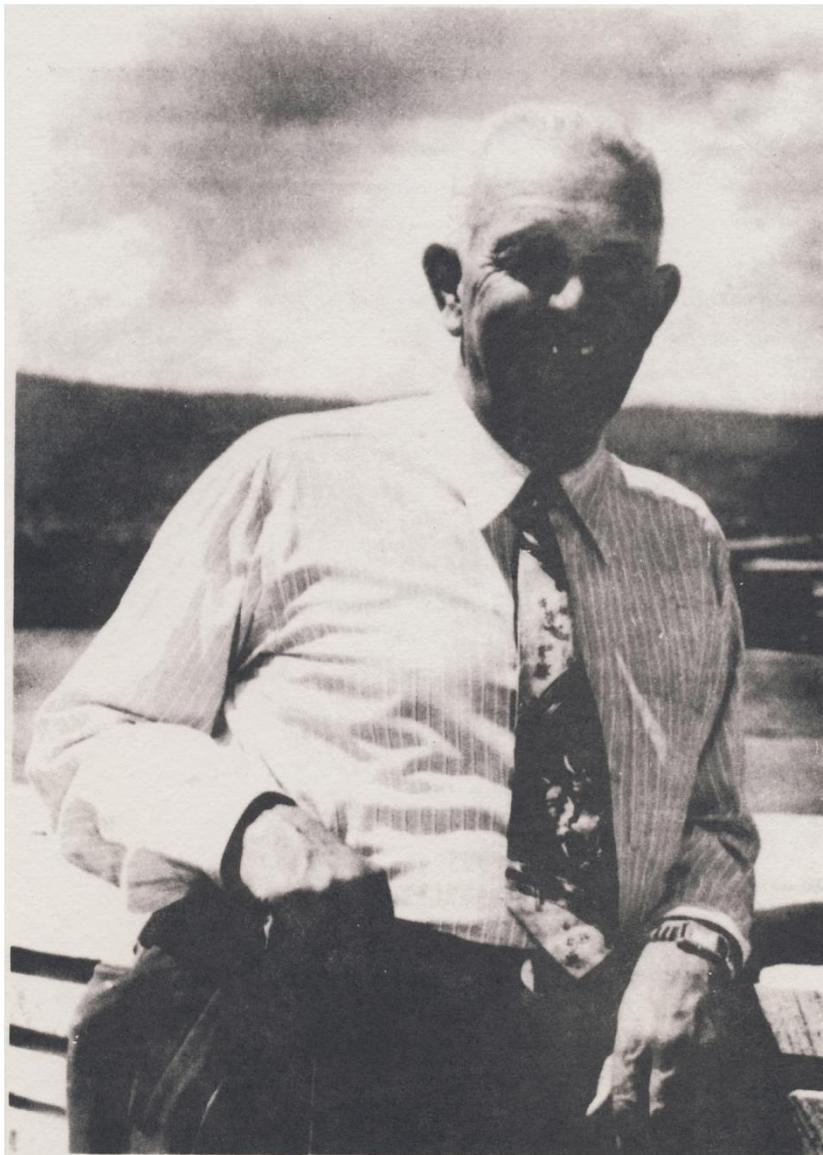


# The Whiting Tree

Vol. 2, No. 4

Eddie



EDWIN ISAACSON WHITING  
September 3, 1882 — January 4, 1963

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As we reach the time for another issue of the "Whiting Tree", I am so grateful for the splendid response I have received from all the family representatives and all of the family that have been asked to submit articles, have all done so. Our theme for this publication is our youth. Each of the writers have beautifully responded to their assignments. I feel that the articles in tribute to Uncle Eddie Whiting are great!

I was impressed while attending the special early morning fireside on Saturday and the Testimony meeting on Sunday morning. Both meetings were well attended by the youth. As I watched and listened to the young people of the family I saw an improvement over the previous generations. We have a strong, true and committed youth, to represent our forbearers and our heritage.

Grandfather and Grandmother Whiting and all the others of the second and third generations that have passed away would be proud of our youth. They have been sent to strengthen our family.

We ask each of our youth to continue to be clean, wholesome Latter-day saints. To fulfill missions that we have been asked to accept, to seek out good companions and marry in the Temples and to raise a good family that will be a credit to our great family.

We want the youth to know, that as your family representatives, we are going to do all we can to help you accomplish your responsibilities to your family and heritage, and the righteous desires of your hearts. We plead with each of you to seek the counsel of your parents and family members and live true to their desires.

Our family, the E. M. Whiting family organization, is growing bigger with each passing month. We will hold our "Big Reunions" every other year. We ask that you encourage your family representatives to hold your own family reunions, at least on the off-year of the "Big Reunions". We suggest that they get together often, as a family. As youth you can do much to stimulate the older members of your family. You will be the leaders very soon. I would like any of your suggestions and input to make this a better publication, too.

The Savior promised in Matthew 5:13-16:

"Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house."

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

I would ask all parents of missionaries, now in the mission field, to have them prepare a message and testimony for our next publication that will be in April of 1981.

E. Jay Whiting

# EDWIN ISAACSON AND ETHEL FARR WHITING

By Wilford J. Shumway

It is from the green years of life that biographers usually draw their richest material with which to portray a character. But if there was ever a time when the lives of Eddie and Ethel Whiting were more productive than another, it is hardly discernible.

The years of their lives well exceeded man's Biblical allotment of three score and ten. The second, as well as the first half of those years were more than moderately creative. Eddie's comment upon reaching his 70th birthday was, "I have 30 years work to do, and only 10 years left to do it."

My observation is that he went a long way toward achieving his goal. No matter. The sum total of the activities of my parents-in-law provide an abundance of material on which to pattern a life sketch.

Initially, I will point out that Mormon biography has typically been a small province bordered on three sides by family pride and on the fourth by misspelled words. I would hope to break out of this province, at least in the area of incorrect spelling. As to family pride, I acknowledge my addiction. In the vernacular, 'I'm hooked. I t a k e great pride in the Whiting name and all that it implies. And I stand in grateful appreciation for my membership in the Whiting Family. It is not my intention to launch a discussion of how the members of the family obtained the lineage they enjoy, or to what degree we were allowed to participate in the selection of our ancestry. But regardless of how it happened, or when, there is no way we could have done better. Few people of the intermountain west can look back on their historical origin with such justifiable pride as we can.

Ours is a great heritage. We have a noble tradition. And I think it can be demonstrated that few, if any, have contributed more to that excellence than did Ethel and Eddie. They added a luster to the many generations of the Whiting family that will not soon be surpassed or forgotten.

When I first knew my parents-in-law, they were not yet 50 years of age. Even so, they had already seen enough tragedies, successes, and adversities to occupy an ordinary life, but then, of course, as you know, they were not ordinary.

To say that their lives had only begun is inaccurate. Yet by comparison, their remarkable accomplishments during the next 40 years would make it seem so.

Initially, let me acknowledge that many of the stories and incidents in this brief narrative are so well known that they would seem to preclude repetition. But they are stories that never grow old-should never grow old. Accordingly, I take refuge in the advice of Winston Churchill, to whit; "When approaching history, tell it as if it had never been told before."

Furthermore, I accept at face value the thought provoking, perhaps guilt-producing sentiment of Adam S. Bennion; "Tis an ungrateful generation that neglects the memory of its forefathers." We can only agree. It should never be said in any Latter-day Saint home that the children grew up in ignorance of the achievements of their forbearers. And achievers they were. Eddie's industry was so quiet, methodical, and sustained; his skill, aptitude, and instinct in handling his affairs so expert, that they amounted to a gift. Even so, his greatest accomplishment in life was his marriage to Ethel Farr. And together, of course, their greatest contribution to the world is their children. As Eddie and Ethel enjoyed

a great family heritage, so also do their children and their children.

To say that the influence a wife has on her husband is an immeasurable substance is, of course, to beg the question. The fact notwithstanding, I can only say that the influence Ethel had on her husband was prodigious. Someone has written, "For sheer artistic power, nothing can compare with the daily, year-in-year-out, gentle abrasion of the woman who, like a river, keeps flowing with an incessant soft pressure through a man."

Among the casual observers, there were those who considered Ethel's benign impact on her husband to be almost negligible. Not so. To the close observers, as I was for more than a quarter of a century, I can assure you it was there; to his great benefit and her everlasting credit. And yes, perhaps he, like the casual observer, was unaware of the extent to which she was able to modify his behavior and affect his thoughts and actions.

The author of Genesis records that "God formed man of the dust of the ground" and then said, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him an help-meet for him." When the Lord said that, surely He must have had Eddie Whiting in mind. If such be the case, he could not have done better. I give you, dear reader, the assurance that, Ethel Farr was among the best of those taken from Adam's rib.

In attempting to describe my mother-in-law in a manner even remotely accurate, I find myself slipping into the usage of such tired old adjectives as comely, charitable and benevolent. She was generous, thrifty, intelligent, gracious and she lived her religion. I could add to those qualities any number of others and be well within the limits of her character.

There was no principle belonging to the restored Church that she did not live. Her faith was incorrigible and not exceeded by any person I have ever known.

Ethel's influence on her husband was unmistakable. On her children, it was equally pronounced. Long before President McKay made the statement "that no other success can compensate for failure in the home," she recognized instinctively that the establishment of the institution which the family is, is the noblest accomplishment possible. She acted accordingly.

We find an interesting phrase in the Old Testament. It is repeated frequently in Kings and Chronicles-"and his mother was." This phrase was usually followed by the words "and he did that which was good in the sight of the Lord." Or, "he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." In placing the name of a king's mother and the evaluation of his reign side by side, the Hebrews showed how powerful they regarded the role of a mother. I submit that Ethel recognized this and was equal to the task.

Eddie and Ethel were disciplinarians extraordinary. Although the methods they exercised walked down different roads. Eddie was a master of the verbal reprimand, the rebuke and stern admonition. Ethel was more gentle in her reproofs, but occasionally employed the paddle as a means of persuasion.

Eddie's disciplinary methods ran counter to the old cliché'. He spared the rod, but he didn't spoil the child. When the offense so justified, he could deliver a verbal lashing that was devastating; and this whether it was a disobedient youngster or a wayward employee. Mabel said, "I could endure Mother's paddle with far less anxiety than Dad's scoldings". Lest I seem to overdraw the picture, let me hasten to say that he seldom resorted to the procedure described above. To his children, he was kind, generous, even lenient. And they loved him.

One of the finest things Eddie and Ethel did for their family was to have seven children. In a family that size, ones brothers and sisters are their best teachers. You

learn first to pull your own weight in the boat. Kids making a bobsled have no use for the loafer who wants a free ride, neither does the world.

You learn to make the bed you slept in, to mend what you broke, and mop up what you spilled. If you left those things for someone else to do, someone else soon taught you differently.

Ethel simply wouldn't tolerate unhappy faces moping about the place. If a child has a stomach ache, she dragged out a bottle of castor oil. Her daughter Melba says, "About the size of a fire extinguisher." And that cured that. But if it was a heartache, she administered love and understanding, and soon the sun came out again.

And so the children of Ethel Whiting learned to live by the little rules of thumb and the greater laws of life. Her eldest daughter, Mabel, said, "wouldn't take a million dollars for any one of them, nor ten times that amount for the years at home that gave them to me."

Two men, so the story goes, were sunning themselves on the south side of the Whiting sawmill at Eagar. Presently Mr. Whiting passed by. As usual, he was on a half run. The first man said, "Look at that fellow! What makes him go? He's got more than enough money to last him a lifetime; and he can't take it with him." The second man said, "Oh, I don't know, maybe he can, he's done some mighty strange things."

The essential phrase in that verbal exchange is of course, "What makes him go?" - what indeed? I don't know who among his contemporaries would attempt to make such a determination. My own thoughts on the subject only serve to raise more questions. What is the sum total of all those traits and qualities which go to make up a personality - any personality? Whatever the qualities are, E. I. Whiting had them. If perchance someone would care to analyze, I suggest it would be difficult to find a more interesting subject than he was.

Meanwhile, a few observations will have to suffice. He was not a waster of time; either his own or anyone else's. Whether sitting at the controls of an automobile or on the seat of a "sulky" plow, where holding the wheel or the reins imposed no particular skill, his mind was, nevertheless, at work. These simple tasks didn't blind him to horizons in all directions.

All directions? Right on! Few people ever acquire the wide and varied interests that he enjoyed. In the business world about him, few things escaped his attention—saw mills, farming, cattle raising, homesteading, the mercantile business, and a keeper of bees. Road building, turkey-raising, service stations, and freight lines. Rental buildings, theaters, garages, and automobile dealerships. Have I missed anything? Probably. Be it further noted that whatever he did, he did it with a little more success than the next fellow.

When I was courting his daughter Mabel, one of my uncles inquired as to who my girlfriend was. I momentarily ducked the question. He said, "What does her dad do?" I said, "Oh, a little bit of everything." "Hmm," he said, "must be a Whiting."

Eddie was an avid sports fan and participator. The latter activities included hunting, fishing, chariot racing, and chasing wild horses. In the theatrics, he was both a spectator and a participant.

Whether it was football, or the contests of field and track, he was there supporting the home team with hyped-up enthusiasm. He was awarded a trophy for his ardent support of the high school basketball team. At a football game where the home team was woefully behind, the announcer was heard to say, "St. Johns couldn't win now, even if E. I. Whiting was playing quarterback."

From whence Eddie Whiting acquired the drive that sustained him, we are not sure. Whatever the well-spring of the source, he seemed to have an abundant supply. One thing certain; as he made life's journey, he was wound up for the entire trip.

In the area of politics, he was active. He served two terms in the Arizona State Senate, and was a delegate to a Republican convention. Like Mark Twain, he claimed to have been born of poor, but Republican parents.

Nor did he neglect his religious activities. Some events in his life as dictated to Mabel, reflect that "Bishop C. P. Anderson called me to go on a mission. I left January 4, 1904 for the southern states. This was about 20 years after the mobs had killed three Mormon elders there. Upon my return home, I was set apart as bishop's counselor."

Later, Eddie was called as bishop of the St. Johns Ward. He was a counselor to Levi Udall in the St. Johns Stake presidency for 18 years. One of his foremost Church callings came when he was made Stake Director of the Church Welfare Program in 1936. He was well equipped to function in this assignment. So successful were the methods that they became known throughout Arizona and in many of the stakes of the Church. It was in this connection that he became a close friend of President J. Reuben Clark, Harold B. Lee, Spencer W. Kimball and others of the General Authorities. Among family letters are several to him in the handwriting of President Clark.

Eddie's skill at the bargaining table and his ability to negotiate were legendary. As an all-round 'horse-trader,' he had few equals. Seldom was he out maneuvered. Jay Patterson tells of the time his father sent him across the street to settle some differences that had developed with Mr. Whiting in the matter of a land exchange. Upon his return, Jay says his father leaned forward in his chair, rested his hands on his cane, and said, "Tell me son, what did he do to you."

He had an extraordinary aptness in returning a verbal thrust. His repartee was quick and decisive. When his wife accused him of hitting a post as he parked a car, he said, "Well, Ethel! Maybe I wanted to hit the post."

Legend has it that Earnest, Ralph and Arthur were riding in a car with E. I. as chauffeur. First he hit a cow, then he narrowly missed a telephone pole, and finally the vehicle all but capsized as he ran it astraddle of a winrow of oil cake. Ralph was visibly shaken. He said, "For gosh sakes, Eddie, you're going to kill us." E. I.'s reply was almost gentle, "Why Ralph, I have saved your life three times."

It is evident that many of the stories told on the old gentlemen didn't really happen. It is true that he took his young son Merwin to Holbrook and absentmindedly returned without him. But Arthur denies that he left him standing at the gate.

It is true that when a truck driver complained that he didn't have a heater in his truck, E. I. instructed him to get a hot rock. But it is not true that when the birth of their daughter Mabel became imminent at 3:00 a.m., and Ethel shook her husband and informed him of the emergency that he said, "Couldn't you wait till morning?" And yes, he did appear at the local barbershop wearing two ties.

He was generous, frugal and thrifty, to be sure –but generous. Few knew of his assistance and liberal contributions to individuals and the community; to say nothing of his donations to Church building funds and welfare projects.

During the construction of the Snowflake meetinghouse, the superintendent, a man sent out from Salt Lake, refused to pay for a bill of lumber which Mr. Whiting had delivered. Mr. Whiting spent considerable time and effort and finally collected the account. Later, the Snowflake bishop told me that he then made a contribution to their building fund for twice the amount he had collected. No question but he was

the largest contributor to the building of the Eagar Ward meetinghouse.

There is a quirk common to Mormon biographers; namely, their failure to include in the history of their ancestors what someone has referred to as "warts and blemishes."

Eddie perhaps had some warts, but I recall no blemishes. Ethel had neither. In my own view, whatever eccentricities he had merely served to denote a strong individuality. He had an innate inability to control his emotions when he stood in the pulpit. He said of himself, "I cry when I don't need to." His daughter Melba, chided him for crying when he spoke in stake conference. His reply; "Why! That's part of my audience appeal." Sad to say, he transmitted this malady unto the second and third generations.

As I write, I have before me a notebook labeled, "Life of Edwin Isaacson Whiting, told to his daughter Mabel Whiting Shumway in the evenings at his home in St. Johns, Arizona."

Among the writings is this comment: "In my family, they were all hunters. Uncle John trained me daily, and whenever a new man came to the mill, he would have him come and watch me shoot chipmunks with a big rifle. They let me hunt wild chickens. I was too small to hold a gun, so Uncle John fixed a forked stick that hung on the end of the gun. He would put one cartridge in the magazine, and that was all I could have. I generally brought in a chicken."

My father-in-law was indeed a marksman extraordinary. I have driven a car at speeds upwards of 40 miles an hour over the roughest of terrain. As the automobile pitched and rolled and I did my up-most to avoid the hazards of rocks, arroyos, and scrub cedar, he would poke his rifle out the window and knock over an antelope, a coyote, or whatever animal we were pursuing. I never saw him miss.

My mother-in-law was also an excellent marksman—correction—markswoman, or if you prefer, marks-person. (For goodness sakes, I hope there aren't any women's libbers in the Whiting family.)

The Whiting hunting expeditions ceased rather abruptly with the fatal shooting of Eddie's and Ethel's first son-in-law, Rex Lee.

Within the narrow limits of this life, no family escapes tragedy. The E. I. Whiting family was no exception. Seven children were born to Eddie and Ethel. One baby boy died in infancy, three other sons were killed in violent accidents, and as indicated above, a son-in-law was killed while hunting in the Kaibab Forest.

I was a member of the family when Merwin, Virgil, and Farr met their tragic deaths. I shared in the family's grief and I know the depth of their sorrow. I observed with increased admiration the stoicism of my parents-in-law. They stood to those stern trials with a monumental courage and a deep-seated faith which we seldom witness.

Ethel's patriarchal blessing declares her lineage to be through Ephraim. Her lineage then, comes also through Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel. In my own view, it would seem that she inherited the grace, the benevolence, indeed the sum total of the qualities of those comely mothers of ancient Israel. As I write this, I am confident that her children and their children will join me in the adoration and lavish praise she so richly deserves. Her name will be held in loving remembrance from generation to generation.

Despite history, diaries, and legends, it is difficult to realize what times were like when -Eddie and Ethel and the land were young. In Eddie's memos to Mabel, he says, "We were terribly poor, money and everything was very scarce. We didn't have anything to go on."

His words bear evidence that hard work was the price they paid for existence. He pays tribute to his wife, "I think of how Ethel always showed her appreciation in the nicest way for every little thing I was able to do for her. The experiences we shared are among the very best of my life." Of his father and mother he said, "Dad and Mother seemed to have wisdom equal to the best I have known."

They did indeed. Even a casual study of their lives and movements demonstrates the accuracy of their eldest son's assessment. And yes, you and I know that the hand of the Lord was over them. Perhaps all too often, we relegate greatness to men and women of high renown. Greatness is not only to be found in a Lincoln or a Helen Keller, but also in an Edwin Marion Whiting or an Anna Maria Isaacson. I submit that the parents of the children we have come to know as the "Whiting Brothers" and their sisters, seem to tower like mountains between the foothills of their ancestors and the plains of their descendants. Edwin Marion Whiting was a mountain that could be moved by faith. And frequently was, as witness his second move to Arizona.

Eddie's ancestry then, together with nature and a divine providence, endowed him with gifts and talents. But it was Eddie himself, by dint of a strong will and endless intelligent labor who brought them to fruition. His life is a great story with some valuable lessons. His children will make no mistake to exploit their own potential. They will err if they try to be Eddie. He alone could be the exemplar of his peculiar genius. His was the type of life that built a Church and kingdom.

We can be eternally grateful to him and to the wonderful woman he married for their immeasurably great contribution to the Whiting family.

## EDWIN ISAACSON AND ETHEL FARR WHITING

By Rex E. Lee

My memories of my grandfather are numerous and varied. The easiest things to recall about him are the funny stories, involving his absentmindedness (leaving Uncle Art holding the gate open as he drove through, and leaving Uncle Merwin in Holbrook); the famous one-liners coming out of his negotiations ("you pay me one dollar, you have to eat me; you pay me two dollars I eat myself"; or Juan Sanchez' famous statement: "How come, whenever I'm skeening you, you got to see your brothers; whenever you're skeening me you don't got to see nobody?"; the stories about his driving (E. I. to his brother Ralph: "You tired Ralph? You want me to drive?" Ralph to E. I.: "I'm not that tired.")

I love those stories about my grandfather and I love to tell them as I love him. I could add many more to them. I remember once he and I were driving from St. Johns to the Greens Peak Sawmill, and as we came to the turnoff, he was, as usual, whistling a little ditty off key with an occasional accompanying beep on the horn. Thus engrossed, he went speeding right on by the turnoff to the sawmill. I don't know why this has stuck in my mind, but I remember sitting there thinking, should I tell him or should I just wait and see how long it will be before he realizes? When I considered the second alternative, and realized that I really didn't want to spend that evening in Tucson I said meekly, "Grandpa, aren't we going to the sawmill?" "Oh yes," he said, and made a U turn without ever seeing what other cars might be coming. The whistling concert was barely interrupted long enough to get us turned around.

As much as I remember those stories, they are not the things I remember most about my grandfather. He had a greater impact on my life than any man other than my father, and the reason is not the funny things he said and did. He was a man of enormous depth, practicality and principle. As much as any man I have ever known, he saw to it that things got done. So many times I remember sitting in priesthood meeting hearing people talk in abstract terms about the importance of the Welfare Program, but after the talk was over, it was frequently my grandfather who saw to it that commitments were made to do the work. One of the old timers in St. Johns said that E. I. Whiting was the best bishop the St. Johns Ward ever had because he saw to it that the widows had enough wood. A memory, and a lesson, that have remained indelibly with me over the last thirty years occurred one Friday evening when I was staying with my grandparents. At that time, we were enlarging the ward building just across from my grandparents' house and as Grandpa went to bed he said to me casually, "Well, I guess I'll go work on the Church in the morning at 6:00; you can do whatever you want to." Of all the things I did not want to do, working on the Church at 6:00 a.m. headed the list. But I knew that I would. I knew that he wanted me to, and that he would be disappointed if I didn't. My respect for him was such that I really had no choice.

I think that grandparents have an influence on children of a quality that no one else - certainly not the parents - can have. I am grateful that my own children have the benefit of the association with four ideal grandparents. Though I didn't look at it that way at the time, my grandfather was one of my best friends. It has been nineteen years since I last saw him. I look forward to seeing him again.

"THAT FRAIL LITTLE ETHEL FARR"

Whiting family tradition has it that at the time my grandfather married my grandmother, his brothers and sisters were worried. "That poor, frail, little Ethel Farr. She just isn't strong enough to be Eddie's wife."

It is true that Ethel Farr Whiting was not a large person, at least by Whiting standards. But in no sense was she frail or weak. Her life spanned some eight decades, including one in the 19th Century and seven in the 20th. She spent them all in and around St. John's and though the physical demands on her were probably as severe as on any woman during that period of time, I don't remember her ever being sick.

My grandmother's real strengths however, were not physical. They were spiritual, intellectual and emotional. The story that perhaps capsulizes her strengths best occurred when she was about twelve years old, and was the Sunday School organist for the St. John's ward. During the closing prayer, a mouse ran up her leg. She had the same abhorrence for mice that all twelve year old girls have, but to make any kind of noise during a prayer was unthinkable. She simply clutched the unfortunate rodent and held him until the congregation had all pronounced "Amen" at which time he fell lifeless to the floor, a lesson for all future mice to be more selective in their victims.

Among my most enduring memories are my grandmother's performances during times of great tragedy. Three are illustrative: The first occurred when she lost her youngest son, my Uncle Merwin (then sixteen years old) in a tragic tractor accident. It was one of my earliest memories (I was probably only about three or four years old), but I remember that with all of the family and friends gathered at Dr. Bouldin's office it was my grandmother who went about the task of comforting everyone else during those last minutes of her youngest child's life.

One particularly tender scene had remained with me over the intervening four decades. It is of my grandmother tucking in the blankets at the foot of the bed of her dying son, whispering that his feet might get cold.

The next tragedy occurred about two or three years later, the great fire in St. Johns that wiped out an entire city block, all of which belonged to my grandparents, and killing two men. The general consensus at the time was that it was a loss from which they could not possibly recover. I was about five years old at the time, and I have two prominent memories of that awful night.

One of the magnitude, the brilliance and the horror of the explosions and the fire. The other is of my grandmother, 'frail little Ethel Farr', walking about with a bucket of water, putting out little fires as the explosions sent burning material hurtling onto her yard across the street.

The third tragedy was probably the greatest. It occurred while I was in law school and involved the death of my two Uncles Farr and Virgil. This little woman, this giant of a human being, had borne four sons, and now all four had gone before her to the grave. The thing that made this 1961 tragedy greater than the others was that Farr and Virgil had left young families. But once again it was this granddaughter of Lorin Farr and Richard Ballantyne who was the comforter rather than the comforted.

In addition to everything else, my grandmother was a brilliant woman. I have often wondered just how smart she really was. The only thing I know for certain, is that she was a lot smarter than her oldest grandson. One evening when I was staying with my grandparents I had struggled with my Algebra for three hours while my grandparents had been at some kind of meeting. There was one problem that I absolutely could not handle. It was one of those situations with which we are all familiar: I continued to come back to it again and again, knowing the general approach to its solution, but unable to make a dent in it. It was especially frustrating because I wanted to go to bed, but I felt I couldn't go to bed until I got the answer. At the height of my frustration my grandparents

returned. I was not in a mood to be very pleasant, and my only hope was that the exchange of pleasantries would be brief, so that I could get on with my task.

In Grandpa's case that is exactly what happened, but Grandma wanted to visit. She asked me what I was doing, and I muttered something about algebra. She asked if I was having problems and I assured her that I was. She then astounded me by asking if she could help. I will be eternally grateful that I didn't say what I was thinking, something about her age and the amount of time that had gone by since she'd had anything to do with algebra, and the best way she could help would be to leave me alone.

She finally picked up the book and asked which problem it was. I reluctantly showed her. She read it, thought about it for no more than fifteen seconds, then picked up my pencil and worked it out for me. No single experience in my life has been as significant in dispelling any biases based on age or sex.

As remarkable as my grandparents were as individuals, perhaps the most remarkable thing about them is how well they functioned together, because in so many ways, no two human beings could ever have been more different. My Grandfather was boisterous, bombastic, volatile, and frequently critical. Grandma was the very essence of patience, gentility, empathy and sensitivity.

I believe that the success of their marriage is attributable more to her than to him, both because she was more flexible and also because she knew how to be strong and assertive when she needed to be. The interplay between their dominant characteristics has given rise to some of the best of our family stories.

When the two of them, and my family, visited me in Mexico at the conclusion of my mission, everyone except me, developed an irrational phobia for any food that could not be positively identified as American, and as having come out of a closed container. In many instances, this limited the drinks to coca cola. Time after time, when this was the case, Grandma would simply comment that she wasn't thirsty. After about the third such time, Grandpa commented, "Hell, Ethel, this is no time to be livin' the word of wisdom."

EDWIN ISAACSON AND ETHEL FARR WHITING

By LaVelle Whiting DeSpain

I guess I knew your Grandma Whiting before I did your Grandfather, as Grandma—if I would give her an appointment as a weekly patron of my local beauty shop. I made a confession to Grandma years later, and we both had a good laugh.

Grandma was such a lady. Very reserved, proper and quiet. She was nothing but nice. So nice that I feared being alone with her. I had this problem! I was very much in love with her son (your Grandfather) and felt I couldn't take the chance of being alone with her for fear I might say or do the wrong thing. So I depended on my other patrons for support where she was concerned. Several times she would call for an appointment and I would tell her I was "Booked Solid", when in reality I had a blank appointment book. For Grandma there was an unwritten rule in my beauty shop. It was "No Patrons -No Appointment."

Grandma was quite opposite of Grandpa in many respects. For example, the day Virgil and I were married. We all were registered at the Adams Hotel. A few hours before the ceremony, Virgil came for my bags and wanted me to walk down to the room with him. Grandma was shocked and she said, "Why Virgil, you're not taking her to that room until after your married, are you?" But Grandpa chuckled and with a twinkle in his blue eyes said he could see no harm in it. But little Grandma was adamant! The four of us trooped down to room 215 and deposited my bags.

We hadn't been married long until I was made to realize that this family had strong family ties and you never tampered with the knot by bickering, jealousy or criticism of another family member. It was something that was unheard of. These two good parents set the example and their children followed that example.

Every Friday night was "Family Night" on the east side sleeping porch at Grandma's house. For the three young married couples (Sherwood and Melba, Darwin and Erma, Virgil and LaVelle) it wasn't just the hot chocolate or the sleeping porch that lured us there each Friday night, but the fun association with family.

Yes, you all would have loved Friday nights at Grandma and Grandpa's house. They talked family business, church business, town business and monkey business. We visited, we ate and we laughed. I'm sure if some of you smaller children would have been there, Grandpa would have told you the stories he told your parents. Stories about Big Claus and Little Clause and Bricket Leg. I don't remember Grandma telling stories, but I don't remember Grandpa in the kitchen either, frying doughnuts. They each played their own role in making their home a bit of Heaven.

This home is the home where your Uncle Ken and Aunt Karma now live. I've often thought, if that old house could talk, it would probably be able to boast of housing and feeding more people, within its walls, than any other house in town. I don't think there is another house standing that would dispute it. For the people living within these walls were hospitable, charitable and busy people. Their involvement in both church and community brought people from all walks of life into their home and Grandpa and Grandma loved it. This house stands as living proof that "It takes a heap of living in a house to make it HOME."

Grandpa Whiting wasn't a good driver, even with all the pluses on his side. And it was quite an experience to be a passenger in his car. Especially if he was preoccupied with a business deal, and that was most of the time, but worse than that was to have Grandpa at the wheel and one of his grandchildren at his side. It wasn't only disastrous, it was dangerous. Many a time after such a trip I promised the Lord if he would just get us home safely I'd never step foot inside his

car again.

You all would have loved a trip with him, though. He was the big spender, the great story teller and on occasion, the off key vocalist. He would make up songs and rhymes as we sped (70 m.p.h.) down the busy highways. The grandchildren were gleeful, the parents apprehensive, Grandma concerned and Grandpa was in his 7th heaven. Heaven! That's where we all were afraid we would end up, Heaven!

I really think the angels were alerted the minute he stepped inside a car, and were kept on duty until he was safely home.

Your two great Grandparents, Marion and Mary Gibbons and Eddie and Ethel, went to Europe together. Grandpa Whiting would have been highly indignant had he known that Virgil and Farr handed Grandpa Gibbons the extra keys to the little car the four of them would be driving on this trip. With the keys went this plea, "Please don't let Dad drive." Well, that was like saying, "Don't let Dad eat."

One day as they drove down the busy streets of Paris with Grandpa Whiting at the wheel they were surprised to have people on every street frantically waving and calling to them - they soon realized what the commotion was all about. Grandpa had somehow hitched onto a little foreign car and was dragging it down the streets of Paris.

You all know the Whitings are talented actors, but did you know Grandpa Whiting was one of the best? He could have won an Oscar for his performance, on mine and Pam's behalf, during World War II at Testimony meeting in Santa Anna, California. It looked like Pam and I might have to go home as we couldn't find an apartment and we so desperately wanted to be near Virgil, who was in the Air Corps. When Grandpa Whiting realized our plight he said, "Don't worry, tomorrow is Fast Meeting and I'll bear my testimony—you'll get your apartment." And we did!

Later Grandpa was bragging about what a fine testimony he bore. Grandma listened patiently and then she said, "That was no testimony, Eddie, that was an S.O.S." Testimony or S.O.S. it got results, our phone never stopped ringing that Sunday. We had our pick of apartments—one dear sister said, "I'm going to let you have my apartment and I'll move in with my parents." When I told her I didn't want her to do that, she said, "Oh my, yes, I don't know when I ever felt so sorry for anyone as I did your father-in-law—he actually broke down and sobbed!" There were many times as we followed Virgil in the service I wished I had Grandpa to help me get an apartment—he used his talents and got results.

When sorrow and problems came, and they had their share, your grandparents accepted them, never doubting, but with the attitude, "He never promised us a rose garden, he told us there would be thorns too."

You know, now that I look back on a bleak March afternoon, 1942 and I think your grandparents would agree, that they experienced one of the finest moments of their life. It was a snowy afternoon when their entire block of business burned down.

Pam was just a baby. We all went to look at the smoldering wreckage. I can still remember one blackened cash register lying in the snow rung up to "No Sale." I remember Grandpa saying, "Well, I guess we've lost everything. Ethel, how do you feel?" Grandma said, "I feel fine." She was standing on bedrock and her confidence in him.

In the days that followed I don't think Grandpa or his sons and sons-in-laws averaged four hours sleep a night, they were trying to do a thousand things at once, keep customers from deserting until we could get back in business, persuade the bank to extend credit, but you know I don't think they ever felt tired. Here they were with a disaster on their hands and they felt good. You know why? Because they loved challenges. They were fighting for survival. They were protecting those they loved. That's why they were happy - remember this.

So, in the years that lie ahead, I wish you would do something for me. When you are envying someone who seems "to have it made", think of these two good people. Do you really want exemption from hope and heartbreak, scrambling and sweating, the icy fear of failure and the wine sweet taste of success. If you are honest, you will know that you don't and you will know, like Grandma and Grandpa, that no one really ever has "it made", not while there are problems to solve and people to help and love and share.

In conclusion, let me say this. All of your lives you will hear good things said about your Great Grandma and Grandpa Whiting. I want you to know they are true. Through righteous living, hard work, and their good deeds they brought nothing but honor and praise to the Whiting name. You would do well to emulate their lives.



Uncle Eddie and Aunt Ethel at Hill Cumorah, New York



Uncle Eddie and Aunt Ethel Whiting at their wedding.  
Uncle Eddie was 23, and Aunt Ethel was 20.

# EDWIN ISAACSON AND ETHEL FARR WHITING

By Karen Whiting Mineer

I remember my grandparents as being very happy and loving. They were a very hard working people and loved to share what they had with everyone around.

Grandpa Whiting tried very hard to have jobs for everyone in and around town. If you wanted to work he would always try to find you a job, BUT you had to work. He didn't like lazy people and had no place for them.

Grandma Whiting always had good things to eat. It was always fun to be in her home because she made you feel so welcome. She also was a very hard worker. I remember a beautiful skirt Grandma Whiting made for me to wear to a Green and Gold Ball. I thought and knew I had the prettiest skirt at the ball.

I loved to have Sunday dinner at Grandpa and Grandma's house. With all of my Aunt's, Uncle's and cousin's. We children had a table all of our own and all the good food too. YUM!

I remember and loved the Homestead with my grandparents. The beautiful mountains and memories.

Christmas was a special time at the Whiting house. The whole family would meet once again on Christmas Eve for a big family night. Everyone took part on the program, from the youngest to the oldest. Christmas carols were sung, with of course, Grandma at the organ. The evening was topped off with homemade doughnuts and milk. After which we would hurry home to bed and wait for Santa to come. The next morning after gifts were all opened at home, it was off to Grandpa and Grandma's to exchange gifts and have Christmas dinner.

There were so many memories and happy thoughts about Grandpa and Grandma, it is hard to write them all.

Thanks Grandpa E. I. Whiting and Grandma Ethel Farr, for the wonderful heritage and lots of fun and all the loving memories.



This is a picture of Uncle Eddie I. Whiting taken as he left for his mission to the Southern States, where he served his two years in Georgia.

Uncle Eddie was 24 years old when this picture was taken.

## EDWIN ISAACSON AND ETHEL FARR WHITING

By Arthur C. Whiting

Edwin Isaacson Whiting, "Eddie", was the eldest member of our family of nine. As a young man he took his place as the leader and we all looked up to him and respected him.

He took over the old family store from father at an early age and provided all of us with employment. He was a strict boss and expected more from the family than he did from others. But I'm sure that any success I have attained came from working in the old store and garage.

He was always in the middle of work projects and worked as hard as anyone else. Whether it was sawing ice from the lake to put up for summer use or pouring cement. He did his part and more.

He loved sports and fun and was an expert at chasing wild horses, hunting or playing ball. Everyone enjoyed his antics at the annual Easter celebration, when he brought a roasted pig each year with an apple in its mouth. Then there was the rhubarb over calls in the ball games. I never could understand why he got so upset when Holbrook was so far ahead in the game.

Perhaps his greatest virtue was his concern and help when any member of the family had sickness or trouble. Yes, we have missed him all these years and live for the time when we can play another ball game some time, somewhere and eat roast pig.



Family picture of E.I. and Ethel Farr Whiting

## OLD SPARKS

By E. I. Whiting

Taken from "The Whiting Tree", Vol. 1, Issue No. 6\*

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

A flood half a mile wide in places came down the Little Colorado. Without warning, it struck the town after midnight. Our sheriff on night duty heard and saw the water coming, fired several warning shots and miraculously saved many lives, although there were a number of narrow escapes. My brother Earnest put a family one behind the other, and led them two blocks through water armpit deep. His wise leadership kept them from panicking in the wild flood waters. Mrs. Dannenbaum, who had been jerked out of bed and led through the water up to her neck was so frightened that she had to have first aid, with a number of others who came to our home, above the flood line.

Horsemen were sent down the river to warn those in the flood's path. There was no phone line. The horseman must outrun the flood. Norman Freeman's horse fell dead under him, but the other succeeded and most of the people were saved.

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

The wisdom and work of others saved many more, but still there were seven drowned. Men came from everywhere to search for the lost ones and to help the homeless and needy. We first hunted on the West side of the River. We lived on that side, and no one dared to try to cross. We reasoned that we were more apt to find them on that side, and we did find five bodies there -two of Ellis and Jen Palmer's children, Mrs. Ray and her child from Colorado, and Mrs. Savadra, a beautiful young woman from whom the flood had torn all her clothing when we found her. Jen's boy was hanging from a barbed wire fence and their girl was lodged on some iron brush. Mrs. Ray and child were lodged in some driftwood, Mrs. Savadra on her back in a salt grass flat.

That night we called a meeting to report and decide what to do on the morrow. The general opinion was that the two missing girls were on the east side of the river, and that as a number of people had gotten out on the west side, there was a good chance that the two might be alive and alone on

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

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

It is hard to put things like this into words, but in my own mind, I have a picture of trusting my life to my faithful horse and of coming through like a friend. For years after, whenever we ran this loved racer, people would tell of his swimming the river, or talk of it if a flood came down the river. I never go to the river bank without memories.

## EDWIN ISAACSON AND ETHEL FARR WHITING

By. E. Jay Whiting

I appreciate the effort that has been made by the family of Uncle Eddie and Aunt Ethel in getting the articles on their father and grandfather to me.

I will never forget Uncle Eddie and the influence that he has had on my life. I remember going to St. Johns to stay with Virgil, and Uncle Eddie always seemed to have something exciting planned for us.

When I came home from the Navy and started to work on the Kaibab, it was a great learning experience to work with he and the other Whiting brothers. It was at that time that I made several trips with Uncle Eddie to buy surplus equipment from the Government. We traveled to Utah, California, Washington and Texas, buying surplus equipment. On these trips we bought all kinds of equipment that we used in our logging woods.

I remember a lot of stories that he told me about him and his brothers growing up and the years that they had been working together on their partnership.

I remember once when he came to Holbrook to look at a forklift that we had converted from one of these Army Surplus trucks. He was in a hurry, as usual, and as he came to the yard he said, "Jay, give me your very best price first, as I don't have time to chisel with you." Another time when we were building the Fredonia Mill and had had so much trouble with a leaking pond, that we had decided to cement the entire pond. There was a Navajo Indian who worked down in the pond with us during the entire time and after we had finished two days of real hard work Uncle Eddie went around thanking and complimenting everyone and he came to this Indian and said, "You are a good worker." The Navajo looked at him, as only an Indian can, and said, "Who You?"

We invited him to one of our Christmas parties that we held in the Fredonia High School gym for the employees and when we had finished the banquet we asked all the Whiting brothers, that were there, to speak. When Uncle Eddie got up he looked over the group and then turned to me and said, "Jay, how are we going to meet the payroll?"

Without someone like him we might not have had the foresight to buy the timber on the Kaibab when everyone thought that it would break us, he knew it could be done, and this was the greatest thing that happened to us on the North Kaibab.

To know Uncle Eddie was to love him.

Aunt Ethel was the most considerate, kind and loving person that I have ever known. Both Uncle Eddie and Aunt Ethel will never be forgotten.

# NEWS ITEMS

## ARTHUR C. WHITING FAMILY

The Farrell Lewis Clan, including Petersons, Kennedys, Holladays, Karen, Dee Ann, and Stephen are all doing great.

Some of our family were at Lake Powell the last week of September and had a great time.

We enjoyed the July, Whiting Reunion.

Kennedy's are moving to Salt Lake City. We will enjoy having them closer to Provo.

Peterson's have all but one of their children in school. They enjoy living close to Brent and Marilyn Brown and Aunt Elda.

Holladay's have just celebrated the third birthday of their little daughter, Kari. She is a little "visitor"?? But she is making it a good and long visit.

Karen leaves for Taiwan the first part of October. Our love to all.

## MYN W. PRIESTLEY FAMILY

Roberta's father is very ill in the hospital, although they can't tell yet, just what his trouble is, he is very seriously ill and at the age of 87, they know he cannot endure long, he has had both cancer and a heart attack. Roberta's mother does not drive in the heavy traffic, so with the starting of school added on to time at the hospital, Roberta is far behind on her usual well organized life.

Ann is at B.Y.U. starting her second year of college at B.Y.U. The picture up there has changed for her, last year at this time she was so homesick nothing looked good, but this year she was glad to be on her way back to both school and social life.

Bruce is in his last year of high school. He seems to be doing fine. He has part time work and he likes that too, but I think since he drives the car his social life is very important too.

Then our little Christina is the one that brightens all our lives, she is cute, beautiful and smart, and we love her dearly.

John Lee and Daryl live in our front apartment again this year. This is John's last year in law school. Daryl takes care of our baby while Roberta teaches. It is so good to have them here. They have a beautiful little boy that plays with Christina all day, every day, and they are in and out of my house and it sure keeps my life brightened up indeed!

I am doing quite well and still able to count my blessings. I usually start by thinking over my family and the grand way they have always blessed me. I'm sure I don't deserve them, but I love them and I live a happy life because of it.

Thank you Jay, for all you are doing for us. We love our family tree.

## ELDA W. BROWN FAMILY

We have one marriage to report. Deana Sager married Lyle Hillier on April 18, 1980, in the Salt Lake City Temple. Deana graduated from B.Y.U. in August. They are still living in Provo, as Lyle is still in school.

Geraldine's granddaughter, Melynn (Norene and Wayne Southwick's daughter) passed away, April 25th, 1980. She was almost 5. Gerry is going to send you some material on this. We went to the funeral and Brother Rex Pinnegar spoke, he was Wayne Southwick's Mission President. He said he had never seen such a large funeral for a small child, so that would tell you how many lives she had touched in her short span of life. They would have about 70 members of their ward come in every week to pattern her.

Joel and Robin Sagers had a baby boy last part of April, named Clayton. That makes three boys for them.

Daryl and John are still in California. John is in his last year of law school. He worked for Floyd Brown this summer and is going to go to Cook Islands in November as a guide for Floyd and some other lawyers. John was in Cook Islands on his mission, so he knows the language and all. It should be fun for them all. I hope to go to California and stay with Daryl and Ammon while he is gone.

We are still surviving the cold Idaho weather. We already have the heat on and it's been cold - hope it warms up a bit for conference. Hope to see you there.

Just a word about the wonderful reunion. We all enjoyed it so much. It's so good to see everyone as we are getting so scattered that's the only time we get to see each other. You did a fine job and I'm sure you will again. Let us all do anything we can to help.

Willard and Geraldine Sagers have recently been called to head the finance committee in their ward. Any suggestions on how to get a ward on top, will be appreciated.

Carolyn Sagers is extra busy right now in a new school and as multi-regional Y.S.I. leader.

Kenneth Sagers is still keeping up a record number of funerals in his ward besides all the other duties of being a bishop. Debbie has recently been called as the Laurel leader. Melisa and Kendra are back in school.

Larry Sager's work as a Seventy and Stake missionary keep his evenings well filled. Diane has just been called as a Relief Society counselor in their ward. Glen is in first grade this year.

Joel Sagers is still Elders Quorum advisor and Robin has just been transferred from the nursery leader to the sewing class instructor. Their baby boy, Clayton, arrived since the last newspaper.

Wayne Southwick is still in the Elders Presidency and Norene was just called to be a counselor in their ward Relief Society.

Michael Faudree is still in the Sunday School Presidency and Kathryn is now a counselor in their ward primary.

Lyle and Deana are trying to get their trailer house fixed up and moved to Provo. Deana graduated the B.Y.U. in August and Lyle is in school.

Needless to say everyone in our family is so busy working that they can hardly stop to visit anymore. We are thankful that all are well and going strong.

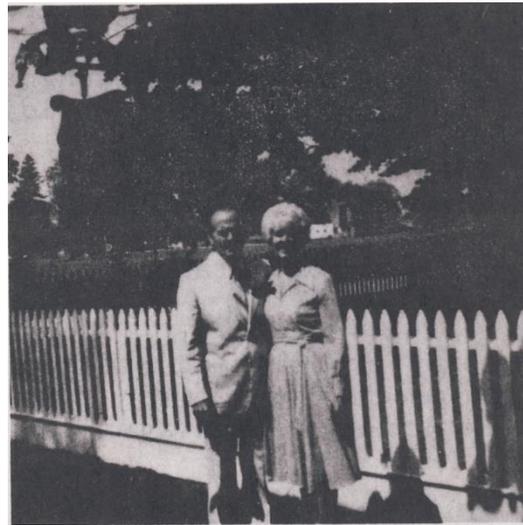
I suppose everyone heard that in April, Norene and Wayne Southwick's little girl, Melynn, age 4, passed away. They had a lovely service for her in their ward in West Jordan and she is buried in Tooele.

#### LETTER FROM KAREN LEWIS

Just a quick note to say I'm loving my mission so far. We fly off for Taiwan, Tuesday, 7<sup>th</sup>. What a great experience this has all been.

Thanks to the Whiting Mission Memorial Fund for each monthly check. I greatly appreciate it!

Thanks for all you do as our president!



Elder Darwin and Sister Erma Grant, now serving in the Nauvoo Illinois Mission. They are the assigned guides to Heber C. Kimball's home in Nauvoo.

Aleen and I had the privilege to visit them there last month. They seem to be happy and very excited with their calling. They live in one of the beautiful restored homes across the street. They are doing a beautiful work, and say they never have been happier. I am sure that they have really caught the spirit of the mission.

If any of the family will be traveling back east next summer you should make this one of your must stops. May the Lord bless you Darwin and Erma in your missionary calling.

713 E. Havens #4  
Mitchell, South Dakota 57301  
605-996-6723

## GREETINGS!

Our new address is shown above. We are not in the tropical Philippines but in the sub-tropical Dakotas. They tell us that the snow has been known to be six (6) feet deep here at times and with wind chill factor the temperature sometimes reaches 50 (and more) below zero. It is encouraging that last year was unusually warm and pleasant.

After we had our passports, visas, shots for everything and packed our two suitcases each (all that is allowed by the airlines) to go to the Philippines, Ruth failed to pass the chest x-ray required.

We were scared stiff of course and returned from Utah to Los Angeles and Ruth had an operation to eliminate cancer and TB. Her "spot" is not serious but the Philippines don't want us, so here we are.

Mitchell is a town of about 15,000 persons. It is mostly white, protestant and looks well-kept and prosperous.

The Branch here has a small building and a few members. Twice it was ready to start a bigger building but people moved away for various reasons.

Our job here is largely to get the members going again and build up the Branch. We live in a "mobile home" built for cold country and are comfortable, but miss everything we left at home.

We have two young proselyting Elders here who are working hard at trying to find someone who wants to listen. If our members were not so discouraged the people would be more interested.

Mitchell is in the central time zone so we are two hours ahead of you. When it is just 8:30 for you we are retiring at missionary "lights out" time of 10:30.

People are friendly and we are getting acquainted. Even had a cute little Indian baby stay with us over night last week!

We hope we are going to be able to do some good. We thought the reunion was great! We're looking forward to the next publication.

Love,

Ray & Ruth Brown

## WHAT I LIKE MOST ABOUT THE REUNIONS

By Susan Dastrup

I would like first to thank you for giving me the opportunity to express my feelings on the Family Reunions. I look forward to the big reunions so much. I can't imagine what it would have been like growing up without my cuz. I've grown so close to many of them.

I love everything about the reunions, it's hard to say what my favorite part is, but I must say, that I feel the testimony meeting for the youth is a very special part. Each night we are able to get to know one another and then on that special Sunday we are able to express our feelings. The spirit is so strong and we all grow so much. I hope we will always have this special meeting.

These reunions will help me raise my children so much better, because I have experiences to share with them and love that I have learned from being with my family will go on to my own family.

I love the reunions and I'm proud to be a part of them.

## HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE MY HERITAGE

By Grant Lyon

I really appreciate this chance I have to write about our heritage and let you know how proud I am to be a part of a family with a heritage like ours. Along with the blessings we have comes the responsibilities we have to our Heavenly Father and our fellow men. I'm sure our Father in Heaven expects more out of our family than He does of most.

We live in a time where families aren't important to the world as they used to be, which means to me, that we have an important role in the world, to let them know how wonderful families can be. I'm sure our ancestors would be very disappointed in us if we did not live up to this challenge.

I also think about the duty we have to defend our country's name as well as our families'. Our country needs us to defend its name, now, more than any other time in its history. We as youth need to be proud of our country, and stand up for it, even if it means defending it with our lives.

It is my hope that our family can live up to its expectations in the church as well as the countries, and that some day when we meet our ancestors again we will be able to tell them that we have honored their name and not brought upon it any disgrace. I bear you my testimony that I know Jesus, is the Christ and God lives. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## THEY GAVE OF THEMSELVES

By. A. Kay Berry

I lived with Grandpa and Grandma Whiting during the twelfth year of my life. Usually, it was just summers that we spent at St. Johns, but during this wonderful year, I went to and graduated from the 8th grade in the local St. Johns school.

It was a year of learning and of establishing both temporal and spiritual values. I remember one time just after I was ordained a deacon, grandma put her hands upon my shoulders, looked me in the face and said, "Kay, you are one of the chosen spirits." That statement made a deep impression upon me and was to stay with me for a lifetime. It did wonders for my 'self-image' and many times when I was tempted to do something wrong in later life, I whispered to myself, "I can't do that, Grandma said I am one of the chosen spirits." Later, I reasoned that we are all chosen spirits –and that she didn't even say what I was chosen for, but it didn't matter, her words set me apart as someone special.

Like many of my cousins, I worked in the bees, extracted honey, pulled weeds, picked and sold string beans and tomatoes. These were great experiences and when at the end of the summer Grandma presented me with a five dollar greenback –it was just too much. Remember the bills were large then. It seemed an enormous amount of money and helped establish my value of money for a lifetime.

I helped Grandpa a lot and loved to watch him work in the blacksmith shop and pump the bellows for the fire. One day he said to me, "Kay, I believe that there are some muskrats living down in the salt grass." Then he explained that they are fur bearing animals and that their hides are like beavers and almost as valuable. There was a large area where the willows were growing in swampy water. He showed me the trails that they made which led to their houses which were like mounds made of dead reeds and other organic material mixed with mud. He also said that Willie Burk had seen them and had shot one with a twenty-two. "The proper way, he told me, would be to trap them," but how? Nowhere in St. Johns could we find any steel traps small enough. So we ordered some from the Sears and Roebuck catalog. It seemed like an eternity before they came, but one day they came and Grandpa showed me how to use them. At first, we would set them in the trails which were half covered with water. The trap would be just deep enough in the water to be out of sight. Then a chain fastened to a stake and hidden among the reeds secured them.

The very first morning after a restless almost sleepless night, I arose at dawn and rushed down to my traps alone. Sure enough, there were not one, but three muskrats in my traps. They looked like black furry monsters. I rushed them back to Grandpa and he showed me how to skin them and stretch their hides inside out on special boards which he had prepared. The harvest was good and almost every day I harvested furs. As the success thinned out, Grandpa showed me how to put the traps right into their houses which were out in a pond of water. We would make a hole in the roof, position the trap and then rebuild the dome. Using this technique, I caught a lot more muskrats and at the end of the season had 62 hides which we later sold to a fur buyer for \$2.00 each –a fortune to a 12 year old country boy.

The next summer my brother, Lee, came up from Mesa and joined us—but alas—nearly every kid in St. Johns had secured traps and that area of the salt grass looked like the Klondyke during the gold rush. Grandpa came to our rescue again and said he knew an area 4 miles out of St. Johns which we called the 'slough' where he supposed there might be fur-bearing animals, in a swampy area long

the river. He took us up there the first time and then turned the area over to us. We had a marvelous time. Although there weren't as many muskrats as in the other place, there were also other animals. Besides some muskrats, we caught several skunks, a large raccoon and one coyote's foot. We later sold the furs and made life-time memories.

Grandpa and Grandma Whiting gave their grandchildren liberally of their time and interest. They are a continuing inspiration and example to me and to all of their posterity.

Somehow I felt that I was their favorite grandson. Yes, number one favorite. That is the way they treated me and made me feel. Years later, at a family reunion, several of my cousins and I were chatting about our experiences with our Whiting Grandparents, we had all worked in the gardens, picked fruit, worked with the bees and honey, etc., but the special thing we had in common was that each of us felt that we were the number one favorite—and we were, because that is the way they treated us.

#### MELYNN SOUTHWICK

Melynn was born May 19, 1975 and at the age of 11 months suffered serious brain damage during surgery. She passed away in her sleep when she was about 5, on April 25, 1980. For the past two years, members of her ward and stake have helped her parents on a "patterning program" in order to help her little body try and learn its proper function. More than 70 people came into their home each week to work with her. Everyone who knew her grew to love her very much as you can tell by these poems written by members of her ward. The bishop called this experience 'one of the best and most spiritual the ward will ever have'. We feel that she is one of our Heavenly Father's most choice and special spirits and thank Him for the opportunity of having her touch our lives.

On April 25, 1980, Heavenly Father called home one of His choice children. Her passing has indeed left an empty spot in our hearts. Words cannot adequately express our love and gratitude for Melynn nor to her sweet parents for sharing her with us. It was truly an honor to know her. Her spirit was very precious. Melynn's loving personality and sweet smile warmed the hearts of all who knew and worked with her.

In her short stay here on earth, Melynn taught dozens of individuals precious lessons concerning love, compassion and service. Her teachings might be expressed as follows:

She gathered a community to unite and combine  
To work for a common goal  
She taught us to give of our valuable time  
To be selfless and share it with her.  
She helped us understand about those of her kind,  
That they're human and not really so strange.  
She caused us to search, and to look, and to find  
A true love of Christ in our soul.

In our sorrow, however, we rejoice for Melynn. She is free from the body which held her. Her mission is fulfilled and a royal crown awaits her. "Thank you," Melynn, for allowing us the great opportunity to love and to serve as the Master commanded. Through knowing you, we have truly been associated with the very elite of Heaven. (Written by Bob & Connie Houston-West Jordan, 11th Ward)

## Melynn

Here lies Melynn's body  
In a casket, white and pure.  
Her earthly life is over;  
No more pain must she endure.

Roses, daisies, baby's breath  
Adorn the grave so small.  
But looking now more closely  
See—she isn't here at all.

She's returned home to our Father  
Just as pure as when she came,  
To dwell in Celestial glory-  
Toward which we must aim.

Her parents are the Father's best:  
Trusted, faithful, true.  
He knew they would give all—and more  
To help Melynn and love her too.

All who knew Melynn and served her  
Gained much more than they gave.  
The memory of her sweet spirit  
Lingers with us beyond the grave.

Although we feel like crying  
The tears are for those on earth;  
For we know Melynn is happy  
For her death was but a birth.

(By Talma Day-written during & after her funeral, April 28, 1980)

Melynn, memories smile  
You came in  
Springtime!

Your few years-  
Filled with life  
Testing!

You touched lives; many  
Everywhere and everyone  
Teaching!

In Spring you left  
Another life begins  
Living!

Our thoughts are you  
Once again memories  
Smile!

(By Donna Fender)

## THE COUSINS CORNER

By Joycell Cooper

In the Whiting family the word "cousin" has a magical ability of stirring up warm memories, both past and present. Reunions, dances, ghost stories, games, climbing Sierra Trigo, trying to eat and table hop at the same time, the crazy skits and heart warming plays put on by professionals (all cousins). Just what is it that makes you all so very special?

1... Perhaps most important is YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR! No one has the ability to laugh at themselves like the Whitings. If you inherited nothing else—you should be eternally grateful. To be able to laugh and make the best of things is truly a gift....one that helps us cope with the pressures of the world today. It may not make life easier, but it sure makes it more enjoyable. How many hysterical stories have the Aunts and Uncles told on themselves down through the years?

Remember the one that Lee Berry tells about?

It seems that he went with Uncle Lynn on an overnight trip to haul wood. They hitched up the team and away they went in the wagon. Well, Lee says that everything that could have happened did. They got caught in a cloud burst, lost a wheel, the team ran away and anything that could go wrong did. By the time they got home Lee was fit to be tied and couldn't remember when he had had a worse time. Well, that night they all gathered down at Grandpa Whiting's and Uncle Lynn started telling about their trip. Lee said it was the funniest thing he has ever heard and they all laughed so hard they could hardly talk. He said he wished they could do it all over again because it sounded so funny.

Now, Uncle Lynn could have griped, moaned and groaned and made everyone miserable. But he had such a sense of humor that he made everything fun and turned a wretched trip into a real adventure that Lee will never forget.

Remember the one about Uncle Ralph?

Seems he knocked something off the shelf and cut a big gash on the back of his neck. Aunt Nell rushed him to the doctor who had had a little too much of his rubbing alcohol!(hic) Uncle Ralph's wound was stitched up, bandaged and he was sent home. He said that it was really sore for several days and didn't seem to get any better so one day he asked Aunt Nell to remove the bandage and see if it was healing properly. Aunt Nell did and what she saw made her almost faint. There was the gash as nasty as ever. The doctor had sewed up a wrinkle!!

Now, Uncle Ralph could have sued and made a big stink about it, but instead, the way he told it made it one of the family's funniest stories.

And then there is the one about Grandma May Berry...

All her family gathered one Thanksgiving at her house in Lynwood. The hour was growing late and everyone was starved. It was time to start on the trimmings when she asked me to check the huge turkey in the oven. I opened the door and there he was big as life—only Grandma had forgotten to turn on the oven!! Do you think she got hysterical? Made a big scene? Not my Grandma...very calmly she said..."Herbert, go down to Foster Freeze and order 30 hamburgers, 30 shakes and 30 french fries. It was about 7:00 p.m. before we all sat down to that turkey dinner, but I think I enjoyed the fries and burgers more and that is one Thanksgiving I will never forget. We told that story on Grandma a dozen times down through the years and she laughed the loudest. Did she get her feelings hurt ... not on your life—and how we loved her for that.

2 ... Another thing is your ability to communicate. In this family age has no meaning. I have as much fun mingling with the teenagers, young adults, young marrieds and Oldies, but Goodies as I do with my own age (25 to 30 year old bracket). You'll never find a Whiting with nothing to talk about, if they don't know anything, they'll make it up!

3 . . . YOUR TALENT! We run gauntlet with talent in this family. Some excel in sports, music, dance, drama and art. There are some who are eloquent speakers, tremendous organizers, hold high positions in the church and community, are great story tellers (Kay Berry), talented writers (Maydene Bodell), all around abilities (Nora May Brown). There are also those who are very successful financially and accomplished in the art of homemaking. But perhaps my favorite cousins are those who may not excel in the above, but have the ability to just sit back and enjoy and appreciate those in the family who do perform. Everyone needs an audience and Whiting cousins are the best in the world.

4 . . . YOUR SENTIMENTALITY AND LOVE. Love is the very heart of this family. Love, not for those today, but those in the past. What pride we take in our heritage. That is why it is so important we keep the old stories alive in our own homes. Our children must keep a clear picture in their minds of who Grandpa and Grandma Whiting were—also the Aunts and Uncles. In this world of turmoil and strife, when men's hearts wax cold, the only security we have are the close ties we have with our family. If we stay strong in the gospel this family unit will continue on into the eternities and I can't think of one cousin we could do without.

5 . . . THEN THERE IS AUNT MYN... Every family should have an Aunt Myn. Fiery red hair, great voice, magnetic personality. If she had been born 100 years ago she would have been the "Belle of the Sawmill Saloon!" I always wanted to write a melodrama about Aunt Myn. I think I would call it..."The Sawmill Saga - Minne May Have Pined, but She was no Sap!"

6 . . . BUT THE BACKBONE OF OUR FAMILY IS THE YOUTH! You young cousins who will someday be known as the Aunts and Uncles - you are the greatest, with your zip and zing you can do anything! (I'm a poet!) You have a great heritage so guard it well and when Grandma and Grandpa put their arms around you as you step through the veil you can report to them that you have brought honor the "WHITING" name.

THE INDIANS GO TO THEIR HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

THE COWBOYS, TO THAT BIG, ROUND UP IN THE SKY,

BUT THE WHITINGS WILL GO TO THAT GREAT HEAVENLY REUNION!

AND I WANT TO SEE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU THERE - (I'll probably be the only one who won't make it!)

## ADVICE TO A MISSIONARY

By Rex E. Lee

I still remember something that Uncle Art Whiting said at my missionary farewell, a little over twenty-five years ago. He said that no matter what other experiences I had, none would be quite like my experiences as a missionary.

I have thought a lot about that statement over the quarter of century since I first heard it from the man who is the master at packing a lot of content into a short speech. My experience as a missionary—and over the quarter century since my mission—have taught me that Uncle Art was exactly right. Even more important, I think I now know the most important reason why he was right.

At any stage of an active L.D.S. Church member's life there are several major conflicting demands on his time, attention, talents and resources. During the high school years, the package typically includes such matters as school work, athletics, some sort of extracurricular activity other than athletics, church activity, employment, dating, family responsibilities and getting into college. During the college years, for most people competitive athletics drops off the list, but other concerns, such as preparation for marriage, are added. After marriage, financial problems and family responsibilities loom larger, and the competitors likely include some civic and professional responsibilities.

There is only one period of our lives that is not characterized by these multi-dimensional demands. It is the two years of missionary service. It is literally the only time between about age six and the time we die when we have only one responsibility, one concern, one objective. The missionary program is deliberately structured that way.

The mission rule against dating or anything approaching serious contact with members of the opposite sex eliminates one concern. The requirement of adequate financial assistance eliminates a second, and the universal practice of sending missionaries far from home takes care of a third. At age twelve, or sixteen, or thirty-two, or fifty-five, the active Latter-day saint has a half dozen or so major responsibilities that he or she must be concerned about. But for a brief period of a year and half or two years, between nineteen and twenty-one or twenty-one and twenty-three, there is only one.

I believe that the thing that makes the missionary experience so magnificent for those who do it right is this: that single demand on the missionary's attention and resources is the only thing with which a missionary is supposed to be concerned during the period of his call—involves exclusively service to his Heavenly Father and his fellow human beings.

For two years, the only thing that he is supposed to worry about—or even permitted to worry about—is living the two great commandments. And the great irony is that the surest way to find happiness for yourself, is to lose yourself in seeking happiness for others.

The Savior said it, "he that... loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Matthew 10:39. Modern day scriptures, particularly those that deal with missionary work, are to the same effect. Probably the most famous of all missionary scriptures is the 4th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants. Note carefully its language. "He that thrusteth in his sickle with his might ... bringeth salvation to his soul."

Any missionary who attempts to achieve these benefits directly is doomed to

failure. It is true that there is no better place than a mission to grow in one's understanding of the scriptures, social skills, mastery of another language and culture, and generally, personal growth and development. But the person who goes into the missionary experience for that purpose is typically neither a happy missionary nor an effective one. The missionary who follows the Savior's mandate, to save his life by losing it, will do just that. The missionary who literally forsakes all other objectives and all other concerns and concentrates solely on the single objective of missionary work—proclaiming the miracle of the restoration to those who have not yet heard about it—is the missionary who will realize the great truth that I first heard from Uncle Art, twenty-five years ago this fall, that no other experience in life is quite like a mission. Moreover, the great personal growth—spiritual, intellectual and social—that can be part of the missionary experience comes more easily, and more abundantly to the one who does not seek it directly, but who realizes it as an unintended but happy byproduct.

## WHATEVER YOU DO...

By Geraldine Sagers

As members of the Church we are challenged to build a Zion, family and home here on this earth, to prepare us for the eternities. As I think back at the background we in the J. Albert and Elda Whiting Brown family have, I try to think of some of the teachings we received in our lives that have helped us to build towards this goal.

First, we learned to work. We not only learned to work, we learned to take pride in doing worthwhile things. Mother and Dad were never too busy to take time with us and teach us to do a good job. We worked at chores, hoeing long rows of corn and irrigating. We did house work, hauled hay, herded cows and worked in the bees. They were always there showing and encouraging us. I can still hear dad saying, "Of course you can do it." Dad often repeated this motto, "Whatever you do, do with a might, things done by half are never done right." I am glad that we learned to enjoy work in our family.

Second, we learned to pay tithing. Mother and Dad believed that you should pay your dues to the Lord. We were never forced, but they helped us figure what we owed and it was put aside to take to the Bishop. Not only did we pay tithing, but we supported the ward and stake functions, we went to meetings and did the jobs we were asked to do.

Third, do things without complaining. Our parents never complained that their family was too large and they couldn't afford to feed us. They didn't say we were too hard to take care of or wanted too many things. We knew they often went without so we could have something new, or money for school. They had saved their money so they could go to the Temple in Salt Lake City to be married and they wanted the same blessings for each of their children. It meant extra expense and time for travel to each child's wedding, but they did it willingly because it was the proper way to get married.

Fourth, save a little. One should always have some money for an emergency. Money was not to be spent for foolish and unnecessary things. Mother raised us on Grandma Whiting's saying, "Our wants are many but our necessities are few."

Fifth, use clean speech. You can't take the name of the Lord in vain and pray to Him with reverence. Good language, in all its forms, has been an asset in many fields for our family.

Sixth, was to get a good education. I thought my Dad knew everything. Our parents always helped us with our homework. We could never miss school unless we were very ill. We were there to learn and we knew it. Mother and Dad both worked so we could go as far in school as we wanted to. We were also encouraged to read good books and learn from other sources. I guess Grandpa Brown was really the one who started the idea of learning all you could. Before high school was available he insisted that all his boys attend the eighth grade twice, so they could have a good background, especially in math.

Seventh, learn to enjoy people. I feel sorry for those who are afraid to go places alone, because they don't know anyone. I am glad we received a liking for people from our parents. I never remember either of them not wanting to go someplace because they were strangers. Dad was not a stranger long. On our trip to Mexico Dad made friends at every stop we made. We had people coming to our house at all hours to see Dad about something they needed help with. I remember one man who would come before Dad and Mother were up and he would sit by

the side of their bed to talk to them. Dad had all kinds of friends who were constantly coming to the post office to get advice. Mother has former students and friends who came by to see her every time they came to town. I remember one of my duties after a morning conference meeting was to stay at the church while Mother went home to fix dinner. I was to invite anyone else who did not have a place to go, to come to our house. We always had a houseful of friends at conference time, especially from Nutrioso. We learned early that all people are worthwhile and interesting and to help them if possible.

Eighth, enjoy being together as a family. We did things like going to people's homes with a freezer of ice cream, sliding down the blue hills on boards, going on picnics where Dad made Dutch oven biscuits, going to the ranch to check on the windmill and water tanks, taking trips in overcrowded cars. We did all sorts of things and they were fun because we were together.

I'm sure all of the children in our family could write their version of the things that they best remember. These are a few of the things I remember learning from our parents.

## THINGS OUR MOTHER TAUGHT US

By Maydene Bodell

We learned things from our mother long before we had any formal training. We learned from her example.

### Mothering

Right from the beginning we received excellent care, and so we know what a child's needs are and how to fulfill them.

Mother was so sympathetic with a hungry child that she would get the child something to eat at once. She said a child has an actual pain in his stomach when he's hungry. No matter how busy she was, she could at least fix a bowl of bread and milk. We all remember sitting in a circle with her while she fed us this, spooning into our mouths one at a time, around the circle, with the spoons. Nowadays that wouldn't be considered sanitary, but it was a wonderful way to feed a tiny bunch fast, and besides that is where we learned about waiting for our turn.

She didn't spank us and taught us not to spank.

I remember her getting upset with a modern saying, "Don't spank them until you have cooled down and thought it over. Don't spank in anger." She said, "Anybody who is calm and not angry anymore but goes to a child and starts pounding on him had ought to be arrested!" (My personal opinion, is that the modern psychologists hope when you have quieted down you will not be apt to spank at all.)

She had a keen sense of a child's safety. This must have been a family thing, as are most of the things she taught us. Aunt Myn has said she wouldn't want a swimming pool with little ones around and dreaded it when Don E. started riding a bicycle. Aunt Elda visited us and saw our cute bunk bed on top of a crib which Jim had made for little Jimae to sleep over Kristine. It was cute and practical, since they had to share a tiny room. We told Aunt Elda, Jimae hadn't been sleeping well and was frightened sometimes in the night. Aunt Elda took one look at that bed and couldn't keep still. She told us Jimae was probably afraid of falling, and she had good reason to be. It wasn't long after she left that Jim sawed the two beds apart and we had two cute little beds!

We learned all about rocking a sick child, and about castor oil and mustard plasters!

"Don't get your feet wet." (Why just my feet I never knew, but I heard it often!)

### Religion

The overwhelming, important thing in our lives as we grew up was religion. There was a spiritual aura in our home which lifted it above the ordinary. Ruth remembers: "She taught us to love the church. The important thing was attendance. Then she taught us to enjoy activity in the church."

We learned our prayers at our mother's knee. We knelt every morning in family prayer and we knew that our parents knelt to pray together before they went to bed at night.

Mother taught us Bible stories when we were asked to give talks in Sunday School.

Tithing - the word of wisdom - respect of church authority - faith - prayer - it was all there, and we thrived on it.

### Thrift

She taught us to be thrifty. One philosophy of the day was, "What a man is able to earn with a shovel, the woman is soon able to get rid of with a spoon."

Maurine said: "I learned that lesson well. It worries me today to feel that I am spending more than my share."

The remarkable thing is that she taught us that being thrifty is a way to save money to get the things you really want. She was willing to save on some of the basic essentials of life in order to have something left over for some of the nicer things, a piano, a trip home to visit family. She taught us to enjoy saving. She taught us the value of money.

I was about nine years old when Mother sent me to the cleaners a block away to pay for a skirt and carry it home. I paid the woman and she put some change in my hand. At home I emptied my hand into my mother's, but there was a quarter missing.

Mother didn't scold me. She just went with me back to the cleaners, both of us, looking carefully along the sidewalk all the way. We never did find that quarter, but the lesson it taught has stayed with me for forty-five years.

I don't think of it every time I look at a quarter, but whenever I hear someone say, "it's only a quarter," I do."

So well did mother put over the value of money that one Sunday I got confused over which was more important—thrift or keeping the Sabbath day holy. I was about nine years old. I arrived home from Sunday School before the rest of the family. A girl friend came by the house with a dime, wanting to take us both to the nickel show. I knew we didn't usually go to shows on Sunday, but thought I should take advantage of the opportunity to see a show without paying for it. I wrote a note explaining my dilemma and my decision and off we went.

Soon after we got into the theater, Ronald came looking for me. He called me out into the lobby. Mother had sent him on his bike to talk to me. She told him to say that I could stay so that the girl would not be left alone, but that I was never to do it again.

I never did. I got the message loud and clear, that as important as financial opportunities are, keeping the Sabbath is even more important!

Mother stood behind Dad's decision that his girls shouldn't have so much, in the way of worldly goods, which would make it hard for some young man to provide for them.

Maurine remembers wanting a fashionable silver fox fur piece. Dad owned part interest in a silver fox farm and got fur pieces for mother, but he wouldn't get one for Maurine because he thought she would get worldly and expect too much. (Maurine says he used to worry about her getting worldly and once said, he didn't think she would have very many children—for young readers—she had eleven!)

I remember once we visited Maurine and she showed us a picture of a Bendix washer, which spun the water out so the clothes didn't have to be wrung through a wringer. She had torn the picture out of a magazine to save and hope for. Dad frowned and thought she was expecting too much.

We were taught—how many hours would my husband have to work to pay for this?

### Behavior

Somehow or other, Mother taught us to behave. I say "somehow or other", because she didn't spank. Neither did she scold a lot. But her disappointed look was enough! We hated to disappoint her. Her approval was important to us.

There was little quarreling in our home.

Louise said, "If there was a quarrel, Mother made us kiss and make-up (no matter how the boys hated it!).

There was no physical punishment except, if mother was sewing at a time when we did something we shouldn't, we were apt to get a thump on the head with a thimble!

Louise remembers, she did have punishment for us, if she called us in to help with the dishes and we didn't come when she called. She got a chair and made us sit and watch her wash the dishes. (This was a terrible punishment, because we knew she had worked hard to prepare a good dinner.)

The main thing she did to keep us behaving was keep us busy at work or at play!

### Work and Play

We learned that work should be done first, then play. But mother had an imaginative way of assigning the work so that it seemed like play, and sometimes the play was of the self-improvement type and seemed a little like work, so the two are somewhat mixed up in my memory.

Most often she wrote the jobs to be done on a certain day on slips of paper, turned upside down on the table, and let us draw.

She tried to let us do the most interesting work when she could. We helped to can fruit, clean wallpaper, wash windows with Bon Ami (making designs as we went along). We were allowed to sew quilt pieces together when we were quite young.

Maurine said, "Mother tried to get the housework done by ten so she could do something special the rest of the day, but that something special was always an accomplishment of some kind. In the summer it was trying to keep the children gainfully occupied.

She was a genius at keeping us gainfully entertained at home. The girls all learned how to do "fancy work", or embroidery.

We remember having our heads washed in a group. Three or four of us would lean over the bathtub, have water poured over our heads, then we'd scrub our own heads and mother would pour clean, soft rainwater, which she had saved, over all of us.

Maurine said, Ruth never wastes her time. She quilts, makes clothes for grandchildren, and children, is translating genealogy information, tends grandchildren, has made a scripture reference file of scriptures used to answer problems of life. Yet somehow she is always ready to take off for their ranch in southern Utah with her husband, who wants her always near, which is sort of a feat in itself!"

Ray Brown said, "She thought the waste of time was as bad as the waste of money."

She thought even our play should be gainful—worthy of doing. We were allowed to play games with Rook cards which taught us about numbers and colors. We had great fun playing Spoons, Go Fish, and I Doubt It.

Whenever we found ourselves in a large circle, Mother was apt to start playing, "I'm going Across the Plains", "Pass the Scissors Crossed", "Toadie, Toadie How Is Thee."

It was fine to go play at a neighbor's house for a special time—a short bath in their sprinkler, for instance, but when it was over we were expected to come home. About an hour was long enough to stay at the neighbors, mother thought, and would soon be after us if we stayed much longer.

She was a fantastic story teller, acting out the speaking parts as she went. Our favorites were the old stories Grandpa and Grandma Whiting used to tell. And now we tell some of the same stories to our children.

Her real specialty was entertaining us when we were in the car. We went on trips to St. Johns to visit with family and many house calls, besides our many long moves. In the car we played guessing games and finding the alphabet from letters on signs. They would point out a sign or a tree and tell us to duck our heads and bob up again when we thought we were at the place. The closest was the winner. We played, "Peakie, foustie, flatty, Gutty, glaw." Another favorite was "In the middle of the road I saw an old dead crow." I won it.

She taught us imagination. Our paper dolls were out of the Sears catalog. They seemed to be better than the other kind, because their clothes weren't always falling off.

She taught us to make a doll house from orange boxes and furniture from matchboxes and soda boxes. An empty box was an exciting thing, as it meant a new piece of furniture!

My daughter Kristine called me to tell me she'd received the supreme compliment as a mother. Little Amy, seven, took a test at a new school to see about placement. When asked, "What does your father do?" She answered, "Builds chapels." Next came, "What does your mother do?" she smiled and said, "Why she reads to us and plays with us." The teacher was delighted and called Kristine to tell her she has never in all her years of teaching and testing, heard an answer like that!

#### Culture

She taught us to enjoy some of the finer things of life. Ronald and Ray made trips to the library and enjoyed good books. Louise took dancing lessons. Maurine and Maydene took piano lessons.

Ruth became such a successful elocutionist she won several contests for public speaking and also won the gold medal for a reading she gave at Arizona High School and took to the state contest.

Mother enjoyed music, playing the guitar and singing and whistling around

the house. We learned to sing too.

Ronald wrote poetry and made up stories.

Ruth said, "I was only four years old when I sang, "Once I was a Maiden", and did an Indian dance. I think her helping us to entertain, gave us self-confidence.

Mother loved to dance and we all did, too.

### Homemaking

Mother was an excellent cook. She knew how to make beans and home-made bread taste like a gourmet meal. Her tamale pie and homemade soup were favorites of family and friends alike.

She loved to cook and seemed to appreciate having good food to cook with. She didn't get discouraged if she didn't have all the fancy ingredients a recipe called for, but instead got a kick out of trying to make the dish taste just as good without the fancy ingredients.

She taught us how to sew. She loved to sew. She loved pretty cloth and loved to create something out of it. She said the only kind of work she ever longed to do outside of the home was work in a store where pretty cloth was sold.

Part of her enjoyment was in being able to make an article for a low price. When she made a dress for me out of twenty-nine pieces of material, she had me model it while she proudly pointed out the seams where she had pieced it together.

When she was ninety-two she collected pretty cloth (remnants, of course) and hid it about the house so no one would be apt to claim it!

She made hundreds of quilts and got much satisfaction out of making so many people warm on cold winter nights.

She was a great organizer and tried to teach us that some of us learned some of these things better than others. She had places for everything and managed to keep track of things in her household. She wasn't one to think she should go anywhere if the whole house, windows and all, didn't sparkle, but she did want beds made, clothes hung up and dishes washed up immediately.

One night I was tired and headed for bed after a party. My eighty-seven year old mother saw me and said, "Well, I'm not going to bed with the dishes in the sink". Whenever I'm tempted to do that again, I picture her standing in her nightgown at midnight, washing my dishes!

### Love of Life

Ruth said, "All in all, we thought life itself was a pretty wonderful thing."

She taught us to love the out-of-doors. When we went on trips (there were no motels in those days and hotels only in bigger towns), we slept on the ground. We made beds out of pine needles and slept under the stars, deeming it a special treat

Mother loved people and so did we, especially family. We loved having uncles and aunts visit and were allowed to stay up late on such occasions, even on a school night.

Mother was glad to whip up a party whenever we had a good reason, and sometimes even when we didn't!

### Courting

She was very romantic. When we were old enough to go to dances and have dates, she told us girls to try to save our kisses for the man we would marry. Some of us did that and some didn't, but all of our husbands admit being attracted to our feeling that we were special and they'd better appreciate and respect us.

She learned, when she was a young girl in Mapleton, from a mutual leader she thought a girl who was sharing too much affection was apt to forget the more important goal of finding a good man.

### Marriage

She taught us about being good helpmates. She tended a little girl and had a new baby boy while her husband went to England on a mission. She kept boarders in Chicago while he went to medical school. During the depression she worked as a receptionist in his office. In Salt Lake she collected rent and took care of a big apartment house.

She moved twenty-seven times to please her husband, usually without complaint. He had a successful medical practice in Mesa, but the heat was not good for him as he had a weak heart. So, back and forth they went. But I heard her say, when she was ninety years old, that she was never sorry. Every move was a step up.

Maurine said, "She made us look forward to the moves as a challenge, instead of complaining. She fixed good dinners and served them nicely in the dining room, sometimes having to hold dinner while he made house calls."

Throughout the years she had to keep the house tidy, as she never knew when a patient might come by the house and she might be required to create a mini-office. She occasionally helped with nursing duties too.

She taught us to appreciate the good things in life and our father, who worked to provide them for us. In Mesa, we were allowed to go on house calls with him, waiting in the car a long time, even when it was hot and flies were bothering us we deemed it a privilege. We saw how long and hard he worked and how important he was, which taught us all kinds of things, like appreciation, love, compassion, and a desire to do our part in the world.

She became a mission mother when Dad was mission president. She did much of the cooking in the mission home, because she enjoyed it so much.

### Babies

Maurine said, "She taught us to have as many babies as the Lord sent us. She was happy if a new baby was coming and she expected us to welcome it and love it. And we did. She did a better job of teaching this than any mother in the United States, to my way of thinking."

"Dad wanted to take care of us when we had our babies, because he wanted to know we'd get good care. Mother helped at the time of delivery and then tended us in her home for ten days. Later as our families grew, she would come to our homes and tend mother, baby and the other children too. And always without complaining."

"We were always glad to share with them the coming of a baby. We knew we could depend on them to cheer us on and to remind us how valuable a baby is."

### People

We learned to love our Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles and Cousins and to be

glad to double up in our rooms and beds when they came to stay. They were so fun and mother was so happy to have them, and so were we.

She held many church jobs.

Mother never seemed overburdened with her family of eight. We'd never felt that she'd rather be doing something else than take care of us.

She had a great sense of humor. Till she was gone she was quick with a reply to keep the air spicy and full of fun for those around her.

REPORT TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE EDWIN M. WHITING FAMILY  
1980 FAMILY REUNION

The 1980 Edwin Marion Family Reunion was held at the Homestead on July 4th, 5th and 6th. During the 1978 Reunion, there was some doubt about this year's reunion and the future of the reunions. It was decided by the representatives at our meeting held in California, in December of 1978, that we would hold this year's reunion and then we would make a decision for the future of the reunions.

After being elected president in 1978, and with the decisions made for another reunion by the family representatives, we decided to continue the reunions, and that we must take a very positive attitude. We had reasons to feel that this reunion of the families of Edwin M. Whiting is still very important. Our thinking during the year, was to make the 1980 reunion the very finest, and plans were made by the representatives to accomplish this.

The first thing that we made a decision on was to publish our family publication of "The Whiting Tree", twice a year. This has been done and will continue. We know there is much to improve here and with new assignments that will be made, this will continue to improve. Please send in any suggestions that you might have.

At the business meeting, held on Saturday, July 5th. We had all of the family representatives there, with the exception of two, and these were represented by a substitute. The family representatives for 1980-1982 are as follows:

E.I. Whiting Family - Mabel Shumway  
May W. Berry Family - Kay Berry  
M.W. Brown Family - Keith Brown  
E.J. Whiting Family - Beulah Heward  
R.E. Whiting Family - John Whiting  
Lynn S. Whiting Family - Lola Ashcroft  
Elda W. Brown Family - Elma Smith  
M.W. Priestley Family - Roberta Priestley  
A.C. Whiting Family - A. M. Whiting

It was suggested during our business meeting that each family representative organize their own families. They will not only hold their own family reunion (in 1981), but will also distribute information to all their family members from the E. M. Whiting family organization, and be responsible for their family. They will also be responsible for their family members paying for the family publication "The Whiting Tree". It was a consensus of the representatives that each play a stronger part in their own family organization.

The reunion started earlier this year with several families coming in on Wednesday and Thursday. We felt this added to our reunion and we would like in the future, to invite anyone that has time, to come and enjoy the Homestead.

On Friday morning, July 4th, we were all served breakfast and there were about 200 at the Homestead. Austin Simper and his family did a superb job at both breakfasts. At 10:00 a.m., Phil and Brent Brown had the hikers organized and there were about 75 hikers that enjoyed the hikes to the "Little Giant Spring", "Harris Cave" and "Greens Peak". In the afternoon, there was some volleyball, horseshoes and a lot of catching up on our visiting.

Norman Whiting and his committee the Arthur C. Whiting family, prepared an outstanding meal Friday evening. Everyone went away completely full and very

appreciative of the committee's efforts. We enjoyed "sloppy joe" sandwiches, punch, tossed salad and cake for dessert.

The Friday night program was outstanding in every respect. We had asked the family of Martha W. Brown to put on a program under the direction of Harry Schultz, and they came prepared. Harry Schultz had put together a slide and spoken word program on family needs. He used many of the L.D.S. Church's television and radio spot advertising. The variety show was an outstanding program with singing by the Startup girls and other members of the family. The hit of the evening was a sing and dance act by Ruth Lewis, Maureen Startup and Maydene Bodell. The program was great and we were sure that no finer program could have been seen anywhere at any price. We are grateful to the Martha W. Brown family.

Saturday morning, July 5th, started with a fireside for the youth. This was for all unmarried youth, 12 years and older. This was under the direction of Mickey and Lorana Whiting. There were about 70 in attendance, and they heard great stories, examples and testimonies regarding their heritage as members of the E. M. Whiting family. We are grateful for the efforts of Mickey and Lorana Whiting.

Following the breakfast of hot cakes, eggs, hot chocolate, served by Austin Simper and his committee, we all assembled at the recreation hall for the beginning of the Sierra Trigo 3000 meter marathon. This was under the direction of Bruce Whiting. There were about 175 contestants. There were also a number of trophies given away along with many ribbons. The marathon was a great success and was enjoyed by all the participants and spectators. Thanks to Bruce for his efforts.

As soon as everyone had their breath back, we started the kid's rodeo. This was under the direction of Pam Benson, Claudia Lowell, and Rita Lyon. Gary Lyon was the announcer. They had all the events of a regular rodeo with every youngster in camp participating and winning some prizes. Thanks to Pam, Claudia, Rita and their committee.

Horseshoes and volleyball got under way. Richard and Earnest Heward arranged the horseshoe competition. Netta Brown, Debra Lewis and Denette Davis organized the volleyball. Trophies were given out to the winners.

At 2:00 p.m. we had a meal of the reunion that was a big one. Mike Udall, Mabel Shumway and their committee, the E. I. Whiting family, put on a real western barbeque. Great barbequed beef, cole slaw, punch, dessert and the works. This was enjoyed by about 530 -550 people. This will be one of the outstanding meals of any of our reunions.

As we finished the meal the kids were all invited to the recreation hall for a fine talent show by the kids. This was under the direction of Aleen Whiting, Tammy Whiting, Glenna Tingey and a great Master of Ceremony, 10 year old, Dennis Tingey. We appreciated this program.

At 12:00 noon we held the family representative and organization meeting. This was attended by all representatives or a substitute. The minutes of this have been included by Annette Farr. Jay Whiting was asked to serve for another two years as president. The main items discussed, were the continuation of the reunion, "The Whiting Tree" future, and what should be done with the Homestead in the future. It was decided that the representatives would try to meet twice each year. Bruce Whiting was asked to give an opinion of our tax free basis of gifts to the Homestead. Plans will be sent out and we will have them prepared for the future of the Homestead.

Because of the large attendance it was decided to split the attendance of the

evening program, "The Two Orphans". The recreation hall was nearly full at both presentations and was one of the finest programs that we have had at any reunion. Many memories were brought back to some of the original cast in attendance. We want to thank all of those who participated in the cast and in this production. This was under the direction of Myrna Borden, Terry Schnepf, Edwina Dastrup and Joyce Robinson. This was a great cast and it was enjoyed by everyone present. Little did we realize the amount of work and preparation that would have to go into such a production. We again express our appreciation to all those that had anything to do with this production.

We had two very fine dances on Friday and Saturday evenings. They were enjoyed by a packed hall. Linda Startup and John Heward provided the music with Frank Startup as the Master of Ceremonies. We appreciated them for the two outstanding events. We especially appreciated Linda making such a great contribution after her recent illness. Joycell Cooper gave a treasure hunt in the afternoon for the teenagers and then by popular request, told ghost stories again in the evening.

Sunday, July 6th, started with a beautiful testimony meeting for all unmarried youth, 10 years and older. This was under the direction of Wilford and Mabel Shumway. There were about 85 in attendance and it was a wonderful experience for all.

We cannot say enough about our youth of the family. There was an expression of appreciation for the reunion and gratefulness for the time, expense and work associated with the reunion. We concluded that this will be in good hands in the future with this great group of youth.

Following testimony meeting, our famous choir practiced under the direction of Aunt Nell Whiting. They seemed to do better than ever, presenting two beautiful numbers in our business and testimony meeting. We heard from all of the second generation members present, Uncles Art and Earnest and Aunts Minnie, Elda, Nell and Betty. What a great inspiration these people are to us. Appreciation and sorrow was expressed at the passing of Uncle Ralph Whiting and Aunt Martha Brown, since our last reunion. Many wonderful testimonies were given and were enjoyed by all. This was surely the high point of our reunion event.

Our Sunday lunch was served by a committee chaired by Jack A. Brown and the entire Elda W. Brown family. Submarine sandwiches with all the trimmings was again enjoyed by about 550 people. We had great sandwiches, punch, cake and watermelon and everyone was well filled.

We had about 530 registered for the reunion and felt that we fed between 2,000 and 2,200 meals. There were some that dropped by, family members and others just to say hello, but we did not get the exact number.

We feel that the reunion was a success. We would like to express appreciation for the contributions made by Uncles Art and Earnest and their families for the wonderful covered eating area and gathering place we have. We plan to officially dedicate it at our next reunion. We also are grateful for the work done on painting and the fixing up of the camp facilities that was done by a large number of people. We wish to express appreciation to Mickey and Jay Whiting and their families for the work done on the recreation hall, stage, lighting and also for the new toilets. Again, we thank all that served on any committee, those that provided food and services for the programs and direction. We thank those that put on the evening entertainment and dances.

We feel that we had between 45% and 50% of Grandfather and Grandmother Whiting's descendants. Thanks to all who made the effort to attend.

## A VISIT TO AUNT MAY WHITING'S GRAVE

By E. Jay Whiting

It has been thirty years, 1950, since I had visited this sacred spot. Dad has wanted to make a trip to Lee's Ferry and to visit Aunt May's grave for some time. Aleen and I decided that we would take Dad and Zina. We left Mesa on September 17th and drove to Lee's Ferry where we enjoyed this beautiful spot and watched several boaters prepare for a trip down the river. Dad recounted some of the things that he remembered about his first crossing, 80 years before. You can still see many of the roads and trails that were used by those crossing the river for many years. It brought back some memories for Dad.

We then drove on up to House Rock Valley and started our search for the grave. We were very fortunate to meet a fine lady cowgirl that gave us some good directions. It was easy to find, as the roads have been improved since I was last there.

You leave the old House Rock Store and Service Station and drive about three miles north to the first ranch on the right hand side of the road. Then go through the ranch fence and around the corrals and cross the dry wash that is just to the east of the ranch. Keep to the left on the roads that start towards the Vermillion Cliffs. It is about one or one and one-half miles. You will see the House Rock Cliff, with the door standing partly open. The grave is just below this on a small ridge.

The grave looks the same as when Nita Bushman wrote about the trip of Grandmother Whiting there, in August of 1950. We remembered Grandmother Whiting telling of being there with her entire family in 1935. She also told us more about Aunt May and her illness. The improvements that were made during these visits weathered the elements well, and the grave looks like it did thirty years ago. You will want to again read these reports of their visits in Volume I, Issue #6 of the Whiting Tree, published on March 1, 1952.

We spent an hour or so just talking and Dad telling of his and the family's trips and experiences as they traveled through this country on their way to Arizona. It was a fun trip for us all, and I hope that others might enjoy this visit. We then traveled on to St. George and drove down the new freeway thru the Virgin River Canyon that Dad wanted to see.

It will be 100 years, 1882, since Aunt May was buried there. I would like to suggest that we meet there a few days before our Reunion, in 1982, and have a special commemoration service for Aunt May and all the rest of this great family that have left us so much to remember. We will do some more planning on this, but I would like any of the family that has some good ideas, on how we could make this an event that we will always remember, to please let me know. And we can start our planning.

I have used some pictures that were taken in 1950, and some that we took while at the grave. I hope that it gives you a better insight on what the grave and the country looks like.

M A Y  
By Verona Snow Whiting  
(Wife of May's Brother Charles)  
Aunt Verona Died a Few Years Ago

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

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

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

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

Never will I forget the day we reached House Rock. We drove along all day so anxious to get there, for it seemed that any minute might be May's last. She could not lie down without smothering. It would break your heart to hear her every little while exclaim, "Oh, in this lonely wilderness! I wish I was home. Oh, in this lonely desert!" I believe she knew her time was short. Finally we reached House Rock. There was a family living there by the name of Adair. Surely the Lord raised up friends unto us. They were lovely people and did everything they could to help us. It seemed a haven of rest to poor May. The company camped down a little way in the cedars and pinon pines. Sister Adams, myself and Fanny Merrill helped Grandma nurse May. Harriet, not being well, stayed at camp with her little children, Clara being the baby. Brother Adair rode horse back to Kanab for a doctor. The doctor arrived next morning just at daylight. When he looked at May, Sister Adams asked him what he thought of her. He shook his head and said, "I think she is a poor suffering girl." We knew then he had no hopes. We had persuaded Grandma to

lie down before the doctor arrived. He prepared a little medicine for May. As she sat on the couch talking, she leaned back on the pillows and was gone. I called Grandma, "May is dying." How could I tell her she was dead. I was weeping. She began to try to comfort me. Grandma said, "Don't weep. Let her go in peace." And if she ever shed a tear, I do not remember it. I knew that her heart was breaking. These are some of her characteristics, her quiet nature and self-dominant resignation. It was not: What will we do? but rather it was: What can we do?

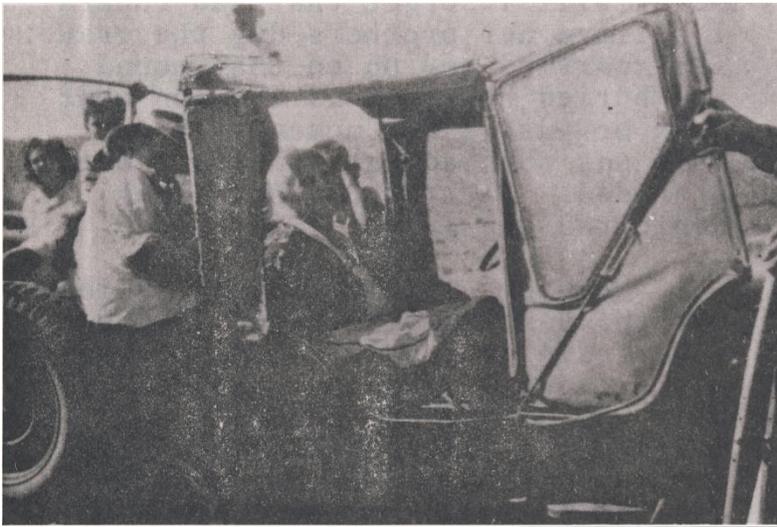
Brother Adair happened to have some lumber. That very morning two sons of Bishop Stewart of Kanab came. (I know our Heavenly Father sent them to us.) They had come to round up some horses. They made the coffin, which was a nice roomy box. Grandma had along some bleached muslin which we used to line the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

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

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

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

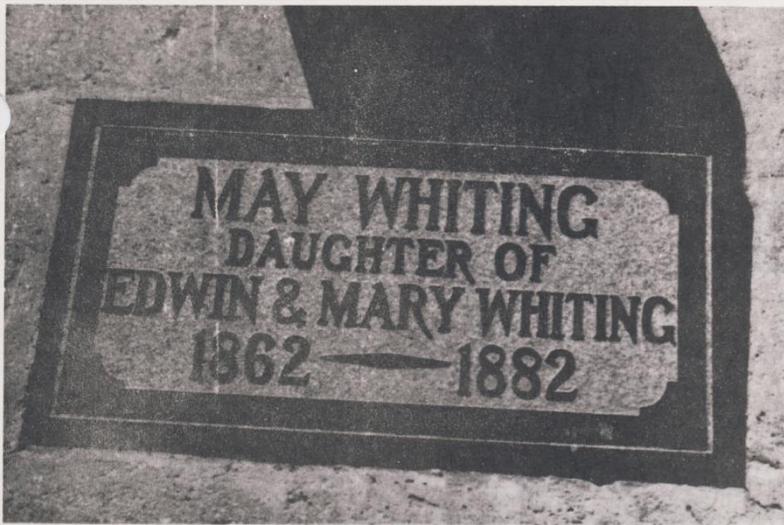
\*Taken from "The Whiting Tree", Vol. 1, Issue No. 6\*



Grandmother Anna Marie Whiting, Donnie Priestley, Earl Bushman, Beth Simper visiting the grave of Aunt May in 1950.



A visit to the grave of Aunt May Whiting in 1950 by: Grandmother Whiting, Aunt Myn Priestley, Donnie Priestley, Nita Bushman, Beth Simper, Jay Whiting, Rodney Whiting, Nellie Whiting, Earl Bushman, Danny Simper, Joyce Whiting, Glenna Whiting and others.

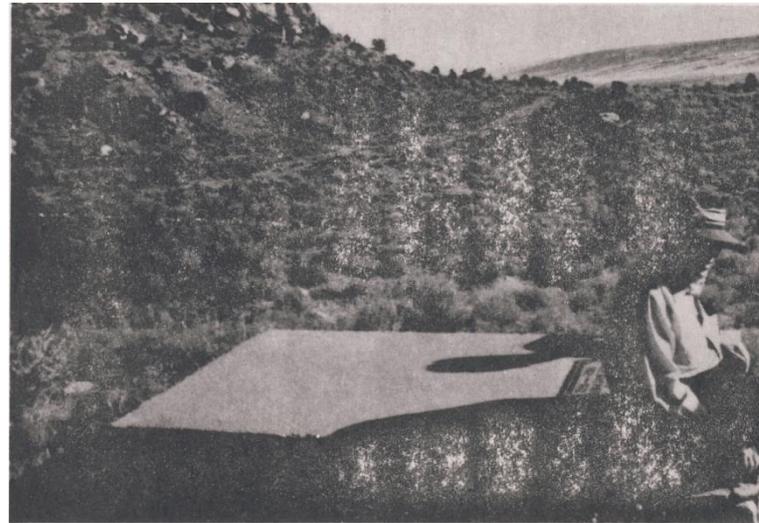


The grave marker at Aunt May's grave. This was put in place in the 1930's. I do not have the date, but if some of you are aware of this I will put it in the next "Whiting Tree".

This is a beautiful setting for this lonely grave and I hope that as a family we can visit it more often and restore it to a memorial that we can be very proud of.

Uncle Earnest just resting from the climb up the ridge. You can see the car in the background, that was the distance we had to walk. I am sure with just a little work a road can be made up to the grave.

The country was just beautiful and the Vermillion Cliffs were so outstanding. The House Rock sets directly east from where Uncle Earnest is sitting.



Earnest and Zina Whiting's visit to the grave on September 17, 1980.

"I have looked forward for many years to visit this spot again, and I am so happy to come here while I can still enjoy it," said Earnest, as he rested for a while before our return to the car.