

The Whiting Tree

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History of an Egg

by Ralph E. Whiting

(This was sent to Elda's family in 1930 at Nutrioso, Arizona. Geraldine has kept it among her treasures all these years.)

Elder Vance sent me some eggs from Utah, and I boiled two of them and sent on to the lady missionaries in Guelph, and I wrote this on one of the eggs. Collins gave it a title and made some copies. He said I was a great poet. I see this is an extra, so will enclose it.

HISTORY OF AN EGG

I am a Utah egg, was laid in a nest,
Came a long, long way, from way out West,
Gathered in a basket, and then, by chance,
Shipped back East by A. L. Vance.
The trip was long, and very exciting;
At last I reached R. E. Whiting.
Stewed in the water of Lake Champlain,
And then put back in the mail again.
Now if I reach Guelph without bustin',
I'll help make Easter for Layton and Dustin.

Norma Fife Dies

Norma Berry Fife was killed in May when a large truck-trailer, whose driver was dozing, ran off a California highway and demolished the auto she was in and their house trailer. Randy was saved because he was at a service station, getting gas. Norma was apparently asleep, and probably died instantly, still asleep.

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My Little Brother

by Martha Whiting Brown

INSERT PICTURE OF Ralph Whiting as a Child

The night Ralph was born, I was 4 1/2 years old, Earnest was two years old, and Eddie and May were sleeping at Grandma's. I remember how we cried because it was so dark, and Pa brought us the only lamp.

Grandma Isaacson came from Ephraim. She looked so neat and nice. She rolled her long, dark hair on the sides, and made a bob in the back. She didn't come just to visit, but to be with Mother when Ralph was born. I remember sleeping with her, and she would hold my hand and tell me in her broken language that someday she wanted Mother to let me come and live with her. She was very lonely for children and Mother was her only daughter.

The next morning, I saw my little fat, dark baby brother. There seemed to be something special about him. It was May nineteenth and the sawmill should have been going by May first. Pa didn't think he could go without Ma, and she couldn't go until Ralph was blessed. That had to be on fast day, and she had to venture to church when he was only two weeks old, and risk criticism from every woman in town, or else keep the mill closed for an extra month. She took the risk, and I think Sister Streeper was the only one who forgave her, but no harm came of it, and soon the mill started.

Ralph was neat, unselfish, and loved by us all. I remember one day when he was so little, he fixed his lips just so and smiled, and said that was the way a pretty girl looked. But when things went wrong, he would fly into a rage, start taking off his clothes, and say: "I'll never do a thing for you in my life—only bate the cows."

"Bate the cows" is an old term some of you may not know. It means to watch them while they eat green grass on ditch banks, so they won't get alfalfa and get bloated up. Ralph loved the cows and though smaller than Earnest and me, he never let them come to harm as we once did.

One day, we popped corn. We all wished for more, and we picked up the scattered kernels and crumbs. Then Ralph came up to me with his little fist full, and said, "Martha, these are for you."

Never will I forget that little unselfish act. This has caused me to think of all the unselfish things Ralph has done all his life. I remember Mother saying one day, after her hip was broken and she lived away from home so much, mostly with Myn, that she often needed things brought from the big house in St. Johns. The rest of us would say, "Sure, Ma, next time we come." Then we'd forget, but Ralph never forgot. She could depend on that. Even if he had to make a special trip, he'd remember. So surely he did many things for her in his life besides bate the cows.

When we moved to Arizona, Ralph was nine years old. We took two wagons and two buggies. Mother worried for weeks about driving over the dangerous dugway. After we crossed the Colorado River on a boat, we had to cross the dugway. It was decided that Father would drive the big wagon, Mother a buggy, and Eddie a wagon—but who the fourth team? No, not May nor me, ages 16 and 14, not Earnest, age 11, nor Leonard—but Ralph, then nine years of age, was chosen. He drove safely over the dugway.

Herbert said he doesn't know how he could have stood May's death if Ralph and Nell hadn't gone to Tucson to comfort him. We all know how he and Nell took Mother to their home in Mesa so they could do all in their power to make her last days easier, and no children ever did more.

I think it was a compliment to Mother that two in-laws, Frank and Nell, gave her such loving care in her last illness. I seemed so helpless as I watched them do so much for her. I say thanks to them, and to all who helped her then, and also all who helped when her hip was broken. (Ed. note: And Mother and I will never be able to adequately thank Aunt Nell for all she did for my father in his last illness.)

My Big Brother

by Elda Whiting Brown

Ralph was always extra thoughtful and good to Mother. So often when she was living home alone, and after she stayed with us, he'd drop in for a visit and bring her some little dainties to eat, or some cloth or thread. Whenever she wanted to go someplace, he always had time to take her. I remember once I was helping her get ready to go to California. She always took so many boxes and sacks of quilt pieces, blocks and things that we'd try to get her to leave some. This time, she thought she might stay quite a while as it was winter, so she was really getting a lot.

I said: "Mother, I don't think you can possibly take this many things."

She looked at me and kinda smiled and said: "Yes, I can. Ralph always finds room to take all my things."

My Uncle Ralph

by Geraldine Brown Sagers

It's funny that when Mother said I should write down a few things I remember best about Uncle Ralph, I should remember his car. Now let me explain. It was not the car without Uncle Ralph. No, indeed. It is Uncle Ralph in his car. Now, I suppose that a rumble seat in a Model A would bring many different memories to those a generation older than I, but to me it simply meant that Uncle Ralph was around and we could be sure of a ride. Usually, it was when we came out of Sunday School that we made a beeline for Uncle Ralph's car, and as many as could hang on or pile in the front seat, or in the choicest place of all—the rumble seat—would be delivered home. It made no difference whether we only had to

go across the street, as Erma did, or out to Lola's, we all got a ride home. I never remember Uncle Ralph complaining there were too many when we asked extra friends or that he had to make too many stops or go too far. Always we were accompanied by songs of our own choosing, and sometimes making, to fit the occasion.

There were many other rides that I remember besides those home from Sunday School. One in particular was when Uncle Ralph had to go to Richiville to pick up a beef. He came by our place and asked Mother if Elma and I could go. Of course we could. Even if Mother had thought otherwise at first, she couldn't resist our pleadings. A trip with Uncle Ralph was always something special, because you knew he liked to have you along. This particular time, I remember he tried to impress us with the height of the dugway up by the Lyman Dam. No mountain road has ever looked higher or steeper. We walked all over the fields up there, or rather, Uncle Ralph and I walked. He usually had to carry Elma. I don't know how long it took us, but it seemed like a long trip to me.

Grandma was tending Anna June when she brought her back up to St. Johns and every time Uncle Ralph came into the house, he would go straight in to peek at the baby. I can still see him holding that tiny little baby while Grandma fed her a little milk. I remember when they first brought the baby up, we all went down to Grandma's to see her. Of course, we only got a little peek and then had to get away from the baby. Uncle Ralph looked at Mother's four girls and then he said to us: "Well, now I've got a little girl all my own."

[INSERT PICTURE OF Ralph Whiting as Fagan in Oliver Twist – p. 299](#)

We lived in Nutrioso part of the time while Uncle Ralph was on his mission. I'll never forget his wonderful letters to us and how we enjoyed hearing about Canada and all the things he was doing. He even took time to answer some of our letters personally besides those he wrote to the folks. One Christmas we each received a little stuffed toy of some kind from Uncle Ralph. Mine and Erma's had tails that could be twisted to make music—the first musical toy I had ever seen. Christmas morning, we carried those dogs all over town, proudly showing off their musical ability. I still have the little dog, and on special occasions, my children get to twist its tail to hear the tinkling of music.

No Cree. Coach of today can beat Uncle Ralph's house he built on a truck. I don't know how much he enjoyed it. I do know how much all the nieces, nephews and friends used it for a long time after, for everything from a playhouse to a theater. We produced Erma's masterpiece drama in that truck house. We spent hours playing in it and I never remember Uncle Ralph telling us to be careful or not to break it up.

How well I remember Uncle Ralph's and Aunt Nell's wedding. That was such a special event because we all got to go and see them get married. No one told us that just the adults were invited. We all went. I don't remember where Uncle Ralph went not long after they were married, but I do know that I was asked to stay at Grandma's with Aunt Nell while he was gone. I had to bake some things to enter in the 4H show for judging, so Aunt Nell helped me. It was then that I really became acquainted with her and have always felt close to her since. As we baked, we talked, and I remember the things she told me about her early life, meeting Uncle Ralph, and so on—and on. Boy, could she make things interesting.

There are so many things I could write about Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell—about the number of times I went back and forth between Utah and Arizona with them while I was going to school. About the times I have stayed in their house when I got as far as Holbrook on the bus and was looking for a way home. All these and many more make them very special in my happy memories. I would like to say thanks to them and I am proud to add my memories to the many others about them.

I must add about the time when Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell went back east and left Johnny at our house. We were extracting honey at the time, so Mother and Grandma told him that if he helped, he could have some honey. He wasn't very big, but boy, did he work. Of course, he always worked. I remember another year when he stayed with us. We were painting our house, and he practically painted the whole house. Anyway, he was such a little kid he could only manage one bucket at a time, when we were filling the honey buckets and lifting them around.

When Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell came back, we saw them drive up in front of our house and we called Johnny to come and see his folks were here. Nothing doing! He began yelling: "I want my little gallon of honey. Where's my little gallon of honey?" He wouldn't go one step to see his folks until he had his quart can of honey safely in both arms. Then he went to see his folks.

Ralph Whiting Always Had Fun
by J. Albert Brown

In ranching and working cattle; Ralph and I had some interesting experiences. We enjoyed our work and had good times and lots of fun. One time, in January, about the year 1919, we were working cattle to wean the calves. We missed about a dozen head of cattle. Ralph thought they had stayed up at the Homestead at Sierra Trigo, so we decided to go up there to see if they were there. The snow was deep and we knew we would have a hard ride to reach there in a day, but we tied some food on our saddles and started out. We were afraid the cattle would be in snow so deep they couldn't get anything to eat and would die from hunger.

When we were about eight miles from the homestead, we ran across a band of horses. We thought some of them were mavericks (without any brands on them) and you know how we loved to chase horses. We decided to catch the biggest one that we couldn't see a brand on. He was a beautiful horse. We started after them, and finally cut the horse we wanted away from the others. We finally roped him by the head. He was powerful and mean. Just as we got our rope on the horse, it started to snow—and I mean snow. Gee, it was cold. We wished we had our rope off of him. It was like having a bull by the tail and can't turn him loose. We finally roped the horse by the hind feet, but in our struggle to throw him down, we broke the rope that was on his hind legs. We still had the horse by the neck and wished we didn't have. At last we caught his feet again, after fixing the rope. Our hands were numb with cold. We got the horse down, and he had a large brand on him. We finally got our ropes off and were glad to see that horse gallop off.

We proceeded on to the mountains. We had lost so much time that we reached the homestead just before sundown. We hurried and got some wood and water in and prepared to spend what we knew would be a miserable night. All we had in the line of bedding was two old mattresses, made of shavings from lumber. We put one under us and one over us. The cold air just whistled in from all sides and when one of us moved, it was worse. Have any of you ever slept between two mattresses of any kind, let alone shavings? It was almost like sleeping between two boards. We took turns getting up and building up the fire at least once an hour, then—climbed back in bed under that old mattress. I have often thought we would probably have been better off without any top cover that night. Boy, were we glad to see daylight that morning.

We found the cows sleeping under the shed. They had beat a trail in the snow out onto the south side of Sierra Trigo, where the snow had melted off and the cows could get lots of feed. They were all in good shape. We left them there and came home.

Another time, we were trying to catch some wild horses. We ran them out onto a narrow point which had a bluff of rocks at the end that were about forty feet from the ground. There were six horses in the band. Three of the horses jumped off the bluff rather than be caught. Two of them were killed as they hit the ground. One of the three that jumped hit on a large rock that had broken off from the bluff. The horse hit on this rock the first jump and the ground on the second jump and ran away. We caught two of the others, and the other one ran away on top of the rim of rocks.

Once, after finishing a roundup, we decided to catch a steer. There were very few corrals in those days, so four of us took our ropes from the saddles. We were going to see which could catch the steer

first. Ralph was in the lead and was close to the steer. He was swinging his rope and leaning forward in his saddle, almost ready to let the loop go when his high jumping horse landed both front feet in a hole. He threw Ralph about twenty feet through the air and the horse turned a complete somersault. Ralph and the horse got up about the same time and both looked surprised. Neither of them was hurt, so we all went after the steer again.

One time, we were working cattle just south of the homestead when one wild, long-legged Texas cow broke out of the herd and Ralph took after her. He was riding a gray horse called Navajo. He was a fast, powerful horse. In turning the cow back, she went over a rocky bluff. The horse attempted to cut across to head the cow. There was a pile of rocks and a large dry tree laying on the ground. Old Navajo jumped the tree and the pile of rocks in time to turn the cow into the herd. This was the most beautiful jump by a horseman I ever saw. I believe he jumped five feet in the air and twenty feet long. What was surprising was that the horse never missed a step—he was running just as hard and fast as before the jump. I have often wished I had had a camera and caught that scene as it really was. It would have been a wonderful movie scene.

Tiny Tots Column

Nora Mae Brown has been very busy lately, running a catering business to put her husband through dental school, and being ward Relief Society President, as well as mother of two children. The other day, Mike wandered off, and came home with a policeman he found at the hot dog stand next door. The policeman reported that Mike had fearfully told him: "My mother's gone to a meeting and left us all alone!" Afterwards, Nora tried to explain that she would never leave him alone, but even if he should ever find himself alone, not to worry because Heavenly Father would always be there and would look after him. Little Mike looked up with: "You mean Heavenly Father doesn't ever have to go to any meetings?"

Grandpa Whiting by Jack Albert Brown

My Mom taught school when I was three and four years old. I used to go down every school day and stay with Grandma and Grandpa Whiting. I can still remember how I would look forward to each new day, so I could go down and "help" Grandpa. He used to let me do all kinds of things. Sometimes I would help him with the bees. I was not too successful at that. He wouldn't wear any special bee clothes and he tried to teach me to be brave. He used to say, "The bees won't bother you if you are not afraid of them." But they bothered me, all right! Grandma would have to bundle me all up to get me to help.

Grandpa and I would feed the chickens and gather the eggs several times a day. He would let me help carry the eggs. Once, I dropped a little basket of them and they all broke. I took them on into the house to Grandma. Grandma just grinned about it and still let me help him. I would climb up in the hay in

the barn and whenever I would find a new nest with some extra eggs, his praise would make me try harder to find more.

He milked one cow, and he used to let me help try to do that, as she was a good, old, gentle cow.

I followed Grandpa around so much that he would make a game out of it. He would try to sneak out while I was playing, but he never could get farther than the door before I would catch him. He said I was just like his shadow, and he called me his little puppy,

One time in the winter, Grandma went to the store and Grandpa and I went out in the snow and cold to shut up the chickens and water the cow. It was very slick, and Grandpa fell down, and landed right on his back. (Ed. note: some of the younger generation may not be aware that Grandpa had Parkinsonism his last few years. This disease makes all the muscles stiff and greatly limits the use of every part of the body. To fall down on the ice like this can be a great tragedy, because he could have caught pneumonia very quickly.) There was nothing he could get hold of and he could not turn over or raise up. He told me to try and help him, so I did, but he couldn't turn. Finally, he told me to push a plank that was nearby over close to him. Then I pushed as hard as I could on his back and he used the plank to help him get raised up. I gave him a stick to walk with, and by using the stick and me to lean on, he finally made it to the house. He was very cold and stiff. When Grandma came home, he told her all about it. He said, "If Jack hadn't been here, I wouldn't have been able to get up." I was very proud of this.

I loved his stories and songs. I used to think he knew millions of them—and I guess he did. He could keep me spellbound for a whole afternoon with them, day after day.

One thing about Grandpa that really impressed me was how patient and pleasant he always was. I never remember him getting angry. I always wanted (and still want) to be a Grandpa just like him when I grow old.

I was five years old when he died. I remember he was sick for quite a while. One day, just a short time before he passed away, Mom took me in to see him. I can still remember it very plainly. He acted real pleased to see me and smiled, but I could tell he was very weak.

I hope and pray that someday I can be as good an example to my grandchildren as Grandpa Whiting was to all of his.

The Matriarch

Part Three

(As told to Geraldine Brown Sagers by Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting.)

Father had talked so much about Sunset and Brigham City when he was home the year before that I was anxious to go down there. Besides, with Ike and Father gone, it was lonesome there in Manti. I could hardly believe that at last we were getting ready to go to Arizona.

It took us quite a while to get all our things ready. Father had over fifty head of cattle. Mother had a good team of oxen and Father had a team of mules. They were so mean and ornery to drive but sure could pull. We were to travel with a big outfit. Brother Jensen from Manti was going and he had about as many cattle as we did. Then the Church was sending a thresher down to Arizona to thresh the wheat so there were more wagons and people going to help with that. There were at least 15 wagons when we got ready to go. Of course, we were always glad for a larger number to travel with. It was so much safer.

I know how hard it was for Mother to leave her friends and family to go way down to Arizona. She dreaded it. She was always homesick for her brother and sister in Ephraim. I knew I would miss my cousins, too. I had such a few that the ones I did have always seemed special. I did enjoy going to visit them. I wondered when I would ever see Mary and Lizzie and Parley (Chrisjensen) again.

Of course, it was hard to leave. It's hard to leave any place where you have a home, family and friends. We couldn't let that stop us. Father had been called to go to Arizona by the church authorities, so we went,

Our trip down there was so slow because we had to drive the cattle. We had to lay over a day or two when we got to watering places. Most of the time, I rode a horse and helped Ike and some of the others drive the cattle. I drove Mother's team sometimes and Father's when it was necessary.

Poor Mart—he had the toothache most of the way down, it seemed. There wasn't much we could do for him. He rode in the wagon when it was bad. Mother and I slept in the wagon and Father and the boys outside. One night Mart had the toothache so bad that Mother said he would have to sleep in the wagon with her. I had to sleep on the ground, in Father's bed.

Earlier that same day, an old German fellow, named Swartz, had broken down. He stopped to fix his wagon, but the rest of the company went on. Well, when he got his wagon fixed, he had come on as fast as he could to catch up with the rest of the company. No one wanted to travel alone. Old Swartz came into camp real late and rather than bother to get his things out, he came over and crawled into bed with Father. Of course, he was on the other side of Father, but was I ever mad. I didn't sleep much the rest of the night. The main thing that worried me was the fear that someone would see him before I could get out of there and tease me about sleeping with "Old Man Swartz."

One night in Southern Utah, one of our best oxen disappeared. Father and Ike went back to look for it. Of course, the rest of us went on. Father had me drive his team of mules. The whole company couldn't stop. I had to stand on the wagon tongue because I couldn't reach the brakes unless I did. I'll say we needed brakes. There were no roads. The way was rough in some places. We crossed the Sevier River over twenty times. Some places, I don't know how we made it without tipping over.

Father and Ike hunted all day for the steer and couldn't find him. They finally gave up and came back to follow the wagon road and the steer stood right there in the road. Boy, were we ever thankful that night.

Probably the hardest part of the trip was when we crossed the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. I crossed that river nine times on the ferry and never got over my fear of it. Father had to help with the cattle, so I had to drive his wagon and team. We crossed on the ferry all right, but the hardest part was the trip up Lee's backbone, a mountain on the other side. It was all I could do to hold onto those mules. Mother was afraid every minute I would tip over and be killed. Years later, when I went back to Utah and saw Mother for the last time, she didn't know me at first. Father said, "This is Maria." Mother said, "Oh, no, Maria was killed when we went to Arizona."

Of course, it wasn't all hard. Some of the time, we had fun. Every night we were around the campfire, we had singing and playing and sometimes, dancing. I loved to dance. Mother couldn't understand why. Of course, when she was a young girl, things had been so much different.

Three months on the way before we finally reached Brigham City. It seemed good to be there where we could settle down. Yes, we knew we would be living a new way of life here. The United Order wasn't easy. But I was young and I didn't worry about the problems of it. I had a lot of fun.

Father was first counselor to Brother Lot Smith. He was head over all the farms. We all ate together in one big room. We sat at the head table, because Father was a counselor. All of us took turns helping in the big kitchen. When the women were sick and couldn't work their turn they would come and get me to work for them. Mother would get so mad because she thought I was sporting with all the men over there. I'd run so fast the men couldn't catch me. The women could, though. I had half a dozen women propose to me to marry their husbands. I thought that was a lot better than the men who were already married chasing the young girls, but I didn't want to go to work for any of them.

There were lots of nice young people there in Brigham. The folks didn't want me to go out with any of the boys as I was too young. My best friends were Manie Bates (Jolley), and Roxie Ballard. I never had a sister, but Manie was like one to me. (Author's note: Just a year or so before Grandma Whiting died, Sister Manie Bates Jolley came to see her. I happened to be there and I'll never forget that visit. Grandma had been gone to California for quite a while, so they hadn't seen each other for some time. Both were so crippled and lame they had to be helped almost every step. When we helped Grandma into the front room, and she saw who was there, they both looked at each other and started to laugh. They threw their arms around each other and laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks. For the next few minutes, they were as young as they had ever been. I wish I had a recording of all the memories which were relived in that visit. I remember that Grandma told Sister Jolley that she had always been as dear to her as though she had been her own sister.)

Mother never did like to eat at the big table. She wasn't too well part of the time, and the food didn't agree with her. When she wasn't able to go to the table, I would carry some food home to her. There was always work to be done. Mother was never idle a minute. She knitted our socks and pieced quilts, corded wool and gleaned wheat whenever she could. One thing she could never stand to see go to waste was the wheat left in the fields after the threshing was done. Many times, the wheat she gleaned came in very handy, too.

We had lots of fun there and I was glad we had come to Brigham City. Of course, the special thing at Brigham City was that I met Edwin there.

Charles Whiting and his family had been living there and had gone up to Utah to visit his folks. When he came back, he brought his Mother and brothers and sister May with him. May had been sick and they felt the climate in Arizona might help her. When all that big bunch came, they gave them the school house to live in. A big social was planned to welcome them. I had already heard all about the family from Manie and Roxie. They had found out all the boy's names from Verona. That night at the dance, I was sitting by Gin Curtis and his niece. His niece had been so homesick that he was trying to interest her in something so she would stay there. Gin said to his niece, "Say, if I were you, I would set my cap for that curly-headed young feller over there by the fireplace." Of course, I looked him over, too, and that was the first time I ever saw Edwin.

Next day, I went to go out of the big dining room just as he came in, and he moved away to let me go by, and I moved at the same time to let him go by. Then he laughed a little and let me out. That was the second time I saw Edwin. I didn't dare let the folks think I was interested in him. We saw each other three times a day, but it was always at meal times and I had to sit up at the head table with Father and Edwin's family were the last ones who had come, so they sat at a little table way over in the corner.

Edwin just came to help move his mother down, but he said that after he met me, he didn't want to go back. When Edwin found out that my name was Anna Maria, he said that was Danish and he was English, so he would call me Mariah. A few times, we walked across the fort together. I liked the dances to come, because he would always dance with me. Mother and Father had always said that I had to go with the first one who asked me to the dance, or I couldn't go. Well, this one dance came along and the first one who asked me was a man who already had two wives. I didn't dare refuse him, as he would tell my folks. So I had to accept and tell Edwin when he asked me that I couldn't go with him. When the night of the dance came, I waited, and waited, but the man didn't come for me. I was mad. I wasn't going alone after I had told everyone I had a date and I wasn't going to stay home. Finally, I got on my things and went over to that man's house. He was in there with his two wives. I walked in and asked him if he wasn't ready to take me to the dance. He grabbed his coat and said that he had forgotten about taking me to the dance. After we got outside, he told me he hadn't really forgotten, but he didn't know how to tell his wives and he couldn't get them to hurry so he could take them first and then come back for me. He took me to the dance and then went back for his wives.

Sunset Ward was having a big dance one time and invited all of us from Brigham City over to it. There was a whole group going, so the folks let me go. We went over in a wagon and we had a good time. After it was over, Edwin asked me to walk home with him instead of going back on the wagon. I was afraid of what Mother would say, but not afraid enough but that I walked with him. It wasn't very far—about a mile and a half. After we got home, we were standing by the Fort gate talking. I told Edwin I had enjoyed coming home with him. He said, "How would you like to take a longer trip with me—clear up to St. George?" (That's where the Temple was.)

I said I didn't know what the folks would say.

Edwin said, "Well, we can find out, can't we?"

Just about that time, I heard Mother. She lived right by the fort gate and she had come out to see why I wasn't home yet. Believe you me, I got inside in a hurry.

Not long after that, there was a conference in Joe City. There were a bunch of the young folks going and Mother and Father let me go as Edwin's partner. I really enjoyed that day. That was about the first time I had ever been away from my folks, except to visit cousins a few times.

My father wouldn't mistreat anyone, but he thought Edwin was lazy. When I was going with him, Father said that if I did marry that boy, I would have to help make the living. Finally, I found out why. One day, Father and Brother Plumb had been working in the fields and they saw Edwin come across the farm and pass right by a cow that was in the garden. He didn't even try to drive it out. They really figured that was the height of laziness. I asked Edwin about it, and he said he didn't even see the old cow. He was busy thinking about something else.

One day, Edwin came to our house. Mother had gone to the field, but I expected her back any minute. I didn't know what she would say if she found Edwin there, and I didn't want to find out. I was scared. Edwin wasn't afraid of Mother. He thought she was reconciled to the idea of us going together. He said he wouldn't leave until I gave him a kiss. He didn't know what a terror my Mother was. I knew she would raise the deuce and kick him out of there if she came before he left. I was afraid she would forbid me to ever go with him again. Edwin hadn't been around Mother much, so he wasn't worried. I tried to get him to leave, but he wouldn't leave. I was expecting Mother any minute, so I finally gave him a little, peck of a kiss and rushed him out the door to get rid of him. Yes, that was our first kiss. I stayed clear of him as much as I could because I was between two fires. But Edwin just wouldn't be run off.

(To be continued.)

Working Together

By E. I. Whiting

(Ed. Note: The following letter was written 25 years ago from Uncle Eddie to his mother, Grandma Whiting.)

1/20/35

Dear Mother:

It is Sunday. And the coldest day we have had this year. We had a good little visit with Lynn. And have had some sad letters from Earnest. Even if you do not believe as much as I do in working together, I hope you can help. Try to think what Pa would have done if he were here, and we will not be so very far wrong. It is unfortunate that we should have lost him and that Earnest and Lynn should be sick, and I have my thoughts on Rex all at the same time.

Our working together is about the only thing we have accomplished that has ever been noticed or mentioned by others. To me, it seems worthwhile. We will never make enough money, anyhow, to amount to anything, and if we do, I am not sure that it would be any blessing. But if we can help each other really make things go, that is worthwhile. To have the others step in and help me when I was overloaded has always been one of the joys of life, and to try to help them is a pleasure, too.

I started this a week ago and tonight find that it is not yet posted, so will write a little more and send it. I guess Melba is started in school. I surely miss her here.

Love,

Eddie

EDITORIAL

Dear relatives and other readers:

When I finally got all the material for this issue, and began editing it, I found I had a problem. I had planned this issue for the size suggested by the higher-ups, which was forty pages. However, on counting up the material that was good enough to print, I found that it would take at least twice that number of pages to get it all in. I was planning to enlarge it at least a little, but right in the middle of working on it, I found that it was necessary for me to move my office to the town of Kailua, where I have taken over another doctor's practice. We have found a house, and will be moving next week. If I can get this all done before we have to start moving, it may reach you before the Reunion.

It has been quite a job to decide which articles to include. I included all the suitable news. For the rest, I picked the things which I felt were most timely. Some of the finest articles and stories have been postponed till the next two issues, which I hope will come out in intervals of about three months.

For technical errors, blame me. I'll try to improve with time and experience.

To Myn Priestley and Martha Berry belong the lion's share of the credit for this issue, because they gathered the material. Also, thanks to Uncle Eddie for financial and moral backing, and his stories.

J. Ronald Brown

In Touch With the Lord

by Edwin I. Whiting

INSERT PICTURE OF E.I. WHITING P.309

We have all heard of the faith of Grandfather Isaacson—how he joined the Church as a young man, hurried home to tell his mother and stepfather the wonders of revelation, and was ordered from the house by his stepfather and told never to return until he had entirely rid himself of this terrible heresy. He kissed his mother, gathered what few things he could take, and left for America. He never saw his mother or his homeland again. He came to America, first Utah, then Arizona, and spent his entire life serving his God, his church and his fellow man.

As I am his oldest grandchild, and therefore remember further back and to earlier times, I will try to tell what I still remember as a boy in the first six years of my life. When I was six years old, Grandpa left the Meadows and moved to Ephraim, and we moved to Mapleton. From then on, Uncle Mart's family know his history better than we do. In reviewing my six years of living next door to my grandparents, time seems to have blended what I remember directly with what Mother has told me in later life.

I do remember the Lambson family distinctly—Arby, the only son, Pollis, the father, and several girls—and how Grandma scolded and fretted because they borrowed so often and forgot to repay, things to make a meal—flour, molasses and fresh meat if we had any. They had borrowed a lot of meat on the strength of the time they were planning to kill their only cow. Finally, they sold their cow and all went by wagon from the Meadows to St. Johns to buy supplies with the money their cow had brought. I distinctly remember going with Mother, seeing the finery the girls had, how Mother told them how nice it looked, and then how she and Grandma scolded when we were back home. At Lambson's, I thought they had done fine selling their cow—at home, I was soon convinced they were foolish for using the money from their only cow to buy finery and rascals for not paying back the meat they had borrowed.

I remember the storm Arby and one of the girls provoked by coming to our home just at that time and asking to borrow enough meat and flour for supper. When Grandma demanded to know why they hadn't bought something to eat with their cow, they said they had not thought of it until all their money was gone. From then on for a time, I only remember a storm.

Finally, Grandpa stood up, gave them flour for a meal from his meager supply, and when they had left, told Grandma and Mother to be thankful that they were blessed with more sense and to try to use it and never criticize people not blessed with their judgment. I remember in after years, Mother telling how hard things were at the Meadows—how much Grandpa gave to the people of his branch, and others who came along.

Now, I want to relate as nearly as I can, the details of when Grandpa administered to me. We had arrived in Mapleton in the fall of 1888, and had moved into one of Uncle Albert's rooms until we could find a place. Uncle Albert had 9 children—the other 7 being born later. Dad had 3, so there were two families and 12 children in the three-room house.

I was stricken with typhoid fever. There was quite an epidemic of it at that time. In general, the doctoring was done by women who had learned what they could from other midwives, and their

ministrations were mostly with home-gathered herbs and folklore ideas. I remember how much I burned. Within a few days, my mouth, throat and I suppose my stomach, were a mass of sores and blisters. The neighbors crowded in and most all had remedies to offer. However, about the only thing they agreed on was that the only way to cure this fever was to burn it out—to let the body get hot enough to kill it—that water given inwardly or even put on the face with a damp cloth fed the fever. One woman said she would as soon give a child poison as water, and named over a list of those who had been given water and then died. She also had a list of those who had won the fight by this "burning method". I remember how thirsty I was, how I begged for just a spoonful of water, how Mother sat by my bedside and cried, telling me I must not have water.

(Ed. note: As a doctor, I can explain this old belief, which even some doctors held in that era. One of the complications of typhoid fever is perforation of the bowel. When that occurs, anything by mouth increases the peritonitis. No doubt these old-time nurses observed this, and acted accordingly in future cases. We now know that a much worse enemy is dehydration, and we give large quantities of water—by mouth unless there are signs of perforation, when we switch to intravenous fluids.)

My cousin, whom they claimed was not as bad as I, died that day. Several others in the neighborhood had died since I came down, and general talk was that there was little or no chance for me. Mother and Dad didn't know much about medicine, but they knew Grandfather's gift for healing and had sent him a letter. Mother kept saying, "If only Father would come." Their one hope was for his blessing.

By then, I was about burned out. They had figured that if Grandpa started immediately when he got the letter, he could be there in two or three days—some 80 miles by team and wagon. I pleaded continuously for water. Mother tried to soothe me by telling me to just wait until Grandpa came. He would know what to do, but not to give up until he came. A hundred times, she walked to the window and looked up the road, and after nightfall, listened for the chuck, chuck of the wagon wheels.

Finally, she heard them, rushed out crying, and as they came back in, I remember her saying, "Hurry, Father, hurry, or it will be too late." He told her to hush—he must have time to get in touch with the Lord—to get a wash dish of hot water. Then he sat by me, put his cold hand on my head, and talked to Dad.

I remember best how his cool hand felt. And then I remember his telling Dad to give me a spoonful of water. Dad wept as he hurried, proceeded to give me the water, and said he thought it would help, that he had never believed water would hurt me, anyhow. What a wonderful feeling it was to have water.

And then the great moment came. With my Dad and uncle joining in, he proceeded in a quiet, matter-of-fact way to talk to the Lord. It seemed like he was talking right to him. It was a long prayer, with a firmness and a faith I still vividly remember.

Yes, I have seen other administrations, other healings, but nothing like that. It has been so sacred to me that with the exception of talks with my Mother, I have said little about it. Mother says I slept that night, and that by the next evening, my fever was gone. It is hard to tell you what I felt, but to me, it has been a life-long guidance.

I hope this doesn't sound overdrawn. I have tried to tell it just as it seemed to me. Any time I feel discouraged, I can get a lift thinking about that wonderful Grandfather of mine.

A Lesson in Service

by Arthur Whiting

Grandpa Peter Isaacson left his home in the beautiful valley at Ephraim, Utah, when he was called by his stake president and the president of the church to go to Arizona on a mission. After Brigham City was disbanded, he was called to be bishop of the little ward at the "Meadows." The Meadows was a small settlement eight miles below St. Johns on the Little Colorado. Of the few families there, only part of them were active members. This, along with the desolate circumstances and lack of buildings, made it a challenge which would have discouraged most men, but Grandpa had long before been tested and proven, when it took him six months to cross the ocean. Then his young wife passed away. He had already endured so many trials and hardships that he was equal to the discouraging position as bishop of this little ward. The members imposed on him and Grandma Isaacson complained, and finally insisted on returning to Ephraim, but Grandpa stayed at his post until released by those in authority.

When he moved back to his beloved Ephraim, he found the stake president had jumped his land, and he literally had to start over again, but not one of these things ever weakened Grandpa's testimony and faith.

His grandson, Bishop Thorpe Isaacson, tells of the faith-promoting experience of watching Grandpa preparing the grain seed for planting. He would open the sack, and then on bended knees bless the seed that it might grow and mature for his good and the blessings of those in need. Whenever I become discouraged with any position or calling in the Church, I stop and think of Grandpa Isaacson and it makes me a little ashamed that I ever hesitated.

Now Genealogical Organization

On the last day of the 1958 Reunion, Katie Lewis and Annette Farr got together and decided it was time to start a new organization for genealogical work. They were very enthused, and wanted to start right away. There was a conference of the brothers and sisters, and it was decided to appoint Annette as president and Katie as vice-president.

The girls have done wonders, to help wake us all up a little as to what we need to do. They have compiled a book of all our living genealogy that we can all be proud of. I'll bet there won't be one person at this Reunion that doesn't spend some time looking at this book and copying information they don't have.

We are glad we got our family genealogy started before the church came out with its big drive. It will help everyone of us.

Thanks, Annette and Katie!

Genealogical Report

Before I start complaining and assigning work, let me express my appreciation to those of you that have responded to my pleas for your family group sheets. You'll find your efforts worthwhile, even though you all hate me now and are sick of my nasty letters.

It is as important to keep the group sheets up to date as it has been to compile them thus far. I'm in hopes we can organize family representatives to work with me in making sure all new dates, names, marriages, etc., are added accordingly. Be thinking of a member of your family to "rope" into this job. Just for the record, the book now holds 52 family group sheets for the E. M. Whiting family. 13 families are not yet represented.

Reunion note: All of you please come armed with your family group sheets to challenge the information I have on you. The records must be exact and I welcome any correction on the information I now have.

Superior Court of Navajo County
State of Arizona

Holbrook, Arizona

May 2, 1960

DON T. UDALL
JUDGE

ANNA MARIA WHITING

Probate File No. 1712 lodged in the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Navajo County, Arizona, contains the Last Will and Testament of Anna Maria Whiting, Deceased, together with other pertinent papers. A reading of the record gives strong evidence to support the fact that the Testator was a very unusual person, both in body and mind, possessing great sturdiness of character which was necessary in the lives of people coming to settle the Arizona Territory during the nineteenth century. This conclusion is also borne out by the statements of other early day pioneers who, with the Whiting Family, helped build Arizona frontiers, then a wilderness, to their present state of civilization.

It appears that Anna Maria Whiting created by the terms of her Will a perpetual trust estate. The monies arising therefrom are to be used for various charitable purposes: (a) for the benefit of the needy, (b) for the aid of missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and (c) for the support of Church projects of various Stakes and Wards of the Church. The petition to probate the Will was filed July 23, 1953• Later, when admitted to probate, it was noted to contain the most unique charitable trust ever filed in Navajo County Superior Court.

The various annual accounts and reports filed in this estate when totaled together, show that rental income from the property during the last six years has exceeded \$8,000.00, all of which has been distributed by the trustees of the estate to the charitable objects enumerated in the Testators Will.

Her estate is not considered to be a large one, but it has been very productive and handled with conservatism. The Trustees are to be commended for the manner in which they have so wisely administered its affairs, apparently paying the annual taxes and repairs on the property with money from their own pockets, thus using the total gross receipts for charitable purposes.

Anna Maria Whiting was a very remarkable woman. She lived an exemplary life, characterized with good deeds and kindness. People remember her as the matriarch of the Whiting Family, also as a mother who advised her children well on the problems of life, and encouraged them to succeed. Like other noble women in history, she left a great heritage to her children and to her descendants consisting of strength of character, love of humanity and devotion to high principles.

DON T. UDALL

ADDRESSES

Mr. & Mrs. E. I. Whiting, St. Johns, Ariz.

Mr. & Mrs. E. Farr Whiting, St. Johns, Ariz.

Mr. & Mrs. Kelly Mineer (Karen), St. Johns, Ariz.

Mr. & Mrs. Wilford Shumway, St. Johns, Ariz.

Mr. & Mrs. Rex Lee, St. Johns, Ariz.

Mr. & Mrs. Sherwood Udall, St. Johns, Ariz.

Mr. & Mrs. Virgil Whiting, St. Johns, Ariz.

Mr. & Mrs. Darwin Grant, St. Johns, Ariz.

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Mr. & Mrs. Gene Stoddard, Church College of Hawaii, Laie, Hawaii

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Mr. & Mrs. Robert Fisher (Beryl), Box 184, Holbrook, Ariz.

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Mr. & Mrs. Gene Phipps (Marlynn), 247 So. Udall, Mesa, Ariz.

Mr. & Mrs. Albert Brown, Box 246, St. Johns, Ariz.
Mr. & Mrs. Willard Sagers, RFD Box 335, Tooele, Utah
Mr. & Mrs. Wayne L. Smith, 3509 No. 35th Place, Phoenix, Ariz.
Mr. & Mrs. Russell Burdick, Box 1, St. Johns, Ariz.
Mr. & Mrs. Gus Shields, Tempe, Ariz.
Mr. & Mrs. Jack A. Brown, St. Johns, Ariz.

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Mr. & Mrs. Don E. Priestley, 900 Curtis St., Alhambra, Calif.

Mr. & Mrs. Arthur A. Whiting, Box 247, Holbrook, Ariz.
Mr. & Mrs. Farrel W. Lewis, Box 505, Holbrook, Ariz.
Mr. & Mrs. Milton Whiting, 1321 McMillan Road, Flagstaff, Ariz.
Mr. & Mrs. Merl Farr, 3225 No. Park Drive, Flagstaff, Ariz.
Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Bentley, Rt. 1, Box 21, Flagstaff, Ariz.

(If there are any mistakes or omissions, make sure we get the corrected addresses in time for the next issue.)

The Heavenly Strike
By Maydene (Brown) Bodell

'Twas a balmy spring night in the Heavens above--
Ethereal, lovely and quiet--
When all of a sudden the Startups up there
Exploded and started a riot!

It was all bad enough, waiting around,
Lonesome and sometimes forlorn,
Biding their time and standing in line,
Just waiting their turn to be born.

One of them, proudly wearing a sign
Reading "Startup No. 10,"
Was excited about Gordon's wedding
And was hoping to make it for then.

But Startup Eleven peeked at a list
Of the guests and became so excited,
Then ran straight to "Ten" with the dreadful news
That neither of them were invited!

"This is the very last straw!" they declared
They were both trying hard not to bawl.
We've got to get ourselves out of here
If we're going to be Startups at all I

So they sent out a firmament petition,
But when they received their reply
They rose up in arms against it,
And then they proceeded to cry.

No. 10 was accepted, it stated,
And soon could start packing to go,
But for No. 11, it may be too late,
The answer would have to be "No"

It said they were trying to place eleven
With another good family,
Or eleven might stay and polish halos--
They'd just have to wait and see.

What a terrible disappointment)
The two of them both agreed
After all the good times, and the plans shared,
This was a blow indeed!

Together they'd sung in the angels' choir
And learned a flat from a sharp.
Together they'd polished their halos,

Together they'd played on the harp.

Together they'd been on picnics
To one or another cloud--
Together they'd shared all their secrets—
Together they'd laughed aloud.

What! Not to be Startups together?
That was the worst of their fears.
Not have their very own Daddy,
And not have him pull on their ears?

Not to go ruffle his hair up--
And get out his robe and his zories?
Not to pull at his mustache,
And hear all his favorite stories?

Not to go to a basketball game,
And cheer for big brother Frank?
Not get together with David
And play a mischievous prank?

Never to go in the doll house
And dress up and play all day
With all of their three big sisters—
Nancy, Carol and Lynnae?

Never to sneak in the parlor
When Karen gets home very late—
And hide down behind the sofa
And eavesdrop on her and her date?

Never to warble with Cheryl
Throughout both the work and the play?
Never to tease pretty Marsha
About her boyfriend for the day?

Miss out on all the excitement
When Gordon comes home from France?
Not to be there for his wedding,
To see the bride and groom dance?

Not jump on the nice trampoline,
Or sit on those big wide stairs?
Not go with them to Sunday School,
Or join them in family prayers?

Never to play on that organ?
Not ever to keel over on that lawn?
Not to slide down the bannister
When Mamma and Daddy are gone?

And worst of all--not to know Mamma,
And then when they wanted a nap,
Not to be able to curl up
Right there on her nice warm lap?

Together they put four feet down--
They decided to go on strike!
A strike--of all places--in Heaven!
Did you ever hear of the like?

They said, "We are going to earth,
Be it fair or stormy weather,"
They said, "We are going to be Startups,
And going to be Startups together!"

"Impossible!" said the doctors,
"Twins this late in the game?"
But somehow the heavens arranged it,
And they've come as twins all the same.

A toast to the Mother of the Startups:
You're the model supreme of us mothers,
An inspiration to me--
And to who knows how many others.

You are our Mrs. America.
You are the queen of our story
You've been a wonderful mother,
But this is your crowning glory.

[INSERT PICTURE OF STARTUP TWINS PAGE 319](#)

Man Of Destiny

by Floyd R. Brown

This June, Rex Lee will be graduated from the Brigham Young University, having served as the Student Body President during the past year and having been awarded a three-year scholarship to the University of Chicago Law School. He is also, I am informed, very close to qualifying for Valedictorian, an honor which he may yet receive.

I first remember Rex in Holbrook, Arizona, where he and Donald Whiting and I were all in the same grade and all had tricycles. Ambition among that group was unlimited. I recall that we used to ride down the street racing with the airplanes that were flying overhead. On another occasion, Milton Whiting told us about the "pot of gold" at the end of the rainbow, and sent us off after it. That was the longest hike of my life. These and other undertakings are my first memories of Rex.

Our families then moved to different states and I saw Rex only occasionally. I recall when I used to go to St. Johns to work for Uncle Albert in the summer that Rex was always away working at the sawmill at Elk Mountain. I used to ask the kids in town about him and, in general, they were unable to understand exactly what Rex was going to amount to. They complained that he spent all his time studying and practicing on his trumpet. (Insofar as I know, he has given up the latter ambition.) I believe Rex was graduated at the head of his high school class. On the way, he became an eagle scout, and, as I recall, was one of the first in his troop. During his senior year, he placed fourth in a national speech contest, in which there were over 200,000 contestants.

The next year, Rex went to the BYU. At the time, he was surrounded by a large number of cousins. The boys were--Rex Lee, Phil Brown, Markay Hamblin, David Berry, Wendell Lewis, Gordon Startup, Lynn Ellsworth and myself. Rex started off by getting elected president of the freshman class. He was active in the debating squad, and taught the elder's quorum in one of the campus branches. He was given membership in the Freshman Honor Society. He joined the Viking Social Unit.

During his second year at BYU, he served as Vice-President of Men's Students. He was active in MIA, maintained his position on the honor roll, and traveled over 10,000 miles debating for the school. He placed second in the Senior Men's Division at the Tournament of Champions in Linfield, Oregon, and brought several other trophies home to the School. (Ed. note: Floyd was his partner in most of the debating and won several trophies himself.) He also won the Heber J. Grant Oratorical Contest.

After spending the next summer at the sawmill, he went on a mission, and served there with great distinction, being called into the Presidency of the Mexican Mission after only eight months, in the mission field.

He had scarcely returned from his mission when he was called to the General Board of the M.I.A. Back at the BYU, he was promptly elected President of the Senate for the ensuing year. He maintained the usual high scholastic level of achievement. But, most significant, he became engaged to a beautiful and very charming girl whom he was somehow lucky enough to hoodwink into becoming his wife. Janet, we are very glad you consented to join us. (You see, you got us when you took Rex.)

We should all take a lesson from this man. It may sound out of place, and perhaps I am blinded by my own deep feeling for Rex, but I feel convinced that we have a truly great man on our hands. Rex doesn't and won't have as much time to socialize as some of the rest of us, but he will be giving a lot to many other people. Barring unforeseen interventions, Rex seems destined to do great things, politically, religiously, and perhaps in other, yet untouched fields.

Ralph Whiting Clan

by Katie Whiting Lewis

We have really had a proud year out this way and Zion is growing (none of us are shirking, either). Don and Harriett (Whiting) had a little bundle dropped last August. They named her Nancy Lee. Jerry and Katie (Lewis) soon followed suit with another girl and named her Sharee Eileen. John and Lois (Whiting) were in proper order with a new baby; boy named Arthur Eugene (guess who he's named after?). I guess Les and Louise (Whiting) just plain gave up. All in all, that gives Mother and Dad 17 grandchildren.

We are proud of Kayennis (Martineau) and her twins, too. I don't know their names but we will find out at the Reunion. (Ed. Note: Charles and Cheryl Martineau.)

The 15th Ward was divided last week, and for some unknown reason, we are still trying to build a new church building. We gave a good old Whiting play to try and help raise money. It was lots of fun. We presented the play "Jane Eyre". It wasn't just the money, it was the thought. (We will try anything.) John is a clerk in the new Bishopric and Don is in the Elders Quorum presidency, and Jerry is a counselor in the Sunday School. Rodney said he got his feelings hurt, because they made him a junior ward teaching companion and put a junior companion in as his senior companion. But he will soon be in the mission field and he can forget about such trivials. The bishop told Daddy he could have any church job he wanted and he obliged by volunteering to ward teach one family a month (preferably the bishop). Mother still has her choir. She hopes when she dies the Lord lets her have a little choir in heaven. We are expecting Les and Louise to move this way and keep us company.

We hope to see you all at the reunion and may God bless you all in your travels.

Martha's Scribblings

by Martha Whiting Berry

Gene Stoddard is now teaching at the Church College of Hawaii, doing his usual wonderful work, while Maree is teaching at nearby Kahuku High and Elementary School. Gene has been appointed bishop of the Hauula Ward. Maree and Herbert are planning to fly to Alaska this summer to visit Leilani and her family, who live near her father in the hunting community of Talkeetna.

Many of the relatives traveled long distances to attend Norma's (Fife) funeral. Marian (Berry) is taking care of the five little girls, while Randy (Fife) is working in Indio.

Dean (Berry) and Jack (Cooper) are both practicing in Fresno now, and they say that practice is good.

Bill and Ruth (Ellsworth) like the farm. Lynn Ellsworth returned from his mission in South America a year ago.

Lee (Berry) and family are enjoying their new home in Alhambra. He is specializing in surgery full-time now.

Louine, Mrs. John Hunter, had her picture in the Deseret News in several editions recently, when her father-in-law, Howard Hunter, was chosen an apostle.

The family caterers are all very busy this June. Elbert has also started a candy factory, and is making clear toys. Gordon (Startup), Donnie (Priestley) and others work there after school.

Donnie returned on September 3 after completing the mission he was told he would never fulfill. It is against church policy to call missionaries with severe diabetes, but Donnie swung a call, and had very little trouble with his sickness. He married Roberta Sorenson on Oct. 23 in the Los Angeles Temple, and is going to college and working in Elbert's candy factory.

Aunt Myn is still busy singing and speaking at firesides.

Ronald (Brown) and family are still in Hawaii. Ronald is opening a new office in Kailua, the town which you can see from the famous Pali. Linda recently received the "Outstanding Science Student" Award from the Kahuku High School. For almost a year now, she has been Sunday School Secretary.

Maydene (Bodell) just had her seventh child, making a total of 44 grandchildren. They are both well.

Frank Brown Clan

the Ray Lewises
by Ruth (Brown) Lewis

The years seem to come and go and life seems to go on, a little faster as time goes on. Rose Maurine and Gary (Neeleman) and their family are in Brazil. Gary is in charge of the office for all that area for United Press, and has a wonderful job. They are very happy with his work. Rose has two little boys now. They have been gone nearly two years, but will be home for a visit in August. This is the first time we will have had all our family together, as Scott was born after Wendell left.

Wendell filled a two-and-a-half year mission to New Zealand, then went to visit Rose Maurine on the way home and had a fine trip through South America. He went one quarter to the "Y", then decided to get his service over, so he will finish his boot training tomorrow. It has been hard on him, physically and mentally. He said in his last letter he can hardly wait to come home and go through the temple and forget all the things he has heard in the service.

Gay is waiting for Phil McNeal, who is on a mission to New Zealand. He has been gone nearly a year. She wants to go to Hawaii to school next year. She is going to the Y now.

Cindy (Rayda) was married to William Fermazin in October. They live here in Los Angeles.

The other children are just growing up too fast. We do enjoy our two babies, Penny and Scott. We feel like Mabel--"You have to be over forty to really enjoy a baby."

The catering business is very good. We have just had to rent a new location with twice the room and lots of refrigerator space. We miss lots of things about Utah, but like California. Ray is on the High Council here. We are well and happy and grateful for the blessings of our association with the family. Our love to all of you.

the Ray Browns
by Ruth H. Brown

Wayne remarked the other day that the Ray Browns are fast becoming one of the modern families who just wave as they dash in and out the front door. We see little of Nora and her Ray. Their two little Browns keep them busy and then with dental school and a catering business on the side, along with Nora being Relief Society President, the spare minutes are few and far between.

Floyd thinks law school is the greatest and at present is busy with Law Day activities and looking forward to duties as student vice-president next year. Keith is in Chile on his mission and getting well past the stage of knowing the language so well and yet so little that he dreams in Spanish and can't understand what his dreams are about.

Albert, currently acting in the senior play, and Annette are teenagers in high school together and having a gay time. Wayne is scouting these days and looking forward to high school next fall.

**Edwin I. Whiting Clan
by Erma (Whiting) Grant**

Wilford Shumway is a member of the New Mexico state legislature. He was elected to the House of Representatives. This year, he has decided he can do more good in the Senate, and at the present time is seeking election to that office.

Rex Lee was released from the Mexican Mission, where he was serving as second counselor to the mission president, in February, 1958. He has been a member of the General Board of the YMMIA for the past two years. He is student body president at the B.Y.U. this year. He has received the scholarship which the University of Chicago gives to one student from the B.Y.U., and will attend that school for the next three years.

Richard Shumway has just been elected Student Body President of St. Johns High School. He served as president of his freshman class, was elected most popular boy in his sophomore year, and is currently serving as vice-president of the Junior class.

Farr is now serving his fifth term on the City Council. Three of these terms were as mayor. Farr and Mel have four grandchildren, children of Karen and Kelly Mineer--three girls and one boy, ages 4, 3, 2, and 1.

Douglas Shumway was the winner of the district oratorical contest. In 1954, Rex Lee won the Western Division oratorical contest, and went on to New Jersey, accompanied by his grandparents, parents, and Aunt Melba, where he won 4th in the nation.

Three of Grandma and Grandpa's great-granddaughters have been in the Miss Arizona Pageant contest. In 1957, Jeannie Stoddard was chosen as Miss Navajo County, and then went on to win second place in the Miss Arizona Pageant. In 1958, Rita Kay Grant was chosen as Miss Apache County, and then was elected Miss Congeniality in the Miss Arizona contest. To carry on the tradition, Pamela Whiting was chosen Miss Apache County in 1959, and then won second place in the state contest. She also won one of the bathing suit trophies.

We have five Eagle scouts we are very proud of. Rex Lee, Douglas and Richard Shumway, and Michael and Steven Udall.

Sherwood has won several prizes with his cattle. Sherwood Udall's and Virgil Whiting's families had a wonderful vacation in Old Mexico last summer. Virgil makes frequent trips to Atlanta, etc., to the lumber auctions. Mother, Dad and Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Gibbons had a wonderful seven-week trip when they toured Europe.

Kenny Whiting was the hero of the neighborhood when he saved his four-year-old brother's life. Eddie caught fire and started running. Kenny tackled him and rolled him in the snow. Eddie received serious burns, but it could have been much worse.

Darwin Grant has been bishop of the St. Johns Second Ward for eight years. Merwin Grant was the salutatorian in the 8th grade. Rita Kay Grant was chosen as the representative to go to the Girl's State, was Student Body Vice-President, and Valedictorian when she graduated from high school.

Arthur Whiting Clan
by Annette (Whiting) Farr

We visited with Armina and Gordon (Bentley) for a while one day last week. They're still comfortably situated in their trailer house in Flagstaff, where Gordon attends the Arizona State College. He's majoring in forestry and works part time at the "Hi Neighbors" Whiting Brothers station. They keep busy church-wise. Gordon is superintendent of the College Ward Sunday School. Armina is organist of the Relief Society and a teacher in the Junior Sunday School.

It's always a treat to visit Milton, Lorana(Whiting) and family in their beautiful home in Flagstaff. Gordon and Bruce are both in school while Janis is still at home. But she's all excited about going to school next year. Lorana was just elected president of the Questers, a book club. She also serves as Primary President of her ward. Milton is Sunday School teacher of the Gospel Doctrine Class. Gordon is taking piano lessons, not to be outdone by Bruce, who gets up every morning on his own to practice his cornet.

Farrel (Lewis) used to think he was busy with service station, charter plane, and counselor to the bishop. But since his recent appointment as bishop of one of the Holbrook wards, his work has really begun. Irene has been temporarily put in as YWMA President. This new division has put everyone to work. Lynette is secretary of the choir and still manages to make piano and band practices, and MIA. Karen has added flute to her piano lessons and primary. Peggy loves her second-grade teacher and so far, still likes the piano. Kristine is our kindergarten girl this year. Baby Dee Ann is nearly two. She's the apple of her Daddy's and her Grandpa's eyes.

By the time this issue of the Whiting Tree is out for circulation, Merl, Annette and Jay will be living in Flagstaff, where Merl is employed with Kaibab Lumber Co. Baby Jay, who was eight months on his Daddy's birthday, April 14, is growing fast and is as spoiled as ever. They said they like to feel that their Father in Heaven looked down and was pleased with them as parents of the choice spirit He'd found for them, and He is blessing them twice fold with a baby to be born in June.

Dad (Art) announced semi-retirement a couple of years ago. As busy as he is now, I'd hate to follow him around when he decides to fully "retire." His high council and job as drama director keep him busy, too. Betty serves church-wise as secretary of the Holbrook 2nd Ward primary, as Sunday school teacher, and as stake Sunday school board member. Norman and Gary are teachers in the priesthood, and one hundred-percenters for every year so far. Norman was a lead in the school operetta and will participate in many music festival events in April. He wound up a successful basketball season and is busy now with baseball, track, and girls. Last August, he was presented with the Eagle Scout award. When Gary isn't practicing for track, he's at work on either his 1930 pickup or 1949 car. He's become quite the mechanic authority.

Lynn Whiting Clan
by Billie Whiting

Gladys (Whiting) is living at 237 So. Udall, in Mesa, and is kept busy counting her growing posterity.

Lola and Joy (Ashcroft) live in Athena, Oregon. Moe is 15 years old now and is a "grade A" student in studies, sports and music. Lynn is eleven and is really working to keep up with Moe. He keeps the family on their toes as he is quite a talker—especially with the family secrets. LaKay is eight and spends most of her time in front of the mirror.

Ivy (Wills) is living in St. Johns. Wendell is eighteen and will graduate from high school this year. He is hoping to fulfill a mission and wants to attend college. Louise is fifteen and a sophomore. She enjoys her schoolwork and is wonderful to help Ivy with the housework. Allyn is ten and is doing much better. They are gradually replacing her shots with pills and winning her wholehearted approval. Kenny is eight and in the second grade, and is growing tall and husky.

Rex (Whiting) and family are living in Glendale, Arizona. They have bought a new home and in his spare time, Rex is raising a small herd of calves. Margie is kept busy with Linda, Lynn and Harvey in school, and Eddie, Arthur and Kathy at home, and they are expecting another one soon. All in all, they are a busy family.

Wayne and Billie (Whiting) are now living in Mesa, Ariz. Wayne graduated from Tempe last year. Corliss is a grownup ten years old, and works hard at her school studies. Vicki just had her sixth birthday and refuses to work hard at anything, which will change in time, we hope.

Kayennis and Wendell (Martineau) are living in Juarez, Mexico. They have a chicken ranch consisting of 4400 chickens at last count. On the 14th of April, Kay presented Wendell with a set of twins—a boy and a girl. Wendell is walking on air, but is hoping there will be no repeat performance. Wayne finds life very exciting in Mexico and thinks there is no one as smart as his Daddy. Tammy looks like a butterball of an angel and has a disposition like one.

Marlynn and Gene (Phipps) are living in Mesa. Mark is three years old now and they are expecting another in May. Gene has joined the Church and is so busy he is still wondering what happened. A pat on the back for Gene. He is a good example for the rest of us'ns to follow.

The Ashcrofts
by Lola (Whiting) Ashcroft

Joy and I have been doing quite a bit of genealogy the last three years. Joy has been teaching the genealogy class in Sunday School, and he is on the Stake Genealogical Committee. We have been on two

excursions the past year to the Idaho Falls Temple, the closest one—about 500 miles. Joy, Jr, was sealed to us the first trip, and did baptism for the dead on the second.

Joy, Jr. attends seminary five days a week at the church, which is 18 miles from home. I take him and wait until the class is over, to take him to school. He has received the 95% maximum award for three years. He is on the honor roll at school, and was Valedictorian of his class last year. He has made the first team in football, basketball and baseball, and was high point man for the school in basketball. He plays the trombone very well. He has red hair, is 6 ft. 1 3/4 in. tall and still growing.

Lynn, turned eleven today, is good in music—plays the trumpet, and we think will have a good voice (like his father's). LaKay is a good student in school, just starting piano lessons. She looks a lot like Marlynn—even acts like her sometimes.

We have had two babies pass away—one recently. The doctor says there won't be any more. I wish we could have more, but we are thankful for the ones we have.

**Albert Brown Family Tours Mexico
by Elda Whiting Brown**

I'm sure I can never make anyone realize what a wonderful trip we had to Mexico City in February, 1959, to meet Phil coming home from Brazil. Dozens of our folks have been on trips to Mexico, Canada, Hawaii, and even Europe, but I challenge any of them to prove that they had as much fun, enjoyment and real pleasure, and came home with as much information as we fourteen Browns did.

We took two station wagons. We limited luggage to one suitcase to the couple (some of them bulged), so we had ample room to rest and sleep, in turns.

We had planned this trip for nearly a year, but when you think of the parents of twenty-three grandchildren, sixteen of them under six years, all being able to leave for nearly a month in the worst part of the year, it made our trip almost a miracle. Incidentally, two months later, we had twenty-five grandchildren. Nathel and Anna Vee had a hard time climbing to the top of the Pyramid of the Sun. The doctor had warned us that we might come home with two little Mexicans.

Every day and every night was just like a party and a celebration. No one quarreled, no one lost his money, no one had an accident, and only three of us got sick, and that was on the last day, and we had brought a gallon of good medicine and plenty of paregoric.

We had lunch at the beautiful new airport in Mexico City, and the joy and thrill of seeing Phil coming in and landing is the kind of thing that comes only once in a lifetime.

In Mexico City, we went everywhere in taxis, always with Albert in one, Jack in one, and Phil in one to talk for us. When we'd all pile out of those cars and go into the big market, ruins, shops and other places, it was just like a circus. I don't think there was one place where Albert failed to make a friend and learn a few interesting facts.

I think Brent turned out to be our best trader and jewer. At least, he had the most people around him trying to sell him stuff wherever we went. He didn't buy much, but sure had fun.

Earnest Whiting Clan

the Jay Whittings by Aleen Whiting

The Jay Whittings moved to Flagstaff, Arizona on Feb. 1, 1960, after living in Fredonia for fourteen years. We had just added a new fireplace in our family room, and also one on the patio.

Joyce represented Fredonia High at "Girl's State" in Tucson last June (1959). She's planning to go to Arizona State University at Tempe next fall. Joyce and Glenna are wearing contact lenses now. They surely like them. Myrna is going to get them this spring. Joyce is a senior, Glenna a soph. Glenna is one of the four varsity cheerleaders for next year. We're very proud of her—coming from such a small school to a large school and making this in two months time.

Myrna is in the 7th grade. She misses Fredonia more than any of us. Debra is 4th grade. She's made a lot of friends already. Terry goes to kindergarten in the afternoon. She enjoys it very much. Trey (Ernest J. III) is the last one home. He'll be four in a few days. He's the boss around here.

Jay is a High Council alternate and teaches the Ensign boys in M.I.A. Aleen is Jr. S.S. Coordinator and Stake M.I.A. Attendance Secretary.

the Bushmans By Nita (Whiting) Bushman

The Harold Bushman's at this time are well and happy. The past years since the last reunion have been most enjoyable.

Harold is busy and happy in his business and church activities. Being bishop really takes every spare minute, but we are receiving benefits, I know.

I am busy in the Stake Relief Society Presidency, and trying to care for my family. I feel most fortunate in having them to care for. Earl is busy enjoying his senior year in high school. About four weeks ago, he entered a contest through the School Distributive Education Program and represented his school. He then won first place with his essay, "Salesmanship as a Future," and will go as the delegate from New Mexico to Kansas City, Mo., to compete in the national contest, April 20. He also won second place in the Speech contest and will compete in this event in Kansas City, also. Besides the trophies, he won \$50 for first place, and \$25 for the second place. He hopes to major in business administration at the BYU next year.

Linda is growing into a fine young lady, active in both school and church activities. She is on the honor roll and we are proud of her,

Kathy is in the first grade and is growing so fast. I really don't have a baby any longer. She enjoys her school and playmates.

We are all looking forward to the Reunion and will try to do our part to make it a success.

the Simperts
by Beth (Whiting) Simper

Well, here we are in Holbrook. We moved here from Los Angeles in August of '58, so we are almost old-timers now. We are in the process of building on a family room and bedroom to our house, which we will surely enjoy, I'm sure.

We are all active and busy in church work. Austin is on the stake ward teaching committee, and a counselor in the Sunday School Superintendency. Beth is Relief Society President, which has turned out to be a full-time job. Dan and Bill are both ward teachers, and are active in all the ward organizations. Sherri Lyn loves her primary and Sunday school. She was baptized and confirmed a member of our wonderful church in October, '59, about which she was very thrilled.

The kids all seem to like school here very much. Dan, who is nearly 16, has been manager of the varsity football, basketball, and now, baseball teams—which he really enjoys. What with seminary before school, and sports after, we don't see him too much.

Bill, who is thirteen, is a typical active 7th grader—enthusiastic about almost everything. Both boys plan to go to the National Boy Scout Jamboree in July, to be held at Colorado Springs, Colo., and are really looking forward to it.

Sherri Lyn is in the third grade and just loves school. She is very active in her Brownie troupe.

All of us are looking forward to the Reunion this summer. It is always so much fun to see all the folks again, to mingle with aunts, uncles and cousins to rehash past experiences, and listen to the retelling of our favorite family stories, which all goes toward making up our wonderful and priceless family association. I think we all have in common two very treasured possessions—the Whiting family and our wonderful church.

See you at the Reunion!

Out Los Angeles Way
by Edwina (Whiting) Dastrup

April 1960 finds a lot of us out Los Angeles way anticipating June, 1961 more than ever. Looks like there will be four grandsons (three of them in-laws) graduating from professional schools: Floyd Brown from UCLA Law School, and Tom Dastrup, Gary Arbuckle and Raymon Brown from U.S.C. Dental School. Come June 1961, there will really be one big celebration.

I would like to mention a nephew of Uncle Albert Brown, who will graduate from Dental School the same time—John Brown, from Cedar City, Utah. We have certainly enjoyed knowing him and his lovely wife, Mary. They really seem like part of the family.

Nora Mae and Raymon Brown live in Lynwood with their two children. Nora is busy catering and more than busy as Relief Society President.

Norma Jean and Gary Arbuckle live in Alhambra with their new baby daughter. They are plenty busy being new "Mama and Daddy."

Tom and I (Edwina), the Dastrups, live in Culver City with our three girls—7, 5 and 2 years old—and are hoping for a boy come October!! or a girl, of course. I'm kept busy as Primary President, and Tom is deacon advisor. He has been deacon advisor for seven years, and just loves it. We are all well and happy.

Floyd Brown is still "footloose and fancy free," so I hear, but I don't think that will last very long.

Congratulations, David Berry—you've just completed the most horrible year of your life—the Freshman year at U.S.C. Dental School. Take courage, David, the best is coming up and the worst is behind you. Take it from us!!

I haven't had much chance to see anyone out here, it seems. In the three years we've been here, it seems like sickness or bad weather has been against me getting to the "clambakes", but I do hope that in this last year we can make connections and be together a lot, so our children can at least realize they have lots of cousins out here!

J. Albert Brown Clan
by Nathel (Brown) Burdick

Since the last reunion, a few changes have happened in our family. Phil has returned from his mission in Brazil and we all went to Mexico City to meet him—but Mother has told all about that trip.

Brent has graduated from high school, and he and Phil have gone to the "Y" this year. Brent found out he has to study there. We could write a book on their love life, but there isn't time. At Christmas time, Phil was in a car accident, and had a very badly broken arm. He seems to be recovering all right, and I don't think it hurt his love life too much.

Dad had the flu and was really sick. He was off work two months, and is still trying to get his strength all back.

Last year, Russell had his back operated on and had to have two ruptured disks taken out. He has recovered from that, and the other day he was out helping Jack brand calves, and a calf kicked him in the nose, and broke that and cut it, too. He was in the hospital four days. He now has a Gene Fullmer nose and two black eyes.

Willard Sagers got his hand hurt real bad on a tractor, but it is better now.

Jeffrey Shields fell off the school slide and broke his arm. Steven Smith fell off a wagon and bit the cement, and now he is minus part of his two front teeth. The rest of us have kept in pretty good health—just a few colds, a little flu, some minor accidents, and we have all fared pretty well.

Russell and Nathel are living in all of Grandma's and Grandpa's old house. There are quite a few changes—improvements, we think. Russell has built some closets and just got some cabinets built in the kitchen and I finally got them painted. It has been painted inside, and new linoleum and one new bathroom built in about two years ago. It is painted white outside with dark red trim. The old cellar is gone, and, of course, the old garage and honey houses, etc. It is still the old house with a face-lifting. We invite all of you to come and see it and see us, too.

We have forty in the family now. There are twenty-six grandchildren, and it's still growing. When Phil and Brent get into production, we will really have a good sized family.

See you at the Reunion!

A Diary of Memories
by Maydene Brown Bodell

INSERT PICTURE OF MAYDENE BROWN BODELL P. 331

About 1936

Dear Diary:

Guess what! We are going to Arizona tomorrow! That's better than Christmas coming early. Daddy came home from the office tonight and said that too many ladies were going to have their babies later this summer, so we'd better go now.

We all went crazy, we were so glad. There were tears in Mama's eyes as she hurried around packing suitcases and making sandwiches. (Sometimes Mama cries when she is happy.) Some families might be upset at having to get ready to leave on short notice, but to us, it was all the more exciting I

Arizona, here we come! Land of sunshine—land we love.

One week later

Dear Diary:

It was just as wonderful as it has been every year! We all sang "Arizona, How do You Do," when we crossed the border, just like we always do, and the sky seemed bluer, the air purer, the sun brighter, and even the earth itself, better, somehow.

Daddy was very jolly. He sang: "The Bear Came Over the Mountain," and "Sing a Song of Sixpence." He bought a bag of pine nuts, which kept us quiet for a while, but made the car messy. He had mints in his pockets to keep him awake while driving, but sometimes he shared them with us.

Mama had built up the back of the car with suitcases and boxes, as always, so we could stretch out our legs. I was frightened, as usual, when we rode along the high, narrow, winding dugway roads. I would peek out the window and look down, down, down, and then turn away and hide my head. That's when I got sick to my stomach, as usual.

It was such fun when we were near the Indians and could watch for their hogans. And, it was fun when Daddy let us walk across the bridge over the Colorado River and throw rocks down into the water and watch them disappear. When Daddy and Mama drove across the bridge to pick us up, they got out with a big watermelon and broke it open on a rock. We sat in the quiet sunshine and ate watermelon and looked down into the river and breathed the air—air which to us was better than any air anywhere.

The most exciting part of the trip, as always, was the long, slow ride up Peek-a-Boo Hill. (I named it that when I was younger, and now we all call it that.) When you ride up Peek-a-Boo Hill, you know that at last you will be able to see it—that which you've waited all year to see—and the suspense is awful! Then—all of a sudden—there it is, that quiet valley of poplar trees, the most beautiful valley in the world, and you know "a little bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day", but didn't land in Ireland—it landed right here.

Everyone was so good to us. We helped Grandma get the honey from the bees. Of course, we had to wear three pairs of socks two pairs of pants, several tops, a couple a pairs of gloves, and the usual hat with netting. (I got stung, anyway.) We smaller ones ate sugar cookies while we watched the big girls get all dressed up in their fancy clothes to go to the dance. We slept in the attic, where we saw Aunt Myn's china play dishes and looked for her old love letters the big girl had said were up there someplace.

Sunday morning, we all went to church in our very best. How glad and proud we were, 'cause everyone was glad to see us! Everybody shook hands with Daddy and most everybody hugged Mama. Daddy looked like a rich man, as always, because he dresses up nice and wears that golden nugget someone gave him on his watch chain. Mama looked so sweet and happy.

We had fun everywhere. We love Uncle Eddie's and Aunt Ethel's big home (some folks still call it the "Dormitory.") The parlor is so grand and so is the big polished stairway. We slept upstairs and watched the moon come up through that odd-shaped little window.

The next day, the girls whispered and giggled on the porch while Merwin took Ronald and me out to approve his inventions and explore his treehouse.

At Uncle Albert's and Aunt Elda's, we slept in the washhouse. We found the most beautiful costumes in the attic and put on a wonderful play. (This year it was "Bluebeard.") We played the piano and sang our heads off! Aunt Elda warned us a hundred times about the city ditch, but we went swimming there once, anyway. Just before suppertime, we went just outside the back door and picked onions and radishes, which we took in to eat with cheese, new milk, and the best homemade bread! That old black stove sure can cook things, all right.

It seemed quiet at Uncle Lynn's house with him and Harvey gone, but Aunt Gladys and the cousins were glad to see as. We jumped in the hay, fed a bottle to a new baby lamb, and ate fresh new bread and "home-grown" honey.

Of course, we went to the cemetery and put flowers on the two little graves of my sister and brother, Nora and Albert, side by side.

We visited the Brown cousins, too, and also Grandma Brown, who showed us old-fashioned pictures and let us play on the organ.

As far as towns go, St. Johns seems the most sacred and special part of Arizona to us, but we love to visit the relatives who don't live there, too. Holbrook had kind of funny-tasting water, but we had a lot of fun there. Louine, Joycell and I spent a night with Irene at Uncle Arthur's and Aunt Armina's We slept two in each twin bed, and we played we were college girls in a dormitory.

At Uncle Earnest's and Aunt Beryl's, we had lots of fun. Beth, and I played games, and then we all listened to Uncle Earnest tell funny stories. Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell invited us all to dinner. I stayed in. the kitchen with Aunt Nell some of the time, because she talks to me as if I am grown up. It was so good to see Uncle Ralph smiling and laughing. When I was a very little girl, he seemed sad. But now he has Aunt Nell and the children, and Lester was there, too, and Uncle Ralph seemed contented and happy.

We stayed at Uncle Herbert's and Aunt May's, where Aunt May and Mama just talked and talked. Mama and Uncle Herbert played the guitar and the mandolin while Aunt May and Mama sang sad old songs and we all had a good cry. Then Ronald and I spent the rest of the time coaxing Aunt May to let Dean come home with us.

We didn't get to see Aunt Myn and Uncle Don this time, because they live in California. But sometimes they are there when we are, and they make everything even better. Aunt Myn loves everybody and everybody loves Aunt Myn. Uncle Don is so handsome, and when he sings duets with Aunt Myn it is so thrilling, 'cause he looks at her like he loves her and sings "Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart," or else "Come, come, I love you only, My heart is true----"

Before we left, I wrote this song:

"Arizona—my homeland so dear,
I'm happy, oh, so happy, I'm here.
Oh, how I love these few days in each year,
I'm happy, oh, so happy, I'm here.

Soon, we were headed back home. It's funny, but we never sing a thing when we cross the line back into Utah. In fact, sometimes we sleep right through it and we don't even care.

About 1938

Dear diary:

I'm learning a lot as I grow up. All of us love Arizona so much, but lately I have wondered if it is just Arizona, or if it is something to do with the people there. When our relatives visit us up here, they seem to bring the fun and excitement with them. Uncle Earnest and Uncle Arthur surprised us by walking in tonight, and we were all wild with joy! Mama let us stay up late to hear the big folks visit. We kept coaxing Uncle Earnest to tell us how long they would stay, and he would hold his hands a few inches apart and say, "Oh, about that long!"

I remember once when Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell came up, they brought something especially for me. (When you are sixth in line, this has special significance.) It was a pretty petrified wood bracelet. I shall keep it always. I have never been able to understand people when they joke about relatives as if they were a big nuisance. We are proud of ours, and they are more fun and more interesting than anybody else.

Once, when Uncle Eddie came up, we all decided to go to the show. Uncle Eddie always loves a show. We couldn't decide whether to see "Maytime," or "One Night of Love." We went to see "Maytime," and all of us sat together and filled up most of a whole row. When we all filed out after the show, Uncle Eddie insisted on taking us all across the street to see the last half of "One Night of Love." That's the only time in my life I ever went to two shows in one night.

About 1958

Dear Diary:

Here we are, on our way up "Peek-a-Boo Hill" to St. Johns again. Now it is my own little family making the trip, but some things are pretty much the same. The back of the seat is built up for the little ones, and the car is littered with pine nut shells. My own father passed away three years ago, but our Daddy Jim is in the driver's seat, passing out peppermints. We sang lustily as we crossed the borderline, and we threw rocks off the Colorado Bridge. Now we are holding our breaths as we near the top of each little hill, not quite sure which one is "Peek-a-Boo Hill." But this one is longer, and I am sure this is it. In a minute now, we will see the poplar trees, and the restful houses. I am looking around me at the red dust, which I loved so well as a child, and still do, and I am wondering whether it is like all dust everywhere, or is it somehow special and hallowed, as it has always seemed to me. I am suddenly struck with the knowledge that this is something I shall never know. To me, this place, where the Arizona sun beats down on the red dust, will always be the most special place in the world. I will never be able to look on it with impartial eyes. But at the same time, I realize it might be more than Arizona itself—it might have something to do with our very special family.

A little poem of appreciation to our Uncles and Aunts and Cousins:

When summertime would roll around,
We felt that we were specially blessed.
Of all the places in the world,
We loved our Arizona best.

It wasn't just that the sun shone down
To emphasize the desert's charms,
But it was more because of this—
You welcomed us with open arms I

Insert Family Group Sheet