The Whiting Tree

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LYNN SULLIVAN WHITING

The story of Lynn Sullivan Whiting as told by his wife, Lola Gladys Whiting and their children.

Lynn Sullivan Whiting was born November 18, 1893, in Mapleton, Utah. His parents were Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson. He was one of nine children. When just a small child he travelled in a wagon from Mapleton, Utah to St. Johns, Arizona where he lived out the rest of his life.

Our story begins at a carnival in St. Johns. Lynn was twenty-three and Gladys was thirteen.

Gladys recalls that she and her sister, Ivy, were riding on the new attraction. Lynn was also on the merry-go-round. That evening when the merry-go-round was closing, Lynn asked Gladys if he could take them both home, they agreed. They became friends fast.

Soon after they met he left for school. For the next six months he was learning and becoming more knowledgeable about mechanics. His school was in Chicago. He wrote to her all the time he was gone. When he returned, they started going together. Because of Gladys age it was about one year before they could be married with her father's blessing. As an engagement present, Lynn gave her a chain with a pearl and diamond pendant. He also gave her a Doctrine and Covenants and a Pearl of Great Price.

Finally on April 28, 1917, with the blessings of her father, they were married. The wedding took place in Bishop Rencher’s home in St. Johns. They went to the Homestead for six weeks. When they came back down, the family had a nice reception for them in St. Johns. Right after the reception, they

left in Lynn's car for Salt Lake to receive their endowments. They drove to Holbrook and boarded a train. Gladys had not ever ridden on a train. She was so nervous about it that her brother, Lionel, had to carry her onto the train and hold her down until the train was on its way. The fear soon left and Lynn and Gladys enjoyed their honeymoon trip to the Temple. All this being very interesting and exciting.

After being sealed in the Temple in Salt Lake, they traveled to Los Angeles and St. Johns. For a young girl who had never been out of Ramah and St. Johns, life took on new meaning from that time on.

Gladys and Lynn returned to St. Johns after their honeymoon to continue a beautiful life dedicated to the happiness of one another. Their love grew into a most beautiful and strong relationship which continues on, even today. They enjoyed the rearing of their children, and their family togetherness was in the true spirit and testimony of the gospel. They instilled this testimony into all their children at a very young age. Their lives were centered around the teachings of the church and honesty and integrity.

Lynn and Gladys then lived at the Homestead for a while where Lynn's parents also lived. They spent much time in the company of Lynn's folks. Gladys learned many skills from her husband and his mother.

Lynn and Gladys did everything together. About this time as Gladys tells it, "Uncle Ralph bought four-hundred head of long horn cattle from Texas. He brought them into southeastern Arizona where we met him with a wagon and a horse. Then we took them to the homestead... grazing as they went, since that was all the food they had. They were starving and about ready to die."

"When we got as far as Eight Mile Knoll we got some blow torches and burned all of the thorns off the cactus for the cows to eat because there was not any grass. The trip took about two weeks. Both Lynn and I were on horseback. I rode Minute the entire way."

About this time they were living in the cabin by the river. Gladys got very lonely because Lynn was working much of the time. One day she built a rock house about two feet square. She smoothed the edges of the rocks so they would be a tight fit at the edges. She even installed doors and left room for windows.

That first Christmas Lynn gave her a beautiful present -- a baby doll!!! This doll had a cloth body, a china face and was wearing a long dress. (Gladys wonders if the reason he gave her this gift was so she wouldn't get so lonely).

During World War II there was a shortage of sugar, making rationing necessary. Due to his illness, Lynn needed sugar. The idea of rationing was a great concern to him. Lynn was able to buy 100 pounds as an emergency supply. When they heard the rumor that the Federal Marshalls were coming to search for hoarding, the sugar was hidden in the attic. (Even Lynn must have feared the FEDS). Lynn's mother was also concerned about his health. She sent honey and damaged goods from the store whenever possible to help him with his diet.

Lynn and Gladys were both avid horsemen. They both entered many races. Lynn was proud of Gladys and had Jane Eagar make a riding dress for her. He also bought her a pair of lace up boots to wear when she rode. Many years later when the floor of the old Chapman House was torn up, one of these boots was found. During these races she rode

such well known Whiting horses as Minute, Sparks and Navey and won many races.

Lynn made chariots and raced them in competition with Eagar. The first day of the race, Eagar hooked the horses up in the conventional way. Lynn hooked his up Roman Style. (With the tail braided in such a way that the horse pulled the chariot with his tail). The second day of the race, Eager came with their horses hooked up the way Lynn had his on the first day. Lynn turned this into a joke as only he could.

During the race, the participants wore costumes which left one shoulder bare. Because of his modesty and religion, Lynn wore a modified version.

Lynn and Gladys had ten children and their names are Lola, Ivy, Harvey, Rex, Wayne, Kayennis, Marlyn, Altheda, Ralph and Edwin Max. The last three mentioned died as children.

"When we traveled to the Homestead through Wire Grass from St. Johns," Gladys explains "sometimes at night we would stop to sleep. Lynn would unharness the horses and tie them to the wagon wheel. We would all sleep on the wagon because we were afraid of the rattlesnakes."

"When our son, Harvey, was about one and one-half years old," Gladys continues "my father decided it was time to take his family to Salt Lake to be sealed. While making arrangements for the trip, I took Harvey and drove to see my brother, Lionel, at his home. I parked the car on a hill and before I could get Harvey out, the car started to roll. As I tried to gain control of the car, my leg got stuck under the tire and I was drug down the street until the car rolled to a stop, and Harvey was thrown out."

The doctors said a piece of chipped bone had somehow lodged

inside Gladys' joint and rubbed and chipped away until the inside of her joint was completely gone. This injury has been the major source of many of her health problems over the years.

Lola, Lynn's oldest daughter remembers "Dad always kept a cot or small bed in our kitchen. That little bed has many memories, some good and some bad. When Dad was sick, Mom would sit and hold his head for hours. Mom would always make him special things to eat so he would not have too much pain as he tried to swallow.

It was also on this cot that Harvey nearly bled to death when his nose would bleed so often. When we were sick, we were put on the bed so we could be looked after. We all liked it because we were near the warmth of the stove and at the center of attention."

Lynn bought the Ned Webb home and the family lived there for many years. Ivy remembers how she learned to get her own way through temper tantrums.

"My first memory of my dad is when we were living in the old Ned Webb home. Dad, Harvey and Lola were all going somewhere and I wanted to go with them. Mom told me I couldn't, so I started to cry. Mom put me up on a pile of brick to calm me down. Nothing helped, I still wanted to go. To show mom how determined I was I held my breath until I turned blue and fell off the bricks. It worked and when I opened my eyes there was my dad, I got him back."

Gladys and Lynn both went to Salt Lake to be operated on at the same time. Lynn for a hernia and Gladys for appendicitis. Gladys remembers it this way. "We wanted to be in the same room, but the hospital would not allow that, so we settled for rooms next door. Before we were admitted Lynn had come up with

a plan. He told me "Now I'm going to pound on the wall, that way you will know I am alright." We both had our operations about the same time. As soon as he was well enough and thought about me, he started pounding. I could not answer because I was so sick. He was afraid I had died, but he kept pounding. When they found out what was happening, they moved our beds.

Lynn took his family on many vacations, as Lola remembers it. "Dad seldom went anywhere without taking all his family. It didn't matter if it was a dinner, a trip anywhere. In fact, the school teachers were always complaining about us not being in school."

"Once we took all the kids to Yellowstone Park." Gladys explains "When we got up there we decided to go to one of the lakes. We had stopped and were camping. Lynn and the boys slept down by the car and the rest of us slept in the car. During the night we heard noises, something was tearing things out of our lunch box. Harvey jumped up and saw a bear right in the picnic area. The bear started to run and Harvey followed him. We only had a loaf of bread to eat and we were not near a store. Harvey was gone a long time, when he finally returned he had the entire loaf of bread. (The bear had torn a hole in the sack and as each slice fell, Harvey picked it up).

Rex remembers that trip this way. "In 1933, Dad received a check in the mail from the insurance company. The doctors expected him to die within a year and the insurance company paid in advance. Daddy bought a 1933 Ford four-door and we loaded it with food, tents, bedrolls and luggage for the family and headed for Yellowstone Park.

We camped at Kiver. We went through Idaho, Wyoming and then to Yellowstone. We took pictures of a bear and the park. Harvey caught a fish in one stream and cooked it in another."

We had good meals, campfires and lots of stories. In the night mother heard pots and pans jingling and someone in our lunchbox. The first thing anyone knew Harvey was chasing a bear with a loaf of bread in its mouth. Daddy put the chuck box on top of the car and kept the gun handy.

On the way back from Yellowstone we visited Uncle Frank. Then we came down through Cedar City and went to Zion National Park. We camped overnight there. We were traveling through Five Mile Canyon driving down a steep grade. Everyone was watching the beautiful scenery, everyone except mom. Just as the car tire touched the side of the road, mom grabbed the steering wheel and pulled the car back onto the road. I had never seen my dad so scared. He promised never again to complain when she said something about his driving.

We had eight in that little car and there was never any fighting or complaining. We really enjoyed the trips. We were the envy of all the kids in school. Before I was nine years old I had been to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Yellowstone Park and the Chicago Worlds Fair.

My father was an honest and fair man. Even now, old timers tell me what a special man he was.

Gladys tells "There was no water available on the Chapman Place in St. Johns so, we had to haul it in fifty-five gallon barrels. On one such trip, one of the dogs fell off the wagon and its head was crushed under the wheel. The decision was made

that he was dead so he would just be thrown on the trash heap. A couple of days later the family was playing with the other dog. Harvey decided to send this one after the dog that died. When he finally got him to go, the dog walked over the hill and was gone for a while. Then there came both of the dogs from the same way the first one had gone."

Rex continues, "I was nine years old when my father died, but I have some special memories of him. We had a home in St. Johns, Arizona, on a piece of property known as the Chapman Place. Daddy added two rooms onto the original two rooms. When I was very young, my father, Grandpa White and Uncle Bob built the cellar. It was about twenty-four feet by thirty feet with thirty inch sandstone walls, a cement floor and a single small window on the east.

We had a large barn, a large chicken coop, a blacksmith shop and a garage. We also had a honey house on the northwest side of the house.

Above the Lyman water ditch, we had a bee apiary with about forty-five swarms of bees. Daddy would get over one-hundred gallons of honey each year from his bees. He would take the honey clear up to Nutrioso, Luna and Alpine to sell or trade. He used to enjoy trading honey for cheese from Bishop Wilkins. Daddy loved that cheese.

"Dad was never able to attend church much because of his health." Lola tells us. "But he always tried to attend Stake Conference. He would discuss it for weeks afterward. Dad always made the visits from the ward teachers a special time. He would tell us that they were messengers from Our Father in Heaven.

When we left for Sunday School each week Dad would give us a scripture to think about during the sacrament. He told us that if we would think about this during the sacrament we would not be making noise. He taught his family to recognize the help of the Lord. As he would say in his own words, "Acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things." This has been quoted often by his wife and children.

I remember coming home from church to find mom and dad reading the scriptures. Dad would tell us he had our scripture for next Sunday. I'm sure he pondered it all week. As I look back I'm sure that he got his spirituality from his parents. Grandma Maria would not let anyone stay home from church to help with Grandpa just before he died. She said that was her job. One Sunday I remember looking back during sacrament meeting and seeing her stand in the foyer. I thought for sure something had happened to Grandpa. I was so scared I jumped up and ran to her crying. She explained that she had come over to take the sacrament and renew her covenants with the Lord. This has always been a testimony to me.

Lynn and Gladys were always thrifty people, the following experience from Ivy tells how they taught their children this trait. "Dad said he never spent any of his money, because he always gave it to mama. To further stress this point he asked mom if she still had the eight dollars he had given her last year. She went to the bedroom and from under the mattress drew a little purse. When she opened it, there was the eight dollars. He rewarded her for her thriftiness by giving her eight more. (It was a tradition and acted as an incentive to save their money...If you could save a dollar, he would give you another one to go with it).

Lola remembers "Dad was always proud of mom and how little

she could get by on. When we lived in Los Angeles the truck drivers always stayed at our home while they were in town. One month mom only spent eleven dollars to feed all of us."

Lynn was Apache County Fair Commissioner for about eight years. He also owned prize winning sheep. Every year he would bring home six or eight or even more.

"As a little guy, I felt the impact of one of those rams." Rex remembers "He knocked me unconscious. It really scared Dad and it didn't do me too much good either."

Daddy always had horses. The team I remember best were known as Old Dave and Old Nell. They were huge, because they had Clydesdale blood in them. Daddy used them to log at the sawmill. He also had some horses he used for racing, known as Pine and Minute. One of these horses that ran and won so many races came from a little Indian pony named Navey. Grandpa Whiting gave her to my dad when he was a young boy.

We always had plenty of chickens, dogs, turkeys and ducks. We raised, bottled, canned, dried, jerkied, smoked or cured nearly everything we ate except flour, sugar and salt. Mother said one year she only spent thirty dollars at a store for household food.

Ivy remembers having a lot of sheep and that her father loved to work with them. She also remembers "It was our responsibility as children to watch for new baby lambs so daddy could bring them into the barn with their mothers. He had a special room lined with paper. Each ewe and lamb were marked to identify which ones went together."

"In the early spring," Rex remembers, "Mother would order baby chicks from the post office. We would build a special area to keep them warm. One time daddy thought someone was stealing his

chickens, so he set up a coyote trap by the chicken coop door. That night Mother woke him up and told him she heard noise, and it sounded like it was coming from the chicken coop. Dad hurried down there with gun in hand. He was sure it was a skunk after his chickens. Forgetting about the trap, he reached for the door handle and was caught by his own trap. It almost caused a split in the family because mother laughed. (I guess you have to get your hand caught in a coyote trap to know how much that hurt).

Mother said for years after that dad would not tell any joke on her because he was afraid she would tell about him being caught in his own trap.

Daddy planted over a hundred peach trees east of the cellar. They bore so heavily that we had to prop them up so the limbs would not break. They were really delicious.

Daddy seldom went anywhere without the family. He often took us out of school to go with him. I can remember going to Salt Lake for General Conference. We attended all the sessions. We had a four door Model "A" with a luggage rack on the back. It also had an expanding holder on the side that was used for bedrolls and supplies. We had canvas water bags hanging in the front and this made us self-sufficient.

One of the earliest memories of my daddy was a trip I took with him to Flagstaff. He had grown a lot of potatoes he was trying to sell. Dad heard that there were a lot of "Okies" camped out near Flagstaff. Harvey, Lola and Ivy were in school, so he loaded up some potatoes and took me with him because Mother was sick. On the way up he talked to me and told me a lot of important things. I don't remember it at all, but I knew it was important and it made me feel big.

We arrived at the camp and the people were all over. My daddy was a good businessman, but when he saw those people he must have really felt bad about their condition. I remember mother taking him to task and telling him he didn't even make expenses. His reply was, "That must have been the same condition the Mormons were in when they were driven out of Missouri." I didn't hear any more about it.

Dad used to sit me on his knee and try to teach me how to sing. He loved music. He taught me Casey Jones and other songs. He also liked to gather us around and tell stories. We used to hurry to get our chores done and supper over so we could sing and listen to stories.

One night when he was reading to us (a book Ivy had already read) Ivy interrupted and said that was not how it went. He said he did not like the way it ended, so he gave it a new one.

All the uncles and aunts on my dad's side like to visit at our home. There was always lots of love, good food and an enjoyable time had by all.

I remember when Dad went to Idaho to get Aunt Mary Waters and her family. She was Uncle Ek's daughter. She had four sons, Eddie, Warren, Lee and Fred. They lived in the back room of our house. Soon after they got there Lee came down with scarlet fever and we were all quarantined. We could not go to school or anywhere. Wayne and I loved it.

At one time we moved up to the sawmill and lived in a board and batt building like a bunkhouse. Mother, Lola and Ivy cooked for the whole sawmill crew, we always had plenty of venison and turkey.

Wayne and I loved it up at the sawmill, we had the job of

keeping the sawdust spread around in the sawdust truck. My days were all joy at the sawmill. We had chipmunks to trap and sell for pets.

One year when winter crept in on us, Daddy had to get the lumber out before the snow got too deep. Harvey had gone ahead with one load and dad and I had the last load. The snow was falling hard as the old truck made it past one bad spot after another. We could not see the road and the drifts were deep. The trip seemed like a nightmare to me. Sometimes I had to hold my head out of the window to see if we were still on the road. Once we got stuck and used the board on our load to get out.

When we finally got back, Dad drove right to the cash store and joined the uncles around the stove. We began to laugh and tell about the trip back. I felt like we had just been through the "Valley of Death" and here was my dad joking about the great adventure.

I can remember real plain the terrible catastrophe of Rex Lee. Wayne and I were staying with Aunt Armina when the phone rang. Uncle Art had called to tell us that Rex Lee was lost. I don't remember when we heard the news that he had been shot and killed. I do remember going with Daddy and Mother in a pickup to Flagstaff to bring the body home. I also remember how badly Daddy felt about the loss of Rex Lee. He said that some of the bullets he and Rex Lee had loaded would shoot deeper into the tree with more penetration than the factory kind.

My dad made friends with everyone, but he was especially fond of Rex Lee. It was difficult for him to get up and testify as he did at the trial of John Kiono. He was sick for a long

time after the trial.

Gladys tells us of the closeness of Lynn and his son, Harvey. "When they were working together in the woods, Harvey became Lynn's right hand. They developed a certain sound when they whistled which they used only for each other. This whistle was used a lot—like when they lost eye contact while in the woods, etc. All they would have to do was whistle and they would know exactly where the other person was.

Just before Harvey died he lost consciousness. During this time Harvey would whistle ... It just about killed Lynn because he knew what it meant.

While we were in California in 1934, the doctors told Lynn he did not have long to live if he did not have the operation on his stomach.

Lynn owned a freight line and service station while living in California. In the winter of 1935 they moved from the sawmill into St. Johns.

"There was a planer at our home in St. Johns." Gladys remembers, "That they had used for the lumber. Harvey had pinched his hand on this planer. We did not think it was too serious, although a large piece of flesh was gone and he said it was quite sore. We did not think it was going to cause any problems, so we left Lola, Harvey and Ivy with Grandma Whiting while we went to Utah to get some cattle.

Lola continues the story, "While Mom and Dad were gone, for some reason Harvey, Ivy and I went back out to our home to stay. Grandma had been soaking Harvey's hand several times a day. I continued this practice when we returned to our home. When Dad and Mom returned they had the doctor look at Harvey because they thought he had the flu. However, the doctor thought

it was pneumonia and gave him a shot. A few hours later he lost consciousness.

Lynn and Gladys left immediately to take Harvey to a specialist in Los Angeles. They got as far as Holbrook and were advised by a doctor there to stay the night. They were told that he would get better by midnight or he would get worse. They waited and he died that night. This was December 29, 1935.

"Dad blamed himself for Harvey's death." recalls Lola. "He reasoned that it would not have happened if he had taken the kids with him. He was upset with himself because he let what others said and thought about us being in school influence him."

"I think this situation of Harvey's death is about what killed Lynn. He could not take the grief. Although he got sick with his stomach, the same way he usually did, it lasted much longer than normal. He was ill from early in the month until he died February 11, 1936," Gladys shares.

"I think Dad knew he was going to go early in life because he was always planning for when he was gone." Lola continues. "He said the mill was for Harvey. The cattle would be for Rex and Wayne. He was building a theatre for Ivy and I. Everything he did was for his family. He worried about mother having an income so she would not need to work.

Just before he left for Utah to get the cattle, Dad gave me instructions about what we were to do concerning the family. We were to stay together no matter what happened. He told Harvey and I that we were old enough to care for the children and keep them together at home. The important thing was staying together as a family.

Gladys remembers that Lynn's parents helped the family a

lot after Lynn's death. She believes they could not have made it without that help. One incident she remembers is when she was sent to Seattle, Washington, to see doctors for various health problems. "Art never questioned me about how much money it took or how I spent it. I greatly appreciated this because I had the problems that come with raising a family by myself."

Wayne, Lynn's youngest son, has the following memories of his father.

"I was approximately seven years old when my father died. However, when I try, I can remember much more than I thought about things that happened before my father passed away. I can't remember much about his looks or voice or his mannerisms, just that the family was happy and we always seemed to be together. I probably remember more about my brother Harvey and the way he looked and talked. My dad and Harvey were very close and were continuously discussing the work that had to be done and how it was to be done.

After my dad and Harvey passed away, the family was sad and very insecure and we went through a long period of mourning. My mother would often cry and became over-protective of her children. Nevertheless, my mother was dedicated to one purpose and that was her children and she was determined that she would be both mother and father to us.

I know she stuck very close to the values and principles my father had clung to so dearly and she found great strength in this. In all my life I have never heard my mother say anything negative about my father and she would always quote him when trying to impress manly attitudes in us and virtues so necessary in learning to live in a fatherless world.

From the first I instinctively understood my mother's love for my father and her determination to bring their life to a successful conclusion. She dedicated herself to the raising of her children as she felt my father would have done, and today had never varied from this single duty.

When possible, she worked for wages as a cook, in a dry cleaners, as a maid in a hotel, and any place she could provide additional income for her family. In consumer finance she managed on what little income she had and I never remember wanting for necessities. I knew the Lord was with her and guided and directed her in this task. I also know my father is well pleased with my mother and has prepared for their reunion, anxiously awaiting her return to her Father in Heaven so they can get on with their lives together.

Kay and Marlynn never knew their father, but they share these thoughts and feelings.

"I think the reason my mother still had the strength to go on after my father and older brother, Harvey, died was the promise she had made to dad." Kayennis tell us, "She had promised to take care of his children and to have Uncle Art advise her in business dealings. As far as I know my mother has gone to Art for advice on everything. As far as I can tell she did everything Dad asked her to do."

I remember wanting to go to the fourth of July races, but I didn't have a good dress to wear. Mother got up early and by nine in the morning she had Marlynn and I new dresses. She never wasted a bit of material, from what was left over she would make ribbons to go in our hair. I think this is a good example of her thrift. She reminds me of a little saying that goes like this—

"I have done so much for so long with so little, I am now qualified to do anything with nothing."

Gladys was about four when her mother died. She was very close to her mother even at such a young age. Looking back, she remembers this story of her grief. "My bedroom had vines growing up the outside of the window and a ledge to sit on inside. One night my father was after dark coming home. I was lonely. I sat on the ledge in my room and began to cry. I cried so hard that I lost my balance and fell out of the window into the vines. I just laid there and sobbed until my father came home and found me. To cheer me up he made a sugar tit for me to suck."

When she was about five, Gladys remembers having the job of watering the plants to keep them alive until it rained. She would put one cupful on each plant. This may not seem too much of a task until you understand that it took her and her brother a full day to water one-third of the garden. By the time they had finished one watering, it was time to begin again.

Marlynn and I many times watched as mother would fix nutritious meals from scratch. Mother never threw anything away, it seems like we never had any leftovers to feed our farm animals. Over the years Marlynn and I have watched and taken note of her very thrifty ways and talents as a cook. We have compiled many of these talents in a cookbook which will be dedicated to our mother. The book will be published by Deseret Book Company and is to be off the press September of this year.

She is now bent with age and on crutches, but she is still the great woman we have all grown to love. Probably her greatest point is and has been her ability to keep our father's memory alive and strong in the hearts of her

children.

Marlynn gives us these thoughts. "Some of my fondest memories are sitting on a wooden bench that Grandpa Whiting made and listening to Mom tell stories while waxing the kitchen floor with kerosene and paraffin wax.

Another memory from when I was just a child was during the thunder and lightning storm in St. Johns. Because she was afraid, Mom would sit us all in the middle of the room, someone had told her it was safer there. No one was allowed near the water pipes during storms.

Although we were not too well off as we grew up, we were happy, free and close. All this because of such a great mother who could make a little seem like such a lot. I would not change a thing.

I would have loved to have known my father. However, that was not possible. Therefore, I have created an image and great love for him through my mom and my brothers and sisters.

Conclusion: Whenever any of us met someone who knew we were Lynn's children, they always left us with a feeling of their great respect and love for our father.

MANY THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING:

AUNT GLADYS AND HER ENTIRE FAMILY: For their efforts to get this publication ready to print.

AUNT ELDA BROWN: For her continued encouragement and support.

BRENT BROWN: For editing and typing some of the articles.

EARNEST J. WHITING FAMILY TRUST: For their generous contribution so that we can publish this edition.

MISS LISA JONES: My secretary, for her typing the entire Whiting Tree as well as many in the past.

ROY WILHELM: For his fine article about Uncle Lynn and his family.

ALL OTHERS THAT MADE A WRITTEN CONTRIBUTION TO THIS WHITING TREE.

I am sure that Uncle Lynn, Harvey and the other members of Uncle Lynn and Gladys' family that have entered the spirit world would rejoice if they could see the wonderful response that we have received to make this a special issue of the Whiting Tree.

We would like to especially honor Aunt Gladys in this issue of the Whiting Tree. As I visited with her in the home of her daughter, Marlynn, and to see Aunt Gladys doing as well as she is thrilled me. Her mind is so clear and although she is somewhat confined to a wheelchair, this has in no way deterred her from being a wonderful mother and her family loves to have her around and to take care of her. I was very proud of my cousins for their kindness to their mother. She

is a wonderful Mother, Grandmother and loved one to each of the members of the Whiting and Waite families. I only regret that I haven't been able to associate with her more. God bless you Aunt Gladys.

(1)

Sunday 9. a.m.
April 8-17

Miss Gladys Waite.

Dearest Gladys. to day is easter. and you dont know how I would like to be with you.

The mail has come three times since I have been here but non from you but I know there is a reason. and I know you will be glad to here from me. this is the first time I have had a Chance

-This letter was written to Aunt Gladys from Uncle Lynn on April 8, 1917. They were married later. This truly shows the love that he had for Aunt Gladys.

to write to you.
When I am out on the hills
alone all day I only think
of you and what I would
like to tell you and
when I get home I
can't begin to put it
on paper like I want it.
Minnie is going out
for a horse back ride
I think she will come
down here. I stay up
home every night so
it isent so lonesome
as I thought it would

be. (only for you).
Say isent that
awful to think that
United States is realy
in war.
I think they would be
coming up after me only
they know what a
coward I am.
It seames like I havint
seen you for over a year
and I guess it will realy
be that long befor I do
see you. Oh. Gladys that
seems so long you dont know

me all about what kind
of a time you have today.
Kay, Ray and Dr. Brown
came up last night. they
are going back to night
It kinda gives me the blues
to see them go back with
out me. but I can stand it
when I think of how happy
we'll be some time.
Dow. is here working for
me. he said his dad would
be up. monday or Tuesday
I sure hope he brings

me a letter from you.
Well there isent any news
up here. and I guess this
is a dry old letter. but I
cant help it for I feel that
way my self.
I hope you are all right
Gladys. and having a good
time for we both for I am
not!
Well good bye with
love from
Lynn A. Whiting

MY BROTHER LYNN

By Elda W. Brown

I often think of my brother just older than me. The first memories I have of Lynn are when he had such bad sick spells. I'm not sure how often, but I think every week or two. The doctors never did find the cause until Lynn was a grown man. They were puzzled and finally decided it was Hiatal Hernia. Today they can handle this very well.

When we were small our family spent the summers at the meadows. Once we had a dumb, mean burro named Chuck. Lynn, Myn and I got on him one day. We tried to make him go up a steep rocky hill. The burro ran home and we had to walk two miles, with our skinned knees and heads.

Another time at the meadows Ma had gone to town and Pa was out in the field. Lynn always thought up our games and told us what to do. Lynn decided we'd bait the chickens. Ma didn't approve of this and warned us to be careful. We would tie a piece of bread on a long string, then we'd let a chicken swallow it. We would lead the chicken around for a while and then pull up the bread. After a while we tired of this and Lynn saw Ma's prize turkey near. He got a real stout string and tied a bigger piece of hard bread on it. The turkey had a hard time swallowing that but finally did and our fun began. The old bird got mad and madder and finally jerked the string out of Lynn's hand. Finally the gobbler climbed up on the shed. Lynn went up after him, but he tried to jump off and the string caught and there hung Mother's pet, choking to death. We yelled so loud that Pa heard us and came running. He saw our problem and quick as a wink he pulled out his knife and cut the string. We never again baited the chickens.

Lynn always loved to go with Pa to work in the garden, do chores or any outside work. Myn would rather stay home with Ma as the sun meant more freckles. Lynn was a good mechanic and I think he learned this by working with Pa in the blacksmith shop.

Lynn loved all animals, but especially horses. He was a good rider and a good horse trainer. When Lynn was about 12, Pa bought him a little Indian mare named Navie (Navajo) for $3.00 and a five-pound bucket of honey. She was kind of mean and tricky, so I never rode her much, but Lynn did even though he fell off when she jumped sideways. Lynn didn't want us to tell Pa, as he was afraid he'd stop him from riding her. Navie had a colt that was the best horse our family ever owned. Lynn named him Minute and trained him to be so gentle, a good cow horse and racer. Three or four children could ride him bareback. He won many races and helped Lynn with the chariot race.

One summer when we lived at Hunt, Pa found a little baby antelope by its dead mother. He brought it home and we raised it on the bottle. It was the best and cutest pet we ever had. One day we took it to St. Johns when we went up for the 24th celebration. Our friends all came to see our pet. We fed it some green alfalfa and it died. We all wept bitterly.

Once Lynn had some sheep, goats, pigs and other animals. The goats were a nuisance and would climb everywhere. One day someone left the car door open and when Lynn went out after dinner, two goats were in the car and had eaten all the upholstery. Lynn was so mad that soon he had no goats. One time when his son, Rex, was very small, Lynn took him to the mountains for a load of lumber. Rex had on a brand new pair of bib overalls. Lynn was too busy to pay attention to Rex and

he had an accident. Lynn couldn't decide what to do. There was a stream of water near, so Lynn took his pocket knife and cut off the levis, then doused Rex in that cold icy water until he was clean. He took Rex home without clothes. Gladys was really mad. She said it wouldn't have been so bad if he brought the levis home, but she was glad Rex didn't have pneumonia.

Lynn had one of the first radios in St. Johns. Our family often went to listen to the good programs. We spent much time with Lynn's family, as they had children the same ages as ours. Lynn loved music. He had a good voice and sang a lot, mostly at home and to his children. Some of the songs I remember were "The Hunted Hunter," "Little Joe the Wrangler," "Billy Venero," and many others. He used to sing a lot with his very good friend when he played his guitar.

Lynn was a natural-born actor. All of our family liked to take parts and some were pretty good, but we all agreed that Lynn was the best. He took the part of "Pierre" in "The Two Orphans," and could make the audience weep, then change to the best comedy. Grover Brown, my brother-in-law, said he's seen the very best plays and shows in Los Angeles and Phoenix and he would much rather hear Lynn tell stories than see any of these.

Lynn was in a lot of different businesses, he bought the Chapman farm from my father across the street from the fairgrounds. He and his family lived there until he died and Gladys lived there for a long time after. When Lynn married Gladys, she was such a slim, pretty, shy little girl. I think it was hard for her to get used to our noisy family. She did and we all loved her. She was so close to Mother and Father.

Gladys was a very good and patient mother. She loved and enjoyed her babies. Lynn was a good father and was very close to

his children. I felt so bad for Lynn and Gladys when they lost their babies. Gladys was an important part of our family.

Lynn bought blooded sheep Rambouillet from Madsen and Seeley in Utah. He did well with these and sold them in the nearby towns, Holbrook, Snowflake and Round Valley. John Heward told me he bought a few from Lynn and later traded them to the Whiting Brothers for a car.

Lynn was a great trader and he loved to make bargains. He traded off and bought a lot of old cars and other things. Once he had a lot of pigs. They increased so fast and ate so much that he was really sick of them. Finally he decided he would not trade with anyone unless they would agree to take a free pig in the bargain.

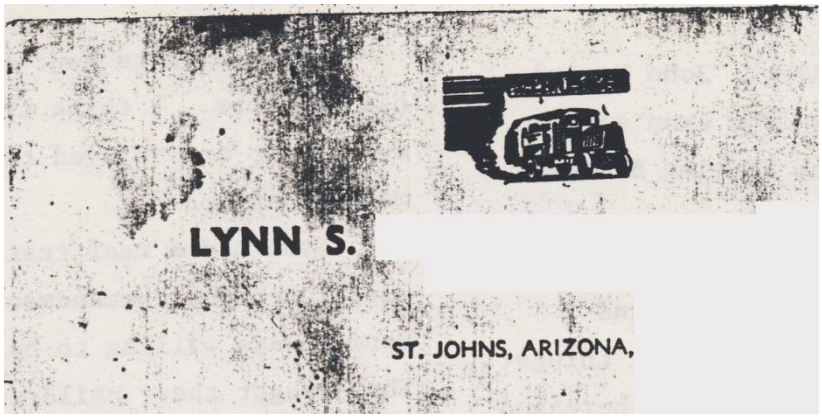
Lynn loved to hunt as did all of his brothers. I think Lynn looked forward to and enjoyed these trips as much as anyone.

Lynn had a real testimony and never questioned the commandments. He and Gladys were always willing to help those in need. They taught their children the gospel. They were such a close family.

As far back as I can remember, I enjoyed this older brother and really missed him when he had to go.

GLADYS WAITE WHITING

LYNN S.



LYNN S. WHITING LUMBER MILLS

WHOLESALE LUMBER

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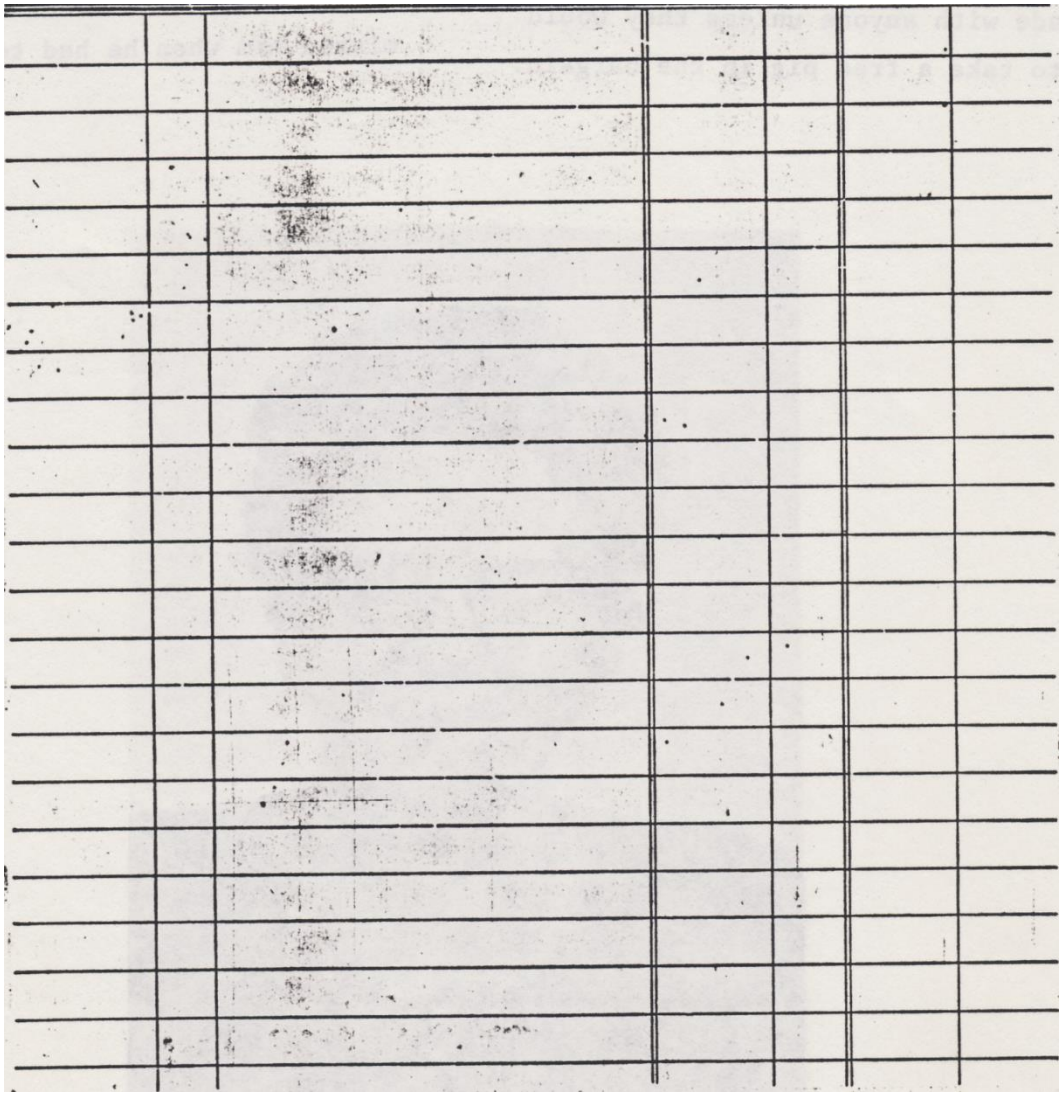


A copy of Uncle Lynn's business statement while running the sawmill and his other business endeavors.

MY BROTHER LYNN

By Myn Priestly

Lynn was the first of the nine children of Mother and Dad's to leave us. He died when he was only 43 years old. We missed him in so many ways. He had never been quite as healthy as the rest of us, so Mother and Father kept a close watch over him. He was especially close to his parents and all of his brothers and sisters because he was home more. He did more to bring joy and laughter into our home than anyone in the family. Even after he married Gladys, they were constantly doing things with and for our parents.

After Lynn was gone, our family dinners and get-togethers were never quite the same. Without a doubt, his talent for telling stories has never been equaled in our family or anywhere else that I know of. His ability to act on the stage either comedy or tragedy was a match for any professional actor. Our family produced many plays during those years in St. Johns to help make extra money for the Ward. Lynn was the star of those plays.

Lynn was a good brother. He was not able to fill a full time mission away from home, yet his testimony was very strong. In fact, when we were alone sometimes, he would tell me how much the gospel meant to him. He loved the Lord and did his best to live up to everything the Lord wanted him to do.

Lynn and Gladys were sealed in the Salt Lake City Temple for time and eternity. Lynn was not as healthy as the rest of us, but Gladys had nine children and six of those children are still alive. Also, they have beautiful grandchildren. Gladys is still with them, and I am sure Lynn blesses her today for his

wonderful family. Many of their grandchildren have filled missions and are busy in the church. The Lynn and Gladys Whiting family is a choice one to have on our family tree.

Harvey, their oldest son died when he was only 15 years old. That was the sorrow of their lives, but it never affected their faith. The sad part was that not many months later, Lynn died and Gladys was left to go on alone. What a wonderful job she has done even though her health has not been that good.

Lynn and Gladys' children are very dear to me. I think I was close to them not only because Lynn was my brother, but Gladys was like a sister to me. I was still living at home and spent much time with them. They met my husband before I did as they had been to Los Angeles to see the doctor and stayed at the same hotel. Gladys told me about him and said "Ma better not let you go over there because I think you will like him." You cannot think of Lynn without thinking of Gladys. She was such a good cook! No matter what she served it was the best. Gladys was never unkind to anyone. They loved each other and were a happy couple who were together constantly.

Lynn spent some time in Chicago before he was married. Lynn went there to study and learn about cars. He lived with Herbert and Frank who were there studying for their degrees in dentistry and medicine. After Lynn came home, Dad bought a car (I think it was a Maxwell) and shortly thereafter, we went on a trip to Springerville with Dad, Mother and Eddie. Eddie kept telling Lynn how to drive until Pa told him to stop telling him anything because he had never driven a car and he thought Lynn would do better on his own because he was the one we sent to Chicago to learn about cars. Eddie responded, "Well I know the

theory," and Pa said "We need more than theory." I felt prouder to ride in that car with Lynn driving than any car since. Lynn taught all the rest of us to drive.

I must mention Lynn's love for animals. It seems he was blessed with a special talent for caring and making friends with his pets, especially horses. Everyone in the family has probably heard of old "Minute." Lynn raised and trained that horse so that he developed into one of the best horses ever.

Lola was their oldest child. She had dark hair and was the same age as Elda's Geraldine and Eddie's Erma and they were close cousins. Lola was close to her Mother too, especially after her Daddy died. She did much to help Gladys during those trying times.

Next came Ivy who was always busy and insisted on doing the housework, even when she was small. She has added her good children to our family and from the things I hear, we should be proud of them.

The next ones are Rex and Wayne and their lovely wives and families and even though I have not been with them often these past years, I love them just as much as I ever did and it's the kind of love that never grows dim.

Next in line comes Kayennes and Marlynn. I did so enjoy them when they came to Californi for a year or two. I could write a book about that time in our lives and I can only say I loved having them here with their Mother. Rex and Marjorie and Wayne and Billy came and lived here awhile too. It was great for me to have them come and I

wish we could do it all over again.

LYNN S. WHITING

By Arthur C. Whiting

I think much of my wisdom came from the years I spent with my brother, Lynn, as a boy. I feel that he was the sharpest trader in the family and if his health had been normal, he would have been well off and successful in business.

He had a sense of humor that drew many people around just to hear him tell his stories. Grover Brown said you never could know how funny a situation was until you heard Lynn tell it.

The whole family enjoyed father's stage plays and we all did our best, but Lynn was supreme. He could have made his way in the movies if his health had not held him back.

Lynn was a real good hunter and I couldn't guess how many antelope, deer and turkey he killed in his life.

He was a good camp cook and as he prepared supper on the side of the road, while his mules grazed nearby. The food tasted like a gourmet meal. Of course after a seven hour ride on a load of lumber, maybe the appetite was ready for camp fire cooking.

He was an expert horseman and he was the one that trained old "Minute" the famous horse that Ralph roped on. Minute won chariot races and horse races. I have seen as many as four kids riding on "Minute" and he seemed to take care of them like a person.

UNCLE LYNN WHITING

By Elma Smith

(Niece)

I was fortunate to be raised in the same town with Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys. Our families spent a lot of time together as we had cousins the same age. I never think of Uncle Lynn without thinking of Harvey who was my age. He always said he was going to build me a castle when we got big and I believe he would have, had he lived.

One summer, Mom and Dad went back East to buy some cars with Uncle Ralph and Grandpa and Grandma Whiting. Mother hired her cousin to babysit the five children, Geraldine, Elma, Nathel, Louine and Jack. A few days after Mom and Dad left, the cousin babysitter had to leave for college so she asked Uncle Lynn to take care of us. Just before Uncle Lynn came for us I was helping Geraldine do the chores and while I was trying to pull the calf away from its mother, my shoe came off and I hit a broken board and ran dozens of slivers into the inside of my right foot. Boy, it hurt! The rest of the time that we stayed at Uncle Lynn's home, I was almost an invalid. In those days, the bathrooms were outside and I remember that Harvey would pull me out there and then wait patiently to haul me back in his wagon. He spent much time playing games with me in the house when he could have been outside. I am sure that five extra children (one who could not walk and Jack (who got sick) were a burden on Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys but they made us feel so welcome just like we were part of the family.

We used to go out to Uncle Lynn's and listen to the radio. We children learned to never talk during the programs. The ones I remember best are Amos and Andy, Fiber MaGee and

Molly, and One Man's Family. We always had refreshments afterwards. One time we went out there for a radio program and either Dad or Uncle Lynn said, "I'd surely like to see the Indian Pow Wow in Gallup tomorrow!" The other one said "OK, let's go!" We rushed home for our clothes, food and bedding and away we went. We went part way and slept in the cedars. As I laid there looking at the stars, I thought "Boy, this is really living, hope I can do things like this when I have a family." We enjoyed the Pow Wow.

I had only two boy cousins my age and both of them died with blood poisoning. Albert, who was Uncle Frank's and Aunt Martha's boy passed away at 8 years, and Harvey was a freshman in high school. I had never lived around Albert, but when Harvey died it was such a big loss to me. Harvey passed away first and about 6 weeks later Uncle Lynn passed away. It was a sad time for all of us. We missed Uncle Lynn because he was so witty and could say and do the funniest things. Uncle Lynn always made our family parties such fun with his stories.

So glad I knew Uncle Lynn and his family.

Net Weight .....

Choice White Clover

HONEY

If the contents of this package granulate, set it on two sticks in water no hotter than hand will bear, leaving it there until honey liquefies. Keep honey in a warm, dry place.

From the Apiaries of

MRS. LYNN WHITING

St. Johns, Arizona

REFLECTIONS ON GLADYS WHITING

By Wendell Waters
(Grandson)

My earliest memories of my grandmother consist of every morning walking a quarter mile to her house to be with her. She was always in the kitchen working. Grandma always made me feel that I was the most important person in the world. She made me a snack or a cup of broth, she talked to me and most important, she listened to me, a little boy. She did this with other grandchildren too.

A couple of times I hurt myself quite badly and my mother would rush me up to Grandma's. Grandma never seemed to get excited. She just took her time, calmed me down and helped fix my hurts.

Two things have always impressed me about my Grandmother in spite of all her problems and ill health. I can never remember hearing her complain about anything concerning herself.

I can only remember one time that she had something bad to say about someone. Whenever anyone would be talked about in a nasty way, she would always excuse their actions and say good things about them. She would always say "Look for the good in people, you'll be a much better person if you spend your time looking for the good things in life, anyone can find the bad."

I am very thankful for my parents and their parents, etc. Thank you Gladys for everything.

LYNN SULLIVAN WHITING

Age 16

LYNN SULLIVAN WHITING Age 16

UNCLE LYNN

By Ray Brown
(nephew)

Although I feel inadequate to the task, I will try to comment on Uncle Lynn as requested.

He studied auto mechanics in Chicago. Also he did some farming and hauling lumber, etc. Once we were at Concho with a Model T Ford which wouldn't go. An inspection showed a burned out bearing. Uncle Lynn fixed it with a piece of greased leather and it ran on home.

He had trouble with this health in that his food did not go into his stomach properly. This was a difficult thing in a world where hard physical work was so important. Then men were needed who had "large shirts and small hats." There were no "soft jobs." Life consisted of chopping wood, fence posts, post holes, harnessing horses and mules, building houses, farming, milking cows, etc.

Along with the rest of the family he enjoyed his dramatics and plays. Wherever Uncle Lynn was, someone was being entertained. He could tell almost any happening so that it sounded like a "ball."

I remember his telling about himself and others who went from Arizona to Chicago to study. They didn't know how to dispose of the garbage so they put the cobs of green corn down the toilet. The plumber who was called to unclog the drains had trouble describing the " " yokels from out west. The way Uncle Lynn told the story can't be duplicated.

His sister, Aunt Myn, was offered a big salary in Hollywood as a singer, which she refused for personal reasons. Someone encouraged Lynn to try Hollywood as a comedian. He got an audition. He had prepared nothing. (He didn't need to!) But when the experts asked, "Well, what do you do?" he was so embarrassed he never went back.

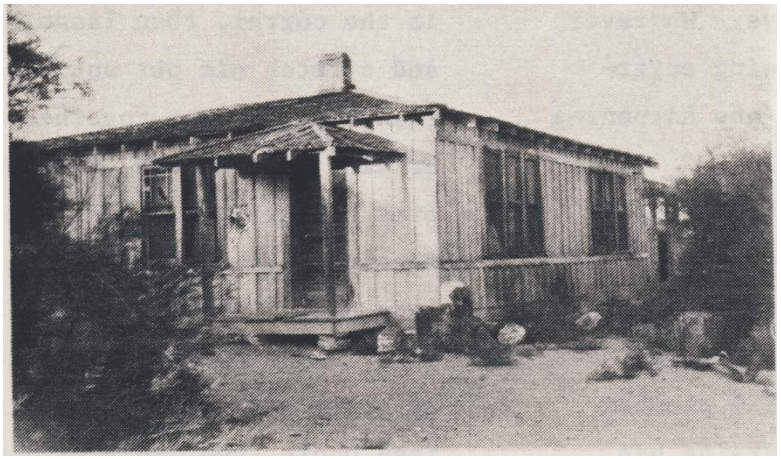
I remember spending several months at the Homestead during the epidemic of influenza which was killing people all over the nation. Both he and I were not in very good health so we avoided exposure. While there we had only one tame mule and one very wild one. To go to town in a buggy we had to harness the wild mule. Uncle Lynn had to throw him down to put a harness on him. To throw him he had to first

rope (lasso) him, then tie him to a tree in the corral, then lasso his hind feet and stretch him out until he fell down, then tie his feet together

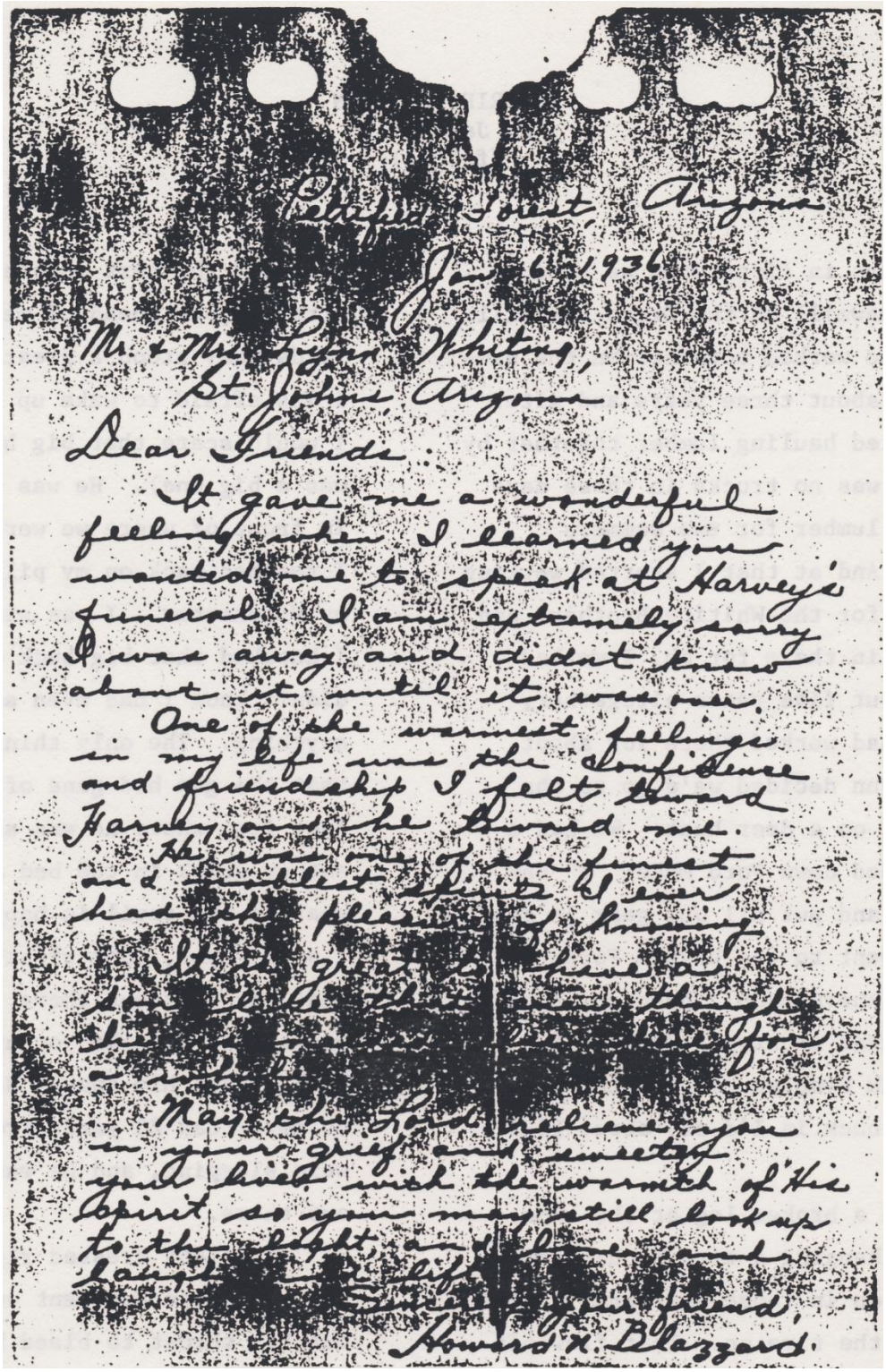
and put on a bridle, and harness, then put a blindfold over his eyes, then let him up and maneuver him to the buggy. Then with a long stick fasten his harness to the buggy (Uncle Lynn claimed the mule could kick an apple off the top of his head). Then Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys got in the buggy and I had to pull the blind off the mule's eyes and jump in the back of the buggy as he began to run. Fortunately, I was able to catch on because that mule didn’t stop running for nearly eight miles. He was dragging both the buggy and the tame mule.

Once we had a mule balk. She wouldn’t move at all, no amount of beating would make her move. It was a distressing experience for me. Finally she did go. (It is reported that one man built a fire under a balky mule. The mule moved only far enough to burn the wagon).

Ice cream used to mean a freezer full (3 to 5 gallons). Uncle Lynn used to make it. Of course it constituted a full meal – but it was fun. Everyone loved him and we all miss him.



CHAPMAN HOUSE



Petrified Forest, Arizona

Jan 6 1936

Mr. & Mrs. Lynn Whiting,
St. Johns, Arizona

Dear Friends:

It gave me a wonderful feeling when I learned you wanted me to speak at Harvey's funeral. I am extremely sorry I was away and didnt know about it until it was over.

One of the warmest feelings in my life was the confidence and friendship I felt toward Harvey and he toward me.

He was one of the finest and noblest spirits I ever had the pleasure of knowing.

It is great to have a son [illegible] though [illegible] for a [illegible]

May the Lord relieve you in your grief and sweeten your lives with the warmth of His spirit so you may still look up to the light, and love and laugh [illegible] life.

Sincerely your friend,
Howard N. Blazzard.

V

This letter was written to Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys at the time of Harvey's death. He was Harvey's teacher in school and had been asked to speak at his funeral services. Howard N. Blazzard was a friend of the family.

MEMORIES OF LYNN

By Jake Neal
(friend)

I'll start in first when we used to work on the sawmill on the Greens Peak mill. Lynn and I, we worked together on the sawmill I think about three years and after that we started hauling lumber together by team. There was no trucks in those days so we hauled lumber for two summers after that. And at that I started working in the store for the Whiting Brothers and I had worked in there for oh, I worked there for about five years altogether, but after I had worked there for about two years, Lynn decided we'd go to the Kaibab Forest on a deer hunt. We had a little stripped down Ford Model "T" car. We got in it and put all our gear in the back and we went to the Kaibab Forest. At that time there hadn't been any hunting going up in that country I don't think ever. I think Lynn and I were the first. That was way back in I'd say about 1925 or 1926.

Lynn had a broken leg at the time. He had been changing a tire on his truck. They was put on in those days that clamped, down to hold the tire on. That flew off and hit him on the leg and broke it. That was just shortly before we was going to go on this hunting trip. Lynn didn't let that bother him. He loved to hunt. We got up to the place they call Pine Flat there in the Kaibab Forest. We had one camp bed. We were both sleeping in that camp bed. I woke a little before Lynn did the next morning and looked straight out ahead of me and about 25 yards away stood a great big buck deer. I was afraid to wake up Lynn for fear I would scare that big buck (and he was a big one). He was directly out in front of where we were sleeping. I reached back on my pillow and got my Winchester. I was sitting

up in bed—I knocked that big buck down. Lynn didn't know I had even seen a deer or anything. The only thing he knew was that the gun had gone off about three feet from where he was sleeping. He sat up quick in the bed and said "Jake, what in the devil is happening here?" I said "Lynn, look right out there. See that big buck out there. I seen him and was afraid to wake you up for fear I would scare him away. He was standing no more than 25 yards from where we were sleeping, and he was still kicking out there.

Lynn got dressed right quick and got his crutch and we went out there and cut his throat to bleed him and get him ready.

That night when we went to bed he said "No more shooting deer in the night while I'm sleeping." It took him half an hour to get over there to where the Winchester had gone off that night about two or three feet from his head.

Lynn hadn't gotten his deer the next morning when I had killed mine. So I went with him because he was still crippled up, to see if we could pick him up one. He was prodding along on them crutches and we had went about a mile from where our camp was. All at once we heard horses running. There was a ranger station there that rented out horses to people for so much a day. (We never got a horse, Lynn figured he could make it on his crutches. We were going slow). Pretty quick this fellow came in on a horse. The horse was just covered with sweat and almost exhausted. He came up to where we were and said "Did you see a big buck come this way? (He was a fellow from out California - Los Angeles. One of those greenhorns that had come hunting). We said "No, we hadn't seen any coming this way." "Well," he said, "I know he came this way and I am on his trail." He hit his old horse with that old switch he had and he took right straight down that trail. If there had been a deer within ten

miles they would have scared him to death. Lynn just sat down on the ground and just laughed and laughed. He couldn't get over that.

All the Whiting brothers, Ed, Ralph, Lynn and the whole bunch decided they wanted to go the next year, so Lynn and I, we went with them and we went back to the same piece of country and some of us took cars and they took a truck. Each one that year was allowed two. You could get a buck or a doe and two bucks and a doe. You was allowed two each party. I don't know, I think there must have been about five or six of us together and I remember everyone of us got our two that we were allowed to get and we had the whole back of that truck filled up with venison.

I remember there was a bunch of children along and that might have been the year I was an old trapper, but Lynn had not ever did any trapping. In those days I was making pretty good money trapping bobcats and coyotes and things like that you know. Lynn went with me one fall and I was teaching him how to trap and we trapped together all that one winter. I remember he and I kind of grew up together. We were almost like brothers.

I worked at the store (Whiting Brothers) and after work it was dark and we would go out and put traps down right beside the road so we could see by car light. Then catch it and bring it on back, then reset the traps.

I remember Gladys went to Parowan, Utah with us to buy a bunch of buck sheep. He was trying to get in the sheep business. We took a truck and brought back a bunch of rams. He had a bunch of ewes but he wanted to breed them with some good high grade lambs and they sold them there at Parowan, Utah. We camped out all along the road going and coming and I remember that Gladys was along.

MY UNCLE LYNN S. WHITING
By Jay Whiting

I was 18 years old when Uncle Lynn died. I was old enough to remember him well, and had it not been for the time he came to live in California, I would have missed some of the most wonderful memories that I remember of him and his family. I can still remember the many times of going to their home and the wonderful meals that I have had there.

My earliest memories of Uncle Lynn's family is going to the "Chapman Place" to visit. One of the things that will always stand out was the sheep and goats that he had. I can well remember watching the goats walk the fences, and I think that they could have climbed on the barn the way they jumped around. I remember when some of them ate some of the upholstery of our car. I also remember the watermelons that we would get there. I remember that Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys always took their family with them and I think that we all envied them for this. I am sure that because of Uncle Lynn's illness and knowing that he might not be with them always, he wanted to make every day count with his family. He was a complete success at this. Aunt Gladys had a way about her to make you feel at home anytime you went to see them.

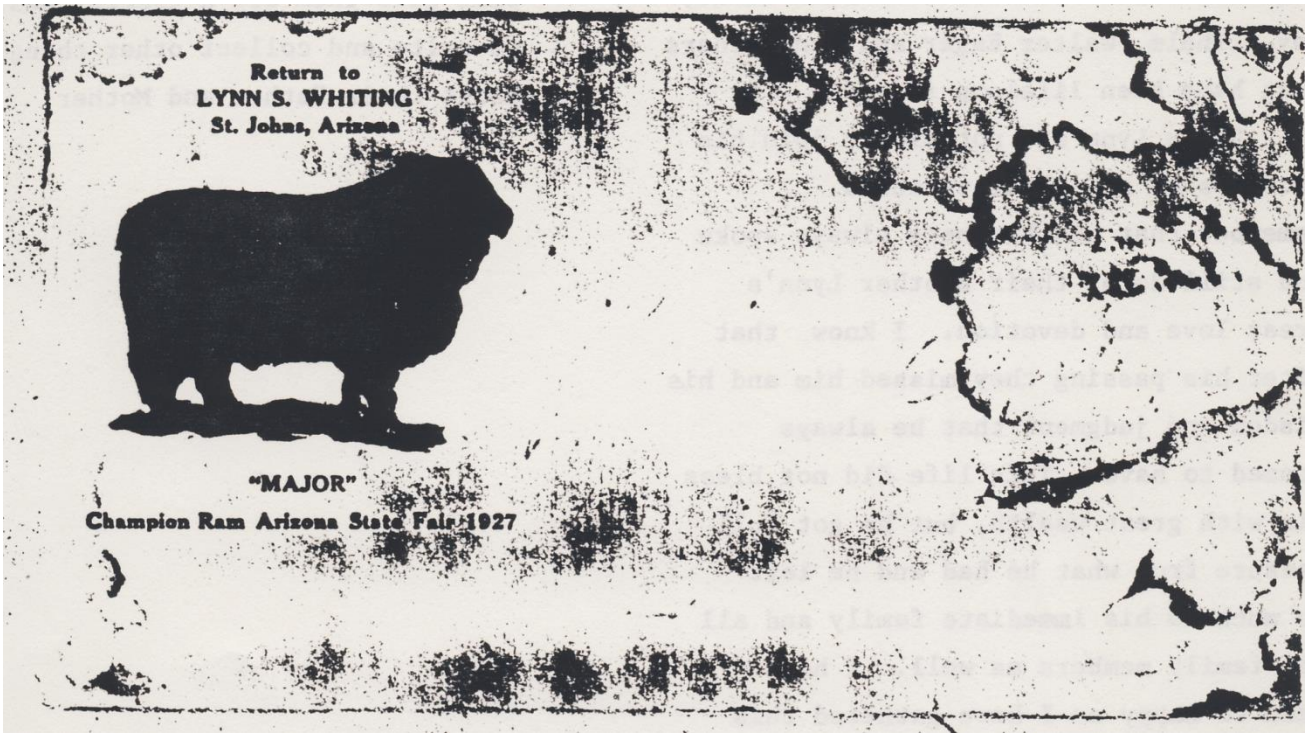
I can't remember all the theatrical presentations that was given by the family, but I do remember some of them, and I appreciated, as it seems everyone else did, the abilities that Uncle Lynn had on the stage. He was a real character actor. He loved to tell stories and I remember that he could always make one up if there hadn't been something exciting happen that day.

We moved to Los Angeles in the summer of 1933. It was not

long after this that Uncle Lynn and his family came out here. I remember they moved to Alhambra and lived not too far from us. I remember going to church with Lola and Harvey. Uncle Lynn ran a service station at 32nd Street & Main Street in Los Angeles and from this location the first Whiting Brothers freight line trucks operated. Uncle Lynn had a truck and Uncle Eddie had one and the brothers in Holbrook had a couple. I worked for Uncle Lynn and I remember well catching the red car near our home and riding it to downtown Los Angeles and then the streetcar to 32nd Street. I sometimes worked a little late and I remember that it was a real adventure for me to go home downtown Los Angeles and then on to Alhambra. Uncle Lynn was very kind to me and trusted me with the service station. It was so much fun to go down there and go with the drivers and pick up freight and get the trucks ready to go back to Arizona. It was during this time that I got acquainted with fellows like Bill Burke, Roy Wilhelm, Walter Eager and many others that have been lifelong friends.

Uncle Lynn did not always join his brothers on all their ventures. I remember that his brothers always spoke and still do of their brother Lynn's great love and devotion. I know that after his passing they missed him and his wisdom and judgment that he always seemed to have. This life did not bless him with great wealth, but he got full measure from what he had and he left so much to his immediate family and all the family members as well. I have been so happy as I have gathered this information for the Whiting Tree to have everyone that I have asked about Uncle Lynn to tell me how much they loved him and how much he loved everyone. He always seemed to have time for everyone.

Harvey was four years younger than I, but I remember him well. He always had some gadgets going around him. I remember in Alhambra that he had a radio that he had made, a door bell that would ring and several other little things that were a marvel to me. I am sure with the mind that he had for electronics and all, that he would have been a wizard with all the computers and things that we have today. He was truly one of my very special cousins. I would like to let Aunt Gladys and her wonderful family, know how much I appreciate them and hope this little contribution of the Whiting Tree will give them all a greater desire to write and collect other things about their Father and Mother.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LYNN S. WHITING
St. Johns, Arizona
"MAJOR"
Champion Ram Arizona State Fair 1927

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LYNN SULLIVAN WHITING
By Ruth Lewis

Lynn Whiting was born on the 19th of November 1893, in Mapleton, Utah. He was the 6th child of Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson. He was only about 7 when the family moved to Arizona.

I try to remember the things my mother told me and the things I remember about him. He was one of my most favorite people. Uncle Lynn was suffering with stomach problems for most of his life, I guess. I remember my mother telling me about his stomach, but I am confused about whether she said that he swallowed some lye when he was very young or whether they wondered if he had.

When Dad was in medical school, Uncle Lynn went to Chicago to learn about auto mechanics. In those days automobiles were very new. I think Mother said the first auto they rode in was when Nora died in 1913. The uncles rented a car for our family to go to St. Johns from Holbrook and take Nora's body. I'm sure that was my first automobile ride. Perhaps it was shortly after that that Uncle Lynn went to Chicago.

My first memory is of their wedding. I can still see clearly the small 3 tier wedding cake (I'm sure it was a fruit cake) in the house I knew as Grandma's house. As I remember they were married there, then traveled to Salt Lake to the temple. They were married the 28th of April, 1917, and I was 4 ½ and was very impressed with that wedding. Aunt Gladys was 14 I think, and had lost her mother sometime before, and Uncle Lynn was 23.

We moved from St. Johns to Mesa when I was 6, so most of our contacts with Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys were on the many

visits we made to St. Johns and the times they visited us in Mesa.

When I think of Uncle Lynn, I see him smiling. I do not remember ever seeing him mad. It was so great to spend time with him because he made everything fun. You could listen to his stories and see the funny side of a situation and laugh with him. I remember when he told about it, it was so funny we all died laughing.

We went to their home often. Aunt Gladys was so happy to have us come and we could feel the love she had for each of us. I remember eating her good food and always feeling welcome and happy in their home. Though she was young when they got married, Uncle Lynn loved her very much and was so good to her. One of the family jokes was once when Grandma Whiting asked her for something and Aunt Gladys said, "Oh Dear, I'm afraid it has got in my trunk!" We all have that kind of place, but to her it was frustrating.

What a good uncle he was to all of us. I remember gathering good peas, onions, and other things that grew in his garden. We were always welcome to help ourselves. His corn was so good and Aunt Gladys made a house into a home.

How they both loved their children. Uncle Lynn must have known his days were numbered. Whenever he went any place he took his family. We'd see his car and it was full of children. I think he must have known his days were numbered and he wanted to spend every moment he could with his family, and especially Aunt Gladys. They were only married less than 19 years and we could all take a lesson from him of filling the hours and days with happiness and love.

We used to look forward to fair days. It seemed like each

year he took some of his prize sheep to the State Fair and he got lots of prize ribbons for them. He treated his animals with the love he had, and both animals and friends and especially family loved Uncle Lynn. We were happy to have them visit with us in Mesa.

We mourned with Aunt Gladys over the three babies they lost. When I see their little graves near my Father and Mother's graves, I remember how hard it was on them. Uncle Lynn was ill when Harvey, his first son, was only 15 and died. I remember Dad and Mother making the trip from Salt Lake. Dad said he got there just after he died. Harvey had streptococcus blood poisoning, just as my little brother Albert had. Now, with penicillin they could probably have both been saved. I am sure it must have been very difficult to know that he thought Harvey would not be left to help Aunt Gladys.

Six weeks after Harvey died, February 12, 1936, Uncle Lynn died. The uncles called Dad and he and mother went and spent the time making Uncle Lynn comfortable and helping him in his pain. I remember one of the uncles, so grateful for Dad's help saying that it was worth his going away to school to help Uncle Lynn.

One cannot really separate the memory of Uncle Lynn without Aunt Gladys. She was such a good and kind wife and mother. We all love her. She has had a long and lonely life for 47 years since his death. I truly admire her and her family. She has done a good job of raising their family and one day Uncle Lynn will welcome her and be so grateful for the wonderful job

she has done.

My memory has not dulled of Uncle Lynn. I can still see his happy smiling face and look forward one day to listening to his wonderful happy nature and how I wish we could have had both him and Grandpa Whiting telling their stories on video.

THE UNCLE LYNN THAT I REMEMBER SO WELL

By Maree Berry Hamblin

Uncle Lynn Sullivan Whiting was born in 1893 at Mapleton, Utah. Wilford Woodruff was president of our church and Grover Cleveland was president of our country. Victoria was still queen of the British Empire and her influence had not yet began to wane over custom and fashion in all English speaking countries around the world. He was born three years before the first Ford would be tested on the streets of Detroit, and he was ten years old when the Wright Brothers took off the ground at Kitty Hawk. The stage coach, the surrey, the covered wagon and a man's riding horse and saddle were the things of the day. Utah was not yet a state.

Uncle Lynn's middle name, Sullivan, I have been told was chosen by Grandpa Whiting after the great John L. Sullivan who won the boxing championship from Paddy Rayan in 1883 and who never lost a bare-knuckles title - but did lose to Corbett in 1892 in a fight with gloves. Grandpa Whiting was an avid boxing fan all of his life and seemed to think that men had softened up some when they gave up the bare knuckles for gloves.

Uncle Lynn was a baby and on Grandma Whiting's lap in Sacrament meeting when the bishop asked who in the congregation could interpret the message in tongues just delivered by a sister bearing her testimony. Grandma handed her baby Lynn to Aunt Martha who was just seven years old while she stood up and gave the message.

He was never a well child. Grandma said he was the most difficult to raise, health wise, of any of her children. His stomach just wouldn't tolerate most food available at that time. Yet he was the one in the whole family who kept

everyone laughing most of the time. I never realized that he was sickly until after I was married. He told so many funny stories about all those trips he used to make to California, I didn't dream that he was going to medical specialists there.

He hated school with a passion and with such fair and reasonable parents at home he just couldn't adjust to an old-time school marm wandering around the room looking for little boys knuckles to crack when they missed a word or a number combination. In the sixth grade, with the consent of both parents he quit school and in his late teens went to Chicago to auto mechanics school. My father said Uncle Lynn was a genius when it came to anything mechanical. He was fascinated with that new invention "The Automobile." He came back to St. Johns as the first mechanic they had ever seen. Uncle Eddie built his garage and service station around Uncle Lynn. (Maybe we should bring back some of those old school marms and have them crack a few knuckles on this generation). His sixth grade education served him well for in those days the sixth graders had learned as much as high school seniors know today.

It was while in Chicago that Uncle Lynn got so hungry for green corn that he bought a dozen ears, took them to his apartment and in no time at all had a dozen cobs on his hands. New in the city, he hardly knew how to dispose of them so tried to flush them down that fascinating thing they called "The Toilet." The landlord was not amused.

When we lived in St. Johns, Uncle Lynn came to visit us more than any of the other uncles in either of my parent’s families. When Norma was born, I remember him coming up almost every night to visit. He was always very close to both of my parents. It was 1917 and things looked pretty bleak since the

war in Europe was in full bloom. Everyone was getting pretty jittery as what Kaiser Wilhelm was going to do next. Propaganda was running wild. There was no radio or TV to keep everyone rationally informed. The newspapers had a field day printing pages of false information to sell their wares.

One night when he came up us kids were in bed, but Effie and I could hear everything through our bedroom door which was open. He had everything figured out and it was a great comfort to us for the rest of the war, because Mama and Papa were agreeing with everything he said.

His clever plan was ... if old Kaiser Wilhelm (as hated as Hitler in WWII) sent his troops to capture us in St. Johns, the family would be long gone up to the Homestead. Food wasn't the problem it is now. We would have deer, wild turkey, rabbits and sheep. We had rutabagas already stored in the barn for next years planting. The strawberry patch was big and delicious with our milk cows and wild feed we could live for years. And best of all nobody could find us. In those days it was really a little lost valley and even few of the St. Johners had ever been there. Uncle Lynn promised a lookout tower concealed in the rocks with a 24 hour watch atop Sierra Trigo in case the Kaiser's troops came marching up there.

Effie and I were entranced by his ingenious plan and I can say that we were very disappointed that things didn't happen that would have sent us there. But Uncle Lynn's plan did something to my life, for when the storms would break through and I felt at sea, I could always think of that hallowed place as a place of refuge. I can just think about it and feelings of insecurity are quickly washed away. Uncle Lynn was very

convincing that night for I have never forgotten one word he said. Just as he was leaving he took my last fear away. "If the Huns come to get us there, we would by then be in the Harris Cave." I'd been in that cave and it was before all of those rocks had fallen down. So Effie and I began to plan the things we would take also to live in the Harris Cave. Every little girl needs an Uncle Lynn to drive the dark fears away. He made it all seem like a great adventure. We planned on taking our paper dolls to play in the cave and a sack of dried apples to munch on and our favorite Indian rug to put over the dirt.

I was not at Uncle Lynn's wedding, but I did know who Aunt Gladys was. All the kids in town knew that she was that pretty girl that often sat out on her gate post with her flipper. The boys my age claimed she was the best shot in town and warned us to walk around the block if she had any reason to be mad at us. Although she was extremely shy and quiet, she was also an expert jockey. As I recall, she won at least one race for the Whitings after she was married. I think she rode Old Sparks.

I do know that she weighed under a hundred pounds and could ride like the wind without a saddle.

The first I knew about the impending wedding was when we were up to the Homestead. Uncle Lynn and Grandpa all of a sudden built a one room cabin down by that big tree south of where the corral now stands. Uncle Lynn built a table, a cupboard, shelves and a one legged bed. Grandma rustled up a few kitchen things and made some new quilts.

Late one afternoon us kids spotted Grandma Whiting's little one horse buggy coming up the road. We dashed out to see who it could be. It was Uncle Lynn and his new little bride. She was

dressed as every going away bride dresses ... in a little dark blue wood serge suit. Her long hair was pinned high up on her head to make her seem older than her thirteen years. Us kids were overcome with the romance of it all. Uncle Lynn still had his best suit and a new handkerchief tie on. He also wore a dress hat. I hardly knew him. I don't ever remember him wearing a regular necktie. He always wore a handkerchief tie. One time after we were grown, Effie was criticizing the way the movie cowboys tied their handkerchiefs around their necks. She was especially critical of William Hart and Tom Mix.

I hardly knew what she was talking about until she said, "You know, the real way, like Uncle Lynn ties his," and then I knew what she meant.

Everyone went out to meet them when they arrived at the Homestead. Uncle Lynn, bashful himself, could not erase the proud look from his face, and he never got over his great love of her. I witnessed this extraordinary adoration every time I went to their place. She was his child bride and he worshipped her for she was the answer to his dreams and unlike most men he never forgot those dreams.

Although Uncle Lynn loved his trade as a mechanic, his real love was out of doors with a special passion for wild horses. It was Uncle Lynn that caught a wild colt and raised it while he was very young. Ole Navey grew up and had a foal the family named o1e Minute. Minute was the perfect horse. Uncle Eddie once referred to Minute as a "saint." All of us kids learned to ride on him and he always seemed to know just who was astride. He would step carefully over logs if kids were riding but would leap high if an adult was riding. Uncle Lynn took great pride in this magnificent animal with his dark reddish brown coat and extra-long black mane and tail.

Arthur told us kids that he could run a mile a minute and that is the reason for his name. I still don't know if that was a true statement. Ask Art.

It was in the fall of the same year that Uncle Lynn married that when time came to close down the mill and move back to town, Ray Brown (seven) and me (eight) were selected to drive herd to St. Johns. I was promised Minute but was a little jealous when they gave Ray 01e Warrior. No kid was ever allowed near him. But I heard the uncles talking and among themselves Ray was a superior rider and they agreed that he could handle him. They routed us out of bed at 3:30 to get a good start ahead of the wagon. We were given our positions to drive what seems to me now to have been around a hundred head. It must have been that many or we wouldn't have needed four drivers. Uncle Lynn took the west outside position, I was in the middle next to him, Ray next to me and Uncle Ralph on the east outside.

We rounded the herd up, got them out of the homestead area and headed to town, about at the Mallory hill when the sun came up. We were at the eight mile knoll a couple of hours later. Slowing down a little we got to Wiregrass about noon. We were just stopping to rest and stretch our legs eating out of our saddle bags when Uncle Lynn called Uncle Ralph and pointed westward. They rode out a hundred feet, still looking west when Uncle Ralph came galloping back to us circling toward Uncle Lynn as he yelled, "You kids take the cattle on in , we're going after that wild stallion."

I pulled up Minute and looked west but Uncle Lynn was already long gone. I could just make out a tiny cloud of dust probably ten miles west which of course was the wild stallion that they were after. By then Uncle Lynn seemed miles on his

way. Although Uncle Ralph caught up with us as we were coming into St. Johns we didn't see Uncle Lynn for seven days.

Ray and I made a pretty good team, but there were a lot of wild cattle in that herd. There was a big mean bull that kept coming over to my side. Ray had a big bull whip and all I had was a regular quirt, so every time the bull came to my side, I would move over and change places with Ray.

We were making fairly good time when the sky suddenly closed in and out of nowhere came the biggest cloudburst imaginable. We had always been warned to get off our horses and get away from them because of the lightning in case of rain. And Wiregrass was the worst possible place for lightning. We tied our horses to a big rock, got the yellow slickers that the uncles always had tied behind the saddles and ran for the biggest rock we could find. We got under the slickers and huddled there until after the storm.

We were gathering up the herd when the wagon finally caught up with us. Grandma was mad as a hornet that the uncles would desert us two wet and bedraggled little kids, but Grandpa understood the urge that had caused the desertion. Grandma worried about her sickly one, but if she had seen him take off after that wild stallion I don't see how she could have thought of him as sickly. I surely didn't.

I can't remember if he finally caught the stallion. But I do know that he chased it for seven days which took him past old Baldy and up around the Escadia. Food? His pockets and saddle bags were always stocked with parched corn and jerky. For some reason food didn't present a problem to his delicate stomach when he was chasing wild horses. Uncle Earnest would probably remember if he caught the stallion or not.

The Whiting wit is known far and wide. Without being aware of it, they have a definite formula which always works in the telling of their tall tales. No matter how commonplace the subject may be, their technique works since it's all in the telling, not the subject. This talent has sifted down to the next generations but it has speeded up somewhat and not told in such a leisurely manner as they once were long ago.

A Whiting tale of the first generation is usually told in a leisurely manner, almost like a story. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end. It builds up and up until by the time the end is in sight the listener is so keyed up he is going to laugh whether it is funny or not. Although unlike a story it never began with "Once upon a time." Instead they all began somewhat like this:….One time when me and Ralph saw that wild roan stallion heading with his mares toward the Black Mesa ... or….One time when me and Eddie and Ralph decided to outwit that big brown wild stallion out on the Malapai we took this mare and tied her to a cedar tree as our bait....

But of all the Whiting story tellers, I believe all will agree that it was Uncle Lynn that should be crowned the King of Whiting Tall Tales. There was something about him that is hard to describe. He was a hundred times funnier than Jack Benny, but he had that side look that Benny had but a little more natural. He could walk on the stage and just look at the audience and they would burst into laughter before he opened his mouth. I could never figure that out unless they all knew him and were positive that something hilarious was soon to follow. He could make anything sound funny... buying a car from a Jew, getting a load of wood, asking a girl for a dance or going to the doctor.

He must have been the greatest of actors because when grandpa cast him as Pierre in the Two Orphans, it was a very heavy part and he brought tears to every audience we played to even in St, Johns who had never known him to be anything but funny.

One of his funniest stories was about when he went to Hollywood to get into the movies and worked his way up through all the casting secretary and director until he finally reached the top really big cheese, who called in an orchestra then asked him to show them what he could do. Since it had never occurred to him that he would be asked to perform he went completely blank. He said he couldn't even remember the words to Ole Si Hubbard. To hear him tell that failure was more fun than to have heard that he had been hired.

Another story that always kept everyone in stitches was when he was about in the sixth grade. All the boys in town had been in at least one good fight but him. He was on the skinny side and had big brothers so everyone had left him alone. Well he decided that he couldn't go any longer without a fight or somebody would be sure to notice. He decided to pick his victim. He waited behind the cash store late one evening and when nobody was around saw Zack Farr coming out of the store with a paper sack of sugar. Since Zack was a little on the frail side and skinnier even, then he decided here was his chance. He would lick this dude and word would get all around the boys grapevine. He walked up to Zack and not knowing what else to do punched his finger through the sack and sugar began to spurt forth at once. Zack was a quiet mannerly young boy and quietly put the sack down against the wall. He then rolled up his sleeves and gave Lynn the trouncing of his life. To hear Uncle Lynn tell that was real entertainment.

Uncle Lynn's stories have not lived because nobody can repeat them and make them sound like he did.

Uncle Lynn was the perfect husband and father. He owned the old Chapman place which was an ideal place to raise a family. Whenever I think of him down there I see Ivy as his little shadow. She was just a tiny little thing, but he had taught her the name of every sheep and he had quite a herd. Whoever names sheep when they all look exactly alike? But Ivy knew.

Uncle Lynn's kids were all handsome and extremely intelligent, and he adored them all. He was proud as punch of each one of them. I don't think he ever recovered from Harvey's death, it seemed to hasten his own. When he died at age forty, Aunt Gladys was so devastated that mother spent hours just sitting by her bed. Kayennis was only three years old and Marlynn was not yet born.

Kayennis told me that she was going to sleep on a cot near her mother's bed one night a few weeks after her daddy died when she heard her mother talking to someone. When she stopped talking she asked her mother who she had been talking to. Her mother tried to explain that Uncle Lynn had come back to try to make her feel happy again.

I'm sure that Uncle Lynn is very pleased at the fine family she has managed to raise for his and her eternal glory. I doubt that he is ever very far away from her and the children. Underneath all that wit and comedy was a very serious human being. He loved the Lord and held his parents in high esteem. I believe he will receive a special citation in heaven for making people forget their troubles in his presence and showing them by example how to laugh at themselves, instead of grumbling.

When he went out of my life it was a long time before I could

adjust to his passing. But I am thankful that I knew him as long as I did. I feel sorrow for every little girl that doesn't have an Uncle Lynn to help her through her childhood years especially.

$2.50

RESIDENT GENERAL HUNTING AND FISHING LICENSE

CLASS A

STATE OF ARIZONA

Nº 10967

Signature of Applicant Lynn S Whiting Are you a Citizen of the U.S.? yes

Have you lived in Arizona for over 1 year immediately past? yes Street

City St Johns County Apache Birthplace Arizona Car License

Age 41 Sex Male Height 5'10" Weight 169 Hair Brown Eyes Blue

Carry this license with you to avoid trouble. Not good on State Game Refuges. This license expires December 31, 1935. Seasons and bag limits subject to change. Keep yourself informed.

Issued by Earl A. Anderson at St Johns, Arizona, May 29, 1935.

Deputy

ARIZONA GAME & FISH COMMISSION,
By S. L. LEWIS, State Game Warden.

Nº 10967
ONE TURKEY
Date
Name
Address
Where Killed
ATTACH THIS TO TURKEY

Nº 10967
ONE TURKEY
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Where Killed
MAIL THIS TO ARIZONA GAME & FISH COMMISSION, PHOENIX

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Uncle Lynn's hunting license issued to him in 1935. He was never able to use this. He was a very successful hunter all his life.

THOUGHTS ON UNCLE LYNN
By Nathel Burdick

Uncle Lynn was an important person in my life ever since I can remember. His daughter, Ivy, and I were about the same age and so we spent a lot of time together. Our families were close to each other and we used to go to the "Chapman" and spend a lot of time there. That is what their place was called. We had plenty of places to roam and explore down there.

I don't ever remember Uncle Lynn getting mad at us. He was always cheerful and made life interesting. I remember some of the plays he was in but one that stands out in my mind was one he and Mabel Whiting were in and he had to sing "Daisy." I still remember that.

One trip that I went to California with Uncle Lynn, Aunt Gladys and family I was probably in the 4th or 5th grade. I guess Lola and Harvey stayed home because they weren't with us. There was Rex, Wayne, Ivy and I. He was driving a truckload of bales of hay to California. There wasn't much room in the truck so Ivy and I rode most of the way on top of the hay, part of the time we all got in the cab. Ivy and I had a quilt to cover us up and we thought that was fun and exciting.

I probably wouldn't have remembered it if it had been just a normal trip. Uncle Earnest and family and Aunt Myn and Uncle Don lived out there and we spent time visiting with them.

I remember so well when Harvey and Uncle Lynn both died. It's hard for me to realize that has been forty-seven years ago.

My dad and Uncle Lynn always got along so well together. They enjoyed being together and doing things together like hunting,

fishing, etc.

MY FRIEND, LYNN WHITING

By Roy Wilhelm

Lynn was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known and to say that he led an interesting life would almost be an understatement.

It is my desire in this tribute to relive some of my experiences during the time I was privileged to live and work with Lynn and his family. Perhaps it will give a small insight into Lynn's character and the flavor of the world in which he lived.

It would be impossible to present a true picture of Lynn without drawing attention to the two dominating features that were so much a part of his life. The first was a lifelong physical ailment that gauged his activities and dictated his degree of participation in any given line of endeavor. The second, of course, was his uncanny talent as an actor and comedian.

In all the time I worked for him, I never heard Lynn complain about, or even mention his disability.

In mid-summer after the lumber haul, Lynn asked if I would like to make a truck trip to Los Angeles with him. Having never been to the Coast, I jumped at the chance. Though I didn't know it at the time, that was only a pilot run, and there would be many more to come.

As we were passing through the grape country, I asked Lynn to stop so I could buy a small bag of grapes for us to nibble on. I approached the proprietor who was sitting at a makeshift desk. "What's it for you?" he snapped. "25 cents worth of grapes," I answered. Collecting the money, he turned me over

to an attendant and rushed off to another customer. Instead of the small bag I had expected, he thrust a whole lug at me. "Hey," I said, "You've made a mistake, I didn't pay for this many."

"Tell it to Jake," he said and walked away. So I went back to the man at the desk.

"What's with you?" he asked.

"I think your boy made a mistake," I said, "What I was expecting was 25 cents worth."

"The price of our lug is 50C and we don't have time to split one. At 25cents you can't beat it anywhere along the line. It's up to you Mac. Take it or leave it."

As I approached the truck, I found Lynn highly amused, and of course, I was a little embarrassed having to carry a twenty pound lug of grapes on my lap all the way to Minnie's place.

Occasionally, Lynn would have a little fun at my expense by telling this story to others. Although his version was basically correct, somehow it didn't sound the same: "Roy is an old-time horse trader. So when he couldn't talk the man down on the price, he talked him up on the grapes. It took a little time, but after the haggling was over, he came away with a full lug for the same price he had expected to pay for a small bag."

At Minnie's place that evening, Lynn and I were resting up in her front room when I heard a sound like a rumbling of a fast-moving train, then it died away. When the rumbling repeated itself, only louder, I became a little nervous. With the third rumble, the house began jumping up and down.

"Earthquake!" yelled Lynn. "Get in the truck boy, we're going home!"

I headed out the door and he was close behind. We cut a

big circle looking for the truck. When we passed Don and Minnie who were obviously quite happy, we turned back to see what they were laughing at. At the time, I thought that Lynn was just as earthquake shy as I was. But later when I became acquainted with his sense of humor, I decided that he just automatically seized on this opportunity to ham it up for Don and Myn, and rather than take a chance on offending me, he let me think that he too was running scared.

After that initial trip, I made a few more by myself. Then Lynn told me that the brothers were launching a new freight line business that would operate between Los Angeles and Holbrook. As home base for this new enterprise, they leased a service station and other facilities down on South Main Street, and a seventeen-room house nearby to serve as a home-away-from-home for all members of the Whiting family during their frequent visits to the coast.

Since Lynn was to be the manager of the new business, he moved his family into the big house. I was given a room and lived in the house just like a member of the family whenever I had layover in Los Angeles. It was there that I got acquainted not only with Lynn's family, but members of the other Whiting families as well.

The Whiting family as a whole enjoyed being with each other more than any family I have ever known, and some of my fondest memories are of Whiting family get-togethers of various sizes at the big house.

There came a time later when the truck line employed several drivers, but during the early stages there were just three of us, Walter Eagar, Bill Burk and me. Though we had somewhat different backgrounds, a solid friendship was formed between us. Lynn dubbed us "The Three Musketeers," and that has stuck

with us to the present time.

Elbert and Marie Hamblin were usually around since they had a truck of their own and sometimes picked up overrun freight from the brothers during rush season. There were always some of the Arizona Whitings just visiting or helping out around the station. Collectively, they all added up to be a grand crew.

As the resident brother, Lynn was not only the freight line manager, he was the kingpin around which all else revolved. During family get-togethers, he was at his very best.

With Lynn's little kids around, there were always plenty of refreshing family situations. One morning Lynn and I were at the station when Rex and Wayne dropped by. I thought I'd cheer these little guys along a bit so I gave them each a dime. The old-fashioned virtue of thrift ranked high on Lynn's list of priorities, so he tried to steer them in the right direction. He said, "You boys know what to do with your money." They didn't say anything, but pretty soon Rex disappeared in the direction of the little ice cream shop next door. When he came back he was holding something behind his back.

"What have you got there?" asked Lynn.

"Some of the best stuff ya ever seen," answered Rex as he produced a double-decker cone of ice cream.

Lynn didn't say anything, but Wayne watched as Rex started eating and then announced proudly, "I'm going to save my money." Even so, it wasn't long until he headed in the direction of the ice cream parlor. When he returned he was holding something behind his back.

"What have you got there?" asked Lynn.

"Some of the best stuff ya ever seen," answered Wayne.

Lynn gave him a little pat on the head as we ambled away.

I was slated to leave the next day, and as our own pumps were down, Lynn and I were out in town looking for a good buy. Choosing a gas station that was already offering a low price, Lynn slipped into the role of a Slim Summerville sort of character and pressed for an even lower price.

At first the station man was indignant and called us "chiselers," but soon he was overcome by this sad, lovable character that Lynn was portraying and when he found that we had capacity for over one hundred gallons in our tanks, he became quite pleasant and did make an additional cut in the price.

Lynn was at his best and his act was so convincing that, try as I might, I couldn't control myself. As I labored hard trying to conceal my amusement, the attendant became a little nervous. Lynn jerked his thumb in my direction and in the saddest voice I've ever heard said, "He's been that way all his life."

After we got the tanks filled, Lynn continued to play his sad role.

"Sir," he said, "It seems like we don't get around much up there in Arizona cause we can't get the gas. If we'd bring eight or ten barrels down here would you be good enough to fill 'em for us?"

At this prospect for some windfall business the station man was deliriously happy and as we got into the truck he was telling us how much he looked forward to filling those barrels. As he said goodbye, he enthusiastically closed the cab door for us. Those old 33 Fords had a bad feature, a long iron bar bolted to the front of the door with a heavy rear view mirror mounted on the end. When he shut the door, the mirror struck him behind

the left ear and knocked him down

This was one of the most unusual scenes one could imagine. One instant the man was bowing and scraping to his newfound friends, and the next he was on his knees shaking his fist at the truck and cursing Henry Ford to high heaven.

One day Lynn asked me if I had any cattle. I told him that I had a few, and asked what he had in mind. He said that he had acquired a bunch of yearling heifers in a land deal back in Arizona. If I would like to have them he would let me buy them, no cash down, and retire the balance with a percent of my monthly paycheck over a period of time.

My brother, Marion, agreed to receive the cattle and run them in with his own. So I told Lynn to draw up the papers and I would take the calves. "We won't need any papers," he said. So he wrote me out a bill of sale, we shook hands and it was a deal.

I have always appreciated this dealing with Lynn, he is the only man ever to place that much trust in me.

I was talking to some of the guys about Lynn's acting ability. Since he was a much better actor than any I had seen in the movies, I suggested that we should talk him into going over the Hollywood to make a try for it. "He's already had his chance." said one of them. He told me that at one of the big movie lots in Hollywood there was a window where anyone who wanted could apply. But it was his opinion that the whole thing, was a fake, for the only person he'd ever heard of to get past that window was Lynn Whiting.

Lynn, according to the story had also thought that the window was just a means of giving aspiring actors the run around. So he thought it would be fun to stir them up a

little. One day he donned an old straw hat, pulled a lock of hair out through a hole, and stuck a broom straw in his mouth. Assuming the role of a poor, country bumpkin, he headed for that window.

After the movie people had amused themselves for a while by cross-examining him, they told him politely but firmly that there was no place in the moving picture business for him.

At that point, Lynn slumped down and with his elbows on the window sill, cradled his head in his hands. Then changing his expression to one of heart-rending sadness, he said, "Sure could use the money."

Then in the twinkling of an eye, the "sad sack" turned into an above-average, intelligent human being. He explained to them that he had never expected to make it past the window, and that he was just having a little fun at their expense.

As soon as the initial shock wore off, these people grabbed Lynn and ushered him in to meet with their superiors. They too were impressed. After checking him out in several character roles and giving him a screen test, they offered him a five-year contract at an almost unbelievably high salary.

Lynn was between two fires. He had a fabulous movie offer and he also had his long-standing health problems. Agreeing to give them his answer at a later date, he headed off to consult with his doctor. As he had feared, the doctor turned thumbs down on the whole thing. The rigors of movie making were too severe, he said, and it was his opinion that Lynn could not survive even a few weeks of this pressure.

Bill Burk had taken off from the truck driving for about two weeks, and when he returned, he was married. This was a special

occasion, so the Whiting's gave a dinner party to honor the new bride. There were about two dozen of us present, and since the guest of honor was a very attractive young lady, we were all on our best behavior.

At all these parties the entertainment was largely spontaneous, but if ever things began to lag, Lynn would subtly prompt each, in his or her turn, to contribute to the entertainment. So it was, that for a short time, I found myself in the spotlight.

In my effort to make a good impression on our guest of honor, who obviously was a refined and somewhat sophisticated young lady, I thought it might be enlightening for her to get a glimpse of how the other half of the world lived. Therefore, I chose an experience I had had in a little backwoods mountain town during the Whiting Brothers CC Camp lumber haul. This little town, so I thought, was the jumping off place of civilization.

Walter Pulsipher and I were hung up in this little jerk-water place during a big storm. The mud was so deep on the so-called highway that we had to be dragged by crawler tractor the last leg of the way, entering the town.

Since there were no hotel or motel accommodations, we had to sleep in our trucks. Since there were no eating places, we had to risk a visit to the backwoods store to stave off the pangs of hunger.

The store, a log hut, was equipped with a counter, a pot-bellied stove, and a big brass spittoon. When we stepped in, the proprietor was laying on the counter while six or eight tobacco-chewing, knife-wielding mountain men sat in a semi-circle, each carving on a stick.

When we entered, every jaw ceased its chewing, every knife stopped in midair, and all eyes followed our every move. I felt like a Christian who had just been thrown to the lions.

When we left, all eyes followed us to the door. Pausing an instant to look back, I noted that the knives had resumed their whittling. From the sound I could tell that some of them, at least, were scoring hits on the spittoon.

"That was my most recent, and hopefully my last, visit to Luna, New Mexico," I told them.

At this point in my story, I paused for the applause I had expected but was met by an embarrassing silence. I glanced at the young lady who, at the moment, looked more like a volcano about to erupt, than she did like a blushing bride. And then it happened. She hurled in my direction the sum total of her pent-up emotions, "Huh!" she hissed. "Vernon's not so hot!"

How could I have known this young lady could possibly have been a product of Luna, New Mexico or that she knew anything about the little village of Vernon, my own hometown.

From this embarrassing beginning, or perhaps because of it, Launa Burk and I have enjoyed a long and lasting friendship.

From repeated over-loadings, the truck I was driving developed a bent rear axle housing. This resulted in the breaking of axle shafts. Since the rear end had to be completely disassembled to replace a broken shaft, it became a major operation. In all, I went through this ordeal thirteen times and every time, except one, was out in the desert. The last was in the very middle of the Mojave Desert in the middle of the summer. The heat was almost unbearable.

Two barrels of gasoline from my load served to prop up the truck while the repair was being made. After all day in

the hot sun, I was too weak to reload the barrels. I tried to flag some people down, but they all just waved, smiled and drove on. In desperation, I parked my truck crossways on the highway with the thought that at least they would have to stop, whether anyone helped me or not.

The first to come along was a Greyhound. On hearing my plight, two big guys jumped off the bus and practically threw those barrels up in the truck. On the way back to the Coast I did a lot of thinking. Even though I thought the world of the whole Whiting family and, except for the broken axels, I liked this job better than any I'd ever had, enough was enough, so I decided to quit. Before I could serve notice on Lynn, he served notice on me. "Boy," he said, "I'm going to buy you a new truck."

Well, needless to say, this took all the wind out of my sails.

The new truck was a beauty, and in appreciation of all that I'd been through, Lynn told me that he would buy any extra equipment I wanted either to make the truck more functional or that added to the comfort of the driver, provided I took care of the installations.

The new result was a super-truck that had luxuries far beyond anything on the road. For this reason, anyone who was anyone made arrangements to ride my truck whenever they had occasion to make a trip to California.

The time I spent on the Coast with the Whiting family was a bright spot in my life, but all too soon it came to an end. The freight franchise was sold to Medock of Prescott, and Lynn moved his family back to St. Johns. As I had nothing else to do, I stayed on to drive a tanker truck for Whiting Brothers

from Signal Hill to Holbrook.

Owing to the flammable nature of tank cars, gasoline tankers weren't very welcome in most places. Some towns wouldn't even let a tank rig park in the city limits. Under these conditions, it was difficult for a driver to find a place to eat within walking distance of his truck. About all a tank driver could do was stay in his cab, live on saltine crackers, and keep driving. Well, for me this was worse than breaking thirteen axle shafts in the Mohave Desert, so I quit and went back to St. Johns.

About the time I became restless, Lynn came by and told me that he was taking over the Green's Peak sawmill and asked me to come back to work.

Even though his health was slowly deteriorating, I think that this was a special period in Lynn's life. He had so many of the things he loved close around him: his family, a few good friends, the mountain wilderness, the sawmill, the old Whiting logging team, "Dave and Nell," his favorite rifle, a .35 Remington automatic, and last, but not least, his boy Harvey.

I've never seen a father who was prouder of a son than was Lynn of Harvey. And that pride was not without justification. Harvey was a very unusual young man. Though he was only fourteen years old, he’d rather work than play because to him work <u>was</u> play.

While Lynn was the operations manager, the Connolly brothers, Noah and Dow, and the Waters boys, operated the mill, while Harvey and I were assigned the job of bringing the logs in from the woods. I did the skidding and loading, and Harvey drove the log truck, and old Model T Ford which Lynn had fitted up for him.

It was an unusual sight to see this boy who should have been

out playing marbles, working with logs so big that quite often one cut would be a full load for his truck.

Lynn's family was a joy to him, and whenever possible he took them with him wherever he went. He was a spur-of-the-moment man, especially when it pertained to recreation. It was seldom that him family kept him waiting, for they seemed to enjoy doing things as a family just as much as he did.

One morning Lynn went to town alone. When he returned to the mill just after noon, he pulled up in front of the cabin, jumped out and called to his family, "Jump in the car quick! We're going to Yellowstone Park." His hurry was that some others were going and he didn't want to keep them waiting. But his family didn't ask to know any reason, when Lynn said "quick," they all went into action. It was almost as though the scene had been rehearsed. In any event, within a matter of minutes they were on their way.

I admired this quality in Lynn's family very much, and I have thought of this refreshing little incident many times as I watched others ruin their own fun by expending all their energy and enthusiasm on preparations.

This sawmilling experience was a wonderful thing for all of us, but as with our time in California, it was much too short. In the fall, after the milling season was over, we all left for the winter. The Whiting family, the Connolly brothers, and the Waters boys went to their respective homes in St. Johns and I took a truck driving job with Uncle E.I. for the winter.

In mid-December, Harvey Whiting contracted a strep infection. The result was the furthest thing from any of our minds, but quite suddenly Harvey took a turn for the worse

and passed from this life on December 29, 1935.

This was a terrible thing for the Lynn Whiting family and was a great sorrow to all of us who knew Harvey.

For Lynn, personally, this loss of his oldest son was a devastating blow, and it is almost certain that this was the main contributing factor to a downswing in his own condition. It was just over six weeks from the time of Harvey's passing that Lynn was laid to rest, February 11, 1936.

For me, who had lived and worked with this family for several years, this was one of the great sorrows of my life. Harvey was like a little brother to me and Lynn was my friend. He was really more than a friend, he was one of the most ethical men I've ever known, and it was he who picked me up during the dark days of the Great Depression and gave me the first decent job I ever had. I will treasure my association with him always.

MY GRANDFATHER LYNN S. WHITING

By Rex Lynn Whiting

As a little boy I can remember my father telling me stories about his father (my Grandfather) Lynn. I realized while still quite young that my Grandfather had passed away when my father was still a little boy, but it was much later that it dawned on me that my dad grew up without a dad and that most of the stories he related to me and my brothers and sisters were stories that he had himself heard from others. He missed to a large extent the influence that this wonderful man could have focused on him had he lived.

I can't remember my father ever saying to me that he felt slighted or cheated because he grew up fatherless, but I know that he wishes as I do that he knew this man that so many speak so well of.

My dad remembers his father's death as a time of great sadness. I asked him once why he didn't go to a particular funeral of someone we were acquainted with and he said that since his big brother, Harvey, and his dad died and since their deaths were so close the memory of loss and sadness, not only at the funeral but later at his house, was so great and profound that he finds it extremely difficult to go to anyone’s funeral because those memories return.

It seems that I've always had an interest in knowing about my Grandfather. What was he like? What type of personality did he have? What about his sense of humor? How did he treat others? What were some of his likes and dislikes? I can go on and on. However since the past reunion my curiosity has turned into a burning desire

to know more about him. Then when I heard that my aunts and uncles were getting together to research and write about his life it was an answer to my prayers. I wonder if he were alive today, would he approve of me? Would I make him proud? Am I like him just a little bit, or am I very different?

My father named me after my Grandfather and my son has his name, would he be proud to know that?

I understand that my Grandfather's brothers are going to contribute along with some of his personal friends to this story of his life. How exciting!

I know of no other woman as patient and long suffering as my grandmother. If nothing else can be said as tribute to my Grandfather, then to know her is tribute enough.

UNCLE LYNN

By Nita Whiting Bushman

I could not have been more than 6 or 7 years old, for the beginning of my very fond memories of Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys. As a child you cannot think of one without the other. Anyway, I had been given the OK by my parents to spend some time in their home. After watching Uncle Lynn milk the cow, and Lola, Ivy and myself help feed the chickens and other chores, we were ready for supper. The homemade bread and new milk were so delicious and for an extra treat, Uncle Lynn had picked some little new radishes and green onions for us, of course, he could not eat any but for the children he would do anything It was beginning to get dark and this was my first time away from my folks, and I know now that Uncle Lynn could see it was very strange for me and he would say, "How about a little story time," so we would have a fun time listening to stories he would tell. They were the same ones that my Father and my Grandpa Whiting would tell, but Uncle Lynn seemed to act them out better.

Then it was getting darker outside, I was getting even more scared. Uncle Lynn would say we will all go to bed together and hear more stories. So we all went to bed, Uncle Lynn's (double) bed, there was Harvey (who was my favorite cousin, he was so kind) and was about 1 1/2 years older than me, he took my hand and would say "Now don't be scared, my Daddy won't let anything happen to you. So Lola, Ivy, Harvey and myself, all four of us kids and Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys were in the bed. He told stories until we all fell asleep then he would carry us to bed (I guess because we were in different beds in the morning when we woke up).

Then in the morning after having breakfast, we would do

the chores and then we could play, sometimes riding horses, or wagons and as a special treat would all go and Uncle Lynn would cut us pieces of sugar cane and we could have so much we would almost get sick (But I would love to have another piece of sugar cane at Uncle Lynn's home in St. Johns). Thank you Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys for those wonderful memories in your home, they are very dear to me, even though I am now 61 years old they are very dear to me.

I know Uncle Lynn was ill, but as a child I did not know how he must have suffered, but to us nieces and nephews he never showed anything but love for his family and great respect for Aunt Gladys.

It is with sadness I remember when Harvey passed away, poor dear Uncle Lynn, his oldest son was gone. For me it was my first experience with death, and I felt so badly to have my favorite cousin he was gone. I remember Uncle Lynn saying we must not question the Lord, we are just grateful for the time he was here.

I did not understand but it has been a good lesson for me to pattern my own life after. Then so soon after my dear Uncle Lynn passed away also. And my dear Aunt Gladys was alone to give birth to their last child, Marlynn.

I remember so well when they were living down the hill from us there on Story Street, it was still fun and we were welcome to Aunt Gladys' house.

I cannot remember how long they lived there, but it was a fun time for us cousins, Lola, Ivy and myself to share some time together.

Thanks to Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys and your dear family for letting me share some special time with you. As the saying goes, "Thanks for the Memories."

GLADYS & LYNN

UNCLE LYNN
By Geraldine Sagers

There are so many things I remember about Uncle Lynn. He and Aunt Gladys and my mother and father did a lot of things together. Their daughter, Lola, was my age so I spent a lot of time in their home. They were always so interested in the things we did.

I will try to tell about a few of the things I remember best. He always took his family with him whenever he could. He took them when he was just going to work on the farm, uptown, or to the mountains. He took them to Holbrook, Phoenix, or to Los Angeles. It didn't matter if school was going or not, if he could he took his family. He said he thought they could learn a lot from those trips that they could not learn in school. I'm sure they learned one thing real well, and that was their father loved them very much and wanted their company wherever he went.

Uncle Lynn's farm was a special place. After they moved to the “Chapman” from their house in town, he built his barn, corrals, silo, machine shop and other things. He took great pride in working on his place. We children were always welcome to go to their home and stay as long as we wanted to. Neither he nor Aunt Gladys objected to an extra one or two for mealtimes. We ate a lot of meals there.

We could pile several riders on Old Blue, play in the barn on the hay, race down the silo slope when that wasn't in use, or try out a new bicycle. Their back screen porch was a cool and inviting place to sleep. I don't know how so many could fit into the beds there.

For a number of years Uncle Lynn gathered produce to take to the fairs. He would choose the very best of each item. I can still see him running his fingers over an ear of corn and explaining why the one with the nice even rows would be more apt to win a prize than the larger uneven ones. We children looked forward to the time when he came back from the state fairs in Phoenix to see if we had won any prizes.

We went on a number of camping trips with Uncle Lynn, Aunt Gladys and other family members. They all liked to hunt and fish. Also we had a number of great picnics where we would go to the Blue Hills, the Lyman Dam or some other place close around St. Johns.

Around the campfire while we were on picnics or camping seemed to be the best place for telling stories and family experiences. Of course we always included singing some songs. Uncle Lynn could always be counted on there to tell his share. Now Uncle Lynn's voice may not have been grand opera style but his songs were always entertaining. Last week one of our daughters was doing some of Willard's music and she picked out the piece "Strawberry Roan" and asked Willard to play and sing it and show them how it went. I could remember Uncle Lynn singing that song many times, as well as a number of others like, "Oh Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie."

One special trip I remember was to New Mexico. We went with Uncle Lynn's family and camped out along the way. We attended the Indian celebration and did enjoy it so much. The dances and the costumes were beautiful.

One time Uncle Lynn and Dad caught a little light colored wild horse and put in in Grandpa Whiting's

corral. They told me that the horse could be mine when they got it broke. Every day I would go to see how my horse was doing. I was so sad and disappointed when it got away. Every time they went out to chase wild horses after that I thought they would get my little horse. We never did get it back.

Uncle Lynn's parts in plays have become legends. He usually played the comedy parts and was so good that people came back several nights to see him again. One of the parts I remember best he played in his later years. He was the boyfriend and Mabel Whiting (Shumway) was the girlfriend.' They played an old-fashioned couple and were so good that everyone else who was on that program, and some other people too came to watch the practices. He never laughed when he was doing a comedy part, just kept a straight face so you didn't know whether he thought it was funny or not.

There are two times in particular that I remember Uncle Lynn helping our family. These probably won't be the ones others remember but to me they were special. The first one was when I was about a sophomore in high school. Mother and Dad had a chance to go to Canada with Uncle Ralph and Grandma and Grandpa Whiting. It was such a good opportunity we all thought they should go. They hired cousins of mother's to stay with us children. She was to help with the house, chores and cook our meals.

Everything went along fine until she decided to take the chance she had for a ride to Phoenix to go to school. That was a few days after they left. Well I was in charge then. I had to milk, night and morning, and take care of the four other children who were from three to twelve years old. Things were going all right until one day when Elma was helping with the

chores she ran a pitch fork in her foot. It got infected and swelled up. We doctored it and soaked it, but that didn't help much.

One day Uncle Lynn came by to see how we were. When he saw how bad Elma's foot was he said that we had better come to his place and stay. I told him we had to stay there and do the chores and things. He said the calf could have the milk and he could come by and do the other things

It was such a relief to go down to their place and have he and Aunt Gladys help take care of Elma's foot. They were so good to all of us. When Mother came home and found out what had happened, she cried and said that she would never leave her family again. Uncle Lynn told her he thought they had done a pretty good job of caring for us and he didn't know why she was acting like that.

The other time I remember very well was the spring we lost our little baby brother, Quinn. He had been ill with Scarlet Fever and no one could go into the house where he was in quarantine. When Quinn got so sick that they were afraid he wasn't going to live Dad had gone in to be with him and mother. Dad couldn't go to work at the post office then. Uncle Lynn came up and did our chores and he also cleaned our yard.

As members of the Whiting family we grandchildren assumed that we had been blessed with super acting abilities. One of our main pastimes was to put on shows. Some were rehearsed over and over and others were more or less extemporaneous. One of our best supporters and always a good audience was Uncle Lynn. He laughed in the right places and never told us to hurry and get the play over with. He was a

good ego builder for budding performers.

He was a kind and loving uncle. I suppose his own illness and the loss of his little children had given him an extra feeling for others. He seemed to understand how others felt and could always be counted on to lend a helping hand and a few words of encouragement when they were needed. He was never one to complain, even though most of his life he was ill. He could always see the humorous side of things and made them seem even funnier as he retold them to others. My Uncle, Grover Brown, said that he had to wait to hear Lynn Whiting tell about something before he really knew how funny it was.

Like the other uncles in the Whiting family, he loved to have a good argument about politics and government. He knew just how it should be run. He wanted others to be concerned about those things too. They would get into loud and long discussions about what should be done to improve things. Someone once said that you could never get the best of Lynn because if he thought you were winning he would switch to the other side. He had an opinion about everything.

When his last illness came, his brothers and sisters visited him often. Aunt May said that she thought it was a shame to be laughing so much when Lynn was so sick, but he said such funny things she couldn't help it. Even as sick as he was then, he was not complaining. I remember, he said, "Look at my legs. Who wouldn't laugh when you see how much longer one is than the other."

His life was wholly devoted to his family and close friends. He never accumulated a lot of riches nor worldly wealth. What he had he freely shared. Those who knew him still

repeat his humorous sayings and remember his kindnesses to them. Yes, Uncle Lynn we are glad to be a part of your family.

UNCLE LYNN & AUNT GLADYS
By Mabel Shumway

How I wish Wilford and our children could have had the opportunity to grow up associating with Uncle Lynn. He was such a dear, fun loving Uncle and we all liked to go to Grandma's house when he was there. He was never unkind or cross, he always had time to play with us, or do what we wanted to do.

When our family put on the play "The Two Orphans," I was allowed to go to some rehearsals and to the final performances. Uncle Lynn was a very gifted actor--probably the best in our very talented family. For a long time after seeing this I thought Uncle Earnest was so unkind that I could hardly forgive him and I felt increased tenderness for Uncle Lynn. The parts he played came to life, he was a master at this and many other things.

One of my earliest memories as a little girl, was knowing that Uncle Lynn was seriously ill and that my grandparents and my Dad were very concerned about him. Grandma Whiting talked to me about Uncle Lynn so many times. She seemed to feel something very special for him, for Aunt Gladys and for each of their children as they came to the family.

Uncle Lynn liked to be with his family, to do things with Aunt Gladys and his children—they were the most important things in the world to him. His interests and activities were centered there. His suffering at the death of his son, Harvey, was terrible to behold. At that time I wondered whether he would be able to survive for very long.

Uncle Lynn and Aunt Gladys always made us so welcome in

their home. Aunt Gladys is one of the sweetest ladies anywhere and I have always loved her and been welcomed by her. I am glad to be a member of this family and know that we will all be able to continue this association throughout eternity; to me this is a comforting thought.

MY GRANDFATHER

By Cherel Martineau

Even though I never knew my grandfather, my grandmother and other people who knew him told me what a great man, friend, husband and father he was.

I remember when me and my family were living in St. Johns, we used to take a hot meal every day to Brother Bill Plum. He used to tell me how Grandpa was one of the finest men he knew and how much he enjoyed working for him for he was always fair.

Clyde Overson once told me that he never got tired of Grandpa's company and that he enjoyed watching Minnie and Lynn on stage and that there was no greater pair.

One day I remember Brother Marvin Stradling telling Mom how Grandpa was one of the kindest hearted men he ever knew. He said he remembered one day when his roof was leaking in on him and his family, and Grandpa sold him some shingles to fix his roof, and told him not to worry about paying for it until he was able to.

I know that some of these people are gone now, but I want to thank them and everyone else for sharing a little of my Grandfather's life with me. I'm so proud to be a member of the Lynn Whiting family.

I would also like my Grandmother to know how proud I am to be her Granddaughter and how much I love her.

Grandma has always been like a second mother to us kids. I remember when I was 8 years old. I'd have such bad ear aches and hot fevers and Grandma was such a good doctor and made me feel so much better by rubbing me down with rubbing alcohol and break my fever.

I think the one thing I remember most about Grandma is her great cooking. Everyone can say what they want about Grandma's pies, but my favorite is her rice pudding. Nobody makes rice pudding like Grandma. Grandma taught my mom and me how to make it, but it still tastes better when Grandma makes it.

Not only is she a great cook, she's very thrifty and one of the hardest working women I know.

If there is anyone I would like to pattern my life after it would be you Grandma. Thank you for everything you've taught me and for your patience and love.

MY FIRST FRIEND IN ARIZONA
By L. Dow Connolly

I remember of going with Lynn two trips to Los Angeles and back. (wish I could remember more)

Sometime later Lynn bought the sawmill from Earnest. My brother, Noah, ran the mill for Lynn and I worked there for a while then I quit and moved to Flagstaff.

The Connolly family came from West Virginia in March of 1911. We stayed in Holbrook two days. Lynn Whiting came to move us up to St. Johns. He had six horses and two wagons as he was hauling freight at that time. We camped out two nights and this was the first time the Connolly family had ever camped out. Of course it didn't help an awful lot sitting around the campfire with Lynn telling all about the fierce coyotes, bears, lions, Indians and Mexicans.

This was all new to us from the East. Of course Lynn did all the cooking over the campfire. This was my first experience with Lynn. That year Whiting's bought a sawmill and moved it up in the White Mountains. Lynn helped to do that. I think Lynn stayed pretty much to himself hauling freight and lumber for his older brother, E.I.

I remember years later after the team and wagon days Lynn had trucks doing farming and trucking. He stayed pretty much around St. Johns while I was in the mountains.

L. Dow Connolly
Box 87
Nutrioso, Arizona 82932

Brigham City May
29th 1881

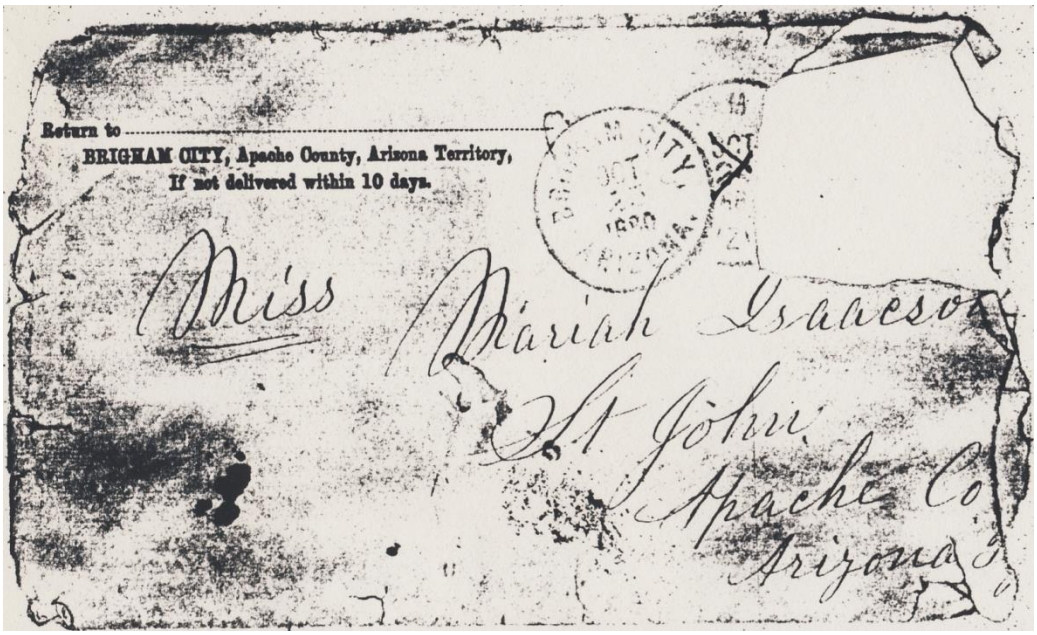
Dear Mariah. I will answer
your letter to day which I
recieved over two weeks ago
I would have answerd it as
soon as I recieved it but
there was no chance to send it
I am here to Brigham Ci-
I got here yesterday the boys got
tired of me up there and sent
me down here I have been
playing sick for the last
week I had quite a time
of it last night but the
women have doced me up until
I could not help but get
better I feel All right to day
only I am kindy weak
Well Mariah I will try and my
finish my letter to day I will
have to do it with a pencil for

This letter was written by our Grandfather, Edwin Marion Whiting to Grandmother, Mariah Isaacson before they were married. This is a beautiful love letter.

I am on the road to Holbrook and
have just stoped to let my
horse eat I would not have
started this morning if the
boys was not in such a hurry
to know what I am doing
I guess it has been the same
old arrangement that has been
the ail of me you know what that
is but I dont think it will ever
bother me much more I will
tell you the reason when I see
you again I expect you will
think this letter is all about
myself I expect you have heard
that Verona has got a boy
Well Mariah I would like to
see you to night for I get
lonsome riding around the
country alone Mariah you
need not fret about me for
I am big enough to take care
of myself of course I do not
like the kind of company

afairs write and tell me the truith about it I will have to stop for it is about bed time I hope you will write when ever you get a chance for the mail is run from Brigham Ci- up to the mountain and the folks will send your lett on up I will good bye for this time dont send quite so much white paper next time. from Edwin

June 4th and my letter here yet I have not got a chance to send it yet and will start back in the morning I will send it the first chance Mariah dont shop writing to me if you dont get any more from me for I will write as soon as I get a chance good bye and dont forget what you said to me before I left there


Return to
BRIGHAM CITY, Apache County, Arizona Territory,
If not delivered within 10 days.
Miss Mariah Isaacson
St John
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