunes
1 c. Apricots
1 c. juice of 2 lemons
Sweeten to taste

Add 1 tsp. of cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. allspice

Cook raisins and prunes till tender.
Serve hot or cold.

(Best of all Danish dishes to kill deer and dry the hams.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ronald:

Just a line to tell you what a good job you did on the last magazine. We surely did enjoy it. I don't know when anything ever brought back so many old memories as the last issue of the Whiting Tree. It was just what I needed. I wonder if our children can ever have the kind of old wonderful memories that we have. I am so glad that Mother and Dad are back again so my children can have grandparents. Maree's column brought back so many things to remember that I wonder how many remember; the wonderful chandelier in Grandma's living room, the attic with the old spinning wheel in, and all Aunt Myn's romantic love letters in her wonderful hope chest (every child should read a few old love letters on the sly). The big haystack in the old barn, the most delicious peas and currants in Grandma's garden, the name "Lucy carved in the old outhouse, (I feel sorry for everyone who has never sat in an old outhouse and looked at the wonderful pictures in a Sears catalogue). Then there were the wonderful Fourth of July's with the big old cannons waking everyone up, and I'm sure there never were such good parades as they used to have. I wonder if there was ever such a romantic trio of young girls as Aunt Myn, Maree and Effie. And no one could ever write about old memories without remembering that wonderful Uncle Lynn and his never ending wit.

Best wishes, Ruth Lewis

* * * * *

"I am so sorry I have been so slow writing to you folks and telling you how much we enjoy the family paper. We do like the name you have given it. Everything in it was good. Uncle Earnest enjoyed it so much. Gene's piece he wrote was so good it came from the heart. We are so happy he likes all of us. Uncle Earnest goes so fast he just doesn't have time to write but he does know you are all working hard to get this paper out and if at any time we can do anything like more money, let us know. That is the least we feel we can do.

"We have moved into our new home on 203 East 2nd Ave. It is such a lovely home, with three bedrooms. Everything is so nice, I love everything about it.

"Hoping you folks are all well. Grandma is either sewing on quilt blocks or crocheting all the time. It is wonderful that she can keep busy, to pass the time."

Love to all, Aunt Beryl and Uncle Earnest

* * * * *

"We have received Volume 1, Number 2 of the publication "The Whiting Tree", and we want to congratulate you on your very fine job you are doing.

"We particularly enjoyed the Sketch of the Life of Edwin Whiting, our Great Grandfather. Although we have practically the same story in our own records, we were glad to have you print the story in your publication.

"We like the articles giving the news of the different members of the family. These articles would seem to hold the family closer together. The list showing the positions held in the Church by the members of the family is excellent.

"We are planning a similar publication ourselves. Hope you don't mind if we use some of your ideas. We would appreciate any suggestions that you might have along this line and especially would appreciate receiving Volume No. 1, No. 1.

"We are looking forward to an opportunity of getting better acquainted with your family. Several of us are making plans to get down to Arizona this summer."

Sincerely,

W. Verl Whiting, President
The Edwin Whiting Family
Post Office Box 88
Springville, Ut.

* * * * *

“Will Whiting let me take the Whiting Tree to read and I loaned it to Amelia W. Buchanan’s grand-daughter to read her Grandma’s biography. She asked if I would write you for her to see if you wouldn’t send it to her for a year. She is Mrs. Letta H. Staples, 45 E. 4th North, Richfield, Utah. You can also send it to me if you would like. I got so much news of all of you I have lost track of for so long. Also, the histories mean so much.

“We are both quite well. The only thing wrong with me is my hands, with arthritis (oh, yes, my head—I forgot). Give the family all love and best wishes.”

Aunt Carrie (Starley)
261 No. Main
Richfield, Utah

“I wonder if we really don’t take our wonderful family for granted sometimes? Jack and I have often wondered just what our life would be without them. I think that perhaps what impressed Jack the most about our family was the fact that so many could be so close and yet have no petty differences or feeling. He says that he still marvels at the love and unselfishness that our family shares. How good God has been to us to give us such love and affection at such a time when there is so little of it in the world. I think perhaps much of the credit should go to the uncles, who are always quick to be the first ones to give anything or plan something for all the rest of us at their expense. I think that many of us could improve our lives and outlooks if we but follow some of the things that they do. For instance, never, not once have I ever seen them out of sorts or not in good humor when at a family gathering. They are always the life of the party and the first ones to try out anything. No sir, no poor sports are my uncles. I still think Earnest should run for President (especially now, Truman could use the help).

I want to know if any of you have seen a picture of Uncle Eddie when he was young? I did the other day, and let me tell you, that was the handsomest man I have ever seen. I am going to write my first fan letter just as soon as I get through with this. Then there is Uncle Art with his quick sense of humor and great big heart, where there is always room for one more person. And of course Ralph, with his quiet humor and gentleness. I think that it would be a close race between him and Eddie for their gentleness. But all with a quick sense of humor and always the first to laugh if the joke is on them. I love them all dearly, with a special place for each one neatly catalogued in my heart. I am sure that I am not the only one who feels this way. I know you all do, for how else could a person feel when they are so wonderful and have done so much for all of us. I hope that this June we can all show in some small way just how much we think of them and our appreciation for the work and expense they have gone to, to show us a good time over there.”

Joycell (Cooper)

“First of all, I want to thank all of you for being so good to send me the second issue of the paper when I have been so slow about writing and sending in my contribution. I have already read this issue twice, and if I read it like I did the first one, it will be nearly memorized by the time the next one gets here. Golly, but it is grand to know just what all the families in all parts are doing and where they are living.

“I can really appreciate the hours of work that have gone into the publication of this paper, as I was editor of a paper published by the Prescott Branch all during the war for the boys away from home. I wish I were closer so I could help with the typing and running of the stencil.

“Golly, whichever one of you guys up there who finally did some acting instead of so much of our usual gab really needs a pat on the back. As was stated in the paper, there has been talk of doing this for some time, but most of us were just too darned lazy to do anything but daydream, so accept my pat on the back.

“You made an error in printing Beth’s news. She wasn’t the one who shot the biggest deer, or rather got the biggest. It was Nita. Of all our family, Aleen is the only one who can shoot straight enough to hit anything. She really shot her deer all by herself. Of course, the gun kicked her down, and that crazy Jay said he couldn’t decide what to do—to run and cut the deer’s throat or run and pick Aleen up. I’ll bet he took care of the deer and then began to worry about seeing if she had picked herself up yet.

“I am a widow most of the time these days as John has gone back up on the Kaibab to work skidding logs up there for the Whiting & Bushman operations. I have my hands full here what with five children and a small farm or ranch or whatever you would call us out here, trying to run.

“I would like to have some of Grandpa’s stories for my children. I remember the main idea of so many of his stories but can’t seem to make them come out as he did, and I think that we all would enjoy having them either in a bound volume, or just one at a time in the paper, because these papers are going to be one of my choicest possessions I can assure and I plan to bind them so that they can be kept. My son has been doing book binding in school to earn a merit badge he is working for in Scouting, so he should be able to help.

“I am glad to see that so many of the boys are going places in Scouting. Marion is behind some of the boys his age, because until the last three months they haven’t had a Scoutmaster who seemed to care what happened to the boys since Ferrell Lewis moved away. Everyone said he was so good with the boys, so maybe by the time the reunion comes; there will be another Star Scout to add to the list with his name on the waiting list for an Eagle Scout.

I like the histories and dates you have published so far. I am going to be sure that they are kept so that more of the people whose names are on my pedigree chart are people, instead of just names, people who had joys and sorrows, and know what they accomplished.

“I will be looking forward to the next issue and wishing you luck and happiness in your work there.”

Beulah (Heward)

"I am so pent up with emotion and feeling since reading the Whiting Tree that I had to write to you and try humbly to tell you what you have done. It is a tremendous undertaking and I could never tell you what the end results might be and the effect this paper can have on our children and grandchildren. I bow my head to you, and take off my hat and cheer for the great future of continuing that marvelous work. Tonight I shall start at the beginning again and read every word to my children. Make sort of a family night out of each reading. I want them to know about the people who made them what they are. My children will carry traditions, sayings, etc., and never knew why they do these things unless you and I and all the rest of us preserve these precious writings.

"The picture of Nauvoo Temple was most impressive. Did you know that all of my family visited that historic spot last summer when we went to see Mother and Dad in the Central States Mission. We tread on that holy ground where there still lie many marks to show the place. There is still the old pump that was used to draw up the water for the baptismal font. Imagine! And a large building on the corner of the square can be recognized as made from remnants of the beautiful gray marble of which the Temple was made. It is so noticeable because all other buildings, foundations, etc., are of an ugly brown sandstone. We also saw a dozen or more of the small pillars which can be seen on the top story in the picture. They are about two feet high and lie on the ground here and there. As we drove around the city of Nauvoo we noticed that nearly every home had a neat pearl gray marble step stone leading into the house, about the size you would see on the Capital grounds. You could easily recognize that these had been taken from the old Temple grounds by the mob or their descendants. The Reorganized Church has done a marvelous job of preserving the old homes of the leaders of the Church. The Mansion House is well taken care of and could be lived in today. The graves of the Prophet and Hyrum and Emma area fine exhibitions. There are about three other buildings that belonged to Joseph and the other leaders still standing.

"I read Uncle Eddie's remarks first, and couldn't help but think what a wonderful, unselfish character his is. He is so much like Grandpa that it is almost like having him here to guide us, knowing Uncle Eddie. I thank him for thinking of having another Reunion. I really thought that we were all such a big job last time they would never attempt it again. My children will be on their best behavior from now until then, to earn the privilege of going. From Christmas until June they do everything with the Reunion as the reward. Then from June until December it is Santa Claus they work for.

"Gene Stoddard! The piece by you is a literary masterpiece. Please write some more again. You said what we would all like to say only we haven't the ability to write it. I read it to Elbert and big old salty tears came into his eyes with the memory of that reunion.

"Joycell always writes things so interestingly, and Jack's letter was heartwarming. Will someone please explain Aunt May's telegram to me? I don't get it.

"All the girl's notes were well done. Erma's column especially so—good, solid boiled down news...gossip items, you know.

"The Kiddie's Kute Kuip Korner reminded me what Norma said when a little girl: "Mama, we got to start saying funny things so we can laugh and tell our children when we grow up." I think it is a darn

good idea. Please have someone tell the old favorites that we hear over and over again and never tire of. You could even get the Uncles to remember then and write them, but I think Mabel, Melba, Virgil, Beulah, etc., etc., could each write a few similar to the way Maree's reminiscing. Then we could tell them to our children and preserve the way Grandpa had of drawing his children around him for good laughing and storytelling. The teenager column was cute. Get more comments from all the teenagers.

"My Mother did such a grand job on "My Ma" that I shall tell her myself. I lay on the bed and read that article until tears came and then I turned to Maree's article and the tears mingled with laughter until I didn't know whether I was crying or laughing. Maree, I have never heard one of those stories you told before. Honest, I thought I would split reading about Kay's remorse over the candy. I had never heard Aunt Elda's "typhoid fever" either. Please, you write more of this sort of thing every time. You are about the only one who can remember all those things, except Farr, and he's a man and probably wouldn't take time to write them down. I'll bet someone could take notes on Uncle Eddie's kids talking at a family get-together and get a lot of the old funny things. Please, PLEASE, sometime tell the story on Aunt Minnie and the 'two headed bug.' That's not too bad, is it?

"The genealogy sketches were priceless. Include more about our great grandmothers, too. How about some good material on Grandpa Isaacson and his forebears? And let's start a continued story about Grandpa (E.M.). Start with his boyhood, and someone (Geraldine or Maydene) to write their love story up in detail. I took lengthy notes on it once from Grandma herself about 15 years ago, but I lost them. We could even print some of her old precious love letters.

"Is there anyone in Mapleton or Springville you would like me to get information from? I would be glad to go over any time, and I guess I am the closest one to those folks. They have some priceless information and pictures.

"The biography of Amelia Whiting Buchanan was very good and I am so glad to have. Mother's work on Elisha was enlightening, too.

"If all I have to do is ask for some pictures of Grandma and Grandpa, I'm doing it now. So save me one. Thanks.

"Listen. Mother's idea of charging a flat sum for each family is better. Then you would know exactly how much you will have to spend. And please do include a picture every time. The ones Aunt Myn has of Grandma and Grandpa, each alone, are good, and I would like to have. Charge us more if you have to. You had a pedigree chart of Elisha last time. Now print one of Grandma and the Isaacson line. I just found out that all of my children's great-great grandparents joined the church near the Prophet's time. Isn't that a wonderful thing to know! Elbert's mother is Hyrum's own grandchild. His grandmother, that he knew so well as a little boy was Hyrum's youngest child by Mary Fielding Smith, and she could remember going with her mother to see the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum when about four years old.

“This is enough. I will start sending poems, songs, etc., and I am very flattered to be called a Special Editor. Thanks. I’ll do my very best to make this collection complete. I’d appreciate any sources I may best get this information from.

“You are all wonderful! I think all those dear souls we are honoring are looking down from above and enjoying your work, too.”

Love, Maurine (Startup)

KIDDIES' KUTE KUIP KORNER

Danny (Simper) waters a neighbor's yard and gets a dollar a week. Joyce (Jay's oldest girl) was telling him that he should pay tithing on it. Danny wanted to know all about it. Joyce explained it: "Louise pays you for taking care of her flowers, and you pay Heavenly Father for taking care of you."

Glenna (Jay's 2nd girl) had some cracks between her toes and Aleen told her she might have athlete's feet. As soon as Jay came home, she ran out and said, "Oh, Daddy, I have Catholic's feet."

Carolyn Sager's foot went to sleep and she wanted me to rub it. When I started to rub it, she said: "Oh, Mama, my foot feels like it's having it's tonsils out."

Jimmy Brown was overemphasizing each word as he said his prayers. Afterward, Helen chastised: "Jimmy, you know you pray to the Heavenly Father. Would you like Him to hear you talk to Him that Way" Jimmy grimly shook his head, then quipped: "Did my guarding angel hear, too?"

NEWS TIDBITS

Idaho News
By Elma Smith

This Idaho part of the family was well represented at conference; Aubrey, Helen and Dixie (Andelin) arrived in Salt Lake Friday but we didn't make it down until Saturday. There were lots of the family there and it was wonderful seeing everyone even if it was for just a few hurried minutes and you were trying to hear what everyone was saying at the same time. The only think about those conference trips they just aren't long enough and there is always someplace someone has to go, so I'm looking forward to the reunion where the farthest place one could go is barely out of sight and will soon return.

I think credit should be given where credit is due and in my opinion Jim and Maydene (Bodell) deserve a lot of credit. Honestly they are so good about welcoming everyone, whether you just poke your head in the door and say 'hi' or if you come in and spend the day at their place, you always feel welcome and enjoy every minute you spend there. I'm sure we'd be just as welcome at the rest of our relatives' places, but Maydene and Jim's place is so handy and close to town that I believe everyone goes there. I know when we arrive in town that is about the first place we go or call and you can always find out what you need to know about where everyone is going to be and what time. They really have more than enough to occupy their time but regardless, everyone is made welcome, the hungry are fed, those wanting to sleep can sleep, those wanting to change clothes, press, etc., can do that, your kids can play to their hearts content, and you can always be assured of some good visiting. So if any orchids are being handed out I'm sure they deserve one.

The last Family Tree was wonderful, I've read it over and over, and the old family experiences we've all heard so many times I'm glad to have in writing so they won't be forgotten. We certainly hope the paper continues. In my opinion nothing could ever take its place. I could go on and on about the various bits of news, etc. I learned from the paper but am sure you understand.

One night last month Wayne and I and another couple we go around with here, made a trip to the Temple in Idaho Falls. We really enjoyed it. It was the first time Wayne and I have been through together since we were married and the first time this other couple had been through since they were married ten years ago, so you can imagine how nice it was. Upon returning home the girl who tended Christene handed me a card with a message on it. Verl Whiting, the President of the entire Whiting group, had been in Pocatello on business and had read my news and stuff in the last Whiting Tree and since it had my name and address came to see us. We were very sorry we weren't home but I called him the next morning and he took time from his business and we had a nice visit. He was with four other men so didn't get to come back out but said he'd probably be up again and he'd come out then. He was very interested in what our family is accomplishing and I gave him several names to write to for more information. So maybe by now some more of you have heard from him.

We made another trip to see Dr. Andelin and are very happy to say that from now on our visits up there will be strictly social, for a while at least. Aubrey was leaving the next day for Florida, the land of sunshine, to visit old stomping grounds of his mission days and also attend a Kiwanis convention.

Which had preference he wouldn't admit. He should be back home by now but we haven't heard any details. They are supposed to come see us soon so will get details then.

Oh yes, we live in Pocatello and Wayne is Superintendent of the 10th ward Sunday School, West Pocatello Stake, not Idaho Falls.

A week from Saturday, June 3rd to be exact, we celebrate our third wedding anniversary. Golly doesn't time fly.

We are looking forward to the reunion and got our first official notice today. I'm afraid feeding all that bunch is a big job and will discourage any more reunions so let us feed ourselves and then have another reunion in several years.

Mrs. Wayne Leon Smith
(Elma, to you)

Salt Lake News
By Ruth Lewis & Marjorie Whiting

I wish we had some really exciting news up our way, but the babies have all been born, except Maurine's, (Startup) and thank goodness life is rolling along reasonably smoothly. Mother and Dad (Frank and Martha) are back, and one could hardly say they are unoccupied until they get all their warehouses cleaned out. I ask Mother what she is going to do with all that stuff, but she sighed, and said box it up again, and put it right back in! They can't decide yet whether to buy, build, or stay where they are, but I guess we'll have to give them time. Maydene (Bodell) still has her hands full with her three babies, and Jim is getting to be quite a carpenter. Maurine and Elbert (Startup) are still building castles in the air, as there has been nothing more tangible started on their new home. But they made a trip to Kanab to see Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell for advice. Louise (Carlston) is getting to be quite a gardener around her new home. Lester (Carlston) is quite a tricky kid, but if she gets to the reunion, Louise will show us a few tricks of her own! I'm still enjoying the distinction of having the most great grandchildren, and keeping busy with the little darlings! O.P. Skaggs is still the busiest little place in Salt Lake. If things get a little dead, Ray (Lewis) thinks up a circus, or something to fill in the time. If anyone comes to Salt Lake this summer just give us a ring and we'll take you out for one of the best boat rides you ever had out on Salt Lake. And I'll be there are lots of you who haven't even been swimming out on the lake. Maree, you can believe what you hear! You float! We're looking forward to seeing you at the reunion.

Ruth Lewis

Mother Whiting (Gladys) is just getting over an attack of pneumonia. She is in Pendleton. She and Kay and Marlynn visited a couple of days with us about three months ago. Rex has been working for Singer Company, but we are going back to St. Johns.

Marjorie Whiting

Tooele News
By Geraldine Sagers

Uncle Frank and Uncle Albert had a very enjoyable time at conference visiting with their own children and grandchildren. In addition to that, however, they had a special treat in getting to see so many of their brothers and sisters. Half of their father's children were in Salt Lake City at that time. They spent a very enjoyable evening at Thurza's home on Friday, April 7th. They were Frank, Thurza, Grover, Albert, Sarah, Lou, Robert, George and Berry.

Willard Sagers has been chairman for the building of one of the welfare coops on the Tooele Welfare Project, and has completed his coop in the required three weeks. He is now ready to offer

'advice' to anyone wishing to construct cinder block coops in short order. "Nice coop—too bad we can't move into it," he says.

Willard has just been released from Stake Missionary work. He has completed two stake missions now, having served over four years in that capacity.

Fernith Isaacson Saporiti and her husband Ange were saying hello to relatives at Conference in Salt Lake. Ange is in the Bishopric in one of the San Bernardino wards. They are going to Boston this summer and Fernith will probably do some research work along the Whiting genealogy lines. She is also interested in the Isaacson line.

Wonderful things these conferences are. I have been attending them for quite some time now. Don't believe I have missed an annual or a semi-annual conference in over thirteen years. Still the same thrill comes as did the first time I stood by the trees at the west of the South gate of the Temple grounds and looked high over the crowds to catch the sight of familiar faces. After the meeting is over, you breathe deeply and hope you can remember just a few of the inspirational things that you have heard. You resolve to do a lot better from now on. You listen for a minute to the sound of the organ, then you start to go out with the crowd and get pushed to the nearest exit. A word to this friend and that, a kiss to some relative not seen before at this conference, dozens of handshakes and gradually the grounds clear and you wonder where the time has gone. As you wander away and take a quick look back over the grounds of well-arranged flowers you think, "Fifty springs will come and go so fast, better come to Conference while there's time."

Geraldine Sagers

Provo News
By Louine Shields

We've seen quite a bit of Maurine and Elbert (Startup) and family lately. They have made two visits to our house just recently, with family complete, even down to David. That is really something! If you don't believe me, ask Maurine. They are starting to dig the basement for their house sometime this week. Maurine was called on "impromptu" to give a speech in Stake Conference on their successful Young Married Group, and they have asked for a speech to be given on it in General Conference in June, and this was all Maurine's original Ideas and Plans. Maurine is open for any suggestions as to how to keep her six little ones busy doing something "Constructive" through the summer vacation.

The Shields family manages to keep pretty busy all the time. About a month ago Gus and I received a call to go on a Stake Mission together—so we try to spend at least two nights a week at that. We are really enjoying it so far, and we look forward to getting into it a little more.

Gus has been very busy the last few weeks trying to sell his "quota" of insurance in order to make the "Club" for his first year of selling. He is very close and we're keeping our fingers crossed. That free trip to Canada in September sounds pretty good.

I finished my second year of teaching a week ago. I really had an enjoyable year teaching in the Junior High School at Lincoln High School in Orem. I didn't sign my contract to teach next year and will be staying home keeping house for a change.

I had the privilege of being asked to sing in a Special Chorus for June Conference, and I will also sing in the "All-Church Chorus" composed of over 1,800 voices from all over the church. I have been to practices twice in Salt Lake so far and it is a real thrill to sing with so many wonderful young people.

Louine Shields

News from Fredonia Way

By Beth Simper

All of Jay's kids have had the chicken pox. Joyce and Myrna were very sick with them. Then Joyce had her tonsils out and has taken some time to get over that.

Nita has moved up to the sawmill on the Kaibab Mountain. She said she was glad to be out of the heat. In fact, she says it get right cold up there at night.

I guess Jay and Aleen won't move up to the sawmill this summer as he has to go so much since he was put in the High Council of the Stake last Quarterly Conference. Also, he needs to be down here as someone has to see to this end of the business.

We aren't moving up there either. We have gathered so much livestock we can't, but it's fun anyway.

Jay and Harold are back to full scale sawmilling now. The Mountain has finally dried enough to log full time. Everyone is in much better spirits now.

Harold was put in as one of the Seven Presidents of the Seventies last Quarterly Conference.

Beth Simper

News from Holbrook

By Lorana Whiting

Annette graduated from the 8th grade and was Salutatorian of the class.

Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank were here to spend the night a couple of weeks ago. It was really nice seeing them.

Whiting Brothers bought Babbitt Brothers out in Flagstaff. Here is a clipping if you would like to use it:

BABBITS SELL MILL, FACTORY, MACHINE SHOP
Properties Built Here During War

“Babbitt Brothers Trading Company of Flagstaff is completing a deal today for the sale of their Flagstaff sawmill and related properties to Whiting Brothers of Holbrook.

The transaction will include the sawmill, planning mill, sash and door factory and machine shop, according to Paul Babbitt.

Whitings operate a sawmill at Holbrook. They also have a Dodge-Plymouth agency at Holbrook, and operate several score service stations across Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona and California.

They have other holdings and own extensive real estate.

It is expected that Whitings will reopen the Babbitt mill and sash and door factory and run both at full capacity. All of the properties at the sawmill employ from 50 to 60 men when running full blast.

The sawmill was built during the war. Other related properties were added from time to time.

The transaction is to be closed at final conferences today, Mr. Babbitt said.

After the sale is completed, it will be necessary for the Forest Service to approve transfer of logging contracts, and for the Forest Service to designate Whitings as approved operators.

The mill has a capacity of about 40,000 feet per eight-hour day, or around 4 ½ million per year. The mill was included in the sustained yield setup established here last year.

Logs are now being hauled to the mill from two major timber sales; one in the cinder hills northeast of the city, and another near the Fort Valley experiment station northwest of here.”

I heard a good story on Uncle Eddie that just has to be told. Uncle Eddie came to Holbrook for a big Whiting Brothers meeting. After the meeting they all went to eat. Well, Uncle Eddie ordered oatmeal to follow with ham and eggs. When the waitress brought his ham and eggs he looked rather disgusted and said, “If you aren’t going to bring the oatmeal just forget it, and there stood the girl with his empty cereal bowl in her hand. (If you have ever set in on one of those meetings you can well understand Uncle Eddie getting so excited.)

Say, I hear Aunt Elda and family spent a rather cold night at the Homestead last week-end. This is the way I heard it:

Art was in St. Johns last week and invited Aunt Elda up to the Homestead to spend the weekend. Well, Aunt Elda got there and waited and waited. When it started getting dark, they decided they had better start looking for a place to stay for the night. They tried all the windows and doors. Everything was locked. So, as a last resort and freezing and starving, she broke the lock on the back porch and slept there for the night. I bet the next time Aunt Elda will make sure Art is there before going up for the weekend.

We will see you all at the reunion.

Lorana Whiting

Mesa News Items
By Aunt Myn Priestley

Edwina graduated with pretty high honors. I believe there was a graduation class of about 350 and she was chosen by the teachers as one of the 16 all around outstanding National Honor Society students. She also gave a recital with two other girls and sang five beautiful solos. She is Gleaner President (ward). She graduated from Seminary and is now on a week tour with them to Salt Lake, Logan and Manti Temples. She teaches in Junior Sunday School, sings in the school A Capella Chorus, and last but not least, she is still holding her own with LeRoy who has and is the catch of the Ward. In fact, it looks like he is as far gone or more than she.

Don finished his year with good marks but most important is his job. He will have it next year, too. School is not nearly so important as that school stand job.

Mother is quite well and is busy every minute either making quilts or crocheting doilies.

I sang at the dedication of Tempe's new Ward. Mark (Peterson) spoke and Emma played for me, Monday night. Did I ever enjoy a visit with them for three days!

Farrell and Irene (Lewis) are doing fine and like the Station, etc. Farrell was rolled of \$40.00 by two men the other night.

Aunt Myn

Gridley News
By Helen Andelin

Nearly all the Gridley Whitings have been putting on a show "Broadway to Harlem," a musical comedy with the second half done in black face. The male chorus sings several numbers and there are several novelty numbers with quite a line of chorus. I'm afraid Nathel and Norma won't appreciate the

“Bake a Cake” song which will be one of the official Reunion songs. It has been presented five times in this spread-out Gridley Stake. Randy should have been born black. If everyone here worked as hard as the cast, we might have our new church within five years.

Why is Nathel (Burdick) wearing a blue tam on the back of her head?

Maree and Gene (Stoddard) have spent a lot of time and money glamorizing their home, nylon curtains, satin drapes, and a white fireplace.

Norma and Randy (Fife) moved all their bedroom furniture in with the girls to redecorate their room and almost moved back again before they got around to it. Diana just got over the measles and now we hope JoAnn doesn't keep them from the Reunion.

There's a new addition in the Burdick family. Russell is almost as proud of his new Mercury as he was when Rusty came along.

Linda Brown (Ronald's oldest) received a certificate from school for 100% attendance in the first grade.

Helen Andelin

Los Angeles News
By Joycell Cooper

What a Memorial Day we had over here. Kay and Beth (Berry) had everyone out to their house for a barbeque, and what a barbeque! I had two big steaks. I don't know how many everyone else had. Kay and family, Lee (Berry) and family, Ray Brown and family, Marion and Dean (Berry), Jack and I, and some of Beth's family were there. And, of course, last but not least, Bill Ellsworth, Ruth and family. You never saw so many kids in all your life. We had a program and everyone had a wonderful time. The only other place I have ever been where they served so much food was at the last Whiting Reunion.

Jack (Cooper) and Dean (Berry) are knee deep in final exams. I'll certainly be glad when they are all over, and they will look you straight in the eye, instead of mumbling something over their shoulder. All I ever hear around my house is chemistry formulas. Instead of asking me to pass the bread or salt or vinegar, Jack asks me for the formula and expects me to hand it to him.

Several weeks ago, May and Herbert (Berry) took all of Bill and Ruth's family (including Bill and Ruth) and cooked a turkey, then took off for Bakersfield to visit and go to Church with Jim Anderson, Grandma Whiting's cousin. They had a wonderful time, so they said, and I guess the children are really marvelous when it comes to manners and such. I wish I could teach my daughter some, but then I guess I would have to take lessons first.

May and Herbert are planning on coming to the Reunion if they can possibly afford it after they get through with all the re-doing on their house. May is having the breakfast wall taken out and one side glassed in to install some canaries. Then Wow, anyone want to sit on the floor beside me!

Norma Jean and Louine (Berry) are really growing up and are beginning to carry on some really intelligent conversations, if you can stop them from giggling long enough.

Joycell Cooper

HEN SCRATCHINGS, By Joycell Cooper

. . . I guess that everyone is getting the reunion jitters by now. You know what I mean, can't sleep, butterflies, plans, no appetite, cold sweat and many numerous other things. I know that we are planning on this more than anything else, except Jack's graduation in and 5 and ½ years!

. . . Janice insists on a Hoppy outfit, but since her father is going to school and money is rather (ahem) scarce, I guess she will just have to settle for a pair of Levis. I asked her the other day who was going to be there and she said, "Hopalong Cassidy!" Very innocently, sorry Lane and Diana, but Hoppy has taken your places.

. . . Since I am in such a delicate condition I really don't know if I have the strength to keep up this column (sigh) but for my family's sake and my country I shall endeavor to do my best. Ah! Such is the life of a (ahem) woman.

. . . Also I hear on the stork list (if I may be so bold) is my dear sister Leilani. We are both expecting at about the same time. Any one like to place any bets? On to who will win the race that is. Cheer up, Leilani, the worst is yet to come.

. . . Everyone here is just fine. Lee's practice is booming. Between Mr. Ottis and Mrs. Brown he is really going strong. You should see the X-ray equipment he has. I don't know if they use it but it sure looks important. Virginia has really been doing some beautiful ceramic work. She is really talented along those lines. Painting too. All the kids are fine.

. . . Kay and his family have made themselves scarce since he has been in the Stake Presidency. He has really been busy and we haven't seen them since New Years. I guess we shall have to go to the reunion to get a chance to visit with them. He does have a room fixed up there at home and has all his meetings there so it doesn't take him away from his family too much.

. . . Bill and Ruth (Ellsworth) and family are just fine. From what I hear Ruth is really doing a fine job with her family. How about lessons, Ruth? I only have one and I can't keep my things picked up, let alone hers. From what Grandma tells, me things are absolutely spotless without being uncomfortably so. I think that is marvelous.

. . . Dr. Berry (pardon—it's getting to be a habit) and Grandma (May) are doing fine. She is feeling lots better and they, like all of us, are really looking forward to this June. When Aunt Martha was here Grandma went down to the music store to look for a sheet of music. She came back soon and said, "I just know they are mistaken, I have heard Dennis Day sing it too." I said "What song Grandma?" "Chauncy lowered the Bomb," was the answer. After recovering from my hysterics I managed to say, "You mean Clancy lowered the Boom?" "Oh, yes that's it!!" Now I ask you, who but Grandma could get a title like that mixed up? (She went right back to the same place and promptly got what she wanted. Of course, "Grandma" means May Berry.)

. . . Ray Brown and family are getting along just fine from what I hear. We never go get to see them very often. I guess this world is just moving too fast for us.

. . . Dr. Berry has been interested in Orthodontia, but he can't find a school in the U.S. that can give him any more knowledge about it than he already knows. So I guess he is just going to have to learn the hard way and learn by experience. Practice makes perfect.

. . . Dean will be out soon. He and Jack are starting to sweat out the finals that are coming up. In between sessions they worry about how they are going to come to the reunion. Cowboy or Indian? Either one would be good I think. Dean could come as the cow and Jack as the boy. (sorry, Dean I had to put you on the wrong end, but I have to live with Jack).

. . . I could ramble on like this for days, but I guess that I had better quit. See you all in June.

Joycell: Janice, what do you want the stork to bring to you? (meaning boy or girl).

Janice: Mama, I want a big black one!!

ANSWERS TO BOOK OF MORMON QUESTIONS. (See page 13 of last issue.)

1.

1. Five Books of Moses
2. Record of Jews—to Zedekiah
3. Prophecies—to Jeremiah
4. Genealogy of Lehi (See I Nephi 5:10-14)

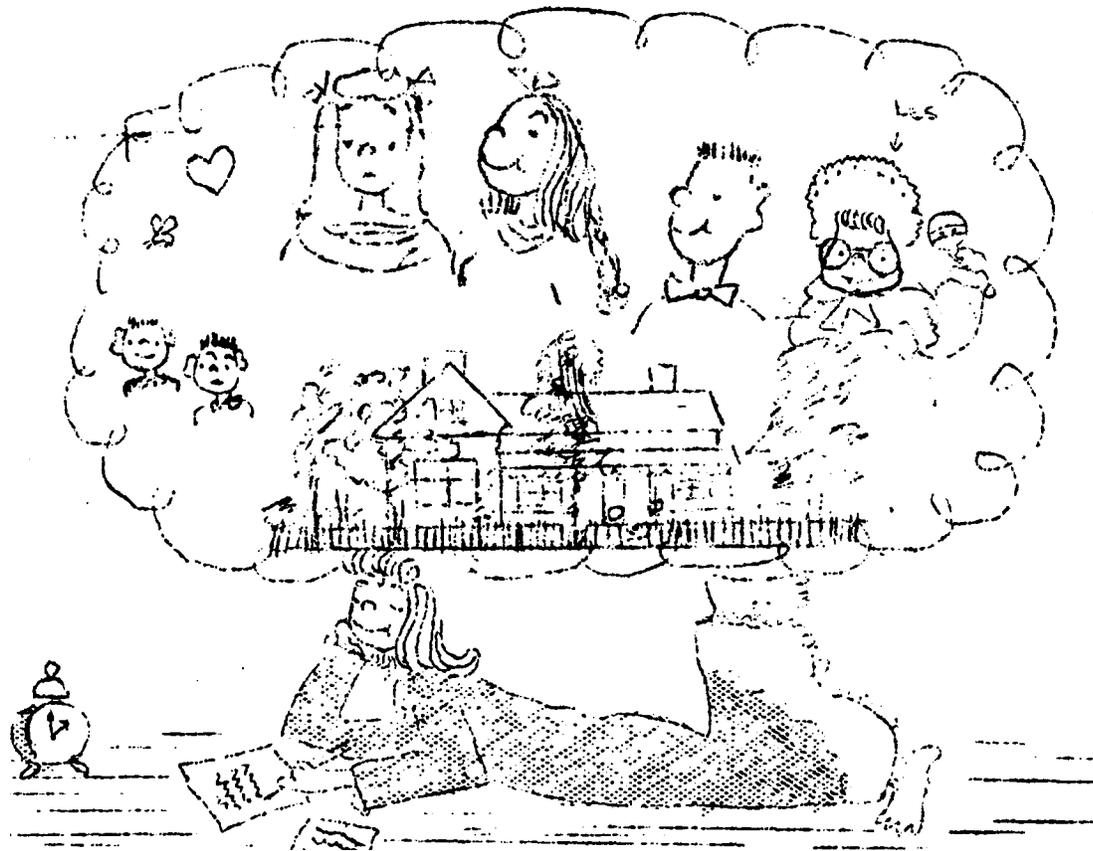
2.

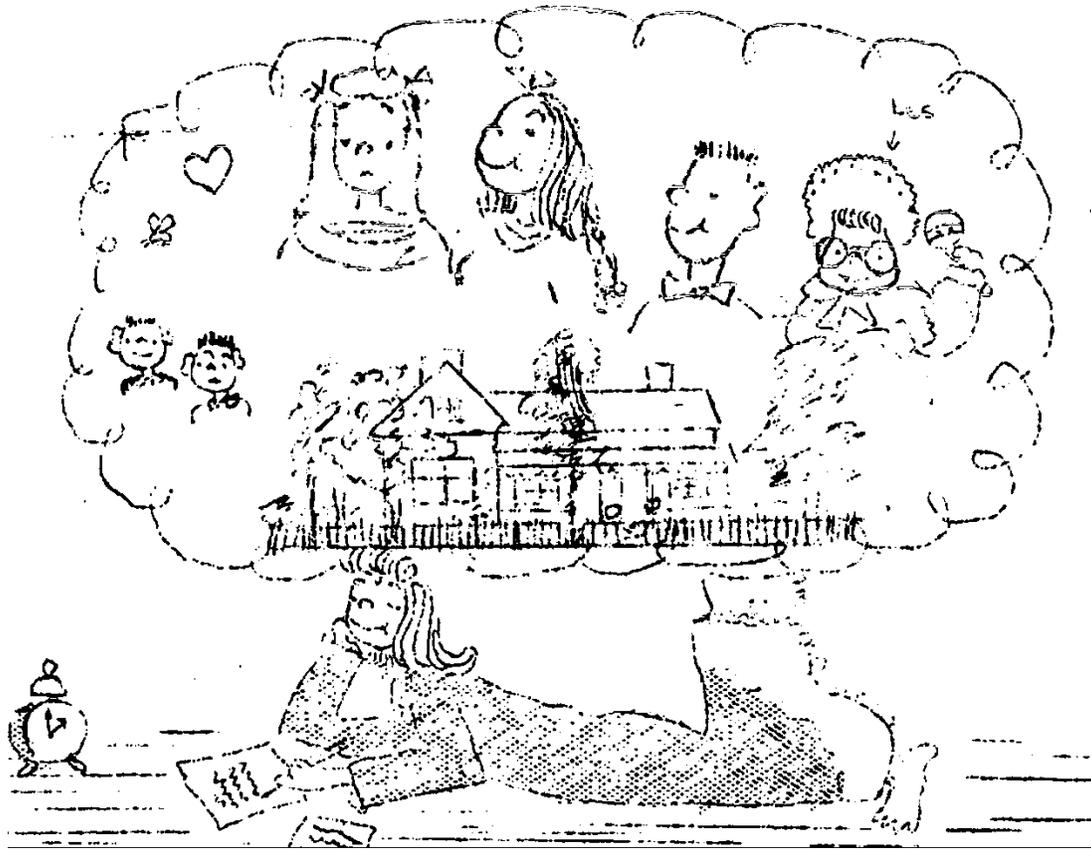
1. 2060
2. None
3. All. (See Alma 7:7-27)

3. At the Temple in the Land Bountiful. (See III Nephi 11:1-17)

4. Age 16 (See Mormon 2:1-27)

5. To be King of the Nephites. (See Mosiah 29:3; also 27:8 on.)





Reminiscing

REMINISCING
By Maree Stoddard

The news of grandma's old house being repaired recently didn't sink into my little brain until someone explained to me that it was a complete overhaul job;—new paint; new plaster; new stove; etc. I can't imagine that old house with new plastered walls!

This means that never again will I go into that old east room and gaze at the soft tan paper with the border of big clusters of purple grapes; the oilcloth half way down to save grandchildren any extra scoldings for butter-honeyed fingermarks. Is Grandpa's little shelf with the old, old clock behind which he always tucked his Pathfinder, or his favorite Bee Magazine, still there? And is Grandma's big green and red pincushion hanging just below it? In one corner of this room always stood the big plain sturdy cupboard. When I was a kid this cupboard held all the fascination of another world—the big white china hen that Uncle Eddie had saved up and bought for grandma when he was just a little boy; the ruby red glass water set, and a set with wide gold bands; the little china plates with big hand painted red-roses and the bigger plates to match; the set of lovely white bowls with pale blended pink borders and clusters of dainty flowers; the lower shelves with solid doors where Grandma kept her big pans of milk.. Little pans were in front to guard the big ones from having their cream disturbed. Just another way grandma saved scolding.

Grandma made the best butter in the world: She said the success of good butter was always the way you soured your cream. Sour it quickly she said. She kept hers in the warming oven and always stirred it frequently to keep it fresh. She taught us kids to churn in short, quick dashes. Grandpa never agreed with her method. His theory was that a slow, even dash would bring the butter just as fast. They always argued over this, and never agreed upon it. In later years, when grandpa grew older and his one hand shook so badly, he chuckled and told grandma one day that now he could churn like she wanted him to; all he had to do was take hold of the dasher.

When the milk in the little pans would clabber, we learned that this was a true Danish delicacy. One day when we were there, Grandma got out a nice little pan of clabber as a special treat. She sprinkled it with sugar, cut it down the middle then said, "Now this half is for Kay and Lee, and this half is for Maree and Effie. Kay and Lee started in. I ran out to find Effie. When we dashed back in low and behold those two little pigs had licked the whole pan clean! There they sat round eyed and round bellied. When we demanded an explanation Kay took the floor and with a defense attorney look in his eye argued us down by submitting the fact that not once did he or Lee put their spoons over on our territory. He said, "How could we help it if your clabber just kept slipping over on our side of the line." Both Aunt Martha and Mother (May) recently admitted sneaking around in the Mission Home and eating "clabber" when and where they wouldn't get caught, as they knew the missionaries would think they were crazy. Aunt Martha said, "Why I would rather have a dish of clabber any day than a dish of ice cream."

In that east room used to be a lovely corner window with a flower shelf. Tell me, are Grandma's geraniums still there? They were the only flowers we would see all winter long. It was in this room that Grandma set up the big wooden bed the night she brought little Lester home. She insisted Aunt Zell sleep there a few nites so she could keep her eye on him. He really caused a stir. Every woman in town came down and wanted to mother him. I guess he was the smartest little kid the family has ever had. Runners up would probably be Myn's Don E, Geraldine's and Willard's (Sagers) Carolyn, and Helen and Aubrey's (Andelin) Lane. (Ronald's (Brown) and Dean's (Berry) brains didn't show up as children. They had to prove theirs later by their report cards.)

Before Lester could walk or talk I have seen Uncle Ralph take a grade school history book sprinkled thru with the pictures of great men, open it at random, then ask Lester which one is General Sherman, which one is Sir Walter Raleigh, Ulysses S. Grant etc., --dozens of them—and Lester would point to the right man and never miss. It was very discouraging to me as I was studying that same book at school. It was in this room I first saw Aunt Carrie Starley. I remember the night she first came from Utah. I was in my teens but I sat and stared at her until I was ashamed of myself. I thought she was the most fascinating person I had ever seen. I later asked Aunt Myn if she felt the same way. Aunt Myn said, "Yes I do, that's what Elanor Glynn means by a person that has "it." Few people have "it" and Carrie has more than her share." Carrie's and Abe's little Gwendolyn was about 2 years old and I believe the prettiest child I had ever seen. Betty? Well she was on the way. I don't know very many of my Utah relatives but those I have met have all been handsome, Hannah, John, Ted, and Will. That's about all I've met, but as Aunt Myn says, "they've got more than their share of good looks." It was in this same old room, on the same old bed, that our Grandfather became ill for the last time and finally died.

The old room to the North is where Art and Armina first set up housekeeping. On the walls of this room, separated by 2 short partitions, was a brown and white oilcloth with checks set at a harlequin angle, and a wider border clear around the room. In those quarters Armina baked her first batch of bread and was so proud of it she gave it all away. Armina was a mother-in-law's dream. She kept her apartment spotless and Grandma's house likewise, then fretted around for something else to do. She always had more energy than she knew what to do with. She had been the star basketball player in St. Johns High for 4 years. She never lost a footrace in her life. She won every 4th of July race since she was old enough to run. But Arthur--, well that's a different story. He warmed the basketball sub-bench for 4 years, but for some reason the coach never quite needed him for a game. Then one night we got to see the reason why. After the game was scheduled there seemed to be a lot of players hit by the flu. The coach started the game with a pitifully small lineup. At the end of the half who should we see but Arthur come prancing out there like a big happy bull moose. He took his place, the whistle blew, the ball went up, and the players raced to the other end of the court, Art was right in there fighting. They raced back again, the whistle blew, Art went out, and so did two others (with help), he had knocked out two of his own men in less than 3 minutes and the game was called off.

The old front bedroom once got itself papered by Myn, Effie, and I. We just got thru in time to go to the Vernon Fair with Grandma and Grandpa. That was the night Aunt Myn and I slept with the C.B.'s

It was in this room that Effie had been the sickest of anytime during her childhood. The Dr. later decided she had had diphtheria. It was here that we brought little Norma from Prescott when she had a relapse after the measles. Even mother thought her frail little body might stop fighting the infection that had settled in her glands. But between Uncle Frank's medical skill and the many prayers that went up in her behalf she was spared to stay here with us. It was in this same room that Irene was born. I sat on the edge of the bed upstairs and listened for hours, but heard nothing until I heard Irene's first cry. Armina had just refused to make much fuss. And it was in this same room that I stood and looked in the coffin at the body of dear little Albert, Aunt Martha's and Uncle Frank's 5th child.

Is the beautiful old crystal chandelier still in that room? Is the old dresser still there? The one all the Whiting girls have primped hundreds of hours before. If it has a big crack across the corner, that's the one. One of them left the lamp too close while they were primping and the heat caused the mirror to crack. What a show! The little girls of today just don't know what they've missed. In those days when the girls started to get ready for a dance or something special, they always collected in bunches. One girl just couldn't get ready alone. It's no fun today to watch a woman get ready for a dance. It's all over in 10 or 15 minutes. She jumps in the tub, gets out, pulls one thing up, another thing down, switches on her bra, slides into her dress, pulls up her nylons, steps into her shoes, rakes thru her hair, smears on her lipstick, and it's all over. But ah! That isn't the way they used to do. It used to be an evening's entertainment if you were lucky enough to be allowed into the inner sanctum (Effie and I were).

In this room, (or the Northwest bedroom) would gather the Aunts, single ones, and sometimes the married ones, then several friends and neighbor girls thrown in. Us kids would get us a good

comfortable seat and settle down like you settle to watch a good show. It always started out the same. If everyone hadn't quite managed a full Saturday bath, a lot of sponging and spot washing started it off. The ironing board was moved in where last minute pressing went on. In winter, first long underwear, then a petticoat, usually tied by someone else. No bra was needed as when those steel stayed corsets were cinched by a couple of other people to the proper waist measure, it simply poked a woman's charms right up where they belonged. Over this went a camisole, another petticoat or two, and by then if she had forgotten to dress her feet she had to have help for that too as she simply could not bend in the middle long enough to lace up those high topped hi-heeled and breathe too. With the help of several others the dress was on, then a lot of pinning examining, mending, smoothing, and sometimes padding began. Every time a new item was put on by anyone, the whole crowd had to stop and inspect it and assure her it was alright before she would go on with the next layer.

The face came next, and after a good layer of white powder or cornstarch was applied, she was told to not start chewing her lips which she usually managed to do at the same time she pinched her cheeks. Eyebrows got as much soot from a burnt match as they figured they could get by with. Then came the hair. After many starts and stops a way was decided upon. The curling irons were tried for temperature on a sample of hair plucked from the victims head. If the hair shriveled and went up in smoke, it was too hot. The irons were then twirled several times as expertly as a cowhand cools a branding iron getting ready to brand an innocent calf. After cooling several seconds, if spit didn't jump back too quickly from the irons, then the fun began and the twisting, scorching, turning, smoking art swung into full force. Several hours later the bevy of beauties came forth to greet their best beaux sitting in the parlor like little wooden men. Their high stiff collars helping to conceal the fact that most, if not all of them were sleeping. Grandpa by then was simply on a tirade. He had entertained the young men as long as he felt was fit and proper and he wondered what in thunder was the matter with those girls. Uncle Albert was seldom, if ever, found still awake when Aunt Elda finally emerged in all her feminine glory.

After they had gone, Grandpa always mumbled something about that the Bible says the daughters of Zion will have scabs in their heads because of their crimping irons. He accused his daughters of trying to be "stylish." I was led by his remarks to believe that of all bad women a "stylish" was the worst. And yet his secret flare for color and his inner desire for Grandma to acquire more glamour came out when he made this remark one day, "Maria I want you to made you a new dress, a blue satin one with a red hem." Grandma told me not long ago she had often wished that she had made one just to please him. Grandma usually stayed clear out of the primping room and I seldom saw her even lend a hand. Her frequent comment was, "What would Brigham Young think?" (Speaking of styles, Aunt Martha was always one of the first to grasp the "latest thing.") I'll never forget when she dashed up to our house with the exciting news that Susie Tenny had just let her take a pattern for the very latest in ladies' underclothing, called "umbrella pants." She wanted mother to help her cut them out. I was both shocked and disappointed when they spread everything out on the parlor rug and it was nothing but two circular pieces of cloth joined at the crotch. I had imagined two umbrellas, (wires and all) with holes in the tops big enough for your legs. And so the great art of enhancing feminine pulchritude went right on. It must have paid off, though, as the "Whiting girls" walked off with the most "sought after"

men within their reach. They made quite a dent in the very eligible Brown family. Aunt Martha and Iris had snared Uncle Frank and George, Aunt Cynthia, upon learning that Uncle Albert had asked for Aunt Elda's hand, hurt Grandma's feelings very deeply by her casual remark that she "wished her boys would stake a biscuit out of a different batch." I've been told it was on one of these "primping nights when Dad was courting Mother that he sat stiffly on the sofa answering Grandpa only when spoken to. After a long embarrassing pause, when even Grandpa was at a loss to make conversation, Dad offered to lead by speaking first. Without moving an eyelash or changing his gentlemanly position, he made this cool, collected, yet exciting, announcement, "A bee is stinging me."

And the old parlor, the one in the south west corner, has it been plastered, too? On the walls of that old room used to be a beige paper with a border of beautiful pink morning glories. Does the big oval gilt edged picture of the forest fire still hang in that room? Is the picture of the beautiful blond woman in the long green dress with the baldheaded baby in her arms still there? Is the old red carpet still on that floor? Are the beautiful lace curtains that Uncle Frank brought Grandma from England when he returned from his first mission still hanging at those windows? Is the old leather sofa still in that room? It was upon that sofa Aunt Elda was napping when on a Sunday afternoon her best beau called. She sleepily answered the doorbell attired in her best corsets, then wondered why he acted so strange. Although Aunt Myn was becoming a frantic wig-wag from the opposite door and she all but stood on her head in giving her combination Indian, deaf-mute, Boy Scout signals. Her efforts to get Aunt Elda to get the star dust out of her eyes and look down and behold her unclad condition was quietly ignored by Aunt Elda, who stood in a romantic but puzzled quandary trying to figure out why her charms simply weren't working on this very eligible though suddenly disgustingly bashful young male. It was no doubt the first time her "Aw, come on in" hadn't lured a prospective swain over that threshold. This one simply lowered his eyes and fled. Later Aunt Elda admitted she felt something was wrong. She said she vaguely concluded it might be that all was not right with her clothes. She noticed him looking downward and she believed he might have spied a little hole in her stocking so she carefully covered it up with the other foot.

It was behind this same sofa (turned cornerwise, a sudden furniture fad.) that I once inveigled one of Aunt Myn's beaus to hide and surprise her, as she wasn't expecting him. Imagine my horror when, as I escorted her in for her surprise, instead of the black haired Romeo in the dark suit, a man arose that more resembled Dracula complete with cobwebs. Something always told me that incident had something to do with the cooling off process that took place in this romance beginning that night. I guess it just isn't very romantic to sit on a sofa all evening and pick cob-webs off a man, especially with a young niece on the other side trying desperately to help.

Is the old bookcase, with the bookshelves and the tall glass door on one side, still in the old parlor? Remember, at least one of the books, the great big "Home Doctor Book" where no doubt most of the second generation secretly learned that the birds and the bees weren't everything? Remember the two gold vases with the red roses?

The doorbell to this old parlor was different than any I had ever seen. You didn't push it; you turned it like a bicycle bell. Whenever it rang it was someone special as the parlor was strictly for dressed-up company. Everyone else trailed around the house to enter at the east room.

And the old "up-stairs." I hope it's still the same. In the winter a chance to sleep on the old feather mattress (that great grandmother Isaacson had made) and between Aunt Elda and Aunt Myn, was certainly a guarantee against the frost outside. But getting out of bed next morning took the fortitude of Byrd's Arctic Crew or better still the thundering peals of the half hour bell in the old bell tower by the academy. Aunt Elda always rolled out first, then Aunt Myn would kick us kids out and bury herself back in bed, and with her rear aloft she would catch another forty winks. Because of this last bit of snoozing she had to cut corners someplace as by then it was impossible to dress properly and make it to the first class on time. So she started a new style. As long as the wind whistled thru the old academy anyway and no one ever took their coats off, why bother to dress? Nothing slow about our Aunt Myn when it came to originality. She simply would take a long shoe string, tie it around her middle, blouse up her nightgown, put on her coat and presto she was nearly ready. The girls already had the style of wearing "Bob Caps", a loosely knit wool cap with a little fluffy ball on top. Aunt Myn didn't start the style of wearing these but she did start the style of poking your hair up under it, snarls and all. This style was soon adopted by nearly every girl in town as they could all hear the half hour bell and it meant more sleep for all of them. It was a wonderful idea; that is until Susie Tenny, the Domestic Science teacher got suspicious one day and demanded that every girl in class take their wool caps off. You can imagine the sight that greeted her eyes. She was so horrified at what she saw she not only nearly fainted, but almost resigned. A note was sent home by the principal to each mother, and the mothers of course were equally horrified. I don't believe Grandma ever realized just who started that time saving style. Although it cut corners in the morning, sometime before Aunt Myn retired she had to get the snarls out of that long curly red hair. I remember sitting on the bed and watching her comb her hair down her naked back, and even as a child I knew I had never seen skin as white and smooth as Aunt Myn's back. And sometimes when she faithfully used a bright orange, awful smelling cream (Uncle Frank's secret prescription for the removal of freckles) her face and arms were almost as lovely. (Her back was naked because she always had to scratch a long time before she went to bed. She claimed she had the seven year itch then kept catching it from herself every seven years.)

In the summer if we slept too late upstairs, the bumble bees soon scared us out. The bumble bees up there were the biggest, loudest, longest stingered ones in this whole wide world. The nicest time to sleep up there was in the late summer when everything was balmy and only the twitter of birds disturbed the lightest sleepers. A limb of the old pear tree hung deliciously close to the window. Very early one morning Aunt Myn and Aunt Elda settled the problem of who shall tip toe down stairs and pick us each a pear, by drawing cuts. Aunt Elda lost. As the whole town seemed to still be sleeping she didn't bother to stop and get dressed, but skipped playfully outside, clad only in a pair of "Teddies" (for the benefit of the third generation, a teddy was an article of women's lingerie. It was a one piece affair that didn't fit as snug around the bottom as the modern pantie, or didn't reach quite as high up as the bra of today, but covered you all up nice and modest in the middle. They were quite full and were held from above with two frail ribbon straps. Another narrow ribbon was laced thru the tip hem giving a

dainty camisole effect. Any little strain might cause any one or all of the ribbons to give way. If this happened while the wearer had only this film between her and the great outside, mother nature would have a wonderful opportunity to display her own handiwork of feminine pulchritude to the big wide world, as the whole thing would open up and fall at your feet like an upside down parachute.) By the time she reached the top of the tree she had forgotten she wasn't dressed for a dance but dressed only for the privacy of the garden of Eden, and started waving good neighborly to a well-known early rising cattle man, who returned her friendly salutation by simply lashing his horse into a full gallop as he modestly pulled his ten gallon hat clear down over his eyes. Then as she wended her way back to bed with an armful of pears she wondered aloud what on earth had she done to him that made him act like that. Aunt Myn lay there chewing the juicy pears and listening. Then she said, "Eldee, look what you got on, or look what you haven't got on." Aunt Elda took one look, screamed and to this day avoids meeting this man if possible.

The old kitchen,--has it been plastered to? Is Grandma's little spice drawer still hanging on the wall? And the old pots and pans—are they still hanging there too? Especially I remember the old hot-cake griddle upon which Grandpa baked the best thin, sour batter hot-cakes ever eaten by man, woman or child. They were always exactly the size of a big dinner plate and he always served them with butter and sugar. Sugar to him was a rare delicacy and he never got over fully appreciating its taste. He said when he was a boy the only time he ever tasted sugar was when he was sick. No one ever used it for any other purpose. It was too scarce. His mother kept a little tiny sack of it in her trunk for sickness.

The old built-in cupboard in the southeast corner of the kitchen. Is it still there? It was on the top shelf of this one that Aunt Myn was reaching one day for one of Grandma's old sad irons. It slipped and fell six feet and lit point down on her little toe nail. If sound, which according to science never disintegrates but always exists, I'll bet that howl she made is still traveling regularly around the earth's surface. My sympathy goes to all those who have never seen Aunt Myn's little toe nail after that accident. This summer make it a must, right along with the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest, and take the whole family to see it.

But the old black stove, the biggest one I've ever seen. There's no use asking about it. They say definitely it's been discarded. It was around this old stove Grandpa taught most of his grandkids to build a fire. He instilled in us so strongly the unnecessary carelessness of having to use more than one match to start a fire, that I seldom ever use more. His deep respect and appreciation for the tiny match was born on three or four mile runs to a neighbor's house, when he was a boy, to borrow live coals; as their fires sometimes accidentally went out. How many loaves of bread, pies, cookies, biscuits and roast venison that old oven has baked no one will ever know. How many kettles of beans, Danish dumplings, sweet rice, red mush, and milk gravy have been cooked on the top of that old stove will never be counted. Grandma claimed that up until she broke her hip, even though Grandpa had died and all her kids were married off, she always baked the same number of loaves of bread and the same size kettles of soup. She said, "Well if some of the family doesn't drop in and eat it I like to have a little to take over to my neighbors or someone else." She said she always felt so indebted to all of her neighbors for their many, many kindnesses, Sister Richey for her many bouquets of flowers, Sister Neagle for her baskets of fruit. She felt so indebted at one time that she stayed up most of the night Christmas Eve making them

each a little foot stool. The only tools she had was a hammer, a broken saw, and a butcher knife. Sister Neagle told her later she wondered how she had ever gotten thru life without that little stool. Grandma's neighbors have always meant so much to her she gets homesick for them when she is away on trips. One time in later years when Grandma's rheumatism was very bad Uncle Art told Mother (May) to take her to Gallup and buy her a fur coat and he would pay for it. Grandma tried one on and it felt so warm and comfortable she bought it. But she never wore it out of the house. She often lay on the bed with it over her legs and would wear it only while away from town. She claimed her neighbors didn't have coats that nice and she was afraid they would think she was trying to show off. The old stove thru the years became almost a part of the family. How many Saturday nite bathers have warmed their wet and shivering torsos by the tender glow of this old black friend. And the long shiny chrome rod across the front of that old stove has probably, sometime or other, warmed nearly every fanny in town. There's something a little sad about discarding to the lowly dump heap this once proud expensive and faithful old pioneer.

Is the old barn still standing? Is Arthur's little pigeon house still sitting way up on top? Wasn't it Farr that Arthur once persuaded to jump off the barn, and tho he furnished him with Grandma's best umbrella, we had to dig him out of the pile of manure that Arthur promised would be so soft for him to light in (it was). It was my first experience seeing an umbrella turn wrong side out.

And Grandpa's blacksmith shop. He used to let us hang around and watch. We felt it a great privilege to work the bellows for him. He was an excellent blacksmith. The sheriff used to bring prisoners down for him to fit handcuffs to.

Is the old well still there? One time when a water dog got in it Grandpa drew it up in the bucket for us kids to see. It was my first lesson in water animal life.

Is the old "back house" still there? Us kids always referred to it as the new one because originally there was a still older one almost to the back end of the lot. But as the female members grew a little bolder, they prevailed upon Grandpa to build a new one nearer the house. Their main arguments being that in winter it was mighty frosty way out there, and in the spring, since the building was getting long in years, the wind made anyone of modest mind awfully nervous. And in summer, as Grandpa's beehives were betwixt the big house and the little one, sitting out there with bees buzzing around and about, was downright dangerous. Grandpa claimed it was absolutely vulgar to build a back house as close as 50 ft. to the house and he grumbled something about the next thing he knew they would be wanting him to build a privy right inside the house like he'd heard some "city folks" did. The females won out and it was soon finished, complete with a little quarter moon above the door. I thought it was beautiful. But in spite of the little moon us kids continued braving the bees to go clear out to the old "three holer" to get to sit on the little hole. An item Grandpa had completely forgotten to include in the new addition.

Aunt Myn pressed one day, either by mother nature or more likely a waiting batch of dishes, bounded out toward the little house with the half moon. Going fifty per,--all 190 lbs. of her hit the door too late to discover, before she was inside, that it was pre-occupied by a shy young man who was

renting Grandma's front bedroom. The dwelling, being of an extremely economical size and suddenly filled with two excited people (one too big to back out and trying desperately to apologize) almost collapsed before the shy young man finally fought his way around the wide eyed Amazon standing petrified against the door, and finally managed to hobble out to the safety of the currant bushes. I don't think Grandma ever realized why she so suddenly lost her good steady renter. But the tragedy of the incident was that the young man left town on crutches with a fractured toe in a cast, evidence of the impact he received when he foolishly figured his big toe, holding the door shut would ensure his privacy against the red-haired onslaught bolting straight toward that frail building with all the force and precision of a water buffalo.

I guess I'm just a sentimentalist but please don't anyone feel hurt if I don't go down this summer to see Grandma's "new house." I want to keep my memories like they are, unplastered, unpainted, unvarnished, just plain, real, genuine original old memories. Maybe the old house wasn't the last word in an interior decorators dream, with its sofa pillows, family portraits, tasseled covers, and calendars. But thru the years it had acquired a personality, a character, a quiet charm, a definite feeling. In my sorrows of later years, many times unable to share my thoughts with people, I walked into that old house and my heavy load seemed always to lighten by just being there. The old walls seemed to reach out and put their arms around me. Even tho they're covered with new paint and plaster, tell me is that old feeling still there?

GOSPEL QUESTIONS

1. Which did the Lord create first (in the flesh), Eve or the animals? _____
2. Who named Eve? _____
3. What blood relation was Lot to Sarah? _____
4. Lot's two daughters each produced a son shortly after the little sojourn to the cave. These two sons became the fathers of two tribes of people (not of the 12 tribes) Name the two boys and the Bible names given to their people:
(1) _____ was the father of the _____ ites.
(2) _____ was the father of the _____ ites.
5. Where did the River Laman empty? _____
6. The Liahona was made of _____.
7. Who was the last living Jaredite? _____
8. Where was the elder Alma baptized? _____
9. What happened to the City of Mocom? _____

(Certainly you are allowed to use the Standard Works to help you find the answers. The purpose of this quiz is to stimulate you to study them a little more.)

POETS CORNER

By Geraldine Sagers

JUST WE COUSINS

The years bring changes both pleasant and sad.
The mind goes back to the good times we've had.
Just a group of cousins with a strong loyalty.
We're not beggars or not royalty
We've played, we've fought, but together we've been,
And our experiences, time cannot dim.

Remember the garage at Grandpa's place.
The bees, the barn, how through them we'd chase.
Then the mill, fishing, and the Homestead too,
Old Dobin, old Pine, and finally old Blue,
Lester's Shetland pony, then the shows we'd give,
Ah! Wasn't that a jolly kind of life to live.

Fiestie-faustie, wooly-wooly, and no bears out tonight,
Are games we've played with all our might.
We're older now but let's not forget
The younger ones who are growing up yet.
Let's help them to have the fun we've had,
And teach them our ideals and good from bad.

Our life has not all been fun on the way.
Tears, sickness, and death have accompanied the play.
And thoughts of those who have joined Grandpa there,
Tempers the lives of us left with Grandma here.
Sorrow is ours in a minor degree
For in that land over there we'll meet you see.

So now to our posts of duty each one.
Let's stand together in love, work and fun,
Like the musketeers we're together at heart.
Our colors we'll fly. Not even death can part.

By Geraldine Sagers
(Written several years ago)

MY ARIZONA

By Dean Berry

I know a place out in the west,
I like of any place the best;
It has so many places out
Of doors the people talk about.

The cactus in the desert, rare,
The flowers on them are very fair.
The Grand Canyon is another,
Like the Petrified Forest, there is no other.

If you sleep in a forest, in a nook
It's like sleeping in a closet on a hook.
The Hopis, on the cliffs, make their lands,
Beside the Painted Desert, wish all its sands.

They do the bird dance every fall,
And that dance is seen by nearly all.
Arizona is the name of this place,
The best place on the earth's face.

By Dean Berry
Written in the 5th Grade

THE REUNION

By Jeanie Hamblin

I came to California,
The gold dust for to see,
But in Arizona,
My heart will always be.

I like to see the Indians,
With long black stringy hair,
And I heard that at the Homestead,
One man killed nine big bear.

The last time we were up there,
We had so darn much fun.
We rode the horses every day,
And watched the cowboys run.

We had a great big baseball game,

Where everybody played.
They had a tent for everyone,
Where everybody stayed.

We washed our hands and faces,
In the mountain stream each day.
After that we dried ourselves,
And started out to play.

We had so many people there,
Including all the Aunts.
All the Uncles were there too,
With their fancy pants.

Every morning we had pancakes,
Which the Uncles fixed.
They were awfully good
The way the batter was mixed.

We had some very good biscuits
And had a lot of steaks.
And everyone that had a piece,
It lay right over their plates.

I rode the great big "Joy-boy" (Playboy)
And saw the halftrack too.
The halftrack it was kinda gray,
And the "Joy-boy" (Playboy) it was blue.

I hope I've been a very good girl,
So I can see you soon.
Good-by now everybody.
I'll see you there in June.

By Jeanie Hamblin
(Maree's youngest)

OUR MISSIONARY

Elder Jack A. Brown
Perfeitura, Municipal
Ponta Grossa, Parana, Brazil

Dearest Family,

Boy I can see how these Brazilian Missionaries wear out so many clothes. The ladies beat them against rocks and everything to get them clean. I had a shirt come back with the collar ripped half off, but we have a different lady now, the maid that lives here, and I hope she is better. They have dry cleaners in such a few cities that they have to wash everything even suits and that doesn't do them much good.

We have a little film machine and show pictures of Utah, Church History, etc. Last night we showed them to a group of people and then they showed some back to us of Brazil and they were beautiful. I hope I can get some good ones while I am here.

We are living here in a hole in the ground. I get quite homesick for that nice clean home that Dixon, Lavard and I lived in last fall quarter up at the Y. At least they had mattresses on the beds and a seat on the toilet, and the toilet was inside. It is not too bad, but we have to be a little careful—I have to hang my suits on the pipes out quite a ways from the wall or they get muddy. But we've got it fixed up pretty nice; we have good stepping stones all the way to our beds now so that we don't get our pants a bit muddy when we leave. Of course the pigpen on the south side of us keeps it a little dirty, and stinky. Oh-oh, wait a minute—it was just one of the boys that lives here screaming. He had his bed too close to the wall and a little dirt caved in on it while the boy was in it, and it scared him a little, but he is all right now. Boy, a few more cave-ins like that and we will have enough room for the other two Elders to move over here. This rainy weather makes it a little bad; well, I'm glad that it is Elder Wride's turn to bail out the water this morning.

The other night they had a family of famous singers here from the States—The Trapp Family. Maybe some of you have heard of them. They are really good; they sang, played flutes, etc. There is a mother and five or six girls and one eleven year old boy. The tickets were supposed to be 50 Cruzeiros but my English class chipped in and presented me with two tickets; they said to show their appreciation for being such a good English Teacher. They asked my companion and I to help translate, etc., so we got to have a nice long visit afterward, and the Mother was very interested in us and our religion. She has been in Utah several times but had to come about 9,000 miles to learn about the Church. That is going to be the text for one of my speeches someday. We are failing in that line. Maybe our next door neighbor would like to attend our Church but no one ever asks them.

Your loving Son, Grandson,
Nephew, Cousin, Brother,
and Uncle,

JACK

P.S.

We have moved to another place that is just a little better than the other one. We have our own room here, (very small) and the toilet is inside, but we have to go outside where they wash clothes to shave and wash. It has been over a month since I shaved with hot water, washed with hot water, or even showered with warm water. This is a pensao (boardinghouse). We are just staying here temporarily, we hope. It is quite cheap, so we can afford to buy a few fruits, etc., to go with the rice, beans, and meat that they serve here. It is just as good food as we were getting at the cafe, though.

PETER ISAACSON

Peter Isaacson, bishop of the Meadow Ward, St. Johns Stake, Arizona, was born May 30, 1828, at Sonderhaa, Thisted amt, Denmark, the son of Isaacson Olsen (born May 4, 1769, and died Dec. 3, 1840) and Anna Margrethe Pedersen (born Nov. 11, 1805, and died in the year 1877).

Peter learned the trade of a carpenter and worked at the same in his native land. He served as a soldier in the Danish army two years, during the war between Denmark and Germany. Becoming a convert to "Mormonism" he was baptized by Peter Poulsen in 1854 labored as a local missionary a short time, prior to his departure for America. He emigrated to Utah in 1854-55 and crossed the Atlantic in the ship "James Nesmith," which sailed from Liverpool, England, Jan. 7, 1855 and arrived at New Orleans, Feb. 23, 1855.

Proceeding up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers to Mormon Grove, near Atchison, Kansas, he remained on the frontiers one year and finally crossed the plains in Bishop Abraham O. Smoot's company, arriving in Great Salt Lake City Nov. 9, 1856. While crossing the mountains in deep snow part of the way the emigrants suffered extremely from cold and over-exertion.

While residing in the States, he married Anna Marie Poulsen at Weston, Mo., April 1, 1855; but his wife died soon after her marriage. In 1857 (April 21st) he married Martha K. Clemensen; and the next year he participated in the expeditions to the mountains to check the approach of Johnston's army. During his absence his wife went to Sanpete, whence he followed her later and settled in Ephraim. In 1876 he was called to Arizona, to help colonize that country and to labor as a missionary among the Indians. He was absent on this mission sixteen years, after which he returned to Ephraim. In 1878 (Sep. 3rd) he was ordained a High Priest by Erastus Snow and set apart to act as second counselor to Bishop Geo. Lake, of Brigham City, Navajo Co., Arizona.

In the year 1880 he was ordained a Bishop and set apart to preside over a small branch of the Church at a place called The Meadows, about seven miles north of St. Johns. After presiding there about four years the settlement was abandoned, and Brother Isaacson returned to Ephraim, where he has lived ever since. He is now (1914) a Church veteran, 86 years of age. Brother Isaacson is the father of four children.

MARTHA K. CLEMENSEN ISAACSON

Martha K. Clemensen, wife of Peter Isaacson, was born May 7, 1822, on the island of Jegindo, Thisted amt, Denmark. She became a member of the Church in 1854 and emigrated to America in 1854-55, crossing the Atlantic in the ship "James Nesmith, which sailed from Liverpool, England, Jan. 7, 1855, and arrived at New Orleans Feb. 23, 1855. She crossed the plains in Noah T. Guyman company, which arrived in Salt Lake City Sept. 7, 1855, and located at Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah, where her brother lived, and in 1857 (April 21st) she married Peter Isaacson, to whom she subsequently bore four children, namely, Peter, Isaac, Maria and

Martin. Sister Isaacson was an active Relief Society worker both in Utah and Arizona and died as a faithful Latter-day Saint Dec. 13, 1913, at Ephraim.

(The above information on Peter and Martha Isaacson was copied from the L.D.S. Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol 2, Page 332-333.)

GODDAG, BITTE FAR

This is a little poem taught by Grandma (Maria) to her children and some of her grandchildren, as translated by Dean Berry.

Goddag, bitte Far,	Hello, little man,
Sikken Hat du Har,	Such a hat you have,
Sikken Ben,	Such legs,
Sikken Laar,	Such thighs
Sikken Skridt du Ta'r.	Such steps you take.

DANISH RECORDS
BY Dean Berry

During my recent mission to Denmark, I took a little time off to visit the places where my ancestors lived, to try to learn more about them.

In the records of the Lutheran Church at Sønderhaa, in Hassing Herred (Township), of Thisted Amt (County), are the following items, which throw some light on the lives of the father and grandparents of Anna Maria Isaacson, my grandmother.

Isaach Olesen, b 1769, Sønderhaa, Thisted, Denmark, married a woman named Maren Andersdatter, who had two children by a former marriage. They had one child, born in 1796.

I don't know exactly when Maren Andersdatter Oleson died, but in the section of the church records for the years 1814-1840, I found that on 18 Dec., 1825, Isaach Olesen, 56, married Ane Magrethe Pedersdatter, 22. Peder Bentzen (undoubtedly her father), was listed as present at her wedding.

They had seven children:

Ole Peder Isaachsen, b 7 March 1827 at Sønderhaa. (The record states:

“He was funny or something--spent his whole life on the same little farm.)

Peder Isaachsen, b 30 May 1828 at Sønderhaa. (Our Ancestor)

Jens Nicolai Isaachsen, b 29 July 1830. (died in infancy 6 April 1831)

Jens Nicolai Isaachsen, b 8 Jan 1832. (yes, another one by this name,
who also died—8 April 1832)

Maren Bach Isaachsdatter, b 28 August 1836

Jens Bach Isaachsen, b 8 Dec. 1838

Ane Marie Isaachsdatter, b 27 July 1841

In 1841, “Isaach Olesen, 71 ½ years, died on Dec. 3, in Sønderhaa—he had been married twice—was buried Dec. 15.”

The Priest gave me a copy of the epitaph on Isaach Olesen's grave. Literally translated, it reads as follows:

“Hereunder lies, free from the turmoil and unrest of the world, the in-this-life-honorable and esteemed man now saved with God, resting with the Lord:

“Isach (note spelling) Olesen Hjortsvang, who first saw the light of day in the year of our Lord 1769 on the 4th of May. In both of his marriages, he was blessed by God with 7 children, of whom two received their father in eternity. The 3rd of December, 1840, he passed into eternity after he quietly had given his beloved marriage partner and dear small children his last goodbye. His age, 77 years and 7 months. (A verse followed from the Danish Psalmbook.)

“Peace over his remains.

“Written in Søndershaa the 19th of July, 1868,

By Niels Søndberg.”

In 1842, again quoting from the church record: “On May 29, Niels Christensen, of (Areas) in Huurup, 26 years, married Ane Margrethe Pedersdatter, 27, in the church. Christen Mathiessen and Peder Bentzen were present.”

So you see that, one day before his 14th birthday, Peter Isaachsen acquired a stepfather, Niels Christensen, just 12 years older than himself. Later, a step-brother was born, Isaach Nielsen, b 7 Feb 1844. His is the one whose grave is at Søndershaa (see picture No. 11). Among his children, some of whom are still living in Denmark, is a very prominent Lutheran Priest, who has adopted the family name of Peter Isaachsen’s father, Hjortsvang, which was really not his name at all. This man Proust (Priest) Hjortsvang, is over the Lutheran Churches in Thisted County. He is a half first cousin of our Grandma Whiting.

Clemmen Nielsen and Maren Christensdatter lived on Jegindø (Jegind Island), Refs Herred (Twp), Thisted Amt (Co.), Denmark. They had 8 children: Niels and Christine (twins, who died in infancy), Karen, Niels, Martha, Ane Margrethe, Mette and Dorthe Kjerstine. Evidently they were very poor, because every child but the last one was sent away to work at about the age of 15 or 16. Karen went to a farm near Balling 1835. Niels (the second-born of that name), went to Lim in 1836. Martha Kirstine (our ancestor), went to Henae in 1837, on October 30, 1842, she moved to Balling. Ane Margrethe went to Balling in 1838. Mette went to Falling at the age of 14, in 1840.

In the Church books for Balling Sogn, Rodding Herred, for the years 1813-1891, listed under deaths is the following item:

“1843—On 24 Aug., Mette Clemmensdatter, 17 years, servant girl in Balling’s chief mill died of a wound inflicted by accident while working in the harvest----(illegible words)---hemorrhage----(also illegible)-----when an artery in the thigh was cut. Buried 29 Aug.”

Probably several of her sisters were present, including Martha, later to become Martha Isaacson, and mother of my Grandma. Grandma Whiting has told many of us the story of this event, as her mother told her. She said that one of the men was acting smart and seeing how close he could come to the backs of her legs with his scythe. He came too close. This happened 107 years ago.

Martha Kirstine migrated to America, after accepting the gospel. On the boat she met the man she was going to marry later in Utah, Peder Isaachsen, who later adopted the American way of spelling his name, Peter Isaacson.

EDITORIAL
By J. Ronald Brown

First, I must apologize. First to Beth Simper for putting her name on the staff as Beth Whiting in the first issue (Perhaps it is Austin I should apologize to). Nita deserves an apology because we credited her fine remarks, and the killing of a deer, to Beth. There are some more apologies due, but I can't think of them at the moment.

In preparing these first issues, we have tried to contact some of the most talented members of the family. There is so much talent in this family of ours that we can't use all of it every time. We are saving some of the best of you for the future, when interest in the magazine begins to slack. However, if any of you every have any thoughts, ideas, stories, jokes, or suggestions, which you think either we editors, or the family as a whole might be interested in, we would like you to send I in. Don't hesitate. Something valuable might be lost if you do. Someone else might like your thoughts as much as you do.

We are particularly interested in suggestions for Teen-age Column contributors, and Outlaw Column contributors. If you think your husband, wife, son or daughter has a flair for writing, let us know.

We are open at any time for any criticism or suggestions. If we have hurt any feelings, please let us know, so we can do something about it. If we have overlooked any important events, please let us know about it. We appreciate the comments and suggestions which we have received. We are learning and growing.

We regret that we can't yet give an accurate report on our financial condition at the moment. The paper has grown so much that some costs must have mounted. However, we didn't have a picture in the second issue, and our picture of this issue won't cost us much. We expect to finish our first year in the black. We will try to get an accurate financial statement to present in the next issue. In the same issue, will be an appeal for funds to carry the magazine through its second year, 1951.

There have been some requests for us to set a subscription rate, so that everybody will contribute the same amount. However, the Board of Directors has voted to continue the policy which the head of the family, Grandma Whiting, has expressed, which is to leave the subscription amount voluntary, so that the more prosperous of her descendants can carry a greater share of the financial burden that those who are, as yet, less prosperous.

I don't know yet whether I can make it to the Reunion, but if I can, I will see you there.

OUR MISSOURI RELATIVES
BY Martha Whiting Brown

It seems something like a dream come true to really know and live so near some of Grandpa Whiting's own people. I used to think so often that I would like to know them, and now I do.

You will remember in the sketch by Grandma Cox Whiting, she said one of the sorrows of Grandpa Whiting's (Edwin) life was that when the Saints were driven from Nauvoo, some of his brothers and sisters did not go West to Utah, with Brigham Young, but followed a man named Alphius Cutler into Minnesota, where they tried to carry on the Church, being known as "Cutlerites," or the "True Church of Christ, Proper."

We had just been in Independence a few days when a young man who would gas ??? to President Brown, told him he noticed in the newspaper that his wife was named Whiting, and said that was his name. He gave us his father's name and address, and we soon went to see them. We found a typical, heavily built Whiting, and his family. They treated us very well. His name is Earl Whiting, and he lives at 812 Cottage Street, Independence, Missouri.

We have been to see them many times, each time becoming better acquainted, but no nearer convincing them that Brigham Young was the rightful leader. In fact, we are usually obliged to avoid that subject. The thing that touches our hearts is the sincerity of their belief in Joseph Smith and Alphius Cutler.

The Cutlerites moved from Minnesota to Independence twenty years ago, intending to build the Temple here in Jackson County, but have decided it is not yet time. They live a form of United Order. At the funeral of Beulah Whiting, she had been dressed in a robe and veil similar to our Temple robes. They live a very simple life. They dress plain, and the men seldom wear a tie. It is considered vain and worldly. They teach and believe that the Church was rejected, and they are waiting for "One Mighty and Strong," to place the Church in order.

There are only about 35 Cutlerites left now. Earl Whiting is the second in line for leadership. Most of the Whitings here have joined the Reorganized Church.

We noticed one of our Latter-day Saints Hymn books on Earl's bookcase. He said that should be "Latter-day 'Aints." Then he laughed, just like Bryant or Charlie Whiting. He also had one of our old Doctrine and Covenants, out of which he had cut a few pages, and sealed a few together. I made him a present of a Doctrine and Covenants. He wrote me a "Thank you" note, and called me "Cousin."

Lester Whiting, a kind and sweet old man about 75 years old, came to the house over two years ago to meet us. He has been here two or three times since. Herbert and May visited them several times. He is a son of Grandpa Whiting's youngest brothers Lewis Francis Whiting, and is an own cousin of Pa, and a fine man. He belongs to the Reorganized Church. Frank and I went to visit them a week ago. He looks a little like Pa when he was thin and old, and also like my Grandpa Whiting (Edwin, Sr.)

Lester is the one who told me the story of Grandpa Elisha's home and material for chairs being burned up at Far West. He is so kind and friendly about everything, until Utah Mormons, Brigham Young, or polygamy is mentioned. He has a slight shaking palsy, like Pa had. This upsets him very much, and he shakes more to hear about the "True Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

He told us of remembering when two Mormon Elders who were Whiting relatives, Elders Payne and Buchanan, came to visit them. They stayed several weeks in the cold winter and the home of his father, Lewis Francis Whiting. They helped saw wood for their board. They were not able to interest any of the folks there in the Gospel.

Last Friday, I got the address of Lester's sister, Cordelia Whiting Perry, about six blocks south of us. She is 80 years old, the sweetest kind old lady I ever saw, and friendly, too. She was so energetic, helping her husband, who is 88 years old, wallpaper and paint an old house they had just bought, having just moved in from the country. She looked so much like Aunt Harriet Curtis. Of course, they are own cousins, but could have been sisters with so much likeness.

She told me the same things Lester had, but more, for she told me about Elisha, Jr., being hurt by his mother giving him to the old Quaker. Lester and Cordelia are faithful to the Reorganized Church.

We could not ask for better friends or relatives. We regret to leave them.

TEENAGER'S COLUMN

Guest Editor, for this issue: Rose Maurine Lewis

Hi all you Whitingites!

Every time you see a nifty shifty outfit that's really sporty, don't you just wish and yearn to have one to come shining out in, and have piles and piles of compliments from all your cute cousins?

Can't you just imagine the thrill of riding up to the Whiting camp, coz you know all the earlier arrivals will be quizzing each other as to who is descending upon them in the next few sec's. And after unfolding yourself from the family's dearest possession (the car), to be greeted by someone who you will have to (in the privacy of your own corner of the circus tent) ask your mother who in the world that cute companion is you seem to have acquired.

Can't you just smell the fragrance of an Arizona pine tree as the sap oozes out while you sit around the fire, and hear, and suddenly realize that your Grandmas and Grandpas really were young once and did the same things you do now? In the morning comes the glorious experience that comes once in two years, of eating the uncle's yummy pancakes. And I would like to thank Gene Stoddard for showing me how to stick to a horse so I won't S-M-A-C-K me right where it hurts. I would like to make a suggestion to Bob Hope and the Three Marx Brothers: If they want to really be funny they will have to take a few lessons from the uncles and aunts on the Whiting program. The next generation was well represented too. I'll bet Virginia is glad Lee doesn't go around dressed like that all the time. We did have two talented hula dancers. Didn't you feel just like Coronado when you felt your way through the Harris Cave? And then after it's all over it's such a sorrowful experience to leave all of your marvelous relatives.

I don't know if it's legal to mention Johnny (Whiting) in the Teenage column, coz I've heard rumors that he's making plans of building his own home next year. I also hear that Donald (Whiting) is doing all right on his one night per week stepping out. You other boys have a real treat in store when Katie (Whiting) comes to the reunion. I hear that she was voted the best dressed girl in school, and is class president. I've heard rumors that Floyd (Brown) pounds a dent in the pulpit when he gets up to preach the gospel. And Nora Mae (Brown) can't even find time to write to her lonely relatives coz she keeps the phone hot at all hours. Aunt Mairing (Startup) must have been feeding Gordon in case of a depression, coz he's so fat he can hardly waddle. If you hear a loud booming noise behind a tree, it isn't the bear the men have been chasing, it's just Wendell's (Lewis) voice changing. Gee, we sure will miss Rex (Lee) this year coz kids, take your hats off, we have a scout leader in our midst. Yes it is really true. He's going back to the big scout jamboree. We have two saucy little tenceens up here in these parts, but until they get a little older they don't merit a place in the teen column [Gay (Lewis) and Karen (Startup)]. I hear Don E. (Priestley) has a dog that all but lives with him. I wish I knew more about all of you so I could mention you in our column, but that's what I'm going to the reunion for. So I'll see you there!

...Latest survey shows all Whiting grandchildren are flunking their final exams. I have conducted an investigation of some of the questions and answers that caused their downfall. Here are a few samples.

1. What was the kind of transportation used during the medieval period? Was asked of David Berry. His answer was: Old funny face and the donkey that got away.
2. What caused the downfall of the Roman Empire? Donald Whiting answered: "Those early morning hot cakes.
3. What kind of clothes did the early pilgrims wear? The answer Louine Berry gave was: Two pair of jeans and a new shirt.
4. The following question was given to Katie Whiting: What woman leader led the armies of France? Aunt Myn and her peek-a-boo bonnet.
5. Why did Washington cross the Delaware? Lynn Ellsworth's answer was: To see Lee Berry do the hula.

Contributed by Norma Jean Berry

A MESSAGE FROM THORPE B. ISAACSON

My Dear Cousin Maree:

Your letter of May 17 was received while I was out of the state, but I want to acknowledge it now.

First, I want to thank you so much for writing me, and I am very sorry that you did not get a chance to see me last summer. Of course, I know your mother. I have always thought a great deal of May and Dr. Berry. I remember Dr. Berry as a little boy. Truly, they are among my choicest cousins.

I am glad that you and your husband are working in genealogy. It is a great work. Will you express to all my cousins there or second cousins or my other relatives my greatest love and affection, and I am glad you have started a family magazine.

May I ask you to write to my brother, Eddie Isaacson, at 1354 Roberta, Salt Lake City, Utah, whom my father designated in his will should take care of the genealogical part of our family and keep such family history as necessary, and I believe he and his wife have done considerable along this line, and I believe they can help you, but I will likewise be glad to assist you whenever I can.

To aim to put over genealogy to this big family of ours is praiseworthy, and I commend you. Sometime when I am in California, I would like very much to meet with you.

Edwin Whiting was a great man, and of course, Aunt Maria in my opinion is one of the great women of this generation.

You stated that you were featuring the Isaacson line, and I wish I could have supplied you with the information sooner, because in my humble opinion, Peter Isaacson was one of the best men I have ever known. In fact, I think he was about as near perfect as a man could be, and I have never known anyone more kind, more tolerant, more sweet of disposition, and more spiritual. I know of no one that was able to approach his Father in Heaven with more complete confidence than Peter Isaacson. He was a man of great faith. He believed in prayer, and he talked to the Lord about all of his conditions.

I have met a number of cousins at different stake conferences throughout the country, and I hope they will all make themselves acquainted with me. I would be most pleased to meet them, and I hope they will never hesitate.

In my own opinion, having been around Grandfather Peter Isaacson a great deal, I can tell you that he was blessed with the Spirit of the Lord abundantly, and I believe the Lord did speak to him many times through the spirit and power of the Holy Ghost. He became so close to his maker. He was a prayerful man, and he loved everyone, but above all, he loved God, his Eternal Father, more than he loved life itself. I have heard him pray to his Father in Heaven many times, asking if he could not come home and dwell with him. I didn't know Grandmother Isaacson so well, because she died a number of years before Grandfather Isaacson, and I was not very old when she died, but I was with him when he

died. He had great faith and love for his Father in Heaven up to the very moment that he died. He was blessed with good health, because he lived the laws of God all his life.

Again may I emphasize that he was one of the sweetest and one of the kindest and one of the most lovable and spiritual men that God ever created. He thought a great deal of the Church, and I remember the great affection that he had for those who presided over him, and particularly Antoine H. Lund who used to call upon him when he would come to Sanpete for a stake conference. When they met each other, they would embrace with great love and affection.

Grandfather Isaacson, of course, felt sad many times when he realized that he could not see his brother and sisters or his father and mother, but he had me write them letters over to old Denmark, and of course, he loved the Church so much that he never felt that any sacrifice that he had ever made was too much because of the great blessings that had come to him because of his membership in the church.

Now, you stated that you were sending this out to thirty or forty different families, and you have my permission to take any part of this letter that you care to use, and it may be that my brother, Eddie will supply you with some other information that may be of help to you.

Now, again I am grateful to you for your letter, and make sure that you extend to each of our relatives either on the Whiting side or the Isaacson side my best personal regards and love. I want each of them to feel free to please introduce themselves to me when they hear me or meet me or see me at any of the stake conferences throughout the Church. I do recall meeting a number of them at different places, and it has always pleased me very much to know them.

Thank you again, and may the Lord bless each of you. With very good wishes to you. I remain,

Sincerely your brother and cousin,

Thorpe B. Isaacson

GRANDMA ISAACSON
By May W. Berry

Grandma Isaacson was an educated woman, although she never learned to read or write or even sign her own name. She was educated as few of her posterity have been since. She learned, when she was 9 years old, that she must earn her bread by the sweat of her brow, which she did the rest of her life. It was on a little Island in Denmark, where at 9 she went to work for a great land owner. This man taught her that she must cook the meals, milk the cows, keep the house, and work in the fields by day, and knit her own stockings by night. Somewhere she learned, as few have ever learned, the value of money. She taught it to her children and grandchildren. She loved the Lord, which was also taught to her posterity.

I remember one day it was cold and snowing outside. Grandma was down from her home in Ephraim to visit us in Mapleton, Utah. She was so miserable that day. She must write her own name. The thought haunted her. She sat all day as cold and morbid as the weather outside. "Maria, she would say, "Nay, Nay, Nay," then Mother would point at the check and in a firm gentle voice say something in Danish I did not understand, but we all understood that Grandma must pick up a pen and sign her name to a check on Zion's Savings Bank. We watched in silence. At last her hand grasped the pen. Mother stood by her showing her just how to do it. With a sigh of relief, after it was over, Grandma laid the precious check on the table. It happened to touch the plate of butter and a circle of grease spread rapidly on the check. Oh! Oh! Oh!" she moaned as she rocked back and forth in apparent agony. I could not figure out just what it was until I saw Ma begin to laugh. At last a smile broke over Grandma's face, even though she knew she would have to sign that check again.

"Marta, Marta," she would call. She could not say Martha and she proudly said "Marta." You see, Marta had dark hair and eyes like her own. Also Marta could speak with the same sweet dignity that was so typical of Grandma. As she would say "Marta," a smile usually accompanied it. Her Marta was such a dear little thing and so like herself. My hair was white and my eyes blue so Marta was rightly named after Grandma, Martha Isaacson.

Connie Lewis (seeing Ginger nurse the first time) Look! The baby's eating mama all up.

Diana Fife: Mama my foot's gone to sleep without me.

Kay Berry (5 years old) Mama does everything that has feathers have wishbones? Aunt May answered yes, to which Kay said, "Do Indians have wishbones?"

Grandma (Maria Whiting): Gladys (Whiting), where is Harvey's sweater?

Gladys: Oh! Ma I'm afraid it's got in my trunk and if it has it's lost.

Aunt May (Berry): Now just run to the store Norma (Berry), that big dog will only smell you.

Norma: But Mama I'm afraid it will taste me.

One time a boy delivered something to Aunt Myn (Priestley) and looked around her apartment and said, "Oh! Are you moving?" (She wasn't)

THE CHEERFUL EARFUL
By My Friend Erma (Grant)

Some of us old folks decided that we couldn't be outdone by the younger generation and have them get to Hollywood and leave us behind, so when the Mutual put on the play "Big Hearted Herbert," Melba (Udall), Darwin (Grant) and I were delighted when asked if we would take parts. I think we all said our lines like true Barrymores—both of them! (Perhaps I should say Whittings, as I doubt that the Barrymores could do any better than Aunt Minnie, Uncle Earnest, Uncle Lynn, etc., etc., used to when they put on so many plays). We put it on twice here, then took it to Holbrook, Vernon, and Eagar. It went off fine, except that one of the actors didn't show up at Vernon and we had to make a last minute substitution.

Darwin is now a full-fledged insurance salesman and will be glad to insure any of your cars. He recently went to Prescott to take his exams, and so if any of you are anticipating driving recklessly when you come out to the reunion, you had better get in touch with him.

Aunt Elda, Uncle Albert (Brown) and family went to Salt Lake to April Conference, and reported that they had a very nice trip.

Jay (Whiting), Harold, Nita and Linda (Bushman) were here a few weeks ago. They were buying trucks for the mills in the Kaibab. They stayed here long enough for Nita to pay a short visit to all of us, and it really seemed good to see her.

All of the high schools in the northern part of Arizona went to Flagstaff for the annual music contest last month. I can remember when I was in high school (I'll admit it taxes my memory to think back so many years, but I can still do it) how we looked forward to the coming of this event each year, and how we had tryouts and eliminations here to select the best ones to represent us at Flagstaff. Rex (Lee) was chosen to play the trumpet solo and received a rating of superior.

At the annual Pioneer Reunion in Phoenix last April, sponsored by the Arizona Republic, Dad (Eddie) was selected as the main speaker. He gave an excellent talk and received a lot of publicity. They talked about him over the radio and wrote about him in the newspapers. There were some very good pictures in the paper of him, Mother, (Ethel) and Grandma Whiting. I heard Dad chuckling and telling Farr (Whiting) that the Governor was the other speaker, but you wouldn't have known it unless you had been there, because the radio, papers, etc., were quoting Dad and didn't even mention the Governor.

We are happy to announce that Virgil (Whiting) was the winner in this contest with Mr. Stork that I mentioned last time. As anyone could guess by his smiling countenance, he has a fine boy! He was born May 16th. He and LaVelle are both doing fine. Virgil was in the office the other day telling some of his friends of the new arrival, and when they asked who the baby looked like, Virgil replied, "Good heavens, I don't know! I forgot to look at his face! Dad (Eddie) came home beaming and said the baby looked just like him, and is really quite provoked at M. V. Gibbons because he is telling everyone that the baby looks just like him.

Our hospital is opened now and we have had several cases there. We are very proud of it and think it is a very pretty one, as well as being well planned and equipped.

They had the High School Junior Prom here in April, and the decorations were lovely. There were several kids in the Junior Class that Darwin and I had taught dances to when we worked in the Stake and Ward M.I.A. as dance instructors who asked us to teach them a special dance for the floor show. Their theme was "Apple Blossom Time," so we built the exhibition dance around the song by the same name. They must have caught me at a time when I was feeling overly ambitious, as I made big picture hats out of net and ribbon, matching the colors of their pretty formals, which just set them off.

Darwin has been spending quite a bit of time over on the reservation by Ganado lately, selling tractors and equipment. He is now speaking the Navajo language fluently. I was quite amazed when I went over there with him on his last trip and saw how easily he can get the dead-pan expression on his face and grunt "ugh" when conversing with the Indians.

We stopped and saw Wayne (Whiting) and his wife while going through Sanders. They really have a pretty baby.

Dad is trying to raise some "Future Farmers of America." He has promised all his grandchildren a little pig. We can tell better in a few months how successful they will be. One of the grandchildren commented that he thought he could make more profit on the deal if he just left the pig at Grandpa's farm and let him feed it until it was time to market the pig.

The Navapache Electric Cooperative went up on Sierra Trigo and made their tests for a radio relay station. Farr went up with them to help things along (and encourage them so they wouldn't decide to put it on some other mountain). It seems that it was a huge success, so we may have REAL electricity for the reunion. I understand they are talking of grading a road to the top of Sierra Trigo, so you faint hearted ones that want to get to the top without riding the halftrack, you lazy ones that think it is too far to walk, can soon ride to the top on a nice road in safety and ease.

In case any of you need any encouragement for coming to the reunion (which I very much doubt), let me tell you that it is really nice at the Homestead now. More buildings are going up all the time. It is getting to be quite a little village. If we put many more buildings up, I guess we will have to incorporate. Dad, Sherdy (Udall), Wilford (Shumway), and Darwin are building a house up there. We all go up on weekends and work on it. This last weekend we really accomplished a lot. Everyone was working on it, men, women, and children. Mother (Ethel), Melba (Udall), Aunt Elda and I got to putting on the tar paper and shiplap so fast that we practically put the men to shame. We are considering giving up housekeeping and hiring out as carpenters. How about it, Randy (Fife) and Gene (Stoddard)? Do you need some good helpers? We really looked on all strangers with suspicion, as we were afraid they might be representatives of the union and would report us when they saw the way we were turning out the work. Aunt Elda and Uncle Albert have started their house also. They have their forms made and are ready to pour their foundation. Virgil and Farr are painting and fixing up their house too. They hauled in another load of sawdust for the ice house. We are all making preparations for the reunion and anxiously awaiting the time when we can see all of you again.

Two weeks ago Aunt Elda and her family, Darwin and I and our kids all went to the Homestead to spend the weekend. We challenged Aunt Elda and Uncle Albert to a horse shoe pitching contest, and by the time they got through beating us, we were almost sorry we had. As we sat around the fireplace that evening playing Canasta, Uncle Albert was getting pretty sleepy---until he started winning, and then he woke right up and decided it was a pretty good game.

About three weeks ago Uncle Ralph, Uncle Earnest, Uncle Art, Milton, Virgil, Sherwood, Dad, Wilford, Darwin and families were at the Homestead. We were just starting to build our house. Dad and the Uncles seemed to have considerable business to discuss while the rest of us were diligently laboring with saws and hammers, which caused Wilford to comment that what we needed was less Chiefs and more Indians. Johnny was there with his girlfriend, and she is a very pretty girl. How about it, Johnny? Is it as serious as it appears to be?

We just had our quarterly conference here. Bruce McConkie was the visitor from Salt Lake. He was in the mission field with Virgil. Mel (Whiting) has a ladies chorus which sings very nicely, and they rendered two beautiful numbers at the meeting Saturday evening and two more Sunday morning. Mabel (Shumway) and Melba (Udall) sing in her chorus also.

Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank were here paying us a visit. They went to the Homestead, planning to stay several days. Their stay up there was cut short by a snow storm. They retreated to St. Johns and decided to try it again at reunion time, hoping it would be less liable to snow then. Both Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha gave very fine talks at Conference.

I got a short letter from Aunt Gladys (Whiting) last month. She said they were all feeling quite well.

They just planted 100 acres of corn at Dad's farm. They had four Ford tractors running steadily, discing, planting, fertilizing, and harrowing all at the same time. Come on out in a few months and we will have a big corn roast!

Dad found a nest with three baby owls in at the Malapais a few weeks ago. He has been telling all his grandchildren about them, until it was the main topic of conversation each time there was a family gathering. Last Wednesday he gathered up all of the grandchildren and took them out to the nest. They left two of the baby owls in the nest and brought one home. Each family is to keep him a week at a time. He won't eat by himself and you have to poke each bit of food down his mouth. Oh Joy! I can hardly wait until it is our turn to keep him! We are having a little trouble choosing a name for him. He answers to everything from Solomon Swift to Hooty. Any suggestions will be appreciated.

The forests are tinder dry up here now. Someone was careless and started a fire in our logging area. Virgil, Sherdy, and crews had to go and fight it until late at night, but they got it before it got too much of a start and put it out.

We are going to build a new equipment room for tractors, etc., in the east side of the lot by Dad's house. Darwin has been spending the past few days removing the old trees there getting ready to

start building. The store will be moved into the building next to the theatre, which is about three times as large as the present store building.

Mabel (Shumway) has moved over to Elk Mountain now to be with Wilford. She left just as soon as Richard and Douglas were out of school. Rex is staying with Mother until his school is out, and then he will go over there. I got a card from Mabel mailed in Juarez, Mexico. She, Wilford, and kids had gone to El Paso on business, and gone to Juarez on a sightseeing trip.

Rex (Lee) recently went to Phoenix to take some special training in his Boy Scout work. He will go to Valley Forge (at the same time we are having the reunion, much to his sorrow) and be gone about three weeks.

Webb and Karen (Whiting) were both presented special awards at the District School Graduation Exercises. Karen got an award for never being tardy nor absent during the whole year; Webb got an award for never being absent for two whole years. That is a pretty good record that all of our kids could strive to achieve.

Mother just celebrated her birthday on the 19th of May. I had Aunt Elda and Uncle Albert, and all our family down to a turkey dinner to help her celebrate it.

You will find quite a few changes on Main Street now. Ezreal Thurber has been building on to his barber shop; Ernie Wilbur is building another room on his store; Grover Brown and his son-in-law have leased the Anderson Mercantile. Albert Anderson has moved into a new building across the street, where he sells farm equipment etc. Glen Plumb is building a new café on the corner of his lot (the old Jim Overson place), which Delbert Lambson will lease and run. Dora Udall is building some nice, modern cabins in the back of the Elm Motel. Barth's cabins have all been modernized with electric heat. Perhaps you think it a bit quaint that in this day and age I have used the word "modern" in referring to the cabins in St. Johns. However, if you have ever stayed in any cabins here, you will realize that we are anxiously looking forward to having cabins that can be described that way. The Kiwanis Club is offering a prize of \$50.00 to the person who paints and fixes up his home the nicest. It is bringing results, as I have seen several people out wielding brushes, rakes, etc.

Farr, Mel, (Whiting) and Dewey Farr drove to Washington D.C. going by Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Virginia. They spent five days in Washington on business for the REA. Dewey flew back from there, and Farr and Mel drove on to New York, Niagara Falls, and back along the Church History route. They saw Hill Cumorah, Joseph Smith's Farm, the Sacred Grove, the Temple at Kirtland, Carthage jail, and Nauvoo. Then they came home by way of Denver.

For the past two weeks Dad has been supervising the construction of another steel burner, which is now in service at the mill in Fredonia. This burner was built, according to his special design, in sections over eight foot wide at the base and over 40 feet long. Those were then hauled to Fredonia and bolted together to make one big burner about 60 feet in diameter at the bottom and tapered to around 20 feet in diameter at the top. Melba and Mother went along with Dad and Sherdy to set up the burner. They all went to Salt Lake before returning home.

Whiting Brothers of St. Johns have reorganized and expanded lately. They have changed from a partnership to three corporations, with percentages of ownership in the corporations remaining exactly as they were in the partnership. Besides the new lumber yard in Tucson, they have recently purchased the Grover Udall farm, which is one of the finest in the St. Johns area, another sawmill north of Luna, New Mexico, and the Bob Overson ranch which joins the Malapais ranch, which they already own. This additional section makes the Malapais ranch much more valuable property. Many of you will remember that the Malapais ranch is the one that has the big spring and lake and at one time a very nice orchard; also the Swinburn Springs with the big grove of black walnut trees and wild grape vines.

At his graduation exercises Phil (Brown) stole the show with his prize winning speech.

I slighted Uncle Albert last time, along with Mel and LaVelle, and so would like to say now that he is a High Counselor, LaVelle is Stake Special Interest Leader and Mel is Counselor in the Ward Relief Society, teacher in Sunday School, and member of the Budget Committee.

I don't deserve all the credit for these bits of un-newsy news. I go around asking everyone for help. I especially get a lot of assistance from Aunt Elda and Farr.

I guess it is time I stop now, as Farr just came by and started counting the pages I had written. He said he thought it only fair that I should leave a little room for some of the other reporters.

Here is a list of the Church jobs sent in so far. If we have missed you, let us know what you do.

LaVelle Whiting – Stake Special Interest Leader
Albert Brown – High Council
John Heward – Stake Missionary among the Mexican People
Beulah Heward – Sec. & Treas. Relief Society and Primary Teacher
Ray Lewis – In the Seventies Presidency
Jim Bodell – In the Elders Presidency
Maydeen & Ruth – Took vacation for having family
Ray Brown – Stake Presidency
Kay Berry – Stake Presidency
Louine & Gus Shields – Have just been put in as Stake Missionaries
Ronald Brown – 1st Counselor Stake Board
Herbert Berry – Stake High Council
Lee Berry – Sunday School Teacher
Edwina Whiting – Gleaner Girl President
Mel Whiting – Counselor in Ward Relief Society, Teacher in Sunday School, and Member of Budget Committee

Facts for your files:

Babies	Boys – Virgil & LaVelle
	Girls – None
Moves	Rex & Marjorie

THIS CHART NEEDS TO BE RESCANNED

GRANDMA'S
FEDIGREE

(Ole)
Oluf Nielsen Hjortsvang
chr 22 Sept 1725
Sønderhaa
d 12 Mar 1773

Niels Christensen Hjortsvang
b 1674
bur 12 June 1753
Anne Marie Olufsen Brun

(Isaach)
Isak Olesen Hjortsvang
chr 4 May 1769
Sønderhaa
md 18 Dec 1825
d 3 Dec 1841

Tøger Eildelsen
Karen Tøgersdatter
chr 1 Jan 1730

Michel Tøgersen
Elsie Larksen
Annite Cortsen

(Isaacson)
Peter Isaacsen
b 30 May 1828
Sønderhaa
md 18 Dec 1825
d 3 Dec 1841
Sønderhaa

Jens Christensen Dentzen
md 12 May 1762

Jens Michelson Dentzen
(Is listed by some---ver
doubtful)
Margrethe Jensen
b 1705
Christen Jensen
b 1659
md 20 Jan 1733
d 2 Dec 1733

Peder Jensen Dentzen
b 13 Aug 1775
Knattrup, Thisted
d 16 Dec 1841
Sønderhaa

Christian Christiansen
Margrethe Christensdatter
Anne Jensen
Margrethe Andersen
b 4 July 1717

Anne Margrethe Pedersdatter
chr 4 Aug 1803
Hørdum
d 25 May 1890
Sønderhaa

Anne Madsdatter
b 1778
Hørdum

Mads Jensen
b 1740
Hørsted
Anne Christensdatter
b 1752

Jens Madsen
b 1714
Kirsten Larsen
Anne Pedersdatter

Mads Olufsen Skra
b Skyrium (Tail

Anna Maria Isaacson
b 26 June 1863
Ephraim, Utah, U.S.A.
md Edwin Marion Whiting

Niels Clemmensen Dahl
Chr 1 Jan 1740
Hvidbjerg, Thisted
b 1805

Clemmen Nielsen
b Sept 1776
Stival, Hvidberg, Thisted
Maren Knudsen
b abt 1708

Clemmen Nielsen Dahl
chr 4 July 1784
Hbsted, Jegindø
md 15 Dec 1815
d 5 Nov 1839

Karen Pedersen
b Oct 1754
d Jegindø, Thisted

Peder Madsen
b 23 Feb 1724
d 15 Nov 1795
Mads Pedersen
Maren Olufsen
Elsie Jensen
b 1724
d 16 Dec 1790

Martha Kerstine Clemmensen Dahl
b 7 May 1822
Jegindø
d 13 Dec 1913

Anders Christensen
chr 30 Apr 1730
md 28 Oct 1751
Eden Jensen

Christian Andersen
chr 27 Jan 1765
Jegindø
md 19 Oct 1792
d 16 May 1827

Niels Christens
Maren Nielsen
Christian Christiansen
md 5 July 1765
bur 8 Apr 1791

Maren Christensdatter
chr 30 Jan 1793
No. Jegindø,
Thisted
md-married
d 5 Nov, (?)

Lette Kirstine Christensdatter
b 25 Feb 1770
Thisted
d 27 Apr 1837
Michel Peder
Maren Michelson
chr 10 Mar 1737
Kirsten Mads

b-born
d-died
chr-christened
bur-buried
md-married

Note: Dean wagour source for most of the above. With a few possible minor ex-
tensions, the spelling is correct. There are probably errors in the dates.

THE OUTLAWS

Dedicated to the spouses.
Guest editor—Grant Shields.

Ever since receiving the invitation to be Guest Editor of “The Outlaws,” I’ve been wondering why, and the only solution I could come to is that the title fits me. It wasn’t long after I was married to Louine that I found out I was truly considered an outlaw by some of the family. Shortly before Louine and I were planning marriage, we were visiting with her parents, and I could tell right away that the Browns were going to find out all they could about me to see if I was good enough for their baby daughter. As the conversation progressed I could tell that I wasn’t doing so well, and I could just imagine Mr. Brown thinking something like this: “Well, he doesn’t look like much of a ranch hand—probably never been on a horse in his life—I’ll bet he doesn’t even know the difference between a baby steer, a Mommy steer and a Papa steer.—I can tell he’s never rounded out cattle or done any farm work in his life.”

Realizing I wasn’t doing so good, I changed the subject and began telling about some of the things I had done at the B.Y.U. I related how I had been the leader of a big 15 piece dance band and how I thought we had a really good band. We could play as loud and noisy as the best of them. I noticed Mr. Brown squirming uncomfortably in his chair, and then he asked, “What are you going to do for a living?” When I told him I was going to sell for the New York Life Insurance Co., he almost fainted. It wasn’t until after we were married that I found out the reason for his strange actions. It seems that about the time that the Brown girls were approaching marriage, Mr. Brown, feeling that his daughters needed some good sound advice about the ways of the world, called them together and said, “Girls, because I’m older than you and have had such a full and active life, running up against all types of men, I want to give you a word of warning. I don’t care just what kind of men you girls marry, as long as he is honest and upright and pursues a righteous occupation. But there are just two types of individuals I want you to steer clear from and they are—DANCE BAND LEADERS AND LIFE INSURANCE SALESMEN.” (the only thing that Uncle Earnest considers being worse than a Horse-thief.) You can see why I’m considered such an Outlaw.

Louine’s mother was very nice to me though. She treated me very politely and although she was giving me a good “looking over,” she used her very best “Company Manners” and spoke in her high falsetto “Telephone” voice. I can’t forgive her though for the time I went in the kitchen and she was cleaning and sorting some “pinions,” and I said, “Say those look good. How about giving me some?” She replied, “There are some over there in that pan. They look a little black, but they’re all right.” So thanking her I hurried over and munched them down. Much to my chagrin, I discovered they were the rat leavings.

Louine and I spent a few days of our honeymoon at the Homestead, and I want to say that I think it is really the ideal place to have a reunion. Up in the pines, clear water, electricity, gas, fresh air, modern plumbing—all the conveniences of home. Ah yes, modern plumbing. I’ll never forget my first experience with the modern water closet at Uncle Art’s cabin. I’d always felt a little uneasy when I went

to the bathroom at Louine's folks two-door, no-lock bathroom. I don't know about you, but I just can't seem to relax when I'm holding one door shut with one hand and the other one shut with my foot. Well, at Uncle Art's, I was able to relax and it wasn't until I pressed the lever that I realized that all was not well with the modern plumbing in Uncle Art's cabin. After investigation, I found the difficulty to be lack of water, so I opened up a big valve down by the floor. This solved the lack of water difficulty, but the pressure blew an end out of one of the pipes and it began showering water over me and the whole room. I bent over to pick up the pipe and the toilet lid came crashing down and hit me on the head. As I strugglingly clasped one hand over the showering pipe and rubbed my head with the other one and tried vainly to reach the water valve in the corner with my foot, I began saying over to myself Uncle Art's favorite poem, "The Ring Around." I must be an Outlaw or such things wouldn't happen to me.

Seriously though, I'm honored to be chosen Guest Editor and do appreciate the opportunity to take part in the Paper Publishing. I think it is a very fine project, and one that should be definitely continued and supported. I'm grateful for my fine wife and her family, and for being a member of this family, and I hope I can do my share in furthering the ideals of the Whiting's. We are really looking forward to the Reunion and will see you all soon. Thanks again.

Your partner, "Outlaw Gus"