

The Whiting Tree

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MY THOUGHTS ABOUT UNCLE ARTHUR WHITING

This has been a special exciting time to put together this "WHITING TREE" honoring Uncle Art. There have been few men, with the exception of my father, that has had as much influence on my life as Uncle Art. I remember Uncle Art as far back as I can remember, but it was when I graduated from High School and asked him for a job driving one of the Whiting Bros. Freight Line trucks that I started to have a personal relationship with him that has lasted the rest of my life.

In the heart of the depression, 1935, he started me off on driving a truck as a relief driver, and the fellow I was driving with got drunk the first trip, and was discharged, and I was left to drive the truck when I was only 17 years old. Uncle Art would always compliment me on the way I was doing, but caution me to watch the expenses and especially the tires. I will always be grateful for the opportunity to learn how to work. I grew up real quick, and some of the lessons I learned have lasted through the rest of my life.

When I returned from my mission in 1939 he again offered me a job of helping my father and others build some service stations in New Mexico. When the stations were finished I remained in Gallup, New Mexico for several years and not only managed the stations but later bought them from the Brothers.

Again when I returned from the Navy, he offered me the opportunity to go to the Kaibab and operate and construct some sawmills and logging operations. For nearly 20 years he was a partner in all that I had, and I know that much of the success that I have had was because of the opportunity that he gave me to work with him and other members of the family. I truly appreciate the association that I have had with him, and with members of his family. Mickey and I have been partners for many years.

I remember the very first time that I went to the Kaibab Mountains hunting was in a party with Uncle Art. My Father didn't go, but it was decided that they would take me along. Grandfather Whiting, Uncle Eddie, Ralph, Art, and Cousins Virgil and Farr, and Uncle Abe Starley.

Uncle Art drove a Model T Ford all the way, and I can't remember the number of flat tires we had. By relining the transmission bands and backing part of the way up the Kaibab, it was so steep the gas would not feed, we had one of the greatest times of my life. We crossed the Colorado River on the Lee's Ferry and walked up Lee's Backbone road. These are great memories with a great man.

I can never repay him for these many opportunities he has given me, but to only say thanks Uncle Art for treating me like your own son so many times in my life. I will never be able to express my feelings, and hope that I can enjoy this wonderful friendship for many more years of my life. Thanks Uncle Art.

Your nephew, Jay

LIFE STORY OF ARTHUR C. WHITING

I am Arthur Clemon Whiting, also known as Uncle Art, and the youngest of nine children of Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson. I was born on April 15, 1904 in St. Johns, Arizona. I write this story to my children, grandchildren and great grandchildren whom I love so much and I promise that I will do my best, in spite of the years that have gone by, to make this as interesting and accurate as I can. I will use the journal which I wrote in May of 1958 and which covers the period up to about 1946 as a reference source.

I am now 77 years old and it may seem a little late in life to start writing a journal, but I can't start any sooner so I'll get going. Since the greater part of my life is in the past, I had better search my memory and start at the beginning as best as I can remember it.

I THE EARLY YEARS

One of the first occasions I can remember happened at our home at the Meadows. The Meadows is down the Little Colorado about eight miles from St. Johns. It was, at one time, large enough to be a ward and Grandfather Isaacson was the Bishop. Later on, the ward was dissolved when the people moved away because the land was so poor that they couldn't keep a dam in the river for irrigation purposes.

Well, at this occasion which I am about to recall, we lived in a little log house at the Meadows and my father had moved down there to plant a field of barley. The floods had made the bottom land rather interesting at least, and promising for a barley crop. We harvested a lot of barley and straw, we had feed for our animals, and it worked out pretty good. We had corrals and cows and chickens and all the things you had in those days on a farm.

When I was four years old, an event took place that made quite an impression on me. At this time, a large blow snake kept getting into the house and stealing the milk. Mother grew very impatient with this big, old snake and one day when she and I had returned to the house from gathering eggs, there was the snake crawling across the floor. There were large knot holes in the floor and the snake started down through one of the knot holes.

Mother rushed over and put her foot on the tail end of the snake and then she told me to go into the other room and get the hammer and a nail. I was horrified. I didn't know what she had in mind but I brought the hammer and nail and she drove a nail through the snake into the floor and believe me, the snake stayed there until Pa got home and took care of it.

And then there was the time when the blackbirds were so numerous on our grain stacks that they were damaging the bundles of grain. My brother, Earnest, got the old shotgun loaded with small shot, and stood out to the side of the house and fired into the flock of blackbirds. I remember this because there were, I think, over thirty blackbirds killed in one blast and this was quite an event.

It was about that same time that we had an old faithful saddle horse that Pa called "Old Pat" because he was so lazy. We used him for many things and very often when Pa would come home, I would beg him to put me on the old horse so that I could ride around and around the house. One day, the horse must have gotten tired of this because when he had gone around the house about a dozen times, he stopped in the front of the house and put both feet up in an old chair. Well, to me that was a disaster and I yelled for help and of course Pa came out and saved my life.

While living in the Meadows, I remember helping Mother wash dishes for the barley thrashers. She had a new set of granite dishes with decorations around the edge, that looked like bells or flowers, and I can picture them today just as clearly as can be

When I was about five years old, we moved down to Greer Valley. Greer Valley is about half way between St. Johns and Holbrook, where the bridge crosses the Little Colorado River. We farmed down there and I remember we had a good patch of melons, tomatoes, and corn. We didn't have much, so we lived in an old rundown house. The flies were terrible and since there were no screens in those days, we had a time keeping the flies out of the food and milk.

It was while we were living there that Pa caught a baby antelope and also a little coyote. We put the coyote down in a shallow well that Pa had dug and he would drink milk, but he never did get very gentle. However, we let the antelope run loose and he got so he just had a ball.

He was quite a show in the evening when he would run around and around the house and then he would start to bounding just like a rubber ball. It was very entertaining and we used to laugh at the antelope. We thought a lot of him. When we moved to St. Johns for the winter, we turned the antelope out in the lot, which had alfalfa planted in it and before we knew it, the antelope had eaten too much alfalfa and bloated and died.

Up in St. Johns, the folks had a small store and they made homemade candy; taffy, peanut brittle and chocolate dipped creams to sell. The kids in town used to come and buy candy with eggs. Money was very scarce and eggs were used by kids to buy candy and things like that.

I I MY YOUTH

It was about 1911 when Pa and Herbert bought an old steam sawmill and moved it to the stream that runs out of Little Giant Springs near the old homestead. Pa homesteaded where our family reunions are now held. After my father filed on the homestead, the family did likewise and almost every one of the children filed on the homesteads in that area. That brought the families of Uncle Eddie, Uncle Herbert, Uncle Frank and Albert Brown up there to live during the summer. You had to live so many months on your homestead and then you got the land free and clear. That brought the families up in the area a lot during the summer and again, this made for more good times and the kids all got together real often.

It was about this time that I got the measles and I thought I was going to die. Minnie used to tease me a lot. Then Pa made me a wooden scissors-like affair that I could reach out and pinch her and then I had an even break.

Herbert and some of the rest of them used to live at the mill when we ran it and we had a lot of fun with them. We would make ice cream and we loved to chase around the mountains as there were lots of wild turkey and wild chickens. Effie, Farr, Marie and all of us kids had a lot of fun up there.

I think the whole family began to love the mountains, even way back then. We would take our cows up there and Mother would make cheese. We also raised chickens. We used to gather up orphan lambs from the sheep herds around and feed them cows milk until fall when they were fat enough to eat.

I wish the kids nowadays could enjoy some of the things that we had then, but times are different now.

Of course we had no automobile. The first automobile did not come to St. Johns until several years later. We used to travel by wagon, buggy or on horseback. It was kind of slow going from the homestead or the mill, which are right together, to St. Johns. Especially with a load of lumber it was rough going because those old iron wagon wheels used to bounce from one rock onto another.

We would kill a few rabbits on the way, cook them and make gravy from the drippings. It tasted awfully good when you were hungry.

We had lots of fun in the mountains, especially when the mill broke down on weekends. We often went fishing over at White River. There were no game laws then and no roads into White River. We would get on our horses and ride over the mountain into White River and fish all we wanted to and catch fish by the hundreds. We would bring them home to the mill and have fish frys and boy were they good.

We usually caught native mountain trout, which are almost extinct now. The government is now trying to save enough to start them again. They are much more delicious than the rainbow trout or any of the trout you find around now.

I remember on one trip, we were returning home and we stopped by Harris Lake. It's a rather large lake that is not very deep. Someone noticed that there were a lot of mud hens out there so we all took off our trousers and waded out in the lake to try to catch those mud hens. For some reason, rather than flying away, they would get in the bull rushes and dive under the water. They would think they were hiding and you could catch them.

Well, we caught some and were standing around laughing and having fun, when we noticed that the mud hens would peck like a setting hen. Uncle Earnest held one around behind Uncle Frank Brown and let it pick him right on the bare bottom, and no more need to be said.

When I was eleven and we lived at the old mill west of the Homestead, I was bitten by a mad dog. Father and Mother took me to Los Angeles, the nearest place where the Pasteur treatment was available. We were riding on a chair car and it was about midnight. I was bandaged from head to foot and everyone in the car was aware of my injuries and somewhat concerned. Well, about midnight when the lights were very dim, I had a nightmare and must have screamed and yelled. In no time the conductor had the lights up and I had plenty of wide eyed company until morning. After all, who wants to be bitten by a "mad" boy. Minnie kept an eye on me for a long time after that. She didn't want to get nipped either.

We didn't have radio or even a phonograph up there until years later, so most of our entertainment had to come from people. We had some musical talent in camp and enjoyed a lot of campfire stories and singing. It sounded pretty good in the evening when it was quiet. We had violins and guitars and Uncle Herbert was a pretty good mandolin player.

John Whiting was a cousin of ours who came from old Mexico to work for Pa in the sawmill. He was a fine fellow and so anxious to help Pa and everyone else. One day when Pa was trying to put the carriage back on the track, John didn't want Pa to lift too hard, so he lifted extra hard and slipped and fell right over the big circle saw, which was running, and it cut him nearly half in two. He lived just a few days. This was a tragedy that nearly broke our hearts.

There have been many horses in my life. I remember a mean, old black horse that we used to have. He had killed a man somewhere, but Pa and the boys thought that they could handle him. I was horrified one time when Eddie was trying to harness him and he grabbed Eddie by one arm and chewed his arm quite badly. This seemed terrible to me because the blood was running down his arm and hand.

We did have some good old faithful horses which Pa had brought from Utah. They were real choice, large, gentle animals and they served us well for many years.

But we did get a hold of some smaller horses, I think they came from the reservation, from the Indian band of horses. They were usually mean, treacherous and dangerous to handle, but since there was no chance to get any more of the big, gentle horses like the ones that came from Utah, we had to use these little horses to work and to ride and for other purposes.

From these Indian breed of horses came the one horse that was the outstanding horse of all in the Whiting history. His mother was a little Indian mare that Pa had bought for \$3.50. There was a small bay stallion in St. Johns owned by Ern Shreves and Lynn bred the little mare to this stallion. From this breeding there came an ungainly bay colt which looked like he had no promise at all except to be another ornery Indian colt.

We named this colt "Minute." Well, Pa told Lynn that the colt should be given to me as I was next in line for a horse. When I began

to break him and ride him, he ran away with me so I traded him back to Lynn if he would give me the next colt. The next colt was a beautiful brown colt with a very nice disposition and of course, I thought I had made a real fine trade. He broke out well, was gentle and much prettier than the first colt. I really fell in love with him but when he was two years old, we castrated him and he died of blood poisoning. I cried so hard, and from that day to this have never let my heart wrap around a horse again.

But going back to Minute, as Lynn broke him, it soon was evident that he was something special in a horse. He had speed, he had brains, almost like a person and he turned out to be one of the outstanding horses that was ever raised in St. Johns.

He was so gentle that even the smaller children could pile on him, three or four at a time. He even seemed to sense the care that was necessary with children and he would not go under a limb or jump or anything else that might hurt the children.

As a cow horse, he won many roping events for Uncle Ralph. He was also a chariot horse and was one of the horses that won the first chariot race between St. Johns and Springerville in a matched event. We used to chase wild horses on him and he seemed to get as excited and try as hard as we did. He would run after a herd of horses until he would almost fall down.

In his last years, and he lived to be over 25, Lynn turned him over the Maurice Taybon, who had a farm and some cattle in St. Johns, and he said that Minute was one of the greatest horses that he had ever seen. On one occasion they had a large mean bull in the corral and couldn't seem to handle him so Maurice got on Minute and roped the bull and then got off, tied the rope to the saddle horn and let the bull and Minute have at it. Well, after a while the bull was exhausted and was perfectly willing to come out of the corral. Minute was a wonderful horse and a champion.

I never was a bronc rider, but I loved to ride. While I was younger, I sometimes rode in horse races and was on some of the wild horse chases where we went out to round up wild, unbranded horses so we could keep them. Some of them turned out to be real good horses. Uncle Eddie caught one beautiful sorrel he called 'Old Sparks' and he loved that old horse until the day the horse died. He won many races and was matched with Minute in the chariot race when they beat the horses from Springerville.

Yes, we really loved our horses in those days. Everyone did because they were our only means of transportation. There were, of course, no automobiles and a man or woman lived almost every day with horses, one way or another. There were good horses and bad ones. Some you could trust and depend on and some you just couldn't.

Workhorses were sort of close to the family because since there were no tractors, all farm work, moving and transportation was done by horses. Our family had many old faithful workhorses who seemed just like members of the family and it was a sad occasion when one of these

faithful old servants died.

We used to haul all of our lumber to St. Johns from the sawmill with wagons pulled by a team of horses. Even the logs were dragged into the mill by horses. At times, we also used some very large wheels to help with the skidding. You may have seen them around somewhere. I think the University at Flagstaff has one on display. One end of the log was lifted onto the wheel and the other one sort of balanced and it made it easier to bring them in over the brush and timber where there were no roads. We dragged these logs in with our big, old faithful horses.

I particularly remember old Dick and Bill. As long as they lived, they were two of the most faithful horses that Pa brought from Utah. They survived the trip and made their way up to the mill where they used to help haul in the logs.

I never cared too much for hard work while I was growing up but I can see now that I could have done more than I did to help my mom and dad. I would much rather have milked the cows or done anything else as long as it was with the cattle, than farming. And hoeing weeds was simply 'off-limits' for me.

Well, I am going to mention again our trips over the mountains to White River to fish because that was always a real occasion. We'd either go on horseback or in wagons. There were no roads, just trails.

SCHOOL YEARS

When I was six, I started school, against my will, in a little old building where the Wilbur Store now stands. I remember the school teachers who tried so hard, with such little help on my part, to put some knowledge in my head. I used to think I was dumb but now I realize that I was just plain lazy.

My first teacher was a dear lady named Cora Sherwood Anderson, wife of President Albert Anderson. It's strange but her sister, Mrs. Koon, was Norman's first teacher.

I also remember T. R. Greer. He was a real brain. He was a brother of Pat Greer of Holbrook and the son of Dick Greer, an old-time pioneer. He was a genius at teaching everything, even music. I remember when one of our classmates, Lyman Overson, passed away in the 5th grade. He was a brother of Clyde, Wilford and all of those Oversons. Mr. Greer wrote the words and music to a lovely little song and taught it to us so that we were able to sing it at the funeral.

I also had M. V. Gibbons, the father of Lavell and Max, as a teacher. Then in the Academy, I had some wonderful teachers. They all influenced my life, even though they could not fill my head with much of any wisdom.

I was not an athlete. I couldn't qualify for the teams or any

sporting events. But I did like plays and operas and I took part whenever I had an opportunity. I had the leading part in the opera "The Marcado." I thought that was just great and it taught me a lot. Alfred Anderson was our music teacher and he was one of the nicest men I ever knew.

Dances were the principal source of entertainment for the High School kids in those days. They had them once a week for the simple reason that there was nothing else to do. Again, I mention there were no radios, T.V. or music except what was made by the local artists, which sounded real good to us. We used to dance into the wee, small hours.

I remember almost everyone, young and old, lived for the weekly Saturday night dances. We had an orchestra composed of Uncle Alfred, Pauline, Lettie Anderson and her husband and one or two others that sounded better than Lawrence Welk does nowadays. We'd dance as long as they would play, sometimes all night. We had a lot of fun. The old folks used to sit there all night just to hear them play.

I was expected to earn my money, so I got a job working for Uncle Eddie in his grocery store. Immediately after school was out, I used to go hitch up an old black horse named Ol' Mac, onto a buggy and come to the back of the store and load in wooden boxes. There were no paper boxes then.

I would take the different grocery orders and deliver them around town. Well, that was all well and good but in the winter it gets dark awfully early and I was always rather fearful that Ol' Mac would miss the little narrow bridges across the ditch and put me into the ditch. He was faithful and he never did do me any harm. Sometimes I'd get a kid to go along and help me, but of course with no wages, just for the ride.

One of my close friends in school was Umpstead Rencher. He lived just across the street and was a first cousin to Merle Farr. Their mothers were sisters. We had a lot of fun together. We used to hunt and trap and one winter we decided to get rich catching skunks. Well, catching skunks may be a perfectly honorable profession but it doesn't do a thing for your social standing, as I'm sure you can imagine.

I also raised rabbits, and Umpstead did too. We used to match our rabbits up in fights and if you've never seen buck rabbits fight, it's much like a dog and cat fight. They really go after it. It's kind of cruel, but I guess we didn't know any better.

The 4th and 24th of July used to be great days. That's when we'd have races, kids races and all kinds of sporting events and boxing. Someone would always try to ride the old town jersey bull and they nearly always got thrown off, but it was fun.

Each school season, Elda, Minnie and I would have to take a team of horses and move to St. Johns and go to school. Mother had to stay in the mountains to cook for the men and to help Pa so we had to make out the best we could in St. Johns. As I look back now, I can see that we

learned a lot looking out after our own food and clothing, and taking the responsibility of cutting wood. It didn't hurt us one bit; in fact I think it made us a lot better. We had lots of fun as we made friends in school and of course, school dances and plays were highlights along the way.

Much to my sorrow, I was a poor student all the way through school. I was at the bottom of the class most of the time. I am sure that my heart was not in my school. I loved the horses and cattle and I never passed up a chance to miss a day or more of school to go help with the cattle.

I blush as I recall my school days. I cried when they took me the first day to Cora Anderson's first grade. My love for school never seemed to bloom through the years, and I probably would not have passed from the 8th grade had not my good cousin, Frank Whiting, taken pity on me and given me a diploma.

Well, I finally got into High School at the old St. Johns Academy. I was not popular or a hero of any kind, so I didn't make much of a hit with the girls until my dad got one of the first Model T Fords in town. Since there were very few around, it did help my social standing quite a bit. Once I learned to drive, I came up with all kinds of schemes to get the car as often as I could.

Well, jumping ahead for just a minute, Lawson Hamblin later contended that the reason that I got Armina and he didn't was because I had a Model T and he didn't have one. Well, I don't know about that but anyway I got Armina.

My brother, Lynn, and I were very close all of our lives, even after we were grown and married we seemed to go places together. We had a lot of fun hunting, taking trips and just visiting together. He was so witty and such a real thinker. It was a real treat to just be with Lynn and hear him describe things and tell about things.

Going back to my school years, I recall that my closest friend during school was my cousin, Herman Whiting. He was a son of Uncle Charles and Aunt Verona Whiting and was born in old Mexico. He was an outstanding boy and we stuck together. We'd defend each other in fights and whatever came along. We'd go to the dances and parties together. We also liked to be together in the plays and operettas.

We often dated together and even worked together during the summer. We hauled lumber with teams of horses from the old homestead country down to St. Johns and we'd move the cattle up to the mountains in the spring and back down to St. Johns in the fall. Herman, I think, had one of the sweetest dispositions I've ever known. I think that my whole life was influenced by my close friendship with him. Our paths separated and he went to Tucson to college and was working in the mines in Globe one summer when he was accidentally killed.

Well, I finally got my diploma from the old St. Johns Stake Academy by collecting past due bills that others owed to the Academy.

You see, there were only five possible graduates and if they didn't give me a diploma, there would only be four. Well, enough said.

I V
UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

The following year we went to Salt Lake City and I entered the University of Utah and Aunt Minnie entered a business school. I was lost from the very start. I had neither the foundation, the ability, the spirit, the energy or the determination, so I want to confess right here and now, I fizzled out and left in the spring quarter. One of my professors told me that I had better go home and work on the farm.

The winter we spent in Salt Lake was not a total loss however. It was a happy winter up there with Mother and Father, who came up later, and Frank and Martha, who were there. We had a good time, visiting with Uncle John Whiting and his family up at Heber. (It was called Charleston then.) We put on a family play up there for the ward benefit and we had a lot of fun.

It was putting on that play that helped Frank Whiting get started in dramatics and of course, we all know of his grand success since then. We went back to the University of Minnesota, where he was head of the Dramatic Department and they just named a \$7,000,000 dollar building after him. He is now retired and back in Salt Lake. He is a great fellow and has a wonderful family.

One thing I did when I was going to school that was a real mistake was when I wanted one of those army shirts so badly that I accidentally got an ROTC army shirt mixed up with my things and brought it back to St. Johns with me. They made me send it back.

In the spring of 1923 while returning home, we stopped and visited Uncle Arthur Whiting and his family in Monroe. Neither Minnie nor I had ever met them before so we had a lot of fun getting to know them. Uncle Arthur had a real sense of humor; he reminded me a lot of Uncle Lynn.

ST. JOHNS, BEFORE MY MISSION

Upon returning home, I started working for my brother, Eddie in the old Ford Garage this time. He had repossessed the garage from someone and didn't have anyone to work there so he put me out there. Uncle Eddie was a great teacher, and even though I had previously delivered groceries from the store in the evenings, this was a real job, with responsibility. This wasn't like my school days. I liked to work, my heart was in it and I really gave it all I had. This was the year that Armina and I started going together. She had a boyfriend, but as I said before, I had a Model T and so I won out. I used to love the dances in St. Johns, especially because there was no radio or good recorded music of any kind. It was a real treat to the young and old alike to listen to the dance bands of those days. Sometimes the dances lasted all night. Many of the old folks would stay near the old wood stove to keep warm until sunup. Of course, the

old, silent movie had come along by then and we enjoyed the weekly movies even though there was no sound.

Now and then there would be a stage play or school operetta. My father was noted for his stage plays. He presented them and his name at the bottom of the handbill would always insure a good crowd. He put on such plays as 'Oliver Twist,' it's now called Oliver in the musical, and such other plays as 'Bound by an Oath,' 'East Lynn,' and so on.

After dad grew older, other members of the family continued the plays. Ralph, Elda, and I tried a hand at putting on a few. I even put on one play up in Canada when I was on my mission in Winnipeg, which they seemed to like very much.

Later on in Holbrook, Ralph, May and I presented some plays which seemed to go over quite well. Later on, with Missoura Smithson and Beth Despain, we presented plays in MIA and took them up to Snowflake, Lakeside and St. Johns.

We had a lot of fun and they seemed to always be enjoyed. I also took part in the operas, which were usually directed by Alfred and Pauline Anderson. Armina was also in the operas. I had the leading role in 'Makado' and 'Pinafore.' This was a thrill to me and it was a great influence in my life. I always enjoyed singing and taking part in musical events whether it was on my mission or after I came home.



ARTHUR IN A WHITING PRODUCTION



ARMINA GIBBONS AS A YOUNG LADY

Armina took part in our great family play, 'The Two Orphans.' We traveled all around the state performing and played in Phoenix at the Elks Theatre, owned by Harry Nace, Sr. Years later, Harry Nace continued to compliment us on our earlier performances. We traveled to Holbrook, Snowflake, Springerville, Flagstaff, Miami, Phoenix and Mesa with our play and it was well received. We were very proud of it and received a lot of favorable comments about our performance.

Well, though we were only 19 and 17, Armina Gibbons, who was born in St. Johns, Arizona on February 6, 1906, and I insisted on getting married. The family said okay to our getting married but only if I went on a mission. So we were married on October 15, 1923 in St. Johns, Arizona and off I went to Canada. I am sure it was more difficult for Armina than it was for me. I was busy and she had to just put in the time for two years.

MY MISSION

My mission was the turning point in my life. I grew up and learned about people and how to get along with them. I gained a testimony and many other things that most fellows learn in college. I went out to

Toronto first and then was sent to Port Arthur, then Winnipeg and on to Minnesota.

I learned to enjoy the work, especially speaking. I even like street meetings. Of course, like all missionaries, I made many dear friends, both missionaries and saints. I have kept in touch with the folks up in Burgland, which was part of my mission. I have helped some of them come down to Arizona and find jobs. They have worked with us in our Service Stations and I've written many, many letters and kept in real close touch with them all through the years.

In the summer of 1961, one of the girls from up there married in St. Johns. She married Leonard Rencher from St. Johns and asked if I would come to St. Johns and take the place of her father. At the reception, I stood in and it seemed as if she were my very own. Her name is Evelyn Olsen, now Evelyn Rencher and at the present time, she and her husband have moved back to Canada. He is now the Branch President and they are performing a wonderful work there. Her father had been Branch President for 47 years, up until the time Leonard was put in as Branch President about 7 years ago.

I served under two mission presidents in the mission field. The first one was Joseph Quinny, Jr. in the Canadian mission with headquarters in Toronto and then I spent the rest of my mission under John G. Allred. He was a great president with the mission headquarters in Minneapolis.

My companion for over half of my mission was Alvin D. Wilson. We were stationed in Port Arthur together. It's now called Thunder Bay. We were there for fourteen months. The Mission President would come by about every three months and hold conference with our little group.

From Port Arthur, Elder Wilson and I traveled without purse or script, to Burgland. It was just a name, not even a post office. But we found two brothers there who had been baptized in Sweden some thirty years before and had moved to settle in Burgland County because the Canadian government offered them free land if they would come and settle the land and farm it.

We baptized their children and started a branch. They now have a chapel in Burgland. This is the dearest part of my mission. From this one little branch has grown about five branches. They are building chapels and President Tanner of the First Presidency told them that they could expect to have a stake in that area before long. I go back there regularly every summer and we have a grand reunion and festival.

Several years ago I missed going one summer on account of my arthritis. However, I received a letter that they had a barbeque up there. President Rencher prepared the barbeque, which those folks had never tasted before the mission president was there and they had a great time. I don't want to miss another year and those wonderful reunions in Burgland.

Later, I was transferred to Winnipeg, Manatoba. This is a large, beautiful city. There was a branch of the church and about 12 missionaries working there. I lived in the basement of the chapel with

the Branch President until he was released, then I was put in as President.

I liked Winnipeg very much and there were wonderful people there. I had only been there about four months when all of the missionaries were called into Minneapolis. Rudger Clawson organized a new mission with headquarters in Minneapolis called the North Central States Mission.

John G. Allred was set apart as the president of the new mission. He was a very inspiring man. He reminded me a lot of Melvin J. Ballard. He was one of the most gifted speakers I have ever heard in the church.

I was called to become the new secretary of the mission and as is the custom, lived in the mission home. Later one, one of the new missionaries, Elder Dixon, was called to be assistant secretary. He was a wonderful young fellow, and I wished many times that I could get in touch with him. He worked for Bell Telephone when he went into the mission field but I don't know how to reach him.

Due to the fact that most of the missionaries in our mission were new in the field, President Allred asked me to be mission secretary and president of the conference. They call them districts now, but in those days they were called conferences. I served in this capacity until the time of my release in January, 1926 when I returned home.

Eddie and Ethyl brought Armina to Holbrook to meet me when I arrived home. It was good to be home and good to see Armina again but things were surely different than in the mission field.

I feel a real close relationship to my folks up in Bergland, Canada. In recent years, Betty and I have returned to Bergland for a reunion each year. These people are as dear to me as my own children.

I have taken many of my family with me, Earnest and Zina, Milton and his family, Annette and Merl and their children, Gary and Sonny and Aunt Elda. One year, Harold and Nita went back with us to a reunion, as Harold had been on a mission up there also. Gary and Uncle Earnest have gone with me three times so I feel like my family has caught the spirit of Bergland and I am very happy because those people do love our family.

We bought a farm of about two hundred acres up there which we still own. We let the folks up there make use of it. The church is growing in Bergland and more branches are being formed all the time.

They come from far and near to the big reunion on the lake at Bergland. Lake In The Woods is 80 miles long and 30 miles wide.

EARLY MARRIED YEARS

Armina and I settled in two rooms of my folks home and I went to work again in the garage for E.I. Irene was born November 6, 1926 in our front room. Sister Jarvis was the midwife and no doctor was present. She grew to be a beautiful baby in a short time. Not long thereafter, we bought Earnest's home in St. Johns. It was a nice home and we moved into it in 1927.

I was selling new and used cars and covered most of the Apache and Navajo counties in my travels. July 3, 1928, Milton was born at our new home, and Dr. Bolden attended Armina at his birth. About this time I put a bathtub and toilet in our home, which we never had before. We enjoyed them very much.

I remember how Irene used to go out to milk the cows with me when she was about two. She would stand by me and act very interested as I milked the old cow. Milton began to show his spunk and temper from the time he was a year old. He would fight at the drop of a hat and was quite a little rascal.

I was away from home most of the week in Navajo County. Our business grew in Holbrook until finally we reluctantly moved to Holbrook in 1931. I told Armina it would not be permanent, just temporary and now here it is, 1980. We are still in Holbrook temporarily.

We did return to St. Johns each week for a long time, to visit the folks, both mine and Armina's. It seemed like we just couldn't give up St. Johns and consider Holbrook as home but as time went on, we did become active in church work and began to make so many friends that we gradually quit running to St. Johns so much.

We would have summer picnics and ball games with the folks at St. Johns which was quite an event. There were contests and Uncle Eddie would usually roast a hog. We had lots of fun in those years when we were not too busy to do such things. Earnest had moved to Holbrook in 1927. Our business grew and finally Ralph moved to Holbrook. About this time, he married his third wife, Nellie, who was the daughter of Don Priestly, Min's husband. In about 1938, Jack Sanders came to work for us and we started in the independent gasoline business. Jack and I pioneered the thing.

My father passed away on August 18, 1934, and it was a great loss to me. I had always admired and loved him so much and depended upon him. Since I was his last child, he, I think, extended me an extra amount of love and attention.

It's a great comfort to me now as I recall how Armina and I used to always take Dad and Mother with us when we went places such as Phoenix or Los Angeles. Milton and Irene seemed to enjoy them so much. Dad was a great story teller and it's just the sweetest memory, all those trips and associations we had with Dad and Mother as we traveled around the country.

CHURCH WORK

After I returned from my mission in January of 1926, I was first called to serve as superintendent of the MIA in St. Johns. I served in that position only a few months and then I was called to be a counselor to Bishop Albert F. Anderson.

After we moved to Holbrook in 1931, I served as Assistant Sunday School Superintendent and then in 1935, I was called as a counselor to Bishop Wallace Ellsworth of the Holbrook Ward. When the ward was reorganized, I was retained in the Bishopric as a counselor to Bishop B. F. Sanders.

I remained in that position until shortly after Armina passed away in July of 1946. Shortly thereafter I served as assistant Sunday School superintendent and then as superintendent.

I also worked in the MIA as drama director and enjoyed helping with many fine plays, which we usually took to St. Johns, Snowflake, Lakeside and other nearby wards. I appreciated the cooperation Harvey and Missouri Smithson, Faye Harris, Beth Despain and all the others who helped on those plays, which we enjoyed so much.

I served in three Bishoprics as counselor and also served as Stake Superintendent for the Snowflake Stake Sunday School.

I was called by President Jesse Smith to be a High Councilor and when he moved to Phoenix and President High Hendrickson was called to be Stake President, he called me to be his First Counselor.

When the new Holbrook Stake was formed, I was called to be High Councilor in Holbrook and I remained in that position until April, 1980.

I was asked to take over the Special Interest program, which I have done since our stake was organized. It has been a real challenge but it has been most rewarding because I can feel an appreciation and love from the dear sisters who are so lonely and discouraged. Sometimes I feel like it has been one of my most rewarding ventures in life.

Perhaps the richest part of my life has been my association with folks in sorrow and grief. It has been my privilege to speak and sing at a great many funeral services. I think nearly half have been members of other churches or no church at all.

Many dear friends have come into my life through these rich experiences. I recall several families where I have talked at as many as three funerals in one family. And one very dear lady left a letter to her children requesting that I speak at her services; I still have that letter.

In the civic field, I have been a member of Rotary and Lions and was Mayor of Holbrook for three terms.



ANNA MARIA ISAACSON WHITING AND
ARTHUR



ARTHUR AS A YOUNG MAN

THE WHITING BROTHERS IN BUSINESS

In about 1935, when Ralph moved to Holbrook, we reorganized our business on a more equitable basis for all of us, and really began working and planning together. Our first out-of-town venture was a garage and motel in Winslow with Chet Lewis as a partner.

We also purchased the Motor Supply Company building at a bank sale and established the Dodge-Plymouth agency there. We were already operating the Ford Agency in a building we had purchased from Jay Patterson and others. It is presently the Ford Garage. We worked hard and our businesses did well although we felt the 1931-35 depression like everyone else.

I learned the automobile business from the representatives of the finance companies, Ford Motor Company and Dodge Motors. Some of these men were very considerate and I will always remember and be grateful for their help, patience and suggestions. I have sweet memories of the companionships I had with the people I worked with in my first labors.

While I was in High School, I got my first job working for Eddie's old store up in St. Johns. Eva Overson, one of the sweetest souls that ever graced the earth, worked there also. When I was 17, I worked in the old St. Johns garage with Paul Straddling and Lloyd Grimes, the father of Peggy Shreves of Holbrook. They were both much older than I and now as I look back, I can see how they helped me to get along with my work. When I began to travel around selling cars, I had two fellows who were characters but who gave their all for the good of the company. One was Juan Saiz, a Mexican man from Poncho, and the other was Joe Adams from Lakeside. They were real loyal friends, although they were freakish in a sort of way.

Not long thereafter, we ventured in the trucking business from the West coast with my brother, Lynn. The Ford trucks we were using were small and not suited for this type of work, but we were fairly successful anyway. We bought a lot in Los Angeles, where we built a Service Station, a small warehouse and an office for our operations on that end. Everything went fairly well until the union moved in and shot out our windows and threatened our drivers.

Ralph wanted us to ride our trucks with deer rifles, but after thinking it over, we sold our rights and franchises for a small part of what they were really worth and quit the trucking business. Lynn moved back to St. Johns and bought the old mill up by Greens Peak from E.I. He was doing pretty well until his oldest son, Harvey, passed away. This seemed to break his heart and it was only a short time after that when he passed away himself.

I'd always dreamed of a chain of service stations along these western highways and it was in about 1937 when I obtained a wholesale bulk plant of the Union Oil Company in Holbrook. I worked hard to expand their service station setup but I was working on such a small commission and their policies were so restricting that I was not very successful.

It was about this same time that they discovered oil in southern New Mexico. A small independent refinery was built at Artesia. The prices were much lower than the major oil companies and I noticed that the independent stations were springing up around New Mexico and in eastern Arizona.

A fellow up at Springerville had established himself in the Service Station business and we decided to purchase his rights in order to get connections to purchase gasoline in southern New Mexico.

Well, from that start, we expanded our stations, first along Route 66 to Kingman, then into New Mexico, and finally into California. We had some interesting experiences at first. Things were cheap then and one of our first purchases was a small station on 24 acres of land east of Flagstaff. It had a well on it and we purchased the whole thing for \$800 plus a deposit on a new Dodge.

About that same time, we paid Chester Lewis \$3500 for his three stations in Kingman because he couldn't get any gasoline. Earnest and a small crew built some other small stations along the way to Kingman, in Seligman and Ashfork. This was necessary as we had very little capital in those days.

We again indulged in trucking, but not for hire. We have always hauled our own gasoline from the refineries to our stations. Some came from California and some from New Mexico. We first used small trucks and trailers, hauling as little as 2400 gallons. Now our large diesel tankers haul 9,000 gallons. We were happy and doing well with our stations when the Second World War broke out.

Rationing of gas and tires soon reduced the travel to a trickle and it seemed to us that folks wanted the most expensive gas and not the cheapest, so we became very discouraged. We even offered, at one time, to lease all of our stations to the Pathfinder Oil Company for \$500 per month. Well, they declined and it was the best thing that could have happened to us because overnight the war ended, rationing ceased and there was almost a boom in the independent gasoline business.

We did look around for something that would give us an income during the world war and it seemed that lumber was one commodity that was required in the war effort. To speed up the lumber supply, the government offered new Timber Sales. Two such sales were offered out south of Winslow and we decided to bid on one. By only a few pennies, we were successful bidder and we started at once to build three small mills.

We worked hard, and though machinery was scarce, we finally found enough to get three mills together and going. The lumber business required a large investment to store the lumber, and we needed more money for equipment to operate, so when a mill man by the name of Tom Gallegar, offered to buy our mills at a nice profit to us, we sold out.

This may have been a mistake. The smell of sawdust had penetrated our hearts, so we bought out the Peterson mill at Pinedale and went back into the business. Two men from Albuquerque set up the planer and yard in Holbrook and purchased all of our lumber output.

Then our minds wandered to the Kaibab Forest north of the Grand Canyon. We remembered how Dad had always looked at this timber as he drove through, going from Utah to Arizona in the early days. Well, that looked like a good opportunity so we made several trips to Fredonia to look over two of the three small mills that were cutting timber from the Kaibab. We finally bought the largest one from the Cutler brothers for \$50,000.

The other mill was in Kanab and we later acquired their timber rights. This left just one real small mill cutting from the north Kaibab. It was owned by the Reorganized Church from Short Creek and we later purchased their mill and timber rights because we wanted the exclusive timber cutting rights in the Kaibab.

We also continued to operate the Peterson mill in Pinedale and another mill nearby. We got our timber from the Apache Indian reservation. We brought this lumber into Holbrook where we purchased the planing mill that the men from Albuquerque, Mr. Sine and Mr. Curney, had installed. We planed the lumber ourselves and sold it to these same men and to others.

This resulted in two selling yards, one at Fredonia and one at Holbrook. Not long thereafter, Babbitt Brothers offered us their sawmill and planing mill at Flagstaff for \$140,000. We decided to buy it and this added another unit to our lumber operations. The lumber market was good most of the time and we made money on all of our operations for the next few years.

In 1953, we bought Ralph's interest in the lumber industry and shortly thereafter, we divided up the Service Stations and other properties, giving him his full portion. Ralph took the pastures near the homestead. This left Earnest, Eddie and I with our families in the business. I believe it was in 1956 that we purchased a planing mill and drying yard in Denver, Colorado from the Georgia Pacific Plywood Company.

The following year we divided the Service Stations and other properties with Uncle Eddie, giving him his portion. He was already heavily in the lumber business.

At about this time, Earnest, Jay, Milton, Lee Kutch, Orvil Bushman and I started a chain of Service Stations in Utah, Nevada and California.

It was also about this time that we leased the lumber operations in Flagstaff to Milton, Jay and Lee Kutch. They continued this arrangement until 1958 when they purchased the Owens mill in Payson, Arizona. This included a store, lumber yard and planing mill. Earnest and I settled in Holbrook and ventured into the

stations and motels.

In 1960, Earnest and I bought Lee Kutch's interest in the mills and together with Jay, Milton and Doyle Randall, we purchased his stock in the Service Stations. In 1961, we consolidated all of the lumber operations into one corporation with the exception of the Colorado mills.

By this time Milton and Jay had increased their holding to a point where they owned over 50%. I might add that over the years we have replaced all of the small circle type sawmills with modern band mills. We have purchased modern dry kilns, new modern planers, resaws, steel buildings, large heavy equipment, diesel trucks and logging equipment and one or two airplanes.

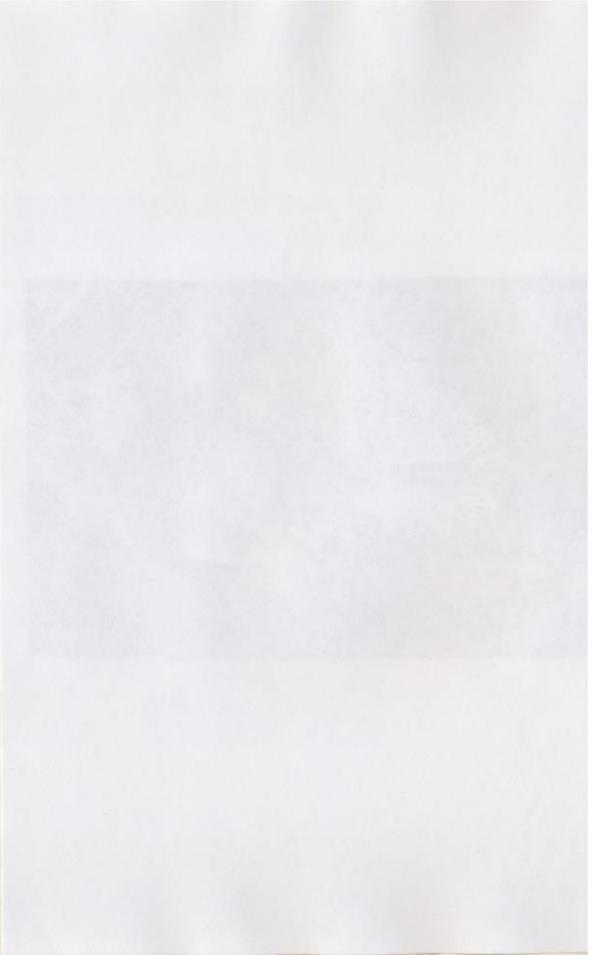
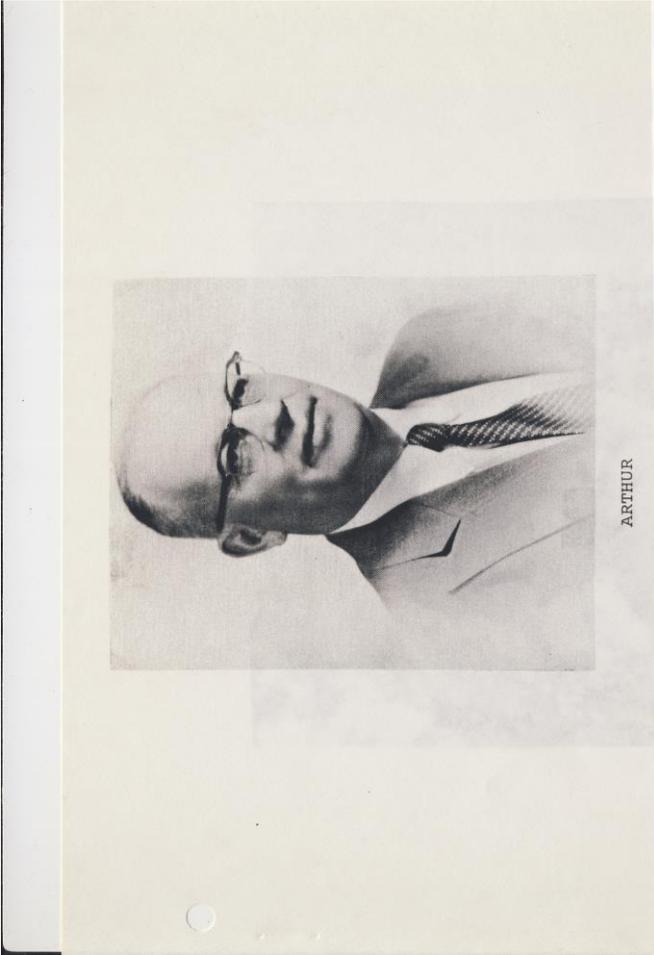
I would estimate that our lumber equipment inventory grew from the original small investment to well over \$2,000,000 dollars in the space of 12 years. Our inventories of logs and lumber amounted to perhaps \$50,000 in the early years and now we carry as much as \$2,000,000 in inventory at our plants and wholesale yards throughout Arizona, Texas, Utah and California.

It has not always been clear sailing though. The market has been bad at times and sometimes it has been difficult just keeping things going.

Harold Bushman, Austin Simper and Earnest's family and Merle Farr, Norman and Gary have been active in the Holbrook operations. We have had many other good people who have worked with us in Holbrook. I don't know how anyone could have any more loyal and true friends and employees than Ray Alley, Sr., Leonard Lepper, Cy Thompson, Reed Larson, Harvey Smithson and Gerald Hatch, along with many others more recently. And now I am overcome as I try to think of them all.

Over the years, we extended from Barstow, California to Shamrock, Texas and the business has consistently prospered even though gasoline has been a problem during some of the past years. We have some good land around Holbrook with pumping wells and farming.

We run about 120 cows and keep most of them in the mountains on the Boy Scout ranch in the summer and around Holbrook in the winter. I feel like there has been a good relationship among Earnest's children and mine. And I know that Earnest and I have been very close through the years. He's now 89 and has moved to Mesa because of Zina's health and I'm sure I will miss him very much if he needs to remain down there most of the time.



Z



ARMINA IN LATER YEARS



ARTHUR ON WHITING ROW IN
HOLBROOK



IRENE, GRANDMA WHITING, ARMINA, ARTHUR GRANDPA WHITING AND
MILTON AT HOUSE ROCK

PERSONAL LIFE

I should go back now to my own personal life and that of my family. I have lived in Holbrook since we moved here in 1931. In fact, we lived for 25 years in the same home, though we have added some rooms and made some alterations which have made it more comfortable and convenient.

Milton and Irene were growing up and making us very proud of them through their accomplishments in school and church. Milton, at a very early age showed his skill in business management. He operated an old fashioned pop box at the Ford garage and never lost a nickel or a bottle. Many a person tried to get off with a drink but Milton was always somewhere around and caught the rascal. Somehow he was always right there.

He also operated some one-cent peanut and candy vending machines on which he made a profit. He was also artful at getting his wood cut, his cow milked and other chores done by true boyfriends whom he rewarded with council and advice.

He started his athletic career in the 7th grade and enjoyed a career in basketball and football until he graduated from High School. His mother and I attended most of his games until her last sickness which kept her away from most of the games his senior year.

Irene was an outstanding student and well-liked by everyone. She was always considerate and thoughtful of other races and there were many Mexicans and colored students who were fond of her for her friendly personality.

In fact, she was elected student body president and I understand she was the only girl who has ever been elected student body president of the Holbrook High School. She was also an outstanding student.

In her senior year she was valedictorian, and she won the Whiting scholarship award. She had also previously won the American Legion Award when she graduated from the eighth grade.

Annette came along on October 11, 1936 and this was indeed a happy event in our family. No baby was ever more wanted or welcome. She was a real darling as a child and brought us no end of fun and entertainment.

We had waited so long for her to come along that it was a great occasion when she arrived in our home. I guess we spoiled her but no one seemed to mind and it never seemed to make her less loved by the family and by all of our friends.

After we had our first three children, Irene, Milton and little Annette, the years went by and although we hoped and prayed, it seemed that there were no more babies to come into our family. So we began to look for a baby that we could adopt. All the family, especially Uncle Frank Brown, knew how anxious we were.

One morning he called on the phone and said, "I have a baby boy for you." Well, our home was all excited and Armina rushed to Salt Lake where she stayed a day or two with Aunt Martha and then brought the baby back home. The whole family fell in love with this little darling right from the start and we named him David Bruce. He was born on August 11, 1941 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

He was a loving little soul and we were really crazy about him. However, we knew that he would be badly spoiled if we tried to raise him all alone, so we called Uncle Frank and asked him to see if he could help us find another baby. Well, when David was 2-1/2 years old, Uncle Frank called again and said, "I have another boy for you." Again Armina rushed to Salt Lake and came home with another beautiful baby, who we named Norman Craig. He was born on September 6, 1944 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

He was a smiling, happy baby, even happier, I believe, than David was. No one could doubt our rich blessings and the answers to our prayers. We had two little boys to make our life complete. Everything was just wonderful, but as I have since learned, the Lord never intended that all our days should be filled with sunshine and happiness, for He knows that people must go through heartache and sorrow so they can learn to fully love and understand.

We must learn these lessons as we go through life and learn to accept them. Perhaps it was the right time for our family to feel this pain and sorrow, because our precious little David was stricken with deadly leukemia. This word filled our hearts with sorrow and despair. We rushed to Salt Lake, where the doctors confirmed his ailment.

We remained there and he steadily grew worse until finally he wanted to come home. We returned home three days before Christmas. David passed away in his mother's arms on December 26, 1944 and I'll always remember Milton picking up his little brother and carrying him to the back room where he laid him on the bed.

Aunt Nell, Aunt Genevieve and all the family came to see us. They shared with us in this sorrow, but we felt that what would be, would be. After David passed away, we began to hope and pray again that possibly we might still get another little boy. Finally, one morning, Uncle Frank called again and said, "I have another beautiful baby boy for you."

So Armina rushed to Salt Lake and she had only been gone a few days when she returned with a beautiful, red headed baby boy who we named Gary Lynn. He was born January 9, 1946 in Salt Lake City, Utah. We began to see the wisdom of providence and to understand why these things happen. It was just a few days after Armina came back with Gary Lynn that she was stricken herself with terrible backaches and we took her to McNary to Dr. Disterhef.

She grew worse until she was unable even to walk. It's still a very vivid picture in my mind when we carried her out to the car. I remember Betty standing by the car and Armina putting her arms

around her and saying, "Will you promise to take care of my babies until I come home?" Earnest volunteered to help me drive to Los Angeles where we could get special medical help.

Well, of course, none of us knew then that she would only return in a casket. She passed away in Los Angeles on July 27, 1946, after a lingering illness of about three months. It was a sad occasion for our family and extremely hard to understand.

Armina's ailment was Hodgskins disease which I had never heard of before that time, but which is perhaps as fatal as leukemia. I'll always appreciate how the family came to California to offer comfort and help and how Armina's family and Betty and Leonard Lepper stayed home and took care of the children until we returned and the funeral was all over.

Irene married Farrel Walter Lewis on June 24, 1946 while Armina was in the hospital.

Armina's funeral is one which I am sure I will remember all my life. Addison Ritchey, a school companion, with a beautiful voice, who had a rather promising professional career singing, had promised Armina that he would sing "Face-to-Face" at her funeral. She little realized when he made this commitment that she would really need him to fulfill his obligation so soon. But he came all the way from Salt Lake and sang this beautiful number. The speakers were wonderful. I have a complete detail of the funeral in my safe deposit box.

With Armina's illness and death it seemed like I'd been away from the business for a long time. Well, I went back to the office to try to start doing my part and to help with the business again. Things were going quite well in the lumber business and also the Service Stations.

It was about this time that Ralph's family and mine decided to visit the old homestead. We took some horses up and camped in a couple of tents we had improvised. We enjoyed riding and visiting in general around the mountains. I've already related in my story how we started the cabins. I got Ed Benner to go up and build a cabin for me, one for Earnest and one for Ralph. They are still up there and have served us quite well. Since then we have added onto them. Other cabins also have been built by some of the family, Uncle Eddie's family, Uncle Albert's family and some of the children.

We decided, about this time, to make the homestead a permanent thing for the good of the family. We formed a corporation, under Arizona law, with the four families, Eddie's, Earnest's, Ralph's and mine owning all of the stock since we had already owned the homestead. Later Ralph sold his 1/4 interest to Aunt Elda and her children when he moved to Grand Junction, Colorado.

He also sold all of his other properties in Arizona. He had owned most of the land around the homestead. He sold some of it to the Boy Scouts in Phoenix and they still operate it under the name of The Whiting Boy Scout Reservation.

About five years after Armina's death, Leonard grew restless, since it wasn't very ideal for all of us to live together in our home in Holbrook. He took Betty and moved to Phoenix but I think her love for the children was so strong that she finally told Leonard that she would have to go back to Holbrook to take care of the children.

She came back and later on they had an agreeable separation. I'm happy to say that Betty and Leonard and Armina's family have all remained friends. Leonard and his present wife visit up here and we are real happy that we have this friendly relationship.

Betty and I were married on August 1, 1956 by President Jesse N. Smith. This was the start of a wonderful part of my life because Betty has spent her life doing for other people and I guess, most of all, for me.

I'd like to recall some of the happy occasions and the relationships with my family. As I look back now, I can see that our family has been rich all the time, in spite of economic setback, because we have had each other and because every member of our family has been someone special.

Of course, words cannot describe my mother and father. Without reservation, they were the greatest. There was nothing they wouldn't do for the good of their children and grandchildren. A typical example of what I mean was when, as a struggling young couple, not too long after they were married and came back from Utah with a large family and in poor financial circumstances, dad was offered the great Long H ranch on very easy terms because the owner, Mr. Howell, had taken very much of a liking to dad. Well, mother and dad talked it over and in spite of the temptation to obtain quick and easy wealth, they turned it down because they were afraid some of their boys might learn to smoke and drink as cowboys often do.

Years later, when the 18th amendment was repealed, there was a rush to grab licenses, agencies and dealerships to sell liquor to make easy money but again Dad counseled his sons, "You'd better not mess in this whiskey business. If you lose one child to drink, you'll pay a very dear price for any amount of money you might make."

But Dad never pinched pennies when it came to things which would bring happiness or good to his family. In the early days of our family, times were very hard and money was scarce, but if something special came along, Dad and Mother seemed to dig up enough to take the family and go. Before the days when picture shows came to existence, the circus was the thing, and our family will long remember how Dad would drop everything and take us to the circus. He would also stop everything to take the family and go fishing now and then.

The standards in our home were the highest. We were taught to sustain the church authorities and to trust the Lord in all things. I remember on one occasion, my father suffered a great loss in property and property rights upon the counsel and insistence of the stake authorities. Some of his sons were unhappy and rebellious and

complained that the church was to blame; but Mother and Dad chided the boys and told them that no matter how it may appear, they were to follow the counsel of those in authority and trust in the Lord. Well, it seemed strange but the way it worked out, it was all for the best of our family.

As years went by, my folks were blessed and they prospered and we were all better off because of the course they had chosen.

The family grew up as a close group and even after we were all married, we continued to be close in every way, even in business associations. This spirit of love and loyalty has continued and expanded into the children and grandchildren down to the present time.

We have felt that some of the spirit which prompted this trait in the family was because Mother and Father shared in the old 'United Order' at Brigham City when, of course, the Saints all shared in everything. In the United Order, the whole community shared like a family and it required the utmost in unselfishness, thoughtfulness and tolerance.

Of course, father grew up in a family of 38 children, since his father had five wives. I am sure this experience also helped to make him the kindly, considerate man that he was. Our family has been noted for the enjoyment they get out of visiting and associating together. Some of the in-laws have complained that when the brothers and sisters get together, there is no room for anyone else in the party.

We were also close and shared deeply in the family sorrows, as sickness and death visited our big family. It seemed that every loss was the same to each member of the family. Father was the first member of his immediate family to pass on, then there was Lynn and May and on down. I have always been impressed by the effort that all of the family would go to, to be present in a time of sickness, or sorrow, or death.

As a family, we have always been known for our sense of humor and ability to see the funny side of things and laugh about them. We are downright noisy when we get together. While others may not appreciate our humor, we get a great kick out of it and really have a good time.

Lynn was, without a doubt, the outstanding humorist in our family. Outsiders have said he would have been one of the great comedians around, if he had ever been introduced to the movies. Someone else once said that no one knew how funny a situation really was until they heard Lynn Whiting tell about it.

The family has always been deeply moved by the sad things that have come upon them. No matter how far apart we are, it seems the whole gang comes whenever something sad or serious happens. In looking back over the years, I recall the time when our cousin, John Whiting, a fine son of Uncle Charles Whiting, who lived in old Mexico, came to Arizona to work on father's old mill near the homestead. He was badly

injured when he slipped and fell over the running saw in the old mill. Well, he slowly died of blood poisoning and I remember how we all stood by and suffered with him.

Then there was the sickness and deaths of Nora and Albert, Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha's children, and Harvey, Uncle Lynn's son, and all the others. The family was usually on hand and nearby even though there was little that could be done. I think this was not only evidence of great love and devotion but it also demonstrated a Christ like sympathy and understanding.

The love of members of our family for each other seemed to climax when we started the regular family reunions. There was not much organization when the first reunion was instigated. In fact, I can't even recall now when the seed was planted. Perhaps it was on some occasion when we had enjoyed a dinner together with some of the local families in St. Johns that someone, I don't recall who, started planning as we laughed and recalled humorous events that might be re-enacted.

The location was agreed upon first, the "Old Homestead" of Grandpa and Grandmas. Then came the plans for the housing accommodations; Ralph, Earnest, Farr, Virgil and I decided to build houses. It was a rush job and we got them done in time.

But there was the rest of the family, nearly two hundred and we finally came up with a tent project. We bought some army surplus tents, large tents, and put the family names of some of the folks from California on the front flap and they were very surprised and delighted when they drove into the old homestead and found their name on one of the tents. A pancake grill was made by Uncle Earnest, and it still stands as a monument to his genius. It was made from a large piece of army surplus steel and it has been quite a success.

Reunions have taken place about every two years since then and more houses, toilets, and other improvements have been added. In fact, under the leadership of Uncle E.I., we built an Amusement Hall and it has been added to until it actually holds about 500 if they squeeze up a bit. More buildings are in store for we have recently made space available for the family to build more homes and facilities.

One special reunion, I must mention, happened in 1957, when the Isaacson family was invited to join with us. We had a great number of the Isaacson's coming from Utah and Arizona and this was a wonderful occasion. Thorp Isaacson was there, and since the Isaacson family had never had a reunion, it was quite an event for the family.

Another milestone in reunions was in 1960 when Farr and Virgil prepared and presented an evening on their father's life. It was real good and well planned with lots of humor. Of course, by 1963 they were all gone to the other side as well as Uncle Albert Brown.

In more recent years I have been very involved in Church service as the Senior High Councilor in the Holbrook Stake and as the Stake

Special Interest Leader.

In March 1979, after much thought and discussion and upon the advice and council of John Christian, our attorney, and Bruce Whiting, we finally decided to dissolve our two corporations. We came up with a plan wherein we redeemed all of the stock of Uncle Ernest and his children by giving them hotels, stations, and cash.

At the same time, we agreed to a ten year lease on the motels and stations, thus giving Ernest's family a monthly income which they can divide up. Harold Bushman has been the active family representative and it has been a very congenial and friendly relationship up to now and I see no reason for any problems in the future.

After 53 years as a Dodge dealer, we terminated our agency after losing money all last year. The agency was owned by Ernest and I as partners and since it was never involved in either of the corporations we simply decided to quit and get out of that business.

The service station and motel future is a little hazy at the present time. We have sold some and closed some of our stations this year. However, we feel that we are in good enough condition to survive the present recession with merely a loss in profits. I remember the depression of 1930 and it doesn't look nearly as bad as that yet.

Returning to the family, I must mention that I am very proud of our two missionaries, David Farr in New Zealand and John Bentley in Japan.

We recently had a very frightening experience with Betty in January, 1980. After she had been experiencing pain in her back for some time we decided to take her to Doctor Erioui in Winslow. He dismissed the back pain but noted her stomach was very large and advised us to have some tests run. A doctor from Flagstaff made the tests and X-rays and Doctor Erioui told Betty and I that he felt that it was cancer and at the time offered us no encouragement even from an operation.

After leaving Betty in the hospital in Winslow, it was a long drive back to Holbrook where I called all of the children to tell them the bad news. As we were pondering through our tears as to what to do, the phone rang and from her hospital bed, Betty told us, in no uncertain terms, she wanted to go to Doctor Polson in Phoenix, a noted cancer specialist.

After that, things happened so fast I can't believe how every thing worked out. The very next morning Milton's plane was in Holbrook and he and Lorana, with the help of their dear Doctor Anderson, had made reservations at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix, and an appointment with Dr. Polson. That same afternoon Doctor Polson visited Betty and gave me the first sign of hope. He discounted the X-rays and tests from Winslow and told us that he didn't think we needed to give up hope.

Doctor Polson arranged for an operation and in the meantime all

of our children gathered in Phoenix. I'm sure that we will never know how many prayers were offered by so many relatives and friends in behalf of Betty. I know her name was put on the prayer rolls of at least three temples and the Catholic and Baptist Churches in Holbrook.

All of our children and part of our grandchildren gathered in Phoenix and were in the waiting room with me at St. Joseph's Hospital when they took Betty in for her operation at 5:00 p.m. At about 6:00 p.m. Doctor Polson came to the waiting room and called my name.

I have never been more frightened as I thought perhaps he had come to tell me the worst. But when he smiled and said, "I have good news for you, Mr. Whiting", I lost control and threw my arms around this great Doctor. From that day on it has been sunshine all the way. Our stay at Milton's and Lorana's was filled with happy calls and pleasant visits. Since the operation Betty has improved every day and I really think she is better than she has been in many years.

I am now past 76 and if I didn't feel so good I would retire at once. But I think I will only partly retire and spend the rest of my time trying to help my family and Uncle Ernest.

Life is so wonderful for Betty and I, we go fishing every week. We enjoy visiting and seeing family and friends. Since her operation it is almost like we have started a new life for the two of us.

(Compiled and edited by Bruce Whiting, grandson.)



ARTHUR AND BETTY'S WEDDING



DAVID BRUCE AGE 2



ARTHUR AND BETTY'S WEDDING



FAMILY PICTURE 1967

Jay Whiting is preparing another Whiting Tree to follow the last one which featured Aunt Myn Priestley. I completed what I thought should be my life story in 1976. But my precious family insists I have six more good years so if my dear grandson, Bruce, who made the first part of my story look pretty good, will help me, I'll try to add something.

During the last six years we have made regular trips to Bergland, Canada to visit the saints there. We would fly to International Falls, Minnesota then rent a car and drive 90 miles to Bergland. The saints from far and near would gather at the beautiful park by the Lake of the Woods for an afternoon of swimming, fishing, games and fun and a picnic to remember.

Then the next day we would attend church and hear many testimonies. Then a loving goodbye as we drove away to catch our plane carrying gifts of goodies, etc.

We were released last year after twelve years with the special interest program in our stakes. We have so many dear friends from our services in that program.

Last year we went to Provo to see four graduates at B.Y.U. from our Provo saints.

I just learned that there are three full time missionaries in the field from Bergland.

We have tried to keep close to Elda and Myn and we try to visit all three on the phone each weekend. We used to visit Uncle Earnest and Zina until they passed away.

The big family reunions every two years have been so good for us and we have never missed one. Then on the alternate years my family gets together and these little reunions have kept my family close and loving.

Betty has one hobby, fishing at Bill's lake, and the Reidheads who own the lake have become very dear friends.

We had a new experience this winter. We came to Mesa and we have really enjoyed all the family and many old friends like Bryant and Lucy Whiting, Lester and Louise Whiting, Harold and Nita Bushman.

I look forward to some good times as we travel around to visit dear people and friends.

I recall the advice my father used to give us, "make friends" he said. Anyone is better as a friend than as an enemy."

The Farrell & Irene Lewis Family is pleased to share memories of and tributes to our father and grandfather, Arthur C. Whiting.

Irene W. Lewis

I have many special memories as a daughter of Arthur C. and Armina Gibbons Whiting. I remember swinging on a wooden gate in front of our St. Johns home, a vague memory of watching my dad milk our cow each day, and of a special Valentine evening running to the front door and looking for Uncle Lynn and his family who had dropped valentines and ran to hide from us. I was around three years old.

When we moved to Holbrook, I was nearly five years old. The first years after we moved, we made several visits back to St. Johns to be with special, loving and happy relatives. We would spend time with our Whiting and Gibbons families. I have only memories of being hugged, fed and of sharing beds and much laughter.

I thought that everyone grew up in loving families. I guess I took it for granted that I would always be loved and accepted. And I have been. I always felt loved and cherished by both my dad and mother. After I married Farrell Lewis, I felt this same warmth and acceptance in his family. I know that our children have felt this same warmth by these same relatives.

We lived in Holbrook nearly five years before Annette was born. Mickey and I were happy to have a little baby sister. We grew up during those "depression years" but never really "knew it." I thought that everyone wore "hand-me-downs" and had very simple meals. We never went hungry but Mother had to be creative in "stretching" the food. I remember the trips that we started making to California and other places always included some of our relatives (cousins or grandparents, etc.). This was always fun and we never thought that we could go with just our own family.

Dad and Mother were always aware of and supportive of their own families as well as each others. We had cousins living with us at one time or another. Maybe that helped to fill the vacant space when no more children were born into our family. Uncle Frank Brown with Aunt Myn helped us to adopt three little boys through the years and they were each accepted and loved as our very own.

Dad and Mother had many happy years and some challenging and sad years. When little David died it was a difficult time for all of us. Our relatives gathered round and tried to help us learn to face death just as many of them had done. Two and one-half years later when Mother died, it was a real shock and difficult time for each of us.

It was hard watching Dad try to find peace and a "reason for going on." Annette was only nine years old, Norman was two and a half and Gary was just a baby. I believe that the responsibility of the three young ones at home helped Dad to "have to keep going." Mickey had just graduated from high school and I had been married one month.

I believe that it has taken some of us many years to finally reconcile and understand our grief. Dad became an extremely popular speaker at funerals and I am sure that it was because of the sensitivity and empathy that he developed because of the grief he experienced himself.

Ten years later, when Dad married Betty, I was happy for both of them. Betty helped raise Annette, Norman and Gary as well as her own daughter, Armina. We can't forget a young Navajo Indian girl. They opened their home and hearts to her. Dad and Betty have had many happy years since then. As I watch Dad as he now cares for Betty with her illness, I am so proud of his example of love and perseverance.

We started having regular family letters and reunions several years ago. These have both been special and brought us even closer together. In 1977 the Lewis Clan planned the reunion in Provo and paid tribute to our "Two Grandmothers," Mother and Betty. They were special friends and shared many of the same qualities. Our daughter, DeeAnn, composed an original song dedicated to them. The lyrics:

"Melody, touched with harmony. Two notes that sing eternally.
Loving, laughing and caring. All describe their symphony.
Firm yet tender, Gentle Notes playing strong to reach their hope.
Quiet tears yet welcomed arms, helping others to know their love.
Strength to see and warmth to feel, God's two notes in harmony."

I am proud and grateful for the values and spiritual strength that Dad, Mother and Betty have given to us. I appreciate their example of church activity. I am especially grateful for their example of service to others. I am proud of my heritage.

Farrell W. Lewis

Art is a man of many great qualities. He exemplifies kindness and consideration. His concern of others is far reaching. He seldom meets a stranger. I am grateful for the concern he has always shown us and our children. His generosity and unselfishness to us and others will long be remembered. He is a great patriarch to the family.

Lynette Peterson and Family

How lucky I am to have Arthur Whiting as my grandfather. He has taught me by precept but mostly by example to follow the Savior. His teachings came through in his hours of dedication to church service and helping strengthen so many along the way. We'll never know all the hours and funds given to those less fortunate. His unselfishness never surprises us. Grandpa was always there, supporting us at plays,

concerts, games or ward activities. We appreciate his constant love and devotion to Grandma Betty and all of our family.

Karen Priest and Family

There has been much written and said about the humorous, sensitive, articulate, loving business-minded "Mr. Whiting," "Uncle Art," "Dad," "Brother Whiting," "Art," "Arthur!" (as only Grandma Betty can say it) and "Father." The most meaningful one to me is "Grandpa!" My grandfather is the last of the living first and second generations "Grandpa Whittings" in the Edwin Marion Whiting Family.

As a little girl growing up on East Hampshire in Holbrook, many good memories were nurtured and most often they included Grandpa. I remember him taking "Little Lewis Girls" on rides to the McLaws Road Farm where we would share Grandma Betty's lunches which more often than not included her homemade chocolate cake. Grandpa would joke, tease, imitate, rhyme, laugh, and sing. We little girls have an endearing relationship with our Grandpa!

As time passes I look forward to and cherish the time I share with Grandpa. The warm, comfortable feelings are still there. He is special to many, and I'm proud to be one of his 13 granddaughters and the third of his twenty-five grandchildren and two foster grandchildren. I love you, Grandpa Whiting! Thanks for everything--especially your love and your sense of humor.

Peggy Armina Kennedy and Family

I have wonderful memories of Grandpa. I'll always remember his gathering up on the grandkids to take us for a ride around Holbrook to see "the ranch" and then to see "the farm" near Jo City. We would all sing Grandpa's nonsense songs. We loved them! (I sing them with my kids now.) Grandpa has a great love for others, and he shows this through his service and generosity.

He is a great inspiration to me. He has faced difficult challenges in his life, yet comes back, ready to face life head-on. How thankful I am for my dear Grandpa. I love and appreciate him and Grandma Betty very much.

Kris Holladay and Family

I am always impressed how childhood experiences and feelings continue to influence our lives. When I hear the name, Grandpa Whiting, floods of warmth and wonderful thoughts quickly come to mind. I am reminded of the rich experiences I have had in my youth. Grandpa and Grandma Betty give so much of themselves as well as a noble heritage and for this I will always be grateful. Thank you for your love but most of all thank you for being you.

DeeAnn Abaroa and Family

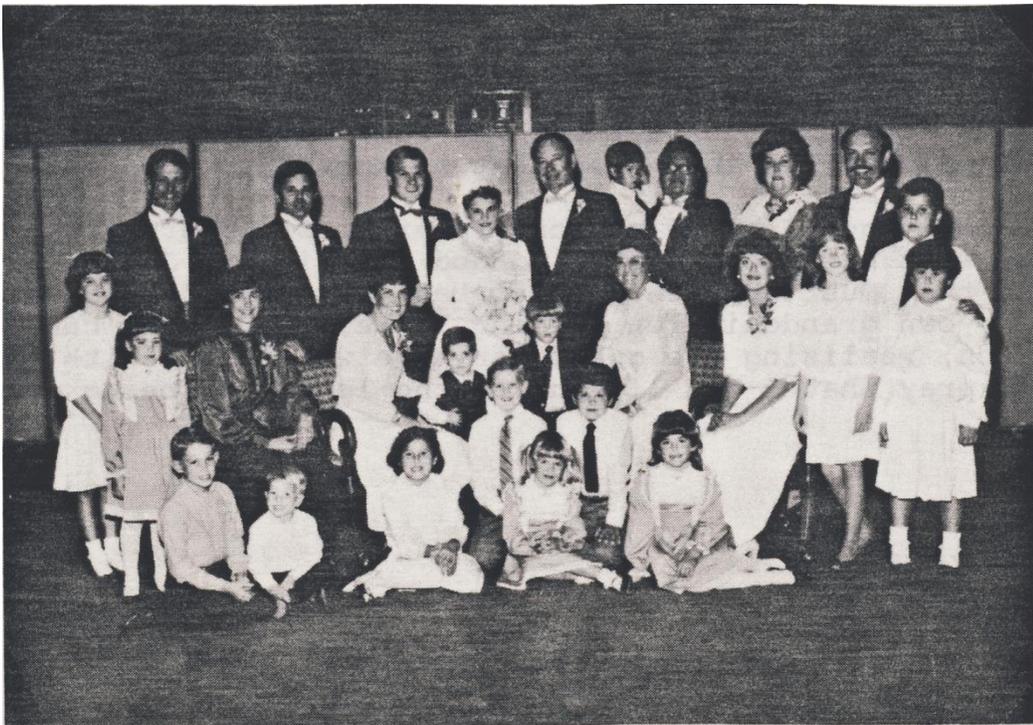
My grandpa is probably the greatest friend I have had. We were always "twins" as I was growing up because of my special privilege of being born on his birthday. Every time he would visit we would have a birthday party no matter what season of the year, but he was always kind and giving enough to invite everyone to "our" party. I am always so proud to tell who my grandfather is. Not only do people know of him- they have usually been influenced by him. Grandpa, I love you for all that you are, all that you have made of me.

Steve F. Lewis

Granddad Whiting is a humanitarian. He gives so much of himself and often times anonymously. He is a Christian and an example to all. He is my grandfather and I love him.



FARRELL AND IRENE LEWIS AND FAMILY



MILTON AND LORANA WHITING AND FAMILY

"THE LEGACY OF THE GRANDPA WHITING'S"

By A. Milton Whiting

The first Grandpa Whiting I knew was my own grandfather, Edwin Marion Whiting. Each summer I would be able to spend three or four weeks with him and Grandma Whiting in St. Johns. Those were fun-filled days that trigger deep feelings of warmth and nostalgia. Then all too suddenly one summer day, when I was still just a boy, Grandpa Whiting died. This was my first confrontation with the death of a loved one, and for many years the term Grandpa Whiting brought on deep feelings of loneliness and sadness.

For years, the name Grandpa Whiting wasn't used too much, then not too long after my mother died, I began to hear it again. Grandchildren started coming into our family and suddenly we had a new Grandpa Whiting. No longer Art, or Arthur, or Uncle Art, but Grandpa Whiting.

Dad brought a new dimension to that office and title. He brought a great awareness of people, especially for his family. He brought a sensitivity that few could ever achieve. I've seen him brag about being so frugal and tight, and then turn around without anyone knowing and reach out to those who really need a helping hand. I've seen him help the lonely, the poor, the Indian, the Mexican, literally everyone. People come to his door at all hours for help and encouragement.

And now, for several years I've watched him rise up to a challenge that many of us could never endure. Twenty four hours a day he performs the role of husband, companion, nurse, and chauffeur and though his body is somewhat bent and wobbly, his spirit and determination are without equal. He never complains, he never waivers, he just does what he knows must be done.

Not too long ago, I heard someone refer to Grandpa Whiting and my thoughts went back to those childhood days in St. Johns. Then I realized they must be referring to Dad. Then it dawned on me. It was my own grandchildren calling to me, and a knot came into my stomach, realizing the great heritage which came with that name. I pray that I can live up to the legacy of being Grandpa Whiting.

My Fondest Memories of Grandpa (Art)

Even before I was a member of the Art Whiting Family, he made me feel that he cared and he loved me.

I was working in his office in Holbrook to earn money to go to college. He could tell I was getting serious about his son. He found out I had purchased a Life Insurance Policy from Gilbert Udall, he told me to cancel my insurance policy if I wanted to marry Mickey. That was his first advise and I have respected his advice ever since.

Now, after 40 years of close association, the relationship that I have with him hasn't weakened in any way. In fact I consider it a great compliment to me that he loves to come to our home. He likes for me to ride with him, shop with him, he even lets me drive him. Yes, I love having Grandpa and Betty come and stay.

What a great example Grandpa is to all of us. The contributions and activities he has made to us, both young and old alike cannot be numbered. He is so unselfish, so giving, so caring.

He has been willing to give all that he has, knows, and is --to the service of others.

I have been privileged to learn from him and work with him. He is my friend and my inspiration.

Thanks, Grandpa for showing all of us the way to the things that matter most. I feel these words best describe Grandpa (Art)

"Do all the good you can, By all the means you can, In all the ways you can, In all the places you can, At all the times you can, To all the people you can, As long as ever you can."

Grandpa you are the greatest. I love you.

Lorana Whiting, daughter-in-law

It seems that everybody knows or has heard of Grandpa Art Whiting. What a compliment it is to this giant of a man who is known to all of us. He is always happy and concerned about all he meets. Grandpa Whiting can be proud of his family for they all are loving and kind people. He has set the example for them to follow. We love him dearly and have the greatest respect for him.

HENRY, LISA, AND FAMILY

THE STORY TELLER

Recently I was asked to tell a campfire story to the boys at our Father/Son outing. To some this might have been a difficult assignment to find just the right story and to tell it in such a way that would be exciting for the boys. But as the oldest grandson of Art Whiting all I had to do was reflect back on all the stories, poems and little funny songs that I had heard so many times from my grandpa to find plenty of material to choose from.

As I reminisced about such stories as "Brisket Leg", and "Big Claws and Little Claws", I could almost hear Grandpa's voice, as he would tell the stories. Realizing that "Ten Cent Can of Paint" was not quite appropriate for the occasion I finally decided upon "Jack the Giant Killer" as the story I would tell. That evening as I stood by the fire surrounded by 50 or 60 little boys with their eyes wide open and their little minds imagining every detail of the story as I told it, I gained a better appreciation for why my grandfather so enjoys telling stories.

Even though these boys are all used to highly sophisticated electronic gadgetry and thrilling movies and television shows, there is something special about a story told around the campfire, where your mind and imagination fill in the details. My grandfather gave me and my cousins, and many other young people, this type of exciting experience as he told us stories and now I have found myself doing the same for another generation.

After the campfire, one young boy asked me, "Was that really a true story?" and his father complimented me on my story telling ability. I told them that I simply did what I've seen my grandfather do many, many times. In life we do those things that we see our parents and grandparents do. Christ himself did what His father had done before Him. In my life many of the good things that I have done and the strengths that I have are because I have seen my grandfather do them. And so it is to him that I pay tribute for not just showing me how to be a good story teller but in showing me how to be a good person and a good father.

Bruce Whiting

When I think of Grandpa Whiting, my mind goes back to the times when I was a little younger. He and Betty would come to our home to stay while Grandpa had his bank meetings. I remember waking up to the smell of hot cakes and eggs cooking in the kitchen. Right away I knew that Grandpa was at work cooking breakfast for me—and the rest of the family too, I guess.

More recently, my wife's first experiences with Grandpa come to mind. At B.Y.U., Robyn had a folklore class. I knew that Grandpa was a

famous storyteller and that he had once made a tape of some of his stories. Well, I got a hold of one of the tapes and Robyn used it as a resource for some good folk tales. We both have a special love for Grandpa as does everyone who knows him.

Barry Whiting

Recollections of my grandfather, Arthur C. Whiting, start at a very young age. Despite my family living in Flagstaff, I made several trips a year to Grandpa's home in Holbrook for holidays and during summer vacations. This exposure to Grandpa, which has continued into my adult life, has shown me what a special man he is.

Of all the fine attributes he possesses, and applies in his personal and professional life, his generosity and consideration stand out to me.

Grandpa was always willing to take time from a busy schedule to tell a grandchild a story, or drive them to the ranch to see the horses and cattle.

He sends a birthday card and present, without fail, to every adult and child in his family. This simple act exemplifies the depth of his caring to me.

I love and respect him for these reasons and many others. I am proud to be part of his family.

Gordon Whiting

Grandpa Whiting
By Janis Hall

I'm glad that I don't have to choose which of Grandpa Whiting's character traits I love the most.

He is incredibly generous, loving and compassionate. He's spiritual and sensitive and I truly adore his sense of humor.

From my earliest recollections, Grandpa has captivated everyone around with his story telling. He's a master at knowing what interests people and how to relate to them.

I feel so privileged to have him as my grandpa.

DEEP SEA FISHING IN MEXICO 1968



WE HONOR DAD AND THINK OF HIM ESPECIALLY

....when we hear the songs

Solo - "That Old Gang of Mine"

Duet - "Hawaiian Wedding Song"

Quartet - "Peg O My Heart"

"Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie"

....when we eat - hot cakes and bacon
- biscuits and gravy
- a big pot of beans
- Philippes
- at Burger King

....when we recall a trip to

- California
- Canada
- Yellowstone
- Denver
- Hawaii

....when we hear of the plays

- Box and Cox
- Oliver Twist
- and many M. I. A. productions

MR. WOOLWORTH

Now Mr. Woolworth I gotta complaint.
About one ten cent can o' paint
My wife she buy from you damn store
And now by Gosh I'm good and sore.

You see, last week the Spring she come
And everything she's on the bum.
The floor, the walls, the windows too
There's dirt like hell, sac re mon due.

Now my wife she's clean and neat
So she buy paint for toilet seat.
For one whole week, by cry we wait,
And now we all get constipate.

I say to her, "It serve you right.
You try to be so gosh damn tight.
That ten cent paint ain't no good
She won't get dry on no dam wood."

My wife got sister named Marie
She live all time in house with me.
Last night I look where she set down
By gosh, she too got ring around.

I try to clean with turpentine.
She howl like wolf, she lose her mind.
I scrub like hell for half a day,
The skin come off, but the paint she stay.

I get so mad, I almost faint,
About that ten cent can o' paint.
In all the world I never see
A man that's half as mad as me.

Now, Mr. Woolworth, I ask you,
What the hell we goin' do.
How can house be clean and neat
When paint won't dry on toilet seat?

....when we hear stories about the family, St. Johns, the Dirty
Brothers, Hi Neighbor, Big Claws, Little Claws, I want my Bones, etc.

....when we took guided tours to the farm and the scenic Holbrook
sewer.

....when our birthday comes and a card arrives just for us with a
"gift" tucked inside.

....when we read Whiting's Writings" also Art's Link
Letters.

....when we know of sorrow and hear words of consolation at
funeral services given by one who knows first hand.

....when any and all family events occur and he is there.

ALL THIS AND MORE GIVES US THE CHOICE, UNIQUE AND TREASURED
MEMORIES NOW AND THROUGH THE YEARS TO COME THANKS TO OUR DAD
.....GRANDPA GREAT GRANDFATHER.

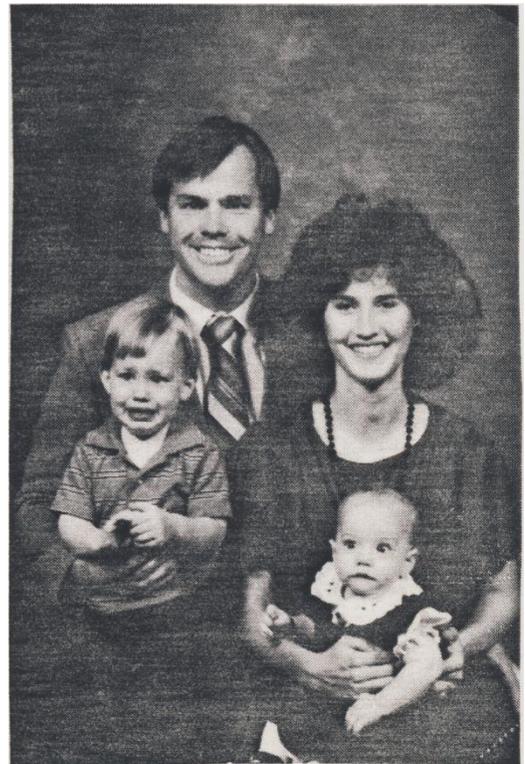
Merl & Annette Farr - Jay, Aleia and Jay Jay Farr
David, Sheila, Brandon & Nicole Farr - Bill, Coleen, Brandi & Ragen
Haltom



MERL AND ANNETTE FARR AND FAMILY



BILL AND COLLEEN HALTOM



DAVID AND SHEILA FARR

I would just like to mention two or three things about Dad that impressed me or that I appreciated while I was growing up.

The first thing I'll mention is how much he loved the Homestead and the White Mountains area. I couldn't begin to count the times he took us fishing although he didn't like to fish; but he loved to be in the mountains.

The second thing that I really appreciated was how Dad and Betty supported me in high school. I don't think they ever missed one athletic event I was in during my four years of school.

The third thing I remember while growing up was his dedication to the church. Dad was in the Snowflake High Council or Stake Presidency for many years and would make two or three trips a week to Snowflake. I never heard him complain once about having to drive to Snowflake. I also remember the many times he was called on to exercise his priesthood and give priesthood blessings to the sick.

The last thing I'll remember is how much our children love to go with Grandpa out to the farm on McLaws Road to see the cows and the rabbits and to feed Mr. Duke.

I hope I can be half the example and teacher to my kids that Dad was to me.

Norm



NORMAN AND SHERRI WHITING FAMILY

My Brother, Art
By Myn Priestley

I was 5 years old when Art was born. I had 4 brothers and 3 sisters older than me. I liked being spoiled by them. I also liked being spoiled by my parents. I was sure that Mother loved me the most, for she took me everywhere she went. She even took me on the train with her when she went to visit her mother and father in Utah.

So when May and Martha came down to Uncle Ike's house (where we were spending the day) and told us that Mother was ill and had had a baby boy, I remember how I did not want Mother to be sick, and I did not want to lose my place as the youngest child. May and Martha had to drag me along the street. When I finally went in the room where Mother was, she had a big smile on her face which made me feel better.

She called me over to her bed and turned down the covers to show me the baby. She told me that I was a big girl now and that I would need to help her tend the baby when she was busy in the store.

Sister Shreeves was working for us, and she would tease me and tell me that she was going to take Art home with her. I worried for days each time she came to work for fear that she would take him.

Art was the only baby I was ever able to know and tend. For my own baby was taken to Arizona by Mother for the first year of his life. I was trying to get better, and it was more than two years before I was able to partly take care of him.

I was with Art, when he took his first step alone. He was standing with both hands on his big black dog, and the dog walked away and left him standing alone. He took two or three steps to Martha.

While Art was growing up he was a great part of my life. When he made the plans for play, he would take over with the same abilities to promote and lead as he does today. He had the close friends who lived near us, and a cousin named Herman to help him build ranches and farms all over our front yard.

To build their farms and ranches they would use string for the wire fences, hundreds of little posts, spools, bottles and different things for horses and cows, barns and sheds. It was a sight to see. Of course, Indian wars, cops and robbers took over, but it always seemed Art was in control. I don't remember him ever spending much time at anyone else's place.

When he started school he had such a good first grade teacher. It seemed most of his years in grade school were fine.

When he reached high school he became interested in many things. He had many friends. School by itself may not have been his greatest interest. He became interested in what he wore. He had grown up tall and blonde and very popular. I can remember that tight pants were the 'in' thing and he wore them better than most. He was tall and thin.

He had those very early friends. I am sure Umpstead will always be Art's best friend, but he made new friends too. I remember Colter

Phelps. He was one of the rich popular guys from Springerville who had come to go to high school. He was at our house often.

To listen to Art tell about his school might make you wonder. He seemed to make you think that he never was able to learn, but that's not quite right. He did not let school infringe on his social life, and he did manage to graduate. I don't think he ever failed a grade, he just had not signed up for enough!

It was during his high school years that he managed to get the attention of one of the five beautiful Gibbons girls. They were really the most attractive and lovely girls in our town. They were all blonde except Armina. She had beautiful brown eyes and dark hair. And it was Armina that he had his eye on. Dad had just bought our first new car, and with that he won her over. I am sure she was as beautiful as any Miss America I have ever seen. I remember she had many others who had their eyes on her. But she and Art were married just before he left for his mission. She was a very close sister-in-law and I love her.

Art had many talents and abilities. He used them in his youth, and he still keeps busy with them and has through all these years. He has spoken at more funerals than anyone I know and has probably sang at just as many. All this he has done while working for years as mayor of Holbrook and many leadership positions in the church.

Since it has always been necessary for me to be in need of the help and concern of others, I don't know enough words in the English language to express the kind care and liberal help that my brothers have given me. They have been there to advise me. I could call on them when I had decisions when I lost my husband and then again when Don E. died.

The expenses were so out of reach when Don E. was on a kidney machine. They together with the money from the sale of the motel helped me with every detail to build my house. I built this place I have lived in for the past 32 years. Now with the help of a niece and nephew they are still taking care of me.

Art is not only a great brother, but he is a great man. His ability to feel for those in need is probably the greatest of all his talents. (The other writers will tell more)

Aunt Myn



ARTHUR, MILTON, AND BRUCE WHITING, 1980 WHEN ALL THREE WERE ON THE HIGH COUNCILS OF THEIR STAKES.



Art Whiting: How Much He Has Meant In My Life
By Elda Whiting Brown

What a joy to write about Art. I wish I could tell all of you how much he has meant in my life. The first thing I remember about him was when May and Martha came down to Aunt Sine's house where we had stayed all night. They came to tell us we had a baby brother. We were so surprised and raced all the way home. I was 8 years old and Myn was 5. Art was beautiful to Myn and me.

For the next years, we loved and tended and enjoyed him as much as Mother would let us. We did this until he got old enough to be independent. Art really had the love and attention of all the family, and was a little spoiled maybe.

You all know what Art thinks of dogs today, so you may not believe that before he could walk our big black dog Niger became his constant companion and protector. The dog never left his side so when anyone played rough or teased Art, we were in trouble. Today I can still see that little white-headed boy with his arms around his pet. Today Art is afraid of a tiny poodle. When he was a little older, Art got bit by a dog.

When he was 5 months old we were living at the Meadow, as we did every summer. It was located 6 miles below St. Johns. We always had real good gardens there with a lot of corn. It was time to dry corn so every member of the family helped. We were all out in the yard. Art was in his buggy watching. There were jobs that all of us could do.

That evening after supper, Art started to cry and nothing would stop him. Mother sent for Aunt Sine who lived a mile away and they walked the floor with him all night. Uncle Ike and Pa tried to find the horses but it was so dark they couldn't see them.

Mother undressed Art several times to look for pins. About daylight, Art went sound asleep for several hours. Pa had the horses and wagon ready to take him to the doctor. Mother started to undress her baby.

She took his little undershirt off and on the shirt was a big, fat, green, field corn worm laying there resting. It had eaten every bit of the skin off his little chest. We all cried and thought that Art might die, but he was soon fine, smiling and happy. To this day he still has scars.

Every fall Ma and Pa stayed at the Homestead after school started. Myn and I had to tend Art and it seemed he was always hungry. One day he came charging in and said, "I'm going to the temple to eat if you don't cook. I'm tired of starving."

I'm sure Myn will tell about Art's friends, but I want to say how lucky he was to have so many good ones nearby. They were the best, although Art was always the boss. Art often talks of these

friends and how they influenced his life.

I won't mention his school life. He tells about that truthfully, but I'm sure he enjoyed friends, programs, plays and his social life more than anyone.

What a great blessing Art was to Ma and Pa as long as they lived, and to all of our family. I wish I could tell you how much he has done for us. When our little Quinn died in 1935 we were quarantined for so long and everyone was afraid to come near.

Art and Ralph brought us a big box of fresh fruit and every good thing and visited us often.

When I was in Albuquerque with Albert for 4 long months, Art and Earnest used to come real often from Holbrook. Even though it was hard for Art to come in and visit the sick, he always did and Albert really looked forward to these visits. I'll always remember what they meant to us. Earnest usually stayed longer because it wasn't so hard for him.

Elda

UNCLE ARTHUR

By Geraldine Brown Sagers

I didn't know much about missions but I knew that it must be important because Mother hurried us down to Grandma and Grandpa Whitings' home because Uncle Art was home from his mission. There on the front lawn I received my first remembered impression of Uncle Art, a happy, excited returned missionary. That impression has lasted many years and been reinforced by many experiences with Uncle Art. His zest for life has always been contagious.

Our vegetables from our garden tasted better because Uncle Art was so appreciative of those Mother shared with him when he came to visit. Even nasturtium leaves on bread and butter became a treat because he ate them with such relish.

Our parents were looked on as more interesting and special because he enjoyed visiting with them and came often to see them.

Necessary stays at their home in Holbrook while waiting for a ride to St. Johns and trips to Utah back and forth to school were more pleasurable because he and Aunt Armina made you seem like a special guest and not a free loading relative.

These are a few of the things I remember best, going to their home when they lived in St. Johns, to listen to the radio program of Amos and Andy, his excitement when Irene and then Milton was born, the parts he took in the plays the family put on. I especially remember the one the whole family did for Grandma and Grandpa's Golden Wedding Anniversary. We were living in Nutrioso at the time and the brothers and sisters came up there to practice with Mother.

After the play was presented, each one of Edwin and Mariah's children stepped through a fancy doorway. At the last the narrator said, "The stork didn't bring any more but look what the cats drug in". Uncle Art was pretty upset and saw no humor in that act at all.

I remember when Annette was born, after they moved to Holbrook. Then I was in Salt Lake when they got their other three boys, David, Norman, and Gary. We were there for David's illness and traveled from Salt Lake to Holbrook with them when they brought him home. We shared their sorrow at David's suffering and passing.

My memories include many other incidents of his thoughtfulness. However, there are some I would especially like to mention. I want to say how we as a family have appreciated Uncle Art's thoughtfulness to our parents, especially to Mother since Dad's passing. No one could have been kinder to Mother than he and Aunt Betty have been. They have visited her often and have been concerned about her welfare. I'm sure they have shown that same consideration to other members of the family and their appreciation is added to ours.

Aunt Armina and Uncle Art made a trip to Salt Lake to be to our wedding and from that time on he made Willard feel like he was welcome into the family. He has made him feel accepted ever since. That same interest has been shown in our children. He has always asked about them and how they were getting along.

Uncle Art's interest and concern for others has never been dimmed by the tragedies he has had in his own life. He has not burdened others with his sorrows. I will continue to remember Uncle Art as a loving, enthusiastic, return missionary who carried that same zeal throughout his life.

Geraldine Brown Sagers

UNCLE ART

By Elma Brown Smith

Uncle Art, like the other uncles and aunts, just seemed to always be around, especially if someone needed him. I remember especially the time when he came home from his mission, Mom was teaching school in Concho and he and Aunt Armina stopped to see us, he was such fun and played with us kids, and Aunt Armina was so bubbly and pretty, I will always remember how impressed I was with them.

Louine and Jack were the same ages as Irene and Milton, so when they lived in St. Johns we did a lot with them all, even dressed the girls alike and the boys almost alike. (We even have pictures somewhere of Milton and Jack with their mouths open; there was quite a difference.) We hated it when they moved to Holbrook but we still got to see them quite often, they came up to visit lots.

Then when I got older and would come to Holbrook on the bus and had missed the mail truck to go to St. Johns, I always knew I would be welcomed and made to feel at home at Uncle Art and Aunt Armina's. They were always so good and kind to us and we enjoyed staying in their home.

And even in later years, when they brought David up to Salt Lake City when he was so sick, they stayed with Aunt Myn and Uncle Don, several of the nieces were living with them also. What a sad time it was for us all. I remember they were going to take David back to Holbrook just before Christmas, so Santa came by the night before they left, but David made it well understood that Santa was to come to his home in Holbrook because he would be there, and he was.

I was living with Aunt Myn at 808 First Avenue when Norman came to live with them, then down to the East Cliffe apartments when Gary arrived, so I've been able to see a lot of things take place in their family and it's all been good.

When Uncle Art got his movie camera - he must have some of the funniest movies ever. I'm not even sure I want to see the ones of me.

Then Aunt Betty joined the family and just seemed to fit right

in. What a joy and lovely person she has always been to all of us. She has always seemed especially close to Uncle Art's sisters, so that is very good.

Now in these years when I'm married and see how very sweet he treats his brothers and sisters, it's really something for us all to follow. We get to St. Johns quite often, with Daryl and family living there, Mom, Jack and Nathel also, and we get to see Uncle Art and Aunt Betty quite often. We have gone to many good lunches with them. He gets everyone that is available and what a good visit we have. I have always been so impressed how loving and good he treats his two sisters. I keep telling my brothers, "that is the way I want them to treat me". They haven't started yet, but I keep hoping with his good example they will.

Uncle Art and family, we love you dearly and hope you will be around for many, many years to come. You have always been an excellent example for us all to follow.

Love and hugs,

Your favorite niece named Elma

"My Uncle Art"
By Louine Shields

I am always proud to call him "My Uncle Art," because he is a living example of righteousness. He has so many good qualities; he is kind, generous, considerate and caring. He lives the gospel in word and deed at all times.

Uncle Art's life has not been easy but has been full of sorrow, tribulations, and trials. Instead of making him bitter and contemptuous, it has instead made him empathetic and gentle. He is always the first to rush to the side of anyone with problems of any kind. He gives of himself and he gives generously in any way he thinks will be of the most help.

I remember many things about "My Uncle Art." When I was young, he used to pay a lot of attention to me and my brothers, sisters and cousins, playing and joking with us, cracking our knuckles or teasing us. I knew then that he was special, and I think that is even more true today.

The relationship between Uncle Art's sister Elda, my mother, and him has been a very close, loving one, and it has increased even more through the years as they have become older. At the present time Uncle Art and Aunt Betty spend a lot of time together with my mom. They share meals, visit, talk, and go many places together. It has been a source of much companionship on both of their parts, I'm sure. I know it has meant a lot to my mom to have them near her.

Uncle Art does so much for so many people that I couldn't begin to mention specific examples, but I know he is truly storing up blessings in heaven by all of his many good deeds here on earth. I truly respect and love "My Uncle Art."

Louine Shields

Uncle Art
By Nathel Brown Burdick

My memories of him go back to when I was little and used to visit them in Holbrook.

It was always a joy to be in their home. Aunt Armina was always such a good cook and homemaker.

Uncle Art was busy but he always seemed to have time for his family, and for any stray nieces that were there.

Recently I have enjoyed so much the times we have spent together. The trip to St. George with Uncle Art, Betty and Mother; we had such a good visit and good time. We went up to Doug Brown's wedding.

It's fun to have him come up and call, "Why don't you and Russell and your girls come have lunch with us" and we would hurry and get ready because we knew we would have fun together. Then the times we have had them come and eat, when I have cooked a pot of beans. I know my beans are no better than anyone else makes, but he has a way about him that makes me think they are, anyway.

I love and appreciate him for how good he has been to my mother. No one could have been better to an older sister than he has been to her and I really admire him for this.

Nathel Brown Burdick

MY UNCLE ART WHITING
By Nita Whiting Bushman

I first became really acquainted with Uncle Art, after I had graduated from high school in 1940. I came to work for him in the old Ford Garage as one of the girls who worked in the office. It was at this time I really came to know and appreciate Uncle Art. His kindness was so very good to all the girls who worked at the office, and he always made you feel like they could not get along without you. He was the perfect boss for my first job after I graduated from High School. I really appreciate you, Uncle Art.

Then for your help to us on the Kaibab Mountains, your understanding of things, your patients, when we ran low on cash and you would put extra money in the bank for the Whiting and Bushman Logging Co. Then again in Albuquerque you were always behind us, helping us with so many things when we knew so little about running service stations, but with your help we made it.

Then when we came back to Holbrook, you were there again to help us out, always wanting to help us with little things, to make it go. You are a tower of strength to both Harold and myself. And again you were there when we really needed you in the making of my Father's Trust. If it had not been for you and your support I do not think I would have even tried to make it work, but you were always there advising and counseling us on what to do. Thanks for these things and the many others that your wise counsel has helped us make it.

I want to thank you Uncle Art, for all the love you have shown me and to members of my family. It seemed like always you have been there to help us all every time we needed you. Thanks for being there for us whenever we have needed you. Thanks also to Aunt Betty, it seems like it has been you both who have come to our rescue when we needed you, like Aunt Betty bringing us the popcorn balls or a cake or just bringing her love into our home. Thanks to you both.

Love to you,

Nita W. Bushman

UNCLE ART WHITING

Since 1945 I have worked for or with Whiting Bros. For the past 22 years I have worked for Whiting Bros. out of the Holbrook office, where Uncle Art was the head of that operation.

It has been during these 22 years I have become closer and more appreciative of Uncle Art and to at least partially appreciate the big man that he is. Uncle Art truly had the ability to listen to your request for something you thought Whiting Bros. needed, then often tell you no, but in such a way, so that you could almost feel like telling him thanks, even though his answer was no.

Uncle Art truly had the ability to draw the better things out of the men that worked for him, and to have his men wish to try a little harder for him. I am thinking of how many men after they started to work for Whiting Bros. stayed on working for them until they retired at the end of a full life.

Just a few of these men that worked out of the Holbrook office are, Harvey Smithson, Aaron Porter, Reed Larson, Ray Alley, Raymond Alley, Reyes Candelaria, Yates Heywood, Ross McSpaden, yes, and even Harold Bushman. Not many men that worked directly under Uncle Art and Uncle Earnest quit to work somewhere else. Uncle Art truly believed there was some good in the worse of us and he was usually able to find this good.

Uncle Art was and still is active in church, business and civic affairs. Many scout trips were made possible. When the scouts would need a few more dollars to make their trip possible, it was then Uncle Art picked up the balance of their needs. And it seemed he always somehow knew when this help was needed.

Uncle Art was the kind of man that tried to treat a man the way he would like to be treated. His brother, Uncle Earnest J. Whiting, has told me that if they were going to split up Whiting Bros. I'd just as soon not be there at the time of dividing, because I'd get more if I wasn't there. That is the kind of man Uncle Art is; he would always want to be sure that Earnest got all that was his and a little more.

Thanks, Uncle Art, for what you've meant to Nita and me for going on 45 years. May we have a few more years to walk this old earth together.

Love and respect,

Harold E. Bushman

By Edwina Whiting Dastrup

When Jay called to remind me it was time to remember Uncle Art in the Family Tree-I was so glad I had time to write a few words.

My very first clear remembering of Uncle Art was when we lived on "Whiting Row". Uncle Ralph lived on the north side, Uncle Art almost across the street and we lived 3 doors east of Uncle Art. Lots of hours were spent in Annette's playhouse. Nora Mae Brown lived close by (next door) and we had some tremendous plays-which Uncle Art attended dutifully.

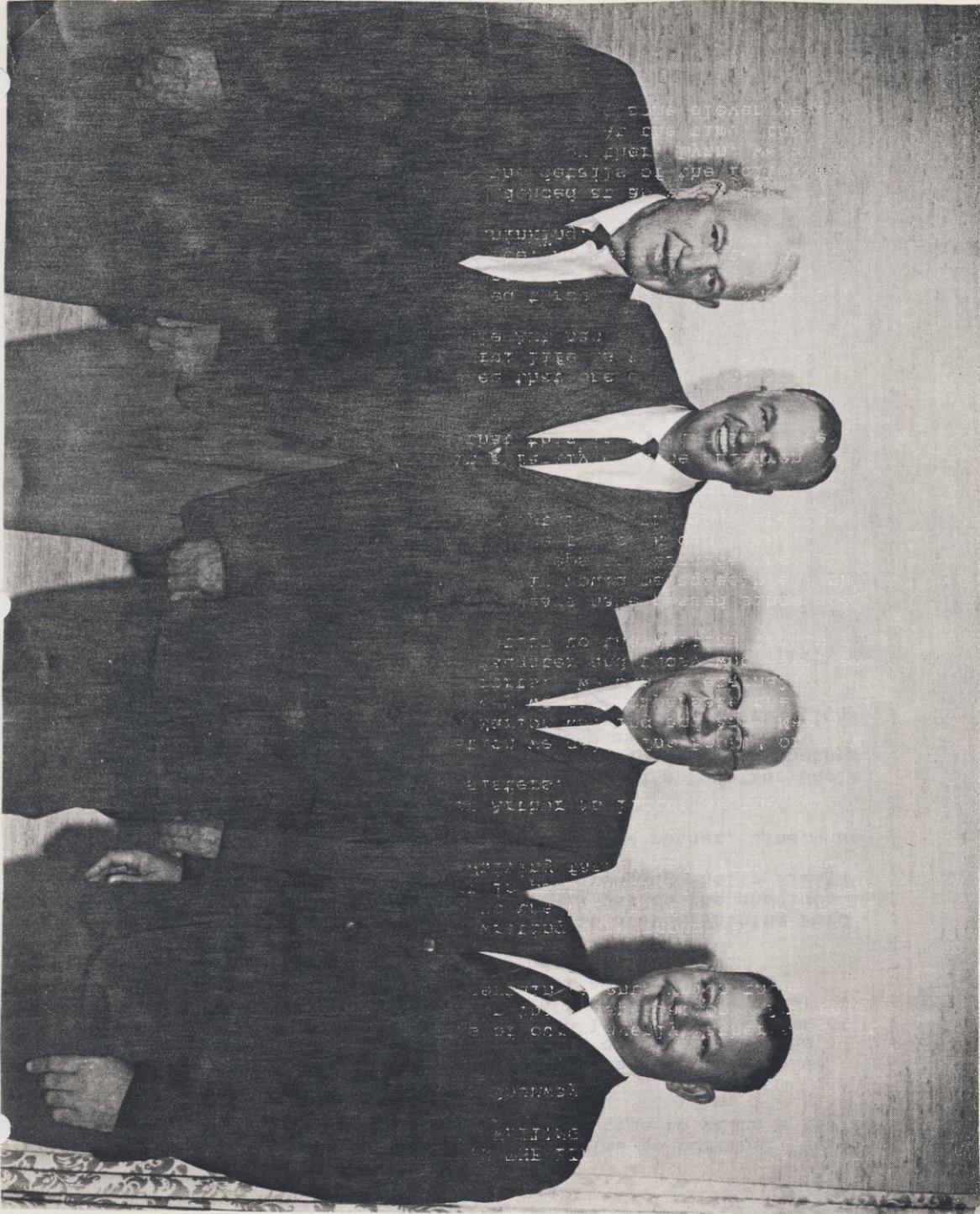
When I would drop in for a quick visit at the Whiting Ford Motor Co., Uncle Art always came by with a pat on the shoulder and a pull on the hair of my arm and the greeting "hello Fifi".

Uncle Art was so good to my mom and Tom's mother, Zina. He truly made them feel very special and loved.

And of course what can we say about my dad's, love for Uncle Art and his for Dad. They truly loved and respected one another. I feel it was a friendship that was as deep as their blood relationship. How often Dad would say "I need to see Art" right up to the last of his life.

Thank you Uncle Art for your love and concern of family. We all love you very much.

Edwina



SOME COMMENTS ON THE LIFE OF
ARTHUR C. WHITING
by
Wilford J. Shumway

Some of the most illustrious of our Heavenly Father's spirit children have been sent to earth in this dispensation. And this, I am convinced, is by reason of certain talents which those individuals possessed.

As I set about putting into writing some thoughts and recollections of my relationship to the Whiting family in general and my association with Uncle Art in particular, I turned to that volume which the members of the Whiting family have fondly come to refer to as "The Book."

Within its pages I note that Arthur is listed as the youngest among his brothers and sisters.

In reference to the publication we call "The Book," or more specifically "The Story of Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson," I suggest there is no way we can compensate the compilers for their prodigious efforts. We can be eternally grateful to Uncle Art's youngest daughter and those who assisted her for their immeasurable contribution to the Whiting family.

I acknowledge that a number of years have passed since the book was published. Even so, and if it would be agreeable with Annette, I propose we take immediate steps to persuade the Brethren at Church headquarters to have the book canonized, thereby adding another volume of scripture to the four standard works of the Church.

Uncle Art's junior status in a family of nine children notwithstanding, I am persuaded that this in no wise inhibited his leadership qualities.

I think it can be demonstrated that one of the foremost factors contributing to a successful life is the ability to effectively express oneself. Uncle Art has that talent.

Whether this asset was acquired through a worthy ancestry, endowed by nature, or the benevolence of an all-wise Creator, I do not know. But whatever the source, he has the innate ability to persuade others to his way of thinking.

Apparently this talent was evidenced at an early age. I cannot attest to the accuracy nor the details of the following incident, but it seems that Art and his brother, Lynn, were en route from The Homestead to St. Johns. At the time, the former was a sub-teenager and the latter was some eleven years his senior.

Came noontime, and both were hungry. A hasty search, however, disclosed the fact that there was little else in the grub box except cold biscuits and raw eggs. But sad to say,

there was no skillet in which to fry nor pan in which to boil the eggs. Art suggested they eat the eggs raw. Lynn objected. Art assured him they were edible and would taste very good. He was most persuasive. To Lynn, the idea was revolting.

But Art was insistent. "Why," he said, "Ethel feeds them to Farr that way all the time".

Later, in recounting the incident, Lynn said, "I can't believe that that kid could talk me into eating those raw eggs--ugh!"

Let it here be noted that in later years, Art's persuasive talents were to stand him in good stead.

In nearly a half century of acquaintance and association with Uncle Art, I have seen those qualities evidenced in any number of ways--with his kinsmen, in the community, the Church, and among his fellow townsmen.

Let's take them--one at a time. Art's eldest brother, Eddie, said, "In a given situation, Art could convince me that he was right when I knew darned well he was wrong." (And yes, I know, many of you will remember that my father-in-law was not one to be easily persuaded.)

I have witnessed Art in verbal encounters with his brothers. Usually, he would prevail. Not necessarily by reason of any logic he offered, but rather by his ability to use 'the mother tongue.'

I do not think it an understatement to say that Art was a power in the community. To say the least, the influence he held among his associates was substantial.

During the time Mabel and I lived in Holbrook, I watched with great interest and considerable amusement, the behavior of the city fathers. Whenever a dispute, a problem or controversy developed in the community, those stalwart gentlemen would wait to see what position Art Whiting would take on a given issue. Then they would follow suit.

On one occasion, some of the officers in the city government made a decision apparently based on emotion rather than on sound judgment. I could hardly believe the alacrity with which the 'powers that be' switched positions upon learning that Art had taken a somewhat different stance than theirs.

LeRoy Wilhelm, of St. Johns, tells of the time when he hauled a tank into Holbrook for Art. It was a huge thing, weighing several tons. Upon his arrival, Roy called Art and said he had the tank and where did he want it unloaded. Art said, "Just put it down behind the office."

Roy said, "I can't just put it down anywhere by myself. I've got to have some help to unload it."

Art said, "Oh fiddlesticks, just go down and roll it off."

Roy's justifiably curt reply was, "I don't know who can make anything sound the easiest, you or your brother E.I."

I am reluctant to report this, but I feel that I must tell you, gentle reader, there came a time when Art's talking talents got him in trouble. Here is what happened. Art and Earnest instructed Ralph to go out to the farm, and harrow some newly plowed ground. (These intrepid gentlemen were pretty good at giving instructions.) Earnest said, "Now be sure and give it a harrow and a half."

Art said, "Yeah, Pa always said to give it a harrow and a half."

Ralph sallied forth. But in less than an hour, he was back. In telling the story on himself, Art said, "Ralph was so mad he was ready to whip both of us."

Ralph said, "You darn fools! You can't just give it a harrow and a half. You either give it one or you give it two." A moment's reflection, of course, proves Ralph to be correct. Just what their father meant by harrow and a half, I do not know---I leave it with you.

Let's return for a moment to one of Uncle Art's major gifts. If further evidence is needed to demonstrate his speaking attributes, we have only to reflect on the quality and number of his funeral sermons--number? No one knows of the countless times he has spoken at a service which marked the passing of a loved one.

Milton, in his tribute to his father, says, "I doubt if any person, other than a paid clergyman, has spoken at more services."

We can only agree.

According to Harvey Randall, he, Art, and Earnest were returning from Joseph City, where Art had spoken at a funeral service of a friend. Harv said, "Gee, Art, that was a good talk you gave. I sure want you to speak at my funeral."

There was a moment's silence. Earnest said nothing. Harv said, "Don't you want him to speak at your funeral?"

Ernest was a master with the one-liner. He said, "Certainly not!--I want to sing at his."

No matter. We can only commend our amiable uncle for his exceptional ability to "comfort the hearts of those who have cause to mourn," and also the benevolent manner in which he speaks to those "who are bowed down in sorrow."

To paraphrase a line from Rudyard Kipling, Uncle "fills the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run." Perhaps

that at least begins to describe his activities in the stake and ward in which he lives.

A Holbrook bishop once said to me that every bishop in the Church should be so privileged as to have an Arthur Whiting in his ward. But then he added, "But I guess there just aren't enough Art Whitings to go around."

If maintenance, repair, or operational funds were low, Uncle supplied the necessary means with which to offset the deficiency.

Nor did his contributions stop with the ward as such, but extended into assistance of needy members. He fulfilled well the scriptural injunction, "Give them freely of thy substance."

Uncle's material assistance notwithstanding, his greatest virtue lies in the dedication he gives to his home, family, and kinsmen. To each of those, he is generous with his time, his talents, and temporal assistance. We can surely "count him as one who loves his fellowmen."

Again, I join with Mickey—in his assessment of his father's praiseworthy accomplishments, he makes note of the impetus he gives to the Whiting Reunions.

With characteristic foresight, Uncle recognized the mutual cause and effect relationship between family reunions and family cohesiveness. Over the years, each of these factors have contributed to the other.

I am certain that the establishment of the institution, which the family is, is the noblest accomplishment possible, and certainly not all people, otherwise successful, achieve it. Uncle Art recognized this instinctively and acted accordingly.

I would not want this opportunity to pass without acknowledging Uncle Art's invaluable assistance following the death of Farr and Virgil. The tragedy that took the lives of these two men shook the foundations of their homes, the community, and the businesses in which they were engaged.

Shortly thereafter, Mabel's parents passed away. It was a most difficult time. Had it not been for Uncle Art, it would have been more difficult. Time and again we went to him for counsel, solace, and advice--we never came away empty-handed. I am confident the other members of the E.I. Whiting family will join me in expressing our continuing gratitude for the help he gave during those trying times.

To summarize, then, Arthur's ancestry, together with nature and a divine providence, have endowed him with enviable gifts and talents. Through the implementation of these, he has come to know the genius of accomplishment. His life holds some valuable lessons. They should not be overlooked or forgotten.

Fondly and gratefully, I cherish the memories of our years of

association.

Art Whiting By Mabel Whiting Shumway

It's a pleasure to write a few thoughts about Uncle Art for the Whiting Tree. He is such an important part of this great family, and also of my small family. He is an example to all of us.

I have the greatest respect, admiration and love for him. He has been a part of the good things of my life ever since I can remember. Farr used to try to do all the things his uncle did, and I tagged along when permitted, filled with awe over their accomplishments. That feeling still exists for me. I love to be with Uncle Art and Betty, to spend an afternoon visiting with them, to go to him for advice or any of the many things we do.

Since Dad's passing, Wilford and I have asked so many times for his advice. He has never been too busy, never unconcerned about our questions and has always stopped whatever he was doing (and he is a very busy man) to help with anything that we needed.

He has a special concern for others. I am very pleased with the way he treats Aunt Elda and Aunt Myn--his love for them is an example to all. But this concern reaches far beyond his immediate family. So often reports reach us of the help he has given to those with whom he comes in contact. He is truly as fine a man as Betty always tells me he is.

We love you,

Mabel

UNCLE ART'S - MY OTHER HOME

By Katie Whiting Lewis

Two weeks ago my sister Nellie's oldest daughter, Tanya, came down from Provo to spend a couple of days with us, and when the lady who brought her down came to pick her up and take her back she made the comment, I have an uncle that lives here in St. George and I don't even know him well enough to call and say hello much less stay overnight.

The reason this had such an impact on me and I don't think I'll ever forget what she said is because I spent many nights at the homes of all my aunts and uncles. Sometimes I wasn't sure whether home was where Uncle Art and Aunt Armina and Annette lived or where my mom and dad lived. I was always made to feel welcome in all my aunt's and uncle's homes.

We lived either next door or across the street from Uncle Art from the time they brought me home from the hospital until I was about 10 years old. It's difficult to remember Uncle Art without remembering Aunt Armina during those years. She made outfits alike for Annette and me, and one Easter she made rabbit suits for us; they were neat and warm.

Many were the meals I ate at Uncle Art's. Once when I was eating over there I drank some milk and it tasted sour to me so I asked, "Where do you get your milk from?" Uncle Art looked me right in the eye and said, "From cows". It was really funny.

There were trips to the Homestead, to St. Johns, and California. He even found time to come to my wedding. And last summer we were fortunate enough to have him and Aunt Elda and Aunt Myn come to our family reunion in Mapleton. Such a special uncle; he has time for everyone. We are blessed to belong to this family.

I think cookouts in the back yard originated with Uncle Art. He had lots of those. Annette had a playhouse in the back yard and I enjoyed that. They had pigeons and chickens and of course a picnic table. There was no doubt Uncle Art had the best back yard in town.

You can't live across the street from someone like Uncle Art and not know and share the joys and sorrows they have. The thing I remember the most about Uncle Art was his goodness when David was dying. He was so gentle and kind whenever he touched or held that terrible sick little boy.

I saw nothing but goodness and I still see nothing but goodness in my Uncle Art. I sincerely believe one cannot be too close to the Lord nor have too much family at the time of a death in the family. It's from these that we gain strength and we as a family are blessed to have an uncle like Uncle Art for he has given each of us strength at these times and we love him for it. His example of goodness will always be with me. --Katie Lewis

UNCLES

By Maydene Brown Bodell

I have often felt that I missed out by not living in St. Johns, near so many relatives. What fun it would be to go up and down the street, seeing all those houses and knowing that the people inside loved you and cared about you. Even those who weren't relatives were apt to know you and wish you well--to answer the door with a smile and to invite you inside to find out what they could do for you. (You would know who lived in almost every house.)

Best of all would be answering a spur-of-the moment invitation to run over to Uncle Lynn's, Uncle Eddy's, or Aunt Elda's, for homemade ice cream and games or just visiting; or seeing Uncle Albert or one of your other uncles riding down the road on a horse and having him stop to let you have a ride.

Next best would be to live in Holbrook, near the families of Earnest, Ralph, and Arthur. Maybe you could live on Whiting Row.

Those of us who lived away missed out on all that, but we did have another blessing. We learned that the most wonderful thing that could happen on any given day would be for grandparents or uncles and aunts to make a surprise visit. Mother was always ecstatic and Dad was always glad, too. And nothing went on as usual. Work around the house, homework, even bedtime hours were all set aside as relatively unimportant. Family--they came first.

I felt the same about my uncles' families as I have written before about those of my aunts--that I would have a home with them if I ever needed one. I loved them all, collectively and individually.

Uncle Eddy visited us in Salt Lake and invited our whole family to a movie. We had a hard time deciding between "One Night of Love" and "Anthony Adverse." After we had seen the first show, we went out on the street and Uncle Eddy saw the bright lights flashing across the street and took us over to see the other one.

Uncle Ernest was a natural humorist. Uncle Lynn was too, and was so humble and pleasant, even when he didn't feel well. Uncle Ralph was always interested in us.

Uncle Arthur was a kind, thoughtful man. I loved his whole family--especially Irene. We had so much fun together. I spent many happy hours in their home. I made the biggest decision I ever made in my life there, when we girl cousins were having a slumber party in the guest house. I was called inside the house to talk to Jim, who was in the army and was calling to see if wanted to wear an engagement ring.

What an example Uncle Art and Aunt Armina were of how wonderful it is to have the blessing of children. They had three but were anxious to have more. Our family shared with theirs the joy of finding three more children. Later we shared the sorrow of losing little David. I will always remember how much the two of them loved their six children. I will also remember when Uncle Art was left alone and Betty became part of that family--how much she loved them, too.

I have heard my mother and aunts speak of how generous and thoughtful Uncle Art has been with them.

I'm glad that uncles (like families) are forever!

Maydene Bodell