

# The Whiting Tree

Vol. 1, No. 7

1955 Page 263

INSERT PICTURE OF FAMILY OF Earnest J Whiting Sr.

STANDING: TOM DASTRUP, BEAULAH HEWARD. JOHN HEWARD. NITA BUSHMAN.  
HAROLD BUSHMAN, BETH SIMPER. AUSTIN SIMPER.

SEATED: ALEEN WHITING. E. JAY WHITING. BERYL WHITING. EARNEST J. WHITING,  
EDWINA DASTRUP.

EDITORIAL  
By J. RONALD BROWN

When I got back from Hawaii, I said to Aunt May, isn't it about time we got out another copy of the Whiting Tree. Well, here it is, at long last. The long delay has been due to a number of things. All of us who are getting it out are extremely busy. I tried to get out of putting this issue together, but was finally convinced that the others who might do it are as busy as I.

Aunt Myn has been a real trooper, taking over the reins when Aunt May became ill. Maree deserves a lot of credit, for getting people to write the material, and writing her excellent column, even though it did take a lot of time and letters to get the last out of her. Aunt Beryl got most of the pictures and stories together and sent them to us. Others deserve credit, but you'll see their names in the issue where their work is.

We are trying a new method of printing. We hope it works out as well as the sample work we were shown, and we hope everyone approves. It is certainly cheaper, and is supposed to be as good as regular printing for a small number of copies, such as we print. If it works out as expected, I know that we will have another issue sooner. One of the reasons for the delay is the high cost of our last issue.

I think that this is a very heartwarming issue. The news has been eliminated, to appear in the Whiting Twig—another issue of which is also overdue. Partly because of this, the total size is less than the last few issues, but it is packed with interesting and valuable material. We know you will enjoy it, so read on. Any comments will be appreciated.

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## A TRIBUTE TO ONE DEPARTED

During the past year, another of the "second" generation passed away. Frank (Francis Wiley) Brown; husband of Martha, daughter of Grandpa and Grandma Whiting, died on January 19, 1955. He is survived by his wife, six children, F. Ray Brown, Mrs. Ray W. (Ruth) Lewis, Mrs. Elbert H. (Maurine) Startup, Mrs. Lester R. (Louise) Carlston, J. Ronald Brown, and Mrs. James H. (Maydene) Bodell, and in addition, thirty-six grandchildren.

Funeral services were held in St. Johns on January 22, 1955. Memorial services were held in Salt Lake City January 24. The main speaker at the memorial services was Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve. One of the main speakers at the funeral service was his brother-in-law, Arthur Whiting, youngest of the sons of Grandpa and Grandma. I think his words sums up the words of all the rest, and the life of this good man.

[INSERT PICTURE OF FRANCIS WILEY BROWN P. 265](#)

By Arthur Whiting  
(Brother-in-Law)

## TO A SORROWING ONE

Rather than any priceless gift today  
I would bring you comfort if I could.  
If there be any word that I might say  
To ease your aching heart, dear ones,  
I would be glad to speak that word,  
Be glad to bring its magic solace for your comforting.  
But well I know that silence is a part of sympathy—  
So great a part, indeed,  
That in this first dark moment  
When your heart is torn with shock;  
Silence will meet your need better than words ...  
But let me clasp your hand, And by that touch say,  
"Friends, I understand."

Friends and loved ones, I am grateful that such an honor as this should come to me. That those who know my faults and weaknesses should entrust this responsibility to me: it makes me humbly proud.

I wonder, perhaps, if they gave me this opportunity because they knew how great my debt was to Brother Frank. That because of him and his goodness, three of my four sons came into my home. Though they were not of my own flesh and blood, now they are mine; and for this I am indebted to him.

Looking back now, we can see how many lessons were taught by his life and example. I am reminded of a time when I took one of my sons to Salt Lake for medical checkup. We did not think there was anything seriously wrong, but the specialists gave us the sad news a few days or perhaps weeks later. In dark despair, I was bitter. Staying in Uncle Frank's home, I complained that it wasn't right—that God had been unjust to me.

He gently chided me. "What claim do you have on your son, except that which God has given you. Don't you know that your boy was to you for an allotted time—three years; and now you must give him back. But be thankful for the time you have had him, and love and cherish him the few days he will be with you. Then sometime you will have him again to keep forever."

And you know, he made things look different to us, and from then on we seemed to have more courage and faith.

Very early in his life, as a young man, he chartered his course, and through all the years he never changed from that straight and narrow way. His philosophy of life was: First, The Gospel Plan, and after that the things of this world. We may not agree with his political views, or approve his judgment in the business world; but no one, I am sure, ever questioned his faith in Christ. He believed so thoroughly, and trusted so completely in the promises of the Lord that one sometimes felt timid in his presence.

I have often wondered how you tell when a man is great; surely not by wealth. In fact, if we were willing to be honest, we must admit that the truly great men have not had much time to accumulate wealth.

I think a man is great when in his life he influences the lives of others and serves the needs of his fellow man. If this is a worthy measure, then Brother Frank will surely be among those who qualify. For during his life he has touched many souls. There will be many over there to welcome him home, and still a great number to sorrow that he has gone.

How many homes have been blessed by his attendance! All these many years, the hour was never too late or the weather too cold for him to go to those who needed him. Many were not able to pay for his services and some gave him of their produce, but that was of minor importance to him. He gave to all the best he had, to rich and poor alike. Sometimes he administered his medical skill; and sometimes, on his knees, he asked for divine assistance.

I only wish I had such a life of service to sustain me, when I am called to face my maker. I am sure I would not be afraid to go then.

I think that God is proud of those who bear  
A sorrow bravely—proud indeed of them  
Who walk straight through the dark to find Him there  
And kneel in faith to touch His garment's hem.  
Oh, proud of them who lift their heads to shake  
Away the tears from eyes that have grown dim,  
Who tighten quivering lips and turn to take  
The only road they know that leads to Him.  
How proud He must be of them—He who knows  
All sorrow, and how hard grief is to bear!  
I think He sees them coming, and He goes  
With outstretched arms and hands to meet them there,  
And with a look, a touch on hand or head,  
Each finds his hurt strangely comforted.

To you, his children and posterity, let me remind you of the wealth he has left you. Oh, I don't know whether there is a dollar in the bank, or an acre of land; but he left you a way of life, a faith and hope that is the richest gift in the world. Cherish the good things he left to you, as you gather in your homes. Recount the many good deeds he did. Tell your children about his experiences which were so inspiring. If you are ever inclined to be unkind to one another, remember his patience and tolerance, and emulate his kindness to all. Carry on his ideals and hopes. Honor the good name he left you; and hold sacred your family ties to each other and to him.

Always remember what a great love he had for mankind. I believe he loved all people, rich and poor, friend and stranger; and he dearly loved his family.

REMINISCING  
By Maree Stoddard

INSERT WEDDING PICTURE OF BERYL JOHNSON AND EARNEST J WHITING P. 267

My first recollection of Uncle Earnest is a willingness to sing. “Ol Si” would ring out as sort of a surprise and we would stop enchanted to listen, even if we were clean up in the “little garden” above the mill pullin’ radishes. Ol Si Hubbard was the favorite of us all, then it was always “Ya Gotta Quit Kickin’ My Dog Around” which nearly always followed. Whenever the family got together there was always the recounting of the pet family jokes but no party was complete without “Uncle Earnest’s “Ol Si.”

When Uncle Earnest returned from his mission he worked with Grandpa on the Sawmill. After about a year he met the slender dark eyed daughter of William Derby Johnson, Jr. Aunt Beryl had recently come from Mexico where her father had been called by the church to colonize the town of Colonia Diaz and to be a doctor to the Mexicans. When the Saints had just shortly before been driven out of Mexico by the Mexican rebel Pancho Villa Aunt Beryl came to Concho to live with her sister Winnie where she and Uncle Earnest met.

Uncle Earnest brought his bride up to the old mill and that is where I first remember them.

Pearl, Lulu, Uncle Charlie's girls, Effie and I, built our playhouses up among the little pine trees. We often quarreled over who would be Aunt Beryl, because we considered her the prettiest woman at the mill. Pearl once confided to us that Aunt Beryl was prettier than the rest because she secretly put stuff on her face at night called cold cream. I marveled at this magic potion. Until then I didn't know women used anything except home made soap and buttermilk.

Arthur, Bryant, Herman, Farr, and sometimes Carl Beck, played in the same little grove of trees we girls played in. Day, week, and month, after work was finished they played the same thing—horses. It never varied. They built elaborate corral all over the place by pounding sharp chips from the woodpile into the ground for posts, lacing string around them for wire. They made gates that really opened, tiny barns stuffed with pine needle hay. Nothing ever seemed to inveigle them away from playing horse.

For horses they used empty thread spools, and tied intricate harnesses thru the holes. The sex and age of the animal was determined by the size of the spool. Ordinary size 40 or 50 were mares, smaller were colts. A size 24 or 8 could become good work teams. One who possessed a large quilting spool owned a prize stud, and as Arthur had the edge on the other boys because grandma quilted the most, serious trades were made that sometimes took days to complete. Sardine cans and match boxes were used for wagons and they hitched several teams to a heavy load.

The road system was long and intricate and woe be unto us girls if we messed it up. If you are annoyed by the jet propulsion noises that emulate from the throats of your little male offspring, try to, imagine what we endured hours on end listening to the repetitions of every sound physically possible for a horse, colt, mare, or stud to produce from either end, made by these young potential horsemen, their only ambition in life it seemed.

## INSERT PICTURE OF THE MILL AT THE HOMESTEAD PAGE 268

Not long after John was killed they moved the sawmill over West of the Homestead near the Mineral.

When Grandpa had business questions on his mind he seemed to lean on Uncle Eddie. When his troubles involved horses it was Uncle Ralph and Uncle Lynn he called in. But anything of a mechanical nature or building plans, he always seemed to go to Uncle Earnest.

The mill houses were all alike. Made of rough one by sixes with boards running vertical, another round of one by threes over the cracks made a fairly snug cabin. One big room for cooking, eating and general living, a pantry on the cool side, and an alcove or two for bedrooms was the average mill house. Built with no foundation, the roof was made by bending boards over a ridge pole put high enough to give the roof a slight curve down; two layers of boards, with the narrower boards over cracks made a good tight roof that seldom leaked. Grandpa and Uncle Earnest could build a mill house in one day—and move in by eventide. If you've ever seen Uncle Earnest sink an eight penny nail with one blow, you wouldn't say it couldn't be done.

At this second mill site is where I remember Uncle Earnest and Aunt Beryl best. He was different from the other uncles in that he would really play with us kids and would pick us up and toss us around. He let me "skin the cat" until I got so big and fat mother put a stop to it. He kept us in stitches whenever he was around.

We refer to them as "the Uncles" now and think of them almost alike and as one, but the uncles I remember long ago were very different from each other, and to me they still are. If you rode horseback with Uncle Eddie you always learned something—the name of a mountain, what brand belonged to who, or why they build drift fences, etc.

If you went with Uncle Lynn you had the time of your life, and laughed until you ached all over—unless, that is, he saw the dust miles away of a wild horse, then he would be gone in a flash and you might be left alone to guard herd.

If you rode with Arthur there was always some catch to it. If you were near his age he would connive hard and long to lure you into some kind of a deal or a trade. You might start in the direction of Green's Peak and end up hoeing his corn at the homestead.

If it was Uncle Ralph you were riding with, you stayed a little behind, partly because you knew that no matter what you said or asked, there would only be silence. His keen dark eyes were always watching the ground for tracks, or scanning the rock ledges. You couldn't relax for fear there was a jackrabbit, a coyote, a bob-cat or a rattler around near and he might depend on you to help him corner and catch or kill it.

If you rode with Uncle Earnest you would have a lot of fun, but it would be a short ride. Neither he nor the horse could seem to be able to stand each other very long at a time.

I used to love to slip into Aunt Beryl's house and just sit and look around. The same rough boards as the rest of the houses, the same crude furniture, but there were pretty pictures on the wall. Backs of old

"Ladies Home Journals" carefully trimmed and artistically placed about the room. Pictures were scarce up there, and I used to study them for hours. There were vases of wild flowers about the room, and little rag rugs on the floor; Beulah's little playhouse upon the low storage chest with a complete set of toy furniture Uncle Earnest had made to her size.

But most of all I liked the way Aunt Beryl dressed. She looked like the ladies in the catalogue. Maybe the contrast with the other women at the mill had something to do with the way she seemed to me. Seeing the new boots, Levis, felt and fringed jackets, squaw dresses, and the new everything at every reunion makes me a little wistful that it might be a little more as it used to be. The mill and the homestead seemed to be the place to go to get the last drop of good out of everything already past due for the carpet bag. I remember Mother and Grandma packing gunnysacks of clothes for us to wear up at the mill, and they were apt to put in anything from grandma's last "Mother Hubbard" to Dad's old track suit. All one summer I recall Aunt Elda wearing a pair of bib-overalls (ten sizes too big for her) a fancy taffeta blouse (a little too small) torn under the armpits. With these she wore a pair of high-topped high heels worn down to the nubs—so far they turned up like Harem shoes. A crumpled, once beautiful, leghorn hat with a battered rose on top completed the ensemble—and she wondered why the cows kicked her over regularly every morning as she tried to get her milking done.

Effie and I usually wore Arthur's old bib overalls that he had outgrown, and that were too holey for any more patches. If we were lucky we might inherit some of Farr's old shoes. If not, we went barefoot unless grandma took time out to make us some moccasins out of old overalls. I was jealous all one summer over Effie's tight-legged scout pants that Herman had outgrown, and delighted two years later when I fell heir to them. Even with no leggings they fit better than Art's old bibs. We were deeply appreciative if we got to wear a man's hat or cap, even an old derby was better than a woman's cast off Chapeau, as they were forever blowing off. The whole idea was to save the face from sun and wind blisters, and to cover up the naked body.

Aunt Beryl stood out from this gathering of odds and ends as something romantic and refreshing right out of the magazine. I think it irked the other females some as she starched and ironed her pretty gingham checked skirts and blouses. The wide stiff three-inch bands on the skirts and aprons made her waist look even more tiny. I secretly wished the other women would try to be a little more like her.

[INSERT PICTURES: Jay Whiting at 9 months and Beulah and Lester Whiting at the homestead p. 270](#)

When Beulah was about four years old, Uncle Ralph's Lester, a year younger, became her constant companion. Skipping along the logs and over the rocks they seemed like two little chipmunks. When good-natured Jay came along, I helped Aunt Beryl for several weeks. Grandma was so proud of his size (he was enormous) that whenever she dropped in with company she always undiapered him to show off his bottom and to marvel at his many and sundry dimples. I have never seen grandma kiss and make over any of her grandbabies as much as she did over Jay.

Uncle Earnest's mill hands idolized him. I sensed one reason on rainy days. At the first serious signs of rain he would yell, "Stop the mill, it's raining. Who wants to play horseshoes? Me first." Watching all the men play horseshoes with their boss all afternoon in the rain, because they couldn't work because it was raining, was hard to make seem logical, but why try. They all had a wonderful time.

The most thrilling time of day was when the old steam whistle blew, and everyone gathered around their cabin door washing up, laughing, and waiting for the supper bell. Uncle Earnest seemed like a giant when he lumbered in and bellowed his inquiry if supper was a few minutes late. The floors creaked, the walls trembled, and the chairs shuddered as his red head stooped under the door and he entered the daintiest of all the cabins. He seemed sort-of-a good giant, sort-of-a bull in a china shop.

I was never afraid of anything when Uncle Earnest was within miles. Effie reminded me not long before she died that not once in our lifetime could either of us recall Aunt Beryl or Uncle Earnest ever saying one cross word to us. I guess there were plenty of times when they could have.

As I grow older I realize the great influence they've had on all of us, not only on the outstanding family they have raised, but on the first, second, and third generations as well. After hearing Uncle Earnest, during the second World War, expound his many and sundry opinions of the Battle of the Bulge, the African invasion, war tactics, and administrative weak points in general, my fifteen year old Joycell begged me for days after to begin the ball rolling for his election to U. S. President. "It's about time we had another Abraham Lincoln or an Andrew Jackson", she argued. Well, my one reason against an all out campaign at the time was the state of his health. In case the subject comes up again, I'm wondering just what I should say to her since his recent operation was a complete success. Any suggestions ?

[INSERT PICTURE OF E. Jay Whiting and Family page 271](#)

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### THE LITTLEST PEASANT

By MAREE BERRY STODDARD

(Ed. Note: This story is a true one. Oh, we can't prove the exact thoughts are those that ran through the mind of Maren Christensen when she sent out her beloved Marta to work, but the story is a good picture of the situation there, and the facts are true. When you read it, keep in mind, that Marta, the little girl, was Grandma Whiting's mother. Maren was a widow, and the family was very poor, so poor that we who live in this wonderful America can scarcely comprehend it. Her one consolation in doing what she had to do, was that this one daughter, at least, would not starve as the younger children were starving.)

Maren knelt in the doorway of the one-room cottage and tied her kerchief securely on Marta's head. These last moments were melting into silence. There wasn't much left to talk about. Marta had already said goodbye to her brother and sisters, and they had gone to bring the sheep.

The sun, sinking below the low rolling hills of Denmark in back of the corral, cast long, grotesque shadows across the windswept yard. The distant bark of a dog and the tinkle of the cow's bell only brought a sharper pain to her aching heart.

The chill salt air prompted Maren to tuck the little girl's shawl a bit tighter around her thinly clad body. Shading her eyes she could see a man coming up the road in a small horse-drawn cart. The tide would soon be coming in. He was coming to take Marta away in the small sailing boat. As one of the over-lords on an estate he was to complete the transaction. At sight of the brutish henchman Maren

flinched. The throbbing in her temples reached a crescendo that made her seem dizzy. Her eyes blurred and she reached for the door to steady herself. Not wanting the child to see her lack of control she turned to pick up the ragged bundle that was the little girl's possessions.

In all of her nine years Marta had never traveled farther than the church to the north, south to the village, west to their neighbors once to borrow a nail, and east to the seashore. Her wanderings had covered perhaps an area of about three square miles. Now she was going away from home across the water to Bolling on another island to work in the fields for seven years.

The man had promised she would have lodging, food, wool from 2 sheep to make her clothes and to knit her stockings, and 8 dollars a year as wages. She did not know how much money 8 dollars was, but she knew that with money, you could buy things. Her mother's gift was one pair of wooden shoes a year.

Maren brought the bundle. The man had said they would not be cruel to the child when she had asked. Would his word be good? How would she know so far away? Marta could not write, nor would she be learning.

She watched as the child's dark eyes searched the intruder. He seemed much bigger than the men in this neighborhood, she thought, even bigger than the blacksmith. She wondered if Marta knew how long seven years would be. The child didn't want to go with the man, but knew she must, for now her father was dead.

As the man beckoned the child to come, Maren dropped to her knees beside her. Claspng the girl to her she whispered, "Marta, you will soon be a big girl, a very pretty big girl. Comb your hair every day and keep it nice. Soon you will be grown enough to pin your braids up like mamma does." Taking the child's long black braids she wound them playfully around the little girl's head. "I'm giving you my hair pins. Grandma gave them to me long ago. Don't ever lose them. They are yours now. Maybe some day I can buy some more for me."

Marta looked down at the four big hairpins her mother had placed in her hand. Never had she dreamed of having such a nice present as this. It made her feel very grown up and she flashed a happy smile. I won't lose them, mamma, I'll always keep them, and I'll buy you some when they pay me."

The man boosted Marta up into the cart. They started down the lane. The horse was trotting now. The child was standing up in the back with one elbow over the rail. Waving goodbye with one hand, she clutched the four hairpins in the other.

Maren watched them out of sight. Her other children were coming. They would wonder about her hair dangling thick around her waist. They would wonder about supper too. Looking once more down the empty road she wondered what greater task any mother could be asked to endure than the one she had just done. There was one thing worse she remembered. It was the cry of hungry children in the night; her children.

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[Next page was an insert of a family group sheet of the Earnest & Beryl Whiting family](#)



## WHAT HAS HELD THE WHITING BROTHERS TOGETHER

By E. I. WHITING

Yesterday my sister, Myn, said a young man from our hometown had been asked if he could talk on family cooperation and unity. He had paid us the compliment of saying he would talk about the Whiting Brothers, whom he had known most of his life, and so he came to Myn and asked her to tell him what made our organization go, what held us together. She in turn has asked me, and to tell the truth I am not sure that I can tell you. I think I know at least in part, but to tell it seems more difficult.

Thinking it over, I guess the whole thing is built on day-to-day or time-to-time incidents. Of course, we give Dad credit for planning, from long ago. In looking back, I know that his plans for life always included his boys working together and with him. When the end of life was at hand, he called me to his bedside and asked me to try to hold the boys together. I am sure he realized I was not quite so generous as some of my brothers, because he cautioned me about being sure to deal fairly whenever we were involved. Being the oldest, he indicated he wanted me to take the lead in his place. Then he said, "If you can always be honest with each other, you will be more blessed and have more prosperity, and get more from life."

I can think of many incidents that have affected our organization, and don't think there have not been trials—times when we all wondered if we should quit. Each of us brought a wife into the group, and it is a compliment to all of them that even though they did not understand much about what we were trying to do, they generally backed us up and very seldom hindered, even though I am sure they often did not understand, and often wondered if the privation required did not more than offset the compensations.

As I have already said, I could tell many incidents to throw light on things as they have appeared to me. Let me tell one, and as they say in the American Magazine, "You be the judge." Remember, we had always worked together. We first built in St. Johns—the store, farm, sawmill, garage, etc. Then we took the Ford Agency in Holbrook, and sent Earnest there to manage that. He worked hard. Beryl cooked for the other brothers when we went to help, but they carried the brunt of the Holbrook venture. Under Earnest's management, we bought a second and then a third garage, built a new building for J. C. Penny Co., Pay-N-Takit, and a modern drug store. In fact, Earnest was making quite a showing on his end of the business, and because it was growing, I guess we all put a little extra into it.

Then one day—tragedy! Earnest went to the operating table—a serious operation (gall stones), with his life in the balance. Finally he mended and was brought home. He was ordered not to work, but tried to just watch the business he had built and loved. It didn't work. More hospital, and finally they said if he did not quit and get out for at least five years, he would die. His wife, with a family of small children, wondered if they would lose out when they had to quit. The brothers wondered if they would be able to pay enough to satisfy Earnest and wife, and still save the business. In fact, things were said on both sides that brought fear and worry to all. We looked for big losses and whispered about what each should lose. Earnest was in bed, awfully sick, and of course worried. Wise old Earnest called the three brothers to his bedside. We went prepared to give him whatever he asked if we could, even if we did not salvage much from this fine, growing, young venture. Beryl and Earnest had been on the ground, close to it, and naturally we thought he felt that even though the others had invested and helped, most of it was theirs, and I think a court of equity would have agreed with them. And so we met, and in a few words listened to Earnest change, or shall I say guide, our partnership through rough waters. Instead of asking

for more or less than his share, he, as nearly as I can remember, simply said, "I guess you know what the doctors say. I must absolutely quit work for five years, go to the Coast or somewhere out of the way. I will have to have enough for the family to live on, and I guess I have something in the business, but it would not sell for too much now, and to draw too much out would break it. Why don't you fellows take it and carry on, and just let me draw enough to live on along, and when I am well enough I will come back and help."

The next few years are a story apart. Ralph and Art did carry on. The business grew so that Earnest's share was more than the whole thing when he dropped out. He had lived, and those were some of the happiest years of our lives. It is hard to say who did what, but they all did a good part.

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## THE MATRIARCH

(Part two)

The Story of Anna Maria Isaccson Whiting  
As told to GERALDINE BROWN SAGERS

When the grasshoppers were bad in Ephraim my Father fixed a wagon box on two wheels and put a cover on it for a chicken coop which he could move around the fields. The nests were in the front end and I would stand on the tongue and reach them. One day I discovered a new nest in the further end of the wagon box. Right now I crept in and crawled back to get the eggs. When I got back my weight made the wagon box tip back. I was in the back end and the front end was up so all I could see was the sky. I felt like I was ruined and didn't know whether they would find me that night or not. I thought that was the narrowest escape anyone could have. I was all dirty too. I scratched and scratched until I got far enough back up to the front so I tipped the wagon box straight again. That was one experience I never forgot.

Father raised many potatoes. He kept them in a huge pit which opened at the top and had a ladder down into the top. Many a day I would sit all day, sprouting potatoes down in this pit all alone. We fed potatoes to our pigs and cows. We also raised peas, so many that we threshed them with a thresher and fed our pigs and cows on them too. We were very lucky to have such good gardens and raise so much for feed for our cattle. The only chance we had to get anything ahead was on what we could raise.

When I wasn't very old I went to Manti to visit my father's cousins. They teased Mother to let me come up and visit for a week or two. I was crazy to go. After I had been there a few days I was so homesick I could hardly wait to get home.

When President Young would come to conference all the Sunday School kids would get out and march to meet him. The people would always have a big banquet. Everybody had to donate and they would put on all the airs they could. President Young told the people not to do that but they went on and got a big dinner just the same.

When everyone got ready to eat President Young sat down and took some of all the food they passed to him. He then stirred all the food together on his plate and shoved it to one side and asked them

to bring him a bowl of bread and milk. President Young didn't want things that were unnecessary. I was not there when this happened. I just heard others tell about it.

When I was twelve years old my father was called to Arizona. I felt so terrible that I couldn't get over it. When my father talked in church I bawled and bawled. He said, "I felt as though I couldn't stand to start out this time of the year, (it was in February) with my family because I saw so much suffering and so many deaths while crossing the plains in early days. But now President Young has told me that I could go without my family until we get a fort built to protect ourselves from the Indians."

Father left and I was the saddest kid, I nearly worried myself to death for fear the Indians would kill him. I wanted to go with Father but I didn't want to leave Mother.

Father had gone, there was conference in Manti. Mother let me go. Mother had always dressed me very plain. We made our own clothes and never had even as much as a ruffle on our dresses which wasn't necessary. I was visiting with my father's cousin and his family. He had some girls who were older than I was. I was 13 then. They dolled me up and even had me a beau picked out. I went to church in their clothes—dolled up in the best they had, even a hat. I got there early and sat near the front of the church. President Brigham Young was there that day and I'll never forget the sermon he gave. He pounded the pulpit and said, "We should make our own clothing and our own hats. We should learn to work and keep busy." He also said that he didn't want to live to see what terrible troubles and destruction we would have to go through if we didn't try to hold our standards and not simply follow the styles. I felt so out of place there in my borrowed clothes that I never forgot that sermon. If I hadn't heard that I might have been more anxious to keep up with the styles. I would have got out of there but the house was jammed and I had to stay still.

My Mother had always taught me that it was sinful to try to be too stylish. When my Mother joined the church she gave away all her nice clothes because she thought it was wrong to have such fancy clothes.

Father came back at the end of the first year and got a load of wheat from his own bins, some that he had stored. He had it made into flour and took it back to Arizona. He had a big trail outfit. He left us again because there was nothing ready in Arizona.

We had heard that Father was coming. I would climb upstairs in the new house, which wasn't finished yet, to watch for him. One day I saw a trail outfit coming a long ways down the road. I sat and watched and wished that might be him. Finally he turned to come our way and was I happy.

We stayed there another year but Ike went back with Father and that left just Mart, Mother and I. My job was to milk the cows, five or six of them. Mart fed the cows, watered them, and cleaned the stalls. In the morning, after I had milked, I had to go to school and do the janitor work. I was working to pay for my school. I had to sweep the floor and dust the big long benches and tables. I attended school about three months all together.

Father was called to go to Arizona just as he had almost finished building our new rock house. Our old house was quite small. We left the house as it was. Twenty years later when Father and Mother moved back they finished the house and moved into it.

The next year Father and the others in Arizona raised a good crop of wheat so he came back to get us. I was 14 years old then. It took quite a while to get everything together and ready to leave. We were going to travel with a big outfit going back. The church was sending a thresher to thresh the wheat and there were at least 15 wagons or more. We drove 50 head of cows and Brother Jenson had about that many. We traveled along with them and helped them and they helped us. We had one ox team to a wagon and Father had a team of mules. All together we had 5 wagons.

Everything was exciting getting ready to leave and I was going with my family so I don't think I worried too much about leaving Ephriam. I was young and anxious to see the things Father talked about.

(To be continued)

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OLD SPARKS  
By E. I. WHITING

Lee Berry asked me to write some experiences with my horses. When you wander back along memory's lane, you can in part relive, but it is hard to write so that others can understand. I am thinking of a time when I trusted my all to my horse. The Lyman dam had filled to overflowing. Winter snows and spring rain was sending more water down the Little Colorado River than the natives had ever seen. Cattlemen were rejoicing as Arizonians always do when it rains—Arizonians, they say, never get enough rain. But some were beginning to wonder. A stream was coming over the overflow one hundred feet wide and deep enough to swim a horse—the reservoir full for the first time, and the engineers fearful and saying it was past the danger level. The Mexicans along the river below the dam had mostly left their homes and moved to higher ground, thereby doubtless saving many lives, when the Dam gave way.

A flood half a mile wide in places came down the Little Colorado. Without warning, it struck the town after midnight. Our sheriff on night duty heard and saw the water coming, fired several warning shots and miraculously saved many lives, although there were a number of narrow escapes. My brother Earnest put a family one behind the other, and led them two blocks through water armpit deep. His wise leadership kept them from panicking in the wild floodwaters. Mrs. Dannenbaum, who had been jerked out of bed and led through water up to her neck was so frightened that she had to have first aid, with a number of others who came to our home, above the flood line. Horsemen were sent down the river to warn those in the flood's path. There was no phone line. The horseman must outrun the flood. Norman Freeman's horse fell dead under him, but others succeeded and most of the people were saved.

Ralph Whiting ran his horse 8 miles to the Meadows, crossed the river ahead of the big flood, but in enough water to swim his horse, and at three o'clock in the morning got the Jolly family out of bed, into their wagon, crossed the river bottom, a mile wide, and reached higher ground with the crest of the flood coming up a foot or so on the wagon. A few moments more could have been serious.

The wisdom and work of others saved many more, but still there were seven drowned. Men came from everywhere to search for the lost ones and to help the homeless and needy. We first hunted on the

West side of the river. We lived on that side, and no one dared to try to cross. We reasoned that we were more apt to find them on that side, and we did find five bodies there—two of Ellis and Jen Palmer's children, Mrs. Ray and her child from Colorado, and Mrs. Savadra, a beautiful young woman from whom the flood had torn all her clothing when we found her. Jen's boy was hanging from a barbed wire fence and their girl was lodged on some iron brush. Mrs. Ray and child were lodged in some driftwood, Mrs. Savadra on her back in a salt grass flat.

That night we called a meeting to report and decide what to do on the morrow. The general opinion was that the two missing girls were on the east side of the river, and that as a number of people had gotten out on the west side, there was a good chance that the two might be alive and alone on the east side. So the bishop called for volunteers and asked if anyone thought the river could be crossed. Finally Pete Peterson volunteered first and then others, until we had twelve. We were to assemble at the river's edge east of St. Johns. As soon as it started to get light, we were there ahead of time. A cold rain was falling and whatever courage we had felt in the meeting the night before was pretty well gone. I think that describing my feeling will pretty well describe the others. Remember, we were dry landers, raised in Arizona. Most of our water experience had been in a No. three tub. I am sure that even a good swimmer would have been helpless in the turbulent muddy river that was rushing past us. For one, I was afraid—I wished there was some way I could back out, but could see none and so waited for our Captain. We all waited. There was some little bantering, arguing, etc. Several said it was foolish to try, that it could mean more loss of life. I wished we had Moses to part the waters. The longer we waited, the more embarrassing our situation became. Finally, under pressure, our captain decided to try first. He spurred his horse, who waded out a short distance a couple of times, and then whirled and dashed back to shore as if he, too, sensed the danger. Then the captain called for someone else to try as his horse was no good for water. So the second fellow who had volunteered the night before was called on, the theory that the first to volunteer should be the first to go. His horse showed more courage and went out to where he had to swim, but he must have been a dry land horse, or the rider threw him off balance or something, because the current turned him over and started him rolling down stream. Those fellows on the bank were better at roping than in the water, and with surprising dexterity, they had roped that man and horse and brought them back to shore.

My turn came next. I was desperately afraid, but I was riding old Sparks and we knew each other. Will Sherwood came up to me and put his hand on my knee and said: "Turn him loose—slap him on the side of the head if you have to turn him. I think the last fellow turned his horse over by pulling on the rein." As there was no way out, I headed old Sparks for the stream. He waded in beautifully. When he started to float, I wanted to pull the rein but remembered what Will had said. He started turning over and I remember grabbing the horn and throwing my weight the other way. This righted him and he began swimming for the other shore. He was carried downstream about a hundred yards, but landed like a veteran. That was in 1915, but I still have a vivid remembrance of most everything that happened. Horses are like men, and after, they had seen one cross, most of the others followed without much further trouble. At dark that evening, we swam back to report that we had not found the two little girls. In fact, they were never found.

It is hard to put things like this into words, but in my own mind, I have a picture of trusting my life to my faithful horse and of his coming through like a friend. For years after, whenever we ran this

loved racer, people would tell of his swimming the river, or talk of it if a flood came down the river. I never go to the riverbank without memories.

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## WILD HORSES by E. I. WHITING

In my work as a young man on the range, there were times when my life depended on the stamina, intelligence and common sense of my horse, and his failure could have been serious for me.

Wild horses are usually caught by the long slow method of running them down. That is, we would take turns running them down. After locating them with our old long navy spy glass and making our plans, one rider would take them on a circle and as they came around, another would take them, riding on a fresh horse, for another circle, until they were tired. Sometimes the circle they made was seventy-five miles or more in circumference, but they always came back.

It generally took from two to five days to wear them down, and whatever parts of the night we could follow their tracks by moonlight. The longest run we ever had was eight days. When they were tired enough we all rushed in and roped one or more, if we could. Of course, wild horses would not accommodate us by leaving camp in the morning and returning in the evening, so we expected to stop wherever we were caught when night came and wait for daylight and take up trail until we could connect with a relief runner. It was necessary to travel as light as possible, as a horse having to carry a man was overloaded so we went with only a light saddle and rope—no water or food or blanket or coat. When night came, we built a fire and finished our circle next morning.

Remember, I am taking about real wild horses. Greers had big herds of wild horses. They could round up as many as two thousand head in a day from their herds that ran wild the year round on their range. Each fall they would round up and sell whatever they could catch. The wildest, fastest, and those with the most endurance and sense would get away, so by the law of survival there were some wonderful horses left when Greets decided to sell all they could catch and stock their range with cattle. They were first class horsemen with plenty of good riding horses and so whatever horses they did not catch were good. There were wild horses throughout the west, but in most places drought, snows, etc., forced them down to where they could be caught. But the Greer horses lived and prospered the year round on their range. And so the four hundred head remnant that we bought were something special and trying to catch them bring back memories of times that I like to relive. Each time they got away they were smarter. They were a challenge to any lover of sport.

I have hunted game all my life and fished whenever I got a chance, but that doesn't compare to wild horse hunting. You shoot your game, look at your kill and realize that you never gave your victim a chance. Or hook a fish and watch him struggle helplessly until he is dead. When a boy, before there were

game laws, I killed a mother deer. As I started to dress her, two baby fawns walked out and stood by, looking so innocent that I have never forgotten it. I wished I could have given back the mother's life.

With a wild horse chase, it's something else. I love and never miss a horse race and am sure I get as much as anyone from the thrills of horse racing. And I say without hesitancy that there is no race to compare with racing a wild stallion, a stallion running for his life and freedom, putting his all in a race I wish I could describe. Or stalking him through the night, dropping on his trail to wait for daylight. Watching the stars in the stillness of night, one gets as close to his maker as he ever does on this earth.

I have watched our movie cowboys shoot, run, whip and act wild—watched Trigger, the "smartest horse in the world", or watched the movie wild stallion made to perform by someone jerking an invisible wire fastened to his lip, and have wished we could have pictures of real wild stallions as I have known them. As horses and horsemen grow less, rodeos and drug store cowboys increase. Why couldn't we have had the rodeos and made the pictures when we had the men and horses with the knowhow. As I have said, I have killed my share of game and caught my share of fish, which in a way satisfies whatever hunter's instinct we are born with, and I thrill at seeing tame horses race the prescribed mile and one eighth. I generally go to Pasadena for the Rose Parade and to see the beautiful horses there. But that in no way equals the thrill of watching or racing or catching a wild stallion. I marvel at the intelligence he displays, watching and controlling his herd, always on guard so that it is impossible to catch him unawares. I have spent hours watching from some place of concealment and I never cease to marvel. I can think of hardly anything I would rather do than watch one now.

When we caught a stallion like that he was not dead. He might have the qualities of a thoroughbred. You could look forward to a horse to ride, to serve you, and to love and trust you and you learned to love and trust him.

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## THE BAY STALLION by E. I. WHITING

There once lived on the Stinking Springs Mountain a bay stallion noted for his sagacity, shrewdness and general foxiness in eluding any and all who tried to catch him. His chief aim seemed to be to outwit and outrun any and all who tried to catch him. And his fame was such that the Greer's had given up trying to catch him or bothering to chase him at all. Harris Greer told me when we bought their horses that we did not need to waste any horse flesh nor time trying to catch that horse, that they had wasted ten times his value in time and more than that in other good horses and had never come close to catching him, and that they had offered him to anyone who could catch him. Those who tried always came home with worn out mounts and tales of how he had outsmarted them. To us that was a challenge and several times we ran some of our best horses down and had about the same luck as the others. Once we decided to relay on his trail and wear him out, but on the second day he mixed his tracks with other horse tracks until we lost his trail and two hours later when we came in sight of the horses we were

following; he was not there at all. During the time of which I write, he only had three mares with him. In fact, he never kept much of a herd, and his chief aim seemed to be to outwit and outrun his pursuers. He did not hesitate to leave his herd when crowded and the following November we succeeded in cutting him off from his three mares and catching them all in the holed up herd. So our stallion spent the winter alone on his mountain. Different ones reported seeing him always alone and wilder than ever. Always commenting on what a beautiful horse he was and wondering if anyone would ever catch him,

One morning Lynn and I saw him across the Zuni Valley, so far away that we could hardly tell it was a horse, but he saw us about the time we saw him and dashed away without stopping for any preliminaries. He was wilder than ever, being alone, and we were more anxious to get him and so we decided to try strategy. It was springtime. He was alone and we had a young filly in the mood for love, and we reasoned that if we turned her out where he could see her without seeing us, he might follow her to where we could get him. We were quite sure she would come home and hoped he would follow. So we waited behind a clump of cedars until he came down to water, and without being seen turned the decoy loose. It was love at first sight and without any preliminaries they headed toward each other. And before we had time to plan anything our stallion was making violent love. Lynn said: "That horse has forgotten to watch. Mount your horse and ride, you on the right and I on the left."

One half the distance was cedars, so that we were not over one hundred yards away when we came in sight on a dead run. We had waited for the psychological moment, came out of the cedars so unexpectedly and covered the distance so quickly that before he even sensed danger, I had roped him and dragged him off his new found mate. However, within seconds he came to, and I guess a madder horse never lived. Like a flash he went into action. First he hit the rope so hard only a first class horse like I was riding could have saved himself. Like a flash he hit the end in the other direction with such speed and force that he turned my horse end for end and I came near losing my seat. Then there was a few moments of rushes, tangled ropes and mix-ups so fast and furious that I can hardly describe them. About all I remember is trying to stay in the saddle, keep from getting caught in the rope and out of the stallion's way when he charged my horse. But I was riding a horse wise in the ways of horse catching himself, and having my end of the rope fastened to the saddle horn, he did most of the maneuvering himself. He threw the stallion twice, the second time hard enough to knock the wind out of him for a moment. When he got up he stood perfectly still for a moment, then he grabbed my rope between his front teeth and bit it entirely in two.

He was free, but before he realized it, Lynn saw what had happened and had his lariat in motion in time to put the loop over his head and would have had him tied again, but he jerked the rope out of Lynn's hands before he had time to dally it. So he was really free except for Lynn's rope and one end of mine, and thus he went for his mountain.

We looked over our outfits for damages, tested our horses to see if they had been injured, recounted the thing and wondered if anyone would believe we had actually roped this famous horse. We were sure we could never catch him again by the same ruse we had used that day, but we were determined to get him some way. However, Harris Greer found him dead a few days later with both ropes still on his neck. It appeared that he had run from where we caught him to where Harris found him and died perhaps from some internal injuries. Hitting the end of the rope and being "busted" time after time was too much. A great horse was no more.

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## SCHOOL DAYS

When I get up at early dawn  
All I can do is yawn and yawn,  
I get up and do my chores  
Then eat until my strength restores.  
I put on my new pants  
On the way to school I prance.  
When I get there and I am late  
I look straight into the eyes of fate.  
When I am supposed to do my studies  
I am always talking to my buddies.  
But most of the time during school  
I am sitting on that high dunce stool.  
On the way home from school  
I play with the girls and act like a fool.  
At night when I get ready for bed,  
On my pillow I lay my empty head.  
The same thing goes on every day  
Sometime I hope to learn to spell Jay.

This is an original poem written by Earl Bushman in the 6th grade and was published in the school paper and awarded first prize in the county school district.

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## MY BIG BROTHER by ELDA WHITING BROWN

A long time ago, when I was a little girl and Myn was three years littler, I remember one day Myn walked up close to the stove and stood with her back to it with the door open and caught her cotton dress on fire. It blazed up so quick and caught onto her long red braid. She let out a shriek and I turned from where I was washing dishes and began to yell and jump up and down.

Earnest had been sick that day and was in the bedroom. He rushed out and I'll never forget how quick he grabbed Myn and rubbed out the fire with his bare hands. It all happened so quick. Mother heard our screams and came running in from the store. A lot of other people came in, too, and they all said Earnest had saved Myn from being seriously burned. His hands were badly burned and he was really a hero in my eyes. Myn only had a few big blisters on her neck and most of her hair burned off. Her cotton dress was burned entirely off in the back, but a good heavy wool slip saved her.

Earnest was always good natured and seldom got mad or cross at us. When we needed things fixed or made or horses caught and saddled, we always went to him. There was one thing, though—he used to tease us unmercifully. You can't imagine the things he could think of and he always teased Myn

most as she was such a skinny little redheaded bawl baby. All she had to do was to open her mouth and the tears gushed forth. I could get mad and cry for half an hour and still nary a tear. Anyway, Earnest and all the other brothers teased Myn about Willie, until it was awful. She hated him so, and was so miserable all the time that Pa told the boys if they ever so much as mentioned Willie's name again to her, he'd whip them hard. We thought that would end it, but no, trust Earnest. He just came up close to Myn and didn't say a word, just starting humming: "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie". Till this day, I can still hear Myn's wail.

Uncle Fred gave all the boys a little "doggie" and gave Myn and I one together. We called him "Curley" and really took good care of him, but as he was a steer, Pa traded us a heifer for him. We couldn't decide on a name for our little cow, and every one the boys mentioned we didn't like. Finally Earnest said nothing but "Darling" would suit us, so Darling she was from then on. As she had calves, Earnest named them "Love", "Sweetheart", etc., and they went through life with those names.

When Earnest was on his mission, he wrote such good letters. We just loved to have them read, nearly always at dinner or at night. He sent us lots of cards and some little gifts. When he came home, Ralph was married and at first I felt so sorry for him, to have his younger brother gone away. But he was so happy and jolly I didn't worry long. I just loved to hear him tell stories and jokes about his missions.

The next year at the sawmill was a hard, dreary one for everyone. We had so much snow we couldn't even get out, and we'd bought cows from Texas, and didn't have any feed. We expected one or two a day to die, but the way I remember, they died like flies. Earnest was the only one who could joke and laugh about things then. When the rest were so discouraged and sad, he'd sing and joke. I'll never forget how I enjoyed his songs and I think he could have been a great singer, if he'd kept on.

Earnest would always have some funny story. He and Lynn could make them funny whether they were or not. I remember how they used to laugh at some boys who wore washed Levis. One day down to the meadows, Pa and Earnest were walking home over the hills and talking as they went along. Earnest said: "Well, sir, Pa, don't you know that—THERE'S A RATTLESNAKE." Pa just about jumped out of his boots, and sure enough, there was a big one curled up in a bush right in front of him. Pa said, "Well it takes a devil of a long time for you to warn a man in the face of death."

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## MEMORIES OF MY LITTLE BROTHER by MARTHA W. BROWN

I don't seem to remember anything definite about Earnest until the night Ralph was born. He was two years old and I was four and a half. Eddie and May had been sent to Grandma's to sleep. Earnest and I cried because we were alone and we wanted the only lamp brought to our room. No one could cry as loud as Earnest! (We finally got the lamp.)

I remember when he was so sick with typhoid fever and how very red his whole body was when he had measles.

We all knew when he was very young that he was unusually smart. We felt sure that he would be the best Civil Engineer in America, even though we hardly knew what a Civil Engineer was. Before he could read, he would sit all day and regulate the amount of steam required to keep the sawmill going. I guess he should have had a man's wages, because Pa never worried if Earnest was on the job.

I remember his first tragedy. Ma told him if he let the cows go too far when he went to bait them and one of them got bloated, she would whip him. He was such a dreamer and inventor that the cows got in the alfalfa and one of the cows came home sick. We all knew Ma had to keep her word. I think it was the first of two times that any of the nine of us came in contact with a stick, and the stick was a small one.

One day he was giving Ralph a lesson in morals. "Which would you rather be," he asked, "The Lord's boy or the Devil's?" Ralph answered, "I'd rather be Santa Claus's boy."

When we lived one summer at the sawmill Uncle Eck brought Lottie up for a day. She and Earnest had the time of their lives playing in the stream of clear, cool water. That night he nearly died with croup, and the next morning Mother insisted we move to town. It was her last year in these mountains after that.

It was at that same mill set that Earnest and I nearly drowned. They kept quite a pond of water to run the engine. Earnest and I were playing on the bridge and fell in. I guess we would have drowned if he had not kept still enough for me to stand on him and yell for help.

One night we were all gathered around Pa, some of us on his knees. He was telling short stories and making little rhymes about us. Earnest said, "Pa, I want to make one up." We all gave attention, and he said, "Pa went out and fell down in the mud!"

For some reason, either Earnest or I or both were left to watch the honey cans. When they were full, we were to shut the tank off. Seems we would sit for hours, but it always ran over and we got scolded.

#### INSERT PICTURE OF EARNEST J WHITING AS A YOUNG MAN PAGE 284

Little things were always happening to Earnest—like the time he knew what to do about the skunk near out house. Then there was the time Pa built the new outside toilet, and also the time the hired girl put him down the vegetable cellar to get her some potatoes.

I remember so well when he and I both claimed a little blue glass heart. He gave in, and though it was more than sixty years ago, I still have the heart. It seems to remind me that, he was the peacemaker, and I've tried to learn a lesson by it.

When he was six and I was eight years old, we carried all the brick from a large pile to the masons as they laid them for our new home in Mapleton sixty years ago. I often see the dear old home and remember how faithful Earnest was to carry his share. And as he has gone through life he has always carried his end of the load and often a little more.

I guess we were old-fashioned in Mapleton. We had heard of Halloween but had never done anything about it. The first Halloween after we moved to St. Johns, some boys got Earnest to celebrate with them. They went to our neighbor's President Udall, and tipped over his privy. Then all the boys ran except Earnest, and he got caught.

I'll never forget how terrible we all felt when Bishop Anderson came to tell Pa that Earnest had been with some other boys and taken some watermelons. I could picture Earnest sitting alone in jail. Later we learned that he had tried to take all the blame and keep us from finding out that Ralph was there too. (Not in jail, but in the melon patch.)

My children all love to be with Earnest, as he keeps them laughing with clean worthwhile jokes and sayings. I wish he'd make a book of them and make the world a little brighter. Maydene reminds me that when he'd come to visit us she'd always ask him how long they were going to stay. He'd hold out his hands several inches apart and say "about that long."

I guess few people made better missionaries. He made a host of friends, some of whom followed him to St. Johns and were loyal to him always.

He has a wonderful family and they all love him. I'm proud that he was and is—my little brother.

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[INSERT PICTURE OF EARNEST J. WHITING P. 285](#)

### INCIDENTS IN MY EARLY LIFE By EARNEST J. WHITING

As I sit down and think of a few incidents that I think would be interesting to other people, they seem to be in such nice order, so plain and quite funny. But now that I try to put them down on paper they get all jumbled up and just do not seem like much now. But here goes anyway.

The first thing I remember in life was when I was about 3 or 4 years old, when May and Martha and two of us children were out playing below the saw mill up Mapleton Canyon, there was an old bull that hung around there that was about as mean as they come. Martha said, "What will we do if the bull comes" and May said, "I'll grab Earnest under one arm and Lee (Whiting, our cousin) under the other and run for camp, and Martha you will have to get there the best way you can." Well she had no more than said this when the old bull made his appearance and let out his blood curdling bellow. Well May was in camp long before poor struggling Martha could get me and Lee there.

I also remember how we used to like to watch the logs roll down the hill on the skid way. Well Eddy always chaperoned us kids around and he got us all together to roll a log up the hill to watch it roll down. Well, after a long tedious ordeal we got the log to the top of the hill, he called, "All you kids get out of the way while Will and me turn the log loose, and we will watch it roll down." Well Eddy jumped out of the way, but Will started to run down in front of the log, pretty soon it started to catch on his heels,

finally catching him hard enough to throw him down. Well the log rolled up his back and he held up his head just far enough to hold it for a minute. All this time he was screaming bloody murder loud enough for the whole country side to hear. Aunt Melissa ran out of the house just in time to see the log roll on over Will's head, and on down the hill. When he raised up his face, all skinned and bleeding and I really figured that Eddy wouldn't have a chance to save any of his hide when she got through with him. I think that is the maddest woman I have ever seen in all my life.

Not too long after this I can remember we had a little pond where they had dammed off a wash that was about 7 or 8 feet deep, not too far from the mill. One day me and Martha were crossing on a plank and playing around when I slipped and fell in, but I got a good hold on Martha who was underneath me and was doing O.K. But if someone hadn't of gotten me off her and out of there, I don't know what would have become of Martha.

I'll drop a little farther down in my life when I was about 7 or 8 years old, and I remember that I thought that Eddy and what he said was law and gospel. He used to make lot of bows and arrows, and he claimed that the only way to tie the feathers on was to get the sinew out of a dead horse and chew it until it was soft enough to rap around the arrow. But of all the many things he had me do when I was a kid, this is one of the things he never got me to do.

Eddy used to haul fruit to the coal mines and peddle to the miners and sometimes I would go along. There was a big camp and spring up Spanish Fork Canyon that everyone camped at. There was an old couple that lived there raising chickens and selling the chickens and eggs to the campers. They figured that their chickens could steal enough grain and grub to do O.K. In fact they got so efficient that they could get a sandwich out of your hand and go with it before you could possibly grab it back. Well, I had a piece of bread and I decided to throw it out in a large pile of hot coals and ashes that had burned down from our fire the night before. Well, all those chickens made a run for it. They dove into those hot ashes and then flew into the air like a geyser. They did that about 3 more times and we weren't bothered with no more chickens that morning. We went on up and sold our load of fruit and also bought and sold an extra load, and we had quite a bit of money—if I remember right, about \$80.00, which was a lot of money in those days. Well we drove back down to the same old camp, and as we drove up out came that old man and I thought our time had come. But all he said was that something was wrong with his chickens, they could hardly walk, their feet were all swelled up and sore. That night we were pretty worried that someone would rob us of our money so Eddy dug a hole in the ground and put our money in a tin can, covered it up with sand and put our beds right over it. Well we got up early the next morning and started for home. When we got down the road about five miles Eddy hollered "Whoa, we forgot our money." Well he stripped the harness off old Sy and the speed he made up that road would have put Seabiscuit to shame. And he was as proud as Napoleon when he took Berlin, when he rode back with the can held high in one hand and said "I got it, it's all there."

Guess I will skip now up until about 1912 in St. Johns, when I met Beryl. She had a deathly fear of any Mexican; they were all bad to her. She especially hated Villa for running her out of her home, but I have got kinda a warm spot for him because if he hadn't run her out of Mexico I would never have gotten to meet her. Well, I remember first seeing her. Lynn and me had just come in from the sawmill with a load of lumber, and in those days we figured it was a disgrace if our overalls were washed. I guess I was as dirty as a human could be, 3 weeks' beard and my dirty overalls on. I was standing in the store talking

to our cousin Myrtle, when I saw Beryl come in the front door, and Myrtle said that is the girl she wanted me to meet. I ran out of that store so fast all you could see was a blue streak where I had been. I knew if she saw me like that I wouldn't have a ghost of a chance with her. So I really slicked up before I went back for Myrtle to introduce us.

One other thing they asked me to write about was an incident about Old Jake the mean stallion we used to own. Eddy wrote about him in the last paper but forgot to tell about this incident that is and always will be fresh on my mind. In those days when we had horse races on the 4th of July and any other celebration they usually ran what they called a "Slow horse race." They would trade or change horses and the last horse to the goal line was the winner. This old Jake when he got excited or hurried along he would faint away. So we entered him in the race. And someone else entered a stubborn old mule, that always refused to go an inch if anyone was on his back. The horses were all lined up ready to go when old Jake made a pass at the mule, and that mule took out and was far in the lead of all the horses, but old Jake was close behind doing his best to catch up. But just before the end he fainted and won the race.

LIFE IN OLD MEXICO  
By BERYL JOHNSON WHITING

Since being asked to write about my life, I have been trying to think of the most interesting things in my life to tell. So I do hope the following will be of interest to you all.

My early life in Colonia Diaz, Mexico was very pleasant. My Father, William Derby Johnson Jr. was called by the church leaders to help settle the colonies in Mexico, and was set apart as a Doctor for the Mexicans, which he was affectionately called Dr. Derby. This calling came to my father in 1885, and a few months later his wives and families moved to Mexico. At first all three wives and children lived in one large house. Here we all lived and ate together as a family unit. My earliest experiences with prayer was strengthened with the association of all my brothers and sisters and aunts with my father leading, kneeling down at family prayer twice a day. Later on he built separate homes for his wives, but we still continued to meet as a family each Thanksgiving, Christmas and Father's birthday dinner, singing and telling stories and having a good time in general.

My father worked for John W. Young who had the railroad in Mexico, and he traveled a lot. I was allowed to go to Mexico City with him and Aunt Lucy when I was 12 years old for six months. Here I saw the many beautiful sights around Mexico City. Reading about them in later years it all comes back to me. Here I shook hands with Pres. Porfirio Diaz, the president of Mexico at that time. Of course, I was the envy of all the kids when I got back home.

Our family was so large (31 brothers and sisters) that I was unable to attend high school, as we had to go to Colonia Juarez and it cost so much money that only a few of the older ones were able to attend. I only attended school to the eighth grade. We were made to study Mexican history and learn to read the first three readers in Spanish. I didn't learn to speak Spanish too well. Most of our town and the neighboring towns of Juarez and Dublan were all Mormon families called by the church to help settle Mexico Mormon colonies. We children had to make our own fun, such as picnic, hayrides, square dances, and parties of all kinds. Conferences were held at Colonic Juarez, two days by wagon from Diaz. These were good times especially for us kids, as we would ride horses and play games while traveling. We didn't realize why our parents worried so much about us and the Mexicans. We were never allowed to go anywhere alone any distance. We worked hard but always found time for fun and good times, always enough time to visit, have quilt and rug bees and so forth. Early childhood was as with most children, carefree and happy, Santa Claus and the usual delightful childhood experiences, we too enjoyed.

It was not until I was about 16 years old that I realized the danger we were in with the different Mexican rebel leaders, as they came along. It seemed our parents sensed danger and our last Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were made especially memorable. Things were growing steadily worse for us, as far as the rebels were concerned, and in 1912 there was no stake conference held. The first rebel president I remember well was Madero, who came riding down the long main street of our town with all his men following and all shouting "Viva Madero" each one after doing the same, all wanting to show their strength and authority. Next came Gonzales who killed Madero, then on and on until I believe there were 6 of these rebel leaders, then came Villa who was more threat to the Mormon settlers because he had promised white wives to all his men. I well remember how Villa would come riding through our town yelling and screaming "Viva Villa." They would come search our house any time night or day, trying to find firearms so they could say we were against the government. We were told to

not resist them and to cooperate where possible. This was hard to have them ransack through your homes taking what they wished. I well remember when some of Villa's men came storming into our town and were searching our house when one of the generals saw my brother Otho's horse—a beautiful horse called "Holly." The general just climbed on and rode him away. We had to hold Otho or he would have gone after him, and we know of course this would mean certain death. One other man in our town tried to resist these men and was shot down in cold blood in his front yard. A little later we learned that Holly had thrown the general off and trampled him to death. Later years he was recovered but of no value as he had been used so badly.

It was about the middle of July 1912 that Villa sent word to Pres. Romney (stake president) that they were on their way and he had promised all his faithful men a young Mormon wife. So it was decided they would ring the school bell in case he came. So a little later a runner was sent to say that Villa was on his way toward our town. And early one Sunday morning at 5 a.m. we heard the bell ring and ring, and we knew we had to hurry. So by 10 a.m. we were all ready to leave, taking only the barest necessities to last us 3 or 4 days, as this is all the longer the revolution was thought to last. My father was in New York City at the time so we had to get ready alone. I was 20 years old at the time and full well realized that we were leaving all the home I had ever known. I had to leave everything, my little chest with all my girlhood treasures, and my first formal that was almost new. Tears ran down my cheeks as I held them in my arms for the last time. I could only take a picture of them in my mind. A few men and boys were left to care for the cattle and so forth in case they didn't come to raid the town, but they also had to leave.

We lived 22 miles from the U. S. border, and we had to go all the way in buggies and wagons. Pres. Taft sent word to us that the U. S. government would have tents and food for us at Hatchita, New Mexico, and this was a welcome sight to us. Pres. Taft also said the government would pay our way anywhere in the U. S. to go to our families. This was good news to us who had to leave everything of material value behind us. Later some of the men and boys went back to see what was left. They found everything in shambles, my little treasure chest broken and spilt all over and burned, my formal gone, bottles of fruit smashed all over the walls, everything in the town of Diaz ruined. To date I have never gone back. Someday I hope to go back to my hometown. My mother and brothers settled in Columbus, New Mexico, to be near the Mexican border in case they ever had the chance to recover their lost property and cattle. Of course they never did.

In October the government gave me my train ticket to Concho, where I was going to stay with my sister Winnie and her husband Frank Whiting who had a very sick baby. Myrtle Whiting Isaacson came to Concho to see me once and said she had a cousin of hers picked out for me. So during the Christmas holidays I went to St. Johns and the way she introduced us was "Earnest this is Beryl and Beryl this is Earnest." This was the 22nd of December. I guess it was love at first sight for we had a date that night and were engaged the first of March. We were married in El Paso, Texas on September 30, by my father.

Winnie and Frank had taken me to Columbus, New Mexico to see my family and I stayed there all summer and Earnest came in September after me. It was very hard for me to leave my Mother so far away and transportation so slow that I knew it would be years before I could see her again. We then went by train to Salt Lake City to be sealed in the Temple. There we met five other couples that were going through to be married also. One of the couples was Myrtle and Arch. We had a nice time seeing things and met a lot of Whitings. Ten days later we were on our way to St. Johns, then on up to the sawmill. I

had never before this time seen a pine tree let alone a sawmill. We had a lot of good times there, but it was hard for me not to worry as I knew it was at this mill that John Whiting (whom I had known in Mexico) was killed.

We had just two rooms all finished in rough lumber, but I was so in love it seemed grand and a palace to me. From here on Maree is going to tell about our life at the mill so I will let her go on.

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#### TODAY I WALKED WHERE JESUS WALKED

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!  
    My childhood dream come true!  
I see the old Jerusalem  
    While traversing the new.  
Last night I saw King David's tomb,  
    The casket where he lay  
I wonder if the king can see  
    Jews gathering today?  
I'm wondering if Hannah wept  
    As up the path she trod,  
To leave her babe in Ely's case  
    To hear the voice of God ?  
Today they showed me Bethlehem—  
    It seemed so short away,  
Back to the shepherds and the star,  
    The manger, and the hay.  
I'm standing on Mount Zion  
    Where Jesus was betrayed;  
And I can see Gethsemane,  
    And hear the prayer He prayed.  
"O Father, cans't thou make them one?"  
    He prayed so long ago  
How blessed are they who, seeing not,  
    Believe. But now I know.  
    —Martha Whiting Brown.

A MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE  
By E. JAY WHITING

While trying to think of something I might write for the "Whiting Tree," one experience in particular comes to me. This happened in Bristol, Tennessee, while Elder Owen Barton and I labored there during the winter of 1937. We were both very young missionaries, both in age and time in the mission field, and were finding it very rough going in this Eastern Tennessee town, as there were several other church missionaries and a number of religious revivals going on all winter in Bristol.

One of our very good members in Bristol introduced us to a group of five families living in one apartment house in Bristol. We held meetings with these people, inviting all five families in. We continued these meetings for a number of weeks and to us it seemed that we were doing real well—some of these people seemed to be very interested in our message. As we always find when we are teaching the gospel the adversary will always try to stop us in one way or another. Just as it seemed that our labors were paying off, a Seventh Day Adventist Missionary came to this apartment house and began to teach a plan of salvation altogether different from ours.

On one occasion we went to this home and found that this other missionary was visiting there also. One of the good ladies said, "Well we have both of them here, let's have them prove their different doctrines."

We had a discussion for three hours, and at the end of it, it seemed that possibly we had done no good, but as the other missionary left we stayed behind to make another date to come back to visit again with these good people. It seemed that I was prompted to read a passage from the Book of Mormon, found in Moroni which promises all who will read the Book of Mormon, and then ask if it be true, it will be made known to them by the Gift of the Holy Ghost. One of these women who had read the Book of Mormon promised that she would pray about the truth of the book.

Upon our return the following week she related this experience to us: She said that upon retiring that night she kneeled at her bedside for her evening prayer and asked her Father in Heaven which of these two missionaries was correct and which one should she follow. As she got into her bed and turned the light off the room suddenly became very bright. The door of her room opened and Elder Barton and I came in, following us was the missionary of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. She said we stood there without saying anything, then a voice, the sweetest she had ever heard, said: "Follow the teachings of these two young missionaries and they will teach you the true plan of salvation. The room suddenly went dark and she stated that she laid there and meditated a long time thinking of the wonderful experience she had had."

She told this experience to the other fine families and through them a great deal of promising work was done through the remainder of that winter.

This has always been one of the highlights of my experiences in the mission field. And I feel that it was one of the greatest Testimonies that I ever received while doing missionary work for the church.

MY SISTER MAY  
by MARTHA WHITING BROWN

Anna Mae Whiting Berry was born Oct. 11, 1884 at the Meadows near St. Johns, Arizona. She was the second child and the oldest daughter of the family of Bro. and Sister E. M. Whiting. At the age of nine she took over the duties of the family while her Mother was ill with a new baby. She was so considerate of her 5 brothers and 3 sisters she was like a second Mother to them.

She had an unusual ability to make friends. Her life was made up of doing outstanding and good things for other people. She seemed to take a delight in going the "extra mile" and doing a little more than was expected of her. She had a very brilliant mind and at an early age earned an award from the Bishop for learning 165 verses from the New Testament. She graduated from school two years ahead of others of her age.

She married Herbert Alonzo Berry Oct. 5, 1905 in the Salt Lake temple. Three sons and four daughters were born to them. She had four children when her husband went to Chicago to study Dentistry. She taught school to help him through college. Few couples have been more congenial, and few wives have done more to help their husbands. She was a wonderful Mother and raised an outstanding family. It was through her inspiration and help that her three sons became successful professional men.

Missionary work was a goal throughout Sister Berry's as well as her husband's life. She filled three stake missions, in Phoenix, Holbrook, and Lynwood, and was called on the fourth when her health failed her. All of their children filled regular missions for their church. They served in North Africa, South America, Denmark, Hawaii and the United States. At the age of 63 she accompanied her husband on a mission to the Central States Mission where they made hundreds of friends and many converts. Brother Berry became first counselor to the mission president and Sister Berry was appointed to preside over all the Y. W. M. I. A.'s of the mission, and their efforts were so successful that they were given very high praise. Probably their most outstanding calling was to help raise funds and assist in building chapels. In the last months of their mission there were 14 chapels started.

She began church and missionary work early in life. There are undoubtedly some of this audience that owe their membership to her testimony and to her unusual way of explaining the gospel. She taught Sunday School as a young girl and throughout her life she worked in stake and ward M. I. A. and later in Relief Society. She served as Relief Society president in two wards. She was also in the stake M. I. A. presidency twice.

Sister Berry has worked under a physical handicap for the past twenty years, but has served her family and church devotedly for this time in spite of her illness. She passed away in Tucson, Arizona, where her daughter Norma had been helping in her care, last Sunday, September 11. She is survived by three daughters and three sons, and four brothers and three sisters, besides her devoted husband. She is also survived by 32 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren.

INSERT PICTURE OF Anna Maria Whiting at her sewing machine. Page 292

#### PIONEER MARIE WHITING ANSWERS CALL OF GRIM REAPER AT SON'S HOME IN MESA

(Article in St. Johns Herald)

Funeral services will be held in St. Johns Saturday at 1 p. m. for Grandma Marie Whiting, 89, who died Tuesday in Mesa.

Her death came at the home of her son Ralph shortly following a trip from the west coast where she had been residing with her daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Berry.

Funeral rites will be conducted by Bishop Darwin Grant, a nephew in the LDS chapel here.

Speakers will be Judge Levi S. Udall, of the Arizona Supreme Court, and Elder Thorpe B. Isaacson, of the Presiding Bishopric, Salt Lake City, also a relative of the pioneer woman.

Grandma Whiting, well known throughout the southwest, was active throughout her life and up to the time of her death. She had been a veteran seamstress and had designed and quilted many beautiful quilts for the welfare program and family members.

She died on April 29<sup>th</sup>.

She played an important role in the success of her boys, who today are prominent businessmen in a number of fields, and likewise helped guide the destinies of her daughters and their families.

She is survived by a large and loving family, of four sons and four daughters, 50 grandchildren, 116 great-grandchildren and four great-great-grandchildren. Her sons are E. I. Whiting, St. Johns; Arthur and Earnest of Holbrook; Ralph of Fredonia and Mesa. Daughters Mrs. Frank W. Brown, Salt Lake City; Mrs. H. A. Berry, Alhambra, Cal., Mrs. Minnie Priestly, Los Angeles, and Mrs. J. Albert Brown of St. Johns.

Grandma Whiting contributed much to the upbuilding of St. Johns and this entire area and will long be remembered for her ability to be an inspiration and guiding hand to her family, as well as others

The following is a tribute to the eight great grandsons of Edwin M. and Maria Whiting who were born within one year. All are on a mission except one, who is waiting for a call. Maydene is aunt to three of them and second cousin to the rest.

[INSERT 2 PICTURES OF 8 COUSINS: ONE OF Marion Heward and one with 7 cousins](#)

Marion Howard  
Wendell Lewis, Lynn Ellsworth, David Berry, Markey Hamblin,  
Floyd Brown, Rex Lee, Gordon Startup.

EIGHT LITTLE COUSINS  
By MAYDENE BODELL

Eight little members of our family tree,  
Who used to play together like one family,  
Laughing and dancing 'till the day was done,  
Under the glory of the Arizona sun,  
Who all grew up and married their love,  
And waited for little spirits from above;  
Effie, Marie, and their brother Kay,  
Beulah, Mabel, and Ruth, Maurine, and Ray!  
Eight little wishes for a baby boy—  
They all came true, bringing lots of joy.  
Eight little cousins, all the same age,  
Playing all together, such a cute stage!  
Eight little boys lived the golden rule.  
They all grew up and went off to school.  
Eight little boys, quite a few,  
All but one went off to B. Y. U.  
College! College! Sis - Boom - Bah!  
Eight little cousins, 'raw! 'raw! 'raw!  
Eight big boys on many a date,  
Courtied the girls and gave them the gate.  
Eight big boys, doing what is right,  
No cigarettes and no getting tight!  
Eight big boys, brave and strong,  
Trying to do only right, no wrong!  
Honest and clean and righteous as can be,  
Such a delight to our happy family.  
Eight big' boys grew to eight big men,  
Hoping to go on a mission, THEN—  
One boy—Rex, thinking about heaven,  
Went down to Mexico, then there were seven.  
Seven little boys, getting lots of kicks,  
Marion was called to North Central, leaving six.  
Six little boys, very much alive,  
Floyd went to Eastern States,  
then there were five.  
Five little cousins, want to teach some more,

Mark went Eastern, too, then there were four.  
Four little cousins, happy as can be,  
David went to Central Atlantic, then there were three.  
Three little cousins, don't know what to do,  
Lynn sailed for Uruguay, then there were two.  
Two little cousins, trying to have fun,  
Gordon went to France, then there was only one.  
One little cousin, basking in the sun,  
But Wendell's waiting for his call, then there'll be none.  
No little boys, playing all the day,  
But eight little boys, teaching how to pray.  
Forgetting all the fun of carefree youth  
To go on a mission to teach the truth.  
Someday, one day, they'll westward roam,  
They'll all come back, they'll all be home.  
They'll settle down and marry and then  
There'll be eight little cousins again!  
Is it any wonder that we are proud  
of our little cousins—and all their crowd.

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### "THE TREE"

By MAREE STODDARD

I think that I shall never see  
A poem funny as a tree.  
A tree of Whitings tho, I mean,  
A treat for all who haven't seen  
Aunt Myn who may in summer wear  
A nest (or is that a bonnet) in her hair.  
And ah! to see Ma's boys all day,  
Lift their beefy arms to play.  
A speedier gang from farther west,  
Just stand and prove themselves the best.  
The thrill! to hunt the mighty bear,  
Who safely didn't lose a hair.  
Tho men and bloodhounds on his trail  
He sat somewhere and fluffed his tail.  
Tired smelling spoor, our leading "Lady"  
Rushed back to camp where it was shady.  
I think that I shall never brave  
A place as scary as that cave,  
Or see a Roman candle flame  
Cause camp to run both old and lame.  
Or watch a rodeo where played  
The white man, buck, and Indian maid.  
Poems are writ by fools like me  
Inspired by nuts upon our "Tree".