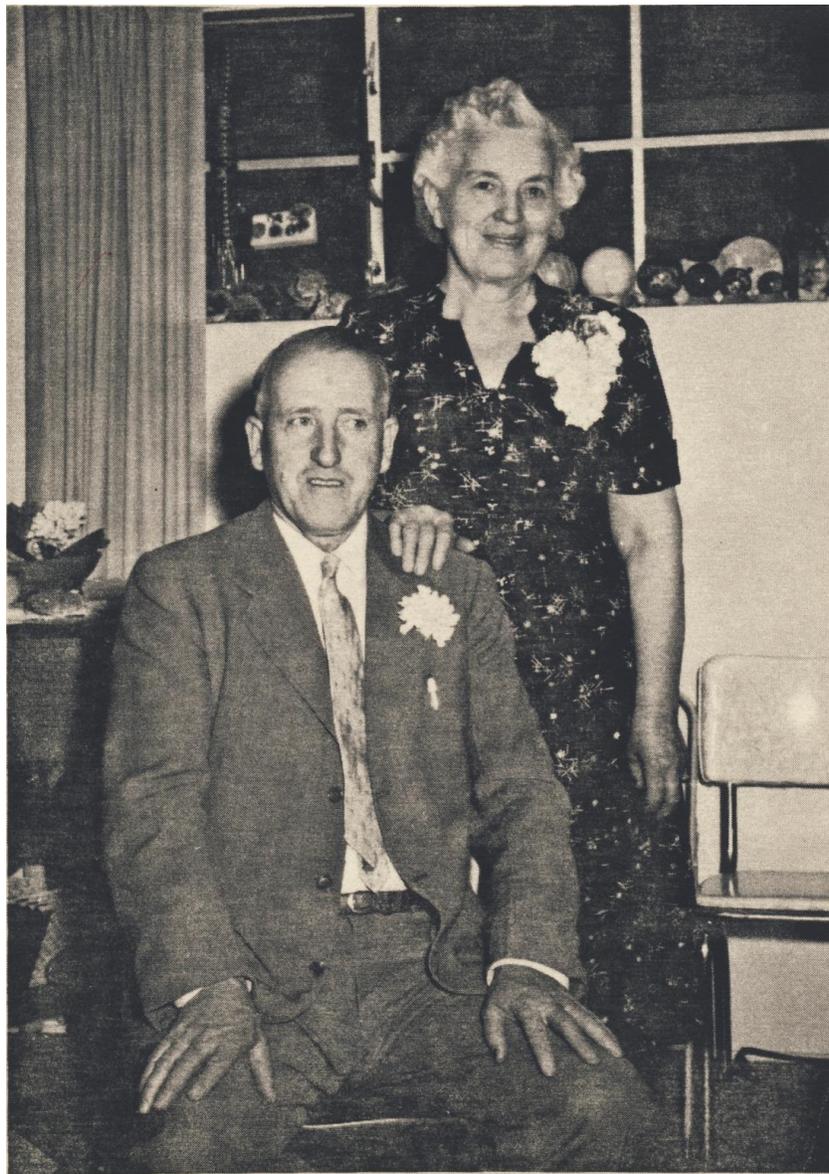


The Whiting Tree

Vol. 2, No. 10

SPRING 1985



JOSEPH ALBERT AND ELDA WHITING BROWN
1945



ELDA WHITING BROWN
1945

JOSEPH ALBERT BROWN
1945

MARRIED

MARCH 19, 1918 IN SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Doctrine and Covenants Section 25: 3. "And thou art an elect Lady, whom I have Called." Although written to Emma Smith it was meant for Aunt Elda too.

IN MEMORIUM

MAURINE BROWN STARTUP passed away August 17, 1984 at home in Monrovia, California.

Maurine had been diabetic for years, and the last year or two she has had other illnesses. She broke her hip and then went on kidney dialysis. All in all, it was too much for her.

When they were told that the end was near, Elbert and the children took her home from a short stay in the hospital.

All of the children came to visit her during these last few weeks, Diane, Nancy and Gordon came from out of state.

All of the children rallied around Elbert to assist in caring for her and keeping her company the last few months. Elbert seldom left her side and gave her constant care.

The family appreciates those who travelled to the funeral. Jay and his wife came from Mesa. They appreciate the hours Ronald and his wife spent with them on the day she died.

Most of the children were gathered around her bed as she went. The family closeness was felt as they planned the funeral and recalled memories of their vibrant Mother.

Maurine was the proud mother of eleven children. She and Elbert raised them in the gospel, she was a helpmate to Elbert in providing for them, and she worked to give each child a positive self-image.

She was active in the Mother of the Year, and in working to stop the E.R.A.. She was a woman but felt that this legislation would be a strike against family life.

She was particularly interested in helping people with romance problems and in improving the quality of married life, giving classes and writing a book on this subject.

She was a person who cared.

She will be missed by not only her immediate family members, but everyone else in the family that knew and loved her so much. Few if any of the family reunions did she and her family miss. We want her family to know just how much we loved and appreciated her.

CHILDHOOD

I was born in Mapleton, Utah on October 9, 1896, the seventh child of Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting. The first thing that I remember when I was three years old was when my sisters, May and Martha, carried me into Mother's room to see my new little sister Minnie. They all seemed so happy but I wasn't sure. The next outstanding event was when I was four. I had the worst toothache, for a week I had cried, night and day. Ma and Pa finally talked me into going to a dentist in Springville. Ma took me in a single buggy, I cried all the way, which was about two miles. (If I could only have had an aspirin!) Pa and Ma had both told me the dentist could help me. So I climbed into the big chair, opened my mouth, and the dentist grabbed that sore tooth, and I began to scream. He wouldn't let go, and I slid to the floor. Finally, the tooth came loose, and he held it up for me to see. I ran for the buggy, still screaming. Ma was ashamed to drive through town with me.

Soon after this while I was still four, my Father had typhoid fever, for the third time. He was so ill that doctors said he couldn't live. I was so unhappy and I remember how I prayed, "Please let Pa get well." I felt sure he would get well. Prayer has been such an important part of my life ever since that time. They kept telling us to be quiet and would hardly let us go through the room. One day I tiptoed through Pa's room, and said, "I'm the only decent kid." My brothers never let me forget that.

You all know the story of how Pa was told to move back to Arizona and finish his mission. Pa continued to get better and all of his plans for the next year were getting ready to move to Arizona. Late summer in 1901, he sold everything and was ready to go. I had four brothers, Eddie, Earnest, Ralph, and Lynn and three sisters, May, Martha, and Minnie. I did hate to leave our beautiful, new brick home, one of the best in town. I was the first child born there, and I loved the house, yard, and orchard. I also hated to leave all my friends and cousins, especially Alice Jackson and Bell Curtis.

Early in the summer of 1901, when we were almost ready to move, we made a trip to visit Grandma and Grandpa Isaacson in Ephraim, Utah. Earlier they had moved from St. Johns, Arizona, back to Utah to be near my mother who was now their only daughter. Now they were too old to move again. This was always a great sorrow to my Mother to have to leave her parents and move so far away. Grandpa Isaacson was so good and so kind, we all loved him. We loved Grandma too, but she never learned to speak English really well, and it was hard to be as close to her. She loved us and did nice things for us. She gave us cookies, fruit, and eggs to spend at the candy store for candy.

Martha was always Grandma Isaacson's pet, as she was named

for her. One day Grandma and Martha were making a cake, and they let me stand on a bench by the table to watch. Martha was whipping a little 3-pound bucket of cream for frosting. Some cows got in the garden and they ran to get them out. I picked up the cream to taste it, and I kept on tasting until it was nearly gone. When they came back, Grandma looked at my face and my dress, and then how she scolded me both in Danish and English. I have never forgotten her dark, black eyes. I was always a little afraid of Grandma after that.

The night we left Mapleton, we went a few miles to a big spring or lake. It seems to me that about half of the town came and camped with us. This was really good for Ma and Pa and for all of us.

One day I was riding in the wagon with my brothers and Pa, and I needed to get out, but was too bashful to tell anyone. Finally, one of the horses had to stop, so I whispered to Pa and said, "I need to do what Old Net is doing." The boys heard and I really suffered from their teasing.

We stopped at House Rock Springs by Aunt May's grave. Her brothers raked and fixed up the grave and put a new fence around it. Grandma [Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting] was comforted by seeing the grave of her lovely daughter again.

Crossing the Big Colorado River on a ferry boat was the big event of the whole trip, and I will never forget it. First, they went across many times taking horses, wagons, and all. Finally, it was our turn, I remember how afraid Myn was, how she cried and hid in Mother's lap. All I could do was get as close to Ma as I could and shut my eyes part of the time. The worst part was the terrible road on Lee's Back Bone that we had to drive the wagons over, after we got off the ferry.

As I look back over these six weeks, it was a good, happy time for me and all the young ones--just like a vacation. But how hard it must have been for Pa and Ma and all the other grownups, to keep us fed and clean, to doctor sick horses, fix wagons, and everything. I am sure they were thankful when we finally reached St. Johns.

The first place we went to was Ma's brother's house, Uncle Ike Isaacson. They had a large family and had lived in St. Johns for a long time. We were glad to get to their home and they were happy to see us.

There were two empty houses by the drain on Main Street across the road from each other. The West one is where Steve Crosby's (or Cherry's) station now stands. We went to look at the east one; I was barefooted and stepped on a bumblebee. How it hurt and how I screamed. Pa carried me a while, stood me down, and I stepped on another bumblebee with the other foot. I am sure that's the reason we took the West House.

We didn't live there long as Pa soon bought a big lot, one half of a block, in the center of town, across the street from the A.C.M.I. store. The house on this lot was small but Pa soon built on rooms--one with a fireplace, so we had room for all of us. This home is where we lived until I was in high school and where so many happy times and years were spent with my family.

One night on April 15, 1904, they took the children down to Aunt Signe Isaacson's house to sleep. Early the next morning May and Martha came to get us and said we had a new baby brother, Arthur. We were so happy and ran all the way home to see him. We did love and tend him.

I remember my eighth birthday party. We didn't have many parties, so this one was special. There was a large group, just girls, and we had ice cream and a pretty cake. We played lots of good games and at the last we played out in the street. I still remember the details. This was the first time I had ever seen anyone give little prizes or gifts to each guest.

Pa soon built a rock store on the southeast corner of this block, which is still part of the Triple S store. In our store we bought candy in big wooden barrels. This was cheaper and good for most kinds of candy. But once Ma got a barrel of gumdrops which lasted several years. It wasn't long until they began to get hard and they kept getting harder as long as they lasted. Ma would let us have quite a few of these as she knew we couldn't eat enough to hurt us and also they didn't sell. Ma never let us eat much candy. I used to trade gumdrops for everything, all kinds of fruit, and carrots, turnips, cookies, and all kinds of trinkets. I traded a lot with Sarah and Agnes Brown because the J.W. Brown family had the best orchard in town--apples, peaches, pears, and plums.

Isaac Barth used to give me nickels and dimes every time I saw him. I used to call him Brother Barth and that pleased him. He was not a member of our church. They were Jews from Germany. The Barths had a general merchandise store, and we did too. They had a restaurant, and Ma ran one for a while. We were always good friends with the Barths, especially with Clara and Cecilia, two of the Barth girls. I used to play with their younger sister Rica. She was older, but we enjoyed each other. Once Rica had a beautiful birthday party and invited me and about a dozen older girls. They put me at the head of the table. Mrs. Barth was always so nice to me. About two months later Rica died with diphtheria. Later when I was almost grown, Mrs. Barth called me into her bedroom and showed me the little gold-lined cup and saucer I had given Rica at the party.

In the summertime we used to move to our home at the meadows located eight miles northwest of St. Johns. We used to chase over the hills, ride horses, and enjoy life. One day Lynn and I went out to drive the horses in. We climbed on two good, gentle ones without bridles or even a rope. My long hair was hanging loose. Lynn went on ahead, but lazy old Net would hardly move. A bird flew up and scared her and she jumped sidewise and off I fell, yelling "Whoa, Whoa." She stopped, but stepped on my hair, and I couldn't make her move. I pounded on her legs, but she stood still. Lynn couldn't hear me yell, so I had to wait until he looked back and came to rescue me. None of us liked Net--she was so lazy and kicked up if two of us tried to ride her.

We had a pump at the Meadows and got our good drinking water from there. We always had to pour a little water on it to prime it so water would come. Once when we went to St. Johns, we bought candy and cookies to eat on the way back. It was hot, and we didn't have any water. It took us about two hours, so by the time we arrived we all ran for the pump. Pa pumped and pumped, but no water came, and we didn't have any water to prime it. We looked in the ditch and everywhere. At last when we were about to give up, Pa was a genius and could always think of a way to solve a problem.

We always enjoyed the trips to town in our wagon as Pa had lots of games to play. Sometimes we counted birds, tin cans or a special kind of a bush. We would play games, such as "feastie, foust, fatty, cutty, claw." There was one trip that seemed endless. I had the toothache so bad that my face was swollen to twice its size. I must have forgotten how much my tooth pulling hurt in Utah or I would never have gone to another dentist. Ma and Pa took me to Brother Jarvis. He wasn't a real dentist, just pulled teeth, or tried to. I sat in the chair opened my mouth while Pa held my head. The dentist grabbed onto that sore tooth, gave a yank, and broke it off. It is no use trying to tell you how bad it hurt, and the pain lasted for days. I have never willingly gone to a dentist since then, but I have had to go many times.

I was always a tomboy and stayed outside as much as possible, following Pa. I learned to milk pretty well when I was six years old. Once, down in the Meadows, I was helping Pa and the boys milk. They had me chase back the calves while they milked. I picked up a short, stout stick and hit a little calf right behind the ear. It fell over and laid just like it was dead. I was scared, I climbed to the top of the pole fence and screamed so loud, that the boys and Pa came running. I kept yelling, "I've killed it, I've killed it," and they all thought I had. Ma and Myn came running out. Pa said I acted like I had killed a person. All at once the calf jumped up and ran to his mother. I didn't help with the chores any more that night.

Uncle Fred, Pa's brother, gave each of our boys a heifer and Myn and I a little steer calf. We called him Curly and took such good care of him. We wanted a heifer so we traded him back to Uncle Fred when he was a yearling. We spent so much time deciding on a name that Earnest said it would have to be "Darlin" and it was. As our other calves came along, they were named Pet, Honey, Sweetheart, etc. We made good with those cows and had quite a lot of money. Pa was to have all the steers for raising them, we kept the heifers. Most of ours were heifers. All of Ralph's were steers except one.

There were so many snakes at the Meadows and they were the terror of our lives. Some were rattlesnakes, but there were lots more big blowsnakes and water snakes. The blowsnakes were good

mousers and used to come in our log house. I will never forget the horror we went through. Pa said they were valuable and wanted us to treat them kindly. Ma felt differently and so did we. I used to be afraid they would get in our beds and I don't believe I ever went to sleep without praying I wouldn't dream of snakes or fire. One day a great big snake was in our kitchen, Pa was gone. Ma caught it with a shovel when it was half under the house through a knothole. Ma put gloves on and tried to pull it back up but she couldn't. Finally, Ma sent me for a nail and hammer and she nailed it to the floor. There it stayed all day until Pa came home. He was mad and said it was cruel. He pulled the nail carefully, took up the floor board, and unwrapped the snake from a floor joist and carefully took it outside and killed it.

Lynn, Myn, and I used to tie pieces of bread to a string and let the chickens swallow it. Then we would pull it back up. We had lots of fun but Ma told us to be careful. One day Ma had gone to town and Pa was in the field nearby. We decided to get a good big crust and see if Ma's prize gobbler would swallow it. He finally got it down after a hard struggle and then we had fun. Finally we tried to pull the bread up, but it was useless. We tried and tried, and finally he got loose. He tried to fly down and the string caught and there hung that big bird, head up, choking to death. We screamed so loud that Pa heard us and came at once. He took out his knife and cut the string. The turkey laid still a minute and then jumped up and ran away. As you can guess, that is the last time we baited chickens or turkeys.

Eva Overson Tanner was the best friend I ever had, and I think she was also one of the best persons I ever knew. She always thought of something good to do for everyone and then did it. Our friendship lasted and grew all through the school years and after we were married, until she died. The first time I remember seeing a house burn was Eva's folk's home. They lived across the street from us. Eva's mother was in bed with a new baby. The big south room caught on fire from the chimney. We kids were scared as we saw some men carry Sister Overson and her baby across to LeSueur's home on the east. We were afraid they would die, but they didn't. I wish everyone could have a real friend like Eva. She was the only girl in the Overson family with eight brothers so she always had to work so hard. Eva and her father were very close. He made her life easier.

I was married quite a while before Eva was but we were still such good friends and stayed close. Eva always brought me starts of flowers and all kinds of bushes. My lilac trees came from Eva's starts. Eva came by often, and I went to her place, but we were always rushed. Our little boys, Jack and Lee, were good friends. Eva had diabetes and wasn't well. Whenever I went by she begged me to stay. But I always had things to do. One day she really wanted me to stay, and I promised her I would come up on Friday and bring my patching and stay all afternoon. On Wednesday she went into a coma and never spoke again. All of my

life I have regretted that I didn't spend more time with my dear friend. This has made me try harder to do things I know I should. But I have only sadness when I think of Eva's death.

Eddie went on his mission when I was almost 6 years old. I hated to see him go as Georgia seemed so far away, and two years seemed so long. We all watched for his letters and I really liked to hear them read to the family. Finally, the two years had passed and Eddie came home. We were all so happy. Mother let me go the dance the night after he came home, and this was something to remember, as I hadn't been to many grown-up dances. But the great thrill came when Eddie came and asked me for the first dance. I will never forget that. May, Martha and Ethel were all there but he passed them up and asked me. Boy, what a thrill.

Once when we were in grade school, about 1904, Lynn and I came home from school and no one was home. Myn wasn't old enough for school. There was a small fire in the fireplace and Lynn said, "Look, Elda, here is a piece of Myn's new dress," and there were quite a few small scraps. There were also a few old dried meat bones that Ma had burned. Lynn said, "I think this is one of Myn's bones and she's all burned up. We got out a lot more bones and laid them by the scraps. Lynn would say, "This is her leg, this is her arm, etc." I was bawling harder every minute. Lynn even cried a little. Pa came in and when he found our trouble, he really scolded us, especially Lynn.

Myn was always such a heedless little girl and got hurt so much. One day she backed up to the open door of the kitchen stove and caught her long red braids of hair on fire. She started to run. I screamed for Earnest, who was home from school sick. He grabbed Myn and put out the fire with his hands. Her neck and head were burned some and her cotton dress burned off her back, but she had a wool dress underneath. Earnest's hands were burned. I thought he was so brave.

Myn and I always got along pretty well, and Ma and Pa taught us to work. I think back on how they worked with us. Ma used to make all of our clothes. We didn't have many but they were nice. I always felt we dressed well enough. We always had one nice Sunday dress, and we took good care of it and of all our clothes.

Ma made most of the boy's shirts until they were older. She was always busy. She darned and patched piles of socks and other things in the evenings. I never saw her waste a scrap of cloth. She made lots of quilts, so we had good clean beds.

Then Ma also ran the store. Pa helped her order things, pay some of the bills, fix anything that needed it but he never liked to clerk much. They ordered everything from a catalog--

mostly from Butler Brothers in St. Louis. This was shipped to Holbrook on the train and hauled to St. Johns with wagons and teams. It was quite an occasion when the freight arrived and we could help unpack things for the store.

In our third home we had, on 1st North and Washington, we had two bedrooms upstairs. One was for Myn and I, and the other was for the boys. Myn used to pick the corn on her toe and when she wanted to keep me awake, she would sing alto, or try to sing alto. Many were the prizes and promises I gave her if she would just stop singing. One night she had really been bugging me. I was so mad at Myn and I got up and was chasing her around and around the bed. Our bed had the head against the wall, so we could go around over it. Myn knew how mad I was. Finally, she got a few steps ahead, she dropped to her knees and began to pray out loud. I knew I had lost. We laughed and laughed.

My folks built and ran an ice cream parlor along with the store. This parlor became a very important center place for the town. We always froze our own ice cream. We had several big four gallon ice cream freezers that we turned by hand. It was a lot of hard labor to get the ice cream frozen. We usually got big boys to turn the freezers for a few dishes of ice cream. The ice cream was very good and we always sold all we could make. In the winter Pa and the boys would put ice in the ice house and it lasted a long time. Albert later told me how he saved up to get 15 cents so he could go and have an ice cream soda. He said, and I agreed, that there have never been any sodas so good.

COLLEGE

In 1917 I went to school at Flagstaff for the second semester. I was so homesick that it is useless to try to tell about it. I had lots of friends, and looking back at it now, I had fun. Albert was there also and we went together some and saw each other every day when we ate at the cafeteria. Gilbert Udall roomed with Albert.

Iris Whiting was already in Flagstaff and I roomed with her. The snow was so deep that it covered the fences and was up to the windows. One morning at school I got ready for breakfast and went tripping down the stairs. I heard some girls laughing. I stopped and a girl told me to look back, there was my big outing flannel gown trailing behind me. I was so embarrassed and didn't even go to breakfast. I always liked the girl who told me about it instead of laughing.

I was homesick right away. I got worse until I was sick in bed. I couldn't sleep or eat and felt like I couldn't stand it. I wrote my parents and begged to come home. I told them I cried all day and night and felt something awful was happening at home. (You couldn't pick up a phone and call in those days.) I got a letter back from Pa--almost the only one I ever had from him. Here is the letter, I still have it:

Elda:

Here is a recipe that will sure cure you: Get a large vessel and put about 2 quarts of stamina in it then add 2 pounds judgment, 3 pounds grit. Stir well add a few smiles while stirring, swallow a good dose every time your lip begins to drop and note the effect, if this don't cure you, you had better board the train and see what we can do for you. I think Ma and May and Martha can give you enough tongue and gossip to cure anything then I will add some advice that you will remember then to quiet your nerves you can take a burro ride.

Pa

I did stick it out. I still feel bad for anyone who is really homesick, but I know it isn't right. It made me know all my life that it is the evil one who makes you feel so discouraged. It isn't the Holy Ghost, and I have never let myself be influenced in that way again.

MARRIAGE

In 1905, when I was 9 years old, May married Herbert Berry. When they came back from Salt Lake, where they were married in the Temple, they had a big dance in the Assembly Hall. This was the first official date I had with Albert. I was 9 years old. We went to the dance, danced a lot, ate a lot and came home. From that night on it was Albert for me. We went together off and on through the years, never steady. We both went with others and most people didn't even know we were more than friends. Eva's mother, Maggie Overson, told us over and over that she was sure we would get married someday as we used to argue a lot.

One summer when I was in high school, Hazel Thompson and I lived with and worked for Eddie and Ethel. Ma and Pa were at the sawmill. Hazel worked in the house and I worked in the store. We had lots of fun and became good friends. Wallace William's father built the courthouse, so they lived in St. Johns for a year. Albert and Wallace were good friends. Hazel went with Wallace and as always, I went with Albert.

We had lots of fun and would have had more, only Eddie wouldn't always let us go or stay out late. One night the boys came for us with a horse and buggy. It was late, and Eddie said NO. I was mad and thought of quitting and going to the sawmill. The next morning I went over to see Eva and she really was banged up. She and Jo Wiltbank had gone for the ride. Eva had been thrown out of the buggy when they crossed a ditch. Two wheels ran over her and she had a bad back for a long time. I guess it was a good thing Eddie had said we couldn't go.

Our dances were so much fun. We never danced with the boys we went with more than two or three times. We danced with everyone. Most of our music was a violin and guitar. Brother Mineer played the fiddle for many, many years, and later Jim Shreeve played. I have often wished our grandchildren could enjoy their dances as much as we did.

We danced the waltz, schottische, two step, polka, square-dance and Virginia reel and many others. We didn't just stand in

one spot with one partner and twist and wiggle around. Maybe the young folks wouldn't like our music, but we did and I feel that they waste so many good hours when they could be dancing.

I remember one night Albert was taking me home from a party, when Frank Christensen walked up and took hold of my other arm. Albert just turned and walked off without a word. I was so mad. I didn't have anything to do with him for a long time. One night Albert and Robert (Albert's brother) came to take me to a dance. I was eleven. I had one on each side, and they both danced with me and took me home. They talked to me but not to each other. It was quite a date. I had fun. Everyone in town knew about it, so it was the town joke for a long time. Our parties and dances and all of our entertainment were so different from today, that our grandchildren can't realize that we had as much or more fun than they do.

We enjoyed just going for a good walk or a wagon or horseback ride. I don't think any auto ride can compare with a good haystack ride. Twenty or more of us would sing, talk, and just be happy as we rode out for a melon bust, picnic, or any kind of lunch. We had so many good places nearby that we liked to go. We would end up with a good, big bonfire and sing some more and tell stories.

Albert and I went together quite steady for a while after we got home from school. We both seemed more interested and serious. We thought several times that Albert's name would be drawn to go into the army in World War One. Grover and George, Albert's brothers, were both in the army. Albert was anxious to go and tried several times to volunteer, but with two brothers already serving, he was deferred again. Finally, we decided to get married before he had to leave.

One night after M.I.A. we went walking for quite a while and did a lot of talking. It was late when we slowly started home. We stopped by Eddie's fence (where Kenny Whiting lives now) and it's kind of hard to tell, but Albert said, "Elda, will you be my wife-you're the only girl for me." I wasn't long in saying yes and then I had my first kiss and real embrace. I had known for a long time that I would never marry anyone but Albert.

We stood there and talked. It was real late when we walked on home and kissed good night. Pa and Ma weren't so anxious about the hour we came home as when we were younger so they didn't wake up. I thought Myn would wake up, but she didn't. I didn't sleep a wink all night. As soon as Myn stirred, I told her-the very first one-and she laughed and laughed. I have never quite forgiven her, as I thought sure she would cry. Later she did say that she had missed me, but that didn't undo her laughing.

Albert was the youngest son of John William and Cynthia Louisa Berry Brown. He had two younger sisters, Sarah and Agnes, three older brothers and two older sisters, John Thomas, Francis Wiley (Frank), Jane, Thurza, and Grover. John William was a polygamist and had two wives. He married Cynthia's younger sister, Thurza, they had Lou, Cynthia, George, Robert, Esther, Berry, Emily and Jo. Both of the wives had lost two children right after birth.

These families were very close, Robert was about 2 months younger than Albert and they were almost like twins. But Robert and Albert didn't look much alike, Berry and Albert looked so much alike some of Albert's grandchildren would call Berry Grandpa. One time one of Albert's daughters introduced him as my Dad's half-brother, he didn't even acknowledge the introduction but said, "Young lady, I'll have you know I am your father's brother, not a half-brother, and don't forget it."

Both of our folks were willing and we decided to get married in March. We began making our plans. Ma told Eddie I was going to quit working in the store and get married, he said, "For heavens sake, who to?"

Pa always liked Albert, but he wondered if he would be a good worker. He soon found out that he was, and they really enjoyed each other. Albert was working on the road down to Hunt. We needed the money for our honeymoon, so he stayed there a couple of months. Those were the only love letters I ever got from Albert as that was the only time he was away long enough to write.

I enjoyed getting ready to be married. I was working in Eddie's store and had some money saved up, so I got some nice things. My real extravagance was two pair of real high-topped and high heeled shoes--one brown pair and one white pair. These cost \$14.00 a pair, and that was outrageous in those days. I wore them many years. It took about 10 minutes to lace them up. I had several nice dresses, one dark wine colored or purple that I liked best. I had a real pretty white satin wedding dress with soft crepe sleeves and pretty embroidery work on the front.

On March 19, 1918, we were married in our home by David K. Udall, the Stake President. They always advised the young people to be married first at home and then travel straight to the temple, so we did. I didn't have an engagement ring, but Albert put a lovely wedding ring on my finger that I still wear every day. Our names and the date have worn off years ago.

Lynn took us to Holbrook in his car, and then we took the train to Salt Lake City. My cousin Florence Isaacson and her new husband Virgil Denham went with us. This was a famous, fun trip. Mrs. Reynolds and her daughter from Luna, New Mexico were also on this train with all the newlyweds.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin were on the same train, but we didn't know until we got to Salt Lake. It was during the war, and they were traveling to help sell savings bonds. When we stopped there to get out over 10,000 people were there to hear them talk. We saw them and tried to get out of the crowd. The only way we could go was up the track, finally out to a street. We carried our suitcases, hoping to find a bus. All at once Albert said, "Wait, there's Uncle J.S."

It was Albert's Uncle and he took us to his home where we stayed. He took us to the Temple the next morning and showed us all the sights. In the Temple no one talked to us and we were so nervous. We went in before it was light and stayed until dark. We were so hungry when we came out.

The next day we went to Mapleton, where I was born, and visited relatives, mostly with Uncle Al Whiting's family. We spent the next night in Spanish Fork with Albert's Aunt Mary Jane Hales. The next day we got on the train and went to Ephraim to see Grandpa Isaacson and Uncle Mart's family. Grandpa was 91 years old and when we went in he was sitting by the table reading from the Bible without glasses. He read to us and his voice was so kind and good-just like I had remembered. He told us so many interesting stories and experiences about his early life in Arizona, etc.

Next we went to Los Angeles to spend the rest of our honeymoon. We stayed at the Portsmouth Hotel. We went to San Diego to see some of the soldier boys there. Florence and Virgil were with us. We went back to Los Angeles and had to ride on a very crowded bus.

Albert had his wallet stolen from his inside coat pocket. This was a tragedy for us as that \$75.00 was all we had. We went home the next morning as we still had our tickets at the hotel. Later we laughed because Albert couldn't figure out how it had happened. He said, "The man on one side of him had both hands bandaged up and the one on the other side looked so honest." Seventy-five dollars was an immense amount for us to lose back in those days.

FAMILY

When we got home from our honeymoon, we decided to go to the Homestead and farm. Albert would work at the sawmill for Earnest. We were to have old May and June, Pa's two mules, to farm with. Albert drove the mules up and took our things, and I rode up with Earnest and Beryl in their Ford. That summer was a real experience in our lives. We lived in part of the old Homestead house, Ralph and Zella lived in the other side.

I became pregnant right away and was so sick to my stomach and miserable. I don't know how Albert stood me. Still I remember that summer was wonderful in so many ways. We went to Greens Peak with a wagon and the mules hauled snow to the ice house-enough to last all summer. We had lots of fun trips and picnics with Ralph, Lynn, and families. We also spent time at the sawmill with Earnest and family. We both loved the mountains.

We didn't raise much that summer as there was very little rain, so we didn't have much to show for all our work. After Lynn took the mules back to town, we needed a way to cultivate our garden, so Albert hitched old Blossy, the laziest burro alive, to a little plow. She finally made about one round then stopped. We couldn't move her, so Albert put the harness on and I held the plow. Earnest came by and saw us, so everyone teased us for years.

During the year of 1918 we had the horrible flu epidemic when so many Spanish people died that they could hardly take care of them. Lynn and Gladys' baby, Lola, was born in August, and they came up to the Homestead and stayed in the other part of house where Ralph and Zella had been. The doctor advised us to stay up there as I was

pregnant and should stay away from the flu. We stayed up there until about the last of November.

The flu epidemic was almost over and there was too much snow to cut timber or run the sawmill. Albert and I moved into two rooms of the old dormitory. Frank owned it then. (It's the big house of Eddies, across from the Church.) It was cold and that house was hard to heat. Albert went to work over in Eddie's store, he didn't enjoy the job at all and stayed with it only a few months. I was pregnant and miserable. Dr. Bouldin went into the army and an old doctor that was driving mail took his place here but he wasn't much of a doctor.

On the last day of December, 1918, I started with pains. The pains weren't too bad so we waited until the next day to go for him. He came and looked at me (no examination) and said it would be a long time yet. Mother and Grandma Brown spent the day with me. Albert went for the doctor that evening, but he didn't stay long. Boy, it was cold. He said he was sure I would wait until morning and went home. My pains got worse and worse, and I was so worn out that I didn't care about anything.

Around 9 p.m., January 1, Albert went for the doctor again. He lived in his office that was up where the bank is now. He had a hard time waking him up, and when he did the doctor said, "Oh, can't she wait until morning? I'm just worn out and it's so cold." Albert was so mad and told him to get there quick or there would be trouble, so he came. I was so sick the last hours that everyone was scared. It was 23 degrees below zero that night and 22 degrees below the next night. That was the coldest it has ever been in St. Johns.

Albert had bought a load of wood the day I took sick, and he burned every stick of it in those big old potbellied stoves in one night. The water was frozen up for two months. They hauled water from the spring for drinking (five cents a bucket), and we had to melt snow for the rest.

Myn came to take care of me after the first two days, and what I remember most was the fuss she made over melting snow. She would get a big tub full and put it on the stove and the bottom would barely be covered with water when it was melted. Geraldine was a little doll and such a good baby that we really did love and enjoy her.

The next spring Albert bought a team and wagon and made arrangements to haul lumber from the mountains. He got four horses and two wagons. We moved back up to the Homestead. We hauled the ice house full of snow again from Greens Peak. We planted a good garden and there was enough water from Little Giant Spring to irrigate it. Albert bought an old white riding horse and most of the days while I was alone, I would catch the horse and ride over to the mill or just go riding. Geraldine should be a good rider as she learned very young.

Lynn and Gladys were up there some of that summer. Albert also brought several girls up to stay a week or so with me. Pearl Whiting Isaacson and Emily Brown Barnes were there more than a week each. Jo Brown Wilbur came up to stay a week but she got so homesick after Albert left that she began to cry and run down the road after

him. So I had to saddle up my horse and ride with her and Geraldine. We caught Albert just below Mallory Hill. He took her home to St. Johns.

I don't know how I ever dared stay there alone, with rattlesnakes, wild animals, and the horrible rats that made so much noise. I wouldn't ever do it again. I wasn't afraid, but it was lonely at night because I didn't have too much to read. I did love and enjoy our baby. We had a good garden that summer and I like to tend it.

All during these next years, we had a hard time financially. Albert always wanted to work with horses. He bought good teams and wagons and he loved some of the horses and talked about them all the rest of his life. Some of them were Old Coffee, Old Dan, and his mules.

We didn't mind being without money. We were happy and in love and well. We had lots of friends and were near our folks. Albert got many jobs hauling freight and other things. This was 1920.

After we moved down from the mountains in December, 1919, we moved into the west part of Pa's house. We lived there for the next two years. Summers we moved back to the mountains.

Albert was working out on the canal on the Black Ridge about 8 miles west of town. I started having pains real bad about 10 a.m., I didn't have nearly as long or hard time as I did with Geraldine. Lynn went for Albert. Dr. Leiland Heywood was my doctor. Albert got back about 1:30 and Elma was born about 4:30, October 23, 1920. It was a cold, windy, blizzard day, but was warm compared to January 2, 1919 when Geraldine was born.

Geraldine was a very good baby, always slept all night and was never sick. Elma had colds most all winter and was never very well until she was several years old. I am sure one reason she had so much trouble and was so cross was because I wasn't well. I had ear troubles. I think my ears broke and ran more than 20 times during the spring and summer after Elma was born. I nursed her for a long time, we didn't feed our babies anything but milk until they were quite old. Elma says that her Dad saved her life by making me stop nursing and putting her on the bottle.

Albert had his tonsils out here in our house in November 1922. Frank took them out. Albert had too much sore throat and had some rheumatism, so the doctors thought he should have them out. Frank finished operating about noon, and we thought things were okay. Albert slept a few minutes, but kept bleeding and it got worse.

Dr. Heywood came and helped Frank but they couldn't stop him from bleeding. We couldn't find any ice in the whole town. My family and Albert's were all trying to help. Ralph found some ice on the north side of the old Assembly Hall. It was quite dirty, but he got quite a lot, so they put it on his throat, and it soon stopped most of the bleeding. Albert was very weak for two or three months. He never did have sore throats after this, but his colds always went to his lungs and made him very sick.

Nathel was born in our front room at about 6:00 p.m. on

January 15, 1923. She weighed 9 pounds even though I had been sick all during my pregnancy. Dr. Heywood was my doctor. Frank and Martha had moved away.

Of course, Albert really hoped for a boy each time, but when each of our little girls came, we wouldn't have traded them for any boys. Nathel was always such a good, healthy baby. She was friendly to everyone and everyone loved her. She brought much joy and happiness to us.

In the summer of 1925 we, Albert, I, our three girls, Myn, Effie, and Maree went to Los Angeles to school. Nathel was about two years old. I was pregnant again and had a bad time with albumin and had to stay in bed a lot and was so bloated and big that I could hardly walk. Dr. Bouldin had been taking care of me and he hadn't taken proper tests etc., so I got very bad. Dr. Bouldin went into the army and a doctor from Phoenix came. He was very good and helped me get rid of a lot of liquid, etc.

Finally on July 19, 1927 Louine was born in our front room. We had expected her June 9th but I went over a full month. Even though a lot of people said we had just miscounted, the doctor, Dr. Truman, said lots of women went that far over the time. Boy, that was a long month. Ma told me that Grandma Isaacson went eleven months with Uncle Mart. Louine was well worth the wait as she was such a beautiful baby. After she was born, the Doctor brought his wife to see her as she was one of most beautiful babies he had ever seen.

Albert was selling cars and was over in McNary. I was going to have another baby. I got sick before noon, but we couldn't get Albert on the phone. Jack, our first boy, was born about 4:00 p.m. on May 2, 1929. A boy! How the news flew through town! We had left word for Albert to call and he did. He couldn't believe we had a boy. He said he wondered all the way home if he had heard wrong.

In 1934 the Whitings were planning a Whiting Reunion at House Rock. We hadn't planned to go as it was on the first of June and I was expecting a baby about the middle of the month, but Martha and Frank got us to go and May kept saying how romantic it would be if our baby was born at House Rock. At the reunion I wasn't able to walk hardly at all, so I stayed in the tent most of the time. Aunt Verona (Whiting) was sick also, so we visited a lot and she told me a lot of interesting stories about Aunt May, Grandma Whiting and her family.

I went on to Salt Lake with Martha and Frank. I took Jack and Albert and the girls went back home. Quinn Joesph was born about a week after we got to Salt Lake. He was born on June 15, 1934. He was born at Martha and Franks, and they were so good to us. Martha said she had never seen such a good baby before.

Of course we were all happy to have another boy. He was never sick, not even with a cold, and we never had to get up with him until he got the measles the next February. He was very sick--worse than any of our children. He had dark skin, hair and eyes. He was never very well after the measles and so when our younger children came down with the scarlet fever, he just wasn't able to come through it.

Dr. Bouldin was the doctor. Lynn wanted us to take him away to a

hospital, but we weren't sure they would let us in with a contagious disease. We just waited in hopes the shots and medicine would help. We were immediately quarantined--no one in and no one out. Quinn was so bad one night that Albert came in and we were both up all night. Mother and Grandma Brown also came in and stayed, then Albert couldn't go to work.

One day Cora Anderson, our neighbor across the street, came to see how Quinn was. She could see how bad I felt so she asked if he had been administered to. I told her I didn't know who to ask to come in who wasn't afraid. She went right home and got her husband, Albert Anderson, to come over and he and my Albert administered to Quinn. He rested better and I felt better and have always appreciated that.

When he finally died on the 4th of April, 1935, I just felt I couldn't stand it as I had had so much faith and had prayed so earnestly. I remember the nurse said, "Why does a beautiful baby, who is loved and wanted like this one, why does he have to go when some I've been with lately would be better off if they could go?" After he died, Albert was the one to give me strength and courage to go on. Geraldine and Elma had gone to a music festival so they were not in the house.

The day of the funeral (we just had a little graveside service) was so terribly windy. I think that is one reason I hate wind so very much. They wouldn't let any of us get out of the car or even let our windows down because we were still under quarantine. The people who sang a song and dedicated the grave could hardly stand up. I will always remember that Clara Sherwood came over to our car and talked to us. (Now for scarlet fever all they have to get is a shot and no quarantine).

The next few days were hectic as both Geraldine and then Jack got so very sick with scarlet fever. I prayed even harder and more humbly than before, if that was possible. Peace came to me. As soon as the other children got well, I could truly say, "Thy will be done," and have always felt there must have been a reason for Quinn to be taken. I am sure there was never a baby who was loved, tended and wanted more than Quinn was in the short time he was with us.

In a few months I found out we were going to have another baby, we were all very excited and could hardly wait. I was really sick with albumin, and Dr. Bouldin left town, so I knew I had to go to a doctor. Gladys was going to Los Angeles (Harvey had died in December of 1935 and Lynn had died in February of 1936), so I went to California with her.

Myn and Don lived there near the Whiting station. I went to stay with them. Earnest and Beryl also lived there. I was only there two days and got sick. Don had also taken sick that day and was very bad. (This was his first heart attack). Myn couldn't leave to take me to Rice Hospital where we had made arrangements for me to go. Beryl took me there the evening of June 18th.

She stayed there with me all night and I have always been so grateful to her. Philip Ray was born about 4 a.m., June 19, 1936. Phil had plenty of attention but he was the one that used to embarrass us when the ward teachers, or certain friends, came. One

of the older girls would grab him and go to another room until they were gone. He would say such extraordinary things. He learned easily but was never a very good student as he didn't try. We wondered if we would ever teach him to count to ten.

When people heard that I was pregnant again, there was a lot of excitement because I was almost 45 years old and Phil was over 5 years old. We thought I was just too old but we were so happy. Ethel gave me a shower at her home--it was the only one I ever had. We had a sewing club that met often. It was Ethel's turn and I didn't think I would go as I thought it was just a sewing club. But my girls insisted I go. May, Martha, and Beryl came up from Holbrook. I just thought how nice for Ethel to invite them to the club.

I just sat in the corner and didn't see any presents and was surprised when Ethel told me it was a baby shower for me. I acted real dumb and silly and my girls were ashamed of me. I got so many nice things and it really gave me a boost. I was given a maternity dress--the only one I ever had! I wasn't too sick and didn't have bad albumin.

But one night I woke up having pains, it was six weeks early. We called the doctor, a new one named Dr. Snodgrass, and he told me to come to the maternity home at once. He gave me shots but the pain didn't stop. Brent Whiting Brown was born on September 27, 1941. He was so little--not quite 5 pounds. We were so worried about him. Albert said Brent's ears weren't as big as a bean and he really didn't dare handle him for quite a while.

Brent was a good baby and he brought much joy and happiness into all our lives and still does today. Elma was on her mission. When Earnest came up to see Brent he said, "Well I'd never bother with one that size. I'd throw him away and start over again."

THE ALBERT AND ELDA BROWN
FAMILY
ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA
1943



LIFE TOGETHER

Albert always liked to work with horses and said he'd rather freight with a good team than a truck. I always hoped he would want to do something besides that kind of labor. I was so happy when he became a school teacher and we taught together for a few years in Nutrioso, Concho, and then St. Johns.

In Nutrioso I taught grades 1, 2, and 3, Ethel Greenwood taught grades 4 and 5, Albert taught 6, 7, and 8th. We had five children with us, only three were in school so we hired someone to tend Louine and Jack at home and they would have dinner fixed for us at noon.

After it started to snow I would cook and make the filling for ice cream at noon, after school it would be cool, we'd hurry and eat and then take the freezer full of ice cream to peoples places, let them help us freeze it and then eat it with them. Years later, and we'd forgotten about it, Elma went to a funeral and met a man from there. He said, "I was so afraid you would never get to our place with the ice cream, but you did and I was so happy." Elma told me about it and said, "Wouldn't it have been awful if we had forgotten them." I assured her that Albert would never leave a family out and we did make it to all of them.

We spent two years in Nutrioso and all of us made such lasting friends and we had such a good time with Aunt Clara Curtis Burk, the cousin that came to Arizona when they all came back. We all enjoyed her whole family so very much and spent a lot of time together.

Albert was always helping other people as much as he could. Geraldine was away at school in Salt Lake and lived with Myn and that helped with expenses. When Elma went on her mission, we got along fine. I taught school in Vernon--I went up there when Brent was about two months old. Nathel had come home from Salt Lake as she had finished beauty school and was having such bad headaches. She went to Vernon and took care of Brent and Phil. An entire book could be written about our experiences that winter--the terrible wind and Phil and all his sayings and doings. Jack and Louine stayed in St. Johns with Albert.

I taught school for 21 years--in St. Johns, Concho, Hunt, Vernon and Nutrioso. I taught every grade but enjoyed the second grade the most. It was hard to get schools then so we taught where we could. I received \$90.00 per month for years and was happy when they paid me \$100.00. I did get paid \$150.00 the last few years I taught.

Albert didn't like teaching as well as working outdoors. But when he became Postmaster he was more satisfied. We always had a farm and this post office job made it possible for us to buy some land from Ed Greer and buy more cows and to just keep buying more land and more cows and more farm. After working at the post office all day, we would always drive out to the farm or ranch or sometimes both.

ALBERT'S ILLNESS

Albert had his first cancer operation in 1951. I was so worried about the operation. Before Albert was to be operated on the next morning, I went to bed but was soon upon my knees praying as I have never prayed before. I didn't sleep all night long. It still seems as if these prayers were all different even though I prayed over and over again. I felt I could not go on alone.

Phil and Brent were young, Jack was on a mission, we were in debt, and we had so many plans. As morning came, I felt my prayers were answered. I felt so sure that Albert would get well. I pleaded for him to live and raise our sons and other things. I relaxed, and I knew Albert would get well. He did and we had ten of our very best years. Phil had filled his mission, Brent was on his mission, and Jack and the girls were all married. Prayer has meant so much in my life.

Before Albert's second operation, we went on what turned out to be one of the last trips together. On February 11, 1960, we headed for Kingman for an industrial development board meeting. We struggled madly for a week to get everything extra done that always seems to come up when we plan to take a trip. During the trip we visited the site where the future Lake Havasu was to be constructed.

After the convention, we decided to go to California. We drove to San Bernardino and were tired, so we spent the night there. On Sunday, February 14, we called Jack Tenny at Oceanside and went there (about 60 miles) to see them. For fifty years we had promised them that we would visit them; we had a very good visit. They showed us all around. We went to see Carl and Eura Beck who lived a few miles away.

On Monday the 15th we went to Los Angeles. Albert spent most of his time at the stockyards and I went to Los Angeles Street to buy things for the store. That night we visited Martha at her place and talked about the reunion. On Tuesday the 16th we spent the day with Ray working on papers. We picked up the merchandise I had ordered and went to Maurine and Elbert's for supper. We went back to Ray's office for more business, then to Myn's. She had just returned from Mesa. We spent all day Wednesday with Myn and then went to Phoenix. We arrived at Elma's about 8 p.m. This was such a good and happy trip, and we tried to take it easy as Albert wasn't well and we both knew it.

Thursday we decided to try and get an appointment with a doctor. We finally got one with Dr. Cummings and went to his office at 11 a.m. Elma drove us to the doctor, and he wanted Albert at the hospital on Friday at 8:30. They gave him a shot and then asked if he had eaten breakfast. He said yes, so they couldn't do anything. The doctor hadn't told him not to eat so we had to stay over.

We went back to the hospital again. The doctor performed some little operation on his throat and said he was fine. He rested all day and felt good. We were happy about the doctor's good report. On Sunday we went back to St. Johns after visiting Sarah Brown Udall and others. We went to Church after visiting Jack and Anna Vee and Nathel and Russell. After Church we went home, and Albert

started chilling. He was so sick all night. He didn't want me to call the doctor until morning; the doctor came early Monday morning. Albert's fever was so very high. Dr. Ellsworth gave him all kinds of medicine but nothing helped. He was supposed to go to Holbrook for a post office test for the metro system but Dr. Ellsworth told him he couldn't go anywhere for a long time and he didn't.

That was a terrible week. Albert got worse every hour of every day. On Friday I felt desperate. I kept thinking the doctor would take him to the hospital but he said the hospital was full and the nurses were on strike. So he kept coming to the house. Albert fell twice when we tried to get him up. On Friday night I called the doctor and told him Albert was still worse. Dr. Ellsworth looked at Albert, took his temperature, and called the hospital. He asked for a room for Albert at once.

They said they were full and he told them to move someone out in the hall because he needed a room now. Brent was in Flagstaff from Provo to see a game. He called and when he heard how sick Dad was he came right home that night (Friday in March of 1960). There was no ambulance in town so the doctor sent a stretcher down, and Russell and Brent took Albert to the hospital in Russell's station wagon. Albert was so ill. He didn't remember them taking him. He didn't realize he was in the hospital. It was so full and they were so short on nurses that they let me stay there with him until real late. Some of us stayed there most of the time. This was another bad week.

Jack came back from Phoenix. The doctor kept testing Albert's lungs and throat but they were okay. He was baffled. The fever finally began to go down. Albert was out of his head most of the time. One day he was conscious enough to really enjoy Brent. He was so glad to come home.

The second night he was home he was restless and couldn't sleep. We thought it would be better if I slept in the front bedroom. About 1 a.m. he called me and said he was sure his heart was about to stop. It was real bad. I could hardly hear it. I called Jack to see if he would call the doctor. He said "Of course!" and he called him.

The doctor came at once. He said that he couldn't understand what was making his heart beat like that. He gave him a shot and told me to stay right by him. Albert didn't want to be alone. By morning he was better and was never so sick again. He kept improving every day. But he couldn't walk a step alone. For two months he got better and was finally able to go back to work at the post office. He had to learn to walk and take a few more steps every day. He could eat a little better. Brent went back to school when Dad was better.

All through the summer he tried so hard to get well but I am sure he never was well after that sick spell. He always said he knew it was typhoid fever and I felt sure it was. We mentioned this to the doctor but he didn't confirm that fact.

In the late summer, we were able to go to the farm and ranch and mountains about as usual. He went out to the farm and helped irrigate

and did a little work but not like he had before. I could tell that his throat was getting worse and he wasn't well. It was harder for him to swallow and he didn't eat like he usually did. Jack was there one day when he choked on a little piece of food. We were scared and so was Jack.

Brent was getting ready to go on his mission, so we decided to wait until November to go to Albuquerque. Both the doctor in Phoenix and in St. Johns had checked him. Albert and Brent talked one night until morning before we took Brent to the mission home in Salt Lake. They had such a good testimonial for Brent on October 9, 1960, my birthday. So many of the folks came--Earnest, Beryl, Art, and Myn, Martha and Herbert, and all our family. Myn sang. All of the cousins sang "God be with You." This was so special because all the lights in town were out and we had candles and lamps. It was so good. On Friday Albert and I took Brent to Salt Lake to the mission home. We talked a lot, stayed for two days, and came home after saying good-bye to Brent.

In November of 1960 we went to Albuquerque and had tests and x-rays done on Albert. Dr. Loveless told him that every test seemed fine and he was in A-shape. I had real trouble with my back so I also had tests.

Dr. Meridith, Albert's throat doctor told Albert that his choking and not being able to swallow was due to sinus. He told him to go home and stop worrying about himself. We were a pretty blue pair when we left that city as we both knew something was terribly wrong. We didn't know what more we could do. Albert went back to work at the post office. I got him to rest every noon but with the Christmas rush we were really busy. Albert got worse and couldn't swallow and kept choking. Jack saw him choke real bad another time.

When we went to Utah in May for Berry Brown's funeral, we met Netta. Phil seemed real happy and in love and we liked her. We saw her several times through the summer. She came to the reunion and in August Phil took her to Mexico. They planned their wedding for December 20, 1960.

That was a busy, hard time for us to leave the post office but we made it. Netta's folks were there. It was a lovely wedding and we all had a good lunch at Louines. On December 30, 1960, Albert and I, Wayne and Elma, and Gus and Louine went to Colonia Juarez, Mexico for their reception. It was a wonderful trip. This was the last trip Albert took with us. He was so sick, but no one knew how bad except me. But he helped us all to have alot of fun and enjoy the trip.

The reception and dance in Colonic Juarez were the very best. They had a very good Mexican orchestra, such a large crowd of people, and lots of gifts. We stayed at Netta's grandmother's place. She and her daughter treated us so nice. After we came home we had a reception for Phil and Netta at Jack's place. They had worked so hard to finish the house and get everything ready. Elma and Louine catered it and it was so very nice. We had a big crowd and many gifts. Albert was real sick and stayed in bed all day but he went to the reception for a while.

We talked to Earnest and Beryl and they wanted us to go to Los Angeles to the doctors there. We almost decided to go but we finally

decided that as long as all his tests and x-rays were in Albuquerque we had better go there. Albert had so much faith in Dr. Loveless. We phoned and told Earnest we had decided to go to Albuquerque once more.

It was time for the post office reports to be done and Albert was worried about that. But Jack and I, Nathel and Grover begged him to go at once and let LaRue and I finish the report. So on January 2, 1961, Grover took him to Albuquerque. When he told the doctors he had to break his orinase pills into four pieces to swallow them they put him in the hospital and began testing.

On Saturday Grover came home and told us they had gone down inside his throat and taken specimens. They had decided his trouble was from scar tissue left from the first operation just ten years ago. They were going to release him the next day but Dr. Loveless came back from New York and came to the hospital. He talked to Albert, looked over his test, and said he was not satisfied.

We called Albert on Sunday and he told us that Dr. Loveless had decided to operate on his throat on Wednesday. We talked about going over there on Sunday but he said he was fine. The doctor didn't think the operation would be too serious. He wanted me to stay and help LaRue on Monday and then I could come over on Tuesday. But that evening we were worried and didn't think he should be alone. We decided Jack would take me over on Monday morning.

We found out that Wilford Shumway was going over on Monday morning so I went with him. We got there about 10 a.m. and Wilford let me out at the hospital; I went straight up to Albert's room. He was really surprised to see me. His roommate said, "I have never seen anyone so happily surprised. He didn't expect to see you for two days and I thought his eyes would pop out!" He mentioned it several times.

Albert was in good spirits and we talked, visited, and made plans all day. When they brought his lunch, I went down to the hospital cafeteria to eat. In the afternoon we talked more and I met a lot of friends Albert had made (as he always did). We walked in the halls for exercise. About 4 p.m. I took my suitcase and went across the street to get a room at the Bird of Paradise Motel. I rested a little while and then went back to the hospital until 9 p.m. (as long as they would let me stay).

I spent all day Tuesday with Albert. He didn't feel too well and slept some. We talked about everything--our children, our families, our past lives, all our blessings. They took more tests, more x-rays, and more blood tests all through the day. About 4 p.m. while Albert was asleep I went over to the laboratory and met Marjoria Whiting (Tenny's wife). Later that evening she came over to see Albert. We both fell in love with her. She came in the next morning just after they had taken Albert into the operating room. She came back later and was such a help and comfort.

The night before Albert's operation Elma, Nathel, Jack, and Ralph all phoned and talked to Albert and I. They asked if they should come over. I talked to Dr. Loveless and he said he honestly didn't think the operation would be too serious. He didn't think there was any need so we told them not to come. They took Albert to the operating room between 7 and 8 a.m. and I was real worried and

the rest of those hours were like a nightmare. All I could do is walk.

I prayed constantly but it seemed as every minute passed I was more certain how serious it was. It was after 1 p.m. when I saw Dr. Loveless coming and I was certain what he would tell me. Yet, to hear him say that Albert had cancer was such a shock that I thought I was going to faint. I kept thinking, "You can't faint, you are alone and needed." I heard the doctor say "If he lives for 3 days, he has a chance." The doctor stayed with me a few minutes, patted my shoulder and said some other things.

My first thought was to let the children know. The doctor said we should have as many of them come as soon as possible. Just about then Marjoria came and she was really a help to us all the rest of our stay there. She helped me phone. I called Jack but he wasn't home so I talked (or tried to talk) to Nathel.

I told her to call all the others--Ralph and all. I cried so much they could hardly understand but they got the sad news. Elma came that evening on a plane from Phoenix. She got there just about the time they brought him out of the recovery room. Albert was in intensive care for several days. The rest of the family came. There were a lot of us. I asked Dr. Loveless if they should all go in see Albert. He said, "Well, if it was me, I would let everyone of them go in. Nothing else can do him that much good."

All of our children came to visit Albert in Albuquerque. Also Eddie and Ethel, Art, Earnest, Stan and Agnes, Ralph and Nell, Myn, Martha and Ray Brown all came on the first day. Beryl sent Albert a card every day. If she missed, she would call on the phone. Emily and Jewel came and stayed several days. Albert really appreciated the visits from his children and relatives. Albert never recovered from this operation.

Even though Albert's last illness in Albuquerque was so hard, I still have good memories of that experience. I tried so hard to stay pleasant and not let Albert know how worried I was. I know he appreciated it. He would say how glad he was to see me.

As I had been there a while, they let me come to the hospital earlier. As time passed they also let me stay later. The nurses and doctors were all very good to him. Everyone treated him special. The nights were so long. Now when I can't sleep, I think of how he said he would think of anything to help pass away those long nights. We were so grateful that his pain wasn't too bad most of the time but he had to fight for breath, was hungry and couldn't swallow.

How grateful he was to have his children come and stay. Then Myn and Nell came at least twice and Martha once. During the last few weeks, his two sisters, Agnes and Emily, also came. He was grateful for them. He liked me to read to him but not for too long. He would wake so easily that I didn't read a paper or magazine when he was asleep. Sometimes I would read a book. I also crocheted around some little blocks as that was quiet.

I made those little blocks into an afghan but it is up in my closet as it brings back too many memories. I was so determined not to ever let him see me cry and I didn't. It seems most of my weeping was done in the bathroom or at night.

We brought him to the motel several times and Dr. Grossman would

come by often. We liked him very much. He lived near and said he could come by anytime, day or night. Albert was happier there at the motel than in the hospital but he had to go back in for treatments.

We had our worst night at the motel when Nathel was there. The doctor gave Albert a sleeping pill and he was awake all night. We were awake also, changing beds, etc. because he thought he was wet in the slew or swamp at home. The doctor said the next night he would give the sleeping pills to US. Albert never would take another one. He liked to talk even after the tube was in his throat and he told us many experiences and stories.



OUR AUNT ELDA
1978



MARTHA, ELDA AND MAY
1897



MINNIE AND ELDA
1915

THE YEARS ALONE

The years since Albert's death have been lonely ones but they have been good ones. I am so thankful each day that I can walk, see, hear, feel, and that I can think and read. I am thankful that I am able to be as well as I am and to keep busy. I complain about arthritis, but I realize that as long as I can take care of myself and my mind is okay then arthritis is not the worst thing.

As I grow older and think about all the blessings I have received, I wonder if I am worthy and each day I try a little harder. I am grateful each day for the gospel. I can't imagine what my life would be without the gospel and prayer. Prayer becomes more important as each day passes. I love the scriptures and do wish I could remember them more. I am so grateful for the Savior and for the influences that his example and teachings have had in my life.

I am very grateful for my family. I am sure they don't know how much I love and appreciate them and how proud I am of them. I am thankful to have 53 grandchildren and 72 great-grandchildren. I am proud of them and love each one. It is interesting to watch each one grow up and I wonder what each one will do later in life and how they will meet the problems that they will all have to meet and overcome. I can promise them if they will stay close to the church and live our heavenly Father's commandments the best they can they will be able to find joy and happiness throughout all their lives.

I am happy that our family has been able to remain close to one another and to meet often in our reunions. I hope they will continue to do things together as a family and not find fault with each other.

I hope I can write so that each of our children can know how grateful I am for them and all they do for me. I am sure they will never know how much I appreciate them. I celebrated my 84th birthday at a party at Louine's in Provo.

They all gave me a beautiful quilt. I have spent so much time going over each block and living the memories it brings. I was so surprised. They asked me if I had ever known anything about all the planning and getting each block to the seven children. I never knew one thing about it. This was first quilt anyone had given me (except one or two mother gave me when we were married). As they showed all the pictures and as each one talked, I shed a few tears. I still do, but they are happy tears for all our good memories of life.

I am most grateful that all our children have married good mates in the Temple for time and eternity. Albert and I and our four daughters were all married in the Salt Lake Temple. Jack and Anna Vee and Phil and Netta were married in the Mesa Temple. They and all their families are active in the Church.

CHURCH WORK

I have always enjoyed working in the Church. Since I was 16, when Minnie and I taught Sunday School, I have had many different

callings in the church. I have always loved to teach and enjoyed these opportunities so much, especially the spiritual living in Relief Society and all the young people in Mutual, Sunday School, and Primary. Also, I served as the ward Primary President and in the ward Relief Society presidency. On the stake level I served as the Stake MIA President for a number of years. One of the most rewarding jobs was when Albert and I worked in the Mutual together as teachers.

MISSION CALL

In 1965 Bishop Clair Pratt called me to go on a mission. I received my call to go to Florida. I had a wonderful farewell and then went into the Mission Home on June 21, 1965. This was a very wonderful year in my life. Albert had been gone since 1961. I had tried to keep myself busy and not make family and friends unhappy because of my loneliness.

This mission helped to fill an empty place in my life. Serving and working to teach the gospel to others made me a better, happier, and more grateful person through these last years. My companions and I worked hard. We tracted and traveled long hours. The most enjoyable part came because we were able to witness a number of baptisms from our labors.

After my mission, I had the opportunity to work on the Indian Mission on the Navajo Reservation as a member of the primary board. The work in the Church has been a blessing to my family and me. It has helped carry me through many hard times.

FRIENDS

I am so grateful for many friends. I have so many that I love dearly. I am so glad to have them drop by and visit or just phone or meet them at the store, post office or Church.

HOME

I love my home. I have lived here almost 60 years and I know where to find the things I need or want.



THE ALBERT AND ELDA BROWN
FAMILY
ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA
1979

HOMESTEAD

The Whiting Homestead has been a special place for me. Albert and I enjoyed many wonderful experiences there in our early married life. Since then my family has enjoyed the reunions and other activities at the homestead. Albert and I were pleased when my brothers allowed us to build a summer home there. All our family has spent some wonderful time there.

I will always be grateful to Ralph for allowing me to purchase his share of the homestead: One day a few years after Ralph's family moved to Colorado, he came to see me and asked if I would like to buy the homestead. I knew I could get the money as he only wanted \$1,000 down. He said, "Now, Elda, I never would sell this to anyone but you. I feel you love this place as much as I do. I would like for you to have it." Of course, all the children were anxious for it. It fits in so well with our Lee Wilhelm ranch where we run cows because it's so close. Before Ralph passed away in February of 1979, Jack gave me a check and I took it in December and paid Ralph the balance we owed. They were glad to get it as they had so many medical expenses.

A FINAL LETTER

November, 1984

Dear Children: This winter I have been here alone so much of the time, and I have had time to think. I have thought of each of you over and over. There are some things I would like to write to each of you.

We all know advice is so easy to give, and you many never see this but I would like to write a few of my thoughts anyway. First, I want each of you to know how very much we have always loved you. You will realize this more as your own families come along. How welcome and wanted each baby was as you came into our home!

We never had much money, but we always had food, clothes and a home. We tried to give you extra love, care, time, understanding, and good times together as a family. We took trips whenever we could, we felt that we could give you more this way.

I will admit that I felt bad many times because we couldn't give you the things my brother's children and many others had. This was especially evident at Christmas time. Now that I am older, I know that these things weren't as important as many other things. We always tried to teach you to be honest and keep our Father in Heaven's commandments.

My father was a very wise man and gave us such good advice. He said he had never seen a man stray from the church unless he had sinned. Please don't ever forget to pray each day. Prayer had meant so much in my life. I wish I could make you understand how many times my prayers have been answered.

MY SISTER ELDA W. BROWN

Myn Priestley

I do believe I have known Elda longer than anyone else in the world. I feel sure a book could be written about her life and her accomplishments. As I look back over the years to my earliest memories I picture a beautiful little girl about six year's old, (and she was beautiful) with her dark brown hair and hazel eyes holding my hand and leading me to Sunday School about a block from our home.

I was three years old, and because of my red hair, and because of my many freckles I was very different. Elda, even at her young age, took very good care of me. She would not let them tease me if she could help it. It was not the other children that would be unkind, it was older boys that might stop and make some remark, I think now they were mostly trying to be friendly, sometimes they would try to warm their hands over my heard.

My hair was not so bad, it was curly and my big sister May would make me real nice with ringlets. Of course it could not take away those ugly freckles. Elda was the one to sooth my feelings and she was my closest friend and has always been my best and closest friend.

Elda loved the outdoors, she preferred the outside chores, she would help in the garden, feed the chickens and pigs, milk the cows, especially ride the horses than to do any kind of house work. I was different, I was never anxious to get outside for very long, I knew what it could to my face and arms, and they were glad to let me do what I could inside, especially Elda.

Outside work seemed to be good for Elda, skin and face. She seemed to thrive on it. It seemed to me she always looked pretty. She kept her clothes nice, she was thin and wore them well. She was popular and had friends who loved her and that helped me to.

The best thing about Elda, she was a good girl and I suppose if you ask my bothers and sisters in the family which was the favorite child they would say "Elda". That too was good for me, because she was my boss along with Mother and Dad, especially during my teens.

As I look back over the days and years I spent living beside her, there is only one thing about her I would change. I wish she would have liked to play with dolls. Her beautiful dolls were hardly ever used and often stayed in the boxes from one Christmas to the next, while mine would be worn out, scratched up or broken.

Other than that, Elda has fit into every day of my life, is it any wonder one of the loneliest days of my life was the day she was married and I climbed up the stairs to go to bed alone.

However it has been almost magic how we have keep so close, and never lived in the same town since I went to Los Angeles, and met and married Don. I am sure today she knows me and my family and there are no secrets from her. The last few years, since travel has not been easy for either of us, Art and Betty have seen that we talked every week on the phone. What a blessing they have been to both of us.

So Elda knows what is going on in my life for when there is news here, I like to see that I get it to her. And she will see that Art and the rest of the family gets it if it is important, good news or bad if it involves our family or friends. Art and Betty have helped us keep in touch not only with the phone, but they have brought us together whenever possible. He has taken us on trips and brought Elda to California many times. I am sure Elda's appreciation is just as great as mine.

This would not be properly finished if I did not mention how Elda and Albert has shared their child with me. When Don E. was born, I was too ill to be able to care for him. He was two years old before I could walk, and I had one or more of her four girls with me for the next six years.

Geraldine stayed the longest and took more care of my baby then anyone else. Later the other girls came too. This did make our life so much better during those trying times. Now my grandchildren get the same love from her as if they were her own.

All five of the members of my family sleep under lovely, soft quilts that Elda has made for us. Even Roberta's king-size bed has a pretty silk quilt on that Elda made. And Bruce and Ann each have an extra silk quilt put away to use after they get a home of their own.

Bruce stayed at Elda's home the first two year he went to St. Johns to work and learn with Jack Albert and his boys and the last two years he lived with Jack and Anna V., and those four years was just what he needed, I am sure he feels more like they are brothers than cousins. He certainly feels he belongs to their family, too. Elda was the one who helped him and made him welcome and happy in the first place, he loves her so much.

Elda's great family is her reward for her life and example. Elda's and Albert's love for each other, their example and concern for others, have been the model for their children.

Elda and I too, can thank our beautiful nieces and nephews for making our lives happy and worthwhile. It is the extra blessing of our lives.

MY TRIBUTE TO MY AUNT ELDA

Mabel Shumway

I have been trying all day to decide what I could say about my beloved Aunt Elda, and when I think of her my heart swells with love that makes tears come to my eyes. Everything about her is just exactly the way it should be. She tells me, and I am sure it's true, that our relationship began shortly after I was born, and the bond that exists assures me this is true.

She has been my idol for as long as I can remember. There has never been a time when I couldn't run into her home and share anything that was troubling me or making me happy, learn about the family, get the best advice and leave a better, happier person because of her.

Aunt Elda encouraged me to go to the "Y". We were teaching Primary together at that time and I remember well the things she taught me, as well as our little Primary girls - the ideals she helped me to form and goals she encouraged me to set.

When tragedy has come, she has been a great strength, knowing how to encourage, uplift and help. Since the passing of my Mother and Father she has been the one I have turned to. Many of my fondest memories include her. One of the things we dearly loved in our family was to go to Uncle Albert's for Home Evening to eat parched corn with cream, play Blind Man's Bluff, Hide the Thimble, and all other fun things families do.

We had such good times at Grandma Whiting's, at the Homestead, at our home; all these things bind families together and help us take one more step toward our goal of our eternal family. How blessed we are to belong to this great family, where such love exists.

There aren't very many people like our Aunt Elda, and I am so glad she was sent to us. There is an emptiness in my life when she goes to Gilbert for the Winter, that is filled when she returns. I don't like to go by her home knowing she is not there. I can hardly wait until Spring when she comes so I can run in often to laugh, visit, be loved and uplifted by what she says and does. I love my Aunt Elda more than she knows.

MY SISTER ELDA BROWN
Arthur C. Whiting

None of the family seemed to mind because Elda was father's favorite, or we all thought she was.

I think she deserved the special love and confidence we had in her, all her life.

Mother had to stay at the saw mill and cook for the men and take care of father. So when school started she would settle Elda, Minnie and me in the old home to take care of ourselves. Well Elda was a mother to Minnie and me, and she really did well all the way around.

There was washing, cooking, and all that any mother does and I will ever be grateful for her care and love.

Elda has the ability to help anyone who needs help and she is still doing it. That is why she has so many friends in the family and in St. Johns.

Her heart is warm and she lets everybody know it.

MY AUNT ELDA BROWN
Annette Farr

Aunt Elda is a very special person in the lives of all our family. Each one of us feels she thinks we are special and important to her. She is one of the richest women we know; she has a wealth of friends everywhere she goes. What a blessing it is to be counted among them.

Just as the name implies;

E-everyone L-oves D-ear A-unt Elda.

Selected Passages of Letters from Family and Friends.

I love you dearly. I hope you love me. I hope I meet you in the spirit world. I think you are very nice. I love you.

From a Grand Son

I hope you have a fantastic Mothers day.

For the few days that you've been gone, I've missed you. But when I look at that silver dollar I think of you.

It's also fun to go to your house because it smells like perfume. The garden is just lovely and your yard is so clean it's puckered. Those rose bushes are so pretty they brighten up your yard. I love you!

From a Grand Daughter

I'm glad I was given this opportunity to write down my appreciation of all the things you have done for me.

Hang on to your heritage.
Hold high your head.
Be glad you are you
Not another instead.
Heir to
Add some of your own
Contribute
Accomplish
Make your talents known.

This poem highlights some of the many lessons I've learned from you. I'm proud of my heritage and so thankful for my ancestors and I realize the hardships they went through for their off-spring. You've helped me to be myself in developing my talents. Many other lessons have I learned from you of great value: be happy and smile, work is a blessing, kindness to others, service and so many others. But most of all you have increased my testimony of the Church of Christ by sharing yours with me and have done it by example. You truly are a great teacher because the greatest teachers teach by example. Your life of achievements and service couldn't be a better example to others. I'm so thankful that I have gotten to know you and learn from you. Other grandmas may give mansions or millions, but you have given me something more valuable and precious, lessons of life.

I hope I can wear the title of "Grandma" as well as you do. I'm so happy that you're mine. Thanks for the life of love you've shown me.

From a Granddaughter

When we moved to Letty's old home in 1931, daily I enjoyed Elda as my nearest neighbor.

Elda was a person of perpetual action—always moving but with a definite purpose.

She never wasted a moment or a penny. Whenever the family met disappointment or setbacks at home or in business, she did not waste time in complaints or regrets--she just moved on to the next days work.

Elda was devoted to her parents and brothers and sisters and deeply loved her own children. However, when death came to any of them she was not one to over express her grief. She accepted the loss as an inevitable part of life.

Elda's aim in life was: To be A Good Neighbor. She always said, "What good is a garden if you can't have the fun of giving some of it away."

Genevieve Gibbons Anderson

I didn't have very much to do with Albert and Elda for a long time, but in the later years Gordon had several business deals with Albert and he remembered how honest he was in his dealings.

These last few years have been a real joy in my association with Elda in quilting club. We all got real close and they are some of my happiest memories. The friendship with your Mother especially is a highlight in my life, thinking of her honest and happy disposition brings a smile to me right now. These last two years working with the Senior Citizens and how happy we all are when she is here. For our Halloween parties she was always a good sport and wore a costume.

Vernell Brown Cowley

Of course I've always known Albert and Elda—but until we moved in from the ranch, I didn't know them well—and then only Elda was there to know. And how I loved her!

We had just moved in--things were a mess that first Sunday--a knock came on the door and a boy stood there with a pan of hot rolls and some green corn--"Grandma Brown sent these. How thoughtful! She had a house full of you all, how could she think of her newest neighbors? It was just a beginning. In the more than twenty years we have been neighbors, it has been constantly--"What have I got in my garden you need?"

I admire so much the way she gets in her car and goes and visits the sick and lonely very faithfully.

Anona C. Heap

I met Albert and Elda in 1929. It was the year my first son, Tilden, was born. Jo and I came to St. Johns on a visit to see her relatives. However the close relationship did not come about until about 1932 when Jo and I moved into Jo's mother's house in St. Johns. We became acquainted with them and their wonderful children.

JoLynne has always said, "There was never a teacher like Aunt Elda", and I have heard Frank say to Aunt Elda--"Thanks for marrying Uncle Albert, that is the most wonderful thing you could have done for the Brown family."

Elda gave so many wonderful readings it is hard to choose which one is my favorite.

To me, Elda is the most wonderful lady I have ever known and I have always said she should be named "Miss St. Johns". She's just tops in my book. Her loyalty to her family and loved ones is unlimited. Her vim and vigor and her readings are unsurpassed. Her remembrances of days gone by and her story telling are remarkable.

Elda has always been an inspiration to both Jo and I. I do hope and pray we will have her around to enjoy many more years to come.

Ernie Wilbur

Writing about Aunt Elda brings back so many beautiful memories. I just can't think of anyone who is loved so much by so many.

Ruth Holbrook Brown

She was always there. I was born in Grandpa's home and lived there until my father returned from his mission two years later. I am sure Aunt Elda helped raise me.

Aunt Elda has an old iron hoe she has worn out in her garden. I was going to have it coated with chromium for a keepsake but never got it done. She doesn't need it--she has such a fine family to

show for her years of toil. A neighbor said, "She has the best garden of any man in town." I have always felt her home was my "home away from home". She even helped us raise our four boys.

Everyone loves her and she will have her crown of glory. She has earned it, every bit.

F. Ray Brown

It has been suggested that Elda Whiting Brown should be given the title of "Mrs. St. Johns". I know of no one among my fellow townsmen who would be more eligible for such an award. Certainly, any proclamation to that effect would be roundly supported by all who know her. Let it further be noted that in view of the admirer, whoever else might aspire to that title would not only come in second, but a long way back.

But of even greater value and marked effect is the devotion, love and dedication she has given to her family. In her tribute to Aunt Elda, Mabel says, "How sorry I am for a family who has grown up without an Aunt Elda." I agree that of all families we are most fortunate.

And speaking of religion: I think Aunt Elda might well be described as an orthodox Mormon. With her, the teachings and established doctrines of the Church are the firm foundations of family, home, and country. I know of no principle belonging to the restored Church that she does not, without qualification accept and live.

Wilford Shumway

Aunt Elda has been part of my life as far back as I can remember. One of the things our family liked to do was to go to her home, have Home Evening, have parched ground corn with cream on it, and all the other good things we did together. We had such good times at Grandma Whitings, at the Homestead, at your home and at ours. These are the experiences that make family ties as strong as ours.

A vivid memory I have is of preparing to go to college my first year at BYU. Aunt Elda and I were teaching together in Primary at that time--and she said she couldn't have a successful Primary without me. Of course she could and did but that did something for my ego and was a real builder upper.

How sorry I am for a family who has to grow up without an Aunt Elda!

Mabel Shumway

Though I've presided in two more missions since Florida (we were in Micronesia, Guam also) and have had lots of "lady elders" I'll never ever forget my dear Sister Brown that by name came closer to being an elder than anyone I've ever had. She was great from day one right to the finish of her mission.

President Ned Winder

Aunt Elda was an excellent horse woman, and she could ride the meanest ones the uncles had. Some had been wild ones they had broken for riding herds. Helping round up the herds was one of the many jobs, and she looked pretty neat riding tall in the saddle in her brown riding skirt, her long, black braid dangling down her back. By the time Aunt Elda was a teenager, two things happened. Aunt Elda had turned into a beautiful girl. She had discovered that she wanted terribly to be a lady. Having seen a few movies and read a few books she was determined. Her natural acting ability helped put this over for if she was in the middle of scolding us kids at The Ice Cream Parlor, and a customer walked in, she could switch to being Mrs. Vanderbilt with the twitch of an eyewink, her voice sliding all the way up to high C.

Aunt Elda had a tremendous influence on my life. I lived with her and Uncle Albert after they were married during my junior year of high school. She helped me be a better teenager without down grading my flapper ways, my short skirts and my swinging beads. She allowed ample time for my homework and helped me where I needed it. Later she helped me get started right when I had my first school. She taught me more of the practical things than I ever learned in college.

It was at the early days at the Homestead that I remember Aunt Elda the best. But, the thing that stands out in my memory was the work she got out of us. I don't know what there was about her that she could get so much work out of a bunch of lazy kids. When she snapped her finger we jumped. It hardly fit her soft beauty, but that is the way it was.

There was Effie, Farr, Ray, Lee, Kay and me. We carried rocks, we planted, we irrigated, we hoed weeds and we harvested, and it never ended. I think the hardest days work we ever did was one day when we dug potatoes all day. Aunt Elda has a picture of us all sitting on top of that pile, and I don't know which was the dirtiest, us or the potatoes. Somehow, it all turned out. There is something comforting to know that you have really contributed to a group

effort at the end of a hard days work. And when evening came and the sun went down behind those mountains, and those tall pines groaned in the breeze, and you could hear the tinkle of the cows coming home and their calves bawling their heads off, it was something to remember and want to live again.

Maree Berry Hamblin

One of my earliest memories is of Uncle Albert and Aunt Elda getting married. Aunt Elda was so pretty. I remember mother wrote in her history that one day my father came to get mother and said "I came for your prettiest daughter!" Grandpa Whiting said "Elda, someone wants you!" I, too, remember that she and Aunt Myn were so close. I used to like to sit and hear them talking. They have kept that close association all through their lives.

Ruth Lewis

Elda is one of my most cherished friends and acquaintances. My first real introduction to Elda's sincere friendship was formed when I was asked to join the Mandolin and Guitar Club. She was a dedicated member, her suggestions and ideas were of the best. I enjoyed her happy cheerful disposition. One newer met Elda without an affectionate hug, a happy smile, and "How are you" salutation.

Ellen Overson

I could write a book about Aunt Elda. She has become famous for her talent of storytelling and the plays she has put on and taken part in.

Monita Whiting Lee

At one time in my life I thought everyone had an Uncle Albert and an Aunt Elda. All of our cousins had the same Uncle and Aunt, but when I was with Virgil, Jay or Lester Whiting I found out that they too were blessed with an Uncle and Aunt by the same names. I claimed I was their favorite nephew.

Edward Eager

I want to thank you for being a good example of a loving mother and grandmother whose main concern has been an unselfish love for her family. I remember you leaving me at the church after the morning conference session with the instructions to invite anyone to dinner who had not been asked to go somewhere else.

Geraldine Sagers

You didn't leave us very many times, always took us, if possible. We got to go to the World's Fair in San Diego many trips to Mesa, Phoenix, California, Holbrook and others. Some of my friends hardly ever got to go anyplace, their parents would go, but never took their kids. I'm sure that has been a good influence in our lives. We've had so many fun times as a family going to and from Nutrioso. We'd sing and play games and you made it fun. Then still in Nutrioso, when we would make the ice cream and take it to every family in town.

Elma Smith

I feel that one of the most important things my mother did for me is the value of the service to others. I am grateful for the times she spent teaching my children to LIKE to work and then to play. She also taught them with stories. When each of my children was born, she spent many hours helping me. She still writes to all of us and is an inspiration to us.

Nathel Burdick

I think of the years when you were teaching school and how busy you always were. I recall the busy Saturdays, washing mounds of clothes in the old wringer washer and hanging them out on the clothesline, cleaning the house, baking bread. Beans, homemade bread and chili is still my favorite meal to fix on Saturday. I did a lot of growing up the year you went to Vernon, to teach and I took over trying to take care of Dad and Jack. I remember how happy I was to see you come home on the weekends. Now that I have gone through some of these experiences myself, I realize that I could have been more helpful to you than I was.

Louine Shields

I appreciate your good sense of humor. You have helped me to see the brighter side of things and not look at the worst side of life. We've always laughed a lot together and it has been a lot of fun. On trips with you and Dad, we always just enjoyed ourselves because of everyone's sense of humor. It has always amazed me at how many little things you do for your neighbors and friends, as well as your family. I've learned a lot just watching you take a loaf of bread, etc., to your neighbors.

Jack A. Brown

I would like to award you a gold medal as the best mother-in-law in the world—a gold medal for 30 years of patience, babysitting and kid training, teaching, example and love. And it has all been fun and enjoyable! We have had some mighty good experiences.

Anna Vee Brown

I'm so thankful for you and Dad and the great example you set for me. As you were both great teachers you enabled me to gain a testimony. For this I will be thankful not only now but eternally. The most important thing I have is the knowledge that Jesus Christ is the Savior and Redeemer of the world and he established His Church through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Philip Ray Brown

There are few people who have influenced my life more than you have. When I married, I was foolish in so many ways and you helped me realize what was important and what things I want to do to make my marriage full and rich. In so many ways I've felt more like a daughter than an in-law.

Netta Brown

My mother has lived through many major changes in her life. She has experienced good times and bad times. Her generation can teach all of us many things if we will take time to stop and listen. I consider one of the choice blessings of my life to be able to have my mother live in her home adjoining mine so that my children can interact and learn from her.

Some Anthropologists and sociologists bemoan the fact that in our fast moving society, we do not take advantage of the contributions that grandparents can make towards family development. I have observed that there is a special rapport between my Mother and my children.

My Mother has a well-deserved reputation as a superb story teller. As a child, I spent many hours listening to her stories. I find that I enjoy them almost as much now that she is telling the same stories to my children. She is very patient with my offspring as they are continually pestering her for a story or to read to them. Mother has always been an optimistic person. She works hard every day to accomplish something of value. This attitude can serve as an example to all of us.

Brent W. Brown

We have had many opportunities to live together and I am SO grateful for them. It has given me an opportunity to know many of your wonderful qualities. You have added a new and wonderful dimension to my life by showing in your life that age is not something to fear. I have learned from you that it is better and possible to go giving and not just taking.

Marilyn D. Brown

Elda probably knows me better than she knows anyone else in this world. She has had more years watching over me as we go back nearly a hundred of these busy years. She knows the worst side of me, the lazy side, the sick side and if she thinks about it she could come out with the good side.

We have shared happy times, and certainly some sad ones and a lot of funny one's too. All in all, I think the good times far exceed any hard times and most of the times together have been good ones. She is truly not only a most wonderful sister but she is most certainly my very best friend.

The best part is she has shared her family with me, and made mine part of hers. How, Don E. from the time he was born loved to go to Aunt Elda's and after he was married she made both he and his wife and children warm and welcome. I am sure they were all as good to Don E. as if he had been a brother. He loved every hour he spent with them.

Now Bruce has spent one summer in Elda's home and three in Jack's and Anna Vee's and he feels like part of their family. He never stops talking about it.

Elda is truly not only a most wonderful sister but she is most certainly my very best friend.

Myn Priestly

MY AUNT ELDA BROWN
Maydene Bodell

A mother is a wonderful thing to have. There are people in the world who don't have the blessings of a mother. Some of us are especially blessed to have--not only our own mothers--but also "Other Mothers." I have had my older sisters and my aunts.

I want to express my love for my Aunt Elda--a very special "Other Mother." She was my mother's sister and Uncle Albert was my father's brother, and so we visited them every year (and sometimes more.)

I felt welcome and warm and wonderful in their home. If I had been orphaned at an early age, I'm sure I could have felt loved and cared for in their home. As it was, I had a wonderful home of my own.

But at vacation time, I also loved to travel to St. Johns, Arizona, where they lived. I was immediately absorbed into the family and became an accepted part of their busy activities.

The brothers and sisters were like my own. I was interested in everything they did and said, and best of all they were interested in me. I loved them all. I loved Louine. (I think I would have died for her.)

I have so many memories:

The first sight of town as we drove over the hill and saw the peaceful valley with Lombardy poplar trees. The Sunday bell, with everyone hurrying out the door in little groups and walking to church. Walking to see other relatives--playing on Grandma Brown's organ, eating green apples at Aunt Agnes's (with salt, of course,) peeking out the round window at Uncle Eddie's and Aunt Ethel's.

Going to Grandma Whiting's for sugar cookies or helping gather the honey (after applying layers of shirts, pants, socks, and the netted hat. Or hearing Grandpa's stories.

Stopping on the way to Aunt Jane's to ride on the school whirligig. Back to Aunt Elda's for a ride on a nice, friendly horse that was willing to saunter along at my inexperienced pace.

Gathering in the eggs, wading in the city ditch. The wash house, where Aunt Sarah's children or other cousins might join us as we put on dress-ups and acted out plays--with or without an audience. We read stories and told stories.

And did food ever taste as good as the home-made bread broken into fresh milk, with vegetables picked fresh out of the garden, just outside the kitchen door.

A trip to the cemetery, where Albert and Nora lay side by side, with a stop by Uncle Lynn's.

There might be something special going on in town--a rodeo--a carnival--and box-lunch dance. The fourth of July--being awakened by the cannon, putting on a new dress for the occasion, going to the parade, the races, the children's dance.

In the background tying it all together and working circles around the rest of us, was Aunt Elda, who quietly "allowed" it all, and fed us--not only food but knowledge as well, and somehow or other she either enjoyed having us or made us think she did.

A SPECIAL REQUEST
From Jay

It has been my privilege, along with many of you, to gather the history and tributes and testimonies that are printed here for a most wonderful member of our family, Aunt Elda Brown. We can never think of her without Uncle Albert, although he has been gone for several years it has never made a difference in what this wonderful lady has given each of us.

Her memory and love for the family is a gift that each of us should be so very proud of. It seems that you only need to be down a little and go to Aunt Elda and you will come away feeling good. I want her to know how much I love her and appreciate the many things that she has done for me over my life. I feel that this a great honor for me to me part of this tribute to her.

We have now honored seven of the nine children of Grandpa and Grandma Whiting's family. Our next publication will be our honoring Aunt Myn Priestley. I am asking each of you to write a special tribute to this great woman. I don't know of a single member of the family that has not been touched by her love and devotion to the family.

I would love to have a tribute and picture of all the members of the family that have been helped in some special way like living with her while going to school, or help in your adoption into the family. I would love to have a picture of all that she has helped in making your life better.

As we were slow in getting this tribute to Aunt Elda out, I would like to get the next one out by summer, so I will need this as soon as you can get it to me. I know that it is easy to put off, so please get this to me as soon as you can. This gives me the opportunity to get it typed and prepared.

Let's not forget the "1986 EDWIN MARION WHITING FAMILY REUNION". Brent Brown has set the dates of July 4, 5, and 6th of 1986. Start making your plans to attend. Brent tells me that this is going to be the "BIGGEST, BEST, AND LONGEST REMEMBERED", of any reunion held to date. Please put this on your calendars, and plan to be there.

Thanks to all for making this issue of the Whiting Tree so outstanding. I wish to thank Aunt Elda and her family for the

materials that they furnished me.

YOU AND I

Maydene Bodell

As surely as I live, I feel that life can be so good
For those who know the blessings and the joys of motherhood.

When first I held you in my arms and felt your baby skin
I loved the way your fuzzy head fit underneath my chin.

I knew there must be more to this than just the toil and strife
When I tucked my finger in your fist and you held on for life!

Your first time in the big bathtub you looked so round and fat!
You kicked and splashed and swam away--I couldn't have missed that!

All during that first year with you I really passed the test.
Of all the people in the world you seemed to like me best.

You tried to walk--your hand in mine; your eyes with glory shone.
Then one day you let go of me and tottered off alone.

Much later, when we took our walks, you had so much to say.
You asked me all about the things we saw along the way.

I still remember those bouquets of dandelions you brought.
"Which hand?" you'd say, and hold them out--a proud and precious tot.

One Sunday you stood up in church to say a poem aloud.
I sat there in the audience, and my, but I was proud!

Remember when you ran away? I couldn't reprimand!
You looked so small and helpless with your suitcase in your hand.

As just inside the door you stood--a haughty little elf--
So stubborn and so willful, too, and oh--so like myself.

Then when I tucked you in each night and touched your tousled head,
I always was surprised to find an angel in your bed.

That first time, you went off to school as if you hadn't cared;
But that same day you sneaked right back. "I'm homesick," you declared.

How many things you seemed to learn! How very fast you grew!
And just as surely as you did, your world grew bigger, too.

It tis maybe just as well that you will never know
How very, very hard it was for me to let you go.

I haven't been an opera star, but memories I keep
Of times I sang you lullabies until you fell asleep.

If I laid claim to artistry, the truth--it would be tainted!
But think of all the lovely pictures you and I have painted.

I've made no contribution here that man will eulogize.
I haven't written any book, but you're my Nobel Prize.

And in the distant future--long after I am gone--
There'll be a little part of me. Through you, I'll still live on.

Inside me, 'till the end of time, a special wish there'll be--
That I can give you back the joy that you have given me.

SO DOES MINE

Maydene Bodell

Does your grandmother have wrinkles
And hair as white as snow
And a cookie jar that's always full
At her house, when you go? NEITHER DOES MINE!

Does your grandmother wear an apron
No matter where she goes
And peek at you over her glasses,
Slid way down on her nose? NEITHER DOES MINE!

My Grandmother has fluffy hair
And sometimes paints her nails.
She runs outside in her jogging suit
each day' she never fails.

She doesn't have a cookie jar.
When the two of us want a treat
It's either apples or sunflower seeds
She gets for us to eat.

Some say she's becoming a health nut.
Nutritious food is her rule.
And would you believe that on certain days
She still goes off to school?

Grandmothers surely have changed these days,
Riding their bikes to stores.
Mine has a yellow ten-speed.
What kind of bike has yours?

Maybe it doesn't matter so much
If she still does the other things.
Does your grandma hold you on her lap
And rock you as she sings? SO DOES MINE!

Does she sometimes take you to the zoo
To see animals in their cages?
When she reads to you out of books
Does she try to read all of the pages? SO DOES MINE!

If you are afraid at bedtime
Does she let you leave on the light
And remember to say "I love you"
When she kisses you goodnight? SO DOES MINE!

HARVEST-TIME IN THE BERRY PATCH

Summer 1984

The "Berry Patch" was filled to overflowing with love and tributes to Patriarch and Sister Berry (Kay and Beth) when 42 members of their immediate family recently gathered in honor of their 50th Golden Wedding Anniversary. (One grandson had just started a new job and couldn't leave.)

The first day of the reunion-celebration was highlighted by swimming, family movies, picture taking, and the presentation of a family-made quilt depicting their parents' life story. All the family sailed to Catalina Island the second day where they enjoyed the glass-bottom boat ride, walking to the Wrigley Mansion, and the sunny beaches.

Afterward, they progressed on to Ojai, home of daughter Louine and John Hunter for the rest of the celebration. A special dinner and family program held in the Ojai Ward Cultural Hall climaxed the third day. After the guests of honor received a corsage and boutonniere, daughter-in-law Betty Berry read an original poem entitled "The Golden Ring" to set the mood for the evening.

After a delicious roast beef dinner (a family favorite), Patriarch Berry was clothed in a King's robe and Sister Berry was crowned with a sparkling tiara. They were seated upon a royal throne and invited to enjoy some royal entertainment by the royal generations they had raised.

First on the program were talent presentations which included dancing, singing, piano duet, flute solo, an oil painting presentation, and the telling of one family's sports activities.

Next, "This is your Life" presented their life's stories on screen by pictures and narration, to the fun and inspiration of all present.

Booklets of their life's stories were also distributed as keepsakes of this program.

Each of their sons and daughters then expressed love and appreciation for their parents. Son-in-law, Tres Tanner, represented the in-laws. Sister and Patriarch Berry responded with beautiful messages and counsel for their posterity. In conclusion all the grandchildren sang "Families Can be Together Forever" and "I Am a Child of God."

Patriarch and Sister Berry are thankful that all of their children, their spouses and grandchildren are active in the church and love the Gospel as they do. Their 3 sons and 3 oldest grandsons have served missions and all the younger grandsons are planning to follow their example.

Their 5 married children were all married in the temple and are busily raising their large families and all are active in church. Sister Berry and her three daughters have all been Relief Society Presidents. Two of them, Louine and Rosie, are now serving the second time around.

Their oldest son, David, dentist and former Bishop and wife Sharon live with their 6 children in Hacienda Heights.

Louine and husband John Hunter, Municipal Judge, former Bishop and recipient of the Silver Beaver Scout Award, live in Ojai with their 10 children.

Alan, wife Betty and their 5 children traveled from Seneca, Missouri where he is the town dentist and both hold many church callings.

Rosie, husband Dennis Byers and their 5 children came in the midst of their move from Minneapolis to Atlanta, Georgia where Dennis will assume a new position. Dennis is also a former

Bishop.

Julie and husband Tres Tanner, a marriage counselor, live with their 4 (almost 5) children in the San Diego area.

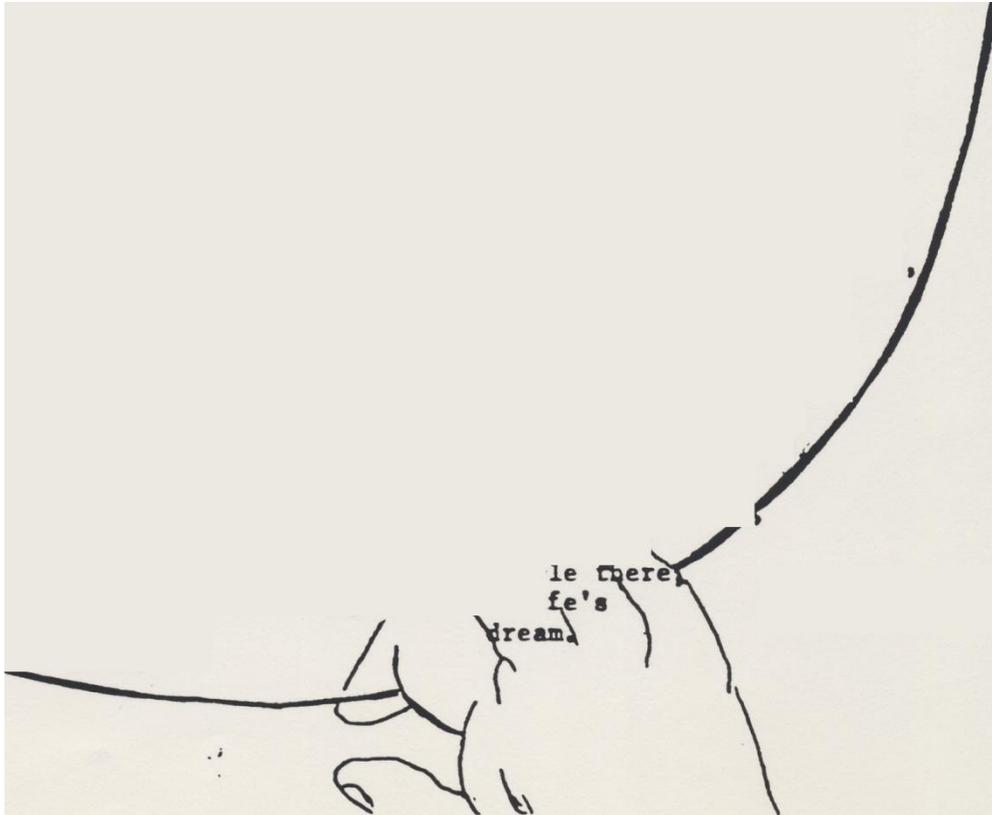
Doug has been living in Provo where he is involved with his musical pursuits.

For Brother and Sister Berry (Kay and Beth) it has indeed been "Harvest-time in the Berry Patch."

(Written by request for our Ward Newsletter by Julie Tanner)



"THE GOLDEN RING"



Engraved across the face of time
And etched within the mind,
Are murals, intricate and grand,
Paintings left behind.

A golden ring of memories,
A bridge that spans the years,
Of golden threads and filaments
That come from smiles and tears.

Woven there, with strands of gold
To give this ring its strength,
Are all the keepsakes of the heart
Appearing through life's length.

Fifty years together, now,
Fifty Years. They share
So much. So very much.
Fifty years are theirs.

She remembers his strong arm,
A handsome smile, and - hair;
A thoughtful youth, a gentle man,
Eternity to share.

He remembers twinkling eyes,
A cute and impish smile,
Her spirit, sparkling, sweet and bright,
His bride; a Temple aisle.

She remembers baby's breath,
So warm upon her breast,
And laughter, tears, a hug, a sigh,
A tiny cheek caressed.

He remembers baseball gloves,
And basketball, and games,
He thinks of talks, a daughter's dates,
The trials they overcame.

She remembers all those meals,
The sewing and the chores.
Funny how they've faded now,
That time has closed the doors.

He remembers time well spent,
And wishes he'd spent more,
The minutes pass so quickly here
Before we reach the shore!

She remembers trials, too,
The heartaches, anger, strife,
But how they pale when they're compared
To the goodness of her life.

Fifty years, like smoke, have passed
Into the void of "then",
Have passed into the face of time,
Into "Remember When"...

But left behind in filigree,
The golden ring still glows,
With all those special memories
And all the dream tableaux.

The dreams of new tomorrows which
Have grown with each new child,
The dreams of yesterday recalled
Rich, and long compiled.

A golden ring to draw upon
For strength and help and need.
Forever there to show the way,
To light, inspire, and leap?

Not only they, but all of us

Can gaze upon the ring;
Can follow example there
And forge our own life's dream.

Fifty years will sometimes bring
Unhappiness and tears,
And shadows often follow through
To dim the golden years.

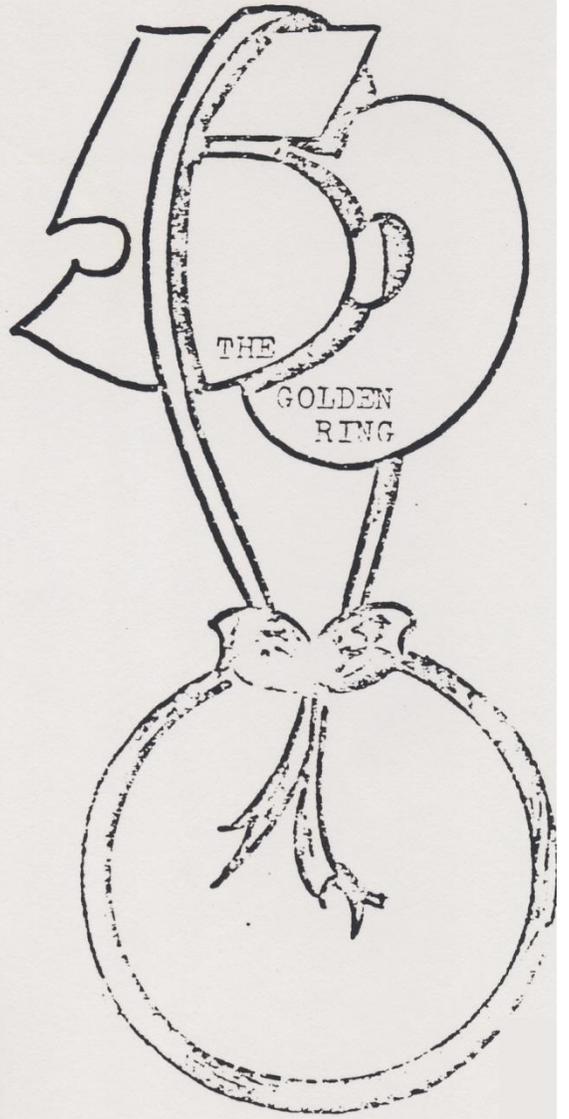
When people sometimes ask us how,
Just how we've lived to know
That happiness is here for us,
And joy instead of woe;

And how we know that fifty years
Will be a time of joy,
And not of ugliness or pain,
With shadows that destroy;

We tell them of the golden ring
Begun so long ago,
And revered parents, dreams and life
And how we love them so.

--Betty Berry (Alan's wife)





THE
GOLDEN
RING

Congratulations on your 50th Wedding Anniversary
Patriarch and Beth Berry