

# Mission to Independence Missouri

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## A Desire to be a Missionary

By Martha Whiting Brown

May began Church work in early life, and taught Sunday School as a young girl. Many owe their membership to her testimony and her unusual way of explaining the Gospel.



May was effective teaching Sunday School as a young girl

***Editor's Note from LBHS:*** Throughout their lives, missionary work was a goal for both May and Herbert. May filled three stake missions: in Phoenix and Holbrook, Arizona, and Lynwood, California. All the children served full time missions except Effie, who was set apart in Hilo, Hawaii as a "roving missionary," comparable to a stake missionary today. Effie was working in Hilo while Maree and Elbert served a mission there. Maree wrote of Effie's missionary efforts: "Effie could open doors that were closed to others."



So at the age of sixty-three, May accompanied her husband to the central States Mission. Herbert became first counselor to President Frank Brown, and May was appointed to preside over the YWMIA of the mission. Their efforts were so successful that they were given very high praise. They made hundreds of friends and many converts.

How exciting to be doing things with May and Herbert again! But we had little time for visiting or Rook games, as there was so much to do and so little time—but a new closeness and faith-promoting experiences were shared with them.

May and Herbert were outstanding in raising funds to build chapels. They were in charge of the building fund programs and the old Whiting theatrical ability was again demonstrated. Six chapels were purchased and renovated, eight new chapels were built, one more was under construction and seven more lots were purchased.

### **Missionary Farewell, by Kay Berry**

In 1945 Uncle Frank Brown had been called to be the Mission President of the Central States Mission in Independence, Missouri, thus fulfilling the prophetic words of a patriarch, which said he would help to build up the Center Stake of Zion.

In 1947 Herbert and May were called as a couple to the Central States Mission. Herbert was to be a counselor to his cousin in the mission presidency, and May was to supervise the mission

YWMIA, as well as other official duties. (According to Martha, May was always involved with the young people of the Church every place they lived.) When the call came Herbert quickly shut down his dental practice and they were soon ready to leave.

Their children had all gone on missions, but their grandchildren were not yet old enough. Many relatives attended their farewell, so it was a great family get-together.



*Missionary  
Farewell  
Testimonial*

HERBERT A. BERRY      Honoring

*Bro. and Sister Herbert A. Berry*  
Prior to their departure for the  
CENTRAL STATES MISSION

Sunday, May 25th, 1947  
7:00 P. M.

Compton Ward Chapel  
Compton, California



MAY W. BERRY

# Program



Opening Song ..... "We Thank Thee O' God for a Prophet"

Invocation ..... Delwin M. Clawson

Musical Selection ..... "I Can See Thee O' My Saviour"  
Compton Ward Choir

Talk ..... Clark Murdock  
Stake High Councilman

Remarks ..... Bishop Lionel E. Jurman

Request Number ..... "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go"  
Compton Ward Choir

Response ..... Brother and Sister Herbert A. Berry

Closing Song ..... "In Our Redeemer's Name"  
Compton Ward Choir

Benediction ..... Dr. Aubrey Arndelin

*"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptising  
them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and  
of the Holy Ghost . . ."—ST. MATTHEW 28:19.*

Opening Song: "We Thank Thee Oh God for a Prophet" Invocation: Delwin M. Clawson

Musical Selection: "I Can See Thee O' My Saviour," Compton Ward Choir

Talk: Clark Murdock, Stake High Councilman

Remarks: Bishop Lionel E. Jarman

Request Number: "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go" Compton Ward Choir

Response: Brother and Sister Herbert A Berry

Closing Song: "In Our Redeemer's Name" Compton Ward Choir

Benediction: Dr. Aubrey Andelin

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost... "

-St. Matthew 28:19



## A Nice Wardrobe



Maree Berry Hamblin:

Mother enjoyed shopping at Bullocks and Dad opened a charge account just for her. She built herself up a nice wardrobe just in time, for she and Dad were called on a mission, and joined Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha at Jackson County, Missouri where Uncle Frank was mission president.



## Frank and Martha Brown's Mission Journal

(In the absence of any direct account by Herbert or May of their own mission)



**Sister Martha and President Frank Brown**

In August of 1946, Frank was called by President Heber J. Grant to the Central States Mission, with headquarters in Independence, Missouri. He would be building up the center stake of Zion and my prayer to be a missionary would be answered. (Ray remembers that about six weeks prior to his Dad receiving his mission call that Dad had prayed that he might fulfill the prophecy in his patriarchal blessing that said he would help build up the center stake of Zion.)

We both felt to forget worldly things. Our family was raised, the war was over. Jim and Maydene moved into the office of the apartment house to take care of it for us. Frank closed his office after thirty years of practice. Our only concern was for the four women in our family who expected babies.

I knelt to thank God for remembering my prayer and helping me to be worthy and to ask for help in preparing myself. I needed to learn what I had missed and to polish what I had learned. I had just finished reading all the Bible and began to think of the women in the beginning of time. I wondered, "Was Eve lonely? And Noah's wife? Also Sarah?" Next to Mary, Hannah was my favorite. If only I could measure up as these women did.



**Martha and Frank Brown**

## **Preparations**

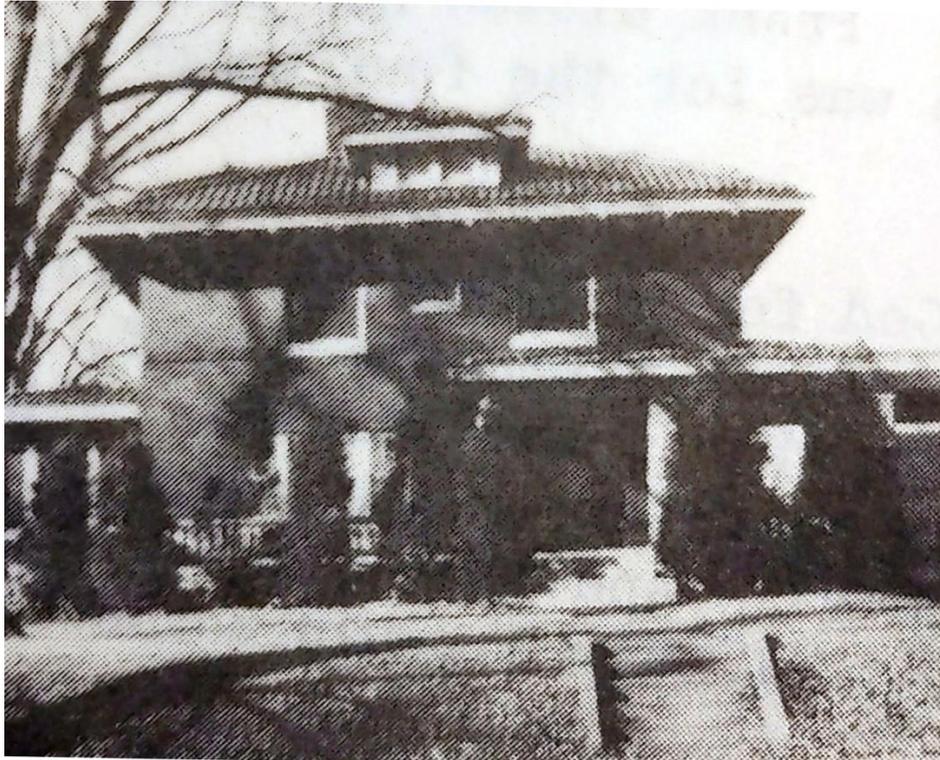
Several of our children went with us into the president's office when we received our mission blessings. President George Albert Smith gave Frank's and President David O. McKay gave mine. President McKay said to me, "Sister Brown, you are an esteemed 'hand maiden' of the Lord. Don't worry about your children. They will be all right." I stopped worrying about my family after that.

Before we left the office, President George Albert Smith said to Frank, "One word of caution: Don't quarrel with the president of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints."

About the first thing I did was to find out how many districts there were, memorize all eight of them and who the president of each was. The mission covered all of the states of Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Arkansas, and there were some branches over the line into Illinois. There were several branches in each state and in some places only a Relief Society and in some only a Sunday School.

My dear brothers made sacrifices to get us a new car. We said goodbye to our family, drove the first day to Denver, and then on to Independence, Missouri. We had visited the mission home in Independence before, so we knew right where to go.

### **Independence Missouri**



**The Mission Home in 1947: 302 South Pleasant Street, Independence, Missouri**

As we drove up before the mission home and saw the large brick home with the beautifully landscaped yard, I was reminded of the comment of my niece, Elma, who had been there on a mission: “Oh Aunt Martha, you’ll get to live in that lovely old home.”

President Thomas Romney, the current Mission President, greeted us, ushered us up to our bedroom, then showed us around. There were: Living room, dining room, kitchen, an office for Frank on the main floor, bedrooms upstairs, and laundry and work areas in the basement. In back of the house was farmland. Frank knew the first day that it would be a place he could go occasionally to work around in old clothes and meditate on his life as a boy in Arizona.

Very soon Elder Oscar Kirkham, a member of the Seven Presidents of Seventies of the church, arrived from Salt Lake City to go with President Romney and us on a tour of the entire mission. This was an opportunity to get to know the people that Frank would preside over for a few years. Every day for three weeks I rode in the car between Frank and the entertaining Brother Kirkham. We began to get acquainted with the missionaries, as we travelled over the four states and held sometimes two or three meetings a day.

Some of them were born leaders, others were not. But we were thrilled with all the testimonies we heard. At the end of the tour, President Kirkham left us with a smile. We were contented and happy to be somewhere near the “Garden of Eden.”

Back in Independence, we started getting to know the missionaries who labored there. It seemed strange to think we all would be living together, almost like a family. The missionaries worked in the mission office behind the church next door to the mission home. The young men slept over the office and the young women slept in the bedrooms. They all had their meals with us in the dining room.

Frank’s responsibilities were to take charge of all the missionaries throughout the mission and to preside over the different district and branch presidents (who in turn presided over the church members). Meanwhile, I was to be president of the Relief Societies of the mission and to be an example and inspiration to all the ladies of that organization. I was also in charge of the children’s Primaries.



**Backyard at the Mission Home with some of their helpers. Martha is at right holding a hoe, Frank, then probably Sister Hart, who had worked there for 27 years. The others are missionaries. Martha said, “I loved the big roomy mission home at first sight. The rooms were extra-large, and Frank’s office was downstairs. We were thrilled with the beautiful grounds and surroundings. The back consisted of a piece of farmland where we could plant a few vegetables and have a cow.”**

At the same time, I had to keep a comfortable, clean home, serve wholesome food at mealtimes, and make new missionaries feel at home. I quickly learned I was entitled to have a cook or help in the house as I needed it. And already there was a dear sister who wanted to stay and help: Sister Hart—a member of the church who came every day to clean the house, change the beds, wash clothes and iron. I was so thrilled to have plenty of milk, cream, and freshly churned butter that I really enjoyed cooking—with Sister Hart’s assistance.

Sometimes there were only eight of us eating dinner. A letter would arrive at the office once every two or three weeks telling Frank the names of as many as six to nine missionaries arriving the next week. At these times we both had extra responsibility: Frank’s was praying for inspiration and assigning each missionary to the right place and the right companion, while mine was extra cooking and cleaning. Trying to get these things done in plenty of time almost held the excitement of giving a party.

We loved the people in Eldorado, Arkansas, a little bit extra, because they were happy and full of fun, yet so very religious. But almost everyone in the mission was kind. Once we stopped in St. Johns for an evening meeting at a small branch. The branch president’s wife took my hand and led me to a bedroom to get some rest. As soon as I was lying down, she dropped on her knees to take my shoes off and put a pillow under my head. I thought, “Maybe that’s what the angels do.”



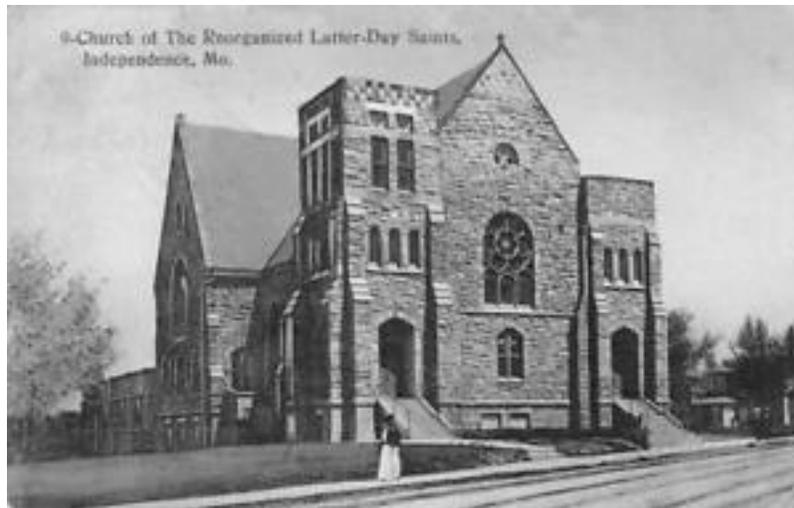
**After the end of WWII, nearly half of he missionaries were ladies**

When we first arrived in the mission field, nearly half the missionaries were ladies. The war had just ended, and so we started getting more men. Some soldier boys came to us right out of the army. Many of them were some of our best missionaries and made us most proud. Having scrimped to come on missions, they were so appreciative of the food and the comforts of life.

They were homesick sometimes but stayed true to their calling. Some of the lady missionaries were young and beautiful—a real attraction to the young elders. (Two or three were war widows, including June Oblad who worked in the office.)

Those in the field were great, too. I can just see Elder Loran Stephenson, lonely for his [new] wife of a few weeks. *[Editor's note: It was still a possibility in the 1940s that a Elder who was already married, be called as a missionary. This happened to Martha early in her marriage. She waited for Frank Brown's return.—DMR ]* I felt close to him. He insisted on tracting the first day and became a record missionary.

And everyone loved Calvin Cook and he was called “the loving elder.”

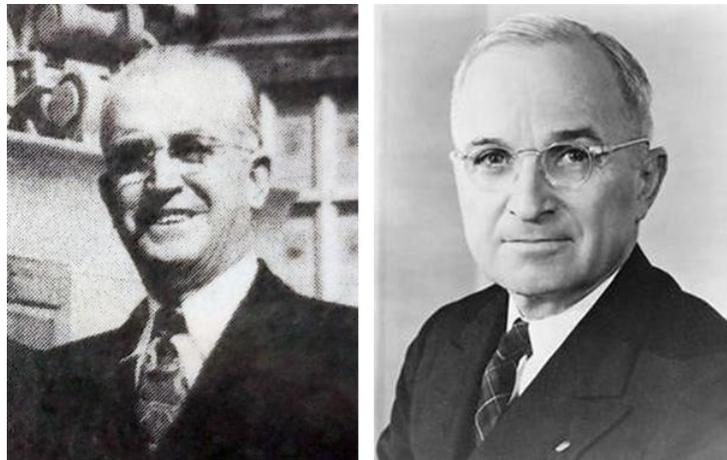


Independence was an interesting city. It was the center of the Reorganized church and they hold many properties that are as important to us as to them. They were in the middle of building the big tabernacle they'd been working on for so many years.



**President Harry S. Truman's home in Independence, Missouri**

Independence was also the home of President Harry Truman. We lived a few blocks from his house. When he was reported to be in Independence, we occasionally drove past his house. (Frank had been told he looked like President Truman. When we were on an elevator in a big hotel in Arkansas, the elevator boy smiled and bowed saying, "This way, Mr. President.")

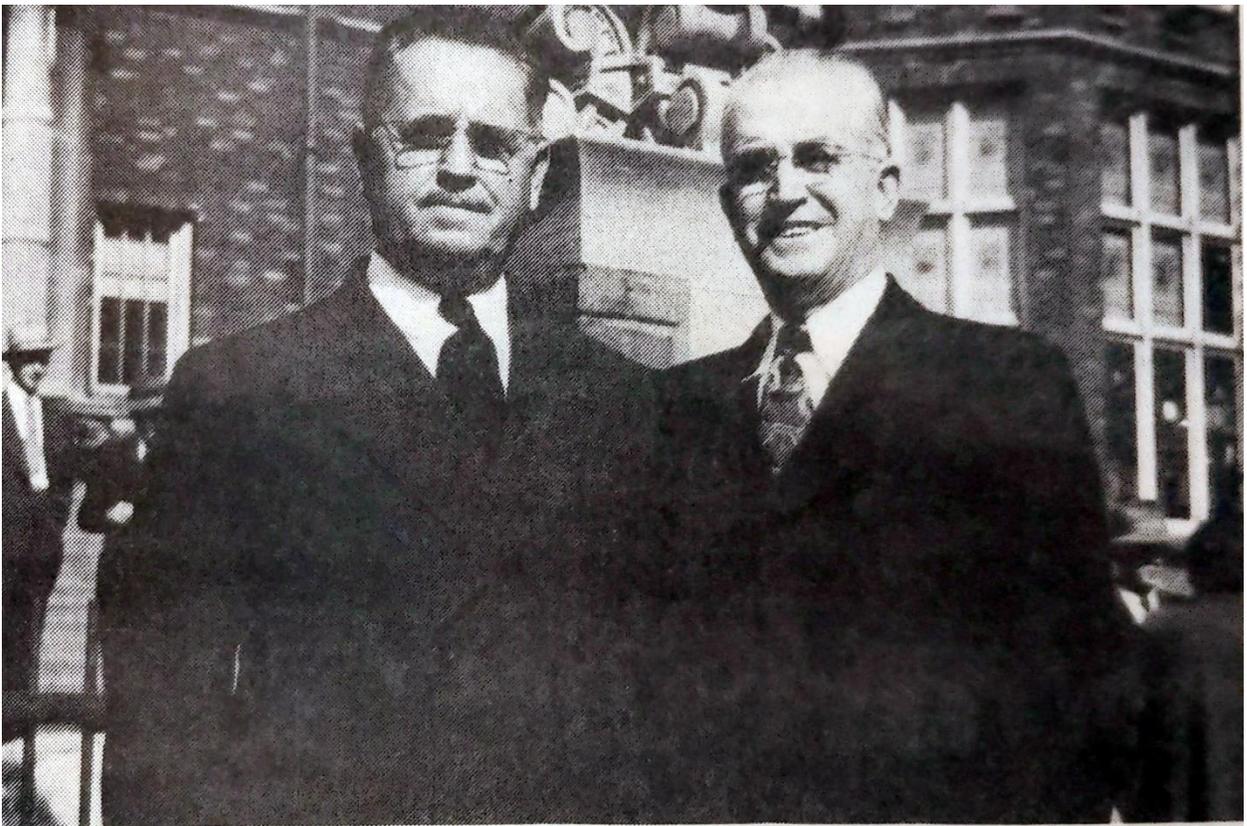


**President Frank Brown at left, President Harry Truman at right!**

We were quite happy there. We had many missionaries who were beginning to seem like our own children. One might have thought we had forgotten our real offspring, but I did

try to write often and whenever Frank rushed over from the office to tell me some news, I felt quite sure it would be news about the birth of one of the expected grandchildren. Finally we did get this news. They were Marijane, Jimae, Wayne and Connie. When we went home to April conference, we had four new grandchildren to hold and to love.

Many missionaries were pouring into the field. We needed to know all of them personally and visit them often. The mission was growing fast because of these tremendous young people. We would have to work hard to keep up.



**Close cousins always, Herbert Berry at left was first counselor to President Frank Brown of the Central States Mission, about 1947.**

### **Counselors**

We had been in the mission just a few months when we received word from church headquarters that Frank should choose two councilors. It was suggested he choose a good man from his home state for first councilor and one from the mission for second

councilor. Frank made a special request for Herbert to be his first councilor. This was approved and he and May were called to help us. Herbert had a successful dental practice in Lynwood, California, but he and May accepted the call.



**At left, Frank and Martha Brown. To the right of unidentified woman are Herbert and May Berry**

Herbert and May moved into an apartment near the mission home. It was a wonderful plan. It took all of us to run things when there were appointments for missionaries coming in and leaving. In between these appointments, Frank and I travelled through the mission to preside over conferences and to visit missionaries to see how they felt and were doing.





Herbert and May watched over the members and missionaries in Independence and nearby branches while we were gone. They visited the wards and M.I.A. in the area. When our conferences were nearby they sometimes attended with us.



May and I had always enjoyed the times we could be together, but this spiritual experience was very special. When summer came we asked for permission to leave the mission for a few days to go to the “First Reunion” at the homestead. We were given

permission. We were glad to do this. Our mother was getting old and we were able to see her and our children.



Frank chose Elder Ben Booth—a fine young man who came to us right out of the Army and who was already used to the mission—to be his second counselor. Elder Booth was one of our best missionaries and was the very humble one to help wherever he was needed in this capacity. Some later councilors were Calvin L. Pendleton and John Hallmark.

### **The Building Program**

The mission was growing. We needed—and began—to put up new buildings. Herbert and May were in charge of the building fund programs. The old Whiting Theatre Company came forth as May and I put our heads together, deciding on which local talent to invite and resurrecting some of the old family favorite numbers.



**May and Herbert at left, with some of the Sister Missionaries**

May was the perfect woman to train others and create programs which Mormons and non-members alike enjoyed, and the missionaries could join in. Marion Stricker (who later married May and Herbert's son Dean) was in our mission and sang in some of the programs.

William R. Sant and his wife were called into the mission to supervise the building of the chapels. It is believed that they may have been the first labor missionaries in the church.

While we were in this mission, six chapels were purchased and renovated, and eight new chapels were built. One more chapel was under construction and seven more lots had been purchased for chapels at the time we left.

Brother James A. Cullimore from Oklahoma City said they hadn't worried about a chapel, as they rented a nice Y.W.C.A. room until I told him about a woman there who had been in the church for thirty-two years and had never met in a church owned by the church, and then he changed his mind. Herbert and May helped put on a program for funds. Now they have five chapels and a stake. *[date of this writing is unknown.]*



**Herbert and May supervised the purchase and renovation of eight chapels and the building of eight new chapels**

### **Church Landmarks**

Part of our job was to see that church landmarks were preserved. We were right in the center of the church's history—past and future.



**Liberty Jail, unrestored**

The Liberty Jail, where the prophet and his disciples were imprisoned for six months, needed extra care. The church purchased the house next door and hired a full-time caretaker and guide.



**Peter Whitmer gravesite**

The graves of David Whitmer and Oliver Cowdery were in the mission boundaries. Frank consulted with the mayor of Richmond, Missouri, about the small cemetery where Oliver Cowdery was buried. Stones were broken and [the site] was covered in weeds. The mayor gave a little plot of land to the church for a historical site, “If you’ll take care of it,” he admonished.



**Oliver Cowdery’s grave located in Richmond, Missouri**

On Oliver Cowdery's grave is the following message:

Friends and brethren, My name is Oliver Cowdery. In the early days of this church God called me to a high and holy calling. I wrote with my own hand the entire Book of Mormon (save a few paragraphs) as it fell from the lips of the Prophet Joseph Smith. I beheld with my eyes and handled with my hands the gold plates. The book is true. Sidney Rigdon did not write the book. Mr. Spaulding did not write it. I wrote it with my own hand. It contains the everlasting gospel. The holy priesthood is here.

### **President Israel Smith, of the Reorganized Church**

We were introduced to President Smith at a Chamber of Commerce dinner. Later, when Vida Clawson came to Independence bringing a group of tourists, she called the mission home to express the disappointment of her group that they couldn't go inside the tabernacle of the Reorganized Church because it was closed for Saturday.



**Israel A. Smith, president of the Reorganized Church 1946-58**



Frank called President Smith to ask for special permission for the group to go inside, and President Smith cordially offered to take the group through the building himself. There he showed them their manuscript of the Book of Mormon and answered questions. Sister

Clawson asked if they could sing a song and he nodded. The group sang one of our favorite hymns about the prophet Joseph Smith. A few days later President Smith called Frank to ask the name of the song, whereupon Frank took one of our hymn books and presented it to him. From this time on, the two men were amiable.

Once while we were waiting for a missionary to pick us up at the train station after one of our trips, we saw President Smith. He told us he had just given a talk, “Three Claims of the Book of Mormon,; by Elder John A. Widsoe, an apostle of our church.

When we left the mission, we received the following message from President Smith

Dear Friends: Some days ago I learned that you would not stay with us at Independence and was prompted to send you a personal word. I should like you to know that you have my sincere respect. I believe you are a good Christian gentleman, and my best wishes go with you and your good companion.

When President George Albert Smith passed away, President Israel Smith came to his cousin George Albert’s funeral. The church authorities were pleased and welcomed him. Frank attended a breakfast where he was, and Frank and President Israel Smith were glad to see each other again.

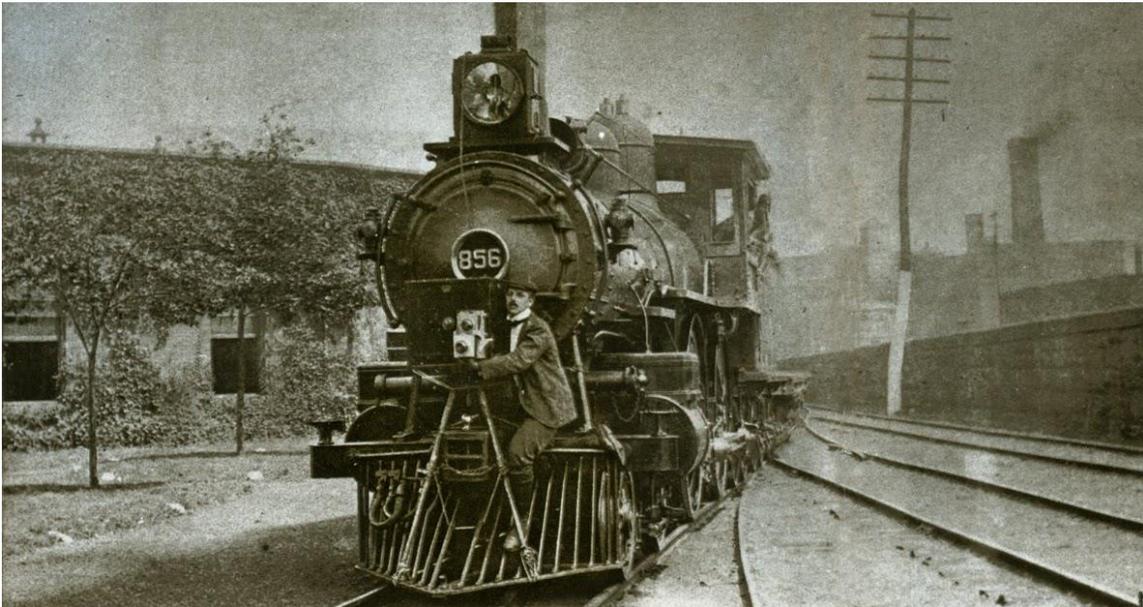


**President George Albert Smith’s funeral, David O. McKay is at right standing in front of the funeral coach.**

## Touring

We toured the entire mission four times a year. We enjoyed all of these. We felt especially privileged and humble when we made this tour with one of the church authorities. It was wonderful to be in the presence of these spiritual men. In some cases, we were with them for two or three weeks.

President George Albert Smith had a private car on the railroad; we travelled with him, feeling comfortable and personally acquainted with him. Frank said later, “When I took hold of Present Smith’s hand, I felt as though I had just had an electric shock.



**This internet photo is identified with George Albert Smith. This engine may have been used for one of the trips President Smith took on his own private railroad car.**





**700 persons attended the dedication ceremonies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints meetinghouse located at Nottingham and Jamieson boulevard in St. Louis Hills. Officials present included from left, Mrs. Emily Smith Stewart, daughter of George Albert Smith of Salt Lake City, president of the church: at left front is Roy Oscarson, Missouri District president, next to him is Francis W. Brown, then Bishop D. Arthur Haycock, and Walter W. Head, a guest and president of General American Life Insurance Co. and President George Albert Smith at right.**





**From left, Frank and Martha Brown, Herbert and May Berry and Elder and Sister Henry D. Moyle.**

We spent much time with Elder and Sister Henry D. Moyle and remained friends with them after our mission.



**Back row left, Herbert Berry, unidentified man, President Frank Brown. Front row left, Sister May Berry, Milton R. Hunter and Sister Martha Brown**

We enjoyed travelling with Elders Milton R. Hunter and Oscar Kirkham. Bruce McConkie was so interesting and pleasant to us and to everyone. All of these men were gracious, considerate, polite, and kind.



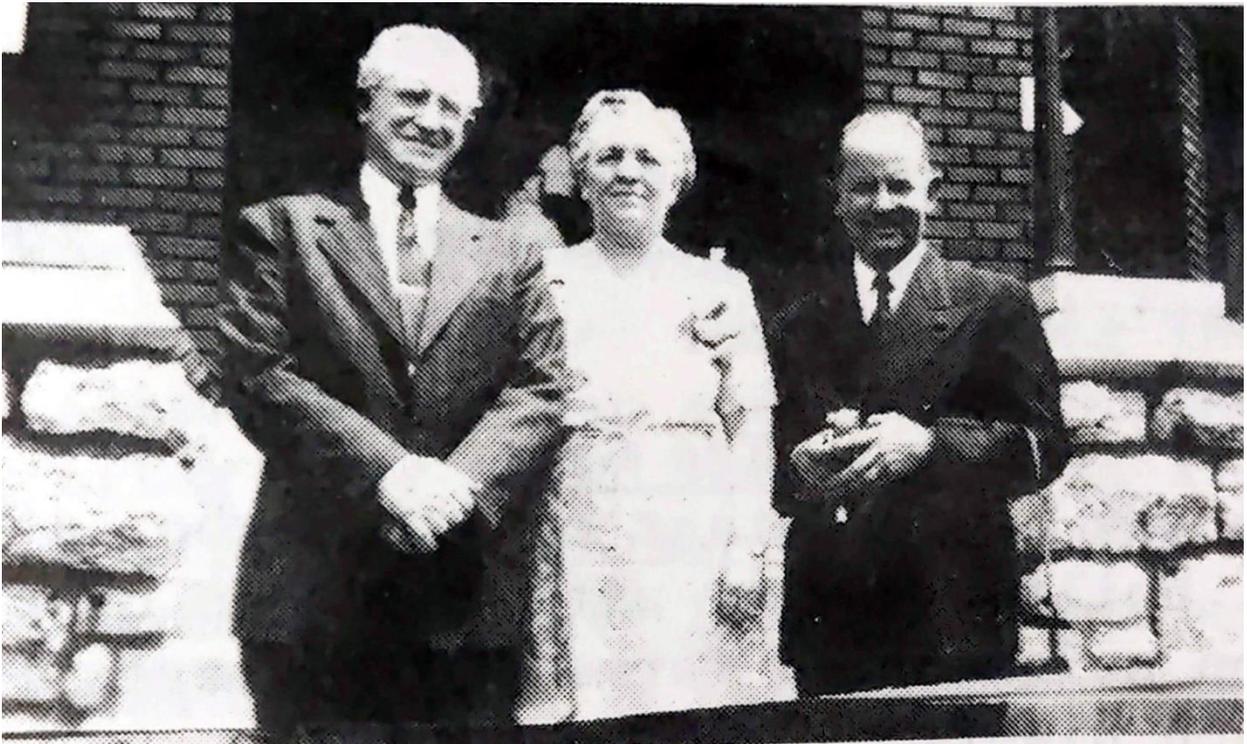
**Elder Oscar Kirkham and Elder Bruce McConkie**

Elder Spencer W. Kimball took special interest in the Indians. He came once a year to baptize those who were ready. (J. Golden Kimball had been in charge of the Indians.)



**From left, Elder Spencer W. Kimball, Herbert Berry, May Berry, Martha Brown, and Camilla Kimball**

At a meeting for missionaries, Elder Kimball wanted to serve watermelon and sent for some. The missionary returned with one and said it was the last one in the store. Elder Kimball was disappointed. I cut the watermelon carefully into small pieces, so that every missionary got a piece. He was pleased and said that was as amazing as the loaves and the fishes.



**President and Sister Brown with Elder Spencer W. Kimball**

At the end of one of Elder Spencer W. Kimball's visits he stayed for a special testimony meeting which lasted for nine hours. Every missionary bore his testimony. Many later volunteered that this occasion was the highlight of their missions.

### **Sometimes we travelled the mission alone—just the two of us!**

Early one morning we were travelling in Arkansas to reach the next district conference. I was laying down in the back seat with a blanket over me having a nap.

Frank stopped at a service station for gas. I got out of the car, stretched, and looked around to see if I could see a place to eat. I stretched again and looking in the direction of the car as it started to roll away. Frank was inside, driving it. "Well," I thought, "I guess he's going to turn around; but the car went right on up the road, which made me a little excited.

By the time the car was out of sight, I became real excited and rushed up to two men who were working around the station. I said, "Say, did you see that! My husband went right off and left me!" Both men grunted and made a slight suggestion, "Another woman ditched on the road."

I rushed into a coffee shop and said to a woman there, "Say, my husband just drove off and left me here." The woman took it about like the men did, but she asked me to sit down. I didn't have a dime. I got a chair and sat down to wait, watching the road every minute. But it turned out to be a long wait.



**President Frank Brown and his wife Martha**

In the meanwhile, Frank later explained, he drove along, confident that I was still asleep on the back seat. Occasionally he tried to lead me into conversation, but when there was no answer, he went merrily on his way. Finally, he arrived at Poplar Bluff in Missouri. He said, "Martha, I guess we'd better eat here." As I didn't object, he drove into a service station and asked where he could find a good place to eat.

The attendant told him of a coffee shop and directed him to it. He drove to the coffee shop, parked the car, and looked in the back seat for me. He was dumbfounded! He said he'd never know why, but he even lifted up the blanket on the seat and down on the floor mat. After convincing himself I was gone, he tried to think where I could be.

He got in the car and dashed madly around, trying to find the service station where the man had referred him to the coffee shop. He found the right one and ask, "Did I have a wife in this car when I drove up here and asked for a place to eat?" "No, Mister, not that I saw." Frank said, "Well, she's gone!" The man just shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, good riddance. Let her go."

He couldn't think where the other service station was, but someone told him it was right on the line between two states. It was an hour and forty minutes after he'd left me when he finally found me. I didn't get mad at him because he was so excited and upset.

## **Growth of the Saints**

During our stay, Frank organized the following:

- Fourteen new branches
- Three new districts
- The first Elder's quorum in that mission
- Twenty-one Primaries
- Twenty-one Relief Societies

He started a campaign to get copies of the Book of Mormon into homes. In 1949, 15,613 copies were sold and one thousand were loaned, resulting in many baptisms, then as well as later.

In 1948 Frank got permission to proselyte among the Indians in the mission, there being one hundred thousand Lamanites in Oklahoma. A number of Indians were baptized, and a Sunday School, a Relief Society, and two Primaries were organized by the missionaries.

The Relief Society sisters sent in \$25,000 for the new Relief Society building [then under construction in Salt Lake]. The Primary children sent in money to pay for "one or more bricks" each. One hundred quilts [were sent to church and mission welfare.]

Frank was invited to give and presented religious talks on a radio program called "Friends of the Air."

Frank started a campaign to sell copies of the Book of Mormon. In 1949, 15,613 copies were sold and 1,000 loaned. This resulted in many baptisms then, as well as later.

Frank sent missionaries to proselyte among the Indians in the mission, there being 100,000 Lamanites in Oklahoma and a number of them were baptized.

The Primaries sent in \$32.00 by children who wished to pay for one brick each for the new Primary Hospital. One hundred quilts were sent to Europe, forty to Church Welfare, and forty to Mission Welfare.

In March 1950, Frank and I were released.



# Of Significance While May and Herbert Served as Missionaries

## Unexpected Hardship

By Louine Berry Hunter Skankey

Effie Berry Ellsworth died January 2, 1948 in Alhambra, California.

The next time we saw Grandpa and Grandma was at Aunt Effie's funeral, in January of 1948. Taking a leave of absence from their mission field assignments to attend, they grieved with family members at the loss of their oldest daughter and tried to comfort Bill Ellsworth and his five motherless children, including newborn Evelyn.

May's health continued to decline, and surgery was scheduled shortly after Effie's funeral. About that time a letter arrived from mission president Frank Brown, requesting that they both return to the mission home. He felt impressed to tell them that May's health would improve if they would return. So, they cancelled the surgery, returned to the mission field, and May's health did improve. They both continued until September of 1949.



**From left, Myn Whiting Priestley, Maria Isaacson Whiting, May Whiting Berry, Martha Whiting Brown. This photo was taken near the time Effie Berry Ellsworth passed away.**



**May and Herbert Berry on their mission**



## Letters from General Authorities

### Letter from Thorpe B. Isaacson (Cousin)

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS  
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

July 21, 1947

May Berry  
% Central States Mission  
302 South Pleasant Street  
Independence, Missouri

Dear May and all:

Your letter of July 17 was just received, and I am grateful to you for writing me as you did.

Let me call your attention that all Church expenditures there must be sent through the First Presidency and not through the Presiding Bishop's Office, and they in turn present them to the Expenditures Committee of which I am a member.

I am so glad that you are having the carpeting completed and that you have selected a beautiful pattern. I know you are anxious to get it done as rapidly as possible. I understand many people visit Independence continually, and they are so anxious to see that place look appropriate, and I know that you will have it shining and worthy of praise. I am looking forward to the time when I can be sent there. I know that Frank and Martha are very busy, and I know that you and Dr. Berry will be of great help to them.

I would suggest that you have the outside place shining beautifully, that the yard be kept in nice condition and attractive. I know a lot of people will come there from Kansas City and other places.

I am glad that you love it there, and I know that you will render a great service to the Lord and to the people back there and to the people that will come there from time to time. I have never been there, but I understand that it is a place that needed a lot of work done. It hurts me when any of our people go to any of our Church historic places and return and tell us that they are disappointed and that our places look terrible. I am sure that is not the way the Lord would want it to be, and I know that you and your husband and Frank and Martha will continue to present your problems to the First Presidency with reference to putting that place in fine shape, and I know that they will be sympathetic toward any reasonable and necessary expenditures. I wouldn't want you to quote me on this, however. I am only expressing my personal opinion, but I will always come to your rescue whenever it comes up at our Expenditures meeting.

I was glad to write Bishop Sanders at Holbrook, but I haven't had any reply from him. I hope, too, that he asks young Milton to go on a mission.

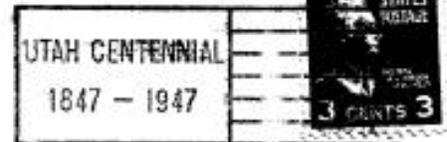
- 2 -

Let me again thank you kindly for your letter. Feel free to call upon me at anytime that I can be of any assistance to you. Please give Frank and Martha my regards and love and best wishes to you and Dr. Berry always. May the Lord bless you in your endeavors, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

*Thorpe B. Isaacson*  
Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson

c/i



May Berry  
Central States Mission  
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints  
302 South Pleasant Street  
Independence, Missouri

**Letter from Ezra Taft Benson**

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS  
THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE  
47 E. SOUTH TEMPLE STREET  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

November 12, 1947

President Herbert A. Berry  
First Counsellor  
Central States Mission  
302 South Pleasant Street  
Independence, Missouri

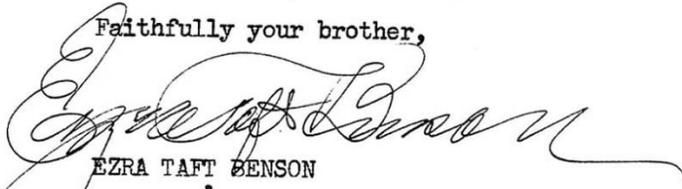
Dear President Berry:

Just a note to express my appreciation to you and Sister Berry and the missionaries for the many kindnesses extended on the occasion of my visit at mission headquarters last week. Although I missed seeing President Brown and his good wife, you folks did a most commendable job in arranging the special meeting and showing me something of the country around Independence.

I do hope that something good was accomplished in the meeting on Thursday night. I was pleased with the attendance and the spirit of the occasion, and commend you and your associates for the splendid work being accomplished in your mission.

Please remember me kindly to all of your associates and particularly to Sister Berry. May the Lord continue to magnify you in your ministry.

Faithfully your brother,

  
EZRA TAFT BENSON

ETB:hp

*a photo of Pura Smith for the Mission  
Home has been promised  
ETB*

## COUPLE HERE TO DO CHURCH WORK



Dr. Herbert A. Berry and Mrs. May Whiting Berry, who have just arrived at headquarters of the Central States Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, 302 South Pleasant Street, from their home in Lynwood, Calif. Dr. Berry has been called to act as first counselor to President Francis W. Brown and his wife will serve as missionary to assist Mrs. Brown in the women's organizations of the Mission, giving special attention to the Mutual Improvement Association.

Dr. Berry has practiced dentistry for thirty years in Arizona and California. Both Dr. and Mrs. Berry have been, at the same time, engaged in church work as stake missionaries and in other capacities. Their youngest son, Dean, is now serving the church as a missionary in Denmark.

Local Newspaper Clipping



**Bus Trip from Independence Missouri to Salt Lake City Utah for a large group of members ready to receive their endowments. May planned and organized the trip.**



**Herbert Berry with Ruth Knudsen, a Sister missionary serving with the Berrys and Browns, who married widower Bill Ellsworth. Bill and Ruth had four children together plus Bill's five.**



## A Day in the Mission Field



**Herbert and May Berry**

May wrote many letters from the mission field to her posterity; some have been collected. Three were printed in the February 1990 Berry Patch. Maree wrote: "I'm sending just bits and pieces of Mother's A DAY IN THE MISSION FIELD letters. I have quite a few of them. She sent these to us about twice a month, and I treasure them. These were besides her personal letters to each of us." We have found a treasure trove of many of the letters Maree kept safe, and we share them with you as they follow in date order. A couple of letters were written on the same date.



## Letters from the Mission Field

All Letters Written by May Berry with one exception as noted



**Herbert and May Berry**

**October 1, 1947**

We took the Dodge which now seems more like our home than a cold car. Some day I'm afraid I shall shed tears when the Dodge goes to its last resting place and the memories live on. It has been so faithful.



#### **Herbert and the Dodge that was more like home**

Well, it took us to Chanute that first day out. We witnessed an amazing feat there in Chanute.

#### **Building a “chapel” under the Branch President’s Home**

That little branch needed a meeting place but there were just a few of them to build; not even enough to rent. But they did want and need a meeting place so two elders took a wheelbarrow and began digging out dirt from under the Branch President's big frame home.

It was slow but the members helped. soon the two elders were transferred but new ones came and the wheelbarrow got busy again. They took us to the basement to see their results.

It was amazing -- a nice large clean white basement room, pulpit, chairs, and all ready for our meeting. Some day I

expect to see that branch with a fine chapel. They have the courage.

Two busy lady doctors (sisters) came to our meeting and visited. We stayed all night with them at their fine big ranch home where we talked religion till midnight. Some day we hope to see them come into the church.

### **October 2, 1947**

The Dodge took us on to Coffeenville where we found two very fine elders waiting for us to take us to one of the Saints to a chicken dinner. Then our meetings.

### **October 3, 1947**

We went on in to Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Can't quite see how President Cole knew near enough when we would arrive. So, he was out in front at his place waiting for us. We visited all members in Bartlesville, from one humble home with nine children to a very elite home with old Mormon pioneer family from S.L.C. -- hadn't been out for months but she came to our meetings as did many others who had not been out for years. Found Myrle and her companion there and doing fine work too.

Myrle's landlady was a Mormon from Idaho -- a big active family in the church there. But she had joined the Baptist Church.

### **October 6, 1947**

We arrived at Ponca City where all the Blackwell people and two more fine elders made us so happy by coming over to our meetings. You that was where they had so much trouble.

President Brown sent us last month to help get them straightened out. Do you see why we were happy to see them come?

### **October 7, 1947**

We arrived at Enid, Oklahoma where there were two more wonderful elders. They wanted us to stay with them, so after the meetings they set up a bed in the church where we stayed and visited them and slept in the church.

In Enid, we visited one of our members 86 years old who was baptized at the age of 14 years. We got her to come to our conference. She hadn't been to a meeting in years and years but she came and played the piano for our songs and after meeting she played and they all sang till I thought we'd never get to bed.



### **October 8, 1947**

We arrived at Elk City but missed the two elders and went to a cabin but they found us and we got part of our money back and came to the Elders place to stay but an investigator insisted we come to his place so we did after all, but visited the two elders until 12 noon.

Also visited the T.B. hospital where the elders are allowed to preach to all the patients. It was an inspiration to see how all those people love those elders.

### **October 9, 1947**

**The Whole World Knows Our Standards**

We arrive at Fort Sill. Held an officers meeting with mostly Lt. Colonels and wives etc. and most of the discussions were regarding if we didn't think it was allright for them to drink cocktails and coffee etc. to be sociable with other officers so they could expect to be promoted as they merited it. I told them I believed that the very thing they were doing it for would perhaps back fire and work the wrong way because the whole world now knows our standards and think less of the members who don't live them.

**October 10, 1947**

**Grandma Pattee Converted Most of Her Family**

We were in Duncan. We visited members all day Friday and Saturday. Certainly was surprised to see most of the entire branch posterity of Grandma Pattee, baptized 50 years ago and has converted all her children and most of her grand children.

Sunday they had a picnic in the park. Never saw so much fried chicken of all kinds. But my surprise came when they brought out and handed me a large birthday cake, many candles, and sang happy birthday.

The branch president said that was the most people they had ever had in their church except once before, when they had a watermelon feed and invited Fort Sill over.

One thing that impressed me was the hostile feeling we met when we visited one home where only two girls had been baptized in 1942 and later joined the Baptist Church. We

visited them for a while and they invited us to stay for supper.

When we got ready to leave one of the girls said, "I've enjoyed every minute of this. I wish you all could stay here!"

## **October 13, 1947**

### **The Gospel We've Been Waiting All Our Lives to Find**

Found Elder Nichols from Mesa, also Elder Stitt such fine fellows.

At Ardmore -- We had a lot of Indians out to our meetings, some of them so white we had to ask which were the Indians. They are so much more civilized back here than in Arizona. Had a most wonderful meeting there.

There we stayed at Brother and Sister Henry's and met their daughter who is a nurse and one of the most striking girls, so fine looking too. Also, their son Jimmie who was in the Navy.

Sister Henry told us that in 1941 she went to her front door and found two Elders standing there. She told them she was not interested in anything they had, and she did not invite them in.

When her husband came home she told him about it and he said "Don't have anything to do with them at all, don't even encourage them to hang around. So next day when they came back she sent them away.

But they dropped a little tract in the door. She picked it up and tore it up and threw it in the waste basket. Each day they went by they dropped one in the screen door.

But one day after she had just learned that Jimmie, her youngest, had to go in the Navy, she was low in spirit. She saw the two elders standing outside looking to see which way to go. Every door along her side had turned them away.

Suddenly she thought. "Those two boys are some bodies darlings and I'm going to ask them in and give them a drink." Which she did. That time they left a tract she didn't tear it up.

She read it but kept it a secret. She kept it till one day she said to her husband, "I've just got to tell you something. Those two boys have the true gospel, the kind we've waited all our lives to find."

So then he started studying too, albeit one day she told the two elders she knew now that they had the truth, but that she would never accept it because of her children. She said she and raised a family, all of them so fine.

Her oldest son had been so close always, he just thought his mother was perfect as did this lovely girl who is a nurse. She just couldn't hurt them like this thing would hurt. But, before a week she applied for baptism.

Her husband quit his tobacco and coffee and he joined too. But her family was heart-broken. The oldest son came home from his home in California to visit them. How she dread to tell him. When he came she got home alone, and broke the news to him.

He cried like a baby so she said. He said "mother, how could you do such an awful thing to your children. You've crushed me to the earth." He went back to California.

He now lives in L.A. I'm sending his address to Helen and Aubrey to get them to go meet them and maybe break down a little prejudice. Anyway she told then how Jimmie went to war in a submarine division.

Do you remember the submarine that dove down and saved its crew by staying underwater four hours longer than it was supposed to be possible for them to live?

All during that time, the depth bombs were dropping all around them. Well, Jimmie was on there. His closest pal was a Mormon boy. Jimmie admired and loved the Mormon boy, but when their submarine was down, bombs knocking it all over, he said part of the crew went crazy and they had to tie them down.

Then he said, "Mother, I finally went out too", but he could never forget the sight he watched all during that time. He said that Mormon boy stuck like the rock of Gibraltar and prayed constantly; calm and collected, continued to pray all the time.

After it was all over, the officer said, "What a sight. My boy, you and God save us." That almost converted Jimmie but the thing that ruined it for Jimmie was that later the Mormon boy was killed. Jimmie could not see the justice.

But now he is with the two young elders and his mother and they have about made him see that the boy's work was done. The morning we left Jimmie told his mother that now he is

ready to be baptized and wants to go on a mission in a year.

### **A Question of Polygamy**

We stayed up till midnight with the pretty nurse and she started just about polygamy. Then I told her how I was trying to write a story about my grandfather and his five wives and show the side of my grandfather, how he loved his beautiful Elizabeth, the first wife and how for duty he took the others.

She got the idea and helped me some. She has written some herself so she became very friendly and said she could talk with us easier than her own mother. We invited her to visit us in California when we get home.

When we drove away, we left the parents in tears. They said, "Oh, why couldn't we have accepted the gospel when our children were little and raised them in the church like you did yours."

### **October 14, 1947**

We arrived in Seminole, stayed with Brother and Sister Nichols, a fine couple. The elders call him their dry land Mormon. He isn't baptized yet till he can quit breaking the Word of Wisdom, but he is a fine man and we stayed at their place.

He preaches to his neighbors all the time about this true gospel. We were sad over Sister Powell. They said that she came into the church just as the elders all had to go to war and left them alone. She didn't know much about the gospel so Sister Bryant came every day to help him study.

Now she, Sister Bryant, got mad at the branch president and joined the Seventh-Day Adventist church, but we got Sister Bryant in our car and took her to our conference. I'm writing her now and she may come back.

Sister Powell has one of the most brilliant grandsons, just 13 years old. He can tell you more about our beliefs than most of our adult members.

**October 20, 1947**

**Grandfather's Family has a Church all Their Own**

Uncle Earl Whiting had invited us to attend his meeting today. He and his son-in-law have a church all their own, that is no one attends except their own family. Three daughters, one son-in law, children and a nephew and wife and three children. It was right pitiful to see how earnest they are striving.

They love the prophet Joseph and want to keep the commands of the Lord, more than any small group we have contacted not of our faith. You see, they are Cutlerites. The head of their church is in Minnesota and they have less than 30 members in their whole church.

When they opened their meeting, Uncle Earl knelt in prayer and asked the Lord to bring us all to a unity of the faith.

I remembered reading in my grandpa Whiting's history how he grieved when his brother joined Alpheus Cutler but then they grieved over my grandfather going west with Brigham Young too. Anyway, I surely felt pity for them, they really are earnestly seeking truth it seems like.

We took them out to see Liberty Jail then back here to the Mission Home where they met and visited some of our missionaries. We expect to meet with them soon again and try to help them see the truth.

### **October 21, 1947**

Uncle Frank's cow died and left a little new born calf. Poor John, he has grieved all day, he is the one who does the milking.



**Herbert and May Berry, the man standing with them could be John, a member of the staff at the Mission Home frequently referred to in May's letter.**

### **October 22, 1947**

#### **Dad's Mission is not Over Yet**

Daddy had the closest call today he has ever had in his life. We are both still horrified. He was alone in the car. Stopped and got out, looked both ways, started to cross the street and failed to see a car coming behind a truck. It was so close and coming real fast.

He could not get out of the way. The driver slid his brakes while daddy's athletic ability saved him. He rolled on his stomach and hands and knees just ahead of the car until it got stopped.

He pulled himself up by the front bumper so the driver had to ask if it hit him or not. He was that close. Daddy is sore and lame but OK other ways so we decided his mission is not over yet. He says he sure moved fast and that was what saved him.

## **October 23, 1947**

### **President Milton R. Hunter**

Today Uncle Frank, Aunt Martha, And President Milton R. Hunter came home from the conference tour into Oklahoma and Kansas. It is really a joy to be around a man like Milton R. Hunter.

## **October 25, 1947**

A real thrill to hear each of the missionaries tell their heart throbs at their parting from home and coming into the mission field, a grand bunch. Had to get the big long tables today. John is so good to help.

## **October 26, 1947**

### **A Father's Change of Heart**

At eight o'clock this morning we met in a missionary testimony meeting. About 50 missionaries here.

Elder Wright, our mission secretary, brought tears to all of us when he testified that he had lived in hell and then

heaven within so short a time. Then he sang "I Know That My Redeemer Lives" with tears on his cheeks, and we were all with him,

Elder Parsons then got up and said he too had seen heaven and hell. He had lost part of the fingers from his hand in the war. Before he went to the war he was a wonderful violin player. Then the fingers were gone from the hand he need most for the violin but he played the violin and in a broken voice he told us how he was the only one of his squadron who came out alive.

When he returned from the war his father drank and smoked and didn't go to church. The Bishop asked him to go on a mission, also his brother who had just returned from the war was asked to go on a mission. Both of them wanted to go and the mother wanted them to go but the father refused.

They all went to bed to night in sadness. The next morning, the father got up and said "You can both go on a mission". He sold his car to get money for them to go.

As Elder Parsons wiped the tears from his eyes, he said "Now father has stopped drinking and smoking and goes to church". The elder is an outstanding missionary. When you see the handicap some of them have had to get over to get on missions you wonder if that is what has made them so strong.

This has been a wonderful conference. President Hunter is an inspiration to all. He is the one who wrote "Gospel Through the Ages".



## **October 27, 1947**

### **President Booth**

Uncle Frank, Aunt Martha, and President Hunter and President Booth left for the rest of the mission tour.

President Brown now has a second counselor, a wonderful young fellow, Elder Booth, who is here on a mission, he looks like Uncle Don. Well, he had two little brothers, when they were young, he was about 15 years old, a neighbor's son invited him to go to church.

He took his two little brothers with him and went to church regularly with this fine neighbor and his son. Elder Booth's parents never went to church. He did so wonderfully well in his ward that now he is here on a mission. He is one of the outstanding missionaries here in this whole mission I guess. Anyway, he was chosen for second counselor.

## **October 28, 1947**

President Brown's cow had a calf today; more milk, cream and butter for the mission home.

## **October 29, 1947**

M.I.A. had a party in the mission home. Seemed to be just as successful as our home parties. Perhaps more so.

## **October 30, 1947**

### **Defending Brother McConkie at Liberty Jail**

Of all the indignation's we've had to take, it was today. Brother McConkie is 78 years old and lives here at the

mission home. For twelve years he has been coming here on missions one after another. He is getting a little feeble but as full of fire as ever, especially when he meets the re-organized members.

Well, he went out to Liberty to do missionary work there for a while. We took him out in our car. We went to Richmond and let him out at the old Liberty Jail. Our church owns that place and rents the house to outsiders.

About 500 people have gone into that old rock basement to see it this summer. The prophet Joseph lay for six months without a trial there, chained to a log.

We told Brother McConkie to wait on the porch for us if he got there sooner than we did. We wanted to visit some of the Whitmer family; one of John Whitmer's great granddaughters, doesn't understand what it was that her great grandfather was a witness to.

We left Brother McConkie at 1 :30 pm and were to meet him at the old jail house at 5 o'clock or near that.

When we returned at 5:15 we saw brother McConkie a block away in the pouring rain, running to catch us, to let us know where he was.

He said at 4 o'clock he walked to the house to sit on the porch. The man in the house came out and said, "Are you a Mormon?" "Yes, Sir" said brother McConkie.

"Is that man who brought you here a Mormon?" "Yes, Sir" he repeated.

"Well," said the man, "you get off this place and don't you dare set foot here again."

So Brother McConkie walked back to the side walk to wait in the rain, but the man shouted, "Don't you stop on that side walk. You keep going till you get on to the next corner, and don't you dare come any nearer."

So brother McConkie stood out in the rain till we arrived. I was never so disgusted as I was when I saw brother McConkie out in that rain.

You know he had to go home once because of rheumatism. Such nerve, that man setting there in our own place, for the purpose of welcoming visitors and then get out there and drive that dear old soul out in the rain.

I don't believe the mobs in the early days would have done that bad.

At the present time we don't have a single Latter-day Saint living in Liberty. I don't know why unless Satan still has the upper hand there. (four years ago two elders were sent there and they put them in jail.)

### **October 31, 1947**

Saw Sister Davis over at the M.I.A. party. She gave me an insight that didn't soothe my feelings much.



**Some members don't want street meetings here. How weak such mortals are!**

Sister Davis told me that some of our old L.D.S. Saints here feel it an injustice to them and their children to hold street meetings here in Independence.

We already heard about them. How weak such mortals are. Their own children couldn't respect them. Sister Davis is a wonderful little widow woman who is raising some of the nicest children in this branch. She has a teen-age boy who is brilliant and sets an example to everyone.

**October 31, 1947**

**John is from Switzerland, and works at the Mission Home**

I believe John and I have almost settled our feud. We've had one on ever since these two little calves came.

John is from Switzerland? a very humble emotional little man, speaks broken English. found out he was in the wrong church so he hunted us up here and we hired him.

Uncle Frank had me interview him regarding the work. I told him if he kept up the yards, cleaned the church, and took care of the cows, helped in the house and small jobs, I believed we could pay him \$18.00 per week.

He said he didn't need that much so he and Uncle Frank settled it for \$10.00 a week. When they paid him one day, he brought back half of it and said he didn't need that much.

We had just gotten along fine till the calves came. Then John started to feed them the cream. I told him we needed the cream and the calves have milk with calf meal in it but he would come right in and skim the milk into the calf bucket, said calves need some cream same as people.

I blew up and we compromised and now I fix the calf feed.

He was baptized into our church about twenty-five years ago. He came here a few years ago and fell in with the reorganized church but he admitted had worried him some. They are really very fine people but so in the dark it is pitiful.

We wish we could join you at the reunion, but we'll be thinking of you there.

### **Uncle Earl Whiting, is an apostle of his own church**

Uncle Earl Whiting, grandson of Chancey Whiting lives here too. We were invited down there to have ice cream and visit them. He is also a fine gentleman.

I think he believes with all his heart in the Book of Mormon and the Prophet Joseph, but he can't accept the Reorganized Church because he says they don't do baptism for the dead, so he has a little church of his own.

He is an apostle there, has a font in his church basement where he does baptisms for the living and the dead. Herbert asked him about the endowment work; he said he worried a little about that too, but he didn't know.

We asked him about marriage for Eternity too, but he didn't know about that either, so we showed him the film which shows all our Temples and explained a lot to him. We are going soon to take them out to the Liberty Jail and talk again.



### **November 1, 1947**

#### **Growth in Independence from 0 to 500**

An old lady by the name of Giles pie told us that when she first came here there was not a Mormon here in Independence and that there were only two families in Kansas City, that she then was not a member herself.

Now we have 800 in Kansas City and about 500 here in Independence. It doesn't look now like it will be long till we may have the center stake of Zion organized.

Brother Hunt is one of the big leaders of the reorganized church. He knows I'm a Whiting so he took the trouble to send me a clipping of an article written in one of their magazines by Baline Whiting, one of Ray Whitings's daughters, a very well written article. I was really pleased over that.

### **November 1, 1947**

#### **Information about the Whitings who left the Saints after Nauvoo**

Went to Kansas City to Relief Society Conference. They called me to sit on the stand and also to speak.

We had a real thrill yesterday afternoon. Uncle Lester Whiting called up and said his sister was there and they would like to visit us so Herbert went and brought them here to visit us at the mission home.

These are pa's own cousin's you know. Well, Cordelia Whiting Perry looked so much like Aunt Harriet Curtis and some of her girls I just couldn't keep from noticing her.

They told us that Chauncy Whiting wanted to go west with Edwin but his wife refused. But next day when Uncle Earl Whiting was here and I told him about it he was quite indignant. He said that part of the family has always been trying to tell something bad on them. I just had to laugh.

So I read from grandpa Whiting's history how his brother Charles was killed at the Battle of Crooked River but that

didn't hurt grandpa like the news that came soon after, that his other brothers had joined the Cutlerite Church.

Uncle Lester still says he believes the Reorganized Church but he doesn't know it to be true. Ray Whiting is one of their leaders and they say he is a fine fellow.

**November 2, 1947**

**More Contact With our Cutlerite Whittings**

Earl Whiting, his nephew G. Whiting, and his son-in-law Fletcher, came today to really talk religion with Herbert and I. We gathered around the dining room table and all had our Books of Mormon, D & C, etc.

Herbert called on Uncle Earl to pray. He got right down on his knees and the rest of us stood, and he really gave a humble good prayer. You see Earl is Chancey Whiting's grandson.

Well, we spent two hours trying to teach them the truth. These meetings will continue as soon as we return from this next trip to Arkansas. They are much more like we are than the Reorganized.

Since there are less than 30 people left in the whole Cutlerite church, I mean in all the world, we know that nearly all of them are related to us. We know of at least 16 of them. It seems to me that some of them who are so sincere might yet see and recognize the truth. But we never know.

**November 3, 1947**

**Effie' Birthday Phonecall**

We phoned Effie today. It is her birthday. We are so tense waiting for her operation on November 15. But I am trying to remember the letter we have at home in our tin box from the Presidency of the Church.

That was written when Effie had TB and everyone seemed to think an abortion was necessary to save her life. So we wrote to the Church Presidency and received an answer that said they wished the parents had the faith the daughter had.

They prayed for her on the following Thursday. Her temperature left that day and we took her to the Mesa Temple where she was healed instantly. We are now trying to remember to be more humble and to thank the Lord more in all things.

Just got word Ray passed the California Bar Association examination. What a day of rejoicing.

*[Editor's note: this was probably May's nephew, Martha's son Ray Brown. DMR]*

**November 4, 1947**

**The Lord Must Surely Recognize the Honest in Heart**

We took elder Bolton our district Pres. and made a trip to Warrensburg. Held a meeting in the school house and had a fine dinner at Sister Beards. she was a Mormon girl from Salt Lake and married this Beard boy while he was there as a C.C.C. Boy.

***[Editor's note: C.C.C. stands for Civilian Conservation Corp, a voluntary public work relief program that operated from 1933 to 1942 in the U.S. for unemployed, unmarried men ages 18-25. It was part of the New Deal. DMR]***

He joined the Church and now they say he is a real convert and leader. Seems like we find at least one good strong couple in most of these branches. The Lord must surely recognize the honest in heart.

Well Sister Beard had 5 children about as cute and smart as any children we've met. I was trying to keep them quiet while she got supper so I told them "Bricket Leg". The girls who washed the wool ect., ect.

One cute little blond boy sat by me in church and begged me to tell more stories till church was going. It was a fine trip and Elder Parsons gave an especially fine talk. We drove home after the meeting.

### **November 5, 1947**

#### **More Contact with the Whitings—it is what the Lord knows that counts**

Oh my what a happy thrill I got today. You know the Whitings who have the church of their own. The same ones who were here Sunday! Uncle Earl's family well they are named. Fletcher is his son-in-law. He called twice to get us.

He wants another meeting. We went down this evening to arrange a meeting for Herbert and I and their family and he told us that at four o'clock the other morning he woke up and decide what he thought or what we thought didn't make any difference, it is what the Lord knows that counts.

So he says he is ready to start study right away, all the way down since the Prophets first vision and leave Alpheus Cutler and Brigham Young out and try to find out what the Lord wants for our salvation.

If we can keep him in that frame of mind I do believe he will begin to see the light. I was so thrilled I had tears in my eyes. Apostle Benson is going to speak to our church in Kansas City tomorrow. We went over and heard him speak to 2000 people tonight not members of our church.

He certainly did inspire us missionaries. He told those people that he loved this good land. It was once possessed by our Mormon people, but as one writer said they left peaceably, because they had to.

He told them that this very land has a cloudy title today because it was possessed first by our people. then he went on to tell them that we live in the most blessed land on earth today, but it may not be long if this the American people don't repent and remember God and get His help and have family prayers.

He said this world today is in the most conflicting state it has ever been in since the world began and unless god helps us we can go down like the rest of the world is going down now.

**November 6, 1947**

**Apostle Ezra Taft Benson Shares About His Tour of Europe After the War**

A meeting in Kansas City Chapel. President Benson told how the leaders of this church had prayed all during the war that the saints in Europe would remain faithful, regardless

of all their sufferings and that when he made that first trip into Europe after the war, he found how well their prayers had been answered.

He had never before seen an entire audience weep at once. The first time they saw him walk into that fine meeting, women told him they had sat by the beds and watched their children die of starvation.

Men told him they had sat and watched their wives die of starvation and when he finally got the first shipment of welfare food into Germany he saw grown men run their fingers through the dry wheat and beans and cry like babies.

But through it all they had remained faithful to the gospel. some of the brethren told him that their neighbors who were not of their faith had many of them committed suicide because they could not endure, but not one Latter-day Saint had done that.

He said little children on the front row in that first meeting stared straight ahead with no movement. He could not get their eyes to move they were such living skeletons and that it is not yet over but the welfare plan has already save the lives of so many of our saints in Europe. He couldn't estimate how many.

He told us that our church is no longer looked down on but is now come out of obscurity just as was prophesied in the D & C.

**November 7, 1947**

Well Frank and Martha got home today. We were really happy to get together. We were as thrilled as if it had been a year instead of two weeks. Now we will be together part of tomorrow.

Then Herbert and I will go out for two weeks Herbert and I are fasting today because tonight is the night we have our meeting with the Cutlerite Whitings. But am proud to say they are really fine people.



**November 8, 1947**

**Why Haggle Over the Bones When There is so Much Good Meat**

Well we had our meeting last night at Earl Whitings. They suggested that we leave Brigham Young and Alpheus Cutler out of this and study the beauties of the restored gospel, but they just couldn't get started with out getting on to polygamy and I had to testify to them my grandfather Whiting was one of the grandest men that ever lived on this old earth.

We had a very pleasant evening but I can see very plainly that they don't know how to teach the beauties of the gospel nor the commandments of the Lord, nor even the life of the prophet, nor the . Book or Mormon nor the D & C. All they know how to preach and teach is POLYGAMY and abomination, that the Lord rejected the gospel because the Nauvoo temple was completed and that we all ought to be living the United Order.

That seems to be all they study, all they teach. I ask them why haggle over the bones when there is so much good meat. But they insist on some more meetings so we'll keep on as long as they ask for it.

They just don't get mad at all. Herbert patiently explains everything and every one is always happy and good natured so we'll keep on going back.

**November 9, 1947**

### **Settling the Liberty Jail Matter**

Martha and I had one part of a day together. I don't know which one got the most said, but it was too short and here we go out to Liberty.

Pres. Brown woke up at one o'clock and couldn't sleep over that affair out at Liberty so he sent Herbert and Elder Booth and I out to see what was the matter. We did not see the man who ordered him away but his wife and mother-in-law was there.

They were very sorry he acted like that. said the old man was peeping in the window but I told them that was no reason to rush out and ask him if he was a Mormon, also if the man who brought him was a Mormon then order him off the place.

Pres. Booth and Pres. Berry told them it had cost our church money to buy the place and 500 visitors had been in that basement in three months, so I guess they got the idea OK.

Apostle Benson also Milton R. Hunter said lets get a good Mormon couple here and put them out there to take care of the place and also look after the cemetery where our monument is. I believe that is what will happen real soon.

This trip made us late to get to Pittsburg but here we are. when we got here we found elder Shaw and Elder Pouslson. both returned service men. They had waited all day and we got here just before dark They had sandwiches, punch, cake etc. all ready for a lunch.

Really I could hardly keep the tears back, they are such a wonderful pair of Elders, so humble, so desirous of doing the Lord's work.

Never before has there been so many wonderful elders in the field as now. What has done it? Was it the war that humbled us all or is it the last dispensation or what is it?

I know the Lord is so close here in some places, you can't help but know He is right here managing everything.





**Herbert Berry and hammer at Liberty Jail Site**

My heart aches for the young fellows especially those who served in the war, who didn't have the opportunity to come on a mission.

These two elders found and rented a little up stairs hall, a piano promised, got some new white curtains up, and a little table for a pulpit. Now they are as excited and thrilled over this



**March 19, 1948**

Things are all in a flurry. This is an exciting time. Pres. Brown will be gone almost a month. But guess we'll make it some way.

**March 20, 1948**

**Fundraiser Preparations**

We are undertaking two major projects, besides cooking and taking care of the mission home and office.

One of them is to put on a real musicale for the benefit of the Kansas City, Kansas church we are buying. \$3,000 must be raised by May 30th so we really are getting started. Mostly professional talent.

The branches are selling ads to the business men. We are getting a fine program ready for it May 1st. The other thing is a branch conference in Independence. We try to visit in each home where there are in-active members, which will be about 60 families.

Will start visits tomorrow. I get breakfast ready by 7:30 they come in from study class.

**March 24, 1948**

**Searching Out Inactives**

Its really interesting to go into the many different homes. Some humble, some mansions. Then we usually ask how long they've been in the church, what missionary found them ect.

This is different from most of our visits because we are trying to do so many things in a day here. But we still like this experience of searching out the inactive members as well as many of the active.

We went to one place today where the old man had just had a stroke, he smiled up at us. No other of his family joined

the church. We shook hands with him. He seemed so pleased.

Then he died that night. I wonder if he might tell Effie we were there.

This is surely a missionary car, this Dodge and the tires are as faithful as the car. We've gone over 24,000 miles and not a flat except one with a big nail in it.

### **A Heritage of Missionary Sacrifice**

We figured we were making quite a sacrifice when we came on this mission and left a busy practice, but we read the other night about Grandpa Berry. Dad's Grandfather. He was called on a mission to England.

So he and two others took a hand cart and pushed it over 1000 miles with all they had on it. Then he had still to make it on to England. Most of all this was done without funds.

We felt a little small that we had patted ourselves on the back while we stepped into a nice new car with a radio, heater and all this luxury and complain if the road isn't properly signed.

Where would we be if grandpa Isaacson and Grandpa Roundy, Grandpa Berry and Grandpa Whiting hadn't had the courage and good sense and judgement and faith they had to give us all this wonderful opportunity to live and develop and raise our families in the gospel. We surely owe someone a debt.

I think Grandpa Isaacson no doubt is proud of the one little boy he raised. That was Thorp. He would look around the room to see if he could see him too and how Grandpa never planted his grain till he kneeled down by the open sack and thanked the Lord for it and prayed that it might grow.

I feel sure too that he is glad Dean is in Denmark. The first one of his to go back. Dean may get discouraged at times but he will see good and feel good and be blessed in this mission. Everything worketh for good for he that loves the Lord.

**Sister Berry I've got a joke to tell you, on me and you too.**

I was tickled at Elder Badger. He came up to me Sunday in Topeka and said, "Sister Berry I've got a joke to tell you, on me and you too." But I think it was on Aunt Martha.

We were in a large missionary group sometime ago and he thought I was Aunt Martha as I proceeded to tell them I thought they had a wonderful mission mother and that she was doing a fine work.

He thought that was the funniest sermon he ever heard for a woman to stand up and praise herself like that in a testimony meeting.

A little later Aunt Martha stood up. He said he was so shocked he said my word there's Sister Brown up again and it was a long time before he got his mistake figured out. We meet funny things like that all the time.

One woman in Kansas City Sunday School shook hands with me— and said Sister Brown and said Sister which are you? I told her I was Sister Berry.

After Sunday school she said to me Sister Brown when did you come off your trip?

Next time she saw me she said I have to see your husband before I can tell which one you are.

We are going to dress alike soon fix our hair alike, just as well do it up like twins. Martha says the thing that puzzles her is that I am no much taller than she is and I used to be a head taller. I guess its old age shrinking me.



**April 20, 1948**

### **Three of the Whiting Cutlerites At Our Church**

What a thrill last night at our church. Who do you think occupied the back seats? Three of the Whiting Cutlerites. The first time we've ever been able to get them inside our church.

I told Uncle Earl I felt like kissing him, anyway he is the one that looks like Pa. But they still think we are missing it because we don't go into the United Order.

We told him we would when the Lord called us. Then I said what are you doing to build the kingdom with your united order. You eat it all up yourselves. You don't build temples you don't do anything for the Lord, you just sit and eat it all including his 10th.

Then Herbert run home and took him the Prophet Joseph's teachings. We'll never drop them as long as they love to talk to us and treat us so good. Whether we do any good or not we can't tell yet.

You must remember there are only 30 members in the Cutlerites Church and they are all Whitings and related by marriage of course so we feel deeply interested. Ray Whiting and many others, Uncle Lester is Pa's own full cousin are in the Reorganized church.

I believe Ray is either an apostle or a Patriarch. Poor John he surely works hard. Yesterday they ordained him to be a Deacon. If they had crowned him a King he couldn't have been more thrilled.

### **Sister Hart, pour Soul!**

Sister Hart, pour soul! She has worked here in this mission home 27 years and she said she was set apart to do this work and even Geo. Albert Smith can't fire her.

But sometimes I think Martha will if she don't watch out. At first I thought it was nonsense but now the two of us I'm worse than Martha in some ways.

When she arrives at 7 a.m. for 27 years she stops at the corner and salutes the mission home. Something like the salute the Germans gave to an Hiel Hitler. The neighbors have gotten used to it after 27 years.

Her main concern is just how much authority she has and since John came they get along about like a couple of strays, they fight over such little things such as who sweeps the basement out.

### **Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha got Lost From Each Other**

Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha got lost from each other so I'll have to tell you about that too. I laughed till I cried. They were traveling early in the morning last week away down in Arkansas to reach the next district.

Uncle Frank stopped at a service station for gas. Martha got out and started to the rest room. She stretched her arms and looked around just in time to see Frank drive off. She thought he was going to turn around.

He didn't know she had gotten out of the car. She was riding in the back seat. She saw the car going on up the road and began to get a little excited but by the time the car had gone out of sight she got real excited and rushed up to two men who were working around the station and said, "Say did you see that, my husband went right off and left me."

Both men grunted and made a slight suggestion "another woman ditched on the road,"

Then she rushed into the little coffee shop and said "say my husband just drove off and left me here." The woman took it about like the men did, but she asked her to sit down.

Martha didn't have a dime. So she got a chair from the coffee shop and set herself out to wait watching the road every minute, but the wait turned out to be a lot longer than she was dreaming of.

Poor Frank! He proceeded up the road. Occasionally he tried to lead Martha out into a conversation but as he supposed she must be asleep he went merrily on.

Finally he arrived at Poplar Bluff in Missouri. He said "Martha I guess we better eat here." As Martha didn't object he drove into a service station and asked where he could find a good place to eat. The attendant told him of a coffee shop and directed him to it.

So he drove to the coffee shop, parked his car got out and looked in the back seat for Martha. He just couldn't believe his eyes. He looked in the back seat for Martha. He says he'll never know why but he even lifted up the blanket on the seat and down on the floor mat.

After he convinced himself Martha was gone he tried to think where she could be, so he got in the car and dashed madly around trying to find the service station where the man had referred him to the coffee shop.

He drove up and was so excited he called to the attendant and said, "did you see my wife?" The man said, "When?" I stopped to ask for a place to eat. "Listen" the attendant said "I haven't seen you before."

So then he rushed back and finally found the one who referred the coffee shop and said "did I have a wife in this car when I drove up here?" He said, "No mister not that I saw." Frank said "well she's gone." He just shrugged his shoulders and said "Well good riddance, let her go."

But poor Frank he

*[Editor's note: Missing Text here. We looked up Aunt Martha's version of the story and insert it to complete the story. DMR].* Martha: "He couldn't think where the other service station was, but someone told him it was right on the line between two states. It was an hour and forty minutes after he'd left me when he finally found me. I didn't get mad at him because he was so excited and upset." -- *Dr. and Mrs. A History of Frank and Martha Brown*, page 199.



**May 6, 1948**

### **Pioneer Stories**

Brother Wilford Wood came today and we had a new experience. He brought with him some very valuable records which he played for us. They were stories that are not, and never shall be, seen in print. The persons who gave these pioneer stories are still living.

One of them was a Judge, still living just outside of Salt Lake City. He told of his father's early life. His father built the house that he himself now lives in. His father came among the early pioneers and located on this spot. He saved and sent money for his sweetheart to come from England, and they were married when she arrived.

A year later they had a lovely baby boy, then one night the baby took sick. They had to have medicine from Salt Lake City, or lose the baby, so he took his team and to help pay expenses he took along a load of wood.

The night was a bitter freezing night, but the medicine must be brought back to save his boy, so he started back, and as he drove the team up near Heber C. Kimball's saw mill, he suddenly realized that both he and the horses were

freezing to death, so he drove into the saw mill and put the horses in the barn, while he went on in the house to get warm.

When he went back to the barn both of his horses had frozen to death - one had fallen over, and the other was still standing so he went on afoot. The wind was such a cold cutting wind that he could only travel a few rods at a time, then he would lay down with his face to the ground to protect it from the biting wind and ice.

Soon his face was cut and bleeding, but he kept on and on to save his son. As he neared his home some neighbors met him and they told him that during the night he had lost 200 head of cattle; all his horses, sheep and live stock had frozen to death.

Then they told him the rest the roof of his house had blown partly off and his wife became frightened and took the baby, wrapped in a blanket, and started to a neighbor's home. She only reached the barbed wire fence. The cruel wind was too much.

Next morning they found her with her baby clutched to her bosom still leaning over the fence, both frozen to death.

He said he could not endure the place any longer and he was going to move to California, but while he was making preparation his wife stayed near him all day long.

At the close of the day he was permitted to hear her voice. She pleaded with him to stay right there were he was needed, which he did, and later married the mother of this judge and raised a family.

He died when he was just forty years of age and left this wife a widow, so she worked herself to educate her family and it was one of her sons, the judge, who tells the story.

### **Cousins: President Israel Smith and President George Albert Smith**

We also heard a wonderful record Brother Woods brought directly from President George Albert Smith to play to his cousin, Israel Smith, President of the Reorganized Church. It was very touching. He seemed rather to plead with him to remember how his grandfather had stood by the Prophet Joseph and the love and harmony that existed between them, and it was a wonderful talk.

Then Brother Woods just that day had handed Israel Smith the microphone and he sent a message back to President George Albert Smith. Then Brother Woods surprised us to pieces -- he handed President Brown the microphone and he spoke to President Smith, then Martha took it, and after she spoke Herbert took the microphone and spoke in it, and then I did.

I think Herbert did better than I did. He said directly to President Smith, "I want you to know we love you and honor you as our President and Prophet. President Brown also gave a fine talk about this being the exact spot where Adam dwelt in the Garden of Eden.

### **May 7, 1948**

President and Sister Brown left this morning for a district conference at Dodge City and other places, and to visit the missionaries. The missionaries do love them both, and they surely do go through a lot to get to them and visit them. Elder Robinson, the Mission Secretary, told us that he

loved President Brown more than he could explain, and he would never want one hair of his head changed.

### **He is a Mormon, She is a Methodist**

Did I tell you about visiting the druggist and his fine wife? He is a "Mormon" and she is a Methodist, but she is one of the finest persons I've known. They took us through the home they had just bought and fixed up themselves.

Wish I could get one like it out in California. They really had talent. The place is forty years old, a big stone house - it looks something like those Pasadena mansions. They had made a dream house.

(Maree, for your benefit) one bedroom reminded me of you; two sides. Had flowered paper and the other two sides were plain, but she had cut roses from the flowered paper to make the border for the plain sides. The entire house was a dream.

Well, what I started to say, the father said he was a "Mormon," and his wife a Methodist. The little seven year old boy said, "and I'm going to be a Catholic."

His mother said, "that's all right, Honey, Mother wants you to be whatever you like." I couldn't help thinking how horrified a "Mormon" mother would be over that. But it only shows that we have something to hang on to, as Lehi describes it, and they don't have that iron rod.

### **Still Gathering the Talent for Fundraisers**

Since we put on our Musicale we have so much talent showing up that I guess we'll have to have another one. But I think the first thing we'll do is to appoint a talent scout

to keep a list. We'll be proud to have Marian on some of these programs.

We do have such a fine group at the Mission Office now. Sister Husted is our stenographer, and she is so cooperative and so nice. She has talent, too, and will sing Friday at our dinner. Elder Jenkins and Sister Olsen are so fine, too.

Say, the tomatoes are lovely. You can't believe how they've grown - big bushy plants loaded with buds and blossoms. Never did I see such a country to grow things.

I took a package of turnips and gave them a throw, and they look just like that - turnips everywhere. We don't need to worry now, we can go away on our conference tour and no one needs to water them or worry 'till we return.

**May 9, 1948**

**Mother's Day Letter #1**

I don't ask of my children that they raise my grandchildren in a mansion, nor that they be dressed better than the neighbor's children, nor that they have many things that are luxuries that other children cannot afford. Because I'm afraid that if they receive all this, it will deprive them of humility and charity for others, and even good well-balanced judgment. Neither do I want them raised as the poorest children in dress, or in a house to be ashamed of-- because I'm afraid they would become self-conscious and lose some dignity that rightfully belongs to them.

I do expect my children to teach my grandchildren righteous living and faith in a living God. Charity and kindness. I

don't believe it's necessary for children to form a habit of quarreling or selfishness. Don't expect the Sunday School and Primary teachers to do this teaching for you, because no one can take the place of the parent in doing this.

I don't want my grandchildren to grow up believing that home is not a place to have fun. It is the grandest place in the world for children to play with parents and have fun. All hours of the day families may keep cheerful - and in the right spirit so no contention need ever arise.

I expect my children to see that my grandchildren never impose on other people in their homes by asking for food, or asking other favors, no matter how young or how hungry. They need never spoil a fine personality by such poor training.

To my children let me say, place your children's spiritual welfare first, not tomorrow, but today. Develop character and good judgment, and when you have extra time left after that, seek after other things in righteousness.

I have learned much from the many missionaries who come to us here in this mission. One of the finest elders we've ever had here is terribly handicapped because his home training was neglected when he was a child: he asks for food to eat here, and at other homes. No one admires him. We have other elders who are just wonderful, except by spells when they feel so sorry for themselves. Then others who are struggling pitifully to learn the things that should have been learned at home. All these fine missionaries could put a lot of the blame on parents.

Then there are all these fine ones who come with such well-balanced judgement, such a wonderful personality. They draw everyone to them. They are the ones who have had the teachings from the parents who gave them all this, instead of too much money.

So I ask you, my children, to give them the training first, then the rest after. I'm glad now that we did not have too much money while you were all young. I'm glad for the times it was necessary for you to work hard: selling papers, cleaning apartments, planting beans, and many other things. Give your children the same opportunity, even if you have to make the opportunity by paying the man who takes the trouble to put them to work.

You'll never gain much by making a child a flunky. No man, woman or child likes to be a flunky. But if you can, give him interesting work that he can finish with pride. He'll love to work. And unless he loves to work, you've lost out anyway, and he or she is doomed to a life of unhappiness.

If I had my life to live over again, I would do many things differently, and still I'm thankful to the Lord that He looked after our children where we fell down. If I had my life to live over again, I would be more persistent in getting my children to Primary, Sunday School, and M.I.A. I would spend more time having fun with my children and less about money and finances. I would work more with them and less by myself.

I just figure we were blessed. You meant more to the Lord than anyone else, so where we fell down, He did the rest

through inspiration, and because of the intelligence you all brought with you from the other world.

But you've all got a long life ahead and the very part of your life that can be of the most value, the most interesting, and the happiest -- if you know the secret of how to use it. Now go ahead and keep looking for it. You'll find it, and it will be wonderful for both our children and our grandchildren.

One of our fine members here, the son of an ex-Baptist minister said in Fast Meeting today, that he believes parents have the power and authority, if they would seek and pray, to inoculate their children against evil, by constant regular teachings -- on the same plan you have them inoculated for smallpox or whooping cough -- so they may become immune to evil. A wonderful thought.

It's not the easy things that make you grow; do not pray for an easy life. Pray for stronger men. Get on your knees. No matter how fine your scholastic record is, how handsome, how talented, you will fail without humility.

I would never want my children, my grandchildren or my inlaws to feel sorry for themselves, because I believe it takes away self-pride, and leaves in its place discontent.

I'm proud of you all, but I guess to the day I die, I'll be concerned about all my children and grandchildren, but so was Adam and so was Abraham. And poor Sarah, how she worried over her Isaac. So why shouldn't we worry over ours? They are as good as those in ancient days, and just as important in the eyes of the Lord, and brought with them that same fine intelligence, so why shouldn't we worry?

Thanks all of you for remembering Mother Day. God bless you all, Mother, on Mother's Day



### **May 11, 1948**

President and Sister Brown got home safely this trip - he didn't leave her anyplace, and they had a good trip. They organized a new branch in Arkansas City, Kansas, where we just bought a chapel. It's good to have them home safe.

### **May 12, 1948**

Frank has been so busy today I feel sorry for him. Four new missionaries came in and we've all been in a flurry, but my, they are a fine group - a very beautiful girl and three Elders.

We do have a faint hope of going to the reunion, but it all depends on President McKay, and he won't tell us 'till after June 1st.



### **May 16, 1948**

I just know we are going to be spoiled when we get home. We'll never be able to settle down to just ordinary everyday life I'm afraid. It's the peoples' fault. They just treat us too good. It reminds me of how parents are so good to their children they spoil them.

### **Fundraising for the Kansas City, Kansas Chapel**

I'll tell you what we are doing this week. In this new chapel we are now buying and paying for in Kansas City, Kan., we are holding a dinner. It will. Seat 100 people around a nice U-shaped dinner table. We just sold out the first 100 tickets, then had to stop selling. This includes members from all branches here - Kansas City, Kansas, Kansas City, Mo., Centropolis, and Independence.

We got the packing house to donate the hams, then one branch donated the salad, the other the desert, another the vegetables, and the Independence branch furnishes the hot rolls, and potatoes.

### **Herbert's Entertainment**

Herbert has gotten real good on his mandolin. He has had to play for the M.I.A. dances. He will dress in a Mexican hat, sarape, and other Mexican garb, and play the mandolin with some other guitars, including Martha's, then he will tell a story in Spanish.

One girl here is very good in singing Spanish songs. She will sing and dance in a beautiful Spanish costume (she rented it). She will dance around the table and gather donations. I'll tell you later how much we make off those 100 people. The food is free, of course. I'll take Herbert's picture in his Mexican outfit.





**Herbert in his Mexican garb and his mandolin!**

### **You Can See How Busy We Are**

Now I'll tell you what we have on this week so you can see how busy we are. Monday night, a meeting with the M.I.A. Officers to check on the M.I.A. Convention and Green and Gold Ball in Kansas City; Tuesday night, Herbert and the Troopadors practice a Mexican program; Wednesday night we go to a party in Centropolis; Thursday night Herbert and I visit the Preator family -five in the family, and one almost ready for baptism; Thursday afternoon we visit Brother Mitchell from the Reorganized Church, who says, "It looks like I'm going astray and join the rest of you "Mormons"; Friday we set up the tables and prepare the dinner and tables in the new chapel in Kansas City, Kan.; Saturday, at daylight, Herbert and I start out on our conference tour to old meetings in all of Kansas.

So you see why we are spoiled! These people are just wonderful to work with. They all love to help and can't do enough.

### **Sister Berry of the Millionaire Berrys**

When Martha and Frank held conference at Stillwater, Okla. last week, they stayed at Sister Berry's. I've told you before about the millionaire Berrys. Well, she told them about her last sick spell. She was alone in her room. She had been sick, but no one knew she had diabetis.

She started a sinking spell, and rushed to pound on the door of her housekeeper's room, but could not make her hear, so she believed she was having a stroke, she decided to rush back to her bed where she knew in time they would find her, which they did, but not 'til after she had lapsed into a coma and was unconscious for 24 hours.

They got the doctor and he ordered her to be taken in an ambulance to the hospital. The hospital ambulance was out, so they got the undertaker to go with his ambulance.

She was well acquainted with the undertaker, and as they carried her on the stretcher down the beautiful stairway she came to just long enough to recognize the undertaker. She thought, "well, so this is death! I've always dreaded death, but I thought it would be worse than this. It wasn't bad at all, not at all."

Then she went unconscious again and did not revive until later in the hospital. She came back a little disappointed into this same old world. She says she knows Daddy is

their relative because he looks much more like their uncle than any of her family does.

The room they put us in was by far the most beautiful room we have ever slept in, one whole wing, several rooms. I can't even remember the number of large windows, overstuffed bedroom couches, etc.

### **Sewing for the Gold and Green Ball**

Say, if you really want to enjoy sewing, try this: find a nice little 16 year old girl who has never owned an evening dress. She is a blond blue-eyed pretty girl. When she looks at the blue net and the ruffles and the full skirt, she just beams. It's really fun to sew for one like that.

Her mother died about a year or two ago. Her father is a member of our Church. Her mother was a Reorganite, and was so bitter she would never let them go to our Church.

So there are three of them, a boy about 18 and a girl 20. They live upstairs in this house we live in. Now the family comes out with the father, and I'm giving them a few dancing lessons and they are getting ready for this Green and Gold Ball.

It will be their first time at dancing. You know the Reorganized Church doesn't believe in dancing.

### **The Dinner and the Spanish Troopador Number**

We got two lovely big hams donated for our dinner. Now everything is ready for it. The chapel is the one we are buying, so it won't cost us anything, although we don't get possession until later.

The Reverend is very nice in helping us out with this dinner. Daddy is ready for his Spanish Troopador number now, all except I've got to sew red balls on his hat.

Saturday morning we start on a month of Branch Conferences all over the State of Kansas. But don't any of you dare stop writing us. Our letters follow us right along only a day or so late. I'll tell you on my return how big our tomatoes are here in this Garden of Eden.

**Handwritten note at the end of this typed letter:**

*I want this copy back as it's the only one we have and nearly the only Diary I have too.*

**About May 20, 1948**

**Kansas City Kansas Chapel Fundraiser was Such a Success**

I must tell you about our dinner in the new Kansas City, Kansas chapel. It was such a success I'm walking in the clouds today. In the first place, we sold 111 dinners for 111 dollars.

The program was all in Spanish, and the Spanish costumes were gorgeous. One girl sang at each table while they held up money to give us, and we took up \$172.00 in donations.

Would you believe it, Daddy just about stole the show: He had a Mexican sarape and a Mexican hat, and a big lavender silk scarf tied in a bow at his neck. He was dressed in shirt sleeves and suspenders and tassles around his hat. He told his story in Spanish and then interpreted it in

broken English, and the way he gestured with his hands had everyone screaming!

I'll enclose his picture. Then after that he played his mandolin and President Pope played the guitar and they walked around the room accompanying the girl who sang at the tables. We also had a cute little missionary, Sister Husted, who sang a solo in Spanish.

After the program was over, they made and sold records of Daddy's story and the other Mexican music. Altogether we had lacking just \$18.00 of having \$300.00 when we counted our money.



**In addition to Herbert's performing talents, perhaps some of the popularity of Herbert's act was due to a strong resemblance to the actor, well-known at the time, Leo Carrillo, who also sang in Spanish.**

**Lydia Berry said her Uncle Herbert was walking downtown Hollywood one day. Some people came up to him asked him if he was Leo Carrillo. He talked to them in Spanish not telling them if he was or if he wasn't. Later on, he said he wished he would have told them NO!**



**May 22, 1948**

**Green and Gold Ball**

We left early this morning on our trip to Wichita, Kansas, for the green and gold ball. The ball was a lovely affair held in one of the hotels. The young people out West just don't know how to appreciate their own recreations halls.

That is one of the big problems out here to find a place they can afford, then if it is a union hall, they must have union music. Enjoy yours out West, and we hope some day to have them out here all over this country.

By the way, did you know that President Lorenzo Snow prophesied in the name of the Lord that many who were in that audience and living then would come back to Jackson County to help build the New Jerusalem?

You just know this is true when you come here and see the rapid progress that has been made and is still being made in this country. Even in one year we can see vast changes and progression.

We left home one year ago on June 1st. It is true they don't have the foundation and knowledge that the Church members have in the West as a whole, but neither did the children of Israel. Look how Moses worked with them. But these people here are a wonderful people.

**The Mother with 16 Children**

I met some girls at the dance tonight whose mother has 16 children. They live out on a ranch near here, and as soon as each girl reaches the age of 14, she is sent in here to

Wichita to provide for herself, and from then on she is self-supporting.

The first one who came heard the Elders soon after she arrived and when she heard them, she knew it was good, and she wanted good, so in time she was baptized.

Then as the next sisters reached the age of 14 they came in, and the first sister kept them close to the "Mormons" and in time 8 sisters came into the Church and they are living here in Wichita.

I hear that they are the most wonderful people and are the strongest members of the Church. The first three are married, and they converted their husbands and they are also fine members.

I mention this to let you try to figure out how these little 14 year old girls could do so much for the Lord with so little, and some of our children raised out West figure that they are doing someone a big favor if they go to M.I.A., etc.

### **The Frank and Martha Story Hit the News**

Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha went to Hannibal, Missouri, but will return to Independence today. Most every place now they warn him not to leave his wife out by the road someplace.

That story got into several papers here, but with no names, just the proper dates. It must have been reported. by the service station men there.

### **We Drove Nearly 3000 Miles to the Green and Gold Ball**

Would you believe it that Daddy and I drove nearly 3000 miles to get to this green and gold ball in Wichita! It was their first green and gold ball, but already they are planning for next year. We had dinner at the 2nd one of those little girls who came here and joined the Church. She now has a fine husband and 4 nice children.

### **Sheet Music for Everything**

Say, here's one I can't explain. Daddy has now progressed in music so he plays his mandolin with all the others - with the piano, the guitar, the base viol. Etc., but here is the catch - he sends me after sheet music for everything.

He can't do a thing without it, yet he says he can't read a note - never learned how. Still he can't play with the others without his sheet music. I got after him, and he says, "I can't read the notes, but it sorta' guides me." Can you beat that?



**May 26, 1948**

### **A Fine Time In Hutchinson**

We had a fine time in Hutchinson. Two girls were there, and one played the piano and the other the base viol and Daddy played his mandolin.

Today we came on over to St. Joh, Kansas, and the two of the girls took us down to a private lake. President Tolland is Branch President here. He has a beautiful ranch

with 900 acres in wheat, which is very light this year.  
But such a beautiful place!

The girls took us down to this private lake to see a pet horse, and it followed us trying to get cookies out of our hands. Five little ducks had just hatched out on the pond, and wild ducks just refused to fly away - they just stayed there.

I thought of dean and remarked about my son in Denmark, and they said, "Dean!" in surprise. I said, "Yes." "Oh," they said, "we saw his pictures all over our house when Sister Hardy lived here." They said they think they will know Dean if they ever see him. They are two fine girls.



**Elder Dean Berry**

### **I Don't Think I'd Better Let You in Because I've Left Your Church**

We called on one woman today, one of our members, who said, "I don't think I'd better let you in because I've left your

Church." But we told her we believed everyone had a right to worship as they wished, so she invited us in.

We stayed over an hour and she treated us swell. As we got ready to leave she said, "I may go back to Church. I know the Book of Mormon is true, and I'll always know that."

This country is so beautiful at this time of the year. I wish you could all see it. It was queer down at Wichita in the dance. They called for Daddy and me to introduce us, and I had just slipped into the hotel lobby and was talking to Lee and Helen on the phone, so Daddy had to be introduced alone.

### **St John**

We had a wonderful meeting here at St. John. It is as hard to tell you of the wonderful spirit as it is to tell you how good a banquet tastes.

Elder Hodgson and Elder Black came in to St. John and surprised us. I was so thrilled to see them. It was like finding my own.

They are the ones who layed out all night and the man drove them off his place and then followed them with a shot gun and took them to the sheriff, but couldn't find the sheriff, so turned them loose and they went out on the hill and slept on the ground and about midnight some cars came with men and flashlights, but they didn't find them, so they finally left.

### **Drought**

The wheat crops out here in Kansas are just suffering for rain. Every place we go we find people watching every

little cloud. The radio is explaining today that these are more or less borrowed clouds from Oklahoma and don't have rain in them, but another storm is on the way and it may bring a little rain tomorrow.

If it would rain in a few days it would still do the wheat a lot of good, but if it is much longer it will be too late. I wish you could just picture a ranch with about 900 acres of wheat fields around it, then another the same way a few miles distant.

We've driven all day by such hundreds of these big ranches. Beautiful big homes set alone in all that green country. It looks like each one has his own own little world. The wheat sure is poor, though, and many of them are already plowing it under.

Brother Moore, District Pres. Of the West Kansas District (a local man) thinks he will have half a crop yet.

### **Of Sacrifice and Shining**

Doesn't it strike you as being a little strange to see our young Elders wearing blisters on their feet and so earnestly plodding from one of these ranches to another, using the money they saved while in the service, and then having people simply ignore them and their message.

The Elders are out here two years, don't ask a thing but a little of their time for them to listen to the greatest thing on the earth today. Poor, blind, dumb creatures.

But once in awhile, like this Sister Warden where we are right now, so happy she shines, joined the Church in

January and wonders why on earth her good husband and son can't see it.

I believe they will in time, because she is so full of it she just can't do enough for Daddy and me. We are in a beautiful room tonight. We will go on to Scott City tomorrow.

Had the little meeting last night, and it was pitiful how she almost wrung her hands she was so anxious for him to go, and he did. It was the first meeting he has ever attended.

Another strange thing, she was raised out at Far West. Her father still lives there in the old Whitmer place. She always wondered about the stories they heard as children.

She went to school with many of the "Reorganite" children and they told her all about the Angel Moroni and the Book of Mormon, but she never seemed to get past that. She had read many times with interest about the Church in Salt Lake City, but never, 'til these Elders found her here, did she know there were two different churches. She thought they were all the same.

Now she feels so grateful she makes us feel small. Last night she wanted to do more and more for us. She took us to a lovely place to eat, then when we returned home she wanted us to talk religion to her husband, so she managed to keep us up 'til 12 o'clock.

She gave me a piece of cloth for an apron (blue), then another (red), then another blue, and still another, then gum she had saved, and pictures.

She got up early in the morning and cooked sausage, bacon, eggs, hot biscuits, cereal, peaches, and three kinds of jam, and she coaxed us to eat more and more. At last we had to leave. She wept a little and kissed me goodbye and took Daddy's hand and said, When will I ever see you again, and what a blessing this has been."

I tell you, we seriously consider buying a home and staying out in this country. Where else will we ever find such a spirit? Sister Warden's husband can't see exactly why she chose to meet with this little group or Mormons and that kind of associates.

He says she left a fine big protestant church with well respected members and joined a little bunch of about 4 Mormons - no chapel, meet in small humble homes.

And such associates - one of the members has an eye that looks crossed because her husband shot her and thought he had killed her, then turned the gun and killed himself.

Her daughter who works in a beer hall is as pretty as Loretta Young and looks like her, but recently her three-year old son fell out of the upstairs window and was killed and her husband left her. Now she broods and crys, and goes when she can to hear one of our sermons to console her.

The other one is along in it, because her husband ignores it all. So you see how different this is from a good home ward. We understand the Church is getting ready to call couples into these places and stay right there and help this people build up branches. Wouldn't that be wonderful?

**May 31, 1948**

**Scott City Courage**

I don't believe we will ever forget Scott City. I hope some day we can return. If you can just imagine hundreds of farms with 1,000 to 2,000 acres in each farm all planted in wheat, except that which is resting, neighbors are miles apart, but they visit and know all the neighbor's interests.

Brother Ryan owns this place, Brother Dew another, Brother Parkenson another, and Brother Blau still another. But they all came to our meeting yesterday, and we had a picnic in the park with fried chicken, cakes by the dozens, etc.

A few clouds were in the sky and everyone was watching a hoping. The people here seemed to enjoy every word we said and all the things we told them. Brother Ryan is a new convert who has just been in the Church less than a year, but he is the head man in this branch and such fine people, no wonder the Lord found them.

He says it was just nothing for him to throw away his cigarettes, although he had smoked all his life, and it was just nothing to quit it and it never bothered him again. Coffee was the same for both of them. They wanted to know more about family prayer - who was supposed to lead, etc.

Sister Ryan told me that if the wheat crop is good they will add a nice modern bathroom this fall, but here was the thing that surprised me - we learned that they have just donated \$2,000 on the new church and expect to donate another \$1,000 soon.

They are a young couple with three little ones. They have only been in the Church a year, but what a wonderful example they really are. They appreciate this gospel so much that nothing else is so important to them now as to repay the Lord for all this.

### **A Very Special Interest in This Decoration Day**

We arrived in Dodge City about noon today. More and more large wheat fields. We found so many of our Saints out because of this being Decoration day. We decided to come to the park and write a little. This is the first Decoration day we've ever had a very special interest in.

*[editor's note: this is the original term we now call Memorial Day. May is commemorating the deaths of family members as well as of members of the military. DMR].*

Of course, our parents, my father and his parents, our brothers and sisters, too, but there are so many to take an interest in those graves, but this year there is a lovely spot in Rosemead Cemetery where so recently we layed our beautiful little firstborn child.

True, she is grown now, and was still beautiful in her temple robes and we wonder today if anyone stood a few minutes by her grave. I never had the courage to write in my mission notes about our trip home to her in January, but some day I'll write it all up and put it in where it belongs.

### **The Wedding Reception**

We found our branch here had rented a nice little room in a hotel, enough to dance a little. This is a handsome couple. She has a beautiful face, lovely hair. He is a

handsome fellow, dark wavy hair. But neither are members of the Church.

When he arose to thank the people, he said it was the nicest thing that had ever been done for them. They had been married a month, and this was their first and only party.

I couldn't help drawing the comparison with our home weddings. I guess there were two dozen of us. The bride wore a real short black dress, old style struck her knees. He had a white shirt and tan pants. A few gifts were placed on the table.

Some teen-age kids sang a few songs, read funny jokes, then they served ice cream and cake.

The bride came up and talked to me for quite some time. Told me how long they had gone together, etc., and she told me that our branch president is her husband's brother.

Our branch president looks like Don Ameche and he learned about the gospel through the feweler [might be jeweler]. He stopped smoking and progressed so rapidly he inspires everyone.

Now this new bride hopes they can come into the Church and that her husband can be like his brother, and that they can live like he does. Already he has converted his wife, his mother and father, and several others of his family. There are a lot of them, and in time they will all gain a lot through watching his example.

Do you remember "Cimarron", the show Richard Dix was in a few years back? We are spending this afternoon in Cimarron. President Moore says that is the wickedest city he was ever in.

He felt terrible when President Brown sent two fine young Elders in there. Elder Booth was one of them. But now President Moore says they got one good woman, and he can see why these two were sent.

We visited this good woman, and she told us that the day those two young Elders entered her home she knew they had something. She began to try to keep them longer. She hurried and fixed dinner to get them to stay longer. Anyway, now she is a most wonderful Latter-day Saint and her good husband soon will be, she thinks.

### **June 2, 1948**

We arrived today at Larned, Kansas. Stay all night out at Brother Douglas', who were converts who have worked for the same man thirty years. This man owns the old fort where they fought the Indians. The old cannon stands there, with the cannon balls scattered around on the ground. The dates are chisled in the stone.

We slept in an old rock building where the soldiers slept in 1857, the biggest barn in the State of Kansas. It is also made of rock and dated 1857. I could hardly tare myself away.

### **Kinfolks**

Went on to Junction City. Some fine converts there were waiting dinner for us. She was born in Copenhagen.

That evening we were invited out to Sister Smith's. She is the Relief Society President. On the way we drove through Camp Funston where Uncle Elmer trained in World War 1.

Daddy was surely interested in all of that big fort. Lots of it is still occupied. About 15 minutes after we arrived at Sister Smith's I learned that she is Uncle Orville Cox's grand daughter, and when she talked about Aunt Eufraisea Day and Aunt Albie Cox I really felt I'd found kin folks.



**June 5, 1948**

### **Fundraising, Chiggers, and Expansion**

We just arrived home again. Such a lot to do! We must raise more money for this chapel in Kansas City, Kansas. We have two more dinners planned, and two plays and another musicale.

I expect Marian to be here and sing in the next musicale.

Well, Brother and Sister Spiker drove in. It's always good to see them. They are converts of long ago. He just told us of how two Elders found them in Maryland and a mob, led by his own father, burned their little meeting house.

But horror of horrors! Brother Spiker says he has a nice casket made for both him and his wife. Better not repeat this, but they are stored neatly in their garage.

The chiggers have now made their first attack in 1948. They seem to love me from the earliest of the season to the very latest. But I'm now laying in my defense line, and I expect to win the battle this year.

I'll let you know how I come out. I'm now supplied with numerous insect repalents. President Brown was asked to speak over the radio, to give a series of talks through the whole week. The radio station is owned by a member of the reorganized church.

We now have two thousand dollars on the church in Kansas City, Kansas, but goodness Herbert and Frank went over yesterday and bought another chapel down in a different part of Kansas City, Mo., for a group of Saints who have no place close enough to meet together.

It will be a wonderful thing. They will organize a new Branch there immediately, but it will take more money, but that's all right, we'll get it.

Rain! Rain! Rain! I wish you could see my tomatoe plants, they look wonderful - big bushy vines, and tomatoes that should be ripe in a week or two. Such a country!

But that rain didn't get here quite soon enough for the wheat. It is wonderful for the corn, though. If only they could get that old Missouri River out when they want it.

I believe we've got the finest young people in the Church in the office now. We love every one of them like our own.

**June 20, 1948**

### **Starvation in Finland**

We heard an Elder from Sweden speak tonight in the Kansas City Branch. He had also been up in Finland. He was one of the first missionaries ever sent into Finland.

He said that little children had eaten oat meal mush with no milk or sugar until they were three or four years old, and when they were given a taste of sugar, they couldn't eat it.

Men and women had lived several years on potatoes and water, and they would have two and three hundred people out to a meeting, dressed in paper clothes, paper shoes, old gunny sack wrapped around their cold feet.

He could hardly keep from breaking down when he described it, but it was a masterful sermon. He had learned to love the Lord.

We start this morning to the reunion, but will hold a branch conference at Ulysses, Kansas, on the way. Wasn't it wonderful for them to write us a letter of permission to attend the reunion signed by Pres. Geo. Albert Smith, J. Rubin Clark, and David O. McKay?

**December 23, 1948**

### **Thoughts of Christmas**

How did mother ever put Christmas into us to last all these years like it has! Here are these missionaries opening their packages as fast as they get here and we just wouldn't even take a peek, no sir, that would seem like an insult to Ma or some one else.

So we just look like children at each of these mysterious packages the mail man has delivered from Gridley, Alhambra, Lynwood and others with curiosity but never a peek.

Mother, the most outstanding Christmas in my life time was one of the most tragic to a child. Do you remember when Eddie and I got up before daylight to look in our stockings and the horror of it, I can still see how we must have looked just frozen in our tracks. The stockings were gone and when I saw you and Pa laugh and say that old Santa had taking stockings and all.

Well I can never forget that Christmas even though we did find each a nice little wooden chest, mine had a doll in it. That was when we lived in our old house in Mapleton.

Here we are this Christmas in Independence. Harry Truman just got in for Christmas so of course people here made a fuss and they will spend Christmas here. ***[Editor's note: Harry Truman was the President of the United States at the time, and his birthplace and home was Independence, Missouri.—DMR]*** Its hard to realize just how much that man will influence our future lives, but we hope it won't be like the Book of Mormon days, when the Lord got disgusted with them all.

We are really excited over our eight big drives in eight different cities and I'll tell you why. None of us have ever before seen the non Mormons give so much help, cooperation and even money to a handful of Mormons in each of these cities.

### **Real Work in Jefferson City**

Elma, I'm going to tell you about Jefferson City, that's a sample of all the rest and I know you spent so much time there, you'll be interested. We went in to Jeff. City, talked to Pres. And Sister Taber. They said no one would ever try to sell ads and if they did no one would buy them

and no one even cared enough to even come to church, so they were sure to call a business meeting would be a failure.

So we went to the Chamber of Commerce. He was very friendly and when we have him our plan he said there is no prejudice against your people here there is just indifference to all religions. If there was anything they could do to help just call on them.

So we laid our plans called the saints to a business meeting. Pres. Taber said he knew who wouldn't be there, Bro. Rice, Bro. and St. Maupin and several others. When we got there, Bro. and Sr. Maupin and most of the rest were there. We gave them our plans, even had them rehearse selling ads to each other

ect. Bro.. Tabler said no one would buy them so I told them about Dunham Vanluvian and his molasses. "Never Could" so uncle All had to sell both loads. In fact we surely made a rigid 3 days school out of it.

The first two weeks S. Tabor sold \$2.00, Pres. Tabor none and the elders had sold pretty good so we wrote a letter to each member of the branch and told them that this was the time that would tell whether they would have a new chapel in Jeff. City or continue renting the little dirty hall where they have to sweep out cigarette stubs between meetings.

They all went to work and I mean real work. Sold \$2200 in advertising besides tickets. Expect to do that much in Tobor. Jeff City now has reached \$3700.

The Tabors are fine people but they don't know how to be leaders at all. Sr. Tabor placed all the missionaries in her mothers home, her brothers and her own. We came along and scattered them all over the branch. The best part about Pres. And Sr. Tabor they seem to like all we do anyway.

Eight different cities we've gone into found the best hall in the town, searched for the best talent in town, then leave the members to sell ads and tickets. Its wonderful how they go to work.

Jeff City has had that lot for years and years. Now their hopes are up.

St. Louis has a beautiful chapel almost ready to dedicate.

Columbia has theirs almost ready to dedicate.

We bought one in Kansas City, Kansas already built.

Bro. Anderson came from Salt Lake this week with the blue prints and go ahead sign for Belleview and East St. Louis.



**January 7, 1949**

### **Mexico Missouri, a city in Audrain County**

Just the last minute putting every thing in the car, then six of us must drive to Mexico in plenty of time to get ready for the show. Four suit cases, a large box of costumes and six of us. We got it all in, but not one wasted inch.

You see we had two violins, 1 mandolin, 2 night bag[s] numerous little packages to go in beside the six of us. But we all got in and after all our worry and fret over the weather the day was lovely and we drove there on dry pavement.

But imagine our surprise when we got there. Bro. Shoush who has had all the responsibility in that branch to help us put this over and you see he is a convert or last May, and X Baptist minister and very new, but a very brilliant man in his fortys I think has a lovely wife too.

Well he met us with the information that one of our most important members who was already printed on the program had been influenced by his church that this was Mormons he should not take his part on the program and worse still the rumor was brewing among several of the other churches that the Mormons had rushed in and was going to take all their congregations away.

We felt a little frightened, but bro. Shoush knew an organ player from still another church so they rented a Hammond organ, got it installed and that was the most wonderful organ player I ever heard. He far surpassed the one who pulled out.

But it did amuse me that all of Mexico was so upset. Br. Shoush said they never knew most of them that there were any Mormons in Mexico but they surely knew it now.

Really there is only three or 4 families total membership of 3 members babies and all.

But Br. Shoush chuckled and said the funny part of it is there are a lot of good investigators now, even the organ player who thought our talent so wonderful.

He just couldn't get over our violin player, Melvin Dewitt and Marian Strickers voice and he was so impressed with all of it and with the fine elders, it was our first and such applause.

They encored and brought them back so many times it made it a little long. Vera Dick is the branch presidents wife from Independence and she is go good at everything.

It's a strange thing but as we enter these cities such as Jeff. City we are met by a groupe of fine elders and immediately we are at ease, everything seems o.k.

One man from another church was a soloist for our show ere in Jeff. City and when his minister heard of it he called him up and asked him to come to him at once.

The soloist just answered and said, "Yes, I'm going to sing for the Mormon Church on January 7th and right now I want to tell you not to depend on me any more for your services. This man was a wonderful singer and he fell for our troupe as well as the elders.

One dentist was there and he got so interested in daddy and his act they got real well acquainted and he asked for tracts and said "I want to know what this is all about."

Most of Jeff City were friendly. Pres. And Sr. Brown came to Jeff. City and Hannibal and they were so impressed with it all.

Pres. Brown said, "its wonderful to take so much money, but that is not worth half as much as the publicity of the whole thing."

As Pres. Tabor said, "All of Jefferson City knows now the Mormons are here." That audience was wonderful they just encored again and again.

Hannabal comes next. Three hotels in Hannabal donated rooms to all of us in our car, but a strange thing happened. It's a big percentage Catholic.

I ask a dancing teacher for two or three numbers. Our managing elder together with the branch president's wife went to her and begged her to only use 20 minutes. She was head strong and hung for 30 minutes, but when we got there she had 12 dance numbers.

Mostly children whose mothers had made georgeous costumes. Spent weeks getting them ready so we just had to cut out some of our best numbers. All the Spanish numbers, some of Marian's and some of Melvin's ect. ect.

So the program was not up to our standard but there was a big crowd and they liked it and next morning I was apologizing to one of our members, Sr. Rice.

She put me straight. She said, "maybe your program was cut up and not so good, but its done wonders for us here in Hannabal." Many of those Catholics who had always been so unfriendly with us now are taking an entirely different attitude.

You see they could see too that our members we did have were really artists and it did impress them and Pres. Brown said again there that the good was being done would pave the way for missionarys in all the district and for years to come.

I had to run in and call next morning on a lady who is not a member of our church. I was in there less than ten minutes but she said "I love every one of your people I've met and I thank the Lord you called at my door. Won't you please come back and have dinner with us when you come to Hannabal again." We were just leaving then.

### **January 8, 1949**

We had to stay over to hold conference and reorganize the branch. Pres. And Sr. Brown had gone on to St. Louis to hold conference there.

### **January 9, 1949**

#### **Ice Storm: Trees Exactly Like Glass Trees**

Well we traveled back to Jeff. City to get all settled with the money and such a drive we have never seen before, all night it froze the rain drops on the trees and telephone wires. We were just sick for a Kodak [camera] but I'd left mine home as did the rest. But I wish I could describe it. I think it happens only once in several years and only in this part of the country.

We hear over the radio that already half a mission dollars damage has been done to the electric and telephone companies and while it is the most beautiful sight to see, the driving is good because believe it or not the paving is

slush and makes perfect driving, but the trees are exactly like glass trees, not a vestage of color shows through each little twig is just a round solid glass tube it looks like fairy land with icecicles over each twig branch and all.

Then miles and miles of ice rope loops of telegraph wires and poles as if the wires had been made of glass rope and each glass wire as big as a good sized rope. We are in perfect comfort and safety although the radio keeps telling us how dangerous driving is in other places.

Stayed all night at Jeff City. They are begging us to return to Jeff City in a week and repeat our show, but I'm sure we will not be able to do that, but we are glad they liked it that well.

### **January 12, 1949**

Driving today down the highway we so much dreaded in to Winona, but though all cars are advised to stay off the highways in and around Kansas City we are driving on perfectly dry road today.

Reached Winona and found our rocky road play boys had dropped out, but another bunch were there and ready to take their place so we got along fine.

When we reached Hayti, Raymond Britton a fine young convert here informed us that the same thing had happened here, all the numbers, six of them from Hayti, had dropped out because we were Mormons and the minister had for bid them after their names were on the program, but it did more good than harm and we gave them a very fine show.

**January 17, 1949**

**Our Wonderful Performers**

Dodge City, the biggest most beautiful hall we've had yet, holds 2000 people. It wasn't full but we did have a fine crowd, the biggest yet and a wonderful program. An orchestra from [missing word] of 100 pieces.

Its funny though Melvin Dewitt who plays the violin like no one else can play it comes just before time to start in each place and he will say "Sr. Berry, don't you think it would be best to leave one of my numbers off." Then we go round and round. I kid him and aske him what he thinks we are hauling him around for and then we all laugh at him and he really does come across and plays the violin like no one else.

Marian is always there and ready and just thrilles them all with her golden voice.

Vera Dick sings and does everything from Buttons and Bows in cowboy clothes to the Spanish act and believe it or not they nearly steal the show for some of the crowd. Herbert has an elaborate Mexican costume, he plays his mandolin while he and Vera perform around the stage some.

Then he tells his Mexican story. Then she takes his mandolin off stage and he takes a violin. He saws on that old violin, it never makes a sound but Melvin Dewitt plays from behind the scenes and they think Herbert is a wonder until he stops to bow and the music goes right on. Then they both some back and bow and the house just roars. Imagine Herbert doing all that.

I was impressed with one of the ads Bro. Shoush sold in Mexico. He went to the First National Bank. The Banker told him that it was against the rules to take ads like that, but he says "I'll take one anyway."

And this was his story. During the war in Japan he was a commanding officer and he was over Jews, Catholics and Protestants. All the soldiers got together and told him they wanted to have some kind of a Sunday religious service.

He said he didn't know a thing about the Bible, there was no chaplain available so he looked over his list and found one Mormon boy. He says it seems to me they do study their bibles as the boy has an excellent record. He went to him and asked, "are you a Mormon?" "Yes, Sir," the boy replied. "Do you know anything about the Bible?" "Yes sire" he said again.

Well the officer said, "will you help me hold service Sundays?" "Yes I will" replied the Mormon boy, and that man said he went to work on his Bible and learned more and really understood more about the Bible than he had ever done before. So did the soldiers. He had them all studying their Bible.

You know after all it is a marvelous thing that non members have received us so well, such as three hotels in Hannabal three hotels in Larned and Scott City all donated us free rooms and we were received in a most wonderful way.

Elma I wish you could read this last letter from Jeff City. Pres. Tabor's chest is really out. He says now that Jeff

City is the leading branch in the mission and that they will be the first in everything, ect.

What a marvelous work. I wonder why more people from the west don't stop everything and come out here to help these poor people who need help and leadership so much. We need more couples from the west.

Two chapels are completed. They were purchased and remodeled. Two more ready almost to dedicate. Eight more now with their share of money ready to start when blue prints come.

THE LORD IS MOVING EVERYTHING FOR HIS PURPOSES.



**February 22, 1949**

**Letter from Herbert Berry, Independence Missouri**

Dear Wonderful Family:

Well here we are together again, and trying hurriedly to get the family letter off to Dean before he leaves for home. Dean I don't know whether you can get heads or tails to the letter I wrote you last.

After Mother had gone to Calif. Pres. Pendleton and I made a tour visiting the missionaries in Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Kansas. Pres. Brown has requested that the missionaries set as a goal three Book of Mormon's per day.

So, we toured this part of the mission giving them a course in salesmanship like Mother and I did selling advertisements. I believe we were successful in at least converting them to the idea.

At first most of them thought it was impossible and unreasonable, but before we left they expressed themselves that they thought Pres. Brown was inspired and that they could do it with the help of the Lord. At least the sales are showing a fast increase.

We are only using the Book of Mormon and Joseph Smith's own story to tract. Too many of them have been just passing out tracts without trying to get conversations.

We were thrilled with Mother's visit to the P.P.O. in Salt Lake City. We are assured of twelve buildings starting right away. We are also expecting Br. And Sister Sant to come to this mission in the next month or so and taking charge of all the buildings, that is overseeing them, that will save at least 10 or 15% on each building.

I am glad that Lynn and Gary are in California now out of the snow.

I have kept Mother busy or at least she has kept busy telling me about her experiences while she was gone. It kinda made me home sick when Mother told me all about you folks at home.

Dean said some time ago that he didn't think he should stop long here on his way to California. He thought Pres. Brown might not like it. Now this is our home, the only home we have so why shouldn't he stay as long as we wish him to, at least until we can get acquainted with him again.

I think it is marvelous that Mother could make as hurried a trip as she did and not be worn out.

You remember when we were home she was having trouble with her kidney. We had it X-rayed and the Doctor found three large kidney stones in the right one.

We had the date all set to remove the kidney when we received a wire from Uncle Frank saying he felt the Lord wanted us back in the mission field as soon as we could get here.

Well we dropped every thing and came at once. She hasn't had any sign of trouble since with her side.

Joycell, that was a very sweet letter and I expect to keep it in my treasure chest. Also, Norma yours was a wonderful letter.

Maree you have gone beyond my help in filling out the family tree. Keep it up and maybe we can help when we are finished here by visiting the Berry Cemetery in Virginia that Norma located.

Helen, you have these sons to take care of now. I think you are doing a wonderful job of it.

Kay, I have been offered \$1700 on a trade in for a new Hudson. Should I take it. The Dodge people offered me \$1435 on a 48 Dodge, I don't know what kind of a deal they would make me on the '49 it will be out in a few days.

Lee how do you like the new Buick? I don't know how much they would give for my car yet but guess I can't afford it. I would love to see the new grand and great grand daughters.

Dean we will begin to look for you soon. You haven't told us how long you will tour Europe.

Lots of love to all the family, Dad



**May 8, 1949**

**Mother's Day Letter #2**

To you who are and will be the mothers and fathers of our grandchildren:

There is no baby tending for us now; no getting up at night to take care of them; no wondering if they have earache or what makes them cry. That is all in the past, but I'm sure you would be surprised if you could realize how plain we

can see each of your little faces, as if it were only yesterday.

Lee's red cheeks they accused me of putting rouge on them. Kay, the Halloween when I put a pillowcase over him, and he went out for a good time - but fell on his face as his arms were in the pillowcase. And what a face, bleeding and peeled!

Helen and her hair to be curled each day. Maree's hair that simply wouldn't curl. Norma, who was so embarrassed because she had to tell the landlady she was only eleven and was so tall. Well, Dean just always was so afraid I'd say something about his achievements.

But now we think of each of you as the parents of our grandchildren. How important it really is to teach them all the good things and lead them upward, and lead is the word, you can never drive them.

I hope you do better in every way than we did. You've had more education, more opportunity, and a more abundant life; so, you can do better. But we hope you remember above all to teach them prayer, the Gospel, to attend regularly to church duties, and that marriage in our Church means so much.

I used to think when our children were all married that we would have no more worries, but we find now that they are multiplied into so many wonderful grandchildren, all so fine, and with such grand opportunities for joy and happiness -- if they will live the Gospel Plan.

I'm reminded now of how Daddy so seriously considered your future when you were small. He wanted you to rise above what he had ever had, he planned so carefully all the things he wanted for his children.

I must confess it looked impossible to me at times, such as getting out of St. Johns and into the educational field for himself and family.

And always he wanted a mission to keep us balanced. He counted his dollars on miles of paper to see how soon we could start, he had it worked out a thousand times on paper first, and then at last it came true.

But the mission never came until now, but we appreciate it just as much now as it ever could have been.

Surely the Lord has been good to us. But of course, we realize so many things we could have done so much better. We hope you will give to yours all the good things we failed to give to you.

We remember the times of the two depressions when we lost all and had to make a new start. Tithing, I'm sure, and so is Daddy sure, gave to us new opportunities and starts again.

Uncle Frank preached a sermon the other night on how much we learned when we went into cotton in Mesa, and how we learned the Lord will take care of those who pay their tithing. He even told them about when Aunt Martha and I took you all out to pick cotton, and Kay got the most, but all together the cotton picking did not come to as much as the lunch we bought.

And then again, when we made our new start in Holbrook when Dean, at twelve years, tended the cabins and even had to iron sheets for one man who insisted. And Helen washed a hundred sheets per day, besides a lot of cabin renting and other things. Maree and Norma painted all the cabins outside and inside.

But how good the Lord has been to us through our wonderful children. How we do rejoice over all our fine grandchildren. We trust them to you, their parents, and to the Lord. We feel that all is well and will be, if you will teach them righteousness and to live each day the best they can. That is one thing that can't wait until tomorrow, without putting some of the family into danger.

Kay and Lee and their wonderful wives lived on beans and went with old, old clothes, and helped them finish school and had babies too.

How we rejoiced over all your missions: when Helen came home and married Aubrey and we knew how fine he was; and Norma waited all through the awful war [World War II], and then married her fine Randy; and Dean, we know you will, with the help of the Lord, find a companion equal to the others. Do you wonder why we spend much time rejoicing and thanking the Lord!

And here Daddy is, busy planning on an estate large enough to take all the grandchildren when school is out, and teach them some industry, so they will learn to love work, and pay tithing on their earnings and keep the Sabbath.

The only trouble thus far is that we can't think of what industry. Daddy has thought of many such things as making

overalls, or children's underwear, or dresses, or a first class nursery. It's really still fun to plan for the future.

All the cards and Mother's Day gifts -- well, you who are mothers know just how those messages and remembrances make us feel, so let me say thanks and may the Lord ever bless you all.

--From May 1988 Berry Patch



## **A Non-dated Letter**

### **Preparing for Polygamy Discussions**

Dear Clara:

I want you to read this to Uncle John or anyone else who is interested. Find out if you can from Uncle John how Grandpa Whiting came to marry each of his wives. I want to get something to write here in defense of all this criticism. Brother Noble who is here on a mission, a son of Joe Noble and grandson of Aunt Mary Ann, says his father knew of no reason why his mother left his father to marry Grandpa Whiting except Grandpa was better natured than Brother Noble, Ask Uncle John a few questions about each of those wives.

### **Uncle Lester Son of Lute Came to Call**

We live in the mission home in Independence, Missouri.

Lester Whiting who looks so much like Uncle John that it startled me when I went to the door and he said, "My name

is "Whiting". I'm looking for some ladies who live here who are Whitings."

So I told him to come in, it was Martha and I who live here. He seemed so much like Pa and Uncle John and the rest of us Whitings that we immediately felt at home and were laughing and talking as we do whenever we meet Whiting relations.

Of course he told us some things about Grandfather Elisha Whiting and Sally Hulett that we did not know before. He said that Sally Hulett joined the church first and that Elisha was very bitter and railed against Sally and her vile creed and didn't want the Elders on his place, etc. But Sally stood fast.

He said Elisha got very very ill; in fact he was so bad Sally pleaded with him to allow her to get the Elders to administer to him, but he refused stating he didn't want their filthy hands on his head.

Three days after that they cut through the ice to baptise Elisha because he wouldn't wait any longer. From then on he was a faithful staunch member of the church.

Then Uncle Lester asked questions about all of Grandpa's family. He said he had always wanted to make a trip to Utah. I tried to get him to go to the reunion, but he was afraid he couldn't as he is quite old.

He is Uncle John's own cousin. I guess they must be the last two living. You see, he finally got brave enough to ask me if it was true -- they had heard Uncle Edwin had

married four wives. I corrected him and explained it was five.

Then of course we gave an account the best we could of the wonderful posterity and fine people who now lived to testify of the life of one of the finest men that ever lived, which was Edwin.

He explained that he was a Cutlerite, but decided they couldn't be right because he couldn't see where they got their authority, so he joined the Re-Organized Church and served as a Pastor for many years.

He got acquainted with one of our Mission President's, President Alfred, and he hit him up about Polygamy.

President Allred just said, "Well, Brother, if you ever get into the Pearly Gates, you're surely going in under polygamy parentage because you'll have to come in one of those 12 gates of the 12 tribes of Israel". Then Lester laughed and said, "I could see he had me, so I kept quiet."

Herbert and Frank explained a lot of our beliefs and he seemed impressed enough to say, "well, I left the Cutlerites and came to the Reorganized. Guess I could change again if I could see it."

We enjoyed his visit and will see him again soon. Will let you know about him later. He is Lester Whiting, son of Lewis (Lute) Whiting, youngest son of Elisha Whiting and Sally Hewlett.

Our visit to see Lester on August 12 was most interesting. He had never heard before that Elisha Whiting and Sally

Hewlett Whiting came to Mt. Pisgah with Edwin and the other saints and died there. Both Elisha, Sally and one little daughter. Neither Lester nor Earl hardly believed Elisha ever started out West.

He told us in no uncertain terms that he believed anyone who practiced polygamy was inspired by the devil.

When I asked him about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, he said they were just as bad as any other bad men, but they were the best the Lord had, so he had to use them.

So I explained that if he classed Grandpa Whiting as good as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I felt satisfied because I didn't think many people would be worthy to join them and anyway, he as well as I would be compelled to come in under that kind of ancestry because we were all from the seed of Abraham.

Then Herbert bore his testimony to them and testified that he knew this to be the true church and he also knew Joseph Smith to be a true Prophet of God, and Lester Whiting said he couldn't say he knew either his church or the Prophet to be true, but he believed it.

I admired him because then I knew he was honest. He went to the car with us with his arms around us both and begged us to come back, which we will do.

### **Conference in Kansas City, Missouri**

Dr. F. W. Brown is Mission President here and a very fine one too, I wish you could hear him give such a wonderful sermon as he did today. Martha is at the head of Women's organizations also, and the people here do love and

appreciate them. We are new, just on our first conference trip, but we love it thus far. Herbert was called here to this Central States Mission to serve as first Counselor and we do hope we can fill the calling satisfactory.

### **Reorganized Church Courtesies**

We do meet so many people of the Reorganized Church. The other day 75 people came here on a trip and wanted to see in the large partly furnished Auditorium which belongs to the Reorganized Church. It was after five PM, so it was closed, but President Brown called up their President and he came himself and let us in.

Then he asked President Smith if we could sing "Hail To the Man". He readily consented and they all sang with all their hearts. The next day he called up and asked for a copy of that song, so President Brown took him a copy of our songbook and visited him. He is much more reasonable than some of his members.

### **Visiting Liberty Jail**

This same 75 people visited Liberty Jail which has the original stone basement where the Prophet lay for six months chained to a log. They all crowded into this small basement and sang again. Many shed tears and we all went home and read Sections 121 and 122 of Doctrine and Covenants.

We visited Earl Whiting yesterday. He is son of Chancey Whiting and he says the Reorganized Church couldn't be right, so he built him a little Church of his own, but he and his son-in-law and families are the only members,

except one other family who live out of town, and seldom attend.

He does his own preaching and has two lovely daughters and he does some baptizing for the dead.

### **Brother Kramer's Conversion Story**

Herbert asked him about the endowments which Brother Kramer, who played the piano for us in Jefferson City for our program, told us the following experience. He was raised in a family of twelve children, right up here in St. Joseph, Missouri, a fine family of talented children, with exceptional parents.

While he was in Guadalcanal during World War II, he was wounded and left alone while his company went back into battle. While on the shore alone, he prayed to the Lord to know who God was, and what he was like. He had a desire above life, to know this.

Finally, two medics came with a stretcher and carried him onto a hospital ship. He asked them if they knew who God was and what he was like. They told him, "Yes," then told him they were Mormons from Salt Lake City, and continued to teach him the Gospel until he was discharged and sent home.

When he arrived back in St. Joseph and told his father he was going to join the Mormon Church, his father begged and pled with him not to do it -- to at least wait until he had finished school But he said, "No, Father, I can't wait. So as he left, his father asked him to never return home; he didn't want the other children contaminated.

Brother Kramer didn't know where to find Mormons here, so he went back to Salt Lake City to get baptized, then returned to Rolla to attend school. Just recently, his two sisters were allowed to visit him in Rolla, then he was invited home for Christmas. He is our M.I.A. President at Rolla.

It is a strange thing that so many are not interested, yet some are so deeply touched. One woman up here at Columbia was a smoker and a drinker and one of the least interested in religion. She said that when the elders came to her door, she knew almost instantly that they had the true Gospel. She laid aside her cigarettes and all else of that kind. She has two lovely daughters in the Church, but her husband is rather bitter. How can he be, when he observes her life compared to what it was before?

**Marion Stricker sold 25 copies of the Book of Mormon in one week**

President Brown is doing a wonderful work here with Book of Mormon Sales. He has required each missionary to sell three per day. At first it came as quite a shock, but after a few proved it could be done, it is really getting under way.

Marion Stricker was the highest last week - she sold twenty-five in one week, and then ran out of books. She sold ten in one day. She is really doing wonderfully well in this mission. President Brown is a wonderful mission president.

But we are losing our fine war missionaries. We don't see how we can do without them. It seems like all their trials made them very humble missionaries. Two just left who were prisoners in Germany; one has never gotten his stomach

normal since he starved so long, months and months on nothing but turnips.

It seems very strange to me that here we are our house right on the very ground (according to the teaching of the Prophet Joseph Smith) where the Garden of Eden was. Poor Adam - -surely he lost a choice spot when he was driven out of here.

But the old altar, or part of it, still stands at Adam-ondi Ahman where an angel asked him why he gave sacrifices at this altar. He answered saying, "I know not, save the Lord commanded me. "

I wish some of the rest of us could accept more of the commandments and teachings given us, and really work at it. When we came here, there were two branches -- now there are six, four in Kansas City, and two in Independence.

Some of the authorities tell us the Jackson County Temple will be built as soon as the Latter-day Saints are ready. So I take it that some repentance all over the Church is necessary

Mother

(From February 1990 Berry Patch)



## After Their Mission

Quotes from "The Whiting Tree"

**From Three 1950 Issues, & "The Whiting Twig, 1954"**

...DR. H. A. BERRY wishes to announce the opening of his practice again in Lynwood. He has also been attending classes at USC. After all, he has to keep up with his better three-quarters (to quote Dr. Berry). They were released from the mission presidency of the Central States Mission in Independence, Missouri, in September 1949.

...I [Joycell] am working in GRANDPA'S dental building and am very thrilled about my job. Of course, who wouldn't be, working for such a nice boss? JACK is quite jealous. In fact, he is so jealous that he has decided to become a dentist himself and hopes to start pre-dental work in February.

...Last Christmas MOTHER mailed two Christmas cards to the same person. DAD rescued one and opened it. She had signed it, "From Uncle Herbert, Aunt May and Aunt Martha" (Maree, poking fun at her mother)

...Not long ago we received a nice, fat letter from her. We were thrilled again until we found both letters were exactly alike: same questions, same answers, same news -- mailed one hour apart.

...Yesterday we received a hurried note from her with her telephone number where her return address should be.

...MAY says that HERBERT'S stomach is much better. In fact, it is so much better that it's increasing by leaps and bounds.

... DR. & MRS. H. A. BERRY are still being hounded by unknowns and publicity-seeking people since their recent nationwide write-up about their four generations going to school. News clip:

Doctor Berry and I [Joycell] are taking part-time courses at USC, Mrs. Berry is studying writing at Compton College, Dean is pre-med at USC, and Janice is in nursery school.

It has amazed us how many papers and radios carried the item, and our pictures were in several papers.

... Our sympathy goes out to those who have never heard MAY & MYN sing "Who Shot the Hole in My Sombrero?"

...MAY writes that they are putting on a program in their church with several Hollywood stars, and MYN AND MARION [Stricker]. She hopes they get along together well. She doesn't say whether she is worried about MYN or the stars.

... JOYCELL writes that quite a New Year's Party was had in L. A. this year, with so many of the relatives there. MYN, ART, KAY, EDDIE, AND EARNEST gave speeches. ART played a recording of GRANDMA telling a story about her mother and herself. DEAN said some of

those things are in the church records in Denmark. MAY and MYN argued over why MAY was along on MYN'S honeymoon. HERBERT told about AUNT MAY and the vacuum cleaning salesman (if you haven't heard it, be sure to ask him next time you can). We wish we all could have been there.

... MAY AND HERBERT are in charge of a musical show called "The Merry-makers." They are putting it on in the Compton Junior College Auditorium for the benefit of the remodeling of the Compton Ward. So far, they have William Farnum, Gloria Woods (Kay Kaiser and Bing Crosby singer), The Guardsmen (a famous quartet who were four of the seven dwarfs in "Snow White"), and many others quite famous in television and radio, plus movies. MAY has chitchatted with LARAINÉ DAY over the phone and BILL FARNUM, AND GLORIA WOODS calls May quite often. She has visited with LARRY CROSBY (BING'S BROTHER), and in doing so has received BOB HOPE'S private number. Oh yes, and she has spoken to TERRY MOORE, the little movie actress, by phone. Now tell me, WHO BUT MAY COULD DO THIS?

... DR. H. A. BERRY has been appointed to be in charge of all the young women in the stake. I don't know how she did it, but MAY has been appointed his assistant in this important job. Since she really is not jealous, she has been given this calling because she has had so much experience with young people.

... DR. BERRY (pardon, it's getting to be a habit) and Grandma are doing fine. She is feeling lots better and they, like all of us, are really looking forward to this June [Whiting Reunion]. Dr. Berry has been interested in orthodontia, but he can't find a school in the U.S. that can give him any more knowledge about it than he already knows. So, I guess he is just going to have to learn the hard way and learn by experience. Practice makes perfect. [Joycell was Grandpa's dental assistant while Jack was in dental school.]

MAY AND HERBERT are planning on coming to the reunion if they can possibly afford it after they get through with all the re-doing on their house. May is having the breakfast wall taken out and one side glassed in to install some canaries. Then they are glassing in the front porch. And you should see the new set they have! Wow, anyone want to sit on the floor beside me? [FROM THE WHITING TREE, vol 1 #3, 1950, p 11]

FROM THE WHITING TWIG, May 1954, p 2

Norma Jean, reporter

... Grandma Berry has followed the doctor's orders just like we knew she would. While she was resting, she redecorated the office and her home, and now plans to rebuild two service stations. She also put on a tremendous building fund benefit and is busily running the Stake Mission.



## Called as Stake Missionaries, 1953

### Herbert's Special Blessing, Oct. 5, 1953

Given by Aubrey O. Andelin, Patriarch, upon the head of

Dr. Herbert Alonzo Berry, son of James Thomas Berry and Sarah Roundy

Born May 4, 1884, at Kanarra, Utah

Elder Herbert Alonzo Berry, as a servant of the Lord, holding the Holy Priesthood, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I place my hands upon thy head to give unto thee a special blessing under the authority of the Holy Priesthood, that the power of the Lord may be sought and obtained, that you may be strengthened, both of body and of mind, and given added assurance and strength to perform thy labors, both as the head of a large and righteous posterity, and *as a missionary in the service of the Lord and Master, declaring the restoration of the gospel and explaining the principles thereof.*

I say unto you, dear Brother, that thou art entering upon one of the most glorious portions of thy life. Through years of hardship and struggle, faith has been tested and not found wanting.

Thou hast been prepared by the stresses of adversity to enjoy the comforts and security of the temporal necessities of life without being led away by the spirit of the world.

Thy life has been spared and the protecting care of the Lord has been around you and your large family because of the faith and the prayers that have ascended unto heaven.

I bless you that you may feel the vigor of youth, with all its enthusiasm, that you may be a wise counselor unto thy children and grandchildren for many years here in mortality, that you may fulfill your present assignment as a missionary and have strength of body for thy labors.

The Lord is mindful of thy unselfish heart, and that everything thou hast in this world is dedicated for His service and the establishment of Zion.

Rejoice for the peace which passeth understanding shall fill thy heart.

I seal these blessings upon thy head, together with every other blessing for your good, by the power and the authority of the Holy Priesthood which I hold as a Patriarch, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

Approved, Aubrey O. Andelin, Patriarch

## **May's Special Blessing, Oct 5, 1953**

**Given by Aubrey O. Andelin, Patriarch, upon the head of**

**Anna May Whiting Berry, daughter of Edwin Whiting and Maria Isaacson**

**Born: October 11, 1884, at St. Johns, Arizona**

Sister Anna May Whiting Berry, as a servant of the Lord, holding the Holy Priesthood and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I place my hands upon thy head to give unto thee a special blessing under the authority of the Holy Priesthood, that you may receive health in your body, and comfort to your spirit, that you may be able to perform the labors to which you have been called as a missionary, in the stake in which you live.

The Lord is pleased with thy desire to serve Him and to bear thy testimony that the Gospel has been restored, that the Church has been organized, that the work of preparation for the second coming of the Savior is at hand, and because you have been called by those holding the authority, I give unto you this blessing, that your body shall be strengthened from this very hour, that the healing power of the Lord may permeate every organ and tissue thereof, for thy faith shall make thee whole.

The Lord is mindful of thy long and useful life, and of thy struggles together with thy husband in rearing thy family, and now as you have arrived at the golden age of life, with the riches of experience, and of a large and faithful posterity, your greatest desire is to bear the message of good tidings unto others, that the saving ordinances of the Gospel may be brought to them.

Thy labors shall be fraught with joy, and thou shalt be given strength to perform thy labors.

I seal these blessings upon thy head by the power and the authority of the Holy Priesthood which I hold as a Patriarch, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

Approved: Aubrey O. Andelin, Patriarch,

Typist: Mary Knight

# The Passing of Frank Brown, 1955

## Frank Brown's Last Years

By Ruth Brown Lewis

Frank's patriarchal blessing promised him that his last days would be his best days. Even though he enjoyed his medical practice, I believe the time he spent in the mission field with the wonderful missionaries and fine Saints, were his best days. He was in the service of the Lord. It is impossible to tell all the things he did, and of all the spiritual blessings enjoyed because he served. He loved and was loved.

President Brown was not well when he and Martha left the mission. He retired from his medical practice, did some traveling with Martha, and died in January 1955. His funeral was held in St. Johns, but a memorial service was held in Salt Lake on January 24, 1955. President Harold B. Lee was the principal speaker. The following are tributes from those who served in the mission field with him:

Garth S. Bailey: "I will long remember you as a humble, sincere, lovable, divinely directed Mission President."

Jewel Pope: President Brown was a wonderful man, a good husband of a good wife, devoted to the cause of Christ and a source of inspiration to many people. I loved him dearly and valued his advice and counsel.

Norman Laub: I look Back over the time spent there, and still recall with warm feeling the love and humility I learned by your example. Your ever-present interest and concern for all the missionaries and continual encouragement to us in our labors was always and inspiration to me.

Maydene Bodell: President Henry D. Moyle said: "Sister Brown is just pure gold."

President Spencer W. Kimball: "I am delighted with the missionaries' expressions of affection for President and Sister Brown. If they love you they will serve you.

James A. Cullimore: "You gave the real push to get chapels built in this area."

