



Nihil Sine Labore—Nothing Without Work

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family

FEBRUARY / MAY 1989 DOUBLE ISSUE

DEVOTED TO EFFIE

This issue is filled with firsts. For the first time we are concentrating on one subject. The material is lengthy, so we are including a table of contents and making this a double issue.

Our subject is May and Herbert Berry's firstborn, Effie. Many thoughts and emotions about Effie have never been publicly discussed in the forty years since her death. There were no dark secrets, only deep sadness and grief which seemed to be kept locked in the hearts of those who knew and loved her.

Looking back after so many years, it soon became apparent that much pain had to be faced by those who needed to tell her story. We thank them for putting the pain aside and concentrating on the project with great dedication and tremendous love.

Many in the family contributed to the fulfillment of this project, but special mention and gratitude should be given to: Uncle Lee, for spearheading and personally supervising the entire project, to Aunt Maree for sharing her incredibly detailed memory and love, to Aunt Elga and Aunt Myn for their love and support, to Elaine Ward whose perspective was so valuable, to Evelyn Gwartney for contributing many of the pictures, to Lynn, Gary and Van Ellsworth, Evelyn Gwartney, Elaine Ward, Leilani

Silvers, Ruth Lewis, and Joycell Cooper, who added their thoughts both written and verbally expressed, to Steve Berry for his advice and technical support, and to Roger Rice who contributed valuable data processing assistance and expertise. This was truly a group effort, made possible by love and great cooperation.

When we started working on this project, I told Uncle Lee that I hoped we could create a word portrait of Aunt Effie. After weeks of struggling with that objective, Uncle Lee commented to me that one can tell more about a personality by looking at the actions and accomplishments of that person than can be read in a description or opinion of what they are like.

Thus, we have tried to concentrate on her actions, and held back a little on the opinions. After forty years, however, opinions have to be inserted where documentation is thin. We have checked and verified as many details as possible. One thing that needed no substantiation or proof was the abundance of love this family has always had for each other.

We hereby dedicate this issue with great love and admiration to Effie Berry Ellsworth with the hope that her life and vitality will be remembered more than her trials.

Diana Fife Rice

WHAT IS A DOUBLE ISSUE?

We were so diligent in writing about Aunt Effie, that this Patch has grown to twice its normal size. (And we cut out a great deal of material at that.) Therefore, we are calling this a DOUBLE ISSUE, which will eliminate the May issue of the Berry Patch. Our next issue will be sent out August 1.



From the old biddie's nest in Missouri--Well, Moms and Dads, Aunts & Uncles, cousins and friends (if I have any left!) I want to tell you my spies are everywhere and have been plenty busy. Have I got the pooper scooper for you in this issue. I blush at the thoughts of some of your antics out there--and you thought I'd never find out! Hah!!! First of all, hot off the press--Eric Arbuckle, son of Jean and Gary, has graduated from floating his yellow rubber ducky in the bathtub to floating a ferry boat in Concho Lake. So great is his fame, Donald Trump offered him second in command on the third life boat of his yacht. Eric turned him down because nothing is more exciting than his ferry boat. So far among his passengers have been six tooth fairies, Tinkerbell (twice), Glenda, the good ferry from Oz, and the wicked ferry who cursed Sleeping Beauty. (Who, by the

way immediately returned to her coma after the Prince kissed her--he forgot his Scope!) However, Eric's crew complains of the constant ferry dust scattered about the deck, threatening to make him walk the plank. (He'd be so board!) He's a swell skipper, though, and waves at the passengers, which seems to tide them over until the next trip.

Susan Cooper, Marty's wife, was in the musical, "Star Child," and I must say, she did shine! they toured Arizona and enjoyed command performances in Hunt, Window Rock, Tuba City, Lone Pine (who kept needling the cast!), the Petrified Forest (the entire audience was like that!), and the Apache Reservation (HOW DID THEY DO THAT, YOU ASK?) The show on the reservation would make your scalp tingle, but it was a feather in her cap because she was so brave and refused to squash a blossom! Marty watched the kids while she rehearsed. He watched them climb on the drapes, jump on the sofa, color the beautiful murals on the living room walls, and all the fun things sweet little angels do. I guess I'd better move on to my next victim while Suzy is still talking to me!

Roger and Diana Rice had a misfortune on their way home from the Berry-Whiting reunion this summer. It seems that when they hit Flagstaff the water pump went out on their car, and everyone had to take turns pumping water in the darn thing all the way home. Roger is very thrifty, and while the kids were all excited about the reunion, they weren't sure it was worth it. Pushing the car from Walnut Creek California to the Homestead and back almost did them in, but it sure saved

on gas! Diana hardly has enough kids home to cook for anymore. Once in a while she does go all out, though. For Christmas, she served her specialty--stuffed Cheerios, steamed lettuce topped with whipped cream (Roger's favorite), cherry pit pie (never served at the same dinner with beans!) and sour mules milk shakes. (And as Keith Larson used to say, "If you believe this you can eat a skunk!")

Ginny and Robert Leavitt spent Christmas with his folks in St. George, Utah, and then enjoyed a reunion with the Andelins in Mesa. They took all the children in their van, but it was delightful. Robert, being smarter than most fathers, didn't murmur when one by one each child had to go to the bathroom. He just picked a remote sagebrush, then as each child got out, drove off picking them up on his way back home. (Why didn't we think of that when our kids were little?) Ginny said it was the most delightful trip she had ever had with the children. Robert builds churches, and has come up with a wonderful idea about class rooms for the Primary. No doors! The children are lowered by rope to the floor, about 14 feet below, then picked up after church. The brethren in Salt Lake City are so in favor of it they have decided to go a step further and do the same for the Relief Society sisters!

I was asked to be the centerfold for Playboy magazine. They wanted me to be Miss July, but finally decided they couldn't afford four pages, so cancelled the offer! Brent Berry, Uncle Dean's baby, is driving the girls wild in Provo. He fell asleep with a

volley ball net across his face, and now everybody calls him "Waffles." Besides carrying a full load at school (if you saw what he ate you'd know what I mean) he moonlights on the corner of Center and University. The money's good, but he gets tired holding that rusty tin cup and keeping track of all those pencils. So far he has had 3 blind dates (all of them mice!) and will not be satisfied until he finds a girl who looks like Elizabeth Taylor, is built like Raquel Welch, has teeth like Farah Fawcett, brains like Madame Curie and the regal bearing of Princess Di. Too bad I'm already taken, because I don't think another like me exists today! (Shut up, Dean.) Goodbye until next time--and remember, no one is safe, nothing is sacred, and I will get all the dirt, even if I have to dig it up (and I'm no clod.

Effie's Family

Please refer to page 41 for the latest news about the Ellsworth families!

Maree's Family

Jack and Joycell Cooper

Jack, Joycell, Vaylene and granddaughter Amy Falls spent Thanksgiving week in Washington D. C. with Shawn and Linda. It was one of the most delightful vacations we've ever had, and one not soon forgotten. We were most impressed with Shawn and his job as Press Secretary for the Majority Whip of the House, Tony Coelho. His office is right across the street from the capitol, in the Cannon building, and we were very

warmly welcomed by the staff and Congressman Coelho himself. He had a staff photographer take our picture with him and graciously autographed each one, one to Jack and me, one to Vaylene, and one to Amy. We visited every monument we could get to in the three days we had to sightsee. We missed a lot, which makes a good excuse to return again. Arlington Cemetery was hallowed ground and we were fortunate to arrive at the Unknown Soldier's Tomb just as 125 military cadets from Argentina were presenting a wreath at the Tomb. Taps were played and it brought tears to the eyes of all the on-lookers. The weather cooperated, no snow, and Linda and Shawn and children have settled in as though they had always been there. What an exciting city to live in, and there is never nothing to do! The highlight was a nice long visit with Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia, Judi, Steve, Norma Jean, Gary Arbuckle, Van Ellsworth, and a sundry of teenagers. Uncle Lee looked great, and we laughed and talked as fast as we all could. The neat thing about our family is that we all talk. No one listens, but we all seem to be able to communicate! It was worth the entire trip to find out that Steve buys all Norma Jean's Christmas presents at K-Mart! Cory, Shawn and Linda's 9-year-old is breaking swim records back there, as she did in California. It's not easy practicing her 100 laps in the bathtub, but she manages.

Jerome and Janice Falls

and family are fine. Brett lives and works about 30 miles away in Carthage, MO. (Not the Carthage where the Prophet was martyred!) Heather lives in

Mesa, AZ, Garrett is attending college in Joplin, Amy is a junior, Brenna is a sophomore, and Mariah a 6th grader. Jerome works for the Diamond Cattle sale yard, and is their top salesman, plus he raises cattle of his own on the side. Janice works for David Vandagriff, an LDS attorney in Monett.

Martin and Susan Cooper

Marty is Young Mens President. He has also started his own company, Cooper and Associates. He is doing market, economic and behavioral research for several large Fortune 500 firms. Since going on his own, he has had to devote many hours to his job, but has found he can be more flexible with his time and his family sees more of him than before. Yea!!! Susan is known as the "kool-aid" mom. There are usually about 8-9 kids at the house at any one time. To get away from it all, she auditioned last summer for the plays "Star Child" and "Saturday's Warrior" and spent the better part of the summer and fall as one of the trio. It was a tremendous experience. Chelsea has started kindergarten. She loves the experience, and her teacher is very complimentary. She sang her first solo at the Ward Christmas party, microphone and everything! Chance, 3, is turning out to be all boy. His favorite movie is Robin Hood starring Errol Flynn, and dressed the part for Halloween. He asked for and got a sword for Christmas, and has slept, bathed and ate with it ever since. Caitlin, 15 months, is everybody's sweetheart. She recently had to have tubes put in her ears to prevent constant earaches.

Lance and Kathy Cooper are still in Las Vegas, with Lance coaching and teaching biology and physics. Kathy is student teaching and will have her masters soon and be ready to face the classroom.

Rory and Angela Hubbard are still in Phoenix, and have decided to try their luck in Missouri. They have decided they will never be able to afford a home in the Valley, and are tired of the rat race, so will try their luck out here. Rory wants to go to college full time and become a teacher, and they will be able to get by on a lot less back here.

Vaylene Cooper

is a junior, made the honor role (which she says is a fluke!) and is a joy to us in our old age (that's because we are becoming deaf and blind!)

Jack and I are doing fine for a couple of old fogies! He's busy with the High Council, dentistry, fixing up things around the place, being chairman of the Pierce City Park Board, and everything else. I'm busy trying to keep up with him. With only the two of us in the office now, it's working out really well. We can take patients any time that suits us, and for us, it's great. I could tell you the real news, but you'd all be so jealous it would ruin your lives--so I'll just give you this advice--read all about it in the next Enquirer!

Markay's

son Timothy has moved again. His address is: Elder Timothy Hamblin, 311 Slater Blvd., Staten Island, New York 10305.

Kay's Family

Aunt Beth

Because it's New Year's Resolution Time, and because the following reading so accurately describes the way Kay lived his life, I thought some readers of the Berry Patch might enjoy this:

Promise Yourself

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind. To talk of health, happiness, and prosperity to every person you meet. To look on the sunny side of everything, and make your optimism come true. To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect the best. To be just as enthusiastic about success of others as you are about your own. To forget the mistakes of the past and to press on to the greater achievements of the future. To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to have a smile ready for every person you meet. To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others. To live in the faith that the world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you. --anonymous

David and Sharon Berry's

two oldest daughters, Cindi and Julie, became brides on the same day in the Los Angeles Temple. Cindy married Brian Watkins of Glendora, California, and Julie married Kent Lundin, of Lake Havasu, Arizona, on December 17.

John and Louine Hunter

acquired another daughter-in-law, Amy Eager, on February 4 when David and Amy were married in the Los Angeles Temple. Amy

lived in nearby Newbury Park when David first met her prior to his mission, but her family moved to Mesa while he was away. Do any of you Mesa relatives know the Ron and Karen Eager family of Mesa? In case you are wondering, this Eager family is the same family that Eager, Arizona is named for.

Steven Hunter writes: I have never had a very good singing voice, but I am blessed to be married to a beautiful woman who has a fantastic voice. My wife often sings solos for special events, and is a regular performer in sacrament meeting in our ward.

Last month, she started to sing a beautiful song in sacrament meeting, but after she sang the first line, she stopped singing, had a puzzled look on her face, then turned around and instructed the pianist to start the song over. So Tracy started the song over, and sang it clear through.

When she finished, she came and sat down by me. I asked what had happened during the song. She chuckled and replied, "For some reason, after I sang the first line, I forgot the words to the rest of the song!" We really had a good laugh after that because the first line of the song was, "I WISH I COULD REMEMBER..."

Lee's Family

H. Lee and Virginia Berry are doing fine. Lee has recovered from the immediate effects of surgery but is burdened by the long-term consequences of no longer having a stomach, including

dietary, nutritional, and weight-loss problems. There are also emotional and psychological difficulties associated with any form of cancer. He really enjoys talking with family members and he and Virginia love having family visitors, so if you haven't seen Washington, D.C., here's a good excuse to make the trip. Virginia has been preoccupied with helping Lee, but her health has been relatively good through it all.

Jean and Gary Arbuckle: Jean and Gary are finishing remodeling their basement. They're doing most of the work themselves because it gets done better. They are planning a trip to Alaska this summer. They don't know it's not a frontier anymore since Aunt Maree civilized it. Gary (who is a dentist) says L.D.S. patients are very slow to pay.

Noticing that some of her children may be thinking about marriage some day, Jean has started quoting something she read recently in the newspaper, "Marriage is like an endless meal, in which the dessert is served first."

Jeff is completing medical school. He just finished ten interviews for his residency, from Portland, Oregon, to Rhode Island. On March 20 he'll find out where he's going. He'll specialize in family practice. For his interview in Seattle, Jean went with him and they visited the Luke family.

Chris is finishing her job with the Transportation Department, preparing to move to Omaha to work and get better acquainted with her fiance who lives there.

Eric is into upper division classes in his college work, and enjoys them a whole lot more because they require reasoning instead of memorization. He still has a love of the sea and captains boats in the harbor at Norfolk whenever he can.

Steve and Judi Berry:

Steve is still working at doing wedding photography part-time. He's concluded that L.D.S. families complain a lot about the cost of wedding photography ("I could have a print made at K-Mart for \$.59"). Judi has changed jobs. She now does the physical examinations on all new prisoners at the county jail. She certainly meets some interesting people.

Stephanie is finishing her senior year in high school. She tells her parents they're having senior-skip day--about once a month. She was one of the five finalists for "Best Looking Girl" out of her class of 735. Two of the other girls were also L.D.S., which is interesting when you consider how few Mormons there are in the school. Stephanie has been accepted at B.Y.U. and will be living in Deseret Towers.

Annette just turned 16 and got her driver's license the same day. She ran a red light during the test, but the examiner was so busy admiring Annette that he didn't notice.

David finished football season playing starting offensive and defensive lineman for a club team that won the county select championship--and it's a big county. He also had a drawing published illustrating one month in a calendar produced by the school as a fund-raiser.

Mike is having a good time in school. His grade, sixth, is the oldest at his school, so it's like being a senior. He's getting ready for Lacrosse season, which is his sport.

Patricia and Ray Felsted: The Felsteds are settling into their new home in a suburb of San Francisco and they love it. It has an acre of land and a swimming pool, so all the kids are learning to swim. The children can bicycle around the new neighborhood and have made lots of friends. The whole family went skiing for a week right after Christmas.

Benjamin is taking piano lessons and loves piano almost as much as Nintendo.

Brandon is playing ice hockey and enjoying it very much.

Kirsten, a first-grader, is learning to swim and to ice skate.

Kelly is in kindergarten. The family has a Dachshund puppy and Kelly has fallen in love with it.

Matthew, who is three, is enjoying swimming and can even dive off the diving board.

Eileen and Bob Luke: The Luke family is running smoothly as usual. Bob says L.D.S. clients (he's a lawyer) want to borrow blank forms and do their own legal work. The Luke kids provide baby-sitting services to the neighborhood, sometimes having four baby-sitters working on the same evening. The kids come home afterwards and compare notes. They've concluded that non-L.D.S. pay about twice as much as L.D.S. families.

Jenni and Juliann are taking skiing lessons through the school system. They both like to go to parties and dance.

Jon is playing basketball and wrestling (sometimes at the same time).

Shannon is anxiously waiting to move into the Young Women's program.

Missy is studying the times tables in school and doing very well in reading.

Norma's Family

Roger and Diana Rice

were able to see both Stephanie and Mike perform in the BYU Christmas Around the World Folkdancing production. Stephanie will be touring with the Folkdancers to Japan this summer with short trips to New York and Hawaii, but almost as exciting as that, they will be touring in late March through Arizona! (Do you have room, Keith and Jeannie? We know for sure that they will be stopping in Snowflake and Phoenix, and other points between.) Mike has sent in his mission application, and hopes to leave right after school is out.

Cindy is graduating in the top 30 of her class, and is eager to attend BYU. Randy is having a great wrestling season. Anna is doing very well in school. Chris has his own ATM card. Brian keeps us all marveling at the English language. He ran up with a box of rice crispies and said, "Here, Mom, stick some of these together." (He couldn't think of what to call rice crispie squares.) Roger has been working on a very exciting project for

Mervyns's department store, designing a package of AT&T software that has been getting a lot of attention.

Barry and JoAnn Larsen have now joined the ranks of parents with teen-age driver: David has his license! Bradley's basketball team finished the season undefeated. Keith loves wrestling. The Larsen boys have priorities straight: sports, scouts and homework in that order. JoAnn and Barry have organized their garage, trying to organize faster than they can fill up new shelving. Barry is enjoying his job as a legislative assistant for the state of California. His most exciting assignment so far was working on de-funding the office of family planning/abortions. It got cut out of the governor's budget. Jared is working on his artist's badge. Julianne is hard-working, and a great student.

Chuck and Bonnie Middleton Chuck has been in the news quite a bit lately, and we include a clip from PC Magazine.

Word-Processing Leaders Ready OS/2 Releases

WordPerfect's entry in the OS/2 word-processing arena, expected by the end of March, will be a direct port of its No. 1-ranked, MS-DOS version of WordPerfect 5.0.

Running under OS/2 will offer enhancements for 5.0, such as the ability to print documents in background and the lifting of memory constraints, according to ~~the company's press release~~ for the Orem, Utah, company.

Bonnie has been having back problems (which were found to be caused by a bulging disc) and has been confined to bed. She has healed nicely and says it is because her sister Diana shamelessly put her to work proofreading for the Berry Patch as soon as she heard Bonnie had all that free time.

Randy and Christa Fife recently bought a computer. Randy has installed all manner of fancy programs, and he gets as much pleasure out of installing them as he does in putting them to use. He has the Church Genealogy Program, and has been trying to fill in the many gaps he has found in our family records. He and Christa are busy expanding their own family group sheet. Their fourth child is due soon.

Kaylie, 3, their youngest, had sustained a serious eye injury, and after emergency surgery was left with a scar directly in the center of her vision. Soon after being placed on a waiting list, she was able to have a cornea transplant, and has recuperated very well. She will be wearing an eye patch on her good eye for about a year, but has been very patient and seems to understand that everything she has been through is important. She has not pulled at bandages, not even complaining at the discomfort or medical procedures and therapy. She cherishes a doll that has an eye patch, also! Coban and Normandie are very protective of their little sister.

Brad and Susanne Fife had a restful holiday. They didn't travel anywhere far, just enjoyed decorations, the smell of the Christmas tree and

the lights and warm fires in the evening. Jason and Karie enjoyed getting their Christmas shopping done early at their elementary school's boutique. Susanne was involved in making things out of wood. Brad's wood working talents were solicited and between them both, they created some plaques to be sold with pegs to hold scarves, necklaces, ties or belts. We always enjoy baking and exchanging goodies with friends and neighbors. Jason finally lost his two front teeth, and was delighted to sing "All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth" for "reals" (as he would say.) Jason turns 8 in January. We all look forward to his baptism and receiving of the Gift of the Holy Ghost. He already has a growing testimony which he gives every Testimony Meeting without falter. He has inspired Karie to follow suit. We are grateful that they are so willing to express themselves so well (at least when it comes to testimonies--in other cases, we're not so sure!)

Jason and Karie and Susanne are all trying out for their big stake musical. In the musical two years ago, Jason and Susanne made a name for themselves. We hope to draw Karie into the limelight this year! Brad and Susanne have committed to get back into shape this year. But don't ask them how its going for at least 3 months. Maybe the sore muscles will go away by then, and you can get a better response than a groan or a moan regarding their progress!

Susanne is active in the elementary school PTA program. She teaches "Project Self

Esteem" (PSE) and heads up the school spirit program. She works as first counselor in the Young Women's program at church.

Brad has been serving as first counselor in the Elders Quorum and trying to take classes to improve his position at work. He has been promoted once, and looks forward to another promotion this year sometime. He likes being in charge and organizing jobs and materials.

We appreciate Aunt Joycell writing something about us in the Berry Patch under her Scratchings! The facts don't quite compare or have half the pizzazz of her imaginings. But did it keep you wondering?

Helen's Family

Aubrey and Helen

Enjoyed visits from their kids during the holidays. Brian's, Dixie's, John's, Ginny's, and Merilee's families got together with them after Christmas. Dad and Mom are feeling quite well and must be in good health to have had so much company!

I spoke with Lane recently about the summer he and Gary and Van Ellsworth spent at Uncle Lee's home in Alhambra. Lane was about 17 years old. Uncle Lee asked the boys to clear out a playground area for his grandchildren, and build a swing set and a doll house. Lane, Gary and Van had a memorable summer, but most outstanding in Lane's mind was recalling vividly that he did all the work while Gary and Van looked on from their hammock swings and sipped lemonade!

Lane and Darlene and children are all fine. Amy just turned

16 and is taking drivers ed (anxious to get her license.) Darlene is feeling much better after several weeks of illness.

Brian is studying to take the Arizona Bar. They like the Mesa area, and Brian plans to practice law there. Helena spent three weeks in Finland with her mother who is seriously ill. It was the first time she had been back to her native land since she left 19 years ago to go to BYU.

Dixie and Bob spent Christmas in California and took their family to Disneyland. It was good to have their children together after a semester with Tiffany at BYU and Melissa and Johnny in Canada with the Forsyth grandparents.

John and Cindy drove down from North Dakota to be with the Forsyths and enjoyed the holidays together.

Kristine and Steve's family are doing well in Fairfax, VA. Kristine gave each brother and sister a special Christmas gift this year: a tape recording of Grandfather's blessings given by Grandpa Berry to each child in our family in 1965 when we lived in Clovis, California. Grandpa's voice was quite frail at that time, but it is a treasure to have a copy of it and listen to the beautiful pronouncements.

Ginny and Robert's family are all doing well. Sara (11) played her violin in the school Christmas Program, and Andrew (7) was "Frosty the Snowman." Andrew will be baptized next month on his birthday.

Paul will leave in March for a 3 month Naval assignment on a

ship. He will be in many ports of call, including Korea and part of the Orient, but most of the time he will be on a ship. Judy will be on base housing in Tennessee with the children. In a year and a half when Paul is through with his service in the Navy, he would like to set up a family practice possibly in Missouri.

Merilee and Craig are doing well in Mesa. Brenna just turned a year old. Craig is starting a new business on the side with vending machines carrying snack items. They are encouraged about its success.

Editorial Staff

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Combining the February and May issues will help keep our finances balanced, but those who have not yet subscribed are still welcome to send their money to:

JoAnn Larsen, 5542 Fleetwood Dr., Citrus Heights, CA 95621.

We are also printing 28 extra sets for Effie's grandchildren to each have their own copy. Anyone wishing to help with contributions toward that extra expense may do so, but tell JoAnn what that it is a donation not subscription!

INTRODUCING FAMILY NEWLYWEDS:



Brian and Cindy Watkins



Kent and Julie Lundin



David and Amy Hunter

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EFFIE BERRY ELLSWORTH: "A GIRL OF REMARKABLE FAITH"

BY HER UNCLE, EDWIN ISAACSON WHITING

Effie was the first grandchild for both sets of grandparents. She was born November 3, 1906. She went three years to college, taught school for a year or two, and when her health interfered, she went home to Arizona and took a business course. She served as a clerk in the Arizona Senate, and within a week after she was there, it seemed like she had things in hand and was one of the leaders.

After that, she took up radio work and it looked as if she were going to the top. It just seemed that she had the gift. She wrote scripts and was an announcer. Mr. Gaylord, who was one of the leading radio men, said Effie was the girl who gave him a start. She was an inspiration to him.

Again her health failed, just when it looked as if she was going to accomplish her goal. She heard of a doctor in Washington and went there. She did get some real benefit, and it looked as if the Lord took her there.

She worked for Mrs. Greenway, who went to Congress from our State [Arizona]. Effie was her office manager, who helped her through a successful campaign, and went with her to Washington and worked with her the two years Mrs. Greenway was in office.

She then took a job with what was the new Home Owners Loan Corporation in Washington. She was a secretary and handled the direction of work in that office, and it looked as if she were really going to go places there. Again her health failed. She came home [to Arizona] with a bad case of T.B.

I have just recounted briefly the things she accomplished in a little more than ten years between the time she came out of school and the time she was married. During most of the time, while she was accomplishing these things, she was sick. She had serious heart trouble, then because of the T.B., the doctors said her lung would have to be collapsed and she would have to stay in bed a year. She told her parents she would like to go to the temple. She did go to the temple with a temperature of 103°, and as she stood in the prayer circle, she was healed. They took her back

to the doctor, and he said, "Well, I don't understand it, but there isn't any use to treat her, she just doesn't have it."

She had a Patriarchal Blessing that guided her all through her life. She would read her blessing and say, "...my blessing says that I will have sons and daughters." Apostle Spencer W. Kimball said he believed she had the greatest faith that he had ever known. And our own patriarch, W.D. Rencher, who to us in our Stake we really looked to as being as close to the Lord as anyone, told me on at least two different occasions, "Of all the people I have ever known, I believe she comes nearest to having the kind of faith coming closest to the Lord. I believe it is near perfect."

She had a dream before she was married. A little child took her by the hand and said, "Hello, mama, I'm your little girl." She thought whenever she saw that little girl, she would know her. First came the two boys, and then a little girl. She said that was not the one. The doctors said she shouldn't have any more. Her next child was a boy. But when the last one was born, she said to my sister Minnie, "Well, this is the one, I know her." She had filled what she thought was the important part of her mission, as she judged life. It seems to me that she came just as near as possible spending each day of her life in the way that would bring her the most.

She had three major operations, serious ones, and she had three Caesarean operations. Each time, the doctors told her she couldn't live--that it was no use. All through this time she lived on citrus juices, a little pineapple, and things of that kind. How she did it all, I don't know, and I am not alone in that. It has been to me an inspiration all through life that she could carry the load that she did and never complain and could always see the good side of things and always try to be of help to others. She was never angry or unreasonable. She could always see the good in others. If some one spoke badly of anyone, she always said a good word.

And it has always been one of the gratifying things of my life that her brother, Lee Berry, always looked after her in her sickness. Lee told

me that he guessed that it was the reason he decided to be a doctor. He was her younger brother, and he seemed to have the knack of looking after her. The last two nights, when Lee stayed with her all through the night, I thought, "What more could she ask in the evening of life than that."

Now we all have to leave this world, and I don't know that we have much to say as to how soon or that the number of years judge the value and use of this life. You know, we always are trying, especially in times like this, to connect this life with the life to come. I think we think a little harder, and try a little harder to see through the veil and understand what there is on the other side. I think I can say advisedly that Effie came as near getting all she could out of the span of life she had as anyone I know. I have said this while she was alive, and so do not feel that this is an extravagant statement. I believe that Effie fulfilled her life. May we be blessed and understand the ways of the Lord. May her life be the means of bringing us a little closer and help each one of us to do our part.***

This article was taken from the eulogy given by Uncle Eddie, edited 1/15/89 by Diana Rice.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS
OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT
J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., FIRST COUNSELOR
DAVID G. MCKAY, SECOND COUNSELOR

September 2, 1936

Mrs. H. A. Berry
517 North 13th Street
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Sister:

Your letter, with its wonderful account of the great faith of your daughter and the miracle which it has wrought in her behalf, has been read by us with keenest satisfaction and joy.

The Lord has told us that faith can remove mountains; and the faith which rebuilds the human body is just as precious to the Saints and just as dear in the eyes of the Lord.

We should be loathe to say anything that would weaken the faith of your daughter. From your statement of the case it would seem that she has already disproved the human wisdom of the physicians; through the mercy of the Lord and her great faith she may again disprove it. The whole matter is one of her faith and the infinite wisdom of her Maker.

However, these matters must be approached also from the point of view of what the Lord has in mind, and where the divine purpose is involved, all human considerations must be put aside. The Lord does not reveal to us at all times what His purposes are -- it may be doubted whether or not we could understand them even if He tried to reveal them -- so whenever in this life we face a crisis, we may not always know what the Lord's will is, and we should approach that crisis with a determination to abide by whatever He sends to us.

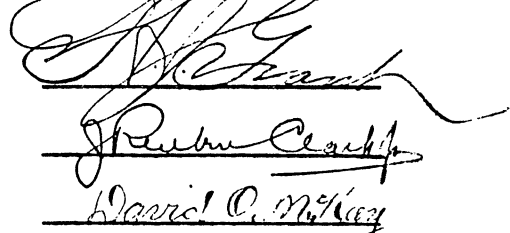
Knowing the power of faith in itself, and the regard which the Lord has for those who have faith, exercised in righteousness, we do not feel that we should say that your daughter's faith should be overruled. The Lord has healed her once, He can heal her again if His all-wise judgment shall see that this is the best course.

We believe that if she were a daughter of one of us, we should wish her to mark her own course. We are sure the Lord will bless her, and if her faith and righteousness continue, she may rest assured that whatever happens, it will be as the Lord wishes.

We shall have your daughter remembered by the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve in our prayers at the altar during our regular weekly Council meeting in the Temple tomorrow.

Praying the Blessings of the Lord upon her and upon her parents, giving you also the great faith which lives in her, we are

Faithfully your brethren,


The First Presidency

EFFIE BERRY ELLSWORTH: THE MEASURE FOR WHICH SHE WAS CREATED

by President Oscar McConkie

If it could be truthfully said of me, the things that have been said of Sister Ellsworth, I would be willing to go at any time. There's no sorrow, no lasting sorrow, in the death of a righteous soul. There is mourning, not for the righteous soul who has passed, but for ourselves. We do not mourn her.

Her life was full. She is laid away in the robes of the Priesthood, which she did not stain. Her soul is clean as the robes that cover her body. Sister Ellsworth's reward will be the Celestial Kingdom of our God. There's nothing we can add to that.

The spirit of this meeting manifest to my spirit that the words that have been spoken about her have not been exaggerated, that she has lived a good life, that she has lived up to the measure of the creation for which she was created. Her time had come.

She did not die prematurely. Her life was spared over the years because of her faith, but the time had come for her to go, and when the time comes for us to go, the Lord has no obligation to recognize our faith to live. Faith is to bring about righteous purposes of God and His righteous purpose was that Sister Ellsworth should die.

On Wednesday, Sister Ellsworth desired me to give her a blessing, which I gladly did. There was nothing that I could say to her, there was no hope I had to offer her that she might live, there was no promise that came to me. The moment I began to bless her, I felt within my soul that she was ready to die, and that she could not live. And so, I prayed unto the Father to bless her; we can always do that.

I said, "Sister Ellsworth, whatever happens to you from this moment forward will be according to the will of God. Have courage." As I was leaving after the blessing, Sister Ellsworth shed a few tears, and I shook hands with her and she smiled a sweet, beautiful smile.

When we got outside, I said to my son, "Bill, there was nothing I could promise that woman to give her hope for life, and I believe she knew that her time had come."

And so I went on my way, going about the Mission. Then I learned she had passed away on Friday. Sister Ellsworth's work was done. I

repeat, Brother Ellsworth, that the Lord spared her life to give you these wonderful children, and these fine memories of her.

And now she has gone to a world where she will have no more pain. There is no more collapsing of lungs where she has gone. She has gone to the spirit world and she will work under the direction of the Priesthood until the time comes for her to be resurrected.

And when the time comes for her to be resurrected, she will come forth at the first resurrection and there will be no charge against her; there will be not a single score for her to settle. She will not have to go and search anyone out to settle any differences with them or compensate them for any injury she has done them.

She goes out of this world being clean like she came into it. God Almighty spared her life that this good man and she herself might have posterity to bear witness of Jesus Christ and the restoration of the Gospel in these latter days.

God Almighty bless these children, and bless this good man, whom I have learned to love in the short acquaintance I have had with him. Be with them, and preserve them, and if they continue faithfully to keep the commandments, and I am sure they will, and if they continue to live as their mother has lived, they will all be reunited again. God Almighty will compensate them as he will compensate this good woman.

There are people who die before their time has come. There are people who die when it is the will of God for them to live, but this is not the case of this good woman. Sister Ellsworth has finished her work; she has shown a good fight; she has earned a good reward. We have nothing to sorrow about so far as that is concerned.

Her very presence will hover around this family and so often she will be happy and filled with joy at the care that is being taken of her children. She will see them from time to time. They won't be able to see her, but she will see them, and she will rejoice.***

This article was taken from the eulogy, edited 1/16/89 by D.F.R. He was President of the California Arizona Mission. His son, Bruce R. McConkie described him as a "...spiritual strength, a scription and theologian."



Effie and Bill Ellsworth were married in the beautiful Relief Society room in the only Mormon chapel in Washington D.C. They got consent to delay their temple sealing until they could afford to come west. She wore a lovely, full length, pale blue organza evening gown, bridal flowers and orange blossoms in her hair. --MBH

MY SISTER EFFIE

*She was no ordinary daughter, no ordinary mother, no ordinary sister,
and certainly no ordinary human being!*

by Maree Berry Hamblin

Hanna Whiting sent a poem to Mother on Effie's seventeenth birthday. Hanna's father was Grandpa Whiting's brother, John. She and Effie got well acquainted at BYU, and took several classes together. Their favorite was a drama class from Professor T. Earl Pardoe, who later did work in Hollywood. I found this poem in Mother's papers.

TO EFFIE

A character so sweet, so unassuming,
To know her is to worship at her feet.
A fragrant blossom in the waste places blooming
Is no more beautiful, nor half so sweet.
An angel face that mirrors life's reflections,
Yet hiding pain, lest they who love her see,
Self sacrificing, holding their affections,
More lovely, sweet and dear, one could not be.
Oh would that I, like her, could hide my sorrow
And keep the sunbeams dancing on my way.
Ev'n tho' there promised but a dark tomorrow
To know I'd done my part, just for today.
She's my ideal, and I will try and follow
And cultivate her personality.
I'll never dare to tell her how I feel tho'
She's won such admiration from me.

--Hanna Whiting

My sister Effie was unique from the common mold or pattern of the average human being. She drew always on her own philosophies woven tight into the very fabric of her inner self. These had their beginnings from the time she was very young. She had a great effect on my life.

From the Beginning

Born the 3rd of November, 1906, in St. Johns, Arizona, she was delivered by old Sister Sherwood, the town midwife. Sister Sherwood charged Papa only \$4.00 because it was his first born. For the rest of us, he paid \$5.00. She was born in the little log cabin that Grandpa Berry gave our parents for a wedding present. Effie was not a well baby, spitting up her food, pale and not strong and robust as was I, Mother said.

That was a cozy little house, with shiny windows and a full grown orchard, cow sheds, a hay barn and a fourth acre just for our garden. There were yellow rose bushes along the front, and hollyhocks

closer to the house, and a picket fence enclosed everything to keep out wandering cows. Currant bushes ran all along the south side, with poplar and the white sweet-smelling blossoms of the locust trees shading the little irrigation ditch that flowed in front where we sailed our paper dolls on the chips from the wood pile.



Effie and Maree, St. Johns, Arizona, 1909
Maree is one year old,
Effie is three.

It was an irritation to me when Effie took so long to eat the bowls of fat currants she had talked me into saving to enjoy as we sat with our bare feet in the water. My bowl would always be empty by the time she had just started on hers.

It was the same with our dolls. At Christmas time, she would hang her doll on the wall in a box. A year later, it would be just as beautiful, while mine would be dirty and in rags. As a child, Effie had unbelievable will power, and had even saved a candy bar an eighth grade boy had given her for Christmas in Alpine.

We had each gotten a little trunk at Christmas time and Effie had placed her candy bar, now over a year old, in the very bottom. One day, she found Kay happily eating that bar. Not one to tattle unless it was serious, Effie told Mama, who was furious. No matter what Mama would say to him, he showed no remorse and his defense remained the same, "That candy was getting old. It would soon have been too old for anybody."

Effie's response, "but, that is personal property," did no good either. As for me, I just hoped Effie would loosen up a little and not be so sentimental, especially with candy. But Mama did insist that Kay spend his only nickel to replace Effie's candy bar. Strangely, Effie refused to

accept what she considered a bribe to smooth things over. So unbeknown to Mama, Kay got to eat two candy bars! I guess Effie wanted him to feel guilty. I doubt that he did. I remember the incident because we were an unquarrelsome family. It was probably the biggest stir we ever had.

For a girl so fragile, Effie had a certain steel in her makeup that defied the natural fears with which normal children are born. When Papa and Grandpa Berry suddenly appeared in our yard one day, with two of Grandpa's huge, blooded work horses, we sat and watched as they hitched the team to the house and started dragging it away. No one had told me Papa was going to build us a new house. Effie tried to explain, but I didn't want a new house, I wanted the only one I had ever known. When I began to really bawl, Effie put her arms around me and whispered mysteriously, "Don't cry, now we can find all those things we lost down the cracks of the floor." This helped, and sure enough, we found pennies, even a nickel, a doll shoe, and my favorite paper doll.

When the new house was finished, Mama gave Effie and me a whole room upstairs just for our paper dolls. Now we didn't have to clean them up each time. We had never yet seen a picture show, so only played what we had heard, the most exciting being those of the pioneers crossing the plains. We made covered wagons of empty match boxes, pulled by horses of empty spools of thread, harnesses we made with thread. Our paper dolls were the pioneers. We camped in a circle and fought off the Indians night and day. When Mama called us to eat, we hardly knew where we were, so deep were our imaginations. I never wanted to play paper dolls with anyone else. She could make things come alive. Playing with her, I always liked to play I was sickly, the woman who had to be carried to the wagon, too sickly to walk any further. I guess, subconsciously, I longed to be like Effie, who could never play outside like the rest of us kids. But she would never admit the fact, always with the excuse, "No, Maree, I want to hear the big folks talk."

One day, Mama took the other children and went to visit Grandma Whiting. We hurried upstairs to play paper dolls. Suddenly the clouds gathered, burst, and then turned into a fierce thunder storm that only northern Arizona can produce. The lightning crashed, the thunder roared. In hysterics, I crawled under our iron bed, the safest place I could think of. Effie calmly put

down her paper dolls and came to me. Lying on the floor on her stomach, she said, "Come on out, Maree. Let's go on with our paper dolls. Don't ever be afraid of something you can't do anything about." I was only six years old at the time, but somehow I saw the wisdom in her statement. I crawled out from under the bed and we went right on playing paper dolls with the thunder getting louder, but not reacting to the fear of it. Her bits of wisdom have helped me all through my life, and I never forgot, for there were many times when I lived alone, where I could have died from heart failure had I let fear engulf me, especially when I lived in Alaska.



Effie was a worrier, yet with an uncanny need for the positive. Instead of "I'm afraid Mama is going to get sick," she would say "If we help Mama, maybe she won't get sick again." Instead of, "I'm afraid Papa will have to go to war," she would say, "Maybe there

won't be a war, then Papa won't have to go." Instead of, "if the Kaiser comes to get us we'll have to hide at the Homestead," she would say, "The Homestead is a good place to go. The Kaiser will never find us behind Sierra Trigo."

One day Effie ran barefoot through a pile of hot ashes the men at the Sawmill had piled from the oven to the boiler on the mill. She blistered every toe on both feet and very bad. Everyone at the mill made so much of a fuss over her, I almost wanted to walk through the ashes and burn my feet. She was carried around, and Grandpa made her a little pair of crutches. Uncle Ralph would take her on his horse to go further on up the mountain where he would gather wild flowers for her. Her favorite color was blue, so he gathered arms full of bluebells, that couldn't be found near the mill. It took Grandma and Mama both to take care of her blistered feet, but I don't remember her crying or screaming out, like any other kid would. With all that care she soon shed her crutches.

While at the mill, Effie and I had watched Mama and Papa play Rook cards with the uncles and their wives. They would pound the table at each trick so that the table would shake the lamp nearer and nearer to the edge. It was always Effie that watched it to bring it back to safety.

I could always outrun Effie. She wasn't much in athletics. But, one day all us kids were up on the little hill north of the mill, quite a way up, but still in sight of the camp. We were playing on a big log that had fallen down, struck by lightning, our favorite kind of place. Suddenly, we heard this awful sound. We recognized in an instant the sound, like a woman screaming--a female mountain lion. Every kid started running toward camp. Effie, with baby Lee in her arms led the pack. She out-ran me by 20 yards. When Grandma found out that the sound came from Art, Herman, and Bryant, who had sneaked up in the trees to scare us, they got an awful scolding.

The Haunted House

One night while we lived at Prescott, Mama and Papa decided to go to the picture show. Mama, the clever one, left us kids at the dining room table deep in a game of Rook. Effie and I had learned to be experts by watching the games at the Sawmill, and with Effie's tutoring, Kay and Lee were getting to be very good players. I played with Kay as a partner, Effie took Lee. Baby Norma was asleep in Mama's and Papa's bedroom downstairs. They didn't want us to go to sleep before they came home in case the house caught fire. With a pitcher of cold milk and a plate of cookies, we were content.

It was midnight, and our parents would be home any minute when an awful thing happened. From the basement came the sounds of clinking chains, as if they were being dragged across the floor, then a noise of an animal, a strange noise we had never heard before that didn't stop. This was a strange house, anyway, and the neighbor kids down below with whom we had sledded had warned us that our house was haunted. I had been slightly convinced when I heard our parents saying the previous occupants had left so suddenly that they didn't take much with them. They even left big pictures of their ancestors on the walls, and valuable marble statues made in Italy.

Even with all that, we had not believed the house was haunted until this moment. Those sounds were not coming from anything ordinary. We froze until Effie directed us calmly and with authority, "Let us pray." We all slid to our knees while she sent a quick but meaningful message to heaven for immediate help.

When the spine-chilling noises continued to echo through the house and shook the windows, we were

terrorized into silence. It makes my teeth chatter just writing about that sound that wouldn't stop. For one awful moment, on the brink of panic, we looked to Effie to save us from destruction. "Grab your coats and shoes and don't stop to put them on. We're getting out of here," she directed as she ran for the baby and wrapped her in a warm blanket.

Bristling with fear and a terrible foreboding, we bolted outside, leaving the clanking chains and the horrible animal noises behind. The fear lessened and we sank down in the snow to put on our high topped shoes. "Don't stop to lace your shoes or button your coats," Effie said quite calmly, leading us so fast it was hard to keep up. With long shoe laces dragging and coats flapping, we half walked and half ran the eight blocks to the show house.

We found our Model T Ford close to the entrance. Kay and Lee snuggled down under the big quilt Mama always left in the car, while Effie and I gaped at the low necked dress Ethel Barrymore, the star of the show was wearing on the publicity poster. One glance at each other, and we both knew without saying it that Mama had left us home for that reason. We often talked with our eyes, even clear across a room we could tell what each other was thinking.

Mama, almost in hysterics at the sight of us all, thought surely the house had burned down. On the way home, Effie explained our fright. Then Papa began to unravel the incident with his logical explanation:

"Ever since we have lived in that house, Mama and I would wake up in the night and hear chains clinking in the basement," he said. "We finally discovered that it would always happen at midnight. I sat up one night to discover that exactly at midnight, a long, heavy freight train would pass into Prescott. The vibrations would cause the hot and cold water pipes that run around the walls of the basement to clank together. Just last night I asked Mama to gather up some rags so I could poke them around where the pipes touched each other. You kids have always slept so soundly you never heard them before. As for the other noise, I'm sorry I didn't tell you that just this evening, Dr. Blaine and his wife were going to Phoenix on business, and asked me if I would look after their hunting dog while they were gone.

Evidently, the hound got scared when the pipes began their rattling and he began to bay for someone to come and let him out. He probably was as scared as you kids."

It was a reasonable explanation, but I have never liked hunting hounds since the terror of that awful night.

Playing detectives one day while Mama was shopping, we had found three secret doors that led to trunks full of valuables. Lovely gowns from Paris, hats of all kinds with ribbons and ostrich plumes, hand painted china swathed in tons of tissue paper, and sterling silver flatware worth a fortune. There was even a Civil War general's uniform with medals, gold braid, sword and fancy hat. Mama had made us put everything back except a sled, a toboggan, and some skates.

It was when we lived in Prescott that all us kids got hooked on books. In the upstairs nursery, carpeted wall to wall, there were three dormer window seats that also contained a children's library. There were shelves of every kind of book imaginable, that reached clear across one wall. Effie, intellectual at ten years, couldn't leave them alone. First, she read the original Alice in Wonderland, then warned me not to read it. "It will give you bad dreams," she said. So, I never to this day have read that book, nor did I encourage my children to do so. Effie claimed it was for adults only, and claimed the author should have been jailed.

Another book she read that gave her bad dreams was An African Farm. She wouldn't let me read it, but it preyed on her mind so she told me parts of it. It was an awful story, but one you wanted to hear to the end. All the other books were good ones, Robin Hood, William Tell, Hans Christian Anderson Stories, etc. We spent hours up there reading, and eating winter apples that Mama had stored under the lids of the window seats.

Adolescence

After Norma's terrible sickness, we moved to Mesa at the advice of her doctors, to a warmer climate. One summer, the folks took the younger kids and went on a business trip, leaving Effie and I alone for a couple of weeks. We loved that. Lily white skin was the fad, and we decided to do something about our tans. Instead of the swimming pool, we preferred the big canals because there we could find long stretches of shade. I didn't like to high dive in the pools anyway, since there were too many good divers there. But in the canals, I had privacy and could dive without being

criticized.

To help along our whitening skin, we bought us each a huge Japanese parasol. They were so big we could hardly walk side by side. On top of that, Effie explained that lemon juice acted as a bleach. So night and morning we rubbed fresh lemon juice on our faces, our necks and arms. It worked. We got white as lilies.

One morning I woke up with a painful ear ache. I suffered for several days, unable to eat or sleep. I was 12 and Effie was 14. If you haven't had a bad earache, you don't know what suffering is. One morning, when I thought I wanted to die, I found myself in the hands of an ear specialist Effie had called to the house. He was very concerned and gave instructions to Effie as to the medication. Then he cautioned her that it might be a mastoid infection, which would mean the hospital, an operation, and possibly deafness.

It could only have been Effie's prayers that caused me to sleep soundly that night, for when I woke up, the pain was gone, the first relief in several days. Something had broke loose inside, covering my pillow with blood and pus. Then she gently explained, "The doctor said you have been diving in the canals too much. The delicate ear just can't take the swift water on deep dives." I never again swam or dived in a canal.

I got up weak and wobbly, and went to the piano. Effie and I spent hours playing duets. No matter how hard the piece, we would patiently figure it out note by note. We had mastered Marche Militaire (about a three pager) and played it several times a day. She played the top, I played the base. I found that same duet recently and couldn't play the first line. I don't know how we did it, but we mastered that thing. I had really missed our duets while I had that ear ache. We tried, but I was too weak and my ears were not yet fully functioning.

To while away the day, Effie turned to reading to me, The Count of Monte Cristo by Alexander Dumas. It was a fascinating story and I soon became lost in it. Even without drama or speech lessons, Effie could read with such feeling, such voice changes. The second day, her voice began to give out, so she suggested we alternate.

Effie would have made a great nurse. I couldn't yet eat normally, so she would bring me big chunks

of watermelon in a bowl with a fork. A platter of fat seedless grapes she placed within my reach. This book was the original version, and it was college reading. Since we didn't know it was about the most difficult level of fiction other than Shakespeare, we managed just fine. I had trouble with the French names, but Effie could figure them out. Had we been reading silently it would not have mattered. That story goes off in all directions, but she could always unravel the plot and characters to explain it to me when I became confused. Before the folks came back, we had finished The Count of Monte Cristo, and that shall always remain my favorite book. An ear ache included, it was the best two weeks of my youth. Again we turned to the piano and our duets.

When the folks came home, the neighbors wanted to know what their daughters did to have such beautiful white complexions. When Effie mentioned the word mastoid to Dad, he became very concerned about my ears, and had a session with the specialist who was surprised that I had recovered so quickly.



This is Effie when she was in the seventh grade in Mesa. Mother made me also a dress like the one Effie has on. They were of soft, very thin wool, a pale yellow, trimmed with the same material in a robin's egg blue. Effie was a natural artist. While Mother was making the dresses, she decided they needed some kind of trim, and asked Effie to draw some flowers for the front. In ten minutes, she drew exactly what Mother wanted, then cut them out so Mother could

applique them on the front. The flowers don't show up very well in the picture, but they looked professional, with blue flowers on the pale yellow. Very striking, indeed. Effie had no picture to go by, just free hand. When I was four, Effie sat me on a bucket and sketched my profile. Everyone could tell it was me. Mother kept it for years.

Touring Actresses

It was two years later that our folks let Effie and me stay all winter with Grandma and Grandpa Whiting. Grandpa had cast us in the play he had planned to put on for years. Now he had two granddaughters who could take the lead parts. I was to be Louise, the blind girl, and Effie was to be the beautiful Henriette, a young orphan who sold all she had to bring her blind adopted sister to Paris for medical care. Even though Henriette met misfortune along the way, she ultimately fell in love with and was saved by the Chevalier.

This was a heavy play, with seven acts. I had 500 speeches to memorize, and Effie had more. Besides, we were both loaded down with school studies.

Grandpa Whiting was a real showman, a director's director. The family filled out the rest of the parts. Aunt Myn was the mean old Mother Frochard. Grandpa went all out to rent lavish costumes from Salt Lake Costume Company, and we traveled all over the state with the production, with one-night stands in Eagerville, Snowflake, Holbrook, Winslow, Flagstaff, Miami, Globe and finally Phoenix. We had advertised for only two nights, but went on there ten nights to play full houses. We could have kept on performing for awhile, but we had to get back to school and jobs. I nearly flunked that semester, and had to do a lot of make-up outlining. Somehow, Effie just breezed on through as if she hadn't missed a thing. I guess she was always ahead, anyway.

This experience gave Effie a head start when she went on to study drama. But we were both shy, and didn't like to go out in front before or after the show, since people would make a fuss over us.

Effie was only 15 when Mother, president of the Primary, cast her as one of the men in "Cox and Box," that old English one-act play that Uncle Art and Earnest have done several times at the reunions. I took the part of the landlady. It is a hard play, with English accents but only three parts. I will always remember it because Effie was so deep in character she actually walked and looked like a man. Her walrus mustache seemed like it had just grown there under her nose. When she was eight, Mama had Effie learn Little Orphan Annie, to say for Family Home Evening. We used to take turns with Aunt Martha's family so the two families could entertain each other. The kids always had to do something. I think there was a

quiet competition between Mother and Aunt Martha, a healthy kind of thing. When Effie said that poem, she could really put fear into it. I had heard it a dozen times, but she could always put shivers up my spine.



Effie, Aunt Myn and I getting ready to do that old Whiting hand-me-down, The Century Girls. I could never pose sweetly for a picture, too busy flirting with the photographer. This

oldie has been done dozens of times in the Whiting family. It was fun, and ALWAYS went over big. But it was a lot of trouble and took five costume changes for each of us. We started out singing and dancing music to fit the minuet, and ended up dressing like flappers and dancing the Charleston. And OH! That intoxicating applause.

Three Girls and a Lumber Wagon

One summer, when we heard Uncle Earnest had hired some new boys to work at the mill, Aunt Myn decided that she, Effie and I should go up for a little visit. When she asked Grandpa Whiting if we could take the model T, he flatly refused, since the road was full of what they called "high centers" that would ruin the oil pan underneath, unless we knew exactly how to steer around. But, he would compromise and let us take his best pair of mules if we would bring back a load of lumber. I was 14, Effie 16, and Aunt Myn was in her early 20s.

We each packed a bag, then a well-stocked chuck box and a bed roll. At daylight next morning, Grandpa hitched up the mules and brought the wagon around in front. I couldn't believe it! There was no covered wagon, there wasn't even a floor. We could see the passing ground beneath us. It was just a frame holding up four wheels and a bedroll for all three of us to sit on. I was used to a covered wagon that had a full bed across the back end, and shade to protect our faces from the wind, the dust, and the murderous Arizona summer sun. But, Grandma had furnished us each with an old fashioned bonnet, and we would have to settle for that.

It was thirty miles from St. Johns to the saw mill, uphill all the way. It was a two-day trip for mules or horses, especially for mules who were smarter than horses and who knew where we were

taking them, and just what they would be expected to haul back. So we had a terrible time just getting out of town with the mules trying to trick us into the corral where they liked most to be. With Effie at the reins, me at the whip, standing most of the time, and Aunt Myn trying hard not to swear, we got them past the City Ditch, and slowly on their way.

Neither Effie or Aunt Myn could hit hard enough to make any difference to the mules behavior. I was better, but not much. By the time we reached Wire Grass where there was water, my arm was a lot more sore than were the rumps of those two honery mules. Effie and I unhitched them, while Aunt Myn put on their hobbles. We turned them loose to graze, then built a camp fire and fried some potatoes, and made some cocoa. With homemade bread and milk, we felt refreshed and unrolled our bed. Aunt Myn jumped in the middle.

We were just dozing off when she whispered of rattlesnakes. They were all over the place, she said, but she had a way to keep them at bay. Effie and I were to get up and take our hair rope and carefully string it around the bed. No snake would climb over a hair rope, she promised. We did, and were not, to our knowledge, bothered by snakes. Later, the uncles just laughed at our method of protection, but Aunt Myn claimed it worked because we were not bothered by snakes that night.

The next morning, Effie and I went to round up the mules while Aunt Myn got breakfast. We couldn't find them anywhere. That's open, treeless country for miles around, but those mules were gone. There were no passing travelers and probably wouldn't be any for days. Trying to decide whether to walk to the Sawmill or back to town, we saw some one coming in the distance. It was Uncle Albert Brown. The mules had shed their hobbles and had gone back to town. Grandpa found them waiting at the gate. Knowing what had happened, he sent Uncle Albert to the rescue. He helped us get harnessed and on our way.

We had a hard time getting the mules up Mallory Hill. It used to be much steeper, you can still see the old ruts. Effie did the driving while I climbed right out on the tongue with my whip. Aunt Myn walked, trying to throw rocks at the mules to help get them over that hill.

It was early evening when we reached the

homestead. Too tired and dirty to go the last three miles to the Sawmill, we put the mules in the corral and fed them some oats. There was no one there.

Refreshed and cleaned up the next morning, we reached the Sawmill about noon. Aunt Myn suggested we tie up the mules when we got in sight of the cabins, so we could fix our hair a bit. As she reached to pluck a wild flower, she spotted a bug with long see-through wings. "It has two heads," she screamed. "If we catch it, we can sell it for a million dollars."

We ran to the chuck box, but could find nothing in which to capture this strange insect. "There has never before been found a bug with two heads," she kept chattering. "You're the fast runner, Maree. Run to the cabin and ask Aunt Beryle for a fruit jar with a lid."

I ran as fast as I could, got the fruit jar and started back. By now, Aunt Beryle had alerted Uncle Earnest, who closed the mill down and almost beat me back with all his mill hands. The bug was still there, all right. But as Uncle Earnest walked closer with the fruit jar, the strange bug flew away, each head going in different directions. Uncle Earnest's laughter shook the tree tops, and I didn't catch on until after I was married.

We stayed at the mill a week, the time Grandpa allowed. We had a lot of fun, but found just the same old Connley boys who had always worked there. We sang around a camp fire every night, Bryant Whiting on his guitar, and Dow Connley on his violin. Aunt Myn could really sing, and so could Effie, and they knew all the old family songs.

The men helped us hitch up, then loaded the wagon so high we had a hard time climbing up to get on top. When we finally coaxed the mules up the first little hill, they ran away with us, they were so anxious to get back home. The iron tires on the wheels made a terrible noise over the rocks, and we began to lose a few boards of lumber.

Aunt Myn screamed so loud it only frightened the mules. I grabbed the reins and laid clear down on my back, to try and hold them. We were on a high load of lumber with a team of runaway mules. Effie solved our panic by just advising, above the din, that we let the mules run their course and

they would soon tire. And they did. By the time we reached the Homestead, they were tired out, we were worn out, and it had begun to rain one of those northern Arizona thunder and lightening cloudbursts. By the time we had unhitched the mules and put them in the corral, we were drenched and cold.

Inside, we started to build a fire, but Aunt Myn suggested that so long as we were already drenched, that we go to the privy [outhouse] before we got into dry clothes. Grandpa had built the privy quite a distance from the house, as he always did. By the time we had finished and were half way back to the house, the lightening hit the three-sided privy, the tree being the fourth side. Like Lot's wife, I looked back just in time to see the seat with the two holes flying through the air complete in one piece. Many reunions later, that tree with the lightening burns from the top to the bottom, stood as a skeleton reminder to Effie, Aunt Myn and me of that life-threatening experience.

We found dry clothes hanging around, and hung ours up for next day. About daylight, we were up, hitched and heading down the road with the mules at a fast clip in a hurry to get back home. Our trouble with the runaway was that the lumber was so high I couldn't reach the brake. As we came to Mallory Hill, Aunt Myn stayed aloft, too chicken to try and get off the high load without a man's help. I stood on the brake with my whole weight, and hung on to the chain that held the lumber. Effie laid back on the reins and we started down. It was so terrifying that even the mules got scared and helped hold the wagon back with their rumps.

From then on, it was clear that we would make it. The mules made such good time, we didn't have to camp out. Our early start helped us to travel 30 miles that day, quite a record with a load of lumber. It had taken us two and a half days to get to the mill, and one day to return!

Grandpa was not amused when we admitted we had lost a few boards off our load, but he felt better in a few days when Bryant Whiting brought in the boards we had lost along the way. His load was almost as big as ours was. Needless to say, we did not go into the lumber hauling business. Even more attractive boys working at the mill just wouldn't have been worth it. Aunt Myn claimed she wouldn't haul a load of lumber again even if

Rudolph Valentino was working at the Sawmill.

Sharpening Many Skills

After Effie graduated from BYU and got her diploma in teaching, she went to Los Angeles to try and find help for her health. She and Aunt Myn stayed in a little hotel down town across from Pershing Square. During that stay, she went to a dramatic school and graduated in drama. Being a very independent person, she got a job to pay her own expenses, working at Austin Picture Studio. On Broadway, it was the best and biggest photo shop in the state. I asked her how she ever landed such a good job during the depression, and she had a ready answer. "Oh, I just walked in and told them I was interested in learning about the portrait business, and would work for two weeks at no pay. At the end of that time, they could tell me if they wanted me on permanently."

Another example of Effie's unique personal philosophy happened in Los Angeles when she and Aunt Myn were moving from the hotel to another apartment. To save money, they made several trips by street car at five cents each trip. The only two to get off at the next stop, Aunt Myn went first with her big suitcase filled with her dirty clothes. Half-way up the aisle, her case popped open stringing the contents along the way. Effie coming behind stepped carefully over the pieces of dirty laundry, saying for all to hear, "Pardon me, lady," then jumped off the street car leaving Aunt Myn in her awkward situation.

Aunt Myn was as mad as a hornet, demanding of Effie why on earth she hadn't helped her gather up the dirty clothes. As always, Effie had an unarguable answer: "There was no sense in both of us having to face such embarrassment" she said sweetly with her quiet little chuckle.

When Aunt Myn got married, Effie, not wanting to live alone, went back to Phoenix where the folks now lived and got a job at the new radio station KOY. They loved her, and no wonder. She not only wrote all their advertising, she also broadcast it. She made up her own material, and had two series. One was about a scientist who had discovered he could capture sound waves going clear back to the bible days. The episodes were all funny ones. The best, I thought, was the conversation between Jonah and the Whale. Effie made you pity the whale when he begged Jonah to stop jumping around, it was making him sick to his stomach. Then she went on to write another series using Grandma and Grandpa Whiting and their real

life experiences. She played all parts in these, and had a loyal following of listeners.

Hawaii and a Dream

Elbert and I had been called to Hilo, Hawaii on a mission. I had become close friends with Dell Wilson, executive secretary to the Hilo Chamber of commerce. When Dell was looking for a new secretary, I told him about my sister, who was the best. He asked me to try and get her over there, even without seeing or contacting her. She came, and I was ecstatic. A radio personality, a graduate of a business college, and experienced in a dozen other areas, she slid in like the pro she really was.

She rented a room in the only hotel in Hilo, almost unknown to the few tourists. It was a place that had bedded down Robert Louis Stevenson, and Mark Twain. The veranda that covered the front of the old building was usually graced by old timers rocking in their chairs, talking about the olden days. Effie was entranced by all those characters, and they were entranced by her.

One night, she had a dream. It was so plain and unforgettable that she considered it more than an ordinary dream. She said she was sitting on a rock, looking at the beautiful countryside, watching some little children playing. Suddenly, they all ran in her direction. None of them glanced at her until the last little girl came by, stopping to say hello. "You're my Mama, and I'm your little girl," she said, smiling, then ran on with the others. Effie knew this was taking place in heaven.

I was very touched, as she told me her dream, for she had previously had no hope of ever bearing a child. Now, suddenly, she knew she would. I saw a sparkle in her eyes that she had not shown for many years. God had given Effie life, and she must make the best of it. She had always had the courage, but not hope, strength, but not health. Now, the dream had given her hope, a happiness in its self.

This quiet girl, with a great sense of humor, yet had never been heard to laugh out loud, always a lady with all the social graces of the Victorian Age; this girl whom to know her was to love her, had come into her own. From now on, she would consider herself a woman, a real woman.

"I would give all that I own, or ever hope to own, including my accomplishments, if I had your kind

of health, Maree," she said, getting up to leave. It was the first time in my life that I began to appreciate what good health really means in life. I pondered what her accomplishments might be, had she been blessed with my kind of health. To compare us as we were, was like comparing the sun with the moon, Effie being the sun, of course.

Elder Ward immediately set her apart as a roving missionary. There were no stakes in Hawaii at that time. She did much among the rich and the powerful white plantation owners, as an example of what white Mormon women were like, for the rich had only the laughing, hula dancing Hawaiian women as examples. Their doors were never to slam again in the faces of the Elders.

Dell Wilson's wife, Elsie, became very jealous of Effie, and I had to advise Effie to wear simple cotton dresses like the Japanese girls did. Dell was handsome, Elsie was not. So Effie, on her own, refrained from wearing orchids in her hair as was the custom of the Hawaiian women.

Elsie continued to invite me to their home to dinner, but never once did she invite Effie, her husband's private secretary. Their marriage did not last. A year after we left, they divorced.

While we were in Hawaii, the Army and Navy were playing war games. The Navy won by sneaking in behind a wall of rain, and "capturing" Pearl Harbor. The newspapers printed full accounts of the war games, with specific details of how the Navy had won. The history buffs in the family will be interested to know that Effie, livid about the publicity, predicted to me and the elders the future attack the Japanese would surely make on Pearl Harbor. I tried to argue with Effie that I was happy to know we had such a mammoth Navy. It made me feel safe and protected.

"Don't feel safe, Maree," she warned, "Now the Japanese know how, they will catch those same rain sheets that come every December, and will do the same thing. The Japanese are not creative. They would never think of it had we not divulged our strategy down to the last detail [of the war games.] We even told them the best time to attack, the first days of December. They can't miss." (They didn't. Remember?)

Six years after we left Hawaii, and were living in Holbrook, I dressed Leilani in her little Japanese kimono for the Primary 24th of July parade downtown. When Effie saw what I was doing, she

said, "Maree, you can't let Leilani wear that Japanese kimono on the street. We're soon going to have war with Japan." Confused, I put something else on Leilani, but I didn't even know Japan was mad at us.

Politics

Effie had returned to L.A. again for her health when Uncle Eddie was elected to the Arizona State legislature. He conned her into taking a job as his private secretary. While working in the Capitol, Mr. Greenway, an Arizona State Representative, died. The governor appointed his wife to take his place. When Uncle Eddie's session finished, Mrs. Greenway asked Effie to be her personal secretary and go back to Washington D.C. This she did, and was on a committee of eight to plan out and initiate the FHA program. She loved D.C. and got jobs for any of the relatives who asked for help.

Love and Marriage

Effie had met Bill Ellsworth, a missionary companion of Kay's when they served in South Africa. Before Effie left for Washington, Kay had brought Bill home for dinner one night and introduced them. Effie left very soon, so they had no chance to get acquainted. Kay wrote Effie for a job, and also asked if she could get one for his friend, Bill. Effie told him Bill would have to ask her himself, so they started writing. Soon, the letters didn't contain much business. I asked Effie how they got acquainted well enough to get married soon after he came to D.C. She said it was his letters, the only way to really get acquainted with a man. She showed me one, and it read like poetry, the handwriting flawless.

They were married in the beautiful Relief Society room in the only Mormon chapel in Washington D.C. They got consent to delay their temple sealing until they could afford to come west. They used to have to do that. She wore a lovely, full length, pale blue organza evening gown, bridal flowers, and orange blossoms in her hair. As I remember, they took an overnight cruise down the Potomac, renting a cabin for the first night of their honeymoon.

Very soon, Effie got pregnant, and startled the whole medical community. She had an incompletely developed uterus. It miraculous.

Effie quit her job when Mrs. Greenway retired, then she and Bill bought a big house, furnished it with second hand furniture, and set up a boarding house like I was doing, for 12 boarders. She

wanted to give up the world and all its opportunities and settle down to become a Mom.

Good News and Bad

Bill helped her when he could with the boarders. One morning, when she was too sick to cook breakfast for twelve people, Bill took over with scrambled eggs. After the boarders had been served breakfast, Effie saw the eggs Bill had saved for their breakfast, and she was shocked. They were speckled with bits of burned bacon. Bill reassured her, "Oh I just told them that this was the way cowboys cooked scrambled eggs. They were delighted to taste them western style."

To make room for twelve boarders, Effie had moved herself and Bill down in the basement. It was clean and handy. But, when Lynn was born, the baby developed a strange white coating on his tongue. The Doctor called it "geographic tongue" because it looked like little maps. He explained that the basements in D.C. were too damp for people to sleep in, and he insisted that she come to his office for complete tests also. Her tests showed she had developed a dangerous case of T.B. The Ellsworths immediately sold out and headed for Arizona's dry climate.

Faith to be Healed

The doctors in Arizona pronounced her case one which required bed rest for one year. They would not give her any promise of complete recovery because of her history of poor health and the recent birth of her baby.

I was living in Phoenix at that time because my husband Elbert had decided it best that I, too, go back to Arizona. Effie wanted to go to the temple, first to be sealed, and then once more just before she was to go to bed. She told me that while they were standing in the prayer circle, she felt a buzzing in her chest, like the buzzing of a bee. The next day, Mother took her to her doctor for a final examination. After much testing and puzzling, the doctor declared her cured. There was not a sign of the T.B. She had been cured in the temple by the spirit of the Lord. It was another miracle, and Mother wrote the details to the General Authorities in Salt Lake City. They responded. I found their letter in Mother's papers. [See page 10]

The Kidnapping

After Effie had been pronounced cured of tuberculosis by the Phoenix doctors, she and Bill moved to Los Angeles. Mother and Dad had settled there, permanently because of Mother's health. Kay and Lee, having finished dental and medical

school, were there with their wives to stay.

The Ellsworths rented a modest little cottage in a court of about a dozen others of the same structure. To save hiring a baby sitter, which Effie didn't well trust, she got a job at Austin Studio again, working days, and Bill worked there nights. It was a short ride by street car to work. Baby Lynn was not yet walking, about a year old. He was the cutest kid in the country, with blonde curly hair and an instant smile for anyone who looked his way. In fact, he was so captivating that Austins kept an enlarged picture of him in their front window display.

Elbert and I lived across town. We visited them the morning after Lynn was kidnapped, and Effie and Bill took turns relating that awful experience.

Bill had gone to work for the night. Effie locked the doors and checked the windows. Crime wasn't then what it is now in Los Angeles, but she by nature was a careful person. She got Lynn to sleep in his crib, and then read awhile. Always one to fight sleep, she finally gave in, and went into a sound and restful sleep. About midnight, she suddenly awoke with a flashlight in her face. Thinking it might be Bill, she flipped on the lamp on the night stand and saw a nice looking man, well dressed, shaved, combed, standing at the foot of the bed staring down at her. She didn't panic because she thought it must be some second cousin or a friend of Bill's, or one of his relatives she might have forgotten (relatives from both families were always dropping in.)

"Hi," she said, not fully awake. "Your face seems familiar, but I can't remember your name."

The man walked slowly around and sat down on the edge of the bed beside her. "I'm going to rape you," he said calmly, as he poked a pistol in her ribs. "Don't scream, or I will have to kill you."

Instead of screaming, Effie began to pray. She prayed aloud and asked the Lord to soften this man's heart, that she herself would be able to convince him to leave her alone. She prayed for several minutes, while he loosened the gun at her side.

After her Amen, he lay down beside her. They talked for more than forty-five minutes, while she made him understand that if he went on with his

threat, it would ruin her life as well as her husband's. Her baby lay in his crib, and she begged him for the baby's sake not to destroy their household, their family.

He told her that her prayer had made him listen, and he would leave if she would give him one request and make one promise. She agreed. She promised not to report this to the police. His request was that he wanted to kiss her goodbye. She gave in to that, also. Somehow, she had turned his unbridled violence into the protective instincts of a normal man. He left quietly.

Effie paced the floor until Bill got home from work. When she told him what had happened, he could not be contained, and called the police against all Effie could do to stop him. The police came, but Effie refused to tell them anything unless they would promise that it would, under no conditions, be let out to the news media. She hated the reporters, anyway, since the Hearst newspaper chain never stuck very close to the truth of things. They promised and left. The next morning the Los Angeles Examiner headlines proclaimed: **KISS BANDIT STRIKES LONE WOMAN**. The L.A. Times said, **ROMANTIC BURGLAR DEMANDS SOUVENIR KISS FROM VICTIM**. Effie was so mad she wanted to sue the newspapers. The afternoon San Francisco paper echoed the same. The idea of making a romance out of an attempted rape was more than she could take. The write-up gave hope for lonely women, for there was no mention of the gun or the rape threat.

Things quieted down, and Bill decided to get a day job. They located Pauline Anderson, whom Effie had known all her life, to take care of little Lynn.

An evening about ten days later, Bill and Effie pulled the baby's crib up against the head of their bed. Effie had sung him to sleep, but she always reached through the crib to hold his little hand until she was sure he was sound asleep.

Both tired, they fell into a deep sleep. About midnight, a still small voice woke Effie up. She switched on the light, and found her baby gone. "Our baby's gone," she screamed, waking Bill who couldn't believe such a thing could happen with them both right there.

Effie ran out the front door in her nightgown and, hanging on to the porch post, let out a scream

that caused every light in the court to turn on, as well as some a block away. As people began to gather, Bill tried to pull her robe on her, but she only threw it down in the yard and went on screaming a good ten minutes until the police arrived.

The police organized the people, and they began a systematic search of the neighborhood, while the police cars searched the alleys, streets and empty buildings. The crib was still warm, so the police figured the kidnapper must not be far away. In less than an hour, the police found Lynn. He was in the basement of a vacant house, wrapped in an old dirty blanket. He had been chloroformed.

The police said that Effie's screams had saved her baby. They theorized that the kidnapper had heard her screaming, had become frightened, and abandoned the baby in the vacant house. They directed the Ellsworths to cut Lynn's curls, and send him out of the state. They connected the kidnaping to the Kiss Bandit, and warned that he might strike again. Since things had gone wrong for him, he could now seek revenge. Again the L.A. Times missed the mark by running an account labeled **MILD KIDNAPPING HITS VICTIM OF KISS BURGLER**.

They were not able to get any kind of a lead on the kidnapper. He seemed experienced, a crime professional. Bill's Mother came over and took Lynn back with her to Safford, Arizona. The police had Austin's Studio remove Lynn's picture from their display window.

It was a year before Effie saw her baby again. Bill went to visit Lynn several times, but Effie had to go to police headquarters every Thursday night to try to identify the kidnapper out of the line-up. It was very hard on her, but her determination to find the man who had stolen her baby overcame everything else. She swore that no other mother would ever have to go through what she had suffered, at least by this man, if she could help it.

I went with her one night to the line-up. It was very interesting, but I was surprised at the large number of men they would parade across the stage. There was a screen in front of them. We could see them, but they could not see us. It had been almost a year by the time Effie spotted the man. The police, just to be sure, had her come back again and again to be positive. Each time, they

would have him in a different jacket or cap, but she always knew.

"How could I not identify him? I lay and looked at his face for almost an hour. How could I miss?" Then they quit having her pick him out of the line-up and had her identify his voice. One voice after another would speak to her, with her back turned to them. She never missed. Always, she could pick out his voice.

When the whole thing was over and done with, they found in his files, that this man had a long record of suspected kidnapping and rape, but no one had identified him, before. Lynn was the first baby that had been recovered, and this was the first time the man had ever been nailed to one of his kidnappings. This was a brave thing Effie did, and I was mighty proud to be called her sister.

Country Life

After that awful experience, the Ellsworths gave up city life and lived awhile in northern Arizona. When they moved back to California, they bought a ten acre orange grove and chicken farm in southern California, near Fontanna. By the time they gave that up because of Bill's asthma, and bought a small hotel in Barstow to be near the desert air, they had quite a family. Against all physical possibilities, Effie had given birth after Lynn to Gary, sweet little Elaine, and then Van.

Barstow was quite a let-down for a sophisticated woman, who had always sharpened her many skills for the city. Just before they moved to Barstow, Bill had acted as manager of Dad's ranch at Fontana. Effie had done just fine there, becoming a farmer's wife, making butter, straining milk, and seeing about the garden. They lived in the caretaker's cottage, and she loved the beauty of the place, the big trees, the grape vineyards, the swimming pool. They were close to my ranch, and our kids could play together, and Effie and I could have our weekly visits. World War II was on, and we had plenty to talk about. To help their cash income, Effie got a part time job as a private tutor, visiting school age children unable to attend regular classes. She loved this, and was doing very well at it, until Bill began again to have his asthma attacks.

The Little Girl I Saw In My Dream

Raising a family of four children, Effie had astounded the medical community, as well as her

parents and everyone who knew of her female problems. Afraid she might not get through another pregnancy, Mother spoke to Effie, suggesting that, now she had her little girl, and for the sake of her own weak body as well as her other children, that she not try for any more.

"My sweet little Elaine is not the little girl I saw in my dream," Effie explained. "I must keep on until that one comes to me. She called me Mama, and I must see that Elaine's sister also is born to me."

Mother and Dad were called on a church mission to the Central States. When Evelyn was born, Effie relaxed, as somehow she recognized this newborn baby as the little girl who had called her Mama in her dream. I found a letter Effie wrote to Mother, and in glowing detail, she told about the darling baby, Lee's expertise as a doctor, his tender care while she was in the hospital, and that at last the little girl of her dream had come down to her earthly Mama.

Ten days after the baby was born, Effie felt well enough to go home to Barstow. Lee objected, telling her she must stay in the hospital another ten days. But, she would miss being with the children at Christmas, and she couldn't bear that. Lee finally gave in to her pleading, and against his better judgement. But, only if she would promise on her word of honor that she would go to bed and stay there another ten days when she got home. She promised.

The Burden of Remembering

It was then that Effie made the biggest mistake of her life, which was to be the cause of her death. It was Christmas Eve when she reached home. When she found nothing had been done in the line of Santa Claus, she let the Spirit of Christmas override her common sense, and broke her promise to Lee.

She could not face the children's tomorrow without presents, or stockings stuffed with goodies, or a Christmas tree. Bill, manlike, just hadn't been able to cope with the Hotel and Santa, too.

Staggering down town on Christmas Eve in the cold, she did all her shopping in a few hours, even to a bicycle for Lynn. Next morning, she awoke to a bevy of happy children. She also awoke to the beginnings of the lung problems that were to kill her.

The next day, Lee had her back in the hospital, and sent for Mother and Dad in the mission field. Her broken promise had left him shaken. Neither Lee nor any other specialist could save her. She was too weak to cough up the phlegm in her throat.

Our whole family had known all our lives that Effie was born a weakling. Many were surprised that she had lived through her childhood, then her teens, and of all miracles, her giving birth to five healthy children. But, none of us could accept her death, her leaving us. To get off the bed, Mother had to have a blessing of comfort from the Stake Patriarch. I drove down from Gridley meaning to call off my recent engagement to be married, so I would be free to raise the motherless children.

Bill met me as I drove up, and fell on my shoulder, crying. But before I could tell him I was breaking my engagement to take care of his children, he took care of that by saying, "Oh, Maree, everybody's trying to steal my children away from me."

Grief and Comfort

I attended the funeral, but heard nothing and saw nothing. My grief was so intense that my ears were only full of the whisperings of my sister, lying there in her coffin.

For over forty years, I never read the funeral service. Recently, it took all the emotional strength I possess to just open the pages and look at the words. But never let it be forgotten that she did not die of childbirth. She died of lung complications because of her broken promise to Lee.

When Effie died, a part of me flew away with her. After the funeral, I drove back to Gridley to collapse on my bed, I thought never to rise again. My sister, my confidant, my counselor, my tutor, my friend was gone. How could this happen to me? The answer came to me in a dream of my own.

I dreamed some of the family who lived in Los Angeles invited us all to come out to Uncle Earnest's house at the edge of Los Angeles where their first Whiting Brother's service station used to be. It seemed that only the second generation appeared, and they were having a lot of good old family fun. But, I had just arrived, and was concerned about Bill and the children, so asked where he was. "Oh, he lives up on that little hill," someone said.

Leaving the party, I walked up the hill. Bill was not there, so I went in to find baby Evelyn asleep in her crib. Turning in search of the other children, I came face to face with Effie.

"I can't believe my eyes," I said, startled and unbelieving.

"I can't stay but a few minutes," she said. "The rest of the relatives are coming in. Go in there and tell them I have a message for the family. But, I can't go in there until they quiet down."

I rushed in, just as they were plugging in a portable phonograph. All were laughing and joking and I couldn't get their attention. Finally, and in slow motion, I climbed on a kitchen stool and begged them to quiet down. They wouldn't, so I ran back to see if she was still there.

"Please stay, I'll try again," I begged.

"No, I'll have to leave. I'm sorry, but I can't stay longer. But, don't worry about the children anymore. I am never far away from them."

At that, she slipped away. I saw her touch Evelyn, then the fluttering of the curtains, and she was gone. Awake, I decided the dream was for real, and I must pull down the curtain to my grief and get on with my life.

God had given her life and she had made the most of it. It takes courage to live, and endurance, and hope, and a strong sense of humor. She had it all, and she made it work. In that Victorian Era, a lady was a woman who raised her eyebrow instead of her voice. Effie was a lady.

"Life is too short for mean reflections," she would say, then live it to the letter. Never did I hear her speak ill of anyone. If someone did in her presence, she would counter with something good. Once I mentioned how disgusted I was with one of our cousins who had ruined our visit by continually complaining about his sore toe. It was so obvious, I knew she could only agree. "Oh, but his eyelashes," she sighed. "Aren't they gorgeous?"

As soon as I got on my feet, my Bishop asked me to teach the genealogy class. Barely started, I had a definite feeling that the message Effie wanted so badly to give the family was for us all to get

busy with our family records. I really dove into it, and before long, Norma, Ronald, and I were putting out the first little Whiting Tree.

About ten years after Effie died, Uncle Eddie became very sick. In the Los Angeles hospital, he came to the conclusion that he was going to die. About the time he was giving himself up, he said Effie walked into the room and came to his bedside. "You're not going to die, Uncle Eddie," she said comfortably, then walked out of the room. He told Dad that Effie was so beautiful she was dazzling. Her hair hung long and shined like no hair he had ever seen. He believed she must have been resurrected.

Time has not dimmed the memories of our childhood, our teen years, or our college days; and Hawaii stands out as the most beautiful of all, for I had her to myself over there. Nor can I forget the stamina, the guts it took for her to help the police track down that kidnapper and bring him to justice. It was the police who decided the man

must have seen her, probably talked to her, at the studio, then followed her home, stalking the house maybe several nights, until he was sure Bill worked those hours. For this reason, the kidnapper seemed familiar to her when he awoke her from a deep sleep. They figured the man also saw Lynn's picture in the studio window, learned it was hers, and plotted his revenge for her broken promise as to the press. But, it was the police who broke her promise.

In the burden of remembering, I see her still as she lit up my life, an example of all that is good, all that is right. Defying dozens of specialists in the medical community, she was able, by her unwavering faith, to make her body strong enough to bear five healthy children.

"I'll Be A Sunbeam For Jesus," was her theme song, and she often sang it around the house when she was a little girl, then requested it be sung at her funeral. And that is what she was, "A Sunbeam for Jesus."***



The St. Johns Fourth of July, 1934



Maree is on the left, then Norma, Effie and Helen. Aunt Maree explains: There was never a place like St. Johns to go all out for the Fourth. Long after we were married, no matter where we were, we tried to be here on that exciting day. This time, we all dressed alike, and tore up the town, riding the boys' bicycles. By now, Effie and I were both married. If we had ever been shipwrecked and alone on a deserted island, we sisters would have had a ball. I would have taught the others the intricacies of the ballet, and the mysteries of phonics. Norma would have had us all singing those songs with the high notes only she could reach. Helen would have figured out our nutritional problems, as well as our survival gear, and Effie would have prayed the captain of the nearest passing ship in to our rescue. Now that we are running out of sisters, Helen and I are closer than ever before.

SEE

The TWO ORPHANS

TONIGHT
—ONLY—

At the Orpheum Theatre

23 — CHARACTERS — 23

See the Berry Sisters as the orphan girls—the cripple boy who struggles for right in the underworld of Paris—the players who live and feel their parts—who carry you back to medieval France.

See "The Two Orphans," a play you will never forget—handed down to us in song and story.

TONIGHT

Effie had two professional names. When she opened her Phoenixstudio, she chose the name Edweena Whiting, in honor of Grandpa Whiting. At the radio station she was known as NAN, just NAN. Everyone back east called her Nan. Since Bill courted her in D.C., he called her NAN most always.

Edweena Whiting

... IN ...

VAUDEVILLE RECITAL

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1930
8:15 P. M.

(AN EVENING OF HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT)

REPERTOIRE:

His Hopkins Costume Monologue Walter Ben Haro
Hagar Costume Monologue Nicholson
The Prison Gate Costume Monologue Kenyon
The Lily of France Dramatic Scene Walter Ben Haro
The Black Blue Grass Widow Walter Ben Haro
Clever Dance Numbers -

ORCHESTRA NUMBERS

Sponsored by Second Ward M. I. A., L. D. S. Church
Third Avenue and Latham

Adults, 25 cents

Children, 10 cents





B I L L :

I was an unlit candle
 Until the day you came;
Until your kiss awakened
 In me this lovely flame.

Now I am shedding Gladness
 Everywhere about,
And none but you, Bill, can ever
 Put the radiance out.

--Effie Berry Ellsworth
 about 1936

IT ASTOUNDS ME TO RECALL

My Sister, Effie Berry Ellsworth

By H. Lee Berry

St. Johns Beginnings

When Effie was born, she, by circumstances, was marked as a special favorite. She was the oldest Whiting grandchild, as well as the oldest Berry grandchild.

Effie was born in 1906 in a log cabin which stood within one block of Aunt Elda's house in St. Johns, Arizona. The first four children of my father, Herbert Alonzo Berry, and my mother, May Whiting Berry, were born in that log cabin. Maree tells of being terrified when Dad hitched a team to the log cabin to pull it off to the corner of the lot to make way for the cement brick house which still stands on the same site. Norma was born in the new house, and the log cabin was moved seven miles to the "Meadows," a quarter section of land owned by the Berry family.

Effie was six years older than I. For that reason, I cannot give first hand accounts of her childhood in St. Johns, but Maree has written about that.

On To Prescott

We moved away from St. Johns when I was five and Effie was eleven years old. We moved to Prescott, Arizona, for father had just graduated from dental school and St. Johns could not support a dentist. Father obtained a good job in Prescott with an established dentist. He liked his position very well, and was immediately prosperous and assured of success in that new field.

Dad rented a house for us, which was rather famous. It was known as the Pratt Mansion. It was well known as a "haunted house." No one wanted to stay there or buy the big, lovely, brick house, which stood on a hill, making it the highest house in town. The town was largely built in a valley.

Dad based his decision on two logical reasons. First, he didn't believe in ghosts and haunted houses. Second, he didn't like to crank our new Model-T car. He parked his car in front of our house. By kicking a brick from under the wheel,

he could jump in the car and coast until the engine started then proceed for a half mile to his office, where he would park on a lower hill; at the end of a day's work he could repeat the process, start the car without cranking it, and drive back home.

One night dad and mother went down town to a "picture show." Effie was old enough to babysit Maree, Kay, Norma and I. Norma was one year old.

At midnight, after we were in bed and asleep, the house started making noises, loud rattling sounds which went on for several minutes. Then from deep within the center of the house came a wailing moan which was beyond description. The moans were horrible. We had heard the rattling before but not these new sounds. Effie led us in prayer.

We dressed quickly and Effie carried Norma and we walked down to the show house and located our car. Mother always kept warm quilts in the car. Mother and Dad found us huddled in the back seat of the car. On the way home we explained the horrible sounds from our basement. Dad began to laugh. He explained that his boss, the other dentist had asked him to keep his favorite hunting dog, a bloodhound for the weekend. What we heard was the baying of a hound, such as when the dog has treed an animal. The dog had bayed at the rattling sounds. Mother told Dad very pointedly that the family could not remain in the Pratt Mansion unless Dad got rid of the spooks.

Dad began to keep track of the rattling noises which reoccurred every night of the week. The loudest and longest rattling occurred at midnight every night. I remember Dad, armed with flashlights, disappearing into the basement where he would stay and not reappear until the noises stopped.

I don't think Mother was very worried, but she never failed to ask Dad if he had caught the spooks yet. They would admit the problem and try to reassure us, while trying to understand themselves what was going on.

At last, my father solved the riddle. He discovered that a heavily laden ore train came through Prescott every night at midnight, causing the water pipes in the basement to rattle. It was allowed to pass through the town only at midnight because it shook houses along the track badly, and people could tolerate it best at that time of night. Other trains shook the house, but the heavy ore train caused the loudest rattling.

Christmas in Prescott

We had a happy, joyous Christmas that year, for that was the year of the armistice ending World War I. We soon learned that Uncle Elmer Berry was alive and well, and coming home from France, and celebrations were in order.

How beautiful Prescott was that year, for it is surrounded by forests, and was buried deep in snow. We picked our own tree at the edge of Prescott. Maree has told the story of the tree: "It was a beautiful Saturday morning that Mother decided was calm and warm enough for us to go get the tree. Prescott, in the pines had much to offer in trees. She figured we could get a good one near the edge of town. When we reached the edge of town we spotted a little cottage ahead of us. It was an enchanting little cottage just like the one Hansel and Grettel had found in the forest, but made of wood instead of cookies and candy. While Kay and Lee trudged on through the snow, Effie and I paused in front of the little gate to the white picket fence, to admire all the fancy gingerbread trim.

"As we turned to go on to catch up with the boys, an old lady dashed out the door, her hair long and stringy; she looked like a witch and we began to run, but couldn't out-run her. Kay and Lee stood petrified, watching the race. When she finally caught up with us she offered us home-made candy from a huge platter she was carrying. We were too out of breath to eat, so she stuffed our pockets and begged us to come see her again.

"I have no little boys and girls," she sadly admitted. 'Please come see me again.'

"We trudged on through the snow, which was getting deeper along the way, Kay always in the lead, saying no to every tree we selected. They were too little, or too big, or not to his liking. We went on. Finally Effie put her foot down. The sun was sinking alarmingly in the west, Mama would

be worried. The next tree was about as perfect as one could expect to find in any forest in the world. Kay hesitated, then ordered us all back while he took his little hatchet, and he and Lee manfully chopped down the seven feet of blue spruce.

"The boys attached a rope to the stump end of the tree and proceeded to drag it through the snow. Since we had wandered all over the place and were almost lost, the boys decided on a short cut that soon took us to the edge of town. As we were struggling down the slope of the last little wash, a man suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

"'Hey!' he said, 'you kids are going to ruin that pretty little tree. I'll carry it for you. I live near your home.' And he did. Right next door. The next day he introduced himself to Papa as they met on the sidewalk in front. He said he was a policeman, and that a rule recently enacted in Prescott required a \$.50 permit to cut a tree. Papa offered him the \$.50 but he refused.

"'No,' he said, 'I just couldn't tell those kids about the permit, they had worked so hard for that tree. Every kid should have a Christmas tree, permit or not.'

"Dad built a base for the tree. Christmas was simpler then. Effie, who was gifted and artistic, took full charge of decorating the tree. We made what seemed like miles of paper chains from brightly colored paper. We tied apples and pears to hang here and there, and then we fastened perhaps fifty candles to the tree. With a long taper, Effie and our mother lit the candles while Dad stood by worrying with a bucket of water just in case of fire. For a minute or two it was a glorious sight while the candles burned away."

Effie was a wonderful big sister, in full charge of the next three children. She loved to play games. She taught us to play rook, checkers, and Parcheesi. Most games required a foursome and, for that reason, I was welcome and given full instructions even though I was only six. How happy we were that year, and we seemed to be unaware of any problem looming on our horizon.

On To Mesa

We stayed only one year in Prescott, and then we packed up our Ford and headed for Mesa, Arizona, where Uncle Frank Brown Aunt Martha had moved and started a medical practice. We lived for eight

years in Mesa and again Dad had an association with another established dentist, and was soon even more prosperous. First we lived in two different small houses. Then we bought a house straight down the street from where the temple was later built.

Prior to air conditioning, the summer weather was almost unbearable. All of us children sought refuge each summer in St. Johns, where we were always made welcome by Grandpa and Grandma Whiting to work with the bees or to help with the farming and bottling of fruit, and to learn what our grandparents called "how to work."

Maree's and Effie's friends in St. Johns were important socially in their lives, although we all had many friends in Mesa, too. Maree was always boy crazy, and was the most popular girl in town. Effie was interested in young men, but was aloof. She had typing and other skills, and toward the later part of our stay in Mesa, she began to want to be a secretary rather than a school teacher, which was her earlier intent.

Effie was twelve years old when we arrived in Mesa. She entered the 6th grade in the Franklin Grade School, which stood on Main Street in Mesa, about one quarter mile west of the temple. Helen and Dean were born in our permanent house, west of the temple.

In school Effie was an excellent student and excelled in art. She often made posters and excelled in free-hand drawing and India-ink drawing. This seemed new to our family and in various summer visits to St. Johns, she created posters for any purpose for church and social events, including some of Grandpa Whiting's theatrical "summer stock" shows.

Prosperity Drained Away

Dad and Mother suffered a severe financial loss in the early twenties. I mention this because some of their moving here and there would seem unreasonable if you were not aware of that. This family disaster occurred a year or two after we arrived in Mesa. There was a world-wide cotton shortage after World War I, which lasted a year or two. We bought two 40-acre cotton farms. One was in the southwest part of Mesa and the other in Gilbert, not far away. Uncle Frank Brown and Aunt Martha bought two 40-acre farms alongside ours, and used the same sales contracts. When cotton prices returned to normal, the cotton production

could not make the payments, and the farms were repossessed. However, under the contracts they had signed, they had guaranteed repayment of all of the money even though the land went back to the seller. Failure to repay would mean bankruptcy and our folks would not accept that. Consequently, their prosperity was drained away while they struggled for 10 years to repay the debt.

Effie and Maree finished high school in St. Johns. After they finished high school both of my sisters had a year at the teacher's college in Tempe, a town only 20 miles from Mesa. The family decided to give up the struggle in Mesa and follow Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha, who had moved to Salt Lake City.

On To Salt Lake City And Provo

In Salt Lake City, Effie switched from training to be a teacher to becoming a secretary. She took some of this training at the LDS Academy in Salt Lake City after she received her normal diploma to teach.

The following year, mother rented an apartment in Provo, where she moved the children and took in three boarders to help pay the bills. Effie continued her studies in Salt Lake City. Maree was in teachers' training at BYU. I was in Provo High School, as was Kay. Dean and Helen were in grade school. We soon headed back to Arizona after failing to get started in Utah. We had completed one year of school with Maree in teachers' training at BYU.

Back to Phoenix

Dad leased a dental office in the Leurs Building in Phoenix-- a very respectable office. He began the struggle to build a new practice on his own. We also bought a home in Phoenix, which served us for several years.

Grandpa Whiting's summer theater efforts were based on the need for recreation in the small towns such as Eagerville, Snowflake, and Showlow where friendly audiences welcomed these drama productions. Usually we opened to St. Johns audiences. Many of these shows had moments where the audiences were totally involved with the play, and prolonged clapping and yelling were not rare. Effie was extremely interested in this exposure to theater.

Obviously Not Well

Effie's health was not good. One winter when I was due to start second-year high school, my mother decided I would go to Los Angeles and live with Effie and Aunt Min, who had recently married Uncle Don Priestly.

Effie was one of the "flapper girls" famous in the twenties for their thin figures. My parents worried constantly about Effie's health because she was so thin, and wouldn't, or couldn't, eat properly. She was very slender and her health troubled everyone. I don't really know why I was sent, but I also was very concerned. Effie's doctor was in Los Angeles and the plan was to have her cared for directly under the doctor's supervision for one year.

After Effie and I settled at the Portsmouth Hotel with Aunt Min and Uncle Don, we made contact with Dr. Tibbits, an M.D. who had taken care of several other members of the Whiting family. I often went with Effie on these trips to see the doctor, having promised to write my mother about Effie's progress.

A Diagnosis

Dr. Tibbits explained Effie's illness to us and said it was Anorexia-Nervosa, an ancient eating disorder named by the Roman doctors. He said that modern doctors had had little success in treating this disorder. Doctors of the present decades have dropped the "nervosa" part of the term because it is no longer believed to be a disorder due to nervousness.

Dr. Tibbits encouraged me when I told him of my desire to study medicine. He advised me to let my high school teachers know of my interest because they would give special attention to my efforts in the science studies.

Effie's illness and Dr. Tibbits' encouragement had a direct influence on my plans to study medicine. He remained my adviser for many years. When I was accepted by a medical school in 1939, I called him for the last time and he assured me that I was fully qualified for my plans.

Recently I spoke with Aunt Min about that year. She reminded me that even though Effie was obviously not well, she was still often the life of the party. She kept a good sense of humor and loved lively conversation. She obtained a good job in a photo studio tinting photographs, and

worked daily during that year in Los Angeles.

Living in the hotel with Aunt Min and Uncle Don was pleasant and entertaining, but no improvement was seen in Effie's health. As the year was closing, our mother arrived with several members of the family. She rented a small house. We had no car, but traveled on the street-car.

The family then moved back to Phoenix. Effie was as thin as ever and still did not eat properly. At about the time we returned to Arizona, Effie was sent to spend time with Aunt Elda in St. Johns. Aunt Elda recently told me that she would fix delicious food for Effie and later find things around the house that had not been eaten. Aunt Elda said she worried for months while Effie stayed with her.

A Return to Phoenix

Effie then became interested in radio. She changed her "stage" name to Nan, and became entranced with radio. She wrote her own scripts and often took several parts. One new creation was two ladies conversing about a product as a sales method. This was immediately successful and was an original innovation, as was much of what she did in radio. Radio began to completely capture the audiences in small towns.

During the following ten years of her life, Effie proved she was an entrepreneur. Shortly after we returned to Phoenix, she took out a homestead in the desert southwest of Phoenix, in an area known as "Paradise Valley." She proved up on her homestead for about two years by building a structure on 160 acres and making yearly improvements, but as she was tempted into other efforts she dropped it. This little valley is now part of Phoenix. I haven't been there since her homestead days, when it was sagebrush and cactus.

Politics

Effie's next venture was in secretarial work, and she dropped the "Nan". She decided to launch a career in politics with her new secretarial training. She became the executive secretary to John H. Udall (Nick's father), who ran for governor as a Republican. It was summertime and she invited me to join her staff, as I had become an excellent typist while in Provo. One reason Effie rose so rapidly was because we worked mostly on political assurance that other political advantages would follow.

At about the time that John H. Udall lost the race for governor, a prominent Phoenix woman named Mrs. Greenway decided to run as a Republican for the House of Representatives, for the seat of her husband, who had died in office. Mrs. Greenway selected Effie to become her executive secretary. Everyone liked her work and natural political ability. The Berry family, including my father, had always been Democrats, but that seemed to have no effect. Effie was now a Republican.

This time Mrs. Greenway won and Effie was soon off to Washington, D.C., and her new career as a secretary and politician continued. As Mrs. Greenway's executive secretary, she had a wonderful view of politics and how things functioned in the nation's capital.

At age 18, I left for my mission in Brazil. When I returned I visited Effie in Washington, D.C. She had married William Ray Ellsworth, who had been one of Kay's missionary companions.

Effie helped me get a job in the Commerce Dept., where I was a messenger boy carrying messages to the White House. I soon was promoted, partly because my sister looked out for me.

It astounds me to recall how many of my friends obtained positions in government through Effie's doings. She particularly liked to help law students get jobs while they attended George Washington University Law School. Ray Brown was one of perhaps two dozen she helped to enter and study law. I believe most of them were returned missionaries. A few were from Arizona, but many were from Utah.

I lived during this period in a boarding house kept by Ray and Ruth H. Brown. Maree and Effie each kept boarders a few miles away.

Testing Negative for TB

Again Effie was bothered with poor health. She was very thin and obviously ill. She was suspected of having tuberculosis. The most reliable test at that time was the guinea pig test. She tested negative for TB on two occasions. One doctor encouraged her to become pregnant. He gave her hormones and she finally succeeded. Lynn was the result.

I left Washington, D.C., to go to Brigham Young University. I attended the university for one and one-half years, then returned to Washington, D.C., to visit my sisters. Lynn was one month old. That visit to Effie's home was the occasion on which I first met Virginia. I'll tell later of what came of that meeting. The purpose of my trip was to bring Dean home. He had stayed with Maree for a year.

When I arrived back in Phoenix with Dean, I explained the desperate circumstances of Effie and Bill due to her health which had failed. They ran a boarding home with 10 guests. Effie had been confined to bed for three months before Lynn was born and was still confined to bed. Bill was never much help in cooking and housework. Virginia had joined Bill and Effie in order to attend a business college. She had gone to school for only a few months and now was overburdened with the problems at the Ellsworths'.

Mother's answer was profound and immediate. She sent Norma to help. Norma moved into Effie's and Bill's house and with Virginia managed the problems, and after three or four months of struggles, Bill and Effie moved west to California permanently.

They moved to Fontana, where Dad had bought some ranches. Bill had a chicken ranch which they later sold. Not long after that, Effie and Bill wanted to run a motel and they purchased the Ray Motel in Barstow, California. Bill did all of the physical work as Effie could get more money from the guests, so that was the way they divided up the work. She rented rooms and kept accounts.

Effie Would Not Listen

While in California Gary, Elaine, and Van were born. The doctor in charge repeatedly warned against the strain of so many children to be born to such a frail mother, but Effie simply would not listen. She took increasing interest in each new arrival. Nothing seemed to daunt her spirits.

I finished medical school and several years of residency training before I had much contact with Effie again. I saw her from time to time and continued to try to watch over her. She had excellent doctors. Her last obstetrician resigned a few months before Evelyn was born saying, "She doesn't do what I say, so why should I worry." That seemed cruel, but he was confessing a dismal prognosis which I suppose was inevitable.

Evelyn was due to be born with only a few days for me to arrange for her cesarean section. A good obstetrician in Alhambra consented to do the surgery and I assisted. There was no time now to help build her up--just a few days. At that time the marvelous methods of feeding intravenously were more primitive and limited almost entirely to glucose. This does not help in repairing body tissue.

Nevertheless, Effie tolerated her surgery well and Evelyn was born. We put her in a bedroom at our home on Sixth Street and she seemed to do fine, but could only eat pickles and toast and the few foods which she could always eat. After about three weeks of recovery, she became very lonely for Barstow and her family, her husband and lovely children.

I finally consented to let her go home if she would go to bed. In two or three days she came back to Alhambra in an ambulance. I hospitalized her and almost never left her until she passed away.

Only Well People Fear Death

She seemed to be as aware as I was of her coming death. She became the comforter to me and I will never forget some of her words. She pointed out that well people are the ones who are afraid to die and that sick people may find it comforting to know that relief is at hand. At least she insisted that she had no fear. She seemed happy that she recognized Evelyn as the baby she had been promised in a dream. The long-range cause of her death was anorexia with malnutrition. The immediate cause of death was lung complications brought on by her inability to cough.***



Back row: Effie, Maree, Dean, Norma, Helen. Front row: Kay, May, Herbert, and Lee Berry about 1947.

REMEMBERING EFFIE

A collection of thoughts from family members

Her Greatest Quality

by Elda Whiting Brown

Herbert and May built the third cabin at the spring where the first saw mill was. Herbert and May lived there with four children, Effie, Maree, Kay and Lee, all full of life and happy and we all loved them so much.

Our longhorn cattle ran all around close by. There were several bulls that sounded bad, especially to May. She made bright red calico dresses for Effie and Maree as she was so afraid they would get lost. Earnest said, "Well, May, you know how bulls love red, you'll have every bull in the place after them." Myn and I loved and played with those little ones and loved them.

When May's and Herbert's children went to high school in St. Johns, Effie lived one year with Albert and I. We all loved her so much. She was good to everyone. Effie wasn't well at all. May wanted me to try and get Effie to eat, and I tried every way, but couldn't do much. I'd fix special sandwiches and food, but she just couldn't eat. I'd find her sandwiches and food around. She always thanked me, and we all felt bad, and loved her so much.

Her greatest quality was the tolerance she had for her family and others, her unselfishness. Effie was always so busy doing good and worthwhile things on radio and off. Maree lived the next winter with us. She was different and always seemed well and happy.

Books Could Be Written

by Myn Whiting Priestly

I wish I knew enough words in this English language to try to put down in words the picture gI see in my mind when I try to tell about Effie. My mind goes in all directions. I was close to Effie and Maree in all the parts of their lives when they were young and their early married life, too. I am glad to have the sweet memories of those early years, both in St. Johns and Mesa, too.

One thing I would like to be sure that Effie's grandchildren know is the faith she had in her patriarchal blessing. It was that very thing that kept her going, through her belief in the Church and the promise made to her in her blessing. She had such a good mind and used it so well. Even with her illness. she was busy and lived a great life. She taught me a lot about that, and I have been blessed in my life because of it.

For instance, I was with her when she went to Dr. Tibbits and after he had examined her, he said her female organs were only developed like a one year old girl's. Now I seemed to take that news worse than she did, and I said to the Dr., "Does that mean she cannot have a child?" And he answered me with a smile and said, "I never tell a woman she can't have children, because I did that once, and later she came back to me to deliver her first child." When we left, I started to try and comfort Effie, but she soon was giving me cheer. She said, "He doesn't know the Lord said I would be a Mother."

She came away cheerful and happy, ready to go to study about her interest in doing some kind of speech, and I have always though she knew what she needed to know when she did her radio work. Don and I sang on her program. When she had May Robson (the movie star) on, she was so impressed with Effie.

The last time she was in the hospital, Kay stayed by her side as much as he could. He asked me to take over for him for several hours, and Effie and I had a real good visit. We spoke about many things, but the conversation was not morbid. She seemed to know she wasn't going to get well. She was not afraid to die, but she worried terribly about leaving her children. We reminisced about her T.B, and the healing she had experienced in the temple, and I asked about using that same faith to be healed now. She said, "That isn't the way my faith works--I just believe that whatever the Lord thinks is best will happen."

We've got lots of smart girls in this family, but we've never had anyone else with the alertness to other people and to the world and all that has gone on and was going on as Effie. She knew everything that ever had gone on. I like to think that now she has been relieved of her sick body and is accomplishing the things she could have done here. Books could be written about Effie and not tell all about the beautiful creature she was, and probably the best was she was beautiful to live with. Almost too unselfish.

A Lesson On Tithing

by Ruth Brown Lewis

When Maree and Elbert were called on a mission to Hawaii, there was a call for a secretary for the Chamber of Commerce. Effie got the job. While there, she also worked as a part-time missionary. After Maree and Elbert left, she decided she would go home, but she didn't have quite enough money. She owed a couple of bills and some tithing. She was about to use the \$50.00 tithing money, but knew she shouldn't do that, so she paid it. The next day, when she told her boss she was going home, he said she had done such a fine job they wanted to give her a bonus of \$50.00. When she went to pay the storekeeper the \$10.00 she owed, he refused to take it, as she had done some typing for them. The last \$5.00 she needed, she found on the sidewalk. If she ever needed a lesson on tithing, she had it.

I Had Her All To Myself

by Leilani Hamblin Silvers

I still remember a song Aunt Effie taught me when she lived with us in Washington D.C. before she married Uncle Bill. The song was:

Little Sir Echo, how do you do? Hello!

Hello! Why don't you come over and play?

I was only four years old, but I remember her dark hair, and she was beautiful. She was always singing "Jesus Wants Me For A Sunbeam," and "Two Little Boys Had Two Little Toys, Each Had a Wooden Horse", etc. I remember her also at Etawanda, but she had kids of her own, then. In Washington D.C. sometimes I had her all to myself. I loved her very much.

What a Rich Life

by Joycell Hamblin Cooper

I can't ever remember when Aunt Effie wasn't in my life. Most of the songs I sang as a child, she taught me. One of the earliest recollections was in Hawaii. Mother had just had Leilani, and was still in the hospital. Aunt Effie patiently taught me "Mighty Like a Rose," and took me into

mother's hospital ward to sing. I remember the nurses gathering around, and I was singing at the top of my lungs to compete with the coh's and aah's. Leilani was receiving with her hair in finger waves and a bow perched on top.

Another song, which was a favorite of my children, was "Two Little Boys." [see page 40 for the complete text of this song.] For some years, Aunt Effie couldn't have children. When we lived in Washington D.C. she used to take me home with her as often as possible. This was a highlight for me because she had a Shirley Temple doll (that Elaine still has.) Not only that, but she had made that doll an entire wardrobe--a little girl's dream. And many is the afternoon I spent dressing and undressing that doll. She also had a set of little dishes and a Shirley Temple pitcher and glasses she got as prizes out of oatmeal boxes. (I had some also, but it wasn't the same as playing with hers.)

She would tell me stories and dress me up and let me put on plays. I would act and she would be my audience. Perhaps that is where I got my love of drama. Aunt Effie was fun and always treated me as an equal. We would have tea parties, dress up parties, hair styling parties, story telling parties. Life was never dull when Aunt Effie was around. Between she and Aunt Norma, Mother and I never lacked for imaginative things to do. I pity the poor children today who have only the TV for company--what a rich life they are missing. Truly I was rich, for I had Aunts who took the time to help me build memories that would help mold my life.



Front left: Leilani, Joycell, Dean. Middle left: Norma, Kay, Herbert. Back left: Elbert, Maree, Bill, Effie, Helen.***

WITHOUT HER GUIDANCE BUT NOT WITHOUT HER INFLUENCE

THE ANGEL IN MY LIFE
by Elaine Ellsworth Ward

I can offer so little in the way of memories of my mother, Effie Berry Ellsworth. I was barely four years old when she died. Only vague and foggy recollections are still with me. I don't remember her face, nor her voice, yet as I became more acquainted with Aunt Norma in my early teens, there were qualities and a resemblance about her that were very familiar and dear to me.

Isn't it funny, how our sense of smell can carry us back to relieve an emotion or a time or place? Paradise, I believe must be a place filled with orange blossoms, as it is the smell of orange blossoms that fills my heart with happiness. It brings me to a time of contentment, probably Fontana, California, where my parents were full of hopes and dreams for the future of their grove of oranges. My mother loved gardenias. The smell of gardenias was a great pleasure. Uncle Lee says my father once spent the last of his money to buy my mother a gardenia, and then, lacking carfare, walked four miles home to give it to her. Our daughter, Julie, chose gardenias in her wedding bouquet as a tribute to her grandmother. Gary took one glance at them and wept.

Effie's brother, Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia (my Dad's sister) took upon themselves the task of nurturing, counseling and providing for us all that they could. They opened their hearts and home to us, and continue to this day to do so. Our summers were spent with them. I have never heard their own children complain about moving over for us. We survived some pretty rough times because of them.

My brothers, Lynn and Gary must have made some promises to Mother because of the self-sacrifices that they both made to Evelyn, Van and me. It has unified us and brought us peace with each other. Never, to this day, have we ever been quarrelsome or even had reason to be so.

While we were younger, and living in Southern California, our family went to visit our mother's grave regularly to put flowers on it. I noticed Lynn and Gary would always stand off to the side. I asked Gary one day why he didn't participate.

He said simply, "It's not the way I want to remember her. Besides, she's not there anymore."

Though she has been gone 41 years now, she has been a great influence on me, and though they may not realize it, I believe she has influenced her grandchildren. She promised my father that she would never be very far away; she is very much aware of her children and grandchildren. She has 27 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren.

One could think of the relationship of my mother and father as a tragic love story. Our father grieved for her until his dying day. Often times, while I was growing up, he would tell me how much he missed her and how she had made his life so complete. He was a devoted father and always wanted his children to be good; that was #1 most important to him, that his children grow up to be good. All else was incidental. Because of his undying love and devotion for our mother, his marriage to Ruth had its trials and tribulations, but that's another story.

I always took great pride in the praises about my mother being so talented, intelligent, compassionate, and of great faith (a bright star is a good analogy.) But, as I was living with some insecurities, it didn't bring me much comfort, as I knew I could never "measure up" to her standards. After all, how does anyone ever measure up to one who is perfected? She was sort of an unreachable angel to me, and I couldn't help but feel a bit intimidated by this glorious being.

However, in recent years, I have come to discover that she was human, and had some human qualities. Finally, it made me realize that it was okay for me to have a few imperfections; and that perfection in this life is not possible. Though I have had some insecurities in my life, one thing I was always secure with was that her love for her husband and her children would never die.

The inheritance our parents left us with was a big package of values, which "moth, nor rust can corrupt--nor thieves break in and steal." How can you put a price tag on that?

THOUGHTS ABOUT EFFIE

by Evelyn Ellsworth Gwartney

I was four weeks old when my mother, Effie died so of course I don't remember her. I have heard stories about her and I have always appreciated them. I grew up without her guidance, but not without her influence.

Her influence was always in a spiritual sense; an early testimony of the eternal nature of families, a feeling that she was never far from me, and that she does care about me. My mother's faith and good works has set a good example for me throughout my life. I will be very happy to meet her one of these days. I think that when we are together again, we will be good friends.

I VIVIDLY REMEMBER

by Lynn Ellsworth

I can remember when I was about 14, I was at Uncle Lee's home browsing through some of his medical books. I found one that dealt with psychology and emotions. Much to my surprise, I found a chapter that dealt with children who had been orphaned (especially by a mother.) It said that these children almost always begin imagining this lost parent to be supernatural, an angel, as it were. From that time on, I never forgot what the book said, but still believed her to be much more than a mortal.

Once part of me said, "Look, she wasn't anything more nor less than any loving mother would be, you just idolize her because that's what all orphaned kids do with their dead mother, make an angel out of her." The other part of me said, and still says, "She is an angel, probably one of God's greatest angels, I don't care



what the book says."

I think my greatest wish and motivating thought of my life is to so live that I can be with her again.

I remember that she was always pleasant. Not once in my young life did I ever hear a cross word from her. Not even once. A scoffer might say, "Oh! You just remember the good things, you've forgotten the bad." But, no. I vividly remember her being tired, sick, sometimes sad, but never a cross word ever.***

This picture of Effie and Bill Ellsworth was probably taken at Austin Studio, where they both worked at the time their son, Lynn, was kidnapped.



Effie, "Edweena Whiting" in a dramatic interpretation of Hagar. She charged \$2.00 per hour for private drama lessons.

FROM THE DIARY OF BILL ELLSWORTH

We bought a home at 3500 McKinley Street out in Chevy Chase, Maryland, from the Russell Real Estate Company. We bought our furniture from Sears and also from a second-hand store that specialized in furniture from embassies. We have six bedrooms which we are renting for roomers and boarders. We have hired Essie Rogers, a colored girl, to help us in our rooming and boarding business. She is an excellent cook. Maree has a like establishment which she is renting. Elbert is going to school. Virginia has arrived to complete her education. Norma and Dean are going to school. Dean has a newspaper route.

Doctor Smith has recommended a Doctor Stevenson, and we are going to him. Lynn Erwin Ellsworth was born 19 April, 1936. He stayed so long in the hospital that the doctors and nurses became worried about his name. The night Lynn was born, Maree stayed with me in the waiting room. After Lynn's birth, complications set in, and Effie Nan had recurring high fevers, and difficulty breathing. Doctor Stevenson drained about 2 quarts of straw colored fluid from her plural cavity on her left side. He tested this fluid for tuberculosis and one of his tests showed positive. He highly recommended we get Effie Nan out of Washington D.C...

We got rid of our boarders and sold our home to Clarence Kidd, who I knew down at the Treasury where I worked. Elbert is selling our furniture. We have made arrangements with the "Whiting Brothers" to drive a new car from Detroit, Michigan, to Northern Arizona for them. This we picked up and started West with Norma Berry, Virginia Ellsworth, Lynn Erwin Ellsworth, Effie Nan and I. We had thirty five dollars to make the trip, we got as far as Raton, New Mexico, where we had to wire for ten dollars to finish the trip on.

We placed Effie Nan under a specialist in Phoenix, Arizona, and he put her to bed for at least six months. It was decided we would send for Essie Rogers and her husband to help out with the housework as I was working in the U.S. Treasury Branch in Phoenix. This plan did not work out so well, as Essie and Robert, her husband, "Got Liberated" soon after arriving in Phoenix, and they were above doing the housework.

We asked the Elders to come in and administer to

Effie Nan, and we asked the Arizona Temple workers to have a special prayer for her. Immediately afterwards, her recurring fevers left, she became normal in her breathing and the pain left her left side. The Doctor took an X ray of her chest and where before there were tubercles, now it was clear. The Doctor said it was impossible, but there it was. Effie Nan was completely healed. The only after effects were adhesions in her plural cavity. Dr. Stevenson drew too much fluid and her chest had grown itself to her ribs.

After renovating the apartment house on thirteenth Street and the duplex on seventh Street, Dr. Berry sold his property, and Effie Nan and I moved to Santa Monica, California. We borrowed two hundred dollars to do this. In coming over here, we stopped at a motel, and Lynn Erwin slept in the dresser drawer. We bought a home on 1101 Pearl Street in Santa Monica and I went to work for Douglas Aircraft.

An Entry After Effie's Death

The ancient of Days said, "My daughter, it is time for you to go down and have earth experience. There you will learn faith, tolerance and love. There you will select a companion. There you will learn the truths of eternal life through the things we suffer. But the way will not be long, for I have a work for you to do home." So, the daughter came to earth. Her body was sick and needed rest; her spirit restless and pushing on to higher goals. When her mission was complete, she was called home. She left behind a legacy of good works and high ideals. Her faith was such that an Apostle remarked, "Such is the faith that the Savior marvelled." Her faith brought her unto a perfect knowledge of the gospel and of her God. Such was her testimony. Her tolerance was so perfected that no one ever heard her say evil or gossip about anyone. Her courage was such that she faced pain, suffering, and even death without flinching. Her love was first for her God, and then for her family and the whole world. She forgave those who did evil against her. She did not tolerate those who sinned and knew they were sinning. Some of the family she left were privileged to know her and appreciate her sterling character. Others of her family never knew her, but have from her, beautiful bodies and clear minds because she was pure.***

My Mother sang this to me when I was a little boy. I remember it this way, although Anna Prentice, (one of Aunt Famie's daughters) has a slightly different version. This is the way I remember Mother singing it to me. Thanks to Anna who provided the words.

It is a story of two childhood friends who later become involved in the American Civil War. It is a story of kindness repaid after Jack becomes a Yankee soldier, and Joe becomes a Rebel. This story has been handed down since the Civil War through the Berry family. --Lynn Ellsworth

Two Little Boys

Two little boys had two little toys: each had a wooden horse. Gayly they played, all the long day, soldiers brave, of course!

Then one little chap had a mishap, and broke off his horse's head. He cried for his toy, then out with joy, his young comrade said:

(Chorus:) Did you think I could see you crying, when there's room on my horse for two? Jump up here, Jack, and we'll go flying, he can go just as fast with you! And perhaps when we Grow up together, and our horses will not be toys, it may well be that we'll remember when we were two little boys.

Years passed away, war came one day, gayly they marched away. Cannons roared loud a-midst of the crowd, wounded and dying Joe lay.

When loud came a cry, a horse dashes by, then out from the ranks of blue, galloped away to where Joe lay, sobbing and crying Jack said:

(Chorus:)

Did you say Joe, I'm all a-tremble, well perhaps it's the battle's noise, but it may be that I remember when we were two little boys.***



The Ellsworth children several months after their mother's death, at their Ellsworth grandparents' house in Safford, Arizona, 1948. Elaine is standing, and clockwise from Elaine is Gary, Evelyn, Van and Lynn.

SHE WILL SEE THEM AND SHE WILL REJOICE

A CURRENT LOOK AT THE POSTERITY OF

EFFIE BERRY AND RAY WILLIAM ELLSWORTH

compiled by Lee Berry, Elaine Ward & Diana Rice

Lynn Ellsworth

Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth live with their family in Eager, Arizona where Lynn is manager of data processing for Apache County. Lynn works in the same building that was once his mother's high school. He served a mission to Uruguay. He is Ward Finance Clerk and Stake Sunday School Inservice leader, and continues the genealogy projects that his father worked on for more than 40 years. Lynn and Jamie designed, built and decorated their own home. Jamie works with third grade special education students. She is Spiritual Living Leader in Relief Society. Well organized, she is a fantastic seamstress who has been known to make family reunion outfits for their whole family.

Luke (24) and his wife, Elizabeth, are attending BYU. Luke, the first of Effie's grandsons to go on a mission, served in the Rome Italy Mission. He wants to be a CPA. He just got an A in Calculus, and is hoping to be accepted into BYU Accountancy School this fall. Elizabeth is expecting in August. She has had 3 years at BYU studying education.

Effie (22) is attending a junior college at Provo. She works as a waitress to help herself through school. She is studying business management.

Esther (21) and her husband Lindsay Pugmire are at BYU. His major is physical therapy. He is a strong student who will graduate from BYU in April. Esther attended three years at BYU, and is attending medical-dental technical school. At work, she makes micro-chips at Signetics.

Amy (18) in Provo works at a restaurant and is studying medical-dental secretarial courses, including word processing.

Paul (17) is a junior in high school. He is in Show Choir and his choir will represent Arizona at the national level in Washington, D.C. in April. He is diligently working and studying to prepare for his mission in two years.

Susan (15) is getting straight A's in everything, including accelerated English, Biology and Algebra. She wants to go to BYU. She is very goal oriented and sets high standards for herself.

Gary Ellsworth

Gary is working as a computer programmer for several doctors in San Diego, California. His wife Charlene is at present a homemaker, but often works outside the home. Gary served a mission in Uruguay. A student of church history, Gary has had two articles published in the Ensign Magazine. He has served several times as Gospel Doctrine teacher. He maintains frequent correspondence and contact with Aunt Maree and Aunt Myn, as well as Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia. He is kind and generous, and would give anyone the shirt off his back, if asked.

Gary and Charlene's son, Zachary, age 5 is a handsome, all boy, boy. Their daughter, Katrina, is one year old and is beautiful, as well as adorable.

Gary has a daughter, Martha, and a son, Phillip, from previous marriages.

Elaine Ellsworth Ward

Elaine and her husband, Richard Ward, live in Wilmington, Delaware. Richard is a radiologist, and Elaine presides over a beautiful family. Richard served on the stake high council for 9 years before serving 5 years as first counselor to the stake president. Recently released, he is now serving a stake mission. He makes sure that the family goes to family reunions, unselfishly making whatever arrangements are necessary.

Elaine attended BYU and Pasadena City College before dropping out of school to support her husband through medical school. She worked at FBI national headquarters in Washington D.C. and then in the Dean's office at George Washington Medical School while Richard finished his training there.

Elaine has served as Primary President, and Young Women's President, and is currently a primary teacher. She has taken watercolor and oil painting classes, and loves to read. She is currently taking a computer class at a nearby university. She is very supportive of her children's activities, trying to attend as many of their events as possible, and is serving on the parents board for wrestling.

Julie (22) completed 2 years at BYU, and her husband, Jon Hardy, is studying history at BYU. Julie runs the home. Julie and Jon have a daughter, Aimee.

Jenny Marie (20) is at BYU majoring in English. She plays piano and is on the Dean's List at BYU.

George (17) is a senior in high school and will be entering BYU in September. He is a very good basketball player. He played in band for 4 years.

Stephen (16) is in his third year of high school. He is on the varsity wrestling team. He is an honor student whose favorite subject is physics.

Twins Matthew and Melissa (14) went to Russia in Spring of 1988. Matthew is a good student, and good at math. He got lost in Red Square. Melissa plays piano, is on two basketball teams, and is also a good student.

Eric (11) is a honor student and is playing MCA basketball. He is also a boy scout.

Van Ellsworth

Van is a design architect for Marriott and travels in connection with his work. Currently he is in charge of building two hotels in Chicago. When he was hired by Marriott, he convinced them that they needed him, and they did. Now the man who hired him works for Van!

Van was soon directing hotel lobby design, hiring and firing architects. He now is supervising entire building construction and is hiring and firing companies. In fact, he recently had a company president he once worked for ask for a contract and Van had to turn him down because that company was too small for Marriott needs. Van served a mission in Chile

Mike (18) is hoping for a football scholarship. His coach comments that Mike is one of the strongest players on the team. He enjoys life and doesn't keep it a secret. He has a good job at the hospital where he can study, while he works.

Traci (16) is very beautiful. She is good at whatever she does. She is a junior in high school and has a good job at the hospital where she earns her own money and can also study.

Kerri (15) is a sophomore in high school and is the family comedian, and is a very happy person. She is very attractive. She is a "runner" at the hospital.

Ryan (10) is busy with cub scouts. He wants to follow in his brother's footsteps in athletics. He loves all kinds of sports.

Evelyn Ellsworth Gwartney

Evelyn and her husband, Pat Gwartney, live in Findlay, Ohio where Pat is manager of product control for TLD Solomon Software, an accounting software firm, and Evelyn runs the home. Pat has served in a bishopric and is on the high council. He is kind and patient.

Pat and Evelyn like to renovate homes. They have rental income on the first one they bought in Findlay, and are working on and living in another. Evelyn has even learned to install vinyl flooring.

Evelyn taught elementary school for a year before she was married, and has substituted at times, so she has a lot of wisdom as a mother. She is a loving support to her husband, who adores her. Evelyn is taking medical assistance classes in night school. She has worked for many years in the scouting program and has just been called to be Primary President.

Warren (17) just graduated from high school. He does secretarial work at his father's company. He is saving money to go to the University of Cincinnati.

Nathan (15) plays basketball and is a sophomore in high school. He is getting good grades. He has a newspaper route and arises at 4:45 every morning.

Sarah (13) is in the 8th grade. Her art teacher likes the watercolor that she painted. She is entering a watercolor contest.

Troy (11) is in scouting. He is an avid reader and a very good student. He is taking a special class for gifted students.

Emily (6) is in first grade. She is a very good student and has many friends.

Seth (2) is preparing to be Governor of Ohio.***

KLEAN BA AND THE PYTHON

AN ORIGINAL VOORTREKKER TALE

by Effie Berry Ellsworth
2/22/38

Note from Elaine Ellsworth Ward: My mother wrote radio scripts from the stories told to her by my father, Uncle Kay and their friends about their missions in South Africa. This one of the python is true!

The Voortrekker, or pioneer, has driven the animals back from the more fertile and habitable parts of Africa. The lion has disappeared south of the Limpopo, the elephant has become scarce in South Africa. But, try as man can, he cannot rid the country of snakes. Snakes, for our convenience, may be divided into two classes: the poisonous ones, and the non-poisonous. The ones that are able to kill by their bites are continually being killed, and the ones that are harmless are allowed a certain amount of peace. But nearly all snakes in Africa are dangerous to mankind.

The python is one snake that is non-poisonous, but is very dangerous on account of its constriction qualities. A medium sized python of about 16 feet can kill a full grown ox by squeezing it to death. So the stranger in the veldt is always on the lookout for these pythons.

A python lays in wait by a game trail, in the tall grass, or gets on a limb above a game trail, and as the animal gets near, the python springs upon it, catching it with his mouth, and then quickly wraps his body around the animal. These coils get tighter and tighter until the animal is dead of suffocation or of crushing.

The snake then commences the process of eating. If you have ever seen the skeleton of a python, you will see that the jaw is detached from the upper jaw and the skin is very flexible. So the python takes his food whole, without the formality of chewing. Pythons have been found dead on the veldt, because they have swallowed a buck antelope, and the horns have torn or penetrated some vital organ. Pythons love the smaller animals and birds. They are easily captured and then are easily swallowed.

Strange tales are woven around this giant snake and the way it lives. One is how the mother python will curl around and over her eggs until

they are hatched. It is claimed the snakes match up for life, and when the mate is killed, the living member of the python family will follow the spoor, or trail and avenge itself upon the killer.

We were living on a small farm next to the veldt, near the city of East London. We raised chickens for the young chickens and the eggs brought quite a bit of money down at the market. Our farmhouse was made of corrugated iron. The roof was of the same material. This iron resisted the destructive termite ant that would eat everything that it could get hold of. There were no ceilings in the house because of the danger of snakes being in the ceiling. The floor was of earth, and the door and windows were well screened.

For a helper around the house and the farm, we hired a native boy. Men among the natives are always called boys, even till they are old men, bent and grey. Our boy was quite a help around the kitchen and in the garden and in the hen house. He took special delight in keeping the chickens well fed and well tended. This boy was of the Basuto tribe, and had two wives who visited him about once a week. His wages were a trifle and his keep didn't amount to much, so we kept him around as a hired man.

One morning, I counted the chickens, as was my habit. We were supposed to have thirty five hens. But, try as many times as I liked, I could but count thirty two. So at breakfast, I told the rest of the family. The owner of the chickens promptly accused Klean ba's wives. Klean ba defended his two spouses and said that they did not steal, and would not steal from his master.

Then we decided that the hens were stolen by natives that were down on the river about two miles from the farm. So Klean ba went down to investigate, and the hens or signs of the hens were missing. So Klean ba came back to give his opinion of the matter.

He said that a python had been seen in the neighborhood, and that it was this python that had been getting the chickens. Klean ba asked if he could set a trap and capture the python.

It sounded like an interesting thing, so I talked the others into letting Klean ba catch the snake, little knowing what was in store for us.

Klean ba went to work. He nailed up all the holes in the chicken coop, but one. These holes he nailed up good, so that the snake could not get through. Then we all went to bed, Klean ba among the first. I wondered why he didn't set his trap. But Klean ba said, "You see."

Next morning, I went out to the hen house because the chickens were making such a racket. There, in one corner, was a python curled up sleeping. Well, we got the chickens out of there in no time, and the whole family was aroused to see the python. The owner was for finishing the snake then and there with a well placed bullet. But Klean ba stepped in claiming the snake alive as his captive. Well, it looked very much to me like Klean ba would have a time capturing the snake and putting him in the small box that had been built for the snake. Of course we would not think of letting Klean ba risk his life. But the native pleaded, and told us we would be breaking our promise to him if we did not allow him to capture the snake. It was talked over, and finally we decided to let Klean ba capture the snake because we promised him we would.

Klean ba stripped, and from the shed he got a can of palm oil. This palm oil he rubbed over his entire body, except the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet.

When his application of palm oil was complete, Klean ba calmly walked over to the sleeping python and grabbed it behind the head. Well, we were afraid, and got all the knives in the house to help cut Klean ba loose. The snake immediately went into a huddle and all around Klean ba's body. But the smiling native hung on to the neck with all his might. The coils were useless, as they could not cling to the oiled skin of Klean ba. When the snake was thoroughly aroused, Klean ba quietly and quickly walked outside the hen house with his captive.

The snake lashed about, trying to get a purchase

on something, anything but that slick, oily body of Klean ba's. But Klean ba was only interested in the choking of his captive. Time and time again, the body of Klean ba was covered with coils that could easily have crushed the strongest oxen, but were powerless on the oily skin of the native.

Well, the best of fights cannot last very long. Usually, the best fights are over in just a few minutes. This one was. Soon the choking that Klean ba was giving the snake became too much. After all, a snake must breathe. The movements of the snake's huge body became less and less powerful. Finally, with one great quiver, the snake lay limp, the life-giving air choked from his lungs by a puny man.

Well, Klean ba laughed, and then before his snake could revive, he stuffed the body of his captive in the little box which he had built for the snake. When the captive snake was revived, he was sent to the snake park and farm of Mr. Fitzsimmons in Port Elizabeth. And there the python enjoys life, tended and cared for by Mr. Fitzsimmons and his hired boys.

The python measured sixteen feet long. And it was captured by a savage, with only his brain and his bare hands to help him out.

Elaine Ward says, "My dad wrote the following message to my mother on her birthday, November 1934."

May the snow rest lightly upon your beautiful shoulders and time's carressing hand lift the load from off your back and erase care from your precious soul. May God Bless You.***

