



Nihil Sine Labore—Nothing Without Work

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family

WHY ISN'T THIS STAPLED?

The Berry Patch is delivered to each address in a large envelope so that it can arrive unfolded, ready to insert into the special binder each family has for their Berry Patch collection. Because we hope that it will immediately be placed in that binder, we send it unstapled. Archivists tell us that staples are not intended for long-term storage, and we intend to keep these issues for a long time! In just a few years, the staples rust, and cause paper deterioration.

We have heard from several sources that not all the February Berry Patch deliveries came through. If you did not receive your copy, please let us know, and we will call the Post Office to task. Also, we will bring extras to the reunion for those who did not get their rightful copies.

Berry Pickings

From the President

TO OUR PATRONS:

These beds have been made with clean, sun-dried, unironed linen, which scientific tests have shown give a more healthy, restful sleep. Ironed linens are available, if you prefer.

THE MANAGEMENT

The wording isn't exactly right, but it's close, and this small sign was scotch taped to the wall of each room in the Forest Motel. Since as many as a hundred sheets were washed daily in a single agitation washing machine, run through the wringer, and hung on clotheslines before the beds could be made, ironing was an important consideration. Mother, Helen, Norma, Lee, Virginia, and Maree did a lot of laundry at various times. I was a teenager, and knew a number of ways to avoid most of it, but I couldn't avoid it all. And more than once

I had to remake a bed with sheets I first had to iron.

Through the years, I have pondered the ethics of the sign. Anyone who knew her would recognize Mother's hand in it. All the children and grandchildren knew her to be honest, so how could this be? Is it possible there were scientific tests? Mother could certainly have organized one. I can visualize her supervising--a long line of beds on this side with sleepers happy on their unironed bedding--across the way, a longer row of miserable people tossing and turning on those slick, slidy, stiff, sickly sheets. Or maybe some University did it. If so, Mother would say it was Harvard.

But I don't really believe there was a "scientific test." So how can I reconcile this with honest parents? There were no laws at that time governing truth in advertising. There was a code--no one ever mentioned a competitor or his product by name. But beyond that, anything was okay if you could convince the buyer. So they were okay legally. But what about the morality of it all? Were they cheating? Were they lying?

I think mother would be able to handle it something like this. If there aren't any scientific tests, there ought to be. And there certainly will be. And when there are, they will surely prove what I say. So why wait? And besides, it is surely true that clean, sun-dried, unironed linen provides a more restful sleep for those who would otherwise have to do the ironing.

And that, dear relatives, is called a rationalization, and if you don't do that yourself sometimes, you are ready for translation to one place or another. And if it shocks you that your grandmother and grandfather were capable of rationalization, you are foolish,

for they were as human as human can be, with all the foibles and capacity for error that we all have. And they were wonderful people, too. And we, too, can be wonderful, even with our own flaws and foibles.

Love, Uncle Dean

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Don't Forget



Please send your subscriptions (\$10) to JoAnn Larsen, 7006 Peachtree Ave., Citrus Heights, CA 95621, if you have not already done so for 1988.

LOOK FOR OUR REUNION PAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON WHAT TO BRING, FINANCE AND WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THIS YEAR'S BERRY REUNION

Evening Entertainment at the Berry Reunion

by Joycell Cooper

There will be a campfire every night, and a dance if the teenagers insist--but time is so short, I hate to see them not take advantage of listening to the old family stories and participating with the adults in the games and fun. They can dance any time (the Whiting Reunion for instance), but they won't always have the aunts and uncles to listen to. The old

family stories are dying out with the older generation, and this is the chance to hear them again and pass them on to their children. I remember sitting at the feet of Grandma and Grandpa Whiting and Berry and the Aunts and Uncles and listening to their stories. I never moved (my dress was nailed to the floor!) I wouldn't have missed those opportunities for the world. Now, TV has replaced story telling and laughter in communicating. Think about it kids.

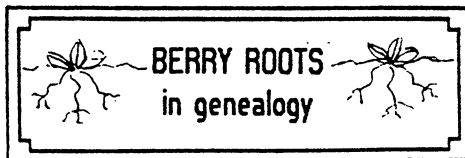
There will be ghost stories if requested, late at night--way out in the deep, dark forest where the wind whistles through the trees and the moaning and groaning of those lost spirits trying to find their way can be heard in the distance. I gave it up because we lost so many cousins to the spooks and goblins. But if the family can stand to lose a few more, there will be ghost stories for the teenagers. There must be enough written requests to merit it, though. So write those cards and letters, kids, and make out your will before you come. However, Auntie Joycell is getting too old to go skipping and running through the jungle in the dead of night! so I just may pass my eerie horror crown on to some one younger (like Uncle Dean). Just think about it, for I do not like the thought of that freshly dug grave way up on that dark, damp hill side being mine! The last time I dashed frantically into camp just a few feet ahead of the creature chasing me, I developed 30 pound knees and haven't been the same since!

There will also be fairy tale hour each afternoon for children from 4 to 10 (or for those who can sit still for an hour and listen.)

**BERRY FAMILY MONUMENT
 POINT OF INTEREST
 IN GLENDALE UTAH**

by Gary W. Ellsworth

 Driving through Southern Utah, just south of a town called Glendale Utah, I came across a stone monument with a bronze tablet which reads "Berry Farm." The tablet states that Glendale was once known as "Berryville." It further refers to several martyrs including those murdered by Indians near St. George, and William Shanks Berry, who was killed as a missionary in Tennessee. The monument was erected by Herbert Alonzo Berry. Anytime you are near Orderville, near Zion's national park, look for that monument on highway 89, 1 mile south of Glendale.



When Dad died, he left me all of his records. He made me promise that I would also keep his big book up to date of his posterity. This is harder to do that to get information from the dead! If you want to have your family in Dad's big book, please send me the information. Send it first to your own father or family representative, who will collect it all before it is sent to me.

In other words, Helen Andelin, Lee Berry, and Dean will collect for all of their children before they send it to me. Diana will collect from all her brothers and sisters, Louine from hers, and Elaine from hers. I would like to receive all this before our June reunion. And please take this assignment VERY SERIOUSLY. I'm not going to ask the second time. I'm asking for FAMILY GROUP SHEETS. We are enclosing the new 8 1/2 by 11 inch format the church has just provided, but we will take either size. Just SEND IT AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

Aunt Maree

**VISITING THE TENNESSEE
 BERRY MARTYR SITE**
 By Gary W. Ellsworth

I once drove through Tennessee and found the place where William Shanks Berry was killed by a mob. The murder of these two missionaries is a very well known incident in the church. It occurred about 1882, and upset the entire body of the church. You can read about this in detail in B.H. Robert's Histories or in Lundwall's "Fate of the Persecutors of the Prophet Joseph Smith." This was also described in the February 1987 Berry Patch.

When I was in Tennessee about 15 years ago, the building in which the missionaries were shot still stood. There is a state highway marker which states "Site of Tennessee's Mormon Massacre." I went to question a neighbor about her knowledge of the incident. She wasn't very friendly. She slammed the door in my face, stating that it was a long time ago, and none of my business.

I went to another neighbor, who stated that the first neighbor's great grandfather was the Reverend who led the mob, and that they were not very good people. I guess things like murdered missionaries are not easily forgotten.

BOOK OF MORMON CHALLENGE

Please read the challenge Aunt Elizabeth has issued to the family at the top of Uncle Kay's family letter on page 6. Don't think of this as a pressure, but as a reassurance!

THE BOOK
 By Jenna Helf

Scientists have tried to find answers to questions, But they never listen to Mormon's suggestions. We have a book that's very small, But this book can answer it all.

This small book--I won't mention its name, If you don't read this book, there's only you to blame. You're probably wondering where you can get such a thing, And all the answers this book will bring.

But if you listen to the words I say, This book will help you every day. In this book, a prophet speaks On top of towers and mountain peaks.

He tried to help us live in this land, Loving each other and walking hand in hand.

This person I speak of is our brother, And He has proven he loves us like no other.

For He died for us one day, To complete the meaning of his stay. Even though we caused Him pain, He gave us a gift and did not complain.

Repentance is this gift he shared, And still we know not how much He cared. If I were there at that day, When they crucified Christ in a most horrible way,

I would stand by his side until the end, And then his words I would defend. So you see this book means a lot, Only the truthful answers are taught,

When I die I'll have this "Book" by my side, And while it's in my hand I'll think with pride. The words in this Book I understand, And soon the Author and I will walk hand in hand.

Elder Berrys and Sisters

Elder Timothy Hamblin, Markay's third son, is on his mission in New York: Harlem, of all places. The good news is that although it is almost 100% black, he loves it. He says the blacks are courteous, and intensely interested in learning about Mormonism. He stays with five other elders in a large apartment for safety reasons. But, they don't even have to tract. Large crowds will gather. Especially the men are deeply interested. He says you don't have to be tough to be a missionary there, but it helps to be big and look tough. New York was his father's old mission ground, too, but Markay never went to Harlem.

Sister Julie Berry, David and Sharon's daughter, was in the Arlington, Virginia area for 6 months. She has since been transferred to Falls Church, Virginia. Her address is 6346 Lakewood Drive, Falls Church, VA 22041. She is still working with the Asian people, and now has been asked to learn Spanish and give the lessons in Spanish. Result: another baptism. Julie recently wrote:

How I love the wonderful Asian people! Some of the most spiritual experiences I have had on my mission came from just learning about their lives. Dung Tran is a sweet Vietnamese lady--so humble and giving. She was one of the first of the Asian people I was acquainted with, and she really opened my eyes up to the word "faith."

I remember one discussion in particular, where the spirit was so overwhelming. As I looked at her and listened to her story, I felt of Heavenly Father's deep love for this daughter. She told of her escape from Vietnam--first escaping to Indonesia and then finally to America. Never once did she complain or say "life is hard" as she spoke.

She spoke of many people that escaped and crammed into a small boat, unable to breathe the fresh sea air because they were packed underneath the deck in a small compartment. They were hidden from view, and breathed what little air they could through the floorboard cracks. The only water they had was from the ocean as it splashed over the sides of the small boat and in through the cracks.

Dung said she remained for 10 days in that same position, and then the boat capsized. Her memory of family and friends struggling to survive is a vivid one. Many could not swim--Dung was one of them. She watched so many fight that ocean with everything they had, and then peacefully sink into the depths, finally free.

Dung said she somehow lasted until an American ship came along, which dropped a huge net to the remaining few. With all that was left of their strength, Dung watched many more try to ride the few waves to reach that net. So many did not have the strength to get there. She was one of the few that was somehow able to hold on and live.

She gave everything to be free, all material possessions, home, family, and her country. How she loves America! How she loves Heavenly Father. The entire time of her escape, she was pleading with God to help and sustain her. She has such faith! Her humility and faith exemplifies to me one of the many "elect" in the Washington D.C. South Mission that came to America "brought by the hand of the Lord." (2 Nephi 1:6). As we told of Heavenly Father's plan of immense love for her, the spirit was powerful, and she joined the church. Her faith was immense.

I know this Church is true. Jesus Christ is at the head of it, and this work. His spirit has guided us daily. I am grateful that he deems us worthy to be tools in his hands. May the Lord bless you all, in His name, Amen.

Hen Scratchings by Joycell Cooper

Well, I finally have my spy network completely set up and you can bet I am shocked at some of the news whispered about the town--for instance:

Darin Larson, son of Keith & Jeannie Larson, has been located at Dixie College (as a cotton pickin student!) in St. George, Utah. He is taking a business course, excelling in minding every body's business but his own. As an example, when he found out the Dean of Men cooked his lunch on a hot plate in the mens room, Darin immediately began his blackmail scheme--half the Dean's lunch, and the pencil concession on the northern corner. That's pretty low for a student who works four hours a

night vacuuming the St. George temple. He's a wild one with that machine. The first night he sucked up two arm chairs, one lamp and the drapes! He also sings at Lamaze classes, weddings, bar mitzpas, anniversaries, funerals, and wakes. (He wakes everyone within 2 miles.) His most popular requests are: for Lamaze classes, "Pop Goes the Weasel," for weddings, "After the Bawl Was Over," for bar mitzpas, "I Love Jew Truly," for anniversaries, "Single Bells, Single Bells, Single all the Way," for funerals, "Carry Me Back To Ole Virginia," and for wakes, "Your No Body Til Some Body Loves You!"

And did you hear about Roger and Diana Rice's Cindy? She's 17, and already has 2 phobias, being alone and the telephone. The only way they can get her to talk more than 30 seconds is to put super glue on the mouthpiece! She's an artist of sorts. Her paintings are hanging in the outhouses at the homestead. So far, three have been sold. One to the blind Indian caretaker, one to her parents, and one to a ghostbuster. (He says it works wonders when he takes it with him!) Cindy does her best work on seasoned wood. If you've never noticed, the knot holes on the walls of the outhouses are not real, Cindy painted them! One of her hobbies is Viola. (Viola Wingham) She is a plucky young girl, but has a tendency to string you along. She has a cruel streak, and once beat her dad's hairpiece to death. It never had a chance.

Then there's Leilani. She works in the cafeteria at a rest home in Monett. She helps plan the meals and this is the only home where exlax is served as a dessert. A usual menu is--fried sole (tennis shoes are the best), string beans (intricate because it takes so long to tie the string around each bean), tossed salad (more tasty if the floor is clean), bran muffins (found sawdust is much cheaper), and cherry pit pudding for dessert. Needless to say, there is a constant turn over at the home, and no one ever asks for seconds!

Alan and Betty Berry's Greg finally completed his lifesaving course by the Red Cross. If any of you plan on drowning in the near future, please contact Greg--he needs the practice. He also won the hog calling contest for all southern Missouri. The title assured him a place in the district All-Honors Choir. It's hard to describe an entire choir singing "Souee! Souee! in harmony. He was in the school play and was the only plant that wasn't potted! He did so well as a clinging vine that he was

promised the lead next year as the pine tree in "He Pondered Rosa--But Was No Sap!" By gum, we think he will be the next star in that great soap opera, "All My Kids" by Nubbin Goat, or "Daze Of Our Lies!" or that great war soap, "General Horse Spit El!" It boggles the mind thinking of his opportunities. Greg won the title, "Boy With The Sexiets Nostrils," and they pressed his nostrils in bronze, and can now be bought as collectors bookends. (Blow me down, but that sounds stuffy!)

David and Sharon Berry's Cindi is making a name for herself, opening a Hondurian restaurant in Concho, Arizona. Her mission was a great success (the Salvation Army offered her three tambourines if she would go for them next!) And her family insists she put her newly found talents to use. Have you ever eaten her flid lice and snail dish? Or homemade flower tortillas made from nasturtums, orchids, and pansies? Her refried beans (using 10 weight penz oil) are out of this world (guaranteed within 3 hours.) Her fried banana peel tortis great, as is her coconut husk casserole (guaranteed more fiber than bran.) She teaches how to stretch the homemade tortillas and form them into circles and crimp the edges, creating beautiful Hondurian frisbees. (I can do the same with my pie crusts, except they are more popular as manhole covers.) Welcome home, Cindi, can't wait for an invite to dinner.

In October, John and Louine Hunter drove in their motor home to pick up their missionary son, David, returning from Honduras, also. He ate some of Cindi's exotic dishes, carrying a spray bottle of water to keep the flames under control. Few know that John and Louine had to prepare for this trip long before because it took John quite some time to figure out how many motors it would take to put under their home so they could make the trip.

Jeannie Larson is now known as the Spielberg-Lucas female counterpart, since her pageant in Snowflake. She was asked to write a history of the town and present it as a pageant. It was really something, so I hear. She is so clever. For instance, she didn't like the location, so she changed it to Austria. For her heroine, she had a young girl studying to be a nun who is sent to be a governess for a wealthy, powerful Austrian. They fall in love, marry, and just barely escape the invading Nazis! Clever and different, don't you think? She even wrote the musical score and Snowflake has

been humming them ever since. "Climb Every Mole Hill!" "The Hills Are Alive With The Sounds Of Blackbirds" and "D, A Dachhund, A Female Dachhund, Ray, A Drop Of Raisen Bread," to name but a few. Speilberg and Lucas were both there, and asked her to write the screenplay for their next joint venture--"Daddy Was A Mormon Alien!" The setting is on Mars, and is about a handsome young elder who gets lost while traveling to Stake Conference on earth (you figure it out!) The pageant was so successful the town fathers have changed the name of Snowflake to Larsonflake, Arizona.

A MOTHER'S DAY POEM

One New Year's day, when all ten of her children were still living at home, Jeannie Larson decided to get the sock situation under control, inventoried, matched, and distributed. The inventory resulted in five washerloads of socks. The dryer couldn't handle that many in one day, so socks were hung all over the family room to dry. There turned out to be 750 socks to deal with, and 150 were unwearable (holes in too many places) 200 were unmatchable, and 325 were wearable (162 pairs plus the inevitable single sock.) Eighteen socks had been discovered stuffed under a bed in a much less convenient location than the clothes hamper was! Soon after, Jeannine wrote this poem, which won second prize in a local contest.

MY SOUL WILL BE TEMPERED
by Jeannine Larson

Mighty the blessings of womanhood
Sweet is the harvest we reap.
Great is the joy that fills our
souls
Our feelings of purpose flow
deep.

How can it be amidst all this
great strength
Of purpose, conviction, belief
There lies such a thorn, a
torment so black
That I scream to the Lord for
relief.

The sorrow, the sickness, that
pain I can bear
Temptations and problems will
pass.
The financial stress, I'll endure
to the end
I'll envelope my trials, enmass.

But this one great trial that I
wrestle each day
Is enclosing me in like a box.
I lose all control of my spirit
and soul

When I speak on the subject of
socks!

The life that was lead by our
pioneer sisters
They battled the winds and
terrain.
We often have said, "We could
never compete,
With their endurance and pain."

But I have a feeling, if given my
task
Those women would never have
been.
Crossing the plains cannot
compare
With washing socks for two
parents plus ten!

They come crumpled and wet, and
crusted with mud
They're beyond recognition, it's
true.

As you stand by your washer and
throw each one in...
It's as if you are saying Adieu.

No need to explain what happens
then

Sisters, we know we can't win.
The forces of darkness never
allow us
To unite each sock with its twin.

Looking for colors and patterns
to match
Evolves into crazed ambition.
I moan and sweat and search each
nook
Under the harshest conditions.

These piles of wandering homeless
footwear
Unmatched with no purpose of
life,
Grow and expand and taint my
intelligence.
They inhibit my role as wife.

As I pass through the veil to
meet my reward
My soul will be
tempered...refined.
My heart will be searching for
family and friends
Not mourning for those left
behind.

But there is one last question,
that I must raise
As I'm searching for Hamblins,
Berrys, Whitings, and Cox.
When the angels come to guide me
home, I must ask...
"Hey! Are you guys wearing
socks?"

How's That Again?
For rent: Overstuffed apartment.
1303 Thirteenth St., Phoenix,
Arizona. May Berry, landlady.
(reprinted from Readers Digest
1933)

Any suggestions for The Berry
Patch are most welcome: we'd like
information such as true stories,
poetry, and genealogy.

Effie's Family

Gary and Charlene Ellsworth are in Utah and have a Road Business. Zachary is four, and the apple of his daddy's eye, and Karina is as cute as a bug's ear.

Richard and Elaine Ward Matthew and Melissa just returned from a field trip to Russia with their eighth grade school class. They learned some important things--not just about Russia, but about the blessing of freedom as well.

While there, Matt became lost for over an hour and wandered around Red Square, trying to get directions. The Russians were very helpful to him.

They noticed that the citizens kept staring at the feet of the American kids. The wonder and awe of all those Reeboks walking by! Reeboks and Levis go for over \$200 a pair there. The Russians treasure things that we take so much for granted (American bubble gum, for instance.)

As soon as they got home, Matt begged to go to McDonalds, and Melissa wanted a big glass of American ice water. The difference between free enterprise and government-run everything was obvious.

Melissa had massive jet-lag. She wondered why Eric, Steve, and George were up playing basketball at 6:00 a.m. It actually was supertime.

Pat and Evelyn Gwartney

All is well in Findlay, Ohio for us. We are glad to see Springtime, after suffering a very cold winter. Pat is doing well in his career. He started here as a software designer and has climbed his way up to director of project management. Evelyn has been busy with kids and furniture (refinishing it.) Also with college classes here and there. The kids are growing and are being faced with many of life's challenges. Emily came home from kindergarten recently, brimming with excitement. She exclaimed, "Jeremy (a classmate) asked me out on a date!" She wanted to know if she could go!

Maree's Family

Aunt Maree

This could only happen in the Mid-West: Our furnace went off during the coldest spell since the

Ice Fog. I sent for the plumber who could usually keep it going. With no luck, he said it needed an electrician, so he used my phone to call one. Everyone else in the family was either at work or at school, so I curled up in front of the TV, swathed in blankets clutching a hot water bottle. Unless the news is on, TV acts like a sleeping pill to me, so I just might have dozed. When I realized the family would soon be home, I called the electrician's number to see if he could possibly come today. His wife answered, "Oh, he's been there already and fixed it." Being unable to make me hear the doorbell, he had let himself in and saw me dozing. Not wanting to disturb me, he had wandered through the house, found the basement door and had gone down and put a new motor on the furnace fan. He and I had never even met. He did not leave a bill. I received it in the mail a week later. Now I call that fast, courteous and thoughtful service. Could you get that in Los Angeles? And I still don't know what the man looks like.

I keep busy answering letters from teachers I once supervised who have scattered as far away as Dakarta, Indonesia, and a former boss I recently heard from who pressured me into driving a dump truck for him during WW2, to surface the Anchorage City Airport. In my spare time, I am rewriting the fifth drafts of three fantasy novels Markay and I wrote sometime ago. The Hollywood producer who bought a three year option on them has deserted Hollywood to build pizza huts in Japan. So I am seeking other interested producers or publishers.

Jack and Joycell Cooper

have returned from Las Vegas and are back at 407 Elm, Pierce City, MO 65723. That's got to be one of the fastest moves on record, but what can you expect from those JayCeas--they probably moved faster than the speed of sound--the only way to get a word in edgewise from Joycell.

Markay Hamblin

is still teaching in Patagonia, Arizona, where he gets a 3 day holiday every week. This extra time has prompted him to renew his Arizona realtor's license, and spend his summers in Mesa, rejoining the old company he once represented.

Leo and Michelle and little Daniel are at the BYU continuing Leo's education.

Genette Largeant, Markay's only daughter, seems very content to be a MOM. Her husband, David, besides working for a major airline, is going into the piglet business, on the side. They have three little ones (children, not piglets.)

Daylynn has left Mesa and his job as assistant manager for that multi-movie house. With his associate degree in film-making, he has gone to the BYU where he hopes to get his BS and his masters. Having met and heard Spielberg speak to his class at Tempe, Daylynn was much encouraged to keep going on his chosen career.

Timothy, Markay's number three son, is on his mission in New York; Harlem, of all places. Timothy, to our glad surprise just loves his location. He says the blacks treat the missionaries with respect and interest. (He also says it helps to be big--he is six feet four, and looks tough.) He lives in a large apartment with five other Elders, arranged so they will feel safe. Tim says they don't have to knock on doors. They start a sermon on a street corner or in the park, and very soon a large crowd gathers. He says they ask deep and important questions about the gospel. They also have a nice new ward in Harlem.

Leilani Cunningham

Leilani has been diagnosed as having an irregular heart beat. She has been wearing a funny contraption the last few days to record her heart rate. We are all hoping this is not something serious. In the meantime, she is writing a little cook book on HOW TO PUT ON A FANTASTIC HAWAIIAN LUAU.

Leilani reports that while her mother (Maree) was in Arizona for Christmas, Monett suffered the worst ice fog and snow storm in its history. "We were without the furnace for five days. We stood on the back porch and watched and heard every transformer along our alley blow up like bombs. This took away all electricity of this town for several weeks, and cost the city more than half a million dollars. I went to town and bought the last gas heater, but couldn't get it installed until the weather suddenly changed to warmth and the transformers were in. None of us knew the transformers COULD blow up, and we still don't understand it. But we did learn one lesson that I would like to pass on. WE SHOULD ALL HAVE MORE

THAN ONE WAY TO COOK AND HEAT THE HOUSE."

Thomas, Leilani's eldest son, who lives and works at Anderson Missouri, reports that the people with whom he lives are building a swimming pool, almost unheard of in this area. Right now it is snowing, and we expect more to come.

Wanda is working for a new lodge on the highway, and loves her job. Valerie is trying to go forward on her college degree by taking three courses by correspondence. On the side, she substitutes for several nursery schools. David is still at his job with Tyson's food processing company. Anna May, a junior in high school, works after school and week ends for Dairy Queen (as does Kara Helf). Anna May hopes to go to college when she graduates, to major in accounting. Jacob, 15, is one happy kid now that soccer season has arrived, a sport in which he excels. Rebecca, a butterfly, age 13, is beginning to get down to business in her school work since her grandmother agreed to tutor her at home.

Marilyn Helf

Marilyn has been ill with Epstein-Barr syndrome. She was recently interviewed about her illness, and the article was published in the Springfield Sunday Newspaper. We include a copy of the article in this issue of the Berry Patch.

Marilyn is Leilani's eldest child. She is the mother of five, and works as an LPN in a rest home. Because of her illness, her doctor only allows her to work 3 days a week. She has had to drop out of nursing school being very close to earning her RN.

Marilyn's frankness and candor has generated a lot of publicity. She has been asked to serve on a national committee to see if the medical community will delve deeper into finding a cure for this disease.

Marilyn says, "When the doctors told me I had the 'Yuppie Flu' my first thought was that the virus was mixed up on my social status, or that there was something in my future that I did not yet know about. The picture under the title of the article on the front page of the Springfield News Leader was of a crescent moon, meant by the reporter that the disease is keeping the doctors in the dark.

"The national organization for CEBV has changed the name of the disease from Epstein-Barr to CHRONIC FATIGUE SYNDOME. The

reason they changed the name was because they were getting a lot of flak from the medical community since it is still uncertain whether or not the Epstein-Barr Virus is the actual cause of the disorder.

"The virus IS the cause of the symptoms of the disorder, but it is still uncertain whether it is the real power behind the disease. It is an immune system problem, and does not appear to be contagious. They are uncertain just how it is contracted. There is no known cure, no treatment. It is such a newly recognized disorder that there is yet no type of prognosis that proves to be reliable.

"I have agreed to be a part of experimental testing, nation wide. I suppose I was selected because I am desperate, and have a big mouth. There are certain big-risk groups to this disease. People in the medical profession are number one at risk, and make up 40% of the known patients at this writing. Teachers, and airline workers come next, as well as restaurant workers. At present there are 11,000 patients/members of the CHRONIC FATIGUE SYNDROME ASSOCIATION."

Another somber note: Mr. Muggs, the Helf's faithful family dog, passed away recently. (See the special report in this issue of the Berry Patch.) It was the hardest on Jenna. However, since she has found that good dogs will indeed be resurrected, she is getting back to normal. But not her grades. An A student, she was asked by her Great Grandma Maree if she was again going to make the honor roll. "No, Grandma, I just can't make a good grade in art. My teacher just doesn't understand that I'm not an artist." Grandma replied, "Well, Jenna, one bad grade won't keep you off the honor roll." "Well," she explained, "I'm sure going to get a bad grade in Home Ec. Yesterday we made cookies. I mistakenly put in a tablespoon of salt instead of a teaspoon. then my partner and I tried to cover it up by adding more sugar. I cut the cookies, but my partner put 20 cookies on a 10 cookie sheet. They came out in one big square blob.

"The teacher handed me a cookie from the best in the class. She put it in a little plastic bag, and told me she would give me 24 hours to bring back one just like it. The girl who made the best ones slipped me enough dough she had left over for my cookie. I think I have Mother talked into baking it for me."

Grandma asked, "Well, how are you now in science?" "Oh, I'm still head of the class."

Don't feel bad about your cookies, Jenna. I never made a good cookie in my life, and I'm a Grandma. And I never met a school teacher who was a good cook. The only one in our family who could make anything taste good was my sister, Norma. So I believe that good cookie makers learned in heaven, and brought their secrets in their heads with them when they came, like artists and musicians bring their talents. I just bought some cookie mix. Let's try that. Better still, lets try Aunt Zella's cookie recipe from the February Berry Patch.

--Maree Berry Hamblin

Keith and Jeannine Larson

Shane has moved for the summer and is going to Utah State at Logan in the fall.

Troy and his wife Jennifer are expecting their first baby in September. He is getting out of the Air Force in July. Their address is 6131 West Thomas, #2080, Phoenix, AZ 85033. But by the time the Berry Patch comes out they will probably have a new address.

Brian is in Provo working and saving to get back to school in the fall. I don't have an address for him yet, but he can be reached at Daylynn Hamblin's apartment, 17 E. 800 N. Provo, UT 84604. Phone 373-4207.

Darin will be at his address until fall and then will be going to the Y where he and Brian will room together.

Jennifer is home and waiting for a missionary due home in November. We'll see what happens after that.

Amy will be graduating in May and plans to go to E.A. Jr. College in the fall.

The rest of the children are all doing well. No big achievements, just healthy and full of contention!

Kay's Family

Aunt Elizabeth

Our Prophet, President Ezra Taft Benson, has requested that every member of the church read the Book of Mormon this year. That you have read it before is great, but it doesn't excuse you from reading it again this year.

I am committed to four people to accept and complete this challenge this year. They are: our prophet, my home teacher, my Relief Society spiritual living teacher, and MYSELF.

At this writing, I am starting Third Nephi. I particularly enjoy reading and listening to Book of Mormon tapes at the same time. It goes faster, and seems to make a double impression. I recognize the positive influence of this daily reading in my life. Our Prophet has promised us special blessings if we do this individually and as families. Who doesn't need all the blessings he can get?

I would like to make a suggestion that the Herbert A. Berry and May W. Berry Family commit to fulfill this assignment. Do you remember how Grandpa Berry loved the Book of Mormon? He would be so proud of us.

To the President of our Family Organization and to our wonderful Editor and Staff, I recommend that there be an Honor Roll in the "Berry Patch" listing the names and dates of all those who complete the Book of Mormon reading this year. All people qualifying for the Honor Roll would be given a "Grandma Berry Credit Mark."

I think it would also be motivating to find out who in the family has read the Book of Mormon the most times. The person who has read it the most times would get a "Giant Credit Mark", standing as a great example and inspiration to all of us.

I submit Doug Berry's name as having read the Book of Mormon 12 times. Is there someone out there who can beat that record? respectfully submitted, Beth Berry

Dave and Sharon Berry

We are looking forward to being with you at the reunion. We love our relatives, and are always coming away from these reunions with even a greater love and appreciation for the "branches and leaves" of this great Berry Tree. We are also grateful that our children can come to know more about their roots--our wonderful Berry relatives who have preceeded us through the veil.

To our busy schedules have been added "Promised Valley" rehearsals for Michelle and Sharon. Our performances are April 29, 30 and May 7 and 8. We love this tribute to our Pioneer heritage!

Cindi is going full-time non-stop to BYU. Her apartment changes to #50. Stacey will be home this weekend from Ricks, and will be getting rich this summer!

John and Louine Hunter

Robert is working on a Masters Degree in business finance, while continuing as manager of a bank branch in Salt Lake. Kenna has retired from her job as a fashion store manager to devote herself to Robert and baby Rachel.

Newlyweds Steve and Tracy are enjoying the good life in San Jose. Every year since he's known her, Steve has pulled off a great April Fool's Day joke on Tracy, but this year she really got him back. She arranged to have a baby left on their doorstep at 7:00 a.m., complete with a note from a distraught mother, warm bottle of milk, clothing and other supplies. Steve opened the door, discovered the abandoned baby and note, grabbed his video camera and filmed the incredible thing that was happening to them! They played with the happy, smiling baby for about an hour while discussing "what to do about this." Just before the "distressed mother" was due back to pick up the baby, Tracy said, "April Fools!" Still, the joke was slow to sink in. He replied, "What's that got to do with it? There's still a baby here!" It was when the baby's mother appeared that he really realized he'd been stung! One for you, Tracy!

Scott is graduating from BYU in business finance this April, and Kristy is retiring from earning the living. They and baby Ryan are moving to California to look for a California job.

David is a pre-med student at BYU. He'll work for Steve this summer on the sales crew to improve his financial situation, so he can improve his social situation when he returns to BYU.

Danny is the new Financial Secretary of his mission in Guatemala.

Jim returns from BYU-Hawaii April 30 to join Steve and David in San Jose. Jim works on the roof crew of Steve's business, "Maximum Roof Care." Jim plans to leave for a mission in late summer.

Jeane is out of school now, and plans to go to BYU next fall. Julene, Matthew and Billy are busy living up to their potential here in Ojai.

Lee's Family

Uncle Lee is enjoying a miraculous recovery (and Jean Arbuckle is taking complete credit for it!) Uncle Lee is beginning to gain weight, and is walking 1/4 mile. Uncle Dean came for a visit, and they had a great time together. He is planning on attending the reunion. In fact dynamite is the only thing that could keep him away, cause he is planning to show off his surgical scars for only \$.35 a peek.

Some of his real reunion plans are very exciting. He is going to teach a class on how to make Grandma Berry's squaw bread. He is going to conduct a seminar and expedition to the Lost Spanish Gold Mine. And he will direct a hike to the Little Giant Springs.

Gary and Jean Arbuckle

Jeff, in his third year of medical school, recently had the obstetrical rotation. The first baby he delivered was so slippery he almost dropped it. He is very impressed with obstetrics. He told his dad, "You really ought to appreciate what women go through." He thanked his mother for what she had gone through to have him.

Eric, in Norfolk, took his grandfather on a tour of the Naval ships nearby. This was a turning point in Uncle Lee's recovery. Jenny and Julianne Luke took the trip, too. The family has dubbed this outing the "Jenny Cure."

Christina is still working in the Department of Transportation. She really likes Elizabeth Dole, and was disappointed when Senator Dole did not get the presidential nomination. One of Bob Dole's constituents wrote him and complained of how much trouble his wife had given him since she had seen a picture of Bob and Elizabeth making the bed together. Bob Dole replied that Eliabeth would never have helped if the photographers had not been there.

Norma's Family

Randy and Barbara Fife

Randy is steadily recuperating from seven months of hospital treatments! His food tubes have been removed, and he is able to eat normally. He is in intensive physical therapy, and is gradually recovering use of his muscles. Barbara is scheduled

for knee surgery the first part of July, and they hope by fall to be "strolling around" together.

Roger and Diana Rice

and family enjoyed a spring break in Utah. A highlight of the trip was seeing our niece, Cathy Middleton in a very entertaining play. We also enjoyed seeing our BYU coed, Stephanie, dance for the Medals Judge in the Waltz, quick-step, Ramba and the Samba. (She took eight dance classes this semester). She received Honors ratings in all the dances.

In March, Mike was the male lead in The Pajama Game. It was a challenging role. For example, the leading lady offered him a beer, and he changed the script by politely refusing it. No one said anything about the changes he made to upgrade the language and eliminate the drinking. It went very well, and we were proud of him. He earned his Eagle BSA rank in February. He also finished up the soccer season at that time, and was hardly to be seen except on field and stage!

Cindy won honorable mention in the newspaper "Design an Ad" art contest. The funny part was that the ad was for The Family Worship Center that had a local Swaggart-Bakker type of scandal break days after Cindy submitted her entry.

Randy has earned excellent grades this year, and loves track, although he has grown so tall that he is having shin splint problems on his favorite events in long-distance. He is working on alternative events like triple jump and shot-put. He is the Stake Rep for Youth Conference this summer to be held at BYU, and is very involved in the planning and preparation.

Anna Marie is doing very well in a home school program supervised by our school district. She and her mother enjoy the time spent together, and she is the top student in the class! She has learned to type, and has taught her mother math!

Christopher just earned his Arrow of Light, and is eager to begin his scouting career. He is doing well in school, and has been working on a science project that had resulted in the most amazing headgear you would ever want to see. It has electric lights, running water (cup and straw), a compass, a thermometer, a fan, a bell, and a sprinkler system in case of fire!

Roger recently headed a team that computerized the organ transplant unit of UCSF. It was well received, and he has received a

lot of recognition for the accomplishment.

Barry and JoAnn Larsen

David got four 1st places out of the four races he was in recently. Both he and Julianne were in dance festival. David taught the dances to his ward. He is fun to be around and especially fun to talk to.

Julianne participated in a History Day for all Sacramento area schools 7-12 grade. Her project was so good her teacher had her present it to all her other classes (a slide and sound presentation.) In the History Day at Sacramento State, she came in third. We are really proud of her--especially since it was all her own project all the way.

Keith is a deacon. He helps an elderly lady and her blind husband several times a month. He loves the spending money, and she is impressed with how good a worker he is. He is also working in the school kitchen and receives a free lunch each day.

Bradley may be a man of few words, but he can sure blow the trumpet. This is his first year, and he is really doing well. He is an energetic and very thoughtful young man.

Jared is growing taller, but still not any rounder. He always has so much energy. He is fun to be around. He goes and goes, but at 7:30, it's all over, where ever he's at, he goes to sleep.

All the boys have worked and saved up enough money to buy a Nintendo game.

JoAnn has worked at Folsom Prison for a year now. It has been a challenge, and she says she has learned a lot--even some good things.

Barry is busy with about 15 irons in the fire. He is now Young Mens secretary and Cubmaster. He is working full time for the California Department of Agriculture, and still going to law school at night. He seems to thrive under the pressure.

Chuck and Bonnie Middleton

have just moved into a newly remodeled home of their own. It is large and lovely, and in a perfect location. They are enjoying their baby, Crystal, and she is a darling.

Emily, 14, is taking sewing at school and is learning how the sewing machine works--or doesn't work, some of the time. Chuck IV in in a boys choir (six boys) who sing 17th & 18th century music in

several languages. They recently gave a concert in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square, which was most impressive. They memorized all the songs in Italian and Latin. Chuck will be in this choir until his voice changes. He also is first chair clarinet in the school band.

Cathy has been involved in debate and drama. She recently portrayed a rich and cunning English wife. Steven received his Bear award, and loves being a Webelo. He had to share a talent in Primary, so he made a flashlight. Discovering that he didn't have any switches, he managed to make one with a paper clip, and it worked! Becky broke her arm by falling off a teeter totter. Jenny took swimming lessons with her entire second grade class at BYU. She is really learning how to write neatly, and got an "outstanding" in writing.

Chuck III, proud father, rented a limosine to pick Bonnie and the baby up from the hospital, and all six older siblings got to come along for the ride!

Randy and Christa Fife

Randy is a stake missionary, and finds it challenging and exciting. He enjoys going over the investigator's list on a daily basis with the Elders.

Coban is taking piano lessons and makes measurable improvement every day. Normandie takes ballet lessons and loves them so much that she is always ready early for her ride. She makes improvement by leaps and bounds. Kayledeane is into fashion. Right now she is going through a shoe fetish--any size, any shape, anywhere. She's been known to put Coban's shoe on one foot, Normandie's on the other, Randy's on her head, and hers on her hands. She prefers to mix and match, maybe a white with a black. She also carries her beloved dolls and other important things in shoes. Randy gets a kick out of it.

Randy was talking with Normandie about getting rid of their cat, half teasing her. Normandie definitely wanted to keep the cat. Randy said, "How about a vote?" She said, "No, I'd rather have a dog, or a horse, too." Randy asked her who would get what. She thought Coban should get the dog, Mom should get the horse, and she should get the other cat. (Other cat?) Then she added, "Oh, and you can have the vote!"

By the way, Mom did get the horse. Randy bought a beautiful horse for Christa. We hope he

has learned not to put things to a vote when Normandie is around!

Other exciting things have been happening for Christa. She designed the patterns for the uniforms of the U.S. Olympic Wrestling team. With it all, her schedule has been a little tight.

Brad and Susanne Fife

Brad worked overtime for a week on the grave-yard shift. Jason thought about that for awhile and finally asked, "Daddy, will you really be working in a grave yard?"

Susanne plays basketball with her ward women's team, and they went to regionals. The Fifes went to Utah, helping the Middletons on their house, and attending conference. They enjoyed visiting family and friends. "It was so fun to visit and enjoy each other's humor, stories and ideas."

They returned home in time for Karie to come down with chicken pox, and Susanne was released from Relief Society and put back into Young Women's as 1st counselor. Karie, being sad about having chicken pox, forlornly exclaimed, "Mommy, this has changed my life--my life will never be the same." Susanne agreed "ditto" to her situation.

Helen's Family

Aubrey and Helen

now have 47 grandchildren! Generally, the family is all doing very well. Some of us lately have been trying to work on our food storage and other preparedness items. Of course, Dad and Mom have always felt strongly about this, and continue to prepare and encourage their children to get on hand food and other items.

Brian and Helena Andelin

Brian and Helena and family have recently moved to Mesa. They are really enjoying their new location. They thought it was a "small world" when they discovered that their neighbor just across the street is Uncle Lynn's granddaughter, Corliss!

Bob and Dixie Forsyth

Melissa, their sixteen year-old, went to North Dakota to spend three months with John and Cindy Andelin. (Cindy is expecting their seventh baby, and so Melissa is a welcomed second hand.) Melissa is taking the BYU high school correspondence study, so changing her location is not a problem as far as school is concerned. But Dixie is having

difficulty having her gone from home, and misses her alot.

Robert and Ginny Leavitt

have just been called to work in the temple extraction program in their ward. It is very rewarding, and helps to compensate for the fact that temple trips are few and far between, because of the distance to the Dallas Temple. They are expecting a baby in August (their eighth). Robert is currently supervisor over the building of an LDS chapel in Lebanon, MO (about 100 miles from home). Between work, being a Dad and a Bishop, there's not alot of time left to be lazy!

Craig and Merilee Saunders

bought a home in Scottsdale. They've had fun fixing on it, especially five-month-old Brenna's room. Merilee keeps up her nursing skills, and works at the hospital a couple of nights a week, while Craig gets some one-on-one time with the baby.

John and Cindy Andelin

have organized plans for an Andelin family reunion in North Dakota in early June. There will be a good turn out and promises to be lots of fun. Dean's family

Dean's Family

Dean

On Dean's birthday, he got disturbing news that some lunc had been caught writing his new age on the walls of every bus station in Fresno. Relief came when it was discovered that it was only someone else's phone number. To help forget such troublesome occurrences, he's acquired a stereo system which looks as if to provide beautiful, stress-relief music. Could someone give him a hand in helping him figure out how to turn the darn thing on?

Bruce and Anna Wood

are still at Anaheim Hills in their temporary dwelling, but are in search of a home they can call their own. Holding on patiently are Jake, Missy, and Sam.

Jonathan Berry

is having a tough time staying one step ahead of Nintendo in developing innovative products. The Exercise Control Mat Video Game he had invented and been developing for the last three months just entered the market through the popular video game company. "Oh well, Guess I wasn't the first to think of it after all. I'll just have to think of something else to make my million."

Brent and Karen Mitterling and Justin have only been in Lancaster for 9 months and are already thinking of moving to another state. Is the Pennsylvania soil tugging at Brent's heart strings?

Juana and Matt Berry

have been in Japan long enough to deserve some R&R back in the States in May. Stay long enough to say "Hi" before you say "Sayanara" again.

Mark and Lynne' Berry

Lynne' is beginning to show a bit. She's also been busy preparing things for their first born, due in August. All Mark can do is catch fish with his surf board. Ask him to tell you about it sometime.

Brent Berry

is finishing up a semester of school and a season of Volleyball at BYU. He's hoping for news of the sport going NCAA, which could open up to him a much needed scholarship.

FLASH: WHITING REUNION INFORMATION JUST RELEASED

Plans are moving forward on the Whiting reunion, held July 1-3. There will be chemical toilets, and improved water pipes. Suggested fees are \$15 for each person age 10 and older. Children 2-9, \$10. There is also a suggested camping fee of \$10 per family. (These fees cover the entire cost of the Whiting reunion.) Lester Whiting, new Whiting family president emphasizes that **NO FAMILY SHOULD STAY AWAY BECAUSE OF LACK OF FUNDS**. That is why these fees are suggested. Please feel free to adjust according to your family's needs. If you can send your fees in early, please send them to:

Nancy Startup Schultz, P.O. Box 44, Brea, CA 92622

Puzzling disease exhausts, frustrates its young victims

By Laurie Glenn Frink

The News-Leader

The media has tagged it "yuppie flu." But there's nothing upwardly mobile about Chronic Epstein-Barr Virus Syndrome.

On the contrary, CEBV leaves its victims feeling as if they've had the stuffing knocked out of them. Symptoms vary widely and fluctuate in severity, not only from month to month but day to day, says the National CEBV Syndrome Association.

CEBV earned its nickname because the baffling disorder most commonly afflicted young professionals — two out of three of whom were women.

Coincidence? CEBV patient Marilyn Helf, 39, of Monett drew this conclusion:

"They called it the 'yuppie disease' at first because it tended to show up in aggressive, well-

'If you don't turn green and something doesn't fall off, no one believes you.'

— Marilyn Helf
CEBV patient

educated people. The only reason that was true, I think, was because (yuppies) are not going to let a doctor tell them nothing (is wrong with them). They'll seek an answer somewhere else."

The virus

The Epstein-Barr virus is among a group of viruses that cause chicken pox, herpes and mononucleosis, said virologist Jean Carver of Cox Medical Center South.

"All share a common characteristic of latency," she said. "You become infected with it the first time and it appears you get well and it goes away. But in reality it doesn't go away."

Carver said it's believed CEBV lives in the white cells of the blood during its latent period. And despite its yuppie connection, people who contract the disease don't necessarily belong to a certain age group, meet a particular financial level or drive a BMW, she said.

"It's an especially interesting virus because if people become infected with it in the United States, they get mono," Carver said. "If you take the virus to China, they get cancer of the jaw or throat. In Africa, they get another kind of cancer. It's all the same virus, but it's probably due to the fact we have genetic differences and possibly environmental and climactic differences."

Americans who get an acute illness like mononucleosis get over it and get on with their lives, Carver said. But Epstein-Barr is chronic, she said.

The disorder is confirmed through a blood test showing high levels of the Epstein-Barr antibody in support of clinical manifestations of the illness, Carver said.

The skeptics

To Springfield infectious-disease specialist Wolfe Gerecht, the jury is still out on the severity of CEBV. There is no doubt the Epstein-Barr virus exists, he says, but current studies don't stand up under critical analysis.

In the 1½ years Gerecht has been in Springfield, one person comes to his office every two weeks with the subjective complaints associated with CEBV. In all that time, he said, only one person really seemed to have it.

The victims

Most CEBV victims, says the National CEBV Syndrome Association, experience a general pattern of extreme fatigue, aches, loss of memory and inability to concentrate. Some people also experience a sore throat, fever and chills.

And just as aggravating as the symptoms that often leave her helpless is the search for a doctor who can help her, Helf said. She said she's been frustrated with the reluctance of the medical community to recognize the flulike malady.

"Finding a medical person to care for you is tough," Helf said. "I went through five doctors before I found one that showed any interest at all. All agreed I have it, all agreed it was bad, but then they patted me on the hand and sent me on my way. ... In general, if you don't turn green and something doesn't fall off, no one believes you."

Vickie Deeter, 36, decided she had CEBV after watching a TV health program.

"This doctor came on and started rattling off all these symptoms," she said. "By the time he got through, I knew it. This was what I had."

That comes as little surprise to Carver.

"I think the problem is, as with any disease that has seemingly surfaced overnight but in reality has not, that you have a whole world of physicians who didn't have that in medical school," she said. "The physicians who see it, the places where they report these things are in medical centers affiliated with teaching hospitals — not in

'You become infected with it the first time and it appears you get well and it goes away. But in reality it doesn't go away.'

— Jean Carver
virologist

the hinterlands. Little by little, it filters into the medical literature, then into the popular press. ... People see it on Phil Donahue and call their doctors."

The turmoil

The constant physical discomfort — particularly the persistent fatigue — accompanying CEBV is annoying. But Helf and Deeter are troubled most by the mental confusion and emotional upheaval they've experienced.

"I have memory lapses when I can't recall things," Helf said. "I pulled out my bandage scissors to try to start my car and I knew it wasn't right."

Deeter said her emotional state is extremely fragile. Never feeling well is depressing.

"I've got to find somebody to talk to who knows where I'm coming from," she said. "What we need is a support group, and the ironic thing is I don't have enough energy to meet with anyone."

Berry Reunion 1988

Beginning with dinner Monday, June 27, the Berry Reunion will last through dinner on Thursday. The Whiting reunion will begin Friday and end Sunday, July 3.

WHO IS DOING THE WORK:

Uncle Lee and Uncle Dean have been the brains behind the whole thing. They have delegated assignments to the following people:

Jeannie Larson: food, and cooks.
Lynn Ellsworth: camp facility
David Berry: finances
Joycell: activities (please note that Joycell is making assignments on the other side of this page. Please notice what you've been assigned to do, and get to work!

WHAT IT COSTS:

To cover the costs of the food and the cooks, beginning with dinner on Monday evening, June 27 and breakfast and dinner each of the succeeding three days, we are asking that those who are able to contribute, do so. Above all, we are anxious to emphasize that **NO ONE IS TO STAY HOME FROM THE REUNION BECAUSE OF LACK OF FUNDS!** However, if you are able to contribute, we would appreciate the help.

Our "suggested donation" is \$15 for each person attending the reunion, from school age (5) on up. Parents of preschoolers should decide what percentage to pay for their little ones. This is a suggested donation, so adjust according to your budget. David Berry is our FINANCE CHAIRMAN, and those who can send in their contributions early are encouraged to send them to David AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. However, it will be fine to pay your fees to David at the reunion. Send advance contributions to David at: 3554 Ryan Dr., Escondido, CA 92025

WHAT TO BRING:

Here is a bit of information for those new and inexperienced reunion goers, and a checklist for those oldtimers whose memories are gone. The Whiting Homestead is definitely an endurance test. Those who pass it with a smile on their faces and a desire to return, can officially have "PIONEER" stamped across their foreheads. Here are some camping hints from Jeannie Larson to make your reunion camping easier.

1. Bring healthy snacks for your family. There will be two meals served, breakfast from 7:00-9:00 a.m. and dinner from 5:00 to 6:30 p.m. Any eating in between will be up to you. We suggest the following for maximum energy and well-being at high altitudes:

Whole wheat crackers and/or bread, granola bars, oranges, apples, vegetable sticks in an ice chest--lots of canned or bottled fruit juice. Remember you want to avoid a diet that is going to create an elimination problem. You want to get in and out of those outhouses as fast as you can! So, bring foods with lots of fiber and whole grains in them, and fruit and juices.

2. Bring disposable plastic eating utensils, paper plates and cups.

3. Bring garbage bags of several different sizes and types. They have many uses--as dirty clothes hampers, rain coats, tarps, and you can pack bed rolls and clean clothes in them if it rains.

4. Bring handiwipes and a bag of old rags. Handiwipes are essential for cleaning hands. The rags will have many uses. Cut old socks open, or old towels and t-shirts into sections. Then you can wash up and throw away the rags instead of worrying about losing or staining your good wash cloths at the homestead.

5. Bring clothes line rope to string through the trees and hang wet clothes and bedding on.

6. Bring long outdoor extension cords. There are a few electrical outlets available for curling irons and electric appliances, but they are limited.

7. Bring a mirror to hand on a tree or post. Even with the convenience of motor homes and trailers, it helps to have a mirror outside. Especially when there are a dozen teenagers getting ready for the evening program.

8. Bring hammer and nails to put together an organized camp.

9. Bring extra pairs of old shoes. Shoes at the homestead get lost, muddied, and stained from the red dirt. Don't ruin good shoes. Bring old shoes that your kids won't wear anywhere else.

10. Bring unmatched socks--this is the place to wear out all those unmatched socks that pile up all year in the laundry room. Then you don't get upset if one of your kids' socks gets lost. If everyone's doing it, then it's in style!

11. Bring extra old sweatshirts and sweaters. We never know how hot or cold it is going to be.

12. Bring flash lights and lanterns for night time convenience.

13. Bring warm bed rolls or sleeping bags, and old coats for night time comfort.

14. Bring a small shovel for setting up camp.

15. Bring books, magazines and papers in ziplock bags to keep them clean.

16. Bring a good hat and sunscreen for each family member.

17. Bring insect repellent, vaseline, chapstick, eyewash, lotion, medicines for toothaches, earaches, fever, and headaches.

18. Bring tarps for wind breakers, sun breakers, rain covers, and to put under bedrolls.

19. Bring folding camp tables and chairs for comfort.

20. Wrap your bars of soap in nylon net and hang in the trees by a string. Your soap will last longer and not be lost so easily.

21. Bring extra water in plastic jugs or at least bring an empty plastic jug to fill with water and keep at your camp site for your convenience.

22. Bring toilet paper and paper towels, always greatly needed.

23. Bring liquid detergent for all-purpose washing.

24. Bring enough towels and clothes for the whole week so you don't have to worry about washing any. (JoAnn and Diana spent a half day going to the nearest laundromat in Springerville last time.)

25. Bring fun songs and campfire activities, if you have favorites.

26. Bring school-wallet-size photos of each member of your family for our photo family tree.

27. Bring a positive attitude and a willingness to endure physical hardships in order to enjoy those wonderful golden moments with this amazing family.

Assignments for games, sports, and entertainment for BERRY REUNION....

Let me know as soon as you read your name whether or not you can accept so we can get started on this right away. We want to have the best and funnest reunion ever and you are all going to have fun if we have to beat it into you!)

If you are unable to accept these assignments please let me know as quickly as possible. Those assigned are free to get whomever they wish to help and assist. Also, the suggestions I have made are only suggestions and you may incorporate your own ideas into your assignment where ever you like (just remember I will never speak to you again and a voo doo doll of your likeness will be chock full of pins by midnight!)

When you arrive you will be divided into teams (not as families, but individually so that family members will compete against each other. Children from 5 on down will be assigned with their parents, but also have a tag.). You will be either a Blackbird...an orange Duck...a green Parrot...a brown Dog...a pink Pig...a red Hen...a light gray Donkey...or a white Cat. You will be given a strip of cloth the same color or whatever animal or bird you are assigned to be. This will worn at all times either around your head as a band, or around your arm because during the reunion there will be games played where certian animals and birds will stand each other. There will be one game in particular where you will all stand each other. In charge of this will be LOUINE HUNTER, ROSIE, JULIE AND SHARON BERRY. Ladies it will be your job to find (cheap) the material the colors of what has been named, cut, or tear them in strips about a inch wide and long enough to tie around a head, then with a large black marker put the initial of the animal or bird on its color band, right in the center. The donkey and dog will have to be more then an initial since they both start with D. Perhaps D for dog and Donk for Donkey! (I think Roger Rice and John Hunter are perfect Donks, don't you?). Be prepared to divide them out and assign them to each qualified family member, with the warning not to lose it because it will be the only one they will receive and if they do they will not be able to participate in the most fun game of all!

Auntie Joyceell

TWO TO FOUR YEAR OLDS....

- KAREN AND ANNA MARIE.....THE SUGAR PLUMB TREE (AND AUNT JOYCELL)
- SUZANNE & CHRISTA.....HOPPIN DOWN THE BUNNY TRAIL
(paper ears, or a tail...also a trail marked only for hoppers)

FIVE TO SEVEN....

- BRAD & RANDY FIFE.....INDIAN SCOUT TRAIL (LEARN TO READ SIGNS)
- JENNIFER & JENNIFER LARSONS..SCAVENGER HUNT
 - PINE CONE
 - SMOOTH ROUND ROCK
 - NAIL
 - PIECE OF WIRE
 - 6" BOARD
 - PIECE OF PINE GUM
 - CANDY WRAPPER
 - EMPTY POP CAN
- LANCE & JON BERRY.....SIERRA TRIGO HIKE (½ WAY UP & BACK)
- DAREN & BRIAN LARSON.....ROTTEN EGG, ROTTEN EGG (who better?)

THIRTEEN AND UP.....

- RORY HUBBARD & SHANE LARSON....SOFT BALL
- BRENT BERRY & LANCE COOPER....VOLLEY BALL
- LYNN ELLSWORTH & LUKE.....RUN SHEEP RUN
- MARK & LYNNE BERRY
STEVE & JUDY BERRY.....SARDINES
- JANICE & HEATHER.....NO BEARS OUT TONIGHT
- SHARON & JULIE BERRY.....TALENT SHOW
- KEITH & MARTY.....HORSE SHOES (MALE & FEMALE)
- PAT GUARTNEY & BOB LUKE.....KICK THE CAN
- THERE WILL BE A BIGGEST BERRY LIE CONTEST JUDGED BY....
- UNCLE LEE...AUNT MAREE...AUNT HELEN & UNCLE AUBREY...UNCLE DEAN
(WHO BETTER TO JUDGE SINCE THEY TELL THE BIGGEST ONES OF ALL!)

THERE WILL BE A 4TH OF JULY PARADE FOR ALL THE KIDS FROM 6 MOS. UP...SUSAN COOPER AND ANGELA HUBBARD WILL BE IN CHARGE OF THIS.

EIGHT TO TWELVE.....

- EILEEN & JUDY BERRY.....EACH TEAM MAKE A BERRY STANDARD FLAG. THE WINNER WILL BE PLACED ON TOP SIERRA TRIGO
- LYNN & LUKE ELLSWORTH.....STINK BASE
- SHAWN & BRUCE WOOD.....TRAIL AND SEEK (DIVIDE INTO 4 TEAMS...2 TEAMS GO OUT FIRST & MARK 2 SEPERATE TRAILS...THE OTHER TWO SEE IF THEY CAN FOLLOW THE TRAIL AND FIND THEM. THEN VISA VERSA)
- BONNIE & JOANN.....LEMONADE, LEMONADE
RED ROVER, RED ROVER

1ST NIGHT _ COMMUNITY SING ALONG OF OLD FAMILY SONGS

- RED WING
- SING WHACK FA LA FA LITTIE FA LE
- BORN A BERRY (THE BERRY ANTHEM)
- (1ST PERFORMED BY THE BRAYING BERRY BUNCH...JON, ANNA, KAREN & BRENT)
- THERE WERE 3 OLD CROWS
- AND MANY OTHERS

ALSO FUN SONGS KAREN & TREY CAN TEACH US

BACK GROUND MUSIC WILL BE PROVIDED BY UNCLE JACK ON HIS HARMONICA (WHO ELSE HAS AS MUCH WIND?) & UNCLE KEITH'S GUITAR) (I'M PLUCKY, BUT MY HARP IS TIRED OF STRINGING ALONG)

FAMILY STORIES BY MAREE, LEE, HELEN AND DEAN
ONE FUNNY GAME FOR ALL

2ND NIGHT...MORE SING ALONGS

MORE FUN STORIES BY THE OLD FOLKS
MORE FUN GAMES

CHARADES BY THE TEENAGERS FOR THE ADULTS TO GUESS

3RD NIGHT...MORE OF THE SAME

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

THE EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTION????

" Where did it go?"

To The Parents



It is not always the brightest kids in school who get straight A's and make the honor role. It's more often the children whose parents turn off the TV, put aside the sport page and gather around the table to help the kids with their home work. If they claim they have already done it in school then you can be sure those teachers are not doing their job by letting their students have class time to do their home work. Those are lazy teachers and there are a lot of them out there.

In that case then assign them some home work of your own. From first grade up see if they can say the days of the week and month in order. If they can write to 100 see if they can write to 101 etc And check ALL of the family in the time tables including your wife. Then

try having the kids spell all their numbers. Not all in one session, and spell also the days of the week and month, as well as map study.

Last issue we introduced the children to the Doctors "A". We'll review that a little before we go on. Remember to teach the rules on words they already know. Have them say the rule and then the word. To attack a new word have them remember that they always attack at the front of the word. Don't go wandering around at some syllable they might know. Here is the rule to follow. In learning have the child tell you all about the word before he pronounces it. If you follow this the child will almost be an independent reader in 3 months.

1. How does the word begin?
2. What are the vowels?
3. What do the vowels say?
4. What is the word?

Do this and the consonants will almost take care of themselves.

Try these words: hawk haul lawn bawl vault saucer

Parent---- How does the word begin? (Hawk).

Child-----The word begins like hat, (or any other word he might recall)

Parent----What are the vowels?

Child-----The vowels are A and W.

Parent----What do the vowels say?

Child-----A says AH.

Parent----Why does A say AH?

Child-----Because it's the Doctors A.

Parent----How do you know it's the doctors A?

Child-----Because it is followed by W.

Parent--- Why is W there?

Child---- To make the A say AH.

Parents, do not despair. This is not nearly as hard as it may seem at first. In the first place when you teach a child to master one word in this fashion you are teaching him to master hundreds. Make it 15 minutes a day for 3 months.

This works well in grades 1, 2 and 3.

MRS. E

Parent says---- Now, I am going to introduce you to a nice little old lady who is going to help you with your reading, and especially your spelling.

Parent shows the child a paperdoll made to look something like the one shown here. Make it of stiff paper so she can be used constantly.

Parent----- We'll call the lady Mrs. E. And we always find her at the end of a word. She is knocking, but she is not talking.

Parent----- Can you guess why she is there if she is just knocking and never, never talking?

Child----- (He may know this rule so find out first. But I have never found a child or a teacher who did know.)

Parent----- Mrs. E has to be there to make the vowel on the other side of that consonant say its name. A long vowel says its name. If there are two consonants there the vowel on the other side can't hear Mrs. E knocking so says the short sound of the vowel.

Parent----- You know these words but lets pretend you don't. Just tell me all about the word before you say it. Pronounce it the last thing you do. Take the word make.

Child----- The word begins like man (or any other word he can think of). The vowels are A and E. The other vowel is E. A says its name because Mrs. E is there. She is there to make the first vowel say its name. But she is silent. The word is make.

Parent----- Right! Now if Mrs. E wasn't there what would the word say? It would sound like mac. Remember this in your spelling. Mrs. E has a reason to be there. She is there to make the vowel on the other side of that consonant say its name.

There are five kinds of silent Es and they can be a real problem especially in spelling. Later I will explain the other four, but this is enough for these grades. Here are words to practice Mrs. E on.

make	time	hope	rule	tune	dine	ride	cane	fine
pine	wine	gape	ate	excite	awe	shade	made	wade

Parents remember that any vowel at the end of a word or syllable makes the vowel on the other side of one consonant say its name. This rule holds true to 95% of the words of English derivation. There are a few exceptions such as COME. Do not have your child SOUND OUT words. There are too many silent consonants as well as vowels. If he can't get it-just tell him the word. And NEVER have him struggle over a word while reading a story. Parents and teachers, sometimes become bogged down in words instead of the story. THE STORY IS THE THING, and if you don't enjoy it, then neither will he.



THE PASSING OF MR. MUGGS
a special report

In the last issue, we reported that Mr. Muggs, the watch dog of the Helfs, given them by a friend after their father left the family, was ill. The vet finally operated and found a first in medical dog history. The dog had swallowed highly absorbant material. This caused problems that could not be corrected. They took the dog home while Jenna, the youngest Helf, who had developed a mutual worship for the pet, stayed home from school to care for Mr. Muggs.

The second day, I got a sad little call from Jenna, telling me quite calmly that the dog had passed away. I could not be fooled by her calmness, so I phoned her mother to go home at once, since Jenna was alone.

Marilynn rushed home, then called me. She also was unable to hide her shock from me, not for the loss of the dog, but because Jenna would not give up the dead animal from her arms. I suggested she call the Vet, while I called their home teacher. I then phoned Markay, who talked to Jenna about the resurrection. About the time I was considering calling Dean who had had a similar shock at the lost of his dog, Rags, when he was about Jenna's age, the reflections on the resurrection had helped, and things began to look a little better.

The Vet suggested Marilynn make arrangements for a burial at a dog funeral home. The nearest was 50 miles from Monett. She took Jenna there, and it was something: The funeral home had been established by a couple who had also one day lost a pet, from which their children could not recover. With no proper way to erase the deep hurt and scars, they have gone full time into a very unique service. They furnish mortuary services, a satin-lined coffin with a pillow, along with a place for the burial service and a headstone, all for a \$200 fee. The graveyard can be visited at any time.



Jenna Helf, holding Mr. Muggs just a few weeks before he died.

I'm a very thrifty person, but I believe the way Marilynn has handled this tragedy will save in the long run. Had there been such a service in Holbrook at the time Dean lost his dog Rags, I feel sure Mother would have given the dog such a special burial.



Rags was a sweet dog abandoned by tourists. He loved all of us, but worshipped Dean, in spite of Mother's pocket full of jellie beans she carried around for the dog's occasional treat. When Rags was killed under a truck, we all worried about Dean, for he refused to accept another dog to replace Rags. Mother liked to claim that Rags was surely of royal lineage. And sometimes, when Norma would scrub him good and fluff up that long white hair, he did indeed look like a prince among the Holbrook mongrels.

The photo above was taken about 46 years ago. The girl is Jenna's grandmother, Leilani Hamblin Silvers, at about the same age Jenna is now. Leilani is holding Rags, Dean's dog, killed a few weeks after the photo was taken at the Forest Motel in Holbrook, Arizona.

The Ballad of Big Tom Berry

The boy was nineteen years of age
And, yet a man he was,
When he moved to Arizona for his
Struggling church's cause.

Besides his little wife he took
His horses and three hundred cows.
A wagon with her things he brought,
And two of his stoutest plows.

They crossed the wicked Colorado,
And the devils dugway steep.
While little Sarah drove the team,
And silently did weep.

For they had left their land and home,
To go to an unknown prairie;
Where the windswept earth moaned all day,
Crying for someone to bury.

The rattlesnakes slithered here and yon,
While the coyotes howled at night
Sniffing the little lambs Sarah brought,
Keeping her in constant fright.

They traveled over rock bound roads,
It took them three months long,
When they struggled over the last of the hills,
God had made them strong.

Old San Juan was a Mexican town
Bought out by white pioneers.
But, the devil came to live there too, and
He stayed for many years.

He riled the Mexicans to stealing,
And, many a man did die,
Trying to protect his land and stock,
And many a wife did cry.

Tom built a red-brick town-house there,
And Sarah made a home,
With all the little nick-nacks,
And her yard with flowers abloom.

She bore him eight fine children,
Then laid two in graves to rest.
But never let her grief show through.
With courage she was blessed.

Tom won a coveted contract, for
Hauling mail and freight.
His three big sons were his teamsters,
And, riches they dreamed wouldn't be late.

Tom bought The Meadows north of town,
And the finest stock he raised.
The pioneers looked up to him
His work-horses they especially praised.

His family was secure now,
His crops the finest around,
As he harvested milomaize and corn
Grown in the silted ground.

His red beard waving in the wind,
He looked the Viking high.
In the saddle on his biggest gelding,
Tom rode tall against the sky.

Then one day his world came down,
A crashing through his dreams.
To break the heart of his future,
The big auger he bored with in ruins.

Never to bore it so deep again,
Never to light the dark shadows.
He let it haunt him the rest of his days,
Like an honest man facing the gallows.

He had been stripped of his freight line and gear,
By a man high up in his Church.
A man so hungry for money and wealth
As to put Big Tom in the lurch.

But Tom was a man, not a scoundrel,
Like the man fleecing him on the make,
In an unfair fight, and guns out of sight,
The good name of the Church now at stake.

Tom choose to give in to the man who was sly,
So clever in unfair claims.
So bowed his head and spoke no more
Against the man who seized his domain.

His boys married off, all but the one,
And together they bent their backs,
A shoveling and plowing the land that they owned,
They finally paid off their debts.

The horses they sold off one by one,
And then the cattle too.
Finally The Meadows they sold then left
For the Valley down below.

The years went by and they settled down
With a diary they made their gain.
'Til Sarah broke her hip, and for months
She lie a bed in pain.

Tom knew she missed her friends and the town
Where they first began married life.
So he put her on the train, then followed
To join his love, his wife.

His two pack horses and the dairy cows
He loaded on another train.
One hundred in all, and his grandson, eleven,
Had much experience to gain.

They stopped at Holbrook and took The Drive,
By way of Concho and Hunt.
Through sun and rain they drove for days,
One birthing an early runt.

Before they arrived townsmen rode out to
Take their pick of the kine.
And so it went until they sold
More than half of the purebred fine.

Years went by and Sarah died.
But Tom couldn't dry his tears.
So she came back and stole him away,
For he was long in years.

But, Tom had made his mark in the town,
Now every man had a cow,
No ordinary one, but the best in the land.
His big auger again shown him how.

So Sarah and Tom went upward to live
In that celestial sphere on high.
We know exactly where they went,
For they left their curve in the sky.

- Maree Berry Hamblin

TO MY BELOVED FAMILY ON MOTHER'S DAY

Written by May Whiting Berry to her children May 9, 1948

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

I do expect my children to teach my grandchildren righteous living and faith in a living God. Charity and kindness. I don't believe it's necessary for children to form a habit of quarreling or selfishness. Don't expect the Sunday School and Primary teachers to do this teaching for you, because no one can take the place of the parent in doing this. I don't want my grandchildren to grow up believing that home is not a place to have fun. It is the grandest place in the world for children to play with parents and have fun. All hours of the day families may keep cheerful and in the right spirit so no contention need ever arise. I expect my children to see that my grandchildren never impose on other people in their homes by asking for food, or asking other favors, no matter how young or how hungry. They need never spoil a fine personality by such poor training.

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

I have learned much from all the many missionaries who come to us here in this mission...One of the finest Elders we've ever had here is terribly handicapped because his home training was neglected when he was a child, and asks for food to eat here and at other homes. No one admires him.

We have other Elders who are just wonderful except by spells when they feel so sorry for themselves. Then others who are struggling pitifully to learn the things that should have been learned at home. All of these fine missionaries could put a lot of the blame on the parents. Then there are all these fine ones who come with such well-balanced judgment, such a wonderful personality. They draw everyone to them. They are the ones who have had the teachings from the parents who gave them all this instead of too much money.

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

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

she is doomed to a life of unhappiness to the extent it should be.

If I had my life to live over again, I would do many things differently, and still I'm thankful to the Lord that He looked after our children where we fell down. If I had my life to live over again, I would be more persistent in getting my children to Primary and Sunday School and the M.I.A. I would spend more time having fun with my children and less about money and finances. I would work more with them and less by myself, but I just figure we were blessed. You meant more to the Lord than anyone else, so where we fell down, He did the rest through inspiration and because of the intelligence you all brought with you from the other world. But you've all got a long life ahead and the very part of your life that can be of the most value, the most interesting and the happiest if you know the secret of how to use it. Now go ahead and keep looking for it. You'll find it, and it will be wonderful for both our children and our grandchildren.

One of our fine members here, son of an Ex-Baptist Minister and a G.I. Agent, said in fast meeting today that he believed that parents had the power and authority if they would seek and pray, to inoculate their children against evil by constant regular teaching on the same plan you have them inoculated for Small Pox or Whooping Cough. So they may become immune to evil. A wonderful thought.

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

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

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

God bless you all,
Mother, on Mother's Day



TO MY BELOVED FAMILY ON MOTHER'S DAY

written by May Whiting Berry to her children May 8, 1949
a sequel to one written in 1948, also from the mission field

To you who are and will be the mothers and fathers of our grandchildren, there is no baby-tending for us now; no getting up at night to take care of them; no wondering if they have earache or what makes them cry--that is all in the past, but I'm sure you would be surprised if you could realize how plain we can see each of your little faces as if it were only yesterday: Lee's red cheeks--they accused me of putting rouge on them; Kay--the Halloween when I put a pillow case over him and he went out for a good time but fell on his face as his arms were in the pillow case, and what a face, bleeding and peeled! Helen and her hair to be curled each day; Maree's hair that simply wouldn't curl; Norma, that was so embarrassed because she had to tell the land lady she was only 11 and was so tall; well, Dean just always was so afraid I'd say something about his achievements. But now we think of each of you as the parents of our grandchildren. How important it really is to teach them all the good things and lead them upward--and lead is the word, you can never drive them. I hope you do better in every way than we did. You've had more education, more opportunity and more abundant life; so you can do better, but we hope you remember above all to teach them prayer, the gospel, to attend regularly to church duties, and that marriage in our church means so much to them. I used to think when our children were all married that we would have no more worries, but we find now that they are multiplied into so many wonderful grandchildren, all so fine and with such grand opportunities for joy and happiness if they will live the Gospel Plan.

I'm reminded now of how Daddy so seriously considered your future when you were small. He wanted you to rise above what he had ever had, he planned so carefully all the things that he wanted for his children. I must confess it looked impossible to me at times; such as getting out of St. Johns and into the educational field for himself and family and always he wanted a mission to keep us balanced. He counted his dollars on miles of paper to see how soon we could start, he had it worked out a thousand times on paper first, and then at last it came true. But the mission never came until now. But we do appreciate it just as much now as it ever could have been.

Surely the Lord has been good to us. But of course we realize so many things we could have done so much better. We hope you will give to yours all the good things we failed to give to you. And then of course we remember the times of the two depressions when we lost all and had to make a new start. Tithing, I'm sure and so is Daddy sure, gave to us these new opportunities and starts again. Uncle Frank preached a sermon the other night on how much we learned when we went into the cotton in Mesa, and how much we learned that the Lord will take care of those who pay their tithing. He even told them about when Aunt Martha and I took you all out to pick cotton, and Kay got the most but all together the cotton picking did not come to as much as the lunch we bought. And then again, when we made our new start in Holbrook when Dean, at twelve years, tended the cabins and even had to iron sheets for one man who insisted. And Helen washed 100 sheets per day besides a lot of cabin renting and other things. Maree and Norma painted all the cabins outside and inside. But how good the Lord has been to us through our wonderful children,

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

Kay and Lee and their wonderful wives lived on beans and went with old, old clothes, and helped them finish school and had babies too. And then how we rejoiced over all your missions; and when Helen came home and married Aubrey and we knew how fine he was, and Norma waited all through the awful war [World War II] and then married her fine Randy; and Dean, we know you will with the help of the Lord find a companion equal to the others. Do you wonder why we do spend much time rejoicing and thanking the Lord!

And here Daddy is as busy planning on an estate large enough to take all the grandchildren when school is out and teach them some industry so they will learn to love work, and pay tithing on their earnings, and keep the Sabbath. The only trouble thus far is that we can't think of what industry. Daddy has thought of many such things as making overalls, or childrens underwear, or dresses, or a first class nursery. It's really still fun to plan for the future.

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

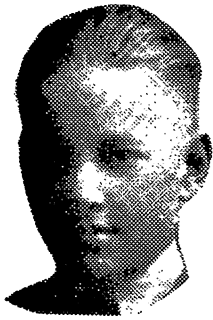
MOTHER



May and Herbert Berry with daughter Norma, at Knott's Berry farm in the early 1940's.

ON PRAYER AND A BICYCLE

by A. Kay Berry



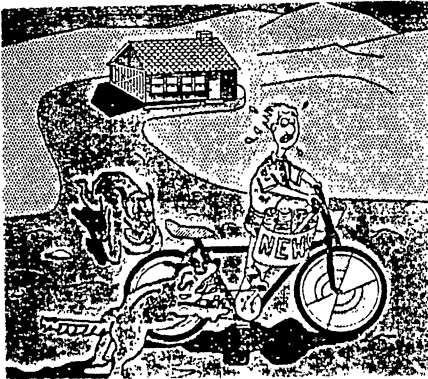
I had a most fervent desire to own a new bicycle, at the age of ten. My faith was great. I had read in the New Testament, "Ask and ye shall receive." Christmas was approaching, so I asked God with all of the faith in my soul for my heart's desire. On Christmas morning, I was very disappointed--no bicycle. Over and over I prayed,

expecting each time that this would be my answer from God--no results! One day in my discouragement, I was brooding and was beginning to doubt the power and results of prayer. Suddenly, a small voice seemed to whisper to me, "If you want a bicycle, you must earn it." A light seemed to enter my soul, and I knew that God had heard and answered my prayer.

I went right down to the office of the Arizona Republic and applied for a job as a newspaper carrier. Mr. Griffin was the man in charge and he gave me the job after warning me that the only route open was a long hard one of about 12 miles. I took the job, and almost immediately went over to Monrad's Bicycle Shop. When Mr. Monrad found out that I had a paper route, he let me have the bike on a small down payment with a plan to pay \$2.00 each week until the balance was paid in full. I selected the same blue one that I had dreamed about and prayed about for so long. Yes, I decided, God had heard and answered my prayers--His way.

Each morning I would get up real early. We were to be down at the office and pick up our load at 4:00 A.M. This was difficult for me as I was naturally a late sleeper--in those days. The route was out in a rural area along Base Line Road. It was mostly to rural homes, farms and ranches. I would fold the paper and become quite expert at making it sail a long way--either into the front yard, or if possible, on the porch.

One of my delivery places was the McQueen's ranch. It was a large place with the big residence set well back from the road. There was a long lane, lined on both sides by shade trees which approached the gravel road. I had been warned about their two mean and vicious German shepherd dogs which seemed to take great delight in attacking carrier boys in the early morning. Mr. Griffin had warned me that I didn't need to ride into the lane and deliver to the house. "Just throw the paper on the driveway and move on," he said.



On the very first morning, the dogs came out barking furiously and one of them attacked me. He went for my legs. I pumped desperately and rode for my life, and somehow managed to escape. I soon learned that if I got up a good speed, I could put my feet up on the handle bar and throw the paper as I coasted by.

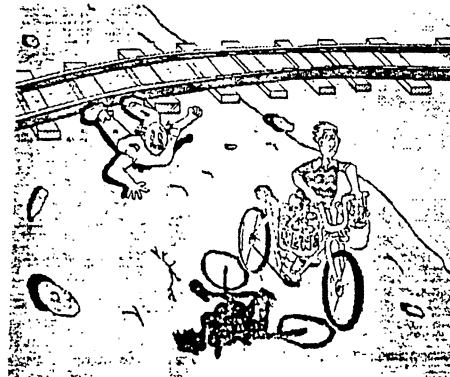
This strategy was successful for a while, but I soon found, as the dogs did, that I lost speed and sooner or later had to put my legs down and pump some more or I would stop and be at their mercy. I prayed about it, and the answer seemed to be, "Tell your Dad about it, and ask him for help."

He was quite shocked when he heard my story, and asked me if I wanted to quit my job. "No," I told him firmly, "I just want something to defend myself with." We talked it over, and came up with the idea of a quirt. A quirt is a short heavy leather whip with a lead weight in the center and loose leather tails on the end. It is designed to sting and whip horses, mules, etc. by the rider without causing the animals severe injury.

The next delivery, I was armed and ready. I kept my legs down for better balance. I had noticed all along that it was always the same dog that came at me. This time, as he charged and went for my legs, I let him have it with all of my strength. I must have scored a bullseye hit, because he went yelping and whimpering into the house in obvious pain.

The next morning, he came after me again with the same results. After that, I had no big problem with the dogs. I always carried my quirt on the handle bar of my bike. The dogs would come out and bark, and sometimes I would have to shake the quirt at them, but they never attacked me again.

At one remote spot, I had to cross some railroad tracks in an area where some hobos were camped. Each morning I would see them, sometimes sleeping and sometimes sitting around little camp fires either cooking or trying to keep warm. I didn't like the looks of them, and instinctively avoided them and pedaled through the area as rapidly as I could. However, the road was rough and full of pot holes and my speed was limited, to say the least.



One morning, one of them jumped out from behind a bush where he had been lying in wait for me. I saw him coming and rode for my life. He almost caught me, but just as things looked the most desperate, I said a silent prayer for help and looked back just in time to see him stumble and fall in

the road. I heard him cursing in his frustration, and I realize now that he had also been drinking heavily. My guardian angel was with me. After that experience, I found a new way which was longer, but safer. God had saved me from the dogs and an evil man and I didn't want to have to bother him again with similar problems.

The next year, at age 11, I was promoted to a new route in downtown Mesa. Taft Allen, a good friend, gave me his route as he was moving up to something else. It was much, much easier, only four miles long. Just a "piece of cake" compared to the previous one.

Now my brother Lee was old enough and got a route down through Lehi area and back. It was 16 miles long--even longer than my first one. Ray Brown also had a long route and we all look back on our newspaper carrier days with pride as we all realize that they were very important in our lives and future careers. These experiences are the "stuff" that help boys become men.

O H, M Y P A P A

By Louine Berry Hunter

(written in high school for an English class theme)

I remember Papa for many reasons, but I remember him best for the many times he's taken the wrong road, and our family has become hopelessly lost. A trip to us is always exciting because we seldom reach our destination without having a few unintentional side trips.

We were on our way to a family reunion in Arizona a few years ago, when we had one of our most famous adventures. Near Indio, California, at a tricky highway junction, Papa absentmindedly took the wrong turn, and no one noticed. About fifty miles later as we rolled along, enjoying the scenery, we noticed, in the evening shadows, what appeared to be a large lake. Now, Papa is a native of Arizona, and he's made the trip from California to Arizona many, many times. He carefully explained to us that what we could see was actually a desert mirage; we were all fascinated. As we talked, laughed, and listened to him, this wonderful mirage grew larger and larger as we came nearer.

It seemed amazing that a mirage could look so real. Why, we thought we could see ripples in the water. "That just goes to show you how marvelously deceptive these desert mirages can be," Papa exclaimed. I was the first to spot the ducks on the water. "Look, Papa, I can see ducks!", I said. Still, Papa wouldn't give in. He stuck to his guns, stoutly defending his position as we drove down to the sand. I don't think I'll ever forget the expression on his face when he spotted the sign that gave his wonderful mirage a name, "The Salton Sea."

Then there was the time that we all went to the high Sierras for a fishing trip. There were seven cars, most of which were pulling trailers. Grandpa had decided that he might as well take a mattress as long as he was going to take a trailer in which to haul his camping equipment. By so doing, he and Grandma would have a nice civilized bed when they got there. Papa thought it was a wonderful idea, so he took along a trailer that was big enough for a mattress, too. When the others heard what Grandpa and Papa were doing, they decided that it was the only sensible thing to do, and did likewise. Inside the seven cars were aunts, uncles, and cousins. Our high-spirited caravan was ready for adventure.

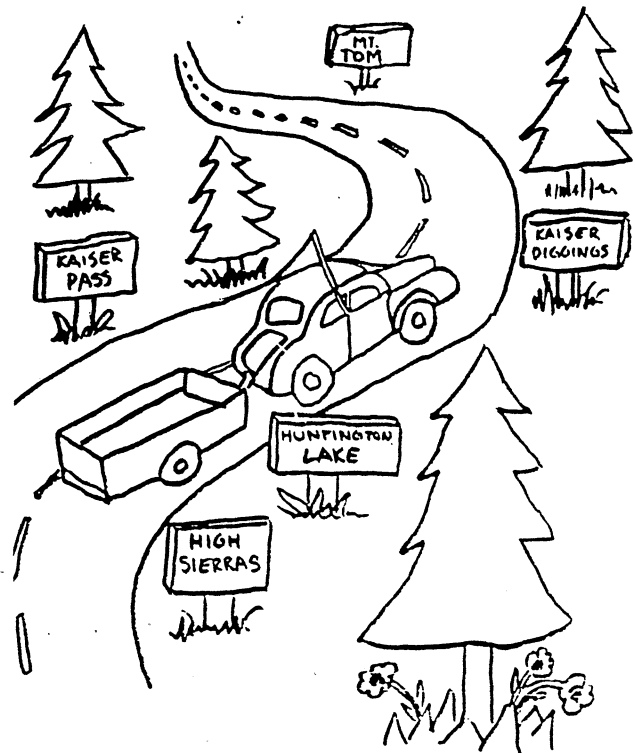
While passing Huntington Lake and Kaiser Pass, we saw some of the most beautiful country in the world. As we neared the Kaiser diggings, which was the virgin fishing grounds to which Papa was leading the group, Papa stopped the caravan and took the lead. He had been there before, and he knew the country very well--he said.

As we rolled along with a heavy trailer rattling behind us, Papa became a little nervous; he couldn't find his landmark. Finally, as we neared a fork in the road, a sign which read "Mt. Tom" came into view. "There it is; now I know just where we are," Papa cried triumphantly as he turned to the left up a suspiciously narrow road. Up and up we climbed. The farther we went, the steeper and more narrow the road became. At last, the road became so narrow that we couldn't have passed another car had we met one. Furthermore, we couldn't turn around.

Quickly, Papa sized up the situation, then he ran and slid all the three dusty miles to the bottom of the mountain to warn the others. There at the fork, on the right road, he found the caravan patiently waiting for their leader. "Don't take the road to the left!", he yelled. When it became apparent that none of them intended to, he chugged back up the

mountain. He managed somehow to unhitch the trailer and turn it around. Miraculously, Papa also turned the car around in what seemed to be a hopeless situation. We rehitched the trailer, and found ourselves ready to start the downhill journey. To add to the color of the situation, we had burned up our brakes climbing Mt. Tom. Descending in low gear, we somehow managed to reach the bottom of that steep, steep mountain intact. When we reached our caravan, by mutual consent, Papa took his place as number seven in the line-up.

You can see that Papa doesn't have the instinct of a homing pigeon, and he somehow can't tell the difference between north, south, east, and west. But you can have your Daniel Boones and Kit Carsons. In our family, we love adventure, and we like to talk about it. Aviation may have its Wrong-Way Corrigan, and football its Roy Reigals, but in our family, right or wrong, we love Papa.



FAMILY TRIPS

FISHING WITH MY GRANDFATHER EDWIN WHITING

by H. Lee Berry

One summer when I was 12 years old, my grandfather, Edwin Whiting, invited me to go with him on a three day fishing trip. We left St. Johns early one morning, driving first to Springerville, and then turning on the road to McNary. This road passed within sight of Green's Peak, and at some point within sight of that mountain, we left the road and drove for a mile or two. We parked Grandpa's car, and continued on foot. We climbed a mile or two into the thick and beautiful timber, and came to a small stream of water that one could easily step across in most places.

Grandfather's clothes on a fishing trip were as constant as a uniform. Tied around his belt at the waist was a flour sack containing flour, with a bulge perhaps half the size of the average watermelon. A small frying pan was anchored to his belt. He also had his hunting knife, a can of bacon lard, and other equipment compactly fastened to his belt. We carried our fishing poles in our hands, and we carried the bait in a shirt pocket in a Prince Albert Tobacco can. We brought worms, but a few minutes pause would always produce grasshoppers, which always excited the fish more. We both carried on our backs very small, compact bedrolls. None of our attire interfered with our fishing. We started fishing very slowly down that stream. The fishing was fair, and we had no trouble catching enough trout for our dinner.

Grandpa selected a place near the stream where we would camp. We carried pine needles to make a bed close to where we built a fire. We stacked the needles up eight or ten inches high. When you put your bed roll in place, you slept in a slight depression. The result was as soft as a mattress.

That night we had a perfect dinner, as far as I was concerned. Grandfather unpacked his flour sack, his frying pan, and other paraphernalia. We cleaned the fish in the stream. From the flour that we brought along, Grandpa made some twisted rolls, not sweet, but delicious. By bedtime, I was satisfied in all respects, including the fact that I had eaten well and sufficiently.

The following morning we woke up very early, and Grandpa soon had a fire going. He fixed bacon and flapjacks (pancakes), each one the size of his skillet. Grandfather almost always ate flapjacks for breakfast, with butter and honey.

We soon had the simple, compact equipment returned to our backs, and headed down the stream for more fishing. We came to a very beautiful meadow through which our stream ran. Grandpa grabbed me by the shoulder and made a sign for me to be very quiet. He then pointed in the direction of a huge timber wolf, with two cubs almost fully grown. We were hidden by the bushes, and yet we could see them.

The two wolf cubs chased each other in the same way that active puppies play, often catching one another, tumbling and rolling in playful combat. Grandfather said to me, "Now I will show you how I would get a shot if I had a gun." He then whistled slightly. The mother wolf instantly sprang to her feet in a position perfect for a hunter with a gun. She froze in that position for a few seconds, apparently realizing the danger, then bounded into the bushes and we saw no more of her or her cubs.

We fished down the small stream until we came to an extensive beaver dam, and I realized that Grandfather had been looking for this dam. The fishing had been poor prior to our arrival at the dam, but now whenever we cast in a line, we would get a strike. The fish were larger than usual for the streams in that area, and the fishing was fantastic. Grandfather caught over 100 fish, and I caught 27. We fished mostly with worms, and during one lull Grandfather caught some grasshoppers, but they seemed to strike at either. Toward the latter part of the day, a slight rain began to fall. All old hands at

trout fishing know that that is the best fishing of all, because the fish cannot see you.

We camped close to the beaver dam that night, and repeated our preparations by carrying pine needles, making our beds, and again feasting on trout and bread which Grandfather made at the camp fire. The following morning, we arose early and began a fair hike to join the other part of the Whiting fishing party. My father and my brother Kay were in that group, and we planned to join them by early afternoon, although good fishing on the way delayed us until the next day.

The next morning, breakfast again was flapjacks and bacon. By now Grandfather had emptied the sack, which became a convenient way to carry the fish. If licenses were required at that time, I was not aware of it. We were fishing at the Apache Sitgraves National Forest. I am certain that licenses were required 15 years later.

We then joined the bigger party and fished another day with that group. Father and Kay and I believe Uncle Earnest could not resist a go at the beaver dam. They walked back that way to fish and pick up Grandfather's car. The fishing had been mediocre in the big camp compared to the beaver dam. However, the second attempt at the beaver dam was met with almost no success, and everyone assumed that we had harvested most of the fish.

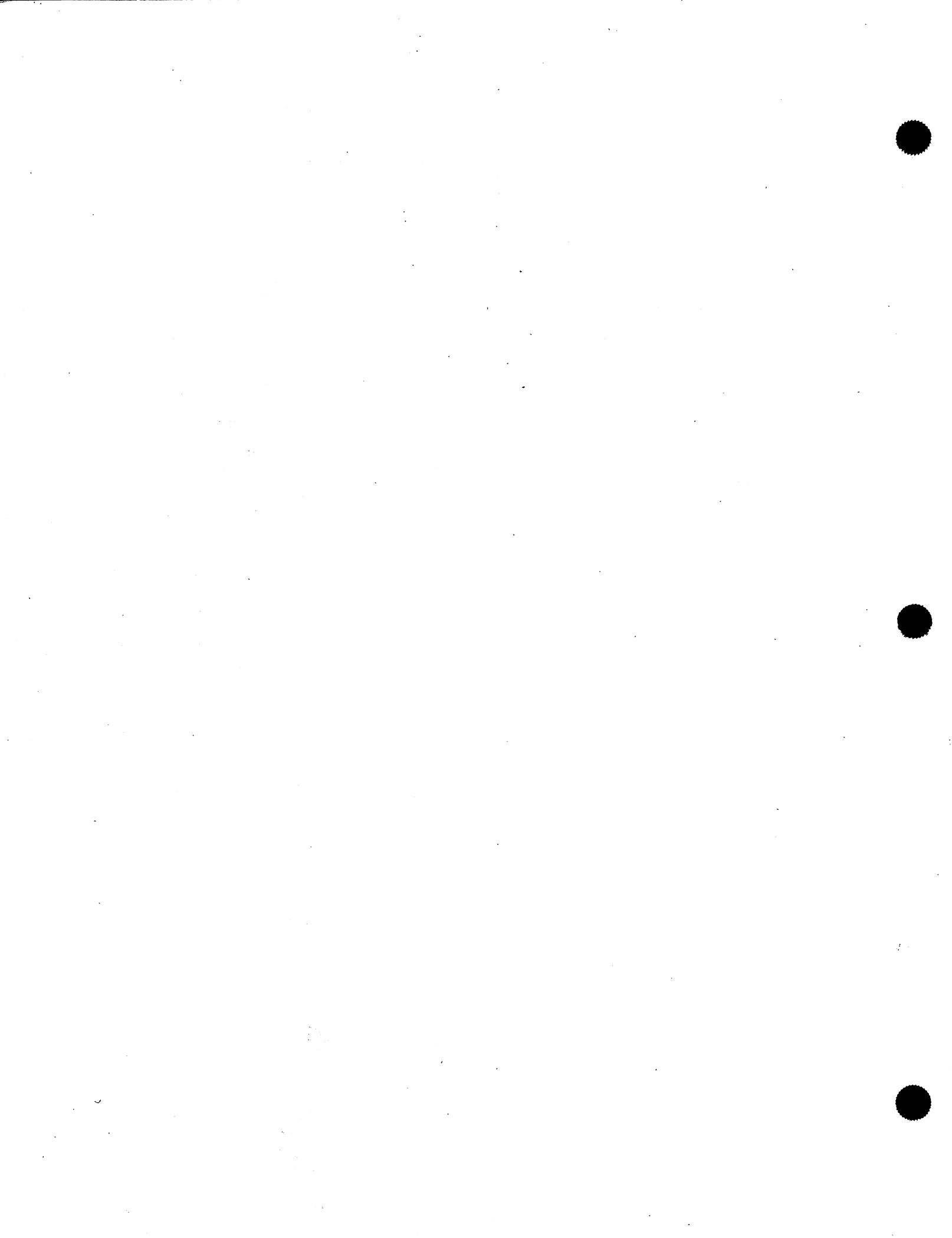
Later that summer, Grandpa took Kay and I on another fishing trip in the same area of the White Mountains. We left St. Johns early one morning in Grandpa's one-seated, open Model-T Ford. We passed through Eagerville on the road to McNary. Two or three miles beyond Eager we heard an engine sputtering somewhere above us. Grandpa stopped the car and we jumped out. Above us we could see an airplane in trouble. On the right side of the road were some level fields and it was now obvious that the plane was trying to land. We watched as the plane touched down, rolled along for perhaps one hundred yards, and then nosed over forward. The tail now pointed directly upward. We ran over to the plane.

When we arrived, the pilot was attaching a rope to a wing strut and soon pulled the tail down to the ground in a normal position. The propeller was splintered, but otherwise there was no damage. Grandpa asked if he could go for help, but the pilot said, "No thanks, help will come to me." A few minutes later, a truck with some men aboard arrived from Eagerville and we resumed our travel toward White River.

This was the first airplane that any of us had seen. We knew all about airplanes because we had seen planes in the movies. The airplane had a double wing like World War I planes, except it was lighter and smaller. Later in my life, after watching two different neighbors build their own airplanes at home, I realized that that first plane was home-made, probably by the pilot.

It is hard to explain the impact of seeing your first airplane. Grandpa was very excited, as were Kay and I. It was something like it would be today, seeing a rocket plane land and a man get out.





GOING THE "OTHER" WAY

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP FROM PHOENIX TO ST. JOHNS

by F. Dean Berry

It was Arizona in 1930 and the depression was on. Mother and Dad were not yet desperate, though times were hard. I was only five years old, but certain things I can remember very clearly. One such recollection was an automobile trip from Phoenix to St. Johns, going the "other" way through Globe and Showlow. A modern car on today's highway makes that trip in high gear in about three hours. It took us two days in the Model A Ford Sedan, and it required all the gears.

We started early in the morning. Father drove and he and Mother talked and built air castles while I lay on the back seat covered with a nice warm quilt. We turned north at Apache Junction and began the climb up the Salt River Canyon, and our adventure began with a flat tire. Father was in his late 40's then, heavy but still athletic. He moved always with poise and grace and I watched with admiration as he jacked up the car and changed the tire. It was early spring and Mother showed me the wild flowers just off the road.

We were soon on our way again and Father sang, "When it's roundup time in Texas and the bloom is on the sage..." (I misunderstood the song as "with the bloomers on the sage..." and it took me several years to get that vivid mental picture out of my mind.)

The desert scrub soon gave way to juniper and then pines as we climbed higher. We came to the Salt River and I was surprised to find there was no bridge. We had to ford where the river was wide but shallow. Father slowly drove the Model A into the water. He found it was not quite shallow enough and we were soon unable to proceed or to go back. Father and Mother laughed at the predicament and they let me sit on the fender and dangle my feet in the water. It was icy cold, and I didn't dangle very long.

A huge Indian on a giant horse made his way across the river to the car. He gave Father one end of a rope which he tied to the bumper. The Indian tied the other end to his saddle horn, and with Father driving and the horse pulling, we were soon on the other side. Father gave the Indian \$5.00, but I don't believe he spoke a single word. I had no idea that a horse could pull a car or that an Indian could be of any help.

With his spirits lifting, Father sang, "Ta ra ra boom de ay," as we drove up the other side of the Salt River toward Superior, a mining town. There were occasional stands of pine and some patches of snow left over from the winter. We had need of that snow when the engine began to overheat. Father had to stop the car and let the engine cool with the sides of the hood up. Mother had a kettle and they used that to melt the snow and fill the radiator. I got to pack my first snowball, but I didn't throw it at anybody. I ate it. And when we were on our way again, I wanted to stop at every patch of snow.

Father laughed a lot and sang, "Deany Boy, Deany Boy," to the tune of "Pony Boy." At Superior, we stopped to have the tire fixed. Mother and I walked to a store where she bought milk and crackers and cheese for our lunch. For five cents, she bought a pound of pinion nuts. We were soon off for Globe, and I ate pinion nuts as Father sang, "Hallelujah, I'm a bum..."

It was dark before we could reach Globe. The roads were very narrow, and often only dirt tracks on very steep and treacherous banks. We stopped by some pine trees and spent the night by a campfire. We finished the crackers and cheese and drank warmed milk. Mother and Father covered me with quilts and I soon fell asleep to the sound of the wind rushing through the pine branches above us.

At daybreak, Father and Mother were up and ready to go. Warm on the back seat, I watched a chipmunk on the branches above. Soon we were on our way. Father sang, "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?... Mother sang a harmony part as she and Father held hands. This worried me some, for the road switch-backed on the sheer mountain side, and there were tumbled rocks in the bottom of the canyon below.

As can happen so quickly in Arizona, we were soon in a pouring rain, with thunder and lightning all around. A truck ahead of us was stuck with one wheel in the soft shoulder of the road. We could have driven around him, but Father stopped and got out to talk with the driver. Soon, other cars were there and all the men got behind the truck and pushed it out while the driver spun the rear wheels. All the men were happy and laughing as though they were old friends. (I had no idea that men could push a truck out of a ditch.)

My Father was wet to the skin, but as we made our way onward, he sang, "Show me the way to go home..." Mother laughed and said she'd like that.

Past Globe, on the way to Showlow, we had to stop where the road had washed out. The same truck was again stopped ahead of us. Once more, all the men worked together putting pine branches and rocks in the rut. The truck went first, with a mighty spinning of wheels and splashing of mud. Once across, he waited until all the cars made it safely. Mother wiped the mud from Father's face when he returned to the car.

During that wonderful trip, Father and Mother showed me deer, quail, wild turkey, pronghorns, and a mountain lion. It was one of the greatest adventures I ever had. To our parents, it could have been a nightmare, but they tackled the problems with humor and optimism, and didn't ruin the trip for me.

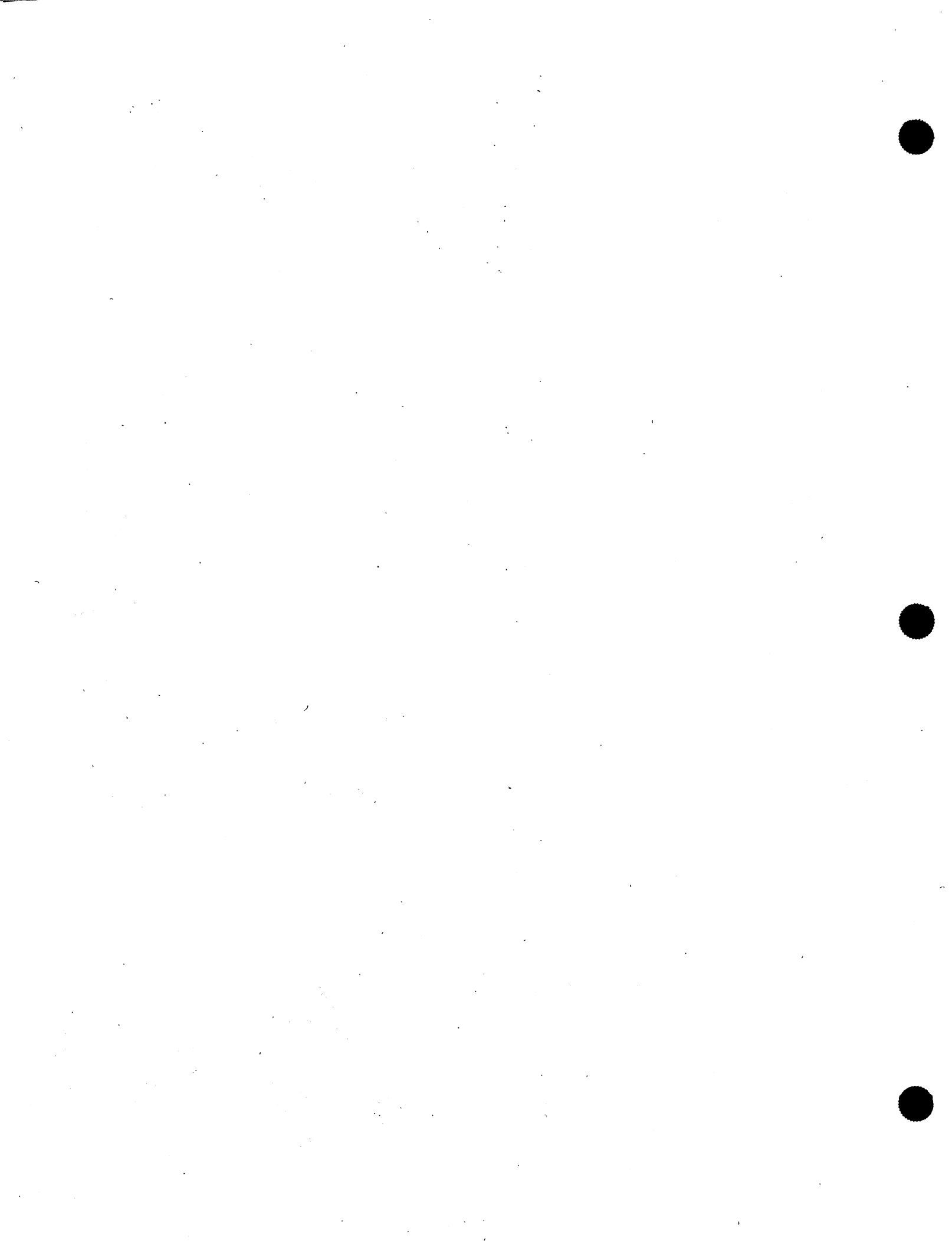
Father and Mother sang, "We ain't got a barrel of money, and clothes may be ragged and funny, but travelin' along, singing a song, side by side."



May Whiting Berry



Herbert Alonzo Berry



AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PRICILLA PARRISH ROUNDY

Emmigrant 1847

by Pricilla Parrish Roundy
with foreword by Etta Berry Heap
and postscript by Sarah Roundy Berry

Samuel Parish was born in Elizabeth, Leeds, Ontario, Canada, September 10, 1798. He courted and won the hand of a pretty Irish lass by the name of Fanny Dack. She had emigrated with her parents from Ireland February 3, 1820. They became the parents of six children: Sarah, Mary, Lydia, Jane, Joel and Priscilla. We will now let Priscilla, my grandmother, tell the story in her own words.

Etta Berry Heap

My parents on my father's side were Quakers. I am unable to tell what my parents were on my mother's side. Their names were William Dack and Jane Coad. It was cold in Canada, and the snow lay on the ground six months out of the year. They had to dig up trees to make room for farming land. My father became very dissatisfied with the country and moved to Stark County Illinois. Although he never met a "Mormon Elder," he purchased a Book of Mormon when he left Canada.

Illinois proved to be a good place to make a living. We had a large farm and fine orchard. Grandfather Joel Parish and grandmother Sarah de Wolfe Parish, were living with us at the time. It was while here that we first heard of a Mormon Elder. My father, mother and sisters joined the church in the winter, when they had to cut the ice in order to baptize them. Previous to this, my parents did not belong to any church. We did not have to raise hay in Illinois, we went out on the prairie and cut the hay.

After father joined the church he went to Nauvoo to see the Prophet Joseph Smith. My two eldest sisters were married here. Sarah married Egbert Elsworth; Mary married James Pollock soon after this. They joined the church in the spirit of gathering and we moved to Iowa across the river from Nauvoo. We all moved except Mary, there was a Branch of the Church there. I went to school for awhile, but after a short while we moved again, down on the bottom near Nauvoo. My sister Sarah stayed on the Bluff, she had a little girl. Mary moved to Iowa, we lived near her for awhile, then she moved out on the prairie, she lived near the timber. While we were living here my sister Sarah died and mother took the child. She was two and one half years old then. Soon after we had a big prairie fire and had to burn the grass around the house in order to save it. About this time we moved to Nauvoo and lived on the banks of the river in the Northeastern part of the County. Nearly all the families had chills and fever and then measles. My sister Mary died with measles and left a baby girl two and one half years old. After this we moved up into town and it was while here that I had chills and fever. At this time I was eleven years old.

The Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were killed at Carthage Jail. I will never forget that sad time, everything seemed covered or shadowed with gloom. I saw the Prophets when they were in their coffins. I had the privilege of hearing the Prophet of the Lord give his last sermon, and this I say for the benefit of my children. The enemies were not satisfied with killing the Prophets, they burned the homes and grain all around. My father and brother Joel were working on the Temple at this time. I was baptized in the Missouri River at this time.

My sister Lydia married Joseph Coad. They lived in the house we had, but soon separated. My sister Jane married Ephriam Lindsay in the spring of 1846.

		George Berry
	Jesse Woods Berry	Sarah Clack
	John Williams Berry	William Shanks
	Armelia Shanks	Armelia Williams
	James Thomas Berry	Elijah Thomas
		James Sands Thomas
		Elizabeth Pearson
	Jane E. Thomas	Joseph Morrow
	Mary Pamela Morrow	Jane Wylie
Fannie Dron.		
Etta, Elmer, Zella, and Herbert Berry		Uriah Roundy
		Lucretia Needham
	Lorenzo W. Roundy	Moses Quimby
	Betsy Quimby	Hannah Kennedy
Sarah Roundy		Joel Parish
		Samuel Parish
		Sarah DeWolf
	Priscilla Parish	William Dack
	Fanny Dack	Jane Coad



We had to leave our beautiful city and Temple. We crossed the river about six miles to my sister Lydia's place. It was while there that Lydia died in the night. She was sleeping in the wagon and complained of her head, and soon passed away. As there was no carpenter there, father had to make the coffin and bury her there. My grandfather, grandmother and three sisters lay side by side in the Montrose, Iowa graveyard. I was only two years old when my grandmother and grandfather Dack died, so I don't know much about them.

We traveled as far as Pisgah, a stopping place, and stopped for awhile. We put in a garden and when it was up and ready to use, Father thought we had better go to Missouri River. We wanted to cross the river, but were unable just then, so we went on aways and camped on the banks of the river. Brother Henderson and our folks built some log houses. We couldn't get grinding done here, so we lived for some time on hominy and ground corn which we ground in a coffee mill. There were also a lot of grapes in the timber that we ate.

The Indians visited us quite often. They had to cross the river on the ice. They killed a cow for us and one for Brother Henderson. In the spring, they threatened to turn us out, so we moved up a lake where there was a settlement. My brother Joel put in some wheat. Father thought we would not come to the Valley that year, as we had only three oxen. There was a widow who had only one ox who wanted to sell for food-stuff. So Father went down to Missouri and bought some food-stuff, which he let the widow have for her ox.

We had some sheep which we sheared and sold. We corded and spun the wool before leaving for the Valley. I was fourteen years old at this time. My father drove the teams, my brother Joel drove the teams for James Pollock. My mother and myself walked cows. The first buffalo we saw was killed by Parley Pratt Richardson. We saw lots of buffalo after that.

We traveled along the Platt River. When wood was scarce, we burned buffalo chips. The Sioux Tribe of Indians visited us. They were a fine looking tribe. We had to stop often to rest our teams and wash our clothes. We made a corral of the

wagons sometimes. I would go ahead of the wagons. We had to keep close for fear of Indians. We did not know just where we were going until we met the first pioneers coming back from the Valley.

We camped on the Platt river. Then we heard a herd of buffalo coming down to drink. They would have come right through the camp, but the men shot at them and the women shouted and they went by and just missed the wagons. If they had gone through the camp, they would have destroyed all we had, and killed many people. The buffalo were a benefit to us for their meat and their chips, which we had to burn when wood was scarce. Sometimes we would hear Indians, and the men would go ahead, but most of the time it would turn out to be Prairie dogs.

I had mountain fever at this time. There was six days I didn't keep anything on my stomach, and had to walk cows most of the time. My mother got some whisky from Sister Thatcher and gave it to me clear. It broke up the fever and cured me. Father then came down with it, and was sick two weeks. Mother could not drive the oxen, so I drove them, and she drove the cows until Father got well.

We arrived in the Valley of the mountains September 22, 1847. We moved in the Valley near City Creek and built us a rock room in the Northwest corner of the Old Middle Fork. Father and Joel went to work and made some adobes. Our house we covered with willows and dirt, so when it rained, it leaked badly. The Fort was built in a square, with four gates to go through to our corrals. It was solid wall on the outside, arranged to shoot through if the Indians bothered us, but they were quite peaceable.

We thought for awhile we would have to winter in the Black Hills, but the Lord was with us and did not let our enemies drive us, his people, into the wilderness to perish. I feel to acknowledge His hand in preserving us from our enemies, also [in] crossing the plains and barren desert where so many dangers lay. The desert soon blossomed as the rose. President Young said the Lord would bless it for the people, and if the enemies drive us away, he would curse it for them. You can't imagine how thankful we were to reach a resting place.

The Lord greatly blessed us that winter. We had very little snow, so our stock did not suffer much, for we had nothing to feed them. We had some chickens, and my brother Joel trapped some wolves, and mother cooked them for the chickens. We finally had to kill two of our oxen in order to have meat to live on, so we were left with one yoke of oxen.

The young folks used to have some good times. We used to have plays and dances on the dirt floor. A man by the name of Levi Hancock played the violin for the dances.

In the spring, we moved out East toward Emigrant canyon where the land was. We built a dug-out and lived [there] during the summer. We had to live on rations that summer. We had two pints of corn-meal a day for the five of us. James Pollock went to California that spring. He had an orphan boy, William Smith, and the Authorities wouldn't let him take him, so Father took him. We had five cows giving milk. We didn't have much use for butter. We made corn-meal gruel for breakfast, the same for dinner, and sometimes we had thistle roots, sego lily roots, wild onions or greens or milk straight for supper. Sometimes we put a little sour milk in it to thicken it. We lived this way for three months until harvest time. We also put in a nice garden. When everything was up and doing fine, the crickets came. We had to fight them from sunrise to sunset. We went through with a brush, and knocked them off the wheat. We cut the heads off with a case-knife and put them in a basket and thrashed it with a flail, which is two sticks tied together loosely.

President Brigham Young put up a mill without bolts. We had our wheat ground into bran, and it was the best bread I have ever tasted. This lasted until the corn ears ripened, and then we lived on corn. My

brother and I put in some turnips. When they were up I had to go out every morning. It was on the Cottonwood. My brother belonged to the Battalion men, so he left the crop with Father. I had to ride on a Dragon saddle. My mother gave me some gruel in a coffee-pot for my dinner. It was so thin, it slopped out. I would drink it before dinner [time]. There was a ditch and a creek on the other side. I would stake my horse and go back and forth along the ditch and kill every cricket I could see. I had to go every morning until harvest. We raised forty bushels of turnips that fall.

We moved twelve miles north of Salt Lake and lived in a tent. A man there put in a patch of corn which was too late to mature, so Father made molasses out of it. We lived on corn bread and molasses the rest of the year. Father and my brother Joel built us a log cabin. We lived in it for the rest of the winter. William R. Smith, the boy that was living with us, had his thumb taken off in the mill. We afterward built two rooms. They took up some land in the spring and put in some crops. When the wheat was ready, the crickets came, and it looked like they would take it all before them. But before they had done much damage, the Seagulls came from the Great Salt Lake and ate them up, and kept eating them up until they had eaten them all. So we didn't have to fight crickets that spring. The Lord prepared the way to fight them for us. My brother went to California to the gold mines. When he started across the creek, Mother went across and shook hands with him for the second time. She never saw him again, as she died before he came back. He helped put in some crops before he went, and the next year we rented the farm to Brother Stoddard.

Mother and I took some wool and corded and spun it on shares, and had it woven. We got it home just two days before Mother died. She was sick only four days. She had congested chills. I had erysipelas when she died. Brother Joel came home two weeks afterwards. There was a family [that had] come from the states and lived with us that winter by the name of Bowen. I kept house for Father, and Mother's share of lindsay made me two dresses.

I met Lorenzo Wesley Roundy. We were married April 22, 1857. I was his third wife. We were called in 1866 to go south to settle the country. We first went to Kanab. On account of Indian troubles, we went to Kanarra, where my husband was bishop for many years. I spent most of my time in Kanarra taking care of my family.

My husband was called to go help settle Arizona, and was drowned in the Colorado River May 24, 1876. I was left a widow with seven children to take care of.

The Rest of the Story of Priscilla Parish Roundy written by her daughter, Sarah Roundy Berry

My Mother, Priscilla, spent a great deal of her time with the sick, and was already to help those in need. She made all her children's hats, spun and wove her own cloth, and made the children's clothes. She made most of their shoes. She didn't have many means to go on. It was hard to make ends meet, but the Lord blessed her family. So while she didn't have many luxuries, they did not suffer greatly. She was President of the Primary seventeen years, and also worked in the Sunday School and Relief Society.

She moved to Venice, Sevier, Utah in 1901, where she spent the rest of her life with her two daughters, Annie Isadore Davis, and Lydia Annis Reeves. She had a stroke on May 16, 1914, and was bedfast for three months. She died at the home of her daughter, Annis Davis, August 10, 1914. She had spent a great deal of her time working in the Temple. She worked for fifty names of her own relatives, and did much charity work.

LIFESKETCH OF LORENZO WESLEY ROUNDY

researched and edited by
Norman L. Heap



Uriah Roundy
Shadrach Roundy
Lucretia Needham
Lorenzo W. Roundy
Moses Guibby
Betsy Guibby
Mannah Kennedy
Sarah Roundy
Joel Parish
Samuel Parish
Sarah DeWolf
Priscilla Parish
William Deck
Fanny Deck
Jane Code

Shadrach Roundy, Lorenzo's father, "first heard the Gospel on moving from Vermont to Onondaga County, New York, and in the winter of 1830-31 sought out the Prophet, then residing at Fayette, Seneca County, New York. After his first interview he was baptized; and subsequently his wife and all his children of sufficient age received the Gospel. He removed with the New York Saints to Ohio, settling near Willoughby, where the Prophet frequently visited him." Documentary History of the Church, Vol II p 298

Thus we are introduced to Lorenzo Wesley Roundy as a member of Shadrach and Betsy Quimby Roundy's family all of whom of sufficient age were baptized within the first year of the organization of the Church. The family was therefore among the first thousand members to join in this dispensation. Lorenzo would have been about twelve when he was baptized. The family moved west to Pennsylvania and on into Willoughby, Lake County Ohio, and on to Caldwell County, Missouri and to Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, where he married Adeline Whiting, 1 May 1843. He received his endowments in the Nauvoo Temple, 22 January 1846, just two weeks before the Saints departed Nauvoo enroute to Winter Quarters. He was therefore 27 years old as he began the westward trek.

Shadrach, Lorenzo's father, was in the first company (147) with Brigham Young. They crossed the plains entering the Salt Lake Valley in late July 1847. On August 15th seventy-one of these pioneers were selected to make the return trip to Winter Quarters. Two days later they started on their way. They had traveled two weeks when they met Orson Spencer's oncoming company. In this company was Lorenzo Wesley Roundy, son of Shadrach, a young man twenty-eight years of age. Shadrach and his son exchanged places and Shadrach returned to Salt Lake Valley, while Lorenzo went back to Winter Quarters.

Shadrach "owned land in Davis County but left the farming to his sons, making his home in Salt Lake City where he could attend to his church duties...." Our Pioneer Heritage The First Company to Enter Salt Lake Valley Vol. 2 page 626-7

"Shadrach Roundy, a pioneer of 1847, settled in the Sixteenth Ward where he presided as Bishop from 1849 to 1856. His son, Lorenzo, lived in Centerville, where a crew of surveyors were camping on his property. He was up in the barn loft getting hay for the horses when he slipped and fell to the floor, breaking and smashing the bones in his hips and back. The surgeon from the surveying crew helped to carry him to the house and told the other surveyors he could not possibly live until morning."

"At this time a voice told Bishop (Shadrach) Roundy to go to Centerville. He sent his sons to hitch the team to the buggy and take him there, but they complained that it was too cold for travel. He insisted and they continued to demur, asking him why he was so anxious and in such a hurry. He replied, "I do not know, but I must go."

"When they arrived and saw Lorenzo's condition, he turned to his other sons and said, 'Now you see why', whereupon he anointed and administered to the injured man. The next morning the surgeon from the camp called at the house when the family was sitting at the breakfast table. In full sympathy, he inquired if the man had 'managed to pull through the night'. Lorenzo, who was at the table eating with the others, answered, 'I guess I'm the man and I'm all right this morning.' The surgeon went back to the camp and said to his comrades, 'You can kill one of these d___ Mormons at night and the next morning he will be up eating breakfast.'" Anne C. Kimball Our Pioneer Heritage vol 7 page 338.

Situated on the eastern shore of the great Inland Sea, the Great Salt Lake, twelve miles north of Salt Lake City, is a stretch of very fertile land, (now Centerville, Davis County) the soil being a black gravelly loam. This land is irrigated by four streams known as the Deuel, Parrish, Barnard, and Ricks creeks, flowing from the Wasatch Mountains on the east making the valley green and fertile, and then draining into their natural home, the Great Salt Lake. Here in the spring of 1848, Thomas Grover and family settled on the stream later named as Deuel Creek. In the spring of 1849, SHADRACH ROUNDY and family, including LORENZO AND JARED ROUNDY, settled about one and one-half miles north of the Deuel Creek settlement, on the canyon stream later known as Ricks Creek." (Shadrach did not live here with his sons, but in Salt Lake. Lorenzo and Jared, however, made their homes here for awhile.) Our Pioneer Heritage vol 16 page 385

"With each immigration bringing new members into the Kingdom, Brigham Young realized the need to open up more and more territory, as well as maintain a route to the western ocean whereby needed freight could be transported, and over which ... converts... could make their way to Zion. Southern Utah, the Muddy and Las Vegas Missions, as well as San Bernadino were established with this in mind....Two years later, on April 14, 1854, a company pulled out of Salt Lake City headed south, their orders to enlarge and strengthen the Indian Mission in southern Utah. An impressive list of pioneers ranging in ages from 17 to 47 made the historic trek, arriving in Fort Harmony on May 2nd. On June 7th Rufus K. Hardy, Thomas D. Brown, LORENZO ROUNDY, (age 34) William Henefer, Jacob Hamblin, A.P. Hardy, A.C. Thornton, Thales Haskell and Hyrum Evans continued south, reaching the wickiups of Chief Toquer by nightfall. Enroute, they had watched with awe the contortions of an Indian medicine man as he tried to banish the evil spirits from a sick woman, and they beheld an Indian funeral ceremony..." Our Pioneer Heritage Forts of the West Vol 9 page 145.

"The village of Pine Valley is situated in the romantic Pine Valley Basin, near the top of the Pine Valley Mountains, thirty-five miles northeast of St. George. Robert Richey, LORENZO W. ROUNDY and John Blackburn erected a sawmill in Pine Valley in 1855-56, but the mill was not running until 1857, when the sawyers commenced to turn out lumber in large quantities supplying the surrounding settlements of Washington, Santa Clara, Harmony, Pinto and other places with lumber and shingles." Our Pioneer Heritage Vol 13 page 540

It appears that from 1854 Lorenzo Wesley Roundy spent much of his time in southern Utah. However, his wife Priscilla Parrish, whom he married as a third wife in the Endowment house 22 April 1857, made her home in Centerville, Davis County during the period 1858 through 1864. Lorenzo and Priscilla's first four children were all born in Centerville, Davis, County Utah: Fanny Jane 21 Dec. 1858, Sarah 17 Sept 1861, Samuel H. 24 Dec 1862, and Joel Jesse 30 Nov 1864. Their last four children were all born in Kanarra, Kane (Iron) County, Utah: Annie Isadore 1 June 1867, David Alonzo 5 Sept, 1869, Lydia Annis, 16 June 1872 and Heber Lorenzo 22 AUG 1875.

His wife Priscilla told her children that their call to go south came in 1866 to settle the country there. They first went to Kanab. Due to Indian trouble they moved to Kanarra where "my husband served as Bishop for many years. "(probably 10 years)

Priscilla's memory is born out by others who reported on the settlements of Southern Utah during the 1864 to 1866 period. "Among the first settlers at Kanab were: Levi Savage, George Staples, Henry Clark, a Mr. Smith and a Mrs. Stocks, and two Roundy families." Another colony of settlers went to upper Kanab (Alta) headed by Bishop Lorenzo Roundy; Myron Roundy, John Parks and William Ford were with him." OPH vol pages 228-229

LORENZO ROUNDY was listed as a member of a brass band in Escalante, Utah. Not sure whether this is Lorenzo W. or his son, or some one else. OPH vol 20 page 93

"Most of all Brigham Young enjoyed these intimate relations with the people who loved him because he loved them so well and so truly. On one trip to the South, the long train of carriages was met at Kanarra, a settlement in Iron County, by Bishop LORENZO ROUNDY. As President Young stopped his buggy to greet the people, the bishop was heard to say laughingly: ' President Young, you cannot leave this town tonight. If you attempt it, I will take a wheel off your buggy.' The leader turned around and calling back to his family said: "Bishop ROUNDY says he will take a wheel off my buggy if we do not stop here tonight. I guess we had better stop."

"Stop they did, and in no time the band was serenading the party. The chickens were squawking, fires were blazing, corn bread was in the course of preparation and the freshest and best buttermilk was ready for the President's table. A meeting was held there to a crowded house, and the next morning the President proceeded on his way south to St. George."Our Pioneer Heritage vol 8 page 450-451 & From the life story of Brigham, by Susan Young Gates, Leah D. Witsoe.

"Monday September 5th, 1870 .."At 6 o'clock the Pres [Young] and party rolled out.... Our course was up the Sevier River over the Summit to the headwaters of the Kannab. Distance 35 miles , measured by rhodometer on Pres. Young's carriage wheel. This day's travel was through fine pine valleys and meadow land. Here we camped at Bishop ROUNDY's old station on a handsome piece of meadow land." Our Pioneer Heritage vol 13 page 98-99

On the life of Daniel H. Wells from DUP files: " It was on such a journey, going to encourage and assist the settlers in Arizona, that a strange mishap befell him. While crossing the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, the boat containing his traveling wagon and outfit, with himself and a number in his party, capsized into the rushing waters. Daniel was a poor swimmer but he struck out for the shore and reached it. His escape was most miraculous, for one of the best swimmers in the party, Bishop ROUNDY was drowned." Our Pioneer Heritage vol 8 page 183

"... Joseph Young Jr. LORENZO W. ROUNDY, Jacob Hamblin and others were on their way to visit the Saints on the Little Colorado. Joseph assisted them in crossing the river, making two trips, then prepared for a third crossing by putting two provision wagons and a buggy, which belonged to Brother Wells, on the ferry, then towed it upstream for about one mile in order to give it a chance to land at the proper place on the other side. While guiding the ferry around a rocky point the water flowed over the bow, word was given to slacken the towrope, and in doing so the rope was caught in the seam of some rocks, thereby the bow was drawn under the water and in a matter of minutes the swift current swept the ferry boat of its contents; men, wagons, buggy and luggage went into the surging water together. President Wells jumped toward the

shore where Joseph tossed a tow rope to him and helped him up the bank to safety. A rush was made to pick up the other brethren who were being carried down the river. They soon realized that Bishop ROUNDY was missing. His body could not be located. The party went to the home of John D. Lee where Emma fed them and cared for their needs. This tragic incident occurred May 28, 1876." Our Pioneer Heritage vol 15 Page 362

From a list of Centennial Events as taking place after May 24 but before May 28, 1876: "BISHOP LORENZO W, ROUNDY, of President Daniel H. Wells missionary party, was drowned by the sinking of the ferryboat in the Colorado River, at Lee's Ferry, and President Wells and others barely escaped with their lives". Our Pioneer Heritage vol 20 page 3

Note: Lorenzo W. Roundy's death left Priscilla Parish Roundy a widow at age 43 and with a baby less than a year old. Sarah Roundy Berry was second oldest, not yet fifteen years old. The oldest daughter, Fann, was newly married when this occurred, so that meant Sarah Roundy Berry was pressed into service to help Priscilla Parrish Roundy with the six younger children ages: 12, 11, 9, 5, 3 and 1. Priscilla Parrish Roundy lived thirty-eight years as a widow.

The Parrish's had arrived in the company of Parley P. Pratt. They were among the early settlers of Centerville, Davis County, Utah. One of the creeks bears the Parrish name. Priscilla apparently met Lorenzo Wesley Roundy in the Centerville area.

During the 1960's my mother Etta Berry Heap told me the following story. I relate it here to the best of my recollection. Before mother married she went to the Flagstaff Normal School, now known as Northern Arizona University. She was riding on the train with a girlfriend west of Winslow enroute to Flagstaff and the train was chugging up a long grade. A man approached mother and inquired,"Are you a Roundy?" Mom replied, "My name is Berry, but my mother was a Roundy, why do you ask?" He responded, "Then you must be a granddaughter of Lorenzo Wesley Roundy." Mom admitted she was. The man then said, "Let me tell you a true story about your grandfather."

Lorenzo had been called by Brigham Young to help locate possible sights where Saints might settle in what was then Arizona Territory. While setting Lorenzo apart for this assignment, President Young prophetically declared, "The day will come when you will be in snow up to the bellies of your horses and you will be starving for want of food. You will then see a mountain, and remember this blessing and you will go to the top of it, and there you will find feed for your horses and food for yourselves."

"Do you see that flat top mountain over there?" The stranger on the train questioned, "Years after that blessing your grandfather and some other men including my (father) were at the foot of it, and they were up to the bellies of their horses in snow, and they were starving, and your grandfather remembered the blessing Brigham Young had given, and he declared to the men that 'we should go to the top of that flat top mountain and there we will find feed for our horses and food for ourselves.' The men didn't want to go, they were exhausted, starving and about to die. Lorenzo told them of his blessing and promised them if they would be obedient to the prophet's voice, they would survive. He persuaded them to go up that mountain with the last bit of energy they had. And there they found the wind had blown the snow off the mountain and there was dried grass which their horses ate, and there the men shot some rabbits and cooked and ate them, and there they gained the strength to continue on their journey." The man finished his story and left the train. If Mom told me his name, I cannot remember it.

HISTORY OF JANE ELIZABETH THOMAS BERRY

by Louie Brown Farr
reprinted from the Berry Vine, 1950

Foreword

Louie Brown was the daughter of Thurza Berry and John Brown. Thurza was James Thomas Berry's sister. In 1950 Maree Berry Hamblin wrote to Louie asking for articles on John Williams Berry and Jane Elizabeth Thomas Berry, Louie's grandparents. She obliged, and then passed away shortly thereafter. Her two younger sisters are still alive. Josie lives in St. Johns and Emily lives in Snowflake. They are contemporaries of Maree Berry Hamblin.

My grandmother, Jane E. Thomas Berry, was born in Dallas County, Alabama, January 14, 1831.

Her father was James Sands Thomas and her mother was Mary Morrow, both of whom were born in the state of South Carolina and early moved to Alabama, and thence to Mississippi where her mother's folks then resided, and where some of them yet reside. [As of 1950].

Her father died while she was quite young, leaving the family, consisting of her mother and two brothers, James Wylie Thomas and Joseph Madison Thomas.

Her mother, before coming west, and while living in Mississippi, married Washington Narwood Cook, who accompanied the family to Nauvoo, Illinois, and thence across the plains, landing in Utah in September, 1847.

The family left Nauvoo after residing there about one year, in the general exodus of the Church and joined the Saints near Council Bluffs.

When the Companies finally organized preparatory to coming West, Jane's brother, James Wylie Thomas, was assigned to take a team consisting of two yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows belonging to a Mr. Thurston, while her step-father, Mr. Cook, drove another team conveying his mother and family.

He was a member of Jedediah M. Grant's company across the Plains, and the entire trip was made without any incidents except the usual stampedes of their cattle by night, which were occasioned by their close confinement of the surrounding wagons and camps.

They arrived in Salt Lake City on October 2, 1847, and as there wasn't much to do for the new arrivals, and in spite of that and the inclemency of the weather which usually prevails at that time of year, the step-father and sons immediately set to work in the canyons near Salt Lake City and began hauling timber for wood and homes, for most of the homes had to be built of logs.

While the gold fever was on, her step-father and youngest brother, Joseph M. Thomas, set out for the digging of gold in California.

My grandmother, Jane E. Thomas, married John W. Berry on May 8th, 1851, at Salt Lake City, and her mother and son, James W. Thomas and two other families, of A.K. Thurber and John W. Berry moved from Salt Lake to Utah Valley. These three families were practically one family by marriage, and were the first white settlers on Spanish Fork River just east of the site of the present Utah-Idaho Sugar Company factory [1950]. There they built log huts from native timber-boxelder and cottonwood.

This exodus from Salt Lake City to Utah Valley, like their exodus west, was late in the fall, September, 1851.

In the spring, under the direction of Church authorities from Salt Lake, as a small settlement was founded farther to the north and the families joined now by several others moved onto lots in the new locality known later as Palmyra.

In 1853, came the Indian uprisings and to protect themselves, the settlers moved from their lots into the Fort which they had themselves prepared by building their homes with the door opening on the inside and the back of the house to the outside of the Fort.

While residing at Palmyra, the family was again joined by the return of the step-father and brother,

J.M. Thomas, and a long time after that was called Mat Cook because of his travels and associations of his step-father.

Brother Cook was called on a mission to the Indian Territory to labor among the Indians in which Mission he died and was buried there.

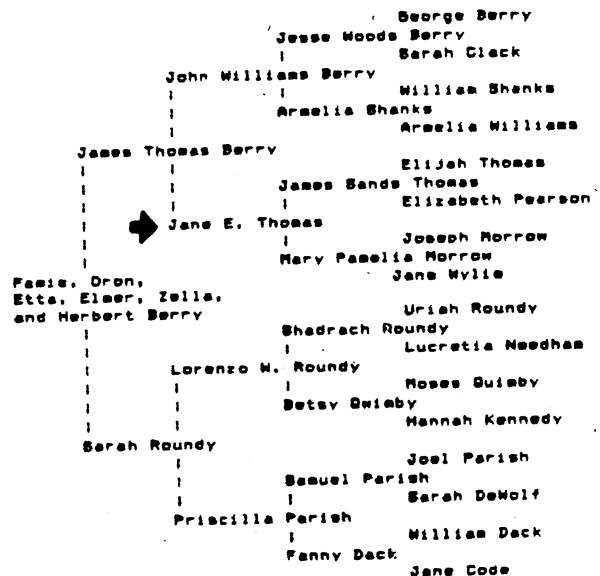
The family of John Berry lived in Spanish Fork until about 1862, when they were called by Brigham Young to help colonize Southern Utah, and they moved first to Long Valley and then to Kanarrville, Iron County, about the year of 1867.

My grandmother, the subject of this sketch, was the mother of ten children, six being born at Spanish Fork, one at Long Valley, and three at Kanarra.

The family had to undergo many hardships incident to the settling of the new home, but they never complained but accepted willingly their lot, and their home was always open to all the visiting authorities or anyone passing their way.

She was of a very kind and lovable disposition and won the hearts of all who knew her. She died on September 20, 1897, thus ending a most wonderful life.

She lived 31 years in Kanarra. She had a wide circle of friends and relatives. She was very devoted to the Gospel and she had great faith in the ordinances of the Priesthood and was healed many times under the hands of the servants of God. She endured many hardships with patience and perseverance for the Gospel's sake.



HISTORY OF JOHN W. BERRY

by Louie Brown Farr

reprinted from the Berry Vine, 1950

Jesse Woods Berry, third son of George Berry, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1791. His parents having four daughters and seven sons, three of whom grew to manhood, namely Albert, Thomas, and Jesse. The other four sons died in early childhood.

George Berry, my great, great grandfather, father of these boys, fought in the war of 1776. His sons, Jesse, my great grandfather, and Thomas, fought in the war of 1812.

Jesse Woods Berry, second son, was born in Kentucky. He married Armelia Shanks of Tennessee, who was born on January 24, 1804, in Nashville, Tennessee.

Very little is known of the history of Armelia Shanks. Her father died and her mother married again, this time a man by the name of Donnell. Armelia had two sisters and one brother, William Shanks, and one half-brother.

Jesse and Armelia Shanks Berry had eleven children, Adeline, Sarah, Louisa, Martha, Harriet, Cynthia, Thurza, John, William, Joseph, and Robert.

John W. Berry, my grandfather, was born in Wilson County, Tennessee, December 17, 1822.

About the year 1842, the Gospel message was being preached in their locality. John W. walked 20 miles to hear the wonderful message. He was so impressed with the new religion that he asked the elders to come to his father's home and explain the wonderful truths to his people.

The elders who visited the family many times and through their humble teachings all of the Berry family but the eldest daughter, Adeline, accepted the Gospel. She was very bitter towards the elders and the new religion.

John W. Berry married Nancy Jane Bass April 5, 1842.

Immediately after accepting the Gospel, the family made preparations to join the main body of the Saints at Nauvoo, arriving there in 1844, just three weeks after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum.

After arriving at Nauvoo, Jesse, the father, took sick with chills and fever and died at the age of 53 years, leaving the widow with eight children to care for the best she could in a very destitute condition. Only John and Adeline were married.

The family lived at Nauvoo until 1846, when they started the great journey westward, with John William, the eldest son, taking charge of the family. They spent the winter at Mt. Pisgah, leaving there June 10, 1849 and arriving at Salt Lake October 15, 1849.

Soon after arriving in Salt Lake City, he met Jane Elizabeth Thomas, my grandmother (she was one of the original pioneers.) They were married May 8, 1851, in Salt Lake City, soon going to Spanish Fork in 1852, and settled at Palmyra, being one of the first families to settle there. Their first two children (John M. Berry and Mary Jane Hales) were born at Palmyra.

They moved from Palmyra to Spanish Fork, and built a little home on the block somewhere near the place where Mayor John E. Booth now lives. [In 1950]

I can't find out where their house stood, but have been told by a pioneer that my grandfather had planted a row of locust trees all along the east of that block. Two trees are still standing. [In 1950].

He served as councilman to the first mayor, Mathew Caldwell, in the year of 1857, and also in 1858. He served under Dennis Dority in 1859 and 1860. He served in the Black Hawk Indian War. On the 24th of July, 1853, he was shot as he was taking a message to Brigham Young. They had stopped to water their horses at a stream of water, just a little west of where the Santiquin Co-op store now stands [1950].

The Indians ambushed them, and opened fire. They shot him in the wrist, cutting the main artery. He traveled eight miles, but through the loss of so much blood was picked up unconscious and taken by some friends to his home. He carried that bullet in his arm the rest of his life.

He married Julia A. Hales on December 28, 1858. She was the daughter of Charles H. and Julia A. Hales. She was denied the privilege of becoming a mother, but she acted the part of a mother by taking her brother's little motherless child and caring for it as a mother. She also adopted another motherless infant, raising them both to maturity.

John W. with his wife and family of six children, together with his other three brothers, William Shanks, Robert and Joseph, with their families, were called by Brigham Young to go to Southern Utah and help colonize that part of the state. They left Spanish Fork in 1862, first stopping in St. George to visit, then later moving to Long Valley. Here is where my mother, Thurza, was born.

Robert Berry, his wife Isabell Hales Berry, and child, also a brother, Joseph Berry, came to Spanish Fork on a visit to see their folks. While at Spanish Fork a child was born. Their [older] child took sick with diphtheria and died. They remained there all winter, then in the spring against the pleadings of their relatives and friends, on account of the Indians being so bad, they left. They started on their trip home and thought they would be able to reach their homes in safety, but when they were within one day of reaching home they were overtaken by a wicked band of Indians and killed April 2, 1866, their bodies being filled with arrows. The featherbed had been ripped open and feathers covered with blood stained their bodies. They killed the baby, then scalped the wife right before the husband's eyes.

The message was brought to the family by a man by the name of Campbell. Immediately, William Berry started with his two horses on his way to help them home, thinking perhaps their horse had given out with them. On his way it was made known to him they were killed. He sent for John to come and they two, together with some of the citizens of Grafton, prepared them for burial, and they were buried in Grafton.

John and William Shanks Berry and their families moved from Long Valley to Kanarrville, and again went to work to build new homes, where they lived for many years.

Their homes were always open, and were a stopping place for all the authorities of the Church in their travels back and forth to the southern part of the State.

John W. Berry and Jane Elizabeth Thomas Berry were the parents of ten children, namely John M., Mary Jane, William, Thomas, Armelia, Cynthia, Thurza, Albert, Joseph, and George. All grew to full maturity.

William Berry, the [remaining] brother [who had found and helped bury their massacred brothers] was killed by a mob while he was preaching the Gospel in Nashville, Tennessee, on August 10, 1884. Thus, every one of the boys were shot, with only John W. surviving.

It was said by the late President Joseph F. Smith that the Berry family had shed more blood for the Gospel's sake than any other family in the church--all four boys being shot while they were in the service of the Lord, my grandfather the only one to survive.

John W. Berry died a faithful Latter Day Saint, on April 12, 1890, at Kanarrville, Utah.

LIFESKETCH OF JOHN WILLIAMS BERRY

compiled by Lydia S. Berry

edited by Jeannine Larsen

with quotes from the journal of Etta Berry Heap

"John Williams Berry was born in Wilson County Tennessee December 17, 1822. In 1842, the gospel message was being preached in this locality. He walked twenty miles to hear the wonderful message. He was so impressed with the new religion that he asked the Elders to come to his father's home and explain the gospel message to his parents."

"Jesse Woods Berry and wife Armelia were the first [in their family] to accept the gospel message as taught by Benjamin Clapp and Lyman Wight."

John Williams Berry married his first wife Nancy Jane Bass on April 15, 1842. Their son, Jesse David, was born September 22, 1843 and lived two weeks. On the 9th of October, little Jesse passed away.

Soon after accepting the Gospel, all of Jesse Woods Berry's family (except daughter Adaline and husband, who were very bitter against the Church) made preparation to join the main body of Saints at Nauvoo, Ill. They could not sell their land and goods for money so they traded what they could for a wagon, horses, and other supplies that they might need for their trip to Nauvoo. The people in their community were very bitter toward the Mormons, so they left Tennessee. They arrived in Nauvoo about July 17, 1844 just three weeks after the Martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum.

Shortly after arriving in Nauvoo, Jesse Woods Berry died of cholera. He was 53 years old.

John Williams's sister Martha E. Berry married John Doyle Lee in 1845 in Nauvoo, Illinois.

John Williams and Nancy took out their endowments in Nauvoo on the 22 of January, 1846. Nancy wanted to return to see her parents and the grave of their infant son before they moved West. John said she could go for a visit. He received a letter soon after that her parents and brothers would not let her return. John would have gone after her, but he was responsible to see that his mother, brothers and sisters got safely to the West.

The Berry family was in Nauvoo until the summer of 1846 when they started the great journey westward, spending the winters at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, and Winter Quarters, Nebraska. They made preparation to leave Winter Quarters with Orson Spencer. He was the Captain of the Company and Samuel Gully was the captain of 100 leaving the 10th or 19th of June, 1849. Samuel Gully passed away July 6, 1849 on the trail. The company arrived in Salt Lake Valley on October 15, 1849.

John Williams built a home for his mother, brothers and sisters near Cottonwood, Utah. Soon after, he made a trip to California to look for gold. It was in California that John met Albert King Thurber for the first time. They became good friends. When Albert K. Thurber said he was going back to Utah, John asked him to take one of his mules to his mother and to check and make sure all of his family was ok. This was in the late 1850's.

While in California, John also met two other men, Washington Norwood Cook, and his step-son Joseph Madison Thomas. When John told them that he was going back to Utah, they asked him to take a bag of gold nuggets to his wife, Mary (Marrow-Thomas) Cook, as he knew she was getting low on money.

When John Williams arrived early in February of 1851 in Salt Lake City, he went to the home of Mary Cook. A beautiful young woman by the name of Jane Elizabeth Thomas came to the door. He asked if this was the home of Mary Cook. She said, yes that it was her mother's home. This was their first meeting, BUT NOT THEIR LAST!

John married Jane Elizabeth Thomas, his 2nd wife, on May 8, 1851 in Salt Lake City. "Jane Elizabeth received her endowments 28 July 1852 and was sealed to John William the same day in the Endowment House."

In the fall of 1851, a group of settlers moved to Palmyra, which is 3 miles west of Spanish Fork. These settlers included:

Amelia Berry, William Shanks Berry, Robert Mateson Berry, Joseph Smith Berry, Albert K. Thurber and wife Thurza, Mary Cook and son James W. Thomas, John Williams Berry and wife Jane Elizabeth.

They were among the first to settle this area. There was Indian trouble with the Chief of the Utes, Chief Walker. Named the Walker War, it started in 1853, and ended in 1854. The following incident is recorded in the "History of Spanish Fork."

A messenger came to the settlement of Palmyra on the night of July 18th with news that the Indians were on the warpath. On the afternoon of July 23rd, Clark Roberts of Provo, and John W. Berry of Palmyra, were dispatched by Col. Conover to Salt Lake with a message to General Wells asking for further orders. On reaching Summitt Creek, now Santaquin, they found the place deserted, as the settlers had fled to Payson for safety. While riding through the town, they were suddenly fired upon by Indians who were ambushed in one of the deserted houses. Roberts was shot through the shoulder and Berry through the left wrist.

"John William had been in Salt Lake when President Brigham Young had called for someone to take a message to Millard County, Utah. He volunteered, delivered the message and started back, stopping to water his horse at a little creek. Indians ambushed and shot him as he got on his horse. He rode to the nearest neighbor's for help, but almost bled to death."

John was shot in the left wrist, cutting the main artery. He and his companion traveled eight miles, but through the loss of blood, was picked up unconscious and taken by some friends to his home. He carried that bullet in his wrist the rest of his life.

John Williams was called to serve on the Provo Stake High Council on April 27, 1856.

They moved to Spanish Fork where he built their home and planted a row of locust trees. (Some of them were still standing in 1972 near 80 S. 100 W.)

John Williams was called to go on a mission to England on February 22, 1857. He left April 22, 1857 in the company of 75 men. Three men were assigned to every cart. Robert Gardner, David Brinton, and John W. Berry shared a cart. (See Robert Gardner Life History.)

John helped push the handcart a thousand miles to the Missouri River. He then departed from the company and journeyed alone by boat to the home of his first wife, Nancy. She was overjoyed to see him, and cared for him and washed his clothes, ironing and mending them. He stayed three days, and she promised she would return to Utah with him when he returned from his mission.

When John was returning from England, he was prevented from stopping to pick up Nancy due to the impending danger of Johnson's Army in Utah. He was called to be Captain of the Missionary Company.

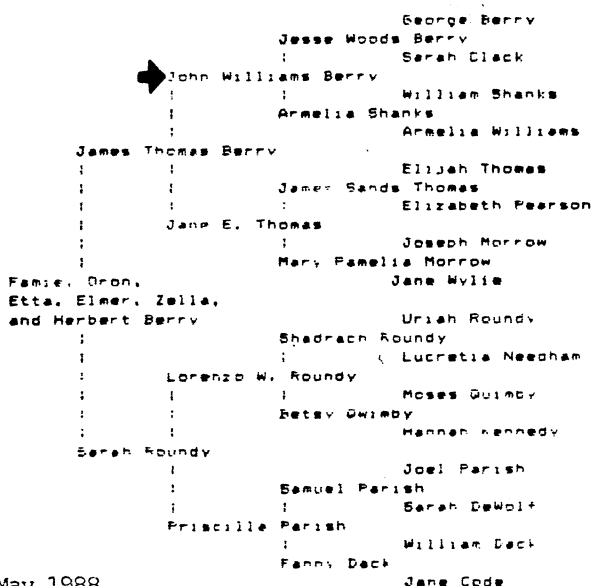
After arriving in Salt Lake, and as soon as he could make preparations to go back for Nancy, he received word she had passed away of a broken heart.

John married his third wife, Julia Ardence Hales, Dec. 28, 1885. She was the daughter of Charles H. and Julia A. Hales. She was denied the privilege of becoming a mother, but she raised her brother, Charles H. Hales, and Sarah Hunt. She also adopted another motherless infant, raising them all to maturity.

John Williams served as a Councilman to the first mayor, Matthew Caldwell in the early part of 1857 and also in late 1858.



Children of JOHN WILLIAM BERRY and JANE ELIZABETH THOMAS
Seated left to right, NANCY AMELIA, ALBERT, CYNTHIA. Standing left to right, GEORGE A., THURZA, JOSEPH S. Circle — MARY JANE.



The Following report was received from Spanish Fork Branch by Brigham Young:

No. of High Priests	none
No. of Seventies	124
No. of Elders	87
No. of Priests	20
No. of Teachers	17
No. of Deacons	7
No. of Lay Members	1000
No. of Under Eight	750
John Williams Berry--President	
H.B.Y. 1859-715	

Deseret News, February 21, 1860:

"Spanish Fork under the Presidency of Elder John Williams Berry gives also indication of increasing enterprize. The new flouring mill of Mr. Archibald Gardner is in successful operation and doing excellent work. A nice central school house double the size of their Ward House has recently been completed on the south corner of the public square and we confidently predict at no very distance period a general resurrection and exaltation from the dugouts of that new and populous town."

John Williams with his wives and family of six children together with his other three brothers, William S., Robert M., Joseph S., with their families were called by Brigham Young to go to Southern Utah and help colonize that part of the state. They left Spanish Fork in 1864.

The Berry families traveled to Southern Utah in the spring, helping to establish Berryville (now Glendale) and the nearby communities of Berry's Valley, Windsor (now Mt. Carmel) and Orderville (now Long Valley).

"These first settlers commenced to build townsites which the settlers themselves surveyed by means of ropes, and they built several log cabins on their lots that season; they also made a water ditch about a mile long on the east side of the creek and raised a small crop of wheat, corn, potatoes, and garden vegetables that season. The principal crop, however, was corn." (History of Glendale Ward.)

"John Williams Berry died 12 April 1890 at the age of 77 in Kanarra, Iron County, Utah. Jane Elizabeth Thomas Berry followed him in death seven years later, also in Kanarra at the age of 76."

"It was said by the late President Joseph F. Smith that the Berry family had shed more blood for the sake of the gospel than any other family in the church. All four brothers were shot while in the service of the Lord."



JOHN WILLIAMS BERRY