



Nihil Sine Labore---Nothing Without Work

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family

A year and a half ago, the family of Herbert and May Whiting Berry began a new adventure when we established our family magazine, The Berry Patch. The publication has grown, and wonderful family stories have been recorded and shared with the families that now descend from Herbert and May Berry.

The name Patch has proved to be a wise choice. A patch is a piece of material used to reinforce. By learning more about our ancestors, family values are reinforced.

It can also be a badge attached to a sleeve to indicate the unit to which one belongs. We hope everyone feels a stronger identity to this family.

It can be a dressing or bandage to be applied to a wound or sore. News of loved ones is a soothing protection.

It can also be the produce grown on a small piece of land, and approximately 80 families have been produced so far from the marriage of Herbert and May.

A patch can be a small part of a surface that differs from the whole, such as "the flowers made white patches against the grass". Joycell's Henscratchings are proof positive that our family differs from any other in the world!

As a verb, to patch means to piece various elements together. Admittedly, it also means to settle or make up. Let's hope we are so close together in our patchwork that even the slightest disharmony would be quickly settled.

And finally, in the ham radio world, Patch means to connect two communicators together. We have been blessing with great communicators in this family, with talking and writing being our specialties.

We are happy to inaugurate with this issue, a patching together of three of the families of James Thomas and Sarah Berry. The family of Elmer & Marjorie Berry are 100% supporters of our

efforts. They are loyal subscribers, and Lydia serves as Family Archivist. In addition, we are now working side by side with the Henry Ward & Etta Berry Heap family, sharing a postage permit, plus the first page, and common history pages, and occasionally we will be swapping news. We welcome the Heap family to our ranks, and wish we them well in their new publication.

--Diana Rice

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WANT TO ADD YOUR THOUGHTS?
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The histories we compile in this publication should be considered open-ended, permitting the addition of other materials as they are submitted. For example, in this issue, we have "Remembrances of Aunt Zella". Perhaps Alma Hamblin Patterson, who has many memories of Aunt Zella, or the children of Albert and Cora Anderson, might want to add their thoughts at a later date. Aunt Zella took care of these children while Sister Anderson worked at another job.

--Norman Heap

It is suggested that you keep these pages in a 3-ring binder. Consider filing the history pages according to subject. We purposely do not copyright--please feel free to zerox!!!!!!

AUNT ZELLA'S SUGAR COOKIES

Look for the recipe contributed by Ora Heap Wilhelm for Aunt Zella's cookies, located in the history pages of this issue under the title Remembrances of Aunt Zella. This is an original recipe of Aunt Zella's that has remained a family favorite. Ora has "cookie parties" with her own grandchildren, featuring these cookies. It makes a large batch, and the cookies always disappear rapidly. Ora gives cookie cutters and invitations to her grandchildren at Christmas time, and then has four of the cousins at a time over to bake cookies at Grandma's.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit.
3 Nephi 14:18

GRANDFATHER TOM BERRY

H. Lee Berry writes with great tenderness and insight of his Grandfather, James Thomas Berry in this issue's history pages. Read about the time he was invited to accompany his grandfather on the cattle shipment by train from Tempe to Holbrook, and then driving the 100 head of beautiful Jersey and Guernsey heifers from Holbrook to St. Johns.

"Our duties were quite simple... The poor, lazy cattle, all with calves, gave no trouble in wandering around [at night], but the two pack horses had to be hobbled. We never had trouble finding the cow horses..."

"Grandfather had been a sheepherder in his early days, and sheepherders and beans are inseparable. He soon had a fire going and warmed a huge pot of beans that had been cooked several days before. We soon had biscuits ready and had a wonderful meal, and went to bed without worry..."

"On the last night before we arrived, a calf was born that had two tails. Grandfather gave me the calf as my salary..."

HONORING ORON WALDO BERRY



Uncle Oron is the youngest and last surviving child of James Thomas and Sarah Roundy Berry. His birthday is February 14, and he is celebrating his 92nd this month! Read about him in the history pages of this issue!

**RONALD BROWN, MD
THANK YOU!**

Randy Fife had been desperately ill for six weeks. During that time, he had suffered extreme allergic reactions to penicillin drugs, had been through three surgeries, two diagnostic and one for gall bladder removal, and had contracted pseudomonas and enterococci infections. A diabetic, he had been given cortisones to relieve the allergic reactions, which had complicated his blood sugar problems. The medications were hard on his liver, and he became severely jaundiced. Randy had struggled and fought desperately to live during these weeks, but was slowly losing the battle.

He had excellent doctors, in one of the leading hospitals in the Bay area, El Camino Hospital in Mountain View, CA. Within a short time he had been visited by over 20 specialists, who each were kept very busy with Randy's problems. The family had absolute confidence in the medical care he was receiving, and several doctors in turn had accomplished miracles during the many days of crisis proceeding.

Ronald Brown, though only related to Randy as a cousin by marriage, took time from his own busy practice to fly to the San Jose airport and travel by car to El Camino Hospital, to see if he could be of any assistance. After a hard day's work, he took a late Friday evening flight and arrived at the hospital around 9 pm. The family had secured the doctors' permission for him to review the records. He settled down in a quiet corner of ICU and read the foot and a half thick stack of records in his rapid manner. After a through reading, he concluded that excellent care had been given, but that in their effort to avoid dialysis, the doctors were not allowing enough calories for their patient. They were starving Randy in their efforts to restrict fluids. Ronald suggested they add calories by adding lipids to the diet, which would add 1250 calories a day without extra fluid. This was an idea that had been missed by the doctors, yet it was a vital suggestion. The extra calories gave Randy the energy he needed to continue fighting.

Randy's wife, Barbara Fife, said, "This was a crucial time in Randy's illness. Ronald came on Friday. Our family was having a family fast from Saturday noon to Sunday noon. On Sunday, Randy told me that he was dying. His words were, "You know I'm dead." He was unable to speak because of the respirator, but he mouthed the words. To be sure, I asked him to repeat it and then asked

if the second word started with a d. He said yes. I then asked if he had prayed about it, to which he answered yes. I then told him how much he meant to all of us--that there were 51 reasons he should live. All of his grandchildren needed to know him, and all of us wanted his company.

"This encouraged him to try, and with the help of the Lord, aided by the adequate food, thanks to Ronald, Randy became more lucid and alert, and has slowly but steadily improved. The struggle is day by day, but he was very pleased when he walked a few steps on the parallel bars on Tuesday, January 5. He had so many secret fears that he might not walk that it was an emotional moment for everyone concerned, and Physical Therapy posted a banner--FIFE WALKS."

After nine weeks in intensive care, much of that time being spent on full life support equipment, and after having each major organ threaten to stop functioning entirely, all along being diabetic and allergic to many of the wonder drugs that otherwise might have helped him, Randy was finally transferred to critical care, and was in a regular hospital room before Christmas.

Randy does not remember Ronald coming, or even entering the hospital September 18. There are five or six weeks that are completely lost because of the severity of his illness. But his family remembers, and we will never forget Ronald Brown's role in saving Randy's life.

Randy is considered a miracle at the hospital. He is walking across his room with a walker, and is steadily regaining his strength. He is able to talk well, now, and he clearly expresses his love for the family. He has told us that family is the only thing in life that matters. Everything else is dim by comparison. We hope to have him home soon, and we cherish the hours now spent together at the hospital.

Editorial Staff

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Janice Falls	Maree's Family
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Lynn Ellsworth	Genealogist
Maree Hamblin	Writer
Lee Berry	Writer
Joycell Cooper	Hen Scratchings
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BIRTHDAY & FAMILY STATISTICS

Now that we have recorded every person's name in the family, along with their birthdate, we have a statistician's treasure trove of facts. In this issue you will find two listings, or directories. The first is a listing by family group. Study the key, which gives every one a number according to generation and birth order, so you can figure out how we're all related! The second is a listing in birth order from Aunt Maree, the oldest of the 299 living descendants of May & Herbert to Aimee Hardy & Crystal Middleton, the two youngest.

Camille Leavitt and Greg Berry were both born on Grandmother May Berry's birthday, October 11. John Hunter shares the same birthday as Grandpa Herbert Berry's, May 4. Dennis Byers and Esther Ellsworth Pugmire were born on May and Herbert's wedding anniversary, October 5.

The family baby boom corresponded quite closely to the one that is talked about historically, beginning after WW II. However, in the 70's when the birth rate in the U.S. began to fall off sharply, our's boomed even louder! Exactly 100 children were born in this family during the 1970's! The 80's have been a bit quieter--so far we've only had 5 1/2 new babies this decade.

We hope you enjoy looking over these lists. Anna Marie Rice can hardly wait to meet Emily Andelin, who is two days younger than she is!

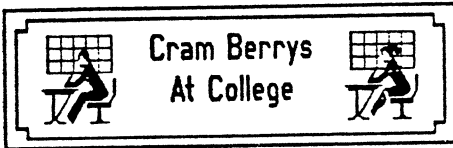
ADDRESS CHANGES

Brian and Helena Andelin, 9019 Elsie Lane, Houston TX, 77064. Jack and Joycell Cooper and Lance and Cathy Cooper now share a home at 1435 #A E Reno, Las Vegas, NV 89119. Gary and Charlene Ellsworth, Box 103, Loa, UT 84747. Luke and Liz Ellsworth, 168 E. 500 N. #B, Provo, UT 84601. Leo and Michelle Hamblin and Daylin Hablin share a home at 445 East 500 South apt B12, American Fork, UT 84003. David Hunter, 851 North 600 West #2, Provo, UT 84604. Steve and Tracy Hunter, 1659 Golden Tree Dr., San Jose, CA 95131. Troy and Jennifer Larson, 6131 W. Thomas Road #2080, Phoenix, AZ 85033.

Berry Reunion

June 27-30





Greetings from the Cramberries of Provo, Utah! We got together and made a list of what we decided were the best and worst things about being a student. We had a blast doing it. Here it is:

WORST 10

1. School
2. Dating girls who know Lance Cooper
3. Being a "Berry" good student
4. Alarm clock panic: waking up at 8:45 for an 8:00 class.
5. Having no money (donations accepted)
6. Frozen toothpaste
7. Falling asleep during a final after cramming all night.
8. Ramen and macaroni
9. Waiting in lines
10. Not getting a Berry Patch subscription for Christmas.

BEST 10

1. Graduation / getting a job.
2. Marrying a girl who didn't know Lance Cooper
3. Skiing vertically
4. Spring
5. Any vacation
6. Being married
7. Being single (see below)
8. Getting money from relatives
9. Tax exemption
10. Receiving the Berry Patch in the mail.

DECLARATION FOR SINGLISM

by Stephanie Rice

Single Samantha was having a hard day. It was one of those usual hard periods in her life when she felt totally alone and out of place. She started out her morning with the usual single piece of toast and a glass of milk. Life was ok in her eyes, but little did she know that the future would be devastating.

She gathered up her bags, locked the door, and stepped outside. As she stepped outside onto the cement of the Brigham Young University campus, it hit her. Her phobia of couples started again. It was like a bad dream; couples where every where--on the lawns, in the

Bookstore, walking down sidewalks; they were all over the place. BYU was infested with couples. Suddenly Single Samantha felt like an odd ball--a minority.

Do our feel left out--alone? are you always the odd person in this even numbered world at Brigham Young University? Do you suffer from couplephobia, like Single Samantha? You are not alone. There are millions of people just like you--single and sick of this couples fad.

We the single students of Brigham Young University unite to

form a more perfect campus--a campus free of twozies. It is time for a change. Let us have the attitude that single is sexy, rather than sad. Students of BYU Wake Up! This couple attitude is affecting the sexy single students of BYU. Everything on campus is designed for couples only. For example, the Deseret Towers Morris Center cafeteria has many tables for four--two couples. In the lobbies of on-campus housing there are only couches for, you guessed it, couples. Not one dorm mother has thought to put a single chair in the place. In the BYU Bookstore all the sales are 2 for 1 sales. What is this campus coming to?

Discrimination against single students should be abolished! From this moment on, let us, the single students of BYU, unite and conquer the couples all over campus. Uniting is the only way to fight the onslaught, just be careful to do so in groups of three, five, or seven, etc. Singles, fight for your right to be a onezie, not a twozie. From this time forth, divided we stand, in couples we'll fall.



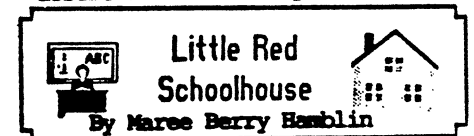
Christina Arbuckle, the illustrious daughter of Norma Jean and 'Old What's His Name', has been promoted from the sanitation department in the government offices to the Department of Transportation. She is working undercover and has been given the position of greasing all the palms presented by Congress. In her spare time, she writes speeches. (She wrote Reagan's, that's why he won!) It seems she's spending a lot of time with the Doles, but is so tired of pineapple, she has begged to be transferred. We are proud of Christina, and although she is behind the scenes in Washington D.C., she keeps them all moving. That's why she works in the Department of Transportation.

The latest on Bonnie Middleton, Norma's daughter, is that she has finally got her act together and learned how to organize. Things just haven't been the same since at home, at work or at play. This last week she--organized her boys' rooms, and hasn't been able to find her boys since. She organized mealtime, and as a family, they are breaking records, they now eat dinner in 2 minutes, 25 seconds, flat!

Heather Falls is following in her grandmother Cooper's footsteps and working as a part time model in the ladies fashion shop where she works. The only difference is Heather models lovely clothes worth bucks. Joycell worked for the army surplus store and the only bucks around were the ones shot by the hunters who bought the tents she modeled. Heather is ignoring the love-dazed suitors, since she has her heart set on serving a mission when she turns 21 in July! She is witty, clever, beautiful, talented, and has a fantastic personality (just like her grandmother, who just happens to be writing this.) [Editor's note: You can write anything you want, when you are Royal Highness.] Heather is living in an apartment in Mesa, Arizona, and enjoying her independence.

Then there is Aubrey Andelin, the great financier from down under. That's down under the front porch, by the way. He is part Australian, and we were all startled to see him hopping around when he returned from his mission to Australia--it wasn't that so much as the pouch that bothered me. He dabbles in Amway, and is always on the go. The phone will ring and when I answer, "Aubrey, when did you get back?" he answers, "I didn't. I'm in Mesa, or California, or Washington D.C., or Concho, or Zimbabwe." They're the only couple in the family who doesn't age because time can't catch up with them. I'm not sure where they are now, Houston, Texas, or Arizona. If any of you see them tell them hello for me.

Then there is me--we are in the process of moving to Las Vegas, Nevada from Missouri. After 9 years, we have roots here (2 molars and 3 bicuspid.) But I was offered a contract in the MGM casino and just couldn't turn it down. MGM (that stands for Monarch Giveaway Mausoleum) on the strip. All the dead heads go there and it is the IN place in town because they have a terrific lay-away plan. They have a before and after model, and I'm the after. I am excited, even though it is a grave situation and I'm hoping the desert air will help my coffin!



"A good teacher is one who makes hard things seem easy."

Dear Aunt Maree:
My kid is a aful speller, and so am I. Kin you help me teach him sonthin? Lost in a Fog.

Dear Fog: Spelling is a mechanical subject and can be learned easily by remembering just a few rules. Let's start with the word AWFUL. This is how you do it. Get the kid up to the table and turn off the T.V. Then:

You We are going to start with the letter A. It's what we call a vowel. There are 8 ways to pronounce A. But I am only going to teach you four rules for A. You don't need any more unless you're going to write a dictionary. I'm going to teach you one of those rules right now. What does the doctor ask you to say when he wants to look down your throat?

Child Ah!

You Right. So we'll call this A the doctor's A. Now the way to tell it's the doctor's A is to notice the letter in front of A and/or the letter in back. (You write the word AWFUL on the board or on paper and point.) If an A has the letter U or W or L in front or after it, it takes the Dr.'s Ah sound. Can you remember that?

Child I guess so.

You Suppose you didn't know this word says AWFUL. How could you figure it out if you had no one to help you?

Silence

You It has a W in front of the A so the A has to say ah. Every doctor's A has to say ah. Lets try these words. Pretend you don't know how to pronounce them.

haul	hawk
dawn	automatic
raw	lawn

Child Right. I don't.

You Well, let's try them out, then. I'll do the first one.

Haul. The U follows the A so the A is the Dr.'s A and has to say ah. Now tell me about each of the

other words. Take your time.

In the dictionary, the doctor's A always has two little dots above the A, like this. (Parent writes a large A and puts 2 dots above it, then draws a pair of glasses around the dots.) This is the doctor watching you to see if you say the A right.

To the Parent: This lesson works well from first through fourth grade. To older children, I say "This is how you can help your younger brother or sister.

To help the child retain the Doctor's A rule, make a pair of glasses out of a stiff material and place in front of the child while he is at the study table. Tell the child this is just a reminder that "The doctor is watching to be sure your are going to pronounce his A correctly." Note: the glasses you make will be for the next lesson.

Remember also that learning need not always be fun, but it MUST ALWAYS, ALWAYS BE PLEASANT. Next time I will introduce to the children, a little old lady whom they will never, never forget, for she is going to help them learn how to handle that mysterious silent E at the end of a word, and explain why it must be there, especially in their spelling. Her name is "Mrs. E."

Effie's Family

Richard and Elaine Ward

We rejoiced in the birth of Aimee Hardy, born to Julie and Jon on December 8th. All is well, the baby is healthy, weighed in at 6 pounds, 15 ounces, and was delivered by the same doctor that brought Julie into the world at the same hospital 22 years ago--the doctor even remembered Elaine!

It was fun to see George, 11th grade, march in the Gimbals Thanksgiving parade on national T.V. Since he's so tall, 6'5", he towered over most of the rest, so we could spot him easily.

Steve, 10th grade, is throwing his weight around in wrestling tournaments--his work-outs have paid off.

Jenny, a junior at BYU, has taken a break from BYU studies, and is off to Hawaii for some fun in the sun for a few days. We were happy to have her home at

Christmas--she carries her ray of sunshine around.

Matt and Melissa, 8th grade twins, are preparing for a school field trip to Russia in the spring.

Eric, 5th grade, plays basketball at the YMCA.

Gary and Charleene Ellsworth Zachary is a joy, and loves his little sister Karina, born August 8, 1987. She's a little beauty. Gary and Charleene feel blessed to have these choice little children to care for and love.

Pat and Evelyn Gwartzney Moved last July from Fort Worth Texas to Findlay, Ohio, where Pat accepted a new job at a computer software company, TLB. TLB stands for "The Lord's Business." It's a very successful company and gives total credit to the Lord for their success. Their product, Solomon III, has been judged for the last three years to be the best accounting software on the market. Pat was recently promoted Project Manager for their complete future project line. Pat is also Blazer leader in their ward.

They are enjoying their new life-style in their truly All American town. Findlay is a beautiful small city in northwest Ohio, population 45,000. It's economy is based on oil/gas, tires, and agriculture. It is a growing community. They bought an old home, and the men, Pat and sons Warren and Nathan, have been building rooms in the basement.

The children are doing fine, and seem to have adjusted well to the move. Seth is now 16 months. The highlight of his day is to have his brothers and sisters come home from school. Emily is five and is in kindergarten, and enjoys it very much. she has a very fruitful social life, so the family doesn't see her as much as they used to. She just enjoys having fun. Troy is 10, and in the fifth grade. He gets involved in neighborhood lot sports, no sponsored programs, just games the neighborhood kids organize--sort of like they did in the old days. He is on his bike a lot. this is a real bicycle-riding town. People on bikes and bike trails are a common sight. We are proud of Troy. Even though he watches too much TV he has always been a straight A student.

Sarah has been doing very nicely here in Ohio. Even though she misses some of her Ft. Worth friends very much, she has made many new ones. It is so nice to have a child you don't have to order to do her homework, to

study, and to practice the piano daily. She does it all diligently, and without being told to. She is 12 now. Nathan is 14, and still growing. He recently shot up to 6'3", so he stands out in a crowd. He is the tallest boy in his freshman class. He would have succeeded in basketball, but asthma has become an obstacle to sponsored sports. He is getting close to earning his Eagle Scout badge, and will be completing that goal soon. He has a paper route in the neighborhood throwing 96 papers every morning. He enjoys the benefits of it, and doesn't enjoy the part about getting up at 4:15 every morning. There is no Sunday paper here, reflecting the fact that this is a highly religiously-oriented community. Warren is busy between school, working, skate-boarding, and girl friends. He is 16 now, and feeling very independent.

Since they have been in Findlay, they have taken one trip to Kirtland to see the church history that is there. It is hard to put into words the feeling of sitting in the same room where the school of the prophets took place.

Maree's Family

Kim Helf is leaving for Juneau, Alaska, her home town. She will stay with her Grandma Helf, a very sweet person who knows her Grandma Hamblin. Kim will try for a job there, and typing 98 words per minute will help, I'm sure. Best of luck to Kim, who has opted for adventure and a high paying job. Her new address is Box 020442, Juneau, Alaska, 99802.

Kellie, the other Helf twin came to Monett, for Thanksgiving. Jenna Helf is head of her class in science and is on the honor roll. Jason went to Juneau for a few weeks visit, but came back to Monett for Christmas. He went into the Air Force the first of January. Marilyn has been quite sick, and spent 10 days in the hospital. She has a year left on her RN degree. She is now home, continuing her classes at the university, but her doctor will not let her work at her job more than three days a week.

Jenna reports that "Mr. Mugs" who tried so valiantly to protect his mistress Marilyn when he saw her in the arms of the police (and mistook them for intruders) has been very ill. The vet has not been able to help. He won't eat. Suggestions?

Lucinda and Larry Watson seem as happy as two love birds, since their wedding. Leilani and hers are doing fine. The Watsons came for Thanksgiving dinner, and with Marilyn and hers, we had to set two eight foot tables. We had a great time. I got to thinking, what if I had had more than four children????????????? The four I have turned into 33 grandchildren, and 16 great grand children. Isn't that fantastic! I'm just waiting for Brett Falls to get married and give me my first great great grandchild.

Kay's Family

MOM

I spent many hours last summer helping to compile the short Sayings of my grandfather, George H. Brimhall. He was the third President of Brigham Young University. His writings are being gathered together to be put in the newly remodeled Brimhall Building on B.Y.U. Campus. They will be in the Galleria of the building. I felt much spiritual uplift and food for thought as I filled my mind with his wisdom. I would like to submit the following for the BERRY PATCH as we all begin a new year:

"MAY THE NEW YEAR BRING WITH IT AN INCREASE OF OPPORTUNITIES TO LIVE THAT THE FILM WHICH SHALL BE MADE BY EACH OF US FOR THE AUTOMATIC REEL OF LIFE WILL PASS THE CENSORSHIP OF SELF, SOCIETY, AND GOD." --President Emeritus G. H. Brimhall, from "White and Blue"--1928 (B.Y.U.)

My love, Beth Berry

David and Sharon Berry
TO OUR GREAT FAMILY

The Berrys are as busy as ever it seems with Dave out leading the pack

His Bishopric duties are a challenging joy and he's working to pay the bills back!

Sharon loves writing to her faraway girls and enjoys her tole painting too,

Her Primary calling keeps her on her toes as her love and talents shine through.

Cindy's home from a wonderful mission filled with trials, learning, and joy.

She loved serving the Lord and the Honduran people and now is back at the "Y".

"I love my mission", writes Julie each week as she labors in Virginia with love

She's serving the Asian's and learns so much as the Spirit is poured out from above.

Stacey's our new college girl at Ricks she enjoys every minute it seems,

Friends, dates, and studies fill her time-- when we see her, her smile just beams!

Michelle's Junior year is exciting and fun, She's in cheerleading, choir, and dance,

She sings through the house with her lyrical voice Art, Music, (and boys) her life to enhance.

Mike, our brand new deacon looks great as he passes the Sacrament each week.

He's a good soccer player and a real sports nut-- in scouts he's got wings on his feet.!

We all love Amy with her sweet little smile

and her cute laugh as she romps and plays,

She's in kindergarten now and is growing up fast

Dolls and kittens fill up her days! --by Cindi Berry

Dennis and Rosalee Byers

The Byers family, reunited at Christmas 1987, and spent a busy and productive holiday tearing down old wallpaper, sanding, plastering, painting, and wallpapering all through their home. It looked more like a war zone than a cinnamon-filled holiday house for a while, but progress was made in their goal of beautifying their home.

Instead of the planned leisurely lunches with college co-eds Tiffany, 21, and Melanie, 19, Mom and girls grabbed whatever food they could as they passed from one room to another, tools in hand. For very stable and understandable reasons (they said) Dennis and Preston, 12, went deer hunting. (Ug, 2 less workers.)

Jeff, 16, was sort of the foreman, and couldn't quite figure out if he was helping or not. While Brandon, 9, was eager to paint only. (No clean-up, please!) Paint on, Byers!

Tres and Julie Tamer

Last night, one of our children pointed out that 6 of the 7 members of our family go to school--6 different schools. No

wonder things are so busy around here! Mommy is taking some classes at college, Merilee (14) goes to high school, Lisa Joy (13) is in Jr. High, Wendy (9) is in elementary, Ben (6) is in Primary School, and Aundrea (3) goes to our Tanner Tots Preschool in our home. The first three are about to hit finals. Fortunately, all of us love school. Tres isn't in school, but he keeps himself amply challenged.

A few months ago, we headed for the mountains and spent a 3-day weekend in a friend's cabin. All snuggled around the fireplace, we sipped cocoa, did jigsaw puzzles, Rook, and Trivial Pursuit to our hearts' content without a single phone call interruption. We thought we were in heaven. Our love to all!

Lee's Family

By now, most of the family is aware that Uncle Lee has had cancer of the stomach. The surgery went very well, and he is rapidly recuperating. Hours after the operation, he was able to stand! He is comfortable and recovering at home. He is able to receive phone calls, and cards and letters are welcome. Lee and Virginia's phone number is: 703-536-4769. Their address is: 1414 Laburnum Street, McLean, VA 22101.

Norma's Family

Our Dad, Randy Fife, continues to recuperate from catastrophic illnesses which began in September. We held a family fast the first part of October. The hour after our fast ended, Dad reached an emotional low point, and he felt like giving up. Barbara pled with him to continue trying. The nurse in the room told us later, that at that point she could feel great energy pouring into the room. We have all been strengthened by the realization that our prayers were literally answered. Our brother, Randy B. summed it all up when he said, "I feel Dad's life is in the Lord's hands, and that whatever happens is for the best. But I also feel that it's alright to BEG."

Roger and Diana Rice

The day after Christmas our family traveled with the Larsens to visit Dad in the Hospital in Mountain View. Our van is still not working, so most everyone piled into the Larsen's van, and the rest of us went in our VW Dasher. We got kind of a late

start, and about 20 minutes away from the hospital, the Larsen's van developed problems. We all pulled off the freeway, and found the fuel pump had broken, and the smell of gas told us we could go no further. Barry and Roger took the Dasher to try and find a mechanic who could do emergency repairs. No luck, they would have to fix it themselves. However, the service station where we were parked was across the street from an Auto Parts store, and they would be open until 9. It was about 4 pm, and it was very cold. The gas fumes prevented us from sitting in the van, and as we stood and shivered, we noticed a Goodwill store tucked back behind the service station. We decided to go in there to stay warm. The thrift store had a large inventory, and we all divided up and went to our favorite category. The boys played with the toys, the girls went through the clothes, and the teen-age boys checked out the electronics before moving on to clothing.

For being in a situation not of our choosing, we really had a very fun time, because there were lots of nice items reasonably priced. We stayed until closing time, 6:00 pm. Barry and Roger were having trouble with stripped threads on the bolts attaching the fuel pump.

At the check-out counter, everyone had piled their purchases. As the sales clerk surveyed the clothing and toys I was buying, she looked at the line of people behind me, and asked, "Are all these children yours?" I looked at the twelve kids behind me and said, "No, half are mine, and half are my sister's". She looked kind of shocked, and I'm sure she felt sorry for us. As I mentioned that we had come in to get out of the cold while our car was being repaired, I realized that we might mistakenly be pitied by some: here we were, two women, with twelve children between them, forced into a thrift store by the cold weather, waiting for their broken down car to be repaired, filling the time by buying used clothing and toys the day after Christmas.

The thought struck me that the clerk might be even more misled about our "miserable situation" if she was aware of other details of our lives: that we were on our way to visit our seriously ill father in the hospital, where he had been for three months, that we had another broken down car at home, and one more in need of repair, that my sister is a guard at Folsom Prison (all right, JoAnn, a Correctional Officer.)

I realized also that these "facts" although true, do not in any way explain how rich and full our lives actually are. Our families are our real "riches." We each were able to find the right man to marry. (We are also fortunate to have husbands who are capable of repairing a car themselves who the mechanics are all "too busy.") Each of our children are wanted and loved. Barry and JoAnn are fulfilling their law school dream, and the work at the Prison is a temporary means to that end. Finally, we have been taught since childhood how to handle adversity: Dad's illness, our car problems, JoAnn's having to get up at three the next morning for work, and other worries, are challenges that we know we are capable of handling.

So, even though our circumstances might have appeared pathetic that night, we were really feeling blessed, protected, and full of love and gratitude. Besides, we got some really great clothing at that thrift store!

Barry and Roger cleverly managed, under very difficult circumstances, to repair the car, and we made it to visit with Dad that night after all.

Stephanie is safely back at the Y. Mike just got the male lead part in the school musical, "The Pajama Game." Chris earned his Webelos badge. Randy is having a great wrestling season. Cindy drew a pastel portrait for her parents for Christmas that we love. Anna has learned to type. Diana is chairman of the Reflections fundraiser dance at the high school, along with being PTA secretary for the high school, and is busy with stake relief society assignments. Roger has a new exciting project at work and will soon be making trips to Atlanta and New Jersey.

Barry and JoAnn Larsen

Barry just finished his Mock Trial and loved it. He did a great job and had a lot of favorable comments, even from some of the judges.

All the Larsen children are excellent students and athletes. David is looking forward to track so he can increase his football running ability. Julianne was chosen to be an attorney for the 8th grade Mock Trial Competition. Keith is loving basketball. He and Bradley and Jared practice every day, rain or shine. Bradley and Jared are super at getting their homework done. Neither one of them has missed an assignment all year, and their grades show it.

8-year-old Jared is busy holding things together. He always seems to know what is going on, and where everyone is.

For halloween, the cub scouts made actual casts of their own faces for masks. Quite a while after halloween, Barry finally threw Jared's and Bradley's away. The next morning, Jared called from school and asked his Dad to bring his to school. Barry dashed to the garbage can, retrieved Jared's mask, and delivered it to the school office on his way to the law school. The elementary school secretary still laughs when she thinks of what happened next. Jared came into the office asking if his dad had brought his math homework, and he was told, no, but he brought you this mask. The look on Jared's face was heartwrenching when he realized his dad had misunderstood mask for math. Word must have spread fast, for Jared's teacher never did collect math homework that day.

Chuck and Bonnie Middleton

The Middleton's seventh child, Crystal Ida Middleton safely arrived February 3, 1988. She has dark, reddish hair, weighs 8 pounds 5 ounces, and is 20 inches long. Her brothers and sisters adore her, but they have to stand in line to hold her after proud poppa Chuck is finished with his many turns! Bonnie is fine.

Chuck works for Word Perfect, which has doubled in size in the past year. The company gave an incentive to its employees in 1987 that if the company made 100 million dollars that year, double what they made the year before, they would send their employees and their spouses to Hawaii for a week. So, after the baby arrives, the new parents will be taking a trip to Hawaii!

Chuck has just been called as Ward Clerk, so they may have trouble finding time for a vacation!

Chuck IV, age 12, just received his star award. Becky and Steven are taking piano lessons. Emily, age 14, has a busy social life. Cathy, 11, collects posters and secret admirers. Jenny, age 7, loves to play dress up. The kids are glad it is finally snowing in Orem, and never tire of sledding.

Randy and Christa Fife

"On our trip to Utah, we were having problems with our truck. At one point, in the middle of nowhere, our truck died. No matter what I did, I couldn't get it going. And then it started to snow. I was feeling pretty low, and Christa suggested that I say a prayer. Well, after I finished saying the prayer, the truck started right up, and then died. I was encouraged, though, as I thought of how Dad wanted blessings from every Priesthood holder around during an especially difficult

time in the hospital. So I had Christa and each of the kids say a prayer. Well, the truck started right up, and we went on our way. I wanted to take advantage of the experience and teach a lesson to the kids, so I asked how the truck was moving. Normandie called out, "Heavenly Father is pushing us." We laughed, and I thought it was cute, but yet I didn't dare look in the mirror to check.

Brad and Susanne Fife

Susanne recently performed in a program for the California Utah Women's luncheon, held twice a year. She was in a routine with 12 women performing the "Sister Suffragette" number from Mary Poppins. They all wore authentic costumes and danced and sang their hearts out. Susanne had a small solo--a comedy part, of course. (Could it be she's getting type-cast?) She was honored to share the program with the King Sisters, the Knudsen Brothers, and the Southern California Mormon Choir. Since Susanne received a small token of pay from the luncheon committee, she can now be considered a professional performer!?

Brad experienced a first over New Years weekend. He went duck hunting for the first time. Due to a friend's loan of warm clothing, he was saved from a morbid death, frozen in the toolies. He hadn't realized that duck hunting means to sit in a remote pond and wait till ducks fly overhead. Being the Southern California boy that he is, Brad would have worn t-shirt and tennis shoes, instead of long underwear and insulated waders. After being in a pond all day, watching the sky for birds, Brad was grateful for the borrowed hunting gear. He has decided that his definition of fun is not duck hunting!

Helen's Family

Aubrey and Helen

have been living in Mesa enjoying the fall and winter. They plan on making it their permanent home. Mom was born in Mesa and has very wonderful memories of childhood there. Mom has been on a health program, and she is feeling better after some recent stomach trouble. Dad and Mom are happy and enthusiastic about life as usual.

Lane and Darlene Andelin

are busy as usual with their five children and a type-setting business in their home. Their youngest, Laura, started kindergarten last fall. They have one in High School, two in Jr. High, and two in elementary school. Darlene was recently

called to be the Young Women's secretary, and she is thrilled to be able to work with the youth. She was a chaperone last summer for a Youth Conference trip to B.Y.U. and really got "revitalized!"

Brian and Helena Andelin

are moving to East Mesa. Brian is planning to take the bar exam and practice law there. They would also like to keep their printing business, since it has provided work and experience for the children. They have recently had a real bad run-in with the flu, with all seven kids sick at once, but they are over it now and have survived to tell about it.

Bob and Dixie Forsyth

had a wonderful Christmas until about 12:00 noon when the electricity went off. In an all-electric home in a rural area, this means no heat as well as no running water. It got old after four days! (After two days they stayed at Mom and Dad's apartment in Pierce City and were very comfortable.) A terrible ice storm was the cause of the power failure. Bob is enthused about a new counseling and treatment center which he is chiefly organizing. He and Dixie hope it will be a great benefit to the community as well as a personal goal realized for Bob. Bob was recently called as the Elders Quorum President, so is busier than ever.

Steve and Kristine Hales

live in Fairfax, Virginia, so do not often see Steve's family in Utah. Over the holidays, they were able to travel by R.V. to a Hales family reunion in Salt Lake City. They were gone six weeks and really enjoyed it. Most of their children were getting acquainted with relatives for the first time. Kristine and Steve have worked feverishly in the recent months on the Bi-Centennial of the Constitution project. They coordinated the "State of California Signing of the Constitution Program" culminating in the State of California signing float in the Rose Parade. They are busy (as any parents of nine active children will tell you). Matthew is in wrestling and doing very well. Kristine says he is 5% fat, the rest is cold, hard muscle!

John and Cindy Andelin

are enjoying a cool winter in North Dakota. John is very busy between church assignments and the hospital. When he can, he loves to be in his woodworking shop. He decided that he needs to explain to his children a little more about his occupation. He took 5-year-old Robbie to work one time, and there were shelves of jars displaying various body

parts, such as a heart, brain, and tonsils. Robbie asked innocently, "Daddy, did you kill all these people?" Cindy is a busy Mom with six active children, a niece living with them, and a baby on the way. (And morning sickness!)

Robert and Ginny Leavitt are doing well in Pierce City, Missouri. A recent ice storm left piles of limbs and branches resembling a war zone. The severe weather is sort of bad timing as they have their roof torn off in an "adding on project." Robert is doing most of the work himself, and the family will really enjoy the extra room. They are expecting a baby in August! The family is excited about a recent project in farming: Robert and the kids planted two acres of blueberry plants last fall. They are an excellent cash crop and an ideal job for children. The maturity period is three years.

Paul and Judy Andelin are living near Memphis, Tennessee, where Paul is serving as a naval officer and working in Family Practice at a local military hospital. Their five beautiful children keep life fun. Jessica, the oldest, age 9, reads the Book of Mormon every day. The family visited Ginny's and Dixie's families over the holidays. They are trying to convince Paul and Judy to move to Missouri when Paul's service to the navy is completed in two years.

Craig and Merilee Saunders are proud parents now. Their little daughter was born November 8. Her name is Brenna Shea and she is a little doll! She was a little colicky at first, but she is fine now and they love taking her places so they can show her off. Merilee would like to work at the hospital one night a week.

Dean's Family

Bruce and Anna Wood Jacob Wood has been piloting his bicycle up and down the hills of Anaheim. His maneuvers, however, require more control on the landings. A one-point landing of head to concrete left the captain with a subconscious brain, blood on the curb, and a double-the-size "Berry Knob." Frantic parent (Bruce) rushed the captain to the Hospital only to run out of gas on the way. Well, they finally made it, and the pilot has apparently fully recovered, with only one side effect: he experiences sudden loss of hearing whenever he is told to clean his room.

Mark and Lynne' Berry

Mark and Lynne' have some good news and some bad news. Good news: they are expecting their first. Bad news: it's due at reunion time, which makes it unlikely they will be seen in the camps of Sierra Trigo this summer. They did ask, though, that we consider an alternative location for the reunion: the maternity ward of Hoag Hospital in Newport Beach. Well, what do you say? Shall we put it to a vote?

GETTING TO KNOW YOU!

Pictured at right are newlyweds Liz and Luke Ellsworth. Below, left under the umbrella are Angela and Rory Hubbard. Below right, in and under the tree are the Sharon and David Berry family. The family by the lake belongs to John and Cindy Andelin.



Berry Reunion

June 27-30, with Whiting Reunion July 1-3

One of the major occupations of life is that of creation. We help to create our children physically, and then psychologically, and spiritually as we guide them in their early years. They eventually become responsible for their own creation, and become creators themselves. We create as cooks, housekeepers, and gardeners, as families and as friends, as employers and employees.

In most aspects of our lives, we are creators of memories. Some wonderfully memorable, many regrettable. This summer we have an opportunity to make some memories for our families. What child will forget the Sugar Plum Tree or climbing Sierra Trigo or discovering a few dozen cousins? What teenager will fail to remember "Born A Berry," or Aunt Maree holding court in her Teepee? What adult will forget Jason Fife at the pulpit? Help our children feel and understand the value of an extended family and appreciate the heritage in which they share.

A reunion is a bringing together again of people after a separation. It is easy to remain separate, but it's lonely. Let's build some togetherness in memory.

Besides, we expect Uncle Lee!

Love, Uncle

Thank you, Shane Larson, for
designing our Berry Reunion Ad and
Logo! Is that a BornABerry?
#####

ACTIVITIES

for 2-4 yr olds:
Sugar Plum tree
Parade

for 5-7 yr olds:
Indian Scout Trail
Scavenger Hunt

for 8-12 yr olds:
Team Trail Blazing
Red Rover...Red Rover

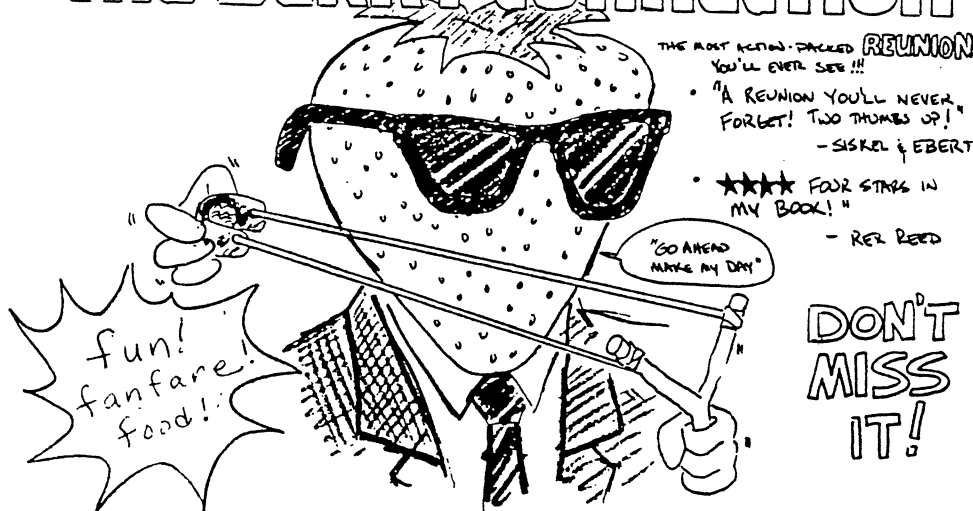
for 13 on up
soft ball
volleyball
stink base
sardines, etc.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

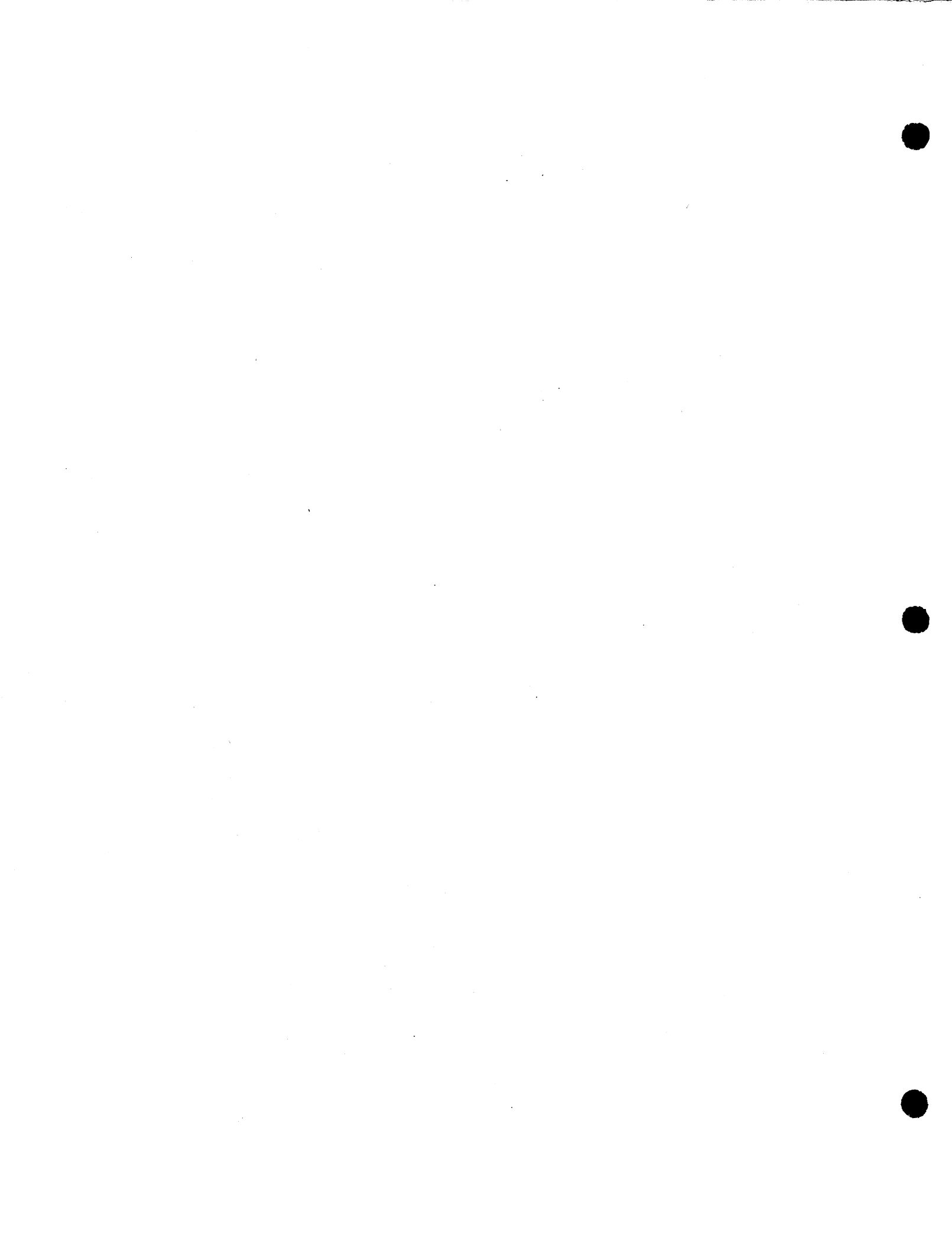
Flipper contest
Story Telling Time
Horse Shoes
Talent Show (1 act per family)
Dance for young and old

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

THE BERRY CONNECTION



Coming in 4 months





Grandfather Tom Berry



by H. Lee Berry

When I was eleven years old, our family was living in Mesa, Arizona. My grandpa, James Thomas Berry, and grandma, Sarah Roundy Berry, were running a dairy they had kept for years in Tempe, Arizona. Kay and I usually stayed Friday night till Saturday night to help wash the milk bottles, for which we received one cent per bottle. Early one summer, Kay left for St. Johns to work for Uncle Ralph. I, nevertheless, continued to stay on Friday nights with my grandparents.

My grandfather began to talk about a new subject. He said he needed a cowhand for a cattle drive, which he planned in a week or two. He offered me a job driving 100 head of beautiful Jersey and Guernsey heifers, all of which were due to have calves several weeks later, from Holbrook to St. Johns. He offered me the use of a good cow horse (not a pony). He said he would also have at least one cow horse for himself, and we would have two pack horses. I accepted the position, and plans moved quickly forward.

The dairy cattle were moved aboard two or three cattle cars in Tempe. We were provided with living facilities, since we were to accompany the cattle. One of the cattle cars had a barricade across one end, giving us a cubicle protected from the cattle in the same car. We put straw on the floor and laid out our bedrolls. Each of us had a bedroll. A bedroll consisted of three or four good, old quilts, and usually at least one or two Indian blankets. They were rolled up, lashed, and placed on the pack horses when we moved. I believe we ate cold meals on the train. It was a two- or three-day trip from Tempe to Holbrook, and we soon arrived and the cattle were unloaded.

The beautiful horses were waiting, and soon were packed with the bedrolls, a very nice tent, chuck boxes, etc.

We began the drive right there in Holbrook, crossing the Little Colorado River on a bridge which, when last I saw it, was in ruins and had been replaced by a better bridge. We then turned east and followed roads which ran in the same direction as the ones that exist now. There were bridges across the rivers.

Our duties were quite simple. Grandfather did all the cooking, but I tried to help. The drive continued, with simple happenings, until the third night, when we picked a camp site at the edge of the Petrified Forest. It was time to make camp, and Grandfather put up and pegged our tent with my help, but with great care because he observed a storm coming. With a simple, narrow shovel, he dug a trench around the tent, perhaps six inches deep and six inches wide. He did it with great care, and he explained that any water running down the slope would not touch our tent. He then performed the nightly ritual of fixing dinner. He had been a shepherd in his early days, and shepherders and beans are inseparable. He soon had a fire going and warmed a huge pot of beans that had been cooked several days before. We soon had biscuits ready and had a wonderful meal, and went to bed without worry.

The poor, lazy cattle, all with calves, gave no trouble in wandering around, but the two pack horses had to be hobbled. We never had trouble finding the cow horses. During the night, a rainstorm came up of the kind that is truly named a cloudburst. Torrents of water fell, and yet our tent remained bone dry.

Morning came and the extent of the flood was apparent, but Grandfather's technique of keeping the

tent dry was 100% effective. That morning, as usual, our cattle drive continued. It was all in slow motion. Within the first mile, we were crossing the Petrified Forest, which had no fences at that time; there was only a dream of its becoming a national park. We usually drove the cattle with great lack of speed, and everything was done in leisure. My horse was fully trained, and required almost no direction on my part.

That night the first calf was born, and it happened to be the only calf that was spindly. It took a day or two to grow strong enough to keep up with the herd, so Grandfather tied it on top of the of the pack horses for two or three days. It was then able to follow its mother. None of the other calves required special attention, and all were able to keep up with the drive. Incidentally, about the fifth day we added fresh milk to our diet, because the new mothers now had plenty of milk.

The third or fourth night we stopped at the Milky Wash, where Grandfather pointed out to me an adobe building in ruins, which marked the halfway point between St. Johns and Holbrook. The freight wagons could make the trip in two days. I believe that Grandfather had, for several years, contracted to carry freight and mail, and this was something of a landmark for that period.

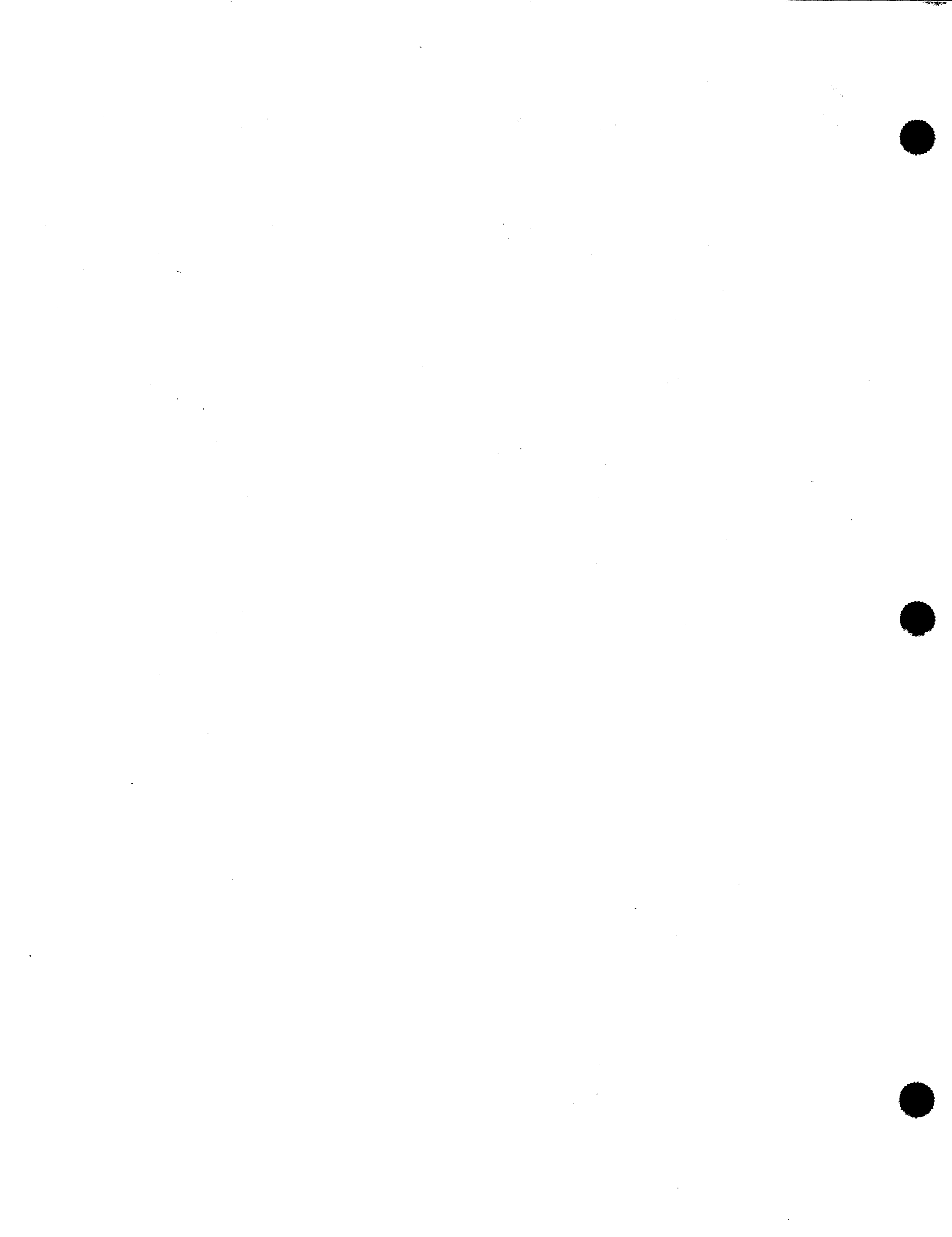
The balance of the cattle drive was marked by no unusual events, as cattle drives went, and it settled into a pleasant routine. The first night out from the Milky Wash, we were visited by two men who rode up from St. Johns to get their pick of the cattle. This became a daily routine, until, when we were entering St. Johns, Grandfather said that he had already sold more than half of the cattle. My parents visited the drive, and I was delighted to see Helen and Norma so I could behave like a real cowboy.

On the last night before we arrived, a calf was born that had two tails. Grandfather gave me the calf as my salary; after it was grown it was sold on my behalf for \$100.00. Grandfather also gave me a Bible, inscribed, "To Lee on his 11th birthday."

Grandfather was a large man, six feet tall, I believe, and weighed over 250 pounds. During his middle age he had black hair and a dark red beard. Except on Sunday, he wore bib overalls. The children rushed to see him when he appeared, and from one of his overall pockets he took out a paper sack and gave each child one peppermint--never more and never less. I was honored on the cattle drive because I was often given two or three peppermints.

In his best years, Grandfather participated in several important projects. He had subcontracts and helped build the Lyman Dam, which provides most of the water for the St. Johns area to this day. He also contracted to build many of the canals which brought water to the "bench" and other irrigable land in the area. Our grandfather was not successful financially in many of these projects, but was quoted as saying, "I don't want to waste my life doing unimportant things."

During the cattle drive, Grandfather stated several times that he always wanted to bore with a big auger, or not to bore at all. After we arrived in St. Johns, he explained this by saying, "Lee, we bored with a big auger, and all the rest of your life you will see fine cattle in the town of St. Johns."



The Shipwreck

reprinted from the Whiting Tree, January 1, 1951
which was a reprint from the St. Johns Observer, Sept. 19, 1931

The following graphic account of his experience in a shipwreck is given by Lee Berry, 18 year old son of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Berry of Phoenix, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Whiting. The story is well told, and will no doubt be of great interest to former school chums of Lee in St. Johns.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned in this connection that Dr. and Mrs. Berry are furnishing their full quota of missionaries to foreign fields. Their older son, A. Kay Berry, is now on his way home from the Transvaal country, South Africa, where he served his term and was released, but stopped for a time in the African wilds to hunt big game before coming home. He is expected soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry's daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Hamblin, are doing work as missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands. Recently they were joined there by Mrs. Hamblin's sister, Miss Effie Berry. The latter did not go as a missionary, but secured a good position as a stenographer for the Chamber of Commerce in Hilo, where Elbert and wife make their headquarters. The latest news from Elbert and wife is that a fine baby girl was born recently to them.

Following is the shipwreck story by Lee Berry, for which we are under obligation to Lee's uncle, Mr. E. I. Whiting:

Detail account of my experiences in the shipwreck of S. S. Western World, L.D.S. Missionary enroute to Santos, South America.

We left Rio de Janeiro on August the 7th at 5:00 P.M. The sun sets early here, being a few hours later than Phoenix time. It was almost dark. A few hours out it started to rain, but the sea was not rough. It was not a storm at all, but just a drizzling rain. It made the night so dark that it was impossible to see a few feet. Of course the ship was well lighted, but that made the night only that much darker.

I went to bed at about 10:00 P.M., and slept soundly as I had arisen early the morning before to watch the Pilot fish.

Of course, everything from 10:00 P.M. on was a blank to me. At exactly fifteen minutes to 3:00 A.M. I was suddenly awakened by a slow grating sound which I cannot describe. The weight of the ship was so great that we did not stop suddenly, but the bow of the ship proceeded to climb about thirty feet up the rocky side of a mountain. Now, this ship was built during the war for a transport ship, being divided into water tight compartments so that a single torpedo could not sink it, otherwise, there might have been a sadder story to tell. A few seconds after we struck, these compartments in the bottom of the ship were all closed, but not before much water rushed in through the great hole which it tore. Nine feet of water was in the steerage, which is in the back end of the boat, and seven feet a little further on. Of course, it was not particularly dangerous at just that time.

The moment the ship struck, I knew that something was wrong and Marden said, "Well, we're on the rocks." I dressed quickly and went upstairs.

Many of the sailors were already on board but no one seemed to know what was wrong. Some said it was a collision; others, that it was a rocky little island, far from shore, but no one really knew. We were told that we were not in danger, so I went down to my room to tell Marden all about it. I was sitting there talking just as our steward, apparently authorized from the heads in charge, came to get us up. He was very pale and excited. The words he said were really comical.

"Get up, get up quick, but don't get excited. Hurry, but take your time. There's no need to get scared."

He was as pale as a ghost and so excited he could hardly talk. Our doors were fastened open so that in case the ship wrenched, we would not be caught with the door jammed shut. We were told to go up on deck immediately and await further orders from the captain.

I wish I had a picture of some of the passengers running around, some half dressed, others in pajamas with life belts on. It was really funny. Some big, wealthy first class passengers fainted dead away.

We hurried up on board after putting on rubbers and raincoats, as it was very cold. There we saw sailors, 185 in all, standing around laughing and talking. Sailors always hate their captain, and such a careless accident as this always ruins a captain for life, and these chaps got quite a kick out of his hard luck. However the stewards and help all lose their jobs, effective immediately, but cannot leave the ship until told to do so. One old sailor made the remark, "Well, I've been going to sea for forty-one years, and this is the first time on the rocks." Another old salt answered, "Why this ain't nothing. I've run three ships on the rocks with my own hands, thanks to just such a skipper as we got."

Now big ships are all guided by automatic controls. A man stands watching this device at all times so it cannot go wrong. The sea is so competely charted that a ship can go within a few feet of a course in absolute darkness merely by instruments.

In other words, something was wrong. Either the skipper was off his course or someone, perhaps the first mate, was not on the bridge. I don't know; neither does anyone else for sure. But something was wrong.

At a quarter til three the lookout on the forward deck saw something looming before him a small mountain about forty feet ahead. Thanks to his deft speed, the motors and propellers were reversed in the space of a few seconds, breaking or checking a great part of our speed, but not quick enough to entirely stop us.

But to go on. We were on deck. It was pitch dark; no one knew just what was wrong. The waves as they came in twisted the front of the ship, which rested on the rocks with a loud grating sound every few seconds until morning.

Just as I looked around to the front, the captain I suppose, flashed a big light on a great big rock right in front of us. I could not see either side, but imagined all the time that we were far from shore. You cannot even imagine the tenseness of such a few hours. I was told that we were in grave immediate danger. Of course, I did not pass it on.

We had breakfast at 5:00, and when we came on deck again, it was light enough to see. To my surprise there loomed up right in front of us a mighty mountain, the top of which was covered like velvet with beautiful tropical foliage, banana trees, etc. On the left was a rocky point which protected the boat from lashing waves which dashed forty or fifty feet high on the jagged rocks.

The front end of the ship rested twenty feet from the water's edge, high and dry on the rocks, and the ship rolled about, grating. One hundred feet was torn out of her bottom like so much tin, and was sprawled on the rocks.

A few minutes later a ship came into view. We were told that it was the General Asorio, a German liner bound for Hamburg, answering our S.O.S. Hours later a life boat was lowered from this German liner, which stayed about two miles out to sea, afraid of the rocks. Then a motor boat was also lowered from this German ship. These life boats were beautiful little boats containing several German sailors. After many minutes of tenseness, during which these large life boats often disappeared entirely hidden by the rolling waves of the open sea, at last they succeeded in tying up alongside. Just as they did, our own sailors started lowering a motor boat on our own ship.

Now, lowering a boat is a ticklish job, and calls for expert supervision. Something went wrong and this motor boat, still forty feet above the water, broke loose and overturned four sailors. It remained overturned, and none of our sailors came to the top of the water. The German life boat, with a beautiful smoothness pulled up alongside in the space of a few seconds. Minutes passed, during which the German sailors poked frantically with their oars, trying to feel the sailors. At last one came up; then a minute later, all four were in the life boat. They had remained several minutes in the air of the overturned life boat.

All four were badly hurt, one having a fractured skull. They had life belts on, and it took time to get from under the overturned boat. Anyway, the German ship proceeded with the rescue.

Two trips were required to transport all the passengers. We went in the last trip. On the first trip, the tow rope broke several times and many women fainted as the boat drifted helpless until the motor boat circled about a half-mile back.

At last our turn came. We took nothing with us, and the ride across was a thrilling trip. Many times the waves were so high that we could not see the motor boat which towed us a few feet ahead. But after circling for three or four miles in order to head directly with the waves, we reached the side of the ship.

It is hard to believe, but right there was the ticklish moment and by far the most dangerous.

The life boat was thrown first up, then down, at a variation of about ten feet on the side of the ship. Now, just as the life boat was tossed to the highest point, some passenger had to jump for a ladder, which hung down the side of the ship, or else for the gangway which came down to the boat's side. The fall between the boat and the ship was positive death, as the rocking would crush a person to nothing.

One poor German sailor slipped, trying to help a passenger. His leg fell to the side of the boat and was crushed. Many passengers were drenched as they jumped, but the more nimble ones, such as myself, escaped dry. It was a great piece of work those German boys did. I'm afraid our own crew could not have done it at all. Anyway, I shall always admire them for it.

We were taken below immediately and given rooms, not being allowed to watch the rest unload. I'm sending copies of what pictures I can get hold of.

All in all, it was a great experience to have had, but not to have. I shall never forget.

The crew, poor boys, many of them just kids, are still on board. They are a worried bunch, but continue to laugh it off in revenge to the skipper who is ruined.

The entire cargo is a total loss, being drenched in sea water. It will be dumped overboard, and the ship will be pulled back into deep water off the rocks to see if it will float. The crew must remain aboard during all this and will be taken off only if the ship is about to sink.

At any rate, we are now in Rio and will be for several days at the expense of the Steamship Company.

I wish that you would write air mail to Brother John Taylor at the Mission Home and tell him that we are O.K.

In a week or so I will arrive in Jainville. I have wired of our safety there, as I feared that they may have heard of the wreck as going down and cabled to you or the church authorities.

I cannot write anything else today, as it is so on my mind. I did not experience any physical discomfort, and was perfectly at ease during it all, but now that it's over, I realize what might have happened had we hit the rocks just forty feet to the left, where a dozen boats have sunk and many hundreds of lives were lost. One single ship sank with 700, another with 350, and two years ago, one sank with 250. So we were lucky.

I will draw a crude map. Now do not worry now. By the time you get this, I will be in Jainville, no doubt. Right now I'm sitting in an elaborate hotel with every comfort possible.

Good bye and God bless you all, Your boy, LEE

MY BROTHER LEE

by Maree Berry Hamblin

The year Lee Berry was called on a mission, the 1923 stock market had crashed, and our folks were gradually losing everything they had. Lee had just graduated from high school. It was dark times for everyone. Losing all interest in frivolities, he answered an ad for a job. Since jobs were almost non-existent, none of us thought he would have a tinker's chance of getting hired. He paid no attention to that possibility, and to save the five cent street car fare, he walked the 13 blocks to apply. It was a warehouse, and men seeking the same job were lined up a block long. Lee was almost the last in line.

He got the job, then later asked the boss why he hired him over a lot more mature men. "Because you looked me right in the eye at every question," his boss replied. "And I can tell an honest man when I talk to one."

For many months, Lee loaded boxes of freight. When he had \$500 saved up, he was ready for his mission. Kay was in Africa on his mission. My husband and I had been called to the Hawaii mission. Effie was on a stake mission. And it took Effie and the folks to keep Kay going, so Lee was on his own. But he assured everyone that since it only cost him \$13 a month to live in Brazil, he thought he could make his money stretch. The ward paid his way out to Brazil and the church paid his way home. But we still did have some anxious hours after we heard about the shipwreck before we heard from Lee.



About the time that Ralph Whiting turned twenty, he was courting Zella Berry, and working very hard for a marriage stake, hauling lumber by team and wagon to St. Johns from the mill above the homestead. On October 4, 1911, my dad and mother were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. After four years, and there had been no children to bless their home, they both wanted a family very much and decided to adopt a child.

Grandma and Grandpa Whiting [Edwin and Anna Maria] went to Los Angeles. As strange as it seems today, as soon as they arrived in town they were promised a baby, yet unborn, from three different institutions. Grandma and Grandpa explained their purpose in coming to each, and agreed to take the first one born. They had no more than gotten back to the hotel with me when the phone rang to tell them there was another baby boy for them. Grandma told them they already had one. I was the lucky one.

We lived on the homestead until I was about four years old. The Whitings owned a cafe and ice cream shop, the Elite Cafe, and it was here where my mother worked for a few years and dad ran the butcher shop next door in Uncle Eddie's Cash Store.

Lester E. Whiting

Aunt Zella was an excellent cook, as were all of the Berry girls. Since she lived so close to Grandma Whiting's Ice Cream Parlor and Cafe, when grandma got in a pinch, she often called on Aunt Zella to help her out. As it turned out, and the customers preferred Aunt Zella's cooking, she eventually ended up as chief cook. I washed dishes for her after school, and she would never scold me when I wasn't at the job. Then, when I would find her trying to do my job and hers too, it was worse than a scolding.

One day, I was trying to iron the ruffles on a dress I wanted to wear, so I set up the ironing board in the cafe kitchen where I could heat the sad irons. I went into the ice cream parlor to wait on some kids, and Roy Gibbons came in for a drink of water. I gave it to him and he threw it at me. I threw another glass full at him, and we had a big water fight right there in the Ice Cream Parlor. When Roy saw Grandma coming in, he ran out the back door, and left me pretending that I was mopping the floor. Aunt Zella, in the kitchen, knew what was going on, but she never said a word. And when I got the floor mopped and went back to finish ironing the ruffles on my dress, she had almost finished it along with doing my dishes. I would say that she was a person who really practiced turning the other cheek. And by doing that it influenced me to at least try to be like her. Without even a frown, she went about as if nothing had happened, and she had every right to have wrung my neck. She had inherited her mother's sweet way of life.

Maree Berry Hamblin



Zella Berry and Ralph Eugene Whiting were married October 3, 1911, in the Salt Lake Temple. Eventually, they were divorced, civilly, but they remain sealed to their two adopted sons. Lester, who has raised a fine family, and is still living, was their first adoption. Dale, their second, died at the age of 12 days. They were in the process of adopting two other boys when the birthmother asked for them to be returned to her, which Zella and Ralph did.

Remembrances of Zella Berry Whiting

James Thomas & Sarah Berry's third child

One of my favorite memories of Aunt Zella is when she was living down at Grandma Berry's house. She was living in that front room. For some reason, Mom let me stay with Aunt Zella several times when I was about eight years old. I would sleep with her in her big bed. We would talk all night, giggling and laughing and having more fun. I really loved Aunt Zella. Seems like she was always so pleasant and good natured. Those are special memories for me. The next memories I have of Aunt Zella weren't so good, when she was sick and Mama was taking care of her at the ranch. Even so, she was always cheerful. That impressed me, because I felt like she had a sad life, yet she was always good natured.

Lavelta Heap Patterson

I wish I had had the privilege of having a slumber party with Aunt Zella. What I remember is that I always admired her for being such a good cook, and having so much fun with the girls at the Airpine Camp, a dude ranch near Vernon, Arizona, where Aunt Zella served as a cook. I thought she made the best sugar cookies of anybody. I got her recipe for sugar cookies, and still make cookies from that recipe.

The eight or ten girls attending the dude ranch at any given time loved Aunt Zella as if she were their own mother. Aunt Zella was far more than a cook to these girls, she was a mother to them. I thought that was so special. She couldn't have children of her own, but served as a mother to these girls at the dude ranches. I thought I'd like to do some of the things Aunt Zella did. I followed in her footsteps. When the opportunity arose, I worked at a dude ranch and became a second mother there, although I knew I couldn't qualify for that honor as well as Aunt Zella. Like LaVelta, I knew Aunt Zella had a sad life. Someday the whole story might be put together. I do know she grieved over Lewis and Frank [two boys she wanted to adopt.] I don't know the story of what happened.

Two years went by after I was married, and I still didn't have any children. I thought maybe I'd follow Aunt Zella without children. Seems like there is often one in each family that can't have children, Aunt Mary Ellen in Dad's family and Aunt Zella in Mom's. I'd been raised in a big family and loved little children and wondered what it would be like not to have any.

Ora Heap Wilhelm

I'll say amen to what has been said. Aunt Zella was a very sweet person, warm and personable, and a very good cook.

Doris Heap Nelson

(Doris is the one in the family who has Etta Berry Heap's recipe for the squash pie Maree Berry Hamblin raved about. Doris has promised to make it available to those interested.)

I was five years old when Aunt Zella died, and don't remember much. I will tell a little story about her

and me. The first time I met Bernard Whiting was when Ora and Harry Wilhelm introduced me as Ora's baby sister. Bernard said, "Why girl, you look just like your Aunt Zell, (pause) Zell always was a big woman."

Vera Heap Blevins

I remember a few things about Aunt Zella. Because she lived close to Grandma and Grandpa Berry, she kind of took care of them in their later years. She looked after their needs, spending many, many hours over the years serving them and seeing that they had the things they needed. I remember how kind and thoughtful she was of her parents and her sisters.

Harbon Berry Heap

Mom talked a lot about Aunt Zella in her later years. The message seemed to be they had a very special relationship.

Lavelta Heap Patterson

I think of Aunt Femie as shy and humble and one of the sweetest women I have ever known. Aunt Zella was like Aunt Femie, but she was a little more of the happy-go-lucky type. I remember her laughing and a joy to be around. I guess [my sister] Vera kind of takes after her. We could all pattern our lives after hers.

Ora Heap Wilhelm

What I hear the family saying is that Aunt Zella is very much in character with all the rest of Grandpa and Grandma Berry's children in terms of her disposition and personality, and she loved the gospel and loved the things the Lord wants for us. She wanted a family and couldn't have one of her own, so she served as a mother to others during times and circumstances when she could.

Norman Heap

AUNT ZELLA'S SUGAR COOKIES

contributed by Ora Heap Wilhelm

These delicious cookies are great for children to "help" with--they don't fall apart!

1 1/2 cups shortening
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup milk
4 cups flour
2 tablespoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the shortening and sugar, then add eggs. Beat well. Add the milk, and half the flour, then stir in the rest of the flour, the baking powder and salt. The dough will be very sticky. Put flour on work surface, and work in extra flour until dough is of desired consistency. Roll out and bake as desired. This makes a large batch. Ora suggests freezing half of the dough in rolls to slice off and use later.

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

ORON WALDO BERRY

by his niece, Maree Berry Hamblin

Uncle Oron was the youngest son of James Thomas Berry and Sarah Roundy. I don't remember him after his marriage as well as the others because he didn't stay in St. Johns, or the Valley, as did the rest.

Aunt Myn Priestly says in high school he was a very good student, and popular with the other students. She says he never went steady with anyone until a cute little girl moved to St. Johns with her younger brother and her widowed mother. Then he never went with anyone else. Maudie Harless was cute with a big smile and twinkly eyes underlining a great sense of humor. I liked her at once, since she laughed at my corny puns.

As a child, I knew Uncle Oron well, since I spent a lot of time at The Meadows. My sister Effie rode behind his planter and dropped corn for him, but I remember him as a big tease. When we asked him favors, or questions, he would answer in Mexican, and it nearly drove us wild. He was an expert with horses, cattle and sheep as well as crops of every kind.

He brought his bride to Mesa right after their honeymoon, and entered Gregg's Business College. They stayed with us the first few days while they got settled. I still remember the white Panama hat Aunt Maudie wore trimmed with big red roses. It had a wide, soft brim, just right for the hot sun of the Valley. I was about twelve at the time, and noticed with interest how she always managed to sit on Uncle Oron's lap. It seemed just natural for them, and he never pushed her away.

Her brother, Henry Harless, was the top student at St. Johns High School, and nobody was even in his shadow. He was sixteen when he came for the summer to stay with Uncle Oron and Aunt Maudie. I was very athletic for my age, and had just won a swimming contest, so I thought I was bigger than I was. We had a lot of fun swimming in the canals. After that fun summer, I never saw him again. I just missed him when he was in California many years later when Mother invited him to dinner. She casually told me later that Henry Harless was now an Arizona State Representative.

In 1935, my husband was in Washington D.C. and I stayed in Arizona for the birth of my only son three weeks later. My father, always worried about births, insisted I go to Phoenix for decent care. He drove me down and took Norma along with Joycell and Leilani. They still had a rental there, and we were settled quite comfortably. Dad went back to Holbrook, and two weeks later, I went to the hospital. It was the same hospital in which both Markay's father and Uncle Elmer died years later. I don't remember much about the birth, since I hemorrhaged and almost died. The first time I opened my eyes, after 24 hours off the delivery table, I looked to the foot of my bed to see Uncle Oron and Aunt Maudie smiling down at me. I didn't even know that I'd had a baby until Aunt Maudie smiled and told me that I had a great big boy and she knew he was all right because she could hear him yelling clear down the hall.

My roommate had informed Uncle Oron and Aunt Maude that I had spent the night trying to climb the wall, literally. There was no air conditioning, and it was July. The hospital did not furnish fans, so my roommate's husband had rented one for me. It was then, she said, that I quieted down and went to sleep.

Hospital conditions being what they were, I asked Uncle Oron and Aunt Maude if they would take me home right then. They did, and looked in on us every day until Dad came to take us back to Holbrook. I think the rental of the fan, and bringing me home right away saved my life, for I was never one to bear the heat, especially when it got to 120 degrees.

Uncle Oron and Aunt Maudie lived in Phoenix and they took care of Aunt Zella when she was in bed with a weak heart. I saw them briefly the day Aunt Zella died. But it was not until Dad managed to organize a Berry reunion for the descendents of Jesse Wood Berry, in Salt Lake City, that I saw them again. I have the minutes to that meeting, and remember that someone requested Uncle Oron sing a song in Spanish. Without hesitation or preparation, he stood by the piano and sang five verses of "Oh My Father," and never missed a word or a note. All were impressed.

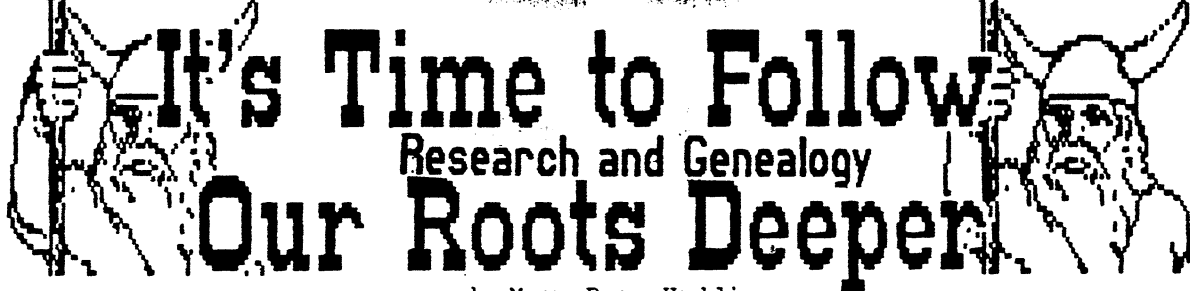
About thirty years later, I saw Uncle Oron and Aunt Maudie together for the last time. Markay and I were shopping in Mesa. I had retired from the Alaska Department of Education. Aunt Maudie was in a wheel chair, yet giggling like a school girl. We had a good visit and Markay kidded them about spending their winters in Idaho and summering in Mesa. We promised to get together again before they went North, but we never did, something I will always regret for Aunt Maudie soon passed away.

Now the last surviving child of Tom and Sarah Berry, Uncle Oron is living in Salt Lake City.

Uncle Oron and Aunt Maudie seemed to me to be the ideal couple, who somehow managed to never let their romance die, a great accomplishment. They raised a large family and sent their 3 eldest sons to World War II. In their family picture, Uncle Oron looks a contented man. Why not, with Aunt Maudie by his side, still with her generous smile and twinkly eyes, and all those good looking children.

Wayne, Ida, Leslie, Dale, Alfred, Joyce, Ina, Betty, The Parents, Isora





It's Time to Follow Research and Genealogy Our Roots Deeper

by Maree Berry Hamblin

The descendants of May Whiting and Dr. Herbert Alonzo Berry have a mixture of ancestors that seem unbelievable. Never suspect that genealogical research is boring. Not so. If you have an instinct for detective work, and get to smoking out the clues, you soon get to feel like a member of Scotland Yard. And when those names become more familiar as you begin to piece together their life stories. They become so real you can sometimes feel their presence in the room.

The Berry line takes you back to the Abbey Rolls where you find a soldier in the army of William the Conqueror, waiting until the battle of Hastings begins in 1066 on the invasion of England. The name is spelled Berri, a Norman name, French, that is. William the Conqueror shows up on our Whiting line as one of our grandfathers, but not on the Berry line. Study a good map of Europe. You will find in the center of France there is a large area, about one tenth of all France, named BERRY HISTORICAL PROVINCE. I just ran across this lately, in a new set of encyclopedias. Perhaps the Steve Berry family, who lives close to the Library of Congress, could shed some light on this.

The Berrys seem to have dealt in sheep, cows, and especially horses, at least in America. The Whitings seemed more interested in politics and forestry, even back in the sixteen hundreds. The Roundys were ship builders and sailed the seven seas. They were not only fishermen, but traded in far-away ports as captains of their sailing vessels.

Of all the major lines in our family, the Danish line is to me the most interesting, and the most neglected. Next to that, the Berry line is the most exciting and the next-most-neglected.

When we were in high school, my sister Effie, an intellectual at age 12, admitted to me that her favorite poem was Longfellow's "A Skeleton In Armour." She read it to me so dramatically that I fell in love with the dead Viking who appeared to the author to demand he write his story.

When I later found we are descendants of the Vikings, I was more that delighted, and read "A Skeleton In Armour" with more understanding, relating it to perhaps a long lost relative. Let's ponder a flash of their past history.

THE VIKINGS

About the eighth century, ships with dragon heads and brilliant sails suddenly swept across the seas of northern Europe. They carried daring men with heavy swords who sought booty, adventure, and lands in which to live. Europe became their battle field, and they colonized the islands of the North Atlantic. They were the Vikings from Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Many were fishermen, or farmers, while some were skilled craftsmen or artist. Viking jewelry was among the finest in all Europe, and their homes were decorated with paintings and tapestries.

They built seventy-foot ships of wooden planks which were overlapped and bolted together. Because the boats were open, they carried tents to put on deck in case of rain or bad weather. When under sail, the warriors hung their shields along the sides between the oar locks. These long-boats were ships of war, accompanied by smaller boats that carried reserve

warriors, food and horses. Few fights were carried out on the open sea, usually taking place on rivers or lakes. The boats were often buried at sea with their fallen captains.

Many Vikings sailed abroad to find new lands to live in. To the English, these people were called the Danes. The Germans called the Vikings the Ashmen. They were Normans to the French, and to others they were The Northmen, and the Norsemen. But to all, they were daring men whose ships commanded the waters in which they sailed.

Although they were the best sailors in all Europe at that time, the Vikings won few important land battles, never wholly defeating a nation they invaded. Wherever they did get a hold, such as England, France or Russia, they took up the customs of the new lands. Thus they became absorbed by the peoples around them.

When Canute accepted and ruled England and Denmark, the people of Norway held a "Thing" which was an assembly of Vikings to make decisions. The battles, raids and colonies abroad, had drained the warrior manpower of Scandinavia. They decided their land could not be defended by women and children. They voted to stay home in the future. After Canute died, the age of the Vikings ended about 1100, as suddenly as it had begun.

To get in the spirit of Danish genealogy, one must read (memorize?) Longfellow's "A Skeleton in Armor." The poet was inspired to create this poem when he heard of a discovery of a skeleton buried in a sitting position wearing a breastplate of brass. Longfellow explained, "A skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, Massachusetts, clad in broken and corroded armor. The idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport."

Longfellow begins the epic poem as a stirring story in the spirit of the old ballads, and is influenced by news of the skeleton dug up and thought to be a Viking. I'll quote a few random verses, hoping the reader will look in your own library at home and read again the whole poem. Who knows who this skeleton once was? A relative of ours, perhaps? Let's not take a chance. The furthestest back I have taken our Danish genealogy is on one line, Thoger Stephansen, 1628. Several others are almost that far. But there's a lot to be done. Longfellow begins the poem rather abruptly as the skeleton appears. There are 20 verses. Here are a few.

A SKELETON IN ARMOR by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why does thou haunt me?

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;

And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many a soul that sped
Many the heart that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under the tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh death was grateful.

"Thus seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! Skoal!"
Thus the tale ended.

We must keep in mind that the Vikings did not believe in a single all-powerful God, or a trinity. Like the early Greeks and Romans, they worshipped many gods and goddesses to rule over the things men needed or did.

To find our Viking ancestors, we may have to search English, French, German, and even Russian records, for the Vikings settled in many lands. We have at least two families among us where both the fathers' and mothers' lines go back to the Vikings: Keith and Jeannie Larson and Barry and JoAnn Larsen. Their boys really bring the Viking characteristics up to modern times. Cut that heavy blonde hair shoulder length, with bangs, and you can just see them as they

climb into their warrior boats getting ready to sail into the northern waters. They would look more like the authentic Viking than does Prince Valiant.

I can think of nothing more frightening than to go to heaven and have a group of mad Vikings come forth to tell me they are my relatives demanding to know why I didn't do their temple work for them. They are not mild people, and lucky for us, they will not have their broad swords with them. And let's not have to dread "a dead man's curse."

Some of this Viking iron-heartedness has been passed down through the family lines. For example, do you know a woman who would nail a big snake's tail to the floor as it struggled (to escape her blows) through a knot hole in the floor, until her husband could come and finish him off? That was my Grandma Anna Maria Whiting, and the thought of that story has strengthened my own courage on many occasions.

Another of our ancestors, a sixteen year old niece of Great Grandmother Mary Elizabeth Cox, was out milking the cow, when a full-grown wildcat jumped from a tree onto her back. She reached to her back, grabbed his loose skin, and flipped him over onto the ground. Then putting her whole weight on her knee, she pushed his guts up where his lungs should have been. By the time help came, the poor creature was almost out of his misery.

I suggest that you newly married couples start your own record keeping with your selves, and go from there. Use your pedigree chart to guide you as a work sheet, and your family group sheets for the families that fit that chart. Lydia Berry has the bulk of the Berry records, and is so generous that you must not forget to reimburse her enough to at least cover her costs. I have information on all the lines, but wait until you get to the names you do not yet have. If there is enough interest, perhaps we can have printed sheets of each line to pick up at the next reunion. Will someone with access to a fast copy machine please volunteer and I will send the information that we already have on each line. I will furnish the paper. Costs would be nominal for those who would want copies. Please let me hear from those interested.

"Knock, knock!"
"Who's there?"
"Elijah."
"Elijah who?"
"Malachi, Chapter 4, Verse 5."



If Genealogy Was THAT Simple, I Wouldn't Need
Your Help.

-Aunt Maree

The Lost Spanish Mine

By Maree Berry Hamblin

The Lost Spanish mine was the most fabulous of them all. According to old timers of Northern Arizona, this old mine would make the fabled Lost Dutchman Mine in the Superstition Mountains look like a one man roust-about. Some believe that the Lost Spanish Mine is actually the Lost Dutchman Mine that was not located in the Superstition Mountains at all. And so the legend goes. Or was it a legend? I'll tell you what I know about it and you can judge for yourself. I have done considerable research on this most interesting subject.

When I was a child, my father and my three uncles homesteaded parcels of land adjacent to each other. The land was rocky, hilly, overgrazed by sheep, and had no water. They were intelligent men and realized these conditions, yet they wanted this particular area, and got it. For smart cattlemen to choose such a site, when more suitable land was available, seems stupid, to say the least. I even thought so as a child when I walked behind Uncle Ralph's plow planting corn, while the wild wind almost took me with it coming down that draw where nested four small cabins. One day, I stood frozen as I watched Uncle Frank's half-finished lumbar cabin collapse under the wind and fall to the ground.

There had to be a good reason for intelligent cowmen to by-pass good land with natural springs, for waterless, windy, red soil, not fertile like the dark cinder earth as was the Whiting homestead. The dark richness was the result of ancient volcanos that had spurted forth from the time of the Nephites. There was a good reason. Dad and my uncles believed the Lost Spanish Mine might be within the bounds of their four homesteads. Had they been men of wealth, they would have bought up all the surrounding country for the same reason.

I spent many a sleepless night as a child at our homestead listening to the men talk about the mine location. On one occasion the thought struck Dad that the Harris Cave might be a mine tunnel that would lead to the lost mine. He got Uncle Ralph up in the middle of the night and they saddled up to investigate the cave. But, even to this day, no one has ever found the end of that cave, and unprepared for extensive search, they came back about daylight to dream again about the Lost Mine.

My Father spoke good Spanish and flawless Mexican, having learned Spanish in school and Mexican from his father's shepherders. He knew every herder from the timberline to down below Concho and Holbrook. From these Mexican herders, Dad got the story of the mine and passed it on to me. I wrote it down in 1953, thinking I might try and sell it to some treasure hunting magazine. But after I researched the story, I got so greedy thinking someone else might find it, I just tucked it away and forgot about it. Aunt Elda and Mother were too practical to believe a word of such a yarn, but here it is for your consideration.

About the turn of the century, two gentlemen from Spain appeared in the little sheep-town of Concho, Arizona, fifteen miles west of St. Johns. They quietly, and without fanfare, began a systematic search for a gold mine they claimed belonged to their forebears before Jamestown was ever settled by the Pilgrims. They produced a very old and authentic

looking map, which showed the mine's supposed location. They hired shepherders to help them comb the area in which the map showed the mine to be. They remained in Concho for a time, with only a few confidants knowing the reason for their extended visit.

During the last days of their stay, these men admitted that this had been no ordinary gold mine, and the century before, it had produced enough precious ore to sustain the Royal House of Spain during the hard years after England had crushed their world trade in the battle of the century when the Spanish Armada fell to the storms and enemy guns.

The two men also claimed it to be the Gold Mine with which the Indians had built the Seven Cities of Cibola, the city Coronado had missed by just a few miles when he came through Round Valley on his historic search for that City of Gold, and had been tricked into missing it. A story and map Coronado used came out in the Arizona Republic about 1953, telling of Coronado's march through Arizona.

The two gentlemen from Spain stated that during the ruthless pillage of wealthy Indian cities of Old Mexico by Spanish Invaders, a priceless treasure had been confiscated. Upon being pursued by the irate Indians, the Spaniards had hidden the treasure within the mine for safe keeping. Among the loot were two golden peacocks ablaze with emeralds and other precious stones, each worth a fortune in themselves. Fearing for their lives, the Spaniards had closed up the mine with its gold and its jeweled treasure, taking what they could transport along with the map they made, to give to their king.

Centuries later, the gentlemen from Spain came quietly to Concho in an effort to locate the Lost Mine and claim its contents under cover. Not being able to come out in the open with their problem, and because of the tension at the time between the two countries, the gentlemen decided to depart and return at a later time.

The gentlemen departed for Spain to make further plans. According to old-time residents, they were mysteriously killed very near the area where those in-the-know believed the Lost Mine to be. Their deaths escaped publicity by a quasi-official burial taking place within hours after they were murdered.

One summer at the homestead of my father and Uncle, my little brother, Lee, eight years old, and my cousin Ray Brown, a few years older, were out to bring in a stray milk cow when they stumbled into what they later described as a large cave-like hole, with rafters of hand-hewn logs protruding from the dirt. Out of the wind, they began digging and playing in the dirt. Forgetting the cow, as could be expected of little boys, they dug deeper to unearth an unusual and finely designed lid to an earthen Indian-made jar. In the course of their play, they broke the lid and left it behind when they smelled a strange, gaseous odor as the wind shifted. Crawling out of the old tunnel, they went on to try and find the lost cow.

Rain and wind had covered their tracks when they tried to find the place again, and not wishing to mention the incident, they did not tell anyone their experience until years later. By then, they could not agree as to the right direction to even begin looking for the old mine shaft. Dad was to later refer to it by their description of the place they had found the strange lid.

Time, other interests, and their pursuit of education took the cousins miles away from their childhood discovery. In time, their experience was all but forgotten. But, not to me.

While at the Flagstaff University of Arizona one summer, I took a class in Indian Culture. The usual droning professor did not keep me awake, but the subject did. I did considerable research on Indian pottery, finding the Indians did not make lids for their clay pots, unless especially made to contain something of great value. This bit of a clue sent me on a six week research tour that should have won praise from Scotland Yard.

Years passed, our big family scattered, and the land was eventually sold. Only the story remained. In 1950, the story was revived, and the old enthusiasm for the Lost Spanish Mine was rekindled. Upon investigation, I found the four homesteads that had once belonged to my Dad and three uncles along with a lot of the surrounding country had been bought by other members of our family. I supposed that the purchase was for the same purpose that had always interested me. I also found that someone, not of our family, was buying up thousands of acres of the surrounding country in sight of Sierra Trigo. People were again whispering about the Lost Spanish Mine.

It was then that I set about to get to the bottom of all the rumors, and started with the family members first:

"Yes, I remember when Ray and I stumbled into that old mine shaft. I've planned many times to really organize and find that old thing. There's just one catch to the whole thing, though. To show you I've thought about it many times through the years, I'll admit I've even done some reading on mining. But, I also have to admit that I have certain reservations. There's just one catch to the whole thing. The soil for miles around that country is volcanic ash, and gold is never found in soil of that nature."

Dr. H. Lee Berry, Alhambra California

Gold is seldom found in volcanic ash, but when it is, the find is usually more than fabulous."

Markay Hamblin, student at BYU
majoring in math, science, and
geography

The four homesteads of which I am writing, where the Mine shaft was found by the two boys, did not have volcanic soil. As a kid, I walked behind Uncle Ralph's plow, planting corn too many miles to forget the earth-red soil turning up in front of me. And no man could sink a plow deeper than Uncle Ralph could.

I lived in Hawaii for ten years, swam from the black sand beaches, and drove to where I taught school in Pahalla, through the steam cracks of the Kilaweia volcano. When she was in action, I didn't need the moonlight to guide me at night. Volcanos wander when they are in action, they do not necessarily cover the land in an even wave like a tidal onslaught. They slowly make their way like soft frosting poured down a wedding cake. And so it was with Sierra Trigo, when it blew and built up to over-flowing, probably during the Nephite days. But it didn't cover the land evenly. Any agronomist will tell you that.

For two years I flew over the Aleutian Islands as supervisor to Alaska's bush schools. One time, two Vikings from Iceland looked me up and took me to a deserted village on the island of Umnak. No one lived on that island. Because I represented the Governor, they wanted consent to work the gold mine. My explanation that there had been an earthquake 40 years before, and that the mine was flooded did not deter them. They were not only adventurers, as all Vikings seem to be, they were professional skin divers. As far as I could tell, this particular mine kept the Russian Czar going, and in the old houses where everything had been left hurriedly, I found Russian picture frames, and candles, etc. As everyone knows, the Aleutians are like the Hawaiian Islands, a chain of mountain peaks sticking out of the ocean, the result of volcanic action. I did not get consent for the two Vikings to explore for gold in that deserted mine, but lost track of them and their efforts when I left Alaska. But this I know, there is one fabulous mine in the Aleutians that did produce enough gold to keep a very large village busy for many years. A village that can support three churches is large by Aleutian standards.

I am like my Dad, a died-in-the-wool dreamer, with a giant curiosity. My interviews about the Lost Spanish Mine continued:

"Yes, I was there. It did look like the remains of an old mine, a very old mine. I've thought many times of taking off and try finding that old shaft again. Maybe it wasn't the Lost Spanish Mine, but, one thing I know, those timbers were old ones, and the gas smelled like that of a mine."

Ray Brown, attorney, California 1953

"Yes, I believe the tale. And, say, I've heard a lot of talk about it lately. We have an Indian friend who drops in frequently. He is very old and very interesting. We like the gentleman and have befriended him in more ways than one. He took us out one day to show us where he claimed the Seven Cities of Cubola were buried: he says by an earthquake. I thought it just an interesting tale and he was just kidding us. But when he took us upon a high ledge and showed us seven hills that looked just alike, (now covered by forest, and certainly made by man, not nature), I just had to believe his story. No, we can't take you there. Maybe when the old Indian passes on. But, we promised we would show no one."

Beth Ellsworth, 1953, McNary 3rd grade
teacher and sister-in-law
Dr. H. Lee Berry.

"When I was a child, we lived near Concho. One day, Papa came to the house with a big stone covered with gold flecks. 'Look, Mama, it must be from that Lost Spanish Mine,' he said. It was probably fools gold, but he was always talking about that lost mine."

Mrs. Louella Nunally, Pinetop, Arizona, 1953

When Dad suggested I try and locate an old timer by the name of Sid Earl, I went to Round Valley, his home ground, and found he worked for the McNary logging crew. It took some doing for me to find where he actually lived, as they had several logging camps scattered about for miles around in the forest. After a full day of searching, I located him in a cabin in the thick of the densest part of the mountains.

"Do I remember the tale about the Lost Spanish Mine? Well, I guess I do. The story came to me so straight that I scraped together every penny I had and bought a few hundred acres where I calculated it just might be. I'll bet I turned over every rock on that whole place looking for some clue. I like to starved to death, so I had to quit thinking about the darned thing and get to work. I still think it's around my place, maybe not on it, but it can't be far off it. I still intend to try again sometime."

Sid Earl, McNary logging camp, 1953

Interest in the mine continued after I wrote the article. Several years later, I received this note from Uncle Albert Brown:

"Dear Maree,
I located the mine. A fellow by the name of Theodore Gonzales came here from Phoenix to his mother-in-law's funeral. He used to build fences up that way. He knew where the mine was, but hadn't heard about the story of it. I got him to stay over another day and took him up. He knew right where it was. I could have asked 100 men and not been so lucky."

As ever, Uncle Albert.
St. Johns, Arizona, 1955

Uncle Albert, Uncle Frank Brown's brother, was the husband of Aunt Elda Whiting Brown. Before I saw Uncle Albert again, I had taken off for Hawaii to stay seven years, then to Alaska for another eight. But his post card assured me that he knew what he had found as a clue to the Lost Spanish Mine. So I decided to quit thinking about it until I got back in the territory where again I could take up the trail Coronado had cut through Round Valley. By the time I returned, Uncle Albert had passed away. I know there really is a lost Spanish gold mine somewhere within the vicinity of the Whiting homestead. Just where, I know not.

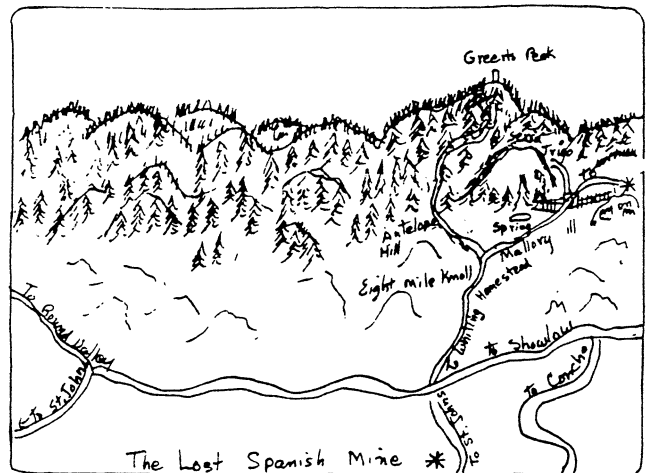
SEQUEL

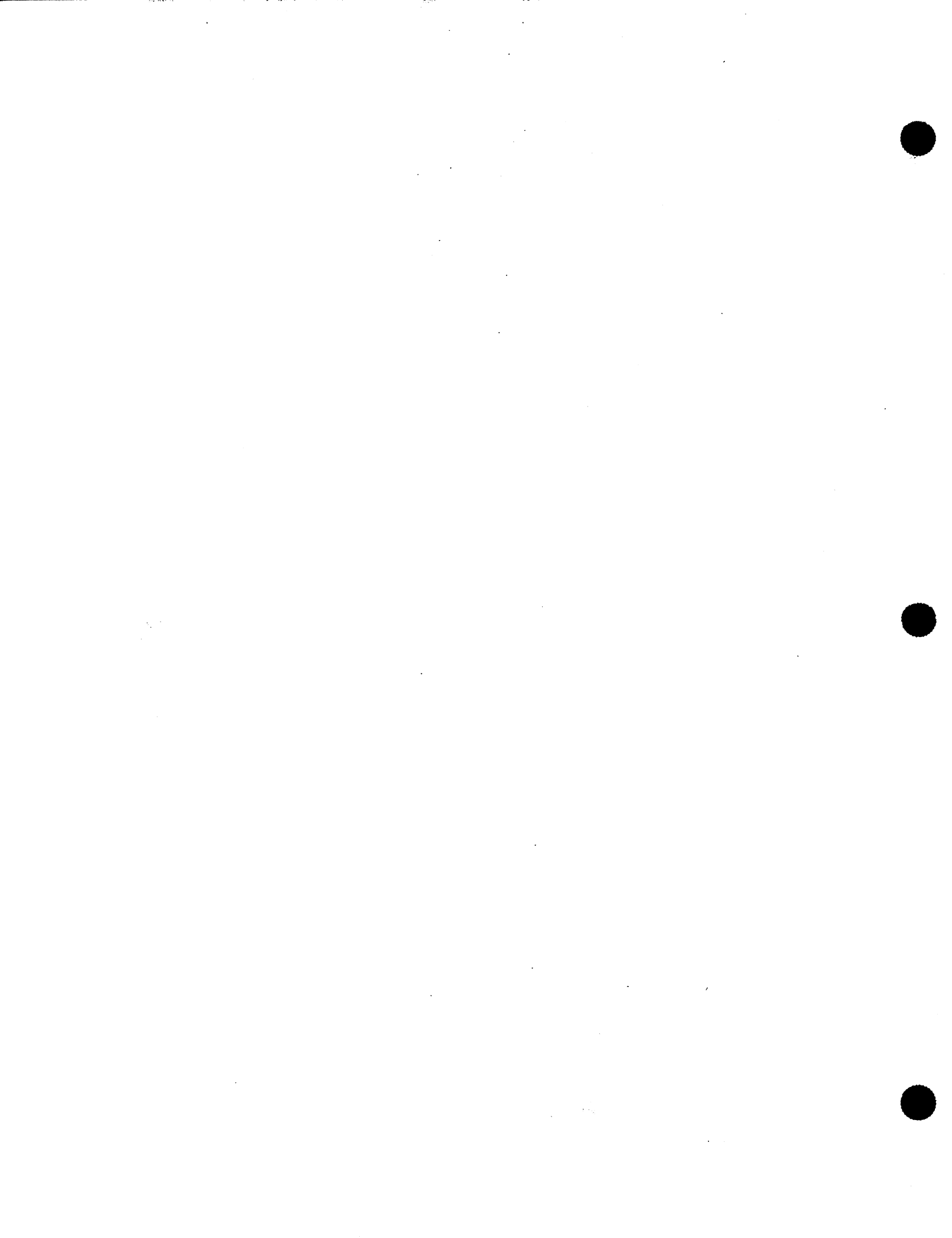
Shortly after the two gentlemen from Spain were murdered, a handsome young man came from there by the name of Castillo. He brought with him one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, and their infant daughter. He bought up all the land from Concho to the Timberline above Vernon. He also met a strange death, but that is another story, and far too long to tell in this issue. To this day, old timers refer to this Spaniard as "That Arab." But he was not, since he had none of the features of an Arab, and all the features of a high classed gentleman from Spain. He bought land even above Bannon, and the house he built of stone still stands. People call it "The Arab's House." Everyone knew that he came to search for the Lost Spanish Mine, and he was already rich, rich, rich.

Aunt Maree admits that she "changed the map" just a little so that we all have an even chance of finding the mine!

4-8-55 -

Rear Maree:
I located the mine. A fellow by the name of Theodore Gonzales came here from Phoenix to his Mother in law's funeral. He used to build fences up that way. He knew where the mine was. But hadn't heard about the story of it. I got him to stay over another day and took him up. He knew right where it was. I could have ask 100 men and not been so lucky. as ever
Uncle Albert.





Berry Family Unit Directory

living descendents of Herbert & May Berry
listed as individual families

Key: Each column on the left represents a generation beginning with the children of Herbert and May. The number within a particular column represents birth order within that generation, with a slash next to those who have more than one digit in their birth order, such as child number 10. A + represents a married direct descendant, a * represents the corresponding spouse.

Example: 2 is Aunt Maree, 21+ is Joycell Cooper, 21* is Jack Cooper.

11+	04/19/36	Lynn Ellsworth	2213	06/11/69	Jason Helf
11*	11/02/42	Jamie Ellsworth	2214	04/18/72	Kara Helf
111+	01/27/65	Luke Ellsworth	2215	03/23/73	Jenna Helf
111*	11/17/67	Elizabeth Ellsworth	222	10/15/50	Valerie Cunningham
112	05/30/66	Effie Ellsworth	223	09/19/58	Wanda Silvers
113+	10/05/67	Esther Ellsworth Pugmire	224	11/29/59	Thomas Silvers
113*	07/23/62	Lindsay Pugmire	225+	04/17/61	Sallie Silvers Higgins
114	11/11/70	Amy Ellsworth	225*	07/12/58	Jerry Higgins
115	01/03/72	Paul Ellsworth	226	08/28/62	David Silvers
116	10/07/73	Susan Ellsworth	227+	07/21/64	Lucinda Silvers Watson
12+	04/02/41	Gary Ellsworth	227*	12/28/65	Larry Watson
12*	09/15/49	Charleene Ellsworth	228	08/07/71	Anna May Silvers
121	05/26/77	Martha Ellsworth	229	07/30/72	Jacob Silvers
122	03/18/81	Phillip Ellsworth	22/10	06/22/74	Rebecca Silvers
123	03/10/84	Zachary Ellsworth	23	07/18/35	Markay Hamblin
124	08/11/87	Karina Ellsworth	231+	11/09/60	Genette Hamblin Largeant
13+	11/17/43	Elaine Ellsworth Ward	231*	09/26/54	David Largeant
13*	02/22/41	Richard Ward	2311	07/06/83	Andria Largeant
131+	10/13/65	Julie Ward Hardy	2312	06/03/85	Sarah Kirsten Largeant
131*	12/28/63	Jon Hardy	2313	08/27/87	Jason Ryan Largeant
1311	12/08/87	Aimee Hardy	232+	04/27/63	Leo Hamblin
132	11/21/67	Jenny Marie Ward	232*	07/09/65	Michelle Hamblin
133	02/01/71	George Ward	2331	06/05/86	Daniel Hamblin
134	09/08/72	Stephen Ward	234	07/05/64	Daylynn Hamblin
135	10/08/74	Melissa Ward	235	03/30/68	Tim Hamblin
136	10/08/74	Matthew Ward	24+	06/15/40	Jeannine Hamblin Larson
137	10/21/77	Eric Ward	24*	07/27/38	Keith Larson
14+	05/10/46	Van Ellsworth	241	01/28/60	Shane Larson
141	11/11/70	Michael Ellsworth	242+	08/12/61	Troy Larson
142	05/23/72	Traci Ellsworth	242*	07/22/67	Jennifer Larson
143	08/09/73	Kerry Ellsworth	243	08/01/63	Brian Larson
144	02/14/78	Ryan Ellsworth	244	10/26/65	Darrin Larson
15+	12/01/47	Evelyn Ellsworth Gwartney	245	10/28/68	Jennifer Larson
15*	12/11/41	Pat Gwartney	246	06/14/70	Amy Larson
151	03/29/71	Warren Gwartney	247	05/21/73	Margaret Larson
152	03/31/73	Nathan Gwartney	248	04/29/75	Sara Larson
153	06/27/75	Sarah Gwartney	249	01/09/78	Matthew Larson
154	05/25/77	Troy Gwartney	24/10	05/11/80	Jared Larson
155	07/13/82	Emily Gwartney	3+	02/09/14	Elizabeth Berry
156	08/01/86	Seth Gwartney	31+	10/29/35	David Berry
2	06/04/08	Maree Berry Hamblin	31*	08/15/41	Sharon Berry
21+	12/22/27	Joycell Hamblin Cooper	311	12/31/64	Cindi Berry
21*	08/21/27	Jack Cooper	312	03/12/66	Julie Berry
211+	03/31/47	Janice Cooper Falls	313	01/07/69	Stacey Berry
211*	01/14/45	Jerome Falls	314	10/21/70	Michelle Berry
2111	07/09/66	Brett Falls	315	11/08/75	Michael Berry
2112	07/28/67	Heather Falls	316	10/32/82	Amy Berry
2113	07/17/70	Garrett Falls	32+	01/17/37	Louine Berry Hunter
2114	12/12/71	Amy Falls	32*	05/04/36	John Hunter
2115	02/05/74	Brenna Falls	321+	10/17/59	Robert Hunter
2116	06/25/77	Anna Mariah Falls	321*	06/17/63	Kenna Hunter
212+	11/02/50	Marty Cooper	3211	07/23/87	Rachel Hunter
212*	02/10/58	Susan Cooper	322+	06/16/61	Steven Hunter
2121	06/06/83	Chelsea Cooper	322*	01/12/66	Tracy Hunter
2122	10/07/85	Chance Cooper	323+	12/22/62	Scott Hunter
2123	09/10/87	Caitlin Cooper	323*	12/09/65	Kristy Hunter
213+	03/11/56	Shawn Cooper	3231	04/27/87	Ryan Hunter
213*	12/06/55	Linda Cooper	324	03/04/66	David Hunter
2131	05/24/78	Christopher Cooper	325	10/27/67	Dan Hunter
2132	12/19/79	Corey Cooper	326	01/18/69	Jim Hunter
2133	03/24/83	Casey Cooper	327	08/06/70	Jeane Hunter
214+	03/21/57	Lance Cooper	328	08/27/73	Julene Hunter
214*	03/05/60	Cathy Cooper	329	01/12/76	Matthew Hunter
215+	05/27/65	Angela Cooper Hubbard	32/10	10/26/70	Billy Hunter
215*	01/21/62	Rory Hubbard	33+	01/11/42	Alan Berry
216	02/27/72	Vaylene Cooper	33*	03/15/46	Betty Berry
22	08/17/31	Leilani Hamblin Silvers	331	10/11/70	Greg Berry
221	01/10/48	Marilynn Leilani Helf	332	11/15/72	Patrick Berry
2211	08/01/68	Kim Helf	333	07/10/75	Kristie Berry
2212	08/01/68	Kelly Helf	334	06/21/78	Jon Berry

335	09/01/81	Tara Berry	6*	08/14/18	Aubrey Andelin
34+	12/12/43	Rosalee Berry Byers	61+	01/16/47	Lane Andelin
34*	10/05/39	Dennis Byers	61*	12/11/51	Darlene Andelin
341	03/17/66	Tiffany Byers	611	01/06/73	Amy Andelin
342	03/05/68	Melanie Byers	612	03/14/74	Michael Andelin
343	05/11/71	Jeff Byers	613	08/12/76	Heather Andelin
344	07/13/75	Preston Byers	614	01/05/79	Brooke Andelin
345	05/25/78	Brandon Byers	615	07/25/82	Laura Andelin
35+	01/17/49	Julie Berry Tanner	62+	01/06/48	Brian B. Andelin
35*	03/10/48	Tres Tanner	62*	04/07/49	Helena Andelin
351	02/03/73	Merilee Tanner	621	10/22/72	Karina Andelin
352	05/20/74	Lisa Tanner	622	12/17/73	Tami Andelin
353	03/22/78	Wendy Tanner	623	04/04/75	Clark Andelin
354	01/05/81	Benjamin Tanner	624	01/24/77	Tanya Andelin
355	08/20/84	Aundrea Tanner	625	03/12/79	Todd Andelin
36	03/27/53	Doug Berry	626	11/19/80	Joseph Andelin
4+	07/07/12	H. Lee Berry	627	02/16/85	Brian Z. Andelin
4*	04/09/15	Virginia Berry	63+	02/03/50	Dixie Andelin Forsyth
41+	01/09/38	Jean Berry Arbuckle	63*	05/28/46	Bob Forsyth
41*	07/07/34	Gary Arbuckle	631	04/07/70	Tiffany Forsyth
411	01/30/60	Christina Arbuckle	632	11/26/71	Melissa Forsyth
412	03/25/62	Jeff Arbuckle	633	02/25/74	John Forsyth
423	11/22/65	Eric Arbuckle	634	02/18/76	Richard Forsyth
42+	11/20/43	Steve Berry	635	01/05/79	Amanda Forsyth
42*	08/28/45	Judi Berry	636	08/03/80	Gina Forsyth
421	08/11/71	Stephanie Berry	637	11/16/82	Cherry Forsyth
422	01/27/73	Annette Berry	64+	05/15/51	Kristine Andelin Hales
423	09/24/75	David Berry	64*	10/13/46	Steve Hales
424	05/20/77	Michael Berry	641	01/18/72	Matthew Hales
43+	03/17/46	Patricia Berry Felsted	642	04/30/73	Kathryn Hales
43*	03/06/44	Ray Felsted	643	11/18/74	Melinda Hales
431	07/04/78	Benjamin Felsted	644	03/28/76	Jennifer Hales
432	11/25/79	Brandon Felsted	645	08/10/77	Jonathan Hales
433	11/14/81	Kirsten Felsted	646	05/18/79	Natalie Hales
434	07/11/83	Kelly Felsted	647	02/09/81	Jilynn Hales
435	11/13/85	Matthew Felsted	648	01/02/83	Karen Hales
44+	07/07/47	Eileen Berry Luke	649	09/26/84	Megan Hales
44*	10/20/46	Bob Luke	65+	11/07/51	John Andelin
441	04/24/72	Jennifer Luke	65*	07/08/52	Cindy Andelin
442	03/05/74	Juliann Luke	651	05/15/75	Emily Andelin
443	04/10/76	Jon Luke	652	02/04/78	Samuel Andelin
444	08/01/77	Shannon Luke	653	05/27/80	Wendy Andelin
445	07/24/80	Missy Luke	654	02/26/82	Robert Andelin
5*	11/19/19	Randy E. Fife	655	08/26/83	Jeffrey Andelin
5*	04/22/26	Barbara Fife	656	06/30/85	Sarah Andelin
51+	10/04/46	Diana Fife Rice	66+	10/01/53	Ginny Andelin Leavitt
51*	12/18/43	Roger Rice	66*	07/30/49	Robert Leavitt
511	03/21/69	Stephanie Rice	661	04/15/74	Benjamin Leavitt
512	02/28/70	Michael Rice	662	07/07/75	Bonnie Leavitt
513	02/08/71	Cindy Rice	663	05/28/77	Sara Leavitt
514	05/08/72	Randy Rice	664	04/04/79	Casey Leavitt
515	05/13/75	Anna Marie Rice	665	02/03/81	Andrew Leavitt
516	04/01/77	Christopher Rice	666	03/13/84	Lara Leavitt
517	05/19/84	Brian Rice	667	10/11/86	Camille Leavitt
52+	10/18/49	JoAnn Fife Larsen	67+	04/23/56	Paul Andelin
52*	01/15/50	Barry Larsen	67*	08/08/57	Judy Andelin
521	11/30/72	David Larsen	671	09/28/78	Jessica Andelin
522	02/14/74	Julianne Larsen	672	06/02/80	Daniel Andelin
523	03/14/76	Keith Larsen	673	04/06/82	Scott Andelin
524	11/30/77	Bradley Larsen	674	05/27/84	Crystal Andelin
525	12/29/78	Jared Larsen	675	07/28/86	Benjamin Andelin
53+	01/22/53	Bonnie Fife Middleton	68+	02/04/62	Merilee Andelin Saunders
53*	06/13/51	Chuck Middleton III	68*	07/17/59	Craig Saunders
531	10/31/73	Emily Middleton	681	11/08/87	Brenna Shea Saunders
532	02/16/75	Chuck Middleton IV	7	04/13/25	F. Dean Berry
533	03/07/76	Cathy Middleton	71+	03/19/52	Anna Marie Berry Wood
534	03/07/78	Steven Middleton	71*	06/01/56	Bruce Wood
535	07/12/79	Becky Middleton	711	11/16/80	Jake Wood
536	07/18/80	Jenny Middleton	712	06/06/82	Melissa Wood
537	02/03/88	Crystal Middleton	713	08/05/87	Samuel Wood
54+	11/18/54	Randy B. Fife	72	05/26/54	Jonathan Berry
54*	03/22/59	Christa Fife	73+	09/16/56	Karen Berry Mitterling
541	08/12/81	Coban Fife	73*	04/07/55	Brent Mitterling
542	12/03/83	Normandie Fife	731	11/15/86	Justin Mitterling
543	12/29/85	Kayledeane Fife	74+	08/16/58	Matt Berry
55+	09/10/55	Brad Fife	74*	09/07/64	Juana Marie Almaguar Berry
55*	03/01/55	Susanne Fife	75+	03/27/60	Mark Berry
551	01/23/81	Jason Fife	75*	12/12/60	Lynne' Berry
552	06/30/83	Karie Fife	76	05/09/63	Brent Berry
6+	05/22/20	Helen Berry Andelin			



Berry Family Registry



living descendants of May and Herbert Berry

listed in order of age

2	06/04/08	Maree Berry Hamblin	55*	03/01/55	Susanne Fife
4+	07/07/12	H. Lee Berry	73*	04/07/55	Brent Mitterling
3	02/09/14	Elizabeth Berry	55+	09/10/55	Brad Fife
4*	04/09/15	Virginia Berry	213*	12/06/55	Linda Cooper
6*	08/14/18	Aubrey Andelin	213+	03/11/56	Shawn Cooper
5*	11/19/19	Randy E. Fife	67+	04/23/56	Paul Andelin
6+	05/22/20	Helen Berry Andelin	71*	06/01/56	Bruce Wood
7	04/13/25	F. Dean Berry	73+	09/16/56	Karen Berry Mitterling
5*	04/22/26	Barbara Fife	214+	03/21/57	Lance Cooper
21*	08/21/27	Jack Cooper	67*	08/08/57	Judy Andelin
21+	12/22/27	Joycell Hamblin Cooper	212*	02/10/58	Susan Cooper
22	08/17/31	Leilani Hamblin Silvers	225*	07/12/58	Jerry Higgins
41*	07/07/34	Gary Arbuckle	74+	08/16/58	Matt Berry
23	07/18/35	Markay Hamblin	223	09/19/58	Wanda Silvers
31+	10/29/35	David Berry	54*	03/22/59	Christa Fife
11+	04/19/36	Lynn Ellsworth	68*	07/17/59	Craig Saunders
32*	05/04/36	John Hunter	321+	10/17/59	Robert Hunter
32+	01/17/37	Louine Berry Hunter	224	11/29/59	Thomas Silvers
41+	01/09/38	Jean Berry Arbuckle	241	01/28/60	Shane Larson
24*	07/27/38	Keith Larson	411	01/30/60	Christina Arbuckle
34*	10/05/39	Dennis Byers	214*	03/05/60	Cathy Cooper
24+	06/15/40	Jeannine Hamblin Larson	75+	03/27/60	Mark Berry
13*	02/22/41	Richard Ward	231+	11/09/60	Genette Hamblin Largeant
12+	04/02/41	Gary Ellsworth	75*	12/12/60	Lynne' Berry
31*	08/15/41	Sharon Berry	225+	04/17/61	Sallie Silvers Higgins
15*	12/11/41	Pat Gwartney	322+	06/16/61	Steven Hunter
33+	01/11/42	Alan Berry	242+	08/12/61	Troy Larson
11*	11/02/42	Jamie Ellsworth	215*	01/21/62	Rory Hubbard
13+	11/17/43	Elaine Ellsworth Ward	68+	02/04/62	Merilee Andelin Saunders
42+	11/20/43	Steve Berry	412	03/25/62	Jeff Arbuckle
34+	12/12/43	Rosalee Berry Byers	113*	07/23/62	Lindsay Pugmire
51*	12/18/43	Roger Rice	226	08/28/62	David Silvers
43*	03/06/44	Ray Felsted	323+	12/22/62	Scott Hunter
211*	01/14/45	Jerome Falls	232+	04/27/63	Leo Hamblin
42*	08/28/45	Judi Berry	76	05/09/63	Brent Berry
33*	03/15/46	Betty Berry	321*	06/17/63	Kenna Hunter
43+	03/17/46	Patricia Berry Felsted	243	08/01/63	Brian Larson
14+	05/10/46	Van Ellsworth	131*	12/28/63	Jon Hardy
63*	05/28/46	Bob Forsyth	234	07/05/64	Daylynn Hamblin
51+	10/04/46	Diana Fife Rice	227+	07/21/64	Lucinda Silvers Watson
64*	10/13/46	Steve Hales	74*	09/07/64	Juana Marie Almaguar Berry
44*	10/20/46	Bob Luke	311	12/31/64	Cindi Berry
61+	01/16/47	Lane Andelin	111+	01/27/65	Luke Ellsworth
211+	03/31/47	Janice Cooper Falls	215+	05/27/65	Angela Cooper Hubbard
44+	07/07/47	Eileen Berry Luke	232*	07/09/65	Michelle Hamblin
15+	12/01/47	Evelyn Ellsworth Gwartney	131+	10/13/65	Julie Ward Hardy
62+	01/06/48	Brian B. Andelin	244	10/26/65	Darrin Larson
221	01/10/48	Marilynn Leilani Helf	423	11/22/65	Eric Arbuckle
35*	03/10/48	Tres Tanner	323*	12/09/65	Kristy Hunter
35+	01/17/49	Julie Berry Tanner	227*	12/28/65	Larry Watson
62*	04/07/49	Helena Andelin	322*	01/12/66	Tracy Hunter
66*	07/30/49	Robert Leavitt	324	03/04/66	David Hunter
12*	09/15/49	Charleene Ellsworth	312	03/12/66	Julie Berry
52*	10/18/49	JoAnn Fife Larsen	341	03/17/66	Tiffany Byers
52*	01/15/50	Barry Larsen	112	05/30/66	Effie Ellsworth
63+	02/03/50	Dixie Andelin Forsyth	2111	07/09/66	Brett Falls
222	10/15/50	Valerie Cunningham	242*	07/22/67	Jennifer Larson
212+	11/02/50	Marty Cooper	2112	07/28/67	Heather Falls
64+	05/15/51	Kristine Andelin Hales	113+	10/05/67	Esther Ellsworth Pugmire
53*	06/13/51	Chuck Middleton III	325	10/27/67	Dan Hunter
65+	11/07/51	John Andelin	111*	11/17/67	Elizabeth Ellsworth
61*	12/11/51	Darlene Andelin	132	11/21/67	Jenny Marie Ward
71+	03/19/52	Anna Marie Berry Wood	342	03/05/68	Melanie Byers
65*	07/08/52	Cindy Andelin	235	03/30/68	Tim Hamblin
53+	01/22/53	Bonnie Fife Middleton	2212	08/01/68	Kelly Helf
36	03/27/53	Doug Berry	2211	08/01/68	Kim Helf
66+	10/01/53	Ginny Andelin Leavitt	245	10/28/68	Jennifer Larson
72	05/26/54	Jonathan Berry	313	01/07/69	Stacey Berry
231*	09/26/54	David Largeant	326	01/18/69	Jim Hunter
54+	11/18/54	Randy B. Fife	511	03/21/69	Stephanie Rice

2213	06/11/69	Jason Helf	137	10/21/77	Eric Ward
512	02/28/70	Michael Rice	524	11/30/77	Bradley Larsen
631	04/07/70	Tiffany Forsyth	249	01/09/78	Matthew Larson
246	06/14/70	Amy Larson	652	02/04/78	Samuel Andelin
2113	07/17/70	Garrett Falls	144	02/14/78	Ryan Ellsworth
327	08/06/70	Jeane Hunter	534	03/07/78	Steven Middleton
331	10/11/70	Greg Berry	353	03/22/78	Wendy Tanner
314	10/21/70	Michelle Berry	2131	05/24/78	Christopher Cooper
114	11/11/70	Amy Ellsworth	345	05/25/78	Brandon Byers
141	11/11/70	Michael Ellsworth	334	06/21/78	Jon Berry
133	02/01/71	George Ward	431	07/04/78	Benjamin Felsted
513	02/08/71	Cindy Rice	671	09/28/78	Jessica Andelin
151	03/29/71	Warren Gwartney	525	12/29/78	Jared Larsen
343	05/11/71	Jeff Byers	635	01/05/79	Amanda Forsyth
228	08/07/71	Anna May Silvers	614	01/05/79	Brooke Andelin
421	08/11/71	Stephanie Berry	625	03/12/79	Todd Andelin
632	11/26/71	Melissa Forsyth	664	04/04/79	Casey Leavitt
2114	12/12/71	Amy Falls	646	05/18/79	Natalie Hales
115	01/03/72	Paul Ellsworth	535	07/12/79	Becky Middleton
641	01/18/72	Matthew Cooper	432	11/25/79	Brandon Felsted
216	02/27/72	Vaylene Cooper	2132	12/19/79	Corey Cooper
2214	04/18/72	Kara Helf	24/10	05/11/80	Jared Larson
441	04/24/72	Jennifer Luke	653	05/27/80	Wendy Andelin
514	05/08/72	Randy Rice	672	06/02/80	Daniel Andelin
142	05/23/72	Traci Ellsworth	536	07/18/80	Jenny Middleton
229	07/30/72	Jacob Silvers	445	07/24/80	Missy Luke
134	09/08/72	Stephen Ward	636	08/03/80	Gina Forsyth
621	10/22/72	Karina Andelin	32/10	10/26/80	Billy Hunter
332	11/15/72	Patrick Berry	711	11/16/80	Jake Wood
521	11/30/72	David Larsen	626	11/19/80	Joseph Andelin
611	01/06/73	Amy Andelin	354	01/05/81	Benjamin Tanner
422	01/27/73	Annette Berry	551	01/23/81	Jason Fife
351	02/03/73	Merilee Tanner	665	02/03/81	Andrew Leavitt
2215	03/23/73	Jenna Helf	647	02/09/81	Jilynn Hales
152	03/31/73	Nathan Gwartney	122	03/18/81	Phillip Ellsworth
642	04/30/73	Kathryn Hales	541	08/12/81	Coban Fife
247	05/21/73	Margaret Larson	335	09/01/81	Tara Berry
143	08/09/73	Kerry Ellsworth	433	11/14/81	Kirsten Felsted
328	08/27/73	Julene Hunter	654	02/26/82	Robert Andelin
116	10/07/73	Susan Ellsworth	673	04/06/82	Scott Andelin
531	10/31/73	Emily Middleton	712	06/06/82	Melissa Wood
622	12/17/73	Tami Andelin	155	07/13/82	Emily Gwartney
2115	02/05/74	Brenna Falls	615	07/25/82	Laura Andelin
522	02/14/74	Julianne Larsen	316	10/32/82	Amy Berry
633	02/25/74	John Forsyth	637	11/16/82	Cherry Forsyth
442	03/05/74	Juliann Luke	648	01/02/83	Karen Hales
612	03/14/74	Michael Andelin	2133	03/24/83	Casey Cooper
661	04/15/74	Benjamin Leavitt	2121	06/06/83	Chelsea Cooper
352	05/20/74	Lisa Tanner	552	06/30/83	Karie Fife
22/10	06/22/74	Rebecca Silvers	2311	07/06/83	Andria Largeant
136	10/08/74	Matthew Ward	434	07/11/83	Kelly Felsted
135	10/08/74	Melissa Ward	655	08/26/83	Jeffrey Andelin
643	11/18/74	Melinda Hales	542	12/03/83	Normandie Fife
532	02/16/75	Chuck Middleton IV	123	03/10/84	Zachary Ellsworth
623	04/04/75	Clark Andelin	666	03/13/84	Lara Leavitt
248	04/29/75	Sara Larson	517	05/19/84	Brian Rice
515	05/13/75	Anna Marie Rice	674	05/27/84	Crystal Andelin
651	05/15/75	Emily Andelin	355	08/20/84	Aundrea Tanner
153	06/27/75	Sarah Gwartney	649	09/26/84	Megan Hales
662	07/07/75	Bonnie Leavitt	627	02/16/85	Brian Z. Andelin
333	07/10/75	Kristie Berry	2312	06/03/85	Sarah Kirsten Largeant
344	07/13/75	Preston Byers	656	06/30/85	Sarah Andelin
423	09/24/75	David Berry	2122	10/07/85	Chance Cooper
315	11/08/75	Michael Berry	435	11/13/85	Matthew Felsted
329	01/12/76	Matthew Hunter	543	12/29/85	Kayledeane Fife
634	02/18/76	Richard Forsyth	2331	06/05/86	Daniel Hamblin
533	03/07/76	Cathy Middleton	675	07/28/86	Benjamin Andelin
523	03/14/76	Keith Larsen	156	08/01/86	Seth Gwartney
644	03/28/76	Jennifer Hales	667	10/11/86	Camille Leavitt
443	04/10/76	Jon Luke	731	11/15/86	Justin Mitterling
613	08/12/76	Heather Andelin	3231	04/27/87	Ryan Hunter
624	01/24/77	Tanya Andelin	3211	07/23/87	Rachel Hunter
516	04/01/77	Christopher Rice	713	08/05/87	Samuel Wood
424	05/20/77	Michael Berry	124	08/11/87	Karina Ellsworth
154	05/25/77	Troy Gwartney	2313	08/27/87	Jason Ryan Largeant
121	05/26/77	Martha Ellsworth	2123	09/10/87	Caitlin Cooper
663	05/28/77	Sara Leavitt	681	11/08/87	Brenna Shea Saunders
2116	06/25/77	Anna Mariah Falls	1311	12/08/87	Aimee Hardy
444	08/01/77	Shannon Luke	537	02/03/88	Crystal Middleton
645	08/10/77	Jonathan Hales			