



Nihil Sine Labore—Nothing Without Work

# The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family

Four of Herbert and May Berry's great grandchildren have been married since our last Berry Patch. Congratulations to Eric and Tiffany Gonze, Tim and Amy Vogl, John and Wanda Mahana, and Brent and Effie Kitchen. As a special gift to all the family newlyweds (eight great grandchildren married in a year!), we are printing a note Herbert Berry slipped into Diana Rice's hand on her wedding day:

June 7th 1968  
My Dear Grand Children Diana and Roger;

A long time ago a Very wise man said, "the future belongs to those who prepare for it." This bit of wisdom is of special significance to both of you, as you are now starting your married life together.

As you strive to perfect your selves and find your true place in the Kingdom of God. Let us ponder another adage of the past, "Practice makes perfect." But Does it? Only perfect practice will bring perfection to you by keeping The Commandments of our Heavenly Father.

Perfect practice plus hard work is the formula for success and happiness. In your every day living, it is also the secret of raising your family.

To be average just isn't good

enough. Someone has pointed out that when you are average you are the best of the worst and the worst of the best, so you can see that you are above average.

So my dear children if you find happiness and success in your married life, work hard and practice perfection and you will see that the future belongs to those who prepare for it.

With lots of love  
Your Grandfather

MAY BERRY MISSION FUND  
by Louine B. Hunter

I am the administrator of the new May Berry Missionary Fund. The Whiting Missionary Fund has been discontinued, with shares from the fund being distributed to all of the branches of the Whiting family, and now we administer our own fund. We have \$656.00 in an Ojai Bank to use for missionary work.

Our procedure will be for those going on missions to apply for the funds simply by letting me know the date you will enter the mission home and the name and address of your mission. We will contribute \$25 a month,

per missionary, but if more is needed, you can ask for more. If our fund increases due to generous contributions, perhaps the amount can be increased also. We will send the monthly check to the home of the parents. If you let us know ahead of time, we'll also send \$25 the month before entering the MTC, to help with clothing expenses.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE FUND by sending in a lump sum, or a monthly contribution (as low as \$5 a month would help), mail your check to the May Berry Missionary Fund, C/O Louine Hunter, 1190 El Toro, Ojai, CA., 93023. Remember, it's tax deductible!

A reminder: to receive funds, write Louine a brief note, stating date to enter MTC, and the name and address of your mission.

#### Editorial Staff

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Happy Ninetieth Birthday

Aunt Myn Priestly

September 5th:  
Still Going Top Speed at 90!



### Elder Berrys Addresses



Mission Home Addresses for our Elders--Elder Mike Rice: 2 Ridgedale Ave. #210, Cedar Knolls, N.J. 07927. Elder Jim Hunter: Mision Espana Sevilla, Virgen De Regla, 1-1.0 1, 41011 Sevilla, Espana. Elder Tim Hamblin: 14 Worrall Ave., Ploughkeepsie, N.Y. 12603.



### AUTHORS IN THE FAMILY!

In defense of unborn babies, Elaine wrote this poem and submitted it to her local newspaper. She just couldn't sit back and do nothing--while some women are out there screaming for abortion rights.

#### I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU by Elaine Ellsworth Ward

I could have loved you my mother dear, but what can I do without a choice, your unborn child without a voice?

"FREEDOM OF CHOICE!" the banners are waving--"my body is mine," I hear them cry! But, what about my body, what about me? Left alone, and unloved--to die.

The saddest words, I understand now, are the ones that say: "I might have been \_\_\_\_." I might have been somebody special, I might have done things great. Though my body is mine, no choice will I have, it is over and done with, too late.

### WHAT PATRIOTISM MEANS TO ME by Jenni Luke

(note: Jenni won first prize with this essay about her Grandmother Virginia Berry's ancestors. She received a plaque and a \$75 savings bond.)

The crowd becomes oddly silent and drums begin to roll. The cadence becomes louder and louder until, "CRASH," the symbols shatter the rhythm. A choir proudly bursts out singing "The Star Spangled Banner." The crowd listens with stillness and gazes at the brilliant red, white and blue flag streaming gallantly in the wind. Each member of the crowd beams with pride, deep inside their hearts, that cannot be put to words. This is patriotism.

I get emotional when I hear stories of my immigrant ancestors and their sacrifices to get to the United States. One family, the McCleves, joined the Mormon Church in Ireland in the mid-1800's. They gave up a good life in Ireland and made a long, treacherous journey to America, so that they could freely practice their religion. They began by sailing across the Atlantic on a crowded, unsanitary boat. Some friends died on this trip. The McCleve's youngest son was deathly sick the entire ocean trip and barely survived.

The immigrants arrived in Boston, Massachusetts about two months later. From there, they travelled to Independence, Missouri. They soon began their trip to the Salt Lake Valley by handcarts, which were either pushed or pulled across the plains. The father of the

McCleves was very sick, and was badly injured trying to save his handcart when it slipped off a cliff. He finally died two days before the family reached the Salt Lake Valley.

In the United States, the McCleves had a difficult time adapting to the new culture and the tragic loss of their father, but they were determined to make the best of their new life. In spite of their problems, the McCleves quickly came to love the United States and developed a patriotism.

This story about my McCleve ancestors motivates my own patriotism. Patriotism also swells within me when I hear "The Star Spangled Banner" and see the flag waving in the wind. I can definitely say that patriotism is a deep and strong feeling of love and pride, love and pride for the United States of America.

Embellishing on a school assignment, Annette wrote this wonderful recollection. Is she following in her father Steve's footsteps? We hope so.

#### A VISIT TO GRANDMA'S by Annette J. Berry

With four kids all under the age of eleven, it is very hard on the parents, at least that's what my parents believed. They said that they needed a vacation, and, since it was spring break, this would be the best time to do it. So all the kids were shipped off to Grandma's house.

We loved to go to Grandma's because she had all the cookies and candy we could dream of.

It was great until all the cookies were gone and we got too sick to eat anymore.

Then we were bored, so we did everything that we could do, it seemed. We found out that you can get a big headache from watching television for too long. We had to think of a new game to play because we played all the Monopoly we could handle.

Mike spotted the laundry chute. It was so very fascinating. The chute went from the second floor, to the first floor, and down to the basement. We didn't even think of throwing our dirty laundry down. Instead, we threw down anything else we could think of. Boy, this was real fun, until the 149th time of running back up to the second floor and then down again.

We had to think of new things to throw--David. He was small; he was light; he could fit in the chute. Steph and I lifted him up and crammed him in. I guess we realized when he couldn't move any further that he was stuck!

What were we going to do? We were going to be in so much trouble. Why hadn't we used Mike? Mike was smaller.

Steph and I could not get David out. He was stuck forever. David realized this, and started screaming as loud as he could. I have never seen Grandma run so fast up those stairs.

After a little pulling and tugging, we got him loose. I'm glad we all can laugh about it now, but then it wasn't so funny.

FOCUS OF NOVEMBER BERRY PATCH  
WILL BE ON  
NORMA BERRY FIFE

We will dedicate our next issue to Norma Berry Fife. If anyone would like to contribute memories, pictures or comments or about Norma, please send them directly to Diana Rice no later than October 15.



Since things really got out of hand on my so-called romance with Ken Hinchey--all over Monett, Snowflake, Mesa, Phoenix and all points south, north, east, and west, I have come to the conclusion, lest the wrong news and other imaginings leak out, I best face the truth. I owe it to everyone.

When Pearl Harbor was bombed, Anchorage was on alert for many months. I was terrified when Dutch Harbor on the Aleutians was bombed and the Japs occupied two of our islands. A Japanese plane flew over our house. When the governor sent word that any woman who wanted to stay in Alaska must get a job to help the war effort, I was offered a job driving a dump truck by The Man Up North whom we already knew very well. It was his first big contract and we surfaced the City

Airport. He was in his late twenties, I was 32.

During our lunch break he sat in my truck as we planned our escape from the Japanese we were sure would soon come. There was no back door to Alaska at that time. The Alcan highway had not been started. He calmed my fears, assuring me he could gather up his kids and mine as well as several other couples who owned a grocery store and go to his cabin hideaway where we could live off the land if need be. A gentleman all the way, he never so much as touched my hand. He hired me since he couldn't get a third man he needed, as they had all gone to war. His wife, even then, was an alcoholic. (Today he believes I am the only honest woman in the world.) After I left and the war ended, he became mayor of Anchorage two different terms. He is now deeply involved in the oil spill, and is known all over Alaska as an honest man.

Recently, he found my whereabouts in an article printed in the Teachers' retirement magazine about my "How to Build An Igloo." He wrote me and wants help from me on his life story. We have been corresponding about six months. He couldn't find my phone number since our phone is listed in Marilyn's home. He finally called the Monett police, and they cheerfully gave it. This is a very small, country town. Isn't that an invasion of privacy? I'm sure Ken's phone bill this month will be more than \$1,000. But at last he has promised to write, not phone.

The Man Up North talked by phone in his behalf, to Joycell

(they remember each other well)  
and to Marilyn (1 1/2 hours)  
then to Leilani, who tried  
unsuccessfully (at my command)  
to pose as my housekeeper.  
This romance spread from ocean  
to ocean in eighty minutes.  
The girls claim it is too good  
to keep. My bishop knows about  
it, my lawyer in the stake  
presidency, and my home  
teacher. Every woman in Relief  
Society is a twitter. Everyone  
but me. This is no Harlequin.  
And certainly no Soap.

Word got out that I was going  
to Alaska with marriage in  
mind. (His mind, not mine.)  
I can't see myself as an 80  
year old bride. I am enclosing  
a poem I wrote to The Man Up  
North, hoping he would better  
understand my feelings. He  
likes poetry. I feel, because  
of the far flung interest in  
this so-called romance, that  
sharing the poem I sent him,  
will answer any questions as to  
my deep feelings as to this  
matter.

#### THE VOICE

A Voice from the past awakened  
my heart.  
Past years are rushing by  
To tear away the curtain  
between--  
like pressed flowers heaving a  
sigh.

Much in common, the Voice and  
I--Our memories trooping by--  
The war, survival and  
pioneering  
In the land of the big blue  
sky.

I'm walking again through  
primitive grass,  
Stealing berries from the  
mighty brown bear.  
I'm watching again the Northern  
Lights dance  
Across the starless sky.

Don't tear away the shield  
'round my heart  
I've taken years building  
tight.

The tunnel's been long and dark  
and lone,  
While I've tried to find the  
light.

I'll take my world as it is  
now,  
Yet keep my memories fresh.  
I'll not drown in the past  
while I ponder,  
A future that may not be best.

My world is turning slower than  
his  
While he offers a life I've not  
lived.  
Not sure am I that I want it  
now,  
If money's the base that he  
gives.

Where was he when I needed him  
most,  
As my life was falling apart:  
But, the Voice doesn't listen--  
he's found me now,  
So keeps chipping away at my  
heart.

I want the man as a friend, I  
do.  
But the Voice just does not  
agree.  
He promises us a world of our  
own,  
In the cave of my heart I can't  
see.

Alaska sorts people out, you  
know.  
And the Man became great in his  
day.  
He did more to build the State,  
I guess,  
Than Eskimo, Indian, or white  
man, they say.

The Man's true love is Alaska--  
that land  
Of the midnight sun.  
The land where men will never

give up  
The rights to their precious  
gun.

It's the land where men are men  
In the truest sense of the  
word.  
It's the land that I love as he  
does  
Through the memories he has now  
stirred.

I may never hear the Voice  
again  
When I keep begging for time.  
'But the rich man up North  
doesn't listen  
That I don't care if he hasn't  
a dime.

He needs my help and I'll give  
it,  
Though only on my own terms.  
'Tiz strange that this strong  
man won't hear  
From a heart that he's twisted  
and turned.

The Voice gave me specific  
directions,  
And I must bow to his bid.  
Since my last years have been  
not like his,  
What would happen to me if I  
did?

I listen to the wind of the  
frozen North  
And it's howling for me to go.  
But the whisperings in the  
magnolia trees  
Caution I take it slow.

Maree Berry Hamblin  
\*\*\*\*\*  
In the spring, Brian Rice asked  
if we were going to have a  
Berry Reunion this summer. His  
mom explained that the reunions  
are held every two years. "You  
went when you were two, and you  
went when you were four, and  
you will go again when you're  
six." "Quick, Mom," he  
exclaimed, "Let's go again  
while I'm still four!"



## Hen Scratchings by Joycell Cooper



Well, Aunts and Uncles, Cousins and Friends, Spring has come and gone (and so have I!), Summer's almost been and went, and here we are facing fall again! Such is life as time flies by taking me with it. I don't mind getting old, but when I finally get Uncle Dean's age, I want to remember getting there! My, oh my, what a busy time we have been having since the last issue of the B. P. some of you have really been up to putting skeletons in our family's closet. Here are but a few--

Judi, Steve Berry's wife, is the official physical exam taker in the county jail. She had to go bail Steve out so often she decided it was easier to get a job there so she could just meet him when they brought him in. Why do they bring Steve in, you say? Well--once it was for tap dancing on the White House sidewalk. Attila Kommeni was sleeping in the front bedroom and thought it was gunfire. Another time, Steve was selling Veterans Poppies in the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue. For one thing, it wasn't Veteran's Day. Besides, the veteran's mummies all objected! (He told me he made \$502 before they caught him!) Judi likes her job. Her main duty is to check the lint in all the prisoners belly buttons. So far she has collected enough for 3 complete lovely king-sized lint comforters. Their daughter is graduating from high school this year and was nominated as one of the best looking girls out of a class of 735! Too bad 734 of them were boys!

Cindy Rice, Diana and Roger's daughter, is graduating in the top 30 of her class of 31. She is #29 and is excited about going to BYU. She thinks she is going to the one in Provo, but Roger enrolled her in a university with the same initials, but in a different country (Iran, to be exact!) BYU (Blowup Your University.) I don't think Roger read the brochure very well. Sounds like fun, Cindy, but for your 2nd year I'd pick my own school!

Chris Rice has his own ATM card. An ATM card is "All The Meals" you can eat at the Salvation Army in Walnut Creek. Exciting, Chris, real exciting!

JoAnn and Barry's son Bradley Larsen loves basketball and his team was undefeated this year. The coach was so excited he's promised they can play the 6th grade girls team next year. Bradley electrified the crowd when he got so excited in a jump shot he forgot to let go of the ball and leaped through the hoop--barely clearing the net! He's the only student on the team wearing a hair net hooked to both ears. Way to go, Bradley, sounds like you take after your Uncle Brad.

Bradley's brother, David, got his drivers license. He got his first citation for running over 3 field mice (what were you doing in the field, David?) and hitting 2 fire hydrants. He's the only kid in school with a special parking place for his tank. A special bulletin goes out over the 7:00 a.m. TV and radio news announcing, "WARNING! THIS IS THE DAY DAVID LARSEN WILL BE DRIVING HIS CAR ON THE STREET. THIS IS A WARNING TO ALL

CITIZENS TO PLEASE STAY INSIDE UNLESS A REAL EMERGENCY ARISES." Citrus Heights was the only city to cancel their Easter parade because it was David's turn to drive!

Chuck Middleton manages a word processing plant in Utah. In fact he set the record for 456,890 words processed in one day. And folks, that means sorted, washed, dried and boxed! Hang in there, Chuck, maybe they'll even let you use one of their computers one day. Bonnie's been suffering from a bulging disk (That's my problem--too many bulging disks!) She's been confined to bed and every time she hears a crash in the other room her disk bulges a little more! She's solved the problem by renting a 10 foot alligator who roams the house. The kids never get down off the chairs now, and things are nice and quiet. She hasn't seen Chuck for several days, though, and is a bit worried about him.

Our handsome Navy doctor, Paul Andelin, told me the government asked him to donate his belly button to the naval reserve, but he thinks that's too big a sacrifice. He's touring the Orient (he complains that the canoe is too small) and has acquired 8 suits (that's because every time he enters a tailor shop and says "Ha Sew!" they quickly make him up a suit.) What Paul confessed to me was that riding on a ship makes him sea sick, so he's practicing walking on water for his next overseas jaunt. It may take longer, but will alleviate the tossing and turning.

Susanne and Bradley Fife are doing great in their wood

working adventure. She's only knocked his block off twice, and he thinks her limbs are great! No one's board, not even their little shavers. Their greatest selling item is square tipped toothpicks for nerds. Mike Ellsworth bought three boxes! They also make brass tipped 2 by 4's for speakers who want to keep their audience's attention. Susanne won the lead in their stake musical and will be singing several solos. One is that famous Civil War Ballad, "She Was Just A Little Cob--But Her Daddy Was The Colonel!" Another will be, "When They Operated on Dear Ole Dad--They Opened Mama's Male!" Good Luck, Suz, sounds like a real winner!

Lane and Darlene Andelin are still printing (you know their type?) They're in the publishing business and have released some real best cellars. "Passion in the Sun," the in-depth study of the Passion Flower's life cycle in Hawaii, and also "He Done Her Wrong," a step by step instruction book on how to help your children pass their high school exams. Many exams have been done wrong because of three things. 1. The Kid doesn't understand the questions. 2. The kid's mind is wandering (usually clear out of school.) 3. The kid's a dummy! The Andelins best cellar is "Speech Done Right!" It's about how to teach your children to talk weller and gooder in class.

Brian Larson is finally engaged! After 6 years at Ricks and 14 at BYU, we had almost given up. At 46 he's beginning to show his age, but thanks to Geritol and Grecian

Formula, his little fiancee doesn't know the real Brian. I advised him to keep his glass eye really polished, and put cotton behind it to keep it from its usual shifting. Also, he should oil the joint in his wooden leg to keep it from squeaking, and for goodness sake he should put super glue under his hair piece so it won't slide any more. He snagged it on a pine tree at the reunion and I shot it 3 times thinking it was a huge flying squirrel caught on a limb. He is now wearing the most air conditioned toupee in existence. His hair transplant on his chest was a disaster. They took the hair from the neighbors' cat. Now every time a dog goes by, the hair on his chest sticks straight out--stiff as a board. Brian did have Keith fix his upper denture so it doesn't clack any more. However, we do have a serious problem that, unless solved, will become a disaster. The Silicone pads he had inserted in his shoulders are slipping and if something isn't done quickly, the whole thing will be a bust! But I hear his fiancee is marrying him for his money, so maybe we don't have to worry. See you next time!

### Effie's Family

We would like to thank everyone who worked so diligently to produce such a great Berry Patch issue about our mother, Effie. [Feb 1989] We know it was an emotional experience for everyone. We will cherish it forever.

**Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth**  
Lynn and Jamie's daughter Effie married Brent Kitchen on July

7. **Luke and Liz Ellsworth** are close to "baby time." **Esther and Lindsay Pugmire** are in Birmingham, Alabama. He is working on his masters degree at the University of Alabama. **Amy Ellsworth** is looking for a job in Provo. She has had a year of medical-secretarial training. **Susan** is 15. **Paul** just went on a survival trip with Aunt Sherrie (she is the instructor.) They went to Escalante wilderness.

The family went on a long trip that included Nauvoo, Carthage, Findlay Ohio to see the Gwartneys, Wilmington Delaware to see the Wards, Lynchburn VA to see the old homeland, Washington D.C., Orlando Florida, Birmingham to see the Pugmires, and then home.

**Gary and Charlene Ellsworth**  
Gary has been working in Provo.

**Richard and Elaine Ward**  
enjoyed a visit from daughter **Julie Hardy** and her little **Aimee**. We took shifts chasing Aimee around. It's amazing how an 18 month old can wear out a bunch of teenagers! Lynn and Jamie, Amy, Paul, and Susan came to visit for a few days. It was fun showing off the beautiful places in the East. Jeff Arbuckle is camping out at our home until he settles into his home nearby. He will be doing his three year residency at St. Francis Hospital, where Richard also practices.

Richard's family had a reunion at our home after his youngest brother's marriage in the Washington D.C. Temple. We counted up 26 overnight (or longer) guests in our home from June 1st to July 1st. It felt like we were running a hotel. When are YOU coming? We really

enjoyed all the company. **George** graduated from A.I. Dupont High School and will be attending BYU this fall, and is working this summer. **Stephen** is working for Kim Ellsworth (Horse Trainer) at Delaware Park grooming horses--he's up at 4:30 a.m. seven days a week and he still finds time to horse around. **Matthew** is making a lot of green by mowing a lot of grass in the neighborhood. **Melissa** keeps busy with practicing the piano, sewing and keeping up socially with correspondence. **Eric** is enjoying swimming and basketball and scouts. **Jenny** is working at Citibank for the summer. She will return to BYU this fall.

**Julie and Jon Hardy** are getting ready to move into their first "real" home soon.

**Van Ellsworth** is still in D.C. working for Marriott, and doing very well with his career. **Mike** will be on the football team at Ricks College this fall.

**Pat and Evelyn Gwartney** Everyone is doing okay in Findlay. The summer has been pleasant here. **Warren** will be going to Ricks College this fall.

### Maree's Family

**Jack and Joycell Cooper** have become temple gypsies. Every month they go to Dallas for several days to do temple work. Jack has been struck by the spirit of Elijah and with the help of Marilyn Helf, is going great guns on the new computer family history program. **Vaylene** is starting

her senior year this fall (with **Amy Falls**) and had a fun stay with Marty and Suzy and Rory and Angela.

#### Jerome and Janice Falls

Jerome now has his own livestock commission company in Diamond, Mo. Janice is still YW President and just tries to keep the continual flow of teenagers and their friends fed and bedded down with sleeping bags throughout the house. **Heather** has moved back from Mesa to go to school at M.S.S.C. in Joplin.

#### Marty and Suzy Cooper

and kids have moved to Springfield, MO., where Marty will finish his schooling. Suzy is anxious to get settled in and get active in community and church.

#### Shawn and Linda Cooper

will be in Sacramento California by the time this is published. PG&E made Shawn an offer he couldn't refuse, so they are heading back to the golden state. They will miss visiting with Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia and the Berry clan, but are anxious to get settled before school starts.

#### Lance and Cathy Cooper

are busy in Las Vegas. Both have good jobs and keep busy with teaching and sports. We sure miss them and wish they were closer to Missouri.

#### Angela and Rory Hubbard

caravanned with Marty and Suzy and have moved to Pierce City, Mo. Rory is going back to school and Angela is going to liven up the front office at Doc Cooper's (as he is affectionately nicknamed in town.) There is never a dull moment with these two, and the

teenagers just love them. Rory's first priority is finding a softball team in the city league with an opening.

#### Leilani Silvers

is a grandmother again. **Lucinda and Larry Watson** have another baby girl. Her name is **Brandy** and she has lots of black hair. **David Silvers** purchased a nice 3 bedroom home which he shares with his sister, **Valerie**. **Wanda** married **John Mahana** in the Dallas Temple in April. They are living in Monett, and have settled into married life quite well.

#### Marilyn Helf

just returned from Salt Lake City, where she and a friend from the ward took a mutual friend (a prominent newscaster from the area) on a tour of the Genealogical Library and all of the points of interest in Salt Lake. They spent five days and did some good missionary work helping him with his family history. They have been helping him locally for several months on researching his roots and the trip was a wonderful experience.

#### Markay Hamblin

is in Monett visiting his mother and catching up on all the latest family news. His bunch seems to be doing quite well. **Genette and David Largeant** are expecting their fourth child. **Leo and Michelle Hamblin** and family are in school. **Daylin and Lori Hamblin** are fine in Salt Lake City. **Elder Timmy Hamblin** is doing very well on his mission.

**Keith and Jeannie Larson** are as busy as ever. Brian is getting married in September and he and his wife will be

working (performing) at Disney World in Florida. (It's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it.) Jeannie is busy with the local paper, and no doubt Keith is getting ready to go back to school this fall, where he is undoubtedly one of the school favorites (the Falls girls think he is the nicest person on earth.)----  
Janice Falls

Jeannie sent this addition to the letter:

**Amy Jeannine Larson and Timothy Douglas Vogl** were married March 4, 1989 in the Manti Temple. Amy is the daughter of Keith and Jeannine Larson and Tim is the son of Jack and Celia Vogl of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Tim has been a close friend of Troy and Brian's for about three years. He was in "Show Time" at Ricks College, and follows the Whiting tradition of "stage ham." Grandpa Whiting would be proud of Tim.

Brian and Troy thought that Tim and Amy would be a good match, so Brian brought him home from Provo when Troy and Jennifer had their baby blessed last fall. Amy was attending school at Eastern Arizona College in Thatcher. She came home on a Saturday night, spent Sunday at home and left Monday morning at 6:00 a.m. to go back to school. They had about ten hours to meet and get to know each other. Apparently, Brian and Troy were right. In two weeks they were engaged, without one date or one kiss!

Tim quit his job in Provo and moved to Thatcher to court Amy and see if they could stand eternity with each other. They both passed the test, and are happily married and settled in Westminster, CO., in the Denver

area, while Tim finishes his education. He will be developing a career in the area of languages. Tim speaks beautiful German, which he learned on a mission to Austria. They make a great team, both with music and humor! We can't wait to put Tim through a reunion at the homestead.

**Shane** has gone back to school to get his degree in Art. He is attending Utah State University in Logan. He is lonely up there and if anyone knows family or friends that live in his area, have them contact him. He feels that Logan has one of the best art programs around, and that's why he chose to go there. When you go through Logan, stop and see Shane.

**Troy** has been transferred to Hill Air Force Base in Ogden for which both Troy and **Jennifer Lynn** are grateful. They have found themselves a little farm house to rent out in the country, and feel as if they have died and gone to heaven after two years at Luke Air Force Base in the middle of the Arizona Desert! Their firstborn, **Jessica**, is master of the household, but don't we all know how that is.

**Brian** is getting married September 16th in the Manti Temple to a wonderful, beautifully talented, efficient, completely capable (at least these are Brian's words) girl from Provo, Utah, named **Malinda Farnsworth**. Don't worry, Malinda, a few years in our family, and you'll be just like the rest of us. **Darin** is going to the

University of Utah and majoring in Meteorology. For those of you who don't know, this is a study of the weather, something that has been a passion with **Darin** since he was a small boy.

**Jennifer** will be working in Provo this next year. So we'll have all five of our oldest in Utah. I think we'll be spending a little time in Utah the next two or three years.

We will only have four at home this winter. **Margaret** (16) and **Sara** (14) in high school, and **Matthew** (11) and **Jared** (9) in the Intermediate school. We are involved in a major project this summer. We are moving a double-wide trailer onto our property and will spend the rest of the summer building a small dental lab for Keith out of adobe bricks that Keith and the kids have been making.

this will give us a little experience for when we build our big house with adobes in a year or two. We're putting in a large bedroom and a 10' by 10' bathroom in the dental lab for all the family coming through!

### Kay's Family

**David and Sharon Berry** are looking forward to becoming grandparents next fall when **Cindy and Brian Watkins** have their baby in September and when **Julie and Kent Lundin** have their baby in October. Cindy graduated from BYU in April with a Financial Planning major. Julie will finish her last year of college this year. Both couples are in residence in Provo where the husbands are continuing their schooling. Within one year, this Berry



family will have increased by 4. Amy is so excited to be an Aunt at age six!

The Berrys are planning a three-week Church History and American Heritage trip with their entire family in August. The trip even includes the married couples. They will fly to Washington D.C. and rent a car from there.

Michelle and Stacey are working for their dad and earning \$\$\$ for college. Stacey had an enjoyable year at Ricks where she belonged to the "folk dancers." She plans to attend BYU this year. Stacey is majoring in Elementary Education and will go on her mission in January.

Michelle had her Senior Vocal Recital on July 23rd. She will be a freshman at Ricks College this fall majoring in music.

Mike (13) has met his goal by passing up his Mom in height at 5' 8 and a half inches. He's working on merit badges for scouting and went to Glendale with the Escondido All-Star baseball team for playoffs July 22. Amy is having fun as part of a singing group called "Small World." She'll be a second grader.

#### John and Louine Hunter

John teaches the Gospel Doctrine class and is at his best right now because he is teaching his favorite subject, Church History, from the Doctrine and Covenants. He is a very popular teacher.

Louine has just become the editor of the Ojai I Ward Newsletter and has just put out her first issue. Just when I was rejoicing in the fact that

I now have a job that requires NO MEETINGS, I was given a second calling as Media Communications director for the ward, which requires one meeting every three months. I guess I can handle that.

Robert, Kenna and Rachael Hunter are growing contented with their life in Salt Lake City and may continue there forever.

Steve and Tracy Hunter have purchased their first home in San Jose, complete with a swimming pool, and are awaiting the arrival of their first baby in October. They are graciously letting Danny spend the summer with them in the "Baby's Room." Tracy loves being the Laurel leader in their new ward.

Scott and Kristy Hunter are enjoying life in their new downstairs apartment, which makes life with Ryan and Meghann much more enjoyable for all. Kristy is the Relief Society Home and Education Leader, and gives great lessons. Scott is in the Elder's Quorum Presidency.

David and Amy, our newlyweds, are at home in Provo where they both will continue their education at BYU in September.

Danny spent the summer working on Steve's Roofing Crew in San Jose. He will return to BYU in September, hopefully with a car. Steve and Tracy let him bunk in with them so he could save on living expenses for that much-needed car.

Jim is on his mission in Granada, Spain, and is thrilled with the beauty of Spain. He spent the first six months in

a Spanish city in Morocco, where he "baptized the first Muslim into the Church." (He thinks his convert is the first, no one seems to know differently.)

Jeane is attending Court Reporting School in Provo where she will go year-round for 2 1/2 to 3 years until she can take dictation on her steno machine at 225 words per minute.

Julene will be turning the magic age of sixteen in August and is looking forward to her drivers license and dating and being on the school varsity volleyball team again.

Matthew is making it possible for us to stay in our big house with the big yard. At thirteen, he is the oldest boy at home now, and has willingly taken on the responsibilities of chief (and only) gardener, and does it as well as any professional. From lawn mowing a difficult, huge, hillside, to trapping gophers, to repairing broken sprinkler lines, to edging and weed whacking, to clipping hedges and shrubs, to driveway blowing and trips to the dump, he does it all, and cheerfully. He also has a paper route and will play soccer again this fall.

Billy, nine, is Matt's newspaper route sub, and will also play AYSO soccer again this fall. He is diligent about keeping Mom cheered up whenever he is around.

#### Alan and Betty Berry

Alan continues as the Bishop. Betty has completed a season as their Roadshow director, which included writing, directing, and doing the scenery and the

props. In the end they won "Best of Show", "Most Outstanding Roadshow," "Best staging, scenery, and on and on. Betty also completed another year of teaching seminary. She continues to churn out original design, handpainted sweats for her "Bet's Sweats."

Greg attended summer BYU, but will stay home in the fall in anticipation of his 19th birthday (and mission) in October. His parents will pick him up from school in August.

Patrick was able to spend some time with Greg when he attended wrestling camp at BYU this summer. Pat has secured a job at a saw-mill near Seneca. It's quite a bit harder work than he thought. He still works out nearly every day, and his wide shoulder span was mentioned in our last high counselor's talk--along with his fine, polite respect for church leaders. (Pat had a date with his daughter for the next weekend.) Pat came in 2nd out of 90 in the take-down tournament at BYU.

Kristi was able to spend 2 weeks with Lisa Tanner in California and see her Grandma Berry, the highlight of her year. She was taken to the best places--the beach, Disneyland, movies, she got to fly, and she had a wonderful time. She and Pat returned home from Salt Lake on the same flight.

Jon went to Webelo day camp for a week, where his mom spent one day volunteering, braving the ticks, chiggers, and humidity. Jon and Tara will attend computer camp for two weeks.

Tara has continued with gymnastics twice a week this summer--bar, beam, floor and vault. She was the star of her softball team, hitting the ball every time. All three children played baseball this summer in different leagues.

Betty has begun to go back to school, and Patrick loves to say, "Mom--have you done your homework tonight???" Betty has just been made Primary President (again.) She put 360 miles on the car in two days recently, just ferrying the children.

#### Dennis and Rosalee Byers

Dennis is the scoutmaster and works in scouting with his two boys, Preston and Brandon. Preston is working on his Eagle. (When Louine was in Atlanta last year, Dennis and the boys were practicing rock-climbing techniques on their steeply pitched roof!)

Rosalee is the Young Women's President. Professionally, she has been involved in teaching aerobics for several years. She recently earned her National Aerobics Certificate, which qualifies her to teach anywhere. She worked hard to achieve it and had to take many tests. She is currently enjoying her work as the Supervisor of Aerobics at Fitness Center in Atlanta. As you can imagine, several years in this field have helped to make Rosie a fashion plate. We're so proud to have her in the family. It gives us all hope.

Tiffany will return to BYU to finish her last year there, after taking a year off to work in Atlanta. Melanie spent last year at BYU-Hawaii, but may

spend this year in Atlanta. Jeff is also spending this year at home, and is currently working at Arby's.

#### Tres and Julie Tanner's

most important news is the expected arrival of child #6 in September. The "nesting instinct" seems to have bitten again, and they have been painting the house, making repairs, putting up wallpaper, etc. etc. Their house always gets secondary benefits when Julie's pregnant! In January, Julie was released as ward Young Women's President, and called as 1st counselor in stake Primary. Tres was just called to be seminary teacher for the 89-90 school year. Aundrea Rose (4 years) successfully graduated from her two preschools and celebrated with a trip to Sea World with one of them. Ben (8) had a great year in 2nd grade but is most thrilled with his progress in swimming this summer. He is planning a "Pirate Party" for his friends, and has made elaborate plans for the treehouse of his dreams. Wendy (11) was in lead in 2 theatrical productions and loves putting her heart and soul into acting. She also has started ballet, loves to read, is a good student, and was voted "most friendly" by her 5th grade class. Lisa Joy (15) sports new braces, won first place in the Stake Scripture Chase as a freshman, competing against senior, juniors and sophomores as well. She won an award in English and is looking forward to Girls' Camp. She loved having Kristi Berry (Alan and Betty's) visit for two weeks from Missouri. Lisa and Wendy flew up to San Francisco for a week of visiting Tanner relatives. Marilee (16) was

chosen to attend a youth leadership weekend recently (RYLA) sponsored by the Rotary Club. She managed to keep her grades up despite a lot of illness this spring. She made a trip to Utah and visited BYU and a cousin departing soon on a mission. She enjoys art and collecting interesting items from garage sales to decorate her room.

### Lee's Family

Dad is back on my "people I'm speaking to" list. He would not eat. He would not drink. This was unbelievable to me, since I am a person who has never met a food I didn't adore. But in the last few weeks he has slowly started eating and drinking again. He looks much better, and his energy is returning.

In June, Mom, Dad, Van and his kids, Gary and I went to Norfolk for a little vacation. We got a hotel in front of the landing for Eric's ferry and rode back and forth across the harbor. Eric also drives a sign boat. Every time he came by our hotel he flashed a sign that said, "Jean, Gary, and family. One more year. Thanks a lot, Love Eric." How's that for a kid expressing appreciation?

Jeff loves his Family Practice residency. One of his teachers is a surgeon who specializes in breast problems. A few days ago, he said, "Mom, I saw 50 breasts today. Even the surgeon said, 'Enough...'" He is sleeping in Elaine and Richard Ward's tent trailer till he goes to settlement on a house he is buying.

Gary and I have been remodeling. We gutted the kitchen and tore out the floors on May 22. The floor refinishers have done floors for 16 years, but in their two attempts at refinishing ours, they have turned them either a putrid yellow or a regurgitated green. I wash dishes in the bathroom sink, grind sawdust at night in my sleep, and tast dust and dirt in every swallow of food. It takes me 15 minutes to find anything because everything is in a horrible mess.

We are all excited because Pat and Ray are coming to DC to visit the first of August. I hear that they've bought a vacation house in Tahoe. The news is that Benjamin is excelling in the violin and doing extremely well in school.

I am terrified because when Pat sees that my entire house is decorated with dozens of the paintings that she did before she married Ray, I am worried that she will ask for them back. Maybe I will use the remodeling as an excuse and just not let her in my house so she can't see how sensational her paintings look on my walls.

Bob and Eileen Luke's kids are all off to scout camps, programs, classes, etc. Jenny Luke, who is the Berry contribution to the Gene Pool for brains, won a writing contest by submitting an essay about one of her grandmother Virginia Berry's ancestors. [reprinted in this issue of the Berry Patch.] The Lukes will be visiting Salt Lake for a week's vacation this summer. Eileen was working part time as a playground supervisor and decided she wanted to go back

to school to get credentialed in library science. She tells me the difference in the kids between 18 years ago and today is astonishing. This group of kids are hostile and aggressive and the behavior problems are severe. I asked her why she thought this was so. (She has one of the best bunch of kids I've ever met, so I consider her an expert on child-raising.) Her response was that these kids are angry because they've been raised by babysitters since they were two weeks old.

Steve and Judi's kids are thrilled with their mother's job change. When she was at the jail, one of the side benefits was that she could bring hand cuffs and leg irons home to use on the children (and Annette's new boyfriend.) Now Judi flies the friendly skies of United, and the perk is unlimited free air travel for the family. Problem is finding time to travel. Mike and David have been to Goshen Boy Scout Camp and LaCrosse camp this summer. Stephanie is a lifeguard. (On the day she took her competency test, the two boys ahead of her flunked because they couldn't rescue the guy who was the pretend drowning victim. Our "dainty" Stephanie, also known as "Miss Super Jock" pulled the guy out. Ah, yes, you too have noticed she is a paragon of femininity.

Annette was working at TJ Max, a teen clothing store, and with her 10% discount, she bought some super clothes. She is now in Santa Maria visiting her cousin Kristin. Trust me! By the time she leaves California, there will be some young men with shattered hearts.

Judi is mad at Steve because he spends so much of his weekend time photographing weddings. To pacify her, he tried raising his prices, thinking he would have more free time. Unfortunately, it didn't work out since the brides have decided they want him no matter what he charges. Let it be noted that he has not taken a single picture of his family for two years. At family parties he refuses to pick up a camera.

To sum it up, I think that this crop of Berrys, (particularly their barely forgiven but better nourished patriarch) are all doing pretty good. Except for me. As usual, I am miserable, victimized and depressed. Send sympathy and contributions to your ever loven' cuzzin, Jean.

### Norma's Family

**Randy and Christa Fife** have a new baby daughter! **Cortlerin Fife** (nicknamed **Courtney**) was born May 20, 1989. Courtney kept everyone waiting, as she was several weeks past the due date, but all agree that she was worth it! This makes three girls and a boy in their family. Randy has been working 66 hour weeks lately. The THUMS office is trying to make him a permanent computer analyst, but he is also working on the oil field crews because of man-power shortages. **Cobin** is playing T-ball, and **Normandie** is excited about starting kindergarten in September.

**Brad and Susanne Fife**  
Jason and Susanne had parts again this year in the stake

play. It was called Radio Raves, based on the radio programs of the past. Jason had a speaking part in "The Neighborhood Gang" and also sang with a group. Jason and Susanne were also in Fountain Valley Ward's 4th of July Production, where Jason sang "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Brad has been doing a lot of remodeling jobs on the side, coaching Jason's soccer team, and teaching the 15 year olds in Sunday School. Susanne is counselor in the Primary over Cub Scouts. They had a Belgian foreign exchange student stay with them in July.

**Chuck and Bonnie Middleton**  
Chuck has been promoted to director of the OS/2 Division of Word Perfect. He loves his job. Bonnie keeps the family busy with many fun projects and goals during the summer. **Emily** attended the Girls Academy at BYU. **Chuck IV** is attending BSA national Jamboree in Virginia. **Cathy** visited her California cousins, and also spent a weekend with girlfriends shopping the malls in Salt Lake. **Steven** built his own treehouse, complete with ladder. **Becky** entered the PTA Reflections contest in the spring. The theme was "Proud Moments." **Becky** took a photograph of her little sister, **Crystal**, asleep in her high chair, and titled it "Mom's proud moment." She won the school contest! **Jerry** especially enjoys the new house the Middletons moved to in May because it has a hidden playhouse. **Bonnie** loves her new house because it is in perfect condition: no home improvements needed--even the wallpaper is just right!

### Barry and JoAnn Larsen

JoAnn turned in her resignation as correctional officer at Folsom Prison, and within hours was called as Relief Society President! What a switch! Barry's job as legislative assistant is never routine. One weekend JoAnn accompanied him on a trip to tour a hospital. There was a mixup in communication, and when they arrived at the hospital meeting, they discovered by glancing at the agenda that Barry was the speaker--the only speaker, and that there would be a question and answer period after. The meeting lasted two hours, but fortunately, Barry was well prepared, and is an excellent public speaker because he handled the situation well, even when the newspaper photographer kept taking pictures and the radio station kept a tape recorder running. At one point Barry stepped out of the room and the questions were directed to JoAnn. She quickly thought of a dozen different ways to say "Wait till my husband gets back" and was very happy to see Barry return. After a tour of the hospital a luncheon was held, where the questions continued. It took JoAnn the entire 4 hour drive home to relax. He must have made a good impression, because a few days later, he got a letter thanking him for the informative meeting!

### Roger and Diana Rice

**Mike** is serving a mission in Morristown New Jersey mission, and is presently living in Trenton. In three months, he has experienced both the ups and downs of missionary life, but has Qualified, and just became a Trainer to a brand new Elder. **Stephanie** just returned

from the BYU Folkdancers' Tour of Japan and Hawaii. Steph spent the first part of the summer earning her tuition by cleaning houses for the wealthy and tending children on the weekend for parents to getaway. She worked almost every day she was home. Then, turning aside her duties scrubbing floors and tending babies, she stepped into the glamour and fun of the folkdance tour where this Cinderella was treated like royalty.

Cindy had a similar experience closer to home. She also worked as a house cleaner, but every night for two weeks in July, she danced in the Oakland Temple Pageant. She would scrub and clean all day, and then rush to Oakland in the evening to dance in an elaborate ball gown in the minuet scene with Joseph and Emma. Randy also was a dancer in the pageant, and they both had many parts, and were very fortunate to participate in such an exciting production. They both were in the minuet dance, the trek to Salt Lake and the Hoedown. Cindy was in the Martin Luther scene, was featured in clogging, danced in a number called climb the mountain, and was an eskimo in the international part of the finale (her mukluks were in the picture of the pageant printed in one of the July issues of the Church news. The mukluks are right behind the scottish dancers and Randy was standing right next to the dancers just out of the picture. Talk about being close to fame!) Randy was a crusader, then a Nephite, and in the finale was a missionary, but his favorite part was brushing shoulders every night with Joseph Smith in that minuet scene.

Anna has been taking sewing lessons, finishing as many projects as the rest of the class combined. Chris earned four merit badges at his first scout camp, and one prior to camp! Brian found two shiny white landscape pebbles and couldn't decide if they were the two stones Nephi and his brother cast lots with to see who was going to visit Laban. He thought they also might be the stones Joseph Smith used to translate the Book of Mormon with. At age 5, he has surprised us at how carefully he listened to the Temple Pageant explanation of the Joseph Smith story.

### Helen's Family

Aubrey and Helen have been very busy writing. They also take time to exercise, particularly swimming. They have worked hard preparing for a family reunion for their children and grandchildren held in Northern Arizona in late July.

Paul returned in June from a 2-month Naval assignment overseas aboard the U.S.S. Belleau Wood. His assignments took him to the Phillipines, south seas, and Australia. He enjoyed his experiences very much. He was able to attend the temple in Sydney, and also the symphony. On his return trip they hit very rough seas right during a delicate operation, but Paul said everything was alright despite supplies falling off the shelves! His family was very glad to be reunited with him. He hopes to practice family medicine in Missouri when his Naval service is completed next year.

Brian recently passed the Arizona State Bar and looks forward to practicing law in Mesa. Dixie and Bob went on a Caribbean cruise for two weeks with John and Cindy and Craig and Merilee. No, all the children DIDN'T go! Merilee and Craig are expecting their second baby in December.

Robert and Ginny's family have been doing a lot of weeding this summer. Benjamin (15) has his own remedy for work. He made a two-hole golf course with the 5 acres in front of the house, and got the other kids to pool their money for a set of golf clubs. He mapped out an 18-hole course using the whole 80 acres, but he figured he'd have to run the bush-hog behind the tractor every Saturday to keep it mowed. The cows do need something to graze on, so Robert put a stop to the idea. For now, the "2 holes" will have to do!

Dixie and Bob's oldest, Tiffany, was married last March to Eric Gonze and they are living in Las Vegas. Melissa, (17) just graduated from high school.

### Dean's Family

Dad recently returned from an adventure in Africa, brushing shoulders against tusks, gators, flamingos, lions, tigers, but no bears. He otherwise plays host to various family members who come to visit showing warm welcome by offering his favorite treats, but gives no mercy when playing them in racquetball.

Jonathan is enjoying his entrepreneur-wanna-beprospects

as he continues development of the Financial Management software program he is creating. He is also nursing a sore elbow from racquetball.

Karen and Brent Mitterling just completed marketing all the flowers from their spring green house. They are now putting full attention to their melon crop and Justin (who has become quite a conversationalist on the phone.)

Matt and Juana decided to finish up their contract teaching in Japan next May. But we may not see much of them even then, as they plan on further foreign adventures soon after that.

Mark and Lynne' are off to the same beautiful area of Pennsylvania where Karen, Brent, and Marion reside, to give a chance for more interesting and fruitful living. Good luck!

Brent, since graduation in April in International Relations, has not settled anywhere long enough to air his shoes out. Mr. Spontaneity will go to Vegas for Volleyball Tourney, Fresno to play Dad at racquetball, Costa Mesa to crash at Jon's, Pennsylvania to visit and assist in a volleyball camp, Phoenix to visit relatives, and Puerto Rico to recruit volleyball players. Time out!

Anna, Jake, Missy, and Sam flew to Pennsylvania to spend 2 weeks with Karen and Brent and Mom. It was filled with days of cleaning flowers for market, planting pumpkins, stacking hay, learning about the Amish family across the street, exploring caves, picking wild

black raspberries to make jam and pies, fishing, swimming in the stream, and watching fireflies.

Three days after their return, they left with Bruce, this time to Utah. They stayed at the cabin, fished, went to the lake, climbed to and went through Timpanogas cave (with Sam! Whew!!), had Wood family pictures taken and attended their wonderful family reunion.

They came home and the next day Jake and Missy were in school (year 'round schedule.) Jacob is in third grade, Melissa is in second grade, and Sam will be 2 in August. Love to you all from the Woods!

## BERRY VINES news from other family members

We congratulate John Lewellen, husband of Marjorie Berry Lewellen, both are pictured here at John's ninetieth birthday party.



### A note from the Editor

Strong family traits are usually positive, but one challenging characteristic our family has been "blessed" with is ABSENTMINDEDNESS! When it comes to keeping the Berry Patch going financially, 2/3 of our families forget, even with reminders and lists of those who have paid. What they forget is to send in their MONEY!

We are now operating at a loss. This issue is being financed by a few, who are burdened by the abesentmindedness of many. Wait, keep reading, don't be ashamed, it is time to repent, turn over a new leaf, get back on the right foot. WE ARE SENDING INDIVIDUAL BILLS TO THOSE WHO ARE RECEIVING THE BERRY PATCH BUT NOT SUBSCRIBING. If you receive one of these dunning notices (descreetly wrapped and kindly worded ,of course) please respond immediately. If everyone does what they can, we will solve the biggest problem faced by the Berry Patch staff!

### Just Married



Tim and Amy Vogl

Who knows, perhaps we can stamp out ABSENTMINDEDNESS in one generation!

EDWIN MARION WHITING:

## STORIES ABOUT GRANDPA WHITING

*by his grandson, H. Lee Berry*

Grandpa Whiting had a philosophy on a number of subjects. Not only did he state his philosophy clearly but he kept it consistently. He had a saying that:

A boy is a boy.

Two boys is a half a boy.

Three boys ain't no boy at all.

He almost never assigned us to the same task at the same time although we often shared the same project. I think Grandpa believed very seriously that Kay and I needed to learn how to work. Our parents had left the farm and the rangeland and even the forest to live in the city. How could their children ever leave the city to return to the countryside unless they knew how to make a living.

### The Fur Trappers

One summer Grandpa offered to teach Kay and me to trap and sell the pelts of muskrats as a summer project. I was about eight and Kay was ten years old. Kay was taught to skin the animals without nicking the skin and then to make a board the right length, width and thickness to stretch the skin tightly over the board, with the fur inside. The pelt was then placed in the sun and turned from time to time until it was properly dried. I went with Grandpa every morning in his Model T Ford about six miles to a place called the Slough, a wet boggy place where the muskrats were plentiful. I am sure that in working this out he remembered that was I was always awake and ready to go at a very early hour, but Kay liked to sleep in.

He taught me to recognize the trails through the reeds and to bait the traps, usually with carrots. We tended the traps very early in the morning. We caught several muskrats every day, and I remember one morning we came home with nine—a record for one day because we only had about a dozen traps. Kay sometimes went along and I am sure he could have done my work as well or better than I could. By winter I probably could have done Kay's job, but that wasn't Grandpa's way.

Grandpa and I trapped other animals also. This wet slough stood at the foot of some small limestone cliffs. One day after tending our traps we decided to explore the cliffs. We found tracks, which Grandpa identified as those of a skunk. We set our trap, a larger one, in cracks in the rocks and I waited anxiously for tomorrow. The following day, after tending the muskrat traps, we went up to the cliffs to check on our luck. We had caught our skunk, a nice one with more black than white in its color. The poor



EDWIN MARION WHITING  
1857-34

thing was very lively and had not spread its scent. Grandpa said that if we could manage things just right the skunk might not have a chance to release his scent. He cut a long willow pole for me, like a fishing pole, and instructed me not to touch the animal but to herd it out from the rocks a little.

Grandpa then explained to me that if you can break the back of a skunk it will not be able to release its scent. He then Selected a rock weighing about thirty pounds and mounted the rocks above to get a good shot. He now called to me to chase the skunk out of the crack, which I succeeded in doing. From six or eight feet above, Grandpa took aim and dropped the rock. The rock missed, which succeeded in making the animal mad; he sprayed me on my face and clothes. Grandpa saw and rushed down to help. The skunk released another spray for him and also got his clothes.

I consider myself an expert on the subject of how a skunk sprays. On a hot summer day, when you put your thumb on the end of a hose that is running water and you make a fan-shaped spray, that is what the spray is like. Unless my childhood memory is unreliable for size and shape, it will spray outward ten or fifteen feet and upward six or eight feet.

When we arrived home we did not need to be announced. I don't think I remember ever seeing Grandma so upset. We were instructed to take a shovel and bury our clothes in the barn. Then, after bathing, also in the barn, we were finally allowed to come in the house, but the jawing didn't cease. You can't keep a secret like that and everyone including relatives in that part of town inquired until they learned the story.

We sold our furs in the late fall and we had a total sales of \$120.00. That certainly was a lot of money at that time. When I drive by the marshes and reeds of Virginia it sometimes occurs to me that there is money to be made and I recently read of one man who makes a good living trapping muskrats. He apparently has the whole state to himself.

#### The Blacksmith Shop

Grandpa Whiting always kept his blacksmith shop in working order. It stood toward the back of his lot and communicated directly with the barnyard. He seemed to enjoy everything he did. Occasionally he needed something for the farm or house. He kept three mules for use at his farm and sometimes made shoes for them or the horses. When he heated up the forge he liked to take one boy to pump the bellows, and then would explain each step. It would always turn into a half-day session, and I thoroughly enjoyed learning how he shaped the various pieces and finally tempered them by plunging them into water. He even made horseshoe nails.

Helping Grandpa for a few months in the summer provided a rich variety of experiences. Perhaps once a week we weeded his beautiful garden next to his home, the finest in town. The next day, if it were mid-summer or fall, might be spent picking fruit from several fruit trees in his yard. Then we would spend a day bringing in loads of hay from his twenty-acre farm about three miles away. Loading hay is very hard work. He had a lot of pride in driving through town and insisted that a wagon-load of hay must appear like something other than a rat's nest. Kay seemed to learn how to load the hay in keeping with Grandpa's wishes but I wound up driving the wagon and mules, which were almost kept in motion while the hay was loaded.

#### The Great Bean Adventure

The following summer, Grandpa suggested that we try our hands at raising pinto beans, a staple item in that area which could be bought or sold in any grocery store.

At that time, Grandfather owned a small ranch called the Chapman. That was where we raised the alfalfa hay which I talked about. The hay was raised below the "city ditch" with vigorous irrigation. He had more unused land above the ditch, but all his land below the ditch was fully used. We selected about an acre at a nice flat spot just above the stream and began to plow and prepare the land. We used a good mule, old Dick, with me riding and Kay handling the plough. Kay was really quite good by now at varied farming chores, and I recall a lot of work preparing the land, but with good results and Grandpa's approval. We made furrows, but in case of rain, rather than for irrigation.

We planted the beans by hand. That means a few beans held in the hand were planted in a small hole dug with a hoe. This part was Kay's job, for now I became the water boy. I went to the ditch nearby, dipped a five-gallon open-topped can, filled it with water, and carried it up to where Kay was planting the beans. I placed a quart or two of water on each hill that had been planted. Before summer was over I had repeated that job thousands of times because that was my part of the job. Kay hoed, weeded, and cultivated our beans, but I had to carry water to each hill about once a week until our beans were ready to harvest.

In the fall, Grandpa picked a time and in one



day we pulled all of the bean plants up and stacked them in little cocks. Daily we turned these little piles over to assure even drying of the bean pods. Again at a signal from Grandpa, we began to thresh the beans pods by beating the plants as well as the pods with a flail grandpa made, the kind still used today in most of the world to thresh wheat. We worked on a canvas tarp laid on the ground. We carried the dried vines down to the tarp, threshed them, and recovered the pinto beans, adding them to an open sack. We repeated this until we had filled twelve sacks each weighing 100 pounds. I recall that we earned over \$100.00 again that summer. The money seemed very satisfying but nothing could equal Grandpa's praise when he told our family how hard we had worked and how well we had done in our project.



The Visiting Drummer

At about the turn of the century a drummer (currently known as a traveling salesman) called at their house on his way through St. Johns and offered to exterminate their rats. Grandpa asked if he could exterminate the mice also, and he said, yes--his specialty was rats, but he would be glad to kill the mice, too, for no extra charge.

At that time, entertaining a drummer was considered a big family treat. These men were passing through east to west or west to east, and one could hear exciting news about the gold fields in California and exciting news from Chicago, or the great cities in the east, or even world news.

Grandpa wanted to know what killing his rats and mice would cost and the drummer said he would like to have a good supper 'evening meal' and sleep in the barn; he would then be ready for some hard work the following evening. He also said he expected his meals the following day. He said he had not recently been eating properly, and, therefore, he requested that the meals include cheese and meat. Grandpa made the agreement, which was about par for drummers in that area at that time.

That evening at meal time, the family gathered around to hear the stories he would tell. They were not disappointed, for he turned out to be a very interesting story-teller with a great sense of humor. Grandma presented very special meals in keeping with Grandpa's agreement. The following day the meals were eagerly attended by the whole family and enjoyed as though the family were now on holiday.

The dishes for the evening meal were now cleared away and the drummer went to the barn to get his tools. He again sat down at the table and from a small sack took out what looked like a very small breadboard and a gavel which looked like a judge's wooden hammer. He then raised his gavel above the board and said, "Now bring on your rats."

There was a very brief pause and then a roar of laughter. Even the smallest children got the joke. The drummer said afterwards that he used this line only if he felt certain that a family had a good sense of humor.



### The Marble Cave

Recently Ray Brown called me on the telephone and we discussed one of Grandpa Whiting's stories, which he had told to Uncle Ray. I invited Ray to write it down and he suggested instead that I write it for him.

When Ray was about 20 years old, unmarried, he lived in Salt Lake City. Grandpa and Grandma Whiting came to visit him, and Grandpa asked Ray to take him to the new Utah State Capitol Building in Salt Lake City. He expressed a desire to see the marble trimming in the halls and large rooms.

Ray took Grandpa up to see the new building and admire the much talked-about marble. Grandpa remarked that he and his brother John had discovered the marble which had been quarried for the building.

Since Grandpa offered no further explanation, Ray asked, "How did you and Uncle John happen to discover the marble?"

Grandpa answered, "We chased a wounded bear into a cave."

Since no further remarks were made by Grandpa, Ray inquired, "Why would you chase a wounded bear into a cave?"

Grandpa answered, "Because we had hunted all day and had made no kill; we had only wounded the bear. We chased it into the cave because we were very hungry and very poor, and a bear skin is like cash and the meat is very good."

Ray inquired further, "How could you see?" Grandpa answered, "We took a few minutes and built a torch. We then went into the cave." He said they saw or heard nothing, until the torch was completely burned out. They couldn't see the bear, but apparently the bear could see the flame.

Ray, of course, asked, "What happened then?" Grandpa said he told John, "When it gets near, I will fire and you get one good shot."

Of course, that is what happened, as I related in the August, 1988 issue of the Berry Patch, page 19. After they had killed the bear they went outside, made more torches, and came back in to get the prize. They were surprised to see the walls of the cave were polished marble. Ray asked how could that be and Grandpa answered that they were apparently polished from hundreds of years of the bears' going in and out of the cave; they had literally polished the marble walls.

### About Grandpa Whiting's Stories

On Saturday nights, after supper (the evening meal) there were often small children gathered at the Whiting home. I can see the scene in my mind as well as if I had it on video tape. The smallest child was always on Grandpa's lap, with six or eight children running perhaps to the age of seven or eight sitting on the floor about him.

He seemed to have no end of interesting stories and songs for all ages, and told his stories in a masterly way. The stories were usually slanted to the younger members of the group listening, but as the evening wore on the older children knew that the smaller children would be hustled off to bed, and the stories would be slanted more for them.

During the evening he told stories from 1001 Arabian Nights, Hans Christian Anderson and many stories of which I do not know the origin. These were rounded out with hunting stories or laughable family events. Sometimes the adults moved in late in the evening. There were other good story tellers in the family, particularly my mother, but none with Grandpa's endless repertoire.

We include a sample of Grandpa's stories, a favorite of his grandchildren's, Bricket Leg.



H. Lee Berry, age 8

# BRICKET LEG

*by Edwin Marion Whiting*  
retold by Louine Brown Shields



A young boy and his mother were very poor. They lived in a kingdom where the King loved magic tricks. One day the King announced a magic pageant. Anyone could participate as long as they had a good magic trick. The person with the best trick would receive half the kingdom. If he were a boy of the right age, he would also receive the King's daughter.

Well, this boy told his mother that he felt like he wanted to go and at least see this pageant. He couldn't think of any tricks, but he hoped he would be able to think of one.

The castle was quite a ways away from the city that the young boy lived in, so he had to prepare for the journey. The only way he could travel was on foot. His loving mother took the last food she had in the house, which was a little bit of flour, and made it into biscuits. Then she gave him a jar of water, and that was all that she could give him to eat on his journey.

He kissed his mother good-bye, took the lunch, and started off towards the palace. He had walked quite a ways before he started to get thirsty. But he thought, "No, I'd better save what water I have and walk just a little further." He walked a ways further and he got hungry. But he thought, "I'm just going to walk a few more miles and then I'll sit down and have my lunch."

By the time he stopped to rest, he was quite hungry and quite thirsty. He spread out his lunch before him, and just as he was about to partake of his lunch, a little man came out from the bushes. He seemed to just appear. "Oh! Young man, I'm so tired and thirsty and hungry. Could I have some of your lunch?"

The boy, who was very hungry, looked at him kindly and said, "Well, yes. You may have half. You look just as hungry and thirsty as I am." So the little man sat down and seized all the biscuits and immediately ate them all! The biscuits made him very thirsty, so he took the water and drank every last drop!

The young boy just stared at him and didn't know what to think. He told him he had been willing to share, but he hadn't thought the man would eat the whole lunch.

The man said, "Listen, you've been so kind to me that I have a present for you." And he took from his back pocket a bottle and gave it to the boy. The boy looked at him kind of blankly and said, "A bottle you can't eat or drink." The man replied, "Wait a minute. This isn't just any bottle, this is a magic bottle! Look what it will do." He took the bottle, uncorked it, and said, "Out Bricket Leg!" Immediately, little tiny men jumped out with a banquet table and spread the table full of all kinds of good things to eat and to drink. The table was just groaning with food. [at this point, many of the family's favorite foods would be mentioned by name.]

The man invited the boy to sit and eat all of the food he desired. The boy just gorged himself. He hadn't eaten rich food like this his whole life, and he really enjoyed the dinner. Then when he was through, the man explained, "Now just say 'Bricket Leg' and they'll jump back in the bottle." The boy followed his instructions, and the little men grabbed the table up and jumped back into the bottle. Everything was cleared up completely.

"Now this is what I would like you to give me for being so kind," the little man said. The boy thanked him and went on his way. He still had a long distance to travel, so he got to the palace at nightfall. The magic contest was just coming to an end. Everyone who thought he had a good trick had tried to please the King, and so far no one had come near to amazing the King with their magic powers.

When it was the young boy's turn, everyone was tired and hungry. He pulled out his bottle, uncorked it, and said, "Out Bricket Leg!" And the little tiny men jumped out and set a huge banquet table. Then the boy invited everyone there to sit down and eat.

Well, the crowd sat down and ate and ate. Everyone was able to eat their fill, and there was still delicious food remaining. When all were satisfied, the boy said, "Back, Bricket Leg!" And the tiny men popped back in the bottle with all the remains of the banquet.

Of course everyone was amazed. The King himself was very impressed, but he was a crafty king, and

he said, "I don't believe that you really performed that trick. I want you to repeat that same trick for me tomorrow." Of course the boy agreed to the royal request, and the King invited him to stay overnight in the castle. He took him to a special little room, treated him well, and the boy was very happy when he went to sleep that night.

Well, as I said, this king was a very crafty king. He waited until the boy was fast asleep, snuck back into the room and switched bottles. He put a bottle that looked just exactly like the boy's bottle in its place, and then he stole quietly back to his chambers.

The next morning, the King said, "All right. Let's see this great so-called trick of yours again. I really can't believe you have true magic powers, but if you can repeat the trick you showed last night, you must be genuine." So the boy uncorked the bottle, said "Out Bricket Leg," and nothing happened! He looked in the bottle and he shook it a little bit, and he said again, "Out Bricket Leg!" and still nothing happened. When he tried a third time, the King threw him out exclaiming, "Imposter! Fool! Leave my palace at once!"

And so the boy left in disgrace. There was nothing he could do but return home on foot and tell his mother what had happened. He wondered what would become of them, for they were now completely destitute.

The journey home was even harder, for he had nothing at all to eat or drink. He walked until he could walk no more, and happened to sit down in exactly the same place he had met the little man. He decided to sleep just a little while, and just as he was dozing off, the same little man came from behind the bushes.

He was eager to hear what had happened, but was very displeased to hear how the king had treated him. "I have another bottle for you," he promised. "But this is a different bottle." The boy eagerly uncorked it and said, "Out Bricket Leg," thinking he would again be rewarded. Little men jumped out of the bottle as before, but this time, they jumped on him and started pulling at his face and grabbing at his hair and beating him up as hard as they could.

The boy was so surprised, he forgot what to say to call them off, and the man reminded him to order "Back Bricket Leg." He did so, and they jumped back in the bottle and the little man recorked the

bottle for him and said, "Now go and take this back to the King."

Of course the boy could hardly wait to get back and show the King his new trick. He journeyed right back to the palace and again arrived just at evening time.

The King, being a greedy fellow, ushered the boy right into his castle as soon as he saw that there was a new bottle. And since it was so late, he said he felt the boy must be very tired and should just go to right to bed and not show him the trick until morning.

The boy was showed into the same room, and the King told him that in the morning he could show everyone the new trick, and if it was good enough, then he would be given half the kingdom. And so, the boy put his bottle by the side of his bed as he had done with the first bottle, and went to sleep.

As soon as it appeared that the boy was asleep, the King stole quietly into the room and switched bottles again. As he was creeping out, he couldn't wait to see what this bottle would do, so he uncorked it and said, "Out Bricket Leg." Out jumped the little tiny men who pulled at his beard, hit him, pulled at his face, biting and scratching and pinching him. The King was aghast. He was so shocked that he forgot the command words.

He put up such a racket that people rushed to the room in amazement. He plead with the boy to call the men off. "Do you promise you'll give me half your kingdom?" "Yes, yes, anything! Just get them off." And the boy added, "And you will return the bottle you took from me yesterday, and you'll let me marry your daughter?"

The King, in great pain, agreed. "Yes, yes, Anything." So the boy said, "Back, Bricket Leg." and the little men immediately stopped their attack and jumped back into the bottle.

Of course the King was caught. He had to live up to his word, and he gave the boy all that he'd promised, including his daughter to marry. The boy sent for his mother, and they all lived very happily ever after.

Louine Shields retold her grandfather's story on audio tape for a folk tale class at BYU in 1971. It was transcribed by Laura L. Card. Diana Rice edited this version for the Berry Patch.

## SEVEN DAYS AT SEVEN YEARS

by A. Kay Berry



UNCLE RALPH



Uncle Ralph Whiting was definitely my boyhood hero. He could do anything and everything. At the time of this story, he was in the prime of his physical life. He was a cowboy who performed and won in

rodeos and horse races of all kinds. You name it: he could do it all. He was also a super uncle, a super man and a super friend.

Why he wanted me to go on that long trip at the tender age of seven years, or exactly where we went or the real purpose of the trip escapes me. Anyway, Mother gave her permission.

A good horse was selected for me. Tame, yes, but not too tame: it had to be lively enough to keep up with Uncle Ralph. I had a bedroll wrapped up in a slicker and tied behind my saddle, and a few things in my pockets, and that was it. He showed me how to handle the horse and I could soon do everything except lift the heavy saddle into place and he would help me with that. We would ride about thirty to thirty five miles each day, and would camp wherever tiredness or darkness overtook us.

Uncle Ralph insisted that I do all my own chores, such as the bedroll on and off. I remember one morning as I was rolling up my bedroll, I uncovered a large centipede, six or eight inches long, and was horrified that it had been under my bed all night!

The scenery was great and we had a wonderful time together. We rode out through a wilderness area into northwestern New Mexico and went back home a different way.

At one point, we reached an area where there were wild horses. We saw several bands of them, and Uncle Ralph got all excited about them. He was a horseman and a real sportsman, and there was nothing more exciting to him than chasing and hopefully catching those wild mustangs.

Finally, the temptation was too great. He left me on a rocky slope among some cedar trees, stripped off the saddle from his horse, and left it with me. He explained that his horse could run faster without carrying the heavy saddle as well as him. He told me to stay put and under no circumstances was I to leave that spot--no matter what happened. Naturally, I obeyed. But I was plenty worried. For a while I could see him riding madly after the "broomies" as we called the wild horses. They were out in a flat area. He had his lariat in his hands and almost caught one. Then, they all disappeared from my view. I was old enough to be plenty worried. An accident, a broken leg, a fallen horse, all these thoughts went through my mind. I sensed that if he didn't come back, no one would ever find me in that remote spot. I prayed as long and as hard as I knew how.

Finally, after two or three hours, he rode back into camp, and I was greatly relieved. He didn't catch any wild horses, but he had a great time chasing them. He said he had been gone two hours, but it seemed more like two weeks to me. Anyway, my prayers were answered and my beloved uncle was back safe and sound. The crisis was over.

We finally reached our destination when we came to a remote wilderness sheep ranch. There, we visited with the owner and Uncle Ralph did some business with him. In the entire seven day trip, the rancher was the only other human being that we saw.

At the conclusion of the trip, Uncle Ralph told Mother that I sure was a brave little guy and the gamest kid he had ever seen. He said I didn't whimper or cry once on the entire trip.

Years later, when he was in his eighties and I was in my sixties, he asked me if I could remember our seven day horseback trip. "Remember it, how could I forget it," I replied. But I was surprised that he could remember it so well, after all, his life had been filled with worthwhile and exciting deeds and accomplishments. When he reminded me that I had never cried or complained on the entire trip, my reply was, "I was afraid to. If I were to complain, you might not invite me to go on another trip with you." Thanks to my hero, my super Uncle Ralph, I will never forget my seven days at seven years on horseback.



# A BURNING CABIN AND A BEARDED MAN

## *An Alaskan Adventure*

by Maree Berry Hamblin

It was 1970, and I was working as a traveling supervisor/consultant for the State Department of Education in Alaska, mainly helping the 'Bush' schools. I traveled mostly by plane, but sometimes by train, boat, ship or native skiff.

I was returning to our main office in Anchorage, having visited schools at Fort Yukon, Birch Creek, and several other arctic locations. It was winter, dark and far below zero.

Although it was only 2:00 pm, mine was the only car on the highway. Feeling safe behind a big snow plow, I was taking it slow, trying to relax from my hectic three weeks in the bush helping teachers with their mountains of problems.

I planned to stop at Dot Lake School a few minutes to get warm and chat with the teacher. Within a few miles of there, the snow plow turned off the road to park. The driver waved goodbye, hopped into his pickup and headed back toward Fairbanks. I was alone and a bit nervous.

I drove on, encouraged by the fact that it couldn't be more than a few miles to Dot Lake. Rounding a curve, I looked to the left to see a cabin on fire, about a quarter mile from the road. Thinking my eyes were deceiving me, I slowed down for a better look. This was no common blaze. Every log was in flames as if someone had doused the whole building with gasoline.

Slowing as much as I dared, I waited to see if someone might come out the door, escaping a burning death. Seeing no one, I sped toward Dot Lake to report the fire to the Highway Patrol via the school radio.

A cabin fire was not unusual. The unreality of it was that the whole cabin was one big bundle of flames. Logs do catch fire, but not easily, and when they do, they usually burn slowly. In the dark of winter, that fire exposed every log enveloped in its own blaze, a sight stamped firmly on my mind.

A mile closer to Dot Lake, I came upon a man running down the icy road. He had no coat, and I immediately connected him with the burning cabin. He waved at me, and I slowed down and noticed his scraggly beard, long hair, and strange white shirt with full sleeves. He was a 'Hippy' for sure, and I dared not pick him up. Although this was an emergency, the State had rules and regulations against their employees picking up hitch hikers. I was afraid of him, and drove on hoping he could

hear me scream, "It's just a mile or two to Dot Lake." I hurried on, convincing myself that the man was young and strong and could easily run a little further.

The school at Dot Lake was dark. I had forgotten that it was Friday, and the teacher had probably gone in to Tok to celebrate his weekend vacation.

A few miles further, I reached Tok, parked my car and, shivering with cold and hunger, drained of energy from my three weeks in the 'Bush', I went into the only motel for a room. I tried to phone the Highway Patrol, but there was no answer. I told my story to the clerk and she promised to keep calling the Highway Patrol to report the burning cabin and the strange man running down the highway.

One bowl of hot soup and a soak in a tub of hot water later, I said a lengthy prayer and fell into bed, determined not to dream of anything at all. I didn't.

The next morning the clerk informed me as I checked out, that the Highway Patrol had searched and had found no evidence of either burning cabin or man on foot. They intended to resume the search at daylight, about 11:00 a.m.

I drove on to Anchorage. Before the week was up, the teacher from Dot Lake came to Anchorage on business and we had a chance to chat. He explained the Highway Patrol gave up after a two-day search, finding no clue to the mystery of the cabin or the man. Knowing me well enough to know I was not an unreliable type, the teacher had taken up the search himself. Contacting every homesteader in that area, as well as everyone in Tok, he found not a single clue as to the burning cabin or bearded, coatless man on foot. He was as mystified as I was.

It has been nineteen years since I saw that cabin and the man. I think about it too much, and wish I could wash it from my mind.

Could it be that somehow I stepped back in time, to the gold rush days. Could I have witnessed a miner being burned out for his gold? It was not unheard of for a lazy crook to burn a man out to collect his gold. I do know that I was fully awake and alert, and my story has never changed and never will.



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