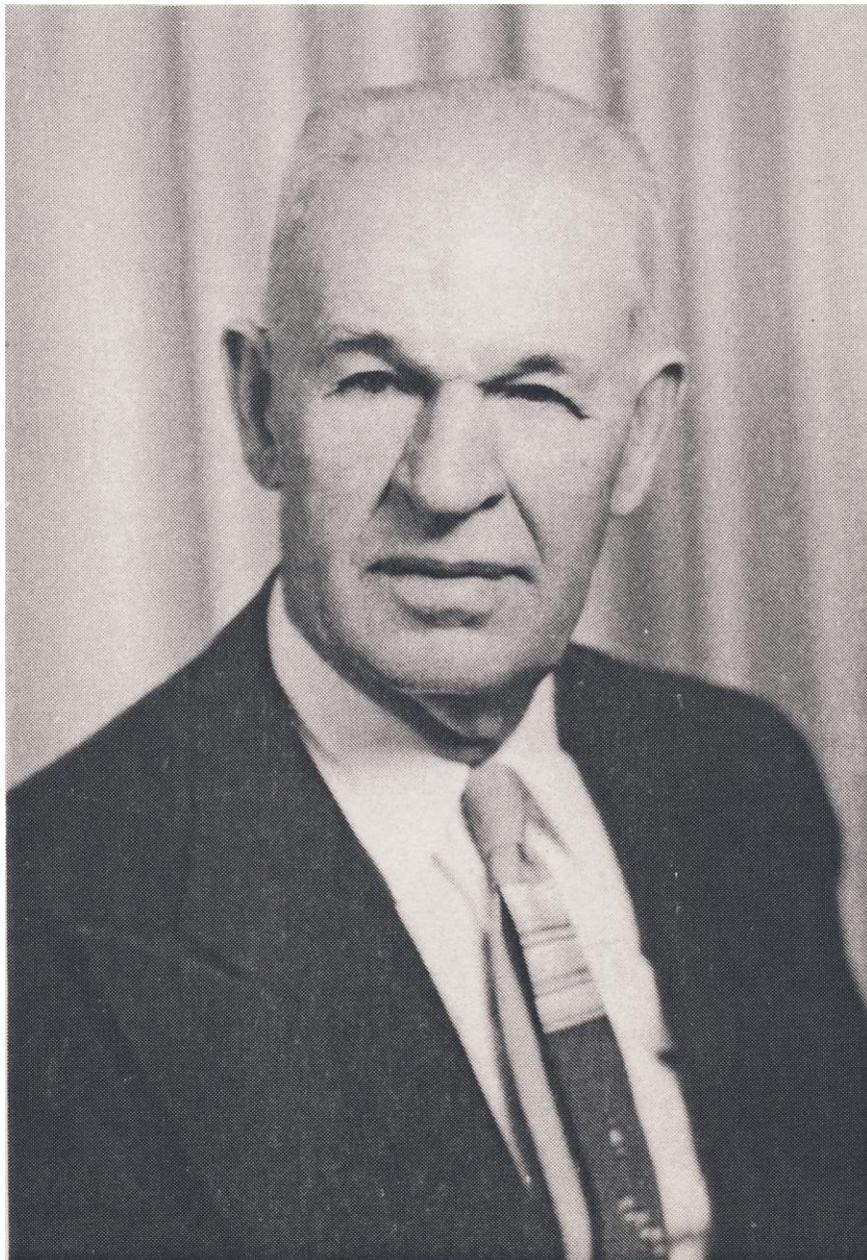


The Whiting Tree

Vol. 2, No. 8

NOVEMBER 1982



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

F. Ray Brown

I would like to take this opportunity to greet each of you and to extend to you a happy and successful 1983. As I look back over 1982 and our family reunion, I think that it was a very successful and rewarding year for all of us. We will look forward to plans for our next reunion in 1984 and we will have the dates out in time that all of you can make plans to attend.

I would like to toss out an idea to see how many of you would be interested in this off year of our big reunions, in 1983 to get just the grandchildren of Grandpa and Grandma together sometime during the summer so that without the big crowds and the hustle and bustle of things we can sit down and talk about our heritage, our families and loved ones. If any of you have thoughts on this, please contact me and we'll see what we can set up.

I appreciate the work that is being done to publish the Whiting Tree. I am in favor of the publication and I know that there are certain expenses that go along with this publication. Therefore, in discussing this with those that publish the Whiting Tree, I would ask each of you to contribute this year \$6.50 for the two publications. This is up from the \$5.00 that you have been asked for in the past. Please send this to Jay Whiting as soon as you possibly can. If there are any of you that would like to send it to your family representative, that is fine. Otherwise, if you mail it directly to Jay, he will have the funds to publish the two publications for 1983.

Again, thanks to all of you for your support and help in our family organization. Looking forward to seeing you soon.

EARLY MEMORIES OF RALPH WHITING

Here are just a few of the things I can afford to tell:

My dad was a great gardener. He always raised lots of melons and gardens of all kinds. One time when I was about 4 years old and Earnest about 6, maybe, we were 5 and 7 years old, anyway, dad had a nice garden and it was about the first part of July. We had a late frost, it just nipped the melons a little bit. Dad came in the house quite disgusted, he said to mother, "the frost ruined all of our melons, just ruined 'em," and out 'ole Earnest and me went and we got to picking those melons and throwing 'em upon the barn just to watch 'em roll off. We picked all he had from the size of a baseball, up to 5 or 6 inches. We threw all of them up on the barn and when dad came out he was mad enough to kill us. And that is one of the things I can remember.

I can remember when I was smaller than that even. I think I was 2, I don't know, but I wore dresses. Mother had an awful time getting me to wear trousers. Finally I put 'em on and whenever I would get mad at mother I'd take them trousers off and I've been teased about that all my life.

Loved to bate the cows, that's all I wanted to do and I remember whenever I got mad at mother I would take my pants off and I'd tell her, "I'll never do anything for you again but bate the cows", I always wanted to bate the cows. I guess I was a pretty hard one to handle in them days. I think my temper was the biggest worry my mother had. She was afraid I was going to kill somebody.

I got a little better control of it now though. Earnest and me would go down to Springville and sell melons in a horse and buggy and if we came back with 3 or 4 dollars we figured we had a big day. E.I., my older brother, he was quite a peddler and I guess that's what gave us the fever. E.I. used to take a wagon load every year and he used to go up to Schofield, it was a mining town up there, and maybe you've seen the road that takes off over there, anyway, he would go up there and peddle those melons and he made some pretty good money and I remember one time he came back and he was really tickled, there was another peddler behind him and E.I. was a good peddler and trader. He sold his load out right away. Then he took another load up and this old man was up there with another load too, and he would just follow E.I. right along and E.I. would stop at a house and holler, "fresh tomatoes and melons" and whatever else he was peddling and the old guy following him would come along hollering "just the same, just the same." It really tickled E.I.

I got about a few years older, I think I was about 6 and Earnest about 8. It was in the autumn and fall. We wanted to go up and gather autumn leaves. We had one old mare we rode together, just the two of us, and we went up with another kid to gather autumn leaves and we had to go about a mile or two up Maple Canyon. We gathered a lot of pretty autumn leaves and started toward home. That kid started galloping his horse and finally our horse ran away and we had a square corner down there and I remember that I had a little pocket knife with a chain on it and when we fell off that horse, when we went around that corner, I had both my arms around Earnest and we both fell off. I lost that little pocket knife and I never quit looking for that as long as I lived in Utah.

We left Utah in 1901. I was 10 years old then. The first night we went out and we got about 15 wagons from town and I imagine there was 100 people followed us out here and they had a big going-away party for us. I'll never forget that, a big bonfire and all those people. They brought all kinds of things to eat. It was along about

the last of June or the first of July when we started. I never will forget that. My dad was well liked in the town of Mapleton. Everybody loved dad. He had three brothers that followed him to Arizona.

You might be interested in the reason we moved to Arizona. Dad was prosperous, he had a sawmill, he just completed a nice new home, he had store and mother kind of ran the store for him, he had about 400 hives of bees and he shipped honey. He was well to do and he came down with typhoid fever, him and me both, and I was just a kid about 9 years old. It was the summer before we left and late in the fall. We both came down with typhoid fever. Mine didn't amount to much, in about 2 weeks I was over it. But I remember that Dad got worse and worse. Finally the doctor came and told mother that he had no chance and he couldn't do anymore for him. The doctor told mother he couldn't possibly live. Well, that afternoon Dad called mother and she stood by the bed and he said, "Did you see father?", and she said, "No," "Well," he said, "he was right at the foot of the bed just a minute ago," "He walked along there at the foot of the bed." Mother started to crying and Dad said, "Now don't cry, I'm not out of my mind," and a few minutes he came again and he told Dad, he said, "You go back to Arizona, you were called there and you haven't finished your mission in Arizona, you better go back." Of course Dad told Mother then, he said, "Now quit your crying," He said, "My father wouldn't have told me," he said, "I know he was there, I'm not out of my mind, and he told me to go back to Arizona." And so dad went right to selling out, right then, and before spring he was all sold out. He sold the sawmill and his home and everything except the hives. So we got ready in spring and he bought another team and that's how we came to go, and he was loved by everybody. He was a very spiritual man but he always was one man that would kinda laugh at people who thought they had these visions. That's the reason mother took stalk in it. She knew he was radical against it, he just didn't believe they had them. But he was very religious. He was in the bishopric usually or something, wherever he went.

But we headed for Arizona and on the way to Arizona we practically lived on, well, we didn't live on 'em but all the uncles had wagons and one buggy, a two-seated buggy, grandma rode in that most of the way, I think, but one of the uncles or somebody would be outside the road, all the way down, especially through southern Utah, I remember they killed lots of jackrabbits. We ate lots of jackrabbits and that was our meat on the way down there.

We stopped when we got to Houserock, that's where my dad's sister was buried. They'd been to Arizona before and that was where my dad met my mother, in Brigham City, that's where he met her and they lived in Arizona all that time until they went back to Utah. He just got homesick and went back to Utah and when this happened (with his father) no question, he wouldn't talk about it at all. He knew that his father was there. He was so sure of it he sold everything.

But when we got to Lee's Ferry there, we swam some of the animals across. I remember I started to cross with them and they had a row boat and we had a hole in the bottom and the water started up and we just made it back to shore. Well we finally got 'em all across the river at Lee's Ferry and then we headed out towards Arizona.

It was desert, but dad used to tell the boys all about the wild horses, and Earnest and Leonard, that was the boy we raised, and one of the other kids kept looking for wild horses. They thought they were going to get 'em a pony. Sure enough, we got out there by Cedar Ridge, there was a bunch of wild horses and over the hill they went, and them kids each had a halter rope and that's all they had. They headed out and we had to stop the wagons and wait for 'em to get back. They came back without even getting to see which way the horses went. But they ran after 'em as long as they could.

We got to the Gap and I remember that camp real well, because there was a trading store there. There was Indians all over and I was scared to death of them Indians. Dad gave me a nickel to buy candy there and they were friendly Indians, but I didn't know that, and I was afraid to go in that store to get my candy. Finally, I got somebody to go with me and I went in and bought that nickel's worth of candy. And I remember it to this day. It meant a lot, (a nickel's worth of candy) to me. It was quite a lot in them days.

Then we got over to the Little Colorado River. It was high water. It was along in the latter part of July. It took us 6 weeks to get there and it was up high, way up high, we had to swim the horses. My dad and some of the others would get on a horse and look for a place to cross at where the best rock bottom was and that's the way we would go across that river. They put a long chain on the extra horses when they crossed that way. We took everything across, we didn't lose anything in the river. It scared me awful bad, but I was scared of water anyway, I couldn't swim a stroke.

We did very well from then on until we got over there by Winslow, just past Winslow, and there we killed an antelope and I remember we had a big barbeque and everybody tanked up on that old antelope, and that was the best thing I ever seen.

Going down around the canyon of Lee's Ferry, I drove a team and wagon part way, all the way, we'd take turns, but when we came to Lee's Ferry there was a narrow dugway around there about a mile long. Dad wouldn't let either of the older boys drive that. He said, "I'll let Ralph drive that, he drives his horses." But I loved to drive horses, I used to drive 'em for him when I was little. I'd drive behind a harrow, used to walk and I'd get me some long line and drive all day. I always loved horses, I hated cows, but I loved horses, I never like to milk the cows. Earnest would milk the cows and I would do anything to get even or to do my part.

We got to Arizona and I met my uncle, Ike Isaacson, that was my mother's brother, and his family, and we stayed down there with them a day or two at the meadows. Dad bought a piece of property down there and then we went on to St. Johns about 8 miles from there. That's where he located. He bought a piece of ground right in the middle of St. Johns. Then about the first thing he did, it had an old adobe house on it, about 3 rooms and a little extra room and small storeroom or something. But we all had to live in it, all eight kids. But, we did put up a tent behind for us boys to sleep in. Then we wintered there and dad went to haulin' rocks to build a store. And we built a store out of those white sand rocks, it's still there. We got there in 1901 and we'd farmed down at the meadows all that time. We used to go out to the meadows and hunt antelope and deer. Dad was a great hunter. He always took us hunting and fishing every year. We always had that trip coming.

But we didn't go into the sawmill business until 1909. I think we started looking in '08. He decided he wanted a sawmill, he had the store a going and he had his bees a going again, he had 2 or 3 hundred swarms of bees and he had a few cows. That's what he had all his life. Then he had this farm down to the meadows, we raised corn and stuff down there. Well, yes, dad worked hard, long hard days, all his life. My dad got a trophy from the state of Arizona for his garden, for an outstanding garden. The same time he was doing all these other things and he got another trophy, for the fact that he discovered what was killing all the bees in that country. It was loco, and everybody who took bees there, they would die, and he found out what was doing it. It was the loco, so he would move all his bees out during the season when all the flowers were out in bloom. He would move his bees where they couldn't get it, even if he had to go clear to Springerville. He would move his bees for a month or two, while the loco was in blossom. He got a special award for that from the state of Arizona. Because they couldn't tell and a lot of people kept gettin' bees and they would all die on 'em.

He taught us how to work, but he usually worked right along side of us on the farm. He always said, "I don't like to send a boy out to hoe alone, they get too discouraged." Usually if we had to hoe he would get 2 or 3 of us and we would go side by side and you know, it kinda made it more interesting that way. Every kid he had learned to work. But Art, he was the youngest one, and I guess he never did like to work. He told dad one time, he said, "Pa, I'll give you all the money I've earned if you won't make me work anymore." He wanted to do his the easy way and he always did too. He was pretty sharp; he got out of school and graduated from high school by collecting bills from the people who owed money to the school.

Well, dad loved to work, he just loved to get up early in the morning. He had quite a time gettin' us kids up early but he was always up early. He didn't work because he had to, he just loved to work. He wanted to do two things at the same time all his life. He loved to work and I've always liked to work and I think my brothers have. But I hope that's the reason my boys have learned to work. I've tried to pattern after dad more than my brothers did, I think. I didn't care about the money as much as I did the accomplishment. I think it's stuck with me all my life. I just idolized my dad and what he did and I think I was mother's pet, but I think Earnest was his pet because he was more mechanically inclined, dad would use him but I wouldn't fool with anything that was mechanical. I didn't have patience with it.

We set up the sawmill in 1909 and had a sawmill continually from then on. We've always had a sawmill, until now, in the family. There was a big article about 1930 in the Los Angeles Times, it said, "the oldest sawmill in the state of Arizona was the Whiting's" and we were selling lumber to the army, that oil well lumber, at that time we had about 4 sawmills. But it gave the dates and it said we had been in the sawmill business since 1910. I think it was a pretty good article and my brothers still have sawmills.

We homesteaded in 1912, Dad and me. I was married in 1911 and that was the next year after we started the sawmill. I was 20 years old then. Next year I was 21 and I could file, so we homesteaded those two pieces of ground and I kept that until 2 years ago, that was right at 60 years that I had it. It was kind of, almost a part of me. We hated to sell it, but I sold it to the Boy Scouts and they have it now. The Theodore Roosevelt Boy Scouts own it, they have their camp there. Every 2 years, I guess for about the last 20 years, we've been having a complete Whiting reunion back on dad's homestead. We kept that and we built the houses on that. We have about 20 houses on that. We still have the Whiting reunions. There's about, usually about, close to 500 people come every 2 years to that. Dad's own in-laws and his own children and their husbands and wives and children. It takes in part of Sierra Trigo, over the top of it, it doesn't take quite all of it.

In 1910 I bought me a rifle and my dad bought an automatic, a 25 Remington automatic. Dad had already bought a shotgun, a real automatic shotgun, a real nice gun. He gave that to me, or mother did and now I had it all cleaned up and I gave it to Don, it's his now. It's a real gun, it would cost a lot of money now. But this gun I had, I carried it all the time and killed many deer with it. But the thing I was most proud of, I went out hunting turkeys in about 6 inches of snow one morning. That's the way we used to go hunting when a little snow would fall you could find 'em. I was riding a little horse and I come upon the tracks of an old cow in the snow ahead of me and I kinda followed her tracks a few hundred yards and I could see where she had been fighting with some wolves, big wolves. I didn't realize exactly what it was and I started to follow her because they were just ahead of me and I knew I was right close to 'em. So I followed em' 'till they got into the thicket, a little pine thicket and she went in there and every little ways they would have a big fight. You could tell they would go around and around, and they would have the snow all beat down to where it looked like kids had been playing fox and geese. And I knew they were trying to kill that cow, so we got into the thickets and I couldn't ride my horse any further so I got

off and tied him. I walked carefully right on their trail and I kept my gun loaded and cocked, all ready. And walking through the woods I walked right up on that cow when a little baby calf jumped up from layin' under a tree. I knew I was catching up with 'em and I almost shot him, I was nervous you know, but I realized it was a calf. She was glad to see me and just about that time a great big 'ole wolf bounced out and put his front feet right up on a log and looked at me and as he did I let him have it. I then shot him right in the throat and broke his back. Well the other one just went a beeline, I never did see it, but I got the big one and it was all I could do to lift him on that horse. He was a big one, it was a small horse but I tied him on and I led the horse back to the sawmill. That night I laid him outside and Earnest and Dick McCray they skinned him for me the next morning. When it froze that next morning and they really saw how big he was they stood him up and his head looked like a bulldog. He didn't look anything like a coyote. There was no resemblance. The supervisor when he saw that hide he wanted to buy it, it was a \$25.00 bounty and like a dumb bell I let him have it for the \$25.00 and he sent it to Denver to the taxidermist and he showed me a letter that he got back from him and he said, "I've checked and that's the biggest wolf ever killed in America, that we can find any record of." I got the credit for killing it, but the ranger got the hide and I've always regretted selling that hide. I should have had it mounted like he did. He was transferred pretty soon and I never did get to see it again. You know, when you go hunting you always go back and look for another one. I went back to the same little hill, a little round hill that was covered with little pines, little thick Jack pines, and I went back to the same place the next year and I followed a bunch of turkeys, that's what I had been hunting for in the first place, and that's what we usually went hunting for. I caught up with that bunch of turkeys and I shot two of 'em and I started to run after 'em again, to get another shot, I sat down and shot a time or two and when I turned around to go back and get my turkeys there was three bears tracks that had followed me all the way down and when they saw me, of course they ran right off. I never did see 'em, on that same little hill. I shot one in the winter of 1918. I shot, I don't know how many deer and antelope, I shot dozens and dozens and dozens of both. Maybe more than that but I don't think a 100, but I shot an awful lot of deer.

Then in 1918 I was in the cow business and we had that hard winter and I rode all winter everyday trying to save those cows and I carried that gun, and I killed 18 coyotes with it. Then one day my horse fell with me and he bent the gun, he bent the barrel so I didn't have any gun the rest of that winter. But I sent it off and they made a "30" out of it instead of a "25" and it's still a "30" automatic, they put a new barrel on and I still have that gun. I put the scope on it, it still has the peep sights it came with, I mean just regular open sights, I put peep sights on it and then later I put the scope on it.

We used to chase wild horses and we caught some real good ones. Once Eddie and Lynn caught a stallion they cornered him in the clay hill right quick and he couldn't get out they had to dig him out, he went right down in the wash, it was caught in a wash. They didn't have to rope him or anything, they put their ropes on him and brought him home. But Lynn, he was always a pretty good trader and an Indian came to town with a little old mare and sold that little old mare to Lynn for \$2.50 and a quart of honey. She mothered two of the best horses we ever had, Old Minute, he was the best saddle horse we ever had, I've run him in relays and I won either first or second in every relay and rodeo I rode him in. Once I went to Springerville to the rodeo and there was 32 cowboys, but they weren't these professionals, they were good cowboys and every one of them could catch calves, oh, 3 calves to my one out in the hills. But I think they all got "buck" eager and I won the money but it wasn't this kind of time it was 25 seconds flat and there was 32 ropers and I got the purse, I got a \$100.00 for it.

Then I got the fever of chariot racing I saw that at a rodeo in Prescott. I went home I got them guys in Springerville interested and they said they'd build two chariots if we'd build two chariots. We built two chariots, we had a garage with good mechanics. They built the axles out of an old Model "T" and then built the whole thing.

They were pretty chariots, made like, and looked like chariots. The front end was dashed up like that and then opened back behind with the tongue. We trained our horses up and the Deckers put up a pretty good purse, in them days a \$100.00 dollars was pretty good purse money. They put up the hundred dollars for the chariots race. The Deckers made uniforms for us, we had big long robes on and we had to paint our chariots the same color as our robes. There was one blue, one red, and one white and the other was yellow. Deckers really went all out. They sold post cards of that for ten years in Springerville of that chariot race.

But we got out there and they had real good horses. But we had these horses that were used to running with wild horses. We made 'em run the mile they didn't want to, but they said, "Alright." We won first and second. And the next day I went out to rope and I stopped off my horse, I had my calf right there, I made a good catch that day. I never had very good action. As I stepped off, my horse caught me with his hind foot, it broke my leg and pulled my ankle clear out. I ran out to the calf before I realized my foot was hurt. I guess I looked down and the sole of my shoe was pointed right up at me. And it made me sick, and I never did try to throw the calf down, I just laid down until they a came and got me. This was all on old Minute.

The next day they had another chariot race the same teams and they got some other horses they got real race horses. Eddie drove his team with the stallion that they caught. I had a broken leg and I couldn't very well drive, it hurt. I told Lynn if you don't drive it, I will. Finally he consented to drive it and he got first money. Him and that old Minute was right in the lead pulling the other horse. He was a real fast horse. We won both day's first and second. Then they had agreed to come down to the rodeo in St. Johns. Two or three weeks later on the 24th of July, I still couldn't ride but Lynn and Eddie beat 'em again down there.

I was never satisfied with anything. And I came into town once for the 4th of July and there was some guys there from back in West Virginia who claimed they were champion boxers. And they tried to get everyone to box with 'em. And there was \$5.00 each for the winner of the boxing matches. And I said, "Well, won't anybody fight that guy?" No, they said he's a professional. Well Tom Jones and me we told them we would fight 'em. I had never had a pair of boxing gloves on in my life. I had plenty of good honest scraps. But I never had boxing gloves on. Anyway, I said I would fight him. He was about 30 lbs. lighter than I was so I knew he couldn't whip me. Well so they put me and him out there first. He was real clever. I couldn't get to him, he just dodged and dodged and dodged. And I never boxed. And so finally I just hauled off and hit his gloves just as hard as I could and he lit right on his back, and cut his lip wide open. He quit right there, and he wouldn't fight anymore. That was about the 2nd round. Tom Jones was a pretty good boxer. And Tom and his guy put on a pretty good fight. But mine only lasted 2 rounds, but I could hear old Bishop Rencher hollering at me, "Kill him Ralph, kill him." He later was the patriarch, but he was a good friend of mine. He was my school teacher too. And I could hear him holler, "Kill him, kill him, Ralph." He had everybody in town mad at him because he kept bragging so much. But when I told 'em I was going to fight they said, "OH NO, don't do it, he'll kill ya." That's why they were hollering so much for me.

Then I got to thinking I knew how to box a little better, I guess, and went on a few years and a Mexican came there. I matched a fight with Luis Leucaro, he was a good boxer. He got sick, he couldn't fight, he was really sick and I think it was a good thing. I think he would have whipped me, he was a good boxer. But a fellow came down from Texas, and he said he was the champion of Texas and he was just my weight. He was about 15 years older than I was. He was an old boxer, his nose was mashed and his ears was all beat up. He said, "Let's put on a boxing match." He's heard about me, so I said alright. So I got a school teacher by the name of Johnson from Utah. He had a lot of experience and he was a good trainer anyway. He trained me for about two months. We put on a fight, he said he wanted the winner to take all and I said it was alright with me and we had a \$250.00 dollar house

that night and we only charged about \$.50, and the house was full we fought in. I think it was the Olson Building. But at that time it was a dance hall. Well, this old boy was real clever.

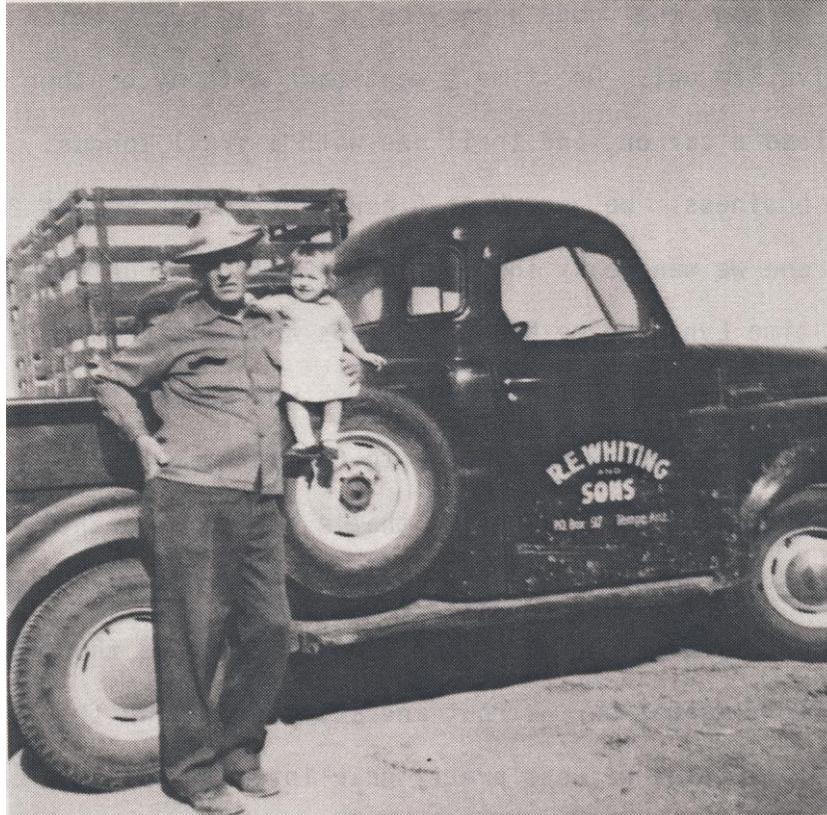
I was up again nearly the same thing as I was the first one, I couldn't get close to him. He could dodge and cover up and he hit me quite a few times, but he had no punch, I couldn't even feel it. Finally I could see he wasn't keeping his guard up as good so I got in a lick or two. I stayed with him until the 6th round, I got him one right on the chin. It dazed him and he turned around and he tried to catch the ropes and as he stood there, we had bumped heads earlier, and he had cut me and blood was just running everywhere and they tried to stop the fight and I wouldn't let 'em. I knew he was through. But everybody in that audience hollered, "Hit him, hit him you fool, hit him!" Then I let him have it and he went down. They had to go and get a doctor, he didn't wake up for an hour.

But I started to tell about the Mexican who came to town. It was after this fight instead of before. He weighed 265 lbs. and they asked me to fight him. And I told 'em I'd fight him. So we held it in the same hall there. The benches were made out of 2x10's. They were real thick, heavy benches and that's what they had in there for the dance hall and they just put them around for seats. Well, we got in the ring and started to fighting. He was fat. He had too much fat, and I could see that. But we boxed 2 or 3 rounds before I got a good lick in and got him on the chin, and he just started to wobbling, and he was just as big as 'ole Jackie Gleason. He just started across the ring and I could see he was going to fall and when he fell he hit his head right on that bench. They had to get the doctor for him, he just about died right there. But I didn't do it. Those Mexicans were really mad they thought I killed him, I thought we were going to have a free-for-all for a minute. It wasn't my lick, he did it himself when he fell. When I knocked him out he went clear across the ring and fell. Well, that was my last fight.

I tried to get a fight with a professor Blazzard. He came from up in Utah and he was quite a talker. He said he was the champion wrestler in the state of Utah. And it turned out he was. And he also said he had boxed some of the best in the state of Utah, and he was a boxer too. I told the school kids, "You tell him I'll fight him." So they told him but he wouldn't fight. He didn't want to do it, he was new there, and too much of a gentleman. After I got acquainted with him he said, "Ralph, let's put on some boxing matches." And I said, "Okay, I'll do it for your benefit." He said, "We'll get out and train and nobody will know it and then we'll put on a good boxing match." Every morning we could meet there between there and the garage, there was an alley, and we would practice for a little while. We agreed not to hurt each other. Finally one morning he hit me and I could see stars and it made me mad. So I let him have it, and we really went after it for a minute or two. That was the last time we practiced and he never mentioned any fight. He accused me of starting it. And I accused him. But, he would have whipped me so quick that I wouldn't have known where I'd been. I found out after, he'd whipped a fellow from Snowflake that was a real good fighter and he knocked him cold in just a second. I saw him wrestle a fellow that just bet him \$100.00 and just wrestled Davis Court, the world champion, and he beat him. So I lucked out on that one and I never tried to box again. After I had that round with him and run into that guy that could really fight, he told me, "Ralph, I never was hit that hard in my life, and I've boxed for years and I've never been hit so hard." Maybe he hadn't, but I've never seen so many stars either. If he'd taken me up on my first offer, I'd been in trouble.

In the Model T days the cars came all half assembled, no fenders, no tires and you had to put them together. They charged about \$200.00 to put them together. And it cost another \$50.00 to \$75.00 to get them off the boxcars. Then the Model A's came along in 1929. We started driving them out and in 1928, we took the Dodge agency on so we had two kinds. We'd go back there and drive 'em out. One time I went back with my brother Lynn. We'd get a truck and load a car on, and trail one with a trail tongue. Bill Stauffer, that was his business. We

got about 6 cars out there, we got 2 trucks and 4 cars and the one we went back in. Well, we would pick up guys to help us drive. This time Lynn and me had 6 new cars and we picked up a couple of guys to help us drive there in Detroit, just guys who wanted to go. We didn't know who they were. They just wanted to go to California. And we would feed them and they would drive a car for us and that's how we paid them. We headed down the road and we got down there in Indiana and Lynn wanted to get a haircut and so we stopped at a barber shop and got a haircut and we thought we could catch 'em again. Well, we got our haircut and started on down the road and after about 25 miles, I think we were pretty near into Illinois, we came to a detour



where they were working on the road but there was a fork in the road and you could go either way. Well, we didn't know which way those guys with the trucks went, south or north and naturally as luck would have it, we went the wrong way. That road never did come together again. We got pretty near to St. Louis and no trucks, so we turned around and went back, we knew they weren't that far ahead of us. We couldn't find them around the other road any place. We really thought they were gone. We went into St. Louis and got the radio station and the cops got on the radio and by the next morning they had located them. They'd got in a little town they couldn't get out of. They got on the wrong road and we figured they had, that's why we made the circle. The cops told us where they were in St. Louis at the radio station and when we found 'em there they were just sleeping in the cars. We didn't used to think anything about picking up hitch-hikers in those days and having them drive a car. I've had dozens of them drive a car. I'd usually stay with them. They would be hanging around tow bar Bills and we would offer to let them drive and we'd feed them and bed them down for driving. I know one time Lynn and me were in a hurry to get home, we had a new truck and somebody else was driving the old car back and we got in this truck

and had a car loaded and one behind it. We were in a hurry to get back and it was night. As we were coming along there were two fellows and we picked 'em up. It wasn't like it is now days, we never had any trouble with those guys. They were two strangers and we picked them up and said, "Well, can you drive?" We wanted to drive all night. "Well, I ought to could," he said, then pulled out his purse and showed me that he was a Greyhound driver. So Lynn and me got back in the sedan that was loaded on the back and just went to sleep and you could never hear him shift gears. Those two guys just rolled that and come morning we were 2 or 3 hundred miles along and they drove nearly all the way home.

We went up to the Homestead and we didn't tell the bookkeepers or anybody else. We went two different days and spent the days there with our paper and pencil, we didn't even have the books. But we divided everything we had just the four of us, without any trouble and we were all happy. We got the station in Mesa so we decided to go down there and live. We went down there and bought a dairy and built another station, we already had two down there, altogether in the valley we had four or five. Then we went down as far as Yuma and built some stations and we got some down in Safford Country. We ran the stations and we also had the Homestead. We used to run a few cows up there. Then we went down to Yuma and bought under that new Mohawk Canal and got 320 acres under that. We had to clear and develop that. We kept that until after we came to Colorado in 1961. We made the deal with Wheaton College in Illinois they owned it in 1962.

Harriett and Don came first in January 1963. I bought this place the day after E.I. died. I came through St. Johns and I saw him, he was real sick and Ethel told me I was the last person he ever knew. E.I. was the oldest brother and he always told us that dad told him one of the last things he ever said before he died, he talked to Eddie and told him to keep the boys together. Keep them partners and he did that. He wanted to come awfully bad to see this ranch when he knew we were buying it. He told me that he'd worked to keep us together and he advised me to do that with my family and that's what we have tried to do. We have so far been pretty happy and got along pretty good, maybe not made too much money, but I'm sure we have had 11 years of a good life here. We had our 40th Wedding Day in August 1973. The next day we had Bryant dedicate this ranch. That was something that Thorpe wanted us to do. He kept after us all the time to dedicate it. So Bryant did that for us. Bryant advised us to keep our land and boys together as long as we could. He told the kids they all knew he advised us to stay together. He struggled to keep his little family together.

We have grown now to where there is 60 in our family. With our grandchildren and great-grandchildren and their in-laws. So these years have added a lot to us. We went up there and talked to Brother Lee just before we bought the ranch. And he told us that we could make it if we would stick together. He said that's the only way you can make it. If you stay together you can make it, if you don't you won't. But that was when we bought it and we went up a few months before he died and visited him. I asked him about it. They were trying to buy it. There was a lot of buyers after it. And I asked him, "What should I do they are offering more than the ranch is worth?"

"It doesn't make any difference," he said. "Don't sell your ranch. Whatever you do, don't sell your land, keep it."

I'm proud of my family, for the work they have done in the church. My wife, she's worked in the church since she was fourteen years old. She's had a choir for 50 years, over 50 years, and a lot of that time she had two choirs. She's had Relief Society and once she had the Mutual. She led the music in that. And she has always had a choir in every ward we have ever lived in. She has had a choir continually for 50 years. And I'm mighty proud of my family, my boys and my girls.

My boys, two of them are on the High Council and one is a Bishop and he has been for 11 years and Jerry's been on the High Council a long time down there and he was the Stake Mutual President before that. I'm sure they have all done a real fine job. I'm very proud of them and we have a lovely bunch of in-laws. Our kids have done real well in the church and we're mighty proud of them. When we were in Mesa, Nell and me was called to be guides on the Temple grounds and we were guides for 9 years. And also John was there most of the time and Jerry was called and there most of the time. Also Nellie and Rod were there. Rodney was called there until he went on his mission. I served in the High Council here until I got too old and crawled out. Then they put Don and Rod in and Jerry also was put in about that time in St. George. Lester is one of the outstanding teachers in the stake, there is nobody that has a better name as a teacher than Les does. He is a marvelous teacher. He has had a lot of experience in teaching. And we're proud of all of them. Our grandchildren if anything seem a little above the others, I guess I think we favor them just a little. I know we shouldn't, but I think most people do that. I think it's natural. You love them a little more and you do a little more for them.

So we're expecting 5 more this next year. So you see our family is growing. We have 11 adopted children which we love very much, they are probably favored a little over the rest. I guess.

Brother Lee's last advice was for us to keep the land and I don't know, but I'm sure we could make it go if they can all get along and stay together. But if we can't there will come a day sometime probably, when we'll have to divide it up and separate. But for the time being, Brother Lee told us over and over again that the time is here. The big leaves are out, the Savior could come anytime. He said, "You will probably live to see the Savior come, most all of us." Then he said, "If you hang together, you will make it and don't sell your ranch, your bonds will be no good and your money won't be any good. So don't pay attention to money. It will be no good."









THE LAST TESTIMONY OF RALPH WHITING



In my heart I wish I could really make you feel how valuable I think the days are. Regardless of whether they're cloudy or clear, might be snowing, might be cold, might be hot. But I can't help but be reminded of the last conversation I had with my dad, you've heard me mention, I still wonder exactly what he meant. When he said to me as I sat by his bedside, a little while before he passed away. He said, "Ralph, this is a good world and I wish I could live it all over again." I think he meant that, I hope he meant that. Sometimes I wonder if he was saying that particularly for me because he thought perhaps that I didn't appreciate the good life that we had. I never knew in my life of any man that dad hated. I never knew a man in my life that didn't love my dad. He enjoyed his work and I guess he became my idol as a man. I once read an article that said if you wanted to be successful you should pick out someone and follow their example and I intentionally followed dad it seemed. He always did the things I wanted to do and I always enjoyed being with him. That's why we homesteaded the same year and had the same surveyor.

We know this is a good land. Choice above all other lands we have been told this by our authorities. It's been said of the Lord this is a land choice above all other lands. I think I'm a little like Brigham Young. He said he loved the government but he didn't like all the crooks that were running it. However, we live in a choice time, even though the adversary is at his peak of work. We know that, so we are at our peak of opportunities. There never has been a time when there was so much given, so many opportunities. Yet the adversary is working so hard. But we are not placed here for an easy road but to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow, we are to learn to withstand the obstacles and to withstand temptation. This is the purpose of life. Had it not been so, the Lord would have bound Satan in the beginning, then of course the great council in heaven wouldn't have been. But we voted to have the obstacles, to come here and to prove ourselves. Now we can do it in pleasure or we can do it begrudgingly. I think my dad enjoyed life more than anybody I've ever known. He worked hard and he enjoyed his work and mother worked hard.

I don't think if dad had had most women he would have never been as successful, for mother with all her hard work was also a wise counselor and a wonderful mother to all nine of her kids. She showed no partialities, she loved them all and she taught them to love each other. I can truthfully say that I don't think there was anything but love between all nine of her children. I can also say I love my family, I feel they are even an

improvement of my dad's family in many ways. I love my children and I'm proud of them. I know they face difficulty and I know you will. I know we have a great obligation in raising a family in these days. But the Lord has said where much is given, much is expected. He also said we must love one another, not part of the family, but all of the family regardless of where they are. The Lord said it's the sick that need the physician, not the well. We know that it's those in trouble that need our help, not those who carry their own load bravely.

The Lord said, "Who would leave their 99 sheep to go and bring back the lost sheep." That is something we must keep in mind. They may be lost temporarily but they're not lost, none of them. We must help our neighbors and all, for we cannot be selfish in this life, we must have a righteous desire. I think the greatest thing a man can have is a righteous desire, it would do more to keep us in the right path and to accomplish whatever we desire than anything else. I'd like to give you an example: It was a righteous desire of Joseph Smith to know the truth when he went out in the woods to pray. Many a soul has prayed to know the truth, perhaps it was a selfish desire that they might know it. I can't help but think of John the Beloved. The apostle the Savior loved. He never hesitated to let it be known that he was his favorite of his twelve apostles and he knew his desire, his righteous desire, that he might stay and do the Lord work. So he gave him that blessing that he could live until he came again. The same thing happened to his disciples here on this continent. The Lord knew he didn't have to wait for them to tell him, he said, "I know your desire it is the same as that of John the Beloved." He promised them too they could live on the earth until he came again to be changed in the twinkling of an eye. I'm reminded of another instance concerning the importance of a righteous desire. The righteous desire of King Solomon when his father placed the kingdom on his shoulders. He was just a boy and he prayed to the Lord, "Who am I that I can rule justly over these people, I'm just a boy, I only know enough to go in and out the door." He asked the Lord to bless him that he might have wisdom to rule justly over the people and the Lord told him because of his righteous desire he would bless him, that he would be the wisest man on earth at any time then or hereafter. He made him many promises, he said, "Because of your righteous desire ask not for wealth, I will bless you with wealth," and every time he turned his hand he became more wealthy and built the temple, the Lord helped him build the temple, that David so much wanted. It all seemed to be because of his righteous desire. So I think our desire, we must first have desire, then our desire can grow into efforts to carry it out. You'll find it in every phase of life, if we want to be successful with our cattle we must have a desire, a desire to raise a crop, to do it pleasantly and keep the commandments of the Lord along with it and we just can't help but prosper. My wife, I can hardly attempt to tell you how much she has meant to me, how much she does for me. I can't do justice to my wife, you know as well as I do how she has strived to hold our family together. How many times she has calmed me down when she thought I was out of patience about something. You know how hard she has worked and strived to keep us together, to keep

our children together and our grandchildren she never had one she didn't love, she never had one she was willing to give up and let it go astray, she wants to help every one of her grandchildren. As a homemaker you couldn't help but admire her ability. She's had some pretty shabby homes but she's always been able to dress them up to a house of comfort and a house pleasant. She has ability I've never seen equaled. She knows where every picture should hang and where every chair should sit. She knows where everything in a room should go and she tries hard to keep it there. She's willing to pick up rather than say anything to her little grandchildren. She's wanted them to come again and she's willing to pick up again and again. She wants her children and her grandchildren to make this home their home. I can't tell you what a wonderful wife she's been to me. She's always encouraged me the right way. Nobody knows how much I love her and how much I think the Lord blessed me with her. It was not my doing, but the work of the Lord. I've never felt worthy of her, but I hope I am.

THE FOLLOWING EXCERPTS WERE TAKEN FROM THE JULY 1, 1960 WHITING TREE.

History of an Egg

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

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

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

Friday, July 7, 1950

July 7-1950
Memories From A Few Years Back

From the pen of C. P. "Monty" Montross

33 YEARS AGO

Levi Udall, Will Sherwood and Rich Howell took a couple of days off last week to go fishing. Levi says they got their share; you bet.

Jas. Donohoe and R. E. Margeson and their families stopped to take in the St. Johns celebration upon their return from a fishing trip in the White Mountains.

Mrs. Jeanette Smith of Snowflake and her sister, Mrs. Jensen of Neph, Utah, have been visitors in St. Johns the past week. Mrs. Smith is the mother of Mrs. John H. Udall.

Judge Elisha Averette and his son Commodore were in town from Springerville Monday. Commodore lately returned from Pasadena, Calif., where he attended school the past year.

Geo. E. Waite and his sister, Mrs. J. J. Karnes, motored to Holbrook Monday to meet their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Waite, upon their return from a visit in Salt Lake City.

Jesse Hulet and Burr W. Porter of Navajo were looking after business before the Board of Equilization last Monday. They were accompanied by James Porter, Burr's uncle, whose home is at Long Beach. He last visited this place 18 years ago.

The old-time friends and school companions of Tem, Amy and Don Patterson are happy to welcome them back from San Bernardino, Calif. Their parents are at Holbrook but are expected over in a few days, and the family will again take up their abode in St. Johns.

Ten or a dozen auto loads went from town to man dam Sat-

urday night, where they were entertained at a dance by Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Johnson and their neighbors. Music was furnished by Prof. J. Alfred Anderson, violinist, and Mrs. Mildred Botting and Miss Ida Johnson, pianists, and all had a jolly good time.

Parley Heap, member of the First Arizona Infantry, came up from Naco to spend the 4th.

Don T. Udall, in a note to us, requests that The Observer be filled with all the late news and mailed to him regularly at 64 Chestnut street, Portland, Maine, where he will have his headquarters while doing missionary work. All right, Don, got your order.

An announcement of the forthcoming marriage of Mr. Tomas Ortega, Jr., of Holbrook and Miss Lucy Meastas of Concho has been made by the young people. The ceremony will occur in San Rafael church in Concho Thursday July 19.

Jesse Udall and bride left for their home in St. Johns the forepart of the week. They were accompanied by Henry Mickelson and wife, who will make their home at St. Johns.—Graham Guardian.

Boxing Contests

A crowd of about 250, composed largely of men and boys, were on hand to see the boxing contests, paying 50c admittance to the ring side.

Gilbert Udall and Lorenzo McCray engaged in a 5-round preliminary bout, which was an entirely gentle and refined exhibition in comparison with what followed. It was a draw.

The big scrap was between Ralph Whiting and Precopio Trujillo, both being in good trim and

anxious for the fray. Whiting weighed in at 173 and Trujillo at 268 pounds. They rushed the fighting from the start and did some hard knocking in the first and second rounds. In the third Whiting pounded the big fellow's face systematically and finally landed a wallop on his chin that sent him to the floor and he took the count. He was considerably mugged up but not injured seriously. Whiting was unscratched.

The final fight was between Will Jarvis and Ableno Lucero, both pretty well matched as to size. In the fourth round Lucero became groggy and from then on to the end of the sixth, the concluding round, he could at any time have been put out by his husky adversary. The decision was given to Jarvis.

29 YEARS AGO

Taken all around the celebration was a grand success. Good delegations attended from every part of the country, the weather was favorable, and the entertainment features were well-managed. The total expenditures amounted to about \$2600 and the moneys contributed and collected will about cover the expenses, so all

are satisfied and feel that show was well worth the effort.

Following are some of the winners:

Calf roping, 19 ropers—C Murray, 1st; Bert Colter 2nd; A. Mineer 3rd.

Burro roping — Pittman-Coy 1st, Lisle-Marley 2nd.

Calf roping, 2nd day—B. Colter 1st; H. E. Colter 2nd; H. Marley 3rd.

Bull riding — Otto J. Ker 1st; Dodd L. Greer, 2nd.

Bronc riding — J. A. Baird 1st, Otto J. Kempe, Dodd L. Greer 2nd.

Chariot races — 1/2 mile race, Winsor and Robinson 1st and 2nd; 1 mile race, Ed and Lynn Whiting 1st and 2nd.

Cow pony race—Claud Murr 1st, Geo. Winsor 2nd.

Boys' pony race —Brig-D 1st, Wiley Peterson 2nd.

Relay horse race—Heck Ma 1st, Boycon 2nd.

One-mile horse race — F. Duran 1st, Guy Richey 2nd, C. Davis 3rd.

Two-mile horse race — F. Duran 1st, Ed Whiting 2nd, C. Davis 3rd.

Half-mile race — Claud L. 1st, Geo. Winsor 2nd.

Memories from A few Years Back

From the pen of C. P. "Monty" Montross

33 Years Ago

July 7, 1950

Levi Udall, Will Sherwood and Rich Howell took a couple of days off last week to go fishing. Levi says they got their share; you bet.

Jas. Donohoe and R. E. Margesson and their families stopped to take in the St. Johns celebration upon their return from a fishing trip in the White Mountains.

Mrs. Jeanette Smith of Snowflake and her sister, Mrs. Jensen of Nephi, Utah, have been visitors in St. Johns the past week. Mrs. Smith is the mother of Mrs. John H. Udall.

Judge Elisha Averette and his son Commodore were in town from Springerville Monday. Commodore lately returned from Pasadena, California where he attended school the past year.

Geo. E. Waite and his sister, Mrs. J. J. Karnes, motored to Holbrook Monday to meet their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Waite, upon their return from a visit in Salt Lake City.

Jesse Hulet and Burr W. Porter of Navajo were looking after business before the Board of Equilization last Monday. They were accompanied by James Porter, Burr's uncle, whose home is at Long Beach. He last visited this place 18 years ago.

The old-time friends and school companions of Tem, Amy and Don Patterson are happy to welcome them back from San Bernardino, Calif. Their parents are at Holbrook but are expected over in a few days, and the family will again take up their abode in St. Johns.

Ten or a dozen auto loads went from town to Lyman dam Saturday night, where they were entertained at dance by Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Johnson and their neighbors. Music was furnished by Prof. J. Alfred Anderson, violinist, and Mrs. Mildred Botting and Miss Ida Johnson, pianists, and all had a jolly good time.

Parley Heap, member of the First Arizona Infantry, came up from Naco to spend the 4th.

Don T. Udall, in a note to us, requests that The Observer be filled with all the late news and mailed to him regularly at 54 Chestnut street, Portland, Maine, where he will have his headquarters while doing missionary work. All right, Don, got your order.

An announcement of the forth coming marriage of Mr. Tomas Ortega, Jr., of Holbrook and Miss Lucy Meastas of Concho has been made by the young people. The ceremony will occur in San Rafael church in Concho Thursday, July 19.

Jesse Udall and bride left for their home in St. Johns the forepart of the week. They were accompanied by Henry Mickelson and wife, who will make their home at St. Johns.—Graham Gardian.

Boxing Contests

A crowd of about 250, composed largely of men and boys, were on hand to see the boxing contests, paying \$.50 admittance to the ringside.

Gilbert Udall and Lorenzo McCray engaged in a 5-round preliminary bout, which was an entirely gentle and refined exhibition in comparison with what followed. It was a draw.

The big scrap was between Ralph Whiting and Precopio Trujillo, both being in good trim and anxious for a fray. Whiting weighed in at 173 and Trujillo at 268 pounds. They rushed the fighting from the start and did some hard knocking in the first and second rounds. In the third Whiting pounded the big fellows face systematically and finally landed a wallop on his chin that sent him to the floor and he tool the count. He was considerably mussed up but not injured seriously. Whiting was unscratched.

The final fight was between Will Jarvis and Abileno Lucero, both pretty well matched as to size. In the fourth round Lucero became groggy and from then on to the end of the sixth, the concluding round, he could at any time have been put out by his husky adversary. The decision was given to Jarvis.

29 YEARS AGO

Taken all around the celebration was a grand success. Good delegations attended from every part of the country, the weather was favorable, and the entertainment features were well managed. The total expenditures amounted to about \$2600 and the moneys contributed and collected will about cover the expenses, so all are satisfied and feel well worth the effort.

Following are some of the prize winners:

Calf roping, 29 ropers—Claud Murray, 1st; Bert Colter 2nd; J. A. Mineer 3rd.

Burro roping—Pittman-Coycon 1st. Lisle-Marley 2nd.

Calf Roping, 2nd day—B. J. Colter 1st; H.E. Colter 2nd; Heck Marley 3rd.

Bull riding—Otto J. Kempe 1st; Dodd L. Greer, 2nd.

Bronc riding—J.A. Baillee, Otto J. Kemp, Dodd L. Greer

Chariot races—1/2 mile race, Winsor and Robinson 1st and 2nd; 1 mile race, Ed and Lynn Whiting 1st and 2nd.

Cow Pony race—Claud Murray 1st, Geo. Winsor 2nd.

Boys pony race—Brig Davis 1st, Wiley Peterson 2nd.

Relay horse race—Heck Marley 1st, Boycon 2nd.

One-mile horse race—Fred Duran 1st, Guy Richey 2nd, Carl Davis 3rd.

Two-mile horse race—Fred Duran 1st, Ed Whiting 2nd, Carl Davis 3rd.

Half-mile race—Claud Lytle 1st, Geo. Winsor 2nd.

Basketball game for \$100, St. Johns vs. Snowflake, won by St. Johns.

Fifty-mile auto race, 6 entries —Earnest J. Whiting 1st, J. N. Overson 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. W.W. Pace, Jesse Udall and wife, Wesley Taylor and wife and others from the Gila Valley enjoyed a picnic and outing at the Lyman dam Wednesday evening. They were guests of President Udall and family and other old friends and neighbors of Jr. Johns.

Vaughn H. Greer, who has been working for the Everett Jewelers in Albuquerque the past year was in St. Johns for the celebration.

MARTHA WHITING BROWN FAMILY NEWS

RAY BROWN

Ruth and Ray are planning a trip to Monterey to attend a piano recital, where their grandson Steven Elliason is being presented by his teacher. (He will present the entire recital).

Alan Brown (Nora's) is doing great on his mission. He is working in the office of the mission home.

Todd Brown (Floyd's) has received a call to the Sonora, Mexico mission.

RUTH LEWIS

Ruth and Ray Lewis, Gary and Rose Neeleman, and Cindy and Wayne Epple are all traveling to Hawaii within the next two weeks. Ruth and Ray are there now. They stopped to spend a few days with Maurine on the way.

Rusty McNeal is doing well on his mission.

MAURINE STARTUP

We are sorry to report that Maurine fell and broke her hip. She had to have an operation at which time a steel ball was installed. Soon afterward the doctor announced that she should be on a kidney dialysis machine, and she had to have another operation to prepare her body for this. After spending much time in the hospital, she is back at home. Elbert is her main nurse, although the members of the family do come in to help.

Maurine -- we who know you and love you don't think of you as someone who has, in the past, "taken anything lying down." You've had to do that for a while now which must have been very difficult for you. We hope you will be able to get up and around more soon. We'll remember you in our prayers.

Gordon and Carl are living back in their Provo house with their family. We hope they can get settled there and be happy.

The Brady's, Dee Ann and Ken, have moved in or near the Chino, California area, from Salt Lake City because Ken accepted a position there.

The Stringfellows have a baby boy, making two little boys for them.

Carol Joy Ingram was hospitalized with a tubal pregnancy and is now at home recuperating.

CARLSTON'S

Louise and Lester are still busy in the catering business.

Louise has not been feeling well for about six months. The doctors haven't been able to find out exactly what is wrong, but she is feeling some better.

Suzanne Labrum took her baby and flew to spend a few days with her sister, Marlene, in Texas. (She told Marlene, "All I want to do is see the ranch that's on "Dallas" and talk and talk." The ranch is near Marlene).

Anna and Arnie Peterson are expecting their first baby and are happy about that.

George is doing well, finishing up his senior year of high school.

Caralee is living with the Ragsdale's (Judy & Ted) for awhile and has announced that she is in love -- for the first time!

The Kugler's (Dave & Laurie) live in Seattle. She is Primary President.

RONALD BROWN

Ronald is in Las Vegas, helping Gill who is selling computers. Together they are taking care of Gill's three children. (Oh-oh, I forgot. I think Gill likes to be called Arthur now).

Ronald will be taking some medical courses soon.

Tom has returned from his mission and is living back in California.

Vicky lives with her Grandmother Parker.

Becky attends the "Y" where she works in the cafeteria of the M.T.C. and studies to get a degree in teaching exceptional and handicapped children.

The Tim Hayes (Marijane) family is moving to the Tacoma, Washington area.

BODELL'S

Jim and Maydene have been in Salt Lake City for a year and a half now.

The most exciting news is the birth of little Mark Matthew Bodell to the family of Mark and Annabel.

The Gates family (Kristine and Ed) are back from Hawaii and living in their Bountiful home for a while.

Pamela and Michael Hicks are expecting a baby (their second) in February.

Two of the mothers in the family are working part-time now (oh that economy) and so Grandma

Maydene is tending grandchildren a couple of days a week. It's fun and she loves having them, but sometimes she feels her age!

ELDA WHITING BROWN FAMILY NEWS

By Elma Brown Smith

NEW BABIES:

We've had several new babies since the reunion -

Christene (Smith) and George Sowby, girl, Shannon, July 16, 1982

Rusty and Susan Burdick, girl, Emily, August 14, 1982

Larry and Diane Sagers, girl, Shannon Diane.

Deana (Sagers) and Lyle Hillier, boy, Lyle James, October 14, 1982

Steven and Pam Smith, boy, Jamon Wayne, October 19, 1982

Maren Burdick, Nathel's oldest daughter, was married on September 13, 1982, to John McCormick in St. Johns new Stake house. Phil Brown got permission and came up and married them. It was very nice. I went down and went to Arizona with Geraldine and part of her family, Wayne couldn't leave just then. We had such a nice trip and got lots of visiting done on the way down and back and then lots while we were there. It was fun. Phil, Brent and most of their families came so we were all there but Louine. She was going but Gus's (Grant) brother passed away and she couldn't make it.

Mother (Elda) is feeling better right now, she has had some sick spells since the reunion, so we are glad she is better and hope she stays that way. She will probably go to the Valley around Thanksgiving time.

A good piece of news from Idaho. My husband, Wayne Smith, will take over and be President of the insurance company he has worked for, for so long. We are excited and I'm very proud of him. It will be lots of work and we'll have to stay here in Idaho longer, but I'm sure he is happy for the opportunity.

Leslie Whiting Johnson, daughter of Lester and Louise Whiting, was elected to the Arizona House of Representatives on November 2, 1982. Leslie is looking forward to taking office January 10, 1983 and following in the footsteps of cousin, Jack A. Brown, who served in the House several years. Leslie says, "Jack has left a very fine reputation to live up to, even if he is a Democrat!"

Leslie is married to R. Wayne Johnson, and they and their three children, Scott, 18; Todd, 15; and Kristy, 12, all live in Mesa where Wayne serves in the Mesa East Stake Presidency as 1st Councilor .



"ADOPTED ARE THE BEST KIND"
by Lester E. Whiting

About the time Dad turned 20, he was courting Zella Berry and working very hard for a marriage stake, hauling lumber by team and wagon to St. Johns from the mill above the homestead. On October 4, 1911, my dad and mother were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. After four years and there had been no children to bless their home, and knowing how much you both wanted a family, you decided to adopt a child. Grandma and Grandpa Whiting went to Los Angeles. As strange as it seems today, as soon as they arrived in town they were promised a baby, yet unborn, from three different institutions. Grandma and Grandpa explained their purpose in coming to each and agreed to take the first one born. They had no more than gotten back to the hotel with me when the phone rang to tell them there was another baby boy for them. Grandma told them they already had one. I was the lucky one.

We lived on the homestead until I was about four years old. The Whiting's owned a cafe and ice cream shop, the Elite Cafe, and it was here where my mother worked for a few years and dad ran the butcher shop next door in Uncle Eddie's Cash Store.

BOMPA'S LEGACY
By Leslie Whiting Johnson

(I will refer to my grandparents as Nanny and Bompa, as I have never called them anything else, and hope this doesn't sound silly to you who read this.)

Whenever I think of Bompa, I picture in my mind a big, strong man with a well-worn grey Stetson shading his handsome face. Growing up Bompa was my "cowboy hero of the West."

Wherever Nanny and Bompa lived, it was always called "the ranch," whether it was the old McLaws place in Holbrook, the dairy in Mesa or the ranch in Colorado. Bompa was a man who loved working on the land and doing anything else was sort of second best. The "Homestead" was an almost sacred place to him and consequently to his children and grandchildren.

The legacy Bompa left to us is a rich one. His love for, and pride in each member of his family will continue to enrich and strengthen our lives. He was so proud of his parents, his brothers and sisters, his wife, his sons and daughters, his grandsons and granddaughters, and each and every great-grandchild. I'm including the children and grandchildren he acquired through marriage as well. He loved us all and let us know, not always in words, of the tremendous pride and joy we each were to him.

For years I thought Bompa bought a new car every other year or so just because he liked new cars. As I've thought back on it now, it was probably because I threw-up in his car every time we went anywhere - from Zion Canyon to Oak Creek Canyon to Salt River Canyon. He probably needed a new car every other year! I can remember starting every trip with him saying, "Now Leslie, tell me in time." I always waited too late, but still he took me along. How I loved being with him.

Bompa loved this country. I'm sure my fierce pride in being an Arizonan comes in great part from the example of my grandfather. He loved to tell us of his growing up years - of working at the mill, chasing and catching wild horses, hunting, family plays and fun, boxing matches and dances. My favorite was the story of how he shot the big grey wolf.

Bompa loved the gospel and left his family with a sure knowledge of his testimony of the truthfulness of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He liked to tell us about his missionary experiences and how important the gospel was in his life. He didn't always follow all the rules. Sometimes the Whiting sense of humor got the better of him, like when he got his fellow missionaries to put a laxative in the unpopular supervising Elder's postum until he was transferred to see if another climate would help his "unknown" caused diarrhea problem.

There is not enough room to express the deep love and gratitude I have for the blessing of being Ralph E. Whiting's granddaughter. He has endowed his family with the richest legacy of love, loyalty and faith in each other, this land and this church. One of my greatest treasures is a rather worn grey hat Nanny saved to be given to me after her death. Bompa will always be my "Cowboy hero of the West."

"RALPH"

by Elda Whiting Brown

Now that I'm old and have so much time for memories, I love to remember my brother Ralph. He did so many things for me when I was little and then when our little girls came along, he was so special to each of them.

Each year as I move back to the valley I miss Ralph and Nell so much. Every winter they spent time with me and helped me when I needed help after Albert was gone. Ralph was wise and gave good advice to help in sorrow.

We enjoyed making tapes with Earnest, playing rook, talking about our parents and childhood.

Nell and I made a nice quilt for Ralph. He has always enjoyed telling his children that he did most of the work on it. The fact is he tied two knots.

I spent lots of happy times in Colorado with Ralph and Nell. He never tired of taking me over the whole mountains that he loved. I'm grateful I could spend that time with them.

MY REMEMBRANCE OF UNCLE RALPH

By Elma Brown Smith

I was very young when I remember Uncle Ralph coming to our home and visiting and he'd come by and get Geraldine and me and take us places with him. I remember one time he took us up to Richfield and the dugway seemed very big and awful and he would tease us and play like he was sick and couldn't drive and would drive close to the edge, we'd scream and loved it. He was always good to us kids.

I remember so well when Aunt Alice passed away and how tender and good he was with his little Anna June and when she passed away too, he was so brokenhearted. When he went on his mission he promised to write to us girls when we wrote to him. I still have several letters he wrote to just me, I was so proud to get them. He always made me feel so special, I guess he did everyone.

When my Dad was sick and in Albuquerque and they came over and stayed and I was there and they were going home, so someone else had to come stay with Mom so I went home with them. He said, "Elma, it's not out of the way for us to take you by St. Johns, we'd be glad to." I reminded him I lived in Phoenix. Several times on that trip he'd start laughing and we'd ask what was so funny and he said, "Elma, I guess I'll never let you move from St. Johns, I keep thinking we should take you to St. Johns."

Another time I rode up to conference in Salt Lake with Uncle Ralph, Aunt Nell, Grandma Whiting, and someone else from Holbrook. It was such a fun trip and they told stories all the way up.

Uncle Ralph could remember so well when they went to Arizona to live. It was interesting to hear he and Grandma talk and remember things. We stayed all night along the way, got up early the next morning and went on to Richfield and stopped for gas. I got out of the car and stretched so big, someone honked and stopped suddenly and it was one of the Elders I had worked with in Tulsa. He got out and came over and said, "I thought I recognized that stretch." Uncle Ralph certainly teased me and wanted to know how and when he had seen my stretch?

When Dad was so sick and they let him come home from Albuquerque, Mom and Dad went to Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell's to stay and they were both so good to them. Aunt Nell was so tender and careful when she changed the tube in his neck. Dad would say, "She just knows how to do it without hurting a bit." We as a family did so appreciate all they did for Dad. One day Uncle Ralph asked Dad what would taste good. He could hardly swallow anything, Dad said some strawberries. Uncle Ralph went and got some and they put them in a blender and Dad could swallow some and said they tasted so good.

Also, I was living in Phoenix when Grandma came to stay with them. I went over as often as I could and both Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell were so good to Grandma and took such good care of her.

Johnny Whiting didn't like to travel. He got car sick, so would always tell his folks, "Take me to Aunt Elda's," so he stayed with us several times. He was easy to tend and watch and minded real good. One time while they were gone and Johnny was at our place, we worked in the bees and put honey in the

cans. Johnny helped us and Mom gave him a bucket of honey. When his folks drove up someone saw them and told Johnny. We thought he would rush out to see them, but no, he went running to Mom and said, "Aunt Elda, where is my honey?"

We used to go up from Phoenix often when they were all living up at the Homestead and we had such good visits and all. It seemed like up there we weren't in the rush we were down in the valley.

I never remember when Uncle Ralph was not in my life. I dearly love him, Aunt Nell and the whole family. Keep up the good work and stay close.

TO RALPH WITH LOVE

By Myn Priestley

I am sure there is not a member of this large family more loyal to the rest than Ralph was. I am also sure we loved and respected him the same way. The last time I visited with him was not long before he died. It was at his home in Colorado. On Sunday neither he nor I was able to go to church, so Nell and the rest left us home to take care of each other. We had such a good visit, we talked over our life in the past, we had much to laugh about and some things to cry about, not because of sadness, that had long been taken care of long ago and we could realize now that even the sad times had often brought blessings too.

It was at that visit he made the suggestion that we older ones get together and build a "family old folks home." We could build a big living room, with a nice size bedroom for each. That way we could keep each other happy, talk about the past, play a little rook, sing old songs, and it would be a lot better than sitting it out alone. Of course, it was only a dream but it was fun to think about, and I like that.

After Ralph married Nell, we of course became very close, and after Don died, we lived with them for a while. My eight year old son Don E., thought we were part of their family, he did so enjoy those boys, both the ones older and younger. They were special to him all his life.

Ralph had lots of friends and he never lost one that I know of. He was popular with friends from all walks of life.

Ralph was a great and loyal brother indeed and I am sure a great son to his parents. We all loved him and his wife and they are a most wonderful part of our family.

I must say Ralph had a most profound testimony of the Gospel. I never knew him to doubt any part of it. He knew it was true and that's the way he lived, and that's the way both Ralph and Nell taught their children, and it surely shows in their lives today.

MY LITTLE BROTHER

By Martha Whiting Brown

July 1, 1960

The night Ralph was born, I was 4 ½ years old, Earnest was two years old, and Eddie and May were sleeping at Grandma's. I remember how we cried because it was so dark, and Pa brought us the only lamp.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

not Earnest, age 11, nor Leonard--but Ralph, then nine years of age, was chosen. He drove safely over the dugway.

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

I think it was a compliment to Mother that two in-laws, Frank and Nell, gave her such loving care in her last illness. I seemed so helpless as I watched them do so much for her. I say thanks to them, and to all who helped her then, and also all who helped when her hip was broken.

MY BIG BROTHER
By Elda Whiting Brown

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

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

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

MY UNCLE RALPH

By Geraldine Brown Sagers

July 1, 1960

It's funny that when Mother said I should write down a few things I remember best about Uncle Ralph, I should remember his car. Now let me explain. It was not the car without Uncle Ralph. No, indeed. It is Uncle Ralph in his car. Now, I suppose that a rumble seat in a Model A would bring many different memories to those a generation older than I, but to me it simply meant that Uncle Ralph was around and we could be sure of a ride. Usually, it was when we came out of Sunday School that we made a beeline for Uncle Ralph's car, and as many as could hang on or pile in the front seat, or in the choicest place of all-- the rumble seat-- would be delivered home. It made no difference whether we only had to go across the street, as Erma did, or out to Lola's, we all got a ride home. I never remember Uncle Ralph complaining there were too many when we asked extra friends or that he had to make too many stops or go too far. Always we were accompanied by songs of our own choosing, and sometimes making, to fit the occasion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RALPH WHITING ALWAYS HAD FUN

by J. Albert Brown

July 1, 1960

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

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

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

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

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

Once, after finishing a roundup, we decided to catch a steer. There were very few corrals in those days, so four of us took our ropes from the saddles. We were going to see which could catch the steer first. Ralph was in the lead and was close to the steer. He was swinging his rope and leaning forward in his saddle, almost ready to let the loop go when his high jumping horse landed both front feet in a hole. He threw Ralph about twenty feet through the air and the horse turned a complete somersault. Ralph and the horse got up about the same time and both looked surprised. Neither of them was hurt, so we all went after the steer again.

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

MY BROTHER RALPH

by Art Whiting

Our father had one son that inherited his love for children, that was Ralph. He was always considerate and thoughtful of all children. They all knew it and followed him around because he was ever entertaining them and having fun with them.

None of the other boys was as thoughtful as Uncle Ralph. He will long be remembered and loved for this great gift, just as his father will be.

MY BROTHER RALPH

By Earnest J. Whiting

Ralph and I had a very close relationship during the early years of my life. There was few events of any importance that happened to me that Ralph wasn't somewhat involved. I remember that Ralph had a very bad temper at times, and this got him into some real problems with Dad and Mother. I remember one day after he had a real round with Mother, and she had told him, "When Pa gets home I am going to tell him about you." Ralph said, "Mother, I will never do anything for you but bate the cows." He always enjoyed taking the cows out and staying with them while they grazed along the sides of the roads and ditches. This was called bateing the cows.

I remember one time that Ralph and me was coming from the meadows with a team of horses and a wagon. The horses had been working in the fields and we didn't take time to hitch them up as we should

have to the wagon. We would have had to change the riggings. We had started home and had come to the river, and I said, "Ralph, you had better take it easy." I usually let Ralph drive as he was the best teamster. "That is a steep bank for how we are hitched." Ralph didn't pay any attention, but turned to me and said, "I will show you how we drive team and wagon in Chicago." Our neighbor Brother Roberts was always telling us when anything happened that they did different, or if he was doing it, that this is the way that we do it in Chicago. Well as the wagon started down the incline and gained just a little on the team until the tongue of the wagon hit the ground between the horses. This stopped the wagon immediately and threw both of us off the seat to the ground. I landed on my back and had the breath knocked out of me, but Ralph landed on his face and hands, he was really a mess. After I got my breath and could breathe again, and looked Ralph over, I just had to say, "Are you sure that is the way that they do it in Chicago."

Brent Whiting Brown
12630 East Harvard
Gilbert, Arizona 85234

December 10, 1982

Dear Whiting Family Members:

This last Labor Day, the E. M. Whiting Homestead, Inc. Board of Directors held a meeting at the Homestead. All in attendance at that meeting were painfully aware that the homestead facilities were deteriorating and that if action was not soon undertaken our beloved homestead would lose some of its unique charm.

Consequently, a decision was made to undertake a major fund raising campaign to improve the homestead facilities. I was appointed Chairman of the fund raising effort and this letter is the initial action to initiate the fund raising drive. We have established an initial goal of \$20,000. This \$20,000 will be used to improve the following facilities:

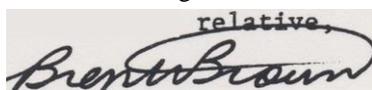
1. Enlarge the south side of the cultural hall.
2. Improve the bathroom and shower facilities.
3. Improve the cooking facilities.
4. Improve the water distribution system.
5. Improve the trailer park facilities.
6. Construct a sanitation dump.

As you can see from this list of projects that need to be handled, the initial goal of \$20,000 will only be enough money to pay for a few of the projects. Hence, we hope that we can continue the fund raising effort until these projects are completed.

All monies collected will be placed in a special Whiting Homestead Improvement Fund to be used only for approved projects on the Homestead facilities. We hope to complete construction projects next summer so they will be ready for the reunion in 1984. As Whiting family members, we all realize the role that the Whiting Homestead has played in our lives. The Homestead is a symbol of family unity that becomes more important with each passing year. I hope we will remember our heritage and plan to donate some money to the Whiting Homestead Improvement Fund.

Contributions, however large or small, can be sent to me at the above address. Please make all checks out to the Whiting Homestead Improvement Fund. Certain family members have agreed to help me in this fund raising effort. I am sure you will be hearing from them in the near future.

With love and esteem,
Your Whiting relative,



Brent W. Brown

P.S. Remember to include the Whiting Homestead Improvement Fund in your estate planning. This is an excellent way to leave something of value for your posterity.