

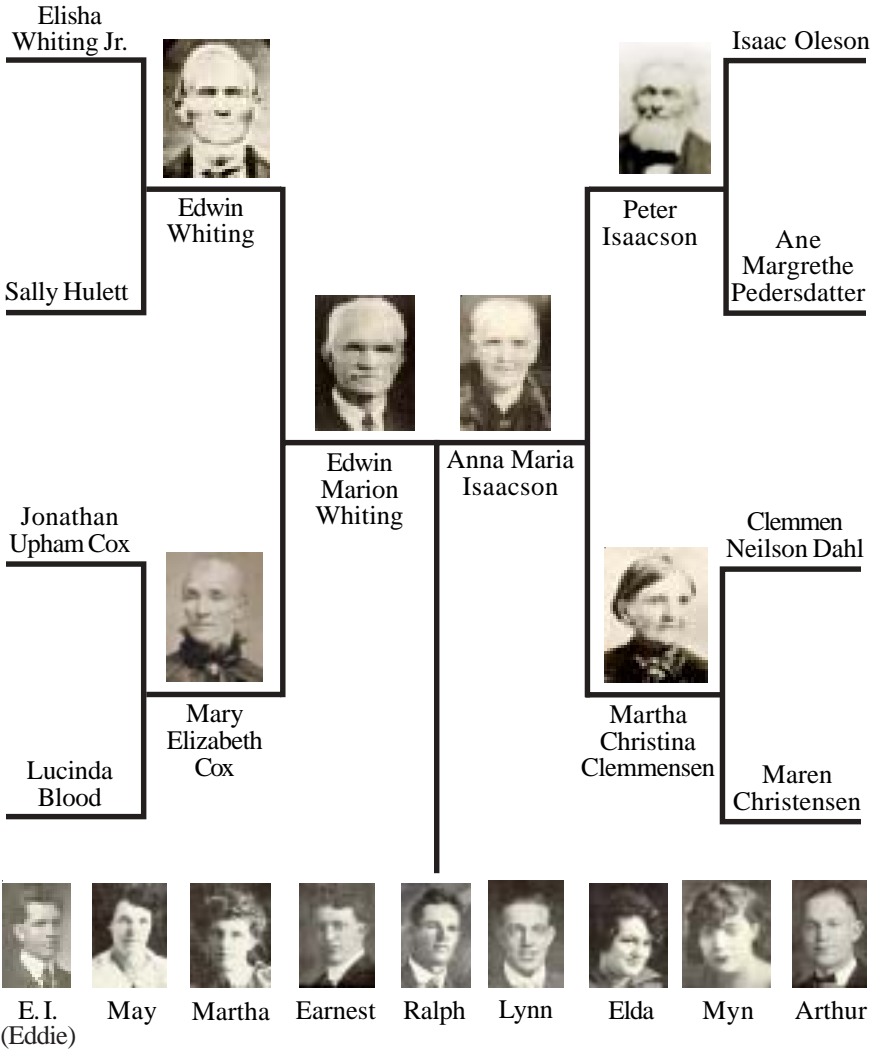
# TEACH WITH A STORY



## CHARMING STORIES OF THE WHITING AND ISAACSON FAMILIES FOR THE YOUNG AND THE YOUNG AT HEART

Compiled by Diana Rice

# Edwin Marion & Anna Maria Whiting Pedigree



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“Teach With a Story”  
—favorite quote of Edwin Marion Whiting

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Dedicated to our mother Norma Berry Fife

*Thanks to the many writers and historians who have made this book possible. Their names are listed in the revised Whiting Book. We especially thank Geraldine Sagers, Louine Hunter, Annette Farr and Ruth Brown Lewis, who have been preserving family history all of their lives.*

*The idea of using Sterling Silver Charms as family history visual aids for children, led to the development of this book.*

*In the back of the book we have listed suggestions of charms for each story and an excellent website for inexpensive well-made charms that can be ordered individually. In parentheses after each story title you will find the approximate price of the charm and the number of the charm that matches that story. Charms can be attached to lapel pins, tie tacs, bracelets or necklaces. Of course the book now stands on its own, and charms are optional. Charms could serve as reminders of the precious and charming stories we have in our family history.*



Condensed from the Revised Edition of  
*The Story of Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson*  
With additional material added

# AMID FREEZING, SWIRLING WINDS: THE LAST MATCH

*By Ruth Brown Lewis*

While the Whitings were at Mt. Pisgah preparing to cross the Plains, they started a factory to manufacture chairs. They loaded wagons with chairs to take down the river to Missouri.

After successfully selling them, they encountered an Iowa blizzard, hurricane and cyclone all in one. Clouds and Egyptian darkness settled suddenly around them.

They had no tornado cellars to flee to. The cold was intense. The wind came from all directions and they thought they were nearing home.

Skilled backwoodsmen though they were, they realized amid swirling winds that they were incontestably lost. They did not know which direction they were going, and they and their teams were freezing.

They were forced to make camp and build a fire. Everything was wet under the snow. An arctic wind, in its fierceness and unchained violence, was raging around them.

They unyoked their oxen to seek for a sheltered spot. This being done, they turned their attention to themselves.

Frostbitten as they were, they sought in the darkness a little dry fuel; the best they found was poor enough. Now for the matches—only three in the crowd! (No such matches as we have now). Two of the three were unsuccessfully struck!

One alone remained between them and certain death. Every precaution was taken by the freezing men to ensure the successful

burning of the last match.

Inside a large wooden bucket in which they fed the cattle their grain, and another held inverted over that, the match was struck,

The tiny flame caught the timber in the bucket. Their lives were saved by the burning of the last match.

When the storm broke and light appeared, they found themselves only a few rods from their own fence.

The men knelt and thanked their Heavenly Father for their safe arrival home.

Their oxen's noses were fearfully frozen and split open. After they healed and they grew new hoofs the oxen were fine.



# A NEW TECHNOLOGY

by Lee Berry

In the late summer of 1924, Grandpa Edwin Marion Whiting took two of his grandsons, Kay and Lee Berry on a fishing trip in the White Mountains.

We left St. Johns early one morning in Grandpa's one-seated, open Model-T Ford. We passed through Egerville on the road to McNary. Two or three miles beyond Eager we heard an engine sputtering somewhere above us. Grandpa stopped the car and we jumped out.



Above us we could see an airplane in trouble. On the right side of the road were some level fields and it was now obvious that the plane was trying to land. We watched as the plane touched down,

rolled along for perhaps one hundred yards, and then nosed over forward. The tail now pointed directly upward. We ran over to the plane.

When we arrived, the pilot was attaching a rope to a wing strut and soon pulled the tail down to the ground in a normal position. The propeller was splintered but otherwise there was no damage. Grandpa asked if he could go for help, but the pilot said, "No thanks, the help will come to me."

This was the first airplane that any of us had seen. We knew all about airplanes because we had seen planes in the movies. The airplane had a double wing like World War I planes, except it was lighter and smaller.

Later in my life, after watching two different neighbors build their own airplanes at home, I realized that that first plane was home-made, probably by the pilot.

It is hard to explain the impact of seeing your first airplane. Grandpa was very excited, as were Kay and I. It was something like it would be today, seeing a rocket plane land and a man get out.



—reprinted from *The Berry Patch*, May 1988

# THE BLIZZARD

By Joycell Cooper

(As told to me by my Great-Grandma Maria Whiting)

In the late 1800's Edwin M. and Maria Whiting were called to settle in St. Johns, Arizona. They lived on a farm a few miles out of town called, "The Meadows."

When it was announced that an Apostle of the Lord was coming from Salt Lake City to speak in Stake Conference, excitement and anticipation spread throughout the area. The nearest railroad station was in Holbrook, sixty miles away. That meant that the General Authority had to travel from the train station to St. Johns either by wagon, carriage or horseback and spend the night somewhere on the open prairie before riding the last 30 miles into St. Johns.

Grandma said she spent the week making sure that everything would be ready for the trip into town on that Sabbath day. Everyone's Sunday best was checked and rechecked. There was cooking and baking to be done, for the family always took a picnic lunch to eat between sessions. There wasn't time enough to make the trip home and back before the second session.

On the Saturday night before conference a blizzard hit the area. "A blizzard," Grandma said, "that you've never seen the likes before!" By morning everything was white. You couldn't tell where the ground left off and the sky began—and it was still snowing and blowing!

Maria worried, "Edwin, there's no way we can take the children out in this storm. Our team will never make it!" Edwin replied, "Maria, a servant of the Lord has come clear from Salt Lake City to speak to us and the least we can do is go and listen to him!"

So they heated rocks on the wood stove and wrapped them in rags. Edwin hitched up the team to the wagon and bundled the children up in heavy quilts each with a hot rock at their feet, and headed towards St. Johns. The snow was deep and the team had to lunge through the deep snow drifts. With snow still falling, they made it to the church.

To their surprise there were only a hand full of members in the chapel. Even most of the townspeople had stayed home rather than brave the storm.

As the Apostle stood up to speak, he looked over the tiny audience and for a few moments was silent. Putting his hands on the pulpit he spoke with a forceful voice, "My dear brothers and sisters, because of your determination and commitment to brave the storm and come hear a servant of the Lord speak to you—the Lord has let me know that if you will bow your heads and make a righteous wish—He will grant you that wish."

They bowed their heads and each made a righteous wish, never telling the other what they had wished for until many years later when they had grown old. To their amazement they had both wished for the very same thing—that their children and their posterity would always remain close—and that they have.



# BRAVE LITTLE MESSENGER

Martha Isaacson went into labor for the birth of her youngest child while her husband, Peter, and their seven-year-old son, Ike, were away looking for two milk cows they were afraid had been driven off by Indians.

When she could wait for Peter no longer, Martha called her 4-year-old daughter, Maria, to her bedside and asked her if she thought she could go over to the neighbors to ask Sister Shoals to come and help her.

Maria was too young to understand exactly what was happening, but she knew her mother was very ill. She wrapped her shawl over her head and shoulders for protection from the bad weather, and went for help.



The little girl hurried. She was worried about

her mother. She looked up and down the street to see if any horses or wagons were coming.

Though fearful, Maria started to cross the road. The road was too wet and slippery and she fell repeatedly. Even though she feared being run over by a wagon, she got down and crawled all the way across the road.

When she could, she got up and ran the rest of the way to the Shoals. Soon Sister



Shoals and Maria returned to Martha's bedside. The little girl was warmed up, reassured, and soon asleep in her soft feather bed.

In the morning, her father and brother Ike were home, and the brave little messenger saw her baby brother Martin for the first time.



# BUFFALO STAMPEDE

*May Whiting Berry*

*Retold to her by Edwin Whiting himself*

In 1849, Edwin Whiting, his three wives and a total of nine children began the trek to the Rocky Mountains. The family consisted of:

- Edwin Whiting age 39
- Elizabeth Partridge Tillotson Whiting age 35
  - William Whiting age 14
  - Helen Amelia Whiting age 12
  - Edwin Lucius Whiting age 3
  - Oscar Newell Whiting age 18 months
- Almira M. M. Palmer Whiting age 25
  - Almon Babbit Palmer about 9 years
  - Edward Lucian Whiting age 3
  - Ellen Emerett Whiting age 18 months
  - Cornelia Emeline Whiting age 3 months
- Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting age 22
  - Albert Milton Whiting age 18 months

Ezra T. Benson was in command of the combined company of 100 wagons the family joined. They were assigned to the Isaac Morley section consisting of 50 wagons. George A. Smith was in charge of the other 50 wagons. The two groups traveled one behind the other, easing density problems while still ensuring safety from Indians.

While camped, they saw a herd of buffalo stampeding towards them. Edwin was on guard duty.

Late one afternoon they saw a cloud of dust in the distance, which struck terror in their hearts. They knew, as the dust rolled toward them, that it was a herd of stampeding buffalo.



Grandpa grabbed a whip and ran toward them. He made his stand and cracked his whip at the leaders of the thundering herd. Gradually, the big beasts turned, inch by inch. The noise and dust were almost more than he could stand, but the black whip cracked unceasingly. Grandpa kept stepping back so that he would not be trampled to death under the hooves of the maddened animals. The buffalo crowded him toward the wagon, but the black whip cracked on, with a power

beyond human strength.

The hysterical children clung to the terrified women as they stood helpless and watched Grandpa fight a lone battle with the thousands of crazed buffaloes. It seemed an eternity before they saw him stagger backward and up to the wagon tongue as the last of the now tiring beasts stampeded by the camp. A straggler passed over the wagon-tongue as Grandpa fell exhausted to the ground.

His arm was swollen from his shoulder to his fingertips, and looked as if he had been bitten by a rattlesnake.

The black whip had caused the lead buffaloes to turn just enough that the herd missed annihilating the wagon train of pioneers. Grandpa said, "I didn't fight the battle alone, the Lord was there too."

# CARING FOR FLOCKS

In Denmark the domesticated flocks of geese and ducks were large, and feathers were abundantly used for bedding,

The Danish always slept with feather beds (or deun as they were called) both over and under them. The bed ticks were woven out of wool yarn and filled with feathers.

Martha Isaacson and her daughter Maria Whiting both kept chickens throughout their lives. Both supplemented the family income with egg money, and eventually their careful management of their flocks and other resources were combined to establish the Whiting Missionary Fund.

Maria Whiting would treat her grandchildren to an egg, which could be traded at the Whiting Cash Store for penny candy.

Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting made a cape of turkey feathers (strippings) and sold it for \$50.00 at the Chicago fair. Her granddaughter Clara Curtis Burk described Mary: She was honesty itself and very orderly (neat and clean) in her work. She was good looking, not too robust, but always industrious.



## CHAIR-MAKING

The Whiting family was living in Nelson, Ohio when they read the Book of Mormon and joined the LDS church. They traveled by wagon from their homes to join the Saints in Kirtland Ohio in about 1839. They were driven to resettle in Far West, Missouri, and then driven again to help establish Yelrome, Illinois, a little settlement near Nauvoo. Eventually they were burned out of Yelrome and moved to Nauvoo.

The Whitings fled to Mt. Pisgah, Iowa before crossing the plains to settle in Manti, Utah. They relocated eleven years later to Springville Utah. When his family crossed the plains in 1849, our progenitor Edwin Whiting had three wives, and nine children.

The reason the Whiting family was able to afford the constant moves and well-built wagons was due to the skills their grandfather Elisha Whiting had taught them in making fine furniture. They would set up a chair factory wherever they were driven, and they earned their living by using their excellent woodworking skills.



*Chair made by  
Edwin Whiting*

The Whiting chairs were not primitive, but were fine chairs, well made, of hardwood when available. A favorite chair design was the single-bow Windsor Chair. There are photos in the Revised Whiting Book that show some of the chairs the Whitings made. See pages 13, 68 & 72.

Upon their December arrival in Manti, the wagon boxes were turned on end to cover the front of their primitive dugout home, somewhat protecting the freezing family from the elements. Half of the sixteen square-foot dugout was turned into a chair factory.

Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting wrote in her diary: "Father [Edwin] put up a foot lathe and he and William, who was fifteen years old, hauled the timber from the canyon on a hand sled and made a hundred chairs with "rush" bottoms. In April, they took them to the city and exchanged them for grain and things for the family use for the long cold winter had consumed all our supplies."

# CHARTER OAK

On October 9, 1662, Connecticut formally received the Charter won from King Charles II. A charter is a legally binding document, usually on paper or parchment. At the time, this charter, issued by royal decree, gave Connecticut rights to real estate and to self-government.

25 years later, with the succession of James II to the throne, Connecticut's troubles began. The governor of New England, arrived in Hartford with forces to demand the charter's surrender.

In the middle of the heated discussion, with the Charter on the table between the opposing parties, the candles were mysteriously snuffed out, darkening the room. When the candles were relit, the Connecticut Charter had vanished.

Heroic Captain Joseph Wadsworth saved the Charter from the hands of the British and concealed it in the safest place he could find - in a majestic white oak on the Wyllys estate. Wadsworth's bold move served to preserve not only the document, but the rights of the colonists.

The tree earned its nickname—the "Charter Oak." The venerable tree stood as a proud Connecticut symbol for another 150 years until it was toppled during a storm on August 21, 1856. It is the state tree of Connecticut and is featured on the back of the Connecticut quarter issued in 1999.



*The Charter Oak, from a 1906 postcard*



## Direct Line Descendancy

<b>Joseph Wadsworth</b>	1648-1729 Hartford, CT
<b>Ichabod Wadsworth</b>	1688-1778 Hartford, CT
<b>Mary Wadsworth</b>	1739-???? Hartford, CT
<b>Elisha Whiting SR</b>	1762-1790 Hartford, CT
<b>Elisha Whiting JR</b>	1785-1848 Hartford, CT
<b>Edwin Whiting</b>	1809-1890 Lee, MA
<b>Edwin M. Whiting</b>	1857-1934 Manti, UT

# CHILDHOOD DREAMS

*By Martha Whiting Brown Berry*

*As an adult, Martha was well known for her music, devotion to family, and her missionary service.*

**Music:** My love for music was inspired by my cousin, Clara Curtis. She played the organ for May and me to sing duets in both Utah and Arizona. My parents bought an organ when I was five years old. Soon I could play chords for Mother to sing.

At age nine I was Primary organist, but I only knew four songs. We bought a used guitar for \$3.00 and in a few days I could play chords for the family to sing and for many years we sang together. I taught my daughters to sing together and entertain in Church programs and they have taught their daughters. [Martha excelled at playing the guitar throughout her life.]

**Family:** In the summertime Pa [Edwin M. Whiting] operated a sawmill in Strawberry and Diamond Creek Mountains where the scenery was beautiful. We all loved the summers there. One day Uncle Eck brought Cousin Lotty, Earnest's age, and they played together all day, mostly in a little stream of cold water. That night Earnest had a bad attack of croup and father moved us home from the mountains the next day. We never went back to live as a family there. We had a store, a farm with three-hundred hives of bees, and the sawmill. We built an impressive brick home in Mapleton and moved into it when I was nine years old. We had many cousins and often held family reunions.

**Missionary work:** I used to love to hear returned missionaries speak in Church. I was about thirteen when I heard that lady missionaries were being called. I remember the very tree that I knelt by one night, and asked God to let me go on a mission some day. I felt an assurance that my prayer would be answered.

I saw my four brothers fill missions, then my husband, two sons, and other relatives, but my own prayer had to wait forty-seven years to be answered, when we went to the Central States Mission.



*Martha Whiting Brown*



*Frank and Martha Brown with  
Spencer W. Kimball*



*Frank and Martha Brown,  
Herbert and May Berry, Edler  
Henry D. Moyle and Sister  
Moyle. Photo taken while the  
two sisters and their husbands  
were on missions. Frank Brown  
was Mission President of Central  
States Mission*

# CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS AT THE WHITINGS

Edwin M and Maria Whiting's granddaughter Geraldine Brown Sagers wrote: "The Whiting family loved Christmas. Their little grandmother, Mary Cox Whiting, had always enjoyed it so much and had given them the same feeling for this holiday.

On Christmas Eve, Edwin's children always heard the Christmas story of Christ's birth and any other stories that Edwin thought of telling. His children always begged to hear stories of his own Christmas when he was a small boy.

They loved to hear about the times when he received only one small toy or a pair of homemade mittens or stockings or scarf. He always tried to make his children feel the love that he had for Christmas as a child, and often wondered if they appreciated this day as he had.

Because Edwin had a store, his children sometimes received more presents than some of their friends. Edwin was worried for fear his children might think these gifts more important than the real meaning of Christmas and tried to impress them with the things that were more important to him.

Popcorn balls were always in order for Christmas. Edwin made them from corn he had grown himself. It was unheard of to go to the store and buy popcorn, either popped or unpopped. His corn wasn't put into bowls; he used a new clean wash tub, filled full and made into pink balls with honey and sugar syrup. Every child in the neighborhood knew about Edwin's popcorn balls, and they would get one or more at Christmas time.



*Whiting Cash Store and Ice Cream Parlor in 1911*

Another custom was their candy making. Candy was made on a large marble slab and the taffy was stretched from a large hook hung on the side of the house.

Maria's specialty was her Danish sugar cookies that she always made to fill a five gallon can.

Edwin wanted to have his children appreciate and love things of their own making, and these are the things they remember when they looked back on their Christmases at home.



*This plate belonged to Maria. Can you imagine how it looked filled with her Danish Sugar Cookies?*

# CHRISTMAS ERRAND

*By Earnest J Whiting*

The Christmas I was sixteen stands out in my memories to this day. The year was 1905, and we were living in St. Johns, Arizona. Our family owned the Cash Store. The special order Christmas goods and toys for the store had been lost and just ten days before Christmas we received word that they were in Holbrook.

Pa and I hitched four horses to a light wagon and started for Holbrook to get them. We made it about half way the first night. We camped in a wash and Pa started a fire in a big cedar on the bank of the wash just above our camp.

In the night the fire ran up on a large limb directly over the wagon. Pa got me out of bed to try and roll the wagon out of the way but we couldn't even budge it. We put out the little sparks that were in the wagon and we went back to bed.

I had just gotten warm and to sleep when Pa woke me up and we went through the same thing all over again. This went on time after time the whole night through.

We got to Holbrook the next day and loaded our Christmas goods and started home. In the night a bad blizzard came up and Pa had gout in his legs so bad he could not take a step. Gout was a very painful, crippling illness that bothered him every so often.

I rearranged the load so there was a place for Pa down in between some of the large boxes. I wrapped him up in our bed-roll and he stayed down there with his feet and legs hurting him very bad.

The blizzard got worse and I had to force the horses to stay in the road by walking beside them. If I let go of the lines one minute they moved out of the road. Even if I could have ridden on the wagon there was no room the way I had it fixed for Pa.

We made it to the Colorado crossing just out of Hunt. I gathered a pile of wood and made a big fire, got Pa out of his nest, and unhitched the horses, after I had thawed my hands out.

About this time the U.S. Mail buckboard came up to our fire. Mariane Christensen and Judge Ruiz were almost frozen. They had ridden in the back of the buckboard and were not dressed for this weather. The mail carrier, Dave Udall, was well dressed for the weather and was in fine shape.

Christiansen and Ruiz were shaking until they couldn't even talk. We got them thawed out and on their way and we went to bed so we could get an early start and make it home the next day.

I hitched our outfit up and got Pa settled and drove down to cross the river, which was full of about two feet of slush ice. I was going along fine when, about half way across, the back wheel busted and flew off.

I took the team and went to Hunt thinking I could borrow another wagon, but all I could find was another rear end assembly. I had to bring it back and change the parts out in the water without anyone or anything to help me.

Using what I could find on the bank I finally got the assembly changed and we were on our way and made it home just about three days before Christmas. This made it so our customers could get their Christmas orders after all.



# CONVERSION STORIES

## MARTHA AND METTE



Martha Kirstina Clemmensen was born in Denmark, May 7, 1822, Jegindø, Thisted County. Her father was Clemmen Neilsen Dahl and her mother was Maren Christensen.

They lived along the coast on one of the small islands as Martha's father was a fisherman. The family was very poor.

When she was only nine years old, Martha's father died, leaving his wife with six small children to raise.

The finances of the family made it impossible for the mother to keep all her family so she eventually had to let the older ones go out to work.

Martha's mother signed the papers for Martha to go to work for a well-to-do man who lived on another island when she was a young teenager. He would keep Martha for seven years under that agreement.

We complain about going without things today but we have never had to give up our children because we couldn't feed them.

Martha never returned home to live again until she joined the church when she was grown.

Martha was one of many servants on the big farm. Her first job was to tend the ducks and geese. It was a large flock, and they had to be carefully kept because there was such a demand for the feathers for bedding.



*The farm or plantation where Martha and Mette worked as it looks in our day. It is located at Overmølle, near Balling, Denmark.*

As soon as Martha was old enough, she went into the fields to bind grain. All day long she followed the reapers and bound grain by hand

She stayed on longer than the agreed upon seven years, as she knew the "Lord" of the farm would say she was not a good worker if she tried to go anywhere else.

Martha was glad when Mette, her younger sister came to work on the same farm. They had been so lonesome for each other. Martha did everything she could to make things easier for her sister in the field because Mette was not very strong. Martha often did her own work and as much of Mette's as she could.

During the harvest, each man who cradled grain, was followed by a binder

who was a woman. The women followed the men and bound the grain into the sheaves.

One day Mette had an extra hard time keeping up. She kept getting farther and farther behind. Finally she was a whole round behind the cutter. When the man who was cutting saw how far behind Mette was he started teasing her and acting smart.

He would try to see how close he could swing the big long scythe to Mette as he was cutting the next round and came to where she was still tying. Each time he would cut a little closer to her legs.

Then he slipped, and the blade of the scythe caught Mette across the thigh. The blood just poured out.

She was picked up and carried back to the house, but the cut was too deep. Mette bled to death before they could do anything to help her.

Martha could only stand helplessly by and watch her little sister die. This was the greatest sorrow of her life. Though she lived to old age, she never ceased to grieve for her sister whose death seemed so unnecessary and cruel.

Martha continued working for the harsh “Lord” of the farm and with the worker responsible for the death of her sister, until the missionaries came to Denmark. When she heard them preach the gospel, she knew that there was a better way to live. She believed the missionaries’ message and was ready to join the church.



Martha’s mother, Maren Clemensen, also was baptized, the first person on her island to join the church. Two of her other children were also baptized: Niels and Dorothe.

Martha returned home from the farm where she had worked for so many years, and the family got ready to sail to America.

Maren felt sad to think her other children were not going with them, but she had a very strong testimony of the gospel and knew that they would find a better way of life. Because of the courage this family showed, generations have grown up blessed with the gospel of Jesus Christ. Many have lived good lives, served missions, raised families and become leaders of the church.

## PETER ISAACSON'S CONVERSION



Peter Isaacson was born May 30, 1828, at Sønnerhå, Thisted County, in Denmark. His parents were Isaac Oleson Hjortsvang and Anna Margethe Pedersen.

He was twelve years old when his father died. The young boy worked for eight years as an apprentice to learn the trade of a carpenter and worked in this capacity until he left his native land.

Peter complied with compulsory service in the Danish

military, and served two years fighting in the war between Denmark and Germany.

His brother later served in the military and lost his life in the second war the Danish had with Germany in 1863.

The LDS missionaries contacted Peter and he was impressed with them. He accepted their message, even though they spoke no Danish and he spoke no English. He was converted by the language of the Spirit. He was baptized by Peter Paulsen in 1854.

He served a short time as a missionary to the Danish people.

His desire to come to America was great. As a carpenter, he saved eight hundred dollars to pay for his ticket.

He visited his mother to tell her he was planning to go to America.

His angry step-father ordered Peter from the house because he had joined the Mormon Church.

This forced estrangement from his dear mother was difficult. With the courage of his convictions he turned to walk the long journey back to his lodging, very cold, discouraged and unhappy.

As he was walking along in the cold he looked up and there was a man dressed in brown clothes walking along beside him.

For a while there was silence then the man spoke and said, "Peter, I want to tell you that you are doing the right thing by going to America. You will never regret it.

You will be greatly blessed for the things you are doing for yourself, and your children and your children's children. Don't worry about your mother. Later you'll have a chance to help her. Remember to always be as you have been in your life and your blessings will be great."

Peter talked to the man about his plans to go to America and a few other things. They walked along for a little ways and Peter looked up to speak again and the man was gone. It was level country and he looked in every direction but never saw him again.

He believed this man was a Heavenly Visitor.

Peter had been very close to his younger sister Maria. She had been taught the gospel with him and she believed, as he did, but she was young and did not have the courage to join and accompany her brother on his journey to America.

The eight hundred dollars Peter had saved was much more than the cost of a ticket, so he used the extra money saved for his sister's passage to help other immigrants.



## WHITING FAMILY JOINS THE CHURCH

**Background:** Elisha Whiting Sr. was born 21 Nov 1762 at Hartford, Connecticut. He served in the Revolutionary war during his teen-age years. He married Susannah Butler and they had three children. Elisha became a Sea Captain, who died leaving his wife to raise three young children. His only son, Elisha Whiting Jr., was bound out to a cruel Quaker to learn the carpentry trade. Even though Elisha worked very hard, the carpenter was so harsh that Elisha ran away to Massachusetts to work for a wheelwright. Elisha fell in love and married his new employer's oldest daughter, Sally Hulet, a beautiful 17 year old who was part Indian, and a poet. The couple moved to Nelson, Ohio in 1817 where the last six of their twelve children were born. Sally and Elisha Whiting Jr. were some of the most respected citizens of Nelson. They were honest, generous, and firm in their convictions.

During the year 1830, one of Edwin Whiting's uncles, Sylvester Hulet, traveled on business from the township of Nelson to Kirtland, Ohio. He met Oliver Cowdery and other missionaries. He was baptized in March, a month before the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. He returned to Nelson with a copy of the Book of Mormon.

Nelson was a closely related community which included the Whitings, the Coxes and the Hulets. In May of 1830, the Prophet Joseph Smith and Parley P. Pratt visited the Nelson area. Edwin's mother, Sally, was converted and baptized on October 29, 1830. Edwin's father, Elisha, barely tolerant, was not yet convinced.

On September 12, 1831, Joseph Smith moved from Kirtland to a home within five miles from Nelson, giving the family many more opportunities to come in contact with the Prophet. Several more family members were baptized including Sally's widowed mother Mary Lewis Hulet and three of Sally's siblings.

Edwin married Elizabeth Partridge Tillotson September 21, 1833. Three children were born to them while they lived in Ohio. Due to persecution, the extended family gradually moved to Far West, Missouri. Edwin and Elizabeth moved there in 1838. Elizabeth and Edwin, some of his brothers and sisters and his father Elisha were baptized in August of 1838 by Thomas B. Marsh.

Having stubbornly resisted baptism, Elisha had fallen very ill. His wife had offered to call the Elders. He had refused to have them come. When he was near death he reconsidered, and was quickly healed after the blessing. He then decided to join the Church.

As Saints gathered into Far West for safety, Governor Boggs issued his "Extermination Order." The Saints were driven out with few provisions in the dead of winter.

Joseph Smith asked the suffering families to itemize their losses so that the detailed evidence could be presented to the world and heads of governments. Edwin and his father both compiled lists of their losses. Their combined losses totaled over \$8,000.

The damages were more than monetary, Edwin's father explained. After Elisha bought and fenced and improved eighty acres, he was "then mobbed and driven from that", having to leave farming equipment, a quantity of stored crops, along with furniture and household possessions behind.

There was "loss of health being driven from our home, being exposed to storms of every description, and lying in the open air for six or seven weeks and lying in beds drenched with rain and snow... Damage, inestimable."



*Original copy of Book of Mormon, similar to the one the Whitings read .*

The Whiting, Cox and Hulet families were sent to settle near Lima, Illinois, about 25 miles south of Nauvoo. The new little settlement became known as Yelrome.

On April 22, 1844 Apostles Brigham Young and Wilford Woodruff spoke at conference in the Lima Stake and asked for volunteers to serve missions. Edwin Whiting and Walter Cox were two of the volunteers. Edwin went to Pennsylvania, and Walter was called to New England.

Of future significance to Edwin, Walter stopped to visit the part of the Cox family that still lived in Ohio. One of his sisters, Mary Elizabeth, was converted. She eventually moved to Lima and was baptized in March of 1845 in the Mississippi river, by Isaac Morley.

Trouble was brewing in the Lima and Yelrome areas. In one instance, vigilantes issued impossible demands upon local members of the Church.

Twelve days later, Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were murdered. The grieving saints were counseled not to seek revenge, and relative peace was established. Edwin was still serving in the mission field at that time.

Edwin Whiting soon returned home from his mission and took up arms with his brothers to protect his family and property.

## CORNUCOPIA

Peter Isaacson was a hard working farmer for much of his life in America, even though in Denmark he had trained to be a carpenter. In Ephriam, Utah, he filled his rock granary with wheat before leaving to settle Brigham City Arizona. When the first crop of wheat in Brigham City failed, he returned to get a supply from the Ephriam granary he had left behind. Even under difficult circumstances, he learned to cultivate plentiful crops.



The family was inspired when they watched Peter preparing the seed for planting. He would open the sack, and then on bended knees bless the seed that it might grow and mature for his good and the blessings of those in need.

Edwin Whiting was accomplished at horticulture, especially in fruit trees. He kept bees, raised many crops and passed his skills on to many of his twenty sons. His son Edwin Marion Whiting also was talented at raising gardens and crops.

The early farmers in the St. Johns district had many problems of new and strange nature to meet. There are none who met and overcame them as well as did Edwin Marion Whiting. He was a student of whatever he engaged in. He sought reasons for all things. When working with the soil he studied it intensively.

The result of this type of activity was that he made contributions to agriculture, and particularly to the branch of horticulture. The University of Arizona granted him a certificate of achievement as recognition.

# EDWIN MARION WHITING'S GOLD WATCH

By E. Jay Whiting

There is a gold watch in a glass case that sits on my desk. This watch was given to me by my father, and it was given him by his father.

Grandfather Edwin Marion Whiting was one that wanted to start his sawmill on time and stop on time. It seems that while running his sawmill, near the present Homestead, he found that he did not have a dependable watch to start and stop the work day shifts.

A salesman came by with this big beautiful Elgin railroad pocket watch. Grandpa wanted the watch, so he traded the man one of their milk cows for it.

When he told Grandma, Anna Maria Whiting, about the trade, well! There was a mad little Danish woman. This did not change Grandpa's mind.

The watch was his time-piece while he ran the sawmill. Edwin gave it to my father, Earnest J Whiting, when he purchased the sawmill from his father.

To Grandfather Edwin Marion Whiting, time was so valuable. He believed in being on time in doing everything including paying obligations, going to church, and other social and family meetings.

He remembered and quoted the following:

“To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens:

A time to be born, and time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;

A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to cast away;

A time to read, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence; and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.”



*Photo of Edwin Marion's gold watch*

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

## FAMILY LIFE



*The Edwin Marion and Maria Whiting Family*

Myn Whiting Priestley wrote about growing up as a child of Edwin Marion and Maria Whiting. “We took meals together and they were always a happy experience. Yes, they were special. Our entire family had a great sense of humor and used it best at meal time. I remember no sour faces at our table.

My father knew over a hundred songs by heart. Night after night, it was something to look forward to. We could sit around the fire and listen to him sing and tell us stories. After the horses were fed, the cows milked, and the supper dishes done, we had an hour or two of fun. I did enjoy those things at the homestead. I’m glad I had those experiences there with my family.

In all these times, our mother and father never failed to teach us the truthfulness of the Gospel. Every time something came up that was disappointing or hard, Father or Mother would remind us that our Father in Heaven never gave us an experience that would not be for our good, if we let it. Oh, how I have needed that all my married life, because I have had many losses and storms.

Next we built a store to carry on the business started in Utah. Later, our family acquired a sawmill in the White Mountains south of St. Johns. All these things were to influence the activities in my life.

There was a certain feeling of excitement with every day we lived in our second home in St. Johns. We hurried from the busy work day, to the evening play, story, music, or drama hour.

My father was a gifted story-teller. Many of Pa’s stories he made up himself and continued them night after night so we were anxious to come back. He gathered all the children around him in the evenings to hear his stories, then continued this with the grandchildren as they came along.

# FISHING WITH MY GRANDFATHER

## EDWIN M. WHITING

*By H. Lee Berry*



*H. Lee Berry*



*Edwin M. Whiting*

One summer when I was 12 years old, my grandfather Edwin Whiting, invited me to go with him on a three-day fishing trip. We left St. Johns early one morning, driving first to Springerville, and then turning on the road to McNary. This road passed within sight of Green's Peak, and at some point within sight of that mountain, we left the road and drove for a mile or two. We parked Grandpa's car, and continued on foot. We climbed a mile or two into the thick and beautiful timber, and came to a small stream of water that one could easily step across in most places.

Grandfather's clothes on a fishing trip were as constant as a uniform. Tied around his belt at the waist was a flour sack containing flour, with a bulge perhaps half the size of the average watermelon. A small frying pan was anchored to his belt. He also had his hunting knife, a can of bacon lard, and other equipment compactly fastened to his belt. We carried our fishing poles in our hands, and we carried the bait in a shirt pocket in a Prince Albert Tobacco can. We brought some worms, but a few minutes pause would always produce grasshoppers, which excited the fish more. We both carried on our backs very small, compact bedrolls.

None of our attire interfered with our fishing. We started fishing very slowly down that stream. The fishing was fair, and we had no trouble catching enough trout for our dinner.

Grandpa selected a place near the stream where we would camp. We carried pine needles to make a bed close to where we built a fire. We stacked the needles up eight or ten inches high. When you put your bed roll in place, you slept in a slight depression. The result was as soft as a mattress.

That night we had a perfect dinner as far as I was concerned. Grandfather unpacked his flour sack, his frying pan, and other paraphernalia. We cleaned the fish in the stream. From the flour that we brought along, Grandpa made some twisted rolls, not sweet, but delicious. By bedtime, I was satisfied in all respects, including the fact that I had eaten well and sufficiently.

The following morning we woke up very early, and Grandpa soon had a fire going. He fixed bacon and flapjacks (pancakes), each one the size of his skillet. Grandfather almost always ate flapjacks for breakfast, with butter and honey.

We soon had the simple, compact equipment returned to our backs, and headed down the stream for more fishing. We came to a very beautiful meadow through which our stream ran. Grandpa grabbed me by the shoulder and made a sign for me to be very quiet. He then pointed in the direction of a huge timber wolf, with two cubs almost fully grown. We were hidden by the bushes, and yet we could see them.

The two wolf cubs chased each other in the same way that active puppies play, often catching one another, tumbling and rolling in playful combat. Grandfather said to me, "Now I will show you how I would get a shot if I had a gun." He then whistled slightly. The mother wolf instantly sprang to her feet in a

position perfect for a hunter with a gun. She froze in that position for a few seconds, apparently realizing the danger, then bounded into the bushes and we saw no more of her or her cubs.

We fished down the small stream until we came to an extensive beaver dam, and I realized that Grandfather had been looking for this dam. The fishing had been poor prior to our arrival at the dam, but now whenever we cast in a line, we would get a strike. The fish were larger than usual for the streams in that area, and the fishing was fantastic. Grandfather caught over 100 fish, and I caught 27.

We fished mostly with worms, and during one lull, Grandfather caught some grasshoppers, but they seemed to strike at either. Toward the latter part of the day, a slight rain began to fall. All old hands at trout fishing know that is the best fishing of all, because the fish cannot see you.

We camped close to the beaver dam that night, and repeated our preparations by carrying pine needles, making our beds, and again feasting on trout and bread which Grandfather made at the camp fire. The following morning, we arose early and began a fair hike to join the other part of the Whiting fishing party, although good fishing on the way delayed us until the next day.

The next morning, breakfast was again flapjacks and bacon. By now Grandfather had emptied the sack, which became a convenient way to carry the fish. If licenses were required at that time, I was not aware of it. We were fishing at the Apache Sitgraves National Forest. I am certain that licenses were required 15 years later.

We then joined the bigger party and fished another day with that group. Father and Kay and I believe Uncle Earnest, could not resist a go at the beaver dam. They walked back that way to fish and pick up Grandfather's car. The fishing had been mediocre in the big camp compared to the beaver dam. However the second attempt at the beaver dam was met with almost no success, and everyone assumed that we had harvested most of the fish.

## FOOLISH NEIGHBORS

When the Isaacson family lived at the Meadows, one set of neighbors often borrowed from them. Martha fretted over this because they neglected to repay. They would borrow flour, molasses, and fresh meat if available.

Over time, they had borrowed a lot of meat explaining they were planning to repay what they had borrowed when they sold their only cow. Instead, when the cow was sold, they bought finery and luxuries.

After a visit where the neighbors showed off their pretty things, Martha fretted. She felt they were foolish for using the money from their only cow to buy finery and they were rascals for not paying back the meat they had borrowed.

The foolish family provoked more trouble when they came over again asking to borrow enough meat and flour for supper.

Martha demanded to know why they had not thought of food until all their money was gone. A stormy exchange followed.

Finally, Peter stood up, gave his neighbors flour for a meal from his meager supply, and sent them on their way.

After they had left, Peter told his wife and children: "Be thankful for being blessed with more sense. It is wrong to criticize people not blessed with good judgment."



# FUN WITH GRANDPA

Grandpa Edwin M. Whiting was devoted to children. He loved to entertain his own children, foster children and his grandchildren. Everyone would look forward to spending evenings with Grandpa Whiting. Candy making, cookie baking and popcorn were all specialties he would share. He knew hundreds of stories and songs, and even games. We share two of the favorite stories and a game in tribute to the patriarch of our family who had such a tender place in his heart for children.

## BRICKET LEG

*Louine Brown Shields was recorded retelling Grandpa Edwin Marion Whiting's popular tales "Bricket Leg" and "The Little Girl Who Fell Down the Well". Laura Low Card recorded and transcribed these stories on audio tape for a folklore class at BYU in 1971.*



*One tower is still standing at Vordingborg Castle—built in 1360 where our Danish ancestor, Ejler Jacobsen was a castle official. Perhaps Edwin M. heard about this castle in his wife's family history and wove it into the Bricket Leg Story*

A young boy and his mother were very poor. They lived in a kingdom where the king loved magic tricks, and one day the king announced a magic pageant. Anyone could participate and the person with the best magic trick would receive half the kingdom and his daughter's hand in marriage.

The boy told his mother he wanted to participate in the pageant. He couldn't think of any tricks, but he hoped he would be able to think of one along the way.

The castle was a long way from where the young boy lived, and the only way he could travel was on foot. To help him prepare for the journey, his loving mother took a little bit of flour, which was the last food they had in the house, and made it into biscuits. Then she gave him a jar of water, and that was all he had to eat for his journey.

He kissed his mother goodbye, took the lunch, and started off toward the palace. After he had walked a long way he started to get thirsty, but he thought, I'm going to walk a few more miles, then I'll sit down and have my lunch.

By the time he stopped to rest, he was very hungry and thirsty. He spread his lunch out before

him, and just as he was about to partake of his biscuits, a little man came out from the bushes. He seemed to just appear.

"Oh, young man! I'm so tired, thirsty and hungry. Could I have some of your lunch?"

The hungry boy looked at him kindly and said, "Well, yes. You may have half. You look just as hungry and thirsty as I am." So the little man sat down, seized all the biscuits, and immediately ate them all! The biscuits made him very thirsty, so he took the water and drank every last drop!

The young boy just stared at him and didn't know what to do. He told the little man that he had been willing to share, but he hadn't expected him to eat the WHOLE lunch.

The little man replied, "Listen, you've been so kind to me that I have a present for you." Then he took from his back pocket a bottle and gave it to the boy.

The boy looked at him blankly and said, "A bottle I can't eat or drink?"

The little man replied, "Wait a minute. This isn't just any bottle, this is a

magic bottle! Look what it will do.” He uncorked the bottle and shouted, “Out, Bricket Leg!” Immediately, little tiny men jumped out with a banquet table and spread the table with of all kinds of good things to eat and to drink. The table just groaned with food. (At this point, Grandpa would mention many of the family’s favorite foods by name.)

The little man invited the boy to sit and eat all he desired, so the boy gorged himself. He hadn’t eaten rich food like that in his whole life so he really enjoyed the feast. When he was through, the man explained. “Now, just say ‘Back, Bricket Leg’ and they’ll jump back into the bottle.” The boy followed his instructions, and the little men grabbed the table and jumped back into the bottle. Everything was cleared up completely. “Now, this is for you for being so kind,” the little man said, and gave him the bottle.

The boy smiled, thanked him, and went on his way. He still had a long distance to travel, so he got to the palace at nightfall, just as the magic contest was coming to an end. Everyone had a good trick and tried to please the king, but so far no one had come near to amazing the king with his magic powers.

When it was the young boy’s turn, everyone was tired and hungry, so he pulled out his bottle, uncorked it, and said, “Out, Bricket Leg!” and the little tiny men jumped out and set a huge banquet table, and the boy invited everyone to sit down and eat.

Well, the crowd sat down and ate and ate and ate. Everyone was able to eat their fill, and there was still delicious food remaining. When all were satisfied, the boy said, “Back, Bricket Leg!” and the tiny men popped back into the bottle with the remains of the banquet.

Of course, everyone was amazed. The king himself was impressed, but he was a very crafty king, so he said, “I don’t believe you really performed that trick, so I want you to repeat the trick for me tomorrow.” Of course the boy agreed to the royal request, and was invited to stay overnight in the castle. The king took him to a little room and treated him well. The boy put the bottle beside the bed and was happy when he went to sleep that night.

Well, as I said, this was a very crafty king. He waited until the boy was fast asleep, then crept back into the room and switched bottles, putting a bottle that looked exactly like the boy’s bottle in its place, then stole quietly back to his chambers.

The next morning, the king said, “All right. Let’s see this great, so-called magic trick of yours again. I can’t believe you have true magic powers, but if you can repeat what you did last night, you must be genuine.”

So the boy uncorked the bottle, said, “Out, Bricket Leg,” but nothing happened. He looked down into the bottle, shook it a little bit, then commanded again, “Out, Bricket Leg!” but still nothing happened. When he tried a third time, the king threw him out exclaiming, “Imposter! Fool! Leave my palace at once!”

So the boy left in disgrace. There was nothing to do but return home on foot and tell his mother what had happened. He wondered what would become of them, for they were now completely destitute. The journey home was even harder, for he had nothing at all to eat or drink, but he walked until he could walk no more, and happened to sit down in exactly the same place where he had met the little man.

He decided to sleep a little while, and just as he was dozing off, the same little man came from behind the bushes, eager to hear what had happened. He was very displeased to hear how the king had treated the boy. “I have another bottle for you,” he promised, “but this will be a different kind of bottle.”

Thinking he would again be rewarded with a banquet, the boy eagerly uncorked the bottle and shouted, “Out, Bricket Leg!” and the little men jumped



out of the bottle as before – but this time they jumped on him, grabbed at his face, pulled his hair, pinched him, and beat him up as hard as they could.

The boy was so surprised that he forgot what the words were to call them off, so the little man ordered, “Back, Bricket Leg,” and the tiny little men quickly jumped back into the bottle and disappeared, and the little man recorked the bottle and said, “Now take this bottle back to the king.”

Of course, the boy could hardly wait to get back and show the king his new trick, and again arrived at the palace just at evening time. The king, being a greedy fellow, ushered the boy right in as soon as he saw there was a new bottle. The king said that since it was so late, the boy must be very tired, and should go right to bed and not show him the trick until morning.

The boy was taken to the same room and the king told him that if his trick was good enough, he would be given half the kingdom and his daughter’s hand in marriage. Before going to bed the boy put his bottle by the side of his bed, then went to sleep.

When the king thought the boy was asleep, he stole quietly into the room and switched the bottles again. As he was creeping out, he couldn’t wait to see what this bottle would do, so he uncorked it and said, “Out, Bricket Leg!” Out jumped the little tiny men who jumped on him, pulled his beard, hit him, scratched him, pinched his face, pulled his hair, and bit him. The king was so shocked, aghast, and confused that he forgot the command words. He was making such a racket that guards rushed into the room in amazement, while the king pled with the boy to call off the tiny little men.

“Do you PROMISE you’ll give me half your kingdom?”

“Yes, yes, ANYTHING! Just get them off me!”

The boy added, “And you will return the other bottle you took from me yesterday – and you’ll agree to let me marry your daughter?”

The king, in great pain, shouted, “Yes, yes, ANYTHING!”

So the boy commanded, “Back, Bricket Leg,” and the tiny little men stopped their attack, jumped back into the bottle, disappeared, and the boy recorked the bottle.

Of course the king had to live up to his word, so he gave the boy all he’d promised, including his daughter’s hand in marriage. The boy sent for his mother, and they all lived happily ever after.



### **FEASTY, FOUSTY, FLATTY, CUTTY, OR CLAW GAME**

This is a game Edwin M. taught his children and grandchildren. The person who is “it” lies face down, on the floor. The group sits around the person. They silently decide among themselves which of the choices the group will use. They chant “feasty, fousty, flatty, cutty, or claw.

If their hands are in a pinching position, using thumb and forefinger, that is feasty. If the hands are made into fists, that is fousty. If their hands are extended in a flat position, parallel to the person’s body, that is flatty. If their hands are in a chopping position, that is cutty. If their fingers are all curved like talons, that is CLAW.

If the person guesses incorrectly, then everyone gets to apply that gesture (humanely of course) to the person’s back or legs.

If the person guesses correctly, she/he turns quickly to see if he/she can catch anyone with their hands in the selected gesture. If someone is caught still holding their hands in the agreed upon gesture, they are then “it.”

## THE LITTLE GIRL WHO FELL DOWN THE WELL

*Also known as Take Blue. As told to Louine Brown Shields by Edwin Marion Whiting  
Louine Brown Shields was recorded retelling Grandpa Edwin Marion Whiting's  
popular tales "Bricket Leg" and "The Little Girl Who Fell Down the Well". Laura Low Card  
recorded and transcribed these stories on audio tape for a folklore class at BYU in 1971.*

Once upon a time, there were three little sisters who lived where there were lots of sheep. The main occupation of the people was taking care of the wool and the sheep. Well, these little girls were given the responsibility by their parents of washing the wool after it had been clipped from the sheep.

The two older sisters always gave the youngest sister the hardest work to do. One day, just to be mean, they gave her some black wool and told her she had to scrub it until it was as white as snow.

She started on her task at the well and scrubbed and scrubbed. It seemed like the harder she worked, the more impossible the task became. From time to time her sisters would come and criticize her and tell her she just couldn't do anything right. That just made her wash all the harder. She washed and she washed, and pretty soon her arms felt like they would just break off. Her sisters came by again, which made her work all the harder.

She was so tired that she fell right into the well. She fell and fell, and all of a sudden, she wasn't falling through water, she was falling through air. Then all of a sudden, she landed on a soft pile of leaves. She looked around and saw she was in a strange land she had never seen before. She didn't know what to do, but she thought she ought to find her way home just as quickly as she could.

Near the pile of leaves was a road, so she followed it, hoping to find someone who could help her find her way home. Pretty soon she came to a tree that was so loaded down with apples that the limbs were breaking. As she started to pass the tree, it spoke to her and said, "Little girl, will you help me pick my apples?"

She answered, "Of course I will." She went right up to the tree, saw that there were some baskets by the tree's trunk, and filled all the baskets with apples.

After she was through, the tree said, "Thank you, little girl. My branches feel much better now."

She asked, "Can you tell me how to get home?"

The tree replied, "Just keep following this road." So she continued down the road, and had walked quite a ways when she came to a stove at the side of the road. The stove cried out to her, "Oh, little girl, my loaves of bread are burning. Can you take them out of my oven?"

She said, "Of course I will." And she went over and removed the loaves of bread from the oven. The stove thanked her and told her she was a very kind little girl. Again, she was worried about finding her



way home, but the stove said to just keep following the road, so she did.

She walked along for quite a ways and was getting hungry and thirsty and didn't know what to do, so she just kept walking. She saw a house in the distance and when she got there she knocked on the door to see if she could find some help.

A nice looking lady came to the door. She explained that she was lost. The lady said, "Come right in, I think I can help you." She asked if she was hungry and the little girl said, "Yes, I am terribly hungry, and thirsty, too." The lady said, "Come right in my kitchen, and you can have some supper, and then I'll show you the way home."

She fixed the little girl some bread and milk and told her to eat as much as she liked; and when she was through, she should come in the other room and she would be waiting for her. So the little girl, who loved bread and milk, ate until she felt much better, then she cleared up the table, wiped up the crumbs, did up the dishes and went in to see the lady.

The kind lady said, "Before I show you the way home, come into this room with me." So the little girl followed her into a room filled with boxes of all different colors. There were red boxes, blue boxes, lavender boxes, and pretty canary yellow boxes. There were even some white boxes and a few pink ones. The lady said, "Now, I want you to pick a box of any color. You may take one."

The little girl was just about to reach for the red box, when a little bird in the corner said, "Take blue. Take blue." So she said, "All right, I'll take blue," so she picked up the blue box and followed the lady outside. The lady pointed in the distance and said, "Now you just go up over that hill and you'll be home."



So the little girl followed the instructions and went up over the hill, and there was her home in the distance. It was almost dark so she hurried as fast as she could and went inside. Her parents had been worried about her and they were so glad to see her, and her sisters had been kind of worried because they didn't know where she was. When they asked where she had been, she told them the whole story. When she had finished they asked, "What is in the blue box?"

"Oh, I forgot all about it." So she opened it up and found it was full of sparkling jewels of all different colors.

Of course the older sisters were excited when they saw what was in the box. The oldest sister said, "I'm going to have a box just like that." So early the next morning, this sister hurried outside and jumped in the well. She fell and fell, but pretty soon she wasn't falling in the water, she was falling through the air and soon landed on the same pile of leaves. She saw the same little road and began to walk.

Soon she came to the tree that was again full of apples. And the tree said, "Little girl, little girl, will you pick my apples for me?" She was in a hurry, so she said, "You just pick your own apples."

She hurried on down the road and pretty soon she came to the same stove. The stove cried out as she passed, "Little girl, will you take the bread out of my oven before it burns?" She replied, "You take you own bread out," and just stomped on down the road.

She was wondering where the house was because she was hungry, tired, and thirsty, and wanted her box. Finally, she saw the house and walked up, banged on the door, and waited impatiently for the lady to answer. Soon the nice, kind lady opened the door and said, "May I help you?"

The big sister said, "I'm lost and I want to go home, and I'm hungry." The lady said, "Well, come in and I'll see what I can do for you." She invited her into the kitchen and said, "Here's some bread and milk. You can have all you want, and then when you are finished, I'll show you the way home."

This girl was very greedy and ate and ate and ate. When she was through, she left her crumbs all over the table and floor, and left the milk and bread on the table, and hurried into the other room where the lady was waiting. The kind lady said, "Now I'll show you the way to go home."

The girl said, "But wait! I want a box!" The lady looked at her a little bit strangely, then said, "Well, all right. Come with me." She showed her to the same room that was full of colored boxes and she picked out a red box. The little bird in the corner said, "Take blue, take blue," but she insisted she wanted the red box, so she grabbed the box and returned to the lady who showed her how to get home. She went over the same hill and sure enough, she was almost home, so she ran the rest of the way.

As soon as she got inside, she couldn't wait to show her box to her family so she tore it open – and it was full of fire! It leaped out of the box – and they all got out of the house just in time. The fire burned up their home and everything inside.

## GRASSHOPPERS AND THE PORTABLE COOP

When Maria Isaacson was a girl, a plague of hungry grasshoppers came to Ephraim, Utah. They came in such numbers they made a cloud which covered the sun. The grain was just in the dough stage when it was best so the grasshoppers could suck the milk from the grain. All the settlers joined in the fight to save their crops.

The men all dug trenches around their fields. They filled these trenches with straw and the people would form a line and drive the grasshoppers into the straw. Then they would set the straw afire and burn the grasshoppers. In this way, the people were able to save some of their grain.

Maria's father, Peter had another idea. The family had a big herd of chickens, which he turned loose on the field. This helped to get rid of some, but the main thing it did was to scare the grasshoppers away.

Maria's parents were always thankful that they had the chickens to let loose because they felt that was what saved most of their grain.

The family made a portable chicken coop out of an old wagon box on two wheels. It had a cover and the nests were in the front end. 10-year-old Maria would stand on the wagon tongue and collect the eggs.

One day, Maria saw a new nest in the far end of the wagon box. She immediately crawled in to get the eggs. When she got far enough, her weight tipped the wagon box back.

She was thrown to the back end and all she could see was the sky. All dirty and scratched, she thought she might not be found. She said she felt she was ruined!

After she calmed down, she rescued herself by scratching and climbing until she got far enough up to tip the wagon box straight again. And she had learned to be very careful when gathering the eggs. It was an experience that Maria never forgot.



# GRIZZLY BEAR, TWO BROTHERS AND THE MARBLE CAVE

By H. Lee Berry

published in the Berry Patch Aug. 1988 & 1989



*Edwin's brother  
John with gun*

My Grandpa Edwin Marion Whiting always said that his brother John was the best hunter in the family, and that he was second best. John smelted and formed the bullets for the guns they used at that time. At the Little Giant Springs millsite, John practiced shooting in his spare time, and used a good sized pine tree for target practice. By the end of the summer, he had shot the tree down.

I remember my Grandfather saying that he and John were once hunting together, a little separated in distance, when John jumped [surprised] a herd of five deer. His first shot brought down two, and he was able to kill all five deer. Anyone who has tried to get a single shot at a deer in an open forest can appreciate that remarkable feat.

When Grandpa was in his middle twenties, he and John obtained a contract with the Santa Fe Railway to supply meat delivered to Holbrook, Arizona by the wagonload. They were professional hunters and along with many other teams of hunters, provided large quantities of game to be fed to the railway workers.

Once when hunting deer in a forest, Edwin and John came across fresh grizzly bear tracks. They found the situation very exciting because it was a chance to “get their grizzly.”

Grizzly bears (*Ursos Horribilis*) are characterized by massive bodies and humped shoulders. This species of bear seems to have a genetic feud with man, and it is certain that the horrible growls and menacing charge of these large carnivores arouse humans to the ultimate challenge when they charge in combat.

Usually bears are hunted with dogs, but Edwin and John had no dogs so they decided to track and overtake the bear. It is no accomplishment to track a grizzly because their claws do not retract, so they often leave an obvious trail. After a few hours they found the tracks led into a cave.

Grandpa and Uncle John, in preparation for entering the cave, stopped and gathered a bundle of dry twigs to serve as a torch. This they did hurriedly because the day was closing rapidly and it was growing dark.

Next, they checked their guns to make sure they were ready. Their guns were single shot, black-powder rifles. When the rifleman pulls the trigger, there is a slight delay, then a flash of light as the powder fires.



Now prepared, they lighted their torch and entered the cave. The cave was big enough for them to walk upright, but they could not see anything other than the walls, nor could they hear anything—least of all the bear. Gradually the torch burned away and they were in total darkness. Apparently the bear was subdued by the sight of the flame, but with the darkness came horrible sounds from the cave, and the sounds began to get louder and louder.

Grandpa whispered to his brother, “I’ll fire first when it gets closer, so you can see to get a shot.” Then he fired. They both saw the bear with the flash of black powder. Uncle John fired, and all became silent.

The brothers retreated from the cave and made another torch. They re-entered the cave, where they found the bear dead from a single shot—he was shot through the heart and lying only about 10 feet from where they had been standing.

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When Ray Brown was about 20 years old, unmarried, he lived in Salt Lake City. Grandpa and Grandma Whiting came to visit him, and Grandpa asked Ray to take him to the new Utah State Capitol Building in Salt Lake City.

He expressed a desire to see the marble trimming in the halls and large rooms. Ray took Grandpa up to see the new building and admire the much talked about marble.

Grandpa remarked that he and his brother John had discovered the marble which had been quarried for the building when they hunted the bear in the cave. After they had killed the bear they went outside, made more torches, and came back in to get the prize.

They were surprised to see the walls of the cave were polished marble. Ray asked how that could be and Grandpa answered that they were apparently polished from hundreds of years of the bears going in and out of the cave; they had literally polished the marble walls.

## HAUNTED HOUSE!

*By Maree Berry Hamblin*

One night while we were living in Prescott, Arizona, my parents, May and Herbert Berry, decided to go to the picture show. Mama cleverly left us kids at the dining room table deep in a game of Rook.

Effie and I had learned to be Rook experts by watching the games played at the Whiting Sawmill. With Effie’s tutoring, Kay and Lee were getting to be very good players. Kay was my partner, Effie took Lee. Baby Norma was asleep in Mama and Papa’s bedroom. With a pitcher of cold milk and a plate of cookies, we were content.

We were living in a big rented house that overlooked the city. Our parents felt lucky to find such a nice house for an extremely low price. It was completely furnished.

It seemed like the previous family had vanished, leaving their belongings behind. In the kitchen they had left silverware, table-linens, and china. Books filled the library. Bedding, oil-paintings, art objects and carpets were all in place. There were big pictures of ancestors on the walls, and valuable Italian marble statues.



We soon found out that the neighbors considered the house to be haunted. Every night, exactly at midnight, strange noises would come from the basement. Almost like moans, the various tones and pitches sounded creepy.

Our parents didn't believe any such 'drivel' about the house being haunted. We would hear Papa get out of bed and with his trusty flashlight as he began his nightly prowling of 'ghost-busting.' This went on for months. The whole thing would last about fifteen minutes, and always at the same time.

One midnight, Papa came up from the basement chuckling—he had solved the mystery! Each day at midnight, a train approached Prescott. The vibrations coming from the long line of freight cars caused the partly hidden steam pipes in the basement to clank together. The slowing speed of the engine caused the different tones and pitches that the pipes emitted.



Papa stuffed rags in all the empty places and then reassured us that the house was not haunted.

It was near midnight again, and we expected our parents would be home from the movies any minute.

Suddenly, from the basement, came the sounds of rattling chains being dragged across the basement floor. We also heard a noise that sounded like an animal. It was a strange noise we had never heard before, and it didn't stop.

Even with all that had previously happened with the clanking pipes, we had not believed the house was haunted until this moment. Those sounds were not coming from anything ordinary. We froze until Effie directed us calmly and with authority, "Let us pray." We all slid to our knees while she sent a quick but meaningful message to heaven for immediate help.

When the spine-chilling noises continued to echo through the house and shook the windows, we were terrified into silence. It makes my teeth chatter just writing about that sound. It wouldn't stop. On the brink of panic, we looked to eleven-year-old Effie to save us from destruction. "Grab your coats and shoes and don't stop to put them on. We're getting out of here," she directed as she ran for baby Norma and wrapped her in a warm blanket.

We bolted outside, leaving the rattling chains and the horrible animal noises behind. The fear lessened and we sank down in the snow to put on our high-topped shoes. "Don't stop to lace your shoes or button your coats," Effie said quite calmly, leading us so fast it was hard to keep up. With long shoe laces dragging and coats flapping, we half walked and half ran the eight blocks to the show house.

We found our Model T Ford close to the entrance. Kay and Lee snuggled down under the big quilt Mama always left in the car, while Effie and I gaped at the low necked dress Ethel Barrymore, the star of the show, was wearing on the publicity poster. One glance at each other, and we both knew without saying, why Mama had left us home.

At the sight of us all waiting in the car, Mama was almost in hysterics. She thought surely the house had burned down.

Effie explained our fright. Then Papa began to unravel the incident with his logical explanation: "As you remember I discovered the vibrations from the train caused the clanking sound from the water pipes.

As for the other noises, I'm sorry I didn't tell you that just this evening, Dr. Blaine and his wife were going to Phoenix on business, and asked me if I would look after their hunting dog while they were gone. Evidently, with the vibrations coming from the approaching train, the chained hound got scared and he began to bay for someone to come and let him out. He was probably as scared as you kids."

It was a reasonable explanation, and from then on we never worried about the house being haunted. But I have never liked hunting hounds since the terror of that awful night.

# HENS, ROOSTERS, AND MA'S PRIZE GOBBLER

By Elda Whiting Brown



When I was a kid and lived down at the Meadows, we had lots of time to play. Lynn, Myn, and I had our most fun by leading Ma's chickens around by a string. We caught them by tying a piece of bread to a good stout string and when the chicken swallowed the bread, we could lead them around anywhere. When we decided to let our victims go, we just pulled the bread back up. It was lots of fun.

One day while Ma was gone to town we tried this trick on a number of hens and roosters. Spying Ma's big prize gobbler, we decided to let him have a turn. He had a hard time swallowing the big chunk of bread we gave him, but finally managed to get it down. When he started off, the fun began.



When we tried to lead him, he got mad, so we pulled on the string so we could let him go. We pulled and pulled, but the bread would not come up so we all took hold together and dragged the turkey around, but the bread wouldn't budge. By this time he was fighting mad so we let the string go.

Hoping to catch the string again and try to free him, we kept chasing him. To get away from us he flew up on the shed. Knowing he wasn't safe from us even then, he attempted to fly down again, but the string caught – and there was Ma's big prize gobbler half way down the shed hanging head up by his neck!

Believe me, we were a bunch of scared kids, and began to yell as loud as we could. It was lucky for us that Pa drove up just then and hurried to see what the racket was. He soon cut the string and let the big bird down to the ground, then he cut the string short and left the bread where it was. That's the last time we ever baited chickens or turkeys!



Lynn



Elda



Myn

# HONEY BEES

Edwin Whiting kept bees and taught many of his 21 sons the art of beekeeping. His son Edwin Marion Whiting sold honey for years with his own label, and after he died, his wife Maria kept the business going.

Edwin Marion's grandson-in-law Rex E. Lee Sr wrote: "The apiary which Mr. Whiting leaves in St. Johns is the only one in Apache County. It is the only one, in the State which has proved a success in the type of country in which it is located.

He brought the first bees to this section of the state some 51 years ago. At first this venture was not successful. The bees died for no apparent reason. No one seemed to know why. He called the best men available to examine them. No one knew, and most of them said nothing was wrong. The bees still died.

He studied the situation himself. At last, as the result of intensive observation, he decided that the locoweed was the cause. He called the State entomologist and told him of his theory. The State officials made a first investigation and reported that nothing in loco would injure bees.

Mr. Whiting proceeded with his own ideas and finally worked out a plan for handling his bees in the loco infested area successfully. His further experience demonstrated conclusively that it was the loco which was at the root of the evil, and by combating it in his own way he caused his bees to break production records in several different years."

Read more about Edwin's beekeeping in the revised red Whiting book, pages 124, 127, 160 & 273.



# HORSES

*E I Whiting*

*(also known as Uncle Eddie, the oldest child in Edwn Marion and Maria Whiting's family)*

In the 1800's, horses were man's best, safest, and fastest means of transportation, except where there was railroad transportation. Cars were a novelty, airplanes unknown, and a good horse was a man's pride.

In my work as a young man on the range, there were times when my life depended on the stamina, intelligence, and common sense of my horse, and his failure could have been serious for me.

Some men loved their horses and their horses loved them. It was my mare that carried Herbert Berry on the twenty-mile run for the doctor when John Whiting was cut on the mill-saw.

Judging a horse was an art. Some men were able to make a living horse-trading, if they could judge the points of a horse. Things considered more important than "race track speed" were: endurance, gait, disposition, trustworthiness, and dependability. Most of all, men depended on the horse for transportation.

Wild horses are usually caught by the long, slow method of running them down. That is, we would take turns running them down. After locating them with our long navy spy-glass, we made our plans. One rider would take them on a circle and as they came around, another would take them – riding a fresh horse – for another circle, until they were tired. Sometimes the circle they made was seventy-five miles or more in circumference, but they always came back.

It generally took from two to five days to wear them down, and whatever parts of the night we could follow their tracks by moonlight. The longest run we ever had was eight days. When they were tired enough we all rushed in and roped one or more, if we could.

Of course, wild horses would not accommodate us by leaving camp in the morning and returning in the evening, so we expected to stop wherever we were caught when night came, wait for daylight, and take up the trail until we could connect with a relief runner.

It was necessary to travel as light as possible, as a horse having to carry a man was overloaded, so we rode with only a light saddle and rope. No water, food, blanket or coat. When night came we built a fire and finished our circle the next morning.

I have hunted game all my life and fished whenever I got a chance, but that doesn't compare to wild horse hunting. You shoot your game, look at your kill, and realize you never gave your victim a chance.

With a wild horse chase, it's something else. I love and never miss a horse race. I am sure I get as much as anyone from the thrills of horse racing, but I say without hesitancy that there is no race to compare with racing a wild stallion, a stallion running for his life and freedom, putting his all in a race. I wish I could describe the feeling of stalking him through the night and dropping on his trail to wait for daylight. Watching the stars in the stillness of night one gets as close to his Maker as he ever does on this earth.

As I have said, I have killed my share of game and caught my share of fish, which in a way satisfied whatever hunter's instinct we may be born with. I thrill at seeing tame horses race the prescribed mile and one-eighth. I generally go to Pasadena for the Rose parade, and to see the beautiful horses there. But that in no way equals the thrill of watching, racing, or catching a wild stallion.

I marvel at the intelligence he displays – watching and controlling his herd, always on guard so that it is impossible to catch him unawares. I have spent hours watching from some place of concealment, and I never cease to marvel. I can think of hardly anything I would rather do than watch one now.

I have watched our movie cowboys shoot, run, whip, and act wild. I've watched Trigger, "the smartest horse in the world," and watched the movie wild stallions – who are made to perform by someone jerking an invisible wire fastened to their lip. I have wished we could have movies of real wild stallions as I have known them."

*For more horse stories read the revised red Whiting book, pages 190-196.*



# MY PET HORSE, SPARKS

by E. I. Whiting

Two horses stand out in the hallowed memories of my past. My Old Sparks, and my brother Lynn's Old Minute. Minute came from gentle stock, but Sparks came from the wilder. Spark's progenitors were wild, really wild.



When I first saw Sparks he was five years old, silhouetted against the sunrise, guarding his band of mares, a large band for so young a horse. He made a beautiful picture. Lynn said, "If we could only catch him. Someday we will, and when we do we will have a prize." As we rode closer he alerted his herd, snorted, and led them along the horizon at a gallop, six stocking-footed sorrels and he. We chased them a mile or so, but of course stood no chance then.

We always contrived to build a trap or drift-fence for some way to get the advantage needed. I doubt that a horse ever lived who could have carried a man and caught that magnificent stallion that

morning, although Sparks lived to see many other horses caught from the horn of his own saddle.

Sparks eluded us. We could never get close enough to even crowd him, so each time he got away we became more anxious, more determined to catch him. We tried all the tricks we knew, but all we got was more respect for his cunning and sense, and more admiration for his beauty.

I guess horses, as well as men, make mistakes when luck is against them. One night just before sundown, after we had left his range and were heading for camp, we saw him and his herd down on the open flats of Beaver Dam Wash. We were between him and the mountain on which he ranged, and there were badlands to the south of us. We knew he would break back for his range as soon as we gave him a chance to see us, but we had a real advantage, we had only half the distance he had to run to beat him to the pass and try to trap him in the badlands.

Lynn said, "Now is our time. I will take the lead. You try to keep him from getting behind. He might make a mistake and go into the badlands, because he is off his range."

As soon as we showed ourselves a mile away, the race was on. He seemed to fly, but our horses sensed the situation and did nobly too. As we neared the pass Sparks looked like he was flying, but Lynn's horse was making a race too, but handicapped by the load he was carrying, he was losing his advantage in distance. Sparks had reached the pass first and it looked as if all was lost – when he wheeled to turn his lagging herd, lost his lead and put Lynn in the pass first. I was riding about even with the last of the herd.

They say wild horses won't go into a blind canyon, but these did. Lynn was among them; I was close behind. Quicker than I can tell it, we were all rushed into a hole with no way out except the way we went in, the horses were trapped.

It was after midnight when we finally had the last horse tied and a cedar-tree gate built in case a horse got loose. We were too tired to move, yet afraid to leave our catch. We dropped on our saddle blankets and slept until break of day.

One mare was dead, another down, the rest huddled together in a corner. Sparks stood on the only little hill available and faced us. That was nearly forty years ago, but I still like to think of the picture he made. The fight he made that day, the long period of breaking him, are other stories.

He never surrendered as other horses do, although he lived to be about twenty-seven years old. No stranger could ride him without being on guard, but he served me so well that I can say, even though this generation may not understand, I loved that horse.

When I raced him, he always won. When I chased other horses, he would carry me farther than anyone. He was a wonderful horse. In later years he made records not only on the range, but at the community race tracks. In nearly sixteen years he never lost a distance race.

The only time he ever fell with me was when he stepped into a blind badger hole. He stopped and came back and put his nose down by me. I thought I was hurt as I could not move, but I was only stunned. Year after year I ran him over rocks, washes, brush, anywhere, yet so far as I can remember that was the only time he ever fell.

At any rate, after the day's work is done, I like to think about him. If I could relive just one of those old days, I would perhaps ride Old Sparks with my brother.

# HUNTING

For the Whitings, hunting and fishing were more than hobbies. They supplied a good part of the family meat. Edwin Marion Whiting and his brothers went to the canyons, fields or out in the hills every time they had a chance. Edwin Sr.'s many sons learned to hunt, but John Whiting was the best shot, and Edwin Marion Whiting was the second best of the lot.

Whether Edwin M. was going to hunt, or look for wood, he always liked to take a bake oven, some flour with the baking powder mixed in, some salt pork and barley coffee [a coffee substitute now known as Postum]. For food he would make a sort of pone bread that all who camped with him really liked.

Everything he got while he was hunting was carefully preserved and kept. He had a smoke house where the venison meat was carefully smoked and made into dried meat. Nothing was wasted which might be used for food.

Although they weren't required to have hunting licenses most of his life, he only killed what he could use for food, and never believed in waste of any kind, or killing just to be showing off his ability as a good hunter.

When Edwin M. lived at the sawmill in Utah, they usually killed enough deer in the fall to sell for tax money and other expenses. One fall they killed 18 deer.



*Edwin M. Whiting, second from right, sons and grandsons hunting.*

Earnest Whiting wrote about hunting with his dad, Edwin M: "I must have been about sixteen when Pa let me go with him and Herbert on a hunting trip to the Long H which was north of Saint Johns. We hitched our team to the rear of the wagon, to make a cart. We put our camp gear on and went to Seven Springs where we made camp. We hunted through the cedar and found a few deer there.

Herbert and I surprised a big buck when we crossed a deep little canyon, which was only about forty feet from camp. Neither of us took a shot, we just stood there and he ran away, without a shot being fired. Pa got a real good buck though.

Herbert had to go back home because he was teaching school. Pa took the other horse and figured he could get an antelope; at that time it was not illegal.

I took the team and cart and went down the road and spotted a herd of antelope a long way off. I could see the dirt kick up and tell about where I was shooting. I shot all the bullets I had. I knew I had killed one antelope but when I got over there I had killed three.

In the night Pa got to where I had made camp, and he hadn't seen a thing. He went out the next morning and shot a couple more antelope and we then had our meat for the winter, with some for Ma to bottle and part for Pa to make into jerky."

# IN A JAM



Every day Edwin M. and his older brother Edgar had to take the milk cows to a good feeding place on top of a hill. They had to stay there and herd them. As it was a long ways from home, they took their lunch with them. One day their mother had made some strawberry preserves and had given them a small glassful, for they were good boys. Any kind of fruit or preserves was a real treat to them.

With this special lunch, they could hardly wait for noontime to come. They played and tended the cows as usual but often guessed at the time. Suddenly Edwin M. noticed a large Indian climbing the hill. Edgar hid the bread and jam..

When the Indian reached the place where the boys were, he made signs he wanted food. The boys made out that they couldn't understand him for some time, but as the man was getting angry, they went for the lunch. This he ate and wanted more. Being afraid of him, the boys brought out the bread and jam they had hidden.

After eating the bread the Indian picked up the glass of jam. He ran his finger into the glass down to the bottom then licked it. Tasting it again, he said, "Ugh" and threw the treasured glass of jam down the hill. He then got up and went his way. So he left the boys without lunch and worst of all, their precious jam was gone.



# INDIAN ENCOUNTERS



*Chief Walker*

In the early 1800's, Elisha Whiting married Sally Hulett, whose mother was an Indian.

When Edwin Whiting and his family settled in Manti, Utah, Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting wrote in her diary: "The Indians were with us all the time and our scanty food supply was shared with them always.

The Indians were always to be watched and would steal whenever they could get a chance or kill for every provocation, but we were on their land and did our best to keep peace with them."

Edwin Whiting served his last mission, in Ohio, from the fall of 1854 to the summer of 1856. During this time, his family battled grasshopper invasions. The grasshoppers ate most of the crops and the family survived on sego lilies, pigweed, and other wild greens which the

Indians had taught them to eat. [Pigweed is known to contain protein and carbohydrates.] This was a miracle as pigweed had not grown in that location before.

Brigham Young sent settlers to Manti, including the Whiting family, due to the request from Chief Walker, who wanted the settlers to help the Indians.

Chief Walker and the Indians became hostile, so it became necessary to build a stone fort for protection. The settlers lived within the fort walls, inside small log cabins.

The Indians felt that the white men had stolen their ground, even though Chief Walker had asked for the settlers to come. The gates of the fort were kept locked while the men went to the fields to work.

Settlers carried their guns with them for safety. This was the beginning of the Walker War of 1853. Edwin was appointed Captain of the Militia.

Martha Clemmensen (Isaacson) encountered Indians along the trail on her trek west in the Secrist Wagon Train. The Saints always shared their food with the hungry Indians they met.

Peter Isaacson, while traveling with the Smoot Wagon train across the plains, encountered the remains of several recent Indian attacks. While living in Ephriam, Utah, troubles with the Indians were numerous and eventually Peter served in the Silver Grey, an organized unit of settlers battling Indians during the Black Hawk War in 1865.

Peter was saved from death at the hands of the Black Hawk Indians while the men of Ephriam were cutting wood in the hills. During the ferocious attack, Peter received prompts to run the opposite way, away from town.; He had also been prompted to leave his eager young son home from the wood-cutting trip that day.

*See pages 39-40 of the Revised Whiting Book for more details.*

# LAMPLIGHT

By Martha Whiting Brown

There were many chores inside our house. One that was a nuisance was cleaning the lamp chimneys. It seemed to me that it was always at dusk—just when one likes to dream a little—that my big brother Eddie would call, “Martha, will you come clean the lamp chimney?”

Oh, dear! I would think, why didn’t I disappear like my older sister May did? Whenever Eddie called, it was difficult to refuse his request and I resigned myself to the job. This is how the job might go.

First, I had to find the lamp. Was it upstairs or downstairs? I found it where it was last blown out as Ma and Pa went to bed the night before. The glass chimney was completely covered with black soot on the inside, and looked so bad all over you knew when night came its service would be useless, since its purpose was to reflect light from the burning wick. It was obvious the whole family would have to face life after dusk in darkness.

Since a chimney was made of very fine, thin glass, it had to be handled very carefully. A broken chimney was worse than a black one.

I lifted the black, sooty chimney off its brass prongs and observed that the lamp needed a new supply of coal-oil. Unscrewing the burner so I could refill the bowl, I then searched everywhere for the coal-oil.

Where had Elda put the five-gallon can when she needed to pour some last? I found it on the back porch, returned to refill it, then noticed that the cotton wick was burned too short.

Next, I scurried around until I found a new wick, put it on as best I could, and poured in the coal-oil, remembering that a new wick must be trimmed very straight across or it would blacken the chimney again and I would have a mess to clean up and have to start this process over.

Where would I find Ma’s scissors? They could be any one of several places—at the sewing machine, out in the honey house, by the side of Ma’s bed, or on the mantel over the fireplace.

Since there was no sink to work at, I used the wash basin on the cupboard. I struggled long at that chimney. It took three basins of water before I could get that dirty chimney to shine clean.

I found a clean rag to finish my polishing. Rags were scarce and I had a hard time finding one. What I wouldn’t have given for a little paper towel or paper napkin.

When I finished shining the chimney, I stepped back to admire my work, then remembered that in a day or two I would be cleaning a chimney all over again, for we had more than

one coal-oil lamp. While some families could afford only one, we were among the prestigious, for we boasted three.

When electric lights were first invented, long before our town enjoyed that luxury in the simplest way, we were told of the glories we could expect from their use—that all a person had to do was push a button or a switch.

I can only compare the wondrous invention of electric lights with the treasure produced with Aladdin’s lamp. I reflect back on the way I worked to clean that simple coal-oil lamp and now sit every evening and enjoy our glorious electric lights.



# LESSONS FROM MY DANISH GRANDMA

—MARTHA ISAACSON

By E.I. Whiting

*My sister Martha, who is named after our Grandmother, has been pretty insistent about my writing something about Grandma Isaacson for the little book we voted to put out at the last Isaacson reunion.*

About all I remember are some of the little every-day things—that short path from our place to Grandma's that I followed down so often, the fire place and hearth which seemed a mighty stone to a little boy, the well which she cautioned us to always keep away from or it would get us: that there was a beggar man in that well.

Even though I could not quite comprehend it when Uncle Mart left for Utah to get married, I knew it was a great occasion. Pride showed in Grandma's eyes as she wept, bid him goodbye, and because he still seemed her baby boy, cautioned him about everything and hurried to see that nothing had been overlooked.

While Grandpa came from a family of comparative wealth, Grandma came from a very poor one. Mother has told me that Grandma and her younger sister, Mette, were apprenticed to a farmer under the following agreement. They were to live in his house, to help get breakfast and do the chores in time to be ready to start work in the field as soon as it was light.

At harvest time they cut and hauled the hay, bound the bundles of grain with straw, and as soon as the grain was harvested, gleaned, one at a time, the heads of wheat that had fallen over the entire field.

Then when darkness had fallen, supper served and the chores attended to, they were permitted to sit and rest until ten p.m., provided they spun yarn, corded wool, or knitted.



*The farm or plantation at Overmølle, near Balling, Denmark where Martha and Mette worked and Mette was killed.*

By contrast, they could have all the white bread they could eat on Christmas day, and could go home for a day once each year. Their wages were \$8.00 per year. If this seems too hard, remember that the family with which they lived worked long hard hours also.

Grandma finished her apprenticeship and finally came to Zion. But her sister did not make it.

Being weaker and younger than Grandma, Mette could not keep up. A boisterous Dane, trying to scare her into hurrying, cut too close with his scythe. The scythe severed an artery in her leg, and she bled to death.

Grandma said that though her first baby boy died, and her mother died crossing the plains, no other loss in her life was as hard as losing Mette.

Finally, Martha reached Zion, married Grandpa, raised a family, and saw a group of grandchildren growing up before she died.

Even though she had practically no schooling, due to her early frugal training, she saved enough for all her family's needs. In fact, she was pretty well off when she died.

My sister, Martha, asked me to tell my welfare story about Grandma teaching May and me to glean. In the fall of 1890, she and Grandpa came to Mapleton for a visit. We had just harvested our patch of wheat and because our neighbors had commented about what a fine crop we had, I took Grandma out to see it.

She didn't pay much attention to the harvested crop, but was upset about what had been wasted. She said the Americans were so wasteful that they could never be successful with their slovenly ways, and then proceeded to tell me how they saved every thing in Denmark.

So graphically did she paint her picture that I felt it was a shame that everyone could not have been born in Denmark and have had that wonderful training.

She offered to teach me to glean and pointed out that I could make good [money] in a field where so much had been wasted. She taught me to make a wheat head break loose from its straw and pop into the gleaning sack. While I could by no means do it like she did, I gathered what seemed to me a big pile of wheat heads and could hardly wait my turn to have it threshed.



My gleanings made a bushel of nice, clean wheat. Grandma's was more. The Thresherman asked what I would take for it, and so I began trying to establish a price.

In those days, there was lots of preaching about farmers putting away a supply of food, etc. Quite often our brethren would quote Brigham Young and elaborate on his saying that the Saints might see the time when a bushel of wheat would be worth more than a bushel of gold.

I wondered if I might swap my bushel and had visions of some high financing.

Then I asked Grandma if she thought a bushel of wheat could ever be worth a bushel of gold. She gazed into the distance and let her thoughts go back into the past. Finally, she said, "yes, I have seen that time when a bushel of wheat would have saved my mother's life."

Possibly that experience helped to make me a welfare enthusiast.

# LOVE AT HOME

*Myn Whiting Priestley*

Edwin Marion Whiting fell in love and waited two years to marry Maria Isaacson, after she turned eighteen. This happy couple enjoyed more than 50 years of marriage, and became the parents of nine bright, confident, children. Their children grew up to live good and productive lives. Their daughter Myn Whiting Priestley said of her parents: "They were well suited indeed. They did not speak often of their love, but every child knew it was so."

A granddaughter, Maurine Brown Startup, said: "Our grandparents loved little children for being little children."

Myn said, "Both Mother and Father were unselfish. I can't tell you how they took care of everyone else first. I remember Dad taking food off his own plate to give to any of the children if he thought they might want it.

They treated other people that way too. One day Dad made some kind of a trade and Mother told him that the other fellow had surely got the best of him. He said, "I feel good about that. I'd feel awful about it if I had got the best of somebody." I've tried to think that way in my life, too.

My Dad said often, "This is a good world. I love it and I find it is good wherever I go." Dad was a master at making it a good world himself."



*Maria and Edwin in later years*

# LYNN AND THE OKIES

By Rex Whiting



Lynn Whiting

*Lynn and his son Rex Whiting encountered a group of refugee sharecroppers from the Dust Bowl of the Southwest and Midwest, migrating in hopes of survival. Nicknamed Okies, they traveled in jalopies, driven by hungry-faced men, bulging with ragged children, dirty bedding, blackened pots & pans. Hated, terrorized, necessary, they became migrant workers harvesting the orchards and vineyards, the cotton and vegetable fields of the richest valleys on earth. Their homes were filthy squatters' camps on the side roads, beside the rivers and irrigation ditches. At the time, there were 250,000 of them and they became a leading U. S. social problem. John Steinbeck wrote about them in the epic novel *The Grapes of Wrath*.*



I remember a trip I took with my Dad, Lynn Whiting, to Flagstaff. Dad had grown a lot of potatoes he was trying to sell. He had heard there were a lot of “Okies” camped out near Flagstaff.

My older siblings, 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 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 living conditions.

I remember Mother taking him to task for giving away so many potatoes and telling him he didn't even make expenses. His reply was, “Those must have been the same conditions the Mormons were in when they were driven out of Missouri.” I didn't hear any more about it.



# MAD DOG ATTACK

By Arthur Whiting

I was bitten by a mad dog at age eleven when we lived at the old mill west of the Homestead.

Father and mother took me to Los Angeles, the nearest place where the Pasteur treatment was available. We were riding on a chair car [in the train] and it was about midnight.

I was bandaged from head to foot and everyone in the car was aware of my injuries and somewhat concerned.

Well, about midnight when the lights were very dim, I had a nightmare and must have screamed and yelled.

In no time the conductor had the lights up and I had plenty of wide eyed company until morning. After all, who wants to get bitten by a “mad” boy.

Minnie kept an eye on me for a long time afterward. She didn’t want to get nipped either.



Arthur Whiting as a boy.

## I REMEMBER THE MAD DOG ATTACK

By Kay Berry

One of my first memories in life was a very traumatic one when I was four years old. We were at the Whiting Sawmill up near where the Little Giant Spring is located. I heard a noise, a commotion, and a dog growling and barking.

I looked out of the cabin and could see Uncle Arthur Whiting (an 11-year-old boy at the time) being attacked by a large, rabid dog. He was frantically trying to climb upon a pile of logs, and was also kicking at the dog desperately, as it was biting his legs.

I saw a man come out of the mill shed, Noah Conally, who hit the dog with a large iron bar which broke the dog’s back and killed it, saving Arthur’s life.

When they brought Arthur into the house, I stared at his wounds along with the others. Many tears were shed and they were all so busy and concerned that they didn’t notice a small, frightened child looking on. I will always remember that traumatic, near fatal event.

My father has always been given credit by the family for saving Arthur’s life after the attack. Dad had been away to dental school and knew about such things as mad dogs and hydrophobia. He cut the dog’s head off and personally took it to Phoenix and had it analyzed. Sure enough, the dog was rabid.

Arthur was taken via train from Holbrook to Los Angeles, where he had the painful but life-saving Pasteur Treatment\*.

*\*Rabies is a specific, rapidly fatal disease. Infection is generally spread through the saliva of an animal bite. If the animal is tested and found to have rabies, a series of inoculations is necessary. The Pasteur treatment includes the administration of from 21 to 25 injections, covering a period of 18 to 22 days. Beginning with an emulsion that is only slightly virulent, the patient is inoculated daily with increasing strengths of the virus until his system has reacted to such a degree that it can withstand the stronger virus, and immunity is produced. The first day’s treatment consists of three doses, given four or six hours apart; the second day, two doses are supplied, and the subsequent doses are given one each day until twenty-five doses have been administered. The most common site for the injections are the stomach. You can see that Arthur was a very brave boy.*

# MAY'S POSITIVE THINKING

May Whiting Berry's son, Kay, said of his mother: "We will always remember one cold winter Mother's example of Positive Thinking. We were in Alpine, Arizona, living in a log cabin near the one room school where Mother taught. Dad was back in Chicago going to Dental School. Mother's children were Effie, Maree, Kay, and Lee – and our cow.



One day, Mother made a large batch of delicious homemade bread. We smelled it, admired it, and then went visiting. When we returned we were shocked to find our place in a shambles. Our old cow had broken in the door, messed up the cabin, and eaten up all our freshly baked bread.

Mother met the tragic situation with a smile, then a hearty laugh. Soon our tears were gone and we joined her, laughing until our sides ached. She calmly announced, "First, we will clean up our cabin, then we will fix the door so our cow can never get in again. I will bake a new batch of bread, and you can help me!" We never forgot that lesson.

It must have been Mother who invented the "sandwich" method of criticism. She always put a necessary criticism between two compliments. Never known to belittle another person, whether relative, friend, or foe, a person's self-image became enhanced in her presence.



## ON PRAYER AND A BICYCLE

by A. Kay Berry

At the age of ten I had a most fervent desire to own a new bicycle. My faith was great. I had read in the New Testament, "Ask and ye shall receive." Christmas was approaching, so I asked God with all of the faith in my soul for my heart's desire.

On Christmas morning, I was very disappointed—no bicycle. Over and over I prayed expecting each time that this would be my answer from God—no results! One day in my discouragement, I was brooding and was beginning to doubt the power and results of prayer. Suddenly, a small voice seemed to whisper to me, "If you want a bicycle, you must earn it." A light seemed to enter my soul, and I knew that God had heard and answered my prayer.

I went right down to the office of the Arizona Republic and applied for a job as a newspaper carrier. Mr. Griffin was the man in charge and he gave me the job after warning me that the only route open was a long hard one of about 12 miles.

I took the job, and almost immediately went over to Monrad's Bicycle Shop. When Mr. Monrad found out that I had a paper route, he let me have the bike on a small down payment with a plan to pay \$2.00 each week until the balance was paid in full. I selected the same blue one that I had dreamed about and prayed about for so long. Yes, I decided, God had heard and answered my prayers—His way.



Each morning I would get up real early. We were to be down at the office and pick up our load at 4:00 A.M. This was difficult for me as I was naturally a late sleeper—in those days. The route was out in a rural area along Base Line Road. It was mostly to rural homes, farms and ranches. I would fold the paper and became quite expert at making it sail a long way—either into the front yard, or if possible, on the porch.

One of my delivery places was the McQueen's ranch. It was a large place with the big residence set well back from the road. There was a long lane, lined on both sides by shade trees which approached the gravel road. I had been warned about their two mean and vicious German shepherd dogs which seemed to take great delight in attacking carrier boys in the early morning. Mr. Griffin had warned me that I didn't need to ride into the lane and deliver to the house. "Just throw the paper on the driveway and move on," he said.

On the very first morning, the dogs came out barking furiously and one of them attacked me. He went for my legs. I pumped desperately and rode for my life, and somehow managed to escape. I soon learned that if I got up a good speed, I could put my feet up on the handle bar and throw the paper as I coasted by. This strategy was successful for a while, but I soon found, as the dogs did, that I lost speed and sooner or later had to put my legs down and pump some more or I would stop and be at their mercy. I prayed about it, and the answer seemed to be, "Tell your Dad about it, and ask him for help."



He was quite shocked when he heard my story, and asked me if I wanted to quit my job. "No," I told him firmly, "I just want something to defend myself with." We talked it over, and came up with the idea of a quirt. A quirt is a short heavy leather whip with a lead weight in the center and loose leather tails on the end. It is designed to sting and whip horses, mules, etc. by the rider without causing the animals severe injury.

The next delivery, I was armed and ready. I kept my legs down for better balance. I had noticed all along that it was always the same dog that came at me. This time, as he charged and went for my legs, I let him have it with all of my strength. I must have scored a bulls-eye hit, because he went yelping and whimpering into the house in obvious pain.

The next morning, he came after me again with the same results. After that, I had no big problem with the dogs. I always carried my quirt on the handle bar of my bike. The dogs would come out and bark, and sometimes I would have to shake the quirt at them, but they never attacked me again.

At one remote spot, I had to cross some railroad tracks in an area where some hobos were camped. Each morning I would see them, sometimes sleeping and sometimes sitting around little camp-fires either cooking or trying to keep warm. I didn't like the looks of them, and instinctively avoided them and pedaled through the area as rapidly as I could. However, the road was rough and full of pot-holes and my speed was limited, to say the least.

One morning, one of them jumped out from behind a bush where he had been lying in wait for me. I saw him coming and rode for my life. He almost caught me, but just as things looked the most desperate, I said a silent prayer for help and looked back just in time to see him stumble and fall in the road. I heard him cursing in his frustration, and I realize now that he had also been drinking heavily. My guardian angel was with me.

After that experience, I found a new way which was longer, but safer. God had saved me from the dogs and an evil man and I didn't want to have to bother him again with similar problems.



*Notice the Hobo under the train*

The next year, at age 11, I was promoted to a new route in downtown Mesa. Taft Allen, a good friend, gave me his route as he was moving up to something else. It was much, much easier, only four miles long. Just a "piece of cake" compared to the previous one.

Now my brother Lee was old enough and got a route 16 miles long— even longer than my first

one. Ray Brown also had a long route and we all look back on our newspaper carrier days with pride as we all realize that they were very important in our lives and future careers. By selling newspapers and using prayer, I earned much more than a bicycle.

# OUR FIRST FUDGE MAKING ADVENTURE

By Bruce Priestley

*After the birth of my father, Don E., my grandma, Myn Priestley, was bed ridden for a year recovering from a rare child-birth procedure at the time, called a Cesarean section. From that point forward she had a limp and it was always painful for her to walk and stand. At the age of about 75 it became impossible for her to stand on her feet for any extended period of time. It was then, at 14 years old, I was recruited into the fudge making process.*



*Bruce and Myn Whiting Priestley*

My grandma's calling card around the holidays was always a plate of homemade fudge. Anyone who came over, or anyone we visited was a likely recipient of this mouth-watering candy. I was thoroughly trained, in theory, of what we were trying to accomplish.

I remember the time that she coached me through the inaugural batch. I arrived home from school to find my grandma sitting on the couch in her living room, worn out from gathering all the ingredients together and strategically placing them in some semblance of order to make the process a little easier for me. Listening to her directions from the living room sofa I did just what she directed me to do.

I started with the marshmallows, sugar, canned milk, all together in a thick aluminum pan that made a pressure cooker look like a tin can. I was directed to put the flame low so that it would warm slowly, allowing marshmallows and sugar to dissolve into the evaporated milk. My grandma told me that this stage was very important. (I found out later through the school of hard knocks that rushing this process along by using a higher flame actually starts cooking the candy before it is ready to start cooking therefore resulting in a grainy, unsmooth texture.)

I stirred and stirred till I was sure my arm was going to fall off. Once these ingredients had dissolved to my grandma's liking we turned the fire up some, and guess what? I stirred some more.

It wasn't long before these little bubbles started appearing like tiny freckles. Shortly then after, those freckles evolved into odd looking steam-filled bubbles that took shape in the wake of the fast moving wooden spoon gripped tightly in my hand making sure that the candy didn't stick to the bottom or the sides of the pan.



At this point the candy seemed like it was alive, completely out of control, angry, like a river about to breach its banks. When the event started, the ingredients sat calmly in the pan at the two inch mark with four or five inches for breathing room. Now there was no room to breathe at all.

I yelled to my grandma and told her of our dyer situation. She confidently told me to hurry and bring her the wooden spoon, using a plate underneath it to catch the hot liquid that was dripping.

Sitting on the lamp table next to the couch were several cups of water that were used to test the hot candy to make sure it was at the, "soft ball stage." My grandma tested the goop by putting some of the hot candy from the dripping spoon in the cool water and forming it into a small ball with her fingers.

She told me there was only a small window between under cooked and over cooked. (Before I ever finished this first batch of candy I had new respect for anyone who was dumb enough to try and make this stuff rather than buy it at the store. It wasn't too long after this that I tried some store bought fudge and it became crystal clear why my arms were being tortured and my hand was getting scorched).

As the candy took shape in her fingers she informed me, "It's ready." I don't think I ever heard my grandma yell. But, when she wanted to get her point across or get my attention she would do just like I remember Aunt Martha and Aunt Elda did. The volumes of their voices would be somewhere between a whisper and their regular talking voice. They would speak twice as fast and choppy. (You know what I'm talking about, don't you?) My grandma used that tone of voice off and on for rest of the candy making session. I knew that meant to pick up the pace.

When my grandma said, "It's ready" I was hoping we were almost done, but I knew we weren't. This stuff I was looking at wasn't even a shadow of the fudge that I was used to eating. Following the promptings of my grandma I put on these huge mittens and poured the hot candy from the kettle into a waiting bowl of chocolate chips and butter. After about 5 to 7 minutes of insane and intense stirring it started to look like something edible.

YES! This was the fudge that my mouth and stomach had come to know and love so well. I stirred in a teaspoon of vanilla and dumped the mixture into a 9 and a half by 11 inch pan greased with butter.

At that point the plan is to give the fudge time to set up and cool on the kitchen counter for 3 or 4 hours. But that requires patience, something that I don't possess. Fortunately, there was enough excess slop left over on the hardworking wooden spoon and in the bowl to install a proper stomach-ache without waiting.

### AUNT MYN'S FUDGE

4 c. sugar  
20 big marshmallows  
1 1/3 c. evaporated milk  
2 c. chocolate chips  
1 tsp. vanilla  
1 c. nuts (optional)  
1 cube margarine or butter



In a large bowl place chocolate chips, vanilla, butter and nuts. Set aside.

In a large heavy saucepan (like a dutch oven) place sugar, marshmallows and milk. Cook over medium heat stirring CONSTANTLY. Cook about 7 to 10 minutes. When mixture starts to turn just a little darker test a teaspoonful in a cup of cold water. If it barely holds its shape then it is done.

Pour cooked mixture over ingredients in bowl (don't scrape the pan) and stir and stir until everything is melted together. Pour into a buttered 9x13 inch pan. Cool and cut into 1 1/2 inch pieces.

**Variations:** Can make butterscotch fudge with butterscotch chips. Can make peanut butter fudge. Make one recipe of chocolate fudge and pour into two 9x13 inch pans then make another batch using peanut butter chips and pour it over the top of each pan.

# POWER OF PRAYER

*By Katie Whiting Lewis*

*Granddaughter of Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting, and daughter of Ralph and Nell Whiting*

The summer of 1947 was a busy one for us. We were living on a farm about three miles outside of the town of Holbrook, Arizona. Dad had planted a large garden and we had fruit trees and animals to take care of.

That summer my mother wrote and produced a pageant called “The Fullness of Time” for the Days of ‘47 celebration. She also bottled 400 jars of fruits and vegetables. Grandma Whiting came and spent the summer to help out, and boy, was she a lot of help!

About three years before, Grandma had fallen and broke her hip. In those days, about all the doctors could do was to put a metal nail in the hip to hold it in place. Grandma was never again able to kneel down for any reason or to walk without her crutches.

In the bedroom where my little sister Nellie and I slept in a double bed, my parents put a twin bed about three feet from ours for Grandma to sleep in.

Nellie and I were usually in bed by 9 p.m. Grandma would stay up and visit or quilt until a little later before she came to bed. She finished two quilts that summer.

I am sure she thought I was asleep when she said her prayers. I would close my eyes because it seemed like the right thing to do.

The first thing she always asked was forgiveness for not being able to kneel down. “I mean no disrespect, Lord,” she would say.

She was so grateful for everything. She knew and remembered everyone in the family who was sick.

She never forgot the missionaries.

The spirit in the room was so strong, I didn’t dare open my eyes because I knew if I did the Lord would be standing at the foot of her bed. Soon I was asleep and it was morning.

As I listened to Grandma Whiting pray, the spirit with which she prayed bore witness to me of the importance and the power of prayer.



*Maria Whiting*

# RAILROAD WORK



Up until the time Edwin M. met Maria, he had planned to return to Utah as soon as his mother was settled in the United Order Settlement of Brigham City, Arizona. Meeting Maria changed his desires.

Edwin worked in Brigham City for a while and then he obtained employment at other places around Winslow where he went to work for the railroad.

This was interesting and exciting to Edwin, and he wanted to become an engineer.

He passed the necessary requirements, except for the eye tests. He was found to be color blind to the red and green signals used on the railroads, so his dreams of being an engineer vanished.

Edwin M. and his brother John obtained a contract with the Santa Fe Railway to supply meat delivered to Holbrook, Arizona by the wagonload. They were professional hunters and along with many other teams of hunters, provided large quantities of game to be fed to the railway workers.

Edwin continued his work with the railroad company during the years he waited for Maria to become old enough for her parents to give their permission for marriage.

## RATTLESNAKES

Edwin Whiting and his family helped establish Manti, Utah after they crossed the plains. They suffered through the first winter, with little food or shelter, living in a dugout they carved in the side of the hill the Mnati Temple now stands on. They struggled to manufacture 100 chairs in half their dugout. But good weather brought new, unexpected problems. From the cracks and crevices in the rocky hill that had protected them, from holes in the ground and from caves under slabs of stone crawled hundreds of rattlesnakes coming out of hibernation.

The snakes were everywhere. On the south slope they lay in coils on the paths. They crawled under the woodpiles into the dwarfed underbrush and under wagon boxes. In the dug-outs, the snakes hid in wood-boxes, tool-boxes, cupboards and beds.

The first night the snakes appeared, three hundred rattlesnakes were killed. Several more nights they killed hundreds of snakes. Amazingly, not one person was harmed.



# SAME SACRED STORY

*By Dean Berry*

Indian tribes have inhabited Northeastern Arizona for centuries. The Apache and Navajo lived by hunting and raiding. They referred to the Hopi as “The ancient ones.”

The Hopi have always been farmers, scratching a living out of some of the driest, scantiest soil in the world. They are absolutely dependent on the July-August rains of the high desert country to the North and West of St. Johns and Holbrook.

Their homes were built of stone, pueblo-style, in eleven villages atop three high mesas, desert buttes which had been thrust upward a thousand feet above the farms and reached by narrow, easily-defended trails. Men and boys went down to the fields in the mornings, worked all day, then climbed the torturing trails again in the evenings.

They often ran both ways, in preparation for the marathon-type races which were part of their yearly festivals. Women carried water daily to their cisterns on the mesa tops. These people believed in being industrious.

They also believed in prayers to Massua, the Great Spirit and Only True God. They were taught by their fathers to be righteous and to be peaceful. They were to be strong, but were never to make war.

Hopi numbered some eight thousand at the time of the American Revolution. Because of their mesa tops, this small tribe was able to withstand raids by Navajos and Utes. But three years of famine and disease reduced them to fewer than a thousand by 1780. They have never fully recovered from those years of drought, and to this day number fewer than five thousand.

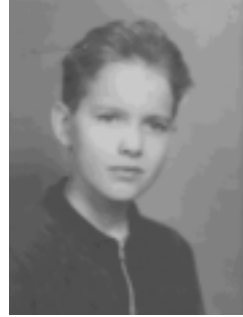
Hopi legends said to expect their white brother to return from the West, but not to trust the white man from the East. Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries failed to win converts during a hundred years of proselyting.

Jacob Hamblin and a group of Mormons first approached them from the West, crossing the Colorado River from territory forbidden to the Hopi by their beliefs. Mormon missionaries since that time have always been welcomed and there have been many conversions, many of them notable.

Many of you know of Gene Flake, a Mormon from Snowflake who was a missionary to the Indians during much of his life. In about 1937, he arranged a meeting with the Hopi. The entire High Council of Snowflake Stake was invited. This was an act of diplomacy, for in the Hopi religion there is also a High Council.

I cannot recall which village it was, but it was on a mesa-top. Father was on the High Council that was invited. He took me with him. I was twelve years old—a brand-new deacon.

I do not remember the trip, but I do remember the climb up the trail. I remember especially the meeting. We were led to a “room” which was open on one side. Their “priests” sat with backs to the wall and ours with backs to the open. I stood



*Dean as a young boy*



behind my elders, as did a number of the Indian boys, all as solemn as if in church, which I believe was the case.

When introductions were over, there were prayers by representatives of each group, and translations both ways. Several members of the High Council made short speeches.

I have a clear memory of Gene Flake standing in strength and dignity, holding a Book of Mormon in one hand. He spoke Navajo well, but not Hopi, so I was able to hear every word as spoken by the interpreter. He emphasized his words with universal Indian gestures, using his left hand.

He told them that the book he held told the story of the plan of life, made before birth, and that it spoke of their ancestors, who once were white and came from across the ocean. (The interpreter, who had never seen the ocean, had some difficulty with this word, but when he described it, the old men nodded their heads in understanding.)

He told them of quarrels amongst brothers which resulted in their becoming two separate peoples, one fair-skinned, the other dark, and of a great war resulting in the deaths of the whites.

He told them of a white brother to us all who visited their fathers many generations before and who had promised to return. He finished by pointing to the book in his hand and saying, "This is the book of your people and of our religion."

There was a silence, and then a discussion among the men of the Indian High Council. There was a muted argument, and finally silence



again as a younger man left the chamber and descended into a Kiva (an underground ceremonial chamber.)

The silence remained until he returned with a tablet of stone which he reverently placed in the hands of the tribal spokesman. He held it and said, "This is our book. It tells the same story as yours."

The stone was handed carefully to Elder Flake. He and each member of the Stake High Council was allowed to hold and examine it. Of course, I was not permitted to touch it, but I saw it closely and clearly over father's shoulder.

It was about 8 by 16 by 1 1/2 inches, of polished, light-colored, yellowish stone. All edges and corners were smooth and slightly rounded. Its "squaring" seemed perfect. It was hard stone of a type I have never seen in Arizona. It seemed to glow, but I believe this was because it was translucent.

In one quadrant of the flat surface was what appeared to be a map, and it seemed to me that this portion was a different color than the rest. The remainder of all six flat surfaces was covered with symbols. They were precise, simple marks, not even remotely resembling the sun-animal-tent writings found on flat rocks all through Arizona and New Mexico.

This tablet was very ancient and precious to these people. It might be as if we had one of the gold plates of Nephi, kept in the Holy of Holies, and only shown to people who had a recommend.

I have seen Hopi ceremonial dress and ritual. I have seen their sacred Snake Dance, with live rattlesnakes. I have watched their 20 mile race, with the men running up the last, brutal thousand-foot climb. But an outstanding memory of my boyhood was the dramatic moment of seeing two books, each held by a dignified man, and each telling the same sacred story of the origin of the American Indian.

# SECRET ROOM

*combined from separate accounts by Kay Berry and Maree Berry Hamblin  
published in the Berry Patch*



*Clockwise from the top, Effie, Kay, Lee and Maree Berry about three years before this story occurred.*

When the Berry family moved to Prescott, Arizona, they rented a house at an unbelievably low price. They soon found that their neighbors thought the house was haunted. Their father, Herbert Berry, discovered by careful investigation that of course it wasn't.

One day, Effie, Maree, Kay, and Lee were playing detective in what was called the nursery, on the second floor. They had just seen a detective movie the night before and were pretending to search for a secret room. Maree was running her hand up the wallpaper stripes, looking for a secret door, when she noticed a tiny crack at the edge of the silver stripe.

It was no ordinary crack since the wallpaper had been ever so carefully pasted in place. Stepping three feet back, it was invisible. She called the others. Kay pushed on the wall a little — and a door swung inward!

They couldn't believe it—a hidden room opened before their eyes. The room held several trunks, each filled with wonderful things. Kay remembered one

trunk was full of civil-war items: uniforms, swords, medals, and other men's things. Another held beautiful ball gowns. A third trunk was filled with big, elaborate women's hats trimmed with ostrich feathers.

The children enjoyed looking at all the beautiful clothes and the dashing uniforms. Then Maree asked, "What if there was another

secret room?" They searched again, running their hands lightly across the walls, and again could feel a large crack underneath the wallpaper. When they pressed the wall, another door opened. This room contained sterling silverware, hand-painted china, crystal, exotic figurines, art objects, and watches.

As they completed the search, they discovered a third hidden room. This one held toys of all kinds. There were beautifully dressed porcelain dolls, platoons of tin soldiers, a rocking horse, sleds and skates.

"We were simply amazed at our fabulous find and set about to play with the toys and to dress up in the costumes. With

tea parties and imaginary battles, we had a real good time all afternoon.

But the lesson we learned when our parents returned was a lesson in honesty. We had to put it all back — simply because those treasures were not OURS. We re-wrapped everything in the same tissue paper they were carefully





preserved with, and replaced everything just like we'd found it.

Dad contacted the owner of the property only to find out that he didn't know anything about the secret rooms. Dad sealed the wall back up again, and we never found out if anyone ever rediscovered the mysterious secret rooms.

At the time it seemed cruel to give up the treasure, but now that we are grown up and mature we will never forget that lesson in honesty our parents taught us by example."

## SEWING MACHINE

When Maria Isaacson (later Whiting) was 14 years old, she had never seen a sewing machine. Her mother sewed all the family clothes with a needle and thimble. Maria lived in the United Order Settlement of Brigham City, Arizona with her parents Peter and Martha Isaacson and brothers, Martin and Ike Isaacson.

One day a peddler came to town. He had a sewing machine to sell. He offered to trade with Peter Isaacson the machine for a horse. Peter consulted his wife Martha, who wasn't interested. Maria, just a girl, rubbed her fingers over the smooth polished surface and looked longingly at the machine.

Peter explained to the peddler that he would not trade the horse because no one knew how to operate the machine. The peddler promised to stay and give lessons to the girl. Proudly she sat at the machine, and soon it was running along a seam making fine stitches. The trade was made.

Martha changed her mind about the new way of sewing, and both mother and daughter enjoyed sewing on the machine for many years.



*Maria at her sewing machine*

## SHERIFF

Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens was the most noted sheriff in Northern Arizona at the time, and was a frequent visitor at Edwin M's blacksmith shop. The sheriff's horses were so hard to shoe, they had to be forced to the ground every time.



*Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens*

Edwin M. also fashioned shackles for the prisoners. This was very specialized and dangerous blacksmithing.

Sheriff Owens had gained a reputation for cleaning up the territory, so much so that he was called "Saint George with a six-shooter."

All the men gathered around the shop when they saw Commodore Owens come into town, as he always brought news from other parts of the country. The sheriff had long red hair and did not look like the tough type, but he was noted throughout the West for his bravery.

One time Edwin M. was not at home when some outlaws came to his house and told Maria they wanted their horses shod. She told them she didn't have a key to the blacksmith shop and didn't know when Edwin M. would be home.

They were in a hurry and said they couldn't wait, so they shot the lock off the shop door, went in and used the equipment to shoe their horses. This job done, they went back to Maria, asked her for some food, which she fixed for them.

They paid her for the food and the horse shoes and left, much to her relief. She had been afraid that the law officers would catch them there, and there would be shooting all around the place.

# SO WISE A DAD

by Edwin Isaacson Whiting  
Hobble Creek Canyon, Utah



*Eddie riding old Prince dragging the log in with the help of his sister, May and cousin Will Whiting*

When I was eight years old I wanted to do what the men were doing, so I cut down a small tree. It took me most of the day and Uncle John said if it was a little bigger they would use it, so of course I immediately wanted to cut down a bigger one, and three days later I had one down. As our Old Prince was not busy, and with the help of my sister May, and Will Whiting, we harnessed him and dragged the log in.

I received so much praise from all the mill men I decided that I had found my calling. During the next month I worked as much as my blistered hands would permit and produced quite a pile of lumber.

One day, on a side road, I found a tree some logger had cut that had lodged against another tree, but been abandoned because of the danger of trying to dislodge a tree half down, with its butt on

its own stump and its top in another tree. (Two of my friends, the Marten Brothers, were killed that way, each by a different tree but only a few months apart.) This tree was much larger than any I had brought in so far – a prize if I could get it.

After a lot of planning I decided to try it. So I cut one side of the stump on a slant downward and the opposite side of the log on an upward slant, so that when I had the two cuts made, the log slid off away from me as I had planned, and went down as nice as could be.

I pulled it into the mill, expecting to cause a sensation. I did, but in a different way than I had expected. All the men at the cookhouse discussed it and their unanimous opinions were that I had done a



*Whiting Sawmill, Hobble Creek Canyon, Utah*

foolish thing, had narrowly escaped, and should be immediately barred from the woods. Mother had tears in her eyes and I decided I was in the wrong business anyhow. All the praise for my other work had come to naught with this great blunder.

I was weeping when Dad came in. Everyone wanted to tell him how bad things were and give advice about what to do with me. Wise old Dad said, “Eat your dinner, then we will go up and see what he did do. At least he got the tree that all you fellows left!” (Sixty-one years have passed and I still remember that.)



*Another Photo of the Whiting sawmill, Hobble Creek Canyon, Utah*

Holding Dad’s hand with most of the crew following, we went to the scene of the crime. Dad looked at the stump and asked if I slanted the tree to match it. Then he said, “It looks like a pretty smart piece of work and not much danger the way he did it. Some of you fellows might learn from the boy.” And so I was back in the logging business again!

I am too proud for words, of so wise a Dad. All through life I have been better able and more anxious to face any situation than I could possibly have done, if Dad had ruled against me.

They brought a photographer from Springville and took a picture of the mill with Old Prince hitched to a log, with me in the foreground. For over sixty years that picture has hung in Mother’s home.

# TEACHING CHILDREN TO WORK

*By Martha Whiting Brown*

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

When we lived at the sawmill, we worked there. When we moved back to town there was still plenty to do. We cared for a garden, fruit trees, sugar beets, and cattle. We helped with cleaning, washing, cooking and sewing. May was only nine years old when Lynn was born, but she was already a conscientious and clean person. She cared for the whole family by cooking, washing, and cleaning house.



Before I was eight years old I ironed (with an iron which was heated on the stove), washed dishes, and swept the floors. After eight, I started mixing bread. All of our bread had to be made at home. I mixed many batches in a large pan on a chair by the table from that time on.

When Pa and Ma began to prosper when we owned the sawmill in Mapleton, they decided to build a new house in 1895. We all looked forward to enjoying it, and so we all helped to build it. There were plenty of jobs that the older children could do. Father did much of the finishing work. Earnest and I carried the bricks up a ramp to the bricklayer all day, every day until the house was finished.

On the lot where our old home had stood, there was now a large, impressive red-brick house. Pa put on a fancy roof of colored shingles, and decorated the two front porches. There was a white railing around the porch. It was considered one of the best houses in Mapleton.



*The red brick house in Mapleton,*

We moved in on May's eleventh birthday. She did much of the moving. I helped a little, but not as much as May, who could do a woman's work when she was very young. Inside the house was a big cupboard filled with dishes, including some pretty red ones. We put lace curtains at the windows, and soon there was a big lawn as well as bushes and fruit.



We worked the hardest of all in our three-hundred swarms of bees. We all worked in the bee house. We made frames, wired them, and put them in hives. We extracted honey and poured it into cans. We also made and sold bee equipment to other beekeepers. Sometimes we worked about fifteen hours a day. We were never paid, but were praised and encouraged.

We went from beekeepers to storekeepers. Pa bought up some merchandise from his sister, Harriet Curtis, who had been running a store in her home, but was now ill. He built shelves in our front room and we were in business with eighty dollars worth of stock. As we sold the goods, we bought more. Before long, Pa built a new stone building at the side of our house. There we had a little bell with a string tied to it that rang inside the house when someone wanted service. All of us answered to the bell.

Pa could not have done without Mother. Besides doing the work inside the house, she helped with the garden, helped in the store, helped with the honey bees—especially on honey day and with the selling of the honey afterward, when people came to the house or store to buy it. Father and Mother worked right beside us on every project.

Our parents made us feel that we each made a big contribution to our family. This made us try more than ever to succeed.

# THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!

One of Edwin Marion Whiting's greatest contributions to his church, his town, family and friends was the plays he put on. These were usually played for the benefit of the church, to raise funds for one cause or another. Soon after he moved to St. Johns, he was asked to serve on a committee to put on plays and other entertainment. He had taken some lessons in dramatics in Utah and had taken parts with his brother-in-law, Aaron Johnson, in plays presented in several Utah towns.

Each year, and often two or three times a year, he would put on a three-act play, especially when there was an urgent need for money. The ward usually needed funds for church buildings, repairing, extra missionary funds, helping some needy family or a celebration. For these and many more causes, Edwin M. would produce a play. An extra good play would be performed two or even three nights, and many people came to see it a second and third time. Matinees for the children cost five cents. Edwin M. had a theory that every child should see a play if they wanted to, because there wasn't much entertainment available in those days, so he had a free matinee for the children quite often.



Whiting poster

Tickets sold for 25 or 30 cents and later 50 cents for reserved seats. Edwin M. had his own system for reserving seats. He always marked and numbered each seat on a large cardboard and the seats as they were sold were checked off and the person's name written on the cardboard by that number. The plays were put on in the Old Assembly Hall. This was the building that was used for church, dances and all other forms of entertainment and public gatherings.

A good melodrama, or a play that had some moral to the story, and some serious scenes, was first choice. The idea was to make the audience weep, and Edwin's plays usually did that; however, he liked good clean comedy and put on many of

those. Very often if the play had been an extra sad one, he liked to give a good short comedy farce at the end of the three-act play.

Edwin M.'s family was always in the cast because he could depend on them and get them together for rehearsals. Besides, he believed in using his family if he thought they could do the best job. May and Lynn were especially good in comedy parts, but all the children played different type characters.

Scenery had to be built to fit the hall, and each set required moving in and out for each play. Stages had to be built as needed. Costumes and props had to be made and carried up the flights of stairs for each use. It was work, but it was done for good causes and considered worthwhile.

The bishops and other leaders appreciated Edwin M.'s plays, not only for the money, but for the entertainment and



*Myn Whiting & Maree Berry—  
Two Orphans*

opportunities they offered to the young people to develop their talents. The only chance people had to take part in or see dramatic productions were those they made for themselves. Not only did those people who took part appreciate the chance, but those people who came to watch. Read more about Whiting theatrics on page 80 of the revised Whiting book.

E.I. Whiting (Uncle Eddie, the oldest son of Edwin and Maria Whiting) loved movies. Uncle Eddie lived in a time when movies might be primitive or without sound in black and white, but they were always for general audiences. He was heard to say he never saw a movie he didn't like. A generous uncle, he often treated nieces and nephews to the movies and snacks. Once they couldn't decide which movie to see in Los Angeles, so he took his guests to both theaters the same evening. He eventually owned the Ritz Movie Theater in St. Johns.



*Farr Whiting as Pichard—  
Two Orphans*

## THE FIRST WHITING FAMILY PLAY

*By Martha Whiting Brown*

We all caught the spirit of amateur plays from our father, Edwin M. Whiting. One Christmas we received as a gift a book called *Babes in the Woods*. We decided to put it on as a play.

Mother was the manager and Eddie the ticket seller. He sold tickets all over town for two matches and one pin.

Our living room was full of neighbor children. We had a curtain, and changed the furniture around for scene changes.



In our makeshift script, May sang “Babes in the Woods.” Earnest and I were the babes, and I think Eddie and Vellie Curtis were the uncles who fought over whether or not to kill us. The wicked uncles left Earnest and I—the babes—in the woods to die. I covered Earnest and me with a little cape and we pretended we were dead.

The uncle returned to claim his reward—our home and barn, which he had so wickedly acquired. But when he arrive, he found they were both on fire. Just then our coal oil lamp caught Ma's lace curtain on fire. The children in the audience thought it was part of the show, and laughed and clapped.

But Ma and Eddie knew our home might burn, and perhaps the children as well. They pulled down the burning curtain and we all ran outside and were saved.

# TEASING SISTER

By Martha Whiting Brown

As good a sister to me as May was, she was not above teasing, occasionally. Ma gave us each an egg to spend at the store for whatever we wanted. (It was common in those days to use eggs as money.)

May bragged that she could smash her egg down on the ground without breaking it. I doubted this, whereupon she proceeded to hold it high, then to dash it down, stopping carefully just before it hit the ground.

Determined not to be outdone, I raised my egg high, and then smashed it down into an egggy mess on the ground. Exasperated at my loss of fortune, I started to howl.



# TO BE BRAVE

By Martha Whiting Brown

May was quite a heroine about some things, but not about the big bull that grazed in a nearby pasture. She pretended to be brave. She explained to me that if we were walking through the pasture and the bull charged us, she would pick up Earnest under one arm and our little brother Ralph under the other and run to safety. I would just have to fend for myself, she said.

One day we were creeping across one end of the pasture and the bull started to run toward us. May howled and ran off, alone, leaving me to grab Earnest and Ralph by the hands and run after her.



# TREASURED MEMORIES OF MY GRANDMOTHER MARY ELIZABETH COX WHITING

By Martha Whiting Brown

I remember well the day our beloved Grandfather Edwin Whiting died. The memories I would keep of him were few, but Grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting lived on to become an important part of our lives.

In spite of many sorrows, she was a happy, pleasant person. She said more than once that she would not change her life, if she could. She was a dear, educated, religious, clean woman. None were happier to live near her than we were. We always felt welcome in her house.

Grandmother's hair was as white as snow when she was not very old. She used to let her hair down and let us granddaughters comb it. She liked a fine comb.



Mary Elizabeth  
Cox Whiting

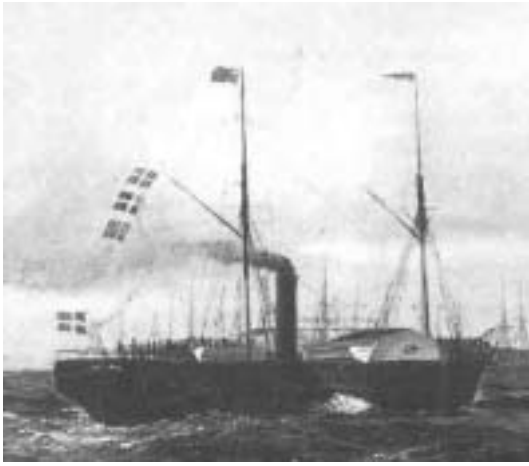
I did not get all of my "thrifty qualities" from my Danish mother. I remember seeing Grandma Mary Whiting, as she mended clothes, have someone bring her sewing basket, where she kept needles, a round thimble with no blunt end (open at both ends), and a little mound of short pieces of thread saved from the basting of dresses made at home...Grandmother would look through this little bunch of thread for the color and kind she wanted.

In my mother Maria's little tin box, I found a few poems and thoughts of Grandma Mary Whiting. She wrote these words: "There is no place in society where the spirit of God is needed more than around the home circle of the young mothers."

I never heard Grandma Mary Whiting complain or say an unkind word about anyone. She appreciated everyone, making life better for everyone who ever came near her.

# TRANSPORTATION

## By SHIP



In 1854, both Peter Isaacson and Martha Clemmensen traveled on the ship Cimbria to England.

This first part of the journey took weeks, due to bad weather. At first they were driven back to Mandal, Norway to wait out the storm. Their second attempt, the storms were so fierce they were swept clear back to Fredrickshaven, Denmark, where they had begun. The third attempt almost failed, but the faithful passengers prayed, and the storm was calmed.

The captain said, “I am glad I had so many Mormons aboard so this ship didn’t go down.”

## By TRAIN

They then went by train from Humber, England to Liverpool.

They had been delayed so many weeks, that when they arrived in Liverpool, the ship they had booked had already sailed.



## ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY SHIP



In Liverpool England, they booked passage on the ship James Nesmith and sailed across the Atlantic ocean to New Orleans.

During the 6 week voyage across the Atlantic, 13 people died.

## BY RIVERBOATS

Next they traveled on the riverboat Oceana up the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Louis.



They traveled on the steam boat Clara where seven more people died. When they arrived at Atchison, Kansas, also called Mormon Grove, they prepared to cross the plains by covered wagon.

While they camped in Mormon Grove, 20 more people died. The camp was moved a short distance to Leavenworth, Kansas, where 9 more people died.

## FINALLY BY COVERED WAGONS

Martha joined the Secrist Wagon train and went to Salt Lake that summer. Peter waited a year and then joined the Smoot Freight Company as a teamster and crossed the plains in 1855.



The Whiting family was living in Nelson, Ohio when they read the Book of Mormon and joined the LDS church. They traveled by wagon from their homes to join the Saints in Kirtland Ohio in about 1839.

They were driven to resettle in Far West, Missouri, and then driven again to settle in Yelrome, Illinois, a little town near Nauvoo. Eventually they were burned out of Yelrome and moved to Nauvoo. They fled to Mt. Pisgah, Iowa before crossing the plains to eventually settle in Manti, Utah and then relocated eleven years later to Springville Utah.



*Actual trail near Rocky Ridge. The wagon wheel tracks are still visible.*

By the time they crossed the plains in 1849, our progenitor Edwin Whiting had three wives, and nine children, and they needed two wagons. His youngest wife, Mary Cox Whiting (our grandmother) drove one of the wagons.

Upon their December arrival in Manti, they scooped out the frozen soil from the side of the hill to make a dugout. They used the wagon boxes to cover the front of their dugout, on end, to protect the freezing family from the elements. Half of the dugout was turned into a chair factory, and they gathered wood in the hills and pulled them back to the dugout on hand sleds through the snow.

Mary Whiting Cox, her daughter May and her sons all traveled from Springville, Utah to Brigham City, Arizona in a covered wagon. The sons were called to help establish the settlement, and they wanted to try to improve May's health. When May was dying, they traveled again by wagon to return to Utah.

Each of these many moves were made in covered wagons, drawn by teams of oxen. The reason the family was able to afford the constant moves and well-built wagons was due to the skills their grandfather Elisha Whiting had taught them in making chairs.



# TREES

Edwin Whiting was a fine nurseryman, who brought fruit trees with him both times he crossed the plains. He eventually moved from Manti to Springville, Utah because it was a better place to grow fruit trees. He planted many trees in Springville, and one famous red Juniper still grows at 4th South and Main. It was planted by Edwin in 1861. He secured it from the mountains east of Springville along with many others. He always marked the trees so that they could be set the same way they stood in the canyon.



*Tree planted by Edwin Whiting in 1861 and still standing in 2010.*

Some of the first needs of the pioneers were to have land for crops and water to make them grow, also where they could obtain wood for cooking and heat.

As the land in the valley became more densely settled, it became necessary to find more land for sons who were growing up. Edwin took up 160 acres in Mapleton and had divided it among his older boys, but as the

younger ones grew up, there was a need for more land. Edwin decided to homestead more land up in Hobble Creek Canyon. They took adverse possession (land not surveyed) and later Congress passed a law to legalize the land so they could get deeds.



*Edwin M. (center back row) pictured here with six of his twenty brothers. Each received land from their father Edwin as they grew up.*

Edwin Marion Whiting's first sawmill was started after he had moved back to Mapleton with his family consisting of Maria and their three children. They took all their savings and bought a water mill to saw the lumber.

There was no other mill around, and there was timber on the mountains, so they did pretty well with this sawmill, until the stream went dry, and they had to move further up the mountains.

Water power was not dependable enough so Edwin M. bought his first steam engine and boiler for the sawmill in Mapleton. He had to go into debt \$450.00 to buy the steam engine. His brother Lute said that Edwin M. would ruin the Whiting name going into debt for all that, but his brother John thought better of it, and went into the business with him.



*First Whiting Saw Mill—Edwin standing, Maria sitting on log center front holding baby*

Maria and the children moved into a little cabin up by the mill so she could cook for the mill hands. With hard work and careful management, they were able to pay for the steam engine and boiler and buy out John's share in the business. They sold all the lumber they could to people who came to the mill to buy, and took the extra to Provo and sold it for \$12.00 a thousand, delivered.



They had very little money in those days, so when the authorities of the church called for an extra \$5.00 from each family to finish the Salt Lake temple, Edwin and Maria wondered where theirs would come from. They were paying everything they could get towards their debts. Finally Edwin M. sold some lumber for \$5.00. They talked about all the things they needed it for, but finally Maria said she knew they would be blessed if they paid it toward the temple fund, so they did. Little did they know then how many of their children and grandchildren would receive blessings in that temple.

After Maria moved to town, Edwin M. ran the mill a while longer up in the canyon. He would walk to town to be with his family over Sunday, and then go back up to the mill again. Finally he moved the mill down to town.

Edwin M. sold his interests in Mapleton and moved back to Arizona in 1901. He had eight children now, and an orphan boy Leonard Taylor, who went to live with them. After he had been in Arizona a few years he homesteaded some timber land in the White Mountains. He built a sawmill a short distance above the homestead. This mill ran for several years before they moved it to a new site.



*Ernest Whiting working at the sawmill by the*

Eddie, Edwin M's oldest son, once said that they had never lost on a business or gone out of a business that they and their father had started. The sawmill life offered employment and work for the whole family and many others who came through the years to work for them.

At the age of eight, Eddie Whiting learned to cut down trees. After felling one particularly difficult

tree, Edwin M. said to the grown men of the crew, "...some of you might learn from the boy." (see page 90 in the revised Whiting book.)



From the time Earnest was six, he was assigned the job of watching the steam gauges at the mill. Edwin M. didn't trust some of the grown men who worked for him to do the job, but Earnest seemed to like the same things his father did and he took the responsibility very seriously. While monitoring the gauges, he saw all there was to see.

All of Edwin's children were taught that work was enjoyable and worthwhile.

# TURNING BREAD TO CHEESE

By Joycell Cooper

Who heard this experience from her great-grandpa Edwin M. Whiting.

One winter when Edwin M. was a young boy living in Manti, Utah, food was scarce. As he watched his older brother slice yet another loaf of plain wheat bread for their dinner, Edwin said, "I am sick and tired of plain bread. I would give anything for a cheese sandwich."

His brother replied, "Oh, Edwin, I'll make you one." He sliced an extra thin slice of bread and put it between two regular slices. Handing it to Edwin M., he said, "here's your cheese sandwich.."

And you know, that tasted just like a cheese sandwich!



# TWO BOYS AND A LOST MATCH

By John C. Whiting

As told to his daughter Nellie Wright (about 1952)

*John was a son of Edwin and Mary Elizabeth Cox Whiting, The brother of our Edwin Marion Whiting who shot the bear in the marble cave, with Edwin's help. This story spans two and a half round trips to Arizona between the years 1878 and 1882. First, John's older brothers were called on a mission to help settle Brigham City, Arizona. When one of them returned for supplies, a large group of the Springville, Utah family traveled to Arizona with them. Most of this story is referring to the trip back from Arizona in 1882, when May Whiting was so ill.*



John C. Whiting

When I was eight years old [1878] two of my older brothers were called on a mission to colonize in Arizona on the Little Colorado River. Mother and family were living in Springville at the time. Father and two of his other wives, Aunt Hannah and Aunt Elizabeth, also lived there in peace and harmony.

Mother taught public school. We always kept a 'hired girl,' and Aunt Hannah was a second mother to me.

My sister May—about five years older than I—had very poor health, and on the doctor's advice Mother decided to go to Arizona hoping a milder climate would be beneficial to her health. So three of my older brothers—Edgar, Edwin, and Arthur, together with my younger brother Fred all went along.



Re-creation of trip along the trail by Lee's Ferry.

We joined the United Order and lived in it for about four years until it was abandoned. Then in the month of May 1882 we decided to return to Utah. My older sister Harriet Curtis and family joined us, making a little company of three wagons.

Feed for the horses was scarce and they were soon in very poor condition so our progress was slow. Ten to twenty miles per day were about all we could accomplish. One day we were plodding along through heavy sand (everyone walking) about ten miles south of House Rock Springs when Arthur's best horse was suddenly taken sick and dropped down in the road, refusing to go any farther.

We had enough water in our barrels to get by on and some for camp use. Arthur and I were to stay there all night, and the others were to come back to get us in the morning.

May was worse and they didn't want to stop any longer than was necessary. The long dreary afternoon slowly passed, and we prepared to make our fire and get supper.

Mother, as mothers will, had left us some molasses, saying we could make a little molasses candy. We gathered a pile of shadscale sticks and prepared to light the fire. But imagine our dismay when no match could we find. First we went through all our clothes. Next the grub box without success.

We had heard how the Indians made fires with bow and string, but we knew nothing of how they did it. We made a crude little bow and sawed frantically across a board with it until the string got so hot it fell to pieces. No results.

In desperation we took everything out of the wagon box, got down on our knees and picked over every sliver of wood, every little piece of chaff until I am sure if there had been a pin in that wagon box we would have found it. The limit had been reached.

We were beaten and gave it up. No supper, no molasses candy, none of the blessings a hungry boy craves. If ever a prayer arose from the heart of a hungry, lonesome little boy it was then.

Some time later I was disconsolately wandering around out in the sand some rods from the wagon wishing the sun would hurry and go down over Kaibab Mountain when glancing down at my feet there was the most beautiful match that mortal eyes had ever beheld.

Our fire troubles were ended and oh how thankful we were.

Who placed our match there? It was the same loving hand that watches over the sparrow's fall.

All this happened some 70 years ago, but it is still fresh in my memory.

The Lord has blessed me through a long life. I have the best wife in the world and a family of which I am justly proud. I have been fairly active in church work; Sunday School Superintendent, counselor in the bishopric, missionary, and a High Priest at the present time.

I've seen the sick healed under the Elders' hands and heard doubters say, "Oh well, nature cured them and you give the Lord the credit." That is one reason I like to anchor my faith to my little match for I have yet to hear a skeptic say, "Oh nature just planted that match there in the middle of ten miles of sand with no camp grounds or water to attract a stray traveler just to fool you."

My brother Arthur has passed on several years ago, but he always corroborated my story in every detail.



## TYPHOID FEVER AND A BLESSING FOR EDDIE

Soon after Peter returned to Utah, the Isaacson's six-year-old grandson, Eddie Whiting was stricken with typhoid fever in Mapleton. There was quite an epidemic of it at the time.

The nurses and midwives of the day believed that the only way to cure typhoid was to withhold water from the patient, and let the fever burn out. They believed that water, even if applied to the face with a damp cloth, fed the fever.

Eddie got so thirsty, he begged and begged for water. When his Whiting cousin, who they felt was in better condition, died, it seemed there was little or no chance for Eddie.

Maria and Edwin knew her father had a gift for healing, and sent a letter to Ephraim. They figured that if Peter started immediately, he could be there in two or three days, some eighty miles by team and wagon.

Eddie pleaded continuously for water. Finally, Peter arrived. Maria exclaimed, "Hurry, Father, hurry, or it will be too late."

Peter told her he must have time to get in touch with the Lord. He asked for a basin of water to wash his hands. He sat by Eddie, putting his cold hand on the child's head,

and talking quietly to the frightened parents.

He told Edwin to give Eddie a spoonful of water. Edwin wept as he hurried to give his child the water, saying he thought it would help, that he had never thought water would hurt, anyhow.

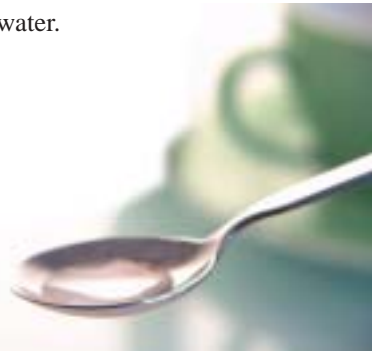
Then the great moment came when Edwin M. and his brother joined Peter in giving a priesthood blessing.

Peter spoke in a quiet, matter-of-fact way to the Lord. It seemed like he was talking right to him. It was a long prayer, spoken with firmness and faith.

Young Eddie slept through the night, and by the next evening, the fever was gone.

"As a doctor, I can explain this old belief, which even some doctors held in that era. One of the complications of typhoid fever is perforation of the bowel. When that occurs, anything by mouth increases the infection. No doubt these old-time nurses observed this, and acted accordingly.

We now know that a much worse enemy is dehydration, and we give large quantities of water by mouth, unless there are signs of perforation, then we switch to intravenous fluids." —Ronald Brown, MD



# VALIANT CHILDREN

*By Earnest Whiting*

When I was nine years old, we had a little store in the front of our house in Mapleton, Utah. The front door had a bell on it, which rang whenever someone came in and then one of us would go and wait on them.

In Arizona a couple a years later Eddie and I used to haul produce to Schofield, Grand Junction or Thistle, sell it and bring the money home. One trip we felt we had quite a lot of money and were worried about robbers so that night we buried the money and made our beds over it.

The next morning, we left early and were some miles down the road when we remembered the money. Eddie unhitched old Si and was so excited that the speed boy and horse went would have put Seabiscuit to shame. He returned soon with the money and we went on home, a very thankful pair of boys.

In Mapleton, Pa had typhoid when I was about ten years old. Our irrigation water turn came at two in the morning. Pa told Ma, to have me do it. Pa said, "He can do it, it is our sugar beet patch and we have to have it."

Pa was so sick and all he wanted to eat was a trout. It was the time of year that was almost impossible to make a trout bite. Eddie and I fished most of the day, but no success.

On our way home we passed an irrigation head-gate where it was kind of deep. In disgust, I jabbed my forked stick down into it and when I brought it out, there was a trout speared through. So Pa got the trout he longed for. Pa was sick nearly six months before he got completely well.



## WEARING WOODEN SHOES

When Martha Clemensen (Isaacson) was an indentured servant after the death of her father, her mother Maren had to furnish her one pair of wooden shoes a year. They were very comfortable and warm, and didn't get cold and wet in the snow.

Wooden shoes were popular footwear in Denmark and even in Ephriam Utah, when Maria Isaacson (Whiting) was a girl, she wore wooden shoes all the time Her father Peter Isaacson made them for the family.



# WISE WOMAN

Martha Isaacson was an intelligent and wise woman, and even though she never learned to read or write in English she kept accurate accounts of her earnings from the eggs, dairy products and fruit she sold.

She learned early in life she must earn her bread by the sweat of her brow, which she did all of her life. She had no chance for education, but she insisted her children learn to read and write.

She knew hardships, she knew sorrow. She came to America. She witnessed the passing of her mother on the trail, for lack of food. She was always grateful for the chance she had to join the church, and for her husband and her family with which she had been blessed.

All the while she saved as she gleaned grain, tended her cows and chickens and sold her eggs, cheese, butter, and milk. [See back cover painting of the gleanings of wheat.]

One time as she and the children had finished gleaning in the field, her daughter Maria reminded her of the words of Brigham Young who once said a bushel of wheat could be worth more than a bushel of gold.

Martha replied, "If I could have had a bushel of wheat to keep my mother from starving to death, don't you think it would have been worth more than a bushel of gold?"



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The two ships

# CATALOG OF CHARMS

|                                                                                                                        |                                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Amid Freezing, Swirling Winds: The Last Match .....                                                                    | (camp fire \$3.00 #93573)                                      |
| A New Technology .....                                                                                                 | (biplane \$3.25 #80432)                                        |
| Blizzard .....                                                                                                         | (horse & surrey \$3.50 #80455)                                 |
| Brave Little Messenger .....                                                                                           | (girl holding baby \$4.50 #93251)                              |
| Buffalo Stampede .....                                                                                                 | (buffalo outlined \$2.75 #91970)                               |
| Caring for Flocks .....                                                                                                | (feather \$1.50 #50053)                                        |
| Chair-Making .....                                                                                                     | (woven seatchair \$2.75 #91417 or bent back rocker #91419-999) |
| Charter Oak .....                                                                                                      | (oak leaf \$1.75 #71736)                                       |
| Childhood Dreams .....                                                                                                 | (musical note \$1.25 #900561)                                  |
| Christmas Celebrations at the Whittings .....                                                                          | (filled stocking \$1.75 #92156)                                |
| Christmas Errand .....                                                                                                 | (wheel \$4.00 #91155)                                          |
| Conversion Stories:                                                                                                    |                                                                |
| Martha and Mette .....                                                                                                 | (praying girl \$3.50 #91996)                                   |
| Peter Isaacson's Conversion .....                                                                                      | (praying hands #2.00 #70627)                                   |
| Whiting Family Joins the Church .....                                                                                  | (book \$5.00 #93654)                                           |
| Cornucopia .....                                                                                                       | (horn of plenty \$5.00 #93818)                                 |
| Edwin Marion Whiting's Gold Watch .....                                                                                | (grandfather clock \$3.50 #91298)                              |
| Family Life .....                                                                                                      | (heart inscribed family \$3.00 #93350)                         |
| Fishing With My Grandfather .....                                                                                      | (fish \$3.00 #80307)                                           |
| Foolish Neighbors .....                                                                                                | (Bessie the cow \$4.50 #92078)                                 |
| Fun With Grandpa .....                                                                                                 | (little star \$6.00 #93162 or Dad \$3.50 #93456)               |
| Bricket Leg .....                                                                                                      | (small man dancing \$3.50 #91749)                              |
| Feasty, Fousty Game .....                                                                                              | (hand pointing down \$3.00 #92188)                             |
| The Little Girl Who Fell Down the Well .....                                                                           | (box \$3.25 #92177)                                            |
| Grasshoppers and the Portable Coop .....                                                                               | (rooster \$4.50 #93242)                                        |
| Grizzly Bear, Two Brothers and the Marble Cave .....                                                                   | (bear \$3.00 #500192)                                          |
| Haunted House! .....                                                                                                   | (ear charm \$1.25 #91187)                                      |
| Hens, Roosters, and Ma's Prize Gobbler .....                                                                           | (flapping rooster \$4.50 #93977)                               |
| Honey Bees .....                                                                                                       | (bee \$1.75 #70507)                                            |
| Horses .....                                                                                                           | (stallion \$4.00 #80162)                                       |
| My Pet Horse, Sparks .....                                                                                             | (bronco rider \$3.25 #91203)                                   |
| Hunting .....                                                                                                          | (deer \$3.50 #81029)                                           |
| In A Jam .....                                                                                                         | (Strawberry \$2.00 #93637)                                     |
| Indian Encounters .....                                                                                                | (teepee \$3.50 #80032)                                         |
| Lamplight .....                                                                                                        | (scissors \$2.50 #91233)                                       |
| Lessons From My Danish Grandma .....                                                                                   | (wishing well \$4.25 #80075)                                   |
| Love At Home .....                                                                                                     | (love charm \$2.00 #70625)                                     |
| Lynn and the Okies .....                                                                                               | (potato \$4.25 #80570)                                         |
| Mad Dog Attack .....                                                                                                   | (pitbull \$2.00 #93543)                                        |
| May's Positive Thinking .....                                                                                          | (bread \$2.50 #92388)                                          |
| On Prayer And A Bicycle .....                                                                                          | (bike \$2.50 #93484)                                           |
| Our First Fudge Making Adventure .....                                                                                 | (measuring spoons \$4.50 #93231)                               |
| Power of Prayer .....                                                                                                  | (praying hands \$5.00 #93252)                                  |
| Railroad Work .....                                                                                                    | (elk \$4.00 #80900)                                            |
| Rattlesnakes .....                                                                                                     | (coiled snake \$3.50 #80096)                                   |
| Same Sacred Story .....                                                                                                | (arrowhead \$2.25 #91288)                                      |
| Secret Room .....                                                                                                      | (rocking horse \$4.00 #91220 or tea set \$5.50 #92769)         |
| Sewing Machine .....                                                                                                   | (tiny machine \$2.00 #91346)                                   |
| Sheriff .....                                                                                                          | (sheriff figure \$3.00 #80101)                                 |
| So Wise a Dad .....                                                                                                    | (hand saw \$2.25 #92501)                                       |
| Teaching Children to Work .....                                                                                        | (antique iron \$3.50 #91310)                                   |
| That's Entertainment! .....                                                                                            | (ticket \$3.50 #93694)                                         |
| The First Whiting Family Play .....                                                                                    | (drama mask \$1.25 #91381)                                     |
| Teasing Sister .....                                                                                                   | (eggbeater \$2.00 # 91375)                                     |
| To Be Brave .....                                                                                                      | (bull \$4.25 #91114)                                           |
| Treasured Memories of My Grandmother .....                                                                             | (comb \$2.25 #91217)                                           |
| Transportation ....(ship \$2.75 #80386).... (train \$2.50 #92225)....(riverboat\$3.50 #92474)....(wagon \$5.00 #80129) |                                                                |
| Trees .....                                                                                                            | (pine tree \$2.75 #80559)                                      |
| Turning Bread to Cheese .....                                                                                          | (cheese wedge \$5.50 #93570)                                   |
| Two Boys and a Lost Match .....                                                                                        | (boy praying \$4.00 #92425)                                    |
| Typhoid Fever and a Blessing for Eddie .....                                                                           | (small pitcher \$4.50 #93878)                                  |
| Valiant Children .....                                                                                                 | (fish \$3.00 #92636)                                           |
| Wearing Wooden Shoes .....                                                                                             | (wooden shoes \$6.00 for pair #80341)                          |
| Wise Woman .....                                                                                                       | (dollar sign #2.00 #70619 or piggy bank \$4.00 #93056)         |

## Additional Charms of general family interest for other family stories:

|                          |                                       |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Arizona .....            | (Arizona cactus \$3.00 #80651)        |
| Blacksmith .....         | (horseshoe and tools \$3.50 #93951)   |
| Candy .....              | (lollipop \$2.50 #93117)              |
| Laundry .....            | (flat iron \$3.50 #91310)             |
| I Charm .....            | (\$1.00 #83309)                       |
| Ice Cream .....          | (\$4.50 #91764)                       |
| Outhouse .....           | (\$5.75 #91822)                       |
| Pancakes .....           | (spatula \$2.25 #93437)               |
| Peas .....               | (\$4.25 #93234)                       |
| Quilts .....             | (\$3.25 #93845)                       |
| Schools .....            | (desk \$3.25 #91301)                  |
| Spinning Wheel .....     | (\$2.25 #80080)                       |
| Utah .....               | (outline of the state \$4.00 # 80643) |
| W Charms .....           | (\$2.25 #83323)                       |
| Wood-burning Stove ..... | (\$5.00 #80078)                       |
| Zoo, Whiting Style ..... | (do a search for any of the animals)  |

## A few suggested themes for bracelets, stick pins, tie tacs or necklaces

**Isaacson:** I Charm, wooden shoe, stockings, spinning wheel, sewing machine, peas, flat iron, cornucopia, Arizona, Utah, quilt, feather, family, covered wagon, ship, riverboat, train.

**Whiting:** W charm, wood-burning stove, Utah, Arizona, trees, tickets school desk, rattlesnake, quilt, love, horse, horned toad, honey bee, flat iron, family, feather, deputy sheriff, covered wagon, cornucopia, chair, burro, deer, candy, buffalo, blacksmith, berry.

**Transportation:** ship, train, covered wagon, horse

**Other themes:** household, or occupations.

Note: the charms may be ordered at [www.bluemud.com](http://www.bluemud.com) and are sold to the public at wholesale prices. Prices listed above are estimated and include shipping and tax. These charms are sterling silver, and price is subject to change.



And he shall turn the heart of the fathers  
to the children, and the heart of the  
children to their fathers. . .

Malachi 4:6

**WHITING**  
HOMESTEAD  
2008