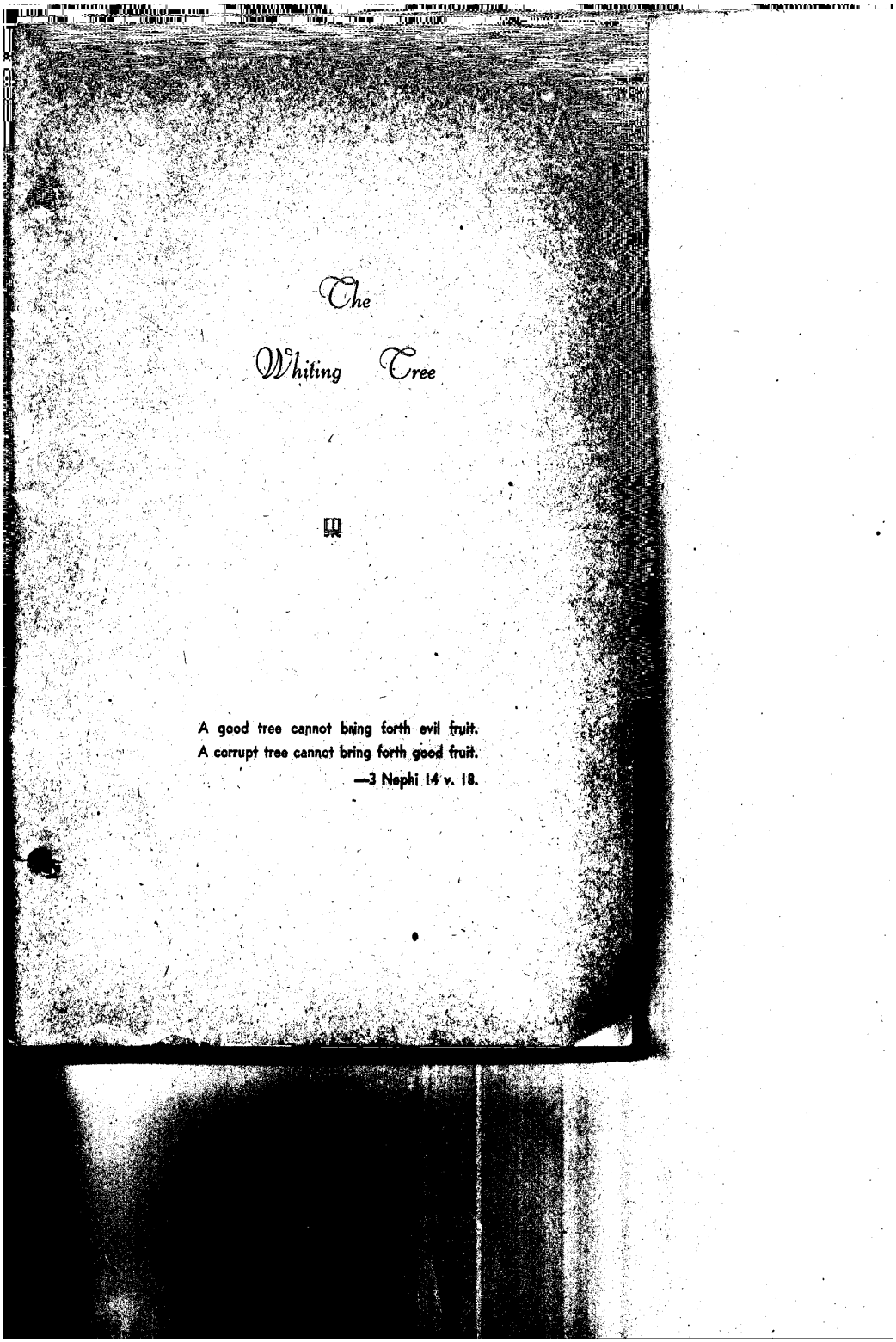
The Whiting Tree

Vol. 1, No. 6

March 1, 1952



A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit.
A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit
—3 Nephi, 14 v. 18.

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Dear Folks:

We, the staff, hope that 1952 finds everyone as cooperative, as generous, and as appreciative as the past year. We realize that this little “Tree” would wither and die without the interest and unselfish attitude of everyone.

This issue found our original little Gridley staff scattered some 4500 miles apart. Ronald resigned before leaving. Nathel has been carrying on as News Editor from St. Johns. The job of circulation manager has been permanently changed from Norma to Aunt Myn in Los Angeles. Since the printing is now done there, it will be easier and cheaper. Norma is temporarily on as reporter of news from Tucson until we all get more settled. Mother is manager of finance permanently. No title we can think of can explain the job Aunt Elda has done to help put this issue over. Until we can think of one that will give her due credit we'll just have to call her plain "General" Editor (at least four stars). My Jeanie did her share. She counted all the words in this issue and then divided them off in tens.

To those wondering why we aren't doing something about research, the answer is: As soon as we get the "Tree's" roots a little deeper financially we'll concentrate on building up a genealogical fund. There isn't' much we can do without it.

We are introducing the first part of Aunt Martha's new Travelogue of their recent experiences abroad. I believe they are the first of all the generations of the family to visit the Holy Land (probably since Grandpa Ephraim got sore at Rehoboam and was kidnapped from his old homestead by the Assyrians).

Also beginning in this issue is Geraldine's wonderful continued story of Grandma's life, The Matriarch.

Please notice that we are featuring Uncle Eddie's family as of those living, and Aunt May as of those passed on.

We welcome any and all criticism, good or bad. We know there were a lot of "bugs" in that last issue; note our corrections. Please check your old photos. We would appreciate an invoice of every picture you have that dates before 1920. Please mail this invoice to us at once giving brief description of each as to identity of individuals, age if possible, date taken, where taken, etc. You can’t imagine how that would help us.

We do hope to improve as we go along. We are being constantly amazed at the writing talent we have in our family. It is a startling fact that we haven't had to turn an article down yet. We've printed everything that's come in so far. I think Uncle Eddie's Old Jake is more than worth the price of this whole issue.

I felt very humble and thrilled to my very toes when Uncle Eddie sent us $50.00 along with like amounts from most of the others of that generation for the "Tree." But when we got worried about the cost of pictures and the alarming size of this issue he heard about our scraping bottom again, and also that we were featuring his family, so mailed us a check for $200. After I picked myself up off the post office floor I wondered if I could somehow tell him just what his generous donation has done for my morale. Believe me, this little "Tree" should become a mighty oak with that kind of confidence behind us.

We are hoping you can arrange to gather your family around you and read this as a group. Even the littlest ones will understand parts of it. How about making it a home night?

Maree Berry Stoddard,
Editor-in-Chief

EDWIN ISAACSON WHITING

E. I. Whiting, like all of his father's children worked for him until married, and then worked with him. None of them ever drew a salary before marriage, but his Dad was able to keep them so intensely interested that they are still working together years after their father's death.

E.I. cut and dragged his first logs when eight year old, enough to pay his school expenses. He has been working sawmills pretty much ever since. The family now owns fourteen sawmills and four planing mills, and are the second largest producers of lumber in the state. E. I. first ran the saw on his father's mill when he was eleven years old. He ran his father's small bee hive factory when he was fifteen, with Earnest firing the little steam engine at nine.

When he was seventeen, he and his brothers, Earnest and Ralph, ran a fruit peddling outfit in the coal mines of Utah. He was there when the mine explosion killed nearly 400 miners. He and his brothers knew most of the widows of those who were killed, and have never forgotten their experiences in calling on their customers two or three days after the explosion.

In 1901 their Dad opened the little Cash Store, which was run entirely by Mother and the children. The original investment was $268.00. He built the first garage in Apache County, which the family still owns and operates. He and his brothers took their first Ford agency in 1914. They have been Ford dealers ever since, and have built the garage business into an operation that embraces several garages and a chain of service stations from Albuquerque to California. He built the first picture show in Apache County, and the family operates the picture show at the present time. The family took the first road contract in 1906, and hold the highest Contractors license that the state of Arizona issues. He and his brothers burned the lime for St. Johns and vicinity for many years. He was married in June, 1906, to Ethel Farr and has seven children and nineteen grandchildren.

He learned politics from Lorenzo Hubbell, and has always been a Republican. He was elected to the State Senate twice, also the Board of Supervisors, and was two years Deputy County Treasurer. He was never beaten at an election, although the County is Democratic by a substantial margin. He took a keen interest in and helped to elect all three of the Republican Governors who served in Arizona. He was a personal friend of Tom Campbell, was in the Senate while he was Governor. He was a close friend of Governor Phillips and was in the Senate while he was Governor, and is very much interested in re-electing Governor Howard Pyle, the present Governor. He met Herbert Hoover at Williams and with a group of Republicans went with him to the Grand Canyon when President Hoover formally opened his campaign that elected him to the Presidency of the United States.

He has always been active in the L.D.S. Church. He was first Primary Secretary when 10 years old, said to be the only male Primary officer in the Church at that time. He was put in Mutual Secretary in 1898, Mutual Counsellor in 1901, Ward Mutual President in 1902, filled a mission in the Southern States in 1904 and 1905, laboring in Georgia. He was among the first missionaries who went back into Georgia twenty years after President Clawson's missionary companion was killed by a mob, and was himself mobbed four times but escaped each time without bodily injury, except for being punched in the ribs with a shot gun and fired at while running through the woods. He was put in Bishop's Counsellor to Ove Overson in 1906, and Stake MIA President in 1910, also served as a High Counsellor, and was Bishop of the St. Johns Ward for six years. He was first Counsellor to Levi Udall for 16 years. He considers his greatest calling has been as Stake Welfare leader for the St. Johns Stake: He has been personally acquainted with Wilford Woodruff and all of the Church Presidents and most of the Church authorities since that time.

He has always been a leader and an organizer of men.

Insert Picture of E. I. Whiting

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Insert Picture of Eddie & Ethel Whiting family

1st row: Mabel Shumway, Ethel Whiting, E. I. Whiting, Melba Whiting, Sherwood Udall, La Velle Whiting.

2nd row: Erma Grant, Darwin Grant, Farr Whiting, Mel Whiting, Virgil Whiting.

Insert: Wilford Shumway.

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Insert Picture of Eddie & Ethel & children

1st row: Mabel Shumway, Ethel Whiting, E.I. Whiting, Melba Udall, Sherwood Udall, LaVelle Whiting

2nd row: Erma Grant, Darwin Grant, Farr Whiting, Mel Whiting, Virgil Whiting

Insert: Wilford Shumway

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REMINISCING

By MARIE STODDARD

THE HILL A' BEANS

Tired, one evening, from a long ride and a hard day's work, Grandpa Whiting sank into his old rocking chair and began unlacing his shoes. His only comment to Grandma as she came in from locking up the store was a disgusted, “That Eddie and Ethel will never amount to a hill-a-beans. I never saw such a pair in my life."

Grandma's "What's the matter now, Pa?" added fuel to his thoughts and he continued with: "Well, on the way home I drove by their field and there was Eddie tryin' to plow up that rough, new land with that honery team, and with Ethel on his lap. They were laughin' and singin' like they didn't have a worry in this world. Maria, I tell you that pair will never amount to a hill-a-beans."

I don't pretend to remember Uncle Eddie and Aunt Ethel in their courting days or their earliest married life. The first memories I have of them is when Mabel was born. She came a little before our Lee, and when Dad tried to get me to look at my new little brother I thought they were kidding me, as I believed it was Mabel. It was several days before I realized he was definitely not a little baby girl.

All through my childhood and teens whenever Mother was in the mood to expound the virtues and fortitude of mankind in relation to building Redwood timber from her adolescent saplings, she invariably reviewed the true story of her oldest brother and his wife, and how their combined stamina, determination, and thrift triumphed over all odds. It was very impressive and I think a little of it rubbed off on all of her brood. I know of no better story to pass down to our blooming, blessed, blundering youth than the story of the Hill-a-Beans.

It takes no imagination to believe that Aunt Ethel was once the belle of "Ol' San Juan." Slender, delicate, and very talented, musically and otherwise, she seemed a little different from the ordinary girls. She was and is one of those exceedingly rare individuals born with queenly qualities that even most royalty have to acquire.

Uncle. Eddie, the best looking swain about town with his dark, curly hair and flashing smile, had plenty of keen competition. I'm not sure he even now realizes the desperation of one of his competitors—but that's another story from the heart-throbs of another family's history. His ability to handle horses, cattle, and his fellowmen showed up at a very early age. Grandpa really doted on his first-born and expected great things of him, and plowing a rugged field while holding a wild team in one hand and a giggling young wife on his lap with the other, wasn't one of them.

Mother always began by telling us how practical and thrifty they were. How, laughing at pride, their visits to the junk pile enabled them to set up housekeeping, and paid off in such items as milk pans, tea kettles, wash tubs, etc. They mended the holes by pulling little rags through them. When all scoured up, other than the little rag tail hanging down, they seemed as good as new. She whispered that Grandma had worried because it seemed their main diet, other than when they had company and hired hands, consisted of just clabber. She wasn't sure but was very suspicious.

The first big adventure they attempted was the role of "the farmer and his wife," and it seemed they did begin to amount to hill-a-beans. But let's let Aunt Ethel tell is as it really happened.

INSERT YOUNG PICTURE OF AUNT ETHEL (P. 146)

OUR LIFE IN SAN ANTONIO
By ETHEL FARR WHITING

It was early in the spring of 1910 when Eddie, Farr and I moved to San Antonio (later called Greer Valley, and now Hunt) to farm, moving into the same house in which I taught my first school in the winter of 1904-05.

The house was built of rock and mud, Indian style, and was only one large room on a bare, wind-swept hill. Later we partitioned it with a large grain bin, in the middle of the room, which reached almost from wall to wall. Our furniture consisted of 2 built-in beds, some home-made benches and table, 2, chairs and a good looking cupboard which Eddie had made from one wide planed board for sides and front and goods boxes for back. I constructed some "dressers" from boxes and crates, curtained with calico, in which to place our clothing. We also had a second-hand sewing machine. This was our stock of furniture.

By 1908 we had enough to buy a team of balky black mares for $275.00, old Honey and Gruio, a strong; but diabolical team of horses (the ones that almost killed Grandma Whiting when they ran away with her). They could never be trusted. Our nearest neighbors were Mexican who lived a mile or more away, and the nearest, white people lived at Hunt, about four miles distant, so we didn't waste any time visiting.

Eddie had to have help, so hired Maximo and his two brothers, Matias and Epimemo, and another Mexican who was very adept at shoveling, which was a necessary accomplishment for irrigation and farming in general.

One day Maximo was getting Honey and Gruio ready to take into the field to work and tied them together with one rope—one horse on each end, a thing Eddie had cautioned him never to do. They started running with Maximo hanging onto the rope trying to stop them. They soon crossed over, entangling him in the rope which they had wrapped around his neck. He was dragged for quite a distance before they finally re-crossed, and he dropped out of the rope, scratched, cut and badly bruised, and his neck badly hurt. We feared he was dead, but it was not too long before he was well enough to work. He never needed to be told to be careful again.

INSERT 4 PICTURES OF Eddie and Ethel Page 147

We had sold our stock in Zions reservoir for $1259.00 but with the understanding we could use the water for two years. This gave us some money to buy seed, grain, and we could use a little cash as our cash expenditures for the first year of our married life averaged about $10.00 a month for food, clothing, etc.

Eddie started at once preparing land and planting barley and a little wheat, making ditches, fencing, etc. The first year he planted about 100 acres. It was public land and could have been ours had we homesteaded it.

What with bugs, skunks, blowsnakes, coyotes, and bulls, etc., we had some exciting experiences to break the monotony of our sometimes rather humdrum life. We took some chickens with us down to the farm, which the coyotes enjoyed immensely, coming right in our door yard in the daytime to snatch and carry away a good fat hen.

One night we were awakened by a scratching noise on the floor. Eddie struck a match in time to see two startled skunks run out of the door. He got his shotgun and pursued them, shooting one not far from the house, but the other disappeared in the brush. Eddie was poking around with his gun trying to locate him when he was terrified to look down and see a black and white object biting his shoe. Making a hasty retreat but not far enough to lose sight of prey, Eddie took a good aim and got the second one—pretty good for night target practice.

There was an old stray bull that caused us no end of trouble and loss of considerable grain. Night after night he would break down our fences and lead a herd of cows into pasture, to be driven out in the morning and fences patched. Eddie decided patience had ceased to be a virtue and drove him into the lake and shot him after which we could keep our fences intact.

Martha came down, to care for me when I was taken sick in June, while preparing to go to a Primary Conference in Salt Lake City. Late one afternoon a huge blow snake came in the house, frightening us terribly, but Martha decided it was up to her to get rid of it, and killed it with a hoe. Eddie was usually late coming in from work so Martha thought it would be fun to coil the snake up in the doorway where Eddie would have to step on it when he came in, so she did just that and sat down on a chair near my bed to watch for him to come. She was so worked up by her experience with the snake that when she heard a blowing noise under her chair and glanced down to see the mate of the dead snake coiled under there, she screamed and jumped up on the bed with me until she could get up courage to wrestle with another snake, while it quietly slipped out.

When she went to bed that night and raised up her pillow she found a large, ugly bug under it. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Next morning when she arose she said she couldn't stay there any longer, she said she would be glad to help care for me if Eddie would take us to town.

Early in September we came to town in our spring wagon to buy supplies for the threshers who soon would be coming. We owned one-fourth interest in a threshing machine. As harvest time drew near we needed another team so purchased a good one, a bay and a white horse. It was on our return trip to San Antonio that this team was killed by lightning, which necessitated our buying another one.

This was the team with which we hauled most of our grain to Concho, where we sold it after it was threshed. Old "Tea" was a big fine looking high spirited dapple gray and "Coffee," which was

a smaller grey horse, and Eddie's pet, and wanted his grain first. One morning Eddie put the feedbag on Tea first, much to his sorrow. Coffee resented this strongly, and gave him a nip in the seat of his trousers, lifting him up in the air.

We killed one big cow to feed the 45 men who were helping with the threshing. It took them about ten days to complete the job during which time we had to come to town for another quarter of beef and other food in proportion. Of course beans were always in demand and we had plenty of them.

I had a young Mexican girl come to help me while we had the threshers. One morning she saw me brushing my, teeth, and not to be outdone, a little later to my consternation, when I went to find her, she was brushing her teeth with my toothbrush. I made her a present of the brush.

Harvesting finished, we hauled most of our 2800 bushels of grain to Concho where we sold it. Now it was time to start plowing and preparing for the coming year.

We stayed there the winter of 1910-11 until about the middle of February. When we came to town for the weekend. While home I was taken sick and stayed at Mother's where I spent seven months in bed until Mabel was born.

This made it hard for Eddie the second summer, when he planted 150 acres, doing his own cooking and working such long hours. He harvested a little over 3000 bushels the second year bringing us a net profit for the two years of about $6000.00 for grain, hay and straw. With $1800.00 of this we purchased 100 cows and 100 calves. We used part of the $6000 to help pay for the old rock store which we purchased from Grandpa Whiting.

Now, 41 years later, we have purchased the old farm at San Antonio, and have two fine wells with a good pump on each one to supply irrigating water. Last year we raised 1000 tons of silage, corn, and cane, with which we are feeding 300 head of cattle this winter, and are starting preparations for raising a lot of feed again this year. —Aunt Ethel.

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Grandpa soon learned the error of his impulsive prediction, as the beans began to sprout. From "the little old rock store they spread to a new and much larger general store. Then they built the first garage in St. Johns, a few years later to be replaced by a large and beautiful stone building inclosing garage, service station, offices, and apartments above. A lumber yard was built to the north of the store, and the ten-room, brick home purchased soon after the store seemed always in a state of improvement. The Hill-a-Beams spread out to the west bench with alfalfa, cattle, and an orchard. It spread down to Holbrook, south to the White Mountains and the lumber and cattle business, south to Springerville, southwest to Phoenix, Mesa, and Tucson. It runneth over the wall westward to the ocean, and northward to the Utah forest lines.

Like our favorite fairy tale, the Hill-a-Beans just keeps a climbin'. Destination—moon? Perhaps I wouldn't be one foolish enough to bet they couldn't if they wanted to.

No doubt Grandpa looks down many times and chuckles as he recalls how he misfired on his prediction. He just didn't allow for the magic in the combination of those beans, for whoever thinks of Uncle Eddie without Aunt Ethel or Aunt Ethel without Uncle Eddie? And I guess I'll always think of them as "The Cowboy and the Lady."

INSERT PICTURE OF CHILDREN (P. 150)

FARR, MABEL AND MELBA,
Children of E. I. and Ethel Farr Whiting

After reading the foregoing sketch of San Antonio by Aunt Ethel, I felt everyone would want to hear more complete details about "Lightning Experience" and the "Runaway," so rushed request to Aunt Ethel for same. Received the following just in time to print.—Ed. Maree

OUR WORST EXPERIENCE WITH LIGHTNING

By ETHEL FARR WHITING

In the year of 1910 we were farming at San Antonio. Harvesting almost completed, we had to go to St. Johns for food, for thresher sacks for grain, etc., staying there three days. September 12 being election day, we stayed until Eddie had voted, starting for the farm about 1 p.m. The day was pleasant and the sky just a trifle hazy, but no clouds were in sight as we rode along in our spring wagon, drawn by a fine team of horses, Babe and Eagle. With no thought of danger ahead, Eddie and Farr occupied the front seat, and I sat in the back seat. We had gone only about three miles when out of an apparently clear sky Eddie and I were knocked unconscious. I do not know how long it was before Eddie regained consciousness. He was lying on the ground by the side of the wagon when he awoke. Seeing the horses stretched out on the ground, he thought they had choked down, and he tried to loosen the breast straps. Getting no results, he turned to me, but I was still unconscious, until he climbed into the wagon, took hold of my arm and said, "Ethel, something terrible has happened to our horses. Come and see what is the matter." As I came to, he helped me out of the wagon. We felt very helpless, standing there looking at our horses, not knowing what we could do.

Farr, who was three and a half years old, said, "Wasn't that an awful loud lightning, Mama?" to which I replied, "I didn't hear anything." "Well," Farr said, "if you had been sitting up here on this side of the front seat you would have heard it." Apparently he was the only one untouched by the lightning. Eddie had a bad pain in his head, either from falling out of the wagon or from the explosion. It was sore for several days. There were no burns, scratches, or marks of any kind on the horses to show what had happened, neither was there any visible sign to prove lightning had struck us, but we took Farr's word for it. (Later someone discovered a small hole in the ground under the left front wheel where apparently the lightning had gone into the ground.)

Deciding there was nothing could be done to revive our horses, Eddie started for town to get a. team to take us back. He hadn't walked far before he saw one of Brother John Plumb's old work horses grazing. This he caught and rode into town. He found a large crowd standing around the polls, taking the usual interest in election. Seeing Brother Plumb there, Eddie rode up to him, telling him of our troubles and asked, if he could borrow some horses to bring the wagon to town. Of course the news spread like wildfire, and as Eddie started back with the team, he had quite a following. We had superseded the election as a matter of interest. Some came on horses, some in wagons, and others walked.

While Farr and I were waiting, rather nervously, for Eddie's return, who should come along from the Meadows but Ralph with a big load of hay. When he saw the dead horses he climbed down and said, "What on earth has happened to your horses?" We told him all we knew about it. "You have another dead horse," he said. "I have just killed Old Kate." Kate was one of a very balky team of fine looking black mares. She had refused to help pull the load of hay when they came to a hill. She paid no heed to Ralph's persuasive powers until he had to use force. When she did decide to go, she ran to the top of the hill and dropped dead. So, in a matter of minutes, we had lost three horses which we expected to use to finish our harvesting and also our threshing in a few days.

Soon Eddie returned, heading quite an eager procession, some of whom had drunk enough to make them feel good. The dead horses were dragged away and the others hitched to our wagon, and we were on our way back home.

As we were nearing town, Eddie Schuster, fired a pistol behind us. Up to that time I had had no recollection at all what had happened, but with the pistol report I thought, "Oh, there it is again," and I remembered a very loud noise and that I had felt as if I had received a hard blow in my stomach and a sensation as of falling forward. One question was settled for me. I knew that one killed by lightning would know nothing about it.

We soon bought another team, Old Tea and Coffee, and went back and finished our harvesting and threshing. Though the loss of our horses at the time was quite a hardship, we could not feel too badly, but thanked our Father in Heaven that our lives had been spared.

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THE RUNAWAY

Coming home from the sawmill in their white top carriage, Grandpa and Grandma Whiting stopped at the city ditch to give their horses, Honey and Gruio, a drink of water.

Gruio got his bridle off and Grandpa got out to put it back on. But Gruio, sensing a chance for mischief, broke into a run. Grandma was thrown from the carriage, catching by her feet on the double trees.

She hung, head down, hitting the ground while they ran almost a block to where Herbert and May were living.

Her head was badly cut and her body bruised. When Grandpa saw her lying bloody and still, he thought she was dead. Attracted by the commotion, when Grandpa rolled on the ground and started screaming, Bro. Bill Berry ran across the street trying to help Grandpa whom he thought was the one hurt, until he finally understood it was Grandma who needed help.

A deep cut on her forehead had caused the flesh to drop down over one eye and they thought until the doctor arrived that her eye had been torn out. For ten years gravel would work out of the cut on her forehead.

Grandma's life was miraculously preserved to be a guide and help to her descendants these many years.

I REMEMBER

By E. I. Whiting

As I left home last evening to catch a plane for Richmond, Virginia, my wife asked me to try and write something of my history for the Whiting Tree, since we had put it off until we should be ashamed. So during the first three of the eleven hours to cross our Continent I have been thinking over my past, dwelling mostly on things where I have been most. And if I can say it without sounding boastful, many nice things have been said about me. But up here in the sky alone except for strangers, with time to think, I have analyzed one thing after another and most of the credit for whatever I have accomplished rightfully goes to my Dad and Mother, to my brothers and sisters, my wife, and in later life to my children. Recently I flew with two lumbermen to Fredonia to look over our new twin band saw mill that my brothers were just finishing. After looking the mill over, the logging set up (being run, by Jay and Harold), the planing mill and all, Mr. Warren said, "You have one of the finest mills I know of. In fact, I think this is the sweetest, most nearly perfect setup I have ever seen. If I could have one like this I would not want anything else." I said, "Why don't you try for one then? Hard work and some of your money will get one." Mr. Warren replied, "That is partly true, but you have one thing that I can never get." I waited a moment and he continued, "The money and the work I could furnish, but the loyalty of your four brothers, your belief in each other, and perfect confidence in one another, with a second generation all falling in line, each apparently enthusiastically filling his place, is something I will never have. It is something that cannot be bought. In fact, it is something so seldom found these days that we all marvel." Of course, I swelled with pride and wanted to claim a good part of the credit. But let me mention an incident or two as they cross my mind. Add them to the many that will come to you and let it be added to the other proofs that our Dad was a very wise man.

When I was eight years old, I wanted to do what the men were doing, so I cut a small tree down. It took me most of the day and Uncle John said if it was a little bigger they would use it. Of course, I immediately wanted to cut down a bigger one and three days later I had one down, and as our old Prince was not busy, and with the help from my sister May and Will Whiting, we harnessed him and dragged the log in.

I received so much praise from all the mill men I decided that I had found my calling. So during the next month I worked as much as my blistered hands would permit and had quite a pile of lumber.

One day, on a side road, I found a tree some logger had cut and had lodged against another tree and he had abandoned it because of the danger of trying to dislodge a tree half down with its butt on its own stump and its top in another tree. (Two of my friends, the Marten Brothers, were killed that way, each by a different tree but only a few months apart.) This tree was much larger than any I had brought in—a prize if I could get it.

After a lot of planning I decided to try it. So I cut the one side of

INSERT 2 PICTURES:

1. JIM ANDERSON AND EDDIE I WHITING (P. 154)

2. The Old Sawmill in Utah – 1890 (p. 155)

the stump on a slant downward and the opposite side of the log on an upward slant, so that when I had the two cuts made the log slid off away from me as I had planned and went down as nice as could be.

I pulled it into the mill, expecting to cause a sensation. I did, but in a different way than I had expected. All the men at the cookhouse were discussing it and their unanimous opinions were that I had done a foolish thing and had narrowly escaped and should be immediately barred from the woods. Mother had tears in her eyes and I decided I was in the wrong business anyhow. All the praise for my other work had come to naught with this great blunder. I was weeping when Dad came in. Everyone wanted to tell him how bad things were and give advice about what to do with me.

Wise old Dad said, "Eat your dinner and we will go up and see what he did do. At least he got the tree that all you fellows left!" (Sixty-one years have passed and I still remember that.)

Holding Dad's hand with most of the crew following, we went to the scene of the crime. Dad looked at the stump and asked if I slanted the tree to match it. Then he said, "It looks like a pretty smart piece of work and not much danger the way he did it. Some of you fellows might learn from the boy." And so I was back in the logging business again!

I am too proud for words, of so wise a Dad. All through life I have been better able and more anxious to face any situation that I could possibly have done if Dad had ruled against me. They brought a photographer from Springville and took a picture of the mill and old Prince hitched to a log with me in the foreground. For over sixty years that picture has hung in Mother's home. (See picture in this issue.—Ed.)

Last week our patriarch said that fellow never misses. I wonder how many times I might have given up if my first try had been a failure.

Any of his children could fill a book with wise things Dad did for them. So I say, "Give Dad credit for he builded well and if we fail, it will not be his fault."

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I REMEMBER

By ELDA WHITING BROWN

I remember so well when Eddie went on his mission, we missed him so much. May and Martha made and sold cookies and candy to help keep him. I will never forget how important I always felt when I helped them. I had to open and shut the oven door, and the cookies were as thin as paper and were done as fast as I counted ten, so you can see we were all busy. They always praised me and now I can see it was only to get me to work harder. They'd tell Pa I was helping to keep Eddie on his mission and for that I'd rather tend the oven than play.

I remember how we watched for letters from Eddie and how we'd all, gather around and be as quiet as though we were in church while Pa or one of the girls read the letter out loud.

It seemed he was gone such a long time. We were all so happy when he came home. I'll never forget that Mother let me go to the dance the night he came home. I. had never been to many grown-up dances, so this was a treat. I don't believe I have ever been more thrilled in my life than when Eddie danced the first dance with me. May and Martha were both there, and Ethel too, so you see why I was so thrilled when he walked over and asked me to dance. I don't remember how I danced, nor how much I stepped on his toes, but that didn't matter to me. I don't remember much about the balance of the dance as I was up in the clouds.

Soon after this I went to another dance on April Fool. Some ladies told me to tell Zella Patterson her underskirt was coming off. I did and I've always been sorry. She was such a lovely girl and so well dressed. She blushed so when she had to excuse herself. She saw the women all laughing and I don't think she liked me very well after that.

One of my cousins was dancing with a really swell girl and was chewing gum. He used to dance very close with his head over the girl's shoulder. This night he had an extra big wad of gum which he chewed vigorously. As the dance neared the end he discovered he had chewed in a big lock of the girl's hair. He chewed harder and tried to bite off the hair but he only chewed in more. He tried to think of something to do but couldn't, so just kept on dancing and chewing to the end of the dance and then opened his mouth and let the gum go, and beat a hasty retreat.

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OLD JAKE

By E. I. WHITING

Elda just brought Marie's letter asking that I write about a horse, preferably Old Minute. There is not time now and when I do write about him, it will have to be when I feel like writing about one of the finest, most faithful, most intelligent and kindest horse I have ever known.

So many of the Whitings from the smallest girls and boys to the men and women were served by him, and remember so much. They have recollections of special things that he did for each of them. I could easily go wrong or overlook his accomplishments, or neglect the memories that many of us have for this horse. I hesitate to try to write hurriedly of his memory.

I will try to write a little about Old Jake. If Minute was a saint, then Jake was a devil. His disposition was terrible. Probably his only asset was his great strength. His very looks made people turn cold, feel a strange fear without knowing why. I have seen horsemen who thought themselves masters of any living horse run at sight of him—stampede by reflex before they knew what they were doing. If he had lived now, he would be worth a million to the movies.

Vern Plumb once told me he did not think he was afraid of any other horse in the world, but just to look at Old Jake through the bars made cold chills go up his spine. He was one of the many who fled when Jake chased them for coming too close to his mares. Jake was not fast, and most fellows would get away, and after one encounter, stay away, but tell and re-tell their encounter with him. He did kill two men and cripple others.

Jake broke loose and grabbed my arm before I had time to move. I carry scars on both my arms that will always be with me. He bit entirely through my left arm, as was proven when they cleaned the wound. They put the swab in one side, and it came out the other. When he bit I fell off the opposite side of the mare I was riding, and jumped off the riverbank before he could catch me.

You wonder why we kept such a horse, and I guess I do know. He did have great strength, and probably great endurance in his younger days. And we thought colts from him would be something special. But he never gave us any colts and always gave us trouble.

On weekends all the fellows would gather strange bulls and have bullfights. Occasionally we would get to see a pair of stallions fight, but not often; for stallions have their own closely guarded herd of mares and respect each other's territory. But when they do meet they fight sometimes to the death.

The boys from the Meadows felt sire Old Jake could take on most anything and the Greer boys from Concho thought they had an unbeatable stallion, and so a fight was matched. I will never forget the picture the Concho horse made as he came over the hill, followed by his eleven mares, and driven by four horsemen. Leading his herd he circled, and in a high trot, entered Grandpa Isaacson's great corral. He stopped in front of his herd, and head high, whistled defiance to all the world. He had never lost a combat and showed his arrogance.

The Concho boys had never seen Old Jake; he was fastened under the shed. We unchained him and he walked out facing his adversary. For a long time both stallions stood still. Jake's great, ugly head not raised much above his body, his mouth slightly open, dripping saliva, and his wicked half-closed eyes fastened on his adversary. Something was wrong with his windpipe. The weird wheezing noise he made when excited was frightening. Elda says she lived in continual fear of him and did not dare slip out of the house if he was anywhere around. Few horsemen will believe what happened next, but I saw it and there are others living who also saw it. Jake made the charge. The Concho horse stood still until Jake was almost on him and then without a blow, ran behind his mares, jumped the corral fence, and raced back toward his range. Ignominiously he left his harem, nor did he stop running until he was out of sight.

The cowboys sat around the corral fence, speculating on why he ran. What went through that stallion’s mind, when Jake walked out? One fellow said, "I'll bet he felt like I did the first I met the old S. of B.”

That about covers the highlights of Old Jake’s life with us, except the fellows who owned him before we got him kept him chained to a great cottonwood tree for three years without ever unchaining him. They wrote, cautioning us to beware, and telling us of their sad experiences.

I don't know how to describe it, but no one could have any luck trying to whip him, even when he was tied up. It seemed like he could reach to kick ten feet further than you would think. If you got close enough to reach him with any kind of a club or whip; you were in danger of being reached by his great hind feet.

One morning Ralph and Earnest, just boys, got so mad they were going to kill him with rocks. They threw until they were tired, but could not seem to hurt or even hit him. A movie of the way he could dodge, protect his head with his shoulder, or glance the rocks harmlessly off his sides, would be phenomenal.

Lynn tried to hit him with a long pole, but as it came down he side-stepped and kicked the end of the pole, driving it between Lynn's arm and body with enough force to have penetrated his body if it had been pointed at him.

Well, that was Old Jake. We had dozens of experiences with him, pretty much like the ones I have told. Ralph could tell you about when Old Jake bit him while on the freight road. In fact, each had experiences they could recall when he was mentioned.

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AUNT ELDA SAYS:

"Old Jake!" How that makes the cold chills run down my back. I used to like most all the horses we ever had, but that big black wheezing devil I just hated. Whenever he was around the corrals or even out in the nearby fields we stayed in the house. Even when he was chained to a post we'd just peek out and find indoor games.

I never heard Pa say a good word about Old Jake in my life, and he never failed to caution all of us not to go near him. I remember so well one day we were out by the chicken coop gathering eggs and playing around. Myn let out a screech and I looked up and about six horses were coming right toward us on the run with Old Jake close behind. Myn was petrified and began to scream, "Ma, Pa." I knew we could never get to the house so I grabbed Myn and we jumped into the chicken I coop. It looked like a mighty weak protection and we had to hold the door shut, but there was nothing else to do. Before the horses got to us we could hear Old Jake begin to wheeze. The other horses seemed to know they were safe then and slowed up and mosied off to the pasture. Jake came by and was coughing and wheezing so loud we were scared to death. He was barely trotting now. Myn was pale and trembling but didn't make a sound.

Pa was in the house and when he heard Old Jake's loud breathing he came on the run looking for us. Believe me, Pa looked mighty good to us.

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MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES
*By*_EDWIN FARR WHITING
(Eldest son of Edwin I. and Ethel Farr Whiting).

There is a good movie next door that I could be seeing—for free. But tomorrow Aunt Elda will ask again if I have my "piece" ready for the Whiting Tree, and how can I tell her I didn't have time if she sees me at the show?

I don't know whether I'm to write of my foreign mission or my present work. The former was more dramatic and spectacular (at least it seemed so at 19), but there is just as much satisfaction to be found in the Stake Missionary work

After 25 years I've forgotten many of the events that seemed so stirring at the time. However, there are a few that I'll never forget—like spending five days without food or drink, strapped in an upper

bunk with high sideboards to keep from being thrown out—hoping all the time the ship would either land or sink in the wintry Atlantic storm.

But I lived. And soon after reaching Dresden I began to acquire a reputation for learning the German language at a spectacular rate. This came about through the advice of my senior companion, which at that tender age I always accepted literally and without question. He said, “Don't just get a blank look on your face. When they speak to you, agree pleasantly. Just answer ‘Jawohl’ (translated it means ‘Yes, certainly!’) It worked fine—everyone agreed, the Elder Whiting understood the language so easily, and no doubt soon would

INSERT PICTURE OF Edwin Farr Whiting (Page 160)

Eldest Son of Edwin I. and Ethel Farr Whiting. Age 22. Picture taken in Germany while he was a missionary there.

be able to speak it. One night we were invited to dinner at the home of Herr Von Biedermann. (High society, no less.) I was going strong, even pretending to carry on a conversation (Jawohl) with Von Biedermann's girlfriend, and riding high on the wave of compliments I received for my quick conquest of the terrible German language. (They of course were translated for me by my companion.) But the end came suddenly when the comely Miss made a slip, and to cover up her confusion said, "Ach, bin ich ein Esel!" (Oh, am I a jackass!) And I innocently agreed with a pleasant "Jawohl, Jawohl." Much later, we could laugh about it.

One busy afternoon at the Mission Office, one of the good sisters of the Dresden branch came in breathlessly and asked if we would come and administer to the young son of one of her friends. She had a taxi waiting, so Elder Pond and I went immediately to the hospital with her. At the desk we asked for Helmut Dietrich, but were told, "I'm sorry, he's dead."

"But I just talked to his mother,” Sister Strehlitz said. "Are you sure?"

"The .doctor said he could not live this long, but go on up and see for yourself."

In the hall we found the boy's mother, crying bitterly. "No, he is not dead, but he is so very near."

After introductions we asked. “Do you believe that our prayers can help your son?”

"Yes, I believe."

"Then let's go in and see him."

The ten-year-old boy was a pitiful sight—thin and emaciated from long sickness, lips parched and cracked from high fever. He could not speak, but his eyes showed that he understood us. After a short conversation we administered to him, and left shortly afterwards. We could not forget the boy and on the second day returned to the hospital. Again we were told by the receptionist that Helmut was dead, and again insisted on seeing for ourselves. This time the mother was radiantly happy, and the boy—well, we could hardly believe it was the same boy. He sat up in bed and talked to us. His long siege of fever

seemed completely forgotten. Two days later he walked from his room and went home. The doctor said simply that he could not understand it—that Helmut should not have lived, and even if he did it certainly must be weeks before he would be able to leave his bed.

INSERT 3 PICTURES OF MERWIN PAGE162

MERWIN
By NATHEL BROWN BURDICK
(Daughter of Albert and Elda Whiting Brown)

INSERT SMALL PICTURE OF NATHEL

The first playmate, friend and cousin I remember having was Merwin. Whenever any of the families got together (which, as I remember, was quite often), Merwin and I just seemed to get along together and to enjoy the same things. On the hunting and camping trips we were too young to play with the older ones and much too old for the ones younger, but we didn't care; we had each other.

No one ever had to say around Merwin, "What will we do?" The trouble was more when could we do all he had planned? The circuses we put on (Barnum's could not compare), our shows would give most of the movies a run for their money. We wrote our own scripts for our best ones. Our version of "Blue Beard" couldn't have been presented more effectively. We gave it in our garage. We made shoes with curled-up toes and dyed a rope blue to make the beard. We about worked ourselves to death on it. We sold tickets and had a big turnout. A more frightening Blue Beard has never been than Merwin. He had a long knife (to me it looked six feet long). I—playing the part of Fatima—was doing some private praying during the scene where he was holding me by the hair with the knife over my head. Several children ran home crying, and the rest were plenty good and scared.

Many of my happiest childhood memories are connected some way with Merwin. I remember the house he built in the big tree in Uncle Eddie's front yard. A finer one never has been seen. We had plenty of adventures and excitement up there. In another little playhouse he built over by the lumber yard he had installed running water and most of the conveniences of home.

Our oldest sisters used to tease us and had us believing in "The Bottle Tree" (what wonderful liars), until their stories got so fantastic that even we couldn't swallow them anymore.

On that big fishing trip (the one where Aunt May took her ice box), Merwin and I would go with Grandpa to bait his hook because his hand shook so much he couldn't do it himself. I think he just liked having company and he would tell us such wonderful, exciting stories that we enjoyed every minute we were with him. One day we were with Grandpa and followed the stream around the mountain. Merwin decided he would go back to camp, and I went on with Grandpa. When we began wondering if Merwin got to camp, Grandpa sent me to find him. I thought Merwin had gone in the wrong direction and decided to rescue him. Grandpa had told me if I didn’t find him to come back, so very gallantly off I went to find Merwin. I walked for what seemed miles and was just ready to weep and go tell Grandpa that Merwin was lost for sure when I decided to go around just one more bend in the river. Was I surprised to find camp, Merwin and all! It is still a mystery to me how it got there, when it should have been in just the opposite direction.

Another trip I remember was when we were a little older. Merwin went fishing with the men part of the time. They had gone out early, and the women and children stayed in camp to clean up and cook. In the middle of the morning we looked up and saw Merwin struggling into camp carrying a sack of fish almost as big as he was. He would lay it down and rest, then on he would come. It looked like he was about to break his back; so I was sent to help him. I hurried as fast as possible to help lighten his load.

When I arrived on the scene he was resting and as I looked in the sack, I was not just surprised but shocked to see three scrawny, puny, stinkin' little fish with branches stuffed in the sack to fill it out and make it look like a sack full.

There isn't time or room to tell all the things I remember about Merwin and how his friendship affected my life. When he became a Deacon and Scout and I a beehive girl, we often invited each other to the dances and parties. One that especially stands out in my memory was a Deacon Dance. I had taken my bath in the good old round tin tub and was all ready for my date. He arrived and I went to tell Mother goodbye. I had on my coat, and backed up and sat down in that tub of bath water. It was enough to make me cry, but when I found that the only thing that got wet was my coat I put on my old one and arrived at the party only a little late but very majestically on the handlebars of Merwin's bike.

One of the last things that stands out in my memory of Merwin was a little skit he thought up and produced for High School Assembly. I don't believe anyone who saw it would ever forget it. There was no dialogue. It was all done in pantomime.

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— THE RETURN OF YOUTH —

The scene opened in the scientific experimental laboratory of Professor Brittlewit. Every device, tube, current and valve known to science seemed to be on the stage in the form of one big contraption which in anybody's opinion topped the best of Boob McNutt's.

Professor (Merwin) Brittlewit was dressed in cap and gown. He and his assistant were embarking on what was to be the greatest scientific discovery of our time, "The Return of Youth." Brittlewit, sitting in his chair, was deep in thought. On top of his motor-board was a light bulb which would flash on when a thought struck him. If he rejected the idea the light went off until another thought registered. After several trys the light stayed on and the professor excitedly rolled up his sleeves and quickly went to work. Pouring concoctions; loosening valves, testing tubes, etc., he was finally ready to try the experiment. A chicken was produced by his assistant and placed into one end of the great wonder machine. The current was turned on and more valves adjusted. A few seconds later the professor stopped, turned off the current and out of the other end of the contraption in place of the chicken, rolled an egg.

Brittlewit, now mad with delight, at his own amazing discovery, and impatient to try his experiment again, looked about for another live victim to place in this wonderful "Return to Youth" machine. As his head beam flashed on he spotted his assistant nearby. A struggle took place, but the faithful assistant was finally overpowered and pushed into one end of the machine by the anxious Brittlewit. The usual careful adjustment and attention to valves, currents, etc., took place. The current was cut and the great moment had arrived. The professor rushed to the other end of the machine arriving just as a little monkey climbed out.

Brittlewit's mouth fell open, he scratched his head, the beam on his mortar board sputtered and he fainted dead away as the curtain closed.

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I have never known a person more liked by all the students in school than Merwin. After the tragedy that took him from us, nearly every student in high school wrote down why they liked and missed Merwin. They had these typed and put in a book for the family to keep. I have been reading through this book and it has impressed me so much as nearly every student has mentioned his courteousness, sense of humor, ability to make friends, and his honesty. If every one of us could have as many nice things said of us as he had, we wouldn't have to worry about having friends with us always.

Here are some of the tributes taken from this book:

He was my real, loyal friend. His ambition, his sense of humor, his keen mind, his originality and loyalty will always be respected and I will try to live up to his ideals. --Charlie Anderson.

Merwin was my friend and I could not ask for a better friend than he. Always willing to help you in time of need, cry with you in sadness, and laugh with you in happiness. Merwin personified friendliness. —Annette Brown.

The thing I liked to remember Merwin about was that he was a good guy with us Spanish students. He was such a good sport and he was always very jolly and his face nearly always had a smile upon it. —Andy Gonzales.

I remember Merwin most because he was kind and courteous. He always had a smile on his face no matter wherever he was, and he always spoke to everyone. —Mary Rothlisberger.

I have known Merwin from the time we were just able to walk. I found him to be generous, happy, courteous, self-possessed, friendly and obeyed all the Scout Laws. He was always fixing something to save him some work. He was scientific minded, and always seemed more interested in that than any other subject.—Wallace Tanner.

When death, as it must to all men, came to Merwin, I was confronted by the thought that we would meet "over there." Truly, he was a Prince of a Good Fellow. It makes me proud to think that I knew him!—Calvin Udall.

The thing I liked best about Merwin was his thoughtfulness and honesty. I have never known him to lie or to forget anything. He was a very bright boy and would have done great things. I remember his dog and how good he would treat him. He was always cheerful and full of fun and courteous to everyone. He was always willing to help. —Jerold Greer.

I liked Merwin because of his humor, unselfishness, and his good character. One thing that impressed me was after the game in Holbrook we were coming home on the bus. Merwin and Warren Whiting passed around some cakes that they had bought while in Holbrook. This shows very much unselfishness, I think. —Alma Heap.

As Merwin's high school principal, I want to endorse every thought expressed in this book. In our school he has set a new standard of achievement. In loyalty, cooperation, thoroughness he was an exemplary student for all of us. The entire school had grown to depend on him whenever leadership and initiative were required. Merwin will always be my example of the model American Youth. —H. L. Allen, Principal St. Johns High School.

To MERWIN

It was such a shock for us to hear
For we'll miss you, Merwin, year by year,
That you really had to go
More than you'll ever know.

It's hard for us to understand
Just why they took you away
To that heavenly, but far-off land
Where you'll always want to stay.

We have, now, just your memories,
To remind us that you were nice
We think how many friends you had
Who couldn't be bought for any price.

But sometime we will know
(For we do really care)
Just why you had to go
And we'll join you over there.
--By Doris Heap

My Pal

Dear Pal, I can't believe you're gone,
And I am left to grieve alone,
I lift my eyes to the clear blue sky,
"Dear God, he was so young to die!"

Somewhere, up there, beyond the stars,
A sound comes back, through heavenly bars,
An angel's choir I seem to hear,
And in it Merwin's voice so clear.

Mingling in the sweet refrain,
The glad assurance, We'll meet again!
Dear God, keep him safe with Thee,
Until we meet in Eternity.

By Dean Berry
November, 1939

For Merwin

He was so young, as yet untried,
A whole lifetime ahead, and yet he died.

We try to see just why it's so—

A mystery so deep God alone can know.
These words repeat, Say one by one,
“Your will, Oh God, not ours, be done.”
By Katy Gibbons

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Five of the boys in Merwin’s class that wrote in this book are now with him “Over There.” They were all killed serving their country in World War II.

There is an empty spot never to be filled with Merwin gone. Someday I hope to be with him again and see his smiling happy face, because that is how I remember him.

INSERT PICTURE OF MERWIN V. WHITING, AGE 15

FOURTH SON AND LAST CHILD OF EDWIN I. AND ETHEL FARR WHITING.

DIED NOVEMBER 16, 1939

INSERT PICTURE OF FAMOUS FISHING TRIP

The famous fishing trip (that Nathel mentions in her article), when Mother took the ice box." We have tried to identify everyone, but may be wrong on some. Let us know if you detect mistakes. Some that were there didn't happen to get in the picture.

Left to right, front row: Elbert Hamblin, Joycell Hamblin, H. A. Berry, Dean Berry, Louise Brown Carlston, Albert Brown (Uncle Franks), Elma Brown Smith, Nathel Brown Burdick, Merwin Whiting, (?) unidentified, J. Ronald Brown, Maydene Brown Bodell, Lola Whiting Ashcroft, Melba Whiting Udall, Erma Whiting Grant, Ivy Whiting Waters, Geraldine Brown Sagers, Rex Whiting, Grandpa Whiting, Harvey Whiting, Martha Whiting Brown (standing left), Effie Berry EIlsworth, Maurine Brown Startup, May Whiting Berry, Maree Berry Stoddard, E. I Whiting, Ethel Farr Whiting, Mable Whiting Shumway, Kay Berry, Mel Webb Whiting, Elda Whiting Brown, Louine Brown Shields, J. Albert Brown, Lynn Whiting, Ralph Whiting, Grandpa Whiting, and, Virgil Whiting.

INSERT PICTURE OF Dean Berry & Maydene Brown Bodell taken at “Ice Box” fishing trip.

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INSERT PICTURE OF DEAN BERRY & MAYDENE BODELL (P. 170)

Dean Berry, Maydene Brown Bodell

Taken at "Ice Box" fishing trip.

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June 24, 1949

REX LEE WINS 22ND ANNUAL ARIZONA ORATORY TEST ON U. S. CONSTITUTION

Rex E. Lee is Arizona's champion high school orator.

Lee, 17-year-old St. Johns High School junior, won the 22nd annual Arizona Oratorical Contest on the U. S. Constitution at Phoenix College Friday afternoon. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shumway of St. Johns, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Whiting of that city.

Second place went to Gary Driggs, 17, senior at West Phoenix High School, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas H. Driggs, 2217 Encanto Dr., NW.

Seven students, each district winner, participated in the contest, which was sponsored by The Arizona Republic and the Arizona department of the American Legion.

Lee, coached by Ray J. Davis, St. Johns High principal, will represent Arizona in the Legion's Region No. 12 oratorical contest at Flagstaff April 15. Lee, who aspires to be a lawyer, is aiming at a $4,000 scholarship to be awarded the winner of the Legion's national competition.

Each of the contestants delivered a 10 to 12-minute memorized oration on some phase of the Constitution. Each was also required to make an extemporaneous talk of from four to six minutes on "The Duties of the President," a topic selected by lot. The speakers were given six minutes to prepare their extemporaneous speeches.

Lee's memorized oration was on "The Constitution of the United States —the Light and Hope of the World."

INSERT PICTURE ON PAGE 171

Rex Lee receiving oratory award

FROM ARIZONA REPUBLICAN

MARCH 29, 1952

REX LEE WINS 22ND ANNUAL ARIZONA ORATORY TEST ON U.S. CONSTITUTION

INSERT PICTURE ON PAGE 172

Eddie, Ethel, and Maria Whiting

Vol. 70, No. 198 June 24, 1949

ARIZONA URGED TO PRESERVE SPIRIT OF STATE PIONEERS

Reunion Brings Memories, Smiles and Tears to 1,100 Old-Timers

Arizona heroes and heroines of yesteryear outshone the famed Phoenix sunshine today.

"They handed us a great heritage and it's up to all of us to carry it on," reminded E.I. Whiting, 67-year-old native of St. Johns.

As the reunion speaker for the gala get-together in Phoenix Union High School auditorium, Whiting told his fellow pioneers that "Arizona still needs you.

He emphasized the necessity of the pioneer spirit to preserve out democratic form of government.

"This country didn't become great by such an act as dropping the Atomic Bomb on Japan," the St. Johns lumberman and service station operator continued. "America's greatness is due to men and women like you."

Whiting's observation of music of the times set many a head to nodding as he said; "nowadays, they have songs to make cows give more milk, but it used to be that music was loved for its own sake."

Mrs. E. M. (Maria) Whiting, 87-year-old native of St. Johns and mother of the reunion speaker, doesn't have gold-hunting memories, but the white-haired Mormon pioneer from Utah does remember when Billy the Kid was the Whiting guest.

Her son explained that was before the young outlaw was at his worst, but, nevertheless, was hunted by a sheriff's posse.

"They found him sleeping in the yard of our mountain homestead, his mare tethered to the saddle, which he grabbed and hit on the run and escaped during the confusion and shooting," Whiting summarized for his mother.

INSERT THE THREE PICTURES ON PAGE 173

Dear Maree:

Received your letter and the picture with great interest. That's me on top all right, with my trusty flipper around my neck. Ray and I rode the turtle back, outside mind you, all the way from Mesa to St. Johns. We had a big supply of rocks, which we replenished at every stop, and shot at everything that moved along the way.

The others are Uncle Eddie, Virgil and Erma. We all made the trip all of the way. One reason for having us kids on the back was to give that extra push when we couldn't quite make the hill. It seemed to us that we provided most of the horsepower on that journey.

As near as I can figure, the year was 1925.

Love, Regards and Good Luck, Kay (Berry)

THE WAR AND I

By Virgil Whiting
(Son of E. I. and Ethel Farr Whiting)

I've been asked to write something about my experiences in the service, preferably humorous, but think as I can, I find very little humor during those years. Many of my experiences would be humorous if they had happened to someone else.

Of course, my drill sergeant at basic was the toughest and strictest of any in the army. The four-year course of geometry, physics, trigonometry, chemistry, and allied subjects given to us in two months made me feel certain each night that before another day had passed it would surely see Aviation Cadet Whiting being washed out. So it was all through training. At Santa Ana pre-flight we had the worst or the best "C.O.," however you want to look at it. He promised if our squadron won the base parade review he would give us an hour free time each day we won. He gave us the time, but we spent it all on our hands and knees picking up match sticks, blades of grass, or even a flyspeck if he happened to see it. Something paid off, though, because our squadron was chosen the best on the base during our training period, and we were therefore allowed to choose where we would go to primary training.

All of the rest of my time in the States was one of continual work and worry—always the threat of if you're not just so, you're washed out.

In the late summer of 1944, I sailed in the Pacific for unknown points of the world. Landing at Oro Bay in New Guinea, we dropped anchor in the bay and I'm sure there wasn't a fellow on board who didn't feel that if the Captain had sailed blindly he couldn't have picked a more deserted spot.

As I moved from one place to another, as the group moved on up towards the Philippines, I found that Ora Bay was more or less of a small metropolis by comparison. It was at Oro Bay I learned the true worth of a woman. For one small, very much runted pig or five shells you could buy a native woman. (Wacs were a little higher.) However, I wasn't farsighted enough to stick a couple of shoats in my parachute bag, so I couldn't barter. I also learned it isn't always necessary to use cathartics to obtain the desired results when visiting the latrine. One night when making the usual visit before retiring, one of the neighboring fellows felt something rubbing against his leg as he sat there (undoubtedly thinking of home and his best girl fiend), as it continued to rub on past he jumped, ran for a light, and returned to find a giant python visiting the latrine with him. The python was killed, but everyone was a little more cautions for a few nights.

It was also at Oro Bay that we had a type of warfare that reverted back to most primitive. The area had only recently been taken from the Japs. One afternoon two of our GI sergeants were a, hundred yards or so from camp in the jungle, when they met two Japanese soldiers who were between them and camp. Apparently the Japs were lost from their outfit, as they had no guns and our sergeants were so close to camp they didn't have any. Both sides started looking for a weapon and each had the idea of a rock about the same time. They gradually circled, throwing rocks all the time, until they were out of throwing distance, and each beat a retreat, not knowing if either had had better equipped allies behind one of the cocoanut trees, So far as I know, this is the only authentic engagement of rock fight warfare.

Our outfit gradually worked up New Guinea through the Philippines and on to Okinawa. Our job was to fly A-20 attack bombers. These planes were the most maneuverable and easy to handle of any planes, except the fighter type. When on missions we would make our bombing run at tree top level with full throttle and guns wide open. The Japs used to refer to our planes as the "balls of fire." I imagine they did look like a ball of fire coming toward them, shooting 4200 rounds per minute from the six nose guns. The pilot in this ship served as pilot, navigator, bombardier, and gunner. There was one gunner who usually flew with the pilot, riding in the turret, firing the turret guns, and acting as an observer. It was our duty to work in close connection with the ground troops. If the enemy was particularly well dug in on a hill or in a cave we were expected to pin point their position and soften them so their resistance would be as weak as possible.

We had many types of missions, but the most interesting ones were when we would strike at rolling stock, such as trucks, cars, trains, etc., or shipping on the ocean. One of the most impressive strikes I ever was on was when we made the landing at Corregidor, after the Japs had held it for most of the war. We gave air cover while the transports dropped paratroopers. The thousands of white parachutes floating earthward are a picture I will long remember.

It is impossible to tell of most of the happenings, as they were the same as any of the other fellows experienced who were over there. I am thankful that I can say I had very few experiences where I was really worried or scared. I had a blessing just before going over, and it not only promised me I would return in peace and safety, but it said my experiences would be pleasing to me and satisfactory to my Father in Heaven. I can truly say it was pleasing, as I never wanted anything that really counted that I wasn't given. I had every position and advancement I wanted, including the office of commanding officer of my outfit. One of the exceptions, a time when I thought I would never fly again or be able to tell what happened, occurred on a flight between the Philippines and New Guinea. We had flown most of the day and were trying to make Biak in New Guinea before nightfall. Suddenly darkness closed around us. There is very little time along the equator between sunset and dark. We had flown about 700 miles over water since last seeing land or anything to guide us. Shortly after dark my radio and instruments went out on me, and felt that all was lost with nothing to guide me in. I felt certain I had flown past my intended destination and if I had missed that little pinpoint of an island, there was nothing ahead but a vast expanse of water. I guess I hadn't reckoned on the unerring guidance of the One who rules the heavens. I prayed earnestly. Not over five minutes later a plane appeared from out of nowhere. I immediately shoved my throttles forward. Watching the fire from his exhaust, I hurriedly narrowed the distance between us. I seemed to know this plane was going to act as a guide for me, replacing the instruments I no longer had. He led me straight to the camouflaged field that I never could have found without compass or radio.

INSERT PICTURE ON PAGE 177 OF Children of E.I. & Ethel

Sitting, left to right—Melba, Virgil, Farr, Erma. Standing—Mabel

INSERT PICTURE ON PAGE 178

Family of Edwin Isaacson and Ethel Farr Whiting

Taken, 1925, St. Johns, Arizona

INSERT PICTURE OF ON PAGE 179

Family of Edwin Farr and Melva Webb Whiting

INSERT PICTURE ON PAGE 180

Children of Mr. and Mrs E. Farr Whiting

Back row, left: Webb, David Riley (Bucky)

Front row: Lane, Karen, Penny

BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

If we were in a position to present an award for outstanding achievement as parents we would be forced without doubt to present the award to Farr and Mel.

God's first Commandment to His children was to multiply and replenish the earth. Here is a couple who upon realizing this blessing was not to be theirs for the asking went out and began the hard way to fulfill this Commandment, in spite of circumstances to the contrary.

Not to be discouraged by their first experience with sleepless nights, bottles, diapers, and colic, as soon as possible they located and adopted another baby, then another, and another, until they have gathered for themselves about the nicest little family anyone could hope for. Five beautiful children, all adopted, is a record in any language.

Surely, the Lord must look down upon this unselfish couple as having gone far beyond the call of duty.

Honorable Mention:

Arthur and Arming Whiting adopted three sons.

We have others who have adopted 1 or 2, and they are also gems.

INSERT PICUTRES FROM PAGE 182,

Early last summer a forest fire burned through 20,000 acres of virgin ponderosa pine near Springerville in east central Arizona. Luckily most of the wood was undamaged beneath the bark, and lumbermen started into a fast twelve-month harvesting period which they figure will yield 35,000,000 board feet of good timber. The trucks pictured above are part of a fleet of more than 40 Fords, owned by the Whiting Brothers Land and Lumber Company of St. Johns, which are hauling the logs. Virgil Whiting, manager of the firm is enthusiastic about his Fords. “They give top economical performance with minimum time out for service and repair,” said Whiting, “and it’s rough going in timber country.”

INSERT PICTURES ON PAGES 183 & 184

PAGE 185 IS PICTURE PEDIGREE AND PEDIGREE SHEETS

There's a lonely mound in the Waste land
In the heart of the desert plain,
A grave that lies out in the twilight,
And under the falling rain.
Like a shrine to a loved one’s memory,
It stands in the solitude,
And the night winds whisper above it,
Like a prayer of beatitude.

There the monolith spire of House-Rock,
Like a sentinel guards the plain.
Like the tower of a vast cathedral,
Like the shaft of a temple fan.
There the smoldering butwork watches,
And tempers the winds for her,
As the sifting sands of the desert
Drift over her sepulcher.

It was there in the early May time,
In the May of her sweet young age
That death's angel stood in the valley
And halted our pilgrimage.
And sweet May like a Maytime blossom—
Like a lily smote from the stem
Laid down in the heart of the prairie
And we left her to slumber with them.

There's a sweeter calm in the waste land,
There's a hush in the noonday glare,
There's a kindler gleam in the star light,
Since we planted that dear one's shrine there,
There's a tender glow in the sunset
And the dawn like a crested wave
Floods over the desolation
To hallow that lonely grave.

The years have been long since we left her
To sleep on the hillside alone,
But Old House-Rock is staunch in his vigil
And dearer and dearer has grown
That desolate mound in the waste land,
And many the travelers who tread,
To strew their wild flowers above her,
And tell of the lonely one dead.

Today we have gathered around her
As sad recollections entwine
Her kinsmen, her home folks, her loved ones,
As pilgrims come home to their shrine.
And our hearts shall be tender and fonder,
For the tear drops bedimming our eyes.

And our love shall be truer and stronger
As we mark the dear place where she lies.

God temper the wind and the tempest,
God's watch care be over the spot.
As the May-times are mingled with the ages,
And the races of men are forgot.
Sleep on in the heart of the prairies,
Your slumber is safe in their care,
And the Gardens of God are most bright,
Since the star of your presence is there.

(When Nita sent this in as news a year ago, we held it back because we thought it too good to go in as just news. It has taken us some time to collect this other information we wanted to go with it.—Ed.)

This poem was written by Bertha Kleinman, one of the gifted women of the Church and of our generation, of Mesa, Arizona, and a friend of the Dr. H.A. Berrys and the Dr. F. W. Browns. It was written for the Whiting family reunion where 204 direct descendants of the parents of May Whiting gathered at House Rock to build a more permanent marker at her grave about 1935.

INSERT PICTURE OF COMPLETE WHITING FAMILY AT MAY'S GRAVE ABOUT 1935 P. 188

NEXT PAGE INSERT PICTURE OF MAY WHITING P. 189

WE VISITED AUNT MAY'S GRAVE 1950

By NITA WHITING BUSHMAN
(Daughter of Beryl Johnson and Earnest Whiting)

Grandma Whiting and twenty other members of her family visited the grave of Aunt May Whiting in House Rock Valley a year ago last August. In the party were Grandma, Aunt Minnie Priestley and son Don E., Uncle Ralph Whiting's children Nellie, and Leslie, Jay Whiting and his wife Aleen and their girls Joyce, Glenna and Myrna, Harold Bushman and his wife Nita, their children Earl and Linda, Austin Simper, his wife Beth, and their boys Danny and Billy.

We started from Fredonia about 10 a.m., went to the Mill on the Kaibab, and ate our lunch under the pines. We watched them cut down, skid and haul the logs, then saw them up at the mill. It simply amazed Grandma to watch the speed with which these logs were handled. She said it seemed like only yesterday that she and Grandpa started out in the sawmill business more than a half century ago. The method Grandpa used was quite different. He would cut down a few trees, haul them to the mill, saw them up, then take the lumber to market. She would keep saying: "I can't believe what I am seeing. I wish Pa could have seen this, he would so have liked to."

When we started to House Rock Valley, Grandma related how well she remembered the first times she came over the dreaded "Buckskin Mountain." She drove a team of mules with a wagon most of the way. She was so small that going down the mountain she had to stand on the wagon tongue to reach the brake. The crossing of the Kaibab or Buckskin Mountain took three and sometimes four days. It was hard for her to believe we averaged 50 miles an hour going all the way over these same mountains.

We traveled in car, pickup and jeep. The car and pickup went as far as they could, but for the balance of the trip of a few miles Grandma was loaded into the jeep and we went on our way. She simply couldn't believe "that little thing" could go the sides of steep washes, then almost straight down. Grandma was a swell sport and held on for dear life.

The grave of Aunt May was in fine condition. We took many beautiful flowers from home and the children gathered enough wild flowers to almost completely cover the top of the grave. This was the most Whitings that have been to Aunt May's grave since the reunion some 15 years ago.

Grandma's eyes dampened when she first saw the grave. She could so well remember May. They were girlhood chums and were even closer after Grandma married Grandpa, Aunt May's brother. Grandma told us about when they started to Utah for the last time with Aunt May—she was so very ill—when Grandma and Grandpa went to the wagon box to bid her goodbye she kissed grandma and said, "Don't you cry, Maria, I'll get well and send you some good fresh fruits from home (Utah)." But, of course, her journey ended in the desolate House Rock Valley. Going there one can realize the heartache Great Grandma Whiting (Mary Elizabeth Cox) must have had when she had to lay her beautiful young daughter to rest in this lonely place. But I am sure if she could have known how many people, strangers, as well as the family have visited the grave she would have felt less heartsick. Jay had been there several times before we all went down.

It is said that Aunt May's grave is the farthest marked grave from a cemetery in the United States. The closest is Fredonia, some 60 miles away.

INSERT PICTURE P. 191

Grave of Aunt May Whiting.

Taken August, 1950.

Harold Bushman, Grandma Whiting, Nita Bushman, Austin Simper, Aleen Whiting, Myn Priestly and Don E. and Children (Joyce & Glenna Whiting, Earl & Linda Bushman, Dan & Bill Simper, Leslie & Nellie Whiting

INSERT 2 PICTURES ON PAGE 192

Grandma Maria Whiting in the Jeep with Jay Whiting

Picture of the grave 1950

MAY
By VERONA SNOW WHITING
(Wife of May's Brother Charles)
Aunt Verona Died a Few Years Ago

INSERT PICTURE OF VERONA SNOW WHITING p. 193

Grandmother and Grandfather Whiting (Edwin & Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting) lived in Springville and were prospered and happy there until about 1876. Albert and Charles were called to go to Arizona and help settle there at Sunset. Albert returned to Utah that same summer, but Charles stayed 'till 1878, when he went back to Springville and spent the summer, returning in the fall to Arizona. May's health had been very poor for a number of years and she seemed to be getting worse all the time. The doctor thought that a change of climate and a journey might do her good. So grandfather encouraged them to go. Grandmother and her unmarried sons fitted out an outfit and went to Arizona with Charles; the two baby boys, of course, with us. The two Richardson boys, Edmund and Sully, being orphans and friends of our boys, fixed up an outfit and went with us, making quite a company.

On our way we camped one night by a pasture. After we women had gone to bed, a woman came to our camp complaining to the boys her fence was down and she was afraid our horses would get in on her land. She was quite riled up. After she left, Grandma said if she came again she would talk to her. Early next morning the boys saw her coming. They began calling Grandma. Edmund called, "Hurry, Aunt Mary, the old hag is coming." Grandma talked to her and won her over. She left feeling all right.

We reached our destination in due time about six weeks on the way. May's health greatly improved. For four years she seemed to enjoy life. She took parts on the stage and in entertainments and was so sweet and jolly until the year the railroad came through Arizona, and a half miles from where we lived, at Winslow, as they called it. Here the roundhouse was built. Merchants came and established stores in tents until they could throw up something better. May, during Christmas holidays, went with some of our family to purchase goods and caught a cold and was never well again.

When spring came, her mother and all of us thought it best to take her back to a doctor as soon as possible. We formed a company of four teams and four wagons. Our company consisted of the following: Grandma, May, Edgar, Edwin, Arthur and John and Fred; also Henry and Harriet Curtis and children. Harriet was an older daughter of Grandma's and a sister to May and the rest. I, myself, and two children were along. Also Brother and Sister Adams and their daughter, Fannie Merrill. They were on their way to St. George, and how thankful we were to have them along with us in our trouble.

Never will I forget the day we reached House Rock. We drove along all day so anxious to get there, for it seemed that any minute might be Mays last. She could not lie down without smothering. It would break your heart to hear her every little while exclaim, "Oh, in this lonely wilderness! I wish I was home. Oh, in this lonely desert!" I believe she knew her time was short. Finally we reached House Rock. There was a family living there by the name of Adair. Surety the Lord raised up friends unto us. They were lovely people and did everything they could to help us. It seemed a haven of rest to poor May. The company camped down a little way in the cedars and piñon pines. Sister Adams, myself and Fanny Merrill helped Grandma nurse May. Harriet, not being well, stayed at camp with her little children, Clara being, the baby. Brother Adair rode horseback to Kanab for a doctor. The doctor arrived next morning

just at daylight. When he looked at May, Sister Adams asked him what he thought of her. He shook his head and said, "I think she is a poor suffering girl." We knew then he had no hopes. We had persuaded Grandma to lie down before the doctor arrived. He prepared a little medicine for May. As she sat on the couch talking, she leaned back on the pillows and was gone. I called Grandma, "May is dying." How could I tell her she was dead. I was weeping. She began to try to comfort me. Grandma said, "Don't weep. Let her go in peace." And if she ever shed a tear I don't remember it. I knew that her heart was breaking. These are some of her characteristics, her quiet nature and self-dominant resignation. It was not: What will we do? But rather, it, was: What can we do?

Brother Adair happened to have some lumber. That very morning two sons of Bishop Steward of Kanab came. (I know our Heavenly Father sent them to us.) They had come to round up some horses. They made the coffin, which was a nice roomy box. Grandma had along some bleached muslin which we used to line the coffin inside and out. She had no lace or trimmings but some of you here may remember when we were young, of cutting out paper lace. Well, I took some of this muslin and cut in strips of six inches wide, then I cut scallops on one edge, then cut notches around the scallops. Then I cut a design in each scallop. This we pleated all around the inside of this crude coffin. We made her a soft bed with our own choice pillows. When she was dressed in her endowment robes we placed her in and she looked more comfortable than, crowded up in a casket. I thought so myself, for I do not even like to look at a casket. I feel like all this had to happen. There was a greater mission for her on the other side. Never will I forget that sad funeral. I believe her brothers dug the grave, They carried her up on that mound and buried her just as the sun went down or just a few moments later. This was the saddest funeral I ever attended. I think Bro. Adams dedicated the grave. Sad! Sad!

When our little company pulled out the next morning, leaving the lone grave of our loved one, never was a thought given but what her body would later be removed to Springville, her birthplace. Some of the leading men of our church advised that she be not disturbed. I feel that this is a hallowed spot and God and the angels watch over it. I feel as Sister Bertha Kleinman expressed it in her poem: It is a shrine in the desert wasteland. Through years of experience, I have at least learned to love the desert. There is something about it that I never seem to fathom.

This is given as correctly as I can remember it. The scene of May's death is just as vivid with me as though it happened yesterday, but data and time I am not so sure of. There is no one living except myself that were there except Edgar and John, who was a little boy, and Fannie Merrill. Hattie Evans may be able to remember something that happened. In the fall my husband came back to get me. He was accompanied by Sully Richardson and wife, and as we came back we brought pickets and paint and we put up a picket fence around May's grave and painted it. Uncle Orville Cox from Long Valley is a stone cutter. He cut a rock slab and placed a memorial inscription on it. I guess this is the same one, at least it was there when the picket fence was put up. It seems that this lonely grave appeals to people. It has been visited by many people.

Father (Edgar Whiting) said they talked of taking May's body to a near settlement for burial, but the doctor said it was impossible as her body was so swollen. May's mother fully intended to move her back to Springville at a later date, but after asking advice from one of the heads of the church and he saying; "Let her rest where she is; it will make no difference to her," she followed his advice.

AUNT ELDA SAYS:

INSERT PICTURE OF Elda Whiting Brown

At the House Rock Reunion in 1935, Aunt Verona Whiting and I were both sick and we had to stay in the tent. She told me many things, about Aunt May's death. She said they didn't have enough lumber to make the coffin, so they took the top side boards off their wagon to finish it. Down in one corner of Grandma's little trunk they found a little piece of pretty white lace. There was just enough to go around her face. The white muslin they covered the coffin with was also in Grandma's trunk. She said no one had ever looked more peaceful or prettier than May did after they laid her in the box coffin.

Aunt Verona kept saying how hard it was to go on and leave May there when she had talked so much about the lonely desert and how badly she had wanted to get home. How sad the rest of the journey was and how brave and uncomplaining Grandma was. Grandma said in her history that this was the one great trial of her life, but she still acknowledged the hand of the Lord.

She said when they finally reached Springville in June, weary and sorrowful, but comforted by the sympathy of loving friends, Uncles Albert and Oscar came out to meet them with supplies and dainties for May.

All through the years since 1882 cowboys and ranchers have stopped when passing this lonely grave. Some have built up the grave, repaired and even painted the old picked fence around the grave.

Although it is the farthest from a cemetery or a railroad of any in the United States, kind and thoughtful people have kept her grave from being the loneliest.

A LONESOME COWBOY
By HERBERT ALONZO BERRY

INSERT PICTURE OF Herbert on horse

In April, 1899, my mother and all the children left on the train for Kanarra, Utah. Father and I stayed in St. Johns to sell what property we had before joining them there. In September of the same year we left for Utah with a four-horse team, two young mules following and my saddle pony tied to the side of one of the wheel horses. Grandpa Platt, Henry's grandfather, went with us, going to St. George to visit relatives. Traveling light, about all we had in the wagon was our trunk, the chuck box, some bales of hay, a few sacks of grain, and our bedroll. Water being scarce, we carried a 60-gal. barrel fastened on the side of the wagon box.

Traveling about the same route as the present Highway 89, it took us seventeen days to make the trip. One day we camped near the House Rock Spring for dinner.

As I looked out across the prairie I could see a little picket fence surrounding a grave. I rode out to see it. I. remember looking a long time at this grave out in this lonely spot and reading the name, "May Whiting," on the little head stone and wondering who she was. When I asked my father, he told me about the Whitings who had left St. Johns for Utah and that one of them had died and was, buried there.

After living about one month in Kanarra, a year in Cache Valley, Big Horn, Wyoming, we started back to Arizona. Stopping over at Mapleton, Utah, to visit Larse Jensen, who previously had lived in St. Johns and whose farm we had purchased when he moved away. His son Larse and I went to the Whiting store to get some candy. I was too bashful to go in, so I gave him the money to get the candy. While outside waiting I remember seeing May the eldest of Edwin (Marion) Whiting's daughters, slip out the side door of their store and go over to their house.

A few days later my sister Zella met May and her sister Martha. But I was too bashful.

We arrived back in St. Johns just one week after the Whitings did. As we had already bought a farm in Eager, we moved on up there. The first of the year I prevailed upon my parents to let me finish the school term in St. Johns. At last one night I met May. I couldn't get up enough courage to ask to take her home, so I asked Martha instead. However, May came along holding Martha's arm. So I really took her home too. I've been told the next day Martha said, "He's not HerBert but My-Bert.” May isn't supposed to have liked the statement.

The rest is a long story, but I'll close by saying that May and I were married. Little did I know when I looked at the head stone of "May Whiting" that lonesome day out on the prairie that I was to marry the niece and namesake of the girl that lay buried in that lonely grave.

INSERT PICTURE OF MAY WHITING B ERRY p. 197

May Whiting Berry, age about 15 years, taken at Mapleton, Utah, about the time Herbert Berry first "spotted" her.

INSERT PICTURE OF HERBERT AND MAY p. 197

"And then they were married" Dr. Herbert Alonzo Berry and May Whiting Berry-1905

THE DESERT MATCH

By JOHN C. WHITING
Charleston, Utah
As Told to His Daughter Nellie Wright
(Son of Edwin Whiting and Mary Elizabeth Cox)
Brother of Our Grandpa Whiting

When I was ten years old two of my older brothers were called on a mission to colonize in Arizona on the Little Colorado River. Mother and family were living in Springville at the time. Father and two of his other wives, Aunt Hannah and Aunt Elizabeth, also lived there in peace and harmony.

Mother taught public school. We always kept a "hired girl," and Aunt Hannah was a second mother to me.

My sister May, about five years older than I, had very poor health and on the doctor's advice Mother decided to go to Arizona, hoping a milder climate would be beneficial to her health. So three of my older brothers—Edgar, Edwin and Arthur, together with my younger brother, Fred, all went along.

We joined the United Order and lived in it for about four years until it was abandoned. Then in the month of May they decided to return to Utah. My older sister, Harriet Curtis, and family joined us, making a little company of three wagons.

Feed for the horses was scarce and they were soon in very poor condition, so our progress was slow. Ten to twenty miles per day was about all we could accomplish. One day we were plodding along through heavy sand (everyone walking) about ten miles south of House Rock Springs, when Arthur's best horse was suddenly taken sick and dropped down in the road refusing to go any farther.

We had enough water in our barrels to get by on, and some for camp use. Art and I were to stay there all night and the others came back to get us in the morning. May was worse and they didn't want to stop any longer than necessary.

The long, dreary afternoon slowly passed and we prepared to make our fire and get supper. Mother, as mothers will, had left us some molasses, saying we could make a little molasses candy. We gathered a pile of shadscale sticks and prepared to light the fire. But imagine our dismay when no match could we find. First we went through all our clothes. Next the grub box, without success. We had heard how the Indians made fires with bow and string but we knew nothing of how they did it. We made a crude little bow and sawed frantically across a board with it until the string got so hot it fell to pieces. No results. In desperation we took everything out of the wagon box, got down our knees and picked over every sliver of wood, every little piece of chaff until I am sure if there had been a pin in that wagon box we would have found it. The limit had been reached. We were beaten and gave it up. No supper, no molasses candy, none of the blessings a hungry boy craves. If ever a prayer arose from the heart of a hungry, lonesome little boy it was then.

Sometime later I was disconsolately wandering around out in the sand some rods from the wagon wishing the sun would hurry and go down over Kaibab Mountain, when glancing down at my feet there lay the most beautiful "match" that mortal eyes had ever beheld.

Our fire troubles were ended and oh how thankful we were!

Who placed our match there? It was the same loving hand that watches over the sparrow’s fall.

All this happened some 70 years ago, but is still fresh in my memory.

The Lord has blessed me through a long life. I have the best wife in the world and a family of which I am justly proud. I have been fairly active in church work; Sunday School Superintendent, Counselor in the Bishopric, Missionary; and High Priest at the present time. I've seen the sick healed under Elders' hands, and heard doubters say, "Oh, well, nature cured them and you give the Lord the credit." That is one reason I like to anchor my faith to my little match, for I have yet to hear a skeptic say, "Oh, nature just planted that match there in the middle of ten miles of sand with no camp grounds or water to attract a stray traveler just to, fool you.

My brother Arthur has passed on several years ago, but he always corroborated my story in every detail.

INSERT PICTURE OF JACK ALBERT BROWN 1936

INSERT PICTURE OF MILTON WHITING 1936

KINDLY LIGHT

A True Story from the Life of the Whiting Family

(Produced by Elda Brown and presented at a Utah Whiting Reunion about 1936. Milton Whiting [Art's boy] and Jack Albert Brown [Elda's boy] took the parts.)

Time: Late afternoon, summer, 1881.

Place: Near Cedar Ridge, about 40 miles from Lee's Ferry.

Characters: Arthur Whiting, age about 12 years. John Whiting, age about 10 years.

Scene: Barren Hills, wagon, etc.

Arthur— Ouch, my legs are sure tired from being in that wagon so long. Come on, and let's walk around a little, John. (Stretches) We might go and see how old Paint is doing too.

John—We can't stay in there all the time. But this old sand gets in your shoes every time you move, though.

Arthur—I never did see such a long afternoon. It seems like a week since they left. I sure do wish we could have gone on with them. I wish they hadn't left us out here alone.

John—It was bad enough to have poor May be so sick; and then to have one of the horses get sick, too. Why does everything have to happen to us, I'd like to know!

Arthur—I guess they just had to leave us here to look after "Old Paint," and this trail wagon, or they wouldn't have done it. Ma said they would have to hurry on as fast as they could, with May, to try to get to one of the towns.

John—They can go a lot faster now, without this heavy trail wagon, and all this stuff they unloaded here. It was hard pulling through this sand, and the horses went pretty slow. They can walk right along now.

Arthur—This grass is sure scant. No one would ever think of camping here unless they just had to.

John—Like us.

Arthur—Plenty of that old shadscale though; it's the poorest feed there is for horses, I heard 'em say. Plenty of greasewood, too, and sand!

John—I guess that's about all that could grow in a sandy wasteland like this.

Arthur—It would be enough to make a well horse sick, to have to eat this kind of feed. Poor Old Paint! I wish I could get him some good grass.

John—Ma said we could give him a little grain tonight, didn't she?

Arthur—Yes, and a bucket of water from the barrel, that ought to help him a little.

John—Oh, darn! What did we ever go to Arizona in the first place for, anyway? I never did like to live there.

Arthur—I'll tell you why. It was because Ma thought May's heart would be better in some other place, and the doctor said Arizona was best. I can remember when we passed this very place on our way out there two years ago.

John—But it didn't do her any good. She is worse.

Arthur—For a while they thought she was getting better; but then she got lots worse and they were afraid she was going to die, and Ma said that May just couldn't stand to think of being buried out there on those dry hills around Brigham City. So, they are trying to get back to Utah now, before she dies.

John—Poor May! She is only 18. She never did get cross with us; it will be lonesome if she dies. I wouldn't want to be buried out there on those hills, either. They are so dry and bare and the wind blowing that red sand around all the time, and the coyotes howl so awful. Do you think they will get there in time?

Arthur—No, I'm afraid they can't make it back to Springville, now. I think May is going to die. I heard Ma say that she would leave one of the big boys here, but she would need them both if the worst came.

Arthur—They only had food enough and grain to see them through if they keep going along fast, so we just had to stay alone, that's all.

John (sitting)—I sure didn't want to stay and I wouldn't either if I hadn't had to, but now I guess the only thing to do is to be brave and stick it out until they come back for us like they said.

Arthur—They couldn't stop on account of May, and Old Paint just couldn't go on.

John—How long before they will come back, d'ye think? Three or four days?

Arthur—It will be longer than that. I heard them say it will take .two days to get to the river and then two or three more to get to Kanab. We will be here for a week anyway. Maybe longer.

John—A week! Oh, gee! I hope the Indians don't come.

Arthur—I guess they won't. Ma thought we'd be safe; said they were mostly friendly Indians around here, and they don't come over this barren country much.

John—I keep thinking of poor May—She sure was sick. When I went to tell her goodbye she looked so still and white. She opened her eyes and tried to smile and say something, but just couldn't.

Arthur—I wonder how she is now. The sun is getting low, see! John—Do you think they are about to make camp?

Arthur—No, they will travel as late as they can. But we might as well make us a fire and have some supper. I'm hungry.

John—Me too, and I'm thirsty, too. Can I have a drink now?

Arthur—We will have a drink after supper. We'll not have enough to last us if you have to be drinking all the time. If we can find that spring tomorrow, then we can drink all we want.

John—Well, I'll wait, but I am sure thirsty and hungry.

Arthur—If you are so darn hungry, help me get this box out of the, wagon, and you can be getting things ready, while I gather a little wood for the fire. (They get out the chuck box.) The first thing to do is to make a fire so we can have some coals to cook with. You can peel the potatoes, I guess (Exit Arthur.)

John—Arth-

Arthur—What you want?

John—Where are you?

Arthur—Right here!

John—Arth, don't go too far away, will you? It sure will be good to have a campfire and cook some supper and eat it. I sure am hungry.

Arthur—I won't go far, and you be careful and peel them potatoes thin, cause Ma said to only eat two for each meal, and then maybe they would last; and keep 'em clean, 'cause we can't spare any water to wash 'em with.

John—All right. (peels potatoes) I guess I'll find the bacon too, and have it ready, and here's the skillet (takes it from box). Arth, Arth . . .

Arthur—I'm here, right close by.

John—These potatoes are sure going to taste good. I'm glad we don't have to stop to make bread tonight; but we will have to cook bread in the morning. Ma only left enough for once.

Arthur (enters with wood)—There's some wood around here. I saw a dead cedar over there a ways; after supper we will go and get it and have plenty of wood for a fire tonight.

John—I hope it's not too far away. Let's hurry and get the fire made and cook supper.

Arthur (begins to lay sticks for fire)—Come on over here, John, and help me with this fire first, and then finish the potatoes. First thing to do is make the fire. Break off a little of that dry greasewood for me. Now we're about ready. Get the match and we'll start the fire:

John—Where are the matches, Arth?

Arthur—In the match can in the chuck box is where they ought to be.

John (looking in box)—I can't find any match in here, Arth. I can't even find the match can.

Arthur—Have you looked good? Oh, well, I'll come and find it. (Searches) There's no match in that old chuck box, not a one. Let's see! I wonder if they are in the jockey box on the wagon.

John—Or somewhere in the wagon.

Arthur—I'll look there. You take everything out of that chuck box and look carefully for a match (Arthur goes to the wagon. John lays out tin plates, sack of flour, etc., rubs hands through hair. Arthur comes back.) There's not a match anywhere in the wagon, not a one. Did you find any?

John—There's no matches in that old box.

Arthur—There's just got to be. (Both boys search in the box. Empty box and combing tbrough the litter with their hands.) There's no match there.

John—They've gone off and left us here without even a match to start us a fire. What will we do? (Rubs sleeve across eyes.)

Arthur—We'll just about starve, I guess. Gosh! I helped Charles get the box ready. We thought we put in everything we needed. I guess it is 'cause we were so worried about poor May being so sick, is how we missed putting in any matches.

John Maybe I've got one here in my pocket; I had one once, a long time ago. (Pulls things out of pocket, string, etc.)

Arthur—I might have one in my pocket. (They both turn pockets inside out.)

John—What will we do, Arth? No fire to cook with; raw potatoes and raw bacon and flour and water—ugh! And Indians and snakes and coyotes and things— We've just got to have one match. We could save coals for other fires if we just had a start. I'll just die without a fire. Maybe we'll both die, and then who will watch the wagon and look after Old Paint?

Arthur—Well, crying won't do any good, nor get, us any match.

John—Maybe if we hunted around in this grass, we might find one that somebody had lost, here on the ground somewheres.

Arthur—You'd come as near finding a million dollars as to find a match here. No one has ever camped here before; maybe no one has ever walked here before; and besides, people are careful with their matches and don't go dropping them around on the ground; they cost too much. And if we did find one it would be old and rained on and wouldn't strike anyway.

John—Well, I'm going to hunt around for one. We just got to have a match.

Arthur—'Tain't no use. There never was any match out here in this grass, and if you did find one it wouldn't strike.

John—'We've just got to find a match so we can have a fire. (They sit dejectedly, John rubs eyes with sleeve.)

Arthur—Indians make fires without matches. Maybe we could. I saw Pa do it once. Let's see. That string in your pocket will help. (They fasten it to a long stick like a bow.) Find a stick and fasten the string tight to each end. I'll sharpen this one. (Gets knife from box.) Then, we'll need a flat piece of wood to rub on and one for a socket, and tinder; a rat's nest is the best for that. Get some of that dry grass and smash it fine and we'll have to use it for tinder. Come on, now, you hold this stick here, and I'll saw with the bow.

John—Don't look very hot yet, does it, Arth.

Arthur—I'll try faster. Hold that good now. (More friction.) There must be something wrong, it doesn't get hot. I guess we don't know how to do it.

John—Let me run the bow a while. That stick is a little warm.

Arthur—Run it if you want to, but it will have to get real hot. I'm afraid it won't get hot enough to start a fire; my hand's blistered through.

John—But we've just got to have a fire, Arth.

Arthur—Well, 'tain't no use. We just can't have one.

John—Arth, we could pray for a match, couldn't we? Maybe the Lord could help us find one.

Arthur—It wouldn't do any good. There's no matches out here.

John—Let's ask the Lord to help us find a match, Arthur. Let's pray for one.

Arthur (walks around)—The sun is clear gone down now. It will soon be dark…Well, I don't think it will do any good—but anyway, it won't do any harm—maybe you'd feel better—I remember when Mother prayed so hard that the Indians wouldn't kill Pa—and he came home all right, when a lot of others were killed.

John—I've prayed for a lot of things and got them.

Arthur—Come on over here by the wagon, and we'll try it(kneel). Go on, you can pray for a match if you want to; go ahead and pray.

John—Father in Heaven, please send us a match. They have left us, me and Arthur, here alone—without a match to even start us a fire—and we're hungry and afraid, and we have no one to help us but you, so please help us find a match—and bless poor May. Amen.

(They get up and John starts walking through the grass slowly, looking down. Arthur watches him. John stoops and picks up a match.)

John—Here it is, Arth. Here's a match! I've found one right here in the grass, see?

Arthur—Let me see it, give it here. (Slowly and with feeling.) Sure enough, and a new match, never been rained on or anything. Thank the Lord for this one match.

John—Oh, I'm sure glad I prayed for it. Now we can have a fire. I'll never forget this as long as I live.

Arthur—Come on and let's start the fire. Here, you hold your hat on this side and mine over there to be sure no wind blows it out while I strike this match. (They strike match and fire comes.)

THE END

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WHY GRANDMA WHITING LOVES HER MACHINE

By MAY BERRY WHITING

(Eldest Daughter of Grandma Maria Isaacson Whiting)

This morning as I left my room, I could hear the hum of the sewing machine and tonight, here it is past bedtime, and I can still hear that machine! It's Ma.

Ma explained in detail why she just can't stop running that machine this late in life. You see, when she was 14 years old, she had never seen a sewing machine before. She lived at Brigham City with her parents in the United Order. Each family had their own private apartment or small log house, but they all had their meals together in a large dining room.

Her mother, Grandma Martha Isaacson, sewed all the family clothes with a needle and thimble. Then one day a peddler came to town, he had a sewing machine to sell. No one was interested, but the peddler saw a horse of Grandpa Isaacson's he wanted and offered to trade him a sewing machine for the horse.

Grandpa was doubtful, but consulted Grandma. "Goodness, no," Grandma exclaimed. "The fool thing won't run, and I wouldn't know how to run it if it did." Ma was just a girl, but she rubbed her fingers over the smooth polished surface and looked longingly at the beautiful thing—it did look impossible!

Grandpa explained to the peddler that he would not trade the horse for the machine because, no one would have any idea how to run it. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the peddler. "You trade me the horse and I'll stay right here until I teach this girl how to run it." Ma beamed with hope and delight, but the horse must stay right with Grandpa until Ma could run the machine.

Proudly she sat at the machine, and soon "the thing" was running along a seam making fine stitches. Even finer than Grandma could make with her needle at her best, and with such speed!

Grandma watched “the thing” run down the long seam, right before her very eyes, sew straight and quick. She called it a miracle.

Ma soon found herself the center of attraction, the neighbors came and stood and watched. No one could sew like that except Ma. Thus she sat on that stool with the air of a queen before her subjects. The trade was made. Then came the real test. Ma wanted to sew a lot, but the cloth

INSERT PICTURE OF GRANDMA WHITING AT THE SEWING MACHINE. P. 206

supply was somewhat exhausted. She gathered small pieces of rags and old clothes. Anything, so she could use that machine, but material was scarce. It seemed even the rag piles were bare of scraps. And as the years went by and cloth became more plentiful, Ma still loved that machine.

Is it any wonder then that today, at 88 years, she loves the machine more than ever before?

She came here to our house Thanksgiving Day and it is now January 24. It has been just two months and Ma has cut, pieced and put together eleven quilt tops. She sews longer hours than the women in these city factories. But I dare say with much more pleasure and patience. I hope when I'm her age I may have some hobby that will give me half as much pleasure and joy as she gets from this one.

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THE MATRIARCH

By GERALDINE BROWN SAGERS

(Granddaughter of Maria Isaacson Whiting)

(NOTE BY THE AUTHOR—This is the story of Grandma Whiting, daughter of Martha Kristine Clemonson Dahl and Peter Isaacson, told simply and effectively just as she remembered it as she looked back over the years of life beginning with her childhood days. I spent years writing this material down and years listening to Grandmother tell the various things which are told here. To me they have become so familiar that I Geraldine sometimes forget that all of the grandchildren may not be as well acquainted with the many episodes and experiences as I am. I feel it is my duty as well as pleasure to assemble this material together to tell the story of Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting who is indeed the Matriarch to her family.)

INSERT SMALL PICTURES OF GERALDINE SAGERS, AUNT MARIA & UNCLE MATT (P. 207)

The first thing that I can remember was seeing my mother very sick on her bed. She was in such pain that she could not stand. I was there alone in the house with her and it was night, and I was very scared. My father and my brother Ike, who was seven years old then, had

gone to look for two of our best milk cows. We were afraid the Indians had driven them off, and we didn't know how long they would be gone to hunt for them.

I was just four years old and Mother was worried about me because I was really just a baby. She kept talking to me to see if I was all right. Finally she called me over to her bed and asked me if I thought I could go over to Sister Shoals and ask her to come over and help her. I told her I could. I had gone there lots of times in the day time. It wasn't very far. Mother told me to get my shawl. No, we didn't wear coats. We just wrapped a shawl around us when we went out and if it was cold we put it up around our heads. I got my shawl and went to the door. Mother called me back and asked me again if I was sure I could make it. She told me to hurry. She didn't need to tell me to hurry as I would have anyway. She looked so sick. I was half-scared to death. I got outside and looked all over for Father and Ike. I looked up and down the street to see if any horses and wagons or buggies were coming. I walked out to the road and started across but the road was as slippery as could be. I fell down and got up and started again and fell down again. I felt I had taken my life in my hands. If some horses came down the road I couldn't run to get out of the way as I might fall down and they would run over me, so I got down and crawled all the way across the road. It surely seemed a lot farther to the Shoals than it did in the daytime. I got up and ran as soon as I was off the road. When I got there I knocked on the door but no one came, so I knocked harder and harder. Finally one of the Shoals boys opened the door a little and when he saw me he said, "Hello, Maria, are you lost?" I just said, "Please, my Mother says to tell your Mother can she come over to our place quick."

Sister Shoals came to the door and said to come in as I must be frozen. She straightened my shawl and asked me what I wanted. I told her again and she asked why Father or Ike hadn't come. When I told her they were gone to look for the cows she went and got her shawl right away. I was sure glad to see her putting on that shawl because I knew that meant she would come. We stepped outside, she put her shawl around her head, and took hold of my hand, and we went home real fast.

We got home and Mother seemed sicker than ever. She didn't even look at us when we first got in. I was surely glad Sister Shoals was there. She took off her shawl and went right over to Mother. Mother seemed to feel better after a little while and asked Sister Shoals to put me to bed. Sister Shoals took me on her lap and asked me if I was warm yet, then told me that Mother would be all right now. I felt like crying, but I didn't. I should say not! I wouldn't let her see a big girl like me cry. She put me to bed and I felt warmer all settled down in my feather mattress. We always used feather mattresses. Some of the people used straw, but neither Mother or Father would think of using anything but feathers. Anyway, I thought I would stay awake until Father came and then I knew everything

INSERT PICTURE OF Uncle Ike and Uncle Mart Isaacson Page 209

would be all right. I must have been too sleepy because the next thing I knew Ike was shaking me and telling me to wake up. I woke up and saw it was light. Ike said, "Guess what Mother

has? A little baby. A boy. Come and see it, Maria." I ran in the other room and Sister Shoals was holding the baby on her lap. She held the baby up for me, to see and he looked so little. Sister Shoals pinned a shawl around his feet and handed him to Father and said, "Well, Brother Isaacson, I reckon I might as well go home for a spell. Yer wife's a sleepin' and the baby's fit and fine. I'll run back over later and see if I kin help out."

Sister Shoals wasn't a midwife, but she sure helped a lot of women when their babies were born. I remember when I got older that she always seemed to be going around to help women who most of the time couldn't get a regular midwife.

Father thanked her for coming over and told her he didn't know what would have happened if she hadn't come. She reached down, patted me on the head and said, "Just be glad this little mite come over to fetch me. She weren't much too soon, either." After she had gone Father patted my head and smiled at me. He looked at the baby and smiled. Ike and I stood there watching him. I sure felt good and I was so glad to have a new baby. I had always wanted one. I loved that little brother from the day he was born. I wasn't lonesome ever any more, from then on I had Martin to play with.

The next thing I remember happened just a little later in the year after our baby was born. One day I was playing outside with some of the other kids and somebody started yelling that the Indians were driving off the cattle. All the men ran to get their guns and started to go after them to see if they couldn't scare them off. Us kids all wanted to see but we didn't dare to follow after the men. Some of the kids started climbing upon Shoals' house as it had a flat roof and they could get on a box and climb up there and sit to watch. I was too little to get up and I was a bawling and yelling for Ike to help me when one of the men came running by. He stopped and lifted me to the top of the house and said, "There, little one, look, and don't forget but some day they won't dare come."

Ike and the older children knew the cattle and they could tell which ones they were taking. They had the same two cows that Father and Ike had hunted so long for just awhile before. They had three more of ours and six of the Shoals's and all of the Jenson's and Petersons', and lots of other people's. They didn't get any of the White's or Anderson's as they had been running their cows on the other side of town for about two weeks. The men scared the Indians and a few of the cows that couldn't keep up were left behind, but they ran away with most of them and we didn't ever see them again. We always worried for fear the Indians would attack us. They had trouble and bloodshed for a good many years in San Pete County.

(To be continued)

MOTHER AND SON

My eyes grow dim, my step is slow,
As life is fast departing;
I gaze upon my baby boy,
Now grown to manhood starting.
My strength is spent,
I cannot hold,
Nor guide him day by day.
Yet still I rest secure in thought,
For I see a surer way;
God hold and keep those little hands,
I'll bless them while I can.
For He will guide, inspire and lead
My son to be a man.

—*May Whiting Berry.*
Printed in ERA about 1924.

INSERT PICTURE OF GRANDPA AND GRANDMA WITH CHILDREN P 211

"The Good ol' Summer Time." At Grandpa and Grandma's house. Remember?

Carrie Starley, Betty Starley (baby), Maurine Brown Startup, Gwen Starley Richey, Geraldine Brown Sagers, Grandpa Whiting, Elma Brown Smith, Louise Brown Carlston, Grandma Whiting, Lola Whiting Ashcroft, Norma Berry Fife, Nathel Brown Burdick (in arms).

THE BEE-KEEPER

By GERALDINE BROWN SAGERS

(Written in 1936 for a College Theme)

A low humming and buzzing was the only sound to be heard in the bright summer afternoon. Turning one's eyes to the place from which the sound came one saw beehives, about a dozen rows of bright painted hives making the bee yard look like a big flower garden.

These bright little homes were flanked on the north by some knotty, gnarled apple trees whose life was almost over. On the east side were young peach trees with tiny green fruit peeping from under each leaf. On the west a high board fence provided the bees some privacy. Finally the south side was jealously guarded by a lone pear tree, a tree which took pride in producing the first ripe pears of the community.

So peaceful that he seemed almost a part of that quiet, though extremely, busy life around him, was seated the old beekeeper in an old rocking chair under the pear tree. Though his hair was grey, his face lined with wrinkles, and his hands knotted and shaking, the vital spark which makes youth still remained intensely burning in his calm, level grey eyes.

It was apparent that the Beekeeper was watching the work of the busy little creatures who seemed to fascinate him. His thoughts followed every bee, knowing their lives so well, from the yet unhatched brood with its pillow of food, to the busy bees who wore out their wings after about a month of hard work and were left alone to die.

Through most of his life this man had been a beekeeper. First it had been just a side issue, for while rearing his family he had worked at many things. His other interests were almost gone now, so he was happy and content in working with his bees. It seemed as though he found inspiration in watching the busy little creatures. He had obtained a valuable philosophy of life from these bees.

As the days of summer grew longer the old beekeeper knew from his feebleness that his days were growing less. More and more hours of the summer days he spent in the old rocker, until as the bee who has spent its life in toil, always serving others, folds its wings and dies, so the beekeeper lost the spark of life from his feeble body.

The bees still hum and buzz. The apple trees on the north, the peach trees, with ripe fruit now, on the east, the fence on the west, and the lone pear tree on the south, still hold their places. Even the old rocking chair, though covered with dust, is in its place under the pear tree. The spiders have woven a protecting surface of cobwebs as if to preserve the place for the old beekeeper whom they do not realize nor understand will never come back again to watch his busy little companions at work.

THE BEE BUSINESS

By GERALDINE BROWN SAGERS

One day I asked Grandma how they happened to get into the "bee business." This is what she told me.

After we were married we went back on a visit to Utah. My brother, Mart, went with us to go to school to Provo. Edwin's father kept bees and wanted him to take a swarm back to Arizona with him. He had given all his boys a swarm and wanted Edwin to have one, too. As his father was afraid one swarm would die, I wrote to Arizona and asked Mother if she didn't want us to bring her a swarm. She sent me $5.00 to buy one.

Edwin said, "I wouldn't mind giving the man the $5.00 for the bees, but we'll dump them out on the way home."

We brought them on home with us, but when we got here Edwin wouldn't have them on the place. He wouldn't even put them back by his blacksmith shop. So we put the two swarms over by Father's place (Grandpa Isaacson's). No one went near them for months. Edwin was afraid to touch them.

One day some polygamists came through town and the man got some honey out. He showed Edwin how to get the honey by using a veil and gloves. We got a little honey and it tasted so good that Edwin got braver and would get more and more.

Father got interested and we bought an extractor, and then more bees. We ordered the bees through the catalogue and they came by mail. Father made the hives. We had a nice lot of bees when we sold out to move back to Utah.

While in Utah we bought more bees. We had a hundred swarms of bees and sold loads of honey. The kids did most of the extracting.

One day an old crazy man came in and saw us emptying honey and said, “Oh, you could swim in honey."

When we came back to Arizona the last time we went to Phoenix and bought a whole load of bees. We kept a few swarms by the store. When we traded Eddie the store we took his house which is the one we live in now. We moved the bees down here and have had some ever since. We used to do all of our extracting in the cellar until we built the "Honey House." It sure was a help when we went to Springville and got that big extractor from Mr. Mann. It was run by electricity. That sure did save the time.

Edwin knew more about bees than anyone around the country. He told a lot of those other fellows who came in and started keeping bees that loco killed the bees, but they all thought they knew more about it than he did. Of course, we kept our bees longer than any of those others.

INSERT PICTURE OF EDWIN WHITING AND MARIA ISAACSON WEDDING PICTURE 1881 p. 214

INSERT PICTURE OF GRANDMA WHITIING ON BURRO P. 215

Grandma Whiting, age 89 years, goes for a burro ride with two of her great-great grandchildren.

Left to right—Leilani H. Cunningham, Grandma, May W. Berry, Janice Cooper, Joycell H. Cooper, Marilyn Cunningham, Maree Stoddard. Taken at the “Old Homestead” at last family reunion, 1950

April 12, 1932
Joinville, Brazil

Dear Kay: (Berry)

Somehow I've managed to get along
Without you, brother of mine,
Whistlin' un working un singin' a song,
I seem to git along fine.
I c'n stand the winter un fall all right,
Smilin' un doin' my part,
But when summer cums, 'round I hav' tu fight
The tears since we're apart.
In the other months it isn't so bad
Un I git by some way,
But the time of the year when the blossoms bloom out
Makes me think of our boyhood days.

'Member the times on the good old farm
Down at Grandpa's place?
Jumpin' ‘round in the hay in the barn
Un 'rasslin' face to face,
With happiness over ever'thing,
Eaten green apples all day,
Huntin' rabbits an other things
When Grandpa mowed the hay?
'Member makin' us flippers un traps un stilts
just havin' fun all the time?
We two guys, wus jist rosy with health
Tho' we didn't earn a dime.

D'yu,'member the cows a' eatin' hay
Un that old pair of mules,
Un watchin' the honeybees workin' away
Un dreadin the startin' of school?

Do you 'member us a plowin' un plantin' seeds
Un sticker our bare feet intu the soil,
Un later a pullin' un hoein' the weeds
Un irrigatin'— wasn't it royal?
There's sum'thin' 'bout watchin’ things when they grow
That you've planted un tended and loved,
That ain't never left .me.
I wonder if we should have moved?

'Course none but you understand what I mean
When I speak of Grandma's tomata perserves
Und real ol' bread and milk that wuz keen
Un we got mor'n we deserved.
But somehow I think that she knew all along
That we wouldn’t always be there.
I guess that we just had to grow to be men

But ya know it jist don't seem fair
That we have to live so far apart
Cause each has his sep'rate life.
We're just men with too much to do
Each in his struggle and strife.
Yours truly, Lee (Berry)

INSERT 2 PICTURES PAGE 217

"Watchin' the honeybees workin' away"
Kay and Grandpa Whiting

"Un dreadin' the startin' of school"
Down at Grandpa's Place

NEWS ITEMS FROM THE LAND OF ZION

By LOUISE BROWN SHIELDS

(Youngest Daughter of Elda Whiting and J. Albert Brown)

INSERT PICTURE OF LOUINE BROWN SHIELDS PAGE 218

The most recent and outstanding event that has transpired in our midst concerns the Bodell family—James *Huggard* Bodell has just been put in as the new Bishop of the South 13th Ward. The old 13th Ward was divided into South 13th and North 13th. Everyone was very thrilled with the new appointment of Jim as Bishop, and the way he has taken hold and organized the new Ward with new confidence and spiritual help is truly inspiring.

Maydene has been serving as M.I.A. president for the past few months, but has just been released, because of her "delicate condition." Her family will be increased to four sometime in July. She is keeping very busy serving in her new role as "Mrs. Bishop."

Grant Shields has taken a part-time job working as a fireman at the new Dugway Ordnance Depot. He spends much of his time away from home, leaving me as a widow. Little Scott is growing up so fast that we decided he'd better be getting a little one to boss around. We didn't waste any time and expect the new addition about the middle of April.

I have just taken on the new job as Literary teacher in the Relief Society. Gus is the South 13th Ward Choir leader and also the President of his Seventy's Quorum. He has been Choir leader for some time now and put on a very successful Christmas program, after which the whole Choir went caroling to one of the city hospitals and to members of the Ward.

The Sagers family in Tooele report that they had a very enjoyable Christmas day, but spent most of the holidays down with the flu. Geraldine is still keeping busy as Relief Society President.

Willard Sagers keeps busy in the church with his Seventy's Quorum, and they held a highly successful Seventy's Party in their home just recently, with a full evening of games, entertainment and refreshments.

Kenneth Sagers entertained a little group of his friends at his 5th birthday party recently.

The whole Sagers family enjoyed a trip to St. Johns, Arizona, at Thanksgiving time. They had a very nice trip and enjoyed their visit there with all the relatives.

Elma and Wayne Smith came through Salt Lake City on their way to St. Johns, and I couldn't resist the temptation to hop in and come with them. Gus will come after me. (Gus and Grant are the same man.—Ed.)

IDAHO NEWS

Reporter—ELMA BROWN SMITH

(Daughter of Elda Whiting and J. Albert Brown)

INSERT PICTURE OF ELMA BROWN SMITH PAGE 219

I'll have to start back in August with the news from here. The last Whiting Tree didn't print my last news, so some might not know what has been happening to us. (Ed.—"Wot hoppened," Nathel?) Wayne (Smith) quit his job at the bank in Pocatello August 1, and we moved out here to Nampa, Idaho. He, Wayne, is now in the insurance business with his dad's company and came here as District Agent. He really seems to like the work, and has worked hard, and we are pleased with the results.

When we came to Nampa we knew it was only temporary, thought we would be here for at least a year or more, but things have moved faster than anyone expected--result, we are on the move again and hope to be in Phoenix, Arizona, to celebrate Valentine's Day.

The Insurance Company Wayne works for, and I guess I should plug it here—Gem State Mutual Life Assn.—has opened up in Arizona and Wayne will be State Supervisor. It's a wonderful opportunity for Wayne and I'm very thrilled to be getting ‘almost' back home, at least we .will be close enough to see everyone once in a while.

Guess I'd better resign my Idaho News Reporter position, don't you think it's a good time?

At Christmas time Helen (Andelin) wrote Aubrey might be out of the Army soon, so if he is, and they move back to Idaho, she can be reporter, and with five little ones she will have things to report.

See you all in Arizona.

HEN SCRATCHINGS

By JOYCELL HAMBLIN COOPER

(Daughter of Maree Berry Stoddard)

INSERT PICTURE OF JOYCELL COOPER PAGE 220

With a brand new year stretching before us, I wonder just what it holds in store? I know that for Jack (Cooper) and me it will be a wonderful year, because he will be starting to S. C. Dental School this September, so we will have much to be thankful for and look forward to. I hope that this next year holds much happiness and success for everyone, and perhaps will bring peace to all the world.

Dean (Berry), a freshman at S. C. Medical School, seems to be really having a time. He has grown quite fond of someone the school has placed under his care and is turning out to be quite a "cut up." His elderly charge "George" is Dean's cadaver. (That fancy word means dead man—I know, I looked it up—Ed.) It was through "George's" wife's generous donation that he (George) came to school in the first place. Dean should be forever grateful to such a kind and sentimental person as "George's" wife.

Dean and Marion are in their new home. Marion expects their new baby around the middle of March; their first, by the way.

We, over here in sunny (joke) California, want to congratulate Darwin (Grant) for his appointment to the Bishopric of the New Ward in St. Johns. Bishop Darwin Grant! Sounds good, doesn't it?

Leilani (my sis.) and Nora May (Ray Brown's eldest) left for the B.Y.U. New Year's Day. I think they are going to have a lot of fun. This will be Leilani's first semester and Nora May's second. Have fun, girls.

Elbert and Maurine Startup and her parents Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha Brown came down for New Year's Eve. We did so enjoy having them. We had a New Year's Party with all the trimmings. We even threw corks in the pan, but what happened to the balloon game, Aunt Minnie? Lee says, "Wot Hoppened?"

Mother (Maree) and Jeanie (Hamblin) stopped for a day on her way to Tucson to see her (Mother's) handsome husband, Gene. We enjoyed her stay even if it was just long enough to say, hello. Randy (Erickson Fife) dropped in on New Year's Eve by surprise.

Uncle Earnest (Whiting) and Aunt Beryl were over for a very short stay the other day. These Whitings can come the "longest ways" for the "shortest stays" than anyone I have ever seen.

Aunt Myn (Priestley) will soon be in her new home. I imagine she will be glad, altho she will probably save to mark her bathroom doors "Men" and "Women" so she won't get lonesome for the place where she has been living.

Grandma Whiting is fine. I think that she will probably still be here long after most of us are gone. She worries about trivial things and loves the babies whenever we bring them around. That's one thing about Grandma, she will never be too old to love children.

(Dr.) Kay (Berry) and family are doing fine from what I hear in round about ways. We never see them, so only rely on what we hear from others. Besides children, they are raising chinchillas and are having quite a success with them (the chinchillas, I mean). They are cute little animals (the chinchillas), and evidently quite easy to raise so long as you keep them in nice, clean cages with clean, airy environment. Their fur is so thick that no flea or insect can get to their skin, so you can see that they are very clean little animals. I think that they are quite tame, also. They raise them only for breeding purposes and sell the skin only when they die of old age—am I right, Kay? (I understand Kay paid $2,500 a pair.—Ed.)

Dr. H. Lee Berry and family are doing all right also. Their daughter has graduated from funny books to fellows, if you know what I mean. While their son has graduated from fellows to funny books.

Atty. Ray Brown and family are doing fine also. They have a very talented group of children. I imagine it is pretty lonesome without Nora May around. She had a date New Year's Eve with the cutest fellow named Ray Brown. I would make him change his name, Nora May, if it is anything serious.

Ray and Ruth Ellsworth have another little addition to their family. All in all, I think 1951 was quite a year for all of us Southern Californians.

Just got word Jim Anderson died, no details.,

FROM MERCED

Reporter—HELEN BERRY ANDELIN

(Daughter of Dr. H. A. and May Whiting Berry)

INSERT PICTURE OF Helen Berry Andelin Page 222

Aubrey is still in the Air Force (D.D.S.) but expects to hear any day if his application for discharge is approved. If so, we will return to Idaho Falls. While waiting to hear, Aubrey developed an ulcer in his duodenum. (I couldn't find it, folks, in our 'lil ol' W.ebsters--Ed.) It started to hemorrhage, which brought his blood count down to 54. The Colonel sent him to the hospital for two weeks and he is now on two weeks convalescent leave. He feels much better.

We are thrilled beyond description with our five little children. Our dreams are being fulfilled, our prayers are being answered. Lane just turned 5, Brian 4, Dixie 2, Kristine 9 months, and John 3 months. We do have our hands full but find life is more of a challenge to us.

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CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL

By OUR FRIEND ERMA

(Erma Whiting Grant)

PAGE 222 – No picture of Erma but little rhyme

She is as pretty as a penny
But a picture we ain't got any. –The Ed.

At our last Stake Conference President Albert F. Anderson and his two counselors, L.P. Sherwood and Bryant Whiting, were released from the Stake Presidency. Bryant was put back in as President, with Nello Greer and Laverl Hall as his Counselors. Aunt Elda was put in charge of giving a party for the out-going Stake Presidency. Needless to say, it was a huge success, as is everything she undertakes.

Recently we divided the St. Johns Ward into two Wards. It was quite some time between the time Bishop Greer was put into the new Stake Presidency and the choosing of the new Bishop. Everyone was speculating on who the new Bishop would be. All you had to do to give anyone a right good scare was to just walk up to him and say, "Good morning, Bishop." They even had a pool on at Carroll's Service Station (Carroll was one of the out-going Bishopric), betting on who would be our next Bishop. Of course, Darwin couldn't let such a golden opportunity pass, and had just as much fun as everyone else by making the passers-by turn just a shade pale as he would confidentially congratulate each one on his becoming the new Bishop. So you can imagine his surprise when

they asked him to be the Bishop of the Second Ward, Arlo Lee and Joy Waite are his Counselors. Merle Heap is Bishop of the First Ward, with Elma Jarvis and Lee Waters as his Counselors. Wilford was put in as a new High Councilman.

When they reorganized the St. Johns Ward, it really played havoc with Virgil and Farr. It took both of Virgil's Counselors out of the Stake M.I.A., and took Darwin, who had been Farr's first Counselor in the Stake Mission. All of the organizations have been sort of scrambled, but the Seventys have been as hard hit as any of them.

I am happy and proud to report that Wayne Whiting is one of the Counselors to the new Sunday School Superintendent, Grant Hamblin. I also want to mention that Billie, Wayne's wife, was baptized last month. They didn't waste any time in putting Billie to work. She is teaching both Sunday School and Primary. She is doing a very fine job and seems to be happy about her work.

Uncle Art was in charge of a very fine play that Holbrook recently presented in St .Johns. He did a wonderful job of portraying the Father, but he had to keep on his toes all the time to keep Milton from stealing the show from him. That boy should be out in Hollywood.

I am more than happy to tell you that we have had a lot of storms here this past month. (I wonder if the folks in Los Angeles are as happy as we, or if they feel that they had just a little too much out there.)

Farr and Mel just left for Los Angeles where Farr will attend the meeting announcing the new Ford. He is either brave or foolish, going out there right now, with all the "liquid sunshine" they are having.

Mother and Dad (Ethel & Eddie) just returned from a trip to New Orleans. Dad had to attend to some business in Tucson, so they drove down there and then flew to New Orleans, where he attended the lumber auction. I guess they mixed in a little pleasure with their business and saw some of the historical sights, as Mother said in a card she wrote to me that Dad was trying to get a short nap, since it was after 1:30 when they got in the night before.

This is a month of birthdays in our family. Darwin, Howard, Claudia, and Pamela all celebrated birthdays in January.

They are coming right along with the box factory, which was built on "the Farm" about a mile east of St. Johns. It was constructed in record time, and they are shipping box shook out regularly now.

Darwin and I went to Los Angeles last week to attend a Ford meeting. We went to a play at the Pasadena Playhouse with Aunt Myn, (Priestley) Lee, and Virginia (Berry). It seemed so good to see them, but were sorry that more of the family could not get together to go with us.

In closing, I would like to tell about Farr's little girl who came in and stood by him as he was reading his paper, watching him carefully. Finally she said, "Daddy, why do you part your hair like that?"

MORE NEWS FROM SALT LAKE CITY AND PROVO

By RUTH BROWN LEWIS

(Daughter of Frank and Martha Whiting Brown)

GREETINGS TO ALL OF YOU!

INSERT PICTURE OF RUTH BROWN LEWIS PAGE 224

Maurine and Elbert (Startup) have sold their store and have made some improvements to their home, so they're sitting on top of the world. Nora Mae, (Ray and Ruth Brown's) and Leilani (Maree Stoddard's**)** are living with them and going to the "Y". Everyone is having a good time. Maurine had "Charm School" over Christmas holidays and invited all the young ladies of the family. Since then they tell us how to act properly.

Mother and Dad are still living at the Belvedere Apts. but intend to move back to their home soon. Mother was in the hospital last week with a gall bladder attack, but recovered in time to keep her appointments for her speaking career. She has had some wonderful opportunities to tell about their trip and the conditions in Jerusalem. She is quite a speaker. Dad is feeling better and they are both doing Temple work.

Louise and Lester (Carlston) are still living out on Wilson Avenue and all the little ones seem to be growing up a little more each day.

Ray (Lewis) just bought us a beautiful new home. We are moving next week. Our new address is 2259 Lairdway. It is on the corner of 13th South and 24th East, very near Mother and Louise. So everyone come and see us when you come to town. We still have the motel but have some new managers. Ray is staying home now caring for the kids and nursing a little high blood pressure while I work at the store. What a soft life! (Ray's at home or yours at the store, or both?—Ed.)

A STAR IS BORN

LOCAL STUDENT IS BEST AT MEET
(Reprinted from Kanab News)

Donald Whiting, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Whiting of Kanab, received the award for outstanding actor of the entire festival, consisting of more than 400 students who gathered at Provo last week for BYU's annual drama festival.

The Kanab high school presented a play at the festival, one of 27 one-act plays so presented, and young Whiting received the gold medal for the best actor award at that time. He is a junior student and is active in music and drama as well as being one of Kanab's outstanding athletes.

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FREDONIA, ARIZONA
By NITA BUSHMAN
(Daughter of Earnest and Beryl Johnson Whiting)

INSERT PICTURE OF NITA WHITING BUSHMAN PAGE 225

October 23rd Whiting Brothers celebrated the grand opening of the new band saw mill. A big free barbecue was served to some 800 or 900 people. All four Whiting brothers were present along with many other relatives. It was a real old-fashioned "pit barbeque" with all the "trimins'."

Dad and mother are living here in Fredonia. Dad finishes with the new mill and planer.

Milton (Art Whiting's) and Lorana, (his wife) are here now, Mickey (Short for Milton—Ed.). will take over the saw mills, up here for Whiting Brothers. Jay (my brother) and Harold (my husband) are still doing all the logging for the mills. At present they are in Seattle getting two new Kenworth Diesel trucks to log the new band mill.

January 12, Jay and his wife Aleen, Harold and I boarded a four-motored Constellation T.W.A. airplane and flew to Chicago. There we visited Harold's brother and sister. We: went on to Detroit and picked up a couple of new cars. We continued on to Washington, D. C., and spent a very enjoyable day visiting the capital. Here we separated. Harold and I started home, and Jay and Aleen drove on down to Tennessee and Kentucky to visit his mission field. They report a truly wonderful time renewing old mission acquaintances. As we left the children home it was a second honeymoon for both couples. The Whitings married ten years January 15th and the Bushmans ten years September 16th. It was really a wonderful vacation.

February 5th, as I was hurrying down Mother's back steps, I slipped and fell, breaking my right leg. After two unsuccessful settings here we went to L. A. and had silver pins put in. So, as of today, I feel pretty good though still rather clumsy with the cast and crutches. Linda (our's, age $5^1/_2$) was down for two weeks. The doctor thought it virus of some type.

Beth and Austin (Simper) have bought a cafe, "The Coconino," here, in Fredonia. If you pass through, they invite you to “drop in." (Can we have a bite, kids?—Ed.)

Ever so often Uncle Arthur calls from Holbrook that he is flying up for a meeting in Fredonia. An hour or so later we hear the red airplane circle over town. Someone dashes to Kanab airport to meet him. Dad and Uncle Arthur, and whoever else is here, have the meeting. Soon we hear the plane flying back. The only disadvantage is that we hardly get to say more than hello and goodbye. "The Uncles" are truly wonderful men and we would terribly miss even these short visits. We enjoy seeing them anytime, anywhere.

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GRIDLEY GRUMBLES
By Maree Berry Stoddard
THE WEATHER

INSERT PICTURE OF MAREE BERRY STODDARD P. 226

Temperature—Minimum—awful.
Temperature—Maximum—worse.
Forecast Tomorrow morning—rain with fog.
Forecast Tomorrow night—fog with rain.

If rain continues, the Stoddards plan building an "ark." Have been trying to recall directions the Lord gave Noah. Anybody got any Shittim wood for sale?

OUR HEALTH

Jeanie (my girl)—just had the flu.

*Marilyn (*my granddaughter)—Injured feelings for scolding she got after giving her bangs a "butch" trim.

*Markay (*my son) alias "Dead Eye Dick"— Flipped himself in the eye with a little rubber band (the day before a big algebra test), landed in the hospital and was kept flat on his back for seven days with an eye hemorrhage. One doctor, one eye specialist from another city, and a flock of nurses in attendance. His only complaint was that with both eyes bandaged he couldn't see all the pretty little nurses. Heap big surprise when they took 'em off bandages—found head nurse about one quarter ton plus potential beard. Said Markay, quote: "Ugh!" unquote.

All joking aside, he had a narrow escape. He goes back to school Monday after a week in bed at home. No athletics for the rest of the year and I'm afraid no yard work either. But they have practically promised him 20-20 vision if he obeys orders. We had the Elders, of course, and we certainly acknowledge the hand of the Lord.

Me—Accident convalescent. Ran into another woman (she was in a car and so was I.) Other than a wrenched back, a sprained wrist, a big black and blue spot on my fanny, and no car for three weeks—I feel fine!!!

When Helen and Aubrey (of the Merced Andelins) dropped in on us along with their darling little family to spend a few, days, I thought, here comes a little sunshine that I can write for my grumble page. Tired and worn out from the trip and their babies, they retired early so we could begin our visiting bright and early next day. When we awoke and found that Marilyn had blossomed forth with full-blown mumps on both sides the Andelins understandingly made a hasty retreat with their five little prospective mumps patients. There was nothing I could do but just stand and wave goodbye.

Since the last issue—The Russell Burdicks have moved (1000 miles) away (Tucson). The Randolph Fifes have moved (1001 miles) away (Tucson). The Dr. Ronald Browns have moved (4500 miles) away (Marshall Islands). My handsome husband even moved (1999) (Tucson). Don't worry, I intend to follow—only disposing of property kept me here. And I don't like him so close to those Mexican Tamales—(the kind with the long eyelashes, I mean).

On second thought, we don't need an "Ark." Maybe a raft will do. Anybody got any Balsa wood for sale?

M. B.S.
"The last of the Gridley Mohicans."

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HOLBROOK HIGHLIGHTS

By IRENE LEWIS

INSERT PICTURE OF IRENE LEWIS P. 227

Down this way we've had to scrape the bucket for some news. We're not very exciting characters this season.

Mickey, Lorana and Bruce have moved to Fredonia. That seems so far away. We're going to miss them very much. I hope we can visit often.

We're proud of Annette's scholastic achievements in school. She is highest on the High Ten in high school. We feel that she is following the example her father set through all his educational endeavors. Ha, ha!

We all regret that we didn't go to Los Angeles for New Years. Maybe next year.

We are all so relieved "it's" over with. It had been worrying the whole family. Dad had a major operation performed. He flew to Phoenix to a specialist. He wouldn't let anyone go with him. He said he must be brave. But the last minute he took Gary Lynn along to boost his morale. His appointed time was 2:30. The bustle and hustle of operating began taking place, and at 2:45 both teeth had been removed. We're all so relieved -'it's" over with. Now, Dad!

For those of you who don't remember Maurice Whiting Morley (she calls herself Minnie because she always liked Aunt Myn so well). She is Uncle Arthur Whiting's granddaughter. Aunt Carrie Starley kept her here in Holbrook. She married Jay Manley of Holbrook. They have two young sons. On Feb. 2 Jay was made a member of the church. We are all so thrilled. They hope to go through the Temple within the next few years. We feel that God helped a lot to convert Jay. They live across the street from Dad in Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell's old home. And we visit with them often.

We just heard that Dad and Governor Pyle will be the speakers at the high school commencement exercises.

We hope that we can all get together soon.—Irene.

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H A T C H E D
(Since last issue)

Lynnae Maydene, Sept. 25,1951, at Provo, Utah. Her parents are Elbert and Maurine Brown Startup. She was blessed by her father Nov. 4, 1951, at .Provo,.

John Berry, Nov. 7, 1951, at Merced, Calif. His parents are Aubrey and Helen Berry Andelin. John was blessed by his father Dec. 15, 1951, at Merced.

Debra, Oct. 9, 1950, at Kanab, Utah. She is the daughter of Ernest J. Whiting Jr. and Aleen Allred. Deb was blessed Oct. 29, 1950, by her father.

Sherri Lyn, Sept. 9, 1951, at Kanab, Utah. Her parents are Beth Whiting and Austin D. Simper Sr. She was blessed Sept 30, 1951, by her father.

Leland Scott, April *7,* 1951, at Salt Lake City, Utah. He is the son of Grant and Louine Brown Shields. Scott was blessed May 6, 1951, by his father, at Salt Lake.

Steven Wayne, October 4, 1951, at Nampa, Idaho. His parents are Elma Brown and Wayne L. Smith. He was blessed on Nov. 4, 1951, by his father.

Anna Marie, March 19, 1952, at Alhambra, Calif. She is the daughter of Francis Dean Berry and Marian Lucille (Stricker) Berry.

Sherrie Ruth, October 30, 1951. Her parents are Ray William Ellsworth and Ruth Bessie Knudsen. She was blessed on Jan. 6, 1952, by her father.

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POOR AUNT ELDA

Dear Maree:

All day long I've been trying to write the piece you wanted me to write for the family magazine. I've failed. All I can remember is dishes, dishes! This morning a carpenter (I'll call him Oscar), pulled the braces from under our cupboard and broke all our dishes. Boy, you never saw such a mess in your life!

Oscar came down to the post office and said he had bad news for me. A few of our dishes were broken. Said he thought I'd better go up and see, so I did. What a sight! I hope I'll never see one like that again. All I could do was to stand with my mouth open and try to realize this wasn't a bad dream.

Oscar finally brought me back by timidly asking if there were any boxes so he could begin to gather up broken dishes. We both crawled under the cupboard and began shoveling up enough so Oscar could get under and try to raise the cupboard in its place or at least get it back on the south side of the kitchen.

As I gathered up each broken piece, I got madder and sadder. My beautiful dishes all in a broken junk heap! When I came to, some of the remains of our good set that the girls had given us after saving so hard, the tears started to flow and from then on it all grew worse. I did my best to keep my back to Oscar so I could enjoy a little remembering.

I came to the pieces of the big glass dish Eva Overson had given us for a wedding present, and I knew that could never be replaced. Next came the pottery set Nathel and Russel gave me for Mother's Day and it looked like someone had pounded each dish with a hammer. There wasn't even one glass left of the water set Phil and Brent gave me for Christmas. I found pieces of the little tea set we had let Geraldine bid on at a big auction over in Los Angeles when she was about four years old.

I remembered how thrilled and happy she was. Relics Mother had given me and tucked away carefully in the top of our cupboard, all smashed and gone. One big dish we had given Grandma Brown and they had given back to us after she died, wasn't broken, also two little ones of Grandma Isaacson's. How lucky I felt.

I finally decided it could have been worse. What if one of the children had been under the cupboard, or if Oscar had. I could think of so many, many things so much worse.

We found several plates and saucers that were only cracked or chipped and so by borrowing three plates from Mother's we've gone right on eating. Boy, we've been glad for our six granite bowls and cups that I nearly left up at the homestead!

Our knives and forks all survived the crash and all in all it isn't as bad as I thought at first. Nathel and Albert were gone to Tucson and when they came in late the next night they

laughed, and Russell too. I still fail to see one single funny angle. Will try my best to write something later if I recover in time. Love,

Your Aunt Elda.

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Nine Rahs for Aunt Elda for not wishing Oscar was at the bottom of the pile. We hear she felt much better after the St. Johns Guitar Club gave her a lovely dish shower. We are happy, she recovered after the crash in time to write her share for this issue.—The Editor.

T R A V E L O G U E

EUROPE IN 1951
FROM HOME TO ROME

By MARTHA W. BROWN

I suppose the beginning of this trip was over forty-two years ago. My young husband kissed me goodbye, and through my tears I saw him disappear down the winding road which led to Holbrook, Arizona, where he took the train for Salt Lake City. He had answered a letter from "Box B," which was a call to a mission in England.

I was glad to have him go on this mission, and I was also glad I had Nora, nearly two years old, to help me through the next two years, and especially the first two months, after which she had a new baby brother. He was a beautiful baby—dark red hair and dark eyes. I shall never forget how I used to wish his daddy could see him. We lived in my father's home and both he and mother were so good to us that the time passed. We were soon watching for our daddy to return and see his two-year-old son.

It was then that Frank began to tell me that someday he would like to take me to Europe, and perhaps even to Jerusalem.

Then came medical school in Chicago, more babies, more money needed, more work for a doctor, and more moving. Before we realized it thirty-three years had gone by. I was occasionally reminded of the anticipated, future trip.

We bought a large apartment house. I wanted to sell our home and take care of it until we were out of debt. My husband said, "If you'll do that, I'll take you on that trip to Europe."

We worked and saved and in about two and a half years we were out of debt, but instead of the trip to Europe, something better came—a call to preside over the Central States Mission.

The next three and a half years were full of joy, work, service and love. We had nearly four hundred wonderful missionaries, and many saints and friends in four states. In March, 1950, we were released. We came home to Salt Lake City, bought a new home, and after visiting our two sons and families in California, we started Temple work. We enjoyed visits from the missionaries we had known as well as associations with our children and thirty-two grandchildren.

Even Temple workers earn a vacation; so in July when ours came, Frank asked me how I'd like to go to New York City. Of course, I'd like it. We had enjoyed a few short visits there already. But before we were ready to go he said, "You know, when we get to New York we'll be nearly half way to Europe. He went to the phone, called President Murdock who kindly helped us get passports, tickets, and reservations to go on the Queen Elizabeth, August 28, 1951.

Our family here, including eighteen of our grandchildren, were at the depot to see us off, also a number of friends and missionaries.

We had an extra nice bedroom from Salt Lake City to New York and enjoyed the rest. We now had time to realize that we were on our way. Our stop-over of several hours in Chicago

brought back memories of four years of school there—first of when Nora died, then of more pleasant things. I remembered how I used to like to run to the back porch when calls came up from the alley—"Apples for sale," "Iceman," "Rags to buy," etc. I also remembered that a Jewish family were some of the truest neighbors we ever had.

After another night of traveling we were in New York City. We tipped first the porter, then the bell boy who took our bags into the depot, next the one who took them onto the ferry boat, next the taxi driver, and last the hotel bell boy.

We attended church Sunday night and were invited over to the mission home to see President. Morris and have supper. The mission home is grand. It is a large six-story home built by Stanford White, the "great architect who was killed years ago by the millionaire, Harry Thaw.

We stayed at the McAlpin Hotel, about twenty-two stories high and a lovely place to stay. It was close in and we could walk to the Automat where we dropped in a dime and out came food. Of course you needed more than one dime. While there we received letters from Ruth, Louise and Maydene, but none from Maurine, who expected a new baby. Ruth even called us on the telephone.

After a tour around New York City, and a show or two, we were ready to go to the boat. We inquired about our Luggage. The hotel would take five pieces for $5.00 and we could go on a bus. We decided to take a taxi and take a chance on the cost—it was only seventy-five cents for luggage and the joke was on us.

It was exciting to sit in the station at the entrance of the ship and see everyone hurrying around to check luggage and bid friends goodbye. I had resolved to be as dignified as any of them when the time came to board the ship. We were just ready when an important looking man called, "How are you, Dr. Brown?" He said, "Just fine, but how did you know my name?"

"Oh, I can tell you Mormons," he said. "Mr. Murdock and I are good friends. He sends me lots of business. I am president of the White Star Line here."

This made me feel more important, and I resolved to look my best, hoping Dr. Brown would keep up with me. I kept walking a few paces, then stopping for him to catch up. I led on, wondering if Queen Elizabeth herself could do any better. Just then I heard sort of a thud and confusion, but no, I would not look back. Curiosity won. I gave one glance back in time to see two younger men help my husband to his feet. He was not at all hurt, just stumbled over something. It was sort of funny though, to have my entrance spoiled. (But I didn't leave him an hour and forty minutes like he did me down in Arkansas.)

At last we were on the boat and our cabin was Number 433. It was downstairs and about half a block from the elevators, which they called lifts. I don't know how big this ship was, but it truly seemed like a floating city. Our cabin was clean and nice. We had lower and upper beds, shower in bathroom, dresser, mirrors, closet, and a porter to answer our every call.

The boat was to sail at 5 a.m., so some of us who wanted to see all we could when it set sail asked to be called about 4 a.m. We got dressed and hurried to the top deck, and there we were

told it was too foggy to leave shore. We didn't leave for about twelve hours, but being on this big ship was so much fun we did not mind waiting.

At breakfast we were told to look for table 66, and the rest of our voyage it was ours for the first call. Some other couple had it the second. Our waiter was little and cute. He would want to bring us more of things and would say, "One egg is not very much, may I bring two?"

I'm sure everyone has heard how plentiful and good the food is, and neither one of us was sick at all, so we felt like it was truly a week of feasting and fairyland. At ten-thirty each morning about thirty more waiters would serve the deck with chicken broth and crackers. At twelve the bell rang for dinner, then at 4 p.m., just after the show was out, here they came again with trays of tea, sandwiches and cakes of all sorts. But the best and biggest meal was supper at 6:30 p.m. There was usually music in the evening in a large drawing room.

Each morning we found a clever program of the day on our breakfast table. I don't know yet whether they gave us five of the best shows ever produced, or whether I was in a show mood. Each day I looked forward to show-time. One day a man came to our cabin to call us for life-belt drill, and we could neither one understand his English accent, but when he pointed to the lifebelts, we knew and went up on deck with the other passengers.

A few years before this time I had spent weeks crocheting on an all-wool shawl to use someday when our trip to Europe became a reality. I never took it out of the suitcase, because on each deck chair a soft warm blanket lay folded.

We never did discover just how big the boat was. I didn't visit the swimming pool, and it wasn't until the last day I found a lovely room with overstuffed chairs and lounges with a large sign, "For passengers who do not smoke." The only time we saw inside the part where first class passengers travel was when Frank was called to the telephone, way out on the ocean. It was President Richards calling from England to welcome us, and to tell us Elder Pope would meet the ship.

It had been so warm in our cabins that we had to keep the fan on. One evening all the men had changed their white waiter suits for shiny black tuxedos and black ties. Dr. Brown asked one what the occasion was and he said, "Cooler weather, Sir." I think that was the night when I made such a noise in my sleep that Frank could hardly wake me. I remembered thinking a dog was chasing me and that I was trying to take a little baby to Zella Whiting. We were given a booklet of about five hundred passengers listed, and there were half as many of the crew. It was interesting to sit on deck and watch so many people from many nations. A couple from England with two little girls sat by us on deck. They had been on a two-months holiday to Canada. The English people call a vacation a holiday, whether it's one day or a year.

Church was held on Sunday in the two show houses, but no shows were given on Sunday. A nice musical talent program was given in the evening. On September 2nd I remembered Nora's birthday, on the 3rd Eddies, Helen's, Jim's and Keith's.

We landed in England September 4th. Elder Pope met us and when we told the inspectors that we were Mormon missionaries from Utah, they did not make us open our luggage. We went by

train into London, where two more Elders met us with a car and took us to the mission home, where we saw President and Sister Richards.

England was green and beautiful. We spent the rest of the day at the British Centennial celebration. It was inspiring, to see what had been accomplished by these wonderful people. We saw the fine monument which Queen Victoria had erected in honor of her husband, King Albert, one hundred years ago.

September 5 (Myn's birthday) we spent in London seeing all we could and getting a visa to visit Palestine, and a reservation to fly to Rome. Next morning the taxi driver took us to see St. Paul's Cathedral, Buckingham Palace, and a few other places of interest on the way to the plane depot.

Our flight to Rome was unusually good as it was such a clear day we could see what a large productive country France is. Food being rationed in England, and not knowing just how to order, we had been discouraged, but we have never had better meals than the one on that British plane.

We landed in Rome, five hours later, and history came to life in this grand city. We need more words to express the grandeur of both Old and New Rome. An American Express man met us at the plane station, and took us to the Boston Hotel. I think then is the time we knew why we had wanted to see Rome. Ray had tried to tell us about it twenty years before, but hearing is not seeing.

Most everyone spoke Italian, but we always found someone to help us when we really needed it. The hotel was large and lovely. There were so many white marble things—stair steps, wide and beautiful, large marble pillars, tabletops and bathroom walls and statues. Our bedroom was large and well furnished, with pieces different than we have at home. For instance, our bed was about one-third wider than ours here, with bedding to fit. Our bathroom was also large and nice, with a bath towel the size of a sheet.

In the dining room several men in white suits kept us entertained stepping around to try to understand what we wanted. There was one who spoke English, so they finally sent him to us. We liked the food there pretty well, but why couldn't we have a regular teaspoon? Every meal we got three knives, three forks and three large spoons. We never saw a teaspoon while we were there. Once, when we found a place in Rome, which had ice cream, they brought a little spoon just like a very small fire shovel. Our meals there were not priced separately, but all put on our bill. Had we known how much they were going to cost we would have tried to appreciate them even more.

We were there two days and took a tour each day. I just seem to remember a general impression of old walls, houses, churches, castles, and noted old arena, partly destroyed, where wicked leaders allowed people to be killed in various ways for the entertainment of the public. Thanks to the Popes, this was stopped when they began to rule.

Our little guide loved art so much that we could not help but appreciate the marble statues that seemed to be everywhere we went.

The police in Italy were very artistic in their dress and manners. Each wore a large white cuff from his elbow to his wrist, so everyone could see his traffic signal more readily.

We saw ruins of where the Caesars had lived and also the palace where Mark Antony spoke at Julius Caesar's funeral and where Nero fiddled while Rome burned. We saw an old round castle built about 130 years A.D., used by monks in time of war, and later as a prison. It is still standing.

There was another large, round, well-kept marble building, erected 28 years A.D. They said it was the first dome-shaped roof ever made. The floor is made of all fancy designed marble. It had been the burial place of several rulers.

St. Peter's church is grandest of all. The noted Michelangelo spent the last years of his life working for free on this, the largest church in the world. He was a sculptor, painter, poet, and architect. His work comes to life in this great, expensive building. The ceiling is covered with small leaves of 18-carat gold.

We saw where the Pope lived, but did not see him.

We liked the people of Rome. They seemed happy and quite well dressed. The children were clean and bright appearing. Among the thousands of women we saw, only two of them smoked in our presence. (This was very different from the women in England, who all seemed to smoke. We were told that the tax was so high on tobacco that a common working English woman spent nearly one-half her wages on cigarettes.)

We left the hotel about 4 p.m. and spent some time in the park, where we saw all kinds of fountains and old public baths, and the people enjoying Saturday evening.

INSERT 2 PICTURES: Aunt Martha and Uncle Frank in England and Aunt Martha in Rome page 236

TRUST TERRITORY OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS
MAJURO, MARSHALL ISLANDS

September 8, 1951

Dear Relatives:

I am well here. The weather is the same as always—rain almost every day, some warm afternoons, when there is no breeze to keep you cool. It is really very pleasant.

I am keeping very busy at the hospital. I am still doing the work of three men—my own, the other doctor's, and the hospital administrator's. However, some help is in sight—I expect both of the other men within about two weeks. In the meantime, I am doing a lot of overtime work, and letting a lot of things slide, trying to keep things going. School started this last week, so I am forced into organizing my lessons for the two courses I will teach in the intermediate school, and the training program for the on-the-job training projects I plan to start. There is a tremendous opportunity here. The natives are eager to learn, and need so much help.

I expect Helen to arrive in eleven more days. It has been a long time, waiting for the office in Honolulu to get around to shipping my family out here. Maybe it is worth the waiting, because she is coming in the most ideal way. The plane will come directly here from Oakland, with a refueling stop in Honolulu. The total travel time will be about 24 hours, compared to two to four weeks any other way. This is a special chartered flight, bringing out dependents to all the districts. Since the Navy closed Kwajalein to us July 1, as the Trust Territory changed hands from the Navy to the Department of the Interior, all persons coming here have come via Guam, which makes the trip from the U. S. twice as far, and there always is a layover at Guam, sometimes for weeks.

I have moved into our house, although it isn't yet repaired and ready for my family. It is bigger and better than I expected to get when I left the States. It has 1500 square feet, and is in fairly good condition. It is of open construction, so that we get plenty of air. It is completely furnished, including a brand-new G. E. refrigerator with a large freezing compartment, with a separate door, and a good electric stove, and we have been promised a new washer. I have a maid lined up. They pay maids $25 per month here, and they do good work. The one I have is a specialist with children, and is happy that I have five for her to take care of.

All of the Marshall Islands are coral islands. For several thousand feet down, drills find nothing but limestone, which is made of the skeletons of the coral polyp. The very existence of all of these islands depends upon these tiny organisms. They can scarcely be seen with the naked eye. As eggs, they drift in the current. When the eggs hatch, they live for a time in the ocean, then, at a certain stage, are washed in on the waves, and seek out a colony of their own kind, and settle, live, lay more eggs, and die, firmly attached to the coral, which is composed of the dead skeletons of thousands of their kind. They live on tiny plants washed in by the ocean, which they catch and eat. When they die, their skeletons remain as a base for the next generation. This process continues today, and all coral islands are gradually growing, at the outer edge, where the ocean washes in the tiny larvae, and the food on which they live.

The present geography of the Marshalls depends upon the activities of these organisms, and certain geologic happenings. Thousands or millions of years ago, the present ocean floor was almost sea level. As the ocean floor sank, or as the ocean level rose (whichever you prefer), the coral established beds on some of the ocean peaks. The ocean floor is now 15,000 feet down, and these miraculous coral organisms have bridged the gap with their skeletons. Some hundreds or thousands of years ago, there was an upthrusting of the ocean bed—a very small reversal of the previous trend, so that the coral beds raised some 20, 30 or .50 feet. We know this, because coral cannot live out of the ocean, but limestone, formerly coral beds, is now found above ocean level in .many places. If it were not for this happening, all the Marshalls would not be islands, but merely coral beds, like the Great Barrier Reef off Australia (look it up in your encyclopedia), and washed by ocean every high tide. This last occurrence made land life possible in this part of the world for the first time. Plants were brought here—whether by wind or ocean current, or by man, we do not know, although Thor Heyerdahl ("KonmTiki") thinks it must have been man. Then came man.

I know that the Polynesians, the inhabitants of the island's nearest the Americas, are of Nephite blood, and came here from America. There seems to be conclusive evidence that the black-skinned Melanesians, to the south and west, came from India. The Micronesians, the inhabitants of the Trust Territory and of the Gilbert Islands, are of more questionable origins. Some scientists have suggested that they are a mixture of Polynesian and Melanesian. Certainly, they have definitely Indonesian and Melanesian words in their vocabulary, but they are lighter-skinned, and share some of the customs and habits of the Polynesians. Their legends don't go far enough back to help much. The anthropologists favor the Asiatic theory. The archeologists have found nothing which they can study. I think I favor the mixture theory—that they are part Polynesian, therefore Nephite.

I know I will enjoy working with and among these people.

Love, Ronald.

(Son of F. W. Brown and Martha Whiting,
Of Salt Lake City.)

February 25, 1952

Dear Relatives:

I am aware that this letter is long overdue. One of the things I had looked forward to in coming out here was the expectation of being able to have a lot of time for relaxation. However, I guess that wherever one is, there will always be a lot of things to do—too many to ever get them all done. I don't claim I am overworked, but there is always something.

There are a lot of problems in my work. Most of them stem from a lack of money. The Navy spent between 7 and 8 million dollars operating the Trust Territory each year, and that includes the cheapest American labor—Navy enlisted men. When the Department of the Interior took over, last July 1, it figured the minimum cost at $6,600,000 the first year. The Bureau of the Budget cut that to six million, and presented it to the Congress—an, honest budget, free of fat and padding. Congress, for some reason, decided it was padded, and cut it to $4,000,000. The result is that we are operating with less than the minimal personnel, with practically no supplies, and are handicapped all along the line. The Marshallese can tell the difference. We all can. We are just trying to hold the line until next summer, by which time we hope someone has made Congress come to its senses and realize what it is losing by being too economy-minded as far as the Trust Territory is concerned. From a medical standpoint, it means reduced quality of service to the Marshallese patients, and using many substitutes for the medicines we usually use, in trying to stretch the Navy surplus stocks we have been given. Sometimes the substitutes do well, sometimes not so well. So far, I don't know of any lives it has cost.

I find working with the Marshallese very interesting and enjoyable. Of course, you have to make allowances for their individual and collective weaknesses. When you understand their background, the lack of schooling in the past, the years of Japanese brutality, the impact of modern warfare, etc., you understand and allow for a lot of things—their shyness, their lack of initiative and desire to avoid responsibility, and their difficulty of understanding instructions. I think that they are developing as rapidly as we could hope for. The next ten years will see many changes here, I hope all for the good.

The life here is very enjoyable. We are now in the stormy season. Frequent high seas make inter-atoll travel difficult, but it is pleasant enough here. The rain is as frequent as ever, but real storms are rare. The temperature is about the same as in the summer, but the constant breeze makes it quite enjoyable. There is a constant northeast wind, varying from 10 to 30 miles an hour—rarely more or less—and varying maybe 15 degrees each direction—rarely more.

I could sit by the hour and watch the palm trees wave, and watch the waves roll in. Someday I will, when I get my work caught up. One thing I hadn't expected was the noise. I had often daydreamed of living on a tropical island and hearing the waves wash in, something like they do in California. Well, they don't—they thunder in. At high tide, waves reach to within 25 feet of our house, but there is not a gentle wash-wash. It is a hustle, bustle as the waves come, boisterously running over the coral reef, often diverted by the reef and the wind, so that they bump into each other, coming back and forth, coming to throw themselves at the beach. We sleep in a screen porch on the ocean side, and at a good high tide we can't talk across the room in a normal voice, because of the waves. We have to shout or move closer together to talk. At low tide it isn't as loud, but there is a constant roar from the reef edge, with an occasional booming

crescendo when a particularly big wave curls over and strikes the reef, pounding on it with its fists, trying to drive it aside so it can get in to attack the edge of the island. Near where we live, the reef edge is irregular. It is interesting to go somewhere where the reef edge is long and straight, and watch waves hit the reef at low tide. A quarter mile or more of wave comes swelling in, lifting its nose, then peaking in a knife edge, then comes curling over in a perfect mathematical spiral. A moment later, at one moment, thousands, of tons of water comes dashing down on the reef edge. It's quite a sight.

I imagine the word has filtered around by now that Helen had an operation last month. It was done in Ponape, 800 miles away, but a man from New England, who is a brain surgeon and recuperating out here from tuberculosis, is doing all kinds of surgery. Helen has done very well since the operation. She feels fine now. The rest of us are well, except that one or more of the kids usually has a little impetigo or fungus infection, which we are constantly treating. They are caused by the humidity.

We have a six-room (and "bath"—really, there is no bathtub, just a shower) house, which is in fair shape. It was originally thrown together from prefabricated "Dallas huts," and has suffered considerable deterioration because of the humidity and salt here. Maintenance is a big problem, but luckily it isn't our worry—it is the job of the local Public Works Department. If Congress approves the budget requested, there will be some new cement houses built by this time next year. These will be much better in every way, and especially less expensive to keep in repair. I hope we get one, if we should decide to come back here. My contract has ten more months to run, after which we will be entitled to a trip home. If I renew my contract, it will be in the form of a vacation, after which we will be returned here. They pay me, including all expenses, and per diem, to and from the U.S. (L.A. or, San Francisco). We hope to see you all then.

Love, Ronald and All.

February 27, 1952

Dear Relatives:

Maree asked me to write something for this issue of the "Whiting Tree." I decided that even better would be to include something which Helen has written, the story of her coming here. She says that I should tell you it is an excerpt from her forthcoming book. (It may be coming forth for a long time.)

I want to add that Helen recently had a major operation at Ponape, but she came through with flying colors and is doing very well The rest of us are well and enjoying the climate and all.

Ronald

September 17, 1950.

We have been airborne now about half an hour. We're all fine. Marijane is acquainted with the little girl who will probably be her closest partner in petty crime for several months.

It seems 1ike I'm in luxury's arms now, sitting here at 2,000 feet altitude. This is the culmination of three months sweat, work, and tears, three months of letters, cables, business and back-breaking toil.

We were the first to check in at Tranocean Airlines Sunday, and the first to be processed this morning. It was a snap today, to show our passport and immunization records, pick up our gate passes and wait our turn to board the plane. There were photographers there, also, to take a group picture and one of our family.

September 22 (Friday here—Thursday in U. S.)

We were all pretty tired when we finally sighted Hawaii. Three children in a double seat, and Linda with Eddie in her lap beside me, really cramped us. The only thing that made it bearable was the fact that everyone else also was equally uncomfortable.

As we landed at the Honolulu Airport, a Hawaiian band struck up and large and tiny girls took turns doing the hula. Everyone aboard received a lei, including the tiniest baby. Mine was all Vanda orchids, and is still in the refrigerator. Hawaii will always be my favorite spot on earth. Some of the families had not yet been issued passports, so 18 in all were taken by limousine downtown to have their photographs taken and the mothers stayed to get their passports while the children were cared for by the Red Cross and Salvation Army workers in the nursery at the terminal.

I felt like a celebrity when surrounded by four or five newspaper people for interviews. All asked: "Are you Mrs. Brown, mother of five children?" I had almost regretted it on the plane, but now I was proud to admit it. They took a lot of pictures and asked questions and then the children were taken off my hands. Later I got the three oldest and we were given dinner in the Sky Room, which is really a lovely patio.

About four hours after we landed, the families all had passports and we went aboard again. I met High Commissioner and Mrs. Thomas, Dr Marshall, and many of the officials of the Trust Territory in Honolulu. Everyone was perfect to us! On board again, almost all the children promptly went to sleep and we settled down, only to awaken again very early in the morning. They were still on California time—the children, that is.

We crossed, the International Date Line an hour before landing at Majura, so in addition to setting our watches back two hours further than Hawaiian time, we had to accustom ourselves to the idea that this was Wednesday a.m. instead of Tuesday, as it was in Hawaii and the U. S.

Then, after a while, I saw a short length of black string, then others. These grew larger and larger until we circled a lovely necklace of palm trees centered and surrounded by another, shade of the greenest water imaginable. These greens were separated by the white foam of the surf breaking on the beach. A chorus of "ahs" went up as each woman hoped her island would be as beautiful. I'm told that they are to be disappointed.

After meeting a dozen people, we all piled into the medical staff "car"—a jeep—and bumped our way to our home for the next fifteen months, which proved to be even nicer and bigger than I had expected.

Helen Gill Brown

INSERT PICTURE: PAGE 243 South American Cowboy Outfit. Jack Albert Brown.

January 23, 1952
Caixa, Postal 862
Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Dear Family:

I am glad that it is about time for another "Whiting Tree" to come off the press. I look forward to each new issue, to see if it will be as interesting and exciting as the last; and each time so far it has been better! The last time I wrote I was down in the southern part of Brazil. But now I am back in Sao Paulo, the headquarters of the mission, where I started out my mission over two years ago. I enjoy my work more every day. It just doesn't seem possible that soon my two-and-one- half years will be ended.

As I look back over my mission I realize how much I have been taught. I become more thankful each day to our Father in Heaven for this opportunity. I just hope and pray that the boys in the family who are younger than I will have the same chance; and that they will take advantage of that chance. I hope that each one of you young boys is planning now on going on a mission someday. If you include a mission in your plans, you will work towards that goal, and some day you will reach it. *Plan on a Mission!*

In my labors here I have had the chance to meet many of the old German members, and many of them remember Cousin Lee Berry. They all remember him as a very good missionary, and they are happy when I tell them a little about him and what he is doing today. Lee is now planning on helping one of our best families here in Brazil to move to the States.

The other day I went down, to visit the Elders in the city of Santos. I found two of them at home, and they were getting ready to make some pies to sell at their big belief Society Bazaar. I "volunteered" to help make the crusts, as I had to wait for the other Elders to get home anyway. (The two senior companions had gone off on business and left the two juniors to make the pies—pretty smart.) We had all three had about the same experience in cooking (I did work at Maurine and Elbert's place for a while; but I never made any pies.) We got out the cook book, and all the ingredients we could find, and then we mixed up a small batch (two crusts)to see how they were going to turn out. Believe it or not, they were very good. I kept wondering why all the women-folk back home complain that pie crusts are hard to make. I guess we kind of "got lifted up in our pride," because we decided to triple (it was really four times, but I don't know the word for that either) the recipe and got done quick—(famous last words). This time those boys did something wrong; I don't know what, but I think they must have measured wrong. I just know that I put my share in all right. What was wrong??? Well, the dough was kind of funny; it wouldn't stick very well—except to the table top. After several useless attempts to get a pie crust in a pie tin, I had a brainstorm. We would just simply roll out the batter and then turn the table upside down, and hold the pie tins under the dough, and all would be fine. It was a good theory, anyway, and the others were desperate enough to try anything (before their seniors came home). So we got two nice crusts all rolled out, spread papers all over the floor (just insurance), and gently turned the able upside down. We really needed several more helpers, because six arms just aren't enough to hold an upside down table, two pie tins, loosen two big round piles of dough (I don't know the name for that) with a knife, and all the

other odds and ends. But we got it all going nicely, only one crust wasn't stuck as badly as we had supposed, and it fell to the ground with a thud. But we got the other one all right. We got the greater part of the dough into a pie tin in one way or another, and ended up by making little cookies like Grandma used to make with sugar and cinnamon on top. After a very hard afternoon we had a nice bunch—well, anyway a bunch of piecrusts.

We found we had to be very careful not to touch them or they would fall to pieces. Looking back over it now, I think that we had too much grease in them. I had to leave that evening, and didn't get to stay and help them make the filling (lemon) and I didn't get to go to their Bazaar.

But they faithfully swear that all the pies were sold, and that the people actually said they liked them. I don't know, though, many times the people have to be kind to the missionaries on things like that. But at any rate, I am all set to make a big bunch of pie crusts (I'll still have to learn how to put something in them) for all of you when I get home.

In closing I want to tell you all how happy and thankful I am to be a member of our wonderful family. I pray that we will all realize the good that we may do as a family. A good family can be one of the best missionary forces possible. Many people are watching us all the, time, and it is up to us as to the kind of impression we leave with them. If each one of us will determine to do our part, and to live the Gospel plan of life, our family will continue to grow closer, and stronger, and we will have true happiness in meeting together. Let's say to the world, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve ... but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

I pray that the Lord will bless us and guide us always. I am looking forward to the time when I will see all of you again.

Love, Jack A. Brown.
(Son of J. Albert and Elda Whiting Brown)

INSERT PICTURE OF MISSIONARIES PAGE 245

Left to right—Elders Winegar, Crawley, Packer, White, Houston, McDonald, and Haws at Missionary Conference May 24, 1951, Brazil, S. A., wearing S. A. "Gaucho" or cowboy pants.

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THAT'S OUR BOY

Always helpful even as a little boy Dean (Berry) typed up the following excuse for his mother to sign when he was a second grader. It's copied verbatim.

Dear teacher

Will you pleas***excuse Dean, because he is going to x;xxxxKiabab forest to hunt deer. He will only be there friday. Then he is going to new orleans to meet his big brother Lee.

H I S T 0 R Y

By ELDA WHITING AND MARY WATERS

Uncle Lute Whiting was put in prison for polygamy, in Salt Lake City and was there six months. He was Bishop of Mapleton, Utah. While there in prison he studied bookkeeping, which was a great help to him in his Bishop work, and while there he witnessed this faith-promoting incident.

Young Johnnie Turner was going east after freight. Fred Hopp was on his way afoot. Turner gave him a ride. After getting way out of civilization, Hopp took Turner's ax and killed him, wrapped him in the wagon cover, hauled him three days, then threw him off in the brush. Hopp then took the four mule team and wagon on and sold them. John Turner, Sheriff of Utah County, young Johnnie's father, traced Hopp down. It took him a year. Hopp was tried and sentenced to be shot. A few days before his death, a bunch of prisoners (some of them pretty rough characters) began joking Hopp, and said, "Hopp, if there is any hereafter, let us know about it."

He said, "All right, if there is, inside of three days I'll send you one of the damndest hail storms you've ever seen in your life."

The third day they had one of the most terrible hail storms Uncle Lute said he had ever witnessed. Hail was as large as common marbles, and piled up against the prison wall a foot deep. At first the prisoners laughed and said, "Here comes Hopp's storm," but before it was over they were a mighty sober bunch.

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I REFUSED THE PURPLE HEART

By DEAN BERRY
(Son of Dr. H. A. and May Whiting Berry)

INSERT PICTURE OF F. Dean Berry, page 246

Leyte Island was pretty well secured. There were the usual nightly raids by the Jap aircraft and occasionally we could see flashes of some far-off naval battle and be thankful we were inside the bay. In daylight, our ship (a flat-bottomed LSM, designed to land troops and equipment on the beaches) was employed in shuttling runs, unloading equipment and supplies from some of the hundred or so ships anchored in the bay, for the docks at Lacloban had not been repaired as yet.

As I say, Leyte was pretty well secured and things had quieted down, when Lt. Darling called me into the officers' ward-room. He was navigations and communications officer in charge of my division, and his name is liable to fool you, for he was broad shouldered and level headed. I knocked and entered, standing in this compartment where all enlisted men must feel ill at ease.

Berry, I'm putting your name in as a candidate for a Purple Heart!" This was no surprise to me, for the ship's crew had been talking about it for days, but it came as a long and bitter argument with myself. I straightened myself as straight as I could in between the valve and fuel lines overhead, though my injured shoulder still throbbed, I replied, "Sir, I'd just as soon you didn't." His jaw dropped and for a second he lost his normal composure. Then he began on me, arguing, threatening, blustering, cajoling, pleading, and l only clenched my jaw and shook my head. He finally wound up by saying, "To hell with, sentiment! Just think of the extra money you'd get when you muster out—three hundred dollars to Purple Heart Discharges." That clinched it! If I had ever been tempted to wear a bit of ribbon which advertised that a man had been wounded (whether in cowardice or heroism is not told), the idea of collecting money removed that temptation. As I emphatically said no, my thoughts went back to just one week in time, seeing again the awesome sight of more than a hundred ships in perfect convoy formation on the way to invade the Philippines at Leyte Island.

The eight little LST's, LCI's and LSM's looked like playful puppies bouncing and prancing around the sleek, powerful Victory ships which looked as placid and calm as swans, hardly noticing the huge swells and choppy water. But we were essential to the Operation's procedure and so the convoy speed was reduced so we could keep up.

I had always wondered how Dansevitch would react in emergencies. He was a big Lithuanian, almost as tall as I, but tending to be a bit flabby. He was our pharmacist's mate and as the ship crew's only medical man he was pretty much his own boss. He was lazy and sloppy, but from many conversations I had learned that he did know something, about his duties, and how to take care of wounds and sickness as well as he could. The question in my mind was not if he knew enough, but if he was strong enough and level headed enough to carry out his duties in case we had trouble. On our way to Leyte I was fully reassured. I found out how Dansevitch reacted, all right, and though he was just as slothful and lazy in the following months as he was before, I always remember him as he was that day.

I remember suddenly lying on the deck in a daze, feeling warm blood trickling down my left arm from a gash on the shoulder. On opening my eyes a sudden fear gripped me, for all I could see from my left eye was a yellowish haze. By that time Dansevitch was there. He did everything right and nothing wrong. He ripped off my shirt with one stroke of his jack knife, while he compressed the wound with a quick bandage around the arm and over the shoulder; he calmed my fears and reassured me with soothing, confident words. He slapped a pad of gauze on my left eye and had me hold it in place with my right hand. He took a quick look at my legs, crumpled under me, and saw they were ok. He had long since called for the stretcher-bearers, but I knew what a time they would have with a stretcher in those narrow corridors, so I said I could walk ok, and started to get up. I gritted my teeth and started upwards of the ladder that led to Sick Bay, which was on the next deck. Seeing that I was not in shock nor great pain he had administered no morphine. With Dansevitch helping to push and carry my ungainly form, we finally made it, me thinking that I was doing most of it on my own.

The army doctor was in the Sick Bay and had sutures and forceps sterile and ready. I gritted my teeth as he started to draw the edges of the gaping wound in my shoulder together. Grim faced, he asked, "Does it hurt bad, son?" I shook my head and only muttered something about my eye. He took a look at it and said to me, smiling, "It'll be okay, son." And to Dansevitch quietly but with an insistence which somehow frightened me, "Here, you finish this. I'd better dean up that eye."

Now here, standing in the officers ward room, I was thankful that the yellow haze was gone from my eye and that there was no more than a slight throb in my shoulder. Thankful so that I wanted no Purple Heart, but only to feel gratitude towards those who had once come through in time of emergency, and so I gave Lt. Darling my final, emphatic "No" to a Purple Heart.

How did I get hurt? Oh, I forgot to mention that. You see, I was on KP that week, and was waiting on tables, going down the ladder with a bowl of butter I slipped, and went down to the deck, the butter bowl taking a roundabout route going first up, then down to bounce on one of the steps and break in two, one half of it finishing its journey by burying its point in my shoulder—a wound requiring two stitches. One great yellow, blob of butter landed with a splat on my left eye.

I REMEMBER
By ART WHITING
(Youngest Son of Edwin Whiting and Maria Isaacson)

INSERT PICTURE OF ART – PAGE 249

Art, taken about the time of the influenza scare.

I remember when the Spanish Influenza first broke out during World War I. Lynn and I were living at the old homestead at the time. The awful results of that epidemic were bad, but the reports that came to us at the homestead were multiplied. The fact that little was known about the disease left much room for speculation.

Well, the word came to Lynn and me by rapid mule team that the disease spread rapidly through the air from anyone's breath who may have been exposed. And the only way to be safe was never let anyone's breath carry your way in the air. Lynn and I thought we were safe, until we saw a couple of Mexicans coming our way on horseback. The wind was gently blowing from them to us, so we decided we must circle around them. We could easily have maneuvered it, if they had not been anxious to ask us about some sheep they had lost. Well, the race went on in circles for some time finally we won; and then from a safe distance on the right side of the wind we told them we had not seen any sheep.

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THE OUTLAW COLUMN
REAL HONEST-TO-GOSH HISTORY
By J. ALBERT BROWN

INSERT PICTURE OF ALBERT BROWN – PAGE 250

They want me to write for the Outlaw Column, but having never been an outlaw, I feel out of place. Now if I were one of the "horse thieves," I could really do a good job.

In the spring of 1918 Elda and I were married and decided to farm up at the Whiting Homestead. We were farming on shares for Grandpa Whiting. We started out without any money. We ran in debt at the Whiting Store for a bill of groceries and went to the Homestead with a pair of mules (May and Jack). We took some seed grain with us. We plowed the ground and planted grain, potatoes and corn. The total amount of our farming was about fifteen acres.

I don't know where we got the idea that we could make a living on fifteen acres on shares. After we got the crops planted I would work on the sawmill for three dollars a day, and thus paid our bill at the store. We just broke even the first year. When Geraldine came along it cost us thirty-five dollars. We were surely broke after that. We had raised a little feed but were not able to sell it, as it was so far away. Cattle broke in and ate it all up.

After we got the crops planted, Arthur had to have the mules to haul lumber. We didn't have anything to cultivate the potatoes and corn with but a burro called "Blossom." We tried to make her pull the cultivator but she muled up. I tried to lead her while Elda held the cultivator, but to no avail. I finally got disgusted and turned her loose and tried to pull it myself. After a short distance I muled up, and didn't blame "Blossom" so much after that.

When I was working at the mill I cut my foot with an ax. I had to lay off for about ten days. I tried to make a wooden leg to fasten on my knee, so I could hoe the weeds out of the crops. I worked all day whittling on the leg. It wouldn't work after all that, so I finally got disgusted and threw it away, and helped Elda quilt. I got so I could sew pretty good, but I seemed to do better on the quilts that we tied.

If some of you folks nowadays would have to go through what Elda and I did the first part of our married life, you would be better off. You would appreciate the opportunities you have nowadays.

I have been in the Whiting family so long that my feet have grown three sizes. But I have enjoyed the good times we have had together as a family.

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The following letter was written by J. Albert Brown to his children. We persuaded Nathel to let us print it. She claims this is typical of all his letters and doesn't like living home only because she misses out on such gems as this. (We see what you mean, Nathel.—Ed.)

St. Johns, Ariz., 10-23-50.

Dear Children:

Owing to the skunk smell, I will have to write this letter pel mel, damit to hell. Last night in the middle of the night, something was trying to open the screen door. I got up, went to the door, and could see something I thought was a cat between the screen and the door that was partly open. I thought I would reach around, the door and open the screen so it (the cat) could get out. As I pulled the door towards me, it (the cat) came toward me also. It was then I detected it was a skunk. I retreated swiftly and closed all three doors so it couldn't get into another room. The door where mother was sleeping didn't catch, and came open. I went into the dining room. I called back for mother to close the door as it was a skunk. She thought I meant the outside door, so started into the room to close the outside door. I said, "Don't come in. Close the door! It's a skunk!" She says, "A skunk? Where is it?" I said, "In the kitchen; close it, quick!"

Then I went around through the hall to get a gun and was just going to kill the skunk when it came out. I had to wake Phil to find the cartridges, and by the time I got outside the skunk had gone out. Mother insisted it was hiding behind the stove, so I got up and looked good, but couldn't see it. So I locked the screen door. After a while we could hear it again, so I got up and still couldn't' see it. I decided to unlatch the screen, so if it was in there it could go out. Along about daylight, Mother heard it again. This time she got up to see where it was and opening the door into the kitchen met it coming across the floor toward her. She slammed the door and aroused me from a deep slumber. I got the gun, went outside but the skunk had gone again.

The next evening we carefully locked all the doors so it couldn't get in. We went to a neighbors for a while. We left Brent home alone. When we got back Brent's eyes were as big as saucers. He said, "Mother, the skunk is in here again." He was reading a book and could hear little patters on the floor. As he looked around he saw a skunk about three feet from him. He didn't dare to move. He said he didn't even blink his eyes. (Who, Brent or the skunk?—the Ed.) He was afraid to cross the skunk in any way, as he might unload his stink bomb. Pretty soon the skunk went into the other room, and Brent dashed to the door and shut it.

We had to use the process of elimination to find what room he was in. We finally located him in the back wash room. I saw him go from under the bed to the table. I tried to get Mother or Brent to go in and scare him out. They refused, so I tried to get one of them to shoot him. They still objected. Mother finally went around to the back of the house and pounded on the window. I stood outside with a four-hundred ten-gage shotgun. The skunk finally came slowly out of the door. When he got about twelve feet away, I let him have it. I bloomed his stink bomb clear off of him. It scented the air for acres around.

The flash of the gun blinded me, and I couldn't see the animal any more, as it was pitch dark. I followed him, trying to see if I made the kill all right, but I couldn't see him. I was right by the cellar window and I heard him move. I got out of there right now. I got an extension cord and threw a light on him. Brent held the light while I finished him with a second shot. He fell into the cellar. I got a shovel and carried the culprit out into the garden. The skunk made such a stink two men came with guns and flashlights trying to find the skunk at our neighbor's place. I asked them what they were looking for, and they said, "A skunk." I said I have already killed it. , The doors were open to the house and the odor filled the house. Boy, was it bad for about ten days! Phil and Brent both went to school, and when their friends said, "I smell skunk, they both rushed back home and again took a shower and changed clothes completely.

Love, Dad.

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I MADE THESE CORRECTIONS

APOLOGIES AND CORRECTIONS FOR LAST ISSUE

Please take your pen and write names under picture on page 92 of last issue Back row—Helen Gill Brown, Ronald J. Brown, Linda.

Front row—Eddie, Marijane, Gi11, Jimmie.

Page-98--2nd paragraph change first -word to Nathel.

Page 100--Write date 1923 under A.C. Whiting's picture.

Page 127-18th line down from top between two last words *her* and *to* write the word not. 39th line down between words *door* and *from* write, the word down.

Page 128-17th line down change the word Kay to Dad.

Page 136—Change Jay Whitney to Whiting. Change Pandelin toAndelin. Change Virgil Whitney to Whiting.

Page 89—Write names under pictures as—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.)

Page 124---Write under top picture—Taken in Chicago about 1913. Under Frank W. Brown write, Eight years old.

Page 135—Write above pictures—Direct descendants and in-laws of the Whiting Family that served in World War II.

Page 134--Change generation to genealogy in two places.

OUR SMALL FRY

Wayne and Elma Smith were wooing, going, and cooing over their new son, Steven, with daughter Christine (31/2) close at hand. Elma remarked, "Gee, look how fat he's getting. He's getting wrinkles all over from the fat." Christine surveyed Steven closely, then remarked, “Guess you'll have to iron him Mommy."

When Marilyn, my (Maree Berry Stoddard) granddaughter, 3 years old, had the flu and (just after a shot) was crying for her mother (Leilani at B.Y.U) I said, "Marilyn, don't you like me? I can be your mother for a little while, can’t ?” She looked at me, then turned to the wall and sobbed, "I want my pretty little mama.”

Her first Sunday here, Marilyn, being new and bashful, visited Jeannie's class (11- and 12-year-olds). When I asked her what she had learned this is what she had to say: "Well, Grandma, we talked about Peter, and do you know, Grandma, Peter had fate (faith) and he walked in the river and when he didn't have fate he fell in. And do you know, Peter was good but the bad peoples hanged him up by the heels anyway."

I don't mind my granddaughter prying my eyes open at 6:00 a.m., but it's the shock of hearing her say, "Well, there's my darling little old Granny,” when she gets one open that brings me out of bed with a thud before I have time to think.

Beth says Myrna Whiting (Jay's) ran in to tell her mother that Grandma was out in the car. She said, "Mama, I just saw Great Mama over in the car by the plane and she is outside our house now." The next Sunday we were all going over to see Grandma and Aunt Minnie. Billie Simper (Beth's) and Myrna were talking. Myrna said; "We are going over to see, Great Mama,” answered Billie. "Yes, and to see Great Minnie, too."

"HATCHED" (Since Last Issue)

A son was born to Wayne and Mrs. Wayne L. Smith (Elma Brown), on October 4, 1951, Nampa, Idaho. He is named Steven Wayne Smith, weighed in at 7 lbs. 14 oz., at birth, was 201/2 inches long. At the age of three months he weighs 16 lbs. 10 1/2 oz., so you can see he is really growing—and how we do love him!

A daughter was born to Elbert and Maurine Brown Startup Sept. 25, 1951, at Provo, Utah. She was blessed Nov. 4, 1951, by her father, and given the name of Lynnae Maydene.

INSERT PICTURE OF JOHN C. WHITING PAGE 254

(Re-printed from a Springville, Utah, newspaper issued 1951)
Getting Ready for June in January
John C. Whiting, veteran Utah angler, repairs some faulty ferrules on his favorite fishing rod. The, 82-year-old resident of Wasatch county has been fishing Utah's streams since he was six.

AT 82, HE'S STILL CATCHING 'EM

Story of Successful Angler

By DON BROOKS

Ask John C. Whiting of Charleston, Wasatch County, if he got "skunked" last year and he'll scratch his head as memory races back and reply:

"By dum, I did once! Let's see. Came home without a fish."

Which, angling brethren, is quite a feat because Mr. Whiting, who began fishing when he was six, has seen 82 summers come and go in Utah. And busted Colorado will get you two dozen dry flies that when fishing season rolls around again he'll be out whipping the Provo for brownies and rainbows.

SPRINGVILLE NATIVE

Born in Springville of pioneer parents, he recalls that he caught his first fish “while driving the cows out to pasture."

"My mother made up a fishing outfit out of a piece of thread and a pin and I caught silversides in the little creek near our home," he recalled.

Unquestionably, he was one of the first fishermen in Utah to learn that a bunch of feathers tied on a hook and laced expertly in riffle or hole would take fish just as speedily as a chunk of bait. Some of those early- day flies were crude compared to today's standards, but they worked, Mr. Whiting recalls.

In recent years, however, the veteran angler has returned to bait and spinner fishing because, he points out, "I can't follow the fly as well as I once could."

REGULAR TRIPS

Mr. Whiting managed to get out fishing two or three times a week last season. His favorite stretch of water is on the Provo from the Charleston Bridge up to the Heber power plant. He also has wet a lot of lines in Daniels canyon, "but that wasn't so good last year. It was sort of overfished."

He has one interesting observation which bodes well for the future.

"I figured that when the reclamation fellers got through digging that ditch down the Provo the fishing would be gone forever," he said. "So did a lot of, other fishermen. But this year I caught some nice ones out of that stretch. It's surprising how the plant growth is coming back on the rocks."

Here is strictly a stream man.

"Went out once on the Strawberry," he chuckled. "It was nice for a change just to sit there and troll, but I don't go for that kind of fishing."

"CAUGHT A RIDE"

What did he catch? "Just a boat ride. Had to get down on the Provo before closing time to get some eating fish."

The gents who complain about poor Utah fishing ought to chat an hour or two with this veteran of rod and reel. He couldn't recall all the limits he took last year, but his family had all the fish it could eat.

"I didn't get any particularly big ones last year, but I reeled several three-pounders and quite a few over two pounds. That's pretty good fishing, I figure," he said.

He laughs when friends ask him the secret of being a good fisherman.

“It’s just like taking a violin up to an orchestra leader and telling him you want to play. There isn't any secret. It just takes years of training and experience."

When Christmas rolled around Santa Claus brought a brand new tapered line to the veteran angler. And these days when the snow lies deep up there in the valley of the Provo, Mr. Whiting is a busy man repairing his gear and dreaming about fishing seasons yet to come.

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"ME"

I was an unlit candle
Until the day you came;
Until your kiss awakened
In me this lovely flame.
Now I am shedding Gladness
Everywhere about,
And none but you can ever
Put the radiance out.
—Effie Berry Ellsworth About 1936

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FIGHTS

By E. I. Whiting

If a boy really makes a man his life must contain some of the joys of ownership—some of the sorrows of loss. He must have trials and temptations and overcome them. He must know the meaning of struggle even when the load is bigger than he is. He must face the heart-throbs a real boy gets from his early association with other boys and girls. Must be able to make decisions as real and challenging as any in life, although time may obscure them. And although the mother is usually against it, he must sometimes fight.

I will tell of a time Ralph thought he had to fight. Ralph is the fighter of our family. Ofttimes I wonder why I had so few combats. I have told myself that I was a mixer—better able to make friends. But if I was not afraid—if I did think there were better ways than fighting, why was I always so ready to be Ralph's second—to promote boxing for him?

He won many fights, never lost but one and that was pre-arranged to fill a last-minute failure of another contestant. However, the winner did do considerable boasting but steadfastly refused to fight again.

As I said, Ralph won many bouts in the ring. But the one I remember best was on the Old Academy lawn on the 4th of July.

Being farther from the railroad than any county seat in the U. S., and being 30 miles from the closest town, we had to promote our own entertainment. Our dancing had local music, for a third of a century August Mineer's violin accompanied by William Holgate's flute. On the Fourth, all the foot racing was local and we knew fairly well who would win. Baseball was mostly between the Mormon and Mexican teams. Horseracing had a little more excitement because new horses were growing up and being brought off the range. Boxing, the little we had of it, also carried a certain challenge, sometimes a fighter had more luck than other times.

On this particular above mentioned Fourth we had three newcomers; that alone was enough to draw attention. The boys were about 17, 19 and 20 years of age—the oldest a wagering bully, who bossed the other two. The three were making a three-weeks stay in our fair city. The bully advertised the fact that he was a trained boxer. He had with him two sets of boxing gloves, ring, etc., which he displayed to back up his claim of championship. He had given a number of exhibitions, always winning and had won for himself quite a reputation. He brought his gloves to this Fourth celebration and as often as opportunity permitted him offered to fight anyone in the crowd. As time went on and no one took him up, he offered to fight any two men and then any three.

About that time I noticed the look that comes in Ralph's eyes when he thinks he is being imposed on. He was just a kid, sitting there by Allie Mineer and Andy Gibbons. So far as I know Ralph had never had a pair of gloves on and I was really alarmed when, and without a word, he walked over and took one pair of the challenger's gloves and began putting them on. When he had mastered his astonishment, our bully said, "All right kid. Come on, I won't hit you very hard."

“Hit as hard as you can," said Ralph, "Cause that's what I'm going to do.” Our hero hit Ralph when and where and as often as he wanted to, fiddled and dodged, until it looked like Ralph was never going to touch him. And then it happened! Enjoying his success and grandstanding for the crowd, our champion left an opening. Ralph drove just one—to the neck, just under the jaw. The champion did not

fall, neither did he move. He seemed dazed, his arms hung limp at his side, and he had a far-away look in his eyes. Ralph could have finished him but he just waited. The timekeeper decided the round was over and called time. Supported on either side, his, friends led him to his seat.

I have often wondered about that blow. It seemed to temporarily paralyze him some way. He seemed to lose control of his speech, arms, legs, and the boys said later, of his bowels. He could not be persuaded to go on, and was finally taken away.

The crowd spent the rest of the day commenting on the fight. The three strangers left town and local old-timers like to recall what they remember. Ralph says what he remembers best is Brother Rencher whispering, "Kill 'im, Ralph; kill 'im."

When I say I think that was Ralph's greatest fight I am not unmindful of his fights after training in the ring to houses over-sold. Some say his fight with Procopio, a 280-lb. man, was the best fight. Procopio had arms and muscles measuring two inches bigger than Ralph's thigh. Each night crowds gathered to watch him train and exhibit feats of strength. Most people expected to see Ralph annihilated. For one, I was glad to see that Procopio was not going to get up at the count of ten. His great size and strength boded ill, but Ralph, under Trainer Johnson's direction had worked on Procopio's protruding eyes. Ralph knew when to fight;

Many think the best fight was with "Terror, Big Boy." A stranger from .Denver, who had bet $200 on Ralph, said it was the greatest fight he had seen in any ring; also he had bet on Ralph because he looked like he would never quit until he had to. And that proved true in this case. In the second round "Big Boy" cut over Ralph's left eye that bled so much that Ralph's clothes were covered and two streams spurted out over several feet, and later it required over eight stitches. Ralph went four round that way— Dr. Bouldin getting the blood partially stopped between rounds— and then "Big Boy" went down like an ox. They had already taken mother out. She thought Ralph was bleeding to death. It was thirty minutes after he fell before they could revive "Big Boy." Little Kay Berry then ran home, crying, "Grandpa, Ralph won! They've got twelve men around 'Big Boy', but can't get him up." Thirty minutes later they did, however. But thirty years have passed and old-timers still tell about the fight, and I still say Ralph's best fight was the fight on the Academy lawn with Brother Rencher saying, "Kill 'im."

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Note from the Editor:

Remember when you began reading this issue, how happy I was as I picked myself up off the P.O. floor? Well, I can't believe it, but our "wagon load" of gold is gone.

Like the proverbial grasshopper, I sang and danced and assembled pictures and articles and stories all day (after day). Now winter is here. We are broke. We are bust. We need monies.

This issue cost us, dear relatives, $540.00, no less. We do think it should pass for two issues though, don't you? And it's kinda nice to realize it would have cost a lot more printed any other place. Please let us hear your comments good or bad.

We feel like the coyote that swallowed the chipmunk that Uncle Earnest tells about. You can tell by the following masterpiece that at this stage we're pretty slap-happy.

Now you've read it
What da ya' think?
Do you' like it,
Or does it - - - - -?

The money is gone—
It didn't take long;
Alms for the poor,
Need we say more?