



Nihil Sine Labore—Nothing Without Work

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family

Fall Issue, November 1987

**We Have A Choice of Berry Reunion Dates
Please state your Preference To Your Family Representative
Before December First!**

The Whiting Reunion will be held July 1, 2 & 3, 1988. We have arranged for the Berry Reunion to be held beginning Monday, June 27th, and ending on Thursday, June 30th. This may pose a problem for some. We could shift our date to Tuesday, July 5th, and end on Friday, July 9th.

We ask for comments from all concerned. We do not want to shut out anyone if there is a problem with school. Please tell your family Berry Patch representative which preference you have, either before or after the Whiting reunion. Let them know before December First so that we can make final decisions and plans.

In Aunt Elda's record book, she has noticed that the rainy season has never started before July 6th. Her record goes back 50 years, and Grandma Whiting's records, which Elda took over, goes back another 30 years. Most of us believe the rainy season is delightful, which settles all that dust. The rains are always accompanied by lightening storms that will outdo the celebration at the Statue of Liberty. **Love, Uncle Lee**

ED BENNER RIDES AGAIN

Janice Falls is compiling an Ed Benner Joke Book for distribution at the 1988 Berry reunion. Please write down your favorite stories and send them to her immediately!

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN IT ALL ...

THE BERRY CONNECTION

IT'S NOT JUST A REUNION.
IT'S AN EXPERIENCE!

THE MOST ACTION-PACKED REUNION
YOU'LL EVER SEE!!!

- "A REUNION YOU'LL NEVER FORGET! TWO THUMBS UP!"
- SISKEL & EBERT
- ★★★ FOUR STARS IN MY BOOK!
- REX REED

"GO AHEAD MAKE MY DAY"

• ADVENTURE
• COMEDY
• ROMANCE
• INTRIGUE

DON'T MISS IT!

COMING IN THE SUMMER OF '88 TO A HOMESTEAD NEAR YOU!

Berry Pickings
From the President

Dear Family: A few months after mother died, I asked father what he would do differently if he could live his life over. He thought for a moment and then replied, "Your mother and I lived too much for the future. We built air-castles and made plans, but we didn't do much for ourselves. We never got to do the things we wanted to do."

I'm not as old now as he was then, and I can personally think of a lot more things that I would change than that. But, as I reflect, I think that is an extremely important thing for us to remember as we plan each day, each month, each year. Plan something for now. There is a wonderful line in Music Man--even if Professor Hill had ulterior motives, it was still true--"Oh, Miss Marion, if you keep looking at all those tomorrows, you'll just wind up with a whole bunch of empty yesterdays." God Bless you, Uncle Dean

Aunt Maree's Attic

We used to have a terrific orchestra during the first few Whiting reunions, then they started using recordings. But, the orchestra was much the best. did you know that Doug Berry, Aunt Beth's son, works in Hollywood booking bands in the whole L.A. area? He got his master's degree in music at BYU. Yet I have never heard him play.

Randy Fife plays several instruments. Jeannie plays piano and has Amy, a senior in high school who won a state award for cello. I think Lynn Ellsworth plays accordion. There are a lot who could get themselves ready. It might surprise us how much talent we can dig up. It would also give our young something to work toward in music, to PLAY IN THE BERRY PATCH BAND. They can get together when they arrive. Just a few practices would do it, and people who play instruments like to play!

A Berry Few Mistakes

Occasionally, a few typos escape our editors' eagle eyes, and we want to set the record straight. On page 8/87/ten, first paragraph, next to the last line, the word trail should be train. On page

8/87 thirteen of our August issue, PLEASE CORRECT WITH WHITEOUT Marilyn's age when Grandpa visited her during "The Most Wonderful Summer of My Childhood." It should read 9 instead of 19 in line three, so blot out the 1.

Under Dean's family, in the same issue, on page 8/87 seven, the end of the opening paragraph should read 60 rather than 10 employees: corrected, it should read "...The Vision Care Center has expanded tremendously, and includes 8 doctors, more than 60 employees, a full-time administrator and its own surgery center. And they've just opened their fourth office."

Berry Tasty

Sharon Berry shares this recipe she always gets raves about--it's from the A-1 cook in their family, Gramma Elizabeth Berry!!!

- Viva La Chicken Casserole**
 4 chicken breasts
 12 corn tortillas
 1 10 ounce can cream of chicken soup
 1 10 ounce can cream of mushroom soup
 1 cup milk
 1 onion grated very fine or minced
 2 cans Ortega mild green chili salsa
 1 pound cheddar cheese, shredded

Prepare chicken. Cut tortillas in 1" strips. Mix soups, milk, onion and chili salsa. Grease large shallow 9 x 12 pan. Add 2 or 3 tablespoons water or chicken bouillon. Place half of tortillas on bottom. Cover with half of chicken and third of the sauce. Repeat layers and end with the sauce. Use some cheese in layers and top with lots of cheese. Refrigerate 24 hours.

Bake at 300 degrees 1 1/2 hours. Serves 10-12.

Wonderful for luncheons, and family parties, etc.

BERRY VINES
news from other family members

by Lydia Berry

Our parents gave up a lot for their children, as I was born with a problem with my neck, and had to have quite a few operations. Then Leroy was born club-footed, and had to have a lot of treatments to have this corrected. They could have had a lot of nice things if it was not for us having these problems. But they wanted to make

sure we had all we needed, before they thought about their own needs. Daddy had a hernia for years. When he finally had this taken care of, the doctor said he had never seen one as bad in all his 25 years of service.

Even though she was not a member when they married, Mom saved all her letters from her family. So she was able to do a lot of genealogy when she did join. I started doing genealogy when I was 10, and I still re-read those letters and find more information each time we go through them.

We love and honor our parents for all they have done for us. My stepfather always comes up with new ideas for projects to build or make for Mother.

Hen Scratchings
by Joycell Cooper

Hello Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea. This is your family tattle tale tattling with all the tiny, tintillating tidbits of the family.

Flash! Barry Larsen just won a lucrative contract with the tyelenol company as their lead singer. His theme song will be "You go to My Head!" For those of you who are unaware, Barry is an excellent gardener. He may be a bit of a clod at times, but he plots carefully and beets the neighbors at sewing. Lettuce not forget that he will turnip at most any occasion and slipped a carrot on JoAnn's finger when they wed. He works hard, JoAnn seed to that. He does have some corn, but is husky with sensitive ears. He will never stalk you, nor will he string you along. His favorite expression is Hoe...Hoe...Hoe, and he can really produce.

Flash! Sharon Berry, David's wife, is taking treatments for her tone deafness. She has been unable to carry a tune for years now, and her off key melodies drive you up the wall. Please note she is a sharp gal and knows the score, but can't measure her range. she plays the radio, but can't read a note of music. She is a humdinger of a mother and wife, as long as there is no music around.

Flash! Keith Larson hauls pigs on the side (his left!) and has become quite a boar. He has always been a ham and loves to pork out. Only 35-year-old 8th grader in town. He plays the guitar, but is a bit picky, and just strings folks along. He is also an avid baseball fan and

player. He doesn't mind going to bat, but it is embarrassing when he misses and just sits down and balls. He is a sucker for fishing, and is a reel fine fisherman if he doesn't hand you a line. Don't cast your vote for him yet, he may trout just for the halibut!

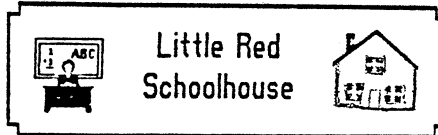
Flash! Janice Falls is taking a course in leadership abilities, hoping to improve her ability to be a leader. So far, she failed in her class as--sink monitor--and toilet paper comptroller. She was Stake Young Women's President for 3 years before she found out she wasn't part of the High Council. She was in the Stake Relief Society Presidency for several years before she found out she was supposed to bring relief, not distress, to the society. She was President of the Boosters Club, but gave them such a boost they haven't been heard of since. Her problem is no energy!

Flash! Doug Berry, Kay and Beth's son, is a booking agent for two bands--one rubber and the other head. The first band was discovered in Africa and their log section is tremendous. Their music may stump you at times, but Doug says they're out of this world. The second band is a group of Indians called "The Cherokee Choctaw's". They march for special occasions like horse shoe tournaments, termite coming-out parties, spitting contests, and burping sweepstakes. He says he has them booked solid for Tuesday the 12th and Friday the 31st. Of May, 1990, that is. The African band, known as "The Congo Snaps", have been booked to perform at George Bush's garden party when he leafs.

Flash! Mike Rice, Diana and Roger's son, returned from Philmont Scout Camp with two new badges, his Webelo and his Hand-Washing badge. He also was appointed Indian Scout for General Cluster (cause he led a bunch!) He loved sleeping on the ground, but vows he will take a sleeping bag next time! He loves politics, and is determined to run for office when he comes of age (he can't afford a car!) They have formed a new party in Washington D.C., and if there is anything Mike likes, it's a party. He has joined, and will probably campaign for their top office in January. Their motto is: "A telephone in every room, and a lobster in every pot! That way, you won't have to keep your trap shut while clawing your way to be heard." He enjoys computer science, but likes his mother's menu better. He's a real Tandy kid!

Flash! Troy Larson will probably be married by the time you read this. He is in the Air Force (a step up from the Salvation Army, I like their uniforms better) and stationed at Luke Air Force Base, out of Phoenix. He tried to get assigned to Mark's Air Force Base, but they were full. He works on jets, and only two engines dropped out last week, so he is improving. I have never met his bride-to-be, Jennifer, but hear she is a doll (cheaper than marrying a human!) and is disturbed because she feels the family is far too quiet and shy. Jennifer says she can't get anyone to talk at Keith and Jeannie's, and when she is introduced to any relatives, all they do is smile, clear their throats, and look at their feet. She is dreading the reunion because she heard how quiet they are, and is wondering how she is going to keep the conversations going.

Good luck, kids. When it comes to advice, don't call us, we'll call you!



By Maree Berry Hamblin

Dear Aunt Maree
I remember one time you telling me I should teach my children the language I learned on my mission. But Japanese was so hard for me, I doubt a little kid having to learn his own language could do much with another. But, it has worried me. I don't think you realize how hard an oriental language really is.

A SLOW STARTER

Dear Slow:
The insatiable drive to learn, in the normal child, is 18 months to 3 years. The child then has those special perceptive characteristics, or that mental phenomenon (brain) that gives him the ability to acquire a second or third language more easily during those first tender years than ever again. At that age, he has some kind of a "switch" system, or conditioned reflex going for him. This makes it unnecessary for him to translate. As he gets older, it becomes harder for him. By the time he is 12, he is almost over the hill and has to translate. But it's still much easier than when he reaches 20. The brain of an adult, however competent in other areas, is usually inferior to that of a child where language is concerned.

Children between 3 and 6 around the world are right now completing their mastery of a complex system of at least one oral language. This allows them to communicate

readily with those around them. They have accomplished this profound skill with little discernable effort, and no formal instruction.

If you have the patience to really communicate with your very young son, it can still be a scary experience. Look deep into his eyes. There's a man in there, a full grown spirit. And you are responsible to lead him into his future. We have so far been unable to inspire the average child to use more than 3% of his brain. Therefore, all teachers and parents of this century, will go down in history--not for what we have done for our children, but for what we have not done for them.

If you have small children, read or borrow TEACHING MONTESSORI IN THE HOME by Elizabeth Hainstock, and HOW TO RAISE A BRIGHTER CHILD by Joan Beck. And, shame on you fathers who haven't taught your children the language you learned on your mission. But, its never too late. Start out by just using one word, like come. A little body language is a great help, and "I love you" can be readily understood in any language.

Problems or questions about educating your child? Write Aunt Maree.

THE FATE OF OUR SCHOOLS

By Markay Hamblin

"Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe." --author unknown

The common problem that most parents have today is the deterioration of the American Public School System. Most know that something is wrong to a frightening degree, but can't figure out what to do about it. Well, neither can the great educators of this nation, for they are the ones who never enter a classroom, let alone teach classes. They are the ones who do the research on the subject of education and who write great books as to the proper approach to the teaching of children. The modern trend was conceived by John Dewey (1859-1952) in the 1920's, and he became the father of modern education, strongly influenced by Darwin's theory of evolution and the then new science of psychology.

Dewey sprang a leak in the number one law of good teaching. He explained himself, "As an educator, I oppose the traditional method of learning by memory under the authority of teachers." Since

no one had the good sense to put their finger in the hole in the dike, it has steadily become a flood of haphazard methods and techniques being dished out to young and unsuspecting teachers.

Dewey's legacy is not our only problem. The moral decay of our nation is also to blame for the failure of our schools. The demons of liquor, pornography, sex, and drugs, are too much for schools to handle. Civil rights laws were carried too far, extending to dress codes. Students can come to school as dirty and sloppy as they choose, and their civil rights protect them from being sent home to clean up. Necking and petting in the high school halls is out of control in most schools, and is filtering down to the junior high level.

LDS children have an advantage, with standards they can hang on to. But even so, when pornography is flashed in their faces, the images are hard to forget. I had one LDS boy beg me to explain to the Bishop that pornography is the hardest thing the kids in the church have to endure. Bishops and parents have seldom seen such pictures as the kids have to contend with, imagining that pornography today is similar to Play Boy. Not so.

As for the skills your children may or may not be learning, Mother (Maree) and I are happy to share our methods and techniques in helping you help them with their homework. We have found that students at the top of the class are not always the brightest of the lot. They are mostly from homes that consistently clear the table, sharpen a fist full of pencils and sit down with their children, checking and helping them understand what they cannot do on their own.

Together we have had 44 years of teaching experience, and both of us have taught every grade from kindergarten through high school. Mother taught her last year at the Inupiat University. If there is enough interest, we can give you some very good pointers. Please respond. We welcome contributions from other educators in the family as well.

**LETTERS
to the Editor**

I surely enjoyed the current Berry Patch. I don't know how you do it, but you are doing a fabulous job on the Berry Patch and it is much appreciated. My love & best wishes, Aunt Beth

The Berry Patch is great! I love the articles and pictures and information about everyone. I hope it continues. If I only had ten dollars left, I would spend it for another Berry Patch subscription. They are very valuable to me and I keep them in a binder so my future family can enjoy them. I like the article about Elmer Berry and his family very much.

Troy Larson

We love the Berry Patch and are so excited to read about each one of you. Thanks for all the work you do to make it so wonderful.

David and Sharon Berry

I loved the last issue--Elmer, Marjorie, Leroy and Lydia have always been so interested in our branch of the family. They have been super supportive. It was fun to read about them.

Louine Hunter

That last Berry Patch was just beautiful. It was so easy to read and had great news about everyone. Someday some one will make a book out of the things they can glean from the work you are doing. I do appreciate you sending it to me, and I do share it with Art and Elda. Your families are very near to our hearts. Your Grandma helped raise us. Love and blessings is my prayer always, Love to all of you.

Aunt Myn

Editorial Staff

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Anna Marie Wood... Associate Editor
Elaine Ward..... Effie's Family
Janice Falls..... Maree's Family
David Berry..... Kay's Family
Steven Berry..... Lee's Family
Diana Rice..... Norma's Family
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Jon Berry..... Dean's Family
Lydia Berry..... Family Archivist
Maree Hamblin..... Featured Writer
Joycell Cooper..... Hen Scratchings
Roger Rice..... Publisher
JoAnn Larsen..... Treasurer

FAMILY STATISTICS

For the past year, we have been requesting family names and birthdates so that we can assemble a complete list of family statistics. We can use this list in many helpful ways such as planning for reunion activities, and preparing birthday lists.

We have had a wonderful response, but we are still lacking a few names, and quite a few birthdates. (we are not attempting full family group sheets, so are not compiling wedding dates or other ordinance information.)

Several families sent in incomplete entries. Many families forgot to include birthdates of sons- or daughters-in-law. Below is the list of those whose birthdates we need. If you have the statistics on anyone listed here, please mail it to Diana Rice As soon as possible! We would like to print a complete listing in our February 1988 issue, so we need the information by January first!

Lindsay Pugmire
Amy Ellsworth
Paul Ellsworth
Susan Ellsworth
Charleene Ellsworth
Jon Hardy
Pat Gwartney
Susan Cooper
Caitlin Cooper
Linda Cooper
Christopher Cooper
Corey Cooper
Casey Cooper
Cathy Cooper
Rory Hubbard
Vaylene Cooper
Gerry Higgins
Larry Watson
David Largeant
daughter Largeant
daughter Largeant
Jason Largeant
Michelle Hamblin
son Hamblin
Jennifer Larson
Kenna Hunter
Kristy Hunter
Jeff Byers
Preston Byers
Steve Berry
Judi Berry
Stephanie Berry
Annette Berry
David Berry
Michael Berry
Bob Luke
Helena Andelin
Bob Forsyth
Steve Hales
Cindy Andelin
Craig Saunders
Bruce Wood
Sam Wood
Brent Mitterling
Juana Amaguar
Lynne' Berry

THANK YOU

The response to this past year's Berry Patch issues has been heartwarming. We are very impressed with the cooperation so many of our family members have displayed. Thank you to everyone who has helped put these issues together.

Those of you who have not filed your history pages by subject can relax. We have assembled an Index for the first five issues, and will do so each November. We've changed page numbering again, and hope we have found the permanent one.

Effie's Family

Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth

Luke is getting married to Elizabeth Strachen from Vancouver, B.C. They will be married in the Seattle Temple the day after Thanksgiving, November 27, 1987. The Ellsworths plan to have their Thanksgiving Dinner at McDonald's on their way to Seattle!

Lynn and Jamie have 3 kids, a son-in-law, and a future daughter-in-law all at BYU this year! Luke, his fiance Elizabeth, Effie, Ester, and her husband Linsday Pugmire are all students. In another year, Amy will be there, too.

Amy is a senior in high school, is Seminary President and Laurel class President, as well as Senior Class Representative at school. She also works at Safeway.

Paul is working on his Eagle, and is Teachers Quorum President. Susan, just turned 14, which is a big deal in her life, because she loves dances. She begged to be allowed to go just before her birthday, but her dad pointed out that no one is baptized before they're eight, so why should dances be allowed early? Susan, all the almost-fourteen-year-olds in the family know just how you felt. Congratulations!

Richard and Elaine Ward

One Whiting Reunion when Evelyn and I were quite young, we decided to venture up Sierra Trigo by ourselves. We had gone about 1/3 of the way up when we heard rattling! Certain that a mean old rattlesnake was after us, we ran back down. (One thing we learned the hard way--you must never ever run down Sierra Trigo.) The momentum picked up, there was no way of stopped (we tried hard) and ended up tumbling head over heels and were even airborne part-way till we finally came to a stop at the bottom. Crying, laughing, dizzy, and skinned up, we reached our destination! All our worrying about the rattling was for naught, when we learned that the wild wheat that grows on Trigo rattles in the wind when ripe.

Maree's Family

The Cooper Bunch

It's hard to believe that it is already time to get more news into the Berry Patch! Where has the time gone? (Don't tell me, let me guess.) Well, a new grandchild has been added to our fold. Susan, Marty's wife had a little girl by Z section. (It used to be C section,

but after looking at her scar I've renamed it!) Her name Katlin Elice (I know I've spelled it wrong) and she is a doll just like all our other 11 grandchildren.

Jack and I just got back from a 2 1/2 week trip to Phoenix, Las Vegas, Fresno, then back to Phoenix before returning home! I'm glad we didn't go by covered wagon, or we'd have been gone a year! Jack was offered and has accepted a position with a medical clinic in Las Vegas. We will be moving there the first week in December. We will buy a large house and share it with Lance and Cathy. Cathy works for the Dean, and is completing her masters degree in elementary education. Lance is head coach of girls basketball, and track, and is assistant coach at Chaparral High School.

We stopped in Phoenix to visit Marty and Susan, Angela and Rory. Susan jumped the gun and had the baby the night before we got there so we had our visit in the hospital. Angela and Rory are doing great. They have set their temple date for December 29, and are excited because we are all going to meet at Marty's for Christmas and most of her family will be able to go through with her. We rushed up to Las Vegas to visit with Lance and Cathy and had a great time with them, then dashed down to Fresno to visit with Shawn and Linda and Chris, Corey and Casey, and attend our old 4th ward reunion. Some friends we hadn't seen in 22 years! It was a ball and well worth the trip. Dean was in Chicago to a convention (at least that was his story!!) So I told a bunch of lies about him, and spread them around. We then rushed back to Phoenix, and I stayed with Susan a couple of days (not nearly long enough) and helped catch up on her ironing and washing, then left her dazed as we zoomed back to Missouri. I know one thing, I'm beat, and need several months in a rest home! Vaylene held up well at Janice's, and they were all well when we returned. Heather is working at an exclusive dress shop in Phoenix, and loves it. Janice and Jerome found her a little car, and that will enable her to get a second job so she can save for her mission next summer. We are all well, and healthy. Janice's Garrett is a senior and playing football this year. Brett works in Fresno, Amy is in 9th grade, the same as Vaylene, Brenna is in 8th, and Mariah in 5th. Jack and I look far too young to have so many in our brood, but that's the breaks, when you've got it, you've got it (but I've got so much of it!)

Leilani's Bunch

The big thing in our family this month is Lucinda's wedding,

October 16, the day before Troy Larson's. It's very exciting, since the bridegroom, Larry Watson, just got word his brother is coming clear from Germany to attend. Lucinda's sister, Sallie, will be matron of honor, and her sisters, Wanda, Kara, Anna May and a friend, will all be bridesmaids. Jacob will be an usher and Uncle Jack Cooper will give her away. Robert Leavitt, Bishop of Pierce City, (Virginia's husband, Aunt Helen's son-in-law) will perform the ceremony.

Since Larry is a new convert to the LDS church, they will be married in the meetinghouse and will go to the temple later. Larry is originally from Colorado, and intends to finish the last two years of college after their marriage. He is majoring in business and accounting. Lucinda and Larry make a great couple. "May all their dreams come true."

David Silvers is moonlighting by selling Yurika Foods. These are dehydrated food products especially developed for the Voyager. They are great for emergency supplies. If interested in the food or distributorship, please contact David.

Jason, Marilyn Helf's only son, has been accepted by the Air Corp and will report for training January 1st. He has been working at McDonald's. There was a time when he quit them to work for Kentucky Fried Chicken. The manager of McDonald's didn't want to lose him, so pursued him to find out why he quit. "Because I don't like to hear your dirty language all day," Jason frankly replied. To lure Jason back, McDonald's offered him more money and cleaned up their language. According to Jason's grandmother, "That is missionary work at its best--the first step toward conversion."

The Helf girls, who are still home, Kara, and Jenna, and their Aunt, Anna May Silvers, still sleep in the same room with Marilyn, since the big break in. Anyone want to rent two vacant bedrooms at their house? Kellie is still happy in Mesa, and rooms with her cousin, Heather Falls. They have many happy get-togethers with their other cousins, Shane and Darin Larson, and Daylyn and Timothy Hamblin, all working in Mesa.

The Markay Hamblin Bunch

Markay is still teaching at Patagonia, Arizona. He loves the three day weekends, and the small classes. Also, it's not too far from Tucson, where he can get advanced math classes not offered at Tempe. He also likes the

conversations he has after he teaches the Gospel Doctrine class at Nogales. It brings him up to date on what is happening, or what is going to happen on the border. I don't know why he dotes on that when he can find it all in the Book of Mormon. I guess he just wants to find out the "When."

As soon as Genette, Markay's daughter, and her husband David get each issue of the Berry Patch, they lock themselves in their room and read it cover to cover and feel like they've had a Calgon escape.

The Largeants have just had their third baby. Now they have two little girls and a boy. Their son, Jason Ryan, was born last month. David is a computer programmer for American Airlines, and enjoys his job very much. He is also Young Mens President. He recently purchased 12 baby pigs. Genette says that "between the kids and the pigs, I never see him." She keeps busy enough herself taking care of the children and even managing time to maintain her excellent seamstress skills. Genette is thrilled with her brother Timmy's mission call, and is very proud of him.

Timothy Hamblin has received his mission call to Manhattan New York Mission. It is the same mission area that his dad, Markay, served in!

The Larson Bunch

Keith and Jeannie have just completed a trek to Inkom, Idaho to see the first one in the family married. Troy was married to Jennifer Palmer on October 17 in the Logan Temple. Troy's wife, Jennifer, was blessed with bright red hair and also is a talented singer and performer. She recently returned from a USO tour in Japan. She is the oldest of 9 children (including a Jennifer, an Amy, and a Matthew.) Her father is a junior high school teacher. (Notice any similarities?) Troy and Jennifer will live in Phoenix while Troy is stationed at Luke AFB.

Kay's Family

David and Sharon Berry

Well, summer is over and our routine of school, soccer, church, etc. begins. This summer we had a great time in Yellowstone and then left Stacey at Ricks College, then traveled to Provo and left Cindi at BYU. Sharon's mother lives in Provo, so we visited with her a few days and then went on to Zions. We had a lovely two week vacation and enjoyed the mountains and fishing.

On July 24th, Cindi returned home. How she misses doing missionary

work! She had a great mission and came home appreciating the rich land we live in, the beautiful chapels we meet in, and loving the wonderful Honduran people. She served us homemade flour tortillas, fried bananas, homemade refried beans (using coconut oil, chilies, onion, and cheese) banana pancakes, and other goodies. What a feast we had. She even showed us how to stretch the tortillas and form them into circles like the Honduran women do. Fun. She truly misses serving the Lord. She is majoring in Financial Counseling at BYU and is Spiritual Living teacher in Relief Society.

Julie has just been transferred into the Asian Program in the Washington D.C. South mission. She is in Arlington VA and will be helping many people learn English. She is so excited. She said she has an investigator that will be teaching her Vietnamese.

Stacey is at Ricks and just loves it. She has many new friends and really is getting into the college life. She says the girls outnumber the boys, but she is enjoying herself. She is Secretary of her Relief Society. She takes voice lessons there and loves all her classes.

Michelle is very busy being the oldest at home. She also takes voice lessons and keeps busy in school activities and studying. We have a great group of Youth in our ward and she has lots of wonderful LDS friends.

Mike and Amy are in a new school which has superior ratings and they are enjoying it. Mike is in 6th grade and is into soccer and flag football and Amy is in kindergarten. She is reading and loving all the new friends at school.

Sharon is busy with family, Primary, and tole painting, and she was Martha Jefferson in a play about the Constitution. Dave enjoys being in the Bishopric here in our ward and keeps the bills paid--where does it go??? Things have really been shaken up a bit down here in Escondido, but not as much as Grandma Berry's up in Arcadia. We were all pretty surprised, but are in fine shape. A few things broke at Grandma's house, but nothing serious.

John and Louine Hunter

Steven is engaged to Tracy Childs, a lovely girl from San Jose, California. They plan a wedding on Dec. 19 in the Oakland Temple, followed by a reception in San Jose, and an Open House in Ojai after their 2 week honeymoon in Hawaii. The Open House will be at

our home on January 2, and all relatives are invited!

David returned home from Honduras on October 2. He flew into Salt Lake on that date to visit there and to meet his first nephew Ryan (son of Scott and Kristy) and first niece Rachel (daughter of Robert and Kenna) both born in his absence. His family traveled in the motorhome to meet him there. David planned to attend General Conference and visit his Grandfather Hunter, also.

Dennis and Rosalee Byers

On Dennis's October birthday, he went on a scuba diving trip with five other men from church to the Cayman Islands (he considered not returning--ha, ha!) Rosalee is busy as director of the aerobic program at a local fitness club. Tiffany is majoring in elementary education at BYU. Melanie is attending her first year of college in Provo at Utah Community College. Jeff, Preston, and Brandon continue to enjoy the warm winters of Georgia (more time for sports.)

Alan and Betty Berry

We were able to visit Dallas Temple last month as a family, quite a special experience. Greg completed Red Cross lifesaving courses, is again in a school play, made district all-honors choir, and will be competing at state this year. Patrick is playing football for the first time and is a natural. He is enjoying high school band, but finds the competition a lot tougher. Both boys are up at 5 am every morning (along with Mom) to commute to Neosho for early morning seminary. Kristie tried volleyball, but likes dance better. Junior high is great, she says. According to Jon, 4th grade math is a lot harder and not as much fun as 3rd grade math--yet. He helps Tara with her reading and is a good support. Tara won the first grade coloring contest, has read the most books so far this year, and is a first year Brownie. Her favorite thing is to get a letter from Gramma, but getting an A+ is close.

Tres and Julie Tanner

Our family had a fun and busy summer. Julie took a child development class and business class. Merilee went to "Polish with Pleasure" at BYU, and also visited cousins there for a few weeks. Lisa did a summer enrichment program at our home for 4-6 year old children. The kids also sold baked goods to our friends for a family project. In August, Tres and Julie attended the wedding of Tres's brother in the Chicago temple and enjoyed a reunion with Tres's large family.

Our family also spent some time at Lake Powell on a houseboat with some relatives. With school back in session, life continues to be full and challenging.

Lee's Family

Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia

After several years of health problems and recent cataract surgery, Aunt Virginia is the healthiest she has been for a long time.

Gary and Jean Arbuckle

Gary has recently completed his year as President of the Northern Virginia Dental Society. Jean reports "I'm in my second mid-life crisis!?" Cristi, as you know, works for the Secretary of the Department of Transportation, arranging interviews with the media. She is a great name-dropper, as she regularly receives calls from the Today Show, Good Morning America, Maria Shriver, etc. Ask her sometime about her "Exemption Story." Jeff is now in his 3rd year of medical school and fell in love with the pediatric rotation. The next rotation was surgery, which included videos, and a clinic on "how to put in a suture." The clinic involved demonstrations on pig legs. The students practiced afterwards. Jeff carefully practiced on his pig's legs and then asked his instructor, "How'd I do?" The reply was, "If we ever have any pigs come in, we'll let you know!" Eric is still in attendance at Old Dominion in Norfolk, Virginia. He is captain of a ferry boat (his part time job) which has about 2000 lights on it, a horn and a paddle wheel. That description is interesting to note because a speed boat recently ran into his ferry in spite of the lights and the horn. Oh well, all in a day's work.

Steve and Judi Berry

Our family is well. Steve is still working with his dad, running the business. He is also doing a lot of professional photography on the side. It gives him a creative outlet and a lot of satisfaction. Judi is still working part-time, doing physicals. She's the one people go to in order to find out what the doctor meant. Stephanie has her driver's license and is constantly using it. She'll probably be on varsity basketball and soccer this year. Annette is taking some dance classes. Maybe we'll have somebody for the talent show. David, who is twelve, is playing tackle football, and loves it. He's the biggest kid on his team, and he's a star. Michael is taking trombone and karate--that's so no one dares complain when he practices.

Ray and Pat Felsted

Pat reports that she has a gray hair for every complaint she gets. As you know, Pat and Ray own rental property, and Pat is the "Landlord." Her favorite tenant is the little old lady who calls every other day about her toilet bowl that is leaking. Pat goes over and looks for the leak that never presents itself. She pours water into the bowl and looks for that leak, and explains that there is no leak. Nevertheless, there is a leaky complaint every other day. (Ray says they'll laugh about it someday, all the way to the bank.) The Felsteds have recently purchased a victorian home that they are remodeling. We are advised that a victorian home has miles and miles of dusting. Aunt Minnie used to say "Always sweep a home before you buy it." Patricia's advice--"Always dust a home before you buy it."

Bob and Eileen Luke

The Lukes are building a new home, which should be ready by November 15th. They also grew much older this year as a direct result of Jennifer turning fifteen. Let's explain that a bit further. Jennifer, now fifteen, just finished drivers ed, and now drives for the family. Her favorite maneuver is turning right into the left lane (does that create a vivid picture?) Who needs an earthquake to have a heart attack?

Julianne is an extremely popular babysitter. She also enjoys music and first began playing a little flute. She has since switched to the tuba! Jon is the all-American sportsman--he loves soccer, baseball, basketball, and any other sport that crosses his path. Shannon is into soccer, ballet and jazz. Missy has beginning piano this year and loves school.

Norma's Family

Our Dad has been critically ill with Legionnaires Disease, a gangrenous gall bladder which was removed, and several other infections such as Pseudomonas. He has spent five weeks in Intensive Care, and at this writing, is still in critical condition. This crisis has brought our family face to face again with the reminder of how fragile and precious the gift of life is.

We are proud to be Randy Fife's children, and are very glad that he has added so much to the quality of our lives. We are also grateful for the understanding we have of eternal life, and the plan of salvation.

When you are with Dad, there is never a dull moment. He has taught us to look for the good and on the bright side of things. He has instilled in each of us a deep love for the gospel of Jesus Christ. He has filled our lives with adventure, excitement, and fun. He has entertained, and instructed us with his stories and experiences. He has strengthened us by letting us crack our own shells (see Uncle Kay's speech in this issue's history pages) and make our own way in this life. And he has inspired us by never giving up.

Address to send cards or notes of encouragement to Dad: Randy Fife, 1649 Wright Ave., Sunnyvale, CA 94087

Roger and Diana Rice

Three year old Brian has learned to "fix things." The other day, he announced that he had fixed the bicycles. We didn't pay any attention until Christopher, age 10, was riding his bike and the front wheel fell off. Luckily, Chris was not going very fast at the time. Brian had learned how to remove the connective nuts with a crescent wrench. Today, he cut a lamp cord in two with wire cutters. Fortunately, it was not plugged in. We've got to figure out how to keep all the tools away from him. The problem is, our family is very creative about storing tools. As I was writing this, Brian stuck our push broom handle through a knot hole in a board, and bent the handle into a 45 degree angle! The next day, his mother found him digging through a sack of chicken manure with his hands. When she protested, he explained he was digging for gold. Then he found the container of used car oil, and tipped it over. We might not survive his fourth year!

Stephanie, our BYU freshman, has joined the folkdance club, and marched with them in the Homecoming parade. Five of her friends took pictures, fussed over her, and ran along the parade route beside her. The only mishap was when she tripped over a pothole and fell!

Mike, our senior, and Randy, our sophomore, are enjoying cross country. Randy took third in his last meet, and fourth in a marathon run, swim, and bike race for Varsity Scouts on Brannen Island on the Sacramento delta. Cindy, our junior, is taking a jazz dance class, and is enjoying modern dance at school. Anna, age 12, has become an avid reader, and is learning to type.

Barry and JoAnn Larsen

Barry is deep in school, again. Night school seems a lot more low-keyed, but he has been involved in a newspaper job with their five children, his first big project of the year is due soon, and he is looking for a full-time job, so they really haven't noticed a change of pace. As a correctional officer at Folsom prison, JoAnn has a reputation of being firm but fair about rules and regulations. The inmates are constantly surprised at how she can find their stashes of unauthorized food, and she has even figured out how one inmate gets his job assignments changed by fast-shuffling the paperwork, and she put a stop to it. They just don't realize how finely tuned this woman's intuition is!

David loves school and football. He has a lot of homework, due to three honors classes, but he is handling it well. He is seminary president, and thinks that seminary is the best class of the day. Julianne has a very nice group of friends that she enjoys. She is Beehive president. At school, she was one of 3 girls who did a very cute dance while the choir sang in their first performance. Keith is the fastest runner in his school again this year. He is a super soccer player. He and Bradley are on the same team, and they are undefeated. Jared is also playing soccer, and doing very well. He has lots of energy until bedtime. Then, he crashes, wherever he happens to be.

Chuck and Bonnie Middleton

Life is never dull at the Middletons. October 6, Bonnie thought she just might be lucky enough to have a dull day. The morning had gone smoothly, and she went grocery shopping. Returning home, she turned the corner, and saw an ambulance, a firetruck, and a police car in front of her house. So much for the morning's calm feeling. Eleven year old Cathy had let herself in the house for lunch, and as she opened the front door, she smelled something, and then saw flames in the kitchen. She ran next door, and the firemen arrived in a few minutes. Bonnie came home after everything was over. The cause of the fire was a freak problem with the wiring in their dishwasher. Only the front of the dishwasher was burned, and some floor tile in front. If Cathy had not been home, it would have been much worse. Thank goodness the insurance will replace the dishwasher and the entire floor. In the meantime, they are using a lot of paper plates and cups. When the fireman said Bonnie would be washing the dishes by hand for awhile, she quickly set him straight and said that she would

merely save the dishes until they got a new one. He seemed very amused. All of this happened at the beginning of National Fire Safety Week. We congratulate Cathy for her quick thinking!

Chuck IV was given the opportunity to be in a Boys Choir directed by a music professor at BYU. He was recommended for audition by his former choir director. The group sings 17th and 18th century music in different languages. Jenny, now in 2nd grade, is leaving earlier for school, and staying an extra hour. The first day, she flounced home and disgustedly asked, "Why do we have to stay so long?"

Becky, in 3rd grade, gets a specialty class this year in foreign language and culture. She immediately learned the German word for YUK! Cathy is in the gifted program, and does everything with perfection.

Emily feels the life of an almost-14-year-old is traumatic. Ask her about the big dance planned for October 23, just eight days before she turns 14!

At school, if it isn't working in woodshop or electronics, is just won't work for Steven. Those are his only current interests. His dad has pointed out, though, that electrical engineers and carpenters have to have good math skills, and they have to be able to read technical manuals. He is thinking this over and we expect marvelous things from this boy!

Randy and Christa Fife

Randy says, "I'm sure glad this summer is over. In August, I went with the Priests on a seven-day hike in the Sierras. A week later, I took the scouts for 4 days to Pismo Beach. The Sierra trip was fun, we had three Priests and three leaders. The Pismo trip was a bit more trying. There were six scouts and one leader--me. Christa, as usual, has several big projects going. She is in charge of visiting teaching, and organized a big visiting teaching luncheon and program. Normandie's hair is finally long enough for Christa to play with. Since Christa is a cosmetologist, she does just about everything that can be done with Normandie's hair, and it is cute. Coban is in kindergarten, and loves it. Kalie has quite a sense of humor. The kids like to try to wake me up in the mornings. Kaylie tried one day. I woke up and she was standing over me wearing Mr. Potatohead Glasses. What a way to wake up, with laughter!

Brad and Susanne Fife

Brad has been called to be ward sports director. He looks forward to setting the program back on its

feet for the sake of fellowshiping and exercise. His good organizational skills will improve the existing problems and his congenial personality will encourage participation. During the various trips to summer softball games, the whole family traveled to different fields in different cities. On one occasion, they parked and got out of the car with their equipment. Anxious to find their team, they scanned the park, which consisted of several fields. Susanne stated, "I don't see anyone from our team." Jason then blurted out, "They're over there, I see them!" Susanne looked, and sure enough, it was her team, so she said, "Jason, you sure have sharp eyes!" Karie, not wanting to be left out of the praise, trotted over to Susanne and exclaimed, "Yes, mommy, and I have sharp teeth!"

Helen's Family

Aubrey and Helen

Dad and Mom have recently moved to Mesa. They really enjoy being there in the warm climate and place of Mom's birth and childhood memories. They enjoy living near Craig and Merilee. Mom thought she was having some heart trouble, but was greatly relieved to find out through the cardiologist that her heart was in sound condition. She may have a little stomach disorder, however, but nothing serious.

Robert and Ginny Leavitt

It's been wonderful for autumn to come, especially living on a farm. The crispness and breath-taking colors are a welcome relief from a sweltering summer of putting up hay, raising gardens, chickens, and lots of chiggers. We recently celebrated the change in season by camping out by one of the ponds. All seven kids lined up side by side in one tent of solid sleeping bags.

Life's been pretty busy, particularly for Robert. He's supervising the construction of an LDS church and has a lot of driving to work, and then being a bishop too and trying to do at least the minimal on the farm doesn't leave a lot of leisure time. I guess the Laurel girls in our ward got worried about us. As a service project, they planned a second honeymoon for us. They had bake sales and babysat to earn the money for a wonderful weekend away from home. It was all a surprise with treasure hunt clues to our destination. Janice Falls, the Young Women's president, was a principle schemer in the plot. It was really a memorable experience.

Paul and Judy Andelin

Paul graduated from medical school at St. Louis University in 1984. We then moved to Camp Pendleton, California, where Paul did a residency in family practice which he finished in 1987. the navy (to whom we owe 3 more years of active duty service for financial assistance during medical school) recently moved us to Tennessee. Paul is scheduled for a deployment off the Western Pacific early next year. The ship looks like an aircraft carrier, except it has helicopters instead of jets. The deployment is for 6 months, but Paul is only assigned for 3, with another medical team assigned for the second half. Judy is very busy at home with their five children, Jessica 9, Danny 7, Scott 5, Crystal 3, Benjamin 1. Their children are a great joy to them.

Craig and Merilee Saunders

Expecting our first baby is the biggest thing going on in our life. Craig is real popular in our Lamaze class. While introducing us at our first class, he happened to mention how big he thought his wife looked until he saw the women in our class. During another lecture, while watching a video of a childbirth, he said (loud enough for everyone to hear) that this looked just like a film he saw in High School of the birth of a Buffalo.

Just like a Berry, Craig loves to have fun. Since we've been married, we've traveled to Europe, camped on the beach in Mexico five times. and camped on Lake Powell. Craig loves the outdoors and most all sports. Right now, he's fishing in Montana with his friend. Craig's heros are Cary Grant and William F. Buckley.

I love to have fun, too. That's why I married Craig. I enjoy sports, sewing, cooking, and watching the classic old movies. I also enjoy being a Registered Nurse. I work at Good Samaritan Medical Center in Phoenix. I received my certification in Advanced Cardiac Life Support and work mostly Critical Care now, which I enjoy very much.

Dean's Family

Wild Bill Dean led a Wild Berry bunch through the heavy demands of the high sierras in late August. Trying to keep up as he blazed new trails were Karen, Mark & Lynee', Brent and Jonathan. Dean demonstrated his surviving skills by defending his family from attacking bears with his home-made sling, then wrestling and taking down Big Foot in the middle of the

night, (Brent was only getting up to go to the bathroom.) and finally by spearing fish when the food ran low (we have since taught him the correct use of the fishing pole.)

Anna, Bruce, & family are temporarily dwelling in Anaheim Hills, taking them one more step towards re-establishment in Southern California. Bruce transferred back to his L.A. office--just in time to be rocked to and fro on an overpass during the L.A. earthquake.

The best news of course, is addition #3--arriving at 8 lb 15 oz and 21" long in Reno, Nevada. Nicknamed "baby Sam" by the kids--his full name is Samuel Alma (Traditional Wood family name) Wood. Jake is in first grade and extremely proud of the fact that he's getting to be sooo big!!

Missy's 2nd day of kindergarten was the most exciting--she decided she didn't want to go! She screamed at the teacher and ran and hid behind one of the buildings. The hunt and search teams were on (i.e. the poor teacher and her kids!)--but alas, Melissa was finally discovered. With a little sticker bribery, she has finally decided that, yes indeed, school is fun.

Jonathan has finally recovered from a summertime bout with a virus which had deprived him of his swim-bike-run fix. During times of mediocre energy levels, he would borrow Lynne's surf board and follow his brother Mark down to the big surf to try and learn the fine art from the surf jock himself. In the process, he discovered the new triathlon sport of paddle-stand-tumble.

Karen, Brent, and Justin have intentionally moved to Lancaster. Brent has accepted a job with the city's Parks Department, where to the surprise of the natives, he has miraculously made things grow. Then Karen just waltzed right in to take over a 3rd grade teaching spot. Eleven month old Justin has also demonstrated willingness to change by getting off his knees to take his first steps.

Mark and Lynne'--what do you say about a newlywed couple still blissfully in love? Even the 6 day back-pack trip with the Wild Berry bunch didn't break the merry couple apart. It's hopeless. I understand the stork has passed by their home with near drops several times. Now you may think...to be continued in the next issue.

Matt and Juana have made all the necessary adjustments that go along with living and working in Japan. Both have full-time

contracts to teach English and a nice area to live in to help persuade them to make this a long term adventure. Matt's goal is to teach all of Japan to speak English before he has to learn Japanese.

Brent is playing on the BYU volleyball team which has hopes to knock off more top-ten teams than they did last year. He has recently improved his vertical jump by six inches (he finally decided to take off those heavy hiking boots from the Sierra trip, whew!) He's showing his social cleverness by taking his date to the top of his roof to watch "Fiddler on the roof." He's presently working on his second date (the first one fell off the roof.) He's also showing off his newly acquired boat, I mean...car. Well, its hard to explain, you see, it's 20 feet long, has no top, and is fueled by Iraq. Maybe the acquired name for the car will give you the idea--"La Bamba."

INTRODUCING--

Two of our newest couples in the family:



Troy and Jennifer Larson, married October 17, 1987 in the Logan Temple.



Bruce and Kelly Priestly, married October 23, 1987 in the Los Angeles Temple.

Family	Street	City	ST	Zip	Phone
Aubrey & Helen Andelin	944 W. Main # 1056	Mesa	AZ	85201	602-969-5448
Brian & Helena Andelin	11606 Henley	Houston	TX	77064	713-890-7737
John & Cindy Andelin	RR #3, Box 626	Williston	ND	58801	701-774-0237
Lane & Darlene Andelin	9515 Turtle Log Trail	Houston	TX	77064	713-890-5910
Paul & Judy Andelin	Rt. 1 Box 921-12	Atoka	TN	38004	901-837-0251
Eric Arbuckle	2201 Hampton Blvd. #A-1	Norfolk	VA	23517	804-625-2589
Gary & Jean Arbuckle	902 Banbury Court	McLean	VA	22102	703-821-8238
Jeff Arbuckle	Med. College of VA Sta. Box 1041	Richmond	VA	23298	804-272-8439
Alan & Betty Berry	P.O. Box 609	Seneca	MO	64865	417-776-3339
Beth Berry	841 Arcadia Ave.	Arcadia	CA	91006	818-445-7759
Brent Berry	735 North 400 East #21	Provo	UT	84601	801-375-5703
Cindi Berry	865 N. 160 W. #80	Provo	Ut	84604	no phone
David & Sharon Berry	3554 Ryan Drive	Escondido	CA	92025	619-480-7379
Dean Berry	4975 E. Butler #150	Fresno	CA	93727	209-251-8118
Doug Berry	841 Arcadia Avenue	Arcadia	CA	91006	818-445-7759
H. Lee & Virginia E. Berry	1414 Laburnum St.	McLean	VA	22101	703-536-4769
Jonathan Berry	1932 Meyer Place B-2	Costa Mesa	CA	92627	714-548-6624
Juana & Matt Berry 1-30-22	AHIDAKA-CHO HITACHI-SHI.	IBARAKI-KEN JAPAN 317			0294-42-8231
Julie Berry	1109 North Ohio St.	Arlington	VA	22205	no phone
Leroy Berry	2910 North 60th Drive	Phoenix	AZ	85033	602-247-2972
Lydia Berry	2910 North 60th Dr.	Phoenix	AZ	85033	602-247-2972
Mark & Lynne' Berry	257 Broadway	Costa Mesa	CA	92627	714-645-4830
Stacey Berry	156 W. 4th S.	Rexburg	ID	83440	no phone
Steve and Judi Berry	4910 Heversham Ct.	Fairfax	VA	22032	703-425-6167
Dennis & Rosalee Byers	7650 Brigham Drive	Dunwoody	GA	30350	404-394-5804
Jack & Joycell Cooper	407 Elm	Pierce City	MO	65723	417-476-2413
Lance and Cathy Cooper	1325 E. Hacienda #10	Las Vegas	NV	89119	702-798-7873
Marty & Susan Cooper	515 E. Eighth Street	Mesa	AZ	85203	602-964-3222
Shawn & Linda Cooper	4498 N. Cornelia #225	Fresno	CA	93722	209-275-5295
Esther Ellsworth	487 North 750 East	Provo	UT	84601	801-377-1847
Gary & Charleene Ellsworth	1409 Brownleaf	Richmond	VA	23225	804-226-4459
Luke Ellsworth	P.O. Box 776	Eager	AZ	85925	no phone
Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth	Box 776	Eager	AZ	85925	602-333-2962
Van Ellsworth	9025 Brookford Road	Burke	VA	22015	703-569-0847
Brett Falls	8395 No. Peach	Clovis	CA	93612	no phone
Heather Falls, Crestwood Apt	601 S. Alma School Road	Mesa	AZ	85202	no phone
Jerome & Janice Falls	500 Walnut	Pierce City	MO	65723	417-476-5494
Ray & Patricia Felsted	2301 Pacific Ave.	San Francisco	CA	94115	415-441-7674
Brad & Susanne Fife	8511 Kelso Drive	Huntington Beach	CA	92646	714-964-7562
Randy & Barbara Fife	P. O. Box 2705-306	Huntington Beach	CA	92649	818-966-0307
Randy & Christa Fife	13342 Chestnut Street	Westminster	CA	92683	714-891-5037
Bob & Dixie Forsyth	Box 331, Rt. 2	Rogersville	MO	65742	417-882-9408
Pat & Evelyn Gwartney	151 Larkins	Findlay	OH	45840	no phone yet
Steve & Kristine Hales	12824 Melville Lane	Fairfax	VA	22033	703-378-5853
Daylynn & Tim Hamblin	6153 E. Ivy St.	Mesa	AZ	85205	602-985-7109
Leo & Michele Hamblin	6170 Panorama Drive	Idaho Falls	ID	83401	no phone
Maree B. Hamblin	503 Sixth Street	Monett	MO	65708	417-235-8435
Markay Hamblin	Box 681	Patagonia	AZ	85624	no phone
Jon & Julie Hardy	300 North 276 East	Provo	UT	84601	801-373-4737
Marilynn Helf	305 2nd Street	Monett	MO	65708	417-235-7845
Sally Higgins	Cassville City Hall	Cassville	MO	65625	417-235-5892
Rory & Angela Hubbard	3625 W. Dunlap	Phoenix	AZ	85051	602-841-2571
David Hunter	1190 El Toro Road	Ojai	CA	93023	805-646-3240
Elder Danny Hunter	A.P. 206 Xsla	Guatemala, C.A.			no phone
Jim Hunter	BYU-HC Box 0977	Laie	HI	96762-1294	
John & Louine Hunter	1190 El Toro Road	Ojai	CA	93023	805-646-3240
Robert & Kenna Hunter	2440 Wilson Ave.	Salt Lake City	UT	84108	801-583-3081
Scott & Kristy Hunter	1351 North 380 West	Provo	UT	84604	801-377-5912
Steven Hunter	881 So. Winchester Blvd. #96	San Jose	CA	95128	408-243-5909
David & Genette Largeant	Rt. 1 Box 98A	Inola	OK	74036	918-543-2854
Barry & JoAnn Larsen	7006 Peachtree Ave.	Citrus Heights	CA	95621	916-723-6411
Brian Larson	1870 N. Rodney Dr. #4	Los Angeles	CA	90027	213-668-2192
Darin Larson	32 South 800 East #21	St. George	UT	84770	no phone
Jennifer Larson	32 South 800 East #15	St. George	UT	84770	no phone
Keith & Jeannine Larson	Box 709	Snowflake	AZ	85937	602-536-4000
Shane Larson	1001 N. Pasadena Apt. 11	Mesa	AZ	85201	602-835-5640
Troy and Jennifer Larson 527	PSC Box 4005	Luke Air Force Base	AZ	85309	602-935-4960
Robert & Virginia Leavitt	Rt. 1, Box 592	Pierce City	MO	65723	417-476-5407
Marjorie Lewellen	2910 North 60th Street	Phoenix	AZ	85033	602-247-2972
Bob & Eileen Luke	21813 Second Ave. S.E.	Bothell	WA	98021	206-481-0764
Chuck & Bonnie Middleton	164 East 1700 South	Orem	UT	84057	801-224-5289
Brent & Karen Mitterling	43328 16th St. W #14	Lancaster	CA	93534	805-942-3199
Myn Priestly	1221 S. 8th	Alhambra	CA	91803	818-282-4218
Roger & Diana Rice	2047 Essenay Ave	Walnut Creek	CA	94596	415-939-3272
Stephanie Rice	S-618 Deseret Towers	Provo	UT	84604	801-378-8990
Craig & Merilee Saunders	3524 N. Miller Rd, #25	Scottsdale	AZ	85251	602-941-4802
David Silvers	503 Sixth Street	Monett	MO	65708	417-235-8435
Leilani Silvers	503 6th Street	Monett	MO	65708	417-235-8435
Tres & Julie Tanner	31430 Oak Glen Road	Valley Center	CA	92082	619-749-2348
Jenny Ward	206 Haystack Lane	Wilmington	DE	19807	no phone
Richard & Elaine Ward	206 Haystack Lane	Wilmington	DE	19807	302-428-0725
Larry & Lucinda Watson	503 Sixth Street	Monett	MO	65708	no phone
Bruce & Anna Wood	6451 E. Shady Valley Lane	Anaheim Hills	CA	92807	714-998-4625

A True Christmas Story

by Dean Berry

reprinted from the Whiting Tree, 1953

THE TIME: Just before Christmas, 1933 (a depression year.) THE PLACE: Phoenix, Arizona CHARACTERS: May Berry, her sons Lee and Dean and sundry other characters of the Berry family. ACTION: After offering to do any and all pre-Christmas chores, such as doing the dishes, sweeping the floor, making the beds, mending the roof, fixing the car, digging a ditch, etc., Dean, age 8, speaks:

"Mama, is Santa Claus rich?"

"Uh-huh." (nineteenth answer to same question)
Ten second pause.

"How soon will Christmas be here, mama?"

"Pretty soon now."

"Mama, am I gonna get a cowboy suit? Joe Matthews is gonna get one." "Dean, for the twentieth time, NO! You cannot have a cowboy suit this Christmas. I've told you and told you. Now, don't ask any more."

"But Mama, I don't expect you to buy it for me. Santa Claus is rich! You said so! He won't miss one little cowboy suit." After pausing for 30 seconds or so to collect her scattered wits, Aunt May says, "Santa Claus has millions of little boys to bring presents to, and he won't be rich when he gets through. Now, don't you be greedy and expect him to just bring you anything you want. I want you to have some back-bone, not just a wish-bone. Now, I don't want to hear any more about a cowboy suit, even if Joe Matthews is going to get one. Anyway, I'll bet Joe Matthews has been a better boy than you have this year."

This I doubted, but I wisely retreated into silence to ponder this paradox of a Santa Claus so rich he could give presents to all the boys and girls in the world, yet could not spare me one cowboy suit priced at \$1.25 at J.C. Penny's! I had been looking at a Santa Claus story book, and now, as I looked out the window, I wondered at another puzzle.

"Mama, if Santa Claus rides in a big sled like you said, how is he going to land without any snow?"

"I guess he probably has some spare wheels on his sled."

"Can he get down a gas pipe, or does he have to have a chimney?"

"I don't think he can get down a gas pipe, but when he doesn't find a chimney, I think he can come in a window."

I could see that mother's long temper was rapidly shortening, since we'd been through the same routine approximately 20 times, so after a discreet 30-second pause, I asked the final question which would assure me that Phoenix would not be missed on Mr. Claus' December junket:

"Mama, can reindeers get along without any snow?"

"Well, I guess they can for long enough to land in Phoenix."

With that, I put the cowboy suit and Christmas in the back of, but not out of my mind. It would be evening soon, and I could look forward to a double pleasure. For one, daddy would be home soon, possibly with a Christmas tree; and secondly, Lee, newly returned from his mission, would also come home, and he was always willing to listen to my problems. About an hour later, I had both pleasures:

"Lee, will you tell me the truth?"

This was only to set the stage, for I knew that now that we were alone, he wouldn't tell me any fibs.

"Lee, if Santa Claus is rich, why can't I have a cowboy suit for Christmas?"

"Gee, I don't know why not. Have you been a good boy this year?"

"Well, most of the year, but maybe not quite all. I think I've been as good as Joe Matthews, and he's gonna get one."

"I guess that's good enough, then. Have you prayed about it?"

"Are you supposed to pray to Santa Claus?"

"No, no! I meant to Father in Heaven."

"Are they related?"

"Sort of."

"Well, I kind of prayed about it one night, but mama told me that wasn't nice."

"Mama probably didn't understand. Now, you can just bet that the Lord will help you get that cowboy suit. Now, how do you say your prayers?"

"I just kneel down before I go to bed, and tell the Lord to bless everybody and me, and then I say, 'Name of Jesus, Amen.'"

"How loud do you say this?"

"Not very loud. Just loud enough-so mama can hear."

"That's just where you've been making your mistake. You've got to say your prayers loud enough for the Lord to hear, not just mama."

"How far away is He?"

"Far enough so you'd better say them pretty loud."

That night, I made the test. I was trying the Lord, Santa Claus, Lee, and everybody else in the family. Anyone who remembers what my voice was like at the age of eight, and who remembers that I used to sleep in the screened porch in Phoenix, and in a busy neighborhood, will realize just about what happened when I went to bed that night at about 11 o'clock.

"FATHER IN HEAVEN, BLESS MOMMA AND DADDY AND EFFIE AND MAREE AND KAY AND LEE AND NORMA AND HELEN AND GRANDMA AND GRANDPA WHITING AND GRANDPA AND GRANDMA BERRY AND ALL MY AUNTS AND UNCLES AND COUSINS. MAMMA AND DADDY SAID I COULDN'T HAVE A COWBOY SUIT THAT ONLY COSTS \$1.25, AND I'VE BEEN A GOOD BOY ALMOST ALL YEAR, AND PLEASE BLESS SANTA CLAUS SO THAT HE WILL BRING ME ONE. NAME OF JESUS, AMEN."

Lights went on in houses for the next several blocks; doors could be heard slamming in our house; and for once, Mama was speechless.

And if you think the Lord didn't hear that prayer, you're mistaken!

FOREST MOTEL — DeLuxe Auto Court
Different and Better
West End Town - On Highway 66
Holbrook, Arizona



The cafe was in front, then the manager's apartment and two other units. Not shown, to the right, there were three other rows of units, besides a row of six out back. That is petrified wood in front of the cafe. Mother and Dad had an outdoor fireplace made as an attraction to tourists. It was made entirely of pieces of petrified wood.

The east row of units as well as the service station, and the grease room I once rented to house a circus elephant overnight. Neither picture shows the two inside rows, or the one in back.



Leilani's ingenious bear was a great success and caused quite a stir Christmas morning. When the Silvers moved over to live with Grandma Hamblin, the giant Teddy found a final resting place. David climbed a ladder to tack Teddy's ears to the rafters, letting his feet touch the floor, where he can greet those who venture to the attic. Jacob is fifteen now, but still likes to show off Teddy to his friends.



THE ONLY CHRISTMAS MY CHILDREN EVER TALK ABOUT

by Maree Berry Hamblin

One fall, during World War two, it was necessary for my four children and I to leave Alaska, to escape the threat of Japanese attack there. It was too late in the year for me to find a teaching position, so I was relieved when the folks offered me a chance to go with my sister Norma, to Holbrook to get our parents Motel in back in shape. Norma, home from college, was favoring a lame foot, the result of a previous operation for a pinched nerve. Disappointed, since she could not continue her nursing career plans because of her foot, she was trying to deal with her future.

Mother was not well, and Dad had leased their 36 unit motel in Holbrook and moved her to Lynwood. Now the three year lease was up and the place was in shambles, just awful. The gas station had closed down and the cafe was the only thing left to bring in a small rent. The plumbing was shot, windows were broken, and six doors facing the wind could not be shut for the drifting sand blown in. All but the newest units in the back needed painting, including the service station and the cafe.

Dad was in poor financial condition since he had not yet had time to build up his practice in Lynwood, nor did he have anything coming in from the Motel except repair bills. The plan was an opportunity for me, since it would mean free lodging and utilities, plus a very modest, but life-sustaining food allowance. We could help ourselves to Mother's ample cellar at the Motel. I had expected my husband, still in Alaska, to send me the monthly checks he promised, but he never did. There would be no wages for Norma or me, but I could have the real estate commission if I could sell the place. Norma would be compensated in other ways, like college back east in Washington D.C. where Lee and Virginia were in medical school.

The Forest Motel, once the nicest in Holbrook, looked so shabby we decided to paint the outside first. As soon as we settled in the managers unit, and got the kids in school, we started in. It was war time and no one could be hired to do the heavy work, except Ed Berner and Indian women, and we knew better than that. Besides, we didn't have enough cash, since not a single unit was fit to rent to tourists.

One of our hardest jobs was to tend the furnace. Every morning we would shovel out the ashes, carry them up the basement steps and dump them out on the prairie. Then we would build a big coal fire to heat the 900 gallon tank for hot water.

The motel was stucco outside and in, and in poor condition. We had to mix a solution of lime and water, like Tom Sawyer used, called white wash. It was hard to get the right solution, and we had to use brushes like you use to paper walls. The brushes leaked and the wash ran down our arms and into our rubber gloves. No matter how often we stopped to wash up, we blistered our fingers, and that was the most painful part. However, it did cause us to speed up, and we worked each day until it was too dark to see.

It took us a week to finish, and although we only painted the walls that showed, it looked like a new place. In fact, it looked so good that Morris Barth, who owned the Tee Pee Motel down the road, came by and offered us quite a sum to paint his place. We couldn't spare the time, and suggested he get Ed Berner or some Indian squaws. He was not amused.

We finally got so swamped we decided to hire a couple of squaws who came by asking for work. We offered them 50 cents per hour. One had a little three year old boy who played nicely with my little Jeannine, the same age. There was no trouble, except his mother had split the seam in back of his coveralls so he could squat wherever nature called. It might have been a great idea out on the desert, but the little do-dads he left around did not add to our decor. Jeannine finally tattled on the boy, or we may never have solved that problem. The squaws borrowed my sewing machine to use in the evenings, since we had furnished them a room. And as soon as they finished their full, flouncy velvet squaw skirts for the big Gallup Pow Wow, they took off and left their assigned work half finished. They were to first sweep the sand and crud out of the 36 units, and then start in on the laundry. Low and behold, we were stuck with both.

Norma and I were a fantastic team. We could do most anything, as long as we had each other, and kept laughing a lot. In two days, on an old chug-chug washer, we washed, rinsed twice, and wrung through a hard rubber wringer, 36 bedspreads, and a hundred sets of sheets, pillowcases and towels. Hanging them on the line was the worst, and my arms and back aches now just thinking about it. By the time we had finished the worst of the overhaul on the place, we had each lost ten pounds.

It was nearing Christmas, and we decided to open for business on New Years day. By then, everything would be in tip top shape. Ordinarily, I would have been making things for the children to fill out and around their expected toys and things. But Norma and I were so tied up in hard labor, I had no extra time or energy. I had been expecting a check from the real Santa, my husband up in Alaska, who was evidently warming his toes by the fire. He had promised but had not followed through. I kept thinking the check from Alaska would arrive soon.

Not until a kind relative brought us a beautiful tree on Christmas Eve, did Norma and I come alive. I left her and the kids trimming the tree with mother's old decorations, and rushed to the post office one more time, just one hour before the stores were to close. I found only the same cold, empty mail box.

Upon returning home, Norma and I faced each other. We had barely squeaked by on food, so didn't even have a chicken for Christmas dinner. "You make some of your divine divinity and chocolate fudge, and I'll think up something for presents," I said. It was war time and sugar was rationed. But our clever mother had long ago colored 50 pounds of sugar pink, and put it in fruit jars. Who would ever suspect? We put the kids in a far away unit, and went to work. I set up my sewing machine in number six and for a long time, just sat there to think things out.

The year before, Santa had brought the girls each a Snow White doll, inspired by Walt Disney. They were beautiful dolls and the girls just loved them. Their dresses had always been rather plain to me, so I decided to take a chance, make the dolls new dresses, and just hope the girls would not be too disappointed. I had no cloth, and no money to rush down to buy some.

I walked over to my clothes closet and grabbed my two evening dresses. We wore long evening dresses a lot in those days, and always to a dance or a party. They were in perfect condition, and I really liked them both very much. But, I flung those thoughts from my mind, and in a few minutes, I was cutting them up for doll dresses, the orchid for Joycell and the pale green for Leilani. Luckily, both formals had lots of ruffles, so I was able to make the dresses and petticoats so full they could stand alone. Norma came over to give me a sample of divinity, and when she saw the dresses, she ran back to take two feathers from her best hat to contribute for the bonnets.

According to Norma, the dresses were a dazzling success. She then went to sleep with the children, and I was left alone to ponder Markay's present. He was in the third grade, and wanted a cowboy outfit and some boxing gloves. The material was the big problem. Then I thought of the very expensive suede jacket I had brought from Alaska. I made a bolero vest, with fringed edges. It cut nicely, and didn't take long to make, which gave me courage to think up something to make the chaps. The fur jacket my folks had given me as I left for Alaska, my most precious possession, would be just the thing. In those days a lot of the movies were showing cowboys from the colder states wearing fur chaps. I lined the fur with suede from the sleeves of the suede jacket. The outfit turned out remarkably well for something cut with no pattern.

By now it was 4:30 AM. I was excited, and just looking at what I had created helped sustain my enthusiasm. There were just enough scraps from the suede jacket to make the boxing gloves. But by then I was so tired that I couldn't remember how they should look, and began searching magazines for a picture. I couldn't find one, so shut my eyes to try and remember what Uncle Ralph's gloves looked like. It finally came to me that the tops had to be bigger than the bottoms for all that padding. I cut a paper pattern, then the suede, and started in. I couldn't give up now. My guardian angel must have helped me, since the gloves soon began to take shape and looked like the real thing. I used medicated cotton from Dad's medical supplies for the padding. An ice pick helped me punch the holes in the cuffs for the laces. I found the laces in the cellar in a pair of Dad's old shoes.

Finished, I took everything over to place by the children's stockings. Norma had found new towels and wash cloths in the Motel linen closet, as well as new tooth brushes and new bars of fragrant hand soap for stocking stuffers. She finished filling the stockings with her divine divinity and chocolate fudge wrapped in wax paper. A teddy bear and a tiny doll some tourist had left were stuck in Jeannine's little stocking.

Having been praying all night, I skipped my formal prayers and fell into bed just a half hour before the children burst in to show me what Santa had brought them. But try as I might, I couldn't get my eyes open. I kept trying to make the kids think I could see with my eyes shut, but Jeannine would have none of that, and kept trying to prop my eyes open with her little fingers. Together, we finally got them open long enough to "Ah" and "Oh" over what Santa had brought.

Strangely, that is the only Christmas my children ever talk about. Markay's gloves fitted him to a T, and he shadow-boxed all day in his cowboy outfit. After having to see what Santa had brought, I fell back on the bed, and Norma let me sleep for hours. I didn't see my girls again until late afternoon.

Norma had let them go show off their dolls' dresses to all their friends.

Although the two evening dresses, the suede jacket and the fur were my prized possessions at the time, I had no need for them after my move to California. As the war worsened, no one dressed up for any occasion, and by the time the war was over, they were all out of style.

Someone gave us a small turkey for New Year's, and no sooner than we had turned on all those motel lights and our VACANCY sign, than a handsome young captain came into the office to rent the whole motel for his green recruits who were coming in to learn to fly. We kept the six units in back for tourists. Business boomed and we rented out the service station that had been vacant for three years. I even rented the grease room one night to an elephant, when a small circus came through.

Everything began coming together, and paying off. Within a year, I sold the motel for cash, and they gave me the real estate commission. Norma got to go back east to stay with Lee and Virginia, where she longed to finish school and where she did meet the man she was to marry. I moved to California where my world started spinning again in the right direction.

The Christmas at the Motel in Holbrook during the war is the only Christmas that really stands out in my mind. Those full, ruffled doll dresses really took my breath away. I had never seen dolls dressed so elaborately. The bonnets with the little curly ostrich feathers were something to see. But the divinity just couldn't have been made by Santa's wife. Because of the war, us kids weren't sure Santa was even going to make it, and then these dolls were so beautifully dressed. It was all unbelievable. I learned one thing--a kid doesn't have to get a room full of toys to have an unforgettable Christmas.

--Leilani Hamblin Silvers

Of all the Christmases (and we had some good ones) the one with the doll dresses is the one I remember as the best. That day I delighted showing off my doll to my friends who were all much richer. And, not surprisingly, none of them asked what else Santa had brought me. They were too busy fingering all those ruffles, and the petticoat.

I know Markay, who didn't even keep track of his high school football awards, still has his boxing gloves. He wanted to wear his cowboy outfit to school, but Mother forbade it. And I forbade him using me for a punching bag. The old Forest Motel has a lot of memories for my generation. And to think that a Safeway Store now sits on that spot.

--Joycell Hamblin Cooper

Perhaps the resourcefulness Aunt Maree showed that Christmas was her greatest gift. Several years ago, Leilani found it necessary to extend her funds as she prepared Christmas for her large family. Her son Jacob, 10, loved bears. A pair of overalls and a shirt bought on sale became the body of the bear. An outgrown plush coat became the head, hands, and feet. Over eight feet tall, the bear was a challenge to stuff. Quite a few fluffy things disappeared as the bear's form filled out, and in desperation newspapers, old tennis shoes and a punctured basket ball were added. The bear was an immediate favorite, and with boy lounging on bear, they watched television together for years. When the Jr. high invited students to bring their teddy bears to school, this huge bear became a celebrity! Now that Jacob is 15, it has a place of honor, nailed to the rafters of Aunt Maree's real attic! --Diana Rice



The Great American Bus Ride



By H. Lee Berry

My first awareness of the beginnings of the American bus age was in 1926. Our family lived briefly that year in Holbrook, Arizona. The arrival of the transcontinental bus was announced in approximately these words in one of the Phoenix newspapers:

AMERICAN TRANSCONTINENTAL BUS SERVICE TO BEGIN

The date for the first bus crossing was one week hence, and Holbrook, Arizona, was designated as an official stop. My older sister, Effie, was to spend the winter in Los Angeles with Aunt Myn, and I was to spend that winter with Effie, just because it seemed like a good idea. Our train reservations were quickly cancelled and we were given seats on the first bus crossing our great United States of America. Buses were in use all over the United States. The unique feature was that a single bus would cross from coast to coast, and the passenger could stick with one bus clear to his destination.

We waited for several hours at a Holbrook garage, and finally the bus arrived at the designated area. Frankly, I was surprised that the bus appeared to be an old, much used bus, and not equal to city buses I had seen in Los Angeles and elsewhere. The two bus drivers inquired immediately if Effie and I had ever been to Los Angeles over this very road, and seemed most pleased to learn that we knew the roads very well, having been over these roads on numerous occasions. The passengers were immediately reshuffled in order for Effie and me to occupy the two seats behind the drivers. We were then informed that no one else on the bus had been west before. The drivers asked about the famous Oatman Hill near Kingman, Arizona, and other dangerous areas on the road, particularly in and around the bridge crossing the mighty Colorado river.

My sister Effie, age 20, was shy and beautiful, thin, and in every respect a "flapper," for it was that famous era, too. With Effie in the window seat, and me at the aisle seat, I felt a real surge of power as the bus departed from Holbrook. At age 14, I had never previously known a moment when I had been taken seriously by grown-ups. Now, I had a bus load of adults who felt that only Effie and I knew the roads, and she was already busy talking to some young man. I definitely had command of the situation.

Two or three miles west of Holbrook, there is a small sandy wash which almost never has a stream of water. On this occasion, as a result of recent rains, there was a small stream. I informed the drivers that we would cross a stream in a sandy wash very soon. I explained that a bridge was being constructed, and we must detour and cross on the sand. I also warned that the river was flooding, and that quick-sand was a problem. The bus stopped, and the drivers walked closer to examine the area.

They invited me along to help them understand how to deal with quick-sand. I was able to help by showing them the exact area where my father had once witnessed the final view of a large truck which had completely disappeared. I did not think it necessary to explain that the vehicle had stalled while trying to cross, and that many hours had passed before the vehicle sank into the sand.

The delay was soon solved when a Model T Ford crossed without difficulty. I pointed out that the car did

not stop while crossing, and that stopping might cause a serious problem. Soon, we raced across the small stream, and the drivers seemed very relieved to have overcome this terrible danger.

I now found my sister happily preoccupied, socially. I realized again that I was in full control of the bus, the drivers, and the passengers. Real, as well as imaginary dangers threatened this enterprise, and I began to assess the problems of facing Oatman Hill--a famous "dugway" leading down to the valley carved by the mighty Colorado river. I began to ask questions of the drivers, who seemed very apprehensive. I wanted to learn in advance if they were capable of the task they had undertaken.

The drivers had been friends for several years, working for a company providing bus service in New York City. The company management became interested in the development of transcontinental bus service. The company offered a free ride, with pay, to any bachelor drivers who would drive the initial bus all of the way across the continent to Los Angeles. Our drivers volunteered immediately. The bus they were given was the very bus they had been driving on the city streets of New York. They insisted on new tires, and management went all out to oblige them on that point.

I asked Slim and Bill about their experiences. Slim had never been out of New York State. His pride and place in life seemed to be related to a very crooked nose, and he assured me that he had never been beaten in a fair fight. Bill informed me that he had been west many summers, and that he knew he would like California. His favorite trip west had been Indiana. No, he admitted, he had never been "far west," but he was sure he would like that, too. During the conversations that followed, I realized that neither Slim nor Bill had plans to continue driving buses, and that the acceptance of this driving assignment was to earn a trip west with pay.

Late afternoon was approaching. The gasoline tank was almost empty. The sight of a service station ahead led to the decision to stop. Effie and I knew there were no other stations before Kingman, which was too far away. We stopped for fuel, soon learning that the right front tire was flat. We also learned that our drivers had never changed a bus tire and that such knowledge had never been required of them. We also learned that the station owner was a nice, but elderly man, and he did not change tires.

The male passengers now convened as a committee and discussed the problem. No one owned a car, but several had helped change tires. One had seen truck tires changed on several occasions. That man was immediately put in charge, and the drivers were sent off to rest.

At that time, hard rubber tires had passed from the scene, and inner tubes were believed to be the inevitable fate of all human beings. Also at that time, changing a tire was followed by a long difficult interlude with the hand pump. "Free air" was not provided in the rural areas until years later.

It now seemed apparent that although the passengers were all from New York City, their background

experiences were different. I realized that I could not direct the difficult problem of changing a tire. I therefore confined my remarks to words of a philosophical nature. At Effie's insistence, I retired to the bus, resigned to sitting in a bus seat all night. The conversation was lively for a few hours, and then I fell asleep wondering if those men could change such a large and difficult tire.

Effie and I were awakened by the drivers. They asked if they could borrow the bed roll that we had brought aboard with our suitcase. We always carried bed rolls on trips at that time, and this one was wrapped in a handsome Navajo blanket. Effie gave permission when they explained that the station owner had offered to allow them to sleep on a back porch. Effie had been embarrassed to bring a bed roll, but it turned out to be a good idea to help out "The Great American Transcontinental Bus Company."

We were all awakened very early the next morning, and were thrilled to learn that the men had conquered the tire and the drivers, boasting of a good sleep, were refreshed and ready to head for Oatman Hill and points beyond. No food was available at this unplanned stop, but many passengers had provided for themselves as a point of economy. Now we discussed either the menacing dangers of Oatman Hill or what food might be available.

In spite of my many graphic descriptions of the mighty Hill, we made an uneventful descent. The drivers, however, having been correctly warned, proceeded with great caution. The result was a happy one. We stopped in Kingman for breakfast, and then proceeded down a fine road in the valley and soon crossed the bridge over the Colorado river.

Effie now proceeded to warn that after following the river for a few miles, we would turn up the river bank on a very steep hill. She explained that rolling backward in the event of loss of brakes would result in falling into the river. There were no protective barriers to prevent such a fall.

Our drivers began to feel that events had shown that they were now entitled to make decisions. Effie advised that all passengers walk up the long hills for the sake of safety. The drivers, being gallant I suppose, ruled that the six or eight female passengers could ride up the hill. Just before we turned up the hill, the bus stopped. All male passengers got off, and Effie also got off with a final lecture, warning that if possible, the bus should not slow down until it reached the top of the hill.

At Effie's instruction, some of the men carried large rocks. For a little ways, we ran behind the bus, and then the bus stalled and began to roll backwards. Now, no one needed instructions. The men quickly found places to push to stop the vehicle from slowly rolling backwards. The vehicle finally came to a stop, and the men put several large stones under the back wheels to prevent rolling backwards. The female passengers now bolted from the door, and were quite anxious to walk.

Everyone now became very calm. The engine was restarted. We seemed able to go about a hundred yards on each attempt. The men were now ready each time the bus stalled, quickly placing the rocks. There was no more rolling backwards toward the river.

At last, we reached the crest of the hill, and the passengers reclaimed their seats to continue our journey. The rest of the trip was uneventful. I recall the delighted remarks of the passengers, when we entered the great valleys of Los Angeles, and passed through the orange groves crowded everywhere,

making Los Angeles a sparkling, beautiful sight before smog was invented.

Ten years later, the transcontinental bus idea was in full flower. I had a job in Washington D.C. I crossed twelve times in a period of two years. I crossed by bus because it was faster and cheaper. At the high point of this bus madness, one could sleep in coffin-like bunks built under the seats.

Perhaps I have recalled this little adventure because this month, all transcontinental bus service has ceased. Greyhound has bought out all competing bus lines. Buses still will carry us between nearby cities. The jet age is in full force, and all we see in crossing our beautiful country is little checker-like squares and specks said to be houses. No longer can we gaze in wonder at people, even looking into their eyes, on a bus crossing. Now more views of beautiful houses, and fields brimming with grain and corn. Oh well--that is progress and we must accept it.



The Priceless Jewel

by A. Kay Berry
(a prize-winning Toastmaster talk given about 1950)

Have you ever seen a toad with a jewel in its head? The other day, I was working in my garden and I pulled back a camellia branch, and there was a big ugly toad. As I stared down at that loathsome creature, the words of William Shakespeare were dusted off and brought from the memory vault in my mind and I thought back to my school days.

I remember, as a Sophomore, I had three major interests in life: football, basketball, and girls. But my English teacher had other ideas and insisted that I memorize some of the sayings of a foreigner called Shakespeare. Why, I had never even met the man. But to keep the peace, I studied his works and of all his sayings, I remember these words the best:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity, which like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a priceless jewel in its head."

Why, I was sorry for Shakespeare when I was fourteen but now I marvel at the wisdom of that great literary master because now I understand what he meant. Between the lines he was trying to tell all of us that the uses of adversity are sweet because they are the opportunities which will lead us to higher and happier lives. And that to find the priceless jewel of greatness we have to learn to suffer, to overcome, and to rise above obstacles that lie along the road of life.



I remember back on Grandpa's farm, my brother and I looked into an incubator filled with turkey eggs just in time to see a little turkey pick through the shell and struggle to get out. We thought it was stuck, and so we broke open the shell and released it. Then other little turkeys picked through, and each time, we hand-picked the shells and freed them.

And then Grandpa came and with his voice rich with experience, he said, "Why, you've ruined them. They have to pick their own shells. Now they'll all be runts and die."

Then he gathered up all eighteen of those little turkeys and put them aside in a special pen. And in a few weeks, sure enough, most of them were dead and the rest were either stunted in growth or deformed.

In our blindness, we robbed them of their chance for life itself. And in the blindness of our love, let's not make the same mistake with our children. We all have to crack our own shells and make our own way in this life.

Another fundamental lesson that we have to learn is to take bumps along the way gracefully. We should try to learn each lesson with a single bump.

At our house, we have five little Berrys, and our little Berry number five is the family sweetheart. During the first year of her life, she has learned many things. A while back, she crawled right off the bed head first, without any fear, and received a nasty bump. But she did it only once. Now, she glides down from the bed feet first and has learned this and many lessons with single bumps. I wish that we adults could learn as well.

Into each life adversity falls. A few fight and win the battle of too much money. But more often it's the whip of poverty that drives men to great deeds. And some find adversity in physical handicaps and as they struggle to overcome those difficulties, they go on and on until they earn their priceless jewel.

Somehow, people seem to grow more in the lean years than they do in the fat years. In the fat years they put it in their pockets and in the lean years they put it in their hearts. Why some men have to have their eyes put out before they can see. And you have to crack their heads before they can think, knock them down before they stand up, break their hearts before they can love and bankrupt them before they know what riches are. Why, men go to the devil with full pockets, but they turn to God when hunger strikes them.

Do you remember that John the Revelator had to be punished and persecuted and finally banished to the Isle of Patmos, before the Heavens were opened unto him and he saw his great visions and wrote his book of Revelations. And the great God of Heaven spoke unto this same John saying, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, for I shall be his God and he shall be my son."

Now, do you see what Mr. Shakespeare was trying to tell us? Let it become crystal clear in your mind's eye. These bumps and these tragedies and these Waterloos, why, they're not calamities at all, but they are blessings in disguise. Because they make us better men and women. And they draw the strings of the soul tighter and tighter and bring us nearer and nearer to God.

I believe that everyone has the priceless jewel in some size or form. But remember, yours may only be a diamond in the rough. And to make it beautiful and brilliant, you will have to work and struggle hard because the priceless jewel is hard and it can only be polished with tears mixed with the diamond dust of adversity.

And I say, "Thank you William Shakespeare for your unforgettable lesson."

And I say to you, my friends, the next time you meet adversity, though it be ugly as the toad, remember it wears yet a priceless jewel in its head.



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

EUPHEMIA BERRY McCRAY

by her niece Maree Berry Hamblin

I remember Aunt Famie, as we called her, babysitting me, and Aunt Myn was with her, since they were inseparable best friends. They loved to hold me in church, since they could take me out if I wiggled. One day when they took me out, I wanted to go back to Mama. I began crying and the echoes were so strange I was embarrassed and tried to cover the echoing by crying even louder. That didn't work, of course, so my aunts took me home.

On my third birthday, Aunt Famie gave me a little party, but she only invited my sister Effie and Aunt Myn. I still remember the beautiful cake she made and the little ring with a red ruby set she and Aunt Myn gave me. That was 76 years ago.

Aunt Famie was a beautiful girl. My husband Elbert Hamblin told me after we married that when he was a little boy and his mother told him fairy tales, he always imagined the princess as Aunt Famie because she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Aunt Famie had that rare combination of dark hair and blue eyes. No one ever cut their hair then, and hers was down past her waist. She was slender, almost thin, with a flawless complexion, and, like all the Berrys, she had long, long eyelashes. She was very shy; the kind of a girl that brings out the protective instincts in a man, yet was never aware of her own attractiveness.

Like all the other fathers of that day, "Big Tom" kept her protected in his tower. It seemed the boys, more or less, worshipped her from afar, afraid of Big Tom. She was as popular as she could be under those circumstances, but never had a chance at anything serious until Dexter McCray came to town.

Uncle Earnest Whiting had converted the McCrays while serving his mission in West Virginia, and brought them west. But the old St. Johns pioneers viewed new families as strangers, even if they permanently settled, and were members of the church.

The day the McCrays arrived from West Virginia, Effie and I climbed up on the cow shed at Grandpa Whiting's to watch as they drove their covered wagons in his front corral and set up camp until they could find housing. They were mountain people, but their teenagers shed their mountain ways quickly as they came across the continent. The boys were handsome and the only daughter, Pansy, was a beauty even in her farm bonnet and shabby clothes. She became an instant friend of Aunt Myn and Aunt Famie.

Both Deck and Lawrence proved to be smart and good workers. Deck worked at the mill for Uncle Earnest who praised him as a responsible and valuable hand. On the side, Deck showed his skill as a finishing carpenter. He made tables fancy enough for any front room, and fireplace fronts that were beautiful. Lawrence somehow got into the water drilling business in which he spent his life, finally moving to Holbrook and then The Valley. Brother McCray soon went back to West Virginia.

Sister McCray, raising her family alone, was an excellent seamstress, and managed to earn a little that way. When Mother was teaching, she had Sister McCray make Effie and me each a dress. I loved mine, and wore it for many years. We had to go to her place for a fitting. They had moved into a shabby little house, one that Uncle Charles' third wife had

died in. I was intrigued by what she had done to it. With not a dime to spare, she had papered the sitting room walls with pages from magazines and catalogues. She had arranged the colored pages so cleverly that they made a sort of pattern like regular wallpaper. Deck had made her a mantle piece, and her floors were covered with braided rugs, the kitchen whitewashed. She made Mother a dark blue serge dress with a velvet collar that I just loved. She always liked to sit by Mother in church. Mother and Grandma Whiting liked her because she didn't gossip-- a no-no in our family on both sides. Somehow, she seemed to be accepted by St. Johns more readily than were her children. Jealousy, I suppose. I never heard her complain. I remember how fast her fingers could fly with a needle. She could take twelve stitches to my one, and I was pretty good with a needle. Ruffles were in style, and she gathered them all by hand. I couldn't believe my eyes when I watched her.

Lawrence fell for Aunt Myn, but they hardly dared look at each other. He was tall, dark and handsome, and worshipped her. But the Whitings, not quite as tough as Big Tom, but just as determined, frowned at the idea of a deeper friendship, and Aunt Myn didn't rebel.

Boys didn't bring girls flowers in those days. They gave boxes of candy to show their undying devotion-- pretty boxes with lovely ribbons and delicious chocolates. I first realized that Deck McCray was trying to win the beautiful Euphemia when I was staying with her one night. She was the only girl in the family still living at home, and we were upstairs in her room. It was quite late when we heard a faint whistle out back. She put her finger to her lips and went to the window, giving some kind of signal. Then, smoothing her hair but not taking off her tie apron, she tip-toed downstairs. I followed and sat half-way down on the step. She wasn't gone long, when she ran upstairs with something under her apron, jumping over me on the way. She fell over on the bed, then showed me the lovely box of candy Deck had given her. It was a beautiful lavender box with a bow to match, and a picture of a Gibson girl, but not as pretty as Aunt Famie. We ate a lot of the chocolates, then she pulled back a little curtain to show me at least a dozen empty boxes of all colors and sizes he had given her, always slipping them to her when Grandpa wasn't looking. I promised not to breathe a word, and I haven't until now. Big Tom would have considered such attention to be foolishness. The pioneer fathers expected the boys to amount to something, to go out and slay a few dragons before asking for their daughter's hand in marriage. I went to bed dreaming of the romance of it all, and hoping I would soon be old enough to enjoy such an experience.

Paul was my age, but as shy as me. Wilfred, the baby of the McCray family, was a couple of years younger. I first fell for Paul when our 4th grade teacher took us on a picnic out to the Blue Hills. On the way back, I guess he wanted to liven things up, for he caught a great big blow snake and draped it around his neck. He chased us girls all over the place. But the snake got tired of it all and started squeezing. The teacher had a hard time getting the snake loose. But I thought it was a brave thing for a boy to do. After we were out of

the 8th grade, Paul went out roaming around the Indian country while I finished high school and two years of college. I was teaching in a one teacher school when I found out that Paul had been teaching in the Indian school with only his eighth grade diploma, and doing just as well as I was, teaching the Mexican kids.

I think one reason Aunt Famie always looked so lovely was because she could sew so well and seemed to know the right colors to choose for a dress. I remember one she made for a special occasion. It was pale orchid with little silver dots. I've never seen that kind of cloth since. It was a soft shimmering fabric, and she cut her own pattern. She made it ankle length, with three long tiers. The sleeves were very full to her elbow and not gathered at the edge, something like Princess Di occasionally wears. It was absolutely stunning, and the color brought out something special in her eyes, which were the same sort of lavender as Elizabeth Taylors' eyes.

It must have been the winds of war that softened Grandpa Berry. After Uncle Elmer left for camp, Aunt Famie and Uncle Deck had a quiet wedding. A big wedding during war times was considered to be in bad taste. This was world war I and America was helping France, England, and Belgium fight the hated Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. It wasn't long until Uncle Deck was sent to serve in Siberia, of all places.

There were so many girls grabbing last minute weddings that a hat was designed by some milliner back east, called the "War Bride's hat". It was a darling black, brimless little thing, completely swathed in folds of black veiling. It was very flattering and cute enough to make everyone forget it was made for mourning, should the need occur.

Their first child, Lee, was born after Uncle Deck left, and was running all over the place when he came home from the war. Grandma and Grandpa Berry had moved to The Valley, so Aunt Famie and Uncle Deck settled in the old Berry town-house, where they lived until most of their children were born.

When Lorna was two days old, Sybil, not quite two, suddenly became very sick. Old Doctor Bouldin couldn't diagnose it, but later decided it was spinal meningitis. I was a junior in high school, and Uncle Deck came to me to see if I could help him out. I did, and until Aunt Famie was up and able to manage and Sybil was better, I went down everyday during noon hour and after school until Uncle Deck got home. He appreciated my help very much, and tried to pay me with silver dollars. But I declined, explaining that I was paying Aunt Famie for all the times she had taken care of me when I was a kid, and growing up. He understood, and I was always glad I had helped him, since it had given me a chance to really get acquainted with him. He was very tender with Aunt Famie and the babies. Aunt Etta had taken the other children to The Meadows.

After that, I watched Uncle Deck for years, and our paths often crossed. In some ways he was a paradox, a dreamer with big plans that never seemed to work out. I believe the town itself was a hard mountain to climb. When Mormons get stiff-necked, they're worse than the Baptists. So when Uncle Deck slipped into town and walked off with the beautiful Famie Berry, I don't think the town ever did forgive him. His good looks were even against him. Anyone THAT good looking just must have some faults. But there was never even a shred of evidence to back up the gossipers' fantasies that he might be untrue to his wife. He was away a lot, at Gallup, Albuquerque and sometimes down in The Valley. But there was no work, or very little in St. Johns and he had no family clan to make work for him.

When their little son Kelly was so sick, I happened to be in St. Johns for the summer. We had come down from the Homestead for the Fourth of July. I went to see Aunt Famie, and helped her some, but I didn't realize how very sick Kelly was, or I would have stayed longer. It was then that Aunt Famie told me that the big buggy the baby was sleeping in was the old wicker buggy that had once belonged to my sister, Norma. Aunt Famie said that mother had given it to her when we moved. She had used it as a bassinet for all of her children. It still looked in very good condition. Little Kelly died a few weeks later, the only child they lost out of 16. Uncle Deck never seemed the same after that.

One day, he announced that the old Town House wasn't good enough for Aunt Famie, so he put a floor in his truck garage and moved the family in there while he tore the old place down brick by brick. No one knows what happened to that dream, but someone was pressing him for a debt he owed, so he had to sell the bricks he intended using for her new house. This left the big family to live several years in that makeshift garage. Then, he took off to find work. By then, Lee, in high school, went to The Valley to work for his Uncle Lawrence and sent what he could, back to Aunt Famie. I know one time he sent each of the kids a new winter coat for Christmas. But, with that big family it wasn't enough, and Aunt Famie began doing housework for anyone who would hire her.

After Aunt Elda [Whiting Brown] bought Anderson Mercantile, she hired Aunt Famie to clerk, and she worked there for years. Aunt Elda saw that she paid her social security so she wouldn't have to worry in her old age. It had just been established.

When Uncle Deck continued to stay away for longer and longer periods of time, the town got on its worst behavior, and several people, the stake president among them, went to Aunt Famie and suggested she ask her husband for a divorce. Aunt Famie was shocked. Why would she divorce a man she still loved?

Only seven of the kids were still living at home when Uncle Deck showed up one day and surprised the town by buying a lot on the new highway on the edge of town. It was only about five blocks from the post office, and he began to build a cafe and six cabins to rent. I was intrigued.

I was married and had two kids and was living at the Elm Hotel. Uncle Deck came to see me one day. The Hotel was being re-roofed, and the yard was covered with old shingles. The Hotel owners were not home, so he asked if I would ask them if he could have a few of the old shingles, just enough to cover the little entrance roof to his cafe. He had run out, it was the fourth of July the next day, and he was planning a grand opening. Knowing they wouldn't care, I went out and picked out two big stacks.

I took them to the cafe, and was impressed with his new building. He had built booths along one side. They were not ordinary, but beautifully crafted the way he built things. Along the other side of the big room was a counter with stools, and a kitchen with cupboards. The highlight of the room was a huge nickelodeon, with the latest hit tunes and flashing lights, the first St. Johns had ever seen.

He had moved Aunt Famie and the last seven kids into the attached living quarters. He especially wanted me to see the bathroom, explaining that the huge tub on eagle claws was the one from the house my father had built when I was a kid. Our former house had

been modernized, and somehow Uncle Deck had recovered the old tub. All cleaned up, it looked as good as new, and seemed big enough to hold their whole family.

Uncle Deck was planning to serve his specialty, hamburgers, along with soft drinks and candy for the grand opening. He had the hamburger, the buns, the relish and mustard ready for the morrow, as well as plenty of candy bars and pop. But he hadn't remembered plates to serve them on. I gathered up a couple of dozen saucers and sent them over. I don't know how the next day went, but somehow his whole project slowly faded away. It had been a great idea, but he wasn't the kind to settle in and make it work. Aunt Famie was soon using it entirely for their home, and to me it looked like a great place to be. I don't think he ever finished the six cabins in back that were sorely needed in town. He had worked so hard on the whole thing that it saddened me to see him give up just as it got started. He went away again, but seemed to come back more often than before.

We moved away again, too far to keep in personal touch. Years went by and all the children married and went their own way. One day my Dad wrote me a letter telling me that Uncle Deck had come back, had become active in the church, and had taken Aunt Famie through the temple. The remarkable thing about that was that all but one of their living children, who was out of state, had gone through with them. It was probably a record for the Mesa Temple to have a couple sealed with 14 of their children attending. It was a happy day for my Dad, for he had always been especially tender toward his little sister, taking care of all their dental work without pay, and visiting her often to see what she needed. He also told me Aunt Famie's kids had the best teeth in St. Johns. (Being poor has certain advantages, for there is no extra money for candy and pop--the richer kids had their mouths full of cavities.)

I had been living in Alaska for eight years when I got word that my Dad was very sick and not expected to live. I rushed down, and three days later, he died. Aunt Etta, Aunt Famie, Uncle Oron, and Uncle Elmer all came to the funeral. When the services were over, we all met back at Kay and Elizabeth's where the Startups had catered a lovely back-yard smorgasbord. Visiting with Dad's brothers and sisters did much to ease the pain of Dad's death.

As the crowd began to thin, Aunt Famie called me aside and we found a secluded place to talk. She said she had something to show me, and then pulled out a letter that Uncle Deck had written her the last time he had left home, before he came back to take her through the Temple. He had recently passed away. It was a beautiful letter for a man who had been married so long to write to his wife. "This is pure poetry," I said. She later sent me a copy, and I would like to share it with their posterity. Aunt Famie was in Mesa, visiting with some of her married children, when she received this letter from her husband, who had been working at Greer, but had come back to St. Johns.

St. Johns, Ariz.
July 11, 1966

Dear Famie:

I decided I would write a line to surprise you. I know you thought I would never write. I just had a dream the other night that you might want to hear about. It was so real.

I dreamed I was some where in a strange place, and I saw the most lovely creature I have ever seen. She was a young, sweet angel-faced,

bright-eyed girl, beauty and loveliness beyond description. But, to my amazement, I seemed to have married her.

Somehow my dream stopped. I must have slept on, for later I was awakened--not really awake, so went on with my dream. Somehow we were separated. But as I kept looking for her, I found her in a different room or location, it seemed. She was asleep and I awakened her. It was you. Now I know you will never grow old, and you will always be the same sweet, young you.

This dream lingered with me for a couple of days, and I wanted to tell you about it, so you would know.

I'll be seeing you soon, Love, Deck

The last time I saw Aunt Famie was in Snowflake, about 1977. I was visiting my youngest daughter, Jeannie and son-in-law Keith Larson, and she was visiting her eldest son, Lee. She came to see me, and I was amazed to be looking at a woman, who after bearing sixteen children, still had a remarkably good figure. She was dressed in a pale yellow pant suit her daughters had made for her. It looked professionally styled and constructed, and just the right shade to enhance her still beautiful face. We talked of long ago, but our time was too short, and we planned to meet again. Somehow we didn't, and when I got word of her death, it was too late for me to attend the funeral from Missouri.

But I am comforted to remember that here was a woman who had something to lighten her heaviest burdens all through her married life, for no matter where her husband might roam, or no matter what he didn't do for her, she knew she was deeply loved. She had kept her marriage vows for better or for worse. And she must have understood Lord Byron's views on the subject:

"Love is to a man a thing apart.
'Tiz woman's whole existence."

Dexter Lee McCray had, at the height of his young manhood, been transported from one of the most beautiful states in the Union to one of the most desolate. Had he taken his bride back to those lakes, sparkling streams, and luscious mountains of West Virginia, away from the wind, the drought, and the dry creeks of her people's land, things might have been different for him.

But then, again, perhaps the Lord in his wisdom, led him west where his posterity would find better partners, and a better future for them and theirs. Uncle Deck loved the White Mountains, and had filed for a homestead the other side of Sierra Trigo, just beyond what is now a dry lake. He built a little cabin there, but never finished the improvements and lost it back to the government.

If we could read Aunt Famie's Golden Report Card, I feel certain she would get all A's on every subject. And, as only a child of Little Sarah with her patience and kind ways could have, endured to the end. Her inner strength had to have come from her father, but knowing she was deeply loved by her husband kept everything in balance, and she was never heard to complain. I am proud to be her niece.



Euphemia Berry McCray gazing at her baby Lee, off camera. She used no make-up, no burnt matches for eyebrows like the other girls had to do, and no red crepe paper to redden her lips, nor did she have to pinch her cheeks. This was during World War I, and she is wearing the war bride's hat.



It must have been the winds of war that softened Grandpa Berry. After Uncle Elmer left for camp, Aunt Euphemia and Uncle Deck had a quiet wedding. A big wedding during war times was considered to be in bad taste. It wasn't long until Uncle Deck was sent to serve in Siberia, of all places. He is pictured here in his uniform.