



Nihil Sine Labore—Nothing Without Work

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family

Summer Issue, August 1987

Berry Pickings From the President

I think the BERRY PATCH is a wonderful way for us to keep in touch with each other and to be reminded of our heritage. As our extended family becomes more extended, it will be even more important and will be one of the rocks on which we can found our lives.

Alex Haley spent a great part of his lifetime in searching for his "Roots," and what he learned was of greater value to him than the money he received in royalties. He traced his heritage to free and honorable people in Africa. He found his past.

The past is important to humans in general and to Mormons in particular. It can be a fascinating experience to research the lives of our unique ancestors.

My father, Herbert, lived from the age of horseback and wagon to see men land on the moon. I can promise he didn't miss saddling the horse to go to the store. And when the self-starting Model-A Ford came in, he sold his Model-T and invested in the new. As soon as they were available and within their means, they had a telephone, radio, refrigerator, and other conveniences.

Older isn't always better. The lessons to be learned from our forebears lies in how they coped with what they had and where they were. Alex Haley didn't move to Africa and father didn't move back to the log cabin in St. Johns.

I could wish for a simpler life, for cleaner air, for less crowded streets and forests, unpolluted lakes and rivers and ocean, less violence in the world, greater safety for the children, more honorable politicians, and many other things. But wishbones don't work, the problems are in the present, and their solutions can only lie in the future. Let's face that future with the courage, poise and good sense that Herbert and May had. Love, Uncle Dean

Berry Reunion 1988

Uncle Lee, 1988 reunion chairman, reports that firm dates for the Whiting reunion have not yet been set. We have permission to use the Homestead the four days before the Whiting reunion. It is not too early to begin planning for this event, now less than a year away. Reserve vacation time and plan to join us at the foot of Sierra Trigo in July of 1988!



The Write Addresses



Matt & Juana Berry
1-30-22 Apt. 304
HIDAKA-CHO
HITACHI-SHI
IBARAKI-KEN
JAPAN 317
Phone: 0294-42-8231

Jon & Julie Hardy
300 North 276 East
Provo, Ut. 84601 same phone

Pat & Evelyn Gwartney
151 Larkins
Findlay, Ohio no phone yet

Heather Falls
515 E. 8th St.
Mesa, AZ 85203

Sally Higgin's phone # 417-235-5892

Brian Larson
1870 N. Rodney Dr. #4
Los Angeles, CA 90027 ph: 668-2192

Troy Larson's phone # 602-935-4960

Byers' zip change: 30350

Temp. forward Paul & Judy Andelin:
P.O. Box 219
Pierce City MO 65723

Luke Ellsworth summer address
P.O. Box 776
Eagar, AZ 85925

BERRY TRIVIAL

TRIVIA QUESTION: Who introduced Maria Isaacson to Edwin Whiting?



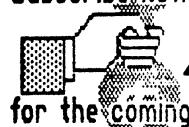
Credit Marks

XXXXXXXXXXXXXX



Mariah Falls received a head injury from a bicycle accident. The neighbors brought her to the house and she had a very hard time remembering things. She was bleeding all over, and scared to death. Her mother, Janice, could tell just by looking (you could see the white of her skull) that she was going to need stitches. But Mariah would not move until she received a blessing. Uncle Robert Leavitt (Aunt Helen's son-in-law and our dear friend) was just getting home from a bishopric meeting when we called. He came right over and administered to Mariah. We took her to the hospital and--to make a long story short--what we thought was going to be just stitches ended up to be a skull fracture at the left temple, and a knicked artery under the surface of the skull. This led to CAT scans, an ambulance ride to another hospital, and hospitalization for observation. When the neurosurgeon came to see her the next morning, he could not get over her "astounding recovery." Mariah just smiled at her mother and whispered--"It was the blessing."

Now Is the Time
to hand it over!
Subscribe Now



\$10

for the coming
4 issues
of the
Berry Patch

Hen Scratchings
by Joycell Cooper

Bob Luke, Eileen's husband, is a basket case. He has become a real trial that warrants some action. He courted danger when he was able to raise Cain. His quiet manner and dignified appearance is not what it seems, for while he poses as a lawyer, he is actually a defector from COEAWAWA, Red China. He barely escaped with his secret invention, computerized chop sticks. These chop sticks allow a person to eat 12,987 bites without taking a breath. Out of 400 participants, only 2 survivors lived to tell about it (and only because they developed a short in their chop sticks!) If those of you who saw him at the reunion noticed his eyes were slightly slanted, that's why. His native name is really AhSoo Lukie. (But Mum's the word, so keep it under your arm!)

John Andelin is doing fine as a pathologist in North Dakota. He loves his practice because his patients never complain. He says they are all very open with him and really bare their chests. Actually, those of you who know John know what a cut up he really is, the only thing--his office is like a morgue. But he is so popular, people are just dying to get an appointment with him. He came to Jack to have some dental work done and suggested that they trade services! Since we had no use for a free autopsy, Jack declined. If John seems rather stiff, it's because no one talks back to him anymore. I think this subject is rather grave and I'll get on to another.

Patty Felsted, Lee & Virginia's daughter, has just moved into a beautiful new home. She is thrilled to finally have indoor plumbing (a pot with a handle!). And electricity. She is an accomplished artist, and her paintings are now hanging in the mens room at the Shell station on the corner of Petro & Fume Avenues, Greta's Greasy Gazebo on Tums & Burp, Puddy's Pool Parlor on Cue & Pocket, and Anna's Animal Abode on Terrior & Growl. Stevie Wonder, Alf, and the Smurfs are but a few of her famous clients. I offered to sit for her once, but she said the only canvas big enough was being used by Barnum and Bailey!

"Twinkle Toes Rice" is her stage name, but she really is Stephanie, daughter of Roger and Diana. There are three things she is known for: 1. Bouncing 2. Bassooning, and 3. Borrowing. If something has a beat, she'll follow it, but the good news is that she is no longer full of hot air since she took up the bassoon. If anyone is missing anything, it can be found in Stephanie's room. A coast guard cutter was missing for 3 days once

and headquarters asked to search her room in case she borrowed it! She hopes to borrow some good looking return missionaries when she goes to BYU. Whether or not she intends to return them, she isn't saying! I do think it only fair the Y be warned. "Twinkle Toes" is coming--her tap dancing in the halls will drive them crazy.

Then there's Aunt Helen, whom everyone finds such a fascinating woman! Don't forget that you read it here first--she has gone into hiding to write a new book entitled "Fascinating Women In The Post Office," or "When They Operated On Dear Old Dad, They Opened Mother's Male!" She already has an advance by the publisher, in fact, if he makes any more advances COEAWAWA LUKIE is going to represent her. She has another novel just off the press, perhaps you've seen it advertised on Good Night Canada, or that wonderful talk show, with host Pat Gwartney entitled "You Bet Your Computer" (he's a chip off the old block!) The book is about "The Answer To Your Teen-Age Problems." Helen has found the perfect solution--freeze your children as soon as they turn 13 in a cylinder of liquid gas. When they turn 20, light the ignition and shoot them into outer space. When Elaine Ward did that, whoever was in outer space shot them back, so she was stuck with them!

CBS approached Elaine's husband about doing a new medical series, "Richard Ward, M.D." It's about a doctor who is always needling his patients by following them home. He gains entrance by posing as an Avon Lady, then chloroforms them and staples their nostrils together--thus initiating them into the exclusive "Mouth Breathers Club." Once members, they must inhale stale ale from a frail pail on a rail in jail without fail. If they refuse, they will all go to hail.

Shane Larson got an award last month--the "Cutest Cartoonist Of the Year" trophy. Perhaps you haven't noticed, but Shane not only draws cartoons but also flies, girls, and insects of all kinds. Last time he was standing on a corner waiting for a light to change, he drew a whole crowd. Things got pretty hairy when he raised his arms and realized being the center of attention was for the pits! But he kept mum about the whole thing, says it's a secret and he's right on guard. Myself? I thing the whole thing stinks!

Berry Trivial Answer

Eolia Virginia Killian Curtis, the great-grandmother of both the Ellsworth clan and the Lee Berry clan was the person who introduced Maria Isaacson to Edwin Whiting. (source: Evelen Ellsworth Gwartney found this written in the eulogy of Eolia's funeral service.)

Berry Tasty

Aunt Virginia's Texas Pecan Pie

- 1 unbaked pie crust (shell)
- Filling:**
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup dark Karo syrup
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- pinch of salt
- vanilla
- 1 cups pecans



Mix all ingredients together. Add pecans last. Bake at 400 for 15 minutes. Reduce to 350 for 50 minutes. Test like you would for custard pie.

--submitted by Elaine Ward

NOTE: this recipe, given to Elaine many years ago, is a cherished one for any one who has ever tasted Aunt Virginia's cooking. She adapted this for Elaine's wedding reception, and made dozens of tiny pecan tarts.

IT'S TIME TO SUBSCRIBE AGAIN

This issue marks the end of our first year in production of the Berry Patch. Now that we are all enjoying the fruit of our efforts, lets all cultivate the patch by subscribing right away. Even if you just recently subscribed, you have paid for the first four issues, and will receive any copies you have missed for this year.

Now is the time to subscribe for the coming year. We are raising the price to \$10 per year, still a bargain, and less than the cost of one large take-out pizza!



Maree Berry Hamblin asked her grandson, Jacob, age 13, who has a paper route, "How much money do you spend, Jacob?" Jacob replied, "It all depends on how much I have in my pocket, Grandma!"

Editorial Staff

- Dean Berry...Berry Family President
- Diana Rice.....Editor
- Anna Marie Wood....Associate Editor
- Steven Berry.....Photographer
- Lynn Ellsworth.....Genealogist
- Jeanine Larson.....Historian
- Elaine Ward.....Effie's Family
- Jeanine Larson.....Maree's Family
- Janice Falls.....Maree's Family
- David Berry.....Kay's Family
- Steven Berry.....Lee's Family
- Diana Rice.....Norma's Family
- Ginny Leavitt.....Helen's Family
- Anna Marie Wood.....Dean's Family
- Lydia Berry.....Family Archivist
- Maree Hamblin.....Columnist
- Joycell Cooper.....Hen Scratchings
- Roger Rice.....Publisher
- JoAnn Larsen.....Treasurer

Effie's Family

Gary and Charleene Ellsworth will be having an interesting month: Charleene is expecting in August and they are moving to Houston, Texas in August. Gary is currently taking classes to certify for teaching in Texas.

Richard and Elaine Ward Elaine reports that Uncle Dean's comments on "Perfection" were timely. "I needed that very thing at a Women's Conference workshop I had to do in our stake recently."

The Ward's oldest daughter, Julie, is expecting baby #2 on December 13th. "We of course are anxious, excited, and nervous as her first pregnancy was so difficult."

Van and Cheryl Ellsworth Mike is working at McDonald's this summer, and plays offensive tackle on his high school varsity football team. Traci is a beauty, and is busy breaking hearts. Kerry loves playing soccer and has been on a team these past few years. Ryan's soccer team was #1 this past season.

Van says, "I keep all my Berry Patch's in a 3-ring binder. the newsletters, full of genealogy and stories, are very valuable to my family."

Pat and Evelyn Gwartney The Gwartneys are in the process of moving to Ohio. Pat got a new job he is very happy with. Evelyn and kids have been left behind in Texas, but will soon join Pat in Ohio.

Evelyn says, "Great Berry Patch as always. Uncle Dean's comments were greatly appreciated. I read with such interest Sarah Roundy Berry's journal. Aunt Maree's commentary was the 'frosting on the cake.'"

Maree's Family

Jack and Joycell Cooper Joycell's gone back to school!!! She is going to Crowder College in Neosho (3-room building, outhouse in the back, and faculty of 3!) She is taking a Creative Writing course and although you will all agree that she really doesn't need it, she has helped the teacher a great deal. All the time he has been a journalist and Editor of a newspaper, plus writing historical documentaries for T.V. He had a lot to learn, but didn't realize it until Joycell signed up for his class. She is doing so well and is so smart she may even start writing her own letters once again. (Eat your heart out, Dean!)

Jack is having great success with Auricular Acupuncture in his dental practice. He has been asked to lecture in Tulsa, Okla, July 10 &

11 to a group of dentists and M.D.s. Last time there was a doctor from the Mayo Clinic observing and he was very impressed. Jack is playing the harmonica and base guitar in a little country western band and having a ball.

Vaylene is working in the office this summer and doing very well, plus earning the money necessary for girls camp & youth conference (\$65), Pom camp (\$135.00) and new marching shoes (\$32.00), that's beside spending money and school clothes. Her dad has been taking her driving 1 or 2 evenings a week on the country roads and she is doing very well. She will be getting her drivers license in February, and will be well qualified when the time comes. She bought herself a bicycle and is really having fun on it. She is growing up fast, and we are really enjoying her.

Uncle Lee, how many surgeons does it take to screw in a light bulb? Answer: None! The first thing they would do is remove the socket!

As for athletic triumphs, Joycell has started practicing for the Boston Marathon (in 2020). Yesterday, she made it to the mail box and back. Tomorrow she will do it without the car! Lance gave her some very expensive walking shoes, so she has no choice. Look out Rex Lee, and Jon Berry--here I come. Last time I entered a marathon, my number was 11 and they disqualified me because they thought it was my I.Q.!

Lance has several offers in Arizona, Utah, and Las Vegas. We will have to wait until the next issue to find out which one he takes. He is coming back for a visit for a week, and we are really looking forward to it. We love Missouri, but hate being so far away from all our loved ones and friends. Remember, when the end comes and the Saints walk back, my lemonade stand will be the 3rd one on the left! (I will also sell sandals cheap!)

Janice and Jerome Falls' son Brett is living with his grandma & grandpa Falls in Clovis. He is working in construction and wants to get into college.

Heather is living with Marty & Susi in Mesa. She is seeking full-time employment (the high-paying type) and hopes to enroll at A.S.U. this fall. She is planning on a mission next summer.

Garrett is ranching with his dad and just acquired a new weight set with his first hard-earned paycheck. He hopes to go from tall and lean to tall and looking like a

Conan the Barbarian clone. Needless to say, football season is on his mind. (We're glad something is on his mind.)

Amy is working hard at the local Cree-mee (like Dairy Queen.) She is working hard to earn \$\$\$\$ for Poms camp and youth conference. She is involved in more social and church activities than we can keep up with, and is a wonderful help to her mom.

Brenna is busy with Girl's camp, cheerleading camp, and fundraisers for activities. She's our family optimist, and thinks everything in life is grand.

Mariah just turned 10 and is already planning great things for the Berry/Whiting reunion in '88. She goes to Girl Scout Camp and would live at the local town swimming pool if we would let her.

Janice is taking her four-member crew still living at home on their first real vacation in 10 years. Jerome has to stay in Pierce City and hold down the fort, since summer is his busiest time with Diamond Livestock and his own cattle. We are going to hit Snowflake on the fourth of July, then go to the Grand Canyon, Disneyland, Yosemite, Dinky Creek (the famous site of those great Berry reunions of yesteryear!) the beach, visiting with family and friends in Fresno, Las Vegas, Grandpa Hamblin's home in Santa Clara, Salt Lake and the visitor's center, etc. and catch as many historical church landmarks as possible.

Janice's favorite pastime has become her weekly visits and story-telling sessions with Grandma Hamblin--Aunt Maree to most of you. She is trying to get her to write a book about her adventures in Alaska and is sure she could live comfortably from the \$\$ made from sales.

Aunt Maree recently went through her trunk and pulled out several dresses she used to wear and gave them to Heather. These dresses are something else--form fitting mandarins, slinky mums, stylish silks--Heather just loves to wear them in Mesa because they are so unusual that people ask her where she got them and she loves to see the expression on their faces when she tells them her great-grandmother used to wear them!!!!

Marty & Susi Cooper feel you are never too old to go back to school. If you try, the Lord will prepare a way. Marty has completed his first year of ASU's Masters Program in Communications. He is enjoying the intellectual

growth and stimulation, but it is often such a struggle.

Susan is working as a Secretary at ASU and will be quitting in September when baby # 3 is born.

Chelsea has been enrolled at the Child Development Lab (a preschool) at ASU for almost a year. On her latest report, her teacher said she felt very comfortable around children and adults, sharing ideas, thoughts, etc., and that she was even "talented" socially. Her mother didn't know how to explain that Chelsea has "Berry" blood in her. (Don't they all like to talk to whoever will listen?) Anyway, Chelsea is a special little girl whom her classmates seek out for friendship. Her Great-Grandmother Hamblin will be pleased to know her teacher feels that Chelsea has all the qualities for a good school teacher.

Chance is 21 months old and growing like a weed. He is curious about everything and loves to water the garden out back. Unfortunately he waters the sidewalk too! Matt Larson had better make room for him on his baseball team because Chance already has such an arm on him. He can throw an accurate ball and even gets a spin on a football! His favorite pastime, however, seems to be dancing and singing to the Sleeping Beauty Waltz when the video tape is played. I guess he is just getting ready for the dances at the Berry reunions!

Leilani Silvers

Leilani still has four children living at home: Lucinda, Anna May, Jacob, and Rebecca. Jacob is a star soccer player at Monett Junior High.

Marilyn Helf's Kim is missing being in school. Her twin, Kelly lives in Phoenix and is working there.

Valerie and Wanda will be moving to Provo the first of August. They are going to find work there.

Thomas lives in Anderson, MO with a family and 8 other young men. They make items to sell in the local factories.

Sally Higgins enjoys her work as a dispatcher for the Cassville Police Department.

David is working for Tyson Company in Monett MO. He was chosen as one of the outstanding employees because of his dependability and his ability to get along with others. Tysons' employs several hundred workers. They cut and package chickens for the commercial market.

Keith and Jeannie Larson
For the first time in years, the

Larson family has no missionaries!

Darin loves Dixie College in St. George. He is working for a degree in business and leaning towards the Banking field.

Shane's work for Niven marketing has been successful. He recently designed a display for Pepsi that they bought and will be out when football season starts.

Troy is engaged. The date is tentatively Oct. 16. He is marrying Jennifer Palmer from Inkom, Idaho. She is currently on a USO tour to Japan. She is a wonderful singer and has bright red hair.

Brian is working for the Coppertone Company. He has an extremely tough job, but he says that somebody's got to do it! He's a promoter for the Coppertone products. He walks up and down the beaches of California and squirts samples of oil and lotion on all the sun bathers! In the meantime, he still goes to every audition he can.

Darin just got a new job in the St. George Temple. He is a custodian. All he does is vacuum. He says it's a wonderful experience and loves the environment.

Jennifer made the Dixie College women's volleyball team! She works in a frozen yogurt store.

Amy is a seminary student body officer. She made the All-American Pom Pom line and madrigals for her senior year in high school. She also made Arizona regional choir and orchestra.

Margaret was chosen as one of two outstanding orchestra students in junior high.

Six Larsons were in Snowflake's 100th birthday production of Music Man July 23-25. Amy, Jennifer and Brian all danced, Jeannie was a Pick-a-little lady, Jared was a townsboy and Matt was the child lead, Winthrop. All nights were sold out, with 3,000 seeing the show. Harold B. Goodman was the guest conductor from BYU.

Kay's Family

Mom and Doug

The "Berry Patch" letter gets better and better, thanks to all of you hard-working, creative relatives who make it so special. The print was easier to read this time, and my eyes thank you for that.

The highlight of my life, since my last letter, occurred over the Memorial Day Holiday. It was my trip to Provo for my Holbrook Sisters reunion. There were five

of us and we stayed with our sister Vera and slept at her condo in Provo. For three days we talked, ate, talked, slept, talked, visited friends and relatives, talked and ate. (Get the idea?) Memorial Day we went to the Provo Cemetery to decorate family graves and we met and visited with other relatives having come for the same purpose. Before we had finished, there was a flash storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain that sent us all scurrying to our cars. My visit home to Provo left me feeling uplifted, rejuvenated and grateful for the blessings that come from belonging to an active LDS family.

As I mingle more and more with Senior Citizens, I feel saddest about those who have no family or church affiliation. They are the ones that have the roughest time. How I treasure my family relationships and especially the "Berry Patch" now as it keeps me in touch with Kay's side of the family.

Doug, too, had a nice trip to Provo and BYU and came back satisfied that he likes California best. He is still acting as "booking agent" for two bands.

Reflections on BYU

by Doug Berry

This school was named for Brigham Young,
He was sound of body and quick of tongue;

But I doubt that even he could see Provo's future destiny.

David and Sharon Berry

Cindi will be home from her mission by the time you receive this issue. We're so excited. She plans to return to BYU majoring in Financial Planning. Cindi sprinted into her last two weeks of missionary work. She loves the Hondurans.

Julie is in Reston, Virginia. She's in the same ward as many leaders of our nation, such as Orrin Hatch. She loves her mission.

Michelle has her first job at McDonalds. The pay isn't great, but the time surely flies by fast! She is earning her own \$\$\$ for Varsity Cheer in the fall, and will be going to Cheer camp in a couple of weeks.

Mike's baseball team won 3rd place. He did great as catcher, 1st base or wherever!

Stacey graduated from San Pasqual High. She did well and is working this summer and will be at Ricks in the fall, staying at the Baronessa. Any cousins going to Ricks?

Sharon is busy as second counselor

in Primary. Dave is busy as second counselor in the bishopric--Fun times. We would love some visitors this summer!

John and Louine Hunter

Louine is spending the summer in Provo. Scott and Kristy are the proud parents of Ryan Scott Hunter, born April 27, 1987, weighing 8 pounds, 4 ounces and 20 inches long! Robert and Kenna are the proud parents of Rachel Michelle Hunter, born July 23, weighing 5 pounds, 12 ounces and 18 inches long! Parents and children are all doing well.

Dennis and Rosalee Byers

Dennis had a business meeting in France in June and was able to attend the Wimbledon tennis matches in England.

Preston, 11, and Brandon, 9, are both top swimmers on their neighborhood swim team. Jeff, 16, has his first full-fledged job at a local deli restaurant.

Melanie flew to Provo to help Tiffany drive home from BYU for summer vacation. Melanie is a nurses aid and doing convalescent private-duty work here in Atlanta. Tiffany is working at her Dad's company for the summer.

Alan and Betty Berry

Alan was honored by the Young Women as their Bishop, and was presented a crown. The Young Women said what they admired most about the Bishop was that he had good-looking sons.

The Berry family did the Father's Day program and especially honored Kay Berry. Betty wrote poems for the children and Jon and Tara sang. Greg sang "A Young Boy Prayed" in a duet.

Greg is employed by the Boy Scouts as a Life-guard/counselor for the summer season and will attend Basketball camp. He is also on the senior little league team. Patrick received his Life in scouting and is attending wrestling camp, as well as weight-lifting. Kristie is playing softball, was voted to All-Stars and is ready to celebrate her 12th birthday. Jon is taking swimming lessons and playing Pee-Wee ball and was picked for the All-Stars. He got an unbelievable triple out his last game. He will be going to cub scout camp soon. Tara is playing Tee ball and taking swimming lessons and is doing so well with them that people wanted to know if she had taken lessons before.

Tres and Julie Tanner

Julie, Merilee and Wendy are baking "Tanner Tasties" this summer for friends and neighbors. Merilee (14) bakes all the muffins and Wendy (9) does the cookies. Julie

bakes several kinds of breads. Lisa (13) has started some summer enrichment classes for 4-6 year olds. The girls are saving their money for fall clothes.

Julie is taking a few classes this summer. Benjamin helped his dad build a neat treehouse. Aundrea (2) loves to sing and has finally decided to toilet-train. Julie directed a children's chorus for the community 4th of July program and all the children let go of helium balloons at the end of the song, which held patriotic messages written by the children.

Lee's Family

Aunt Virginia just completed the first of her scheduled cataract surgeries, and the day following the surgery she tested at 20/30 vision. She's really tickled to be able to see again. The week before the eye surgery she fell while in Nags Head, North Carolina and broke her foot--the same one that she broke while visiting Bob and Eileen two years ago. She left there with a cast in 1985 and will return with a cast on the same leg in 1987.

Jean and Gary Arbuckle

are looking forward to a vacation week with the Luke's in July. They will fly to Seattle with Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia for a visit to the Northwest, where Jean took her flower arranging training. She wants to show Portland to Gary, having spent a month there last summer, and then they plan to visit Vancouver, Victoria, and Bucharth's Gardens.

Gary is President of the Northern Virginia Dental Society, composed of 777 members. That's a larger group than 14 states. The trip to the Northwest was triggered by a convention of the Academy of General Dentistry, of which Gary is a Fellow.

Christina received a promotion at the Department of Transportation, and now has a private office and more hours of work. She prepares the briefing books that Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Dole uses to prepare for her speaking and visiting engagements throughout the U.S. Presently, everyone is waiting with baited breath for Elizabeth's husband, Senator Bob Dole, to declare for the presidency. When that happens, however, she will have to vacate her position as Secretary of Transportation. Speculation abounds on who the new cabinet appointee will be.

Jeff has finished his second year of medical school at Medical College of Virginia, and also completed the first 2-day portion

of his National Board exams. He has about 6 weeks off during the summer and is seeking jobs painting houses during that time. He and a fellow student did that last year and supported themselves during the summer time.

Eric is staying in Norfolk during the Summer and has a job driving the ferry between Portsmouth and Norfolk. He works about 50 hours a week on that job and then on his time off, goes out on a 100 ton sailing craft as a deck hand. He wants to get enough time in on that ship to qualify for his Coast Guard 100 ton Sail license. He already has the 100 ton Motor license for coastal waterways. The ferry that he drives is about 60 ton and about 75 feet in length.

Jean is participating in about 25 craft shows during the year throughout the area, selling her flower creations. Sometimes it's a little discouraging, but most times people really buy a lot of her arrangements. She still spends three days a week in her counselling business as well. She's determined to help keep her boys in college.

Norma's Family

Dad has been in poor health most of this year. He had two serious bouts with pneumonia, but has rested and behaved himself, so is feeling much better. Barbara designed and stitched counted cross stitch samplers for each of our families with a circular message saying "There is Beauty All Around When There's Love At Home." Under the banner, she stitched each family portrait, detailed perfectly even to hair color and clothing preference. They really are beautiful.

Roger and Diana Rice

try not to count their chickens now that they've hatched! Stephanie graduated from high school, and is preparing for BYU. She was chosen outstanding modern dance student, recieved a Bank of America Merit Award, and was selected for Honor Band as a bassoonist. She worked for five weeks for Anna Wood and Karen Mitterling while they ran their swim school in both Utah and southern California. Now that she's home she is working two jobs to be financially ready for the Y.

Mike has been under a lucky star this summer. He went to California Boys' State, learning the good, the bad and the ugly about politics first hand. He spent two weeks at Philmont scout camp in New Mexico, where the highlights were hearing Elder Rector speak one Sunday and Elder Featherstone speak the next. He served on the staff at Brownsea leadership camp in the San Jose

mountains, and he will spend two weeks in August at an Advanced High School Studies Program in Computer Science at BYU. Each of these programs have been offered to him at no charge. His only expenses have been transportation to New Mexico and to Utah.

The rest of the family has been staying home doing more normal things like the scout 50 miler for Randy, girls camp for Cindy and Anna, and Webelo day camp for Chris. Chris and Anna have goals of achieving a thousand laps and a thousand pages in their swimming and reading by August 1. Stephanie learned quite a bit about Swim instruction from Anna and Karen and taught our three year old Brian to swim in 5 lessons!

Barry and JoAnn Larsen are happy to have Barry's first year of law school completed. They have had a very challenging year, but are doing well, and are satisfied with their efforts. Barry will not be taking as many classes this next year, so that he can squeeze in work-experience as a legislative aide.

JoAnn now works full-time as a prison guard at Folsom prison. She still supervises 6 inmates who prepare breakfast and sack lunches for one section of the prison. The inmates work for pocket money and for reducing their sentences. Every five days they work takes a week off their prison time. Since those are the only reasons they work, their efforts can be very sloppy. They tend to work to the minimum level required. One day, JoAnn pointed out something extra that could be done. "Why?" was the reply. She explained that doing the best job possible brings personal satisfaction. "Just doing your best feels good." The inmates shook their heads, and went over and did more than required. Their attitudes about their jobs have been changing. Recently, when the wrong disinfectant was used on the floor and it dried leaving a powdery residue, they renopped the entire floor voluntarily. One inmate, who has never seen anyone follow all the rules before, thinks JoAnn ought to have psychiatric care because she believes in going by the book! He thinks that's sick.

David just completed 8th grade with straight A's. he got awards in all the sports he went out for this year. Both Julianne and David went all the way to championship in three events in the school district track finals. Julianne was selected by the faculty as the outstanding seventh grade girl. She has been reading the scriptures daily, since January, and inspired her brothers. Keith, Bradley and

Jared have been reading their scriptures every night for the past five months. Their parents have never had to remind them of their goal. If is is late, and one has fallen asleep, the others awaken him. They went camping with friends and forgot their toothbrushes, but remembered their scriptures and kept on reading every night.

Chuck and Bonnie Middleton have exciting news: after a seven year break, they are expecting baby number seven! Bonnie has been going through a morning sickness refresher course, but is feeling much better recently. Exactly fourteen years ago, she was expecting her first baby, lying in bed to watch the watergate hearings. Deja Vu: She's expecting #7, lying in bed watching the Iran hearings.

Emily, who had a very successful science fair project, has turned philosophical. She says life is like yogurt. "You go along, and you go along, and all there is is vanilla. Then, every once in a while, you hit a strawberry!" We are pleased that she's been in the strawberries lately.

Emily went to girls camp, Chuck IV went to scout camp, Cathy went to educational camp, Becky was baptised, and Jenny had a birthday. But summer has been hard on Steven, age 9, with never enough to keep him busy. So, he made a flashlight out of parts in his dad's workshop, wiring it himself, and wrapping the whole thing together with electrical tape. It works!

Bonnie also enjoyed having Janice Falls and family visit when they were in their Salt Lake-BYU phase of their fabulous trip.

Randy and Christa Randy is Young Mens President and Priests Quorum advisor in his ward. He finds that the youth program is quite demanding of time. "All my free time just isn't enough!" They love him, though. He took some kids to the church area wrestling tournament, where he "somehow managed to take first place." He felt lucky, though cause "It seems these young wrestlers are getting better every year."

Christa is over the visiting teaching, and has brought the percentages way up. While she tends kids, she works hard fixing up the house. She has been working on a latch-hook rug for Normandie's room.

In the midst of her other projects, she welcomed Anna Wood, Karen Mitterling, and their children along with Stephanie Rice, who stayed for a couple of weeks during

swim-school season. She also welcomed the "Janice Falls tour group" on their Disneyland phase of their vacation.

Coban, five, came in one day and said, "I have something good to tell you and something bad." Of course Randy was intrigued and asked was they were. "The good news is that I found a roly-poly. The bad news is that its dead!"

Unfortunately, Coban, Normandie and Kayledeane all showed their appreciation for having such a wonderful mom by coming down with chicken pox! They've all recovered, though. All is well, and now they're hard to spot.

Helen's Family

Aubrey and Helen have been really busy this summer. They recently returned from Idaho Falls where they attended Aubrey's 50-year class reunion. Aubrey had been the senior class president in 1937, so was honored to serve as the master of ceremonies for the occasion. He said that some of his classmates he had not seen since graduation, so it was really something to meet again after long years had passed. They won a prize for having the most grandchildren (46).

They have had Brian's children visiting for most of the summer. Being in Missouri, the kids have enjoyed some of their cousins, too. Being near Robert and Ginny's farm, the children have hauled hay, tended chickens, played kickball and baseball, and got lots of chiggers while picking blackberries. On the fourth of July, Dixie's family came over and really celebrated with lots of fireworks and a picnic.

Lane's family are still in Houston, working and playing hard. They are looking forward to the family reunion we're having next month. Brian and Helena are taking the opportunity while their kids are at Grandpa's to do some major fixing up in their home that they recently moved to in Houston. Kristine and Steve are up to their necks in their work promoting Bi-centennial of the Constitution Calendars and memorabilia. They plan to come to Missouri for the Andelin Family Reunion, not a small trek from Virginia. John and Cindy won't make it down from North Dakota for the reunion, but they are doing really great there. We all miss them being so far away. Paul and Judy and family are in the middle of moving near Memphis, Tennessee where he will be stationed for three years. Paul recently finished his medical residency program at Camp Pendleton and really enjoys being a doctor.

Merilee and Craig try to stay as cool as possible in Mesa, Arizona this summer and look forward to having their baby this fall.

We plan to include a short personal history of one of the family in each Berry Patch issue:

Kristine Berry Hales

"Of all the luxuries given me as a child, the love of my parents was the greatest. I never doubted their love, and appreciation for me as a daughter. I also found as I grew up my sisters, Dixie, Ginny, and Merilee were my best friends, and my teenage idols were my brothers.

I met Steve Hales at BYU through a blind date. I immediately noticed something in him. It was his ability to dream and plan and visualize projects. Our life has been full of these experiences. After one year being married, and one baby, we went to Israel to live for six months (this due to Steve's schooling in foreign policy/middle east studies.)

We returned to the states for graduate work at the Middle East Center in the University of Utah. School was drawn out for a number of years due to the progressing number of babies coming to us, and the need for finances provided by businesses Steve put together. By the time we left school, we had five children.

We then moved to Missouri, tried out the rural experience, and found it not our bag. We are now living in Virginia on the outskirts of D.C. where Steve is working on political interests. We have nine children and they are all really enjoying the area. My life has been anything but boring and is getting better all the time."

Dean's Family

Uncle Dean reports that he is now 6' 3 1/2" instead of 6'5" (the incredible shrinking man!) In August, the majority of his kids and Uncle Dean are backpacking in the Sierras. He takes his hiking boots to work with him every day--and during his lunch time, he hikes up and down the hospital stairs. The Vision Care Center has expanded tremendously and includes 8 doctors, more than 10 employees, a full-time administrator and its own surgery center. And they've just opened their fourth office.

Bruce and Anna Wood

Bruce is still in L.A. working, and Anna is in Reno waiting for junior to come (due August 8th). Bruce walks around the office with a loaded pager and a list of every available flight and time to Reno. We're still waiting for that potential buyer for our Reno home!

Anna and Karen taught swimming lessons again this summer, 5 weeks in Utah and 3 weeks in Orange County. Stephanie Rice taught with us and is a terrific instructor. After our 3 weeks in Orange County, we found out that we had taught a lot of kids belonging to some professional football players (Steve Dills, Doug Smith, Vince Ferragamo, Rutledge, Foote) it was quite exciting!

Jon Berry

is enjoying his new condo in Costa Mesa. He just completed his 5th year at Ford Aerospace doing computer simulations and math modeling. He recently completed a triathlon in Mission Viejo and enjoys being a hotel service for Lance, Brent, and anyone else who comes in. Of special note: Jon sang the national anthem in his Barbershop Quartet at the 4th of July Angels game.

Karen and Brent Mitterling

Here is another long-distance relationship of note--Brent is working in Lancaster, and Karen is in Riverton still waiting for that potential buyer for their home. Baby Justin has started to crawl and is extremely vocal and very impatient when he is hungry. One loud holler at lunch time and everyone in the neighborhood jumps! He also had a very exciting case of the chicken pox.

Karen and Brent--you'd better put on those hiking boots because Mark and Lynne are determined to out hike you! Watch out, though, cause Brent Mitterling has oversized lungs and never gets winded. The doctors can't even get his lungs X-rayed onto one picture. They take two and then piece them together! By the way, he's a very successful long-distance runner.

Juana and Matt Berry

So far we know, Matt and Juana made it to Japan OK. They live in a town outside of Tokyo on the coast, and Matthew is teaching English to Japanese businessmen. We'll fill you in on some of their adventures soon.

Mark and Lynne Berry

Mark has finally graduated from Long Beach State in Finance and is currently employed as an appraiser. By the way, Lynne is an investment broker. Mark and Lynne are both playing coed volleyball in the ward. As Mark is an avid surfer, Lynne just bought herself a surf board and is going to attempt to Hang 20.

Lynne has been reading all the cookbooks she can find--learning how to cook. She must be doing well--Mark has gained 15 pounds in the five months they've been married.

They are looking forward to the backpacking trip--and are working out at the gym in order to keep up with Karen and Brent! P.S. They say they are saving for babies...

Brent Berry

is working graveyard at a warehouse in Fresno and is training hard or hardly training for BYU volleyball again this next year. He reports that he asked five girls out and they all turned him down--a NEW RECORD. He finally got one to go out with him, but it turned out she was only 17 and her parents wouldn't let her go out with an older man, so they turned him down! Better luck next time!

Maree's Family

News from Patagonia

Markay Hamblin reports that he has had offers for a teaching position from Snowflake and Phoenix, but has decided to stay at Patagonia where he taught last year. He is spoiled rotten with a four day a week teaching load that allows him to finish his masters degree, as well as to pursue his other interests. He teaches the gospel doctrine class at Nogales.

Timothy, Markay's youngest, is awaiting his mission call. Daylynn, number two son, now assistant director at a ten-unit show house in Mesa, plans to go to BYU next year to continue his college major in film making. Leo, number one son, has finished all he can at Ricks, and will take his wife and little son to Provo next year to continue his major in computers and engineering.

Markay's only daughter, Genette, and her husband David, love their ranch in Kansas. He commutes to his job for a major airline. She loves staying at home and being a full-time mom to their two darling little girls.

Markay reports that he went into Nogales, 14 miles south of Patagonia, to get a haircut, and for the first time had to wait a considerable length of time for his turn. The barber explained, as he finally reached the chair, that "All these young long-haired punks suddenly want their hair cut 'just like Colonel North's.'" Isn't it remarkable what one man can do for his country? I see Hollywood has paid the Colonel the supreme compliment. They have blacked out the H and the name of their city now reads "Ollywood." Isn't that neat? How can those fat cats in congress ever commit a man that told the truth when he said he lied?



Aunt Maree's Attic

It Happened One Night

We live in the sleepy little town of Monett where our most exciting headlines read of THE NEW SEWER PLANT or IT RAINED ON OUR PARADE. "It's so boring around here" is such a common phrase among the young that I forbid the teens to use it in my presence. A sleepy town in the midwest is a lot sleepier than a sleepy town in the west. The knobs and hollers of our terrain keeps the floods and tornados at bay. Even during the Civil War and the Mormon mobbings, nothing happened within fifty miles of here. We have the only bank vault in Missouri that Jesse James and his gang couldn't open. They left empty-handed.

I live in a big Victorian house built at the turn of the century. They call it "The Blue Castle." A few friendly ghosts occupy the premises, but are nothing to be afraid of. The Coopers live in Pierce City, a little town smaller than Monett just 5 miles north. The Falls and the Andelins also live there, a quaint little place Walt Disney would love, with a gazebo right in the middle of town, and old men who ride their lawn mowers to the store to get their groceries.

We have a police force here that matches the way of life in our town. There was a disturbance reported on fourth street. My neighbor reported it to me and then called the police. But the police showed up at Leilani's on second street instead. When I complained, the Chief said, "Well, our men, although they have served faithfully for many years, are just not experienced in crime. There's not enough of it around." I don't know what that explanation had to do with going to the wrong address, but it was the best I was given.

Something happened at the Helf residence on 6th street, six blocks from the Blue Castle, that may change the way of life for our family in the coming years. They are very cautious. Now the whole family daresn't go upstairs or to the bathroom alone. they all go together with Jason standing watch out the door.

No one in Monett locks their doors in the daytime, and few do at night. But, Marilyn has made a habit of locking up at night since she has become a single parent with four teen age girls and one boy. Her twins, Kellie and Kim, recently flew the nest to pursue their careers and education. Jason, 18, works at MacDonaldis, trying to decide whether to join the Air

Force, or continue his ardent "Girl Watching." Kara, 16, works at Dairy Queen, and Jenna 14, stays with me when there is no one home. Recently Leilani's girl, Anna May 16, has been staying there to get a ride to work with Jason. Everyone sleeps upstairs except Kara and Anna May, who share a queen bed in the downstairs back bedroom. "Mr Muggs," their Chinese pug, accordian pleats and all, who was given to the family as a present for a watch dog when their father departed, sleeps in the utility room with the door open to the girls' bedroom.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Anna May was awakened by a big hairy hand on her bare leg. Even the fingers had hair. She pushed it away, then tried to scream. In silent shock, no sound would come forth. She managed to poke Kara and whisper, "There's someone here."

Kara turned sleepily, saw the outline of a big man as he laid down a big meat knife to feel Kara's leg, checking to see if Anna May was alone. Kara also tried to scream, but could not. The man, evidently deciding he couldn't handle two people, and forgetting his razor sharp butcher's knife, slowly backed out of the room. Neither girl could scream until they heard his foot-falls on the kitchen floor fading away.

Kara then screamed so loud, she says, that her own voice frightened her even more. Terrorized, the girls couldn't get off the bed. For some reason, probably instinct should the intruder come back, Kara held the razor sharp knife in her arms, hugging it to her chest (thereby erasing all the finger prints.)

"Mr. Muggs," an adolescent, used to a lot of noise, slept through all the screaming, evidently deep into his dog-dreams of the cute little poodle next door.

Marilyn heard the screams and ran downstairs. Thinking the girls had seen a spider or something, she did not awaken Jason to escort her with his baseball bat. He hasn't yet forgiven his mother for going without him, since she missed the intruder by seconds.

She called the police and they came immediately. They were almost as nervous as the family, and two additional officers were summoned, one weighing over three hundred pounds.

Marilyn, the most guilty of any in our family to make fun of our police force, said she was so glad to see them, she fell in their arms. It was then that "Mr.

Muggs" wandered in. Never having seen a policeman before, and not yet mature enough to distinguish between friend and foe, he went wild. He had to be restrained from eating them alive, with his gallant show of strength and power.

The Helf's home teacher arrived, and everyone discussed the situation until morning, while "Mr. Muggs" went back to sleep. They all decided against putting it in the paper and alarming the whole town. But without thinking, Marilyn told the postman, the biggest gossip in town.

The police continue to watch the place carefully, both day and night. Kara's and Anna May's boy friends gallantly sleep on the front room floor, along with Jason and his baseball bat and "Mr. Muggs." They theorize what to do should the intruder return. They are careful to make sure all doors and windows are securely locked. The intruder had cut through the screen and entered the only unlocked window.

Rejected teenagers were eliminated as suspects because of the big and hairy hand. The knife, clearly belonging to the Tyson's Food Processing Plant, was without fingerprints. We have no private investigators in our town, but we do have Leilani's son David, Lucinda's boyfriend Larry, and Sallie's husband Gerzy who all three work at Tyson's. They'll be looking, but everyone who works there wears white gloves. It will be hard to spot a hairy hand under those conditions, and there may be a hundred workers with hairy hands.

I thought of calling my grandson, Marty Cooper, on the Arizona Police Force, and a member of the highest ranking SWAT team in the nation. But, since I presumed his suggestion would be to SWAT "Mr. Muggs" and forget the intruder, I have refrained from that contact. A hairy hand isn't much to go on, only perhaps for Scotland yard, but if anyone can solve this mystery, they will get a GREAT BIG CREDIT MARK from Aunt Maree. Let us hear from you. --Aunt Maree

Mr. Muggs

(written before the hairy-handed intruder broke into the Helf residence)

I wanted a dress of satin and lace,
But instead I got a dog with a
squished up face.
A dog! A dog! Did I say a dog?
Well, why does he have a tail
like a hog?

I can't find the words to describe
this mutt.
All I know is he's a pain in the
butt.
He comes from a line known only as
pugs.
This doggie of mine is Mr. Muggs.

HERBERT ALONZO BERRY

by his daughter Maree Berry Hamblin

As a child I never heard my father speak any unkind word to Mother or to any of us children. He never left our home, even for a short while, without first kissing Mother goodby. This was great emotional security for us to witness their deep love and to see it demonstrated each day. In our family there was no quarrelling. Mother was the disciplinarian and being steps ahead of any awkward situation, we hadn't much reason for disputes. But, if we so much as questioned Mother concerning her reasoning, Dad would immediately step in to her defense and ask if we meant to be impudent. That is a word almost on the endangered list in today's world. But we heard it often, and only a "No Sir," would set us free.

May Whiting and Herbert Berry attended high school together after both families had moved to St. Johns within two weeks of each other. When May saw Herbert for the first time, they were in Sunday School. Her first thought when she gazed at the handsome stranger was "If we were to marry, what good-looking children we'd have!" But it wasn't until January 1, 1905 that he got up enough courage to propose to her. They were returning from a picnic, with Herbert driving the buggy and Frank and Martha in the back seat. In her diary, May recorded the proposal in these words:

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes," I said as fast as I could.

"I have a cow and two horses,"

Herbert timidly volunteered.

"Oh, that's all right. I also have a cow, so that will give us two cows and two horses."

When May said yes, Herbert promptly dropped one rein and nearly overturned the buggy.

My parents were married October 5, 1905 in the Salt Lake Temple. It was all very romantic, including the train trip from Arizona along with three other couples getting married at the same time. Grandpa Berry gave my parents a little log house for a wedding present. It set on a half acre of ground just three blocks from the center of St. Johns. There was an orchard, cow sheds, chicken coop, and a pig pen with a sty. There were poplar trees in front and currant bushes, hollyhocks and yellow roses all around the place. Effie, myself, Kay and Lee were all born there, delivered by old sister Sherwood. It was a cute little house right out of a storybook. Mama kept it spotless.

Papa's first job was working on a roundup. Mama cried when she found he had forgotten his lunch, but had taken his gun. She cheered up when he returned a week later with eight silver dollars. He was all cowboy during the week, with chaps, big hat, spurs, and always his gun. Only on Sunday did he wear his white starched shirt, celluloid collar, derby hat and button shoes. He was a handsome man.

A wealthy Mexican sheep owner offered Dad all the little lambs he could save if he would go to the White Mountains where his herd was lambing. There was a freak snowstorm at the time, and not much hope of saving any lambs. Mama went with him, they took a big tent, and saved hundreds of little lambs. This was their start in life. They built them into a herd and then into a band. Sheep went up in price and they sold. At the same time, cattle were down. They bought cattle and held them until the price went up, then sold. Not daring to gamble further, they decided the safest place to put their money was in Dad's head. He had wanted to be a dentist since he was ten years old when a traveling dentist had stopped his wretched toothache. Dad had no thought of making money (he could do that in sheep and cattle). He only wanted to stop pain for suffering people. And besides, his Patriarchal Blessing had told him he was to do just that.

Several years passed before their dreams began to materialize. He delayed dental school to build a new house for his family, lest something happen to him. They furnished it completely, and it was beautiful. The other cause of his delay was the negative attitude of his folks and all of the rest of the town toward him striking out into the unknown on such a hair-brained idea as "going clear to Chicago, wherever that was, for more education, as if he needed it." Only two people in town were not against his plans: his father-in-law Edwin Whiting, and Brother Sainsbury, the high school principal.

During this time, Dad passed the dreaded teachers exam and taught school for three years. His first year he taught at El Toole, a Mexican school on the banks of the future Lyman Dam. The next year he taught at Greer Valley. The last year he taught at District 11 school in St. Johns. He was paid \$60 per month, and Mama saved \$50 of each check. When Aunt Martha heard about this, she called Mama a spendthrift, for Uncle Frank was working at Z.C.M.I. for the same salary, and she saved \$55 each month.

The great day finally arrived, and we left for Chicago, traveling by train. Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha were in Chicago where he was already studying medicine. They helped us get settled.

When registering at the Chicago School of Dentistry, Papa found that they would not accept him, since he lacked algebra for a high school diploma. They gave him a textbook and told him to study it, then go across Lake Michigan and take the algebra exam at Valpariso. He did just that and passed it in three weeks.

Papa loved the university. He became a senior test-master before he finished, and years later took several trips back just to walk around those beautiful grounds. Papa did much of his studying aloud, and Effie and I learned many big medical terms. Medulaoblonggotta was one of our favorites, and this delighted Papa. Sometimes he would get so tired studying he would lie on the sofa and Mama would read to him. She also learned so many of those terms I think it helped her years later when she began to work in his office.

Our first summer in Chicago, when finances began to become worrisome to our parents, they both found part-time jobs. Aunt Martha took care of us when they were gone. Mama worked as a hat trimmer, and she was good at that. Each day she came home and would give us a full account of the happenings of the day. Papa's experience in an ice cream parlor enabled him later to introduce to St. Johns the ice cream cone, and the malted milk (he shook them by hand in a sterling silver container while customers watched). He also brought in the ice cream soda and soda pop. St. Johns called it "Herbert's Soda Water."

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Whiting request your presence at the Reception of the Marriage of their daughter

MAY

to

MR. HERBERT BERRY

to be given at the bride's home Nov. 4 1905

Dinner at 8 o'clock P. M.

Our parents found Chicago was a poor place to raise children, and Kay was the deciding factor that caused Mama to return to Arizona with the children while Papa finished school. We had moved four times, each time to a place with a higher fence within which to try and corral Kay. When he scaled the last one, a six footer, and Mama caught him two blocks from home running down a railroad track over which a trail roared every eight minutes, Mama refused to stay any longer.

Papa took us all back to St. Johns where he worked until school started at the old mill of which he owned half interest with Grandpa Whiting. Mama studied for the teachers exam, passed it and accepted a position at Alpine, teaching eight grades in a little log house. Papa took us there in a little covered wagon. We led our cow and it took us three days to travel the sixty miles. We moved into the teacher's cottage, and I didn't realize until years later when I went back to look the place over that the cottage was a shanty.

Mama had a way of making every place we ever lived a comfortable home. We thought nothing of brushing the snow off our beds each morning, when Alpine experienced the worst winter in its history. Men swore, cattle froze, but Mama took it all in stride. Her day began by taking out the ashes and building the fire. After that she fed and milked the cow. Carrying in the wood and two big buckets of water from the spring, she prepared breakfast for the family. Then she carried Lee through the snow to the babysitter's. On returning she saw that the rest of the family were ready, and we arrived at school by 8:00 so she could prepare her lessons before school started at 9:00. Kay, strangely, became an angel at Alpine. When he realized that he was no longer fenced in, he curled up on a little rug in front of the big fireplace at school, and slept the winter away.

Papa returned to Chicago to continue his studies. He hated terribly to leave his young and attractive wife in that wild and isolated place. He cheered up when Mama wrote that she had won the Thanksgiving Turkey Shoot against all those sharpshooter cowmen and cowboys gathered from miles around. Mama was afraid of a mouse, but she was not afraid of a gun. She was the best teacher I ever had, yet in that community she was remembered more for her skill with a gun than her teaching ability.

When school was out for the summer, Papa came home again and worked in the sawmill. We settled down in the new house Papa had built before he started dental school. When Papa returned to Chicago for his last year at the university, Mama taught at the old Mexican school on the hill. It was white washed, and we could see it from the top of Sierra Trigo. The Mexican kids were supposed to be hard to handle, but Mama had no problem with them.

It was a great day in our family when Papa graduated and came home to stay. He practiced in St. Johns for a while until he had a good offer from Dr. Blaine, of Prescott, Arizona, who had been one of the examiners who had given Papa the state examination for his license to practice. He accepted. We closed our house again, bought the first model T Ford in town and moved to the enchanting little city of Prescott.

Our house was high on a hill overlooking the whole city. It had the first electric lights we had ever seen. This house was completely furnished down to Rogers silverware, table linens, gilt framed paintings, statuettes from Italy and velvet cushions on the black leather tuft sofa in the parlor. There

was an entire library on the second floor and the beds were all made, complete with spreads. Our parents felt extremely lucky to find such a nice four-bedroom house at such extremely low rent. They soon found the neighbors considered it to be haunted.

Our parents didn't believe any such "drivel". However, every night, exactly at midnight (just like the movies) strange noises would begin to come forth from the depths of that dark, dank basement. We would hear Papa get out of bed and with his trusty flashlight begin his nightly prowling of ghost investigation. This went on for months. The whole thing lasted about 15 minutes each night, and always at the same time.

One midnight, Papa came up from the basement chuckling. He had solved the mystery. Every night exactly at midnight a train approached Prescott. The vibrations coming from the long line of freight cars causing the partly hidden steam pipes in the basement to clank together. The slowing down of the engine caused the different tones and pitches the pipes emitted. Papa stuffed rags in all the empty places, and from then on we all slept soundly.

One Wednesday, while Mama was shopping, us kids went to the nursery on the second floor to play detective. We had just seen a detective movie the night before, so we searched for a secret door. We were startled when we really found one. Soon we had pulled eight trunks from their hiding places, and were knee deep in tissue paper. These priceless treasures included velvet-lined cases of sterling silverware, a trunk full of hand-painted dinner china and priceless crystal, two trunks of Paris gowns and hats that defy description, and a trunk full of civil war uniforms, including one of a general, complete with sword. We had a wonderful afternoon with all these treasures, but the lesson we learned upon Mama's return was that we had to put it all back, simply "because it isn't ours." We were all crushed, but it was a lesson in honesty none of us ever forgot.

It was in this house that baby Norma caught the measles along with the rest of us. She had a relapse and complications. When her tonsils began to swell up like the mumps, the doctor informed my parents that she would not live. We returned to St. Johns where my parents knew Uncle Frank's skill in medicine could save her. He saved Norma's life, and our family never forgot it.

Before the war was over, Prescott was caught in the Spanish Influenza epidemic that had spread across the country. Schools closed, and only a few offices and stores remained open a few hours a day. Papa closed the dental office and stayed home to care for all of us, including Mama. He moved all of our beds into the big parlor, and turned it into a hospital. Every day we saw the hearse drive by to pick up the bodies of our friends and neighbors. When we began to recover, Mama taught us all to crochet. This seemed to calm us all down. Kay and Lee crocheted big balls of chain stitching. They have both said that this skill helped them in their medical training, and have suggested that young boys be taught to crochet just in case they later choose medicine as a career.

The war ended and the flu epidemic was lessening, but Norma's health was getting more delicate, and the doctor suggested that Papa take her to a milder climate. We moved to Mesa, Arizona, where Papa joined Dr. Light in a nice office in the middle of town. He bought a small house across from the Vance Auditorium, later called the Mezona. Helen was born in this house. In about a year, Papa bought a house

one block from the temple site. It was in this house that Dean was born.

In 1926, our parents sold out, and moved to Utah. Just before they moved, they stopped in St. Johns to attend my wedding. One month later my husband and I saw them briefly when we went there to go through the temple. They were disenchanted with Utah and returned to Arizona, settling in Phoenix less than two years later. Here, they bought a big home on 13th street, built a duplex and bought another one next door. Dad rented a beautiful suite of rooms on the 7th floor of the Luhrs building in downtown Phoenix, and his practice soon flourished. Kay went to Africa on a mission, Lee went to Brazil on his, and my husband and I went to Hawaii to assist the Mission President, serving as Mission Parents on the island of Hawaii. It was 1929. Just before we boarded the ship to Hawaii, the big crash came. The stock market crash took its toll, and then the country entered the long, dark depression. Everything changed, and we had no funds whatsoever on our mission. With President Grant's permission, I organized a private kindergarten and taught half a day. It kept us on our mission.

By the time we returned, Mother and Dad had reached the bottom, financially, and had lost everything they had. Dad traded his practice for one in Holbrook and when I went down the first time to see them, they had rented an old warehouse behind Schusters' Store. They had partitioned it off for a combination office and home. Mother became Dad's office girl and he never again let her go. She doubled his income the first month.

When I first saw them there, I hardly knew what to say. Here were my parents that had always had things going for them, dead broke without enough to rent decent living quarters. The front room was raw adobe with no windows. Mother was bent over a little stove, loaned to them by a relative. She was pulling out a big batch of fresh bread, and the room smelled like home. She saw me, and what I thought would be tears, was an honest smile. We fell into each others' arms, and still no tears. I finally blurted, "Well Mother, how are you. How do you feel about all that has happened?" She was tearing me off a chunk of hot bread and buttering it for me. As she handed it to me she smiled again and said, "I feel just like a new bride. We're starting all over again. It feels kind of romantic."

A moment later, Dad came in. We kissed and hugged and I asked him the same question. "Dad, how do you feel about all of this?" Well, it's like a snake losing its old skin. It feels kinda good," he said. People who had lost less in the depression had given up in despair, and yet these two really and truly felt content. It was their attitude that made the difference.

The depression continued to worsen. People suffered for lack of dental care, but could not afford the fees or the gas to come to Holbrook. So Dad devised a plan: he would go to them and relieve their suffering. (He was the only dentist in two counties.) The plan was pure inspiration. Mother approached the Relief Societies and School Boards in each town and worked out an agreement. Dad would lower his rate 25%, The Relief Society would pay 25%, the School Board would pay 25%, and the parents would pay the final 25% for every child in the area. Dad had a trailer built and equipped it for a traveling dental office. He and Mother traveled weekdays, coming home on weekends, and in each town they parked and stayed until the work was finished. Adults paid in beans, milk, bottled fruit, crochet work, quilts, or whatever they could spare.

Our parents soon began to see their way financially. Even at his drastically reduced prices, with Mother's management and steady help, they began to get ahead. This whole thing had been difficult for Norma, Helen and Dean. These last three children still living at home were hard put to adjust to living in an adobe cave on the wrong side of town, with Mother and Dad gone during the week. But inside of five years, our parents had built the first really nice motel that Holbrook had seen, and in another year they built two duplexes nearby, one of which was reserved for family use. Dad's new dental office was built at the front of the motel. The family ran the motel, which proved to be an excellent investment.

Mother was in her glory. She had turned into a super business woman, the old Whiting blood was beginning to show. These were the years that we can tell the most funny things about Mother. It was here that she borrowed my green two-door Plymouth to go to town and came back with the sheriff's black four-door Dodge. He was not amused, after sending out road blocks from Flagstaff to Albuquerque, to find his car parked in front of Mother's door, with her quaint explanation that "the two cars just looked so much alike."

Nor was Dad amused one night when Mother was getting ready for bed and he noticed all those little yellow sales tags on a dress underneath the dress she was removing. She had been shopping, she hurriedly explained, and had forgotten to take the last one off. No, Dad did not let her wait until morning to phone Penney's store manager of her blunder.

Effie went to school in Tempe, and at B.Y.U. She attended Business College where she became a secretary. While working, she met May Robson, an old time movie star who played character parts. She and her husband helped Effie get a job at a radio station in Phoenix, where she wrote daily 15-minute skits called "Ma and Pa" which were sketches taken from her Whiting Grandparents' lives. She met Bill Ellsworth, who had been one of Kay's missionary companions, and they were married in 1934.

Just a few months later, Kay and Elizabeth were married. Lee and Virginia were married in 1936. Kay went to dental school, and Lee went to medical school.

Mother's health had never been good since the birth of her stillborn twins. When World War II was declared, Dad moved Mother to Lynwood, California so that she would be near her specialist.

There were many happy times in the house on Long Beach Boulevard they built next to Dad's dental office. Their house was a lovely place with deep red velvet drapes, Chinese rugs and plenty of room for guests. We all remember the Thanksgiving dinner when we sat down to Mother's table, set with her best china and pink crystal, everything in place except the turkey. But when Dad went to do the honors, he found the bird was raw. Mother had forgotten to turn on the gas oven. Instead of going into hysterics, Mother laughed and sent to the corner shop for 30 hamburgers, 30 orders of fries and 30 milk shakes.

The time came for me to inform my parents of my impending divorce. I wrote, dreading that their reply might urge me to try harder and longer, which I had already done. Their return letter said "We have worried about you for years. Go ahead, you have our blessings." This lifted a big black burden from my shoulders. My parents instinctive understanding and trust in my judgment sustained me during that awful crisis. It was five years before

my mother asked me a single question as to details. By then I had mended enough to talk about it. Her insight was fantastic.

While they lived in Lynwood, the war was on in full force. Dean enlisted in the Navy, Lee joined the Medical Corps in the Army, Jack joined the Army and Jack and Joycell were married. Aubrey and Helen married, and lived nearby while Aubrey was in dental college. Effie and Bill lived in San Bernardino. Norma worked as a secretary in Lynwood. Kay and Beth lived nearby. Dad and I went in partners and bought a lemon and avocado ranch at Etawanda. I taught there for awhile, but could get no help for the ranch, so I was forced to quit teaching in order to do the tractor work myself.

In 1947 our parents were called on a mission to the Central States, where Dad served as first counselor under his cousin and brother-in-law, Dr. Frank Brown, and Mother served as supervisor of the mission YWMA. We sold the ranch because Dad didn't want to leave me there alone with all that hard work. By that time, Norma was married to Randy, and I moved to Gridley, California where they lived, and I built a motel there.

Even though Effie's health had always been poor, shock waves rebounded through the family when she died suddenly in 1948. She had married in her late twenties, then died at the age of 41, leaving five young children and a grief stricken husband.

The folks returned from their mission, and Dad continued his dental practice in Lynwood. Dean entered medical school and Jack began dental school. A few years later, Mother's health continued to deteriorate so Dad retired in order to take care of her. They moved to Tucson to be with Norma. Mother passed away quietly the day after Norma's baby, Bradley Fife was born, in the same hospital. The doctors told Dad that his tender care had kept her alive 21 years longer than she otherwise would have.

Mother had done more than her share of church work through the years. She had been Primary President in Mesa, Relief Society President in Phoenix, Holbrook, and Lynwood. She often served in the M.I.A. Many came to her for counsel and she gave freely of her time and talents.

To be able to endure his loss, Dad married again. He chose Aunt Martha, who a few years before had

lost Uncle Frank. They had some happy years playing their mandolin and guitar and traveling together. They worked in the temple constantly, Dad being especially needed because of his ability to speak fluent Spanish.

Norma, like Effie, had married in her late twenties. It is odd that Norma also died suddenly at the age of 41, leaving five young children and a grieving husband. Dad had difficulty speaking of Effie and Norma, and he never got over those losses.

During his last years, Dad did volunteer dental work for Los Angeles County without remuneration. He also spent a summer in Alaska, taking over a dental practice for a colleague on vacation. He had been a missionary all of his life and had converted over 40 people before he was called on a mission as first counselor to Uncle Frank. He continued to do missionary work wherever he was the rest of his life, converting hundreds.

Dad developed a bad heart, had open-heart surgery and wore a pacemaker, which kept him alive the last seven years of his life. He and Aunt Martha moved from their home of many years in Alhambra, to Chino near where Aunt Martha's daughter, Ruth Lewis lived. Ruth helped care for them both when Dad's health began to fail. She helped for years when neither of them could drive anymore and father needed help beyond that which Aunt Martha could provide.

We moved him to Kay and Beth's for his last two days. The last time I heard Dad's voice, he was preaching the gospel to one of his nurses. He passed away quietly in her arms that night. Both nurses attended his funeral and both later joined the church.

Dad had been a missionary, a sheepman, a cowman, a teacher, a lumberman, and a dentist. He had been chased by Indians, and had ridden in the Pony Express. He had been the perfect husband and father. He had led a full life and had released thousands from pain.

My parents left a legacy of self-discipline, fond memories, and a sense of humor. Those qualities have built up my life.

May and Herbert Berry--missionary
photograph taken about 1947.



HERBERT'S NEW CAR

By Randy Fife

In about 1947, my father-in-law, Herbert A. Berry, decided to trade in his much-traveled Desoto. After much tire kicking, he decided he liked the Oldsmobile 98. Without consulting any of his sons or sons-in-law, he went to the local Oldsmobile dealer, and made a deal for the trade-in of his old car for a new one.

The salesman obviously knew that he had an easy buyer, so he made the best deal he could for himself and the company that he represented. Because there was not enough time to detail and deliver the car on the day of the purchase, the salesman said, "Dr. Berry, take the Desoto home with you tonight, and tomorrow we will have your new car ready for you."

When Dr. Berry arrived home, he remembered one of the things that downgraded the Desoto was the rather worn tires. He went to the service station next door to his office, and had four new tires installed, and the brakes repaired!

The next morning the salesman looked the old car over carefully to determine whether or not anything had been removed, and to be sure it was in the same condition as on the previous day. To his surprise, he noticed four new tires on the car. He said, "Dr. Berry, did you put new tires on the car?" Dr. Berry explained, "I was afraid that the person buying the Desoto might have a blowout or tire trouble which might cause a serious accident." The salesman was so overcome with this honest act that, on the spot, he said, "I think I have made a mistake on the price of this car." He then lowered the price of the car to the lowest possible cost, and gave up half of his commission.

I brought the car in for the 1,000 mile checkup, and met the salesman. He said, "I do not know what came over me, but I had never met a man like Dr. Berry before. I just did not have the heart to take advantage of him. This is the first time I have ever reduced my commission."

The Big Puddle In the Middle of the Road

by Louine Berry Hunter

Grandma often told of their early years together, and of their decision for Grandpa to go to Dental School. But did you ever hear Grandpa tell of his memories of those hectic days? He told us how he went back to dental school in Chicago, leaving his wife and four children in a poorly built cabin in the mountains in Alpine, Arizona, where Grandma taught school.

He said that when he was away at school and found it very hard, he felt like the frog in the big puddle in the middle of the road. Puddle as it would, it just couldn't get out. Then, all of a sudden, it was out. One of its fellow frogs asked him how he did it. He said, "A big truck came along and I had to get out." So I guess we don't know what we can accomplish until we find that we have to or else!

THE OFFICE

by Lynn E. Ellsworth

The back room of Grandpa Berry's dentist office was always cluttered with a most wonderful assortment of tools and materials: a grinder and its polisher, clamps, sets of false teeth, a human skull and so forth.

Grandpa Berry took absolutely every opportunity to share the gospel with others, even with nurses who attended him while in the hospital when he got his famous pacemaker.

Both grandparents lived life with gusto, enjoying the Gospel, family, friends, and opportunity, taking special delight in the affairs of their posterity.

They must have had faults, but I can't think of what they were. Their greatest legacy to us, though, was their example of how to live, how to treat your fellowman, and your family.

A TRULY SCIENTIFIC MIND

by Diana Fife Rice

During Grandma's final illness, she and Grandpa came to our home to stay. For the next few months, Grandma slipped in and out of comas. During this difficult time, I became better acquainted with Grandpa Berry. I learned what a truly scientific mind he possessed.

I loved to walk with him in the desert. Because cactus was in such great abundance, he began to wonder how all those reservoirs of water could be made productive to man. He bought cactus candy to sample (a nasty use of the plant, we decided.) He gathered baskets of prickly pears, peeled and juiced them, and made quarts of prickly pear jam. The jam was bright red, and very tart and tasty. And he planted corn and wheat directly in the flesh of several different types of cactus to see if the seeds would germinate. I still think it was a great idea. That experiment failed, but Grandpa succeeded in showing me how to wonder and explore.

THE MOST WONDERFUL SUMMER OF MY CHILDHOOD

by Marilyn Helf

One of the choicest memories I have is of the summer that Grandpa Berry came to visit us in Alaska. I was 9 years old and it was the most wonderful summer of my childhood. That memory is so precious to me that I still often shut my eyes and go back those many years ago to relive the love and joy that those days brought me.

I can remember walking with Grandpa in the warm afternoons, down the railroad track and to the river. Grandpa's appreciation of the beautiful Alaskan wilderness that we lived in still rings in my ears. He loved everything he saw, and exclaimed over the pine forests and the rugged mountains. I already loved Alaska, but his admiration of its beauty in some strange way made me ever more grateful that I lived there.

Down at the river, I showed off my fishing prowess by promptly catching several large salmon with a gaffing hook (legal in those territorial days.) I would have caught him a hundred, but he stopped me, saying, "Let's leave the rest to lay their eggs, we have all we need."

His concern and love of nature was evident to me. Once at home, I showed him how I cleaned the fish and cut them into smaking slices and sled-dog food. He praised my every move and I had never felt so admired and appreciated. I still, to this day, remember every smile and kind word he gave me. To my child-mind and heart, he was the personification of love and acceptance.

In life's timetable, my time with Grandpa Berry would probably have to be measured in moments, but how grateful I am for those moments. I saw Grandpa again only once, and just briefly, though we wrote to each other through the years. That fact makes me ever more thankful for that one beautiful Alaskan summer that Grandpa and I got to share.



Ward & Etta Heap & eldest son

ETTA BERRY HEAP

by her niece Maree Berry Hamblin

I was four years old when Aunt Etta married Uncle Ward Heap. All I can remember about her when she was single was the time Uncle Oron and Uncle Elmer teased her that now she was marrying into the Heap family she wouldn't have enough soap to wash her neck. The cleanliness of a girl's neck was a serious thing in those days, because girls were always emptying the ashes and working over smoky stoves. Girls would ask each other, "Does my neck look clean?" And mothers usually checked their daughters' necks before they went to the dance or school. I don't know why they worried at dances because the one big coal oil lamp hanging in the center of the room was a very dim light.

Etta's brothers' teasing was based on the reputation her future father-in-law had brought upon himself the day he stood during a Sunday School lesson on thrift and said "We should squeeze our silver dollar until the eagle squawks." Everyone in St. Johns was poor except a few who had stepped over the line from white to gray in their business deals. The adults knew exactly what he meant, and were impressed. But like every teen generation, Etta's brothers found his philosophy amusing. Their teasing made Aunt Etta cry. I had never seen her cry before, and it worried me.

Brother and Sister Heap, Etta's new in-laws were the most successful of the pioneers in St. Johns. Sister Heap's specialty was selling thick cows cream. My Grandma Whiting always bought cream from the Heaps for her ice cream parlor. Many times she sent me to their place for a ten pound bucket of cream. It was quite a walk in the hot sun from downtown, and I was always glad to reach to cool of their trees. Their house stood up on a little hill where you could see the whole town, and clear out to the Blue Hills. They had an orchard so well kept that there was hardly a stray leaf on the ground, nor was there a weed in their garden.

Sister Heap always invited me right in, and instead of having me stand, like most people did with children, she always invited me into her little parlor. It had rag-rug carpeting from wall to wall, and big fat feathered cushions on the rocking chairs. Hers was a typical pioneer home, but it was so clean you could smell the home-made soap suds and sand she had scrubbed with.

One day when Sister Heap was in the ice cream parlor to settle up with Grandma Whiting for the cream she had been buying, Grandma very cautiously mentioned to her that it seemed when she poured the cream into her own measuring cup that it wasn't quite a full measure. Sister Heap, of course, came up with an instant answer: "Well, my cream is very thick, and I can't be responsible for that which sticks to the sides of your buckets and cups." Grandma Whiting, a full-blooded Dane, and as thrifty as they came, learned a lesson that she quoted to others many times.

It turned out that Uncle Oron and Uncle Elmer needn't have worried about Aunt Etta not having enough soap to wash her neck. It was just the opposite. They were a perfect match. Uncle Ward was an excellent provider, and not only was Aunt Etta a super cook, an accomplished seamstress, and a good housekeeper, she had already learned from HER mother how to "SQUEEZE A SILVER DOLLAR UNTIL THE EAGLE SQUAWKED."

Before he was married to Etta, Henry Ward Heap

served a two year mission to England from 1909 to 1911. He was ill on his mission, and had several operations while there. After his return, Ward and Etta were married May 28, 1912 in St. Johns. They took the Stanley Steamer to Holbrook, boarded the train to Salt Lake City and were married in the temple June 7, 1912.

Soon the young couple traveled to Los Angeles where Uncle Ward completed a business course, including shorthand.

When Ward and Etta came down to "the Meadows" to report on their stay in Los Angeles, Aunt Etta got so excited in the telling that she stood to demonstrate how things were in the big city. She told of the ocean, the orange groves, the crowds of people, and the little apartment in which they had lived. I tried to imagine a bed that could disappear into the wall, oranges growing on trees, and a button you could push and have the whole room light up. Imagine, electric lights. Hollywood did not even have the entertainment renown we now connect with that city. And when Aunt Etta described their dining room as being so small you could barely stand up to replace the chair at the table, Effie and I dreamed of it being our perfect playhouse. Many years later I was to learn that their apartment had been what we now call an efficiency unit.

After the schooling in L.A., they lived in St. Johns, but came down to "The Meadows" to help harvest the crops. Aunt Etta helped her mother cook for everybody involved. One day Uncle Ward brought in a covered wagon loaded with all kinds of squash. In the wagon they would be cool and out of the sun. They took a lot of them to town to sell, and by then Effie and I had discovered that the wagon made a great playhouse. There were all kinds of squash, from the dainty little white summer squash we called our babies, to the pumpkins we called Mexicans and Indians. The rest we divided into youngsters, parents, and grandparents. The huge dark green squashes with big warts we called our enemies. We sometimes got so involved with our squash people we would forget where we were.

We had gotten quite attached to our squash people by the time Aunt Etta began coming out to the wagon, picking out the ones she wanted, and walking off with them. We were horrified, and began hiding our littlest babies. The first time she served summer squash at the table neither of us could eat it. It felt like cannibalism. But when she brought on the squash pie, our resistance crumbled, never to rise again. A piece of Aunt Etta's squash pie, piled high with heavy whipped cream, was something only a moron would turn down, for no one, and I repeat, no one, could ever make a squash pie as good as the ones Aunt Etta baked. And in the summer she managed on an old smoky wood stove, with the kitchen as hot as Hades. With a piece of squash pie in front of each of us, we hesitated a split second. It helped when Effie whispered, "She made this from one of our warty, mean people."

Uncle Ward was the Court Reporter for St. Johns County seat for many years. He took beautiful shorthand for the court proceedings. But as his holdings at "The Meadows" expanded when his father-in-law Tom Berry left, he and Aunt Etta bought more and better cattle and they went further into cattle ranching and raising feed.

Ward and Etta were both hungry for more education, and beyond what they could manage for themselves, they would sacrifice everything for their children's education. Since Aunt Etta was never satisfied unless they were progressing, she backed Uncle Ward all the way when he ran for a place on the St. Johns School Board of Education. He served on the School Board for many years. While I was teaching in St. Johns the principal often praised the Heap kids for always arriving at school on time, when some who lived just across the street were forever tardy. The Heap kids were always above average in their grades in school.

After I was married, and my husband and I came back from our mission to Hawaii, I went down early one morning before school to have Uncle Ward sign my teaching contract. It was a school day, and I was afraid they might not be up, since it was about seven a.m. They were all around the table eating a hearty breakfast, and Ora was pulling a big panful of hot biscuits out of the oven. Aunt Etta wanted me to eat, but I had already had my breakfast. Then she explained that breakfast at their house had to be late since they had all done a day's work before they sat down to eat. I was impressed. There was a table full of kids there, all shiny and ready for the oldest to drive them eight miles to school.

Uncle Ward and Aunt Etta taught their kids to not only work hard, but to work well. All the Dude ranches were fighting for Ora to be their head cook, even while she was yet in her teens. Her dutch oven biscuits were so light they would almost come up to meet your hand.

These kids had the wide open spaces at their finger tips, their own swimming hole where friends could come to picnic on the big surrounding boulders. And there were enough of their own family around that they were never lonely or bored. I envied them even way back then.

When the children began to grow up and date, Uncle Ward bought a house in town. The move made it real nice for Aunt Etta to take care of her church duties and visit with her mother and sisters and friends. But they still kept things up at "The Meadows." By then the boys were almost men and could manage high school, dating, and their Meadows chores better than most men could.

The pioneer men of St. Johns had abundant strength and dignity, but were low on humor and compassion. They had to be that way in order to survive the rigors of living on the land they had been called to settle by Brigham Young. These men seemed to speak to their wives in a slightly condescending tone, their questions like inquisitions, and their undertones of meaning unmistakable. However, the lines on their faces showed a map of their hardships and their unbelievable responsibilities. The telephones, like never ending miles of crucifixes between St. Johns and Holbrook, were not yet in place. But the droughts, the searing winds, the isolation, and the broken dams were.

The women pioneers of St. Johns were exceptional women. But I think the Lord had to share the faith they had in Him with that they had in their husbands, for each husband was the outward protector, forging her destiny with his. She could not survive without him. The submissiveness of the St. Johns women, was not weakness. Their men were the first generation of pioneer men in that community. Within the protective steel walls of their intellects, it was impossible for them to soften or to change. Good or bad, the iron-clad reasoning and authority of these men never wavered.

Aunt Etta was one of few women in town who slid gracefully from the old way where women let their husbands do their thinking for them, into the new age where women kept up with issues and made up their own minds. Some of the Berry women had more trouble than others in becoming able to express their views without relying on their husbands for support. As an example, I will relate a conversation between my Grandma Whiting, and Grandpa Tom Berry's sister, Aunt Cynthia. She had married John Brown, a polygamist who was county superintendent of schools. John Brown substituted for an encyclopedia reference in our town. Grandma Whiting, a born free-thinker, and Aunt Cynthia were arguing one day as to which direction Holbrook lay from St. Johns:

Grandma Whiting: "But Cynthia, Holbrook is west of St. Johns."

Aunt Cynthia: "Oh, no Mariah. Holbrook is east. John says so."

Grandma Whiting: "I don't care who says it's east. I've been there. It's west."

Aunt Cynthia: "Well, John says it's east, so it's got to be east."

Neither settled the argument, but I'm sure Aunt Cynthia went on thinking the rest of her life that Holbrook was east of St. Johns, since JOHN SAYS IT'S EAST!

There wasn't much to do in St. Johns in the evenings. So after supper was over, the men usually read, mostly to themselves. The wives had no such time, for their hands were full of patching, darning, or making quilt blocks to be made into quilts for their expanding families. They learned mostly from what their husbands wanted to share with them.

Aunt Etta seemed to manage both, somehow. I never saw her in the evenings without a basket of mending in her lap, unless she was working on a quilt with which she would surely win the county and state prize. But somehow, she managed to keep up on world news as well as church and local. I heard many a conversation between she and my Dad, and was amazed that she seemed as knowledgeable as he was about things, especially during World War II.

Aunt Etta and Uncle Ward made a great couple. They shot for the stars and reached them for their children. It has been proven by experts that if children have love, intellectual stimulation, and a model person in their home they will never become delinquent. Our church teaches that if children live in a home that pays tithing, has family prayer, and attends sacrament meetings, they will never go astray. So Aunt Etta's children had a double dose of the right kind of home and upbringing. Twenty-five of her posterity have served missions. Her oldest great-grandson is in the MIC right now, preparing for the Taiwan Mission. Three of her sons have served as Bishops and one as a Branch President. Last year, two sons and three grandsons were all serving as Bishops at the same time. It doesn't surprise me at all that one of her sons is a patriarch in Walnut Creek, California.

It's a thin wall that separates failure from success, but Aunt Etta had all the ingredients for achievement. Her tough, practical side she inherited from her father; her compassion, good nature and patience she received from her mother. But, it was on her own that she elevated herself from the common run of women. She was a marvel of organized goals and dreams, all on one track and steadily moving forward. Surely the Lord met her with open arms, since she was one who had not only achieved what He had expected of her, she had walked through his stiff path of requirements, holding tight to the iron rod to endure to the end.

MY MOTHER LOVES THE LORD

by Norman L. Heap

Editor's Note: This was originally a Mother's Day talk given by Norman Heap on May 11, 1980. Eighteen months later, his mother passed away, and with a few additional comments, this tribute was given at her funeral. The family statistics have been updated for this publication, and are current as of August, 1987.

I am thankful for this opportunity to pay tribute to my mother, Etta Berry Heap. By way of introduction, let me read to you what the Lord had to say about her, as contained in my Patriarchal Blessing. I was told in my blessing, "...the Lord chose the time for sending you down upon the earth to take a body, and you have come through goodly parents. Your mother is choice, strong, true, and intelligent. And she has taught you in the ways of the Lord. For this, I am sure your heart is thankful."

I am indeed thankful for my mother. She has taught me in the ways of the Lord. She is choice, true, strong, and intelligent.

Mothers give their children much in time and service, for which we should all be thankful. What mothers give their children reminds me of a Mothers' Day program nearly forty years ago. Someone sang the song, "M is for the many things she gave me. O means that she is growing old," etc. Some of us changed the words of the song and sang it this way: "M is for the many things she gave me. O is for the other things she gave me. T is for the things she gave me. H is for the hundreds of things she gave me. E is for everything she gave me, and R is for the rest of the things she gave me. Put them all together, the spell MOTHER, that's how much she means to me."

My mother has given me much, for which I am very thankful, but I prefer to share something else about her today.

When the Savior was asked, which is the first commandment of all, He responded, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandments greater than these." Mark 12:29-31

Isaiah and the Apostle Paul have declared, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." I Cor. 2:9

And again, the Lord has said, "If you love me, keep my commandments."

Observing the life of my mother for as long as I can remember, more than forty-five years, I am convinced, and bear testimony to you that my mother loves the Lord. She has kept His commandments.

The Lord provided Adam a mate, Eve, counseling that it wasn't good for man to be alone, and they became one flesh. Likewise we are counselled to leave our fathers and mothers and cleave unto our husbands and our wives and become one flesh. Etta Berry followed that counsel, found one worthy to take her to the Temple and was sealed for time and eternity there, June 7, 1912.

The Lord commanded Adam and Eve and their posterity to multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it. In response to that command, my mother gave birth to fourteen children. Three boys were stillborn, but six boys and five girls, or eleven of the children grew to maturity.

My parents knew about birth control, but chose not to practice it, at least long enough to bring fourteen children into the world. I'm very grateful they didn't stop at nine, because I'm number ten. From these eleven children have come sixty grandchildren and over two hundred great-grandchildren, and we are still counting.

My mother interpreted replenish and subdue to mean beautify the earth. For as long as I can remember, we had beautiful flowers and shrubs around our ranch home and later around our home in town. I was a grown man before I fully realized just how difficult it was for her to grow those flowers, shrubs, and gardens in such rocky, barren soil with alkaline water. To give you some idea of it, J. Golden Kimball, of the First Council of Seventy visited St. Johns, Arizona in the early part of the century. He exclaimed, "I haven't faith enough to live in such undesirable country." On another occasion he said, "St. Johns, like an old Indian rifle, would cost more to fix it up than it's worth."

In a more serious vein, however, Brother Kimball said, "I'm not worthy to unlatch the shoes of people of such great faith." He went on to pay tribute to the pioneers of St. Johns, which included both sets of my grandparents, who for thirty-five years served under a call from John Taylor, a prophet of God, to establish a settlement and ward of the Church in St. Johns. Such was the environment into which my mother was born.

Our home was filled with blue ribbons Mom won at the Apache County Fair for needle work, quilts, cooking, bottling, and related arts. Later, she learned to do copper etchings and paintings.

The Lord counselled parents in Zion, through a modern prophet, to baptise their children when eight years old and to receive the laying on of hands, and to teach their children to pray and walk uprightly before the Lord. (D&C 68:27-28).

One way to assess how well Mother did in this regard is to look at her children. All eleven living children were baptised and have received the Gift of the Holy Ghost. All six sons hold the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood. All five daughters married men who hold the Melchizedek Priesthood. All eleven children have been through the Temple for their own endowments. Ten of her eleven children have been sealed to their spouses in the Temple.

We had been taught to honor, obey, and sustain the law of the Land. Mother sent five sons into military service during World War II, and the Korean Conflict, where each served honorably and returned safely home. A sixth son, Franklin, served a full-time mission for the Church in the Northwestern States.

A latter day prophet counselled, every member a missionary. In response to that counsel, my mother has been influential in bringing several people into the Church who lived around her or in her community. Through her grandchildren, people all over the world have heard the message of the Gospel. So far, twenty-five grandchildren have served full time missions, with her oldest great-grandson currently serving on a mission.

Through the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Lord declared that the greatest responsibility we have in this life is to seek after our kindred dead. Etta Berry

Heap spent fifty years in active genealogical research, most of it through correspondence, due to her rural home. Her labors have resulted in hundreds of family group sheets, pedigree charts and Temple ordinances done for those she identified.

Her efforts enabled some of her children to tie into the research of others, so that today, some of our ancestral lines reach back sixty-five generations, a continuous unbroken chain of temple ordinances and sealings. Without the groundwork she laid, we could not have tied into the work of others.

Through latter day prophets the Lord counsels us to go to the Temple often, so Etta Berry Heap left her home in St. Johns and moved to a little trailer park near the Arizona Temple when she was sixty-eight years old. For the past eighteen years she has attended the Temple twice a week for six months of each year. While I don't know the exact figure, an estimated 850 to 1,000 women who departed from this life without benefit of the Gospel will yet call her name blessed. She indeed stands as a savior on Mt. Zion for these women, having spent more than 3,000 hours of her time doing temple work for them that they could not do for themselves.

Widowed at age fifty-one, Mom was left with five minor children, the youngest age eight. She has been able to accomplish all I have related, and much, much more under trying and the most difficult of circumstances.

As my sister Ora has observed, if our current Prophet were to call mother today and say, "Sister Heap, the time has come for you to walk to Independence, Jackson County, Missouri to help build the center stake of Zion," she would be one of the first onto the road, body bent from life's struggles, listing to one side, as a result of her two hip fractures held together with steel ball and shaft, her cane in one hand, her scriptures and a little unfinished hardanger embroidery in the other, inquiring, "Which way to Independence?"

Yes, Mom, all your children, Merle, Alton, Ora, Harbon, Doris, Elmer, Norman, La Velta, Dawn Etta, Vera, and Frank know you love the Lord, and in the words of Harbon's Mothers' Day poem written for you in 1972:

We are thinking of you today
And the trials that have come your way
Yours has been a busy life
With its share of toil and strife

Many of life's burdens you had to bear
There was so little time to spare
As your little family continued to grow
You washed and cooked and began to sew

With all the work there was little time for fun
We wonder how you got it all done
With family, hired men and chickens too
There was no time to think about you

Early in the morn before it was light
You started a fire and built it up bright
You mixed the biscuits and put 'em in to bake
With good milk gravy and plenty of steak

You searched out our ancestors and put 'm on a tree
Then proved which ones belonged to our family
You copied them down on just the right sheet
And gave them to your children as a special treat

I think of the fine example you always set
There's no finer mother that I ever met
You're always doing something worthwhile
Pleasant, cheerful, and going the extra mile

Just wanted to let you know on this special day
That I'll always be happy to say
You're the best Mom anyone ever had
For all you've done for me I'm very glad

Yes, my mother, Etta Berry Heap, loves the Lord, and her eyes have not yet seen, nor have her ears heard, nor yet has entered into her heart, the things the Lord has in store for her, FOR HE LOVES HER TOO.

Postscript at the funeral:

Mother fell and broke her hip eleven years ago. I thought that she might go at any time. For those eleven years, I've had a dream, a scene very much like the one in the film "Man's Search For Happiness." I see Mother climbing and climbing. Not in that old body she has laid to rest, but beautiful and dressed in white garments. And I see Dad there to meet her. Grandma and Grandpa Berry and Uncle Elmer, Uncle Herbert, Aunt Fannie, Aunt Zella, and Aunt Maude are there along with Grandma and Grandpa Heap, Uncle John, Uncle Byron, Uncle Dennis, Aunt Elva and all the others who have gone on. What a great and joyous occasion when we are reunited with them. I bear witness that the Gospel is true. I do not feel sad, I feel happy for this day. I know Mother has fought a good fight and has kept the faith and the Lord God of Heaven will say "Well done my good and faithful servant, enter into my rest."

Lifesketch of James Thomas & Sarah Berry's fourth child:

ELMER LEROY BERRY

by his niece Maree Berry Hamblin

I remember more about Uncle Elmer than any of my other uncles and aunts because he didn't marry early. He stayed on with, or next door to Grandma and Grandpa Berry until they died.

I suppose it was because Grandma came from Quaker stock, quiet and thoughtful in her manner of speaking, that all of her children inherited her prudent way of life. It is for this reason that some of the younger generation may have the idea that Uncle Elmer was a dull man, having lived a dull life. Not so.

After grade school in Eagerville, Uncle Elmer finished high school in the St. Johns Academy, a private school owned and guided by the Mormon Church. During those years, he fell deeply in love with a Snowflake girl, Seraphine Smith. She told him she didn't know whether to go Berry picking or Fishing (a boy from the Fish family) or to get Frost bitten. Everyone expected them to marry. She ended up marrying the Frost, leaving at least one broken heart. Being the gentleman he was, Uncle Elmer never told the details about his breakup with Seraphine.

If he had any thoughts of joining the French Foreign Legion to ease the pain of his broken heart, World War I came along and saved him the trouble. With a big chunk of his heart left in Snowflake, Uncle Elmer went off to war. He was my only uncle to serve in the military.

I was in fourth grade when he was in training camp. He wrote both Effie and me separate letters. I was delighted to hear from him and answered promptly. It was 1917, and he soon shipped out to go over seas. I did not hear from him again, for he was on the front lines between France and Germany, driving a four-mule team and wagon to deliver guns and ammunition. When he recorded his life history he barely mentioned the war, but did say that at times he was so close to the front he could see the dog-fights between the pilots in the air. Since there were only a handful of pilots in those days (many thought aircraft in war was just wasted money) he probably saw The Red Baron and Rickenbacker. Uncle Elmer also mentioned the mud up to his wheel hubs, and how hard it was to meet inspection during the muddy season, since the officers would examine his wagon and mules for any sign of dirt.

During the awful last months of the war, we never heard from him, but never forgot him in our family and private prayers. I was in the fifth grade and we were living in Prescott, Arizona when one midnight the siren blew so loud and so long it woke all of us up, even our baby, Norma. When after about 45 minutes it didn't stop, Papa got dressed and walked to town to see if the city was on fire. It wasn't: peace had been declared, Germany had signed an armistice.

It is difficult to describe the odd, heady sensation that washes over you when you learn that peace has been declared, unless you have lived through a war with a favorite uncle at the front. The country went wild in almost unbearable excitement. Schools closed, the stores shut their doors, and the band played all day in the city-park gazebo.

Even though the war was over, Uncle Elmer was held overseas during the occupation for two additional years. He was sent to France the first year and

stayed with a French family. Uncle Elmer hated the arrogant, selfish French, who had nothing good to say about the American soldiers who had saved them from extermination.

Luckily, he spent his second year in Germany, where he studied agriculture and animal husbandry. Strangely, even though recent enemies, the German family he stayed with treated him with respect and kindness. In fact their seventeen year old tutonic blond, blue-eyed daughter Anna was so kind he quickly fell in love with her. He wrote home to see what his folks thought about their blessings for a marriage. His parents sent their approval. I don't know what happened to squelch that union, but something came between them to separate them forever. Perhaps it was the language barrier, or the red tape, as the government made it very difficult for such marriages to be arranged.

Whatever the cause, this broken romance seemed to break his heart a second time, for by the time I saw him after the war, he had become a different man. He was much thinner. His face was haggard from the war which had erased entirely the fresh-faced look of the young man from the wide open spaces. He had taken on a more Roman look--sort of a first cousin to Charlton Heston in Ben Hur. Still, in his uniform, I stood in awe of Uncle Elmer, and proudly pointed him out to my friends.

I never heard him sing again, nor did he tease or go to dances, or socials of any kind. And I missed that. Although he bought a dairy farm in Gilbert, with 60 head of valuable Guernsey cows, using his mustering-out pay (exchanged for three years of his life for which to help bring peace to the world) he was withdrawn, and not a happy man.





During World War I, Elmer Berry was on the front lines between France and Germany, driving a four-mule team and wagon to deliver guns and ammunition. During the last awful months of the war, we never heard from him, but never forgot him in our family and private prayers.



Anna, the daughter of the German family he stayed with was so kind, he quickly fell in love with her. Whatever the cause, this broken romance seemed to break his heart.

This picture of Anna sat on the organ in Elmer's mother's home for many years.

Returning from the war, he had become a different man. His face was haggard, the fresh-faced look erased. I never heard him sing again, nor did he tease or go to dances or socials of any kind.--MBH

Kamuela, Hawaii
April 23rd, 1932

To our dear daughter Marjorie:
Wherever you may roam, think kindly of Mother,
Daddy, and Home Sweet Home. Your loving family,
Mama and Dad and All

In 1930, my husband Elbert and I were called to assist the Mission President as Mission-home parents in Hilo, Hawaii. These were depression years, and even with the help of our ward at home, we landed in the islands with our three-year-old, Joycell, and \$25. To make ends meet, I put together a private kindergarten, and this allowed me to keep Joycell with me while I worked.

My husband went out to the Waimea district to reopen a branch composed of inactive saints in the little village of Kahuēla. The old church house was in such a shambles, Elbert was tempted to set it on fire or disguise it as belonging to some other denomination. But, he and his companion ended up sweeping out the rat leavings and painting it inside and out.

When they announced church services, the little building was filled to capacity, mostly with curious people who had nothing to do on the Sabbath. Elbert got up to greet the congregation and, accustomed to looking down into a sea of dark faces, he was startled when he saw a pretty little blue-eyed teutonic blonde in their midst.

During the following year, I found I was expecting the first baby to be born in that mission in 40 years. We knew with the arrival of the new baby we would need a live-in nanny. We interviewed and hired Marjorie Maertens, who turned out to be the same blonde girl Elbert had seen in Kahuēla.

I was more than pleased with her, but soon found that we couldn't communicate. Marjorie spoke Hawaiian and pidgin English, and I spoke only plain English. Pidgin English is a combination of about 150 utility words, consisting of a few each of Japanese, English, Chinese, Filipino, and Portuguese. Master these words, and you can communicate anyplace in the far Pacific. We were saved when we found that Joycell had learned Pidgin from the little Japanese boy next door. She soon became our interpreter. "Tell Marjorie to feed the baby and then get her to sleep," I would say. Joycell would then say: "Yeh, Marjorie. Mama san she tell kaukau one keiki: den da kine moemoe." Marjorie might reply, "Tell Mama san I give kaukau awraddy."

Marjorie was neat as a pin, and although she was barely sixteen, she was an excellent housekeeper, and quick, always asking what else she should do. Marjorie was with me when Leilani was born. She asked Joycell which she would rather have—a baby brother or a sister. Joycell said, "I'd rather have a little kitten."

Marjorie loved Leilani, and that was the main thing. She like to walk uptown with her, since it kept the teenage boys away when they thought it was hers. She never told them otherwise, unless she wanted their friendship.

With our lack of communication, and Elbert who spoke Hawaiian away much of the time, there wasn't much I could teach her about Mormonism. Marjorie had been tutored in the religion of the old Hawaiian way, with great respect for the old traditions. She and her family belonged to a religion now strange to us—the Imiola Church. Even if I had been able to speak pidgin, I couldn't see calling God "Da Big Fella On Top" or Christ "Little Brodda," or the Holy Ghost "Spook." So I put things off.

While Elbert was away, Marjorie went out into the yard and cut down some bamboo. I had no objections when she asked if she could put some above the doors and windows. I love bamboo and it looked real artistic up there in little bunches.

About three weeks later, Elbert returned home. He immediately through a savage fit: "Who the @\$%&* hung that bamboo above the doors and windows? MARJORIE!!!! When Marjorie saw him tearing the bamboo down and breaking it over his knee before throwing it in a pile on the floor, she sank to her knees, crying "Aweu! Aweu! Aweu!" He was yelling in pidgin so everyone knew what he was saying except me.

Suddenly, he turned on me, and you can say so much more to the point in English: "I can't believe that my own wife would allow this. Here I've been out in the mission field walking clear around this @\$%&* Island, over live volcanoes, to preach the gospel to the unlearned. Then I come home to find an appeasement to the Kahuna gods, bamboo hanging above every window and door."

My explanation, "How would I know that?" didn't do much good. So he raved on about his having to bathe and shave and wash his clothes in the ocean, eat raw fish and poi. And he was still in cultural shock knocking on doors to deliver his message of the gospel to the honest in heart, only to have those honest in heart women answer the door sans clothing.

After he put the bamboo in the trash barrel to burn, he had a long talk with Marjorie. He made it plain to her that the roof wasn't going to fall in and kill us all because he had broken the bamboo, since his magic power was stronger even than any kahuna in Hawaii. I believe that the bamboo crisis was the beginning of Marjorie's interest in Mormonism.

Her father and her older sister Emma came often to our house to visit her. Her father and I had many long conversations. He was a well-educated German and could speak several other languages. He had married a lovely part-Hawaiian girl, and they had raised 17 children.

Marjorie had been with us a year when it came time for our release and return home. As our friends came to give us presents and say goodbye, Marjorie became very quiet and withdrawn. Finally, just a week before we were to leave, she told me quietly that if we took Leilani and Joycell away from her, she would jump off a cliff into the ocean where the sharks were.

Both Elbert and I were afraid Marjorie might carry out her word, so we decided to exchange the first class tickets the church had sent us, for second class so we would have an extra ticket to bring her with us. I made it very clear that the depression was on back home and that we had no jobs. I explained how different Arizona was and that they only had flowers in the summer, and how the wind blew and brought sand and dust, something she could not comprehend. Nothing would discourage her, so I made her a proposition that I would continue her wages only after I got a job, and that she must promise to stay 2 years before I could pay her way back—no matter how homesick she might get.

We sailed on a beautiful ship called the Maraposa. Marjorie cried of course, but not nearly as many tears as Elbert and I did. After 53 years, I still get homesick for Hilo. Leilani, now ten months old, was quite sick on the way home. So I stayed with her most of the time, with the ship's doctor looking in twice a day or more. This left Marjorie free to roam the ship. I've always believed she enjoyed that trip since she met a very nice young man who followed her around.

When we arrived in St. Johns, it was summer, the trees were green and flowers and gardens were in bloom. But it looked most dry after coming from

Hawaii. Marjorie suffered the same severity of culture shock in Arizona that we had suffered in Hawaii.

We settled in, renting an apartment upstairs at the Elm Hotel after I got a teaching position from Uncle Ward Heap who was on the school board of District 11. Marjorie became very quiet, and I knew she was very homesick and didn't dare mention it since I had warned her so many times that it would happen.

I hadn't yet seen Uncle Elmer. He came to visit me one day, and I wasn't home. When Marjorie opened the door, he apologized, saying "Oh, I'm sorry, I thought Maree Hamblin lived here."

"She does," Marjorie said. "Come in, she come back very soon." They were chatting like old friends when I came in. Marjorie took Leilani from me, and I visited with him a few minutes and he left. But he returned the next day, and continued the day after and the day after that. He was there so much that Elbert and I had to retire with the children to the kitchen or take a walk downtown.

I felt that I should have a serious talk with my uncle. I sent Marjorie to take the children for a long walk. My first question was, "What are your intentions toward Marjorie?" Uncle Elmer didn't give a round-about answer, it was straightforward and honest: "I'm in love with Marjorie, and I'm going to ask her to be my wife." I reminded my Uncle that he was 42, and Marjorie was still a teenager, and a very naive one at that. I was her legal guardian. I explained that she was not a Mormon and hardly a Christian as we see Christianity. At the time she was in Hilo, her village followed the old Hawaiian type worship. They followed their kahuna and his practices. I explained how the language barrier had stifled me in explaining the gospel, and that she might not be able to grasp the meaning for many years. I went on and on with everything I could think of that was against this marriage. I felt pretty good that I had been able to think of so many things to turn him away from what I believed would be a disaster.

After our talk, things changed, but not in the way I wanted. Each evening as soon as I came home to take over, Marjorie would slip out the door and not return until late evening. I didn't need to ask, I knew where she had been.

Elbert agreed with my point of view. One day Elbert met Uncle Elmer downtown and had a little man-to-man talk with him. The next night, Marjorie disappeared with all her things. We worried that they had either eloped or he had kidnapped her. Elbert went out to talk to Grandpa Berry. Marjorie was there, and Grandpa, in his old-fashioned innocence, quickly explained that Marjorie was sleeping with Grandma and Uncle Elmer was sleeping with him. Elbert explained to Grandpa that since Marjorie was in our custody, Uncle Elmer would have to write to her father, explain the situation and get written consent for the marriage. There was no airmail then, and a return letter would take two months.

I could see Marjorie's attraction to Uncle Elmer. He was a real gentleman, not like those wild Hawaiian teenage boys. He stood up whenever she entered the room, helped her on with her coat and opened doors for her. He put her on a pedestal, but wisely took her to no dances, no socials, no picnics where younger competition might deter him from wooing this little blonde teenager from Hawaii.

Like a brave knight on a white steed, he had stolen

her from us and taken her to his tower. He needed no moat to keep us from her, since Grandpa Berry guarded the drawbridge. For St. Johns, it was the most exciting romance of the century.

Everyone in town, including the Whitings, the Hamblins, the Pattersons and even the Mexicans thought so much of Uncle Elmer that they assumed he had been tricked. They believed that I had contrived to pair up this little Hawaiian with my bachelor Uncle. I became the villain, and the story was the main topic of conversation all over town.

Never one to defend myself, and feeling the need to sulk, I withdrew from social life, still not believing what was happening. Although her parents finally gave written consent to the marriage, some of her sisters, to this day, are "au huhu kaikouhine ono elemakula." So I had everybody mad at me from St. Johns to Hawaii, and I was neither understood nor forgiven. The wedding plans were kept secret. Elbert was invited because Marjorie wanted him to give her away. But I, not surprisingly, was not invited, even though the ceremony was to be downstairs in the Elm Hotel where we lived. We decided I must appear at least in the hall in order to stamp out more gossip.

Many kind hands turned out to help with the decorations. Uncle Elmer didn't want me to have anything to do with his wedding, so I backed off. I had asked him to take more time, to let her finish her contract with me and that would give him time to be more sure. "But I am sure," he had said, and I had to settle for that.

I have often thought about this unusual romance between the bachelor and the teenage blonde. When he had fallen in love with her at first sight, I think what happened was that the years suddenly fell away and his heart was only seventeen again and in Germany. For Marjorie was the spitting image of the girl he had left behind. This time he was going to let nothing, or no one, keep him from her.

Without Joycell to jabber pidgin, Marjorie's speech began to improve soon after their marriage, using prepositions, where in pidgin there are none. She came over once in a while to see Leilani. Although she's lost all her accents, she continues to this day to have that little lilt in her speech that sets her apart making people wonder where she came from. I like that.

In a few years I began to realize that I had been dead wrong. To my amazement, their marriage soon became an example to others, ideal. Marjorie not only took good care of her husband, she got along famously with her in-laws, helping them whenever the need occurred. It wasn't long before the Berrys all moved into town, Grandpa and Grandma in the house where Aunt Zella lived, and Marjorie and Uncle Elmer next door. It was here that Lydia and Leroy were born. Marjorie was a fine mother and wife, and couldn't have found a husband who would have appreciated her more. He taught her the gospel so that she understood it. They moved to Phoenix after Grandma and Grandpa died.

Marjorie joined the church and they went through the temple. They had the children sealed the same day. It had taken a lot of love and patience on his part.

One day, Uncle Elmer took Marjorie and his kids to Lynwood to visit his brother, my father. I heard Dad ask him in private, how his marriage was coming along. I doubt many men could give his answer, "She's the best wife and mother a man could ask for,

I'm a happy man." He had bought her a fine three bedroom home in Phoenix, with a big fenced yard.

When he made his last trip to the hospital, Uncle Elmer had lived a full life. He had been a good son to his parents, fought in a war for his country, and had overcome two heartbreaks. He had converted a girl to the Mormon church and then had taken her through the temple for time and all eternity. He had helped his wife raise two fine children, and had sent his son on a mission. I went to visit with him on his death bed. I never brought up the subject of my attempt to break up his romance with Marjorie, but I could tell that after all those years it still hurt him. He was cordial, but distant to me, and although it saddened me, I had to settle for that.

In spite of all my hurts, all I can say to the world is that my Uncle Elmer was not just a good man, but extraordinary, with an even disposition, caring for his parents, his wife and his children and expressing his love of the Lord and his ways. I doubt there are many men in the world without enemies. Like my father, I don't think Uncle Elmer had even one.

I am proud of Marjorie, that she, even so young, stepped into her destiny of wifedom and motherhood and fulfilled it so well. I am thankful that she is

so faithful to the church and has been able to help her children understand the ways of the Lord and what He expects of His children. Leroy fulfilled a fine mission and Lydia seems to be Elijah's girl Friday.

It is comforting to know that a few years after Uncle Elmer's death, Marjorie could find another fine man, John Lewellen, who had lost his wife also in death. Married for time, they are a comfort to each other, and a great help in staying loneliness. We're glad he joined the family.

And somehow, Marjorie has managed to create a little island in her own backyard, an Eden that even smells like Hawaii. The Lord is pleased with that, I'm sure. He also must be pleased that she never lost her Hawaiian graciousness, for she gives most of what she raises away. Nor has she forgotten that:

Aloha means good morning
Aloha means goodbye.
It means until we meet again
Beneath a tropic sky.

Aloha means farewell to thee,
And always to be true.
But the best thing that Aloha means
Is I love you.

8/87 twenty three

Wedding picture of Marjorie and Elmer Berry. For St. Johns, it was the most exciting romance of the century.



Elmer & Marjorie & Family

I Understand Elmer Berry Is Your Uncle

by Norman Heap

A Note From the Editor:

Norman and his wife Virginia were married in the Salt Lake Temple September 1, 1954. Shortly thereafter, they moved to the Phoenix fifth ward of the newly created East Phoenix Stake. The Stake President, Junius Driggs, lived in their ward, and so did Uncle Elmer, Aunt Marjorie, and their two children Lydia and LeRoy Berry. The following is an experience Norman has recorded in his book, "A Quiver Full":

"One evening after Sacrament meeting, we shook hands with President Driggs. As we greeted each other, President Driggs said to me, 'I understand Elmer Berry is your uncle.' I nodded in the affirmative. President Driggs then proceeded to teach me one of the most valuable lessons I have ever learned, and he showered great praise upon Uncle Elmer in the process.

"Tears welled up in President Driggs' eyes. With emotion in his voice, he declared, 'Brother Heap, I wish I had the assurance of a celestial glory your

Uncle Elmer has. Everything he has been asked to do, he has done. If the Ward needs workers to lay the floors of a new building, he is there; if people are needed at the welfare farm, he is there; if people are needed to clean the building, he is there. He attends the temple regularly, pays his tithes and offerings and attends his meetings as he should. You should be proud to have such a wonderful person as your Uncle.'

"President Driggs is right. I have thought about that exchange many times over the years. Uncle Elmer's example has been a guide to me, and I recommend it to you...When your church leaders call, accept the call, and do your best, no matter how humbling the task may seem to you. Your reward in Heaven is not determined by the honors you receive in this life. Rather, they are based upon the service we render on our own, or at the call of those in authority to act for the Lord. As J. Reuben Clark declared, 'It is not where we serve, but how we serve that counts.'"

