



Nihil Sine Labore—Nothing Without Work

The Berry Patch

News & History of the Herbert & May Berry Family .

WHERE HAS THE BERRY PATCH BEEN?
We are very sorry the Berry Patch has missed so many deadlines in a row. Our editor got bronchitis in the fall and had it for months. The saddest side effect was the temporary postponement of publication. Diana is well now, and we hope to get back on schedule by August.

We did miss commenting on Uncle Dean's marriage to Aunt Beverly, the possibility and then the cancellation of the Whiting Reunion for this summer, the Gulf war, several other wedding announcements, and the arrival of quite a few babies, but we intend to catch up on that news, and then to publish again in August. This issue contains an interesting mix of articles, with no particular theme, just items that ought to be shared with the family. We hope you're glad we're back!

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Read about Senior Airman Jason Helf & the Gulf War on Pg 11.

TURNING THE HEARTS OF THE CHILDREN TO THEIR FATHERS

by Jeannine Larson

As I sat here typing out our family news, I turned to the Berry Patch and kept turning the pages to check on old family news. (I don't want to repeat myself from Patch to Patch.) I began reading a few stories that caught my eye. Some I had read before. I was amazed at how quickly the power of these stories would capture my attention, my feelings and my soul. Tears and laughter came so swiftly. What a treasure we have in these pages, so far. BUT THEY ARE OF NO VALUE TO US OR OUR CHILDREN IF THEY ARE NOT READ.

I challenge all of you to put your copies by your scriptures

and see that all the members of your family read from them. The scriptures will turn our hearts to our families. The Berry Patch will turn our hearts to the scriptures. The combination of these two are a powerful tool against the evils and distractions of this world. Among the pages of the scriptures, we learn truth. Among the pages of this family paper, we learn to know and love each other. A child who murmurs against his parents and ancestry is a child who does not know them. What greater tool could we possibly have than this wonderful Berry Patch to turn the hearts of our children to their fathers.



DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?
Look for the answer on pg 24.

BIG PLANS FOR FUTURE ISSUES!

We have had several requests to continue dedicating issues to the children of Herbert and May Berry. We have completed special issues spotlighting Effie, Maree, and Norma. Several articles by and about Kay have been printed at various times, and we would like to either continue the series or devote an issue to him, depending on what his family would like us to do. We would also like to spotlight Lee, Helen and Dean.

We will not set a time schedule, just letting each project evolve at its own rate. But we ask that the families of Kay, Helen, Lee, and Dean begin now to collect and verify the material you would like to see published.

We invite anyone else in the family to share how Kay, Helen, Lee or Dean has influenced or helped them. It will be wonderful to spotlight and honor each of our remaining Aunts and Uncles.

Take time this summer to jot down things you would like to share about "The Unforgettable Kay, Lee, Helen and Dean". Send them to Diana Rice, 2047 Essenay Avenue, Walnut Creek, CA 94596.

Please write first of all about Aunt Helen. Helen's family has indicated they would like to have the August issue devoted to both Helen and Aubrey. So send your contributions no later than July 25th!

Editorial Staff

- Dean Berry Family President.
- Diana Rice Editor
- Anna Wood Associate Editor
- Elaine Ward Effie's family
- Janice Falls Maree's family
- Jeannie Larson Maree's family
- G. Largeant Maree's family
- Marilyn Barnes Maree's family

- Louine Hunter Kay's family
- Virginia Berry Lee's family
- Ginny Leavitt Helen's family
- Lydia Berry Family Archivist
- Roger Rice Publisher
- Bonnie Middleton Treasurer



This is the article Joycell submitted in November. Even though it is a little out of date, it is so good, we want you to read it as if you received it in November.

Hello America and all the Cousins at sea: This is your Jolly Joyce speaking from the top of the CreeMee Drive Inn in downtown Pierce City. The rumors are flying thick and fast that the Hearst Conglomerate is doing a take over of the Berry Patch (or is that the Hearse Conglomerate? I knew things were dead--but not that bad!) Another rumor is that the Berry Patch is stuck, no scratch that! If the rumor is true and it is in a jam, then come on, folks, pay up your subscription,

FLASH: Mike Ellsworth has stopped singing, "I Hope They Call Me On a Mission," at the request of his mission president. Seems the apartment house tenants thought something was terribly wrong with the plumbing and sent for help. The plumber found nothing wrong with any of the pipes but Mike's, and suggested he gargle with Draino every morning, and maybe that would help!

FLASH: Uncle Dean's finally decided to tie the knot, and after that, he's going to get married. He and Beverly chose the Holidays, so that Santa could come to the ceremony and all their kids could attend. Brent, Mark, and Jon have been

telling everyone their dad has finally decided to get married. I remember how it was when Jack and I got married. He married for looks, charm and talent, and I married for wealth, security and money, and we both got a shock! Remember, Dean and Beverly, never retire at night if you've had an argument during the day. (Jack and I haven't slept for 40 years!) They are going to Baghdad for their honeymoon. Dean said he was amazed to see how cheap the hotel suites were there. Then on to Kuwait to see the oil fields. Sounds like a booming honeymoon to me.

FLASH: Since my last Henscratchings, the building inspector made Keith and dJeannie make their lab wider. Now you can turn completely around in it--not just stand sideways. However, you can still sit, brush your teeth at the sink, and wash your hair under the shower at the same time.

FLASH: Someone forgot to tell Lynn Ellsworth the reunion was canceled last July. He started on his run to Sierra Trigo and hasn't been seen since! Anyone seeing a curly-headed grandfather huffing and puffing cross country towards Sierra Trigo, please let his wife Jamie know. His dinner is not only cold, it's getting dried up.

FLASH: Darrin Larson claims to be singing with the Mormon Youth Choir in Salt Lake City. I have my doubts, however, since I happen to know he tried out for the Timpanogas Tambourine Trio and was not accepted because his tambourine flatted every time he tried to shake a high note. I thought he looked great on T.V. during conference, but was rather embarrassed when he would wave

a white hankie every time he was on camera. And I thought holding up a poster board with his telephone number saying he was available was also in poor taste! Shame, Shame, Darrin, you're getting more like your Uncle Jack every day.

FLASH: I gave some wrong information last issue about Brent's new bride. I said she had a wooden leg--I was wrong--she has two. It's not her wooden letgs that are annoying, however, it's her coughing, sneezing, snuffing. Brent says he's cured her by dangling her, feet first, over the Grand Canyon on a real windy day. If he drops her, it might even affect her breathing! I hear she is really a cute girl (not very bright, though, or she would never have been attracted to a member of this family!)

FLASH: I went to my cosmetic surgeon and found it will be much cheaper to have my body lowered than to have my face lifted. (Jack says he will lift my face for nothing--what do you think he has in mind?) I also found if I shave my chin every day, I look younger. However, if I shave one chin, then I have to shave them all! And a beard does have certain advantages. Such as having people call you sir when you get on a bus. I started a great diet the other day--it's called the Pizza diet. You eat a pizza this and a pizza that and pretty soon, you're not even hungry any more!

FLASH: The last thing I heard, Barry Larsen is still working for Eliza Dolittle's father. Barry said she is a might Fair Lady, not like her father, at all. All the Larsen kids have learned to rear end ski and hope to be able to ski on their feet by this time next year. David and Keith just spread their

toes and swoosh; down the ramp they go. The last time they did that, they got both feet full of slivers, so decided to wait until it snowed before doing it again. Bradley and Jared are champions at jacks--the coach tried to get them to play basketball, but they weren't interested. Said it wasn't exciting and challenging like jacks!

FLASH: The Byers are in Michigan, my spies tell me. Dennis left part of himself back in Georgia (wonder if it would help if I moved? Shut up, Dean!) The kids are growing up, one even became an eagle. (Wonder what they feed him?) Whatever Rosie's doing, I'll bet she's bouncing!

FLASH: Bonnie Middleton had so much fun serving and preparing for 70 of Chuck's co-workers she is begging to be allowed to do it again. A Christmas tree decorated with chocolates! My stars--I'd end up the size of that tree. The trouble with Bonnie is she doesn't have enough to do. I think she should take in children, or boarders, or washing--anything to keep her from getting bored.

FLASH: Paul and Judy Andelin are all settled here in Missouri. Paul accepted a position at the veterinarian's hospital in Aurora and seems to be doing well. So far, he has delivered 30 puppies, 14 kittens, 3 sage hens, and a partridge in a pear tree! They have a nice home on the farm, not far from Robert and Ginny Leavitt's. Just far enough away so they can't throw rocks at each other's houses if they get mad at each other. (Can you imagine Paul or Ginny ever getting mad at anything? Or Judy, for that matter!) Paul says being a doctor is fun, because when Sacramento meeting

gets boring, he just reaches down, pushes the button on his beeper, then looks apologetic and gets up and leaves for awhile. Or, if he falls asleep, members of the congregation look sympathetic and think, 'poor boy, he's been up all night with a sick patient!'

FLASH: Troy Larson enjoyed his sojourn to Saudi so much he extended his vacation. Jennifer is upset because she isn't able to enjoy the air conditioned suites, marble sunken baths, and the spiders and scorpions. I would suggest all you cousins write to Troy and plead with him to come home. Better yet, write to Saddam Hussien and demand he send Troy home to his family!

FLASH: Any of you cousins who are courting, or plan to marry in the near future, please contact me, so I can print the truth about your intended spouse. Only the strong survive--just ask Jennifer, Melinda, and Brent's Bride (you are still married, aren't you, Brent?)

FLASH: I think Markay is married! If any of you know, would you please tell the rest of us? You can't keep it a secret forever, Mark. I will find out and unleash all the details in my next Henscratchings! (Hee hee hee--I'm off on my broom!)

May 1991 Henscratchings

Flash!!! The Roger Rice family had such a calm month in May they have notified everyone to please send their problems to them and let them have the fun of trying to solve them. Son, Randy left on his mission to

New York. He will be signing (not autographs) and that will be a special experience for him, however, those trying to understand what he is saying with his fingers flying will be a little perplexed because they don't realize that every 3rd pass he gets his thumb caught in one of his nostrils. (You say How? have you seen his nostrils?)

Son, Mike came home from his mission in New Jersey, you know, where all those milk cows come from. He tried to get home in time to pass his tambourine on to Randy, but they passed on the way, and the Salvation Army will just have to issue Randy his own. Mike says his mission was a great success, he tried it without purse or script, but failed because he didn't have anything to keep his personal items in and couldn't think of what to say without it being written down. It wasn't easy living off his Sears credit card, but Mom and Dad helped him now and then. (Roger upped his allowance \$5.00 a month, and Diana sent him her egg money (from the eggs Roger lays) each month. By giving up eating, utilities, transportation and rent, he made it just fine.

Brian Larson and his little wife, Melinda, just attended his 10 year high school reunion in Monett Missouri. (Yes, we have schools back here.) They were a big success and did the musical number they do in the window of the Sears Outlet Store where Brian is training manager. (He trains the managers how to grumble, murmur and swear in Chinese when a customer has a complaint.) However, Sears just replaced them with a washer and dryer that shakes and jumps around in the window, and to say that Brian and Melinda are agitated

is putting it mildly. Brian got the award for the student who has changed the lease. (I keep telling him that jams and beanies have gone out of style, but he just keeps on wearing them! They have a cute little baby girl. She doesn't look like her dad, though, because her eyes and nose are on the same side of her face. She looks like her mother. I do have to admit that our family has the cutest babies. I think it's their little round heads (kinda like bowling balls!)

I guess you all know that Uncle Dean married Beverly. CNN announced it during the Desert Storm excitement. I guess they wanted their own desert storm, because they went to Iraq for their honeymoon. Beverly wasn't too happy when Dean made her wear a veil and walk in front of him. She did think he was romantic, though, because whenever a loud explosion was heard, he kept pulling her in front of him. The travel agent had reserved them a luxurious tent by a verdant oasis. How did Dean know he turned out to be Jewish and it actually was a pup tent alongside a children's wading pool under the shade of a bramble bush. Beverly was glad to get home where the water was running instead of the natives. When they arrived at a settlement, she would ask where the women's restrooms were and they would hand her a shovel! Next time they travel, Beverly says she will make the arrangements!

Dr. Ward, the Radiologist, and his wife Elaine say things have been very negative! Uncle Lee, the surgeon, and Aunt Virginia are still cut ups! David Berry, the dentist and Sharon are still down in the mouth!

Paul and Judy Andelin are settled out on the farm. They

bought Old McDonald out and things are just ducky. Paul has begun practicing with several other doctors in a family practice. I'll sure be glad when he gets through practicing so he'll start doing the real thing and I can go to him for my headaches, bunions, bursitis and hyperthermia. Judy is the perfect little mother, locking the kids in the barn for the day, leaving her time to swing in the hammock until cook gets dinner, nanny checks on the kids, and the housekeeper gets things tidy. I do have to admit it's nice having them around.

I hear that Helen and Aubrey have purchased a Lear jet to make their trips back and forth to Missouri easier. Helen is tired of having to wear a leather helmet and goggles every time Aubrey books passage.

Jeannie Larson got a role in the Musical Snowflake is putting on about the Book of Mormon. It takes place from the time Lehi leaves Jerusalem until Nephi builds the ship. Jeannie plays Laban's wife who sneaks out of Jerusalem and runs off with Sam in a canoe and settles in the Hawaiian Islands. (joking of course!) She really plays the part of Lehi's wife, Sariah, and is quite excited since her deal with Norman Lear fell through. He was going to write a T.V. sitcom about a flakey woman in the snow, the only sponsor he could get was the Truss company from Hernia, California. They said they could give him a lift if he needed it, but the others dropped out.

I have found the solution on how to cope with air pollution. I only exhale--try it--it works wonders.

Maree's Family

LEILANI'S FAMILY

Leilani and Becky are presently living with Lucinda and Larry Watson and their two little girls, Brittany and Brandi. Lucinda is expecting #3 sometime in July. Leilani is a great help with the little ones and Lucinda and Larry are grateful she is there.

Wayne and Marilyn Barnes have moved again. They got a nice place closer to the hospital where Marilyn works and G.E. where Wayne works. Kara and Jenna have moved in with them, and are hard at their studies, both being full time students at SMSU. Kara also works full time at Great Southern Bank, just around the corner from where they live. Jenna is still undecided about her major--she keeps vacillating between law and psychology. Kara is still pursuing her goal of becoming an elementary school teacher. Her great-grandmother, Maree Hamblin, was so pleased. Kara is her only grandchild that wants to follow in her professional footsteps.

Marilynn's daughters, Kim and Kellie are still in Juneau, Alaska, but both plan to move down this summer. Kellie will be going to Utah to room with Jennifer Larson and continue her education towards her goal of becoming an auditor for the FBI. Kim will move to Missouri and continue her education towards her law degree. Kim's baby boy, Justin, just turned two, and is the cutest, happiest little guy.

Marilynn's son, Jason Helf, and his new wife, Heather, are happy to be reunited after his time in the Middle East. If the war hadn't ended so fast,

Heather, who is also in the Air Force, would have been sent over also. Heather is very close to getting her degree in psychology and hopes to open a private practice once she is discharged from the Air Force. Jason wants to get a degree in finance so he can keep track of all the money that he plans for Heather to make. Jason's sisters got to meet Heather when they drove him back to North Dakota. They report she will fit into the family just great. The fact they can't get over still is that Heather actually thinks Jason is the most wonderful man on earth. Something Jason has tried for years to convince his sisters of.

David Silvers

Leilani's son David is still a valued employee of Tyson's and continues to work hard there, and at his church callings. He is now magazine representative for their ward.

Jerry and Sally Higgins

Leilani's daughter Sally reports that all is well. Their daughter, Audra turned 14. She's beautiful, smart, and was just voted student of the month.

John and Wanda Mahana

have moved back to Metz and reportedly are doing well. Their little boy Jaffon is growing and gets cuter all the time. Jaffon was born September 14, 1990, cute, chubby, with lots of dark hair.

Not much news from Jacob and Anna May, but they are reportedly working hard and doing O.K.

Markay and Dotty Hamblin

Markay will have 3 new grandchildren this year! That

will give him nine grandchildren to adore him, and they do!

David and Genette Largent
We are happy and very blessed with four wonderful children and expecting one more June 20. Andria is the oldest, and will be 8 July 6th. She was in a piano recital recently, and surprised her parents as well as her teacher by singing her piece while she played. She didn't miss a note. Kirsten will be 6 in June. She enjoyed kindergarten. Her teacher said she's going to miss her. She brightens the world wherever she goes. Jason, 4, and Garrett, 2, are like nitro and glycerin. Separately they can be handled and lived with, but together, watch out!

Leo and Michele Hamblin have moved up town and are enjoying the good life. After a college income, the only way to go is up. Leo was very blessed to find a job that he enjoys and pays better than most in Utah. He is a power dispatcher for Utah Associates Municipal Power Systems. It's a fascinating job. They had a beautiful baby boy February 14, 1991. They named him Tanner Jacob Hamblin. Along with Daniel, 5, and Mallory, 3, they have three children.

Daylynn and Lorie Hamblin are expecting their first child. Lorie walks around with a permanent smile. Daylynn only has 4 more classes to finish his degree in Anthropology and History. He was very disappointed this last semester when he took a Russian language class and was anxiously looking forward to learning a new alphabet song, only to find out there is no Russian alphabet song. Daylynn and Lorie are going on a romantic vacation to Alaska in

Effie's Family

Lynn and Jamie Ellsworth

Lynn has a new hobby--he is a novice ham radio operator. His operator # is KB-7MPT. Jamie enjoys grandmotherhood.

Luke and Liz Ellsworth

are expecting their second baby in mid-June. Luke will graduate soon with a masters degree in accounting.

Brent and Effie Kitchens

are living in Orem, Utah, and have plans to purchase their first home. They have a cute little boy.

Lindsay and Esther Pugmire

Lindsay is soon to complete his training in physical therapy. He will graduate in December. They have a daughter.

Paul Ellsworth is serving a mission in Sapooro, Japan. Susan Ellsworth is soon to graduate from high school and will receive an academic scholarship to BYU.

Gary and Charleene Ellsworth

Gary has been teaching both high school and elementary grades in Lynwood, California, about half a mile from Grandma and Grandpa Berry's old home. He's a genius auto mechanic. To save \$400+ on a mechanic's bill, he took his carburetor apart piece by piece, memorized where everything goes, cleaned each piece and put it all back together. His truck now runs beautifully. Charleene's a busy mom for Zachary and Kareena, who are great friends as well as siblings.

Richard and Elaine Ward

Richard has a new position as Chief of Radiology in the HMO Headquarters in Wilmington, Delaware. He is serving as Young Men's President in the ward. Elaine is in charge of food for Stake Girls' Camp in June. She is a Sunday School

teacher. She always seems to be involved with fund-related projects.

Jon and Julie Hardy

are expecting a baby in June. They are living in Orem with their two children, Aimee and Jonathan.

Jenny Ward

is working on Capitol Hill for Senator Orrin Hatch as the Legislative Assistant to the Legislative director. She edits all outgoing correspondence.

Elder George Ward

reports from his mission in Valencia, California that they are so busy teaching that they don't have time to tract.

Steve Ward finished a successful first year at BYU and is anxious for his mission call. He will be working at Hill Cumorrah, Palmyra, New York on the work crew this summer. Matthew Ward had a good year on the high school wrestling team. He was never pinned. He's now rolling in dough (making dough at Pizza Hut.) Melissa Ward has enjoyed being in the high school marching band, and jazz band. She was robbed while working as a cashier at a local drug store. She remained calm and observant. At police/detective headquarters, she was able to identify, in thirty seconds, the suspect from mug shots. Eric Ward is a member of the National Junior Honor Society, and will enter high school this fall.

Van and Patricia Ellsworth
Van and Patricia Luff Harrison were married in the Washington D.C. temple on May 11, 1991, and re residing in Wilmington, Delaware, near the Wards. Van works at the Chevron Philidelphia Oil Refinery for

Bechtel Engineering as a project architect. Patti has three children, Jackie, 16, David, 15, and Matthew, 9.

Elder Mike Ellsworth

is serving in St. Stephen New Brunswick and seems to be quite busy and enjoying his mission. Traci Ellsworth is a student at the University of Utah, majoring in ?--we all want to know. Kerri Ellsworth is graduating in June from high school and will be attending the University of Utah with her sister, and majoring in ?--we all want to know. Ryan Ellsworth is loving with his mom in Burke, Virginia, and is very active in sports. Ryan was his dad's best man at Van's wedding.

Pat and Evelyn Guartney

Pat has changed jobs, and will be working for the I.R.S. in Washington, D.C. beginning May 20th. He'll stay with Uncle Lee and Aunt Virginia until they find a home. Evelyn is in Ohio with the kids, trying to sell their home, then will move to the D.C. area. She's the Primary President in their ward.

Warren is working hard, just returned from an adventure in the west. Nathan is graduating from high school and will enter boot camp training soon after. Sarah is looking to EFY in N.C. and rooming with her cousin, Melissa Ward. Sarah will start driver's training soon. Troy, "the computer whiz" is in the National Junior Honor Society. Emily watches her little brother and has a great talent for making friends. Seth is looking forward to kindergarten in the fall.

June.

Tim and Vicki Hamblin are both going to school and working full time. They see each other occasionally. Vicki is a cashier at a grocery store. Tim works for a building contractor who specializes in tile. Tim works on million-dollar houses, then comes home to his mobile home and books. Someday--we all have our hopes and dreams.

Keith and Jeannine Larson

We have been deeply involved this past year in finishing our adobe hut, as Troy so affectionately describes it. We have experienced a cloudburst with no roof on the house. We have breathed clouds of sheetrock dust into our lungs. We've hauled 35 pound bricks, hammered nails, lifted boards, installed windows, nailed shingles, sawed lumber, installed toilets and sinks, strung wires, mudded and taped until we're almost comatose. (Is that right Uncle Dean?)

As soon as the first toilet flushed and the kitchen sink worked, we moved in. We have no inside doors yet, no painted walls or closets or kitchen counters and shelves or drawers or flooring or curtains. But we're in our own home, and it's wonderful.

Shane is in his last year of school at Logan, unless he decides to go on and get his Masters. He is an Art Major.

Troy was shipped home from the Gulf War two days before Christmas, at a time when none of the military was being sent home, so we feel the Lord was guiding his life. It was a wonderful Christmas present for us all. He and his little family are still in Syracuse, trying to decide what direction to go in now that he is out of the service. It looks like he may move to Logan this fall,

and go back to school. It would be nice for Shane to have family to keep him company. Jennifer Lynn has her hands full with two little blonde girls, Jessica, age 2 1/2, and Josie, age 1.

Brian and Melinda are house sitting for her aunt and uncle who have gone on a mission. They are living in a beautiful old victorian home on Center Street in Provo, and we are all pea-green with envy! Brian works full-time at Sears, and just received a major promotion that pushed him up to the top five employees out of 2,000. On December 22, almost the moment Troy's plane touched down at the Salt Lake City airport, Melinda gave birth to a dark-haired baby girl named Miranda. It was an exciting hour for the Larson family!

Darrin is working in the Church Office Building in the finance department.

Tim and Amy Vogl moved to Snowflake last Thanksgiving, and we love having them here with our first grandson, Matthew Dean Vogl. He's a character, with his blue eyes and red hair, and follows in the true Whiting tradition of being pure "Ham!" Amy is expecting again in November.

Margaret graduated from High School in May. She and her sister play in the Silver Creek Symphony. She plays violin and Sara plays cello. It's an excellent organization composed of men and women from Winslow to St. Johns who rehearse each week. Margaret wants to become a librarian, and will attend college here in northern Arizona.

Sara is ending her sophomore year in high school. She made both varsity basketball and baseball this year, which is an accomplishment here in Snowflake, where the competition is tough.

Matthew was elected President of the 7th grades at the junior high this year. He also won the local, district, and regional Hoop-shoot contest, and went to Mesa to shoot off in the state contest, where he came in second. He made 21 out of 25 free-throws, and the winner beat him by one basket!

Jared is finishing his fifth grade year, and spends his energy trying to maintain his identity in this family of ten. He plays the saxophone and loves basketball and baseball.

THE COOPER CLAN

Janice and Jerome Falls are doing fine, I guess, we are all so busy no one has time to visit anymore. Janice works for an attorney 2 days a week and for Jerome at the Cattle Sales two days a week, plus being in the Stake Primary Presidency, it keeps her busy. Heather is finishing up school and working at a retirement home where she is really a hit with the old people (I use that term lightly since I'm getting there fast!) Garret is working and taking several classes at SMSC. Amy is busy working and taking care of her little boy. Brenda and Mariah are out of school for the summer. Marty and Susan are doing fine up in Clinton, MO. He has a good job for the city, but what really keeps him busy is being a counselor in the Branch Presidency. He has a Branch President who believes in delegating. Chelsea was 8 on June 7, and was baptised on the 23rd. Susan works for a medical clinic and that keeps her hopping, what with the house, children and being in Y.W.'s in the branch. To add to their happiness, their cat had 7 kittens in the closet! Shawn and Linda are really keeping busy. Shawn just got

back from a trip to Washington, D.C. (his first love), Linda isn't working anymore, but says she's just as busy trying to keep up with everything. Chris is pitcher on his little league team (his dad's the coach!) and doing just great! Corey is breaking swimming records all over the place and Casey is driving them all up the wall. He is one of a kind, and like his dad, need I say more? Lance and Kathy are enjoying little Dane--he is cuter, smarter and more talented than any little boy ever born. Lance is working on his Masters this summer, and Kathy is going to enjoy being at home with Dane. Angela and Rory are doing fine her in ole Mo. School is out for the summer and he was just made Assistant Manager at Garfields in the North Park Mall. This promotion is going to allow them to eat and pay the rent once again. Hubbards' Cupboard is holding it's own, but all profit has to go back into the business for the first year or two. Vaylene has decided she wants to come home for a year, go to SMSC in Joplin the first year, then go to Dixie College in St. George. She's enjoyed living with Lance and Kathy, but has decided to go back to school and get on with her life. She is going to get out from under the apron strings and likve with Angel and Rory, work part time while getting an education. Jack and I are busier than we've ever been in our lives. What happened to the golden retirement years, sitting on the front porch in the rocking chairs? We are booked into September, and will be moving into a new little one chair office Jack is building. It is very efficient, and will fit all our requirements. We call each other May and Herbert, and figure Grandma and Grandpa Berry are getting a big

laugh in the spirit world. We are moving into a lovely little apartment above the office and store, with an entertainment hall and a stage and when we are able to go back to our original 3 days a week practice, I will start putting on some melodramas. I've written the script, got the cast and even started rehearsals until we got so busy I had to put it on hold. With Jack on the High Council, me as Education Counselor in Stake Relief Society, it doesn't leave much time for tip-toeing through the tulips!

Kay's Family

Wendy Tanner is starring in her junior high school operetta for three days this weekend--singing--dancing--acting.

Michelle Berry is singing and dancing with the Ricks "Showtime" which is currently on tour to Florida. Those who have seen the show say that it is fantastic. One tour stop was in Missouri, so some of our Missouri relatives saw the show.

Patrick Berry and Julene Hunter are graduating from high school in June.

Tiffany Byers is marrying her fiance on June 29, while he is home on military leave from Japan. After the wedding, they'll both return to Japan until his service is over.

Elder Greg Berry is serving in the U.S.C. campus area where one of his assignments is to train missionaries.

Cindy and Brian Watkins had a new baby boy in April, John David Watkins. Brian is in law school at BYU and is spending the summer working for an

attorney in Rancho Bernardo, CA, near her folks, where they are living for the summer.

Helen's Family

Uncle Aubrey and Aunt Helen will be in Missouri for the month of June. They have remodeled their guest house on the farm and it's lovely. It will be great having them visit--now there are four of their children who live in Missouri (Lane, Dixie, Ginny, and Paul and families) not to mention the other Berry relatives. It's enough for a mini-reunion!

Lane and Darlene Andelin have slowly adjusted to living in Springfield, Missouri. Lane is working very hard on his studies, and doing very well. Amy, their oldest, received a full scholarship to BYU for this fall.

Brian and Helena Andelin are doing fine in Gilbert, Arizona. They enjoy their new home and Brian's law practice. Their oldest, Karina, will be at BYU this fall. Most of their children are going to spend some time in Missouri this summer.

Bob and Dixie Forsyth are remodeling their home, hoping to sell it and move a little closer to Springfield to Bob's work. Melissa is home for the summer and will return to BYU this fall. Bob travels quite a bit with his church calling. He is on the High Council and the stake boundaries are huge.

Craig and Merilee Saunders are still in Mesa. They are enjoying having Brian's daughter, Tanya, as a permanent helper with their two little girls, Brenna and Haley. She

babysits and keeps house when Merilee works at the hospital part time.

Steve and Kristine Hales just sent their first son, Matthew on a mission. He is serving in the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania mission. Katie will be a t BYU this fall.

John and Cindy Andelin are doing fine in North Dakota. Cindy is recovering from surgery, and Emily, their oldest (15) was recently in the hospital with scarlet fever, but is doing better.

Robert and Ginny Leavitt are busy as usual. Robert is doing a lot of farming and just planted an acre of potatoes and an acre and a half of corn (besides a big vegetable garden.) Our fruit trees are loaded this year--so if anyone is hungry, you may want to pay us a visit this summer.

Paul and Judy Andelin have lived in Missouri about 9 months now, and they really enjoy it. Paul is such a benefit the community as a Family Physician, and he is the ward scoutmaster. The scouts all love him. Paul is also gardening on the side, and enjoys raising calves. His children are growing beautifully (they have six.)

Lee's Family

LEE AND VIRGINIA

(Report by Grandma Virginia on every one of her grandchildren!)

It has been 3 1/2 years since Lee's surgery. He is well and enjoying quality life. Our family are all well, and have the usual ups and downs.

Jean Arbuckle's bunch: Christina has started her own business. Jeff, our M.D. has one more year of training ahead of him. He is to be married soon. Eric still sails and goes spelunking (cave exploring) and works on his MBA.

Steve's bunch: Steve is teaching David to drive. Stephanie plays on the BYU soccer team. Nettie goes to Ricks in the fall. David plays varsity Lacrosse. Mike keeps out of trouble and plays Lacrosse.

Patricia Felsted's bunch: Patricia is renewing her interest in art. Her specialty is children's art seen through a mother's eye. Ben is into computers. Brandon likes animals and keeps snakes around the house. Kirsten refutes the theory that the middle child is a problem. Kellie rushes pell mell through life, and Matthew, the baby, is the darling of the family.

Eileen Luke's bunch. Eileen and Bob are prospering. Jennie goes to BYU again in the fall.

Julianne is so busy working and going to school that she has no time for the mall. Jon specializes in sports and is a champion wrestler. Shannon was Moonbeam McSwine in "Lil Abner," and carried a live pig around in preparation for the play. Missy is the pet of the family and we all miss her when she isn't nearby.

Norma's Family

Roger and Diana Rice had three missionaries for two weeks in May. Just before Mike returned from New Jersey, Randy left for the MTC, while Stephanie still worked on the final third of her mission in Houston Texas. Randy is a sign language missionary, who left the MTC Friday, July 5th, for New York City. He learned signing quickly and left for the mission field a little ahead of schedule. While at the MTC he was able to attend the Mission Presidents' seminar testimony meeting because he was signing with the choir. Also in attendance were several general authorities. He also got to hear Pres. Howard W. Hunter address the missionaries. Mike and Randy did get to see each other for a brief reunion at the airport before Randy left for the mission field.

JoAnn and Barry Larsen's son David just finished his term as Student Body Prsident of Del Campo High School. Immediately after graduation he left for BYU, where he is attending school on a full tuition scholarship. David was voted Best Looking Boy in the senior class. Julianne was School Mascot (a cougar.) She just came back from EFY at BYU, and had a wonderful time. She'll be a senior next year. David, Keith and Julianne all went to track sections (for all Northern California except the Bay Area). Keith made it to section finals. Brad is still playing baseball. Any relief that the season was over faded when Brad made All-Stars. Keith went to BYU football camp the first of July. He lettered in football in his freshman year of high school. Since the elementary school was across the street, he has been coming home for lunch the last two years. Now that he is entering junior high, his mother will miss that special time together. Jared and Brad just got back from scout camp, earning several merit badges apiece.

Chuck is director of WordPerfect for Windows. Bonnie is director of HousePerfect except for windows. She really is a wonderful homemaker and keeps each of the seven

children on individualized summertime schedules, with lots of fun and education mixed together. Horseback riding, summerpasses at the waterslides, and a trampoline in the backyard are just a few examples. To coordinate her busy family, Bonnie now carries a cellular phone in her purse. One day, while she was watching a track meet, a high jumper fell wrong and was knocked unconscious. Bonnie rushed to the field, dialed 911 and handed the phone to the distraught coach who was able to get first aid assistance immediately by phone. The injured athelete was well taken care of and Bonnie was the hero of the day. The coach, fully impressed, said, "I've got to get one of these!" Emily, now a senior in high school, went to EFY, and visited in southern California with her Aunt Susanne and Uncle Brad. She excells at drawing portraits. Chuck IV and his sister Cathy both qualified to compete for their schools for the State Math Competition. Chuck is an accomplished guitar player, and played both JV and Varsity soccer, inspired by watching the World Cup Soccer games in Italy last summer. Cathy enjoyed track, and is a very loyal friend to everyone. She, too attended EFY.

Steven, always two steps ahead of anyone, is a person who is willing to work hard to find solutions, and is very single-minded about figuring how to solve a problem. Becky, a golden-haired, sweet natured 12 year old, is learning to play the clarinet, and had a 4.0 report card last semester. Jenny spent a week at fifth grade camp in July. She went to Clear Creek in Scofield, a Utah mining town. Crystal, the boss of the family, rules from her playhouse right next to Bonnie's kitchen. When kitchen equipment is missing, they go check the playhouse, first thing.

Randy and Christa Fife Went to Europe by themselves for two weeks. Since the children didn't finish school until last week, Christa's nephew watched the kids. Randy and Christa took off for England, arriving in London in time to see Phantom of the Opera. They toured England and then up through Wales, seeing many castles. Riding a ferry to Ireland, they had a medieval dinner at Battonrattey Castle. Ireland is known for rock walls and they saw Hadrian's Wall, built by the Romans, and still standing, in parts. They stayed there three days and heard different Irish instruments, like the Irish pipes, and learned

to do the Irish jig. Taking a ferry to Scotland, they saw Loch Lomond, and saw the site of the MacDonald massacre at Glencoe. They made a point of going through Fifeshire to Edinburgh, and were disappointed not find out very much about the Fife family. They drove back to England and went to Sherwood Forrest, and then through Cambridge campuses. Christa 's brother is stationed over there and he and his family toured with them. Staying at bed and breakfast places, they found all served the same breakfast: grease. They quickly learned to insist on cereal. They especially enjoyed the cultural arts of the countries they visited.

Brad and Susanne Fife have been doing slave labor at Susanne's parents' house. They got rid of many well-intentioned hoards, and painted most of the interior of the house. Baseball season was a blur with Jason in baseball, Karie in softball, Brad coaching Jason's team and Susanne managing Karie's team. Jason, one of the youngest in the majors, advanced two years ago. He was back-up catcher at first this season, but hit fabulous hits. The regular catcher broke his arm, and the first game Jason took over he got 5

outs, two at second, one at third, and 2 at home. Karie couldn't throw, catch or hit at first, but improved %100. She was the best left fielder, and made great throw-downs to second and third. At first there was no contact with her hitting, but she soon started consistently pulling them right down the third baseline. They basically lived on pizza during baseball, and now that it is hot, they live on otter pops, Susanne reports. Brad is cubmaster now, and merit badge counselor, in addition to his traditional assignment as Stake Athletic Director. Susanne is still a counselor in the Primary. She does have a magic way with children. While traveling home from St. George Utah, after Easter Sunday services, Susanne explained to her children about resurrection, saying it means to be put in a perfect state. Karie quickly added, "California is a perfect state!"

Dean's Family

DEAN AND BEVERLY
Dean Berry marries Beverly Shaw of Los Angeles! If you haven't read the tabloids lately, it was a beautiful wedding. Beverly was born and raised in Star Valley, Wyoming and has lived in

Salt Lake City, New Orleans, Houston and Los Angeles. She received a Bachelor's Degree in Political Science at Tulane University. Following a divorce, she earned a Master's and Phd in Marriage and Family Counseling at International University. Reverly then became an associate with Broderick and Langlois, and now has her own practice in Los Angeles. Beverly has served in the Primary, Sunday School, Relief Society, and currently teaches special courses on family relations at the request of the Stake President. She also acts as President of AMCAP, the Association of Mormon Counselors and Psychotherapists. Her hobbies include oil painting, sewing and lladro figurine collecting. Beverly has three children, Larry, Lynda, and Michelle, and two grandchildren. Larry is a director of TV films, best known for his work on the Hunter series and the movie A Letter To My Daughter. He and his wife Eileen have a daughter, Lindsay. Lynda and her husband, Per Mannson, live in London England, where Per works as a journalist for the Wine Spectator. They have one son whose name is Nicholas. Michelle lives in San Diego, working at

a sports club as an aerobics manager and instructor. The happy couple met in 1983 at a single adult dance in Westwood, beginning the courtship which resulted in the December 29, 1990 wedding. Bev analyzed Dean for seven years and married him anyway. They are now living happily ever after in Fresno and Westwood.

DEAN
2028 South Claremont
Fresno, CA 93727
(209) 251-2550

BEVERLY
1768 Glendon #1
LOB Angeles, CA 90024
(213) 470-9422

Anna and Bruce Wood
Bruce is moving up in the world. As National Policy Director for Freddie Mack, the Woods have moved to Virginia (watch out, East Coast Berrys, Sam is in town). Jake has parted with his Boogieboard surfing ambitions, and Missy can't wait to try out all those East Coast fashions! Joanna, just as she's always doing, is taking the move in stride, wondering what the fuss is all about. Anna and Bruce are excited with their new dream home and are enjoying the association of relatives once far away.

Address:

11100 Burywood
Reston, VA 22094
(703) 430-7321

Jon has been extremely busy perfecting future versions of "TreeBased Financial Software". He and Matt are enjoying growing success with the business. They are receiving rave reviews in computer publications (Computer Shopper: July 1991, and PC Source: September 1991), and orders are coming in. For those who have not seen it yet, give them a call! (800-MNY-TREE).

Karen and Brent Mitterling
While awaiting the birth of triplets, Karen and Brent are enjoying the farm life and will be moving soon to a new farm house in the area. Justin's learning the trade and can't wait until he's old enough to drive a tractor. Jason's preparing himself for future chores by plowing around in his crib. Karen's pregnancy has been difficult; your prayers are very much appreciated. Marion rushed to Pennsylvania several months ago and has been helping out ever since. We hope and pray everything goes well.

Matt and Juana
Matt is working extremely hard (see Jon) as Marketing Director for Tree-Based,

knocking out users and reviewers alike with his demonstrations. He attends computer shows every weekend, sends a Tre-Based "Journal of Applications" every month to users, writes the tutorials and manuals, sends pamphlets and mailers to interested parties, provides technical support for users, and controls the company budget (with the help of a certain software program). Matt enjoys his work and is excited with the prospects of success. Juana is also busy with her work as a vocational consultant for WEB in Garden Grove. She has received several promotions since she began work there just over one year ago. Through both their hectic schedules, Matt and Juana manage to keep in great shape and have fun at family get togethers.

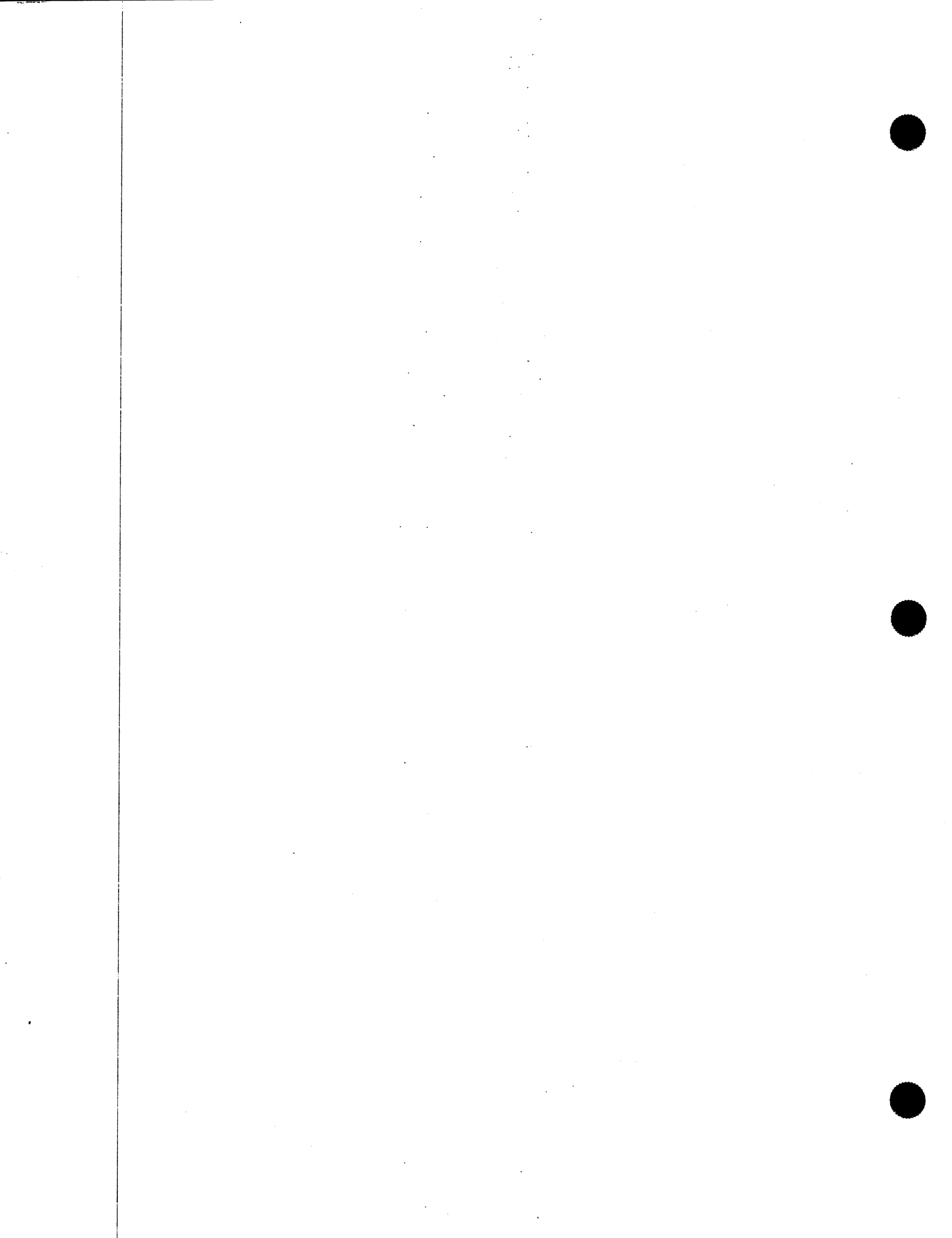
Mark and Lynne'
Mark is holding down two jobs, appraising real estate, and managing a Blockbuster video store, while Lynne' holds down the fort at home. Mark does find time to play with his sons and fits in a couple of volleyball games each month with the big boys. Lynne' is busy chasing the boys (including Mark) around the house and trying to keep enough food for them in the fridge.

Austin turns three this month. He prefers to play volleyball with Daddy rather than going to the mall with Mommy. At least Trenton will still go strolling with Mom. Boys will be boys. Lynne' hopes for a girl next time. That is not an announcement, however. Trenton is ten months and running. Walking isn't fast enough for him to catch up with his brother. Cousin Sam has new competition.

Brent and Laurlyn
Brent and Laurlyn are impatiently waiting the birth of their first child, which is due July 13. Then it's on to Ithaca, New York, where Brent will pursue an MBA degree at Cornell University. They don't go to the beach often enough, complains Laurlyn, to get their last moments of sand and sun before the snow of the Northeast.

CURRENTAFTER 8/7/91
1555 Mesa Verde Dr. E.
#11B 602 Winston
Court #5
Costa Mesa, CA 92626
Ithaca, NY 14850
(714) 546-2516

Hello to our East Coast family. Our number in the west are getting slim. Looking for ward to the next reunion!



JASON HELF AND OPERATION DESERT STORM

Senior Airman Jason Helf was sent to participate in Operation Desert Storm on December 23rd, 1990. The conflict was over so fast, he didn't get to see much of anything that resembled a war (a disappointment to him and a relief to his mother and sisters.) He did have some interesting experiences that can come when stationed in a far corner of the world, but he really wasn't ever in much danger. He spent a good deal of his time working on a suntan, and got some great nostril shots of camels that would wander up out of curiosity and sniff his camera. The following is an excerpt from a letter he sent his mom while he was over there. It best describes how he was spending his time:

I am currently located in the United Arab Emirates. If you look on a map, you will find it on the Saudi Peninsula to the East of Saudi and to the South of Kuwait. We are at an established base. The only real danger we're in is from terrorism and if Israel should jump in. But, now that it is over, the only real danger I am in is in getting a sunburn. To tell the truth, I have spent most of this war playing sand volleyball.

Well, I finally got to travel. It's not exactly what I had in mind when I joined up. But, hey, it hasn't been all that bad. The war was as one-sided as CNN described, probably even more so. I personally (being the expert military analyst that I am) didn't expect it to be this easy.

The job I've got now is real challenging (ha!) It's a little job with a big name, "QUALITY ASSURANCE EVALUATOR." Essentially, here's what I do: the locals have been cooking all of our food. I am just supposed to make sure they don't do it the way they usually do it, for example, thawing unwrapped meat on the floor, and spitting around the food. I do a lot of standing around, feeling sick to my stomach. I also make sure the fruits

and fresh stuff doesn't have any chemicals or poisons that could cause harm. Don't ask me why, but most of our fruit and fresh produce comes from Iran. That's about like the NAACP asking the KKK to cook for their annual picnic. Personally, I don't eat any of it, even after inspection.

The Arab countries are so interesting because they are such a combination of ancient and modern. They really do call people to prayer 5 times a day. They still have public floggings. Women are 5th class citizens at best--I think the camels are held in higher regard. By the way, what do you have when you have a room full of Iraqi women? A full set of teeth! Be sure to pass that one on to Uncle Jack. I love you all, and hope to be home soon. Your favorite son, Senior Airman Jason Helf.

Jason returned safely on March 29th and spent a few days in Missouri with his mother and new stepfather and two of his sisters. Kara and Jenna drove him back to his base in North Dakota and met Jason's new wife, Heather, whom they report is beautiful and sweet, with a sense of humor that will enable her to survive in this family.



Jason's squadron (he's in the center, arms folded)



Jason and native

I DIDN'T FIT THE MOLD SO I MADE MY OWN

by Randy L. Rice

When I was growing up, I struggled to fit a mold and to be accepted. Having extreme acne taught me how prejudiced and shallow my peers could be. They treated me as a modern-day leper. I learned the hard way how not to treat others because of their differences.

There I was, a tall, clumsy redhead in my eleventh year of life. I was struggling through the tail-end of my fifth grade year in the warm, almost humid, California climate. Of course the child-infested classroom had no air conditioner to use against the sticky air. Everyone stopped paying attention as soon as our teacher would start replacing the quiet anticipation of vacation with boring talk about her plans with her husband for the summer. Suddenly, a loud bell screamed, and the race to get home to the start of our vacation commenced.

That afternoon progressed as usual, and it soon was already time for bed. My mother, as always, came down to enforce that fact. As she scooted me into the bathroom, she did a most unexpected thing. She took hold of my chin, paused, then squeezed what I had assumed to be a mosquito bite until she had me begging for mercy. Little did I know that it was nothing compared to what lay ahead.

School was out, and there was a glorious summer ahead of me. I was doing everything I possibly could to enjoy it before I had to be confined again by school work and cold weather. This summer ended up a little different than previous ones. More of those apparent mosquito bites appeared, mostly on my forehead, and on my neck. I even had to go to a "special" doctor, just to get poked and receive prescriptions for medicine I'd soon forget to take. The pain never left, and I could soon tell anyone where any PIMPLE was located.

In the L.D.S. church, members are taught to love one another, as in Biblical times. But in the Bible, if there was a leper around, he was always excluded from any nearby city. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" apparently didn't apply to those who had a certain disease. At church, I got my first experience with a deeper, longer lasting pain in the heart. I soon felt for those lepers and could indentify with their afflictions. Worse than having a painful disease were the derogatory comments I was confronted with from my age group and from those I was advised to look up to. This was just warming me up for school, soon ahead, would be the hardest trial in my life.

It was at the period of life where you start to become aware of yourself. You all of a sudden want to impress everyone, so you start showering more often, and might even duck into the bathroom to check your hair. You also start to notice in detail all that you dislike about your features. The self-awareness combined to make my situation even worse. I was towering above everyone with a face that received second glances, stares, and rude comments like: "Hey, it's a new year. Why not take a shower, soon," or worse, "Why don't you just pop those zits?"

As my skin condition worsened, so did the comments. All I could do was to either pretend I didn't hear them, or pretend to just laugh it off. Yet, my mother can testify of countless times when I came home with tears in my eyes, sying, "Never mind, it doesn't matter."

Since the kids wouldn't adapt to me, I attempted to adapt to them, through the help of the latest pills and lotions. I had frequent trips to my dermatologist to get my skin stabbed and sliced, anything that might help. I even contemplated taking the seemingly "easy way out", yet I didn't give up on myself. While I was waiting out this stage, I wore clothes that hid my open wounds, and learned to make excuses about the blemishes that hadn't cleared up yet. Yes, the drugs finally did help, and I was left with various exterior scars that might go away in a couple more years. I was also left with a lot of scars on the inside, which changed me forever.

I vowed to never hurt another person the way I had been hurt. Then, I buried my pain as deep as it would go inside of me, hoping that it could never surface again. Finally, I stopped feeling sorry for myself, and no longer relied on the opinions of others concerning my appearance.

These goals were often tested, because, in my freshman year of high school, I started to develop into a wrestler. It was bad enough being slammed into a hard mat, time after time, but my acne-covered back released enough blood with each impact to soak through four layers of clothing. I used the pain, and thoughtless comments to increase my determination and ended up being League Champion, progressing to State Preliminary Rounds two years in a row. I went where others were excluded from, not because of looks, but because of skill and desire. I would rather go through what I have and come out the way I am than quite possibly fall short of caring and compassion.

Janice Falls in the Church News

'One of the least' wins others' love and caring

MONET, MO.

Robert and Karla Hoyt recently maintained a vigil at the bedside of their 9-year-old daughter, Julie, who was in a life-or-death struggle with a paralyzing stroke and other complications following open heart surgery in February.

Julie has Down syndrome, complicated by multiple disabilities and ailments. The Hoyts also have an adopted daughter, Lori, 6, who has Down syndrome.

Lori is described as the child who has the more typical Down syndrome characteristics. "She is very calm and sweet, and extremely social," said Sister Hoyt. "And she has very good health."

Julie, however, has had serious health problems since birth. In her first year, she had four major operations, three on her heart. She received her first pacemaker when she was 6½ months old.

"Julie's challenges resulting from Down syndrome are complicated with many autistic-like characteristics. She is very aggressive and often pushes and hits," Sister Hoyt said of Julie before her last operation. "This doesn't lend itself very well to social acceptance.

"It's easy to serve the Loris of this world, but the Julies are a different story. Most of the time I just want to wrap her in a warm blanket and take her away to a magic place where we can wait out mortality and then watch her walk forward to receive her crown."

When the girls were babies, the Hoyts didn't have many problems taking them to Church. However, as Julie got older and became more aggressive and difficult to manage, special arrangements had to be made.

After the Hoyts asked leaders in the Pierce City Ward, Joplin Missouri Stake, for help, the nursery leader, Michele Lassiter, who had so unconditionally loved Julie, asked to be the teacher for Julie and Lori. Lori has since been mainstreamed into a regular Primary class, and Julie has a new teacher, Janice Falls.

"Janice is a champion," said Sister Hoyt. "She is a leader who has been extremely strong and thoroughly dedicated in her past callings. She has gone from leading many to serving one."

Sister Falls said, "I appreciate the scripture that reminds us that when we are serving 'one of the least of these,' we are serving the Savior. But serving someone like Julie isn't always easy. It's very important that we learn to serve people with disabilities.

"At times, I can look in Julie's eyes and there will be a flash — I can almost see that little spirit inside her. Sometimes, for just a moment, her eyes will communicate to me a 'thank you,' or an expression of sisterhood.

"I soon realized that having a lesson plan is not important. What is important is that I meet Julie's needs, and what Julie needs is love."

Sister Hoyt and Sister Falls spoke of how ward members, especially Primary children, have accepted Julie. "One day, she walked by Trevor Petersen, who is 8. She hit him hard, right in the chest, and walked on, never breaking stride," said Sister Falls. "I brought her back to apologize. Trevor said, 'That's OK, Sister Falls. I know that's how Julie says she likes me.'

"When the older Primary children learned Julie was going to have another operation, they fasted and prayed for her. They continue to pray for her."

"She has gone from leading many to serving one."



Karla Hoyt helps daughters Julie, left, and Lori make cupcakes. Since photo was taken, Julie lapsed into a coma following open heart surgery in February.

Termite Man Eats Neighbor's Porch

By Jenna Helf

Jenna got an A on this paper, written for her creative writing class at SMSU. The assignment was to write an article that might be accepted and printed in the National Enquirer. Her teacher read it to the SMSU faculty, and it brought the house down.

A Wentworth, Missouri couple were astonished to wake up one morning last spring, to find their neighbor of twenty years taking large mouthfuls out of their newly built cedar porch. Mr. and Mrs. Billy Bob Butz, at first in shock, were unable to respond to their neighbor, LeRoy Brown, as he continued to devour the wooden structure. As difficult as it was to leave the scene, Bettie Sue Butz ran inside and called 911. The dispatcher first thought it was a hoax as she heard Mrs. Butz hysterically exclaim, "My neighbor just ate my bottom step, and we think he's heading for the support beam." Dispatcher Nancy Navel (pronounced Navell) said, "I get a lot of pranks and I just thought this was the weirdest. If Mrs. Butz hadn't been so hysterical, I wouldn't have sent a patrol car to investigate."

"I didn't realize at the time," said Bettie Sue, "How plum loco it sounded. I only told what I saw with my own eyes, even I couldn't believe what my own eyes saw. But I saw it with my own eyes, and Billy Bob did, too. Right Billy?"

"Yep," was Billy Bob's only comment on the incident.

Sheriff Delbert Spivey was on the scene within 5 minutes. On his arrival, Sheriff Spivey ordered LeRoy to drop the 2 by 4 he held between his teeth. When LeRoy ignored the Sheriff's order and continued to consume the Butz family porch, Sheriff Spivey called for backup. After their arrival, it took Sheriff Spivey and three additional officers to drag LeRoy from the overhead center beam. According to an insider, it was a close call. "He had already chewed half way through the beam, the whole structure could have collapsed at any moment," was the comment by this reliable source.

During the struggle to remove the remaining wood from his mouth, LeRoy took a bite out of an officer's night stick. This gave Rookie Louis Penhall the idea to lure Mr. Brown into the squad car by using the remaining portion of the night stick as bait. Because of Officer Penhall's quick thinking in such a stressful situation, he was awarded Wentworth's Officer of the Year award.

Once in police custody, Brown was promptly

booked and charged with trespassing, malicious mischief, destruction of property and the more serious charge of unlawful consumption of an officer's night stick. After several hours in the county jail, officers called in experts for medical and psychological evaluations. "We noticed right off that something was wrong." Said Sheriff Spivey. "He ate 12 pencils before we started thinking that maybe it was wood related. Poor fellow couldn't even remember why he was arrested."

After extensive examinations and input from leading experts, the rare diagnosis of TERMATITIS CEDAROLGY, more commonly referred to as T.C. Syndrome, was made. There are only 6 documented cases of T.C. in the USA, and an undetermined amount of cases world wide. It can only be acquired by the bite of an Albino Pigmy Termite, found in the Cedar Forest of Lebanon, and they only surface in 100 year cycles.

Experts believe Mr. Brown was infected by a termite possibly hiding in a statue brought to the States by Mr. Brown's sister.

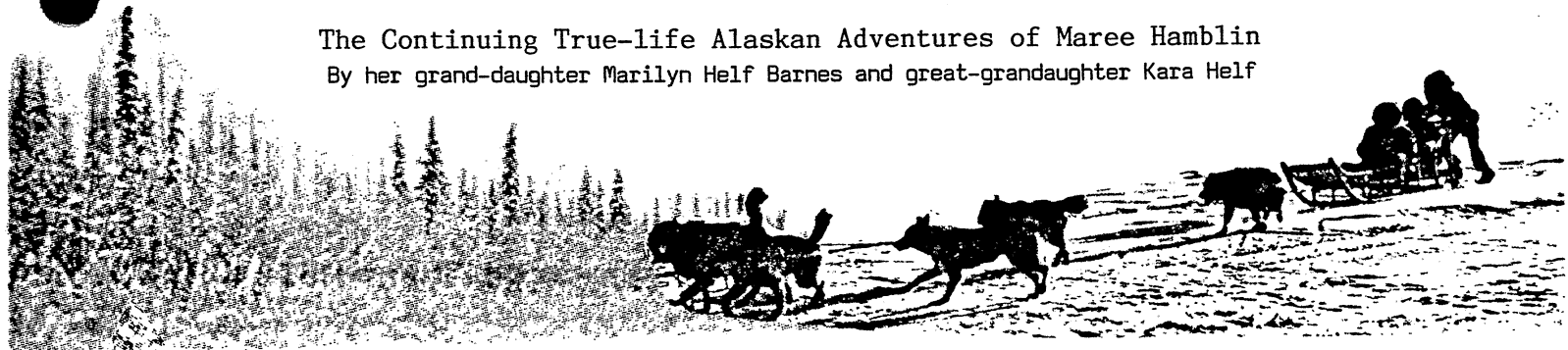
Dr. Peter B. Knowaul, head of the expert medical team, stated "This is an extremely devastating illness. Mr. Brown can expect to have an insatiable appetite and craving for wood, especially cedar, all of his life, or until a cure can be found. Needless to say, splinters and woodchips wreck havoc on the human digestive system, not to mention the social unacceptability of the illness."

Mr. Brown is currently living in an undisclosed location in New Mexico, under the concerned eye of family and friends. A friend of the family confirmed that Mr. Brown was accepting his illness well, and has decided to form a world-wide support group, to be named M. U. N. C. H. (members using nonacceptable cedar habits) and plans to take the group to Washington in the fall to testify before a Senate hearing and lobby for funds. A Washington spokesperson said that the hearings will be held somewhere other than the Senate Building to protect the cedar floors and antique chairs.

BACK TO BELKOFSKI

The Continuing True-life Alaskan Adventures of Maree Hamblin

By her grand-daughter Marilyn Helf Barnes and great-granddaughter Kara Helf



In our last installment, Maree had completed her difficult assignment, visting the Aleut village of Belkofski. She had survived a grouchy bush pilot, a "leaking" boat with a drunk Aleut captain, a ride to town with a fat Indian girl on her lap, hungry wild dogs, a climb up a frozen 30-foot metal ladder at low tide, and much more; only to find that her heartless boss wanted her to return to Belkofski to investigate the murder charges against the mild-mannered teacher she had just visited.

Preparing for the trip back

Maree hung up the phone, knowing 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?"

The stranger was not a pilot, and did not have access to a boat. He suggested that she contact the "Swede" and have him take her to King Cove. She might find a fisherman going to Belkofski from there. "Swede" was the pilot she had used before, and she was glad to hear he was in town. She made a mental note to contact him in the morning. Right now, she had more important things to attend to. She tried to call John, the teacher accused of murder, but no one had answered the radio. It was getting very dark, and she was exhausted.

She staggered back to Reeves' Rooming House, taking the long way, to avoid the German Shepard that had startled her on the way to the communications building. Her bags were right where she had left them. Mr. Reeves, a well-known Alaskan pilot and founder of Reeves' Aleutian Airline, had established a number of rooming accomodations for those of his passengers who had a lay-over. The facility included a dining room. All of this was free to Reeves' passengers, including State Employees.

After getting her room assignment, Maree followed the Philipino desk clerk who had offered to help her with her luggage. Walking into the storm

porch leading to her room was like walking into a commercial deep-freezer, and she quickly entered her warm room. For the first time, she noticed that her clothes were wet and frozen from her fall near the German Shepard. She asked the Philipino if there was a washer and drier she could use. "Yes! Yes!" he nodded, and smiled. "I wait outside. You give me clothes." After he stepped out, Maree peeled off her cold, soiled clothes and slipped on a colorful Hawaiian muu-muu. She opened the door and handed the clothes to the waiting desk cler, who bowed slightly and hurried off.

When he hadn't returned after an hour, Maree slipped on her Parka and boots. Reluctantly, she left the warmth of the small room and made her way over to the dining room. The roomers hadn't gathered yet for the evening meal, so she approached the cook. "I gave the desk clerk some clothes to wash and dry," she explained. "He hasn't returned, yet. Could he have misunderstood what it was I wanted him to do?"

The cook smiled, "No Ma'am, there wasn't a misunderstanding. Your clothes are almost dry. I'll get them for you in just a bit."

Maree sighed with relief. "Thanks," she said, returning his smile. "I do have another problem. My boots are lined with sheep skin, and soaking wet. I have to get them dry before tomorrow. Could I set them by the cook stove for the night?"

"I can do better than that for you," the cook replied cheerfully, "Here, hand them over." Maree

slipped off the boots and watched as the cook climbed up on one of the long dining room tables, already set for supper. "I'll stick them in the heat vent," he explained, "they'll be dry before you know it."

A few minutes later, the other boarders began to file in. The place was soon filled with noisy, hungry men. To a person, they had noticed the rubber boots sticking out of the vent in the wall. As each man came in and looked up, he would holler out, "Whose footwear?" Those who had previously asked would respond, "They're Mrs. Hamblin's, the State-lady from Juneau."

Maree felt more than a little conspicuous. This was man's country, and she felt like an intruder. In all the many times she had eaten in Reeves' facilities, she had never run into another woman. She couldn't be sure, but she was fairly certain that the sight of a middle-aged, bare-footed woman, dressed in a Hawaiian muu-muu was not a sight these men had seen too often.

Because of the long, dark winters, many Alaskans consider eating a formal entertainment. A meal can often be a major production. This was truly a meal fit for a king. Mr. Reeves flew in all supplies from Seattle, so the food was always the freshest and the best. The cook was excellent. This evening the choices were steak, crab and fried chicken. Maree handled the dilemma by ordering some of each. But by doing so, she had to pass up most of the numerous side dishes and desserts also offered.

The cook brought her meal over to where she was sitting. As if he was aware of her discomfort, he brought one for himself so he could keep her company. They began a conversation that lasted long after the place had finally cleared. The cook shared with her that he had been studying to be a Monk, but had backed out just before he was to take his final vows. He proudly showed her a picture of himself in his robes with the heavy cord tied around his waist. He told her that his fascination with cooking had come from his childhood. He was from a very poor family, and was often hungry when growing up. He said it comforted him to cook, almost like therapy.

"You're awfully thin for a professional cook," she commented with a smile. "Oh," the young man answered, "I don't have to eat the food, I just like working with it!" Maree found that to be an

interesting perspective and silently wished she felt the same way.

The young cook stood up and cleared their trays away. He then climbed on the table and handed the dry boots down to Maree. She pulled them on, along with her parka. Thanking the cook again, she fought the wind to get across the street to her room.

Several years later, this young man showed up at her Anchorage office, asking for a letter of reference. He was applying for a job as a cook for an oil company in Iran. He promised to keep in touch, but she never heard from him again. She often wondered if perhaps he had fallen victim to terrorist activities.

Back in her room, Maree's exhaustion caught up with her. She settled into the warm bed and tried to read a paper-back book she had found, but fell asleep after the second page.

The next morning after breakfast, she located the "Swede" and chartered him to fly her back to King Cove. While he was gassing up his plane, she ran back over the communication building to try again to reach the teacher in Belkofski.

He must have been sitting on the phone, because he answered it right away. "Oh, Mrs. Hamblin," he almost sobbed, "What am I going to do?" Hiding the anxiety she really felt, she answered in a calm, firm voice. "John, now listen carefully," she began, "Dismiss school right now, and stay inside. Lock the doors and don't let anyone in until I get there. I'll be there as soon as I can." "Hurry," he pleaded. Maree assured him she would. After hanging up, she hurried back to the air strip, so as not to miss the plane.

The flight with the "Swede" was uneventful. He was his usual silent, sullen self, so Maree felt quite at home with him. Luck was with her. Upon landing, she soon found a large fishing boat that was going to pass Belkofski on its way to Sand Point. The captain agreed to take her aboard. The day was beautiful, the sea and sky were in a rare moment of calm. It seemed that in no time at all, they were anchoring to let her off.

From where they were anchored, Maree and the fishing crew could see the funeral procession of the murdered woman. She was reminded of the dark ages as she heard the moaning and wailing of the

victim's relatives and friends. Dressed in dark clothing, they marched in unison to the grave yard. Those in front carried tall, elaborate Russian Icons and other paraphernalia.

John, the teacher, was in hiding, so there was no one to answer the radio when the Captain called for someone to come out to get her. Finally, the captain began to lose patience, and threatened to take her on to Sand Point. "Oh, no," she pleaded. "I must get into Belkofski. Just wait until they reach the grave site, I'm sure someone will notice us and come out for me." The captain reluctantly relented. Sure enough, as soon as the crowd reached the grave, a man broke away and soon rowed out to get her.

"Come around to the other side," the captain yelled to the man. Maree didn't like the wicked grin on the captain's face. She had seen that look before on the faces of other overly macho Alaskan men about to pull mean pranks. As the native rowed to the far side, the captain opened his water tank, filling the little boat below, almost to sinking. Maree was horrified and disgusted as the fishing crew doubled over in laughter as the poor Aleut desperately bailed the water out.

Barely containing her anger, Maree offered to pay the captain for her passage, but he refused. Suddenly a gentleman, he threw her bags into the waiting dory, and helped her down the ladder. She rode in silence to shore. The native showed no expression on his face and said nothing to indicate how he felt about being the object of the fisherman's questionable fun.

Once ashore, Maree instructed the Aleut to go on back to the funeral, which he did without comment. She then hailed two little girls playing nearby to help her with her luggage. Upon reaching the school house, she paid the girls with some candy bars, which they accepted with happy grins and ran off to resume their play.

Problems and Solutions

Maree knocked on the school house door several times, and called out John's name before he would open the door. He pulled her inside along with her bags, and relocked the door. In spite of the trauma of being accused of murder, he had prepared a great lunch for the two of them. As they ate, he explained what had happened.

"It all started when the poor woman's husband came over and asked me for some medication," he began. "I told him to go see the Health Nurse, but she was out of town. When she is gone, I am supposed to take her place, but I can't give out anything but aspirin and penicillin." John stopped long enough to take several bites of his food, then went on. "He said his wife was sick, so I gave him six tablets of penicillin and wrote on the envelope the dosage, one tablet every four hours."

Maree did not interrupt as he continued. "Well, that same evening, the village chief came over and told me this same man had been beating his wife for the last two days, and wanted me to go stop him. I told him that I was the teacher and not the police, and that he should either stop it himself or call the State Troopers at Sand Point." Maree nodded her agreement.

"The next morning," John shook his head still in disbelief, "the State Trooper came over to the school and tried to arrest me for killing the woman by prescribing the wrong medication. After I explained my side of it, the Trooper said he wouldn't arrest me, but that he wasn't going to drop charges." The weary teacher got up and paced the floor as he finished. "The Trooper shipped the woman's body to Sand Point for examination. She was badly beaten, one ear was torn off. But the husband still wasn't arrested. Quite frankly, I don't know where the charges against me stand at the moment."

Maree sat there, reflecting on all he had told her. Then she asked, "Do you want to leave with me?" John shook his head. "I did at first, but the villagers have come to me and begged me to finish out the year. They are so proud of the school, and we have three 8th graders just ready to graduate. They promised if I'd stay, the whole village would never speak to the murderer again." Maree had seen that type of tribal punishment before, and knew that the murderer was in for a lonely life of silence as long as he stayed in this village.

A Tense Encounter

"With the funeral over, John commented, "the whole town will be getting drunk. I am worried about the children." "If you feel that you want to stay out the year," Maree responded, "then I am behind you. As far as the immediate welfare of the children, send word out to have them all come over here for the evening. You can show a movie and

make some popcorn. Make it clear that only the children are to come."

John jumped up and immediately began to prepare the room for a movie and possibly some games. Soon the children all arrived, and so did one adult--the murderer! John came rushing upstairs to the apartment, visibly shaken. "He's down there! Right on the front row! He still has the mud from his wife's grave on his boots", John gasped.

The teacher was losing his composure, so Maree fought to keep hers. "O.K." she responded as calmly as she could. "Let's go down and act as if nothing has happened. I'll sit behind him with a baseball bat." That idea seemed to calm them both, and the evening passed without further incident.

As she prepared to leave the next day, Maree instructed John to keep the school doors locked at all times, and only to open it for each child, hopefully preventing the murderer from ever entering again.

Maree managed to catch a ride on another fishing boat going to Sand Point. There she talked to the State Troopers and found out that the charges against the teacher were going to be dropped. But to her disgust, the murdering husband was not going to be arrested.

With that behind her, she arranged to catch a DC3 to Cold Bay. It was easier than trying to find a sober Aleut to take her by boat. Back in Cold Bay, she went once again to the communications building to phone her office.

"Lee," she explained to her boss, "the charges against John are going to be dropped and the villagers want him to stay on. He feels that he can handle it, and I agree."

"That's great," Lee answered absently. "By the way, I'm glad you called, Maree. I need you to run over to Lake Illiamna."

Running Over to Lake Illiamna

"Lee!" Maree sputtered her disbelief, "you don't 'run' over to Lake Illiamna, it's fifteen hundred miles from here. Besides, you know I am expected in Atka. I have already made the arrangements to hitch a ride on the Navy ship that goes there once a month!"

"Change your plans," he said bluntly. "We've got Indian trouble at the Illiamna school. They have even called the Governor's office, and he wants us to take care of it right away."

"If it's such big trouble, Lee, why don't you go?" Maree demanded. "Oh, geeze, Maree," Lee replied impatiently, "You already know everyone there and they know you. That's going to be an important factor in getting this settled."

"Just what is the problem? Are they mad at our office?" questioned Maree, knowing already that she had lost the argument. "Nope," Lee replied. "They are mad at our maintenance Department. I can't explain any more over the radio."

"Why don't you send Henry Gilbertson, that's his responsibility?" Maree asked, taking a little hope in her own suggestion. "Henry is on another assignment," Lee responded with finality. "The Governor wants this taken care of now!"

"All right," Maree sighed in resignation. "But if I don't return, just bury me next to General Custer." Lee laughed as he hung up, but Maree didn't even feel like smiling. How did she manage to get herself in such situations? She went back to her room and had a restless night.

The next morning, she tracked down the "Swede" hoping to charter him. He refused without apology. "Not in my flying territory, Lady. I don't poach on other pilots' airspace." He did suggest another pilot who flew the area frequently, and she was soon on her way. It was a long flight, and seemed even longer as all the way Maree tried to imagine just what awaited her. What could have made the natives so angry that they would contact the governor?

The plane landed on the frozen lake. The pilot dumped Maree and her luggage without ceremony, and took off again. School was in session, and the teacher hadn't known she was coming, so there was no one assigned to help her with her luggage up the mountain to the school building.

There were about half a dozen Indians standing nearby. Maree supposed they had met the plane out of curiosity. They did not return her "Hello, there," nor did they make any attempt to help her with her bags. Instead, they turned and walked back toward the village and left her standing

alone on the frozen lake. As she looked around at the tall pine trees and majestic mountains, she wondered out loud to herself, how could anything bad happen in a place of such beauty? She left her bags where they were and trudged slowly up to the school.

The principal of the 5-teacher school was young and inexperienced. Maree wondered what hiring blunder had put him in such an area of responsibility. When she brought it up later, no one at the office would ever admit the error.

The principal was glad to see her, and sat down with her to fill her in on the problem. "Your office sent the year's supply of oil for the school," he began to explain. "I know you had to wait until the lake froze, but you waited too long. When the helicopter finally got here, it flew into the worst blizzard we have had in twenty years."

The young man got up and walked over to the window and stared out at the lake as he continued. "I usually hire one man to pull the barrels up to the school. We always pay him \$100." The principal pointed out to the middle of the lake. "The helicopter dumped the barrels and took off. The storm was so bad I had to get the first nine men I could find to move the oil up to the school and out of the wind. We didn't have much time before the barrels would freeze to the lake and the oil would freeze in the barrels."

The principal walked back over to Maree and sat down as he finished the story. "I submitted a bill to the office for \$900 instead of the usual \$100. Considering the extreme conditions and the urgency of the situation, I felt it was fair. Your maintenance supervisor, Henry Gilbertsen, wrote me a rude, nasty letter, and informed me that \$100 would be all he'd send, regardless of the circumstances. The village chief was so angry he wrote the governor and demanded satisfaction."

Maree had been listening without interrupting. Glad that it was only money, and not another murder, she felt she could handle the situation. She instructed the principal to get word to the chief that she would hold a meeting that evening, and all interested were invited.

Big, Unfriendly Indians

Maree ate the supper that the principal's wife had prepared, and then went down to the classroom to

go over her notes and papers from her trips to Belkofski. She became so engrossed in her work that she failed to notice when the natives began to silently file in. When she next looked up, she was startled to see that the room was full of big, unfriendly-looking Indians, and not a woman among them. She was further astonished that so many big men could come into a room and slip into the small student desks without making a sound.

No one spoke. Maree took her cue from that, and sat in silence until the principal came down. She had him formally introduce her and explain why she was there. While the principal was speaking, Maree's mind raced to find the most appropriate way to handle this group. She suddenly thought about Jacob Hamblin, her exhusband's grandfather. Jacob had worked under Brigham Young to establish peace with the Utah Indians. She recalled reading in his journal that he often found silence was the best response during tense and angry encounters with the natives. He would sometimes wait for twenty minutes before answering them. By then, some of the anger would have dissipated.

The principal invited those with complaints to each take their turn. Jacob Hamblin's twenty silent minutes stretched into four hours for her as she sat and silently listened to each man that had a complaint. The principal would cut in now and then to change the subject to other school problems. Finally, Maree stood up and walked to the front of the desk she had been sitting behind for protection. With great composure she said, "You'll get your \$900 before I leave the village. The other school problems will have to wait until I get back to the main office."

As soon as she had said that, the crowd stood up and filed out as silently as they had come in. No one thanked her, shook her hand or stopped to chat. The chief came back to hand her a big reel to reel tape. He had recorded the whole meeting. "Give this to the Governor," he grunted, and left without further comment.

The next morning, Maree had the principal take her across the lake on his snow machine to a private phone. She didn't want to give her report over the radio, where it could be heard by three-fourths of the state. Once she had Lee on the phone, she explained what had transpired. "I promised you would have the \$900 delivered before I left," she informed him. He started to protest, but she cut him off. "Just go over Henry's head,

you have the authority. If you don't get that check sent to me, you are going to have a mess on your hands that may cost you your job and mine too. These are not passive Indians, they are angry. I gave them my word, Lee."

The conversation ended with Lee agreeing to wire the check within the hour. Maree had a short visit with the principal to go over his other problems. Then she caught a plane that took her back to Juneau.

Rude and Insulting

Once back in town, Lee Hays called her into his office to face the maintenance supervisor, Henry Gilbertson. "Maree," Henry began in a condescending tone that immediately irritated her. "That job has always been done by one man before, and for \$100."

Maree didn't know Henry well, but she knew his reputation. He had a quick temper and direct sarcasm that made his fellow workers avoid confrontation with him whenever possible. That fact seemed insignificant and faded in light of the stress and exhaustion that she had been under the last few weeks.

She stood up and lashed out at him. He sat in stunned surprise as she recounted all that she had been through, and why she had made the decisions she had. She reminded him that she had been taken from another assignment to go and take care of a problem that was really his responsibility. "And on top of that, Henry," she concluded, "you write rude and insulting letters to people that depend on you. It would do well for someone of your position to learn a little diplomacy, if you expect any respect."

Henry sat silent. So did Lee. When Maree asked them if there was anything else that they wanted to discuss, both men shook their heads, 'no.' So she got up, and left them sitting there.

A week later, Henry stuck his head in Maree's office. "I have a letter here I want you to look over. You are the first person to ever tell me I write rude letters, so I guess it's your responsibility to teach me how to do it right."

Maree returned his smile, and invited him in. They became fast friends for the rest of the time that they worked together, both gaining great respect for the other. There were not known to be


any further complaints about Henry's correspondence to the teachers.

Maree kept the tape the chief had given her. She never gave it to the Governor, or to her office. She put it in her private file, but never listened to it again. It had been a tense and frightening experience that she didn't like to dwell on. For reasons of her own, she never would name the tribe or the chief when relating the story.

Once the final paperwork from her previous trips was in order, she began the difficult task of rescheduling her trip to Atka and the military school on Adak. That would be her next trip. She knew it was going to be a rough one, and wasn't looking forward to it.

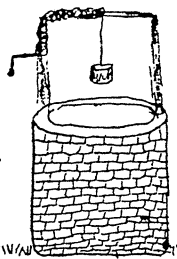


Maree Hamblin (at right), with Eskimo friend



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO FELL DOWN THE WELL

by Edwin Marion Whiting
as told to Louine Brown Shields



Once upon a time, there were three sisters who lived in an area where there were lots of sheep. The main occupation of the people was taking care of the wool and the sheep. Well, these little girls were given the responsibility by their parents of washing the wool from the sheep after it had been clipped.

The two older sisters, being older, wiser, and bigger, always gave the youngest sister the hardest work to do. One day, just to be mean, they gave her some black wool, and told her she had to scrub it until it was as white as snow.

She started on her task at the well, and she scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed. It seemed like the harder she worked, the more impossible the task became. Her sisters would come by and criticize her and tell her she just couldn't do anything right. So that just made her wash all the harder. She washed and she washed, and pretty soon, her arms felt like they would just break off. Again her sisters came by, and made her work all the harder because she felt like she wasn't doing what she should.

All of a sudden, she was so tired, she fell right into the well. She fell, and she fell, and all of a sudden, she wasn't falling through water, she was falling through air. She continued falling, and all of a sudden, she fell on a soft pile of leaves. She looked around, and she was in a strange land that she had never seen before. She didn't know what to do, but she thought she ought to find her way home, just as quickly as she could.

Nearby the pile of leaves was a road, and she thought she should follow it. Perhaps she could find someone who could help her find her way home. So, she began her little journey down the road. Pretty soon, she came to a tree. The tree was loaded with apples. The limbs were breaking because of the weight of the apples. As she went to pass by the tree, it spoke to her and said, "Little girl, will you help me pick my apples? My branches are so loaded they are about to break." So she said, "Of course I will." She went right up to the tree, saw that there were some baskets

by the tree's trunk, and filled all the baskets with apples.

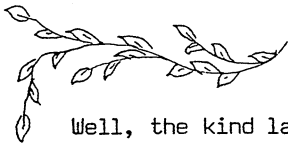
After she was through, the tree said, "Thank you, little girl. My branches feel much better now." She asked, "Can you tell me how to get home?" And the tree replied, "Just keep following this road, and someone will be able to tell you."

So she continued going on the road, and she had walked quite a ways when all of a sudden she came to a stove. It was at the side of the road, just as the tree had been. Now this stove cried out to her as soon as she got near, and said, "Oh, little girl, my loaves of bread are burning. Can you take them out of my oven?" She said, "Of course I will." And she went over and immediately removed the loaves of bread from the oven.

The stove thanked her and told her that she was a very kind little girl. Again, she was worried about finding her way home, and the stove told her to just keep following the road, so she decided she would continue. She walked quite a bit further, and she was getting hungry and thirsty and she didn't know what to do. She didn't see anything else, so she just kept walking and walking. Finally, she saw a house up the distance. She walked to the house and knocked on the door to see if she could find some help.

A nice looking lady came to the door and asked her what she wanted. She explained that she was lost, and didn't know her way home. The lady said, "Come right in, and I think I can help you." She asked if she was hungry, and the little girl said, "Yes, I am terribly hungry, and thirsty, too." The lady said, "Come right in my kitchen first, and you can have some supper, and then I'll show you the way home."

She fixed the little girl some bread and milk, and told her to eat as much as she liked, and when she was through, she should come in the other room and she would be waiting for her. So the little girl, who loved bread and milk, ate until she felt much better. And then she cleared up the table and wiped away the crumbs and did the dishes and went in to see the lady.



Well, the kind lady said, "Before I show you the way home, come into this room with me." So the little girl followed her into this room that was filled with boxes of all different colors. There were red boxes and blue boxes and lavender boxes and pretty canary yellow boxes. There were even some white boxes and a few pink ones. The lady said, "Now I want you to pick a box of any color. You may take one."

The little girl was just about to reach for the red box, when a little bird in the corner said, "Take blue. Take blue." So she said, "All right, I'll take blue." She picked up the blue box, and followed the lady outside. The lady instructed her, "Now you just go up over that hill, and you'll be home."

So the little girl followed the instructions and she went up over the hill, and there was her home in the distance. She could see it. It was almost dark. She hurried as fast as she could. She hurried home and went inside, and her sisters had been kind of worried about her. They didn't know where she was. Her parents had been worried about her and they were so glad to see her. They asked where she had been. She explained the whole story, and they asked, "What is in the blue box?" She said, "Oh, I forgot all about it." She opened it up, and it was full of jewels and beautiful, lovely things.

Of course the older sisters were very excited when they saw what was in the box. And the oldest sister said, "I'm going to have a box just like that."

Early the next morning, this sister hurried outside and jumped in the well herself. She fell and fell, just as her younger sister had. Pretty soon, she wasn't falling in the water, she was falling in the air. She landed on the same pile of leaves. She saw the same little road. She began to walk. Soon she came to the tree that was again full of apples. And the tree said, "Little girl, little girl, will you pick my apples for me?" She was in a hurry, so she said, "You just pick your own apples."

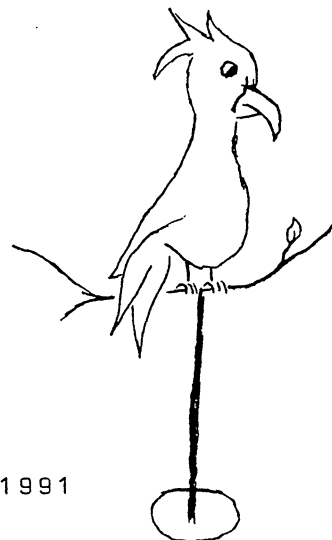
She hurried on down the road and pretty soon she came to the same stove. And the stove cried out as she passed, "Little girl, will you take the bread out of my oven? It's about ready to burn." She said, "You take your own bread out."

And she just stomped on down the road. She was wondering where the house was. She was hungry and tired and she wanted her box. Eventually she found the house. She walked up to it, banged on the door and waited impatiently for the lady to answer the door. Soon the nice, kind lady opened the door and said, "May I help you?" The big sister said, "I'm lost and I want to go home. And I'm hungry." The lady said, "Well, come in and I'll see what I can do for you." She invited her into the kitchen and said, "Here's some bread and milk. You can have all you want, and then when you are finished, I'll show you the way home."

This girl was very greedy and she ate and ate and ate. When she was through, she left her crumbs on the floor, and milk on the table and everything was left just as it was when she finished. She hurried into the other room where the lady was waiting, and she said, "Now I'll show you the way to go home." The girl said, "But wait! I want a box!" The lady looked at her a little bit strangely, and she said, "Well, all right. Come with me." She showed her to the same room that was full of all the different colored boxes. The girl picked out a red box. The little bird in the corner said, "Take blue, take blue," but she insisted she wanted the red box.

She grabbed the box and returned to the lady who showed her how to get home over the same hill. She went over the hill, and sure enough, she was almost home. She ran all the way home, she was so excited with her box.

As soon as she got inside, she couldn't wait to tell her family where she had been. She just opened up the box, and it was full of fire. It leaped out of the box. They all got out of the house just in time. It burned up their home and all of the things that were inside of it.





THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE LOAF OF BREAD

by Edwin Marion Whiting
as told to Louine Brown Shields

Once there was a little girl who lived with her mother. The mother was very ill, and the little girl took care of her. There were no other close relatives. Well, because the little girl supported the family, they were very poor. They were fortunate to live in a kingdom where the monarch was very kind to all the poor people. Once a week, he would hand out loaves of bread to all those who were in need. It was the custom in that country for the poor people to line up every Saturday morning for their loaves of bread from the King. The girl went early every Saturday morning to be sure that she would get her share. She was always the first one there, but because she was the smallest, she was always the last in line. She would be pushed back further and further until she was last. Sometimes, there was no bread left for her. And sometimes there were just a few stale crusts. But she did the best she could, and they got along.

One day, the King was watching. He liked to watch and see what all of the poor people would do when they received their bread. And he noticed that time after time, the same little girl was pushed to the back of the crowd. He couldn't decide what to do about it, but he pondered.

One special day, this little girl lined up as usual at the very first of the line, and then of course she was pushed back further and further. She was desperate this day, because her mother was feeling especially ill. She tried to stay at least in the middle of the line, because she would have a little nicer selection of bread, but pretty soon, she was at the very end. Even though this might be disappointing to many people, she didn't say anything, and she didn't complain. She just stood there, patiently waiting for her turn. When she got up to the counter, there was one loaf of bread left, but it was a little, small loaf. The lady that handed it to her said, "Are you sure you want this? It isn't very good." She said, "Yes, I'll take it."

She took the bread home to her mother. Her mother was so disappointed that the small loaf was all she could bring home, but she said, "Thank you, anyway, and thank you for waiting patiently." She opened up the bread, and the kind had filled it up with gold coins. There was enough money for the girl and her mother to live comfortably from then on.



LOOKING BACK

by Maree Berry Hamblin

The picture on the opposite page was taken at one of those quickie get-to-gathers the Whitings used to pull together down in the L.A. area.

Norma and Randy Fife and Markay, Jeannie and I were living in Gridley then, so were not in attendance, just heard all about it.

Grandma Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting is standing near the back, in front of Bill Ellsworth, the tall handsome man who is nearest the landscape painting on the rear wall.

From left to right standing in the back row--Aunt Myn, Ray Brown, Aunt Ethel Whiting, Ruth and Bill Ellsworth, Sister Ellsworth (Bill and Virginia's mother) Virginia and Lee Berry.

Seated from the left table are Ruth Brown (Ray's wife) Elizabeth Berry, unidentified man, Maurine Startup, Jay Whiting, Uncle Arthur Whiting's wife, and Uncle Earnest Whiting is at the end of the table.

Seated in front of Aunt Myn is Uncle Don Priestly, Kay Berry, and Uncle Eddie Whiting.

On the outside of the table at the right, from the back--Mother (May Berry) and Dad (Herbert Berry), Mickey Whiting, his wife, Nathel and Russell Burdick.

The Left side of that table, back to front, Uncle Ralph Whiting, his wife Nell, Joycell and Jack Cooper, and Dean Berry.



