

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family

Winter Issue, February 1987

Berry Pickings From the President

Dear Family: It has been a year since Uncle Kay died. It's been a half year since we were together at the Homestead. There's been scandal in Washington, freezing cold in Europe, and war in the Middle East. It's all history now, and none of it can be undone.

What each of us did during the past year is also history. Webster's defines history as "a record of significant events." Only occasionally will our actions be reported in newscasts or recorded in documentaries, but what each of us did during the past year is certainly significant--to ourselves and our families and to many others.

When we think of the past, we tend to think of the things we have done. We are accomplishment-oriented. I am certainly not opposed to that. But achievements may not lead us to our goals, and may sometimes hinder us from reaching our goals.

One of the religious profundities of Mormonism is the unique doctrine that "--Men is that he might have joy." History is in the past and cannot be re-lived. Today and tomorrow will all-too-soon become yesterdays. Have some joy today and plan for more tomorrow. Love, Uncle Dean

Editorial Staff

Dean Berry.....Berry Family President
Diana Rice.....Editor
Anna Marie Wood.....Associate Editor
Steven Berry.....Photographer
Lynn Ellsworth.....Genealogist
Jeannine Larson.....Historian
Elaine Ward.....Effie's Family
Jeannine Larson.....Maree's Family
David Berry.....Kay's Family
Steven Berry.....Lee's Family
Diana Rice.....Norma's Family
Helen Andelin.....Helen's Family
Karen Mitterling.....Dean's Family
Maree Hamblin.....Columnist
Joycell Cooper.....Hen Scratchings
Roger Rice.....Publisher
JoAnn Larsen.....Treasurer

FROM THE EDITOR

We are fortunate to have the historians in the family that are making the Berry Patch such an exciting publication. And we are fortunate to have the technology that makes sharing this information possible. Thank you to all those who contribute so much to our magazine. If you have items you would like to share with the family, please don't hesitate to send them to either Anna Wood or Diana Rice.

If you have not yet gotten a binder to store your issues in, please don't procrastinate much longer. Get organized! We've only just begun to tap the wealth of information about the Berry and Whiting families.

Our next issue will be printed in May. Family reporters, please send your articles directly to Diana Rice (because Anna Wood is in the process of moving.) The deadline for the Spring Issue is: April 15!!!! Publication and mailing will be May 1.

Please Subscribe
to the Berry Patch

HELP! Several families have already subscribed to the Berry Patch, and we thank them, for they are making this second issue possible. If you would like to be sure to receive the Spring issue in May, please drop your check in the mail immediately.

SUBSCRIPTION POLICY

Every member of the family that we have an address for will receive a quarterly copy of the Berry Patch. We are suggesting a subscription fee of \$9.00 per year. You may send more or less, but send something! This is truly a non-profit organization! Please send your subscription fee to our Berry Patch Treasurer:

JoAnn Larsen
7006 Peachtree Avenue
Citrus Heights, CA 95621

Don't
Forget

??????????????



Do you know this famous couple? If not, read the history section of this issue, and find out! If you can't wait, here is a clue: James Thomas Berry and Sarah Roundy Berry. This photo was taken in either 1933 or 1940.

Credit Marks

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Maree Berry Hamblin published a How To book on How To Build An Igloo. She got an order for 20 from a bookstore in Anchorage, Alaska only 2 weeks after it was printed.

Corey Cooper, 6-year-old daughter of Shawn and Linda Cooper entered 3 swimming competitions for her age group and broke records in all 3!



Cram Berrys At College



Darin Larson (Jeannine's fourth) is home from the Dallas, Texas Mission. He and his sister Jennifer have gone to St. George, Utah to attend Dixie College. JoAnn Larsen (Norma's) is attending Correctional Officer Training at Galt, California.



Hen Scratchings by Joycell Cooper



Since I have been successful in publishing under fictitious names such as Erma Bombeck, Earnestine Hemmingway, and Jackie Collins, Diana asked me if I would write a column for the *Berry Patch* and tell all!!!! Well, here goes:

Uncle Dean is thinking of changing professions because he can't seem to see eye to eye with some of his patients! He recently sold the movie rights to his best selling novel, "The Attack of the Killer Glass Eye." It was an open and shut case from the beginning, except when the director lashed out and put a lid on thinks.

From the grass roots I hear that things are gathering momentum for Steve Berry to run for president in the next election. All signs are go and when I last interviewed Lassie, he said he was going to vote for Steve because his bark was worse than his bite. It's a government secret, but I found out that his new party is going to be called--"The Republicrats." His platform will be four feet long and three feet wide and six inches off the ground. He is for peace (a peace of this and a peace of that,) prosperity, and potty training (a must for those over 16.) His motto: "Vote for Steve, He'll make you heave!" His running mate? Laurence Welk!

Marilyn Helf is working two jobs at two different hospitals. She is competing with Uncle Dean in writing a best seller, "Attack of the Giant Bedpans!" She has almost finished the bottom page so you should see it on the screen soon.

Aunt Maree just published a How To book, "How To Build An Igloo," from her Alaska days. In less than two weeks she got an order from a bookstore in Alaska for 20! She spends all her time now practicing her signature for autographs!

I hear that John Hunter resigned the bench because he got roped into the starring role in a new night time soap, *Hunter, the Hanging Judge*. It's about a

Supreme Court Judge who becomes an agent for the FBI and works undercover in a gas station. He works so far under cover you never know he is one of the pumps until the end, and by then it's too late. John was offered Don Johnson's role in *Miami Vice* but he felt it was too much like his personal life--he wanted more of a challenge.

My informants tell me that Rosie Byers has given up aerobics for good. Dennis resents her going through her routine everytime a song is played. She had a very successful exercise class for the heavy weights. Their opening number was *How Firm A Foundation*, and their closing was *Release Me!* I joined her class, but at the end of 6 weeks my measurements were bust-28, waist-48, hips-68. For the first time in my life I had 30 lb knees! It is going to be interesting to see what happens now--Rosie's new hobby is testing whoopee cushions!

Diana Rice recently signed her kids up as the next passengers into outer space. She wrote NASA, "I view them as children of the universe--so far, no sign of intelligent life!" They were accepted immediately.

Lynn Ellsworth recently won the three mile marathon in Eager. He came in third, and his time was 6 hours, 45 minutes, and 16 seconds. We are all proud of you, Lynn, and understand you are in training for the five mile marathon next July. Good Luck!

Well, that's all about the rich and famous this time, folks. I have a very definite feeling that I will not be writing this column again for quite some time. [Ed. note: that's right, Joycell, you'll have to write a new one!] At any rate, I just received this bulletin from one of my secret informants in Houston, Texas--

Lane Andelin just received the coveted "Printer's Foot" award for printing the most interesting publications by famous people in one month's time. Here are just a few:

*Nothing Will Ever Take The Place Of
the Horse* by Lee Iacocca

I Saw Charley's Aunt Twelve Times
by Princess Di

My Life As A Nun! by Joan Collins

I Am Not Cracked!
by Jimmy Carter, Peanut Farmer

I Saw His Arms And I Ran!
by President Ronald Reagan.

HEN SCRATCHINGS
by the old Biddie Herself!



Aunt Maree's Attic



Description of our family Coat of Arms:
Arms--Ermine on a bend engrailed sable, three flours-de-lis. *Crest*--A griffin's head erased per pale, indented argent and gules. *Motto*--Nihil sine labore. (The motto means "nothing without work.")

Berry



If anyone wants a copy--you can get it in color--your genealogy library should be able to tell you how to buy one.



The Write Addresses



Corrections and changes to our 22 Oct 1986 addresses:

Corrections:
Bob & Eileen Luke's zip code is 98021
Robert & Kenna Hunter's address is 2440 Wilson Avenue.
Cross out Brad & Susanne Fife's phone#.

Changes:
both name & address change for Angela Cooper: Rory & Angela Hubbard, 3625 W. Dunlap, Phoenix, AZ 85051
phone 602-841-2571

Chris Arbuckle moving to same address as Jean & Gary Arbuckle's.

Elder David Hunter, Apartado Postal 556, Tegucigalpa, D.C., Honduras, C.A.

Darin Larson 32 S. 800 E. #21
St. George, UT. 84770

Jennifer Larson 32 S. 800 E. #15
St. George, UT. 84770

Troy Larson General Delivery, Box 3500,
Nellis, A.F.B., Las Vegas, NV

Effie's Family

Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth are speculating about wedding bells in the family soon.

Gary and Charlene Ellsworth are certain that little Zachary is the cutest and sweetest kid ever. Gary not only teaches Spanish and Computer Science in high school, he sells computers at Radio Shack.

Elaine and Richard Ward's family spent extra time at home, when a heavy snowfall (12" existing, with an added 8" layer) forced school cancellations. Elaine felt it was a good time to put Aunt Maree's igloo instructions to good use. So her boys built a pretty nice little igloo. They eventually tired of that and went sledding off the roof (without mom!) into a snowbank.

Van and Cheryl Ellsworth and family have had challenges this past year in getting adjusted to Eastern living. Aunt Virginia, Uncle Lee, Steve, Judi, Jean and Gary have been a super support to them.

Evelyn and Pat Gwartney have settled into a nice routine with their new baby. However, Evelyn went to the post office for stamps, and needed to write a check. She asked the postal clerk to hold her baby. He was happy to oblige, until baby Seth spit up over his shoulder onto the computer, which short-circuited. They now call Seth "Chip-Chuck." Evelyn has started a successful apron business with the trade-name: Mapron. --Elaine Ward

Maree's Family

Kelli Helf, Marilyn's daughter has left Snowflake, Arizona, and moved back to Monett Missouri to continue working and saving for college.

Angela Cooper (Jack and Joycell's 5th) was married to Rory Hubbard this past December 6th. They are residing in Phoenix, Arizona.

We have exciting news about 6-year-old Cory Cooper, daughter of Shawn and Linda Cooper. Cory has blossomed into an outstanding swimmer. She is under the direction of a coach in Fresno, California. At the last swimming meet, she broke records in all three events: Backstroke, Breaststroke, and Butterfly. Gooooooooooooo Cory!

Timothy Hamblin (Markay's fourth) attended one semester at Rick's college this last fall and got missionary fever. He has decided to work for the next few months and get ready for a mission.

Troy (Jeannine's second) will be in Las Vegas, Nevada for the next seven weeks at Nellis Air Force Base. Then he will be sent to Luke Air Force Base in Phoenix, Arizona for the next three years. Brian (Jeannine's third) is working at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. Sara

(Jeannine's eighth) will be traveling to Kearney (near Globe) to the Regional Arizona Hoop Shoot Contest that the Elks Club sponsors. Last year she was the Arizona State Champion and went to Las Vegas where she lost out. This year she's hoping to go all the way to the nationals in Indianapolis. On a good day she can hit 23 out of 25 free throws. --Jeannine Larson

Kay's Family

Louine Berry Hunter writes: Our family has surely enjoyed the Berry Patch. I was very surprised that I had not heard "The History of the First Reunion" or "The Same Sacred Story" before--in this family of story tellers, how did we miss those two winners? Dean's story was especially timely for me. Our Danny is going to the Guatemala Indian Mission, and I have recently re-read the book, "He Walked the Americas," written by a non-member. It is a collection of Indian Legends from all over the Americas--all telling the same story of a visit by a white 'prophet' in their distant past. It is obvious that as each generation passes, more is lost as less is handed down, but it seems like there is a big difference in how well different tribes have preserved the original religion. It was interesting to read in Dean's story that the Hopi has their record written down, which surely must help keep it accurate.

I've been reading about the Hopi lately in our local newspapers. On two occasions they have been in this county to gain publicity and support for a speech that one of them is to give at the United Nations in the future. It has to do with a Hopi prophecy that such a speech would be made and has to do with what will happen if the government takes the Hopi land and relocates them (as they are trying to do.) It speaks of it leading to events that will lead to the end of the world. After reading Dean's story, I have even more respect for them. --Louine Hunter

Lee's Family

1986 has been busy for the Pat and Ray Felsted family. Early in the year they moved from their house of twelve years to a new house just a block away with more room and a big sunny garden for the children to enjoy. In November, Pat and Ray took their youngest, Matthew, with them to Virginia to join in celebrating Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia's 50th wedding anniversary. Their children continue to grow and develop, and the four oldest are all at Laurel School now, where Ben (8 1/2) is a third grader, Brandon, (7) is a second grader, Kirsten, (5) is a kindergartener, and Kelly (3) is a nursery school student. Matthew, (13 months) keeps things hopping at home while the others are away. After 2 1/2 years, Ray is finally out of his braces, and feels it is a definite improvement.

He left Western Relocation Management to return to his own real estate business, and 1986 was a very hectic year with dropping interest rates. Pat keeps busy as president of the Laurel School Parents' Association. She also finds time to dress, feed, and chauffeur five extremely active youngsters while keeping a good sense of humor. --Ray Felsted

Norma's Family

Roger and Diana Rice's sons received several awards at the Scout banquet this month. Christopher received his Bear Award, Randy received his Life rank, and Randy and Michael received their "On My Honor" awards. Anna Marie will soon turn twelve, and we will have five children in Mutual. Stephanie, a high school senior, has been involved in many dance and singing performances the past few months, but has managed to earn the best report card ever. Cindy just turned sixteen, and is happy to be driving etc. Cindy and Stephanie sang in a production written by Carol Lynn Pearson, who lives in our ward, and Lex De Azevedo. Entitled *A Time To Love*, it promotes the subject of chastity. Carol Lynn's daughter directed the production, which was held as a stake fireside. It ended up being filmed by a CBS camera crew, and excerpts including our daughters, were shown on CBS Sunday Morning News with Charles Kurault in early January. Unfortunately, the coverage was distorted about the church. However a nice CBS professional video tape of most of the production was made available to Roger, and he edited it together with our own video tape, and the production itself (Not the newscast) will be aired on our local cable channel. Randy and Michael were the stage hands, and Roger was the sound man. The day after the fireside, Roger, Michael, and Randy went on an explorer snowmobile excursion to Yellowstone for a week. They brought back gorgeous photographs and many exciting memories.

Just as Diana was preparing the first Berry Family newsletter in October, Roger had what he thought was indigestion, and ended up having emergency surgery the evening of the day the newsletters were mailed out. He had post-operative complications, but recovered just in time to go on the Snowmobile trip. Diana, homemaking counselor, had a lot of unusual Relief Society responsibilities during that same month, including a suicide and two other tragedies to deal with while her R.S. President was on a trip to Tahiti. Along with having Roger so ill, and being secretary of the high school PTA, she felt like going to Tahiti herself!

JoAnn and Barry Larsen and family are working full steam ahead on their goal of reaching a Law Degree for Barry. Barry spends the majority of his time studying, but reserves Sundays for family and church. JoAnn, unable to find convenient work that paid well enough, has accepted a position as corrections officer for the

State of California, and is currently going through intensive training in Galt, California. Galt is located an hour and a half from their home, and she goes home on weekends. After she is through with the six-week training period, she will be assigned to work at Folsom Prison, with about a 25 minute commute from home. In the meantime, their children have been very hard workers, helpful, and willing to carry their share of the responsibilities. Everyone, from David, age 14 to Jared, age 8, has an evening to cook dinner. They make and freeze lunches every weekend, and get themselves off to school. In addition, they have each kept their studies in good order, and help with housework. All of the children have learned the Articles of Faith word perfect, and they memorize a scripture a week for family home evening. Julianne, age 12, is a really good organizer, and keeps the household in order. The Larsens have three boys in cub scouts, and recently had pine wood derby. Keith, age 11, Bradley, 9, and Jared 8 each made a car themselves!

Bonnie and Chuck Middleton had two daughters sustain injuries in two separate incidents on Halloween. Emily, age 13, slipped and broke her arm. Cathy fell off a skateboard earlier in the day, but seemed all right. A few days later, she was still in pain, so they took her to the family care center. A different doctor than had cared for Emily was on duty, but they got the same X-ray technician. He remembered them, and said, "You must have heard of our two-for-one special!" Bonnie is the fund-raiser chairman for their elementary school (its no wonder--she has five children attending that school!) She organized a very successful crafts fair in November, and then she and Chuck produced a cassette tape of the school chorus that not only was a sell-out, the Christmas -music side of the tape was played frequently during December on the local Orem radio station, KXYC. Chuck IV, 11, Cathy, 10, and Jennie, 6, all performed in children's choirs invited to sing at BYU. Becky, 7, and Steven, 9, have both had poems published. Every Saturday evening, the Middleton family goes swimming at the Orem Recreation Center indoor pool. Bonnie brings plenty of soap and shampoo, and after their swim, the whole family enjoys the showers. Bonnie says it really speeds up Sabbath preparations.

Brad and Susanne Fife had many visitor in the fall, including Jake and Melissa Wood (Anna's children) and Susanne's parents. An unwelcome visitor broke into their home, and took things valuable only to the Fifes. Brad continues in his efforts as Decon's quorum leader/scoutmaster, and has 17 boys in his quorum. Susanne and Jason (6) have parts in their stake production of *The Wizard of Oz*. Susanne plays Gwenda the Witch, and Jason is a munckin. Karie, (4) is learning to salute the flag and say the pledge of allegiance. She was taught to put her right hand over her heart. Susanne asked, "Karie, what side has your heart, to put your hand over?" She answered,

"Oh, Mommy, this side has my heart, and this side is my bad side." --Diana Rice

Helen's Family

SPOTLIGHT ON TANYA ANDELIN: Tanya, Brian's daughter, is what we consider "creative." For example, while her father left her in their van in a parking lot, Tanya noticed some gas-filled balloons all tied to strings. She wrote little notes with her name and phone number and asked the finders to "Join my club" and attached them to the balloons. When her father returned, she had set them afloat, and they were rising into the sky.
--Helen Andelin

Dean's Family

Dean Berry is still working hard in Fresno, busy keeping track of his blossoming Berrys.

Anna Marie and Bruce Wood are constantly on the move. They're being transferred back to the L.A. area. Bruce has another job promotion. Anna is expecting her third baby.

Jonathan Berry is still running around like crazy, and that can be taken two ways. He's been marathoning. It seems to be running in the family.

Karen and Brent Mitterling are doing great, and loving their brand new adopted boy, Justin (now age 3 months.) They're still in Utah, basking in the snow.

Matt and Juana Berry were recently married, and are living in Fresno. We're happy for them, and think Juana is a nice addition to the family. Matt and Juana are moving to Japan where they will be teaching English courses.

Mark and Lynne Berry were married on February 7th. We are happy for them. Mark is graduating in business and plans to stay in Southern California.

Brent Berry, our famous BYU volleyball player, is enjoying school. He's dedicated to his studies as well as volleyball. He's enjoying the university very much.
--Karen Mitterling

The man who rests on his laurels is wearing them in the wrong place.
--Harold Coffin

Some people would not hesitate to drive up to the gate of heaven and honk.
--John Andrew Holmes

Depression is like sucking your thumb. It gets you no where.
--Aunt Maree

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Do you recognize this handsome gentleman? If not, look for his identity in the History Section.

LETTERS to the Editor

I have just finished reading the family newsletter. I love the name "In the Berry Patch." I am very touched after reading through the letter. It is a great genealogical work. I can hardly wait for our next family home evening to share some of these beautiful stories. Dean's account of his visit to the Indians is a real testimony, and will really be interesting to the kids. Thanks for your many hours of work!
--Eileen Berry Luke

We surely enjoyed the new issue. I submitted the Christmas Story to our Ward newsletter. I was so delighted also with Dean's *Same Sacred Story*. It fits right in with *Indian Legends* and the *Book of Mormon*.
--Louine Berry Hunter

We really enjoyed the beginning issue of *The Berry Patch*. I like the name *Berry Patch* for the title, and a column "Credit Mark." It seems just right to me.
--Helen Berry Andelin

Thank you for sending me a copy of your newsletter. I loved it. I feel like I had a visit with you all.
--Myn Whiting Priestly (Aunt Myn)

The Berry Family In The 1800's

HISTORY OF BERRY FAMILIES
OUR INTEREST IN THEIR COLONIZING THE WEST
by Rulen Berry Platt, December 1938

This brief history has been gathered at random from the children of William Shanks Berry. [brother of John Williams Berry, and their father was Jesse Wood Berry] Also from associates of the family. The Historical facts are extremely valuable. Any descendent of these families can apply their wisdom.

William Shanks Berry seldom spoke of himself or other people.

The collecting of these narratives, so far as I am concerned, are correct. These people lived at the time this information was discussed. Date of compiling: 9 December, 1938

Since this time, and after mother's death I have investigated her stored papers. So many of her narratives are repetitious. But all the narratives will be included in these pages. R.B.P. [Rulen Berry Platt.]

Jesse Wood Berry...was born 9 January, 1791 in Virginia. He married Armelia Shanks. They were married February 20, 1820 at Lebanon [Lebanon] Tennessee. Jesse Wood enlisted as a soldier in the war of 1812. Reenlisted 1814 as a Drummer Boy.

These people crossed over the mountain into Tennessee the year 1772. Seemingly they settled at a place called Cherry Valley. While at this place, John Williams, the eldest son heard about some Preachers in the locality. He being impressed, he walked 20 miles to hear them. Their teaching influence impressed him, so he invited them to his father's home. These were Mormon Elders. After several visits, the family accepted the Doctrine, and became members of the L.D.S. church. [Neither] The eldest daughter Adeline, nor her husband, Thomas Jones would not accept; they became very antagonistic. Names of the Mormon Elders: Lyman Wyght [Wright], Benjamin Cluff, Amassa Lyman.

Sometime after their conversion, Jesse Wood sold their holdings at Cherry Valley and immigrated to Nauvoo so as to be with the Church in its gathering. The family arrived at Nauvoo August 1, 1844. August 2, 1844, Jesse Became ill. He died of Cholera. Thus he is buried at Nauvoo, Ill.

Armelia being left a widow with 8 children, remained at Nauvoo until 1846. As with most of the Saints at Nauvoo, this family was destitute of earthly necessities. Living under such persecution, Armelia started her exodus west with her eldest son John in charge. Arriving at Mt. Pisgah some time in 1847. John D. Lee in his history mentions having eaten dinner with mother Berry at Winter Quarters.

June 10, 1849 the family left Winter Quarters to journey across the Plains to the Mountains. In the company of William Gully's hundred wagons and William Hyde's fifty. Arrived at Salt Lake Valley October 15, 1849.

The family stayed at Salt Lake a short time and was advised by Brigham Young to go to Spanish Fork and Palmyra (Now Utah county.) The settlers were having trouble with Indian depredations.

While at this location, William Shanks Berry met Rebecca Rocena Beck. they married November 20, 1860. Were married by a brother-in-law, Albert King Thurber, they went to the Endowment house in Salt Lake 1862.

Now we start another phase of History, Early Utah. The year 1862 Brigham Young called the Berry family to go south and help settle Southern Utah. The first winter was spent at Middleton, at that time not a settlement, just a water and stock grazing place. William and Rebecca's first child was born here, a daughter, born 17 April 1863. Family intentions were to make home at St. George.

Through some source of information they were informed about what later became known as Long Valley. It was recommended for farming and stock raising. The Virgin River [went] through it. Log cabins were built; also a mill in the River.

John Williams and William Shanks were the first settlers there. The settlement established was known as Berryville. At a later date [it] was known as Glendale. The year 1866 all settlers left Kane County because of Indian trouble.

John and William Berry, Lorenzo Roundy, with families, John D. Parker with family, [and] William Ford, a single man, were enroute to St. George once more to get established. While traveling, they met Erastus Snow. Knowing the situation at Kanarra and the people, Erastus Snow advised them to go and assist the settlers there.

(At this time I must include 2 paragraphs from church History, taken from early records at the Historians Office in Salt Lake City. I have these in my files here at home.)

(Follow closely Lorenzo W. Roundy complying with ...[the] council [of] Erastus Snow.)

Arrived at Kanarra in July 1866. Being placed in charge of the settlement, he at once took steps toward building a new town. A townsite was surveyed and those who settled first, about a mile North, moved to the present location. Here they built their homes in Fort Style, around what is now the Public Square.

Lorenzo Roundy was set apart as Bp. [Bishop] of Kanarra during this period with townsites surveyed and with an agreement of all, Lots were drawn and location in the survey.

Now from here we go back to Berry History.

When this company arrived from Long Valley there being a fresh water spring in a grassy meadow, here they made camp. The spring was known as Billy Young, the name of one of the settlers. A generous lady from the settlement called, leaving some fresh corn and inviting them to the community for a celebration.

Now here at Kanarra they again began to build, helping to erect the Fort. Living in the Fort as previously stated until conditions permitted a change.

William was the first postmaster at Kanarra.

William helped organize the first Co-op Store, also the Kanarra and Harmony Livestock Company. Occasionally William would freight wool and grain to Salt Lake and exchange for other commodities, when on one of these [trips] he stayed at Parowan with his brother-in-law, Daniel Allen. Daniel had a widowed daughter and [her] three children. Sarah, Louisa Jane, Alonzo Higgins.

Daniel persuaded William to take her as a second wife. So William took her along and they were married in the Endowment house. When he returned, his wife Rebecca was very disturbed. But through her humility, and prayer Rebecca made the adjustment. Diantha [the second wife] only lived 2 years. The children [Sarah, Louisa Jane and Alonzo Higgins] remained strong to the Berry family.

William married Lovina Sylvester as a third wife. She being the mother of 5 children. Lovina lived to be 100 years of age. Rebecca died age 61 [during a] Goiter operation.

In the fall of 1865 Armelia Berry with 2 [of her] sons, Joseph single, Robert [and] his wife Isabel went to Spanish Fork to spend the winter with her [Armelia's] daughter Thursa [Thurza Berry] Thurber. While there Joseph's [this is probably a mistake--it must have been Robert's] wife gave birth to a baby girl. The child died. Being delayed, they were unable to travel with the company that was leaving for southern destinations. Any [way] they started on the journey alone. Neighbors tried, but in vain, to get them to remain for a later date and go with another company. It appears that William knew the date they were to start so he would be on the watch for their return.

With the lapse of time, William became uneasy and on a Sunday morning, saddled his horse taking another for relief

[and] started in search of his mother and brothers. After riding some distance, he stopped at a grassy place to let his horses rest and feed. So he sat with his back to a tree and dozed off to sleep. While there, the entire affair of the massacre was shown to him. Saddling his horse, he started again to meet or make contact. After traveling a short distance, he met a friendly Indian that gave him a full account of what happened. He said he saw all from a short distance, for he was on a hill. The Indian told him the bodies were dragged a short distance and thrown in a wash. William sent him on to Berryville to tell [his brother] John W. and others what had happened. William went immediately to Grafton, some 20 miles, for help. Grafton is on the banks of the Virgin River in Virgin Valley. How many people were living at Grafton was not told. But they were assembled in Sabbath meeting when the news was taken to the assembly, all arose without dismissing the service. The men leaving at once for the massacre location. Women preparing for other emergencies. When the men arrived at the place, evidence showed a terrific battle had taken place. Bodies were filled and torn with arrows, blood on every parcel. A feather bed was cut [and] torn and the bloody bodies were covered with feathers. One horse was killed, another ran away. Later, the horse was found a returned. The horse would always go frantic at the smell of an Indian. The bodies were buried at Grafton with the material to be had. Later a monument and fence were erected to the memory of these people. This tragedy happened 2 April, 1866, at Short Creek, Arizona.

(A quote from mother) "I have seen some of those arrows, they were in a little wooden box that Robert whittled from wood while he and his mother sat on the doorstep one evening while living at Berryville."

Grandmother did not come with Robert and Joseph this time. [After] the bodies [were] buried, William never ate nor slept until he was with [his] mother and two sisters. When he retired, he slept three days and nights without awakening. Mother Berry could not weep, but her neck and throat swelled, even her chin. William always took great interest and care of his mother.

(Another quote from mother)
"Father read in a paper when he was postmaster that any one having served in the war of 1812 could receive a Federal pension. [Jesse Wood Berry had enlisted as a soldier in the war of 1812, so his wife Armelia was possibly eligible for benefits.] William proceeded with information and secured for his mother a monthly check of \$25. I have seen some of these checks. I lived with her when I was 14 and 15 years of age. William Berry was called to serve at Echo Canyon the later part of 1857 and 1858 when Johnson's army were enroute to subdue the Mormons and place them under Federal Rule. In terms of the Church, this was known as the Utah War."

Armelia Shanks Berry smoked a corn cob pipe all her life. When her father died, he willed her some Slaves. At the close of the War [Civil] they were set free.

One day William was in Cedar City on business, while talking with some men, being in front of the Co-op store. Coal Creek John, an Indian, came to listen, his quiver full of arrows. William grabbed them and broke them, the entire lot over his knee. The other men had to restrain William, or there would have been another killing, as William knew this Indian was the leader of the gang who his brothers and the wife [of Robert] at Short Creek, Arizona, a short time before.

William was called to go on a mission for the Church. He left home 3 April, 1884. [He] Arrived at Chattanooga Tennessee, his native state. Since his previous departure, peoples attitudes had grown more antagonistic, [and] hatred was at a very threatening [murderous] tension.

About the time of Independence Day, peoples emotions were at high pitch. The Elders were advised not to do much proseliting until after the Holiday. William took advantage of this time and went visiting relatives. A number were located; and he received a hearty welcome. Some were merchants and doing well financially. He was asked to stay longer, but he knew he should be back at his missionary labors. Also he met some past friends of the locality.

(I have before me a letter written by Willis E. Robinson, the man who came home with the bodies of [Elders] Berry and Gibbs after the Martyrdom. I feel this report is the most accurate of any previously given. I type in part his report:

"Four Elders had assembled at the Conder home located in Lewis County, Tennessee to hold a Sabbath Meeting 10 August 1884. After which they would all come up to where Elder Williard Robinson (no Relation) and I were laboring, but they failed to arrive, so in two days, news of the massacre reached us only in a general way, but no details. Only the fact that Berry and Gibbs and perhaps Thompson were dead, and that Jones had been allowed to go free. The rumors were so at variance regarding the matter that I left my companion with friends, and in a borrowed garb of a laborer, I went down to Cane Creek (about 60 miles) to find out the real facts. I reached the Conder home soon after midnight the second day and learned that Elders Jones and Thompson were safe. That Gibbs and Berry and two Conder boys had just been buried that day. That Sister Conder had been shot in the thigh. I remained there about an hour, had a lunch, and a lunch prepared for my return trip. All

were fearful about my return in safety. When I returned, my companion had started for Nashville by the request of someone at head Quarters. A messenger boy was sent to overtake him and for him to await my arrival. I did meet him the next day. The third day we reached Nashville. These were the Elders that had already arrived: Roberts, Kimball, Thompson, Jones, Bean, Styler, and others.

(In this time when Robinson had gone from the Conder home and to Nashville, B.H. Roberts had returned to the Conder farm disguised as a tramp or Hobo and with help he removed the bodies of Gibbs and Berry from their graves and brought them to Nashville at night time. All movements were made in secrecy. I have no information who furnished teams and vehicles.)

The bodies had just arrived and President Roberts was ready to start home with them at midnight. (For Utah.) Something changed the program, so I was sent with the bodies in his place.

Now, back to the Conder home and how all this took place. The few Latter Day Saints began to assemble for Sabbath meeting. Elders Gibbs, Berry and Thompson were there, Elder Jones having excused himself to read the paper and was not there. Elder Gibbs, was looking at or in the Bible preparing a text for the services. Gibbs and Berry were chatting with the Saints, [and] Brother Conder was outside. A mob of masked men ran around [to] where he was, and with pointed guns ordered him to throw up his hands, which he did, at the same time shouting to his two sons: 'Get your guns boys. The mob is here after the Elders.' Some of them rushed inside of the house, shooting Elder Gibbs, who fell back against the bed, probably [shot] through the heart. The promiscuous firing began from others. Brother Conder held with his hands in the air, covered with several guns. A mobcrat tried to shoot Elder Thompson when Elder Berry seized his gun while Thompson ran through the back door into an orchard and cornfield. Several [shots] were fired at him but he was not injured. In all probability he too would have been killed, had not a distracted mother run...between the firing mob and the fleeing man to rescue her child. In all the commotion, Elder Berry was shot by another of the mobbers. He was shot with a shotgun through the body and was left for dead. The two Conder boys were doing all they could to protect the Elders, [and] one of them shot down the leader of the mob, who proved to be the local minister. Now with the guns turned on them, they [the Conder brothers] were both killed. And Sister Conder [was] shot through the thy [thigh]. Could have been accidental." (This concludes Brother Robinson's information.)

(Another note from mother's file.)

"About five days following [the murders] , B.H. Roberts, who at that time was President of [the] Southern States Mission, came from Chattanooga and was joined there by

Henry Barlow, William Church, and Rufus Colman. They came to Shady Grove with two teams prepared to take the bodies to a Railroad Station to be sent home. Suitable caskets had been provided and the bodies were placed therein. The old wooden caskets were placed back in their places in the empty holes and covered over by Tom Talley."

(A paragraph from B. H. Roberts' report.)

"Word was now wired to the writer who was then at Chattanooga. We sent at once to Elder John Morgan, President of the mission, for more means to convey the bodies home. But wishing to lose no time in getting the bodies to their friends, we presented the case to Mr. B. Moses, a merchant tailor of Chattanooga. That gentleman kindly came to our assistance by going our security for two metal caskets which cost \$200 and loaned us \$100 in cash. Subsequently he loaned us \$200 more as the money sent for did not reach us by the time we had the bodies ready to send home." (Mr. Moses will long be remembered.)

William Berry was industrious and a thrifty stock raiser. His stock always received the best of care. He always looked for the best breeding. His horses were of the best. The horses he handled responded to him as though they were human. People who knew his aptitude, told how his horses kept a constant watch for his coming. A horse would not go away and leave William on the open range, his steed was at close call.

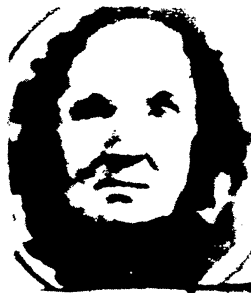
William's life was full of courageous adventures. Here is one. In the days of Black Hawk, an Indian Chief, he being full of depredations and cruel, always on the stealing cruise kept the white people on constant guard. On one of his tirades, coming to Spanish Fork [he] gathered considerable loot, frightening women and children and having a merry time, then took off for the hills. When William arrived sometime in the P.M. there was no delay, the pursuit was on. Not too far away, the Indians were overtaken, and William tried numerous approaches to recover their stock. No tact or influence could make a release, because the Indians said, "Now they aer ours." At this point, William proceeded with force. In some way he over-powered Black Hawk, and gave him a terrible beating. The confab now being over, the Indians promised never to return again.

On another occasion in Southern Utah as the people were moving their livestock from Long Valley to the western valley, a band of madheads out for a kill, ambushed the white men and started shooting arrows to kill. Two were killed and a number wounded. One of the wounded, Hyrum Stevens, William put him on his horse and held him [there] until they reached the nearest settlement some 50 miles away. Stevens lived. William was not injured.

BERRY 1800'S PAGE FOUR

Armelia, William's mother was staying with Aunt Lovina at the time William was on his mission...[She was] there when she got the news of his murder. This great woman endured much, mentally. [She was] A devoted Frontiers Pioneer. I find no comments of her ever complaining. Mother would know, having lived with her for years.

I cannot find the time when Armelia moved to Richfield after this gruesome Tennessee murder news. She must have moved soon after, because of her age. [Armelia's daughter] Thursa Thurber and husband had at this time established their home at Richfield. Armelia was born [in] 1804 and died [in] 1893 at age 88.



left:
Armelia
Berry



right:
her son
William
Berry

POST SCRIPT

This historical sketch of the Berry family may be difficult to follow, at first, but keep in mind that Armelia Shanks Berry, widowed with 8 children to raise after a move to Nauvoo, crossed the plains. Armelia's oldest son, John Williams Berry, was Herbert Berry's Grandfather. After she raised her family, she endured two tragedies. The Short Creek Massacre April 2, 1866 killed her two youngest sons, and a daughter-in-law. Years later, her son, William, a prominent leader with a large family, became a martyr for the church. While he was serving a mission in Tennessee, a mob stormed a church meeting (in a private home) and shot and killed William and another elder, John W. Gibbs, as well as killing two members of the family they were visiting, and wounding the mother. One mob participant was killed.

The following accounts of the Short Creek Massacre and the Tennessee tragedy are excerpted from the Life History of William Shanks

--Diana Rice

"The four husky, rugged Berry boys soon developed an ambition to get a bigger hold upon the world than was possible in Middleton. They were by nature farmers and livestock men and they were gathering more cattle and horses around them than the adjacent ranges seemed to warrant, so they looked around for a country better suited to their plans. They found the livestock facilities they wanted out in Long Valley.

"Mother Berry [Armelia] had a genius for holding her sons together but took three houses now to shelter them and their families. In Long Valley the little cluster of houses and sheds and corrals they built came to be called Berryville.

"At Berryville the brothers had a big range pretty much to

themselves, their cattle and horses were increasing rapidly, and they were reclaiming good farms and building homes and the family was prospering there. On March 9, 1865 a daughter Hannah Margaret, was added to William's family in Berryville, the first child born there....

"In the fall of 1865 Mother Berry [Armelia] and her sons Joseph, a single man, and Robert and his wife went to spend the winter with relatives in Spanish Fork and to purchase seed and grain. Late in March 1866, Joseph, Robert and his wife started home, leaving Mother Berry to visit longer with her daughters who had married there. Through the sickness and death of Robert's child they were delayed, missed the company they had intended to travel with and consequently made the trip alone.

"All went well until Sunday, April 2nd. They had reached Short Creek when an Indian Attack was made upon them. In a running fight they did everything they could do to defend themselves but were overcome and horribly done to death.

"William Berry, at home in Berryville, knowing they were on the road, grew terribly anxious about them. He saddled his horses and rode out to meet them. He stopped at a grassy spot to let the horses feed for a few minutes. While the horse ate he knelt and offered a prayer for safety of his sister [in-law] and brothers and then a vision was opened to him. He saw their mutilated bodies laying by their ransacked wagon. Horrified, he mounted and drove his horse as hard as he could [for] help. He soon met a friendly Indian who was coming to tell him about the tragedy. He sent the Indian on to Berryville to tell John while he hurried to Grafton for help.

"A posse was quickly organized and went to recover the bodies and bring them back to Grafton where they were tenderly laid away in their final rest. The Berrys had been sent by the church to help colonize and build up Mormon settlements in the South. They responded to the call as missionaries and three of the family were now Martyrs to the cause.

"Word was dispatched to the scattered settlers to break up their homes and gather into larger sections for protection. The Black Hawk War had reached the South, the Indians were on the rampage, Berryville, like many other small places, was abandoned and no one lived there for a long time after. When the place was again settled the name was changed from Berryville to Glendale.

"William Berry tried to find the Indians who committed this terrible deed and he satisfied himself pretty well as to who they were.

"A story is told that once he and others got an Indian who William was sure was one of those who led the murderous assault cornered in a log cabin. With the Indian backed against the wall and [the] point of a butcher knife

pricking his bare abdomen, William tried to make him tell what he knew about the tragedy. As the conviction grew that this fellow was one of the guilty party, William could scarcely restrain himself. A thrust of that knife would settle the score with one bad Indian.

"Then the Indian did a brave thing that brought William Berry to his senses--he calmly folded his arms, looked Berry straight in the eye and stood as stolid and unflinching as a wooden totem pole. He spoke no word nor blinked an eye. For a moment or two they stood staring at each other, then William withdrew the knife and told the Indian to get out. The order was obeyed slowly and with great dignity. William was thankful when he calmed down that he had not killed the Indian, for he wanted no human blood on his soul. The incident taught him a lesson in self-control which he never forgot.

"William and John Berry, the two surviving brothers, moved to Kanarra in 1856 where they lived for a time [at] the Fort, but when the Indian troubles began to subside they left the Fort, built good brick homes on their town lots and Kanarra has been the ancestral home of the Berrys ever since. [as of that writing]

"In the years that followed William and John Berry became strong outstanding men in Iron County. They were influential, progressive and industrious citizens and faithful church men. William was a member of the Bishopric, and both were leaders in developing the livestock business. They were among the first to import pure bred sires into Iron County. William was President of the Kanarra Co-op Stock Herds up to the time of his death.

"In the Spring of 1884, William was called on a mission to the Southern States. Arriving at headquarters in Chattanooga, Tennessee--his native state [before his parents joined the church and moved to Nauvoo, they had lived in Tennessee]--he took a little time to hunt up and visit with relatives and friends of his family. The friends of his youth were now like himself, in middle life and were the men of affairs--merchants, Mayors, plantation owners--and everywhere they gave him a cordial welcome.

"He traveled considerably over the state renewing acquaintances and making friends for the church among state and city officials and prominent business men. He did this as part of his missionary assignment to break down the prejudices that existed against the Mormon Church. In this he had a large measure of success.

"Then came the fatal Sunday, August 10, 1884 when doom would be rung down for him. A Sabbath meeting of church members and friends had been called at the home of James Conder on Cane Creek, Lewis County, Tennessee, and four Missionaries--William S. Berry, John H. Gibbs, Henry Thompson and William H. Johns were to be in attendance and conduct the services.

"All was in readiness to open the meeting with a hymn when a mob of twenty-five masked men broke in upon the assembled worshippers and began shooting. Elder John H. Gibbs fell dead in the first volley. A ruffian rushed up and pointed his gun at Elder Thompson, but William Berry wrenched the gun from his hands. Another man shot Berry to death. Martin Conder was killed while trying to reach for a gun to defend his home, and Mrs. Conder holding a baby on her lap was shot in the hip. She lived but was a cripple for the rest of her life. While this was going on, James R. Hutson, a stepson of the Conders, shot and killed one of the mob, who proved to be David Hinson, and was in turn shot dead himself. In the excitement, Thompson and Jones escaped to the woods and saved their lives. Thus on that terrible Sunday morning two Elders, Gibbs and Berry, died Martyrs to the cause of truth and sealed their testimony with their blood; two church members died defending their right to worship as they pleased; a peaceful mother was crippled for life and one ruffian was sent to the bar of God to account for the blood of innocence that stained his soul."

ARCHIVE RECORD

Where was information shown on this family record obtained?

Family Records of Sarah Roundy Berry Family Records of Etta B. Heap

HUSBAND'S

Name (in full) Jesse Woods Berry (179)
Wife Armelia Shanks

TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA

HUSBAND

Baptized 1842
Endowed 28 May 1878
gg dau

(Relationship of Family Representative to Husband)

WIFE

Baptized in church
Endowed 22 Jan 1846
Sealed to Husband 4 Oct 1871 (E.H.)
gg dau

(Relationship of Family Representative to Wife)

HUSBAND JESSE WOODS BERRY *

Birth 9 Jan 1791 Place of Albemarle, Va.
Chr. Place
Death 3 Aug 1844 Place Nauvoo, Hancock, Ill.
Burial Place
Father George Berry * Mother Sarah Clack
Married 18 Feb 1820 Place
Other Wives (if any)

WIFE ARMELIA SHANKS *

Birth 24 Jan 1804 Place Lebanon, Tenn.
Chr. Place
Death 10 Jan 1893 Place Richfield, Sevier, Utah
Burial Place
Father William Shanks * Mother Amelia or Armelia Williams
Other Wives (if any)

Family Representative:
Etta Berry Heap

Name and address of person submitting this sheet.
Box 174
St. Johns, Ariz.

Sex M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN		State or Country	DIED			MARRIED (First Husband or Wife) List Additional Marriages with Dates on Reverse Side of Sheet	BAPTIZED (Date)	ENDOWED (Date)	SEALED To Parents Date & Temple
		Day	Mo.	Yr.	Town	County		Day	Mo.	Yr.				
F	1 Adeline Patten Berry	20	Apr	1821	of Lebanon, Wilson	Tenn.				Date To Thomas Jones	22 Sept 1959	4 Dec 1959	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
M	2X John Williams Berry *	17	Dec	1822	" " "	" "	12	Apr	1890	Date To 1) Nancy Jane Bass *	In Church	22 Jan 1846	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
F	3 Sarah L Berry	27	Dec	1825	" " "	" "	30	June	1832	Date To	child	child	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
F	4 Martha Elizabeth Berry	22	Nov	1826	" " "	" "	17	June	1885	Date To John D. Lee *	22 Sept 1959	5 Oct 1959	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
F	5 Louisa Jane Berry	1	Dec	1828	" " "	" "				Date To Daniel Allen	22 Sept 1959	6 Oct 1959	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
F	6 Armelia Harriet Berry	17	Jan	1830	" " "	" "	7	Feb	1884	Date To Samuel Mullinen	In Church	29 Jan 1846	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
F	7 Cynthia Lovina Berry	27	Feb	1833	" Dresden, Weakley	" "	3	Dec	1918	Date To Robert Gardner	22 Sept 1959	6 Oct 1959	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
F	8 Thurza Melvina Berry	23	Dec	1835	" " "	" "				Date To Albert K. Thurber	22 Sept 1959	23 Oct 1959	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
M	9 William Shanks Berry *	3	Feb	1838	" " "	" "	10	Aug	1884	Date To 1) Rebecca Beck *		1847 17 Feb 1858	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
M	10 Robert Mateson Berry	3	Feb	1841	" " "	" "	2	Apr	1866	Date To Isabelle Hales	1852	20 Oct 1865	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
M	11 Joseph Smith Berry	9	Dec	1843	" " "	" "	2	Apr	1866	Date To	1851	30 May 1878	2 Nov 1960 (AZ)	
	12									Date To				
	13									Date To				
	14									Date To				
	15									Date To				

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When applicable indicate which child is ancestor of Family Representative by placing "X" in front of name.

Place Additional Genealogical and Historical Data on Reverse Side.

BIOGRAPHY AND ANCESTRY OF JAMES THOMAS BERRY

by his granddaughter
Maree Berry Hamblin

James Thomas Berry, son of John William Berry and Jane Elizabeth Thomas (Berry) was born March 22, 1961 in Spanish Fork, Utah. He must have been a strong little acorn, because he grew to be a great big solid oak of a man, over six feet tall, strong muscled and broad shouldered. He rode tall in the saddle, and did not slump while walking, or even in a chair when he got older.

To put James Thomas Berry's life into a historical perspective, please consider the following: Abraham Lincoln had only been in office 18 days when Grandpa was born. Teddy Roosevelt was two in 1861, the year of J.T.B.'s birth, and Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort died that same year. Disraeli was Prime Minister. The actual fighting of the civil war began April 12, 1861, when Grandpa was just 21 days old. During that same year, the Union forces were routed at Bull Run, and the first telegraph linked New York City with San Francisco. The telephone had not yet been invented, but the Pony Express was operating quite well. Grandpa was four when Lincoln was shot. He was eight when the golden spike ceremony completed the construction of the transcontinental railroad. He was six when the U.S. bought Alaska from Russia. He was twenty-five before Geronimo, very much on the warpath through Northern Arizona, surrendered.

We've had a hard time tracing the Berry line, and have definite proof only back to George Berry, a Revolutionary War veteran. In trying the descending approach, I found the Berry Coat of Arms. From the *History and Genealogy of Berry* I found:

Arms—Frisine, on a bend engrailed sable, three fleurs-de-lis or.
Crest—A griffin's head erased per pale, indented argent and gules.
Motto—Nihil sine labore.

Berry



This family is of Norman ancestry, deriving from the Ducal House of Beri. They were in England soon after the Conquest, settled in the county of Sussex. The arms they bear were stamped on old family silver, still in possession of the descendants of James Berry, the first of the name to settle in the New World.

He came to Virginia, 1630-1632, settled in James City Co. In 1652 he came to Province of Maryland, bringing with him his wife Elizabeth and his son William Berry. He settled in Calvert Co., on the Patuxent River. He owned by patent and purchase large tracts of land in said county, also in Somerset, now Talbot County. James Berry filled many positions of prominence, both in Virginia and Maryland. He died in 1657. He was a member of the Provincial Court for Calvert Co., Maryland [in] 1655 Commissioner under Common

the motto means - "nothing without work"

wealth, appointed and serving at a Court held [in] Patuxent, Oct. 2, 1654; Member of the Maryland Assembly 1654. He m. Va. Elizabeth (surname unknown).

I have traced this man's descendants down from 1627 to 1886, but have not found a connection to our family line, yet it seems there must be a definite relationship. I find many of the same given names, such as William, James, and even Alonzo, that very unusual name given to my father, Herbert Alonzo. We know all of our Berrys came from Virginia and Maryland, so there has to be a connection.

James Thomas Berry's great-grandfather, George Berry, was given 4,000 acres of land in Kentucky for his eleven years of service in the Revolutionary Army, and he moved there with his family. George's son, Jessie Woods Berry, joined the LDS church and traveled through Missouri to join the westward movement of the church. (More about these men in another issue.)



James Thomas Berry

A handwritten signature in cursive script, which appears to read "J.T. Berry".

*Art. Berry,
Falt. Berry City, Utah*

Jessie Woods Berry's son John William Berry, a polyamist, married Elizabeth, his second wife May 8, 1851. James Thomas was the third child of their family of ten (six sons and four daughters). We can trace John and Elizabeth's Utah travels by where their children were born: the first two in Palmyra; the next four in Spanish Fork; one in Long Valley; and the last three in Kanarraville. The family was called to settle near St. George, but the Indians were so bad, they ended up at Long Valley, where their big herds of cattle and horses could feed on the thousands of acres of primitive grass.

James Thomas Berry was just nineteen when he married Sarah Roundy, a tiny, quiet little girl of Quaker stock, his same age. They were married in the St. George temple the 8th of October, 1880. One year later, they were called by President John Taylor to go, along with two of the other Berry brothers, to settle in St. Johns, Arizona Territory.

The three brothers traveled together from Utah territory to St. Johns. John, who was single, Bill and his wife Rachel, and James Thomas and his wife, Sarah had a challenging trip. The men drove 300 head of cattle and 200 horses, not the common kind of western horse, but the "Cadillac quality" of that day. The women drove the wagons all the way, even down that treacherous dugway they called *Lee's Backbone*, after the owner of the famous ferry they had to cross with nearby. (Grandma Whiting had also driven a wagon with a double team down that dugway when she was very young, and told me in great detail about every rocky foot of the way.) But all Grandma Berry would ever say of her trip was, "It surely was scary." (You can tell where we get our talent for long-winded stories.)

The Berrys ranged their stock south of Concho, mostly on the Black Ridge and south to Mud Springs, then settled in St. Johns 15 miles to the east, buying farmland east of town. Earlier, on October 6, 1880, David Udall, who had been called by the general Authorities to serve as Bishop of the new settlement, arrived to find things discouraging. Bishop Udall said

"We reached St. Johns having traveled 400 miles through wilderness inhabited mostly by jackrabbits, prairie dogs, and roaming Indians. The Indians were friendly, due to the missionary work of Jacob Hamblin, Anthony Ivens, and Andrew Gibbons. Most of the country through which we passed was desolate beyond description...terrible remoteness"

St. Johns has a strange and interesting history. The devil, no doubt, had possession for a time, not at all like the other little Mormon settlements. St. Johns was first called *El Badito* (meaning Little Crossings) and was used by Indians, cattlemen and sheepmen as the narrowest place to swim their animals across the Little Colorado River. Solomon Barth, son of an immigrant Jewish rabbi, was a roving trader who traveled in the country around Fort Apache, probably trading guns to the Indians. He got in a

card game with some sheep men while camping one night at *El Badito*. Barth won the high stakes, several thousand dollars and thousands of head of sheep. He decided to remain there.

His brothers, Morris and Nathan, joined him and they set about to develop their holdings, shipping in Mexican labor to build dams and ditches and herd the sheep. Barth then called the place San Juan in honor of the first immigrant Mexican woman, no doubt the name of her birthplace. It was six years before the Mormons came to settle there.

In 1879, the Barth Brothers agreed to sell the Mormons land and water rights in exchange for 760 head of American cows. Within three months, 190 Mormons had settled there. Within two years, the Berrys had arrived. The first Mormons settled near the river, and called the place *Salaw*. Upon the arrival of Bishop Udall, they moved to the present location of St. Johns, and used the name *San Juan* as the name of their town. At first the Mexicans were friendly, as evidenced by the Mormons' first meeting being held in the house of a Mexican. But, soon, there was trouble over land ownership.

The Mexicans, brought to work there by the Barth brothers, had claim only as squatters rights. The town divided into hostile sections, as if a line had been drawn from the Barth Hotel northward and southward. The Mormons finally anglicized their part of the town to call it St. Johns, and it was years before the new name stuck. (When I was in high school, we nearly always called it San Juan.) The post offices were not amused.

The old Barth Hotel is still there, but I heard the little look-out tower on the tip top has been removed. The Barths would put a Mexican gunman up there whenever the Mormon Greer Brothers came busting in from Concho, shooting up the town looking for Mexican horse thieves. When they found one, they dragged him down Main street, then cut off his left ear as a warning. I always thought of them as wicked outlaws, but Uncle Eddie told me the Mormons would not have been able to stay there were it not for the Greer Brothers.

The Berry families settled in, and became very successful in cattle and horses. Uncle John, still single, was used to bigger things and became restless, and went back to Utah. James Thomas then got itchy feet, and sold out to return to Utah to join his other brothers. (Bill and Rachel Berry stayed in Arizona.)

James Thomas and Sarah had not been in Utah very long when they read an announcement in the *Deseret News* of a colony being formed to go to Little Big Horn Wyoming, where a lot of activity was going on. They caught the feverish excitement, and decided to join the group. They traveled through Echo Canyon to Evanston, then on to Kemmer where a second colony was being formed, with a captain over each unit of wagons. They traveled about 200 miles back on the

old pioneer road, arriving in the Little Big Horn May 22, 1900. This, of course, was Custer's old stamping grounds where 24 years earlier Crazy Horse's braves had ambushed "Yellow Hair" and his whole company.

James Thomas got into road work, and became very successful at it. They stayed a while, and I suppose his decision to return to sunny Arizona might have been based on the harsh climate in those parts. He was not broke upon his return, but never again had the level of wealth his brothers were accumulating in Long Valley. According to my sister, Effie Berry Ellsworth, who became well acquainted with Uncle J.S., Grandpa's youngest brother, the year she spent in Salt Lake City, "he was a wealthy millionaire, owning half of Salt Lake City," she said it seemed. She also mentioned that she "wouldn't trade their posterity for Grandpa's. It's hard to be a rich kid and keep the commandments of the church."

On their second move to Arizona, they settled in Eagerville where they bought 160 acres of good farm land and a nice house. James Thomas sold out in a few years, as his children got ready for high school. There was no high school in Eagerville, and St. Johns had a Church Academy. All of the children were bright students, and he was anxious about their education. So, this was his second move to St. Johns. They bought a town house just one block from the Whitings, on about a fourth of an acre. It was the old red-orange brick type that the pioneers all used to build, and the formula for the color is now lost to the world. I always liked those old houses with the white trim, and there are still a few in Snowflake.

Then, somehow, Grandpa ended up owning the whole area called "The Meadows." It had been a little settlement where a few Mormon families had moved when the United Order had disbanded at Joseph City, near Winslow. It was a level little valley about eight miles north of St. Johns, where the soil ran deep from the overflow of silt from the Little Colorado River during flood time. I think Grandpa bought it from Great Grandpa Isaacson, who had stayed on after the others left. Uncle Eddie Whiting, and May Whiting Berry were both born at "The Meadows."

By this time, the era of the Barth Brothers was over, and St. Johns became like every other little Mormon town, having been designed by Brigham Young, with houses and barns in town and a common pasture, while all farms were out of town. This design was a precaution against Indians and Mexicans, and enabled the young people to be able to socialize and attend school. To my knowledge, there are no other towns like these in America. You can tell a Mormon town by just driving through.

Big Tom is the nickname the Mexicans gave Grandpa Berry. He was their friend, and I believe in those years, he was the only white man in St. Johns to go out of his way to help a Mexican in need. His super kindness paid off to me

during the Depression years, when jobs were hard to come by. I was fresh out of college, and unable to find a teaching position when I sought one from the Mexican School Board. Two different years I won a contract over other whites by just mentioning that I was a granddaughter of Big Tom Berry.

Instead of cattle and horses, Big Tom went into raising sheep when they resettled in St. Johns. He also did some road grading. When the road to Eager went up across the bench, there used to be a big ditch, or canal, they called *The Berry Cut*, because James Thomas was the contractor. He was supposed to know more than anyone around for that sort of road work.

Big Tom hired Mexican sheepherders to help with his herds, and learned to speak their language fluently, as did his sons. There were times when he had several bands of sheep, and always a few cattle and horses. His work horses were the finest in the country. Uncle Bill also had sheep, until his son, Wiley, was shot in the back by some drunken goat men while he and his herders were taking them to winter in the Valley.

The Berrys paid a lot of attention to politics and their influence over the Mexicans was especially noted by eager politicians. One time, after I was married, Grandpa not only told us how to vote, he waited on benches in front of the Court House, for hours in the hot sun while he gathered his block together. We marched in as a show of power. I was quite impressed.

But, something happened along the line that became a financial disaster to Big Tom. It was something I never fully understood, since Dad (Herbert) would never talk about it. From what I gleaned from Mother (May) it was a crooked deal that involved a high church official. I'll not name him, but I have later learned that the man was capable of such things. Big Tom had won a contract to haul freight and mail from Holbrook to St. Johns and Eagerville. Things went fine for awhile, but before he could pay off what he had invested in wagons, harnesses and other equipment, everything had been taken from him over some crooked technicality. The son of the dirty-dealer ended up with the contract, and Big Tom was left with a large debt on his hands. It wasn't the debt that got Big Tom as much as the fact that another man could be so dishonest under the mantle of his church position. Other men might not have been so disillusioned, but James Thomas was known far and wide as a man who wouldn't even steal pine nuts from a squirrel.

This crooked deal did something to Big Tom, and he was never again to rise to his former level of financial independence, I suppose because he had never before had to start over again from scratch. His thinking may have been handed down from his well-heeled father, grandfather, and

brothers. He had a saying that showed his whole philosophy; he had used in building his kingdom and empire, and I heard him say this often. "If I can't bore with a big auger, I won't bore at all." I heard him say this several times when he got older, and Dad was trying to give him ten acres at the edge of St. Johns. Big Tom refused it, explaining, "What would I do with such a little piece of land?"

James Thomas, though typical of the men of that day, was more honest than some, and generous to a fault. He would give another man in need his last dollar, with no questions asked. He lost two children in death, and raised six, as strong in the gospel and as honest as he was. His posterity numbers in the hundreds, and strong in the gospel. Here was a strictly honest man, too honorable to expose another man in a high church calling, who had done him in, financially. He would rather lose everything he had than risk causing a blight on the church from an unscrupulous leader.

The love of his life, little Sarah, died 19 September, 1941. Big Tom died just three months later, on 27 December. The posterity of James Thomas Berry and Sarah Roundy can be assured that "they must have done something good up there," to have been allowed to come through such unbelievably remarkable blood lines. May the Lord help us all that we may live up to their hopes and expectations. We don't want any of our progenitors frowning at us when we step off those heavenly clouds to try for those pearly gates. Let's keep our noses clean, teach our children about these grandparents of theirs, and the wonders of their rightful heritage. And, may Elijah stir our hearts that we may search the records to find the missing link to close the gap between George Berry and his unknown father (more about that in a future issue.) I pray our ancestors will greet us with open arms, and invite us to attend their big Berry reunion in the sky.



Family of James Thomas and Sarah Roundy Berry: circling from the left, Zella Berry Whiting, Euphemia Berry McCray, Elmer Leroy Berry, Herbert Alonzo Berry, Oron Waldo Berry, Etta Berry Heap, Sarah Roundy Berry and James Thomas Berry.

OTHER MARRIAGES
(a) Martha Whiting - 28 Aug 1954

SOURCES OF INFORMATION
St. Johns Ward Records
Records of Sarah Roundy
Records of Etta Berry Heap
Ward Records of Kanarra, Utah
Family Records of Lee McCray
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HUSBAND'S MOTHER: THOMAS, Jane Elizabeth

HUSBAND BERRY, James Thomas
 Born 22 Mar 1861 Place Spanish Fork, Utah, Utah
 Marr. 8 Oct 1880 Place St George, Washington, Utah
 Died 27 Dec 1941 Place Holbrook, Navajo, AZ.
 Bur 28 Dec 1941 Place St Johns, Apache, AZ.
 HUSBAND'S FATHER: BERRY, John Williams
 HUSBAND'S MOTHER: THOMAS, Jane Elizabeth

WIFE ROUNDY, Sarah
 Born 17 Sept 1861 Place Centerville, Davis, Utah
 Ch. 19 Sept 1941 Place Holbrook, Navajo, Utah
 Bur 20 Sept 1941 Place St Johns, Apache, AZ
 WIFE'S FATHER: ROUNDY, Lorenzo Wesley
 WIFE'S MOTHER: PARISH, Priscilla

SEX	CHILDREN Let each child's name ring or obtain in order of birth CHILD'S NAMES SURNAME	WHEN BORN		WHERE BORN		DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED MONTH YEAR	
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		TO WHOM
M	Herbert Alonzo Berry	4	May	1884	Kanarra	Iron	Utah	5 Oct 1905	27 July 1971
F	Effie Berry	1	June	1886	St Johns	Apache	AZ	(a) Anna May Whiting 130 June 1887	
F	Zella Berry	19	July	1888	St Johns	Apache	AZ	3 Oct 1911	29 Sept 1940
M	Elmer Leroy Berry	22	Feb	1891	St Johns	Apache	AZ	25 Apr 1932	16 Feb 1977
F	Etta Berry	28	Apr	1894	St Johns	Apache	AZ	Marjorie Hermina Martens 28 May 1912	13 Nov 1981
M	Oron Waldo Berry	14	Feb	1896	St Johns	Apache	AZ	Henry Ward Heap 21 June 1920	
F	Euphemia Berry	22	Oct	1898	St Johns	Apache	AZ	Maud Harless 29 Aug 1917	late May 1973
M	Roundy Berry	15	Mar	1905	Eagar	Apache	AZ	Dexter Lee McCray (died at 2 weeks old)	Mar 1905

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND		RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE	
YES <input type="checkbox"/>	NO <input type="checkbox"/>	YES <input type="checkbox"/>	NO <input type="checkbox"/>
FOUR GENERATION SHEETS FOR FILING ONLY			
DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY			
LDS ORDINANCE DATA			
BAPTIZED (DWH)	ENDOWED (DWH)	SEALING TO HUSBAND (DWH)	SEALING TO WIFE (DWH)
HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND	WIFE
June 1872	12 Mar 1880	June 1878	18 Oct 1880
June 1872	June 1878	June 1878	June 1878
5 May 1892	5 Oct 1905	5 May 1892	5 Oct 1905
child	child	child	child
3 Sep 1896	4 Oct 1911	3 Sep 1896	4 Oct 1911
4 June 1899	7 Jan 1948	4 June 1899	7 Jan 1948
31 May 1902	7 June 1912	31 May 1902	7 June 1912
30 Apr 1904	21 Dec 1927	30 Apr 1904	21 Dec 1927
16 Apr 1907	15 May 1915	16 Apr 1907	15 May 1915
child	child	child	child

AS I REMEMBER BIG TOM
by His Granddaughter Maree Berry Hamblin

Grandpa continued working "The Meadows" until his sons married. My fondest memories are of him down there. His lush fields of milomaize and sugar cane grew so high he went out of sight on horseback, as he rode in to check his harvest. Effie and I would run up on a little hill to watch Grandpa whenever he mounted his horse. Riding tall, his red beard blowing in the wind, he made a majestic sight, like a Viking going to do battle, when he rode out to gather in his steers. One could imagine trumpets blowing, swords clashing and battles won, when no animal escaped him.

Us kids had our working hours, and expected them, just as we did up to the Whiting Homestead. Uncle Elmer and Oron had invented an ingenious creation on a stout two by two by eight plank they dragged behind two wheels of a wagon, on which they had fastened a drivers seat, which enabled them to plant acres and acres of corn.

I worked with Uncle Elmer, and Effie worked with Uncle Oron. Sitting about midway on the plank, with our backs to the drivers, we straddled the plank just behind a big tin funnel that went through a hole through which we dropped five kernels of see-corn between countings of five. A little plow up front made the furrow, and after we dropped in the seed, the dragging plank covered the seeds up neatly. All the uncles had to do was keep the teams in line, and turn at the end of the long quarter mile rows. To keep from going to sleep, they sang songs, mostly in Spanish, and Effie and I never considered it hard work. The ground was soft, fertile, and had no rocks. Without having to count the seeds, I would have had a hard time staying awake. Even as a child, I recognized the remarkable inventiveness it took to put together such an efficient appliance. Otherwise, we would have had to dig each little hole by hand and then drop in the seed, and stop to cover it up and tamp it down. When the corn started sprouting, you could stand on high ground and couldn't see a single hill of corn that hadn't come up. I could never understand why the Isaacsons ever left that little valley. The Uncles were good natured and always told Grandpa what good workers we were.

Mealtime was something to look forward to at Grandpa's, and although a child was someone to never speak until spoken to, I learned a lot by keeping my mouth shut. Grandpa lived the gospel to the letter. Washed up, and hair combed, we all waited behind our chairs until Grandpa gave the signal to kneel in family prayer; always a long, long prayer, it seemed to a hungry little girl. But, I'm sure the Lord listened, as Grandpa was very close to heaven all his life. And, during those prayers one got to know Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the Ten Tribes, Christ's

apostles, and the weaknesses of modern man. Meal time at Grandpa's house began with a ceremony.

Meals were heavy, since work was from dawn to dusk and took sweat and muscle to get through the day. Breakfast always started off with hot mush of some kind, slathered with plenty of brown sugar and thick cream, fresh from the cow. Hot chocolate, or barley coffee was followed by ham or bacon and eggs, usually duck or turkey eggs since Grandma saved the hen's eggs to barter at the St. Johns Cash Store. There were always Grandma's hot soda biscuits with slabs of fresh butter. Jelly or molasses was on the table at every meal. In the evenings, big steaks or roast beef from a newly butchered steer were served. Since there was no refrigeration, Grandpa would take parts to his friends, and when they butchered, they would return the offering. Many times, we had Grandma's homemade bread and cheese with rich milk for supper.

Grandpa was a stern man with a deep, commanding voice. When he did speak my way at the table, I wanted to slide off my chair to the safety of the floor, under the tablecloth. He never asked for something, he ordered it brought to him. He never played games, sang songs or told stories. As his grandchildren and great grandchildren came along, many feared him and avoided him. But, he was quite typical of the men of that day. Pioneer life was not much to laugh at. It was hard to endure to the end, and have fun at the same time.

But I was never afraid of him, my bravery having gotten a good start about two O'Clock one frosty morning when I awoke bawling my head off. My parents had left me there for the night while I was asleep, and when I awoke, I didn't know where I was. Grandpa got out of bed, offered me a cookie, which I nastily refused, then a drink of water which I knocked and spilled down his underwear. I was three years old at the time, but still feel guilty for my actions. He finally offered me a nickel, then a dime, then a quarter, and finally a peppermint, all to no avail. All I would sob was "I want my Mama."

He should have spanked me, but instead he dressed me and wrapped me in a blanket, and carried me tenderly home. I must have gone to sleep on the way, for I don't remember our arrival. I do remember learning that under that red beard and behind the stern voice, there was a heart as big as a mountain, and it was full of love and kindness. I knew my Grandpa would never let Mexican, Indian, or beast hurt me--ever. And, I never saw Grandpa beat a horse or wear spurs like other men did.

I was at their house when Grandpa gave Grandma a new set of dishes for her birthday. It was a hundred-piece set, and everyone was awed because the set even had twelve little individual butter dishes, that I secretly wanted for my dolls. Somehow, long after my grandparents were dead, I found one of those butter dishes in Dad's belongings. I

gave it to Jeannie, and I think she still has it.

About the only time Grandpa ever talked individually to me, he spoke about the Word of Wisdom, and told me how important it was and that he had never dared even take a sip of tea or coffee or liquor or tobacco in any form. I never forgot those few minutes, and during my "Flapper Days", remembering his words made temptation fade away.

For awhile, Big Tom was a jailer for Apache County. St. Johns was the county seat, and the jailhouse, a red plastered building just north of the Barth Hotel, always seemed to be holding some outlaw or horse thief, and was a scary place for a little girl to get near. Grandma cooked the meals for the prisoners, and one day asked Kay and me to deliver the trays in his little red wagon. We did. And, in spite of the fact that we had worked the bellows at Grandpa Whiting's blacksmith shop while he made leg-irons for the prisoners so stout that we knew no man could file them off, we did not linger.

I think of Grandpa often, remembering his strong hand in helping crush the frontier walls to let in another generation who would never again find life as hard. He was a man of action, with a savage determination to guard the right to his own opinions. He was not an intellectual. Even though he was a reader of newspapers and books, he was never convinced that the world was round. This worried Kay a lot, and when he returned from South America from his mission, Kay had sailed around the world, and could hardly wait to tell Grandpa about the trip as proof that the world was truly round. After Kay's long explanation, with maps to back him up, Grandpa called Kay to step outside with him. "Look out there, Kay," he said. "Can't you see the world is flat?" Kay gave in graciously and talked of other things. As for me, I like to think that that very stubbornness may have been what protected him and kept him true to the gospel through adversities of the worst kind, through pioneer days we cannot imagine, days few of this generation could survive.

Then, Big Tom, that grandfather of mine who always looked bigger to me than he really was, began to shrink when the love of his life, little Sarah, died 19 September, 1941. She wasn't sick very long, and Dad had brought them to Holbrook when he first found she was so ill. There was a better doctor there, and Norma, with a year of college nursing, and some experience, was elected to stay by Grandma's side, napping only when she wasn't needed. It was too hard on Norma when she couldn't get Grandpa to respond to words of comfort or even questions. He would only chant, "Sarah, Sarah, Sarah," through his unshameably steady flow of tears. So Dad cancelled his dental appointments, and sat with his parents through many of those terrible days of Grandma's final illness, and Grandpa's final anguish.

But there wasn't much time left for Dad to brood over.

Grandpa died 27 December, just three months after Grandma. They both died in Holbrook, and both were buried in St. Johns. And, no matter what his death certificate may claim, Big Tom died of a broken heart, for James Thomas and Sarah had truly become as one, just as the Lord commanded. Any kind of love is a strange chemistry that no one really understands. Puppy love can hurt a lot, because those involved are too young to confide where they might find comfort. And the strongest kind of love young marrieds find and sometimes lose, can be endured because they must get on with their future, so are able to seek someone else. But, when a man reaches eighty, and no longer finds his little Sarah waiting at the door, and when that woman has never said an unkind word to him, and has never complained of the harshness of pioneer life since their marriage, it could kill a man, and it did.



A DAY IN THE MISSION FIELD
May Whiting Berry's mission journal, July 1948

Remembrances of the First Whiting Reunion Continued It seems more like a dream now to think of the reunion. Just everyone running around from one tent to the other. For instance, if you wanted someone, you just simply start out, inquire of everyone you meet and at each door, "Have you seen Aunt Martha?" , or "Have you seen Diana?" Twice when Norma left Diana I had to start a real alarm to find her. She seemed to feel that it was her privilege to go when and where she pleased, and she did that very thing, even to venturing outside the gates. It was really funny, though, to see Uncle Ralph get the hammers, saws, and chicken wire and start a pen for the kids. With some help, he completed the enclosure for a good sized pen. Nor did he stop 'til he had teeter [-totters], swings, benches, and numerous other attractions, and the kids were so thick around him that he could hardly work at all. and then when the affair was finally completed, he walked out and the kids all walked out with him, and that was the last time I saw a kid in that pen.

Then, too, I can look back and see Uncle Art's littlest boy, Gary, riding a stick horse. He didn't ride it like most kids do, by just dragging th stick, he simply bounced into the air like a kangaroo. I laugh now when I think of it.

And then there was Aunt Elda and her families. I never did find out what Geraldine did all the time. She must be a little like Helen, because her babies were certainly first and foremost with her. She only had two, but her time was with them.

Nathel and Russell seemed to be as congenial as some couples I know who have lived together fifty years, maybe more, so I hope they remain that way 'til their gold wedding. I see them now, dressed alike, smiling alike, and I believe thinking alike. I hope Lorraine does as well, and while I'm hoping, I'll include Dean.

Then there is Ralph still in my mind, frying steaks for that endless number of people. I still marvel at that. I've just now begun to wonder where his fun came in, and also where did Art, Ernest and Eddie get their fun? I hope they gleaned some somewhere between meals, or I'll feel a little selfish. I just sat off and laughed at it all and could see funny things on every side. It reminded me of a three-ring circus where you just can't catch it all.

Minnie, I don't know what you inherited, nor where it came from, but you seemed to get it from somewhere, that way or instinct, or is it camouflage, that draws everyone around you only to hear just what you think of them? And if it's bad, they still like it and come back for more! I do have the most lonely woe-be-gone feeling when I think of going back to California, and finding you gone. I have my own fine children, but I think I'll take it far worse because I can never look for those choice little visits from Effie. Of course, Martha and I have grown so close here, that for every little thought and plan and all the

little troubles we run to each other, and we will surely miss that when this is over. We've learned lots from Frank, too. He is a wonderful man and has taught us much.

It is a little strange to think now about Mother. I can see her now watching us all go by on the run. now and then she would get her crutches and try to catch up with some of us, but we were all so busy. I feel guilty now that she must have felt lonely in the middle of that large posterity. It is seemed so strange to meet and greet so many children and grandchildren that I had to ask who they were. No wonder Grandma couldn't keep track of them all!

Friday's programs and the evening programs all went over fine. The cowboys got a kick out of it with the rest of us. Then Saturday they went to the Little Giant Spring, to the Harris Cave, and on the bear hunt. All came in hungry to the same long line of bake ovens filled with grand steaks and other foods.

Was I a little partial, or was it a fact that all the children were such cute, outstanding individuals? There were eight adopted children there, and you know, I looked those eight over and decided either the Lord had it all planned for them to come to the Whiting posterity, or else we were a lucky family to get such an outstanding eight to add to us. But my belief is that they were foreordained to come to this family, but they had to go a little off the regular road to get to us. I'm the one that is thankful for and proud to claim those eight.

July 4, 1948 *Mission Experiences*

Do you remember when we held branch conference here and visited so many of our people, especially where there were inactive and split families? Well, we visited a "Preator" family. The father was inactive and used tobacco. The wife was not a member, and neither were the three sons and one daughter. At that time the father stopped smoking, and today the three sons and the daughter were baptized, and the mother will be next Fast Sunday. These are the things that make missionary life a glorious life.

Today we spent the day with Marion [Stricker]. I had forgotten what a lovely girl she really is. The missionaries all came over after Church and we had ice cream and made some records with the first wire recorder we ever saw. Marian sang. She seems happier than I have ever seen her before. I hope she can keep that spirit. She will make a fine missionary.

Reminiscings -- Stolen Horses

As I looked at all those forty horses with the fine saddles at the reunion, I remembered the horse that Pa once owned down at Brigham City. It was a good horse, as were the two other horses that were stolen from the Morans by horse thieves who made a business of it.

The horses were gone one morning. Pa was as good as an Indian at tracking an animal, so he soon discovered the three horses had been taken by three fellows on horseback and had driven them right into the heart of the Indian country. Pa and Uncle Ike and Mike Eke followed them. Mother saw them ride away. She was expecting her baby soon

and she looked for Pa back in a few hours, as they had taken nothing with them in the way of food, clothes, or supplies, just rode out into the Indian country. One day went by. Alarms soon spread for their safety. Then another day and another, and at the end of a week Mother had given up hope and had fallen into a state of despair.

Pa and the others kept to the horse tracks, and at times they were so close and the tracks so fresh that they believed a few more hours would give them their chance. Hunger almost got them, but they knew how to treat an Indian, and so at times they found food with them--sometimes a piece of jerky, sometimes an ear of corn.

Once, I remember, Pa told us of the best of all meals. An old Indian Squaw sat over the campfire stirring a great kettle of a mixture of corn, meat, some kind of vegetable, numerous other roots, and stuff they could not recognize, but the delicious odor from the pot on the fire was a tempting moment. They even ignored the times she stirred it with her black hand and then turned to take care of her baby, then stirred again with her hand. Anyway, they all ate out of that same big pot, with their fingers, but no finer meal had they ever tasted. One night, they camped close enough to the horses and horse thieves to see their campfire, but of course, didn't know it until next morning when they came upon the tracks. Then they finally hired the Indians to help them, and after ten days they gathered a few pieces of silver and gave them to the Indians and promised them more if they brought back the horses. Pa and the others then returned home.

The Indians brought back the horses, all right, but not until they had killed one of the outlaws and brought the other two back with the horses. Some of the men wanted to make a quick hanging of the two who were left, but Pa with some others refused and provided the outlaws with some loaves of bread and turned them loose and they were never heard of after that.

Mission experiences

Doesn't it seem strange that those same Indians are the Lamanites we study about in our Book of Mormon? And back here it does seem strange because we have a lot of Lamanites here you can't tell from the whites unless someone tells you. We have a number who have surprised me. One girl who is a cashier in a drug store in Duncan, Oklahoma, Herbert and I went to call on. She was such a pretty (new look) trim girl we just couldn't believe she is full Indian until she gave us her history. She has five brothers and sisters all just as fine looking as any gentile. I could name dozens like that here. We have 100,000 Indians in our mission in Oklahoma alone, and I don't find any who look like our Indians out West. Some people believe it will be the Indians who will come in here and help build the Temple in Jackson County.

Reminiscings -- Air Castles

I've just been thinking about the homestead and the times that we've built air castles. Some of them did come true. I remember one night about 9:00 o'clock, Herbert, Ralph and I sat up late talking, just wondering what the Harris boys felt like when they discovered the Harris Cave. Out there on level ground, they dropped down into a hole, soon to discover that it extended for miles and miles underground--just a long cave. Of course, men could stand up and walk, but the darkness was so black they could see nothing without a torch of some kind. At last they came upon Indian jugs and pots filled with corn, smaller ones with beads, piles of silver bracelets, war weapons, old ashes as if someone had suddenly taken flight from an enemy. A few bones were left telling they did not all get away.

Tons of stuff had been taken out and sold, but here we were years later wondering what made such long miles of the cave. Ralph thought of one thing, we another, 'till at last we convinced ourselves it was perhaps an old Spanish mine. Maybe the gold still lay there in the dark of that tunnel.

Of course, we could wait 'till morning to find out, but why wait 'till morning? Two saddle horses stood there, and two good lanterns. And so in this heat of enthusiasm, at 10:00 o'clock at night, they took the lanterns, and rode to the cave.

Before they got back, I had the children all in bed (three of them, then) and I counted and built with the gold. I could see great mansions, even ships to sail the sea, all paid for from this old Spanish gold, but before long, Herbert and Ralph got home, tired, and sleepy, and hungry, and they had nowhere near found the end of the tunnel, as perhaps no one has yet, although they usually claim they found the end of some of the small forks.

Well, that air castle didn't come true, but I'll tell you one that did. After the mill closed at night, supper over, and we still had some daylight, Daddy and I would take the children and wander out to some old log, sit there 'till dark counting how many more years before we could go away to school so that we would not always be just day laborers. I confess sometimes it did look too far ahead to ever reach. No good school closer than Chicago in that day. We had some cattle and a log home where our first children were born, but think of the tuition, the railroad fare for all of us, then the terrific expense when we got there. We didn't dare make a peep about our plans to our folks because both my family and his thought we were crazy, and so the years rolled by--but the air castles grew on and on. One day that dream did come true.



May Whiting Berry



Herbert Alonzo Berry



A. Kay Berry



H. Lee Berry

Dear Kay:

Somehow I've managed tu git along
Without yu brother uv mine,
Whistlin' un workin and singin a song
I seem tu git along fine.
I,cn stand the winter un fall all right
Smilin un doin my part,
But when summer cums round I have to fight
The tears, since we're apart.
In the other months it isn't so bad
Und I git by some way,
But ever year when the blossoms bloom out
I think uv our boyhood days.

Member the time on the good old farm
Down at Grandpa's place?
Jumpin 'round in the hay in the barn
Un rasslin face to face
With happiness over ever'thing,
Eaten green apples all day,
Huntin rabbits un other things
When Grandpa mowed the hay?
Member makin us flippers un traps un stilts
Just havin fun all the time?
We two guys was rosy with health
Tho we hardly earned a dime.
D'yu member the cows a eatin hay
Un that old pair of mules,
Un watchin the honeybees workin away
Un dreading the startin of school?

Do yu 'member us plowin un plantin seeds
Un sticken our feet in the soil
Un later a pullin un hoeing the weeds
Un harvesting, wasn't it royal?
There's sumthin bout watchin things when they grow
That you've planted un tended und loved
That aint never left me in all these years
Perhaps we shouldn't have moved?

Course none but you would know what I mean
When I speak of Grandma's preserves
Und homemade bread and milk that wuz fresh
Un we got mor'n we deserved.
But somehow I think that she knew all along
That we wouldn't always be there.
I guess that we had to grow to be men
But ya know it doesn't seem fair
That we have to live so far apart
'Cause each has his separate life,
We're just men with too much to do
In a world of struggle and strife.

Somehow I've managed to get along
Without you brother of mine,
Whistlin un working un singin a song,
I seem to git along fine.
I c'n stand the winter un fall all right,
Smilin un doin my part
But when summer cums round I have tu fight
The tears since we're apart.
In the other months it isn't so bad
Un I git by some way,
But the time of the year when the blossoms bloom out
Makes me think of our boyhood days.

Yours truly,

Lee

written from the mission field

