

# The Whiting Tree

Vol. 1, No. 4

Jan 1951

The Official Organ of the Edwin Marion Whiting Family  
Organization

---

## MESSAGE



From May Whiting Berry  
Vice President, Edwin Marion  
Whiting Family

Our plan to bind the issues of this "Whiting Tree" magazine into a book, means more than just statistics or even history. A common interest will bring us closer together, both to our living and to our dead. Our future posterity will read and visualize the messages and testimonies contained in these pages.

I would like to impress upon the minds of our children, some of the stories that we have heard from the lips of our wonderful grandparents. One of the stories Grandpa Whiting used to tell that interested me most was when he and his three wives, with their children, were crossing the plains to reach Salt Lake Valley.

One late afternoon they saw a cloud of dust in the distance, which struck terror to their hearts. They knew, as the dust rolled toward them, that it was a herd of stampeding buffalo.

Grandpa grabbed a whip and ran toward them. He made his stand and cracked his whip at the leaders of the thundering herd. Gradually the big beasts turned inch by inch.

The noise and the dust were almost more than I could stand, but the black whip cracked unceasingly. Grandpa kept stepping back, inch by inch, so that he would not be trampled to death under the hoofs of the maddened animals. They crowded him toward the wagon, but the black whip cracked on, with a power beyond human strength.

The hysterical children clung to the terrified women, as they stood helpless and watched Grandpa fight a lone battle with the thousands of crazed buffalo. It seemed an eternity before they saw him stagger backward and up to the wagon tongue as the last of the now tiring beasts stampeded by the little camp. Grandpa fell exhausted to the ground. The black whip had caused the leaders to turn just enough so this herd missed annihilating this band of human beings, as the stragglers passed over the wagon tongue.

His arm was swollen from his shoulders to his finger tips and looked as it had been bitten by a rattle snake.

Grandpa did not fight the battle alone, as he said: "The Lord was there too!" —by May W. Berry.

THE WHITING TREE

*Family* *Organization*  
**THE EDWIN M. WHITING**  
**FAMILY ORGANIZATION**

On June 25, 1950, the first formal action was taken on an organization for the descendants of Edwin Marion Whiting and his wife, Anna Maria Isaacson. Those who were able to meet together after the testimony meeting, which included all of our four sons and four daughters, formed a committee to set things in motion.

The Whiting Tree was designated as the official organ. We are very happy with the new arrangements. Among the changes is, it will be in printed form in the future, as you now see it. These are instructions from the new officers. The first three issues which were issued as mimeographed sheets, will be re-edited, condensed, and issued in printed form, so that the issues may later be bound together.

The new officers were selected by the committee which has been functioning, and these names have been presented to as many of the family members as possible where they have been able to gather. In every case, the officers have been approved unanimously. These officers are to act until the next Reunion, unless replaced by the Executive Committee.

The new officers are as follows:

President: Edwin I. Whiting. Corresponding Secretary: Ethel Whiting, First Vice President: May Berry. Corresponding Secretary: Joycell Cooper. Second vice president: Arthur Whiting. Corresponding Secretary: Lorana Whiting. Secretary: Elda Brown. Corresponding secretary: Erma Grant. Treasurer: Myn Priestley Temple Representative; Martha Brown. Corresponding secretary, Ruth Lewis.

Temple Committee: Beryl Whiting, Elbert Startup, Kay Berry, Norma Fife, Elma Smith, Ralph Whiting.

Genealogist: Eugene Stoddard. Researcher: Maree Stoddard. Genealogy Committee: Beulah Heward, Mabel Shumway, Maydene Bodell, Dean Berry, Maurine Startup, Louine Shields, Nathel Burdick, Helen Andelin, Ronald Brown.

Historian: Geraldine Sagers.

Periodical Committee: (The Family Tree): May Berry, Eugene Stoddard, J. Ronald Brown.

# *A Letter*

## *from our Missionary*

September 5, 1950  
Prefeitura Municipal Ponta Grossa, Parani, Brazil

Dearest Family:

Here comes in the report on the Southern half of the World, as it looks from the interior of Brazil. We have heard some rumors that the northern part is having a little trouble. We haven't been able to determine just what all the trouble seems to be, but we heard one report that the United States had "attacked Northern Korea," although we are not sure just where the report originated. No joking though, these Brazilians are very firmly behind the United Nations. Right now it is just before election time" and I have never seen such campaigns, not even at the "Y". They are just about to elect the man who they had to fight for 15 years, to get him out of the dictatorship, back into the presidency of the country. He is the candidate of the poor classes of people.

I seem to enjoy each issue of the paper more than the last one, if that can be possible. My companions read the last one and it even made them homesick. They surely enjoyed Maree's article, even though all the characters are unknown to them. They are all anxious to get something like it started in their families. We all decided that it is a very good way to hold a family close together. These fellows were also worried about the last letter of mine, until I assured them that my family wouldn't really believe the part about our living conditions.

A Dutch family (one of my English students) had us down for dinner (I couldn't call it supper) the other night. It was a wonderful meal and we had a good visit, but I surely was put in an embarrassing position, along with the other Elders. She brought in some creamy stuff (too thick to drink and too thin to eat with a fork). She had two dishes of it. She set one by Elder Wride and one by me, and told us to start. Well, that was all right, but we had two plates, of different sizes, so I thought I would wait and see which plate he used. Well, he had the same idea, so we kept talking about anything to stall. Finally she told us again, so we both, watching each other very closely, proceeded to take some, on smaller plates. Well, I think that was right, but then I looked down to choose out a tool to eat it with and I saw to my sorrow, that I had more choice than a Big League Baseball player has of bats. I decided to wait to see what Elder Wride, Jensen or Houston, or the man, or the lady, or the little boys, would do. So I got a cracker, and ate it very slowly with my water. Well, the man and lady waited until last to serve themselves, and by that time we four Elders had just about cleaned up the crackers. We had to do something, because they wouldn't until we did. I was sitting across from Elder Houston, and I could tell he was very nervous. Well, I looked over my set of silver again and finally picked out a nice looking 3-tined fork. (The water was all gone by now.) Elder Houston also picked out one, but it was different than mine, his having four tines, and looked something like a common table fork. Well, it was too late to change now, so we both started eating. That left the other two Elders just as mixed up as

before, but the lady picked one of her collection out, and believe it or not it was a close relation to mine. The other Elders started in very soon after that. Elder Houston was the only black sheep, but it had to be one of us. Well, enough time had now elapsed to eat normal meals, and we were just starting, but the worst was over. About 100 tries later, the man had picked up a kind of spoony looking thing, and announced that he wasn't going to starve to death, but that he could eat his with a spoon. Everyone quickly followed suit, picking out a tool that looked best adapted to the job. Well, that kind of broke the tenseness of everything, and the next seven courses and two desserts were really fun, because, we could of made a game out of eating different things with a different kind of utensil, and nobody was worried about what everyone else was eating, or with what, I did pretty well, I think that at least half of my set of silver was dirty Elder Wride was the only one who beat me, and that was only because he started changing every mouthful. It was a really good meal though. The best one that I have had for over six months. Everything ran very smoothly until we were through, except when Elder Houston started to drink the water in his "finger-bowl". I kicked him on his shins and he hesitated and I hurriedly asked the lady for some more water. I knew that the finger-bowl wasn't to drink because they had those when we were there once before. Well, the evening turned out fine and we finally came home. The other Elders are all thinking now to see if they haven't got some English students like the one of mine where they can get us some more good meals like that one.

Our work here is progressing fairly well. We have been here in this city for just six months. I am the only one still here of the original four who came. We had our first four Baptisms two weeks ago. That will give us a good start here. It really makes one feel humble and makes him determined to work with much more zeal and energy, when he sees how much happiness the gospel brings to the people who will accept it. My testimony has been strengthened many times since I came here.

We had our first conference on the tenth and President Howells was here for it. It was very successful. We had a nice big hall and had around seventy people out. I had the opportunity of going with President Howells (just he and I) up to visit one of our old German Branches, the Ipomeia Branch. We were gone for about a week. He is a wonderful man and I was very glad for the chance to get to know him better. That week was one of the highlights of my mission. It is very good when you can talk to each other like missionary companions. He told me a lot about his family life. etc., and I told him about what a wonderful family I had. He reminds me a lot of Dad. He was always asking questions about the town population, etc.

Those saints in Ipomeia are very wonderful, humble people, but are so poor. We are going to try to get them out of that place they are in. They

work so hard, even the women have to work like men and some of them don't even have enough to eat. They only have four years of schooling there. That is one reason we are going to try to get them out of there and into a better place. These people don't even have one penny of cash and yet they are among the richest, as far as faith and humbleness are concerned, and that is what counts.

I guess, I shouldn't feel so sorry for them, as they are better off than about two billion other people in the world. I certainly enjoyed my trip with Pres. Howells and hope someday I can take another like it.

Another Elder arrived here to take the place of Elder Wride, who is going home. The new one is from Wyoming. That makes it good, because now those Utah boys can't brag so much. I think that they are all just jealous of Arizona.

Well, I must close and fill out some reports. I hope and pray that the Lord will bless all of you with good health and a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel.

Still the same, Jack Brown

# BIG -CLAUS

## and LITTLE CLAUS

### ONE OF GRANDPA'S FAVORITE STORIES

Once there were two men who were neighbors. One was named Big Claus and the other Little Claus.

Big Claus had three fine fat horses. Little Claus had just one poor skinny horse.

One day he went over to Big Claus. "Can't I please borrow your horses to plow my field," he asked. "My old horse is too poor to pull the plow."

"Well," answered Big Claus, "You can take them but don't you ever call them your horses." So little Claus agreed and took them home.

While he was plowing his field he saw some friends going by. He just couldn't resist so he called loudly, "Get up my three horses."

The friends heard him and so did Big Claus, so he came right over. "I heard you call them, your horses. Now I'm going to kill your horse." So he did.

Little Claus sadly skinned his horse and tacked the skin on the barn to dry. He was poor and decided to go to town and sell the hide. He went to the store keeper "Will you buy my horse hide?"

"No", was the reply.

He was tired and hungry. He started home, but was so weary that when he saw a barn he decided to rest there for the night. He could see the kitchen window, where the lady of the house was setting a fine table: turkey, pie, cake, sauce and so many delicious foods that as Little Claus looked on his empty stomach reminded him again and again that he was very, very hungry.

A man sat down and started to eat and Little Claus realized it was a neighbor man and not her husband. He saw the husband drive up to the barn; while he put away his horse, Little Claus saw the lady hurry the other man out the back door and put all the food into the oven.

The husband came in. "I'm hungry," he complained.

"Well," said his wife, "I don't have a thing in the house to eat but bread and milk." So she placed it on the table.

Little Claus came down from the hay loft, carrying his horse hide with him. He knocked on the door and asked, "Could I eat with you, sir, I'm very hungry."

"Sure," replied the Husband. "We have only bread and milk but you are welcome."

"Oh that's all right," said Little Claus. "I have in -this sack a magic horse hide. I'll get you all the food your table can hold just by rattling this hide.

He picked up the sack, rattled the hide and said to the husband, "Open the oven and see." The husband was delighted. He found such a delicious banquet in the oven.

After they had eaten all they could hold, the man asked Little Claus, "How much do you want for that magic hide."

"It's not for sale," replied Little Claus.

"But I must have it," said the man. "I will give you a bushel of gold for it." The deal was made.

Little Claus went home with his bushel of gold. But how could he be sure it was a full bushel? He had no bushel measure, so he went over to Big Claus and borrowed his.

"Now," pondered Big Claus "What could that poor man have enough to measure?" He decided to stick some glue in the bottom of the basket and find out. Then when Little Claus returned the Bushel measure, sure enough there was gold stuck to the bottom. "Gold," muttered Big Claus.

"Where did you get so much gold." he asked.

"Oh," answered Little Claus, "I sold my horse hide."

So Big Claus killed all his fine big horses. Then he skinned them, dried the hides and took them to town. "Horse hides for sale," he cried, as he passed along the streets, but no one would buy them.

He was angry then at Little Claus and came to his house in the night to kill him, but Little Claus was sleeping in his Grandmother's bed and the Grandmother in his bed. When Big Claus came he killed the Grandmother in the night believing it was Little Claus.

When Little Claus awoke next morning and found his Grandmother dead he was full of fear, lest the people of the town should think he did it. He dressed her in her best dress and bonnet and set her up beside him in the wagon seat and went to town. When he arrived at the store, he went in to get warm.

"Why don't you bring your grandmother in," asked the merchant.

"You ask her," replied Little Claus. "Speak loud to her, she is deaf."

"Won't you come in and get warm," he asked her. She did not answer so he called in a loud voice. She still did not answer. This angered the Merchant, so he shook her by the shoulder. She fell to the ground and he saw that she was dead.

He was frightened and ran to Little Claus, in the store, and cried, "I've killed your grandmother. Please forgive me and don't tell anyone and I'll give you two bushels of gold."

So Little Claus took the gold and again borrowed the measure from Big Claus. Again Big Claus put glue in the bottom, and again he found gold. Rushing to Little Claus he asked: "Where did you get this gold."

"Oh," replied Little Claus, "I sold my dead grandmother."

"You did?" exclaimed Big Claus. "I have a grandmother. I shall sell her too. By morning she will be dead."

Next morning he went down through the streets, calling: "Dead Grandmother for sale."

The Police arrested him for murder, but he got away and ran for Little Claus.

"You've tricked me again. First you tricked me into killing my horses, then my old Grandmother but you'll never trick me again because I'm going to drown you." He put Little Claus in a sack, took him on his back and started toward the river, but as he traveled along he heard sweet music from the church. He put the sack by the church door, then he went inside to hear the music. An old man passed by the sack and Little Claus heard him say: "I've got a lot of cattle but I wish I were dead. I'm old and I'm tired, and I'm lonely."

Little Claus called out from the sack. "Trade places with me. Then you will be dead."

"What can I do with all my cattle? I'm driving them to market." "I'll take them," answered Little Claus.

The man got into the sack and gave Little Claus all the cattle, and Little Claus drove them home.

In the meantime Big Claus came out of the church, took the sack to the river and said: "Good bye, Little Claus. You'll never trick me again."

As he reached home, he saw many fine cattle at Little Claus' place. He went over and was startled to see Little Claus.

"Where did you come from and where did you get all those fine cattle?" he asked.

"Oh," answered Little Claus. "I got them at the bottom of the river. They are river cattle and there are many of them at the bottom of the river."

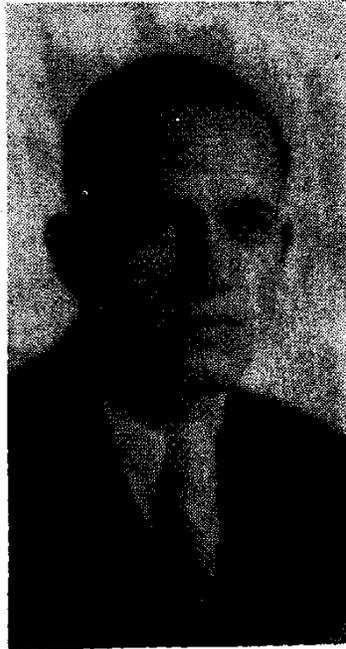
"Oh," answered Big Claus, "I want some. Will you please throw me into the river so I can get some cattle? Put a stone in the sack so I will surely sink to the bottom."

Little Claus did just that, and as Big Claus sank to the bottom, Little Claus chuckled, "I'm afraid he won't find any cattle there."

Then Little Claus drove home and lived in peace ever after.

(How could he?)

GRIPPING STORY OF SHIPWRECK IN WHICH LOCAL BOY FIGURED



(Ed. Note: We have decided to run a column devoted to missionary experiences as often as we can get the returned missionaries of the family to write their worthwhile experiences. We are beginning with one we already have. The following was published in the St. John's Observer on Saturday, Sept. 19, 1931. It was a letter written to Dr. Herbert Berry and May Whiting Berry, by their son, Lee Berry. He was in the Brazilian Mission, and was on the S. S. Western World, traveling from Rio de Janeiro, to Santos, in route to Joinville.)

The following graphic account of his experience in a shipwreck is given by Lee Berry, 18 year old son of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Berry of Phoenix, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Whiting. The story is well told and will no doubt be of great interest to former school chums of Lee in St. Johns.

Incidentally it may be mentioned in this connection that Dr. and Mrs. Berry are furnishing their full quota of missionaries to foreign fields. Their older son A. Kay Berry, is now on his way home from the Transvaal country, South Africa, where he served his term and was released, but stopped for a time in the African wilds to hunt big game before coming home. He is expected soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry's daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Hamblin, are doing work as missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands. Recently they were joined there by Mrs. Hamblin's sister, Miss Effie Berry. The latter did not go as a missionary, but secured a good position as stenographer for the Chamber of Commerce in Hilo, where Elbert and wife make their headquarters. The latest news from Elbert and wife is that a fine baby girl was born recently to them.

## **THE SHIPWRECK**

Following is the shipwreck story by Lee Berry, for which we are under obligation to Lee's uncle, Mr. E. I. Whiting:

Detail account, of my experiences in the shipwreck of S. S. Western World, L. D. S. Missionary in route to Santos, South America.

We left Rio de Janeiro on August the 7th at 5:00 P. M. The sun sets early here, being a few hours later than Phoenix time. It was almost dark. A few hours out it started to rain, but the sea was not rough. It was not a storm at all, but just a drizzling rain. It made the night so dark that it was impossible to see a few feet. Of course the ship was well lighted, but that made the night only that much darker.

I went to bed at about 10:00 P.M., and slept soundly as I had arisen early the morning before to watch the Pilot fish.

Of course, everything from 10:00 P. M. on was a blank to me. At exactly fifteen minutes to 3:00 A. M. I was suddenly awakened by a slow grating sound which I cannot describe. The weight of the ship was so great that we did not stop suddenly, but the bow of the ship proceeded to climb about thirty feet up the rocky side of a mountain. Now, this ship was built during the war for a transport ship, being divided into water -tight compartments so that a single torpedo could not sink it, otherwise, there might have been a sadder story to tell. A few seconds after we struck, these compartments in the bottom of the ship were all closed, but not before much water rushed in thru the great hole which it tore. Nine feet of water was in the steerage, which is in the back end of boat, and seven feet a little further on. Of course, it was not particularly dangerous at just that time.

The moment the ship struck, I knew that something was wrong, and Marden said, "Well, we're on the rocks." I dressed quickly and went upstairs.

Many of the sailors were already on board but no one seemed to know what was wrong. Some said it was a collision; others, that it was a rocky little island far from shore, but no one really knew. We were told that we were not in danger, so I went down to my room to tell Marden all about it. I was sitting there talking just as our steward, apparently authorized from the heads in charge, came to get us up. He was very pale and excited. The words he said were really comical.

"Get up, get up quick, but don't get excited. Hurry, but take your time. There's no need to get scared." He was as pale as a ghost and so excited he could hardly talk. Our doors were fastened open so that in case the ship wrenched, we would not be caught with the door jammed shut. We were told to go up on deck immediately and await further orders from the captain.

I wish I had a picture of some of the passengers running around, some half-dressed, others in pajamas with life belts on. It was really funny. Some big,

wealthy first-class passengers fainted dead away.

We hurried up on board after putting on rubbers and raincoats, as it was very cold. There we saw sailors, 185 in all, standing around laughing and talking. Sailors always hate their captain and such a careless accident as this always ruins a captain for life, and these chaps got quite a kick out of his hard luck. However the stewards and help all lose their jobs, effective immediately, but cannot leave the ship until told to do so. One old sailor made the remark, "Well, I've been going to sea for forty-one years, and this is the first time on the rocks." Another old salt answered, "Why this ain't nothing. I've run three ships on the rocks with my own hands, thanks, to just such a skipper as we got."

Now big ships are all guided by automatic controls. A man stands watching this device at all times so it cannot go wrong. The sea is so completely charted that a ship can go within a few feet of a course in absolute darkness merely by instruments.

In other words, something was wrong. Either the skipper was off his course or someone, perhaps the first mate, was not on the bridge. I don't know; neither does anyone else for sure. But something was wrong.

At a quarter 'til three the lookout on the forward deck saw something looming before him a small mountain about forty-feet ahead. Thanks to his deft speed, the motors and propellers were reversed in the space of a few seconds, breaking or checking a great part of our speed, but not quick enough to entirely stop us.

But to go on. We were on deck. It was pitch dark; no one knew just what was wrong. The waves as they came in twisted the front of the ship, which rested on the rocks with a loud grating sound every few seconds until morning.

Just as I looked around to the front, the captain I suppose, flashed a big light on a great big rock right in front of us. I could not see either side, but imagined all the time that we were far from shore. You cannot even imagine the tenseness of such a few hours. I was told that we were in grave immediate danger. Of course, I did not pass it on.

We had breakfast at 5:00, and when we came on deck again, it was light enough to see. To my surprise there loomed up right in front of us a mighty mountain, the top of which was covered like velvet with beautiful tropical foliage, banana trees etc. On the left was a rocky point which protected the boat from lashing waves which dashed forty or fifty feet high on the jagged rocks.

The front end of the ship rested twenty feet from the water's edge, high and dry on the rocks, and the ship rolled about grating. One hundred feet was torn out of her bottom like so much tin, and was sprawled on the rocks.

A few minutes later a ship came into view. We were told that it was the General Asorio, a German liner bound for Hamburg, answering our S.O.S. Hours later a life boat was lowered from this German liner, which stayed about two miles out to sea, afraid of the rocks. Then a motor boat was also lowered from this German ship. These life boats were beautiful, little boats containing several German

sailors. After many minutes of tenseness, during which these large life boats often disappeared entirely hidden by the rolling waves of the open sea, at last they succeeded in tying up alongside. Just as they did, our own sailors started lowering a motor boat on our own ship. Now, lowering a boat is a ticklish job, and calls for expert supervision. Something went wrong and this motor boat, still forty feet above the water, broke loose and overturned four sailors. It remained over turned and none of our sailors came to the top of the water. The German life boat, with a beautiful smoothness pulled up alongside in the space of a few seconds. Minutes passed, during which the German sailors poked frantically with their oars, trying to feel the sailors. At last one came up; then a minute later, all four were in the life boat. They had remained several minutes in the air of the overturned lifeboat.

All four were badly hurt, one having a fractured skull. They had life belts on and it took time to get from under the overturned boat. Anyway, the German ship proceeded with the rescue.

Two trips were required to transport all the passengers. We went in the last trip. On the first trip the tow rope broke several times and many women fainted as the boat drifted helpless until the motor boat circled about a half-mile back.

At last our turn came. We took nothing with us, and the ride across was a thrilling trip. Many times the waves were so high that we could not see the motor boat which towed us a few feet ahead. But after circling for three or four miles in order to head directly with the waves, we reached the side of the ship.

It is hard to believe, but right there was the ticklish moment and by far the most dangerous.

The life boat was thrown first up, then down, at a variation of about ten feet on the side of the ship. Now, just as the life boat was tossed to the highest point, some passenger had to jump for a ladder, which hung down the side of the ship, or else for the gangway which came down to the boats' side. The fall between the boat and the ship was positive death, as the rocking would crush a person to nothing .

One poor German sailor slipped, trying to help a passenger. His leg fell to the side of the boat and was crushed. Many passengers were drenched as they jumped, but the more nimble ones, such as myself, escaped dry. It was a great piece of work those German boys did. I'm afraid our own crew could not have done it at all. Anyway, I shall always admire them for it.

We were taken below immediately and given rooms, not being allowed to watch the rest unload. I'm sending copies of what pictures I can get hold of.

All in all, it was a great experience to have had, but not to have. I shall never forget.

The crew, poor boys, many of them just kids, are still on board. They are a worried bunch, but continue to laugh it off in revenge to the skipper who is ruined.

The entire cargo is a total loss, being drenched in sea water. It will be dumped overboard, and the ship will be pulled back into deep water off the rocks to see if it will float. The crew must remain aboard during all this and will be taken off only if the ship is about to sink.

At any rate, we are now in Rio and will be for several days at the expense of the Steamship Co. I wish that you would write air mail to Brother John Taylor at the Mission Home and tell him that we are O. K.

In a week or so I will arrive in Jainville. I have wired of our safety there, as I feared that they may have heard of the wreck as going down and cabled to you or the church authorities.

I cannot write anything else today, as it is so on my mind. I did not experience any physical discomfort and was perfectly at ease during it all, but now that it's over, I realize what might have happened had we hit the rocks just forty feet to the left, where a dozen boats have sunk and many hundreds of lives were lost. One single ship sank with 700, another with 350, and two years ago, one sank with 250. So we were lucky.

I will draw a crude map. Now do not worry now. By the time you get this I will be in Joinville, no doubt. Right now I'm sitting in an elaborate hotel with every comfort possible.

Good bye and God bless you all

Your boy,

LEE

# *Record Of Family*

## *Of Charles Whiting*

FATHER: Charles Whiting, son of Edwin Whiting and Mary Elizabeth Cox. Born 16 Dec. 1853 at Manti, Utah. Endowed 24 Jan. 1876.

Died: 18 Dec. 1918 at St. Johns, Arizona. Buried at St. Johns.

1st WIFE: Verona Snow, daughter of Bernard Snow and Alice Smith. Born 27 Mar. 1859 at Manti, Utah. Endowed 24 Jan. 1876.

Died 22 July 1936 at St. Johns, Ariz. Buried 23 July 1936 at St. Johns.

Children	Born	At	Married	Date	Died
Verona Pearl	17 Feb. 1877	Brigham City, Arizona	Erastus Beck	April 1901	17 Feb. 1902
Alice	17 July 1879	Pleasant Valley	Hyrum Acord	XXXXXX	Living
Charles	25 May 1880	Brigham, Ariz.	Caddie Johnson	7 Oct. (End.)	May 1946
Bernard Snow	12 Jun. 1883	Wilford, Ariz.	Julia Holden	1 Jan. 1904	Living
Francis Marion	3 May 1885	Colonia Diaz, Mex.	Winne Johnson	XXXX	Living
		Chihuahua, Mex.			
Amy Irene	1 Oct. 1887	Diaz, Mexico	Ezrel Thurber	9 Oct. 1908 (End.)	Living
Frederic Arthur	24 July 1890	Diaz, Mexico	Lurlene Tenney	21 Aug. 1912 (End.)	Living
May	7 Oct. 1893	Diaz, Mexico	Junius Cardon	12 Oct. 1912	Living
Mary Fern	3 May 1896	Diaz, Mexico	XXXXXX	XXXXXX	6 Aug. 1896
Edwin Herman	11 June 1902	Diaz, Mexico	XXXXXX	XXXXXX	27 Aug. 1924

2nd WIFE: Anna Eliza Jacobson, daughter of James Jacobson, Sr., and Annie Rasmussen. Born 24 April 1870 at Bear River City, Box Elder Co., Utah. Baptized 3 June 1878. Endowed 10 October 1899. Married 1889, in Mexico. Died 23 Jan. 1919 at St. Johns, Ariz. Buried at St. Johns.

Sources: St. Johns Ward records; Myrtle Whiting Isaacson, Iris Whiting Brown, Harriet Jacobsen, St. John's Cemetery. End. Endowed same day.

John Lucius	12 Feb. 1880	Diaz, Mexico	Unmarried	XXXX	12 Aug. 1911
Myrtle Ivy	12 Sept. 1891	Diaz, Mexico	Archibald Isaacson	8 Nov. 1899	Living
Albert	XXXX	Diaz, Mexico	XXXX	XXXX	About 1 year old
Iris Esther	9 Nov. 1896	Diaz, Mexico	George Albert Brown	18 July 1917	Living
William Verland	12 Aug. 1909	Diaz, Mexico	1. Vera Hamblin (div.)		Living
			2. Lola Snoddy	3 Dec. 1937	Living
Mary Estelle	10 Sept. 1912.	Hachita, N. M.	Marlin Jarman	4 Aug. 1932	Living

Pages 62 and 63 are pictures: I could not get a good scan.

# **R e m i n i s c i n g**

**By Maree Stoddard**

(Daughter of May Whiting and  
Herbert Alonzo Berry)

## **THE OLD SAWMILL**

It's strange how much deeper a gully looks to a child, how much wider a stream, how much higher a cliff. My childhood memories of the old mill site rather dwarfed what I saw on my recent visit to that hallowed place. There was the little dry crevice that once a merry stream tumbled down to become the life of this very small though exciting community. It furnished the steam for the mill engine, it turned the old water wheel, then fell off the end of a little wooden trough that Grandpa had made to keep the water from getting "riley", and to make it easier for the women to dip their water.

The old Mill site seemed to be a little lost valley carefully hidden from the hustle and bustle of the rest of the world. The tallest pines and the bluest sky I have ever seen. The trees and mountains hid the sunset, but in the evening the soft reflection from the setting sun shot a pinkish color across the span of sky and the beauty of it all gave you a warm happy feeling all over inside.

People could sneak in by horseback and surprise the camp, but the rumblings of a wagon over the rocky road could be heard several miles away; time for the kids to collect and go out to meet them; and time for the women to pause in their day's occupations and gather to give the new arrivals a warm and hearty welcome.

Grandpa Whiting owned and operated the little sawmill. In the many summers that I spent there, I never remember trouble of a quarrelsome nature of any kind. Everyone always seemed carefree and happy. No gossip or back biting ever reached my ears.

The first summer I remember being at the mill Mother made Effie and I each a pair of bright red "galletia" rompers. She figured she could spot us easily if we got lost. One the Uncle's remarks, "Why, May, you'll have every bull in the country chasing your kids," kept us hovering each day near Mother's skirts until we had learned the whereabouts of every bull in the country.

It was before I was three years old that I tried to wash the beautiful blond tresses of Effie's favorite doll "Katy," under the water trough as I had seen the women wash their children's hair.

I can hear her after she discovered me, and ran screaming to the house. "Maree has drowned Katy". I don't believe she ever quite forgave me as we seldom talked of old times but what she mentioned it.

This first summer at the mill I remember a tall broad man sweeping me up in his arms at every opportunity and throwing me up to the ceiling. I wasn't quite yet 4 years old, but being a female, I realized even at this tender

age that brown wavy hair, dark laughing eyes, skin browned by months in the saddle, and a build like unto an Apollo, just naturally makes a handsome man. I loved him very dearly, and he at least made me feel that I was his pet, as he always called me his "little chunk of taller". I didn't know then that "taller" meant fat. But the way he said it, it wouldn't have mattered anyway.

His name was John Whiting. He was the son of Grandpa Whiting's brother Charles and his third wife Eliza. John's birth had taken place in Old Mexico, his father having fled to that country to escape the persecution upon polygamists north of the border.

John was a good dependable son, and helped shoulder the responsibilities of his father's very large family. His education had been acquired in a leisurely manner and he could go to school only when he wasn't needed on the ranch. He managed to attend one year at Juarez Stake Academy. The summer following this he saddled his faithful black horse and with a friend, Wilford Rowley, he left his home in Old Mexico, never to return. Their plans were to look for work in Arizona or Utah. John's great desire to see his Grandmother Whiting (Mary Elizabeth Cox) took him to St. Johns. There he was offered and accepted a job working on the sawmill.

Everyone liked John. He was young and strong and not afraid of the toughest job. He was good natured and didn't complain at anything or anyone. His folks in Mexico were a little surprised when they received word from him that he had been given an invitation to live with Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank Brown if he would stay and continue his education, and his great ambition to do so would keep him from home longer than he thought.

John was a pleasant, interesting person to have around. He played the harmonica and sang beautifully. His favorite song was "Listen to the Mocking Bird." His popularity with the fair sex reached from Old Mexico to St. Johns.

The particular time that I am thinking about was the month of August 1911. Grandpa Whiting, Dad, John and Mr. Vern Block were the only men running mill. Grandma, a week or so before, had taken Aunt Elda, just fifteen, and Uncle Lynn to help with the store in town during the 24th of July celebration. They were due to be back soon.

Arthur, eight years old, was with them. Uncle Ralph, Just 20 and going steady with Aunt Zella, was working hard for a marriage stake by hauling lumber by team and wagon to St. Johns from the mill. Uncle Earnest, 22 years old, was on a mission to the Southern states. He had not yet met Aunt Beryl. Mother and Mrs. Block were the only women there. Aunt Myn who was twelve was helping mother. Uncle Eddie and Aunt Ethel were in St. Johns celebrating the arrival of their third child, a

dainty little dark-eyed daughter. They named her Mabel.

One morning as Uncle Ralph started for town with a load of lumber, Grandpa stopped him, insisted that he unhitch Brownie, and go out and round up "Old Coffee." He didn't like to be left without at least one dependable horse in camp in case of emergency.

Late that afternoon, Mother sent me with a big blue paper bag of fresh plums to give to the men down at the mill. I was almost there when I stumbled and fell. I was very embarrassed as red plums rolled all over the ground. John came over and helped me pick them up, pinched my little fat chin then rushed back to his job.

I skipped back up to the house and was sitting on the back step eating plums with Aunt Myn, when suddenly she jumped up and screamed one long blood curdling scream that seemed to last an eternity. It echoed through the tall lonely pines like the cry of a wounded animal. She clutched at her face and moaned, "Oh pa, oh pa", as she ran toward the three men coming homeward. It seemed strange as no whistle had blown, no steam had been let off, yet these men were coming up to the house. But John was leaning heavily on Dad with one arm. He had fallen across the saw. His other arm cradled his own exposed vital organs against his body.

It was ten minutes before quitting time when John and Dad had rolled the biggest log of the season on the carriage. The wheel jumped the track and each of the men had taken a "cant hook" and lifted on the log. John's hook sipped and he fell backward on the saw. It ripped his side open from his back bone around almost to his navel. Grandpa was helping carry him but John kept trying to walk.

Aunt Myn took one close look, buried her face in her hair and ran screaming to the house.

A few minutes after he was placed on the bed, Dad threw a saddle on Old Coffee and was gone for help to the nearest doctor at St. Johns thirty five miles away. I watched him spur the horse into a gallop up that steep hill. I never saw a man treat a horse like that before, especially my Dad. Old Coffee was a light grey horse with the brand of a heart on his left hip. He was a good dependable animal and as sturdy as steel.

Upon hearing Aunt Myn's screams, Mrs. Block rushed down. She took one look at John and told Mother she just could not help with him, but she would care for Mother's baby and help that way. So, Mrs. Block took little Kay, whose first birthday was seven days later, and she tended him faithfully all thru the following week.

Mother was just a girl in her middle 20's, but she never left John's side. Not knowing what else to do, she folded a clean white sheet and bound it snugly around John's wound then sat by him trying-to comfort him as best she could until help came.

Dad rode at a hard gallop about 12 miles, where he overtook Uncle Ralph on his way to town with the load of lumber. He jerked the saddle off Old Coffee while Uncle Ralph unharnessed Old Brownie. Dad jumped on Brownie and was on his way. Neither of the men bothered to hobble Old Coffee. He had ridden so fast and hard over the rocks that he couldn't walk. Later his hoofs came off. Altho he was soon put out to pasture no one ever rode him again. It wasn't long before he died. This brave, gallant animal had given his life in the attempt to save a human being.

Believing that Brownie could not make that pace clear to St. John's, Dad cut across to Byrd Barrett's ranch figuring he could change horses again there. As he stumbled up to the door, Barrett met him. Dad asked for the use of the fresh horse all saddled and already tied to a tree. Barrett, didn't seem to think that particular horse could make it, but offered him one out in the field. Afraid of the delay he jumped on brownie and headed for town.

He cut across and reached the only phone along the way. It was at the Lyman Dam. Aunt Elda answered. He told her about the accident but failed to tell her John was still at the mill. He then continued on down thru Salado, nearly to Brig Peterson's, before he met Doc Lemmons, who owned the only car in the whole country. In the car was Dr. Roberts and Loman Gibbons. Aunt Elda had told them John was at the Lyman Dam. Dad was always grateful to Aunt Elda for her mistake as they all admitted they wouldn't have even attempted such a trip had they known he was so far away. Doc Lemmons said he didn't think the car would make it even though he had just had it overhauled. When they saw Dad, exhausted and desperately begging them to go on they weakened and continued their journey. Loman Gibbons rode Dad's horse back to town.

Grandpa Berry had just made a new fence for Fred Colter, which closed the road they had been using to the mill. Dad cut the fence and they went on thru.

It was dark by now and for some cause there were no lights on the car. But it was a clear moonlight night and they hurried on their way. It was Dad's first car ride and it seemed to him like they fairly flew. The car hit a high center just the other side of Wiregrass, within about 12 miles of the Mill. They lost all the oil.

Not knowing what else to do, and thinking of his young wife and

Grandpa Whiting alone with this dying boy, he left the car and began to run toward the Mill afoot as hard as he could run. Dr. Roberts said later that he had never felt as sorry for anyone in his life as he did for Dad when he saw him get out and head for the Mill on the run, alone in the middle of the night.

When he started he figured he would run the full 12 miles. However, at the end of about 2 miles, he came upon the horses and wagon Uncle Ralph had abandoned when Dad overtook him on the way down. Uncle Ralph had saddled a horse and rode back, leaving the other two horses hobbled out and a saddle in the wagon. Dad caught the horses and went back for the doctor. Although he gave Dr. Roberts the best horse with the saddle, they had to travel slow as the old doctor wasn't well. He couldn't have made it without the saddle.

They arrived at the Mill at 2 A. M. It had been a record round trip.

There had been a light rainfall. Dr. Roberts was encased in a yellow "slicker", with a peaked rain cap. He was little, and old, and thin, and he wore a little pointed grey beard. I immediately connected with the Seven Dwarfs. Always after that when Mother told me "Snow White" I thought of Dr. Roberts as one of the seven Dwarfs. Sure enough a few years ago, Walt Disney named one of them Doc.

As soon as Dr. Roberts smoked and rested for a few minutes he started to operate. Dad held the lantern and gave the Chloroform. They finished at daylight. Grandma Whiting and some of the others arrived soon after.

The worst was over, John had survived the shock. The Doctor said he would live now, unless blood poisoning set in. It did. But his big clean healthy body just wouldn't die.

For seven agonizing days and nights, Dad, Mother and Grandpa took turns sitting by John. The last time Mother was with him, in his delirium, he called "Tessie, Tessie." On the seventh night Dad was alone with him when John raised upon his elbows and whispered, "Oh what beautiful music." He looked up as if it was a scene and said "Oh isn't that beautiful." As he said this he fell back and died in Dad's arms. I guess no heart ached harder at his death than Dad's, who had tried so desperately to save his life. Dad says if they had had penicillin or sulfa they could have saved him. His liver was scratched but not badly damaged.

John's family received the news of his death on a Sunday afternoon in old Mexico. Myrtle says everyone was kind to them, & they certainly didn't weep alone. Jim Maybin, whom John had worked with, was the outstanding individual that day. He seemed to know the things to do which would help most. Jim has since passed away too. Myrtle says she

remembers so well how kind Mother and all the folks were to write them all they could of his passing. She says "Lead Kindly Light" always brings the tears as Mother had sent them a card with that poem printed on the back. They had word, a week before, that John was badly hurt and Uncle Charles had left immediately. He arrived in St. Johns just as John's body was being brought to town.

They didn't take me to the funeral. No one realized that I was old enough to feel what death does to those that are left behind. No one explained anything to me. They were all so exhausted and grief stricken they failed to notice that I felt the loss of this big friendly cousin so deeply that I couldn't play. It was a long, long time before the sawdust pile or the blowing off of the steam aroused any interest in me.

Grown people never seem to realize the deep sorrow that even very little children can feel. And it seems sadder still because children don't know how to ask for sympathy like adults do. All a child can do is to sit, wide-eyed and numbly by, trying to piece things together, trying to understand.

I didn't sense exactly where he had gone. But I did know that he would never come back to me. This was my first encounter with death and it left a sting that still pricks my heart.

Sometimes I wonder which girl had really won his big warm heart. Was it the dark haired, dark eyed Irene Hardy he had known so well in Old Mexico. Or was it the beautiful Tessie Johnson that he had begged for so pleadingly in his last dying moments.

Oft times I think of the lonely grave out on the windswept hill in St. Johns where John lies buried; forgotten by many, remembered by a loving few. No one has ever completely filled the big empty space he left in my heart. It was such a big space. I guess no one ever could.

John, the big strong boy with the wavy hair and laughing brown eyes would never pick me up in his arms and run to the house with me again.

Never again would he reach tenderly over my plate at dinner and mash my beans with his fork. Never again would he scoop me up in front of him and gallop down the dusty road on his beautiful black horse that had carried him hundreds of miles from Old Mexico. Never again would we hear his haunting strains of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" floating lingering through the lonely pines in the twilight. And never again would he pinch me under my chin and call me his "little chunk of Taller."

## REUNION SONG

By Ruth Lewis

Note: To be sung to the tune of "Polly Wolly Doodle" and each line is to be followed by: "Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day" as in the first verse.

Oh, Mother dear, now that we are here,  
Singing Polly Wolly doodle all the day,  
Tell me something fun about each one,  
Singing Polly Wolly doodle all the day.  
Now there's Maree she always full of fire, .. Singing . . .  
When her children got too nimble she thumped them with a thimble, ..  
singing . . .  
Now there's Uncle Eddie, he's always ready, ..singing . . .  
If go he'll letcha, you betcha he'll forgetcha, ..singing ....  
Now there was Ethel Farr, they didn't have a car,..singing . . .  
In a buggy they were riding, Eddie's arm started sliding, ..singing . . .  
Now there's Aunt May, her philosophy is gay,..singing ...  
She stole a car, I guess, and a J.C. Penny dress,..singing . . .  
Now there's Herbert Berry, he's round just like a cherry, ..singing . . .  
If he feels a sneeze a comin', he'd better start a running, ..singing . . .  
Now there's Marthy Brown, she's always bustling round, ..singing . . .  
May was always boss, they say, but now she's boss of May, ..singing . . .  
Now there's President Brown, he just came back to town, ..singing . . .  
Once when they were on a trip, Marthy sure gave him the slip, ..singing . . .  
Now there's Uncle Earnest, from him you can learnest, ..singing . . .  
If a skunk is after you, just ask him what to do, ..singing . . .  
Now there's Aunt Beryl, she was always quite a girl,..singing . . .  
Uncle Earnest used to tease till she'd say "Oh, Please!" ..singing . . .  
Now there's Aunt Gladys, said, "Ma, I'm Madus, ..singing . . .  
My camisole - I'm sunk - I'm afraid it's got in the trunk,.. singing . . .  
Now there's Ralph so skinny and his little sister, Minnie,.. singing . . .  
Time has passed away, she's his mother-in-law today, ..singing . . .  
Now there's Aunt Nell, she looks very well, ..singing . . .  
She gave up city life for all this toil and strife, ..singing . . .  
Now there's Aunt Myn, She isn't very thin, ..singing . . .  
When Aunt Elda chased her 'round on her knees she went down,  
..singing . . .

## TOOELE

By Geraldine Sager

Louine and Grant are very fortunate to be making a trip to Canada from the 9th to the 18th of September. This trip is quite an honor since Grant won it by making "Club" in the insurance company he is working for, by selling a certain amount. He is to be congratulated, as very few salesmen get to go, and especially in their first year of selling. They went by car, in company with another couple. First, they stopped off in Pocatello to spend the night with Elma and Wayne. They plan to visit Lake Louise and Banff, while away.

Grant has been asked to take two new positions in the Thirteenth Ward in Salt Lake City. (They have moved into the Eastcliff Apartments, across the hall from Maydene's. First, he was interviewed to be one of the Presidents of the Seventies Quorum. He accepted that and was then asked to be President of the YMMIA in the Ward. Congratulations to him and we know he will be a busy man.

We are proud of Larry. He won the first prize at the baby show here in Tooele County Fair. He has a very pretty little silver loving cup, which he puts in his mouth whenever we try to get him to show it off. He was winner for the boys in the one year old division. Kenneth was among the top 3 for the three year old division. Of course, the main attraction to them was the balloon they got.

Our family enjoyed an outing at Lagoon the second Monday in September. We went swimming first and Carolyn and Kenneth really liked it. Louine and Willard entertained with their diving abilities. After we ate lunch, we tried out the Fun House, and took a turn about the rest of the grounds before coming home.

Carolyn entertained a group of little friends at a birthday party. It was her fifth birthday. Everyone was an Indian, complete with a feathered head band, and they all had a "wild" time. Ask her mother.

There isn't much news about Willard. He just makes it home from work long enough to eat and dashes out to cut grain or hay or fix the tractor or combine. Good thing that tractor has good lights or he would kill more pheasants than some of the rest of them have out there cutting hay.

It was very nice to have Mom and Aunt Myn surprise us with a visit the first part of August. We really got caught up on the news from home and the family doings

We went up to Pocatello to see Elma and drove on to Idaho Falls to visit Helen a short while. We really had a car full. Going to Pocatello, there were Aunt Myn, Don E., Aunt Martha, Mother, Brent, Louine, Larry and I. Did lots of talking - heard lots of news - learned some new games.

While Mom and Brent were here, we spent one evening at Saltair. Ask Brent how he likes to swim there. Wish all of the family could have been in the Fun House there to see Aunt Martha, Aunt Myn and Mom dance in front of the comic mirrors, and walk on the "waves".

We are going to Pocatello this Saturday to visit Elma and Wayne. Have to get things done in this country before winter sets in or you don't do them.

Willard was recently talking to a kid from Vernon named Kenneth Frederickson, who just came home from his mission in Canada. He was a companion to Randy's brother.

Willard was a guest of Meyers and Welch recently and had a lovely trip to Los Angeles to visit their new plant. He went down and back by plane, stayed at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood, and attended the musical show, "Red, White and Blue" at the Paramount. Some trip. Combined with a lot of sightseeing and experience, it was all very enjoyable. Carolyn and Kenneth thought the best part was watching him get off the plane.

Larry had the misfortune to fall on the walk and cut his head on a crack in the cement. The doctor took a nice little stitch and it is healing up almost as good as new.

We went hunting. I braved the ordeal of getting up at 3:30. Sunup found us at the tip of the top of the mountains, after a long hard climb by truck, then horse, then on foot. Beautiful sight from up there. Of course, the wind nearly blew us out at times. Willard got his deer about nine-thirty. The job of getting it down was harder than the climbing up. I'm not a very good pack horse leader. I did better when I rode another horse and let him pick the trail. Nice to have the meat all frozen for winter. I wonder what the cost would be per pound. Better not figure. Just charge it up to recreation.

## **Convention Trip**

By Louine Shields

We drove to Pocatello Saturday and stayed at Elma's that night, really enjoying ourselves eating a big wonderful meal, and afterwards

stuffing ourselves with tomato juice, popcorn and candy, and seeing the Reunion films. Sunday morning, Elma drove us to Blackfoot where we met Bill and his wife, Sunday about noon we arrived at the Craters of the Moon National Park in Idaho and enjoyed walking around the old volcano craters, caves, etc.

Sunday afternoon we were enjoying a nice drive through Idaho, about 25 miles the other side of Mackay when Gus and Bill got the urge to do a little rabbit hunting. They both had their 22's, so they went out through the flats to shoot at a few jacks. Well, it just so happened that antelope season was on and the game wardens were lousy. They had just circled around once when here came a pick up and four men right on their trail. We were informed that, in Idaho, it is against the law to even cart a gun without a hunting license. We had to go all the way back to Mackay and appear before the Justice of the Peace, a woman, and Gus and Bill were fined \$28 apiece. We talked the fine down to \$18 each, and paid \$10 each, leaving the guns as security for the rest. But the guns aren't worth \$16 together, so I imagine we'll just leave them there

We stayed in Salmon that night. The next day we arrived at Glacier National Park in the late afternoon. It was too late to see much. We wanted to see some animals, but didn't see even one. We drove on into Canada that night and stayed at Cardston. We were just sick that we didn't have recommends with us. None of us realized we would be anywhere near the Temple. We did make a tour of the grounds.

We arrived at Banff National Park that afternoon and saw our first bear by the roadside. We stayed at Banff that night and early the next morning we drove around to see all the sights. It is really a beautiful place. Beautiful tall trees, mountains and glaciers and lakes. We saw ten bear, two deer, and a herd of buffalo, and two moose. We went on to Lake Louise and enjoyed the beautiful Lake and Hotel there, and then we started on the very worst stretch of road that we had during the whole trip. We didn't realize how bad it was going to be. We started late in the afternoon, over two hundred miles of the worst gravel winding road, with no civilization except a service station every 100 miles. It was way after midnight before we reached a place where we could stay.

We started early again and drove through some beautiful scenery and arrived in Vancouver at 6:00 P. M. Our first dinner was scheduled for 7:00, so we had to hurry and get unpacked and ready. We had a very lovely banquet and program that night, and afterward we danced to good music in the Panorama room of the Hotel. We met a lot of swell couples young kids like us who didn't drink or smoke and were really fun to be with. Friday A. M. at 7:30, they had a very nice breakfast for all of the new members and they gave Gus a nice lapel Star Club pin.

They had meetings both morning and afternoon on Friday. I went to both and enjoyed them very much. They had all the Highups and Million Dollar producers, etc., there. Friday night a bunch of us got together and again went dancing on the Hotel Roof. Saturday morning I went to the meeting, but left early to go do a little shopping while in Vancouver. Linens and china, etc., cost about half what they do here. That night we went sightseeing. We watched a game of cricket —very funny to watch. We walked across the famous long suspended bridge.

Sunday morning we, and four other couples, took our cars on the ferry to Victoria Island — a 2½ hour boat trip. We spent the day sightseeing, and stayed there that night. The next day we drove to the famous Beauchard Gardens a beautiful flower garden with millions of kinds of flowers. We caught another ferry which took us to the State of Washington, in the good old U. S. A. This took four hours on an even nicer boat. We really enjoyed that ride. We sat on deck and played games.

We drove all night, that night. We went through Pendleton, and I looked up Joy's name in the phone book, but decided I didn't have the nerve to wake them at 4 a. m. We arrived home worn out and glad to get here when we did.

# Gridley

By Helen Brown

We got back from the Reunion just in time for the beginning of the longest and, I believe hottest spell of the season. We had Maurine and Elbert's Karen with us for three weeks and Nathel and Russell had Louine and Gus. Louine and Gus weren't very comfortable because of the heat and I think that hastened their departure for Salt Lake, but not before they took a trip to San Francisco.

Ronald got home exhausted from a trip with the explorers and so we didn't do anything on his birthday. When he had sufficiently recovered, the following week end, we took Karen and our family to the Redwoods and had Jimmy's birthday party on a little strip of windy beach. Ronald broke out with poison oak he had picked up on the Explorer's trip. Now he really sympathizes with poison oak patients.

In the meantime, Norma and Maree and their families were in Los Angeles with the rest of Aunt May and Uncle Herbert's posterity.

In August, Louine and Gus and Maydene and Jim came to can tomato juice and peaches. (Does your mouth water?) They were pretty conscientious people, especially Jim and Gus. Friday we worked about five hours on the tomato juice.

Then most of the gang went for a swim in the canal over by Fife and Stoddard's shop, then we went to Marysville for enchiladas, tacos and HOT tamales with pitchers of cold water. Saturday, we worked on peaches until the wee hours of Sunday morn. I'll bet we can all tell which peaches Jim pitted. By the time they were lyed, they were transparent. We consoled Jim. Mine were the same last year but better this year. Just be sure and come back next year to improve yourself.

Aunt May made a quick trip here to make some final arrangements for the Whiting Tree. We wish she could have stayed a while to visit. Norma took her back and also took Diana to have her tonsils out, and Leilani and Marilyn to stay until Leilani (later had her baby a girl, and she is a carbon copy of Marilyn and Lelani with oodles of black hair.

Nathel has been sick, but she is up and about again, singing and cavorting around to help the Building Fund. Maree put on a skit after the big building fund benefit dinner Fri., in which Nathel and Norma were stars and sang several songs. I'm sure Nathel's solos will long be remembered—such expression!

Before this goes to press, I find I can insert the fact that little Brown Number 5 has come along. We have decided to name him Edwin Marion Brown.

# *Eating's Fun!*

By Leilani Cunningham



## **MA'S DUMPLINGS**

(As pumped from Grandma by Aunt Myn and forwarded to us)

2 cups or medium bowl of rusk

(dry bread crusts then roll into fine crumbs with rolling pin.)

Mix some sour cream with a little sweet milk and pour enough over rusk to soak up good.

Add a big pinch of salt (or two)

A few dashes of pepper

A little cinnamon

Stir in 2 eggs

**NO BAKING POWDER**

Add to all this enough flour to make a real stiff (almost biscuit) dough.

Drop in boiling soup.

## **OLD COUNTRY DANISH DUMPLINGS**

Put shortening in frying pan and mix flour in and brown as you would for gravy. Put in less cream and make as other recipe.

(Remarks at close of Aunt Myn's letter. "Leilani this recipe has made me so hungry I've got to stop and make some.")

## **DATE NUT BREAD**

by Norma Fife

Squeeze one family budget very hard and buy 2 lbs. pitted dates.

Squeeze budget again and buy 1 quart walnut meats.

Sift 1 cup flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp salt over nuts and dates.

Beat together 1 cup sugar and yolks of eggs. Then pour over other mixture and try to blend. Instead of blending, it goes in big hunks. By now you will think it is ruined, instead of dumping out the whole mess, grab stiffly beaten egg whites and mix in conglomeration. In surprise you will watch it blend.

Pour in well-greased angel food pan, bake in slow-oven one hour.

Cool and serve to delighted guests with whipped cream.

P. S. In case it doesn't blend with the above ingredients just add more eggs.

THE WHITING TREE

*Index*



Article	Page
Message from May Whiting Berry .....	49
The Edwin M. Whiting Family Organization .....	50
A Letter from our Missionary .....	51
Big Claus and Little Claus, by E. M. Whiting .....	53
Shipwreck, a Missionary Experience by Lee Berry .....	56
Record of the Family of Charles Whiting .....	61
Photographs .....	Center
Reminiscing, by Maree Stoddard .....	64
Reunion Song, by Ruth Lewis .....	69
Tooele, by Geraldine Sagers .....	70
Convention Trip, by Louine Shields .....	71
Gridley, by Helen Brown .....	73
Eatin's Fun, by Leilani Cunningham .....	74

## HAWAIIAN CENTENNIAL

by ETHEL WHITING

We were in Los Angeles for treatments for Eddie's Bells Palsy. Our children kept urging us to take a trip to Hawaii on the S. S. Lurline, which was to take a large group of L.D.S. people, prominent among them being Pres. George Albert Smith, Apostle Henry D. Moyle and party, to the Hawaiian L.D.S. Church Centennial. At first we gave little thought to it, but when E. I. heard, just two days before sailing, that Earnest was going, he began thinking more seriously of the journey and even went to see if he could get reservations on the ship. With a waiting list of 50 passengers, he finally succeeded in cajoling the manager into giving us a cabin, only to find that both his doctors said he couldn't go, so he informed the steamship company of this block in his plans. When the specialist finished his electrical treatment next morning, he said, "Your face is responding too fast. You will have to let it rest awhile or it may pull up too far", and then told him he had better go to Hawaii.

Now there was a mad rush to head the waiting list of passengers and try for a reservation. After some difficulty he was offered one bed in a room with a Jewish woman, and one on a lower deck. By dint of continued persuasion (and probably to get rid of further bother) the one in charge of reservations said he would try to persuade the Jewish woman to take another cabin where there was one bunk, though it was almost what his life was worth to broach the subject to her. She had already been moved once.

To cut a long story short, we got our cabin, which was a lovely one, and enjoyed every luxury available anywhere.

Earnest, Beryl, and Edwina were lucky in getting a cancelled reservation with beautiful windows looking out on the ocean. It was truly a regal suite.

Fearing seasickness, we took pills with us, but no one was more than slightly dizzy once or twice, and the ocean couldn't have been more beautifully calm and smooth, permitting us to enjoy to the full every moment of the five day journey on the sapphire blue water. The Lurline is truly a luxury liner, providing many kinds of entertainment all the time, one of them being an experience in good eating at every meal time. We all gained several unnecessary pounds.

There was an outdoor salt water plunge, tennis court, table tennis sets, shopping center, laundry, tailor and valet service, barber shop, beauty salon, Doctor's office, picture shows, etc., for convenience of passengers. Every morning we received a shipboard newspaper, containing all the day's news and programs of daily events on the boat. Canasta and bridge tournaments were in progress all the way over. Eddie and Earnest indulged in some trap shooting. We attended religious services Sunday, one conducted by a Methodist minister in the morning, and one conducted by Elder Moyle in the afternoon. We were quite surprised when Elder Moyle met us as we went into the room and asked E. I. to be one of the speakers. Pres. Smith spoke a short time, but he seemed very weak. Elder Moyle emphasized the need of modesty in women and girls to help stem the tide of immorality. There was a wonderful spirit there.

I think the highlight of the voyage was when our ship stopped ten miles out of Honolulu and took aboard the native saints, who came out in boats to meet Pres. Smith and party. They came laden with the most gorgeous flower leis. As they greeted Pres. G. A. Smith, tears of joy ran down their cheeks, while they put many leis around his neck, and some humbly kissed his cheek while Hawaiian girls danced and sang for him. Older women accompanied them with ukuleles and guitars. It was a beautiful and touching sight. This continued until we reached the harbor, while leis were being given everyone on board. There was another group of musicians and dancing girls, who provided their lovely enchanting music while the passengers were disembarking.

The beauty of nature on the island was breath taking, and everywhere we went we were entertained with varied programs of a typical Hawaiian nature. From the Moana Hotel, where we stayed, we could step out of the back door onto the famous Waikiki beach, within 50 feet of the ocean, where bathers and surf riders could be seen at all times.

At the reception given at the Beretania St. Tabernacle on the afternoon of our arrival, hostesses in holokus, gay muumuus, Japanese and Chinese dress, presented every visitor with armfuls of leis. Sent from Hilo were 10,000 vanda orchid blossoms for the occasion. Pres. Smith and two daughters, Apostle and Mrs. Moyle were welcomed with a spontaneous outburst of the song "We Thank Thee, Oh God, For A Prophet", as tears of thankfulness for this privilege coursed down many cheeks. His party was soon seen chin deep in leis, and entertained by a throng of islanders with music. A feature of the reception was a flower exhibit, with many varieties and types of arrangements shown. The large hall was filled with many varieties and types of arrangements shown. The large hall was filled with flowers, leis of every possible variety, and a special section of centennial leis, each with 100 blooms. The beauty of the exhibit defies description.

I did not know pineapple juice could be as delicious as was that from the fresh ripe fruit served everyone at this reception.

The day following our arrival at Honolulu we hired a taxi to take us on a tour of the island. Oahu is the governmental, educational, and financial center of the territory, and Honolulu is the principal port of call for trans-oceanic planes and ships. Diamond Head, one of the first and last cameo pictures seen on arriving or departing from the islands, is a giant crater jutting into the ocean and described as a "headless sphinx with its paws in the sea guarding the city of Honolulu." This is one of the most picturesque cities on the globe, with its magnificent architecture, grand boulevards, shaded avenues, and spacious parks.

We saw the Royal Mausoleum where native kings and queens are buried, the national cemetery where many of our boys of World War II were buried. It is in the pit of a large crater, many, many years extinct, so that it is filled in with soil now. One stands in awe or the majestic beauty of the Nuam Pali (precipice). One can see from this towering precipice the blue ocean, or patch work of pineapple and cane fields, dotted and bordered with clots of color and foliage against the rust covered soil. The Pali is framed too as a scene of a great battle where King Kamehameha the Great, drove hundreds of the enemy forces over the cliffs to death in the valley below. Our guide told us that there are no snakes nor wild animals on the island.

We rode through groves of coconut palms, papaya, avocado, and banana trees, with brilliant flowers and foliage in high banks all along the highway.

Next day Earnest and E. I. rented a surf board, with which they wrestled valiantly, it being a draw whether the riders or board were on top the most. Earnest said it was like wrestling a whale and both were sore the next day, and we didn't see any more enthusiasm about surf board riding.

Everything connected with vacation was so enjoyable, it is difficult to say what stands out as most important, but the company of our leaders and associating with the lovable, humble, sincere Hawaiian saints, in their centennial celebration, will always stand out as an important occasion in my life. Their intelligence and culture was a marvel to me.

In their 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> hour musical entertainment, "A Night in Hawaii", depicting their music and dances from very early days to the present time, one could but marvel at their advancement and culture. They had the best professionals in the Islands, some of radio and record fame, and never have I heard or seen more beautiful music and dancing. We were astonished to learn that it was all done by members of the L.D.S. Church.

Our visit to the beautiful temple at Laie was one never to be forgotten. Everyone removed their shoes outside the temple and there was no rush to hurry and be the first one ready. Native saints spoke at Chapel services, played the organ, and performed all ordinance work and carried out the entire temple services. We were thankful for the privilege of doing work for some of their ancestors and partaking of the sweet spirit there. I attended Relief Society meeting held Saturday evening of conference centennial, at which it was reported 560 were present. The services were almost entirely in English. Pres. Geo. A. Smith's two daughters gave splendid talks, as did the presiding sister. Near the close of the meeting all visitors were asked to stand so they could receive flower leis. They lacked a few, so gave orchids to the last few at the close of meeting. A young Hawaiian woman sitting beside me said, "Didn't you get an orchid?" I told her "No, but I have a beautiful lei." She then took an orchid from her hair and put it in mine, as she put her arms around me and hugged me. It is this sweet, sincere, loving spirit that makes one feel so near to these people. The conference Sunday was a revelation to me that our Father can and does speak through all his servants, regardless of color or abode, if they serve Him and labor for the advancement of His people. A fitting closing to the centennial celebration was the gigantic historical pageant depicting 100 years of Mormonism in Hawaii and the event leading up to it. This was held in an open air bowl at Arthur Andrews Theater at the University of Hawaii. The flowers, grass, shrubs, trees and palms provided the most picturesque background possible. There were 1000 people in the cast, including 250 in the chorus, all of whom would be a credit to any church or theater in the world. Space will not permit me to go into details, but it was a magnificent spectacle, gorgeous costuming, the best of acting, dancing, and singing.

After spending a week in Honolulu, we boarded an Airliner for a flight to the Island of Hawaii, called "The big orchid island." Our air cruise affords an excellent view of the islands of Molokai, Lanai, and Maui, (with its 10,000 foot "House of the Sun" crater) and Hawaii's greatest Mountain Mauna Kea. Upon arrival at Hilo 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> hours later, we started out along the excitingly beautiful highway to Kilauea volcano, the forest of giant ferns, the 400 foot lava tube with ferns

and trees growing inside the dark tunnel, the sulphur banks and stream pouring from the holes and cracks in them.

We crossed the Kau Laua desert travelling over flow after flow of old and new lava. No one is permitted to get close to the crater of the active Mauna Loa volcano, because of the giant cracks left in the lava flow of June 1950, but we traveled over the latest flow which came with so much force it traveled 9 miles, the distance from the crater to the ocean, in 40 minutes. Some of the lava is smooth as glass, and other places are very jagged and rough. Spots of lava are still hot enough to cook an egg or roast wieners.

We spent the night at Kona Inn, where we had breakfast on the lanai looking on to the sea, after which we took a trip along the coast to Kealakekua Bay and Captain Cook's monument, to the city of refuge enclosed by a high wall, where the Hawaiians of old found sanctuary even from a King's wrath. The large coffee plantation output is cared for at a coffee mill here. The red and green coffee berries growing all along the limbs of coffee trees are very picturesque. Our guide was very entertaining, telling us local tales that added much to the interest of the tour. He told of Madam Pele's (Goddess of fire) appearance to someone before each eruption, and if she has been offended by anyone, they always suffer in the eruption that follows. Ohelo berries, sacred to the Goddess Pele, grow wild over much of the island, but no one but royalty and the Goddess may eat them, upon penalty of death—however, our guide said he would give us some to eat if we would destroy the evidence.

The natives never seemed to hurry and are always happy. Our guide said they belong to a club, called the "Lazy Man's Club" in English. When one sensed an ambitious feeling coming on, he would lie down until it passed, then he would take a nap. When asked if the Japs could join, he said, "No, it would break up the organization. They even work after they are tired." Earnest vowed he was going to join the club.

We continued on to the little old Painted Church of St. Benedict and Hulihee Palace.

We, especially Edwina, were thrilled with our visit to the orchid nursery and gardens, where we saw hundreds of varieties of these flowers.

It is hard to picture the beauty of highways, lined with hibiscus, ferns, ginger flowers, and many others, palm trees, banks of brilliant red foliage, and just beyond these dense jungle growth on every side. Almost every yard in and around Hilo had beds of orchids. The stringing of these many colorful and fragrant flowers, seeds, and foliage into garlands is one of the sights that meet the eye everywhere one goes. The lei sellers have always been one of the most "atmospheric" parts of life in Hawaii, either at the docks or along the streets where they sit and chat and thread petal beauty by the hour.

After two days on the Island of Hawaii, we took a plane back to Honolulu and flew home the next day on a Pan American clipper, which was a pleasant ending to a wonderful vacation in (as Pres. Woolley said) "the land that God forgot to curse, where everyone loves his neighbor, where they greet us with leis as a symbol of their love and unbroken friendship."

## DEAR UNCLES

By Maydene & Jim Bodell

Maybe you're wondering what inspired this belated note of appreciation. Well, you see, this morning we had pancakes for breakfast. Jim ate a couple of crisp black ones very patiently, and then he came over to supervise. "See that one with the little bubbles all over it?" he asked, peering over my shoulder and pointing, "Well, Uncle Earnest turns them over when they're like that." At first I thought I'd snub him for his interference, but then I remembered the yummy breakfasts up under the pines and changed my mind. Instead, I turned it over. Then as soon as the next one was bubbled, over it went. Ooh, la-la! We ended up with a platter full of goodness.

And so all day I've been remembering the reunion and thinking, "Bless you, Uncles." And that's the reason I tucked my babies into bed (all of them have the chickenpox) and started on this ditty. Oh, I've written ten letters since last June, but some haven't sounded grateful enough and others have been so mushy I was afraid you wouldn't believe me. It was fun! It was wonderful! The food, the beds, the air, the sun—and most of all the people—were perfection. The only improvement I can think of would be that the local relatives didn't have to work so hard. Did you have as much fun as the rest of us? If we have another one, please recruit a little more help from us. Jim and I promise to do anything you ask to help—program, food, anything.

Arizona will always have a special corner in my heart, anyway. When I was a little girl the most wonderful thing that could happen to me was our regular summer trip to St. Johns. We all felt that way—Ray, Ruth, Louise, Maurine, Ronald and I. That last lap of the trip was just as exciting and long as is the night before Christmas. Yes, we were all crazy about it. And, and do you know what? I think my husband is getting the bug, too!

Gordon Priestley described the reunion wisely when he told someone at the News about it. "There were 200 people there, and believe it or not, they were all glad to see each other!"

Next to a trip to Arizona, the best thing was to come home and find a car with an Arizona license parked in front. It meant a visit with one of the uncles or aunts! We used to come home from school for lunch instead of taking it in a bag whenever any of you were here. We missed shows or dances or anything just to be in on the get-together in the evening.

Uncle Ernest was the funniest man! We never got tired of asking him how long they were going to stay and hearing "Oh, about as long as that," as he held his hands a foot apart.

I can remember one time Uncle Eddie came to Salt Lake and took his family and ours to a show. As I remember it, we couldn't decide between Anthony Adverse and One Night of Love. Well, we all cried through the one show, and then when we came out at about 11:00 he said, "Oh, come on, let's see if we can get in on the last part of the other!" And we did!

Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell came quite often. No matter where they were going they'd take me along if I could go.

Uncle Arthur and Aunt Arming didn't come up here very often, but when they did we enjoyed them. And their lovely home was always ready to welcome us. Uncle Art, I'll always remember how helpful you were last June. Every time I stepped out of the door with a diaper you ran over to build a fire and turn on the washer.

Aunt Ethel—Aunt Beryl—Aunt Nell—Thanks for the inspiration you have been. Our uncles are like they are partly because of you. Without your cooperation, they couldn't be where they are and who they are today.

I don't remember too many things about Grandpa and Uncle Lynn, but from the rest of you I can tell what they must have been. When I see all of you together, managing your affairs and performing on the program, I know where we younger ones get our ability to save at least a little money and our flair for acting. Let's hope we can pass something worthy on down to the next little ones.

We are all mourning the loss of President Smith up here, but I guess that he is happy where he is and that the Lord will protect us and guide us anyway.

Jim and I want to welcome all of you and your children and their families in our home at any time. Now my husband joins me in guessing whose car could be driving up with an Arizona license on it. We will always love to see you.

Love,

Maydene and Jim

A CHEERFUL EARFUL  
*by Our Friend Erma*

School lets out tomorrow! Mabel is just as happy about it as the kids who are getting out of school. Now she can move over to the Elk Mountain sawmill with Wilford, where she will live all summer, until it is time to start back to school again.

The eighth grade graduation exercises were held last night, and Karen Whiting graduated into high school. She sang a lovely solo.

Mother's and Dad's new house is just about ready to move into. If they could keep the workmen right there on the job, instead of sharing them with all the other things they are building, they could move in in a week or so. Farr and Dad are each building a duplex to rent; they have just fixed up the building east of the garage and moved the store over there; and they built two new warehouses.

Farr recently had a narrow escape. Virgil and Lavelle went out of town, and the girl who was tending their children asked Farr to please come over and light their gas floor furnace. So Farr, not

realizing that there was a gas leak, proceeded to light the furnace. Some time later, after the glass and debris had stopped flying around, Farr gathered himself up and was delighted, as well as surprised, to find himself all in one piece and unharmed. The explosion had broken most of the windows, knocked a door, buckled the floor, cracked the walls, broken light fixtures, etc. I am happy to say that no one was hurt.

The Elder's Quorum recently put on a talent show, in the form of a radio program. Darwin made an excellent announcer (I understand that since this program was broadcasted, he has had several offers of a job with NBC and CBS). We discovered some wonderful local talent, and Stephen Udall played a piano solo. The winners were decided by the applause from the audience, and he tied for third place. Mel's chorus presented a cute little skit. They were dressed like Children, and were holding school. Farr was the cutest little girl in class, and his little poem, "Teacher, teacher, I declare! I can see your underwear!" was a big hit, especially since the audience could see just a shade of Farr's underwear under his short little skirt as he stood up to recite. Aunt Elda and Mother were also in a little number presented by the Mandolin-Guitar Club. Aunt Elda just about stole the show in her Dutch costume as they sang and danced.

About a month ago I discovered that Howard, my youngest boy, has rheumatic fever. He doesn't feel very sick, but is surely getting tired of staying in bed.

Sherdy (Udall) really started something when he went back to Missouri for a hemorrhoid operation. A short time after, Mother and Mabel both went to Albuquerque and had a growth removed from their throats. About this same time Lavelle discovered that Claudia was going deaf, so they took her to Albuquerque and had her tonsils removed. She has had to take several deep X-ray treatments since then, but is practically normal now. With Mabel gone from the office, it left an awful lot of work for me to do, and besides I knew Mabel would really get all of the attention, talking about her operation when she returned. So, I decided there was just one thing for me to do . . . have a bigger and better operation that would keep me away from work until Mabel had had time to come back and get things caught up at the office, and one that would be a little more unusual, so that I could talk about my operation and give a few more gruesome details than she could. The day after Mabel and Mother were operated on in Albuquerque, I went to our hospital here, and had an operation for a tubular pregnancy. I felt that it was quite a success and could make quite a good story out of it, when Mabel and I got wound up and tried to outdo each other. I am happy to report that all with recent operations are getting along nicely.

It seems good to have Elma and Wayne home for a visit. Wayne and Uncle Albert are in Phoenix today, and when they come back will decide whether they will move down here. We are all hoping that they decide to make St. Johns their home.

Catastrophe has struck the Homestead! The Little Giant spring has gone dry, for the first time since anyone can remember. I am happy to report that a well is now being dug up there, so we can still go to the Homestead.

The Stake conference last week was held at Eager, when they dedicated their lovely new chapel. Apostle Stapley was the visitor from Salt Lake.

Farr was recently put in as the Stake Mission President. He started off with a "bang", and I'm sure he will do a lot of good in his new position. Darwin is his secretary.

Mel has been the first councilor in the Relief Society for several years, and was looking forward to being released, along with the rest of the presidency. I guess she did her work too well, because they didn't release her. She is the new Relief Society president.

Rex Lee, who recently attended the northern Arizona Music Festival at Flagstaff, participated in several of the numbers taken up there. He also played the trumpet solo from St. Johns, and received a rating of "superior", which is the highest award they give.

Rex Whiting, who now lives in Sanders (about 50 miles from St. Johns), just couldn't be any happier. His wife just presented him with a fine boy! Both baby and mother are doing nicely.

I am happy to say that Wayne and family have moved back here to live. It surely seems good to see Aunt Gladys and all of her family (except Lola) back here again.

#### NEWS FROM SALT LAKE CITY

*by* MAYDENE BODELL

I'll bet some of you are wondering whether my Dad—Dr. Brown—is lolling in the sun, eating grapes, and enjoying a luxurious vacation, or whether he's fed up with the life of ease. Well, either way, you're wrong. He's up at dawn to take care of his lawn and flower garden; by 8:00 he's left for the temple where he's a regular worker every day now; at 3:00 he sometimes stops by his apt. house to check on business; and then he has the rest of the day to attend to his favorite old patients, give talks all over, read scriptures, and even cut his grandson's hair, etc. He and mother made a trip to Idaho last weekend and visited Elma and nine of their missionaries. (Mother goes to the temple two or three times a week with him.)

Speaking of Elma and Wayne, they've gone to St. Johns to look into the possibilities of moving to Arizona. We'll surely miss them at conference time if they do.

*A few little things to brag about.* Ray Lewis has been called to be high councilman in his new stake; Ruth is the stake activity councilor in mutual; Karen Startup, just 3 months after moving in their new house; was chosen to play "Snow White" in a big school operetta, and she proved she came from a family that knows all about show business; Judy Carlston did right well too in her dance numbers in a dance review here; Geraldine is a Relief Society president now, and though she had to have all her teeth pulled she is carrying on beautifully. The Shields and Bodells have started their own little Sunday night study class with 5 other young couples. Gus is teaching and the rest of us are learning.

As for the Bodells—we've been in quarantine with the mumps and then the chickenpox for over two months now. I don't know how long the women are wearing the skirts these days or whether the hats are "off the face" or brimmed. I can't hope to keep up with the moderns, anyway, now that my husband has bought himself another "Model T." I'll only ride in it after dark, but

he's wild about it. I gave my consent on one condition—that he wouldn't have to pay garage rent on this one; but the other day it rained and I saw it in the back yard covered with a blanket and felt like a scrooge! Sometimes he takes his "T" to work and leaves me our beautiful new Ford, but I'm still trying to learn to drive. I drove out to Murray last week, but we nearly got killed twice on the way.

Maurine had a bad fall, Frankie Startup was very sick for a few days, and Louise has been ill too, but all are now on the road to recovery. Maurine is expecting her eighth in September and will be queen of the family again. One morning when she was having "morning sickness" Karen said, "Never mind, Momma, it won't be so bad this time. We won't have to wait all that long, long time for a baby, because we have Nancy to play with." Hmmmm, I'm not sure whether that will help the morning sickness, but I guess it should, shouldn't it? The whole family is just wild about that little Nancy.

### TOOELE BRIEFS

*by* GERALDINE SAGERS

Almost all my time is spent now on Relief Society. I never realized that there was such a lot to do. My poor children are beginning to think they have moved to the car or the church. Three little children and being Relief Society president don't mix. If only my children stay well I guess the satisfaction will outweigh the trouble.

For the Kiddie Corner;

Kenneth at his Grandfathers farm

"Larry, come back! Grandpa has two piles of little pigs." It was a cold day the pigs were just trying to keep warm.

Mother "Did you touch that old bull on his head?" Kenneth, "No, I just touched him where the pockets are on my coat."

Carolyn "Oh Mother, you said Aunt Louine's baby was white and fat. But he isn't, He's just red and little."

### GLEANINGS FROM KANAB

*by* BETH SIMPER

Jay (Whiting) and Harold (Bushman) have started full scale logging now. They are hauling 16-ft. logs for this mill and will have these long lengths for the new band saw-mill when it is finished. Dad (Earnest) has been here in Fredonia since January supervising the building of the band sawmill. It will be two complete mills under one roof. He has really kept busy.

Harold and Jay had one of their trucks wrecked last Thursday. It was pretty well demolished but the driver wasn't hurt.

Mother is much better now. She has really had a bad time of it. Her heart is still not so good and they have pinned her trouble down to Pernicious Anemia.

Edwina is graduating this month from business college. She has been asked to be a Stake Missionary.

## BITS FROM PHOENIX

*by* IRENE LEWIS

We are excited over the fact that Whiting Brothers have bought an airplane. Uncle Earnest started the ball rolling a few years ago, when he bought one. But the other Brothers scared him out of it. Farrell has enjoyed all this immensely, because in the past, he would try to talk to Dad about planes and flying and Dad would more or less ignore it. But during Dad's recent visits we all sit and listen to airplane talk from him. (chuckle! chuckle!)

We are thrilled for Mickey and Lorana. They bought a new home in Holbrook, but he only spends about half of his time there because he is running the new mill up at Flagstaff.

We are all proud of Annette. She was chosen Sweetheart of the school Sweetheart Ball. She was elected Secretary of High School Student Council and she played a flute solo at the Music Festival in Flagstaff.

We have added an extra two rooms to our house. SO WE WELCOME ANY VISITING RELATIVES.

Leonard Lepper is working in Phoenix now. And Betty and Armina will move down when school is out. I am sure everyone knows how Dad and the children will miss Betty and Leonard and how Betty will miss the children. But of course I am thrilled that Betty will live that close to me.

Eddie and Ethel are about ready to move into their small 4 bedroom home to get out of their big 4 bedroom home!

Elma and Wayne did not stay in St. Johns. Next issue we will tell you where they are.

## HEN SCRATCHINGS

*by* Joycell Cooper

Ah that Reunion, how much we appreciated their efforts of the Uncles and expense on making things so enjoyable for us at the homestead. Not only the uncles, but their sons as well. Perhaps someday we will get the opportunity to do something to truly show them our thanks.

The reunion did a lot for me. For one thing, for once in my life, I did all the talking and visiting that I could possibly do with my relatives. For another, Uncle Earnest and Grandpa Berry straightened me out on the facts of life. All these years I have thought that the cottontail rabbit was the female species and the jackrabbit the male! But after hurriedly being taken aside and set straight on things I know the truth now. Mother, why didn't you tell me!?! For another, I had all

the steak I could possibly eat in one sitting! And those hot cakes. You know how some husbands are always complaining about their wives cooking not coming up to par with Mothers. Well, I am tired of having Jack drool about the pancakes of Uncle Earnest and Art while playing flying saucers with mine! The only regret is that it was all over so quick. As you drove away towards home, down the dirt road, past the coral, thru the gates, onto the cinder road and turned out into the paved highway, you turned to get a good last look at Sierra Trigo, it left you with such an empty feeling, as though there was so much more you should have done and so many more people you should have spent more time with and so much you left unsaid. Then as you drive away leaving Sierra Trigo in the distance you begin planning for the next one and think of the fun you are going to have and the things you will do that you forgot to do this time. Of course we are just selfish enough to forget about the Uncles who have probably collapsed as the last carload pulled out of camp and thanked heaven that it wouldn't happen again for the next couple of years. If they rushed right now and started taking liver shots and plenty of vitamin pills they might possibly be in condition by the next one. I for one want to say "Thanks Uncles, it was really swell!"

In just ninety days H. Lee Berry will be wearing wings. These will be the army kind though. He will be a M.D. in the U.S. Airforce. I can just see him performing an important operation in mid-air in a jet. His diary would probably read like this. Incision over Los Angeles, clamped back blood over Hawaii, dabbed blood over Russia (good thing the blood was red or they would have never let us thru!). Took out appendix over Germany and sponged it over England and then sutured over New York. Boy what a trip! Speaking of H. Lee, one day I dropped into his office and thru the closed door I could hear he and his nurse talking, realizing that I was probably interrupting an important operation I just stood and listened at the door. I could hear Lee say "Hold the tongue back, Nurse." "Yes, Doctor." "Back further, Nurse. Now hold it back still further while I squeeze hard. "Now push!" Not being able to wait any longer I open the door just in time to see Lee lean forward and say "Its no use, Nurse, I just can't wear these shoes anymore!"

Kay Berry and family are doing fine. We don't get to see them much since Kay spends most of his spare time in Church work and out at the Welfare Ranch. We would all be much better off if we followed a few of Kay's ways.

Ray Brown and family are fine, miss seeing them because of the distance and Church work. Nora May will be graduating this June. Maree and Gene were down here for the weekend.

Donnie is fine. Pincushion Priestly is the name he goes by around here. Every morning he takes his insulin and is getting so good that he doesn't even have to mark the bulls eye any more. He just loads 'er up and lets 'er go. I am afraid he is letting it go to his head tho, because I saw him chasing Leilani around the yard the other day and I quickly caught him and explained that he wasn't quite good enough to give it to other people. So if any of you need shots Donnie, Pincushion Priestly is the one to get.

BLESSINGS THE LORD HAS GIVEN US SINCE OUR  
LAST REUNION IN JUNE

Little Earnest Heward has both his legs and can walk.

Bill and Ruth Ellsworth have a fine baby boy.

Louise and Lester Whiting have another little girl.

Jay and Aleen Whiting have another girl also.

Mable Shumway now has a daughter.

Leilani Cunningham has another little girl, a duplicate of the first one.

Joycell and Jack Cooper have a fine boy.

Rex and Marjory Whiting now have a son.

Uncle Albert survived his major operation and is as good as new. Aunt Ethel and Mable Shumway also came out of their operations in a very satisfactory way.

Erma Grant, so cheerful at all times, survived a very critical operation.

Lynn Ellsworth has very dim scars and can walk again after his hit and run driver left him bleeding and helpless on the streets of Van Nuys.

Don E. Priestly came over to spend Christmas in L.A. and is still here (nearly June 1st.), after a modern miracle came to him. He is now a tall, straight, young man, making us all feel ashamed that we ever doubted he could live when we stood and watched him writhe in agony while the Doctors stood by explaining that very few children at the age of 14 could live after such an ordeal as Don E. went thru. Don E. knew he would not die because his blessings had promised him many things, and to the amazement of the Doctors and nurses he fought a battle they could not understand and admitted they guessed it was just Donnie that made a victorious fight. The main noticeable fact is that he went in a carefree boy and came out a serious young, well-balanced man.

P O E T ' S   C O R N E R  
GRANDMOTHER WHITING

*by* John Heward

(to tune of *Tumbling Tumbleweed*)

We've come to great Grandmother,  
Dearest in the land;  
Have fun with one another  
This Edwin Whiting band.  
All our work and cares are left behind.  
A finer group you'll never, never find.  
She takes us by the hand,  
As proudly before her we stand,

Grateful to her for this land,  
And for the Whiting family.  
If joys and cares of the day  
Ever pass our way,  
Side by side we will stay—  
All of this Whiting family.  
I know when night is gone,  
A new world is born at dawn.  
We'll go rolling along,  
Deep in our heart is this song:  
This is where we belong —  
Here with this Whiting Family.

Watch next issue for service men. Send your pictures if you haven't already.



Write names under pictures:

Family of Edwin Marion and Maria Isaacson Whiting

Back row, left to right—Ralph, Minnie, Earnest, Elda, Lynn.

Front row, left to right—May, Arthur, Edwin, Maria, Martha, Eddie (E.I.)

#### EDITORIAL

I guess by now most of you know that Ronald Brown is not with us any more. He is in Civil Service and has been sent to Majuro Island, one of the Marshall group, and is about 4,000 miles from home. Helen and youngsters are still in Gridley, but hope to join him there soon.

I personally would like to say to all the family that without Ronald our little family magazine would never have survived. The brain-child may have been mine, but no doubt it would have miscarried before the first issue had it not been for Ronald's steady hand. His experience in the mission home newspaper office was our only guiding light. Not only that, but he kept kicking us in the pants until we got it done. May I say he "heckled" us into the first issue. From then on a few fan letters helped to buoy us up and we tried again.

We feel we are on rather safe ground now and hope to carry on without him, although we expect a detailed report from him after each issue. We have asked him to write an account of himself, family, and his experiences to be continued in each issue. Watch for this new and exciting addition to our magazine.

We want to improve as we go, please help us by sending in comments and criticisms. We have asked Geraldine Sagers to join our permanent staff to write up special articles. She has had more college work along this line than anyone in the family, and already has a store of writings both fiction and true. We hope to drain her collection dry.

We also wish to secure the talents of our only professional writer, Maydene Bodell. Watch for her Era story in the next issue.

We are in need of original poems by the family. So far all we have on hand is my private collection by the H. A. Berry family. If you think we are partial just remember it's all we have.

The primary objective of the "Whiting Tree" is for enjoyment of those who read it, and to aid our big, happy family in keeping in touch with each other. The specific reason is to record for time and all posterity the way of life, the happenings, the stories, thoughts, heartaches, and the funny things that have come into our lives and the lives of those before us, that the "hearts of the children may more surely turn to the fathers."

Some of these happenings have been handed down by word of mouth but may die with this generation because of our newer way of living. Times are changing by the hour. The day of the dear old grandma and grandpa sitting by the fire telling these stories and important incidents to eager and impressive young ears is gone forever. Grandma may yell in for one of the grandchildren to turn up the thermostat because she is putting on a road show for the new Church fund and she'll be back by 12:00. In the meantime the grandchildren can turn on the television. Grandpa is usually flying somewhere on business or is cooking up some big deal in one state or another. Gardenias, French heels, earrings and fur coats just don't add up to a dear little old grandma with a jar full of cookies and a head full of stories.

I for one can't quite bring myself to grey felt slippers and no lipstick just to create atmosphere for my grandchildren, I wouldn't be honest if I did. We happen to be caught in the throes of a

world that is changing too fast to keep a good balance. Let's be safe and record the things that may be lost forever if we neglect to do so even for a few years.

—The Editor.

Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands  
Majuro, Marshall Islands  
July 18, 1951

Dear Aunt May:

First, consider this my resignation from the office of Editor of the Family Tree, which I can no longer begin to fulfill in view of the transportation problems.

If you would like me to act as a reporter, for the Marshall Islands branch of the family, I shall be happy to do so. Just let me know when the deadlines are.

I am enclosing a brief description of my first impressions here. Helen wrote that Maree wanted this by July 10. Since I didn't receive the letter until June 13, that order was quite impossible, so I am putting it on the next plane, and sending it directly to you in the hope it may reach you before you have to go to press.

I wish I could have been of more help in these crucial early issues. I surely hope that you can work it out so that it will continue to grow in value and interest. I will be happy to do everything I can. Perhaps it won't be too long before I can be of more help.

I'll try to write more later.

Sincerely,

Ronald (Brown)

Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands  
Majuro, Marshall Islands  
July 18, 1951

Dear Relatives:

It is a long story as to why I am out here today, but hold on, I don't intend to tell it all. I will simply say that I am due to be called into the Army by August, and Dr. Marshall, my medical dean, offered me the job I now hold, promising me deferment if I accepted. Helen

and I decided that we would prefer to do this now, and put off my government service, at least for a couple of years. The government shipped me over here by plane. Helen will follow soon by boat. We have agreed to stay here eighteen months.

I had a nice trip. I had expected to stay in Hawaii about two days, getting my instructions, and taking care of everything. Thanks to the usual state of governmental efficiency, it took nine days. I did some sightseeing. Hawaii is a wonderful place, but I couldn't better Aunt Ethel's description.

The Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands is as large as all of the United States, and the Marshall Islands District includes about a fourth of this—roughly the size of that part of the United States west of Denver. Scattered through this vast ocean area are hundreds of tiny islands, mostly in 26 circular groups called "atolls." Eleven thousand Marshallese live on these islands. Heretofore, there have been three Navy doctors serving these people. I have replaced two of them. The other is leaving soon for a six-weeks vacation, to get married. I will be the only doctor. If any of the patients here don't like my work and decide to hunt up another doctor, they have a one thousand mile trip. Fortunately, I have some excellent Marshallese assistants.

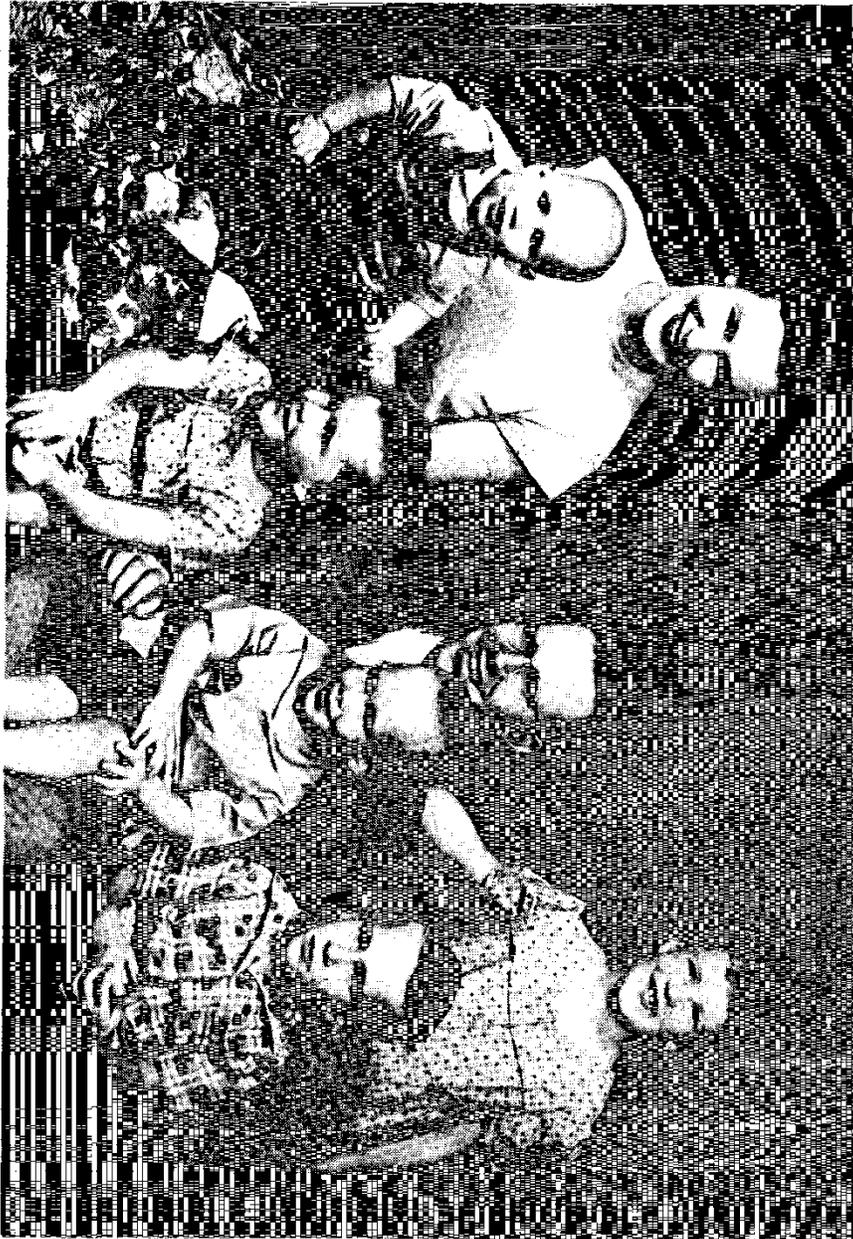
The climate here is much more pleasant than I had expected. It gets warm and sticky for a few hours every afternoon, but never as bad as a good hot California afternoon. At night, it is never chilly enough to require more than a sheet. Evenings and mornings, it is just right—cool and comfortable. It rains almost every night, and frequently during the day, but usually it pours down for a few minutes, then stops. With all the rain, there isn't ever any mud, because the ground is all sand and gravel, and soaks up rain like a sponge.

Majuro Atoll, where our capital is, like all these atolls, is a strip of beach a quarter mile wide and 20 miles long, perched on a circular strip of coral shelf, surrounding a central lagoon, broken up into about 30 islands of varying length. Each island is covered solidly with coconut trees—I never dreamed there could be so many coconut trees.

I have already come to love and respect the Marshallese people. They are small in stature, with dark brown skins, wavy black hair, and pleasant, distinctive features. They are shy, retiring people. They dislike responsibility, but, under supervision, they are good workers. They are always happy, always smiling.

There is no L.D.S. branch here. I am eager to get my family here so that we can start our own little family branch meeting.

Love, Ronald.



Back row—Helen Gill Brown, Ronald J. Brown, Linda  
Front row—Eddie, Marijane, Gill, Jimmie

**REDO THIS PICTURE ON PAGE 92**

## GRIDLEY NEWS

Markay Hamblin has recently been put on the Gridley Stake board as Young Men's Mutual Secretary. Markay is at present in Los Angeles undergoing surgery for a broken nose, a little thing he picked up last year in football.

We country cousins were recently charmed by the extended visit from two of our loveliest city cousins: Miss Norma Jean, eldest daughter of the H. Lee Berrys, and Alzina Louine, the eldest daughter of the A. Kay Berrys, recently blew into town via train, accompanied by Jeannine Hamblin, daughter of Maree Stoddard, who had been visiting relatives in the L. A. vicinity and returning to her home in Gridley. Needless to say, we are now faced with the problem of trying to revive the multitude of swains left so lonely at their sad departure. As an example:

After a wild airplane ride one boy recently remarked to his mother that his stomach felt awfully weak. His mother told him if planes made him sick he shouldn't ride in them. He said, "Oh, it isn't the plane that made me sick. I've felt that way ever since Norma Jean and Louine left."

Ronald has left us and we do miss him. Helen and her family are expecting to fly over on September 17. We do hope they get along all right getting over there. They had one disappointment in that they thought they were landing on August 18. They had a couple of trips before Ronald left one to Arizona and the other one to Utah. Russell and Nathel Burdick had one nice trip to Arizona and one to Utah since the last paper, and a very enjoyable time was had by all (we hope). Norma and Randy Fife also have had some nice trips. One to Utah (conference), one to Arizona, and a couple to Los Angeles. I know Maree and Gene Stoddard had some too, so you see where our money goes (besides for food)? We enjoyed visits from Aunt Myn, Uncle Herbert and Aunt May, and of course Don E.

Gary came up with them and we of course went to Bidwell Bar. A trip to Gridley isn't complete unless you go there. Kay and Beth Berry and Lee and Virginia Berry were there too. We had a little family reunion. Joycell and Jack Cooper had a nice visit up there in the spring and we did enjoy them. Norma Fife and Maree Stoddard and I do enjoy having people come so we can see each other and visit. That is about all the news except this is peach canning season and that is about all people do in Gridley at that time—eat, sleep, think, and drink peaches.

Nathel Burdick

P.S.—Well, I guess for a while there won't be any news from Gridley as we are all leaving soon. Maree and Gene Stoddard and family, Norma and Randy Fife and family, Russell and Nathel Burdick and son, are all going to follow Fife and Stoddard Construction Co. We will have some work in L. A. and also (we hope) in Tucson, so we don't know where any of us will be in a few months. We may be seeing some of you soon.

## FREDONIA NEWS

Mother had an operation the first part of July and came through fine. They definitely proved that she doesn't have cancer. But as yet they haven't found the root of her trouble. We are all in hopes she soon can be up and around again.

Edwina is now wearing a very pretty "sparkler." The lucky fellow is Tom Dastrup. They plan to be married the first week in September.

One at a time, Aunt Beryl's family came to see her while she was still hospitalized. From Fredonia came Beth and Austin Simper and family, Nita and Harold Bushman and family and Jay and Aleen Whiting and family. From Holbrook was Beulah and John Heward.

## MERCED NEWS

We, the Andelins, are reporting on the Andelins. We are going to take a trip to Idaho and will be gone about twelve days. Aubrey expects to get out of the service about October, 1952. Also we expect another baby on November 15 (I guess that isn't news until it happens). We are laying plans to return to Idaho to live when we leave here. We like Merced as a temporary base and hope to stay here all Aubrey's time.

The children are fine and keep us busy. Brian and Lane keep us in stitches at their sayings. Dixie doesn't talk yet, but give her time.

Helen Andelin

## IDAHO NEWS

We were down to June Conference and it was wonderful seeing all the relatives that were there. Sunday night Ray and Ruth Lewis took our whole family out on their boat and it was wonderful. If you haven't been, you should try and work it in some time.

Dad was holding Scott Shields (Louine's baby) and asked her how old he was and Louine replied, "Two months." Dad gasped and said, "Two months, H — — — we were here when he was born, if I'd have known we were here two months ago I wouldn't have come again now." We all got a bang out of that.

The first part of May Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank paid us a visit, they were visiting several sections of Idaho seeing their missionaries and when they got here they had been gone two days and had seen only one missionary. You wouldn't think that a bit funny unless you saw the five pages of names and addresses they had planned to see. They managed to see quite a few here, so that helped some.

## NEWS FROM HOLBROOK

Betty, Leonard and Armina Lepper have moved to Phoenix. All of us hate to see them go, but Annette is doing a fine job taking care of Norman and Gary. Gary stayed a week with Betty in Phoenix and when Art went after him, he said, "You've got to take me home, dad. I can't take this heat."

We had a pretty hot time here in Holbrook also. A fire at Whiting Brothers Planing Mill destroyed about six carloads of lumber and three buildings. Everything has been rebuilt in record time and the mill is going again.

Milton and I live in Flagstaff and Holbrook both, now that Milton is running the sawmill in Flagstaff for Whiting Bros. We have a house both places but we still call Holbrook home. We want everyone to stop in Flagstaff and see us if you happen through that way. We live directly behind the station.

We haven't seen any of the folks from St. Johns for ages. We used to see them at the homestead, but due to the drought no one goes up there much. We had one rain there and expect more, so maybe the spring will start running again.

Jay, Lester and Milton just returned from Santa Fe, New Mexico, where they attended a labor union and management meeting. I believe they're ready to take on John L. Lewis now.

I guess you heard that Art and Earnest started for Albuquerque in their plane and the weather got so bad they came back. Neither one will admit who wanted to turn around first, but I'll bet it wasn't Earnest.

Not much more news. Everyone around here watches the sky constantly to see if we might get a few drops of rain on the parched forests and ranges. No luck yet.

—Lorana Whiting

## NEWS FROM NORTHERN UTAH

Greetings from the top of the mountains! It surely was good to get another newspaper, and such an attractive one! Congratulations to all of you who worked so hard. I told Dad once that they should have given one of their boys the middle name of Whiting. He said, "Well, don't worry about that, you all got enough Whiting in you." And I guess that's true. And the wonderful reunions help us to bring the same love of Whitings to the great and great great grandchildren.

Our biggest news is that Louise and Lester Carlson added a new little dark-haired daughter, Marlene—June 28—to their family. (The fourth little girl.) She is so cute and they are so happy with her.

We do enjoy visits from all of you. There were a few up to June Conference. Aunt Elda and Uncle Albert and their family stayed a few days. Ray and Ruth Brown, Kay and Elizabeth Berry and their families came up from Southern California to attend Bro. and Sister Holbrook's Golden Wedding celebration. Aunt Nell Whiting and three of her family were here from Kanab. Aunt Myn and Don E. and Grandma Whiting came from L. A. and stayed a little while. At June Conference we had five of our young people sing in the beautiful youth choir. It was an inspiration! At the youth conference about a dozen of our young people attended the afternoon meeting.

Don E. was a real Grocery man at the store, but after he hurt his leg in California the doctor decided he had better stay down there. Mother and Dad (Martha & Frank Brown) went back to California with Aunt Myn and had a good visit with the people from L. A. They have both been ordained temple workers and enjoy their work very much.

Gay and Rayda Lewis took a little trip to stay with Aunt May and they had a wonderful time. They returned home with Aunt Myn.

Maurine and Elbert Startup again relieved of a big responsibility. They have a new lessee for their store. Their family is all fine and growing right up.

Jim was just put in the Bishopric and working hard in that capacity. They are all fine.

Ray and I (Lewis) ran down to California on the train over a weekend and had the privilege of the company of two of the Council of the Twelve, Bro. Cowley and Bro. Kimball. We had a fine time. We are both kept pretty busy now.

I think this is all we are doing. But I do like this idea of the newspaper. Mother used to serve as our news agent, but sometimes she forgot to tell all of us the same news. Our love and best wishes to all of you.

—Ruth Lewis

We have one big news item that was left out last time—the L. Grant Shields have a fine baby boy and we have named him Leland Scott Shields (we call him Scott). How anyone could forget such an important event is a mystery.

We are going to take a trip to Yellowstone Park this week end and as neither Grant nor I have been there it should be fun. I guess we will just have to leave our son Scott with his Grandma Shields, as I think the trip might prove hard for him. We are going with a former missionary of Grants, Grant Lloyd, and wife Mary, who is a daughter of Willard and Lou Farr. We are going to use Elma's in-laws' house trailer to stay in up there, so it should be fun.

I haven't much news except I do keep so busy with the baby and I have been trying to do some spring cleaning and painting, etc.

On the 24th we went down early to see that parade and got a good place to see it from in the shade. We took some chairs and really did enjoy seeing it. We went out to the rodeo and as rodeos go it wasn't so hot, but they did have some good novelty and side numbers. We enjoyed it anyway.

We get out to Tooele once in a while and Gerry and Willard (Sagers) come in once in a while too, so we do see them, but not as often as we would like. We haven't seen them much since their return from Arizona but it sounds like they did have fun. Aunt Myn and Don E. went out and stayed overnight and they all had a good visit even if it was short.

Carolyn and Kenneth (Sagers) took part in a dance review recently. Carolyn danced the "Little Miss Muffett" dance and Kenneth did "Hey Diddle Diddle."

Larry Sagers was two years old on the 25th of June. He entertained some little friends at a party, but the things that impressed him most were the candles and he told everyone he blew out the fire.

Maydene and Jim (Bodell) went to Arizona with Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank and left Michael with Louise and me to tend together. They took the two girls along. They were going down to the big celebration in St. Johns.

We did enjoy the last paper and hope the next one will be better—if possible.

—Louine Shields

#### VALLEY OF THE SUN

"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight"—today and tomorrow, etc. If any of you need a suntan, here's the place to get it. All winter long I've said you can get used to the heat if you make up your mind you'll stand it. But now that summer is here, it is a little warmer than I had remembered.

Nathel wrote and asked me to send in the news for this area and as there aren't many of us there won't be too much to say. Aunt Beryl had her operation and is doing all right. We don't get to see much of them but we enjoy knowing they are near. We missed them when they were gone for most of the summer.

Farrell has a flying instructor's rating now. He decided to use his GI training for some good. He's been using it after work. He enjoys doing that much flying. Our two girls are sweet and spoiled, but we enjoy them.

This is an indirect message to those relatives (from St. Johns and Kanab) who make visits to the Valley of the Sun, and do not make any attempt to come over and claim relationship with the Lewises. Their names are much in our book. But we'd still be happy to have them come and see us.

When the last Whiting Tree arrived, I was at the store and upon my arrival home there sat Ferrill with a smug look on his face, because he got to read the Whiting Tree first. We really did enjoy it. And we're looking forward to the next one.

--Irene Lewis

P. S.—This will be my last report from the Valley of the Sun as we are moving to Holbrook to take over one of Whiting's businesses there.

Because of a *Greeting* from Uncle Sam, Edwina's wedding will be on the 31st of August. Details will be in the next issue.

---

Gary Ellsworth to Lynn in a hot argument said, "Just because you're an adolescent is no reason you can treat me like a child."

---

Brian Andelin's mother was telling the boys about animals and was describing what tigers look like. Brian said, "Do tigers have more stripes than a sergeant?"

## MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE

By A. C. WHITING

When my companion, Elder Wilson, of Hatch, Utah, and I were laboring in Port Arthur, Canada, our mission president, Joseph Quinney Jr., came up to hold meetings with us and in his briefcase he brought a letter from a brother in Utah. The letter told of two young men and their wives and children who had joined the church in Sweden and moved to Canada and they had not been in contact with the church since, which was some 26 years. He was anxious to have some of the Elders contact them and see what could be done about them and their families.

The Mission President said he did not know where the town was, but had been told it was somewhere in the general part of the country we were laboring in. (Canada is twice as big as the United States, you know.) Well, we kept the letter lying around the room for several days and could not seem to forget it, so we decided to look into it. We looked at maps of all kinds—highway, railway, and county—but no Bergland could we find. Finally my companion said, "Let's write a letter to Bergland ask how to get there." I said, "Let's do better, let's go to the post master and ask him how a letter gets there," so we did and he told us.

Well, we decided to hitchhike there, it was only about 300 miles and the map showed towns along the way. But the way was the Canadian National Railway, and the towns turned out to be nothing more than an empty boxcar at times. So we really had an experience getting there, but lots of raspberries grow wild in Canada and they don't taste so bad when you are hungry. We slept in anything and the last night by the side of the road. I remember it got so cold we started walking about 2 in the morning and at daylight we came to a couple of houses. We stopped at the first one and asked the man if he knew John Olsen. Yes, he said, right across the road. We went across the road to an old log house and as we approached an elderly man about 65 came out of the house, and we asked if he was John Olsen. When he told us yes, we told him we were Mormon Missionaries. He threw his arms around us and cried like a baby. Of course, he immediately got the rest of the family up (his wife and nine children), and before he would let us get acquainted he insisted we tell him the story of Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon. When we finished, he said, that's it, the same as they told us in Sweden.

Well, you could write a book about our many happy visits afterward—when they killed the great big goose for us; when we baptized nine at one time; when the Baptist preacher got up in our meeting and told the people he knew we spoke the truth. But the crowning event was when after 26 years Elder Wilson and I went back last year to visit them again. I can't express the emotions that were felt by all of us. Some were gone, some had passed on, and many new children. They now have a nice little chapel and it was a thrill to Elder Wilson and me. And no doubt it was to them. One good sister said, "We have had Mission Presidents and two Apostles visit, but nothing could compare with this."

After 25 years we hope to go back again to BERGLAND.

One rather cold day on a street corner in Winnipeg, Canada, my companion and I were holding a street meeting. Possibly the weather had something to do with it, but anyway, we

could not seem to stop a soul. We sang our best, prayed long and hard, and then my companion delivered his most powerful sermon, but people passed us by as though we could not be seen.

When my companion finished, I was determined to show him and the people of Winnipeg that it could be done. So I took off my coat and passed it to him and jumping upon the little wooden box with the flag overhead (we had to display a flag to hold street meetings, it was against the city ordinance not to), I really went into my "act." Well, before long three fellows began to look at me as they approached, and I could see I had their attention, so then I really gave it everything I had. What I did not do with my lips I made up with my arms and legs. And sure enough, they stopped and gave me their attention. Well, I preached them a sermon, one which I am sure they would never have forgotten, had it not been for the fact that they were deaf. For before I was finished, I saw them all talking in sign language and apparently nothing interested them except the motions I was going through.

A. C. Whiting.



A. C. Whiting  
1925

REDO PICTURE PAGE 100

---

A CHEERFUL EARFUL  
*By Our Friend Erma Whiting Grant*

Will wonders never cease? Dad finally flew in a little plane! I think it was Uncle Art's good influence, however. Since he bought his four-place Stinson he thinks there is nothing like flying. Darwin flew them both up to Fredonia last month, and believe it or not, Dad really seemed to enjoy it.

When the last issue went to press Elma and Wayne were trying to decide whether to move to St. Johns or not. I am sorry to say that they are back in Idaho. I'll bet that since the spring dried up at the Homestead, and they thought they couldn't spend as much time up there as we usually do in the summer, influenced them in making their decision. However, Aunt Elda says they are still considering it, and they might even move back later.

Karen has spent the last month in Phoenix visiting with friends and going to summer school. Farr and Mel are going down tomorrow and will bring her home. She is bringing two of her friends back to spend a few weeks with her.

I am as bad as "In-again, Out-again, Gone-again, Finnegan." I am back in as Stake dance director again. Since Darwin has been called to fill a Stake mission, he can't fill any other church positions, but he will still have to help me just as much as he used to.

We are so happy to have Grandma Whiting back in St. Johns with us. She is staying with Aunt Elda, and does not get out much, but it is a comfort just to know that she is here where you can see her when you want to.

It has been so long since we have had rain, and everything is so dry. The Forest Service has stopped Wilford's men from logging temporarily, as it is so terribly dry that they are afraid to let anyone go into the woods. Luckily, Wilford has a lot of logs in, so won't have to stop his mill.

Poor Mother! Two months ago she was saying if they would just stay and work on her house for one week, she could move in . . . and she is still saying it. Practically everything is done now, and it is very lovely. It is well worth waiting for.

We are having our big celebration here July 20 and 21. It is really going to be something, and we hope that all of you who possibly can will come to it. We think it is going to be something extra special, with the parade, sports, programs, dances, fireworks, boxing matches, rodeo, etc. -We are going to have a lot of special things at our rodeo, such as chariot races, jalopy races, bicycle races, horse races, etc. They are even going to have sunrise cannon firing. I remember how years ago those loud explosions used to wake you up every Fourth of July, and they would wait just long enough between shots that you would just about have your courage worked up and have your head nearly out from under the covers, when they would let go with another one; and you would dive under the covers to safety again. Yes, you guessed it. I am on one of the committees, and can't miss a chance like this to put in a good plug. I just hope this goes to press in time to do some good, and we will see a lot of your smiling faces here on July 20 and 21.

Dad and Mother left for Tucson and Phoenix today, where they will attend to business, then they are going on to Los Angeles for a few days.

Stephen Udall, while playing with his knife, cut his little finger quite badly. The doctor had to take six stitches in it. However, he didn't seem to mind. He said, "Oh boy! Now I won't have to wash dishes or practice the piano!"

Mabel, Wilford, and family came through here today on their way to Taylor to attend a Shurnway reunion. Each family was asked to prepare a number for the program, so Ann is going to dance the hula, and then Wilford, Rex, Douglas, and Richard will join her in the dance. Wilford and the boys are also going to sing a quartet.

We are really getting quite "cityfied." Gleason Sherwood just built a modern dairy and is now selling pasteurized milk here in St. Johns.

They have recently been showing a serial here about "Atom Man," who was out to destroy the world. He was a real villain and struck terror into the hearts of all the kids. One night after seeing the show, Virgil overheard Claudia, his youngest girl, praying to "Please bless Super Man, but not Atom Man."

We had Howard's tonsils out a couple of weeks ago, and he is getting along fine. We are in hopes that this will make a big difference with his rheumatic fever.

Dad and Virgil drove to Phoenix last week, where they both flew on—Dad to Portland and Virgil to Memphis—to bid on lumber for the Government.

In our local newspaper today there were headlines which said, "Whiting Brothers Have Ford Agency 29 Years in July." They operated the first garage in St. Johns, which was started in 1912. This year Whiting Brothers are also celebrating 50 years of business in the lumber industry and the grocery business.

The forest fire on Escudilla Mountain is considered the worst in the history of the Apache National Forest. It was started June 24th, probably by some careless camper, and has burned approximately 20,000 acres. The approximate cost of the fire was set at about \$75,000.00 to timber, and \$300,000.00 to grazing land. Residents of the towns of Alpine and Luna were alerted and ready to move out when the fire reached within five miles of Alpine and ten miles of Luna. At the highest point of the fire, 450 men were combatting the blaze. The fire is under control now, but at least 300 men will stay at the scene of the fire for a week or ten days, doing patrol duty. Nine bulldozers are standing by in case of another outbreak.

Grandma Whiting is very busy making quilts. She has made some very lovely silk and eyelet embroidery ones. She keeps happy and busy most of the time.

Uncle Albert and Aunt Elda have enjoyed visits from two of their daughters and families. Elma and Wayne (Smith) in the spring and Geraldine and Willard (Sagers) in July. Willard spent most of his time on the baler and fixing tractors and machinery.

The lack of rain has reached serious proportions. Aunt Elda and Uncle Albert get up at 3 a.m. to begin herding cattle on and off the alfalfa and that goes on until about 11 p.m. This way they figure they can last three weeks more. If the rains don't come by then, goodness knows what will happen. Everyone is in the same fix.

Floyd Brown has come from Los Angeles to spend the summer with Aunt Elda and Uncle Albert. So far all he has seen is cows, Alfalfa fields, and dry hills.

HEN SCRATCHINGS  
By JOYCELL COOPER

Well, school is out for us over here and is there a sigh of relief in the air! Dean is now busy on his home which he has to have completed by Sept. 15.

We over here are all so thankful that Aunt Beryl is doing so well. We have been enjoying all the relatives coming and going to see her. Aunt Ethel and Uncle Eddie (that man comes and goes faster than anyone in the family), Uncle Earnest and Edwina, Beulah and John (Heward), Beth and Austin (Simper), Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank and others. We almost had enough for a full-scale reunion last week. Get well fast, Aunt Beryl. We are all so thankful and happy you are at last on the road to recovery.

The other day Janice (Cooper) turned her little worried face up to me and said, "Mother, I can't marry a Mormon man when I grow up." Shocked, to say the least, I said, "Why, Janice! Why not?" "Well—" I could tell that she had really been thinking hard about it. "All the Mormon men I know are married."

The entire family went out to the park for the 4th. Kay and Lee(Berry) and families, Ray and Ruth Brown and family, Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank Brown, Herbert and May Berry, Dean and Marion Berry, Jack and I, Ray and Ruth Ellsworth and Sister Ellsworth. Plus, of course, all the children. We had lunch and watermelon and then all went over to Kay's to watch the fireworks. The kids got a big kick out of it and so did the adults. Donnie and Aunt Myn returned at last from their jaunt to Salt Lake. Donnie fell and cut his knee and had to have some stitches taken in it. He ran his bike into a parked car. Donnie, a parked car? Now really!

Leilani and her two little ones are doing fine. She is taking a correspondence course in biology and English this summer and is doing very well. Her kids are sure cute.

Ray Brown dissolved his partnership and is now a lone wolf. (Purely a figure of speech, Ruth.) Nora May is hoping to go to the B.Y.U. next year. She works in her father's office and seems to enjoy it quite a bit.

Jeanine is staying down here with us for a few weeks. The little scamp has spent nearly all her time with Norma Jean, so we have seen very little of her. We brought her back with us when we returned from our vacation up in Gridley.

Lee and family are doing fine. They are going to rent a little cottage down by the sea and spend a couple of weeks there. (If they think they are going to spend it alone they are crazy!) Ilene just had a little birthday party last Saturday. Lee has all his old practice back and then some. He has been transferred to the Reserves so maybe he will be here with us for a while after all. (We hope.)

Ray and Ruth Ellsworth and family are doing fine. The kids really look cute. We see them much too seldom.

Kay and family are doing fine. We see very little of them, but the reports that we get are good. David has a part-time job in a restaurant and, like he says, gets all his meals free.

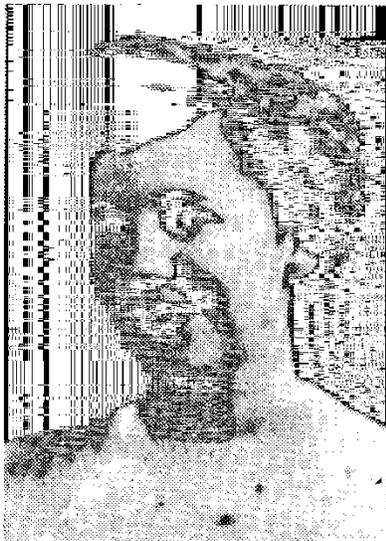
Markay has a part-time job in a hardware store too. He likes it because it is the sort that he can keep and work at through the school year. He is going to have to come down this fall and have an operation on that broken nose of his.

Hospitals over here never had it so good, what with all the teenage relatives taking over. It seems that each one is trying to outdo the other in operations and sickness. The topic of conversation among these patients is not what the latest teenage fashion is, or what the latest design is in hotrods, but how long the confinement was on the last operation, and who had the most dramatic siege!

Among the hospital set and on the bulletin boards appear the names of Louine Berry, Norma Berry (better known as Al and Penelope, the Brentwood twins from Florida!), Markay Hamblin, Lynn Ellsworth, Donnie Priestley.

Louine had a lung operation, Norma Jean an appendectomy, Markay a bone operation on his nose, Lynn was patched together after being hit by a hit-and-run driver, and Donnie with a siege of diabetes plus all the bumps and bruises acquired after.

Those just above the teenage who are up and about is Aunt Beryl whom we are so thankful to have looking so well and feeling the same. Jack Cooper is down with the mumps. (I am about to trade him in on a newer model.) Janice Cooper just got over them, and Martin Cooper has the measles! Anyone like a ready-made family Ah, me! As I related, California hospitals never had it so good!



Miss Edwina M. Whiting

REDO PICTURE OF EDWINA ON PAGE 104

Edwina Whiting, daughter of Earnest J. Whiting and Beryl Johnson Whiting, has left the old nest with a couple of lonely people in it. But they added to our group another fine son-in-law. Edwina married Staff Sergeant Thomas E. Dastrup Jr., son of Brother and Sister Dastrup of Glendale, California. They were married in the Arizona Temple Friday, August 31st. A lovely reception was given to them in the Mesa Ward house. The wedding was advanced one week early because Tom was transferred to Texas. Texas will have a lovely couple added to their state and we will all miss them a lot. May the Lord bless them in all their travels.

Another wonderful event came to us on August 27th when Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha Brown sailed on the Queen Elizabeth to England to fill another mission. Uncle Frank filled his first mission in England about forty years ago. They will visit many countries before their missions start. Among those countries will be Denmark, the old home of Grandpa Isaacson. May the Lord bless them in this great work.



---

Frank W. Brown



Martha W. Brown

**REDO PICTURES OF MARTHA & FRANK BROWN**

Washington has needed a lift for a long time, so Albert and Elda Brown will leave on September 12th to attend a postmaster's convention there. I hope they find it convenient to call on Harry and give him some advice. Louine Shields and son Scott will leave Gus in loneliness while she comes to St. Johns to take care of Grandma Whiting.

Helen Brown and her five little ones leave at last to join Ronald on the Island of Majuro, Marshall Islands.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE FAMILY  
OUTLAW COLUMN  
By Jack Cooper

From the first time that I called upon Joycell at Ma Berry's, I looked upon this new strange family as possessing something within themselves that no other family had, that I had ever known. I couldn't put my finger on it, but all the time I was courting Joycell I was trying at the same time to fathom their thoughts and feelings of life. Their outlook was entirely different than any I had ever known before. Everything would go honky dory with me and the family, until I would want to take Joycell out on a date. At that time I was one of the so-called California Hot Rodders! And I owned a neat little hotrod that I was quite proud of. Each time I stepped into the house to ask if Joycell was ready to go, Ma Berry would be standing there to meet me with her piercing eyes and the conversation would usually go something like this: "Now, Jack Cooper, I want you to promise to be careful." Yes, Mam." "You promise not to go over 35 miles an hour?" Yes, Mam." There would be three or four more questions similar to that and then I could start to relax a little. I had taken my pre-date vows and wouldn't have to raise my right hand again until the next date.

All kidding aside, I was beginning to yearn for this family friendship and more as time went by. Joycell says she often wonders if I married her for her family.

Soon the Berrys and Maree bought the two ranches out in Fontana which gave me a good excuse for coming out and working on the ranches so as to see more of them. I still can't figure out how I did it, because Joycell and I were not too serious, but they began to invite me to their family get-together. I became better acquainted with Lee and Kay, Norma and Helen and Aubrey and all. I felt as though I was a part of them, although I wasn't connected in any way. I soon met most of the uncles also.

I soon began to see the bond that held this huge family together. Their love and understanding for each other was beyond words. Up until that time I wasn't really too serious about religion. Participating in one or two family prayers soon began to give me a feeling I had never experienced before.

It seemed that this family's feelings were never hurt. They would kid each other and tell jokes on each other that practically split me down the middle with laughter.

Each time they would tell of Uncle Earnest jumping on the bed and over into the thunder mug episode, and Aunt Myn and the outside privy ordeal, and many more, I would laugh twice as hard as the last time I heard it. It doesn't seem possible, but I have been married and a part of this family for over five years. I can't tell you as a family how much I have enjoyed being one of you. I look upon the family as the hub and the rest of my little family—Joycell, Janice, Martin, and I—as one of the spokes. We count each day that passes until it's time for the next reunion. One of Janice's main questions is, "When will it be reunion time?" You Whiting boys had better get those throwing arms in shape again, because we in-laws are looking forward to really give you a trouncing this time. In other words, "We Challenge You!!"

July 15, 1951  
Caixa Postal 862  
Sao Paulo, Brazil

Dearest Family:

I finally received the "Whiting Tree" and was so thrilled to get it. I have been so anxious to get it and have waited so long it seems, and then I finally get two of them. One sent by regular mail and one airmail, and it was there a month before the other one. I sat and read it through from cover to cover and then let my companion read it. All the missionaries down here want to get one started in their families; they think it is such a good idea. I especially liked that part Maree wrote and never before had I heard that story of my cousin John Whiting. I did know there had been a man killed at the mill but that brought it so close to me, and I am glad that I have a cousin John and that someday I may meet him on the other side and shake his hand. My companion liked that story too, and I know it is as good a story as you can read anywhere.

We started our classes at the Cultural Center for the new trimester last week. I have 33 students in my class--the biggest one there. And they don't speak anything! It is lots of fun though. I substituted the other day for a couple of classes and after one of them, two fellows came up and wanted to know if I didn't teach that same class at some other hour, because they would like to change and come into mine! (I'm not bragging—just stating facts.)

We had a wonderful missionary conference a few weeks ago and I would like to briefly tell you about it. We flew down on Monday morning early and watched the sun come up. It was a beautiful sight and everything is so green. We arrived and visited most of the first day; it was wonderful seeing all the missionaries.

In all the meetings we (the boys from Porta Alegre seemed to outdo the others) had sold more Books of Mormon, more hours of tracting, etc., than any other district. By the way, I was put in as District President, or did I mention that before? It sure keeps one busy and has a lot of responsibility connected with it.

We not only outdid everyone in the meetings but on Thursday we had a picnic and day of play, and then we really did take the cake that day. We all had on some big "boubachos" or "Goucho" (Southern Brazilian cowboy pants). We all bought a pair for this occasion. They are very full, clear to the bottom and then they are tight right around the ankles. Everyone had some comment, for good or evil, and we counted over 155 pictures that were taken of us alone. Everyone wanted a pair of those "big pants." We really looked flashy. No one could touch us in volleyball and we beat three games out of four in softball—we are just good, that was all. We had such wonderful food that day (American). That night we had a fireside program and again the boys from Porto Alegre came out with flying colors. We took all the prizes with our skit. Every district was supposed to put on one, and most of the others were really sorry. The reason is that they all tried to throw them together after they got here, and we had ours learned before we came. Ours was a mock street

meeting, and we had it so that we weren't sacrilegious or anything like that. All in all, we had a wonderful day.

The next day we had a testimony meeting. I don't know if I can tell you how thrilling and inspiring it was. There were about a hundred people there, and it lasted about eight hours. It was a wonderful conference and I will never forget it.

The weather has been so cold here, but today it is just like a nice spring day. I can even hear the birds singing! That is unusual, because Brazil doesn't have very many birds in the cities like we do back home. In fact, they seem to be quite scarce here.

I am so proud that I belong to our family and I do hope and pray that each of you will enjoy life to the fullest. I know if we will all have faith and pray to our heavenly Father that everything will work out best for us all. With love always, Jack.



Jack Brown



Maria Isaacson Whiting, Mrs. May Whiting Berry, Marie Berry Stoddard, Leilani Hamblin Cunningham and Valerie Cunningham who is being blessed in the dress made by her great, great, great grandmother for her great, great, grandmother to be blessed in.

May 22, 1951

Mrs. Maria Whiting  
11710 Long Beach Blvd.  
Lynwood, California

Dear Aunt Marie, May and Dr. Berry, and all of you:

I just received the California Intermountain News, and my secretary called my attention to the article which appeared on the front page informing Aunt Maria of the blessing of her great-great grandchild on Mother's Day. Surely all of you are proud and happy, and you have every reason to be so.

May and Dr. Berry, I know you are rendering a great service again to your mother who is getting old. Probably she won't understand all about this letter, but nevertheless, I want to express myself, and I want to extend to her my love and my blessings. Aunt Maria is truly a great woman. What a contribution she has made, and I know her father and mother will be waiting for her with outstretched arms when the day comes that she is called from this sphere of action.

I have now just received the latest copy of the California Intermountain News, and it was indeed a pleasure to see the splendid picture on the front page of "five generations." Congratulations to all of you. It is certainly a distinguished honor.

I only would like to have had the opportunity of "looking in" on Mother's Day, particularly when tiny Valerie Cunningham was blessed and given a name by her grandfather, and then to know that her mother is there, her grandmother, her great grandmother and her great-great grandmother. What a heritage!

Once more I extend to you our love and congratulations, and with every good wish to you, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson.

---

Lane Andelin had been quite naughty one morning. In the afternoon he went to his mother and said, "Mama, something down in my chest tells me I'm a stinker!"

Since Beth Simper had been expecting she's been kind of sickly and one day Billy (her son) wanted to go to Aunt Nita's, but was told, "No, Aunt Nita doesn't feel like having you over there." He turned to Linda Bushman and said, "What's the matter with your mama, headache or bellyache?"

## THE ISAACSON REUNION

To all those who did not attend the Isaacson Reunion I have this to say—You missed, first, a spiritual feast in the Chapel of Compton Ward, second, a well-planned and entertaining program immediately after in the recreation hall, third, you missed an elaborate banquet consisting of baked ham, mashed potatoes, gravy, hot rolls, salad and all the trimmings, and for dessert you missed Dean's famous Danish Apple Cake (recipe found in Denmark) served hot and topped with whipped cream. He and Mrs. Ronish (Mother's housekeeper and practically one of the family) made all that delicious dessert with their own little heads and hands. It was super. Try it. The recipe is in the last issue.

After everyone loosened their belts the usual thing happened. Uncle Art, after the proper amount of coaxing, gave his famous "Ring Around" reading. Most of us got a bigger kick out of watching Thorpe and his wife try to keep from laughing. They finally gave up and laughed harder than anyone. Uncle Eddie gave "St. Peter" with his usual professional touch that seems to get better each time. Uncle Earnest added a few extra-verses to, "Old Si Hubbard" which was the best to date.

We didn't know the Isaacsons were so musical until we heard Thorpe, Eddie, Lavar and Lynn sing a few quartets. I loved that tenor in "It's Lamp Liting Time in Nevada." Now, if Pete, Ike, Andy, Tom and Eddie, Earnest, Ralph, and Art will get "in voice" by next time the air of competition should prove very interesting.

The jam session we had after dinner the next evening at the Dr. Berry residence with only part of the crowd, was an evening I'll long remember. I've always been led to believe the Whitings get all their wit and ability to tell tales from the Whiting side. Don't you believe it. Was I amazed to stand by and witness Pete Isaacson take the floor away from Uncle Earnest (although he had to stand up to do it), and hold it for as long as he wanted. Uncle Earnest, believe it or not, finally set down and kept still. I know cousins, it's hard to believe, but I have witnesses. They started telling about wild horses and horse thieves and for each one Uncle Earnest told Pete had one a little bit bigger and a little bit better.

I've sat around that dining table after many dinners and listened to countless Whiting tales but never have I laughed harder and longer than when Maud Isaacson and her husband collaborated on the story of "their venture into the Christmas Tree Business."

My sympathy goes to all those who missed the first Isaacson Reunion. But from what I gathered there's going to be more. Watch for future announcements of it and **DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISAACSON REUNION.**

The Editor.

M Y M A  
*By* MARTHA W. BROWN

Mother always has been one to take time to tell interesting events in short story form to us children. I wish she had felt the urge and had the time to write them, so that her posterity would have them in her own words.

How the grandchildren would enjoy her description of her errand—at the age of three—to get help from a neighbor woman! Her mother told her to hurry, and she went all alone to get the midwife. That night her little brother Mart was born.

Ma told us about how she used to take a little bag and go out to pick the wool off the barbed wire fences. She said the sheep would reach through to get a bite of grass (which of course looked greener on the other side) and each time leave a tiny patch of wool. This she gathered and each day added to the precious pile at home. (I guess you've all seen Grandma's old spinning wheel. Ma has it yet.) After the wool was picked over and every bit of dirt removed, it was carefully washed and laid out to dry. (This of course reminds us of her fairy story of two little girls washing black and white wool.) When the wool was dry it was again pulled apart and fluffed up to lay on the hand cards. Ma can make it come off those cards in any size rolls she wishes. The large ones they used to put in quilts. The small ones were for the spinning wheel to make into fine yarn, which was taken to someone who had a loom and good wool cloth was made. (What if we had to get our cloth this way! We feel too busy to rush down to a sale for cloth to sew. We often just reach for something ready made—just so it's a bargain—and if it shrinks or fades and the seams pull out, we lay it back and go for another!)

Ma didn't spend all her days finding wool. Among other things, she used to help grate potatoes, for her family had been settled in Ephraim long enough to raise lots of them. There was no sale for them, so they were grated up fine and spread out some way so that the juice ran down and made a puddle. When the water was all evaporated, they had good potato starch. It made the best starch for clothes. It was also used with regular flour to make it like Sperry cake flour, and used to make red mush (the kind of Danish pudding you buy in little packages today).

Some days Ma would play awhile with the little neighbor girl or one of her cousins, Lizzy or Mary. She often speaks of their brother, Parley. He was such a fine boy, she said. He was Grandma Isaacson's sister's son. Now his son is president of the Logan Temple and his daughter is a regular worker in the Salt Lake Temple. I see her there so often and she usually greets me with a kiss.

Ma also told us of her other cousins. Her Uncle Niels Clemmensen's children died, all seven of them, with diphtheria. She always choked up about this tragedy and could never tell us the details. (How blessed are we to have a prevention for that dreaded disease! How thankful we should be to our Father in Heaven for our many blessings today!)

If there is room for it next issue, I would like to tell about Ma and her family moving to Brigham City, Arizona, and the United Order, and about how bad she felt when her little cow was lost.

## BLACK WOOL AND WHITE WOOL

Once upon a time there were two little girls. One was bigger than the other, and so they were called the "big girl" and the "little girl."

These two girls used to wash wool down by the old well, where there was plenty of water. One day the little girl had the wool from a black sheep in her tub. She washed it clean and shiny. The big girl, trying to cause trouble, said, "Your wool is not clean like mine. You must wash it until it turns as white as mine. If you don't, I'm going to push you down the well!"

"I'll try," said the little girl. She washed and she washed, but the wool only seemed blacker. Then the big girl gave her a push and down the well she went.

It didn't seem to her so far down, and she didn't feel at all hurt. She just looked around and saw a path. She followed it for a long way until she felt hungry and tired. She stopped to rest, and when she looked around she saw a pretty house. Timidly, she walked over to it and knocked on the door.

A nice lady called, "Come in." The little girl went in and told the lady that she was afraid and lost and hungry. The kind lady brought her some food and said, "Eat all you want, but don't waste any or take any away with you."

The little girl carefully obeyed. Then with a little curtsy, she thanked the lady and went on her way. On and on she followed the long path, until she was again tired and hungry. She stopped right by another house. When she knocked on the door, another kind lady gave her food and asked her not to waste any or take any with her. Again the little girl ate her food carefully without spilling any, and then she thanked the lady and went on her way.

Now it was getting late. She was tired and afraid. She came to a store with beautifully decorated windows. In them were many pretty boxes. As she stood looking at the boxes, the store man called to her, "Would you like one of those pretty boxes?"

"Oh, yes," she said happily.

"Come inside then," said the kind man, "and choose a color."

"Oh, my," she said, as she went into the clean little store. "They are all so pretty."

Up in a corner of the room there was a lovely little bird who looked at her and sang, "Take blue, take blue!"

"All right," she said pleasantly, "I will take blue."

The man handed her a blue box, and she thanked him and went on her way. How surprised she was to walk over the next little hill and see her own home. She ran all the way and hurried in to tell her mother all that had happened. And when she opened her

box, what do you think was in it? It was a little blue charm that would make her wishes all come true.

When the big girl heard about all the good fortune of the little girl, she ran down to the well and jumped into it. She too found a path at the bottom and followed it for a long way. She came to the first house and knocked at the door. The kind lady brought food to the big girl and asked her not to waste any or take any away. But the big girl ate carelessly, spilling food and leaving some that she didn't like on the plate. She took more of the food she liked and put some into her pocket. When she went away, she forgot to thank the good lady.

She walked on down the path and came to another house. The other good lady also brought her food. Again she wasted the food, and when she went away she took some in her pocket.

When she came to the store, she went inside and boldly told the store man that she wanted a box. He hesitated, and then he said, "All right, which color will you take?" When the little bird sang, "Take blue, take blue," she said, "Oh, no, I won't do it. I want a red one."

Away went the big girl, carrying her red box, without even thanking the store man for it.

She climbed the little hill and ran to her home. There she opened the red box, and what do you think was in it? A little blue charm? Not at all! Out of the box flamed a big red fire which burned her house to the ground.

Which would you rather be like—the big girl or the little girl?

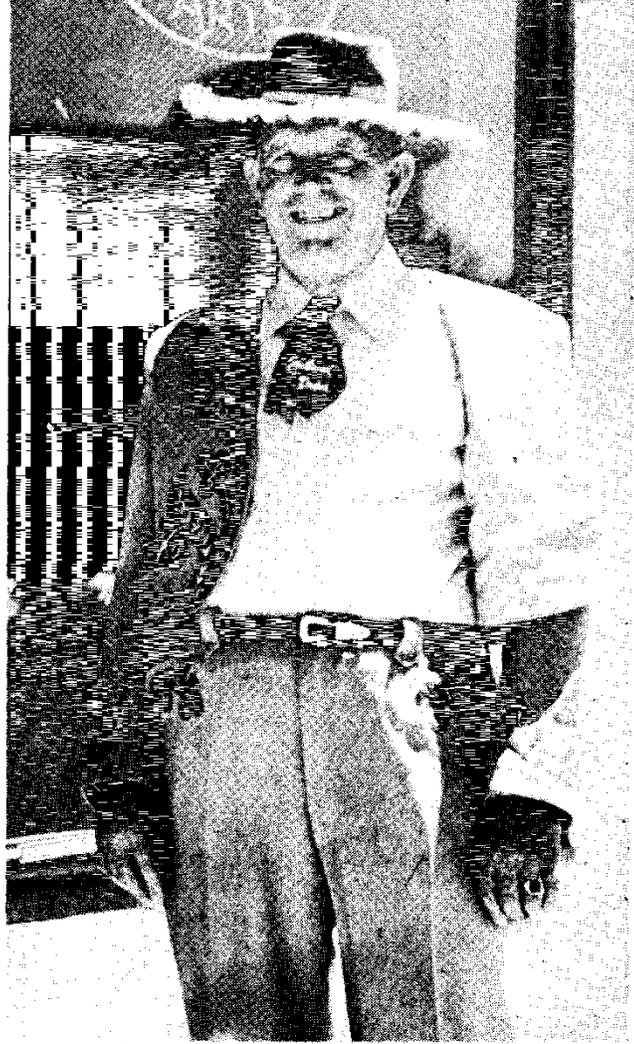
---

Larry Sagers fell down and bumped his head. When Willard came in, he said, "Daddy, my head fell down."

At Larry Sagers' birthday party his mother made hats for the little friends who came. Kenneth (older brother) watched for a while, then gathered up some and said, "Mama, you haven't put 'tonsils' on these yet."

Willard put some of these inside visors on the windshield of our car. And Carolyn Sagers was overheard to tell one of her friends that Daddy had put dark glasses on the car.

**REDO PICTURE OF UNCLE EDDIE**



MY PET HORSE  
*By* EDDIE WHITING

Fifty years ago, horses were men's best and safest and fastest means of transportation, except where there was railroad transportation. Cars were a novelty, airplanes unknown and a good horse was a man's pride.

Judging a horse was an art. Some men were able to make a living horse-trading, if they could judge the points of a horse. Things then considered perhaps meant more than "race track speed" was his endurance, his gait, disposition, trustworthiness, dependability, etc. Most of all, men depended on the horse for transportation.

Some men loved their horses and their horses loved them; others looked on them as cattle and valued them more or less for what they could get out of them and others (generally men who were in some way inferior) who thought being cruel to a horse was their right and seemed to

satisfy something within them. Nothing is more revolting to me than seeing an old faithful horse starved, neglected, beaten, or in any other way abused. I have seen men fight to protect an unfortunate horse being abused, as men have fought to protect the name of a lady in those days.

I have owned some good horses in my day, and loved them. It was my mare that carried Herbert Berry on the 20-mile run for the doctor when John Whiting was cut on the mill saw.

But two horses stand out in the hallowed memories of my past. My "Old Sparks" and my brother Lynn's "Old Minute." These horses came from Arabian stock shipped West in early days. Minute was born on our farm; she was Lynn's pet mare and he trained her almost from birth, and a more faithful and better horse never lived. I could write a chapter about that horse, all true and interesting things, but my sister here asked me to write of something that stands out in my past, and so I will try to tell something about a horse. "My Horse," and what he meant to me. If I say what I feel, some of it may sound silly, but they influenced my life and are real to me.

I said before, Minute came from gentle stock, but Sparks came from the wilder. His progenitors were wild, really wild. The Greer's owned more than 2,000 horses on their range. They made their living by catching, breaking, or selling, those wild horses. Periodically they shifted in new stallions and brood mares, their horses were among the best. In fact, a horse sold for more if he was wearing the Greer brand (T on the shoulder and jaw).

Now each year as the horses were gathered by cowboys and sold, the wildest and fastest and important ones would get away. After 40 years in the business, when Greer attempted to liquidate and gather and sell all they could catch, there were left about 400 head, too wild and too smart to be caught and then they sold them to ranchers. Catching them was great sport but we never made much more than we spent in trying to catch them. We did learn many things about what horses do when left entirely on their own. Each stallion had his harem. He herded them, guarded them and fought for them or led them away when occasion required.

Watching a pair of stallions fight to the death from a vantage point I shall never forget.

But to get back to Sparks. When I first saw him he was five years old. He was silhouetted against the sunrise, guarding his band of mares, now a large one for he a young horse, but he made a beautiful picture. Lynn said, "If we could only catch him! Some day we will, and when we do we will have a prize." As we rode closer he alerted his herd, snorted, and led them along the horizon at a gallop. Six stocking-footed sorrels and he. We chased them a mile or so, but of course stood no chance then. We always contrived to build a trap or drift fence for some way to get the advantage needed. I doubt that a horse ever lived who could have carried a man and caught that magnificent stallion that morning. Although Sparks lived to see many other horses caught from the horn of his own saddle. He was a wonderful horse and in later years made records not only on the range but in community racetracks. In nearly 16 years he never lost a distance race.

To get on with the story, among the most famous stallions of that time were a brown stallion in Mesa Kedando, a black around Rio Bonelo, and a palomino out Pine Springs way. We used to talk about catching them and finally did catch two of them. However, while they were famous because they were older and had gotten away more times, they were too old to break well and were a disappointment. One of them killed himself and the other seemed worthless and finally died, perhaps of a broken heart.

But Sparks eluded us. We could never get close enough to even crowd him. And so each time he got away we became more anxious, more determined to catch him. We tried all the tricks we knew, but all we got was more respect for his cunning and sense and more admiration for his beauty.

I guess horses, as well as men, make mistakes, that luck or something is against them too, for one night just before sundown, after we had left his range and were heading for camp we saw him and his herd down on the open flats of Beaver Dam wash. We were between him and the mountain on which he ranged. There were bad lands south of us. We knew that he would break back for his range as soon as we gave him a chance to see us. We had a real advantage, only half the distance he had to run to beat him to the pass and try to trap him in the bad lands.

Lynn said, "Now is our time. I will take the lead. You try to keep him from getting behind. He might make a mistake and go into the bad lands, because he is off his range. As soon as we showed ourselves a mile away the race was on. He seemed to fly, but our horses sensed the situation and did nobly too. As we neared the pass Sparks looked like he was flying, but Lynn's horse was making a race too. Handicapped by the load he was carrying he was losing his advantage in distance. Sparks had reached the pass first; it looked as if all was lost when he wheeled to turn his lagging head. He lost his lead and put Lynn in the pass first. I was riding about even with the last of the herd. They say wild horses won't go into a blind canyon, but these did. Lynn was among them. I was close behind, and quicker than I can tell it we were all rushed into a hole with no way out except through the way we went in. We were there and the horses were trapped. It was after midnight when we finally had the last horse tied and a cedar tree gate built in case a horse got loose. We were too tired to move, and yet afraid to leave our catch. We dropped on our saddle blankets and slept until break of day. One mare was dead, another down, and the rest huddled together in a corner. But Sparks stood on the only little hill available and faced us. That was nearly forty years ago, but I still like to think of the picture he made.

The fight he made that day, the long period of breaking him, are other stories. He never surrendered as other horses do. Although he lived to be about 27 year old. No stranger could ride him without being on guard. But he served me so well that I can say (even though this generation may not understand) I loved that horse. When I raced him he always won; when I chased other horses he would carry me farther than any one. The only time he ever fell with me, he stopped and came back and put his nose down by me. I thought I was hurt, I could not move, but I was only stunned. He stepped in a blind badger hole. Year after

year I ran him over rocks, washes, brush, and anywhere. So far as I can remember that was; the only time he ever fell.

I have read that there are none among our habitual criminals who have owned and loved a horse while growing up. At any rate, after the day's work is done, I like to think about him. And if I could re-live just one of those old days, I would perhaps ride old Sparks with my brother.

---

I REMEMBER  
By ELDA BROWN

When I was a kid and lived down at the meadows, we had lots of time to play. Lynn, Myn, and I had our most fun by leading Ma's chickens around by a string. We caught them by tying a piece of bread to a good stout string and when the chicken swallowed the bread we could lead them around anywhere. When we decided to let our victims go, we just pulled the bread back up. It was lots of fun.

One day while Ma was gone to town we tried this trick on a number of hens and roosters. Spying Ma's big prize gobbler, we decided to let him have a turn. He had a hard time swallowing the big chunk of bread we gave him, but finally managed to get it down and he started off. Then the fun began. We tried to lead him, but he got mad, so we pulled on the string so we could let him go. We pulled and pulled, but the bread would not come up. We all took hold together and dragged the turkey around, but it wouldn't budge. By this time he was fighting mad and we let the string go. Hoping still to get the string and try again to let him free, we kept chasing him. To get away from us he flew up on the shed, knowing he wasn't safe from us even then he attempted to fly down again. The string caught and there was Ma's big prize gobbler half way down the shed hanging head up by his neck.

Believe me, we were a bunch of scared kids, and began to yell as loud as we could. It was lucky for us that Pa drove up just then and hurried to see what the problem was. He soon cut the string and let the big bird to the ground. He cut the string short and left the bread where it was. That's the last time we kids ever baited chickens or turkeys!

And then there was the time when we arrived in St. Johns from Utah. I was five years old at the time. I met my new cousins and Uncle Eke. We went house hunting for all four families. Uncle Eck and Pa decided to take the two vacant ones down by the old drain. We went to look at the east house first. We kids were barefooted and as we went through the rooms I stepped on a bumblebee. Never will I forget that hurt. I screamed and bawled even when Pa carried me around. As he gently stood me down for a moment I stepped on another bumblebee with the other foot. The only thing that I could do to express the awful pain was to scream and bawl louder and longer.

Ella and Natalia (Uncle Ike's girls) were so good to me and took turns carrying me with my two swollen, aching feet around.

I have always believed that was the reason we took the West house instead of the East one.

---

A TRUE EXPERIENCE AS TOLD BY GRANDMA WHITING  
*By* AUNT MYN

For a few years nearly every family in Mapleton had had the typhoid fever and many died. There also had been a few years when it seemed the whole ward was complaining and finding fault with each other, and most of all the Bishop and Church Leaders.

They decided to have a special prayer on fast day for the typhoid fever that hit so hard every spring. Mother went to Church, Earnest was the baby, and Martha was sitting by her side. After the meeting had started they expressed the desire of their fast in the opening prayer or in a special one, she cannot remember which. One of the sisters arose to her feet and began speaking in tongues. After she was through the Bishop got up and asked if anyone had been given the interpretation and as no one raised a hand he asked everyone to kneel down and they prayed that someone would be given the interpretation. Mother was always very shy about any public speaking or anything of the kind, but during that prayer someone spoke to her and said, "What is the matter with you? You know what she said." As soon as the prayer was finished she gave Earnest to Martha to hold and she stood to her feet and gave them the interpretation. As near as she can remember it was this:

If they desired to be free of the fever they must repent and stop talking about each other or the Bishop, Authorities, etc.

Mother's blessing is the only one in our family that says she will have the gift of tongues. This experience has been a great testimony to her and to all her children.

---

REMINISCING — YELLOW ROSES  
*By* MAREE BERRY STODDARD

When a little girl grows up to be four years old she begins to appreciate many things. I found among these new adventures in life were playmates, sunsets, colors, and the taste, feel and smell of things. I connected people and things so definitely with smells that even now burning chips remind me of Grandpa Whiting and story hour; a sniff of the fumes from

a smoke stack and I think of trains, and the big city of Chicago, the smell of pine gum and I see Aunt Elda fingering through her coveted collection to offer you a choice piece. The odor of some brands of talcum powder always brings Uncle Frank to mind; and the sweet aroma of horse sweat and leather chaps recalls "the Uncles" in their younger days. One breath of yellow roses reminds me of long ago and Nora.

Sitting with Effie and Nora in the shade of a big cottonwood tree playing barefoot in the damp sand in the little ditch in front of Aunt Martha's house is about the nicest memory I have.

As small fry getting acquainted with new children, Effie and I always ask them three honest, straight forward questions: first their name, then what their favorite color was, and last what they were weaned on. We were continually annoyed at the number who could not answer the last one, and we immediately branded them as "a little queer" for not knowing so important a thing as that. We then explained that Effie was six and I was four, her favorite color was blue and mine was pink, she was weaned on eggs and I weaned on mush. She would add confidentially that she and I were awfully easy babies to wean but Kay and Lee were terrible. And truer words were never spoken! When mother attempted to induce Kay to "swear off" for good he would cry and yell until she would give up in nervous exhaustion. One day, in a desperate mood, she plotted and won the battle through sheer inspiration by daubing black stove soot on her "titty." That neat little trick stumped Kay in the middle of a scream, and without another glance he gulped his mush down in embarrassed silence. I remember the day Lee was weaned by the same ingenious method. The startling look of horror and disillusionment that came over his face when mother teased him gleefully with the black offering, showed pitiful but complete surrender to her wishes that he get off the milk wagon and eat like a man. He did.

Nora was Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank's eldest child. She was one year older than I. They lived in the little blue cottage on the corner in St. Johns, where Aunt Zella and Uncle Ralph later lived. I loved to go to their house. It was always clean and smelled of cookies, spices, and talcum powder. A tall copper gallon measure full of beautiful green and blue peacock feathers set on a little round center table in the tiny parlor. Dark green plush portieres edged in ball fringe separated the parlor from the sitting room. Uncle Frank had brought them from England.

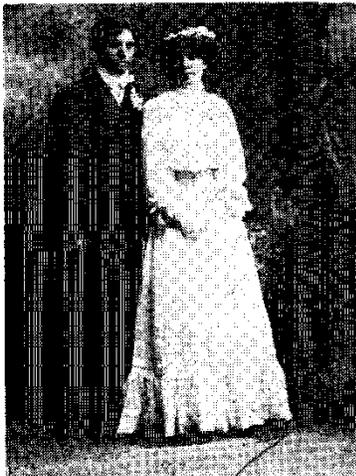
Upon request Aunt Martha would let us pick flowers from her flower garden. I always picked the pink ones, Effie the blue, and Nora the yellow roses. We would take them out in the sand and make crowns of them or decorate sand cakes. Once we made a beautiful castle and covered it with yellow roses. Just as we had finished it a cow came by and stepped placidly in the middle of it. We three sat horrified atop the picket fence where we had climbed to escape the wrath of this great beast. Although she was the family cow we judged the ferocity of animals by the size of their mouth.

Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank were a remarkable couple. When they were first married they lived in Holbrook, Arizona, in a little house they rented for five dollars a month. It's still there. From here they moved to St. Johns where Nora was born. When she

was about eight months old they moved to White River, a little trading post near Fort Apache and on the Indian reservation. Uncle Frank worked at the post and soon learned the language. Aunt Martha stayed home and saved his money. These still untamed Apaches, the last of all the tribes in the United States to bow to the white man's heel, and loyal followers of their mighty Chief Geronimo, loved little Nora and played with her and gave her presents. A squaw gave her a handmade Indian papoose doll. It was laced in a basket to be strapped on the mother's back like the squaws carry their babies. The basket was trimmed in soft doe skin fringe and beads and little tin ornaments that tinkled as you walked.

The Browns were very contented and doing well in White River. Uncle Frank told Aunt Martha one day he thought they should stay there about ten years. Then suddenly he seemed to be getting homesick and talked a little of St. Johns. She believes it's a good thing he felt that way as the call to a mission to England which came without warning in that letter from Box B, Salt Lake City, might have been harder to accept. She says they have often felt that the way was prepared ahead for they had saved enough that year for his mission. Ray was born two months after Uncle Frank left.

Aunt Martha and the children lived with her folks during the mission term. Ray was two years old before his father saw him. He was known far and near as "The Beautiful Baby." With dark red hair, big brown eyes, and white skin, he was a knockout! Because of an unpredictable digestive system and the ignorance of the times on baby food, he was a rather delicate child. Years later I remember hearing Ray stoutly give us the shocking statement, "Naw, I don't want any of Grandma's cookies, there's a spasm in every one of them," as explanation for his refusal to help us kids in a raid on her big cooky jar.



Frank W. Brown and Martha Whiting Brown

F. Ray Brown, Ruth Brown and Maurine Brown

REDO PICTURES

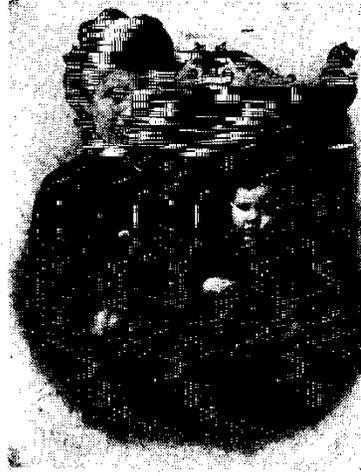
Nora loved her baby brother and was always kissing and fussing over him. When he would have one of his sick spells she would sit quietly in her little rocking chair and worry like a little old lady.

Having arrived at the mill before John Whiting died, and seeing him suffer such agony, caused Uncle Frank to resolve to study medicine. The Browns left for Chicago to study medicine and Effie and I missed Nora very much. Our anxiety eased when Mother and Dad confided in us that they were planning to join them in a year and Dad would take up dentistry. We began to live for the day when we would see our little cousin again. That day never came. Someone simply told us that Nora had been very sick and now that she was dead. She had died in Chicago. They did not know the cause until years later when Uncle Frank decided it was jaundice. They brought her little body home by train. Effie and I, dressed in white, sat on the front row attending our first funeral. Aunt Martha, not far from us, sat stiff, tearless and white. Her brown eyes looked bigger and darker than ever before. Uncle Frank, beside her, sobbing gently. Her small white coffin was close enough for me to touch and it was covered with yellow roses.

The Browns returned to Chicago along with a new addition, darling little curly haired, good natured Ruth. I learned early to appreciate beauty in children for I was the kind that only a mother could vote for. I had straight hair that would have straggled had not Mother kept it so faithfully done up nights in rags or kid curlers. My nose was so pug it looked like a little round marble stuck on my face with two little holes for breathing. I was so stout and broad that even the men groaned when they lifted me. The contrast between Effie and me, no doubt, was more than Mother would ever like to admit. Effie had long hair down past her waist. Her eyes were big and blue with long fluttering lashes. Her complexion was pale



May W. Berry and Kay Berry

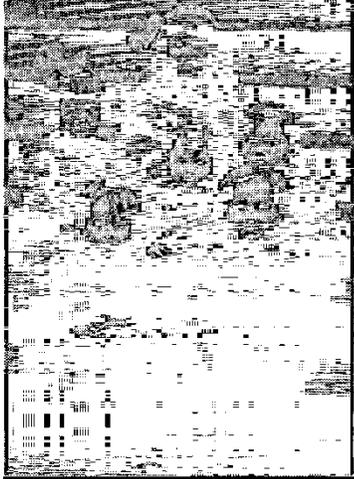


Martha Brown and Ray Brown



Frank W. Brown

REDO PICTURES



Effie Berry Mares Berry Ruth Brown Ray Brown Lee  
Berry Kay Berry



Frank W. Brown



Nora Brown



Frank W. Brown Eight years old  
Nora Brown

At top of pictures write—Taken in Chicago about 1913

and delicate. However, in my exciting young life there was no thought of jealousy. I soon found that I could out-run, out-skip, out-climb, and out-hop my elder sister without straining myself. These accomplishments no doubt, kept me so busy that I was half grown before I realized the good old mirror was invented to help me pick up where Mother Nature had bogged down.

When Mother dressed her family up for an occasion it was quite a sight; she in her lovely green taffeta dress with a big ruffled parasol to match, which attached to her new straw baby carriage—the very latest fad. Kay in his red velveteen "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit sitting at the foot of the carriage and usually messing up the big red ribbon bows mother had sewed onto the toes of his black patent leather slippers. Lee, always smiling, sat at the head in his starched white embroidery dress and crocheted be-ribboned hood. Effie marched ladylike by Mother's side carrying her big satchel, and I holding on to her long skirt and four petticoats. Mother was a sensation of course, and everyone she met had to stop and ooh! and aaah! over her dress, her still tiny waistline, the attached and adjustable parasol, and her lovely brood. Kay was fat and cute with his one nature-forgotten but mother-made curl on top. Lee would paticake for man, woman, or beast, at the drop of a hat. People always made a fuss over Effie of course, and by the time they turned her around to "span" her hair to see how long it was I had completely disappeared in the voluminous folds of Mother's protective skirts—that is, unless Dad was anywhere around. If so, my first choice was in his arms with my face buried in his nice warm neck. There I could find escape from the "Big Folks" as we kids always called them, and the silly obnoxious ways they often talked to children.

If a gentleman were in the gathering he would be very apt to drop down on one knee and with arms outstretched to me start warbling, "Come to Me, Sweet Marie, I Love Thee, Sweet Marie," the hit tune of the day. This would be the straw that broke the camel's back and before he finished I would die a thousand deaths. It wasn't long until these awful experiences with the "big folks" left me obviously with a seriously advanced bashful complex, peculiar in that bashfulness enveloped me only when I was forced into the presence of adults.

It wasn't long before our family joined the Browns in Chicago. It took a lot of courage for those two young, green couples with a flock of little kids to break loose, shake off the hayseed, pack up, and go to a big, strange city with everyone in town telling them they had lost their minds.

Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank had saved their money dollar by dollar, but Mother and Dad had more or less gambled for most of theirs. The first money Dad ever earned as a married man was acquired a few weeks after they were married. He went off to help with some sheep for a neighbor. It was his first time away from his bride. Mother cried when she discovered that he had forgotten his lunch and coat but had taken his gun. He was gone a week and came back with his earnings of eight dollars. Mother was never more proud of him.

Although it was August, a terrible snowstorm hit the mountains where the sheep were lambing out of season. This was freak weather and sheep owners expected a 100% loss on new lambs. Brother Patterson offered Dad and Mother all the little lambs they could

save if they wanted to go up to his sheep camp. The day after they arrived the sun came out and the storm turned into lovely summer weather. They rescued two hundred lambs and saved all lambs and mothers. This gave them a start in sheep. They sold and put their little wad in cattle which were down at that time.

Dad worked at the mill in the summer. During the evenings Mother helped him study the three R's as they planned for him to try and pass the teacher's exam that fall and teach school winters. He passed and accepted a position in El Toole which consisted of about eight Mexican families. I recall Dad carrying me in the grain bucket down to milk the cow and singing Spanish songs to us. I also remember the deep concern of my parents when they discovered their new home, a one-room adobe for which Dad had traded a Mexican his saddle, had fleas. Their alarm was based on the fact that nowhere on my little red body was left a place big enough for one more flea to "guzzle." Effie slept peacefully beside me with nary a flea bite.

The next year Dad took a job as school master at Greer Valley. This was a beautiful little place nestled in the pines. A trout stream wound its way through the middle of town, if you could call a half dozen families a town. About all I remember there is sitting on the doorstep with Effie eating a bowl of "Country Kid's Candy" (raw oatmeal and raisins), and waiting for Dad to come home from school. I remember he and mother taking long walks through the pines, and Effie and me running ahead skipping and singing "Goody, Goody Two Shoes," and Mother bragging on me because I had learned to skip so young.

At the end of the school term Uncle Lynn brought up a team and wagon to move us back to St. Johns. As we came across the windy, open flats a whirlwind took mother's beautiful velvet hat trimmed with two large curled ostrich feather plums right off her head and straight up into the "deep blue yonder." It looked like a big blue bird soaring heavenward. Dad and Uncle Lynn laughed their heads off, but Effie and I bawled and screamed until they both jumped out of the wagon and like two "big leaguers" circled expertly for the catch. They never made it, and soon the little black speck in the sky that was mother's hat completely disappeared. Our bawling which had become louder by the moment subsided when Dad promised to buy Mother another bigger and better hat and we could help pick it out of the catalogue. Asking Mother how much they made and saved at El Toole and Greer Valley she has this to say: "Dad was paid sixty dollars per month and I saved sixty dollars per month." According to those figures she probably felt Aunt Martha was a very extravagant woman. However, to be able to live they must have used what they made summers to cover them over the winters.

Dad built a nice brick home, and furnished it so they wouldn't be out in the street if he failed in dentistry. Then he sold his little herd of cattle, packed his family and headed for the "big city." We kids had never been on a train before, in fact we had never seen one. Effie and I were little ladies and sat quietly at one end of the coach while Mother and Dad wrestled night and day with Kay and Lee at the other end, the two orneriest little

critters that ever boarded a train. It was so embarrassing that we sat as far away from them as was possible.

Being extremely money conscious, our parents had connived between themselves and had decided it wouldn't keep them from becoming celestial angels if they could manage to pass off Effie, their eldest, down with the rest of their under-ticket-buying-age brood. The first time the conductor came through Effie and I were at the other end of the car. When he asked for her ticket she told him she didn't have one. He then asked her how old she was. She looked him in the face with her big blue eyes and without lowering her lashes said, "Mama told me not to tell." He laughed and never bothered us again. When we reached Kansas City a new conductor came aboard and we had the agony to go through it all over again. Mother kept us with her this time and gave Effie instructions that if he should ask her to stand up to see how tall she was for her not to stretch out her full length. He asked her to stand up all right, then punched the tickets and satisfied that all was well, started on his way. Before he was out of earshot I asked in a very loud whisper, "Effie, did you bend your knees like Mother told you to?" My parents, after turning from red to white, gave a long sigh of relief when the conductor proved himself a good sport by pretending not to hear and went on his way.

The Browns were not without similar experiences. On their last trip to Chicago after coming home when Maurine was born, Ray (a little over five) went to their choice neighbors and said, "Say, what do you think? My papa told the conductor that I wasn't five years old, and I'm already five."

Effie and I loved to sleep in the upper berth and we played "house" half the night. We were on the train three nights and Mother never once managed to remember the number of our berths. When she was gone too long to the Ladies' Room Dad sent us scouts out to bring her in. We always found her trying to claim someone else's berth, occupied or unoccupied. Once we couldn't locate her. She had gone to the bathroom just as we were entering a city. The conductor carelessly locked the door from the outside, thinking it was empty. We reported Mother's plight to Dad. The conductor with the key had disappeared and could not be found. He soon came to the rescue though when Dad began calmly but loudly giving Mother instructions as to "How to tear a door down from the inside."

Four days, three night, and we arrived in Chicago. Wrinkled and worn, we tried our "sea legs." Kay discovering he was off the train and on old Mother Earth, broke loose from Effie, yelled "Whoopee," and began galloping down the middle of the street. Dad had a suitcase in each hand, a pillow tied to each side of each suitcase, and an umbrella and a lunch basket under one arm. Being a foot racer he managed to rescue Kay in spite of his load, and brought him back wriggling and writhing under his armpit. Mother was trying to carry Lee upside down by one leg so he could pat the ground with his hands. Effie and I were still acting like little ladies. Our new shoes may have had something to do with our newly acquired city manners. Mother, ever the psychologist, had told us at the beginning of the trip that the long silk tassels on our new high topped patent leather button shoes would surely come off if we got rough or didn't walk and act like ladies do.

We arrived at the Browns and stayed a few days with them. We had to tiptoe and whisper all the while, as they had the meanest landlady in Chicago. Her name was Mrs. Yankybrant and we kids lived in holy horror of her. Uncle Frank called her Mrs. "Crankybrant" and that tickled us to death. We found a nice flat, and although it was near a railroad track where a fast train passed every eight minutes, Mother felt she could handle her Katzenjammer Kids because a high board fence securely enclosed the whole yard. Finding Kay the next day running gaily down the track seven minutes after the last train, having scaled the fence and climbed fifty steps to get there, was almost enough to land Mother in the hospital. They barred the doors and windows until Dad could locate another place. House hunting ended by both families going in together on a larger flat and using the kitchen together. Mother and Aunt Martha, ever thrifty, rented one bedroom out to two nice gentlemen artists. While cleaning these men's room Mother and Aunt Martha discovered that most of the art work of these two artists consisted of sketches of naked women. They decided then and there that those two roomers simply couldn't be gentlemen and as much as they needed a little extra money they let them go.

When I started kindergarten Aunt Martha gave me Nora's coat. It was almost new. I was overjoyed. It was an odd shade of blue, almost a purplish color. It had a big double square collar, the top one being a soft red flannel. There were big gold buttons up the front, on the cuffs and pockets. I thought it was the most beautiful coat in the whole world. The first day I wore it and came proudly home from school I found Mother cutting quilt blocks on the table. Aunt Martha was busily sewing them at the machine. At the sight of me she buried her face in her sewing and cried uncontrolably. Mother whisked me into the bedroom, took the coat off and whispered, "It's the coat, Maree, it reminds her of little Nora; you can't ever wear it again." I needed and wanted it badly, but I never saw it again. I understood when through the door I saw Mother take Aunt Martha in her arms and comfort her as only a big sister that loves her little sister can. My thoughts went back to the funeral and the little white coffin covered with yellow roses and the young grief-stricken couple that stood out on that windswept hill clinging to each other as the body of their beautiful little girl was lowered down into its lonely resting place.

I wondered how long I would feel the ache in my heart. I'm still wondering because it's still there.

---

Linda Bushman was asking about our cow and called it a daddy cow. She was told that that was a mama cow; only mama cows give milk. She quickly asked, "Well, what do daddy cows give, cream?"

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DIDN'T WANT MUCH  
I WANT A PIECE OF CALICO

*This is a poem little Nora Brown used to say*

I want a piece of calico,  
To make my doll a dress.  
I doesn't want a big piece;  
A yard will do, I guess.

I wish you'd thread my needle,  
And find my thimble, too.  
I have such heaps of sewing,  
I don't know what to do!

I wants my Maud a bonnet.  
She hasn't none at all.  
And Fred must have a jacket,  
His other one's too small.

I want to go to Grandma's.  
You promised me I might.  
I know she'd like to see me.  
I want to go tonight.

She lets me wipe the dishes  
And see in Grandpa's watch.  
I wish I had two or three pennies.  
To buy some butterscotch!

Oh! my Hepsy's torn her apron,  
A-tumblin' down the stair,  
And Caesar's lost his pantaloons,  
And needs another pair.

I want some newer mittens.  
I wish you'd knit me some.  
My fingers almost freezes,  
They leak so at the thumb.

I wore 'em out last winter,  
A pullin' Johnnie's sled.  
I wish you wouldn't laugh so,  
It hurts me in the head.

I wish I had a cookie.  
I'm as hungry as I can be.  
If you ain't got pretty big ones (calling loudly)  
You'd better bring me three!

I wish I had a piano,  
Won't you buy me one to keep?  
Oh, dear! I feel so sleepy!  
I want to go to sleep!

THE LIBERATION OF A G.I.  
By Randolph Fife

It has been suggested that this epistle be entitled "The Pope and I." However, while the Pope is no doubt a good egg, he may not approve of my accepting a place in the title. My part in the following experiences is one of an ordinary G. I. of World War II—dealing only with experiences of a pleasant and perhaps frivolous nature.

For several months thousands of men of the American 5th Army were marooned on a peninsula near Anzio, Italy. This peninsula differed in definition in that it was surrounded on three sides by German guns. Water was our only avenue of escape. That was until that glorious day, June 5, 1944, when we were to liberate the Romans. From the rest of this story you may wonder if I helped liberate the Romans or whether they liberated me. Anyway, I am to this day wondering just who liberated who. As we made our entrance into this famous city we were given a reception that I shall never forget—girls kissing soldiers, soldiers kissing girls; everyone was crying, laughing and loving. The Romans were happy to be liberated from the Germans.

The G. I., feeling the friendliness of the Eternal City and enjoying the peace and the unbombed buildings, felt a temporary disloyalty to the Army and liberated themselves from its ranks by going temporarily AWOL. Twenty thousand men marched into Rome and only ten thousand men marched out. Yours truly was not among the ten thousand that marched on. The next 10 days that I spent A.W.O.L. were extremely interesting to me, and if I had it to do all over again I would probably have been A.W.O.L. twenty days.

Because of the nature of the majority of the G.I.'s, most of the M.P.'s were patrolling the questionable or the Red Light districts looking for A.W.O.L.'s. My strategy was good by any standard, that is of keeping away from the M.P. Eventually my friend, Jim Kennedy, and I were forced into the most modern and beautiful part of the Eternal City, and free from worry of the M.P. While wondering about and enjoying the peaceful sight of seeing buildings that were untouched by war (and this is still a beautiful sight), we heard music coming from a window and we stopped to listen. I guess people all over the block were looking at us from behind shutters and comparing us with the Kraut. What a sight we must have made, as fighters of the Germans!

There we sat on a curb with no helmet, hat, ammunition belt, or gun (this paraphernalia we had hid because it was so heavy). Finally, I guess, one woman was so curious that she persuaded her husband that we were harmless and that they should give us thanks for the liberation. These two people introduced themselves as the Count and Countess Bennedto Perroti, and we arose to the occasion and introduced ourselves.

After a brief conversation, we talked about music—the common denominator between us, and eventually were invited to the elaborate apartment of the Count and Countess. Then we were asked to sing some American songs, so Jimmy and I gave forth with some of our

American jazz. Then we sat and listened to the Countess play and sing the whole opera "Aida." This was quite remarkable to us, but I have to admit a little boring.

The Count and Countess invited many of their friends in for the evening and staged a "Welcome to Rome" party. The crowning part of this was a supper that lasted from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. The climax of this event was the bringing in of a huge cake. The ingredients of which had been purchased from the black market at the cost of no less than \$50.00 American money. Incidentally, on the cake were these words, "Welcome to Rome, Randy and Jimmy."

One of the guests was dressed in a flaming Red Cloak. He asked us which religion we believed in. My friend Jim, of course, was a Catholic and was accepted at once. My answer was no, and every eye in the room was upon me. The friendliness had turned to hostility. Then the Cardinal said, "Are you a Protestant?" My answer was again no. I then explained that I was a Mormon, and the Cardinal immediately asked if I believed in Jesus Christ, The Holy Ghost, and God. Of course my answer was yes, and from that time on everyone was friendly again. They were relieved that I was not a Protestant, and I regained their respect on an equal with Jim Kennedy. The Cardinal asked us if we would like an audience with the Pope on the following day. We of course thanked him and accepted the invitation.

Early the next morning we were escorted through the gate of the Vatican, past the Swiss Guards (who were dressed in native costume that looked to me like a movie version of Robinhood) and then into the quarters of His Holiness the Pope of Rome. We awaited his presence in the room that is reserved for high officials of State. We were evidently the first visitors from the U. S. Army the Pope had received after our entering into Rome. The brass and other high officials of the Army had to go through proper channels and have their audiences later in the afternoon.

We spent several anxious minutes awaiting the man who holds so much power in this Western Civilization. At last the door was opened and the velvet portiere curtains were drawn by valets in the most elaborate of costumes. Then stepped forth a knight in golden armor and a headdress studded with jewels. This man was the personal Honor Guard of the Pope. Incidentally, this man is chosen from the Catholic laity, to spend one week escorting the Pope. The only American Catholic who has had this honor was the late Al Smith.

We waited about another minute and out walked the Pope of Rome, head of the Catholic Church. By this time Jim was breathing so hard he sounded like a racehorse that had just completed a strenuous race. He was so white I thought he was going to pass out any minute. He took one look at His Holiness and threw himself prostrate upon the floor, and I thought for a moment he had fainted. This was a great occasion that I had not been schooled for, so I stood awkwardly by shifting from one foot to the other. Everyone else was kneeling and there we stood, the Pope and I, eyeing each other, neither knowing what to do. I was comforted in the fact that he acted as embarrassed as I. A priest nearby indicated that I should make the sign of the cross. This I refused to do which caused us all a certain amount of embarrassment.

The Pope is a man of about 5 feet 5 inches tall, very thin, with a large hooked nose which was emphasized by the tiny white skull cap he wore. His robes were white embroidered

with gold. He seemed rather a humble man despite all the pomp and ceremony around him. His voice was rather quiet and when he finally spoke to us he pronounced a blessing to the effect that the war would soon be brought to a successful conclusion and we would soon be able to return home safely. He then offered everyone who wished, which was everyone in the room but me, a chance to kiss his signet ring. I was then given an autographed picture and a rosary as a memento of the occasion. I sent the rosary given to me to a Catholic friend in Gridley. I have never done such a simple gesture before that has been so appreciated. Her family later told me that she prized it most of all her possessions. When she died she was buried with it in her hand, according to her last request. Forty Catholics from Gridley wrote to me while I was overseas to thank me for sending this woman the rosary blessed by the Pope.

After the Pope had given another blessing of benediction he was escorted back to his quarters and we returned to ours. Kennedy remarked that this was the greatest day of his life. My impression was that it was a fine experience to have had, but far from being the greatest day of my life.

Randolph Fife.

*(To be continued)*

MEMORANDUM TO: Jack, Phil, Johnnie, Donald, Milton, Don S., Wayne, Rex, Lynn, David, MarKay, Marion, Floyd Wendell, Gordon, and Edwina's new husband, and any of our cousins who may one day have to fight for freedom.

Dear Cousins:

This is 1951. The Japanese Peace Treaty is in the process of being signed in San Francisco. The United Nations has been organized to try to keep the peace for which we fought in World War II. We all pray that our Heavenly Father will be with the leaders of this country and all the countries in keeping freedom and peace in the world.

But there were many times in the Bible and the Book of Mormon when peace had to be sacrificed to save freedom. The Israelites had to war with the Philistines to keep from being captured and killed. The Nephites had to defend their cities against the rebellious Lamanites.

Who knows? We might have to go back over to finish up the job. Right now we have many American soldiers fighting in Korea. It sort of seems as though we didn't finish our fight the last time. Some of us might have to go back again, and some of you might sometime be called upon to help us.

Have you ever wondered what it was like? Do you put off planning your future because you don't know what's coming?

It was December of 1941 when it started, and we were all just minding our own business, trying to have fun and live right at the same time. We were going to school and falling in love. But after Pearl Harbor everything was different. Our ambitions

seemed to be too high. We were afraid to fall in love, but some of us did anyway, and when we went away we left our wives, not knowing when we'd met again.

Then we drilled and marched and dressed in uniform. We bowed and scraped to our superior officers. It seemed as though no dictatorship could be worse. We wrote hundreds of letters—even we who had never written before—and we waited anxiously for the return mail. We wanted to go home!

But we didn't go home. Most of us went overseas. Some of us had to get used to the sultry heat of the South Pacific and the fight against malaria. Some of us wore long woolen underwear in a futile effort for warmth, and we saw the frozen feet of the men who had marched beside us.

We didn't know what had happened to the glory of war that we had seen in our youth. The cap guns, the toy helmets, the tin soldiers—this was nothing like that. Once in a while we'd march through a town and some of the people would cheer, and there was a little shine to that. But the battles—D-Day, the Bulge, Leyte, Okinawa—there was no glory there. We saw our buddies wounded and killed. We killed, too, and we couldn't help thinking of our mothers and the things they'd taught us. And we knew fear—we fought with it and ate with it and slept with it. There were times when we were bitter and blamed God, but other times we were nearer to Him than we had ever been before.

And then it was over. A big, terrible bomb at Nagasaki. At first we thought it was rumor, but we heard the radios and hope grew inside us. Then it was August 15 and everybody was praying and shooting and yelling all at once.

We started coming home then—home to our mothers and dads, brothers and sisters, and wives and sweethearts. We were happier than we had ever been before. None of us had any permanent physical handicaps. We all came back. We picked up life where it had been, and it was better than before. Some of us have built the house of our dreams. We have known the love of children—our own children. We are doctors and bookkeepers and carpenters. We are grateful to our heavenly Father for all this. We are Sunday School teachers, too, and Bishops' councilors.

And there's something else, boys—Our wives are even more loving than before. It's something like not knowing the sweet until they'd tasted the bitter, we guess. And when we pray, our list of thanks is as long as our list of blessings.

True, not every worthy guy came back. It must have been meant to be that our lives go on from there—that we marry these women and have these wonderful children.

We pray for peace. But if peace is not possible and some day you have to fight for it, we pray for you. Remember that joy and fun and happiness are not gone. Our missions were not completed, and the good Lord brought us home. We have faith that He will keep the same watch over you.

Maydene Bodell



Boys, Girls, Ladies and Gentlemen, Horses and Mules:

If you should be one of the latter you won't be interested in the big contest which is starting any time between here and now (sorry, Donald). The Junior Whiting Generation in a Clamtogether. But we need a name. Send only one entry, which will be judged by our honorary member Leilani Cunningham. The winner will receive a prize and their name published in the next Family Magazine with their good points mentioned (if any). Send your entry to Norma Jean Berry, 1228 South 6th Street, Alhambra, California, and hurry!!!! (P.S.-Donations expected.)

The age limits are 8 to 17. Of course, we have to have dues, but we will try to break them to you gently. It is one penny a day. You will receive a bank to horde it in. With this money we will try to do something really worthwhile for the benefit of the newly organized group.

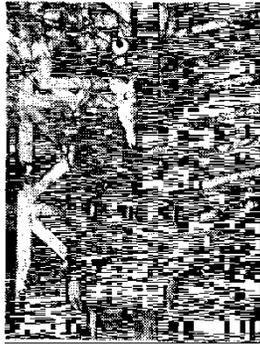
Let's plan a Reunion for US.

The Whiting Junior Generation.

*Thanks to all the members who  
have contributed funds for this issue.*

*Direct descendants and in-laws of the Whiting Family that served in World War II*

r \* I



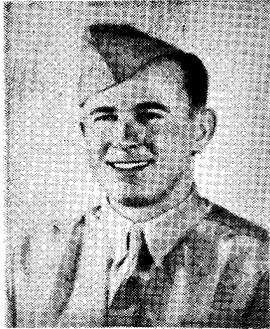
Darwin Grant



*Upper row, left to right: James Bodell, U.S.A.F., Wayne L. Smith, U.S.A.  
Russel Burdick, U.S.N.*

*Lower row, left to right: Jack Martin Cooper, U.S A., F. Dean Berry, U.S.N.  
Ferrel Lewi., U.S.A.*

**REDO THESE 2 PAGE 135 & 136**



Upper row, left to right: Randolph Fife, U.S.A., Jay Whiteley, U.S.N.  
 H. Lee Berry, U.S.A.  
 Center row, left to right: Rex L. Whiting, U.S.A., Aubrey Pandelin, U.S.A.  
 J. Ronald Brown, U.S.A.  
 Lower row, left to right: Lester C. Whiting, U.S.A., Lester Carlson, U.S.M.M.  
 Virgil Burr Whiteley, U.S.A.F.

## APOLOGIES

We received a relayed message from Wilford Shumway through Mabel that he personally is going to lick the whole "Whiting Tree" Staff for saying, "Mabel has a girl," in our last issue. Wilford, we don't blame you for being sore, and we are all quaking in our boots at your wrath. We bow and apologize, and boy, do we feel relieved that we can blame it all on Mother (Aunt May, Annie May Whiting, Mrs. Dr. H. A. Berry) The staff in L. A. has the edge on us in that they can run to the printer the last minute sans proof reading from us. What they didn't know was that we had planned a corner for Vital Statistic News with details such as full names, dates of births, ordinations, baptisms, etc., beginning this issue.

However, we're sure you will understand when we jog your memory as to just which Aunt-in-Law of you pulled that "boner." She's the one that tried on a dress at Penney's Store in Holbrook a few years ago, then forgot to take it off and put her own dress on over it and went home. Getting ready for bed that night, she discovered it and Dad insisted she phone the manager at midnight and explain.

She's the Aunt who dashed to town to buy a paper one afternoon in Holbrook, in a green, two-door Plymouth, and returned in the Sheriff's black four-door Chevy—without the Sheriff. After alerting six other States to look for his stolen police car, the Sheriff dropped in at the Motel Cafe, weary and worn, for a cup of coffee and there stood his car in front of Mother's door. Her only explanation as she faced the handcuffs was, "Well, Sheriff, those two cars looked just exactly alike." He shook his head and left. Though I don't think he thought it nearly as funny as we did.

One of the maids Mother hired at the Motel there was a Brinkerhoff girl. She couldn't cash her check one Saturday because Mother had signed it May W. Brinkerhoff.

Last Christmas she mailed two Christmas cards to the same person. Dad rescued one and opened it. She had signed, From Uncle Herbert, Aunt May and Aunt Martha.

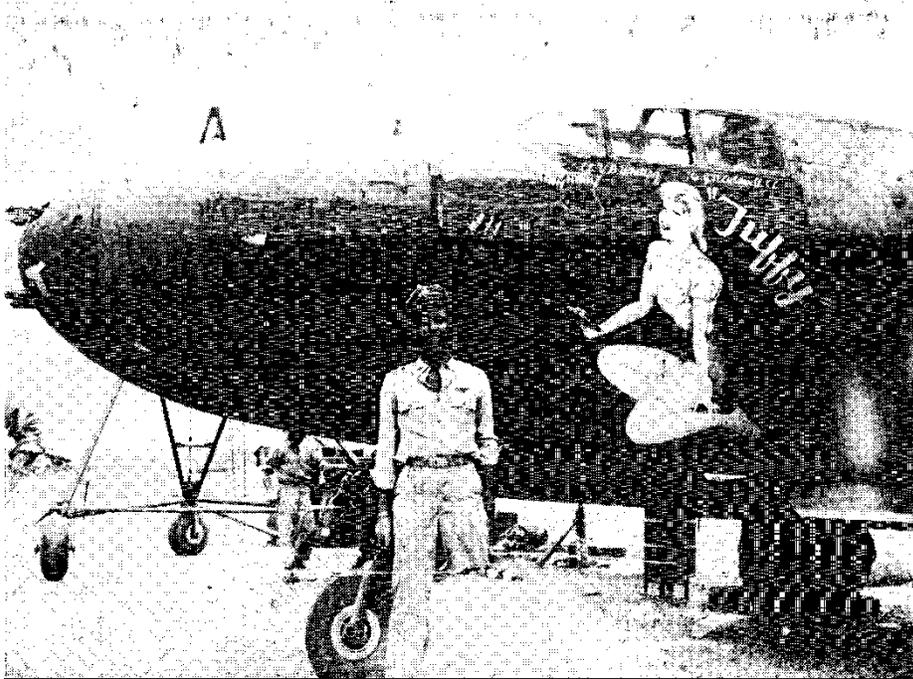
Not long ago we received a nice, fat letter from her. As hers usually read like telegrams, we were thrilled. Upon opening it, however, there was one page as usual and five neatly folded blank ones.

A week ago we received two letters the same day from her. We were thrilled again until we found both letters were exactly alike, same questions, same answers, same news, mailed one hour apart.

Yesterday we received a hurried note from her with her telephone number where her return address should be.

She's not getting childish. This has been going on since we can remember. But if a Sheriff, and Penney's Store, and all of us can forgive her "boners," how about you?

The Editor.



Virgil Whiting