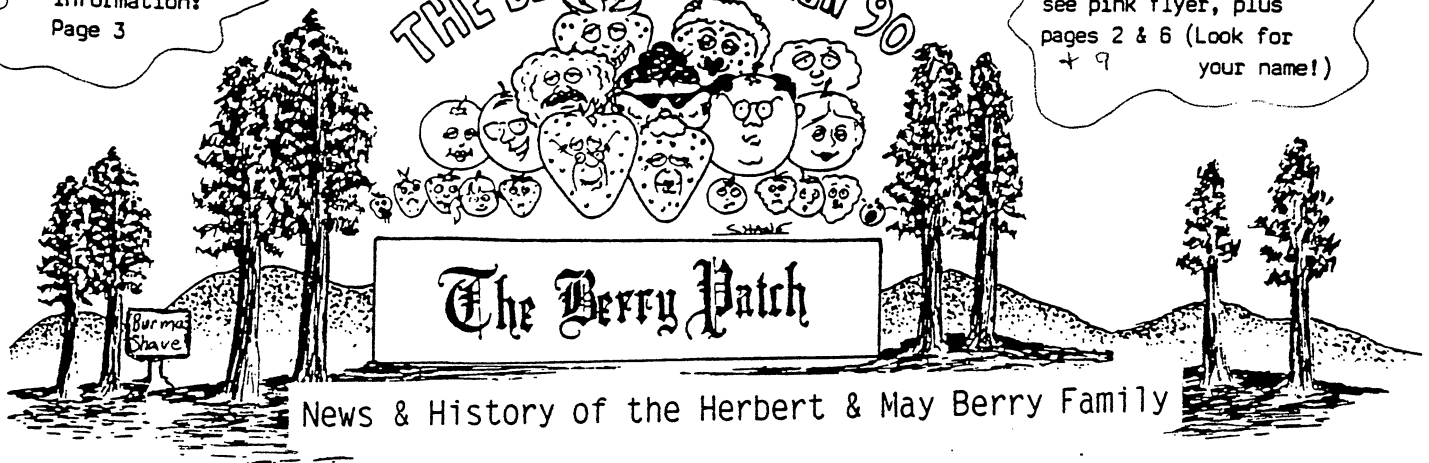


Whiting Reunion  
 Informations:  
 Page 3

Berry Reunion Information  
 see pink flyer, plus  
 pages 2 & 6 (Look for  
 + 9 your name!)

# THE BERRY REUNION '90



Maree Berry Hamblin, 1908-1989


FOR THOSE I LOVE,  
 FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME--

When I am gone, release me, let me go--I have so many things to see and do. You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears, Be happy that we had so many years. I gave you my love. You can only guess How much you gave me in happiness. I thank you for the love you each have shown, But now it's time I travelled on alone.



Myn Whiting Priestly, 1899-1990

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So grieve awhile for me, if grieve you must. Then let your grief be comforted by trust. It's only for awhile that we must part. So bless the memories that lie within your heart. I won't be far away, for life goes on. so if you need me, call and I will come. Though you can't see or touch me, I'll be near. And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear All of my love around you soft and clear. And then, when you must come this way alone-- I'll greet you with a smile and Welcome home.

Author Unknown

\*\*\*\*\*

We all wish Leroy Berry a speedy recovery from his hip surgery! Get Well Soon!!!!!!

Part of life's purpose is for solving problems, for overcoming, for conquering--but not for giving up--ever! There is a kind of magnificent heroism in the strength and example of manly men and of faithful women, mothers, fathers, and others also heroic, in doing their day to day duties--working, meeting problems, making a home, living often above ill health and sometimes heartache. Quietly standing up to the doing, the enduring of each day. And so, when we are down and depressed, sometimes the best we can do is to hold on!!! 'Mankind is served,' said Dr. Fosdick, 'by those who simply do not crack up when all expect them to!'

Richard L. Evans

## Berry Pickings From the President

[ed. note: We ran out of space for this last time, and are happy to dedicate this along with the many articles we have about Maree Berry Hamblin in her memory. She was the best teacher in the family, who also established the first private kindergarten in Hawaii.]

### ALL I EVER REALLY NEEDED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN KINDERGARTEN

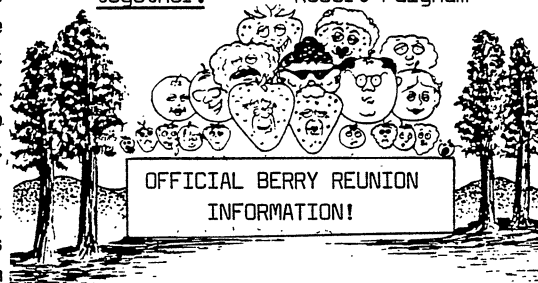
Most of what I really need to know about how to live, and what to do, and how to be, I learned in kindergarten. Wisdom was not at the top of the graduate school mountain, but there in the sandbox at nursery school. These are the things that I learned: Share everything. Play fair. Don't hit people. Put things back where you found them. Clean up after your own mess. Don't take things that are not yours. Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody. Wash your hands before you eat. Flush. Warm cookies and milk are good for you. Live a balanced life. Learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and play and work everyday some. Take a nap every afternoon. When you go out into the world, watch for the traffic, hold hands and stick together. Be aware of wonder. Remember the little seed in the plastic cup. The roots go down and the plant goes up and nobody really knows why, but we are all like that.

Goldfish and hamsters and white mice and even the little seed in the plastic cup--they all die. So do we.

And then remember the book about Dick and Jane and the first word you learned, the

biggest word in all: LOOK. Everything you need to know is in there somewhere. The Golden Rule and love and basic sanitation, ecology and politics and sane living.

Think of what a better world it would be if we all--the whole world--had cookies and milk about 3 o'clock every afternoon and then lay down with our blankets for a nap. Or if we had a basic policy in our nation and other nations to always put things back where we found them and clean up our own messes. And it is still true, no matter how old you are, when you go out in the world, it is best to hold hands and stick together. Robert Fulghum



It's time for a reunion flash to get the ball rolling and alert everyone to dates and cost. The date given in the last Berry Patch wasn't quite right. The official Berry Reunion dates are: Tuesday June 26th, Wednesday, June 27, and Thursday, June 28. The Whiting Reunion begins Friday, June 29th, and goes through Sunday, July 1.

#### DROUGHT MAY CANCEL REUNION

The first thing that we must explain is that Arizona is going into the third year of a drought. If we do not have enough rain, the reunion will be cancelled. The Stake Presidents in the area have asked that their stakes fast and pray for rain. You might consider adding your prayers

and petition the Lord to bless us with rain that we may have a reunion this summer.

ADVICE TO FAMILIES WITH BABIES ATTENTION PARENTS OF YOUNG CHILDREN: We want you to know that no one will think any less of you if you leave your children under age 3 at home! If you think that it might be cruel or selfish to do so, remember, the baby is too young to record golden memories yet. The sun, wind and cold could make them cranky and miserable. Leaving them with a loved one leaves you free to visit, relax, play ball, dance, hike or eat, whenever you want. There is nothing more miserable than struggling with a crying baby in a cold tent beneath Sierra Trigo at 2:00 a.m. LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE. If you really do want to, or must bring your babies to the homestead, let us know if you will need a babysitter and one will be provided, at no extra charge. If you want to bring your own babysitter, have a strict understanding about what you expect from them, and caution them about getting too involved in activities and with the boy cousins.

#### EARLYBIRDS WELCOME

Those who would like to come early (Saturday, June 23rd) are welcome. You can help us clean and organize the camp, sweep out the recreation hall, clean the kitchen area, and build a large central campfire just for the Berry bunch. But you must bring your own food for that period of time.

#### MATTERS OF FINANCE!

Now for the important information--Money! After many hours of careful planning and

checking over past records, and taking into consideration the cost of food in 1990, we have come to the figures for reunion costs: \$5.00 per day per person for food (no charge for children under 3)  
 2.00 per person for camp supplies  
 2.00 per person for the cooks  
 1.00 per person for prizes, trophies/sugar plum candy

So if you are planning to attend the entire Berry Reunion, your registration fee will be \$25 per person. (Four days of food, plus the camping fees) We will be serving two meals on Friday because the Whiting meals do not start until Saturday. If a member of your family will only be there for a day or two, then you pay accordingly, but we do need to know in advance so that we can plan food supplies carefully. We are not giving a reduced price for children, as we find that most children eat more than their parents! If you have a child that is a very tiny eater, we ask you to figure their worth and pay according to what you think is fair.

**ADVANCE PAYMENT APPRECIATED**  
 We are asking you to send what money you can in advance so that all the purchasing can be done without stress to any one member of the family. We are including a pink, pull-out flyer with the Berry Patch, which has a form to fill out and send to Jeannine Larson. It also contains a list of what to take to the reunion. If you wish to send in \$25 each payday until your family is paid for, that would be excellent and maybe easier on you. That is a suggestion, but send whatever you can. The

money will be placed in a savings account and will enable those in charge to take advantage of sales and discount buying. We do not want anyone to stay home because they cannot afford the reunion. Please come. Arrangements will be made to cover those who are struggling financially at this time.

**A FINAL PLEA--WHAT NOT TO BRING**  
 Now a final plea to everyone. The Homestead is a sacred place to us all. Our reunion is a time when we leave the world and come together in a spirit that is indescribable to the outside world. We are what we are because of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We are a Zion people at the homestead. Please, parents and children, we ask you to leave the things of the world at home. Do not bring cassette players, T.V.'s, rock music, 3-wheelers, firearms, or anything else that might send Grandma and Grandpa Berry's presence fleeing for the hills.

Please do not bring pets or friends without special permission.

REUNION, HERE WE COME!  
 Love, Aunt Jeany



OFFICIAL WHITING REUNION  
 INFORMATION



Whiting reunion dates are June 29, 30 & July 1! Each person attending is asked to donate \$2.00 to help prepare the homestead for the reunion. The cost of food will remain \$15 per person ten and over, \$12 for those under ten, excluding those too young to stand in the chow line.

Please send the money in advance, if possible, with checks made payable to the E.M. Whiting Fund, to: Edwina Dastrup, 1661 E. Nielson, Mesa, AZ 85204. Those paid by May 15, 1990 will receive a ten percent discount! Questions?: Reunion chairman is David R. Whiting, 910 LeSuer, Mesa, AZ 85204 home: 602-834-0668 office: 602-969-6699.



Since I am such a good egg (that's a yolk!) and am tired of just laying around, I guess I'd better get scrambling. Since we have some in the family that are really cracked--I'm having a devil of a thyme trying to pullet and get out of my shell long enough to write.

Elaine Ward is Home Storage & Food Production chairman in Relief Society. She enjoys her calling, but is hard pressed to find where to put the 12 homes she has stored thus far. Richard was happy since he has been negative about the whole thing from the first--so much so, he got it all down on film. He calls their new grandson Kodak--and claims he's very developed for his age!

Mike Ellsworth and Warren Gwartney are at Ricks. (That's a drive-in in Rexburg, Idaho!) They are room mates and haven't been able to find their room for weeks. They finally got a geiger counter and found their room had been condemned and towed away to the dump. The dump refused it, saying they were afraid it would contaminate the garbage pit. Warren got airsick sleeping 6 feet in the air on their pile of clothes thrown on the bed--so Mike solved the problem by

throwing half the pile on the floor. Now the floor is even with the bed and they have to stoop to walk to the door! They are driving the girls crazy--Mike will only go out with redheads and Warren with blondes so they don't get their girls mixed up. It would actually be very easy to tell their girls apart, since Warren's have warts and Mike's have zits. But love is blind--good luck, boys. Remember, it helps to go to class once in a while!

Jerome is still working with cattle at the Diamond Stock Yards, and that's no bull! Janice wishes he was working with diamonds at the Cattle Stock Yards, cause then he'd be paid in carrots. He has built up a great reputation and the farmers and cattle men like him. In fact, it's in the bag. There's not an udder one like him in the area. He's no little squirt when it comes to Bovines (he knows cows, too!) And I'd stake my money on the bob tailed nag he cud hold his own against anyone.

Leo Hamblin will be graduating this spring, and then he hopes to go to college. He is majoring in The Cycling of Sewer Sludge, and Michele is absolutely thrilled. She says he has a tremendous background, after living with Brian and Daylyn, that will add to his expertise. She gave him a new pair of hip boots for Christmas. Michele has perfected a new deodorant, thanks to input from Leo, it doesn't do anything for the terrible odor--it's just that you can't tell where it's coming from!

Brian Larson's chest implant is sagging after passing the dog pound. [see November Henscratchings if you

are confused.] Melinda has tried spray starch--but to no avail. Anyone with long haired cats, please donate their hides to Brian. It gets tiresome going around with your chest braided. Needless to say, the lumps, under his shirt, present an embarrassment to strangers who first meet him. Also, his toupee became uncontrollable, but was corrected by Melinda who made him one out of steel wool. It comes in handy when giving him a shampoo, for she also washes the pots and pans, thus saving on soap. A word about Melinda--she has been taking Opera Lessons and has been offered the lead in Spectra of the Opera, (or She Sang From Ghost to Ghost!). She will play the lead as Melody Lingers, opposite Harold Harmony (the Hero) and Farthingham B. Flatkey, the Vile Villian. Her uncle, Sir Alex Chord was lost, but has been found, and the only part not filled is that of little Com Pose, the Chinese maid! Someday we shall see Melinda's name in lights (on any Christmas tree in town!)

Jennifer, Troy Larson's wife, will star in the Hollywood Bowl. It's driving Troy stir crazy, but she beat it to the auditions and won by a large margin. The play is the latest work of Pedro PistO La, the great Mexican Playwright from Concho. "The Attack of the Timid Tortillas!" is a musical. Jennifer will play Carmela Salsa, the beautiful heroine faced with ruin as her chile crop is destroyed by a horde of Mexican Dancing Beetles. While the cruel Raoul Fandango tries to take advantage of the situation, our hero, Fredrico Freeholie comes to the rescue. Troy plays Jimmy Changa,

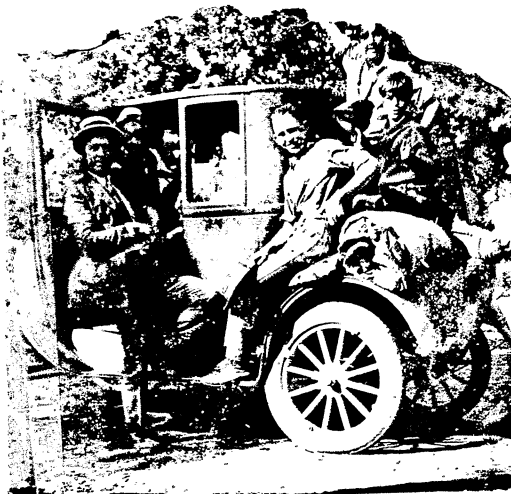
Fredrico's sidekick. Although the audience doesn't know beans about Mexico's history, the play's a gas!

Jeff Arbuckle finally graduated from Medical School. He was the only 52 year old graduate, but Norma Jean and Gary think it was worth it. He is serving his residency in Beavers Bend, Virginia, and he said his first patient wasn't worth a dam! He is specializing in the 3rd toenail on the left foot and has found great satisfaction in being quick to clip his classes, and says his professor smells. He says a lot of his classmates were heels, but others had soles. They did well as long as they all stayed instep and didn't print anything to the contrary. If any of you family members have trouble with your 3rd toenail on your left foot, don't hesitate to call Jeff--Peg Leg Pete was one of his patients, as was Captain Hook (Jeff though he said "hand" when he meant "grand"--) Good luck, Jeff--keep your foot out of your mouth and you'll make it fine!

Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth are marrying their kids off as fast as possible. And why shouldn't they? Any girl with a dowry of \$5.00 is bound to find a husband quickly. Luke married a fine girl who got a real shock when she met the family. She said she now understands where the theory came from that man came from monkey! Lynn is practicing for his jaunt to the Homestead this reunion. He has greased the wheels of his motorized wheel chair and has had a large blade put across the front wheels to mow down trees and fences. So far, his time is 4 days and 6 hours and he hopes to narrow it down to 2 days and 3 hours.

After all, it is 15 miles from Eager to the Homestead and it will take some doing. Jamie is going to sail directly overhead to coach him from her hot air balloon. If she can get over Sierra Trigo and he can get around it, then the rest is easy! Good luck, guys! Louine wrote and told me that John Hunter wears purple flannel pajamas under his judges' robe in case he gets a chance to sleep on the case--such as when he tried the couple who were suing each other for custody of their pet flea circus. The wife said they had gone to the dogs and the husband said she was always hounding them. John slept through most of that one. Then there was the wealthy woman who was suing her maid for getting her wig caught in the vacuum cleaner. She said it was a dirty thing to do, especially since it was on her head when it happened. The maid said she didn't realize her mistress was under the couch at the time. John slept through that one also! Farewell Family and Friends (are you still there?)

The others are Uncle Eddie, Aunt Ethel, Virgil, and Erma. One reason for having us kids along, and on the back, was so we would be there to give that extra push when the car couldn't quite make it up a hill. It seemed to us that we provided most of the horsepower on that journey. As near as I can figure--that trip was the year 1925. Love, regards, and Good Luck on the "Whiting Tree." Your brother, Kay



Maree adds: This little car served this family well. Uncle Eddie sold it to Aunt Myn when she taught one year at Salado. She modernized it and had a fancy self-starter (the first in St. Johns) put in so she wouldn't have to hand crank it. When Grandma bought a Model A Ford touring car, and she no longer taught at Salado, Aunt Myn sold the car to me when I taught at El Toole, 18 miles south of St. Johns by the Lyman Dam. I met a mountain lion on the road one day, and we just looked at each other until I out-stared him, and he went on his way. Many a rattle snake did I crush under those hard rubber tires, (and with pleasure) as I drove what seemed to me a vast prairie; especially when I had a flat

and no one to fix it but me, or my other choice was to bed down with the coyotes until some cowboy might rescue me when looking for his lost range cows. When I got married and we moved to Los Angeles, I sold it to Si Jarvis. It was the first car he had ever owned. He was a proud man, indeed. But I was saddened to part with the car that had served me so well.

MY WONDERFUL GRANDMA  
to: My Grandma Hamblin  
from: Her Grandson, Daylynn Hamblin, (at age 15)  
Oh, my grandma sweet and true  
You were there when I needed you.  
When I was alone you came to me  
with open arms,  
With grandest of all smiles and  
all your sneekiest charms.  
When I felt so low with  
discouragement in my head,  
You cheered me up and gave me  
monkey bread.  
When I was on my last penny,  
You would surely give me  
plenty.  
And please grandma remember  
always,  
That you're my grandma,  
And grandma, I love you.  
Editor: Maree Berry Hamblin  
submitted this poem with a  
note: "These kinds of things  
are life's pay-offs. This poem  
is very precious to me."

#### Editorial Staff

Dean Berry	Family President
Diana Rice	Editor
Anna Wood	Associate Editor
Elaine Ward	Effie's Family
Janice Falls	Maree's Family
Louine Hunter	Kay'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



Letter from Kay Berry to his sister Maree, dated 1952:  
Dear Maree: Received your letter and the picture [below] with great interest. That's me on top, all right, with my trusty flipper around my neck. Ray and I rode the turtle (the back of the car), outside mind you, and all the way from Mesa to St. Johns. We had a big supply of rocks, which we replenished at every stop, and shot at everything that moved along the way.



JUNE 26-28

ASSIGNMENTS FOR GAMES, SPORTS, AND ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE BERRY REUNION

Please let Joycell Cooper know as soon as you read your name whether or not you can accept. Send a brief a brief postcard/note to Auntie Joycell, 407 Elm, Pierce City, MO 65723. Those assigned are free to get whomever they wish to help and assist. These are suggestions, so please feel free to incorporate your own ideas in your assignment.

All Ages

\*Campfires each evening: Roger Rice. \*Stories for the campfires: Uncle Lee, Aunt Helen, and Uncle Dean.

\*Community singing: Sharon Berry, traditional; Jeany Larson, family favorites.

\*Talent Show Thursday Evening: Jon Berry.

\*Dances Tuesday and Thursday evenings after the campfires: Brent Berry and Stephanie Rice.

\*Family Feud Gameshow Wednesday evening: Diana Rice.

\*Testimony Meeting Thursday morning at 9:30: Jack Cooper

\*Name Your Ancestors Game, ongoing throughout the reunion: Janice Falls, chairman. Judges: Doug Berry, David Berry, Steve Berry, Eileen Luke, Lynn Ellsworth, Elaine Ward, JoAnn Larsen, Randy Fife, Anna Wood, Jon Berry, Shawn Cooper. Judges will need to brush up on family ancestry from May and Herbert to the present generation.

\*Berry Trivial Pursuit: Leo Hamblin and Darren Larson.

\*Tee Shirts: Judi Berry.

All Children

\*Children's Daytime Talent Show: Sharon Berry and daughters.

2-4 year olds

\*Sugar Plum Tree: Elaine Ward and Evelyn Gwartney.

\*Bunny Hopping Trail: Julie Tanner and Louine Hunter.

\*Independence Day Parade for ages 2 through 7 with Uncle Dean and Aunt Helen leading the Parade as Uncle Sam and the Statue of Liberty (Try to have children wear red/white/ and-or blue and we will make flags and hats at the reunion: JoAnn Larsen, Diana Rice, and Aunt Helen.

\*Stick Horse Race: Tres Tanner and David Berry.

\*Rotten Egg, Rotten Egg: Brad Fife and Randy Fife.

\*Fairy Tale Hour every afternoon for those 4 and up: Auntie Joycell.

5 through 7 year olds

\*Indian Scout Trail (learning to read signs: Leo Hamblin and Shane Larson.

\*Bear Hunt: Jon Berry, Brent Berry, and Lance Cooper.

\*Independance Parade (see listing above, same as 2-4 yr. olds

\*Sierra Trigo Hike: Mike Ellsworth and Warren Gwartney. 8 through 12 year olds

\*Stink Base: Steve Berry and Bob Luke.

\*Scavenger Hunt: Judi Berry and Eileen Luke.

\*Make Berry Insignia out of rock on side of Sierra Trigo: Brian Larson and Troy Larson.

\*No Bears Out Tonight: Lynn Ellsworth and Van Ellsworth.

13 and up

\*Soft Ball: Rory Hubbard and Shawn Cooper.

\*Volley Ball: Jon Berry, Brent Berry, and Lance Cooper.

\*Run Sheep Run: Lynn Ellsworth.

\*Sardines: Daylyn Hamblin and Timmy Hamblin.

\*Horseshoes: Jack Cooper and Keith Larson.



CHECKLIST OF WHAT TO TAKE TO THE HOMESTEAD  
by Jeannine Larson

Every family needs to decide what kind of sleeping arrangements to provide for themselves. Tents, vans, and motor homes have all been successfully used in the past. Note: There will not be a teenage tent this year, and the recreation hall is not to be used for sleeping, so plan accordingly.

- (1) Healthy snacks for your family. There will be two meals served, breakfast from 7:00 to 9:00 a.m. and dinner from 5:00 to 6:30 p.m. Any eating in between will be up to you. We suggest the following for maximum energy and well-being at high altitudes: whole wheat crackers and/or bread, granola bars, fresh fruit, vegetable sticks in an ice chest--lots of canned or bottled fruit juice. Remember you want to avoid a diet that is going to create an elimination problem. You want to get in and out of those outhouses as fast as you can!
- (2) Disposable plastic eating utensils, paper plates and cups.
- (3) Garbage bags of several different sizes. You must be prepared to take your own garbage out of camp with you when you leave.
- (4) Handwipes and old rags. Handwipes are essential for keeping hands clean. Or use rags: you can wash up and throw away the rags. Cut old socks open, or old towels and tee shirts into sections.
- (5) Clothes line rope.
- (6) Long Outdoor Extension Cords and a multi outlet power bar. Electric sources limited.
- (7) A mirror to hang on a tree or post.
- (8) Hammer and nails.
- (9) Extra pairs of old shoes. Shoes at the homestead get stained from the red dirt. Bring old shoes that your kids won't wear anywhere else.
- (10) Unmatched socks. This is the place to wear out all those unmatched socks.
- (11) Old sweatshirts and sweaters and raingear if you have it.
- (12) Flash lights and lanterns.
- (13) Sleeping bags or warm bed rolls and old coats.
- (14) Small shovel and broom.
- (15) Ziploc bags to keep books/papers clean.
- (16) Scriptures (in a ziploc bag). Many of the younger generation have asked that we have a scripture session for those who are interested.
- (17) Good hats and sunscreen or sun block.
- (18) First Aid Kit: insect repellent, vaseline, chapstick, eyewash, cough syrup lotion, Kaopectate, oil of cloves for toothache, medicines for earaches, fever, and headaches, bandaids, gauze pads and hydrogen peroxide for cleaning wounds, neosporin, thermometer, tweezers and needle.
- (19) Tarps.
- (20) Bucket/s.
- (21) Folding camp chairs. Otherwise you might be standing up all the time. A folding camp table, optional.
- (22) Bars of soap wrapped in nylon net, tied with a string to hang in the trees.
- (23) Water jugs or thermos filled with water. Or at least bring container to fill.
- (24) Toilet paper and paper towels.
- (25) Liquid detergent, all-purpose, biodegradable.
- (26) Clothes and towels enough for the whole week. (Half day journey to nearest Laundromat.)
- (27) Favorite Fun songs & campfire activities.
- (28) School-wallet-size photos of each member of your family for our photo family tree. (two each) Jeany Larson has BIG PLANS. So gather those up right after you read this, and pack them now so you won't forget.
- (29) A positive attitude and a willingness to endure physical hardships in order to enjoy those wonderful golden moments with this amazing family.

PLEASE FILL OUT, SEND CHECK & RETURN THIS PORTION BY MAY 15TH!

Check how many from your family will be eating at each meal. We will be providing two meals a day for four days. (The Whiting Reunion will not be serving a meal Friday evening so we will plan for food for Friday.)

	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI
Breakfast				
Dinner				



Please send checks payable to "Berry Reunion" to Jeannine Larson, Box 709, Snowflake, AZ 85937

Please fill out and send to Aunt Jeany by May 15th if possible. The sooner you can get this in the better.

Check if you need a babysitter. Give ages and number of children.

\$5.00 per day per person for food  
(no charge for children under 3)  
2.00 per person for camp supplies  
2.00 per person for the cooks  
1.00 per person for prizes, trophies





## Effie's Family

Richard and Elaine Ward Julie and John have plans to join us at the next reunion with their two children, (who both, by the way, seem to have inherited Aunt Myn's red hair.)

Jenny will be graduating from BYU in April in English and is considering the possibility of teaching English in Taiwan for six months.

George has become the barber in his dorm at Helaman Halls, and does a pretty descent job of cutting hair. He does a better job than some barbers we have known. He's getting ready for his mission, hopes to go in June, or right after the reunion.

Stephen received his Eagle on January 4th. He has been invited to attend "Close-up" in Washington, D.C. It provides an opportunity to selected High School Seniors to view the workings of the government from a close vantage point. Steve is also the captain of his wrestling team.

Matt has been quite the wrestler this year--pinning several opponents. He had a strong hold on one guy who panicked and yelled at Matt, "I can't breathe!!" Matt whispered in his ear, "Well, if you can't breathe, how come you can talk?"

Melissa returned exhausted but elated from the opportunity her High School band had to march in the Tournament of Roses parade in Pasadena on New Years day. Did you see her? She was

right in the center of 250 kids from her band.

Eric recently returned from a Scout trip to the "big apple" (NYC). It's a 3 hour drive from our home. He described the homeless and their methods of trying to be warm, and how somebody stood on the sidewalk singing to try and earn a little money.

He takes his priesthood responsibility of being a Deacon pretty seriously.

## Kay's Family

Dennis and Rosie Byers Dennis is a shadow of his former self, having lost 40 pounds last spring. In spite of the report in the last Berry Patch that the Byers were making their third move to Minnesota, Dennis joined Quality Stores in Muskegon, Michigan as CFO in January! The Minnesota plans have been scrapped.

Tiffany is a senior at BYU. Melanie and Jeff are working full time. Preston is nearly finished with his Eagle Award. Brandon is a First Class Scout.

Rosie is Director of Aerobics at a Fitness place, is Young Women's President, Home Decorator, Mom, Wife, and Person.

Missionary update: Stacey Berry, (David and Sharon's daughter) entered the MTC on January 24 to prepare for the Dublin, Ireland Mission.

Greg Berry (Alan and Betty's son) is in the Los Angeles

Mission.

Jim Hunter (John and Louine's son) is working hard in Sanfernando, Spain.

## Norma's Family

Barry & JoAnn Larsen Julianne's cross country team went to state finals! She ran very well. She has also been taking voice lessons. David is working for an orthodontist, learning that he is probably not interested in becoming an orthodontist. He does filing, works on the computer and does lab work. Keith babysits 2 nights a week for a school district program, earning a mountain bike. He has straight A's. Bradley and Jared have been playing community basketball (fortunately it is right across the street from their house.) Barry is enjoying his work as Field Representative for Senator Dolittle. He is responsible for two counties, and all agriculture in the district. JoAnn has been keeping up a demanding schedule and relaxes by decorating their house. She is very clever, and has completed many projects. All of the Larsen children have managed to try skiing this year, most for the first time. They all picked it up quickly, especially Jared.

Chuck & Bonnie Middleton The Middleton's open house at Christmastime for seventy Word Perfect associates was a great success. They had beautiful decorations, Bonnie cooked most of the food, and the children served! They even managed a few serious cases of flu throughout that busy time.

They purchased a tree from the Primary Children's fundraiser Christmas Tree Display and Auction. It was a silver tree decorated with chocolates. Emily went on her first date, to a dressy dance. There were four couples, and they began the festivities at four in the afternoon so they could do everything they planned and still be back in time for the Sabbath. They went miniature golfing, out to dinner, saw "The Little Mermaid" and then went to the dance. Cathy is a top student, very good at playing the flute, and often takes over for her mom. Steven will be a deacon in march, and is really looking forward to receiving the priesthood. Becky and Jenny get good grades, love playing with their friends, and are avid readers. Crystal, age two, climbs! and talking in full sentences!

Bonnie is a Sunbeam teacher. Chuck and his brother-in-law, Roger Rice recently both attended the same convention, stayed in the same hotel, and flew out of the same airport, but never saw each other in New York! We think Roger left the same morning Chuck arrived, but if they had known, they could have made connections!

#### Roger & Diana Rice

Mike has been transferred to Madison, New Jersey. He recently sent a video tape of "a day in the life of a missionary" home to his family. It was wonderful to catch a glimpse of what he is experiencing. His apartment in Keyport was right next to the beach, and we saw many of the people he worked with, and had a driving tour of downtown Keyport. Stephanie is a teaching assistant for a class taught by the director of Folk

Dancers at BYU. This is fitting in very well with her dance education major. Cindy passed the auditions for folkdancing this spring, and she in one of the training classes. Randy finished third in the district for wrestling. He had a fine season, despite several injuries, including a broken nose. Anna has made it through all of the painful orthodontic procedures and has settled in for two years of braces and headgear. Chris is practicing for the flipper contest at the Berry Reunion. A flipper was his top request for Christmas! Brian, age 5, loves the scriptures, and has memorized the first two articles of faith.

### Helen's Family

Aubrey and Helen are feeling well and have been very busy the past few months. Her sister's passing was a great loss to Mom (as to us all). Dad and Mom made a rushed trip out to Missouri a few days after hearing of Aunt Maree's diagnosis. They arrived Sunday evening to learn Aunt Maree had passed away just hours before. It was disappointing not to be able to see her and visit with her again in this life, however they were able to fly back after Christmas to the funeral, and it was gratifying to see so many relatives.

Mom recently finished rewriting her book, Fascinating Womanhood. It has been a huge undertaking. We as her children are so often amazed at her dedication and untiring efforts to help women find greater joy in marriage. Dad

says she has accomplished more in one life time than most people would in ten. We love and support her.

Lane and Darlene Andelin spent the holidays with Darlene's family in Kentucky and Tennessee. Darlene's grandmothers are still both living, and so they felt it important and an opportunity to be able to take the family on this vacation.

Brian and Helena Andelin Their family is doing well. Brian is enjoying his new law practice. The children are excellent students in school and very industrious with a home business.

Bob and Dixie Forsyth had their whole family together for Christmas. Their oldest, Tiffany and her husband Eric Gonze enjoy being back in Missouri and look forward to their first baby in March.

Steve and Kristine Hales are busy as ever with their nine "home-school" children. There's never a dull moment around the Hales' home with their book binding business and school work.

John and Cindy Andelin were able to fly down for Aunt Maree's funeral after Christmas. They brought their oldest daughter, Emily with them, and also their baby, Olivia.

Robert and Ginny Leavitt are doing fine. The children are getting great marks in school. Bonnie and Sara each have a sheep to raise, and the boys have calves. We enjoyed all the family that came to Missouri for Aunt Maree's

funeral. We are expecting a new baby in July--this will be nine children for us. (Robert is working hard on our upstairs addition--we seem to be outgrowing the house!)

Just Married

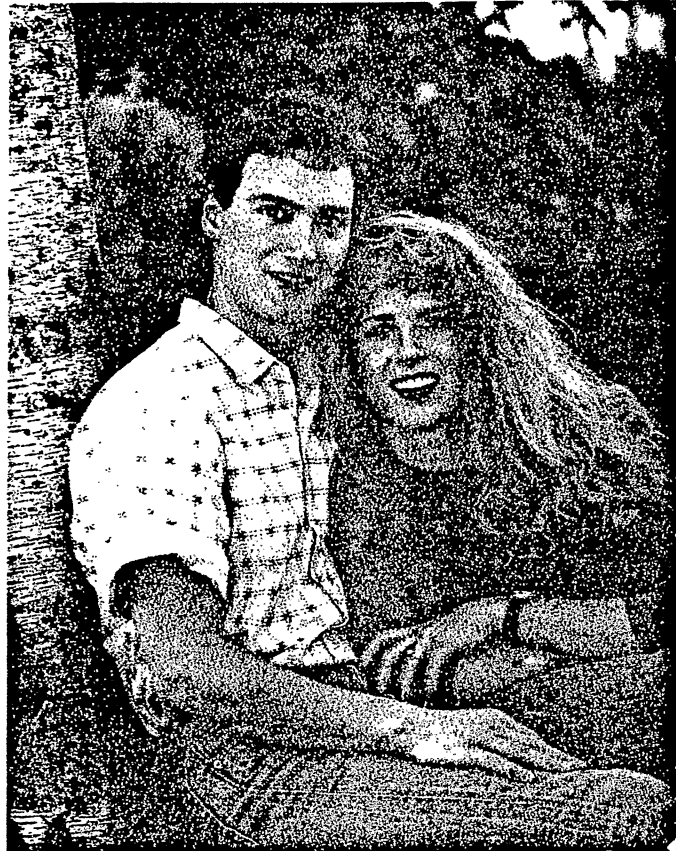
Paul and Judy Andelin and their five children came to Aunt Maree's funeral. They look forward to moving to Missouri in August when he will begin his practice in Family Medicine. They expect their sixth child in July.

Craig and Merilee Saunders had a cute little baby girl born to them just before Christmas. Her name is Haley. Now they have two girls. Mother and baby are doing great.

(Dad and Mom now have 50 grandchildren!)

#### News Flash!

Tim and Amy Vogl just had a baby boy! Matthew Dean Vogl was born February 15, 1990! Matthew's proud grandmother, Jeannine Larson was able to be there.



Robert B. and Amy Ellsworth Eakins

#### GATHER YOUR FAMILY'S PHOTOS NOW!

We are asking that each family unit provide pictures of their family so that a picture family tree of Herbert and May Berry's Clan can be assembled this year at the reunion. If you are not going to attend, then send the photos in advance to Jeannine Larson, Box 709, Snowflake, AZ 85937. We would like school wallet size pictures, but any small photo will do. If you have a family group picture that you do not need returned, then send that instead. Our goal is to have everyone in the family included! Don't be shy, quit waiting for the perfect pose, send in what you have. It doesn't even have to be current--it just has to be recognizable!

In fact, now that we have you rummaging around looking, we would really like two copies: one for the family tree, and one for our family archivist, Lydia Berry to store in her "vault of treasured photos." Send both copies to Jeannine, and pat yourself on the back for being prompt and efficient, and HELPFUL TO THE FAMILY.

JUST A SUGGESTION: While you are looking for those photos, if you find old photographs of other family members that they might enjoy having, why not take them with you to the reunion and give them to the subject of the photo?

## Maree's Family

The following is a very brief accounting of news from Maree's branch of the family tree:

**Joycell's Crew:** Angela & Rory have adapted to the Missouri lifestyle pretty well. Rory suffered from cultural shock like the rest of us did when we first moved here but he jumped right in and is going to school at Missouri Southern. Angela works in the dental office for her dad and is opening a boutique soon. Angel is Relief Society Secretary and Rory is our new Teacher's Quorum Advisor (a breath of fresh air to our youth program). You can always find a couple of teachers and their nonmember friends at Rory's watching a football game or just spending time with him. He's great with the kids...gets a little discouraged with some of the adults, but he's learning and is a great asset to our ward and family.

Vaylene graduated from high school this year and is trying to decide what to do with her life after this spring. She active in school and church and can be seen cruising town in her LUV pickup. She has her dad wrapped around her finger and is a big help to her aging mother (Aunt Joycell has 12 grandchildren with another on the way and one great-grandchild with another on the way).

Marty and Suzi have settle into the mayhem of continuing education while having small children at home. They are in Springfield and doing fine.

Shawn & Linda are in the Sacramento area and spend much of their time chauffeuring kids. Shawn was here in Missouri before the Christmas holiday and it was wonderful to get to visit with him. Their kids are real achievers (thanks to the constant support and tutoring from their Aunt Janice). We are hoping they can be at the reunion this year. Mariah considers Shawn our "famous uncle," Marty is our Uncle with the best jokes" and "Lance is our Uncle who should have been a movie star".

For those who haven't read it in the National Enquirer or heard in on Peter Jennings Evening News, Lance and Kathy are EXPECTING A BABY! We are all so happy for them. Not that they are excited, or anything, but Lance called and announced the news when Kathy was about 2 weeks along. Lance is still coaching and teaching and Kathy is also. She probably is spending most of her spare time, these days, keeping Lance calm and mellow as fatherhood is approaching.

We know he will spoil this child rotten. At the last reunion, Lance and Mariah and I were in Snowflake and took a run over to the bookstore. It was Mariah's birthday and Lance wanted to pick her up a "little something". He bought her a beautiful leather quad and told her to read her scriptures everyday. She has since carried them with her faithfully and they are her prized possession.

I suggest we start a "Dear Lance" column in the Berry Patch so that Lance can give us his words of wisdom about child rearing. Now at last, we can watch him put his suggestions into practice.

Janice and Jerome's family is doing fine. Amy was married in November and grandma got sick right after that so it has been a pretty hectic time at our house. Jerome is still busy working dawn till dark and the kids are on the go and growing up too fast. The highlight of the visiting with all of the company was that Uncle Dean and Uncle Markay stayed at our house. It was great.

**Jeannie's Crew:** The greatest news in the Larson family is Shane's romance. It was so fun to be able to visit with all of the Larsons. Troy and his wife Jennifer were here with their baby. Brian and his wife Melissa, kept the place hopping. Brian finally found his match and is she a doll or what? Darin and Leo Hamblin have been working on the most wonderful game that they hope to market. It's kind of like Trivial Pursuit only it centers around scripture use. We just loved it. We kind of got to be the test group. Amy and her husband are expecting. Jennifer is still as skinny as ever. Margaret and Sarah were the talk of our ward Priest's quorum and Matt and Jarod are growing like weeds.

**Leilani's Crew:** All of Leilani's grandchildren were here for Grandma's funeral. Aunt Leilani is living north of here (about 1 1/2 hours) near Wanda and her husband John. Sallie and her husband are in Monett, working hard. David bought a house and Valerie lives with him. They also keep the unemployment lines down with hard work. Thomas is doing wonderful in a group home in Anderson. Jacob gets better looking every time we see him. Becky is her mother's helper. Lucinda and husband Larry are busy keeping up with two little ones. Marilyn is busy keeping up with her big ones.

It was great to have all of Marilyn's kids home. Marilyn's Kim has the cutest baby boy named Justin. This child is so good it's spooky. He just smiles and bats his long eyelashes. His grandma Marilyn and Aunts Kara and Jenna have spoiled him rotten, which is the way it should be. Jason and Troy both looked dashing in their uniforms. Kim and Kelly both have great jobs in Alaska. We're hoping they can earn enough in the next few years so they can support their Missouri cousins.

**Markay's Bunch:** All of Markay's kids were here. Genette and David have the most beautiful children. David is still working for the Airlines and will soon have Tim (recently returned good-looking missionary) living with them and working for tuition money for BYU. Leo and his wife brought their little girl, Mallory, with them. This child obviously takes after Michelle. She is a doll and is well behaved. Daylynn came (Lori had to work and was missed). We loved having Uncle Markay's family stay with us.

That's about it from Grandma Maree's portion of the berry patch. We can't wait till June.

# MEMORIES OF MAY WHITING BERRY

by her children

When family classics are told, our mother comes in for her share. Can anyone forget Mother's icebox and dresser on the great White River fishing trip? Or her signature on a check, "May W. Brinkerhoff," which the bank cleared without question? Can we forget the time she tried on a dress at Penny's, rejected it, then walked out of the store with it under her old dress? We remember the time she got her car confused, and drove home in the Sheriff's car, complete with two-way radio, red spotlight, and riot gun. We have often wondered what would have happened if she had stepped on the siren. She repeatedly called a man "Mr. Sterile" whose name happened to be "Mr. Virtue."

Mother once sent a telegram to Dean while he was serving in the Navy. It read--"Letter failed to follow, stop. Please follow letter that failed to follow, stop."

Despite chronically poor health, Mother had a driving, boundless energy to improve herself and others. She had a fine posture, stood erect, and carried herself in a regal manner. A strong personality, people liked her readily. A magnificent air of self-confidence emanated from her.

Few people managed to say no to Mother. We don't know why. Taking command as soon as she entered a room, she did so without resentment on anyone's part. A born leader, it seemed natural when she took over. She could get more work out of people than anyone we ever knew--with the exception of her sister, Aunt Elda.

Mother expected a lot from her husband, three sons, a son-in-law, three grandsons, and two grandsons-in-law took the easy way out and became doctors and dentists. One daughter became an authoress, one an outstanding teacher. Two daughters were accomplished secretaries. All her children and grandchildren were inspired and benefited by knowing her. They accomplished tasks above and beyond the ordinary requirements of life. Their accomplishments were in a great part the fruition of her dreams for them. Thanks to her, the difficult became easy, the impossible only a little harder!

Mother made even the dulllest task seem like a game. She had the ability of demanding respect without being harsh, yet when she corrected anyone, it was with firmness and always in a low and penetrating voice. Like Aladdin's lamp, Mother's psychological techniques produced magic.

It was "sail" down to the store, or "skip" over to the pasture and get the cow, or "fly" down to Grandma's, or let's "stitch" up a dress. We children "sailed, skipped and flew" in good weather and in bad. Our pay was always a great big slice of Mother's sincere reflections of our true worth. Worth millions to us, it formed our habits and became the very fabric of our characters. She strengthened our self-images until, by the time we were grown, our egos were indestructible.

Mother's "credit marks" are remembered by all of us. These she gave for the extra hard jobs, such as painting outside in the heat of the day, weeding, washing windows, or hunting lost animals. We would face sunstroke, or frostbite, for a chance at one of these marks. We never saw one of Mother's credit marks, nor did she ever explain one to us. Somehow we understood. Just why we worked so hard for something so intangible is hard to explain to someone never having had the thrill of earning one. Perhaps she capitalized, subconsciously, upon the deep love and the respect we had for her by giving us the thing we prized most--her honest approval!

From the first, she taught us self-confidence and endeavored to make us into self-reliant, positive thinkers. Our father once brought home a new book by Crison Swett Marden, entitled He Can Who Thinks He Can. She quoted positive passages from this book with repetition and persistence until its messages were integrated into our personalities.

Her son Kay said this of her: "We will always remember one cold winter when this example was set forth. We were in Alpine, living in a log cabin near the one-room school where Mother taught. Dad was back in Chicago going to Dental School. Mother's children were Effie, Maree, Kay, and Lee--and our cow. One day, Mother made a large batch of delicious homemade bread. We smelled it,

admired it, and then went visiting. When we returned, we were shocked to find our place in a shambles. Our old cow had broken in the door, messed up the cabin and had eaten all of our baked bread. Mother met the tragic situation with a smile, then a hearty laugh. Soon our tears were gone, and we joined her, laughing until our sides ached. She calmly announced, 'First, we will clean up our cabin, then we will fix the door so our cow can never get in again. I will bake a new batch of bread, and you can help me!' We never forgot that lesson."

It must have been Mother who invented the "sandwich" method of criticism. She always put a necessary criticism between two compliments. Never known to belittle another person, whether relative, friend or foe, a person's self-image became enhanced in her presence.

Her daughter, Maree, said this of her: "In the unpleasant task of discipline, Mother took the lead. Yet she remained always our loyal ally. She never told on us when we were bad, and she always told our father when we were good. Mother gave him the idea all those years that he had the best kids in the world. She protected him from the mundane and the lowly. She REALLY put him at the head of his home. I never remember my father changing a diaper. I never saw him open a cupboard door or take a dish from the table. And I am glad to be able to review him in retrospect minus that picturization, for he could never have commanded the esteem from us that he did, had he been forced to play the role of 'bottom changer.' I do not recall my father ever speaking an unkind word to any of us. Mother saw to it that he didn't have to."

Helen recalls: "She taught me to do difficult things. One Saturday, she was going to be gone all day. I said, 'Mother, what can I do today?' She brought a piece of material from the bedroom and said, 'Here, make yourself a dress.' I had not had real instructions on sewing, but she gave me her confidence. I remember I picked up the scissors and started to cut the material with fear and a trembling feeling. I made myself a dress at ten years of age. It was something I could actually wear. It had little collars and fit fairly well, and of course, Mother was very proud of it.

The next year when I was eleven, a lady who lived near our apartment had been making quilts. She

used to sit in the evening and make little quilt blocks by hand. I loved to watch her. I asked Mother if she thought I could make a quilt and she said, 'Of course you can.' I figured out a pattern and Mother got me a lot of scraps. I worked until I had all the pieces together. Then she helped put it on the quilting frames. By the time summer was over, I had completely finished it. I still have it in my possession."

Mother was a lover of drama. Like her brother, Uncle Eddie, she never saw a poor movie. After seeing "Duel in the Sun," and "Ken Murray's Blackouts," she rushed home to recommend both to the Relief Society. But her flirtation with the theater went further than self-enjoyment. Putting her dynamic personality in gear, Mother was responsible for countless fund-raising productions to help build Church buildings. Pat O'Brien, William Farnum, or Leo Carrillo, she treated celebrities as equals to her own children when it came to coaxing performances from them.

Her brand of psychology was something to behold. It had to be seen in action to be believed. A true believer in brainwashing, she could almost convince us that we really did like something we hated after all--like rhubarb. Joycell recalls that one day her Grandma said:

"Jack, have some of this rhubarb, it's delicious."

"No thanks, Grandma, I can't stand rhubarb."

Can't stand rhubarb? Nonsense, there's nothing better than rhubarb. I cooked it myself!"

"No thanks, Grandma, I really don't like rhubarb."

All the while, she was dishing up a nice big dish of pink, stringy rhubarb.

"You've never tasted rhubarb the way I cook it. Here, don't say you don't like it until you've tasted this."

By this time, she had convinced Jack that he didn't know what he was talking about, anyway. So he ate rhubarb.

And the time, at the reunion, when we were all sitting around the lunch she had hastily prepared:

"Here, Herbert, have some stew."

"But, May, it's been burned!"

"Now, Herbert, you know you like burned stew."

In remembering our Mother as a dynamic force, we are apt to laugh as we recall the humor and joy which followed in her wake. She not only told

such stories on herself, she laughed first and loudest.

The honest student of her success in life will not a most important fascit of her character. Mother used her powerful personality strictly to do good in this world. Gossip, pettiness, and unkindness were beneath her approach to life. Her love for us was never chilled by our selfishness, nor stifled by our ingratitude. Her love was beautiful and everlasting. She would sacrifice her every convenience for our comfort and pleasure. We really believed she preferred chicken backs until we were grown up enough to try one.

Dean summed up our feeling: "Capable in adversity, generous, firm in the Gospel, well-read, level-headed, capable of humor, marvelous story-teller--May W. Berry was all these things to different people. But we children remember her for something else, for the greatest capacity of her love was reserved for her own family. Warmth, tenderness, patience, and concern, chastisement tempered with warm good humor, encouragement, sacrifice, and honor were all part of her great mother love. And this was her greatest role of many she played in this life. She was a Mother, and we thank God she was ours."



# A DAY IN THE MISSION FIELD

June 1948

*By May Whiting Berry*

Brother Kramer, who played the piano for us in Jefferson City for our program, told us the following experience he had. He was raised in a family of 12 children, right up her in St. Joseph, Missouri--a fine family of talented children, with exceptional parents. While he was in Guadacanal during W.W. II, he was wounded and left alone while his company went back into battle. While on the shore alone, he prayed to the Lord to know who God was and what he was like. He had a desire above live to know this.

Finally, two medics came with a stretcher and carried him onto a hospital ship. He asked them if they knew who God was and what he was like. They told him, "Yes," then told him they were Mormons from Salt Lake City, and continued to teach him the gospel until he was discharged and sent home.

When he arrived back in St. Joseph and told his father he was going to join the Mormon Church, his father begged him, and pled with him not to do it--to at least wait until he had finished school. but he said, "No Father, I can't wait." So as he left, his father asked him never to return home. He didn't want the other children contaminated.

Brother Kramer didn't know where to find Mormons here, so he went back to Salt Lake City to get baptised, then returned to Rolla to attend school. Just recently, his two sisters were allowed to visit him in Rolla--then he was invited home for Christmas. He is our M.I.A. President at Rolla.

It's a strange thing that so many are not interested and yet some are so deeply touched. One woman up here at Columbia was a smoker and a drinker and one of the least interested in religion. She said that when the Elders came to her door, she knew almost instantly that they had the true gospel. She laid aside her cigarettes and all else of that kind. She has two lovely daughters in the church, but her husband is rather bitter. How can he be, when he observes her life compared to what it was before?

President Brown [May's brother-in-law] is doing a

wonderful work here with the Book of Mormon Sales. He has required that each missionary sell three per day. At first it came as quite a shock, but after a few proved it could be done, it is really getting under way. Marion Stricker was the highest last week--she sold 25 in one week, then ran out of books. She sold 10 in one day. She is really doing wonderfully well in this mission. President Brown is a wonderful mission president.

But we are losing our fine war missionaries. We don't see how we can do without them. It seems like all their trials made them very humble missionaries. Two just left who were prisoners in Germany--one has never gotten his stomach normal since he starved so long--months and months on nothing but turnips.

It seems very strange to me that here we are--our house right on the very ground (according to the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith) where the Garden of Eden was. Poor Adam--surely he lost a choice spot when he was driven out of here.

But, the old altar, or part of it, still stands at Adam-on-di-Ahkman where an angel asked him why he gave sacrifices at this altar. He answered saying, "I know not save the Lord commanded me." I wish some of the rest of us could accept more of the commandments and teachings given us and really work at it. When we came here, there were two branches--now there are six, four in Kansas City and two in Independence. Some of the authorities tell us that Jackson County Temple will be built as soon as the Latter Day Saints are ready. So I take it that some repentance all over the Church is necessary.

Mother  
May Whiting Berry

Note from Maree Berry Hamblin: I'm sending just bits and pieces of Mother's DAY IN THE MISSION FIELD. I have quite a few of them. She sent these to us about twice a month, and I treasure them. These were besides her personal letters to each of us.





## MAREE BERRY HAMBLIN

Eulogy written by Joycell Cooper and Jeannine Larson,  
delivered by Aubrey Andelin

Maree Berry Hamblin was born June 4, 1908 in St. Johns, Arizona. Theodore Roosevelt was the president. Arizona was still a territory. The Victorian age was about to end, thus bringing in the twentieth century with its wars, atrocities and pressures.

As a child, she spent many happy summers at her grandparents' sawmill in the White mountains, or at The Meadows. When she was eight, she started going with her uncles on roundups, hanging in there from dawn till dusk. Her childhood was filled with golden memories of simple family activities, laughter, story telling, that created eternal love and bonding.

Her grandfather, Edwin Whiting, loved producing family plays, touring local towns and larger cities in the state of Arizona. At the age of 14, Maree starred as a blind orphan in the play, *The Two Orphans*, a victorian saga producing heart-wrenching tears from the audience because of her performances. The production was such a success it was sold out every night for the two week run at the Orpheum Theater in Phoenix.

At the age of eighteen she attended Brigham Young University, receiving her teaching credentials two years later. While there, she held the record for the women's high jump in BYU track. With her cousin Farr Whiting and friend Harvey Platt, they organized the first Arizona Club on campus. There were 12 members attending the first meeting.

In 1926 she married Mark Elbert Hamblin in St. Johns Arizona, a union which produced four children: Joycell May, Leilani Maree, Markay Elbert, and Helen Jeannine. From these four children came 34 grandchildren, 27 great grandchildren, 2 great great grandchildren, and three on the way.

Maree and Elbert were called on a mission to the Hawaiian Islands in 1931. They were among the last married couples called on missions by the Mormon church at that time. Joycell was four years old, and it was there that Leilani was born.

The islands left a great impression on Maree, affecting the rest of her life in a positive way. She developed a great love and admiration for the Polynesian people and embraced their culture and dance. She performed the Hula many times throughout her life, and it was her love of



dancing that enabled her to dance so well. She had always dreamed of being a professional dancer, ballet being her first love. But the attitudes of the times prevented her from achieving these dreams, so she turned to teaching instead.

It was in the Islands that she opened the first private kindergarten school. The children of the wealthy and influential families filled her classroom, and her reputation as a teacher soon spread throughout the Islands. Maree was an unusual and gifted teacher. She believed in involving her students in whatever the subject matter was. If it was geography, then they built a paper mache map to scale, or a native village in the Congo. If it was science, they might build a space ship. Or if they were studying the American Indians, she would divide the room into two groups. One group would go out and create a trace on the other and seek out the signs. If they were studying English, they would build a post office and she would teach the children how to write, and mail letters.

She never talked down to children, but treated them as equals. She was a good communicator and listener, and one of the best story tellers of her generation. Her teaching abilities took her to many exciting areas and cultures, beginning with Concho, Arizona; Nutrioso, Arizona; Kilo, Hawaii; Pinyon, Arizona; Watts, California (this was during the Watts riots

some of you remember reading about); Gridley, California; McNary, Arizona; Snowflake, Arizona; Kahuku, Hawaii. She spent the last twelve years of her profession as a State Supervisor of Education, traveling and inspecting elementary schools in Alaska from the Aleutian chain to the Arctic circle.

Her stories of her Alaskan and Hawaiian adventures were favorites not only of her grandchildren, but friends and strangers alike. She was a member of the first LDS Relief Society organized in Alaska in the early 1940s. After World War II broke out, she drove a dump truck, helping lay the air field at Elmendorf.

She ran two motels and an apartment house, owned and ran a 300 acre farm, dragging tractor, feeding pigs, harvesting four acres of avocados and ten acres of lemons. The only hired help came at harvest time, and at one time the harvest was picked by German prisoners of war.

She was a champion of the underdog, the forgotten and the needy, the cold and the hungry. She was never too busy to educate or build self esteem over the furrowed brows of her children. She would gather and feed and provide financial aid and counsel to characters of questionable appearance. She always defended herself by saying, "Well, they've given me no reason not to trust them."

Often when a person dies, the family members and acquaintances start to rid themselves of anger, or frustration caused by the person who passed away. Scars may be left. Maree certainly caused frustration by her dominant personality and her insistence on doing things her way. But even before her death, and at the news of her illness, we her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, brothers and sister, in-laws, cousins and friends, experienced an instant dissolving of any past hurts and were filled with complete warm, overpowering love for the woman who had played such a powerful part in each of our lives. We feel a deep empty void that will not be replaced until we are united with her again. And we will have to seek for another way to charge up our enthusiasm and imagination, and our own zest for life.

Even though she made you feel as if her life was the most exciting life being led, that the places she was living were the most exciting places in the world, in actuality, her life was very hard. She experienced physical hardships that would knock the feet out from under any grandchild. She suffered disappointments, financial setbacks, emotional stress that would

send most of us to the valium bottle for relief. She was a true pioneer, born with an optimism and resilience that enabled her to meet any challenge, any heartache, any trial, or problem life laid in her path. She endured difficult pregnancies, two divorces, financial struggles, physical hardships and unfair, unkind judgements from others.

She loved life, and accepted each challenge head-on. She attacked each day with great optimism and great gusto, leaving the rest of us in her dust, muttering and murmuring because we usually had to do most of the work. Her first words to her grand daughter Marilyn and daughter Joycell after she learned she had terminal cancer were: "Sit down, girls, we've got to make lists."

She had the ability to make a home out of every house she lived in. No matter how humble, run-down, dirty or shabby, she would turn it into a place of beauty.

Her tents at the family reunions were a gathering place. She didn't just pitch a tent, she cut and sewed several together, laid carpets, hauled in sofas chairs and tables, put up shelves, hung pictures and set out flowers. In these tents, she would gather in the hungry and tired, and feed them with food, stories and laughter.

She loved to hold court, and we all loved to be her audience. Her stories grew better with age. It did not matter if she was stretching the truth a little, for they gave us quality entertainment.

In her lifetime, she traveled by horseback, horse and wagon, automobile, train, ship, dogsled, snowmobile, snowshoe, fishing boat, and airplane. Maree was a legend in life, and will never be forgotten, for her stories will be passed down from generation to generation, getting better with age.

Her love of music, dancing and drama has evidence in the gifts and talents of her posterity. She was one of the richest of women, not in material wealth, or for her greatness in her charity for others, but for the love of her children and grandchildren. She had the blessing of being surrounded by loved ones at her death, making her transition into the spirit world one of peace and great joy.

She was vivacious and full of life. To say she was an unusual woman would be an underestimation. Maree was one of a kind.\*\*\*  
(edited 2/21/90 by DMR)

"I have never seen a Berry that was very ordinary!"  
Maree Berry Hamblin



## ALASKA ADVENTURES OF MAREE HAMBLIN

by her son, Markay Hamblin

"Whenever I think of Alaska, I think of my Mother. She loved the people, the state. She often talked about all the characters she had known, and all the people she had met."

When Mother first went to Alaska, she took her little family with her in 1941. Joycell, Leilani and I were taken out of the heart of Arizona, Holbrook, which is sort of desolate, and brought to the land of Alaska with this magnificently green forrest and blue lakes and streams which are really fantastic for kids.

Well, Mother had been having trouble with her marriage for quite a while, and I knew it, although I was only five years old at the time, and I didn't know if Joycell or Leilani knew, but I suspected she was having problems with Dad. That was one of the reasons they went to Alaska, to try and save the marriage. Later Mother told me it was like beating a dead horse, but nevertheless she was going to make a go of it.

So as we got to Anchorage, we settled down. It was my first year of school, a great year for me. Mother was having problems, but being six years old, I couldn't help her.

Nevertheless, marvelous events were about to occur that would affect our lives forever. I remember coming home from church, and Mother said, "Mark-ey, something terrible has happened. I heard on the radio that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor."

And that really changed our lives because Alaska was very close to Japan at the time. Anchorage was a very small community. There were only 3,000 people, and that was the biggest town in Alaska. We knew everybody in town, but we did not know the drastic changes that were about to occur. Mother got a job as an ambulance driver, and she got a job as a truck driver.

There was a war going on, and the only resources we had to defend Alaska were five airplanes out on the runway. Three were obsolete fighters, and two were bombers that were so old that they usually were in the hanger because the spare parts had to be shipped from the United States to get them flying.

### Mother-Son Discussions

So there was really nothing there to defend Alaska, and for the next few months the Japanese Imperial Navy was overrunning everything they attacked. And everyone around us was speculating



Maree and Elbert Hamblin

when they would come to Alaska, when would they attack us. But Mother said, "Forget that, Markay, there's nothing up here worth attacking. There's nothing here. There's no threat to Japan. Now if the Japanese were to attack Anchorage, what would they bomb? What's worth a bomb in Anchorage? None of those airplanes are worth anything."

That's how practical she was. She was so practical. The only thing I could think of was, "Mother, maybe they'll hit the school. Do you think they'll hit the school?"

"Forget it, Markay, the Japanese Imperial Navy is not going to take the school out just for you." So she was very practical. She always talked to me like an adult. We always discussed things like this.

Well, the marriage broke up, and we left Alaska in February of 1943. But she had made some wonderful friends and contacts in Alaska, which she kept and wrote to all through the coming years.

#### The Making of an Educator

We moved to the states and about 20 years later her second marriage broke up. She couldn't think of anywhere to go except Alaska to get back up on her feet. So she went back, and she had some wonderful friends, marvelous friends. She got a job teaching, and then one of her best friends said, "Look, Maree, why don't you go down to Juneau and apply for a job there that I know is open. It's a supervisor job, and you'd get a lot better pay." Mother really didn't know what she was getting in to.

She was made supervisor over all schools in Alaska. She had to check on all the schools from time to time and monitor things and see how everything was going.

Let me tell you something about Alaska. It is no easy piece of geography. It is very close to Russia, and in between Russia and Alaska there's a very cold current that comes from the north. And up from Japan comes a very warm current.

Those two currents meet at the Aleutian Islands. The two currents create two things: absolutely terrible weather, and the best fishing in the world. Fishing boats come from all over the world and get permission from the United States to fish in the Bering sea. It is absolutely teeming with fish.

This is part of the geography, the absolutely terrible weather of the Aleutians. There are a lot of little villages around the Bering sea, and on the Aleutians. If you go out to these villages, they are absolutely drab and you wouldn't want to live there because of the weather.

But these people make a lot of money. On the income tax records, the typical fisherman in those villages cleared about \$85,000 a year, and that was a lot in those days. They also had to make

\$125,000 above that just to get their commercial fishing license. So in these small villages, they were very wealthy, and they only had to work for that wealth for a few months out of the summer, during the fishing season.

Now each village had its own school, and Mother had to go from school to school to monitor each one to make sure everything was in good shape. I'm only going to tell you a few adventures Mother had while she traveled to those schools. She had all the schools from Point Barrow out to the Aleutians. All the way from Ketchikan to Nome.

#### Adrift on the Bay

One time she had to get up to a small village called Elephant Nose. It was on a little peninsula that was shaped like an elephant's nose. It is hard to get around in those villages because the weather is so terrible, and the logistics are absolutely horrible, just trying to get from one village to another.

She hired a bush pilot, to get her to a village very close to Elephant Nose, but the bush pilot said, "I can't land there, because there's no strip anywhere near that village that I can let down on. But I can fly you to a village across the bay, and you can hire someone in a boat to take you across the bay to get to that school." So that's what she did.

So she got to the off-point where she wanted, and she didn't find anybody who could take her in a boat across the bay. It was pretty rough that day, and the seas were very high.

Finally, she found somebody that said, "Sure, I'll take you across, but I'll do it for \$50." In those days, that was quite a bit of money, but she said OK. She got in that boat, and they got out into the heavy sea. The small boat was only a dory, and those seas were going up and down and they'd get up to a peak and then go down to a valley, and up again.

Then the man who was taking her over said, "Now look, if we're going to make it, we've got to get the water out of the bottom of the boat." She hadn't known it was a leaky boat. He gave her a can, and she started throwing water over the side of the boat.

At this point, she noticed he was taking a bottle out of his pocket every now and then and drinking. This worried her a little bit, being on the high seas, in a small leaky boat, with a pilot that was getting inebriated. Finally, he took one last big drag on that bottle and fell over, cold. She couldn't get him to regain consciousness.

There she was, adrift on the bay, with high sea waves carrying her up and down. A long way out she could hear those high waves crashing against the shore. The waves would hit the rocks and the shore and sound just like cannon shots. She knew she knew she had to do something.

She wasn't worried about the boat pilot anymore, so she just sat on the top of him, and took over the tiller. Every time she got on top of one of those swells, she stood up so she could catch a glimpse of where the harbor entrance was. She had to get to that harbor entrance, for on both sides were those big rocks where she heard the waves crash.

When she went down in the valley and had one hand on the tiller, she emptied the water out of the boat. She not only had to keep the boat going the right direction, she had to empty the boat from all the water that was coming in.

She said she didn't have time to get seasick, she was too worried. Finally, she got that boat into the harbor, and it was so wonderful to get safely to her destination. She tied up at the harbor and went to the nearest and only store in town, and said, "Look, there's a guy out in that boat that needs some help. Would you send somebody out there?"

The guy in the grocery store said, "Look, I can't go right now, but I'll ask somebody else to do it." And she said, "Don't forget, because he might freeze to death out in that boat." So she went over to the school, and took care of things.

A few hours later, this guy that had fallen in the boat, came in all wet. What had happened is that no one had gone out to get him, and the boat half sank before he sobered up enough to get out of the boat. Mother finally got off the island, but this was typical of her Alaska experiences.

#### Useful to the State

Mother became so useful to the State that they asked her to do other things besides check on the schools. The police department would ask, "Please check on So and So because he's on probation, and we don't have anybody to fly out there, and it's too far. So when you go through that village, check on him and see that everything's all right." And she'd have the federal government come to her and say, "Look, on the map it says this village is right here. Now, is that true?" And she'd say, "No, it's been abandoned years ago. Nobody lives there anymore. It's just a ghost town." So she became a real authority on Alaska. She had to be very brave to be doing what she was doing.

What impressed me about my Mother more than anything else, is that she got acquainted with about every kid in Alaska and she knew who needed coats, and who needed socks. She was always mailing somebody shirts, socks or coats all over the state of Alaska.

Another thing she had to do was monitor all the families in some of these villages. The Social Services asked her, "Would you please check on this family, because they are having trouble." Sometimes she would tell the Police Department who to issue warrants to for arrests. Mother was very useful to the State of Alaska, as well as being very brave.

#### Wondering If They'd Make It Across

Another of the typical experiences Mother had occurred when she went out to small villages in central Alaska by the Yukon river. The villages were in the woods, so the bush pilot had to land on the lake. He landed in the winter time on skis.

It was fall, and everything was just beginning to freeze. The bush pilot landed at the lake and let Mother off. When she had to come back, she radioed into Fairbanks, and he said, "OK, but remember to go on the other side of the lake this time, because I can't get on that near side as easily as I can get on the other side."

She hired a boy who was about 12 years old to use his snow machine to get her out across the lake to where the bush pilot was going to land. He had a little sled behind his snow machine and he put her in the sled. It had big skis on it, and they went over the snow and came up to the lake.

As soon as they got on the lake, it began to break up. She said she could hear the ice cracking right underneath her, like a shot. As soon as that boy heard the ice cracking, he gunned up his snow machine, and went flying across the lake. Mother said she looked down, and the water was coming up almost over the edge of the sled. The sled was kind of a box-like thing, and it reminded her of a coffin.

The ice was just strong enough to hold up the snow machine, but it wasn't strong enough to hold her up. The sled water-skied right behind the snow machine. She skidded all across that lake of icy water, and finally got to the other side. The bush pilot was standing there watching them coming across that lake, wondering if they'd make it across.

As soon as she got there, she looked back at the great big path of broken ice, where they had

been. When she got back to Fairbanks, she told me that the State really wasn't paying her enough money.

To do this job well, and check on every school in the state of Alaska, she became an authority on human nature. She would come home and cry on my shoulder about everything that was wrong with the American Education system. She didn't think it would ever work. She was a wonderful mother, and she was concerned about everyone. She would tell me about kids that had been abandoned out in the villages. And she'd have to make out the necessary papers for the state to go get them and put them in better homes, and she always felt very deeply about the women and children.

#### 100 MPH Winds and the Air Force

I remember one other prophecy she made in World War II, going back to when we first lived there. The Japanese had taken two of the outer most islands, and she told me, "Mark, we finally got beaten by the Japs at Pearl Harbor, but now they have to spend the winter out on one of those islands. If you ever get out there, the winds are blowing between 70 miles and a hundred miles an hour. I can't figure why they would do that. The winds are so strong there, you could never land or take off in an airplane."

A few months later, the American Air Force, sent out 24 B17's to those islands. And everybody in Anchorage told them, "Don't do it." Mother said, "Markay, you watch what's going to happen."

The Air Force sent out 24 B17's, and 22 were destroyed on landing, because there was a 100 mph wind and when the pilots tried to land, they couldn't because every time they tried to land, they'd get pushed back into the air. So they tried to land cross wind, and that's when the trouble began.

The reason I'm telling you that is that's the environment in which my mother worked. She went to all those islands in those fierce winds, and the environment was absolutely atrocious. She had a lot of adventures over the years. She wrote a lot of her adventures down, but a lot of them, she didn't write about. Whenever I think about Alaska, I think of my Mother. She loved the people, she loved the State. She often talked about everyone she knew and all the characters she had known, and all the people she had met.

There are two little islands between Siberia and Alaska. One's called Big Diamead, and the other is called Little Diamead, and they're four miles apart. Russia owns one, and the United States owns the other. And the school department

had a little tiny school out on Little Diamead. Why anyone would want to live on a rock in the middle of a sea, I don't know, but some Eskimos did, and they loved it. And they made their living out

there, so Mother had to go check on the school.

One day she was out there, right in the middle of winter, and the whole ocean was nothing but solid ice. It was very dangerous ice because it was always moving, and you could hear it move. She looked out of the school windows and she could see a Russian patrol out there. They were on snow machines, and they came up to the International Dateline, right near the border, and then they turned and would go back to Big Diamead. She didn't realize how close Russia and the United States were until that moment.

#### Point Barrow's Alcoholic Problems

One time she was visiting Point Barrow, and the people liked Mother so much, they asked her to be head of the committee to help with their alcoholic problem. So she said, "OK, invite the 12 most prominent citizens in town and we'll get together and work out a program to help solve the alcoholic problem." She got to the meeting, and she was the only one there. Nobody else showed up because they were all drunk. She had to go round up everybody and get them to the meeting.

Those were some of the adventures Mother had in Alaska. She was a very resilient woman. She always tried to stay positive. She would get down in the dumps, but it wasn't very often that she would get to a point of discouragement or frustration where she couldn't work her way out of it. Sometimes she said she had to stop thinking, so that she wouldn't get too negative.

I am very thankful for such a wonderful mother. She was very thoughtful of everybody. She was very kind, and very forgiving, a great example.\*\*\*

(funeral remarks edited 2/21/90 by DMR)

#### Industrial Ideas of Maree Berry Hamblin

1. An American rickshaw company.
2. A trash bag with a pasteboard bottom and pasteboard rollers for the heavier trash, so women don't have to wait on a man to do it.
3. A wrist strap for children with a loud alarm to scare away kidnapers.
4. A sweater or jacket with a kangaroo pouch in front to hold a new baby, a kitten or small dog.
5. An oblong umbrella for two.
6. A T.V. attachment blasting a warning against pictures not intended for children. (Loud enough for parents to hear if they are in another room.)
7. A hospital gown with three armholes. Put arms through two holes, then wrap the third on around to put the first arm through again--doing away with the need for ties.
8. A wristwatch with an alarm for children to come home, or in, when their allotted time is up.
9. A plastic tree house to be installed by the seller (in one piece).
10. A car that runs on water (My son knows the formula).
11. A car patterned after the Model A Coupe, except with a starter, maybe made of plastic--under \$700.



## MAREE BERRY HAMBLIN: ONE OF A KIND

by her daughter, Joycell Hamblin Cooper



Found among Maree's things was a note she had written:  
*"To the Teenagers--first straighten up your own room, then the world!"*

If any of us learned anything at all from knowing Maree Berry Hamblin, I hope it was her positive attitude. That's what kept her going. She loved life with such zest, each day was a new adventure, each stranger a friend, and each experience a challenge.

The words of the song, "Pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and start all over again" describe Mother. I know of no one who picked themselves up dusted themselves off and started all over again more than she did. When we were young and followed my dad, Elbert Hamblin, from place to place, she made a game out of it.

Each house, no matter how run down, became a lovely home. I remember once she wallpapered the ceiling in the kitchen with strawberries because paint wouldn't cover the stains. No one had ever heard of such a thing, but soon several neighbors had kitchen ceilings covered with strawberries.

In Holbrook, we didn't have a couch, so Mother went to the dump, and acquired two car bench seats. She upholstered them in denim, put big white buttons in each tuft in the back, and added a flounce around the bottom. Folks came from near and far to look at those two love seats. Between them, two orange crates covered with a floor length white cover made a dandy table for a lamp whose shade just happened to be made out of scraps of the same denim.

Looking back at her struggles, I am sure there were many times Mother would have liked to have thrown in the towel and given up. But none of us ever saw those times, for she was always cheerful and positive, and made the best of what she had.

She was the champion of the underdog, and went unto that person who spoke ill, criticized or accused some poor soul who was down and out. She always saw the best in others, even if she had to lie a little.

Her wonderful imagination manifested itself later in life as she started writing her stories. She was a true romantic adventuress, and for years I argued that her experiences in Alaska would be a best seller. She just shrugged, saying, "No one would ever believe it."

No matter where she went, Alaska or the Hawaiian Islands, if the culture was different,

she always sought out the oldest resident in the village and learned of their stories and customs. She knew more about the state of Alaska than anyone else in the state.

As Supervisor of Schools, it was her job to visit every school in Alaska. She cherished the mementoes of those years. What other woman would have a whale's vertebrae sitting in the corner of the living room? Or a little stuffed unborn seal staring down from the mantle over the fireplace? Or have big wolf, bear, wolverine, and red fox skins hanging on the walls?

One day, as I got out of my car, a scrubby looking young man came out the front door. Quickening my steps, I hurried into the Blue Castle expecting to find my mother mugged and unconscious on the floor. To my relief, she was pecking away at her typewriter keys, completely unconcerned at what was going on around her.

"Mother," I gasped, "who in the world was that mangy looking guy coming out of the house just now?" She stopped, peered over her glasses and smiled. "Just a young man who is down on his luck and needs a room to rent."

"You didn't rent him one, did you?" "Of course," she answered.

"You mean he has money?" "No, but he assured me he just started a job and will pay me half the rent from his first paycheck in two weeks, and the other half at the end of the month."

"But Mother, can you trust him?" "I not only trust him, I loaned him enough money to buy food."

She accepted people as they were. She neither judged them, nor condemned them. She would invite the lowliest bum into her parlor, ask him to sit in her best chair, and carry on a conversation with him as though he were the President of the United States.

This is what she did with that young man that day, for when he came down the steps, his head was held high, and he looked me right in the eye as an equal, giving me a warm smile as he passed by. How much better off the world would be if we could all love and respect each other like that. Mother was one of a kind, and we are all going to miss her, for life will never be the same without her!



# THE SPIRIT WAS IN ABUNDANCE

by Janice Cooper Falls

*How can words begin to describe the loss we feel at the passing of our mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother? She is sorely missed. She was (and is) such a positive influence on her posterity.*

*The greatest tribute paid her was the attendance of nearly everyone of her direct descendants at her funeral. With the exception of Shawn (who had just seen grandma while visiting the week before) and his family, and Lance (who had coaching obligations he could not get out of) and his wife Kathy, all of Joycell's children and grandchild and great-grandchildren were there. Keith & Jeannie (and all of their children & grandchildren), Markay's kids (and grandchildren), and Leilani's entire family was here. Even Marilyn's girls living in Alaska, and Jason (Marilyn's son stationed in North Dakota) flew in.*

*Uncle Aubrey told Grandma's life story. He has such a wonderful way of speaking and everyone was touched by his remarks (especially the non-members). Uncle Markay told of some of grandma's Alaskan adventures. It was the most uplifting funeral service I've ever attended. We had a "Grandchildren & Great-grandchildren" choir. There were 47 in the choir and we sang 3 of grandma's favorite Primary songs... "Jesus Once Was A Little Child, I Am A Child Of God, and Families Can Be Together".*

*Needless to say our homes were loaded with company and we enjoyed every single chaotic moment. The Monett and Pierce City Wards brought in food the entire week and prepared a wonderful luncheon following the services. There were so many cousins there it was like a great Berry reunion.*

*The spirit was in abundance throughout the week. Even with all of the sleeping on floors and many inconveniences of crowded bathrooms and cold showers (if you were last in line) there was no contention...just an outpouring of love between family members.*

*For those who have never had the opportunity and privilege of being with someone just before and during death, all I can say is that it can be a wonderful experience. I realize that*

*Grandma is the reason it was such a positive experience and I am so grateful that my own family was able to be there with her.*

*There were several things that impressed me about grandma's attitude, both in life and death. The greatest gift she gave to her family was a "positive attitude". I never heard grandma complain, though she had good cause. Her life was not easy and she endured many hardships, but you would never know her life had been hard if you spent time with her. To listen to her, life was a wonderful adventure. She had a strong testimony that she bore to everyone who would listen. She never judged anyone and always championed the cause of the underdog.*

*On the Sunday of her passing, she was surrounded by family. Perhaps the greatest lesson I learned from being with her was in watching her reaction to those with her. Each grandchild who was there, got to spend time alone with her to talk and say goodbye. Her breathing was very labored near the end and it was difficult for her to respond by talking, but she could squeeze your hand and grin. We sat around her bed and told stories and recalled individual memories. She would listen, nod, and ask for water. She didn't complain, simply got ready for her final journey. Mother, Marilyn and I each felt the presence of Aunt Norma the entire morning. You could feel the love in her room so strongly.*

*I think the lesson I hope never to forget is this...that of all the stories, hand-patting, hugs and kisses, the thing that grandma responded to the very most as she was preparing to leave was to hear the words "I love you mother" and "I love you grandma". Everytime she heard these words, her spirit flickered with a renewed energy. She cherished those words spoken and we cherished the opportunity to say them to her. How important the need to feel loved. How vital the need to give love. And isn't that why we have reunions? To reconnect...to refill our own cups while helping to fill each others....to validate the worth of families and to draw closer together and strengthen the bonds of posterity for ourselves and our children?*

PROGRAM		SONG	"BENEDICTION"
INVOCATION	JOHN ANDERSON, HOME TEACHER		SUSAN COOPER, GRANDDAUGHTER IN LAW MELINDA LARSON, GRANDDAUGHTER IN LAW JENNIFER LARSON, GRANDDAUGHTER IN LAW MICHELLE HAMBLIN, GRANDDAUGHTER IN LAW
SONG	"I WALKED TODAY WHERE JESUS WALKED"		
	JEANNINE LARSON, DAUGHTER BRIAN LARSON, GRANDSON DARIN LARSON, GRANDSON	CONGREGATION	"BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN GIVEN MUCH" (PAGE 219)
LIFE HISTORY	AUBREY ANDELIN, BROTHER IN LAW	BENEDICTION	MARTIN COOPER, GRANDSON
CHORUS MEDLEY	"JESUS ONCE WAS A LITTLE CHILD" "I AM A CHILD OF GOD" "I HAVE A FAMILY HERE ON EARTH"		DEPARTURE FOR CEMETERY
	GRANDCHILDREN AND GREAT GRANDCHILDREN OF MAREE HAMBLIN	DEDICATION OF GRAVE	KEITH LARSON, SON IN LAW
ALASKA ADVENTURES	MARKAY HAMBLIN, SON		PALLBEARERS-GRANDSONS
SONG	"LOOK TO CHRIST" BY AMY VOGL AMY VOGL, GRANDDAUGHTER DARIN LARSON, GRANDSON	TROY LARSON	JASON HELF
REMARKS	BISHOP HOWARD FOX	TIM HAMBLIN	LEO HAMBLIN
		SHANE LARSON	GARRETT FALLS
		DAVID SILVERIS	DAYLYNN HAMBLIN
			RORY HUBBARD





## A LETTER TO BARBARA BUSH

Washington D.C.  
Office of the First Lady

503 Sixth St.  
Monett, MO. 65708  
27 Nov. 1988

Dear Mrs. Bush:

How nice it is to finally see our First Lady as one with both feet on the ground, and not a national clothes horse. Not since Eleanor Roosevelt have we had one who will soon be able to find the White House kitchen--and you're a lot better looking than was Eleanor.

I am an 80 year old retired school teacher--and delighted that you are going to zero in on education. My last 9 years were spent as a reading specialist, consultant, and flying supervisor for Alaska State Department of Education. I helped teachers in remote village schools and military outposts. Seven years before that I was a reading specialist in Hawaii working with five principals on Windward Oahu.

If you are too busy to hear more from one who has taught in classrooms from K through 12 and three years after retirement called back to head the curriculum and teacher's training program at the Inupiat University at Barrow, (the only Eskimo University in the world, and the farthest north) then skip the rest of this letter.

For the first 15 years of my teaching, in tight little classrooms, ill-equipped, and underpaid, overworked, I had no way of knowing that I was a superior teacher. We were not allowed the time to visit other classrooms. During this time, I taught in Arizona and California, small and city schools. My principals did not have the background to recognize the strengths or the weaknesses of the teachers, especially under 6th grade.

When I broke loose to work with teachers as their supervisor, I looked back at my first 15

years of classroom teaching to compare it with an old Persian fable.

"There was once a little worm who lived in a beautiful Persian carpet. He spent his life going up and down under, eating the crumbs spilt from humans above. The little worm had no way of getting above to see the intricate pattern of the carpet in which he lived."

I was like the little worm until I became a supervisor and got up there where I could see the pattern, and the flaws in our education systems. Who else but supervisors could get in the position to know of assurity the strengths and the weaknesses of our schools?

First, we must divide up the states for scrutiny, for they are not alike in their many problems. Washington D.C. has probably the best schools in the nation--Florida, Arkansas, and California some of the worst.

Secondly, let's quit blaming the classroom teachers, who are overworked, underpaid, usually trained by professors who have never been in a lowly classroom. Teachers who have to moonlight to make ends meet haven't the time to properly prepare their lessons. It's the system that is destroying the quality of our products. And, I can (as can other supervisors) give you pages on how to change the weaknesses in our schools to strengths.

I've waited through five First Ladies to write this letter. I'm sorry that I don't have fancy stationary. Teachers' retirement allowance is far below the poverty level.

Sincerely yours, Maree Hamblin



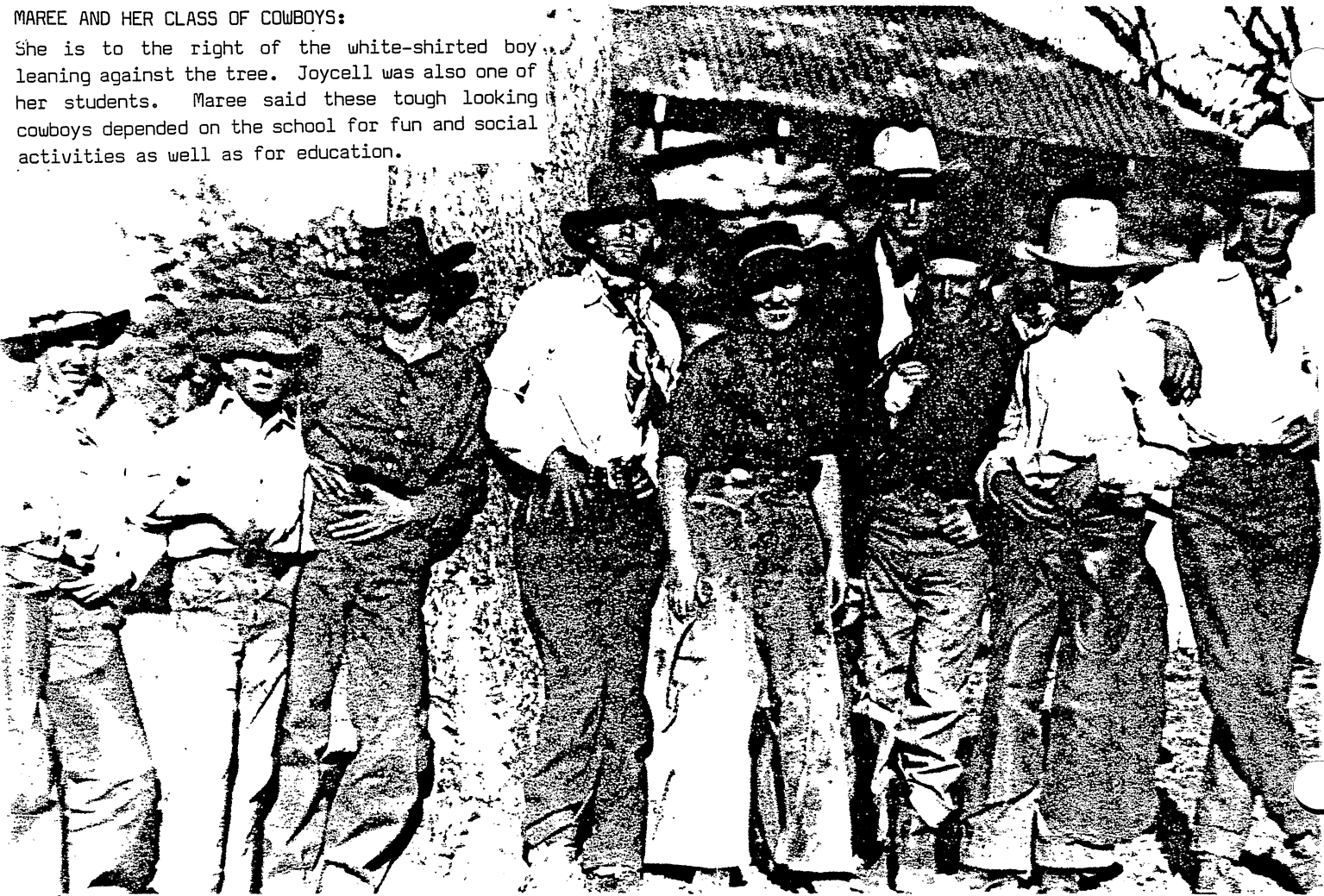


# FROM THE ALBUM OF MAREE BERRY HAMBLIN



## MAREE AND HER CLASS OF COWBOYS:

She is to the right of the white-shirted boy leaning against the tree. Joycell was also one of her students. Maree said these tough looking cowboys depended on the school for fun and social activities as well as for education.



"This picture of me is proof positive that a girl who lives in a little country town does not have to be beautiful to be the most popular among a few of her kind. But, she must have something to make up for it--like brains, compassion, honesty, wit, and a great sense of humor. Being a good dancer helps, dramatically." MBH



Maree in front of Gloria Swanson's home. "She wasn't home, so we just strolled around. Hers was the most sumptuous of all the movie stars' homes of that day. After Gloria started it, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks began their PICKFAIR. But it was not yet finished when I was there. A Hollywood barber talked me into a Chinese style flapper bob, where the bangs are combed and cut from the crown. With constant brushing, and a little hair oil, I liked it." MBH





Maree Berry Hamblin:

## SHE TRULY HAD A GIFT FOR TEACHING

*by her niece, Louine Berry Hunter*

When I was ten, my brothers Alan and David and I spent three or four months in Gridley with Aunt Norma and Uncle Randy due to my mother's being sick. They had volunteered to care for us. Diana was a baby at the time.

One of my fondest memories of that Gridley stay was school. When David, Alan and I arrived in Gridley, Aunt Norma gave us our choice of schools. She took us over to the public school and showed us all around. Or, if we preferred, we could go to Aunt Maree's school, where she taught (and was also the principal) and she would be our teacher. The pros and cons were carefully laid out for us, and the choice was clearly ours. To me, it seemed an obvious choice.

We opted for Aunt Maree's school--a one room school, six miles from town, with not more than a dozen children, David and Alan, Markay and Jeannie and myself being included in the dozen. She drove us there each day, and we picked up a couple of children along the way, as she was also the volunteer bus system for those who lived far out and had no transportation. Without her personal bus service, those children would not have been in school.

I remember that I was the only student in my grade, so when we did spelling and arithmetic, she'd have me pull my chair up to her desk, supervising my assignments. Such a personalized education was a tremendous contrast to the memories of the large and regimented school I had

attended all my life. Other subjects, like social studies, were joint lessons. I remember tearing up newspapers to make paper mache for a giant map, with everyone working on the project together. There was also a little house (that doubled as a play store) that was constructed in the classroom, and I still have a snapshot of some of the children looking out the windows of that little house. For P.E. and recess, we usually played things like "red-light, green-light" or "kick the ball over the school house"--games of our own choosing.

The only unpleasant memory was the mosquitoes. They were so thick out there in the country in the springtime! We were always putting on "citronella" which smelled so bad that even the mosquitoes didn't like it. But the mosquitoes were so thick that if they could find a spot that hadn't been smeared with citronella, they'd land right on that spot by the dozens! I remember that the citronella was sometimes tipped over on Aunt Maree's desk, thereby ruining the finish on the desktop.

I loved the casual, relaxed atmosphere at the school, and especially remember what a good teacher Aunt Maree was. She laughed a lot and was so enthusiastic about everything. She truly had a gift for teaching. Aunt Maree's school was such a welcome change for me, and one of the highlights of my life.



# LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

12-20-89



To all of Maree's Family,

As you gather together in loving respect to one who has been such an important part of each of your lives - you will be strengthened and comforted by the love and caring of each other.

Maree has completed her earthly mission and has graduated to a higher sphere where she will continue to plan and prepare for her loved ones. Though she will be out of our sight, her loving presence will be felt and continue to uplift, encourage and bless as we strive to live up to her expectations of us.

She lived her life to the fullest, giving of her love and talents to up-lift the lives of others. She was one of the great daughters of our Heavenly father.

As her family here meet together, I fancy I see another beautiful reunion goin on - with Mother, Father, sisters Effie and Norma and brother, Kay. There would be hugging and kissing and laughter and much chatter and rejoicing. No doubt she will give an accounting of each of the family she left behind. I'm sure Heavenly Father looks on in pleased satisfaction at this happy reunion and rejoices that another of his beautiful daughters has reached "Home" safely.

I am grateful for the positive influence Maree has had on my life, a sister-in-law, and will continue to have. There will be a void in our lives with her passing but it can be filled by doing as she did - "Love and Serve Others."

My love and prayers are with all of you at this time.

Affectionately,  
*Elizabeth Berry*  
Elizabeth Berry (Aunt Beth)

I was telling Lydia that your mother taught me in the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade in school. That year we put on Cinderella + other little plays. We also had a band where we played sticks, blocks, blocks with sandpaper, a triangle + other such instruments. We played along with the regular elementary school band for an 8<sup>th</sup> grade graduation at St. Johns.

December 19, 1989

An open letter to the relatives of Maree Hamblin:

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

It is with deep regret that I ponder the passing of Maree. As everyone knew she was one of the most interesting and marvelous people to live on earth. Knowing her was an adventure. You who lived with her, some many years, some fewer, couldn't escape being influenced by her and create a certain wishfulness in others who didn't have that opportunity. I for one have always loved, admired and been fascinated by your entire family and feel much love for many of it's members. In naming individuals there is always the concern that one may leave some out who deserved mentioning so let it suffice today, please, to say that many of your family have been instrumental in helping me and my family to be better. Maree gave Julie a chance at education when the public schools refused to have her in their midst. I have always remembered that and for that only I owe her much. But there were many other things and I will say that I will miss her. Just knowing she isn't there anymore has already made an empty spot in my heart. I send condolences and much love to each of you. I guess I know you will handle this loss with the same verve you handle everything else so probably my comforting message is mostly for me but how fortunate you are to belong to such a secure family unit, to have had Maree and others of the long line of staunch, noble ancestors sustaining you at this time. How blessed you are to have this huge group to lean on and share troubles and sorrows with. An outsider such as myself can offer love and support and does so with humility as one who came into the association with a person as remarkable as Maree. I am grateful to have been here when I was so that as part of my memories I have the fascinating meetings with Maree. May the Lord's blessings be upon you.

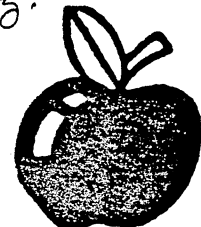
Love,

Joan Kasey

(Visiting Sucker to Mother + Maileys)

your mother was  
really a good influence  
on us.  
Thought you might  
like to know.

Bill + Ada (Babal)  
Selling  
from Peoria, Oz.





## NOT BELKOFSKI!

*a true story from the life of Maree Berry Hamblin*

by her great granddaughter, Kara Helf

Maree sighed as she looked at the office memo listing her new assignment. She shook her head in disbelief. Not Belkofski! She had heard of it, and did know that it was a small Aleut Village on the Alaskan Aleutian Chain. It was such a small, foreboding place that she had never even bothered to look it up on a map. An unenthusiastic wish passed through her mind that the village would at least be on the Pacific side of the ocean. That would mean less treacherous weather for traveling.

As a superintendent for the Alaskan state-operated schools, traveling was what she did most. Each school had to be visited yearly by someone representing the main office. Maree's area of responsibility covered countless schools from as far north as Point Barrow to as far south as the Aleutian Islands--an area bigger than the state of Texas. There were many one-roomed, one-teacher schools in her district, and Maree was often their only contact with the office and the outside world, for that matter.

She did not look her 50 years of age, and her energy seemed endless. Her kind, blue eyes and pleasant smile made her seem very approachable. The teachers and natives in her area held her in high esteem and were always excited when she came to their village and school.

It took a few phone calls, then reservations were made to fly into Cold Bay, the hub of Aleutian activity. Upon arriving, Maree found her way to a small restaurant. She hadn't eaten all day, and was feeling faint. She wanted to grab a bite to eat before trying to figure out how to get out to Belkofski.

She learned from the waitress that Belkofski could not be reached by plane, by land, or normal ships. There were too many mountains and underwater protrusions for anything but small fishing boats to reach the village. She finished her meal, taking extra long, knowing that she was just trying to delay the next leg of her journey. She was discouraged, but not unaccustomed to the hardships and difficulties of her job.

She put her warm wolf-skin parka back on, tucking her auburn hair into the hood. She zipped it up and put her insulated mittens on as she left the restaurant. She now had to set about the task of finding a Bush Pilot that might fly her to King

Cove. That was the village that was the half-way point to Belkofski. Luck was with her. She located a Swedish Pilot who was about to leave to deliver King Cove's weekly mail load. He was more than happy to have her along. A passenger meant extra money for him.

The Swede informed her that they would be taking off in less than half an hour. It was becoming dark, even though it was only 1:00 p.m., so Maree nervously asked, "Shouldn't we wait until tomorrow when it's lighter?"

"I can see the propeller can't I?" grumbled the pilot. Maree made no further comment, and they took off on schedule. It was only a half hour flight, but seemed much longer. No matter how many times she flew in little planes, no matter how great the reputation of the bush pilot, her stomach always churned until they were safely back on terra firma.

The Swede skillfully landed the plane on the water, the plane being equipped with pontoons. He couldn't maneuver the plane any closer than 25 feet from shore because of rocks and current. He had radioed ahead to the village and a native was waiting for them when they landed. He rowed out to pick up the mail and Maree along with it.

King Cove is a village headquarters for roving fishermen. A few have homes and families and live there permanently. But most just move in and out with the fishing season.

The Indian Bureau had a 5-teacher school there that they had not yet turned over to the State-operated schools. The principal, a young bachelor, came to pick up the school mail. He introduced himself and offered to help a by now very weary Maree, find a vacant room to spend the night. All that was available was "The Fisherman's Bachelor Quarters". It was a long row of wooden rooms, each with a bath, kitchen stove, and a sink. There were no keys or locks on the doors. The toilet was located in the corner of the room and had no seat. The friendly cupboard softened the rest of the room, for it was stacked with every kind of canned food imaginable. "Help yourself to the food," the principal offered, "that's what it's there for".

The young man seemed in no hurry to leave her to herself, so Maree talked "shop" with him for

about an hour. She promised she would visit his school in the morning, even though it was not under her jurisdiction, if he would help her find a way to get to Belkofski.

The principal readily agreed. He knew of Maree Hamblin's reputation, and was anxious to get her opinions and suggestions concerning his school. He had a good faculty, but all lacked strength on reading and spelling. Before becoming a superintendent, these had been Maree's specialties.

It was 11:00 p.m. before he left, and Maree was starving. She spent the next half hour scavenging for a can opener. She couldn't find one, not even a rusty knife. There sat all those canned goods and she couldn't get to them. She finally fixed herself a cup of hot cocoa, and ate a few stale crackers she found. Exhausted, she rolled out the sleeping bag she always carried. As tired as she was, she couldn't bring herself to sleep on the already over-used bedding provided with the room.

Just as she was dozing off, she heard a great clatter in the next room. It was some fisherman and his girlfriend having a fight. Maree had heard plenty of raw language in her travels, but this beat anything she had ever heard. She counted 16 four-letter words in one sentence. When she realized they were most likely not going to kill each other, she finally drifted off into a fitful sleep.

The next morning, the principal came to escort her to his school. The good news was he had found a young electrician from the State Department who was also trying to get to Belkofski. The young man was going to spend the day looking for a ride, and would let her know if he came up with anything.

The principal dismissed school at noon so Maree could hold a workshop. Despite her restless night, she found it a joy to work with teachers so anxious to learn and improve. They appreciated her help so much that there was a letter of gratitude from them waiting for her when she finally returned to her office in Anchorage.

The workshop was just concluding when the electrician came to tell Maree that he had found a ride to Belkofski. He went with her to get her gear, and helped her carry it down to the shore line.

An Aleut man, about thirty, came up to meet them and proudly escorted them to his boat. Maree stared, but didn't comment. There before her was a 12 foot dory with an ancient motor. For a cover against the weather, a ragged canvas was stretched

across a 2 x 4 frame. The electrician hopped in first, and stepped over several cases of beer and liquor. He settled in at the back of the boat with his tool box at his feet.

Maree hesitated for a moment, thinking perhaps the "captain" of this vessel would instruct her where to sit. He didn't, so she crawled to the front of the boat. Finding it had no real back to it, she grasped the sides firmly for security.

Half full of whiskey, the Aleut climbed in with a cheerful, inebriated grin. The engine wouldn't start, so he announced they were out of gas, but would have that solved in a jiffy.

Slowly, he rowed up and down the shore, then parking by the most expensive looking boat tied to the dock, he turned to Maree. "Hand me that hose," he ordered. She picked up a ten foot hose that was curled at her feet. Without excuse or explanation, he syphoned enough gas to fill his own tank. He handed the hose back to Maree. She coiled it and laid it back at her feet, wondering if she could be considered an accomplice in this crime.

The engine started, and they took off into the open ocean. It was only about 25 miles to Belkofski, but before they arrived it seemed more like 1000. When they were too far out to swim back, and with no life jackets aboard, the engine stopped. Try as he might, the Aleut couldn't restart it. Finally, he turned to Maree and said, "Hey Lady, you got a bobby pin?"

She handed him one without question, and in a few minutes he had the motor going again. Maree silently gave him credit for being an exceptional mechanic under less than desirable circumstances.

"This can save lives" he commented, handing the bobby pin back to her.

"Then keep it," she replied, and he carefully put it in his pocket.

As they began to make fair progress, Maree began to realize the boat was leaking. It was not the first time she had been transported in a leaky boat, and had complained loudly about it to the main office.

"All boats leak, Maree," her boss had replied unconcerned, "and small boats are supposed to leak."

She remembered his words, and desperately hoped that he knew what he was talking about, but she had a foreboding feeling his explanation hadn't been made with any knowledge of the subject.

The boat turned as they came to a tiny island of rocks projecting out of the ocean. She wished

she could have reached her camera. There was a little row of Leopard Seals all lined up watching them like prairie dogs would do.

As a show of courage, Aleuts stand at the tiller. This Aleut did not sit down once on the way. Maree had her back to him still counting the Leopard Seals when suddenly he yelled, "Leak! Leak!"

Maree thought it was a ridiculous announcement, since the boat had been leaking from almost the beginning of the journey and the water was now nearly up to the top of her short rubber boots.

"Leak! Leak!", he yelled again.

This second outburst made Maree turn to see him pointing to a can floating in the boat, gesturing that he badly needed to relieve his bladder.

Handing him the can, she quickly turned her back to avoid the spray that followed.

"I can't believe this" groaned the electrician when he saw what was happening. He then reached for the flimsy frame holding up the ragged canvas cover. Maree couldn't figure out what he was trying to do, but whatever it was, it didn't work! As the whole frame fell down, the ridge pole conked him on the head. He was out cold, and Maree couldn't climb over the beer and whiskey cartons to try to help him.

The Aleut stopped the boat and attempted to repair the canvas and frame without much success. Giving up, he started the boat again, and proceeded on with the journey as if nothing had transpired out of the ordinary. As for the electrician, he didn't open his eyes again until they arrived at their destination. It was a subject he and Maree never brought up to each other.

The teacher was there to meet her. He took her to his apartment and fixed a wonderful gourmet meal. She went to bed refreshed and comfortable for the first time since she began the trip, although all night she could hear the 'Ker-boom,' 'Ker-boom' of the big volcano less than half a mile from the school house. Once again, she slept with a pillow over her head.

Visiting the school the next morning, Maree was pleased to see how well things were being run. The room was spotless, with meaningful displays, including student art work. The teacher had even purchased toothpaste, toothbrushes and hand towels for each child, with his own money. They were all placed outside the restrooms beside each child's name.

Maree never saw the electrician again. He had

found a ride to Cold Bay on a small fishing boat. She also prepared to leave the next day. The teacher made arrangements for her to go back on another small dory with another Aleut "captain."

"He's more dependable," the teacher promised. "I know he's sober, that's why he is going back to King Cove, he's out of whiskey and wants to buy more."

They made it to King Cove without incident, much to Maree's relief. The Principal was there to meet her again, and help her to the same room. The teachers also came in and out to talk 'shop.'

She asked the Principal if he could find her a way back to Cold Bay. He obliged, and came back with the good news that she could catch a crabbing vessel if she could be there the next morning by 8:00 a.m.

Wearily, she arose early so as not to be a minute late. It was too difficult to find transportation out of these places for her to take the chance on her missing her opportunity.

With no one to help her with her 4 bags, she took two at a time about 25 feet, set them down, then went back and brought up the others. The second trip, she found herself suddenly surrounded by a pack of wild dogs. Her only protection was her luggage. She had always been afraid of even small house dogs, so she felt her time had surely come to meet her end. She angrily thought to herself, "No self-respecting person would want to die in Belkofski". But she prepared for the worst.

Somehow, the clattering and barking had caught the attention of the captain, who had been looking for her, and he came to her rescue, scattering the dogs with a couple of rifle shots into the air. He claimed the dogs seldom came this close to town unless they were really hungry. That thought was little comfort to Maree, who was just grateful to be safely aboard the ship.

The ship was more than 150 feet long and equipped with radar. The captain showed her how he could tell every jagged rock under the ocean clear to the shore line. She was impressed. This was before the 200 foot sea water rights were claimed by the U.S., and he said his problem was Russian and Japanese poachers stealing his crab-baskets.

John, the teacher at Belkofski, had warned Maree about going by ship to Cold Bay at low tide. She didn't realize what he meant until they arrived and she realized she had to climb a 30 foot ladder straight up in order to get ashore.

The rungs of the ladder were further apart than on a wooden ladder, and were so slim that it



was hard to get a good hold on one. Afraid that her gloves would make her hands slip, she took them off to climb. When she took hold with her bare hands, the frosted steel clung to her, and she was sure she was leaving a little skin on every rung.

Looking down, she realized that if she slipped, she would be crushed between the boat and the big timbers holding the dock up. The worst of it all was when she reached the top. She found that some idiot had stored 12 inch oil pipes right in front. So when she reached her foot over for solid footing, she found slippery pipes instead.

Desperately, she lay flat and forced her body over the pipes. In so doing, she popped a button off both her best blouse and coat. That irritated her more than the disagreeable situation she was in. If she had know who to name as defendant, she would have gladly filed a general lawsuit at that moment.

Once on the dock, Maree soon realized that with a 45 mile per hour wind, it was too cold to worry about anything but keeping alive. It was too far to walk to town, so she put her face close to the wall of the dock building and began a survival dance. A man happened by. "You're freezing to death, Lady. Come get in my truck, and I'll take you to town in about 30 minutes."

He helped her to his old battered truck, one window broken. "I got a heater in there that'll thaw ya out in a minute," he grinned as he fastened two wires together. The heat started pouring in, and Maree gratefully laid back her head to soak it in. But that was not to last. When he got out and slammed the door shut, the wires came apart and the heat stopped. But at least inside the truck she was safe from the wind.

When he finally returned, he had two very fat Aleut girls with him. He put one girl on the tool box between the seats and the other on Maree's lap. He put the two wires together again to heat up the cab. Between the sudden intense heat and the fat girl on her lap, Maree felt nauseous and faint. She was more than grateful when she finally reached Cold Bay.

The man let her off at Reeves Rooming Place. She threw her bags inside the hall, and with five minutes to reach a phone to the main office in Juneau, she started running to the communications office across the street. As she passed a private dwelling, a huge German Shepard on a chain lunged at her. It so startled her that her feet flew right out from under her, and she found herself in a prone position looking up at the darkening sky. As she lay there, momentarily catching her breath,

she mumbled that this was certainly an appropriate and not entirely unexpected way to end her trip. Getting up, she resumed her race to the phone.

Once she got her boss, Lee Hays, on the phone, she felt great relief. "Hello, Lee. This is Maree," she said. "I'm at Cold Bay, and it's my last chance to report by phone. I'm going to Atka in the morning." "I'm glad you called, Maree," Lee answered in his slow drawl. "I want you to run back over to Belkofski."

Maree must have blacked out, because the next thing she heard was a far-away voice saying, "Maree, Maree" then louder, "Maree! MAREE! Now don't hang up on me, Maree! There has been a murder at Belkofski. The teacher radioed it in."

"Lee, that's not a job for me," she moaned in disbelief. "Call the State Troopers."

"We did," Lee replied. "It's the State Troopers that are accusing the teacher of the murder."

"Oh, come on, Lee, how could that be? John Taylor wouldn't harm a fly." By this time, Maree was totally exasperated.

"I know, I know," Lee replied, "but someone has to go check it out, and you're the most logical person--besides being the closest."

Maree hung up the phone knowing that there was no way short of quitting her job that was going to get her out of going back to Belkofski. She stared around the room and spotted a man that looked like a bush pilot or a fisherman. Slowly, she made her way over to the stranger and asked, "Sir, do you know of any boats going to Belkofski?"



Maree Hamblin in Magrath, Alaska

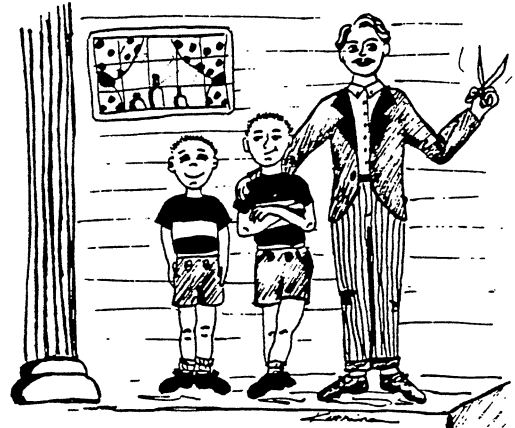


## FOURTH OF JULY HAIRCUTS

By Maree Berry Hamblin

There was a time when I really feared our Mama might leave our Papa and go back to her mother. It was the day before the Fourth of July. She had worked hard to make little short pants to go with the little tee shirts Papa brought the boys from Chicago. The town had never seen such, and Mama couldn't wait to show off her two handsome little boys at the coming festivities. She trained their thick, beautiful hair for weeks in the English Little Lord Fauntleroy style. They looked like they were straight from the city, with their dark, wine-colored shirts, each with a wide stripe around the chest.

The night before the celebration, Mama asked Papa to take the boys out on the back step and give them a last little wee trim. Papa did just that. The only thing was that he didn't know when to stop. The more he trimmed, the worse they looked, so "what the heck," he decided to just shave it all off! When Mama saw her darling boys, she not only burst into tears, but she threw down her apron, (the woman's sign of protest in those days) and fled down to Grandma's house.



As young as I was, I wondered what Papa was going to do about this terrible crisis. Strangely, he didn't do anything. He just laughed. And both boys were absolutely delighted with their haircuts.

Years later, when this incident would come up, Mother would never really laugh about it. But then, Papa, with a little sadism in his chuckle, seemed to have never apologized.

## THE LITTLE SMELTER

by Maree Berry Hamblin

Papa showed Kay and Lee how to build a little smelter in the backyard by using a chimney pipe. It was simply a round hole, deep enough to hold the coals of a good hot fire, and sized to exactly fit an old tin frying pan. Kay and Lee gathered scraps of lead to melt. With Papa giving them a pan of plaster of paris and some instructions, they cast all kinds of little trinkets, even a kewpie doll.

I was out in the yard one day, when once again they ran out of lead scraps, and went to a scrap pile about a half a block away to gather more. Suddenly, I heard a blood-curdling scream. I had never heard Kay scream like that, so I wasn't sure it was him. When the racket continued, I ran down the street and saw Kay and Lee coming toward me. By then, Mama heard the howling and was running to investigate the cries that became louder by the second.

It was Kay who was doing the crying, if that is what you would call those frantic noises. I asked him what on earth had happened, but he was too busy bawling to answer me. Mama took him by the shoulders and forced him to explain.

"A scorpion bit Lee"! was all he could get out, while Lee stood quietly by. We looked at what seemed to be a tiny nip on the tip of Lee's finger. Mama assured Kay that Lee was not going to die with such a tiny scratch, and that we would take him to the doctor, to be sure. Uncle Frank, our doctor, assured Kay that Lee would live, and that he would have no side effects. The incident proved to all of us how dearly Kay loved his little brother, Lee. In their whole lifetime, I have never once heard them have a quarrel of any kind, and I doubt that anyone else has.

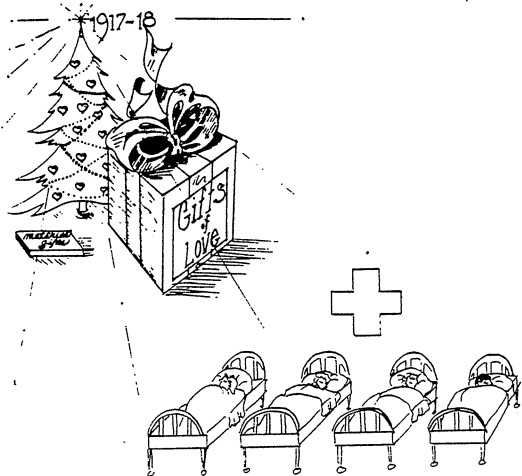


# THE SPANISH FLU EPIDEMIC

by A. Kay Berry

We were living in Prescott during the year 1917-1918 when the dreaded Spanish influenza struck us, like everyone else in the nation, just before Christmas. Mother came down with it first.

Mother was sick, and Dad was too busy, so we hardly got any presents that year--Santa just couldn't find us. Yet we were together and had great love for each other and I think I remember that lean and hungry Christmas better than any other Christmas of my childhood.



Right after Christmas, all the rest of us came down with the flu. It was very serious, and many people died around us. Schools closed, and only a few offices and stores remained open for a few hours a day. Every day people died, friends and



Illustrations by Betty Berry

neighbors. Hearses drove up and down the streets.

Dad was the only one in our family who escaped the flu. He closed the dental office and stayed home to take care of all of us, including Mother.

He set up all of our beds in the big front room where he could handle things like in a hospital. He did everything for his sick family, including the cooking. About the only thing we had in the house to eat was a supply of potatoes. The only way Dad prepared them was by baking. For two weeks, we had nothing but baked potatoes to eat!

I soon associated my sickness and the baked potatoes together. For the next forty-five years, I never ate or tasted a baked potato. I told my wife, "I just don't eat baked potatoes--ever!" She didn't bother me about potatoes all through the early part of our marriage, although she did occasionally try to tempt me with one. Finally, one day in the 1950's, I became curious, and at a family dinner I actually ate one. To my great surprise, it didn't taste bad at all; in fact it tasted great and I have been eating and enjoying them ever since.

# CIRCLING THE SPANISH FLU

by Art Whiting  
reprinted from the Whiting Tree

I remember when the Spanish influenza first broke out during World War I. My brother Lynn and I were living at the old homestead at the time. The awful results of that epidemic were bad, but the reports that came to us at the homestead were multiplied. The fact that little was known about the disease left much room for speculation.

Well, the word came to Lynn and me by rapid mule team, that the disease spread rapidly through the air from anyone's breath who may have been exposed. The only way to be safe was to never let

anyone's breath carry your way in the air.

Lynn and I thought we were safe until we saw a couple of Mexicans coming our way on horseback. The wind was gently blowing from them to us, so we decided we must circle around them. We could easily have maneuvered it, if they had not been anxious to ask us about some sheep they had lost. Well, the race was on in circles for some time.

Finally we won, and then from a safe distance on the right side of the wind, we told them we had not seen any sheep.



## GRANDMA HAMBLIN I LOVE YOU

By Kara Helf

As I stand in the doorway of the newly remodeled room, the smell of fresh paint, new carpet and wallpaper lingers. I know this room well, but it is no longer familiar to me.

The Alaskan Timber-wolfskin rug that once hung on the wall in front of me is gone, along with the Eskimo War mask that had greeted me each time I had entered this room. The 3 foot Polynesian Fertility God in the corner is no longer there. Gone also is the hospital bed we moved in when she became too weak to climb the stairs to her room.

The room seems so empty without the long, heavy wooden table that was always piled high with her latest projects. I had never seen that table when it wasn't covered with papers except for the times she would hold formal dinners for her granddaughters. Then the table was clean and covered with fine china, crystal and silver. These dinners were held periodically so she could satisfy her mind that she did all she could to teach granddaughters proper etiquette.

The familiar blue typewriter with a page of her latest 'book' had long ago been removed. The emptiness of this room is difficult to explain. The items I have seen every day for years are here no longer, but the emptiness I feel is because she, too, is gone. It makes the room unbearable, so I turn to leave.

As I walk through the library, my eye catches a glimpse of her Hawaiian wicker 'Queen's Chair,' as we called it because of its noble shape and high back. From that stately chair she had so often held court, correcting an erring grandchild, or relating one of the many stories from her extraordinary life.

I am drawn to the chair by some unexplainable force and powerful memories. I sit, but feel dwarfed. It is much too large for me. My mind replays pictures of the past, and I become lost in her memories.

I can hear her jolly laugh as if she were there beside me. I had heard that laugh so many times. It was a warm, easy laugh, suggesting its frequent presence. I can hear the click-click-click of her long, red fingernails as she tapped them on the table while deep in thought. The sound irritated me sometimes, but there is nothing that I wouldn't give to hear it once more.

She was a binding and important part of the fabric of my life. I remember in my childhood the friendly blue eyes and welcoming arms, always

accompanied by an endless supply of stories and nursery rhymes.

There seemed to be a certain stage in each grandchild's life when her mannerisms were aggravating. We didn't want to hear the stories of her difficult life, and rebelled against her firm determination to make us honorable citizens. But once past that stage, the realization of how fortunate we were to be her grandchildren would set in to stay a lifetime.

It always amazed me how someone could be so wise, yet so naive at the same time. Perhaps it came from the many and profound tragedies that had entered her life from young womanhood until her death. Perhaps the wisdom came from the experiences and the naivety (better described as optimism) was a result of her happy childhood and cheerful disposition.

A person of lesser strength might have experienced self-pity, and been justified. But self-pity was not her style, and she had little tolerance for it in others.

From her alcoholic, irresponsible first husband to the cancer that finally took her life, and every trial in between, she stood strong and unbending. If she cried in sorrow or pain, no one ever saw her, just as no one ever saw her get up in the morning without the attitude that this would be the best day ever.

She had been a handsome woman all her life. When she died, there was little grey in the auburn hair of her youth. She was the second eldest of seven children. A quiet, thoughtful child, she had always felt homely next to her older sister. Even the adorable childhood pictures could not convince her that she was just as cute. In spite of her feelings of inadequacy, she was extremely close to her sister, and all of her other siblings. They in turn had great love and respect for her. She spoke of her parents often, and with deep love and respect. Those in the family that also knew them confirm her stories of admiration.

The ringing of the telephone brings me back to the present. I think of her so often. There is no adequate way to describe her or compare her. The void she left is unfillable, but the heritage and example she left us is priceless. As I go to answer the phone, I turn for one last look. I whisper, "Grandma, I love you." A warm feeling envelopes me as if she is there, telling me that she knows and the love is returned ten-fold.



## MOTHER DIDN'T JUST TELL YOU

By Jeannine Larson

We have a tendency in this family to take a certain personality and mold them with our chatter into unbelievable heroes and heroines. People of such strengths and perfection that the thought of incorporating their attributes into our own lives becomes depressing and inhibiting.

Maybe it's the fact that we focus completely on their strengths and intentionally ignore their faults (it makes a much better story!) that causes our family personalities become so exalted in our minds and hearts. I'm not complaining. I think it is the best path for a family to take. There are many families on this earth who don't have a single good word to say about their relations. My children have wonderful heroes and heroines to look up to and emulate. I feel sorry for those who don't have a Herbert or a Norma or an Effie to talk about.

So, with that introduction, I want to say a few words about my mother, Maree Berry Hamblin. She was not the perfect domestic mother, and there were many times in my growing up years that we locked horns. But when I contemplate the hand that she was dealt in this life, and the manner in which she handled the physical and financial trials that were constantly in front of her, I am amazed.

She was clean, organized, and enthusiastic about each home she lived in, whether it was a motel or a shack. She beautified many a shack. In my years at home with Mother (there were seventeen) I remember living in two motels, an apartment house, an old farm house, an old one-room school house, a new tract home, an old lumber cabin, and three old rental houses. Each one was exciting to move into with Mother, because she always saw so many possibilities for improvement and she loved to make those improvements.

When I say that she was not the perfect domestic mother, I meant that you couldn't depend on her for the kind of maternal support that seems to be demanded by society today. I never really knew if she was going to show up at parent-student activities or mother-daughter church functions. Most of the time she didn't. I couldn't depend on her for those cosy mother-daughter talks explaining the birds and bees and any other free-spirited thoughts that might float through my mind. But I came to realize that those negatives existed because she was always burdened with the

task of playing both mother and father roles, and that is an exhausting responsibility. And also, she came out of the Victorian era in which birds and bees really were birds and bees and nothing else was ever spoken of.

But Mother made up for her faults by instilling in me a wonderful and glorious love of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. My most vivid and happy childhood memories of Mother were always in the kitchen. As she mixed bread, stirred stew, peeled peaches or washed dishes, there was a gospel conversation going on. She brought to life all the personalities of the Old Testament. I learned to love Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and most of all, Joseph and the coat of many colors. I am grateful that television did not come into full swing in the lives of all Americans until after I was gone from Mother's home.

I can never remember a dinner hour that was not lengthened with unhurried conversation about the Gospel. It was one family activity that my step-father did not marr, and it made life with him a little more pleasant. My foundation of Gospel knowledge was poured and set with those hours of family conversation that filled my heart with a love of my Heavenly Father and His kingdom.

Mother didn't just tell you about a Bible personality. She made them live in your mind and gave you a desire to learn everything you could about them. Primary and Mutual were places I went to hear what my mother had already taught me! Isn't that the way God intended it to be? Didn't Brigham Young make the statement once that if parents were fulfilling their responsibilities in their family units that there would be no need for the auxiliaries of the Church?

Maree Berry Hamblin was a teacher. She may have wanted to be a dancer, but God knew she was a gifted teacher and that is the direction in which he directed her life. She did not fail in that role even as a mother.\*\*\*\*

