

The Whiting Tree

Vol. 2, No. 6

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I am sorry that we are later than planned on publishing the WHITING TREE. It seems that I have waited to be sure that all news items came in. I did not hear from all the families, so I feel that all is well with each of you. I do appreciate the news from many, and I appreciate the contributions that have come in. I would like to recognize the continued support that the Whiting Tree has received from Uncle Arthur Whiting. Without his generous contribution, it would have been difficult to publish the last three editions.

I would like to express my appreciation to all the Family Representatives for their support both in sending in news and financial help. I would like to feel that our news items are the most important, but it seems that these are the very hardest to get in.

We recently held a meeting of the stockholders of the E.M. Whiting Homestead, Inc., and Jack A. Brown was elected President. This will make it possible over the coming years for us to use the Homestead to its full potential. During the coming 1982 reunion, this will be discussed further and some announcements made by President Jack and others on this important matter.

The dates of the reunion will be July 2-3-4, 1982. This date is tentative at this time, and if there are some conflicts, I would appreciate you letting me know. I know that it will take much more planning than in the past, but with this much time ahead of us, I am in hopes that all can attend. You will be receiving more information on this in the next edition of the Whiting Tree.

It was a great honor for me to honor Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha Brown in this edition. As I have prepared this, I hope that each of you take time to reflect about your love for them, and the many things that they have added to your lives. They have left a great heritage to us all.



ORANGE BLOSSOMS
Stay as Sweet as You Are

Author's parents:
Dr. and Mrs.
Francis Wiley Brown
Wedding date
October 3, 1906

By Maydene Brown Bodell



There was an old romantic tale.
The story goes this way:
The bridegroom vowed to love and cherish
On the wedding day

As was the custom in those days,
The bride, so young and fair,
Wore a wreath of orange blossoms,
Circling her hair.

The years passed by; the wife and mother
toiled in faded cotton.
She feared her husband may have strayed—
His promises forgotten.

For he had some strange secret
Lately, she had known--
A secret that he would not share—
A life that was his own.

A ritual he always kept
As he turned off the light,
Standing right beside the bureau,
Each and every night.

He'd slide the upper bureau drawer
Open, quietly
He'd stand there for a moment,
Looking, longingly.

What could this new secret be?
What was hidden there?
Could it be a souvenir
Of some new love affair?

One day, when he had gone to work
She simply had to know!
She stood there, staring at the drawer,
Filled with dread and woe.

Stealthily she slid it open
And took a peek inside
Why,
it was just a photograph
Of a sweet, old-fashioned bride.

At second glance, she recognized
the bride of yesterday.

The picture was of her, herself!
When she was young and gay—

When he came home that afternoon,
Much to his surprise,
She waited on the threshold,
With bright and sparkling eyes.

His loving bride of yesterday
Had a radiant air
And wore a wreath of orange blossoms
Circling her hair.

MY STORY

By Martha Whiting Brown Berry

I, Martha, was born the 19th of November, 1886. I consider it a privilege and blessing to belong to the Mormon Pioneer families of Whiting, Cox, Isaacson, and Clemmenson. I am the daughter of Edwin Marion and Anna Maria Whiting. I was born at the "Meadows" a small community in Arizona, about seven miles from St. Johns. My Grandfather, Peter Isaacson was bishop of the ward. He blessed me and named me "Martha" after my Grandmother. I was young when we moved to Mapleton, where my father's family lived.

My father was the best short-story teller in the world. Perhaps it was because he was a singer, actor and entertainer. He could make a story live. His stories taught as well as entertained. Aunt Elda said, "I never remember going to bed without a story told by Pa."

Ma went to school just until the third or fourth grade, but she learned many things the hard way. She was thrifty, industrious, and ingenious. She passed on her Danish traits to all her children. She was almost always working on something. She loved pretty cloth. We used to all gather around the organ and sing. Neither Pa or Ma believed in whipping children, so we were raised without that kind of punishment. We were taught obedience and knew how to mind.

Besides my wonderful parents I considered myself lucky to have a brother and sister older than myself, who I could trust to be interested in my welfare. I wonder if anyone ever depended on or idolized a sister more than I did May. We were together most of the time. We were happy when Ralph was born because we got to tend him. We had two little brothers, Earnest and Ralph.

Grandmother Isaacson treated me a little special because I was named for her. Sometimes I used to visit her. She took me all around Ephraim to visit friends, relatives and neighbors. We visited her brother, Uncle Hans C. Clemmenson and his wife. I'll never forget the story of that family. They had seven children, and they all died of diphtheria. I have thought of this so often when thinking of the two children I lost in their childhood. It helps me to be grateful for my children who lived and to be glad I had the two wonderful children who are treasures laid up in Heaven, where I hope to go someday. I hope my children will appreciate that none of theirs have been taken from them.

Probably the best thing our parents ever did for us was to teach us to work. While we were very young we were encouraged to help and allowed to take on jobs that some

people might have thought were too advanced for us. Our parents made us feel that we made a big contribution to our family. This made us try more than ever to succeed. When we lived at the sawmill we worked there and when we moved back to town there was still plenty to do. We cared for a garden, fruit trees, sugar beets, and cattle. We helped with cleaning, washing, cooking and sewing. May was only nine years old when Lynn was born, but she cared for the whole family by cooking, washing, and cleaning house. She could do a woman's work when she was very young. We worked hardest of all in our three hundred swarms of bees. Sometimes we worked fifteen hours a day. We were never paid, but were praised and encouraged. I think we all learned to like work because it is fun to get a job finished.

Lynn's health was poor from early childhood. He had stomach trouble often. Many nights Ma stayed up with him and sang lullabies to him. Her voice, so sweet and low, showed so much love it seemed like an angel was singing.

Then we became storekeepers. Pa bought merchandise for eighty dollars from his sister, Harriet Curtis. He built shelves in our front room and we were in business. The store in Mapleton never made a lot of money, but the family enjoyed keeping it and with careful management we were always able to make a profit. I have never wanted to teach school, like my sisters have done, or be a nurse, but I wanted to work in a store that sold pretty cloth.

Pa could not have done without Mother—they were a team. They worked well together. Besides doing the work inside the house, she helped with a garden, in the store, and helped with the honey bees.

May and I used to hope for a baby sister. In those days, we were never allowed to suspect a new baby, let alone talk about it.

One day we found some little new, soft baby clothes and confronted Ma with them, saying we knew there was going to be another baby. She snatched the baby shirt away from us, saying "No, this belongs to Lynn!

One night we were sent away to sleep for the night. We suspected there might be a new baby when we returned home the next morning. Sure enough there was, and land, it was a little girl. No one could have been happier than we were! She was named Elda.

I was the primary organist when I was only nine years old, although I knew only four hymns, all in the key of "C." I did this for a few years.

May and I needed new dresses to wear to the dances. Ma asked a cousin, Madge Whiting to make dresses for us. Red for me, as my eyes and hair were dark. The dress had a full skirt with five ruffles around it, each ruffle trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. Never have I loved a dress more or danced more than when I wore it. There was one other, but that came later—of red

velvet. I'm sure it must be wrong to say you love a dress, but there is sort of a joy in looking nice if you don't let it spoil your humble faith in God and your fellowmen.

We enjoyed a clean, thrilling dance almost every Friday night in the old Assembly Hall. It was all right for a girl to go without a date; but there was an unwritten law that a girl or group of girls must have at least one male member to escort her or she would be criticized. Eddie would take his girl to the dance, dance once with her and run home to get May and me, who stood by the door waiting. Once we got there, everything was gay and perfect.

For a long time we had only two books--bound volumes of "The Contributor," a church magazine. Then Pa saw an ad for a Bible for a dollar. He sent for it, and we were all excited when the little red book came. Not long after this Eddie took Ma to Provo, and they came home with a Book of Mormon. We wanted to take a church magazine for girls, but Pa thought it would give us ideas about women and their rights and didn't want it in the house.

I don't think we would have moved back to Arizona if Pa had not had a special manifestation. Mother knew that Father had seen a vision, but she wept to think of leaving the thirteen years of successful life in Mapleton and her aged parents in Ephraim. They had given up much for the gospel, and she was their only daughter. I know she wept for I saw her. Mother loved Father and knew that her place was with him. She cooperated in every way. She was thankful his life was spared so he could obey this call.

It was hard for us children. We loved our home, our cousins, our friends, and our way of life. However, we followed Mother's example and helped with preparations to move without rebelling or complaining.

We wondered about the long dangerous trip over the mountains. We wondered about the people of St. Johns. Would they be strange, living in such an isolated spot? We wondered how they would accept us. It helped somewhat to remember what Uncle Ike had said when he brought his family of St. Johns and said the people of St. Johns would be glad to have any of the Whitings move back because of their dramatic, theatrical ability, which was greatly needed for entertainment there.

It took Pa six months to improve enough from his illness to do much, but he had already begun selling our home, store, land and cattle, and all we had. In less than a year, we were ready to move. We began to bid our childhood friends goodbye. We were entertained many times before we left. Now, seventy years later, we all say, "Thank God for that move."

About twenty-five wagons full of Whiting family members and friends pulled in behind us to give us a real farewell. They followed us all that first day, all the way to Manti, where they set up camp alongside us to spend the night with us. We had a real farewell party.

Anything would have looked good to us after that six week trip. Finally from the top of the last hill we looked down into the valley that would be our future home. It looked like an oasis compared to the desert land we had traveled through. Tall, green, Lombardy poplar trees grew in rows.

Two weeks after we moved to St. Johns the Tom Berry family arrived with a son, Herbert, who was the same age as May.

The young people were different from those in Mapleton. They seemed so innocent of the world troubles that it was almost like moving to a new world. Many of them had never seen a train, because it was sixty miles from the railroad. The young people seemed to get along well and a cleaner and better group would be hard to find. We soon got over longing for the advantages we had in Mapleton. We decided that the big houses weren't everything, and we became so deep into visiting our new friends and learning to love them, that life was beautiful.

At one of the Friday night dances, Herbert asked me to go home with him. After he left our house, May said, "Martha, that's the cutest boy that ever walked home with you."

I said to myself, "Maybe so. Guess I'll go with him again sometime."

But the next time he came, he asked for May!

At another of the early dances I saw a young man across the dance floor. I nudged May and said, "I'll bet that's John Brown's younger brother." Willard Holgate introduced me to Frank Brown who asked me to dance. He didn't buy me any punch! But I liked him. He was good-looking and neat about his appearance.

On a Sunday afternoon we young people went to Pauline Udall's home. After being invited to sing, I rendered "Mid the Green Fields of Virginia." As we walked back to church, Frank walked by me. Later he told me that the first time he thought of me as someone special was when I sang that song. He paid attention to me from then on.

This started a courtship which lasted for five years, with a few ups and downs!

Every Friday night, May and I spent time getting beautiful. First we shooed out the men and took our weekly bath in a big tin tub in the kitchen. We were never allowed to use any kind of make-up. (We'd never heard of rouge or lipstick)

One Christmas Eve, May smuggled a little cornstarch for our faces, but just as the two young men came to pick us up, Ma checked on us and discovered it! We were sent back to wash our faces, while the young men waited.

The way young people dance now cannot compare with our dances. It seems to me they just job around alone, wiggle some and see who can move the fastest.

We would muster up all the grace and smooth movements we could to "glide over the floor."

Several times we had a "Basket Dance" when all the ladies took basket lunches and the men and boys drew numbers for them. The stake President drew my number once, and so we ate lunch together and he walked me home. (I was kind of afraid to walk home with him as he already had two or three wives.)

Our dances, house parties, and occasional horseback rides through the cedars were almost the extent of our entertainment, except for our own plays. We started putting on plays as soon as we arrived. Father always chose plays with a good moral. We were all involved. May usually took the humorous parts.

I was often the dramatic actress. Soon we became well known in the nearby towns. I learned the lines easily and enjoyed every minute of it. I can't remember all the plays we put on, but I remember all the leading men. I have often felt sympathy for the movie stars with all their divorces, because I know that you have to sort of feel a part to do it well.

We thought serious plays were the best. For the audience to cry was the greatest compliment.

Pa liked to put on a serious play with a good moral and then finish up with a farce or comedy such as "Box and Cox," so people would go home cheered up.

An old Chinese proverb states that one of the greatest assets of life is laughter. Though people have gone through famine, floods, wars, they have not forgotten that laughter is a relief from mental strain. In America we pay fabulous sums to our humorists. I think we had a little of that humor in our homes, and it helped us to face life's problems better. Lynn was probably one of the best humorists. He could make a story or an experience really come to life.

I always thought Eddie knew and could do almost everything. He was a natural leader and always had a ball team or something going on. He was one of the first young men of our day, in St. Johns, to be called on a mission, in 1902. May and I industriously made candy, cookies and ice cream to be sold in the store to help keep him there.

Minnie was born before we left Utah. While Eddie was gone a new little brother was born, and named Arthur.

Earnest, just two years younger than I, was a born mechanic. He was also smart about other things. I thought he knew nearly as much as Edison. He used to take care of the steam pressure and other things at the sawmill when he was only six

years old. He had a sense of humor.

The main part of our courting was done right in the store. Someone had to stay there most of the time, in case a customer came. There were quiet times in between customers. There was no regular time to close so we could linger awhile with friends. You can bet Ma used to be in once in a while to check up on us, and eventually to hint that it was time to close up.

Frank hadn't been paying attention to me, and I felt bad. One day he came into the shop and said he wanted to talk to me. I tried to act busy, but May gave me a little push in his direction. This surprised me. I remembered what she said soon after Frank and I broke up. She had said, "Never mind, Martha, maybe you're too good for him anyway."

I knew she and Ma thought he dressed fancy and acted kind of stuck up. Now here she was, pushing me toward him.

We went outside and Frank broke the silence by explaining that he had been hurt and bewildered when I wouldn't let him kiss me. He didn't understand why I wouldn't when he loved me so much. He said he'd been unhappy all this time, seeing me occasionally having fun with other boys. Then he said, "I wish everything could be the same between us as it used to be."

"I'm the same girl I used to be," I answered softly. And I agreed to be his girl again.

Several of the boys in town made arrangements to go to the Brigham Young Academy. When we told the boys goodbye, May whispered to me that I could kiss Frank goodbye. I suspected she had kissed Herbert, was the reason she notified me that it would be all right. Herbert, Joy Patterson, Charlie LeSueur and Frank went.

Things were pretty dull with the young men away at college. All the girls in town were excited when the boys came back. Herbert and Frank came calling on us. Mother and Father were out of town. We had such a good time, poppin' corn and talking into the night. It was so hard to say goodnight. The night passed without us realizing it. When the boys left, it was almost dawn. We hoped Ma and Pa would never find out.

May and Herbert went to be married in the Salt Lake Temple. Frank asked Pa if it was all right for us to get married. Pa said it was if we would wait a year. He said he was concerned about my health, but later said to Ma, "Another thing that worried me is Frank's financial condition. Instead of staying home and working, he went off to school on borrowed money! You know, Mariah, one thing young people have to learn, come mornin' you gotta eat!"

Frank agreed and returned to Winslow to work. What a long year it seemed! I worked hard those days, trying to keep busy. Eddie was home from his mission and married his beautiful dark-eyed sweetheart, Ethel Farr, that summer.

Finally our year of waiting was over. Our very dear friends, Joy and Josie traveled with us to the temple in Salt Lake. The wedding was all that I had dreamed of. We exchanged vows to be true and love each other, not "until death do us part," but for time and all eternity.

Mother gave us a wedding dinner at our home. There was a dance in the assembly hall in honor of all of us. I wore a white dress with orange blossoms in my hair.

Now life began to be real. We received blessings—one after another. Two months before we were married we had bought Jim LeSueur's three room house for four hundred and fifty dollars.

We would have to wait for a while to live in our house, because Frank had work in Holbrook. We rented a two-room lumber house across the street from Schuster's General Store. We paid six dollars a month, and rented our St. Johns house for four dollars.

In those days the things we couldn't afford we did without. Our parents together sent a load of furniture for us to Holbrook. As we set the furnishings in place, we were filled with gratitude.

It seemed strange to live where there was no church. The only Latter Day Saint function was a M.I.A. meeting on Sunday night. Frank and I shared our prayers regularly, paid tithing, and were grateful for each other. All went well.

Frank was transferred to the A.C.M.I. store in St. Johns, right across from my parent's home. We were careful with our money and in a year or so we were able to pay for the house.

When it was time for our first baby to be born, Sister Sherwood, a midwife came to the house to deliver the baby and take care of me and the baby for several days for five dollars.

How thrilled we were with the little girl with thick black hair we named Nora. She was a precious little darling. Her grandparents loved her as much as we did.

Fate interfered in the form of a letter from A and B Schuster, a company owned by Jewish men who knew how to get ahead. In addition

to the St. Johns store, they had a trading store out on the Apache Reservation. They wrote to ask Frank to go there and manage that store.

Our new home was all right. It was three rooms built onto the store. Over the store was painted in big black letters: SCHUSTER AND BROWN.

How we loved Nora. She was our very life from day to day. She even won the hearts of the Apaches. They thought she was very different with her white skin and blue eyes. To me she was everything. She took away all my loneliness. I don't see how I could have stood it without her. She had to fill the void I felt from having no church work and not having my mother and father and sisters around me.

By the end of the first year at White River, Frank felt that the store was a success. We paid some tithing and were able to save some money.

One day he came home with the mail. He handed me a letter he had just received from "Box B." That was the address of the church offices in Salt Lake City. Everyone knew that meant a mission call.

All arrangements were made. I wanted him to obey the call, but suddenly the loneliness I felt at the thought of having him gone for two years and leaving me to have my baby alone overwhelmed me and I cried myself nearly sick.

Suddenly I realized Frank may not go if I felt so bad. I asked the Lord to help me. Frank never saw me cry again until just before he left. I'm thankful I was able to get hold of myself. I have always been glad he went. It's meant much to him and to us as a family. He was so worried about leaving me and Nora and the baby I was expecting.

I wrote my folks to ask if I could stay with them during the two years Frank would be gone. They wrote back, "Come--and be welcome."

In Salt Lake he was very lonely. He was so worried about me he felt like turning back. (Thank the Lord he didn't)

On the boat headed for England, he was so seasick he couldn't get out of bed. He worried about me, deciding I may die. Then he heard a voice say "Your wife will be all right. Don't worry anymore."

About two months after Frank left I had Ray at my parents' home. Mother was so thoughtful of me. She moved a bed into the big fireplace room and called Sister Sherwood. May wrote Frank a nice letter about me and the baby. He was very happy.

How I longed for Frank to see Ray! He was such a pretty baby with red hair, fair skin and beautiful dark eyes.

The time passed slowly for me while Frank was gone, and I knew how difficult it was for him to be away from us. He never failed to write me twice a week.

I enjoyed being with my family. Elda was always a pretty girl and so sure of herself. Myn was loved by all of us for her many good qualities. I always needed Mother for my own peace of mind. I wanted to know where she was every hour of the day. (Even now when storms come into my life, I often cry for her.)

I remember having the idea that my father was not only the best man in the world, but that he knew more about most things than anyone else. I'm sure the love Ma and Pa had for each other and their children is the foundation of the security we grew up with.

Arthur is mother's last child. In some ways I think he is the best. He continues to try to help everyone.

President Rudger Clawson was Frank's first mission president. He sent Frank to Nottingham where he was assigned district mission secretary because he was a good bookkeeper and writer. He did this for most of his two years there.

Frank must have had a very successful mission. I could tell because of the letters and pictures we received later. The families he helped to convert have interesting stories.

Abraham Noble was the superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School. Eventually all the family was baptized. No finer family ever came into the church. They came to America and to Salt Lake City.

The story of the Stonley family has been told many times, and it changed many lives.

Four old friends, Frank, Joy Patterson, Charlie LeSueur, and Garl Pace were all on missions. They were thrilled when they had an opportunity to meet at a conference in London. Frank went with five other missionaries on a trip to Paris, which made him more determined to take me someday

How joyful I was when I heard Frank was released and coming home! What a special time it was-- Frank seeing his son for the first time--two years old.

We were so happy to be back in our little house again. He

went to work at A.C.M.I. again.

Frank surprised us by announcing that he would like to go to medical school. A mission companion, Dr. Sutton, had encouraged him by saying that if Frank wanted to study medicine enough, he could do it. This was Frank's goal.

It sounded like such a big step to me, but I had learned economy from my parents and we were able to save most of our wages.

Then we found out I was expecting another baby. Frank felt the additional responsibility and thought he might have to give up his dream of being a doctor.

That was before the accident. Our cousin John Whiting, a strong, handsome young man came from Mexico to work at the sawmill. He had an accident and bled profusely. Ralph rode a horse to St. Johns for the doctor. Frank and I went to the sawmill. Seeing John in such a terrible condition affected Frank in a special way. After three days John died.

Frank said, "I vow that in the future when I see a young man suffering like John did I'll never be this helpless again."

After this we were more dedicated than ever about saving money for medical school.

Ruth was born September 25, 1912. She was pretty and had red hair.

It seemed quite a venture for me to prepare clothes and all the things to go to Chicago.

It was just barely dark when our train rolled into the depot in Chicago. Oh, how lost I felt. We were thankful that Dr. Sutton's nephew was there to meet us. He took us to his home and helped us find an apartment in the building where he lived. He sold us his furniture for a cheap price.

Chicago was a wonderful place and all went well at first. Frank started attending the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons. He felt he had to study hard, as his high school education was limited.

We found out how to get on the elevated streetcar to go to Sunday school and church. We met many fine members and made many friends.

We worried about expenses. It was soon evident that it was necessary for us to rent a place large enough so I could take in boarders. We rented a flat with four bedrooms, across the street from the hospital and near Frank's school.

Not long after this Nora became ill. We didn't know what was making her ill. We had a kind doctor who had taken care of Ray when he had convulsions. We brought in a specialist, but neither could say what was the matter. Yellow jaundice has been discussed as a possible cause.

She was very weak and her skin lost all its color. We were so brokenhearted and did not know which way to turn. Frank wouldn't go to school. We just sat all day holding her little bloated hands and praying for her.

When I gave up hope for Nora, I took my lovely, good baby, Ruth, who was about six months old in my arms and went into a private room. I sat in a rocking chair, rocking her and crying my heart out.

Suddenly in came Ray--just three and one half years old, saying, "Here, Mamma, here is a drink of water."

This reminded me that I had to get hold of myself and think of those two dears now.

I guess Nora was just too good for us. She left us many memories. We knew we had a treasure laid up in Heaven, and so we would have to work to be able to go where she would be.

We packed our trunk and prepared to take Nora to St. Johns. It was a lonely trip--three days by train, and one day from Holbrook to St. Johns. We were so aware of how good little Ray and Ruth were.

Relatives and friends are the only comfort in such sorrow. We didn't know which way to turn. Frank had lost heart and our expenses had taken a large bite from our school money. Frank thought he would work to make up the amount used. I reasoned with him that our rent was paid, our furniture was waiting and we had three boarders lined up. Frank finally agreed and said he couldn't give it up.

Back in Chicago, I used to take my two children and walk for groceries nearly every day. I cooked for us and for three men, also cleaning their rooms and washing their sheets, towels, etc. I used an old-fashioned washer I turned by hand.

I think it was good for me to keep busy. To keep Ray busy after Nora died, I fixed a bucket of water with a good bluing color, gave him a paintbrush, and let him paint the back porch, fence and steps. I had a good walker to put Ruth in, but she walked all over at ten months.

Frank was doing so well in school that I didn't mind the work. It was such a satisfaction to me. He knew his several

teachers very well and often talked about his friends and classmates. We loved going to Lincoln Park to the silent picture show (five cents each).

We saw the best theatres and flower shows and often went to the art gallery and the Smithsonian Institute.

Some of Frank's converts stopped off to see us on their way to Utah from England.

Besides May and Herbert, Lynn came and lived with us for a while taking a study in auto mechanics.

Frank was a very good writer, which was a help to him and made his teachers appreciate him. He had some good friends who gave him homework help with chemistry, or I don't know how he would have made it.

Frank longed to move nearer the clean part of Chicago—nearer the mission home and church. He found a flat in a good house and district and he insisted we move.

Alphy Anderson had been with us, but this year his brother, Albert and sister Letty, moved in with us.

However, life was unpleasant, because of our landlady who lived under us. I think she was the meanest woman I ever knew. Her name was Mrs. Ankabrant. We could hardly walk that she didn't pound on her ceiling or come up after us.

When May and Herbert and their four children arrived, I couldn't help feeling bad Nora wasn't there to enjoy them. But they were a breath of spring coming into our grief stricken young lives.

When May decided she needed to go back home, Herbert stayed with us and went to Dental school.

I was very sick and found I was pregnant, so I came home to stay until Maurine was born August 25, 1914.

I was so proud of Frank when he graduated, and he was the only one in his class who graduated without a single probation.

DR. AND MRS. BROWN

We moved back into our same little home in St. Johns, where Frank worked as an assistant to the local doctor while waiting to take his medical exam.

We were so happy to be back with our families.

Frank passed the exam and was a doctor! His first house call was made late at night a ways out of town. He got someone to drive

him in one of the new "horseless carriages." It had no lights, so someone had to hold a lantern out of the window all of the way.

We bought the big LaSueur home, commonly known as the dormitory. We bought a piano.

Then the war came. The men in town were called to go, including some of Frank's brothers.

The awful flu epidemic hit St. Johns and Frank worked frantically day and night trying to keep them alive. Finally he came down with it himself.

Frank wanted to practice where there was a hospital, and so we moved to Mesa. We were lonely at first, but when the Berry's moved there we enjoyed them and we all made new friends. We belonged to a Rook club, where we had some of the best friends we ever had.

Frank became very busy, working in the private hospital.

We had more children—Louise, Albert, Ronald and then Maydene.

Before Frank died he asked me on several occasions not to live alone after he was gone, but to marry some good man. It sounded wrong to me to think I could and what good man would want a woman seventy years old. He thought someone would and said that was the reason he was not ready to die, he didn't want to leave me alone.

Nearly one year later my sister, May, died and left her husband alone. We decided to take care of each other, and it pleased our children and other relatives, so Herbert and I were married for time in the Los Angeles temple, where we were both temple workers.

We took a trip to Hawaii for three weeks, then went back and worked again to fill our calls to work in the temple.

Ray and Ruth Lewis were going to New Zealand, where he had filled a mission. It was at the time of the dedication of the temple and college there. We went with them and it was a wonderful experience. When we returned we were set apart to help in the new Spanish American Mission in Los Angeles. Herbert was an assistant to the President. We both studied Spanish.

We bought a nice home, just before we were married, in Alhambra, California, which we really enjoyed.

We made two other trips to Hawaii to see and help Maree and also Ronald and his family.

When Ronald moved to Alaska he wrote and said there was no dentist and wanted Uncle Herbert to come and practice again. So we got an apartment and Herbert did dental work for four months. We did enjoy Ronald's family in Cardova.

When Elda's youngest son finished his mission in Brazil, Elda wanted to go where all three of her sons had served. Ruth's daughter, Rose Neeleman and her husband, Gary, were living in Sao Paulo. Ethel went with Elda, and we met them in Sao Paulo and had a good time. It was a grand trip.

When Herbert asked me to marry him I asked what we would do, and he answered that we would do all the things we could do with Frank and May. We said we were both healthy and we could travel and have fifteen or twenty good years together, and we did!

Herbert was easy to live with. When I lost things he would look until he found it, but Frank used to say, "I know where it is-lost." I missed many things about Frank, but Herbert and I have had a good life. We have enjoyed playing music together. He played the mandolin and I played the guitar.

We both have some rheumatism, and feel old, but have much to enjoy yet in life.

(Following written by Ruth Lewis)

We decided to move to a large mobile home in Chino. Mother wanted to live near us, so they sold their home and moved right next door to Ray and me. Maurine and Elbert moved out for a few years, then Ray and Ruth moved right on the corner.

Uncle Herbert only lived a couple of years after they moved to Chino. They really were getting older. Mother lived there and enjoyed having all of us near her. We were there for eight years and decided to move to Salt Lake.

Mother wanted to move with us, so we bought a big home with an apartment downstairs. She only lived with us two days when we took her to the hospital. She did not suffer, but passed away three days later. She was 92.

She lived a good life, raised a fine family, and I am sure when she was reunited with her loved ones, Dad was so happy to see her again, and it was said to her, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." We miss her, but we look forward to the time when we can be reunited with all of them again.





Our Expression of Love to our Parents
Francis and Martha Brown

Ray: This business of having a young one of my own makes me appreciate a mother's sacrifice more than ever before—much more. How you must have hated to have Dad go to England. Thanks Mother—I'll try to pay my debt to the next generation.

Ray: Dear Father, I want you to know that I appreciate all that you have done for me and for my family. Particularly I appreciate your fine example in right living. I remember vividly your statement that you wanted me to do as you did and not merely what you said was the right thing to do. It was a distinct help to me when I was younger.

Ray: To Mother, I want to thank you for all that you have done for me, for the fact that I am, because you nursed me through all those years of sickness to health and for the facts that you always taught me the true value of things in life. I want to express the gratitude which is in my heart for the wonderful home which you have made. I hope that I may have a like one someday. I have had everything which I could have possibly wished for which I would wish if I had to live over again.

I think my sickness had something to do with my being so interested in the church, although of course your example and teachings had the greatest influence on me. Anyway, I am thankful for all I have had, all that I have been, and that I now have a knowledge of the true path of life and for the parents which were given me from my Heavenly Father.

Mother I know that the Lord liveth and that I am his servant. I know that thru my hands he has raised the sick from their beds. I know that he has led me from danger and from mistakes of all kinds. I know that we lived before this mortal state and that we will live after we leave this earth of ours and we pass through the condition called death.

I am going to strive to live in accordance with laws of God during all the ages and thru this to show my thankfulness for all my blessings. I pray that you may have all the blessings of our Lord and that all your days may be filled with happiness.

Ruth: I am beginning to realize how much you have done for me, and everyday makes me appreciate you more and makes me realize how much you and Dad have done for your children. The greatest aim in my life is to make a home for my family as nearly after your pattern as possible. I have had an ideal in life, it has always been you. You have given me wonderful ideals that I

couldn't help but live up to, and anything I ever attained in dramatics has been the result of the training I received from you. You have given me the strong healthy body that I have. You have given me a living testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel and a deep desire to follow the teachings of the true church. And you have given me a love for my home which cannot be surpassed.

My Father

Ruth: I have such good memories of my Father. When I was young we used to go on calls and wait out in the car for him. He used to buy us candy and it was a lot of fun to go with him. When we traveled he used to sing, and it was fun to travel with him.

Dad never used to talk much unless he really had something to say. Even if he was sitting there, we'd ask Mother what he thought. We didn't have answering service in those days and we used to take turns staying home to "tend the phone."

As I grew older I appreciated him more. He seldom lost his temper and was always good to us. I have known few men who had the testimony of the gospel he had. My husband, Ray, has said my dad was the best man he ever knew. So many people have told me how he changed their lives. One of my husband's sister-in-laws told me she used to complain to her husband that she went to get doctored, not lectured to, "but," she said, "I remember everything your dad ever told me."

President Rudger Clawson was president of the 12 Apostles, and had been Dad's mission President in England. The last twelve years of his life, Dad was his Physician. He also took care of his wife. It was President Clawson's request that Dad dedicate his grave. I always thought that was such a compliment when he associated so closely with the First Presidency and the Apostles.

I was so thrilled when he was called on to be a mission president, as I felt that at last he was receiving just reward for the love he had for the gospel. How good he was to us when he took care of us when our babies were born. We always had such implicit trust in him. And I shall always be grateful to him for the care he gave my Father-in-law, who died with cancer. Brother Lewis' last words as he looked into my father's face were "You'll get your reward in Heaven," as I am sure he has.

I was always very proud when Dad used to say to me, after I was married, "Keep on being good." He was always so kind to so many people. And he has told me that he could honestly say he never practiced medicine for the money in it. As I went to leave him for the last time I told him he shouldn't feel bad that others needed to take care of him as he had taken care of so many people, "But" he said "I haven't helped enough, and I

haven't loved enough." But if he hasn't, then the rest of us really have a long way to go.

Ray: Mother was never over-burdened with her family of eight, and was always doing things to help father work in the church. She was particularly gifted in designing skits and plays to help with the community entertainment. She had a great sense of humor, and to this day, is quick with a reply. She keeps the air spicy and full of fun for those around her.

Louise: I want to tell you that I love both of you so very much. I'm happy that I "chose" you two among all the heavenly hosts there were to choose from to be my parents! My blessing tells me that I did that. I also love all of my brothers and sisters. I am so thankful that I wasn't raised alone--an only child--there were so many wonderful times and such fun that I would have missed! Thank you both for all that you have given me and done for me. I wonder why we can never realize all our parents go through for us until we start raising our own and I suppose the only way we can repay our parents for all they have done for us is to try to do as much, as well, for our own children.

Maurine: Dearest Angel Mother:

I wanted to write to you to tell you how thankful I am that you are my mother--that you had time to teach me as you did and tell me stories. You can never know how blessed I am if I could be exactly like you--so that my girls could say to me what I feel about you. I also think of your blessed Mother who set her example to you, so you could pass it on to me and I hope I will relay the same qualities to my own grandchildren. Sometimes it isn't easy, but I usually think, "What would Mother have done?"

Maydene: Some of my favorite memories are these:

You--upon arriving at the ward and hearing me announce I'd forgotten to put on my panties, patiently turning the car around taking me back home to finish dressing.

You--lying by me in the night, rubbing my legaches away.

You--and your little games "Fly away Jack-Fly away Jill," Going across the plains, Toadie, Toadie how are thee?" Many times you rubbed an aching leg while you played, but never let it spoil the game.

You--and the parties you planned and put over.

You--singing and playing your guitar! Standing behind me counting and singing "La-la-la," while I played the piano. Teaching us to enjoy all these things that are just a bit above and beyond the ordinary in life. Listening over and over again to our recitations!

You-whistling while you worked! While you mixed homemade bread and stitched up a party dress or stirred up a tamale pie, or while you quilted.

You--waiting up for me at night, worrying--caring!

You--driving me around to wards to give readings.

You--upon hearing my announcement that Jim and I had decided to get married before he went to war instead of after, quietly consenting with the words, "If you wait until Wednesday, we could have a reception.

You--driving me to the bus station when I went to South Carolina to be with Jim, and then smiling and waving goodbye.

You--welcoming me back home and helping me through the long lonely months. You--waking me in the night with worried eyes that night the telegram came, and our quick relief when I read aloud those words, "Wish you were here. Having a wonderful time in Australia. Love, Jim."

You--calling me to the phone when Jim called from Seattle and helping me furnish our little apartment.

You--helping me make little baby gowns and bathe new babies.

Thanks for everything and forgetting your own ambitions in order to provide me with a mortal body and teach me by example how to fulfill the requirements of mortality! I knew you would have loved to have been an actress.

Ronald: Aug 1, 1945: Dear Dad: When I was in high school I was certain I wanted to be a doctor. During the summer of 1938, I asked myself why I did. I found no answer except that my father had been one, and that wasn't good enough for me. I knew you wanted me to be a doctor, or at least I thought you did, but I can't remember your ever saying so. After much study and debate I decided I didn't want to be a doctor enough to go through all the schooling it took. I decided to be a lawyer. Then while at Boise I decided that law was not for me. After much fasting and prayer and five years later I asked myself what I wanted in a profession.

1. Money? No, except enough to give myself the necessities of life and as much more as the Lord sees fit to let me have use of for the welfare of others.

2. Power? No, except as I might be called upon to do good.

3. Fame? No. I'm not interested in what anyone thinks of me except God, my family, and myself.

4. Education? Yes, as much as possible, for I know what I learn here will not only give satisfaction here, but will be very important in the life to come.

S. Satisfaction? Yes, through the knowledge of a difficult job well done.

6. The opportunity to serve my fellow man.

How may I best serve? What can I do that will, while giving me satisfaction and sufficient remuneration, enable me to do the highest good, day after day, and enable me to preach the gospel through constant example and through giving the words of eternal life when they are most likely to be accepted.

Now I want to be a doctor. I don't expect an easy time of it. It's going to take long years of work, sacrifice and study. I know the long hard hours you've spent needing and wanting sleep because you were needed. I never stopped to realize until recently the satisfaction you must get, the enrichment from the gratitude of the families of beggars and apostles. Rich or poor, righteous or sinful, you've asked but one thing: the opportunity to serve. I've finally awakened to the wonderful story your life has held for me.

Father, all my life I've consciously searched for higher and higher ideals. I've gone from Lincoln to Christ for one I might be able and want to follow, not seeing what was before my eyes. I now know this: If I can be the doctor you are and have been, my life shall have been all I want it to be.

Your loving and respectful son, Ronald

Ronald: Dear Dad: As time goes on and I come more and more in contact with the rest of the world, I get to wishing that I had stopped to learn from "the fountain of trust" which was my father. I would be better off, much better off, if I had learned more about every phase of life, religion, and existence from you. Thank you for everything.

Ronald: I thank you, Mother, for not stopping at six children. I thank you for all the love you gave in raising me, and teaching me right from wrong, what happiness is, and everything else you gave me as a boy. Thanks for helping me get the education and all the training I have had. I thank you for helping me so many times when I needed help, not only as a boy, but as a man. I thank you for continuing to love me despite the heartache I may have given you. But most of all I thank you for just being yourself and being there, a kind of secure anchor to all my thoughts and actions over the years, because I always knew I could turn to you and always get love and support. 1942.

Ronald: When I was home, I never realized how blessed I was to have the wonderful parents that are mine. Every day of the twenty-one and one half months has made me more appreciative of the wonderful blessings you are. This Mother's Day means more to me than a chance to express my gratitude for the most wonderful mother any boy ever had. Every night, I express my thanks to God for you and ask him to bless you. To me this day is for me to rededicate myself to the things I learned from you, because I know I can only fully express my thanks to you by being the man you want me

to be. If I can mold my life to the principles you taught me from my earliest youth, I know that I can stand before my judge, in the last days, unafraid and I know that even he will be proud to call me his son. Mother, I send my love and thanks to you. My constant prayer is that God will watch over you, as you watched over me. The service you rendered the world by helping the souls whose care you have been given to learn how to know God and to serve Him will ever stand as a living monument of your unselfish devotion, and complete ability to lead souls to righteousness.

I Remember

By Martha Brown
Sent in by Elda Brown

When the Fast Day meetings were held on the First Thursday of each month, my parents would take us children for the two hour meeting. It used to seem a long time to sit so quietly, and try to understand the testimonies. I liked it when my father would speak, but my mother seldom did. She was timid and I'm wondering if the first time I heard her was when she received the answer to Sister Molones "Message in Tongues."

I enjoyed the sacrament meetings when Father would bless and pass the sacrament. You see in those days the Deacons did not do that, they did the church janitor work and gathered fast offerings, usually of produce of some kind and the older men did the sacrament.

They passed the water by carrying a pitcher of water and a glass, and as the glass was passed they stood in the aisle to refill it.

I was puzzled when I heard they were going to use individual cups. I said to myself it will never work out, even if they take time to fill each glass. I'm sure about half will forget to bring one. I often think of this when the boys bring the lovely clean trays of little cups to us.

MAMA AND PAPA

Maydene Bodell

MAMA WAS A WILLING MOTHER. She was happy to have her babies and was a loving, patient mother. (Later on she encouraged her daughters to feel that babies are wonderful blessings and she celebrated the arrival of each new grandchild.

MAMA WAS A HELPMATE. When it was discovered that Papa had an enlarged heart and must get out of the heat in the summers, the family moved back and forth between Utah and Arizona, several times. They liked Mesa, and Papa was a successful doctor there, but the heat was hard on him.

Mama followed him without much complaining. She packed and unpacked and tried to get the children to accept the changes. She taught them the song "Goodbye Old Home," which Maurine and Ruth sang each time the family moved from Arizona. On one occasion the girls complained to Mama, "People around here are going to get awfully tired of us singing "Goodbye, Old Home."

On occasion she pitched in as a nurse, or assistant, when the usual one was not available.

She had much responsibility in the home, as Papa was gone a lot, in the office, the hospital, or making house calls.

She had to keep the house presentable at all times, as she never knew when a sick person or an accident victim might come to the house seeking the doctor's help.

PAPA WAS A HERO. On the first move to Salt Lake, the car stuck in a flooded wash. The family sat in a tent for three days while the rain fell. Papa waded through the mud to an Indian Hogan and returned with beans and pine nuts for food.

At the end of the summer we returned to Arizona. Before we reached the Colorado River, the car broke down and the ferry was closed for the night. Papa, although he didn't know what time the train might come, crawled across the railroad tracks and got help for us. He got us safely across the river. The next day we ate Thanksgiving dinner camped by the river while waiting for the car to be repaired.

MAMA WAS A TEACHER. Day by day she taught us how to live and do what is right. She taught us to be alert and anxious to learn.

We had many rich experiences as we traveled to and fro. In Salt Lake, Louise, as she was nearing eight years of age, practiced getting baptized in the bathtub. Albert flew off the roof with an umbrella!

Mama taught us to be entertainers. She taught us little songs and poems from the time we were small. Some had music, dancing and elocution lessons, but most of what we learned came from her. She was not the Sarah Bernhardt of northern Arizona for nothing, she has said. She was an excellent director.

Ruth won state prizes for her elocution. She was asked once to be in a beauty contest, but Papa wouldn't let her.

Mama taught us our first piano lessons, and would often stand by the piano and count for us.

THRIFT
Or
The Giant Funny Book

Thrift had become a way of life for Mama. It was no longer as necessary as it had been when she was a bride, when she waited at home for her missionary, living on a few dollars a month, and when she was taking in boarders in Chicago. But she had come to regard waste as sin, and being scrupulously careful of everything given her had become a matter of pride.

She had a talent for making leftovers into something beautiful.

Once she made a dress for Maydene out of twenty-eight scraps of cloth, and bragged about it.

She hated waste of time as much as any waste, working hard and fast and doing most of her own work. One day a lady who visited said, "We didn't know a doctor's wife would do her own washing."

Mama knew how to cut a cake or a watermelon into more pieces than anyone else and still make it seem like enough.

She knew how to cut a cake so that it would feed a crowd. She literally believed she could do what the Lord did when he fed the five thousand with the loaves and fishes.

At one family gathering one of mama's brothers asked another if he wanted a May size piece of cake or a Martha size piece. This became a family joke that Mama had to live down when the same question was asked on many occasions from that time on.

Now, some may not think that a quality, but if you realize how many relatives and patients and friends were always coming into and out of our house, often unannounced, you will know it is to Mama's credit that she wanted everyone to have some-whatever it was.

MAMA WAS A LADY. Papa was making good money. He bought a big fancy car—a Franklin. Aunt May convinced Mama it was time for her to start wearing silk stockings. When Mama went with Dad to a medical convention, she and the older girls looked in the stores for dresses with sleeves for her to wear.

RAY WAS A MISSIONARY. We were all so proud of him. Life seemed full of rich blessings for all of us.

PAPA WAS AN INVESTOR. He bought stock in buses, cotton, and Piggly Wiggly grocery stores.

Then the depression came. The stock market crashed and Papa lost all the money he had invested and the money in the bank.

Men travelled from town to town, looking for jobs. When they knocked on our door, asking for food, Mama always prepared a plate and gave it to them on the back steps. She thought it was best if she could think of something they could do for it, such as mow the lawn or chop some wood.

PAPA AND MAMA WERE BRAVE. They had to be. Once more they faced tragedy in the loss of a child.

Albert was their noisy boy, always busy around the house, making something or other. He built a little bird house and placed it high in a tree behind the house, hanging a little bell on the tiny porch.

He usually woke the household early in the morning with the pounding of his own little hammer. One morning the house seemed very quiet. He was too sick to get up. He couldn't go to school. He had blood poisoning from an infected boil. (There was no such thing as penicillin in those days.)

How difficult it was to say goodbye to him in the hospital, and then, a few days later, to write to Ray in Germany to tell him that the oldest of the two little brothers he'd waited so long for was gone.

When we left Mesa for the last time, we saw the little bird house, still in the tree. But the bell was gone. Mama had taken it down and placed it in her chest of treasures, with Nora's tiny china dishes.

PAPA WAS A SURGEON. In Provo he took over a private hospital and home belonging to Dr. Aird, with the stipulation that Dr. Aird could return in one year if he wanted to.

In the hospital Papa did some of the finest operating that had been done up to that time.

Papa was also an expert at delivering babies. He delivered over three thousand babies--most of them in private homes.

MAMA WAS A COOK. She and Ruth did much of the cooking for the hospital. As the house was only two blocks away, much food was carried back and forth. The rest of us helped with the cleaning and waiting on patients.

We lived in a big house, but Mama rented some of the upstairs rooms to B.Y.U. students.

Ray, Ruth, and Maurine all went to the college, where Ray met Ruth Holbrook and then they were married.

Life was good in Provo, and so we were disappointed when

Dr. Aird returned a year later.

MAMA AND AUNT MAY WERE DIRECTORS. Back in Phoenix, we joined the Berrys in putting on a big show at the church. We did all the old family favorites plus some new things.

We also remember Phoenix as being the place where we had our fanciest house, and we remember Mama sneaking into the garage with box after box of scorched clothing when she and Aunt May went to the fire sale and bought out the store.

PAPA AND MAMA WERE LANDLORDS, The last time we moved to Utah, Papa bought an apartment house to hold the family over until he could establish a practice. Papa and Mama managed it and we all helped with halls, yards, and emptying of trash.

Right after we arrived, Ruth's boyfriend from Phoenix, Ray Lewis, showed up for conference and wanted to marry Ruth and take her back with him.

Later Maurine's boyfriend, Elbert Startup, returned from his mission and Mama helped Maurine to plan and have a wedding.

DAD WAS A PSYCHIATRIST AND A PREACHER. Psychiatry was a new science and there were not many trained in it, and so physicians had to fill in when it was necessary. Dad was always interested in a person's mental health and happiness.

He was interested in everybody—even strangers. When he bought gasoline he would chat about the attendant's life and religion and leave a few philosophical thoughts behind him.

Mother was not patient during these times, as she was always anxious to be on the way.

A favorite story about Dad as a psychiatrist begins with his calling on a confinement case (a woman about to have a baby.) Her husband had gone to church. Dad delivered a pair of twins. The woman was so upset at the challenge of taking care of two babies that Dad got out his Bible and looked for a passage which would reassure her. The father returned from church to find a pair of twins and the doctor sitting on the bed, reading to his wife from the Bible!

DAD WAS A MISSIONARY. He preached the gospel to whomever he could--service station attendants, associate doctors, etc. One doctor recently said of him, "He was religious at a time when it was not common for a doctor to be. Now most doctors are impressed that there is a divine being, but then he seemed to have a special and rare faith."

He also accepted a call to be a guide on temple square and was instrumental in introducing people to the gospel who accepted it and lived it.

MOTHER WAS AN ORGANIZER. She was an excellent cook and seamstress and a reasonably good housekeeper. There was a place for everything and dishes and beds were always clean. The things she

didn't do seemed to be a result of her deciding to invest her time elsewhere rather than that she couldn't accomplish them.

She organized our playtime too, not letting us stay at the neighbors longer than an hour or so and seeing there was plenty to do when we returned home. She told us stories, played games with us, and made us funny paper books by sewing together old funny papers in proper sequence. She sang to us and with us, playing the piano herself.

We moved to a big house, where Louise was starting to plan her wedding to Lester Carlston and where the wedding was held.

Ronald went on a mission from there and came home and married Helen Gill. World War two was on, and so he went into the army for special medical training.

I (Maydene) married Jim Bodell and he went into the army, and I lived with my parents while he was gone.

MOTHER AND DAD WERE CHURCH WORKERS. Among other jobs, mother was M.I.A. president three times and Relief Society president three times, once for the stake and twice for the ward. Frank was president of the Seventies, Sunday School superintendent, bishop's councilor and high councilor.

PRESIDENT AND SISTER BROWN. Dad and Mother were called on a mission to the Central States Mission. The following is taken from mother's mission diary.

MISSION

I loved the big roomy mission home at first sight. The rooms were extra large. Frank's office was downstairs. We were thrilled with the beautiful grounds and surroundings. The back consisted of a piece of farmland where we could plant a few vegetables and have a cow.

We had driven our car to Independence, and used it to travel around the mission. When we first arrived, President Thomas C. Romney, the current President, greeted us and introduced us, and helped with the office work.

Soon after we arrived, Elder Oscar Kirkham, member of the seven Presidents of Seventies of the church came and went with us to tour the mission. There were eight districts covering Four states; Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Arkansas and part of Illinois. Each district had several branches. It took three weeks to make the trip.

We stayed in hotels, but had many of our meals in the homes of good saints. They truly lived up to the reputation of Southern hospitality. They had a soft refined gentility which was somewhat lacking in our western culture.

The time we spent meeting the young missionaries as we traveled from branch to branch was full of suspense. They came from so many different kinds of homes. Some were born leaders—some were not. But we were thrilled with the testimonies of those we heard speak.

Some of them were pretty young ladies. Others were servicemen who had just returned from World War 11. (Many proved to be our best missionaries.) There were a few "war widows," whose testimonies remained firm and unshaken.

In **his** new responsibility as Mission President, Frank was in charge of all the missionaries throughout the mission and he also presided over the different districts and branch presidents who in turn presided over the church members. There were no wards or stakes.

One of my jobs was to make a comfortable well-kept home with wholesome food served at meal times. Sister Hart came each day to help me.

After Frank met the new missionaries, I made them feel at home and settled them in their rooms.

I was also president of the Relief Societies of the mission and to be an example and inspiration to all the ladies of that organization throughout the mission.

Very often Frank would come over from the office to let me know there would be six or nine missionaries arriving the next week. At this time, there was extra responsibility and excitement. For me it was cooking and brushing up, for Frank praying for inspiration to assign each missionary to the right place with senior companions.

What a privilege it was to be right there in the center of our church's history, the Liberty Jail, Adam Ondi Ahman, the graves of David Whitmer and Oliver Cowdery.

We enjoyed traveling with the Church leaders who toured the mission with us, President George Albert Smith, Elder Spencer W. Kimball, Elder Henry D. Moyle, Elder Oscar Kirkham, Elder Antoine R. Ivins, Elder Milton R. Hunter, and Elder Bruce McConkie. It was so inspiring to spend so much time with them and get to really know them.

We had hundreds of missionaries who served under Frank. I had a soft spot in my heart for each of these missionaries. I have made up a book of faith promoting stories, and of conversions. Frank's Patriarchal Blessing told him that his last days would be his best days, and as he did not live long after this mission, I'm sure these were some of his best days. How the missionaries loved him and respected and honored him.

There could not be enough room to tell all the experiences we had. We loved the missionaries almost like our own family. One of the most interesting and inspirational things Frank did was to ask the Missionaries to travel one summer without purse or script and depend on the Lord for a place to sleep and food. I have many letters telling about the experiences those missionaries had and the testimonies that grew through the experience.

We had been in the Central States just a few months when we received word from Church Headquarters that Frank should choose

two counselors. Frank could think of no one who could do the job like Herbert. He had a very successful dental practice in Lynwood, but had always had the desire to fill a mission.

How exciting! To be doing things with May and Herbert again. We had little time for visiting or rook games, as there was so much to do and so little time. However, a new closeness and faith promoting experiences was shared with them. They were a very special help in the building program. While we were there six chapels were renovated and purchased. Eight new chapels were built, one more was under construction, and seven more lots were purchased before we left. President and Sister Berry were in charge of the building fund programs and the old Whiting theatrical ability was again demonstrated.

Frank started a campaign to sell copies of the Book of Mormon. In 1949, fifteen thousand, six hundred and thirteen copies were sold and one thousand loaned. This resulted in many baptisms then as well as later

Frank sent missionaries to proselyte among the Indians in the mission, there being one hundred thousand Lamanites in Oklahoma and a number of them were baptized.

Twenty-one new Relief Societies were formed in the mission, and twenty-one new Primaries. The Relief Societies sent in \$25,000 for the Relief Society Building Fund. The Primaries sent in \$32.00 by children who wished to pay for one brick each for the new Primary Hospital. One hundred quilts were sent to Europe, forty to Church Welfare and forty to Mission Welfare.

I cannot express in my own words the tributes paid especially to Frank. I will quote a few of the tributes: "President Brown had many admirable qualities, but I remember him most for his deep humility and power of discernment. He lived close to the Lord. He was forthright and fearless in teaching the gospel. He quoted freely from the scriptures."

"I will never forget my first meeting with President Brown. I couldn't help but love and respect him because he had such a humble way about him. This has helped me many times throughout my life."

"I have enjoyed and appreciated the privilege of working with you. I have learned to love you very dearly. I have often said to myself "if President and Sister Brown could only know how much the missionaries love them how great would be their joy. I have never heard a missionary say an unkind thing about you."

"The beautiful part about lives like President Brown's and yours is that your influence for good lives on to bless those whose hearts you have touched along life's journey long after the mortal body has been laid to rest."

"I truly enjoyed being under your jurisdiction. I will long remember you as humble, sincere, loveable, divinely directed as a mission president. I appreciate the love and confidence you have expressed, the encouragement you have given me to do more and live better. To know that your mission president loves you and confides in you is the greatest strength and joy that a missionary can have."

From the missionaries at the time of President Brown's death. "Come, follow me" were favorite words of President Brown and in his every act and deed he truly strove follow the principles established by our Savior.

"His life exemplified the spirit of obedience, and this was the philosophy that he taught to hundreds of missionaries—to be good followers that they may become leaders."

"For three and one-half years President Brown chartered the course of the Central States Mission, thus fulfilling the prophetic words of a patriarch that he would help to build up the Center Stake of Zion.

"Some will remember him for the new branches, new chapels, etc., but more of us will remember him for his deep devotion to the gospel, for his humbleness and for the spirit of faith and love he instilled in our hearts."

"We will remember him for the wise council he gave in teaching the power of prayer. He said if we didn't learn anything but how to pray, our mission would be a success."

He felt that our mission was a success and we were happy to have had such a rich and rewarding experience.

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA. After the mission, Mother and Dad had time to enjoy their grandchildren.

At first they lived at a bigger, new apartment house they had bought before their mission, and then they bought a nice home.

When they bought the apartment house, Dad told Mother if she'd be willing to live there and help him manage it until it was paid for, he would take her to Europe. This took about two years. After the mission he kept his promise to take her to Europe. It was planned that they would finish it off with a six-month mission in England.

It was a wonderful trip, they saw Jerusalem and Rome and enjoyed them. By the time they got to Paris, Dad was real sick and what little mother saw of Paris she had to see alone.

They had just started on their mission when it became

obvious that Dad was not well enough to continue.

They returned home, where Dad enjoyed his family, although he was growing sicker and weaker.

Ray had always helped him with legal decisions, as he was a lawyer.

Now he went to California where Ronald, a doctor, cared for him until he died.

The sketch his children wrote for the memorial service included these thoughts:

"He studied medicine to help his fellowmen. He has said "I have never practiced medicine for the money in it." He never charged widows for his services. He gave his services freely and without charge when necessary. He often said, "I would rather have your blessings than your money." He always preached religion with his practice and always asked Divine help before performing an operation.

"He never spoke ill of other people. He looked for the good and found it. He always told us "keep on being good."

"His missionary work was close to his heart--there are hundreds who call his name blessed because of the Gospel message he brought them.

"He never swore or used slang."

"May we all make a renewed effort to live by the principles he lived by and taught us, and pass them on to make a valiant Army of posterity who uphold his good name."

PAPA WAS A TEACHER. At his funeral, Uncle Arthur said of him: When I took one of my sons to Salt Lake for a medical checkup and the specialists gave us the sad news, I was bitter. Staying in Frank's home, I complained that it wasn't right--that God had been unjust to me.

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

He made things look different to us, and from then on we seemed to have more courage and faith.

Very early in his life, he chartered his course, and through all the years he never changed from that straight and narrow way. His philosophy was: First, the gospel plan, and after that the things of this world. No one ever questioned his faith in Christ. He

believed so thoroughly and trusted so completely in the promises of the Lord, that one sometimes felt timid in his presence.



THE EARNEST J. WHITING FAMILY

Uncle Earnest and his family have just returned from Hawaii. It was his desire to take all of his children and their mates on a vacation to Hawaii. This was a wonderful trip and was enjoyed by all. Dad will soon celebrate his 93rd birthday and as he says he is feeling older all the time, he wanted this experience with his children. We appreciate our father and want all to know that he is feeling well and enjoys his family, friends, and others that stop by to see him. He continues to tell us that his legs are failing him, but his head is fine. Dean Berry stopped by to see him and he was really thrilled. So many others are mindful of him, and he invites everyone to come and see him.

There are two weddings coming up in our family. Aleen's and my daughter, Joyce, will marry on the 19th of February, 1982, to Dan Packard in the Arizona Temple. Tom and Edwina Dastrup's youngest daughter, Susan, is marrying Scott Doying of San Jose, California. They will be married on February 5, 1982, in the Arizona Temple.

THE ALBERT & ELDA BROWN FAMILY

NEW BABIES

Ann (Burdick) & Tom Perry-a girl. They are still in Washington, D.C. area.

Brian and Lynette Burdick -_a girl Brian is going to school in Flagstaff.

Kenneth and Debbie Sagersa girl. Makes them 5 girls and 1 boy.

We had a marvelous J. Albert Brown Family Reunion this summer at the Homestead and St. Johns. It started with us all attending the 24th of July celebration in St. Johns. We ate our dinner at the Camp-O-Rama and got to visit with so many people. It was really a delight. The next morning was the parade and they really have a nice parade with lots of lovely floats. For lunch, we the family went to the showhouse, they locked the doors and only let family in. We ate hotdogs and had all the pop and popcorn you could eat, needless to say the kids loved it. Then we had a private showing of "Swiss Family Robinson." It was a very enjoyable afternoon. That night we went as a family to the Bar-B-Que dinner, the food was good and the visiting fun. The kids all went to the dances but we walked down and looked in from the outside for a while. Sunday we all attended our Church meetings, in fact some of us got in two sessions the 1st and 4th Wards. After that we went to the Homestead where we stayed until Wednesday morning. We did about the usual, horseshoes, volleyball, basketball, story telling, eating and eating and eating. We did miss Louine's family. They all went to North Carolina to get Gregory from his mission. They also visited in Washington, D.C., New York and various places. All enjoyed the trip and all of the kids and their partners went, left the grandchildren home.

Douglas and Carol Brown, (Jacks) and Jeanine Burdick, (Nathels) are attending B.Y.U. Hawaii this semester. From reports they are really loving it. Jack, Anna Vee, Geraldine and Willard and Mother are going over to see them the first part of November.

Oh by the way, Geraldine and Willard have both retired, she from teaching and him from the government. They seem to keep busy, Gerry said she didn't know how she used to teach school five days a week.

Carolyn Sagers had a very serious operation this summer. I don't even dare try to tell you what it was for, but it was serious. She was just getting to feeling good and was doing pretty well when school started, but Gerry called the other night she was back in the hospital running tests, she might have ulcers, but not sure.

Larry & Diane Sagers and four children have moved to Fillmore, Utah. He is the County Agricultural agent there. Don't know their address so send copy to Geraldine and she will see they get it. That leaves Joel alone to run the flower shop in Tooele.

Jack was released from being Bishop, first the 2nd Ward for about 5 years and then the 4th Ward for several years. Mom says he manages to keep busy without the Bishop's job.

THE HERBERT AND MAY BERRY FAMILY

NEWS FROM MISSOURI-Helen Andelin

There are now 92 members of the H.A. Berry family living in this area. Maree and all of her descendants but two, Shaun and Marty Cooper and families are here and I understand that they plan to come. Janice and Jerome Falls moved here in the spring and Lance Cooper and wife arrived in September. Maree lives in what we call "The Blue Castle," a beautiful old victorian home three stories high. Her family room is a "paradise for children," filled with endless things for them to do. Really, you all ought to see it. It even has a little lawn gliding swing. Children are never bored there.

Aubrey and I have three married daughters who live here. Our four sons plan to come when they can. Merilee, age 19, loves Missouri, but since she is not yet married can't count on it. Son, Brian, did live here and built an "earth home." Just as he finished it he moved to Oregon for a financial opportunity but plans to return. When they arrived in Oregon, his children were so homesick for Missouri that they "screamed." Alan Berry and family live in Seneca, 40 miles from us and I understand that Gary Ellsworth is thinking of making this his home base.

We have, unfortunately, lost a few families. Uncle Lynn's two daughters Kayennis Martineau and Marlynn Phipps and families left for financial reasons but I understand they kept their beautiful farms and may return. Karen and Bob Barrett left this summer for the same reasons.

It takes a real pioneering spirit to survive the hard times here but those who make it love this place. Dixie said today, "Mom, there is a feeling here that I don't feel any other place." This sentiment is expressed by many of the family members here. Dixie and her husband Bob left a beautiful log home in Canada, and he left an excellent position to come here. They had just finished their home and Dixie had made beautiful curtains and had just succeeded in making it look homey. It was difficult for her to leave it, friends and position there but they are happy they did.

Ray William Ellsworth
October 30, 1907 - October 2, 1981

"Uncle Bill" Ellsworth enjoyed a reunion this past summer with all of his children and 28 of his 30 grandchildren. His family had

warning that he was ill and all had a chance to call him and express their love.

For those who might not know how he related to the E.M. Whiting family, he married Effie, oldest daughter of Herbert and May Berry on August 11, 1934. They had five children, Lynn, Gary, Elaine, Van and Evelyn. Effie passed away January 2, 1948.

He was probably best known for his skill in genealogical research. He knew a great deal about the Berry and Whiting lines.

Lynn E. Ellsworth

THE FRANCIS AND MARTHA BROWN FAMILY

The Francis W. Brown family has had both blessings and trials since the last family magazine was mailed.

BROWNS

Ray and Ruth Brown have returned from their mission and are once again living in Chino.

Alan is excited about his call to a mission in Virginia.

LEWISES

The Lewises have one new grandson, child of Diane and Willard England. Gay McNeal's Russell is in the M.T.C. preparing to go on an Argentina mission.

STARTUPS

Karen and Bob Berrett have moved to Arcadia, California. Marsha, Dee Ann, Lynnae, Diane, Carol Joy, and Nancy have had babies!

RONALD BROWNS

We have just received word that Ronald is married! We will have to tell the details in another magazine. We are glad he will not be in Santa Lucia, far away, alone any longer. He is practicing medicine there.

BODELLS

In Memorium: David Patten Hicks was stillborn, son of Pamela and Michael. His name was chosen in honor of David Patten--the first martyr of the church. (Some of the early Saints named their first sons after him. He said, "God gives me all the power I have.")

CARLSTONS

Anna Beth will be a bride by the time this issue is printed!

Marlene and Steve Gillins are moving to Texas.

THE EDDIE AND ETHEL WHITING FAMILY

The FARR WHITING'S family are just fine and well and happy.

We had a neat thing happen to us. Fourteen years ago Penny's ex-husband flew in from the East and kidnapped her two children, ages 3 years and 20 months or so. Well last August her oldest girl, Heidi, called her mother and with the help of her grandparents they found Penny. Well, Heidi came to Phoenix and is now living with her mother. She is 18 and Connie is 16. Maybe someday Connie will come to see her mother also

David and Mareen had a new baby girl. This will make six children, five girls and one boy.

Lane and girls are fine. Lane is working at the Sheriff's office and loving it. She has one girl in High School and one in Jr. High School.

Webb is still in the Army and is getting ready to go to Egypt.

Kelly and Karen's family is just growing. They will have six grandchildren by December. Judy got married in June. Kirby and Josie bought a home. Terri is going to have a baby in December, this will be her third child. Margot is going to have a baby in November, this will be her third child. Mark is growing taller, so far 6' 4" and 15 years old, he is a good basketball player. Kristi is in Jr. High School and very active in everything.

Mom is well and happy living in St. Johns and Mesa.

Wilford SHUMWAY and sons Richard and Douglas have been very involved since May in the project of building a 40 unit motel in Springerville. This is almost completed and will be opened within the next two weeks.

We are now tearing down the old Whiting Bros. station that has been there for so many years, and putting in a new station and Quick Stop. It has kept the whole family busy all summer.

Rex and his family are now settled in Virginia. Rex is very happy with his job as Solicitor General in Washington, D.C. It is a real challenge for him and he is enjoying it very much.

Diana Lee, the oldest child of Rex and Janet Lee will be married in the Salt Lake Temple, December 29th. We are very happy about this event-- she is marrying Steven Allred from Provo.

We as a family are involved in athletics in St. Johns and Round Valley where the competition is keen. Douglas' daughters and Richard's boys and Anne's son and daughter participate in sports and music.

Erma and Darwin Grant have returned from their mission in Nauvoo, Illinois. We are happy to have them back with us again. They filled a very successful mission.

Melba Udall has been called by our Stake President to work in the

Mesa Temple—doing ordinance work for our stake.

In September a wonderful and exciting event occurred which had a startling effect on members of our family. Exciting and wonderful as only news of the birth of a new baby can be. Startling because it made Mel and LaVelle Great-Grandparents, Pam & Karl Benson - Grandparents, Ken, Ed, Claudia and their spouses great uncles and aunts and last but certainly not least, it meant that Kim Benson Hale and her husband, Richard, are the proud parents of a darling baby boy. Richard recently received his degree as a computer programmer while Helen's husband, Rob Reader, rated number 5 in a class of 506 medical students in Guadalajara, Jalisco Mexico. Helen is contributing to their support by tutoring students in English and doing a thriving business selling apple pies. The other Benson children are busy with vocal and piano lessons & soccer. Denise is enjoying Jr. High and the distinction of being an honor student.

We are proud of the church advancements of Pam and Karl's David and Ken and Karma's By. Recently David was ordained by his father to the office of Deacon and By Whiting was baptized by his father to become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Ken and Ed Whiting sent out a plea for better understanding and appreciation of their positions (don't be like their sisters) as you open your monthly light bill from Salt River Project, because they are only doing their job to bring you better service. Ed as an Auxiliary Operator here at the SRP plant in St. Johns and Ken as a Chemical Analyst. Look at it this way, they are only doing their part to help "light up your life." While they are bringing light into peoples lives, their wives, Karma and Nanette, are bringing music into the lives of the young. Karma as a music teacher in the pioneer school and Nanette as a piano teacher of 13 students in her home.

Since Pam and Karl moved to their new home in Mesa, Karl has put many miles on his car commuting to his teaching position in Phoenix. And Pam has added a few grey hairs to her head as she manages 35 children in her home pre-school.

Steve Lowell wonders why he spent so many years working for Laura Scudder when he could have been working all that time for Frito-Lay where he is now employed and he loves it. Claudia. wonders how she can survive each day as a van driver of six active children as she drives them to piano lessons, tennis lessons, dancing lessons and acrobatic lessons and still squeeze in the time to attend big Steve's and little Stevie's baseball games. Both Steve's are stars on the ball field both in soccer and baseball. But Claudia's rewards for her efforts are seen in Jackie becoming an accomplished pianist and starring on the tennis team.

As for Mel and Lavelle - Mel, the traitor has shifted his loyalties from DeSpain Interiors to manager of the Sears catalog store next door. Leaving Lavelle alone in DeSpains Interiors to shift for herself.

STORY OF WHITING LEGACY

Five Part Series printed in
the Charlevoix Courier
Charlevoix, Michigan

Back in 1923, Charlevoix County accepted the gift of 160 acres along the south shore of Lake Charlevoix in Eveline Township from Perry Whiting of Los Angeles, California.

It was stipulated that the land be used for a public park and that it be called "Whiting Memorial Park" in memory of Perry Whiting's father, Ryerson Whiting, who homesteaded the land in 1870.

The County manages Whiting Park through a manager, Philo Sumner, and a Parks and Recreation Commission made up of Robert Stowe, Tom Wieland, Clayton Healey, Thomas Garlock, Ed Rebman, John Ferguson, Oral Sutliff, Oscar W. Ward, Herbert Griffin, and Wayne Saunders.

An interesting sidelight to the above list of names is that Perry Whiting and Clayton Healey have a common ancestor. Charles Healey, who came to Charlevoix County in 1868, was the father of Melissa Whiting, Perry's mother, and therefore Perry's grandfather. Charles was also the great grandfather of Clayton Healey.

Boyne City historian Ferris Lewis recently supplied us with a copy of "Perry, Experiences of a Pioneer" by Perry Whiting, which was published in 1930. Because it tells such a vivid story of pioneer life in Charlevoix County and because of the author's connection with Whiting Park, the Courier will run excerpts from the book in the next few issues. The first excerpt follows:

Father had chopped down the trees, burned the logs, and made a little clearing on the shore of Pine Lake (now Lake Charlevoix). Their household goods had not arrived as yet, so they made plates from chips of trees, and knives, forks, and spoons from the same material.

Mother cooked on an open fire outside, by a "stump" (which is the part of a tree left above the ground after the tree has been felled). There were no horses in that part of the country and only about one settler out of five or six had a team of oxen, a cow, or any other domestic animal.

It was impossible to procure milk, butter, eggs, or fresh meat, except what wild game the settler was able to shoot from time to time. Consequently, all the meat or butter anyone could procure consisted of salt pork or "sow belly" and the grease from it had to serve the purpose of butter, lard, etc.

During that summer and winter (1870 and 1871), Father had to carry our supplies on his back from Charlevoix, a distance of sixteen miles. In the winter, 50 pounds of flour was carried many times through snow one and two feet deep.

In the spring, when it was time to plant their crops, if one settler in five had a cow and a steer or an ox, they yoked them together and he would plough and harrow his own and his neighbor's Lands, and they would pay him by working for him.

As there was practically no money in that part of the country,

it was necessary for them to exchange labor and supplies of every kind. When a man wanted to build a house, he would fell the trees, cut the logs into proper lengths, get a neighbor who owned an ox team to drag the logs together, and invite all the settlers within a radius of ten or twelve miles to a "raising bee" on a certain day. Usually about ten or twelve families would attend.

Everyone considered it not only a pleasure, but a duty or an unwritten law to be there with his wife and children. The women would prepare the banquet of corn bread, grease, sow belly, beans, etc., while the men cut and fitted the logs together and lifted and rolled one on top of another until the heavy part of the new home was erected, after which they celebrated.

Second in a series

"I said the settlers had no money (in 1870 and 1871), and you may wonder how they paid for their sow belly, overalls, jumpers, mittens, socks, etc., so I will explain:

"Charlevoix is three hundred miles north and across Lake Michigan from Chicago. Pine Lake '(Lake Charlevoix) is a most beautiful body of water from one to three miles of Lake Michigan. Round Lake, which is about three-quarters of a mile wide, making a most beautiful harbor. Round Lake is connected with Lake Michigan by another river or channel 400 feet long. Charlevoix is situated on this Round Lake, and at the present time, is a most beautiful little city, or rather resort, for Chicago and Southern Michigan cities. In 1870, the freight and passengers on Lake Michigan were carried by old-fashioned sidewheel steamers, called "Propellers," hence the name "Propeller Wood" which was fuel for the steamers.

"The settlers cut down the trees, sawed them into four foot lengths and then split them into two pieces about six inches in diameter. These were drawn to the lake shore and piled up at the water's edge. The value of this wood was \$2 a cord, a pile 4x4x8 feet, and it took one man one and one-half days to cut and convey one cord to the water's edge. Then the settler walked to the general merchandise man at Charlevoix and made a bargain to sell him his propeller wood; that is to say, trade him his propeller wood for sow belly and other necessities of life. There was none to exchange. The store keeper sold his wood to the old sidewheeler and what money he received was sent to Chicago to pay for the goods he had traded the settler. Likewise, the excess products of the farm were traded to the storekeeper, he, in turn, traded them to some other party for propeller wood or whatever he might have to trade.

"In this way, the settlers were able to pay for their clothes, and the other necessities which they were not able to produce on the farm."

One farmer would trade to another so much wheat, corn, potatoes, or maple sugar, or perhaps some of each, for an ox, a cow, calf, hog, sheep or chicken. Several settlers brought sheep with them, so that from the wool, the wives and daughters, and even the boys, washed, carded and spun the wool into yard on a homemade spinning wheel, and then knitted socks, mittens, caps, etc. A great many, including Mother

and Grandmother Healey, wove cloth on a homemade loom from homemade yarn, with which to clothe the family.

"These poor creatures had to carve their farms out of the forest. There was no sale for the timber, except the propeller wood, and the demand for that was very limited. Only those whose farms were near the Lake could derive any income from that source. It was necessary for them to raise and store sufficient food for their families and fodder for their stock, to carry them through the long winter (five or six months), during which time the snow was from five inches to five feet deep. I often wonder how many of us ever think, realize, or give thanks to God, Man or Science, for the most wonderful luxuries and opportunities of this glorious age in which we are living?

"In the spring of 1871, one year after Father and Mother had settled on the homestead, he sent to Lapeer and had his father send him a yoke of young oxen. I do not know how long they were in transit, but they were driven part of the way and came the rest of the way by boat. With the aid of the oxen, he was able, during the next winter, to cut and haul many cords of propeller wood to the lakeshore and trade it for flour, etc.

"In the past two years, he had been able to cut away and burn up the forest off about ten acres. It may be interesting to some ... to hear how this clearing was accomplished.

"In the winter, when there was little else to do, the men would fell the trees on from one to ten acres. In the spring, as soon as it was dry enough, they would apply a torch and burn all the small limbs and brush, after which they would chop the trees into logs of a size that an ox team could drag and haul to one place. The logs were so green and set that they would not burn unless rolled up in a pile, three or four deep.

"Two poles were brought into position, each having one end on the first log and the other on the ground, then they dragged another log, by means of the ox team, alongside of these poles. Two men would then take handspikes (a piece of small tree about two inches in diameter and about six feet long) and put them under either end of the last log, and roll it upon the others.

"This process was repeated until the pile was from four to six feet high. Often the women would help at this work. After the log heaps were large enough, the small boys and girls would gather up all the small chunks and debris, not previously burned, and pile it on top of the log heaps. Then the heaps were set on fire, and at night it made a beautiful picture when several of them were burning.

Third in a series

"(In 1873) about one and a half miles up the Lake shore from our Homestead was Advance, previously mentioned, which consisted of Harvey Porter's combination grist and sawmill, Mr. Hayes store, Mr. Newton's store, Carlson's shoe shop, a blacksmith shop, Heller's Lodging House, three or four houses and a schoolhouse."

"Harvey Porter had put a dam across a small stream which formed a large pond (we called it the Mill pond), and from this pond he took the water through a flume to a water wheel, which furnished the power to run the mill."

"The grain was ground between granite stones with flat surfaces, the lower one was stationary; the upper one was made to revolve by power from the water wheel. You have heard the old saying, "Mill stones grind slowly, well so did this one."

"The farmers brought their grain to the mill, Mr. Porter took his toll of one peck (one-fourth) bushel from each bushel, the remaining three-fourths were placed in the hopper above the stones and allowed to slowly drop through a small hole in the upper stone and was ground between the two. Then the grain was conveyed onto screens of various mesh which separated the bran and shorts from the flour. The farmer took all these home, the flour for bread, the shorts for pancakes, and the bran for the stock. No money was exchanged for this whole transaction.

"In a shed on one side of the grist mill was the saw mill. This saw mill was sure a crude affair compared to our modern mill. It had a saw fastened in a frame that moved up and down like a Jig saw. The log carriage moved forward about one-fourth of an inch every time the saw came down. This saw would cut about two thousand feet in ten hours, whereas our modern band saw mill cuts two hundred and fifty thousand feet in eight hours."

"Grandfather (Charles Healey) used to tap one thousand trees every spring and made more sugar and syrup than anyone in that part of the country. The sugar season only lasted about one month as the sap would not run from the trees after that.

"This was done in the early spring, just before the snow melted off the ground. Usually it was about one foot deep in the woods at this time of year, and took a lot of hard work to prepare for the making of sugar."

"First, it was necessary to fell cedar trees, then cut them into blocks about fourteen inches long and split these blocks into staves (pieces about three-fourths of an inch thick by three inches wide), then formed with a draw shave (a long knife with handle of both ends). The pieces for the bottom were also made from pieces of timber split from the cedar blocks. The hoops to hold these buckets together were made of strips split from an elm tree. After this material was all prepared by hand, the buckets were put together in the same manner as a cooper makes a barrel. I do not know how many of these Grandfather could make in one day, but it must have been a tedious job.

"These buckets were then distributed through the woods one at each maple tree, then the boys would cut a small notch in the tree at an angle of about forty-five degrees, into which the sap would drip. At the lower end of this notch they drove a circular iron chisel. Into this hole made by the chisel they drove a spout of the same shape which formed a drain that carried the sap into the bucket. Each tree would produce about one-half to a full bucket of sap every twenty-four hours."

"Each day this sap had to be gathered and carried or drawn to

the boiling pots. When this sap was boiled down to a thick syrup, it was placed in a large cast iron kettle and boiled and stirred until it became thick enough to make sugar. This was poured into little square boxes about eight by eight inches. When it became cold, it was a nice block of sugar. I have no idea how much labor it took to produce one of the cakes, but labor meant very little to those poor people. It was a matter of doing anything and everything to make an existence possible up on those cold north woods."

"After the sugar season was over each spring, Grandfather would invite all the married sons, daughters, and grandchildren home for a "Sugaring off" or family reunion. They usually came on Saturday and all (twenty to thirty) stayed in the one room until Monday. They made maple taffy, killed the fatted pig, feasted, danced, played games and had a jolly good time. Monday morning after the goodbyes were said, they all walked home through the woods, each carrying their cake of maple sugar, a distance of one to five miles."

"The next spring I went to live at Grandpa Healev's, they sent me to school. I was then six years old. Now after fifty-five years, that little log school house and everything that was in it stands forth as a painting in my memory. It was located about three-fourths of a mile through the woods from Grandfather Healey's cabin, and near the farm of Sam Richardson. It was one room about twelve by sixteen feet with one door and two windows. It was built of logs, with a split shake roof, the floor was made of slabs split and hewed from trees by hand. The teacher's desk or table was made by boring two holes in each end of a slab, then inserting pegs into those holes for legs. We had no desk to lay our books or slates on, there were only six or eight scholars, and only three or four books, so that often two or three children had to study from one book or from the teacher's copy on the blackboard."

Fourth in a series

"By the time I was nine (1877) Charlevoix County had had a wonderful development. Four or five sawmills had been built at different locations around the lake, cutting from ten to fifty thousand feet per day each."

"Thus the settler, when clearing his land, could cut the trees into logs, haul them to the sawmill and get two dollars (in trade) per thousand feet. (That is, sufficient logs to make one thousand feet of lumber, which was about as much as a team could haul)."

"They had imported from the "outside," as they used to say, horses, cows, oxen, etc., until the country was quite well supplied."

"There was an Indian settlement at Horton's Bay, down and across Pine Lake (Lake Charlevoix) from Harvey Porter's grist mill. In the winter when the ice on Pine Lake had frozen sufficiently thick to hold the weight of their ponies, squaw, papooses and grain on a one-horse sleigh, they would drive over to Advance to get their grain ground. While this was being done, his squaw with a papoose tied to her back and her hands full of baskets she had made, would try to trade them at the store. If not successful, she went around from house to house as far as one or two miles from the mill to trade for money or something the white people had, and that the Indian wanted or could use."

"The settlers hired a good many Indians. They received seventy-five cents per cord for cutting wood, or the same per 1000 feet of logs. I had an Indian boy playmate one winter, who taught me quite a little of their language. He gave me a little canoe, just large enough to carry we two. About two months afterwards, it disappeared. I found he had come and taken it home."

"One time that summer I counted from our dooryard, nine ships on Pine Lake loading lumber, cord wood, hemlock, tan bark, cedar fence posts, etc., which were all shipped to Chicago. These were all small sailing vessels, only carrying about three thousand feet of lumber or three hundred cords of wood."

"Many times when we saw a vessel come up the lake, I would milk a pail of milk, get in the skiff (boat), row up, down, or across the lake and trade the milk for a chunk of cornbeef for Mother."

"The Captain soon recognized me and my skiff in the distance and would head up to the breeze and slow down or stop, as they knew I had a pail of fresh milk for them and they wanted that as badly as we wanted their cornbeef. One of the sailors gave me a dog, but if I did not keep him tied up every time that vessel was in port, he would jump on board and make a trip to Chicago, before I saw him again. The last trip of the vessel in the Fall, I think the sailors hid him on board, for after the vessel sailed, I could not find my dog."

"I used to pick a bushel of tomatoes, row across the lake three miles to Boyne City, which consisted of one store and six or eight houses, and trade the tomatoes for one dollar's worth of groceries."

"I started to work in the lumber woods at eight years old. The men chopped down small cedar trees for fence posts. It was my job to take one horse, lead him around through the woods, hitch him to the cedar tree, then drag it out through the brush and trees, to the road, where the men would put one end of several of them onto the sleigh, then drag them to the lake. There they were cut to seven-foot lengths and piled up ready for the vessel to take them to Chicago."

"The Fall I was nine we moved to Advance, and Mother boarded the help for the new saw mill, which was built and operated by Godfrey Van Plattedn. The laborers were mostly green Germans from Germany, and could not speak or understand one word of English. They would put their hand on some article and make me understand that they wanted to know what we called "that." I would tell them in English and they would tell me what it was in German. I became quite a mascot to them."

"I soon became the drayman of the village. By this time, there was a beautiful little steamer called "The Gazelle," that made two trips per day from Charlevoix around Pine Lake, carrying freight and passengers. We had a bay mare that had the heaves, which is the same as asthma in a human being. With this mare hitched to an old one-horse wagon, I met the "Gazelle" at the wharf, took the freight up to the store, for which I received ten to fifty cents. I was ten years old at this time."

"With this old horse, I plowed the village gardens for fifty cents to one dollar each, and did other odd jobs. So I think I was the only boy in town that always had a little money. This work I speak of was done before and after school, and during vacations. My stepfather being educated, knew the value of an education, and insisted that I go to school whenever there was school to go to. Consequently, at eleven I was

quite proficient in reading, writing, and arithmetic."

Fifth in a Series

"In the early spring of the first summer, 1892, I worked for Uncle Melbourn, when I was 14, he took a contract to float everybody's logs down Deer Creek to the Jordan River, then to Porter's Mill at East Jordan. This sounds easy, but I assure you that many times it was very difficult. Deer Creek was comparatively a small river, and in the summer the water was so shallow that the larger logs could not be floated in it. This made it necessary to do this work with a rush, while the snow was melting off in the spring and the water was deep in the river."

"During the previous winter, the logs had been hauled on sleighs and rolled up into great piles along the river bank. As soon as the ice had been broken up in the river (there usually was a foot or more of snow on the ground at that time of the year), all these logs were rolled into the water and started downstream. However, they would not float very far before one of the logs would lodge against the root of an old tree, or on the bank or a curve in the river. Other logs would stop against this one and fill the channel so that the river for a fourth of a mile upstream, would be full of logs. This was called a jam. Where the water was running swiftly, the pressure of the water and logs against the jam would be so great that the logs at the jam would pile up five or six feet deep, the ends sticking out of the water in every direction. This dam being formed by the jam would raise the level of the river back of the jam from two to six feet, while in front of the jam the water would not be one foot deep. Then it became necessary for the "river drivers" to break the jam."

"Usually an experienced man could pick out the "key log." By prying or rolling this one in the right manner, the whole jam would go rushing, rolling, and tumbling downstream. Breaking these jams was quite dangerous, and many a river driver was drowned, or crushed between two logs. Invariably, the drivers would have to go to the center of the jam to break it, and when it gave way and started, it meant life or death to get to shore.

"After one of these jams was broken, the water above receded like the tide of the ocean, and many logs would be left high and dry on the bank, then the drivers had to roll them back into the water, which was very hard work.

"In order to keep the logs moving and avoid jams, two men worked together; that is, each on opposite sides of the river. They walked up and down rolling out logs when they got stuck, to prevent a jam, or breaking a jam, when it formed. Farther up and downstream were other men doing the same, so that in this manner if a contractor employed sufficient men, he could keep the logs moving the whole length of the river."

"The bunch Uncle "Meb" had were inexperienced. Five men and a boy were not sufficient, so he hired ten more, mostly experienced French-Canadians. They were a tough bunch and brought "graybacks" with them, and as we all slept in the same bunkhouse, we soon had our quota of live-stock. Every Saturday night they would go to town, get a jug of whiskey and celebrate until Sunday night. They insisted on me drinking with them; I did not like the taste of the stuff and would not drink

it. I was mascot with them, and they had lots of fun at my expense."

"I never enjoyed a job so much in my life; there was something doing every moment. A jam to break, an argument, a fight, a song, someone in the river, something that made the day seem short and interesting.