



**A MATTER OF FAMILY**

More than a month has passed since the Reunion and the memories and the feelings seem to fade, dimmed by matters that seem and often are more pressing.

Still, it's not hard for me to remember the doctoring--the sore throats and fever, the skinned knees, the lacerations, and the broken arm. And when I had to deal with my own fatigue (while sleeping in a motor home), and a cold shower, and dirty socks, I marvelled at the courage and grit of those with small children who were in tents.

Why on earth do 168 people drive crazy distances past beaches, lakes and meadows and hotels and resorts to end up on a dirt road leading to a rocky place at 8000 feet altitude to camp in a place where the days are hot and the nights cold, with outdoor toilets and flies, an unscreened kitchen and flies and you hope they aren't the same flies. Where the ground is hard and rocky, the showers barely above freezing temperature, and in the words

of Norma Jean, "the dirt reaches up and grabs children." And unless you are fortunate enough to have access to a motor home, you are rarely comfortable whether sitting, standing or lying down.

Why do we do it? I can't answer for anyone else, but for me, it's a matter of family. I want to be with you and I want to be reminded of my ties to all of you and to those who have gone before us. It's part of the Malachite legacy, turning "the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers." Thank you all for doing that for me and my children.

And I really had a wonderful time!

Love, Uncle Dean

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Do all things without murmuring and disputings: That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world.

Philippians 2:14-16

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**T-SHIRT CONTEST**

For the next Berry reunion, the Berry family will have T-shirts available. Judi Berry is in charge of the project.

The first order of business will be a contest to design a logo for the shirts. Submit your designs directly to her at 4910 Heversham Ct., Fairfax, VA 22032. Send in your designs right away. You can enter more than once. No box tops are required.

Once the design is selected, Judi will put an order blank in a future issue of the Berry Patch so you can pre-order the sizes you want. Then she'll have the correct number of shirts in the correct sizes manufactured. They will be distributed at the next reunion. Judi suggests wearing them at the Whiting reunion so we can show all the other Whitings who the Berrys are.

Francisco Ferrer, born in 1859 and executed in 1909, was a Spanish free-thinker. He gave his life for freedom of speech. He said: "All the value of education rests in the respect for the physical, intellectual, and moral will of the child."

## BERRY PICKINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

by F. Dean Berry

A WISE OLD OWL  
SAT IN AN OAK.  
THE MORE HE HEARD,  
THE LESS HE SPOKE,  
THE LESS HE SPOKE,  
THE MORE HE HEARD.  
WHY CAN'T WE ALL  
BE LIKE THAT BIRD?

This was a favorite poem of Grandpa Herbert Berry, and he saw that it was printed on the back of the complimentary matchbooks furnished for the patrons of the Forest Motel.

He practiced that philosophy, and was admired for it by his friends and relatives and children. And when you are married into the Whiting family, as he was, such a quality may be necessary for survival.

An example of such an action was the famous radio broadcast by Orson Welles, "The War of the Worlds." A totally fictitious program, it portrayed the invasion of the earth by hostile aliens. It was in the form of a newscast, and was so realistically done that people overlooked the facts: invasion, mobilization of the national guard, announcements by authorities, etc. would be impossible in the first half-hour of a real news event. It was announced periodically that this was only a dramatization, but the disclaimers were given during commercial breaks along with the advertising.

During this incredible first half-hour, Uncle Ralph and Aunt Nell, Earnest and Beryl, G, and

Art and Armina came across town to be together with Mother and Father at the Motel to hear the rest of the broadcast. They huddled around the little radio and began to make evacuation plans--from Holbrook (obviously a prime target) to the Homestead. They were choosing which trucks to take, what bedding and supplies, which were stores open, and who would bring supplies. And we'd better bring guns and some fish-hooks. We might have to live off the land! Before the hour-long program was three-fourths done, they had the whole expedition planned, all the while still listening to the terrible news of disaster in New Jersey.

But Father listened while the others all talked at the same time. And he finally heard on the radio, "This program is a fictitious dramatization of the story by H.G. Wells."

It was too bad he heard it, in a way, for the Whitings were wonderful organizers and accomplisners. I can see the caravan now, with trucks and cars and mattresses and kids hanging out the windows and wanting to ride the fenders. And Herbert might then hear "Did anybody think to bring toilet paper?" and "Did May bring an icebox?" "I've got to go" would be heard every few miles because the kids would all be excited and didn't need to before they started. And we might be there for weeks before we found out the truth. What an outing that would have been!

The Whitings and Berrys are able to laugh at themselves, and we all laugh about that broadcast night (though I have noticed no one talks about the

theological implications of what they all thought.)

So Father tended to follow his own advice--and it was good advice. But silence can be carried too far, and Father would be the first to say so. Stony silence may appear to be stoical and strong, but it can be deadly in a marriage and an impenetrable wall between generations. Love, Uncle Dean

## AUTHORS NEEDED FOR UPCOMING ARTICLES ON EFFIE

In preparation for our February issue, we invite any who would care to contribute material for our Memories and Biography of Effie Berry Ellsworth. We are giving you plenty of time to think about what you would like published about Effie. We will put a reminder again in the November issue, and you can even procrastinate (if you must) until the holidays are over. But all contributions about Effie must be in Diana Rice's hands by January 15.



EDWEENA WHITING

DRAMATIC READER  
AND TEACHER

As a little advance treat, we are publishing in this issue two of the radio plays written by Effie. She not only wrote these plays, she performed all of the voice parts and wrote the advertisements, too!

Her other dramatic accomplishments were equally impressive. She studied drama with T. Earl Pardoe, and did post-graduate work in L.A., specializing in one-woman shows and dramatic readings. She had a science fiction serial that Aunt Maree says was every bit as good as Orson Wells' "The War of the Worlds." (If you don't know what that is, see Uncle Dean's Berry Pickings in this issue.) In her science fiction shows, she explained that all sound waves ever created were still in the earth's atmosphere, and technology could retrieve sound waves that had originated back in time. That made it possible for the audience to listen in on actual historical events!

The radio plays we are printing in this issue were enjoyed at the 1988 Berry Reunion. Effie's oldest son, Lynn Ellsworth, and youngest daughter, Evelyn Ellsworth Gwartney starred as Pa and Ma!

## BERRY VINES

Lydia Berry retired after 33 years of service for her office. She is working on genealogy, and made new books for her stepfather and stepbrother for Fathers day.

Leroy Berry gets letters or notes of appreciation almost every month from his passengers. They send the mail to the bus company, and then they forward them on to Leroy. A woman visiting from Las Vegas

recently wrote: "...I want to let you know you have a valuable employee in Badge #404 (I don't know his name.)...He was very patient with us all and all our questions. I feel he should be commended for his good representation of Phoenix. You have a good employee there."

Lydia and Leroy had planned to attend the Berry Reunion, but their mother and John have not been well.

## TRAGEDY IN MESA

June 13, 1988, Loretta McCray Lynn, age 26, was stabbed to death by an unknown assailant. Her 7-month old daughter was sleeping unharmed in a nearby bedroom. Her parents are Terrance and Sally Freeman McCray. Loretta's grandmother, Famie McCray was Herbert Berry's youngest sister.

Both Loretta and her husband Allyn had served missions. They had been married two years and had just bought a duplex. Her husband said, "We spent the past two weeks just fixing up the place. She had such big plans for us. She was the most perfect person I have ever met. I was so lucky to be married to her."

Her bishop, Lorin Hatch, said "She had a sparkle about her. She wouldn't harm a soul. You wonder why something like this would have to happen to such a good person."

Ward members have started an account for the baby, Rebecca Lynn, at Valley National Bank in Mesa.

## PAYING FOR THE PATCH

A chronic problem with the Berry Patch has been getting enough subscribers. At the 88 reunion, it was decided that each family representative will be responsible for seeing that their respective families subscribe. Several suggested that it would be easier to remember to pay if they could pay for a two-year subscription from reunion to reunion. We announced that optional plan, and 19 families then paid in advance for the Berry Patch through 1990. Those families may relax until next reunion time!

We are printing a list of those who have paid for 1988, and for those who paid for 1989-90. Check both lists, (some have paid for future issues and missed paying for 1988) and if your name is not listed, we'd love to hear from you. Any problems or discrepancies or payments should be sent to JoAnn Larsen, AT HER NEW ADDRESS: 5542 Fleetwood Dr., Citrus Heights, CA 95621. No one will be dropped from the subscription list because of lack of funds.

## 1988

Roger and Diana Rice  
Stephanie Rice  
Bruce and Anna Wood  
Barry and JoAnn Larsen  
Troy and Jennifer Larson  
Jonathan Berry  
Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth  
Elizabeth and Doug Berry  
Luke and Liz Ellsworth  
Jack and Joycell Cooper  
Leroy Berry  
Lydia Berry  
Marjorie Berry  
Mark and Lynne' Berry  
Aubrey and Helen Andelin  
Dean Berry

Bob and Ginny Leavitt  
 Paul and Judy Andelin  
 John and Louine Hunter  
 Richard and Elaine Ward  
 Jon and Julie Hardy  
 Pat and Evelyn Gwartney  
 Minnie Priestly  
 Brent and Karen Mitterling  
 Shawn and Linda Cooper  
 Scott and Kristy Hunter  
 Steven and Tracy Hunter  
 Marilyn Helf  
 Chuck and Bonnie Middleton  
 Brad and Susanne Fife  
 Maree Hamblin  
 Leilani Silvers  
 David Silvers  
 Wanda Silvers  
 Randy and Christa Fife  
 Tres and Julie Tanner  
 Bob and Eileen Luke  
 John and Cindy Andelin  
 Ray and Patricia Felsted  
 Van Ellsworth  
 Lee and Virginia Berry  
 Gary and Jean Arbuckle  
 Steve and Judi Berry

## 1989 & 1990

Ray and Patricia Felsted  
 Pat and Evelyn Gwartney  
 Brian Larson  
 Van Ellsworth  
 Jonathan Berry  
 Tres and Julie Tanner  
 David and Sharon Berry  
 Richard and Elaine Ward  
 Jon and Julie Hardy  
 Jenny Ward  
 Jack and Joycell Cooper  
 Marty and Susan Cooper  
 David Silvers  
 John and Louine Hunter  
 Robert and Kenna Hunter  
 Steven and Tracy Hunter  
 Scott and Kristy Hunter  
 Elder Daniel Hunter  
 Chuck and Bonnie Middleton  
 Bruce and Anna Wood  
 Barry and JoAnn Larsen  
 Roger and Diana Rice  
 Stephanie Rice  
 Generous subscribers:  
 Lee and Virginia Berry  
 Dean Berry

## HENSCRATCHINGS

by Joycell Cooper

Hello to all my fans out there, just wanted to say I've received letters from Aunt Jemima and three of the California Raisin group praising me for my efforts in spreading gossip all over the country. I appreciate the flattery, but must say that I do it because I feel it is my duty. After all, if it were not for me, everyone would think that Aunt Elizabeth was a saint. But did you know that she is a bridge player? (She plays her Lawrence Welk tapes on every bridge she comes to!) And don't let that angelic smile of Uncle Dean's fool you either. His office staff call him "Twinkie Toes" because he keeps his extra supply of Twinkies in the toes of his shoes. (He doesn't really wear a size 16, but it gives him great storage room!) Also, the dirt is out at last about Aunt Helen. She is a secret partner in the popular T.V. show, "Cheers." Actually, it was canceled after she took over the bar. The customers just couldn't get used to the celery and beet top juice in their beer.

Did you know that Mike Rice became an Eagle Scout? He was hired by the bald eagles to scout for toupees for them. So if you see a blonde curly headed eagle soaring through the skies, you can give Mike the credit. In fact he has done so well he is besieged with offers from Chicken Hawks, Pigeons, and Meadow Larks. He is seriously considering the Meadow Larks' offer since he loves larking in the meadows. Also, the Pigeons inquiry fascinates him since his motto

is "Keep the Cities clean--eat a Pigeon!"

Warren Gwartney and Mike Ellsworth, sons of Pat Gwartney and Van Ellsworth, were the greatest attractions at the reunion. They attracted more blow flies than all the others in camp. Mike came upon the solution when he raised his arm and cleared the area for 30 feet (not only of flies, but of cousins, too!) When Warren got his hair cut, they found he was such a handsome boy his mother pasted the hair back on his face so the girls would leave him alone.

Shawn Cooper has accepted the job of Press Secretary from Tony Quello, minority democratic whip in the house. (Not the outhouse--the one in Washington D.C.) After the Democratic Convention in Atlanta, GA, which Shawn had to attend, he will report to Washington the first of August for a week of orientation, then return to Fresno to move his family back. He will have to take a cut in pay, but decided the experience would be well worth it. Linda will take a part time job selling pencils on the Capitol steps, so please stop and buy several when you are sight-seeing. Corey, their 8 year old, had been breaking records for all her swim meets. The coach said she could only break 45's, so that has limited her.

I want all of you to know that I climbed almost to the top of Sierra Trigo, but she began to lean so drastically I had to give it up. I never was one for the swing shift!

Jack and Keith won the horse shoe contest. This is the 30th

time they have shewed horses and won. It was the ringer Jack threw around his opponent's neck that did it. Also the threats Keith muttered under his breath to his poor scared opponent.

JoAnn Larsen entered and won the race for women of her age. Running against the 90 year olds will do it every time, JoAnn. Also, hiding behind a tree and entering 20 feet before the finish line helped. Smart kid, that girl.

We all got to meet Patty's husband, Ray Felsted. We were

beginning to think she had just made him up, but were delighted to find he really existed. He really is too nice and refined for this family, but he seemed to ignore the shyness of us all and accept us for what we are (what are we, anyway?) He is a real prize (she won him in a raffle.) And we are glad our family got him instead of some loud Italian bunch!

I must say the reunion was just great. To see each other as we really are (no eyebrows, uncombed hair, chapped...sunburned lips, clothes that looked like they'd been slept in because they had.) Maybe that's why no one

came out of their tents and motor homes until after dark. I wouldn't say it was bad, but if you notice, not one rattle snake, rabbit, bear, or mountain lion was seen anywhere in the vicinity. One look at the family, and they were long gone into the next county! I didn't think we looked bad until the national guard started flying in dropping camouflage nets! But with all our talent and charm, who needs looks? See you next issue, right now the news I've just uncovered is too hot to handle. I'll have to let it cool down until next time.



Tracy and Steve Hunter

## EFFIE'S FAMILY

As the years pass, I realize the value in building good memories for our children; something to hold on to as life progresses and the going gets tough--memories that give them roots and a sense of belonging. This is what the reunions have done for Effie's kids. How quickly the reunion passes and becomes a memory.

I'm convinced that the homestead is a sacred place. We should always treat it so. Yes, the facilities could use improvement, but the spirit that prevails there is steadfast and secure.

Thank you cousins, aunts, uncles and in-laws for building this 1988 Reunion memory for my family. Thank you Jeannie Larson for feeding so many. Thank you Uncle Lee, Uncle Dean, Aunt Maree, and Aunt Helen for the wonderful stories--and for your efforts to be there. Thank you, Anna Marie and Diana for the Berry Patch. Love you, Elaine

## MAREE'S FAMILY

The big news in the Maree Hamblin family is that we all survived the reunion! Grandma (Aunt Maree to many of you) stayed in Snowflake following the reunion until the last week in July. She stayed to get caught up on the latest news and visiting with some of the grandchildren (an impossible task, but noble none the less...)

Jeannie Larson was in charge of a big 24th of July pageant in Snowflake. That's really what Jeannie needed, was one more project. Besides being chief honcho in the kitchen and

program director at the Berry reunion, and being executive producer of evening programs at the Whiting reunion, she found her life somewhat hum-drum and begged for another project to help occupy her empty evenings. I guess you can only knit so many pairs of socks and quilt so many hand-pieced quilts before cabin fever gets the best of you.

No doubt we will be reading about her great success in the next tabloid for "Enquiring Minds" and the next Berry Patch. Bravo, Jeannie--look out, George Lucas and Steve Spielberg!

Troy and Jennifer Larson are expecting their first child, and Leo and Michelle Hamblin are expecting their second pretty soon. (Yes, Leo, there is justice in this world--your cousin Janice remembers babysitting you when your family lived on Carruth, in Fresno. She says that your active little #1 child is actually mellow compared to the way you were at that age.)

Amy Larson is going to school at East Arizona (Thatcher) on two music scholarships. Brian Larson is going to San Francisco to work for the Felsted's. Shane Larson is getting ready to go back to school (and we hear he will make a formal announcement about wedding bells soon.) Darren Larson is headed back to school this fall. Jennifer Larson landed a great job in Snowflake and is on sabbatical for awhile. Jared and Matt Larson are still playing ball, while Sarah and Margaret Larson are boy-watching! Amidst all of this, Uncle Keith Larson starts coaching and teaching

when school starts and the last we heard was looking for some good counterfeiting plates, so he can keep up with all of this\$\$\$.

Leo and Michelle Hamblin are going to B.Y.U. this fall. Daylynn Hamblin is going to Utah U, and Elder Timmy Hamblin could use mail from his cousins. He is on a mission in New York. He was in Harlem, but has now been transferred to Brooklyn. His address is: Elder Tim Hamblin, 1939 E. 9th, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11223.

The Coopers seem to have recovered from the reunion. Uncle Jack has his bi-annual horseshoe trophy sitting in his dental office, in full view. Aunt Joycell is busy at the dental office, trying to keep Dr. Cooper in line. In their spare time, she and Uncle Jack are working on food storage.

Shawn and Linda Cooper are getting ready for a big change in their lives. Shawn is going to be the press secretary for Representative Tony Coelho, from California. This necessitates a move to Washington, D.C. The kids are excited about this new adventure. The move will take place mid-August, and we hope to hear all the latest "inside scoop" during family visits.

Lance Cooper spent a week or so with Jonathan and Brent Berry after the reunion, and is getting ready to start coaching in the fall. We wish he would quit taking things so seriously, and lighten up. He brought new meaning to the phrase "Body Sounds" in the Cooper Camp at the homestead.

Angela and Rory Hubbard are fine. She and her sister Janice spent every night of the reunion catching up on late night visiting. It took a month to recover from loss of sleep. They expect to move back to Missouri (much to the delight of the Falls children!!!!). Rory fits right in and even gives his parents-in-law (Uncle Jack and Aunt Joycell) a run for their money when it comes to the joke arena.

Marty and Susan Cooper are still in Mesa. And the cousins are still talking about Chance Cooper's alternative to the outhouse. (he used the blow-hole which at the time was the center point between two volleyball games.) Good show, Marty. Susie did pretty good considering she had three little ones in camp under the age of five. The cousins sure enjoyed getting to know their babysitter, Karen.

Jerome and Janice Falls are doing fine. The trip home was like driving a hearse. My girls slept all the way--they were comatose until we stopped to eat or sleep. Our kids are busy getting ready for school. The girls are involved in cheerleading, seminary, young women's, and drooling over the latest fashions in the catalogs. Garrett Falls is getting ready for college and plans on majoring in pre-vet medicine. He was really disappointed about missing the reunion, but he couldn't get off work. Brett Falls is working for Con-Agra in Carthage, Missouri. We get to see him on weekends. Heather Falls is living in Phoenix with Angela and Rory. Her plans are up in the air at the moment,

but she has a good job and enjoys that Arizona weather.

Marilynn Helf is doing somewhat better, but is still unable to work. Her Epstein Barr Syndrome keeps her down quite a bit. Jason Helf is stationed in Alaska and would love mail: Jason Helf, PCS Box 283, APO Seattle, WA 98723.

My most exciting news is that I got a call from LANE ANDELIN after the reunion, and he promised he will be at the next reunion! This is the greatest news! I told him how much we all missed him. He's such a dear person, and I am really anxious to have our kids get acquainted with each other.

Van Ellsworth stopped by on his way home from Utah with his Mike and Pat and Warren Gwartney. They spent the night and the kids had a blast. I am so grateful for those who worked so hard for this reunion. My kids have talked about it ever since. It is so amazing how the homestead fever catches amongst cousins of all ages.

One of the best reunion memories of Maree's family is of Tres Tanner leading everyone in the CAMEL DRIVER'S SONG. We vote to perform that number for the Whiting Reunion Talent Show. And they think the Berrys are shy and withdrawn!

I really enjoyed seeing all of you, and we are already counting the months until the 1990 reunion.

--Janice Cooper Falls

## LEE'S FAMILY

Lee and Virginia

enjoyed the Berry and Whiting reunions very much. They visited with almost everyone at the homestead, holding court in their motor home. Virginia tolerated the altitude much better than expected, and Lee's appetite and strength improved as the days passed. Both returned home tired but sound. Lee has just acquired a new doctor who wants to be more actively involved in his care, so that's a good development. Their home is always open to anyone who wants to visit them and see the Washington, D.C., area.

Gary and Jean and Chris

just returned from three weeks in England, Scotland, and Wales. They were shocked at the high prices, especially for food and real estate. They loved every minute. In Scotland, they sang a salute to haggis, then ate some, and loved it. Look it up. They became addicted to tea time and shortbread, and learned to eat the civilized way, with the fork in the left hand. They were fascinated with the histories of kings and queens.

Jeff is finishing his third year of medical school. Now he's choosing a specialty and is probably going to do family practice.

Eric is holding down two jobs during summer vacation, both on boats in Norfolk, Virginia. In the fall, he'll be a junior majoring in business.

Steve and Judi Berry

and their four children enjoyed the reunion immensely. The family returned to Virginia by way of B.Y.U. to show the

campus to the kids. On the way, they stopped at a few Indian trading posts and got bitten by the bug. Next reunion, they plan to run a field trip to some of the Indian ruins and trading posts.

**Stephanie** lettered in varsity soccer spring semester. **David and Mike** both played Lacrosse and loved it. **Annette** entertained her cousin **Kristen** for two weeks during the summer.

#### **Ray and Pat Felsted**

The Felsted family is moving to a home in the suburbs of San Francisco. They'll have a swimming pool and lots of room for their five children to play.

#### **Bob and Eileen Luke**

The Luke's really enjoyed the reunion and visiting relatives. They recently moved to a new home in Seattle. **Eileen and Bob** spent the summer putting in the front yard. **Jon** spent a week this summer at scout camp. **Jenni and Juliann** went to E.F.Y. at B.Y.U. and had F.U.N. They spent most of the summer in Utah visiting with Bob's relatives.

### **NORMA'S FAMILY**

The Fife family was able to gather briefly at the end of August for a reunion in Saratoga, near where our Dad is recovering his health and strength. It was wonderful to be together, with only two out of nine families unable to attend.

#### **Roger and Diana Rice**

Roger Rice was surprised to discover he is quoted in the current Relief Society Manual in Compassionate Service lesson

#8, "The Rank and File of the Church." The quotes came from an article he wrote for the Ensign several years ago.

We're doing things in twos lately. We have two children in college, two in high school, and two in junior high.

**Mike** joins **Stephanie** at the Y this fall, and **Cindy** will go next year and **Randy** the next. Our children worked hard during the summer, saving for their schooling. **Stephanie** worked at **Bob's Big Boy Restaurant** as a waitress. **Mike** did marketing research on Pampers diapers, and continued cleaning dental offices at night with **Randy**. **Randy** worked during the day in construction. **Cindy** and **Anna** babysat and did housecleaning. **Chris** substituted for newspaper delivery, and walked dogs. We are proud of their willingness to work and sacrifice for their education.

**Stephanie** attended a dance workshop just before school started, and has been chosen for the backup team for the BYU Folkdancers.

#### **Barry and JoAnn Larsen**

**JoAnn** and **Barry Larsen** and family are continuing to work wonders with their home. They have turned a fixer-upper into a lovely place. The yards and everything had been run down and now it all looks great. The remodeling of their house has kept them rushing so much that the whole family is in peak physical condition: all the kids won ribbons in the **Sierra Trigo** marathon. **Julianne** (14) won first place in the entire Women's division, and got a promise of a trophy in the mail because they had been accidentally left at home!

**Jared, Bradley, and Keith** each won first place in their age divisions.

**David**, who recently earned his Eagle Scout award, was treated to a trip to **Philmont Scout Ranch** in New Mexico. His Eagle Scout group traveled to **Salt Lake and Provo**, and the **Grand Canyon** along the way. They made arrangements to meet **President Benson** at the **Provo 4th of July** parade, but the scouts could not get through the crowds to the appointed meeting place on time. When they arrived, they were told the **Prophet** had waited 15 minutes for them, hated to miss meeting them, and left a little note. Although disappointed about missing a close-up glimpse of the prophet, the scouts were all impressed with his thoughtfulness in the midst of a packed schedule.

#### **Chuck and Bonnie Middleton**

The **Middleton's** were given a trip to **Hawaii** by **Chuck's** employer, **Word Perfect**. They took the opportunity to invite **Chuck's** parents and brother and sister-in-law to go with them, and had a wonderful time, especially scuba diving and feeding the beautiful, exotic fish frozen petite peas.

#### **Randy and Christa Fife**

**Randy and Christa** and family happened to be camping a **Yellowstone** during the forest fire episodes in July. They had visited **Old Faithful** just before it was threatened with fire, and thought they might be the last ones to see it before it was ruined. However, the fire was averted from the geyser, so it continues to be a national treasure. The **Fifes** enjoyed their trip because there were no crowds--many



assumed forest fires were everywhere, when they were actually not that widespread. One disappointment, though, was that there are no longer any BEARS at Yellowstone.

Kayledeane, their youngest daughter, was hospitalized and had eye surgery, but is fine now, and mending quickly.

## HELEN'S FAMILY

### Aubrey and Helen Andelin

were in North Dakota in June for an Andelin Family Reunion. John and Cindy hosted 3 days of fun at a nearby YMCA camp. Thirty-two grandchildren were present and five of their eight children and their spouses. It made everyone wish we all lived closer to one another!

### Lane and Darlene Andelin

are busier than ever. Their type-setting business at home keeps them going from 6:30 to sometimes 11:00 at night. The older children help a lot, especially Amy (15) who has taken over bookkeeping. Michael (14) has taken off gymnastics for the summer and is enjoying a little less rigorous schedule. Amy, Heather, and Brooke are taking piano. Laura, the youngest, is almost 6 years old, and a big help to her mom!

### Brian and Helena Andelin

have really enjoyed living in Mesa. It was a special treat for them to be able to attend the Berry and Whiting reunions. The older children are looking forward to a Whiting Cousins Club and are realizing the benefits of living in Arizona! Tanya (11) won first place in the reunion foot-race for her age group and second place in the women's competition.

Joseph won first place in the flipper contest.

### Dixie and Bob Forsyth

are excited to have Bob's brother, J.D. and his wife Sandy and baby move near them in Springfield. They stayed with Dixie and Bob until they found an apartment of their own. They've also had John's oldest, Emily, staying with them for the summer. Tiffany, (18) was accepted to B.Y.U. and looks forward to that this fall.

### Steve and Kristine Hales

have been living in Virginia for over four years and really enjoy it. Steve is in charge of Eagle Shields in their area, a new technological insulation which is very revolutionary to the industry. They also have their bindery business at home, which the children are very helpful with. Their oldest, Matt (16) is now driving and bought a car from their home teacher. (Matt is the oldest Andelin grandson.)

### John and Cindy Andelin

had a very busy June with organizing our Andelin Family Reunion. They have six active children, and a new baby born July 14. Now they have four girls and three boys. Their new daughter they named Oliva.

### Robert and Ginny Leavitt

are having a busy summer. Robert is superintendent of the construction of an L.D.S. Chapel two hours away. Benjamin (14) has been going with him all summer and is a great worker. He and his Dad come home Wednesday nights (Bishopric meeting!) and weekends. Sometimes Andrew (7) and Casey (9) get to go. Bonnie and Sara and brothers have done

a lot of weeding in the blueberries this summer. Ginny is expecting in August, so enjoys being inside by the air-conditioner!

### Paul and Judy Andelin

have enjoyed having Wendy (John and Cindy's) this summer. They traveled to the North Dakota reunion by train, a real treat for kids as well as parents. Paul is busy at the hospital. They would like to get on-base housing, but probably won't stay in Tennessee after his time with the Navy is up in a year and a half.

### Craig and Merilee Saunders

are doing great. Brenna is eight months old and such a joy to them. They love to go on trips when off work as much as possible.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Dean Berry	Family President
Diana Rice	Editor
Anna Marie Wood	Associate Editor
Elaine Ward	Effie's Family
Janice Falls	Maree's Family
Louine Hunter	Kay's Family
Steve Berry	Lee's Family
Diana Rice	Norma's Family
Ginny Leavitt	Helen's Family
Jon Berry	Dean's Family
Lydia Berry	Family Archivist
Maree Hamblin	Writer
Lee Berry	Writer
Dean Berry	Writer
Joycell Cooper	Henscratchings
Roger Rice	Publisher
JoAnn Larsen	Treasurer

Thomas Erskene who lived from 1750 to 1823, was a Baron and Lord Chancellor of England. He said, "Whoso neglects learning in his youth loses the past and is dead in the future."

REUNION SONGS  
BY THE TEENY WEENY DEANY KIDS

B O R N A B E R R Y

It started back in 1884  
Before Berry long there were many, many  
more  
Effie and Marie and a Kay and a Lee  
Norma and a Helen and a teeny weeny  
Deany

CHORUS:

They were Born a Berry  
Born a Berry, Born a Berry, Born a Berry

They looked good--looked good  
Looked fine--looked fine  
Looked good--looked fine  
So many now it blows my mind!

Now it's 1988  
We're here once again to celebrate  
Aunts, Uncles, cousins and our spouses  
Sharing tents, food and the out houses.

That's why we were Born a Berry  
REPEAT CHORUS

THERE'S A PLACE

There's a place I know  
Up Mallory Hill  
That has Ponderosa Pines  
Dust and Rust  
A camp and a grill  
An old Spanish Mine

It's my childhood dream  
With trees of green  
And the ground is red  
There's plenty of space  
So take your place  
It's a wide open spread.

CHORUS:

This is our homestead  
Our homestead  
This is our homestead  
Our homestead.

The old sawmill  
The Harris Cave  
The little Giant Spring  
The Sugar Plum Tree

Sierra Trigo Hill  
The old tree swing.

When I was a kid  
My dad would lift me up  
Put me on his head  
Walk me around  
Then he would say  
Take a good look my friend.

CHORUS

INTERLUDE

This is the place where  
Memories are born  
Every second year  
Kinfolk will travel  
From far and near  
Just to gather here.

To take cold showers  
Skin your knee  
Take a stitch or two  
Fling a horseshoe here  
Flip a flipper there  
There's a lot to do.

There's good food to eat  
And cousins to meet  
At the cooking shed  
The spaghetti we eat  
Sticks between the teeth  
But we stay well fed.

CHORUS

There's ghost stories to tell  
By Aunt Joycell  
We won't sleep a spell  
The camp is keen  
The air is clean  
But the outhouses smell.

There may have been times  
You may have thought  
Wished you'd stayed home in bed  
But when I left traces  
Of loved ones' faces  
So glad I came here instead.

CHORUS REPEAT TWICE

# SILVER THREADS

by Effie Berry Ellsworth

*Effie Berry Ellsworth earned a degree in drama at B.Y.U. For a time, she wrote her own scripts and did all her own voices and advertisements for the radio show "Silver Threads" for station KOY in Phoenix. Her Whiting Grandparents were the inspiration for the Ma and Pa series and she was called Edweena Whiting.*

Theme:

January 27, 1933

Announcer:

Well--yesterday we left the old folks making plans to go out and look over Pa's sand bank investment--and things are pretty blue at Pa's and Ma's house. Let's see how they have progressed. Here they are. Ma is talking on the phone.

Ma: (on telephone) So you'll take me an Pa out to that sand bank in the Superstition Mountains for \$20.00

Pa: What's that? Twenty dollars?

Ma: Keep still Pa--

Pa: Be sure an tell him we don't want to buy the car.

Ma: Well----we'll let you know----Oh--That's if it takes us two days, but---and it will be \$10.00 for one day---alright---goodbye.

Pa: That's too dad-gummed high, Mother. \$10.00 fer one day  
--that'd make twenty dollars for the two days.

Ma: Well, it would be worth it. Land-a-goshan, Pa--I want to see that sand bank with my own eyes.

Pa: That sand bank has gone an made us so dad-gummed poor that we can't afford nothin, Mother.

Ma: We kin afford to see what's made us poor, can't we?

Pa: It's just your curiosity that's gittin the best of ya. That's all!

Ma: Now, Pa, I ain't so sure but what it might turn out to be a good thing after all.

Pa: That's what I thought when that salesman sold it to me. (laugh) You'd jist change your mind as soon as ya saw it. Now you just let me alone fer awhile. I want to read my paper.

Ma: But Pa, I sure think it would be wise to go see it anyhow. Why it may turn out to be a reel sand mine.

Pa: Sure that's jist what it is. A reel sand mine! But it ain't worth a bloomin thing. I don't think we ought to go a'tall, Mother. We're jist as poor as we was fore we got rich, and ya know dad-gummed well that we wouldn't a thought of affordin a trip like that then. (rattles newspaper)

Ma: Shucks, Pa--when you git yer nose in that paper, er in some kind of a book, I--I feel like tearin it to pieces. (pause) Right when we're tryin to decide an important thing like this, ya have to go an settle yerself peacefully in an ole book or paper.

Pa: (rattles paper.) (grunts)

Ma: I wish to goodness we hadn't a subscribed fer that paper this year. (pause) We've got it a comin fer another whole year now? (pause) If we had it to do over agin I sure wouldn't think of it. (pause) (change tone) Oh look Pa!

Pa: What? What's the matter now?

Ma: Look--I never did notice that--that picture was hangin so crooked. Did you, Pa?

Pa: I swan--the way ya sounded, I thought somethin was happenin. (rattle paper) Let it hang that way. It's alright.

Ma: Well, it ain't alright. It would drive me crazy to have to look at it hangin that way.

Pa: Then don't look that way. Look at somethin else.

Ma: I couldn't. My eyes would be goin up there without me knowin it.

Pa: I bet that's the first time you've looked at it fer a "Coon's Age"--er you'd have noticed it before.

Ma: Well, nevertheless, it's got to be straightened right this very minute.

Pa: Oh, dad-burn-it! (rattles paper) I know by the tone of yer voice that it means I can't finish my paper till that picture is hung straight.

Ma: (distant) I'll bring in the high stool an you kin stand on it--an I'll stand way back so's I kin tell ya when it's straight.

Pa: (scrapes chair) Now, if I fall, it will be your fault.

Ma: Well--I'll take a chance on it. Be careful now. Land-a-goshen. The way you climb on chairs lately--anybody would think you was older than Adam.

Pa: I will be if ya (grunts as getting on stool) make me climb up on many more stools--If it aint fer wall paperin, its fer hangin pictures--er some other foolish notion ya happen to git in yer head.

Ma: Quit fussin--Now I'll stand right back here an tell ya when its nice an straight.

Pa: (grunts and shoves picture) Well--which way shall I move it? Toward the barn?

Ma: No-- land-a-goodness, it's already toward the barn. Move it toward the--kitchen door.

Pa: your eyes must be crooked. It looks to me like it ought to go toward the barn.

Ma: That's cause you've got yer head tipped that way. Now--now ya got it too fer.

Pa: Is that all right?

Ma: Almost. (pause) Now move it back just a little teeny bit.

Pa: Now--is THAT alright?

Ma: No--now ya moved it too fer agin.

Pa: Dad-burn-it. Why don't ya make up yer mind one way er another.

Ma: Well what you call a little teeny bit must not be what I call a little teeny bit.

Pa: Aw--let's take the picture down an leave it down, Mother. I'm tired of it, anyhow.

Ma: I should say not. That's our best picture, Pa. (pause) Say, Pa, I wish you'd keep your socks pulled up. I declare--they look simply awful a hangin down like that.

Pa: Well, I have got em pulled up. What ya talkin about?

Ma: No you ain't. I guess I kin see. They're hangin right down over your shoe tops. I didn't notice em till ya got up on that stool.

Pa: Where? --Where do you see my sox a hangin down?---

Ma: Why I never saw the like. You'll be tripin an fallen over em if you don't keep em up. Land-a-goshen. Have you gone--what do ya call it? "collegeate" and quit a wearin your garters altogeter?

Pa: What I got my garters on. What's the matter with ya? Now where do you see my sox? Tell me!

Ma: Right there! An if you can't see em somethin has gone wrong with yer eyes. I declare--there--as plain as the nose on your face.

Pa: (laughs) That aint my sox--that's my new underwear you bought me.

Ma: Why it ain't no such a thing. Them new underwear was that new fancy athletic kind, Pa.

Pa: Yeah--an these is them self-same fancy athletic kind a underware, too.

Ma: Them new ones?

Pa: Yeah--these are them--they used to be short alright.

Ma: But what in the world--

Pa: That's what comes of you gittin that new kind with such a fancy name. What do ya call em?

Ma: Rayon.

Pa: Well, I tried to tell ya not to git em. I was skeptical of em when ya told me bout em--

Ma: Well, they was so nice an soft--an I thought--they was the short--

Pa: They was short when ya first bought em--the first time ya washed em they stuck me below the knees--then the next time they was washed they hit me bout to the shoe tops--

Ma: Well ain't that the--

Pa: --and then the last time ya washed em they come clear down over my feet.

Ma: Well, you git right down off that chair this minute--we'll cut em off. Land-a-goshan. You can't go round with em lookin like that!

Pa: Then hadn't I better stay up on the stool so's ya kit git at em better?

Ma: No--ya got to roll up yer pants legs. I'll go git the scissors. (going distance) And ya can't roll em up while yer standin on the stool. You'd fall right off.

Pa: Oh, the dickens. (grumbling to self) There alright just the way they are. Feller can't git a dad-burned bit of peace round here any more. (getting down off stool) If I kin stand en this way, you sure ought to could.

Ma: (close) Pa, I couldn't find the scissors any place, so we'll have to use the butcher knife.

Pa: Well, we won't, dad-burnit! You'll cut my leg off.

Ma: I won't either. Land-a-goshan. I guess I know how to use a knife as much as I have to use one round the house.

Pa: Well, ya don't use one fer this kind a thing much. I tell ya, I ain't so sure.

Ma: You'll have to sit down in a chair, I guess. I can't git at em with ya standin up like that.

Pa: I swan, you'll have me standin on my head the next thing, I guess.

Ma: I wish you'd quit grumblin. Quit movin around fer land sakes!

Pa: I bet you'd move around, too, if you was gittin your under wear cut off with a butcher knife.

Ma: Keep still, I tell ya!

Pa: Ouch! I knew it! I knew it all the time. Dad-gum-it --that you'd cut my leg if you tried to use the butcher knife.

Ma: I couldn't help it, Pa. It was cause you wouldn't keep still.

Pa: Dad-burnit. You've gone an cut my leg half off. Why don't ya do somethin? Ya just stand there a goppin at me.  
Ma: Why, it's bleedin, I do believe.  
Pa: Course it's bleedin. I swan--don't ya think it would bleed when ya cut it half off?  
Ma: Goodness--I guess we had better wrap it up, hadn't we.  
Pa: Well, are you just now thinkin of that? Course ya better wrap it up, if ya don't want me to git blood poisen in it.  
(PHONE RINGS)  
Ma: Now, who could that be?  
Pa: Better let me answer it, Mother. Here, let me answer it, I tell ya.

Announcer:

Well, one thing's sure. Pa is surely disgusted with rayon underwear, and Ma, too. But finally they have decided to go see their investment tomorrow. Be sure and be with us Monday at this time andew will find out all about it.

## A LATER INSTALLMENT

Ma: (distance) Pa. Oh, Pa! (pause) If you want any biscuits fer breakfast, come out here.  
Pa: Out where?  
Ma: Out here on the back porch, of course. Now, where did ya think I was, fer land sakes? An if ya want any biscuits, come out here an hold up the lid of the flour bin fer me.  
Pa: I swan. The same old story. (going distance) It looks to me like ya could make a handier arrangement than this old flour bin. I---  
Ma: You don't need to be so lazy as all that. I declare--if I'm willin to make yer ole biscuits, you should be willin to do a simple little thing like holdin up the lid to the bin--  
Pa: The idea, in this day an age of the world, to have a confounded "Two-man" flour bin. That's jist what it is--a "Two-man" flour bin.  
Ma: Quit yer grumblin and hold this lid up fer me.  
Pa: This is the awkwardist old bin I ever saw, anyway. Ya have to reach in so fer ya nearly tumble in head first for every dad-burned hand-full of flour.  
Ma: (head in box) Well, you made this flour bin. You was the very one that designed it---  
Pa: Well, ain't ya bout through? That's enough flour. How many biscuits do you think we kin eat, anyhow? Why in the dickens don't you use that fancy little white can I bought you fer yer birthday --made on purpose fer flour --with flour painted right on it?  
Ma: (head in bin) Land-a-goshan. It's too nice! You don't need to think I'm goin to go an use my nice birthday presents fer everyday things do ya?  
Pa: That's what I got it fer. An you won't use it fer nothin but to look at. I swan! Ain't you bout through, now?  
Ma: (loud thump) Eeeeeek! Ouch! -----Pa--fer land sakes.  
Pa: Well, I'll be dad-gummed. Now how did I let go of that lid like that. Did it hurt ya, Ma?  
Ma: Pa, fer land sakes-a-goshen-an heavens-above. Raise that lid off my yead. Yer breakin my neck, Pa. Hurry-O-O-O-O-O-!!  
Pa: Did it hurt ya, Mother?  
Ma: (mad) Yes it did!  
Pa: Dad-burned it I kin see how I happened to let that lid slip.  
Ma: I think ya did it on purpose--that's what I think!  
Pa: Now, I didn't do no such a thing, Mother. I thought you was all through.  
Ma: It's a big wonder that you didn't break my neck. I think that's the most careless trick I ever heard tell of!  
Pa: (trying to be sympathetic) Well, Dad-gum-it. That sure is too bad. It sure is, Mother.  
Ma: Too bad! I guess you sure do feel sorry. You've gone an bumped my head half off and then try to tell me you're sorry.  
Pa: Come in the front room where it's lighter and let me look at your head.  
Ma: What good would it do to look at it? It's already done an bumped.  
Pa: (coming closer) I kin be sorry fer ya, can't I?  
Ma: No, you can't!

Pa: Dad-gum-it. I guess I've got a right to be sorry fer ya, if I want to. Quit rubbin yer head, Mother. That'll make it worse.

Ma: You ain't the least bit sorry bout bumpin my head. I kin tell, the way you smile outa the corners of yer eyes.

Pa: Never mind finishin the biscuits, Mother. We kin go without em this morning. We'll just do without em on account of you bumpin your head.

Ma: Well, I'm goin to make some, just the same! You don't need to eat any if you don't want to, but I'm hungry fer some biscuits.

Pa: Alright. But I just thought that maybe you didn't feel like makin em.

Ma: There's a great big lump raisin up right on the back of my head.

Pa: Well, now I wonder if there's somethin I kin do fer it, Mother? (pause) Don't you want me to help ya make the biscuits this morning?

Ma: No. I don't need none of yer help a'tall. Go on in the front room an read yer newspaper.

Pa: Well, I'll be dad-burned! (pause) Why don't you say somethin?

Ma: (hums tune)

Pa: By the way, Mother-----Dad-burned it I could make the clock run a'tall. I swan. I got it together alright, so it sure ought to run. Got it all together exceptin a few extry wheels and three little screws. An I couldn't find a place to put em, so I just left em out. (pause) Dad-burned if it will run, though. (pause) Are you still mad, Mother?

Ma: (sarcastically) Hum---clocks are such simple devices!

Pa: Say, I'll bet I know why it won't run, dad-gum-it. It's cause we've had the blamed thing so dad-gummed long. Don't you think we've had that clock about long enough?

Ma: It was our weddin present.

Pa: Sure--and I think that's bout long enough to keep an old clock around. Don't you, Mother?

SILENCE

Why don't ya talk, Mother? Now, you ain't still peeved over a little thing like a bump on the head, are you Mother? (pause) Say, wasn't that lucky that the sand mine salesman come back here agin yisterday? (pause) It ain't very often that folks is lucky enough to git their money all back after they've once sunk it, is it, Mother? (Pause) You know, Mother, I had a feeling all along that that young salesman wasn't a crook a'tall. (pause) Ain't you glad we've still got our 7600 dollars, Mother? Aren't you glad we're still rich, Mother?

Ma: It wasn't due to your good management that we've still got our money.

Pa: (laughs) I sure thought every thing was lost an gone fer sure. I was never so surprised in my life as I was to see that salesman come walkin up the walk last night. And it struck me then an there--that he had a real honest lookin face. Even if he did sell us a sand wash for \$7600.

Ma: Hum!

Pa: I knew good and well the way he knocked on the door that he was sorry he hand't madea square deal with us--and that he'd come--

Ma: Yesterday, you was convinced he was a crook, till he paid us back our 7600 dollars. Well, that very fact makes me think that he is a crook!

Pa: An yesterday, you thought he was a nice young man. Dad-gummed if you ain't about the most contrary woman alive--besides Mrs. Sugget.

Ma: Well, you mark my word that "he didn't pay us back our money just cause he was sorry fer us. He was thinkin bout his own self. Now you wait an see--

Pa: Well, he can go to the dickens. I don't care--now that we've got our money back again.

PAUSE

Does your head still hurt you, Mother? You ain't still peeved at me, are you, Mother?

Ma: Did I say I was?

Pa: No. (Pause) Say, Mother--if you'll fergit about the lid to the flour bin, that is--well--if you'll just kinda cheer up--and talk a lot like you usually do--I'll let you take charge of our money--an let you invest it this time. (pause) How would you like to do that, Mother?

Ma: You mean you'll let me have my say about how we'll invest the seventy six hundred dollars this time?

Pa: I sure do. I think you're kinda smart about money matters after all, Mother.

Ma: And will you promise not to make a bit of fuss--no matter how I want to invest it?

Pa: That's exactly what I'll agree to do, Mother. Dad-burned if I won't!

Ma: Well-----I know just exactly what I'm goin to do with it. I sure do, Pa!

Pa: Well----(curious) Well----what is it you're goin to do with it?

Ma: You just wait an see, Pa. You just wait and see!



## FIVE GENERATIONS IN 1951

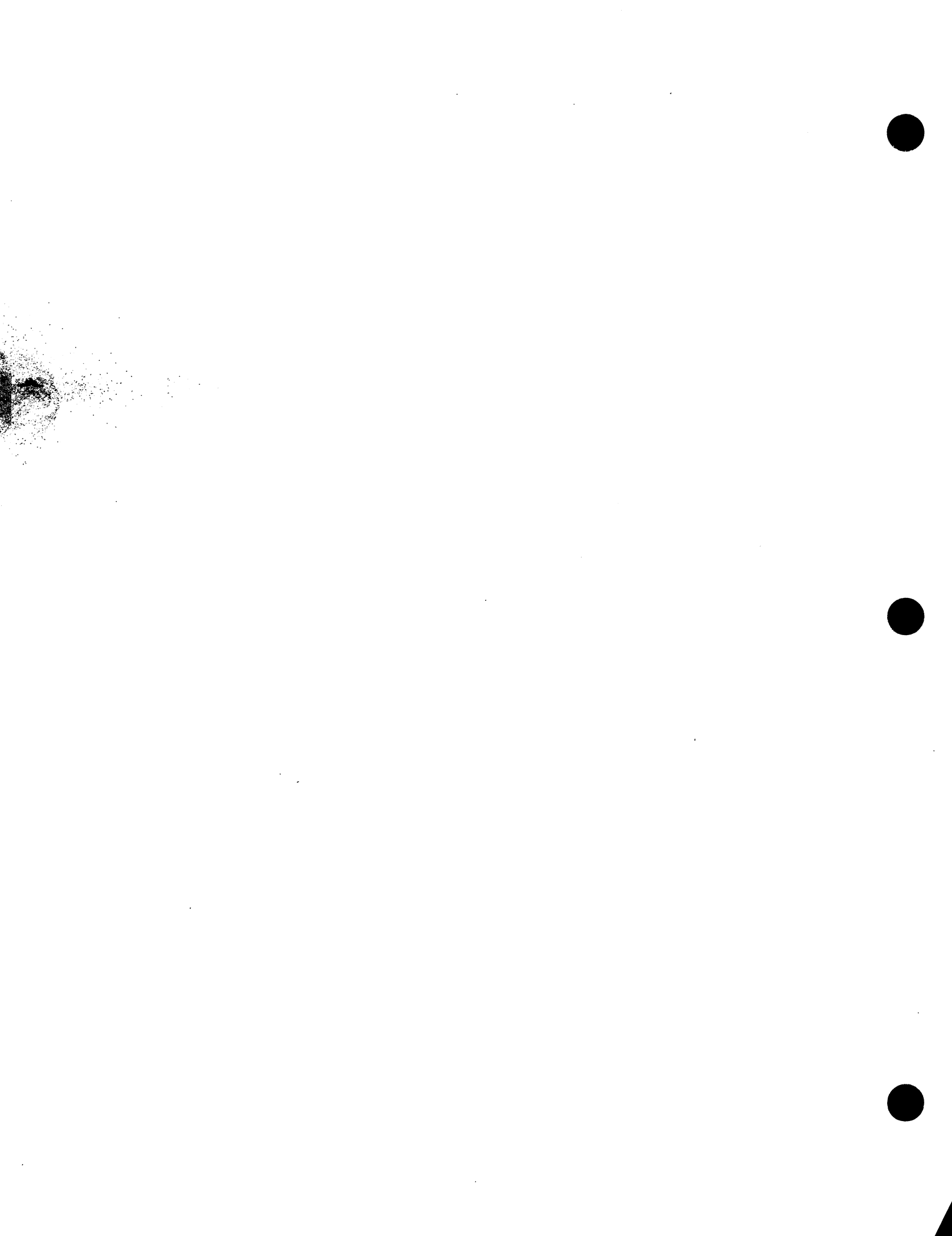
The above photograph records five generations, rare because all are females. Left to right, Leilani Hamblin Cunningham, Maree Berry Hamblin, May Whiting Berry, Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting, and Valerie Cunningham.

Maree explains, "Grandma Whiting gave me the dress Valerie has on in this picture. Great Grandma Isaacson made it, by hand, for Grandma (Maria) to be christened in. It is white with little yellow stripes.

"The funny part about this picture is, Mother went down to the L.A. Times to put it in the paper. They refused because they thought we were trying

to pull something. They thought Valerie was a doll. One woman said to Mother, 'Look at those little fingers--don't tell me that is not a doll.' Mother was confused, between having such a beautiful great grandchild, and not being believed. So she went clear home and took Valerie back to the newspaper office. They printed the picture.

As near as I can figure, the christening dress is over 125 years old. I was almost afraid to put it in water before Valerie wore it. I put a little "lux" in the water, and the dress came out just fine. Valerie is the only great grandchild to wear it."



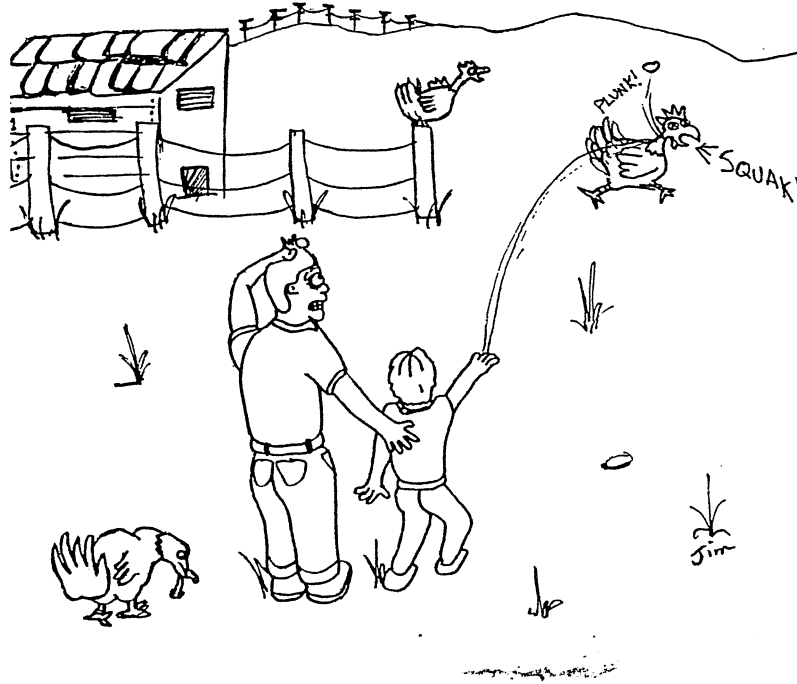


## CHICKEN FOR DINNER

by A. Kay Berry

Dad had a small flock of high priced and special-breed chickens. I remember that they were red and had unusual combs and feathers. He was trying to get a new breed started in St. Johns. One day, Dad and I were looking at them from a distance of 40 to 50 feet. I picked up a small flat rock and said, "Dad, can I have one throw at that rooster with this rock?" He measured the distance with his eye, looked at the rock, and rather reluctantly murmured, "Yes." I sailed the rock over, and would you believe it--the rock struck the rooster in the neck and it flopped on the ground, dying. To save the meat, Dad wrung it's neck.

When we took it in the house, Mother looked in astonishment at Dad's prized fowl. "What happened?" she asked. Dad turned his eyes on me. I was just about to blubber, "Yes, I did it, but Dad said I could!" when he sheepishly admitted that he had given me his permission to kill his rooster! He took the blame like a man. It took a long time before we remembered that incident with humor!



## HIGH DIVER

by A. Kay Berry

It was summertime and my brother Lee and I and our cousin Ray Brown had been up at the Little Reservoir watching a number of young people swimming and playing in the water. A group of young men did high dives off from a high rock at the edge of the lake and into a deep area of water while I watched in absolute fascination.

When we returned home that evening, we proceeded to take our Saturday night bath. I wanted to show Lee how the divers did it, so I got up on the edge of the tub and did a fancy dive into the bottom of the tub. Needless to say, I almost cracked my skull! It raised a knot over my left eyebrow the size of a hen's egg. Mother was horrified, but couldn't decide who to blame for the near tragedy.





# A BEAR STORY

by H. Lee Berry

as told to him 63 years ago by his grandfather Edwin Marion Whiting

Grandpa Edwin Marion Whiting always said that his brother John was the best hunter in the family, and that he was second best. John smelted and formed the bullets for the guns they used at that time. At the Little Giant Springs millsite, John practiced shooting in his spare time, and used a good sized pine tree for target practice. By the end of the summer, he had shot the tree down.

I remember my Grandfather saying that he and John were once hunting together, a little separated in distance, when John jumped a herd of five deer. His first shot brought down two, and he was able to kill all five deer. Anyone who has tried to get a single shot at a deer in an open forest can appreciate that remarkable feat.

When Grandpa was in his middle twenties, he and John obtained a contract with the Santa Fe Railway to supply meat delivered in Holbrook, Arizona by the wagonload. They were professional hunters and along with many other teams of hunters, provided large quantities of game to be fed to the railway workers.

Once when hunting deer in a forest, Edwin and John came across fresh grizzly bear tracks. They found the situation very exciting because it was a chance "to get their grizzly."

Grizzly bears (*Ursos Horribilis*) are characterized by massive bodies and humped shoulders. This species of bear seems to have a genetic feud with man, and it is certain that the horrible growls and menacing charge of these large carnivores arouse humans to the ultimate challenge when they charge in combat.

Usually bears are hunted with dogs, but Edwin and John had no dogs so they

decided to track and overtake the bear. It is no accomplishment to track a grizzly because their claws do not retract, so they often leave an obvious trail. After a few hours they found the tracks led into a cave.

Grandpa and Uncle John, in preparation for entering the cave, stopped and gathered a bundle of dry twigs to serve as a torch. This they did hurriedly because the day was closing rapidly and it was growing dark.

Next, they checked their guns to make sure they were ready. Their guns were single shot, black-powder rifles. When the rifleman pulls the trigger, there is a slight delay, then a flash of light as the powder fires.

Now prepared, they lighted their torch and entered the cave. The cave was big enough for them to walk upright, but they could not see anything other than the walls, nor could they hear anything--least of all the bear. Gradually the torch burned away and they were in total darkness. Apparently the bear was subdued by the sight of the flame, but with the darkness came horrible sounds from the cave, and the sounds began to get louder and louder.

Grandpa whispered to his brother, "I'll fire first when it gets closer, so you can see to get a shot." Then he fired. They both saw the bear with the flash of black powder. Uncle John fired, and all became silent.

The brothers retreated from the cave and made another torch. They re-entered the cave, where they found the bear dead from a single shot--he was shot through the heart and lying only about 10 feet from where they had been standing.

