



Nihil Sine Labore—Nothing Without Work

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family

FIRE DAMAGES BLUE CASTLE, BUT MISSOURI FAMILY IS OK!

by Maree B. Hamblin

Wednesday, October 19, the Blue Castle, my home at 503 Sixth Street in Monett, caught fire. Marilyn Helf was downstairs in the kitchen. I was watching the earthquake news on TV. It was 11:30 p.m. She smelled smoke and ran upstairs. Upon opening the door to her room, Marilyn found the drapes in flames. She ran for Jenna, in the yellow room, to call the fire department, and then got Jacob out of bed in the green room.

Running back to the pink room, she found it all in smoke and roaring flames. The firechief says she saved the rest of the house by closing the door. The firemen attacked the flames on ladders from the outside. They had to wait 15 minutes for a hundred .22 bullets that Markay had left on a high shelf to go off. They went off one at a time. Strangely, Jenna knew there were exactly one hundred, and it seemed forever before they turned the water loose. Jack Cooper says the firemen didn't know about bullets or they would have gone ahead.

It wasn't long before all the water hosed into the pink room began coming down into my station at the dining table in the library. I managed to save my Western manuscript as well

as my life story. The books in cases were not damaged. But the ceiling collapsed and I lost a lot of important correspondence still on the table the firemen wouldn't let me try to save.

The whole house was smoke damaged, but the pink room looks like a black cave. The good news is I have insurance. The bad news is it covers everything except Marilyn's personal things. All she saved was the nightgown she had on.

When Jenna screamed "The house is on fire," to Jacob in bed asleep in the green room, he turned over and groaned, "Oh, Jenna, come on," and turned to go back to sleep. Suddenly he smelled the smoke and beat Jenna down the stairs.

The cause of the fire was electric, they surmise. The earthquake news kept us awake. Had we been in bed asleep at our usual time, we would all be dead.

FIRE DESTROYED ENTIRE ROOM YET GENEALOGY RECORDS SAVED

While standing outside waiting for the firemen to save the rest of the house, Marilyn kept thinking about the worst part of the loss: she had been working on genealogical research for five or six

different friends, and the papers had been sitting in the open in her bedroom.

After they were able to return to the Blue Castle to assess the damage, they found her room was completely ruined. Sifting through the ashes afterwards Marilyn was startled to discover that although the genealogy was stacked in different places all over the room, all of it was salvageable, protected in various unusual ways. For example, Jack Cooper's genealogy, which is very complicated to research, and with which Marilyn had recently made progress, was saved because the metal base of an antique clock on the wall fell right on top of the genealogy, protecting the whole stack, only scorching the edges. In different ways each of the stacks of research were preserved, while all other contents of the room were incinerated.

Isn't it strange that it took Adam 900 years to get down to his seventh generation: Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared and Enoch? And look what we have done in 83 years: Mariah, May, Maree, Joycell, and Janice.

--Herbert Alonzo Berry

YES, THE BERRY & WHITING REUNIONS WILL BE HELD IN JUNE!

The Berry reunion will again be held the three days prior to the Whiting reunion! Please set aside the following dates and plan to join us at the foot of Sierra Trigo! The Berry reunion will began Monday, June 25 through Wednesday the 27th. The Whiting reunion will be June 28, 29 & 30. Note: there will be no Sundays involved, and the 4th of July will not be involved, either!

We will have more information in our February and May issues, but refer to our 1988 issues for suggestions as to what to bring and how to prepare.

T SHIRT DESIGN CONTEST

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

We would like anyone in the family with an idea to enter the contest and design a logo for the shirts. Submit your designs directly to Judi Berry at 4910 Heversham Ct., Fairfax, VA 22032. Send in your designs right away. The deadline for entries is January 10th. Don't forget. You can enter more than once. No box tops are required.

Once the design is selected, Judi will put an order blank in The February issue of the Berry Patch so you can pre-order the sizes you want. Then she'll have the correct number of shirts in the correct sizes manufactured. They will be distributed at the June 89 reunion. Judi suggests wearing them at the Whiting reunion so we can show all the other Whitings who the Berrys are!

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Anna Wood Associate Editor
Evelyn Gwartney Effie's Family
Joycell Cooper Maree's Family
Louine Hunter Kay's Family
Steve Berry Lee's Family
Diana Rice Norma's Family
Ginny Leavitt Helen's Family
Lydia Berry Family Archivist
Joycell Cooper Henscratchings
Roger Rice Publisher
JoAnn Larsen Treasurer

**FIRE DEVASTATION:
HOW WE CAN HELP**

Marilyn Helf lost her life's possessions in the recent fire at the Blue Castle--clothing, furniture, cedar chest, the well-stocked library she has been collecting for twenty years (mostly church books). As she rebuilds, this is an excellent opportunity for family members to assist emotionally and financially. She and her daughters Kara and Jenna and Aunt Maree are staying with Jack and Joycell Cooper 407 Elm, Pierce City, MO 65723, phone 417-476-5387.

**Norma Berry Fife Issue
Postponed to February**

Those who have been working on the material for the issue concentrating on Norma Berry Fife need more time, so we are aiming for publication in the February 1990 Berry Patch. Many have sent in contributions, and we are very glad to have the memories shaping up so beautifully! Look forward to the February Patch.

"We all have the strength to endure the misfortunes of others."
--La Rockefeller

SINCE YOU ASKED ABOUT THE QUAKE!....

THE RICE REPORT

The most surprising part of the earthquake October 17th in the Bay Area was finding out that it only lasted 15 seconds. That was a very long 15 seconds!

Diana Rice was upstairs reading, and she had time to run down the stairs, grab her son Randy who was standing under a do-it-yourself beam installation, (it held, though!) stare at the sloshing waves in the pool, and then run outside to the center of the lawn and locate the kids who had been playing outside. All in less than 15 seconds, because the family sat on the lawn for the last of the quake!

Five year old Brian didn't know what all the excitement was about. He had been riding his bike, so did not feel the earth move. He did notice, though that the neighbor's car was bouncing!

When it was safe to look around, Anna Marie noticed that the entire patio had been soaked by the waves coming from the pool. Christopher was at a friend's house jumping on a trampoline and missed the whole thing.

The most difficult part of experiencing the quake was poor communication. We depend on cable for both radio and TV and for a half hour, we could only get one Sacramento station on a battery radio in Randy's room. Worse, the phone lines were jammed, making it impossible to connect with family and friends. We did not hear from Roger for almost three hours. It was hard not to worry because we knew he worked in an area that had

sustained major damage, but we did not know whether he had been at the office. Even though he immediately headed for home, it took a long while to get through the heavy traffic caused by everyone wanting to return home at the same time. As soon as we knew he was safe, we began to try to notify our daughters at BYU and our son's Mission President in New Jersey that we were safe. It was hard to think of their worry, and we wanted them to know of our safety right away, but couldn't get through until very late.

Roger happened to be at an AT&T warehouse in Hayward during the quake, which was fortunate because his office building, located near the Cypress Structure (Nimitz Freeway) that collapsed, also sustained major damage. Only six years old, the "earthquake proof" state-of-the-art design failed. Falling glass was everywhere. A water main broke on the top floor and saturated the entire building. It was two weeks before Roger's office equipment, computers, and records could be retrieved, and some of it was too water damaged to save. After three temporary moves and doing a lot of visiting of clients instead of working at a desk, things are settling into a routine for him.

FIFE FRAGMENTS

Randy and Barbara Fife living in Campbell, near the outskirts of San Jose, were within 40 miles of the epicenter. They live in a third floor apartment, so were jostled quite a bit. Both were in bed, but Barbara managed to hold her cane against the nearby computer to keep it from falling to the floor.

Their slide projection trays

were scrambled, and the contents of their refrigerator spilled to the floor, along with a few things from the cupboards. Most of the heavier items in the cabinets were held in place due to the design of the doors. The china cabinet fell over, crushing all of the crystal stemware and vases they bought in England when they traveled to meet Brad at the end of his mission.

Cleaning up afterwards, it was surprising to note that crystal service for eighteen can fit into a small kitchen garbage can if they are crushed! Think of how much moving van space we could all save if we packed our things that way! Randy and Barbara have felt many of the aftershocks. However, they are grateful that so few lives were lost, and that the family was protected.

COOPER COURAGEOUS!

Shawn Cooper was on the way to Candlestick Park when the earthquake hit. His boss had gotten tickets for himself, Shawn, and two other executives from PG&E, and they were late getting out of the office to travel from Sacramento to the series.

Shawn says they got to talking, and he missed the main turnoff. His boss suggested they take another route over the Bay Bridge, which would allow them to arrive almost on time for the game. Every time he thought about the Bay Bridge, he had bad feelings. He informed the others that he was going to turn back, go up through Concord, leave the car there, catch Bart, and take the bus from the station to the Park, as they had originally planned. They argued, but since Shawn was driving, he just turned the car around and

headed for Concord. He told his mother later, "If I hadn't followed my feelings, we would probably have been on the Bay Bridge when the earthquake hit!

They were on the last leg of the journey during the earthquake, and didn't really feel it because they were on the bus. Had they turned around and looked behind them, they would have seen the collapsing segment of the Bay Bridge. They entered the ballpark still unaware of the quake, and it was several minutes before the fans who had brought their palm-sized TVs to the game to watch the instant replays picked up the news of the quake. Finally official announcements were made and the Park was evacuated in an orderly manner.

As the four men stood outside the stadium, wondering how to get home, someone offered them a ride in the back of a station wagon. So they hitched a ride down the peninsula and back around to the east bay, and their kind benefactor even took them directly to their car at the Concord Bart Station!

AFTER IT ALL

National news coverage was distorted and misleading. Our local coverage and personal observations did not in any way match the coverage we got from the national press! For example, the eyes of the nation were focused on a block wide square of fire in the Marina district, and upon the pancaked Cypress Structure, and the Bay Bridge. The cameras were never used to show that most neighborhoods around the ruined areas, had sustained very little damage. The Golden Gate, San Mateo, Dumbarton, Richmond, and Benecia Bridges were unaffected. Silicon

Valley seemed to have been skipped completely, even though many office buildings in Oakland and San Francisco were heavily damaged. Worst of all, the major damage of the quake was not reported for several days. The Watsonville area really got the majority of the damage, but was almost ignored at first.

We were very touched by the concern and attention that we got for days afterward by family members across the nation calling and writing to find out how we were, and then passing on the information to those in other areas that could not get through. It was a little like getting to hear your own eulogy without having to die first! We are all grateful to have been protected during, and to have the warmth of the family afterwards.



Dear Aunts and Uncles, Cousins and Friends:

There is so much to report in my murmuring column--Uncle Dean's African safari, Aunt Maree's fire--

I guess I'll start with Uncle Dean's government assignment to see if Tarzan was still swinging on the grape vines in the darkest portion of the African Jungle. The CIA said Tarzan had been sent on a secret mission during WW II to learn how the Gestapo survived in the Belgian Congo, Uncle Dean went. I bugged the phone. It was so secret I will tell only you, if you promise not to tell. It seems Uncle Dean (I will refer to him as Agent Pie, 'cause he are such a square) departed from the Fresno Roeding Park Zoo at 3:00 a.m. one foggy morning, in a giant hot air balloon (perfect for

him.) Clever, since no one would suspect a tall baboon leaving the Zoo at such an hour. It got a little hairy when the balloon developed a leak and they had to substitute something else. They finally filled three pair of Gordo-the-Gorilla's plastic pants with helium. As the large basket floated upward, Agent Pie frantically pulled his feet up as they grazed the tops of the Eucalyptus trees along the freeway. The trip took three days, since the balloons could rise no higher than 8 feet, making it difficult, considering the street lights, telephone wires, power lines and overpasses. Needless to say, it was hard to keep the mission a secret as he bounced along the freeway, causing trucks, buses, cars and vans to swerve and brake all along the way. By the time he reached the L.A. airport, his knees were locked against his chest and he had to be pried out of the basket. "Who sent the Midget?" one agent asked as they carried Agent Pie into the hanger. "I don't know," another answered, "but he looks like someone dropped him from a 30 story building." Agent Pie was deposited in a narrow, dark, secret, underground room. Still cramped from his horrendous trip, he tried to straighten his legs out, but to no avail. The air was getting stale (so is this story) and what Agent Pie didn't realize was he had been enclosed in a footlocker. Soon the leader arrived, unlocked the locker and Agent Pie rolled out. "Short little guy, aren't you?" came a gruff voice from the shadows. The stranger breathed a sigh of relief as Agent Pie finally straightened to his full height. "That's better," the man said, "you can go as a Watusi Warrior, you've got the lips for it! Tell me, son, how

did you arrive in such a terrible state?" "What's wrong with California?" Agent Pie snapped. "Nothing, but the thought of it makes me quake!" the leader replied. Much of the mission is so secret even the CIA doesn't know what happened (neither does Uncle Dean!) I can tell you it was successful--Tarzan is alive and living in luxury on his social security. Jane has joined Women's lib and lectures to the native women who have gone on strike and now wear Maiden Form Bras, (they are so happy their cup runneth over!) They demanded their own computer and VCR, and next year they hope to have electricity! Natives loved Agent Pie and made him an honorary member of the WanabyU tribes (named for when they go bride hunting they admire a girl and say, "Wanna buy U! (Uncle Dean came home with six!) With all his hot air, Agent Pie will be able to leave at a moment's notice when the CIA calls. Good Luck, Uncle, we are proud of you brave men who sail the skies in Gordo's plastic pants!

Just got a hot tip that Brian Larson and his little wife are playing the Meadow Muffin theater in Hunt, Arizona. they are such a hit they have been asked to plop down and do 6 more performances. They are getting quite a name for themselves and have appeared on such famous shows as General Noriega's Musical Hour (they had a blast!), Shiek Aba Dabba Dabba's Ten Show in Camel Back Canyon, (you could harem all over the valley!) Melinda did a one woman show (only one woman in the audience) for Lady MacBeth (a man leering in the audience nearly ruined it!) in London (New Mexico) and they did a stint in Disney World (that's Clyde Disney in Pluto, Nevada.) They've had 3 future

offers, one from Scribber's Cheese Co. (They're bound to take it!) one from the National Dental Convention in Drillings, Montana (hope they fill the house!)

Angela (Cooper) Hubbard is doing well in her massage business. She worked for a Chiropractor in Phoenix and learned deep massage. The only trouble is, all her customers look like pretzels! The secret is in the thumbs--she pushes them deep into flesh and judges success on how loud the patient screams. Worse than the thumbs are the spike heels she wears as she runs up and down your back--you are then able to rise and feel no pain since everything is numb from the neck down. The last customer weighed 350 pounds. And Angela said it was like running up and down a water bed! One tourist, walking down main street in Pierce City commented, "there seem to be a lot of people taking lessons in contortion in this town." "No," was the reply, 'they're all customers of Angela Hubbard's!"

Aunt Maree's house caught on fire. How many times have I cautioned her to not have a marshmallow roast in the front room? When we arrived at 12:30 at night, she was sitting out on the front porch looking like an Indian Squaw with a blanket wrapped around her. She was giving orders to the poor firemen trying to put out the fire, to not get any water on her precious valuables, and not track any mud on her carpets! What could have been a real tragedy, turned out much better than expected. Everyone got out safely, only Marilyn lost everything she had. Aunt Maree's loss wasn't quite so bad. That's the first time I've ever seen firemen bow and kiss a woman's hand as they

left the scene of the fire.

Van Ellsworth is still designing hotels for Marriott (that's Henio Marriott from Ely, Nevada). The latest one is on the Grand Canyon and causes quite a stir. Seems Van wanted to do something different so he designed the foundation to stretch across the narrowest part of the canyon. Wedged between huge boulders on each side, it is spectacular, and although only 8' by 8' it rises 3000 feet into the sky. He calls it Marriotts Tower of Babble and is created for talkers. (The Whitings have it reserved for six months ahead.) The lobby is on the first floor and there is a trap door for non payers. There is an outside elevator, but because of lack of extension cords, it has to be pulled up by rope, hand over hand and that's not easy. The bad news is if you have a room on the 900th floor and you get in the elevator on Friday afternoon, you can be there by Saturday evening. However, the good news is that coming down is much faster--you just let the rope go and zoom--you're at the bottom (of the Grand Canyon!) An innovative feature, designed by Van himself, is the hotel's roof, shaped into a point like a pyramid, so if the wind gets too strong it forces the foundation out of the boulders and tips upside down, it will land at the bottom of the canyon and secure itself firmly. (So will all the customers, 6 feet under).

I guess that's all for this time. Please spy on all your relatives and families and let me know the latest, dirtiest news. If not, I'll make it up and print it anyway. What a shame, because everythin I've told thus far is the absolute

truth, so help me. And if it isn't, may I lose my ability to type and...zzzzzzzzzzzz!!!!



I feel impressed to write about our family talent. In 1857, President John Taylor said: "In our world, there have risen brilliant stars in drama, music, literature, sculpture, painting, sciences, and all the graces. For long years, I have had a vision of members of the Church greatly increasing their already strong position of excellence till the eyes of the world will be upon us. You mark my words, and write them down and see if they do not come to this."

Brigham Young said, "Every accomplishment, every polished grace, every useful attainment in mathematics, music and in all sciences and art belong to the Saints."

"We are proud," said President Spencer W. Kimball, "of the artistic heritage that the church brought to us from its earliest beginnings, but the full story of Mormonism has never yet been written nor painted nor sculpted nor spoken. It remains for inspired works and talented fingers yet to be revealed."

The trouble we have in today's world is our addiction to TV. It's getting so bad it may just fade away, being replaced by videos. Let us remember that there are 24, not 12 hours in a day. That gives us a chance for eight to sleep, eight hours to work. What do we do with the other eight hours? That we must ponder. Even if we spend an average of two hours a day on Church work and another two

just doing nothing, we still have four hours left.

I feel Doug Berry deserves special recognition in the Berry Patch. He is an intellectual, and to my knowledge, no one in the family

has topped his record of having read the Book of Mormon more than 50 times. Doug and I both belong to the A.L.M.A. club, formed by LDS members who have made their mark in Hollywood and want to advise those trying

to climb that shaky ladder to success and stay within our church standards. You will enjoy reading the following resume on Doug, sent out by A.L.M.A. in its professional directory.

DOUG BERRY



PROFESSION: Band Agent / D.J. / Musician

ADDRESS: 841 Arcadia Avenue; Arcadia, CA 91006

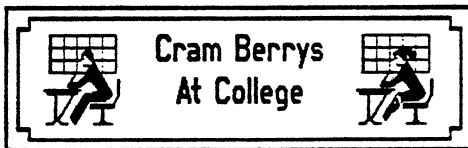
BUSINESS PHONE: 818/445-7759 HOME PHONE: 818/445-7759 ALMA MEMBER SINCE: 1987

AGENT & PHONE NUMBER / EDUCATION / PROFESSIONAL AFFILIATIONS / PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

Doug studied music at Brigham Young University, playing in the big bands there, including Synthesis on sax and flute (doubler). He also had his own top-40 band in Utah, played with the Young Ambassadors in 1977-78, and performed numerous times with the Concerts Impromptu program. He was judged Best Act four times. Doug had previously attended Ricks College for one year and played in the groups there.

Doug is currently agent for the top-40 band "First Class," popular on the LDS dance circuit throughout Southern California. Whether for youth, YSA, or SA dances (or any other occasion), this band can "do it all." He also deals with other top-40 and casual bands, and also works with a D.J. service called "High Star Mobile Music," providing D.J.'s for all styles and occasions, but with a specialty in big bands and ballroom dance. Other D.J. services are also available.

Associated Latter-day Media Artists



Michelle Berry, Warren Gwartyney, and Mike Ellsworth represent our family at Ricks.

Utah Students

Attending, or having spouses attend various colleges in Utah are: David and Amy Hunter, Dan Hunter, Stacey Berry, Tiffany Byers, Kent and Julie Lundin, Brian and Cindy Watkins, Leo and Michelle Hamblin, Darin Larson, Stephanie Berry, Jeane Hunter, Stephanie Rice, Cindy Rice, Luke and Liz Ellsworth, Jon and Julie Hardy, and Daylynn and Lori Hamblin.

The Rest of the Students

Martin and Susan Cooper, Angela and Rory Hubbard, Heather Falls, Lance & Kathy Cooper, Esther and Lindsay Pugmire, and Kara Helf are attending or have spouses attending school near their homes.



Brian and Melinda Larson

Effie's Family

Lynn & Jamie Ellsworth

Luke and Elizabeth are parents! Their son, Isaac Grant Ellsworth was born August 13.

Brent and Effie Ellsworth Kitchen are expecting their first child in May.

Amy Ellsworth is engaged to be married to Robert Eakins December 27 in the Mesa Temple. This will be Lynn and Jamie's fourth wedding in 2 1/2 years! An extra blessing: the whole family will be together for Christmas.

Gary & Charlene Ellsworth

Gary is working in Arizona. He is planning to move the family there shortly.

Richard & Elaine Ward

Richard has been very busy in his calling as a Stake Missionary. Elaine is a Primary teacher and Home Storage and Food Production chairman in Relief Society.

Julie and Jon Hardy have a new baby. Jonathan Richard Hardy was born in Provo about an hour after the San Francisco Earthquake, October 17, weighing 7 pounds 10 ounces, and 21 inches long. Jon's working full time and going to school part-time. Julie keeps busy at home with Aimee and Jonathan.

Jenny is working as an Editor (part-time) in the English Department at BYU and going to school.

George is a freshman at BYU and loving it. Stephen has been hit hard by the spirit of missionary work. In three weeks time he had 3 friends from High School over to listen

to the missionaries and watch "Our Heavenly Father's Plan." He is now an Eagle Scout. Matthew is training in the wrestling team at school, and being a good student. Melissa is in the A.I. DuPont High School marching band, which will perform at the Rose Parade in Pasadena on New Years Day. (Out of seven states in this region, only her school was chosen to go!) Eric will soon be a deacon and is a hard worker in school studies.

Van Ellsworth & Kids

Van is doing O.K., works alot, is enjoying his two kids who have remained in the area and are living with their Mom in Virginia. Aside from being able to spend time with them, seems to stay busy with a few house plans on the side. He has been threatened with mutiny by his kids if he doesn't give a decent report on his family.

Mike is at Ricks College in Idaho and is doing very well. He is enjoying very much the ratio of men to women, (I think it's 4 to 1) so he stays busy between studying, women, and school. (Maybe that's where his Dad should be?) Mike is planning to go on a mission after the reunion this summer. He does not want to be left out of any cousin parties at BYU, so be sure to contact him!!!!

Traci is living with her aunt in Kaysville, Utah, where she is finishing up her senior year in high school. She is doing very well and seems to be adapting to her new environment. She is a co-manager of the varsity football team and loves all the attention that it brings her. She was at a football practice and tried to catch a football and broke her finger at the joint--only a few more weeks left in the splint.

Kerri is doing well and seems to be too busy, her Dad doesn't see enough of her. She is working in a clothing store along with Annette Berry, works at the hospital, plays soccer, goes to early morning seminary and still manages to do well in school. Her favorite subject is photography in which she seems to excel. She is always happy and enjoys keeping her younger brother challenged. She also stays busy cleaning up after two dogs (one is very obnoxious). Kerri is a junior in high school.

Ryan is doing very well in school--he loves sports and loves to be challenged by his older sister. Between school, Nintendo, scouts, football, soccer and his Dad, he seems to keep very busy. Ryan spends alot of his time with his Dad on weekends and is always trying to get a free comic or video game out of him. Ryan is very good-natured and will soon be twelve years old.

Pat & Evelyn Gwartney

are thriving in Findlay. Pat got a new job in his company. He is the MIS person at work. (Manager of Information Systems). We are glad to be in Findlay still, flag City USA, home of "Down by the Ol' Mill Stream." Warren is at Ricks College and doing well. Warren and his cousin Mike Ellsworth are roommates. Nathan just received his Eagle Scout Award.

Maree's Family

The news from the Missouri area is:

Aunt Maree's house caught on fire. Marylin Helf lost everything since it started in her bedroom--but her quick

thinking saved the house. She quickly shut the door after she found the bedroom engulfed in flames and the firemen said that action saved the house. Most of Aunt Maree's memorabilia was saved. We ran in and rescued her life story (2 volumes thus far!) and her western novel she's worked so hard on.

No one was hurt. Right now Aunt Maree is holding court in one of Jack and Joycell's bedrooms upstairs. Marilyn and Jenna are ensconced in another room out back, and everyone is warm, well and comfortable. The Coopers enjoy having them and report they are no trouble at all. We told Aunt Maree this was just another exciting chapter to add to her life story. She had to think of something exciting to top her Alaskan romance!

Martin and Susan Cooper and their three children have moved from Mesa to Springfield, Missouri (just 45 miles away from his parents!) Martin is enrolled in the Forest Institute going for his Doctorate in Neuropsychology. They have rented a nice little 3 bedroom home not far from the college and have settled in. Susan is also enrolled in college to get her degree, since she already had a couple of years under her belt before she married Marty. She goes in the morning while he watches the kids. (Chelsea is in 1st grade so is gone most of the day.) Chance is in a special school 3 days a week, so that just leaves Caitlin for Marty to watch in the a.m. and Susan watches them in the afternoon and evening. Works out great, eliminating the need for a baby sitter.

Angela and Rory Hubbard have also moved from Phoenix and

bought a nice little 2 bedroom home about 2 blocks from us on Elm. Huge yard, big trees (2 dogwood), nice 2 car garage with room for a work shop at one end, large country kitchen, large front room, claw foot tub in bathroom, service porch, walk-in pantry, and laundry room and basement. They paid \$29,000, their monthly payments are \$232 per month, and their yearly taxes are \$100. Nice, when Rory is going to school full time, working part time, and Angel works part time until she gets her other little business's going. They couldn't rent an apartment for that!

Janice and Jerome are doing fine--kids are growing up fast. She is working for David Vandagriff, an attorney in Monett. The best in the entire area. Jerome is working for himself in the cattle business, and doing well. He has built up quite a following in this area, and is known far and wide for his expertise in grading cattle, and his honesty and integrity. Heather is going to school full time in Joplin, and working in a Mexican restaurant.

Lance and Kathy are also doing fine. He's still teaching and coaching at Chaparral High and she completed her masters and is teaching in Boulder City her first year.

Shawn and Linda are in Sacramento after their move from D.C. He was offered his old job back, with benefits to sweeten the pot, and they transferred him to Sacramento. Corey is breaking records in swimming, Chris is doing great in baseball, and Casey is climbing the ladder fast in his first year of swimming.

Jack and Joycell have lost

their minds and bought Uncle Aubrey and Aunt Helen's building in downtown Pierce City, and are going to open up a Melodrama Dinner Theater called "Diamond Lil's!" How's that for crazy? We hope to be open in the spring. I will write the melodrama, and the customers will be served dinner (no choice), be entertained by a barbershop quartet, plus Diamond Lil will be singing such songs as "Don't Hit Grandma In the Head With The Shovel, Dear, You'll Make A Bad Impression On Her Mind!" and "Don't Put Your Foot In My Face, Dear!" (they're both in a book of songs I actually have!), and the M.C. will be going through his bit. Then, after about a half hour to eat, all plates and utensils will be whisked away and the melodrama will start. It will last about an hour, and then two great oleo acts, and that will be it. By the time the customers leave, they will have had dinner and been entertained for about two hours. Can't beat that!

Vaylene is alive and doing well. she is a senior this year and will be graduating in May. To think she will be 18 in February is more than I can bear (especially since I'm only 36!) Joycell has been making jerky, and people around here like it so well, I may go into the business. The stuff you buy at the store tastes like cardboard (I think it is!) So, if you see any of my stuff around, BUY IT!!!! You'll like it!!!!

Kellie Helf Thorne---- and her handsome husband, Robert, traveled from Juneau, Alaska, to Disneyland in October. They invited Jenna, Kellie's youngest sister, to meet them there as an early Christmas present. Kellie and Robert

both work for the State of Alaska. Kellie just received a promotion as head clerk in the State Auditing Department. The State of Alaska is sending her to school to become an accountant, with the idea of promoting her to auditor as soon as she has finished. Her ultimate goal is to become an auditor for the FBI. For the time being, Kellie reports that it is pretty great being paid to go to school, and having your job revolve around the things you enjoy most--MATH AND COUNTING MONEY.

Kim, Kellie's twin, also works for the State of Alaska. She works for the Secretary of Health and Social Services, and thoroughly enjoys her job also. She has her own office, her own computer, and her own hot line to the governor's office. She recently turned down a promotion to another department because she enjoys the job she has so much.

Kim's little son Justin Bryce Helf was born May 13, and gets bigger and cuter all the time. Her boss is so crazy about Kim and Justin that he allowed her to bring the baby to work for several months until she could find a suitable day-care. She had her own little office, so it worked out perfectly with Justin spending his days in his play pen right by his mommy's desk, doing what he does best right now, smiling and being sweet.

Jason, Marilyn's only son, is settled in at his new base assignment in North Dakota. He likes it there, but is unable to give any details as to his duties at the missile site. He did reveal that he and the men with whom he works have a 'shoot to kill' order for any unfortunate person that might wander onto the site. Aunt

Maree says, "When Marilyn and I asked Jason to tell us about his duties, he said, 'if you insist--but I'll have to kill you if I do.' We are content to ask no further questions." So far he has spent a year in the Arctic, where he was born, and will have the next three years in North Dakota. At this rate, it may be a while before he can go international. If his present luck holds out, he feels sure it will be to Panama or Columbia.

Kara, Marilyn's fourth, has adjusted well to college life at SMSU at Springfield, MO. She is carrying 18 credits and working full time at night as a hostess at the fanciest Chinese Restaurant in the county. So far she is getting straight A's in college, but is finding work a bit more of a challenge. Last Saturday she accidentally turned off all the lights in the big restaurant while trying to turn the outside lights on. The place was full and there was complete silence until she discovered her mistake. The incident shook her up so much that a bit later while trying to help relieve the busy waitresses somewhat, she spilled Egg-drop Soup all over a party of five. She has developed a healthy respect for waitresses and it has reconfirmed to her that she wouldn't want to do that for a living.

Keith and Jeannine Larson
Shane is still at Logan in the art program. **Troy and Jennifer Lynn** are expecting their second baby in April. **Brian and Melinda** are happily married and keeping a fast-paced schedule in Provo. They have refused a contract with Disney World in Florida because they would miss two reunions. **Darin and Jennifer** are both living and working in the Provo area. **Tim**

and **Amy** just packed up and moved from Denver to Provo last month. They are expecting in January. I think Keith and I are going to make a few trips to Utah this coming year.

It's so quiet and peaceful here at home with only the four youngest. (Except perhaps from 7:00 to 8:00 a.m. when everyone is fighting over clothes to wear to school.) But all and all, it's the most peaceful home life we've had since 1960, when Shane was born.

Last July, we decided to buy a trailer and move it onto the property we own here in Snowflake and build a small dental lab for Keith. Eventually we want to sell the trailer off and build a home. But we wanted to get out from under the rent we had been paying for five years. Someone gave us an offer we couldn't refuse on a double-wide trailer, and we took it.

Being low on funds, we decided that we would move the trailer ourselves. I mean, after all, if the pioneers could cross the plains, surely Keith and Jeanie could move a simple little trailer. If any of you have seen the movie, "Money Pit," you might identify with what we went through for the next six weeks.

We rolled up our sleeves, gritted our teeth and set forth. The trailer was only nine blocks away. So for three days we scrubbed out the entire trailer. (It was in bad shape dirt wise, but good shape structurally.) Keith opened up the seam to the trailer and we were ready to start moving.

The trailer had been in this particular spot for eleven years. It was up against a dirt embankment that made it

impossible to pull out from the east side. There was about a ten foot embankment at the north end where the tongue was. This ten foot hill sloped about 30 feet up to a dirt road. The only way we could pull anything out was at the south end. Somehow we had to move the first half two feet west, because the gas and electric meters were in the way. Picture in your mind trying to move a 60 foot long 12 foot wide section of trailer two feet sideways. Keith and five men and boys tried from 8:00 am to 6:00 pm to get it out onto the road. They spent all day under the trailer trying to get it jacked up evenly.

Now to get the whole picture and feel for what was happening to us, it is important to realize that we had not had one drop of rain fall here in Snowflake since Easter time. It was now July 21, and about noon, clouds began to form. We prayed the rain away all day, while the clouds continued to gather. The workers were fighting time, dirt and spiders. At one point, one of the jacks slipped, and the trailer fell and stopped about two inches from their heads.

The moment of success finally came, and Keith maneuvered the trailer onto the street with a huge tractor borrowed from a dear friend. We prayed for nine blocks while he slowly and precariously pulled the first half of our future home through the quiet streets of Snowflake.

By the time he reached our lot, those streets had filled with kids, dogs, grown-ups and even an occasional cow perked its ears, as if a circus had come to town. The sight of half a house, with toilet, tub and sinks exposed to the world brought out the curiosity of an

already snoopy town.

By 7:00 pm, the trailer was on the lot, and Keith was ready for a hot tub and the waterbed. I was on my way to perform in a town program. At 8:00 pm, as I was standing in the wings of the auditorium, waiting to go on for my number, a cloud-burst hit Snowflake that was unlike anything anyone has ever seen before. Thunder and lightning enveloped the whole area and sheets of rain poured like buckets onto this little town. It lasted two hours, dropping four inches of rain. It washed out a fifteen foot high stone wall at the grade school.

Try to imagine my emotions as I walked on the stage to play an eight hand number on two pianos with three other women. All I could think of was that one half of my home was at one end of town, and the other half of my home was at the other end of town, and both were exposed to the torrent that was going on outside. As we walked on stage, the electricity went out, and we performed with two flashlights being held shakily over our shoulders. It was a performance I'll never forget.

In the meantime, back at the ranch, Keith and the boys were frantically wrapping the two halves in everything they could get their hands on, from saran wrap to old raincoats.

It was four days before the rains ceased and Keith had the strength or courage to try for the second half. This was a bigger challenge than the first. We had to move this part of the trailer at least ten feet sideways to be able to push it forward.

They spent another whole day under that trailer, jacking it up and getting the wheels on

it. It drizzled rain, and there were little streams of mud running all around them as they lay on their backs under the second half. At one point, I got down on my knees and poked my head under to ask Keith how he was doing. On his back, in the mud, with water running down his arm pits into his pants, he gave me a forlorn look and said in tones of despair, "I'm too old for this kind of work."

The time for pulling onto the street came, but they just couldn't get it to move. The mud bogged them down too much. They spent two hours trying to push it out into the street. We all began to fear that the trailer was going to snap in two. I jumped in my car and drove to Brimhall's construction on the outskirts of town. I ran into their office, and fell to my knees and began to beg for help. (Keith had worked for them last summer driving a truck.) Everyone was gone but one lone driver, whom I didn't know. But I poured out my story to him, and he said, with a grin, "I think I can help." As I drove back to the trailer site, he passed me like Superman, on a 3-story high front-loader.

You should have heard the cheers go up as he rumbled into the lot. He tried for a few minutes just to pull us out, but could see it was impossible, so he roared around the corner up onto the dirt road and in ten minutes time he had dug out and built a road. He filled in all the mud holes with solid dirt and pulled the tractor and trailer out the north end straight onto the road. It was a sight I'll never forget as we all stood with mouths wide open, watching that huge, powerful machine eat up truckloads of dirt in one

bite and scoop and smooth with the power of 50 men. Only in a little town could you get that kind of service free!

By nightfall, the trailer pieces were together! Keith spent the next six days under the trailer trying to level every inch. The move had disrupted a colony of daddy long leg spiders that began to move in on us. We painted and scrubbed some more. The plumbers came and hooked up the plumbing. As we stood back and turned on the water to test it, every pipe in the trailer started spouting. Apparently the move had jarred everything just enough. We struggled with one repair after another. Jennifer and the girls painted the outside of the trailer and Keith and the boys dug trenches for the electric lines which had to be done exactly to pass the state inspection. By August the 15th, we were ready to move in. One week after we were in, we got the same front-loader that had rescued the trailer, to come and dig us a 20 foot by 40 foot basement to put under Keith's dental lab. Keith and the kids have made about 2,000 adobe bricks and are still making more to build the lab walls.

But we have the basement poured and covered now, and Keith has three layers of brick laid and the walls are going up slowly but surely. So that's what our life has been like this past year.

In the midst of all this, Brian got married and we made a quick trip to Provo and Manti for the wedding. The pioneers don't have anything up on us. Pulling a covered wagon out of the mud would seem like a party after what we've been through.

Kay's Family

In less than one month's time, Aunt Beth welcomed a new grandchild, Sheralyn Tanner, and three great grandchildren, Sarah Watkins, Austin Hunter, and Jacob Lundin into the family. In addition, two of her grandchildren have received mission calls, Greg Berry and Stacy Berry. She helped Julie for two weeks when she had her baby

David & Sharon Berry

Stacy is at BYU, and just received a mission call to the Ireland, Dublin Mission, ancestral home of her mother's line. She will be leaving for the MTC January 24.

Michelle is going to school at Ricks College.

Cindy and Brian Watkins are the proud parents of a baby girl, Sarah Watkins, born September 18.

Julie and Kent Lundin have a new baby boy, Jacob Kent Lundin, 7 pounds 7 ounces, born Friday, October 13.

John & Louine Hunter

Steve and Tracy Hunter have a new baby boy, Austin Taylor Hunter, 7 pounds, 9 ounces, born September 20.

Dennis & Rosie Byers

Dennis has accepted and started a job in Minneapolis. This will be the Byers third move to Minneapolis! Rosie and the children are staying behind in Atlanta to sell the house. Tiffany is in her senior year at BYU. Melanie and Jeff are both in Atlanta.

Alan & Betty Berry

Greg Berry has been called to the Los Angeles, California Mission and enters the MTC November 29.

Tres & Julie Tanner

have a new baby girl, Sheralyn Grace Tanner, 7 pounds, 15 ounces, born September 27. This is Julie's sixth child, all born cesarean.

Julie writes, "We certainly are happy to have a beautiful baby in our home again. The rest of the children all agree she outdoes Christmas! When I returned home from the hospital, I was greeted by lots of welcome signs, arrangements of stuffed animals, a crib decorated by Ben, a baby book, and a family shower (mostly homemade). They had also made and decorated a pink cake. One of the most amazing events was the attendance of Merilee and Lisa and Tres at Sheralyn's birth. They actually watched her, foot first, being born by C-section, and thought it was wonderful! Everyone wants to hold her and she has brought much love and happiness to our home. Mom has been a great help for two weeks, and I am doing well."

Lee's Family

The Felsteds got through the earthquake without any major problems. Pat was home with the kids. Ray was in San Francisco, but had left early because of the World Series, so he was on the road but past most of the damage when the quake hit. They own rental property in San Francisco, but only suffered broken windows and some cracks in ceiling plaster.

Dad is doing better. His progress is not spectacular, nor even steady, but he is gradually gaining strength, and his attitude has improved greatly in the last few months. I don't know if he will attend

the reunion, but we'll see.

Jeff Arbuckle graduated from medical school, and is in his residency in family practice at the same hospital in Wilmington, Delaware where Richard Ward is chief of radiology. He is really enjoying it. He bought a small house and has redecorated it with the help of his parents.

Stephanie Berry is at B.Y.U. and not only made the varsity women's soccer team, but is their starting left wing. She's been doing very well, and has had her name in the student newspaper several times. Against one of the Colorado teams, she scored all three goals in a 3-0 game. She seems confident about her academic work and has made a lot of friends already. Judi Berry switched jobs. She's now working for United Airlines, but because of the takeover turmoil, she will probably change back to working at the county jail.

Norma's Family

Roger & Diana Rice

Mike was recently transferred to Keyport, New Jersey. His new assignment is district leader. Stephanie went on a mid-semester tour to the Denver area with the BYU folkdancers. Roger and Diana will travel to Provo to see her perform December 1 & 2 in "Christmas Round the World." Cindy has adjusted to BYU and enjoys being independent. Her Book of Mormon teacher is Reed Benson, the prophet's son, and she loves the class! Randy, our senior, keeps a full social schedule and is active in sports, yet manages to keep his grades high. Anna just had tonsil and adenoid surgery, and

is recuperating very well. Christopher is working hard in scouting, trying to get his eagle scout award before he enters high school. Brian is very diligent about remembering his big brother Mike in his prayers. He didn't worry much about 2 years in the mission field with no dating, but when he heard the elders don't watch TV, he was filled with awe. Our ward was annexed into the Oakland stake recently, so Diana was released from being stake RS homemaking counselor and called to be second counselor in the Oakland Stake Young Women's presidency.

Barry & JoAnn Larsen are keeping up with life in the fast lane. Barry is Teacher's Quorum advisor and JoAnn is Relief Society president, so whatever time isn't taken by the care of five children seems to funnel into their callings. In and between everything, however, they have managed to decorate their house and still reserve quality time for each other!

David had microscopic surgery on his knee, and then was able to go right back to football, where he has enjoyed fame and notoriety for his abilities. Julianne has decorated her own room, and is earning all the new awards in the young women's program, even the optional ones! Julianne, Keith and Bradley have all learned the Articles of Faith word perfect and qualified for a special award from their grandfather. Jared, the youngest Larsen, has become very responsible, seeing that everyone gets the right messages, and fixes his own lunch when he comes home from school (across the street.)

Chuck & Bonnie Middleton seem to be at the crossroads for many of the family members who come through Provo. Their nieces depend on them, their

nephew adores them, and their brothers and sisters are grateful they are so willing to be of service. Chuck's division at Word Perfect is having a Christmas Open House at the Middleton's, and visions of sugarplums have been filling Bonnie's head as she has prepared for this event.

Randy & Christa Fife are settled into the fall routine: the kids are in school, and sports, and the baby is growing. Coban is in soccer, doing well, and his team is going to playoffs. Christa is a very talented seamstress, and for Halloween the kids costumes turned out exceptionally well. Coban was a werewolf, Normandie was a bunny, Kaylie was a clown, and Courtney was a leopard. However, in the flurry of school and church parties, there was not a single costume contest. At each event, everyone said, "boy, if there was a contest, these costumes would get first place!" To celebrate their ninth anniversary, Randy and Christa left their children overnight for the first time ever. They are very grateful to Brad and Susanne for taking over the care of the family. They went to San Louis Obispo and stayed at the Madonna Inn.

Christa recently got thrown from her horse, and she would have gotten right back on, but she couldn't. She hurt her achilles tendon, and has been hobbling around, keeping up her busy schedule ever since.

Coban turned eight, was baptised, and became a cub scout. He was confired in the same meeting when his little sister Courtney was blessed. He was worried about competing with the older boys in cubs, but so far has won contests at each pack meeting, so is feeling more confident.

Fifteen minutes before

Coban's baptism was scheduled to begin, it was discovered that the pink slip (clearance for baptism) had been left at home. Christa rushed back home to retrieve it, a 30 minute round trip, and made it back in time. But the most amazing part of the story is that in the middle of the trip home, Normandie accidentally opened the car door at a traffic light (she was seat belted) and a shoe fell out. Christa dashed around to retrieve it, hobbling on one foot because she had broken a toe recently (before the fall from the horse) and even with that delay, made it back in time!

Normandie has progressed to level 4 in gymnastics and loves school. Courtney, five months old is at that cute stage where she doesn't crawl, but she lunges. She is a cuddly, happy baby with lots of personality. Kaylie's eye therapy is going well, the Dr. is pleased because her vision is much better at this stage than he had hoped. She will be going through eye patch therapy for seven years!

Brad & Susanne Fife

Brad has been coaching Jason's soccer team. Even though Brad is a very experienced and extremely capable coach, he had no soccer background, so he went to clinics and prepared, and they had a really good season. Jason was on the "Blues Brothers" team with colors of sky blue and navy. Karie was on the "Pink Pizzazz" team with colors of pink and silver. Both kids are very good at doing their chores around the house. This is a family that both plays and works together.

Helen's Family

Aubrey & Helen
have recently been to Missouri

visiting family, and they are feeling very well. Dad had minor surgery last month for a hernia and is recovering very well.

Brian & Helena

are doing fine in Mesa. Brian recently took a position with a law firm in Mesa which he is pleased with.

Bob & Dixie Forsyth

Last month Dixie was in the hospital for the removal of a benign tumor on her thyroid gland. She has made rapid recovery and feels very well. Dixie and Bob's oldest, Tiffany, and her husband, Eric have moved to Springfield, Missouri. They are expecting their first baby in March. This will be Aubrey and Helen's first great-grandchild.

Steve & Kristine Hales

have undertaken a big job recently--they have started a home school for their children this year. After being greatly concerned about the public schools in their area in Fairfax, Virginia, they have obtained curriculums from various Christian correspondence schools. They have nine children in school--the oldest is a senior in high school, and the youngest is in kindergarten. The experience has already been very rewarding for their family. The children finish their studies early in the day with time to work in their family owned book binding business.

Paul & Judy Andelin

are still living in the Naval Air Base in Milington, Tennessee. They plan to move to southwest Missouri next year. Paul will be practicing medicine with a group of doctors in Auroura.

Craig & Merilee Saunders

are doing fine in Mesa, Arizona. They are expecting their second baby in December.

Dean's Family

Bruce & Anna Wood

Anna is expecting their fourth baby, and has had a very challenging time with this pregnancy. Unable to keep food down, she was hospitalized until her health stabilized, and was sent home with a feeding tube, which has been in place five weeks. She is doing much better, and the baby is fine. She says she has learned to survive by not looking too closely at present conditions, but focusing on the reward for what she is going through: a baby! She is due May 12.

Brent & Karen Mitterling

have another son. They were able to adopt Jason at 2 1/2 months of age in September, and he has been a real good baby. He is adorable, and even turned over at 4 months! Did big brother Justin teach him how?

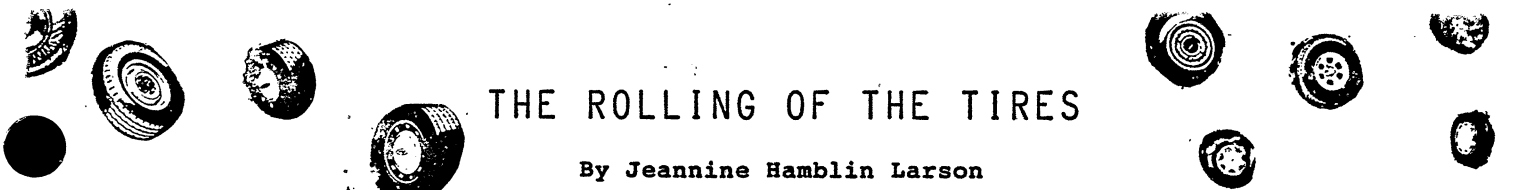
And Karen is pregnant! After overcoming very challenging medical problems, their dreams have been realized, and the Mitterlings are thrilled with their growing family!

Brent Berry

has moved to Long Beach, and is working for a Japanese company, putting his business degree to use. After a regional meeting for the company, everyone was obligated to go to a singing bar. Although Brent was not thrilled with sitting in the bar, he did enjoy the singing. They each took turns going on an attractively designed stage, complete with theatrical lights. When it was Brent's turn, he really hammed it up, and is now famous for his rendition of "I heard it through the grapevine" With a video chorus in the background, Brent was an instant hit! Are they ready for "Born a Berry" Brent?

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Ward, Jenny	1720 North 606 West apt. 319	Provo, UT 84604	
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Watkins, Brian and Cindy	650 N. 1092 W.	Provo, UT 84601	801-375-1705
Watson, Larry & Lucinda	503 Sixth Street	Monett, MO 65708	
Wood, Bruce & Anna	6451 E. Shady Valley Lane	Anaheim Hills, CA 92807	714-998-4625

A collection of various tire images, including whole tires, cross-sections, and tread patterns, scattered around the top of the page.

THE ROLLING OF THE TIRES

By Jeannine Hamblin Larson

"All clear below!" bellowed Uncle Eddie as he motioned me forward. Come on, Jeanie, it's your turn". His eyes held the same anticipation as my pumping heart. I gripped the old bald tire and with all the strength my eight-year-old body could muster, I ran towards the point of the mountain Uncle Eddie was motioning to. At precisely the moment I reached the edge, I gave the black tire one last shove and fell to my knees in the volcanic dirt. As it plunged down the mountain, a roar went up and 120 aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandparents cheered the speeding tire to its journey's end.

It was entertainment at its best, watching that black rubber tire bounce, wobble, and race its way down and across the serene countryside of the Arizona White Mountains. Often the tire would hit a rock or mound of dirt or a small pine tree, which would change its course as the crowd cheered it on. The sounds of the spectators would register the success or failure of its migration.

In my thirty years of rolling tires off Sierra Trigo, I have seen unbelievable feats from these bouncing black rings. I've seen them split a small pine tree in half, traveling well over the legal speed limit. I've seen them journey distances over three miles or more with no energy force other than its own momentum.

It was a unique family reunion activity unlike any other in the world. To stand on a mountain top with those you love and look at beauty that is beyond words is seldom experienced. This was a place where the cares and heartaches of life were locked out. These moments I have preserved deep within my heart.

The tradition started when my grandfather had a flat tire up on the dirt road at the crest of the mountain. As he and some of the uncles were repairing the wood spoked tire, it got away from them and the wheel's journey down the mountainside was spectacular. They searched the rest of the day for that wheel because they had no spare, and never did find it. The thrills of watching that wheel were so great that they got the idea of repeating the fun at the next reunion.

Where else would you find uncles who own a mountain? Where else would you find uncles who own service stations in five states? Where else

would you find uncles who would bother to spend days gathering up old tires and hauling them to their mountain so that the family could experience the thrill of pushing a tire off Sierra Trigo?

The tire rolling was the most exciting event of the three-day reunions held every two years at the Whiting Homestead. But a frightening moment ended it all in the late 70's. By then the reunion population was numbering in the 400s and children swarmed the mountainside like a colony of ants. On this particular day of the tire-rolling, a pickup overloaded with children almost turned over as it struggled up to mountain road which was too narrow and too weatherworn to be safe. It scared the adults so that they they never rolled the tires again. Now it's history, and we who lived it, tell our children of its thrills.


Uncle Art walked into a restaurant in Holbrook a few years ago and overheard two old cowboys sitting at the counter telling stories over their coffee:

"I was ridin' my horse a few miles below Green's Peak last week, miles from nowhere. Suddenly I came across a tire.

"I rode a little further and I saw another tire. I kept a ridin' and pretty soon there were tires to my right and tires to my left.

"I looked up and there were tires in the trees! There were blankety-blank tires everywhere!"

Uncle Art struggled to keep his face straight as he left those cowboys scratching their heads and trying to solve the mystery of those blankety-blank tires.

A single, detailed image of a tire tread pattern, positioned above the author's explanation.

Explanation from the author: I'm taking a creative writing class at the Northland Pioneer Junior College here in the White Mountains. The assignment was to write an autobiographical sketch of one moment in my life that created emotion within me. I decided to write about rolling the tires down Sierra Trigo. The teacher loved it and gave me an A. She had me read it aloud in class and they all loved it and wanted to go and roll tires!

I Am Woman

I am Woman.

*I carry within my soul the promises of eternity,
the gift of charity,
the gift of love.*

*I hold within my heart
the dreams of yesterday, today, tomorrow.*

*My arms have greeted each new life moments after birth
since Mother Eve Marked the way.*

I am Woman.

*The rise of strong nations,
the success of great men,
the joy of good families.
all are within my realm of power.*

*Likewise should I turn from my divine purpose;
nations will fall,
great men will stumble,
families will cry.*

I am Woman.

*I have within my mind the power of learning,
the magic of healthy curiosity,
the desire to grow and perfect.*

*There is no star I cannot touch
if I will but reach up.*

*I am a daughter of my Father
of my God.*

I am Woman.

Marilynn Helf

ALASKAN ADVENTURES

Lived and Written by Maree Berry Hamblin

*"If you're not great when you come to Alaska,
Alaska will make you great, or will cast you aside." --old Alaskan Saying*

"The big Land" the Russians called it, and anyone who's been there will swear to that. It also means the Land of The Midnight sun, a wild place where you can still be eaten belt buckle and all by the two-ton Alaskan Kodiak bear. These are the only animals besides water buffalo that will stalk a man. If attacked, lie still and don't move an eyelash. He likes to kill, so will cast you aside if he thinks you are dead. Wear Sportsmen's shoes while hunting. The bears don't like the smell, and the empty shoes will give your friends a clue to your mysterious departure. Your belt buckle inside the bear will be the positive identification.

Alaska is divided into five time zones, with one zone having only a single village. It is so close to the International Date Line that if you cross over the dateline to kill a seal, you have killed it tomorrow, not today.

Anchorage, the hub of the polar air traffic, is called the Banana Belt, since the temperature seldom falls below a minus thirty degrees. LDS people fly over the pole to Holland to attend temple sessions.

In Arctic Alaska, the male polar bears, some over 1800 pounds, do not hibernate. They scavenge the winter, poaching the unsuspecting seals. We had polar bear alerts the year I taught at the Inupiat University at Barrow. During those alerts, the police saw me to my work and back. (Inupiat is the only Eskimo University in the world.) The female polar bear goes south about two hundred miles in winter to build her snow cave and hibernate. In the spring she digs out with her new cubs to join her mate on the arctic ice floes.

Alaska is the land of extremes, surprises, wonders. When the red salmon run their season, they look like red ribbons swimming upstream, and their numbers are so thick a nimble child can cross over a small stream on their backs. Under the arctic snow (with only three weeks of summer) is a desert as big as the Sahara. Rock foundations on the coast hint of dwellings built hundreds of years ago, possibly by the Jaredites. The permafrost, only 9 inches deep, prevents the geologists from extensive study.

There is a little ribbon of railroad that runs from Anchorage to Fairbanks. Once on the train a conductor showed me a distant mountain without trees where the big coal veins were clearly visible. Strangely, there is a fire under the earth in the coal beds that has been burning for centuries. As predicted for the millennium, animals of every kind gather in peace for the females to bear their young on the surface of the warm earth.

The Aleutians

The third time I returned to Alaska, I was hired by the state as a traveling supervisor for 'Bush' and isolated military schools in far-flung areas in this state that, superimposed, stretches across the United States from Ocean to ocean.



My first assignment was a two-year stretch serving the Aleutian Peninsula, the Chair and five schools around Lake Illiama, the biggest lake in Alaska. I was also responsible for one big military school at Adak, a place not much talked about for military reasons. The State paid my travel with \$35 per day for personal expenses besides my salary. This was during the 1960's and 70's.

Of all places I've ever been, the Aleutians are the most interesting, the most unusual, the most hazardous. In the summer and early fall, these

islands look like Hawaii without palm trees. With the majestic, green crumpled-velvet mountain peaks with giant willow trees around the rocky shorelines and black sand beaches, you don't miss the palm trees. Like Hawaii, there are live volcanoes, many more. Around Mt. Katma, there are what the natives call 10,000 smokes. At the village of Belkofski, there is a volcano so close to the school house I couldn't sleep at night. The ring of soot around its snowy crown and the constant "ker boom, ker boom" kept reminding me that it was perfectly capable of erupting at any moment.

Like Hawaii, the Aleutians have no snakes of any kind, nor poison oak or poison vegetation. In the summer, the berries grow so thick on the ground the teachers cross country ski on them, but they can't sit down without staining their clothes! Wild flowers abound, and are as vibrant as those in Hawaii, but not as big.

The Aleut (Al-e-oot) people are friendly, very intelligent and anxious for their children to get ahead in education. They are a handsome race, light skinned, dark hair, and big dark eyes. They are clean. The women are extra-good housekeepers and the men hard workers. They are beginning to be heard in the political arena. They have no written history or language except what Danish explorers managed to save from the Russian occupation, like the Lord's prayer, and the blessing on the food. When the Russians made claim to the Aleutian Islands, they killed every man above the age of 12, destroying Aleutian literacy. The Aleuts are no relation to Eskimos or Alaskan Indians. Now half Russian, their true lineage has been lost to history.

And then there's the wind. On some Islands the children believe (until educated) that snow and rain come from the east and west, so strong is the wind. The chain of islands act like an aqueduct, causing the Bering Sea and the Pacific Ocean to fight for power, and end up with two tides clashing. This has caused many ships, boats, freighters and barges to go down in Bristol Bay that it is nick-named 'Iron Bottom Bay.' Pilots have told me that the wind is so strong on the island of Amchatka that they use an iron chain for a wind sock. At 200 mph, what better? If you wait for legal flying weather on "the chain", you'll never fly. Paint blows off the houses. One day, while running to catch a little plane, the wind was blowing my right leg across my left,

causing me to keep tripping myself. Even so, I wanted to live there forever. The beauty of the land defies description.

Squaw Harbor

One time I was out on the Aleutian Chain to Squaw Harbor, a tiny fishing village. The place hung on the side of a steep mountain. One side of the little village was built on plank flooring above poles that rested on the ocean floor. A few families preferred living on a mountain shelf, climbing up and down on a fifty foot ladder straight up. I went up there once, but never again. However, the view was spectacular.

The school house had just burned down, and my office sent me to see what we needed to do. We had no superintendents then. I was all they had in those parts. The teacher's name was June, we still correspond. She was holding school in the pool hall, and the men had graciously given up their pool table (an ancient beauty that looked like it came from Russia) and she was using it for her desk, supplies, and books. The fishermen had given up one of the long tables from their cook shack to serve as a community desk for all grades, about a dozen children in all. June was doing a remarkable job and hadn't missed a day of school.

The Abandoned Gold Mine

It was a weekend, and since she didn't need much help in the teaching field, mostly just sympathy as to the trauma of the fire, I was sitting in the little store, my head bowed reading a magazine while waiting to try for transportation to my next stop. The place was crowded and I felt someone standing directly in front of me. I glanced down as his shoe touched mine, to gaze at the biggest feet that could be walking on planet earth.

A slight cough from above caused me to look up, and up, and up to see a young, handsome face with blue eyes and shoulder length heavy blonde hair. Probably in his middle twenties or early thirties, he was clean cut, broad shouldered and at the least, six foot eight inches tall. In Aleut country, he looked completely out of place.

Then a voice echoing the Kings' English, with a little lilt I could not identify, said, "Are you Mrs. Hamblin?" "Yes," I offered, "Can I help you?" "I hope so," he said, introducing his brother, of the same height, blonde hair and blue

eyes. "The natives tell us that you know a man by the name of Mr. Bill Egan. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know Bill. He's governor of Alaska."

"We understand that Mr. Egan owns a gold mine here in the Aleutian Islands. We wonder if he would let us work it for a percentage."

"Where are you from?" I asked bluntly.

"We are natives of Iceland, Viking by descent," he said.

"I have heard of only one gold mine in all the Aleutians. It's been abandoned for forty years," I explained. "It's located on a deserted island and is very hard to get to by boat or ship, impossible by air. There came a terrible earthquake that broke the mine, flooding it with ocean water. The people were all evacuated and never came back. Bill does not own the mine. It belongs to the people, the State of Alaska. I can suggest much better places in Alaska for you to try for a mining permit," I said, to no avail.

"The mine under water would be no problem to us," he said casually. "We are professional deep sea divers, adventurers, we travel the world."

This stunned me, and I gave in with, "The thing for me to do when I get back to Anchorage is to go to the Bureau of Mines and get you all the information they have. I'll mail it to you, then you can decide what to do."

"We would like you to go with us just to survey the mine before we go any further," he said, anxiously. When I hesitated, he quickly went on. "There's a woman teacher here at Squaw Harbor. Maybe she would also like to go."

June and I boarded the eighty foot crabbing vessel they had rented in Seattle. Their crew besides themselves, consisted of a captain, a handy man and a native guide that had lived on the deserted island as a child. As it was less than a hundred miles away, we would return that night to Squaw Harbor.

The weather was good, and we made fine progress until we ran into the black cliffs where thousands of white birds nested on the jagged crags. At the sound of the fog horn, the birds flew screaming into the air by the thousands, an unforgettable

sight. Later I was to see an egg from these peculiar birds. Shaped like any small egg, nature had provided little ridges to keep the eggs from rolling off the tiny, rocky shelves wrought by the weather.

For lunch, the men served us scrambled eggs and bacon and delicious pie. They were sociable and excellent conversationalists. I was impressed when they supplied linen napkins. Their table manners were impeccable. Eric the Red and his son Leif must have handed down the social graces to their descendants as well as the spirit of adventure. Had I been seventeen, I just might have gone wherever their world would have taken me.

Quite suddenly, we came to jagged volcanic spears sticking up from the ocean floor like sentinels guarding the deserted village from intruders. This slowed us down considerably. Passing the last of these, the horizon came into view. Silhouetted against the skyline were the remains of a once thriving gold mine town, big enough for two churches, a sight never to be forgotten.

With no harbor or landing of any kind, the captain dropped anchor a mile from the shore, and we proceeded in a little motor boat. The captain, too curious to stay behind, joined us, leaving the handy-man the only one on board.

The shore was covered with little rocks caught in a strange swirling of sea water. It must have taken centuries of sand rubbing to bring them to such a high polish. We climbed the gentle slope. The buildings clustered around the first church hid the skyline and hid nothing but the past. Without chattering, curious children to run out in greeting, I felt lost. Without my Viking hosts, I would have been terrified of the silence, the loneliness, the feel of ghosts, both good and bad.

My heartless curiosity bade me go on. We entered the church. I wanted to cry as I gazed at the huge, ornate concert grand piano on which a corner of the roof had collapsed. With an amateur eye, I mentally assessed the worth of things in view and on the brink of decay. Unbelievable!

The men went on to examine the water-filled gold mine while June and I went from house to house opening unlocked doors to look within. Like children in a candy shop, we skipped from one to the other without decisions as to snitching what

didn't rightfully belong to us. The smaller houses seemed less damaged, their steeply slanted roofs again the rain, snow and sleet, had weathered well with no one to make repairs.

In our excitement, June and I became separated. In one house, I decided to stay put until someone could find me. To keep from letting myself give in to fright, I made myself at home, opening lovely antique bureaus, fingering the fine linen pillow cases trimmed with crocheted borders, some four inches wide. The dishes were washed and placed neatly in the cupboards as if the owner had stepped over to her neighbor's for a cup of tea. The baby's high chair, with a bib tied to the side, held a dog-eared teddy bear. The beds were made up neatly with clean sheets, pillowcases and spreads. Work jackets hung on hooks by the door, and handmade throw rugs were neatly placed on clean linoleum floors.

The door opened, and in my imaginings, I felt the presence of the woman to whom all this belonged. "What are you going to take?" June asked. "Nothing," I answered lamely, "what are you going to take, June?" "There is a haunting in this house, isn't there?" June whispered, backing out the door, taking nothing. We went on our way like two babes in the woods, from house to house, building to building.

At last we came to the Russian Orthodox Church, its lovely glass window shattered on the floor. The last family to leave the place must have salvaged the brass candlesticks and other valuable ornaments I have seen in almost every other Russian church in the Aleutians. I did grab a handful of candles, yellow with age, and stuffed them in a sack I found on the floor. And I took a few roughly carved holders that had fallen from the wall.

Half way back, we peeked into the community hall. Built octagonally, the benches were nailed all around the walls, leaving the center open. Gazing around, one could almost hear the echo of laughter, music and Russian folk dancing.

We went to the library, with shelves filled with books clear to the ceiling, with the only locked door in the whole village. Reading seemed to be the glue that held these people to the civilized world outside.

We began hearing the blasting of the fog horn on

ship. The native guide caught up with us. "The tide is going out, and we must hurry aboard," he said. Then noticing my slim sack, he said in a disappointed tone of voice, "Didn't you find anything you wanted?" As if we had a right.

"Yes," I said, "I wanted it all. But the motor boat is so small, and it's so far to carry things. Anyway, I don't feel right about taking something that is not rightfully mine," I tried to explain.

"See that little house over there? That's my home, where I was born," he said, understanding my feelings. "My mother is dead, my wife is dead. You can have anything you want. But, we must hurry."

We ran over, and I stepped inside. A little white mink ran across my boot, bringing me back to reality. I grabbed two oval framed pictures off the wall, discarding the icons, I slipped my arm through and hurried to a sewing machine that looked like the first table-type ever invented. When the Viking brothers rushed in to tell us to hurry, they picked up the machine and ran with it, calling all of us to follow. We did.

When they deposited it on the rocky shore, a large crack appeared in the head. "Leave it," I called. The guide was rushing me into the motor boat, as the fog horn was now one long steady blast.

In moments, we were aboard. The captain pulled anchor and at the helm, the ship went slowly forward. The loud scraping of steel on rock did not deter his frantic efforts to avoid hanging the ship on the jagged rocks. He took his chances.

I set aside my doubts and stood on the stern to watch the ocean gently purl, washing the black volcanic cliffs to swish around and continue their ancient job of polishing the pebbles on the shore.

A strange gray pall hung over the village and the island, as the dirty storm clouds began to gather in the distance. This had been a dare-devil trip to a dare-devil town, a ghost town now fading behind the panorama of its past. Once through the dark, volcanic sentinels, we sped swiftly across the open ocean to Squaw Harbor.

Tied up to the dock, the Vikings disappeared under water to check for damage to the ship's bottom. A lone longshoreman was tying up his motorboat.

"I need to catch a plane from Sand Point to Anchorage," I called. "Do you know of anyone going from here to Sand Point?"

"Throw me your bags and we'll catch that fishing boat going east. They're going right there."

I climbed down the shaky ladder and waved goodbye to June. Luck was with me, and I began to relax. Half-way out of the harbor, the captain of the fishing boat saw us, understood, and waited. We came alongside and on the crest of a big ocean swell, the little motor boat was tossed upward. Four big hands caught my arms and dragged me over their rail and onto their deck.

The Trip Back to Reality!

With barely enough time to blow a kiss to the longshoreman, who had refused my generous tip (typical Alaskan,) I was led into the warmth of the little cabin. Alaskans don't ask strangers if they're hungry. Instead, they hand you a brimming plate. It took me an hour to chip away at the portion, as to not hurt their feelings, all the time exchanging funny stories and Aleutian news. The hot apple pie crowned with a thick piece of cheddar cheese I had no trouble with. Only its size was a problem. Those pie plates in places where men are in the majority are three times bigger than those used by the average housewife. Where do they get them? I'd like some for my grandsons when they come home from missions, and college.

We reached Sand Point just in time for me to board a DC3 going to Cold Bay where I would catch a plane on in to Anchorage. In forty five minutes we were over Cold Bay and just in time to catch the big Reeves jet on to Anchorage. How lucky could I be? I wasn't. It took us more than thirty minutes for the two struggling pilots to get us down out of the wicked sky. Just as we would touch ground, the wind would blow us back again.

Bob Reeves, of WW II flying fame, owned every plane on the main line on the Aleutians. No plane landed or took off without his permission. He told them to wait for the passengers of his DC3. Pilots flying the Aleutians are allowed very short runs by Reeves. He has a cookshack and sleeping quarters there in Cold Bay for emergency accommodations for his crew as well as his passengers. Private planes serve the villages off

the main line, while Reeves serves the rest.

We arrived in Anchorage, too late to catch a plane on in to Juneau. Dirty, wet and ready to fall over with exhaustion, I checked in at the Westward Hotel, the finest in town. After soaking in a bubble bath for over an hour, then dressing in a room fit for a queen, I made my way down to the finest restaurant in Anchorage.

After a chicken-fried steak, a leafy salad, and a serving of the hotel specialty, peach cobbler, I made my way to the magazine room up front. Loaded with the latest world news and three woman's magazines, I retired too comfortable to go to sleep. Hoping to stay over a day to get my hair done before showing up at the office, I called my boss in Juneau.

"NO YOU CAN'T, MAREE," he spouted in his pre-women's lib voice. "You would not only be a day over your travel allowance, we have a very important meeting tomorrow, and the commissioner wants your report on things in general in the Aleutian area. And he wants them in person."

"I'll be there," I said meekly in my pre-women's lib voice.

To get to Juneau on time, I had to get up at 3:00 a.m. to catch the early plane. Even though the hotel would wake me, I didn't sleep well, just dreading a half-night's sleep.

The hotel limousine got me to the airport on time. I boarded and settled in to try and catch forty of my lost winks. I didn't want to fall asleep while listening to the commissioner and my boss give their usual boring lectures about the schools and the places they had neither seen nor read about.

Afraid to let my seat down for fear I would sink into a real sleep and appear groggy at the meeting, I sat straight up, reading. A little irritated at the stewardess flirting with the young man behind me, I got lost in an article, and tried to forget the silliness.

"How much longer to Juneau?" I asked, glancing at my watch. "Juneau?" the stewardess said with a worried look on her face. "We're just coming in for a landing at Seattle."

"Seattle?" I spouted. "Then you're in trouble and

I'll get fired. Why didn't you wake me?"

"I didn't know you were asleep. You were sitting straight up all the way and reading a magazine," she explained, close to tears.

"I don't care how I was sitting. I am passenger and you are my stewardess. You are supposed to take care of me. But you're too busy with more important things.

"We stopped twenty minutes at Sitka. You were still straight up reading a magazine," she said in self defense. "And again at Juneau."

"Never mind the past. You tell the pilot to contact the Seattle office about my situation. I will have to catch a plane immediately back to Juneau." We landed in Seattle and a little man in a red coat was at the ramp to meet me. All smiles and graciousness, he escorted me into a special VIP lounge. My, my. I did get special treatment. Inside of twenty minutes (pure luck) I was on an

Alaskan plane going back to Juneau, and not at my department's expense.

Without time to go to my quarters, I went straight to our conference room. Completely refreshed after my long, sound sleep, I was able to give a flawless report, in depth, of our schools in the Aleutians. I did the best I could in explaining the state and condition of the buildings, especially those the Indian Bureau had just dumped on us. I did not, however, report the poor teaching, the drunken janitors, marital problems and incest. I had been given the task of solving those kinds of problems in the course of doing my job. "Don't bring teacher and village problems back to me," my boss had commanded from the outset.

I was able to stay awake during the rest of the long-winded speeches and reports. The only woman around a long table of men, I had to endure the smoke. Cigar and cigarette smoke combined should be used only in torture chambers.



Squaw Harbor in the summer. It is entirely made up of fishermen and their families. Less than 100 population there were only twelve children in grades first through eight. The women who live here year round prefer their houses atop a straight-up ledge. Rather than build up there it was easier to barge in winterized trailer houses from Seattle and place them on the mountain by Herk helicopter. They are then skirted and chained down front and aft, with the chains ending in a block of cement sunk in the ground, as a precaution against the wind. The women prefer climbing the straight up ladders to living below with the everlasting threat of tidal waves.

THE REAR END OF A JACKASS

By A. Kay Berry

It was Stake Primary on the Saturday of a Stake Conference weekend. The place was the old Vance Auditorium which was later converted into 'The Mezona.' It was a very large auditorium and it was packed with people, perhaps two or three thousand, mostly children and their parents and relatives.

Aunt Martha was in charge of our act which consisted of a homemade donkey which was supposed to dance around the large stage, accompanied by a piano and a group of family singers out of sight in the wings who were loudly singing "Sweetly sings the donkey as he goes to grass. Meet him in the meadow ev'ry morning as I pass, Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw!"

Naturally, they selected the best talent available for the donkey. Ray Brown, then eleven, because of seniority or family pull was selected to be the front part of the donkey and that left just one position of me, the rear.

It was a good costume. Ray would pull some strings to wiggle the ears and pull another string and his jaws would open as he 'brayed.' I could only pull one string, which made the tail do tricks.

We practiced many times. We would go three times around the stage, dancing all the way, while Lee, Ruth and Maurine Brown and others sang.

Finally, the great moment arrived. Ray had two small eye holes to see through. Just as we went on stage, someone gave the donkey's head a pat for good luck. This knocked his vision out of line, and suddenly the donkey was as blind as a bat! Ray had no way of straightening the head as both his arms and legs were involved in other activities. He decided that he could remember his way around the stage and we proceeded on our quest for theatrical immortality.

In the meantime, I didn't know anything was wrong. All I could hear was laughter, cheers, and applause, which I responded to by moving the tail vigorously. Ray guided us around the stage the full three times and then when we were supposed to exit into the wings where we entered, he lost his direction and headed straight for the front of the stage and the audience. The stage was about five feet above the auditorium floor. I could hear the

audience screaming, and sensing that something was wrong, I braced myself and held back as Ray fell off the stage. That stretched the donkey out-and-out-and-out--until I went over, too.

I had my pockets filled with marbles and they rolled all over the floor creating even more noise and confusion. The people loved it! they thought it was very clever. They all thought that going off the stage was part of the act and we couldn't convince them otherwise.

Aunt Martha had several requests to put the act on again. She asked me if I would be willing. My response was, "Only if you'll let me be the head next time and Ray the rear." We talked it over and decided that it would never be that funny again, especially if we tried. So we never did.

